

Oh My God! Earthlings Are Insane!

Chapter 19: Hope in Darkness

“Quick, use mithril-based cooling and stabilizing solution!”

Meng Chao put the yellow crystal into stabilizing solution and shut the lid tightly. It was only then that he relaxed.

“It’s really an etherealized neurosphere, and it’s really fresh. It’s at least 80% active! And it’s in perfect condition!”

The harvesters stared at the container for a long time as they kept crying out in surprise.

An etherealized neurosphere was a mutated organ unique to high-grade monsters.

They were normal neurospheres which were nourished by spirit energy and crystalized after spirit energy permeated them after a long time.

They were often used to create high-grade nerve growth liquid, and they were extremely useful when repairing damaged spine nerves.

They could also be placed into small battle machines to create “thinking war trucks”.

The etherealized neurosphere was incredibly fragile and unstable, so it was not easy to bring it out of a monster’s body without damaging it.

Hence, the royalty given to harvesters who got them out was much higher. No matter how harsh Shen Rongfa was, he still had to give them three points, which were worth at least ten thousand or twenty thousand when converted to money!

The uneducated men could no longer find any words to compliment Meng Chao as a natural born harvester.

'It can't be just because he's in a key high school that his skills are so good. Could it be because of a girl?'

9

Meng Chao was very happy. He lifted the semi-transparent container and stared at it for a long time.

"Be careful, freshly removed etherealized neurospheres are very active. They cannot withstand heavy tremors," Meng Yishan reminded him with a laugh.

At some point in time, his son had surpassed his imagination. Truly, he had been worried for nothing.

Meng Chao answered with a hum. He slowly turned the container around to admire the neurosphere before his expression suddenly changed.

He drew closer to observe it, and greed shone in his eyes.

"A'chao, you..." Since a father knew his son best, Meng Yishan knew that Meng Chao was tempted.

One of the harvesters suddenly said, "By the way, Big Brother Meng, Young Chao was injured last year, and his injury is mainly at the spine, right?"

"That's right!" Another harvester's eyes light up. "Won't an etherealized neurosphere from a Golden Spirit be the best medicine for him?" he asked excitedly.

The group looked at each other, then looked around them. There seemed to be no one around them, and their breathing became heavy.

"Enough!" Meng Yishan frowned deeply and grabbed the container. "A'chao, don't even think about it," he said with a dark expression. "This is the spoils of war belonging to the person who risked his life to kill this monster. We're just harvesting the monster on his behalf."

Meng Chao wanted to defend himself. "Dad, I didn't..."

“I know that you want to get into college, and I know just how much of a shock you went through when you were injured last year. At the end of the day, I’m useless.”

Meng Yishan’s eyes turned cloudy with tears, and his voice grew hoarse, but he still sounded determined. “But no matter how poor or desperate we get, we can’t take someone else’s things.”

Meng Chao scratched his head.

‘Dad... seriously misunderstood me. But there’s too many people around. I’ll explain things to him later. I’ll tell him that my injuries are almost healed.’

“It’s my fault. I’ll do everything I can to help you get into college, but we really can’t do this. If we leave behind a stain in your life, your entire life will be ruined. Even if no one discovers it, you’ll feel guilty, and you’ll never be happy.”

2

Meng Yishan spoke solemnly. “A’chao, I have nothing to say about your harvesting skills, but the most important thing about being a harvester isn’t your skill... but knowing how to keep your hands to yourself.

“This is a job that will allow you to see the treasures in the world. Sooner or later, you’ll start harboring impure thoughts and touch what you shouldn’t touch. In the end, your reputation will be ruined, and you’ll have a miserable end. This is something that often happens to people in our field.

“If you really can’t control yourself, no matter how talented you are, I won’t bring you into this job. You can do whatever you like, as long as you remain dignified and a proper human being who can stand with his back straight and eat happily. As long as you do that, you’ll forever be a son I will be proud of!”

As Meng Chao faced his father’s stern lecture, which was born out of a sense of justice, he thought about it, and he decided to bring his father to a corner later for a talk.

“Dad, enough with it. I’ll be able to control myself.” He stopped looking at the container.

1

“A’chao, you should go and rest on the side.” Meng Yishan could no longer bear looking at his son.

“Young Chao, come over here and eat something.” The harvesters found it a great pity, so they called Meng Chao over to eat.

Harvesting shell-type monsters was a physically taxing job.

Meng Chao might have excellent willpower, but no matter what, he was only seventeen years old. During the first half of the night, he fought against monsters for two hours, and during the second half of the night, he fought monsters for another two hours. Now that he relaxed, he found that his arms were numb, and his fingers hurt a lot.

He took a bite of a warm, high-calorie nutritional meal which could heat up on its own and slowly used the secret technique given to him as a bonus when he achieved Perfect Level Basic Gun Technique to exercise his fingers.

Connections, money, and a source of carcasses.

He thought about it all.

Just when he was about to come up with an excuse to call his father out so that they could have a heart to heart, he suddenly heard an abnormal sound in the moaning wind.

1

A fragment of a memory from his previous life flashed in his mind.

His ears perked up, and his expression filled with delight the moment he discovered the etherealized neurosphere.

He wasn’t mistaken, right? Could it be?

Meng Chao got up quickly, and he was instantly filled with energy again.

He might have the chance to get their first bucket of gold this time!

“Dad, Uncles, I’m suddenly really tired. Please work hard. I’ll be going to the harvester’s camp to rest for a while. The camp is at the entrance of the steel

factory, right? It's fine, just go on ahead with your job. I can go there by myself!"

After saying that, Meng Chao ran off.

"Slow down! Be careful not to trip over carcasses and cut yourself!" Meng Yishan could only shout behind him.

When he saw his son disappearing into the dark night, he clenched his fists tightly.

"Hello, is this Big Brother Shen? We dissected a Golden Spirit just now..." Meng Yishan told Shen Rongfa on the phone.

"What?!"

All the harvesters heard the screech from the other side of the phone. "Are you mad? You're not qualified to dissect a Golden Spirit! Why didn't you wait for Superintendent Gu? If you damage the materials, Mr. Hu might kill you!"

Meng Yishan was scolded badly through the phone, but he did not even bat an eye. He waited until the moment he could speak again and said a few words.

He hung up the phone and picked the container carefully. "Hey, you lot, I'll be bringing the etherealized neurosphere for Big Brother Shen to handle it. This thing isn't stable, and even if we placed it in a mithril container, it can go out of control very easily."

All his friends knew what he was thinking. "Big Brother Meng, you want to buy it from Big Brother Shen?"

Meng Yishan's eyes shone. He looked down at his dirty anti-corrosion boots and said softly, "This is A'chao's only hope."

1

"Big Brother Shen isn't someone who's easy to talk to." His friends shook their heads. "He won't give you a staff price, and he might even try to rob your wallet dry. Besides, even if he gives you a staff price, will you have the money to pay for it?"

“I’ve thought about it. I can still work for a few years. At most, I won’t be your captain anymore and sign a long-term contract with Big Brother Shen so that I can get him to pay me a few years’ worth of salary in advance,” Meng Yishan said. “Big Brother Shen has been thinking about making me sign a level two contract with him for a long time. He’ll agree to it.”

“Are you mad?”

His friends were so shocked that their faces turned pale. “A level two contract means that you will need to handle incredibly dangerous high-grade monsters. They have very powerful spirit energy in their bodies, and it’s very common for their carcasses to mutate into the undead or even biochemical bombs. Harvesting those creatures is even more dangerous than sweeping landmines! You’ll be torn to pieces in no time!”

“It’s fine, I know what I’m doing. Continue with your work. I’ll be back soon,” Meng Yishan said stiffly.

He held the container as if he was holding a fragile piece of hope as valuable as crystal. He stepped over the savage and ugly monster carcasses and headed into the darkness while treading on a difficult path.

There was a still burning collapsed building two streets away.

Next to it was a monster which resembled a spider but was one hundred times larger than one.

It also had a lot of the characteristics of a jackal and a wolf. The organs of shell-type monsters and mammal-type monsters had fused in a bizarre fashion within it, and a layer of short, coarse, golden fur covered its body, which gave it a unique presence of a king.

At the spot connecting its head and chest was a fatal wound that split it open, but the creature was not completely dead. The shell on its back was filled with thorns, and all seven of its red eyes were moving about as it released its last bit of savagery.

The creature’s abdomen was still rising and falling, and the shrill sounds it made sounded like a terrifying curse.

Two harvesters, one old and the other young, stared at the savage monster like a piece of fish on a chopping board.

The old man had white hair but a youthful complexion. His eyes shone brilliantly, and there were halos surrounding his pupils.

The teenage girl had a youthful face, and there was a faint hint of pride on her face. She crossed her arms over her chest, which hid her hands that wore a pair of white gloves that were not made of gold or metal but were as thin as cicada's wings.

1

"Xueshi. Lately, your progress in learning the Seven Dissection Methods Performed in Reverse has gotten pretty good. Today, I'll have you practice on this Seven-eyed Wolf Spider." The old man's voice was sonorous and relaxed.

"Eight minutes, Grandpa. I'll finish the task in eight minutes."

Ning Xueshi knelt down on one knee and opened an exquisite silver-white toolbox.

The toolbox was like the Linglong Tower. When she opened it, it was separated into eight layers. Each layer was filled with a dazzling array of strangely shaped harvesting tools. They were much more exquisite than Meng Yishan's abzes, chisels, axes, and saws.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The teenage girl tapped about with her fingers, and a knife started flying between them like a butterfly.

Suddenly, it disappeared, and she let out a light huff before she looked to the side in displeasure.

Thud, thud, thud.

Someone ran over while stumbling from the other end of the street.

Meng Chao had been fighting and harvesting the entire night, so he was so tired that even his bladder was hurting. He panted and gasped for breath as he placed his hands on his knees.

“Grandpa, there’s someone over there.” Ning Xueshi quirked an eyebrow and grumbled softly, “Does he even know the rules? No Tom, Dick, and Harry is allowed to watch my family’s techniques.”

The old man looked up and saw Prosperous’ logo on Meng Chao’s protective clothing, along with the red band that said “Intern” on his arm. He could not help but smile.

“Oh well, he’s just an intern from a small commoner company. He’s not a real harvester, so it’s only natural that he doesn’t know the rules,” the old man said gently. “These young’uns living in society are actually very pitiful. They can’t inherit any legacies and can’t learn any ingenious techniques. It’s very easy for them to get hurt when they harvest monsters. They’re all working with their lives on the line.

“Since he has the heart to improve, let him watch. It’ll depend on him just how much he can learn.”

“Grandpa, you’re becoming more and more soft-hearted lately.” Ning Xueshi was displeased, and she glared at Meng Chao again. “Hey, lucky boy. You’re interning nearby, but you came over to steal our technique? Well, at least you have good judgment.

“If you really want to learn, then be smart about it! See that teacup on the side? Serve my grandpa tea, and do it well! This is a chance people can’t get even if they fight for it!”