



Chapter 300 King of Crimson Hell

What? Blood Wolf looked at the herb Blood Buddha handed him as disbelief welled up in his eyes. “Master, c-can this herb really help me repair my dantian?” The news was equally shocking and exciting. Exhilaration glinted in Blood Wolf’s eyes because he thought this was the end of the line for him, but with this unexpected news...

“That’s right.” Blood Buddha smiled. “This herb is called the Mexican Devil and is native to Lop Nur. I stayed in that barren place for five years, but even so, I only managed to find two sprigs of it! I have already taken one of them, so this is the last one.”

He found two sprigs in five years. As he listened to his master, Blood Wolf finally understood why his master chose to stay hidden in Lop Nur, and tears welled up in his eyes. “Master, was your dantian ruined back then?” he asked Blood Buddha because if his master’s dantian was fine, he couldn’t understand why his master searched



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for the Mexican Devil, even though he was already strong enough.

Blood Buddha didn't answer his disciple's question. Instead, he looked into the direction of the Southwest as if he could see past the night sky and time, looking back into the deadly fights and his vicious comrades back in the day. "Yes, when I came back to China five years ago, my dantian was already in pieces. My strength kept on falling, but I didn't want to give up hope because of this person."

As Blood Buddha reminisced, a gaunt figure popped up in his mind. That person wore a demon mask all the time, so even though Blood Buddha stood guard by his side 24/7, he couldn't remember how the man looked. But it was precisely this man whose face Blood Buddha had never seen before that kept his fighting spirit alive; he didn't want to give up because of him.



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Blood Wolf was thunderstruck by his master's explanation; he couldn't imagine the kind of person who could gain the loyalty of someone as strong as his master.

Staying at a barren wasteland like Lop Nur meant he would have to endure unimaginable loneliness. There was no tasty food, decent drinks, or friends. Basically, there was nothing there. Any ordinary human would go crazy after living there for a year. Still, a menace like Blood Buddha stayed there for five years to find the Mexican Devil and repaired his dantian just for one man whose charisma was unimaginable to Blood Wolf.

"Who is that man, Master? I used to see you looking in the Southwest direction. Where is he right now?" Blood Wolf's curiosity was piqued.

When he followed Blood Buddha in the past, every night, he would notice his



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master sitting under the night sky like a crying lone wolf longing for its pack. Even until now, Blood Wolf could never forget his master's remembrance and sorrow. "That man?" As Blood Buddha thought of him, he smiled warmly. "That man is like God. He was thirteen when he came to China alone, but he managed to defeat ten gold assassins and one international menace. I'll never forget the scrawny kid who crawled back to the base with his body covered in injuries. From that day onward, he became the King of Darkness for all of us."

That was a shocking revelation that sent a chill down Blood Wolf's spine, as an international gold assassin with the strength that rivaled him before he was hurt would mean that he was in the Grandmaster realm. In other words, a thirteen-year-old killed ten Grandmasters and a more potent international menace. *This is unbelievable!*



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“It’s unbelievable, right?” Blood Buddha smiled when he noticed the shock in his disciple’s eyes. “You’re not the only one who thinks that way. Even I think it’s unimaginable every time I think of it, but that child was destined to create miracles. From the moment he claimed the Throne of Darkness at the age of thirteen, he started leading us on a path of conquest. The Hall of Hades and the Abyss of the Eight Gods were destroyed by us. Camp Deathmatch in the Americas, Valley of Asura in Asia, and Europe’s Land 13 were annihilated by that man.”

What? A chill ran up Blood Wolf’s spine as he listened to his master. Camp Deathmatch, Valley of Asura, and Land 13 were big names ten years ago because all their members were unimaginably strong. However, five years ago, they were all destroyed, and among them, Hall of Hades, along with the Abyss of the Eight Gods were the most spine-chilling existences. They used t



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o be the powers that ruled the world, so no one dared offend them, or else death would be their fate. The unimaginable part here was that their annihilation had something to do with his master and that mysterious man.

“Master, what is that man’s name? W-What realm is he in?” Blood Wolf was at a loss for words. He thought being a top-tier grandmaster was already powerful enough, but now he found out that the mysterious man could kill more than ten Grandmasters like him when he was just thirteen, let alone now. That mysterious man probably wouldn’t even find him worthy to kill now.

“I don’t know what he looks like, nor do I know his name.” *What? Blood Wolf was blown away. Master followed that man for years and killed countless people, but he doesn’t even know what he looks like? He doesn’t even know his name? Impossible!*



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“This is an unquestionable rule.” Blood Buddha looked at his disciple. “That’s a land of death. Unless he wants you to know who he is, you cannot ask him under any circumstances,” he said seriously. “Every time he appeared before us, he would be wearing a demon mask. From then onward, demons and skulls became our symbol and pride; he is also known as the King of Crimson Hell.”

So it's him! A chill ran up Blood Wolf’s spine when he heard the mention of the King of Crimson Hell. For three years, he had been active in the world of assassins after he left Blood Buddha, and the stories he heard the most were about the King of Crimson Hell. Countless international professionals respected that name, while numerous great assassins worshipped that name. Blood Wolf used to be confused as to why these heavy hitters behaved this way because to him, the legend of the King of Crimson Hell was too bizarre. However, now

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that he had heard it from his master, he understood why the King of Crimson Hell was the emperor and deity of the global underworld.



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