

Oh My God 1481

Chapter 1481 Questions About Victory

“Giant-toothed Crocodile?”

Meng Chao recalled for a moment. “That name doesn’t sound familiar!”

Due to the Lair and Golden Tooth, Meng Chao was quite familiar with the underground order of Dragon City.

In fact, he and Lu Siya were both important members of the Lair Reconstruction Committee. They were inextricably linked with the major gangs that were originally located in the Lair.

They had a life-and-death relationship with the former master of the Lair, the Deity Realm expert and Golden Tooth’s boss.

However, Meng Chao did not remember there being a powerful black market boss in the former Dragon City called Giant-toothed Crocodile.

Where did this stinky fish and rotten shrimp come from?

Ai Lei tactfully told Meng Chao that his information database should be updated in time. In the year after the end of the Monster War, Dragon City’s underground world had been like a “changing king’s flag on the city wall.” It was now completely different from the past.

First of all, with the demolition and reconstruction of the Lair, the originally foul and filthy place had changed its old appearance into a new one. It gradually developed into a popular leisure and entertainment zone for ordinary citizens and an incubator for small businesses.

The original major gangs of the Lair had gradually transformed into enterprises, regularization, and legalization.

In the final analysis, who were the people who originally lived in the Lair?

They were all people who could not survive in the outside world!

Although there was a small group of extremely vicious criminals hiding among them, the vast majority of the Lair’s residents were weak and ordinary people.

Even if they had awakened extraordinary powers, 99% of them were in the Earth realm.

And the original intention of these people to form gangs was nothing more than to make a living and struggle to survive.

Since the Lair was being rebuilt and the problem of eating was gradually solved, the Lair’s gangs also lacked the will to continue to be brave and ruthless. They gradually withdrew from the stage of history.

However, at the same time that the poisonous tumor of the Lair was completely removed, another bigger problem emerged almost overnight with the victory of the Monster War.

That was the issue of the placement of a large number of superhumans in the combat system.

More than half, or even two-thirds, of the extraordinary people in Dragon City belonged to the combat system, not the scientific research system.

After all, most of the people awakened their extraordinary powers during the bloody battle with the monsters, and not when they stayed up late to change their thesis or plan.

The ultra-killing style, the extreme style, the spear fighting style, and the mechanical armor style were the typical martial arts professions, needless to say.

There were also mechanic, Beast Controller, Heroic Spirit Messenger, and other professions, which were all varied and strange, but they were all the same. They all used force to fight the monsters.

During the period of the Monster War, the wilderness around Dragon City was filled with monster hordes.

These extraordinary warriors of the combat system could vent their strength to their heart's content at any time. They could pursue the pleasure of the blade accurately cutting into the cracks of the monster's bones and cutting off the blood vessels and nerves of the monster. They could enjoy the glory of thousands of cheers and flowers. They could use rare monster materials to exchange for real gold and silver benefits. They could also obtain the sense of accomplishment of protecting their home and defending their civilization.

Such a sense of pleasure, honor, benefits, and accomplishment prompted the vast majority of extraordinary warriors of the combat system to look at the wilderness and the vicious monsters. They took pride in dying on the battlefield, and it was impossible for them to return to Dragon City, they stirred up a mess in their home.

This was also the reason why the Lair gang could control the underground order for so long even though they could not appear on the surface. This was because the truly strong were eager to shine under the gaze of thousands of people, they did not care about the so-called "Underground world" at all.

However, following the victory of the Monster War, the situation underwent a sudden change.

A large number of combat-type extraordinaires who had fought with the monsters for their entire lives realized that they no longer had any use for themselves.

Following the annihilation of the main brain of the monsters, the monster civilization collapsed along with it.

There was no longer an overwhelming beast tide waiting for them to brandish their blades and shed their hot blood.

There were no more hell beasts or even doomsday beasts waiting for them to harvest priceless materials and exchange them for cultivation resources that would allow them to advance rapidly.

There were no more flowers, Cheers, and applause — except when they were giving reports to primary and secondary school students and telling their heroic deeds.

The problem was that they had told the same story too many times, and the primary and secondary school students had heard it too many times. They would eventually get sick of

it.

Of course, there were still monsters.

But most of them were suppressed and domesticated by humans. They were implanted with identification chips belonging to a certain force, a certain group, or a certain company. They were sacred and inviolable private property.

No matter how sharp the sabers of the extraordinary fighters of the combat department were, they couldn't just randomly run to a certain company's breeding ground to fight monsters, right?

Countless extraordinary fighters of the combat department returned to Dragon City just like that, filled with a feeling of loss.

Then, they found that they had nothing to do.

Cultivation was actually a very embarrassing thing.

Once a person embarked on the path of martial cultivation, especially when he had some achievements, he had once enjoyed the pleasure, benefits, and honor brought by bloody storms, flashes of swords, and shadows.

It was very difficult for him to return to normal society and engage in "Normal" work again.

It was hard to imagine that a combat system extraordinaire would be in the depths of the miasma-filled forest yesterday, immersing his entire body into the swamp. Even his excrement would be left in the mud. He had waited for three days and three nights, finally, a ferocious beast from Hell revealed a flaw, so he suddenly erupted. In a flash, he stabbed the dagger that was as thin as a Cicada's wing into the crack in the back of the ferocious Beast's skull.

Today, this extraordinary fighter of the combat department could sit in the cubicle of the office building obediently, curling his body, lowering his head, and dealing with all kinds of complicated documents and data.

It was also hard to imagine that an extraordinary fighter of the combat department, who was still enjoying the cheers of the Citizens Yesterday, was hailed as a hero, a warrior, the guardian of Dragon City, and even the Savior. He was ready at any minute to give up his precious life for the continuation of Dragon City's civilization, and to give up his life.

Today, he could accept that when his performance was not satisfactory, he would be scolded by his boss for being useless if he spent a little more time in the toilet. He would be scolded so badly that he would doubt his life and doubt that he was a piece of trash.

What was even more terrifying was that as long as there was no new war.

Such a dull, mediocre life, which was a hundred times crueler than fighting in the wilderness, would continue forever.

And compared to the sense of loss and the decline of social status, the more serious and practical problem was that many extraordinary warriors of the combat system had no money.

Yes, in the glorious days when there were monsters to fight, the extraordinary warriors of the combat system made a lot of money.

Many people were lucky enough to kill a ferocious beast of hell. The rare materials extracted from the monster's body could be exchanged for the income of ordinary people who worked hard in Dragon City for half a year or even a year.

However, extraordinary people in the combat system were used to living a life of drinking and drinking

After all, when you saw your best friend or a powerhouse dozens of times more powerful than you every day, their heads were bitten off by the beast, their internal organs were eaten up, and their bone marrow was sucked dry.

It was impossible for you to save any money.

While your head was still growing on your neck and your head was still breathing, drinking big bowls of wine, eating big chunks of meat, and living a happy life, all the money was converted into friendship, pleasure, and strength. This was the real deal.

If the extraordinaires from the nine great cultivation families had the support of the super corporations, they would not have to worry too much about their livelihood.

Coming from a humble background, they did not have much concept of financial management, and they never thought too much about the future of the middle-and low-level extraordinaires. When they realized that the "Monster-fighting" skill that they relied on to survive had actually become a dragon-slaying skill., when they could no longer maintain the level of consumption that they were used to, they could not help but fall into a daze.

In the beginning, they did not panic too much.

After all, just the rewards from defeating the monster civilization would allow them to be in the limelight for a while.

But since they were extraordinary humans, they naturally could not be like ordinary people, saving their money in the bank and living frugally.

It was easy to go from frugality to extravagance, and difficult to go from extravagance to frugality.

The combat system extraordinary humans, who were used to recklessly squandering, quickly became penniless.

And when they woke up from their head-splitting hangover and drew their swords, they could no longer find any monsters that they could casually hunt.

In order to accommodate these combat-system Beyonders.

The transcendental tower and the survival committee were worried sick.

The transcendental tower had more than once told all the Beyonders registered on the register that the war had ended. What followed was an era of peaceful development. All the Beyonders had to follow the

trend of the times, be optimistic, be proactive, and take the initiative to change, they had to invest in a brand new and wider battlefield.

Especially the Combat Beyonders. If possible, they had to actively change to the direction of scientific research, education, management, production, and manufacturing. They had to continue to shine in their brand new positions.

It was easy to say.

Holding a gun and a pen were ultimately not the same thing

Cutting the monster's throat, typing on the keyboard, and creating powerpoint slides were completely unrelated.

For someone like Lu Siya, who was capable of prospecting, fighting, and management, she was a rarity.

Even such a talent was slowly honed by the Lu family and the Universal Corporation, which were both rich and powerful.

For most of the middle-and low-level extraordinaires who were born in humble families and were used to the endless killing for twenty-four hours, the so-called 'transformation' was not easy at all!

Of course, if one did not expect too high a salary and social status, there was no need for the content of the work to be interesting and meaningful.

There was always work. No matter how bad the combat system transcendents were, finding a heavy physical job, such as carrying bricks, delivering express delivery, installing and cleaning the glass walls of high-rise buildings, was definitely not a problem.

The problem was, how could one pull down one's face?

Many combat system extraordinaires had always been the honor of their families. They were the "Children of other families" that their neighbors called them. They were the hope of the entire village. They were existences that the entire community had to look up to.

Now, they had to compete for a job with those ordinary people that they had once protected and idolized. They had to use their extraordinary powers to snatch the jobs of ordinary people?

This was a social death!

Instead of enduring the strange looks from their families and neighbors, it would be better to be bitten to death by a monster in the depths of the wilderness. It would be more satisfying and glorious!

Chapter 1482 New Order

Of course, victory in the war was definitely a good thing

Dragon City's overall appearance today was many times more prosperous, bright, and powerful than what Meng Chao had seen in his doomsday nightmare.

However, it was also true that some superhumans, who could not keep up with the trend of the times yet possessed lethal force, had feelings of loss, complaint, pain, and even resentment.

According to Ai Lei, many middle-and low-level superhumans had gathered in the forums recently. They liked to tell stories about the Earth era and the Song dynasty.

Of course, these superhumans did not suddenly develop a strong interest in the “strong iron-blooded Song.” They merely used the Song dynasty’s emphasis on literature to suppress martial arts, and the “Donghua Gate to sing the name of a good man.” In the end, they disintegrated and turned into ashes in an extremely humiliating way to use the ancient times to satirize the present.

1 TIP

And the Monster War that lasted for decades still left an indelible double wound on the bodies and minds of these extraordinary warriors of the combat system.

Even though the authorities bore most of the medical expenses.

But the pain was something that they had to bear on their own after all.

In the dead of night, in each of the crisscrossed scars on their bodies, there was the piercing pain of tens of thousands of ants.

And every time they closed their eyes, images of their comrades being torn to pieces by the monsters would appear in their minds.

All of them reminded them that they would never be able to return to normal society and return to the peaceful lives of ordinary people.

In fact, similar social phenomena were common after all the wars on Earth.

After the war ended, a large number of veterans who were proficient in killing skills and suffered from post-traumatic stress syndrome returned to normal society.

It was like a wild boar that had grown tusks and manes in the mountains. It was ferocious and had even tasted the taste of flesh and blood. How could it adapt to being locked in a pig pen again?

In addition, there were bound to be various problems in the transition from a wartime economic system to a peaceful economic system.

Some people would try to find all kinds of loopholes and use their power to wantonly plunder the war dividends.

Some people would be at a loss and find that they had become superfluous, untimely, and even unwelcome.

Some People’s jobs would be shattered overnight.

Some people would dig up mountains of gold and silver for no reason and miraculously rise to become an overlord in a way that no one knew.

Therefore, after the end of all the wars, it was always the time when order was the most chaotic and public security was the worst.

The problem of Dragon City, however, was more serious than that of any victorious country on Earth after the war.

After all, Dragon City was not like the victorious country on Earth. For the time being, it could not find a broad external market and almost unlimited cheap labor to export surplus force and productivity.

And the stealth and destructiveness of the extraordinary fighters were far better than that of an ordinary veteran who was proficient in killing techniques, but without guns, 90% of his combat strength was disabled.

jas

Those who could successfully transform from an expert who killed the sword-halberd demon pig to a pig-raising king were, in the end, a very small minority.

If everyone could transform into a pig-raising king, who would sell so many domesticated sword-halberd demon pigs to? How could they eat all of them?

Most of the extraordinary people in the combat department who were not good enough or good enough would prefer to return to their old jobs, using swords and iron fists, rather than working as company employees, heavy manual laborers, or pig-raising kings, in exchange for a bowl of money, dignity, and freedom to eat.

Fortunately, in this great era where the winds and clouds were changing, the old and the new were changing, and the atmosphere was moving, Dragon City had plenty of opportunities and conflicts.

If there were contradictions, they needed people to resolve them.

And the most direct and effective way to resolve contradictions had always been absolute violence.

Only low-end commercial wars played the role of hacking, commercial espionage, option traps, and shareholder pressure.

High-end commercial wars had always been a one-time deal in the literal sense.

“The war between humans and monsters has already ended. Now it’s a war between humans.”

Ai Lei told Meng Chao that in order to fight for the war dividends and to re-establish the new post-war order in Dragon City, the intensity of the competition between the humble and wealthy families, between the wealthy and wealthy families, and even between the various factions within the wealthy families.., had increased by an order of magnitude compared to the past.

This piece of SH * t in the Red Creek Creek Creek project was very likely the embodiment of the intensification of the internal strife within the universal group.

Under such circumstances, the Lair’s cancer was removed, but the depth and breadth of Dragon City’s underground world seemed to have expanded tenfold overnight. The so-called “underground order” had a completely different meaning from the past.

A large number of people who had been stationed in the wilderness and the jungle for a long time spent every day between the fangs and claws of the monsters. They could eat the internal organs of the

monsters without changing their expressions, and they could even sleep with one eye open, the extraordinary fighters who could cut the throat of the monsters while sleepwalking swarmed into the underground world of Dragon City.

They were not well-known in the underground world.

But they were a hundred times more professional and ruthless than the former Lair gang.

In the Lair's gang, except for Golden Tooth's boss and a few other powerhouses, most of the gang members were thieves making a living

These superhumans with a combat system were definitely a group of well-trained bandits.

In order to control the new order after the war, the major clans had become more direct in their infiltration of the underground world.

Many of the powerful figures in the underground world were very likely from the nine great cultivation families. They were just changing their appearance and using a fake name.

The 'giant-toothed crocodile' was one of the best.

This black market boss controlled several secret channels.

Today, there were fewer and fewer wild high-level monsters, and only he could get hundreds of rare materials.

In addition, he had a group of desperados under his command, and he also had the support of some wealthy families.

The giant-toothed crocodile soon made its debut. In the past half year, it had been doing well and had almost occupied 10% of the trading volume in Dragon City's black market.

Meng Chao was a Reaper, so he was naturally no stranger to the black market.

In theory, be it the monster materials or the crystal ores, they were strategic resources that belonged to all citizens.

Even if extraordinaires hunted monsters in the wild, explored the crystal ore veins and obtained large amounts of cultivation resources, they had to register with the transcendental tower and pay a corresponding resource tax. Only then could they legally use these materials and crystals for cultivation.

And this resource tax would be used for the public construction of Dragon City and the welfare of ordinary citizens. It would help the descendants of ordinary people awaken their extraordinary powers and realize the sustainable development of Dragon City.

If extraordinaires needed a cultivation technique, materials, medicine, cultivation equipment, or guidance from a master teacher.

They could also purchase all of them in one stop at the transcendental tower to meet all their needs.

But in actual operations, there were a few problems when trading in the transcendental tower.

First, the high resource tax would greatly increase the transaction cost.

If a hellbeast heart worth more than ten million was registered in the transcendental tower to carry out a legitimate transaction, it was very likely that there would be a resource tax of nearly ten million added to it, causing the transaction price to double.

Even transcendents who treated money like dirt were not willing to be the sucker every time. They would take out real money from their own pockets to “Benefit the citizens”.

Secondly, many of the materials had unknown origins. The person who held the materials did not wish for the Beyonder Tower to know how he obtained the materials — did he hunt them personally, or did he obtain them from the corpses of other Beyonders?

Naturally, no one would be foolish enough to report such materials with a pungent smell of blood to the Beyonder Tower. It was even more impossible for them to be traded in the Beyonder Tower.

Thirdly, the source of the materials was clean, but the source of the buyer’s large amount of assets was unknown. It was impossible to explain where the astronomical sum of money for the materials came from.

Fourthly, many rare materials could not be bought just because they had money. There was often a “Contribution point” restriction.

Only by completing the mission issued by the transcendental tower and obtaining sufficient contribution points could they exchange for them.

As for the missions of the transcendental tower, they were often both dangerous and cumbersome.

For many important figures who had accumulated a huge amount of wealth and had a high status, they would rather spend more money and spend a few times more than to be like low-level Beyonders who were just starting out, they would obediently carry out the mission, work hard and accumulate contribution points.

Fifth, many genetic potions were very effective, but their side effects were also very strong. They could not pass the drug administration’s approval, so they could not be listed in the transcendental tower.

Those combat-type transcendents who were obsessed with strength and did not care about the side effects could only find another way.

It was precisely because there were many restrictions on trading in the transcendental tower.

Many transcendents liked to bypass the transcendental tower’s supervision and directly trade in monster materials, crystal ores, and genetic potions on the black market.

This was a secret that everyone knew in the circle of transcendents.

And they were qualified to host a large-scale black market.

Of course, they were all people with extraordinary means. They were inextricably linked to the various wealthy families.

Otherwise, where did they get so many goods that even the beyonder tower could not get their hands on?

This was an immeasurable market.

According to Ai Lei, the 'giant-toothed crocodile' could actually monopolize 10% of Dragon City's black market's trading volume.

It was indeed not to be underestimated.

Meng Chao became interested in the giant-toothed crocodile.

He believed that the blood union would be very interested in the underground order of Dragon City and this giant-toothed crocodile.

Thinking of this, Meng Chao glanced at Ai lei and said, "You know a lot about the underground world of Dragon City, the 'tailless monkey' and the 'giant-toothed crocodile'?"

"Of course!"

Ai Lei suddenly became spirited, "I told you that I'm very useful to you, senior. Although I can't be of much help in the battle, you should just ask me if you want to know about the family feuds, the secrets of the wealthy families, the corporate scandals, and the changes in the underground world!"

"It's such a waste for you to fabricate gossip and write about the seven days and seven nights Meng Chao and Lu Siya spent in the jungle," Meng Chao said expressionlessly.

"There's nothing I can do about it. I don't want to either!"

Allie said confidently, "In our line of work, who doesn't want to expose a few shocking cases, expose a few explosive scandals, and make a few truly big news?"

"The problem is that it's too foolish to step into a minefield rashly without strength and support and be blown to pieces before 'truth and Justice' is discovered?"

"Therefore, I can only make it up. No, I can only make it up by interviewing some gossip and digging out the love and hatred between Meng Chao and Lu Siya.

"However, things are different now. Now that I have senior's legs, which are made of 24-carat pure gold, what do I have to be afraid of? In front of you, of course, I will tell you everything I know

Chapter 1483 Monster Market

"Alright."

Meng Chao was indeed qualified to act as the one who could conquer everything. "Then tell me, where can I find this Giant-toothed Crocodile?"

"The subordinates of Giant-toothed Crocodile will usually move around the Monster Market in the south of the city to attract some random customers."

Ai Lei thought for a moment and said, "However, for safety reasons, these random customers of unknown origins will certainly not enter the real black market or see the real Giant-toothed Crocodile.

"Unless, they're distinguished guests who have been to and from the black market many times and have membership transaction cards issued by Giant-toothed Crocodile himself."

“We don’t have time to get the membership cards.”

Meng Chao shook his head and said, “If I’m in possession of priceless heavenly materials and earthly treasures, which are extremely rare on the market and hard to be appraised by the underlings, do you think that Giant-toothed Crocodile will step out to appraise and bargain with me in person?”

“That should work.” Ai Lei nodded.

“If you’re really talking about a single piece of material that’s worth tens of millions of Yuan, it would be inappropriate for his underlings to act on their own. They would probably inform Giant-toothed Crocodile and get him to appraise it personally.

“However, even if we meet Giant-toothed Crocodile, how will you ask him about the whereabouts of the Tailless Monkey, Senior?”

“You must know that Giant-toothed Crocodile often gets raw materials from Universe Corporation and Sky Pillar Corporation. Many people suspect that he’s either from the Shen family or the Lu family.

“In fact, if he didn’t come from a cultivation family, he wouldn’t have been able to control 10% of the black market transactions in Dragon City.

“If Giant-toothed Crocodile is truly from the Shen family and you rashly look for him to inquire about Tailless Monkey and remind him of the shady things in the Red Creek Project, wouldn’t you be alerting him?”

“This....”

Meng Chao pondered for a moment and then asked, “You just mentioned that there’s intense competition between the humble and wealthy families in Dragon City, between the wealthy families, and even within the wealthy families.

“For this Giant-toothed Crocodile to rise miraculously in just one year and control 10% of the black market’s trading volume in the city, he must have offended many people, many enemies, and many people who are jealous of him.”

“That’s right.”

Ai Lei said, “Among the black market bigwigs, who doesn’t have three to five hundred enemies?”

“That’s easy to deal with.”

Meng Chao smiled slightly. “Take me to the Monster Market in the south of the city now. On the way, you can fully display your professional abilities. Tell me about Giant-toothed Crocodile’s three to five hundred enemies, as well as the various changes that have happened in Dragon City in the past year, and all kinds of... strange things.”

During the Monster War, the citizens of Dragon City had spontaneously made preparations to trade monster materials and purchase monster meat, as well as various monster products. It was similar to the vegetable markets of the Earth era, but its size was ten times larger.

To countless children of Dragon City, especially those born in slums, the Monster Market was also a kaleidoscopic paradise.

Meng Chao still remembered that his parents had brought him to the Monster Market for the first time when he was about four or five. The moment he saw the head of a Tyrant Mammoth, which was bigger than a small car, his head buzzed. His temples exploded with curiosity and fear.

That was when he understood the meaning of the word “monster.”

He remembered that although the head had left its body for a long time and the blood had dried, the Tyrant Mammoth refused to close its eyes.

Its scarlet eyes were like two searchlights, giving Meng Chao Goosebumps.

There were also two fangs that were like giant scimitars. They could practically pierce through the chassis of a battle tank and hang on to it.

At that time, Meng Chao was still young, but he had already learned to be stubborn.

His legs were clearly trembling non-stop, yet he kept mumbling things like, “I’m not afraid, I’m not afraid,” and so on.

Unexpectedly, because there were too many people in the Monster Market, in the bustling crowd, someone pushed him from behind, and he landed on the Tyrant Mammoth’s head. He smelled the extremely pungent smell of blood and felt the monster’s rough and hard skin. He cried out in fear, causing the peddler and his parents to laugh out loud.

However, his cry was not in vain.

In order to make up for the trauma on his young mind, his parents bought him a string of fried rock sugar scorpions.

A total of five different types of scorpion monsters were strung together. First, their poison glands and barbs were removed, and then they were fried in boiling oil until they were crispy. Finally, they were wrapped in syrup, which cooled and hardened. He swallowed them in one gulp, and crunching sounds could be heard from his mouth.

The poison glands could not be removed too cleanly, so they stimulated the tip of the tongue and the throat. It was sweet, spicy, and complex.

To Meng Chao, that was a taste from his childhood that could not be exchanged for gold!

Compared with Meng Chao’s past experience, the Monster Market of today had undergone an earth-shaking change.

It was no longer the same place in the past, where sewage was flowing, the stench was overwhelming, and illegal buildings were stacked on top of each other. All kinds of fist-sized mutated mosquitoes and flies also flew everywhere.

Instead, it had transformed into a thirty-plus-story building with transparent walls, clean and tidy. There were large screens and surveillance images everywhere, allowing consumers to keep an eye on the price of monster products and the processing operation at all times. That allowed people to buy the monster materials in a comprehensive shopping mall.

Meng Chao was not in a hurry for Ai Lei to bring him to Giant-toothed Crocodile's men.

As an ordinary consumer, he first walked around the Monster Market with his hands behind his back.

The first thing he paid attention to was the price of the Demonic Halberd Pig meat and the Iron Armored Rhinoceros meat.

The Demonic Halberd Pig and the Iron Armored Rhinoceros were the most common Nightmarish Beasts.

Although their combat strength was not very strong, their omnivorous diet and strong reproductive ability made them the most common monsters that the Earth people came into contact with and ate. The people would also try to tame and raise them first out of the other monsters.

The meat of the Demonic Halberd Pig and Iron Armored Rhinoceros were both very good sources of protein.

The trace of spirit energy contained in their flesh could even promote the development of the bones and the growth of the spirit meridians in teenagers. That supported them to carry out arduous training and constantly raised the possibility of awakening extraordinary strength.

The people valued food above all else.

As long as they looked into the price of the Demonic Halberd Pig meat and Iron Armored Rhinoceros meat, they would be able to learn the ordinary citizens' standard of living in Dragon City and exactly what state they were in.

What made Meng Chao quite happy was that the pork and Iron Armored Rhinoceros meat were both very cheap on the market.

The prices of the pork and beef tendons were probably 30% cheaper now than when he had left Dragon City a year ago.

Moreover, Meng Chao used his meticulous Reaper techniques to secretly examine them. He found that the pork and rhinoceros tendons in several stalls were of pretty good quality.

Their muscle fibers were long and tough, and their cells were full of vitality. It was as if with a light pinch, strands of spirit energy could be squeezed out from the depths of those cells.

With such strong flesh and blood, these Demonic Halberd Pigs and Iron Armored Rhinoceroses must have been the kings of their respective herd when they were still alive.

Whether it was pigs or rhinoceroses, it was impossible for there to be so many kings.

That proved humans had already mastered the method of artificially raising Demonic Halberd Pigs and Iron Armored Rhinoceroses, stimulating their flesh and blood to accelerate their growth. They strengthened them and greatly improved the quality of these ordinary monsters.

Sure enough, Meng Chao chatted with the vendors and heard that Superstar Company was their main supplier.

The current Superstar Company had already monopolized about half of the supply channels for the meat of the Demonic Halberd Pig, the Iron Armored Rhinoceros, and other mid-level, as well as low-level monsters, in Dragon City.

Superstar Company had also developed from purely harvesting monster parts into a large-scale high-tech enterprise that integrated monster breeding, monster domestication, monster concoctions, and all kinds of monster products into one.

The Demonic Halberd Pigs and Iron Armored Rhinoceroses that had been bred by Superstar Company had over 10% more protein, amino acids, trace elements, and even spirit energy in their meat. They remained at the same price, hence they were very popular among the consumers.

Many housewives and cooks would look for Superstar's brand of monster meat.

Even the Red Dragon Army's military logistics and nutritious lunches in primary and secondary schools were purchased in large quantities from Superstar Company.

While Meng Chao chatted with the vendors, he saw several customers, who had purchased several dozen catties of pork belly and rhinoceros tendons without batting an eye.

There were even people who carried the entire legs of the pig and rhinoceros back home.

Judging from their outfits and conversation, they did not look like wealthy people with a lot of money.

It seemed that even the ordinary citizens of Dragon City could have a good time every few days. Their daily life was much better than what Meng Chao had experienced in his apocalyptic nightmare.

Meng Chao was naturally very happy that his own company could help the citizens of Dragon City live a better life.

However, he was more puzzled than anything —what was Lu Siya trying to do?

More precisely, what was the monster mastermind that had invaded Lu Siya's body trying to do?

Should they not be mortal enemies?

Why was the monster mastermind acting as if it was helping Dragon City's civilization to become stronger?

Meng Chao stopped in front of a stall selling freshly fried crispy pork with five flowers.

He noticed that the signboard of this stall had the certification logo of Superstar Company on it.

This meant that all the vendors were from Superstar Company.

The customers who were waiting in line confirmed it.

They said that the pork in this shop was crispy on the outside but tender on the inside. They did not need cabbage leaves to accompany the meat. They did not even need to limit themselves to three to five pieces. Both adults and children loved to eat them.

ners.

If it was not time for work and school, the line would go all the way around two corners. They would not be able to buy anything for less than half an hour!

Before Ai Lei's strange gaze, Meng Chao queued up to buy two large portions.

After chewing slowly and swallowing the meat, he came to a conclusion.

No special "ingredient" had been added to the deep-fried Demonic Pig meat.

It did not bring about addiction or have any hidden toxic side effects.

Apart from consuming a large amount of it, which might cause the obesity rate in Dragon City to increase by a few percentage points, it would not cause any harm.

Meng Chao was puzzled.

He gestured with his fingers and went up to the second floor with Ai Lei.

The first floor of the Monster Market was mainly for ordinary citizens. It provided cuts of low-level monsters such as the Demonic Halberd Pig and Iron Armored Rhinoceros.

The second floor was for middle- and low-level superhumans. It mainly provided various materials that were rich in spirit energy, such as monster brains, monster bone marrow, monster organs, and so on, as well as gene reagents that had been refined.

Chapter 1484 Beautiful

Gene reagents had their own unique characteristics.

Their raw materials came from monsters, and there were strong as well as weak monsters. There were normal monsters, deformed monsters, and genetic mutations. Some monsters grew in places with poor spirit energy, and some monsters absorbed the essence of the sun and moon in paradise.

The same type of gene reagents made from different monster materials might be different in terms of effectiveness.

Therefore, the brand and batch were crucial.

When purchasing, it was best to go to the manufacturer's Direct Sales Department, or the Supernatural Tower's official certification online store.

The prices in those places might be slightly higher than in the black market or mobile stalls from unknown sources.

However, the advantage was consistent quality, and after-sales service was guaranteed. If one were to go crazy after buying something and cultivating, they could receive a large amount of insurance compensation.

Meng Chao remembered that the Supernatural Tower ran a large-scale official business in the Monster Market in the southern part of the city.

Superhumans, who lived in the southern part and found it inconvenient to purchase from the Supernatural Tower, would go there to trade.

Indeed, the moment he went up to the second floor, he could smell the herbal fragrance of various genetic potions mixed together. It was a slightly stimulating yet refreshing smell.

There was also the smell of the refrigerants and stabilizers that preserved the monster ingredients.

To the Reaper, no other smell was more pleasant than those two smells.

The entire second floor seemed to be connected to several floors. The area was comparable to more than half a football field. After modernization, all of them belonged to the Supernatural Tower's official direct store. Its design was identical to that of the Supernatural Tower. There was also a tiny statue of Battle God Lei Zongchao at the entrance. Beneath the statue, the words, "The blood of the strong must flow for the weak," were engraved.

The staff there also wore the uniform and badge of the Supernatural Tower.

There were two gigantic LCD screens by the entrance. On them, the official retail prices of various gene reagents and monster materials were displayed.

Meng Chao took a look and found that the retail prices of several more mainstream gene reagents for the training of Earth Realm powerhouses, like Sphinx meat and Iron Armored Rhinoceros meat, had been reduced by 20% to 30% compared to a year ago.

In particular, there was a gene reagent called the "dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection."

This gene reagent was of great significance in the Dragon City civilization's history of spirit energy training.

It was one of the earliest middle-level gene reagents refined by the people of Earth.

The venom of the Golden-crowned Lizard and the spinal fluid of the Tyrant Mammoth would be extracted. Then, the toxicity of the former would be used to suppress the violence of the latter, achieving a negative and positive effect.

It could stimulate the potential of human cells, especially to increase the activity of human bone cells. That, in turn, made the bones of superhumans more than ten times harder than those of ordinary people. Even if dense cracks appeared on their bones due to crazy training and combat, they could also rely on the rapid growth and self-healing ability of their bone cells to repair themselves overnight.

One could say that it was with the help of the dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection that countless Earth Realm warriors had the confidence to attack those in the Heaven Realm. That was the only way Dragon City could have an adequate Heaven Realm army to contend with the ferocious Hell Beasts.

If one did not get the dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection for a long time, there was no need to fight with monsters at all. Just the daily arduous and dangerous training alone was enough to cause a superhuman repeated fractures, osteoporosis, habitual dislocation, prolapse of the lumbar intervertebral disc, malformation of bones, bone spurs, and gout in all the joints of his body!

In the past, it was difficult to capture the Golden-crowned Giant Lizard and the Tyrant Mammoth.

Concocting venom and spinal fluid had extremely advanced technical requirements.

Therefore, the price of the dragon elephant bone-strengthening drug had always been high.

Many superhumans who came from humble backgrounds found it difficult to afford the long-term cost of injecting the dragon elephant bone-strengthening drug. No matter how talented they were, they could only regretfully stay in the Earth Realm.

They were only one step away from the Heaven Realm, but they could not enter.

In order to inject the dragon elephant bone-strengthening drug for a long time, some would have to bite the bullet and take on extremely dangerous missions. In the end, they turned into piles of mushy flesh in the stomach of an extremely vicious monster in the depths of the wilderness.

However, today, Meng Chao was delighted to see that the official retail price of the dragon elephant bone-strengthening drug had decreased by 50% compared to a year ago!

Even a year's worth of special-class dragon elephant bone-strengthening drug, which was used exclusively by peak Earth Realm warriors to break through to Heaven Realm, was sold for 70% less.

Considering the problem of raw materials and the difficulty of refining this gene drug, the lowered price of the drug was truly filled with sincerity.

These suppliers had come to make friends with the superhumans!

"It seems that with our victory in the Monster War, the problem of cultivation resources for many low-level and middle-level superhumans has been completely crushed!"

Meng Chao was overjoyed. "If this is the case, it won't be long before the number of Dragon City's Heaven Realm warriors will be three to five times, or even ten times more than what I saw in my apocalyptic nightmare, right?"

After all, the Deity Realm was something that could only be encountered and not sought.

The combat strength of those in the Earth Realm was not enough in the magnificent war between worlds.

Only Heaven Realm powerhouses were the main forces of Dragon City's civilization against the Holy Light faction. It determined the life and death of several million compatriots in Dragon City.

Meng Chao stepped into the business hall of the Supernatural Tower's southern branch.

The scene before him stunned him slightly.

It was clearly a working day.

The business hall, which was half the size of a football field, was filled with long lines. They consisted of numerous superhumans with gloomy faces and anxious expressions. Some of them were even gritting their teeth.

The people were people staring straight ahead at what looked like a bank. There was a counter with bulletproof glass. Veins were protruding from their temples and the backs of their hands.

Some were also whispering in each other's ears, feeling indignant.

Meng Chao scanned them without batting an eyelid.

He found that many superhumans had the strength of the Two-star Spirit Transformation Realm or even Three-star Spirit Condensation Realm.

In any unit, they were neither too big nor too small. They were considered the backbone of the business.

Why were they queuing up there instead of going to work on weekdays, waiting to buy something?

Even if they were queuing up to buy something, was there a need to be so angry as if they were about to risk their lives and fight someone?

Ai Lei was clever. She did not need Meng Chao's signal and took the initiative to run to the front of the line.

After a while, she ran back again and explained in an unsurprised manner, "I've asked around. There will be a new batch of dragon elephant bone-strengthening injections here today. It's a good item that's been out of stock for several weeks. Of course, everyone isn't going to work. They're all here to try their luck!"

"Wait, what is this?"

Meng Chao frowned deeply.

They could not inject the dragon elephant bone-strengthening drug once and solve their problem forever.

Instead, they needed to take it over a long period of time, together with other gene drugs and crystal products. Only then could it help superhuman individuals to promote the healing of their damaged bones, nourish their blood vessels and nerves, accelerate the growth of their spirit meridians, and maintain the stability of their internal organs as well as brains.

For many warriors at the peak of the Earth Realm, if they did not use the dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection or similar gene reagents for a week, many high-intensity trainings would have to be halted.

The path of cultivation was like a boat sailing against the current. If one did not advance, one would fall back.

For now, Meng Chao had to undergo at least two hours of super high-intensity training every day just to maintain his mental state.

It was based on his fortuitous encounters and the fact that he had Kindling, a spirit magnet, and his memories of the apocalypse.

If he did not cultivate for three days, it would be impossible for him to maintain his current state, much less exceed his limits.

How could a crucial gene potion like dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection be “out of stock for a few weeks”!

“What about the Supernatural Tower?”

Meng Chao pressed, “There’s no network in the south of the city. Can the Supernatural Tower headquarters guarantee the supply of the dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection?”

“This is an officially certified direct store. It’s in sync with the Supernatural Tower’s flagship store.”

Ai Lei said, “If there’s no stock here, there naturally won’t be any stock in the Supernatural Tower.”

“This...”

Meng Chao became anxious. “How can this be possible?!!

“With so many mid-level and low-level superhumans, especially those at the peak of the Earth Realm who require high-intensity training, how can they not inject the dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection for a few weeks? How are they going to train and maintain their realm?!”

“About that...”

Ai Lei tugged at the corner of her mouth. “We can use the same type of genetic medicine that is slightly inferior in quality to replace it. “Dragon City’s gene technology and monster breeding industry are currently developing at a fast rate. With the venom of ordinary snake-type monsters and lizard-type monsters, as well as the spinal fluid of the Demonic Halberd Pig king, we can simulate the effects of the dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection.”

“Oh?”

Meng Chao’s eyes lit up. “How effective is it in comparison to the original version? 70%? 60%? 50%?”

Ai Lei shrugged. “Anyway, it’s better than nothing!”

Meng Chao took a deep breath. “If you don’t want to use substitutes and only want to use the original version of the dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection...”

“Then slowly line up!”

Ai Lei pointed at the longer and more impatient line in front of her. After a pause, she said, “Or, you can go to the black market to purchase. That’s why I brought you here, Senior.”

“There’s stock in the black market?”

“There’s usually stock in the black market. That’s what they do. Of course, the price will definitely go up a little. You can’t compare it to the official retail price.”

“How much? How much is the dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection in the black market?”

Ai Lei thought for a moment and gave him a figure.

Meng Chao widened his eyes.

This figure was not comparable to the official “beautiful” retail price.

It was several times more expensive than when he was still in Dragon City more than a year ago, when the Monster War was still raging! One should know that the dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection was originally not some cheap entry-level genetic medicine. Many superhumans who came from humble backgrounds were unable to break through to a higher realm as a result, regretting it for the rest of their lives.

Unless the income of the superhumans in Dragon City increased tenfold in a short year, how could they afford it!

“Wait...”

Meng Chao looked back at the LCD screen by the door.

He felt that the official retail prices of all kinds of gene reagents and monster materials on the screen were particularly dazzling.

“Where’s the Aquamarine Nerve Stabilizer? Where’s the Golden Shield Heart Protection Agent? Where’s the Thunder Cell Combustion Agent? They can’t be out of stock every day, right?”

Meng Chao listed out the names of several advanced gene reagents in one go.

Mid- to low-level superhumans who had the ambition to break through to the Heaven Realm had to take them during high-intensity training. Otherwise, they would most likely go berserk.

“That’s right.”

Ai Lei nodded. “These genetic potions are very difficult to buy at the official retail price in the Supernatural Tower or in the factories’ direct stores. At most, it’s like squeezing toothpaste every three to five days. If they were to release some of the goods, you would have to stay up all night to queue up. You might even have to queue up forty-eight hours in advance. If you’re a tad slower, you won’t even be able to get these hot items.”

“However, they can all be bought on the black market, but the prices will be several times, or even more than ten times higher?”

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes, hiding the sharp glint in his eyes.

Chapter 1485 The Logic Behind High Prices

“Of course. The black market price of the dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection isn’t too high. After all, there are substitutes made from the venom of ordinary snake-type monsters and the spinal fluid of the Demonic Halberd Pig King. No matter what, the effects of the substitutes are better than nothing. Besides, they won’t kill you, right?”

Ai Lei said, “If there are a few more, there’s no way to synthesize them artificially. There’s also no substitute for the advanced gene reagent. That’s why the price is going up so much. It’s more than ten times the official retail price. It’s going to be a bloodbath!” “Why?”

Meng Chao frowned so much that he could almost wring out a gene reagent. “The pricing is upside down. How can it be that drastic?”

“There’s no other way. The official retail price is just a theoretical price. After all, the Supernatural Tower has to serve all the superhumans and then serve all the citizens. It’s impossible to set the price so high that it’s unattainable, causing the poor to lose hope of cultivating.” Ai Lei curled her lips and said, “But there are people who do ‘head-butchering’ business. There’s no one who does a money-losing business. They either don’t earn or earn ten times the profit on the black market. How can the factories be the Supernatural Tower’s supplier?”

“How can there be no money to be made?”

Meng Chao said, “Didn’t we win the Monster War, control the entire Monster Mountain Range, and inherit the legacy of the monster civilization?”

“Logically speaking, the raw materials and the modulation technology shouldn’t be a problem. “I see that the Demonic Halberd Pig meat and Iron Armored Rhinoceros meat on the first floor, as well as the flesh and blood of various ordinary monsters that are supplied to the general public, are not all very cheap. But, the supply is stable and abundant.”

“How can the Demonic Halberd Pig and Tyrant Mammoth be compared? The former can be tamed manually and raised on a large scale, while the latter is a wild, ferocious Hell Beast. It has a brutal temperament, is unruly, and would rather die than submit. It’s very difficult to refine it into poultry and livestock!”

Ai Lei told Meng Chao that it was precisely because Dragon City had won the Monster War that many training resources involving high-level and middle-level wild beasts were so scarce.

Meng Chao had not taken the wrong turn at the beginning.

However, Ai Lei counted her fingers and explained things to him in a reasonable manner.

First of all, during the Monster War, Dragon City had been surrounded by an overwhelming beast horde. Needless to say, aside from the ferocious Nightmarish Beasts such as the Demonic Halberd Pigs and Iron Armored Rhinoceroses, even the Golden-crowned Giant Lizard and Tyrant Mammoth, which were ferocious Hell Beasts, had mated in large numbers and grew freely. No matter how the humans’ flood of iron and steel crushed them, it was difficult to kill them all.

The existence of the ferocious Hell Beasts and the Apocalyptic Beasts, of course, posed a serious threat to Dragon City.

On the other hand, they also provided an endless stream of cultivation resources for the superhumans of Dragon City, especially the ultimate warriors who were determined to surpass their limits.

As long as their fists were tough enough, their guts were big enough, and their luck was good enough, they did not need to spend any money at all. Each person with one blade would stand proudly in the wilderness. All the hearts, liver, spleen, lungs, and kidneys of the ferocious Hell Beasts were waiting for the warriors to harvest them to their heart’s content!

At that time, there was only the problem of the ferocious Hell Beasts and Apocalyptic Beasts that could not be completely killed.

There was absolutely no problem in finding those beasts.

The present was different from the past.

With the humans completely occupying the Hidden Mist Domain, the former ultimate lair of the monster civilization had been transformed into humanity's Ruins No. 2 research base.

The monster mastermind had at least turned into ashes on the surface and died completely.

Without the monster mastermind's remote control, even the Apocalyptic Beasts that could destroy the world were quickly defeated by the humans' ten thousand cannons and battle on wheels.

The same happened to the Tyrant Mammoths and other ferocious Hell Beasts.

In the end, the people of Dragon City, who were in the mood to kill, only realized a very serious problem when they cleared out all the surrounding areas of Dragon City.

The people of Earth were too ferocious.

Almost all the wild monsters had been killed by the people of Earth.

Well, that was not accurate.

There were many wild mutated cockroaches, mutated rats, mutated mosquitoes, and more.

But they were useless!

Wild Golden-crowned Lizards, Tyrant Mammoths, and Apocalyptic Beasts like the Crystalline Nine-headed Dragon had all escaped. There were less than 10% of them left.

Even if they were lucky enough to escape the humans' blade, the habitat of these high-level monsters had been occupied by the Earthlings. The food chain that kept them alive had been cut off by the Earthlings.

Even if they could escape to the corners of Monster Mountain Range, they would not be able to survive for long.

There were no wild Hell Beasts anymore.

Many gene reagents could not be concocted.

Unlike the Demonic Halberd Pig and other Nightmarish Beasts, humans had yet to grasp the method to breed large-scale Hell Beasts or even Apocalyptic Beasts.

The Hell Beasts that were artificially bred in iron cages connected to high-voltage electricity did not experience the cruel competition in the depths of the wilderness. They did not crawl around in the blessed land that was rich in spirit energy. They did not have the kind of aggressiveness and dominance that could sweep everything away, tear everything apart, and devour everything.

The quality of the raw materials extracted from the bodies of such domesticated monsters was far inferior to that of the real ferocious Hell Beasts.

It should be known that human beings could not directly train with crystals.

Even someone as strong as Meng Chao could not simply pick up a piece of raw crystal ore, chew it up in two or three mouthfuls, and swallow it. The spirit energy contained in the crystal ore could not be perfectly integrated into his own vitality magnetic field just like that.

Raw crystal ore could only be absorbed by the cells of the human body if it was combined with the gene drugs refined from the materials of the monsters.

The higher the level of the crystal ore, the higher the level of the gene drugs needed to be combined. The balance between yin and yang was very important, and the emperor and the minister had to be in charge of the process step by step.

Without high-level gene drugs, even if one owned hundreds or thousands of crystal ore veins, they would be of no use at all.

The rarer the item, the more valuable it would be.

Since wild monsters had become non-renewable and scarce resources, the price of raw materials rose, and the price of finished products also rose. What was strange about that?

That was the problem on the supply side.

Next, there was the problem on the demand side.

Actually, one should not say that it was a problem. Rather, one should call it a good thing

Thanks to the benefits of the Monster War and the legacy of the monster civilization, Dragon City's cultivation technology had advanced by leaps and bounds in the past year.

Various major forces had introduced many entry-level cultivation methods, cultivation facilities, and various supplements required for cultivation. Basically, it was widely understood that "one could awaken extraordinary strength without tiresome or troublesome methods."

As Meng Chao had seen on the first floor, the Demonic Halberd Pig and Iron Armored Rhinoceros could even be raised manually. The price of their meat was not much more expensive than the canned monster luncheon meat in the past. Ordinary people would grit their teeth and cook two rhinoceros tendons for their growing children to eat every day. The probability of teenagers awakening their superpowers was 30% higher than in the past. Was that not too much?

Also, people tended to die in war.

The war between the Dragon City civilization and the monster civilization had been dominated by the cruelest street battles or bayonets in the jungle.

In street battles and jungle fights, the ones with the highest death rate were neither ordinary citizens nor those who had the ability to fly and could retreat in time when the situation turned bad.

Instead, they were the most numerous Earth Realm warriors who had acted as basic commanders and front line commandos.

As everyone knew, when a person died, there would be no need to consume resources.

Those words were unpleasant to hear, but they were also very honest.

During the Monster War, it was precisely because of the high mortality rate of low-level superhumans that they were able to form a delicate balance between the training needs of superhumans and the supply of monster raw materials.

Now, more low-level monsters could be tamed by humans.

The probability of ordinary people awakening their superpowers had increased.

Low-level superhumans did not face such a huge risk anymore. In the depths of the ruins and forests, the death rate of those who fought ferocious monsters had been greatly reduced.

There was naturally a huge increase in the number of low-level superhumans.

Soldiers who did not want to be generals were not good soldiers.

Earth Realm powerhouses who did not want to attack Heaven Realm or even Deity Realm warriors were also not qualified superhumans.

If one wanted to attempt to break through to a higher realm, they would need more abundant and high-grade monster materials.

Even if one ate eight to ten tons of ingredients like Demonic Halberd Pig and Iron Armored Rhinoceros meat, it would at most help an ordinary person cultivate into an Earth Realm warrior.

For an Earth Realm warrior to attempt to break through to the Heaven Realm, he would have to eat Tyrant Mammoth meat.

The supply had been greatly reduced, and the demand had greatly increased. It would be strange if the price of this meat did not increase!

There was another point.

In the past, Dragon City had been surrounded by ownerless land.

The Survival Committee and the Supernatural Tower did not encourage citizens to privately organize exploration teams, reaping teams, and hunting teams to explore crystal ore veins in the wilderness, search for monster nests, and establish an advanced base.

However, there was no strict prohibition either.

As long as one had the ability, anyone could call their friends or even go into the wilderness alone to hunt Tyrant Mammoths.

Naturally, one person would not be able to finish such a huge Tyrant Mammoth.

After harvesting the materials and sending them to the black workshops in the Lair, one would be able to refine a gene reagent that might not have a stable effect but was definitely cheap. The descendants of wealthy families that were born in cultivation families did not care about the products of such small workshops.

The descendants of poor families that paid attention to the price-performance ratio, however, very much welcomed such a good-quality, low-cost substitute.

Regardless of whether it was formal or not, the existence of numerous small workshops had objectively played an important role in stabilizing the price of the entire gene reagent market.

But now, the war had been won.

The originally ownerless land had become the development zones and reserves of the major forces.

Fences, high-voltage power grids, and drones had been set up to patrol the area day and night.

Wandering soldiers without power and influence could no longer rely on their courage and two iron fists to run to the development zones of the major factions and steal monsters.

Moreover, even if they killed the monsters, it would be useless.

The old Lair had been completely demolished.

The rebuilt version of the Lair no longer had room for the underground black workshops to survive.

It was free from the vicious competition of small workshops.

The pharmaceutical groups backed by the mega corporations gradually formed a virtual monopoly. The quality of the products also improved greatly.

Despite that, whether the price went up, or the official retail price remained the same, there was a daily shortage. It was understandable and very consistent with economic common sense.

Last but not least was hoarding and exaggerating the price.

One had to admit that the superhuman who first hoarded the raw materials of the Hell Beast or even the Apocalyptic Beast never planned on profiting from them.

It was just that he realized the scarcity of these non-renewable resources. For his future cultivation, he had no choice but to plan ahead.

Nevertheless, it boiled down to the same thing.

As long as people could earn ten times the profit...

There would always be those who dared to charge toward an Apocalyptic Beast and those who dared to trample over all the morals and laws in the world.

Chapter 1486 Resource Black Hole

If everyone could strictly implement Dragon City's strategic resource management method for how much to consume and how much to purchase, then the bonus from the Monster War could at least support three to five years of cultivation for all superhumans. It would help the people of Earth get through the most difficult period before the development of the world.

However, humans knew nothing about the situation outside Monster Mountain Range.

They only knew that the Hell Beasts and Apocalyptic Beasts were on the verge of extinction.

Before they developed the technology to allow flesh cells to absorb spirit energy from crystal ores without the use of monster materials, or the technology to artificially breed Hell Beasts and Apocalyptic Beasts, these scarce resources would lessen with each use.

Plus, many superhumans had tasted the stimulation of high-voltage electric current, moving back and forth between their blood vessels and nerves. They had enjoyed the pleasure of galloping freely and laughing proudly.

They had also what it was like to be legendary gods, breaking away from gravity and standing above the clouds.

Having such an experience, they could not accept it no matter what. Since they lacked cultivation resources, they fell from heaven to the human world and were beaten back to their original form, becoming ordinary and pitiful worms.

Therefore, all the superhumans began to cross the sea and display their supernatural powers.

When they won the Monster War, Dragon City clearly harvested a large number of hearts, livers, lungs, and kidneys from the Hell Beasts and Apocalyptic Beasts. They piled up hundreds of temporarily built warehouses.

However, these warehouses seemed to have hundreds of black holes appearing at the same time. They were devouring non-renewable strategic resources at an alarming rate.

No one could say clearly where the precious strategic resources had gone with time.

Such hoarding aggravated the anxiety and even panic in the market. It resulted in the Supernatural Tower's direct stores not being able to purchase mid- to high-tier cultivation resources at the official retail price.

On the black market, the prices of all kinds of mid-to high-tier raw materials and gene reagents, including the Tyrant Mammoth's spinal fluid, skyrocketed.

Of course, it was not a secret.

Everyone knew that most of the strategic resources would definitely go into the pockets of the nine mega corporations.

It was because those "poorly managed warehouses were mostly owned by the aforementioned nine mega corporations.

In theory, there should be a large number of Hell Beasts and even Apocalyptic Beasts living there. In reality, however, the development zones where you could not even catch two or three kittens were all developed by the nine mega corporations.

Nevertheless, Dragon City was a place where the law was enforced. There had to be evidence for everything.

Even if they did not want to talk about the law and evidence, it was plain to see that the nine mega corporations had warriors as numerous as the clouds, generals as numerous as the rain, and Deity Realm warriors that had reached double digits.

In the later stage of the Monster War, how many Hell Beasts and Apocalyptic Beasts had humans killed? How many strategic resources had they harvested and consumed from these mid-level and high-level monsters? It was a complete mess.

That was the simplest example.

Everyone knew that there was an Apocalyptic Beast hidden in Universe Corporation's development zone.

Moreover, everyone had seen and heard with their own eyes that Universe Corporation had sent out its elite troops to engage in a fierce battle deep within the forest in the development zone. The battle shook the earth and mountains, and the sun and moon lost their light.

In the end, the Apocalyptic Beast let out a heart-wrenching shriek as it gradually lost its breath.

Logically speaking, Universe Corporation should have killed that Apocalyptic Beast. They should have reported all the strategic resources they harvested to the Supernatural Tower and paid a high resource tax. They should have also taken out a portion of the procurement quota for the Apocalyptic Beast's heart, liver, spleen, lungs, and kidneys, allowing the entire circle of superhumans to benefit from it, right?

However, Universe Corporation's spokesperson lied through his teeth. He claimed that the fierce battle had come to an end, and the Apocalyptic Beast had returned to its senses. It then went berserk and escaped the encirclement, fleeing to the depths of Monster Mountain Range.

How could others verify the spokesperson's words?

Who had the qualifications, courage, and ability to run to Universe Corporation's territory and investigate the whereabouts of this Apocalyptic Beast?

Meanwhile, the nine mega corporations had the most reasonable excuse that no one could refute, allowing them to openly consume a large amount of non-renewable strategic resources.

They had to treat the injuries of their Deity Realm experts.

A year and a half ago, in order to destroy the monster mastermind, almost all the Deity Realm warriors of Dragon City stepped forth.

Although the monster mastermind was destroyed after a bloody battle, many of the Deity Realm warriors were also seriously injured, and their cultivations plummeted.

These older generation warriors were Dragon City's mainstay. They had defended Dragon City for decades and personally crushed the monster civilization's ambitions and threats.

No matter how many resources were used to treat their injuries, it was reasonable, right?

Moreover, humans had no clue about what was beyond Monster Mountain Range.

It was unknown if there were enemies more terrifying than the monsters. From a practical point of view, if the older generation of Deity Realm warriors could recover at least 70 to 80% of their strength, it

would be the best outcome. They could help the younger generation, who had yet to reach their peak, and protect them.

The problem was, the cells of a Deity Realm warrior were comparable to a rocket engine. Their daily consumption was astronomical.

If they wanted to heal their injuries and recover their strength, the rate of their consumption would increase up to several dozen times.

No one could come up with a foolproof treatment plan for a Deity Realm warrior.

No doctor dared to guarantee that a Deity Realm warrior would be able to recover as soon as he or she consumed a lot of strategic resources. Therefore, the nine mega corporations listed the large number of strategic resources they consumed under the category of “treating the Deity Realm warriors’ injuries.”

Even the most professional and authoritative auditing organizations had no way to verify the authenticity of these expenditures.

As the saying went, “The higher the level, the lower the effect.”

Deity Realm warriors naturally needed to treat their injuries.

Then, in the Monster War, would the Heaven Realm warriors, who had worked hard and made great contributions, require treatment when they were covered in injuries?

Although their strength was not great, there were still those who had put in the work and done their part. Would they need treatment?

After decades of fighting in the Monster War, who did not have dozens of crisscrossing scars on their bodies? Whose heart, liver, spleen, lungs, and kidneys did not bleed thirty to fifty times?

One could not make generalizations about the constitution of a person.

Some people could recover to their original state after three to five courses of treatment, while some people would remain sick. Could they not be reborn from the fire and continue to shine for Dragon City?

Everyone thought so.

The consumption rate of various non-renewable resources was three to five times, seven to eight times, and more than ten times faster than the normal consumption rate.

In theory, cultivation resources that were supposed to be consumed in two to three years were almost used up in just half a year.

As a result, even the dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection, which was not considered an incredibly high-level genetic medicine, required people to wait in line overnight. They also needed to have a certain amount of luck if they wanted to buy it at a low price.

“Now, you probably understand why I’m so persistent in earning money even if I have to risk my life, right?”

Ai Lei helplessly said, “It’s really easy to live as an ordinary person in Dragon City today. As long as you have arms and legs... No, even if you lack arms and legs, you won’t starve to death.

“However, if you are a low-level superhuman who comes from a humble family and has no background or backing, but you’re ambitious and want to improve your realm, you need to consume non-renewable resources. The pressure and difficulty you face will be far more than three to five times higher than during the Monster War!

“I’ve seen through it a long time ago.

“Nowadays, if I’m not from one of the nine great cultivation families and I don’t have any rare fortuitous encounters, it will be more difficult for me to make a name for myself than for a camel to crawl through the eye of a needle.

“I’m not greedy. I can barely make it, but it would be good enough if I could just maintain my current realm!

“However, who asked me to be bitten by the Mindless Spider? Its venom has seeped into my spirit meridian, leaving behind very troublesome effects.

“Even if I don’t want to break through to the Heaven Realm, just to sleep more comfortably every night and not wake up in the middle of the night in pain from the venom flowing deep in my veins, I have to regularly take several kinds of medical potions that contain non-renewable resources.

“The official retail prices of such medical potions aren’t high.

“After all, I have to repay the middle- and low-level superhumans for their outstanding contributions to Dragon City’s civilization during the Monster War!

“There’s just one small problem—there’s no way to buy daily supplies in the factory direct stores and the Supernatural Tower’s flagship store.

“It’s not easy. With the tiny amount of supplies, it’s like squeezing toothpaste out. Every time, they’re sold out in half a second.

“God knows how those b*stards manage to do it. Their hands are so fast!

“The stores and flagship stores don’t have any stock. If I really want to buy them, I can only go to the black market and buy them for seven to eight times or even ten times the retail price. That’s why I’m so familiar with the black market!

“Sigh, forget it. How could a Deity Realm warrior like you understand the troubles of superhumans of the lowest level like me, Senior?”

Ai Lei started to court death again.

She was testing Meng Chao’s strength.

Meng Chao did not comment.

He only glanced at the crowd that got increasingly anxious as they waited. Their anger was visible to the naked eye.

“If this continues, I’m afraid that something bad will happen.”

Meng Chao frowned and said, “The Supernatural Tower doesn’t care about such a situation?”

“How?”

Ai Lei shrugged. “Be it the Supernatural Tower or the Research Department, and the Survival Committee, there are two main types of people: the children of the rich and the children of the poor.

“It goes without saying that the scions of the nine great cultivation families are scions of the wealthy families. Even if they don’t hoard strategic resources to earn excess profits, with the support of their families and businesses, they definitely don’t lack daily cultivation resources. Why bother with the rest?”

“Furthermore, if this matter is investigated further, it might be traced back to their parents. How do you want them to investigate and manage it?”

“As for the disciples of the humble families, we want to get to the bottom of this matter!”

“However, humble families have only risen to prominence not long ago. Our foundation and knowledge are shallow. Without the support of disciples from wealthy families, we’re in a mess. We don’t know where to start.

“Alright. We could catch the key clues and still investigate things thoroughly. But, what if we find out that the mastermind behind the hoarding is actually a Deity Realm warrior? What should we do then? Should we have no fear of power and bring this Deity Realm expert to justice?”

“Or, do you think that a Deity Realm warrior is highly respected and would never do such a thing? Did some evil Heaven Realm warrior manipulate the price of cultivation resources in the entire city? As long as we get rid of this scum, we’ll be able to withdraw our troops and everyone will be happy?”

Chapter 1487 Monkey Tricks

Ai Lei spoke with a big smile on her face.

However, the little red dots on the tip of her nose showed that she was not as calm as she appeared to be.

Meng Chao had faced the fangs of the Apocalyptic Beasts.

He had also seen the sharp claws of the Horn of Destruction, Violent Blade, and the Doomsday Wolf.

Yet, in the face of Ai Lei’s heckling, he had no answer.

Fortunately, at that moment, the light and shadow of the LCD screen above the counter changed, and a huge countdown appeared.

Crystal loudspeakers up in the ceiling also transmitted the neutral, pleasant, relaxing, and even slightly hypnotic effect of a mezzo-soprano.

Dragon elephant bone-strengthening injections and more than a dozen other genetic agents that contained non-renewable resources would be up for grabs.

Before the Monster Market opened, the midand low-level superhumans, who had been lining up through the night, all perked up.

Just like a predator that smelled the scent of its prey. The muscles all over their body tensed up, and their bones crackled. They rubbed their fists and palms, eager to pounce.

However, the detailed information displayed on the LCD screen shocked everyone at first before it made them furious.

“Five thousand units?”

Even Meng Chao could not believe his eyes. “Such a big Monster Market and so many superhumans queued up overnight. In the end, they only prepared five thousand units of dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection?”

Meng Chao had also advanced from the Earth Realm to the Deity Realm step by step.

He had also wantonly squandered dragon elephant bone-strengthening injections like he was eating a buffet.

He knew well that an Earth Realm expert would need to inject at least one hundred units of the dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection after a high-intensity training session to break through to a higher realm. To promote the growth of bone cells, he needed to repair the damaged bone marrow and periosteum to ensure that nothing would happen during the next training session.

If his training cycle lasted for a month, this Earth Realm expert would need to carry out at least five high-intensity training sessions during that period, injecting five hundred units of dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection. That did not include the sporadic replenishment and treatments after daily training.

He needed five hundred units, not one unit less.

Injecting one unit less would increase the probability of spirit energy deviation by 1%.

Who would dare to take their own life and future as a joke?

If each person was limited to buying five hundred units, today’s stock could only meet the needs of ten superhumans for the next month.

However, there were at least several hundred low-level superhumans gathered there.

There were even more people who had just received the news and arrived late, joining the queue to buy.

Even though Ai Lei had already told Meng Chao about the problem of having more mouths and less meat, there was too little meat!

No wonder Ai Lei compared it to squeezing out toothpaste!

“I’m afraid it’s going to be difficult to get rid of these people this time!” Meng Chao muttered to himself.

Indeed, the scarlet number, “5,000,” behind the words “dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection” on the screen was like five thousand heavy bombs. It caused a huge uproar among the low- to mid-level superhumans.

“Are you kidding me? There are only five thousand units of the dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection?”

“This is a trick!”

“Each person is limited to a hundred units? A hundred units are useless. We’ll use them up after one practice. Don’t tell me can’t practice tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, and the day after that?” “Or should we go back today, finish practicing, and then come back to line up late at night?”

“Where is the person in charge? Ask your person in charge to come out. Why did you only prepare five thousand units of dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection, and why are there so few other cultivation resources? Why?!”

The crowd instantly turned into a wave of people.

Everyone’s faces turned red. They were fuming with anger. All of them gritted their teeth as they squeezed toward the counter like an ocean wave.

If the Supernatural Tower’s direct store could satisfy half of the customers’ needs or even satisfy one-third of the customers’ needs, the customers in front who received the supplies first would naturally step forward to maintain order.

Those customers who did not get the cultivation resources would then have to accept their bad luck. Who asked them to be late?

Now, however, according to the purchase rules displayed on the LCD screen, each person could only buy a hundred units, and only the lucky first fifty people could buy the dragon elephant bone-strengthening medicine at a low price.

As for when the next batch of low-priced genuine goods would arrive, the staff at the counter did not know.

Moreover, no matter how meticulous they were, no matter how careful they were, no matter how they did not engage in overly aggressive, ultra-high-intensity training, and no matter how they did not want to break through to a higher realm, they still wanted to maintain their current combat strength.

At most, they would only exhaust 70 to 80% of their energy after three regular training sessions. Despite that, they would still have a problem.

This time, no one cared about the team or rules anymore.

The people at the back kept pushing forward.

The people in the top fifty only lost the right to purchase a limited amount of one hundred units. It was not too much of a pity. They did not have the right to fall out with people who were enraged or even filled with killing intent. Since they had been fooled by others, they became united against a common enemy.

With that, Meng Chao finally understood why the cultivation resources purchasing counter in the Supernatural Tower was like that of a bank. It was installed with tempered glass that was thicker than two fists.

However, even the tempered glass, made with a special process and mixed with crystal powder, capable of withstanding armor-piercing bullets, would not be able to withstand the volcanic fury of several hundred mid- to low-level superhumans.

Ka-cha-cha, ka-cha-cha!

Accompanied by a hair-raising cracking sound, crisscrossing cracks like a giant spider web appeared on the tempered glass.

The staff behind it retreated.

The mezzo-soprano background music from the crystal loudspeakers became softer and softer.

It seemed that they were trying to ease the tension, but it just made things appear more ironic.

“Seven times. I’ve been here seven times!”

Meng Chao saw a muscular man, who was at least two meters tall and majestic like a bearman, standing up. His face was full of scars, and he was wearing a steel eye patch on his left eye. He jumped onto the counter in fury, and through the cracks on the tempered glass, he roared at the counter, “Every time, they say that there’s a shortage. Every time, they say that there’s a shortage. Even if there’s supply, it’s like the pee of an eighty-year-old man. It took you such a long time to produce such a tiny bit!

“Without the dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection, how are we supposed to cultivate? Do we have to go to the hospital to get a cast every time we finish cultivating to treat our bone fractures?”

“You’re alright. You’re just using it for cultivation,” another superhuman with sunken eyes and a gloomy face said while limping

“I’m injured. The Bone Eroding Beast has corroded my bones and interfered with the regeneration of my bone cells. I need to consume medication for life and inject artificial bone marrow cells. Otherwise, forget cultivating, I’ll lose my leg sooner or later.

“Heh, if the supply of dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection continues to run out, I’d be better off going to the hospital to amputate my leg and exchange it for a worn-out prosthetic leg. It’ll be a great experience!”

The experiences of those two customers covered more than 90% of the people lining up, and they immediately resonated with everyone.

The roars of hundreds of low-level and mid-level superhumans turned into a raging storm that almost overturned the Monster Market, which was dozens of stories high.

“We want to cultivate!”

“We want to heal our wounds!”

“We want dragon elephant bone-strengthening injections!”

The tempered glass that was more than two fists thick trembled under the roars of the customers.

Yet, the professionally trained staff of the Supernatural Tower still had a professional smile on their faces.

At first glance, their smiles were heartwarming

Upon closer inspection, their smiles would remain unchanged for a few minutes or even a few hours.

It was as though they were printed out on A4 paper and stapled onto their real faces.

Meng Chao saw a staff member maintain an impeccable attitude as he faced the wrath of hundreds of customers. With a smile on his face, he explained something to the bald man through the glass. From the shape of his mouth, he seemed to be saying that the torrential rain and flood that happened outside Monster Mountain Range last night, as well as the orcs' invasion of the Red Creek Project, had caused a huge explosion in the crystal warehouse.

It resulted in a temporary shortage of some cultivation resources.

Such force majeure was something that even the Supernatural Tower could not have predicted.

The vast number of consumers were requested to remain calm. The Supernatural Tower was actively contacting the factory to urgently restock their goods.

Once the goods arrived, the consumers in line today would be given priority to purchase the goods and so on.

The bald man had seemingly been deceived too many times, so he did not fall for it.

"The Red Creek Project's purpose is to mine Red Radiance Jade. There wouldn't be floods or explosions. It has nothing to do with the dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection!

"All of you talk about priority to purchase every time. Now that everyone has the priority to purchase, it's no different from having none at all!

"Don't mention the manufacturers. Isn't the Supernatural Tower responsible for helping all superhumans to supervise those large pharmaceutical companies so that they can ensure quality and quantity, as well as produce genetic medicine?

"The Supernatural Tower should have our backs. It should serve us supernaturals who come from humble backgrounds or have any background and can't find too many connections. It should help us fight for more opportunities and resources. If not, why do we need the Supernatural Tower?"

The bald man smashed the counter and created more chaos.

If one were to compare his shouting to a series of fiery bullets, then the smile of the Supernatural Tower's staff was like an indestructible iron wall.

No matter what the bald man said, the staff member kept repeating the same words over and over again.

The point was, the genetic potion was not refined by the Supernatural Tower. They could not do a thing if they did not receive the goods. They had to invite most of the consumers there to be understanding and remain calm.

The words, “understanding” and “remain calm” seemed to touch a nerve deep in the bald man’s head, which was about to split.

The bald man’s eyes were wide open, and the veins on his face were bulging, as blood had rushed to his temples. It was as if two horns were about to grow out of his temples and turn him into an angry bull.

With a “chraak” sound, the bald man tore off his outer clothes, revealing the lumpy and uneven muscles that covered his body. They crisscrossed like a fishing net and were also densely packed with scars like a beehive.

Chapter 1488 Major Event

“Calm down? How am I supposed to calm down?!”

The bald man counted the shocking scars on his granite-like body one by one.

First of all, there were three scars that stretched all the way across his chest like a mountain range that almost tore his chest apart.

“This is the wound that was made by a shrieking falcon during the battle at Red Creek. At that time, this flat-haired beast swooped down from more than seven hundred meters above the ground and clawed my heart out. I saw it with my own eyes! My heart was like a fish with a fat head that had been thrown to the ground. It was alive and kicking!”

Following that was a penetrating wound on his abdomen. It was as if his spleen or kidneys had been pierced by the horns or fangs of a monster.

“This is a souvenir from three days and three nights of fierce battle to protect the Twin Dragon Mine and an overwhelming beast horde!

“During that battle, seven of our eight brothers were killed. I was the only one who crawled out of the pile of dead people while clutching my intestines that were spilling out of my stomach. I was the only one!”

Next were his eyes.

“This is the price we’ve paid for our assault that spanned three hundred and eighty miles, where we finally killed a Level 6 Hell Beast, the Bloody-trunk Tyrant Mammoth. That’s right, you didn’t hear wrongly. All of you aren’t mistaken. I once killed a Tyrant Mammoth with my own hands, and I was even the king of the mammoth race!”

The bald man tore off his steel blindfold and revealed a dark hole.

He did not wear an artificial mechanical eye.

However, deep in the hole, the fire of his soul was burning fiercely, stirring up another form of incomparably sharp “gaze.”

“I’ve bled for Dragon City, I’ve been wounded for the human race!”

The bald man’s one undamaged eye was also smeared with a layer of scarlet light. He was so excited that his voice was cracking. “What did you say when I endured pain worse than death and fought the monsters in the depths of the wilderness? As long as we overcome these temporary difficulties and win the Monster War, everything will be fine. “In the end, we sacrificed so much and actually won the Monster War. Did everything turn out fine? No, it became even worse than during the war. We can’t even secure the most basic training resources!

“I once killed a Bloody-trunk Tyrant Mammoth with my own hands. Its spinal fluid alone was enough to refine several million units of dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection.

“Now, I only want a few units of dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection extracted from the spinal fluid of ordinary Tyrant Mammoths. It would amount to a few thousand units at most. I’ve queued up several times, but I can’t buy them no matter how hard I try!

“Why? Why?! Where did the cultivation resources that belong to us go?”

The bald man voiced out everyone’s thoughts.

All the superhumans felt the same way and could not contain their anger. At the counter, the staff member’s smile turned stiff.

He secretly gestured to his colleagues to call for backup.

At that moment, the bald man discovered something from the name tag on the staff member’s chest.

“Your surname is Gu, and you’re from the ‘heart’ generation. You’re from the Gu family of Sea Blue!”

The bald man stared at the staff member’s face as if his eyes were on fire.

Sea Blue Group, like Sky Pillar Corporation and Universe Corporation, was a large-scale mega corporation.

The Gu family that created Sea Blue Group was one of the nine noble families of cultivation, one of the wealthy families.

More importantly, the dragon elephant bone-strengthening drug was developed and produced by the pharmaceutical company under Sea Blue Group.

“I don’t believe it!”

The bald man slapped the tempered glass and indignantly said, “The descendants of the Gu family need to use the dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection in their cultivation as well. You need to queue up, draw lots, snap up purchases, and run to the black market like us low-level superhumans too. You’ll be butchered like pigs!”

“Obviously they don’t need it!”

Another indignant voice came from the crowd. “I have a friend who works at Blue Sea Pharmaceutical. He’s in charge of cleaning up the medicinal waste. Apparently, the bones of the Tyrant Mammoths that are boiled down are secretly transported out by truckloads every day in the middle of the night!

“Don’t believe any nonsense about ‘force majeure’ or ‘shortage.’ Blue Sea Group has refined countless dragon elephant bone-strengthening injections. They are in stock but they’re unwilling to bring them to the Supernatural Tower and sell them cheaply to the poor without any background.

“The newly refined dragon elephant bone-strengthening injections are either completely consumed by the Gu family disciples or the internal employees of Blue Sea Group. They could also be sent to the other eight mega corporations in exchange for all kinds of scarce resources.

“If there are more, they secretly send them to the black market and sell them like scalpers!

“Once the public pressures them, they only send a bit of it to the Supernatural Tower to put on a show when they can’t hoard the drugs anymore!”

“I’ll testify!”

Another voice, hidden deep in the crowd, spoke through gritted teeth. “I have a classmate whose mother works for the Gu family as a sweeping lady. She said that she saw with her own eyes that the warriors of the Gu family were bathing in Tyrant Mammoth spinal fluid!”

“That’s right. This is a secret that the entire city knows!”

A fourth voice rang out from a corner like a rat scurrying through the sky. “The Gu family discovered a ‘mammoth graveyard’ deep in Monster Mountain Range. It was filled with the remains of the Tyrant Mammoths. Even if they were to supply the entire city’s superhumans, they wouldn’t be able to use it up in three years!

“Yet, the Gu family stole this ‘mammoth graveyard’ for themselves. They refuse to admit it at all. They want to monopolize the market for the dragon elephant bone-strengthening injection. With no effort at all, they could earn money that we would never be able to earn even if we risk our lives fighting monsters on the front lines!”

The many low-level superhumans spoke one after another. The more they spoke, the more worked up they became. The more they spoke, the angrier they became.

Of course, all they threw out were groundless rumors. There was no real evidence to their claims.

However, while the majority of the disciples from humble families could not buy the cultivation resources at the original price and were forced to be slaughtered by others on the black market, the disciples of the wealthy families remained radiant and refreshed. They needed to break through and heal their injuries, but it was also a fact that they were not troubled by the lack of cultivation

resources.

As long as that fact existed for a day, those rumors that sounded ridiculous would always have the power to convince people because they were not necessarily groundless.

In the end, someone finally pointed the finger at the Supernatural Tower.

“Don’t count on the Supernatural Tower. They’re all liars!” someone shouted.

“The Supernatural Tower was originally built with the support of the nine great cultivation families. To this day, the key posts in the various critical departments of the Supernatural Tower are still controlled by those nine families. If you wish for the Supernatural Tower to uphold justice, wouldn’t you be asking these fat fellows to investigate and catch themselves?”

“No one can help us!

“We can only help ourselves!

“Today, we have to demand that these guys hand over the cultivation resources that should belong to us in the first place!

“If we can’t buy the dragon elephant bone-strengthening drug, we won’t leave. We won’t leave!

“We want to cultivate. We want the resources!”

That last sentence was like a wildfire infected with a virus. It soon spread to the mouths of all the superhumans.

The sound waves that were magnified by more than ten times were so loud that the tempered glass, the surrounding windows, and even the reinforced concrete floors started to crack.

The commotion caused by superhumans had attracted the attention of everyone above and below them.

The security guards and staff on several floors rushed out of the safety passage one after another.

However, they did not expect the situation to go so out of control.

Facing hundreds of irrepressible superhumans, the cans of mace in the security guards’ hands were no different from toothpicks.

The security guards were very wise. They put away their mace and riot batons as fast as they could.

They raised their hands high to show that they had absolutely no ill intentions. They could not even turn their hips around. Just like that, they stiffly retreated step by step, returning to where they came from.

Meanwhile, a few fearless ordinary citizens, mainly the big sisters and aunties who were buying vegetables on the first floor, did not run away when they saw the scene. Instead, their eyes shone with a welcoming gleam. They held the arms of the superhuman individuals and asked with concern, “Young man, what happened? Don’t be anxious. Tell Aunty about it. Aunty will be the judge!”

Ka-cha, ka-cha, ka-cha!

Many older ladies and aunties stood on tiptoes and raised their cell phones, as well as crystal communicators, taking photos and short videos. They rushed to send them to their family groups, video websites, various forums, and social networks.

Ta-ta-ta!

Following that was the sound of the rapid stamping of boots.

The secret police that belonged to the disciplinary forces of the Supernatural Tower finally appeared.

The secret police were professionals who dealt with crimes that were in the extraordinary realm.

Due to the danger and special nature of superhuman crimes, the secret police's weapons, equipment, combat strength, and methods were far stronger than that of ordinary law enforcement personnel. They were even stronger than many special forces. Among them, the heavy-armored secret police, who were also known as terrifying adjudicators, had the authorization to take lives if they deemed it necessary. They had the privilege of killing first and reporting later.

However, even the adjudicators with a "murder license," who wore armor and resembled tanks in human form, felt troubled when they saw the scene before them. It was like a high-pressure reaction cauldron about to explode.

The secret police were also human.

Human beings had emotions and standpoints.

The secret police were also divided into humble families and wealthy families according to their origins.

Needless to say, the secret police officers who came from humble families were also troubled by the lack of resources. They had deep sympathy for the superhumans who were causing trouble.

The secret police officers who came from wealthy families did not dare to poke the big bomb that would explode at the first touch. The conflict was already so tense, and the target was their own company.

Even if they did not do anything, just the appearance of fully armed people was enough to pour a bucket of boiling oil on the raging flames.

"Look, it's the secret police!"

The bald man, who was the first to jump onto the counter, spoke with a strange laugh. "When we were in the depths of Monster Mountain Range, we had to rely on our secret police brothers to help maintain law and order in Dragon City!

"Why? Are they protecting the law and order today?"

"Sure, I'll accept responsibility for what I've done. I'm the one who started it. Come on, take me to the Supernatural Tower and put me on trial!"

Chapter 1489 Excitement

"And me!"

The limping superhuman jumped onto the counter and stood shoulder to shoulder with the bald man.

He also tore his clothes, revealing his thin body. It was as though the surface of the moon had been corroded by sulfuric acid, leaving potholes in his flesh.

"I'm the leader!"

The superhuman, who was extremely furious, straightened his chest, which had been torn to pieces by the monster. He pointed at his beating heart. "I don't think I need to trouble all of you to send me to the

Supernatural Tower to be judged. Don't all of you have the right to kill me first before reporting it? Just 'judge' me right here!"

The two superhumans' indignant behavior completely ignited everyone's anger.

"And me!"

"I was the one who instigated it!"

"Don't listen to them. I'm the leader. Come, judge me. Right here, right in grandpa's heart!"

"What the f*ck are you talking about? What the f*ck are you talking about? You want to stop a superhuman from committing a crime? The nine great cultivation families have been hoarding cultivation resources. Logically speaking, that should be considered a superhuman committing a crime, right? Why don't you secret police investigate, arrest, and stop them?"

"They don't dare to investigate the nine great cultivation families. They're the lackeys raised by the nine great cultivation families, to begin with!"

"What judge are you talking about? Judge my a**!"

Everyone tore off their tops one after another, revealing scars that were as shiny as medals.

They held each other's strong arms and formed a human chain that surged up and down. It was as if they were determined to face death and charge at a beast horde.

Some of them even took off their artificial limbs and threw them at the secret police.

Although the secret police did not get hit, their faces were "bruised." It was hard to tell if they were angry or ashamed.

Meng Chao did not join the commotion.

He narrowed his eyes and scanned the scene with his eagle-like gaze. He realized that there were seven or eight people in the crowd who had different expressions from the others.

These people's attention was not focused on the secret police or the Supernatural Tower staff.

Instead, they were secretly observing the angry crowd around them out of the corner of their eyes.

Their gaze reminded Meng Chao of the thieves on the bus, who were looking for prey.

We

These guys seemed as angry as everyone else.

However, when Meng Chao read their micro-expressions, he realized that their eyes were sharp and the corners of their mouths were slightly curled up. The expansion of the capillaries on their faces did not reach the level of "rage." Instead, they felt relaxed and satisfied as if it was none of their business.

Meng Chao told Ai Lei about his discovery.

Ai Lei was not surprised. She explained to Meng Chao that these guys were most likely subordinates of the black market's big shot, Giant-toothed Crocodile. They were looking for customers there!

In any case, no matter how much trouble the superhumans caused, running out of stock meant running out of stock. There was nothing they could do about it.

Once the mid-level to low-level superhumans had enough trouble, they would stop. They did not want to see their spirit meridians shrink day by day, and the cracks on their bones increase day by day. At that point, they could just lower their heads and go to the black market, where they would spend seven to eight times or even more.

Based on half a day's worth of observation, Giant-toothed Crocodile's subordinates would find the most anxious and profitable customers among the mid-level to low-level superhumans. Then, they would bring them to the black market to trade.

That was the reason why Ai Lei brought Meng Chao to the Monster Market.

"They're that cautious?"

Meng Chao was slightly taken aback. "The black market doesn't have a fixed trading place. Isn't everyone allowed to go?" "There was originally a fixed trading place that everyone could go to. However, you've also seen it for yourself, Senior. Ultimately, the descendants of wealthy families are extremely low. Now, the vast majority of people in Dragon City's circle of superhumans are all curious about hoarding. Black market trading is something that they abhor. The Supernatural Tower is under tremendous pressure, and it wants to destroy some of the black markets to kill this evil trend. They have no choice but to be cautious in the black market."

Ai Lei said, "Unless it's a regular customer who has done business with them many times, it's slightly less efficient for the underlings to personally pick and lead new customers to their homes. The advantage is at least it's safer this way. Even if something happens, Giant-toothed Crocodile can 'cut off the gecko's tail as soon as possible and make it a clean cut."

"That means that it'll be very difficult for us to find Giant-toothed Crocodile's lair. Even if we do find it, Giant-toothed Crocodile might not be around?" Meng Chao frowned slightly.

"Judging from today's scene, yes."

Ai Lei handed Meng Chao the newly bought crystal communicator, letting him see a few of Dragon City's influential social media and short video platforms.

It was currently the era of self-media.

The town gossipers buying vegetables in the Monster Market were not the only ones, who posted the short video that they had just recorded, online.

Many mid-level and low-level superhumans, who could not contain their anger, did not forget to raise their eyebrows and start a live broadcast at the same time.

In just a few minutes, the riot in the Monster Market had become the talk of the whole Internet.

Tens of millions of citizens in the city all heard a thunderous roar.

"We have shed blood for Dragon City!"

“We want to cultivate!”

“We just want to buy cultivation resources that should belong to us!”

Ai Lei quickly opened seven or eight screens and scrolled through them. “The Monster Market in the south of the city is under Giant-toothed Crocodile’s territory. Although this matter has nothing to do with him, since he has run into it, one can only consider it part of his bad luck.

“I think Giant-toothed Crocodile must be in a terrible situation right now. He probably doesn’t know how to explain this to the bigger boss behind him.

“At such a critical time, how dare he show up in the black market to get himself caught?”

Meng Chao was silent.

Shen Yulin had been blown up by the Blood Alliance. All the clues on him had been burned away.

If he wanted to catch the Blood Alliance’s tail, he had to find the mysterious informant who had a conflict with Shen Yulin and hired Ai Lei to investigate things.

If he wanted to find the informant, he had to find the broker, Tailless Monkey.

And if he wanted to find Tailless Monkey, he had to find the black market boss, Giant-toothed Crocodile.

That b*stard better not be hiding during such an important time!

Right then, Meng Chao noticed one of Giant-toothed Crocodile’s subordinates.

This guy was different from the others.

His temperament was exceptionally steady, and his gaze was sharper.

However, what really attracted Meng Chao was his hands.

He was clearly a rough man who had endured the sun and rain.

Yet, he had a pair of fair, delicate, and slender hands that looked like they belonged to a young girl.

His hands were so fair, as though milk would flow out instead of blood if they were lightly poked by an embroidery needle.

It was obvious that these were the hands of a Reaper.

On top of that, they were the hands of a veteran Reaper with superb skills. Upon careful consideration, that seemed like a reasonable conclusion. Black market transactions were not merely simple extortion.

They also included buying all kinds of natural treasures at a low price from customers.

After all, the Monster War had only ended a little more than a year ago.

Many ordinary-looking mid-level and low-level superhumans possessed a few good items that they had obtained in exchange for their blood and even their lives in the depths of Monster Mountain Range.

Many heavenly materials and earthly treasures would not be of much use in the hands of mid-level and low-level superhumans.

en SUL

In fact, they were not even sure if these items were heavenly materials and earthly treasures or how valuable they were.

Nevertheless, in the eyes of those who knew the value of the items, they were priceless treasures that could only be found by chance.

It was not surprising that Giant-toothed Crocodile had arranged for a veteran Reaper to be stationed there to be in charge of appraising and receiving “distinguished guests.”

Meng Chao thought quickly and instantly came up with a solution.

As long as this veteran Reaper’s foresight was sharp enough, his chances of success would be high.

“Give me five minutes.”

Meng Chao said to Ai Lei, “I’m going to the grocery store on the first floor to buy something!”

Without waiting for Ai Lei to respond, he squeezed out of the crowd.

Ai Lei could not catch up in time. Besides, as a media person, her professional sensitivity pushed her to focus more on the “big event” in front of her.

Ka-cha, ka-cha, ka-cha.

Ai Lei took a large number of photos and videos without batting an eyelid.

She captured the helplessness, anger, and outburst of the low-level superhumans from the most professional point of view.

She switched out a few memory cards in succession.

Then, she hid the memory cards in different places on her body, and even in a crack in the wall nearby.

She was having a great time.

Someone squeezed in from behind and nudged her.

This person had rough skin, and his bones were very hard. He reminded Ai Lei of a fierce beast with thick skin.

She subconsciously tensed up and looked back. She saw a short man in his forties with disheveled hair and a sinister look on his face.

Ai Lei’s job was to deal with people.

She moved her eyes slightly and scrutinized the short man’s appearance.

Judging from his tough skin and hard bones, he was a powerful superhuman.

Judging from his messy hair that looked like a bird’s nest, his slightly chapped lips, and his dirty jungle camouflage outfit that had several holes in it, he was an unkempt man.

Judging from his dark skin and traces of scabies that had healed on his skin, he must have been in the depths of the jungle all year round, dealing with all kinds of deformed and mutated snakes, insects, rats, and ants.

Judging from the wine stains on his collar, the yellowing marks on his fingers, and the pungent smell of alcohol and tobacco on his body, this superhuman did not seem to be doing well. He appeared to be drowning his sorrows with alcohol all day long.

As for why he did not seem to be doing well recently, Ai Lei quickly found out—there was a blood-colored scar that looked like a centipede on his right arm. It ran from the back of his hand to his shoulder.

Affected by this, his right hand, which was full of calluses and supposed to be for holding swords, was curled up like a chicken claw.

No, it did not just extend to his shoulder.

The extremely ugly scar extended further up, winding around the small superhuman's neck.

From the looks of it, not only did it injure his cervical vertebra, it caused his head to turn slightly. It also damaged his central nervous system, causing the left corner of his mouth and the corner of his eye to twitch every few seconds.

The small superhuman seemed to be very sensitive to the scars on his arms and neck.

Sensing Ai Lei's gaze, he immediately glared at her.

Ai Lei was startled.

She felt a cold sensation as if someone had cut her throat.

Chapter 1490 Angler

Ai Lei immediately averted her gaze.

She took a big step back.

Based on the details that she had just observed, she quickly pieced together a sketch of the little man in her mind.

He should be a monster hunter who lived in the wilderness all year round.

He could sleep peacefully in the poisonous swamp that was filled with snakes, insects, rats, and ants, as though it was a Simmons mattress.

He had once peeled off the skins and shells of countless monsters, and he had almost been cut into pieces by the monsters countless times.

His long hunting career had allowed him to hone his superb killing skills.

It had also made him incompatible with normal society, and he did not know how to adapt to the calm after victory.

Since he had been seriously injured in the fierce battle, his hands, spine, and even central nervous system had been affected to a certain extent, hence his fighting strength had been greatly reduced.

In addition to the personality he had developed, he had fallen into quite an embarrassing state lately.

Fortunately, back when he was hunting monsters, he had once obtained some natural treasures in the depths of the wilderness.

These treasures were most likely from unknown sources.

Not only were they stained with the blood of monsters, but they might also be stained with strong human blood.

Therefore, now that he was desperate, the small hunter took his treasures and came to the Monster Market to try his luck.

As expected, Ai Lei saw a bulging backpack behind the small hunter.

The backpack was wrapped up in very tough monster tendons like a dumpling.

The small hunter was still worried. His left hand remained intact, and he wrapped the monster tendons around his backpack repeatedly.

Unless his entire left arm was cut off, his backpack would never leave his side.

Ai Lei had seen many people like that.

She knew that they were ruthless individuals who would kill without batting an eyelid.

Aside from cutting the throats of countless monsters, they probably owed several people their lives.

In addition, most ruthless people like him suffered from post-traumatic stress disorder, and they were especially volatile. Just a small trigger might make them lose control. Although the secret police were right beside them, it was still better to stay away from such a desperate person.

With that thought in mind, Ai Lei did not dare to look at the small hunter anymore.

She lowered her head and was about to turn around the other corner of the hall.

However, the small hunter walked straight toward her.

“Wait for me here and pay attention so that you can gather more information. I’m going to handle a couple of small matters. We’ll keep in contact at all times. If we lose contact, we’ll meet at a few contact points according to the agreed time.”

Meng Chao’s voice rang in Ai Lei’s ear.

Ai Lei widened her eyes and looked left and right, but she did not find Meng Chao.

She kept turning around for a long time before her gaze of disbelief finally fell on the small hunter.

The two of them looked at each other. The small hunter, who seemed to be filled with hostility and had the words “ruthless” written on his forehead, blinked at Ai Lei.

“S-Senior!”

Ai Lei was dumbfounded.

She blinked so quickly that she almost burst into tears. After observing him for a long time, she could not tell that the short hunter in front of her had anything to do with the senior who had descended from the sky.

There was a huge difference in the size of their skeletons, the texture of their skin, and the formation of their muscles.

Their eyes, temperament, and gait were completely different.

Also, the scars on the short hunter’s body, which looked like blood-colored centipedes, as well as the healing marks of scabies on his face and body, were too detailed and lifelike!

Most importantly, Meng Chao had left Ai Lei’s sight for three to five minutes at most.

How could he have changed his appearance to such an extent in such a short period of time?!

Ai Lei was shocked.

Through her eyes, Meng Chao confirmed that his hasty disguise was enough to fool others.

He smiled slightly and quickly reverted to the face that was filled with anxiety and ruthlessness. He would convulse and gnash his teeth from time to time.

Tightening the backpack rope made of monster tendons in his hands, he squeezed into the restless crowd.

The emotions of the mid-level and low-level superhumans were boiling to the extreme from the mutual trigger.

Everyone pushed and swayed in the surging crowd, eventually becoming one.

They started to shove each other around with even greater strength.

Meng Chao pretended to be part of the crowd, and he was forced to follow the flow.

However, with the exquisite control of his muscle fibers, he kept approaching the veteran Reaper, whom he had been eyeing for a long time.

The veteran Reaper also played the role of an “ordinary consumer” in the crowd.

Though his eyes darted about, he scanned the crowd from time to time, choosing the right customer or “prey.”

However, because the scene was too chaotic, Meng Chao had deliberately shrunk his skeleton, so the senior Reaper did not become aware of his existence and intention.

Soon, Meng Chao forced his way to the veteran Reaper’s side.

At that moment, it seemed like someone around was too excited, and powerful, sharp spirit energy inadvertently leaked out.

His backpack, which had been used for more than ten years, had also exceeded its limit due to excessive wear and tear.

In short, Meng Chao's backpack suddenly broke, and four small beads wrapped in mud shells fell out.

At first glance, the four beads that were slightly bigger than the pebbles looked like four century eggs.

However, one of them crashed heavily on the ground before someone stepped on it. The mud shell broke as it was crushed, and an extremely dazzling brilliance emanated from the crack. It was also accompanied by a strange fragrance.

The scene was too chaotic.

Most of the people were shouting angrily with flushed faces.

Most of them cast their burning gazes at the secret police and Supernatural Tower staff.

Most of them did not notice the insignificant interlude beneath their feet.

Even if they smelled the faint fragrance, it was impossible to differentiate it from the sour smell of sweat on so many of the angry men.

However, the veteran Reaper, who had been watching and listening the entire time, seemed to react reflexively. His eyebrows perked up, and lightning burst out of his eyes.

Following the scent, he quickly locked onto the "century eggs" that were rolling on the ground.

When he saw that the crack on one "century egg" was emitting a brilliance akin to a babbling stream, he could not hide the shock and greed on his face no matter how hard he pretended to be calm.

Unfortunately, before he could carefully identify the unique fragrance and the brilliance, Meng Chao was already squatting on the ground. He cursed as he grabbed the four "century eggs" and stuffed them back into his backpack.

Meng Chao stared at his surroundings with the eyes of a ravenous beast, observing if anyone had noticed his treasure.

He secured the tear on his backpack and then wrapped the backpack in front of his chest, as though he would willingly risk his life for the treasure in his backpack at any time.

He seemed to realize that the chaos was getting worse and worse. It was impossible to trade there today.

Plus, his treasure that accidentally fell might attract the covetous eyes of others.

Meng Chao grumbled a little with a gloomy face and turned around to squeeze out of the crowd.

From the beginning to the end, he did not even look at the veteran Reaper.

However, the veteran Reaper's line of sight never left the backpack on Meng Chao's chest.

The situation today had gotten so chaotic that the veteran Reaper had originally planned to lay low.

Yet, the more he thought about the brilliance and strange fragrance, the more he could taste it.

It was like a barb, piercing his heart deeply.

The veteran Reaper contemplated it, squeezed out of the crowd, and summoned a few of his subordinates.

On the first floor, at the Monster Market's entrance, Meng Chao lowered the brim of the fisherman's hat he had just bought and began to leave.

"Friend, please wait."

The veteran Reaper smiled and quickly stepped forward.

In an instant, Meng Chao was like a cheetah who had discovered a trap. His muscles tensed to the limit.

Even the scar on his right arm, all the way up to his neck, had turned clear red. The color was so thick that it looked like blood was about to drip down.

He glared at the veteran Reaper.

Then, he looked out of the corner of his eye and scanned his surrounding environment, looking for the fellow's accomplice.

If they got into a scuffle, he would use his fingernails to slice the veteran Reaper's throat and then run away. "Don't be nervous, my friend. I have no ill intentions!"

The veteran Reaper was used to seeing a sensitive superhuman like Meng Chao.

He immediately spread his empty hands, and the smile on his face became even brighter. "This is the Monster Market, and the main road is outside. There are pedestrians and surveillance cameras everywhere. There are three law enforcement agencies that belong to different systems within a radius of eight hundred meters. They should all know about the farce that's happened on the second floor and have received the distress signal. A large group of people is on its way.

"No one dares to mess around here. Don't worry, don't worry." Meng Chao's malicious gaze did not disappear just because of the veteran Reaper's words.

He studied the veteran Reaper from head to toe for a long time before he spoke in a rough voice that sounded like sandpaper. "What do you do?!"

"I'm the person you're looking for."

The veteran Reaper pointed at the backpack on Meng Chao's chest with his gaze. "It's not convenient here. Shall we move to the side, find a place, and have a good chat?"

Meng Chao instinctively hugged his backpack tightly as if no one could take it away from him.

However, right then, an unknown law enforcement agency, an ambulance, or perhaps a fire engine sounded in the distance.

Meng Chao was like a startled bird. His face changed, and the corners of his mouth, as well as his eyes, twitched more intensely.

"Don't be nervous, I really mean no harm."

The veteran Reaper smiled and introduced himself. "I'm one of Giant-toothed Crocodile's people. Since you've brought your treasure here, you must have heard of the name, 'Giant-toothed Crocodile' and know what kind of person our boss is, my friend.

"No one dares to play tricks on our boss' territory, and our boss will never let any of his friends suffer a loss. No matter what treasures you have, they can be sold at the highest price in the city. It can't be helped. After all, our boss likes to make friends."

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes.

It appeared that he was considering whether the veteran Reaper's words were true or false.

His overly cautious look caused the veteran Reaper to burst into laughter. "Don't tell me you think that someone would dare to impersonate Giant-toothed Crocodile's subordinate? Am I crazy? Do I have the guts to use Giant-toothed Crocodile's name to lie and cheat? Wouldn't I be afraid of being dismembered and thrown into the Red Dragon River and Raging Tiger River?"