

## **Ad Infinitum 511**

### Chapter 511: Blind Spot

They hadn't obtained many benefits over the years, only considerable pain. Many citizens felt their emotions rouse up because of Gaius's words.

The public security officers and city defense forces—who were in charge of maintaining order—felt their hearts skip a beat as they had an ominous feeling. Looking at the dense crowd of citizens in the square, they couldn't help but gulp a mouthful of saliva.

They were so nervous that their mouths were dry. If so many people are to be stirred up by Gaius and rush to the Senate, the Administrative Office, and other places, displaying serious violent tendencies, will we stop them or not? Should we fire?

Although instructions from the top were for them not to be soft-hearted, and they had tried their best to stop their families, relatives, and friends from participating in this Citizen Meet, First City was definitely not small. It was the largest city in the Ashlands, but it couldn't be considered too large. After subtracting the foreign nomads, large body of slaves, and the people who participated in the army's defense of other settlements and subordinate city states, the number of citizens was only a few hundred thousand. Many people could be considered related through some contrived connections.

Anyone would hesitate and be soft-hearted if they wanted to fire at an acquaintance.

Besides, was Gaius lying? No, in these public security officers and city defense soldiers' eyes, this general spoke to their hearts. It was what they usually saw and heard.

Gaius didn't proceed to echo everyone's thoughts; instead, he took the opportunity to explain how First City's overall situation had been slowly eroded and destroyed. He then said, "Many of you probably don't have your own land."

This sentence was like a spark falling into a pot of oil, instantly detonating the atmosphere.

People shouted from different parts of the square. "We want land!"

"We want land!"

Gaius stretched out his left hand and pressed it down, requesting silence so that they could listen to him. “You lost your land for many reasons. Some encountered extreme weather, and your food production plummeted. You then had no choice but to borrow from certain people and certain institutions. The interest accumulated day by day, and such things happened again and again, forcing you to sell assets to pay off the debt. Finally, you handed over land.

“Some had bumper harvests, yet the people who occupy a large amount of land deliberately start a price war, causing you to lose more than you gain in other aspects apart from being able to fill your stomach. You also have to pay taxes in full. Year after year, you still end up on the path of debt.

“Some had relatives fall seriously ill, some encountered bandits, some were guarantors of loans that went wrong, and some encountered sudden disasters... In short, they were forced to borrow money and fell into a vicious cycle.

“What do the Senate and the person in charge of the Administrative Office say? They say that this is either your own fault or your own problem. It’s either normal competition or a misfortune that they are sympathetic toward but can’t provide help from the perspective of the law.”

As they listened to Gaius’s speech, many people recalled their own or their fathers’ encounters. All of these cases could be connected to them or their family.

Being inundated with such explanations from the upper class, they indeed believed that the problem lay with them. Therefore, they felt even more aggrieved and angry. They could only hope that First City would continue expanding so that they could use the fire in their hearts to exchange for new land.

At this moment, Gaius deliberately paused for a few seconds before saying, “No, they’re lying!”

His voice was raised, and with the microphone’s help, it made everyone’s ears ring. Their hearts raced.

Gaius looked around and said, “Some people indeed destroy their families because of their alcoholism, laziness, or indulgence and have to sell their land, but that is only a small minority. Most citizens will be forced to sell their land after their food production is reduced, and their harvests will also slowly move toward the selling of their lands. They just happen to last a few more years.

“In such a reality, your land will ultimately be concentrated in the hands of a certain group of people no matter what you do. Do you not understand the reason? I’ll tell you why! Where were the Senate and Administrative Office when you encountered extreme weather, had food production reduced, and needed help?”

“Where were the Senate and Administrative Office when there was a bumper harvest, a price decline, and public acquisitions to ensure stability?”

“When the unreasonable interest accumulates time and time again and becomes exaggerated enough, where were the Senate and Administrative Office?”

“Where were the Senate and Administrative Office when you only needed them to extend a helping hand once in a while through the difficulties and enter a virtuous cycle?”

“Some of them are busy purchasing cheap land, busy lending to you through their associates, busy arranging for people to criticize you on the newspapers, on the radio, and on television that you don’t know how to run a business, refuse to learn, and aren’t good at farming!”

When Gaius paused, the entire Hope Square was silent. It was so silent that Sheriff Wall and the other nobles suspected that a huge maelstrom was brewing.

At this moment, they felt like flames were emitting from the eyes of the public security officers and city defense soldiers around them.

Gaius—who had always been serious and expressionless—made his face glow with excitement. “They are busy participating in banquets, eating away a cow and many sheep every single time. They are busy counting Oray and buying exquisite clothes and accessories. They are busy worshiping evil gods and indulging their desires, engaging in naked orgies! They are busy colluding with cults and our number one enemy. They are colluding internally and externally to consolidate power!”

“Everything in First City was exchanged with our minds and blood. We bestow the Senate power through the Citizen Meets, yet is this how they treat us? We are First City’s true owners. We need a strong representative to eliminate those vermin and monitor their every move!”

Gaius shouted at the top of his lungs, making every citizen’s eyes light up with zeal.

Just as Wall thought that the gunpowder keg was about to explode, Gaius changed the topic. “I believe you’ve already heard that Elder Varro colluded with the Salvation Army and the Anti-intellectualism Church to harm First City, but he was protected by someone from the Senate and has yet to be convicted.”

Just as Gaius said that, a deafening shout sounded in the square. “Punish Varro severely! Punish Varro severely!”

Uh... Wall was a little surprised. He didn’t expect that his father-in-law’s final target was only Varro—who was about to be stripped of his status as an Elder—and not the consul and commander-in-chief, Beulis. He wasn’t one of the upper-class people in the Senate that were either conservative or neutral and refused to change the situation aggressively.

This is good, this is good... At least the conflict can be controlled to a certain extent and won’t bring about any major unrest... Wall heaved a sigh of relief, but he didn’t dare to be too at ease because this was only the current situation. If the Senate refused to compromise, the matter would naturally escalate and affect the entire city, making it impossible to clean up the mess.

...

Somewhere near the Golden Apple Zone in the Red Wolf Zone.

Shang Jianyao put on his sunglasses and took a few brisk steps. He then bent down and took out something from a gap in a building’s wall—it was a pass that Phocas had gotten someone to put here.

After placing the pass under the windshield, Bai Chen drove into the Golden Apple Zone.

They soon encountered the first temporary checkpoint.

The city guards confirmed the authenticity of the pass and let them pass without a search.

“Phew...” Long Yuehong—who was in the back row—slowly exhaled.

“Don’t say a word!” Shang Jianyao reminded ‘cautiously.’

“I didn’t want to say anything,” Long Yuehong couldn’t help but retort.

Among the two of them, ‘Garibaldi’ Giuseppe looked around, not understanding why they were arguing.

At this moment, Jiang Baimian looked at the rearview mirror and deliberated before saying, “Giuseppe, our subsequent operation might very well take place amidst the storm after we meet that person. Do you want to find a place to alight and temporarily hide before rendezvousing with us outside the city when everything calms down?”

Ignoring the fact that he was no match for Jiang Baimian and Shang Jianyao, Giuseppe was no match for Long Yuehong either. He wasn’t suitable to participate in an operation that emphasized one’s abilities.

Giuseppe thought for a moment and said, “Just let me alight when we enter Emperor Street. I have a friend who’s a guard captain nearby. He can take me in for a while until the unrest ends.”

If there wasn’t any chaos, the Old Task Force wouldn’t carry out any subsequent operation.

“Alright.” After Jiang Baimian nodded, she looked ahead and didn’t say anything for a long time. It was unknown what she was thinking.

This made Long Yuehong’s heart race. He couldn’t help but ask, “Team Leader, what’s on your mind?”

Jiang Baimian retracted her gaze and nodded slightly. “I’m taking advantage of the last moment of peace to review the changes in First City’s situation and infer the possible developments.”

“I see...” Long Yuehong heaved a sigh of relief.

Before he could finish speaking, Jiang Baimian added, “The more I think about it, the more I feel that we have some blind spots—very important blind spots...”

“Indeed. We all believe that we neglected something.” Shang Jianyao raised his hand and stroked his chin.

This... Long Yuehong’s body tensed up again.

Bai Chen—who was driving—probed, “The consul and commander-in-chief’s attitude? The attitudes of First City’s Awakened at the Mind Corridor level and above?”

“These are all factors that have to be analyzed in a model from the beginning...” Jiang Baimian shook her head. “I’ve thought about this many times when I confirmed the plan, but I never found a blind spot. Yes, I plan on quickly reviewing my past experiences to see if I can find inspiration.”

At this point, she took the opportunity to educate her team members. “When you hit a dead end while thinking about a problem, you can attempt to extricate yourself from it to analyze your past experiences and try to make analogies.”

“Mm.” Long Yuehong indicated that he had learned something.

The jeep slowly drove forward, and it was quiet inside. Everyone was seriously considering or inferring the subsequent changes First City would undergo.

After nearly ten minutes, Jiang Baimian suddenly sat up straight and blurted out, “I recalled our experience in Redstone Collection. Hey and I were watched by the Kalendaria, Eidolon Nun.”

As Long Yuehong and Bai Chen were a little confused, Shang Jianyao clenched his right fist and punched his left palm. “Right, we forgot the Kalendarium!”

Jiang Baimian tersely acknowledged his words and said in a deep voice, “Even a Kalendaria watches over the changes in a small place like Redstone Collection. How can First City—the largest faction in the Ashlands—ignore the Kalendarium’s attitudes?”

...

Somewhere in the Golden Apple Zone.

First City's consul and commander-in-chief, Beulis, walked into an extremely dark chamber with thick curtains.

## Chapter 512: Attitudes

"The Kalendarium's attitudes?" Long Yuehong suddenly felt that this matter had become very surreal. How do the changes in First City involve the Kalendarium? Could it be that all the years of war and strife in the Ashlands were machinated by the Kalendarium?

To Long Yuehong, this was like suddenly telling him that the heavens had decided that he would eat braised eggplants, roasted chicken wings, white rice, and iced Coke tonight. If he didn't do as set, it would mean that he was being disrespectful to the heavens and would attract 'His' interference.

Jiang Baimian understood Long Yuehong and Bai Chen's feelings very well. "To be honest, if I hadn't encountered Eidolon Nun's gaze in Redstone Collection's Vigilance Cathedral, I wouldn't have considered the Kalendarium's attitude in a model governing the changes in First City's situation. Ignoring us, normal intelligence personnel definitely won't consider this when analyzing the problem. At most, they will pay attention to the different religions' inclinations."

As she spoke, Jiang Baimian turned around and glanced at 'Garibaldi' Giuseppe.

The Pangu Biology intelligence agent wore a blank look. "What do you mean by the Kalendarium's attitudes?"

Jiang Baimian didn't answer him and continued, "Perhaps many Mind Corridor-level Awakened and Senators won't think about the Kalendarium's attitude when judging a situation's development. All these years, there have been no rumors of the Kalendarium's will affecting the superstructures. The Kalendarium seem to be the most standard deities—they only look down from above and accept faith and worship. They sometimes respond, but they don't interfere with the mortal world. They are closer to legends."

"Mr. DiMarco will curse you if you say that," Shang Jianyao retorted with 'great resentment.'

From the various signs and DiMarco's words, he should've been suppressed in the Underground Ark by the Kalendaria, Eidolon Nun. He had also been sealed to a certain extent, restricting his activity in the Mind Corridor.

Jiang Baimian took the opportunity to say, "Although we can't rule out the possibility that most of the Kalendarium aren't interested in the Ashlands or the mortal world, there are a total of 13 of

‘Them.’ There will always be a few that like to watch their churches and observe the situational changes in certain places.”

“Eidolon Nun probably once said, ‘you just need to say my electronic card number,’” Shang Jianyao echoed in a teasing manner.

Recalling the battle with DiMarco in the Underground Ark, Bai Chen—who was driving—nodded and said, “Indeed. Not only do we have to consider the various religions in the city, but we also have to pay attention to the Kalendarium’s attitude. At a critical moment, the development of the situation might change just because of two gazes sent over from the New World.”

Jiang Baimian’s eyes flickered as she muttered to herself, “We can preliminarily determine this: The Eternal Time Church helped First City seal Wu Meng. The Crystal Consciousness Church can preach in First City and often provides help to the officials. The Mirror Church sent Mind Corridor-level Awakened to protect Avia and Marcus—Oray’s two descendants. This means that the three Kalendarium—Master Zhuang, Subhuti, and Shattered Mirror—are biased toward First City’s official factions.

“Judging from the various incidents presently, the Anti-intellectualism Church and the Church of Paragon Desire want to kill the Senate’s Centrist faction. Furthermore, they left behind clues that point at the Conservatives. This means that they hope for First City’s situation to become chaotic. In other words, the Kalendarium—Last Man and Mandara—might very well be standing opposite First City’s official factions.

“Similarly, the Kalendarium—Monitor—that the behavioral artists believe in should be the same. As for the attitude of Shadow of Distortion—whose believers are widely distributed in the military—and Dawn, who General Phocas believes in, it’s still unknown. However, the latter seems to want to exploit this chaos like us.”

As for the other Kalendarium—Door of Scorching, Eidolon Nun, Arbiter of Fate, Double Sun, and Golden Scale—their believers had never participated in First City’s recent developments. At the very least, the Old Task Force had never seen them before, so they had no way of judging their attitudes.

Long Yuehong listened carefully and asked in confusion, “Why do the Kalendarium value power struggles in the secular world? The winning side can preach publicly and recruit believers, while the losing side will be banished underground and be besieged?”



This was the most reasonable explanation Long Yuehong could think of, but the Kalendarium usually ignored their believers and rarely replied. They didn't seem to care much.

"Who knows?" Jiang Baimian casually replied.

The Kalendarium and humans were too far apart. Most of the time, they couldn't use common sense and experience to analyze.

Long Yuehong didn't expect an answer either and said, "Team Leader, according to your analysis, it doesn't matter if we suddenly ignore the Kalendarium's attitude. By grasping their Churches' inclinations, it would represent their attitudes. And that isn't our blind spot—we previously considered them."

He felt that it was meaningless for Jiang Baimian to mention the Kalendarium so seriously apart from scaring him.

Jiang Baimian smiled. "Not bad. You know how to stop believing in authority and think independently. On the surface, there's nothing wrong with what you said—we just need to take those religious organizations into consideration. But if you take the premise that the Kalendarium might personally take action, you will discover that the responses from different factions and powerhouses will definitely change on certain key questions."

At this point, Jiang Baimian laughed self-deprecatingly. "Of course, this knowledge is very important to people who are deeply involved. To us, we just have to remember one thing: No matter which religious organization you encounter in the next few days, don't provoke them. Also, try your best not to participate in activities held by the friendly Churches. Otherwise, you might be implicated, and we'll have no way of resisting."

Jiang Baimian still had a fresh memory of the fear and helplessness brought about by Eidolon Nun's gaze.

"Am I considered a member of a friendly Church?" Shang Jianyao asked.

"No, you have the Blessings from all Kalendarium pictures." Jiang Baimian patronized Shang Jianyao with an answer that didn't have any logical connections.

At this moment, Bai Chen had already driven the car near Emperor Street.

Jiang Baimian turned to her side and said to ‘Garibaldi’ Giuseppe, “You can get off now.”

Giuseppe—who had been hearing the Kalendarium discussion the entire journey—had a blank look. He didn’t seem to know what day and age it was or where he was. What the heck are y’all talking about!?

At this moment, Giuseppe had the absurd feeling that it was akin to a discussion among a few rookie Hunters, car rental company employees, and bathhouse attendants about the replacement of First City’s Senators and the power struggles in the Hunter’s Guild.

But reality was even more exaggerated—a few humans were actually discussing the attitudes of some so-called Kalendarium!

Giuseppe silently pushed open the door, climbed out of the jeep, and walked toward a nearby house.

After watching his figure disappear around a roadside tree, Jiang Baimian sighed with emotion. “Gaius’s speech was really provocative...”

They had been listening to the development of the Citizen Meet through First City’s radio station.

“That’s because what he said is true. He exaggerated a little in certain areas at best...” Bai Chen stepped on the accelerator and let the military-green jeep enter Emperor Street.

...

In a secret room shrouded by a thick curtain somewhere in the Golden Apple Zone.

First City’s consul and commander-in-chief, Beulis, looked at the large bed in the middle.

An old man lay on the bed. His hair had already turned white, and it appeared sparse. His arms and face—which weren’t covered by the velvet blanket—were all skin and bones, exposing his blue blood vessels.

There were metal sensors attached all over his body. Stuck to the tip of his nose was a ventilator's socket, and an IV needle was inserted into his vein. He looked like a vegetable that had been in a coma for a long time and relied solely on machines to maintain his vital signs.

It was obvious that this elder wasn't scrawny when he was young, but he looked so thin now.

This was one of First City's founders—Cass, who had lived from the Old World to this day. He was already in his nineties.

Beulis took a few steps forward and said in a respectful tone, "Your Excellency Cass, things are going well. The prey has already stepped into the trap. You can temporarily wake up and give the Anti-intellectualism Church's Eight-Man Council an order."

In First City, only a few people knew that Cass was the Anti-intellectualism Church's Pope—who was said to have gone to the New World to serve the Kalendaria, Last Man, and was in charge of guiding believers!

The Anti-intellectualism Church was a religion he established before entering the New World.

The Anti-intellectualism Church had recently framed Varro and dealt with the Centrist, Phocas. It was all arranged by Beulis through Cass. Their goal was to lure out all the opposition and make them think that there was an opportunity before they were wiped out.

Beulis—who was no longer young and might be forced to take on a featherbed job after his term—hoped to use this 'purge' to make the Senate truly obey him! He was also an ambitious person and admired what Oray had said back then: "How can a consul be better than an emperor?"

Just as Beulis said that, Cass—who was lying in bed—opened his eyes. As his blue eyes reflected the ceiling, the light around him suddenly contracted rapidly, surging toward the body on the bed.

For a moment, the other areas of the chamber became extremely dark. It was pitch-black.

Beulis—who was just one step away from the New World—vaguely felt an illusory door being pushed open.

Thud!

The next second, Beulis felt his memories turn into a book. It was uncontrollably flipped through in the darkness, and page after page fell out.

This... He looked at the figure sitting up on the bed, who had swallowed all the light and was shrouded in darkness. He couldn't see its exact appearance, but he then said in a deep voice, "Y-you aren't His Excellency Cass..."

The figure sitting on the bed laughed hollowly. "Yes, you can call me Truth—the existence destined to replace Last Man."

...

In Hope Square.

The agitated citizens shouted 'punish Varro severely' as they cast their gazes at the Senate not far away.

Gaius waved his hand. "Let's go over and let all the Elders hear our cries!"

"Punish Varro severely!"

"Punish Varro severely!"

Under the guidance of some people, the citizens participating in the meet rushed toward the Senate in an orderly manner.

Chapter 513: Never Putting All the Eggs in One Basket

Outside the Senate, the city defense forces had already formed several human walls with anti-riot shields. They were all holding weapons in their hands, but their hearts were drumming when facing the dense mass of countless citizens.

They still had the courage to use tear gas, but they had to fire with real guns to cause damage if the tear gas was ineffective and failed to stop the demonstration from turning into a riot. None of them could make a decisive decision.

Although General Phocas had already given the order and said that he would shoulder all responsibility later, anyone would have their own reservations in the face of such a situation. They would consider the development of the matter and their backup options. They would also wonder if their families, relatives, and friends who didn't listen to their advice and insisted on joining the meet were among the citizens at the gathering. They would be averse toward the imagined outcome of bloodied corpses strewn across the ground.

These city guards were also citizens of First City, and Gaius's speech resonated with them. Furthermore, they didn't dare to fire indiscriminately even if there was nobody they cared about among the gathered citizens.

This was no longer a problem the minority faced. Most of the citizens in the city were responding to Gaius's speech.

When bloodshed really happened, they would be labeled butchers that had betrayed the citizens and had their hands covered in blood. These city defense soldiers didn't dare to imagine what their future in the city would be like.

It was impossible for them to live in exile forever, and it was impossible for them not to move alone or with a few people forever. Furthermore, First City's citizens had combat in their DNA. Many of them were Hunters, and they had extremely high gun ownership. It was impossible to guard against their snipers.

This would make their normal trip down the streets a walk into the enemy's lair—a lair that was very conducive for guerrilla warfare. The concrete jungle could instantly transform into a jungle of death!

As the city defense forces prayed to the various Kalendarium, hoping that the demonstration would end peacefully, the people in the back row couldn't help but turn their bodies and size up the Senate's doors and windows.

Such places were guarded by people who had light-yellow scales on their faces or protruding eyes that emitted strange shimmering light. Some had four arms and held two rifles at the same time... They were different from normal humans. They were the Subhuman Guard that the Senate had chosen to establish.

These Subhumans were widely hated by First City's citizens for various reasons. If they dared to leave a settlement near the Senate like the handful of instances, they would definitely be attacked, die on the spot, be abducted, or sold elsewhere.

Such a situation forced them to firmly rely on those in power in the Senate and strictly carry out their orders. They definitely didn't care about the casualties of the so-called citizens.

Many of the Subhuman Guards had special abilities. Coupled with advanced weapons, they were rather powerful existences.

“Punish Varro severely!”

“Punish Varro severely!” The citizens shouted loudly. For the time being, there was no raid of the Senate.

The city guards felt their palms wet with cold sweat as they held their weapons.

...

An ordinary-looking jeep turned into Emperor Street.

The security here was even stricter. It was already in the state Long Yuehong imagined—sentries everywhere.

As the Old Task Force didn't turn in the direction that led to Unit 9, had an authentic pass, and didn't 'carry' any heavy weapons, a large number of gazes—either openly or covertly—retracted when they turned into another corner.

Bai Chen forcefully fixed her gaze ahead and silently drove.

Before long, they arrived outside the garden villa of Unit 15. They turned into a small road and arrived at a very quiet area with no patrollers.

The four Old Task Force members didn't alight. They only rolled down the window and waited for the person mentioned in the company's telegram to meet them.

After about 15 minutes, a green parrot flew out of the garden and landed on the top of the side door. It looked at the Old Task Force, opened its mouth, and spoke in perfect Ashlandic. “Angelica Sinensis! Angelica Sinensis!”

Ah... Long Yuehong was stunned and couldn't believe his eyes. The person the company sent us to meet is actually a parrot? I-is this scientific?

Shang Jianyao was excited. “Are you a product of the company's latest research, a mutated bird at the Mind Corridor level?”

The parrot looked at Shang Jianyao and replied, “Retard.”

“...” Jiang Baimian began to wonder if the bird's owner was a person who spewed vulgarities.

Shang Jianyao retorted seriously, “There's something wrong with your choice of words. You should be calling me crazy.”

You know yourself well... Under the current situation, Long Yuehong couldn't help but criticize inwardly.

“You're nuts!” The bird readily agreed. It then said, “Follow me.”

It flapped its wings and slowly flew behind the side door.

This garden villa belonged to Elder Meyers. He had a deep relationship with Pangu Biology's Chief Scientist, Elder Huang.

Due to this, Jiang Baimian boldly pushed open the car door and followed.

Shang Jianyao ran faster than her.

The side door wasn't locked and was ajar. There were no guards or servants nearby, giving off the feeling that this place had been abandoned for a long time. However, the neat lawn and the orderly garden made Long Yuehong and Bai Chen know that it was only their illusion.

Following the green parrot, the Old Task Force passed through the garden, walked across the lawn, and arrived at the main building.

There was also an ajar door here.

After entering the villa, Jiang Baimian and the others saw the green parrot fly into the nearest room.

Shang Jianyao turned his head and said without deliberately controlling his voice, “There’s only one person inside.”

Jiang Baimian nodded slightly, indicating that she sensed the same.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

The door was clearly half-open, but Shang Jianyao still politely knocked three times.

“Please come in.” A female voice sounded from the room.

The Old Task Force pushed open the door and realized that it was a brightly lit activity room. On the dark-red carpet were coffee tables, sofas, chairs, and other things.

At this moment, a woman—who didn’t seem to be 30 yet—was sitting on the sofa, and she had her long blonde hair tied up. Not only did she have outstanding facial features, but her skin was also very good, exceeding what was possible of the Red River ethnicity.

Genetic enhancement... Long Yuehong instinctively made a judgment.

Click!

Shang Jianyao didn’t forget to close the door.

The woman stood up and looked at them. She then smiled and stretched out her right hand. “Let me introduce myself: I’m Elder Meyers’s youngest daughter. You can call me Kanna.”



“The company sent us to meet you?” Jiang Baimian carefully stretched out her hand and shook her hand.

Kanna smiled. “Strictly speaking, I also grew up in the company. I only move around in specific areas and don’t have much contact with other employees.”

Jiang Baimian was stunned when she heard this answer. First City’s Elder Meyers has such a relationship with the company?

Kanna wasn’t surprised by their reaction and casually explained, “In the Old World, my family was an aristocrat left behind from ancient times. We have always believed in a philosophy: You can’t put all your eggs in one basket. Or rather, the best way to place a bet is to place it on all the possible winners.”

She spoke extremely fluently in Ashlandic. “My father used to be part of First City’s military system and was mainly in charge of battlefield treatment. Once, he chanced upon Elder Huang when conquering a settlement. Yes, he’s the company’s current Chief Scientist, Elder Huang. They had a lot in common in medicine and biology, and they quickly became friends. Back then, Oray seized power and declared himself emperor. That left many First City’s Elders uneasy.

“In order to better the family’s continuation, my father provided the company with biological materials, hoping to nurture a few more descendants in the underground building. This is how I was born—the last one.

“My father’s worries became a reality in a sense. A large number of his heirs died during the subsequent chaos First City suffered after Oray’s death, leaving him with only one son. Although he worked very hard in the subsequent years, he only had two more children due to his age and health. I was relatively lucky to be able to Awaken naturally and undergo genetic enhancement. I was sent to First City a few years ago and returned to my family as an illegitimate daughter.”

Strictly speaking, she’s indeed an illegitimate daughter... Long Yuehong muttered inwardly.

“I see.” Jiang Baimian slowly exhaled.

Kanna wasn’t afraid of being questioned by First City’s intelligence system at all. She could openly participate in a DNA test.

“Have a seat.” Kanna pointed at the sofa and chairs. “I know what you want to do—try making contact with Avia when an opportunity presents itself.”

“Where’s Elder Meyers?” Jiang Baimian asked cautiously.

“Resting upstairs.” Kanna smiled. “Something might happen at the Senate at any moment, so I told him not to go using his illness as an excuse.”

...

Somewhere in the Golden Apple Zone.

First City’s consul and commander-in-chief, Beulis, walked out the door. He swept his blue eyes and said to his attendants and guards in a deep voice, “To the Senate.”

Chapter 514: Spark

First City, Senate.

Mor—who had mounted the Hawkeye sniper rifle by the window—looked at the countless citizens held back by the city defense forces with a solemn expression. He was so nervous that his throat burned, and he yearned for water.

He had heard that many soldiers on the real battlefield had been defeated in such a state, but he didn’t think he would be like them. This was because he was a Subhuman.

The abnormality happened in his brain—even his eyes protruded as if he were a monster from an Old World tale. This allowed him to naturally imagine a trajectory with high accuracy when firing. This allowed him to make advanced adjustments to achieve a nearly 100% hit rate.

Such a specialty made Mor’s father and his siblings become relatively famous Demon Eyes in the North Shore wastelands before they were captured by First City’s army.

They firmly believed that they had obtained the Eyes of God. Be it the Demon Eyes or the Eyes of God, they couldn’t be considered Subhuman. It started with Mor’s grandfather, whose lineage split into several large families. Mor had yet to discover any Subhumans with characteristics and talents that were completely similar to his family.

Mor didn't have any experience in the wilderness because he wasn't even eight when his family was captured by First City's army. He had just learned how to use some firearms back then. Now, he was the captain of a sniper team in the Subhuman Guard.

"I hope there won't be any conflict..." Mor heard his subordinate mutter to himself.

He composed himself, turned his head, and looked at his subordinate with his protruding eyes. "There shouldn't be any major conflicts. Elder Varro—who the citizens have requested to be severely punished—has actually been abandoned by most of the Elders after numerous accusations. If not for the consul's persistence, believing that there has to be sufficient evidence and not just two or three people's testimony, he would've long been thrown out of the window. In such a situation, I doubt the consul will continue insisting on his stance."

As members of the Senate's designated guard, Mor and the others knew a lot about the various things that happened here. However, not many humans had interacted with them, so they failed to notice this.

The ears of Mor's subordinate shrank into black holes, and there was a rather lively-looking eye on his forehead. He gulped and said, "I hope so."

Mor knew that this was what most of the Subhuman Guard thought. Although it was rumored that they could only rely on the Senate who was in power and that they could definitely kill the gathered citizens when push came to shove—which was basically the truth—this didn't mean that they were willing to let the matter devolve into an irreversible state.

When the time came, it would be fine if they succeeded. But if the Senate faction in power failed, all the Subhuman Guard members wouldn't be spared.

Mor remembered that his child always asked him: "Daddy, why can't we leave this community? It seems very lively outside. We want to take a look."

"Daddy, is it really as the radio and television say? When can we go out?"

Every time, Mor could only tell his children in pain, "We are in a very dangerous job. For everyone's safety, minors can't leave the community."

His children inevitably asked, “Daddy, can we not do this job?”

Mor wanted to tell them that everyone would die if they didn’t do this ‘job.’

Therefore, the Subhuman Guard didn’t want a conflict to happen—they wanted their existence to always be a form of intimidation. This was the only way they didn’t have to be afraid of failure. Only then could they continue protecting their family and survive until their descendants gave birth to lucky people whose appearances no longer had any obvious abnormalities.

Of course, Mor would occasionally have the thought that the Senate would obtain the final victory after a conflict erupted. That way, the Subhuman Guard’s status would definitely be higher. They might be able to obtain authorization to command a portion of the normal human army. They might also be able to obtain more companions, multiply the size of the community, and allow the children to have more places to play in.

In that case, they could look forward to the day when Subhumans could stroll and shop openly on First City’s streets.

But Mor was very clear-headed. Compared to the consequences of failure, he would rather maintain the status quo. He believed that this was also what most Subhuman Guard members thought, apart from the few ambitious ones.

“Punish Varro severely!”

“Punish Varro severely!” Amidst the shouting, some citizens had already tried to attack the city defense forces but were blocked by the anti-riot shields.

At this moment, the snipers—who had the high ground—saw black bulletproof cars drive to the Senate’s side entrance.

The consul is here... The Subhuman snipers heaved a collective sigh of relief. They were afraid that the consul wouldn’t come after a long time.

None of the Elders here were willing to step forward and shoulder the responsibility, causing the problem to drag on. This only served to make the citizens gathered outside increasingly impatient and agitated.

When the time came, any accidents would be like a spark falling into a barrel of gunpowder.

Beulis—who was wearing the green and brown commander-in-chief uniform—entered the Senate under the escort of guards and security personnel.

“You’re finally here.” Superintendent Alexander nodded at his long-standing political enemy from a distance.

His daughter, Galoran, wore a light, simple, and gray knee-length dress and acted as his secretary.

Beulis silently looked around. Under his blue eyes, most of the Elders present couldn’t help but avoid his gaze.

The dignified commander-in-chief walked to the window step by step and looked at the demonstrating citizens and Gaius in the crowd.

Gaius and Beulis were actually somewhat similar. They had black hair, even slightly sunken faces, exuded rather serious auras, and were rather thin. However, one of them had a hooked nose, while the other had no obvious characteristics. One looked sinister, and the other looked staid.

As their eyes met, an Elder named Carlo approached Beulis and anxiously said, “Your Excellency, you can’t hesitate any longer! All the citizens in the city are on Gaius’s side. Let’s strip Varro of his status as Elder. After all, there will still be a trial and time. We can definitely find evidence to prove that he’s innocent.”

Beulis suddenly turned his head. “You want to betray your position?”

Carlo quickly explained, “No, I just don’t think there’s a need to cause a commotion because of a meaningless reputation...”

This Elder—who was also in his fifties—suddenly stopped. He inexplicably felt that the glow in Beulis’s eyes was rather strange.

“Traitor!” Beulis’s voice seemed to come from the depths of his chest.

Almost at the same time, Carlo curled the corners of his mouth and made a face like a child, but he didn't stick out his tongue. Instead, it became extremely loose and extended backward, stuffing his throat.

Gasp!

Carlo struggled and fell.

“Beulis!” Superintendent Alexander didn't expect such a development. But just as he shouted the other party's name, he saw red blood vessels appear in Beulis's deep-blue eyes.

His eyes quickly turned turbid.

His back hunched.

His mouth opened as a long drool of saliva dripped down.

The Heartless disease—this consul and commander-in-chief of First City had suddenly contracted the Heartless disease!

All of this happened by the window and was seen by many citizens below. They looked at each other.

At the critical moment, Gaius picked up the microphone and shouted, “The consul has attacked another Elder! The consul is controlled by the Salvation Army! Fellow citizens, we have to stop all of this!”

The present citizens—who were already a spark away from flaring up—instantly burned with emotion. They surged toward the city defense forces like a tide.

Although the city guards had their backs facing the Senate and couldn't see what was happening behind them, they could still sense some commotion and hear what Gaius had shouted.

They hesitated, and the walls formed by anti-riot shields were torn through.

Upon seeing this, Ducas—who was commanding the scene—quickly asked General Phocas for instructions through his phone.

Phocas fell silent for a few seconds before saying, “Stay neutral.”

When the Subhuman Guards in different positions in the Senate saw that the city defense forces were showing signs of a collapse, their nervousness and fear rose to their limits. This quickly became motivation as the Subhumans pulled the triggers.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Blood and smoke splattered from dozens of citizens as they fell to the ground. Not only did this not scare the other citizens, but it also infuriated them.

Since they had already fired, Mor and the others didn’t hesitate any longer and prepared to create a large-scale massacre.

At this moment, Gaius—who was in the crowd—raised his right hand and placed it between his mouth and nose.

In the blink of an eye, the Subhumans realized that they couldn’t fire. They seemed to have forgotten the skill they had learned!

...

Golden Apple Zone, 15 Emperor Street.

Upon hearing the distant gunshots and explosions, Kanna—who was chatting with the Old Task Force—stood up and smiled. “You can go to Avia now.”

Jiang Baimian frowned and asked, “Are we not going to wait a while longer?”

She hoped to wait until all the Mind Corridor-level Awakened rushed to the Senate when the conflict became more intense.

Kanna smiled and said, “Under normal circumstances, it isn’t that nobody dares to come into contact with Avia because she’s protected by the Virtual World but because other powerhouses in First City will quickly rush over once someone is entangled by the Virtual World’s owner. Their current focus should be on the Senate and not elsewhere. As for the Virtual World’s owner, I’ll help you hold him back.”

#### Chapter 515: Not Holding Back Any Secrets

Kanna didn’t specify how she would stall the Virtual World’s owner, and it wasn’t Jiang Baimian’s place to ask. After all, it might involve the other party’s secrets.

She chose to trust this Mind Corridor-level Awakened, and she chose to trust Pangu Biology—which had sent them to Kanna.

At the very least, the company believes that Kanna can resist the Virtual World’s owner. Perhaps her abilities restrain the other party to a certain level... Jiang Baimian said to herself.

It was obvious that the Awakened in charge of protecting Avia and Marcus were most likely not at the Mind Corridor level—they only had the Virtual World ability. Otherwise, with Avia and Marcus’s daily arrangements, they definitely wouldn’t be able to handle it alone. On the one hand, it took effort and energy. On the other hand, their abilities had a limited range. They couldn’t directly affect the entire city or even an entire zone.

Jiang Baimian put herself in the shoes of the Mirror Church’s higher-ups and believed that three to five Mind Corridor-level Awakened that had grasped the power of Virtual World would take turns guarding Marcus and Avia. Otherwise, it would be unrealistic for a Mind Corridor-level Awakened to protect Avia or Marcus 24/7 without rest.

It might not be a problem to do it for a week or even a month for short periods, but the mission’s time limit was definitely on the order of decades. Any human—as long as they weren’t Kalendarium—couldn’t persist at such high intensities.

Furthermore, if they had already entered the Mind Corridor and had Virtual World, they could be considered powerhouses anywhere in the Ashlands and could be considered an upper-echelon member. They should be enjoying themselves instead of toiling all year round without rest until death. Nobody was willing to do so.



Until death here could either refer to the death of the Virtual World's owner or Avia and Marcus's death.

Therefore, Jiang Baimian knew that she couldn't simply designate the known price of claustrophobia on Avia's protectors. Who knew if it was the same Mind Corridor-level Awakened!?

For different Awakened, the price might not be the same even if one or two of their abilities were the same. Unless the Old Task Force was indeed lucky, it happened to be the Mind Corridor-level Awakened from before that was in charge of protecting Avia today, and they could use the Bangle of Blindness to think of a way to scare the other party away, they would still have to mostly rely on Kanna's help.

Clap! Clap! Clap!

Shang Jianyao applauded Kanna.

Kanna glanced at him. "Why are you clapping?"

"You said it very well," Shang Jianyao replied sincerely. "Besides, I think we're friends now."

Kanna smiled and walked to the door. "Make haste. If the riot at the Senate ends, we will be a joke if we still haven't reached Round Hill Street."

14 Round Hill Street was where Avia lived.

Jiang Baimian chased after her and asked cautiously, "Are you going over yourself, or are you taking our car?"

Kanna asked in amusement, "Do you want me to run over by myself? I can barely make myself float, but I can't fly."

She spoke warmly and didn't put on any airs. She didn't look like a Mind Corridor-level Awakened at all. She was closer to an elder sister only a few years older than the Old Task Force members.

Uh... Her basic ability is to interfere with matter and can affect the air and her body to some extent? Jiang Baimian instantly deduced this important information from Kanna's words.

She was more surprised that Kanna made such a casual mention of it. There was no need to explain this, even if both parties were Pangu Biology employees.

Jiang Baimian had no choice but to suspect that this was either Kanna's personality or a manifestation of her price.

"Haha, it's been a long time since I had such a good chat. In First City, there are many things I can't share with the people around me. The risk is too great," added Kanna.

There's no need to explain. Any explanation is just a cover... Even Long Yuehong—who was slow in this regard—sensed something amiss.

"That's right. It's really depressing not having anyone to share it with." Shang Jianyao shared the same feelings.

The quintet quickly left the garden villa at 15 Emperor Street and got into the Old Task Force's military-green jeep.

In order to show her respect, Jiang Baimian gave the passenger seat to Kanna and squeezed Shang Jianyao into the middle of the backseat.

As the car started and drove toward Round Hill Street, Jiang Baimian's heart palpitated as she asked, "Madam Kanna, your father seems to have a lot of say in First City's medical and biological fields?"

As the military's representative in these areas, Kanna's father, Meyers, had long become an Elder.

"Yes." Kanna didn't deny it.

Jiang Baimian immediately asked, "Then, do you know what the military's biochemical experiment in—uh, a certain town in North Anheford is?"

Kanna laughed. “The company asked me about it, but I’m not too sure either. I only heard my father mention it once or twice, and it seems to be related to attempting to direct a mutation.”

This is indeed one of the most important cutting-edge projects in the biological domain... Jiang Baimian didn’t continue the topic. As she paid attention to the surrounding buildings and the checkpoints that were no longer strict but very solemn, she casually asked, “Madam Kanna, how did you Awaken naturally?”

“Just like that. I suddenly entered Star Cluster Hall when I was sleeping one day,” replied Kanna in a relaxed tone. She then smiled. “However, I’m not sure if it’s really a natural Awakening. Maybe the company added certain elements to our daily lives for experiments like doing strange eye exercises and radio workouts.”

She did find this very strange.

Shang Jianyao agreed. “Some religions have categorized them as their rituals.”

According to this logic, Awakened per capita in certain countries in the Old World would be high? Sigh, even if eye exercises and radio workouts really help the Awakening to a certain extent, the successful cases definitely don’t include me... It’s been so many years, but I haven’t Awakened... Jiang Baimian sighed inwardly.

Long Yuehong didn’t believe that eye exercises and radio workouts were of any help to Awakening. They weren’t of much use in their jobs, much less Awakening.

He had done them growing up, but his height remained ordinary. It was only through genetic enhancement that he didn’t become short-sighted!

Bai Chen—who was driving the jeep—stared ahead, maintaining a moderate speed so as not to attract suspicion.

As Jiang Baimian, Long Yuehong, and Shang Jianyao conversed with Kanna, she revealed a thoughtful expression.

Before long, the car drove into Round Hill Street and approached Unit 14—a building with classic architecture.

Jiang Baimian and the others' expressions turned serious as they looked at the houses—which were propped up by stone pillars, had green vines coiled around them, and had abnormally exaggerated doors.

At this moment, Kanna said, “Stop the car first.”

Bai Chen didn't ask why. She reduced the car's speed and parked the jeep by the roadside.

After Kanna pushed open the door, she turned around and said to the Old Task Force members, “Watch for my signal later. If I raise my right thumb, go in and find Avia. If I raise my left index finger and middle finger, think of a way to cooperate with me to deal with the Virtual World's owner.”

“Alright.” Jiang Baimian didn't waste her breath.

They then watched Kanna walk toward Avia's house openly without hiding her existence.

“Is this a one-on-one challenge?” Shang Jianyao was a little excited.

“Ignore this for now. Little Red, Little White, equip the military exoskeletons,” Jiang Baimian ordered.

Just as she said that, she suddenly saw a window open on the third floor of Avia's classic-looking villa.

Behind the window was an old lady in a black beanie. She still wore a dark robe despite it being summer. She had blue eyes and very light makeup. Her clothes and accessories were rather exquisite.

The moment she saw Kanna, the old lady smiled and raised her right hand to greet her.

Kanna smiled back, and then her body suddenly became lighter. Lifted by the wind, she 'walked' toward the window.

The old lady turned her body and asked in a friendly manner, “Do you want coffee or tea?”

“I prefer tea. Don’t put any strange things like lemons or syrup.” Kanna first landed by the window before drifting into the room and finding an armchair to sit in.

The old lady immediately instructed the servants to prepare tea and desserts. She then sat in the reclining chair opposite Kanna and chatted with her.

They acted like good friends who had known each other for a long time.

During this process, Jiang Baimian, Long Yuehong, Bai Chen, and Shang Jianyao felt their surroundings turn clear. They seemed to have finally surfaced from the water.

This made them suspect that the old lady was the Mind Corridor-level Awakened protecting Avia.

Long Yuehong was wearing a military exoskeleton outside the jeep. Upon seeing this, he—who imagined that a huge battle would erupt—widened his eyes and blurted out, “Actually, we’ve already infiltrated the Mirror Church? This Virtual World owner is from the company?”

Is that why she had a good chat with Madam Kanna and stopped maintaining the Virtual World?

Jiang Baimian turned around and looked at Shang Jianyao. “Look at her. She made ‘friends’ without doing anything!”

According to Kanna’s previous words, she suspected that the current situation was the result of a certain ability.

Shang Jianyao replied with a yearning expression, “I don’t really understand, but I think it’s very strong.”

At this moment, Kanna raised her right arm and secretly gave a thumbs up while adjusting her sitting posture.

Jiang Baimian and the others immediately tensed up.

It was up to them next.

## Chapter 516: Prevention is Better than Cure

Jiang Baimian didn't delay and pushed the car door open. She then said to Long Yuehong and Bai Chen—who were using the space outside to accelerate the donning of their exoskeletons, “Stay here and be in charge of providing support. Be prepared for battle.”

“I...” Bai Chen looked like she wanted to volunteer.

But before she could finish speaking, Jiang Baimian quickly added, “We are here to visit Avia today and make contact with her with good intentions. Unless it's absolutely necessary, we won't clash with her. By following us with the exoskeletons donned, we might appear too oppressive and unfriendly. Besides, we have to be wary of any accidents. Someone has to stay outside to provide support.”

Attempting to make contact with Avia wasn't only Pangu Biology's idea, but it was also the Old Task Force's idea. After all, according to what Marcus's mother had left behind, Avia had a very dangerous item. The exact situation was unknown, so it was definitely better for everyone to have a friendly chat about Oray's 'inheritance' and see if they could reach a partnership on certain matters.

Avia's situation of being cooped up like a canary in a cage convinced Jiang Baimian that the chances of her being willing to cooperate weren't low.

Bai Chen wanted to say that she could take off the military exoskeleton, but she could only nod when she considered the fact that it would take several minutes to do so and waste the precious time that Kanna had bought for everyone. “Alright.”

As she and Long Yuehong continued latching on the remaining metal clasps, Shang Jianyao and Jiang Baimian had already walked to 14 Round Hill Street.

They were all wearing armed belts at their waists, but they didn't draw their pistols. Their hands were empty to show their sincerity.

At the entrance of Avia's classic-looking villa were a few armed guards. They stared at Jiang Baimian and Shang Jianyao with vigilant expressions.

Long Yuehong clicked his tongue in wonder because the guards didn't react when Kanna approached 14 Round Hill Street.

No, it wasn't that they didn't react. Instead, they took the initiative to make way and help open the door. They acted as if they were welcoming their mistress home.

Before the guards could ask, Shang Jianyao took the initiative to say, "Good morning. I'll briefly introduce myself. We are companions with the lady from before, and we aren't carrying heavy weapons. So..."

This time, Shang Jianyao's Inference Clowning deliberately used the 'friendly environment' created by Kanna.

The guards revealed enlightened expressions one after another. "Are you here to visit Madam Avia? She's waiting for you in the bathhouse's lobby."

Bathhouse... Jiang Baimian felt like laughing. As expected of a noble who likes to take baths—she's transformed half of her home into a bathhouse.

As these thoughts raced through her mind, she had already passed through the door with Shang Jianyao and entered the classic-looking villa propped up by stone pillars.

Jiang Baimian was in a very relaxed state—or rather, she deliberately strove to be relaxed to make herself appear more like a genuine and friendly visitor.

As she swept her gaze, she introduced to Shang Jianyao, "These stone pillars have three styles. They originate from the Old World's ancient times, thousands of years into the past..."

Shang Jianyao looked at the green vines circling the pillars and walls as he asked in an incongruous manner, "Won't such a building attract mosquitoes?"

Jiang Baimian decided to give up on 'commentating.'

The two of them quickly met Avia's butler and used the same excuse to be led out of the bathhouse's lobby.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

The middle-aged, gentleman-looking butler knocked on the door gently.

“Who is it?” Avia’s slightly cold voice sounded.

“Madam...” Shang Jianyao took a step forward and repeated similar Inference Clowning conditions before the butler could.

The lobby at Avia’s bathhouse room was no different from a normal lobby. It also had a carpet, a coffee table, a sofa, porcelain, and decorations—a full showcase of the aristocracy’s grandeur.

The only difference was that there was a door on the side of this room that led to a bathroom with various pools and steam rooms.

In addition, Avia wasn’t wearing normal clothes. She directly wrapped herself in a white bathrobe.

Her wavy blonde hair was wet. She looked like she had just come out of the bathroom and was filled with an indescribable charm.

The classical beauty with a slightly larger nose looked at Jiang Baimian and smiled. “Do you want to take a bath first? No matter what it is, it’s more effective to talk while in the bath.”

“That won’t be appropriate, right...” Shang Jianyao revealed an ‘awkward’ expression.

Jiang Baimian recalled a rumor: Avia was a few years older than Marcus. In the Ashlands that advocated early marriage and childbirth, she still didn’t have a clear partner. Some people suspected that she might not like men.

Avia smiled at Shang Jianyao. “You can go to the pool beside us. If there’s anything we need you to do, we’ll wear our bathing suits in advance. Speaking of which, I especially envy the people on the Golden Coast. They can sunbathe on the beach and enjoy life.”

Although some semblance of order had been restored in the Ashlands, most people’s hunger and health problems had yet to be resolved. The wilderness was still very dangerous, and there was no land to rebuild tourism.



Jiang Baimian didn't respond directly and turned to look at Shang Jianyao. "Do you remember the first thing we need to do?"

Shang Jianyao nodded and took two steps toward Avia—who was wearing a bathrobe. He stared at the other party's light-blue eyes and asked seriously, "May I ask where the toilet is? I need to take a sh\*t."

"..." Avia wasn't the only one who opened her mouth slightly—Jiang Baimian did the same.

She didn't expect this question.

Before Avia snapped to her senses, Shang Jianyao added, "If there's none, I can only do it here. I've recently developed hemorrhoids, so I might bleed. Don't be surprised..."

Upon hearing this, Jiang Baimian raised her hand to her nose. She roughly understood what Shang Jianyao wanted to do. This was also a step that had been finalized when they discussed the plan.

But why use such a 'dirty' method? Jiang Baimian criticized crazily in her heart.

At this moment, Shang Jianyao had already reached for his waist, prepared to unbuckle his belt.

The next second, Avia and the bathhouse lobby in front of him disappeared like popped soap bubbles.

Jiang Baimian realized that she and Shang Jianyao were still in the jeep!

Long Yuehong and Bai Chen wore military exoskeletons that had yet to be fully buckled. They leaned against the car door outside and slept, breathing heavily.

Real Dreamscape!

The Old Task Force had encountered the Real Dreamscape again!

Although First City's Mind Corridor-level Awakened—apart from those who were tasked with special missions—were rushing toward the Senate at this moment, there was an exception. It was the person who had previously intercepted the Old Task Force and almost wiped them out, only to be scared away by Xiaochong.

The secret organization behind him was responsible for burying the clues that led to the Old World's destruction. Compared to interfering with First City's political situation, they wanted to kill Avia—who held important secrets!

The Old Task Force had thought of this before and had specially designed a plan.

From the fact that the other party was suspected to be afraid of the smell of blood, they deliberately left a wound or bled a little when or after they saw Avia. This way, even in a dream, the other party might very well give up on maintaining the effects due to the fear of the smell of blood.

After many rounds of rock-paper-scissors, this mission was snatched by Shang Jianyao. Who knew that he would change to this method? Even Jiang Baimian was almost disgusted.

The current facts had proven that the Mind Corridor-level Awakened who could create Real Dreamscape was indeed afraid or hated the smell of blood. Also, it might not only be one kind of smell. After all, the price of hating the smell of blood seemed more like the price one had to pay in Star Cluster Hall or the Sea of Origins. Once an Awakened entered the Mind Corridor, the corresponding situation would definitely be worse. The variety of smells might very well increase.

Jiang Baimian and Shang Jianyao had just woken up, but before they could do anything, they closed their eyes again.

Forced Sleep!

This time, they didn't dream again.

As a Mind Corridor-level Awakened, Khal had already figured out the tricks available to the Old Task Force and could avoid many of the problems they posed after their previous few encounters. He was only afraid of the child named Xiaochong and that he was nearby.

...

Red Wolf Zone, Senate.

The Subhuman Guard members—who had suddenly lost their firing abilities—didn't panic. They had lessons during their training on how to face Awakened at the Mind Corridor level.

At the critical moment, several frogmen with relatively green skin opened their mouths. They didn't shout, but in the area ahead, the city defense forces—along with the gathered citizens—collapsed like bushes blown down by the wind.

Subsonic attack—this was the frogmen's mutated ability.

At the same time, many people also gave up on shooting and switched to using their 'talents.' Some spewed venom, some made yawning sounds, and some took off all their clothes, revealing patterned skin that could make onlookers dizzy...

As they desperately tried to stop the citizens from entering the Senate, the nobles inside were dealing with Consul Beulis, who had suddenly contracted the Heartless disease.

Under his turbid blue eyes, the thoughts of everyone—including Superintendent Alexander—naturally turned adrift. They found it difficult to focus.

Chapter 517: The Mantis Stalks the Cicada

No, we have to counterattack...

Why did he suddenly contract the Heartless disease...

This is too much of a coincidence...

Could it be the Kalendaria's punishment...

No, stop. Don't think about this. The most important thing now is to use our abilities to prevent him from attacking us...

He contracted the Heartless disease at such a critical moment. What kind of changes will it bring to the subsequent development of the situation...

Should we evacuate the Senate now and choose which side to stand on when the situation becomes clearer...

At this moment, thoughts flashed through the minds of all the Elders—including Superintendent Alexander, their secretaries, attendants, and guards. It was difficult to firmly decide on a particular direction and think deeper. This prevented them from putting up any resistance, defense, or counterattack.

Every time a similar thought surfaced in their minds, their thoughts would naturally wander in other directions. Therefore, there were only intentions that couldn't be translated into actual actions.

In the Senate—apart from Beulis and the Subhuman Guards on the defense line's periphery—everyone else stood there motionless.

This couldn't be called standing still because their eyes were spirited, and the expressions on their faces were very varied. They were sometimes nervous, sometimes puzzled, sometimes dazed, and sometimes vigilant. They seemed to have many inner fantasies.

They felt like they were in a tug-of-war with a countless number of themselves. Due to the serious internal friction, they could only watch helplessly as the newly contracted Heartless, Beulis, pounced at the first victim.

It was Superintendent Alexander.

After losing his mind and most of his intelligence, Beulis still designated the first target he hunted to be his former and greatest political enemy.

It might already be an instinct.

Beulis—who had become a Heartless—was no longer in a hunched and old state. He pounced in front of Alexander more agilely than an ape as his two hands stretched out and grabbed his former

political enemy's shoulder. His mouth then opened, and he bit the target's neck in an attempt to rip off a large chunk of flesh.

With the sound of leather being pulled but not ripping, Alexander seemed to swell. It was as if someone had pumped air under his skin, forcefully producing an air sac layer.

The Human series from the bionic artificial intelligence armor!

Alexander had obtained such a high-tech product through a secret channel that had a deep relationship with Pangu Biology. He usually wore it as a layer of skin to prevent any accidents. Now, it was put to use.

Under the Human series bionic smart armor, Alexander's thoughts could finally focus due to the external stimulation. He looked at Beulis—who was still gnawing on the 'human skin'—and his green eyes lit up. He shouted in a deep voice, "Visual Deprivation!"

He wanted to strip Beulis of his consciousness directly, but he couldn't do so now. This was because only Awakened that had entered the New World could ignore the required sequence to complete this matter. A Mind Corridor-level Awakened like him could only strip away one's senses before affecting their consciousness.

Beulis's vision instantly turned dark.

The Subhuman Guard members—who were defending against the citizen charge—lost sight of Gaius, the convener of the meet.

This newly promoted Elder—the commander of the Eastern Army Corps—had disappeared under everyone's gazes.

...

Golden Apple Zone, 14 Round Hill Street.

In the military-green jeep, Jiang Baimian and Shang Jianyao were sleeping. Outside the jeep, Bai Chen and Long Yuehong—who were wearing military exoskeletons—were kneeling on the ground, leaning against the door as they slept.

At Avia's classic-looking villa, the guards at the door were either leaning against stone pillars or leaning against the door—sleeping. On the second floor of the house, the originally chatting Kanna and the old woman in the black beanie had unknowingly turned their bodies to the side. They were leaned against the armrests and had their eyes closed—asleep as well.

Inside the house, there was no sound. The people inside seemed to have fallen asleep.

Soon, an ordinary black car drove out of a nearby villa and turned into Round Hill Street. The person driving had golden-brown hair that wasn't short, blue eyes, a straight nose, handsome eyebrows, a plump middle-aged face, and a scruffy beard. He was none other than the Mind Corridor-level Awakened, Khal—who had previously attacked the Old Task Force.

Upon hearing the radio broadcast, Khal—who believed that chaos might erupt in First City this morning—used his mole's help to infiltrate the Golden Apple Zone early in the morning and hid in a place that wasn't too far from the target, Avia, but was definitely beyond the Virtual World's range.

After the gunshots and explosions sounded, Khal didn't invade the Virtual World immediately. Instead, he patiently waited.

He believed that there were definitely others with the same goal as him. For example, the team that had previously 'stolen' the passcode from Marcus. He wanted them to scout the way first to prevent himself from falling into a trap if the surprise attack failed.

As long as the mysterious and terrifying boy—Xiaochong—didn't appear, Khal felt that he could control the situation. He remembered that some Ashlandics in the organization had said: "When a mantis stalks a cicada, an oriole is watching it."

Khal believed himself to be the oriole.

As for the possibility that Xiaochong had also come to the Golden Apple Zone, Khal felt that it was unlikely. Xiaochong's previous performance would definitely arouse the vigilance of the equally terrifying old fellows in First City. If he participated in the operation here, it would only attract trouble.

Furthermore, Khal had seen it back then.

That person had also come.

The black car drove forward at a moderate speed and quickly arrived about 40 meters away from Avia.

Khal's patience paid off. Kanna, Jiang Baimian, and the others had helped him 'crack' the Virtual World that stumped him.

If he wanted to force the other party to sleep, he had to close the distance to a certain extent. This would result in him entering the Virtual World.

In the Virtual World, all actions would be filtered. Furthermore, the other party was good at illusions, so Khal couldn't be sure that he was affecting the real target.

After discovering that the Virtual World's effects had been removed, Khal was almost overjoyed. He made a prompt decision to shorten the distance before making all the humans in the target area fall asleep.

He originally planned on taking this opportunity to switch to Real Dreamscape and make the team—which had repeatedly escaped his grasp—die silently along with the main target, Avia. But Shang Jianyao's performance was unbearable for him, so he could only stop the dream and add Forced Sleep.

In order to kill a few targets, he had to enter the very dangerous 40-meter range. This was because a certain item on him could only be effective at this distance.

When maintaining Forced Sleep, Khal could only use Matter Interference, and it was weaker than normal. It would take a lot of effort to finish off Avia, Jiang Baimian, and the others. It would also take a lot of time, and it might not be successful.

Coupled with the fact that the Old Task Force had killed the well-trained gunmen which the organization had groomed and that the remaining people had relatively poor standards, Khal couldn't trust them on such an important mission. He didn't bring them into the Golden Apple Zone, so he could only do it himself and choose to use the items obtained from certain rooms in the Mind Corridor.

The range of such items was definitely inferior to that of Mind Corridor-level Awakened. After all, they came from external sources, drastically weakening them.

The one that Khal was using now had a small range due to its unique ability, forcing him to take the risk of entering within 40 meters of the target.

After stepping on the brakes, Khal maintained Forced Sleep as he retracted his right hand and gripped a silver necklace hanging in front of him. The pendant was carved with an angel that had its wings wrapped around its body.

Its color was a little black, and it was in the Old World style.

What this silver miniature angel statue solidified was: Cardiac Arrest!

Khal began searching for the target after holding the pendant, hoping to end this quickly. He wasn't worried that Kanna and the Virtual World's owner would wake up or continue exerting influence on him while sleeping. After all, the abilities that could still produce effects after the main body lost consciousness were mostly the price—negative effects.

Khal was afraid that another accident would happen.

With the help of his previous Real Dreamscape, Khal had already discovered Avia's location. At this moment, he easily locked onto her and prepared to activate the Life Angel necklace.

At this moment, Jiang Baimian opened her eyes in the jeep.

She had long woken up. How could the Old Task Force—which had made the corresponding plans—not be wary of Forced Sleep?

Before Jiang Baimian left this morning, she had changed some of the information in the auxiliary chip. She had changed the condition 'having suffered a serious blow to the body and suffering from cardiac discomfort' to 'falling asleep.'

In other words, the auxiliary chip—which was constantly monitoring her physical condition—would release an electric current and awaken her the moment it discovered that she was asleep!



Previously, the chip didn't release an electric shock when she fell into the Real Dreamscape because every action inside would 'reflect' onto reality, causing her physical condition to be significantly different from a true slumber.

#### Chapter 518: Chaos

As soon as Jiang Baimian woke up, she began sensing her surroundings. In the blink of an eye, she realized that there was an unfamiliar, medium-sized creature's electric signals—which she hadn't detected previously—more than 30 meters away from them.

At this critical moment, she didn't hesitate to straighten her body, pounce toward the driver's seat, and swing her left hand to the side.

She had previously given the passenger seat to Kanna, so she ended up sleeping in the backseat by the window.

Zap!

A silver-white electric arc lit up and struck Shang Jianyao, who was in the middle of the back row.

Shang Jianyao jolted awake, and his clothes were clearly charred. Under the electric shock, his eyes darted around under his eyelids that were about to open.

As Shang Jianyao woke up, Jiang Baimian had already thrown herself into the driver's seat.

She didn't adjust her posture. In her abnormally contorted state, she pulled the hand brake, adjusted the gear, stepped on the accelerator, and turned the steering wheel.

Amidst the simulated engine sound, the military-green jeep swerved crazily and dashed toward its target. It looked aggressive as if it wanted to cause a car accident.

It was only then that Khal—who was sitting in the black car—reacted.

His Forced Sleep didn't include the ability to monitor the other party's condition, so he didn't discover Jiang Baimian waking up immediately. By the time he sensed that a target's consciousness had become active and could apply Forced Sleep again, the jeep—which was installed with thick

steel plates and had far above ordinary load—had already reached him with its terrifying acceleration and ridiculous inertia.

Meanwhile, Bai Chen and Long Yuehong—who were sleeping with their backs against the car door—fell to the ground with a thud, producing a metallic clang. With such a forceful kick, they instantly woke up and escaped their deep sleep.

In a split second, Khal—who subconsciously wanted to add a ‘sleep’ state to Jiang Baimian and Shang Jianyao—restrained his instinct when facing the military-green jeep that was rushing over like a small tank. This was because the vehicle’s state couldn’t be changed regardless of whether the driver was awake or asleep.

His Matter Interference ability still wasn’t enough to block such a speeding car.

After some deliberation, Khal released the brakes, floored the accelerator, and swiveled the steering wheel, allowing the black car to turn to its side.

Although this resulted in his previous lock of Avia losing effect, he also avoided the direction the military-green jeep was heading in. He didn’t have to worry about being hit.

Right on the heels of that, Khal terminated his previous Forced Sleep and prepared to cast it again. In other words, he wanted Jiang Baimian—who was in the jeep’s driver’s seat—to fall asleep again. She wouldn’t be able to adjust the jeep’s direction to collide toward him again.

Although this would remove the Forced Sleep from the two Mind Corridor-level enemies, Khal wasn’t worried.

Sleeping was a state that could be maintained.

Khal had previously maintained the effects using his ability because he was afraid that an accident would happen. But now, he would immediately stack another one after uncasting it—it would only be a second or two of delay. It was impossible for anyone to happen to wake up and quickly figure out the situation to deliver a counterattack.

There was no time!

At this moment, Shang Jianyao stretched out his Berserker assault rifle from the side window of the jeep.

Ta! Ta! Ta!

He didn't aim and fired at Avia's classic-styled villa.

Amidst the shattering glass windows, the security alarm sounded. "Woo!"

"Woo!"

The alarm was loud and ear-piercing, enough to wake up most sleeping people.

Is he nuts? This was Khal's first thought.

This way, it wasn't only Kanna who was woken up. The Virtual World's owner and Avia—the main target—would awaken too.

The situation would become more complicated or even more difficult! Avia had a dangerous item in her grasp!

Jiang Baimian also didn't expect Shang Jianyao to do so.

In the Old Task Force's plan, Shang Jianyao should've played Xiaochong's whistling the moment he woke up when faced with such a situation. Amidst the whistling, the Old Task Force members would feel urgent and hold their pee in. It wouldn't be long before they could have the resistance toward falling asleep.

The power of the whistling would decrease with distance, and it wasn't that effective on Awakened at the Mind Corridor level. It might take a minute or two for the other party to feel anything. If one wanted to achieve the state of being urgent to resist sleeping, it would take longer.

This way, if nothing unexpected happened in the area, the 'awakening' would appear in an orderly manner that Jiang Baimian hoped for:

The Old Task Force members would wake up first, and it would be the guards at Avia's door about ten seconds later. In another 20 to 30 seconds, it would be the ordinary people in the room who could hear the whistling. Then, it was the Sea of Origins Awakened—who were a certain distance away. It would take minutes later before it reached Kanna and the Virtual World's owner.

This allowed Jiang Baimian and the others to make full use of the time difference in a bid to scare away or drive off the Real Dreamscape's creator before any of that happened. When the time came, they could use Kanna's power to deal with the Virtual World's owner.

As for how to drive him off, the Old Task Force had a plan as well. This was especially so considering how the other party was already within range. It could reduce the difficulty significantly.

In the face of this situation, their plan was: Use their urgency to wake up repeatedly and rely on the military exoskeleton's auxiliary aiming function or automatic firing mode to bombard the target's location. Even if they couldn't hit him, they would scare him off.

During this process, Shang Jianyao would also use the Bangle of Blindness to make the target blind, making it easier for them to be nervous and flustered.

But now, Shang Jianyao didn't follow the original plan. Instead, he chose to shoot the villa and trigger the alarm.

Upon seeing Jiang Baimian turn her head slightly to look at him, Shang Jianyao sighed and said, "A brain spasm."

"..." This was the first time Jiang Baimian deeply understood that Shang Jianyao's price was still a price.

Previously, his split personality and brain spasms acted like his fourth ability that was especially effective against certain Awakened. But no matter how useful a price was, it was ultimately still a price.

On the second floor of Avia's villa, amidst the loud and ear-piercing alarm, the eyes under the eyelids of Kanna and the old lady in the black beanie stirred.

...

Red Wolf Zone, Senate.

Beulis—who had his vision deprived—roared and instinctively jumped back.

Before he landed, Superintendent Alexander said in a deep voice, “Auditory Deprivation!”

At this moment, Beulis—who was inflicted with the Heartless disease—couldn’t see or hear anything. It was as if he had been locked in a small, silent, and dark room.

“Haha!” As Beulis staggered, he laughed.

This laughter made the surrounding Elders and guards smile. Even Superintendent Alexander curled the corners of his mouth.

“Boohoo...” In the blink of an eye, Beulis cried bitterly.

The people who had been laughing shed tears together with him.

They cried and laughed, alternating between the two. They were almost unable to use their abilities and weapons.

At this moment, the citizens—who were about to tear through the city defense forces—saw a black motorcycle ‘flying ‘over from a nearby slope.

With a vroom, the motorcycle slid forward and spun, blocking the path between the citizens and the Subhuman Guard.

The gray-robed Zennaga vertically held a single hand in front of him and said sadly, “Namo Annutara-Samyak-Subhuti. Patrons, harmony is most precious.”

Although it was said that harmony was most precious, Zennaga had already brought a large number of the gathered citizens and Subhuman Guards within the influence of his abilities.

“Six Realms of Rebirth and Existence!”

For a moment, apart from the citizens and public security officers far away from the square, everyone else revealed pained expressions. They experienced injections, burns, and other scenes.

Some fainted directly to escape all of this, while others curled up their bodies and forgot what they wanted to do.

At the same time, the radio sounded again, and a rather old voice sounded. “Violence can’t resolve the problem completely. Only by negotiating can we satisfy everyone’s requests. Please believe in the majority of the Elders. We will eliminate the vermin and improve the lives of the citizens.”

This voice had a static sound as if it was using an electronic device that was of poor quality.

Upon hearing this broadcast, many citizens fell silent and calmed down.

Suddenly, the voice’s tone changed. “Not...”

This ‘not’ carried a hint of satisfaction and comfort as if he had just passively enjoyed it.

“Not...” This word echoed in the citizens’ minds, denying the previous sentence. They then smelled a faint fragrance.

This fragrance was difficult to describe in detail, but it made it impossible for them to discriminate between men and women. At the same time, their blood boiled. The desire to be destroyed and to indulge occupied their bodies and minds.

In between the first batch of citizens and the Subhuman Guard, Zennaga’s eyelids suddenly twitched. He seemed to sense something.

Blood was everywhere, and order had collapsed. It was a figure walking upward.

It was an outcome that didn’t seem too good for him.

“Namo Annutara-Samyak-Subhuti...” Zennaga muttered another Buddhist proclamation.

His body stood straight, motionless.

#### Chapter 519: Six Senses Beads

In less than a minute, many Mind Corridor-level Awakened arrived in the vicinity of the Senate, making the situation more complicated and chaotic.

Within the Senate, the nobles and guards were laughing and crying with their former consul, Beulis. They couldn't control themselves and seemed to be in a separate world from the outside.

One of them was an anomaly: Galoran—who wore a gray knee-length dress and acted as her father's secretary. She was completely unaffected as if Beulis had ignored her.

At this moment, she didn't attempt to resist the terrifying Superior Heartless and help her father, Alexander, escape the abilities' effects. Instead, she restrained her consciousness fluctuations and walked to the area facing Hope Square.

Through the relatively intact glass window, Galoran saw a few Subhumans struggling on the balcony outside with pained expressions. Among them, some had bulging eyes that were about to burst open, and some had green skin covered in granules as if they were resisting something.

Further out, many humans had already fallen to the ground in the area below. Some of their bodies were still twitching, but blood was already flowing out of the corners of their mouths. Some of them were breathing heavily, and some had large patches of flesh and blood shredded away by bullets. Their organs were out, but they had yet to die. They groaned in pain. Some of their bodies had been corroded to reveal exaggerated and hideous wounds while some seemed to be enduring the piercing of countless thick needles. Some curled up, their lips pale. They looked like they were about to freeze to death under the summer sun...

A single person or two in such a state was enough to make an ordinary bystander with ordinary mental fortitude uncomfortable. A scene constituting dozens to a hundred people naturally left an indelible impression on the mind.

At this moment, Galoran seemed to see a large number of citizens die. She saw their families fall into an even more tragic situation, and she saw a large number of children lose their parents and be forced to sell themselves as slaves. At the same time, the nobles were still vacationing in the manors and indulging themselves at banquets. They were also discussing recruiting foreign nomads to replace the vacuum left behind by the citizen loss. It was a joyous occasion.

Galoran closed her eyes, and a figure seemed to appear in front of her. It was a girl who looked identical to her, but her face was young and innocent.

This was the last obstacle before she entered the golden elevator to enter the Mind Corridor. This was the past her.

Although she had already sacrificed her personality to the stars and the Dao as a price, this didn't mean that there were no traces left. It didn't mean that the past her had completely disappeared.

In a sense, this was her mother's shadow.

The madam—who had died many years ago—played a crucial role in shaping her views and personality over the past decade. She was a lady who truly pitied lower-class citizens because her father—Galoran's grandfather—was a general who relied on military exploits to climb from the bottom to become a noble. She only moved into the Golden Apple Zone when she reached adulthood.

After struggling, suffering, giving up, and drifting, Galoran seemed to have returned to the past—back when she decided to pay the price, obtain her abilities, and run away from home.

...

“Woo!”

“Woo!”

Amidst the loud and ear-piercing alarm, Khal—who was sitting in the black car—frowned. As an experienced Mind Corridor-level Awakened, he almost didn't hesitate to focus his attention on his two adversaries at the same level.

As the Life Angel necklace could only cause one target to suffer Cardiac Arrest at a time, it couldn't completely eliminate the latent dangers. Therefore, Khal switched to another item—it was a string of brown prayer beads in his left hand, a total of six.



Khal gently plucked a bead and spat out some words. “Auditory Deprivation!”

The bead then lit up with a green glow.

Jiang Baimian and the others suddenly couldn't hear anything. The alarm that was enough to wake up all the asleep vanished from their ears.

This... Although she didn't understand what had happened or hear what the other party was whispering, Jiang Baimian instinctively believed that she had been affected by an Awakened ability. Her first reaction was that this was a control of her senses through the Dawn domain. Not only could the other party make her senses sharp, but he could also make her hearing deteriorate, almost making her deaf.

But in the blink of an eye, Jiang Baimian denied this guess because the other party had never used this ability when attacking them even though this could clearly prevent the Old Task Force from hearing Xiaochong's whistling.

Therefore, Jiang Baimian determined that this ability came from an item. The enemy had never used it before, so for safety reasons, he didn't close the distance and hid relatively far away.

A Mind Corridor-level Awakened from an organization probably wouldn't use items that overlapped with their abilities. Due to this, Jiang Baimian suspected that the other party was using the Subhuti domain's Auditory Deprivation.

Of course, she didn't dare to be dead sure because the Awakened abilities she had encountered and the corresponding information she had obtained weren't enough. At present, she only knew that the Dawn domain and Subhuti domain could affect one's hearing. Shang Jianyao had been the one who had informed her of the latter.

If it's Auditory Deprivation, there might very well be Visual Deprivation and Olfactory Deprivation next... If that person uses Smell Deprivation on me, won't they have any weaknesses? Smell Deprivation... Jiang Baimian's thoughts raced. While she was still awake, she suddenly swiveled the wheel with her right hand and made the jeep diagonally follow the black car.

Her left palm clenched into a fist and punched the window button.

In the backseat, Shang Jianyao's eyes flickered. He put down the Berserker assault rifle and picked up a multi-purpose bayonet as if he wanted to cut himself and create a bloody smell. At the same time, he also took out the small speaker and slung the Death rocket launcher over his body.

Although Bai Chen and Long Yuehong had lost their hearing, they had already woken up where the jeep was originally. At the same time, they relied on the military exoskeleton to straighten their bodies.

Amidst a jarring screech, the jeep changed directions and crazily rushed to the side of the black car.

Upon seeing that the distance between the two parties was already very short, it was clearly too late for Khal to swerve the car to complete a dodge. Hence, he made a prompt decision and stretched out his left palm to pull the door open.

With a whoosh, the door was pushed open by an invisible force. Khal then floated out, tumbling into the air like a hydrogen balloon.

Bang!

The jeep—which was equipped with thick steel plates—crashed into the black car's side and pushed it to the roadside.

The impact was weaker than Khal had expected because Jiang Baimian stepped on the brakes at the last moment.

She's still not ruthless enough and doesn't have the resolve to perish together... Khal—who was ebbing about in midair—laughed inwardly and heaved a sigh of relief. What he was most afraid of just now was that his car would blow up from the collision—he couldn't avoid the aftershocks anymore.

Amidst the impact, Avia—who was indeed wearing a bathrobe—was sitting in an armchair in the classic-looking villa's bathhouse lobby.

The previous alarm had woken her up with a start, and now, she was finally awake. She then realized that she couldn't hear anything.

Back when gunshots and explosions came from the Senate, Avia was worried that she would be attacked. She wasn't surprised at all and stuffed her left hand into her bathrobe's pocket.

The next second, she closed her eyes again.

She fell asleep again.

Unable to stay in midair for long, Khal—who had drifted to the top of the black car—made everyone in the vicinity fall asleep again!

After depriving the corresponding targets' hearing, he could boldly make them fall asleep. He could've 'deprived' them of their sense of hearing while making them 'fall asleep.' But due to the ear-piercing alarm, the targets' sleep would be light before their sense of hearing was completely deprived. It would be very easy for them to wake up—it was equivalent to wasting his ability for no reason and required a follow-up cast. Therefore, he decided to eliminate the external influence first before using Forced Sleep. This was to conserve energy and prevent any accidents.

Furthermore, this wasn't something that was easy to complete for him. He was still floating in midair back then, and his focus was on 'controlling matter.'

Such a choice had pros and cons. The worst con was to give Jiang Baimian time to turn the car around so that the jeep could hit the sedan.

Upon seeing Bai Chen, Long Yuehong, and the others collapse bit by bit and slide to the ground with a soft metallic clang and seeing that the eyes of Kanna and the old lady in the black beanie remained closed, Khal didn't delay. He switched Forced Sleep to Real Dreamscape.

He had just realized that October Xue couldn't wake up on her own in Real Dreamscape. She could somehow escape the influence of Forced Sleep.

In order to eliminate this latent danger, Real Dreamscape was a better choice.

Right on the heels of that, Khal spun another prayer bead in his left hand and said in a deep voice, "Olfactory Deprivation!"

As the green light spread, Khal failed to smell anything. He had used Olfactory Deprivation on himself to carry out the subsequent massacre!

As for the feces, piss, and blood in the dream, he didn't consider them. This was because as long as he didn't influence the dream, he wouldn't know what had happened or have the corresponding physiological reactions.

This item named Six Senses Beads was Khal's favorite and most precious item. He usually tried his best not to use it because it could effectively enhance Forced Sleep and Real Dreamscape's resistance to interference. It could eliminate his price to the greatest extent.

The Dawn domain's effects on the senses could only be magnified and weakened. There was no such thing as deprivation.

The Six Senses Beads wasn't something Khal obtained when exploring certain rooms in the Mind Corridor himself. It was something he obtained from a colleague in the organization.

This was also one of the reasons why Mind Corridor-level powerhouses still had to band together and join an organization. After all, the items they obtained during their explorations might not have a beneficial effect in their hands. Sometimes, they didn't dare to use them because of the conflict with their price. They could only reserve them for suicide. In an organization, there were many Awakened at the corresponding level. They could exchange items with each other to enhance the efficiency of using such items.

In addition, Khal also suspected that the original owner of the Six Senses Beads had likely entered the New World. His argument was: This item was a little too powerful.

Apart from its range of influence that was limited by the fundamentals of such items—it didn't exceed 80 meters—its other aspects exceeded the norm. As far as Khal knew, after entering the Mind Corridor, the three abilities would improve to a certain extent at different stages. Different people would make different choices.

For example, when it came to Auditory Deprivation, some people would choose to affect all targets within their range, while some would choose to fuse with abilities like Visual Deprivation and Olfactory Deprivation. However, the Six Senses Beads came equipped with both.

It had to be known that when an aura solidified into an item, there would be a clear decline in effects.

After adequately protecting himself, Khal cast his gaze at the classic-looking villa at 14 Round Hill Street. He raised his right hand—which was holding the Life Angel necklace—again in an attempt to lock onto Avia.

#### Chapter 520: Awakening

Avia was still sleeping in her original spot, so it wasn't difficult to lock onto her consciousness. Khal only needed to make a slight distinction before completing the preliminary work.

Suddenly, his vision turned black—literally. He couldn't see anything else.

He had lost his vision!

In the jeep, Shang Jianyao—who was supposed to be sleeping—had opened his eyes at some point in time. He took the Bangle of Blindness off from his left wrist and threw it in the middle of the backseat.

He had a multi-purpose bayonet in his left arm, and blood was seeping out.

Previously, Shang Jianyao had taken out this bayonet not to create the smell of blood but to place it by his side, where he would definitely fall on if he fell asleep.

Therefore, after Khal forced them to fall asleep again and transferred them to Real Dreamscape, Shang Jianyao's limp body slammed into the vertical bayonet. Furthermore, the spot was exactly as he had expected—it hit his left arm.

Such a stimulus instantly snapped him to his senses.

Without any hesitation or thought, Shang Jianyao acted according to Plan 997.

His plans started from 996 this time. He first used the Bangle of Blindness to blind Khal. He then stripped the item and restrained his consciousness to prevent the other party from sensing it.

Once Awakened came into contact with each other in the real sense of the words 'seeing' and 'hearing,' or when they exerted their abilities and formed a connection, they could no longer hide their consciousness from the other party's perception. However, Shang Jianyao was currently using

the Bangle of Blindness to affect the enemy's vision. As long as he could quickly separate it from him, the corresponding connection wouldn't be 'traced' to him.

This greatly reduced the Blind effect's duration, but it wouldn't disappear immediately.

On the other hand, although Shang Jianyao had already escaped the Real Dreamscape, the effects of Auditory Deprivation still existed. Furthermore, Khal had always been holding the Six Senses Beads. Therefore, this Mind Corridor-level Awakened couldn't make his consciousness disappear from Shang Jianyao's perception even with the addition of Visual Deprivation.

Shang Jianyao then kicked the tactical backpack that Long Yuehong had placed in the middle of the backseat opposite him. He pulled the opposite door and pushed it open before rolling out of the jeep.

During this process, his injured left arm also pressed the small speaker's switch.

This was reflected in Khal's senses as a series of actions happened in the Old Task Force's vehicle. Sounds came from both doors, so he—who had lost his vision—had no way of determining which side the target had alighted from.

While attempting to rely on his hearing and memories to find the other party's consciousness again, he was momentarily at a loss.

At this moment, blood was still seeping out of Shang Jianyao's left arm. His light-blue canvas top was dyed red, and he emitted a strong stench of blood. However, Khal had deprived himself of his sense of smell, so he couldn't smell it.

Even if he could smell it, he would only convulse and vomit as if he were allergic. That would only result in an immediate retreat.

The small speaker connected to the portable recording device began to play the song with Xiaochong's whistling the very next second.

Of course, Shang Jianyao couldn't hear it. The reason he turned on the small speaker was mainly to create more sounds to cover his actions.

As for how much the whistling affected the enemy, he didn't care at all.

With the echoing of the song, Shang Jianyao used his injured left arm as support and used his right hand as the main force to raise the Death rocket launcher.

At the same time, Khal—who couldn't see, hear, and was being affected by the song—felt vexed. He felt that the Old Task Force was like a tenacious cockroach. They were clearly so weak, but he couldn't finish them off quickly. Furthermore, they would occasionally appear to disgust him.

He composed himself and decided to ignore the person who had woken up in the car. He seized the opportunity to finish off the targets one by one with Cardiac Arrest.

Khal believed that after seeing his companions die one after another, the person who woke up would definitely attempt to attack or interfere. That way, the two parties would establish a connection, making it impossible to hide their consciousness again.

Furthermore, after a brief period of frustration, Khal realized that he could quickly escape his blind state. There was no need to be so anxious.

Even if the other party would take this opportunity to attack him, he wasn't too worried. This was because his Matter Interference ability could be used to the extreme when using the Life Angel necklace.

After some adjustments, Khal sought to lock onto Avia—his main target—again. He wasn't unhinged with anger; he knew his priorities.

At this moment, the single-man combat rocket launcher Shang Jianyao raised quietly moved toward Khal—who was standing on the top of the black car.

Shang Jianyao then continued raising the rocket launcher and aimed at the third floor of Avia's villa. He aimed at an open window and at the sleeping Kanna and the old woman in the black beanie.

As they chatted and waited in Elder Meyers's house, the Old Task Force shared the assault they had suffered with Kanna. They also told her that the secret organization might take this opportunity to eliminate Avia.

The two parties discussed how to resist Forced Sleep and Real Dreamscape. Kanna said that she had an item that could passively sense fatal danger and wake her up when she was attacked.

Now, Shang Jianyao wanted to put her in fatal danger.

When the rocket launcher circle locked onto Kanna as Shang Jianyao squeezed his finger, the lady's necklace—which was clinging to her chest beneath her clothes—suddenly turned red and scorching hot.

Kanna's eyes opened.

With the help of the item's indication, Shang Jianyao's figure surfaced in her mind. She imagined the single-man combat rocket launcher that was locked and ready to fire, as well the finger that was about to squeeze.

"F\*ck!" Kanna blurted out an Ashlandic word fluently. She knew that Shang Jianyao was using fatal danger to wake her up, but she didn't expect the other party to be so tactless as to choose to use a single-man combat rocket launcher instead of an assault rifle. The unconscious Kanna lacked the necessary defenses—it was very dangerous even when facing a pistol.

She could really die from that!

As she cursed, Kanna's light-blue eyes had already become like gemstones, glistening.

Shang Jianyao—who was really prepared to launch the rocket—immediately felt that the other party was a good friend of his. She was so friendly that he shouldn't use force on her. Instead, they had to get along well.

No, it's because she's a good friend that I'm using a rocket launcher to wake her up... Shang Jianyao quickly figured out the logic and pulled the trigger.

Kanna's gaze froze, and she almost cursed inwardly.

If Jiang Baimian knew about this, she definitely wouldn't be surprised by the parrot's foul mouth any longer.



At this moment, Khal—who had locked onto Avia—also turned around and cast his ‘gaze’ at the room where Kanna and the Virtual World’s owner were. This was an instinctive reaction, a connection based on an Awakened ability. Even if he couldn’t see anything now, he could accurately lock onto the target area.

Khal then reached out and pushed the rocket near the window, causing it to deviate slightly and land on the villa wall.

He felt that they were friends and had to help her.

Rumble!

Flames bloomed.

...

Red Wolf Zone, Senate.

Galoran looked down at the people who had died, were seriously injured, or had entered the Six Realms of Rebirth and Existence. She looked at the citizens and Subhumans who had been affected by different Mind Corridor-level Awakened. As she listened to the cries and laughter coming from the Senate, she suddenly had an urge.

In the blink of an eye, words surfaced in her mind: Although we humans call ourselves advanced creatures, we are like fallen leaves in a gale in the face of the world and fate. We can only dance with the wind, unable to determine where we will land...

I’m so weak that I can’t resist the machinations of fate...

I’m the same now. If it weren’t for the fact that the consul has already become a Heartless and no longer has any intelligence, my abilities definitely wouldn’t be able to affect him, making him temporarily ignore my existence and not use his abilities on me... Normally speaking, I should be laughing and crying as well...

The Mind Corridor-level Awakened that are in a tug of war outside are all stronger than me. If I were to rashly head out and participate in this matter, not only will I not be able to save anyone, but I won't even be able to protect myself... As these thoughts flashed through her mind, Galoran was stunned for a few seconds.

The corners of her mouth suddenly curled up as she revealed a self-deprecating smile. She closed her eyes and muttered to herself, "Since I've already come this far, let's just go with the flow..."

Galoran stretched out her palm and tried to push open the window. At this moment, she seemed to see the young and innocent girl opposite her extend her palm and press it against her own.

...

Golden Apple Zone, in the chamber where Cass slept.

A white-haired elder was slowly wearing a white shirt and buttoning his cuffs as if he were waiting for an opportunity.

The curtain blocking out the surroundings had opened a sliver at some point in time, and bright light shone in.

On the wall behind, the elder's black figure was also adjusting his cuffs. However, it was so large that it went from the ceiling to the thick carpet.