

# Worlds' Apocalypse Online

## Chapter 9

TN: in chapter 8, Nie Yun's transportation was translated as being a helicopter, but it would be more accurate to call it a flying shuttle, or flying car/limousine. Sorry for your confusions.

This area is the slums, not only are there no safety cameras on the streets, but also very few pedestrians.

The location they chose is good, and the time is also suitable for faking an accident.

Ironically, this instead helped remove Gu Qingshan's worries.

In the distance, the shrill police alarm is heard.

Gu Qing Shan looked up to see a small police shuttle quickly coming this way from the air.

There isn't anyone around, so no one could have called the police, yet the police arrived just in time like this, obviously it had to have been pre-arranged.

If everything had gone as normal, I would have been stabbed to death on the spot, the police would come just to collect a corpse, also taking the dagger as evidence, and everything would've been glossed over.

When Su Xue Er finally got the news, even if she sent someone to check, they wouldn't be able to find any evidence.

Tomorrow, someone will naturally go confess to this crime, saying that they drank too much and got into a fight, and they couldn't control their strength.

He's already dead, what else can Su Xue Er do?

And that would've been the end of that.

Gu Qing Shan glanced coldly at the small police shuttle, grabbing the only thug still alive on the ground, his body quickly disappeared into the darkness, no longer visible.

A casino.

Nie Yun glanced at the cards in his hand and said: "Dealer, hit me again, I'll Call"

The female dealer couldn't help but wipe the sweat from her forehead, taking a deep breath and dealt the cards to two players.

"Young master Nie, no need to go so big" the big man with sunglasses opposite of him said.

Behind the sunglasses man, a slim feminine figure is hiding behind the chair shivering, too scared to even show her face.

Nie Yun without care: "It's just 20 million. If you can't afford it, just Fold"

"20 million is nothing, but you also want my red card girl, her I can't bear to lose" the sunglasses man said. (TN: it's slang for 'top beauty')

"I don't want her body, just her life is enough" Nie Yun coldly replied.

Feeling the slight trembling of the figure behind him, the sunglasses man smiled and said: “This red card girl isn’t for sale. You let her go, I will give you two other masterpiece girls. How about it?”

Nie Yun: “This woman dared to splash me with wine, I want her to use her life to pay for it”

The middle-aged man in a white shirt with a black tie walked in and whispered a few words in Nie Yun’s ear.

Nie Yun slapped him on the face and shouts: “Didn’t you say there weren’t going to be any problems?”

The middle-aged man said : “My apologies, young master, please give me an hour, I will personally solve the problem”

Nie Yun spoke: “I’ll give you half an hour, if it isn’t done, I will recommend the family to withdraw your Stewardship”

The middle-aged man stopped a bit, then turned to quickly leave.

“What’s wrong, young master Nie, if you have any troubles, how about letting me solve it”, the sunglasses man offered.

Nie Yun snorted and asked: “What do you want?”

The sunglasses man shrugs “It’s very simple. I solve a problem for you. You let my red card girl go”

Nie Yun thought for a moment, then suddenly smiled: “How about we make it a bit more exciting instead?”

The sunglasses man silently complained, but still showed a smile on his face: “Young master Nie please go ahead”

Any snot-nosed noble young master, the sunglasses man wouldn't even care to entertain, but Nie Yun is part of the largest noble family in this Chang Ning County, not counting Su family.

The sunglasses man has been working between the black and white of this world for a long time. He knows that if he still want to do business on this land, he cannot offend this young master

Nie Yun tinker for a bit with his personal Holo-Brain, finally projected the image onto the white wall.

Nie Yun: "This is my subordinate. I just told him to turn on real-time projection, here we can see that he is moving very fast"

The sunglasses man nodded. "Indeed"

Nie Yun spoke again: "He is going to kill a person, we will gamble on how many moves he needs to use to kill the target"

Sunglasses man hesitated: "Who is the target?"

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"A poor student – right, I'll bet one move" Nie Yun said as he gave an order to the subordinate through the communicator.

The sunglasses man smiled bitterly: "Your subordinate is a Martial Master, any 5-star or less martial artist would die in one move"

Only when a martial artist reaches 9-star, can they attempt to reach the rank of Master.

Once you reach the rank of Master, you are no longer considered a mortal person, even normal army soldiers can't deal with such an

existence. Unless a group of Mech fighters are dispatched, it is not possible to win against them.

A Martial Master is treated the same as a noble, an existence for people to respect and society to admire.

“Are you going to bet or not, if not I won’t bother with your games anymore, when that happen don’t say I didn’t give you face” Nie Yun impatiently.

“Fine” the sunglasses man took a deep breath, “then I can only gamble that he can’t kill the poor boy in one move”

“That’s right, if you win, I’ll let your red card go” Nie Yun’s face shows triumph.

“And if I lose?”

Nie Yun: “100 million, plus your red card’s corpse”

The sunglasses man’s face twitched, about to decline it, but then heard a voice behind him: “Take his bet”

Sunglasses man lowers his voice and asks: “What if we lose?”

The figure stopped trembling and whispered: “If we lose then we’ll kill all Nie clan members, strip him bare and let him burn on the fire for three days”

The sunglasses man’s heart froze, he can tell that this personage does not intend to endure anymore.

He looked at Nie Yun sitting across himself, seeming prideful and triumphant, and sighed. “Fine, I’ll take the bet”

Nie Yun snapped his fingers, smiled and picked up the wine glass.  
“Good, then let’s quietly enjoy seeing Xiong Hu go hunting – watching a Martial Master killing people is also a pleasure in and of itself”

On the other side, the Martial Master who was ordered to kill was moving at a rapid speed.

The night is late, the dim streetlights on the road kept going backwards in his sight, the whole city was in a deep sleep, and his movements were light and flexible, without even a little noise, not disturbing anyone’s sleep.

He is a Grand Steward of the Nie family, known to be both fierce and cruel. Whenever he fought someone will always die. Forging such a reputation in his early years, he earned the name “Xiong Hu – Fierce Tiger” within the martial arts community.

That brat lives in a building in the slum, on the 22nd floor, the third room from the left.

Xiong Hu is very clear about his mission.

Open the door, rush in and kill him, as simple as that.

But he wouldn’t let his guard down, after all, the group of people arranged before now isn’t heard from, couldn’t be contacted, and couldn’t be located.

That is simply strange.

Just when he thought that, his communicator suddenly rang.

“Xiong Hu, we got the guy”

Xiong Hu was somewhat surprised, he asked: “Didn’t I tell you to kill him on the spot?”

“No, no, I think the price should be raised a bit”

Damn it, so that’s what this is about, Xiong Hu cursed to himself.

These trash in the underground world dared to raise the price in the act. Is my reputation of Fierce Tiger not enough to get them in line anymore?

Xiong Hu coldly laughed, tried to make his tone calm “Naturally, the price can be discussed, where are you?”

“I’m waiting for you at the brat’s place, I believe you know where it is”

The communicator hangs up.

Xiong Hu groaned and broke the billboard on the side of the road with one punch.

Daring to mention raising prices with me, just you wait, my name is not just for show.

He sped up his steps, his visage became like a gray meteor across the night sky.

Five minutes later, Xiong Hu stood on the 22nd floor of the building, checked the house number, and with one kick, broke down the security door.

Note:

-Stewardship: the term doesn’t 100% convey the position, this is a common position in cultivation novels, where a big clan would

essentially sponsor people who have strength to work for them. The relationship usually is not one of servant and master, but rather mutual respect. Stewards work for the clan in exchange for resources to continue their cultivation, and the clan provide excess resources in exchange for loyalty and fighting force. While this is a contract of mutual benefit and technically can be cut-off at any time, it usually isn't.