Chapter 1 Senior Police Officer

200 years later, a family named "Vitstuc" rose on the planet, banned the concept of "nation", and established a unified earth empire.

 This empire has experienced glory, but like all dynasties, it gradually began to decay from the inside, and eventually was wiped out in the dust of history.

 By 2102, the rule of the empire was disintegrated, and the era of the "Earth Federation" followed.

 In this way, more than a century has passed.

 Our story begins in 2218 under federal rule.

 …………

 On the evening of November 25, 2218, at 18:36.

 A police motorcycle parked in front of a building on the outskirts of Rizhao.

 After the car stopped, a healthy young man, about 1.8 meters tall, turned over from the car; while looking at the gate of the building in front of him, he had printed his fingerprint on the touch panel of the motorcycle. On the screen, the engine was turned off.

 This man, called Li Zeju, is a "senior federal police officer."

Although the word "security" is included in their duties, senior police officers are not policemen, and they are not part of the police station.

 Senior police officers are senior agents affiliated with the "FCPS (Federal Committee of Public Security)" and, in terms of "levels", are equal to deputy police officers in most regions; In terms of senior police officers, they have all kinds of "cheaper" powers.

 In addition to the federally-administered cities, senior police officers can requisition police and general citizens' resources in any city or region around the world to assist in solving the case. Anyone who does not cooperate can hinder official duties afterwards.

Right now, Li Zeju used a motorcycle belonging to the local police and came to this place.

"Grateful Youth Behavior Correction Center."

 From the appearance of the building alone, it can be seen that this place has been open for many years: the white painted wall has become yellow and gray; the gate is an electric iron fence of the last century. And the material of the gate has been rusted and discolored; even the barbed wire on the surrounding walls has rusted into dark brown.

 However, the large signboard on the front of the building is relatively new. It seems that it has just been changed in recent years. The supporting facilities of the parking lot are also very advanced. From a distance, you can see that there are several expensive cars parked inside. Good car.

 He didn't talk to the concierge, because there was no one in the concierge, and the gate was open at this time.

 Even ordinary people, when they see this situation, will feel a little abnormal ... not to mention a senior police officer like Li Zeju.

 Many years of case handling experience and rigorous training are like two fingers. As soon as there is a dangerous breath nearby, they will immediately start twisting a clockwork called "alertness" and tighten Li Zeju's nerves. .

 Before entering the main entrance of the building, Li Zeju's hand had touched the pocket on the right side of the coat and held the spear gun from the previous police officer.

Federal police officers' cars, guns, I-PEN and other supporting equipment are activated by fingerprints or irises, and electronic records are left every time they are used. Under special circumstances, police officers can use the equipment of other police officers at the same level or lower than themselves, but after using it, a relevant report must be written to explain the reason for use. And the original owner of the item needs to confirm it with a digital signature.

 However, senior police officers are not subject to this restriction. The fingerprints and irises of every senior federal police officer can activate police officers below the deputy level (including deputy level) and all ordinary citizens. Electronic equipment, although this behavior will also leave a record, but these records can only be decoded by CPS internal staff, whether it is open to the public ... It depends.

 This is the meaning of "level" and "authority". In this highly informationized world under federal rule, these two things can be said to be the most important weight in establishing the degree of freedom and self-worth of people in society. code.

scold--

 When Li Zeju went to the main entrance, the induction door on the first floor of the building opened by itself. As the two door panels moved away from each side, a hallway caught his eyes.

The corridor itself is nothing special. The floor is covered with light-colored tiles, the walls are painted with white and light blue paint, and the ceiling is fitted with fluorescent lamps, emitting white light.

 But at this moment, the scene in the corridor was a little scary.

 At first glance, Li Zeju saw three corpses. At least, he initially determined that they were three.

 The death of the three people was like this-three heads, each falling in the blood of Santan.

 It is said to be blood water, but it is not actually "water", it is more like a "slurry". For example, this is probably to throw the whole living person into a broken wall cooking machine together with clothes, first perform "high-speed wall breaking", then "middle-layer whipping", and then "outside and inside stew", In the end, a pool of halo made of skin, muscles, fat, organs, bones, clothing fibers, etc. was obtained ... even, thick, thick, and colorful.

"'Capable person' ..." Li Zeju only thought for a few seconds and made this judgment in his heart.

 He is also a senior detective of the federal government, and various high-tech weapons are not new to him. But as far as he knows, the equipment that can make people like this is still in the research and development stage; moreover, the size of that machine is so huge that it cannot be used here.

 Therefore, he quickly ruled out the idea that "the murderer used a device to kill people"; And the ridiculous assumption-- "the killer threw the three people into a giant wall-breaking machine, broke them into pieces, and spilled them into the corridor." naturally, was what he would not consider …

 In summary, what he can think of to turn people into such a means is undoubtedly "power."

 "Huh ..." After slightly adjusting his breath, Li Zeju simply took the gun out of his pocket, held it flat in front of him, and walked into the main entrance.

 As he moved forward alertly, he thought: "The faults on the necks of the three are very flat, and the killer apparently left his head on purpose, but ... why?"

 With this in mind, a chill suddenly rose in his heart.

 Because, what instantly came to his mind were the following possibilities:

 For one, the killer wanted the first person to come to the scene immediately to understand that these were dead people on the ground, not overturned sauce or something.

 Secondly, the killer may want the police to more easily identify the body, so they left the head; combined with the previous one, this shows that the killer is not only afraid of police intervention, but also has a tendency to try to play against the police.

 Thirdly, it is also possible ... The murderer thought about it from the beginning. Sooner or later, this case will involve "people who know the ability", so he used this method to directly tell people like Li Zeju. Investigator-The perpetrator was an experienced veteran.

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Chapter 2 Threats

 November 22, 16:10, Rizhao, Thanksgiving Youth Behavior Correction Center.

 After a twenty-minute "primary treatment", Berlin was thrown into a room.

 "Put it on," said the warden, throwing a camouflage suit on the ground.

 Berlin didn't say anything, because he wanted to impress others as an ordinary boy who was "convinced by electrical stimulation during the day", so he picked up the clothes on the ground very quietly Began to change clothes.

 The room was empty, and naturally there was no privacy at all; Berlin had to take off only one pair of pants in front of the warden, and then changed into the clothes given by the other party.

 And the warden, staring at Berlin without any shyness, watching him change his clothes; in his eyes, he was a little bit disgusted and impatient.

 "Give me your clothes, and you can come out and stand." When Berlin changed his camouflage clothes, the warden gave the next order.

 Berlin heard that he still didn't say anything, but just bowed his head slightly, passed the clothes he had changed to the other party, and then stepped out of the door and came to the corridor.

 "Your clothes will be kept with your belongings and will be returned to you when you leave the hospital." After the Berlin stand, the warden stood behind him, saying in a routine tone. While saying this, he also shaken the clothes and pants in his hand a few times to confirm whether there is anything hidden inside.

 The personal belongings that he took away when he was "admitted to hospital" in the afternoon, including the clothes he had just taken away, were all prepared by him two weeks ago: low-quality clothing and wallets bought by cheap online stores, new styles Smartphone, low-profile I-PEN, etc ...

 He not only bought these things in advance, but also deliberately made them all look like "used"; and hacked into the database of the e-commerce platform and modified the "purchase date" and "receipt of those goods". Cargo person ".

 Even the apps on that phone were carefully selected, and they are the most popular and popular apps and games among teenagers. And every application has forged detailed traces of use. Even if the application is cracked and viewed by people, no abnormalities can be seen.

 As for the "parents" he hired, after sending him to the center, he boarded a flight from Long County to Southern Cross County immediately. Still useful.

 Let's put it this way, even if the current wardens are replaced by prison guards, and this environment is replaced by a high-security federal prison, Berlin's lurking will not reveal itself at least in the short term.

 "Oh." After a second, Berlin quietly responded to the warden's words, in case he kept silent to anger or cause doubt.

 After finishing shaking his clothes, the house inspector raised his hand and motioned to Berlin to go in front of him: "Go forward."

 "Where to go?" Berlin knew the other party's workflow, but he had to pretend not to know.

 "Just go forward, I will tell you to stop when I get there." She Jian said coldly.

 In this way, Berlin crossed the corridor, went up a step, and passed two electronic doors that must be opened by the ward, and finally came to the door of a bedroom.

 When he reached his destination, the warden scanned the fingerprint on the touch screen, opened the door of the room, and motioned for Berlin to enter. When the latter walked into the house, the housekeeper left a sentence: "This is your room. You need to get up at six in the morning every day and finish washing preparations in half an hour." Then the door closed and left.

There are lights in this bedroom, but because the time to turn off the lights has passed, the lights have been turned off. And there is no switch in the room.

Fortunately, there are external windows in this room. Although the inside and outside of the window glass are separated by a layer of interwoven iron mesh, this does not prevent the moonlight from coming in.

 In the moonlight, dim outlines outlined the scene in the room.

 This is a double room, not a bunk bed. Two beds are placed side by side on the side of the house. When Berlin came in, one of the beds was already there. Look at the person ’s posture. He should have fallen asleep before entering the house, but just When he came in, he awakened the other party.

 "Newcomer ..." The man muttered at Berlin in the dark, and without waiting for a reply from Berlin, he sighed and said, "Well ... let's go to sleep, and say something tomorrow."

 Having said that, he rolled over, covered the quilt, and went to sleep.

 Berlin in the dark showed a smile, but he converged in an instant.

 Two seconds later, Berlin moved his neck about two times, walked to the empty bed, and lay down.

 Then I started thinking ...

 He has never slept since he remembered.

 He didn't need to sleep, and he couldn't fall asleep.

 This may be a terrible experience for ordinary people, but Berlin finds it so good-he spends one-third or more of his life on sleep. More willing to use this time for thinking.

 When others end their day of work and life and rest their brains in moderation, Berlin is sorting out memories, reviewing details, classifying various kinds of information, and inferring and imagining everything that will happen or may happen in the future.

 "There were six people in the hospital who had seen me during the day. The one who just sent me over was also among them, plus the next BOY ... The seven people I saw so far are all recorded in known materials.

 "However ... this doesn't prove anything ...

 "'Thousand Faces' can be disguised as anyone, not only facial features, but also height, body shape, voice, gender, and fingerprints can be changed. It is impossible to discern them by short-term contact.

 "But since the information of 'that person' shows that he is here, he must be there; as long as he stays with me in the same place, I must be able to knock it out. All I need now is patience, acting skills, and ... A little luck. "

 Berlin was mixed into this network ring center this time, and there are "two things" to be done. Finding "a thousand faces" is just one of them, and another plan will be carried out simultaneously. But to talk about variables and difficulty, this first thing is more troublesome.

 With his eyes closed like this, while pretending to sleep, he was thinking, and an hour passed before he knew it.

 An hour later, exactly, at midnight ... Suddenly! Berlin opened his eyes a gap.

 At this moment, he knew very well that a figure had stood by his bed, and was ... staring at him.

 "No ..." Because Berlin was lying sideways facing the wall, even if he opened his eyes at this moment, he didn't have to worry about seeing from the other's angle. You know immediately ... but this ... can come to me silently? "

 As he pondered, the figure had acted.

 But see, the shadow slowly bent down, leaned down, and squeezed his face tightly to Berlin's head.

 Just at this moment, the dark clouds covered the moon outside the window, and the room suddenly became dark enough to reach out with five fingers.

 There was a voice in the dark, a woman's voice, a voice so small as to be heard only in Berlin, and said in his ear: "He is my prey, and I also found it first. If you still understand Some rules, you leave tomorrow, otherwise ... I'll change the time, change the way ... I'll come to you again. "

 When the last "you" word entered Berlin's ears, the figure disappeared.

 Immediately after, moonlight came through the window again.

 Berlin rolled over and looked back ... the boy on the opposite side was still asleep. There was no one else in the room except him and himself.

 In the night sky outside the window, there were a few cold stars, a crescent moon, and looking away, there was nothing dark cloud that could cover the moon.

 What just happened seems to be just a short nightmare.

 But Berlin never dreamed.

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Chapter 3 Interrogation

 On November 26, at 10:00 am, in the inquiry room of the Rizhao Federal Police Station.

 "Let's get to know ..." A white man in a suit and leather clothes came to the table and stretched out his hand toward Li Zeju. "I'm Lieutenant Tom Tom. I belong to the EAS (extra ability supervisor, that is, Chao Powerful Regulatory Authority) Asia Division. "

 "Li Zeju." Li Zeju reported his name humblely, and got up to shake hands with the other party. "FCPS Agent, currently on vacation."

 "I'm glad to meet you, Officer Li." When he sat down, Tom had already taken an I-PEN out of the pocket on the inside of his jacket and quickly unfolded his projection screen on the desktop. "Before I started, I thought Again, this is not an interrogation, it's just a simple questioning. As for recording by video ... that's the standard process required by our organization. "

 "At about half past six in the afternoon, I came out of Dr. Cui's clinic ..." After a few seconds, Li Zeju seemed to have sorted out his thoughts, organized his language, and began to speak.

 As a result, Li Zeju recounted the process of meeting police officers, hearing the call, and requisitioning the other's guns and motorcycles.

 In fact, Tom knew this before entering the room; before he saw Li Zeju, he had asked the police officer and confirmed the information provided by the other party through street monitoring.

 But ... Now the repeated questions and answers on the same question still have to be repeated again; because such things as "confession" can only be obtained by one person, the credibility is very low.

 Needless to say the situation of "intentional lying", just saying "memory" is a big problem.

 But Tom seemed a bit dismissive of this, and interjected here: "Sergeant Li, you only need to describe in detail what you see and hear there, and the analysis is handled by EAS's special person." After a short pause of half a second, "Of course, I am not questioning or negating these analyses and your professional abilities, but I just want to tell you ... even if you are right, the analysis content provided by you is also It will not be adopted by EAS, let alone affect our final judgment. "

Hearing that, Li Zeju was silent for a few seconds, and then said, "Okay, let me continue."

 After dying, Li Zeju again said, "After entering the main entrance of the building, the first thing I did was to quickly look at the rooms on both sides of the corridor with the body.

 "There are a utility room, a reception room, and two offices on both sides of the first corridor. The electronic doors in those rooms were all open at the time, and they were directly accessible; upon inspection, several rooms were not found. People were there, and the furniture items were placed normally, at least at first glance there were no signs of being turned or destroyed.

 "After checking, I headed towards the inside of the building again. After turning the first corner, I found another corpse in the second section of the corridor, whose death was consistent with the three in the previous section of the corridor; from the remaining head Look, this is a woman, about 35 to 40 years old. I didn't delay too long near her. There is only a utility room and men's and women's toilets on both sides of the corridor, and I have also seen the same ... It's empty. "

 Hearing here, Tom suddenly asked again: "In the process ... you shouldn't try to find survivors by yelling, right?"

 "Of course not." Li Zeju said. "From the situation on the scene, the prisoner may not have gone far. He may even be lying in an ambush in an attempt to attack the police officer who came to the scene or wait for the opportunity. Run away. "

 "So, are you acting silently?" Tom asked.

 "Yes, I didn't even make footsteps before confirming the entire building." Li Zeju replied.

 "Okay, please go on," Tom said.

 Li Zejv pursed his lips and said, "Another corridor on the first floor leads to the cafeteria. There are several rooms in the middle of the road. I also checked and found no more bodies. Then I went back. Go, go up the stairs to the second floor.

 "From the second floor to the fourth floor, the basic building layout is the same-the offices are close to the stairs, and there are well-equipped lounges and toilets next to those offices; then go in, yes Several electronic doors with higher security levels were undoubtedly open when I arrived ... the area on the other side of the electronic door is a toilet and dormitory with worse conditions than some prisons.

 "I searched from the second floor all the way to the fourth floor. I saw a total of 27 corpses, two of which were in the corridor, four were in the office, and three were in the toilet. These 27 people were all Adults, and they all died on the road outside the electronic gate that "separated two areas". When they died, the state of the whole body was only the skull, and the body had become liquid. "

 "That is to say, from the first to the fourth floor, the number of people you see ... falling on the liquid is thirty-one," Tom said.

 "Yes." Li Zeju said. "Then I went to the fifth floor ..." He said here, his tone changed slightly, because the status of this floor is different from other floors. "The layout of the fifth floor Yes ... 80% of the area is a 'treatment room', with a total of a dozen rooms, each of which has two beds with tethers and several electric shock devices printed with the words 'therapeutic instrument'.

 "Next I went all the way deeper and found that the innermost 20% of the area was separated by the most advanced electronic door in the entire building; behind that door, there was a very spacious dean's office, a coffee Room, a toilet with shower, a monitoring room, and a direct elevator to the parking lot on the first floor.

 "At this level, I slowed down and inspected each room carefully, but neither the living person nor the body was found.

 "So, in the end, I went to the monitoring room, used the telephone to report the police, and revealed my identity and explained the situation."

 Tom listened and watched Li Zeju's expression change. After he had finished speaking, he was silent for a while, and then said: "Um ... I see ..." He nodded, "So ... at the end of this record Now, let ’s check the time again. ”He said, clicked on the projection screen, pulled out a few short videos and digital records, and looked at the screen and said,“ From the street monitoring, you are from the clinic Came out and met Officer Zhang at 18:22, and requisitioned his car to leave at 18:27. Because the section of the building gate of the Gratitude Youth Behavior Correction Center is not monitored, the intersection is 20 meters away. The picture taken by the surveillance concludes that you should have arrived there around 18:36. Do you have any objection to these? "

 "Before and after the incident, I only watched it twice. The first time I left Dr. Cui's clinic, I glanced at the clock on the wall. At that time, I remember it was about six thirty." Li Zeju said, " After that, the next time I watched the time, it was time to call the police in the monitoring room. At that time, it was 19:25 ... During this time, all my attention was on the scene of the crime scene, and I had no time to pay attention to time, so ... With relevant evidence, I have no objection, everything is subject to objective evidence. "

 In the end, he is also a person of FCPS. He is not leaking. When facing some questions that may have follow-up questions, with "is there" or "is it right?" As the core point, he will not answer affirmatively or negatively. A short sentence, so maybe the other party will CUT out the content to be added later.

 When asked in this way, the correct way is: you say what you want to say first, and then say yes or no. If the other person interrupts you before you finish speaking, and pressures you to say "You only need to answer 'yes' or 'no'," you just ignore the other person and calmly repeat the sentence interrupted by him from the beginning Until you say what you want to say completely.

 These are the basic countermeasures when faced with confession and "lawyer rhetoric". People like Li Zeju, who are very familiar with the federal legal system and the struggles within the system, will definitely not show any obvious flaws in such conversations.

 "Oh ..." After listening to his answer, Tom showed a smile-like expression, and then said, "OK, your statement is very helpful, Officer Li, thank you for your cooperation." He had put away in the conversation. I-PEN on the table, got up again, and stretched out his hand towards the other side.

Looking at Li Zeju: "Right ..." The tone of Tom when he said these two words was as if he suddenly thought of something, so he turned around and asked a question; but in fact, he made this abrupt move I want to see, this moment ... this "should have been relaxed for a moment", what the expression on the other person's face looks like.

 However, Li Zeju's expression has not changed since the first second when he saw the other person, and it is the same at this moment.

 There was only calmness on his face.

Don't say you turned your head 180 degrees, even if you suddenly twist your head off in front of him, he won't blink a bit more.

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Chapter 4 Professor Fang

 On the morning of November 22.

 Berlin's life at the Cyber ​​Ring Center has officially begun.

 His roommate awakened at 6 o'clock on the biological clock and had no intention of lying on his bed. He woke up and immediately went to Berlin's bed to "wake him up".

 Although Berlin was awake, he pretended not to sleep enough, and got up yawning lazily.

 Later, during the dressing and washing, the two talked.

 The roommate in Berlin was named Galway; yes, it was similar in name to John Smith, and it was still in use in the 23rd century, and it was still one of the highest rates.

 Galway is 17 years old and in his second year of high school. Because of his love of playing games and poor grades, his parents chose a good day and "deceived" him into this center for "correction". Well, at the school side, he was suspended temporarily, waiting for him Makeover "before going back to school.

 Here, we must highlight this professor Fang.

 This person's name is Fang Zhongping, a native of Rizhao, born in June 2162.

 Before his forty years old, his resume was not outstanding: he graduated from a public school, entered a local specialist hospital as a resident, and then spent about twenty years at the level of department director ... in Berlin's words , Typical mediocre people.

 It stands to reason that in terms of his academic level and social class, if he persists for another 20 years, he should also be able to retire in the position of vice president or even dean.

 However, he was clearly restless.

 In early 2206, Professor Fang suddenly resigned from his hospital, and he did not know where he had obtained a sum of funds to establish this Gratitude Youth Behavior Correction Center.

 In all fairness, his set of so-called "academic views" is not clever or even stupid, but as a service for the stupid people at the bottom of the IQ chain, such a set is enough.

 Fang Zhongping's "therapeutic correction" is simply summarized-religious brainwashing, combined with animal operation.

 First, he identified the term "Internet addiction" as a disease without any accepted medical definition; then he used electric punishment to force all young people sent to his center to admit that he had Internet addiction; Electrocution is a threat, forcing the "patient" to abide by the rules he has laid down and endorse his views ...

 This is similar to the way the Crusaders used to march at the time, that is, "I have determined that my God is the only one. If you believe anything else, you should be damned, so I come to justice for you."

 He didn't believe that set of things in his own heart, but you have to approve it, because if he doesn't approve it, he can't operate it.

 So how does it work? It's electricity.

 Electric shock is a typical "negative reinforcement" method.

 To say this is "taming the beast" is actually inappropriate, because generally speaking, training animals is more often used with "positive reinforcement" or "positive-negative combination"; to explain with a simple example is to do ... By the way, I gave the food and made the wrong whip to form a conditioned reflex.

 "Gathering time is up, please all allies to gather in the corridor ... Gathering time is up, all allies ..."

 Berlin and Galway were talking, and it was half past six.

 At that moment, a tone of rigid recording and broadcasting sounded on time, and the loudspeaker was mixed with the strange "buzzing" sound that can be heard in every bedroom.

 After hearing the collective broadcast, Berlin and Galway immediately stopped talking, both went out, and quickly walked into the corridor.

 Two minutes after they came to the corridor, a house ward hurriedly walked through the corridor and looked at the "patients" lined up by room number one by one.

 "Hold your ally's hand and start ... go!" When the house ward approached the door of the last room, he gave a loud command.

 In this center, the "patients" are called "allies", which is the title invented by Professor Fang. In addition, he also asked all patients and their parents to call themselves "Uncle Fang".

 "Pay attention to the order! Don't talk to each other!" When the queue started to move, the house ward followed the queue and shouted loudly as he walked.

 Here, the most important point is: at any time and any place, as long as certain behaviors make you meet the "must be treated" condition, you must immediately go to "treatment".

 Because this was the first day of Berlin's official admission to the center, he was taken away by the wardens alone after doing exercises and breakfast.

 Not surprisingly, he came to the fifth floor and was taken in front of "Uncle Fang".

 "Sit." After Fang Berlin entered the room, Professor Fang sat behind his desk and gave him a casual look, then said something like this.

 Berlin heard that he silently walked across from the other person's desk and sat down; and the warden who brought him, the "doctor" who called him yesterday, stood behind him and stared Holding his back.

 "Wang Kai ... right?" Professor Fang asked absently, looking at the materials displayed on the I-PEN virtual screen.

 Berlin came here with fake names and fake identities.

 "Yes," he replied.

 "Do you know your situation?" Professor Fang said again.

 "I know ... because of Internet addiction," Berlin responded.

 "Hmm ..." Professor Fang moaned and moved his gaze to his face. "When you came in yesterday, why didn't you admit it?"

 "I ..." Berlin thought for a while, what kind of answer was reasonable and satisfied, "... I am fluent and do not want to receive treatment."

 "Um." Professor Fang nodded. "Very well, if you can admit that you have a problem, it means that you also have the idea of ​​correction, but you don't know the method yourself." He paused, "Listen, as long as you strictly follow here Regulations, to complete our procedures, I guarantee you can be cured. "

 "Yes ..." Berlin sighed again. "Thank you, Professor Fang."

 "Ah ~" Professor Fang waved his hand. "Don't call me that. I'm very approachable. All my friends here call me Uncle Fang, you can call it that.

 He used the word "may", but in fact ... if you didn't call it that way, he would find a reason to stimulate you with electricity.

Berlin hurriedly called Uncle Fang, and then left with the warden.

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Chapter 5 Refutation

 On November 27, 9:10 am, at Li Zeju's residence.

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 When the doorbell rang, Li Zeju was lifting a dumbbell in the living room.

 He put down the equipment, walked to the door a few steps, looked out through the cat's eyes, and then opened the door.

 "Meet again, Officer Li." Outside the door was Tom with a smile and a leather suit.

 "Good morning, Lieutenant." Li Zeju's attitude was still not cold or hot, so calm that people could not see the slightest emotion.

 Because Li Zeju had promised yesterday to assist Tom's investigation at any time, the two barely said a few nonsense; after greeting, they went straight to the topic and set off together.

 Twenty minutes later, they drove to the Gratitude Youth Behavior Correction Center in the suburbs.

The arrival of Tom and Li Zeju undoubtedly made these reporters very excited, but their rushing forward was blocked by the wall raised by the police.

 Even when blocked, journalists still stand on tiptoes, reach out to wireless microphones, and shout loudly for questions; photographers are also carrying long guns and short guns, greeting with flashes of light.

 Between the two, they passed through the electronic door and entered the first floor corridor.

 At this point, the "corpses" in the corridor had been disposed of; 31 heads were packed away by 31 empty corpses, and 31 barrels of "corpses" were also removed. The labels were attached and transported to the post-mortem room with the matching heads.

 Fortunately, in this era, there are already very advanced portable liquid suction instruments, otherwise the police may have to use mops and rags to successfully collect the "corpses" on the ground.

 "More than 150 patients and Professor Fang have disappeared. The police have started a search in the city ... You may have heard about it from the news. Do n’t tell us about the news ..." Tom said Leading Li Zeju to the inside, he said, "The identities of the deceased were all identified the night before; thirty-one people, regardless of gender, are all housekeepers here ... Oh, you can also Say they are 'teachers', 'doctors' ... "

 "Well, then I won't talk to you about science, and then tell the case ..." Tom shrugged without a doubt, and then said, "In addition to thirty-one wardens, there are five people working in the cafeteria, of which One is the boss responsible for contracting, and the other four are chefs and helpers.

 "After the incident, the police have quickly found and controlled four people other than the boss. After inquiry, it was learned that the day before the incident, the boss suddenly gave the four employees a rest day with pay. The reason is unknown ... They didn’t ask much anymore; it was originally a holiday for nothing. If they asked too much, the boss would say, “Why do you ask so much? It makes you rest uncomfortable, right? Then you come tomorrow '' Isn't this self-binding? "

 "Where is the boss?" Li Zeju wasn't very interested in the second half of Tom's words, and he interjected before the other party pushed the subject further and further.

 "Um ..." At this moment, Tom's eyes changed slightly, and he gave a sly glance at Li Zeju. "You can ask the idea ..." He paused for a second, then answered in a mysterious tone, "According to the chefs and helpers, the boss' name is Zhang San, yes ... Zhang Zhang San's Zhang, San is Zhang San's Aan. We found Zhang San's in the files of the correction center. The address of the 'contracting company', but when we got there, we found that address was fake; the mobile phone number he left was already empty when we called it ... Useless.

 "As for his residence ... no one knows, no one can get his picture; his employees said he was directly hired and hired at the door of the employment agency, talked briefly and exchanged names After checking my phone number, I was taken to work the next day. "

 "What about surveillance video?" Li Zeju responded quickly, and he immediately proposed possible breakthrough points. "All public areas of this center are monitored, and the cafeteria is no exception. There are also ... Video, he goes to work every day, there will always be a time when he is photographed, just let his employees identify ... "

 "These police have also done it." Tom replied before he could finish speaking, "We did determine Zhang San's appearance from the surveillance video, and searched through the facial recognition program, listing all Citizen data similar to this face ... but after comparison, we found that there is no such person in the database. "

 "So ..." Li Zeju groaned.

 "Yes, that's a fake face." Tom said, "at least in the federal database, no such person exists; as to whether his name is" Zhang San "... that's not important anymore Let's just scream like this. "

 "Anyone who has no" identity "..." Li Zeju said, "This makes sense ..." He thought thoughtfully, "If this" Zhang San "is a member of the" Resistance Organization " , Isn't it surprising that he is a 'capable'? "

 "Yes," Tom replied. "Now, this person is the biggest suspect in this case, so the police's adhoc team also investigated with him as the primary target."

 At this point they have reached the fifth floor.

 On the way, they have not stopped on other floors, and the electronic doors along the way have been adjusted to open freely.

 Tom took Li Zeju directly to the monitoring room on the fifth floor and stood in front of the console.

 "Sir." A police officer appeared in time to release him. "You let us investigate the matter."

 "Ah? Oh oh ..." Tom hurried up and asked, "how's the situation?"

 The police officer said, "Dr. Cui said that the psychological evaluation of Mr. Che ended at about 5.40 ..."

 "Oh?" Tom seemed to have caught a life-saving straw, and he tilted Li Zeju with a bad look. "That's weird ..." He pretended to be talking to himself. It was 6:22 when I met Officer Zhang downstairs in the clinic, wasn't it forty minutes or so in the middle ... Are you waiting for your car to be ticketed by the police? "

 "Uh ... sir." The police officer heard the words and said, "I haven't finished ... Dr. Cui said that the psychological evaluation ended at 5:40, but Mr. Che left at 6:30. At about twenty o'clock; oh, besides ... she also reminded us that the clock in the clinic was ten minutes faster, so Mr. Che might think he was walking around six thirty. "

 "What?" Tom said, "What is he doing in the clinic in these forty minutes?"

"Dr. Cui ..." Before waiting for the police officer to answer, Li Zeju said, "In addition to being a psychologist, she is also a single, open-minded woman of my age. ... "He looked at Tom." I don't know, is this information enough to infer what happened in those forty minutes ... or do you need me to be more specific? "

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Chapter 6 Compromise

 At 1 pm on November 24th.

 This is the fourth day that Berlin has entered the correction center. In the previous two days, he did not do anything special, but just observed and waited.

 Waiting for something to be confirmed ...

 This incident was handled by his associates, and his associate was named Zhang San.

 This is a real name, but the person using that name does not have his personal information registered in the federal citizenship database.

 More than two months ago, this Mr. Zhang San met Professor Fang with a fake identity; Uncle Fang is also a half-public figure, plus the ground snake in Rizhao. Being "recognized" is not new, so There was nothing suspicious about "acquaintance" this time.

 Within a few days after that, Zhang San found a chance to send a red envelope to Uncle Fang, and won the contracting right of the cafeteria of the Grateful Youth Behavior Correction Center.

 Zhang San took control of the food in this center so easily and it did not cause anyone to doubt.

 Since that day, he has begun long-term preparations for a plan ... and this work was finally completed this morning.

 …………

 "You came just right."

 When the "Miss Dessert" suddenly appeared in the room, Berlin was lying in her bed with her eyes closed.

 However, he didn't need to open his eyes, he knew someone was coming, and he knew who it was.

 "I warned you and let you go." He didn't mean to greet Berlin and said coldly, "I've waited for you for two days. Today is the third day. It seems you are not going to leave. "

 "Relax, I'll leave tomorrow," Berlin responded, "but ... you better leave today."

 "What?" She sneered. "You still want me to go?"

 "Yes, not only you have to go, Zhao Lanlan has to go," Berlin continued.

 His words changed the expression of the other party.

 "Hmm ... Sure enough, did you come at her too?" Her killing was obvious.

 "No." Berlin told the truth, "Of course, I'm not here for you."

 "Do you think I can believe this?" She said again.

 "It doesn't matter whether you believe it or not," said Berlin. "Your hostile attitude, or ... bluffing behavior, can't solve any problem, it will only waste your time." He paused. He opened his eyes and completely ignored her killing intentions. "If you have enough intelligence or ability, you don't have to spend time in this center, but you have already taken Zhao Lanlan away; if you have enough strength and determination , You do n’t have to grind your mouth with me here, it ’s the most efficient way to do the raid directly ... Now, since you have nothing, then close your mouth and listen to me carefully, wait for me to finish, think Think for a second, then comment. "

 Every word of Berlin's words poked at the essence of the matter, which made the other side very angry, but when he was angry, there was no room for refutation, but he could only suppress his anger and wait for him to speak.

 "It seems you agreed, then I started talking." Berlin looked at each other for a few seconds, and then said, "In the morning two days ago, when I had breakfast in the cafeteria, I locked Zhao Lanlan. Like her, she couldn't The person who can control his ability very well is in front of me like a high beam in the dark ... Combined with your previous warning to me, I immediately speculate that your 'target' is her.

 "It's no wonder that her information reads," I took the initiative to enter the center for treatment ", which looks like a fabricated message; after seeing her, I understand that her motivation is reasonable-she told her Feeling confused and afraid, she thought it was a disease or a curse, but she didn't dare to tell others, so she held the mind of a dead horse as a living horse doctor, and looked forward to this as long as it cost money. Institutions can 'cure' themselves.

 "Of course, I already said that I didn't come at her; I didn't care about her thoughts and actions, but ... I was relieved to resolve this doubt."

 He paused for a few seconds, and the conversation turned: "I'm more interested in you than Zhao Lanlan ...

 "After you have identified your" prey ", it is not difficult to find you as a" hunter ". Just look around her.

 "So, at noon that day, I saw you; although you are wearing a very expensive semi-implantable fiber mask, and your body is indeed petite, your expression, gait, and some subtle actions, absolutely Not a teenage girl ...

 "As a prudent and thoughtful person, I immediately passed on information to my outside companions and asked them to help me check your identity.

 "Although the contact with you is short, that one minute is enough to let me know a lot. For example, you know the so-called 'rules', and ... your ability should be related to 'shadow'; these two points alone , You can narrow the scope of the survey screening.

 "By the time of dinner yesterday, my companion completed the investigation and passed to me information on several suspects whose abilities are related to the shadow and are currently missing. After a simple reasoning, I have determined that you are wanted by the Federation. Criminal of second-level ability, codename-'Shadow Weaving.' "

 "Huh ..." After her identity was revealed, Shadow Weaving didn't make any useless sophistry. She just hummed and asked, "Where are you sacred? Mr. Wang Kai, who also pretends to be tender here. "

 She read the mock name in Berlin in a mocking tone, and the meaning was obvious.

 "Well, Wang Kai is indeed a fake name. My real name is Berlin. I regret to meet you in this situation." Berlin responded, and a second later, he added, "Oh, by the way, I It's not pretending, my face is real. "

 "Okay, I will remember this face ... and your name," Shadow Weaving said fiercely.

 "You don't remember it," Berlin replied. "Just listen to me and say then." He didn't wait for the other party to talk back, and continued, "I can understand why you didn't take Zhao Lanlan, her ability is right It's really tricky for you. Even if you want to stun her and imprison her, she may kill you unconsciously.

 "So you can only manage to lurk by her side, build relationships with her, gain trust, be friends ...

 "But now you don't have to worry about it. I'll help you solve this problem."

 After all, Berlin took something out of its pants pocket.

 They are five capsules, each of which is covered with a transparent insulation shell to prevent soiling or accidental dissolution.

 "What is this?" Shadow Weaving quickly moved to the capsule in the other's hand and asked.

 "You don't care what it is ..." Berlin replied. "All I can tell you is that this is a medicine that can inhibit the special ability of the person with ability. For a junior person like Zhao Lanlan, give her half a capsule. The effect can be maintained for five days; and there are five pills here, which is equivalent to the suppression time of fifty days ... In these fifty days, as long as you let her take medicine on time, she will not be able to use the ability. You have to take her It does n’t matter if it ’s sold or whatever ... It should be enough for you to operate this day? ”

 "Oh ..." Shadow Weaving sneered. "How do I know if this medicine is real? In case this is your strategy ..."

 "I want to kill you or kill you, I don't need to make such a roundabout." Berlin Road, "In the past two days, as long as I let people put a poison in your food that cannot be detected by autopsy, you are already morgue at this moment. The room is up. "

 This sentence made Shadow Weaver's expression suddenly change, because she suddenly realized a very serious problem: "The person in the cafeteria is yours ..."

 "That's right, otherwise why would I always rush to pass information during the meal?" Berlin interrupted her. "You can think of this very well by yourself, saving me time for explanation ... and also leading to The next thing I want to say ... "As he said, he got up from the bed, walked in front of Shadow Weaving, pulled her hand that was still scared, and stuffed those capsules into her hand," Recently For more than two months, everyone who eats in the cafeteria, every day, every meal ... has been added something. "

 "What!" Shadow Weaving was shocked at the time, and her expression became subtle, as if she had some dirt on her body, and she looked disgusted.

 "It is a special nano-mechanical virus, which is very tiny and almost invisible to the naked eye." Berlin replied. "After entering the human body, these inorganic substances will be adsorbed on the stomach wall and stand by. When there are the same machinery nearby, They attract each other and combine. "He said that the tone was very relaxed, and he did not care about the listener's feelings." When the total mass of this machine virus gradually accumulated to a certain value, you can use the matching remote control device to It starts, attacking the human brain.

 "Unfortunately, when this" value "will arrive, it is difficult to calculate accurately; after all, everyone's dietary habits, meals, and other factors have certain differences ... so, I had to mix into this center a few days in advance; I thought I might stay here for a week or even ten days, but for now, I can leave tomorrow. "

 "What the hell are you?" Shadow Weaving asked this question again, but this time, her tone was completely different from that just now, and the meaning of this question was completely different.

 "I said, my name is Berlin, you just need to know that," Berlin replied. "More, I'm afraid I can't tell you, right?"

Shadow Weaving took a few deep breaths to calm himself down and allow himself time to think about the situation.

 After a while, she said again and again; "You said just now, let me‘ go today ’, and,‘ not only will I go, but Zhao Lanlan will also go ’?”

 "Look, you've finally learned how to communicate with others." Berlin smiled jokingly, and then said, "My suggestion is that before midnight today, take a moment and take a half-dose from the capsule I gave you. The powder came out, and managed to make Zhao Lanlan swallow it, and then take advantage of your power to take her away at night ... At this point, you and I will not commit river water. "

 "What about the mechanical virus in my body?" Shadow Weaver asked.

 "It can be eliminated by drinking coffee," Berlin replied.

 "Haha?" The shadow particle of Shadow Weaving was to confirm if I heard correctly.

 "Not only coffee, but also peppermint, fried foods, super spicy dishes, tobacco and alcohol, etc. Basically, things that have a greater irritation to the stomach can release the mechanical virus from the stomach wall to a certain extent. They will soon be naturally metabolized by your body. "Berlin replied," In short, if you are in a hurry, even if you eat barbecue and hot pot for half a month, the virus must be cleaned up. Maybe it can Gives you gout. "

 "You virus ... too casual, right?" Shadow Weaving answered.

 "Because the" mass production type "is used this time, the effect will be worse," Berlin said. "If you use a more mature model, the implantation cycle will be shorter, and it will not be affected by eating habits ... The most important thing is that the distance of remote control can be extended a lot. "

 "It's just that there are nearly two hundred people here. All of them use advanced nano robots, and the cost is a little bit uncontrollable." He said, shrugging helplessly, "Fortunately ... in the ' "Grateful Youth Behavior Correction Center 'This place is enough for mass production."

 He is right that this kind of means that needs to be accumulated for a long time and will be affected by dietary habits can only be effectively implemented in this correction center, even in prison, it may not be successful.

 In this little kingdom of Uncle Fang, many things that seem ridiculous and inhumane to the outside world are iron rules that are clearly stipulated.

 For example: "careless in doing exercises", "careless in eating", "the hands are not fastened in the queue", "eating chocolate", "drinking drinks, tea water, coffee", "listening to music without permission", "Touch the computer without permission and log on to the Internet", "Privately enter the office of Uncle Fang and the doctor", "Speak loudly in the corridor and make fun", "Speak loudly in the toilet after turning off the lights", "Touch the RMB without permission" and many more.

 These things, which do not seem to us at all, will be shocked if they are committed in the correction center.

There are even more outrageous, such as "excitedness", "self-confidence", "flicker parents want to go home", "talking about treatment", "strong vanity", "playing clever", "spoken thinking", "cognitive "Bias", "uneasy to receive treatment", "insufficient execution" ... can not be defined by objective facts, or simply threaten the interests of the hospital, can also be used as a reason for electric shock.

In short, it is to do everything possible to allow patients to stay longer here, to treat a disease fabricated by them, and to allow their families to continue to pay for expensive treatment.

 Patients' resistance to the will can be controlled by electrocution, family members ... Uncle Fang will perform "brainwashing" in weekly review classes.

 In such a place, the "patients" cannot say that it is tobacco and alcohol, even chocolate and drinks are out of touch; the food they eat can be as light and light as they can be, and as cheap as they can be. Hardworking spirit.

 In this way, the implantation of the mechanical virus can naturally proceed smoothly.

 "Although I don't know what you are going to do, I don't understand ..." Shadow Weaving could hear that Berlin had finished everything he wanted to say, and now he was chatting with himself; these words ... may not be believed. Therefore, she took the initiative to change the topic and wanted to see if she could find out more useful information. "... Since you have all the resources at hand, why not use a simpler and direct method? You can prescribe medicine and find mercenaries Or ... just handle it yourself. "She looked at Berlin, her expression moved slightly." You must also be a capable person, and ... it's a much stronger type than me. "

 So far, she has no doubt that Berlin is above her in terms of strategy, combat power, and other resources, and she cannot imagine how big the gap between her and the other party is.

 "That's your reward. I'm just a novice at the paper level." Berlin lay back on the bed and closed his eyes. "And ... I think we've talked enough, as ladies, you Staying in a man's room for too long is a bit sloppy. "

 "Cut ..." Seeing that the other party not only did not hook, but also chased her away, Shadow Weaving immediately gave a snorting sound, and put on a look of uneasiness again, saying, "Okay, I took your medicine, man ... I will take it tonight, and then our well water will not violate the river water. "

 During the conversation, she had turned into a black shadow, and gradually merged into the darkness under the bed, and disappeared ...

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Chapter 7 Confined Room

 On November 27th, at 22:39, at a hotel in Rizhao.

 Tom lay on the bed, staring blankly at the ceiling; he had been lying like this for half an hour, still sleepless.

 Many clues about the case were tangled in his mind, difficult to sort out, and difficult to ignore.

 Although his main task this time is not to investigate the case, but to "investigate the identity of those who may be involved in this incident and find out their capabilities as much as possible." However, it appears that both his mission and the truth of the case are at an impasse.

 "Ugh……"

 With a long sigh, he finally got up.

 He washed his face, put on a sports suit, and left the hotel.

 When performing official duties in public in the daytime, he must wear a suit, which is an organizational requirement; but now he can wear clothes that make him feel more comfortable.

 In fact, Tom doesn't like suits, he doesn't like them.

 He used to be a soldier, or still, now; his lieutenant's rank was not given by EAS, but was spelled out on the battlefield before joining EAS.

 It is a pity that even after spending many years on the front line, his martial arts have long been enough to promote him to a higher position, but his origin or the class of his family has become a gap in his promotion path. .

 Of course, he will not feel reconciled ...

 Why can those young masters go to the officer school? Why can they become commanders as soon as they graduate? These exaggerated masters use the blood of soldiers to enrich their resumes, and use the official career of their subordinates to pay for their mistakes. They can become generals without a drop of blood; and even soldiers like him from the bottom of the society, even if they have made great contributions, have not yet made it.

 Is this fair?

 He asked himself this question countless times in his mind, but ... he never thought to answer it.

 Because he thinks this question is stupid, people who seriously think about it are even more stupid.

 In short, today, at least in terms of position, Tom is no longer affiliated with the federal army; in a sense, he has to thank a young master sitting on the paper at the command post ...

 If there is no "blind command" from his superior, Tom will not be captured in one operation; if he is not captured, he will not be tortured; if he has not endured various human beyond the limits in the process of being tortured His torture will not be awakened ... if the ability is not awakened, he will not be expropriated by EAS.

It ’s okay to be blessed by calamity, and it ’s not difficult to die. Life is sometimes so magical: you never know if the next chapter of your life is bright or full of shit. All you can do is keep turning back and don’t give up. Persist until the light comes, or just be drowned by shit.

 …………

 Late at 23:03 at the Gratitude Youth Behavior Correction Center.

 Tom came here on a running track, although the hotel he stayed in was not close to here, but for people like him, on the flat roads of the city, 'wearing running without weight in sneakers, basic and walking different. Within five kilometers he could not catch a trace of exhaustion.

 "Who?" As Tom approached the gate of the building, the police officer on guard quickly noticed him and came forward to ask.

 "Shh ... it's me." Tom flipped off his sportswear hood and exposed his face under the street light. "Be quiet, in case there are reporters nearby, you'll call them in."

 "Sir." The police officer immediately stood up to him after seeing his face.

 "Okay, don't salute, go back to your post." Having said that, Tom still saluted the opponent in a very regular posture in a federal military salute. The intercom said hello to the units. "

 "Yes." After responding, the police officer turned back, took the walkie-talkie on his left chest as he walked, and started to report.

 Tom walked quickly through the gate and entered the main building of the correction center.

 At this time, although the building is powered, the lights are not on. Of course, for people of this era, it is also common sense to take out mobile phones as flashlights.

 Tom relied on the lighting of his mobile phone and started searching from the first floor to the fifth floor. In the process, he tried to imagine himself as another person—Li Zeju two days ago.

 He strictly followed Li Zeju's description, imitating each other's actions, and calculating time.

 From 18:36 Li Zeju arrived at the scene, to 19:25 he called the police in the monitoring room for a total of 49 minutes. What happened in these 49 minutes? Always makes Tom hard to let go.

 Maybe this is just Tom's unilateral guess, maybe his testimony is fact. But in any case, he still wants to verify again, even if this is futile, at least he can feel at ease.

 …………

 After 39 minutes, Tom stood in Professor Fang's office.

 His verification was over, he had searched all the rooms, and the monitoring room was next door; however, the time he spent was ten minutes shorter than that of Li Zeju.

 So ... where have you been in these ten minutes?

 Tom breathed a sigh of relief, and simply sat down in Uncle Fang's comfortable office chair, thinking while resting: "Is my movement too fast? It is indeed possible, after all, everyone's search rhythm and efficiency are different Officer Li was operating in a vigilant state at any time, and I searched when I knew the rooms were empty ...

 "But if it's not the time difference caused by this reason ... then what can he do in these ten minutes?

 "Delete the video? Destroy the evidence? These inferences have been overturned by him this morning. As he said ... if he is really an accomplice, there is no need to participate in the case in this form.

 "No matter how he thinks, he cannot be a complicity to the prisoner ... because it is not logically possible, it is difficult to fabricate a motive that can support this behavior.

 "So ... Is it really my horns?"

 To classify Tom from a detective's perspective, he should be considered a traditional American hard-core detective, the kind of ... action activist who uses suspicious experience and intuition to target suspects and uses efficient, fast, and tough methods to advance the investigation. .

 Compared with a logical and rational deductive demonstrator, the shortcomings of this type of detective are obvious-the ceiling is insufficient.

 In ordinary cases, this problem may not be obvious, and even the activists will appear more efficient; but in some cases where the case is more complicated or the killer is sufficiently savvy, the activists often encounter bottlenecks or wrongdoers.

 What's more, activists have the problem that it is easy to over-invest in a case. Especially when encountering such a major unsolved case ... the more they are beyond their ability, the more they are unable to extricate themselves.

 Sometimes, in the absence of evidence, they stared at a suspect with the idea of ​​"I know it must have been his job". This approach is not so much a detective's attitude as a politician's attitude. That is, "they choose a position before they hear the problem, and then start thinking about the problem from the selected position."

 With this model, even if the right person is caught in the end, it is just luck, a gambler-like victory.

 Even if justice is objectively provided for society, it is subjectively a self-satisfaction of a gambler.

 Tom, now in this mood ... due to the lack of reasoning ability, he can only struggle with skepticism and persuasion of Li Zeju.

 Before he knew it, he was sitting in a chair, thinking of God.

 "What!" I didn't know how long it was, and suddenly, what Tom's out-of-focus eyes had touched, which made him stand up straight from the chair.

 That second, by the light of his mobile phone, he found that a small area in the corner under the desk was very special.

 It is very difficult to find this abnormality during the day or when the room is relatively well-lit. But if someone illuminates with the light of a mobile phone in this darkness, they can see the light refracted in that place and the marks of the surrounding dust ... together, a neat rectangle is drawn.

 Tom's heartbeat was speeding up, and the feeling of blood coming straight from his heart to his brain made him extremely awake and excited.

 He immediately leaned down, drilled to the bottom of the table and looked closely. After a moment of hesitation, he reached out his hand and gently nudged the plank.

 Immediately afterwards, the board popped out and was slowly opened, revealing the mini touch screen on the back; on that screen, an interface for entering a password was displayed directly.

 According to the digit information of the interface, this is a six-digit password; although the number of digits is not large, it is unlikely to try it out in a short time, and it is not known if there will be multiple input errors. What measures like security locks.

 So Tom didn't rush into the input.

 He sat back in his office chair and looked around the room from that angle, collecting all the information he could gather within his eyes.

 According to his experience, such a "password for a specific place" is likely to be recorded by the user near the place of use; like many people like to use sticky notes to figure out the numbers they need to use at work The information is posted on the wall of the compartment around your desk, or simply around your computer monitor, so you can see it when you need it.

 However, unfortunately, after searching for five minutes, Tom could not find any reminder information in the room.

 He thought about it again, and suddenly came back to the table again.

 He squatted in front of the touch screen and looked up ... Sure enough, he wrote six numbers with an oil-based pen on the desk's down side; only at his current position, he could see when he held the light source upwards.

 Tom did not hesitate to enter those six numbers on the screen and got "accept" feedback.

scold--

 Two seconds later, accompanied by a sound of pressure relief from the air valve, the bookshelf behind Professor Fang's desk ... opened.

 That is indeed a real bookshelf, and the books on the shelves are also real books, but this bookshelf also has the function of an electronic door.

 Seeing this, Tom walked out of the table sideways, then stood upright, leaned against the bookshelf, ready to sideways into the "secret room" behind the wall.

 At this moment, although he is not carrying a gun, he is not afraid because he is a capable person; in most cases, abilities are more deadly and reliable than conventional weapons.

 "Anyone? I'm a policeman." Before he went in, he raised his voice slightly and shouted inside.

 He did so in a way that was both procedural and reasonable.

 Suppose someone in this closet had already noticed that the door had been opened—if the person inside was a surviving victim, he would prevent the other side from reacting too much. And if the person inside is a prisoner, then whether he says or not, the other party will attack as well. It makes no difference.

 The time passed quietly, and after ten seconds, his response was still silent.

 Tom no longer waited. He tightened his nerves, prepared himself, and walked into the back room, but ... only one dead man caught his eyes.

It was a man in a white coat, in his fifties, with a face that seemed to be hypocritical.

 Tom had seen the photos, and he knew that the deceased was Professor Fang.

 At this moment, Professor Fang's body was tied to a bed with a strap, and an electric shock device was connected to his head; Tom was used to the dead, and by the smell alone, he could tell that the man in front of him was dead. And the time of death is about two days.

 However, out of caution, Tom stepped forward, probed the pulse of the deceased, poked the dead body, and verified his inference.

 "Huh ..." Because the secret room was small and there was no place to hide, Tom quickly determined that there was no one else except Professor Fang, "... Anyway, anyway, I found a missing person." He talked to himself, and began to inspect the room, trying to find some new clues.

 As a result, what he found was ...

 "Hmm ..." Two minutes later, Tom connected a USB flash drive found in the safe in the corner of the back room to his cell phone, and opened one of the videos ... This was a video that made him feel sick and angry.

 "This old beast ..." After watching it a little, he turned off the video and started to check how many such files there are in the entire USB drive.

 Even if Tom's reasoning ability is not bad, he can guess that these videos taken by Professor Fang in this secret room are either collections that satisfy his perverted hobbies, or he intends to sell them through some means. use.

 Thinking of this, he could not help forgetting his identity as a law enforcement officer, secretly speaking for Professor Fang and the staff of the center.

 But he soon calmed down and began to think about the doubts ...

 "Why is the safe open?" Tom muttered softly. "And ... if someone opened it, why didn't he take these things away?"

 The safe he said was a high-security private storage cabinet designed by an insurance company under the "Shenguang Group". This cabinet must be opened with an electronic key, a voiceprint password, and a complex multivariate manual password.

 In addition to the U disk that Tom picked up, the safe also contained a box of cash, a stack of bearer bonds, a box of electronic cards, a pile of paper documents, several fake documents, and even a gun.

 "Is that ... the old beast was just caught by the murderer when he unpacked and was ready to flee?" Tom quickly thought of an explanation, and frowned. "But the murderer didn't move inside. Something ... Does this mean he / she only cares about revenge and doesn't care about anything else? Or ... "

 "The killer left this material on purpose." Suddenly, a voice sounded from behind Tom.

 Since Tom had just relaxed his vigilance and was thinking about things intently, he didn't notice anyone approaching ... at this moment, startled by the voice, he instinctively turned the 180-degree turn " stunt".

 "Don't be afraid, it's me." Li Zeju's face still looked calm, but in this dark night ... there was always a chill.

 "Why are you here?" Tom turned his body back too, taking a half step back alertly.

 "I couldn't sleep and wanted to call you to discuss the case, but the waiter over the hotel said you went out. I figured it out and guessed that you might be here. When I asked the police officer downstairs, You really are here. "

 "Um ..." Tom thought for a while, and tempted again, "Do you get used to calling people late at night like this?"

 "Aren't you awake?" Li Zeju's response was calm and straightforward. "Everyone is doing this business. I can see at first sight that you are the type who will not sleep before closing the case." Now. "

 "Oh ... okay." Tom smiled, though he didn't want to admit it, but the other party was telling the truth, "How long have you been here?"

 "It's been long enough." Li Zeju said, and looked around. "During the day, you can't reason, I have to apologize ..." He paused and looked at Tom. "Just you can find this secret room ... is better than me. "

 "It's a lot of luck, luck," Tom said, handing in a few copies of the material from the safe, "Would you like to see it?"

 "No need, I can probably guess the content," Li Zeju said. "And ... there is probably something in these files that I shouldn't look at."

 "What is something you shouldn't see?" Tom blurted out.

 "Lieutenant ..." Li Zeju said here, for the first time changed to a more sincere, less distance, to Tom, "No ... Tom, you never thought, like Professor Fang Such a person, why can I do this kind of thing in Rizhao for so many years? Do you think that with his class and the ability of this person ... If there is no greater support behind it, can this be achieved? " He glanced at Tom's phone again. "Taking the video you just saw, maybe it was the" tribute "he used to dedicate to a certain federal superior ..."

 "Then you mean ..." Tom's tone became colder. "Let me stop searching? Or let me cover up these things?"

 "I don't mean it," Li Zeju said. "What's important ... what does the killer mean?"

 "The murderer?" Tom repeated the words, and then his expression suddenly changed. "Wait ... is this ..."

 "Why did the murderer take the initiative to call the police? Why did the EAS people get into the office? Why did I open the safe but closed the secret room?" Li Zeju said, "Everything makes sense now."

 "The killer knew ... if the local police first discovered these materials, the truth would most likely be covered up ..." Tom muttered along the other side's thoughts, "so he / she laid the game, He / she just wanted me to ... let the EAS agent intervene. He / she believed that I had the ability to find this back room, so that I could get the materials in the safe first. "

 "It looks like he / she succeeded." Li Zeju said, "If there is any accident in the murderer's calculations, it is probably my intervention. Of course, from the result ... I haven't changed anything."

 "But ... how can he / she be sure, we EAS will not help the federal high-level to cover up this matter?" Tom groaned.

 "This is common sense." Li Zeju said, "As long as you have a little understanding of the federal system ... Federal police officers are always subject to upper-level restrictions, but like 'EAS' and 'Supervisor' Institutions have a check-and-balance relationship with federal officials. These materials are in your hands and can be used as a bargaining chip even if they are not exposed. This murderer's strategy is very powerful, this account ... he / she is It must have been clear before the decision was made. "

 When the words fell, Tom ... was silent.

 He stood there for about a minute of ideological struggle before he re-opened: "Sergeant Li, what happened when I discovered these materials ... can you keep me secret?"

 "Ha!" Li Ze laughed hugely. This was the first time he showed such a hearty smile to the other side. "What's a secret? What is Officer Li? I'm on vacation now. I'm just an ordinary citizen who cooperates with your investigation I don't understand what you're talking about, and I'll go back if it's okay. "

 After all, he really left.

 Tom stood there for a long time before returning to God; at this moment, his thoughts on Li Zeju had changed from doubt and hostility ... to admiration.

 As we all know, FCPS is the official organization that is most closely tied to the interests of the high level of the Federation. As a senior agent of FCPS, Li Zeju's ability to do this shows that this person still has justice.

 In this world today, there are not many such people ...

 Tom didn't waste time anymore. After a little reconciliation, he copied all the information in the USB flash drive to his mobile phone, scanned all the paper documents, and then took everything out of the safe. Put it back. Then he wiped his fingerprints and closed the safe door.

 After doing these things, he checked again and felt that there were any flaws left, so he ran downstairs and told the police that he had found the closed room and the body ...

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Chapter 8 Conversation

 At half past six on November 25th.

 While queuing for a roll call, the house ward naturally noticed that Zhao Lanlan and her roommate were missing.

 They immediately informed Professor Fang and went to check the surveillance; from the surveillance video, no one came out of the bedroom after the lights were turned off.

 Things are strange, but the wardens are not detectives and don't think so much. Anyway, now people are missing ... just look for 呗.

 In order to find these two escapees, the entire center, including the house ward, did not have breakfast.

 Beginning at seven in the morning, patients were ordered to stay in the room and not allowed to go out. The doors of their bedrooms were all locked; and the wardens conducted a carpet-like search throughout the center. Each bedroom Under the bed, under the desk in every office, every corner of every classroom ... have been searched.

 But the result ... apparently still not.

 For Shadow Weaver, it's too easy to take someone away while the night is gone. Even if they checked all the street monitors in Fangyuanli, they could not find them.

 This successful escape made Uncle Fang very upset.

 After thoroughly confirming that the two were no longer in the center, he did not immediately notify the parents of the fugitives. Instead, he summoned all the patients into a large classroom for reviewing lessons, and prepared to temporarily give them "add a lesson".

 He wanted to tell the rest of the patients—don't think someone was gone, and you can move that mind.

 He wanted to find a few people close to Zhao Lanlan and pull them for "treatment" on the grounds that they "did not find the allies' intention to escape in time".

 Or, just find a few people ... It's okay to find someone who can't get used to it.

 In short, he wanted to vent because he felt his majesty was challenged.

 However, at ten in the morning, when all the patients were gathered and Uncle Fang stood on the podium and was ready to start speaking ... An abnormality happened.

 Those patients ... the children, suddenly started an organized riot.

 In the first few years of the center's opening, there were also incidents in which several people tried to violently resist or escape after ganging up. But no matter how hard a few teenagers fight, they can't be the opponents of more than a dozen middle-aged wardens who are taller and taller ... so those children still fail to succeed.

 After several incidents like this, Uncle Fang was right. He has continuously strengthened control and targeted additions of articles that need to be sent for "treatment" to stifle similar incidents in the infancy.

 After adjustments over the years, there have been no examples of four or more people colluding and resisting in the center.

 Unexpectedly ... Today, there was a "collective rebellion" directly. The more than one hundred "patients" actually participated in the operation, and their performance was like a demon. Everyone seemed very efficient and effective. Fearless, even if they were brought down by the fists or electric batons of the ward, they would immediately get up and rush forward again.

 If you have to describe it, this is not so much a human riot as a zombies or robot attack.

 There is no doubt that this is the role of nanomechanical viruses ...

 The wardens were not controlled because they usually had rest and shifts, and even if they were at work, they did not eat every meal in the cafeteria.

 But under such circumstances, even if the house wardens were not controlled, their resistance was smashed. When they realized that the situation was no longer under control, the first reaction was naturally to escape. Well, for them, the housekeeper is just a job, not a lifelong career, let alone loyalty. They don't want to expose themselves to Professor Fang or this center.

 It's a pity ... all this happened too quickly; if anyone turned around and ran away in the first moment of the riot, there might still be a chance to escape, but the wardens did not respond that way ... The four fastest people, three of them were intercepted in the first-floor corridor leading to the building's main entrance, and one was caught while trying to hide in a women's toilet.

 In less than five minutes, from the first floor to the fourth floor, all the wardens were stung to the ground by the patients. Their faces were distorted by fear ... They growled, screamed, and struggled with all their strength. But this is undoubtedly futile, because people controlled by mechanical viruses will never be half-relaxed in this kind of wrestling, let alone be scared by them.

 "Why are you so scared?" After another moment, suddenly, all the patients ... no matter where they were, they all spoke in the same second and said the same sentence in unison.

 This weird situation is as if more than a hundred voices are controlled by the same will ... It is incredible, but it really happens.

 "Is there some instinct telling you that something more terrible than death is about to happen to you?" A few seconds later, like the last sentence, the patient spoke neatly again, "Oh ... but actually , May not happen, right? "

 At the same time, outside the main building, on the parking lot.

 Berlin has changed into a casual suit that I don't know where to get it, taking a leisurely step towards the main building.

 At this moment, he was holding a walkie-talkie. The two words just now were spoken to the walkie-talkie first, and then "broadcasted" through the mouth of each controlled person.

 "Fear is just a choice. The root of your fear is not the objective situation that is happening, but the 'evil' in your heart.

 "'Sin' is equal. When people hurt others, they are actually changing themselves.

 "Those who are slightly smarter are aware of this; so when they are planting the cause of sin, they will reflect and be in awe. Even if the retribution may not come, they will make themselves aware.

 "And you people ... when you change from a perpetrator to a perpetrator, this reaction is revealed. Is this a bit ridiculous?

 "People with a true heart of healing and salvation are not afraid. Because those who have a strong faith ... whatever is objectively right or wrong, at least they are not afraid of anything subjectively.

 "You are afraid because you know exactly what you are doing.

 "Since you are willing to make a living by persecuting others, why not do a good consciousness that one day will be swallowed up by sin?"

 At this moment, he just walked to the corridor on the first floor and stood in front of a warden.

 "You ... what do you want to do?" The warden asked him the question with a trembling voice.

 Berlin looked down at each other. His eyes were not the eyes of people, not even the eyes of animals, but like looking at one thing, one ... garbage.

 After all, Berlin didn't answer the other person. He just bent down and gently tapped the other person's shoulder with his index finger. After a second ... the body of the house ward turned into a pool of liquid instantly.

 "Ah! Ah--" The other two house wardens who saw this scene immediately screamed.

 But Berlin's footsteps didn't stop, and the patients who lived in the house were indifferent, performing their mission like robots.

 In this way, he went up one floor, one floor ... and went up; along the way, he turned all the house supervisors under restraint into "corpses" with only the head remaining, and finally ... came to the fifth floor.

 Although the electronic door of the entire building was already fully open at the moment, the door on the fifth floor was still closed.

 The corridor in which the Dean's office and monitoring room are located uses a different system than the four floors below. And this place also has a separate backup generator. Even if someone smashes the power supply box outside the building, the electricity here can be maintained for a long time.

 "Uncle Fang, you are very resourceful." Berlin stopped at the electronic door and stopped. He looked up at the camera above the door and said, "When something is wrong, everyone else goes downstairs subconsciously. Run, it's just you who run upstairs. "

 He said slowly and calmly: "You know very well that, at your age, at such a time when the" big calamity is flying, "Bacheng will be squeezed behind by the wardens; take a step back ...... Even if they 'let the leader go' and you successfully escaped the building, it is still possible to be caught by children on the street and then killed or disabled in a short time ... He paused, then said, "Similarly, it is unrealistic to escape by car. Even if you successfully get on the car, you will be blocked in the car and you will not be able to drive out of the parking lot. So count ... Go to the exit Whatever escapes is a dead end. The real way of life is to go to the safest place in this building to hide, promptly report to the police, and come out when the police come to control the situation. "

 Every word of Berlin was clearly transmitted to Professor Fang's ear, because Professor Fang was in the monitoring room now, watching the monitoring screen with sweat.

 "You should already know that I am a capable person now, but you still do n’t know why I ca n’t make a call, right?" Berlin continued. "In fact, you don't have to worry about that kind of thing. Now that I have enough resources at hand, More than a hundred people in the center are in control, such as blocking the building's communication signal ... It's easy. "

 Speaking here, he paused for a while, leaving some time for Professor Fang to think.

 "Uncle Fang, I know that you are looking at me in the monitoring room, and I also know that there is a secret room in your office ... You are now thinking about whether to come out of the monitoring room and run into the secret room to hide." Every sentence in Berlin is like a wall ... These walls cut off Professor Fang's retreat and choices one by one, and gradually forced him into a desperate situation. "I might as well say it ... Open this door, to me It's very easy, and it's easy to open the door of your back room. You know the situation in this center. As long as you cut off the external communication, your chance of being rescued in a short time ... I'm afraid it's very slim. "

 He licked his lips and showed a kind smile: "Now, I give you two choices ... one, you open the door yourself and let me in; the other, I forcibly open the door, and then come in.

 "If you choose one, I will come in alone without anyone, and all I have to do is talk to you. After that, I will leave.

 "But if you choose two ..."

 He didn't finish, but paused again, adding: "Oh, of course ... I can understand what you are most worried about; you can rest assured that I can swear ... I will never kill Yours. Even if you choose not to open the door right now, I won't kill you. "

 With that said, about twenty seconds later, the door ... opened.

 Berlin smiled and walked in slowly.

 When he reached the middle of the corridor, Professor Fang flinched from the monitoring room.

 "You ... hmm ..." When Berlin approached, Professor Fang wanted to say something, but as soon as he said a word, he was stung by an electric baton that Berlin suddenly pulled out. It wasn't until he passed out that Berlin turned the switch off.

 …………

 Fifteen minutes later, Professor Fang woke up from a brief coma and found himself tied to a "treatment bed" in his back room.

 Berlin was standing on a table at this time, stretching out his arms and messing with something in the corner of the ceiling.

 "You ... you said ... no ..." Professor Fang said vaguely.

 Berlin was just over busy. He folded his hands and jumped lightly from the table: "Yeah, I said, 'I will never kill you.' Are you still alive?"

 Professor Fang took a breath, and said with his still tingling tongue: "You said ... if I open the door myself ... then ..."

 "Yeah, I'm doing what I promise." Berlin said, "Look, I'm coming in alone, right? And I'm really ready to talk to you, and leave after talking."

 "Then ... why did you bind me?" Professor Fang finally said the whole thing when he said this third sentence.

 "Oh ..." Berlin smiled. "Of course it's for your safety." As he said, he pushed the "therapy device" next to the bed and started wiring to Professor Fang. .

 "You! What are you doing!" Professor Fang screamed when he saw the move.

 "Because I want to talk to you, you may not be willing to say it, even if you say it barely ... it may be adulterated, so it is best to use this machine to assist our conversation ... so as to ensure that you know yourself "Everything is spoken, and it is true," Berlin replied.

 "You unfaithful bastard ... uh uh ..." Professor Fang was about to curse, but his words were interrupted by the severe pain caused by a shock.

 "Well ... is this the frequency you usually use to" treat "..." After a wave of electricity in Berlin, he said in a very easy tone, "I have to say, you half-hangers are just not working ... obviously Is it a very rich instrument, is it so rough, or let me teach you how much the gap between Van Gogh and the third-class community college art public class is. "

 "Ha ha ... ha ha ... you ... do you know who my backer is?" Professor Fang gasped, staring fiercely at Berlin Road.

 "Oh ... you will answer the question ..." Berlin chuckled twice. "Don't worry, I have a lot of things to ask, come one by one." When he said this, he was quick to answer The indices on the therapy device were adjusted.

 This attitude made Professor Fang furious: "I tell you, no matter what you come from, you can't afford the forces behind me, if you dare to reorganize me ... what……"

 There was another current that interrupted his intimidation.

 The effect this time is different from the last time. The intensity, wave pattern, phase, frequency, etc. are all adjusted ... 愣It is a kind of burning sensation in the lungs of Uncle Fang.

 "Well ... yes, the readings are pretty accurate." Berlin muttered, and it looked like ... he was just testing just now, "you can officially come ..." Then he picked up a vise from the table and put The heads of several wires on the therapy device are cut, and then a few metal pieces are "clamped" to form the shape of a clip. Then ... began to solve Professor Fang's clothes and pants, "Which question should I start with ... um ... let me ask a simple one ..." He paused maliciously and waited for a few seconds. Smiling, then asked, "Do you think ... am I 'talking' ... or 'playing you'?"

 …………

On the evening of November 25, 18:15.

 Berlin's "talk" with Professor Fang came to an end.

 Berlin was convinced that he had asked everything he wanted to know, and even he didn't want to know.

 However, his mood is still not good.

Because ...... "thousand faces" ran.

 In the afternoon, a companion from Berlin has sent news that after inspection, there are no thousands of "patients" controlled by nanomechanical viruses ... it can rule out the possibility that he pretended to be controlled and mixed in the crowd.

 Furthermore, there must be no Qiannian in the dead ward, because Qiannian cannot be suppressed by a few ordinary people.

 And what about Professor Fang ... After all-day inquiries in Berlin, it is even more impossible to have that thousand faces.

 As for Zhao Lanlan and Shadow Weaving who fled the night before, they are both capable. Qiannian can only camouflage their appearance, but their abilities cannot be imitated, so they cannot be Qiannian.

 So, who else?

 After thinking about it, Berlin found that ... there was an uncle watching the door.

 Yes, the answer is so simple, but reasonable.

 Why did Berlin observe in the center for several days and I didn't find anyone suspected? Because they don't work in the center at all, they stay in the concierge every day ...

 Because he ate the box lunch he brought, Qianmen did not know about the nanomechanical virus; and because the gate of the center was closed at night, and the concierge did not have to work night shifts, he also had no chance to meet Shadow Weaving and Zhao Lanlan Run away.

 But before this morning's accident, Qiannian apparently noticed something strange, 80% of Berlin's associates responsible for supporting outside were exposed ... then, Qiannian became a passerby and walked away.

 "Well ... he ran away all this time, and he didn't know how to be ridiculed by that guy ..." When he ended his "talk" with Uncle Fang, Berlin was thinking about it.

 However, he is not the kind of person who has too much entanglement with the past. Even if one of the two things that came this time failed, he would still finish the other thing properly.

 Before leaving the back room, Berlin first looked back at Professor Fang who was still in a coma. Then he went to the middle of the room, raised his head, looked at the ultra-micro camera installed in the corner of the ceiling in the morning, and said a few words.

 After all, he went out, and ... kept the door of the secret room open.

 Soon after, the communication shield for this building was lifted, and the local police received an alarm call at about the same time.

 …………

 In the evening, at 18:36,

 A police motorcycle came to the door of this "Thanksgiving Youth Behavior Correction Center" ...

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Chapter 9 Do you remember me

 November 28, in the early morning.

 After sayinggoodbye to Tom, Li Zeju returned to his home.

 As soon as the door was opened, he found ... there was an envelope on the floor behind the door.

 The envelope was thin, and at first glance it was tucked in from under the door. However, out of prudence, Li Zeju searched his home first and determined that there was no ambush in the house before he closed the door and picked up the "letter" of unknown origin.

 There were no words on both sides of the envelope, and when opened, two things fell out—a card and a data film.

 The card is black, similar in size to a business card, but the texture is not paper, but a material close to carbon fiber; the front of the card is printed with a white, ornately designed cross sign, and only one number is printed on the back- "5".

 As for "data film", it is a civilian technology product widely used in the 23rd century.

 From the outside, it is just a transparent film that is slightly thicker than paper. Depending on the applicable equipment, the size is different; the largest is generally not more than 24 inches, and the smallest is not smaller than the screen of a smartphone.

 The main function of the data film is to store and play video files. The common usage is: when watching a video, paste the data film on the screen of your device and select "save", so that the data film can directly save the video you are playing synchronously. After that, you can attach this film to other devices, and then you can play the video recorded in the film.

 This thing ... It's basically the "Polaroid" in the video file industry. It doesn't seem to be a great technology, but it is a product that has changed the world.

 Because of its low cost, undetectable levels of the software, as well as its set of "physical recording technology," the non-resistance, making the "pirate movie" the difficulty of the matter is reduced to a primary school in that era can be easily done point. Anyone can use any playback device anywhere, with a data film that can be bought for more than a dozen pieces, and can obtain video resources with almost no difference from the playback source. Then they transfer the resources to their own devices, copy and copy again ...

 It is conceivable that the film and television industry ... especially those companies that mainly focus on "disc selling" are so powerless in the face of this new technology. Of course, those things have nothing to do with the story before us, let's go back and say that Li Zeju.

 Right now, this piece of data film that Li Zeju got is the type used for mobile phones.

 He didn't hesitate, and after checking that there was no text or mark on the inside of the envelope, he put the black card on the coffee table. Then he took out his cell phone and stuck the data film.

 Not surprisingly, there is already a video in this layer of film, and Li Zeju immediately clicked the play option.

 A second later, a familiar picture appeared on his phone screen.

 In the picture, it is a small room. There is a bed in the room. On the bed, there was a man bound by a restraint ...

 …………

 On November 25th, at 19:02, Fang Zhongping's closet.

 When Li Zeju entered the room, Professor Fang just woke up from a coma.

 Obviously, it didn't take Li Zeju 49 minutes from the first floor to the fifth floor; in fact, his search efficiency was much higher than what he described himself and what Tom tested based on his description ... .

 Li Zeju came to the dean's office in 25 minutes. After seeing the open door of the secret room, he hesitated a little and entered.

 "You ... who are you?" Professor Fang asked the question in his already hoarse voice when he saw a man in casual clothes holding a gun in his hand.

 "Don't be afraid, I'm a policeman." Li Zeju didn't show any credentials, but his calm tone and firm expression gave people a very reliable feeling.

 For Uncle Fang, who had already collapsed, there was no reason to doubt him: " Quick! Save me!"

 He was ignited by hope, and a surge of strength immediately filled his body, which caused his voice to rise a bit.

 "What's wrong with you?" Li Zeju didn't let go of him and didn't respond to his words, but instead asked him a question.

 "You don't see it yet! Someone tied me up and tortured me! He ... he's a terrorist! He's a lunatic! He's a perverted lunatic!" Professor Fang shouted, "What are you asking! Let me go! It's up! "

 "Who is you talking about" he "?" Li Zeju asked, turning his head alertly and looking out of the room. "Is he still here?"

 "How do I know! I've been tied here for a day! He was here before, I just passed out, and you're here when I wake up!" Professor Fang was already hysterical and incoherent.

 However, Li Zeju was still clear-cut when he did things: "Don't worry, the person who tortures you is probably still nearby. He may want to use you as a bait ..." He paused, "I'll go out and take a look first , When I'm sure there are no people on this floor, come back to you. "

 "Wait ... wait!" Professor Fang shouted when he saw him turn around and leave, "Don't leave me! You should at least untie me!"

 "No." Li Zeju's answer came quickly and decisively. "Release you, you will definitely run away desperately or do something beyond my control, which will put us both very dangerous situation "

 After all, he left the room, and even if Professor Fang continued to yell there, he just pretended to not hear it.

 Five minutes later, Li Zeju returned.

 This time, he even put away his gun, which shows that he no longer needs to be alert.

 "How?" Professor Fang looked at him and asked eagerly, "Is he gone?"

 "Um." Li Zeju nodded. "According to my investigation ... At this moment, there are no living people in this building except you and me."

 "Okay, can you always loose me now?" Professor Fang answered.

 Li Zeju ... did not answer him.

 He went to Professor Fang, looked directly into the eyes of the latter, and remained silent for a moment, then said, "Do you remember me?"

 This sentence made Professor Fang's whole body cold.

 He didn't know why he felt so afraid. It's just ... before his mind realized what, his instincts had told him that something very bad would happen.

 As Berlin puts it: the root of this fear is not the ongoing objective state of affairs, but the "sin" in the minds of the parties.

 "It's normal to forget, after all, it's been more than ten years." Li Zeju slowly approached Professor Fang, "I'm not the same child that year."

 Speaking of this, he suddenly put his hand on Professor Fang's forehead that was already sweaty.

 At that moment, from the perspective of Professor Fang, the surrounding scenery suddenly changed to a hue, and somehow ... it was covered with a layer of red.

 "What did you ... have done to me?" Professor Fang asked when Li Zeju's hand was withdrawn.

 "Don't be nervous, I haven't done anything yet," Li Zeju said coldly. "But I really have to do it next."

 "I don't know who you are, or if you are a policeman ..." Professor Fang looked at him and replied calmly. "But I guess you have been here before ..." He paused He replied in a persuasive tone, "You said it too, it was more than a decade ago. You are doing fine now. You better think about it. If you let me go right away, you will be It's a hero. But if you do something else that might make you regret it ... then the consequences ... "

 "Heh ... hehe ..." Li Zeju laughed without waiting for the other party to finish his words, "hehehe ... hahahaha ..." He laughed louder and louder, and the laughter even gradually revealed a little Crazy.

 A person who always maintains calmness and demeanor in front of others, if you knowingly reveal his unknown side in front of you, you must be careful. Either he has a good relationship with you, or he is determined to kill you.

 After a short while, Li Zeju slowly converged his smile, rolled up his sleeves, and turned to the front of the "treatment device".

 "It seems that the person who operated this instrument here is quite good at electrocution." In speaking, Li Zeju has begun to debug the various indexes on the instrument.

 "No ... don't! Please! Please don't call me again! You ..." Professor Fang who saw this scene was terrified, "... you kill me! Just kill me!"

 "That sounds familiar," Li Zejuan said, completely unmoved, "Oh ... yes, I seem to have said something similar to you before ..." He paused, "for many years A while ago, my friends, and the girl I liked ... also pleaded with you in a humbler way. But it turned out ... it didn't seem to work. "

 Speaking of which, Li Zeju raised his neck and took a deep breath. I don't know if this awakened his dusty memories or stirred up some of his emotions.

 "They ... are neither strong enough nor smart enough," Li Zeju said. "They don't want to live in fear, live in humiliation ... They don't want to suppress their nature like animals in order not to be tortured, They also don't have the ability to forbear and disguise ... so they have chosen an easier path ... to liberate. "

 He paused for a few seconds, and then said, "But I'm different ... I put up with it.

 "Like a domesticated, obedient dog, I leave here.

 "I will never forget the day I went out from here.

 "It was a sunny day. My parents had a satisfying smile on their faces, and they talked to you eagerly; and on my face, there was only peace ... I couldn't let myself show a trace of excitement, because I knew ... … Even if it is just a look or a word, it may be a reason for you to put me back in the center.

 "Since that day ... no, it should be said that even before that day, I had learned not to show my true side in front of anyone ... including my loved ones.

 "I swear I will never put myself in a similar situation.

 "So, I'm stronger and smarter ... even if I can't control everything, at least I won't fall into the hands of someone like you."

 Li Zeju took another deep breath, and then, Professor Wang Xiangfang said, "Is everything you see now look like a red filter, it's weird?"

 Before waiting for Professor Fang to answer, Li Zeju said immediately: "This is not an illusion, but my 'ability'."

 "You are also ... a capable person?" Professor Fang knew that there was a peculiar person in this world, even if he didn't know much about it before, but after seeing the scene of the murder in Berlin today, he should be convinced.

 "Yes," Li Zeju said, "and ... my ability was awakened when I was treated here." He sneered again, "Oh ... it's because you changed my real life It was painful that gave me this power. I call this power-'Daydream'. "He opened his arms to Professor Fang," At this moment, you are in my 'dream' in."

 "What do you mean?" Professor Fang said, "You mean ... isn't all this ... true?"

 "What's the difference between true and false?" Li Zeju said. "Is electrical stimulation 'treatment' or 'punishment'? Are you a doctor or a liar? This center is doing business Or is there another absurd farce in this world?

 "Who can make it clear?

 "People from different positions have different views and interpretations of the same thing; most things in this world are like this, and you can never get everyone to agree.

 "Sometimes the truth is indeed in the hands of a few people; but sometimes most people have reached a consensus, but there are still a few fools who jump out to express different opinions. They either show their own ideas, or really Self-righteous and accustomed to gaining superiority by attacking and refuting something.

 "Humans are such a species based on individual differences, and diversity comes at its own cost.

 "So for humans, true, false, good, evil, right, wrong, black, white ... are not important.

 "What matters is how to get others to agree with you.

 "In any matter, as long as you can make the vast majority of people stand by your side and suppress or cover up the opposition ... you are true, good, right, and white.

 "For humans, their own perception and perception of things is the most important factor in determining true and false.

 "Is history written true? Is it officially recognized as true? You ca n’t believe what you see with your own eyes, but believe what others have told you, is it true? Is n’t it ridiculous?

 "So ... don't ask me if this is true. What you believe and what you experience is true."

 After Li Zeju said this, he suddenly reached out and slapped Professor Fang.

 Snapped--

 It wasn't a surprise to hear that, and it was not surprising to hear a few teeth, and Professor Fang immediately screamed in pain.

 "In the real world, I haven't hit you. But in this 'Daydream', this is a slap in the face, and your pain is true." Li Zeju slaps and slaps again Returning to the therapy device, "Rest assured, we have a lot of time. In 'dream', a minute can be as long as a day."

 "Do you think ... can you change my revenge on me?" Professor Fang was desperate and no longer begging, but said, "Yes ... I am a liar, I have destroyed many people. But I am not the culprit. The culprit? Those who volunteered to be deceived by me, those who supported me and benefited from them, those who ignored the choices of what I did ... all those who make me a good life! No responsibility? "

Li Zeju's hand stopped and he looked down on Professor Fang for a few seconds. Then he said in a calm tone: "Ah ... I understand all of this. Don't worry, they ... will pay for it sooner or later."

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Chapter 1 Nakamura's Game

Wu Shang ,whose head was coverd with a hood,was brought to a secret place.. When he arrived, his hood was taken off, and a blaze penetrated his eyes.

This is a game house, yes, the game house is, of course, not an electronic game machine. The things inside are much more lethal.

 Wu Shang has also entered the VIP rooms of some of the famous casinos in Las Vegas and Macau, but compared with here, those places were worth to mention..

 "Master,the guy arrived."

 When a man wearing sunglasses and a suit loosened Wu Shang, another man standing next to him reportedit to the person in the middle of the room.

 There are four people in the middle of the room and they are playing cards.

 When they heard the report, they turned back together and looked at Wu Shang.

 Wu Shang knew him. He was the "big fish" in thehouse of games.

 Even a few meters away, Wu Shang can tellthat the people at the table are "Card experts."

"Oh ... see you again, Mr. Wu Shang." The young master stood up

 "Yes, I haven't introduced myself yet. I'm Shinji Nakamura. Just call me Shinji."

"Shinji? Shinji Kagawa? Then you should be good at playing football." Wu Shang still had a false smile.

 Shinji laughed: “Shinji Kagawa surely plays football better than you"

Although Shinji was laughing, Wu Shang feel very unfriendly and he couldn't refute it. Wu Shang also grinned.

 "Hey ... boy." Just then, a middle-aged man at the cardtable, on the left-hand side of Shinji, said, "Do you really take it seriously? Nakamura is older than you."

 "Well ... don't be so serious, Mr. Toyota." Shinji himself was indifferent. "In fact, we are about the same age, so it is not necessary ..."

"No, he's right." Unexpectedly, Wu Shang suddenly stopped smile, "Mr. Toyota was right. Should I call you Mr. Nakamura? Or Lord Nakamura?"

 "You're really joking. It's up to you, but in this age, don't call me Lord." Shinji saw that Wu Shang's attitude had changed, and he could only respond awkwardly.

 While they were talking, Shinji had brought Wu Shang to the table and said, "So ... let me introduce him for you." He put his hand on Wu Shang's arm. Then he said to the other three people at the table, "This one is" Wu Shang ", one of Kabukicho's 'two great legends'.

 "Hmm ..." Toyota gave Wu Shang a glance, and gave a light sigh.

 "Hee hee hee ..." The man who Toyota called "Zombie Man" once again made a yin chuckle, saying, "I have heard of your name long time ago.J."

 The old man sitting on the right side of Shinji didn't say a word, only nodded to Wu Shang.

 "Mr. Wu Shang, these three people are also well-known figures." With a look of pride, Shinji first pointed at Toyota. "This is Toyota Goro, who is known as the" master of draw cards. "

 Then, he pointed to the guy on the opposite side who seemed very cold, and said, "This is‘ Paishan Ghost ’, Kei Aoi.”

 In the end, Shinji pointed to the right-hand side again: "And this one is the legendary‘ Kusu no Hatoyama ’.”

 While he was introducing, Wu Shang was silently observing the three.

First of all, Toyota is undoubtedly a sophisticated old man. He looks around 50 years old; he wears a custom suit, gold ring in every finger of his hands, and a Vacheron Constantin limited edition watch

One word to describe Toyota is very appropriate-tyrant.

Regardless of taste, as a gambler, this exaggerated dress is also a symbol of identity.

Aoi, about thirty-five years old, was thin, wearing a black kimono, and had shawl and long hair, like a person coming out of Ukiyo-e.

 The "Hatoyama" looks older, at least 60 years old, and wears ordinary clothes, like a security guard.

 …………

 Five minutes later, Wu Shang was seated in the position of Shinji and was ready to join the game.

 Shinji sat down on the sofa near the table and asked the maid to bring a pot of sake and a few dishes of sashimi.

 He is willing to taste wine, food, and games; of course, if there are beautiful women, Wu Shang will not refuse.

 Shinji Nakamura is a fun-loving person, and he does have the capital to play.

 Shinji's father, Taro Nakamura, is one of the "Ten Cabinets of the Cabinet" of the federal government, which is one of ten people who actually control the planet.

 For Shinji Nakamura, he has no concept of money. Money is just a combination of countless zeros and other numbers. No matter how it is combined, it still looks so many zeros.

 Two weeks later, in the Sakura Mansion, there will be a party called "Game of Kings". The participants of this party were all from officials or rich family. Playing is one of the purposes of this party, but the main purpose of the party is to give people of similar backgrounds the opportunity to communicate.

 Therefore, in the past half a month or so, he has searched for famous gamblers everywhere, hoping to choose one of them as his assistant.

 However, Shinji is a "master" after all, and he still knows very little about the dark world. Even if he occasionally goes to some illegal places to play, there will always be someone to protect him quietly. Usually, when he didn't know, the bodyguards had eliminated many potential threats.

 If Shinji really knows about the "dark world", he won't hear Wu Shang's name until after the encounter tonight.

 But in any case, Wu Shang, after all, was brought to the front of Shinji.

 Shinji didn't mention the "king game" to Wu Shang, but only offered to let him sit down and play a half-round. But Wu Shang did not refuse. Well ... Wu Shang was arrested by you, let alone playing cards, even if Shinji had him ejaculate, he couldn't refuse.

 "So ... what are we gambling on?" As soon as he sat down, Wu Shang started working.

 "I'll just tell you, this game is a screening." Shinji said, "After this half of Zhuang, people with high points can stay here. The remaining three can go back."

 "Hee hee hee ..." Aoi Yin laughed. "Nakamura, may I ask ... what's the benefit of the people who stay, or the ones you've 'chosen'?"

"Well ..." Shinji said, "The benefits are definitely beyond your imagination, but details ... I can only talk to the person who stays."

Chapter2 Fight between gamblers

 In the world of gambling, people who think "I want to survive" and people who think "I want to win" naturally make different choices.

 Sometimes your desire is too great. Although this will give you motivation, you may fail in the end.

 Ban Zhuang, valued at 20 million, is doomed to be undull.

 Since the automatic card table is not used, the shuffle, cut and code cards are all done by people. For the four "experts", the battle had already begun during the shuffle phase.

 East one, third patrol.

 Toyota has already drawn.

 "The draw card player" is by no means derogatory. In the third tour alone, his hand is already "Three North Winds, One and Two and Three Wan, Three and Four and Five and Six and Seven and Seven and Seven Cake". With such a good hand, the probability of him winning is very high.

 Just then, Wu Shang casually punched out a two-cake.

 When Toyota saw this, he just opened his mouth, prepared to hold the card and mocked Wu Shang, but he didn't expect ...

 "Win," said Aoi of the Shang family. "There are no one and nine, a thousand points."

 "Hee hee hee ..." Aoi replied indifferently. "Even if it is a small card, it is a million rounds. And I have to guard against you because of your multifaceted draw. "

 That's right, but Aoi didn't say the real point.

 Experts like them all know that in gambling, "luck" really exists.

 This small card in front of Aoi is to destroy Toyota's "luck". The results were immediate ...

 …………

 East 2nd inning, also on the 3rd tour.

 The matching card in Aoi's hand is three colors, the same, hanging four cakes, and ...

 "Lizhi." Aoi said decisively with a thousand points.

 It stands to reason that in this type of game, the odds of hanging and counting on the opponent to fire cannon are very slim.

 Of course ... Aoi, don't care about this.

 The man known as "Paishan Ghost" has his own unique skills for survival, which is to graft one twig on another .

 The effect of this trick is that when he draws a card, he can swap the card he has found with any of the seventeen cards in front of him.

 As for swapping, it's simple. That is, when he touches the card, he uses four fingers to hold mahjong upright, and at the moment when he holds the card towards himself, he keeps the card at a level not less than one millimeter above the top of the mountain. And make this card completely coincide with the side of the card you want to change. Then he quickly "tops" the card in the mountain with the card he touched. Then he held the ejected card upright with the same gesture. And he kept the cards he touched on the mountain, and in the end he pretended to be successful and changed.

 In slow motion, this is not particularly complicated or difficult. But it is not easy to practice the speed of this trick so that no one can explore the realm. Even after tens of thousands of exercises, it may not be possible.

 In addition, there is also a prerequisite for playing "moving flowers and trees", that is, you must clearly know what is the card on the upper level of the mountain in front of you during the card stage. If you don't even know where the cards you want to change are, it's useless to practice your hands.

 There is no doubt that Aoi has this ability.

 Although he couldn't remember all 136 cards. But he can almost remember the cards on the upper card mountain. In particular, he could remember all the cards on the card mountain in front of him.

 In ordinary people's imagination, "Cheat" is very mysterious and complicated. But in fact, in the eyes of real "experts", advanced skills are often "bold."

 Ordinary people think that this must be a "miracle" achieved by some trick. But in fact, most of these are the inevitable "results" after hard training, which is the truth of most cheating; the legendary magic combination Payne and Teller once said-"In the table magic, the ultimate trickery, It's the deft hands of a magician. " This sentence can also be used for chester.

 The magician uses props to assist in performing actions. The chester does not require props to complete. A magician can perform a performance that can be done a thousand times, and a chester must be practiced at least 10,000 times before actual combat. The difference in cost and risk determines that the latter has no room for error.

 Aoi can stand out in the gambling world, and it is impossible to rely on luck alone. "Luck" can only help you win those "gambling under the sun." If you want to survive in the dark world, you have to rely on your "strength".

 "Ha ha ..." The tour was not over yet, just as Toyota played a card, Hatoyama chuckled twice, "What a good 'upright' ..." He said as he grew his pair. The old man spotted his hand and reached for the card played by Toyota. "Gang ..." After that, he flipped the Gang card and grabbed the Ridge card. Almost as soon as he picked up the card on the mountain, he already said, "Win through Kong ..."

 "What ..." Aoi's somber smile solidified on his face. Because at this moment, he seems to have discovered the truth of Hatoyama's "good luck."

 "Don't blame me, Aoi Jun. After all, in this kind of place, if you're Lizhi, that's not great." Hatoyama Shen said.

 "You ..." A few seconds later, Aoi's pale face had already shed a few cold sweats.

 Although Toyota, Aoi and Hatoyama have played Mahjong a lot since they came to Shinji. But in those "play casually" games, as veterans, they are naturally reserved. As a result, they don't know where the strength of each other is.

 However, at this moment Aoi was surprised to find that the oldest man who was the most invisible on weekdays actually had a technique that is incomprehensible in the world of Mahjong-remember every card.

 Strictly speaking, "remember every card" cannot be called "cheating". Unless you are a first-rate "expert", even if someone uses this trick in front of you, you will not see it.

 The origin of this technique goes back to the Showa era. Mahjong at that time was mostly made of bamboo. The surface of each small piece of bamboo has a unique "texture"; therefore, some players remember cards by remembering the texture of the bamboo on the back of Mahjong.

 But ... how easy is it? Don’t say that you remember those 136 cards in the process of playing cards, that is, randomly take out 10 cards and put them in front of you, let you slowly remember, to distinguish and remember those subtle bamboo textures that look almost the same. It is also extremely difficult.

 Moreover, it is useless to memorize a deck of cards and change a pair of eyes to catch the blind; the real "silent card" must be "when facing a completely unfamiliar Mahjong, you can quickly write it down. "Tips.

 Most people will not practice such extremely difficult, difficult to learn and difficult to learn things. Among those who practice, it is rare to be able to silence the entire deck to more than 100 cards in a short time.

 But ... very few experts who are proficient in this way are all close to invincible existence; these masters can "silent" the entire set of Mahjong before the third round of the game. For these people, the cards are in their hands. His eyes seemed to be transparent. Even if someone plays a thousand cards in front of them, they can know immediately, as long as they check at the right time, they can catch one.

 Unfortunately, as times change, bamboo and mahjong will gradually be replaced by new products made of plastic and other materials. In the face of materials that have little texture, "remember every card" is impossible. This technology eventually disappeared.

 However, it is said that there are some very clever players, even with no texture on the back, they can "remember each card". But the principle of this technique is still a mystery.

 Some people say that they remember the cards by the fingerprints they left when they touch the cards with their hands. Others say they use props such as contact lenses. Some people even said that this rumor was false. It was spread by some theaters in order to cover up other cheating ...

 In short, this is inconclusive.

 After all, this legendary "advanced player" is really rare. Even if such a person does exist, it is difficult to detect.

 Today, Aoi was fortunate enough to meet one ...

 Hatoyama's "remember every card" is fundamentally different from Aoi's way of relying on "short-term memory" to roughly remember cards.

Win through Kong, and predictions of what others will do next, have shown that he knows every single card of the entire Mahjong.

 Not by guessing, not by cheating, simply by "remembering the card".

 Obviously, under the pressure of huge stacks, players have no reservations. In such a gamble that may be burdened with huge debts at any time, it is impossible for players to show mercy.

 …………

 In this way, the gap in strength gradually manifested.

 As of the Southern Third Game, Hatoyama already had 43,000 points; Aoi had about 18,000 points, and Toyota had an expression of "the game is over", struggling with sweat.

 But the most miserable person is Wu Shang. His order is only seven thousand. In other words, he has debts of 13 million RMB.

 After the fifth tour, Hatoyama's hand was already in a draw situation.

 He can "remember each card", he naturally knows that the cards he wants will be taken by others within two rounds. And no one will play cards suitable to change the card order during the two tours.

 Victory ... coming soon.

 But just then ...

 "Is that all?" Wu Shang suddenly asked a question.

 Hearing this question, the other three looked at Wu Shang. After a brief silence, Toyota took the lead to say, "What does the guy who ranks at the end ask suddenly? As the person making this bet, you lose the worst. Don't you feel ashamed?"

 Facing such a ridicule, Wu Shang didn't care. He continued to say in a slightly decadent tone: "I'm asking, is this just your abilities?"

 "Huh ..." Aoi snorted coldly.

 Hatoyama said earnestly: "Mr. Wu Shang, I understand your mood. Hehe. But if you lose, you lose. Provocation does not save you any face, it only makes you more ugly."

 Before his last word was spoken, Wu Shang interrupted: "The so-called 'master of draw cards' turned out to be a low-level cheater that needed a ring to assist." He paused for a half second, "'Paishan ghost' Juggling is also average. Not to mention that if you use an automatic mahjong machine, you can't help it. Even if you meet an upright old man who can remember cards, you can do nothing about it ... "

 In just a few words, he said all three people's skills. And his tone is particularly arrogant.

 Before waiting for the three to speak, Wu Shang went on to say: "It's all been to the South Third Inning, and you haven't come up with any more technology. This shows that you really don't have any other technology. Then I also There is nothing to keep. "He said, rolling up his sleeves." Since you all like to play this "smart Mahjong", I will show you some "more direct methods."

In the later time, this game of Mahjong became a Wu Shang performance completely. He couldn't wait, and in just one hour, he totally won everyone's chips.

This stunned everyone present.

Nakamura is the most shocked person, because Wu Shang istheonehe brought here. He has the most chips and he loses the most.

Aoi smiled slightly: "It is indeed a winner!"

Nakamura Kazuya: "Winner? What is winner?"

Aoi still smiled and didn't answer. He looked at Wu Shang. Wu Shang shook his head without answering, just shook his index finger at Nakamura: "Nothing!"

Chapter 3The Cost of Legend

Tokyo Bay is the throat of the central and eastern part of Honshu Island, the prefecture of Sakura.

 In the past hundred years, with the continuous rise of sea level and a large number of man-made transformations, the shape and area of ​​Tokyo Bay have changed greatly.

 In 2136, the federal government approved the construction of artificial islands in the waters between the Miura Peninsula and the Ito region by the local government of Sakura Prefecture. And the federal government allowed them to reclaim land at the southern end of Minamiboso City. This project further extended the depth of Tokyo Bay. After completion, a long and narrow landscape was born.

 People can now depart from a luxury hotel in the Koto Ward of Tokyo in the evening, take a cruise ship and sail out along the hinterland of Tokyo Bay, and enjoy the nighttime scenery on both shores in the gentle sea breeze. And they can enjoy the sunrise over the Pacific Ocean in the morning.

 Of course, this is expensive.

 …………

 Autumn night, the bright moon is like a mirror.

 A luxury cruise ship called "May Wind" set sail from Tokyo Bay.

 Except for security and service personnel, the ship was loaded with seniors from all over the world; or ... their children.

 From the son of the president of the Federal Petroleum Group in the Middle East to the descendants of the well-known North American chaebol family; from the grandson of South American agricultural tycoons to celebrities in Western Europe.

 On the May Wind tonight, it can be said that the "elite class" of the three generations of the Federation, the youth, and the middle, has gathered, and it is no exaggeration to say that this ship carries the "future of the Federation".

 Among them, the person with the highest status should be the son of Nakamura, Shinji Nakamura.

 The real Shinji Nakamura is a few years older than Ayu, slightly fatter, and looks similar to his father. Hispersonality is almost the same as the "fake Shinji" played by Ayu. He just likes to play. As for those who interest him,he mindsnothing. Of course, if someone really annoys him, he will also be polite to exercise the privileges in his hands and make others pay a very painful price.

 At this moment, Shinji was sitting in his exclusive cabin. Accompanied by a bodyguard, he waited for the arrival of his partner.

 Because the organizers of "King of the Kings" have strictly stipulated that each guest is only allowed to bring three people on board, and only one of them can be used as a partner in the game. So most people choose the configuration of two bodyguards plus one professional gambler.

 Shinji was an exception. He brought only one bodyguard. The other two are Wu Shang, who is a game partner, and Ayu, who is a consultant and a bodyguard.

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 At 6.40 pm, more than an hour before the opening of "Game of Kings", the electronic door of Shinji's cabin rang twice.

 The bodyguard inside the house went to the door and pressed the answer button of the communicator.

 "It's me, Ayu." Ayu's voice came from it. "I brought Mr. Wu Shang."

 The bodyguard looked back at Shinji, and when he nodded, he opened the door.

 Outside the door, there is undoubtedly Ayu and Wu Shang.

Ayu today wore a black casual suit, a pair of gold-rimmed glasses on the bridge of her nose, and her hair was neatly combed.

 He is still a decent person who looks around 30 years old, stable and reliable; but whether this feeling is true or part of his "performance", I am afraid that only he can distinguish it.

 Wu Shang looked much more ostentatious than Ayu, a little younger; he was wearing a black shirt, dark denim jacket and jeans. I wonder if it was intentional, tonight he put a lot of hair spray on his short hair.

 "Well? Why are you here?" As soon as the door was opened, Wu Shang looked at the bodyguard in front of him and said.

 The bodyguard obviously knew Wu Shang, and he calmly replied, "This is my job." He then let the two in.

 The electronic door quickly closed itself. Shinji was very happy to sit up from the sofa and walked in front of Wu Shang and said, "Haha, Mr. Wu Shang, I finally saw you."

 Before tonight, although Wu Shang had lived in a mansion in Shinji for two weeks, Shinji didn't come to see him during this period.

 It wasn't that Shinji didn't want to see him, but Shinji was really not available.

 After all, Shinji's father is one of the "Secretary of the Cabinet" of the Federation. It is inevitable that there will be rumors when his son comes to such an inexplicable party. But Shinji is really full of enthusiasm. So, Taro Nakamura used the method of "trading" to arrange a few "business matters" for his son. The so-called normal business is the tedious official work that has little technical content, but can also be used for political performance. And use this as a prerequisite for Shinji to participate in this "prank".

 Therefore, as early as a month ago, Shinji started running for these official duties. So he also asked Ayu to handle the job of finding a “partner”. Until that morning, Shinji had just finished her business and flew back to Sakura no Fu by private flight.

 "Hello, Mr. Nakamura." Wu Shang was quite kind to this real company, similar to the attitude he had before seeing Ayu's identity.

 "I've heard the name of the" winner and loser "for a long time. I watched all the videos of you defeating Toyotomi in my villa. It's really well-deserved." Shinji seemed very excited, which was inevitable. Although he is keen on gambling, it is the first time that he has contacted a master who is really in the dark world.

 "It's okay, I just packed up a few small characters." Wu Shang said, tilting his head slightly and looking to his side, "Mr. Nakamura has the ability, you can actually invite Hanazuka"

 "Huazuka" he refers to is the bodyguard of Shinji.

 This person's name is Hua Tzu Funeral Me, he is 1.59 meters tall and weighs 150 kilograms. Although he has a very exaggerated weight, his appearance does not look fat but burly and strong.

 Hanazuka has a very scary face, and just this face can scare a child into tears.

 At the age of sixteen, Hanazuka became a cadre of Kabukicho's well-known organization "Yakiyu" with a pair of fists. Since then, he has never failed.

 Because Hanazuka is responsible for fighting in the group. Whether heads-up or confrontation, he fought on his own. Over time, more and more people who did not know the name of Hanazuka were defeated by him, and they gave him a title-"Xuanhuaer" (Note, the Japanese pronounce "Xuanhua" is "fight" ).

 The so-called "two legends" of Kabukicho are "winners" and the other is "Xuanhuaer".

 "Oh, you said, Hanazuka-kun, you seem to know each other, huh." Two seconds later, Shinji replied with a smile, "He was also found by Ayu for me." As he said, he came In front of Hanazuka, he raised his fist and tapped twice on Hanazuka's chest. "Look ... this is just a humanoid Gundam hahaha."

 "Yes," Wu Shang echoed, and immediately whispered to Ayu beside him. "Your ability to find someone is a bit unexpected to me."

 "Huazuka Jun is much easier to find than you." Ayu shrugged. "I took Mr. Nakamura's business card directly to the head of the Yuki team and asked him, and I easily invited him."

 "Hmm ..." Wu Shang groaned. "Anyway, since Hanazuka is here, there is no problem in terms of security. However, I have to explain in advance about the" game "part." He paused, watching Shinji said, "Mr. Nakamura, I hope you understand that gambling can only be done as best as possible. There are no gambling games that will win in the world. Even near the end of the gambling, there may be accidents."

 "Uh-huh ~ I understand all of this, I won't make it difficult for strong men." Shinji said in a very easy tone. "I don't gamble to win money, but to pursue the stimulus in the process. If there is no risk of failure "There is no fun in gambling," he said here, his tone changed slightly, "but the feeling of losing is not very good. I can accept losing. But if I lose before I am happy, then I cannot accept it."

 "I understand." Wu Shang nodded. "Even if you lose, you have to lose very well."

 "Yes, yes! That's it." Shinji nodded and said yes.

 "Mr. Nakamura, you can rest assured about this." Ayu took the alert at this time, "Mr. Wu Shang is the best gambler I have selected from the entire Sakurano Mansion"

 "Well ... that's good." Shinji said, back to his seat again, "Okay, let's not talk about those. The game won't start until more than an hour, let's have a drink first."

 …………

 After three rounds of drinking, Shinji was a little drunk and wanted to take a break.

 Wu Shang and A Yu left Huatzu to guard in the house, and they came to the ship's side.

 Under the moonlight, in the sea breeze, Ayu lit a cigarette for Wu Shang, and then he also lighted a cigarette for himself.

 They watched the elaborately decorated lights on the dyke bank in the distance and were silent for a moment.

 Then Wu Shang spoke first.

 "Have you been here before?" Wu Shang asked.

 "Fur—" Ayu exhaled, "I've been here before, what's wrong?"

 "Do you remember how you felt when you first saw the scenery?" Wu Shang said.

 Ayu thought about it, and said, "I don't remember."

 This is true, he rarely remembers some emotional things. Instead, he always tried to forget those memories.

 "Really ... that's fine," Wu Shang said, smoking a cigarette.

 Ayu knew he had something to say, so he didn't make any difference, but just waited in silence.

 After a while, Wu Shang spoke again and whispered, "There was a boy ... his family was poor. His father's work was very hard. His mother also had to take part-time jobs to subsidize the family while taking care of the family. . For this family, it is a luxury to find a day when three people have time to visit the zoo. "

 When he said this, he stopped to smoke from time to time, as if he was remembering something.

 "However, on the boy's fourteenth birthday, a miracle happened. His parents happened to have free time on the same day, and they thought it was a rare opportunity and they should celebrate it. So they bought three for the Tokyo Bay Tickets for cruise sightseeing, come here to see the night view.

 "That day, the boy saw the scenery in front of him for the first time. He thought it was the most beautiful place in the world. And that moment was the happiest moment in his life.

 Speaking of patents, Wu Shang frowned again and took a deep breath: "Some of his thoughts were right." Two seconds later, he said, "It turned out that his parents weren't just free that day, but they were ahead One day they happened to be laid off together.

 "They can no longer bear the burden of life, and they don't want the boy to suffer with them. So they sold all the valuable things in the house, plus the little savings, to buy those three tickets. My son can have a happy birthday and have some of his best memories.

 "Back home that night, after the boy fell asleep, the couple turned on the gas switch and turned off the fire.

 "Because of poverty, they are still using the old gas source. Carbon monoxide quickly killed them, but the boy survived miraculously."

 This concludes Wu Shang's narrative. He didn't talk about the later things, but Ayu probably guessed it.

 "Why do you tell me this?" Ayu read.

 "I don't know." Wu Shang had finished the whole cigarette and threw it into the sea. "Maybe ... I drank too much." He paused, "Maybe because I think you are a Trustworthy person. "

 Ayu didn't say anything, but he knew that there was a "maybe" that Wu Shang didn't say.

 Perhaps over the years, Wu Shang couldn't find anyone to talk to at all.

 In the gambler's world, revealing your heart means revealing flaws; men who live in this world can only become "legends" if they bear everything and bury all their emotions in their hearts.

scold--

 Just then, the cabin door behind them was opened.

 Hanazuka squeezed in first. Just now he drank the most alcohol, but looking at his indifferent expression and dark complexion, alcohol didn't seem to have any effect on him.

"Hmm--I feel much more comfortable after lying down for a while." Shinji followed behind Hanazuka and walked out lazily. After seeing Wu Shang and A Yu, he said, "It's almost time. How about we go to the banquet hall first?"

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Chapter 4 Mysterious Prizes

 In the middle of the 21st century, mankind has experienced an energy revolution. Clean energy, primarily nuclear safety, is gradually replacing energy that is damaging to the environment. Even for rigid demand products such as oil, coal, and wood, the amount of mining has decreased significantly after the energy revolution.

 By the twentieth century, in the decades when the Commonwealth was first established, mankind experienced another period of relatively stable development.

 It was a heyday rare throughout the history of the Fifth Kingdom. In those days, artists do not have to endure rude review, scientists are not restricted by positions and prejudices, excellent talents are no longer subject to mediocrity, and ordinary people do not need to pass money or belief. They can get a sufficient sense of security from social systems alone.

 In those years, human military technology has almost stagnated, but the level of civilian technology has made many leaps. One of the technologies that has achieved the greatest breakthrough is the miniaturization of energy / electronic equipment.

 In the 23rd century, everything from aircraft engines to personal computers can be incredibly small ...

 If you open the hood of a car that was two hundred years ago, you will see a lot of pipes and machinery, and now, after opening the hood of a car, you will see a situation similar to the opening of the host of a personal computer. Tank; although the size of those drive units has not changed much, the core power conversion part and the fuel tank have been made very fine and compact.

 Two hundred years ago, a high-end computer that required a full-tower case to accommodate more than 90% of the functions with a mobile phone or even a pen. In addition, there are monitoring probes, streaming media transmission media, wireless power transmission technology, etc., which can be "extremely miniaturized."

 There is no doubt that the cruise ship's power system can also be miniaturized.

 Super-luxury cruise ships such as May Wind not only achieve precise control of speed, but also steer in place. In a way, this boat is more flexible than a car. The most important point is that the space occupied by the cabin inside the ship is minimized. On a cruise ship, each reduction in the cabin occupancy rate is equivalent to an extra space for other facilities.

 So, here is a huge luxury banquet hall that is as big as an opera house and five floors deep.

 …………

 "Hey! Look who's here."

 As soon as Shinji entered the banquet hall, a white man with a strong Southern Star County accent shouted.

 The door they came in was the main door on the third floor. Although the game had not yet started, many people had come in earlier than them.

 As a result, everyone in the vicinity cast their eyes towards the door, and their eyes fell on Shinji and his three followers.

 "Oh ..." Shinji was also a frequent attender of various occasions, and becoming the focus of attention did not make him feel uncomfortable. He just chuckled and looked at the white man and said, "Jim, I haven't seen you in a long time." Before he finished speaking, he had shown a very warm look. He stepped forward and greeted Jim.

 "Hahaha ..." Jim greeted with a smile, and spoke in a tone that seemed familiar to Shinji. "It's been a long time, I remember you drank like a dead pig when we last met, hahaha ... ... "

 "Oh ... you drink like a dead dog, too" Shinji answered with a smile.

 The words fell to ground, and the laughter of the two people stopped for two seconds at the same time. Immediately afterwards, they burst into a wilder laugh at the same time.

 In the eyes of others, this looks like old classmates meeting and joking. But the two knew in their hearts that this was a narrow path for the enemy ...

 Jim is a descendant of the North American chaebol Douglas family, and his father Said.Tomas was originally an ordinary lawmaker. With his family's strong financial resources and huge strength in North America, he became the first speaker of the Federal Assembly in just ten years. He is now one of the most powerful candidates for the "Ten Cabinets of the Cabinet".

 Although official, Said.Tomas is still lower than Taro Nakamura. But when it comes to foundations and capital, the gap between the two places, Singgun and Sakura-no-fu, is self-evident. Over the years, the Douglas family has always wanted to expel Taro Nakamura from the cabinet and replace them with members of their family.

 In this situation, the relationship between the offspring of the two sides has naturally become very bad.

 Of course, if one of Jim and Shinji is a woman, maybe the story between them can go on the road of Romeo and Juliet. Unfortunately, they are all men.

 In short, the grudge between Jim and Shinji has a long history, and it can't be said all day long ...

 The two of them are indeed college classmates, but from the first day they entered the school, there were all kinds of fights.

 As a student, Shinji was fatter than he is now, and he was short, almost like a man. Jim has a congenital disability (their family has an internal tradition of close marriage), and has a problem with the nervous system of a leg.

 The two of them were called "stupid pigs" and "walking dogs" each other, and they didn't change their names until they graduated.

 Even after graduating, the two were discordant in politics and business.

 If there is any inexorable hatred in this world, the relationship between these two people probably belongs to this; their youth is a history of struggle with each other. If it weren't for no one else, they would have stripped each other away.

 "I knew you would come here for fun." After laughing for a while, Jim provoked first. "Hum, let me see ... your partner is ..."

 While talking, his gaze swept over Huazuka, Wu Shang and Ayu.

 Obviously, Hanazuka looks like a bodyguard, not a game partner. Among the remaining two, A Yu, who is calm, is more like the person responsible for security than the slightly frivolous Wu Shang.

 So after a short hesitation, Jim went on to say: "Well ... that's the kid." He fixed his eyes on Wu Shang and said disdainfully, "It looks like he should. Wouldn't it be the chester you just found on the side of the road? "

 Wu Shang didn't even look at Jim, but just casually said, "Compared to sister-in-law, I really don't notice much ..."

 "You!" Jim was in a hurry, grabbing one step forward, and reaching out to grab Wu Shang's collar.

 However, due to problems with his legs and feet, Wu Shang stepped aside half a step back and let him grab a hole.

 This behavior even made Jim very angry.

 "Old classmate." When he saw this, Shinji smiled proudly. "Many people look at it. You need to pay attention to your manners."

 With his reminder, Jim's motion froze. He looked up and found that everyone around him was looking here. Many people also showed a "looking at the show" look.

 "Huh ..." Jim quickly figured it out, his own provocation first. And Wu Shang's identity is far from himself. If they continue to struggle, they will only make themselves more shameful. So he snorted and gave up his intentions. Then he sorted out his tuxedo and said, "I don't know who brought this uncultivated thing."

 Before Shinji counterattacked, Wu Shang was the first to say, "Hey ... this person is not only awkward, but also a retarded. I walked in front of him and he didn't know who I was with."

 Wu Shang is familiar with this kind of rubbish; a noble man with pride and respect goes to scold a gambler who mingles in a gambling place all day long, and he can only win if he wins.

 This sentence made Jim angry again, and his entire face changed color.

at this time……

 "Okay, okay, Master Jim." A middle-aged man with long blond hair, sunglasses, and a wrinkled face came to Jim's side. He put one hand on the latter's shoulder. "Everyone is here to play, why should I scold someone here who I don't know?"

 The man's words seemed magical and immediately calmed Jim down. He squeezed a sneer: "Oh ... you're right." After that, he looked at Shinji again, "Yes, Shinji, a rare opportunity, let me introduce you ..." He switched suddenly A flamboyant tone was pointed, pointing at the man next to him, "This ... is the 'Star County Gambler', Mr. Antonio."

 As soon as this remark came out, Shinji's eyes flashed with surprise, because ... this Antonio was very famous.

 In that "gambling world under the sun", Antonio is a legend that has won countless awards. In the dark underground gambling world, he is also the man who left many legends ...

 When Jim introduced him, he didn't add the word "personal" before the title "Star County King of Gamblers." The reason is ... This title of Gambler was obtained in an officially certified game, not a folk nickname.

 "Uh ... hello." If in private, Shinji might be shaking the other's hand with excitement, and said "a long respect for his name". But on this occasion, in front of Jim, he only greeted Antonio with a very indifferent tone.

 "It's my pleasure, Mr. Nakamura." Antonio looked very kind and took the initiative to shake the right hand of Shinji. "Today's game, I hope you can have fun.

 "Ha ... haha ​​... thank ... thank you ... hahahaha ..." When Shinji answered, he somehow laughed, and laughed more and more, and even slowly burst into tears. He was about to fall.

 At this moment, Hanazuka suddenly took a step forward and helped Shinji.

 Then Hanazuka stared at Antonio with a cold look. He said two words: "Stop."

 Antonio was happy to play, but Hanazuka's eyes and words made him instinctively feel some danger.

 He immediately retracted his hand, and Shinji stopped laughing after he gave up, and leaned on Hanazuka.

 "Hey ... I'm just kidding, don't mind me." When he looked back, Antonio's back was cold. But he still had a calm smile on his face.

 "I don't mind." Hanazuka spoke like a robot. "This is my job." He paused, adding, "But I warn you, this is the only time."

 After all, Hanazuka helped Shinji to the rest area next to the wall.

 A man in his thirties who is overweight, with the help of Hanazuka, is as light as a woman who weighs less than ninety pounds.

 Two minutes later, Shinji, who was paralyzed on the curved sofa, was relieved.

 "Go ... Go ..." After breathing smoothly, he took two sips of ice water before saying, "What happened just now ..."

 "That Antonio should be capable," Wu Shang responded without hesitation.

 He knows that people at the level of Shinji must be clear about those who are capable. Therefore, he directly stated his judgment.

 "Well, I think so," Ayu echoed. "I guess ... this is the ability to control the emotions of others through physical contact."

 "He ... dare to use this ability against me?" Shinji gritted his teeth and said, "Well ... he hurt me in public! I'm going to find him to settle accounts!"

 "Please calm down, Mr. Nakamura." Ayu was an understanding person, and he stopped Shinji immediately. "You have no evidence, so you rushed to Xingshi to plead guilty. The other party can completely deny it. The result will only make you more embarrassed."

 "Is that the case?" Shinji was still furious, then looked at Hanazuka. "And ... Hanasuka-kun. In case that guy's ability was just electric shock or poisoning, I would have died."

 "If he had the intention to kill, I would do it in advance. But he didn't mean it just now." Hanazuka replied indifferently. "However, his ability still caused some damage to your body. So I stopped he."

 "Then can you also help me to hurt him?" Shinji said again.

 "My job is to protect your personal safety." Hanazuka said.

 "Cut ... keep me safe ..." Shinji repeated this remark in a complaining tone. "As a result, I was still injured."

 "It's really my fault that hurt you," Hanazuka said. "There won't be another time. I have warned him."

 "What if he ignores you?" Shinji asked again.

 Hanazuka did not answer, but both Ayu and Wu Shang knew the answer.

 Xuanhuaer's "warning" only once. Next time he will speak with his fist.

…………

 In the evening, it is 7.50.

 More and more people have come to the banquet hall, basically all are in groups of four, that is, a guest with three attendants.

 Of course, there are some guys who choose not to bring bodyguards, only one gambling assistant, and then bring two female companions on board. Not only can such people not win the game in front of them, they are destined not to be opponents of others, even in the outside world.

 By eight o'clock, more than 500 people have gathered in the banquet hall on the upper and lower floors.

 The guests chatted in groups of three or five with champagne as if they were at a party. The followers stood quietly not far from their masters, either abiding by their posts or making a difference.

 As the atmosphere of the conference hall gradually warmed up, a figure walked onto the circular stage on the ground floor of the ballroom.

 No words, no lights, and for a moment, the crowd gradually moved to the railing, and they cast their eyes on him.

 It was a man in his forties and of medium size. From his walking and standing posture, it can be seen that he often wears a suit, and the light-colored suit looks like it is suitable for him.

 He had his hair burned, his face patted, and his whole body was very clean. He also had an electronic reminder card and a wireless microphone in his hand.

 When 90% of the guests focused on the center of the stage, the man raised his microphone and said, "Good evening, everyone."

 Just seven words are enough to let people know that he is a professional host.

 Although there was a trace of nervousness, the extremely professional bite, pronunciation, tone ... at least also the tone of the first-level news host of the county-level TV station.

 "I'm the host tonight." Somewhat strangely, he didn't say his name, "Welcome everyone to the venue of the" Game of Kings. "He paused, as if waiting for the reminder in his hand. The card's subtitles scrolled, "Before starting the game tonight, I want to solve one of your doubts ... that is, what is the game's prize."

 This is indeed one of the things that guests are most interested in. Because the secrecy of the party was so well done, the prize of the final winner has always been mysterious. The organizer did not provide any information other than emphasizing that the prizes were "unique."

 At this moment, accompanied by the host's lines, several suit men pushed the stage with a maglev transport board. On the board, a cube covered with black cloth, about three meters in length and width.

 When the cube came to the center of the stage, the host went over and uncovered the black cloth.

 Under the black cloth is a transparent cage. In the middle of the cage, a man sat on his knees.

 She was wearing a one-piece bondage suit for a mental patient, and had two iron chains around her body, and an iron mask on her face, covering her face completely.

"Winner, you will get this woman ..." The host looked at the subtitles of the reminder card and continued to say, "She is a person with special ability. As long as she is used properly, she can realize your various" wishes ". "

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Chapter 5The winning strategy

 "Hey, that's too vague, right?"

 "Yes, what does‘ wishes ’mean specifically? Is she an elf in the magic lamp, and what wishes can be fulfilled?”

 "Also, what are the prerequisites for 'proper use'? What if 'improper use'? Are there any side effects?"

 Soon the voices of questioning and discussion from the guests came one after another.

 In this regard, the host's response was to look down at the card. It seems that this host doesn't know much more than the guests.

 After a few seconds, when the subtitles on the reminder card refreshed, the host talents said: "Guests, I hope you can think clearly-this prize will eventually be taken by the 'winner'. This means that she It will become the possession of 'someone'. If I clarify the principle of her abilities here, will you not be afraid that anyone will think of her after leaving this ship? "

 As soon as this sentence came out, the guests were quiet.

 Because they all thought that if they won by themselves, then the disclosure of the prize information would be a bad thing for them.

 People are like this. For things that have nothing to do with themselves, they are always willing to spy, speculate, expose, and even fabricate. But people's attitudes towards things that are closely related to them are just the opposite.

 In this regard, everyone is the same. Watching someone's privacy trampled on and their own privacy trampled on are completely different. Even people who highly value and respect the privacy of others cannot possibly level up their attitude towards others and themselves on this issue.

 This is the nature of highly intelligent social animals, and there are only two kinds of people in this world who dare to deny nature-saints and hypocrites.

 "Looks like everyone understands." After a while, the host looked at the message card again and said, "So, sorry, at this stage, I can only disclose this information about the prizes. When the game is over, the winner can naturally Get all the information about the prizes individually. "He paused." Next, I will read the rules of the game. "

 At this point, even the chattering guest closed his mouth and focused his attention.

 "The time of the king's game starts at this moment and ends at sunrise." The host said in conjunction with the subtitles on the placard, rolling and relaxing, "During the game, players and their partners can press themselves Will enter various 'game cabins' on this cruise ship to play a variety of gambling games. The difficulty and content of these games are different, and of course the rewards are also linked to the difficulty. "

 Speaking of this, the host suddenly froze. After a brief hesitation, he reached into his jacket pocket, fumbled for a few seconds, and took out something.

 "This is the object representing the" score "in this game." He held up a round plastic chip printed with the letter "S" and displayed it in front of everyone. "Except for violent snatching, 'no matter what method is used' , The player with the most points before the deadline expires is the winner. "

 When his phrase "No matter what method was used" was exported, the response of the guests was not great. But the gamblers at the scene all looked different.

 To these people, hearing this sentence feels as if the football players were told they could hold the ball in the game.

 "Grabbing" is not possible, then stealing, deceiving, threatening, lure and "undetected stealing" are all OK?

 Under this rule, there are too many active hands and feet. If you want to win, you must use the player's capital and strength, as well as the strategies, force, gambling skills, and ingenious skills of partners and bodyguards.

 Those who don't even take the bodyguard will not talk about it, and even if they successfully win some points, they will be snatched by others. Then they might as well not play this game, go back to the room and play with the male / female companion they brought.

 Even those players who have the ability to win and are very strong, under this rule, can not be completely at ease until the last moment.

 "So, it's not too late, I hope you can enjoy the game tonight." After waiting for a while, it seemed to be confirmed that the words on the placard had stopped, and the host's talent showed a sigh of relief. After reading this sentence, he bowed four times slightly around him and stepped down.

 At eight fifteen in the evening, on the side of the May Wind ship.

 "HO ~ This game is really interesting." Shinji took an I-PEN that the organizer sent to him when he boarded the ship, read the three-dimensional map on the screen and said, "Dice, Baccarat. , Roulette, basically all the items in the casino are here. And there are some weird things here. "

 The map in his hand can query the distribution of all "game cabins" on the cruise ship. And the name of each project, and the percentage of reward points are also marked out.

 "Sure enough, let's play mahjong." Shinji looked for a while and turned to Wu Shang. "With Mr. Wu Shang's technique, that would definitely kill the Quartet."

 "No, it's not cost-effective to play Mahjong now." Wu Shang shook his head.

 "Oh? Why?" Shinji wondered.

 "First of all, this profit is too small." Wu Shang has undoubtedly cleared his account, so he immediately replied, "Mahjong here requires players and partners to play together. This means that every time we can only Win points from one player. At the moment, all players have only three original points cards distributed by the organizer. Even if we quickly win all the points of an opponent, that is a total of three points. "

 He paused for two seconds and said, "Secondly, it is not good to expose your strength prematurely in this confrontation. According to the thinking of ordinary people, it is best to find people who are weaker than yourself in gambling. Try to avoid the player duel. Otherwise, it may be you who are eaten. Therefore, once we continue to win, other people will inevitably be afraid of us. Then they will refuse to compete with us. At three points and six points, we can no longer earn points from the Mahjong project. "

 "Okay," Shinji thought for a while, "Do we deliberately win some thrills or occasionally lose a few to hide our strength?"

 "It's okay," Wu Shang said. "But there are so many 'experts' here, and this method may not be able to fool them all. Moreover, this is too wasteful. Spend the same time and go directly to other projects Earning more points is more efficient. "

 "Well, you're right." Shinji was convinced. "The mahjong will then wait until the game has been completed and the players have more points to play. Then we can kill those who have a lot of points." . "

 "Mr. Nakamura is right." Wu Shang said with a perfunctory smile.

 "Ah ~ good to say." Even though Shinji knew it was flattery, he was happy. "So what do you want to play, Mr. Wu Shang?"

 "Just start with those items that are betting against the dealer, such as the one closest to us." Wu Shang said in an eye-catching way forward.

 A dozen meters away, in the direction he was pointing, there was a game cabin. The doors of these cabins are all marked with a conspicuous letter "S", and a person in a black suit stands by the door.

 "This is" Shinji glanced down Wu Shang's eyes and looked down at the map again, "'virtual gambling horse'?"

 Two minutes later, Shinji and his team walked into the "virtual gambling horse" game cabin.

 The space inside is larger than expected. Each seat is made like a small compartment in the restaurant. Each compartment has a curved sofa and a touch screen. When Shinji came in, there were already several seats.

 "Excuse me, do you want to participate in this game?" The staff here are also sunglasses men in black suits, and they will come forward and ask when someone comes in.

 "Yes." As a player, Shinji is responsible for speaking.

 "According to the regulations, I need to confirm again," the black suit said again. "Have you read and understood the rules listed on the display beside the door?"

 "Yes, yes, please lead us in." Shinji doesn't like to be stopped at the door to ask more than two questions. This is his habit-if a person goes to any place on weekdays, there are several people Surrounded by crowds, he must have a poor tolerance for "stopping and asking".

 The people at the bottom will not have this problem, thinking that we have become accustomed to be looked at with rude eyes repeatedly on various occasions, and used to deal with tedious procedures in various windows. If someone will let you go without asking you someday, you will feel a little guilty-is there any fraud? Is this a black shop? Did I buy the wrong ticket? Brother, you can bring the alcohol tester, I suspect I'm drunk.

 "Okay, please go this way." After receiving a positive answer, the black suit was very skilful in leading them to a compartment to sit in.

 After Shinji sat down, the black suit said: "Please don't change the seat without permission. If there is any situation, you can press the call button to let the staff handle it. Finally, I wish you a happy time."

 After speaking these words, he went back to the door. Shinji's first game, "Virtual Horse Gambling," began.

 In virtual horse betting, if players want to, they can fast forward or even skip the game directly to see the results. Then they immediately bet on the next game, and after seeing the results. This is equivalent to turning the time-consuming project of "gambling horse" into a fast game similar to roulette.

 But as a game of betting against the dealer, its difficulties are also obvious, this game is difficult to cheat.

 Every player and entourage had been scanned by precision instruments when they boarded the ship, and all the electronic equipment they brought with them, as well as those gadgets that could be used to make thousands of things, were all taken by the organizer. Keep it for me ". The I-PEN sent to them by the organizer obviously does not have the function of connecting to the external network. Therefore, it is definitely impossible to check the information of the Jockey Club by using the method of “searching on the Internet”.

 Similarly, the method of contacting outside associates with communication equipment and letting the associates search for answers for themselves is also impossible to implement.

 Well, the rest of the strategy is basically "relying on memory."

 But this is still unlikely.

 The events intercepted by the virtual horse betting took place from the 1980s to the 1990s. And now it is 2218. Even if it happened to be a random 2199 game, it was almost 20 years ago.

 The result of horse racing is like the winning number of a lottery, let alone "year". No one will remember even the month, week, or even a few days ago. Except for the winner, who will remember what number was opened at some point many years ago? Even the winner himself will forget his number if the prize is small or long.

 There are so many jockey clubs all over the world and they compete almost every day. So many games over the past two centuries, from which a random interception of a point in time began to play. It's impossible for anyone to remember the results of every game over a certain period of time.

 Therefore, after reading the rules, Shinji actually retreated a bit. He thinks this is a project with a significantly higher probability of losing.

 But Wu Shang said that the game is quite simple, it is simply giving away points.

 In the end, after thinking about it, Shinji chose to believe in Wu Shang, Ayu's vision, and his own intuition.

 "That Mr. Wu Shang." According to Wu Shang, after Shinji replaced all three points cards with virtual currency, he asked, "Now you can always tell me what is the" winning method "you said. Is that right? "

"Oh," Wu Shang smiled. "Okay."

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Chapter 6 Outspoken Advice

 Wu Shang lied.

 There is no tactic of victory in gambling.

 Before any final result is revealed, there may be some changes.

 A game that "results in a firm control" cannot be called gambling at all.

 For example, "out of the box / package for online games" is purely repetitive events based on data algorithms. The probability of the event is all set by the operator. The seemingly random result is just to create the illusion that luck exists.

 Although some slot machine-type gambling machines use the same principle, slot machines are public, and different people can sit on the same machine to play, so there is still a very small number of players who can be divided from this operator's inevitable profit game. Got a cup. However, the online game account is private, and the probability event involved in each account is a pseudo game between the player who owns the account and the operator, which is a unilateral squeeze.

 Real gambling should be a two-way game, and either party has the possibility of winning or losing.

 Right now, Wu Shang's gambling strategy is no exception, and there is a risk of failure.

 Of course, although his method is not "winning", the probability of winning is indeed very high.

 This method is called-"Double Betting".

 Taking this random race at this moment as an example, this is exactly a race that took place at the "Central Racecourse" in Sakuranofu. From the scene, the time point should be in the twentieth century. During this period, the Central Racecourse usually has 12 races every day.

 The method of the double bet method is: in the first game, 100 yuan (because the currency unit has been converted to a uniform value, here are all expressed as "block") on the "second most popular" body, if the No more betting on this day. If you do n’t win, you will bet “Second Hot” at 200 yuan in the next game (second game). If you win, you will not bet on the same day. If you do n’t, you will win 400 yuan in the next game. Bet.

 Repeat the same operation until you "make money".

 At Central Racecourse, the next-highest win rate was 18%. A rough calculation shows that on average 12 games a day, there will be two "sub-hot" winners. In addition, under "normal conditions", the odds of "second most popular" are bound to be more than double. Therefore, with this method, no matter which game you buy, you will win money.

 At first glance, this is indeed the "win-win" method.

 But is this really the case?

 Obviously not.

 There are two problems with this approach: one is funding.

 Starting from the first block of 100 yuan, each game will double the amount of bets, so when you buy the tenth field, the next bet will be 51200 yuan, and if you buy the last field of the day, the next bet will be 204800. Most people who go to the racetrack can't afford so much money.

 Second, winning rate.

 Although the winning rate of the "second most popular" is 18%, this probability also represents-the probability of "all the most popular losing in the same day" is (1-0.18) ^ 12≈0.0924 = 9.24%, which is every 11 This happens once on race day.

 Some people may say that if the funds are sufficient, even if they are all lost in a day. Because the "double betting method" can still be used on the second day, that is, starting from the first game of the second day, betting with 409600 funds, this is still the "winning method".

 Unfortunately, this is still wrong.

 When the stakes exceed five million (the fifth game of the next day), you create an "abnormal situation". Because the amount of your bet will greatly change the odds, so that the original "second hit" will become "big hit". The winning odds will therefore fall to less than twice. At this time, even if you buy it, you will not be able to get back the money because the payout is reduced.

 This is gambling.

 However, in the "virtual gambling horse", the situation is different.

 First of all, Shinji's initial funding is sufficient. The six million virtual coins he exchanged after putting three points into the instrument can be doubled to the third game the next day, and there are still more than two million after this miss. I have money.

 Secondly, the bet amount of the "virtual horse bet" will not affect the "odds" because the games they watch here are "something that has happened in the past". No matter how much money they make here, they are just betting on virtual currency with the computer in front of them. For games that have already happened, neither the result nor the odds will change.

 Under such a premise, the feasibility of the "double betting method" has improved a lot.

 In fact, as long as you "understand" the rules at the door, you will find that the "double betting method" is likely to be the "correct way" for the "virtual horse betting" project as determined by the organizer.

 For example, "At the end of each round, if the player is profitable in that round, the next game will jump to another event at another time. If the player is not profitable in this round, the current time The tournament will continue. "This is simply to match the double betting method. To put it plainly, if you win, you will "change the day" and reset the probability. If you lose, you will continue the game in chronological order.

 There is also a check of various information and odds before the game, which is equivalent to helping players confirm who the "big hit" and "second hit" of each match are.

 Not surprisingly, the last two rules that set the "upper limit" for the player are probably to prevent someone from seeing through the "cracking method" of this game, and then he infinitely credits points here.

 In summary, it is not difficult to see that Wu Shang had thought of this when he read the rules at the door. It was under the premise of great certainty that he used the phrase "winning strategy" to flee the real company.

 Of course, Wu Shang does not need to fully explain the truth with Shinji. This is also a rule understood by "experts"-unless forced to do so, do not talk to outsiders.

 Subsequently, the development of things also verified Wu Shang's speculation.

 The so-called "virtual gambling horse", which is "randomly selected for different horse racing days in different places around the world for two hundred years," is actually reproduced as "at least one‘ hot ’victory of the day”.

 In other words, the "double betting method" is indeed the "positive solution" set by the organizer. As long as the hidden hints in the rules are cracked, the probability and odds of gambling horses are thoroughly calculated, and then observed for a period of time with minimal betting, anyone can have a chance to crack this secret.

 Unfortunately, some people still lost money on this project. It can only be said that the level of "experts" invited by these people is too low to even crack a game of this difficulty. They will undoubtedly lose even more in confrontational projects.

 But Shinji is different. From the beginning, he directly adopted the double betting method, naturally he will not lose.

 After a short period of observation, Wu Shang also discovered the rule that "no matter where you go randomly, no matter what race day, there will be one hot win in twelve games." Therefore, he asked Shinji to increase the starting bet amount after each "win money and jump time". In addition, he no longer looks at any pre-match information except the odds and the process of the game, but quickly buys the next hit and then jumps to the result settlement stage to see the results.

 This approach has greatly increased the efficiency of winning money. Just half an hour later, their virtual currency net income has exceeded 18 million.

 At this point, the game ends automatically.

 The coin outlet under the coin slot was opened, and twelve points cards were spit out, and the code was neatly placed there. A man in a black suit also came over at the right time, and asked them to leave their seats.

 When leaving the game cabin of the "virtual gambling horse", Zhen Si was in full breeze, and his last suspicion of Wu Shang had disappeared-I thought that it was only a man who could kill the Quartet on Mahjong. I originally played this game with the dealer The same is great. This has also caused a subtle change in Shinji ’s attitude towards becoming a “winner”.

 At the same time, the "ESP card induction game" was outside the cabin door.

 A sturdy Latino man stepped out of it, with a proud look, playing the eight score cards he had just won.

 "Oh baby, you are amazing, you've won so much for me in a while."

 Between his words, a well-dressed, hot-skinned Latina followed him on the deck.

 "Oh, there is a little trick, but my dear, your cooperation is really good. This saves me a lot of things." This beauty, the man's lover, is also a "expert" with excellent gambling skills. Therefore, she is both a man's female partner and a game partner.

 Just as the two flirted with each other, suddenly, another person's voice was heard not far away: "The 'datura' really deserves its reputation"

 As soon as he spoke, the beauty's look changed, becoming cold and cruel.

 "Who are you?" The woman called the mandala immediately turned her head and asked angrily.

 She does have reason to be angry, because there are rules between "experts"-some people can mention their nicknames, and some people can't mention them. "Datura" is one that should not be mentioned in front of "laymen". name.

 And seeing the response of the mandala, the two bodyguards who had just stepped out of the game cabin and followed the Latino man also consciously stepped forward to surround the talker.

 "Wow ~~ wow ~" The talking man was a very thin white man, probably only one meter in his sixties, weighing less than a hundred pounds, wearing a small brown suit tailored for one look, "Don't be nervous, gentlemen." Watching the two big men standing up, he hurriedly opened his hands, raised his shoulders, and made a gesture similar to surrender. "I'm just talking to your boss on behalf of my employer. Sentence. "

 "Who is your employer?" The Latino man had now walked to the mandala, holding the slender waist of the beauty. He didn't seem to care much about this little man. But since the other party annoyed his own woman, he naturally would not give any good looks.

 "He doesn't know you, Mr. Martinez," said the little man with a smile. "But your father had a close relationship with him during his lifetime. Presumably you have heard some of his rumors, and his Name. "Speaking here, he slowly put his hand into the pocket of his coat and took out a small white stone.

 Although it is a stone, the surface of the stone is dazzling and round, and at first glance, it will probably be considered an artificial product, but it is actually a natural creation.

 Martinez's expression changed as soon as he saw the stone, and his original relaxed expression disappeared from his face, instead he was a little nervous.

 "You" Martinez let go of the female companion in his arms, took the first two steps, and re-examined the little man, "Are you a lord?"

 The little man shrugged and smiled, "I'm just a messenger."

 "You have something to tell me?" Martinez asked immediately.

"Well, just one sentence," said the little man, with a chill in his smile and tone, "while still alive, leave this ship quickly."

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Chapter 7The Beginning of the Card Fight

 Midnight has passed and the "Game of Kings" is still ongoing.

 Whether it is the dignitaries who are accustomed to nightlife, or the gamblers who survive in the night all year round, they will not feel tired at this time. Instead, this is the time period when their physical and mental excitement peaks.

 At this moment, Shinji and his party are staying in a game cabin called "note roulette".

 There are two differences between this game and ordinary roulette. One is that the ivory balls used in this game are thrown by machinery rather than humans. The dealer is only responsible for maintaining order on the table and clearing chips. Second, before each round starts betting, a computer connected to the roulette table will randomly play a melody, the length of which ranges from two or three seconds to seven or eight seconds.

 Although it is not stated in the rules, anyone can see that this setting has clearly shown that the result of "note roulette" is determined by the computer. And the result of each round will be hinted in that melody played in advance. As long as the relationship between the melody and the result can be deciphered, the game will not be difficult.

 So it ’s no surprise that this project also set a "cap" to prevent players who have cracked the secret from earning unlimited points here.

 For this game, Wu Shang is not very good at it. As a professional gambler who "employed" after finishing middle school, "music" must be his blind spot. Even if he knew some basics, it was not enough to help him solve the puzzle.

 However, Ayu seemed to know this place very well and was very good at it. When he saw the word "note" in the name of an item, he offered to take a look. He also said that when encountering related puzzles, he could explain some music knowledge to everyone.

 Anyway, roulette is relatively free. There is no rule that bets must be placed in each round. You can stand by and watch. If in the end you don't see anything, just leave.

 So Shinji followed Ayu's suggestion and came to this cabin.

 Although Wu Shang doesn't know much about music theory, he knows everything about roulette.

 Roulette is a form of gambling that is very beneficial to the dealer. Leaving aside cheating, this is a pure luck contest without any skill at all. So we can know the winning percentage of both sides with simple probability calculation.

 Take the example of a standard roulette with 36 numbers, which can be staked in red and black, single and double, and several segments. In addition to the numbers on the roulette, from 1 to 36, there are two additional numbers, "0" and "00", for a total of 38. The probability of drawing any number is 1/38. Therefore, the dealer's expectation value is 1 × 1/38 + 1 × 1/38 + 1 × 35 / 38-35 × 1/38 = 2/38 = 1 / 19≈0.0526. In other words, every time a customer puts 10,000 yuan here, they lose 526 of them. The longer you gamble, the more this amount will accumulate.

 It is very rare for a guest to bet only one number, and to bet and win. This probability is only one in 38. Even if this happened, as long as the roulette table has enough guests and played long enough, the overall advantage of the dealer remains unchanged.

 It's just that the vast majority of guests do not count these things. People who gamble with the mentality of "playing casually" and "trying luck" often only see those "good luck" who are accidentally betting, but cannot see the whole situation.

 Professional gamblers are different.

 People in this industry are involved in every gambling with the idea of ​​"never lose". They don't have any "betting gamble" pleasure, because the stake is their life. Running out of stakes is like death to them. Except for a few lunatics, no one would find this kind of thing that puts his life on the table happy.

 After casually losing money, guests can complain about "lucky luck" and then go back silently.

 But gamblers have no place to "go back", and the gambling table is where they live.

 In order to survive, they must force themselves to do things that ordinary people cannot do. For example, the three items of memory, calculation and deduction are the basic abilities applicable to all gamblers. People who ca n’t even figure out the probability in the “game of chance” do n’t have to talk about assessing risk, capturing fortunes, and winning.

 There is no doubt that Wu Shang's ability in these three areas is outstanding. With his own understanding of roulette and continuous communication with Ayu, after 15 minutes of observation, Wu Shang and Ayu left the person. Eyes on the gaming table, whispering into the corner.

 After a while, the two looked at each other and smiled, revealing a relaxed look.

 Upon seeing this, Shinji understood what the two had discovered and even reached a conclusion.

 Sure enough, Wu Shang immediately came to the real company and quietly told him the rules of the game-to put it bluntly, this is an item of "inference" plus "quick calculation". After guessing the algorithm, one can get it.

 The hint about the algorithm is actually hidden in the name of the game. Why is this project called "note roulette" instead of "music roulette" or "melody roulette"? No matter how you look at it, it's a bit counterintuitive to describe this game with the concept of notes?

 This contradiction point is to make players notice that "notes" is the key to this game.

 Everyone knows that the melody before the bet hints at the result of this round, but how can we turn the melody into numbers? Others naturally try to solve it, such as replacing the scale CDEFGAB with 3456712 or 1234567, and then doing some conversion with the number of seconds the melody lasts. Or the difference between the scales, the number of whole tones and so on.

 Unfortunately, that's not right.

 The correct solution is to combine the types of "notes", that is, "hearing" and "knowledge of music theory". The notes appearing in the melody are a few minutes apart. Then multiply them with the corresponding scale, and finally add up each digit.

 Of course, just thinking about this layer is still wrong. The answer is not so simple.

 Assume that if a quarter note meets a scale such as 3 or 7, a score will appear after multiplication. This value appears in a formula whose answer must be an integer, which indicates that the direction of the problem is wrong.

 At this point, Wu Shang and Ayu also thought about it for a long time. In the end, Ayu repeatedly pondered the melody I heard before, which solved the mystery-don't think of the scale as 1 to 7, but consider it as a piano Just press a button on it. For example, the last key on the piano is do. Guess the idea of ​​the scale, this should be 1 or 3, but here it should be considered "88".

 After thinking about it many times, Ayu realized that the sounds that appeared in all previous melodies were "white keys" on the piano, and that they were even numbers in the eighty-eighth position.

 After finding the right idea, things are easy to handle.

 In the next few rounds, each time the melody sounded, Ayu, who was responsible for "listening," immediately reported the numbers referred to by the scales and notes, and Wu Shang instantly converted all the numbers into a final result. This level of mental arithmetic can also be achieved by elementary school students, which can be accomplished in seconds for them.

 As a result, for four consecutive rounds, they all guessed the answer.

 However, in these four rounds, they were all just experimenting and did not let Shinji take money to bet. Because according to their puzzle-solving ideas, the three numbers "0", "00" and "1" are impossible to appear, and the probability of 2 to 5 appearing to be very small is a doubt. This means that there is something in the puzzle that they have not completely seen, that is, "risk".

 Therefore, Wu Shang and Ayu made further observations. Finally, after they guessed the answer for the sixth time in a row, there was an "extraordinary melody", that is, a melody that "they can't figure out integers with the cracking method they thought of."

 When this anomalous melody appeared, the number "0" was opened in that round.

 Knowing this, they were relieved. They don't need to solve the melody formulas of the three numbers 0, 00, and 1. They only need to know that there will be signs when this abnormal number appears.

 In the next round, a normal melody sounded. At the suggestion of Wu Shang, Shinji directly placed the stack of chips (note roulette used to exchange points for chips) at the door all on a single number. In one fell swoop, the bet book has been turned 36 times because he has not made a bet before, that is, he has not lost a dollar. Therefore, there is no doubt that this round of betting has made his profit exceed the upper limit of the project. .

 Until leaving the game cabin, Shinji still had no idea about the theory Wu Shang and Ayu said, but he didn't care. To this day, he has cherished two hundred percent trust in Wu Shang. He firmly believes that the man next to him is the strongest gambler, and even if Wu Shang asks him to put all the score cards all in one breath, he will not hesitate to do so.

 At two o'clock in the morning, considering the seasonal factors, there are about three hours before dawn.

 The king game is also becoming increasingly fierce.

 Those who have lost all are still hopeful and struggling, who think they can win and do the final sprint. The closer to the "end", the more the charm of "gambling" makes people unable to extricate themselves.

 At this time, most people have seen through the items that bet against the dealer, and each of them has a “strategic method”. In fact, some people have already used this to carry out some actions.

 For example, you can use the strategy of one item that you already have to exchange with the strategy of another item that someone has mastered, or you can use the "method" to directly exchange points.

 Take "virtual horse racing" as an example, you can propose to let others use several (less than or equal to the maximum value that the project can win) score cards in exchange for "travel strategy" transactions. If the other party agrees, you can easily get the points card at almost zero cost. Although the other party lost a few points card first, but after mastering the strategy, they can win more back soon. And after you win, you can still sell the same method to others, which is still profitable.

 But there are a lot of things to watch out for: What if someone uses a fake strategy to lie to you? Or if the other person is too ignorant, or even has reservations about you on key information, then you are miserable.

 Take a step back and say that the person who can sell the information to you shows that he has earned points ahead of you on this project. You give him points again, and even if he doesn't lie to you, the gap between you and him will only grow wider.

 To sum up, those who are still running "the game with a cap and against the dealer" are basically no chance of winning.

 The players who really have the chance to win the final victory have accumulated enough "capital" at this moment, and have gathered in the game cabins of those "antagonistic projects" to start a series of embezzlement and slaughter.

 Shinji they finally came to the game cabin with the theme of "Mahjong", ready to show their fists.

 Things in this world are so coincidental. Just as they reached the door of the cabin, Jim and his two bodyguards, as well as the "Star County King of Gamblers" Antonio, also came here.

 Shinji and Jim didn't even have to say anything, they sat opposite each other at the same table as they entered the cabin, glaring at each other. The smell of gunpowder between the two seemed to blow up the entire ship.

 A few seconds later, a man in a black suit quickly came over and said, "You are playing mahjong.

 "Ah, of course." Shinji responded.

 "Oh," Jim ordered himself a cigar and sneered. "Yes."

 "Um." The black suit nodded. "Although the rules at the doorway are written, I need to emphasize again that in this game, I just testify. For situations like" cheating ", even if I see through I have no obligation to point it out. Those who cheat must be caught by you. "

 "Simply said." At this time, Wu Shang replied in his persuasive tone. "Everyone has their own abilities, and the fooled person can only blame themselves for being stupid." He said as he was already on the left of Shinji. Sit down on the side.

 "Hehehe" On the other side, Antonio was sitting with his old-fashioned smile on Jim's left-hand side. "You, the" winner "brother, you seem quite confident.

"'Confidence'?" Wu Shang repeated those two words with a dry laugh. "Oh, it doesn't matter if there is such a thing." He said, touching the table with his palm. "To win, you still have to rely on 'strength.'"

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Chapter 8 Premonitions of Fortune

 At 2:10 in the morning, a mahjong game, the pinnacle of the entire "Game of Kings", kicked off.

 For Shinji and Jim, if they can defeat each other in this "complaint", not only will there be a great chance to make themselves the ultimate winner of this party tonight. And this will have a certain psychological impact on more confrontations that may occur between the two in the future. As long as they can be the first to stand out from the crowd here, and then compete on other occasions outside, the winning side will naturally have a psychological advantage.

 For Wu Shang and Antonio, this is a dead end.

 Because they are gamblers.

 There is no first in the text, no second in gambling. The contest between the gamblers will be divided. The winner is king, and the loser is king.

 The more "invincible", "undefeated", "king of gamblers", and "legends" are those with these titles, the more there is no room for loss. Those who fall from the abyss are more miserable than those who fall from the flat.

 In the gambling world, your goal is always only the strongest. As long as one person is better than you, you may have nothing at any time.

 In the East game, the game started in a dignified atmosphere.

 Because the cabin uses automatic mahjong tables, Wu Shang's "Feiyan Cut" which can be directly used to Tianhu is not used.

 And for techniques like "left-hand swapping cards" and "moving flowers and trees", although Wu Shang will, but Antonio will undoubtedly.

 Gamblers like them will not use these technologies in such situations. Because they are very clear, this kind of cheating, as long as they use it, the opponent will immediately expose it. Even if your actions are too fast to be caught on the spot, your opponent can prove your cheat by "telling your technique in detail, and then letting the person in charge of supervision supervise the surveillance video to verify it."

 This is also one of the rules of "experts". Where there is monitoring, the tricks used are "seeing through", and that is losing.

 Of course, the condition for this rule to be true is that you have to "see through" your opponent's method with the naked eye, and accurately describe it, and then monitor what is shown in the video consistent with what you describe.

 If you haven't seen your opponent's technique at all and talked about it, then even if you find that your opponent really cheat when you watch the video last time, it is you, not your opponent, that is regarded as a scam.

 In Shinji's house, Wu Shang could actually use this rule to get Toyota and Aoi, but he didn't like to do that. He would rather use sarcasm to reveal the opponent's technique, and then use the opponent's Fei Yanqie, who "sees it and doesn't know what's going on", convince his opponent to take it, and he doesn't want to use " Watch video verification "way to solve them.

 Despite the pressure of tens of millions of gambling debts at the time, he still did not choose the way to win the game, but chose a winning method that he thought was more "interesting."

 This kind of person is undoubtedly a very rare type of madman among the top gamblers. They have already seen the essence of "gambling" and are willing to walk in the dark abyss to taste the most delicious chaotic feast in the world.

 "Huh! Pinghu, one treasure card, 2000 points."

 On the ninth round, when Jim was already upright, Wu Shang inferred the cards that the latter listened to through several round cards played by Shinji, and gave Hu decisively. Although Shinji just played a 2000-point small card, it successfully prevented Jim's two-way draw with the opportunity to "slam".

 In this game of mahjong, the cooperation of this kind of "send Hu" is very important. If used properly, not only can it suppress the opponent Hu's big name, but it can also help the partner to rank higher.

 "Oh," when the Mahjong table was automatically shuffled, Antonio sitting on the right side of Shinji laughed out loud, "Brother Wu Shang, you seem to be quite familiar with this‘ two-on-two mahjong ’game.”

 No one can hear him testing this, but Wu Shang doesn't seem to care about it: "Ah, I played this kind of mahjong when I first joined the trade, so this is a housekeeping skill."

 "Oh?" Antonio heard, pushing the sunglasses on the bridge of his nose. "So, is it a player who puts you on the road?"

 To others, Antonio's question seems to be a little bit off, but the "experts" are well aware of the logic.

 The day when a professional gambler officially "enters the trade" is not the day when he starts gambling, but the day when an "expert" brings him "into the trade". The person who brought you into this dark world is your "leader."

 The guide will tell you the rules between the experts, teach you some skills, and be responsible for some of your behavior before you can be independent. However, the guide is not, and is not, your "Master".

 Gamblers don't pay much attention to the relationship between master and apprentice. In this world where everyone is pursuing the "strongest", such things as "generation" are considered unnecessary restraints.

 Most of the guides will become partners with their favorite newcomers, and cooperate in a relationship that is also a teacher and friend until the "day when they cannot cooperate." Wu Shang's situation is no exception. Therefore, "two-on-two mahjong" can be said to be the origin of his entire gambler's career, and is his best field.

 "Well, let me ask one more thing." I wondered what Antonio thought, and he suddenly sneered and asked, "Mr. Wu Shang, who is your leader?"

 "It's just a bad old man with a last name, Tojo. It's not enough." Wu Shang said, smoking a cigarette and returning in a very casual tone.

 "Ha!" Antonio immediately laughed when he heard the word "Tōjo". "It turned out that this young man who was once regarded as the strongest player in Sakura's House, known as 'Kuraki Tojo'."

 "What? You know that old man?" Wu Shang answered.

 "Of course I know." Antonio laughed. "Not only did I know each other, I also played six and a half mahjong with him." He paused, and then said, "After playing, I watched him dig out He closed his eyes, removed the thumbs of both hands and feet, and was thrown into a cage for walking dogs. "

 Hearing this, Wu Shang's smoking movement stopped for a second, and after a second, he still said in a very calm tone: "Oh, this is it. For him, it was an expected ending. "

 Seeing that, Antonio's mouth smiled even more, his eyes under Wu Sun stared at Wu Shang tightly, and asked aggressively: "Don't you ask him why he ended up in that end?"

 "There is nothing to ask." Wu Shang replied, "I said, this is expected. If a gambler who has 'luck his luck' comes to the table again, the eight achievements are this end."

 "Hum" Antonio snorted, "'Luck'?" He repeated the sentence, and then said, "Is that why you broke up with him?"

 "I'm sorry for this." Wu Shang responded by saying that the automatic Mahjong table had shuffled the cards.

 The conversation between the two people came to an end temporarily because of the start of the East Second Inning.

 In fact, even though the poker hand didn't start, Wu Shang didn't plan to talk to him anymore.

 Despite calling him the "bad old man" by mouth, Wu Shang has always respected Tojo in his heart. The reason for the two of them breaking up was not that Wu Shang abandoned Dongtiao, but that Dongtiao took the initiative to leave Wu Shang.

 A gambler like Tojo, who can feel when his career is over, will no longer be favored by the goddess of fortune. In order not to drag Wu Shang, he chose not to bid farewell.

 Wu Shang was consciously aware of these things, so he didn't go looking for Tojo.

 However, one thing Wu Shang knew very well was that the retired Tojo was impossible to take the initiative to gamble with others. If Antonio's words were not a lie, Tojo must have been forced to sit at the gaming table for some reason and died there.

 "Stand upright." On the sixth tour, Antonio suddenly dropped a stick and declared stand upright.

 Immediately after, Jim on his right hand sent Hu immediately. So stand upright, break the cricket, the treasure card one, the cricket made up a "slam".

 "Oh," as soon as Antonio's card came out, Jim smiled at Shinji. "Don't think that only you guys can play together."

 "Qi" Shinji snorted and did not argue with him.

 But at this moment, an ominous premonition has sprouted in Shinji's heart.

 His hunch was not wrong in this mahjong. The combination of him and Wu Shang has a big disadvantage-the two have never practiced together.

 Looking at the combination of Jim and Antonio, they practiced together for a long time before the "Game of Kings". Whether it's Mahjong, Baccarat, Stud, or Texas Hold'em, they all played together. Even if the two aren't called "beautiful couplets," anyway, they also know some basic secret codes and their habits. In terms of tacit understanding, they are obviously much stronger than Shinji and Wu Shang who have met for less than eight hours.

 Take mahjong, for example, confirming whether your teammates have the cards you listened to by using a secret signal, and then one party stands upright, and the other party directly sends Hu's routine, which is already a light road for them.

 For Shinji and Wu Shang, they did not discuss and write down any secret code in advance, so they did not know what their partner ’s hand was, even if they wanted to use their opponent's method. At most, like Shangdong, Wu Shang unilaterally guessed the hand of Shinji and released a dangerous card that the latter might listen to to give Hu.

 However, compared to opponents who can send Hu to each other, this way of sending only one way is much worse.

 At the end of this "two-on-two mahjong", at the end of each half-zhuang, they must follow the "first 50,000 points", "second 20,000 points", "third 10,000 points", "fourth The rule of "name zero point" adds these reward points to the original sticks, and then the two sticks are used to compete.

 For example, there are two pairs of AB and CD. When settling, A takes first place, B takes fourth place, C takes second place, and D takes third place. The final score of the AB combination is the sum of sticks held by the two of them, plus 50,000 rewards, while the final score of the CD combination is the sum of sticks, held by the two of them plus 30,000 rewards.

 In other words, as long as one of them grabs the first place, at the time of settlement, they can take at least 20,000 more points.

 Under this rule, the party who knows the secrets and can send Hu to each other not only can help them to fight for the first place more efficiently, but also have a double chance to destroy when the opponent wants some big names. The one who does not have a secret code and can only rely on a master to bring a layman will naturally have fewer choices.

 Seems to be "two to two", but from the perspective of Wu Shang and Shinji, it is basically "two to one"-very unfavorable.

 In the Southern Second Bureau, the sense of Shinji has become a reality.

 Jim and Antonio, who can exchange passwords, have absolute dominance. In addition to sending Hu to each other, they can also use means such as "eating", "touching", picking up, picking up big cards, defending one's own side, breaking opponents' side, etc. Even though these were not 100% successful, the two men were much more at ease than the overwhelmed and more impatient Shinji.

 Although Wu Shang also broke the opponent's Lianzhuang with a few quick-attack small cards within his own ability, he and Zhensi were a little behind and the situation was still passive.

 In this game, Shinji and Wu Shang were ranked third and fourth respectively, and the first place Antonio had already led the Shinji by nearly 20,000 points. ). This is the result of the premise that Wu Shang sent Hu to the real boss.

 Shinji and Wu Shuang saw no hope at all.

 According to this situation, by the end of this half-zhuang, the difference between the settlement points of the two sides is likely to reach more than 100,000. At this table's default "1000 to 1" odds, Shinji has to pay out more than a hundred points cards. This is tantamount to letting the throne of the "winner".

 "Mr. Nakamura." Just as the cold sweat of Shinji shed from the horns, Wu Shang suddenly spoke again. "You are too nervous." During the conversation, he lit himself a new cigarette and said easily. "But it's just a little bit behind the stick, don't play so carefully."

 It may be regarded as useless comfort for other people to say this, but it would be tempting to think of it from Wu Shang's mouth.

 "What do you mean?" Shinji immediately said in his heart, "'Don't play so cautiously' is to let me not be afraid to let go and be assured to play cards boldly? But in case I am directly hit by the opponent, then the gap between points ..." He had a clever idea, "Well? Wait, Wu Shang and I are now the third and fourth. Even if I lose a few thousand points now, it is nothing more than swapping with Wu Shang ranking. Our final settlement The reward points are still 10,000. ”Thinking of here, he glanced at Wu Shang, and he immediately got a positive look. "I see! Wu Shang means that this situation can't be worse. Losing 100,000 or losing 110,000 will also 'lost the chance to win the game'. Such a big gap is the only thing we can do. Only have the chance to pull it back. Instead of playing security cards forward and backward, it is better to just fight and ignore the risks "

Snapped--

 After figuring it out, Shinji took an ultra-dangerous card that had been in the air for a long time.

 Antonio and Jim both showed a little surprise when they saw this card, but in the end, this one was not released.

 As a result, Shinji ’s confidence increased sharply, and two more dangerous cards were played in the next two rounds, all of which passed safely.

 Risk is always accompanied by opportunity.

 Shinji, who flew twice from the edge of danger, successfully made a good three-way draw and disrupted the opponent's judgment on his cards.

 After a tour, Jim let go, and Jin Sihu "doubled up" and instantly reversed the difference between the two. Although he still had a gap with the first Antonio, the conversion of the second and third place reduced the reward spread generated during settlement from 60,000 (50,000 + 20,000 to 10,000 + 0) to 40,000 (50,000 + 10,000 to 20,000 + 0) Adding this to the points that were won back by itself, the expected difference of around 100,000 directly reduced by one third.

 "Huh. You're just lucky, don't be complacent." Jim was unwilling after firing, so he muttered in an unpleasant tone.

 Of course, Wu Shang actually took the nonsense and corrected it: "No, this is not 'good fortune'."

 "What are you talking about?" Jim raised his eyebrows at Wu Shang with a disdain. "Oh, it's not 'temporary', but can it be 'i'?"

 "If you say" one-time "means one game, Mr. Nakamura's good luck must continue for at least two more hours." Wu Shang responded with another seriousness.

 "Ha?" Anyway, shuffling at the moment, Jim didn't mind whispering to him, "Do you guys know what you're talking about? Oh, I don't think you'll be called Wu Shang, it's renamed as God Stick. "

 "Fur-if you don't believe me, ask the Star County King of Gambling around you." Wu Shang leaned back against the chair and spit out the flue.

 When he said that, Jim was really shaken.

 Just when Jim frowned and was going to turn to see Antonio, Antonio had laughed: "Ha ha ha ha ha" He laughed a lot, even shaking his shoulders, and after five seconds, he only slightly converged and said, "You want to say that after the game just now, 'luck' has been directed to your side, right?"

 "Ah." Wu Shang did not deny, "Although your playing style can greatly increase the probability of winning, but the playing style of abandoning" individuals "for the" position "cannot lead to" luck ". Even if luck comes to you, it will be fragmented by your actions. "

 "Oh. Tojo said your theory." Antonio calmly said, "And you already know his end." He paused. "You gamblers from the East, even if you become If you are a "professional", you will generally fall to the latter in the face of probability and metaphysics. This tendency to disregard rationality as if dissolved in your blood really makes me feel ridiculous. "

 Having said that, he waved and pointed at Wu Shang's face and said, "Don't be kidding! Wu Shang! You said you would win me with 'strength', but now you are talking to me about 'luck'?" Do you still want to talk to me about the constellation and blood type? "He did not wait for Wu Shang to answer, and then continued," Do n’t play again, Mr. Wu Shang, I can see that you are not the kind of person who believes in luck, At the moment you say this, it's just that you're bluffing. "He slowly retracted his raised arm and fisted his fingers." If I'm not wrong. You want to use this to distract me and wait for the opportunity to cheat ? "

 Zhi——

 His words didn't fall, and the automatic shuffle was complete.

 With a sound of mechanical rhythm, four rows of cards and hands were sent to each of them.

 The moment he opened his hand, despite Shinji's restraint, his expression changed.

He didn't know if the hand in front of him was luck behind a certain line, or what Wu Shang did secretly. All he knew was that this was the first time in his life that he had gotten his hands to start with three secret moments, including "medium" and "fat."

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Chapter 9The Trace of Undercurrent

 Not to mention Antonio, even laymen can see that Shinji has a hand.

 Therefore, Jim and Antonio didn't need to communicate at all. They also knew that this game should adopt "quick attack" tactics.

 Of course, perhaps it is really "fortune" that has turned to Jim. The starting hand in this game is too difficult to describe, let alone the messy face, and the draw is far away.

 This kind of hand, even if Antonio plays, it will take at least six patrols to figure out the turnaround. Now held by Jim, the attack must be impossible, and it would be nice to be able to send Hu to his companion without ordering a gun.

 On the other hand, Antonio's own hand is also not ideal. His cards aren't bad, just very "heavy." This is the type of "do it in the direction of the big name", it is difficult to quickly make a deal.

 It was in such a situation that Shinji shot wildly with the kind of bold play at the end of the last game.

 After just six tours,

 "Self-touch!" This is not the biggest hand that Zhen Sihu ever played, but it is the one that excites him the most.

 Three times full (the probability of occurrence is only 0.04%, which is lower than full service, if the banker Hu wins 36,000 points, the player Hu wins 24,000 points). This is an incredible reversal.

 There is a saying between "experts"-Mahjong is not a game that makes itself a trump card, but a game that suppresses opponents.

 But at this moment, in the three southern innings, Shinji is playing such a big name in the face of an expert like Antonio, following the layman's thinking of "want to make himself as soon as possible".

 This is fortune.

 Apart from cheat, this is the strongest weapon that is extremely difficult to fight by normal means.

 "Hahahaha, it seems that the 'fortune' is more useful than you think, Mr. Antonio." When the Mahjong table was automatically shuffled, Shinji taunted Antonio. He did not forget the embarrassment the Star County Gambler had brought to himself with his ability. Now he has seized the opportunity and needs to export the bad luck.

 "Oh," Antonio heard it, just sneered, and said, "Maybe."

 After all, Shinji had his identity there, and Antonio didn't dare to be too inferior in words, but he was not so polite to Wu Shang.

 "Mr. Wu Shang, I don't know what you are famous for," Antonio said immediately to Wu Shang, "but if you think that 'you can play the same trick twice in front of me', that's great Wrong and wrong. "

 Obviously, Antonio believes that the result of this round was due to Wu Shangcheat. And his sentence is tantamount to admitting that he did not see through Wu Shang's methods.

 Although Antonio's heart was a little bit weak at the moment, on the surface he still put on the shelf of the King of Stars. And he tried to overwhelm each other from the momentum, so that Wu Shang did not dare to cheat, or cheating exposed due to tension.

 "Oh? Do you think I was making a ghost in that game?" Wu Shang looked at Antonio with a look of ridicule. "Oh, this is the case, the so-called" Star County King of Gamblers "is just that he is no longer good" Know guy. "

 "What did you say?" Antonio asked sharply.

 "Don't you understand?" Wu Shang replied, smoking quickly, "Well then I'll do charity and tell you something."

 Then, Wu Shang looked up and looked at the black suit on the side and said, "Hey, brother, can you pause the game for a while and give me two dice for mahjong?"

 A second later, the black suit replied, "As long as the other players at this table have no comments."

 So Wu Shang quickly asked the other three. And he got positive, default and indifferent responses respectively.

 Seeing this, the black suit turned on the walkie-talkie and asked someone to send the dice. At the same time, he also personally stepped forward, pushed the new card just placed into the Mahjong table, closed the table, and suspended the shuffle function.

 After a while, the dice came.

 That's two ordinary white dice, the kind commonly used by non-auto shuffle Mahjong.

 After Wu Shang took the dice, he immediately threw it on the table, threw two "1s", and said to Antonio, "Should you do this?"

 Having said this, he grabbed the dice again and threw it a second later, this time with two "2" s.

 "Are you kidding me?" When Antonio finished the first half of his sentence, Wu Shang cast two more "3s".

 "The basic skills of guys who are new to this industry, can I not?" And when Antonio said in the latter part, Wu Shang had already thrown out a pair of "4" and a pair of "5".

 "Well that's fine." Wu Shang said, and he put the dice in front of Antonio, "Please help me roll two '6's."

 "What do you want to prove?" Antonio didn't rush to grab the dice, but stared at Wu Shang. "I don't understand what it means."

 "The point is to let you know that your 'luck' is exhausted," Wu Shang replied.

 "Ha!" Antonio laughed, speaking English, "What does it have to do with luck?" He grabbed the dice and held it in his hand. "This kind of thing that can be done 10,000 times can be done 10,000 times. What luck? "

 He's right, one of the most basic and simple gambling techniques is to "throw two dice freehand and get the points you want." As long as you know the hand shape and technique, and after a certain amount of practice, even children can do it. There are even many gamblers who are not "experts" at all. In the expert circle, this is naturally no one will not.

 Letting a gambler of this level to roll this dice is like letting a professional basketball point guard demonstrate the most basic in-situ dribble action. Naturally, no mistakes will be made after doing this many times.

however

 When the dice set, Antonio showed shock and murmured.

 "This" Jim next to him was not as strong as he was, but quite surprised.

 It is this "something that can be done 10,000 times" that is as casual as breathing for a gambler like Antonio. At this moment, he failed.

 The second dice rolled more than half a turn when it fell, and finally showed a "6" and a "3" result.

 "How is that possible?" Antonio's face was all white, and the uneasiness and terror in his heart gushed out.

 He just checked carefully when he squeezed the dice just now. He started rolling after making sure that Wu Shang hadn't moved hands and feet on it. And there is no problem with his technique. He has made the same gesture thousands of times, no matter the strength, angle of the dice, the grip before the shot, or the situation when he leaves the hand.

 However, the result was unsuccessful.

 The only reason to explain this phenomenon is-bad luck.

 Maybe the table on the ship is uneven, or the tabletop is just static, or the tabletop is undulating with the naked eye. In short, a situation that was minimal in probability prevented Antonio from throwing the desired points.

 "Tojo once encountered that situation." Wu Shang looked at Antonio again and said a few seconds later, "It was only then that he gave up the idea of ​​continuing to gamble." He paused. "At that time I do n’t know, there is a saying circulating among the old men-'Luck in his life will run out, most people will almost run out of luck before death. But professional gamblers are different, they Too much money is overdrawn, so when certain signs appear, whether or not they have enough capital to withdraw, they must leave the world of gambling. Otherwise they will die. '"

 Wu Shang said here, exhaling: "However, to explain it with the theory you believe in, this is just a matter of probability, right?"

 "No more nonsense! This can't prove anything!" Antonio's panic quickly turned into anger. "Jim, don't listen to him nonsense, this is all his psychological tactics. He wants to disturb us!"

 "Uh." Jim froze and answered, "It's okay, Mr. Antonio, I won't believe in the" fortune "fallacy."

 "Let's go on," Wu Shang spread his hands and smiled. "Look who will end up in the abyss called gambling."

 At the same time, on the same floor, in a certain cabin.

 The "host", sitting in a chair at this moment, looked nervously at the electronic teleprompter card in his hand.

 After announcing the prize, he returned to this private cabin and never stepped out again, just waiting silently for a new "instruction".

 Click, Chi——

 Suddenly, the electronic lock of the cabin door was opened from the outside, and a silhouette echoed at the door.

 It was a decent person, in his mid-thirties, of medium build, a well-dressed suit, and his hair combed perfectly.

 "Mr. Zhang, I'm sorry to have come to visit you until now." Ayu's conversation was polite. He said as he entered the cabin and took it with him. "It's because I never had time before"

 "Who are you?" The host, known as Mr. Zhang, looked at the strange man in front of him, interrupting suspiciously.

"Oh, yes, you‘ do n’t know me anymore. ”Ayu said, and he found a place to sit down. I saw him lift his right leg to his left leg, his fingers crossed, and he said leisurely, "Oh. It's okay, you will remember me soon."

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Chapter 10 A Broken Game

 At four in the morning, the Captain May Wind room.

 It seemed that the captain in his fifties with a beard was standing in front of the window, standing with his hands on his back, looking out at the almost dark sea in the distance.

 "You're done?" Suddenly, he broke the silence and said to himself.

 "Finished." With this response, the little white man who had previously contacted Martinez emerged from the shadow behind the "Captain", "'The evacuated people' have all gone by boat The helicopters and lifeboats on the ship are no longer available. Of course, they are still there to avoid suspicion. "

 "What about those guys who follow us on the sea?" The captain asked again.

 "Oh," said the little man. "Is it necessary to control them? After the operation starts, they can overturn the entire ship."

 "Well," the captain groaned and took off the hat from his head. "Then I should almost get ready."

 During the conversation, the hair on his head, the features on his face, as well as his skin, flesh, and facial bones began to wriggle violently in a strange way, and gradually reorganized into another person's appearance.

 And that person was actually Nakamura.

 "Speaking of your" transformation ", I feel a little disgusted no matter how many times I have seen it." The little man looked at the other person like this and said without hesitation.

 The faceless man heard the words and slanted him: "Do you know, I have thought about becoming a beauty more than once, pretending to meet you and follow you home. Then you pressed me under you At that time, it suddenly turned into an ugly monster that was beyond your imagination. If all goes well, it is estimated that your second half and lower body will frequently deal with psychiatrists and male hospitals.

 "Okay, I'm afraid of you, okay? I'm stink, I apologize." The little man immediately acknowledged, and he waved and said, "Whether your original gender is male or female, I think I It ’s not your dish. If you want to do that kind of prank, you should go to Hanazuka. I would love to see if he can still have that poker face when the stunning beauty is delivered. "

 "You come and play me less." As the face-changing person spoke, he had completed all the changes in the details of his face, and immediately began to change his figure. With the torso of his torso, the captain's suit buttons on his upper body were torn apart. "Huazuka is a man among men. If I do that kind of thing to him, 80% will ignore my gender and appearance at that time. If I was fucked, and I would definitely tell him it was your idea, and then he would come and fuck you twice. "

 "I've been fucked, why are there two?" The little man wanted to vomit, but he stopped when he said, "Ah, forget it, I don't want to ask, don't tell me. "Speaking, he turned around and walked out of the cabin," I'm going to prepare the host's speech, you can practice your lines again. "

 There are two ends, just as an undercurrent is quietly gaining momentum on the ship, this "fighting card" between Wu Shang and Antonio has also entered the final stage.

 Because of a three-time full in the South Third Game, Shinji's nodule jumped over Antonio to become the first place, and won Lianzhuang.

 But Wu Shang is still in fourth place, and his points are almost gone. According to the rules, if one of the four loses all their points, the Banzhuang will end early and enter the settlement stage.

 So the next game is very important for Wu Shang.

 Even if he doesn't order a gun, as long as someone other than him touches himself, his point stick will run out. According to the current situation on the table, if immediately entered the settlement stage, Antonio and Jim would not lose too much even if they lose. Converted into a score card, this will look like a dozen or so.

 This is obviously not the result Wu Shang wants to see.

 South three innings, two in this field.

 Shinji's fortunes have eased somewhat, and although the cards are good, they are quite satisfactory. Jim's hand was better than at the beginning of the previous round, and Antonio had a very bad starting hand.

 The stark gambler's calm sneer had completely disappeared from his face.

 From his perspective, Wu Shang must have cheated in the last round, but he didn't see any clues. If Wu Shang ignores his intimidation and repeats what he just did, then Shinji will win a lot.

 Of course, even so, Antonio still has a retreat. Because he could be sure he would never fire a gun, and Jim, under his instructions, would not. In this way, Shinji only had to touch his own hand, and once he touched himself, Wu Shang had to pay a little. So that this Banzhuang will end early.

 In other words, as long as they don't let the real company let go of this game, even if the real company can win, they can't continue to be even. This half of the village will end here. Their loss will not be too great.

 However, at this moment Antonio did not know that this "and retreat" idea would be the beginning of some kind of change.

 The ninth round, Antonio, played three draws, and draw cards.

 After all, the King of Gamblers is the King of Gamblers. Even though his starting hand is terrible, he has reorganized the cards in his hand within ten rounds.

 It's a pity that Jim didn't give him a card at this time, so they had to wait. However, looking at Shinji was still a long way from the draw, and they felt they could afford it.

 "Three hits," Wu Shang looked at Antonio's card and laughed, "Oh. In this case, I thought you would throw eight cakes out." He paused. "I'm afraid of eight cakes." Will it make someone else jealous? "

 "Avoid unnecessary risks. Is there any problem?" Antonio replied coldly.

 "The problem is that your style of play is too vain." Wu Shang said, "If you really have the confidence that you will never hit the gun, this place should be played with Baba, isn't it? And the stand, me and Shinji are obviously both I have n’t seen the cards yet, why do n’t you stand upright? After you choose to play three-card draws in that hand, is there any detour space for changing cards? "

 "Well, I don't need the bottom-ranked person to teach me how to play mahjong." This response from Antonio has actually shown that he can't find any rationale for refuting the reason, and can only pull other things.

 "Even if you ask me, I won't come to teach you." Wu Shang shouted, "Your pretentious play can neither bring pressure to the opponent nor bring luck. Look at you too. It's old, and I won't be able to guide you again. "

 Between their talks, it was another two passes. Antonio and Jim did not touch a valid card, and Wu Shang

 "Brother of the dealer, OPEN is right here, right?" He suddenly looked up and asked a question next to the black suit.

 "Approve it, it's two." The answer from the black suit was concise.

 "Okay." After being confirmed, Wu Shang threw his last stick at the time, "Stand upright." He immediately spread his hand. "Ming card."

 "This boy" Antonio's cold sweat came down like this, he looked at the opponent's open hand and said, "He knows that we can't get any cards from us, he just stands up and waits for his own touch. Anyway, lose more or lose less. He said the same thing, and he wasn't afraid he would fire a gun. And he deliberately wanted the same cards as me. This made it clear to Jim that if he wanted to send me a Hu, he would be cut off by him.

 "Besides, he just wanted to provoke me to think that it must be false. His real intention was to suggest to Nakamura what card I want by talking to me. Nakamura who got the hint would never play any danger. Card. "

 Thinking of this, Antonio snorted: "Huh. Being a smart guy, even if your momentum and calculations are very strong? As long as I touch myself first, or Jim successfully draws, you still You have to lose. Using a less probable way to fight with my flexible and reasonable cooperation is simply a desperate act. "

 Just as Antonio thought about it, he went over again.

 On the next tour, Wu Shang who touched the card didn't even look at it. He turned the card over and took a shot on the table: "Self-touch, the card is straight, and the door is smooth and full."

 "WTF?" Antonio took off his sunglasses and moved forward. He stared at the table as if he couldn't believe his eyes.

 "I've said that, you've run out of luck." Wu Shang lit a cigarette again and said calmly, "How can you not lose by using the game of gains and losses and hanging the so-called probability? He stunned his ashes, "You need to understand that you have both talent and courage, and you have made all the calculations and preparations, but in the end, you still lose. This is Mahjong, this is gambling."

 "Go" Antonio was speechless, and the huge pressure stood in front of him like a mountain.

 At this moment, Wu Shang's figure became blurred in his eyes, and gradually turned into a chaotic magic shadow, reaching out to push him into a strange field, an abyss that he had always avoided.

 South Fourth Bureau.

 Thanks to Wu Shang's trump card, the real company is down. But in the last game, Wu Shang settled on his own.

 Taking that invention card upright as a turning point, Wu Shang started a counterattack.

 At this point, luck had been led to Wu Shang's hands and held firmly by him. Wu Shang has overwhelmed his opponent with imposing manners, with various actions that are unpredictable and cannot be explained by common sense.

 So, winning streak, streaking, and starting to get points directly from Antonio and Jim.

 Perhaps Antonio can guarantee that he will never let go of people of this level, but in front of Wu Shang, he may not be able to do so.

 Finally, after four times in Lianzhuang, a pair of good cards that had never been encountered for a century and surpassed common sense came to Wu Shang.

 At this point, Antonio's and Jim's sticks were almost squeezed. At this point in time, Wu Shang once again stood up straight, with the card face-four dark carved single rides.

 This second invention of the upright card completely destroyed the opponent's will and luck. Although there is no need to worry about firing anymore, Antonio and Jim are no longer in the army. They couldn't find a valid card for several consecutive rounds. And every time Wu Shang touched the cards, they made them feel intimidated, as if to scare half their lives.

 In the end, Wu Shang still fooled himself.

 This half-zhuang ended with both Antonio and Jim running out of points. Shinji won the second place with more than 10,000 points on hand, and Wu Shang, who had nearly 90% awesome points on the desktop, was naturally the first.

 As a result, the settlement work becomes very simple. Wu Shang and Shinji got all the starting point sticks, that is, 100,000 points, plus the first and second place reward points, a total of 170,000. And Antonio and Jim's point stick is zero. Because they are both zero, there is no "third place". The two are considered to be tied for fourth, and the final reward is zero.

 According to the ratio of 1000: 1, Jim must hand over 170 points cards to Shinji. This has exceeded the total number of points cards he has.

 "This guest, about the points that are inadequate ..." After settlement, when the black suit saw that Jim had more than twenty points, he couldn't give them, so he wanted to ask the real company's opinion.

 Shinji immediately interrupted "very generously": "Nothing, everyone is an old classmate, I won't say anything because you can't give it out. Just treat me as if you owe me a favor."

 He just shouted in front of Jim. The ridicule of ridicule that has made the enemy unsuccessful after being defeated is awesome.

 And Jim, can only confess his fate.

 This is the world of gambling. Those who can give you room for tolerance are considered polite.

 In short, this game of Mahjong not only wiped out all the efforts of Jim tonight, but also caused him a shame. His anger must have been sprinkled on Antonio.

 As he stepped out of the Mahjong's cabin, Jim stared back at the star-gambling King of Stars, and yelled, "What are you still doing with me?"

 Seeing that he had spoken the word "roll" so implicitly, Antonio didn't follow up with interest, so he found a place to stay alone.

 At 4.30 am, it was very close to sunrise.

 The winning company, Shinji, is leading Wu Shang and Hanazuka towards the banquet hall-he is going to celebrate with a few glasses of champagne in advance and take a break by the way.

 "Don't we have to wait for Ayu?" Wu Shang was still asking Jinji as he walked halfway. "When I hit Nanchang before, I watched him go out alone. Why haven't I come back yet?"

 "He said he was going to the toilet." Hanazuka answered indifferently.

 "Haha, maybe I have a bad stomach." Shinji said, "Or I met a beautiful girl on the road and went on a date. Maybe."

 Jinji is in a good mood now.

 "Well. Alright." Although Wu Shang did not agree with Shinji's casual speculation, he did not think that Ayu had encountered any crisis. After all, Ayu is just an accompanying person. And he is neither a gambling partner nor a full-time bodyguard, and there is no reason for others to attack him. "If he can't find us in a while, he will probably come to the banquet hall by himself."

 The three of them continued to move towards the middle of the cruise ship.

Unexpectedly, as they walked through an unmanned corridor, suddenly, Wu Shang was hit with a shock at the back of his neck. After a second, he lost consciousness.

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Chapter 11 Future Choices

 Headache, this is Wu Shang's first feeling when he wakes up.

 Immediately after regaining consciousness, a bloody smell poured into his nasal cavity. The instinct to deal with danger kept him awake immediately.

 "Huh" He adjusted his breathing, quickly sat up from the ground and glanced around, only to find himself in a small private cabin. There was a man lying beside him.

 At this moment, although the man is with his back facing up, from the side face, body shape and clothing, he is undoubtedly Mr. Shinji.

 "Mr. Nakamura?" Wu Shang rubbed his neck and reached out to push Shinji.

 With this push, he found a pool of dark brown blood flowing from under Shinji.

 Seeing this, Wu Shang did not panic, after all, he was out of the mix, and the violence and even homicide he has seen over the years are countless. Therefore, after a little hesitation for two seconds, he climbed a distance and turned over the whole man.

 When Shinji became lying, Wu Shang was assured that it was already dead.

 "This kind of wound is like a heart crushed by a palm," Wu Shang looked at the shocking rift on the chest of the corpse, and said, "Surely it was made by Hanazuka."

 His speculation is also reasonable. With Hanazuka's strength, it is easy to achieve such a thing. Furthermore, although Wu Shang did not see who was knocking himself out, the one immediately behind him was Huazuka. So his suspicions are the biggest.

 "But why did you kill even Shinji Nakamura, but left my life behind?" Wu Shang couldn't help thinking, "Let me live, you will be a murderer sooner or later. Even if you start from the beginning Do n’t be afraid of being wanted by the federal government. With the nodding relationship between us, you do n’t need to keep me alive. ”

 As he thought, he staggered to his feet and walked towards the door.

di——zha——

 He tried to press the switch of the electronic door, but unexpectedly, the door opened.

 In other words, the person who threw him in this cabin did not intend to imprison him at all, but just left him with the body casually.

 "What the hell is this?" Wu Shang just missed a moment, and suddenly a shadow came into his sight.

 At this time, just at sunrise, the sea on the east side was already white, standing on the side of the ship and looking out, the view was very wide.

 The dark shadow Wu Shang saw was like a huge rock that cut through the sky, quickly passing over the top of his head, and flying to the distant sea. When it was far away, Wu Shang realized that it was a ship.

 It's not a huge cruise ship like the May Wind, but it's also a yacht that can accommodate dozens of people. Wu Shang saw parabola flying up like a football and finally "smashing" on the sea. Wu Shang saw it for the first time.

 "Well," Wu Shang stared at the fragment of the ship for a few seconds and groaned, "I have to leave here"

 Twenty minutes ago, May Wind, the banquet hall.

 As the sun rises, the "Game of Kings" also comes to an end.

 After a broadcast announcing "It's time to play, guests are invited back to the banquet hall to reveal the winner". All the guests, whether they were out early or consciously had a chance to win, all gathered here again.

 Their ideas are easy to understand, regardless of whether they have the hope of victory, at least to see who has won.

 At 5:10 a.m., the "host" stepped onto the stage on the ground floor of the ballroom again and came to the glass cage.

 During the game, the "prize" has been placed on the stage and has not been moved, and there is always a group of black suits guarding it around. Although some guests have tried to approach the prizes or spy on intelligence, they all failed.

 "Guests." The host was still the same, reading the text with the rap card, "As you can see, the game tonight is over."

 "No more nonsense, let us know the results!" The host person said a word, and someone upstairs interrupted him with a bad manner.

 Intervening was obviously a guest who had lost all energy and got drunk. Because he lost all the score cards early, he had to eat and drink and wait until dawn.

 The host ignored him, but paused and continued to say, "Before the final result is announced, there is another thing that everyone is very interested in, which will be announced here."

 "Hey! I told you to reveal the results! You are deaf!" The drunken man seemed to be a bit of a lunatic, and the two bodyguards next to him couldn't stop him.

 Just then, suddenly a woman's voice replied, "Are you really so anxious to know the result?"

 This sentence did not come from any sound reinforcement equipment, but directly appeared in the minds of everyone present. Not only that, but even more strange is that everyone can feel that the source of the sound is the cage in the center of the stage.

 "what happened?"

 "What was that just now?"

 "Is she really capable?"

 "Be careful, it can be dangerous."

 All of a sudden, the banquet hall was filled with noise, and guests, gamblers, and bodyguards all reacted to the situation from their own standpoints.

 "Ha! Ha ha ha ha" a moment later, the drunk guy laughed and answered loudly, "So what?"

call--

 Before the words fell, his body was pulled from the railing on the third floor by an invisible force, and he flew to the stage at a very fast speed.

puff!

 Within two seconds, his head slammed into a corner of the glass cage and burst like a watermelon.

 As his body fell, his right hand instinctively grabbed the black cloth covered in the prison cage and tore it off.

 As the black cloth was uncovered, people saw the woman in the cage again. She was still wearing a bondage of a mental patient, still tied by an iron chain, and still wearing an iron mask that could completely cover her face.

 But at this moment, she no longer sat on her knees, but stood up.

 "This is the result." She said these words as the body landed and began to twitch.

 "Ah-" When a life case is made in public, the first scream is always issued by a woman, and this time is no exception.

 This scream seemed to be a signal, and the order at the scene collapsed instantly.

 Seeing this sudden and very obvious "capable of killing" scene, guests all chose to escape immediately.

 Then, in an instant, all floors of the banquet hall were messed up. The situation of shoving, scrambling, and scolding one after the other is one after another.

 However, people soon discovered that all the exits had been closed in the few minutes they had focused on the stage.

 Bang--

 "Damn! Can't open!"

 "what is this?"

 "It's impossible. My right arm is a strengthened prosthetic leg. There is no reason."

 Another disturbing thing is that the doors and walls here are incredibly solid. Even though there are some combat-type abilities in the bodyguards present, none of them can break out the door or the wall.

 "Don't bother, all the outer walls of this banquet hall are made of 'net alloy', which cannot be broken by ordinary power." As the crowd fell into chaos, the little white man's voice sounded.

 Of course, his voice did not appear in others' minds. He just ran to the stage and took the microphone from the host's hand to speak.

 After saying this, he immediately covered the microphone with his hands, turned his head, and whispered to the woman in the prison cage, "My Lord Dereya, suddenly you are so free to play. The host drafts have been written for others. "

call--

 Before the little man had finished speaking, there was a sound of breaking wind in his ear.

 He looked at the sound, and it turned out that the host "flyed out" and flew from the stage and hit the wall. However, the host was not directly killed like the drunk man, but just fainted.

 After "Xing Xing Xing" was dying, the little man who took a sigh of relief widened his eyes and looked at the "Dreya" said, "Then I will preside over it! Ah ha ha ha" The biggest advantage of a guy may be knowing when to put away his poisonous tongue and decisively advocating.

 Meanwhile, upstairs

 "Open the door! I know someone outside and I warn you, I count to three!"

 "Do you know who I am? How dare you treat me that way?"

 "Lao Tzu hired a whole ship of professional mercenaries and followed it near the sea. I see who dares to mess around!"

 Those celebrities whose personal security has been threatened have begun to negotiate with intimidation, and they expect that people outside the door will open the exit because of fear.

 Unfortunately, this is impossible.

 "Now, guests." After a while, the little man really took the microphone and started hosting, "Please be quiet and listen to me"

 "Asshole! Let us go!"

 "Shut up, you stinky gnome!"

 "Believe it or not, I'll let you go over now!"

 But the response was roughly the same.

 The little man sighed, even if no one ignored him, he still had to say, "What the host just wanted to tell you is the organizer of this" King of the King "game, which is our great" Kingzun "master. . "

 "What are the five and six? Tell me how I can get out? Otherwise," a tall man who looked like a bodyguard jumped off the second floor, approached the small man, and put on a Vice stance to do it.

 "Brother, can I be wrong?" The little man said to the man weakly.

 "Do you stinky look down on me?" The tall man saw him without fear, and his anger was even more three-pointer. He punched him.

 "Yeah" At that moment, the little man's eyes suddenly became cold and cruel, "I just look down on you"

 He said these ten words were shared for five seconds.

 In the second second, he raised his right hand and pressed a finger against the tall man's fist. Then his fingers pierced the skin and bones of the opponent as if they had poked into the tofu, and they penetrated into the fist heart all the way.

 It wasn't until the fifth second that the tall man realized what was happening. He quickly put his hands back and screamed and fell to the ground with his hands. At this time, the wound on his hand was like he punched a punch and hit a steel bar, with his bones exposed.

 "All of you who were invited here today are undoubtedly high-class people." After the attackers were repelled, the little man no longer managed the other party, but just held the microphone and calmly answered. "You have been from birth. It has occupied social resources that ordinary people can't reach, and in the near future, it will certainly be among the "ruling class" of the Federation. It can be said that you are the "future" of the Federation. "

 The more he speaks, the more people will quietly listen to him. On the one hand, because people did not find a way out in a short time, on the other hand, because many bodyguards and gamblers have recognized him.

 The little man's name was Paul Akmon, and he was an Oak County man. His real name is rarely known or important, because everyone knows his other name, syndicate.

 According to the information known on the Tao, Syndicate is also at least a strong ability. In view of this, the woman in the glass cage behind him may not be a fuel-efficient lamp.

 "But what exactly is the" future "? Is it in your hands?" Syndicate's words continued. "Or in the hands of civilians?" He smiled. "He stretched his arms." 'Future' is in the hands of the Lord's Supreme Master. Without his 'guidance', the Federation would not be able to get to where it is today. "

 With that said, no one was in the banquet room anymore, and everyone was silently listening to what he was about to say next.

 "For this world, for the order and peace of all mankind. Lord Zun will regularly choose a group of followers as his help to lead humanity in the next era." Syndicate paused for a second, and then the words turned, "Of course, Lord Zun needs elite, not mediocrity. So this king game is a 'screening'. Your performance in this game determines whether you can plan the 'future' in Zun Zun Have a place in it. "

 "Rich!" At this moment, someone finally couldn't help but yelled upstairs. "Can you use your quizzes and gambling games to decide who is the elite?"

 "Oh," Syndicate laughed. "Are you looking down on the 'Game of Kings'?" He replied, "from the stage of looking for assistants to the game of this morning's orthodoxy. These test your connections, Intelligence ability, ability to know and make good use of people, judgment, determination, endurance, big picture, knowledge reserve, psychological quality, etc. "He looked at the retort," the so-called "elite" is to do everything We must strive to be upstream. People who say, 'This is just fun and games, so I did n’t take it seriously, so it does n’t matter if I lose, are they serious enough to win?'

 "What do you want now?" A few seconds later, another person asked upstairs.

"Good question," Syndicate responded. "Actually, I just want to invite those guests who have more than sixty points and your entourage to follow our boat and go somewhere." Shrug, "As for the other people. Since 'the future' doesn't have a place for you, oh. Please die here."

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Chapter 12 Deadly Invitation

 Wu Shang ran dozens of meters along the side of the ship without encountering anyone.

 Of course, he didn't want to meet anyone.

 He quickly found a lifeboat, untied the cables and lowered it.

 Of course, just as he was about to jump over the ship's fence

 "I advise you not to do this." A familiar voice came from behind him.

 Wu Shang's action was also stopped because of this.

 "All the lifeboats on the ship, including the two helicopters parked at the stern, are useless." Seeing Wu Shang still not coming down from the fence, Ayu added. "Even if you jump on that lifeboat now, you won't be able to return to shore alive."

 "Oh," Wu Shang laughed. He turned back to the deck and looked at Ayudao. "In fact, I'm pretty confident in my water. I can try to swim under the premise of seeing the coastline . "

 "Okay." Ayu laughed. "If you want to know anything, just ask, this time I will tell you without reservation."

 "That's fine," Wu Shang shrugged. "Let's start with the question," Who are you? "

 This question was asked by Wu Shang when Ayu faked the real company. But when asked again at the moment, the meaning is different.

 Upon hearing this, Ayu nodded and calmly replied, "My name is Mitsuhide Mitsuhide, which is one of Kabukicho's" two great legends. "The winner."

 "You said" Wu Shang's expression could not help but start to change, "What?"

 "A bit weird, right?" Ayu replied with a smile. "Don't worry, I'll understand as soon as I explain." He paused for a few seconds, and then said, "I'm a capable person, but my ability is very interesting. I Call it-cognitive correction. "

 Just hearing these four words, Wu Shang had already guessed something. But he didn't interrupt, just listening quietly.

 "I can modify a certain concept in other people's cognition within a certain limit." Ayu went on to say, "For example, I can make someone who has never been in the mountain think that he is a mountain climber. I can also let A talentless screenwriter or director considers himself a respected film master. I can even make a person think that cabbage is a fruit rather than a vegetable. "

 "Then you make people all over the world think you are their father, aren't you invincible?" Wu Shang finally couldn't help but vomit.

 "I want to, too, unfortunately," Ayu replied, "I already said that the correction needs to be done within a certain limit. To make a person think that he can climb, first he must know what is" mountain climbing ". To make a person feel that he is good at making movies, first he has to make 'movies'. In addition, there are some ridiculous cognitions that are far from the objective facts and cannot be modified. For example, I cannot make the elderly think that they are Children, ca n’t make men think they are women. I ca n’t make the world think I am their father. ”

 "Why don't we use‘ multiple modifications ’to compile a logic chain?” Wu Shang ’s response was so quick that he immediately thought of a solution.

 "I naturally know that." Ayu said, "However, my ability is used by up to three people at the same time. And, I can only modify one cognition on each person." He spread his hands, "wait My level of competence is higher, maybe I can do what you say, but now. "

 Wu Shang replied: "So, your cognitive modification to me is"

 "'Wu Shang is the winner.'" Ayu said after taking the other's words, "That's all."

 Wu Shang thought about it and asked, "When did you use this ability against me?"

 "It was when I met you in the Mahjong Pavilion." Ayu replied, "Although you don't know me, I know you."

 "Well, I just want to ask you." Wu Shang asked again, "Since I'm not a" winner ", who am I?"

 "People in Daoer call you‘ Unlucky Wu Shang ’, because wherever you guys go, they will lose out.” Ayu said.

 "Oh? I'm a human being, too." Wu Shang said with a smile on his face, "Don't you be afraid that someone will recognize me and call me a nickname in person?"

 "There is no such possibility," said Ayu. "Because you have been under my control since you were arrested at Shinji's house."

 With his narrative, some details that happened in the past few weeks flashed before Wu Shang's eyes.

 "Then let me introduce it to you. This is one of Kabukicho's 'two legends', and it's called 'Wu Shang' who is called 'Winner'."

 "Let me introduce this is the" winner "of Kabukicho, Wu Shang."

 "The people you saw in the mansion were" introduced "by me. People of the class like Shinji certainly don't know you, and most of those experts have only heard of the" winner " And the name of "Unlucky Wu Shang", but I haven't seen this person. "Ayu said," Even if someone really recognizes you, it doesn't matter, I use 'cognitive modification' for them. "

 "What do you do when you get to this ship?" Wu Shang replied. "There are many experts here. Except me, you can only change the perception of two people in case more than two people recognize me How to do"

 "I can recognize you, it's all people on the road," A Yu interrupted before he heard what he said, "and in the king game, each player can only take one gambler with him. In other words, tonight, all the experts on this ship are 'opposed' and 'isolated'. Not to mention that those gamblers must follow their employers and cannot walk around at will, even if someone really recognizes you , And come here to talk to you. Then only one person will come over every time. "

 Having said that, he paused for a moment and then said, "Of course, as you said, some extreme incidents are unpredictable. So" Ayu looked at Wu Shang and said in a deep voice. From that moment, until you and Antonio sat down to play mahjong, I never left you for a second. I was always ready to deal with those unexpected situations. "

 Hearing this sentence, Wu Shang seemed to understand why Ayu was by his side even when he was smoking outside the cabin of Shinji.

 "Ah, I served you," Wu Shang said, "then you can release your ability from me now?"

 "Okay," Ayu replied, "I originally planned that."

 His words did not fall, Wu Shang found that he had recovered his original cognition, and he remembered the fact that he was not the winner.

 "It's funny, right?" Ayu saw the expression on the other side and smiled. "Although the cognition has changed twice, but if I didn't tell you the information just now, you wouldn't even realize that you were being used by me. Manipulated. "

 "This is really a convenient ability," Wu Shang said. "Whether it is used or released, there is no sign at all. You must go to be a cowboy."

 "Haha" Ayu really thought this funny, "If I have nothing to do in the future, I will consider your proposal."

 "I almost understand about me," Wu Shang said. "But what about the death of Shinji Nakamura, and what is this 'king game'?"

 Ayu previously said that he would answer Wu Shang's question "without reservation". Therefore, here he is also very committed to repeating the matters related to the "Game of Kings", that is, what Syndicate said in the banquet hall.

 He later said, "As for Shinji Nakamura, he should be one of the keys to this plan.

 "Although he himself has long been judged as a useless and incompetent by His Holiness, the resources he possesses are what we will need in the future.

 "You should also imagine that the old guys in the cabinet are a group of well-thought-out foxes. They have very thorough training and protection of their children. It is very difficult for us to find a breakthrough.

 "The reason we are focusing on Shinji. Because of all the sons and daughters of the Cabinet, he is the only one who may come to the May Wind."

 Wu Shang interjected at this time: "Oh ~ so it is also purposeful to hold the game locally in Sakura no Yu?"

 "Yes," Ayu replied, "Rao is so, he almost couldn't come over. Fortunately, he got on the boat at the last moment."

 Wu Shang pouted his lips: "He finally got on the ship, why did you kill him?"

 "Because he is an incompetent and useless person." Ayu said, "All we want is the convenience brought by the identity of Shinji Nakamura, but we don't need him."

 Wu Shang's mind was really fast. When he heard this sentence, he had speculated: "You want someone to impersonate him?"

 "Exactly," Ayu replied.

 This affirmative answer relieved many doubts of Wu Shang. He began to understand why Shinji's body was so casually discarded in the cabin.

 "Well," Wu Shang groaned for a while, thought through the whole thing again, and then said, "then there are only a few remaining questions." He looked at Ayu, "Why do you keep me alive, and Tell me this?

 "Huazuka is also yours. In this case, when Shinji came to this ship, you could kill him immediately, wouldn't you? Anyway, those who are responsible for replacing him are already prepared.

 "Or, from the beginning, you did n’t have to ask me to be a partner of Shinji? Just find a guy like Hatoyama or Toyotomi as his partner, and you will kill them with Shinji directly after boarding That's fine. "

 "You're right." Ayu said, "That was my original plan, but" he smiled at Wu Shang with a meaningful smile, "you, changed my mind."

 He put his hands in his pockets and paced slowly, then said: "The encounter with you was a coincidence. The two bets I arranged that night were originally just a 'show' intended to be shown to Shinji.

 "However, your performance has greatly exceeded my expectations.

 "In the beginning, I thought you were almost like those guys with the nicknames of" just fortune "and" undefeated ". They were all big names. I didn't expect that 'Unlucky Wu Shang' Wu Shang was indeed the name. "

 Speaking of this, Ayu stopped and looked at Wu Shang and said, "Mr. Wu Shang, you are the strongest gambler I have ever seen. It is precisely to re-confirm your strength that I will spend a lot of time and let Shinji lived a few more hours and accompany you for the night. "

 "HO ~" Wu Shang took out a cigarette, lit it to himself, and responded with an indifferent tone. "These words came from a colleague, not from the mouth of the legendary" winner ". It really flatters me. "

 "Why not?" Ayu replied unwillingly. "The word" winning and losing "has a broad meaning and is not limited to the field of gambling." Winning and losing "may not be the strongest gambler.

 "In short," Wu Shang turned his head and looked at the sea scenery again. "Today's" innings ", you seem to have won."

 "Ah, it's done," Ayu said. "It's almost like persuading you to join us."

 "If I didn't understand it wrong," Wu Shang exhaled, "I already‘ know so many things ’, if I do n’t agree with you, I will definitely be killed by you.”

 "Yes," Ayu replied calmly. "So, I strongly recommend that you think carefully before giving me an answer."

 "No need!" Unexpectedly, Wu Shang replied almost without hesitation, "I said it to you long ago." When he said that, he suddenly fell backwards, turned over the railing, and fell to the sea. "I told myself Water is still pretty confident! "

 He roared, and was finally drowned in a sound of falling water.

 "Well." Ayu watching this scene did not show any surprise, but sighed.

 A few seconds later, the figure of Hanazuka appeared from a corner behind Ayu.

 "I'm here to kill him?" Hanazuka said, still so concise.

 "Um." Ayu nodded. After all, he left.

 Hanazuka is obviously also a capable person, his ability is called-strength.

 This simple, direct-to-extreme ability, after reaching a certain level, will appear in a variety of incredible ways to use it.

 For example, at the moment, Hanazuka was standing on the side of the ship, watching the sea below, and Wu Shang struggling to swim on the sea, throwing a punch in the air.

 Wu Shang did swim fast, faster than the world champion among normal people. By the time Hanazuka punched, he was almost 100 meters from the ship.

 However, it was also because of this distance between him and the ship that Hanazuka was able to act recklessly.

boom.

 At that moment, a loud noise broke out on the sea. The sea centered on Wu Shang seems to be caught by an invisible giant boxing with a width of more than ten meters.

 Suddenly, the sea was soaring into the sky, and the waves broke. Even tonnage cruise ships such as the May Wind were pushed a little farther by the waves of boxing power and were sprayed with water.

 Wu Shang, who was at the center of the attack, disappeared on the surface, and never floated up.

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Surviving

 The weather in late autumn is already quite cold. At this time, the artificial peninsula beaches in the south of Minamiboso will basically be closed to the outside world.

 So, this morning, there was no one on the beach.

 Until ... a figure was washed ashore by the sea.

 It was a young man in his twenties with short black hair. At this moment, he was left with only a black shirt and a pair of shorts, because when he was in the water, he had taken off his jackets, jeans, belts, and socks that hindered his movements ...

 However, even though he took off his extra clothes, and despite his good water, he was still drowning physically when he was quite a distance from the coast.

 After all ... the place where he fell into the water was really far from the coastline, and he was injured.

 However, he was ashore anyway.

 No matter if it is a miracle or a coincidence, the ocean currents and tides sent a young man who should have sunk to the sea. It's as if ... even "Death" is disgusting him.

 "It's really ..."

 Shortly after Wu Shang was washed ashore, a man with a big beard and a beard appeared on the beach, and muttered at the moment he saw Wu Shang.

 This man looks about forty years old, and by looking at his face and hair, he is a typical Europa race. Not only was he tall, but he was as strong as a bull. The muscles on his back are as thick as bullet-proof, and his arms are as thick as ordinary people's legs. He looks almost like the standard strong man character you can see in fighting games.

 "So ... isn't it just to take a person to the hospital, why should I go to the hospital ..." The strong man approached Wu Shang while talking to himself in a complaining tone.

 Just when he was about ten steps away from Wu Shang, suddenly! In that cloudy sky ... a flash of thunder.

 Immediately afterwards, a flash of lightning hit the strong man without fail.

 A few seconds later, the thunder rose to the side, and the brave man was still standing still and standing.

 At this time, the skin of his back was exposed as his clothes broke due to lightning strikes. It's also because of the influence of lightning ... A large red-shaped "current ripple" like a plant vein appeared on his back.

 However, apart from these changes, he seems to be fine.

 "Fuck ..." This was the only word he said after being split by Thunder.

 After scolding, he thoughtfully remained silent for a few seconds, then laughed.

 After laughing for a while, he looked up again and tempted to take a few steps forward. After waiting a few seconds, he walked to Wu Shang's side, and he explored the pulse of the latter. After confirming that Wu Shang was still alive, he carried Wu Shang on his body and set off for the nearest hospital.

 There is only one security guard at the entrance to the beach. When he saw a disheveled strong man carrying another disheveled man out of a closed public place for many days, you can guess his mood and thoughts.

 After a few seconds of hesitation, the security guard decided to pretend that he saw nothing.

 More than two hours later, Wu Shang woke up from a hospital bed.

 Although he asked many people, no one knew who sent him, only that the man was a white strong man.

 Of course, Wu Shang's identity is not completely clueless. Because he left a black card with a reverse cross logo on the bedside of Wu Shang. There is also a number on the back of the card-"13".

Chapter 1 Winter Is Coming

Winter, 2218, Chelsea, London.

The three British islands are surrounded by the sea and are not too cold in winter due to the currents.

But with the advent of the new glacial period, this winter is particularly difficult to spend.

There is a bookstore in a more remote alley in a remote side street, and no one will find it if it is not specifically sought.

It was there quietly and didn't seem to be waiting for the guests.

When the sun climbed into the middle of the sky, the warmest hour of the day, Berlin pushed open the wooden shop door, and came into the shop with a crunching door shaft sound.

 In Berlin's sight was a small room, but it was full of books. Very little light came in, making the room even darker.

 It is in the depths of such a broken shop that it is difficult to stand and walk, and there is a desk. There is a sofa behind the table, and there is a man on the sofa.

 He looked twenty or thirty years old, with disheveled hair, wearing a black casual suit with an open neckline.

 He is the boss here, Mr. Fang.

 When Berlin came in, Mr. Fang didn't even raise his eyelids.

 He just sat there lazily, holding a book in one hand, and slowly stirring a cup of coffee on the table.

 "I'm back," Berlin said as he walked to his desk.

 "You don't say this, I know you're back. I'm not blind again." Mr. Fang finally put down the book at this time, looked at the other side, shrugged, "Your education makes you like to talk nonsense."

 "Oh," Berlin laughed, and whispered, "Sometimes, I think about it. Who were the people who came to you before? Did they swear or draw guns as soon as they came in?"

 "That's not necessarily" Mr. Fang scratched his hair, "There are also polite young people like you, but we can talk about that topic later. Now." He paused for a second and asked A question, "How's it going?"

 "He ran away," Berlin replied. "You already know, why should you ask again?"

 "He!" Mr. Fang also laughed, Mr. Fang replied, "Just tell me, what part of this 'Failure' do you feel is your responsibility, which part is the objective factor, and which part is my question."

 "Isn't that nonsense?" Berlin replied in a natural tone. "I take responsibility for the actions, and it must be my own responsibility."

 "Oh so." After hearing Berlin's answer, Mr. Fang showed a smiley expression, read these words, drank coffee, and took the opportunity to converge his emotions.

 After "slowing" for a few seconds, Berlin seemed to realize something. "You said that I was going to get 'two things', one was to test Li Zeju and the other was to recruit Thousand Faces. Is this actually a lie to me?" He thought afterwards, "Did you run away from Thousand Faces even from the beginning? So for you, the real second thing is to 'watch my reaction after failure'?"

 "Well, now that you've thought of it yourself, take a note and learn it." Mr Fang put down his coffee and said.

 Heard that Berlin was silent for a moment.

 After thinking about it for a while, he said, "By the way, before you act, you tell me that there are currently two active people in this world who can imitate the appearance of others. In addition to the 'Thousand Faces', the other Who is it? Can we consider recruiting him? "

 "It's impossible." Mr. Fang replied without thinking, "This kind of easy-handling person is very rare in the coming" turbulent world ", another guy has long been pulled by other organizations.

 "Okay," Berlin smirked, "I have another way anyway. The judge will bring" Doctors "at the 'trial', so the number is still sufficient."

 "The number of people has never been a problem." Mr. Fang accented this sentence. "The key is that there are several special abilities. Their abilities are 'necessary.' Their abilities are 'will at some point.' "It plays an irreplaceable role." Regardless of whether the people who come to participate in the "trial" are enough, these people, or these kinds of abilities, must be in the grasp of the inverse cross. "

 "So I still have to find 'Thousand Faces' again?" Berlin asked.

 "Yes," said Mr. Fang. "But for Thousand Faces, we must destroy him without his word."

Berlin nodded, and Mr. Fang looked very mysterious. He moved forward and lowered his voice, saying "I know a guy"

 Berlin asked: "So?"

 "Before the big day comes, we want to design a plan?" Mr. Fang replied.

 "Design" Berlin is a little confused. "Did you complicate the problem?"

 Mr. Fang shook his head. Then in the next second, Mr. Fang snapped his fingers and pointed his finger at a world map hanging on the wall of the bookstore: "Next, we are going to the southern hemisphere!"

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Chapter 2 True "fairness"

 On December 3, CEIBS.

 Switzerland, Bern, Switzerland has existed since ancient times, and it has been called "the roof of Europe" since ancient times.

 No doubt this is a good place. Therefore, in this era, it has naturally become the power center of the federal government.

 Today, there is a group of vested interests who are above the system and at the highest position, and have gathered here in the new city of Bern, the "Cristo Town", on the east bank of the Aare River.

 In this small "half city", in addition to the federal "cabinet", there are also FCPS (Federal Public Safety Commission), EAS (Supervisor of Superpowers), supervisor, EF (Evolution\_Factory, and PUT-OID ( Parallel Space Crossing Observation and Intervention Bureau)-the administrative headquarters of these five special special administrative departments.

 Of course, today's affairs have nothing to do with these five departments.

 These gangsters rushed into the office building of the federal cabinet from all over the world because of a "shocking case" that happened a week ago.

 The story of this case is not complicated at all. An organization of unknown origin engaged in a mysterious gambling game on a cruise ship in Sakura-no-fu, and invited a large group of "second-generation" senior federal officials to participate. As a result, the ship and the ship's people disappeared collectively that night.

 That night, there were several "convoys" that followed the cruise ship, basically all of them were private armeds invited by the "guests" on board, and most of them were mercenaries. After all, on such occasions, calling a warship to escort is not appropriate.

 However, someone still used his family relationship and found a team of military personnel disguised as mercenaries, coming with federal weapons and equipment, and driving a third-party ship.

 It is also the military recorder on this ship that provided valuable evidence for the agents who came to investigate afterwards.

 Unlike ordinary civilian equipment, this recorder can withstand external pressure without damage even if it sinks to the deep sea. And its signal will only be searched by the military's special receiver. Within 72 hours after the power is turned off, the recorder will continuously send out a high-intensity, clear positioning signal. After 72 hours, the built-in battery begins to weaken, at this time the device will automatically go to sleep, with the highest priority to save internal information.

 Although the images captured by this recorder are valuable, the actual investigation progress has not accelerated much.

 On the morning of the day of the incident, the navy of Sakurafuchi received a signal from the recorder. They immediately dispatched men to salvage, and took half a day to retrieve the instruments.

 But after things come out of the water, because each player is unwilling to manage. The rights and responsibilities of those who "receive", "view", and "investigate" have not been clear for nearly 48 hours.

 In this way, a very urgent matter had a clear relationship only two days later. They found a middle-level commander of civilian rank and led a group of ordinary soldiers as an interim leader to conduct an investigation.

 On the third day after the recorder came out of the water, the investigative team finally saw the images recorded inside. Roughly, this is a copy of the "Cloverfield Archives" at sea. In this video, you can see ships flying around in the sky, seeing living people being torn into pieces by mid-air force in midair, and you can even pass through the night after the jumbled footage and continuous screams Look at the camera to enjoy a piece of underwater scenery.

 The commander in charge took a moment to look at the idea-"It looks like this suspect is very capable, let's notify EAS!"

 In this way, half a day's work was delayed again.

 However, the case missed the best opportunity for tracing from the beginning. Either EAS or FCPS, no matter who takes over, there is no way to find out.

 After a week like this, it was almost "time to find out who was missing even without video". The parents of the missing people finally concentrated in Bern and held this "urgent meeting".

 At the meeting, the excited participants rebuked everyone who could attack or wanted to attack.

 "You are in charge of law and order, this is your problem!"

 "You're in charge of shipping. Where did this ship go? Don't you dare say you don't know?"

 "You are in charge of gambling. How dare you say you haven't heard anything?"

 It's all nonsense.

 Everyone present here manages and manages things. Each of them has strong connections, financial resources and other resources. Just this time, they really don't know. If they knew, how could they let their loved ones take risks?

 In fact, more than half of them didn't even know that their missing children had gone to Sakura no Yu. Everyone is busy. Who has time to care about where their children go to play every day?

 Therefore, the "speaking" at these meetings is either simply venting the anger and anxiety of the disappearance of the children, or it is relatively calm to use the disappearance of loved ones as a bargaining chip to achieve their political goals.

 In short, this high-meeting meeting was not orderly and efficient. The level of confusion is probably between the aristocratic parliament of ancient Greece and the meeting of the British House of Lords during World War II.

 Even one of the cabinet's ten assistants, Shinichiro Arai, was unable to control the situation. When he found that rational speech and guidance were completely meaningless, he was so diligent that he took off the glasses on the bridge of his nose, pretended to rub his eyes, and lowered his head to start closing his eyes.

 According to his estimation, this "meeting", or this disaster, will undoubtedly be very long. Considering that smoking and drinking water can be provided in the meeting room, these guys can at least quarrel until the next meal.

 Fortunately, something happened after more than an hour of quarrel.

 Who would have thought that, at this moment, in a place where security efforts had theoretically and practically "unable to fly even a fly", he actually broke into an uninvited guest.

It was a woman, a woman who could live in "the shadows" and move through the shadows.

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Chapter 3 Jungle Expedition

December 5, Sao Paulo, Brazil

 It was once one of the most crowded cities in the world. But now, every family has a football field-sized yard. Although the people here used to be very good and popular in football, now their activity is to weed these football fields.

 At eleven o'clock, the temperature on the runway of the airport exceeded thirty degrees under the scorching sun.

 Rodrigo finally directed the handling of the supplies, found a cool place to sit down, and drank cold beer with the workers.

 Although he is a professor, Rodrigo is actually a very approachable person. People like him who lead the team all year round naturally know how to deal with the people below. He must be fierce when he is working, otherwise he can't calm the scene. And when he was idle, he had to mingle with the grassroots staff and say a few hard to them and give them a little favor. The so-called sugar and whip are used in combination, generally.

 "Fuck, in December he went to the southern hemisphere to get things done, and the people above didn't know what they were doing." Rodrigo scolded while rubbing his sweat. This is one of the techniques he used to talk to his subordinates— "calling leaders" because they resonate on this topic.

 "That's it! They're sitting in the office blowing the air conditioner, let's feed the mosquitoes in the rainforest."

 "I moved the box just now, and I glanced at it, it was actually champagne, and this stuff couldn't be brought into the jungle. Just for a couple of drinks on the plane, they asked us to move such a large box. Ah! "

 "Forget it, it's good that they didn't let you size the champagne tower on the plane. Didn't you see the mark on the box? That's something from the Martinez family. When the Martinez family comes, you have to go Dare to swear, be careful, one word will make your family disappear. "

 Most of these workers, or expeditionary team members, were also recruited locally, mainly because they were familiar with the hot climate. Of course they are also familiar with the Martinez family. At this moment, no one heard it anymore, and the group complained with alcohol.

 Just as their non-nutritive conversation was going on, several Hummers drove over from the hangar in the distance and stopped by the plane.

 A moment later, in the scorching eyes of everyone, Martinez and his female companions, bodyguards, and followers appeared.

 Martinez today wore a long-sleeved white shirt with sleeves rolled up and an open neckline. A pair of designer sunglasses on his forehead hooped his slightly curly, shiny hair from his forehead. He only wore a pair of pink patterned beach pants on his lower body, and a pair of flip flops on his feet.

 The companions next to her are also dressed casually, with several necklines that are wider than Martinez, and lower skirts are hot pants skirts, which can be seen from above or below. At the two flaps, the fluffy fluffy things trembled in the clothes.

 This scenery naturally made the gang of savage workers dry their mouths, one by one intent, drinking to quench their thirst.

 "Hi! It's been a long time, Julio!" Rodrigo hurriedly hurriedly greeted him.

 "Haha! You're fat again, Professor!" Martinez laughed and hugged the greasy fat uncle.

 Rodrigo specializes in ancient civilizations in South America. He used to lead most of the team here, so he must have some association with Martinez and his sons. Of course, they are just acquaintances, far less familiar than they show.

 In this way, the two stood there and said a few words of shame. Martinez's companions and followers were now boarding.

 Rodrigo then stated that he would wait for the last person in charge here to let Martinez also board the plane. Unexpectedly, just now, a helicopter appeared in the sky.

 Two minutes later, the helicopter had stopped ten meters ahead of Rodrigo and Martinez.

 Eight soldiers wearing full-cover combat armor jumped from the aircraft and quickly lined up. A few seconds later, one person walked out of the team and walked to the two of Luo Ji.

squeak--

 With a light noise, the soldier opened his "face armor" to show his appearance.

 Hasson is a white man who looks forty years old. He had short hair, and his fair hair was a little pale, which made him feel a weathered rough.

 "Good noon, gentlemen, my name is Hasson and I am responsible for the security of this operation." Hasson spoke very directly.

 "Professor Rodrigo is responsible for searching, surveying, and digging." Rodrigo stepped forward and shook his hand seriously.

 "Oh. Just call me Julio. I'm responsible for paying the bills and adjusting the atmosphere." Martinez was still the hippie smiley face, and shook Hasen's hand casually.

 After he shook it, he also asked, "Speaking of Master Hasson, aren't you so hot? Now it's over 30 degrees in the sun."

 "The B17 armor is the most advanced individual weapon in the conventional federal combat weapons. It has a constant temperature device and an air filtration system. The joints of the armor's movable joints are made of special synthetic rubber, which can block the invasion of any foreign body larger than 60 cubic millimeters. "Hasson replied.

 "Then what you say in Chinese is ..." Martinez said he didn't understand.

 "Bring your own air conditioner, air purifier, insect control, and anti-stabbing," Hasson said, and made a gesture.

 The seven soldiers behind him saw his gestures and turned neatly towards the boarding stairs.

 "The scheduled time is coming, and this operation is urgent. Let's take off as soon as possible." Then, Hasson put on his facial armor, and his voice became a little stuffier. "Also, I suggest you change your clothes, Julio. If you enter the rainforest like this, within three hours, you will be bruised and infected with three or five kinds of germs that ghosts know.

 After all, he also turned to board the plane.

 Martinez hesitated for a few seconds and looked at Rodrigo. After confirming his eyes, Martinez quickly shouted at Husson's back, "Do you have any spare armor?"

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Chapter 4 Tracking

 South America, the Amazon Basin.

 This stretch of 40,000 square kilometers of tropical rain forest is the last few uninhabited places on the planet.

 Frequent rainfall and a sweltering and humid climate throughout the year nourish thousands of rare plants and animals. Under the ancient and fertile land, many mysterious countries once glorified before the rise of modern civilization.

 As early as the beginning of the 21st century, the period of the last empire's rule, mankind has reached a high degree of consensus on the issue of "environmental protection." The form of global integration and the continuous excavation of new energy have stopped humanity from destructive development of such areas. It's just that the situation of poaching has not been resolved. After all, there is killing where there is trade, and there is trade where there are people.

 At noon on December 5, a "Enterprise" luxury airliner flew over the rainforest.

 Although this team received a so-called "archaeological" mission, at least the three persons in charge on board knew it well--the journey would never be that simple.

 "So you mean, you don't know where to land?"

 In the cabin, after listening to Rodrigo's explanation of the operation, Hasson asked such a question without hesitation.

 "Uh. Yes." Rodrigo shrugged.

 He was helpless, because the order he received was "to find a relic in a designated area and start excavation." But the "area" given by his boss was ridiculously large, and there were no survey clues or reference coordinates.

 "Can I take it then," Hasson asked, tentatively, "this will evolve into a long-term task?"

 "It's possible, because I don't know when I can find the right place," Rodrigo responded. "My plan is that we will go around the area first. Then, based on my experience, lock on one that may be buried. Places of ancient ruins. Then we unloaded materials and equipment, set up camps, and finally found and dug. "

 "Experience?" Hasson repeated the words, and replied, "IMHO, professor, your resume shows that you don't have any degree in geology. And you don't seem to have learned anything Feng Shui. You are just guessing. "

 "Well," Rodrigo gave an awkward expression, hesitated for a few seconds, and then said, "Okay. That's guessing."

 "Hey. You admit it so easily?" Wen Yan said immediately, holding several beautiful women on one side and lying on a large sofa. "Professor, don't you know geology?"

 "Yeah, mining and analysis technology are so advanced and convenient these years! When I was in college, my mentor told me that in this era, there is no future in geology and paleontology." Rodrigo Slip back and return.

 "Ha!" Martinez grinned, took a sip of the champagne that the beautiful woman was feeding, and said, "So, we just have to dig like a headless fly until we find what we are looking for So far? "

 "I can't help it, either," Rodrigo traded. "This task is a 'direct order' from the city of Christo! Even if they asked us to turn the soil of this rainforest all over, we must do what they say!"

 "Did you hear that? Beauties." Martinez also laughed at this time, "We may have to extend the time for this" picnic "."

 "~ How is this different from what you said before you came here?"

 "I didn't bring any clothes to change."

 "Darling ~ You call another plane and send a few top-of-the-range field dwellings (transportable mini-dwellings, a derivative of the RV concept. It has built-in utilities such as water and electricity, Wi-Fi, furniture, and appliances, and usually includes a bedroom and A bathroom with a shower. This was originally a product for some pseudo-camping enthusiasts to meet their needs to 'enjoy urban life in nature'. Somehow this also became popular in the rich circle, and a lot of luxury appeared Model) is it okay? "

 Martinez's female companions began to coquettishly after hearing the bad news, but listening to their tone did not seem to know the meaning and seriousness of Martinez's sentence.

 Going to the rainforest for hours and days are two different things.

 And if this "day" becomes "week", it is another matter.

 "Julio." Hasson replied a few seconds later. "For your safety and health, I think you and your entourages will not have to get off the plane in a while. Let them follow the crew directly to return."

 "Don't be so indifferent, Mr. Hasson." Martinez was still hippie. "I am also one of the three persons in charge named by my boss. If I go back like this, there must be a few people in my" township "who talk about my gossip. This is troublesome. Quite playful, but the content is full of menacing breath. "So anyway, I have to stay a little longer before I can leave."

 Hasson listened, thinking for a moment. He just wanted to respond to him, but at this moment, a soldier in the cockpit suddenly spoke through the internal communication channel in the armor. "Sir, there is something wrong here, please come here immediately."

 This sentence was heard by several soldiers in full armor. But the other people on board, except the two pilots, were unaware that something was happening.

 "I'm sorry." Hasson was calm, though he had heard from the soldier's tone that things were urgent and could be serious. But the tone of the four words he said to the two of them was not anxious or flustered.

 Rodrigo and Martinez saw each other and looked at each other without knowing what happened.

 Ten seconds later, Hasson had entered the cockpit and closed the door.

 "Say." As soon as the door was closed, he said to his soldier.

 "Sir, look here." The soldier immediately reached out to the console in front of the two pilots.

 Hasson looked in the direction of his fingers, and his gaze was quickly fixed on a screen.

 "We're being tracked?" With Hasen's ability, naturally knew what the various instrument dial displays on the plane were for. So he found the problem at a glance. According to the detection device on the plane, at this moment, at a level close to the level, a large flying object is following them more than 100 meters behind.

 "It should be," the soldier replied. "And what follows us is weird."

 "Strange?" Hasson doubted.

 The soldier knew what the sergeant meant, and he turned to the pilot and said, "Show me the picture you just showed me."

 Before he spoke, the pilot cut a blurred image onto the display at his hand and explained: "This is a picture taken by an automatic maintenance robot embedded in the tail of the aircraft."

 After seeing something on the screen, Hasson was silent for two seconds. Then he opened the armor mask and confirmed again.

 After believing that what he saw was really a huge red robot, he said: "hat\_the\_hell"

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Chapter 5 cutoff

Our story is not about Gundam. In the future world, such a large number of mechanical men will not necessarily appear. His existence is actually very unnecessary. There are many other ways to make a better effect in war, and building human figures is not practical.

 However, at this moment, Hasson saw such a thing being chased towards his plane.

 Even after going through hundreds of battles, he was surprised when he saw this incredible scene.

 "I see" However, veterans are veterans after all. It took only a few seconds for him to calm down and start speaking to the two pilots. "Two, now I and my soldiers are driving. You two go back to the cabin and wait for my instructions."

 The two pilots heard nothing and said nothing. At this moment the plane was originally semi-automatic, so they simply answered and left the seat. From the beginning to the end, they did not question whether Hasson would fly the plane, because the aura of the chief officer gave them the feeling of an old driver.

 "That's right" When the two were about to open the door, Hasson reminded them again, "Don't talk nonsense after going out."

 At the same time, on the other side, the cockpit of the "Black Hawk R-42".

 "Now it's not far from the" designated area ", hehe. Which attack method should be better." The doctor sat in the driver's seat modified by him (to match his body shape) and smiled vaguely With.

 "Don't kill them all." Jack sitting behind him grinded his nails with a file, and said. "Oh. Although it might be interesting to do that"

 "You want to see, when you say‘ I accidentally killed everyone on the plane ’, what will happen to Berlin?” The doctor also knew a little about Jack's bad taste.

 "Yeah," Jackla answered with a loud voice. "But I can generally guess that he would reply to me without saying‘ will die here, and explain that they are just like that. 'Then he silently wrote me a note in his heart for future accounting. ”

 "Listen to you. Do you think you will die in his hands someday?" The doctor answered.

 "Probably, but it may not be his own hands," Jack replied.

 "Why do you cooperate with someone who will kill you sooner or later?" The doctor's tone suddenly became serious.

 "Ha ha ha ha" Jack answered with a laugh. "The whole world will be buried by him, so why don't we die?"

 When he said this, seven points seemed to be a joke, but three points seemed to say something that was destined to happen.

 "Hey! Why count me in?" The doctor turned his head, looking at Jack, and asked suspiciously.

 "Don't care." Jack started the conversation. "Now you should pay attention that the plane we are tracking has left your sight."

 With his reminder, the doctor quickly turned to look ahead again. As a result, he found that the "Enterprise" aircraft, which had been flying at a level in front of it, was no longer visible at this time.

 "No, isn't it that civil aircrafts are also popularly equipped with optical camouflage these days?" The Doctor said, while scanning a mirror on the main screen in front. As a result, he soon realized that the plane was not "invisible," but he suddenly lowered his altitude and speed significantly within a short period of time, descended below them, and was thrown behind them.

 "Well, this plane actually ran behind me." The doctor fluttered his hands on the console while he was talking. Under its control, the Blackhawk R-42 also turned around and rushed towards the aircraft.

 "Even if the pilot of a civil aircraft can make the set of actions just now, he will certainly not act rashly without the consent of the person in charge on the aircraft," Jack replied. "So it's not surprising that Hasson should have spotted us and taken control of the plane."

 "Oh. You mean, now that the plane is 'Veteran' driving, even if I'm 'rude' to them, it doesn't matter at all?" The doctor said with a smile of excitement.

 "You look at it." Jack responded. "Just don't kill those key figures."

 After getting this "yes" answer, the doctor also had a sense of self.

 The next second, the Blackhawk R-42 accelerated, and the distance between it and the aircraft was instantly reduced.

 This huge robot named "R-42" is a variant of a prototype body called "Black Hawk". After continuous improvement from "1" to "41", the 42 type is already a very mature model, and its main feature is to emphasize "universality". Although the R-42 is about twice as bad as the prototype in terms of combat performance. But again, it has lower requirements on the driver. Most ordinary people can fly after training, and the aircraft can be mass-produced.

 Seeing this, some people may ask, isn't the Federation not developing huge robots? And there are two problems that giant robots cannot solve? Where did this stuff come from?

 The answer is simple: because this is the technology of the "inverse cross" camp.

 About power core miniaturization of technology, they would have mastered. As for practicality, the previous statement also made it very clear-"Any 'reasonable and responsible' military scientific researcher cannot conduct such research." However, the organization that uses crazy scientists all year round, such as the Anti-Cross Cross, in most cases does not talk about reason or responsibility. They just want to engage in "roman romance", they want to build giant robots!

 So, at this moment we see this scene-

 A red armor dive from an airplane from above. During the dive, with his hands stretched out towards the rear, respectively, remove his battle two wings. And it was assembled and deformed to form a huge "knife".

 Immediately afterwards, he held the knife and cut it with anger.

 For a while, but saw a red giant shadow flashing through the sky. After a while, the wing on the side of the aircraft was cut off from the fuselage, and the cutout was flat like a laser-scanned fault.

 Luxury civil airliners such as the Enterprise, which are designed to pursue comfort, usually have huge volumes, a gentle control, and a defensive defense system. (Only two functions of call for help and small-scale automatic maintenance). With this absolute hardware disadvantage, even Hasson couldn't make evasive moves.

 However, he was well prepared for this situation.

 The moment he took over the plane, Hasson understood that as long as the other party launched an attack, whether it was using artillery fire or this exaggerated attack method, he had no room to fight back. That's why he lowered the plane to the current level before the other party took action.

 Almost in the same second as the slash occurred, Hasson forced off all propulsion engines in manual mode. In this way, the engines on the remaining wing no longer produce propulsion.

 However, even if the engines on both sides are stopped, the weight of the wing itself and its role in aerodynamics will still make the aircraft out of balance. Turning off the engine has only slowed the trend of getting the fuselage out of control.

 Fortunately, with Hasson's technology, this "slightly slow" room is enough.

 After a few seconds, the plane started to roll and fall. The remaining wing gradually deformed under pressure, and his eyes narrowed.

 And Hasen just sat calmly in front of the console, and in the shocked eyes of the soldier next to him, adjusted the "levitation system" on the plane with the speed of his hands.

 This system serves the aircraft's "hovering and landing" function. And this function itself needs the cooperation of the main propulsion engine to achieve. But the wings on both sides are now useless, and only those "assistances" at the bottom of the aircraft can be used at the current speed of the aircraft. The impact of this power on the fuselage is extremely limited.

 However, Hasson can use this "limited motivation" to do things beyond people's imagination.

 He used the remaining, shaky side wing as a fulcrum, constantly raising and lowering the output ratio of each auxiliary booster well. In the sense of rotation, I found a relatively balanced operation mode calmly under the danger that I might crash at any time. Letting the airplane spin in the air like waltz.

 With this regular rotation, the plane started to slow down. Both the lateral and falling speed are slowed in this delicate balance. The role of the booster well also became apparent after the fuselage decelerated, and the upward force used to maintain "hover stability" gradually increased.

 In this process, Hasson constantly adjusted the output ratio of each booster well according to the change of speed and the movement of the fuselage. Eventually the plane landed on a thick tree.

 Although the impact of "landing" is still very large, this level is much lighter than a direct fall without control. The fuselage was still intact when landed and was not disconnected or disintegrated. Judging from the various instruments on the operating platform, more than half of the systems on the aircraft are still operational.

 It is a miracle for most people to be able to save a tragedy caused by machine death to this day.

 But to Hasson, nothing seemed to matter.

 "Are you okay?" Only two seconds after the plane was completely stopped, Hasson turned his head and asked the soldier beside him with a calm tone.

 The soldier's response was to open the mask, don't go over and vomit.

 "I'll take a look at it later." Hasson saw his staff vomit so intently, and it was probably fine. So he went to the cabin.

 Due to the slight deformation of the fuselage, the cockpit door could not be opened automatically. Hasson could only unload the entire hatch. Anyway, his B17 armor is still very powerful, and there is no need to consume a lot of electricity to remove one or two doors.

 After the door was dismantled, the sight of Hasson's eyes was undoubtedly a mess. Although he took over the plane, he immediately notified the crew by radio to sit and fasten his seat belts. But apparently some people did not follow suit.

 "Soldier, count!" Hasson didn't make nonsense, and he sang as he scanned the environment.

 The soldiers who remained in the cabin also responded instinctively.

 "One!"

 "two!"

 "three!"

 "four!"

 As a result, there were six soldiers, but only four beeps were heard.

 "Quickly check if you are injured and how it is. Then search all the cabins to the cargo compartment to see where 5 and 6 are and are they still alive. Then gather the wounded and take them off the plane." Hasson quickly An order was given, and he walked forward while talking. "I went to the powerhouse to see if there was any risk of an explosion in the core. By the way, I checked the damage of each system. We will meet outside after 15 minutes."

 At this moment, just after this amazing disaster that is enough to leave a psychological trauma, Hasson is still doing nothing but doing what he is supposed to do.

"Sir" Martinez, who sat paralyzed on his seat while unfastening his seat belt as he passed by, smiled. "Is there really no spare for your armor?"

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Chapter 6 "No Fly Zones"

 1 pm, Amazon jungle, somewhere.

 After the forced landing, the Enterprise passenger plane fell into a "head-to-tail and low-tilt" leaning state on broken trees and slightly undulating terrain.

 Although Hasson has personally confirmed that the aircraft is not at risk of an explosion, considering that after a period of time, the fuselage may suddenly break or fall due to pressure, he still let everyone out of the cabin.

 Of course, even if he didn't mention this request, no one would be willing to stay on the plane.

 First, the air-conditioning system on the aircraft has been damaged. Even if it wasn't broken, it would be useless if the fuselage had broken a lot of holes.

 Second, more than half of the cabins were dead, and they died quite miserably.

 Imagine ... a person, without a seatbelt, was thrown in a large iron can that had fallen sharply, and had various sharp, blunt, hard, harder angles and faces Hit hard. What kind of tragic situation will it be after this?

 Those in the cabin behind the cabin are considered lucky, because the cabin is equivalent to the "first class" on this aircraft. Not many people stayed in this cabin at the time of the incident. In addition to Professor Rodrigo and Martinez, the rest are three female companions brought by Martinez, an attendant, two pilots coming out of the cockpit, and four soldiers under Hasson. On the one hand, there are many seats in this cabin. On the other hand, the soldiers would urge everyone to obey Hasson's orders and fasten their seat belts immediately. Therefore, all the people in this cabin escaped.

 But those in the back cabins were not so lucky. People who work in the kitchen (yes, there is a kitchen on the plane, and the equipment is quite complete), people who smoke secretly outside the cargo compartment, people in the toilet, and people drinking and playing cards in the ordinary cabin. Not every one responds positively to Hassan's orders and executes quickly. There are still people who don't have a seat with a seat belt, although they also want to follow the instructions. So they suffer too.

 All in all, this forced landing has saved some lives, but more people have lost their lives in the process of falling. Now 70% of the place on this plane is not only air-conditioned, but also full of internal organs and blood. No one wants to stay here.

 So, under the organization of Hasson and Rodrigo, the survivors set up a temporary camp some 200 meters away from the forced landing point. Horrified excavation team members and those brought by Martinez were able to rest, manage injuries and rehydrate. By the way, they can cultivate feelings with mosquitoes.

 And Hasson and his soldiers had a lot of work to do.

 They have to call for rescue, inventory supplies, and rely on human resources to add cryogenic fluid to the power core in the aircraft. They also had to remove all the collected corpses from the plane to identify them and bury them on the spot. Take a look at the list of live people they just counted at the camp, and make a list of survivors, dead and missing as soon as possible.

 It wasn't until 2:30 in the afternoon that they had returned to the camp.

 At this point, the soldiers No. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 7 who were working with Hasson were all very tired. Only Hasson stood upright, and even the tone of his speech was inexhaustible to others.

 By the way, the previously unknown soldiers No. 5 and No. 6 were also found by them. Soldier No. 5 failed to fasten his seat belt in time to help others during the incident, and was injured and fainted during the forced landing. Fortunately, he was protected by armor, so he saved his life, but was seriously injured.

 As for the number six ... he was not so lucky, or all his luck was used in other ways. When Hasson broadcasted to the crew to fasten their seat belts, Soldier Six was flirting with a female partner in Martinez in a toilet. There was no doubt that he had taken off the armor at that time, so after the forced landing, he was already a corpse.

 "Mr. Hasson." When he saw Husson return, Martinez put down the spoon of caviar (he asked the entourage to get it in the cargo hold), and stepped forward. "Although I want to get out of my current situation as soon as possible, but I think you should take a break. Even if you don't take a break yourself, let the soldiers ...

 "I'm just letting them rest now." Hasson interrupted before he could finish speaking.

 While he was talking, the five soldiers did step out of the armor and ran into the camp to start drinking water.

 Although they are thirsty, they do not drink fast. They all know that they should not overeating after exercising in hot weather. Otherwise, it will place a greater burden on the heart and lose electrolytes.

 "Oh ... this way." Martinez was not angry, just smiled. "Sir, don't you need to rest?"

 "Not necessary." Hasson returned the words in a calm tone, then raised his voice again, and shouted at Rodrigo more than ten meters away. "Professor, come over here."

 A few seconds later, Rodrigo came over and responded, "What's wrong, sir?"

 Hasson opened the mask, looked at the two in front of each other, and then said, "These three things are only known to us. After we have discussed them, we will decide how to convey them to others. Do you understand? ? "

 Rodrigo and Martinez are smart people, and there are words in such words that they understand at first sight. The meaning of Hasson is-"The situation is not good at the moment, the three of us in charge first discuss internally how to deal with it. Then we decide what information can be told to others, and what can not be. So as not to say something wrong. "

 After exchanging eyes, the professor and Martinez both nodded at Hasson.

 After receiving a response, Hasson lowered his voice and said, "This area ... there is an interference wave of unknown origin, which shields all communication signals. If the worst assumption is made ... the distress signal issued by the aircraft before the forced landing may be It didn't go out. "

 "That said ..." Martinez had a rare, serious expression, "The outside world doesn't know where we are right?"

 "Yes," Hasson replied, "but ... before I came, I was ordered to report the progress of the task every four hours without special circumstances. It is now almost three hours since I last reported. After another hour or so, the peak will find that our team is out of touch and the signal of the aircraft is no longer searchable. By then, they should take action. "

 "That's okay, the rescue will still come, but only a little later." Rodrigo answered.

 "Ah." Hasson responded. "Like this situation, the conventional approach is to find out the final coordinates before the signal disappears. Then the commanders use this as a center and send a certain number of drones to the surrounding area. , And then conduct an aerial search here. The destroyed corporate number is an obvious landmark, it is impossible to find it, but it will take a long time to find it, which is hard to say. After all, we cannot guess how big this 'shield area' is It is also impossible to predict when they lost our signal. "

 "It doesn't matter, the cargo compartment should be fixed with a rope net. Other than the champagne bottle in a glass bottle, other materials may be available. These materials can support for a period "Martinez answered.

 "It's twenty-six days." The next second, Hasson corrected the other with a precise number. "I've seen it in the cargo hold. With some people dead, these supplies can now support us for twenty-six days."

 "Uh ..." Martinez paused for two seconds before saying again. "We have so many supplies, there is nothing to be afraid of."

 The reason he was faint is because he hadn't expected that Hasen would calculate the account so clearly. But for Hasson, "making the worst" like this is a matter of course.

 "I hope so ..." Hasson groaned for a second, paused for a second, then said again. "But in any case, our 'communication signal is disrupted, so we can't get in touch with the outside world. No one knows when the rescue will be available'. It's better not to talk too clearly with others to avoid causing panic ... … "At this point, he put on the armored mask again. "My suggestion is to tell them that the supplies are still sufficient, so the excavation task will continue as originally planned. Rescue and supply are already on the road, but not so fast, so they need to be patient."

 His suggestion is naturally correct.

 In this environment, "human heart" is more terrible than objective factors. Unknown and restlessness cause fear, and fear causes violence, abnormality, and all kinds of stupid behavior.

 Hasson is a person who has experienced many lives and deaths. He knows the human heart and the human nature. He knew how horrible things humans could do in order to survive in extreme environments, or simply to seek "a sense of security." Therefore, from the beginning, he did not intend to respect anyone's right to know, and only those who felt OK were entitled to the information he gave.

 "Okay, I'll tell the workers what you mean ..." A moment later, Rodrigo grabbed his somewhat thankful head and answered. "But I seriously doubt that after going through this state of affairs, they are unwilling to continue working."

 "If they don't want to, we will give them processing funds. The wages will be controlled within three times their original compensation. Anyway, their number is now only one third," Hasson said. "If they still don't want to work at three times the pay, you can hint those people."

 "What does it imply?" Rodrigo doubted.

 "Hint them ... 'If you don't cooperate, the chief named Hasson will probably throw you into the river to feed the fish.'" Hasson replied.

 "Well. When you say 'suggestions', you mean 'threats'?" Rodrigo replied.

 "Professor." Hasson was unwilling to justify himself in this matter. "I'm just here to make sure that the task is completed successfully. You can question my approach, but I believe you will be happy to accept the results."

 "I have no opinion!" As soon as Rodrigo seemed to move up the bar, Martinez quickly came out and hit the round. "The people I bring won't disobey my orders, and it doesn't matter if I explain nothing to them." He finished the sentence and opened the topic. "That's right ... sir. There's one thing you haven't told us yet." He said, turning to look at both sides again, and then whispered softly. "Why did our plane crash? What is there to cut the entire wing flat like that?"

 His question is also what many people on the plane want to ask. Because these passengers do not see the outside of the plane through the device like Hasson. Even the two pilots who knew that there were huge robots tracking the plane could not imagine that the other party would have something like a "knife".

 "You just need to know that we were attacked by a large aircraft. As for what it is ..." Hasson replied. "Hmm ... I also want to ask someone."

 Martinez also understood. Regarding this topic, even though he was the "person in charge", he was also divided into the category of "no need to tell very clearly" by Hasson. In this case, let's forget ...

 After this conversation, Rodrigo and Martinez communicated with the people they brought, as Hasson ordered. And Hasson was not idle for a moment. While the rest of his men were resting, he left the camp alone and walked up the slope of the terrain. He was going to survey the surrounding terrain.

 He didn't worry that the robot would come after them. Because he knew that if they wanted to let the people on the plane die, he wouldn't be able to complete a forced landing.

 Based on this speculation, the enemy's purpose is likely to "let the plane fall without letting the people on board die." Looking at this conclusion alone, that seems a little inexplicable. But if you look at it in conjunction with this equally inexplicable 'emergency digging mission', this thing becomes very intriguing.

 Hasson thought as he went up a small slope. When he was almost at the top, he stopped and carefully watched the surroundings. Then he stepped out of the armor and climbed quickly into a big tree with his brisk and skilled skills.

 He leaned out of the tree and looked down.

 In the afternoon sun, there are endless dense forests and tributaries. This beautiful scene seemed to be massaging his eyes, and the slightly humid fresh air pouring from his nasal cavity was washing his lungs.

 At this moment, Hasson just felt relieved. For a brief moment, he was even a little lost.

 However, just a few seconds later, a sudden "vision" surprised him.

 At that instant, Hasson saw an eagle flying in the sky far away, as if flying into an invisible wall ... disappeared abruptly into the sky.

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Chapter 7 Strange Objects

 December 4.

 After half a day of rest yesterday, the survivors of the mining team were at least psychologically settled. Obviously, Hasson was right to hide the truth. It should be said that all his decisions and responses are correct.

 Yesterday evening, Professor Rodrigo negotiated with the workers according to the method that Hasson said. As a result, the workers really agreed collectively to continue construction.

 Therefore, early this morning, with the exception of Martinez and some of the wounded, other members of the excavation team set off at dawn.

 In the wild, people's schedules are naturally different from those in the cities. Here you have to "look at the sky"-as soon as the sun rises, you have to hurry up. Because after the sun goes down, you ca n’t even work overtime.

 If it is a desert area with a wide field of vision and relatively few animals, then a few large searchlights may be excavated at night. But here is the jungle, the terrain is complex, and there are many animals. It's not a good idea to get very bright light here at night.

 Considering the limited time during the day and the workers having to eat and rest, there will be heavy rain from time to time in the rain forest for a few days. People want to finish here and leave here sooner.

 To sum up, Rodrigo has set the workers' wake-up time at 4:30 in the morning.

 However, at 4:30, although the alarm clocks in the workers' tents did sound, the only ones who finally got out of the tents on time and walked out were the professors.

 Of course, Rodrigo was not surprised at all. He led the team to dig soil for decades, and he has seen all kinds of workers. This is not a problem.

 After getting out of his tent, Rodrigo took a large circle directly in the camp, unzipping all the workers' tents. Then he took a leisurely walk to a nearby creek to wash.

 The alarm clock is definitely no better than the mosquito in "getting up".

 The alarm clock is like a housekeeper who pats your shoulder lightly. After you wake him up and let him shut up, he shuts up. Then you can sleep for a while. The mosquitoes are like a group of children poking your fingers at will, they will harass you until you get up.

 Sure enough, ten minutes later, when Rodrigo returned to the camp from the stream, all the workers scolded the street and came out of the tent. Now when you ask them to go back to sleep, they can't sleep anymore.

 In less than half an hour, the professor's wise move gave him the nickname of "squeegee", but he didn't care. For one, he has a thick skin. Secondly, he knew a long time ago that the image of "a certain skin" was actually a fabrication of his family, and his character prototype was really a good man. He has always saved money and was kind, but he just caught up with an era, somehow he was killed alive, he was also divided up, and he was also used as a typical negative propaganda.

 At six in the morning, after more than an hour of hard work, the workers finally removed an excavator from the plane's cargo hold.

 Don't you think they are inefficient, this is only achieved with the help of Hasson and two soldiers. Had it not been for the assistance of these three "hercules" in b17 armor, I would have had to do the job all morning.

 For this task, they originally prepared three excavators. But two of them were damaged during the forced landing, and only the smallest light "Kemera (a type of excavator)" was still available.

 However, sparrows are small and well-organized. This "Camera" is no worse than the other two in terms of digging performance. In fact, in some ways, using this type of light machine in the jungle landscape is more suitable.

 After the excavator was moved outside and placed, Hasson sent soldiers and workers back to the camp. Because the next half hour is the time to charge the excavator.

 This could have been done directly on board. But because the supporting base was broken and the electrical circuit in the cargo compartment was faulty, they had to have two mechanics in the excavation team pull a cable directly from the aircraft's power room. Then they dragged the cable through a hole in the bottom of the plane to the outside and docked with the excavator to complete the charging.

 During this half hour, soldiers and workers can just go to have breakfast and rest.

 And Hasson and Rodrigo did not rest, they set off non-stop. Along the route taken by Hasson yesterday, they were going to survey the excavator's route and decide on a location.

 "You are not the same as all the officers I know, Mr. Hasson." On the way, the professor talked with the veteran. "Although I do not agree with some of your practices, your spirit of example is really admirable."

 "Oh? Do you know many officers?" Hasson asked.

 "Ah indeed a lot." Rodrigo replied, "There are a lot of officially assigned tasks that will let the troops follow us, so I will say less than twenty or more of the EFF officers. But I have never seen Some commander will work with the soldiers. "

 He was telling the truth and was no compliment.

 Federal officers who Rodrigo had previously contacted usually left everything to soldiers to do. But last night, when Rodrigo got up, he saw Hasson (they had numbers on their armors, and they would not recognize the wrong person) and stood guard with a soldier in person.

 "Because I am very 'excessive', if I don't lead by example, it will be difficult to convince the public." Hasson answered.

 Rodrigo heard the words and smiled. "Oh sometimes objectively 'correct', it is 'incorrect' in terms of human relationships or politics. For example, what you asked me to do yesterday-'suggests that workers will be thrown into the river if they don't start work' It seems to me and most people to be 'excessive'. But deep inside I also understand that given our current situation, this tough way of negotiation is indeed the best choice. If I do n’t listen to you, And just bargaining with them, my prestige will gradually lose in the process. Even if I temporarily compromised by increasing the price, in the following days, they will use all available opportunities to bargain with me again. "

 "Oh," he heard a chuckle when he heard this, "I thought you were just a pedantic intellectual. Now it seems that you are also an understanding person."

 "There can't be a stereotype, sir," Rodrigo teased with a shrug.

 "Call me Hasson, professor," Hasson replied.

 "Okay, Hasson," Rodrigo replied. "Well, although I also want you to call me by my name, but my name is a bit silly. My name even hinders the sales of my works, so I hope you will continue to call me professor in the future. "

 "Okay, Tandy." But in the next sentence, Hasson reported the professor's name maliciously.

 This is a sense of humor between uncles.

 The two were just chatting and leaving.

 The air in the jungle was hot and humid, and Rodrigo, who was fatter, soon became sweaty. But he did not slow down.

 It's Hasson, it's getting slower and slower.

 "What's the matter with you?" Rodrigo noticed Hasson's anomaly and asked, "Should you sit down and rest for a while?"

 "It's not right." Hasson didn't need to rest. He slowed down for other reasons. "When I came here yesterday, the surrounding terrain was different."

 "Ha?" Rodrigo stunned for two seconds. "Will you remember it wrong?"

 Hasson rushed and said, "Impossible, the mark I made is still here."

 He said, taking a step back and pointing at a tree beside him. There were indeed two distinct scratches in the middle of that trunk.

 "Why do you use such a primitive method of engraving? You should have a system of orientation and positioning in your armor?" Rodrigo's focus seemed a bit off.

 "The system you said is broken." Hasson replied, "There is strange interference in this area. Every time the direction system in my armor changes, and the interval and the direction of change are random. . "

 When his words fell, Rodrigo pulled out the compass in his pocket suspiciously, looked down, then raised his head to look at the sun. "Hey! It's true, the compass is wrong."

 Although the professor kept the compass with him, he rarely read it. Because he also has a good sense of direction and astronomy. As long as there is a sun during the day and a star at night, he can recognize the southeast and northwest by glancing up into the sky, and there is no need to use equipment. Therefore, until this moment Hasson reminded him, he found that there was not only communication interference but also magnetic interference in this area.

 "The problem with the magnetic field does not explain the situation in front of you." After a few seconds, Hasson looked ahead and said with a deep voice. "Yesterday when I came to this tree, the road ahead was a gentle downhill. I walked about two hundred meters forward, and the terrain gradually increased, but now"

 "Is this going uphill, isn't it?" Rodrigo followed in the direction of the opponent.

 "Also, look at this." Hasson knelt on one knee again, pointing to the root of the tree next to him. "The water marks on the lower part of these trunks were left during the rainy season. Some colors will be slightly different from others. "As he said, he pointed his fingers at the trees in the distance. "But the position of the water marks on the trees in front of me is not parallel to the root around me, and it is a lot worse. If the water level has risen to the height of the water marks on those trees, then the Traces should be at least one meter higher. "

 "Then what do you mean?" Rodrigo asked tentatively.

 "Just last night, the terrain here changed drastically." Hasson said in a calm tone a terrifying conclusion. "At least, the area in front of us has changed dramatically."

 "Isn't it possible?" Rodrigo certainly couldn't immediately accept such an unreasonable remark. "The magnitude of an earthquake that can cause this topographic change is very high. We must be aware of such an earthquake."

 "So it's not an earthquake." Hasson already thought clearly.

 "Oh?" Rodrigo asked again. "What would it be?"

 "I don't know." Unexpectedly, Hasson spoke sharply and gave such an answer with confidence. "But I think if we move on, we should know something." He paused, stood up, Looking at the professor said. "Professor, go back to the camp first. By the way, help me to give a message to soldiers No. 4 and No. 7 and let them come and join me. They will know the marks I left and will find me."

 Rodrigo is a very sane person. He knows that he is not suitable to participate in such tasks without armor. If he insists on following up, he will likely become a burden for Hasson in the event of an emergency.

 As a result, Rodrigo did not dispute any of Hasson's orders. He just left a sentence, "Be careful with yourself," and quickly turned to the direction of the camp.

 The professor's figure quickly disappeared into the woods, leaving only Hasson standing there.

 After standing silently for a moment, Hasson suddenly burst into the air and spoke loudly. "Well, he's gone. You can come out."

 But no one bothered him.

 The strange sound of groaning in the jungle continued, and the sky in the distance seemed to hear the howling of some beast. But the area around Hasson was surprisingly quiet at this time, so quiet that he could only hear his breathing in the armor.

 "I have seen a few people who can completely eliminate their own breath. You are not the only person in the world who can do this kind of thing." Hasson saw the other party not showing up, and then continued. "But in any case, that trick is useless to me. I can still feel your presence."

 This is not a bluff, but a fact.

 Hasson has stronger instincts and instincts than beasts, and what he excels at is reconnaissance and anti-reconnaissance, ambush and counter-ambush in jungle battles.

 Now that he was sure that someone was ambushing around, it must be!

 "That's it" waited another ten seconds, nothing was moving, Hasson sidewalked. "Since you refuse to come out, I can only come to you."

 Only half of what he said, he had already acted.

 The b17 armor is not the kind of armor that allows people who wear it to increase speed. Its design philosophy is to greatly increase the defense and attack capabilities of infantry combat units. After the average person puts on this armor, even with the assistance of the built-in power system, the speed will be affected.

 However, Hasson ran out of hare-like speed with this heavy mechanical armor.

 In an instant, he rushed into a bush ten meters away. He picked up a pistol around his waist and was ready to aim.

 But he did not expect that the "person" ambushing here also had a speed no less than that of him. As he approached, the man had fled. Because it was too fast, Hasson saw only a small, small volume of shadow through the video capture system on the armor mask, which did not look like an adult figure.

chi——

The next second, Hasson opened the mask decisively, looked at the subject with the naked eye, and followed the path of the shadow escape.

 He is confident that with his tracking skills, no one can escape his hunt in the jungle.

 After five minutes of rapid pursuit, the target's trail disappeared.

 This situation is like evaporation in a vacuum, usually it can be judged that the other party's ability to use or some kind of tool flew into the sky.

 Hasson doesn't think that what he is tracking is escaped with a jet pack or a rope ladder dropped by a helicopter. Because even using jetpacks and helicopters, he would leave marks on the ground.

 Therefore, this "disappearance" probably depends on some kind of power.

 "Since he can walk away without a trace, why didn't he leave earlier?" Hasson stood secretly in the place where the other party disappeared. "He suddenly disappeared after I chased for a while. There are about three possibilities. First, he didn't expect that I could follow him all the time. When he found that he couldn't get rid of me, he used his power. The ability to help him take away has a certain price, and he doesn't want to use it as a last resort. Third, he intentionally brought me here. "

 With that in mind, Hasson glanced around again. At this time he found that he was standing on the "top" of a weird hillside.

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Chapter 8 Ruins

 On his return from the highlands, Hasson encountered soldiers No. 4 and No. 7 who were coming. After briefly speaking about the situation, the three returned to the camp together.

 Like the sky vision observed yesterday, Hasen did not tell anyone about the encounter with unknown creatures today. He just told the professor and Martinez about the raised ground and proposed that the excavation team start digging from there.

 Although starting from a high ground is not a reasonable choice. But in the face of such anomalous terrain changes, it seems unnecessary to follow common sense.

 So, around eight in the morning, the excavation team set off again.

 This time, they also brought a lot of supplies and were ready to build an excavation camp.

 When the team returned to the plane's wreckage, the two mechanics had completed charging the "Kemera". After the excavator operator got on and debugged, he also said that the machine was ready for operation.

 In this way, under the leadership of Hasson, they launched towards the goal.

 As mentioned earlier, the mining technology of this era is very advanced. "Kemera", just like its name, works like a monster in the rain forest.

 Of course, in order to save time and at the same time reduce the damage to the environment as much as possible, they have bypassed the trees that can not be pushed down, so the route eventually developed is not entirely "straight".

 After nearly four hours of hard work, the excavation team finally came to the "small hill" previously discovered by Hasson.

 This journey is actually quite long. If an ordinary person comes and goes, it may take more than half an hour. It takes less than four hours to open up a path here.

 After arriving at the destination, the workers were basically very tired. In addition to supplying supplies, they are also responsible for removing foreign objects on the path with tools. Because the excavator's "push out" road is not smooth, many messy debris will be left along the way. Some of these sharp, erect fragments can become a security risk. In order to facilitate the future traffic, we must definitely deal with it.

 Although it is only a simple process, it doesn't need to be as smooth as a real paving road, just follow the excavator slowly and make it as you go. But working in hot rain forests for nearly four hours is still very challenging.

 Therefore, Rodrigo immediately ordered everyone to eat and rest, and announced that everyone would not have to work in the afternoon, just set up the camp.

 During lunch, Hasson didn't eat with everyone. He just grabbed a frozen chicken sandwich and walked away alone. After half an hour, he returned alone, telling Rodrigo that he had completed a survey of the surroundings. He didn't see any danger here, so people and supplies over the temporary camp could be transferred.

 In the afternoon, when Rodrigo and the workers packed up on the highland side, Hasson and his men returned to the makeshift camp. With the help of Martinez's men, they began to transfer the wounded and supplies.

 Moving the camp next to the excavation site makes it easier for workers to work. Concentrating people in one camp is also easy to manage. So this is imperative.

 Because the road has been opened, it will be more convenient for the people behind. Most of the materials can be taken away, and many of them are also designed with auxiliary wheels. People don't spend much time completing the transfer.

 In short, everyone was so busy that they ushered in the dusk.

 Except for Martinez and his female companions who did not do any work at all, others helped a little. After this day, the members of the mining team felt tired, but the actual "digging" has not yet started.

 This is the actual condition of working in the rain forest-the amount of time that can be worked during the day and the amount of work that can be done are much less than imagined. In an air-conditioned office, you can work for more than 12 hours with two bowls of instant noodles. But in the rain forest, if you just sit there and do nothing, it will also consume a lot. Few jobs can deplete the calories you can burn in a day in the city.

 Night came again.

 When the nightlife of urbanites just started, these people who had fallen into the jungle were exhausted.

 Most people returned to their tents shortly after dinner, and many fell asleep quickly.

 Human beings are proud. Advances in technology have given us this pride and made us take many things for granted.

 We can fly freely like birds, thinking that if we make up our minds, we can go to the other side of the earth. We can communicate with people far in the sky, thinking that our minds can be easily communicated. We can light up the night sky with bright lights, thinking that we have overcome the night.

 But we rarely think that these "for granted" things actually have a price. When these things are taken away from us, most of us will immediately appreciate the humbleness and power of human beings as a creature.

 "The above is what we have done today, and there is still much to do tomorrow. Especially the supply of materials, because it has been consumed, the statistical work has not been completed till now. We must finish this work tomorrow."

 At this moment, beside the bonfire, the three heads of the excavation team gathered again for a meeting.

 Rodrigo took an I-PEN with a broken network and took notes in a memo.

 Hasson listened carefully, but Martinez seemed absent-minded.

 "It sounds like your plan is going very well." Martinez just started talking and said to Hasson.

 "Which plan are you talking about?" Hasson asked.

 "The one who kept the information," Martinez replied. "No one asked about the rescue, as if they had forgotten it."

 "I don't know who you are, but for those workers, they are ready to work here for a long time," Hasson said. "At least when the supplies are sufficient, it doesn't make much difference for them to come or not." He paused. "At this stage, the people who care more about when the rescue comes are only the wounded. Fortunately, among the injured, There are no life-threatening people. However, if, after three or four days, the rescue has not yet come, someone will surely feel strange. Then rumors and doubts will arise here. "

 "Hey. Don't say it's as if the rescue really won't come after three or four days?" Martinez laughed. "Don't you say that the drone will find us sooner or later?"

 "I'm just making reasonable guesses." Hasson still didn't plan to tell the two about the "abnormality of the sky", he just responded calmly. "It's always right to think about the worst situation in everything, so I remind you first. In case the rescue comes on the fifth, sixth, or longer, what might happen during this period, so that you can be prepared. "

 At this point, Rodrigo suddenly spoke, his expression changed slightly. "If things get really bad, wouldn't your soldiers have any problems?"

 "It's hard to say, it depends on how bad the situation is." Hasson replied, "Soldiers are also humans. Although they are trained, their willpower and discipline are better than ordinary people. But at some point they will collapse." He paused. After two seconds, it seemed to be remembering something, and then said again. "If the rescue doesn't come and wait until our supplies are completely exhausted, there will be food shortages. People will start starving and refuse to perform their duties. At this time, those who are still performing their duties will have a strong depression They will feel that it is meaningless to continue to adhere to principles and give. At this time, people will no longer serve the rules of the civilized world. They will use all available resources at hand for their own survival and interests. "

 "Well," Rodrigo took a sip of tea. "Simply speaking, when it's really desperate, one of your soldiers might kill us all just to make yourself live another day."

 "No, not one of my soldiers," Hasson replied. "It's everyone. Including you and me." He shrugged. "In addition, in my experience, this behavior is generally not initiated by a single person, but by a small group of several people. After all, the risk of doing this alone is too great. Brained People will deceive those who can be used to achieve their goals, and they will betray him before they are threatened by him.

 "So what really happened wasn't 'someone kills everyone', but some people united to kill all the other men in the camp first. Then they split up the rest of the food with Martinez Girls, when there is no food left, these people will kill each other in order to fight for leadership, women, and food. "

 He said this calmly, but attracted the weird gaze of Rodrigo and Martinez.

 "Okay." Martinez stood up after a few seconds. "Although I don't know what a horrible story is behind your‘ based on my experience ’, I basically understand what the 'worst case scenario’ might look like. ” Then, he stretched. "Two, if there's nothing else to discuss, I'll go back to the tent." Before he left, he turned his head and said to Josson in a joke tone. "Oh sir, when you want to act, don't forget to call me, please use me to the last minute."

 After he left, Rodrigo laughed, "Oh. You're really good at scaring people."

 "Who said I was scaring people?" Unexpectedly, Hasson said this. However, the next second he turned around and answered. "Of course. I won't let the situation develop to that point. If we haven't been able to get in touch with the outside world when supplies have been consumed for more than half a year, I will set off in person for help."

 December 5, morning.

 Before five o'clock, the workers came out to gather.

 After the mosquito incident yesterday morning, today they choose to respect the alarm clock.

 After breakfast, the excavation finally started.

 While the workers were digging, two mechanics and three soldiers carried several storage boxes to the plane's wreckage to recharge. In addition to the power supply to the camp, the electricity of the "Kemera" will be transported through these storage boxes in the future. Although it takes some manpower, it is easier than driving the bulky excavator around every day.

 By 8 am, the excavation had progressed, and it can be said that problems were encountered.

 What's the problem? "Hit the wall".

 After digging for a short distance, the digging team dug some unusually hard material. Even the drill and bucket that Camela can handle even granite can't dig. If it were not for the experienced operator, the machine was stopped in time. I'm afraid their last excavator will be scrapped.

 At this point, it is time for Professor Rodrigo to play. The experienced scholar came to the pit in three and two steps and personally took a shovel from a worker. He poked away the dirt and found the metallic substance beneath it.

 "What is this? The top of the tower?"

 "Why is there a tower buried underground? Or is it made of metal?"

 "Yes, and what is this black metal? It's so hard?"

 Workers started talking. The professor crouched down without anybody, holding the analyzer in his hand intently, and started scanning the material of the metal spire that was buried deep in the soil.

 As the data on the analyzer flowed, Rodrigo's expression gradually changed. An imperceptible excitement and fanaticism flashed from his eyes.

 After a while, Hasson came to his side and asked, "What's wrong? Did you find anything?"

 "Unknown metals, from the analyzed data, there are many similarities with net alloys. But in terms of molecular structure, this is better than ours." Rodrigo said. It ’s like iced tea, and this is compressed tea. ”

 While the professor was talking, he was still plowing the soil with his hands to expose more metal parts.

 "What do you think this is? The pyramid?" Hasson asked again.

 "It's very possible," the professor replied. "Look, there is also a text-like texture on this. This texture has some traces of Mayan text. No, it should be said that there are some traces of this text in Maya text. "His voice trembled as he said this. "Sorry, I'm a little excited. What we have before us is likely to be a relic of a super-ancient civilization that is older than all ancient civilizations known to mankind. As an archeologist, my mood at this moment is really beyond description. "

 Not only was his voice shaking, but his hands and body were shaking slightly. He was really excited.

 "Well," but Hasson remained calm. "So, although we can't confirm with the boss now, can we speculate that our task this time is to find this ruin?"

 "Must be!" Rodrigo replied quickly. "Of course yes! The problem now is that we can't judge how big this pyramid is. How deep and how long do we have to dig to find its entrance. Do you understand?" He said halfway and suddenly found something. He hurried a few more soils with his hands and moved the analyzer down a few minutes. "Strange, there is a piece of metal that is different in composition from other places. Even the color is different, as if"

 Hasson also saw the anomaly of that piece of metal, so he picked up the sentence that the professor didn't finish saying: "It seems that someone has used a ballistic weapon to make a hole and then re-added it"

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Chapter 9 Defensive Walls

 December 5, morning.

 After the metal spire was dug out, the excavator was ordered to be deactivated. The workers picked up the shovel, and began the irritating manual operation.

 They carefully planed the dirt away from the spire, widening the pit all around so that the surface of the spire was exposed as much as possible.

 The professor was holding the analyzer and his I-PEN, crawling around the excavated metal wall, looking east and west, looking both excited and focused.

 Unconsciously, one morning passed.

 At mealtime, workers who have been taking breaks have been bitterly complaining, but professors who have not taken a break at all are still energetic.

 For his state, Hasson is understandable. When a person is devoted to something, the power of the spirit can support the physical body beyond its due limits.

 Going further, a good example is that Fittipitz can run from the marathon plains back to the central square of Athens. It is also true that many teenagers can fight for days and nights in Internet cafes without sleep, food and drink.

 Compared to these examples, Rodrigo is nothing.

 At lunch, the three principals, Hasson, Rodrigo, and Martinez, sat down again to discuss their findings this morning and their next plans.

 At this stage of the "mining task", it is naturally time for the professor to perform. In terms of archeology, it must be Rodrigo who has the final say, and Hasson can only give him some ideas from the perspective of a security consultant.

 However, Rodrigo seemed overly involved in the situation at hand. During the whole meal, he was buzzing to give the other two people a history lesson about the "Ormec Civilization", which made Sogji confused and cried.

 In the end, it was already 1:30 in the afternoon, and Hasen finally couldn't help interrupting the professor and asked him how he planned to operate this afternoon.

 At this time, Rodrigo realized afterwards that he had been having "preaching" for too long and had forgotten the business

 After a short period of thinking, Rodrigo decided that the next step would be to use a digger to "strike" from the top.

 Not to mention what they observed after the "pit expansion", they were deduced according to the size of those South American "small pyramids" found in the Paraiso ruins in Peru. The base of this pyramid is estimated to be as large as several football fields. If you want to dig it completely under the ground, you may have to dig a few miles into a canyon. This is obviously unrealistic.

 Of course, if people really want to dig like this, it is not impossible. But that must be reported to the high level of the federal government and approved, and then more than ten times more manpower and machinery than now. Only then can it be implemented.

 With the current human and material resources of this mining team, there are only two options at this stage. First, leave it alone, everyone will stop and wait until they get in touch with the outside world. The second is to open a gap directly from the spire, and then enter the inside of the pyramid to explore.

 Rodrigo would of course choose the latter, which is also normal. As an ambitious archeologist, he could not choose to wait in the face of such an unprecedented discovery.

 Archeology is similar to many scientific research industries. If you want to succeed, you must dare to take risks. If you wait in front of an opportunity, your results will most likely be stolen by someone who is less capable than you but has more resources than you. Gobbel and Edison were good examples.

 So, at two in the afternoon, the excavation work resumed.

 The first thing the workers did was to bring a "net alloy drill bit" from the aircraft cargo hold. This is something that was brought in just in case (for example, a hard vein was dug), but I didn't expect it to come in handy this time.

 After the drill bit was installed, the operator of the excavator drove the Camry back to the spire. They turned the machine's output to maximum and started drilling the black metal wall.

 When the drill bit touched the metal wall, many people covered their ears. But after a few seconds, they were surprised to find that the harsh metal friction sound did not ring as they imagined. On the contrary, there was no sound at the drill bit, and even the engine sound from the excavator itself disappeared.

 Looking at the igniting sparks between the drill and the metal wall and the cyan light flowing on the black metal wall, Hasson faintly produced an ominous premonition.

 "Stop!" Hasson suddenly shouted a moment later. "Stop!" Hasson shouted again.

 But it's too late.

 Just as his roar rang, the metal wall also changed. The cyan streamer converged on the cavity drilled by the drill. A recoil force suddenly exploded, flying the excavator close to the tank into the sky.

 The operator in the cockpit was shaken into meat sauce at the instant of the impact. One part of the meat sauce was hung on the glass of the cockpit, and the other part was like rain falling with blood and water from the air.

 Huh!

 A few seconds later, the excavator drew an arc in mid-air and fell on the open space in the distance, becoming fragmented.

 Everyone who saw this scene was stunned. After a short while, a woman's scream broke the silence, followed by a commotion.

 Soon, several workers muttered words like "curse" with a terrified expression. Martinez's followers were all right, but the female companions he brought with them except for the "Datura" all went hysterical. They began to ask why the rescue had not yet arrived, crying and telling them that they wanted to leave the place as soon as possible.

 Even the soldiers brought by Hasson began to whisper. At this moment, although they are still holding their posts and not panicking like the general public, fear and anxiety have clearly germinated in their hearts.

 "Shut up for me" Before the situation became more chaotic, Hasson decisively implemented an effective measure. He turned the armor mask to the full volume and shouted loudly. "To shut up!"

 This snorting immediately caught everyone's attention and interrupted their wild thoughts and nonsense.

 "Don't mess, it's just an accident." After the crowd calmed down, Hasson readjusted the volume and said. "It's not a curse, it's science. The spires in front of us are defensive. The cyan streamers are not magic, but they are powered by a metal source."

 "How did you know?"

 "You guessed it, too?"

 "If you know why you didn't say it earlier?"

 "Yeah, you're a liar. Explained as science is to trick us into digging! We won't be fooled!"

 The words about the "curse" have prematurely influenced the thinking of workers, so much that they have been difficult to persuade with such unproven rhetoric. Even this rhetoric is more reliable than the so-called curse theory.

 "No, you don't need to dig anymore." Unexpectedly, Hasson said immediately. "The next thing here is handled by our federal army, and others can return to the camp to rest."

 It stands to reason that he has said this, and the workers should have nothing to argue with. but

 "Hello! Please explain! Why isn't this a curse?"

 "I don't want to be in a camp that is so close to the cursed place!"

 "This is the third day. Why hasn't the rescue arrived yet? Have you ever contacted the outside world? Why do you always avoid us in conversation?"

 "The plane crash the day before yesterday is also strange. Why did the wings disappear? Is this also a curse?"

 "Yes! What the hell is going on here, make it clear! What the hell are you trying to trick us into here?"

 The problems that have accumulated over the years have finally erupted, and the factors of confusion and distrust have spread among the crowd. And the cause of all this is just the bizarre death that happened together in front of everyone.

 In this barren land, the collapse of civilization and order seems so easy. In other words, these two things are inherently more fragile than people think.

 "I have already said that this is science, not a curse. What just happened is just an accident caused by our insufficient understanding of the target." Facing the questioning, Hasson calmed down. He stood before the workers and responded calmly.

 But his answer was exchanged for another round of blame.

 These people have defined Hasson as a wicked person in their hearts, and they have identified the anomaly as a curse. And they debated these facts as their own subjective findings.

 Hasson knew that it was impossible to communicate with such people. You can persuade an open-minded person, but you cannot persuade a person who thinks that their standards and opinions are objective facts.

 These two kinds of people are not absolute. Each of us will become the latter at some point in our lives. Either because of the arrogance conferred by knowledge and experience, or the blind obedience brought by public opinion, or because you are a self-righteous person.

 In any case, Hasson wouldn't say much to this kind of person, he had his way.

boom--

 The sudden gunshot interrupted the noise of those people and caused another scream.

 In the eyes of everyone's fear, one of the most fierce workers fell to Hasson's muzzle.

 However, he was not dead, but was shot in the leg. The bullet created a blood hole in his muscle.

 "What are you doing!" Two seconds later, Rodrigo rushed away from the crowd and rushed towards Hasson. "Hassen! Are you crazy? How can you do that!"

 "If he were my soldier, I would have been shot three times now." Hasson interrupted coldly.

 "But they are not your soldiers. They are just ordinary people!" Rodrigo finished yelling and turned to shout at the people next to him. "What are you still doing? Take the first aid kit!"

 "'Ordinary person'?" Hasson read the words again, then looked up at Martinez, who was standing in the distance.

 At this moment, Martinez was looking at it with a strange expression, as if watching a good show.

 "You should make things clear, too," Hasson said, raising his voice. "Otherwise, the professor really thinks these workers are ordinary people you just look for anywhere."

 "Ha?" Rodrigo heard this and turned to look at Martinez. "What do you mean?"

 "Well, I admit, these workers are also mine, okay?" Martinez responded with a smile.

 "What" Rodrigo hasn't figured out yet. "But when they are at the airport"

 "They said bad things about me in front of you, right?" Martinez laughed. "Of course they showed it to you on purpose."

 Hasson also said to the professor at this time: "You are too naive, professor. This is South America. If Martinez really invites a group of excavation workers here, what if these workers are mixed with a few killers who want to assassinate him? What should he do to avoid such risks? Otherwise, he will not live today. "

 "There's no need to hide it from me, too," Rodrigo read.

 "Because most of these people were transferred from his cannabis plantation. The people who worked there were prisoners. This made you an outsider who didn't understand the rules and wrote it in the report afterwards, not too much It's appropriate, "Hasson said, and told Martinez," I'm right, Martinez. "

 Martinez heard that shrugging his hands was the default. He said to Rodrigo, "Professor, excuse me."

 Having said that, he didn't wait for Rodrigo to respond, and said to Hasson: "Sir, when did you find that these workers were also mine?"

 "I knew it from the beginning." Hasson replied, "Although the identity information you submitted is complete and there is no problem found in the database. But I am more cautious. I know very well that with your local power It is not difficult for the police to help you to change the identity information of some people in the database. Therefore, before the operation, I checked the paper identity documents filed by these people when they were adults. I found that their identity information was true, but their photos have been replaced. "

 "Oh. You're great." Martinez laughed.

"Mut each other," Hasson said, "Now, can your people stop this meaningless commotion, and 'tempt' me?"

 For a few seconds, Martinez thought, a gloom glinting in his eyes. Then he smiled again and said, "Did you all hear it? Don't stop the Chief from doing business anymore. He said it was science, and I would be unhappy if anyone mentioned any more curses."

 His words worked better than Hasson's gun.

 When Martinez's words fell, these workers retreated. The wounded thigh was quickly carried into the tent by others. A shot from his thigh could be fatal in the 21st century. However, in 2218, a quick-acting healing spray was sprayed and a concentrated disinfectant supplement was injected, and the wound was healed.

 Moments later, Hasson ordered the soldiers to return to the camp. Martinez also sent his men away from the spire. There are only three people left here.

 "Well, my secret, it's no secret now," Martinez said to Hasson. "Sir, should you also share some of what you know with us?"

 When he asks this, it shows that he already knows or infers something.

 Hasson didn't hesitate to answer quickly: "Your companion has told you-about me being capable."

 "Huh." Martinez responded and motioned to continue.

 "Then I will speak straight," Hasson said again. "Yes, I am a capable person. And I feel I have a chance to break this steep defense."

 "Oh," Martinez laughed. "Sir, you must have some kind of certainty before you can say to my workers, 'You don't need to dig any more'."

 "Hasson, do you really have a way to penetrate that metal wall?" Rodrigo on the side was too lazy to care about the intrigue between the other two. He cares more about the ruins than those.

 "This is just an idea, and I'm not so sure." Hasson said, opening his mask and breastplate, and came out of the armor.

 "It doesn't matter!" Rodrigo quickly answered. "Our archaeologists generally dare to start a team when we hear a little local legend or pick up a leak in Panjiayuan. If we have 20% confidence, we can all go to sponsor!"

 Hasson did not pick him up, but followed his own words: "As far as I observe, the outer wall of this steeple has the characteristic of" gradually increasing its defense force to adapt to external pressure "in addition to its super hardness. It also has a function that “absorbs sound and kinetic energy and fights back when it reaches a certain level.” You can also see the effect.

 "But in time, we have this kind of perfect defense. In the first few seconds when the bit was drilled, the metal wall was drilled with a hole. This shows that its defense mechanism is 'late.' Defence is bound to have a certain reaction time. If we can quickly destroy its structure with a fast and powerful attack before it responds, we should be able to make a gap.

 "That piece seems to be 'filled in'. It is likely that it was left when someone used the way I said to open the gap."

 His words were justified and both Rodrigo and Martinez felt feasible.

 "I understand what you mean," Martinez said, looking at Hasson, raising his eyebrows with suspicion. "But are you sure that your stroke power is stronger than the impact of a net alloy drill?"

 When he asked this question, Hasson had already reached the side of the big pit and exited a distance, as if to run up.

 "Let me try it out." Hasson said, looking down at his right hand, and then punched his fist.

Chapter 10 Bones

 Because of a commander's mistake, Hasson was wrapped up by the enemy. By the time the support troops arrived, he was already wounded, and only one breath remained.

 Hasson had good luck. When he was taken to the hospital, he had broken his arm for almost five hours. And in the morgue of this hospital, there was just a donor who had not died a long time ago, and his age and size were very close to Hasson. Coupled with the military background of Hasson, with the technology at the time, Hasson was completely able to perform surgery.

 Two days later, when Hasson woke up from his bed, although he was in pain all over the body, he was alive with his limbs.

 He got used to the new right arm almost immediately, except for a brief rejection reaction in the first few days, and later the arm was just like his own.

 However, things are not over yet ...

 It didn't take long for Hasson to discover that "power" appeared on his body. And ... the source of his ability is his right arm.

 So he went back to the hospital and tried to investigate the source of the arm. Because he knows the hospital has a rule-"cannot disclose the donor's information." So he didn't waste time looking for someone, instead he dived into the hospital archives and downloaded all the information he wanted to see.

For Veterans, this is simple.

 Unfortunately, the content of the file is nothing special. That donor is a young boxer. He doesn't have much fame, and he doesn't have much money. The cause of his death was suffocation caused by the use of steel wires to neck his neck. Combined with the report from the police (Hasson found out that the donor was murdered, and then went to the police office's archives by the way), the boy has been fighting the black market in recent years. It is estimated that he did something wrong, and then the gangster who controlled the game killed him.

 From the point of view that he was strangled by someone, this should be a congenital person who has not found his ability to death.

 Today, he is a "strong" ability. The origin of that power gradually transferred to his whole body as the cells of the arm combined with his body.

 And Hasen's ability is called-Bones

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Chapter 11The Journey of Teleportation

boom--

 Even Hasson did not foresee that his attack on the metal wall would cause a loud noise like a C4 explosion.

 At the same time, a cyan light burst suddenly, stabbing him to close his eyes.

 At that moment, he thought he had made a mistake in his judgment. He thought he was kicked back and would be seriously injured.

 However, it did not ...

 By the time he was awake, he was falling—a sudden fall in a dark, silent environment.

 Hasson didn't know if he would be alive at the moment of landing, and he didn't even know if he would land on the ground.

 But no matter what, his body reacted most immediately. He opened his limbs to increase air resistance. And he is always ready to transfer the energy in the body to the ends of each limb to offset the damage caused by the impact.

 As long as the slightest chance of survival is added, Hasson will do the best.

unexpectedly……

 After a few more seconds, Hasson's tight body suddenly relaxed.

 Because he has already landed.

 No impact, no pain. He didn't even notice when he touched the ground.

 When he felt it, he was already lying on the ground.

 "Who ..." After a brief surprise, Hasson adjusted his breath. Then he got up from the ground.

 Almost the moment he got up, the space he was in was also lit.

 This is a quadrangular room. The surrounding walls are all metallic and the walls are black. On these black metal walls, there are a lot of murals and text. Many cyan energies are like glowing blood vessels under the black skin, flowing and shining through the texture of those words and paintings.

 After looking around for a week, Hasson looked up again. Although he did not expect to see the hole he made. But he couldn't help sighing when he saw the intact ceiling.

 There is no doubt that he has entered an abnormal space. Here, human senses are not reliable. His "fall feeling" may not be true, and what he sees, hears, and touches at this moment may not be "real".

 All he can do now is to exercise caution and pray that his luck is good enough.

 …………

 He scanned the whole room carefully, but couldn't find a gap in the wall joint.

 Those murals and words were also things he couldn't understand. Maybe Professor Rodrigo might find something here, but Hasson doesn't.

 Fortunately ... Hasson is a very calm person. He has a strong ability to accept and adapt to "bad news." When faced with adversity, he always thinks "how should I solve the problem", not "how bad, why is this".

 He began to re-examine the room in the form of "touch" rather than "observation", hoping to find clues.

 Not long after, he found it. At that moment, his hand gently stroked a palm-shaped symbol on a mural. As a result, within two seconds, the floor under his feet lit up. Immediately thereafter, a strong cyan light illuminated the entire room.

 His space has changed.

 He was originally trapped in a quadrangular room, but now he is standing in a triangular cylindrical room. The walls of the room are still made of black metal, and the walls are also covered with murals and text illuminated by green awns. As for the contents of the mural ... although Hasson couldn't understand. But he was sure that it was different from the quadrangular room just now.

 "Molecular teleportation?" Hasen was surprised, and the thought immediately came to his mind.

 "Fingerprint!" After thinking for a moment, Hasson quickly thought of the inducement of transmission.

 He immediately began to look for the handprint symbols in this triangular cylindrical room. Five minutes later, he found three.

 These handprint symbols are slightly smaller in size and do not look like adult hands, but rather children. This undoubtedly made Hasson think of the small "black shadow" that he had tracked before. Not surprisingly, there must be some connection between the disappearing shadow and the facilities in front of him.

 But right now, Hasson's priority is how to get out of this space while he's full. He could wait until it was safe for him to think about other things.

 "Each fingerprint can transport people to a different place ..." Hasson's gaze swept over the three fingerprint symbols one by one. "If I can understand the murals or text on the wall, I should be able to know where the transmission went. Unfortunately, ..."

 As for helpless things, Hasson is also very clear. For him, if he doesn't understand, he doesn't understand. But at this moment, he frankly tried his luck.

 In this way, he embarked on a long "transportation journey".

 What's even more disturbing for Hasson is that after transmitting more than 300 times, he later realized afterwards that he didn't know when he could not feel the "time passing".

 Even on a "transmit once a minute" basis, Hasson has been in these rooms for more than five hours. But until now, he was not hungry, thirsty, sleepy, or tired ...

 A few times, he couldn't help wondering if he might be dead. And here is a "hell that can never escape."

 All the objective factors are letting the madness continue to grow and impacting the high wall of reason built in the mind. Ordinary people may have gone crazy or committed suicide. But Hasson, still working hard, he didn't give up.

 And his persistence and his steel-like will did not disappoint him. After the Nth teleportation, Hasson's operation finally made progress. He met people, and they were two people.

 "Sir!" Soldier No. 2 was also very excited when he saw Hasson. "My God! You are alive!"

 "It's unbelievable ..." Rodrigo seemed to be unbelievable, and stepped forward and squeezed Hasson's arm. "Hassen, it's been over a month, how did you survive?"

 "What are you talking about?" Hasson was happy when he saw the two. But the professor's words immediately made him chill and shudder.

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Chapter 12 "Twenty-six Days"

 It took Rodrigo more than ten minutes to tell the latter what had happened since Heson left. During this period, Soldier II occasionally interjected to add a few words.

 According to the professor, when Husson attacked the spire earlier, the metal wall suddenly burst into a strong light, puncturing people around him. By the time people regained sight, Hasson was gone, and the spire's outer wall was still intact.

 After that, they searched nearby for a long time, but couldn't find Hasson. No one dared to touch that spire again. As a result, Professor and Martinez can only regard Hasson as "missing." And they temporarily stopped the excavation plan.

 That day was December 5.

 From that night on, the entire excavation team went into a state of having nothing to do but waiting for rescue.

 This relatively peaceful day lasted four days. On the 9th, the day exactly one week after the crash, the conflict broke out.

 Several workers who had been secretly communicating about something, launched a mutiny with two soldiers.

 The two soldiers wanted to gain command of the group, while the workers wanted to take the opportunity to kill Martinez in this particular environment.

 Obviously, these guys transferred by Martinez from the marijuana farm were not absolutely loyal to him.

 So, on the night of the 9th, the two soldiers and several workers gathered people with arms already prepared. They claimed that "the existing leaders were seriously misconducted, concealed the information from everyone, and led everyone to die in the rainforest", and wanted to take away the substantive jurisdiction of the team.

 They have quietly disarmed the other soldiers and added a few sedatives to the food of two Martinez bodyguards beforehand. They thought they could control the situation very quickly and smoothly.

 However, this caused confusion ...

 The two soldiers did not cause any problems. However, those workers went to incite other workers and Martinez's followers. They reached a consensus in a short period of time. They are going to kill Martinez and divide him (mainly women).

 They did not know that the woman named "Helen" brought by Martinez was a capable person and a master known as "Datura".

 The soldiers and workers who tried to seize power, the soldiers and workers who still kept their positions, and very few subordinates loyal to Martinez and the mandala. There was a scuffle between the three parties.

 In the end, all the people who launched the "mutagen" were killed.

 After the killing, Ms. Helen, who had already demonstrated her strength, became the actual owner of the camp. And she immediately made a fairly correct suggestion. Before the food and clean water are used up, they must rush out to find rescue.

 There are very few people who are able to cross the jungle and who can be trusted, or who will return after they go out to find rescue; the most qualified people are Soldier 2 and Professor Rodrigo.

 Neither of them was involved in the mutiny, and they both had the physical and mental power to escape the rainforest. It can be said that they are the best candidates.

 In this way, Professor Rodrigo and Soldier No. 2 brought a pile of equipment needed to cross the jungle and set off towards the north on the early morning of No. 10.

 When they set off, they didn't think of this walk, it was more than 20 days.

 After crossing a seemingly familiar creek and walking for a while, they saw the wreckage of a "Bayshore Nine" aircraft.

 Then, following a path created by man, they came to the familiar high ground.

 They didn't understand ... why they went north, and after so long, they came back here again.

 The sharpened pyramid spire still stood on the high ground, but the excavation camp more than a hundred meters away was deserted.

 They went around the camp and found that there were a lot of messy supplies left. But only water and food disappeared.

 Of course, people have disappeared.

 By this time, the word "curse" had even surfaced in Professor Rodrigo's mind. He seemed to be in a horror movie and experienced a strange thing for almost a month.

 After that, the source of all problems pointed again to the pyramid.

 The professor and soldier two decided to try their luck at the spire again.

 Although the matter was weird to the extreme, they were no longer scared. When people are very space, they will adapt to fear and even have a desire for death. Because "death" is also a kind of liberation, an ultimate liberation of spirit and body.

Maybe it feels like, "If they have to die, they will die." The Professor and Soldier II made a bold plan. They removed the power core from the plane's wreckage, plus some materials they could find, they could make a simple bomb. They were planning to blast the spire.

 They set up the bomb, pulled a lead as long as possible, and lay behind a bunker. After they prayed to the gods, the professor detonated the simple but powerful explosive device.

 The blast caused a strong light, which, like the light that appeared when Hasson disappeared, was cyan. No one knows where the light source comes from. In short, the light is so dazzling that people cannot open their eyes.

 And when the professor and soldier woke up on the 2nd, they have arrived in a room made of geometric figures ...

 …………

 "It didn't take long for me to discover the handprint. After five transmissions, we met you." Rodrigo said here, paused, as if he wanted to give Hasson some time to digest the information .

 After listening to this series of stories, Hasson really fell into thinking.

 Two minutes later, he said, "Is it possible that the rescue came just as you left the camp. Then they picked up the people who remained there?"

 "No," Rodrigo answered. "If that's the case, they should leave us some information in the camp. Furthermore ... the rescue team is here to save people. There is no reason for them to take away food and water. No bit of biscuit residue was found. Even if we have been away for more than twenty days, they will not be able to eat all the food and water. So where are the food and water? "

 "Then you mean ..." Hasson asked tentatively.

 "Leaving aside the supernatural assumptions like the 'curse' ..." Rodrigo is still trying to explain the problem with science and logic. "Will they wait for more than ten days and think we won't be back. So they left with the rest of the food and water?"

 "Then how can you explain that they didn't leave you a word?" Hasson said.

 "If they think we've abandoned them and won't come back, then naturally nothing will be left," Rodrigo responded.

 "Assuming your guess is true. So many people are carrying heavy loads. They will definitely leave marks on the ground." Hasson asked again. "Did you find any traces?"

 "Hmm ..." Rodrigo looked pale. "To be honest ... I didn't notice." He pouted. "When I returned to the camp before, I was all stunned. The speculation I'm telling you now is something I just thought of ..." He suddenly raised his voice. "Uh? Strange! After coming to this space, all the discomforts in my body disappeared, and my thoughts seemed to become particularly clear and calm ..."

 "Not 'as if', this space does have this effect," Hasson replied, "but that's not the point ..." He shrugged. "Of course, your speculation is right or wrong, and it is not the point. Compared to the whereabouts of the people in the camp, it is more weird and difficult to explain that you went back to the camp after 26 days ..." he He paused, then said again. "Right now, there is only one important question ..."

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Chapter 13If you have any opinions, come to me

 The most important question that Hasson thought was naturally "Can Rodrigo interpret the murals here?"

 Because this is the key to everything, at least a stepping stone ...

 Whether it is the anomalies that have occurred since these days, or the way they escaped from here, the answer is obviously hidden in this weird space. And these murals are the only information they can get so far.

 Rodrigo lived up to his expectations, and he did understand a little bit. It's like someone who studies Japanese, more or less can guess some Chinese meaning. What he guessed may not be accurate.

 According to the professor, the room they are in now functions like a "museum." There are two kinds of things recorded on the mural, one is the historical experience of the civilization, and the other is the scientific and technological knowledge.

 For the "knowledge" part, the professor could hardly understand it. As for the "history" part, the professor can understand a little bit. Combining context and a bit of speculation, he read something shocking. If all this is true, it is likely to have a huge impact on modern archeology.

 Of course, these things are all right, Hasson is now concerned about whether they can go out. If they had died here, it would be useless for them to know so much.

 The professor was reminded by him before converging his "lecture desire". Then he brought the topic back to the "handprint symbol."

 Each of those handprinted symbols has text similar to "transmission logo". It's just that Hasson couldn't understand it. The professor does not understand every word, but there is one word he can be sure of. And the word appears many times— "center."

 This ... is the only clue they have now.

 The three of them negotiated, and soon decided to use only the handprinted symbol marked "center" for transmission. Not surprisingly, after a few times, they should be passed to a specific, important place. Then ... they acted on their own.

 As a result, things really did go as they expected.

 After that, they experienced another 29 teleportations. After the twenty-ninth time ... they came into a corridor.

 They walked along this corridor for a long time. Because the surrounding black metal walls and cyan light channels are indistinguishable, and they don't feel tired in this space, no one knows how far they have gone.

 Fortunately, the end of the corridor appeared before their patience ran out ...

 There is a wall, a black metal wall that is not different from the surrounding. There was only one handprint symbol on that wall.

 "It looks like we have no choice." Hasson looked back at the two people behind him, and immediately put his hands on the symbol.

 The glare lights up again and then disappears.

 This time, the three of them were teleported to a very open place.

 This is a huge space comparable to a football stadium, with a flat ground and a semi-circular dome. The cyan light tracks on the floor paint a landscape of mountains and rivers, and the dome is dotted with star-like text. In addition, on both sides of the dome there is a very conspicuous luminous figure, which appears to represent the sun and the moon, respectively.

 In the center of this space, a huge human head statue stands more than twenty feet high.

 It can be seen from a long distance that the statue's mouth is open. And it has a glowing object in its mouth ...

 The three of them had leaned cautiously. When they approached, they realized that the thing was a slightly larger, irregularly shaped cyan crystal than football. The light from this crystal is consistent with the green awns everywhere in this ruin, but it looks deeper and stronger.

 "Do you think the same as me?" Hasson said after standing for a few seconds in front of the statue.

 "Ah ... it seems that these eight achievements are the core of the energy of the whole relic." Rodrigo answered.

 "Oh ..." Hasson grinned bitterly. "I'm not interested in the function of this stuff. It means that you should have guessed it, too? The thing the Federation sent us to dig this time is it."

 "Well ..." Rodrigo's voice suddenly became cold. "... I knew it from the beginning."

 Compared to the content of this sentence, the tone of the sentence when he said it actually surprised Hasson even more.

 "Oh?" Hasson's voice chilled, and years of fighting instincts had made him smell dangerous. The blood in his body was flowing at high speed. "I didn't see it."

 "Of course you can't see ..." Rodrigo said as he turned to look at Hasson. "You're just a soldier, a tool placed in the terminal ..." He paused. "A tool is as good as a tool. Users don't let a tool know too much. Because a tool doesn't need to think, all you have to do is obey, forget, and eventually be forgotten."

 While the professor was saying this, Hasson noticed that Soldier II had quietly walked between him and the professor. And he faced him with a stance to prepare for battle.

 "It looks like ... it's not just that I'm good at keeping secrets," Hasson sank. "Professor you are also a hidden person."

 "Hmm ... secret? What other secrets can you have?" Rodrigo raised his head slightly, responding in a near-contemptuous tone. "Do you think I can't find the 'visual barrier' thing?"

 Hasson heard that, and was shocked again. It turns out ... Rodrigo already knew the vision of the "eagle disappearing at high altitude" he had previously observed.

 "You don't have to show that look, we found it, whether you found it or not." Rodrigo said. "Although we only cooperated with the woman brought by Martinez for the purpose of not revealing her identity, we did exactly what she said. We brought a bunch of equipment and tried to get out of this area for help." Slightly helpless expression. "I can tell you that in the past twenty days, we have discovered far more than interference barriers and other things. There is even a phenomenon of" space-time folding "in this area, and it is no wonder that no one has been there for so long. find us."

 "Hmm ..." Hasson groaned again. "I keep secrets from everyone because I'm afraid my discovery will cause riots." He paused. "But you know more than me, and you don't say anything, what is it for?"

 "Because I don't need you guys to say." Rodrigo replied. "In the excavation team, either your gang soldiers or Martinez's people. Even if I tell you, you have broken into a defense circle of the relics of the ancient civilization. In addition to signal and magnetic interference, There are various optical barriers, space-time circuits, etc. What then? "

 "So ..." Hasson heard something new from this. "The workers were arranged by Martinez. You already knew that. It was you who really acted ..." When he said here, he turned his attention to Soldier 2 again. Body. "... and you."

 "It's okay," Soldier No. 2 responded with a mockery. "I also didn't perform. After all, my role was just a soldier. I was a supporting role without a name. Unlike a professor, he was one of the focal points in the mining team. He has more plays.

 "Speaking of this ..." Hasson replied, before answering. "What is going on with you? I have checked your files in person. There is no problem with your identity."

 "Huh ..." Soldier No. 2 hummed coldly. "In any file you can find, it's impossible to record my 'real position'. Because ..."

 This second, Rodrigo took his words: "... because, we are all guests at the 'tea feast'."

 "'Tea feast'?" Hasson was suspicious when he heard the name of the organization for the first time.

 "Why? What do you think is ... the most powerful and powerful agency in the federal government? Is it the Cabinet's top ten? FCPS? Or the supervisor?" Rodrigo said, seeing his doubts. "I can tell you. If only these people were to rely on it, the order of this world would have been subverted by the" Reverse Cross "20 years ago.

 "I'm more and more unable to understand what you're saying," Hasson said. "But I can understand your point. Simply put, you two are both members of an organization called 'tea feast'. What about your position ... ... you still seem to be on the side of the Commonwealth. "His eyes glanced from the faces of the two. "As for identity ... 'Professor', and 'Soldier', it's all a cover."

 "That's nature ..." Soldier II's expression suddenly became gloomy. "This is to make you less confused when you die."

 "Oh ..." Hasson smiled again. "I'm going to listen. What's the reason why you want to kill me?"

 "It's simple," Rodrigo replied. "Right now, the" eternal core "has been found, and we have no intention of handing it over to the Commonwealth. You are not the person at the tea party and one of the leaders of this operation. If we want you to permanently replace us Keep it secret, the best way is undoubtedly to kill you. "He shrugged. "In fact, when we met you in the teleportation room before, I was thinking about killing you directly. But I'm worried that there are some defense mechanisms inside the ruins, so I want to stay with you for a while."

 "You can die with peace of mind, aren't you?" Soldier No. 2 said, taking a step and approaching Hasson.

 "You put the killing of me in your mouth and said lightly for a long time. Hasson looked at the other side." Presumably you are confident in your combat power? "

 "Oh ..." Soldier No. 2 laughed. "Don't you think ... someone who covers as an" ordinary soldier "must be just a small character in the organization." He paused for a second, his smile suddenly chilling. "But I'm sorry ... I'm a senior."

 The words did not fall, and his right hand suddenly extended. A slashed hand knife brought out a long-range slash that could even be torn by air, and directly hit Hasson's chest and neck.

 Hasson is also well prepared. He supported the ground with one hand for a moment, leaping and avoiding the attack.

 "Well ... Although it has been known for a long time that you are only 'strong', there are not many people who can train your physical fitness to the highest level of the current state like you." Saying with interest. "It's a pity ... you met me."

 He flashed behind Hasson.

 Although Hasson had made the quickest response, Soldier No. 2 moved faster on the front line, and he blasted Hasson to the ground with a downward elbow.

 From the point of view of Hasson, at that instant, he felt only a smashing force on his own back. The feeling of "pain" was not enough to convey the whole body, and his face was already on the hard ground.

 After the attack, the blood, breathing, and even energy of Hasson's body appeared stagnation. It took five full seconds before he could feel the blood flow back, but his lungs were still unable to breathe. Naturally, his body could not move. Soldier No. 2 went to one side and stepped off Hasson's left leg.

 "The thing I don't understand most in my life is you guys who have a name!" When he said that, there was a flame of hatred in the eyes of Soldier No. 2. "The real man should speak with his back.‘ Veteran ’? Huh ... I sigh!” He finished his sip and slammed his head toward Hasson's back.

 Unexpectedly, right now.

 "Do you have any opinion about those who are below our ability?" A strange voice sounded under the empty dome.

 The look on Rodrigo's face changed slightly, and Soldier No. 2's feet stopped halfway.

 A second later, the two saw a young man wearing a short-sleeved T-shirt and cropped pants, stepping on a flip-flop. Standing next to him was a black humanoid with a black body, like a three-dimensional shadow, and a black leather texture.

 "Who are you?" Soldier No. 2 glanced at the young man, and then looked at the black one. "Also, what are you?"

 "Do I want to 'eat' him?" The black humanoid ignored him at all, but whispered a question to the young man beside him.

 "Don't worry." The young man smiled and replied softly. "Let's play with him first."

 After all, he stepped forward and said to the soldier: "My name is Berlin. Of course, I have nothing to do with Germany."

Berlin hooked his fingers, and dragged Hasson on the ground towards himself with an invisible force, dragging away from the feet of Soldier No. 2.

 "Oh?" Upon seeing it, Soldier No. 2's face was now in alertness. "'Molecular influence'? Or is this 'unknown territory'?"

 "Do you need to think so seriously? I'm just a low-level person, and you need to analyze what I am?" Berlin said, gesturing at the black creature behind him. The creature understood it and immediately stepped forward to protect Hasson.

"You're the one codenamed" Tea "..." When the black creature began to heal Hasson, Berlin settled a little. Then he faced the soldier on the second road. "Do you have any opinions about our low-level abilities?" He put his hands in his pockets, tilted his head slightly, and smiled. "If you have any opinions, come to me."

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Chapter 14 Passing Words

 Berlin's calm attitude made Soldier No. 2 "tea" hesitant. For a moment, he could not tell whether Berlin was bluffing or confident.

 "Hmm ... the words are very powerful." When he was settled, the tea sneered, looking at Berlin Road. "But you guys I haven't even heard of your name, actually fight with me, how many seconds can you stand in front of me?"

 He dares to say so, this is self-founding.

 In this world, there are not many people who can reach the level of "Advanced" and above. The names or codes of these people are basically mastered by the tea feast. Therefore, tea has 90% certainty, Berlin should be a person with a high level of ability. As for whether it is true, "only low-level", this is hard to say. After all, it can't be ruled out that he is falsely reporting.

 "Your ability is nothing but a second-rate 'sacred physique'" In the face of tea's counter-provocation, Berlin opened his hands and looked like an easy-going man. "I'm afraid I can stand as long as I want."

 His words made tea teased in his heart.

 That's right, tea is indeed a "god physique" type of ability. But his ability information is top-secret, and only the people inside the tea party know the name and details of his ability.

 "Is this guy tempting me. Just guess a genre and watch my reaction?" At that moment, Tea tried to control the expression on his face, and thought in his heart. "But in general, it is impossible to guess the special classification of 'divine constitution'. It is much more likely to guess in the 'physical variation' or 'energy conversion' category. Also, he said 'second-rate ',What means?"

 "Don't think about it." In the next second, Berlin seemed to be able to see through people's hearts, smiling at the tea ceremony. "I have no interest in testing weak people like you. I know your ability is 'Abel' ... I have already said that this is only a second-class god constitution."

 This time, he simply stated the name of the tea ability. This time, the heart of tea is even more empty.

 Deity constitutional powers—Abel, possesses the characteristics of super power, super speed, high self-healing ability, strengthening five senses, etc. that most deities have. And this ability has a special ability that does not turn on until advanced. At that time, the capable person will passively report the damage he has suffered to the approver. Combined with the advantages of his body, this can be said to be an ability that is "almost impossible to lose to someone weaker than himself".

 "Only the quantum revolution is the strongest." Berlin smirked. "Would you like to come and experience it?"

 Tea has no reason to flinch, and he will not change his perception because of a few unverifiable words in Berlin.

 His estimation has not changed, and he believes that Berlin's ability level is below him. Even if his power is really powerful, he shouldn't be disadvantaged by the energy gap.

 So he acted.

 As an exclusive combatant for a well-trained tea feast, when tea leaves in earnest, it is blasting and thundering. In the face of a low-level person, it is reasonable to kill him in one hit.

 In an instant, his fist had hit Berlin's heart.

 However, a punch that should have penetrated the heart seemed to be hit in the air.

 Berlin's expression still looks so relaxed. The blow in front of him was like someone gently patted the dust on his clothes.

 Snapped--

 Immediately after, Berlin's hand rested on the shoulder of the tea.

 An unprecedented fear, accompanied by this touch, penetrated through every pore of the tea body and dipped into every cell in his body.

 In that second, "death" was like an abyss-like entity, which had completely engulfed the tea.

 Until Berlin's voice came into his ears again.

 "Let you go back today and say a word to 'Long Jing ...'"

 The gentle voice evoked tea from the loss.

 He trembled, stunned, and realized the fact that he was still alive.

 "Tell him ..." Berlin said casually. "'Reverse Cross' has returned, and let him prepare coffee for us at the tea party."

 After all, he patted the shoulder of the tea twice, as if trying to comfort each other. Then he retracted his hand.

 At this moment, the tea is almost as if it had just been removed from the water, and the whole body was soaked with sweat. He couldn't speak for a long time and couldn't move.

 "As for you ... Professor Rodrigo ..." Berlin spoke, bypassing the tea leaves, and walking towards Rodrigo next to the statue.

 "Understand! I understand!" The professor would answer quickly. "Both Eternal Core and Hasson can be given to you. I will also help you to convey what you just said." He has obviously counseled at this moment. The professor is not a fighter at the tea party, nor is he capable. Although his body was slightly strengthened by EF, he did not intend to resist.

 "Oh ..." Berlin approached step by step, and said something that scared the other person with a smile, "I said to him just now," Let you go back ", not" Let you both go back ", did you Can you hear me? "

 "This ... you ..." Rodrigo heard it, and he was at a loss. And he began to hurriedly back, leaning on the statue within a few steps.

 "Do you need two more to spread the word?" Berlin again.

 The professor was anxious, and then said, "Slow ... I ... I'm a tea feast, do you know what will happen to me ..."

 "You're just a professor, a tool that's put in the terminal ..." Berlin replied, following what the other party said to Hasson not long ago. "No matter how good a tool is, it's just a tool ..." He shrugged. "I think you are even more pathetic than Mr. Hasson. Because you still haven't realized that the only reason for the tea party to let you join them is ... in studying the ancient civilization of South America, you are their only choice. "

 Rodrigo's complexion changed, and a complex emotion emerged from his fear.

 "Hmm ..." After a low hum and a fierce ideological struggle, the professor whose sweat had dripped from the horns finally lost his luck and let go of the core. "Ok ... I surrender, what do you want?"

 "Oh ..." Berlin smiled elegantly, though he wasn't looking elegant at all. "What else can I do? I ask you to go back for coffee."

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Chapter 15 Delivery

 Santos Port, located sixty kilometers southeast of Sao Paulo, is the largest port in Latin America.

 Here, naturally, also belongs to the sphere of influence of the Martinez family.

It was a cargo ship to and from an "unknown destination". On the third-to-last day of each month, this cargo ship without a name and identification number will set sail from the port of Santos and return early in the morning on the last day of the month.

 All the staff and armed guards on board were inside the Martinez family. Whether they are loading or unloading, workers are operating in closed places, and others do not know what they are transporting.

 Of course, this is a big port after all. After a long time, even if no one knows what they are doing, there will be rumors.

 Some people say they are smuggling raw materials for drugs, some people say that they are transporting arms, and some people say that they are buying and selling people. In short ... People basically guessed at the several serious contraband items that are not allowed by law.

 Unfortunately, no one guessed right.

 Because ... Three Views limited their imagination.

 In fact, the cargo that this ship is actually carrying is some "luxury goods". Here are some special luxury items that you may not buy even if you have money.

 Twenty years ago, while Martinez was still alive, he built a unique place around the world inside an artificial island about thirty nautical miles east of the port of Santos. And they named it quite plainly-"Human Farm". From this day, the "supply line" of this special luxury product was born.

 On the third-to-last day of each month, a cargo ship from Martinez's house ships a supply and living people to the island. Needless to say, as for the living people-including their family's enemies, gamblers with huge debts that can't be repaid, police officers with "unknown affairs", homeless people, prisoners, and prisoners Trafficking women and children. If demand is high, innocent citizens may suffer.

 Once these people were taken to the island, they were no longer considered "people." They will be treated as ordinary writers and animals.

 There are specialized technicians on the island who will arrange the diet, sleep time, and daily activities of these "goods" according to the needs of "customers".

 Finally, the "commodities" produced on the farm include, but are not limited to, meat, offal, dairy products, feces, crafts, and some custom-made items.

 Maybe someone wonders, does anyone really want these things?

 The answer is yes.

 Human desires have no boundaries, and often become distorted and deformed by expansion.

 The business that runs on this farm and what happens every day here, if it is made into a documentary, I am afraid it is more shocking and creepy than any horror film in history. It's no exaggeration to say that the farm is "hell on earth."

 But it does exist, and it has existed for more than two decades.

 …………

 Early in the morning, November 28, 2218.

 Santos Port, in the cargo hold of "That Cruise Ship".

 There are a pair of middle-aged men and women sitting back to wall.

These two people, although they look very ordinary-they are the kind of middle-aged couples who are everywhere, in their forties and forties. But as two people who had been tortured, illegally detained for almost a month, and were about to be taken to an unknown location, their expressions seemed too calm.

 The others around them were either in the face of death, or they were scared. Only they are like two robots in standby.

 "Oh ... even if they are undercover. Can they get out when they go there?" The foreman glanced at the two men and then answered.

 "Huh ..." the man in a suit groaned, thinking in his heart. "That's right. Assuming these two are really agents from an organization, they certainly don't know where they are going. If they knew, I'm afraid they would have identified their identity and talked to us about the conditions. Anyway. Once they get to the island, things can't be kept from them. Those who enter ... all have to die. "

 With that in mind, he stopped saying much. He just nodded, signed a name on the I-PEN interface in his hand, and completed the transfer of the goods.

 However, out of prudence, after the transfer formalities were completed, the suit man intentionally wrote a note next to the two's information. "As soon as possible, treat them as meat."

 As a result, the two would die that night. No matter who they are, as long as they die, there are no problems.

 After making the notes, the suit man's heart set some more. Soon after, the cargo ship left the port.

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Chapter 16 Arrangement

 2218, December 2.

 Eagle County, Vienna.

 Orange sunlight penetrated through the gaps in the curtains and slowly climbed onto the edge of the bed.

 It wasn't until that light hit his face that Shadow Weaving woke up yawning from a murmur.

 She looks very different from when she was in the ring center. At that time, she wore a semi-implantable fiber mask for a long time to lurk. That face looked about sixteen or seventy-years old, childish and plain. With a greasy ponytail hairstyle, no one would look at her more. But now, when she took off her mask, she looked in her early twenties, with a sharp outline and a nice face. Her petite but bumpy figure and her well-groomed hair make her the focal point wherever she goes.

 Shadow Weaving's posture of getting up is a bit like doing sit-ups, the difference is that her hands naturally hang on both sides of her body. She simply supported her light body with her thin, flexible waist. And the sheer curvy line on her chest propped up the velvet sheets covering her.

 Shadow Weaving, who was sitting up, just wanted to stretch a lazy waist comfortably, and something that should not have appeared in her not completely clear sight.

 In an instant, she was completely drowsy. And she instinctively held the sheets slipping from her chest with her hands.

 "How did you get in?" Her voice and expression almost became murderous in an instant.

 "Is this important?" Berlin responded with a calm tone.

 "Huh ..." Shadow Weaving also felt that his first question was not important. So she snorted and changed the question, "Well ... what are you doing?"

 "I'm not here to see you naked, anyway," Berlin replied.

 In some ways, this is also true. Since Shadow Weaving got up to now, Berlin hasn't seen her seriously.

 "No peeping!" While wearing clothes, Shadow Weaving kept staring at Berlin for a moment, reminding and warning each other with a stern tone.

 "Your posture is ugly, and now you say that again." Berlin shrugged, answering his face.

 "Does this have anything to do with my sleeping position?" Shadow Weaving asked again.

 "Let me put it another way ..." Berlin replied. "When I came in, your quilt wasn't covered. I covered it for you."

call--

 He didn't say a word, and a white thigh brushed his cheek.

 At this moment, Shadow Weaving has put on close-fitting clothes. And he put on a white silk bathrobe. Furious, she finally could not bear it, and suddenly gave Berlin a flying magpie from behind.

 Berlin seems to have long guessed it. He just tilted his head slightly and avoided the past lightly.

 "I warn you ..." Shadow Weaving closed his shirt and coldly when he closed his hand. "Don't think you've helped me once before, now you can pretend in front of me."

 "I've already said it, it wasn't my 'help you' that time, but everyone took what they wanted."

 "Cut ..." Shadow Weaving crossed his arms, hugged his chest, and frowned. "What are you doing?"

 "Oh ... I'm here to talk to you about cooperation." Berlin went to another sofa and sat down.

 "I do not believe you."

 "Oh why?"

 "Woman's intuition."

 "This reason. Oh, I can't really refute you." Berlin smiled again. "Then you're here to treat you as if I'm here. Would you like to listen to tasks and conditions?"

 "You have less nonsense, let's talk, what do you want me to do?" Shadow Weaving interrupted him impatiently.

 "Before talking about the task, I want to say the conditions first," Berlin replied. "That way you might be more receptive."

 "Well, since you say so, I have to listen to the task first," Shadow Weaving said.

 Berlin replied with a smile: "I want you to rush to 'Christo City' within 24 hours to sneak into a high-level federal meeting. And you're going to negotiate a deal with them on behalf of 'I'."

 "Oh." Shadow Weaving's response was surprisingly calm. "That means you want me to die?"

"After this is done ..." And Berlin's words are not over. "You should be arrested and sent to a federal government jail dedicated to criminals of capacity. But don't panic, I will come to your rescue in two months. We will try to get in touch with you then ... ... "

 "Okay. You needn't say anything," Shadow Weaving said. "I don't want to listen to you. I will never take such a suicide deal, no matter what the price."

 "After you leave the prison, I will arrange for you to meet with your sister." Berlin interrupted Shadow Weaving with this absurd sentence.

 "What did you say?" Shadow Weaving's expression changed significantly in those two seconds.

 "People always have something they want to do, some people who can't let go, or something that is difficult to give up ..." Berlin calmly answered. "I already investigated your situation, and I quickly reasoned about your purpose of taking her away. In the end, an obvious conclusion appeared before me." He paused. "So, I'm here to tell you directly. Compared to pinning expectations on a very unstable novice ability, follow me, your success rate is much higher. I definitely have the ability and resources to help you find yours Sister, but only if you meet my requirements first. "

 Shadow Weaving looked at Berlin and frowned for a moment.

 During this period, hesitation, doubt, flinch, impulse, and a hint of hope flashed in her eyes.

 "Just two months?" She compromised and believed. Even if it was a gamble, she was willing to take risks. Because, as Berlin said, there is always something people love. Maybe it's insignificant to others, but for her, it's worth her effort.

 "Relax, if things go well, it won't take two months." Berlin Road. "You don't have to worry about what you will suffer after being arrested. I have arranged it over the federal side."

 Then, he took an I-PEN out of his jacket pocket and prepared to give her some information.

 Shadow Weaving went to the bar and poured himself a glass of whiskey with ice. She took a sip and settled.

 "That's right ..." After calming down, she seemed to think something suddenly and asked. "The mission is so urgent, why don't you wake me up earlier?"

 Hearing that Berlin's inexplicable show a little stunned, sighed softly: "I can't bear it ..." He was thoughtful. "What a wonderful thing to be asleep."

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Chapter 17 Going to an appointment (1)

 2219, January 4.

 Dragon County, Magic City.

 Here, this is a small fishing village on the East Coast. For some years, it was called the Paris of the East. No one knows since when the city has a title that sounds like the villain's base camp in boy comics.

 Today, a professional gambler came to Modu.

 His name is Wu Shang.

 Although in this world and this era, population migration is quite common and convenient. But Wu Shang is a person who has never left Sakura's house since he was a child, and rarely even walks out of Hanazuki-cho. This time he came to Longjun, but it was the first time he went out.

 And he was not sure of the purpose of his trip.

 Two days ago, Wu Shang's black card with the "reverse cross" logo suddenly changed. On the side where the cross was originally printed, a map and a row of small numbers-"221901050000" actually emerged.

 The numbers are easy to understand. That means dates and times. But the map is not easy to understand.

 Fortunately, electronic maps of this era are very powerful. In this case, people only need to take pictures and search for any software that has satellite positioning services, and they can search for matching places worldwide.

 Therefore, Wu Shang quickly ascertained that this was a bird's-eye view of the central and southwestern part of the magic capital. It is speculated that the information that appeared on the card should be telling him: at zero on January 5, 2219, something would happen in this area of ​​the magic city.

 With a sense of indignation and curiosity, Wu Shang finally bought a ticket ...

 After packing his luggage for a day, he set out on this journey to Long County.

 Wu Shang arrived here on the afternoon of the 4th. Because the airport in Modu is very busy, it took Wu Shang more than an hour to pick up luggage, line up and wait for a taxi. By the time he arrived at the hotel and left his luggage, it was already dusk.

 Unexpectedly, as soon as he was lying flat on the bed, ready to catch his breath, the phone on the nightstand rang.

 Wu Shang thought for two seconds and rolled over to the cabinet. Because this is the hotel's internal telephone, he didn't seem to be directly connected to the telephone display: "Hello?"

 "Hello, here is the front desk. Is this Mr. Shen in Room 1203?" The sweet and polite voice of the front desk lady came from the other end of the phone.

 "It's me." Wu Yanben was a cautious person. After dealing with the "winner", he became more cautious. So this time he came here, whether he was buying air tickets or staying in a hotel, he used a fake identity called "Shen Qiang".

 "Yes, Mr. Shen ..." After confirming the identity of the other party, the lady at the front desk asked. "Someone just sent an envelope to the front desk, and it said it was for you. May I ask you to come down and pick it up, or will I ask the waiter to bring it to your room?"

 "Envelope?" Wu Yan immediately wondered. He paused for a second and asked. "What kind of person sent it?"

 "It's a boy about fifteen or sixteen years old. He's thin and looks like he is a native of Long County," she replied.

 Because the population moves more frequently, in this universe, no matter what continent you are in, when describing the appearance of others to others, it is also common to talk about his race.

 "Hmm ... I know, I'll get down right away. Thank you." Wu Shang finished the sentence and hung up.

 Then he meditated for a moment. Then he took out the black card that he had with him, and said, "I have clearly confirmed that I have not been followed, but I have been discovered by others ... Well. It seems that things are not simple."

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Chapter 18 Going to an appointment (2)

 He looked down at the lobby while pretending to read the travel guide. After watching for about fifteen minutes, it was almost certain that no one was staring at him before he walked to the front desk.

 Wu Shang showed the room card to the lady at the front desk, indicating her identity. The lady gave him the envelope soon.

 He asked again about the characteristics of the sender, such as the color of the clothes, hairstyle, and so on. Unfortunately ... he didn't get much useful information.

 A few minutes later, Wu Shang took the envelope and came to the cafeteria on the first floor.

 He found a place within five meters of the radius where no one else sat down, and was ready to take it apart to see what it contained inside.

 The reason why he chose to open the envelope in such a public place was because he was worried that there would be something like an institution. In case he was injured by a micro-bomb or some toxic gas as soon as he opened it, people nearby would soon notice it. And they will take him to the hospital.

 "Well ... this seems to be fine ..." Wu Shang sat there, shaking the envelope, smelling it, listening, and looking through the light again. He didn't notice anything suspicious.

 So he opened the envelope.

 There was nothing unusual in the envelope, only a piece of paper.

 A map is printed on one side of the paper with coordinates marked with a reverse cross pattern. On the other side of the paper was a sentence-"It will be revealed at eight o'clock tonight."

 Wu Shang saw that the map was consistent with the map that appeared on his card. It's just that this map is bigger and more detailed, and the map also gives specific road names and coordinates.

 When Wu Shang stepped out of the hotel, the sun had completely set.

 The magic is a city more energetic at night than during the day. The moment the night began, it was also time for the city to wake up.

 Wu Shang is also a person accustomed to acting at night. As a gambler living in the dark world, he has a high degree of affinity with the city.

 Just taking a breath of the night air here, he felt very comfortable.

 At 7.40 pm, the driver parked the car in a deserted little street, in front of a bookstore.

 "Here it is," said the driver, holding the car steady.

 At this time, the driver suddenly introduced himself "'Ferryman' ... Meng Xihan."

While introducing himself, Meng Minhan took off his hat and turned his head to look at Wu Shang.

 "... Wu Shang." Wu Shang also took out his card when he replied.

 "Good luck ~ lucky ~"

 "You're welcome ~ You're welcome ~"

 After a few more words they chatted. It was almost eight o'clock, and the two got out of the car together.

 "please."

 "please."

 After sending each other a word "Please", the two gangsters pushed the door on the left hand side and got out of the car almost at the same second.

 "please."

 "please."

 When they came to the bookstore door, they said so again.

 But this time ... Because the bookstore door is relatively narrow, only one person can pass at a time. So neither of them took the lead.

 "Or ..." Wu Shang looked at Meng Maohan with a three-point smile. "... Let's bet. Who loses and who goes first?"

 "No, time is tight, I see ..." Meng Yuehan said, and put his hand in his arms to start digging. "... It's more appropriate for me to count."

 "No, no, no ... let's bet it won't take long." Wu Shang also quickly started to gather materials on the spot, looking around, looking for something to use. They couldn't find it, they bet the next person who appeared at the street would be a man or a woman.

 But after all, his movement was not as fast as Meng Yuehan. Before the self-proclaimed priest had finished speaking, he had held a small octagonal compass in his hand. Then he started chanting.

 A few seconds later, Meng Xihan opened his eyes and sipped softly, "OK! OK!"

 Wu Shang reluctantly prepared to listen to him, and then spoke a few lines to let himself go.

unexpectedly……

 "The results are already here. I must go here first!" Meng Xunhan even said this.

 "Huh?" Wu Shang hesitated for two seconds. "really?"

 "Of course it is true!" Meng Yuehan replied in a natural tone.

 "No ... I mean ..." Wu Shang shook his head. "Do you really believe it?"

 "Nonsense, don't you admit that you've finished gambling?" Meng Xunhan asked.

 "Uh ..." Wu Shang paused for a moment. Although he believes that gambling and fortune telling are two different things, the question at this moment seems to be about professional conduct rather than business.

 "Yes!" Meng Yuehan said, "I am also professional. Believe me, I should be here first."

 After all, he didn't wait for Wu Shang to reply, and stepped in to enter the door.

 Seeing this, Wu Shang hesitated for a second. Then he shrugged. Before the door was fully closed, he blocked it with his hand and followed in.

 Immediately after, however, the anomaly appeared.

 The moment Wu Shang stepped into the door, the scene in front of him suddenly changed.

 The back of Meng Yuehan disappeared. Shelves, stacks, walls, etc., which can be seen outside the door, have all disappeared.

 In Wu Shang's sight, all that remained was an empty darkness. The only thing that made him feel the sense of space was the light that came in from the door behind him.

 "Oops!" Wu Shang, who was frightened, turned abruptly, trying to escape.

 But when he looked back, he found that the distance between the door and him had become farther. It was as if two rows of invisible wheels were growing under the door, and they were slipping away at a speed of more than 100 kilometers per hour.

 After only a few seconds, the last light had disappeared ...

 All Wu Shang saw was darkness. All he heard was silence. Slowly, he couldn't hear his breath and heartbeat. His sense of touch seemed to start to blur.

 Wu Shang had a strange feeling. He felt that Wu Shang had ceased to exist, as if he was being erased from this world.

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Intersection

 Many of us who work in this industry become like this because they feel unconvinced after being tricked by experts.

 I'm lucky, I haven't had that experience.

 Some old gamblers told me that gamblers like me who have never been "water fish" are rare.

 They say that talents who have never lost their posture and have shown defeat have the qualifications to become "legends."

 I disagree with this statement. Because I know that as long as you can keep winning, you will become a "legend" with or without stains. After you become a "legend", even if there is any dark history, they will be erased by those who worship you.

 However, I am still a person with dark history now.

 The most time I've been played the most as a professional gambler for so many years, was to fall into Yuexia.

 Fortunately, I was not too miserable at that time, I finally survived. I did not lose my home. This is a miracle for a losing gambler.

 However, in front of me, I always feel more dangerous than that.

 I don't know who I'm dealing with, or what their purpose is.

 If they were simply asking for money or for my life, they should not be like this.

 The guy who claimed to be a priest just now is an accomplice of the other party, or suffered the same incident after entering the door like me. I don't know either.

 All I can do at this moment is to walk along the corridor that suddenly appeared in front of me.

 No matter what is waiting for me, I have to face it.

 …………

 My memory must have been adjusted.

 Where is this and how did I get here ... I can't remember it at all.

 I don't even know what year it is.

 My last memory fragment was still in the rain forests of South America, the moment I tried to attack that spire.

 Could it be that I am dead? Are these corridors the way to hell? Or am I already in hell?

 Who knows ...

 What I can be sure of is that I'm still breathing, I still have a heartbeat, and my health is even good.

 The clothes I wear are obviously not the ones in the rainforest. They are all new and fit well. I have a black card in my jacket pocket with the reverse cross mark on one side and the number "12" on the other. This means unknown.

 In short, there is no way to find the answer when you stay there. Now that there is a road ahead, let me go forward.

 …………

 Shall I travel through time again?

 This kind of feeling that I can't remember a lot is really annoying.

 Am I Li Xiaofan, or a "sacrifice", or somebody else?

 Huh ... No, I can't think so.

 No matter how many times I cross, I'm Li Xiaofan.

 If I shake this, I might go crazy.

 My body feels the same, let me first rule out the possibility of "crossing". Let me think about it. What did Lance do to me?

 Eh? what is this? Why do I have this in my pocket?

 "11" ...

 I seem to be pulled into some strange game ...

 Isn't Lance trying to "trial" me?

 …………

 Humph! Silly phase technology and memory adjustment.

 He also stuck an inexplicable card on me.

 With my brain power, within 24 hours I must be able to repair the missing memory chain.

 When I find out who threw me into this broken place, I won't let you go!

 …………

 Let me be on time at such a delicate time of 9:20. What does this mean?

 Anyway, the guy who walked in at nine is a dwarf? But he doesn't look like from the body type. His face looks like a middle-aged man, but his body is similar to mine. Is he a capable person?

 Forget it, let me go in and see. Can such a small bookstore hide an army?

 Besides, if the enemy really wanted to kill me, they would start by Huron. They don't have to wait until now.

 How long has it been since then?

 It's been more than ten years, or ... just a few years?

 Still the same ... this bookstore.

 It's just that when I last visited it, it was not in this street, not even in this city.

 But there is no doubt that this is the bookstore where I first met "Boss Tian". This one-of-a-kind aura, as if weird outside the whole world, was indeed beyond my knowledge at the time.

 So ... why. They are again inviting me back to a place where even the retrospective time can't be found again ...

 …………

 Ten twenty.

 Command execution.

 Incarnation ... "Shadow Weaving"-Yi Rumeng.

 DNA calibration, memory calibration, flesh generation, mimicry clothing generation ...

 Command execution.

 Join the "trial."

 …………

 They waited until the designated time was almost there before they gave me the coordinates. There must be a reason.

 Although I want to observe outside for a while, I might be surprised if I enter late ...

 I heard the security guard said that the person who came to send me a letter was a fifteen or six year old girl. Then she must be one of the many young people who disappeared after the Cyber ​​Ring Center incident ...

 Does she want to tell me this way ... "There are many hostages here?"

 It was because he had the hard proof that I had killed Professor Tang. So he decided that I didn't dare to call for reinforcements. I could only come alone?

 No ... he's not that superficial.

 He just has absolute confidence in his strength and intelligence. So he didn't care what tricks I would play.

interesting……

 It is interesting to be able to play an important role in the layout of such a person, even if it is the one who is counted.

 …………

 This place is dangerous.

 It's more dangerous than anywhere I've been.

 I have dealt countless times with "Death".

 But the world behind this door, even the "death", has to stop them.

 I want to flinch and run away.

 It's as if his soul is pulling himself away from here.

 Someone as a "human" is roaring and telling me. Once I stepped into that door, I took a step that would never return.

 But because of this, I believe it.

 The "answer" to everything may be really there, in a place separated from me.

 …………

 …………

 Everyone is almost here, and it seems I should prepare for it, and then appear like an innocent fool.

 Although I have been living in lies for a long time. But this drama really made me a little nervous.

 The core of all comedies is tragedy. When someone is happy, others are offended, hurt, and experience pain ...

 The tragedy is a more pure "destroyer." It directly displays a set of "the process of destroying valuable things in life".

 I couldn't define whether the trial I was about to attend was a comedy or a tragedy.

 In my opinion it is more like a long prologue. It's full of unpleasant but endless bathos moments throughout. And it will eventually end in such an atmosphere.

 But think about it ... it doesn't seem to matter.

 Hmm ... Anyway, this is not my responsibility, but the problem of the director in Berlin.

 …………

 At midnight, I followed the prompts to the target location.

 From the outside, this is just an ordinary bookstore. But I know that once I get in, anything beyond common sense can happen.

 When I arrived at the shop door, I looked at myself again through the window next to the door.

 It is not difficult to imitate Yan Wushang.

 He is a strong player, and so am I. He has the ability to heal, so do I.

 In addition to the appearance of reproduction, his manners, looks, including some small habits ... I have learned through his observations of the previous day.

 Furthermore, according to Master Zun Zun, most of the people I met during this mission were the first time to meet Yan Wushang, and they didn't see any clue when they came.

 After adjusting my mood, I walked into that bookstore.

 The exception did happen. The moment I stepped into the gate, the surroundings became dark instantly, and my five senses began to be gradually drawn away.

 But because I was mentally prepared, I didn't panic.

 After some time, I found myself standing in an unmanned corridor.

 In the few seconds of regaining consciousness, a sudden pain came. It was as if someone had torn my body into pieces. This shocked me immediately and fell to my knees, covering my chest and abdomen.

 But when I looked down, the feeling had faded. My body and clothing are intact.

 Is this an illusion?

 No, the blood oozing from the corner of my mouth tells me that's not the case ...

 But now, I don't have time to think about those.

 Because when I looked up again, a door appeared in front of me.

Just two seconds ago, there was no door ...

 I understand that someone is urging me to go in quickly.

 So I wiped the blood stains on the corner of my mouth, turned the doorknob, and pushed the door open ...

Chapter 1 Feminists

My name is Maria Popova and I am from Double Eagle County. I am a bounty hunter, the current leader of the feminist organization Tyrannosaurus Rider, the initiator and pioneer of "hardcore feminism". Of course, now I have become a prisoner of the Federation.

     About two weeks ago, it was a weekend night, and I rode down the street on my Harley motorcycle.

Near midnight, I happened to pass by a nightclub. As soon as I saw that there were not many people standing in line at the door, I planned to go in and drink a bottle of vodka to quench my thirst, and go to the dance floor to exercise.

So I parked the car, took off my helmet, and walked towards the end of the queue.

Unexpectedly, as I walked through the doorway, the security guard at the doorway stopped me and told me that "beauties do not need to line up."

    Go fuckin '! He looked down on me.

    I just sat at the bar and started drinking.

    Before half a bottle of wine was finished, a few guys came to talk. A few of them turned their heads after hearing me say "Go". They are also sensible, but there is another particularly rogue who not only does not leave, but also shows himself up there.

    He told me that his dad was the Chief Inspector of Double Eagle County. As long as I am willing to accompany him "overnight", he will send me a sports car tomorrow.

    When I went to the toilet a little and then came out, he brought a group of people and stopped me at the shop entrance.

    In order to give him a lesson, I knocked him down and beat him up after I knocked down his thugs all night.

    Unexpectedly, half an hour later, I hadn't returned home, and was surrounded by several police cars at a crossroads.

    I thought, wouldn't it be so many people to catch a drunk driver? I didn't know until I was taken to the police station that they would sue me for intentional murder.

    Obviously they want to count me, I can't just sit back and wait? So I hit all the way and ran away.

    After I ran out, I thought, because I have offended such a person, I will become a black household from now on? It's not worth it!

   So I immediately dived back to the police station and found out the whereabouts of the policeman's son. After I hit him, he didn't go to the hospital. Instead, he called a private doctor to his villa to help him.

    Ten minutes later, I slipped into his villa. I was afraid to chop his three fingers and then use water to force him to swear he would not harass me again.

    Of course, I'm not stupid. I know this can only scare him for a while, I still have to run.

    That night, I fled Shuangying County overnight.

    About five days later, although I successfully got rid of the hunt by the Double Eagle County police, or the young master. But I fell into the hands of EAS again.

    I am not afraid of abusing lynching, but it is clear that I will definitely endure prison.

    Now that even EAS is dispatched, it is clear that I am treated as a "capable person". I was sent to a prison where people with special abilities were also held.

    But to be honest, I do n’t even know what my ability is

    At first I thought that my ability was physical fitness beyond the limits of ordinary people. But then I found out that it seems that any one of the "low-level" abilities, with a little training, can have this strength.

    Anyway, the day after I was arrested by EAS, I was sent to this place called “Prison 9”.

    This is a secret prison located north of Chernobyl, the main body of which was built underground of an abandoned nuclear power plant. .

  The "prisoners" have basically not undergone any public trials. "Justice" is even more impossible.

    There is also no "sentence period" for prisoners. There are usually only two ways to leave here, one is "death", and the other is that one day the Federation suddenly finds you useful and comes to negotiate a deal with you.

    In addition to gender, prisoners in Prison 9 will be detained separately based on their "risk level." I am in Prison 9 with the lowest danger level.

    This is the closest to the "ordinary prison" of the outside world. As long as you have money, you can even ask the prison guard to help you bring in things from the outside.

    In addition, prison guards can help you pass on information to people outside. This is also necessary. How else would you contact someone to help you pay the prison guard?

  Of course, the guards have their own network of contacts. They won't let outsiders know where you are being held, and you can't pass on information externally through voice or video. Here, the only thing allowed to be passed to the outside world is a "letter." And the guards checked every letter, and all letters were required to pass only straightforward information. Whatever the reason, as long as information such as Tibetan poems, homonyms, Morse code, cold ancient dialects, etc. appeared, and if they saw anything suspicious, the letter would be returned. And you won't be able to write any more in the next six months.

    I've been so unlucky! Let the sisters of the Tyrannosaurus Rider raise me money and bring me some vodka. Isn't this excessive?

   It must be admitted that the efficiency of prison guards is still very high. The letter sent by them the day before yesterday, and a reply today, this should be because of the closeness to Shuangying County.

    What surprised me was that the person who wrote me back was not a sister in the organization, but a guy I didn't know.

I don't know why, my letter was in his hands. And he seemed to know me very well. Not only did he send me vodka as I requested, he also told me a lot of things that should be known only to me.

    But all I know about him is the signature on the letter-Berlin.

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Chapter 2 Prison 9

Chernobyl, December 18, 2218.

A nuclear leak in the 20th century turned this place into a deserted "dead city."

The former empire, or the current confederation, has made it a quarantine zone.

By contrast, the federal government is more thorough. They used a thick wall of hundreds of kilometers to circle most of the city.

That fence is made of a special mixed alloy material, and the whole body is black. At the top of the wall, an intelligent electronic eye with night vision and video functions is installed every few hundred meters to monitor the inside and outside of the wall day and night.

     Since the buildings outside the wall have basically been demolished, the open snow field is directly outside the wall. This leaves nowhere to hide. The area inside the wall, although many old dilapidated buildings have been retained, but those buildings also have numerous electronic eyes installed on the wall, which means that the surveillance network in the wall is more thorough.

     Those incarcerated in "Nineth Prison" called the wall "the wall of the abyss". It is not only a barrier to prevent the intrusion of external forces, but also an insurance against the escape of internal personnel.

     No prisoner has ever been able to cross that wall for the entire century since the completion of Prison Nine. Of those who tried to escape, the one who escaped the furthest could not even touch the wall.

Three military armored shuttles galloped across the snowy field and approached the southern gate of the "Abyss Wall."

     Since the guards at the gates have been notified in advance, procedures such as exchanging documents and verifying identities are fast. Soon, one of the shuttles drove in from the open entrance, while the other two guard shuttles stopped outside the wall.

     Five minutes later, the shuttle that had entered the wall had stopped at the entrance to Prison Nine. An officer and two soldiers quickly removed the prisoners escorted from their trip.

     "Good morning, sir." A female prison policewoman who has been waiting for a long time salutes the officer who stepped off the shuttle.

     "Hello." Lieutenant Colonel Srikova, who was responsible for the escort mission, perfunctoryly returned a military salute, and then she held up the electronic key in her hand and shook it gently twice. "Operation number '160', this is the highest security level. So I need at least one Deputy Warden to be present to complete the transfer."

"I understand." The prison guard nodded, turned, and raised his hand. "This way, please."

So, led by two prison guards, the lieutenant colonel and two soldiers held Shadow weaving and entered the gate of Prison Nine.

 After walking for a while, there was a fork in front. This is the bifurcation of going to the male or female prison, and Shadow weaving will naturally be taken to the female prison.

     After turning there, they went a long way again. Then they came to an elevator.

    Led by the prison guards, everyone took the elevator that requires multiple authentication to start and drove underground.

    Grunt--

  Because this elevator uses the traditional suspension technology (and this elevator has been used for many years), instead of the common suspension design. So when the elevator descends, everyone can hear the sound of the steel cable and roller sliding.

    Shadow weaving originally planned to use this sound and her physical sensation to guess the distance of the decline, but she soon found that it was meaningless. Because the elevator descends too deeply, the concept of "several floors" is meaningless when you have reached far underground.

    After a while, the elevator reached the destination floor. They stopped in front of a door after passing through a corridor without people but many monitors.

    "Come here, Colonel." As the prison guard opened the door, he greeted Colonel Srikova.

Then they walked into a room that looked like an infirmary.

At this moment, two people were waiting in the room. One was a female prison doctor—a white-haired aunt who seemed to have passed her retirement age, and the other was one of the four deputy wardens at Prison 9—“Dream Master”, Jessica.

    Due to the large number of inmates held in Prison No. 9 and the possibility of emergencies within 24 hours. Therefore, it is necessary to set up four deputy prison directors and thirty-six "jail sheriffs" to work continuously to manage it.

    This morning, the female prisoner happened to be Jessica on duty. Therefore, she is responsible for the transfer of Shadow Weaving.

    No greeting, no nonsense other than official business, Jessica just looked at the file, took over the key from the colonel, downloaded the prisoner's file, and completed the transfer.

    She didn't speak until the two prison guards led the lieutenant colonel and the soldiers. She said to Shadow weaving, "I'll untie the handcuffs for you now, I hope you don't do anything."

    After being arrested, Shadow weaving was put on a specially made net alloy handcuff, and was injected with a certain amount of an injection known as a "power inhibitor". So on the way, the people who escorted her didn't worry that she would escape with abilities.

    Long before traveling to Crystal County, Berlin had told Shadow weaving some details about Prison 9. Therefore, she knew that the next step should be a physical examination. After checking her body, she will be pulled out of the shower, changing her uniform, and being put in prison.

    She also knew that in Prison 9, she was unable to use abilities. Because the federal government uses the residual radiation here to incorporate a chemical gas, creating a "naturally restrained environment" that is almost self-sufficient.

    Those who can enter Prison No. 9 will be converted back to ordinary people. High-level talents barely exert about 10% of their physical fitness. At the crazy level, they can use some abilities, but the strength and effect of abilities will be greatly reduced.

    Shadow weaving has only strong strength, and she is just an ordinary person when she gets here. And Jessica wearing protective clothing in front of her is a high-level person. How could she be tempted to resist?

    "Your identity seems unusual." While Shadow weaving was lying in a scanning machine similar to an MRI machine for inspection, Jessica held an I-PEN and turned over her files. "There are actually two council members commenting on your file and saying, 'This person can't be neglected, as long as it is within the rules, please treat her as much as possible'" She said here, intentionally paused for a second, looked up at Shadow weaving a glance. "You are their lover?"

    "Oh ..." Shadow weaving is also experienced, and she neither admits nor denies it, just smiles charmingly. "Well ... who knows?"

    This plausible response is undoubtedly very clear. Rather than giving a clear answer, this "let others think wildly" answer is more secure. Under the premise of uncertainty, prudent people generally tend to make worse plans-whether you have a backer or not, they will think you have a backer.

    "Hmm ..." Hearing, Jessica snorted, and scolded him. "This cunning bitch"

    No doubt she hated the new prisoner in front of her.

    In fact, if it weren't for the few words in the file, she would have already picked the fingernails of Shadow weaving hands.

    Almost every female inmate in Prison 9 knew that Jessica hated the beauty the most.

    Although she is not ugly, she can't say how beautiful it is. If you want to describe it, it's a slightly delicate interval between "normal" and "pretty".

    In her youth Jessica also had many suitors, but her vision was obviously far higher than her condition. After the age of thirty, years began to leave more marks on her face, and fewer men were interested in her. So she fell into a very common emotional circle. That is, "Want to wait, there may not be a good man in the ideal, but if you lower the standard and give in, the guys you can choose now are worse than those you have refused in the past. This makes her feel uncomfortable ... In this way, Nianhua slowly passed away in the persistence and entanglement. Soon, the year of 2219 will come, and she will be 35 years old.

    Some single women will become free, confident and intelligent in the years of precipitation. And some will go to extremes ...

    Those women who go to extremes generally have a few very similar consensus after reaching a certain age. For example, it is not my problem that men look down on me, but because they are blind, superficial, and stupid, and only like young and beautiful girls. As for the bitches that are popular with men, all of them are unkempt with a good face. If possible, all of them should die.

    Jessica, naturally belongs to the extreme type. Whenever she saw a beautiful, younger prisoner than herself, she would be very angry. Once she meets them, she will hate them. There is no need for too specific a reason.

    "Huh ... shit ..." A few seconds later, Jessica closed the files in her hand and whispered in a pale face. "Don't think that someone will support you, and you will have peace of mind. I will soon let you know that when you are in Prison 9, no one can protect you ...

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Chapter 3

    2218, November 26, 9th Prison.

    It's time for lunch again. Hurried by bells and radio, hundreds of prisoners from the 9th Prison Women's Supervision Department came to the cafeteria. They consciously gathered in front of the window to send meals and formed a long line.

    In Prison 9, the number of prisoners, whether male or female, is linked to "prison level". There are undoubtedly the largest number of prisoners in Prison No. 9, followed by Prison No. 8. These two prison levels are also the only places with large canteens.

    And to the next level, those prisoners held in the seventh to the fourth prison, have different rules when eating.

    The prisoners in these four prisons had to wear special handcuffs and fetters even while in jail, and the numbers ranged from one hundred to thirty. So there is no need for them to set up a line for lunch. These prisoners only need to go to a fixed dining room, sit in a fixed position, and eat meals already on the table at a prescribed time every day.

    As for the prisoners from the third to the first prison, they have basically been completely deprived of the right to freedom of movement. Especially those guys in the first prison, many of them were detained in "special cells"; among them, there were several people who "needed to feed with live animals". Getting them out to eat is simply unrealistic. Therefore, they can enjoy the "home delivery" treatment.

    Anyway, the prisoners in the 9th prison have to wait in line to eat.

    However, there are exceptions.

    Maria is an exception.

    Because she is the "big sister" here, or "one of the big sisters", she doesn't have to go in line by herself, just find a comfortable place to sit down and wait for someone to bring the meal to her.

    Although Maria had not been in prison for a long time, it was only more than two months. But today, she is undoubtedly the most powerful person in the ninth prison of the Women's Supervision Department.

    Maria's comprehensive ability is very strong. Her fighting level is naturally very high, and those who can create the concept of "hard-core feminism" have a good mind. In addition to being a bit angry, her leadership, execution, and motivation were not low.

    Since her imprisonment, thanks to the financial support provided by Berlin, Maria has gained considerable prestige on the female prison side. Now she seems to have become the number one person in the female prison.

    But in this position, while enjoying the benefits of power, she also has corresponding responsibilities.

    At noon that day, trouble came again.

    As soon as Maria picked up the spoon and prepared to eat, the female leader of the other gang came here with a large number of people.

    The female chief looked at his thirties, hispanic, with Moses head, and covered with tattoos. She went straight to the place opposite Maria, sat down, and swept at the food on the latter's table.

    Kuanglang--

    The plate fell to the ground and the atmosphere was tense.

    Maria's men and the woman brought by the female boss confronted each other at this dining table, and immediately launched a posture to fight.

    Seeing this, Maria didn't panic.

    She first looked up slightly and glanced at the several prison guards standing guard. She found that they did not respond, and she knew that this meant-"You have paid money on both sides, so we have to be fair and fair today, and we must stand at least for a while and then deal with it."

    After trying to understand this, Maria looked at the numbers on both sides again. She estimated the consequences of the fight.

    When she had counted all possible changes, she said, "Sister Amy, what do you mean? Why are you so angry today?"

    "Little fucking pretend!" Amy lifted one leg, drove directly to the chair, and put on a fairly standard rogue sitting posture, said again. "You're arrogant now? You dare to dig people out of my hands. I think I should call you your sister!" She patted the table and uttered a word.

    "You seem to have misunderstood something, right?" Maria propped her elbows on the table, leaning her upper body forward. "These sisters volunteered to me. I didn't take the initiative to pull them over."

    "Huh! I already knew you wouldn't admit it!" Amy said fiercely. "Either you admit it or not, I just want to pack you today!"

    Before the words fell, she turned over the table and darted at Maria.

    Amy obviously has a lot of experience in fighting, and she can use any tricks like inserting eyes, locking throats, scratching hair, and pinching her legs.

    Fortunately, Maria is not a fuel-efficient lamp. As soon as she entered the prison, she volunteered to shave an inch, and now, two months later, her hair is only a finger long. So grabbing her hair is basically useless to her. For the other tricks, she was accustomed to it and could resist well.

    In fact, in terms of heads-up strength, Maria is definitely among the best in this ninth prison. The "Tyrannosaurus Rider" organization she leads outside is usually a women's comprehensive fighting club. People who have not received professional training have a dead end with her in a one-on-one fight with her.

    Amy should be glad that two groups are fighting. If there weren't many people around, let Maria be a little jealous. As long as Mary drags Amy to the ground, she can go to the infirmary for half a month with a few tricks. (Although medical technology in this era is very advanced, even fractures can be cured in a short period of time. However, Prison 9 will deliberately use inadequate medical methods for prisoners to make them suffer more.)

     This group stand is over soon. One is that real fighting will not last long (regular competitive fighting and the kind of designed fighting in movies will last a long time, and most of the actual street fighting will be divided within one minute. Winning and losing. Because most ordinary people's physical strength and skills simply cannot support them to complete a long and high-quality fight. Even if they continue to struggle, it will only become a stop and stop, and both sides are panting farce) . The second is that the incident is too big for prison guards to handle. After all, they had the warden and deputy warden pressing on them. Even if they received the money, they could not ignore their duties completely.

    So, a few minutes later, the prison guards trot from all directions, pretending to yell "Stop!" And pulled those who were still torn apart.

    Prisoners in ordinary prison uniforms were certainly not opponents of prison guards in full armor, and the crowd was quickly dispersed.

    Not long after, Amy, who was already bruised and swollen, and Maria, whose face was written "I can still fight," were both arrested. Along with them were several small leaders in their respective gangs. These "head birds" were sent to the confinement room without exception. Those prisoners who were beaten badly were sent to the infirmary one after another.

    In just five minutes, the prison guards walked through this set of "in- prison group frame processing procedures" lightly. For them, this was just a little lengthy noon.

di——chi——

    As the electronic door closed, the light above Maria's head lit up.

    As long as someone was inside, the light in the confinement room was on day and night, and it was dazzling.

    There were no beds in the confinement room, only the toilet in the corner and a roll of toilet paper.

    This is undoubtedly a deliberately created environment that makes people sleep poorly and uncomfortably. Moreover, it is more maddening than the loneliness and boredom of eating and sleeping.

    In this environment, the passage of time tends to be particularly slow.

    But Maria didn't think so because she didn't feel bored.

    When the guard's footsteps outside the door went away, Maria sat down by the wall and put her hand in her neckline. After groping for a few seconds, she took a piece of paper out of her underwear.

    To be precise, it was a letter.

    Since entering Prison 9, although Maria has sent many letters, she has received only this one, the one that Berlin wrote to her.

    Maria always carried the letter with her, and the stationery was hidden in a mezzanine that she sewed and embedded inside her underwear. The letter will only leave her body when changing clothes or taking it out.

    "Berlin, are you there?" Maria's words were not spoken through her mouth, but in her heart.

    After reading it, she looked at the letter in her hand, as if waiting for something.

    After a few more seconds, a new line of text really appeared on the stationery— "Yes, I had something in the last few days and I couldn't respond to you in time, sorry."

    Seeing the text appear, a smile appeared on the corner of Maria's mouth.

    For the past two months, she has been in contact with Berlin in this way. According to information told to Berlin. As long as she "meditates" what she wants to say in her heart, Berlin will see what she said on a piece of paper similar to this letter, and Berlin's reply will appear on the stationery in her hands.

    In this way, the two can talk to each other unknowingly, without having to communicate through ordinary letters.

    Someone here may ask, if they can communicate in this way, why should Mary send a letter out?

    It's okay for Berlin not to reply, but if Maria doesn't send a letter, then Berlin can't explain her money transfer outside. So Maria's letter was still to be written. She doesn't need to say much, she just needs to write down the amount of remittance clearly.

    In this operation, the prison guards who took bribes and checked the letters had the illusion that Maria had a very rich lover outside.

    "It's okay ..." Maria thought for a moment, then thought in her heart. "I was detained again today, and you can chat with me."

    "Okay," Berlin replied. "I want to ask you too. What I teach you, how are you doing?"

    Seeing this sentence, Maria's eyes appeared a little proud, saying: "Hah! Don't scare you out, I can now 'erase' any object about two meters in diameter." "

    "Oh?" Berlin said. "Have you experimented?"

    "Yeah," Maria replied. "Just a few days ago, I‘ wipe ’the door of the cell. Then I watched my roommate walk back and forth in the hallway outside the room for a long time, and she could n’t find a way to get in.

    After reading this sentence, Berlin replied after a while. "Your progress is very fast, but you should not try the experiments you mentioned just now. You should also understand that prisoners in the sixth to ninth prisons cannot reasonably use any powers. .Although your "nothing" is a very special ability, it is also difficult to detect. But in case someone observes the anomaly and speculates that it was caused by the capable person, your situation is not good. . "

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Chapter 4

     December 9, sometime.

    "It feels like you are approaching the limit."

    In a coma, such a word suddenly passed into Shadow Weaving's ear.

    Despite his weakness and dizziness, Shadow Weaving's head was still sober. She knew it was not an illusion.

    A few seconds later, she came to the door, stomped her feet slightly, chopped it on the cell door, and looked out through the small fence window.

    Outside the window was a corridor. The light in this hallway was on for 24 hours, and the lighting in the cell relied on the hallway light through a small window. In addition to the lights, a large number of high-definition intelligent monitoring probes are installed in the corridor. Even a fly flying out of the cell door was immediately noticed.

    At this point, Shadow Weaving found that a face appeared above the cell door of the "opposite door" across the hallway. The master of that face, like her, looked out across the railing.

    "What are you?" Although Shadow Weaving's vision was a little blurred, she could still be sure that the person across from her looked nothing like a human.

    "It's so rude, little girl," the creature replied immediately. "Even if I look a little strange, I can still have general conversations with intelligent creatures. You should at least ask 'Who'."

    "Um ..." Shadow Weaving groaned. "Sorry". She thought the creature's words made sense too. "who are you?"

    "My real name cannot be accurately stated in your language. Take a homonym and probably read 'Nene'." Nene said. "I believe you have already seen that I am not human. In a way that you can quickly understand, I am an alien."

    Nene's looks are indeed strange. Although he only showed one face at this time, the skin-like skin, scattered features, and each hair that was as thick as dirty pigtails were enough to distinguish him from humans.

    "Are you a Predator?" Shadow Weaving blurted out and asked such a question the next second.

    "No." Nene answered very crisply, explaining after answering. "Well ... the person who lived in your cell before, she asked me the same when she first met me. And she explained to me what a Blood Warrior is. In short, I'm not."

    "Hoo." Shadow Weaving exhaled. "Okay, Nene. Although I also want to start the conversation with 'What is the purpose of your visit to the earth?'. But I really don't have that energy now. If you don't have anything to worry about. I plan Go back and lie down for a while "

    With that said, she had left the cell door and walked slowly towards the mattress.

    "As long as you say a word, you can eat it." And Nene's sentence was like a hand resting on Shadow Weaving's shoulder, pulling the latter back.

    Hearing the word "eating", Shadow Weaving took three steps and made two steps to return to the door. She stared at the boss, staring at the alien just like the ghost. "What do you mean?"

    Her response was excusable, because she hadn't eaten anything since the day she went to jail.

    Every day for six days, Shadow Weaving heard the sound of prison guards pushing food carts across the corridor. However, the guard never opened the food delivery opening in her cell. The guard ignored her room every time.

    This is undoubtedly intentional. Shadow Weaving could probably guess that this was due to instructions from Deputy Warden Jessica.

    In this regard, Shadow Weaving was not surprised. Since others wanted to give her a power, she could only choose to accept it. Isn't it hungry? This can still lose weight, they don’t always give me food, right?

    This idea lasted about three days.

    From the fourth day, she only drank tap water for several days, and there were some changes in her physiology and psychology.

    The most obvious thing was that she felt sharp. Even though her low blood sugar made her dizzy, her hearing, smell, and intuition became extremely powerful.

    At that time, when the dining car passed the door of her cell, she could even smell what dishes were available today.

    After another day, her mood became irritable. Several times she wanted to eat the roll of toilet paper on the toilet tank, but in the end she restrained.

    "Why should I suffer here? Is it because you gave me a promise that may not be fulfilled? If you dare to lie to me, I will not let you go!" Thoughts such as this linger in her mind go with.

    She wants to use sleep to make herself ignore hunger, but too much sleep can also hurt her body.

    In this way, to this day, that is, the sixth day, the purpose of Shadow Weaving to lose weight was achieved.

    In the early stages of human hunger, the body consumes sugar first, followed by liver glycogen. When hunger has accumulated to a considerable extent, the body will begin to "eat" its own fats and proteins. This is why dieting can cause damage to the liver and immune system.

    Shadow Weaving is undoubtedly already at this stage. She is not fat, and she doesn't have much fat to consume, and her eyes are lingering on the verge of starvation.

    "I mean, as long as you stop him when the guard passes by the door and say you haven't eaten for several days, the guard will give you your share." Nene responded, It sounds so simple.

    "Oh." Shadow Weaving smiled, wry smile, "You are really an alien! How could this be so easy?"

    "This kind of thing is possible." Unexpectedly, Nene said confidently. "If you don't believe it, try it later."

    Having said that, Nene left the prison door and returned to the shadow of his room.

  Shadow Weaving stood doubtfully for a while, and said nothing. She then returned without saying a word.

    After about an hour, the delivery time is up.

    Shadow Weaving can clearly hear the sound of the prison guard walking in the corridor and opening the food delivery one by one, taking out the dinner plate, and passing in the food.

    In fact, she could already infer the distance between the cells from the sound outside.

    Creak

    This time, the cart stopped in front of her door. When the prison guard stooped to deliver food to Nene's cell, Shadow Weaving walked to the door and said through the fence window on the door, "Hey, is there my share today?"

   The prison guard heard her without any surprise, but turned her head slowly and glanced at her. Then, through the full-face armored mask, she said in a moodless voice: "Well? There was someone in this cell? I thought it was empty. Sorry, I was negligent."

    As she spoke, she opened the food delivery door in Shadow Weaving's cell and sent a lunch in.

    "The next time I deliver meals, you remember to pass out the food you have eaten." After closing the meal delivery door, the guard faintly left this sentence and pushed the car to continue.

    At that moment, Shadow Weaving lowered his head and looked at the plate of food at his feet with a puzzled look.

    As Nene said, she just asked and the guard gave her food. But she always felt something was wrong.

    After ten seconds of standing, she figured it out.

    Then she kicked the dinner plate out of her anger.

    In fact, the whole thing is not complicated. The words that the prison guard sounded superfluous just now are hints.

    There are only a few people in the highest-level prisons. How can prison guards ignore new prisoners in a cell? How could she forget to deliver food?

    Therefore, the prison guard's refusal to deliver meals must have been conferred by Deputy Chief Jessica.

    But even Jessica didn't dare to defy the will of the top federal authorities. Since the file says "As long as it is within the rules, please treat her as much as possible", then she must treat her preferentially.

    Therefore, Jessica must think of other methods to engage in Shadow Weaving.

    But as a deputy prison director, there is always a way if she wants to make a bad one. It's like it is now. From the result, even Shadow Weaving has a way to reflect his experience to the outside world. But in the end, this matter was nothing more than the "negligence" of a prison guard. No matter how loud she was, the final result could only be that the prison guard was fired.

    Even if everyone knew that Jessica was making a ghost, she didn't have to take any responsibility.

    If Shadow Weaving keeps silent, it won't help her even if she starves. Others can say that because of her hunger strike. But now there is a meal, but virtually she has "confessed" and "compromised."

    "Don't be angry. Anger doesn't solve any problems." A few seconds later, Nene's voice came from the opposite cell again. "The more angry you are, the more proud your whole person is." Speaking here, there were a few strange chewing sounds in his mouth. No one knew what he was eating. "I didn't tell you in advance how you can eat, but I just say it now. I just want to see how long you can endure. And I also want to see if you are calm and rational when you are" close to the limit ". . "

    "Hmm ... then I really let you down." Shadow Weaving replied coldly.

   "Not necessarily." Nene responded as he chewed. "When people first react, anyone will get angry. The key is what you do next."

    His words really calmed Shadow Weaving a lot.

    The words fell behind, and Shadow Weaving stood there again, thinking for a moment. Then she seemed to have made up her mind and suddenly sat cross-legged.

    She was just sitting on the metal floor, with a vicious expression on her face, grabbing with bare hands all the dishes that had been overturned. Then she gulped into her mouth.

    "Hehe." a short while later, Nene's laughter came from above the door. "That's right. You're at least smarter than the last guy here."

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Chapter 5 Taking a Bath

    December 4, in the morning.

    Maria awoke from her deep sleep.

    She opened her eyes and yawned. Then she slaps herself ruthlessly.

    I have to say that this is a good way to wake up quickly

  After getting up, Maria glanced at her roommate on the bunk slightly. After confirming that the other party was still asleep, she tiptoeed over the bed, took out her hidden snack, and happily ate it.

   As a person who had stuffed a lot of money into the prison guards, it was not surprising that she had no shortage of cigarettes and alcohol in her cell. However, at this moment, she didn't drink her favorite vodka, she just drank some fruit juice, and kept eating sweets and salty carbohydrates.

   Because she knew that she would have nothing to eat for a long time to come. And she has to maintain a high degree of attention and sobriety. So "this meal," she ate extra seriously and disciplined.

   Thirty minutes later, Maria ate almost all her snacks. Just then, the door of the cell opened.

    At 7:30 in the morning, it's time to let out. Every day at this time, except for the confinement cell, the doors of other cells are automatically unlocked. For the next two hours, prisoners can move freely in designated areas and wash in the bathroom.

    At 7.45, as usual, Maria, the "female leader", swarmed across the city with her crowd, and came all the way to the bathroom.

    It stands to reason that the public washstand here is a place where you can only brush your teeth and wash your face. But Maria had to take a bath here today.

   In the sight of her eyes, Maria untiedly unbuttoned the top of the one-piece prison uniform and dropped it to her waist. Then she took off her underwear, was shirtless, stood beside the washstand, and started bathing with her own soap.

    In the women's prison, many people bribed prison guards to buy bath milk. But Maria bought the soap, and it was a strong disinfectant that was germicidal and deodorizing.

    Right now, Maria was taking a bath with a "brick." If it weren't for her sharp, bumpy figure, from a distance, she looks like an old man in a public bathhouse.

    Even the guards couldn't figure out what she meant. The shower room will be open until the evening. What is she doing in the bathroom this morning? In any case, she did not attack others. So there seems to be no need to stop her.

Ten minutes later, Maria carefully washed herself. She took off the prison uniform that had been wet and wiped her body with it. Then she put on her underwear again, took over a new set of clean prison uniforms, and replaced them.

    After that, she left with her followers.

    By 8.40 in the morning, more than half of the time had passed. By this time, Maria had returned to her cell alone. The people who followed her were chatting, walking, and guarding her in the corridor near her cell.

    At a time when no one was paying attention to her, she was lying in bed pretending to be a resting Maria, touching her hand into her prison uniform, and taking out the stationery hidden in the interlayer of underwear.

    "I'm ready." Maria looked at the stationery and meditated in her heart.

    A few seconds later, Berlin's reply emerged from the letter: "Then you can start."

    At this moment, Maria's thoughts started, and the power was turned on. And this power is being applied to herself.

    Over the past week, Berlin has carefully guided Maria's advanced use of the ability to "none". The focus of its training is to erase the sense of existence of "people."

    Compared to erasing the existence of "objects", this is undoubtedly another level of difficulty.

    Fortunately, Maria is a very talented person. She did n’t know what her abilities were before, so she had no experience using them. But after she knew it, her progress was very rapid. Even if she was instructed by transmitting text remotely, she could quickly understand the essentials of what Berlin was saying.

"Hey, what's up?" After leaving the cell, Maria immediately greeted them in front of some followers who usually had a close relationship with her.

    As a result, as expected, no one ignored her.

    Although they seemed to hear her voice, they didn't care at all. It's as if you heard the movement of the subway passing in front of you in the subway station, and you can't say a "squeak" to the subway car.

    "No problem." Maria reported in her heart.

    "Okay, now you go forward, through the corridor, turn downstairs, next to the security gate on the first floor, wait a moment." The next instruction from Berlin immediately appeared on the stationery.

    Maria did what he said, and soon came to the designated place.

  She had just stood still, and within five seconds, a prison guard who was patrolling at the end of the security door stepped towards the door in a hurry.

    The prison guard was in the morning shift today, and it wasn't until her break. However, just thirty seconds ago, she received a message from a colleague through the communicator in the armor. The colleague told her that her husband in Xing County had been arrested because of her uncle. Police found her contact information from her husband's cell phone address book, and then made the call here.

    Upon hearing this news, the prison guard was furious and anxious. She rushed to the security door and waved to her colleagues outside. The other person didn't think much, and opened the door to let her out.

    And with her came Mary. However, no one cares about the latter's actions.

    After passing through this security gate, Maria is considered to have left the area where prisoners usually move. The bathrooms, cafeterias, and showers are not on this side.

    One minute later, Maria trot along with the prison guard, and passed a narrow corridor. Her figure was seen by at least a dozen prison guards and dozens of surveillance probes. Since she was still wearing a conspicuous prison uniform, those smart probes also locked her. Unfortunately, the people sitting in the monitoring room watching the monitoring are not concerned about it. They didn't mean to ring the alarm.

    "Before she goes to the office area, she has to unload the weapons assembled in the armor and put them in the locker. You need to follow her into the locker room, remove her casual clothes while she opens the door, and then put on her own .You have to keep in mind that you have to take as many pieces as possible because it is cold outside. "New instructions are constantly refreshed on the stationery as Maria moves. It's as if she is a game character, and Berlin is a player who controls her from the perspective of God.

    Ten minutes later, the prison guard with the weapon unloaded came out of the locker room. Because the electronic door in this room also needed a fingerprint to open, Maria followed her directly with a pile of clothes. After returning to the corridor, he put those clothes on the outside of the prison uniform one by one.

    She had just put on her clothes and the new instructions arrived: "Now, you follow the route I said. First go straight, then turn right at the first intersection, then ...

    "You wait a moment." Unexpectedly, at this moment, Maria interrupted Berlin with a sudden voice. "How on earth do you know these things? Your understanding of me clearly exceeds the category of 'information in my heart'. Why do you know things that I do n’t even know? And, why do I The power works for everyone, but it doesn't work for you? "

    "Are you sure you want to discuss this with me at this time?" Berlin replied. "The time is tight right now. If you delay here, you will miss the opportunity to escape. There is no second chance like this. Once you disengage your ability, everything you do during this period will soon be discovered. Immediately Your abilities will also be speculated. When that happens, you will be held in a special cell alone. Then you will never escape again. "

    "Cut ..." Maria yelled in her heart. "You're a weird guy. When I come out, you have to explain to me." She thought, while she accelerated her pace, running along the route that Berlin pointed to.

    At 9.05, Maria came into an empty corridor and was prompted to "take a rest here".

    Not long after, there were footsteps across the corridor.

    There were a total of six people, five of them wearing full-cover armor and one in casual clothes.

  "Come here, lieutenant colonel." They came to a door, one of them said something to the other, and then opened the door and led them in.

    After a moment, the five men in armor came out.

    Berlin's next instruction followed: "Follow them and you can go out."

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Chapter 6 The Beginning of the Operation

Soon, on January 15, Shadow Weaving had been in prison for more than a month.

    To her, it seemed like a year had passed.

     Shadow Weaving lived here not long before I discovered that it is not necessarily a good thing to have someone deliver meals to your door every day. She has to line up for group activities every day. Fighting and scolding people may not be bad. When a person is deprived of the right to communicate with the outside world and is blocked from all sources of information, time becomes an inexorable poison.

    Fortunately, there is an alien opposite, who will chat with her from time to time. It was also her only recreational activity here.

    Nene is a very pragmatic guy. After testing the "attitude" of Shadow Weaving, he directly stated that he wanted to escape and needed the cooperation of Shadow Weaving.

    Shadow Weaving naturally has no objection to this. She was waiting for Berlin to save her. She didn't want to stay here forever. But in case Berlin does not come or the rescue fails, she and Nene can prepare a "backup plan" together.

However, when Nene described his "multi-year" plan, Shadow Weaving's expectations immediately fell to the freezing point.

    Before talking about this plan, here is the basic situation of Nene-

As Nene said, he is an alien. In fact, he is not an ordinary alien yet. He is a "superhero" and belongs to an organization called "Universe Superhero League".

  About fifteen years ago, Nene, an "urban hero", encountered unexpected changes during a group field mission. He and several other heroes, who were originally responsible for support in the rear, were attacked by the enemy. After a fierce battle, all of his companions were killed and he was seriously injured. At the last moment, with the important science and technology spacecraft about to fall into the hands of several super evil people, Nene decided to detonate the spacecraft's power furnace and end up with the enemy.

    As a result, the spacecraft blew up and the enemy died. However, Nene was caught in the overloaded transition engine immediately before the explosion, and survived miraculously.

    When he woke up, he found that he had reached a place called Earth.

    As far as Nene knows, this is an extremely remote planet located on the border of the Milky Way. The intelligent beings on this planet have not joined any alliance established by the galaxy. So it is impossible for him here to send distress signals to other planets.

   To make matters worse, he soon realized that the planet's technology was far from being able to create a "curvature transmitter". In other words, even if he knew how to make a transmitter, using the energy, chip and raw material processing technology on the earth would not be enough to support him to make things. This is like letting an engineer travel to the late Eastern Han Dynasty to be a smart phone. It is impossible.

   There is a saying "When people are unlucky when they drink cold water, their teeth are stuck." This is also used for aliens. The problem they face after coming to Earth is not just that they can't go home.

    He lived on the earth for less than a day, and was soon caught by federal people. After the incident, the Federation also ran a few lace news similar to "Someone in the public COS Predator" and covered it up.

    The Commonwealth doesn't tell him about alien human rights. Even if they want to speak about human rights, Nene has not yet learned the language of the earth. So Nene flew into "EF" and became a living experiment.

    In the years of the tragic experiment, Nene slowly mastered human language. So he revealed his identity to the bureaucrats who had the power to determine his own destiny.

  Up to ten years ago, he had basically been "experimented" and asked the Federation to implement the Basic Law of the Universe as a "legal government on earth." And he asked the Federation to do his best to assist him in returning to the original star domain and formally apologize for the acts imposed on him. The federal government dismissed it and locked him up.

   In this way, Nene was thrown into the highest prison on the planet by human rulers without doing anything wrong.

   Since he is not a phantom or a mutant, the "suppressing gas" in Prison 9 does not work for him. So his detention measures were also specially made.

   Nene was tested in vivo for five years. So what kind of substance he will be inhibited by, it must have been clear for a long time. Therefore, the cell inside and inside is also embedded with a solid ytterbium coating in the outer wall of the all-alloy. His jail door was full of puppets. In this environment, Nene not only cannot use his special abilities, but also feels weak all over.

    His food is mainly petroleum products. Considering the cost, most of the food he eats is plastic or paraffin, and inferior diesel. Of course, he didn't mind, because he didn't have a taste.

    With the exception of taste, Nene's other four feelings are much more sensitive than ordinary humans. So even across a cell, he could clearly hear Shadow Weaving's heartbeat, pulse, and breathing. And he can use this to judge the physical condition of Shadow Weaving.

    In addition, by human standards, Nene's intelligence is also quite high. It was with such a high level of intellectual support that he came up with a very clever escape plan-"Remove the Door".

   And the door itself is extremely strong, even harder to break than the walls around the room. Even the iron on the small fence window above the door and the baffle of the rice delivery opening below the door have extremely high hardness.

    So, where is the breakthrough point of such a gate?

    The answer is the door shaft.

This is a point that all swing doors can't be bypassed in design, so the prison door here is no exception.

   Although Nene's power is limited, he still has some "physiological characteristics" that cannot be suppressed. Just as we humans grow nails, produce secretions, and form ear wax, a substance similar to "wax" is secreted in the inner mouth. This substance can stick to each other, shape freely, and become extremely hard when exposed to water.

Nene's plan is to accumulate this wax into a wax rod that can span the corridor. Then he shaped the top of the wax rod into a crowbar. Then, he pushed the pole out of the small fence window at the upper end of the prison door, and pried open the opposite door. (Because the gap in the small fence window is very small, he can't bend the crowbar to pry himself.) Finally, he asked the person who lived on the opposite side to open the door on his side with a pole.

Once Nene comes out of this "uncle's cell", the prison guards here can be handled by his strength alone. As long as they are able to release as many prisoners as possible in the Quanquan Order before the arrival of the deputy warden-level character, and try to escape to other prison levels. They will eventually have a chance to escape.

    However, there is a very troublesome technical problem in the whole plan. The kind of "alien population water wax" that can be secreted every day by Nene is limited, or a pitiful amount. The rate of secretion is basically the same as the rate at which humans accumulate ear wax. He came up with the plan eight years ago. But these eight years have passed, and the people who had promised to cooperate in Shadow Weaving's cell have died. But his wax rod was not long enough.

Moreover, as far as Shadow Weaving is aware, the prison chief and all four deputy chiefs of this prison are all capable and advanced. Even Nene and she successfully unloaded the prison door, released a sufficient number of prisoners, and triggered a prison riot. However, in the absence of foreign aid, a group of prisoners with limited capabilities was still a lamb to be slaughtered in front of the five.

So, Shadow Weaving was half-hearted after hearing Nene's complete plan. Rather than waiting for him to pull out the jailbreak tools, it seems more reliable to wait for Berlin's rescue.

   Speaking of which, Berlin told Shadow Weaving that if everything went well, within two months, he would personally lead a group of people into Prison 9 to rescue Shadow Weaving.

    What he said was not just talking, but serious.

    Just today, he, or "they" have come.

    In the early morning of January 15, northwest of Chernobyl, the Pripyat River Basin.

    An old fishing boat without any signs on the outside was slowly moving on the river.

    The man who drove the ship was a notorious crazy scientist. People call him "Dr. Kidd."

    In addition to him, there were several other passengers in the cabin. They are:

    "Judge", Stephenson.

    "Kill God", Hughes Anderson.

    "Choice", Uncle Zhang.

    "Poorly Strange", Ma Luo.

    "Sacrifice", Zhang Yang.

    And "Veteran", Hasson.

    In summary, their task today is actually a few words-"breaking the ninth prison". But the meaning behind these four words, as well as the difficulty and degree of danger of implementation, are beyond words.

    On the other hand, on the other side of the Uri River in the south of Chernobyl, a team of men was riding a medium-sized armored shuttle to the dead city on the snowy field.

    The passengers on this shuttle are: Berlin, Meng Yuehan, Li Zeju, Dark Water, Wu Shang, Maria, Kai Jiuhe, and "Ghost Ghost" KR Schwartz.

    In the early hours of 2:15, in the armored shuttle.

   "You asked me to handle so many things. Wouldn't you prepare me a set of battle armor?" Maria asked immediately.

    "No, there are metal detectors at the main entrances and exits on each floor!"

    "Cut ..." Maria took the box.

    "You're welcome, everyone is trying to make things successful." Berlin accepted the other side's "thank you" with a smile, and replied. "Just go over with confidence. When you go to the step of 'triggering the alarm', we will naturally cooperate in the 'frontal battlefield'.

    "Hmm ..." Maria heard a cold hum and answered. "Of course I'm assured ~" During the conversation, she lowered her suitcase and walked around the table to Berlin in two steps. Then she stretched out her hands, and immediately pinched Berlin's cheeks. "Your boy is so strong and so insidious. Is there anything worth worrying about?"

    As she spoke, she rubbed the flesh on Berlin's face with her hands. And her own face was a very vicious expression. This bullying behavior is obviously venting grievances.

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Chapter 7 Action Continues

     December 4

    In the afternoon, when Maria stepped off the shuttle, she was in a military facility built underwater.

    This place, called "Heart of the Black Sea", is one of the largest inland seabed bases established by the EFF.

     "What the hell do you want me to steal? The key to launching a nuclear weapon?" Looking back at the various guards she saw along the way, Maria couldn't help wondering.

    "Almost." Unexpectedly, Berlin returned. "I do want you to find a 'key', and that 'key' is really used to unlock something dangerous."

    Just when his words appeared, Maria had reached the center of that room. Here stands a metal stand with a square glass cover above it. Inside the glass case was something—a pocket watch that had stopped moving.

    "The key you said is this pocket watch?" Maria looked at the watch for a few seconds and asked in her heart.

    "Its name is 'Key to Hell'," Berlin replied. "Now, please read the following carefully-"

    "The room you are in has a large number of security forces deployed outside, but not one person and one monitoring probe inside. This is undoubtedly for a reason."

    "'Key of Hell' is not a simple 'item', it is perceptual. Whether this person is looking at it through the naked eye or a surveillance probe, it will have some effect on the person who 'observes it.

    "However, you are an exception. As long as you keep yourself 'none', you can be immune to this effect."

    His text was here, and Maria suddenly interrupted in her heart by saying, "You tell me the truth! Was it your design that I was put in Prison 9?"

    Berlin was silent for a few seconds and replied: "Since you have seen through, I will not hide it. Yes, that night, from the moment you were talked about, the trend of the whole thing is me behind the scenes It's in control. Everything that happens after that is also a pavement to push you into Prison 9. "

    "So ..." Maria said in her heart, saying. "What I've done for so long is to regain lost freedom. But it's all you designed."

    "Providing 'chips' to the transaction between us is just one of the purposes of sending you to Prison 9", Berlin replied. "Second, this is to familiarize you with the route to and from prison 9 and some of the conditions in prison. And third ..."

    "You needn't say that, I already guessed ..." Maria thought. "All the" factors "that allowed me to come here at this moment are no coincidences. The prisoner who was sent to prison early, the time of her escorting, the staffing of the escort, the destination after the shuttle return. These 'threads' weaving the 'rope' of the event are also under your control. "

    "You are much smarter than I expected." Berlin replied, which is equivalent to acquiescing to the other side.

    "Huh, it's a great prize," Maria said with a sneer. "It was only during this half-day period that I witnessed your" manipulating man "and then" manipulating things "method, so I figured out a lot of things."

   She paused, and then said, "For example, I just practiced the ability to a level that can stably eliminate my sense of existence. Within three days, I had this opportunity to have a very good jailbreak. Now it seems that You definitely arranged it.

   "Another example, the thing in front of me called" Hell's Key "can only be stolen by me. Is this a coincidence? How did you find me? How did you know that I was capable in Prison 9? How did you know about abilities that I didn't even know about myself?

  "With a little scrutiny, I can come to an obvious conclusion. That is, I was designed by you from the beginning."

    After listening to what Maria was saying, Berlin laughed softly, and then went on to her last sentence. Be honest. "But why is someone so smart like you so impulsive when it comes to unexpected events? That night, if you could deal with it more calmly, I wouldn't be able to frame you so smoothly jail"

    "Oh, I'm really sorry to let you down." Maria replied indifferently. "But don't worry, when we meet, I will try my best to control my emotions."

    That being said, but her true idea is obviously ... as long as they meet, she will unload Berlin.

    "You can rest assured that I will let you see me. So you don't have to worry so much," Berlin replied. "Let's talk about the situation right now." He brought the topic back to business. "Although there are no people and no probes in this room, this shelf has a pressure sensing device."

    "Is the alarm bell ringing once I pick it up?" Maria answered. "That's just right, as soon as the alarm bell rings, I'm going away. Then I can just go to the hangar and get a small device that can be returned to the sea. Then I can escape successfully."

    There is nothing wrong with her vision, because this is not a labyrinthine prison. (Although the military base is also very large, there are signs and maps everywhere.) It is not like the 9th prison that will activate a bunch of "internal" defense weapons with the alarm and automatically block almost all according to the alarm level Security entrance. Therefore, relying on the ability of "nothing", it is not difficult to slip away from the heart of the Black Sea.

    just

    "It's a pity." Berlin's reply, immediately pouring Maria a pot of cold water. "This pressure-sensing device not only triggers an alarm, but also activates a set of special air pumps hidden in the wall. These pumps can pump out the air in this room in twelve seconds, and your blood vessels and eyeballs ... "

    "They will burst out. Okay, I know. Tell me about your idea." Maria finished the part that Berlin hadn't read and asked.

    "You take off your clothes first," Berlin replied.

    "Ha?" When Maria said "Ha", she instinctively looked around. "What? Can you see me?"

    "If I can't see you, you won't take off your clothes?" Berlin teased.

    "It depends. If you have enough toilet paper, I can perform a hot dance for you."

    Berlin is a bit overwhelmed. "OK, this can be discussed after we meet." He tried again to drag the topic back. "Let's talk about clothes. Before, I asked you to take as many clothes as possible. In addition to protecting yourself from the cold in the snow, another purpose is to use it here."

    "I knew you didn't care for me so well." Maria responded as she took off her coat.

    "Yes, I'm not so kind." Berlin didn't plan to follow her up, lest they get into an endless rhythm. "Now, please take off your four clothes."

    Since Maria had all the plain clothes of the prison guard, when she came out, she had put on several sweaters, three pants, and a thin, thick two coats outside her prison uniform. This made her whole person wrapped like a ball. Don't tell her to take off four pieces at a time. If you count the pants, she has to take off eight.

    "Okay." Maria took off her two coats and two sweaters and reported in her heart.

    "Well," Berlin groaned again. "As a woman, you should have noticed that. All the clothes of the prison guard are all of the same brand."

    "As a very observant person, you should also find that each piece of this brand of clothing has an oval slightly protruding logo on it. The surface of the logo is made of plastic and the interior is mixed Metal objects to add weight and texture, "Berlin said in half.

    Maria understood again. "The weight of the four logos is equal to the weight of this pocket watch in front of me?"

   Berlin knew that she understood, and went straight. "Please use the knife you just stolen from the soldier and cut them off the clothes along the edges of the LOGO cards. When you do this, try to be as precise as possible. Although the induction device also allows for errors, it remains Too many fabrics will still ... "

    "I see, you wait." Maria responded impatiently and began the operation.

   Within ten minutes, she successfully took off the four logos and held them in her hands.

  "Don't forget to wipe off the fingerprint on the LOGO first. And after the exchange is completed, you have to wear those four clothes back, and you can't leave them on the spot." Berlin did not forget before the last step. Remind her of these details.

    "I'm thinking about it," Maria said. "Compared to this operation, isn't it wiser to" I ignore your instructions and turn away "?"

    "You don't have to think about it, I can tell you explicitly that the latter has a higher success rate." Berlin replied. "Anyway, we have made it clear now. I might as well say it. If you give up and turn away, I will let you go. Because if you expose your whereabouts in this place, you will be killed. But I need you to live. "

    "Then, when I escape, you design me again. You get me back here by intimidation, right?" Maria asked.

    "Yes." Berlin was also unambiguous and immediately acknowledged it.

    The next second, Maria scolded "shit" in her heart. Then, she still obediently opened the glass cover in front of her, grabbing the four LOGOs cut off from the clothes with her right hand, and gently holding the pocket watch with her two fingers with her left hand.

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Chapter 8

    In the early morning, at 2.50 am, several smart probes located at the top of the E section south of the "Abyss Wall" found some kind of strangeness.

    Although the computer immediately gave feedback-"A suspicious target climbed over the wall and entered the wall." But the monitors who received the reminder didn't take it seriously. After watching the live video, they said, "There is nothing worthy of note here, there may be some small animals coming in."

    However, the monitoring personnel confirmed the images taken by each of the signal probes one by one, but did not find any "notable" targets at all.

    In any case, out of caution, they decided to send a few people to the scene to see. As a result, two prison guards wearing full-cover mechanical armor set off.

    They came out of the layer closest to the ground in the 9th prison, relying on the night vision ability of the armor, and quietly advanced in the night. Then they touched the area where the signalling probe was located. After searching carefully two laps, they found no abnormalities.

    Then they went back.

    When they came out, they were two people. When they went back, they were three.

    That extra person is naturally Maria.

    After entering the gate of Prison No. 9, Maria left the two prison guards (both of them were male prison guards, and she went to the direction of the female prison). Then she walked towards the elevator alone.

    She's been through this road more than once, and she's no stranger to it. So she quickly came to the elevator door on the female prison side.

    As mentioned earlier, if anyone wants to use the elevator in Prison 9, the first thing they need is a set of fingerprints and irises belonging to the prison staff. Secondly, this person also needs to know the elevator key table that changes with time.

    At this time, Maria was undoubtedly prepared. When she got off the shuttle, she had already put on a set of "iris pupils" and "fingerprint gloves". Moreover, in order to prevent temporary changes to the prison guard's shift tonight, and to prevent any accidents on her way, or damage to the fake iris or fingerprints. In addition to the one she wore, she had two spare sets in the suitcase she carried.

    The three sets of iris and fingerprints came from three different prison guards. And it was done months ago.

    Although these personnel working in Prison 9 enjoyed a life similar to a “witness protection plan” during the outside rotation. But this is meaningless for the reverse cross. It is very easy to obtain information from these ordinary people with the "reverse book of science and technology". Berlin can easily find these prison guards on vacation.

    Take the female prison guard as an example. The easiest way to collect is to try to steal the target's compact box. Then replace it with a modified compact box that looks the same but actually has a collection device. When the target collects makeup with that substitute, her fingerprints are left on the compact and the box. The iris is scanned and recorded by a lens hidden behind a small mirror. After the collection is completed, they can exchange things again.

    Of course, there are other collection methods. To sum it up-any mirror that the target may go to can be used to steal the iris, and any object that the target may touch can also become a medium for stealing fingerprints.

    As for the time comparison table of the elevator button function changes, they can find out by directly flipping through the "technology book".

    In summary, Maria's invasion does not have technical difficulties. When she came to the elevator, she first eliminated her "existence" with her power. Then she took out the "letter paper" that could communicate with Berlin in real time, and started the elevator according to the other party's prompt. Finally she pressed the elevator button and went to her destination.

    Because the "existence" of the entire elevator has also disappeared from people's perception. So even if this "unmanned elevator" came all the way to the bottom of the prison, it would not attract the attention of the prison guards.

    What's more important is that no other person can use that elevator until Maria lifts this ability. Because they have completely ignored the existence of this elevator.

    Soon, Maria came to the bottom of Prison No. 9. She stepped out of the elevator and continued along a metal corridor.

    After another five minutes, she came to a T-junction. Here, like the top floor, the corridor opposite the intersection can lead to the elevator on the male prison side.

    Instead of going there, Maria went to the middle passage. After walking more than ten meters, a metal wall with a completely different color from the surrounding corridor appeared in front of her. In the middle of the wall is a very thick security door.

    Relying on the iris and fingerprints, Maria passed easily here.

    When walking in this corridor, although the prison doors on both sides were closed tightly, people in the corridor could hardly see the scene in the cell. But Maria still clearly felt an invisible sense of oppression.

    By instinct she could understand just how terrifying those groups were.

    "Don't be afraid." A few seconds later, Berlin's words emerged from the stationery. "Now they can't come out, even if they come out, they won't be aware of you."

    Maria did not deny her fear, because she knew that denial was useless. She just asked in her heart: "Are you sure it's a good idea to let these guys out?"

    "What we do has nothing to do with the so-called 'good' or 'bad'," Berlin replied. "Rather than tangling and hesitating on such subjective and superficial issues, it is better to focus your energy on the task."

    "You just say it's 'good idea'. It's over. Why did you teach me?" Maria answered uneasily.

    "What? Are you the kind of woman who wants to hear the" simple answer "?" Berlin answered. "I can indeed respond to most of your questions with words that you love to hear that you can shut up directly, and also achieve my purpose. But is that really good?"

    "Yes, you wait for me!" Maria deeply realized that it was not wise to argue with Berlin. She squeezed a wicked fire in her heart and opened the topic. "Just tell me about my mission, which room?"

    "The one on the right-hand side in front of you," Berlin replied.

    When Maria saw the instructions, she stopped at the door of the cell. Then she crouched down, opened the suitcase, and took out the injection.

    "What do I do now? Do I need to release the power I have on myself?" Maria asked.

    "Yes." Berlin's answer was concise.

    "I have to say in advance that at this moment, there is a probe above my head, and it will ring as soon as I disarm the ability," Maria reminded again.

    Unexpectedly, when her voice was conveyed.

    suddenly!

    The lights suddenly changed, and the alarm bell was a masterpiece.

    Instantly, the entire corridor was shrouded in dark red light. I don't know where the sirens came from.

    "Relax, Doctor! They have already begun," Berlin responded immediately. "We are also heading towards the main entrance. While the defensive forces are moving outwards, you should hurry."

    Maria quickly swept through this sentence and immediately relieved herself. At that moment, in the "Quanquan Command", many people discovered her presence instantly. Nene is one of these people.

    "Aren't you a prison guard? Who are you?" Nene had already risen from the bed when he asked this sentence. He strode behind the door.

    Although she had prepared in advance, when she saw Nene's face through the iron fence of the small window, Maria was slightly surprised.

    "It doesn't matter who I am, what's important is that I'm here to save you." Maria said, opening the food delivery opening under the cell door from the outside and throwing the injection in her hand. "Hurry up and inject this thing into the blood vessel."

    "What's this?" Nene wasn't a fool either. He couldn't inject an unknown injection from a stranger who suddenly appeared into his body. He had to ask at least.

    "This is something that allows you to secrete hardened saliva at an extremely fast rate," Maria replied. "Others, don't ask me, I don't know. If you have intelligence, you should pay attention. The time is urgent. The prison guards are working while you chat with me ..."

    She hadn't finished speaking, and the door at the end of the passage had been opened. Three figures in mechanical armor had already entered her sight.

    "Hey!" Then another voice sounded, attracting Maria's attention. "Are you from Berlin?" The question was undoubtedly Shadow Weaving in Maria's cell on the left.

    "Is there a problem with the way you ask the question?" Maria replied as she reached out and patted the cell door inside, urging. "Hurry up! Asshole! I'll give you ten seconds!"

    The situation was very bad at the moment, and Maria didn't expect the guard to come so fast. At this moment, she had settled a bill in her mind. If she was dragged by these three prison guards, she would have no time to help Nene escape. And if Nei Nei can't come out, she can support a deputy prison chief at most with her fighting power. She will then be subdued, at which point the entire jail plan will go wrong.

    On the other side, Nene is indeed a superhero. At the moment of the decency, he picked up the injection and pierced his arm.

    At the same time, a word suddenly appeared on the stationery in Maria's hands.

    "Yes, I deceived you," Berlin said.

    "Fuck!" Maria had scolded herself before she could watch the next.

    The second half of Berlin is. "From the perspective of conservation of mass alone, it is impossible for that injection to produce a huge amount of oral secretions within a short period of time. So you don't need to use tools made from his secretions to remove the prison door."

    "Actually, you should understand if you think about it carefully. If you really need to use a tool to open the door, I can directly give you a non-metal product with sufficient hardness. You don't have to use the secretions produced by the internal secretions . "

    "So what exactly is this injection used for?" Maria wanted to get mad, but she knew it wasn't time to get angry. So she quickly asked more constructive questions.

    "You step back a few meters first," Berlin said.

    Maria could not think too much, because the prison guard who rushed to the front rushed to her. She stepped back immediately.

  With a leap, Maria flickered back more than two meters. At the same instant, the door of Nene's cell suddenly made a "bang". The whole door was blasted from the door frame and hit the prison guard who rushed in front.

    The prison guard was very miserable. He was sandwiched between the prison door and Shadow Weaving's cell like a stuffing in a sandwich biscuit, and his armor was crushed into meat sauce.

    For a moment, in the horrified eyes of the two prison guards in the rear, a non-human creature's hand caught on the deformed door frame.

    "His—huff-" With a heavy panting sound, Nene, who looks like an eight-point soldier, slowly leans out of the cell.

    What he looks like at the moment is nothing like a superhero. His stingy face and full of murderous intentions. It's just a monster in a horror movie.

    "Your dose is calculated accurately!" Nene walked out and looked at Maria first. "Whew ... for a little more, I may not be able to keep my mind ..."

    "Don't move!" He didn't say a word, and the two guards next to him raised their right wrists and aimed at his head.

    "Okay, I don't move." Nene, who has always been calm, now shows a little combative look. He looked at the two prison guards and said, "Come on, shoot me, hit me in the face."

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Chapter 9 Continue to Escape from Prison

    Maria smoothly removed the "Key of Hell" from the pressure-sensing device and put it in her pocket.

    After getting this thing, all she had to do was flee the military base.

    In her opinion, this is easy.

    However, just as Maria was going to the hangar to grab a shuttle shuttle, Berlin poured cold water on her.

    "You have to wait again." Berlin's words appeared on the stationery, stopping Maria's hasty action.

    When Maria saw the line, she quickly asked, "Why?"

    "Because if you go out now, you will die." Berlin replied.

    "I don't even exist in their eyes. How did they kill me?" Maria asked again.

    "You are 'non-existent', but the vehicle you are driving is 'existent.'

    "In this way, I will judge that the shuttle's driving system has been invaded and remotely controlled, and then they will immediately launch the torpedo and sink it to prevent the shuttle from falling into the hands of the enemy." She gave the answer almost without thinking.

    "Yes, so you have to wait again." Berlin answered.

    "In other words, I have to wait for someone to leave the base and hang out with them?" Maria answered in her heart. "Well, then you can arrange it for me? I've come all the way, and you have all arranged for a similar situation. Shouldn't it be difficult right now?"

    "It's not difficult," Berlin again. "In fact, I have already arranged it."

    As soon as this line appeared on the paper, the radio in the base rang. The voice of a female correspondent came through. "Please note that the shuttle code E10 has landed on the surface of the sea and is expected to arrive in the hangar in five minutes. Repeat. The shuttle code E10 will soon arrive in the hangar.

    As soon as the voice on the radio came out, the garrisons in the heart of the Black Sea ran away. The scene looked worse than the onslaught of the enemy.

    Within a minute, dozens of soldiers in uniforms came to the tarmac. They lined up neatly, on two sides. Several other officers came trotting, each dressed neatly. They packed up and stood at the forefront of the queue. Looking at the general appearance of the guard of honor, it seems that it is here to welcome some "big men."

    Maria didn't know what that meant, she just stood near these people with suspicion and watched the changes. However, she was already faintly aware that this might be what Berlin called an "arrangement".

    A few more minutes passed, and sure enough, a shuttle entered the hangar from the ocean floor. After it was completely turned off, it was picked up by a huge robotic arm in the hangar and moved to the tarmac.

    It didn't take long for the shuttle door to open. The first to come out were several soldiers wearing battle armor, and they did not look special. Then came out a man and a woman, the men were around forty years old, and the women were around thirty. Both were dressed in black suits and sunglasses. These two people are a little different from the others. Maria, who is also a capable person, can feel that both of them are stronger than themselves. Not surprisingly, they should be bodyguards of "big guys".

    Her guess was correct. It was these people who the garrison would welcome to follow them.

    Henson, Jenny, and the couple are also members of the "Governing Council", the federal supreme power center.

    A day ago, they suddenly decided to inspect the "heart of the Black Sea". This scared a few officials here without sleep. They thought they had done something wrong or offended someone.

    But it didn't.

    They really just came to inspect.

    They are ready to return, after all, the leaders are very busy. Even formalistic communication should not delay them too much time.

    I believe that everyone has guessed here. That's right ... When they returned to the shuttle with the soldiers and bodyguards, Maria was already waiting for them on the shuttle.

    "Before returning to the city of Christo, this shuttle will stop at Venice for a while. Just go down at that time and someone will come to meet you." As the shuttle slowly rose in the water of the Black Sea, Berlin's new instructions came again. coming.

    At this time, Maria did not ask for details about the escape. Instead, she said, "Can I ask you how you can drive the two" Governing Councils "to act as you wish?"

    Based on observations during this period, Maria reasoned that Berlin was using the interplay of many subtle actions between people to promote various things. But she couldn't imagine what kind of butterfly effect can make the most powerful people on this planet act according to their will.

    "Order them directly!" Unexpectedly, Berlin gave a simple and absurd answer.

    "Ha?" Maria meant a little unbelief. "Why should they obey your orders?"

    "Because this couple has a common special hobby." Berlin pointed out directly. "They eat human flesh."

    "What do you mean?" At first glance, Maria didn't think about it literally.

    "Literally." Berlin asked her to think so.

    "Oh." Maria froze for a few seconds. "So you give them human flesh, and they help you?"

    "How is that possible?" Berlin rejected the overly inferential inference. "They don't pay for human flesh with 'helping others.' If they want human flesh, they only need to spend money." He paused for a few seconds, and then said. "The reason they didn't obey my order was not because I gave them human flesh. It was because the human flesh they ate had the nano robot I deposited in advance."

    "Uh ..." Maria felt that it was beyond her imaginable scope. So she didn't know what to reply.

    "If you are wondering, 'Why do I hide nano-robots in human flesh,' the answer is also very simple." Berlin continued after seeing her bewildered. "Because of the officials of the ruling committee level, everything that is eaten on weekdays is strictly checked. Not only food and water, but other things include shampoo, toothpaste, facial masks, toilet paper, etc. All may come into contact with their skin or mucous membrane They will protect them from being poisoned. "

    "But eating human flesh is inconvenient after all. They are even less likely to carry out official inspections. So their" special meals "have become a breakthrough for me. Thanks to such a person in the ruling committee, let I was able to hold two super handy big cards. "

    Maria looked at these shocking contents that appeared on the stationery, imagining the various connections in it, and could not help but feel nauseated. "I was eager to meet you, but now I change my mind. I just want to quickly get rid of my pocket watch, and I will never get involved with you.

    "It's not wise to show them all?" Berlin said. "However, I can say the nearest," he paused again. "You leave this shuttle, release your ability, escape from '9th Prison', and act in 'Heart of the Black Sea', all will be noticed by surveillance video. If you leave it alone In less than 24 hours, your ability will be speculated with a high probability. You will also become a federal wanted criminal with a high reward level. Maria, you were also a bounty hunter. You should Know what great people are going to hunt you in that situation. "

    "Okay ~ I see." The implication of this remark was that Maria understood it. "As long as I'm willing to cooperate with you, you will let your two puppets sign a few documents to handle my business."

    "Yes," Berlin replied.

    "Since you can see what I say in my heart, you should know that I hate being beaten by others," Maria said again. Her words were a bit of a threat to Berlin.

    "Oh. I see more things than you think." Berlin smiled and said in his heart. "Do you really think the function of the complete 'tech book' on my hand is equivalent to that of the paper on your hand?"

    The appearance of this sentence made Maria's expression suddenly change, and her heart was shocked. There was also anger in her shock, and a little subtle shyness in her anger.

    "Don't think about it, focus, be careful." A reminder from Berlin came a few seconds later. "I fully understand your mood now. It doesn't matter. When we meet, you can talk to me about your opinions and dissatisfaction. Now please calm down and maintain your concentration. If you suddenly show up, you will be The two guard officers on the shuttle were killed on the spot. Then I'm very distressed. "

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Chapter 10 The Devil

    At 15:30 on the morning of January 15.

    An old fishing boat came slowly from the river and entered the defense net on the north side of the abyss wall.

    Although within the visible range of the probe, the ship itself and the people on board did not make any unusual moves, the "electronic sentries" at the top of the fence stared at them very professionally.

    In the twenty-third century, even the "smart identification" function of civilian camera equipment has been very powerful. The military is even more powerful. At this moment, as long as the hull of the ship or the passengers on the ship are showing something suspected of long-range weapons-even bows and arrows or flying knives-towards the fence, the defense guns in the wall will immediately trigger. The artillery will then target and broadcast a warning broadcast "immediately disarm and surrender." After the broadcast, if the target does not do so or launches an attack within ten seconds, the system will start the annihilation process.

    There is no doubt that it is unwise to make a breakthrough in front of such a defensive force.

    Of course, the people on board did not intend to make a positive breakthrough.

    This fishing boat is just a cover. This is similar to the light emitter that extends out of the nose of the lantern fish. The underwater rig connected underneath the cabin is the real destructive thing.

    About three minutes later, the drill bit successfully penetrated the river bed and touched the "isolation" armor plate of Prison 9.

    At this moment, the defense system inside Prison 9 was activated instantly. However, there is no logical coordination mechanism between this system and the defense system of the Abyss Wall. Therefore, from the perspective of the defense system on the water, the target in the lens did not make any action worth attacking.

    "Well, the invasion was successful, let's go." The doctor did not delay. In the few seconds when the drill bit broke through the armor plate, he completed the precise operation almost at the same time, so that the drill bit that had entered the inner layer of the armor plate "spread" at a most appropriate depth. At the same time as the machine was stuck in place, a passageway appeared inside the rig.

    Except for the sacrificial priests who needed to stay on the boat to protect the doctor, the other five people, namely Stephenson, Hughes, Uncle Zhang, Ma Luo, and Hasson, all quickly came to the entrance to the bottom of the cabin. Then they entered without hesitation.

    In just a few seconds, they slid across the pipe and entered the "isolation layer" Dr. Called from the open drill bit.

    This so-called "isolation layer" is a buffer space between Prison 9 and the riverbed. If the 9th prison is likened to a box, then the outer deck of the "isolation layer" is a larger box surrounding this box. The two are connected by countless alloy columns. And these alloy columns have extremely high toughness and physical properties that are hardly lost by time.

    This design, although time consuming and expensive during construction. However, as long as the construction is completed, Prison 9 will be able to withstand all earthquakes with magnitude below 8.

    Yes, federal designers have even taken into account the "quake caused prison breakouts" factor. It is no fluke that this prison can stand for a hundred years.

    "It's colder below the ground than I thought." After turning on the lighting, Stephenson muttered quietly.

    "When the river fills this space, it will be cooler here," said Husson, and he glanced up at the river seeping from the "crack" of the armor plate around the drill bit.

    Everyone understood that he was urging everyone to act quickly. And he is asking everyone not to delay time on trivial things.

    Now that they are all understanding people, all of them need not talk any more. By nature, Ma Luo, who was looking at things in the dark, took the initiative to open the road without using any tools, and led the other four to move forward quickly.

    Their plan was to traverse the walls of the abyss in isolation. Then they blasted down a path through nine prison levels through Hasson's ability. Then they went to each floor to release the prisoners.

    The plan has been made, but it is time to implement the plan ...

    "Be careful!" As the crowd ran forward, suddenly, Uncle Zhang drank softly. He reached forward and grabbed Ma Luo's shoulder.

    The people in the back were also quick to respond, and stopped when he spoke loudly. Then they lifted up the lighting equipment and swept around.

   All five have stood firm and are in a fighting posture.

    After about five seconds, after a suffocating silence, suddenly, a strange voice sounded: "Interesting"

    The speaker, like a ballet diving, stood "floating" from the ground armor three meters in front of Ma Luo.

    "This is the first time I have encountered a person who could escape my attack in the form of 'preemptive strike.'" With that said, the man's body was finally drilled out of the ground.

    He was white, blond and blue-eyed, with round glasses on his nose and a uniform of the Federal Army officer.

    He was slender and straight, with his hands behind his back. There was a calm smile in the corner of his mouth.

    Everyone who knew the cross knew this man, because there was a record of this person in the materials they had viewed before their actions. He is the "devil" Heinrich, one of the four deputy wardens of Prison 9.

    "I'm not 'the first time' to escape this attack." Zhang Shu looked at the other side and said coldly.

    "Oh?" Heinrich stared at Uncle Zhang's gaze. "Have we ever fought before?"

    "Who knows?" Zhang Shu didn't want to respond positively to such an obvious phrase.

    "Huh ... whether you say it or not, it's the same thing," Heinrich said. "You're going to die here anyway."

    "So" Unexpectedly, the next second, Stephenson turned to look at Uncle Zhang with a careless expression. "According to our prior consultation, he will leave it to you."

    "No problem, you go first." Uncle Zhang answered without thinking, his tone was logical.

    The words didn't end, and Stephenson, Hughes, Ma Luo, and Hasson split the road in two directions and ran in the direction behind Heinrich.

    "What are you thinking?" At this moment, Heinrich sneered, and his body sank into the ground again. In the blink of an eye, his upper body flashed out of an alloy column a few meters away. Then he slashed straight towards Hughes passing by with a hand knife.

    result……

    His inevitable raid was useless.

    It can also be seen from the astonishment across Heinrich's face that he did not know why he failed to hit it.

    As a high-level player, Heinrich has seen many speedy opponents. But none can disappear from his vision like Hughes for a moment.

    "I advise you not to mess with them." Heinrich was shocked, and Uncle Zhang's words and fists arrived at the same time. "Compete with me."

    Bang--

    Uncle Zhang's fist banged on Heinrich's face, sending out a shock of energy collision.

    Actually Heinrich could avoid the punch, but he didn't do it. Because of one, he felt it was unnecessary. Second, he felt that being punched would make it easier for him to express things.

    "If you're smart enough" a second later, Heinrich glanced smugly at the fist resting on his cheek with a smug glance. "You should have understood that there is no such thing as a 'competition' between you and me."

    Uncle Zhang ignored him at all, and with his other hand looking into his arms and showing it, he threw out a small button-like thing.

    "Do you think you are the first person to come here and throw a 'mini grenade' at me?" Heinrich said calmly as he plunged into the alloy pillar. "Either excavate the tunnel or use the ability. In my years in office, although there are not many people who have successfully penetrated into the 'isolation layer', there have been some."

    "Why!" Heinrich's heart was roaring now. "Why did he scatter a miniature grenade in advance where I appeared? Is this guy capable of predicting unknown things?"

    Before she could think, the muzzle of a pistol had pointed at his brows.

Uncle Zhang quickly pulled the trigger. Due to general paralysis, Heinrich was unable to use energy to defend, and was shot by Uncle Zhang.

  The condition of this devil may be a little insufficient.

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Chapter 11 Water City

    December 4, Venice.

In the afternoon, Maria, who was running smoothly from the shuttle, had already walked on this cold and rainy street.

    The cold rain wet her hood and her clothes, and dipped into the clothes inside.

   Sweat and rain mixed, wrapped in textiles, and sticky to the skin, it felt really uncomfortable.

   But Maria didn't stop to take shelter from the rain and didn't plan to change clothes. She just briskly walked in the rain, approaching the "joint spot" written on the stationery carefully.

    It was a quiet side street with few pedestrians. On rainy days, there is almost no one here.

  Maria arrived at the intersection and stood under the street sign. Then she glanced to both sides, but didn't see anyone coming in contact with her.

    at this time……

    An umbrella appeared above her head.

   The young man with an umbrella looks very young, but his age is not easy to judge. You said he was twenty-five years old, and others might feel a little surprised but still acceptable. You said he was fifteen years old, and someone would definitely believe it.

    "So the person you called to meet me is you?" Maria took off her hood, squinted back, and looked at Berlin, who was giving herself an umbrella.

    She certainly knew it was Berlin. Because at this moment she still hasn't released her ability, and Berlin is the only person she knows to be immune to her abilities.

    "Yeah, it's more appropriate for me." Berlin responded. "After all, the 'Key of Hell' that you carry is a very troublesome thing. And you are a very troublesome person."

    "But if you come in person, it is risky." Maria turned and looked at Berlin as she spoke.

    "Indeed, from your point of view, you can subdue me first, then force me to order the elimination of the federal wanted for you, and finally kill me. This will be a very good escape plan." Berlin followed . "But it's also an adventure for you, because you don't know my strength."

    "Given the benefits, I think I can try it," Maria replied.

    "Oh ... you wouldn't do that." Berlin shook her head with a smile. "When you parachute for you, you have already dispelled those thoughts."

    He was right.

    When Maria realized that Berlin could approach such a distance without her being aware, she knew in her heart the results of the fight with him.

    "Okay." Maria didn't deny anything anymore. "So ... what are you going to do next?"

    "In general, I'm going to take you to a luxury hotel first, dispose of all your clothes, and then let you take a bath." The words of Berlin only opened, and Maria's eyes changed Became dead fisheye.

    Fortunately, in the second half of Berlin, the misleading content was returned. "When you take a bath, I will keep the keys to hell in a safe place. Then I will drop you a less prominent dress. Then I will take you to an expensive dinner. For dinner I will talk to you about organizing future plans. If we have a good talk, I will take you to a membership club after dinner. And I will call a few brothers to accompany you to drink and punch. "

    Maria paused for two seconds, and then smiled. She took a half step forward, hooked Berlin's neck, and crossed his shoulder and said, "You make sense sometimes." She paused, and patted Berlin's shoulder again before her smile converged. Then she said, "In addition to the handsome guy, you also call a few more beautiful women, you do not discriminate."

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Chapter 1 Fire in Eastern Europe

    2219, February 1.

    In the past half a month, the impact of the "9 prison fall" incident on this world is gradually fermenting.

   The 9 prison incident itself has caused a huge blow to the Federation. If you make a series of wrong decisions during this time because of panic, it will only have more unpredictable consequences.

    Unfortunately, after this incident, the federal government today is not a group that can keep calm.

    Taking Maria's jail time as an example, it is not difficult to see that most of the prisoners in the nine prisons have personal grudges with high-ranking members of the Federation. Among them, 90% were directly framed or persecuted. "Homeless" level of hatred is only average among this group of people.

    Now that the prisoners are all out, it is normal for those in the Federation to feel flustered.

    In order to protect the core of power, the EFF's military strengths throughout Europe were partly transferred to the already guarded surroundings of Crystal County. Officials in many places also ignored the rules and left their posts. The whole family took refuge in Crystal County. Most of them already own properties in Crystal County. What's wrong with them "going on vacation to the villa"?

    Their response was like opening doors to various areas outside Crystal County, waiting for the Resistance to come.

    Sure enough, by February 10, what happened should have happened.

    The resistance group "Cossack Rangers", which absorbed up to nine prisoners, sent troops from the northern part of Blue Shield and launched an unprecedented all-round raid on the federal army stations in Wheat Straw. They occupied federal government buildings in several cities within 24 hours, and also controlled police stations and television stations.

    They announced to the world by radio that they would launch a full-scale uprising against the corrupt federal government, and called on resistance groups around the world to cooperate with them.

    Since the "Vietnam Campaign" in Southeast Asia many years ago, this type of rebel activity has been the first of its kind. And the uprising took place in Europe, where the federal forces are the most powerful. This shocked the whole world.

    By now, it must be impossible to block the news. The federal Department of Public Information can only try to find ways to guide and control public opinion. In short, it is necessary for them to first create a pile of false news about the rebels killing civilians and committing adultery. Then they can use their media, which now controls most of the world, to create fear and hostility among resistance groups.

    On the military front, the defense of Crystal County is certainly unreliable. Then the Federation would dispatch troops from the other counties in Europe to contain them. Anyway, Europe ’s overall military strength is strong. If a local area is attacked, they may lose. But after the raid, once the rebels attacked the land squarely, the Federation became the defender of the occupied city. Then the situation is different.

    So, in the early morning of February 12, the siege operation began.

    The code name for this operation was "Pie Operation". As the name suggests, they used the two military bases of the Baltic and Black Seas as the main fulcrum to carry out raids on all the occupied areas of Wheat Straw and Blue Shield.

    In terms of military technology in the twentieth century, it is not difficult to pacify these two eastern European counties with conventional combat weapons in one day. It would only take half a day if civilian casualties were completely ignored.

    But the EFF has not been so mad. After all, most of the frontline soldiers also came from the civilian class, and the hometown of many people is in Eastern Europe. The commander of the operation could not give that order.

    As a result, Operation Pie continued to use precision weapons to strike military installations and troop sites accurately. Then their ground forces proceeded to advance, clear, and occupy.

    This is time consuming.

    Things would be even more troublesome if the Resistance wanted to drag the fighting into the rhythm of street fighting and guerrillas.

    In fact, they did.

    As of 3 pm on the 12th, the progress of "Pie Operation" suffered a very serious setback. The EFF realized a serious matter. Except for the long-range bombardment, which can achieve certain results, the advancement of ground forces can hardly be launched.

    The reason is: the opponent's capable forces are significantly stronger than the Federation.

    First, there is a gap in numbers ...

    The federal Capable Combat Force formation is small. There are only about ten people in a class, but a class often needs to be divided into two teams to act.

    Most of the EFF ground forces in a regiment have only two or three capable squads. Those who are capable are generally low-level.

    On the side of the Resistance, the ability and ordinary soldiers are completely mixed. And the proportion of those with ability is quite high. You simply can't tell which people have abilities and where they will appear.

    Not only that, the level of those who are capable is not low. The battle methods are still out of order, and they will use all shameful moves.

    All in all ... both in terms of quantity and quality, federal capable soldiers are at a disadvantage ...

    As night fell, an operation originally planned to be completed within a day became a protracted war.

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Chapter 2 Aid

    Morning on February 13.

   The "pie operation" lasted more than thirty hours, and the "Cossack Rangers" with a weak military force finally showed fatigue.

  Although the ground combat units of the Resistance Army dominated in local battles, their fronts could not be maintained forever in the face of several times the number of enemies' turns.

    After all, the EFF is powerful, but the total number of chips in the Resistance is just that. So this is a gamble that is impossible to win.

    However, this is by no means an impulsive or reckless suicide.

The Cossack Rangers, as veteran resistance organizations active in Eastern Europe and Northern Europe, naturally have rich experience in fighting. They can't do that kind of self-destruction.

    The fundamental purpose of this raid on Blue Shield and Wheat Straw is not to occupy the cities under federal jurisdiction for a long time, nor to compete with the Federal Army here. The true intention of the cavalry was to "test" and "instigate".

    For a battle of this size, it is impossible to block relevant information. Even if the federation can shut up the media, intelligence personnel on both sides of the fighting and local people will surely send the news.

   In other words, the true combat capabilities of the EFF in this battle will be known to all underground organizations around the world.

    Even if the EFF who came to participate in "Pie Operation" was not the most elite (known to all, the EFF's most elite combat power is concentrated in Crystal County), but it must be "front-line" strength.

    Rangers are tantamount to helping the resistance groups around the world "test out" a baseline of the EFF ’s combat effectiveness, allowing these organizations to be more confident in their future operations.

    As for the "incitement" part, "the first declaration of war against the Federation" is the best incitement.

   This is the truth that all ambitionists understand. If one day, this uprising is victorious, then no matter who eventually comes to power, the history book will also write down-"The Cossack Rangers fired the first shot of this revolution."

   Other resistance groups will never be indifferent to this. They also understand that the sooner they take the shot, the more initiative they will have when it comes to dividing the results later.

    really……

  Until the morning of the 13th, when the EFF gradually began to taste the sweetness brought by the protracted war and began to sing and advance.

    Over Shuangying County, another major accident happened.

    In this world's largest county, the world's most powerful resistance organization is also lying. They are called-"Gagarin Iron Alliance".

    Because the full name is a bit stubborn, most of them, including those within themselves, are referred to simply as "Iron Alliance".

   Above Siberia's vast ice fields, their secret military strongholds are densely packed. There are underground transportation stations in almost all cities in Double Eagle County.

    They are a force recognized as being able to confront the EFF for a long time. All these years have been building up strength.

    In the "Nine Prison Fall" incident, they were also the beneficiaries of the Cossack Rangers. The prisoners who fled to the east of Prison Nine were basically all rescued and compiled by them.

    Today, just one day after the Rangers issued an "Uprising Announcement", the Jagged Alliance also acted.

   When they started to operate, the Eastern European battlefield where the world ’s largest military conflict was still yesterday, instantly became a small-scale armed force friction.

   Because both Crystal County and Eastern European battlefields have been deployed to deploy troops, at this stage, the federal military strength of Shuangying County itself has been weakened a lot. Jagged Alliance took advantage of this opportunity to launch a full-scale attack on the entire territory of Shuangying County.

    Rebel groups are the only ones who can conduct military operations of this scale on a land with a total area of ​​approximately 17.1 million square kilometers on the same day.

    Of course, this is already their limit.

    Unlike the Cossack Rangers' reservations, the Jagged Alliance is more inclined to unreserved organizations. For them, as long as they do their best, even if they fail, there is no regret.

    This operation of them did indeed work.

    Because the head of Shuangying County has hid in Crystal County, and most of the bureaucrats below are afraid of taking responsibility, so when the emergency that spread across the county broke out, there was no order from Shuangying County to control Situation of the situation.

    Fortunately, there are still some reliable people in the EFF. When those officials took private planes or took their families and run softly through other channels, it was the EFF mid-level commanders in various places to withstand the resistance .

    Unfortunately, due to the lack of unified instructions and coordination from the upper echelons, in the face of the purposeful and well-prepared rebels, these EFFs were defeated one by one within half a day.

  The rapid fall of Double Eagle County poured a basin of ice water on the federation, which had not thought it was too bad.

    And it's not over yet. Because the progress is very smooth, Jagged Alliance feels that it still has a lot of room to spare. Therefore, at about 3 pm on the 13th, they actually organized a large-scale team, starting from Moscow and going west to support the Cossack Rangers trapped in Wheat Straw County.

The scene started to get out of control ...

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Chapter 3

    February 14, Milan.

Jack lit himself a cigarette and walked towards the man holding the guitar by the newsstand.

At first, the man behaved naturally. When Jack stood before him, he played more diligently. He was like a real street artist, as if expecting Jack to throw money into his case.

    But Jack raised his hand and slammed a few soots into the case.

    Just as the detective wondered if he had been exposed ...

    "Do you know where your problem is?" Jack actually spoke to him.

    The detective wasn't sure what that meant. Just in case Jack was cheating himself, he just echoed: "Ah?"

    "You played too badly." Jack gave the answer without waiting for him to answer.

    "Oh ... I'm sorry, sir. I can't help it, either." The detective said with a grin, and he felt a sigh of relief, thinking. "Scared me, I thought I was found."

    Unexpectedly, the next second, Jack spoke sharply: "But the money in your case shows that you seem to be quite welcome."

   "Oh, maybe everyone understands and feels differently about music." The detective was shocked again after hearing this. But he replied with a smile.

    "Really?" Jack continued to smoke, and continued to poke ashes into the other's case. "I have watched you for twenty minutes, and no passers-by who gave you money during this period. That is to say, all the money in the case was thrown in 20 minutes ago, right?" He paused. A short moment, he looked down at the eye organ case. "Roughly inferred from the amount of these currencies, at least more than fifteen people have given money for your piano art voluntarily ..." Then, he looked up at the clock standing in the heart of the street again. "It's 7:30 in the morning, the humidity has just started to drop, and the dew on the plants hasn't dried out yet. From your coat and hat, I can tell that you're standing here for no more than half an hour ... then I want to ask, what happened in the first ten minutes? "

    "O ~ O ~ are you a detective? Sir? Is this an interrogation or something else?" The detective heard this and raised his hands. He made a gesture of surrender and laughed, "Well, I admit that I put some money in the case myself. But it's not illegal, right? Every showman knows that this can make business better .Did you ever think about that? "

    "Of course I know that," Jack replied calmly. "So to confirm my speculation, five minutes ago, I spent money, hired someone, and stole some money from your case."

    "You ..." Then the detective was at a loss.

    "He passed by in front of him, pretending to bend over to give you money. But in fact he grabbed a handful of money and left." Jack continued. "But you didn't pay attention to him at all. Not only did you not notice what he did, you even ignored 'someone stayed in front of you'."

    Speaking of this, Jack had finished his cigarette and threw the entire cigarette butt into the case. "I just said, 'I have watched you for twenty minutes, and no passers-by who gave you money during this time'. This is also testing you, but you have not refuted ...

    "As a street artist who wants to make business better, your attention is not focused on the business at all, but you have been staring at the coffee shop across the street."

    "In addition, the calluses on your hands and your technology are very clear. Although you have learned guitar, it has been many years ago. At least for a long time before today Never touched the guitar. "

    Obviously, the detective also knew that he must have been exposed. The smile on his face has naturally turned into a stern look.

    "Hmm ... you're really a shy guy ..." said the detective, slowly backing away. Once back to the distance he feels appropriate, he will launch a small artillery in the guitar to attack Jack. "In the beginning you said you could see through me, why bother to say so."

    "Actually I don't usually talk much, but now I'm betting on people. So I have to say a few more words." Jack said.

    "Oh? What are you betting on?" The detective was holding off, and backing away.

    "We bet if I can move you to this position at the moment without you at all," Jack replied.

    The detective heard a word and froze for a second. At this moment, an arm stretched out from the back door of the newsstand behind him, covered his mouth, and dragged him in.

    About twenty seconds later, a stupid old man emerged from the main entrance of the newsstand.

    Although the makeup is in place and the waist is bent low, the man's figure is still a bit too strong, which is not in keeping with his wrinkles and hump.

    "Well, I owe the fifty." Solid said, wiping his blood-stained hand with a rag that was too dirty to see.

    "It sounds like you are going to settle this debt with another bet," Jack said, lifting his foot to close the box on the ground and "kicking" it into the counter of the newsstand.

     "I always have a chance anyway, don't I?" Solid shrugged back.

     At the same time, across the street, inside the cafe.

    "Look, they're bored enough to solve the whistle with a 'bet' method." Berlin said with one hand on his cheek, looking out the window, smiling.

    "I don't care about them." Shadow Weaving, who was sitting across from Berlin, looked at him with an unawakened face. "In the early morning, you called me this wanted man to a place where there are cameras everywhere. What are you trying to do?" She tapped the table lightly with her fingers. "We've been sitting here for almost an hour, and you say nothing. Also, the stuff in this 7-11 coffee shop is so bad.

    "Don't worry," Berlin smiled. "I just want to surprise you."

    "Ha?" Shadow Weaving thought this over and over again, and suddenly thought of today's date. "Hey ... what do you mean? Shouldn't you have prepared something weird to confess or propose to me?"

    "Hahaha ..." Berlin laughed at her response, but still said nothing.

    Right now

    Ding--

   The main entrance of the coffee shop opened, and a woman in casual clothes came in.

    Instead of finding a seat, she walked directly into the bar. She happily greeted another hostess in the bar.

    Berlin's eyes first moved on to her, and Shadow Weaving saw this and turned his head to look at it.

    When we saw the woman, Shadow Weaving's doubts were instantly resolved. But at the same time, she froze ...

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Chapter 4

    "Dating is over?" Stephenson cast a malicious smile on him when Berlin came in.

    Berlin doesn't care. He put his hands in his pockets, walked over with ease, and replied casually. "It's just business."

    "Oh? Are you not interested in Miss Yi?" Stephenson replied. "Then if I pursue her, shouldn't you have any opinions?"

    "Oh ... I have no opinion." Berlin knew Stephenson was trying to test himself, and he responded calmly. "If you succeed, remember to tell me. At that time I will help you and Miss Carmen to arrange a 'three-person date', shall you?"

    Stephenson heard that there was still a smile on his face, but the smile was a little stiff. And he didn't answer anymore.

    Berlin also greeted with a smile, and his eyes showed a successful color.

    The two looked at each other for a few seconds, then changed their expressions at the same time, and raised their middle fingers towards each other.

    After finishing the erection, they seemed to have reached a certain tacit understanding, and stopped playing with each other. They looked forward.

    At this moment, they are staying in an "observation room". One side of this room is one-way glass. On the other side of the glass, a person was held.

    That man is exactly-Tyrannosaurus Rex.

  Stephenson turned and left, and Berlin watched T-Rex silently for a while. Then he stepped forward a few steps, leaned slightly in front of the microphone on the table, and pressed a button on the console.

    "Mr. Levin." After a second, his voice reached the room opposite the one-way glass.

    At this time, Tyrannosaurus Rex was pacing in the house. It's not because he is emotionally anxious, it's just because he has excess physical function. To him, lying down is uncomfortable, and exercise will be more comfortable.

    "Who are you?" After coming here and regaining consciousness, Tyrannosaurus rex had not heard the voice of someone other than Stephenson.

    "Berlin," Berlin replied.

    "Oh ..." Tyrannosaurus nodded. "Did you make me look like this?"

    "Ha ..." Berlin smiled.

    "Why are you holding me?"

    "We have to wait for your body to stabilize before we can let you out." Berlin had long waited for him to ask.

    "Then when can I go out?" Tyrannosaurus asked again.

    "That's a good question," Berlin said. "I'm here to inform you, you can go out immediately."

    "Oh?" Tyrannosaurus was not a fool. Speaking of which, he still smelled some Berlin intentions. "Let me guess ... you let me out to let me do things for you, right?"

    "No, I don't have that need yet," Berlin said. "But I do have arrangements for you."

    "Hmm ..." Tyrannosaurus snorted again. "Then what do you want me to do?"

    "Learn." Berlin's tone of saying these two words, for some reason, was a bit sarcastic.

    "Don't you look down on me?" Tyrannosaurus replied immediately, unpleasantly.

     Prior to becoming a Tyrannosaurus Rex, he was a cleaner. And the biggest reason he was recruited was that he had a particularly low level of education. Basically, he is just literacy. He didn't know anything about science in middle school or above. Even if you put experimental data and various drawings in front of him, he cannot understand or leak.

    Berlin naturally knew this and was clearly recorded in the federal archives. Some of those who arrested Tyrannosaurus at the time also used this to ridicule him.

    "Don't get me wrong," Berlin responded with a smile. "I'm not asking you to learn cultural knowledge, but I'm letting you learn how to control your abilities. I believe you have no reason to refuse, after all, it is directly related to yours. Health and life safety. "

    "Learning control methods?" Tyrannosaurus repeated these words, wondering. "Who to learn from? From you?"

    "I? Oh ... no no no." Berlin in the observation room shook his head again and again, even though the other party couldn't see him shaking his head. "I'm a terrible teacher. My patience in teaching people is poor. So I stopped teaching male students a long time ago."

    Tyrannosaurus always thought he was a bit subtle. But this didn't seem to be anything to do with him, so he said nothing.

    "The teacher I arranged for you is much stronger than me. He is currently the strongest mutant in the universe." And the second half of Berlin's words also successfully attracted the interest of Tyrannosaurus Rex.

    "Hah? The strongest mutant?" Tyrannosaurus also knew some federal intelligence, and he thought that what Berlin said was. "Is he a 'guard officer' ... Nacanvo?"

    "Nakanavo ... huh ..." When Berlin uttered this frightening name, it seemed as if it was talking about an insignificant little character. "That kind of guy, how can you compare it to 'Li Kesan'."

    At the same time, Cairo, in an apartment.

    A man looking up and down in his thirties, with a dreadful hairstyle and in pajamas, was woken up by a ringing phone.

    He opened his eyes and saw the familiar ceiling. Then he confirmed that he was sleeping on the ground again, and reached out to touch the phone with his voice.

    In the process, he felt a lot of strange things ... such as used paper towels, empty cans, solidified stains, leftover food, and gamepads.

    Finally, after getting dirty with one hand, he grabbed the phone with his dirty hand. He stumbled his phone to his ear: "Who?"

    "It's me." A man's voice came across.

    The moment he heard this voice, Li Kesan was immediately awake, and then he pressed the "hang up" button.

    "Fuck!" Li Kesan cursed bad words at the end of the communication.

    A few seconds later, the phone rang again.

    "Get off!" There was obviously only him in the room, but Li Kesan shouted as if arguing with someone. "roll!"

    He gazed at the air like this and walked to the bathroom.

    Then, in the almost uninterrupted ringtone of his cell phone, he pretended to finish the wash calmly.

    When he came out of the bathroom, sure enough ... the phone was still ringing.

    "Hmm ..." Li Kesan sighed. After all, he picked up the phone again in the past. He tapped the answer button. "Say!"

    He was angry and showed a sense of helplessness.

    "We haven't been in contact for a long time. How are you doing?" The caller was in a good mood and greeted him happily.

    "How am I? Are you still unclear?" Li Kesan replied loudly, "If you don't know, go through your book, don't." After these two sentences, he said impatiently. "Hurry up ... what are you doing?"

    "I found you an apprentice." Tianyi explained the request directly.

    "Oh? Is it a beauty?" Li Kesan was also very direct.

    "Sorry, the beautiful women already belong to Berlin. So I can only give you men." Tianyi laughed at this moment.

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Chapter 5 Tea Party

    2219, February 15.

    The "pie operation", which lasted for three days and three nights, failed.

    Due to the joining of the Jagged Alliance, the EFF defeated, and finally reluctantly began to withdraw westward.

    After witnessing the victory of this rebel alliance, the Sahara Springs, a rebel group entangled in North Africa, also acted.

    On February 20, after several days of preparations, the mixed sea and land combat force of the Sahara springs set off from Libya and crossed the Mediterranean to the north. Along the way, they captured Crete and landed in Athens within the next few hours, raiding the Olive Branch.

    This move is obviously well thought out.

    On the surface, it would be much easier for Isahara's spring force to march south to the hinterland of Africa. However, they chose to cross the sea directly to the southeast of Europe, and there is still a tendency to continue northward.

    Even the worst military fighters should see that they are planning to join forces with the other two rebel forces who just won the Blue Shield. Rather than expanding its territories in Africa in isolation, quickly opening a corridor where other organizations can support each other is undoubtedly a smarter strategy.

    The Federation will naturally remain indifferent to such actions. After a few days of rest, the EFF also set off again, cracking down on them.

    But things are not going well.

    The Cossack Rangers and the Jagged Alliance never watched the African brothers who had crossed the sea just being "eaten" by the EFF.

    Since most of the cities in the three counties, Blue Shield, Wheat Straw, and Double Eagle, have been occupied by the Resistance, the Resistance has gained huge strategic space and adequate logistical support. Now they can send troops at any time to deal with the EFF.

    Finally, on March 5, the three major resistance groups successfully joined in southeastern Europe, forming a high-profile "insurgency alliance" based on the overthrow of federal rule.

    At this time, the EFF realized that the area along the Black Sea coast between Blue Shield and Olive Branch counties had already been opened and became a corridor connecting the Resistance forces.

  In this way, once the rebels in the Middle East and Long County follow the uprising, the entire right half of Eurasia may fall into the hands of the insurgents.

    It can be said that this day, the real "war" began.

    In the afternoon, March 5.

    Crystal County, somewhere in Christo.

    In the bright conference room, there is a round, stone conference table.

    Right now, except for the main seat in the middle, there are already people at other places around the table.

     No one spoke, and no one drank the cup of tea that had been poured out in front of him.

    Until a man with a well-made pot in Longjing came in.

    "Long Jing" came late, and he did it on purpose.

    Even though it was late, he still walked to his own main seat without any rush, and then sat down calmly.

    Before speaking, he first lifted the teapot and directly poured tea into his mouth with a spout to moisten his throat.

    "Are you all right?" Longjing's voice was hoarse, and it sounded like something was wrong with the vocal cords.

    If you only listen to your voice, others may mistake him for an old man. But in fact, he looks very young, at most not more than thirty years old.

    "If you have time to care about us, you might as well care about the current situation of the Federation." At the table, the first person to speak was an old man with white hair.

    Although he is an old man, his bones are still tough, even stronger than some young people, and his voice is also sturdy.

    In front of this, a glass of silver needles was placed.

    "Oh ... Brother Saal, don't worry." Longjing was not angry at the other party's uncomfortable tone. Instead, he and Yan smiled in response. "Today is full and we can discuss it slowly."

    "Eurasia is almost half occupied. How can you say that time is sufficient?" Thrall answered.

    "Huh ..." Long Jing's expression immediately revealed a disdain. "Do you know what day it is?" He suddenly started the conversation, and he didn't wait for someone to answer. He answered it by himself two seconds later. "In the middle of the twentieth century, to be precise, on March 5, 1946, a prominent politician gave a famous speech at Westminster College, Missouri. One of the best known is — 'From Szczecin on the Baltic Sea to Trieste on the Adriatic Sea, an iron curtain across the continent has come down.' "He paused, smiled, and said again. "Don't you think this is very similar to the situation we are facing now?"

"It's not the same!" At this moment, an Asian man with a feminine temperament opened his mouth. "What we are facing now is not a 'cold war', but a frontal war that has actually started! Ah, Muhammad ~"

    "Muhammud" is naturally the name of Longjing. As Arab, it is not surprising that he has such a name. In fact, according to available statistics, the name is equivalent to "Bob" worldwide.

    "Just because this is a head-on war, we have nothing to worry about," Longjing replied. "Political, economic, and even cultural games are difficult. That's why the 'Cold War' has been playing for more than 40 years." He paused for a second and then answered. "But you see how many years the two world wars fought? How long did it take for the" United Empire "at the beginning of the 21st century and the" Federal Revolution "at the beginning of the 22nd century? What a difficult problem. The development of science and technology has made the pace of modern warfare so fast that the total progress can be calculated using 'days'. Those resistance groups are now performing very well. Maybe within the next twenty hours, they will collapse instantly ... ... "

    Upon hearing that, a cold and beautiful woman immediately said, "How can you guarantee that the same assumptions will not be fulfilled on the federal side?"

    Her voice was backward, Long Jing had not responded yet, and Mao Feng, sitting at the other side of the conference table, rushed. "Hmm ... Carmen, from your current standpoint, it's better not to speak."

    "Oh? Is there something wrong with my position?" Carmen glared at Mao Feng and drank his tea calmly after asking this.

    "???" Mao Feng replied, "Stevenson and Li Zeju who were active in the Nine Prison incident are all related to you?" His voice gradually increased, and he used a questioning tone. "According to the information you gave, the 'Judge' you were let away should now be living in South America using an identity called Ram. But what about the actual situation? He didn't change his body at all, and in the jailbreak incident, he Did you behave very well? "

    "Speaking of South America ..." Carmen, without questioning, asked Mao Feng instead of panic. "You guy who failed to complete the task and was also called" put back to talk "by the enemy seems suspicious than me." She leaned back against the chair. "Logically, you have a very high probability of betraying and becoming a counter-spy."

    This topic can be said to be a pain point for Mao Feng. He will never forget that experience in the ruins that day was shocked by Berlin alone. He often re-dreamed about the same nightmares during sleep.

   Mao Feng was the exclusive combatant of the tea feast. He worked as a "combatant", not only failed to complete the task, but he was not injured when he returned. And he let Professor Rodrigo, who should have been killed, fall into the hands of the enemy. In the end, he would bring back the inexplicable words of the enemy with humiliation-"Let Longjing prepare coffee for us at the tea party".

    It can be said that at any time, whenever someone mentions this matter, Mao Feng will definitely be ashamed.

    "Huh ... yes, I failed." Mao Feng did not deny his failure, but he would not give in to Carmen. "But what do you mean now!"

    "What are you talking about?" When this happened, Longjing had to come out and take control. "Every cup of tea, calm down, think about why you are sitting here?"

    His persuasion still works. Carmen was calm and not angry. Mao Feng has always listened to Longjing. As long as Longjing opens his mouth, regardless of whether he makes sense, he will obediently shut up.

    "Carmen's question really makes sense." After a while, when Mao Feng calmed down, Longjing reopened and brought the topic back. "This is also one of the issues I want to discuss here today." He drank his tea again and moistened his throat. "In recent years, there are indeed fewer and fewer capable people at the federal level. From the failure of Double Eagle County, it can be seen that the stupidity and incompetence of the highest decision-making level can completely cause failures that should not occur under normal circumstances. Even worse than normal defeat ... "

    "Then why did you deliberately let us all not act?" Two seconds later, a white man with English scented tea in front of him took the conversation and asked thoughtfully. "Did you have‘ that plan ’?”

    "Oh ... yes." Longjing laughed. "In my opinion, this can be an opportunity," he said, coughing twice, and then speaking in a hoarse voice. "Since the inverse cross is going to 'set fire,' we will count. Just wait for the fire to burn more vigorously, and we will extinguish these flames in one breath."

    What he said meant most people knew instantly.

    People who do n’t understand instantly can think about it after thinking about it ...

    In fact, with the strategy of Longjing, if he faced this situation, he could solve the crisis within 15 hours.

    However, in view of the existence of "reverse cross" behind the current situation, this kind of "peace and chaos" that treats the symptoms but not the root cause seems short-sighted.

    What Longjing sees is the bigger picture, something more profound ...

   It's like playing chess. Sometimes, in order to win, you have to retreat first. Anxious for the loss of the moment and place, this will lead to greater failure.

    Another big thing happened in Oak County.

    In the afternoon of this day, a cruise ship appeared on the coastline when radars along the coast did not scan anything at all.

    According to the images returned, the ship was the one that had disappeared a few months ago outside Tokyo Bay.

    This is a luxury cruise ship carrying a large number of federal high-level children missing.

    The shock this news brought to the bureaucrats gathered in Crystal County is not surprising. There is also a son of Shisuke in the cabinet on that ship.

    When the intelligence was confirmed, the Crystal County Defense Force, which was "stretched" by force, had separated a group of direct elite units and went straight to Plougelno within a few hours in preparation for a "rescue operation."

    Before this team rushed to the scene, the local garrison, police, FCPS, and other troops of Oak County also came out in a crowd, and requisitioned available transportation vehicles and even civilian ships. They surrounded the coastal masses, fearing that the target would escape.

    But no one expected that when the rescue troops boarded the ship, the sight they saw was ...

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Chapter 6 Substitution

      On March 11, 2102, with the destruction of the symbol of the empire, "Tiandu", a large amount of research materials on intelligent nanotechnology and many other high-end technologies monopolized by the "nobility" at that time were turned into dust.

    After that, more than a century has passed, and to this day, the federal scientific and technological capabilities in this field have not returned to the level that the empire had.

    However, some organizations outside the Federation have achieved considerable results in the research and development of smart nanotechnology.

    For example, reverse cross.

    "Shinji!" The moment Toyota saw his son, Toyota's first response was an angry yell.

    Without a drink, he quickly rushed towards Shinji and raised his arm high.

    But that slap did not fall after all.

    This distance to his son has let Toyota's anger go more than half.

    When you see a loved one who is lost, joy is greater than anger.

    Toyota is also an ordinary father. At the time when Shinji had just disappeared, he was just as anxious as other federal seniors whose children had been taken prisoner. So much so when Shadow Weaving appeared in their meeting and offered them "that deal", he accepted it.

    However, the result of this move was: Shadow Weaving, who was put into nine prisons, became the internal response of the escape. And the high-ranking federations who accepted the transaction sent the entire expedition to destruction (Mao Feng had abandoned the status of "Soldier 2" after that, so from the record point of view, he was already a missing person).

    When they understood, when they found out that this might be a "kidnapping or assassination against several core members of the mining team," it was useless.

    They may not care about the "Bing", but the "Mrs." continues to disappear, and they still feel pain. Most parents in this world are the same.

    The days of disappearance of those young masters are getting longer and longer, and there is no news. Many people have given up hope. They slowly began to accept and adapt to the assumption that their children had died.

    The subsequent fall of Nine Prisons and the rebellion also turned their attention away.

    Unexpectedly, just when they had begun to forget the pain, on March 5th, the mysterious Clover cruise ship would appear again. Moreover, the children of the senior federal officials who were trapped on the ship were all still there.

    When the rescue forces boarded the ship, they were surprised to find that all the "guests" on board were wearing the clothes they were wearing when they disappeared a few months ago. They were sleeping in their respective cabins.

    Yes, only the "guests" were found. None of the entourages brought on board by the guests were found. Of course, the big brothers did not care about the lives of the followers, they only care about whether their children are safe.

    In the end, the results of this "rescue operation" were very rich: the missing persons who were rescued were all safe and sound. After a preliminary inspection by medical staff, not only were they not physically injured, but they also maintained good personal hygiene from the odor of their hair and body.

    All in all is fine.

    However, "all right" is the most abnormal and weird.

    If the rescue team found a corpse scattered on the ship, it would be normal.

    But if all the hostages are okay, what is the purpose of this collective abduction operation? The captors neither extorted the ransom nor harmed the hostages. They took them away and returned them intact after a few months. Even the stupidest commander in the EFF, when he saw this situation, he would inevitably guess--what would happen to these people that could not be detected physically.

    For example, being brainwashed, rebelled, and so on.

    This is not something that can be found by a simple physical examination. People must be isolated, and after a certain period of careful testing, they will know.

    However, how could hostages in this incident follow this process?

    They are not ordinary EFF soldiers captured. Each of their parents is a powerful figure in a certain area of ​​the planet.

    How can these big men let the children who have finally come back safely to them be detained again and reviewed by the Federal Army?

    And the situation is now chaotic, and the EFF does not have that much energy to do these things. So this event, which will be called the "ghost ship" in the future, was exposed at that time.

    The "hostages" rescued from the Clover also returned to their parents.

    Toyota Shinji was one of the first to see his father. After all, his identity is special. As the son of the Cabinet's Shisuke, he was treated differently. During the search of the cabin, the army was informed by its superiors that the search, rescue and medical treatment of the real company were all given top priority. Once Shinji is rescued, they will be returned to Crystal County by the fastest means of transportation.

    "Oh, my father, what the hell is going on here?" Looking at Toyota coming angrily towards himself, Shinji looked like he knew nothing. He stepped back half a step and asked tremblingly.

    "What's going on?" Toyota laughed angrily. "Don't you know what stupid thing you did?"

    "I didn't do anything ..." Shinji replied. "I just remember I was sleeping in the villa's room, and then suddenly woke up. Then I don't know why I was already on a boat, but also in Oak County ..."

    Toyota knows his son, and from an demeanor he knows that Shinji has not lied, which can't help but get him into deep thought.

    After a moment of silence, Toyota frowned. "Do you know today's date?"

    "Date?" Shinji. "Uh ... fifteen or sixteen"

    "Year and month!" Toyota sharply raised the focus of this issue again.

    Shinji stunned and replied after a second. "November 2218." When he said this, he was watching his father's expression. So after speaking, he immediately noticed the anomaly. "Um ... father, isn't it November?"

    Toyota didn't answer him, just thought for a few seconds, then said in a commanded tone: "You go home to rest first (Arai's family naturally has a mansion in Christo). Regarding what happened during this time, you You can ask the driver or housekeeper. In the next few days, you can't go out without my permission! "He said here, what seemed to come to mind, added. "You can't see the guests, neither can anyone."

    Shinji waited for two seconds, making sure his father was finished, and he said, "Yes, father."

    Seeing his father nodded slightly, he bowed lightly and turned to leave.

    And Toyota, looking at the back of his son's departure, revealed a very complex look.

    An hour later, Crystal County, in a park.

    Toyota, who left the federal government office, came to this rather lively public place.

    He rented a small boat by himself and slowly sailed to the heart of a small artificial lake in the park. Then he turned off the ship's engine and pulled out a cell phone in a transparent plastic bag from his jacket pocket.

    Mumble--mumble--

    He dialed a number using the speed dial function.

    After several busy tones, the call was connected.

    "Do you have anything? Mr. Toyota." Across the phone, a warm, magnetic male voice rang.

    "Sir, I have something to ask." Despite his doubts and anger, Toyota still respected Paul when he spoke to Paul.

    "Oh ..." Paul laughed, apparently guessing what Toyota was asking. But he still said. "Then ... please."

    Toyota swallowed and shivered, "Is my son alive?"

    "Did you just meet him not long ago?" Paul answered in a rhetorical tone, "Isn't he alive?"

    "That ... I know ..." Toyota replied. "But is that really my son-Shinji?"

    "Oh ..." Paul laughed. "He looks the same as your son, his memory is the same as your son, and he has the same affection for you as your son. Are you still dissatisfied?" chill. "Still you don't want such a son"

    "No, no! I didn't mean that!" Toyota was frightened and quickly raised his voice. "I see! Sorry, I shouldn't harass you because of such things ..."

    On the other side, Paul, remained silent for a few seconds.

    These seconds are longer for Toyota than centuries.

    "Mr. Toyota, you are a smart man," Paul said. "After seeing‘ your son ’, you immediately guessed that it was something I sent someone to do.” He paused, then said. "It's just your cleverness, obviously not enough. Otherwise you wouldn't make this call to me."

   Toyota listened to Paul's evaluation and was very scared. Sad cold sweat permeated his clothes at a rate that was visible to the naked eye.

    "I'm very distressed by your performance. Should I reward you or punish you?" Paul was not asking a question.

    Even if he was asking questions, Toyota didn't dare to answer.

    "Hmm ... let's do this. I'll tell you a news that the current situation is not a bad thing." After a breath, Paul seemed to be thinking about it, so he answered. "Mr. Toyota, you are the same as your current" son "."

    This sentence caused Toyota to freeze.

"You don't have to remember when it happened, it's impossible to have that information in your memory," Paul said. "I can tell you that the‘ you ’in the past is not as‘ smart ’as it is now. Like your son in the past, he ’s not as good as his son now” he chuckled again. "Oh ... how? Are you happy or sad? Let's talk about it today. The next time you contact me, I hope you don't bother me with some boring things."

Chapter 7

    In Cairo in March, the climate is very comfortable.

    There is no doubt that it is very difficult for the highest-level wanted criminals such as Tyrannosaurus to enter the city through regular channels under such a blockade.

    According to Tyrannosaurus Rex's own ideas, there are two options. First, he put on a bionic mask, fake fingerprints, and pupils, and mixed in as a federal citizen with legal status. Second, he swam into the city along the Nile.

    The former requires someone to provide him with information and props, and he may not be able to mix in today's very strict inspection mechanism. The latter ... Although as long as the gene of the fish is used, now every time he uses the genetic change ability, there is a certain risk.

    When you see this, someone will definitely ask, a man who can transform the gills to swim in the water, presumably can also use the genes of birds to fly to the sky? So why didn't he fly into the city?

    It's very simple, because airborne drone detection turrets are now installed everywhere in Cairo. As long as it floats in the sky for more than three seconds, even objects larger than the washbasin will be locked.

    All in all, Tyrannosaurus finds it difficult to enter the city.

    But when he did, things were incredibly easy ...

    Morning, March 7.

    Maria drove a humble civilian car, carrying Berlin and Tyrannosaurus Rex, out of the cordon east of Cairo.

    Before Tyrannosaurus got out of the car, Maria patted him on the shoulder. Then Tyrannosaurus carried his luggage and walked down the road into the city ...

    Although Berlin had already explained some of the characteristics of Maria's "non-existent" ability to Tyrannosaurus Rex on the way, after actually experiencing it, Tyrannosaurus was quite shocked.

    He couldn't help thinking that if he had swallowed up Maria's DNA and mastered this ability, then no one in the world could catch or threaten him.

    Of course, Berlin could have thought of what Tyrannosaurus Rex could think of. That's why Berlin came here with them.

  As a man who can both be immune to "non-existence" and suppress Tyrannosaurus Rex, Berlin is undoubtedly the most suitable person for this "guardian of messengers". Only he can guarantee foolproofness. However, he would not use the word "protector of the flower" in front of Maria, lest the other party teach him.

    At 11 am, Tyrannosaurus Rex, like a hippie, with a peaked cap, a floral shirt, and a suitcase, was standing on the square in front of the Egyptian Museum. (Although Egypt changed its name to "Shield Eagle County" in the 21st century of this universe, the Egyptian Museum has not changed its name with it ...)

    At this moment, Maria had released her ability to act on the Tyrannosaurus. Surveillance in the city is not as tight as on the border. As long as Tyrannosaurus covers his face with a hat, it will be fine.

    T-Rex stood there for about thirty minutes. Just as he was losing his patience, a man who was going to be wrapped so tightly came to him.

    "You're a Tyrannosaurus?" Li Kesan approached Tyrannosaurus, glanced at each other, and asked.

    Because the time and place have been agreed, the photos have been seen in advance, and the "energy difference from ordinary people" can be directly observed, Li Kesan will not admit it.

    "Hmm ..." Tyrannosaurus moaned, and in the process, he also looked at Li Kesan up and down.

    Unfortunately, this is no different from watching it.

    Li Kesan is wearing a "xiao" cosplay suit today. The sleeves and hem are very long, covering him from the ankle to the cheek. He also wore a straw hat above his head, so that only the skin above the bridge of his nose was exposed outside.

    "Brother ..." Tyrannosaurus resembled the dress of the "teacher". He laughed and said, "It's 26 degrees today."

    "I only have underwear in my jacket, and I don't feel hot." Li Kesan replied without hesitation, so that such powerful men as Tyrannosaurus reluctantly stepped back and looked around. He was afraid that passers-by might hear some keywords and misunderstand.

    "It's not a hot issue. Don't you think it's too conspicuous to dress like this?" Tyrannosaurus replied.

    "Have you ever seen a spy agent wearing a COSPLAY uniform for activities?" Li Kesan responded to the other's question with a question.

    "Uh ..." Tyrannosaurus was speechless.

    Li Kesan replied eloquently, "Humans are visual animals. We are deeply influenced by each other's appearance in communication, far beyond your imagination. As long as you put a distinctive 'tag' on yourself through dressing, such as' two "Dimensional waste house" and so on, no matter how conspicuous you are, even if you actively run to the military and police in front of them, they will not doubt what you are worthy of suspicious characters. "

    "Oh ..." Tyrannosaurus replied and nodded. At this moment, he was sincerely admired by Mr. Shi's theory.

    However, the next second, Li Kesan said in a soaring tone. "Sure enough, teaching you this kind of rough man is really unsuccessful. If it is a female student, I can teach her another theory-'As long as you reach a certain cup and show some breasts appropriately, no matter what you wear Strongest disguise '"

    "Well ... you guy is actually a pervert." The admiration of Tyrannosaurus disappeared instantly, and quickly realized the nature of the matter.

    "Cut, as a wanted criminal, what qualifications do you have to say me?" Li Kesan didn't mind the other person's comments, he just casually said, and then said, "Come with me! Look at you, you may not be in 'Graduate' in four months. Hurry up. "

    Having said that, he turned and took a step forward.

    Tyrannosaurus exhaled a long breath from his mouth, then dragged his suitcase to follow him with a doubt.

    At the same time, the other end of the square ...

    Just a few meters away from the two of them, a man sitting in the back seat of a limousine had locked his eyes on them.

    This man is two meters tall, as strong as a mountain, and has a strong face.

    In fact, he is not like the kind of person who would sit in a luxury car, but more like that type of bodyguard.

    But at the moment, he was not only sitting in the car, but also holding a sexy beauty in his left hand, drunk with a glass of champagne in his right hand.

    "Driver." When the man saw Li Kesan and Tyrannosaurus retreating, he immediately tapped a button on the console next to him and said to him.

    "Do you need anything, sir?" Because the small window between the front and rear seats is now closed and the sound insulation in the car is good, the driver and the passengers behind need to communicate through an internal intercom device.

    "At nine o'clock, two men. The one in the front is weird and the one in the back is dragging the suitcase. Did you see it?" The man described it as specific.

    The driver had no reason not to see: "I saw it, sir."

    "Follow them." The man then gave a simple and clear instruction.

    "Yes, sir." The driver responded, then started the engine and turned around.

    "Well? Honey, didn't you promise to take me to buy a necklace? Why are you leaving now?" Now, the beauty in the man's arms was upset. She pushed the fragile body forward for a few minutes, and caressed the man's wide chest.

    "Driver, stop first." After hearing the words, the man immediately turned off the radio switch.

    The driver's response was quick, and he stopped the car steadily almost at the end of the conversation.

    The next second, the man let go of his left hand placed on the beauty's waist, and said coldly to her, "Get out of the car."

    "You ... oh ... dear, you really like to joke." The beauty was shocked, and then replaced with a skilled "service smile", said. "I see. Then let's buy next time ..."

    Before she finished speaking, the man interrupted, "Get out of the car."

    He repeated the words in another tone.

    Ten seconds later, when the beautiful woman reacted from the murderous shroud, she found that she was standing on the side of the street. She was pale, sweating, and her legs were shaking. And that luxury car has long since disappeared.

    Li Kesan's residence in an affordable apartment building everywhere.

    The local conditions are acceptable, the residents are numerous, and the personnel composition is complex. Since most residents are tenants, there will be no in-depth communication with each other. This is a place where Li Kesan feels comfortable.

    Of course, such a place must be a certain distance from the museum. Walking was too time-consuming, so Li Kesan took the T-Rex and called a donkey cart to travel.

    Transportation in Cairo ...

    "Poor to the limit".

    You can see all types of private or public transport here, from the most advanced four-seater ultra-mini shuttle, to bikes that look like they were made two centuries ago, from small yachts to camels ...

    Signal lights, zebra crossings, and traffic rules are both here and there.

    The scattered and chaotic traffic order makes this already crowded city seem like a cardiovascular body of a fat man smoking and drinking, bloated and clogged.

    Today, if it wasn't for Li Kesan to lead the way, Tyrannosaurus Rex would be wandering in Cairo all day long while looking for an address.

    However, even though they didn't make any detours, unexpected situations still occurred.

    "It's so annoying." Li Kesan, sitting on a donkey cart, suddenly said this.

    T-Rex was stunned by him, and two seconds later, he wondered, "What happened?"

    Li Kesan didn't answer him "we were followed" but said directly: "Don't look back."

    As a result, Tyrannosaurus turned his face back.

    No way, the first reaction of people is like this.

    "Ah!" Tyrannosaurus said after seeing the luxury car, "are we being followed?"

    "It was also found that we looked back," Li Kesan said.

    "Okay, my fault." Tyrannosaurus knew it was their turn that caused them to be exposed. "So what do we do now?"

    "Hey! Brother, stop, we're here." Li Kesan was decisive in doing things, and yelled at the brother who was in a hurry. Then he took a piece of money out of his pocket and made up the sentence, "No need to change."

    The driver who hurried to see the guests before he could take money away was naturally happy. He said thank you and drove away.

    After getting off the car, Li Kesan and Tyrannosaurus stood in the middle of the road, and stared directly at the luxury car that followed them.

    This is no longer the city center. Where they stood was a small street paved with loess and sand.

    The drivers who followed them apparently noticed their actions and paid off. After a few seconds, the car also stopped.

    Then, a tall man in a black suit walked down from the back seat of the car.

    After he got off, the driver drove away.

    Then he strode towards Li Kesan and Tyrannosaurus Rex.

    "Tyrannosaurus Rex!" As the suit man approached, he had reported the name of T-Rex. "Federal S-Class wanted, one of the most vicious fugitives in the fall of Nine Prisons."

    It was just this momentum when he approached that had made the nerves of Tyrannosaurus rex nervous. The instinct to fight tells Tyrannosaurus Rex that it is a very strong opponent. But because of his current physical condition, it is difficult for him to do his best.

    "I am here in the name of the federal 'guard officer' and exercise my 'no-execution authority'." The man in a suit said that the rhythm of energy had spread throughout his body. "I want you, and this man of your accomplice, here."

    Unexpectedly, he has not finished ...

    Li Kesan stepped forward suddenly, greeted the other with his head up and said, "This man, did you shit before you left this morning?"

Chapter 8 Forced Transfer

    In this universe, the so-called Omega\_level mutants have a very simple minimum criterion-unlimited power output.

    For example, if a person's ability is "self-splitting to form a duplicating person" and the ability is Omega\_level, then in theory, he can make infinite self-replication at a terrible exponential speed. After only sixty-four times, he could make 9.22337 \* 10 ^ 17 his replicas, except for the ontology. What is this concept? Assuming that there are 10 billion people on the planet, these people can fill 922,337,000 planets.

    There is no doubt that even for the entire universe, "Omega" is extremely dangerous.

    Fortunately, there have been very few such existences.

    First, "omega" is a special case that exists only among mutants. This concept does not exist among abilities. This is because the powers of the abilities come from "crime," not from genetic mutations. Although after reaching the "god level", the ceiling of the psionicist will also become very high. But whether they can possess the characteristic of "infinity" is hard to say, it depends on the nature of the ability.

    Secondly, the "omega level" cannot be achieved through "cultivation", and it is difficult to define it with the level or classification commonly used by abilities. In other words, mutants at this level are all born, and what determines and limits their actual expressive power is only their imagination.

    Thirdly, it is also the biggest factor that Omega-class mutants will always be so scarce-"They will be punished by the will of the universe."

    This is not difficult to explain: we can think of the universe as a living body, just like us. The "cosmic will" is the immune system of the human body. As for omega-class mutants, they are undoubtedly similar to the existence of "tumor cells".

    If this tumor cell is low-key enough to neither spread nor destroy it, and spend its entire life like an ordinary cell, then the immune system will not pay much attention to it. But if the tumor cells are to be destroyed, then "one of the concrete entities derived from the will of the universe", such as Boss Tian, ​​will definitely act.

    Li Kesan, is an omega-class mutant.

    Berlin says he is "the strongest mutant in the universe at the moment", which is by no means a joke.

    Destroying the Earth and the Milky Way is indeed within his ability.

    Of course, Li Kesan was just talking. If the earth is really destroyed, the universe will never spare him. Besides, destroying the earth is not good for him.

    Li Kesan is very aware of his situation and position, so he lives a low-key and lives like a otaku.

    At this point in the writing, everyone must be thinking impatiently: "Okay, hurry up and say what is his ability!"

    Anyway, a lot of people should have guessed it, so I will speak straight.

    Li Kesan's ability, summed up in one word, is-"shit".

    He can ignore the first law of thermodynamics and the law of conservation of matter to make shit out of nothing, and does not need to do any work to have an atomic effect on the spacetime.

    He can manipulate the shit that already exists in space and time, allowing it to move at will without regard to the four basic forces of the universe.

    In general, the substance he can handle is shit. But in detail, he can control the intestinal waste of all living things, whether it is residue or liquid. In short, as long as it comes out of the digestive system, it will be controlled by him regardless of the degree of digestion.

    Isn't the creature without a digestive system afraid of him? Sorry, I said just now that he can make it, and it doesn't really matter if you do.

    Therefore, even in the face of a "guard officer", Li Kesan was completely panicky.

    After all, the matter of killing is not controlled by the will of the universe. Unless you can permanently kill characters like Boss Tian. Otherwise, even if you kill hundreds of millions of people, it is not a big deal for the entire universe.

    "You're looking for death!" The guard officer didn't realize the seriousness of the matter after hearing Li Kesan's question. And he couldn't see any powerful energy fluctuations in Li Kesan, so he took this as the last taunt of a dying man.

    Hu——

    The fist wind has not fallen, and the intention of killing has arrived.

    The guard officer had no intention of letting the enemy survive, nor was he interested in determining whether Li Kesan was a companion of Tyrannosaurus. If it hadn't been for the crowds in the previous square, and they might have caused damage to innocent people and surrounding property, he would have acted at the museum.

    However, the moment his fist fell, suddenly ...

    Chi——

    With the movement of the leather shoes on his feet rubbing against the ground, he suddenly shifted two meters to the rear, causing the punch to be empty.

    Fortunately, he didn't take Li Kesan seriously. His fist only exerted the force that could break the armor plate, and the punch speed was not fast. Otherwise, the wind pressure caused by this empty punch may destroy the ground and the buildings on both sides.

    "Huh?" Suspiciously appeared on the guard's face a second later. He couldn't help but say, "What's going on? Is this COS man also a capable person? But what is this ability ..."

    As a high-level person, he has experienced countless battles. Basically, with the exception of some "conceptualized" abilities, he can roughly guess what this ability is simply by observing the flow of energy as the enemy moves.

    However, there was no such flow in Li Kesan ...

    Because for Li Kesan, this level of operation is like breathing. He didn't need to pay special attention to it, as long as he thought about it, it was done.

    "I see." The security officer pondered for a few seconds and said, "Your ability is‘ to force a person or object to return to the state and position of a few seconds ago, right? ”

    Just now, he just felt that his body was dragged out by a force that seemed to come from the inside, rather than the feeling of being pushed by "external forces". That's why he made this quite certain judgment.

    "No." And Li Kesan's side gave a definitive negative answer and answered. "It doesn't matter what my abilities are. What's important is that you are not my opponent." He paused for a second and said again. "I now give you two choices. First, turn around and leave, and forget everything you saw about us today. Second, keep trying to kill me, and then be killed by me."

    "Hmm ... are you kidding me?" The guard officer laughed instead. "Do you know who you are talking to? I, Jiang Ying." He quoted his name in a proud tone. "I am the strongest physical man on the ground. Since I was promoted to senior level, I have not seen any physical or energy attack that can break through the energy field of my body, except for the destructive ability of Jiu prison warden Qiuzheng ... ... "

    Having said that, Jiang Ying took a few steps forward and approached Li Kesan. He made a gesture of letting him fight and laughed. "Oh ... what are you like? You threatened to kill me? I tell you, even if I stand here and let you hit me day and night, I won't get any damage."

    Seeing this, Li Kesan was silent for a few seconds. Then he turned his head silently and walked towards Tyrannosaurus.

    He walked and said, "Let's go."

    "Ah?" Tyrannosaurus thought for a moment, thinking. "The strongest flesh on the ground is still there, can we go?"

    On the other side, Jiang Ying was taunting. "Go? Huh ... I've seen your ability, so are you going to escape pretending to be calm? Do you think I'll make you wish?"

    After all, he took a deep breath and was ready to rush forward.

    This time, Jiang Ying wanted to use about 80% of his physical abilities to let the other party see what it was like to be too late to make a reaction and be punched through his heart.

    unexpectedly

   Ci——

    Just as he was about to move, his body began to recede again.

    This time, he felt clearer. He realized that there seemed to be a force in the area of ​​his intestines that was pulling him.

    In just a few seconds, Jiang Ying was pulled back more than ten meters. And for a few seconds, a terrible feeling suddenly struck. He was shocked to find that his intestines seemed to be increasing rapidly, causing his abdomen with perfect abdomen muscles to rise at a very rapid rate.

    Peng——

    His pain and fear did not last long. After another second, he exploded in place.

    Immediately after the explosion, his eyes, ears, nose, mouth, and even every pore spewed out.

    The pressure inside his body makes his surface defenses meaningless. The sharp increase in material has already exceeded his body's ability to discharge in a short time. Even a simple increase, he is destined to die. What's more, Li Kesan also manipulated these substances to "explode" directly.

    As a witness, Tyrannosaurus quickly understood why Li Kesan had to drag the opponent into the distance before detonating the other-fear of being splashed with shit.

    And Li Kesan, still calm. From beginning to end, he never took his hands out of his pocket and the battle was over.

    Even when Jiang Ying exploded, Li Kesan didn't look back.

    "Let's go." Li Kesan called each other as he passed Tyrannosaurus.

    Only now Tyrannosaurus understood that what Mr. Shi said "let's go," probably meant something like this. "This guard officer is dead. Let's go on."

    "Uh ... don't you need to deal with that corpse?" Tyrannosaurus asked as he quickly followed Li Kesan, who had walked several meters away.

    "It doesn't make sense anymore," Li Kesan replied. "Even if I destroy the body and find the driver who drove him just now, for the Federation, this is still a mysterious disappearance of the security officer. This is no different from the death of the security officer on the street. The kind of incident that was investigated in detail. "He paused. "Relying on the street camera, they quickly determined that Jiang Ying was tracking us before disappearing. Then as soon as they found the donkey cart driver, they could immediately ask our original destination, my address. .Even if they can't find the donkey cart driver, in this level of incident, it is normal to conduct a carpet search. As long as they have a general direction and area, we will be found sooner or later.

    "Hmm ..." Tyrannosaurus nodded when he heard it. "You're right. As long as they visit the people around them and ask them if there are any abnormalities in the vicinity who like to go out and wear COSPLAY, they may find you in less than half a day.

    "Do you want to die?" Li Kesan threatened after being voiced.

    "Okay ... I'm wrong. Then you say, what should we do next?" Tyrannosaurus was also very counseling. To this day, he no longer doubts the teacher Shi's strength in the slightest, but he has no idea about his character and habit.

    "No way, we can only move." Li Kesan said. "Cairo isn't quite right now anyway. Just help me pack up my luggage. We'll be out of town before dark."

    "Does it matter if we change places? Would we like to inform them of Berlin?" Tyrannosaurus asked again.

    "No need, they will know." Li Kesan replied. "Also, my job is to teach you how to use abilities. It doesn't matter where you teach. I asked you to come to Cairo just because I have lived in Cairo in recent years."

    He finished this sentence, as if suddenly thinking of something. He was silent for two seconds and then said. "Well ... I have to make a call, don't interrupt me."

    Li Kesan kept walking and continued to lead the way. His right hand finally came out of his pocket, and he raised his phone and dialed a number.

    "Hey? Yeah, yes, it's me." Li Kesan said, Tyrannosaurus heard it clearly.

    "It's so rare, you actually came to me. Did you call last few years ago?" And the voice of the man across the phone, Tyrannosaurus, was able to listen to the DNA he obtained from the waxy owl clear.

    "Okay ... stop talking nonsense." Li Kesan was so polite to anyone he spoke to. "We will come out of east Cairo in four hours at the latest. Come and pick us up and arrange a new place for us."

    "Oh ... yes. Then you can walk along the main road, you can drive and walk. I will come to you." The opposite is also nonsense, and he is quite reliable in listening to his tone.

    After they had explained what they wanted to say, they both hung up.

    Tyrannosaurus saw him finish the call and asked, "Who is this?"

    "Li Si." Li Kesan answered directly.

    "What is this Li Si doing?" Tyrannosaurus asked again.

    "Do nothing." Li Kesan's answer was also subtle. "Anyway, look for Li Si if you have questions. He can do almost anything."

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Chapter 9 Three Men's Road Trip

    The extraordinary is called "strange".

    Therefore, Li Si should be a strange person.

    There are so many things in him that are beyond your imagination.

    If your home is going to be renovated, he can help you with your design drawings and budget. If you want a good dinner, he can personally cook it for you. If you want to learn an instrument, no matter what instrument it is, he can teach you ...

    And these are just regular operations.

    What makes Li Si really powerful is that he can satisfy even some strange, tedious and unique requirements.

    Li Si is roughly such a person, a very reliable person who makes you feel that he can do everything and can give you the most reasonable advice.

    Therefore, when Li Kesan temporarily decided to leave Cairo, his first thought was to contact Li Si.

    Things like "moving", "finding a suitable place to live", "quickly and settling down without getting the attention of the surrounding neighbourhood", let Li Si do the job, naturally there is no problem.

    At 5 pm, Li Kesan and Tyrannosaurus were already driving a dilapidated small trailer on the road outside Cairo.

    Inspections are much more relaxed when leaving the city than when entering the city. Li Kesan didn't change his clothes, so no one took him seriously when he passed the level.

    Actually, Li Kesan has a lot of things on this car. In addition to Tyrannosaurus' luggage, he also owns 90% of his belongings. So many sundries are undoubtedly worth searching and checking ...

    But when the prosecutors saw the expensive anime pillows, game consoles, and cheap, thrown up broken bowls and spoons that no one wanted to pick up, they felt inexplicable.

    Coupled with Li Kesan's shape, the inspectors couldn't help thinking. "If I soiled his pillow during the inspection, he would definitely say that I defiled his wife, and then played with me and even sought me out desperately."

    In this way, relying on the stereotypes of others, Li Kesan did not even accept any questioning, and came out of the city.

    "When you asked me to help you pack your luggage, I thought that I just need to organize things like bank passbooks, cash, and jade and pack them in a small box." As the distance from the city increased, The farther away, Tyrannosaurus gradually felt relieved. He spoke to Li Kesan. "In the end, you're asking me to help you move."

    "Crap, do you know what baggage is?" Li Kesan retorted in a straightforward manner. "The so-called baggage refers to valuables that are delicate and easy to carry." He paused, glancing towards the back of the car. "Everything in my car is very expensive. And everything is easy to carry, so everything is luggage."

    "Your pillows and other things, even if you factor out your personal hobbies, are indeed quite valuable. The problem is ..." Tyrannosaurus said, and looked back. "Even a toothbrush cup with a missing mouth, a tissue box that is greasy and discolored, and an enamel washbasin that has rusted several pieces, you have to bring it"

    "Are I getting used to it?" Li Kesan interrupted before he could finish speaking. "I didn't use the new one easily. I want to be more comfortable, understand?"

    You can say that he is arrogant, but looking at his theory from another perspective seems to be nothing wrong. The most important factor that determines the value of an item is actually human perception and perception. Spending tens of thousands of diamonds on your daily life may be less effective than a few rolls of toilet paper. The seafood and souvenirs that you eat at high prices may be in the eyes of fishermen and locals a random item on the ground.

    Perhaps Li Kesan is the one who really "understands". At least he knows what he needs, instead of being constantly told what you need in a world controlled by capitalists, like most people, and living for this material desire set by others.

    "You said earlier, I have to learn from you for four months, right?" The longer the chat went on, the more Tyrannosaurus felt that this apprenticeship would be a double test of his spiritual body.

    "Oh ..." Li Kesan replied with a smile. "It depends on the progress of your studies. If you are smart enough to learn in four days, I applaud the first clapping. But according to my observation you should not be able to do it."

    "I'm useless for anything else. How can you tell?" Tyrannosaurus wondered.

    "It has nothing to do with ability. Learning is mainly about perception and intelligence," Li Kesan said. "I and you will meet in less than half a day before I have to move. This shows that your intelligence is definitely not high."

    "What does this have to do with me?" Tyrannosaurus refused. "I didn't arrange the connection point, transportation, or travel route. Who knew that a security officer would happen?

    "Oh ..." Li Kesan heard it, grinned, and shook his head. "Forget it, I'll explain it to you later if I have a chance."

    When they talked about it, the car had reached a relatively desolate section. At this moment, a man appeared on the roadside.

    The man looked about forty years old, Asian, slightly fat, and plain, wearing a shirt and jeans that were neither expensive nor cheap. The appearance and temperament of the whole person give you a feeling of "passer".

    He is Li Si.

    Li Kesan recognized the other person at a glance, so he slowed down and leaned to the side of the road.

    Li Si didn't say much. When the car stopped, he opened the door behind him with a smile and sat up.

    "How did you get here?" Li Kesan asked as soon as the other party came up.

    "Skydiving." Li Si's answer was strange, but his tone of words was casual.

    "Oh ... no wonder there are no cars nearby." Li Kesan muttered. "Well? Where is your parachute?"

    "I changed it a little bit and sold it as a tent to a few camping enthusiasts passing by," Li Si said.

    Hearing this, Tyrannosaurus in the front passenger seat couldn't help looking back at the other person. "Brother, how long have you stood there?"

    "Twenty minutes," Li Si replied.

    "Hey ... you just parachute with a tent on your back?" Tyrannosaurus joked.

    "Oh ..." Li Si knew what the other party meant, and he answered with a smile. "Where did the parachute change tent take twenty minutes, and I can change my bicycle to a wheelchair in ten minutes?"

    "It will take him another ten minutes to sell the wheelchair to you." Li Kesan also interrupted in a timely manner, and then re-launched the car to Li Si. "Hey, where are we going next?"

    "Go ahead and stop at the first gas station," Li Si replied.

    Before he could finish speaking, Li Kesan was already driving.

    "I have two solutions for you. On the way to the gas station, you can listen and think about which one is better." Li Si continued. "The first plan is more secure. You go directly to the southeast and go to Zaoye County, and find an oasis city like Riyadh ..."

    "We're not going." Before Li Kesan heard the second plan, he rejected the first set. "It's a tropical desert climate, and it's too hot in summer."

    "Huh?" Tyrannosaurus doubted. "Isn't Cairo's climate similar? You don't seem to be the kind of person who goes out often? Stay in an air-conditioned room. Does it have anything to do with the heat outside?

    "So have you considered the feelings of those who take delivery and delivery?" Li Kesan asked back. "You know how many couriers I've seen running around in the storm and the heat, so busy that you don't have time to pull shit. You order a takeaway in a forty-something place, in case the delivery person is upset ... ... "

    "Okay, okay, okay!" Tyrannosaurus didn't want to listen anymore. "You have a life, you have the final say ..."

    "Then I'll talk about the second plan." Li Si, sitting at the back, didn't care about the conversation, but spoke in a very calm tone. "This set is a bit more complicated. I hope you will listen to me against the map."

    Kuangji--

    He didn't say anything, Li Kesan raised his hand as a punch, and immediately "hit" to open a storage space above his head.

    The next second, a rolled-up paper world map fell from there.

    Tyrannosaurus originally wanted to vomit that people still use paper maps, but he thought for a while that if he said this, 80% of the other party would use the reason “the phone will be out of power or the Internet but paper will not” Educate yourself again. So this time he didn't speak at all, but just picked up the map silently and slowly unfolded in his hands.

    Then Li Si came up from the back seat, pointing to the map in Tyrannosaurus' hand. "We are now at the southernmost point on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean. At present, this side is basically within the sphere of influence of the Federation, but because the area above the Aegean Sea and the West Bank of the Black Sea have already resisted. As a boundary, all the sea areas on the right are now in a state of war, and civilian ships cannot go out of the sea at all. "

    "We can't go by sea. What about shipping?" Li Kesan quickly grasped the main points in the conversation and asked.

    "Oh ... if there is a legal airport nearby, I still need to parachute?" Li Si laughed. "Since the federal government has declared a state of war, shipping is bound to be greatly affected. Now except in Western Europe, North America, South Africa and the Arctic Circle, airspace in other places is subject to varying degrees of air transport regulation. Some areas are restricted There are also some drones patrolling and attacking the aircraft. In short, this part of the Eurasian-African continent and the entire territory of Shuangying County have almost stopped all civilian aircraft. As long as you dare to go to heaven We must do a good job of being consciously beaten down. "

    "So there is only land transportation left?" Li Kesan answered.

    "Yes," Li Si said. "So since you don't want to go to Date Palm County, then Long County and Western Europe, you have to choose one."

    "Can't it be anywhere else?" Li Kesan asked again.

    "The Americas are also possible, but you also have to reach the coastal areas of Long County or Central Europe before you can fly to the American continent." Li Si returned.

    Li Kesan thought about it. "Let ’s go to Europe. To go to Longjun, you have to go through the Middle East. There are too many deserts and the scenery is not good."

    "Is the focus on the scenery along the way?" Tyrannosaurus looked out at Li Kesan, blurted out.

    "No, the point is with whom." Li Kesan answered without thinking. "Although I personally tend to travel this long distance with beautiful skinned beauties, it's a pity that there are only two rough guys around me. So I can only put my love on Jing.

    "Hahaha ..." Li Si laughed at him. "You still look like this. It seems that I will not be bored at least during this trip."

    "Huh?" Tyrannosaurus heard what he said. "Mr. Zhang, are you going with us?"

    "Yeah," Li Si replied, "I have to arrange a series of trivial matters such as residence and identity when you get to the place. And I can't go back now."

    "Isn't there a submarine and a shuttle in the reverse cross. When I came to Cairo today, I took the shuttle and changed the car." Tyrannosaurus said. "Let them come and pick us up, won't we be able to reach anywhere in the world right away?"

    "Ha! What are you thinking?" I didn't expect that even Li Si started to taunt him this time. "You are not a full member of the Anti-Cross Cross, but you are just an apprentice. They can do everything every day, and it will be good to send you over. Who knows that you have only come here for a long time and have to change places? You still expect them to be driving That kind of dark metal transportation comes to you as a driver? "

    Two seconds later, before Tyrannosaurus answered, Li Kesan added a sentence next to him. "Four months may not be enough."

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Chapter 10 Attack in the Night

    Although Li Si's plan is definitely based on reasonableness and efficiency, in order to meet Li Kesan's series of willful needs, the route they finally negotiated was not very easy.

    The three people coming from east Cairo will go north along the east coast of the Mediterranean, first to Jerusalem, then to Damascus, then via Homs, Aleppo, Adana, Nidai, Aksaray, Ankara, Bolu, Sakarya and many other Middle Eastern cities.

    Finally, they will be boarding a special train called “Orient Express” in Istanbul. In short, the "Orient Express" is currently the only federal land transport line that can pass through the resistance territory of the Black Sea coast. Taking it, they can reach Paris from Istanbul all the way.

    It was still March 7th at 9pm.

    Li Kesan's broken trailer finally arrived in Jerusalem.

    On this way, Tyrannosaurus tried to change their car by legal or illegal means when passing the gas station several times. But Li Kesan didn't agree.

    The reason is: First, he didn't want to have extra branches. Second, he said that he was driving smoothly.

    Knowing that Tyrannosaurus could not be argued, he could only pretend to hum the lyrics inadvertently along the way to vent his dissatisfaction.

    "Classic car, silent for many years, smoking black before talking ..."

    Anyway, at 9 o'clock, they stayed in a hotel smoothly.

    Jerusalem, which was once the three major religious sacred sites of Abraham, has become an ordinary small town because of the empire's clearing of the major religious forces in the early 21st century.

    People living in the twentieth century of this parallel universe absolutely did not expect that under the rule of the first "Emperor" of the Vickerstor Empire, the originally insurmountable conflict between Palestine and Israel and all the religious differences in the world were easily resolved . And it only took a few months. The simple method is to kill anyone who preaches religion.

    Jerusalem, which has lost its religious aura, is desolate. Because of its special significance in religious history, the empire demolished the churches, mosques, and even many well-known monuments (such as the Western Wall, Temple Mount, etc.). And there are countless people who "buried" these buildings for their faith.

    Of course, for people in the 23rd century, these are already more than two centuries ago.

    Most people in this era have no special feelings about religion, just like those born in the 21st century felt about slavery. Their environment and the knowledge they have learned tell them that religion is only a cultural phenomenon, a derivative that was born in an era when the government was not mature enough and technology was not developed enough to replace some political functions. Therefore, they basically cannot understand the mentality of religious believers, nor can they understand why some people argue, fight, bleed, and die for some fictional stories.

    It was in such an era that Jerusalem was slowly being rebuilt from the ruins. From a small town with an urban area of ​​only 126 square kilometers, it has been expanded into a small town with a total area of ​​about 800 square kilometers.

    Li Kesan, they live in a motel in the southern part of the town.

    It was night, nine thirty.

    Li Si opened a single room and was already resting. Li Kesan and Tyrannosaurus share a double room.

    Entering the room, Tyrannosaurus had just put the suitcase on the bed, prepared to change clothes to sleep, and he was stopped by Li Kesan.

    "No need to waste time." Li Kesan lay down on his bed, his hands resting on his head. "You won't sleep tonight."

    "Huh?" Tyrannosaurus heard that, his expression changed slightly, and he took three steps back towards the corner.

    Although Tyrannosaurus has experienced many moments in his life that made him "a little panic", this moment is undoubtedly the most terrible.

    "You go out for a run now, and come back when it's dawn." Li Kesan's next sentence was unreasonable, but made Tyrannosaurus relieved.

    "Huh?" Tyrannosaurus doubted. "why?"

    "Cultivation has begun, classmates," Li Kesan said. "With your qualifications, I think you can practice on the go."

    "What kind of training is running?" Tyrannosaurus said. "Shouldn't you start with the theoretical knowledge of abilities?"

    "Theoretical knowledge, I will tell you in the car tomorrow." Li Kesan replied. "Because I drove today, I didn't want to talk about it with all my heart. Tomorrow I switched to Li Si and I could talk." He paused. "As for what kind of cultivation is running, you will know when you have heard the theoretical knowledge."

    Tyrannosaurus was puzzled when he heard this. "I'm going out for a run now, without a night's sleep, and I'm going to take a lesson tomorrow in the car? Are you afraid that I'm exhausted?"

    "Will you?" Li Kesan asked back.

    "Um ..." Tyrannosaurus said. "I do not know."

    "What is your longest record of not sleeping continuously?" Li Kesan asked again.

    "Forty or more hours, I can't remember ..." Tyrannosaurus replied. "Before I became a capable person, I used to work shifts for two days and two nights in a row. The next day I felt like I was going to die. But this fatigue was never felt after I got the ability. "

    "Oh, you have a good foundation," Li Kesan replied. "Then you don't go to bed or eat or drink from today. Every night you go out for a run and rest in the car during the day to listen to class."

    "What?" Tyrannosaurus was startled. "It doesn't matter if you don't let me sleep. You still want me to eat or drink? Even if I'm sitting still, I'll be thirsty for about three days, right?"

    "No," Li Kesan said. "I've seen boxers run hard to eat or drink in order to lose weight. They are really thirsty and they add a piece of dried shiitake mushrooms to promote saliva secretion and then spit out the shiitake mushrooms to run. This lasted for two or three days and they didn't Dead. "He paused for half a second. "Oh, of course, they can sleep and rest. Considering that they are ordinary people and you are a capable person, it should be more intensive."

    "So what's the point of doing this?" Tyrannosaurus unknowingly raised his voice. "Do you lose weight?"

    "I said it. You will understand it after listening to my theory tomorrow." Li Kesan said, taking out a game console from his carry-on luggage, it seemed to be ready to play.

    Tyrannosaurus was very unhappy, but he couldn't find any reason to reject the arrangement. He knew that Li Kesan wouldn't let him do this kind of "cultivation" for no reason, and he was not the kind of person who pursued the roots, so he went after all.

    "That's right ..." Tyrannosaurus came to the door and was about to go out, asking something casually. "Since I don't need to sleep at all, why do you need to open a single room and a double room? You can just open a double room or two single rooms?"

    Li Kesan didn't even raise his head, and replied expertly while playing the game. "I don't want to be misunderstood by the front desk. We are GAY."

    Tyrannosaurus snarled. "Are you afraid of being misunderstood?"

    But after all, he still didn't say it, just saying it. "Okay ... you're ruthless." Then he opened the door and went out.

   midnight.

   By 1am, Li Kesan, who had fallen asleep for less than an hour, suddenly opened his eyes.

    If you think that Li Kesan is just a man who is strong by Omega abilities, then you are wrong.

    The reason why he was able to become a master instructor against the cross was not because of his natural ability, but because he was a genius who used the ability to fight in addition to being an omega-level mutant.

    At this moment, he would wake up, naturally not for the toilet. You should also know that he can empty the intestine and bladder completely before going to bed if he wants.

  Li Kesan will wake up because someone triggered his "power defense mechanism" placed around the room.

    The principle of this mechanism is simple. First, he first buried a very small amount of feces on all the entrances and exits in the entire room and on the walls in eight directions opposite to where he slept. (Such as under the corridor in front of the door, the area above the door panel, the window edge, the floor outside the window edge, etc.)

    To what extent is it so small that it is probably not noticed by normal people.

    Some people may find it incredible. Isn't anyone aware of this stuff? Yes, no. As long as the amount is small enough.

    For example, the average soil and dust that an adult inadvertently inhales or ingests every day is about 100 mg. This way, you eat 36,500 milligrams of soil each year, which is about two-thirds the size of an egg. Such a quantity is imperceptible to man ...

    Even larger amounts may not be detectable. For example, for every cup of natural fruit juice you drink, you most likely have eaten three fruit flies. For every bowl of rice, you may eat four or five rice eggs ...

    In short, the defense net covered by Li Kesan will not be discovered unless he encounters an olfactory close to a German Shepherd.

    After the shit is finished, Li Kesan will make these substances connect with themselves. When those traces of feces are under a certain degree of pressure or enter the human environment, he will sense them.

    Right now, Li Kesan knew even if he didn't have to look, someone was standing at his door.

    Judging from the weight and vital capacity, there are two people coming. And they are all tall and strong adult men.

    And the two are certainly not Li Si and Tyrannosaurus, because Li Kesan has left a “tracking object” in the intestines of the two, knowing their whereabouts.

    He immediately confirmed the position of the two companions. At this time, Tyrannosaurus was still quite far away. It is estimated that he was afraid of being caught by a camera or being questioned by the police during a night run in the city, so he went to the suburbs. And Li Si, in a single room on the other side of the corridor.

    However, while he was confirming, he suddenly found that there were three people standing at the door of Li Si's room at the moment.

    "No ..." Li Kesan said in his heart. "Is it Cairo's chase? But we killed the escorts, and they had to send at least another escort-level person to the scene. Or let EF and EAS send special combat troops, and they will start the search. Moreover, Cairo's own defense is not enough. Where do they have extra fighting power to chase us? "

    As he pondered, the two outside the door spoke.

    The words were not spoken to him, but were spoken to the communication device, and the sound was very low.

    "We are in place."

    "We are in place."

    "They were three when they came. Someone has gone out and hasn't returned yet. Do we have to wait any longer?"

    "No, two is enough. That guy looks pretty strong. He's really in the room.

    "The third person came back and found that his companion was missing. What should I do to call the police?"

    "It's okay to call the police. We've all succeeded so many times. As long as we don't catch people in the same place continuously, it's fine."

    "Yes, and this time these three guys are not serious people themselves. Bacheng is a fugitive. I just searched their car and found an anti-tracking device under the back seat. It can block the visual signals of federal general-purpose traffic cameras, which have to be sold for tens of thousands on the black market. "

    "Hmm ... With this, it will be more convenient for us to do things later."

    "Okay, get them back first. It's going to be a" sacrifice "at noon tomorrow. Both of these must be gifts from my lord, both of God's will. It's not too late, do it!

    Li Kesan's hearing can reach the same level as remote monitoring instruments. Anyone who has the ability to practice energy control to the "into the micro" can do this.

    From these conversations, Li Kesan heard a lot of useful information. For one thing, Mr. Li Si, who works reliably, has quietly helped them do the anti-tracking work when they got on the bus. Secondly, these people are definitely not federal people, nor are they resistance groups. Third, what they do may be related to religious activities.

    Li Kesan is about thirty years old in appearance, but his actual age is very old. He went through the age when that religion still exists.

    So there are things he knows better than the old people of this age. He knew very well how common things can be done under the banner of so-called belief.

    Kada--

    Just as he was thinking about these things, the door of the room had been opened with a key.

    He and Li Si were attacked almost simultaneously in the same form. They were suddenly choked, covered their mouths, and injected with a sedative.

    Li Kesan could resist, but he did not do so. He chose to continue pretending to die to see where the group was going to take him and what to do with it.

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Chapter 11 The Power of Religion

    The trunk lid was closed, and Li Kesan opened his eyes.

    The sedative is useless to him, and he can use the atomic operation to shield the chemicals that enter his body. In short, he could wrap each water molecule in that needle tube individually with a molecular film formed by feces, isolating it from his own blood. His body then drains those substances to the surface through the intermolecular voids and expels them from the pores.

    Yes, he is so powerful, so unreasonable ...

    With Li Kesan's talent, even if he was given a very weak ability, he could develop it, not to mention the omega level ability.

    Ten seconds later, the car started to move.

    At first the car was running smoothly, but it didn't take long to start bumping, indicating that it was on a rough road. Inferred by frequency, it should be a pavement dominated by sand, which is not like the main road in the city anyway.

    Li Kesan sensed the "tracker" on Li Si, and determined that the latter should be stowed in the trunk of another car. But their destinations are the same.

    He extended the range of induction again, and soon discovered that the car carrying Li Si had three people on board. There were also three people on the car, which showed that when the group came in to catch people just now, one person was left in the parking lot to take the wind.

    Further spreading the sensing range, it can be generally judged that they are driving to very remote places outside the city. Because where there are many people, there is more shit, and where they are going, there are not so many people.

    After about forty minutes, the car stopped.

    The six captors then got out of the car and carried Li Kesan and Li Si from the trunk of the two cars.

    Li Kesan naturally continued to pretend to faint, but Li Si was really faint.

    After being picked up, Li Kesan quietly opened his eyes while taking care of the person who carried him, and added cover at night. He found that at this moment he was already in a deserted countryside, except for some rocky hills that were deserts.

    After the people got out of the car, they walked seven or eight meters and stopped in front of a rock. One of them approached the office and opened a hidden door on the ground in front of the rock.

    Six people walked into the secret door with two people, and then closed the entrance.

    After entering the door, it is directly a downward staircase, and the path is narrow, winding and winding. The stairs are made of stone, as are the walls and ceilings, and a simple rubber light track is laid on the inner wall to barely illuminate the road ahead.

    They walked down for quite a long distance, and finally came to a flat terrain. Here, a metal gate appeared. But it's just the door, the ground and walls are still stones.

    Although the whole picture of the underground facility has not been seen, Li Kesan can basically confirm that the place has a history of at least two hundred years. Because from the middle of the 21st century, most underground buildings have been able to lay metal panels on all six sides, and use various cheap but strong metal supports to strengthen various structures. There are very few bases in the world built in combination with the basic environment of natural caves.

    Wu——

    Sure enough, when the metal door opened, a roar peculiar to the old-fashioned machinery. Even without looking at his eyes, Li Kesan could imagine the rust on the door being peeled off by the slight friction between the door and the rock wall.

    The light went brighter through this door. To avoid accidents, Li Kesan closed his eyes again.

    After several rounds, finally, after a few minutes, he and Li Si were roughly thrown on the ground. Then, not far away came the squeaking noise of the iron door and the complaints of the people who carried them.

    Waiting for the voice to go, Li Kesan pretended to wake up slowly due to the pain, and rolled his eyes "stupidly".

    He knew that there was another person besides Li Si at this time, so he played like this. However, he soon noticed that the man was sitting at the corner, with his head in his knees. He seemed indifferent to the arrival of the two of them.

    Li Kesan looked around again and found that it was an old cell. Except for the iron fence on the side of the prison door, the other five sides are stone walls. This also made him more certain that his previous speculation that "this facility is an ancient building" was correct.

    "Um." Two seconds later, Li Kesan groaned pretending that he had just been hurt, trying to get the person's attention. But the man remained indifferent.

    He looked at Li Si again, and looked at it for a while and he was afraid he couldn't slow down. So Li Kesan simply started to call the stranger: "Hey! Brother! Hey!"

    When he shouted at the other party, he deliberately lowered his voice, as if afraid that a guard would find them talking. But in fact nobody cares about it at all, even if they yell.

    "Don't bother me." The man in the corner responded weakly. "I just want to spend this last period quietly, isn't that OK?"

    "If you can tell me where we are, what these people do, and why they arrest us, I won't bother you," Li Kesan answered. "Otherwise I might keep annoying you until I plan to end my life early ..."

    Hearing here, the man looked up.

    He looked about thirty years old, with a typical native appearance, with despair in his eyes.

    "Do you want to be beaten? Asshole! I don't mind holding you to speechlessness before I die!" Of course, a desperate person will no longer be afraid of such things.

    So in the first few seconds Li Kesan just started yelling at him, he showed considerable courage ...

    But after a few seconds, his attitude changed when he found that he had no chance of winning and was beaten badly. Compared with the suffering that has already been suffered, the death that has not yet arrived is indeed more real and urgent.

    "Stop! Stop! Okay. I see! I'll tell you what you ask! Stop first!" Soon, the man crouched and crouched while begging.

    Li Kesan didn't show much interest in this kind of person. He just hit the man with a few strokes with the same strength as ordinary people. And he didn't play well. He was mainly worried about making the man speechless.

    "Then let's talk about your name first." After stopping, Li Kesan came to the man undefended, sat cross-legged, and asked the boss's posture.

    "My name is Ali ..."

    Li Kesan interrupted before Ali had finished reporting his name. "Okay, Ali is fine." He knew that these Arab names were usually long. Because he was too lazy to remember, he usually remembered only one real name, and the other nicknames and the like were ignored. "Where is this? Who are they who brought me in?"

    "They ..." Ali said, paused slightly before he said. "Is a cult of Rebirth. Here is the secret stronghold of Rebirth."

    "Rebirth ..." Li Kesan read the name again, and turned it over in his memory before answering. "I have never heard of it. Are they a religious organization that has only recently been established?"

    "No no," Ali shook his head. "Rebirth has a history of tens of thousands of years. As long as humans are still like apes, great rebirth has come to this planet, and taught the teachings to a very few of his chosen governors. These The generation rulers and their descendants are those who are blessed by rebirth, and also the ruler of the resurrected earth. They have the ability to communicate with the gods and wisdom far beyond our ordinary people's understanding. It is they who passed the tinder of civilization to humanity Guide human progress. In exchange, human beings should respect them as kings, serve them unconditionally, and offer as many pure and beautiful girls as possible to continue and expand the noble blood of the governors.

    "Unfortunately, as times have changed, greedy and foolish people have gradually forgotten their duty. They have not only refused to acknowledge their humble identity, but have also united to slaughter the rulers. They will The name was erased, the fruits of civilization were stolen, and the teachings of Rebirth were destroyed ... "

    "Fortunately, there is a surrogator who has escaped this calamity. He concealed his noble identity and disguised himself as a mortal. He protected these covered truths and passed them on through his descendants ..."

    "Finally, it's our time. The only remaining descendant of the ruler, Master Wendel, is the 99th generation single-handed descendant of the surviving ruler, through his super inspiration Gained a new divine revelation and re-written the Rebirth. He brought the doctrine of rebirth back to this decaying world. "

    Speaking of this topic, Ali seemed to be a tap that turned on the gate. It's as if a person is telling a joke that he has heard and told countless times.

    Li Kesan's response was. "Well ... your story is inferior to other religious origin stories I've heard." He paused, then said again. "It's probably stupid somewhere between the theology of science and Mormonism."

    "Hmm ..." Ali's reaction to Li Kesan turned out to be disdainful. "It's normal for you not to believe. Truth is not so easy to accept."

    "Yeah ..." At this instant, Li Kesan thought in a thoughtful volume. "Who would have thought that the answer to the ultimate human question is just a coffee addict sitting at his desk all year round ..."

    Ali didn't hear what he said and didn't care, he just took care of himself. "However, it doesn't matter anymore, you and your friends will soon become a 'living sacrifice' for rebirth. After you've come to heaven, you will naturally know what I said is true. You should thank the Lord To give you the opportunity to stay in heaven and become slaves of the predecessors to heaven, rather than the infinite reincarnation of hell after he died like other pagans. "

    "Oh, I'm really honored." Li Kesan has started looking at the other person with the same idiot's eyes, then answered. "But I still don't understand one thing." He tilted his head slightly. "According to your tone, are you also a rebirth? Why are you being held here?"

    This question undoubtedly poked Ali's heartache. In those few seconds, a ray of human nature emerged from his already washed head and appeared on his face. "I ... was my wife ..." He had just begun to say, his eyes were full of sadness. "Master Wendell visited my house once and happened to see my wife. He noticed that my wife had a constitution suitable to carry the blood of the healer, and said that he could make an exception by making him an unclean body. One. This was supposed to be a great glory, but I hesitated. I did n’t accept the honor on the spot, but said that I had to think about it. My wife escaped from the house that night.

    "Let me guess ..." Li Kesan heard it here and smiled. "Because of this, you have been charged with a crime such as" Insufficient Faith "," Failure to withstand the test ", or" Malicious defiance on behalf of the ruler. "Then you were drawn as a living sacrifice?

    "I ..." Ali lowered her head again. "I was wrong. I shouldn't be deceived by a woman. Now the result is already a master's grace. I can go to heaven to be a slave to other rulers. It is also a glory! Actually, Sinners like me are going to hell. "

    "Ha! Ha ha ha ha ..." Li Kesan heard the words and laughed loudly.

    Ali instinctively exasperated: "What's so funny about this?"

    "Why can't you laugh?" Li Kesan asked back. "You said that this is a good thing. Isn't that good for you,‘ supposed to go to hell ’? Should n’t I laugh? Why are you so upset?”

    "I ..." Ali stopped talking, and he was speechless.

    "You can't say it, and I can't force it." Li Kesan started the conversation. "We might as well say something else, like ..." he tempted. "What exactly is your so-called 'living sacrifice'? Are you grilling us on the fire or killing us?"

    "How is it possible? Charred and chopped the offerings but disrespect to God!" Ali replied with a science-like attitude. "What you are talking about are dirty rituals that are only used by false religions in the name of God. Master Wendel never 'harms' the offerings! As a heir, he only needs to touch In one click, the soul of the sacrifice can be brought to heaven. The body of the sacrifice that remains will remain as it was. "

    "Oh?" Li Kesan knew it when he heard this. He immediately said in his heart, "Are they capable? Or are they using some sort of blinding method? There must be some practical purpose related to the interests behind the sacrifice. If it is only for pure symbolic meaning to kill people, There is no need to come out and catch more irrelevant people on the premise that there is already a 'sacrifice' ... "

After thinking for a breath, he suddenly realized. "Well ... probably organ sales. Suppose that Master Wendel is a powerful person and possesses the ability to kill people without damaging any organs or bleeding. Then he can use the excuse of" living sacrifice ". , Regularly get 'fresh goods'. From the internal organs to the skin, from the retina to the soles of the feet, including the blood of a whole person. There is a lot of things that can be taken out of the black market for sale on a fresh and intact corpse .If the corpse is carefully split, it can even be worth millions "

    "Uh ..." Just as Li Kesan sorted out his thoughts, suddenly a groan came from behind him. He doesn't need to look back to know that this is Li Si awake.

    Li Kesan didn't ask "how are you" nonsense. Just by sensing and controlling the feces in the other person's body, Li Kesan can quickly find out Li Si's current heart rate, body temperature and other indicators.

    Therefore, in the face of Li Si who just woke up, Li Kesan's first sentence is. "You do n’t need to ask, I ’ll tell you directly. This is a cult base, and we have been kidnapped. If nothing else, we will go to the paradise of paradise with the next brother, Ali Man goes as a slave. "

He said something inexplicable. The average person will definitely let him explain further.

    But Li Si is not ordinary. Even if he just woke up from a coma and was told a lot of strange words, he could still figure out the meaning of the other party in a very short time.

    "I see." Li Si only needs to use these three words to convince the other party that he has understood what Li Kesan just said. Then he asked Li Kesan in turn. "Then what kind of medicine are you selling in the gourd?

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Chapter 12 Morning

    Li Si is a thoughtful person. He knew that cells like these, which had no toilets and no food debris on the ground, would not hold them for long.

    The results were as expected.

    At three in the morning, about an hour after he and Li Kesan came here, someone came ...

    Those people were holding guns and three plastic hand straps, and their intentions were obvious.

    Five minutes later, Li Kesan, Li Si, and Ali were escorted to an "altar."

    Li Kesan almost laughed when he saw the so-called altar. Because he could see at a glance that a statue of the Virgin stood in front of the altar, but the face of the Virgin was secondarily processed into a skull.

    "Looking at this statue, this base should have been the stronghold of the Iron Commandment." Li Kesan whispered to Li Si beside him as he knelt in front of the altar.

    "Ah ..." Li Si responded casually. "I have seen it for a long time. However, the general public knows almost nothing about the internal information of the rebel groups two hundred years ago. If they change their rhetoric, they can use the resources at that time to lie.

    "But ..." Li Kesan said. "Still doubtful ..." He paused for a second, then said again. "After the establishment of the Federation, the secret bases of those resistance groups should have been detected or accounted for by the controlling party. Even if there are still very few bases that are not officially known, their security level is not those of the civilian Scammers can easily find and break through. "

    "That makes sense." Li Si nodded. "But I don't think this doubt will bother us for too long."

    When he said that, a man in a robe with a round scarf around his head appeared in their sight.

    Master Wendel doesn't look too young, at least 55 years old. But among those folds on his face, there were bright eyes.

    These eyes are filled with greed, desire, pride, and shrewdness.

    Li Kesan has seen countless people in his life, and he knows human nature. So just staring at Wendell for a moment, he knew that this was a man he hated.

    "Stupid mortals! Thank you!" Wendel said with a mouthful of speech. He looked down at the three men with their hands tied down on their knees, kneeling down with a high look. "Today, you are fortunate to be selected as a living sacrifice dedicated to the ancestors by the Rebirth. Immediately you will be free from the sufferings of the reincarnation of the earth and hell, enter heaven, and become servants of the great rulers!"

    For his nonsense, Li Kesan looked coldly. Waiting for it, Li Kesan said. "You are Wendel?"

    The words didn't end, and the caretaker who pointed at Li Kesan with a gun in the back gave him a hard kick, and then scolded him. "Dalit! Who allowed you to talk to the master?"

    "Oh ~ Brother Barak, don't be so rude." The next second, Wendell said to his opponent in a very "generous" tone. "These people are just ignorance. They, like you in the past, bear the evil left by their ancestors and are blinded by lies. That is why they do not know the dignity of the ruler."

    As he said, Barak immediately bowed his head respectfully. "Yes, Master! You are right, I will pay attention next time."

    On the other hand, Wendell approached Li Kesan with a smile, speaking with a smile. "Where are you, I am Wendel, the great descendant of the great ruler, the only spokesperson born in the world. Do you have anything to say to me?"

    "Oh ... I'm sure it's you. That's easy." Li Kesan said as he broke the bandage on his hand with simple force and stood up.

    Seeing this shock, Wendell did not show any confusion, but still stood calmly. But his men were so excited, they were clamoring, shouting "Don't move" and other lines. They opened the bolts and aimed at Li Kesan, ready to shoot.

    "Quiet!" A few seconds later, Wendell opened his arms and sang loudly, and immediately stabilized the situation.

    Then he sneered, looking at Li Kesan. "This brother, it looks like you're a little bit more capable. Would you consider joining our rebirth?" His tone and expression at this time obviously had other intentions. "As long as you join in sincerely, I guarantee that you will be here to get the redemption that mortals in the world dream of.

    "I'm not interested." Li Kesan's answer was straightforward.

    Wendel is not a man who is used to being rejected. So, at this moment, his face became unsightly.

    "Huh ... then there's no way!" Halfway, he suddenly reached out and grabbed Li Kesan's wrist. "Hehehe ..." The moment he successfully touched the other person's skin, Wendell was relieved. This made him laugh relaxedly. "Since you are so stubborn, please be a sacrifice!"

    Although Wendell is just a tie-breaker, he is very capable. The effect is that the life he touches with his palm can "dead" quickly.

    At this stage, the criterion for his ability is "direct contact between his palm and the target body". This means that it is not possible to pass through clothes. You must touch the opponent's skin for this skill to take effect. Of course, if he can touch hair, muscles, mucous membranes, or bones, so can he.

    Utilizing this ability, as well as the superhuman first-class physical ability of the leveling ability, Wendel has performed many "miracles" in front of the Faithists.

    Right now, though, he also sees that Li Kesan is likely to be a capable person. But he doesn't think how good he is. Because Wendel felt that the really powerful people could not be captured by his ordinary people. So he judged that Li Kesan was at best a paper-level person. The successful grasp of the opponent's wrist also made Wendel more convinced that his physical skills were better than the other ...

    At this moment, Wendell had already launched his ability. In his eyes, the opponent was already dead. As long as he waits a few seconds for Li Kesan to fall to the ground, he will be able to resolve this small storm and once again consolidate his image in the eyes of the believers.

    "Oh ... isn't it a long time?" About five seconds later, Li Kesan stood still casually and asked Wendel a question in a light tone.

    "You ..." At this moment, Wendel's hand had not been released from Li Kesan's wrist. Seeing that the situation is different, he hastily launched his power several times in a row.

    "People who can't even detect the energy protection of the body of a high-level person are very confident." When Li Kesan said this, several gunmen standing behind him suddenly fell to the ground without warning.

    Seeing this, Wendell hurriedly backed away and walked away from the other side. "what have you done?"

    "I didn't do anything," Li Kesan replied. "It's just their brains overflowing."

    Wendell did not understand what he meant, but he had realized that the power of the person in front of him was far above him. He hurriedly crawled towards the exit and shouted on the way. "Come! Come!"

    Just as Wendel was about to run to the exit, suddenly! A violent attack came at him. He had never felt such an abrupt, violent, irresistible urge to go to the toilet in his life.

    This irresistible pain softened his legs and rolled to the ground. And he instinctively covered his belly with both hands. The whole man was moaning and moaning constantly.

    "No need to shout. There are no other living people in the entire base except the four here." Li Kesan relaxed and helped Li Si and Ali release the straps on their hands.

    What he said was not false. During the hour he was detained, Li Kesan had determined through the information provided by Ali and his own capabilities that all the bases were reborn. So, just a few seconds ago, it was not just the guards behind them, but all the guards in this base.

    "Do you know why I want to stay with you?" As he walked towards Wendel, Li Kesan eased some of the other's pain so that the conversation could begin normally.

    "Let me go" Wendel didn't answer the question, but can't wait to start begging. "If you let me go, I would be willing to ..."

    "Where are those women?" Li Kesan interrupted him and asked without listening to his nonsense.

    "Ha ha ha ... understand! Understand!" Wendell laughed when he heard this. "I'll take you there. They're all in the back room below my villa. If you want, these people belong to you!" Obviously, he thought Li Kesan was a lust. As long as he is satisfied, his life should be preserved.

    While they were talking, Li Si flipped a smartphone from a dead guard and unlocked the screen with the face of the deceased. Then he walked over to Wendell with his cell phone. "Where is your villa, point out."

    Wendell was obedient, and he had no room to refuse. He quickly pointed out the location of his villa on the electronic map.

    After getting the coordinates, Li Si came to Ali again, confirming the authenticity of the address given by Wendel, and incidentally asked how many villas he had in total.

    Li Kesan continued to interrogate Wendel himself, asking a lot of details about Religion. For example, the process of initiating and developing this sect, the church has several secret strongholds, how many followers there are except those who are here tonight, and whether anyone else has set up a sub-helm in addition to his Wendel.

    Li Kesan asked, and Ali was listening. It didn't take long for the always-religious rebirth to realize that everything he had once believed in was a liar, and it wasn't a brilliant lie.

    He burst into fury, cursing Wendel. Had it not been for Li Si's pull, he was afraid that Wendell had already come forward and killed Wendel alive.

    However, his anger could not save anything. Ali, who has joined reproductive education, has lost his job, donated property, and ran away from his wife in the past few months. In a sense, it's fine for my wife to run away. Because if she doesn't run, she may have become one of Wendel's many libido tools.

    Li Kesan and Li Si can understand Ali's grief but do not sympathize with him. After all, it used to be his own choice.

    At six in the morning, Tyrannosaurus returned to the hotel.

    When he opened the door, the first thing he saw was Li Kesan, who was paralyzed on the bed and playing the handheld device, and the second thing he saw was the bed that should belong to him, and he was lying down.

    "So that's the breakfast you prepared for me, or the supper you've eaten? Or both?" After running all night, Tyrannosaurus, who was dry, could only use this joke to ease his gradual rise. Angry.

    "That's a man." Li Kesan didn't raise his eyelids when he said this.

    Because the sleeping Ali's quilt was tightly covered, Tyrannosaurus standing at the door did not really see whether the bed was male or female.

    But when he heard it was a man, Tyrannosaurus looked weird at Li Kesan again. "Oh, that's your supper?" He paused. "You can't force people like me to eat fried dough sticks to eat bananas, right?"

    Li Kesan wasn't interested in this joke, he just pouted and said, "It's complicated. You sit down and rest for a while, and listen to me slowly."

Chapter 13 Fish Ball Ramen

    "So, this sale is for him to help you find the remaining party of Rebirth, and you help him find his wife?" Tyrannosaurus listened to Li Kesan and Li Si's experience last night, and then used a summary tone Asked.

    "Yes." Li Kesan also gave a positive response.

    At this time, it was eleven in the morning, and they had just drove out of the hotel.

    In fact, they could come out earlier, but Li Si said that he needs to sleep, otherwise it will cause him fatigue driving.

    Given Li Si's words make sense. Or his words are usually very reasonable, so Li Kesan agreed. And he went to bed to sleep.

    However, before Li Kesan fell asleep, he specifically told Tyrannosaurus not to sleep or drink water. If he feels sleepy and hungry, do some exercises to distract him.

    Tyrannosaurus is also an honest man. With an unpleasant expression on his face, he has been doing push-ups since early morning to wake up Li Si and Li Kesan ...

    After all, it is a high-level person, even if it is not congenital, the abnormal physique and physical function are still very good. Until now, Tyrannosaurus was still not very tired. His mood may be worse than physical fatigue.

    All in all, at around 10.40, Li Si woke up and came over to wake up Li Kesan.

    Li Kesan got up to pack his luggage and let Tyrannosaurus carry Ali, who was still asleep, to the back seat of their small trailer. Then they set off.

    Incidentally, according to the information provided by Ali, the owner of the hotel where they stayed was also a Rebirth (so the people who came to catch the "sacrifice" could slip in and have the room key). Therefore, Li Kesan immediately robbed the hotel when they returned last night. When Tyrannosaurus came back for a run in the morning, the hotel owner was dead on the toilet. The cause of his death was an unexplained hemorrhoid burst after an explosion. The safe in the boss's room has also been ransacked (turned into new luggage).

    Right now, some changes have taken place in their original plan. Before leaving Jerusalem, they have several places to go. The first stop was the villa of "Master Wendel".

    Twenty minutes or so, they came to the door of a mansion in the suburbs.

    Luxury houses are not too "luxury". Probably the kind of suburban villa that the middle class can struggle to buy in its lifetime.

    Wendel is not a fool, he knows that his livelihood is disgraceful. Therefore, he will not buy a house that is too high-profile and will attract the attention of relevant departments.

    Because Li Kesan used shit to destroy the security system's circuit, their car drove unimpeded into the front yard of the villa. Later, Li Kesan directly stimulated the olfactory center with the smell of shit, awakening the sleeping Ali.

    He can sleep until now, for a reason. In the early morning, when Ali followed Li Kesan and Li Si to the hotel, they have been urging the two to set off to find his wife. Li Kesan was impatient with him and injected him with a sedative.

    Ali is just an ordinary person, physically weaker than Li Si. With this shot, it is possible for him to sleep for a day or two.

    Of course, Li Kesan didn't plan to let him sleep that long.

    "Are you awake?" Li Kesan asked Ali as he sat upright with his head up.

    "Well! What's so smelly?" Ali's response was also expected.

    "Less nonsense, wake up and take the lead," Li Kesan said, having unfastened his seat belt and left the front passenger seat.

    Two seconds later, Li Si also pulled out the car key and left the driver's seat.

    At this point, the smell in Ali's nose had slowly receded, his vision gradually cleared, and he saw Tyrannosaurus beside him.

    "My name is Tyrannosaurus." Tyrannosaurus knew the brother would be with them for a while. So, for the sake of politeness and convenience, he kindly introduced himself to him.

    "Ah, just call me Ali." Ali woke up a little bit awkwardly, and when he saw the big man in front of him greeted himself, he responded instinctively.

    Tyrannosaurus didn't talk to him any more, then turned and opened the door and got out of the car.

    A few seconds later, Ali also came out of the car and looked up at the villa in front of him. "Yes, this is Wendel ..." He almost spoke the word "Master", but soon realized it was wrong. He changed his tongue fiercely. "Wendel's dog house."

    Li Kesan didn't care what wording he used, just shrugged and waved to the other side to lead the way.

    Since the insurance system is broken, there should be no major dangers along the way. But experienced people like Li Kesan don't care.

    And what happened next proved that Li Kesan's caution was justified ...

    After the four entered the villa, they did not rush to rescue the women who were trapped in the "secret room", but started a search of the entire villa. (Li Kesan can use the ability to know the location of everyone nearby, and it is easy to guess the position of the back room ...)

    As a result, Ali was hit by a triggered trap at the entrance of the study room on the second floor and the master bedroom. Obviously, Wendel has considered intrusions when "power was cut off" or "security systems were shut down." So he set up institutions in two of the more important rooms. When the normal defense system fails, the agency will start on its own.

    If ordinary people like Ali had invaded his mansion, they would have been hit twice now. Fortunately, there are three other people here today. Like that trap, after it was triggered, Li Kesan used speed to drag Ali out of the danger zone.

    In this way, they successfully searched the master bedroom and study. In addition to their money, the point is that they have found a very comprehensive list of Rebirthists and a list of all the women held by Wendel.

    Then they returned to the first floor and found the secret door of the back room.

    However, they immediately discovered that when the security system was taken offline, the electronic lock for the back door of the security room was not available. No way, Li Kesan could only use his ability to make four circular saws, and control them to float in the air ... at the same time, a square entrance was cut in the wall.

    Wendel's secret cell was basically a cell, with a dozen women in captivity. Each of them was confined in a closed cubicle. They usually eat poorly, and their hygiene conditions are average. They can only enjoy the things in the mansion when they are called out and enjoyed by Wendel.

    Li Kesan, they rescued the women and left them in the villa's living room to wait. He then placed the roster of rebirth and the list of women on the coffee table and called the police. (Of course, Ali's name is no longer in the roster.) The four of them drove away from the scene before police arrived.

    Their next stop was a gas station outside the city.

    In this era, because of energy innovation, "gas stations" are not only responsible for refueling, but "charging". However, this place has been called "Gas Station" for so many years, and it seems strange for everyone to change its name to "Gas Station". So people still call it that.

    Li Kesan The gas station they went to was where Wendel contacted the "buyer." Those who are "live sacrifices" will be sent here. Sometimes he will catch some living women and children, and buyers will also accept them.

    Because it wasn't far from Wendel's villa, the crowd had reached their destination by ten minutes' drive.

    There are only two employees at the gas station. One is the store manager, who is fat like a pig, has thicker arms than legs, and has a tattoo on the arm. Another clerk was as thin as noodles and tall, with yellow rotten teeth, and always liked to laugh.

    Don't look at these two guys, they have some strength. Otherwise, it is impossible to be a middleman here with just a little manpower.

    That store manager is a mechanical remodeler, who has the same level of combat ability as the EAS standard. The clerk is a biochemical reformer, and also has the same level of strength.

    When encountering ordinary robbers, any of them can be easily solved.

    But the strength of these few who came today is not comparable to that of ordinary robbers.

    "Excuse me, what do you need? Sir." When the car was parked at the gas station, the clerk came over lazily. At first glance, the people in the car were all men, and he suddenly showed a dull expression.

    "Fishball Ramen." Li Kesan on the co-pilot said as he got out of the car.

    "Ha? What did you say?" The clerk thought he had heard it wrong and asked again.

    "Fishball, ramen." Li Kesan leisurely repeated those words.

    "Oh." The clerk thought he hadn't been to the gas station and laughed. "It's not a restaurant here, brother."

    "I know." And Li Kesan's next sentence made the other party instantly alert. "But I still have to ask ..." He looked up at each other. "Do you want to be fish balls or ramen?"

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Chapter 14 Tracing

    Annie is an unfortunate woman. Like most unfortunate people in the world, her suffering has a lot to do with the circumstances in which she was born and raised.

    Annie's family is very poor, so poor that she sometimes starves. Such a background naturally made her missed from higher education. In fact, even compulsory education could not be sustained.

    Although it is already in the 23rd century, there are many bad habits of human beings that have not changed at all. In many poverty-stricken areas, the "old idea" is above the "marriage law". In those places, girls from poor people are often married to a stranger before their legal marriage age.

    When the children of rich people spend their parents' money in college, the girl of the poor may already be the mother of one or more children. This is Annie's fate. At the age of fifteen, in order to give her brother the money to marry a daughter-in-law, she was "sold" like a cargo and married Ali.

    She didn't complain. She has seen many of her peers marry a disabled, mentally handicapped, or old man ...

    So instead of resentment, she thanked her parents. Because they would rather take a little less money and insist on giving her to a healthy young man.

    That's what people do. When destiny shows us its cruel side, our psychological bottom line will naturally decrease accordingly.

    When you have nothing to worry about, you will think about social status. And if you do n’t have the money to eat, that full meal will satisfy you. When you are healthy, you will pursue various sensory stimuli. And when you are knocked down by a disease and lying on the bed, breathing and eating on your own can make you feel relieved.

    It is precisely because human beings can get comfort from this "relative happiness" that we can survive adversity. Our adaptive ability on the psychological level is much stronger than the physical level.

    However, the cruelty of fate sometimes exceeds the limit of human tolerance. Do not! Not sometimes, it should be said often ...

    After marrying Ali, Annie did live a good few years. Although Ali's work is not well paid, at least he does not starve his wife. And Ali was pretty good to her.

    At seventeen, Annie gave birth to a boy. She thought that the family of three could live a happy life so safely, but unexpectedly, three years later, their child was seriously ill.

    Like most local families, they simply cannot afford the medical expenses of major illnesses. No one wants to lend them money. Because anyone knows that once this money is borrowed out, they cannot return.

    There were even people who told them in person that it was good for them not to lend them money. Because they continue to spend money on treating their children, there is a high probability that it will not be cured, and the couple will carry huge debts, and those who lend money to them will suffer. It would be better to kill the child, and they would have another one early.

    It's hard to hear, cruel, and sadly not wrong.

    There is a saying saying "long pain is worse than short pain", but short pain is also pain. The kind of pain that young children are tortured with and eventually die in front of their parents is unimaginable and even more unbearable.

    When the child was just dead, Annie washed her face with tears all day, and Ali became like a walking dead.

    Finally, a year later, when Annie slowly walked out of the shadow by herself, Ali was led to another path.

    The lie fabricated by the Rebirth teaches Ali to believe that as long as he is reverent enough, he can let his child's soul fly from hell to heaven and meet him there one day.

    After joining the teaching profession, Ali successively donated almost the entire family finances to the organization. Frequent participation in rebirth activities made him drowsy at work and eventually fired. But he didn't care that he thought he had found the Savior. He also wanted his wife to be put into the arms of Rebirth. So he begged Master Wendel to come to his house to see if his wife was qualified.

    Originally, Wendel was not interested in small characters like Ali. He didn't want to run for such trivial matters at all. But Ali said many times before he decided to come and deal with it casually. As soon as he arrived at Ali's house, he found that the wife of the believer was very beautiful, and immediately he had a bad mind.

    Although that day, Ali did not promise Wendel to give up his wife on the spot, but Annie was already disappointed with her husband. She judged that her husband was no longer saved, and thinking of the death of the child, Annie thought that this might be the arrangement of heaven. So that night, she packed up a little and slipped out of the house. (Because there is basically nothing at home, and he doesn't have much to pack ...)

    Annie knows that the rebirth teaching is by no means a good kind, and she might not be able to escape to her home, and may bring disaster to her family. Therefore, she decided to leave the country.

    Although she didn't finish junior high school, Annie's geographic knowledge was okay. Coupled with the recent propaganda by the federal government to the grass-roots level, she generally knew that she would have to go north to go to the occupation area of ​​the Resistance. So she chose to leave the city from the north.

    It was late at night, and in a small city like Jerusalem, there was almost no public transportation at night. Even if there is public transportation in the city, a woman carrying her luggage is too conspicuous in the car. Therefore, Annie can only use her feet to rush.

    Even a man carrying a box will be tired even walking for a few hours, let alone a woman.

    When Annie finally walked out of the city, she was too tired to move. As it happened, there was a gas station not far away, so she wanted to go there and rest.

    She was thinking about waiting until dawn to get a car out of the city, and then she would take a ride on the situation.

    But she didn't know that the manager and clerk at the gas station all used "heads" to buy and sell.

    On weekdays, even if a man is here, it is not completely safe. If the two judged that the person was a small character with no social relationship, they would arrest him and sell it to the gangs who bought organs. Well, women and children ... They need to act before the situation. Young women and children, as long as they are not too scary, are basically sold to traffickers. Those who were not trafficked by traffickers were sold to black market organ dealers.

    Young women like Annie who carry their luggage alone in the middle of the night, it is impossible to pass from here.

    Before reaching the store entrance, she was stunned from behind by a clerk approaching from the darkness and carried into the basement inside the gas station.

    It was a secret basement they used to hold "goods". The entrance door is hidden behind the checkout counter, and most of the time it is stomped under the manager's feet.

    When Annie was put in, besides her, there were already another man and two women in it. There are no compartments here, and the detainees are locked by iron collars and tied to the wall with a short iron chain. They were separated by about two meters from each other, and an iron bucket for excrement was placed on their feet.

    The manager and the clerk were not worried about someone kicking the iron bucket out of temper or struggling. Because once this happens, they will force the person who kicked the bucket to clean up the dirty ground with their tongue and digestive system, and watch the whole process with interest ...

       That's it, Annie was held there all day and night. By the early morning of the next day, she was bought by traffickers with two other women. The man was detained for a while longer than they were, because organ traders came later than traffickers.

    After that, half a day later, at noon, a small trailer carrying four people came to the gas station ...

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Chapter 15 Blind Mountain

    Few people know that there is a place called "Blind Mountain" in the federal territory.

    This is a very simple small village, poor, isolated, and backward. Villagers' living standards and thinking methods seem to be out of touch with the outside world for dozens or even hundreds of years.

    At first glance, this village is not too big a problem. Although their system is different from that of the outside world, the fact that they have been in peace for so many years shows that this set of things works at least in this small place.

    However, under this apparent peace, there are actually creepy sins hidden ...

    In the spring of 2215, a woman named Selina came here.

    This year, she was 23 years old.

    Selina, who has just graduated from college and set foot in society, the first thing she wants to do is to travel around the world. Unfortunately, as soon as she came out of Ismailia, she fell into the clutches of traffickers.

    After several rounds, she was sold to this blind mountain.

    On her first night here, Selina was raped by a local farmer in his forties, a buyer, in his forties. During the farmer's violence, his elderly parents were nearby, holding Selina's hands.

    Like all the families in the blind mountain, this family has saved money and saved a lot of money for many years in order to "buy a daughter-in-law" from a trafficker and return it to his son.

    To them, this is a normal thing. The old mother of the buyer was also trafficked to the village.

    After a nightmarish night, before the next day, Selina climbed out the window and ran to the village police station in Blind Mountain.

    As a result, she was "escorted" back to the family under the order of the village chief within an hour.

    The police officers in the village are already familiar with such things. Everyone in the blind mountain is familiar with this kind of thing.

    They told Selina that she was already from that family. If she tries to escape, her "husband" has the right to break her legs.

    In this way, this nightmare that seems to not wake up continues ...

    More than nine months later, Selina gave birth to a baby girl.

    Although when she learned that she was pregnant, she had thought about suicide, and had beaten her belly hard to kill the child. But as this little life slowly grew in her belly, her mother's instinct and the "husband" family softened her attitude, which made her endure.

    Unfortunately, she has not been able to look at her children any more. On the night of her birth, her husband threw the newborn baby girl into the creek outside the village like a trash and drowned.

    The reason he did it was simple, because it was a girl.

    For the blind mountain people, raising a girl is a stupid thing. Even when girls are raised, they are people from other people's homes, or they don't treat women at all.

    Selina, who lost her child, collapsed. She hit a wall and went on a hunger strike to commit suicide. But the villagers of Blind Hill are obviously very familiar with handling this situation. They imprisoned her and asked some women who had become accustomed to living in the village to persuade her every day and told her that she might escape if she survived.

    But that is not possible.

    Because the village is remote and surrounded by mountains on three sides, it is almost impossible to escape by foot. The means of transportation are in the hands of the villagers. In addition, the village chief's eyeliner is on the only road out of the village and in the county closest to Blind Mountain. These related personnel, and villagers, traffickers, etc. in Blizzard Village have their own interests in the transaction.

    There were also women who had been abducted and fled to the county town, but in the end they were caught and dragged back by the villagers who followed them. Even if she desperately cried when she was arrested, begging passersby for help was useless. Those who arrested her were all experienced. Together, they testified that she was "sick in the brain" and threatened passers-by "nosy," while pushing people into the car at the fastest speed and taking them away from the scene.

    In most cases, things will end here.

    Even if there are passers-by in the county who feel that something is wrong, the villagers will not be afraid. Blind Mountain is also subject to "federal inspections" every few years. Whenever there is such a situation of "foreigners from the village", the people in their entire village will unanimously go out. And they will collect all the women who still tend to escape in the village. There have been no mistakes here over the years.

     In the end, Selina succumbed. In order to escape this hell, she was determined to live in humiliation.

    A year later, she had another baby, this time a boy. She didn't know if she should be happy or sad.

    After having children, Selina was given a certain degree of freedom. The "husband" guarding her was not very strict. , Because they all understand that not everyone can be ruthless and leave their children alone.

    Selina really can't do this ...

    Before she knew it, she was gradually getting used to the days of this mountain village. She is used to being scolded, accustomed to getting up in the dark every day, doing farm work, and being used as a servant.

    Until one day in early 2219, an amazing turn came.

    Four years after being abducted, Selina's father managed to find this remote mountain village. And as soon as he entered the village, he saw his daughter on the street.

    Angry, he naturally wanted to take his daughter away. But he was besieged by the family and villagers who "buy" his daughter.

    The buyer's attitude is very firm. "You can take away the person, but the child has to stay. In addition, we spent 20,000 to buy her. You must return the 20,000 to us to take the person away."

    When they made these demands, they looked right. They don't understand the law. They really take it for granted. They spent money on buying a daughter-in-law, and this daughter-in-law belongs to them, and there is no rape. The drowned children are their own, and they have the right to dispose of them arbitrarily. Of course, the daughter-in-law bought is to be a cow or a horse, or should she be given rice?

    This is their logic. Although it seems strange to us who are accustomed to the rules of civilized society, it is very normal to them.

    This kind of stuff is like an onion. Only the outermost layer of skin is "sad." If you continue to peel it, you will see hate and fear.

    That day, Selina and her father were not able to get out of the blind mountain. They were held together in a police station in the village.

    For so many years, this kind of "kindness came to the door" was indeed the first time in Blind Mountain. Although these villagers are foolish, their courage is not so great as to dare to kill an adult outside the village.

    Therefore, the village chief must hold a meeting with the prestigious villagers in the village to decide what to do.

    Coincidentally, at noon on this day, a few traffickers who came and went with Blind Mountain Village came again. This time they brought three women, one of whom was Annie.

    In the afternoon, it was 4.05.

    "Are we on this route, right?" The bumpy mountain road and the poor suspension of the small trailer made Tyrannosaurus, a tall and burly man, uncomfortable. He couldn't concentrate on listening to Li Kesan's lecture. "Will it be that bowl of 'Ramen' flickered before we died?"

    "Ou——" Ali almost vomited when he heard the word "Ramen".

    "Hey ... don't vomit in my car." To facilitate the lecture, Li Kesan was seated in the back seat at the same time as Tyrannosaurus. As soon as Ali heard the retching sound, he immediately reminded him.

    "Sor ... I'm sorry ..." Ali had been a little motion sick, and the death of the gas station manager reappeared in his mind, and he felt nauseous. "I try to hold back ... but can you stop mentioning that person ..."

    "Yeah" Li Si, who was driving, also took the opportunity. "You can rest assured. Just in case, I went to check their account book at the gas station before, and the manager's statement was true. I also confirmed the coordinates he gave through his own intelligence network . There is indeed a small mountain village that is not marked on the map. "

    "Cut ... why didn't you say it earlier," Tyrannosaurus said. "I also see that this broken road is particularly desolate. After driving for so long, no other car can be seen, so I will ask this more."

   When he said that, something happened to come into his sight.

    "Look, we're here ..." Li Si's eyesight is excellent. Far from the village entrance, he had seen the village entrance sign through the blurred windshield in front of the car.

    It was a rather old-looking iron plate with two large Chinese characters written on it-"盲山(Blind Mountain)".

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Chapter 16 Temptation

    The current village head of Blizzard Village is Aziz, 45 years old, and has four daughters-in-law and five sons.

    Although the federation is monogamous, no one takes it seriously in Blind Mountain. Because the women in the village are mostly trafficked, no one will go to the government agency to "register marriage" No one would go to a wedding. The "marriage law", which emphasizes equality between men and women, is like a nightmare to them.

    People in the blind mountains only know that the poor buy only one and the rich buy many.

    Aziz is no exception.

    At noon today, he was still very happy. Because one of the three women brought by the traffickers who came here this time was pretty, the head of the village of Aziz was willing to turn her into his fifth wife.

    However, those traffickers were also very savvy. They knew that the "goods" could be sold at a high price, so they had to pay a high price. .

    As the two sides could not reach a consensus on the price within a short period of time, the village chief decided to leave those people to dinner at home tonight, and then bargain slowly during the seats. The three abducted women were temporarily held in the cellar of the village chief's house.

    This cellar has been specially transformed and can be said to be used for people. Almost every household in Blind Mountain Village has a similar cellar. Once a federally sent person came to visit the village, every household would be able to lock in those women who had a tendency to escape.

    Originally, Aziz also planned to contact some traffickers in the afternoon free time to contact him in the future. Unexpectedly, this afternoon, Selina's father came to the village.

    As a result, the village chief let the traffickers stay in their homes for a while, and then he rushed to the scene. With the assistance of four "police officers" and a large number of villagers, he arrested Selina's father and daughter in the police station of Blind Mountain Village and placed them in a detention room.

    At 4.15 pm, while Aziz was discussing with the local tyrants in the village about how to deal with the father and daughter, suddenly a noise came from the police station.

    No doubt this is Li Kesan and they are here.

    The process by which they found themselves was not complicated. People like Li Si naturally know how to achieve their goals through negotiation. As soon as their car entered the village, Li Si caught a passerby, saying that he was a commissioner sent by the federal for surprise inspections and asking where their village chief was.

    Blind mountain villages rarely have traffickers and outsiders who are not trafficked in. And at this moment there was still something going on in the village, and when the villagers heard the other party claiming to be the Federal Commissioner, they thought it was right to hand him over to the village chief.

    In this way, Li Si asked where the village chief was, and drove the car directly to the door of the village police station.

    After the car stopped, the three people except Tyrannosaurus got out of the car in a conversation among the villagers and quickly ran to the police station.

    "Slow! Who are you?" Four villains under the village chief were standing guard in the courtyard at this time. Seeing three strange foreigners rushing in, they rushed up to stop.

    "We are buying and selling, and want to talk to your village chief to talk about business." Li Si came to the job of negotiation.

  Li Si they went into a room smoothly.

    Li Si and Li Kesan were just a quick glance and they knew which of them was the village chief. But neither of them broke it, until the police officer introduced them, and they fixed their eyes on the village chief.

    "Are there any questions for me?" Although Aziz was not a clever man, he was already smart in this village. It is not easy for him to lay down his alert. He has to guard against the three men in front of him being plainclothes detectives who track the trafficked people.

    "I won't make corners," Li Si said. "I am here today to announce to you that we have taken over the sale of Assad (the head of the traffickers)."

    "What?" Aziz continued. "What Assad? I don't know anyone named by that name."

    When he lied, his acting skills seemed to Li Si to be a schoolboy who tried to pretend to be sick to skip class.

    Li Si sneered. "I understand that you don't believe us. Rest assured, we came with 'sincerity'."

    When he said the word "sincerity", he turned to look at Ali. Because they had already planned in the car before. When Ali saw this, he immediately took a few steps to the ground, and put a messenger bag that he had carried off the car onto the desk.

    "What's this?" Aziz still stretched his face, a cold expression.

    "Sincerity," Li Si said, and made a please gesture.

    Aziz stared at Li Si again for a few seconds, then raised his chin, motioned to the evil policeman who stood aside to help him open his shoulder bag. The latter also did so soon.

    Along with the sliding sound of the zipper and the sound of the bag opening, a large bag of cash appeared in front of everyone.

    At this moment, the squires in the blind mountain villages who were sitting behind could see their eyes straight. They all got up from their seats, as if they were going to burn the bottom of the shoulder bag with their eyes. Even if they are rich in this village, they see them for the first time with so much cash put together.

    Village head Aziz naturally has not seen so much money, and a surprised expression instantly appeared on his face, and was quickly replaced by greed.

    "Our organization now has a monopoly on human trafficking in the entire Eurasian continent. Therefore, there are orders on the top that require us to integrate resources, reorganize the team, expand sales channels, and optimize operating models." Li Si is in the word "command" What was said afterwards, these bits of the blind mountain village were basically not understood. Of course, this is exactly what Li Si expects.

    "In short ..." After frightening the other party, Li Si used a summary tone to turn the lines into a form that the other party could understand. "You will never see Assad and his men in the future. We will provide the supplies here in the blind mountain ...

    "Understand, understand ..." Aziz answered tremblingly. "Then you are going to bring Assad to them ..."

    "Rest assured that we will deal with it cleanly. No need for you to do it, and no one will follow up. You just tell us where they are now. It will not matter to you afterwards." Li Si returned.

    "Okay! They're at my house!" Aziz said, already standing up. "I'll take you there."

    "Don't be busy first." Li Si waved his hand and motioned for the other to sit down. "Don't worry about this, they won't run. I haven't finished talking yet ..." He paused again. "I said just now that the most important thing for the organization is to 'integrate resources'. This means that we have to centralize 'goods' everywhere, count, screen, redistribute, and sell."

    Aziz heard the words, with a hint of doubt. "You mean we want to give you back the woman we bought before?"

    "Yes," Li Si said here, and patted the money on the table again. "The money is the deposit for this sale."

    This request frowned the village chief, squire, and the next police officer. The first is that they do not quite understand the purpose of the other person to send the person back, and the second is to let them send their wives away, and they are a little tangled.

    "Ah, aren't you stupid?" At this point, Li Kesan, who had not spoken, spoke. He spoke in a rogue tone. "Now we are going to buy back your" used "women at the original price you bought them. What is the loss for you? You have got your body, you have your son, and you got the money back. Wait We have redistributed the goods in the organization, and you can buy a new one with the money. "

    Before his words fell, Li Si took the opportunity. "That's it! How can you count this sale as a profit? Also, when we organize the track in the future, you don't need to wait for a guy like Assad to buy a wife like you do now, only bring two or three at a time Individuals come to pick it for you, and we still have to bargain after we finish it. We will sell it on demand in the future. Photos of hundreds or thousands of women will be directly selected for you. We will deliver to you when you are satisfied, and each woman we Will mark the price. "

    When they interrogated "Ramen" at the gas station, they already knew a lot about the traffic laws of the traffickers and the situation in the blind mountain village. So they used this "blind mountain" mentality mode to talk very tacitly, and calculated the account for that group of people.

    After they said so, the group of village chiefs understood that some even applauded on the spot.

    Even Li Si did not expect that things would go so smoothly ...

    After that, they all started in their plans of Li Kesan.

    The village chief Aziz did not hesitate to sell the traffickers who had been with him for many years. Twenty minutes later, the people had died in the mountains. Of course, Tyrannosaurus did the digging and burial with a shovel.

    Just after five o'clock in the afternoon, the village chief, squire, and those four policemen can't wait to start door-to-door to convey Li Si's "sale".

    This cannot be said through public radio because it cannot be heard by the women in the village.

    Fortunately, Blind Mountain Village is not large, and many villagers immediately joined the ranks of news disseminators as soon as they heard such good things. In less than three hours, the men in the village, as well as some elderly people, already knew about the sale.

    At 11 o'clock that night, after the children in the village and the unsuspecting women went to sleep one after another, the greedy villagers took action. (There is no such shop in the village at night, and naturally there is no entertainment.)

    By midnight, hundreds of people had gathered on the main road in front of the village police station.

    Each household tied their daughter-in-law and "escorted" them here. Some tied women struggled, and their "family members" knocked them to the ground, where several people sat on them and suppressed them. Over time, they have no strength to resist again.

    At this time, Li Kesan and his party were eating good wine and dishes provided by the village chief in a small room of the village police station. (Tyrannosaurus did not eat or drink because Li Kesan would not let it.) They watched the ugly show far through the window.

    At the moment, of the four, Ali is the only one who feels nervous and anxious. Although he knows that there are three in front of him, he has a great chance to be reunited with his wife. But before he actually achieved his goal, he was unavoidable.

    Two seconds later, Li Kesan spoke. "We don't need them to 'turn over' people. We just need them to gather people together like they do now."

    His words obviously have some other intentions. Tyrannosaurus quickly understood the meaning and felt a little chill.

    "You ..." Although Tyrannosaurus knew that there were only four of them in the room, and no one was watching the wall, he subconsciously lowered his voice. "You're going to kill them all?"

    "Any questions?" Li Kesan asked back.

    "You don't miss the old man?" Tyrannosaurus asked again.

    "As long as the village has bought a wife or been an accomplice, even if they are only fourteen or five, I will not let them go," Li Kesan replied.

    "Aren't you going to be too extreme like this?" Tyrannosaurus said. "Although I may not be qualified to say this. Don't you think it would be more appropriate for federal police to deal with the people in this village after these women are rescued?"

    "Treat? What will they do?" Li Kesan grinned. "Oh, they will sue everyone in this village at the same time? Including the elderly and young people under the age of eighteen? First of all, the law does not blame the public. Villager, how do you think he will fight this lawsuit?

    "There are many women in this village who have been arrested for many years. They are old and fate. Some of them have given up running away and abandoned their previous lives. How do you collect evidence to show that their movements are restricted here? What evidence do you use to condemn them?

    "And what about the convictions? According to federal law, the purchase of trafficked women and children is punishable by a term of imprisonment of less than three years. Rape, injury, insult, etc. to the victim after the purchase, according to rape and injury Another sentencing. But those actions still require evidence. Without evidence, they can hardly be re-sentenced. "

    Tyrannosaurus thought that Li Kesan was basically a rude person except that he had some achievements in power. It never occurred to him that he was not only very cultural, but could persuade him with knowledge if he wanted to.

    "Also, don't forget ..." Li Kesan's words were not over. "Those women have been isolated from the outside world for too long, and their families may have given up looking for them or have died. They even have problems living outside, let alone raising one or more children alone. How confident are you that they won't lie for their children and stand by the perpetrators? "

"Okay, you're right." Tyrannosaurus couldn't answer each other's questions, but he understood the point of those words. "Kill, kill, I just ask like this."

"Ali, what do you think about Li Kesan's approach?" On the other side, while listening to the conversation between Tyrannosaurus and Li Kesan, Li Si saw that Ali's expression also changed several times, so he asked.

    "I absolutely support it." And Ali, exactly, said these words. After speaking, he sighed and said again. "If my wife or daughter was caught in such a village and insulted, abused, and used as a fertility tool, they would be sentenced to three years, ten years, or even twenty years or more. It ’s not enough. Because those people ’s lives are worthless to me, how can they be compared or converted with the lives of my loved ones? ”

    "Look, there are still people who understand." Li Kesan took a sip of wine and laughed. "Even if something like" evil "can be accurately converted with a formula, that formula is by no means 'law'."

    "Then" who "or" what "will be able to calculate this account?" Tyrannosaurus asked. "Can you?"

    "Of course I can't," Li Kesan replied. "But today, here, I am more qualified than any individual or system to assume responsibility for liquidation."

    "Just because you're the strongest person here?" Tyrannosaurus frowned and tempted.

    "Isn't this nonsense," Li Kesan replied in a natural tone. "Since the birth of human beings, in every corner of the world, the right to interpret and liquidate 'fairness' and 'sin' has always been in the hands of the strongest individual or group at the time. The weak can only pray for the strong The kindness and compassion of the people. However, with the increase of the number of human beings, this originally pure relationship has gradually become more complicated, which has formed the things of society and class. But the nature of some things has not changed. "

    "Okay." Tyrannosaurus leaned back against the chair and took a deep breath. Li Kesan had a lot of headaches, but he couldn't ignore them. "Well ... kindly you, the slaughter goes well tonight." While talking, he poured a glass of wine and raised it.

    "Cheers." Li Si toasted.

    "Cheers." Ali also toasted.

Chapter 17 The Chaser

    After being drunk, Li Kesan came to the street outside the house.

  According to the agreement between them and the village chief, after counting the "goods", they will pay the "full amount" other than the deposit.

    Li Si and Ali completed the counting work, which has two purposes: one is to confirm the number, and the other is to find Ali's wife Annie.

    However, when they counted all the women who had been tied up, they found that Annie was not among them, which caused Ali to panic.

    Fortunately, there is Li Si. He is a man with a good memory and mind. Because he had already seen the pictures of the three women sent this time at the gas station, he paid special attention to the number of people and found the two who were sold with Annie.

    If you want to know where Annie is, just ask them. At least they can also provide some clues.

    But Li Si thought about it and finally decided not to ask them, to ask the village chief.

    The village chief did not lie. When Li Si brought it up with him, he just smiled and said. "I think that girl is pretty, so I left her in the cellar. I won't sell this woman, I will keep it."

    Li Si listened, and winked at Ali, motioning to the latter not to act lightly.

    Then he asked again. "Anyone else besides this?"

    This time, the village chief hesitated for a few seconds before telling him that there was another abducted woman named Selina, who was being held in a detention room in the back room with her father.

    After the village chief said this sentence, he also deliberately put on a very distressed expression, and added: "We are worried about how to deal with them."

    The meaning of this remark was immediately understood by Li Si. The village chief meant that it was better for Li Si and their "criminal organization members" to kill the woman's father and buy the girl. They solve this problem.

    Li Si didn't say anything, just smiled and let the other party wait, then went to Li Kesan to whisper.

    They talked for a few minutes. During this period, Li Kesan used his ability to confirm the truth of the village chief's statement, and again checked whether there were any people in the village who did not arrive. As a result, he only found some young children and children who were left at home and already asleep.

    Before long, Aziz, the somewhat impatient village chief, took the initiative to gather up again, and tentatively told them. "Two, it's not too late. The villagers are standing on the street in the middle of the night. It's not very good. I think you have already sorted out the people just now, can we ...

    Coincidentally, Li Kesan and Li Si had already been discussing at this moment. Seeing him urging, Li Kesan immediately turned his head and responded, "Well, I have 'confirmed', it's time."

    "Hehe ... OK! OK!" Aziz could start trading as soon as he heard it, and immediately smiled. He was already a little tired of his wives. They can now be sold at the original price, and they will be replaced with new ones in the future. Think of him as beautiful. "Then you see, is it for cash or transfer?"

    Before his words were finished, his feet had left the ground, and the whole man went to heaven.

    Not only him, all the men in the village, including some teenagers who looked only fifteen or six years old, and some old ladies and old ladies, also "floated" at this moment.

    They all moved straight up like balloons, and stopped in the air about fifteen meters above the ground.

    "what happened?"

    "Help!"

    After a brief horror, those in the sky shouted.

    They cannot explain what happened to them. The only abnormality that can be perceived is that his body seems to be lifted to this height by a force originating from the abdomen.

    After these people got to heaven, Tyrannosaurus followed Li Kesan's instructions to release Selina, the father and daughter, and Annie, who were in the cellar, and returned their bag of deposits from the safe.

    At the same time, Li Si ran into the house and turned on the only broadcast in the village. She announced on the radio that all women who had been trafficked to the village were now free. Within an hour, police from outside the village will come to deal with their affairs, and it is up to them to decide what to do next. (When Li Si called the police, in addition to describing the situation in the village, he also sent a photo of Tyrannosaurus in the past. He claimed that the wanted criminal was also in the village. He believes that this will speed up the police on the federal side ...)

    His words should have been hard to believe. But after the police saw the men in the village "going to heaven," this didn't seem so impossible.

    When Li Si came out of the house again, Ali and Annie were hugging each other, and they were crying with joy. Although the conflict between the couple may not have been resolved, it seems to be okay for the time being. After that, Ali naturally repented with his wife and explained what happened in the past few days.

    Selina hurriedly ran home with her father in search of her child who had been left alone in the room.

    As for the flying crowd, Li Kesan was now able to move to the mountains in the distance. Their fate is probably more terrible and miserable than most people can imagine.

    After doing this, Li Kesan and they calmly got into the car and left the village under the horrified gaze of everyone. They also picked up Ali and Annie incidentally, so that Ali, who knew a lot of inside information after the arrival of the police, would be involved again.

    When the small trailer drove to the village entrance, Tyrannosaurus poked his head out of the window and looked back at "Blind Mountain Village". He also had excellent eyesight in the dark. He saw the women in the village, either holding the child's hand or holding the child, standing idly on the village's main road, looking at the village entrance and watching them leave. .

    He saw no joy or sadness in the faces of these people, all he saw was helplessness and confusion.

    About an hour later, Li Kesan put the Ali couple in front of a motel and gave the two a way to go home. So far, Li Kesan has fulfilled his promise to help Ali find his wife, and they are separated.

    Looking back on the journey of these two days, from the "rebirth religion" to that "gas station" to the "blind mountain village", it is basically a bad experience. Even though Li Kesan, Li Si, and Tyrannosaurus have changed something, the three did not feel much relief.

    They are all very clear in their hearts-if their actions represent "justice", it is only "late justice".

    They did change something, but there are more things that they can't change and can never change again.

    "What's wrong with you?" Li Kesan asked through the rearview mirror to see that Tyrannosaurus in the back seat was thinking about something.

    "I wonder what it means to do everything we do?" Tyrannosaurus looked at the night out of the window and muttered in a deep voice. "There are countless more ugly things in this world than we have seen in these two days. Can we manage them?"

    Li Kesan heard the words, remained silent for a few seconds, and said again. "I have rescued a girl who was coerced into prostitution from a den before. Do you know what she said to me when I said to her, 'It's all right'?"

    Tyrannosaurus didn't answer, just waiting for Li Kesan's answer.

    Li Kesan didn't wait a few seconds before answering by himself. "She cried and said to me repeatedly, 'Why are you here now?'" He paused and said. "Since then, I have never said 'nothing' to those I have rescued, because I know it will be all right."

    "When there is 'justice' to be asserted, it means that 'sin' has come a step ahead."

    "But you can't say that justice is meaningless because justice is always behind sin and sometimes it doesn't even come at all."

    "If we don't even have late justice, then the evil in this world will be unscrupulous and infinitely inflated, then the last bit of goodness in human nature will disappear."

    "Oh ..." Tyrannosaurus smiled bitterly. "Although you make sense, some of us seem to be 'bad men'?"

    "The bad guys are also divided into many types." Li Si suddenly took over the words at this moment. "At some point, the world needs 'bad people' like us to do things that 'good people' who adhere to their duties and rules will not do."

    "Ha!" Tyrannosaurus smiled this time. "So you are great against the cross?"

    "We are not going to evaluate whether it is great or not. If you want to see what the inverse cross is all about, complete your practice. We will let you stand in an excellent position to witness the goodness of this era The play ... "Li Si also gave an ambiguous answer.

    At the same time, Jerusalem, a federal police station.

    Outside the Administrator's office, a middle-aged blond man with a medium hair and a back is playing with I-PEN on his hand.

    He was not wearing a police uniform, but he did not look like a civilian at the police station.

    His face was pale and cold, like a dead body. If he was standing behind someone else, even if they were only a few centimeters apart, they would probably not notice that someone was there.

    It's hard to imagine that such a man who doesn't look very eye-catching would be the highest combat power of "EF (Evolution\_Factory, the special agency directly affiliated with the Federation," Evolution Factory "). He would turn out to be Kaman, a super-transformer who held the positions of "deputy director" and "first combatant".

    "Mr. Carman, do you have any more needs? Would you like to sit down on the sofa in the lounge? I can help you clear the market." The person who usually asks this is usually a secretary or assistant. But today, the Director came to ask in person.

    Compared with Kaman, the police chief of such a small city is not an "official" at all.

    "I need you to work hard and provide me with as much useful information as possible to solve the case, instead of devoting my mind to how to please me." Kaman's voice and tone had a sense of icy cold, It really matched his face.

    "Yes, I understand." The Director reluctantly laughed awkwardly. But as soon as he turned around, the expression on his face turned into twitching and twitching.

    "Director!" Just as the Administrator was leaving, a police officer suddenly ran across the corridor and shouted as he ran across the office area. "Have a look at this!"

    "What do you shout? What do you look like in a panic?" The director also had a stomach fire just out of nowhere, just to breathe out the police officer.

    "No! Director, the fairy has an emergency." The police officer ran to the director and said pantingly. "Look at this ..." In the conversation, he handed in a photo just faxed and still warm. "The northern branch received a report saying that an S-class wanted code named 'Tyrannosaurus' was found in Blind Mountain Village ..."

    Before he finished speaking, Kaman stood up like a ghost, flashed between the director and him, and seized the photo.

    This photo was taken by Li Si with a mobile phone, and the light and angle are not good. (Alarm platforms in this era can already receive all kinds of information from smart phones.) But because of this, it is clear at first glance that this is not a fake photo.

    "Prepare the car." After seeing the photo for two seconds, Kaman didn't have any nonsense, and gave an order directly.

After the director froze for a second, he immediately said to the police officer next to him. "Are you deaf? The chief said you need to prepare a car. Didn't you hear? Hurry up!"

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Chapter 18-Quiz

    March 14.

This day is the eighth day of Tyrannosaurus' hunger strike, water loss, and insomnia.

    The first three days were not difficult, after all, his physique was different from ordinary people. But on the fourth day, the situation suddenly took a turn for the worse.

    Symptoms of dehydration, hunger, and fatigue are long overdue as if they have broken a certain boundary.

    The practice of Tyrannosaurus, from this moment, can really be considered to have begun.

    In the next few days, in addition to listening to Li Kesan's lectures in the car during the day, at night, he had to insist on running all night under extreme conditions.

    He hadn't felt like going to the toilet for many days, and no sweat could flow no matter how he ran. Even his saliva was almost secreted.

    His stomach had shrunk to a third of its original size due to hunger. His sense of smell became more sensitive than that of dogs, and he could perceive exactly where everything was edible or inedible within a few hundred meters.

    What is more frightening is that there are no signs of ending this hellish day.

    However, Tyrannosaurus made no objection to this, and even the words of complaint were gone. In this way, he used his willpower to support the body that had already exceeded the limit, and continued this daily routine.

    Some people may think that he was forced to do so by Li Kesan.

    But it ’s not ...

    To be honest, Tyrannosaurus is not afraid of anything, including death. Because he is literally "alive is no better than death."

    In this way, Tyrannosaurus ushered in the eighth day of cultivation.

    It was also on this day that they came to Istanbul, the most important transit station in the planned route of Li Si.

    Here, there is a railway called the "land wonder". On this railway, there is only one train running all year round, and its codename is "Express". People boarding this train can cross the continent overnight from Istanbul to Paris.

    There is no doubt that the "Express" of the parallel universe in the 23rd century is completely different from the thing of the same name in the 19th century. Designed and supervised by the legendary inventor Charles Roll, active in the early 22nd century of the universe, it is one of the largest onshore projects completed in the early years of the Federation.

    The metal track of the railway is in the shape of an animal's spine. In addition to the horizontal rails on the bottom, the rails also have curved upward extensions on both sides. The width of the bottom of the track alone reached twelve meters.

    Yes, exactly twelve meters. From this we can see that what is traveling in this "vertebral track" is extremely huge.

    If you compare a common rail train to a snake, then the "Express" is a train. It is not so much a train as a land carrier, a mobile fortress ...

    The large, slightly flat cylindrical body at the bottom and top does not distinguish between "head and tail". The appearance at both ends of the body is completely symmetrical. The cab is located in the middle of the entire train. There is only one operating lever in the entire cab. As long as you move this lever westward, the train will start, drive to Paris, and stop automatically when it reaches the end. By the same token, as long as you push this pole eastward, the train will follow the same track, "the tail changes to the front," and then from Paris to Istanbul.

    Of course, this pole can't stand still during driving. Moreover, the train also has a corresponding safety system. If a certain entrance or exit on the car is not closed when the vehicle is stationary, the operating lever will also enter a stuck state.

    Anyway, Dr. Rohr's work, "Not so good judgement walking between genius and idiot", after all, has stood the test of time with its strong technical support.

    For a century, this train that "even fools can drive" was hired on both sides of the European continent. With its unparalleled safety, speed, and transport capabilities, it has become one of the most famous landmarks on the planet.

    This kind of thing that has been regarded as the "common cultural heritage of all mankind" will not be targeted even in times of war. Therefore, it was selected by Li Si as their means of transportation across the theater.

    In the afternoon, it was raining heavily.

    For the three fugitives pursued by the federal government, this weather is probably a good thing.

    Relying on a few fake documents and a few raincoats, Tyrannosaurus and others mixed under the camera with little effort, and boarded the express with the traffic.

    With Li Si's ability, it is not difficult to get three cheap "car tickets". When entering the city, in order to avoid accidents, he has also closed the anti-monitoring shielding device on the car.

    Everything seemed to be going smoothly, and it was a little disturbing.

    "Tyrannosaurus." When Li Si parked his car in the parking space, Li Kesan suddenly spoke and called Tyrannosaurus.

    "What's the matter?" Tyrannosaurus, here and now, looked like he had been sentenced a few days ago. Since the day when hunger appeared, he has been losing weight and squeezing almost every day at a rate that is visible to the naked eye. A brawny man who had a tiger's back is now standing with a clavicle, deep eye sockets, cloudy eyes, and hoarse voice.

    "You have done a good job this week." This seems to be the first time Li Kesan has given Tyrannosaurus affirmation in his cultivation. "It's time to take a quiz and test your results."

    Hearing that, Tyrannosaurus was instantly shocked, said Xinxin. "Is it the fruit of this week that I am about to die?"

    But he could only say "ah?" Like a candle remaining in the wind to express his doubts.

    Li Kesan didn't make him wait any longer, he said immediately. "About three days ago, a fairly strong guy followed us. He was very cautious and kept a considerable distance from us, waiting for an opportunity. If nothing else, he should follow the clues of the Cairo incident. Coming soldiers. Because he knows that I have the power to kill the guards, he has some scruples and has not acted. "

    Speaking of which, he paused, turned from the front passenger seat, and looked at Tyrannosaurus in the back of the car. "At this moment, he has followed us on this express and is approaching an unprecedented distance ..."

    "Obviously, this guy feels that the time is ripe to act.

    "I'm not sure where his grasp comes from. Maybe he judges that the train will give him some advantage when it enters the driving state."

    "In short, according to my speculation, when the train moves, it is when he comes over. And the test for you is to solve him."

    Listening to this, Tyrannosaurus smiled at the time: "Oh ... hahaha"

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Chapter 19 Why?

    "The doors have been closed and there is no abnormality in safety monitoring. The train will start in ten seconds, ten, nine, eight ..."

    A minute passed and the countdown started.

    Due to the use of "migration-like engine" technology, when the express is started, the passengers inside it will not have the "sudden pull" feeling when using ordinary transportation. Instead, there is a brief, subtle discomfort. After the initial discomfort has passed, the environment inside the car will be as stable as in a rooted building. Passengers don't experience the slightest feeling of being "in a moving vehicle".

    Therefore, at this point of departure, not only Li Kesan, but many other owners in this "parking compartment" also got off their own cars.

    After all, it was a journey of seven and a half hours. Even if there are certain restrictions on the area where passengers at all levels can move, the operator will definitely not stipulate that they can only stay in one car, such as smoking cars, bar cars, and buffet cars. And the space in each compartment is not small. These "service cars" are generally divided into three floors. The bottom floor is the aisle and the staff use area, and the upper two floors are the service area.

    Of course, this parking compartment does not provide other "services" except for passengers who drive up. So the three floors above and below are equivalent to a three-dimensional parking lot.

    Li Kesan is at the bottom floor at the moment. People on the upper two floors, including other cars in the front and back, will pass by here, so the traffic is very dense.

    Anyone in this bustling crowd may be posing as a federal agent. As long as this person is not a capable person or a mutant, even Li Kesan can hardly distinguish his identity.

    According to Li Si, if he is the hunter, it is obviously a good idea to find a few non-capable agents to mix into the crowd and use a targeted weapon to make a surprise attack first.

    However, Kaman's routine is not the case.

    When the train started, he got out of his car boldly, and walked closer to Li Kesan's parking space.

    Li Kesan, Li Si, and Tyrannosaurus all realized their presence in their own way, and they turned their attention to him.

    In this way, under the circumstances where the eyes had already met, Kaman walked to the parking space of the three people and stood still.

    "You have two choices." Kaman threw out such a sentence in his lifeless tone.

    "I don't make a choice." But Li Kesan interrupted the other party before pointing at the options, and pointed to Tyrannosaurus. "You talk to him about something. We two are not involved."

    "Yeah," Li Si answered, "nothing to talk about."

    "Okay." Unexpectedly, Kaman listened, and didn't even say a word of redemption. He just looked in the direction of Li Kesan and Li Si, and then said aloud. "BACK"

    As soon as his words fell, Li Kesan and Li Si suddenly disappeared into place.

    In this regard, Tyrannosaurus did not panic. He just looked at Carman coldly and asked in a weak tone: "I might as well ask, are they both dead?"

    "I can't be 100% sure. But I can tell you that the probability of them dying is very high." Kaman replied.

    "No. Could it be that your ability to teleport people to hell by reading a word?" Tyrannosaurus asked again.

    "I have no obligation to respond to your temptations one by one." Kaman did not answer Tyrannosaurus's questions further, but said. "Hold on hand or die with them. Give me an answer."

    "Oh ..." Tyrannosaurus laughed. "Brother, don't you tell me your abilities, how can I be sure those two guys are dead? If you can't be sure, who will surrender? What if you lied to me?"

    "You can think I lied to you." Cocaman showed no sign of relief. "BA"

    "Ah-" Tyrannosaurus saw that the other party was about to make another move, and hurriedly shouted. The scream of his hoarse throat due to a severe lack of water is to describe the cactus with sandpaper. "Don't! Discuss again!"

    Kaman was just trying to scare each other. As he observed these days, he also knew that Tyrannosaurus was too weak to eat, drink or sleep, and had a great chance to escape.

    Just before Li Kesan and Li Si made their statements, Kaman had intended to "send away" Li Kesan alone. But since two people said they didn't talk, he didn't care about killing one more.

    "Do you surrender as long as I prove they are dead?" Kaman asked, pretending to hesitate for a few seconds.

    "Um." Tyrannosaurus nodded.

    Carman stroked his chin and thought again, pretending to be. "Although I could have a federal agent in another place immediately prove that the two were dead through a video call, I guess that's the only way you wouldn't believe me. Even if you have a video to prove it, you also I would suspect it was a fake video I made in advance. "

    "Um." Tyrannosaurus nodded again. He didn't want to return words other than "um", but his throat was still hurting.

    "Looks like I have to explain my abilities to you," Kaman answered.

    In fact, Kaman didn't mind revealing his abilities from the beginning. So far he has told many of his abilities to capture targets. But none of those who have heard it can successfully escape after learning the relevant information.

    "Uh-huh." Tyrannosaurus continued to nod, waiting for his vocal cord to bleed to make his throat feel better.

    Kaman didn't hide it, he said. "I can bring others back to 'a day ago.'"

    "Huh?" Tyrannosaurus changed his tone, but he still didn't open his mouth.

    "That is to say, the physical state, geographical location, etc. (here," wait "naturally includes belongings and clothing on the person), all go back to twenty-four hours ago," Kaman continued. "This ability does not involve the memory of the target, and it has nothing to do with the" absolute coordinates of people in the universe. " Spend my time and use the resources I have at hand, even for a very strong opponent, I can easily get him. "

    "I tracked you for several days. By analyzing your travel routes, I can easily guess that you want to come to Istanbul and take a limited express through the Black Sea theater west. So I sent someone to watch the train early The passenger list, and the whereabouts of each ticket are closely checked. "

    "It turned out to be unexpected. Last night, one of you got three tickets and three matching fake documents through a local illegal broker. When I learned about the train you took, my plan was OK Implementation started ... "

    "The express departure time is 5.40 pm. Twenty-four hours ago, at 5.40 pm yesterday, you just stopped to eat in a small restaurant in the suburbs. Me. If the three of you were in the car and the car was moving, it would be more difficult to calculate the exact coordinates after your 'BACK', but now ... "

    Speaking of this, Kaman reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a cell phone.

    "Last night, I sent someone to evacuate the small restaurant and all irrelevant people within a kilometer of it." Kaman said as he started flipping through the phone's address book. "An engineering team of more than a hundred people razed the restaurant to the ground overnight, and assembled a special net alloy room on the spot. The room is divided into two layers, the two floors are sealed on six sides, and the inside layer Inside are equipped with intelligent monitoring probes, and various sensing devices such as pressure and infrared. Once a target enters it, within 0.2 seconds, the pulse bomb on the top of the room will detonate, and the explosion of the pulse bomb will trigger eight corners of the room. Nitroglycerin and miniature nuclear bombs. After these rounds of bombing, cracks will definitely appear on the walls of the inner room. At this time, the strong sulfuric acid filled in the outer room will pour into the inner layer through those gaps ... "

    After Carman said this, he had stopped looking through the address book and selected a number to dial the video communication.

    "Now I think I've explained it clearly enough," Kaman said, turning the phone screen directly to Tyrannosaurus and taking over. "You can talk to the agent in charge over there and let him show you what's going on at the scene so you know what I'm saying is true."

    At the end of Kaman's remarks, the mobile video was successfully connected. Tyrannosaurus looked at the screen and remained silent for three seconds. Then, he looked up at Kaman, raised one hand, extended his index finger, and lowered it for a few turns, making a "circle" gesture.

    At this moment, Kaman felt a little doubt at first. It was followed by a surge of anxiety.

    He turned the phone's screen back as he wanted, and looked at the screen.

    Later, he discovered that the person holding the cell phone and video of the person in charge at the moment was not a federal agent but Li Kesan.

    When Li Kesan saw Kaman's face, he didn't say anything else, he just said. "My firework box has been removed by me. If you send Tyrannosaurus now, he will only come to a clearing, so next ..."

    After all, he hung up the video call.

    Kaman put his phone down in a desperate face, his eyes blinking for a few seconds. Finally he shook his head and squeezed a few words out of his teeth: "I'm so angry!"

    Seeing this, Tyrannosaurus laughed and conveyed his ridicule to the other party with a shrugging gesture.

    "Forget it ..." Kaman ignored the provocation by Tyrannosaurus and just answered. "Since your companion has reached such a point, I have nothing to say." He paused for half a second, and the words turned sharply. "But you also heard that just now, he betrayed you through the video without concealing it. Although I had speculated this way, but after he told me personally that" the net alloy room is destroyed ", I naturally did Maybe you'll run away with 'BACK' to you again. He's putting you in my hands. "

    At this point, Tyrannosaurus' voice finally eased a little, he answered. "It's not like this. We are one-to-one now, and your ability has been exposed. Although you can use it as a last resort, send me away when you are about to lose. But before that, what are you doing? Think you can win me? "

    "Huh ..." Carman sneered when he heard it. "Good question."

    As soon as he had finished speaking, he held up his right hand and hit his finger.

   In the next second, all passengers in the parking car, except Kaman and Tyrannosaurus, stopped.

    These "pedestrians" who hadn't even looked at them recently turned around and pulled their guns at the same instant. Three hundred floors above and hundreds of muzzles were all locked on Tyrannosaurus within two seconds.

    "Although the probability is very small, I still considered the possibility that 'the person sent away by BACK will survive or send some kind of message before and after death.' That's why I chose to start on the moving train." When the agents around After they fired their guns collectively, Kaman replied. "On a mobile vehicle with a speed of nearly 400 kilometers per hour, even if you and other associates have received a distress message, you will not be able to come to support you. In addition, to ensure that today's trains will not be delayed, and to allow yourself to happen in the future This battle has more advantages, and today the entire vehicle is all plainclothes agents I arranged in advance. "

    At this point, Kaman stepped back a few more steps to keep himself away from the area where the fire would be caught, and then said again. "Why do I think I must win you? Oh ... that's probably why."

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Chapter 20 Evolution (1)

    Li Kesan, what do you want me to do?

    Although this whole "cultivation plan" looks like a unilateral bully at first glance, its essence must have some meaning ...

    It doesn't matter if it's Berlin or Li Kesan, if they just want me to die, they don't have to go through so much trouble.

    Every second after I met Li Kesan at Nine Prisons, at Chernobyl, at their secret base ...

    There are countless opportunities for these guys who are against the cross to take my life.

    Even though the Federation defines me as a "advanced" ability, in the face of these truly strong or powerful organizations, I am still a small role that can be crushed to death at any time.

    If nothing else, take this man in front of me. No matter what level of his "BACK" skill, even if it's just paper-level, as long as he combines his layout ability and the resources at hand, he can easily put me to death. Even if I have prepared in advance, I am afraid that I will not be able to escape.

    Of course, it was unlucky to meet Li Kesan ...

    Anyway, considering that Li Kesan doesn't want me to die, but wants to "test" mine. Am I really going to solve this situation by myself?

    With my current body, surrounded by hundreds of detectives with live ammunition and a "master" identified by Li Kesan himself, how can I win?

    And choose to escape it, not to mention I can break that body of high strength, even if I could, when a man from the configuration of the "class Warp engine", traveling in a vehicle to go out of time, it will encounter " warp barrier "of. (This is the most unique feature of this engine technology. Vehicles capable of reaching speeds of more than 400 per hour are not uncommon in this era, but only transition-type engines can create this kind of curvature barrier to keep the environment inside the train stationary , Stable state. Although Tyrannosaurus is not highly educated, he still knows this part of the knowledge. Because in the junior high school physics class of this era, this knowledge point must be taught, and the example used in the textbook is the "Express Number" This world famous place.) If I cross this barrier with my flesh, I am afraid that I will be twisted into minced meat ...

    In this way, escape is also a dead end ...

    Otherwise, I pretend to surrender, wait for the other side to relax their vigilance, and then find a chance to attack the guy who can send people back to yesterday. As long as my attack is enough to threaten his life, he may use me in an emergency and send me away.

    Ok……

    No, this still doesn't work, this guy is too cunning.

    He can change the whole train for a 1 in 10,000 chance. How can a person like this show vulnerabilities to make me sneak attack? I am afraid that as soon as I surrender, he will immediately and completely restrict my actions in some way.

    Damn, I couldn't think of a solution. And I'm tired, thirsty, and hungry, and I can hardly concentrate ...

    Wait, did Li Kesan want me ...

    No right no right

    Although we haven't been in contact for a long time, I believe that Li Kesan is by no means the kind of person who will force me to "eat" hundreds of irrelevant travelers to enhance my strength.

    The encirclement was created by the enemy at the moment, and it was impossible for Li Kesan to count all the passengers on the train as the enemy. And he doesn't know that his opponent's power effect is teleporting people away.

    So there is no such assumption.

    But what exactly should I do? "As long as you listen carefully to the power knowledge, this test can be easily done." But these days, what he talks about is not so much knowledge of abilities as some very strange biological theories ...

    As soon as he was pointed at the muzzle of hundreds of guns, Tyrannosaurus' brain was moving quickly.

    In just a few breaths, all these thoughts flashed from his mind.

    However, in the end he did not think of a way to help him pass the "quiz". Even if Li Kesan's "quiz" is left aside, and only "survival" is mentioned, at present, his only option seems to be the way of "real surrender".

    But Tyrannosaurus will not surrender, he has not finished with "Mr. Li" yet.

    He wasn't afraid of death. Why surrender? Moreover, he did not necessarily have a way to live if he surrendered-for those who pursued him, "catch alive" or "kill" was fine. The difference is just merit. For Tyrannosaurus, he might still be sentenced to death after being arrested or pulled for inhuman scientific experiments.

    Therefore, Tyrannosaurus chose to fight in the end.

    Since you can't think of a feasible strategy, you simply give up the plan and leave everything to fate.

    Between the fingers, Tyrannosaurus exhausted his strength and rushed across the ground, rushing towards a gun detective a few meters ahead of him.

    This man was closest to him, and at an angle that was right for him to use his right foot to force and grapple with his right hand. If he can take this guy as a hostage, he may still have room to deal. Even if other enemies fired in disregard for the safety of the hostages, he would have caught a personal meat shield anyway.

    However, after a second, Tyrannosaurus discovered that he had overestimated his own speed ...

    It's like having a legged person in the first days of amputation creates the illusion that he still has legs. At this moment, Tyrannosaurus' impression of his explosive power is still at the time when he has "super speed, super power". However, the actual situation is that his physical ability is now weaker than ordinary people.

    Peng——

    Tyrannosaurus's sprinting and grappling action was only half-finished. As soon as the entire talent stepped out a step and a half, the target locked by him shot first.

    This first shot sounded like one end of a string of firecrackers. As the agent opened fire, other agents also pulled the trigger.

    These federal agents are experienced. They know that cases like this "criminal violent resistance during the arrest process", when the case is closed, give more credit to those who have not fired. Whether you hit the target is another matter, but at least your gun must have a record of firing. Even if you empty the gun towards the wall or the sky before the reinforcements come, you can't help but fire.

    Then, the poor Tyrannosaurus was sieved into a sieve within seconds, and his flesh fluttered to his back and fell to the ground.

    Even after he fell, the gunfire continued for a full five or six seconds before it subsided.

    "Don't relax your vigilance, this guy has the ability to heal himself, maybe he is not dead yet." Carman is indeed a very cautious man. At this time, he still reminded his staff not to care.

    Although Kaman looked at Tyrannosaurus, he also felt that the probability of the latter being alive was very small. But he remained alert and wanted to check back in the past.

    Unexpectedly……

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Chapter 21 Evolution (2)

    "Do we really want to help him?" This is the first question Li Si asked after Li Kesan hung up the video communication.

    At this moment, they were standing on an open field, with a body lying around them, and a dozen cars parked.

    The double-layer net alloy self-explosive house that trapped them in it a while ago has now been moved away from the original by Li Kesan and moved farther away.

    "Not necessary." Li Kesan replied with confidence two seconds later. "Wait a bit, Tyrannosaurus will be teleported here just like us."

    Hearing that, Li Si raised an eyebrow, "Why do you say that?"

    Li Kesan shrugged and took it. "The guy who teleported us here has the effect of‘ returning the state and position of a target to a day ago. ’This ability cannot kill‘ now Tyrannosaurus ’.”

    "Oh?" Li Si said again. "How do you know that his ability is to make people 'back a day', not 'to teleport people far away'?"

    Li Kesan responded. "First of all, you must have noticed that we visited this place yesterday, but now it is completely beyond recognition. Second, assuming that the other party ’s ability is really 'transporting people to a distance', then why did n’t he teleport us to outer space or to the center of the earth? Instead of sending us here? "

    Li Si said. "Maybe his ability is limited, such as 'he can only move the target to where he has been.' Moreover, teleporting the capable person to outer space or the center of the earth cannot ensure that the enemy is certain It will die, and the body of the enemy cannot be identified. "

    "Okay, stop talking nonsense," Li Kesan said. "You know that's impossible. According to your assumption, that guy can't just send the person to be arrested into the jail. As long as he walks around in various special cells in advance."

    "Oh, I ... I just want to try to figure out what you have reached." Li Si smiled, obviously, he was asking on purpose. "Actually, I recognized him when he appeared. He is EF's deputy director Kaman, and his ability is indeed as you say it is 'back to the day before.' His ability is often mistaken for long-distance transmission. Most people don't think about time. "

    "I don't think about it, either," Li Kesan replied. "Because I can feel very clearly that my physical condition is back to a day ago."

    "Ha?" Li Si really didn't understand. "You come from the amount of feces in your body ..."

    "No." Li Kesan denied the speculation before he finished speaking. "How could I remember that?"

    "Then you are ..." Li Si doubted.

    "Don't forget ..." Li Kesan answered. "I'm an omega-class mutant, and the one that has survived for many years ..."

    "Oh ~" With his reminder, Li Si understood.

    "But ..." After a few seconds, Li Si's words turned sharply. "It still doesn't make sense ..." He paused, then continued. "First, you say that Kaman's ability can't kill Tyrannosaurus, that's right. But Tyrannosaurus has been tortured by you so far that you don't have half a life, and it seems that you don't need any ability to kill him. Secondly, the video communication between you and Kaman is just telling him that 'using Tyrannosaurus' ability will only send him to a safe place.' In this way, what other reason is there for the other party as you said? Send Tyrannosaurus over here '?'

    "Oh ..." Li Kesan listened and smiled confidently. "To live for life."

    "What?" Li Si asked, slightly surprised. "Are you right? You mean Tyrannosaurus can push Kaman to the point where he must be teleported to save his life?"

    "Of course." Li Kesan replied in a natural tone.

    "Impossible ..." Li Si still didn't believe it. "I've read Kaman's information more than once. He is a super-reformer who combines EF's strongest technology in one. In the history of the development of science and technology for more than two hundred years, he has accepted 'hybrid surgery of whole body and biochemical transformation' Only 20 people have survived the operation. Twelve of them have become vegetative, five have become severe disabilities that cannot take care of themselves, and two have become irrational monsters. (The creature locked in the nine-jail penalty zone is one of them, at least the person who made him believes that he is irrational.) And Kaman is the only 'success case'. Even without mentioning abilities, he also has a fierce grade. Peak combat power. Based on Tyrannosaurus's current physical condition, even if he strengthens his DNA swallowing ability again, I am afraid he is not Kaman's opponent. "

    Unexpectedly, he didn't say a word, Li Kesan suddenly spoke. "Who told you that Tyrannosaurus' ability is‘ DNA phagocytosis ’?”

    With this statement, Li Si's expression changed immediately. "What do you mean?"

    "FCPS, EAS, and EF are so many professional institutions, but none have found the 'truth'," Li Kesan said. "Everyone, including Tyrannosaurus himself, has been blinded by appearances, taking it for granted that his ability is to engulf the DNA of a living being and strengthen himself with it, and then gave him Tyrannosaurus such a code ...

Li Kesan paused for a few seconds and looked at Li Si with a smile-like expression. "You've seen so many federal secrets. You must also know how Tyrannosaurus‘ gained power 'and became Tyrannosaurus. ”

Li Si nodded. "I know some."

    "Then you talk about it, I can hear if it is consistent with what I know." Li Kesan also read the information provided by Tianyi, but he still wanted to check the information with Li Si.

    Li Si thought about it and said. "Tyrannosaurus was originally a cleaner in an experimental institution. One day, the Federation sent a batch of dangerous molecules studying molecular transport technology to that laboratory, and officially put live experiments on this technology on the agenda .... "

    "The 'experimental body' they need, in addition to various animals, includes living people. They need samples of all genders and ages of men, women, old people, children.

    "Adults are easy to use, and the inmates in the nine prisons are enough. But the children are not easy to find, so they use the innocent family members, homeless children, and even traffickers of traffickers."

    "Tyrannosaurus is a kind person. He wants to use his duties to rescue those children. But the laboratory is well-guarded and monitored everywhere. It is impossible for him to do it alone. So he put those adult subjects It was also released. He tried to break through by violence. "

    "As a result, the fugitives became chaos and massacres. Those fugitives were surrounded by armed security personnel. The dozen or so people who survived fled to the room where the molecular transmission experiments were conducted and tried to escape using this machine. But due to the operation Improperly, the device was overloaded and the explosion swept away all fugitives and most security personnel. "

    "After the explosion, only Tyrannosaurus survived, and he suddenly had abilities."

    "He survived, using DNA obtained from nearby animal corpses to strengthen himself, destroying the entire laboratory, and killing everyone else inside ..."

    "And at the same time these things happened, the federation who learned of these situations through laboratory monitoring, was thinking of covering up the matter quickly. They urgently convened a squad of cleanups and went to kill. By the time Tyrannosaurus had disappeared. "

    Li Si stopped here. Later ... Tyrannosaurus was positioned as "advanced" in a short period of time, was hunted down, and was put in nine prisons. He did not continue.

    "Well ... it's almost what I know." Li Kesan quickly answered. "In this whole thing, there is a very important question that has been completely ignored by the federal side. I wonder if you notice it?"

    "I didn't pay attention, but now you say so ..." Li Si thought thoughtfully. "Tyrannosaurus is the only one involved in the molecular delivery device. That's the problem."

    "Yes," Li Kesan said. "People now, when they see someone who has died in an accident in the laboratory and gained super power, the first reaction coming out of their minds is that this is an accident with a very small probability, and It was this accident that turned an ordinary person into a power. "He spread his hands. "I can only say that the subtle influence of manga and movies on human thought is really great. But sorry, there are not so many Flashes and sentries in this world. You should lose that kind of inertia thinking, think about it, is it possible, Tyrannosaurus Surviving an accident is actually a necessity. "

    "So ..." Li Si had fully understood what Li Kesan meant. "Your inference is that Tyrannosaurus did not become a capable person because he survived the accident. It was because he was a capable person. That is why he survived. "

    "Thinking like that is more reasonable, isn't it?" Li Kesan responded.

    "That ..." Li Si said again. "What is his ability?"

    "Dead silence ..." Li Kesan said these words without thinking, and continued to speak. "In Tyrannosaurus' past life, he has not found his power because his power is very special. Death Silence is a power that has been awakened from birth, but to be truly activated, the owner must be sufficiently lethal hurt."

    "Like that accident?" Li Si answered.

    "Yes," Li Kesan replied. "In that accident, ordinary people were obviously dead. And Tyrannosaurus was not an ordinary person. When he was about to die, he adapted to the" lethal memetics "of the time and gained the ability to" reorganize molecules. "

    "The so-called" engulfing biological DNA and blending its traits into yourself "is just a very ugly use of this ability. Because Tyrannosaurus has limited knowledge and imagination, it is used as This form. If you use this ability instead, you can easily master the operations of turning stones into gold, turning water into wine, etc. When the ability level is high, you can even turn the entire earth into marshmallow. "

    "Um ..." Li Si thought along the other's mind. "You mean the effect of Tyrannosaurus' power is that when a person is about to die, according to the 'factors leading to his own death,' the power that is sufficient to counteract or even control this cause of death is generated immediately.

    "Basically correct," Li Kesan said.

    "Woc" Li Si was also amazed. "Will he never die?" He immediately thought of several examples. "For example, if he is burned to death by fire, he will have the power to resist high temperatures and even control the flames immediately before his death. If he is drowned, he will have the ability to breathe in water before his death. Uh ... wait. If he I have n’t found the power, and live till the day of his death. Would n’t he have the power to live forever? ”

    Li Kesan looked at Li Si and chuckled, "You are almost right about this analysis."

    "Why?" Li Si asked.

    "It's true that you can do what you say, but it's not unlimited." Li Kesan replied. "For example, if a person gains the power to control fire with" dead silence "in the case of death caused by fire, then his ability will be to control fire. The next time he encounters death," dead silence "will not To respond. "

    "Hey ..." Li Si said. "What's the matter?" He pouted. "Since Silence can only be used once, and Tyrannosaurus has already been used, his ability is DNA phagocytosis. With his current body, he will still be killed by Kaman."

    "The phrase 'only one time' is not accurate ..." Li Kesan replied. "It is true that under normal circumstances, once‘ dead silence ’is‘ adapted ’into another form of power, it cannot be changed back. But I ’m a‘ power teacher ’who knows the method of reversal.”

    At this moment, Li Si showed a look of sudden realization. "These days you let Tyrannosaurus cut off water and food and not sleep, is it for this?"

    Li Kesan nodded slightly and laughed. "When I first saw him, I found out that this guy, in terms of both physical and energy levels, has messed up using molecular recombination capabilities as DNA phagocytosis, which will inevitably lead to many sequelae. He The previous "runaway" was because the molecules of human beings, especially those of ability, were so complicated that it became difficult to control his reorganization.

    "Actually, if you think about it carefully, you should understand that the ability of the 'capable person' is derived from 'sin' and has little to do with DNA. How can he obtain it through the ability to swallow DNA?"

    "Some of the specific powers that he thought were obtained through 'swallowing' were essentially just forcing 'imitation' use in the form of molecular reorganization. The principle of this power is fundamentally different from the original, and he doesn't know it yet . "

    "In short, this ability is too complicated, and it is a burden on him."

    "So I launched a 'reverse transformation' on him ..."

    "I let Tyrannosaurus not eat, drink or sleep and run overnight. It's a physical transformation. Almost all abilities have a certain 'instinct' in themselves. In recent days, this far-out limit consumption, His ability has begun to self-eating. As of noon today, his body has almost consumed himself. From a physiological point of view, he has returned to a state that ordinary people are not as good as. "

    "And on the energy level, a fool like him who can hardly use energy, I have quietly combed it for him without even realizing it ..."

    "At the moment Tyrannosaurus' ability has been reset by me. The action of Mr. Kaman can make his" Silent "react and change again"

    At the same time, the express, parking compartment.

    Tyrannosaurus, who was beaten into an inhuman shape and fell on his back, climbed up from the ground after a short breath.

    Carman, who had already approached nearby, saw this and was surprised, but also quickly stopped.

    Since Kaman was relatively close to Tyrannosaurus at this moment, the group of agents standing fan-shaped behind him was temporarily inconvenient to fire again.

    "Why didn't I die?" Tyrannosaurus stood still, and said to himself in complete confusion.

    Although Kaman didn't speak on the surface, he was secretly thinking about it. "Yeah, I want to ask, why aren't you dead?"

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Chapter 22 Fighting (1)

    In terms of strategy, Kaman is obviously pretty good. He can make good use of the resources at hand to match his abilities. He has a comprehensive layout ability, and is also inherently cautious and calm.

    However, compared with his "armed force", his wisdom is slightly inferior.

    Although Kaman's abilities are largely unrelated to combat, and although "reformer's ability levels usually appear a bit futile when fighting other abilities" is the well-known consensus, Kaman is an exception.

    He was already a fierce congenital person before undergoing remodeling surgery. In terms of "manipulating energy" skills, Kaman is much higher than Tyrannosaurus. Even if he doesn't use abilities, just using energy to assist the body is enough tricky.

    Not to mention, he is still a "super transformative".

    This "super" is not used to bluff people, but it is indeed super ...

    "Keep firing! Leave me alone!" After about five seconds of hesitation, Kaman burst out loud and rushed towards Tyrannosaurus while ordering.

    [Release of arm restriction]

    At the same instant, Kaman gave an order to his body through a thought in his brain.

    The second he flew towards Tyrannosaurus, his hands extended and flung out like two lashes, and he caught Tyrannosaurus' shoulders.

    Immediately afterwards, Kaman stepped on his feet, leaped high, using his hands as a fulcrum, and dragged Tyrannosaurus' shoulders, throwing his body back into the air, like a swing swinging against the sky.

    After he "swinged", he activated the directional magnets installed at the bottom of his feet and "sucked" himself upside down towards the ceiling of the third compartment.

    As a result, Tyrannosaurus, who was grabbed by his shoulders, was naturally lifted up.

    "What? You're a trapeze?" Tyrannosaurus was also a little overwhelmed by the sudden trick. With his feet off the ground and unable to move, he is now basically a living target hung in the air.

    At this moment, the sound of gunfire like a blizzard suddenly sounded. After a few seconds of response time, the agents in the carriage started firing according to Kaman's instructions.

    Tyrannosaurus didn't want to taste the bullet again. Seeing this, he raised his hands almost instinctively, trying to use Kaman's two arms to turn up and escape.

    Unexpectedly, before his hand caught the opponent, a strong electrical pulse was released by Kaman's palm, which directly affected Tyrannosaurus.

    Tyrannosaurus was instantly dizzy with electricity. The next second, he was baptized with a new round of barrage.

    But this time, he wasn't beaten up. After contacting his skin, the bullets bounced off as easily as a ping-pong ball hit a thick rubber wall.

    "Why? His skin is clearly not hardened. How could the bullet be bounced back?" Kaman, who saw this scene in his eyes, quickly analyzed the situation of the other side in his mind.

    At the moment, Tyrannosaurus was fine, but Kaman's arms were injured by accident. Fortunately, Kaman does not have such a "pain", and his arm is not flesh at all, but a semi-mechanical, semi-biomimetic synthetic material. This material can slowly repair itself even if it is severely damaged. Of course, directly connecting homogeneous materials will restore faster.

"Forget it, it would be cumbersome for these detectives to stay here if conventional weapons are useless. I'll do it myself ..." For a moment, Kaman had a new plan in his mind, and he immediately ordered loudly. "Stop firing, retreat to the two cars in front and back, and block the entrances on both sides!"

    His order was simple and direct. The people he brought were also well trained, and no one questioned or delayed. Soon all agents evacuated the "parking compartment."

    Kaman quickly released Tyrannosaurus and let it fall back to the ground on the first floor of the carriage.

    Kaman continued to "stand" on the ceiling, hanging upside down, looking up at Tyrannosaurus.

    "Why? Bullets can't kill me, so you gave up a car helper that was so easy to arrange?" Tyrannosaurus also looked up and said in a rather arrogant tone. "Then you were just fine with the electricity, why didn't you continue? Isn't there enough storage?"

    This is both provocation and temptation.

    Kaman knew very well, but he still seemed unhurried.

    Because the men were gone, the cabin was much quieter. So Kaman returned to the depressed tone and calmly replied. "Now that I know the bullets are not working for you, of course I should give up this attack, otherwise it will be against me." He paused. "As for the pulse just now, you can't guess it wrong. They can't put a nuclear reactor in my body, so I only use more advanced energy storage batteries. The pulse just now is indeed a power Almost consumed. "

    "Oh?" Tyrannosaurus laughed. "Then you are out of power and unable to use abilities, how are you going to deal with me now?"

    "Huh ..." Carman heard it, but sneered. "You better not get it wrong, so far I haven't done anything."

    The last word of his sentence and the first word of the next sentence were almost spoken together. But at this moment's pause, his figure actually came from the third-floor ceiling to the first-floor ground, behind Tyrannosaurus.

    "I hope that your subordinates will solve you with conventional weapons, just because I don't want to destroy the world famous place-the express." When Kaman exited the last sentence, he was already punching behind Tyrannosaurus.

    He is really cautious. Even when the speed has an absolute advantage, he deliberately stood at a distance of three meters from the opponent and used the advantage of the arm to stretch for mid-range strikes. Because of this distance, Tyrannosaurus couldn't reach him even if he had the time to respond and turn his fists.

    Peng——

    Kaman's punches were heavy, as he said, heavy enough to break the car wall with a single blow. A congenital fierce-level person who infuses energy into a strengthened and transformed body has a higher level of skill than a normal fierce-level person.

    However, the punch on Tyrannosaurus' back was actually ejected just like those bullets.

    Despite the tremendous power of this punch, the effect on Tyrannosaurus is average. All the forces disappeared and turned into a result of being "lightly bombed".

    "Can this be ...?" Kaman immediately made a speculation immediately after feeling the strange shock. "Ability to nullify 'impact force'?" His thoughts fluttered. "But isn't this guy's ability to devour the animal's DNA to obtain some similar reinforcement? What kind of animal has this characteristic? Also, he has already been shot before and has been beaten into meat sauce. In general, how is it ... wait a minute. Is that what he pretended just now? Also, his performance of not eating, drinking, or sleeping these days, should he also show to me? "

    On the other hand, Tyrannosaurus' heart was panicking.

    He had no idea that his "dead silence" had been reactivated. In fact, he didn't know that his power was dead silence. He couldn't explain why he was recovering from dying state, and why he could suddenly open a bullet. He didn't understand why Carman punched this "no pain, no itching" punch.

    From the perspective of Tyrannosaurus, he just saw Kaman's speed far beyond his own, and then speculated that the opponent's physical skills were also far above him. Therefore, he is not too afraid to take the initiative to attack, and can only bluff. He was afraid that after going up to fight a wave of positives, he revealed his strength gap with his opponent.

    "Oh, at this level, are you embarrassed to show off?" Two seconds later, Tyrannosaurus pretended to be dismissive, and turned around intently to look at Kaman.

    "Well ..." And after thinking about it for a moment, Kaman secretly whispered, "If the impact is useless, I can only try another method."

    At this point, he was thinking again.

    [Leg restriction lift]

    [Torso restriction lift]

    As the order went on, his limbs between the mechanical and bionic materials began to change.

Chapter 23 Sleepy Fight (2)

    Kaman, who had lifted his physical restrictions, reached an exaggerated four meters. The wingspan of his arms is also more than four meters, and his long legs are more like stilts.

    The most terrible thing is that his figure does not affect his speed.

    Just in the blink of an eye, Kaman bullied Tyrannosaurus like a horrible ghost. In the case of the latter being too late to react, Kamanche called again.

    With his limbs that can be bent and deformed arbitrarily, Kaman can use all kinds of incredible lock techniques that normal people cannot use. For example, at the moment, his arms and legs have become spring-like spirals and circles around Tyrannosaurus' arms and feet.

    Although Tyrannosaurus also tried to break the restraint of the opponent with brute force, Kaman's body was transformed to be extremely strong. And Kaman can control energy to strengthen his own power, Tyrannosaurus is unable to fight.

    "He——" In an anxiety, Tyrannosaurus could only scream and use his own head to start a hammer with Kaman behind him.

    However, Kaman is not only a limb, but the trunk can also be flexed to a large extent like an invertebrate. Facing Tyrannosaurus's short-range attack, Kaman flashed easily.

    After holding it for a few seconds, Tyrannosaurus, who was completely suppressed in terms of strength, finally dispersed. Immediately afterwards, his limbs were forcibly folded back by Kaman until they were completely broken at the joints.

    Imagine that when you are eating a whole chicken, you fold the chicken wings from the chicken's body against the joints. Tyrannosaurus is experiencing this situation now.

    "I haven't met an enemy that has a high resistance to 'Impact' before ..." After the opponent's limbs were folded behind and pulled down, Kaman spoke again. "In my opinion, this is not a difficult ability to deal with, after all, there are many forms of applying force."

    At this point, he suddenly loosened his arms wrapped around Tyrannosaurus 'arms, and caught Tyrannosaurus' head again with a thunderbolt. Then he forcefully "twisted" his head.

    The idiom "Wolf Gu Zhixiang" undoubtedly has an exaggerated element. Because a person's cervical spine is turned 180 degrees without turning the body, it will definitely break. What if you turn 360 degrees or more?

    The answer is obvious. The force of the spiral tears the neck bones, muscles, and skin, eventually separating the entire head from the body. This is also called "screw off your head".

    Kaman's strategy is clear. He doesn't make more speculation about Tyrannosaurus's unclear power. He only targeted the parts that have been observed so far, namely, "rapid self-healing" and "shock invalidation". So he thought of this method.

    Twisting Tyrannosaurus' head off the body is not an attack in the form of "shock", but it can also limit its self-healing. Even if Tyrannosaurus has one head left, it will take time to grow a new body. During this time, Kaman wanted to pick his eyeballs, put gasoline in his ears and light it. He has many ways to kill Tyrannosaurus.

    Three seconds later, Tyrannosaurus' head was really twisted, accompanied by a strange sound that sounded like a cracking sound.

    At this moment, Kaman was a little bit calm, but he, such a savvy person, would not relax completely until he "doed absolutely". Before Tyrannosaurus' blood was sprayed clean, Kaman held up his opponent's head with his left hand and pulled out his right hand and pulled it towards the neck.

    As Kaman envisioned, he needed to reach into Tyrannosaurus' head and pinch his entire brain so that he could be completely at ease.

    However, at this moment, a very weird scene happened

    Kaman was surprised to find that what he was holding in his left hand, for some reason, was no longer Tyrannosaurus' head, and had become a "bomb".

    Although Carman has seen a lot of bombs, this thing in front of him, he has only seen in cartoons. Because that's a typical "cartoon bomb". Its shape is a black ball with a lead extending from one end of the ball, and the lead is still ignited at this moment.

    Peng——

    Although Kaman's right hand was received in time, the bomb exploded at the moment he hesitated.

    After the cartoon bomb exploded, a large amount of thick black smoke was generated, which reduced the surrounding visibility to zero. But the smoke came and went fast. After the smoke dispersed, Kaman found that he had not suffered any substantial damage except that he had been blown up. But Tyrannosaurus' body, which was suppressed by himself, disappeared.

    The next second, Kaman quickly looked up. He quickly found Tyrannosaurus, which was standing a few meters away, and Tyrannosaurus, whose limbs had been broken, had once again become intact.

    "What's going on?" Kaman shook, his physique didn't shed cold sweat. But he was a little panicked. "Am I wrong from beginning to end? In fact, his ability is hallucinogenic? When did I start to recruit?"

    If a person is very smart but not smart enough, it is easy to think too much.

    Kaman's panic originated from this. When he presumed Tyrannosaurus' power to be "illusion", he began to doubt everything. Theoretically, perhaps from the moment he started tracking a few days ago, he was already in an illusion. Everything that follows is likely to be false. In this way, Li Kesan and Li Si escaped from his carefully arranged mortal traps, which seemed to make sense.

    But in fact, he naturally thinks too much and thinks wrong.

    Tyrannosaurus' current ability is not to create hallucinations, but a power called "fantasy".

    In the previous round of exaggerated barrage volleys, his "dead silence" evolved into this form.

    "Fantasy" belongs to the "order disruption" ability, and its role in attack is basically negative. But in defense, this ability is arguably one of the strongest capabilities.

    "My ETF? How did I survive?" On the other hand, Tyrannosaurus' heart was in a mess at the moment. "What the hell is wrong with me? Did Li Kesan do anything to me? From the beginning, I not only became energetic and full of energy, but also had an inexplicably cheerful mood. The hunger I had accumulated before I'm thirsty and tired, and I haven't felt any pain at all, including being shot, broken limbs, and twisted my neck. Wait, shouldn't I be dreaming? "

    For Kaman, it is a great luck to meet Tyrannosaurus who is not a person with strong imagination and comprehension ability, and also has a bad personality. If a clever person with a bad personality were here, Kaman was afraid to be mad.

    "Whatever ..." Tyrannosaurus pondered for a moment, but to no avail, he stopped thinking. "Although he looks much better than me, it seems that I can't kill him now. I will go up and fight with him desperately, and I can consume him ..."

    With this in mind, Tyrannosaurus attacked and killed his opponent.

    To this day, Tyrannosaurus no longer controls the expression on his face, and he shows a warlike look, confident.

    Facing such Tyrannosaurus, Kaman once again judged ...

    "BACK!"

    Calm Kaman made an unexpected move-sending Tyrannosaurus away with his power.

    For Kaman, face is not important.

    He will never take it easy, hold on to luck, and fight a one-on-one tug-of-war with someone who can't kill himself, but who may kill himself ...

Even if he was accused of "changing the train to change the passengers of a train, sacrificing a large number of detectives, and spending a lot of money, he didn't even catch a fart" after going back, he would not make any excuse.

    Kaman is the kind of person who can decisively cut off the "sinking costs." His judgment of the present and the future will not be affected by those irreparable costs. Moreover, he tends to make the worst and most extreme plans for every situation.

    It is precisely because of his calmness and steadiness that he is able to become one of the best investigators of the federal government.

    In fact, if you think about it, the gains from his hunt are still great. Although he did not catch or kill any targets, he obtained a lot of valuable information. Anyway, there are many wanted prisoners who are now at large, and these are not inferior. While acquiring these high-end combat information, Kaman felt that he had made money.

    Two minutes later, Kaman returned to normal.

    After sorting out his clothes and thoughts a bit, Kaman adjusted his breathing, and immediately went to the doorway on the side of the carriage, raising his voice to speak. "I'm Captain Carman, and the operation is over. I'm going to open the door now, and you guys be careful not to go off fire."

    The words fell behind and he waited for a few seconds.

    A few seconds passed, and a trace of fear began to spread in his mind. Because outside the door, not only no one responded to him, and there was not even a little human voice.

    Feeling abnormal, Kaman didn't repeat the eloquence, and he directly opened the electronic door that separated the two compartments.

    As a result, what appeared behind the door was a corpse, and a man standing in the aisle, smoking a cigarette in silence.

    Today's Jack is still wearing a black suit. The noticeable scar on his face did not destroy his elegant, deep temperament when he smoked.

    "You killed so many people silently so close to me. And, except for the soles of your shoes, you didn't even get a drop of blood on your body ..." Carman stared at the deadly face with that Man, coldly said, "Oh ... this style is worthy of being called a" killer "man."

    Kaman's "praise" is actually a demonstration, which means that-I know who you are, but I'm not afraid of you.

   But Jack didn't react much. He just smoked and replied absently. "You have something to tell him, I'm not interested in chatting with you."

    Carman heard that he suddenly turned around and found out that within a few seconds of his confrontation with Jack, the door on the other side of the carriage had already opened. There is no doubt that the federal agents on that side have also died.

    And the "he" in Jack's mouth had already come to the place about five meters behind Kaman at this time.

    It was a smiling young man, a face that Carman didn't know.

    "So" In order to give himself more time to analyze the situation, Kaman said slowly, deliberately slowing down. "You two are also Tyrannosaurus' companions?"

    Berlin did not answer such stupid questions, but answered. "The praying mantis catches cicadas, and the carduelis is behind, probably describing the situation now."

    "Oh?" Kaman said. "Do you mean the two of you are actually coming at me?"

    "The day Tyrannosaurus arrived in Cairo, at the time and place where he met Li Kesan, there was a security officer nearby. Do you think this is just a coincidence?" Berlin responded to the other question with a question.

    Kaman didn't speak, but began to look back on these days with his investigative intelligence in his possession and thought eagerly.

    "Not many people are eligible to be sent to investigate the death of the security officer. You are one of them. But you are not the one I thought I would come at first." . "I originally thought that the guy who came would be able to easily kill him only on the express." So I ended the game early, but unfortunately it was you. To be honest, to kill you, everywhere Yes, but forget it. Anyway, our schedule is also arranged, and you are one of the people who must be removed, so ... "

    "BACK!" Kaman didn't listen to him, because Kaman had already guessed who the "person who could be easily killed only on the express" was. If he did have the power to kill that person, then Kaman would definitely not have any advantage in the confrontation. So Carman decisively used "BACK" on Berlin and Jack.

    The two disappeared suddenly the moment he used his power, but ...

    "I already told you ..." Two seconds later, Berlin's voice sounded again. Only this time, his figure appeared on the second floor of this car. "I've already laid the game." When I learned that it was you who were "fished" by Tyrannosaurus, I had enough time to prepare for your ability. "

    Not only Berlin, but Jack also appeared on the second floor of this carriage. He stood next to Berlin, looking at Kaman on the first floor together.

    "You were on this express at this time yesterday." Kaman's mind was not slow, and he immediately understood the meaning of the other person's words.

    "Yeah," Berlin answered. "I think you know very well that this limited express runs back and forth every day. The departure and travel times are fixed. The trip from Istanbul to Paris yesterday was on time. The same thing we bought at the time Tickets for this parking compartment. Well ... today, thanks to you, it will start at the same time, not less than a second. Then we will be here after you've been 'BACK'. "

    "It seems that you know my capabilities well ..." Kaman knew that the situation wasn't great, but he still tried his best to think about how to leave.

    "Just knowing that you can't use BACK to the same person twice in 24 hours, and you can't use it on yourself." Berlin shrugged, showing an expression of "sorry" without sincerity. "All in all, I'm sorry, Mr. Carman, I can't let you go back alive to report the gains from this operation."

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Chapter 24 Terrible Conspiracy

    Kaman and hundreds of federal agents died the next day in a small town in Turkey.

    At three o'clock in the afternoon, in a hotel's cafeteria, Stephenson, dressed elegantly and like a young man, came to Li Kesan.

    "Can I sit down?" Stephenson had already pulled the chair opposite Li Kesan when he asked the question. Obviously, he was just being polite.

    "Are you the little kid named Stephenson?" Li Kesan didn't say the nonsense of "sit down", but looked at each other's face as Stephenson sat down and asked.

    "Exactly." Stephenson sat down and raised Erlang's legs.

    "What's the matter?" Li Kesan had a basic understanding of the situation of the members of the Anti-Cross. Because the boss Tianyi commanded, Li Kesan and the organization can not keep any secrets. So whatever Li Kesan wants to know, as long as he asks, Li Si will answer.

    "Come to exchange some information," Stephenson said.

    "What else?" Li Kesan asked knowingly.

    If it's just "exchanging information," just call or send a message. He doesn't need to send someone personally.

    "The other thing is to tell you something that is not convenient to communicate through communication equipment." Stephenson replied.

    "What's inconvenient? Just ask Li Si to help erase the data traces that the communication may leave." Li Kesan reiterated.

    Unexpectedly, Stephenson's next sentence was. "How much do you know about Li Si?"

    Hearing that Li Kesan's expression changed slightly. "What do you mean? Do you want to say he is undercover?"

    "I didn't say that," Stephenson laughed.

    Li Kesan drank the juice on the table, thought for a few seconds, and said again. "I have known Li Si for some years, and it was introduced by Tianyi at first. If he is undercover, I hope you can tell me clearly."

    "Li Si isn't undercover," Stephenson replied, after a second, he took another sentence. "Li Si is not Li Si at all."

    "Speak clearly." Li Kesan motioned to the other party to explain clearly.

    Stephenson shrugged and answered. "Li Si's real name is Hancheng. He is the only son of Paul, and it is the only weakness of Paul."

    Li Kesan listened, thought, thought. "I said why this kid's name is so casual. However, there are still some places that can't be explained." He questioned again. "Even if Li Si's rebellious period lasts a little longer, he is forced to stay in an organization that is hostile to his father. His Lao Tzu is not the kind who will be allowed to be held in the hands of others. Ah. "He paused. "Moreover, these two are father and son anyway, are you really sure he is not undercover?"

    "OK," Stephenson replied. "Because Paul didn't know that Li Si was Hancheng, even Li Si himself didn't know he was Hancheng."

    As soon as this remark was made, Li Kesan reacted for a few seconds, bypassing. "You asked 'Drifter' to change his memory?"

    "It's not 'us', it's the boss alone," Stephenson said. "I was a kid when this happened, and Li Si was only a teenager."

    "He didn't need protection for decades, but now he wants to protect ..." Li Kesan replied. "So, something will happen in the next few weeks."

    Stephenson said in a light tone. "Have you read the newspaper this morning?"

    "I don't watch the news," Li Kesan replied.

    Stephenson drew a morning paper from his arms and took the front page headline up to the table in front of Li Kesan.

    Li Kesan just glanced and saw a large, magnificent EFF propaganda photo, and the big line in the title-the war on terror may usher in victory by the end of this month.

    "Where's the fun? 'Counter-terrorism'?" Li Kesan asked.

    "Interesting ..." Stephenson replied. "They are releasing such press releases while they are withdrawing from the front."

    Li Kesan didn't ask where the "withdrawal" information came from, but immediately made a speculation. "Why? They want to use nuclear weapons?"

    "That's the worst assumption, but it's not impossible," Stephenson replied. "From the information we have at present, they are most likely to be preparing to launch a batch of 30,000-pound super-large air explosive bombs into the occupation area of ​​the Resistance and surrounding counties."

    "Ha?" Li Kesan. "Just bombing the occupied area, what are they going to bomb other cities around?"

    "Hiding your eyes and ears," Stephenson said.

    "Oh?" Li Kesan said again. "And, if they did that, how would they suppress the public opinion that followed?"

    "'Very rebellious armed forces fired all weapons of mass destruction in the arsenal of arsenals when they were defeated, which ultimately resulted in the sacrifice of a large number of frontline soldiers and the deaths of countless civilians." Stephenson also said He made a quoted gesture. "At this moment, something like this tuned press release is already being written by the federal side. By the day of their actual action, within 20 minutes after the bombing, such reports will be spread all over the world The media. And the words are sharp, well-prepared, true-to-heart, strong evidence ... "

    "Hmm ..." Li Kesan groaned following Stephenson's thoughts. "That's the case. In this way, even if the rebel group later issued a statement denying that the people had already been prejudiced by the news of the thief's yelling and catching the thief released by the federal government. The loss of the public opinion level was almost irreparable. In addition, they bombed not only the occupation area of ​​the Resistance, but also their own surrounding areas, which greatly increased the authenticity of this statement. "

    "Whether the rebels made a statement is still unknown," Stephenson said again. "As far as I know, several organizations have shifted their leadership from secret strongholds to the occupied territories. On the one hand, they are doing propaganda and trying to get more ordinary people to join. On the other hand, they are Efficiently conduct the command of the war. Oh ... imagine, if even these high-ranking personnel of the Resistance were also killed, who else would help them speak out? "

    "Wait." Li Kesan wondered again, wondering. "Did such a large-scale war and the retreat not get any news from the rebels?"

    "What about the wind they got?" Stephenson said. "The troops withdrawn by the Commonwealth are only a small number of elites and families. In terms of materials, they have recovered some important high-end combat weapons, and the remaining half of the ground troops are still stationed on the front. From the perspective of the Resistance, this This is a normal occurrence. This is a signal that the war has entered a stable period. They also don't have the intelligence capabilities like ours. How can they know that the federal government is going to carry out the kind of desperate bombing. "

    "Oh ..." Li Kesan laughed and sneered when he heard this. "I'm listening to the seemingly nasty guy on the federal side."

"That's right," Stephenson said. "The reason why this 'war' lasted for more than a month was because 'he' wanted to catch more fish and come on the hook. After this battle, the rebels were bound to lose their vitality, and the EFF lost only the most. Ordinary soldiers. The true elite strength was not lost. Relying on the advantages of public opinion war, the Federation will soon be able to recover the lost troops from the conscription. And more than 90% of the recruits enlisted are due to the bombing incident. Only hatred joined them, and they did not share the resistance with the Resistance. "

    "What about the attitude against the cross?" Li Kesan said. "Don't they plan to watch this happen in silence?"

    "Oh ..." Stephenson smiled again. "Mr. Li must have played chess? When you play chess, you have to advance the opponent a few steps in order to win."

    "I see." Li Kesan has understood the meaning of this sentence, so don't listen to more specific. "Anyway, those 'discarded pawns' are not yours."

    Stephenson didn't answer the words, but the words turned around. "Speaking of chess pieces, how is Tyrannosaurus now?"

    Li Kesan took another sip of juice and replied. "He's fine, he's full, he's asleep in the room, and he's been sleeping for more than ten hours." He paused for a second and then said. "Because Kaman used his abilities before his death, he returned to the state he was a day ago, and his new awakening ability is also gone. Yesterday I asked him in detail about the battle process, and basically determined that 'Dead Silence' was awaiting activation ... so he does n’t have to go on a hunger strike anymore, just wait for the next chance to activate. "

    "Oh?" Stephenson raised an eyebrow. "Well, isn't he becoming 'easy to use' now?"

    "He is very useful. But he is too stupid, he still has to continue to learn something with me for a while," Li Kesan said. "If you take him out and use it now, even if he awakens a super power, he will repeat the same mistakes-he can only exert a small part of his power and waste his talents."

    "It's okay, we didn't plan to use him now, I just talk about it," Stephenson said. "In short, in the weeks to come,‘ Li Si ’and Tyrannosaurus have to rely on you before the federal bombing operation ends.

Epic

    A mansion in Crystal County.

    Every morning, Muhammad would sit in his spacious living room, eat a hot breakfast, and serve it with a pot of freshly brewed green tea. Today is no exception.

    Because he likes to listen to some music during breakfast, there is a set of speakers near the wall opposite his table. A set is so expensive that people can't help but confirm two or three times after hearing the price.

    Like it was said in a movie. "Standing in front of such a device, if you close your eyes, you will think that someone is really playing or singing in front of you."

    Today, Mohammed is playing the first set of Bach's unaccompanied cello in G major, one of his favorites.

    This was a sign of his good mood.

    With the flow of music, he even closed his eyes several times, raised his chopsticks and waved gently, showing his intoxicated face.

    However, at this moment, at the junction of Eurasia, there are countless creatures dancing in the hell of blood and fire.

    A tragedy that was later called "The Flame of the Iron Curtain" was staged this morning.

    Since the "Tian City Destruction" incident more than 100 years ago, humankind has not experienced war damage of this scale for more than a century. For the vast majority of people living in this era. "One day, a flash of light and a sea of ​​hot air suddenly appeared, taking away your life and everything around you." Such things are something they will never imagine.

    Therefore, when this injury comes without warning, they will be particularly shocked, helpless, sad, angry ...

    But at the time, no one knew who was responsible for the large-scale indiscriminate bombing of several counties. Already, the public believed that this was a brutality of the Resistance by the Federation's prepared propaganda offensive.

    Di——Di——

    As Muhammad enjoyed music, food, and "victory," his tablet on the table suddenly rang.

    Upon hearing this, he glanced at the screen and found that an unregistered strange number had sent a video communication request to himself. He hesitated a little, he still stood the tablet and clicked the "connect" button.

    "Do you know me?" Berlin didn't politely talk to the other party, and he asked such a question as soon as the picture came out.

    "Of course I know you, are you Berlin?" Muhammad responded with his unusual hoarse voice and calm tone. "Now you're in control of the inverse cross, right?"

    Berlin did not answer this question, but asked it back. "Is it the leader of the tea party now?"

    Muhammad understood what the other party meant. "The tea banquet has always been dominated by a member code-named 'Dragon Well', which you should know."

    Berlin shrugged. "There hasn't been any real leadership in the cross, and you should know that."

    "So ..." Muhammad sneered. "Oh, then you don't seem to be qualified to chat with me." Then, he picked up the chopsticks that he had just put down, choked on the table, and was ready to eat.

    "Every time I hear the word 'eligibility' out of a cheap person like you, I get a dollar, and I'm definitely a millionaire now." Berlin Road.

    "Pay attention to your wording, young man." Muhammad was scolded and was not angry, but just put the food in his mouth leisurely and stunned for a few seconds with a satisfied look.

    "I'm using the wording to describe the obvious facts, and that's not wrong." Berlin answered with a smile. "You are sitting there, eating Chinese breakfast, drinking fine tea, and playing unsuitable music to be elegant. This is not trivial. Your chopsticks are too far forward, not even the midline, This is called the poor phase. When you align the chopsticks, you stab the table. This is vulgar. When you eat, you like to put it in your mouth for a few seconds. This is called sour. You have committed so many taboos and do n’t know it. It's called ignorance. You take the name of "Longjing" and take it for granted that you take it for granted. This is called arrogance. You have done a bit of a thief's trick to catch a thief and you think you are exquisite, and you're done. Failing to show due respect and awe when talking to Uncle Ben who is a member of the Anti-Cross, this is called death ... "

    "To sum up, you, a sour, vulgar, ignorant, arrogant, nondescript stupid, think that I need the so-called 'qualification' to talk to you. This is called low-quality."

    When Berlin was saying this, Muhammad froze and his face became unsightly.

    Muhammad had never been scolded like this in his life, and he couldn't find a point to refute.

    "Now you listen well, I came to contact you today, just to tell you two things." Berlin answered without waiting for him to answer. "First, you don't think that what you did is the end of troubled times. On the contrary, that's just the first act of this big show."

    He paused and answered. "The second thing ..." Berlin suddenly showed a malicious smile. "Do you think the person who made this song at the moment is the Bach who made it? Or the musician who played it?"

    "What do you mean?" Muhammad did not respond directly to the question, which sounded like a trap.

    "I mean if 'tea feast' is a song, I hope you can play more carefully." Berlin laughed. "So, when Bach comes to slapped you, you can at least use‘ best effort ’to justify yourself.”

    Mohammed looked at Berlin for a few seconds, and really didn't figure out the other side of the string. So he replied, "I don't know what it means."

    "You don't need to understand my words right now. If you really understand what I mean, it will make things a lot less fun," Berlin replied. "In short, these two things I want to tell you. I hope you can cheer up and don't rush to celebrate the victory that only exists in your imagination. Because the game of inverse cross, tea feast and the federation only just began."

Chapter 1: The Killer's Covenant

 Late April, London.

 Early morning in the park, mist.

 In this humid air, there are still many people running, exercising, feeding pigeons and walking dogs.

 Mike.Peterson took a steady step, like an ordinary passerby, slowly came to a bench on the side of the road and sat down. He shook open a Times newspaper and watched silently.

 Two minutes later, an old man came to him and asked him very politely. "Can I sit here?"

 The old man had very white hair, sunglasses, a guide stick in his hand, and a guide dog. He looked so amiable.

 However, Mike's response to him was: "No." He said these three words in a cold tone, and then added again. "I want to talk to a more professional person, not a second-class person like you. Of course, if you are already the most professional person in your organization, then I can only give up."

 The old man heard a change of expression. After a few seconds, he gave a smile. "Oh ... deserves to be the" god of killing. "But just because you see through my disguise, you say that I am a second-rate person. This is too arbitrary."

 Two seconds later, Mike spoke in a slightly helpless tone. "First of all, as a blind person or an elderly person, your stride and posture are wrong when you walk."

 "Second, very few people have neither electronic prosthetics nor optic nerve repair after blindness. These people choose this for only two reasons. First, they are very, very poor. Second, their optic nerve is completely destroyed and Necrosis can't be repaired for years. "

 "And you, wearing expensive clothes, holding the latest model of electronic guide sticks, intact eyeballs in the eye sockets, and holding a purebred dog enough to participate in the Westminster competition ..." "

 "This is no longer a question of you pretending to be good enough, but you are exposing your intelligence, so ..."

 He didn't say everything, but just shook the newspaper again and raised his leg, which meant-"Brother, you can go now, don't take it any further."

 "Huh ..." Unexpectedly, the other party did not mean to leave. Instead of leaving, he took off his sunglasses, beautiful pupils, and wigs, and looked at Mike sneer. "Well, I did walk on pretending to be blind. It doesn't matter if you see through it. But if you think you are smarter than me, I don't think so."

 "Oh? Where does your self-confidence come from?" Mike still didn't look straight at him, but just calmly answered. "Just by the dozens of third-rate figures around you who are not as good as you?"

 He said that the sneer of the false blind solidified on his face.

 "Don't talk nonsense!" Finally, the other side became irritated. "Even if you pretend to be relaxed, you cannot hide the fact that you did not see us in the first place!"

 While he drank this sentence aloud, with the bench on which Mike was seated as the center, everyone in the area within easy reach-whether it was a morning run, ice cream seller, pigeon feeder, The stroller, pushing the stroller, all stopped, and turned to look at Mike.

 Obviously, none of these "passers" are real passers-by. They were all disguised by members of the same organization as the false blind. After receiving the signal, they took out the firearms they had hidden from the nearest place and quickly surrounded Mike.

 "If I saw through the entire park that you were all from the beginning, I wouldn't have walked into this encirclement. You understand that, right?" Mike seemed like nothing had happened, but still calm Talk to each other in tone.

 "Isn't it?" The false blind asked in confidence.

 "So have you ever thought of such a possibility ..." This second, Mike finally put down the newspaper in his hand and looked up at the other person. "I did know from the beginning that the entire park had been controlled by you, and I also knew that at this moment in the high-rises of several residential buildings near the park, your snipers you had inserted were aiming at me ..."

 When he said about the sniper, the false blind was shocked again. But in order to prevent this from being a fraud, the expression on his face remained unchanged.

 "But ..." Mike's words continued. "I didn't take you as a threat at all, so I was alone and walked in without weapons."

 "Oh ..." The false blind smiled again. "Is this a lie to me or to yourself?"

 "Whenever your mood fluctuates, you will smirk. I think you'd better change your habit, otherwise I'm afraid you won't live too long." Mike didn't respond to the other side's question, but continued. "In addition, I have never lied to you from beginning to end ..."

 "According to previous communication, we agreed that it would be me, the 'representative of the inverse cross', and your 'killer union's representative', both of whom would meet in public places without weapons. I followed every agreement One, and you have violated almost every one. "

 "Who is a liar, this is obvious."

 "However, you haven't exceeded the limit of my tolerance for the time being. So I ask you two questions now, and you better think clearly. If you can't answer, go to someone who can answer me.

 "First, have you sincerely talked to us about cooperation?"

 "Second, haven't you taken us seriously?"

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Chapter 2 Dating

It's also late April, North America, Las Vegas.

 The city is like a fashionable girl in an improper industry. She always wakes up at night. People often date her for a weekend and then leave in a hurry, maybe they never see each other again in this life.

 Since the twentieth century, this has been inseparable from the word "gambling". The "impression" of the casino and the imprints tied to gambling have been deeply embedded in this land. The air here seems to be filled with alcohol, and all the light here seems to be neon. And what you see, hear, and feel here is more or less unrealistic.

 Tonight, the two men walked into the gate of Las Vegas' largest casino, Gao Tianyuan.

 One of them is Wu Shang, who is called "bad guy" in the gambling world, and the other is "Veteran".

 In Las Vegas, even if you dress up as Elvis on the street, no one will make a fuss, so the two people who wear more ordinary clothes did not attract anyone's attention at first.

 However, twenty minutes after they changed their chips, someone in the casino's surveillance room noticed them.

 "Mr. Carson, you'd better come and see this." A very forty-year-old, very experienced casino surveillance officer said as he was very skilled at cutting the real-time image captured by a camera to the surveillance room. On the home screen.

 The man named Carson, after hearing his words, quickly dropped the chocolate in his hand, got up from the sofa on the back, and came forward.

 Carson is the on-site director of Gao Tianyuan and the actual operator of this casino. Nearly fifty years old, he looks fat and plain. His round face looked kind to him for a long time. However, under his intentionally accumulated fat armor, he was actually full of lean muscles. He himself is also a very experienced combatant. He is lighthearted because of his appearance, but he has to pay a price.

 "Is that the kid playing the dice?" Carson just stared at the screen for two seconds and locked Wu Shang among several people.

 "Craps, about twenty minutes, continuous" fool's note ", did not step off the stage, the guy next to him who looked like a bodyguard was all hit like him." In the next second, the monitor did not have a nonsense. He was very skilful and efficient in reporting some information that his boss might need.

 "About boxman (the host of the dice game, who is responsible for monitoring the dealer and the entire game) and stickman (he is mainly responsible for the recovery, distribution, and inspection of the dice for damage, replacement, or marking). Any feedback? "Carson asked.

 "No." The surveillance officer shook his head slightly. "I can't see where there is a problem, but they just keep winning."

 "Have you checked the blacklist?" Carson said again.

 "We have retrieved them, and neither of them is on the list," the monitors replied. "Everyone at the same table as me, I also made facial recognition comparisons through cameras from all angles, and there was no problem."

 As soon as he said this, Carson looked up slightly and took a deep breath.

 After exhaling that breath, he turned and walked towards the door, leaving a sentence before going out. "I go out for a while."

 Ten minutes later, there was a room on the ground floor of the casino.

 Just now, Carson came to the lobby in person, politely "please" Wu Shang and Hasson off the gaming table and brought them here.

 There are several "dark rooms" like this in almost all major casinos. Similarly, almost all major casinos will have a "person in charge" like Carson.

 Carson's job is to distinguish those "bad gamblers" from the crowd. Then he "invited" them to play in this dark room once, until they admitted cheating, returned the stake, and promised never to come to this casino again.

 This is a rule, no one cares, neither does federal law enforcement. Even if someone was beaten to death in this room, or even killed alive, there was no problem, just a little trouble.

 No matter how the giants of the gaming industry use capital to whitewash and publicize their industry, the nature of gambling will not change, and the darkness that accompanies it will never be washed away.

 Of course, Carson is not the kind of principleless, innocent sadist. These casino "persons" also have their own rules. Only when the gambler's tricks are really revealed, they can use force, not that they will kill anyone who wins the casino money ...

 In fact, this "rule" in the gambling world is sometimes more binding than the law.

 This dark room uses a metal, rather thick, traditional hinged door instead of an electronic door. When Carson closed it, the old door shaft made a tingling noise.

 "Two ..." After closing the door, Carson turned to look at Wu Shang and Hasson, Shen Sheng said. "Why do you guys come here? I don't think I need to explain more?"

 "You better explain it, we are busy anyway." Wu Shang shrugged back.

 At this moment, Wu Shang put on his rogue appearance again, which is also his usual blind-eye method.

 Carson licked his lips, showing a helpless expression. He pulled a piece of chocolate from his suit pocket in a move that seemed to be a gun, and peeled off the wrapping paper and took a bite. "To be honest, I admire you ..." He paused, swallowed his mouth, and said again. "I have been in this industry for many years. Apart from‘ Star County Gambler ’Hopkins, you are still the first person to cheat in front of me without revealing anything.”

 "Well, pay attention to the words." Wu Shang raised his right hand and set his index finger. "Since you can't see the problem, there is no 'cheating'. You can only think that I am lucky or admit that you are a fool."

 "Personally, I can admit that I am not strong enough." Carson was not challenged, and he responded calmly. "But I also have my duties, so ... it's better for everyone to take a step back ..." He didn't plan to spend too much time with them, so he made the offer quite simply. "How much you have won so far is how much. You can leave with this money, I will not embarrass you, but you will not come again in the future."

 "Oh?" Wu Shang smiled. "Oh ... what is this? Why don't I know that there are such" rules "?"

 He certainly knows the rules.

 Indeed, according to the "rules", as long as the loser can not see through his opponent's cheating methods, he can only admit defeat. If they use force to compel their opponents to make concessions, and the news is spread, it will be ridiculed by their peers. And no one in this industry will admit you or tell you the rules.

 But this is only "in general", in fact, there are people who violate the rules. "Reversing black and white" and "killing the mouth" are commonplace in the gambling world. Therefore, it is also important to "ensure that you can take the money away alive".

 Right now, Wu Shang has Hasson's backing in force, and is not afraid of the opponent's means, according to the rules will definitely be beneficial to him.

 "Young man ..." Carson knew that the opposite was also an expert, so he didn't act lightly and was very patient. "After all, everyone is asking for money, there is no deep hatred, how much do you want to make a price."

Carson is a very clear-minded person. The core of bargaining is to test the needs and bottom line of opponents. Since they come to do things in the casino, it is nothing more than asking for money. The price is negotiable. If it is within the acceptable range, as the person in charge of the scene, he is fully authorized to give money without asking anyone . (For people like him, 100 million RMB is also acceptable ...)

Even if Carson really spent 100 million to invite these two people today, the casino owner will never hold him accountable afterwards, because they never doubt the people they choose, which is also the rule of the industry. If you look at everyone like Nei Ying, then this casino can't be opened.

 "We're going to meet your boss and talk." Unexpectedly, Wu Shang made a request that had nothing to do with money.

 When he heard this, Carson's eyes fluttered and his heart tightened. In order to calm himself down and fight for a few seconds to think, he took another bite of chocolate to startle.

 "Did you get it wrong?" Carson replied after taking another sip of chocolate. "Mr. Nakamura has a lot of industries around the world, this casino is just one of them. He has not been here for a long time, and he rarely asks for jobs here. If you want to see him, call 'Izumo Group' 'Business cooperation phone, then make an appointment to find ...'

 "Stop that nonsense." Hasson, who hadn't spoken at the moment, interrupted, interrupting Carson. "You know in your heart that what we are going to meet is not the unnamed puppet, but your 'true boss'."

 As those five words landed, Carson's expression grew colder.

 This time, he didn't think about it any more, but took a few steps in silence and looked up at the monitoring probe in the corner of the ceiling.

 In just five seconds, the door of the dark room was opened again. Immediately, a dozen burly men in suits rushed in, and arranged in a fan-shaped queue to surround Wu Shang and Hasson.

 "I'll just ask once" After the suit men are in place, Carson speaks again, telling Wu Shang them. "Who are you? Who asked you to come? What the hell are you doing?"

 Seeing this, Wu Shang stepped back to the wall in three steps and two steps. Hasson, on the other hand, stepped forward to take on the challenge and replied coldly. "Cross the cross, find something with your 'Princess' to discuss."

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Chapter 3The Feast of the Four Murderers

In late April, Long County, a suburb of Yingtan City.

 In the evening, Ma Luo and Li Han walked into a humble farmhouse.

 After passing through the courtyard, Ma Luo didn't even knock on the door, and pushed into the house, followed by Li Han.

 When they came inside, two people were already there. The two were sitting on a square table with a lot of food on it, and the plates on which the dishes were stacked were stacked in layers, piled like pyramids. And the two have already eaten.

 "Oh, here it is." The man facing the door was as strong as a hill. Visually, he stood up more than two meters, with two arms thicker than the average person's thigh. The moment he saw Qiongqi, he just raised his eyes a little, greeted him casually, and then went on eating.

 The thin man next to him was too lazy to greet him, only glanced at Ma Luo, then turned his head.

 In this regard, Ma Luo does not seem to care much. He just came forward silently, came to the table and sat down, took up chopsticks ...

 Instead, Li Han, who was ignored by them all the time, looked very nervous.

 A strange and awkward atmosphere quietly spread inside the house ...

 Not long after, the door to the kitchen opened at the other end of the room, and a woman came out with two dishes.

 This is an impressive woman, not because of how beautiful she is, but because of her temperament.

 She had flaming, slightly messy long hair, and a pair of red eyes. With a pair of sword eyebrows on her forehead and an erect nose bridge, her face looked very heroic. And the good looks and fair skin gave her a touch of feminine beauty.

 Although she is undoubtedly a yellow race in terms of appearance, her body frame is closer to European and American women. The 180-centimeter figure and uneven body curve are very eye-catching no matter where she goes.

 However, when such a great beauty appeared, Li Hanming showed a look of fear. He stepped back a few steps towards the gate, as if he were ready to turn around and run away.

 "San brother, this is what you did wrong." When the red-haired woman stacked the vegetables on the table and sat down, she said to Ma Luo in a rather "market" tone. "You said you were going to get together. The brothers came all over the world without saying a word. I thought we could have a good drink and chat, but I didn't expect you to bring an unrelated person ..." She paused pause. "And he is a Taoist."

 "Yeah, you have to bring some individual to say that it is a snack on the road, then we will believe it." The strong man also said in a joke tone at this time. "But the kid ..." He said here, giving Li Han a sideways glance. "He seems to be a bit capable" Then he looked at Ma Luo again. "Don't you want him to 'clean up' us?"

boom--

 The two voices didn't fall, and the slender man stood on the table as if to walk towards Li Han.

 And Li Han has also put his hand into the pocket on the inside of the clothes to grab something.

at this time……

 "Okay!" Ma Luo sang at the slender man. "Second Brother, sit down first."

 The slender man heard that he didn't sit down, but didn't move forward any more.

 "Budget." The strong man also made a sound at this time, and winked at the slender man.

 Hearing his words, the latter sat back.

 "Big Brother, Second Brother, and Four Sisters" Although Ma Luo is in his twenties, he is very experienced and talkative at the moment. "I left without saying goodbye. It was my impulse and thoughtlessness. Here I will punish myself for a cup of punishment."

 "Well! Wait a moment." At this moment, Li Han, who had not spoken, interrupted. "Children can't drink."

 His words successfully attracted the attention of the four people at the table, and caused the four people to turn their faces and look at him together.

 "Ha ha ha ha ..." A few seconds later, the strong man laughed and pointed at Ma Luo to Li Han. "Little priest, do you know how old he is? Who is the kid here, don't you know?"

 "Regardless of how old he is, he is now a child," Li Han replied. "Even if you are Conan, do you have to go to elementary school?"

 "Oh ..." The red-haired woman also laughed at him. "It seems to make sense, too."

 "Hey ~ Do you really treat you as my guardian?" This time, Ma Luo patted the table. Although he stood up about the same height as sitting on a stool. "Don't go too far. What would I drink without drinking?"

 Unexpectedly, Li Han blurted out: "The bowl of fried noodles is enough."

 "Don't say it! If you say anything else, I've eaten you!" Ma Luo was about to bite back then.

 "Okay, are you two finished?" The brawny man with almost no mouth on his mouth finally stopped chopsticks, said. "Boss, why did you come to us for something?"

 Ma Luo poked his lips, looked at Li Han for two seconds, then turned around again, toward the three. "Then let me introduce ..." He raised his hands and pointed at the strong man, the thin man and the red-haired woman, respectively. "This is my older brother Chi You, second brother Xu Ran, and fourth sister Di Xin."

 In fact, without his introduction, Li Han knew the identities of the three.

 Since the "Gate of the Underworld" was sealed under Nine Prisons, Li Han's conduct has greatly improved. Nowadays, he can see these "prototypes" without practice-the one called Chi You is "饕餮", Xu Ran is "梼杌", and Di Xin is "chaos".

 As for the food on their tables, the meat used in the dishes is not only animal but also human ...

 When Li Han first entered the house, he felt nervous because it was just an ordinary farmhouse scene in the eyes of ordinary people, but a bad feast in his eyes.

 Even now, he is still talking to these people in a position where he can get out of the door at any time.

 "And this one I brought ..." On the other side, Ma Luo's introduction was not over. "It is the descendant of Hemingshan Zhengtong, Li Han-Li Daochang."

 "Oh?" Chi You was happy again when he heard this. "He Taoist priest, what is it to come to the boundary of Longhu Mountain? Is he going to find a companion?"

 "He is in the tourism industry, not my counterpart." Li Han shrugged back.

 "Ha! You're not the only one driving a taxi?" Ma Luo finally found a slot and quickly taunted.

 "I will go with Ma Luo this time for two reasons ..." But Li Han ignored him and just told them to Chi You. "One of them is that it ’s a little noticeable for a child to do long-distance travel alone. It ’s inconvenient whether he ’s buying a ticket or staying at a hotel. It ’s much easier for me to take it with him. Dragon Tiger Mountain is on a mission, and this matter needs your help, so Ma Luo asked you to come out. "

 As soon as this remark was made, Chi You's expression changed immediately, Di xin deliberately remained calm, Xu Ran continued to look demented.

 "Mission?" Chi You repeated these two words and looked at Ma Luo again. "How? You have become someone else's servant? And you begged us to help you with outsiders?"

 "That ..." Ma Luo scratched his nose and replied a little depressingly. "In fact, it can't be said to be an outsider." He paused for a half second, his tone changed slightly. "You should know 'narrator', right?"

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Chapter 4 Feast of the Loser

Even though the prison door behind him had been opened straight, Martinez was still lying on the bed, without moving.

 He doesn't need to move.

 With only one hand, Kai Jiu lifted the man who was already thinner than a hundred pounds and dragged him out of the cell.

 This is the first time Martinez has left the room since his imprisonment, and the last time he saw the world outside this cell, was four months ago, in the jungles of South America ...

 That day, "Gun ghost" and Kai Jiu raided their camp. Because "Mao Feng" went out with "Road Exploration" with Professor Rodrigo, only Mandy was left in the camp. And she is certainly not the opponent of Kai Jiu and the Gunslinger.

 As a result, Mandy and Martinez were captured by the inverse and held for more than four months.

until today.

scold--

 With the sound of the electronic door opening, Kai Jiu went into a conference room.

 He came to the conference table and "dumped" Martinez onto a chair, as if he was throwing a broken pocket.

 Martinez did not resist from beginning to end, but groaned a bit when he hit the chair.

 "What's wrong with him?" Mandy, sitting next to him, saw that and asked casually.

 "He's doing it for himself." Kai Jiu answered these words coldly, then turned and left the conference room.

 After about a minute, the meeting room door opened again. Berlin came in with a cup of coffee, took a brisk step, and sat down at the seat of the conference table.

 After putting down the extra-large paper cup on his hand, he glanced at the six people already seated around the conference table, and then spoke. "In order to save time, no matter if you have met outside before, let me introduce the members here today one by one."

 He paused for a second before starting from his right-hand side and introducing it counterclockwise. "This is Nine Prison ... Oh no ... 'One of the former detainees of Nine Prison,' Nest Demon ', Heinrich von Belle."

 His "former" word was accented because Jiujin is no longer there.

 "This is his colleague, also the former deputy prison director, Chief Sophie Clermont, known as 'Aphrodite'." Berlin did not give them the opportunity to speak, but introduced them one by one Go on. "The next one is a member of the 'former' tea party and a famous explorer, Professor Rodrigo."

 Speaking of which, he paused and looked at a white man in his forties about the last forty.

 "Then this, the 'former' deputy commander-in-chief of the Alliance, Pavel Zaitsev, and he also has another identity, the undercover agent from the Federation, Prato."

 When this sentence was exported, except for Berlin and Martinez, the faces of the entire table changed a bit. After all, the content of this sentence was extraordinary.

 No one can imagine that the deputy commander of the "Iron Alliance", one of the most powerful resistance organizations in the world, would be a federal agent. If what Berlin is saying is true, then many of the actions of the Federation in these years will become terrifying.

 "And then ... this one ..." Berlin counted to the left. "As you can see, this waste lying paralyzed on the seat, looking unshaven for a few months, and looking away is the 'South American Emperor' who disappeared a few months ago, Son Martinez.

 Speaking of which, Berlin turned her attention to the beauty on her left, the last person to be introduced. "The last one is Ms. Mandy, who is known as 'Datura'."

 Berlin mentioned himself after all six identities had been reported. "And me ... my name is Berlin and today I'm going to discuss something with you on behalf of the Cross."

 "Before it officially begins ..." Prato interjected before Berlin's voice fell. "I have to ask ..." He glanced at Martinez. "What the hell is wrong with that guy? And is he really capable of knowing that he is participating in a discussion?"

 "Relax, he's awake." Berlin said, taking a sip of coffee and answering slowly. "I have been giving him a medicine called" velvet "for the past four months. The formula of this medicine was bought by a Martinez family pharmacist at a high price. The ingredients are exactly the 'tobacco' that Martinez's family grows. "

 "As for its main purpose, it is used to control women who have been arrested or abducted by the Martinez family to force them to engage in a particular industry."

 "Those girls will be injected with the drug within hours of being caught, and then they will become as paralyzed as Martinez at the moment. Although their consciousness is still awake, but The whole body will feel like feathers flutter, and their brains will not be able to effectively drive the body to act. "

 "These people will not be able to do normal activities, such as eating, going to the toilet, etc., until the efficacy has passed."

 "But it won't be long before the 'addiction' comes. At this time, if you don't take the medicine again, the unique withdrawal response of 'velvet' will appear-the addict will have the illusion that the body is 'heavier and heavier' .Every hair, every hair, every drop of blood in your body, every bone in your body will become a weight that can press you all into a meat sauce, pulling you towards some kind of There is no abyss. And there is nothing you can do about it, with only great fear and pain. "

 After listening to him, the sympathy of Martinez to the others disappeared, and they all showed their disdain.

 "So ..." Prato answered after a few more seconds. "Is this guy floating now, or is he sinking?"

 "Floating," Berlin replied without thinking. "His cell has a separate oxygen supply system, which is regularly administered through the air every day. He can control how long he floats, how long he sinks, when he floats, and when he sinks."

 "Then we have to thank you for not taking the same detention measures against us?" Mandy asked at this moment.

 "Don't get me wrong, Ms. Mandy." Berlin answered with a smile. "I say this to you, not to imply 'I can treat you like this', nor to show you, 'This is how we treat the wicked like the inverse cross.' I just saw that Kaijiu has just returned you a sentence 'Because I am afraid of being confused or misunderstood, I will explain it to you in detail.'

 "Then why do you only torture him alone?" Sufer, sitting at the other side of the table, said at this moment. "To you, how are we different from him?"

 "This is a good question," Berlin replied. "First of all, personally, I have no intention of torturing Mr. Martinez. I will neither be happy nor satisfied with the" sin "imposed on others for the suffering he suffered. A desirable interest is not that I am doing justice. "

 "Oh ..." Upon hearing that, Sophie smiled, her smile as charming as ever. Even a beauty like Mandy was inferior to her. "You mean torture him, meaning nothing to you. That is, all the pain he suffered was for ..." She pouted and said in an uncritical way. "Nothing?"

 "Yes, for me and objectively, this is the case. But ..." Berlin responded. "For you, that makes sense."

 "Uh ..." Professor Rodrigo raised his hand like a modest student. "Sorry, I don't seem to be able to keep up with you."

 "Try to think back, Professor." Berlin sipped another coffee, moistened his throat, and said again. "When the sloppy Mr. Martinez was thrown into that seat like garbage, how did you feel when I introduced him to you with contempt and insult? And when I specifically stated that I tortured How did you feel about his method, when he said what he did in the same way? "

 Listening, Rodrigo's eyes flickered, as if he thought something, but he wasn't quite sure.

 "Whether it is 'sin' or 'justice' is not in the matter itself, but in the person's perception of it. Different individuals have different understandings and feelings about the same thing. People's ideas will be recognized by themselves. , Positions, the amount of information available, and other deviations, or even the opposite. "After a breath, Heinrich took over. "You just want to tell us this, right?"

 Pa——Pa——

 Berlin applauded Heinrich slowly. "Very good, Heinrich. No, I often come to talk to you." He did go to Heinrich more than once to talk to the sky, and instilled a lot of things he learned from Tianyi. "The definition of 'justice' is different depending on the individual's thoughts. We can better do something for this world only if we acknowledge it, don't we?"

 "Hmm ... what do you mean by‘ if you have something to discuss with us ’? Is this a kind of pseudo-philosophical brainwashing?” At this time, Prato asked in a very impolite tone.

 "I just give you an example, Mr. Prato." When he said this, Berlin pointed to Martinez who was paralyzed in a chair. "If we look at everything that happened to Martinez, it was a while ago at the junction of Eurasia ..."

 "The Flame of the Iron Curtain?" Before Prato finished speaking, Prato rushed to say those four words.

 "Oh ... as a personal experience, your response is quick." Berlin's voice was full of sarcasm.

 "I understand, I understand." Prato shook his head, in a depressed tone. "Your example is good. For this world, it is people's views that define the slaughter, not what the slaughter itself defines. After all, the truth is meaningless and the results are meaningful. Only God knows the truth , And the result is up to the person. "

 "Oh, your mind is not slow." Berlin mocked stubbornly. "Unfortunately, your superiority did not impress your bosses and let them inform you of the retreat before the bombing. No matter how clever and capable you are, you are still a 'discarded pawn'." He chuckled, The words turned. "However, I can also understand them. After all, you are already a prominent figure like the Deputy Commander of the Jagged Alliance. If you suddenly run away, more senior members of the Resistance may be aware of it and run away. Considering how many people are left in the rebel group after the bombing, how much value will your undercover commander have by then? "

 Hearing that, Prato groaned. "My relationship with the Commonwealth doesn't require you to further instigate them. What they do to me does not require you to find reasonableness and justification. Yes, my mind is fast, I can be an agent, IQ It's usually not low. But I know that a high IQ doesn't mean that I can have your kind of "smartness". If I were smart enough, I wouldn't go down this road, and I would not fall into your hands after the bombing. So do n’t tell me the truth. I ’m just a vulgar and do n’t want to understand those things. If you want to use me against the federation, use it, at least at this point, our interests are consistent. ”

 "Okay, refreshing, I like it." Berlin Road. "I'm still thinking, what would you do if you were stubborn. I didn't expect you to speak well, Mr. Prato."

 "As you mean ..." Sophie said again. "If we don't cooperate with you, you will 'get' us?"

 "How is it possible?‘ Get it ’or‘ Do n’t make it ’, that scorer.” Berlin opened his hands and looked at the other side. "Moreover, is it safe for you, sir, as long as you wink and let me 'fall in love' with you?"

 Sophie avoided Berlin's eyes and replied indifferently. "Come on, I saw you at first glance, and I knew you were the type of‘ you can kill your beloved without hesitation in order to achieve your ideals. ”I ’m afraid of you.

 "Yeah, you can torture a person like that just for the sake of an example. I don't think you can do anything else. What else can we do without listening to you?" Mandy answered. "But there is one thing I don't quite understand. Why have you come to negotiate with us until now? I have been locked up here for more than four months. But to be honest, you want me to kill you if you report I can accept the price and we can negotiate it within four minutes. "

 "He's just waiting ..." Heinrich said before Berlin answered. "Wait for a good time." He lowered his eyes, his expression more cold and gloomy than when he was in Nine Prison. "Before he‘needs to use us’, it’s better to keep us here than to disturb them outside. Also, it prevents us from dying on the day of the Iron Curtain.”

 "What's the matter with you?" Although he couldn't meet because of the shift, he was a former colleague after all, and Suffer was still a little worried about Heinrich. "How do I feel that you have a strange accent and that you know them well ..."

 "It doesn't matter if you understand or don't understand, understand, or don't understand." Heinrich still looked down at the desktop, looking autistic, then. "There are no 'them' here, only 'us'."

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Chapter 5 Killers Have Holidays

In the nineteenth century, a French writer used to describe London's sewers as "a terrible large cellar" in his work. Judging by the situation at the time, this remark was quite appropriate.

 But in the twenty-third century, lighting was installed everywhere in the sewers. As a result, this place no longer has the "terrible" atmosphere of that year, and the rest is just disgusting.

 Many people compare the sewer to the blood vessels of a city. According to this, the sewer in London should be the artery of an uncle.

 Where the flow is, not so much blood, as thick, filthy oil.

 These solidified and clogged thick dirt not only raised a lot of huge rats, but also produced a lot of unbearable malodorous gas. (The mice are certainly not as big as Mr. Sprint.)

 Although every few years, water companies spend a lot of money to clean up here, but the fundamental problem has never been solved. Unless you can stop the fools who live in the dreams of the middle class from rushing into the sewers the food that can cause them to develop fatty liver in their twenties, this will happen again and again.

 To sum up, so far, at least 80% of the sewer area in London is still completely closed to the outside, and it is difficult for ordinary people to enter and unwilling to enter.

 People with a little common sense know that if you don't wear an oxygen mask, just take a gas monitor and walk around in the sewer. Once they meet a lot of methane and hydrogen sulfide, they will probably die.

 In fact, almost every year, there are news that alcoholics or homeless people strayed into the sewer and died of hydrogen sulfide poisoning.

 And this kind of news is like the kind of news you occasionally see when someone buys a lottery and wins tens of millions-not necessarily true.

 Logically speaking, the news that "someone won the lottery prize" is to let people who see the news buy the lottery. Then, by simple reasoning, we can know that the news that "they may die if they go to the sewer" is to Let everyone not go to the sewer.

 Who makes this kind of news? It must be someone entangled in the sewer.

 The "Killer League" is a group of guys who use the sewers of big cities as a base. With the exception of Crystal County, all first-tier European cities have their strongholds in the sewers.

 For such a "killing" organization, it is very easy to occasionally kill a few alcoholics and homeless people and buy some local media to send fake news.

 They have been doing this for many years. Although the history of this organization is not as long as "Qian Ming", their foundation is definitely not shallow.

 Today, Mike was led by a killer league cadre, the "false blind" who was connected to him in the park, to the killer league headquarters in the London sewers.

 Because they are walking in “safe areas” and “dark tracks,” they do not need oxygen masks and monitors. And they quickly reached their destination.

 After crossing several corridors, Mike waited in a parlor-like room. In addition to him in the room, there were two indifferent killers in jackets, arms, and indifferent looks. They stood at the corner of the door and the other diagonally. The seats and tables in this room are located in the middle of the room, so when Mike sits down, he naturally becomes a state of being surrounded.

 Of course, Mike doesn't care. He can cope with even more sinister circumstances, this is just a small scene.

 Ka——

 Not long after, the door was opened and a man in his forties walked in.

 This man looks very much like the usual street thugs in the movie. He was a bald man with a chin on his chin, a "strong man's face", and a very strong build.

 He wore a tight-fitting short-sleeved T-shirt and jeans on his lower body. Just talking about the upper body, under the tight short sleeves, his bulging muscles, burly torso, and looking at the arms that seem to pull up willows are impressive.

 Some people, when you see his muscles, ask, "Are you doing fitness?" But this man belongs to the type that you do n’t even ask, and you just think in your heart that he works out for more than six hours a day.

 "Hello, Mr. Peterson." As soon as the brave man came in, he took the door behind him, greeted Mike warmly, and politely extended his right hand. "I've heard your name for a long time."

 "Same, Mr. Lenard." Mike replied humbly and got up to shake hands with the other party.

 The moment they held their right hands, Lenard immediately started to work harder. How much force did he add, probably the kind of force that could crush an apple.

 This is not an attack, but a temptation. He just wanted to try how the man called "God of Kill" would react to it.

 As a result, one second later, Lenard's four fingers except his thumb were pierced into his own thick palm, and four shallow blood holes were pierced.

 He didn't realize that Mike used "stop", so he didn't know how Mike's hand was retracted. Of course, it doesn't matter ...

 "Oh ... it's funny." Lenard smiled brightly, rubbed his bloody palms on his pants, and then turned around and sat down on the chair near him. "Sit down, Mr. Peterson."

 "I don't think it's interesting to crush the bones of someone who meets for the first time," Mike said as he sat down.

 "No no," Lenard replied. "What's interesting is never what I did, but what others did in the face of my actions." Then he shook the injured right hand. "Through the 'handshake' thing, I can often test a person's character, discretion, and sometimes even see what the other party has."

 "Then I guess boldly ..." Mike said. "Your hand should be injured often."

 "Oh ..." Lenard said. "Yes, this kind of injury is minor. I used to hold a broken hand bone in turn, and once my entire hand was cut off instantly. Of course, I also encountered some strange reactions. For example, there was a guy whose entire hand was kneaded by me, and it was still his tone. "

 "Then have you thought about it, just a tentative handshake might kill you?" Mike asked again.

 "If you come to see me personally, I will naturally consider this possibility," Lenard said. "But today you're talking to me on behalf of an organization, so you shouldn't do that, right?"

 When he said this, he was very confident, and his thinking was clear.

 Obviously, he just looks like a strong man, in fact, IQ and mental calculation are not bad. Otherwise, he will not be the leader of a multinational organization such as the Killer League.

 "Yes, you make sense," Mike said. "Then I will speak to you on behalf of the organization ..." He paused and answered. "At present we are forming a large rebel alliance with the core of the" Reverse Cross. "We hope that your organization can join as a subordinate, obey our command and become one of our wings.

 Lenard heard the words, stunned for two seconds, and then burst out laughing. He laughed for a while before he came over and answered. "Mr. Peterson, I think you are serious. May I ask what conditions you can use to make such a request?"

 Facing this slightly perfunctory reaction, Mike just calmly replied. "When the 'Sixth Empire' comes to fruition, we will reward all our organizations and participants."

 This sentence changed Lenard's face. He realized that they were really serious.

 "I see ..." Lenard thought for a moment, straight. "Being able to take off the 'ninth prison' shows that you do have strength, but that's just a small-scale operation targeting a specific location. 'War' is another matter. I don't think your organization can and The Federation is battling on the front. On the other hand, incidents such as 'Iron Curtain' have just happened recently. Almost all the resistance groups in Eurasia have been destroyed, and the people are still arguing against them. You tell me somehow now The "Sixth Empire" also allows me to take the entire "Killer Alliance" as your subordinate, which is not realistic at all. Moreover, the conditions you give are almost drawing pictures, and I don't think we need to talk about it anymore. Now. "

 Having said that, he got up with the situation and whispered, "You go."

 "Wait." Mike called him before he stepped out of the room.

 "Anything else to say? Mr. Peterson." Lenard didn't look back, but stopped.

 "I need to make a call and talk to my boss. I hope you can stay here and wait for me to finish the call." Mike replied.

 Lenard sighed, turned back again, and closed the door again. "Ok."

 When the words fell, Mike had taken the phone out of his jacket pocket and speed dialed a number.

 "it's me……"

 "Yes, he's here."

 "Yes, I was rejected."

 "Do you want me to say ..."

 "Well, he's a courageous and strategic person, but it's just that ..."

 "Okay, I understand."

 "understand"

 With that said, Mike hung up.

 Although the call was not long and Mike didn't say much, throughout the entire process, Lenard's look changed several times with the limited information.

 At this moment, Lenard realized afterwards that he was different from using his "handshake" to test his opponent. The whole meeting today seems to be from ike.

 "Mr. Lenard." Mike put the phone away and stood up. "You said just now that if I came to see you in my personal capacity, would you consider the possibility of killing me by shaking my hand, wouldn't you?"

 In this case, even the other two killers in the room could hear that it was a precursor to "arming".

 Lenard is undoubtedly a capable person and a master of battle. He could feel it when someone released his intentions at close range.

 But at this instant, he felt nothing.

 Mike was standing in front of him, and he clearly spoke some dangerous lines. But Lenard didn't detect the slightest degree of murder, as if Mike was just a passerby without any offense. Even if he safely looked away, Mike wouldn't do anything.

 "Is this the case, is this the" god of killing "?" Lenard whispered in his heart for a brief second. "The man who thought that he was at the" culmination point "was just a bit more aggressive, and it turned out that I was superficial."

 With that in mind, Lenard raised 120% of his focus and was ready to deal with all attacks. He did not hesitate to tighten his whole body muscles, energy gathered on the surface, and back again. "Yeah, I said it."

 "Um." Mike was still calm, and even casually took out a cigarette from the pocket on the inside of his coat and lighted himself. He took a slow puff of cigarettes. "Fur—coincidentally, the superior told me just now that I can leave work."

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Chapter 6 Gamblers have nothing

Hasson has experienced countless fights in his life. He can deal with a lot of problems whether in a dirty alley or a boxing ring against a boxer in the army, whether in a prison attack or a direct battle on the battlefield .

 Unlike the type of "solitary pursuit of strength to win", Hasson is an extreme "pragmatist." He doesn't care about gorgeous techniques, and is not bound by any rules if not necessary. Lime powder, eye plugs, throat locks ... Hasson will use everything as long as the conditions are right.

 Even aside from this, Hasson is also a combat master at the level of comprehensive fighting techniques.

 Therefore, it is very easy for him to deal with a group of casino thugs ...

 Although the thugs in this group of "Gaotianyuan" are not ordinary people. Several bodies have been mechanically modified, and they are all proficient in one or two fighting techniques. But in Hasson's eyes, these guys who use "decent fighting methods" are still "naive". If such people were placed alone in a prison, they would be smashed into fat in one day.

 Within thirty seconds, Hasson cleaned up the men in suits. There were still people in the room, and he, Wu Shang, and Carson remained.

 "Don't you think you're overreacting?" Hasson didn't even show up when he said this, as if the fight was just as easy as going to the toilet and urinating.

 "Then do you think you're a bit too rude?" Carson didn't show any sign of retreat. Not only that, he also unbuttoned the neckline and put on a posture ready to do it himself.

at this time……

 The phone in Carson's pocket suddenly rang.

 He didn't say anything, just glanced at Hasson and Wu Shang, then stopped what was at hand, stepped back, and started answering the phone.

 And Hasson and Wu Shang did not take advantage of the attack at this time, but stood silently and waited.

 It was a short call that lasted only a few tens of seconds. And Carson hardly ever said a whole word in the whole process, just kept saying "yes" and "understand".

 After the call was over, Carson took the phone back into his jacket pocket, raised his head, and glanced at the camera in the corner of the room, as if suggesting something. Then he looked at the two people in front of him and said. "The boss wants to see you"

 Fifteen minutes later, Hasson and Wu Shang were already seated in the back seat of a luxury car.

 They have chilled champagne on hand, and if they need it, there is caviar and foie gras on the car. But neither of these two had any mood to take advantage of this.

 This drive is not long. They didn't leave the bustling city, just from a luxury casino to a luxury hotel just a few blocks away.

 Led by a man in a suit, they passed through numerous security and came to the door of a guest room on the upper floor of the hotel. Then the suit man left without a word.

 After an exchange of glances, Wu Shang stepped forward and knocked on the door of this room.

 The people inside the door also seemed to know they had arrived. Just two seconds after the knock on the door, someone opened the door.

 Appearing in front of Wu Shang and Hasson was an extremely scary Asian man. If you have to describe it, this guy has a face that says, "He doesn't have to take out a weapon, you think he will come to rob and kill you at any time." Although he was wearing a brand-name suit, underneath that suit was undoubtedly a well-trained body. There are many different scars on his exposed head, neck and hands.

 Based on Hasson's experience and insight, just a cursory glance shows that this person has suffered at least five types of sharp injuries. He was hit and hit four times with bullets above his neck. All his ten fingers were inserted by bamboo sticks, and both hands had been soaked in corrosive liquid for a long time ...

 Of course, the most obvious feature of this man is that he is blind.

 There were no sunglasses, no fake eyes on his face, and only two empty black holes. There is no doubt that he is the kind of "the optic nerve is severely damaged and even the right eye cannot be fitted".

 "Um." After opening the door, the man snorted at Wu Shang and Hasson, and sideways gave way to let them in.

 Wu Shang hesitated for a second and moved forward. Hasson is also close behind. When they entered the house one by one, the man closed the door.

 Going through the corridor behind the door, Wu Shang and Hasson came to a spacious living room that seemed a little ridiculous. At this moment, there was a little girl who seemed to be only thirteen or four years old standing in the middle of the living room, holding a glass of red wine in her hand, as if waiting for them.

 "Gentlemen, hello." The girl's voice sounded immature, but her tone and expression showed a maturity that was clearly incompatible with her appearance. "I heard you guys want to see me, don't you?"

 When she asked, Wu Shang and Hasson both froze. After a breath, Wu Shang responded first. "Little sister, we have very reliable information before we came here-Princess Masako is thirty years old this year. If you want to pretend that aunt, you are not too old."

 He thought that this sentence was enough to let the other party back down, but unexpectedly ...

 "So ..." the little girl answered calmly and smiled. "Did the person who provided you information tell you by the way that aunty has been like this for more than a decade because of a congenital chromosomal abnormality."

 When Wu Shang and Hasson heard this sentence, their first reaction was rampant, and the second reaction was to feel the maliciousness of Berlin's intelligence.

 "It's a bit embarrassing ..." Wu Shang tilted his head, lowering his voice and whispering to Hasson.

 Hasson squinted, squeezing a sentence from his teeth. "I almost let her put the wine down ..."

 "Gentlemen, I'm not interested in seeing you standing there telling the last joke. Can you come over and sit down and talk?" Masako said, moving to the sofa with his glass, and sat down gracefully.

 The man in charge of opening the door came to Masako calmly at this time, and stood respectfully.

 "Can he listen to what we are talking about?" Wu Shang asked casually as he walked over.

 "Jun Sanada is my closest personal guard, you can rest assured," Masako replied.

 "I didn't mean to offend, but ..." Hasson then answered. "Considering that his eyes, throat, palm prints and fingerprints of both hands were all traces of man-made destruction, I can't help but wonder if your definition of trust has some deviation from us?"

 When his words came to an end, Sanada's body immediately showed a hint of killing, and he took a half step forward.

 But Masako immediately raised his hand, stopping his further movement.

 Although Sanada's eyes were invisible, he knew everything about him, including every move of Masako. So he stopped very obediently.

 "It seems you have a big misunderstanding of me, Mr. Hasson." Masako just reported Hasson's last name so lightly. "Why do you take it for granted that Sanada's injuries were caused by me? Couldn't it have been caused by my enemies?"

 "If that's the case, why don't you change to a stronger guard that won't be rendered crippled by your enemies?" Hasson said, paused for half a second, adding in the direction of Sanada. "Sorry, I said it, no offense."

 "Oh ... I seem to understand why the boss of your organization sent Wu Shang to come with you." Masako chuckled, sipped wine, and said again. "You don't know how to chat, Mr. Hasson."

 "You're right!" At this moment, Wu Shang also turned around and rushed to his companion. "Hasson, don't just start talking about unrelated matters and stop talking." Then, he turned to Masako again. "That ... Aunt Masako ..."

 As soon as his "An" was spoken, Masako poured the glass of red wine on his face.

 "This is the second time ..." Masako said as he picked up the bottle from the coffee table and refilled himself. "Let me hear those two words again, and I will pour sulfuric acid on you."

 Wu Shang, with a face of red wine, stayed for a few seconds, then looked back at Hasson with help-seeing eyes.

 Hasson looked at him blankly, and said coldly, "You really can chat. Go on."

 Wu Shang wiped his face helplessly, squeezed out a smile, and turned to Masako again. "I don't know what I should call you?"

 "If you want to be particular, you should call me 'Prince of Moriya Masako'. But depending on your age and cultivation, it may be difficult for you to ask everything. I will allow you to call 'Masako sister'." .

 "Oh ~" Wu Shang smirked there, answering in a satirical tone. "Sister Masako's name is really chic."

 "Moriya is not a surname ..." Masako replied. "Since my family has claimed that they are descendants of gods and not humans since ancient times, people in our family are not allowed to use surnames like 'mortal people'. Our names are preceded by a palace or honorific title. Even two A hundred years ago, after my family surrendered to the empire, it still adhered to this rule within the family. This kind of ridiculous and sad dignity is still valued by my father's generation. Oh ... "She laughed With a smile, he gently shook the red wine in his hand twice, looking at the hanging glass, thoughtfully. "But things in this world are also hard to say. Maybe when I get old, I will become like my father and start to understand and even perform those things that I am despised or regarded as stupid."

 At this point, she turned sharply. "For example, an uninvited guest like you, if he was met by my father when he was in power, he would never see you. On the contrary, he would take you out at all costs to your organization and Everyone conveys a message-not everyone can mess with the Shen Wu Society.

 "But I'm different. I'm a very open person. I'd like to meet up with 'Veterans' and 'Bad guys Wu Shang'. I'd like to hear the 'Inverse Cross' in their mouths looking for me, or for our sacred society." What is the purpose. And I will not waste money and soldier lives for a stubbornness and some senseless self-esteem.

 Now that she has shown her attitude, Wu Shang naturally has to respond.

 "Since you can find out who we are in the dozens of minutes we have been here, and show willingness to communicate after knowing our identity, then we will speak frankly." Wu Shang Zhengzhengzheng Look, answer. "'Reverse Cross' hopes that the Shen Wu Society will join our rebel alliance and become a force for our Majesty."

 With this remark, Sanada on the side seemed a little angry again. Because ... this requirement is indeed a bit excessive.

 But Masako smiled and replied leisurely. "We are only engaged in the gaming industry. How can we contribute to your contribution? Of course, if the inverse cross wants money ..."

 "Don't send us off as beggars ..." Hasson interrupted, knowing what she was about to say. "Funds are just the sails of the big ship" Shenwuhui ". Your intelligence network and your" good cooperative relationship "with politics, literature and arts, sports, and even energy, scientific research institutions, and media are the most valuable Value. "He paused. "And as long as the martial arts leader who is the leader in the gambling world nods, other large and small organizations that are looking forward to you will surely follow suit. Therefore, there are many places where you can serve the cross.

 "Hmm ... you're right." Masako nodded, the smile on his face disappeared. "But can you give me a reason. Why should I put this inheritance that my ancestors gave me and let you take the helm?"

 "Because that's the only thing ..." Hasson replied, "Your boat will not be swallowed by the tide of the times."

 The atmosphere in the room became tense. Masako's expression was uncertain, and Hasson and Sanada had also entered a state of arrows on the strings. It wouldn't be a surprise that they had a blood battle after any one breath.

 At this suffocating moment, suddenly, Wu Shang stood up and walked in front of Masako.

 But seeing, Wu Shang stepped on the coffee table, picked up the red wine bottle on the coffee table, and grumbled to himself half a bottle. Then he threw the bottle to the ground behind him and wiped his mouth with his sleeve. "What else do you think about? The matter between gamblers is naturally a gamble to decide!"

 Masako stared blankly, looking at Wu Shang. "A cheater in Huayue Town, let me bet the entire Shenwuhui to gamble with you?" She laughed again. "Ha! This is simply ridiculous, unreasonable ..." Speaking of which, she also drank the wine in her glass, then lowered it heavily. "Okay, this is called gambling."

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Chapter 7The Taoist Has Disappeared

After dinner, Li Han drove the car and took the "Four Fiends" on the road.

 Because I knew that I had to take four "people" on this trip, and that I was on a mountain road, Li Han rented an SUV directly in Yingtan, and preset two charging boxes and plenty of food and water . But he was quite well prepared.

 The atmosphere inside the car was also surprisingly harmonious, as Ma Luo had already identified him and Li Han as "narrators". Chi You, Xu Ran, and Di Xin also changed their attitudes, at least they completely eliminated the idea of eating Li Han.

 "Little priest, I forgot to ask ..." Chi You, who was sitting in the front passenger seat, talked to Li Han in a relaxed tone while driving. "You said that you are together with Hemingshan, then why don't you go to your own gate to find the inheritance of your ancestors, but come to this Longhu Mountain?

 "How do you know I haven't looked for it?" Li Han asked, looking back casually.

 "Nonsense, if you find it, your cultivation must be more than that now." Chi You is still knowledgeable. He has seen a lot of powerful Taoists in these thousands of years. He knew where Li Han's cultivation was.

 "Okay ..." Li Han knew and couldn't hide it, so he told the truth. "It's no secret now, anyway, I can tell you ..." He paused and answered. "Our ancestor, that is, Zhang Tianshi, what we left behind is roughly divided into three parts, of which 'tools' are in Longhu, 'Fa' is in Heming, and 'Dao' is in Qingcheng."

 "No," Chi You interrupted. , "It is rumored that the Fuyu magical instrument gifted to him by Taishang Laojun came after he moved to Hemingshan. How could the 'equipment' be in Longhushan?"

 "You listen to me." Li Han continued. "In the early years, Zhang Tianshi lived in Longhu Mountain and built altars to practice alchemy. Naturally, he left behind a secret mountain gate secret. Before he soared, he was afraid that the things the old monarch gave would be scattered and turned into disasters. In the secret place he set up in Longhu Mountain, and he left heavy restrictions to prevent outsiders from stealing.

 "And the classics that recorded the Heavenly Masters' skills remained in Hemingshan and passed down by the same predecessors. Unfortunately, with the changes of the times, many classics were lost unconsciously. Until more than a hundred Years ago, it was said that there was a Zuo head in the door, and he happened to find a copy by chance. But he did not leave the heir, he died, and his vein of "manipulation" was completely lost. Well, my pulse was taught by word of mouth. Now that my master is dead, so ... "

 Hearing this, Chi You understands. "Understand, understand." He paused for half a second. "What about 'Dao'?"

 "'Dao'?" Li Han smiled, wryly, "Oh ... you can find it in the library. Every word is there, if you can read it, it depends on your level."

 "Cut ... the most widely used thing is the most useless thing." At this time, Ma Luo sitting in the back row (because Li Han insisted that "children cannot sit in the front row") took the opportunity to spit.

 "NO ~ NO ~" As a result, Li Han's fortune-telling tone came. "In the final analysis, alchemy building, base weaponry, and magic magic reduction are all subordinates. Like these things, good people can do it, and evil people can do it.

 "But 'Dao' is the best method.

 "In the last few years of the world, Heavenly Master Taoism passed through the mystery, focusing on moral classics without focusing on form, object, or technique. He only had to preach the principles of heaven and man. Convert to the right path ... "

 "So, 'Dao' is the most precious treasure left in this world."

 As soon as his words fell, Di Xin laughed. "Oh ... Although you speak very well, in fact, it seems that the treasure left by your heavenly master to all mankind is not taken too seriously."

 "Well ... mostly vulgar." Li Han answered. "I can't get through to 'Dao'. If I can understand it, I will be soaring."

 While they were chatting, the car was driving fast up the mountain.

 As a tourist attraction, Taoism on the mountain naturally has a "close time". At this point, all Taoism has been closed. And tourists, including some "priests" who check in to work every day, have already gone down to the nearby hotels or went home before dinner. Therefore, at this time driving up the mountain, the road is basically unimpeded, they want to drag the car.

 Li Han, who drives a taxi on weekdays, is undoubtedly very good at driving. Even though the mountain road was rugged, he quickly arrived at the destination of this trip-"Tianshiguan".

 The name "Tianshiguan" is actually not a Taoist temple, it is a circled tourist attraction built on the mountain.

 At the beginning of the twenty-first century of the universe, the "empire" that unified the world had purged religion. During that period, all the Taoist temples, temples and other buildings around the world were demolished, and even the remaining bells of the Qing Palace on Longhu Mountain were not left. But a hundred years later, with the corruption of the empire, many "mouths" were reopened. At that time, some local officials set up a tourist area here in the name of protecting cultural heritage, and rebuilt some "Taoist temples". This view of heaven is one of them.

 Later, the empire collapsed and the Federation was established, and they did not manage these matters. After all, these tourist attractions themselves do not engage in religious propaganda, they are only used as business.

 So, this sway came to the twenty-third century ...

 Peng——

 After getting off the car and closing the door, Li Han easily reached the gate of Tianshiguan.

 At this moment, both the ticket window and the ticket vending machine were closed, and there was only a small door with the room still on.

 Li Han came under the window of that porter and tapped the glass a few times. After a full ten seconds, an old man in a security suit lazily poked his head out from there, a word. "Who? It's closed here, haven't seen it?"

 Li Han was polite and yelled at each other. "This Taoist, please forgive me for being abrupt. I'm here now, and there's really no way to tell."

 "Ha?" The old man looked at him with a look that looked like a fool. "What friend? Boy, have you watched the movie too much? I'm a guard." He raised his finger and pointed the way down the mountain. "The chiefs are already off work. If you want to take a photo with them for fortune telling, come back tomorrow."

 Speaking of which, ordinary people go back, but Li Han is not ordinary people. And he knew very well that the "gateman" in front of him was not ordinary people.

 "Senior ..." Li Han said again. "Don't worry, you can take a look at my car." He also raised his hand and pointed at the SUV that was parked aside.

 The janitor glanced suspiciously at it. Two seconds later, his face disappeared from the window, and there was a sound of people falling from the chair to the ground in the concierge.

 After a few more seconds, the door on the other side of the door room opened. The old man walked out from the inside holding on to the wall, rushed to Li Han and made a noise, lowering his voice. "I am Longhu Mountain Tianshifu, currently in charge of Shan Hansong. I want to know who you are and who is your master?"

 "Senior, you're welcome. I'm He Mingshan is working together with Li Han. My master is the former head Huang Zhishan. My master also mentioned your name to me. Unfortunately, I have never had the opportunity to visit you. Please forgive me. "Li Han also saluted.

 "Oh ... It was Li's apprentice ..." When Shan Hansong heard Li Han's history clearly, he calmed down a little, but he was still uneasy about Li Han's intention. "I don't know, nephew Li Xian, you brought those four ..." When he said this, he lowered his voice even lower. "What the hell are you doing? Shouldn't you come to die?" Am I at the gate? "He added in a sincere tone. "I'll tell you the truth. In fact, I have no one here anymore. I still have so many broken books and some artifacts in my door. You can take them if you want. I can take my disciples to retreat collectively. Tianshifu will belong to you in the future. As long as you don't do anything, these things are easy to discuss. "

 "No, no, you misunderstood." Li Han waved quickly. "I'm here this time to visit the mountains. Come to you, first, to say hello to you, so as not to disturb the local colleagues. Second, I would like to ask you to do something convenient before I finish things I hope I can park my car in your parking lot. "

 "Oh ~ this is the case." Shan Hansong exhaled and answered. "Ok, we are all colleagues, this is also the way you should be. Give me the car keys, and I'll help you stop. You can take care of yourself in this mountain, and I'm familiar with the local colleagues. I'll let you know in the chat They said, I promise no one will come to disturb you. "

 Things went quite smoothly, Li Han took some items from the car, led the four murderers, and walked into the forest together. His car was handed over to Shan Taoist priest.

 With the guidance of the "Tianjipan", Li Han walked in front of him and walked through the mountains and forests. After about an hour of walking, he successfully found the secret door left by Zhang Tianshi in a mountain stream.

 However, the real “difficulty” does not begin here.

 "What's the problem? You can't crack it?" Chi You saw Li Han standing still in front of the rock where the mountain gate was hidden, and thought he was a Taoist walk, so he asked.

 "It's just because it's too simple ..." Li Han answered. "Similar to this level of technique, Chief Shan we encountered earlier should be able to crack. He has been on the mountain for so many years and there is no reason to find this place. If he finds it, there is no reason to leave it alone, right? "

 "Maybe they have rules and can't move this place?" Chi You assumed.

 Li Han said, "Perhaps. But, if you think so, it would be a little strange that he didn't ask me a question or give me any reminder about the visit to the mountains"

 Hearing that, Di Xin also thoughtfully answered. "It makes sense, I'm afraid that Shan Taoist is not as simple as it seems."

 "Um ..." Li Han also groaned. "And this mountain gate's" eye-blocking method "is not as easy to crack as it looks ..."

Chapter 8 The Traitor Is Fearless

On the peninsula at the eastern end of the Orft Fjord, there is a place called Narvik.

 This is the northernmost frozen port in northern Europe and the world.

 Although this is a small city with a population of less than 20,000, it has also briefly become the focus in human history.

 In April 1940, the evil German Third Reich staged a "battle of beasts" here. They relied on a temporary army of 6,000 young soldiers to attack the 20,000 elite in the Allied forces. He stubbornly resisted for six weeks and successfully waited for the enemy to retreat.

 On the last day of the retreat, the Royal Navy's aircraft carrier "Glory" and its two frigates sank forever in the sea of ice outside the harbor.

 Maybe the British had lost their "glory" long before, or maybe they never owned that kind of thing. In any case, this is undoubtedly a battle full of symbolism and irony.

 Many years have passed since then, until the twenty-third century, also in April, under the seemingly peaceful appearance of Narvik, a similar drama has been quietly brewing.

scold--

 The electronic door of the bar opened, and the cold north wind poured in, which frowned several guests who were sitting closer to the door.

 After a few seconds, four men and one woman, a total of five people, walked quickly into the bar, and then the door closed automatically.

 The man headed was an Asian, one-meter-eight in height, with a strong build and a handsome appearance. Followed by a beautiful Eurasian beauty. How beautiful is she? Even if her clothes are as thick as a bitch, you can't help but look at the level of two more eyes.

 The three who followed them were not so eye-catching: a tall white man with blond hair and blue eyes and small round glasses; a whole body wrapped in ski clothes, wearing a ski mask and gloves, An elongated man with barely exposed skin; and a middle-aged white uncle who looks very ordinary around the age of forty.

 Although the five of them didn't talk to anyone after they came in, and didn't meet their sights, they were the focus of the audience just a few steps before they reached the bar.

 This situation is obviously irrelevant to the leading Li Zeju. He is a low-key person and no one here knows him.

 It has nothing to do with Sufer. Although she will be watched everywhere she goes, those people around her don't even know her at this moment.

 Similarly, Heinrich in third place and K in fourth place were not recognized.

 The problem was with Prato, who walked last.

 Of course, no one around him knew his real name was Mahaus Prato. All they knew was his other identity, Vladimirovic, never the deputy commander of the Iron Alliance, Pavel Zaitsev.

 "I want to see the person in charge." Li Zeju who came to the bar didn't mean to sit down and drink a glass of wine. As soon as he stopped there, he said this directly to the bartender.

 At this moment, both sides understand. From bartenders to guests in this bar, they are all rebel groups. Therefore, they do not have to cover up.

 "Brother ..." When the bartender talked to Li Zeju, he first glanced at Prato's face and said. "I don't know ..." He hesitated a little and changed his tongue. "At least I don't know all of you, let me say your name first."

 "Inverse Cross, Li Zeju." Li Zeju returned his words very briefly.

 The guests in the bar were now quiet. If it hadn't been for the music of the old-fashioned jukebox in the corner, I'm afraid the atmosphere would become quite dignified now.

 "Wait a minute ..." The bartender stared at Li Zeju's face with alert eyes, picked up the phone on the bar, and played a few keys. He waited for a few seconds, and then he chatted with a voice.

 After hanging up the phone, the bartender opened the baffle on the side of the bar and walked out from the inside. "follow me."

 He went straight to the jukebox and, without a coin, pressed a set of song selection buttons in a certain order. When he finished pressing, the machine opened like a "big mouth", and a staircase leading to the ground was exposed inside.

 "Please ..." It seemed that the bartender was not planning to go on.

 Until Li Zeju and the five of them walked down the tunnel and closed the entrance, the music of the jukebox did not stop. It can be seen that for such a large machine, the parts that really provide the playback function are only a small part, and no matter how the other parts are moved, it does not affect the parts that play songs. If it weren't for the antique look, the volume of this gadget might be reduced to the size of a bottle of mineral water.

 The tunnel under the bar is very narrow. In order to isolate the detection of electronic equipment, the surrounding walls are naturally covered with special insulation materials. Wireless devices such as mobile phones and I-PEN can't connect to the Internet here.

 Li Zeju, they walked along the passage for a few minutes and came to a door where a soldier on guard (although he was not in uniform, but he could also be seen from the standing position and the gun on his hand) was They opened the door.

 Passing through this door is a slightly larger space. The equipment and three soldiers already on standby indicate that this should be the place where security personnel are checked in and out.

 The three soldiers were two men and one woman. After Li Zeju passed the detection of the instrument, the soldiers searched them separately in case these guys carried the resin pistol made by the 3D printer.

 In short, after a lot of inspections, fifteen minutes later, they finally met the person in charge in a "reception room"-the temporary commander of the "Cossack Rangers", Hannah Medvedev and "Berber Commander Gassiri (Gassiri is just the first name or short name, many people in Africa have very long names, up to forty letters are also common. Their names mainly depend on the interests of their parents. So this will appear again later The role of the class name is also not a full name).

 Hannah's title was preceded by the word "provisional" because the original leadership of the Cossack Rangers was almost completely destroyed in the "Iron Curtain" incident. Hannah, as the only member of the leadership who was not in the theater, became commander in accordance with the principle of upward replenishment.

 Although these resistance groups are all in the publicity of the federal propaganda, in fact, some organizations have very strict rules and regulations. According to the internal regulations of the Cossack Rangers, all commanders who receive command under abnormal procedures must be prefixed with "provisional" until their next constitutional vote or resolution "legalizes" or Until a new commander is elected.

 The other, Commander Gassiri, was indeed a genuine commander. It's a pity that he is basically a bare rod commander now. Since the main force was completely annihilated in the theater two months ago, Gassiri has not contacted his old remnants in North Africa and has no way to go back. He could only temporarily stay in this co-sponsored base of the Cossack Rangers and the remainder of the Jagged Alliance.

 "It's a rare visitor, Pavel." Hannah was in her fifties this year. She was a typical Eastern European beauty when she was young, but now she looks like a sturdy aunt who can slap the whole guy up and down. "Your deputy commander of the Jagged Alliance has been missing for so long, and as soon as you showed up, you suddenly came to me with a group of old federal departments. What are you doing?

 She speaks very straight, and when she speaks, she clearly states-"I have just checked your identity", and used this to take the initiative in the conversation.

 "We're here to help you." Prato didn't reply, and Li Zeju responded.

 "Inspector Li, we are chatting with Deputy Commander Zaitsev." Commander Gassiri rushed at this moment. "You a FCPS defector inspector, here you have no stand to speak?"

 "Oh ..." The next second, Prato laughed and said with a smile. "There is such a kind of person in the world. It is just that when others talk about major events in the world, they happen to stand aside and feel that they have also become key figures."

 Upon hearing that, Gassiri also chuckled: "Yeah, people have to know where they are."

 Unexpectedly, Prato looked at him immediately, taunting. "I'm talking about you, Gasri."

 Gassiri's expression changed from joy to anger in the next breath, squeezing out from the teeth. "What do you mean? Mr. Zaitsev."

 "Don't be angry." Sufer's sweet, soft voice suddenly sounded, and her face turned to Gassiri's side.

 Gassiri's gaze quickly fell on Sufer's face.

 "Commander Gassiri, we are talking about something very important." After eye contact, Sufer looked at the other person, smiling and speaking softly with an incredible request. "Can you please look on my face and die quickly?"

 "Okay! Okay!" Gassiri nodded in excitement, then took out the gun at his waist at a rapid speed, and fired at his temple.

 Two seconds later, six police officers stationed at the door rushed in with the sound of gunfire. When they saw Gassiri's body and their brains there, they naturally raised their guns at the five people who visited.

 "We haven't finished talking yet, can you let them go out?" Li Zeju calmly looked at Aunt Hannah, speaking at the muzzle.

 But Hannah was still shocked at the moment, and she didn't know what to do with this weird scene for a moment.

 "Gentlemen!" At this time, Sufer again, loudly caught the attention of the police officers. "And the lady ..." She also made a wink at the only female police officer. "Can you please treat me as if nothing had happened, go out first?"

 They promised and closed the door when they went out.

 "Did you come here to kill us?" After another moment, Hannah seemed to calm down. She adjusted her breath and asked the question without shaking the voice as much as possible.

 "I said, we're here to help you," Li Zeju said.

 "Killing Commander Gassiri is also 'helping us'?" Hannah had now thought that Gassiri had died from an ability, so he tempted.

 Li Zeju replied leisurely. "Gassiri is just an insignificant little person. He originally took the position of commander by injuring his former boss. So he is not a majestic character inside the spirit of Berber.

 "After the flames of war in Eastern Europe burned up, he hurriedly stretched his hand from North Africa, in fact, he wanted to plunder the fruits of victory. Because he thought that the whole of Africa would be his own, and he would go as much as possible to the sites across the Mediterranean. plunder."

 "Unexpectedly, in the end ... his idea failed."

 "After the Flame of Iron Curtain, because Gassiri's whereabouts are unknown, the Berber Soul Remnant Party in North Africa quickly established a new commander. No one tried to find Gassiri, a former commander, so he was here with you. I have been here for so long. "

 "To sum up, a guy like this who has lost his real power and whose abilities and ambitions don't match is a trouble to live on."

 "We have solved this trouble for you, aren't we helping you?"

 Since the original contact network between the various resistance groups was broken after the bombing, Hannah's remarks could not be verified for the time being. But she was basically convinced. Because Gassiri really does almost nothing useful on weekdays, and he has to be served by others. Although he is only a guest here, his bureaucracy is obvious.

 "Let's ... assuming the part about Gassiri, what you said is true" Hannah thought for a moment, then. "But I still have a hard time trusting you." She paused. "Apart from the gentleman and deputy commander Zaitsev who did not even show their faces over there, one of the three of you was a former FCPS inspector, and two were the deputy wardens of the 'ninth prison. You are all high-ranking members of the federal system. You are now saying that you belong to the "reverse cross", but who can determine what your real position is? "

 "Not three, but four." Prato said at this time. "I am also a high-ranking member of the Federation ..."

 Then, in Hannah's surprised gaze, Prato reported his real name and the fact that he had been lurking in the Jagged Alliance for many years.

 "You should ..." Hannah spent many years in the rebel group. Her husband and children are members of the organization, and they have sacrificed over the past dozen years. What Hannah hated the most in her life was the undercover who mixed in the resistance.

 "Regardless of who I used to serve or for what purpose, my only thought now is to avenge the Federation." Prato concluded with this sentence and lit himself a cigarette.

 "Oh ... what about the things you've done before? It's written off?" Hannah asked with a sneer.

 "Someday, someone like you will come and shoot me and take revenge on your comrades who were killed by spies. Fur--" Prato exhaled. "Or maybe I'm lucky, I died in the hands of the Confederation before that." He sipped his soot. "But such things are not the focus of our discussion today."

 "So what's the point?" Hannah still asked in a hostile tone.

 "The point is ..." Li Zeju replied. "At this moment, a federal land and sea joint operations force is approaching Narvik. Although the exact position of your stronghold has not been exposed, it is only a matter of time before they find you in such a sparsely populated place. ... and the only solution that can save you from annihilation is "... he shrugged. "Cooperate with 'Reverse Cross.'

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Chapter 9: Time to Surrender Now

When you are alone, trapped in a hidden underground facility, and surrounded by well-trained, well-armed, and professional killers trying to kill you, what do you generally think in your mind?

 Did you give up your life? Still trying to escape? Is it a fight to die? Or try to negotiate surrender?

 Anyway, Mike was thinking now: "Today's breakfast was delayed, what should I eat for a while?"

 At the moment when this thought flashed through his mind, he clenched his teeth, created a small vacuum environment in his mouth, and then pushed out a toothpick that was embedded in his cigarette body under pressure.

 In a flash, this toothpick burst through like a bullet, hitting Lenard's right eye exactly one table away from Mike.

 A toothpick pierced into the eye is like breaking through a leech egg. After breaking through the surface, a lot of liquid flows out of it. And this is far from over, the impact of that toothpick has not slowed down by passing through an eyeball at all. It penetrated the eyeball all the way through the hole in the eye socket and penetrated into Lenard's skull, tearing the cerebral cortex and gray matter, damaging some nerves, and finally breaking through the cranium from the inside and drilling out the back of the head.

 So, without any reaction from Lenard himself and the two killers in the room, Lenard suddenly fell face down.

 Of course, although the two killers did not know exactly what Mike did, this did not affect their subsequent actions. Just as Lenard hit the street and fell to the ground, the two killers reached out and pulled their guns at the same time. Pinch.

 Faced with the battle in such a small space, Mike didn't even bother to stop. He supported the table with one hand, leaned into the sky, and flew towards the killer behind him to the right at a very fast speed.

 The killer's finger had just touched the gun, and Mike's sole had been attached. As a result, when he didn't hold the gun tightly, the bone of his right arm was cut into three pieces.

 "Hmm--" As a seasoned killer, he didn't scream, but snorted. But the severe pain and fracture could not be overcome by patience like a cry, and between those two seconds, he finally lost his ability to move.

 And these two seconds were enough for Mike to flash to his side, snatch his gun, and hold him back as an adult meat shield.

 Bang bang ——

 Just two seconds later, the killer standing at the other corner of the room fired.

 Being a professional, you will not hesitate or regret it. If a companion is abducted and the gun is not fired, there is a high chance that the self and companion will be killed.

 The killers are not police, they don't have to write an incident report after each shot. In this case, the only "right" thing they need to do is not to be affected by the hostages, shoot immediately and be more accurate.

 The killer's marksmanship is accurate, at least at this distance, he is almost impossible to make mistakes. The shots he fired were all directed at Mike's unobstructed leg.

 Unfortunately, this was also expected by Mike.

 Mike is very clear that the killer, the marksmanship and the instantaneous judgment that can enter the killer league must pass certain standards. So the killer won't hit the head. (It behaves differently from most film and television works. In actual gun battle confrontations, hostage-takers usually hide their heads best, instead of frowning from behind the hostage's head to make eyebrows so that others can easily target.) The killer will not Hit the torso. (The hostage is wider than Mike and has a body armor under his suit.) They will definitely choose the most effective strategy-attack the limbs.

 Although hitting the limbs is not necessarily fatal in many cases, as long as it hits, it will inevitably have a greater impact on the target's ability to move.

 "Is his two shots really hitting my support leg?" Between the electric light and fire, Mike, who had been predicted, instantly changed the support leg, and used the leg that was not aimed as an axis, turning slightly, The opponent's first two bullets fell into the air.

 It is common sense to give priority to supporting legs. Because the hijacker needs to continue to exert force on the hostage when the hostage is hijacked, the support leg cannot move frequently. Furthermore, when the leg is shot, the blood loss and blood loss rate are often faster and faster than the upper limbs, which can make people unable to run or even move normally.

 "Your third shot is to hit my right hand with a gun ..." Mike was thinking faster than the speed of the real world bullet. "You are very confident, and your marksmanship is indeed accurate. At this angle, even if I retracted my hand to avoid it, his bullet would not penetrate the neck blood vessels of his companion, at most, it would be punctured.

 And if he wants, Mike can move faster than the bullet.

 Pu——

 Peng——

 A second later, the shootout ended abruptly.

 In this second, Mike's left hand pressed the hostage's head side by side, which caused the shooter's third bullet to just penetrate the hostage's right forehead. Mike's right hand appeared in the gap below the hostage's right rib at the moment when the shooter was stunned by shock, and shot a shot, exploding his head.

 Although this game has been described as quite strenuous, the whole process is actually just a few seconds.

 After solving the two killers, Mike calmly let go and let the hostage's body fall to the ground. Then he walked towards the other corner of the room.

 As he passed by Lenard, Mike made a shot at his head without looking. He also stepped on the other's neck by the way, separating his entire head from his body.

 It's not because Mike has a unique hobby or hates Lenard, it's just because he's seen people who were shot in the head and survived. In addition, Lenard was a capable person, and it was not safe to judge that he had died through a toothpick passing through the brain. So Mike gave him another shot out of caution.

 After Lenard was settled, Mike picked up the pistol and magazine from the killer who had just fired, and found a small knife hidden in the leather sheath from the ankle of the corpse.

 Then, holding his weapon, he came to the door of the room.

 At this moment, on the porch outside the door, a large number of killers had gathered, and all of them were armed. They heard the gunfire in the room just now. If they find that when they open the door, it's not their own person who walks out but Mike, then what they will know is also very clear.

 "Hoo ..." Mike, standing in front of the door with his two guns, took a deep breath, as if he were going to swim or run.

 He did not count how much ammunition he had obtained. Because for any gun type he knew, when he took the gun and the magazine in his hand, he already knew how many bullets were inside.

 Moreover, without accident, there are still many things he can capture ...

 Ping——

 After dying, Mike kicked the door panel of the entire door with a side kick. Then he leapt forward, stepped on the door, and glanced forward like a surf.

 At the same time, the bullets of the killers around came like waves.

 The successive gunshots echoed in the corridor, covering the sound of a human body falling to the ground.

 Ten seconds later, when the door stopped sliding, Mike was still standing on top of it. But the hallway behind him was already full of corpses.

 "No wonder they can only stay outside. Their marksmanship is not as good as that in the room ..." Mike said something in his mouth when changing bullets. He thought he would need to stop for a while to cross the corridor, but he found it unnecessary when the fighting began.

 After reading the words, Mike turned and walked back a few more steps, picked up two more guns and tucked them around his waist, and took a few magazines.

 After doing this, he also looked up and looked at the closest monitoring probe to himself, and spoke to the camera with a clear mouth. "Time to Surrender Now."

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Chapter 10: Time to Surrender Now

 If anyone else in the world cares about this so-called royal orthodox title, it is Masako's father.

 This man named "Chonggong Lian Ren", who claims to be the "Emperor Dongshan", has a serial number. Even though he is ill now, lying on the bed and relying on instruments every day to support his life, as long as his consciousness is sober, I am afraid he will never abandon these things that seem to be a joke to others.

 The sense of superiority that humans can get from bloodlines is actually very strong. Because wealth and power can be acquired through the hard work of the day after tomorrow, strength and knowledge can also be accumulated through exercise and learning, but the sense of superiority from bloodlines does not require any cost and can be accompanied for life.

 This is why racially discriminators can never be completely eradicated, at most it is to use social pressure and rules to curb their numbers and behaviors.

 This is why the rulers of the feudal dynasties in ancient times, no matter whether they inherited the superiority, had to compile some stories of their own pure bloodlines or the heavenly gods.

 Chongong Lian Ren is undoubtedly also this kind of person. Rather than the foundation of his life, he cares more about his bloodline and his "royal tradition".

 Unfortunately, he was unlucky. At the age of 22, he found out that he was infertile and had no treatment plan. This is a fatal blow to someone who values pedigree.

 But he did not give up. He chose to wait for the progress of technology while actively looking for a solution.

 He even signed an agreement with a medical institution. If before the age of forty-five years old, there is still no way to cure his infertility in the world, he is going to throw himself into the freezer to freeze, and wait until there is a way to thaw.

 Perhaps it was fate to joke with this man. Just when he was forty-four years old, he got the news that a lab assistant in college in Sakura no Yu had invented a special medicine for his disease. And that drug has already achieved good data in animal experiments.

 However, just as Chonggong Lian Ren raised hopes and was about to contact the young man's university, there was another message pouring cold water on him. The assistant professor was wanted for a private human experiment behind a ethics committee, and his whereabouts are unknown.

 Will Chonggong Lian Ren give up the only life-saving straw for this reason? Fortunately, the federal government at that time was sufficiently corrupt. Lian Ren, through layers of relationships, spent a little money to successfully obtain the experimental data left by the assistant professor and laboratory samples seized by the police.

 Later, Lian Ren hired a group of the world's top medical authorities to help him study the formula left by the young man.

 But the experiment did not go well.

 According to the words of an authority. "Although I may be wrong, I must admit that the wanted man who invented this formula has talents that none of us here can add up to."

 When a scholar who no longer needs to prove himself says this, it means that he has surrendered academically.

 Of course, this is also impossible. Tony Stark can build a fist-sized ark reactor in the cave. However, a large group of scientists of his contemporaries in the laboratory could only make one as large as a water tank, and the effect was not as good as that.

 Lian Ren also understands that even if these people continue to study, they may not be able to make this formula more complete and safe. And he didn't have that much time to waste.

 So Lian Ren directly used the original recipe left by the assistant ...

 He found a total of five pregnant women and only one succeeded in conceiving. Nine months later, Masako was born.

 It was the happiest day of Lian Ren's life, and he loved this daughter like a pearl. He even wanted to care for his daughter in a sterile environment, for fear that she would be harmed in the slightest.

 What he didn't expect was that Fate's joke with her hadn't ended, it was just a long delay.

 Sixteen years later, Lian Ren and Masako themselves became aware of a problem. Masako's appearance has not changed much in the past few years. Because she is adolescent, the gap between her and her peers is widening at a rapid rate almost every year.

 The faint anxiety slowly turned into real anxiety and fear.

 At the age of eighteen, the fact that her daughter stayed around thirteen was very clear. Although she has had several detailed body examinations almost every year since she was born, there is no indication that this will happen.

 Even after the symptoms were clear, doctors couldn't give practical explanations and solutions, just speculating that she had some kind of "undetectable congenital chromosomal abnormality".

 This year, Lian Ren is almost sixty-four years old. At this time, he is completely out of the possibility of leaving offspring.

 It was from this year that he became paranoid. He hopes that Masako, like him, will do everything in his power to leave offspring in his lifetime.

 But Masako is not the same as his father. First of all, her body is not ready for childbearing at all, and the pressure she bears in her not long life makes her very disgusted with this so-called "royal bloodline". She even thought it was a curse that accompanied her family, and that curse was very good in her generation.

 Contradictions between father and daughter have deepened. Until Lian Ren was seventy-five years old, a sudden illness turned him into a state where he could do nothing but think and talk. (You can't eat, you can only infuse, and you don't know how to excrete.) This contradiction is paused.

 Since then, Masako has become the actual control and operator of Shen Wu Hui.

 On the bright side, under the cover of the giant enterprise "Izumo Group", Shen Wu Hui has opened various businesses around the world with the gaming industry as its core. In the underground world, Shen Wu Hui is recognized as the top spot in all gambling circles, and Masako is also a legendary gambler.

 Of course, Wu Shang and Hasson also know the rest of the information, except for the relevant parts where Masako's appearance will not grow up.

 Only gamblers understand gamblers, and only gamblers can truly defeat gamblers.

 Today, Wu Shang is here to defeat the Legend.

 "Well, now that I have bet on the entire Shen Wu Hui, I believe you should also take the corresponding bets, right?" On the way to the gambling place, Masako threw this in a casual and casual tone. It's actually quite important.

 "Cherry House." Wu Shang returned these three words almost without thinking.

 This bet was not determined by him, but was personally promised by Berlin before coming.

 "Ha?" Masako paused. "You tell me a place name, what do you mean?"

 "It means that if you win, not only do you have to agree to our conditions, but also, in the near future, after the inverse cross destroys the Federation, Sakura no Yu is your home." Wu Shang replied. "Considering your family background, I think even your father would be interested in this bet."

 "Oh ... wait a moment." Masako sneered as soon as he said this. "You mean, you want to bet against something I actually have with something that doesn't belong to you at all?" She paused. "And, according to you, it seems that without the help of Shen Wu Hui, you can achieve great things as well?"

 "That's right." Unexpectedly, Wu Shang responded in a natural tone. "So now we are actually giving you a chance. If you are willing to cooperate, we will be more efficient in doing things. Every effort you make will not be forgotten by the organization. By that time, what you can enclose will be better than others. There is more Sakura House. And if you refuse, it will not affect our achievement of the goal. But in that case, we cannot guarantee to live in peace with you. In case Shen Wu Hui blocked our way What we will do, you should also be mentally prepared for this. "

 "Hahaha ..." Masako smiled even more, and answered ironically. "Then according to you, this bet is not fair to you. If I win, I don't need to take any risk to get a cherry blossom house. Even if I lose, I can join you , Waiting for future rewards. "

 "Yeah." Wu Shang knew she was sarcastic, but he didn't waver.

 "What is it!" Masako pulled down his face when he saw the boy was about to pull to the end. "Speaking for a long time, this bet is all based on the fact that you will definitely overthrow the federation in the future. This kind of pie-style bet will not work! Wu Shang!

 When she stopped speaking, she turned around and seemed to have no plans to continue to the gambling place.

 "Okay, okay, you want something substantial, rest assured. We have it," Wu Shang replied.

 "Oh?" Masako was already impatient. "what is that?"

 "I don't know," Wu Shang replied, again looking very clueless.

 Finally, Masako was angry. She calmed her face and started walking back. Just as she was about to "send off" the bodyguards who followed, the cell phone in one of the bodyguards suddenly rang.

 This phone is obviously not the personal belonging of the bodyguard. If it was a personal item, he would have lost his job by the rule of "carrying personal communication equipment during working hours." This is actually a "line phone". Only one person who will ring this phone ...

 "Ms. Masako, this is the call from the master." Two seconds later, the bodyguard stepped forward respectfully and held the phone in front of Masako with both hands.

 Incidentally, the names "Miss" and "Master" were specially changed by Masako. When her father was in power, his subordinates were strictly required to give themselves various royal gifts in private and use the title "His Majesty the Emperor".

 This sudden call made Masako feel strange. Wu Shang and Hasson kept silent about something they already knew.

 Masako has been answering this call for a long time, and it seems that there was a dispute with his father in the process. But in the end, although she was angry, she compromised.

 "What did you promise him?" After Masako hung up, he turned around and asked Wu Shang and Hasson with a questioning attitude.

 "Did I just say that?‘ I do n’t know ’,” Wu Shang shrugged back.

 Only then did Masako understand the meaning of Wu Shang's sentence.

 "They don't tell us everything ..." Hasson said at the moment. "However, we did know before we came. Someone will talk to your father and give him some more 'actual' bargaining chips. After all, as long as he doesn't take a day, he will still be Shen Wu Hui ' Too Emperor 'Ah. "

 It took Masako a few seconds to calm his emotions. She calmed down and said, "Since you can do this, do you still need to bet on me?"

 "It's necessary," Wu Shang answered. "Because after the establishment of our cooperative relationship, the leader of Shen Wu Hui who really deals with us is still you." He pretended to be relaxed. "So getting your father to nod is just one thing. It's also necessary to make yourself vindictive."

 He didn't stop talking, Hasson added. "You don't have to worry about us using your father to put pressure on you after losing. Because no matter if we win or lose, we will give you the conditions to open your father. We trade with him just to let him 'require you to take this bet.' That's it. "

 "Huh ..." Masako nodded, a slight anger between his brows, and a little expectation. "It seems you feel that as long as I'm willing to bet you won't lose, right?

 "Yes." Wu Shang's attitude on gambling has always been very arrogant.

 "You don’t even know what I want to gamble with you, where or how to gamble!" Although Masako was more than a head shorter than Wu Shang, she was still full of force, looking up at the other side, and speaking forcefully. Speak sharply. "So ... how dare you say yes?"

 Wu Shang not only was not overwhelmed by this momentum, but also showed a firmer and more relaxed look, and repeated the word again. "Yes."

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Chapter 11 Is It Time To Surrender Now?

It was dark on Longhu Mountain.

 As Li Han was thinking between the mountains, Xu Ran suddenly stepped forward, came to the gate of the mysterious area, and spoke in a deep voice. "You are afraid, then I will come."

 The next second, before Li Han had time to stop it, Xu Ran waved with one arm, his spirits were leaking, and he wanted to forcefully destroy the barrier formed by the obstructive eye with high-strength psionic energy.

 Then nothing happened ...

 "Ha! Ha ha ha ha!" Ma Luo laughed and laughed. "You liar! Oh ... you won't just say it. I won't look down on you."

 "Brother, he's actually right this way." Li Han answered before Di Han, who was still behind him. "If this obstructive eye method is consistent with what it looks like on the surface, it can be cracked with this formula, and it doesn't take much to crack this spell. A little aura can succeed."

 "Cut ..." Of course, Ma Luo didn't understand this either, he just wanted to ridicule Li Han. Now that Di Xin was “science popularized”, he had to open the topic. "Simei, why don't you even understand Taoist spells? We these" monsters "can't make a debut, what's the use of learning this?"

 Di Xin smiled secretly. "Oh ... Brother 3, I'm not as good as Brother 2 when it comes to spiritual power, and I'm not as good as you when it comes to brute force. I can't compare anything to my brother. Then I only know myself and learn more.

 In fact, she left a few words.

 It is true that of the four fierce brothers, the big brother Chi You has the most comprehensive strength, the second brother Xu Ran has the most powerful spirit, and the youngest Ma Luo has the most powerful physical body. However, her four-sister Di Xin, who seems to have the weakest overall strength, is the smartest and most deliberate one. It is difficult to quantify the advantages that ingenuity can bring.

 "This is an expected result." As they finished speaking, Li Han aside again. "And I estimate that all the Taoist priests on Longhu Mountain have done it just now. So although there are many different tactics for cracking the obstacles of different schools, I do n’t need to waste any effort to try them one by one. . "

 He paused for two seconds and said again. "As for Brother Tao's approach, even if a priest really tried it, as a human being, there is rarely a pure aura that can rival Brother Tao. It is impossible to succeed.

 "Then you tried it, what did you try?" Ma Luo asked again.

 Li Han replied. "Combined with what your second brother tried out, at least it proved that cracking in an orthodox way would not cause a back-phasing attack."

 "So?" Ma Luo heard from the tone that the other party had nothing to say.

 "So we can presume ..." Li Han responded. "This‘ low-order obstructive eye method with a variety of unknown attributes ’is a means of defense when facing creatures outside the gate. But this obstructive eye method is a‘ test ’for people in the gate.

 "So did you get the test?" The third question of Ma Luo was a bit like a parent questioning a child who had failed the test.

 "I do have an idea right now ..." Li Han replied.

 "What?" Ma Luo said.

 "Boy pee," Li Han thought thoughtfully.

 "I warn you ..." Ma Luo was ready to explode.

 "Rest assured, I'm not talking about you." Li Han knew he had misunderstood and quickly explained. "The four of you are not humans at all, even if you look like a boy."

 "Oh, now you have a clear idea." Ma Luo answered ironically. This is excusable, after all, he was required not to drink alcohol, to sit in the back by car, and to use a child seat for public transportation.

 "You wait ..." At this moment, Di Xin smiled unpleasantly. "Little priest, this boy pee, shouldn't you come by yourself?"

 "I'll do it myself." Li Han said as he took a bottle of mineral water out of the bag he took with him, grunted it and drank it.

 "So ..." Di Xin licked his lips, and a hungry man saw the expression of meat buns. "No wonder I see your yang is quite pure."

 In her effort to say this, Li Han has finished drinking a bottle of water. He replied while unscrewing the gap in the second bottle. "Master said that I was guilty of cold evil. If I could hold the body of Chunyang before I was thirty, I would not only be able to drive away evil and avoid disasters, but I would also be able to achieve success in the Taoism."

 "Oh ... Come on." Chi You was happy as soon as he heard it. "You've all boarded the ship against the cross, and you can talk about exorcising evil and avoiding disasters. You are already evil and disaster.

 Li Han didn't know what the origin of the four murderers and the inverse cross was, so he didn't answer. After drinking two bottles of water, he left a sentence "I'm going to walk". Then he took the flashlight and went to the mountain alone.

 Fifteen minutes later, Li Han surveyed the area near the gate of the mystery again. After confirming that there was no other entrance, he returned here. At this moment, he was about to urinate and started to "break the law."

 Although the four gangsters didn't care much about watching this incident, but after Li Han said "you look at me, I can't pee out", they also understood and turned around.

 As a result, Li Han urinated halfway and the barrier disappeared. At this moment, even an ordinary person without spiritual power can see the entrance to this cave.

 "Oh ~ OK." Li Han laughed as he raised his pants. "The first time I went out to catch a ghost with Master, the first lesson his old man taught me was, 'Boy urine can break all the obstacles.'"

 "Then have you considered that your master might be able to take urine from you for the sake of convenience, and then lied to you to let you keep the body of pure sun until the age of thirty?" Ma Luo turned around casually Tucao.

 Unexpectedly, after he had said this, Li Han was still dead there.

 The four murderers watched Li Han so staringly that he looked up at forty-five degrees with heavy eyes, and stood for three minutes. Then he squeezed two words from the corner of his mouth with a constipated expression: "MY GOD!"

 Li Han spent another fifteen minutes out of the blow, during which Chi You severely rebuked Ma Luo. Ma Luo also deeply reviewed the error and said that he would be better for Li Taoist priests in the future.

 Then the crowd moved on and entered the secret place.

 You don't need to think about it, the "eye-blocking method" is just the first pass. There are definitely more than one "test" behind.

 After passing through a narrow, seemingly endless dark passage, a huge cave that looked nothing like the existence of Longhu Mountain appeared before them.

 The terrain here is complex and colorful. A huge stalactite hanging upside down exudes a colorful light, lighting the cave like a disco in the 1980s.

 As the five men stepped into the cave, a figure stopped in front of them in a timely manner.

 "Who are you?" The man was tall and thin, standing tall, wearing a bright yellow robe, stepping cloud boots, hanging a peach sword, a Taoist priest above his head, and a standard Taoist face .

 "Hemingshan is passing on one by one, Li Han." Li Han met the other side and reported himself to the family without asking for help. "who are you?"

 "Huh!" Who knew the Taoist disdain. "Seeing that you're only in your early twenties, you little priest dare to break into this heavenly secret? Do you dare to ask my name?"

 "Presumptuous!" Unexpectedly, Li Han suddenly shouted loudly. "I see that you are only four or two in weight. You are just a paper man. You, a priest who has no good deeds, dare to stop me? You do n’t even want to report a name? I'm polite to you, you should be blessed. ? I stubbed you back and bookmarked it! "

 Taoist Li was a bit suffocated at the moment. The four murderers knew the reason, so they didn't say anything.

 But when the paper priest heard it, he was anxious, and immediately glared. He also raised his voice and yelled, "Oh! I'm Jinluoshi, born of the spirit of heaven and earth, the thousand-year god tree of the South China Sea is my skin, and the purple bamboo forest, Ganlin and Xianzhu weaved into my bones. At that time, Zhang Tianzhang ordered me to protect him. Array Master. I tried a little to test your sincerity, but you are so rude to me! "He said here, and immediately picked up the peach sword in his waist. "Okay, then you don't have to be 'sincere'. I'll just try your ways and see why you are so arrogant!"

 "I'm afraid of you?" Li Han retreated quickly while maintaining his arrogant expression and tone of speech. "You wait, I'll get a barrel of gasoline in the car, and by the way buy a flamethrower. If the logistics are fast, I will come back to kill you tomorrow. Don't run ... don't run!"

 At this point, he turned and ran.

 Seeing this, Jinluoshi sneered, raising his hand to pick the blade of the peach sword in his hand. In a flash, Li Han's road turned into a mist of water, disappeared, and turned into a stone wall.

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Chapter 12: Time To Surrender

It is not difficult to reach a "cooperative" agreement with the rebels. Because they are different from the killer league and Shen Wu Hui.

 Today's rebels are better known as disabled soldiers, and more uncomfortably the funeral dogs.

 On the day of "Iron Curtain Flame", the Cossack Rangers and the Jagged Alliance directly lost more than 95% of their frontal combat power, and their leadership was almost completely destroyed.

 In the following week, under the influence of the "tea feast" behind the scenes, FCPS in various places took the opportunity to launch a cleanup operation on the two paralyzed organizations. Qingye's goal was to hide their secret strongholds throughout Eurasia.

 Some people may wonder, since the Federation already knows the locations of these strongholds, why haven't they attacked them before?

 In fact, this is also one of the common sense of intelligence warfare-only use intelligence at the most critical moments.

 Simply put: for a known target, you know it exists, but you can monitor it and even use it without moving it. You can choose to do it until a moment when you have to take action on it, or a time when you can get the most benefit for you.

 And if you act on the target as soon as you get the information, it is likely to cause some problems. The most common case is that your organization also has an undercover enemy, and your rash action is a "critical moment" for the enemy. So, as soon as you were about to act, the undercover agent passed the information back and ran away. Then, you led the men and horses to rush over, rushed out, or failed to destroy the other party. As a result, the rest of the enemies are thus out of your surveillance, and all the efforts of the intelligence officer you sent before were wasted. Moreover, the enemy guessed the identity of your intelligence officer through this incident, tortured him tortured, and obtained a lot of information about you. Finally they will kill your intelligence officer.

 Therefore, in information warfare, "know without action" is a very common operation. Especially the game between organizations, the most tested are those deep and long-term potential personnel. Sometimes, in order to protect a few important undercover agents, it is a matter of no expense to deliberately kill hundreds or thousands of lives on the front battlefield. This is in order to trade greater sacrifice for greater victory.

 Of course, these things generally do not let the soldiers underneath know, let alone the people know, many times even information is not left. Only a very small number of decision makers and parties will be aware of the deeper darkness buried under the brutal appearance of war. Most of them also chose to bring these secrets into the coffin.

 The timing of FCPS clearing is undoubtedly the "best time." When the rebels were not in chaos due to the entire battlefield of the frontal battlefield, FCPS wiped out all its known strongholds within a week. In addition, through the electronic data, paper materials, and verbal information collected from those bases (someone will be recruited for torture, but the recruiters themselves may not know too much), and they have found a lot of things that were not known before. New stronghold.

 In this way, with the exception of East Asia, the entire resistance group in Eurasia was almost eliminated.

 In addition, due to Longjing's strategy, the additional damage caused by the "Iron Curtain" to the people was accounted to the resistance organizations. This turned the rebels, which had a lot of support from the masses, directly into street mice. In the past, when the Resistance Army was in trouble, it could also temporarily dissolve the troops and disperse and hide to the people. But now people have heard that you are the rebels, and it is possible to kill you directly.

 In summary, these Cossack Rangers and the Jagged Remnants in Narvik are now the last incense of these two organizations. Hannah, this interim commander, was indeed their last leader.

 Right now, the Federation's combined land and sea operations forces are already on the scene, and they are naturally here to stamp out this last fire.

 In this situation of isolation and helplessness, where is the rebel army? People who are against the cross use the word "cooperation" today, which is considered polite. If not for the sake of decentness on both sides, what can you say to "acquisition"?

 In fact, the "Plan B" that Berlin arranged for Li Zeju was the compilation. "In case Commander Hannah did not agree to cooperate, you killed her, and then let Prato take over the command as Deputy Commander of the Jagged Alliance."

 Fortunately, Hannah agreed to cooperate after a little consideration. For the moment, this is to preserve the life of her commander. Of course, she also knew in her heart that from this moment on, she was at best a coward.

 But the saying goes so well, staying in the mountains, not afraid of no firewood. For Hannah, it is still the most important thing for Hannah to consider how to live and survive the crisis.

 Things went as planned. After a brief exchange and handover, three of the five-member squad, Prato, Heinrich and Sufer, quickly took over the command system of the secret base.

 Prato naturally uses the identity of "Pavel Zaitsev". After all, at this stage, it is obviously unwise to disclose his true identity to the soldiers.

 Although Heinrich and Sufer are "generals" from the Federation, they are only deputy wardens of the Ninth Prison, not officers such as the Federal Army or FCPS who have a direct conflict with the Resistance. The people below did not have much conflict with them.

 Moreover, even if some people were against Heinrich, no one would be against Sufer.

 The three took over, and you can see how amateur the "temporary" commander Hannah is. Although Hannah has always been in management, she has not even been able to face the battlefield in previous battles. Her abilities and position compare with the deputy commander of Prato, who has long held real power in the Jagged Alliance.

 Heinrich and Sufer, two regular class officers, were not fuel-efficient lamps. During their work in the Ninth Prison, they did not encounter situations that required fighting several times throughout the year. The rest of the time, they were just doing middle management. From the work life of so many jailers in the ninth prison, to the emergency caused by the prisoners; from the posters posted in the lockers of the cleaners, to the smoke of the intelligent monitoring maintenance staff. They are in charge of everything from the ninth prison. Compared to the ninth prison, which is close to a city, that little thing in this base is easy for them.

 Especially Heinrich. His ability to teleport in a metal environment is also very easy to use in this underground base. For many jobs, he doesn't need to be rumored or handed over to others, he can be "anywhere" himself.

 Li Zeju, as the person in charge of the team, has not been assigned any more specific tasks for the time being.

 He and K, who looked just as busy as himself, had time to sit and drink coffee in the lounge while the other three were busy.

 "Speaking of which we are alone in this room, it seems to be the first time." In silence, Li Zeju first spoke to K.

 "Yes." K's answer can be said to be as precious as gold.

 To drink coffee, K has taken off his ski mask at the moment. He was a pale-white Caucasian, very thin and of ordinary appearance, and could not see that this would be a man with the nickname "Gun ghost".

 "You don't seem to like talking too much?" Li Zeju again.

 "I'm used to it," K answered.

 "It's a good habit." Li Zeju shrugged. "Silence is gold."

 "Then why are you chatting with me?" Although K's words were few, they always hit the point.

 "Oh ..." Li Zeju smiled. "I'm here to let you leak some wind that I don't know yet ..."

 "Is this necessary?" K said again. "I think you should have guessed something."

 "You mean, are you here this time to monitor 'us'?" Li Zeju continued to test.

 "I didn't say anything." K didn't answer, took a sip of coffee calmly, and tossed back.

 "Yes, yes, this is not what you said, I guess." Li Zeju also reluctantly said, and continued. "Some of us, although Berlin said it was led by me. But I guess he must have given you some sort of confidential instruction that the rest of us didn't know, and that I could completely ignore me at some point.

 "Given that four of our five have worked for the Federation, the answer is obvious-this task, in addition to its apparent purpose, is to test our loyalty."

 "Exactly, this is a direct confrontation with the federal army. Berlin must be responsible for spying on us. Once you find out that any of us four have made a suspected collusion with the enemy, you can decide for yourself and directly Kill us. "

 He finished the sentence in a calm tone, then raised the paper cup with a sturdy hand, and took another sip of coffee.

 On the other hand, after listening to this inference, K's mood remains unchanged. And he once again pointed out one of the most obvious blind spots in Li Zeju's entire passage. "Is it necessary for someone with the Book of Hearts to do these things?"

 "Is he doing so little?" Li Zeju asked back. "He just likes to play ...?"

 "Um ..." K groaned and thought for a moment. "I can tell you explicitly that I have not received such an order." He paused. "But I guess you should have received such an order. The words you just said to me are actually deducting the instructions you received from me in the form of" doubt ". In this way, you can write invisible Clear up your suspicions, and you can test whether Berlin has left other insurance besides you. "

 "I really like to chat with you more and more." Li Zeju was revealed by the other side, but still looked very happy.

 Look at the EFF side ...

 At this point, a submarine squad was slowly moving forward 50 meters below the Ordfjord.

 The Federation has named the mission to Narvik to eradicate the rebels' rebels as Operation "Paint Removal." The commander of the operation was in the command room of one of the submarines. His name was Matthew Bowman and his rank was temporarily Colonel.

 Why do you say "temporary"? Because it was no accident, Bowman would be a general after this operation.

 Bowman was originally a "three generations of the army." His grandfather was a senior officer of the EFF, as did his father. So he was only promoted to the rank of colonel when he was only 28 years old this year, which is difficult for ordinary soldiers to imagine.

 This action is to let him "gold-plated" and accumulate military achievements. In this way, the Federation can logically mention him as a major general. After all, that was the title of "General", and it still required some actual combat skills.

 Bowman himself was dissatisfied with the mission and complained along the way.

 Obviously, this is a second-generation ancestor with a low eye. However, the eyes of the second generation ancestors are low, and the eyes of the civilians are low, which is different. The difference is that the latter will most likely recognize reality quickly after being frustrated, while the former may be blinded a bit longer by environmental issues.

 Bowman didn't know anything. Because even if he did something wrong, no one would blame him, and the pot would be remembered by others, but his honor and praise would belong to him. Therefore, he has always considered himself a military wizard over the years, and has completed many projects at a young age. Asking him to do this "unilateral slaughter cleanup" is simply killing chickens with a bull's knife.

 Where does he know his father's good intentions. The so-called son Moruo, Bowman and Bowman are very clear about what MatthewBOY is in their family. Just in case, they also specially invited a senior staff officer of the Federal Army, Colonel Gevgny, to assist the young Bowman. With the long-served veteran of the staff, they were at ease.

 Of course, the Bowman family did not know that Gevgny also had an unknown identity, which was the "white silver needle" in the "tea feast".

 "Report to the sir, the reconnaissance boat in front has received a piece of information from unknown sources, and it has been received three times. But the content seems to be just illogical binary code. What should we do?" About a hour or so later, a soldier reported the situation to Bowman.

 "What? If you get a bit of interference, you're bothering me? You said that the signal is not logical, and you shouldn't see me." Bowman's answer is not surprising, the more unintelligent The more rejection and aversion to thinking.

 "Oh ... hide nephew, don't worry." Although Gevgny was full of white hair, his bones were still tough, and he was full of gas when he spoke. "This is already near the Arctic Circle, and we are underwater, and the chance of receiving that information by chance is still relatively low. So, I will see what happens, and I will report to you if there is a result.

 Gevgny is also very coaxing, he has a little friendship with Bowman's father and grandfather, and he knows this boy quite well. He knew the kid was just a little silly and not unreasonable.

"Well." Bowman was at least respectful of Gevgny, so he didn't speak as arrogantly as soldiers. "Trouble you."

 Even in the army and during the mission, the two of them still described themselves as uncles and nephews, and did not shout names and ranks according to general military regulations. This phenomenon was also common in the EFF in this era. Because after so many years of corruption, those in the upper federal ranks have more or less friendship, even directly related. It is impossible for the people below to accuse them. Whoever seriously says "you are wrong" to the superior, then he can retire tomorrow, or he can't get the letter of introduction.

 "After that, Gevgny quickly followed the soldier to the pilothouse. Little Bowman was confused, but Gevgny was not confused. The old man knew that there must be something wrong in the code.

 Two minutes later, he came to the console and asked the inspectors to place the code directly on the floating virtual touch screen, and then he began research.

 At first he thought that this was some kind of standard binary code that could be deciphered by some law. But after looking at it for a while, he found a condition-this is not binary at all! Although these symbols look a lot like binary, if you look closely, you will find that there are actually a few capital "O" s in the "0" and "1". After a few more minutes of research, Gevgny finally discovered the secret.

 The "decoding" method of this thing does not rely on mathematical logic, but uses "graphical logic". To put it simply, it is necessary to divide those contents into one "80 \* 80" square area with the "O" mixed in it as the boundary. Then you can see the word.

 "Huh ... this is for me." Gevgny said secretly in his heart as he deciphered those words. "Except for me, the whole army in this operation is afraid that no second person can crack this information in a short time. And those who will play with tea banquet people will only have a reverse cross.

 As he pondered, the information he cracked was also lined up one by one on the virtual touch screen, which was a total of sixteen characters—【磊磊落落，残棋一局，啄息苟安，虽笑亦哭】 (Glorious and upright, a game of remnants. The bird stays in a temporarily safe place, both comforting and afraid)

Chapter 13 Takeover

 At 5 o'clock this morning, a black Chevrolet entered the parking lot and stopped at a wall.

 But no one ever got out of the car ...

 After three hours, no one got off the bus. And the car's glass is coated, and it's hard to see how many people are riding in it and what they are doing.

 It stands to reason that such anomalies, but in the "Fast Track" someone should pay attention to it, but it is not.

 Many people think that the period from late night to early morning is the most lax moment for security forces, but it is not true. The long-term night shift security is very sober during this time. And occasionally changing the night shift of the security, as long as after the first tiring strike in the early hours, the brain will be excited immediately.

 In fact, the most confused and careless moments of night shift security guards were not at night, but in the morning. At this point in time, the tiredness that is not too strong but will continue after the night has surfaced, and the kind of "liberation" that is about to return to work will draw your attention to "time" involuntarily. At this time, people will look at the watch, watch the clock, watch the mobile phone at a much higher frequency than usual ... and their minds are difficult to concentrate.

 Even the security of the Killer League is no exception.

 From the beginning, no one paid attention to whether anyone had come down after the Chevrolet stopped. After a few minutes, no one will pay attention.

 And these are all expected by the "Doctor".

 Yes, the doctor was in that car, and he was accompanied by Heibing and Shadow weaving.

 At 5 o'clock this morning, after the car was parked, the doctor started debugging various electronic devices in the space behind the car. Heibing turned into an ordinary driver and stood by in the driver's seat to protect the safety of the doctor. And Shadow weaving directly into the "Shadow", through the shadows in the gaps between the walls, sneaked into the base of the killer league.

 About two hours later, when Jack followed the connector of the Killer League to the base, Shadow weaving, who had been in the shadow of the base for a long time, fell on Jack with the attention of the other members and sneaked into the base Computer room. She connected a USB flash drive prepared in advance to the back-end host of the other party.

 In this way, the doctor who has already debugged the device in the car can easily invade the other party's system directly.

 All of this goes in line with Jack's actions. Therefore, from Jack's hands to kill Leonard, until this moment, no images and distress signals were sent from that base. Outsiders of the Killer League knew nothing about the fall of their headquarters.

 "I'm back." When Jack was killing in that base, Shadow weaving suddenly appeared in the front passenger seat, and greeted the other two in the car.

 "I'm leaving." Before Shadow weaving didn't fall, Heibing accepted the sentence, and then the whole person turned into a pool of black liquid, flowing out the gap of the door.

 The doctor who saw this scene behind the car couldn't help voicing. "The abilities of the two of you are really similar."

 "Don't compare me with a monster." Shadow weaving responded casually, and pulled down the storage space baffle above the seat, rushed to the mirror inside the baffle, and began to groom his appearance.

 "Ms. Shadow weaving, you seem to be a little bit concerned about your image lately, is it because of Berlin?" The doctor asked the words in a tone like an aunt, with a rather malicious smile on his face.

 "Although I know that the brain circuits of you crazy scientists are different from those of ordinary people, don't you think the causality in your question is a bit inexplicable?" Shadow weaving still replied in a casual tone.

 "Oh? Am I misunderstanding?" The doctor answered. "I always feel that the relationship between the two of you has improved since he helped you and your sister reunite."

 "Oh ..." Shadow weaving sneered ...

 Heibing over there.

 Because Shadow weaving has taken over the doctor's security work, Heibing can take the next step.

 It was not difficult for him to sneak into the base of the Killer League. He can turn into the sewer with the difficulty of turning into a liquid.

 A few minutes later, he walked down the retreat behind the parking lot and the secret base. And, he turned his appearance into a parking lot uniform.

 "Hey!" Not long after, four people appeared in front of Heibing. The one who shouted was the false blind who had previously connected with Jack in the park.

 "Brother!" The guy was very happy to see Heibing dressed as a security guard. "Did you come here after receiving a distress signal? Hurry! Call for reinforcements! Call the brothers of Golden Lion County!"

 "What are you still doing? The brothers in the base have been killed ..." The other assassin who was on the run was supposed to say "God of killing". But when he was talking, he realized that it was inappropriate to call the enemy "God", and he changed his voice. "All the brothers were killed by that guy. Only the four of us escaped. If you don't hurry to call someone to reinforce, we will be too late!"

 Heibing didn't respond to them in words, it only took a second to kill the four of them and acquired their memory.

 Just as the four fell to the ground, Jack came after him.

 "Heibing?" Jack didn't look surprised when he saw Heibing's appearance changed. With the four corpses lying on the ground at the feet of the opponent with almost no resistance, Jack guessed that the security in front of him was changed.

 Heibing nodded and responded directly. "You still have to leave the way you used to be. The way behind me is to the parking lot, and we haven't taken over the surveillance over there."

 "Okay." Jack answered, leaving without looking back. He knew that heibing didn't have to do anything to say anything, let alone "you're careful". Because Heibing does not have the concept of "serious" or "sloppy", "careful" or "careful". Heibing has the same attitude when dealing with and dealing with any situation, and the psychological flaw does not exist at all.

 After Jack left, Heibing went all the way to the underground base of the Killer League, collecting the memories of every corpse along the way. But he did not "absorb" any of the dead, and he "pulled out" several corpses from his bottomless body and scattered them in several corridors. Those corpses, without exception, wore EFF uniforms.

 After doing this, Heibing came to the room where Jack talked with Leonard, and completely "swallowed" Leonard into his body. Heibing then changed to look like Leonard.

 Obviously, he is going to do a "long-term counterfeiting" task.

 This task should actually be done by "Qianmian". But because Berlin had not passed the "test" of Tian's boss before, and was unable to successfully find and recruit Qianmian without the book of heart, Heibing, as a universal backup plan, had to fill this vacancy.

 For a long time after that, Heibing was unable to participate in other operations against the Cross. Because he must play the role of Leonard to lead the killer league.

 Five minutes later, Heibing came to the base's general control room. He passed a camera to the doctor in the car to signal the doctor. The doctor had been observing the situation in the base and knew that Heibing was ready, so he released Signals from the base were blocked.

 "Here is the headquarters, I am the leader." As soon as the signal was passed, Heibing sat in front of a screen and sent a message to all of the killer league's strongholds in the world as a Leonard through video communication. "Just now, an elite team of the Commonwealth attacked our headquarters in London. Because the incident happened suddenly, and the federation's bastards were very well prepared, and the external signal of the base was cut off by technical means in advance, so we The loss was very heavy ...

 "Fortunately, this morning, I happened to be in the base with a representative from the" Inverse Cross ", Mr. Jack Anderson, the" God of Kill ", to discuss cooperation between the two organizations. With his help, we defeat Invaders. "

 "Unfortunately, brothers other than me and Mr. Anderson have died."

 "But in any case, this incident is by no means accidental. Since the Federation dare to attack our headquarters, all our strongholds are in danger."

 "Everyone knows that after the Flame of the Iron Curtain, the Federation has almost cleared the Resistance. It looks like they are going to fight other forces now."

 "So, at this critical juncture, as a leader, I implore all the helmsmen of the divisions to come down with me."

"It's time for our Killer League, the Anti-Cross, and everything else to come together to fight common enemies ..."

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Chapter 14 Guessing Roulette

Masako's choice of gambling venue is just below the grounds of this luxury hotel, which can be reached directly by the hotel elevator.

 But that floor is not open to everyone, and even hotel staff can't go there arbitrarily. Anyone who wants to reach the "that level" must first use a door card or employee ID card with "special permissions" to swipe on the elevator card swipe disk. After the elevator door is completely closed, he presses five specific floor keys in a fixed order, and finally presses the emergency help button again.

 After completing the above operations, the elevator will directly reach the underground secret floor, and there will be no stop on the way, and the external floor display will also become a false number.

 Simply put, if you want to go down to that secret floor, you must first get permissions in some way, or let a regular customer take you in.

 Wu Shang is also very clear that the places entered in this form are probably illegal casinos, illegal auctions, illegal private clubs and the like. He had also visited such places before in Hanazuki-cho. Of course, compared to where he is going now, those places in Hanazuki-cho seem a little low-grade.

 After coming out of the elevator, Wu Shang and Hasson followed Masako and a group of black bodyguards through a hot underground casino.

 When Masako passed by, many casino staff members freed up to nod to Masako, and came forward to bow. Obviously, like the entire hotel above, this casino is also the property of "Shenwu Hui".

 If there is any difference between this place and those casinos on the ground, it may be that there are fewer restrictions on bets. From beautiful girls to young children; from fresh organs to smuggled artifacts. Those who have a lot of money and social resources are here chasing after the biggest stimulus that gambling can bring. They seem to be showing the world with action-if a group of people are parasitic on the corrupt soil for too long, the sickness and ugly fruit of human's inflated desire will bear.

 Then, the group went straight to a very spacious private room.

 The luxurious decoration and furniture are very common in this place, so I won't go into details here. When Wu Shang, Hasson, and Masako took their seats on each side of a round table, several black bodyguards had closed the door to the room and held the only exit.

 "Two, do you want something to drink?" When Masako asked this question, he raised his hand casually, and posed for Sanada, the bodyguard standing behind him, without knowing how the blind man noticed, Not to mention how he interpreted the information from this simple waving hand. Anyway, after Masako waved his hand, he immediately turned to the bar on the side of the room and brought a bottle of cold blueberry juice.

 "I don't need to, thank you." On the other side, Hasson rejected the good intentions of the other party quite ordinary.

 But Wu Shang's answer was: "A pot of sake, it will be cooked for about a year, and it is warmed to 35 degrees." I thought his words would be over here, unexpectedly. "I still need half a white chopped chicken, cut it vertically, you have chicken wings and chicken legs, and the dipping sauce must be decorated with high-grade soy sauce and green onion segments, and you must add a bit of wasabi to the soy sauce. In addition, you can make me a cold dish Tofu, you need to tenderize the tofu, use bamboo knife to make the code, and don't stain it with iron. The knife should be delicate and sprinkle with slices of bonito. Hmm ... don't season with soy sauce, use miso and radish puree to make a sauce. "

 If you change someone or somewhere else, when the host hears such a request at the gaming table, 80% will throw it back. "I'll just ask you what to drink. Do you think it's ordering in a restaurant? And so many requests?"

 However, Masako will not do this. Shenwu Hui's high-end casinos do not treat guests like this.

 "I can't see that you're quite particular." Masako said, turning to look at a black suit next to him. "You've heard it, arrange it for me."

 "Yes." The black suit also had no objection. After receiving the order, he immediately responded, nodded slightly towards Masako, and then left the room.

 "Is that particular?" Wu Shang said a few seconds later, in a tone of kicking his nose against his face. "It's pretty casual, okay?"

 "Oh? So how can you say that you are particular about it?" Masako asked with interest.

 "If I really want to be particular, I have to have requirements for the origin and production process of each ingredient and condiment." Wu Shang added.

 "You can rest assured, I already have a check on this." Masako replied.

 "Oh ... how to check? Are you all picking the most expensive one?" Wu Shang laughed.

 "Wu Shang, do you think I'm the kind of person who judges things by their price?" Masako took another sip of blueberry juice and continued. "Apparel, food, drugs, jewelry, skincare, real estate, cars, unnamed shell companies, all these things that can be called commodities and tradable goods, the value of which depends on the greed of the merchant and its ability to consume The feelings that the person brings. "

 "We call this game full of falsehoods the market law, but in fact, it is just a model of power exploitation and oligarchic capitalists controlling the rules of the game.

 "Most people can only see the appearance of the underlying structure, such as the high price of something. Then they will say, 'Only a fool will buy such an expensive thing, it's not worth it at all ... '.

 "Interestingly, this sentence is correct in itself. However, this sentence is spoken by someone who wants to buy but can't afford it, and it means something completely different from what I said.

 Masako's tone did not reveal the slightest arrogance, but it was this attitude, plus what she said, that was more likely to cause discomfort to many people.

 "And 'gambling' is different ..." Her words continued. "Two people bet on the value they agree with each other, whether that thing is worthless or worthless to the world. In the end, the winner takes everything from the loser, even if it is not necessarily useful to him / her. There is no more exciting, ridiculous, and more realistic game than this. "

 Wu Shang heard this, and put on an indifferent look. "Sister Masako, I just talked to you to eat. I don't care about your understanding of gambling. Every gambler has his own unique concept of" gambling. "

 "Okay." Masako shrugged. "Since you just want to know that, then I will use the miso you asked for tofu as an example. The miso I use here is selected from the soybeans I cultivated on my own farm in Hokkaido, and I will find someone to pick them up Pick them one by one. I do n’t use beans that are flawed in any shape, size, color, etc. In this way, we repeatedly screen more than three times and then use the most traditional ancient method. That is, in winter In the morning, we soaked the soybeans in a large tub with hot spring water, and let the special person wash their feet and put on straw shoes to step on them. During the process, they manually stirred while adding other ingredients. Then they went to fermentation. Oh, yes Now, when I say 'specialized person', I mean a female high school student who has a good face, a slim figure, and has never had a relationship with a man. "

 "I said‘ there is food control. ’That's what I mean.”

 When the words fell, Wu Shang's expression became a bit subtle. I always felt that I knew something that I didn't know might be better, but there was some excitement somehow.

 "It's so particular ..." Wu Shang spoke again two seconds later. "Otherwise, would you give me a snack?"

 "Okay, for snacks, we have prepared." Masako beckoned again, and Sanada behind her quickly ran to the bar again, took out a plate of dry snacks from the refrigerator and brought them to Wu Shang.

 "Oh, this peanut cake looks good too." Wu Shang said, and he ate a piece impatiently. "Emmm ... it really tastes different."

 "That is certain ..." Masako replied. "Every peanut used in this snack is peeled by the grandmother whose teeth have all been lost, which is much cleaner than the machine peeled peanuts."

 Her words made Wu Shang almost choke on the spot.

 "You're overreacting." Hasson looked at his companion with a rather cold look, and rejoiced. "I don't see anyone drinking fruit wine made from a toilet in jail as much as you do."

 "Okay! That's it! What are we gambling on?" Wu Shang swallowed the peanuts in his mouth after all, and then began to talk about the subject with amused expression.

 Masako smiled mysteriously, dropped the blueberry juice in his hand, and glanced at a black suit standing against a wall. The latter understood it, turned to a cabinet, and took out a suitcase from it.

 The black suit took the suitcase over, placed it flat on the round table between Wu Shang and Masako, and then returned to the wall.

 "It's gambling equipment?" Wu Shang asked. "So Mahjong? Poker? Pai Gow?"

 "Oh ..." Masako smiled. "Wu Shang, your means are clear to me. I must admit that I have no chance of betting with you on those items. Even if you do not cheat, I am not your opponent."

 "That is to say, the things we want to play with are not in the general sense of" gambling, "Wu Shang said.

 "Yes." Masako said this as Sanada stepped forward and opened the suitcase.

 The box was solid, with a built-in mold, which had only two things embedded in it—a pistol and a bullet.

 The gun is an Uberty Cutlerman revolver with a rare bright silver body and crimson wooden handle. The gun body is also carved with a detailed pattern, and the wooden handle part is accompanied by a hint of vegetable oil. Obviously, it is regularly maintained and is not a mass production.

 The bullet is a 45-point bullet that matches this gun.

 "Hey ... is this Russian roulette?" Wu Shang sneered as soon as he saw those two things. "We still have to cooperate next. Is it really good to play this kind of gambling game?"

 "What's the matter?" Masako responded calmly. "If I win, then Shenwu Hui will not have to cooperate with you, and your death will not affect the living I will take over your bet-Sakura no Fu. If you win, my death will not affect you Cooperation with Shenwu Hui. It is the iron law of Shenwu Hui to be willing to bet on losing, and no one will look for your revenge or refuse to fulfill the bet.

 "That makes sense," Hasson answered the next second. "Ms. Masako, you can rest assured. We can also guarantee that if Wu Shang dies in the gambling game, the inverse cross will never rely on him for betting or revenge.

 "Brother, are you here to protect me?" Wu Shang heard the words and couldn't help but look at Hasson with an empty eye and spit.

 "You can tell anyone to bet anything. Besides, aren't you confident that you can win anything? You won, and you won't die, will you?" Hasson's response made sense and made it impossible to refute.

 "The two don't have to hurry to plan the aftermath. I haven't said the rules of this gambling game yet." Masako interrupted the two and answered with a smile. "The original Russian roulette was actually a very boring game. It was just a game of guts and luck. There was no skill at all. We might as well play more complicated."

 In the next few minutes, Masako began to explain the rules of the gambling herself, a game designed by herself, called "Guessing Roulette".

 As the name suggests, this is a highly strategic game that combines word guessing games with Russian roulette.

 First, set the two sides of the battle as A and B. During the game preparation stage, each side of A and B writes a noun on a piece of paper-the noun cannot be a person's name, but it can be the name of a special creature or individual. For example "King Kong", "God" and so on.

 After writing, the two parties rolled up the note and put it in a suitcase (can be placed in the pistol-shaped groove). Then, the two sides negotiated the "first attack" and "back attack", and then the "first attack" side The bullet was loaded into the barrel of the gun and "turned", and the game officially started.

 Assuming A is attacked first, A has four options:

 First, A punches his own head. If he is not dead, ask B a question (the question must be about the noun written by B, and the question must be in the form of a yes or no question, otherwise B can refuse to answer).

 Second, A does not shoot, ends his round, and asks B to ask himself a question.

 Third, A re-turns his head, and then fires two shots on his head. If he is not dead, ask B two questions.

 Fourth, A pushes the runner to check the position of the bullet, and then pushes it back. Ask B to ask himself two questions, and he can only choose "one" or "three" in his next turn.

When A's round ends, the bet will enter B's round, which is also the four choices, and so on.

Every six rounds, that is, after each of the three rounds, the two sides need to re-rotate. This operation is always done by the attacker before moving on to the next attack round.

 When the content of "question" has been specific to a certain word, such as "Is the word you wrote is 'slippers'?". Such a questioning method is regarded as "guessing the answer". Guess the answer. If you guess wrong, you need to shoot your head immediately (regardless of who's the round at the time). If you guess right, you can fire four shots at once. If the opponent is still not dead at this time, Shuang Convenience needs to rewrite the words and start a new round.

 Of course, there is one last rule that doesn't require special explanation-any player dies during the game and declares the game over.

 When Masako finished the rules, Wu Shang's order was delivered. These dishes are originally cold, so they serve quickly.

 In all fairness, the chicken and tofu are really delicious. Even without Masako's commentary, Wu Shang understands that these are high-end flavors that can't be eaten anywhere else, and he just hopes this won't be his "last supper."

 "Before you start, in order to show justice, you can check all the props you need to use, including guns, bullets, boxes, and paper and pens. Any questions you can ask. Masako still looks very relaxed, Seems to be in control.

 Wu Shang was not polite to the other party either. He checked each item very carefully and finally said. "I want to use the paper and pen we brought."

 He didn't explain why, but he didn't need to explain. Masako naturally knows that there is a "remote printing paper" on the market (black market). It looks no different from ordinary paper, but it contains extremely tiny electronic components. When you write on this paper, even if you use light force, it will be sensed and displayed on the screen of the receiver corresponding to this paper.

 In the underground world, this kind of cheating props invented specifically for gambling can be said to be all-encompassing, many of which are even more sophisticated than the technology used by government agents and at no cost.

 Many of these props are far beyond the common sense and imagination of ordinary people. The underlying gambler cannot even know the secret ...

 "Yes, but I also want to check the paper and pens you brought out." Masako's request was also reasonable.

 After both parties have completed the preparations (the words have been written and put in the box), the first game point of "word guessing roulette" is reached.

 "Then we should decide who should attack first and then attack?" Wu Shang asked while eating tofu.

 "I'm the host, you are the guest, let you get better first." Masako said this quickly, apparently long ago thinking of a back attack.

 "No, no, ma'am first, or you first." Wu Shang is not that easy to take advantage of.

 "How many years has the world advocated for equality between men and women, are you a bit discriminatory against women?" Masako started using an ethical grill.

 "Okay, let me start!" Wu Shang seemed to be angry. Soon, he picked up the gun, shoved the bullet into the runner, spun the runner, patted it, and aimed the muzzle at his temple, and pulled the trigger decisively.

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Chapter 15 Killer's Aid

In the evening, under the sea of ice.

 Sal was sitting in his room, staring at the I-PEN screen in his hands.

 This "room" is actually a small space of a few square meters in conditions similar to a single room in a prison. Of course, in a submarine, it is already good to have such a single room.

 "Is it the fifty-fourth hexagram ..." Sal looked at the screen in front of him, still wondering.

 Previously, after deciphering that piece of information, he immediately knew that the dozen or so words came from the "push back picture", but he couldn't remember the more specific circumstances. After checking the information at this moment, he determined that this was the "fifty-fourth hexagram" of the back map.

 "In the first half of the sentence," Brightness and integrity, one game of residual chess "refers to the rise and decline of the Federation over the past 100 years. The implication of this is that the anger of the Federation is exhausted. And touched his chin with the index finger, this is a small movement he often does when he is lost in thought. "The latter part of the sentence means that my federal government has long been beyond recognition. At present, the corrupt officials are pretending to be peaceful, so the people can only laugh and laugh in the crisis."

 Although the tea feast's position is to uphold federal rule, the members of the tea feast are not unclear about the issues of the federation.

 But even if they are aware of those problems, it does not mean that they have the ability to solve them. Their ability to solve does not mean that they can really solve it.

 Zhu Yuanzhang had thought he could fight corruption, and he was capable and determined to do so. He even used the anti-corruption tactics that people most often talk about-"catch one and kill one", and the technique is cruel.

 But did he succeed?

 When a system with very low self-discipline or non-existence is bound for too long with the people who formulate and operate this system, one or more upper-class classes will form. These classes have become stronger and stronger in the inheritance from generation to generation. They enjoy the right to prioritize the distribution of social resources within the inherent system and maintain a balance and stability. Any change that harms the interests of any member of these classes is extremely difficult to achieve.

 In the past hundred years, the tea feast has not tried to change the federation, but the process has been slow. Sometimes they managed to implement a correct policy, and those with damaged interests immediately opened a new gap in another place ...

 In addition, the tea feast has to spend a lot of energy to deal with external threats such as resistance organizations. Over time, they become numb and lost. Just to maintain the existence of the "federal", they have all done their best. The matter of "internal supervision and correction" has basically been forgotten in this era.

 "The fifty-fourth hexagram--disregarding cattle, rats, and cattle and sheep, dehairing, surviving and claiming to be strong, the world has its own true dragon, and the Jiuqu Yellow River is not yellow ..." Sal's thinking continued. "Meaning that the name is saved, also refers to the long-term commitment. This means that although the resistance organizations now seem to be finished, the hundred-footed insects are dead but not stiff. Maybe they will not only die, but also use this The failure of the "Iron Curtain" was reborn and reorganized into a force sufficient to disrupt the Federation. "

 The more Sal thought about it, the more the message shuddered. Because this quiz-like hint is not so much intimidation as "prophecy."

 If it were true, there could be two interpretations. First, it was a foretaste of their failure in this "shovel paint operation." Second, this is a signal that the failure of the entire federation will be the starting point for this campaign. "

 Sal doesn't know the full picture of the inverse cross layout. In fact, he hasn't even seen the tip of the iceberg. But intense uneasiness was planted in his heart. Prudent, he quickly made a decision-call for reinforcements.

 Regardless of whether this batch of reinforcements is necessary or not, or if they can come in handy, they are called first and then said. Anyway, the war in Eastern Europe has now been calmed down, and the federal force is quite adequate, and there is no problem in calling for reinforcements.

 With this in mind, Sal directly contacted the organization with a communicator that he brought with him and was only used by members of the "tea feast", and through a higher-level relationship, he transferred a group of "special forces" from Crystal County.

 In this matter, Sal was conducted in private, and he did not report to Bowman, the person in charge of the operation, and he did not even tell about the deciphered information. Because even if that person knew this, it wouldn't help anything. Therefore, when Sal returned to Little Bowman, he simply said, "The received message is indeed some useless noise."

 At this point, Sal has made up his mind and, when necessary, he will take over the command of the operation himself. Even if this would offend the young Bowman, it would be okay, anyway, the old Bowman and the old Bowman would understand him afterwards.

 It was getting dark, and the moment of "landing" was coming.

 In this "shovel paint operation", a total of nine submarines dispatched by the Federation. In addition to Colonel Matthew Bowman and the "command ship" where Sal is located, there are eight other frigates, each loaded with more than fifty people. In other words, this submarine squad has a total of about one battalion.

 According to the original plan (the plan was made by Bowman), the submarine squad will start at night. . At that time, the entire ship of the squadron will emerge from the sea together, leaving only four soldiers on duty for each ship, and all the others dressed up in combat equipment to go ashore and start a large-scale hunt in Narvik. When the soldiers found suspicious people, they immediately seized them. If anyone resists, the soldiers will kill them immediately.

 Perhaps the plan looks promising in the eyes of Little Bowman, but in Sal's view the plan is simply stupid.

 At seven o'clock in the evening, the "shovel paint operation" officially began.

 In the night, six EFF submarines appeared in the Litvika district and Vasavica Bay, north of Narvik.

 This quiet town is not as bright as a metropolis all night. When the iron monsters in the water floated, there were no pedestrians or vehicles on the nearby streets, and the weak street lights did not shine on the sea surface.

 At 7.02, Squad B, the three submarines on the east side of Wasavika Bay, completed the shore operation earlier. When the first submarine opened the top hatch, dozens of heavily armed soldiers were lined up under the hatch, preparing to land and launch an assault in the city.

unexpectedly……

 Peng——

 The first person to poke his head out of the submarine caused such a gunshot.

 He was still alive before he poked his head, but after he poked his head he became a corpse with a headshot.

 A second later, the warm body slid down the ladder back into the separate cabin under the submarine's hatch, his blood stained the ground, and his helmet was obviously meaningless under the penetrating sniper bomb. The soldiers behind him were suddenly panicked and angry, and the swear words began to flow one after another.

 "Damn! There is a sniper! Quick! Quickly use the periscope!" A captain quickly issued a command with a communicator, trying to deal with the situation.

 Peng——

 Five seconds later, the raised periscope was also shot by a shot.

 Peng——Peng——Peng——Peng——

 Immediately afterwards, four consecutive gunshots cut through the night sky. It appears that the other two submarines received similar treatment.

 The ready-to-go commandos quickly discovered that they had fallen into an extremely embarrassing situation before they landed ...

 The nine submarines on this expedition are all federal production conventional combat weapons. This submarine has only two entrances and exits. One is at the top of the cabin and needs to climb upwards, and only one person can go out at a time. The other exit is directly in front of the submarine and needs to be docked in a dry environment to open. (Generally, it is a special submarine bay for military bases) It is impossible to open it (soaked in the sea to force the submarine to sink)

 The situation now is that if soldiers go out through the exit above, they are basically equivalent to being "queued and shot." Of course, everyone knows that if the people of the three submarines rushed out together, the enemy would be too late to kill everyone due to the limitation of the rate of fire of the firearms. Moreover, the enemy always needs to change bullets ...

 However, the guns of this era are very developed. Who knows what type of enemy guns are? What rate of fire? How much bomb capacity? Besides, who wants to be the first few people to change bullets?

 Moreover, even if several soldiers really rushed out and came to shore, could they find and kill the enemy sniper? If so, how long will it take? How many people will die during this period?

 At this moment, the soldiers felt more and more stupid to launch a submarine to perform this task. Soldiers sailing or parachuting are not the situation they are now.

 Most of the EFF's production submarine detection systems are not good at land detection. Although these submarines can also attack short-range missiles on land, there are only two ways to lock targets: one is to rely on radar, and the other is to rely on soldiers to launch electronic beacons for positioning.

 However, the situation at hand was that the soldiers were blocked in these large iron cans by an unknown number of snipers, and none could go out. The radar cannot accurately locate people. The periscope has the opportunity to find the enemy in the dark, because the periscope of this era can night vision, distance vision, and even thermal induction. But the problem is that the periscope is now burst.

 So are they really helpless? Yes, of course.

 After reporting the situation to the command ship, Sal immediately thought of a way-closing the hatch and diving back into the sea, the soldiers put on diving suits and left the ship from underwater. Then the soldiers dispersed and swam to land.

 This is also a last resort. More than a hundred people can't be forced to live by a few snipers because they are in a submarine?

 But what they didn't know at the moment was that there weren't actually "a few snipers" on the shore, just that they thought there were several.

 There is only one person who suppresses the B team of the Federation, which is K. He alone, a gun, is enough to do this.

 A few minutes later, the three submarines of team B who had been instructed closed their doors and dived back into the sea. The soldiers had to go back and take off some equipment (requires diving equipment, other armed forces must be streamlined) before they can change into diving suits.

 Leaving a ship in water is not the same as leaving a ship from water. In the former, only a few people can go out at a time. Because you have to wait for a group of people to swim out, close the door, and then empty the water in the cabin below the door before the next group can come in to prepare.

 These setbacks will undoubtedly waste a lot of time. In other words, the landing time of Team B will inevitably be out of touch with Team A.

 At the same time, the three submarines on the west side of the A team have successfully completed the ascent and landing.

 About 130 soldiers spent more than eight minutes on the shore. They were not stopped in any way, and they did not see even a pedestrian, a passing vehicle, or a lighted shop.

 As if, the town in front of them has long become a ghost town ...

 Dark night, bitter cold. Even a group of heavily armed old men, facing the quiet and strange land in front of them, there will be a slight fear in their hearts.

 But tasks are tasks. So many people have guns and night vision goggles and they have no reason to be afraid.

 "It's just a group of remnants of the Resistance. It is estimated that they don't even have decent heavy weapons on hand. This is not so much a battle as a sentence." The soldiers spoke as they said.

 This happened today, and naturally they have not forgotten.

 Strictly speaking, Bowman was right. Without the support of the Anti-Cross Cross, the resistance forces in Nakville would have been vulnerable, but things are different now.

 After Li Zeju took over the command of the rebel base, and before Little Bowman's troops arrived, a hundred members of the "Killer Alliance" had entered the city.

 At dusk, residents on the northwest side of the town were evacuated. A hundred professional assassins have been laid ambush in this dark town, and a large number of fatal traps have been laid out, waiting for the target to hook ...

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Chapter 17 Questions and Answers

In the eyes of people who first came into contact with the game of "word guessing roulette", the first attacker is undoubtedly unfavorable.

 Because in the first round of the game, the "most" players have no "reliable" basis to judge the position of the bullet. Shooting at his own head at this time was just trying his luck.

 But from the perspective of probability, the probability of this shot being shot is one in six, which is lower than any subsequent shot. So there is no reason for anyone not to fight the shot and choose other options that are more detrimental to themselves.

 If the person playing this game here today is Jack Anderson, then he will be safe if he attacks first. Because as long as he holds the gun in his hand, even if the bullet inside is not his own, he can know which bullet slot of the runner at this moment.

 This state, even Hasson, could not reach. However, Hasson also has his own method to prevent himself from dying when he attacks first in the first round-he can shoot the runner to the angle he wants with the rapid rotation of the runner, and directly control the position of the bullet with technology .

 However, Wu Shang does not have this technology ...

 Various techniques including "gambling skills" need to be practiced, there are no shortcuts. The so-called genius is just that it can take less time to master than ordinary people. The matter of "being proficient in a technology without practicing" is nonsense unless it is supported by "specific abilities."

 Although Wu Shang has practiced many amazing gambling skills, he has never practiced a gun. For various firearms, he is considered to be "at best".

 What's more, the revolver is already an antique in this era. In addition to being seen in movies, very few people actually use revolvers to fight. Only "enthusiasts" like Jack and Hasson will be proficient in this kind of gun. It is impossible for a gambler like Wu Shang to control the position of the bullet when "rotating the load".

 In summary, the shot that Wu Shang fired was really "gambling". He is betting that he has a 5/6 chance of not dying.

 If there really is a "god of gambling" in this world, then it is clear that Wu Shang has not been abandoned by him, and he is right. When he pulled the trigger this time, no child ejected the bore.

 So, according to the rules, Wu Shang was given the opportunity to ask a question.

 "Is the thing you wrote solid?" This was his first question.

 Such a mystery is a "noun" quiz. The way to solve it is to use each question to effectively narrow the scope of the mystery. Whoever can do this to the maximum extent with the fewest questions can lock the answers earlier.

 Wu Shang's initial entry point was based on the general form of matter, which can be regarded as a very efficient idea. For example, if the mystery written by Masako is "red wine", then approaching this answer through the two questions "Is it solid?" And "Is it edible?" Is a way. You can also approach this answer with "Can I eat?" And "Can I drink?" However, the amount of information obtained by these two routes is different.

 "No." After a second, Masako gave an answer lightly, and immediately took a sentence. "And for my turn, I choose‘ two ’.”

 The second option, "He doesn't shoot, end his turn and let the opponent ask himself a question."

 Therefore, Masako, who chose "Second", sat there and didn't even get the gun Wu Shang put back on the table.

 "Then I will ask," Wu Shang said again. "Is your writing liquid?"

 "No." Masako gave a negative answer again.

 Then it was time for Wu Shang to make a decision. At this time Wu Shang found that the situation had become worse than the previous round. Because now the probability of being hit by a bullet has changed from one in six to one in five, and he still has no basis to judge the position of the bullet.

 "I also choose the second." It is impossible to keep doing luck, so Wu Shang chose to give in this time.

 "Oh ..." Masako smiled. "Okay, then I ask you ... is what you write solid?"

 She did not shy away mimicking Wu Shang's problem.

 "Yes." And what Wu Shang wrote was indeed solid.

 After this question, although Masako asked one question less than Wu Shang, on the way closer to the answer, she was a bit ahead, not just "a bit".

 "Oh." Masako replied casually and answered. "I also choose two in this round, you ask."

 "Hey ... pause first," Wu Shang interrupted at this moment. "I said that if we only choose two in each round, wouldn't it become a game of taking turns to ask each other's questions, and the person who guesses the mystery first can shoot the opponent with four shots?

 "Yeah," Masako said. "But no one is forcing you to choose second with me. If you want to win more quickly, shoot yourself in the head."

 She makes sense. Although the second choice does not need to shoot at his own head, he cannot approach the opponent's answer, but will also make the opponent closer to himself.

 The problem is, in the early days of this game, both sides were far from the answer. If one side keeps picking two and the other side keeps firing, it will take at most six rounds, and the person who fired will undoubtedly die.

 To put it another way, in the case of "back attack", as long as you are confident and asked ten consecutive questions, you will not be able to guess the answer, then you can always choose two to reduce the opponent's survival probability.

 In this way, even if the opponent is extremely lucky, he chose "one" in the first five rounds (that is, shot one's head and asked the other one question). In the sixth round, the opponent must also change options.

 So what are the options for the attacking side at this time?

 Under the premise of knowing that the next shot will sound, choosing one is suicide, which is impossible. Choosing two will enter a rhythm in which neither side shoots and then asks each other. Choose three "re-bore" and then fire two shots on your head. If this person is not dead, ask the other two questions, that is to try your luck again. If he is unlucky, he is dead. Choice four-"Check the bullet position, put it back, let the opponent ask yourself two questions, and you can only choose 'one' or 'three' in the next turn. This is tantamount to sending the two opposite questions in exchange for one question (assuming that the opponent chooses the second round next time), and then still has to return to the "three".

 "Well ..." With a short break between eating and drinking, Wu Shang quickly settled the bill. He lowered his chopsticks and continued. "So, Ms. Masako, your strategy from the beginning was to turn the game into a situation where the two sides ask each other questions. Then ... at the starting point of" let the other party ask ten questions first ", you are still confident that you can Win, don't you? "

 "Almost," Masako replied. "But I have n’t been ahead of ten questions since I played this game. No one, including you, will ever open your head to the theoretical" five shots "at this stage. Most people change their choice after one or two shots, that is, they continue to choose the same as me.

 "Until the question I asked was getting closer and closer to their mystery, at this time, they started panicking. At this time, they didn't even dare to choose the" four "because they had to send me two additional questions. As a result, many people will choose 'one' to fight again, or simply 'three' ... "

 Wu Shang heard this and laughed. "Oh, let me ask you a question. Are the people who have played this game with you most often choked themselves, or are you shot a lot?"

 "Wu Shang, the person who can sit here with me and bet on it, the bet placed on it naturally has a corresponding value." Masako drank the drink, in a relaxed tone, and answered the question. "One or two lives are nothing compared to the chips on this table."

 "I see ..." But Wu Shang understood what she meant. "Then let me guess boldly, do you often not deliberately" guess the answer "when you already know the" mystery ", but instead continue to ask super accurate questions around the correct answer to give your opponent Press, persecute your opponent? "

 "Ah ~ Wu Shang, how can you think of me so badly?" Masako said so, but the corners of his eyebrows and tone were full of malice, and his mouth had a meaningful smile . "Do I look like this?"

 Wu Shang also sneered, without stubbornness.

 Two seconds later, he looked away and answered. "Let's go. Since you still choose the second, then I will ask ..." He then asked a question that seemed to be nonsense. "Is your writing gas?"

 Wu Shang's first two questions have confirmed that what Masako writes is neither solid nor liquid, so it stands to reason that there is only gas left. So this third question seems unnecessary.

however……

 "No." Masako even gave a negative answer again.

 And this answer did not surprise Wu Shang.

 In the just-conversed conversation, Wu Shang was faintly aware that the reason why Masako is so confident in the question and answer is probably that the answer she wrote was very, very difficult to guess, and even almost impossible to guess.

 So, what kind of "noun" meets such conditions? It must be something that is not used by normal people and will not think in that direction.

 First of all, the level of mystery of "you draw me guess" is that things or words that are common in daily life can be directly ruled out. Secondly, according to the game details, abstract things like "friendship" and "happiness" are also unusable and excluded. In addition, abbreviations and polysemes cannot be used, such as "CPU", "TO", and even "DVD".

 Based on these factors, Wu Shang also asked "is it a gas", and it turned out that it wasn't a gas.

 At this point, Wu Shang and Masako started a game based on question and answer. For a long time, both sides chose the second option-"don't shoot, let the other party ask a question."

 Masako's second question started with the volume of the solid object. "Do you write something that is less than or equal to one cubic meter?"

 "Yes."

 Wu Shang's fourth question. "Is what you write a sport?"

 "No."

 Masako's third question. "Is your writing generally edible?"

 "No."

 Wu Shang's fifth question expands the concept. "Is what you write a game?"

 "No." But still denied.

 Masako's fourth question. "Are you writing something processed?"

 "Yes." Masako approached the mystery again.

 Wu Shang's sixth question changed the direction of the question. "Does what you write refer to a certain group?"

 "No." Still no results.

 Masako's fifth question. "Are you writing something everyday?"

 "No."

 Wu Shang's seventh question, expanded the scope again. "Is something you write an activity?"

 "No."

 Masako's sixth question. "Are you writing something for entertainment?"

 "Yes." She made progress again.

 Wu Shang's eighth question. "Nothing you wrote, should you say your answer, is it a medical term?"

 His question made Masako hesitate for about half a second for the first time when answering. "Yes."

 But Masako didn't show any confusion about the problem, and she still seemed relaxed.

 "Cut ..." Wu Shang pouted. "It's really insidious"

 "You are very good, Wu Shangjun." After a breath, Masako praised with a leisurely look. "You are the first person to think of 'medical terms' within ten questions."

 "So anyone has thought of it before?" Wu Shang missed any chance of temptation.

 "Of course." Masako said. "It's just that when most people ask this step, their own mystery will almost be revealed by me."

 Wu Shang answered, "So am I okay?"

 "Be better," Masako said. "In fact, I have probably guessed what you wrote. You are very clever. Your mystery will take quite a few questions to lock in. But I am confident that I will be faster than you.

At this moment, although that step has not been asked yet, Masako already has a speculation in mind-Wu Shang's answer is a book.

 And this speculation is indeed hit. The mystery written by Wu Shang is "Shi Shuo Xin Yu".

 This book was written in the Northern and Southern Dynasties by more than one author. If questioners follow the dynasties and authors to narrow the scope, they usually ask ancient or modern times first, and then begin to exclude the Five Dynasties, the Han Dynasty, and the Spring and Autumn and Warring States Periods. Even if the questioner asks "During the Tang Dynasty before or after the Tang Dynasty", the priorities of the Northern and Southern Dynasties are usually lower. Later, when the questioner guessed the author, his thoughts might also be influenced by the habitual thinking that "there is only one author", which would waste a lot of questions.

 It can be said that the mystery of Wu Shang is also very difficult.

 However, compared with "medical terms", his answer is that he is a little witch. In terms of professionalism, popularity, classification complexity and refinement, medical terminology can be said to be a hell-level existence in word guessing games. Even if you find a professional medical doctor, guessing a specific medical term will take a lot of "questions" to screen. For non-professionals, this is simply an impossible task.

 Of course, this "word guessing roulette" game also has certain rules and restrictions in this regard. If you really write a noun that the other party hasn't even heard, then it's not allowed. Therefore, Masako must be a word that laymen have heard, just like Wu Shang's book title is also widely known in the world. Otherwise, he casually wrote the strange name he saw on the local booth, which was a misunderstanding.

 "That being the case, I won't choose the second round." After hearing Masako's words, Wu Shang picked up the gun again. "I choose four!"

 Then, he pushed out the runner of the gun in his hand, confirmed the position of the bullet, and pushed it back.

 "It is indeed a professional gambler. Before I was driven to desperation, I thought of using the number of questions that can still be sold to give myself more living space." Masako still looked very calm. "I sincerely hope that the bullets in the runner will be more than three shots away from you, otherwise your choice in this round will be a big loss."

 Wu Shang listened to this, but he was not happy at all, just felt harsh. Because he just opened the runner and found that the next bullet slot is the one with the bullet. While depressed, he was also thankful that he was not impulsive just now. If in the second round he fired a shot at his head with a one-fifth chance, he would be hit.

 However, this wave of operations at this moment is also very bad. Since "four" was selected in this round, he can only choose "one" and "three" when it is his turn next time. Seeing the position of the bullet, he knew that choosing "one" would be dead, so he could only choose "three". The "three" is not so safe. After all, after re-rotating the chamber, you need to fire two shots on your head. The probability of a shot is also very high.

 "So now that you are finished ..." On the other hand, Masako's questioning began again. "Next, I'll even ask you two questions."

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Chapter 19: Stop, Call for Help

Late at 7.18, a residential area northwest of Narvik.

 The EFF A team that had previously landed was suddenly blocked by unknown explosives during its search and advance. Six players were killed on the spot, three others were seriously injured, and more than ten were slightly injured.

 The commander at the scene immediately ordered the soldiers to disperse and hide on the spot, evacuate the wounded to the rear, and let the scouts of each team turn on the thermal imaging function on the helmet to detect the surroundings.

 However, in an environment where the lungs were faintly cold, they could not detect the trace of half an enemy with thermal imaging.

 There is no doubt that the ambush of the Killer League is also well prepared.

 Although in the front of the Federation ’s team of one hundred and dozens of people, the number of personnel sent by the Killer Alliance appears to be small, but in terms of individual combat capabilities, each of the twenty-two people who formally kill the organization is absolute. Advantage.

 Although they are nothing in front of the "God of Killing", they are more experienced than their average counterparts.

 Take the hand that "you can control your breathing and not exhale white smoke even in a low temperature environment", these 22 people are all cosmopolitan. Coupled with a special insulation suit, they can achieve "stealth" under thermal imaging.

 Ci——

 "Uh--"

 As the EFF rushed into the streets and waited for the feedback of the scouts, the mutation happened again.

 At a corner, a well-hidden soldier suddenly screamed. The people around him turned their heads, and soon found that the side of his neck had been hit by a steel arrow, and the blood flow was endless.

 "Medical soldiers!" Seeing this, a sergeant major called out immediately, and the nearest medical soldier rushed to hear the sound.

 "Pay attention!" Seeing that the medical soldier had taken out the "icy spray" and sprayed it on the wounded (the common first-aid supplies for trauma in this era, which can stop bleeding instantly and prevent most infections), the sergeant hurried He drank another word, reminding other soldiers to pay attention to the subsequent dark arrows.

 However, such "alertness" does not make much sense.

 Arrows are not like guns, and the position of the shooter is not easily exposed by the sound of shooting. Coupled with the fact that the surrounding area is basically black, and thermal imaging can't find anyone, the soldiers don't know which direction to warn, who to warn, or even which wall to lean on to get effective cover.

 "Brother, don't be afraid, you will be fine. I have given you an analgesic, but the arrow cannot be pulled here, and it must be operated in a surgical environment. I will first insert a tube to help you breathe Let people bring you back ... 唔 ... "The medical soldiers who arrived came to encourage the wounded through words, and were already preparing for intubation. But just then, he was also shot in an arrow.

 The position of the middle arrow is also on the neck without armor and helmet protection. And unlike the person he was rescuing, the medical soldier was an arrow in the back of his neck and was shot directly off the cervical spine, instantly losing consciousness.

 At the same time, the injured man who hit the arrow first quickly turned black-purple and stopped breathing for a few seconds. This phenomenon should not be caused by pure hypoxia, but ...

 "Damn! The arrows are poisonous!" The sergeant squatting next to them saw this and immediately turned his head, roaring at the other two figures who were bending down and running towards them. "Don't come here again!"

 This master sergeant is an old soldier, and he has rich experience in actual combat. He immediately realized that the enemy's intention was to use the "wounded" as bait, and to give priority to killing all their medical soldiers.

 However, he still forgot one thing, not only the "medical soldiers", but also the "commander" on the battlefield is also a priority killing target.

 Dong——

 Sure enough, less than two seconds, and another arrow shot, the target is the sergeant who yelled twice. Fortunately, he narrowed his neck as much as possible without giving the opponent an angle to attack, so the arrow eventually hit his helmet and was bounced off.

however……

 "Sir! Are you all right?"

 After the sound, the master sergeant fell, and several soldiers on both sides hurried to support him.

 "I ... I'm okay ..." After a brief vertigo, the sergeant opened his eyes, crawled up, and scolded. "What are you doing? Get out of me! Protect yourself!" He hurriedly pushed away a few people who used his body to protect himself. After a few more breaths, he scolded again. "Damn! This arrow is no less powerful than a bullet, and almost stunned me across a steel helmet."

 The sergeant felt right. These poisonous steel arrows were obviously not fired by ordinary crossbows, but by highly-powered portable power mechanical crossbows.

 An arrow fired with this crossbow can ensure that the arrow is completely submerged in the wall, even if it hits a stone wall 30 meters away. If it weren't for the EFF helmet's hard material, and the smooth elliptical surface played a certain refracting effect, the arrow came just now, and the master sergeant had a concussion, even if he died.

 "Someone is injured here too!"

 "Man\_don! Man\_don!"

 "Come and help! Our sergeants and medics won't work!"

 Within a short minute, similar calls for help flew up and down the dark shadowy streets.

 Not every squadron has a grass-roots commander who is as experienced and commanding as the sergeant major. Furthermore, even in this situation, even if the Master Sergeant made the correct command, they were still being beaten passively, but the losses were relatively small.

 "I saw the shooter! Over there!"

 "There are also over there!"

 Finally, after losing more than a dozen soldiers, including officers and medics, soldiers successively captured the killers who were hiding in the dark.

 Although thermal imaging does not work, the night vision feature on the helmet is still useful. In addition, the range of the mechanical crossbow is not too long, and the shooter is at most tens of meters away, so it is expected that they were found.

 "Keep the formation, open the communicator, and chase separately!" The commanders at the scene almost gave similar instructions within ten seconds.

 In this way, the landing team, which had reduced its staff to more than 90 people, left more than ten people to take care of the wounded, and then divided into four paths to chase the killers locked by them.

 As we all know, killers are very good at running these days, it is not easy to catch up with them.

 Moreover, in the surrounding streets and houses, many trips and bombs have been laid. The killers knew the location of these traps and would avoid them deliberately, but the EFF led by them did not know ...

 As a result, after the division, the EFF was quickly downsized separately, and each squad suffered different degrees of loss. And when the killers responsible for "inviting" took the EFF to a specific area, the remaining dozen killers also acted-since the enemy arrived on schedule, local anti-encirclement and assassination can be Begin execution.

 This is the strength of the killers.

 For the soldiers, it is more frightening than killing in frontal battlefields.

 Their calmness and warfare faded away with their comrades-in-arms and sir in the dark night and in this dark town.

 When the despair, piled up by blood and pain, quietly came, man's will soon collapsed. The few left in the end were either furious or timid. No matter what kind of emotion, they will only accelerate their death.

 In this way, in less than an hour, with the exception of a few wounded who first started to evacuate to the shore, this EFF A squad "smoothly landed" at the northwestern end of Narvik was basically wiped out.

 On the other hand, Team B, which changed its landing method, landed after a delay of about twenty minutes.

 But just a few dozen meters from the open land on the shore to the street building area, they have lost twenty people.

 These twenty people were all shot by K with a sniper rifle, one shot, one.

 Not because of how fast his guns fired, but because the soldiers were all wearing diving suits, their speed of movement on land was affected. They could not stand in the fire of the sniper rifle and took off the outer layer of equipment before running, so they could only rush forward. In addition, during the charge, there were still people who wanted to drag their comrades who had been shot but had not breathed for a while to the bunker. This behavior naturally made them a living target.

 However, the situation of this team is better than that of Team A. After the team rushed into the streets with many bunkers, K did not stay in love at the sniper point, but chose to quickly withdraw the base.

 Therefore, when team A on the other side was almost dead, this team B had already advanced a lot into the city. In addition, they controlled a large area with some temporary three-person sentry posts.

 However, the progress of this operation and the loss of personnel are obviously different from the expectations of the Supreme Commander of this operation ...

 "Rice buckets! They are all rice buckets!"

 At eight thirty, in the submarine command room, Little Bowman listening to the report was losing his temper.

 When someone like him is unhappy, he must scold others and throw responsibility and anger on others. Of course, Sal didn't dare to scold, after all, Sal was his elder, so he could only scold the correspondent.

 But after cursing, Little Bowman still wanted to get more and more angry because he felt that things had developed like this because he had listened to Sal's staff officer. If he followed his own plan, perhaps he would have won it all.

 Therefore, after a while, after helping the others around him, Little Bowman couldn't help telling Sal. "Uncle, take a look, I said that it would be better for the entire ship to land together in the same place. You have to ask for stability, and divide the army into two teams. Now ... 唉 ......"

 "Yes, it's all my staff officer's misbehavior, and it's all my responsibility." Sal didn't care about him, so he turned his back on.

 If it was changed 30 years ago, Sal would definitely jump up and give each other a slap in the ear and hear a sentence. "Fuck! If you go according to your plan, I am afraid that our command ship will have been destroyed."

 But now Sal isn't that kind of temper anymore, because he knows that it doesn't make sense to waste words with people like this-some people will never admit their mistakes or even realize their stupidity. They live in their own world from beginning to end and never reflect. Even if they are taught, they will not grow, it will only make them more cunning, and remember to hate those who taught them.

 "However, this time, the enemy's combat power is indeed beyond expectations." After taking over the pot, Sal spoke sharply and said. "From the information obtained so far, the enemy is not only well-prepared and well-equipped, but also many elite combatants with very strong execution capabilities. Therefore, at this stage of the battle, the enemy still has zero casualties, and we have lost More than a hundred people. "

 "What do you mean?" Little Bowman asked tentatively when he heard the other party had something to say.

 "Before the operation, according to a report given by the intelligence department, Narvik's Resistance Army Disabled Party did not have such combat capabilities at all." Sal said. "So, I think it's the other army that is blocking us here today."

 "Oh? Who is it? Is it Longjun ..." Little Bowman's first reaction was the resistance organizations that had not suffered any loss in the "Iron Curtain".

 Since his guess was wrong, Sal interrupted before he finished speaking. "No, it has nothing to do with 'Yashan'. It should be 'Reverse Cross' that is blocking us."

 "Is that the group who cleared Prison Nine?" Little Bowman asked.

 "Yes." Sal didn't explain much, anyway, ordinary people like Bowman in the federal camp do not know the role of the organization "Inverse Cross" in history. They only knew that this group was a group of extremely dangerous capable people who had previously destroyed Prison Nine.

 "Wait ... there are a few very capable people in that group, aren't we in danger here?" Little Bowman asked quickly.

 To this reaction, Sal sneered in his heart. "Huh ... it's a quick response when it comes to your own safety. But the soldiers at the bottom died on the front line for your merit, but you have no awe and mercy, and you are still calling them 'rice buckets'. Uh ... This is the person who will soon become a general ... "

 This disdain and sigh, the ingenious Sal never wrote on his face.

 On the surface, he still spoke in a calm tone. "Xian nephew, you can rest assured that we only saw the situation was wrong. I have already contacted Shangfeng and applied for reinforcements. I also replied there saying that they are already preparing. If there is no accident, there will be a whole branch before midnight. The fleet arrived from the "Edinburgh Naval Base" in Golden Lion County, and by then the entire city of Narvik could be razed directly. "

 Sal didn't tell him that he had called for reinforcements through unofficial channels when he got the "a few poems", but pretended to call after the operation started, lest little Bowman have any extra questions.

 "But that's not enough!" Little Bowman thought for a few seconds after hearing the words, said again. "If someone with a capability above fierce level forcibly assaults our command ship, it will not be possible to protect me with more conventional forces.

 When it comes to his own safety, his IQ really gets higher.

 "I've thought about that, too," Sal replied with confidence. "So, the reinforcements transferred this time are not just the naval fleet ..." He sold them off for a second, then said again. "Since the location of our operation was close to Iceland, Shangfeng sent 'that man'."

"You mean ..." Little Bowman's eyes suddenly flashed when he heard the words "that man".

 "Yes, it's him," Sal answered.

 "Ha ha" Little Bowman smiled. "That's all right, as long as 'He' is here, whether it's a cross or a cross, you all have to die!" Speaking of this, he suddenly thought of something. "Well? But then, the credit for this operation ..."

 "Rest assured, with me here, plus your father and grandfather's post-mortem operation, the final credit will be at least '70% 'will be counted on your head, only more or less." Sal knew what the other party was asking, As the heart snorted again, she answered with a smile. "In fact, if we can destroy the Iron Alliance and the Rangers' remaining party and even the criminals with the ability to reverse the cross, even if only 50% of this achievement is enough, you will be able to add a few more medals. . "

 Hearing this, Little Bowman suddenly looked happy, and the fat on his face was almost squeezed together. "Uncle ... heh ... see what you said, you should at least make up 10% of the credit."

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Chapter 20 Crack

The next two questions Masako asked were neither very jumpy nor risky. She just approached the final answer step by step, after all, she was not in a hurry.

 Therefore, after the two questions, Masako also only confirmed the answer written by Wu Shang as "yes" and "yes" an ancient book. Not surprisingly, her next question would be to confirm in which language the original book was written.

 Unlike Masako's steady and steady strategy, Wu Shang is actively walking to the edge of danger. Because he knew that Masako's answer was much harder to guess than his answer. If you use a normal logic chain to ask questions, it is impossible to guess the answer faster than Masako.

 So when Masako once again chose to "don't shoot, let the other party ask a question", Wu Shang asked. "Is the word you wrote three-character in Chinese?"

 "Yes." Masako still seemed calm when responding, and she answered with a smile after answering. "After confirming that it is a medical term, do you simply give up the general logic chain and start to overcome it from a textual point of view? Oh ... interesting. This method has never been tried before, and I want to see if this is true. More efficient. "

 "Then wait and see." Wu Shang said, picking up the gun again. "Now, it's me," he said, pushing the pistol's runner out, turning it back, and snapping it back before the runner stopped. "I choose three."

 Since he chose four in the previous round and observed that if there is no bullet in the next round, he can only choose three.

 When the words fell, Wu Shang had aimed at his temple and snapped the trigger twice.

 No bullets were fired.

 "It seems that the god of gambling hasn't abandoned me." As soon as Wu Shang lowered his gun, he picked up the chopsticks and ate the food.

 His hands were stable, and his face was relaxed, without any fear or tension.

 Throughout the room, only Hasson, sitting behind him, saw his legs shaking under the table.

 "Hmm ..." Seeing Wu Shang "not so scared," Masako let out his lips and thought. "Congratulations." She hesitated for a moment before answering. "I sincerely hope that the next round of that runner will still be an empty shot, otherwise this game will end sloppyly before you show your face."

 "Then I'm going to let you down," Wu Shang replied calmly. "The more you say that, the more I die, I won't show panic and fear to make you satisfied." He paused, then answered. "In short, now that my two shots have been fired, it's time for me to continue to ask questions ..." He apparently had already thought about what to ask and said quickly. "The first word of the word you wrote, is it pronounced on the first line of the Hanyu Pinyin Initial Table?"

 Masako's expression changed.

 Wu Shang's questioning was like she had never seen before. And she soon realized the power of this questioning method.

 In the twenty-third century of this universe, Chinese and English have already become global universal languages with penetration rates close to 100%. Anyone who has formal education has learned the initials and finals list of Hanyu Pinyin.

 However, for this type of knowledge that can no longer be basic, as long as most people can see the table, they will read every sound. But if they ca n’t see the form, they ca n’t write it down. ”

 It can be said that Chinese pinyin is not only the first thing people learn in the formal education system, but also the first thing that people "return to teachers". Since there is almost no assessment of Pinyin after the first grade, this part of the content has become a well-understood and easily ignored existence.

 At this moment, Wu Shang is using this most basic thing to launch an offensive.

 Masako could not say that she didn't know what a consonant was, and she had no reason to refuse to answer.

 "Yes."

 Unfortunately, Masako's answer was "septicemia." The first consonant "b" of the word "defeat" is exactly the first in the first line of the consonant list.

 Taking a step back, even if her answer was not "septicemia", the initials of Pinyin had only three lines. Among them, each line is divided into two intervals, and each interval has three to four initials. In other words, with Wu Shang's questioning method, as long as three questions at most, the answer can be locked into the range of three to four initials.

 "Then the second question." Wu Shang immediately asked after he got the answer. "Is the first word of the word you wrote, which is pronounced at the first interval of the first line of the Hanyu Pinyin Initial Table?"

 "Yes." Masako could only answer truthfully.

 In this way, through two questions, Wu Shang reduced the initial range of the word to the four sounds "b, p, m, f".

 Masako silently calculated the account in his heart. If Wu Shang continued to follow this idea, the next question would lock the initial "b". Immediately after that, he would ask the "final vowel" and "how many". The final table is a bit more complicated, but according to the principle of half-pointing each time, the "ai" sound can be locked in three to five questions. In other words, there are at most five questions, Wu Shang will know that the first word is pronounced "bai".

 At this time, Wu Shang would not necessarily ask in the order of "first, second, third". Because "three words, medical terms, the first word is bai", most people will immediately think of the words "leukemia", "albino", "white blood cells", "white coat" and so on. So he is likely to directly ask "is this bai word pronounced a second sound?"

 And the answer is not. At this time, several people who had just imagined the three-word vocabulary beginning with "white blood", after being informed that the sound of "white" was incorrect, they were likely to immediately think of "septic blood" beginning with the fourth sound . Then he thought of "septicemia."

 In summary, in theory, in extreme cases, Wu Shang may guess the answer directly within seven questions. Even with an optimistic estimate, Wu Shang can definitely confirm that the first word of the answer is tenth bai in ten questions. After confirming the word, any subsequent guesses he may hit the answer directly.

 Different from the logic of "guessing the whole word by definition" in logical deduction, Wu Shang's guessing method that uses pinyin to approach the answer is to uncover each word literally to explore the answer one by one. In this way, he completely bypassed the various traps and blind spots of knowledge in logical deduction, and could ensure that each issue must have certain significance and progress.

 This is almost an unstoppable method. It's like when someone guesses an English word, someone uses the question "is the first letter A", then finds out what each letter in the word is, and finally spells out the answer. People who use this method don't even need to understand the meaning of the word to be able to guess it. However, depending on the questioning method, this method is also fast or slow.

 Taking the guessing of English letters as an example, the most stupid way to guess is to guess from A to Z, so you have to guess at most 25 times. But if you use the guessing method of "is this before or after M", you will save a lot of work. Wu Shang's method of guessing Pinyin is undoubtedly also a more efficient method.

 This is also the first time Masako has felt the pressure of being chased by others in this "guessing roulette".

 "Your expression is a bit subtle." Wu Shang is also a top gambler. He noticed the slightest muscle tremor on Masako's face at a glance. "According to this trend, shouldn't your initial consonant be 'b'?"

 "Who allowed you to ask the third question in a row?" Masako looked a little unhappy.

 "Anyway, do you continue to choose the second one?" Wu Shang began to provoke his opponent, trying to expose the other party to flaws.

 Masako looked at the gun on the table and answered. "Yes, I still choose two."

 "Then answer my third question, then." Wu Shang pressed further with a smug look.

 "Yes." Masako's response was succinct and she didn't speak again. Because she also began to worry about what would really show.

 "Um." Wu Shang nodded. "It's my turn." He picked up the gun again. "I'll choose four again."

 After all, he once again launched the revolver of the pistol, confirmed the position of the bullet, and loaded the revolver directly.

 At this moment, Hasson, who was sitting behind Wu Shang, couldn't help but have some doubts. "Why did he choose the fourth? Judging from the question, he should still be a bit ahead. As long as they keep it together, they can always choose the second, and they can press the opponent without risk. This is equal to sending the opponent two questions first, and then it depends on how lucky he is. If he is not lucky and the bullet is in the next round, he must choose three to gamble. "

 Hasson is right. It stands to reason that Wu Shang has been picking two since this round and has the opportunity to win without firing on his own head. And if he chooses four, he has a high chance of losing money.

 In fact, when Wu Shang opened the wheel for inspection just now, it did confirm that the next shot would really sound. In other words, when it is his turn next time, he will have to choose another three.

 "Huh ... I have escaped again." On the other side, Wu Shang showed a relieved expression when he saw the bullet, and he breathed a sigh of relief, and said to Masako. "Come on, you can ask two more questions."

 Instead of rushing to ask questions, Masako laughed. "What? You have to pick three more in the next round?"

 "Yeah, there will be bullets in the next shot." Wu Shang told his opponent the true information.

 "Hmm ..." Masako snorted, and answered. "So ... I can only sincerely pray that you will still encounter two empty guns in succession after the next reload, otherwise I will not be able to enjoy the tension I have never experienced before."

 I don't know why, after Wu Shang heard this, he laughed and smiled straight at the table.

 Masako showed a little anger when he saw this. "Is there anything funny?"

 "Yes," Wu Shang answered. "But I don't tell you why, can we continue the game?"

 Masako took a sip of his drink, as if to calm his anger. Then he even asked two questions, narrowing the scope of the book written by Wu Shang to "Chinese works", "before the Sui and Tang dynasties."

 Although she is actually approaching the answer, compared to Wu Shang's method, she is still in a disadvantage.

 Fortunately, in Masako's eyes, this is no longer a problem, because she has full confidence-in the next round of Wu Shang, Wu Shang will surely die.

 After a few seconds, Wu Shang who answered the two questions really picked up the gun and quickly "screwed the barrel", and once again aimed the muzzle at his temple. "So, as you can see, I chose three in this round."

 That's what he said, but he didn't shoot.

 "Oh ... why? Are you scared?" Masako thought he had come to the long-awaited moment. "If you're scared, don't hold your ground. It's not bad to show your nature."

 But Wu Shang responded unhurriedly. "Before shooting, I have a few words to say."

 "Do you feel like you are going to die, so you want to leave a last word?" Masako laughed. "Okay, I approved."

 Unexpectedly, the next sentence after Wu Shang dropped his gun was. "Actually, with your ability, if you propose to play some purely probability games with me, such as roulette, you would have won straight away. But you are too proud. This kind of thing that slowly pushes the other side into despair, wants to see my ugliness, and wants to prove that I am just a mediocre gambler. "

 "What are you talking about?" Masako responded calmly. "Are you hinting that I am cheating with abilities?"

 "This is not a hint, but an explanation," Wu Shang said.

 "Oh?" Masako raised his leg, seemingly unbelieving. "Then I'll listen to your trick."

 She is confident that her tricks cannot be seen through.

 "Your ability is‘ to make certain bad things that happen with a certain chance into 100% happen in a certain language. 'To put it plainly, you are a crow mouth. ”Wu Shang said.

 Masako's confidence was shattered so quickly that she was unexpected.

 "To be more specific, that is, whenever you use the 'incerely or otherwise' sentence, the part of what you say, as long as there is a chance of failure, will inevitably fail." Wu Shang didn't care about the other party's reaction, but took care of himself Continued from the ground. "I'm not sure if you can use this ability as long as you use such a sentence, or if you need to take the initiative. I can confirm that you have used this ability three times with me so far."

Wu Shang put out his first finger and said. "The first time was when I returned to the election of" Four ". At that time, you did not feel that I would pose a threat to you, but you did not want me to obtain the next few rounds by observing the position of the bullet. Too much advantage, so you said that you sincerely expect that the bullet in the runner will be more than three shots away. As a result, when I opened it, the bullet was next. "

 He extended a second finger. "The second time, after I chose three. Seeing that I didn't even die two shots at the forehead, and did not show the distress you expected, you think I am the kind of The type that will not panic if the gun crashes. So, you have lost the motivation to crush my spirit and hope to solve it as soon as possible. So you said 'I sincerely hope that it is still an empty gun' ... so if I choose another one, I will die directly. "

 Finally, Wu Shang held out a third finger. "The third time, just now. When I was ahead of you in questioning progress, and once again selected four, you felt the crisis of failure for the first time in this game. Then you ca n’t take care of that much. That said, I sincerely hope that after the next reload, I will still encounter two empty guns in a row, trying to put me to death in the round where I was forced to choose three. "

 At this point, he paused for a few seconds and said. "In fact, the second time you used this kind of sentence, I felt a bit strange. Combining the process of the game, I was already doubting that you had used some kind of power. The purpose of my fourth choice is In order to further test your ability. Otherwise, I will learn from that round and you will always be the second choice.

 "You just asked me what ’s funny? I laughed so much that when I finished choosing four, you said that sentence a third time immediately, letting me thoroughly determine what your ability is. That's all."

 Pa——Pa——Pa——

 Masako started applauding Wu Shang, of course, it was not encouraging applause.

 Masako's smile came back in the process of Wu Shang's narrative, and the cold smile looked extraordinarily infiltrating on her young girl's face. "Wu Shang, the story is well told, but unfortunately you have no evidence."

 "Um." Wu Shang tilted his head and spread his hands. "This is also the trickiest part of your ability. Even if you cheat with it, no one can prove anything."

 "So what do you do now?" Masako's tone was like a kindergarten teacher educating three-year-olds.

 "Oh ... I understand, I understand." Wu Shang smiled bitterly, holding his gun against his temple again.

 This is the thing at the gaming table. The accusation of not being able to give evidence is farting, cheating ...

 Gamblers like Wu Shang can lose, but they can't lose their respect. So he had to shoot.

 Ka——

 The first shot didn't go.

 But there is a second shot.

 Peng——

 Sure enough, the shot went off.

 Wu Shang's blood donation went all over.

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Chapter 22

 Late at 11.30, the landing team that burst into the Narvik city from the northeast side was basically wiped out.

 Only a handful of soldiers fled ashore near the coast. But because they landed by diving, they could not withdraw from the submarine at this time. They could only find unmanned buildings to hide in the cold night, and prayed that they would not be found until the reinforcements arrived.

 But that is undoubtedly a luxury.

 The rebels' familiarity with the terrain far surpassed those of the new EFF. In addition, the relationship between the two sides in terms of number and momentum has long been reversed, and it is only a matter of time for the former to wipe out the latter.

 Little Bowman's side had long regarded these landing soldiers as abandoned soldiers. He would not risk directing the fleet to land to rescue those on shore. He just hid in the safe command ship under the sea of ice, waiting for the arrival of Golden Lion County's cruiser fleet and "that man".

 The man, named "Coulibalivodi", had a strange name, no surname, and nowhere.

 However, the name itself has never been important, what is important is the meaning behind it. The significance of Coulibalivodi is-the highest combat power in the Federation, the strongest guard officer, and none of the strongest mutants officially identified by EAS.

 Although EAS believes Coulibalivodi's ability to control and physical skills are only "ferocious", this does not affect his "strongest" status.

 There are two reasons: First, his ability is called "energy manipulation" of BUG. Second, he is an Omega-level mutant.

 How strong this variant is is to refer to Li Kesan.

 However, Coulibalivodi is still not as good as Li Kesan because he is still "young". Coulibalivodi is forty-five years old this year. From the perspective of ordinary people, he is already a middle-aged person, but from the perspective of a high-level mutant, his life is still long. The premise is that he did not die.

 For most of the time, Coulibalivodi stayed at his residence in Iceland, where there was an entire luxury residential complex purposefully built for him by the Commonwealth.

 He is the only "household" in the entire area, all others are his "servants".

 In that residential area, Coulibalivodi is a "monarch". Regardless of food, clothing and accommodation, as long as he wants, the federal will give it, and the price is never an issue. In addition, Coulibalivodi can freely call others to do anything-he can let men kneel in front of him and scratch their heads to death, or women can accompany him to sleep at any time and place.

 These people who served him were all obtained by the Federation through various unconventional methods, specifically for Coulibalivodi to be driven as slaves. And these people usually have only one consequence in the end, which is death.

 Everyone has the will to survive, and after all, they will choose to commit suicide directly. A small number of people will adapt to the life in front of them, even if they are slaves.

 Fortunately for them, Coulibalivodi is not a sadistic or perverted. In terms of desire, he is more ordinary.

 He likes high-end cuisine, young beautiful girls, elegant and comfortable clothes, and a spacious and comfortable environment. In short, these are the preferences of normal people, but not everyone has the conditions to achieve it.

 He did not start pursuing distorted stimuli because all kinds of needs can be met for a long time, such as eating strange things, starting with minors, and deliberately letting others suffer.

 His only problem, or behavior that looked like a mental illness, was that he couldn't establish an emotional connection with people.

 Once Coulibalivodi feels that he has a relationship with someone, becomes a friend, or has a feeling of love or affection, he can't help but kill the other person.

 This was not his choice, but an instinct-like impulse that he could not explain himself.

 This is why the person who came to serve him must be dead ...

 Based on this, the federal agencies responsible for providing him with supplies and servants will also explain to the servants who are preparing to convey the past, and do not think about "slapping" and do their duty. Only if they see themselves as a tool can they live longer.

 Of course, Coulibalivodi, enjoying the absurd privileges given by so many federations, also has to pay the corresponding price-when the federation needs to use him, he also gets the task.

 Regarding the mission, Coulibalivodi also has its own principles. He has agreed with the Federation that he "is only involved in actions against one or more incapable abilities of the general security officer, and has no choice but to intervene in 'wars'. That is, if the Federation lets him go to the front When massacres begin, he can and has a high chance of rejecting it. He will consider breaking the ring unless the federal states that "you will end up with our entire regime."

 Today, the mission of "assisting the paint shovel operation and annihilating the members of the inverse cross" is undoubtedly in line with its principles, and he has no reason to refuse.

 Therefore, after receiving the notice, he simply packed up, and when he came to pick up his ship to dock, he boarded and set off.

 Midnight is coming, and according to Sal's calculations, the reinforcements he applied for should reasonably have arrived.

 However, reinforcements did not arrive.

 The fleet of Golden Lion County did not arrive.

 The boat responsible for picking up Coulibalivodi did not arrive.

 Not only did people not come, even the communication did not reply. This kind of anomaly made the calm counselors like Sal fall into doubt and confusion.

 At the same time, the Norwegian Sea, the sea east of the Faroe Islands.

 The Edinburgh Combined Fleet, known as the "World's Strongest Naval Fleet", sailed from the federal Edinburgh Naval Base, is staying on the sea and waiting quietly.

 They arrived in this area an hour ago, but General Gavin, the commander of the fleet, suddenly ordered the ship to stop sailing and stand by.

 During this hour, Gavin contacted the naval base and asked him why he suddenly stopped moving. He responded on the grounds that "an unknown target was detected and a suspected enemy reconnaissance aircraft was detected." All communication requests from the young Bowman were rejected by Gavin.

 Little Bowman saw that Gavin ignored him, was very annoyed, bypassed him, and directly contacted the Edinburgh Naval Base. The naval base recounted Gavin's response. When he contacted Gavin again, Gavin did the same thing, and still refused to speak directly with Little Bowman.

 This weird stalemate seemed to others that Gavin intentionally did not want to support Little Bowman. Strangely enough, before the fleet set off, it was Gavin's active request for commander of the support force.

 There is a secret, at least for now, on the federal side, no one understands

 Las Vegas, on the other hand.

 "The food you cook here is so delicious, I'm a bit addicted." Wu Shang said as he delivered Natto Bibimbap to his mouth.

 At this moment, he was sitting in the restaurant of Masako with Hasson, receiving each other's hospitality.

 Due to the injury to his right hand in the gambling game in the early hours of the day, Wu Shang could only use his left hand to eat for the time being. However, it doesn't matter to him, because there is no such thing as a "dominant hand" for a gambler of his level. It doesn't matter if you use chopsticks or mouse, he can use it well no matter which hand you use.

 "Don't you just want to catch me and follow this, then ask to stay with me?" Masako, sitting opposite Wu Shang, raised his cheek with one hand and looked at him with an unpleasant look.

 "Is this what you discovered?" Wu Shang responded with a smile.

 "So was it something you temporarily thought about, or was your Berlin scheduled in advance?" Masako actually had the answer in mind when he asked.

 "Haha ... So far, it's so clear what we're doing. Everyone is on a boat." Wu Shang also knew that the other person was like a mirror, so he perfuncated the past.

 "I understand ..." Masako answered. "It's just to keep a personal watch on me, it doesn't matter. I don't care about such small things. Anyway, since I have decided to work with you, there is nothing to hide." So far, She moved her gaze to Wu Shang's bandaged right hand. "Compared to that kind of thing, I still haven't figured out what strange setting your ability is, which can make the gun blow up just when you want to hang yourself."

 Wu Shang heard that, glanced around, and then. "There are a lot of people here, or else I'll tell you quietly?"

 "You don't want to say it ..." Masako also ate a dish, putting on an air of disapproval. "Since you can see through my abilities, I have no reason to see through you. You stay with me, and I can just watch you more ..." She paused. "In addition, you can remember that I didn't 'lose it to you'. This game between you and me as a gambler, but for the time being, I will have a victory with you. "

 "OK ~" Wu Shang laughed with a shrug. "Sister Masako, you're good." He took another sip and then turned around and asked what was the matter. "By the way, I'm also curious. How did you get General Gavin to do what you meant? Delaying the military plane is a serious crime. If the consequences are serious, the military court may rule him indefinitely It's a death sentence. He wouldn't be just for some money ... "

 "This morning ..." Masako answered before he finished talking. "When you and I were playing roulette, in the underground casino next to us, General Gavin's two sons lost some chips they couldn't even pay in a gamble."

 "Although they think they can rely on the power of the family, it is clear that they are not qualified to spread wild ground with me."

 "These two are still with me. General Gavin wants to keep his son safe, so he must obey our arrangements."

 Hearing here, Hasson suddenly answered. "You should do more than that, right?" He had been in the system and had been in a military court. He was still familiar with that stuff. And he was well aware of the character of these senior federal generals, so he wondered. "The guy who has cultivated two second ancestors like this is definitely not a good person. He may not risk his death sentence to protect his sons."

 "Oh ... deserves to be a 'Veteran'." Masako responded with a smile. "You're right, in addition to using the lives of those two little cubs to beat him, I also left him a back road ..." She drank the drink on the table, and he answered. "At the moment, there is an unmanned marine meteorological observatory near the sea where Gavin is located. Such observatories are common near the Arctic Circle, and all are managed by a private enterprise that wins bids through nepotism."

 "Every year, this company only needs to put some drones out, fly according to the procedure, and upload some optional observation data, which can deceive a large amount of government funding.

 "Companies like this are now spread all over the field, and most of their bosses are regulars in Las Vegas. As long as you set up a bureau, you can make any of them into our Shenwu Hui dog.

 "What I did this time was to call a few drones from one of the observatories, and walk a few laps on the sailing route of Gavin's fleet, leaving some records on his detection radar ..."

 "In this way, Gavin has an excuse for guilty. He can say that he stopped advancing because of enemy attacks, and the data on the ship can show that he is not lying. As for the final truth, it doesn't matter. Anyway, as far as the situation is concerned, you can't judge that he was deliberately delaying the military plane. After the fact, even if the court wants to sentence him, it will not be a death sentence. "

 After she said this, she cut a small piece of cow gracefully into her mouth and took a sip of wine.

 Within a few seconds, Hasson had also digested the message in this passage, and Shen Shen answered. "It really is a reliable ally. His Highness Prince's calculations are very clear."

 "Okay, compared to your‘ that ’, it ’s nothing.” Masako sneered, wondering if she was really a little drunk or had a fake drink. "I do n’t think it would be a‘ coincidence ’that Gavin ’s two sons and you both appeared on my site on the same day. I ’m not able to learn that‘ calculation ’

 At the same time, the Norwegian Sea was about three hundred nautical miles east of Iceland.

 "A sneeze ..." Berlin "stands" on the sea, sneezes, and talks to himself. "Huh ... there's another woman behind me saying bad things."

 "You're so cold." One second later, another person's voice sounded.

 That person is Coulibalivodi.

 Like Berlin, Coulibalivodi "stands" on the sea at this time. He wasn't there a few seconds ago, but now he stands firmly about five meters from Berlin.

 "Why did your boat stop so far away?" Berlin was not surprised, he just smiled and said to the other.

 "Doesn't your submarine stop too far?" Coulibalivodi replied.

 "Oh ... it seems we have consensus on at least one point," Berlin laughed.

 "Yeah ..." Coulibalivodi said, "It's the best place to fight you in places where no one else is within a few kilometers.

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Chapter 23

 "Senior, what does this mean?" Although the situation in front of him is quite clear, Li Han trapped in the battle still intends to put a few words first, after all, there will not be too many things like intelligence before the war.

 "Huh ... actually asked me what I meant?" Shan Songtao at this moment had changed his face, which was completely different from the previous Wei Nuo Nuo. "Who do you think you're talking to?"

 "Oh?" Li Han answered when he heard something else in his words. "Did you lie to me just now? Actually, you are not the master here."

 "I'm really in charge here," Shan Songtao said. "But at the same time, I'm also the director of the Paranormal Administration of the Special Operations Force in Longhushan."

 Hearing this sentence, Li Han was stunned, because he was the first to hear the name of the institution. In addition, Berlin did not remind him that the Taoist priests had been recruited by the federal government to serve as civil servants before the mission.

 It stands to reason that it is impossible for Berlin to not know the existence of this organization. So there are two reasons why he didn't say it: First, he didn't think it was necessary. Second, he has other calculations.

 From the point of view that Berlin has specially arranged the "Four Fiends" to go with Li Han, it is clear that the latter is more likely.

 "Oh ..." Li Han sneered and yelled after a little thought. "As a Taoist preacher, you don't want to cultivate your self-cultivation and pass on the tradition, but instead run to be a dog for this corrupt court, don't you think you are shameful?"

 Li Han is most likely to pretend to be demure, and those who are not familiar with him will not see half of it. With such a roar, several of those in the community around him were ashamed.

 "Nonsense!" But Shan Songtao didn't eat this set and shouted loudly. "You talk to me about truth? Huh ... what are our Taoist priests when they leave? You asked me to join the world to save my sufferings. Who was there to save me when I suffered in the world?"

 Shan Songtao said nothing wrong.

 Since the Vitstuc empire cleared religion from the earth more than two hundred years ago, the Tao has also fallen along with it, and the only survivors have turned to the "underground". Without the Taoist temple and the mountain gates, the process of receiving apprentices has become basically dependent on fate, so fewer and fewer people have been passed on.

 In the past two centuries, it has experienced the demise of the empire and the rise of the Federation. Although the Taoist Temple now has it, it has become a tourist attraction. "True Taoists" like them have lost their official identity and industry, and most of them have lived a hard life.

 Almost all of them are from elementary school, and they can't receive too much cultural education or advance to school like normal people. Before being called in by the Anti-Cross Cross, Li Han made a living by renting a car, which was not an easy job.

 Shan Songtao is the same. He was an orphan since he was young, and was accepted by Taoist priests. Naturally, he became a priest when he grew up. But this is not his own life choice.

 What about the Taoist Law? What about seniority? Struggling on the poverty line all day long, a piece of clothing was worn for five years, and the patches on the robe were almost more than the original cloth and still in use. He has lived this way, and the master has asked him to "help the world", or use Taoism to help others without asking for anything in return.

 Shan Songtao helped a lot of people in his youth, and most of the rewards were cold words and swear words. He was misunderstood, mistrusted, treated as a neurosis, or playing "Big Adventure" ...

 Even if someone believes him, thanksgiving is only temporary, and once they turn around, they will forget him.

 Shan Songtao doesn't blame those people because he understands them.

 At present, this world can not be summed up simply by "good people" or "bad people". It can only be said that when a society's environment makes its bottom line very low, everyone is forced to deteriorate. If you choose to be a good person, you may be framed by the bad guys, and the people standing by will say that you are framed because you are stupid.

 When the system of a society cannot protect "good people," people can only make choices. Either they have to pay a corresponding cost for their integrity and kindness, of course this cost is not affordable for everyone. Either they compromise to some extent ...

 Shan Songtao finally compromised, and the opportunity for his compromise was called "Hanshan".

 At that time, after Qing Qiuping "borrowed the soul" into "Hanshan" and took refuge in the federation, he was a "capable person", and he quickly gained a foothold in the federation, standing high. At this time, he picked up the original plan of "combining Zongmen into the Federation and relying on the strength of the government to establish a special department".

 Hanshan didn't want to use it to pass on Dao Tong or anything. He just didn't give up his ambition. At the same time, he was also a little guilty ...

 After all, he came from Daomen, and he did something like destroying the master. Although he has changed his identity by "borrowing the soul", he is still afraid that one day there will be a true successor to find his account.

 Therefore, Hanshan came up with this plan-first of all, through his status and a little bribery, he moved the relationship within the Federation, so that the idea of "OPA" was put on the agenda. Then, he went to contact those who wanted to be "recruited". As a result, he and Shan Songtao had very similar ideas.

 A few years later, OPA was formally established with its headquarters in Longhushan. Moreover, there are many Taoists who are willing to follow Shan Songtao.

 Originally, most of these people were doormen, cooks or salesmen, who carried the identity of a Taoist in their backs. Now they are only required to add a civil servant establishment to the original basis, and they will be able to get an extra salary higher than their own job. Moreover, apart from having regular meetings twice a month, there are basically no extra tasks for them to do.

 According to Hanshan's vision, he hopes that the OPA organization can gradually grow larger. Waiting for the strength is enough, we use the advantage of the organization relying on the government to turn OPA into "only legitimacy." Then they would take in all the Taoists who were scattered around the world, and the Taoist priests who could not absorb them would be buckled into a "left side door" hat, suppressed, and then destroyed.

 This is undoubtedly a big project, but you don't need to worry, it can be done step by step. Anyway, Hanshan can borrow the body to return the soul, even if it is 50 years, 100 years, he can wait.

 One day, with great plans, Hanshan will become the master of the "authentic Daomen". At that time, he controlled all the words and knowledge in the door. No one will ever know what he did. He can reverse black and white, referring to deer as a horse. He can even describe himself as a god, let others worship, and ask his disciples to regularly send thousands of miles of "offerings" for him to return the dead.

 Of course, his ambitious plan has long since been dashed by his own failure.

 Shan Songtao didn't know Hanshan's plan. He only worked when Hanshan was the savior of Tao. Compared to those old guys who can only tell the truth all day, Hanshan provided him with the exact official establishment and money.

 In addition, Hanshan also told Shan Songtao that he used to be Qiu Qingping—because he was a colleague, Hanshan knew that it was difficult to escape the opponent ’s eyes by "borrowing the soul to the soul", so he admitted it first.

 Hanshan changed the story about killing Master and his colleagues. He described it as wanting to take them to the Commonwealth. As a result, the other party not only did not appreciate it, but also started to defend himself. And in the process, he was wounded in the flesh and had to borrow the body to return his soul.

 Only HuangZhishan and Li Han knew about it, and they didn't deliberately spread it around. Coupled with Shan Songtao, listening with a tendency, after listening, he must choose to believe Hanshan.

 Therefore, from the perspective of Shan Songtao, he was hostile towards Li Han.

 Later, the "ninth prison" was broken and Hanshan died, and OPA, one of the federal agencies, naturally received a related notification. Li Han's name reappeared in the list of "rebels" in the cross. The moment Shan Songtao saw the name, he immediately concluded that Hanshan's death was related to Xiaomeng.

 Today, no matter what, Shan Songtao does not plan to let the other party leave alive.

 Previously, Shan Songtao was acting in front of Li Han, it was nothing more than to let the other party relax their vigilance in order to gain time. In this way, he can convene all OPA members in the surrounding area and form a siege trend here. ...

 "It seems that you have convinced yourself first ..." Li Han saw that Shan Songtao was firm and knew that he would not be able to abduct the other party by using his ancestral rules and courtesy. As a result, he turned on the taunt mode and wanted to continue to exert pressure in a way that disturbed the other's mind. "It's the so-called butt that determines the head. Once a person renounces ethics, he will depreciate what he insisted on, like you, and then rationalize his existing behavior for various reasons." He spread his hands and smiled. "Oh ... a priest like me, in your eyes at this moment, must be particularly obstructive?"

 Li Han's words were really heartfelt words, like a knife holding Shan Songtao's heart.

 Take the network writer as an example. If a writer never falsifies and does not brush the data, then even if the data is poor, he can not admit that he has written badly, and scold those who have swiped the data preemptively. People who recommend resources on various websites. (Of course, in most cases, it is actually poorly written)

 But if a writer also brushed the data himself, and the brushing was more obvious, he would not have the confidence to scold this behavior (in fact, there are many people who laugh at 50 steps and 100 steps). At that time, he will say, "Jiuxiang is also afraid of the alleys", "This is the current state of affairs", "This is called operation", "Everyone does this", "I am helpless", "as a god "Face, I was brushed down by a newcomer on the list. I can't but follow it" and so on.

 Human compromise is a process of self-persuasion. Once the position changes, the words and deeds will follow.

 Although some people have compromised, their views on right and wrong remain, so they will feel helpless. More often they will remain silent than justify themselves. Because they also know that justification doesn't change the nature of the matter, because they still don't completely convince themselves ...

 But some people do convince themselves, but in the underlying consciousness they still know the contradiction between right and wrong. This contradiction erupts when stimulated, and it turns into anger and hatred for those who haven't compromised.

 "Do you think you are very upright?" Shan Songtao was angry and hated at the moment, anxious to tear Li Han's arrogant face right away. "Do you understand us again? What the hell are you? Also worthy to teach me?"

 "Okay ~ then I don't pretend to be high." Li Han still relaxed, and muttered softly after the sentence. "Although in front of you, I am indeed qualified to clear myself ..." He cleared his throat and raised his voice again. "Let's be practical, please tell me who gave you the confidence and made you think ..." So far, he glanced around. "If you call such a group of people and put on a" Four Musts ", you can deal with the four fierce men and me?"

 "Ha! It's a joke!" Shan Songtao listened, chuckling. "Even if your master Huang Zhishan is here today, it is by no means my opponent of Shan Songtao. With your boy's good behavior, you are already dead when you step into these four battles!" He paused, " As for these four evildoers, it is indeed a bit difficult to handle. However, in the face of the magic weapon left by Zhang Tianshi, even if they are four fierce, they can only die! "

 As soon as the words fell, Shan Taoist priest had taken out a silver gossip mirror from the robe and held it high.

 It wasn't just him. At this moment, the priests who surrounded them around the mountain stream also each came up with a magic weapon. Judging from the spiritual power radiating from those treasures, they are all things that come out of the secret realm of Heavenly Master.

 "So it was ..." Seeing this scene, Li Han immediately figured out some previous doubts. "It seems that all of you present have basically entered this hole, as long as they are a little bit good, right?"

 He was actually quite heartbroken in saying this. Each of these people present was much older than him, and his weakest power was more than three times his. No matter how bad they are, they are higher than him.

 "What do you think?" Shan Songtao said. "Why can't our local priests find the entrance that you can find?" He replied scornfully. "Just because I know the situation inside the cave, I will let you in."

 "Well ... Since you've all been in, why hasn't the blindness of the hole been cracked?" Li Han asked thoughtfully again.

 "Heaven is not a fool. How could he leave a cover spell that has been cracked once and disappears forever?" Shan Songtao answered. "Simply put, this blind-eye method resets every twelve hours, do you understand?"

If it weren't for a local, it would be unlikely to know about it.

 "Oh, no wonder ..." Li Han nodded. "So, did you all meet Jin Luoshi and passed the test later?"

 "Good," Shan Songtao answered. "I thought of your cultivation and entered with four evildoers. Maybe I would conflict with Jin Luoshi, fight both defeats, and finally die in the formations and traps left by the Master. We wanted to wait For a long time, and then killed in again, I didn't expect you to come out. "He shook his head and said with confidence. "Well, just be lucky. If you successfully take out a magic weapon, it won't change the result. Everyone on our side has a magic weapon. How can you fight us?"

 At this, Miss Di Xin couldn't help laughing. Chiyou and Xu Ran also sneered there, trying to control their expressions.

 Only Ma Luo was still upset, tilted his head, and said to Li Han. "Have you finished talking? We have collected enough information, haven't we? He has called us wicked since just now, so I do n’t think he eats too much?

 "Okay ..." Li Han responded, then looked at Xu Ran again. "Brother Xu Ran, when I sacrifice a magic weapon to break through the array, I hope you will continue to transmit some spiritual power into my body, not too much, enough for me to control the amount of twenty or thirty magic weapons. If there is too much spiritual power, I'm afraid my body will explode. "

 "Okay." Xu Ran didn't think much. After hearing the request, he just made a quick look with his elder brother Chiyou. After getting consent, he came to Li Han in three steps and two steps, and put his hands directly on the shoulders of the latter.

 "You guys, in a while, you can eat the old Taoist priests. Other people may still be useful, you can subdue them, try not to kill." At this moment, Li Han has understood some of Berlin's intention of not giving him complete information, Therefore, this request was made.

 "Little Taoist ..." At this time, Di Xin also understood his intention, and immediately turned back to Li Han and smiled evilly. "You're very smart. I'll ask you to have a drink later. Let's chat and get close, how about it?"

 Li Han was panicked by the fairie's winking eyes, shivered, and quickly turned away, responding. "I'll talk about this later ..."

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Chapter 24

 The cold moon shines on the Norwegian sea.

 In the sea breeze, Berlin, Coulibalivodi, face each other.

 Like most high-level variants, Coulibalivodi looks much younger than his actual age. So when he stood with Berlin, he didn't look much older. The bodies of the two are similar. Of course, the factor of body shape is basically an insignificant factor in their contest.

 "I would like to ask you a word, would you like to bow to me?" Berlin was not in a hurry, because he knew that no one would disturb them.

 "Oh ..." Coulibalivodi smiled. "I'm not targeting you, but I won't bow my head to anyone."

 "So what are you doing now?" Berlin asked.

 Coulibalivodi shrugged. "I work for the Commonwealth because they can guarantee a long and stable life for the life I want, not because of" loyalty "or" ambition. "He paused for a second and looked straight at Berlin. "In other words, if others can give me the same treatment, then I can do the work for you."

 "That is, as long as I promise now that I can treat you the same, will you betray immediately?" Berlin asked with a smile.

 "How is that possible?" Coulibalivodi also smiled, his tone relaxed. "I have a lot of factors to consider, such as whether you can replace the Confederation? Can you guarantee your rule for at least a hundred years after replacing them? Will what you say to me be fulfilled in the future? Will one day Try to eliminate me as a threat? Will you change your temper when you get older? Will those in power continue to fulfill your promises after you die? "

 He said these six issues in one breath, and obviously he had really considered them.

 "Most of these factors, no one can guarantee?" Berlin asked back.

 "Yes, not even the federal government," Coulibalivodi replied. "But it is now that they are in power, and they have actually met my needs for the past few decades, and have not done anything hostile to me." He pouted. "Compared with existing stability interests, your verbal commitment is naturally not enough to make me betrayal."

 "So ..." Berlin answered. "All right ... now that we haven't talked about the" demand ", let's talk about the" ideal "? Do you really have little ambition and pursuit?

 "My ideal is my need," Coulibalivodi replied. "I'm not interested in changing the world and advancing the progress of human society. I don't want to be a ruler in power. I don't think it has any meaning at all, and I'm tired. As for being famous, being known, being admired, those may I hate it the most. "

 "I just want to live my life as I want. Applying a concept of the past, it's a day like 'the Lord'."

 "There is no need to take responsibility, there is no pressure from superiors."

 "On rare occasions, I do things that others can't do in order to realize my self-worth. And it makes the forces that support me feel at ease and worthwhile."

 "Clothing, food, accommodation, travel, entertainment, if I want something, there is always someone to provide, someone to serve."

 "I don't have to be forced to build relationships with others for life."

 "I don't have to worry about anything, I don't take responsibility for anything."

 "I don't need the memory of history, and I don't need to be remembered by anyone after death. I just enjoy every minute, every second while I'm alive ..."

 "This is the perfect life, and this is to live completely for myself."

 Coulibalivodi looked talkative in front of Berlin. In his conception, only in the face of a person who is about to die, say a few words, even if it is a friend.

 "Well ... you're right." Berlin nodded and nodded. "If I could cry, I really want to cry now, and growled to heaven to announce that I am very envious of your life." He shook his head again. "Unfortunately, I can't ..."

 "No, you can," Coulibalivodi said. "With your strength, if you are willing to join the Commonwealth, you can get the same treatment as me."

 "Oh ..." Berlin repeated with a grin. "No, I can not."

 "So it is." Coulibalivodi seemed to understand something. "You have your problems, I have my needs, so we have nothing to talk about, right?"

 "Actually, from the beginning, we had nothing to talk about. I just wanted to talk to him before the death of the" Most Powerful Federation "," Berlin said. "To be honest, I didn't intend to admit you such a‘ unobedient chess piece ’. Even if I lie to you today for the time being, I will have to deal with you sooner or later ...”

 "Oh?" Coulibalivodi's expression changed, and it wasn't the other person's words that disturbed him, but the tone in which he said them. "You seem confident?"

 "Should I not be confident?" Berlin asked back. "Can't I be confident?"

 "You're strong, and I can't understand this better." Coulibalivodi's eyes gradually narrowed. "Because our abilities have some similarities. Even thousands of miles away, I can feel your 'existence' faintly. Now that you stand in front of my eyes, I am even more clear ..." He paused, then said again . "I can see that your ability is more 'advanced' than mine. This qualitative difference is not made up by 'capable level' or 'training time'. It is like a piece of iron that has been tempered countlessly. It ca n’t be turned into a diamond ... "

 "I am afraid that other people of ability will never understand how 'high' and 'horror' your abilities are. That is not a thing that human beings should master. It is just the tip of the iceberg that understands its concept, and that also makes me shudder."

 "but……"

 As soon as he asked for a turn, Berlin took it. "You want to say, but at this moment, your fierce 'energy control' is better than my paper-level 'quantum revolution'. Or at least for now, you think you can win me."

 Coulibalivodi didn't answer the question directly, but remained silent for a few seconds before speaking. "Since I was born, you have been the first person to be threatened by me. The moment I saw you, I already understood that if I could not kill you today, then one day, I would surely die Your hands. So, I will go all out to kill you here and continue my life as I want it. "

 "I'm sorry, then." Berlin apologized sincerely. "I have to end your" happiness "in order to continue my" suffering. "

 A few moments later, Narvik was on the shore.

 In the night sky, a light silhouette came by the wind.

 Krause was still the same as before, with a beautiful appearance, a quiet temperament, and a light blue long hair dancing softly in the wind, a dim faith deposited in his eyes.

 He can levitate on the wind, so he doesn't need to land.

 He stood so quietly in the wind, waiting for something.

 Not long after, what he waited for came-the tsunami, the unprecedented tsunami.

 Faced with this mighty power of nature, even Krause cannot easily handle it. He took a deep breath, closed his eyes, raised his body energy to the apex, and then raised an arm in front of him, staring.

 After dying, a "wind wall" rushing into the clouds rose like a dam on the coast.

 The impact of the tsunami came in an instant. When the waves hit the wind wall, the huge energy produced caused a significant shock to the nearby land. However, the tsunami was blocked.

 The huge waves that rolled back after hitting the wind wall were as high as tens of meters, covering the sky like the last days. But he couldn't even get a drop of water through the wall ...

 Early in the morning, April 30, 2219.

 An unexpected tsunami visited northwestern Europe.

 At the time of the disaster, Iceland, the hardest-hit area, was almost "ploughed" by the waves. The Faroe Islands were all buried under the sea for a period of time, and the counties around the North Sea were also affected to varying degrees. (Here refers to the marginal sea in the northeast of the Atlantic, surrounded by Britain, Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, Norway and other countries)

 The civilian casualties caused by the disaster reached hundreds of thousands (most of them were injured, and the proportion of deaths and missing persons was not high), and property damage was difficult to calculate in the short term. However, compared with the "iron curtain", the loss is still not so great.

 And these are just news for the people.

 Something they didn't know ...

 On this day, the Edinburgh United Fleet, known as the "world's strongest naval fleet," was killed at sea and the entire army was wiped out.

 A federal operations force led by Colonel Matthew Bowman was destroyed along the shores of Narvik. Although they were on a submarine, they were close to the shore when the tsunami came, and the depth of the dive was only a dozen meters, so before they could react, they were caught up in the sky like a normal steamship, and then Hit the "wind wall".

 Unfortunately, all the people in the submarine, including Sal, the counselor named "White Silver Needle" in the tea feast, were like the meat in an iron can. When the can itself was smashed, it was broken.

 In addition, the most terrifying news for the federation may be Coulibalivodi, the strongest guard officer, whose whereabouts were unknown during the tsunami.

 It took them a whole month to accept the fact that Coulibalivodi was dead.

 Of course, the inverse cross is not without cost.

 Coulibalivodi's death was also Berlin's death.

 Coulibalivodi's judgment is correct, he is indeed better than Berlin now. Berlin knew this, so Berlin chose to die together to ensure victory.

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Epilogue

 Fifteen minutes after the end of the battle, the Norwegian Sea.

 A darkened submarine slowly approached the coordinates of the confrontation between Berlin and Coulibalivodi from the bottom of the sea.

 There are not many people on the submarine. They are the "Dr." Franklin who is in charge of driving, Ma Luo and Lilia who are in charge of escort, and Li Han who has a special mission.

 "Fortunately, I just stopped far enough. Otherwise, even we have to die." Inside the submarine, looking at the feedback from the holographic imaging screen, Li Han couldn't help but be afraid.

 At this moment, the seabed in front of the submarine was like a scoop of ice cream that had been dug—a huge round pit was in sight.

 Just by visual inspection, the diameter of the pit was over one kilometer.

 "The center of the battle is not here, but at sea level. This pit is just a mark on the edge." Two seconds later, the doctor took the talk with interest and explained. "Looking at this posture, the two guys should have created a small black hole supported by the energy of the psionicist within a very short period of time, swallowing and erasing a large amount of material at the molecular level, including themselves of course. "

 He paused and continued thoughtfully. "Now I can understand Mr. Tian's prediction of the" tsunami ". With the death of the two people, the black hole also disappeared, but the actual amount of seawater surging will still be much larger than expected, because we cannot judge that the black hole has continued A few seconds. Together with this pit at the bottom of Shanghai, the formation conditions of a "falling tsunami" were formed. "

 At this point, Ma Luo interjected. "I want to know more than this kind of already irrelevant knowledge. They have all caused tsunami. Why are we still safe in the sea?"

 "The impact of the tsunami on the submarine was not great," the doctor replied. "Of course, provided that the submarine has to dive deep enough and far enough from the shoreline," he said, glancing up at the ceiling again. "Furthermore, our submarine has an" absolute static mode ". As long as we turn on the" kinetic energy canceling function "of the outer alloy armor and activate the" gravity core "inside the ship, the ship can maintain it even if it is located in the center of the giant vortex Not moving. What else is the tsunami? "

 Just as they were talking, the submarine had reached the middle of the sea pit.

 At this moment, Lilia asked in a slightly impatient tone. "Is it enough to get the ship here?"

 "Don't worry, we must have time." Ma Luo persuaded her, but did not dare to say anything more, because she could not see that she was in a good mood.

 "Yes, don't worry, theoretically we will have time within seven days," Li Han said.

 "I have anything to worry about? Is it too time for me to do anything? I just want to finish the task early and go back to rest, so I urge you." Lilia did not give these two good looks.

 "Okay ... okay ..." The Doctor stopped the submarine without arguing with her. "It's really enough to drive here, Xiao Meng, you go."

 "Okay." Li Han nodded and turned to leave the cabin.

 Watching him come out of the hatch and turn left, Lilia turned her head in doubt. "Is he on the wrong side? The room for diving gear is on the other side."

 "He has water beads and doesn't need diving equipment." Ma Luo responded without thinking.

 Although Lilia didn't know the specific effect of avoiding the water drops, she also guessed from the name of the magic weapon, so she didn't follow up.

 During the previous Long Tiger Mountain trip, Li Han brought back hundreds of magic weapons. Each of these magic weapons was infinitely useful, and only his Taoist priest could use it. In this way, Li Han became a busy person in the inverse cross. In the past, there were only some special tasks that could use him, but now there are places where he is needed ...

 But in fact, when he went to Longhu Mountain, the mission required him to bring back only two magic weapons, the first one was "Yin Hunfan" and the second one was "niepanluanyu".

 At the same time, the magic capital, Tian's boss's bookstore.

 Uncle Zhang was sitting across the desk with the boss, drinking coffee and chatting.

 In addition to coffee, Uncle Zhang had a "Book of Hearts"-Coulibalivodi's Book of Hearts.

 But by now, the book had been closed. Because Coulibalivodi is dead, the content of the book will not continue.

 "I don't understand ..." Uncle Zhang frowned. "Isn't Berlin your successor?"

 "Of course not." Tianyi answered with a smile. "No one can inherit me, and if there is, that person is not me qualified to train."

 "So ..." Uncle Zhang read. "Is Berlin not sacrificable when necessary?"

 "Oh ... no ... no, he is still very important. Otherwise I would not arrange Xiao Meng to collect his soul." Tianyi replied.

 "Then why don't you let me support him?" Zhang Shu said. "If I cooperate with him, I should be able to find a way to win Coulibalivodi? Anyway, his memory is not affected by" backtracking ". I just need to stay where I can monitor the battlefield, and I do n’t have to take a chance to get close. Somewhere to go. "

 Tianyi took a sip of coffee and shrugged. "You still have a lot of important things to do in the future. Why waste precious life on such things?"

 Uncle Zhang thought for a few seconds, and then she sank. "Well, let's change the question. In any case, externally, Berlin is still the nominal leader of the Anti-Cross. Now ... he is dead, who will lead and direct this organization? Are you here? Or let Lance ..."

 "Lance has already performed the next very interesting task." Tianyi interrupted Uncle Zhang and laughed. "As for the head of the organization, as you said,‘ outside ’, it ’s still Berlin.”

 "In fact, it is ..." Uncle Zhang knew that the other party's words were not finished, so he asked the other party to continue speaking.

 At this instant, footsteps came.

 Step by step, slowly approached from behind Zhang Shu.

 Zhang Shuxing turned his head and saw a man covered in a black robe. From head to toe, he was covered with hoods and gloves, and his face was wearing a mask, a mirror mask.

 "Let me introduce you ..." Tianyi lifted the coffee cup and pointed at the man.

 While he was doing this, the man who once claimed to be "Mr. Mirror" in front of his subordinates raised his hand and took off the mirror mask on his face.

 Under the mask is a very young face.

 He looked exactly like Berlin.

 "This is Berlin's twin brother, Kashiwa." Tianyi said with a look of astonishment at Uncle Zhang, calmly. "For a while, he will play Berlin and lead you in activities."

 "There is such a thing ..." Uncle Zhang woke up somehow after waking up from the initial shock.

 "Mr. Xue, don't be surprised. My brother also knew about this plan." Kashiwa looked at Uncle Zhang, very similar to Berlin, but with a mild tone. "At this stage, although Cossack Rangers, Jagged Alliance, Killer Alliance, Shenwu Hui, and Daomen have all been included in the Anti-Royal Cross, this is only the beginning."

 "There are many other forces, still playing their own calculations. The attitude of the people to the resistance organizations is not very ideal ...

 "Now the most important thing is to eliminate these unsettling factors outside the federation first. Gather people first, and then set the world. And this buying things, I am better than my brother.

 "Hmm ..." Uncle Zhang grunted and shook his head. "After that. Do Jiangshan belong to you or him?"

 Kashiwa smiled and did not answer the question.

 Tianyi answered for him: "This Jiangshan naturally belongs to the right person."

Chapter of the Sacrifice (1)

 My name is Zhang Yang and I am 26 years old. I am an investigative reporter.

 Sorry, I'm a little nervous because I'm not used to introducing myself this way.

 Until yesterday, I was just a postman. Maybe many people don't know what exactly this position is for. To put it simply, I am the guy who pushes a cart out of the mail receiving room every day and distributes the folders to the corresponding desk.

 Colleagues usually don't see me except during the time the document was sent. My presence in the company is similar to cleaning auntie. In fact, even cleaning auntie can scold me. Well ... they dare to scold even the chairman, but that's another matter.

 I was a child born in a big city. When I was young, my family was quite rich. I can also see that it is a little over the market.

 Unfortunately, when I went to junior high school, some changes took place in my home.

 That year, my father failed to do business and started drinking. In the end he simply disappeared. I saw him again in the morgue of a hospital three years after he left home. The police officer who asked my mother and me to claim the body told us that his death was caused by an overdose.

 In my junior year, my mother fell ill.

 In fact, she was already ill, but she kept it from me. Seeing that I was almost able to set foot on social independence, she seemed to be relieved. This is the case for many people. They usually overdraw themselves on weekdays. When the string that had been taut was loosened one day, they would suddenly collapse.

 Just two months later, her mother died.

 The impact of my mother's death was indescribable, but I finally cheered up. Life goes on, I don't want to be like my father.

 I am by no means a person who is good at "reading". I really do not have the ability to take exams. Even if I worked very hard, I finally got into an ordinary university and entered the Chinese department.

 Yes, I don't even want to be a journalist to graduate as a journalist.

 By the way, I asked the students in the journalism department about their employment situation. They told me that even after graduating from the journalism department, there are not many people who can actually work in the media ...

 In this way, the second year after my mother's death, I left college, took a diploma, and set foot on society.

 Like most college students, at the beginning, I was arrogant, enthusiastic, naive, and ambitious. Then, in less than half a year, these qualities were basically consumed.

 At the age of 24, after going through several companies, wasting a lot of youth, and also suffered a lot of losses, I finally joined a large company related to publishing and media. I work carefully, treat people carefully, work carefully ...

 After more than a year of patience, I finally got a transfer letter.

 All of this is naturally in my calculations. The leader transferred to me thought he slept my girlfriend. Out of guilty conscience, he met my request.

 He transferred me to calm things down. But in fact, the girl he slept was not my girlfriend at all.

 In this office building, from the manager and director to the front desk cleaning, no one sees me at all.

 On the hard indicators, I am ordinary in appearance, ordinary in education, and very poor in my family. When it comes to talents, I can't even speak in serious English. My Chinese is quite good, but the overall performance is that you have a smooth mouth, poor quality, and are walking on the edge of sexual harassment. Who can see me?

 This time, I just used my wisdom. I secretly checked the girl ’s mobile phone number and nickname for social networking sites, and then used my self-learning and researched PS technology for years. Speaking of which, I still downloaded a pirated version of this software. I falsified the leader by forging some group photos and some chat records. Then I threatened to tell his wife about it.

 Then ... he naturally panicked.

 As soon as he panicked, things were easy to handle.

 In this way, I changed from a "postman" to a "investigative reporter"

Chapter of the Sacrifice (2)

 On September 9, a week had passed since I became an investigative reporter.

 I'm almost familiar with the working environment here ...

 In fact, I don't need to have a good relationship with other people in the office. I just need to flatter the editor. Others can't control me, and I can't control them.

 I am mainly responsible for print media and online news, so I am not the kind of reporter who needs to interview others directly in front of the camera, so I do not need a photographer. All I have to do is to investigate, obtain evidence, and then turn what I see and hear into a written report and submit it to the editor's desk. As long as the editor nodded and said it could be published, I wouldn't be too busy.

 My editor's last name is Luo. This year is more than 50 years old, and my education is not low. When I was young, I went to the New York Herald for an internship. But because of his incompetence and poor morality, he was kicked out before his internship.

 This is the only thing I know in the whole unit except him.

 Because I investigated him.

 Many people find it difficult to investigate a person, not the police. But in fact, as long as you know some skills and dare to walk around the boundaries of the law, a lot of information is easily available.

 The editor-in-chief of Luo was able to mix in this position in our unit, on the one hand, by his profound ability to falsify, and on the other hand, by the resume that had worked in the New York Herald.

 Although 99% of office workers will not be accustomed to their leadership to varying degrees, or they despise the leadership ability or question the resume of the leader, but less than 1% of those who will actually take action to confirm their views.

 I am that 1% ...

 When I was determined to be transferred to this department, I launched a comprehensive investigation into the man who was Editor-in-Chief Luo who would be my boss in the future.

 First, I read the written materials.

 The personnel department naturally has a file edited by Luo. Although I am not in the personnel department, I can still see it because I was a postman at the time. All files that the company has entered into the mailroom will be backed up on our computer. "Back up before printing" is the basic charter to prevent documents from being lost or damaged during delivery.

 Although these materials cannot be taken out of the company, things like personnel files are not many words in total and I can just memorize them when I look at them. Don't forget, I'm in Chinese.

 The next step is to investigate the person's "wind comment".

 This is simpler. Every one or two days, I take a few cups of milk tea from the online red shop, and go to the floor where Luo editor-in-chief works in the afternoon free time, find an excuse to stand there at the front desk, and chat with the front desk. . By the way, I will chat with those OLs who are chatting with the front desk so that I can basically find out.

 However, this cannot be done too often, and you must understand the scoring. If you go every day for a week, the front desk will misunderstand that you have plans for her. Then you have to ask her to go out, otherwise she will find that you are actually not interested in her. At that time, she would be a little upset. Even if she doesn't like you at all and intends to reject you or treat you as a spare tire, if you stop one step of an ambiguous relationship she thinks already exists, she will hate you. Immediately after, she will start talking bad words about you behind the scenes.

 Human nature is so troublesome, I also find it troublesome if I know how to figure it out. If I were a woman and I was born in ancient times, I might have the opportunity to use this knowledge in palace fighting activities. Unfortunately, I am not.

 After a certain level of understanding of Editor Luo, my doubts about his resume have become very strong. To verify this, I used a weekend to get a tourist visa and went to New York.

 Before I set off, I had contacted an old reporter retired from the New York Herald by email and had an appointment to have a coffee with him.

 Naturally, I can't directly ask him about the editor-in-chief of Luo online. I'm not afraid of leaving any chat records, but if I ask him this kind of question directly, he may not ignore me.

 When I contacted the old reporter, I had already thought out a full set of speeches. He has previously written a well-known report on environmental governance issues and almost won a Pulitzer Prize. I used this as a breakthrough point, claiming that I was determined to become an investigative reporter because I read his report at school, so I wanted to meet him. And I want to ask him, the "life mentor", to give me some experience.

 Unsurprisingly, the old man agreed very easily.

 "Beyond average pride", "different levels of self-righteousness", and "eager to be valued" can be said to be common problems in the lawyers and journalists industry.

 Imagine an old man who "almost got a Pulitzer Prize" and now retires at home. He was not old enough to have to go to a nursing home, and he had no financial difficulties. He is no longer busy every day from morning to night as before, and his past interpersonal relationships are gradually alienating and diminishing. When he was young, he worked hard, his wife had left him, and his children met him only a few years a year ...

 What does such an old man need? money? Social status? He does not lack these, or for him now, these are not too important.

 What he desires most is the company of others. This "other" is best if it is his relatives, or a friend. If not, a stranger with goodwill or respect is also very good.

 I contacted him as soon as I got off the plane that day, and we met in the cafe 40 minutes later.

 The old man saw that I still had luggage in my hand (I don't have much luggage, I only brought a small suitcase), but I was moved. He shook hands with me enthusiastically and forcefully, as if I were a confidant who had never seen each other in the ocean.

 For more than an hour, I had a good chat with him. After all, I did a lot of homework before I came and read a lot of reports he wrote before. "Backing things" is my housekeeping skill. Otherwise, I should not be admitted to college at all.

 I can see his satisfaction from the old man's eyes, and I can see that no one has listened to him for so long.

 Some people have never been valued or worshipped by someone other than their families in their lifetime. Some people have enjoyed those, but one day-usually the day they retired-these also disappeared.

 This psychological gap, coupled with the pride that these people are used to, will make them very frustrated.

 It is indeed pitiful and sad to be old. When a person inevitably becomes less and less regarded, or even regarded as a burden, and the body and brain are gradually declining, they will slowly be swallowed up by loneliness and loneliness. Many people will be at the mercy of some scammers when they are young, but they do n’t trust their loved ones because they may spend more time with them.

 I am also a liar.

 I cheated his trust and got what I wanted.

 When I refilled my coffee for the third time, I pretended to accidentally mention my boss, Editor-in-Chief Luo. The old man naturally doesn't remember that guy anymore, but I had already prepared. I took out my laptop and clicked on a photo of the editor-in-chief of Luo's internship in the New York Herald. This fool hung this photo directly on the wall of his office, and it was not difficult for me to get it.

 In that photo, in addition to the editor-in-chief of Luo, there were several other interns and the reporter responsible for taking them at the time, the old man in front of me.

 Behind the veteran American media, such as the New York Herald, are mainly controlled by white chaebols, with racial and gender discrimination implicitly and deeply rooted. The editor-in-chief of Luo was more than two decades ago, when "political correctness" was not as tight as it is now. Therefore, there are few Chinese interns, and the old man was impressed when he saw the photo.

 Maybe I was worried about my friendship with the editor-in-chief of Luo. The old man took a few turns while talking, but he could still hear that the name of Luo was not a very good thing.

 It seems that his flattery and fraudulent tricks haven't changed, but they don't work everywhere.

 Three hours later, I said goodbye to the old reporter. Before leaving, the old man patted my shoulder, praised, and blessed me.

 If it was ten years ago, before he retired, he might not even bother to sit down and drink coffee with someone like me. Even if he comes, he won't chat with me that long.

 At that time, 80% of him would show up with me, say something very busy, interrupt my statement rudely, attack the freedom of the press in our country, force instill some of the values he agreed to, answer some questions he wanted to answer, ignore others. After finishing a wave of superiority, he would drop a few cash and leave rudely.

 But now, he stood on the street, waved his hands, and watched me get on the taxi. He didn't turn his head until the car disappeared around the corner, relieved with a sigh, and walked home.

 Could he realize afterwards that I was just inquiring about him?

 It should be possible. But I think, even if he can, he won't let himself think about that. He will try his best to persuade himself that what he meets today is really a young enthusiastic young man who really came to see him because he worshiped him.

 In the afternoon of September 9, I got my first assignment from Editor-in-Chief Luo: to interview a couple.

 I know them, they are the parties to the "deathless baby death" incident that was hyped up online a few years ago. Of course, this matter has long been ignored.

 The editor asked me to follow up on their situation and write a report on cyber violence. According to the editor of Luo, recently I wanted to catch the “Internet violence” section and guide him to a certain degree of public opinion. Therefore, we need to use a more typical and miserable victim case to write a report that demonizes the Internet mob.

 This is actually a good thing.

I didn't wait until the next day. In the evening of the day, I took the address he gave me and boarded the high-speed train to Tianjin.

Chapter of the Sacrifice (3)

 The interview was rejected, as expected.

 When the editor-in-chief of Luo assigned me this task, I roughly guessed that this would be the result.

 I also guessed that there is a deeper motivation behind his assignment.

 Obviously, after a week, the leader who transferred me felt that he had been fooled. But that's it, it's naturally impossible for him to revoke the order and return me to the mailroom. Furthermore, he was also inconvenient to do it himself in revenge on me, because that might cause me to turn his face.

 So he thought of this method: secretly advising my top boss and giving me an impossible interview. Then he devolved me again in this department on the ground that I couldn't even do such a simple thing.

 Of course, after the incident, Luo's surname would not admit that he was asked to wear small shoes on purpose, and the leader would not admit that he had done such a small move behind his back. I have no evidence and can only eat this dumb loss.

 They are so calculated ...

 However, I will not sit still.

 Without an interview, no report can be written. You cannot publish news without knowing the details.

 Do you think the media really knows what they report? Do you think they really know what they are reporting? Do you think they really know or care about the truth?

 I'm not denying everyone in this business. I just want to tell you that there are very few people who really want to use their own reports to change some things. They are willing to spend time, energy, and even risk themselves to dig out the truth and details. But even among this group of people, there are still many guys who make a mistake.

 And most people don't care about truth, axiom, justice, honesty ...

 They see the media as a mere job or as a tool to achieve self-worth or fame. Maybe when they were young, they cared about those things. But over time, they changed.

 Under the pressure of work, they no longer go to know and verify the information they want to report in detail. They became accustomed to abusing the right to speak and felt that it was fine. In order to write something more eye-catching in the environment of others' requirements or competition, they began to lie, and deviated more and more from their original intention when entering the industry.

 Editor Luo is also such a person.

 I have read articles he wrote in the past. He naturally had that kind of bloody period, but his period was extremely short, and it was over when he went to the New York Herald internship.

 What he wrote later was full of lies and prejudices. In addition to his nonsense words praising meritorious deeds, his gorgeous words were bitter words for the leaders like crazy dogs.

 His articles are not written for passersby, nor for himself, but for those he needs to please.

 But I have to admit that when writing these things out of nothing, his skills are outstanding, and this is what I need right now.

 For example, when the editor-in-chief of Luo received a mission to attack the game industry, he wrote that he interviewed "self-employed people near Internet cafes" and then borrowed this and so on to say a bunch of things he wanted to say. When the editor-in-chief of Luo was to attack the literature, he wrote that he interviewed "college students near the bookstore" and then wrote a bunch of content he wanted to write ...

 Do these "people" exist? No one can verify at all. It's like you can now write a so-called "interview", saying that you met an enthusiastic crowd by a river, and then used "him" to comment on the river ...

 Even if there were some "people", their words in the interview could be distorted. As a reporter, you can only report on the part you are willing to intercept, arrange it according to your wishes, and finally output the views you want to output.

 This kind of thing is also the norm in the industry. Most passers-by who do not understand the content of the report can easily believe and be affected by it.

 You can find out how much the reporter does not know about what they are reporting, and how many errors are written in the content, only those in the relevant field or the parties. And these people are always only a small part.

 I can also take advantage of these.

 Although I did not interview the couple, I can say that I interviewed a neighbor or "informed person" who did not want to be identified, and then wrote what I wanted to say.

 My rhetoric can be more gorgeous than the editor-in-chief of Luo, and the lies can be more real than he is, and can even be false.

 In the morning two days later, I submitted the manuscript.

 I know he read it immediately after sending the email, but it wasn't until noon that he called me into the office. I know he's reporting to some people, but I don't have to go through him.

 My report left him speechless, and he could not go to Tianjin to verify anything. In fact, even if he goes, he can't confirm anything.

 However, he still found a few far-reaching reasons to "criticize" me. In the end, he said, "This time it's fine, next time you give me such a report, I will not pass it."

ridiculous.

 I watched his performance, nodded respectfully, and left with a result that pleased me.

 A few days later, my report was officially released, and the print media and the Internet have coverage. Although my company is not a mainstream first-line media, overall sales are not bad and traffic is not low.

 I portrayed the couple as victims of cyber violence, but instead of turning "netizens" into the main villain, I wrote them as accomplices. And I added the prefix of "partial listening, partial faith, and rhythm".

 I'm also a smart person, and blatantly firing map cannons is a big taboo. Even if you think that nine out of ten people are stupid, you can't say it publicly, let alone say it to a large group.

 The villain in my report is a writer named Chen, who was one of the main parties in the "analless baby incident" that year. Her series of actions directly caused a baby who was born with an illness and suffering to suffer an unbearable amount of pain before she died, and her parents suffered the devastation of cyber violence.

 But she had no regrets about it, never. She used one lie after another to rid herself of her stupidity and viciousness, and refused to acknowledge her follies that violated morality and law. Facing the ensuing doubts, she has always been straightforward.

 Over the years, she has worked hard to shape herself into a feminist and charitable leader, relying on IQ taxes for certain groups of people to live and run.

 She used the banner of charity to eat the blood of those disadvantaged groups, put on a posture of a righteous fighter, and engaged in a business similar to population trading.

 How appropriate and pleasing it is for such a person to be the villain of my report.

 The pen in my hand is used to nail such people to the pillar of shame.

 After all ... in fact, I don't care about the truth.

 Too many people have paid a bitter price for the truth, but have not received anything in return and have not awakened the conscience of many people.

 In the game of public opinion, winning comes first. If the "truth" is in front of your purpose, you should throw it away and crush it.

 At the end of the game, you can make more people believe in you and stand by your side, you are the winner. Let your voice over the voice of the opponent, you are the winner. It can cost others more than you, and you are the winner.

 The winner is qualified to talk about justice.

 Even if you will be hated and spurned by some people after victory, even if your nature is evil, wrong, and ridiculous, it doesn't matter.

 It is enough to win and achieve the goal.

 Despicable justice, as far as I am concerned, is justice.

 A day later, my report started to ferment on the Internet.

 It is very easy for me to arouse hatred of others in words.

 However, the impact is not great. After all, this is just an old news repetition. You can see the philanthropist casually on the Internet, but there are not many people who care about it.

 So I went to the next step.

 I started posting on my newly authenticated social media account labeled "Investigative Reporter" with warning records of warnings from lawyers and various threats. Of course, all the screenshots of the chat history were faked by me.

 This kind of thing, true or false, doesn't matter at all, "priority" is important. If you act first, you can be preconceived. That's why-making rumors is as easy as breaking a rumor, and getting rid of them is difficult.

 A well-designed screenshot of fake chat records can fool more than 80% of onlookers in at least 24 hours. After 24 hours, no matter who comes out to rumor, 30% of people continue to choose to believe, because they are likely to have stood in the team in the first 24 hours and scolded with some opponents for a long time. At this time, they will insist on their opinions simply for the sake of face. Furthermore, if the credibility of the rumor party is not strong enough, or if the parties themselves are developing the rumor, then many people still think that such undocumented rumor is purely sophistry.

 Next, I hired the Cyber Squad, and began to spread my fake screenshots and associate them with my own reports. I use a variety of alarmist headlines like "young investigative journalists are threatened with their lives by reporting" to get attention.

 In this way, in less than half a day, my social account, which had only single-digit followers, became very hot in a flash. Tens of thousands of people paid attention in just a few hours.

 Another day later, after being scolded by countless people, the writer Chen surnamed finally responded to the matter on social media.

 Just what I want.

 At this point, my plan has basically been successful.

 The next thing I have to do is to reverse the string. Let the sailors send out the "black material about myself" that I provided, such as the death of my father, such as education, and so on-some private information that is not really painful. Then I asked the navy to hack me in the comments and attack my misfortune with vicious remarks.

 So, the anger that was stirred up made netizens come to my side one after another.

 With such an old thing that had nothing to do with me, I became a "justice fighter" overnight.

 At this stage, I don't care about the other party's reaction. Even if someone actually sends me a lawyer's letter, that's fine. It is nothing more than a year and a half of civil action. Even if their evidence is conclusive and I have lost my case, I can only perform the financial compensation specified by the court and refuse to execute the apology and clarification. In the meantime, the benefits I have gained have actually exceeded the amount of compensation. I learned this method with some people who specialize in infringement. There are many jurisprudence and it has certain reference significance.

 In short, the stronger the reaction of the other party, the more resentment it will bring and strengthen my image of fearless power.

 As far as I am concerned, if you win the battle, you can withdraw. I don't need to speak next, because there will be people who are filled with indignation to speak for me.

 After achieving my goal, I started looking for new goals.

 Naturally, I can’t continue to maintain the popularity by relying only on this report. After all, the netizens' memory is only one week, and I must quickly provide the next "sacrifice".

 Fortunately, in this society, people like Chen are not uncommon, so I have many choices.

 When people get something, they will lose something. Since these people can live shamelessly, they should pay the corresponding price. This cost does not necessarily come from the law, nor from the conscience they have long lost, but it will eventually come in some form ...

 If despicableness is my pass, I only wish that those shameless skeletons would turn into a step below me.

Chapter of the Sacrifice (4)

 Two months later, I was completely out of fire, far more than I expected.

 In these two months, I actually only did two things-

 The first thing is to attack others. This "other" can be a person, a group of people, a group, a class, a thing, a series of things, a phenomenon, a culture, etc. As long as it has a certain popularity or topicality, as long as it is I think it can meet the "sacrifice" standard, it is fine.

 And the second thing is to use the skills of public opinion to end the attack.

 Of course, my opponents are not all fools, some of them are very strong and experienced. After all, inciting cyber violence is not my patent. Fortunately, all the goals I have chosen are meaningful, and they are all unclean for being human. Therefore, after all, they have irreparable weaknesses.

 But then again, who doesn't?

 The most perfect PR in the world is not to be a public figure at all, or even to have too much interpersonal communication. Keep your name from being known by too many people, and make everything you do your own secret.

 Otherwise, one day, any unknown person sitting at the screen and typing on the keyboard can attack you.

 Even those who have made outstanding contributions to this world and left valuable property in their lives are unavoidable.

 And only when they died, you can see that almost all of them are showing a look of memory, sorrow and emotion. At this time, anyone who dared to make a different voice would be immediately scolded by people.

 And those who are sad and emotional, in fact, most of them have never paid for watching the movie played by the deceased, never learned the scientific theory written by the deceased, and never read the deceased Literary masterpiece written by the author. They just know only the name of the deceased, not even his / her most remarkable achievements.

 People came together to express cheap sympathy and sentimentality. As if at this moment, they also became holy and profound.

 But in the end, these people are not wrong, because it is human nature. Sometimes vanity and self-deception are also part of kindness. Human nature is nothing but this.

 However, after a few years, time will eventually wash away the aura of those who were extremely revered at the time of death, making their names and lives the subject of those anonymous comments.

 It's a bit far-fetched, let's talk back to me.

The me on the Internet is not the real me, but a character.

 He is an intellectual with an academic background and professional qualities, an actor who speaks into society and participates in public affairs, an idealist with a critical spirit and moral responsibility

 Simply put, he is a typical and radical publicity.

 Since I started playing this role, I can't go back.

 The name "Zhang Yang" is no longer just a name. It became a banner, under which a lot of people had gathered. Like most people, they are more willing to follow a flag bearer than to think independently and objectively, and let others tell them how they should look at various issues.

 Or they are led by opinion leaders, thinking with preconceived prejudices, and then come to a self-persuasive conclusion.

 I need these people, and I love them too.

 They are like ignorant villagers in the medieval period of Europe. They held the torch in their hands, stood on the high ground of religion and morals, hid under the protection of the law, and burned one in the direction of a few ulterior motives Another witch.

 All I do is make sure they don't burn the wrong people.

 Thanks to these people, I became a celebrity in the company. Now ... don't say editor Luo, the unit's big leaders have to shun me by three points.

 I don't even have to go to work on time now. I can arrange my attendance at will in the name of "survey". At first, I would also inform the editor-in-chief of the letter, via a symbolic email. As for the article I wrote, naturally the editor-in-chief of Luo did not dare to make any further comments. He didn't dare to change even a word, let alone withdraw my manuscript.

 After all ... with or without him, staying in this company, or not in this company, makes no difference to me.

 If I wish, I can resign immediately to become an independent investigative reporter, a so-called "self-media person." This unit is a springboard for me. Now that I've taken off, I wouldn't mind getting an extra salary here if this springboard wasn't bothersome. If this springboard interferes with me, then I can shake it off and then step on it hard, and it's all right.

 In early February, just after the year passed, the people of the whole country were still immersed in the celebration of the New Year, and I went to a detention center.

 I have to talk about this a few days ago ...

 Years ago, I came to a third-tier city to investigate some rumors about local industrial pollution and corruption.

 In the past few days, I have traveled a lot and visited many people. Then, unsurprisingly, I was targeted.

 I have heard before that some female colleagues in some places were directly used hotel keys to open the door of the room to conduct surprise checks in the name of "sweeping off pornography." I did not expect similar things to happen to me.

 The day I was arrested, I was awakened by a deep sleep, and when I woke up, I found my room was full. Some people are wearing uniforms, some are not, and there are even a few faces that look familiar to me.

 Before I could react much, I was taken away by handcuffs.

 It was very cold outside when we walked out of the hotel door. And I was wearing Qiu Yi Qiu, a coat over my head, handcuffs on my hands, and I was all the way around my neck to the police car.

 It wasn't until I got into the game that I knew I was arrested for "drug possession." I didn't ask where they got the news, because they wouldn't answer when asked.

 When questioned, I learned that they had "searched" for methamphetamine from my luggage.

 Then, a man in plain clothes who did not want to reveal his identity from beginning to end began to do my ideological work. He told me that they didn't find much, presumably I was smoking it myself, not drug trafficking. As long as I am willing to sign a confession, it will be fine for a few days in detention and a penalty.

 Listening to his bitter "persuasion" and the phrase "for my good", I wanted to laugh. But this is not the time to laugh, I need to think ...

 Am I overestimating myself? Is it too early to take action on those official figures?

 In the past five months, the attitudes of people around me and the victories I have made me misunderstand?

 Compared with the icy cuffs on my wrist, are the things I have done in the past few months really so lethal?

 Anyway, in the end, I didn't sign it. After all, I'm not a fool, I know what signing means. Despite the soft and hard sides of the other party, my attitude changed from softening to toughness to shame to anger and naked intimidation. I was unmoved.

 Of course, this does not affect the outcome of my final detention, because "the evidence is sufficient". My "non-cooperation" move only left me for 15 days. I have basically spent the year in jail this year.

 The procedures before entering the detention center are more complicated, such as blood tests, urine tests, physical examinations, etc., but none of the test sheets passed my own hands.

 Because I have interviewed some people who often go in and out of this place before, I know a little bit about the situation inside.

 Most of the detention centres consisted of more than a dozen people sleeping together in a large room, all paved. If your family does not send you a bedding, the caretaker will give you a public bedding. That kind of covering looks dirty and doesn't stay warm. But at this point, you may not be able to cover it, because this paving is likely to be snatched by the "Prison Boss".

 The toilet in the detention center is a squatting pan in the corner, which is blocked by a small wall. There is almost no privacy at all. According to the rules, new chicks have to go to the toilet to squat, and you will be eligible to squat by the wall when another new one comes.

 The "Prison Boss" who is frequent and strong, and who is strong in Kong Wu, brings a bunch of younger brothers to do their best in it every day, bragging, smoking and beating. Generally speaking, guards don't care about petty things and slaps.

 In short, the place of detention is actually a deterrent to recidivists. Really feel that life is like years, those law-abiding citizens who have stumbled.

 I was already mentally prepared. I expected to lose skin in the past fifteen days, but I didn't expect that in the end, I had nothing at all.

 No one came to oppress me, not even to talk to me. Even if I took the initiative to talk to others, all I got was silence and expulsion. Obviously, "someone" greeted every prisoner who lived with me in advance so that they would not touch me.

 According to the general idea, this should be someone's performance of "covering me", but I quickly realized-wrong.

 If I had suffered a lot in the detention center, I would have been more at ease. Because that shows that the person who engaged me this time just wanted to do just that. After going out, I can take a few selfies that I was wounded like a victim, and continue to play my "justice fighter".

 However, this development is now terrible. This kind of development shows that the person who brought me in, or those people, didn't just want to "learn" me, but to push me to a state of utter danger.

 Fifteen days later, I regained my freedom, and my worry became a reality ...

 When I retrieved my personal belongings, I found that the information in the electronic equipment I was carrying had been "cleaned up" and everything that could become evidence had evaporated. Not only that, all the information I stored on the cloud disk and all the information I collected were also removed.

 At the place where I changed clothes, I turned on my mobile phone with a complicated mood, ignored those thousands of missed calls and tens of thousands of SMS records, and went straight to the social platform. Then on the top of the hot search list, I saw the harsh text "Zhang Yang released from prison today." Under this article, there are related articles such as "arrest of well-known investigative reporters for drug trafficking" and "Zhang Yang making rumors".

 Looking back, I can see that as early as half a month ago, on the night of my arrest, when I had not yet been formally detained and I was still undergoing a checkup at the hospital, these people about me being arrested and facing detention The news has been released.

 In the past fifteen days, almost every three days, a new "magnificent" about me was released to maintain the heat of the incident. Those messages are true and false, and the real part is basically derived from the records I have in my hands. Judging from these records, I am afraid that they have even visited my home, so some information that only exists in my computer and laptop has also appeared on the Internet. Of course, they only released information that was not good for me, such as the chat records between me and the network water army, and the news-related evidence I collected did not release them.

 The fake ones, I didn't take a closer look, and I was not very interested. From making a fortune killing to forcing a jump to a building, from cheating on an exam to harassment in the workplace. Everything, sound and color.

 I didn't stay at the junction for too long and the guards didn't let it. After changing clothes and packing, I was kicked out of the detention center.

 Waiting for me outside that big iron gate were the crowd, the microphone, the flashlight, the beheaded face, the malicious inducement questions, and the ambitious eyes ...

 It took me three days to get home, not only because of catching up with the Spring Festival, but also because I was informed that I had been on the credit blacklist when I bought my tickets, so I could only take a long-distance bus to return.

 When I returned to my apartment, it happened to be at night. Since all the information such as my phone address was exposed on the Internet, I repeatedly searched the neighborhood before daring to enter the building.

 When I arrived at the door, I found that the door was still locked. After entering, the signs of intrusion in the room were not obvious, but the tape marks I left on the door gap showed that someone had definitely come in.

 The only good thing is that I live in a high-rise. Otherwise, my eight accomplishments are broken glass in one place, and stones, stinky eggs, and even excrements thrown in.

 I didn't call the police because I didn't lose anything except the data. There is a high probability that this case will not be filed.

 I just took a quiet bath, ate a bowl of instant noodles, and slept first.

 The next day, I woke up refreshedly, turned on the computer, and calmly read the dismissal e-mail and a lot of spam messages abusive to me from the unit.

 I saw half of the time that someone from the property knocked on the door. It seemed that they knew from the electronic door card record that I had returned. I didn't open the door, but just said a few words to the other party across the door. Fortunately, the other party didn't have any bad intentions, but just urged me to take away the courier accumulated these days.

 I guess, it should be that the company had packed all my personal belongings and sent them to me. They didn't plan to let me enter that office building at all.

 At this point, I became a unemployed nomad, no longer have income, no longer have social status, in fact, I am not even as good as the average person.

 The name "Zhang Yang" is no longer a banner. It became the dung of fly maggots in people's mouths, and the people who had gathered under this banner had disappeared. Moreover, these people now hate and curse at me more than those passers-by.

Netizens' memories are indeed short-lived, and maybe I will not be their focus again in a few days. But the memory of netizens can also be long-lasting. When they see a person who has been defeated by public opinion, they always remember the negative labels on him / her for the first time.

 It only took me half a year from becoming famous to losing my reputation.

 Although I had already foreseen something like this one day, I did not expect that day would come so fast.

 I didn't investigate who was behind the scenes, or how many, because it didn't matter. One person has too many enemies, and this kind of thing will happen sooner or later, not to mention that I am offended by basically villains and evil people.

 In short, that's it, I should almost start the "final plan".

what? Do you think it is impossible for me to have a "back hand" in this situation? Huh ... didn't I just say that?

 "I had expected this to happen someday."

 Long before I became an investigative reporter, when I was still a postman, when I chose to become a media person, and when I was determined to become a "sacrifice", I had foreseen it today.

 I knew from the beginning that I couldn't keep winning.

 I, just a lonely person, is not worth mentioning in front of really powerful people. When they were ready to do what I did to others, it was a hundred times easier to implement. They don't need gorgeous rhetoric, no professional ability, and no need to bear any awareness and risk. They only need a bulletin, an order, and there are countless mouthpieces that will speak for them, and there will be countless hands to voice those questions Strangle.

 This is a battle that could not have been won, so I have already prepared the "final means".

 I am monitoring myself.

 Since the day I became an investigative reporter, I have spent all my savings over the years and, anonymously, have hired a team of "professionals" on the dark web, allowing them to monitor my every move 24 hours a day.

 After I got both fame and fortune, these people naturally also mentioned the price to me. I pretended to have a bargain with them and finally agreed to them. As long as I earn enough money to pay their commissions and provide me with a normal life, how much money does not matter.

 And these people are indeed worth the price I paid. I have a hidden camera in my house. In my office, there are hidden cameras they install. I have a hidden camera in the hotel room where I stayed. Even if I'm walking on the road, someone will always follow me.

 Now it's time to use what they have photographed. Relying on these video evidence and my U disk (physical backup data) that I hid in my mom ’s ashes, my "final plan" can be implemented.

 I am the first and last "sacrifice".

 Perhaps afterwards, my actions will be capped by terrorism and slowly suppressed under the control of public opinion.

 But as long as there is a day, a moment, a moment, there are so many people who are touched by me, then all my sacrifices will be worth it.

Chapter of the Sacrifice (5)

 It was a sunny morning, warm and comfortable.

 I lay on the open space outside the TV station door, in my own pool of blood, and let the warm sunlight spill on my face and body as if it could cure the gunshot wound on my chest.

 Is this the end? Or is it just the beginning?

 I sneaked into the TV station building in the early hours of the morning. It was not difficult to get in. After all, I knew the situation inside them very well.

 In the past half year, from celebrities to coal miners, I have dealt with a lot of people, and naturally there are some colleagues who work on TV stations.

 Some of this kind of communication is with a bit of sincerity, while others are purely on the scene. But no matter what, it doesn't prevent me from obtaining intelligence.

 People are very willing to share "non-owner privacy" with others, the only difference is the tendency when sharing. For example, women prefer to talk about gossip, while men are more inclined to talk about work.

 For most people, as long as it is not their own secret, it is not a secret.

 Take the taxi driver as an example. If you meet a driver who is actively talking to you, unless you do n’t know how to chat, you can easily ask him a lot about his work and even about him Family situation.

 There are also hairdressers who like to chat, seniors receiving physiotherapy in the hospital, buddies sitting next to you in the sauna, guys standing in front of or behind you while standing in long lines in the playground, and so on. As long as you have certain social skills, any stranger who needs to spend some time with you for some reason can be your source of information. The easiest information to cover is some trivia about their work.

 Make up a few lies that are not easy to disassemble and no one will delve into, which makes you feel that you resonate with him / her. From time to time, say something touting each other. Make a certain response to each other's words, and the content of the reaction is mainly based on different levels of surprise and "I am very interested" expressions, so you can let them quickly open the conversation box.

 Once you are proficient, with some sincere expressions and tone, the whole process will be very natural. Things would be better if there was wine on the spot.

 In this way, I got a lot of "inside information" outside the house. Although in the eyes of those leaked, it is all insignificant. Something like "TV cleaners usually go to another employee channel", "the time and approximate number of night shift security shifts", "the situation of the staff on duty from late night to early morning" and the like.

 However, when necessary, this information will become useful and effective.

 The long-term stability has made the security here very lax. I wore a cleaner uniform that I could easily buy at a curbside store, brought a door card from the lounge, and pushed a look that looked full. The cleaning supplies cart went smoothly to the floor I wanted to go to.

 I came to a studio, took out a toy gun with special sound only, fired a shot at the ceiling, and immediately controlled the scene.

 This is just a local radio station, and not many people are on duty in the early hours. After I blocked the only exit, I took out a few pairs of handcuffs I bought from an adult goods store and threw them to the people present. These people work well, so they value their lives. And some of them recognized me very quickly. They knew that I was a disastrous and likely to be heartbroken, so my intimidation became very convincing.

 I left a guide and ordered him to broadcast the video materials I hid in the cart through the TV system, and let other people handcuff themselves to several corners of the house.

 At that time, the security guards and armed police in the building had already rushed to the door. I have long been prepared for this.

 I unbuttoned my coat, exposed the fake bomb tied to my body in front of the surveillance probe inside the house, and took out a sign saying "You break the door and I explode" and held it to them.

 Less than ten seconds after that, the drum noise outside the door quieted down. The guide also stopped my delaying action with my kind reminder.

 The images I brought finally started to play. Those pictures of me being planted and the evidence and materials I collected about the dark side of this society were broadcast in the form of videos or pictures. At the same time, these documents were also posted online, to my social account, and to all places I could.

 Ten minutes later, the negotiator came and he talked to me through the studio intercom.

 He is an expert and veteran, very professional, but unfortunately me too. I can do that, and IMHO, I'm much more mean than him.

 He followed the process and first tried to gain my trust. I didn't mean to stop him. I pretended to follow his pace and pretended to trust him. Then we entered the stage of "while complaining and asking, he pretending to empathize with me and talking to me about the conditions".

 I told him both my experience and the purpose of this operation. I'm telling the truth and I'm very sincere and pretend to be crying.

 He did not completely cater to me, nor did he completely deny me, but just stabilized me and continued to lead the content of the conversation. He wanted me to release the female employees in the house first.

 I certainly cannot surrender real hostages just to show my gentlemanliness or humanitarian spirit. I also asked: I asked them to "give up the people who framed me."

 They won't pay, I know, because that's impossible.

 Unless I'm kidnapping people who are at the same level or higher than those who have framed me, or those who have been kidnapped directly. Otherwise they would never consider such a proposal.

 In fact, at this moment, I know the situation outside.

 Long before this negotiator and I started a game, the outside had begun preparations for subordinates to attack. And I let the video broadcast by the director broadcast for about 15 minutes, and its signal was blocked by the outside world.

 The so-called negotiation I am conducting is just a way for negotiators to give time to the combat team responsible for the storm. Once the time is right, they will rush in.

 In other words, if I can win, I will let go, and if I can't win, I will be hard. Even if casualties do occur, the truth and details of the incident are written, published, and identified by them.

 They can say that I brutally killed all hostages before the storm, even if all the "weapons" I brought this time were either toys or fakes. Anyway, "evidence" can be forged.

 The images and materials I transmitted will be cleaned up in less than a week. As long as they catch a few typical years and a year and a half to dare to spread these, and cooperate with "official rumors," people will soon stop spreading. Because when it comes to their own safety, keyboard fighters often recover a considerable degree of reason. Then, the official navy will drive the public opinion and put the concept of “all false” in these materials into reality, spraying any objectioners to the point where they can no longer make a sound. In the end, they went to the entertainment industry to find a heavyweight news or some hate news with neighboring countries, and the people will soon forget me.

 I know all of the above.

 When you hear this, you must ask, now that you know that you are doomed to fail, what's the point of doing this?

 Oh, you know when you hear me.

 When the sky was bright, after a lot of bargaining, I finally reached a "consensus" with the negotiating experts. I promised to release all the hostages, provided that I had to tell my story on live TV first.

 They gladly accepted it, because they knew that the broadcast signal could not be sent at all-if I hosted the hostage as agreed, that would be best. If I didn't let them go, they wouldn't waste any further time.

 Then, like a news anchor, I went to the stage in the middle of the studio and started talking.

 My story is what you are listening to at the moment. It begins with "My name is Zhang Yang, I am 26 years old, and I am an investigative reporter." It has developed to the present. I am sitting in front of the camera and telling you these.

 Looks like this is almost coming to an end, right?

 However, I still have one thing to tell you.

 In fact, this is not the first time I have sneaked into this TV station illegally.

 I was here yesterday morning. Of course, at that time, I didn't make so much noise. I just disguised myself as a maintenance worker and installed some additional transmitters in the building's ventilation system, as well as some hidden cameras with long-range radio capabilities.

 Therefore, today, my entire operation has been filmed by the equipment I installed from the beginning, bypassing the broadcast station's own broadcast system and using your tower to broadcast live.

 The materials that I asked the director to broadcast through the studio's system were both introductions and fronts, and they were not that important.

 What's important is that every move I make, your conversation with me, every word you discuss outside the house, carrying me back, including the post-processing method, and the names of those who planted me. Although I don't know who they really are, I think you have found out and discussed them, haven't you? Hehe ... In short, some of them, as well as the story I said here, have been broadcast live.

 I have a dream-a dream that is not so realistic and self-interested.

 I want to be a pair of eyes, a pair of ears, and a mouthpiece, to show people in the world what they can't see and hear, but should look and listen.

 I want those who give up thinking and introspection to regain the habits of reflection and the courage to question.

 I will do whatever I can to achieve this ideal and carry out my justice, even if it is a despicable justice.

 When I flew out of the building, my words echoed in my mind again.

 Although my body was not enough to break the exterior glass of the building, the bullets that penetrated my body obviously helped me.

 I thought someone who fell from a high place died instantly, but that didn't seem to be absolute.

 It was a sunny morning, warm and comfortable.

 I lay on the open space outside the TV station door, in my own pool of blood, and let the warm sunlight spill on my face and body as if it could cure the gunshot wound on my chest.

Is this the end? Or is it just the beginning?

Chapter of the Sacrifice (6)

 Am I dead?

 Is this the world after death?

 No five senses, no desires. Although drifting lonely in the endless darkness, his heart is surprisingly calm.

 "What's going on here? Why is it assigned to us?"

 "Hey, hey, that happens occasionally."

 Who is speaking?

 Why can I still hear sound before this?

 "Have you seen this before?"

 "I've seen it a few times. It's rare and simple. It's a special product that is" supplemented "from outside the" Underworld. "

 "Will this phenomenon not affect 'balance'?"

 "Hey, on the contrary, this is a form of maintaining balance. Whenever a soul is" completely obliterated ", that is, the type of extermination that" cannot even go to the underworld, "it is necessary to reduce this foreign object. Go up the numbers. "

 "So what do we do with it now? Do we want to take advantage of it?"

 "Forget it, you see it like that, it obviously comes from a material universe with almost no supernatural phenomena. In that boring universe, most souls do not leave a soul after death. Even if the soul is left behind , Its psionic energy is also extremely weak, and most of it will drift in the atmosphere without a spiritual child to slowly fade away. That is to say, although it is a very small number of heretics in that universe, but here it is not only weak, but also with some More subtle innate attributes ... "

 "Well ... this looks like the nature of an 'insulator'."

 "Yes, although this property can make it very resistant to all nonphysical supernatural abilities, it will also limit the upper limit of its psionic power. In 'us', there is no such soul What space for development. "

 "Are we here"? Listen to that, what bad idea have you come up with? "

 "Hey hey ... I do know a good place for it, where it should be more useful."

 "Hum, boring. I'll get to the next batch. It's up to you."

 They are talking about me.

 This feeling of being criticized and then at the mercy of people should be bad, but I have no emotion at all now.

 I have neither the fear of the unknown nor the slightest anger.

 I didn't even care if the two voices were immortals or ghosts just now.

 This state of wantlessness is really uncomfortable.

 "Hey hey, rest assured, once you regain your physical body, you will soon be out of this state."

 Can you hear me?

 "of course can."

 But I just uttered it in my head ... well, I have no brain, just like I don't have a mouth and a vocal cord.

 "Hey, don't think about the insignificant things, I ask you now. If I tell you that you can cross into another universe and be born again, do you want to be a man or a woman? Rich second generation or right second generation? Which one? What does it look like? "

 Wow, these can be chosen by me. Isn't my new student like the game number of EASY mode?

 "Hey ... no, I'm just asking you, who said I want to meet your requirements?"

what?

 The guy who liked wacky laughs didn't respond to me anymore, and my consciousness gradually disappeared in his sullen laughter.

 And when I regained consciousness again, my feelings as a person have all returned.

 The strong discomfort throughout my body is reminding me of the reality of being a human.

 Humans are indeed very contradictory creatures. I feel that "life is better than death" in the state of soul. But after I really lived, even if I was suffering from hunger and cold, and I was hurt, I still felt better to live.

 The place where I woke up was an abandoned public toilet, and the reason for it was obstructed by pipes. There is a smell in the air that makes people think "it's not important to vomit or not to vomit", and a layer of sticky, tan liquid is accumulated on the entire toilet floor.

 There is no doubt that the first thing I was thankful for after I was "resurrected" was that when I opened my eyes, I sat on the floor with my back against the wall instead of lying face down ...

 About a minute later, a strong chill urged me to stand up and bounce around while rubbing my arms.

 I didn't even have to go out of this toilet, and knew that the temperature outside at this moment would never exceed five degrees. And I was wearing only a short-sleeved T-shirt and a pair of sports trousers, and I didn't even have shoes or socks on my feet.

 After a while, I came to the sink and saw myself in the broken mirror on the wall—a young bearded white man with long and messy hair and nowhere from skin to clothing. Dirty and ridiculously thin.

 I sorted out my thoughts, and soon came to an obvious conclusion: I was born again in a homeless man who died in the public toilet.

 However, I didn't feel any frustration about it, but I thought it would be fine.

 If I were born again to an old man in his nineties who was unable to take care of himself in a hospital bed, then my second life might be hopeless.

 But now, even though my body is cold and hungry, and I still have a lot of bruises from others, there is no penny in my pocket, but at least he is still young.

 A man who has a lot of years to live by, even if he falls into an unbearable field, his life is promising.

 If you're hungry, look for food. If it's cold, try to keep yourself warm. If you can live another day, you can earn a day. Making yourself better every day is making a lot of money.

 Not to mention that I am in a state of healthy limbs and normal five senses. Even if I have a few disabilities now, I don't think it's okay.

 It's great to be alive. Those who are looking for life because of a little frustration because of a little academic, emotional, or work-related things do not understand the value of life at all.

 Maybe it was because I "died once", and now I have different views on many things.

 With this in mind, I walked out of the public toilet.

 Depending on the weather, it was still early morning. The original owner of my body should be in the toilet overnight because the weather was too cold last night. It's a pity ... he was still "frozen to death", otherwise I wouldn't have this "borrow the soul".

 In fact, the inside of the public toilet is not much warmer than the outside. Because this is a toilet in the park, what kind of T-shaped partition is used for the entrance and the exterior wall is covered up, there is no door at all. The cold wind poured in.

 The first thing I did when I came out was to dry the sewage on my feet in the nearby mud. Wetting my feet only made me colder.

 Then I started flipping the trash can nearby, and successfully found a few rags to wrap my feet, and made myself two "sleeves".

 In the process of turning garbage, I saw quite a few foods that were eaten half. Although some of these foods are still wrapped in wrapping paper, I thought about it, and after all I didn't eat it.

 There are so many bacteria in the trash can, even if the food is wrapped in paper, I can't take risks. After all, I'm just hungry now, and I can rely on myself to stay hungry. But if I eat bad stomach and cause inflammation or medical disease, I need medical support.

 It didn't take me too much time to get "clothing". About half an hour later, I walked out of the park and prepared to go "begging."

 As I passed by an alley outside the park, several guys who were cooking around an iron bucket suddenly talked to me. I looked around and found that they were all dressed in ragged shirts. But they are much thicker than I am, at least those are real clothes.

 I thought these people were being friendly, but soon they found something wrong. The head of them said to me in a mocking tone: "Your 'new clothes' are quite tide, but I still prefer your old dress." After pointing out, he pointed to the one on himself. Breaking the windbreaker and laughing. The two guys beside him also laughed with him.

 Through their words, I quickly realized that these three guys robbed "I" last night. They beat the former owner of my body and snatched his coat and shoes, which led to him eventually Frozen to death in the toilet in the park.

 Therefore, the phrase "only hate between peers" is quite reasonable, even the homeless industry is no exception.

 After a moment, I walked away.

 I ignored them and did not have the desire to avenge them.

 People like them are not worth me to remember.

 One day, they will die in a filthy shack, suffering painfully, lonely and helplessly under the torment of a disease they don't know what it is.

 I don't need to do anything to them.

 Some people are alive, they have hope, and some people can only be relieved if they die.

 It is already a punishment for those who are willing to degenerate and slowly decay.

 At noon, the temperature picked up. Sitting in the sun, although still cold, is basically tolerable.

 This body is very weak. Even if I think that my willpower is strong, I don't have the energy to move around.

 I need to eat and supplement my body's calories. Otherwise, I might die again when the sun goes down

 Of course, I also have a backup plan: it's really impossible, I'll find a chain fast food restaurant, rushed in, turned over the counter, grabbed the food first and gagged, then rushed to the street while chewing, looking for a police car Lie on the hood of the police car before the clerk chased me out. If this plan goes well, the place where I sleep tonight will be gone.

 But this is just no way. I don't want to bother others if possible.

 My luck was good. At about 1 pm, a young man came to me and handed me a new hot dog.

 I've been squatting here for a long time. When he and his fox friends and dog friends pointed at me in the distance and laughed, I guessed that they might be trying to do some prank.

 Sure enough, I opened the hot dog and glanced, and found that a lot of yellow mustard was squeezed inside. But I still pretended not to see it, took a shallow bite, and put on a spicy, dead look, and made a very exaggerated reaction with tears.

 The young people laughed across the street after seeing my reaction, and happily hugged. After a while, they didn't find it interesting, and they left.

 It seems that the universe I went through later was at least in one point the same as the place where I used to be-the folly in society is enough.

 This is a good thing.

 When they left, I also stopped performing. I ran to a nearby fountain and drank a few sips of water. Then I removed all the mustard in the hot dog and ate slowly with the fountain water. At the end of the meal, I left a small piece of bread, carefully repacking it with wrapping paper, and putting it in my pants pocket.

 This meal is also considered to be high-calorie food, with this meal at the bottom, I will not be a problem until tomorrow. The next thing I want to solve is the cold protection problem and the place to sleep.

 I always feel like I'm doing some kind of survival activity. Ironically, if I survive in the wilderness, I can access almost everything around me. But in a place like the city with abundant resources and even a lot of waste, I have a lot of restrictions.

 In the afternoon, I took an empty can and picked up a passerby and asked for "change". Maybe it was the flowing rag shape that gave me a point. In the evening, the harvest was really good. It cost 11 yuan in total.

 The currency abbreviation of this universe is RMB, which makes me feel quite slotted. And its purchasing power is similar to RMB in my cognition.

 In the evening, I bought the cheapest disposable umbrella with the ten dollars at hand, and then I waited until it was dark, and in the dark, I touched into a community with very poor security, and found an old clothes donation box. The end of the umbrella handle reaches into to hook the clothes.

 These clothes should be delivered to people in the "poor areas", but considering that I am also very poor now and is about to freeze to death, I don't think anyone will care about me. I have omitted a few of them. After I get rich in the future, I will buy a plane ticket to fly to the poor areas, and then take the regular channel to get it.

 In this way, I quickly got out two sweaters and a coat, and when I saw it, I took it away and took it out.

 I went to an unmanned place to put on my clothes, and then used the last dollar to go to a public toilet on the street.

 I found this place during the day. It is a kind of self-service design. Like a telephone booth, there are five in a row. You can open the door by putting in a dollar, and you can get two sheets of straw paper at the coin slot. As for the use of unlimited time.

 When the coin opened the door, I felt a joy, because I found a toilet instead of squatting. This means that I can sit overnight, instead of spreading my legs in the corner.

I went in, sat down, closed the door, and started eating the little bit of bread I had left during the day.

 Don't look at this small toilet, but there should be some. On the back of the door there is also a simple sink, the one with a mirror. In the end, it is a place two hundred years ahead of my original universe. These civilian facilities have indeed improved.

 After eating the bread, I used a piece of broken lamp glass picked up in a garbage dump, shaved my beard with the hand lotion in the toilet. As for the hair ... I thought about it and shaved it. Although I can keep my hair cold with a certain degree of hair, this image is really bad, it will prevent me from going in and out of various occasions, and it is easy to breed a lot of bacteria ...

 Then I took a bath in this self-service toilet.

 Of course, there was not much water in the sink and there was no shower head. So I can't shower. My washing method is to take off the T-shirt on my body first, rub it in water, use it as a wet towel, then squeeze the hand sanitizer, wash myself from head to toe, and use a little water from the T-shirt Rinse clean.

 This process took a long time, after all, the space was small. And this place was not designed to bathe people. Fortunately, it's quite warm here, and the body gets hotter as you take a cold shower.

 After washing it for a while, I twisted the T-shirt and wiped my body. Then I dried the T-shirt quickly with the hot air of a dryer. Dry clothes next to it.

 After all this was done, I was tired, and just sat on the toilet and fell asleep.

 This is the first day I have spent in the world after crossing, I think I will always remember this day, because the first step is always the hardest. After that, the next difficulty I encountered was "finding shoes", and it wasn't much more difficult in the future.

 Because I have cleaned myself up a lot, I do n’t have a lot of shoes on my feet or old clothes on my body. So I don't look so much homeless on the road. In this way, I can go to a subway station with a central air conditioner for the night, so I do n’t have to worry about freezing.

 During the day, I went to pick up rags and sell money. Occasionally I could get odd jobs, such as moving someone, shoveling snow, or something. If my body is dirty and smelly, I will go to the "one-dollar toilet" to take a bath. Of course, I can afford soap and towels later.

 As the weather gets warmer, my day will become easier and easier. Because summer clothes are cheaper, I saved enough money to buy cheap T-shirts and shorts. I changed into new clothes and made me look nothing like a street sleeper, so I started posing as a college student and doing some "summer jobs" like helping people paint and repair the roof.

 Yes, I can impersonate a student. My body is actually one or two years younger than myself. In addition, there are many college students with foreigners who look like forty years old.

 In addition, the languages of this universe are mainly Chinese and English. No matter what skin color people will say these two words, it also makes my daily life a lot more difficult. My English is a bit poor after all ...

 That's it, the days go by. Unconsciously, I have been in this universe for a year.

 A year ago, I woke up from a public toilet and was dying of starvation. One year later, I have already lived in a cheap shared apartment, and I have the guarantee of food, clothing and accommodation.

 I also went to the federal government to add a citizen ID on the grounds of "amnesia". Since they did not find the previous information on my face, I could still name it myself. So I gave myself a name "John Smith" and it was considered a legal status.

 At this stage, I have survived steadily.

 So, the next time is to make a choice. In the "second life" of this other universe, should I spend it peacefully or do something else?

Chapter of the Sacrifice (7)

 I thought that "more advanced science and technology and common sense of life", "the model of global unification under federal rule", and a "more than 200 years of modern history in the future" are what I need to master in this new universe All new knowledge.

 However, I was naive ...

 In the first year, I think the biggest difference between this place and where I am is that at the end of the twentieth century, for some reason, a "technology explosion" occurred, which gave birth to a change in the global landscape and later A huge empire in the course of history.

 Over a century later, this empire, like many dynasties in history, fell into decay and eventually fell apart. The earth then entered the federal era, and continued until the year I crossed here.

 At that time, I did not consider whether there would be "things that the public did not know that were contrary to common sense".

 Because in my original universe, I am not the kind of person who would care about the existence of "ghosts" and "aliens".

 However, one year after I came here, when I began to engage in activities that walked on the edge of the law under the nickname "sacrifice", I gradually came into contact with some people who were not accessible as ordinary people.

 If I choose to live here well and be an ordinary civilian, maybe I will never know that there is a so-called "capable person" in this world.

 And there are really a lot of these strange people. Of course ... I mean "a lot" by totals. If you count it proportionally, even if you include those "reformers", on this planet with a population of 10 billion, the percentage of powerists is not even one in 100,000.

 In short, knowing this, it has a greater impact on my three views.

 Although I am a traversal myself, I don't think that the sounds I heard during the "time of death" or the unknown creatures I encountered will appear in the world in front of me.

 In fact, according to the information I have received, the religious power of this universe is almost the same as that of endangered species. The only remaining are mascot-like institutions linked to the tourism and cultural industries to the extent permitted by the federal government. In other words, this is basically a "materialist earth", and it has been officially promoted for many years. There are no religions of any size on a global scale.

 But it is in such a universe, but there is also a "superpower", a supernatural thing that most people can only see in science fiction movies.

 This setting changed everything.

 It made me completely lose my sense of security as a human.

 I fully understand why the government keeps secrets to the people, because for ordinary people, this kind of things will drive them crazy.

 This is like telling people: "There are two kinds of people in this world. One is you, born unarmed and unarmed until death. There is another person called the ability, because of innate or acquired factors, each of them has some kind of Lethal weapons that you can never have. "

 If the official really makes such things public and common sense, then the next development is basically the story in X-Men.

 The human race cannot tolerate coexistence with them, a race that is stronger than them, or even just similar to them.

 Only a small number of people will pursue peaceful exchanges. Most people's attitudes towards heterogeneous people must be "control" and "destroy"-they cannot "completely control", it is best to "completely eliminate". Because if you cannot control or destroy them, there is no guarantee that they will not come to control and destroy you.

 From a human perspective, this is also very correct logic.

 Perhaps there are other species in the universe who can find ways to live in harmony with races that are more advanced or as advanced as themselves. But this applies to the human race, at least not at this stage.

 In the final analysis, the trust relationship, social system, and moral order of the human world are all built on the foundation of "security guarantees." When you destroy the foundation, you can rebuild everything, so "war" is called the ultimate means.

 Even I cannot avoid being vulgar, I am also the kind of person who tends to "I can feel safe without the power of the world."

 But over time, when I accepted this setting and learned more and more about the psionics, I realized this kind of thinking, or that most people are aware of the power This kind of thought that will happen after the world is actually very stupid.

 Because when I know the number of power abilities and the capabilities of certain individuals, I can conclude that if ordinary people on the earth now fight with power abilities, no matter what the former does, in less than 24 hours, or even In a shorter period of time, ordinary people will be defeated or even extinct.

 One of the reasons why this world can still function like this is that ordinary people have never waged war on abilities from the stand of racial war, and 99% of people do not know that there are abilities.

 I also have to admire this. In the past few hundred years, no matter how corrupt and stupid the ruling class has become, no mistake has been made in the general direction of this issue.

 The longer I spent in the "underground world", the more I felt that my mindset was not personal.

 Of course, "not human" here is not derogatory. To give an example, it is the mentality of a hooligan to become a gentleman.

 In this circle, human life is very cheap. Everyone here looks down on life and death. Fighting between any two capable people may result in the death of several, dozens or even hundreds of people.

 Any failure of a mission, or your action unexpectedly blocking the way of a strong person, may kill you.

 Your death will not be vigorous, nor will it be heavier than Tarzan. If you have to describe it, your death is like a stone on the roadside. Someday someone kicks you away for some reason and you die. And the person who kicked you off may be like a stone in the eyes of others ...

 Well ... I don't even think of stones. It's more appropriate to say that the dust, I was blown away when the wind was stronger.

 In recent years, I still do the work of "exposing those scum who have escaped legal sanctions", which is my ideal and professional field. I do this for free, and sometimes it costs a lot of money.

 The results of this work are quite gratifying, and I have indeed paid a lot of scum. But this is definitely not the only thing to do. I must have the support of other sideline businesses before I can continue this loss trading.

 So I will also take on some hiring jobs, such as passing information, acting as a middleman to match people, tracking sneak shots, stealing trade secrets, and so on.

 Basically, the jobs I take are relatively high safety factors, even those that fail are not likely to die and are most likely to go to jail. But that's only relatively speaking ...

 As the saying goes, often walking by the river, how can there be wet shoes?

 Hundreds of jobs Next, we will inevitably encounter a few hard ideas. Fortunately, the few times I was arrested, I met all fellows, and never met the official ability. Because of my "good job", I have a good reputation in the industry, and I am more cautious in taking care of things, and do nothing harmful, so as long as I am willing to give up the task, those who caught me are also willing to let me go .

 In the final analysis, Greenwood Road is a place of scrupulous face. It was originally its own owner and took money to deal with each other. No one wants to take the reputation of "slaying the sacrifices" for a sale.

 After this period of time, my life model has also stabilized-Da Yin Yu City, doing what I like, supporting my life and ideals with side jobs. The name of the "sacrifice" also became louder and louder without knowing it.

 So, slowly, someone started to think of me as a great person. Someone even made up my "power" in a mess, and it was amazing.

 But in fact, half a year after joining the trade, I determined that my only "special ability" was: I was almost immune to the psychic ability.

 This matter, I heard the two unknown voices mentioned in the "state of soul". So shortly after I learned that there are really abilities in this world, I tried it out by myself.

 Otherwise, I'm really nothing special. Although I have exercised to save my life, I have reached the limit of "the physical strength equivalent to that of a paper-level person".

 I don't know why, one day, I got a rumor that someone who said "PUT-OID (Parallel\_Universe\_Traveler\_Observation\_and\_Intervention\_Department)" followed me.

 I have never told anyone that I am a passer, nor have I done anything that only a passer can do? How did they analyze it? Is there a specific instrument that can detect this? Or can a particular power find this out?

 In any case, being targeted is not a good thing.

 I have to take the lead, which is a valuable lesson I learned from my "last life" experience.

 So I started taking risks. I entered an area that should not be involved in my capacity. Surprisingly, things went very smoothly, so smooth that I was a little skeptical that someone was helping me in secret.

 After that dangerous and dangerous operation, I got a detailed information about PUT-OID, including the organizational structure, staffing, common surveillance methods, etc., and even some individuals of the agents Information is there.

 Of course, I also thought about it, would I be in the middle? Did you get fake information?

 So I went through many ways to verify, and the result! This information is true.

 It's ridiculous. The reason I was caught by PUT-OID was not because I did something "illegal", but because I did "obey the law."

By understanding the internal process of PUT-OID, I have mastered their method of locking the "passer". In fact, there are usually two types: one is lottery. Second, tax and social security payments.

 These two searches are carried out throughout the year without interruption and do not require a lot of resources. Because this is basically done by computer analysis of the collected data.

 First I have to explain what the federal lottery is all about ...

 The federal government's largest lottery ticket, the "Federal Charity Lottery", is actually an official money laundering business. It is impossible for anyone to win such a lottery, because the results of the lottery are all controlled.

 On the draw day of each round, after the purchase time expires, and within a few hours before the draw, the official will search all the numbers sold in the round. After the search is completed, a "number combination that no one has purchased" is generated, and then a video is taken with this number as the draw result.

 When the lottery draws, the official cuts these pre-recorded videos and live broadcasts in the studio together, and switches back and forth. The lottery process looks like a live broadcast. As for the host and notary at the scene, it was naturally acting, and no one dared not to act.

 Then, after several rounds or even dozens of rounds of this operation, the bonus pool will become particularly large. The masses also began to feel that "it's been so long and no one has won a special prize. Is this a bit abnormal?" What should we do?

 It's very simple. Find a "own person" and put on a sunglasses mask to claim the prize.

 By the way, they ran some news in the newspaper and fabricated a little information about this winner, so that those fools addicted to lottery will continue to have fantasies. This business can continue.

 And where did the money taken go? In addition to the taxes payable, the rest is naturally wherever I want to go ...

 So why is this business laundering? It's easy to understand. For example, a federal official received a stolen money, but because the source is unknown, it is not easy to directly spend it. It doesn't matter where you don't invoice). At this time, he can go to the officials of the Federal Lottery Center to discuss a percentage, and then use all the stolen money to buy lottery tickets.

 Suppose that this person has 10 million to launder, and the percentage of money laundering is split in half, then he buys two numbers, one that won't win and one that won. For the number in the meeting, taking one bet to win one million as an example, you can buy six bets, and 12 yuan is enough. The remaining 9999988 yuan, all go to buy the number that will not win.

 After winning the prize, he won six bets and one million, with a total prize of six million, and paid almost 4.8 million in taxes after paying taxes. That 4.8 million is clean money. The others are left to the lottery center to take care of, and they have nothing to do with him.

 To sum up, the federal lottery is plainly the IQ tax. Like other federal charity-based businesses, the flow of funds, details of work, etc. are all private and opaque. All the draw results can also be manipulated easily.

 Therefore, it is absolutely impossible for ordinary people to win the special prize. Even passers-by, or psionics with the ability to "predict the future," can't help. Because the lottery results are based on "data after the purchase deadline".

 But what about other awards? What about first and second prizes?

 Suppose you are a traversal, the kind with more intelligence, do you think the middle prize is too conspicuous, or you already understand the so-called "rebate rate", or you have bought several special prizes After the prize number, I found that the number at the draw was different from your memory, and then I figured out the way ...

 Whatever it is, most of the time you will think of the strategy of "deliberately choosing the wrong number or two, giving up the special prize and going to the first or second prize". Unlike the special prizes, the amount of other prizes is fixed and there is no upper limit for bets. The most important thing is that these awards will not cause the future lottery results to change because you bought this number.

 Therefore, whenever someone wins dozens or even hundreds of non-special prize tickets, PUT-OID will immediately start investigating this person. More than 99.99% of the time, this person is a traversal or capable person.

 With less than 0.01% probability, this person is really lucky and is right. Because that is in line with probability.

 Of course, I'm not the kind of "time traveler", I'm the "parallel universe traveler". I don't know the lottery draw number, so I can't lock me with this set of schemes.

 What got PUT-OID to follow me was their second set of search mechanisms-tax and social security payments.

 Speaking of which you may not believe, the federal tax and social security bureau's hundreds of payment items, there are a total of twenty-seven clauses specifically set up to "test the traversal".

 The names of these payments are specific tax titles from other universes that PUT-OID asked from some of the parallel universe traversers they have captured. In other words, in the universe where the traverser is, this is common sense tax, but no one here actually knows what it is.

 General unit finances do not fill these out when paying taxes to employees and purchasing insurance, and individual taxpayers will not ask what these non-mandatory payments are for.

 But passers-by will be fooled.

 I was fooled.

 In order to pretend to be a law-abiding citizen in a low-key manner, after I acquired a certain amount of property, I went to register a shell company myself, and acted as the finance to account for my gray income. And I paid myself taxes and insurance through the company.

 I really don't know. In this universe, the concept of "five insurances and one gold" does not exist at all.

 When I went to fill out the registration form, I saw the familiar words of "endowment insurance, medical insurance, unemployment insurance, work injury insurance, maternity insurance, housing provident fund", and they were all framed under the same big category, so I chose.

 Who wants to get this bait!

 These items are not included in the universe's most common payments.

 Moreover, the issue of staggered taxes and staggered gold is not the same as buying lottery tickets, and it is not an explanation of "stupidity" or "luck". This is basically what the "passers do when they are guilty".

 PUT-OID uses this kind of "common sense-level cognitive difference" to rely on big data provided by relevant departments to find the traversers one by one from the crowd on a silent battlefield.

 I don't know when they will come to catch me, but luckily they have to. Expecting them to ignore me is impossible. Because if I were theirs, it would never be possible for me to remove someone who has been on the suspect list without full confirmation.

 The question now is how do I prepare to deal with them.

Chapter of the Sacrifice (End)

 In two months, it took me two months to create the death of "John Smith".

 I think I have done it perfectly, and I have thought of all the details, including the surveillance capabilities of the federal agencies and their execution power when investigating the matter after the fact.

 I can even say that I designed the solution after overestimating their capabilities.

 During these two months, I gradually stopped all social activities related to "John Smith". I cancelled my shell company, returned my long-term lease, stopped paying all taxes, and reduced my shopping records.

 The last time I used my ID in public, or the ID of "John Smith", was in a hotel chain.

 That day, I was very high-profile.

 When I checked in, I rushed to the front desk and sweared. Not only did I not let the waiter touch my luggage, I kept complaining to him about how bad the hotel was, and finally refused to tip him. I walked back and forth in the room in the middle of the night, causing the residents downstairs to call the front desk to complain. After being warned by the front desk, I went downstairs and knocked on the guest's room door and threatened the other across the door. I called three "technicians" to "home service" one night, and every time I came, I drove them out on the grounds that they "were much worse than the photos" and scolded them when they rolled their eyes at my middle finger. ...

 I made at least seven or eight "witnesses" that impressed me tonight.

 The next day, I robbed a jewelry store.

 I stepped on this store in advance, and there are hidden alarm buttons under each counter, and they are private. The boss himself is in the shop. As long as the robbery occurs, someone will definitely press the alarm.

 Wearing a ski mask, holding a pistol, I quickly grabbed a bag of stolen goods and jumped into the car with the bag before the police arrived.

 I didn't even know when the police arrived, and there were not many suburban cars in Berlin. Even if my driving skills were average, I wouldn't be caught up immediately.

 I stepped on the throttle like this, soared all the way to the "predetermined location", and then drove into the Spree River under the confinement of a police car.

 I had put on a diving mask before the body hit the water. After entering the water, because the window was already opened by me, I just need to unfasten my seat belt and I can swim out of the car directly from there.

 I still have a good conscience. I put the jewelry in a waterproof bag and pulled the zipper tightly. So when the police picked up the bag from the river, nothing was lost.

 As for the robber, that is, "John Smith", when he was found, "he" was already a body.

 The corpse obtained by the police was obtained by me for a lot of money. In short, it was my clone, but he was drowned as soon as he was cloned.

 In this universe and in this era, cloning technology is undoubtedly banned by the government. But there are still people doing it. And according to those who do these businesses, their technology is also bought from within the Federation.

 To what extent the secret research within the Commonwealth has been conducted, I don't know, anyway, the technology circulating in the underground world is limited to making clones that are physically identical but have no powers, no mutant genes, and no memory.

 In other words, although the finished product is exactly the same as the age, blood type, body type, hair color, etc. of the cloned person, when he wakes up, his head is blank, he neither knows this world nor speaks. Except for the instincts of breathing, sucking, and grasping, they don't even turn over.

 It is not possible to let such a person pretend to be a body to perform daily activities, but it is certainly sufficient to act as a corpse.

 Some people may wonder, what use is this clone? In this era, most medical diseases can be cured non-surgically, and surgical organ damage can also be repaired with bionic materials, so it is not necessary to use cloned humans as organ donors. It is not reasonable to use them for human experiments, because there are many lower cost and more efficient experimental methods ...

 Are clones specifically used as fake death props?

 In fact, if you think about it a little more, you will understand that these clones are mainly used by the porn industry.

 People in this business usually find ways to get saliva, hair, or nails from celebrities. These things are not difficult to get, as long as you can get some cleaners in high-end places. Then they made clones of these celebrities and sold them to "people in need."

 Of course, these clones are expensive, and sometimes even more expensive than the body.

 If you are wondering if a rich person can "buy it", why would you want a clone? That is your imagination is too lacking ...

 Because it is a clone, it is a blank piece of paper, so you can go to "customize". They can change some physical or non-physical details as required, and they can "educate" according to a certain habit.

 I won't say any more, even I think they are disgusting. In short, this business is still for the rich. Even setting aside the spreads earned by buyers and sellers, the basic cost of cloning a person alone is prohibitively high. The poor still have to "use" composite photos or change face videos, they can't afford it.

 As a traverser, I have also questioned my morality when using clones as my "dead ghost". But after I got to know them, I became numb.

 If I have a chance in the future, I think I will kill everyone who is engaged in this business. But now, I am also their consumer.

 Since I have not traveled to this world for a long time, I can avoid most of the "clone flaws". For example, dental records, scars from surgery, steel nails in the body, etc. These traces that clones cannot replicate need not be considered.

 As a result, the official soon confirmed the death of "I", that is, "John Smith".

 Even if PUT-OID was skeptical, it would be okay to track down my "live" trajectory. What they can find out is: after a period of preparation, a traverser broke away from the ordinary life, decided to go for a big ticket, and planted it. In the state of the person the night before the robbery, there were enough witnesses to prove that it fits perfectly with the desperate person.

 Of course, in general, even PUT-OID will not find this level, because the "clone corpse" is too convincing. Unlike the situation where "the body cannot be found" or "the body is made indistinguishable", few people use this method to sham. And the person who will die in this way is unlikely to be a small person like me.

In summary, after this step, I can basically rest assured. At this time, as long as I change my status and pay no taxes in the future, PUT-OID will not follow me again.

 But I am more cautious and I am not in a hurry ...

 I decided to hide for another half a year.

 This is not difficult for me, because I have prepared myself a "safe house", which is a kind of real estate that is located between the markets and looks very ordinary, but you can't even find the entrance.

 The house has ample food and drinking water, as well as plenty of toilet paper, water, electricity and gas. In addition, this room is covered by a large public WIFI, and the devices that can be connected to the Internet in the room are no different among the countless devices connected to this WIFI.

 As long as I close the door, in the first half of this safe house, the limelight will surely pass.

 I think so, but ...

 Two months later, one morning, I had just finished using the toilet and was going to sit down and read the news. Suddenly, the door to the safe house opened.

 This door must be opened with a password even from the inside, not to mention the outside? But I only know the password, so this is absolutely wrong.

 Without thinking, I pulled a pistol under the pillow and pointed it at the door, and then he came in.

 Pointing at the gun did not seem to make him feel uncomfortable.

 I saw him take the door behind him, came to me with a smile, sat cross-legged, and asked me: "The sacrifice?"

 I could see and hear, he was asking it on purpose.

 "You are?" So I didn't answer, but asked him back.

 "My name is James Stephenson, and you can also call me 'Judge'," he replied.

 "You have something to do with me?" I asked again.

 He knows where my safe house is, knows my nickname, and the key is the password to my safe house, so he naturally didn't find the wrong person. So the remaining question is why did he come to me?

 "Oh ... don't be nervous." As a result, he said with a smile. "In fact, I have a lot in common with you. For example, I also like to let some sinners who have not received the punishment suffer ..." He paused here and seemed to be watching my reaction. "I know everything you did before. You are excellent, a discreet, reliable and trustworthy person

 "Me, I want to do a reality show recently. The form and content should be very suitable for your taste. At present I don't have an assistant. I wonder if you are interested in trying it?"

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