

Carefree 1141

Chapter 1141: Protective Talisman

As the silver moonlight fell, darkness covered the sky.

“I must be crazy!”

A black figure appeared at the corner of the street, with a cap covering half his face. It was Simon!

He had no idea why, but because he was curious, after walking into that store and seeing that Voodoo Rituals, he seemed to have a recurring voice in his heart.

“*Hiss...* Obtain it! I must obtain it!”

Even so, the cost of one gold punk was clearly too much for him.

Nevertheless, Simon decided to do things his own way, a way that should not be done during the day.

During his rebellious youth, he had done many things that made adults detest him—heavy drinking, depraved parties, fighting... In fact, he had even learned some quick money-making skills from an old swindler.

“I noticed the store’s lock is very easy to pry open... I can probably take some other items with me too...”

While walking on the empty streets, Simon felt his reason gradually return. “But... why do I believe there are occult powers in this world? Still, being able to buy the store from Old Man Javier means that the store owner must be pretty rich!”

Even he did not realize that while his rational self had always refused to believe in the existence of extraordinary powers, many other unknown factors were still pushing him closer to the store.

Crunch! Crunch!

After walking past the street corner, Simon suddenly heard the sound of what appeared to be chewing.

“It’s already so late at night, so who’s out here eating and making such loud noises?”

With a trace of curiosity, he walked forward slowly and entered a dark alley.

The end of this alley was a wall and even a few stinky garbage cans by the side.

At this time, however, two black figures were lying on the ground and seemed to be devouring something.

Bloop!

Simon suddenly felt his limbs turn cold as he swallowed his saliva and backed away slowly.

It seemed like his actions were still too loud as the two black figures turned around, showing blood-shot eyes.

With the help of the moonlight, he could even see a corpse lying on the ground, with a ripped-opened stomach. The corpse had wide-opened eyes, and all kinds of internal organs were spilling out with fresh blood.

“Ahh!!!” Simon screamed and started running away fearfully.

In the dark night, this scene reminded him of the legendary ghouls.

Ca Ca!

Ca Ca!

Behind him, the footsteps were getting closer and closer, bringing a burst of strong wind.

Simon only felt a surging force hit him before he fell onto the ground shortly after.

He hurriedly rolled forward and turned around to see the two ghouls approaching.

They were wearing black trench coats and had dried-up skin, appearing to have lost their vitality, and their hands had sharp claws. With blood-shot eyes full of desire, they stared at Simon.

“Ghouls! Ghouls are real!!!”

Simon was sweating profusely in disbelief.

The sharp claws and rotten mouths dripping with drool were constantly getting closer.

“No! No! I don’t want to die!”

He felt wetness between his legs as his hands supported his body to crawl backward. A deathly premonition flooded his heart.

Seconds later, just as the ghouls extended their sharp claws and were about to touch his face, Simon suddenly thought of something and immediately recited out loud:

“When lightning surges and thunder erupts,

grant me peace and protect my valor.

When lightning erupts and thunder surges,

light from the evening prayer set my mind at rest.

Go away, evil spirit, leave along with thou...”

His eyes lost focus as he subconsciously recited it in his head as well.

When the two ghouls heard this sound, they suddenly stopped moving forward and instead moved backward while making threatening gestures, full of unwillingness.

“The protective talisman from Voodoo Rituals actually works?”

Simon was slightly dazed, but when he saw that the ghouls were about to move forward again, he continued shouting with a trembling voice, "Go away, evil spirit, leave along with thou!"

Under the incantation, the two ghouls slowly retreated into the darkness and disappeared without a trace.

"Hu..." Simon let out a deep breath, feeling that his legs had gone so soft that he could no longer stand.

Swish! Swish!

Suddenly, an ear-piercing whistle rang out from not too far away.

If it were a minute ago, Simon would have been more than happy to look for those inspectors for help.

But now, he was hesitant.

After all, there were records of the crimes that he had committed before. Furthermore, he was out here planning to do something bad tonight.

If caught, he certainly had no explanation for this, especially with the corpse.

At the thought of the corpse, Simon quickly stood up and fled the scene.

Otherwise, how would he explain himself to the inspectors? Would he really tell them that ghouls had attacked him? He certainly did not want to be sent for psychological evaluation.

"That Voodoo Rituals book... I must obtain it!"

At the thought of the ghouls and the magical incantation, Simon's eyes lit up, feeling like a huge door had just opened in front of him.

...

In the early morning, Fang Yuan opened his store and stretched lazily. "Good morning, Mr. Fred!"

"Good morning, Mr. Andy!" The fat man opposite him was clearly slightly regretful. "What good weather... Hey, isn't it normally your maid who opens the door?"

"You mean Morigu?" Fang Yuan smiled. "She was busy throughout the night, so I got her to make coffee."

"Throughout... the night?" Fred's eyes widened as he suddenly felt an immense hit to his confidence. "I really admire you, Mr. Andy. What's your secret?"

"Secret? Very simple..." Fang Yuan stopped talking when he turned his head and saw a lady returning with a breadbasket.

"Lucy, good morning!" Fred and Fang Yuan exchanged glances and ended their conversation sensibly.

"You've finished purchasing bread so quickly?"

"En..." The female neighbor, Lucy, looked slightly distracted. "Gentlemen, have you heard? Just two streets away from us, there was a homicide, and the entire scene has been sealed up."

“Robbery? Or murder?” Fred was evidently interested.

“Neither... I’ve heard the scene is... very horrifying!” Lucy looked terrified as she ran home.

Fang Yuan shrugged, returned to the store, and picked up a newspaper.

Half an hour later, the first customer entered the store and angrily slammed a small bottle on the counter. “I want a refund!”

“It’s you, Nietzsche!” Fang Yuan yawned casually. “Once sold, no refunds!”

“You’ve clearly said that this was Spirit Awakening Water, but after using it last night, I didn’t see or feel anything!” Nietzsche argued.

“Young man, this is authentic Spirit Awakening Water. Didn’t you hear me say that there’s only a ‘certain probability’ of it working?!” Fang Yuan shrugged.

“You...” Nietzsche was speechless, his eyes revealing indignation at how unscrupulous Fang Yuan was.

“Sorry to disturb you!” A female inspector in black uniform and carrying a gun walked into the store and presented her ID. “I am Probationary Inspector Vivienne, and I have something to ask the owner!”

“That’s me! How may I help you, beautiful lady?” Fang Yuan smiled and stepped forward.

This female inspector had well-proportioned muscles like a cheetah and a healthy and beautiful stature. The serious expression on her face made Nietzsche suddenly not dare to speak, but he glanced at her sneakily.

“It’s about the homicide that happened last night. I need to carry out some routine inquiries. Do you know Mr. Capone?”

“Capone? No, I don’t know him!” Fang Yuan shook his head.

“A witness said that he was in this store yesterday afternoon!” The female inspector looked suspicious. “He was wearing a blue checkered shirt and black leather shoes...”

“Oh, him!” Fang Yuan suddenly realized. “He was an unfamiliar customer, and it was his first visit. Ma’am, you should know it’s impossible for me to remember the name of every single customer. But he was indeed generous and wealthy, and he bought my ‘Ghoul Claw Talisman’. I have to admit that he has fantastic judgment because that was a rare treasure of my store...”

After hearing this, Nietzsche rolled his eyes.

“Talisman?” The female inspector narrowed her eyes slightly.

“Yes. Made of pure silver and inlaid with a fragment of a ghoul’s claw... priced at five silver sol!” Fang Yuan explained honestly. “What happened to him?”

“Attacked and confirmed dead...” Inspector Vivienne replied expressionlessly. “We didn’t find any talisman on his body...”

Smack!

Fang Yuan punched his fist against his palm. "I know! It must be robbery and murder! The thief must have great judgment to know the value of this talisman..."

Even Vivienne rolled her eyes a little. "Mr. Andy! Please do not make unnecessary conjectures! Did Capone say or do anything unusual when he came here yesterday?"

After a series of questions, she put away her notebook. "Thank you for your cooperation. Before the case comes to a close, I have the authority to subpoena you at any point in time!"

After the female inspector left, Simon walked in with an extremely pale face and poured coins onto the counter. "One gold punk! Quickly give me that Voodoo Rituals!"

Morigu collected the money, not looking pleased at all.

She had waited all night for the thief, but nobody came.

"Okay, it's yours now!" Fang Yuan did not care about how Simon had collected the money and handed the red book over.

This large transaction caused Nietzsche's eyes to open wide.

At this moment, Simon hesitated for a while before asking with a trembling voice, "Mister... do you believe that this world has... ghosts and monsters?"

"Of course!" Fang Yuan replied with hesitation. "Otherwise, where do you think all these mysterious items in my store came from?"

"Then, is there anything wandering around here? For example... ghouls?!" Simon stared at Fang Yuan's eyes.

"Ghouls? I don't know..." Fang Yuan shrugged. "But if you're troubled by ghouls, I recommend you purchase a Ghoulish Talisman! It's only five silver sols!! However, a talisman like this is only for those with a firm heart and mind. Otherwise, it can easily attract the hostility of ghouls..."

Chapter 1142: Ghouls

"Easily attract the hostility of ghouls?" Simon jumped in fright.

By the side, Nietzsche covered his mouth with both hands.

"You don't have to make such a big fuss over it. Most extraordinary items will usually have some sort of side effect... For example, the Spirit Awakening Water's side effect is already considered one of the more insignificant ones..."

Fang Yuan looked at Nietzsche with a smile. "So, do you want to try your luck with another bottle?"

"No! I don't want one!"

Nietzsche ran out of the store as fast as he could and toward the end of the street where he saw the back of the female inspector. "Please wait!"

"What matter do you have?" Vivienne turned around and scrutinized Nietzsche.

"My name is Nietzsche, and I was in the store just now. I want to ask how Capone died. Was he attacked by a ghoul?"

"Ghoul?" Vivienne sneered. "Brat! Don't listen to those rumors! Even though Capone's wounds look like they were caused by some kind of wild beast, I'm more inclined toward a lion, tiger, or even a few stray dogs!"

After saying that, an annoyed expression appeared on her face. "Oh Black Iron God! I violated that cursed confidential regulation again. Brat, you have to promise me you won't leak it!"

It's... actually true! Nietzsche took a step back, and Fang Yuan's description of the Ghoul Talisman appeared in his mind. *If the heart or mind isn't firm, the Ghoul Talisman will easily attract the hostility of ghouls... Hostility! This is it!*

He took a deep breath. "There are ghouls wandering around Kimbert City!"

Bang!

In response, a car door shut.

Clearly, the female inspector did not believe a single word of what he had said at all.

Dejected, Nietzsche returned to the store and stared at Fang Yuan. "You are a murderer..."

"Brat, don't spout nonsense..." Fang Yuan blew on his cocoa. "When I sold it, I had already made it extremely clear... Moreover, do you really believe there are ghouls around?"

"I believe!" Nietzsche replied in a deep voice.

"Seems like you're a person with a story... Mind sharing with me?" Fang Yuan smiled. His voice contained a certain energy that made Nietzsche subconsciously relax and sit on the sofa.

"Story... What story do I have?" Nietzsche was shocked.

"For example, a certain imprint on your body. I don't know when you got it, but I heard that anyone with one would eventually encounter misfortune..." Fang Yuan pointed at the back of Nietzsche's neck.

"You know..." Nietzsche's eyes were suddenly full of terror. "... the 'Sin Imprint' incident?"

"Sin Imprint?" Fang Yuan chuckled.

"Yes... The Sin Imprint is a sinner's proof. Because this Sin Imprint runs through the bloodline of my family, our numbers have decreased significantly, and only a few of us are left..." Nietzsche bit his lips.

"I can tell you that this isn't a Sin Imprint but a symbol!" Fang Yuan said lightly.

"Symbol?" Nietzsche questioned.

"As an offering for a certain ritual. It's an imprint dedicated to a certain existence. Your ancestor should have been chosen as a sacrifice but fortunately managed to escape. But it's a pity that despite escaping, it still continues to flow in your bloodline, attracting the attention of those from the darkness..."

Fang Yuan continued, "But I will neither tell you the name nor write it down because it will be blasphemy once relevant information appears. This is the source of all evil!"

"Yes, even the Church of the Black Iron God was unable to remove this curse... But after I grow up, it will erupt completely..." Nietzsche's voice was firm and persistent. "Mister, do you have any suggestions?"

"What suggestion could I possibly have? I'm merely the boss of an ordinary convenience store... Moreover, my knowledge is limited to this..." Fang Yuan passed the buck irresponsibly. "I know you're seeking extraordinary powers and are desperate to fight this curse, but let's talk about the ghouls now!"

"You..." Nietzsche's face turned red, and he wanted to throw the teacup at Fang Yuan's face but did not dare to. His eyes seemed to be saying, *How can you be this shameless?*

"Don't be angry! I'm really not the murderer. Furthermore, even if my Ghoul Talisman can attract ghouls, they would have to be nearby too!" Fang Yuan said with an innocent look.

"Have to be... nearby?" Nietzsche was frightened by this conclusion. "Are you saying that Kimbert City already had ghouls?"

"And there must be quite a few. Otherwise, how would it be so easy to encounter them? There might even be a ghoul lair!" Fang Yuan stared at Nietzsche. "After knowing this, what are you planning to do?"

"Of course, I have to find the lair!" Nietzsche replied without giving it much thought.

"Very good! Young man, you have the potential to open a detective society. Do you need my help?" Fang Yuan sipped his cocoa.

"Detective society?" Nietzsche was utterly confused by how Fang Yuan could jump from one topic to another.

"Archaeologist, artist, detective... are the easiest professions to come into contact with the extraordinary..." Fang Yuan said meaningfully. "For example, Vincent! You're very interested in him, right?!"

"Yes, because he is indeed an Extraordinary, and my elder is sure of this. He once rescued my elder, who mentioned that his strength was much stronger than many long-lived species!" Nietzsche was full of admiration.

"Indeed, if you were as strong as Vincent, you probably won't need to worry about that Sin Imprint anymore..." Fang Yuan nodded. "But let's continue talking about the ghouls! Finding their lair is relatively simple. You just have to look at where a large number of homeless have disappeared or places with a chain of tomb robberies... But how do you plan on destroying them? Or rather, do you even know what ghouls are?"

"No..." Nietzsche shook his head, puzzled.

"They have blood-red eyes and dried-up skin, and they possess decent defense and extremely sharp claws... Of course, to deal with their attacks, you merely have to be prepared beforehand and equipped with proper firepower... However, this is definitely not the end of ghouls! Do you know what the essence of ghouls is?"

Fang Yuan reclined leisurely. He did not think that Nietzsche could answer, so he answered directly, "It is desire! A desire to eat excessively! Since it's incorporeal, there's naturally no way to destroy it! Even if you burned all of a ghoul's flesh, its spirit would continue to reverberate in the air and linger around their grave until it finds the next suitable host..."

"So, does that mean there's no way to get rid of them?" Nietzsche was dismayed.

"Ghouls are far from being invincible. Any extraordinary power can damage this gluttonous desire. Of course, the Church of the Black Iron God can probably do it too..."

After saying this, Fang Yuan waved his hand, gesturing for Morigu to send Nietzsche out.

After Morigu came back, she said nervously, "Mas... Mister! That imprint... I saw it! It's a sacrificial imprint belonging to Omar... That human's ancestor was once a sacrifice of Omar, and now the descendants of the family can't escape the fate of being sacrifices..."

The fate of being an Outer God's sacrifice was not easy to escape.

Once marked with an imprint, even if they could avoid it once, they would not be let off easily by the followers or worshippers in the future.

In fact, it would pass down the bloodline, and the spread of this poison would be endless.

"Why don't you let me dispose of it?"

The extraordinary Morigu had always viewed Omar as an enemy and was clearly disgusted after seeing the imprint.

She knew that with this Sin Imprint, Nietzsche's strength alone was definitely not enough to get rid of it. In the future, he would surely become a sacrifice and contribute to Omar's happiness.

"Don't be anxious, Morigu... My plan has yet to begin!"

Fang Yuan had a cheeky smile as he gently caressed the cover of the Book of Flesh. "As long as I have this, an increasing number of Omar's followers will gather... And once they expand to a certain extent, they will naturally want to carry out some taboo rituals. For example, summoning an Eye of Darkness? And what if an Eye of Darkness was gotten rid of once more?"

"Then Omar might come down in person... Master, are you planning..."

Morigu Tata felt the trembling of her soul. Just thinking about an existence of that level was enough to make her tremble.

But her master actually dared to plot against this opponent. Just what realm was he at?

"That monster has been avoiding me ever since it ate a loss in our earlier encounter..." Fang Yuan sighed. "Leaving an existence like this alone is a hidden danger. Naturally, I have to get rid of it for good! In order to accomplish this goal of baiting it, I can't expose my strength before its true body arrives..."

In fact, this was also a type of fishing and trapping.

Of course, Fang Yuan did not mention some of the other important points.

For example, settling the grudge was only one aspect. His true motive was still that Eyeball of Destruction. It seemed to be extremely interested in the intrinsic quality of the Outer Gods.

Otherwise, it was just a badly-damaged seal and not going to be of much benefit. It was mainly for research.

"I understand, Master... But can that human truly complete Master's plan?"

Morigu Tata felt that she did not even need to do anything but simply reveal her true form, and that measly human would turn into a corpse in front of her.

"The potential of a human's will to live is endless. Moreover, he has a trace of destiny and a natural hatred toward Omar. He makes a perfect chess piece and bait... Besides, an old swindler like me isn't just going to watch..."

Fang Yuan smiled meaningfully. "Furthermore... we can have more than one piece of bait. Even if something unexpected were to happen to him, we could simply change to another one. We have plenty of time, and it's normal for a war between Gods to last incomparable long, so what's the rush?"

He stared into the void, as though he had already seen everything in the future.

Chapter 1143: Resurrected Corpses

Kaboom!

A black police car stopped within the Kimbert City Police Department.

I must be crazy!

Probationary Inspector Vivienne got out of the car, and her long legs immediately attracted many eyes.

She did not realize it and was even still a little absent-minded. *I actually kinda believed a random young brat telling me about ghouls... Even though he isn't exactly young, merely four or five years younger than me, and he looks pretty cute... Wait, what am I thinking? Case! Case!*

When a homicide occurred in the jurisdiction, it was necessary to investigate it immediately. From today's interviews, Vivienne was dismayed to realize that she ended up empty-handed.

"Vivienne, come to the office immediately. There's an update on the victim's information!"

After returning to the department, she received good news.

"Really? What did you find?"

Vivienne's spirit instantly roused, as though she saw her promotion and the removal of the word 'probationary'.

"Capone Ansino, thirty-seven years old, international fugitive, committed robberies and homicides in Holy Celbera's Domingo City, resisted arrest, assaulted police... He's responsible for the deaths of at least seven people!"

The slightly bald superior Blake handed the file over, and the first page was a sketch that looked identical to the victim's appearance.

“He merely changed his name before sneaking into our city. How daring! He probably thought that the hunt for him would reduce after crossing borders?” Vivienne commented as she evaluated the material. “The target possesses strong fighting abilities and is extremely fierce. Bounty of fifty gold punks! Something’s fishy! Very fishy!”

“Yes, a murderer like this definitely wouldn’t be bitten to death by a few stray dogs. Even tigers or leopards are unlikely...”

Blake lit a cigar.

“Inspector Blake! Probationary Inspector Vivienne! The chief wants to see you two!” A police employee knocked on the door to inform them.

Half an hour later, a roar came from the chief’s office.

“Why? This is my case, and I’ve made significant progress. Why do I have to hand it over to the federal black coats? Just because they’re from the Federal Investigation Agency?”

“Sorry, but I want to remind you that we’re both donning the same black uniforms...” said a man in sunglasses and a black uniform emotionlessly. “The reason why the Investigation Agency is taking over this matter is that you don’t have the ability to resolve it...”

“That’s right, Inspector Blake. After finding out that there might be dangerous creatures in Kimbert City, I opened an investigation and found many more strange cases of missing people. The targets are usually bachelors or the homeless whose death wouldn’t attract much attention. The number... was staggering!”

The chief said calmly, “From the files brought by the Investigation Agency, I’ve found many similar cases have occurred in other areas, so I’ve decided to hand the investigation over to them!”

“In fact... I have something that I hope you can help me with!” Clayon, the level two investigator from the Investigation Agency, smiled. “I wonder if you can temporarily assign this beautiful lady to work on the case with me. I hope to have an assistant who’s familiar with Kimbert City...”

...

Flames!

As far as the eye could see, dazzling flames were everywhere.

A group of people surged forth, holding fire torches, wearing tall-pointed hats, and concealing their faces.

They fled like how wild beasts and hunters contended.

“Live! We must live on!”

The last to appear was a pair of gentle and beautiful eyes, as well as the back view of that figure that refused to give up.

“Ahh!!!” Nietzsche screamed and woke up. He wiped the cold sweat off his face.

Since that day, he had become an orphan. His parents had told him that after he became an adult, his Sin Imprint would arouse and start to attract wave after wave of evil cultists.

They would use all sorts of unimaginable means to torture him, making him wail in pain before ultimately offering his flesh and soul as a sacrifice to an unknown demon.

This was the price and interest of his ancestor's act of escaping despite being a sacrifice.

His ancestors had even speculated that the ritual was intentionally held in a way that allowed the ancestor to escape so that his bloodline descendants would become sacrifices.

"Brat, what are you crying about?" An angry voice came from the dark.

As a wandering orphan, Nietzsche had naturally never received any decent care. Even when he worked illegally, he would be ruthlessly exploited. But for his livelihood, he was capable of anything.

Currently, he was living under a bridge and covered in old newspapers and waste paper.

Around him were people in similar plights. Some went bankrupt, some were disabled, while others had severe illnesses. Finding a corpse every morning was not surprising at all.

And there was no warmth between them.

Nietzsche reached out and grabbed a black iron dagger.

Because of his nightmares, he was a light sleeper, but this had its advantages at least. At least, he did not need to worry about being ambushed in his sleep.

Ghoul, Miss Vivienne, and that mysterious store owner...

He took in a deep breath as he thought about what he had encountered.

Yesterday, he had not eaten anything because he had spent his last pieces of copper on visiting Vincent's exhibition and purchasing the Spirit Awakening Water.

Today was even more depressing.

Despite knowing some shocking information, that female probationary inspector did not seem to believe him at all.

"No... not right. My focus seems to be on the wrong things. I should investigate that mysterious store owner, Mr. Andy..."

The reason why he was so focused on this was that he wanted to obtain extraordinary power.

Starting his investigation from that store owner was undoubtedly much safer than on a ghoul.

"Unfortunately, I don't have any money... money? Wait, there's another person. The young man who spent a gold punk on a blood-red book!"

Nietzsche patted his head firmly.

He realized that while being in that store, it always seemed easy for him to forget stuff.

Especially when he was speaking with the store owner, it seemed as though he would be subconsciously influenced by him and start neglecting other things.

“What a terrifying person. If possible, I really don’t want to have dealings with him... But even if I could find that young man, would he share the secrets of the book with me?”

Nietzsche started considering this possibility seriously.

Sha Sha!

Sha Sha!

After some time, an unusual sound entered his ears.

“Is there... something here?”

He was alert as he clenched his dagger.

Suddenly, the breathing in the surroundings became much rougher. He was clearly not the only one here.

Is that rumor true? The homeless are being targeted? With this thought, Nietzsche became even more vigilant.

The homeless had their own social circle, and within Kimbert City, rumors had spread that many healthy homeless had gone missing.

Under the influence of this news, this small camp also became jittery at the slightest move.

Although these homeless had nothing to their names, they were still more than capable of doing extremely frightening things when forced into desperation.

With so many people here and all of us being on guard, the murderer shouldn’t dare...

Just as Nietzsche was feeling this way, he suddenly seemed to hear a faint chant.

The other party’s accent was extremely queer, containing hissing noises.

“May you be torn apart by black snakes. May you be poisoned by wasps. Flesh Puppets, obey me. I am the Voodoo King!!! Sshh...”

Hiss... Hiss...

Sha Sha!

All kinds of noises came, and shortly after, the sounds of things falling to the ground arrived.

People screamed in panic as they lit newspapers and oil lamps.

At that moment, with the help of the flames, Nietzsche seemed to spot wriggling black snakes and massive wasps as big as a fist in the air.

Smack!

A sharp pain came from his ankle, and numbness immediately spread throughout the body.

Nietzsche's hand grew numb as the dagger fell onto the ground, and his entire body fell along with it.

"Woo... Woo..." His mouth seemed to have a ball in it as his tongue became so big that he could not say anything and could only make a low whine.

Afterward, he shockingly witnessed all the black snakes on the ground gradually turn into black smoke and disappear without a trace.

This is extraordinary power!

After this realization, Nietzsche looked around and finally saw a figure slowly approaching. It was Simon, the one he saw at the store earlier!

"A mere weak and paralysis curse could actually cause such chaos in a homeless camp... Voodoo Rituals is indeed impressive..."

Simon walked over, his face full of excitement. "Selling everything I could and borrowing from a loan shark was definitely not in vain. With this power, I will become the emperor of Kimbert City's darkness!"

He casually kicked a blind person and came to a healthy-looking homeless man. "Yes! Become a part of my power!"

Of course, Simon had not randomly attacked a homeless camp for no reason. He was doing this to create 'Resurrected Corpses'.

According to the content of Voodoo Rituals, his current magic power was too low, so he could only cast weak spells that were effective on ordinary people.

If he met the ghouls from the other day, it would still be very dangerous.

But it was different for Resurrected Corpses! They possessed immense strength and would not feel fatigue nor pain. With astonishing combat power, they were the best guardians for a Voodoo Wizard.

The main ingredients to creating Resurrected Corpses were healthy living humans!

It required the caster to use some drugs and spells to imprison the thoughts of living humans and only preserve the vitality of the body. And by going through a mysterious refinement to make the body even stronger, its strength would be unimaginable.

Sometimes, Voodoo Wizards even punished their enemies by turning them into such 'living dead' so that they would suffer endless torment in eternal life.

Most importantly, these Resurrected Corpses were technically still alive! There were even examples of them being rescued.

Chapter 1144: Dark Night

"Resurrected Corpses possess tremendous strength, but their bodies are still living organisms, so they also require meals. But this isn't a weakness..." Simon was very clear about this.

"In today's society, the appearance of a corpse or resurrection of any sort will immediately attract the attention of the police and lead to a strict investigation. But it's different for Resurrected Corpses

because if I release the restrictions, they'll look like a group of mentally retarded people or idiots. Either way, they won't reek of death at all... I bet society won't even notice a group of homeless people becoming retards. After all, what's the difference between looking for food in the trash and being mentally retarded? It's the most convenient cover..."

In fact, some of the high-tier Resurrected Corpses that went through training would even look like imposing bodyguards of few words, which could save him a lot of trouble.

"Moreover, according to Voodoo Rituals, Resurrected Corpses have an extremely effective defense against many spells and curses because those spells are only effective against the living! If I were to enslave corpses to resist for me, they would merely pass through the corpses and act on me! However, Resurrected Corpses can defend me effectively!" Simon said excitedly while taking out the materials for the spell: a piece of oat bread, a handful of white salt, and a few bottles.

"I shall bestow power... unto my servants!" Simon began chanting, and under the flashes of fire and moonlight, this scene seemed even more terrifying.

He cut the oat bread and sprinkled the white salt all over it. "May the salt cleanse your soul. May the bread strengthen your body..."

Shortly after, Simon dropped a few drops of Datura blood onto it before forcing it into the mouth of the homeless man while chanting the incantation. He pressed the homeless man's throat to ensure he swallowed the bread.

Moments later, the cursed homeless man started twitching violently and constantly rolled his eyes.

"Darkness, I beg you to make my servant strong!"

"Darkness, I beg you to make my servant fear no pain!"

...

In Nietzsche's horrified eyes, that homeless man started releasing crackling explosive sounds before standing up. He tore his upper body clothes, and pale but ripped muscles appeared with many veins and muscles squirming intensely. It looked extremely frightening.

The entire camp suddenly became silent.

Only at this moment did he realize that everyone around him, regardless of gender, had already passed out a long time ago. He was the only one still conscious.

Finally, that unbearable incantation stopped, and that homeless man had suddenly turned into a two-meter tall, expressionless giant.

Seeing this, Simon laughed out loud. "Haha... My servant, I shall bestow upon you the name... Arank!"

In the rituals of Voodoo Rituals, being able to create a Resurrected Corpse by yourself was an important indicator of basic mastery.

Presently, he could be regarded as a proper Voodoo Wizard. This speed was simply incredible!

"I am indeed a genius in occult studies..." Simon thought smugly and did not even consider the possibility of someone else being behind the scenes. Suddenly, he turned around and stared at Nietzsche.

"Not good!"

Nietzsche subconsciously felt the gaze and quickly shut his eyes.

Unfortunately, it was too late.

"Bring him to me, Arank!"

Following Simon's shout, Nietzsche felt two iron pincers grabbing him hard on the shoulders and lifting him from the ground.

He opened his eyes and looked right at Simon, trying his best to speak with his swollen tongue.

"You merely woke up and haven't recovered your ability to move yet? I overestimated you..."

Simon pointed at Nietzsche's neck, and he immediately regained his ability to speak. "W-we met once at Old Man Javier's Convenience Store..."

"Yes, I have a slight impression. But so what?" Simon sneered and crossed his arms.

"..." Nietzsche was speechless. Indeed, they had only met once, but that was all. Simon really had no reason to let him off. It was not as though they were students of the same teacher.

"What a pity..." Simon's expression was slightly peculiar. "Being able to stay awake under my spell means that you're someone with 'qualification'. Maybe you can even become a wizard like me, so turning you into a Resurrected Corpse seems a little wasteful..."

Nietzsche's eyes lit up, as though he saw hope.

"If I were to turn you into a 'vengeful spirit', it might suit a person with such high mental strength like you... Unfortunately, I don't have this ability yet..."

The very next moment, Simon's words sent Nietzsche into the deepest abyss.

"So..." Simon picked up a piece of bread. "Eat it!"

"Woo woo!" Nietzsche clenched his teeth hard and struggled with all his might.

"Really... Arank, force his mouth open for me!" Simon was utterly discomfited as ordered the Resurrected Corpse. A split second later, Nietzsche felt a violent strength forcing his mouth open and two fingers extending into his mouth. Nietzsche bit them hard, but he felt as though he were biting extremely tough rubber. The Resurrected Corpse showed no change in expression at all.

"Haha... This is fate!" Simon laughed pridefully. "When the opportunity came, I firmly grasped it, giving me this strength... while you can only lay on the ground helplessly..."

Nietzsche could not help having tears flowing from his eyes as he watched the bread inching closer.

He had never thought that his life would end like this.

He was not caught by the evil cultists and sacrificed as an offering. Instead, he was going to die in such a ridiculous way!

Bang Bang!

However, the next moment Simon suddenly turned his head and looked at the darkness of the camp. "Who's there?"

Nietzsche turned his head as well, and his eyes grew incredibly large.

Over ten scarlet eyes flashed in the darkness and gradually walked out of the darkness.

More than ten malevolent-looking ghouls were half-crawling on the ground like wild beasts ready to pounce on their prey.

"Ghouls? The ghouls are attacking the homeless!" Nietzsche instantly understood that the recently disappearing homeless was because of them.

Evidently, a homeless camp was a land of fresh meat to the ghouls.

Tonight, they treated this place as their hunting ground but had unexpectedly delayed Nietzsche's death.

Creak! Creak!

Some of them had hunchbacks, some were walking like humans, while others had all four limbs on the ground, like wild beasts. They entered the camp and started devouring their prey.

The unconscious homeless people could not even put up a fight as they turned into food.

Blood splattered everywhere; organs flew all over the place. The entire camp instantly became a slaughterhouse.

"Damn it... They were my prey..." Simon muttered furiously and instructed Arank to step back.

A few ghouls lifted their heads, with bones and organs dripping with blood in their mouths, and slowly surrounded them.

Simon took a deep breath and recited the incantation:

"When lightning surges and thunder erupts,
grant me peace and protect my valor.

When lightning erupts and thunder surges,
light from the evening prayer set my mind at rest.

Go away, evil spirit, leave along with thou..."

Some ghouls stopped moving forward and began slowly moving backward.

However, more ghouls heard the commotion and started joining in.

Nietzsche immediately saw cold sweat dripping down Simon's forehead.

Obviously, Simon's accomplishment in protection spells was only useful against one or two ghouls but not effective against so many of them.

Ten ghouls approached closer and closer, and Simon's face turned even paler.

Seeing this, Simon did not dare to stop his incantation, knowing that the moment he stopped, he would be torn into pieces immediately. Even his Resurrected Corpse would be unable to save him.

But with such a stalemate, he would eventually lose due to his insufficient physical strength.

He had fallen into a hopeless situation!

Seeing how things were unfolding, Nietzsche was equally nervous.

Being surrounded by ten ghouls was much more intense than being surrounded by ten tigers. However, he could see Simon was helpless in the face of this crisis.

After some time, Simon's voice became softer, and the ghouls were even closer. Nietzsche could even clearly see fresh blood dripping from the ghouls' tongues.

Bang!

A gunshot rang out!

A ghoul fell to the ground, its head bursting out with black and red blood.

Bang Bang!

The gunshots continued in succession. The ghouls seemed to suffer immense fright as they hurriedly fled in all directions and disappeared into the darkness.

"Are you all right?" The figures of level two Investigator Clayon and Probationary Inspector Vivienne dashed out.

"You protect them while I give chase!" Clayon darted into the darkness, and several gunshots followed.

Vivienne looked suspiciously at Nietzsche. "You again?! And you, who are you? Don't try to lie. I saw your standoff with those monsters!"

Which means she only saw the last part? Nietzsche thought.

Simon's eyes revealed an ominous glint, glancing at Arank beside him.

Not good! He wants to use the Resurrected Corpse to attack Miss Vivienne! Hurry up and run! Nietzsche was about to warn her.

"An Extraordinary! A wild one!"

Clayon had returned from his pursuit. He squatted in front of the ghoul and started his preliminary examination.

Seeing this, Simon started weighing the pros and cons and chose not to risk it.

"Extraordinary and this monster? What the hell are those?" Vivienne was pale and in disbelief.

“Yes, this is the job of the Federal Investigation Agency!” Clayon used a pair of tweezers to pick out a silver bullet from the ghoul’s head. “The wild Extraordinary over there, I hereby declare that you have been commandeered! Prepare to pursue the ghouls with me!”

“This... really is a ghoul!” Vivienne said incoherently. “How is this possible? I mean... how can they move around so brazenly in Kimbert City?”

“Very simple! Through the sewers. I just chased them there... Furthermore, I’ve planted a tracker on one of the ghouls’ legs...”

Clayon raised his head and smiled brightly. “Next, we’re going to raid their lair and clear it in one fell swoop!”

Chapter 1145: Annihilate

“Mister Investigator, is this ghoul really dead?” Nietzsche stared at the ghoul’s body on the ground warily. “According to Mr. Andy, ghouls are incredibly difficult to annihilate. Even if their physical bodies die, they will often leave behind a gluttonous desire...”

“Brat! Don’t believe in rumors like that! For heterogeneities like ghouls, I’ve solved more than one large group before...” Clayon furrowed his brows in dissatisfaction. “And scientists have grabbed a few experimental bodies for scientific research and analysis. They aren’t that terrifying... In comparison, those wizards are much more troublesome to deal with because they’re too similar to humans and are often hiding among us...”

After saying that, he looked at Simon. “Of course, you’re not one...”

“A ghoul, an extraordinary creature, actually died so easily...” Simon finally uttered after some time.

“You shouldn’t think too highly of such heterogeneities. Moreover, ghouls are considered low-tier heterogeneities. In the past, they were easily killed by horsemen with swords, let alone I used a gun with enchanted bullets!”

Clayon revealed the holster at his waist. “As an unclassified Extraordinary, tell me your choice!”

He glanced at the Arank behind Simon and had clearly recognized his identity.

“Do I have any other choice?” Simon shrugged. “But although I’ll follow your orders, I won’t send myself to the death unconditionally!”

“Naturally! You don’t have to think of us at the Investigation Agency as too despicable. There are quite a few external members like you and peripheral informers...”

Clayon looked at Vivienne and then Nietzsche. “The only reason why I revealed this to you is that I also have the intention of developing you as informers. There aren’t many dangers, and you can even receive an additional stipend...”

“I-I need to think about it!” While Miss Vivienne was hesitant, Nietzsche was extremely excited.

“All right. Neither of you are allowed to leave until tonight’s matter is over, so you’ll have some time to think about it!” Clayon smiled, seeming extremely confident.

"Are you really planning to eliminate the ghoul lair?" Vivienne's voice trembled slightly, feeling chills down her spine when she saw the monster on the ground.

"Of course... Do you think ghouls are wild beasts? They have intelligence too. After suffering tonight's setback, they might shift immediately or even split up, making the following work much more difficult!"

Clayon shrugged. "Of course, you don't need to worry. I naturally won't do something so dangerous alone. I've already called for reinforcements!"

Wuwa! Wuwa!

After he finished speaking, ear-piercing sirens grew increasingly louder.

A group of men in black appeared in the surrounding, and Clayon's attitude changed. He acted like a general as he issued orders calmly.

"Get in!"

Simon and Nietzsche sat uncomfortably in the back seats, watching numerous police cars form a long convoy and drive through the streets of Kimbert City.

Ten minutes later, the surrounding buildings became scarce as they arrived at a pier.

"I initially thought that ghouls preferred dark and dirty environments and would definitely choose some sewer space as their lair, but it was unexpectedly Wesley Pier!" Clayon got out of the car, slightly surprised. "Although there are sewer connections here as well, their motive clearly isn't this..."

Vivienne was looking inquisitively at the men in black around them. There were at least a hundred of them, holding various types of weapons with strange shapes.

I didn't even know about such a great force hidden within Kimbert City... Wait! Perhaps they were urgently transferred over from other cities. Have Mr. Clayon and the Federal Investigation Agency been dealing with monsters like these all this time?

She suddenly felt her desire seem to deviate.

"Occupy the high ground and surround them!"

"Arrange the firepower net, prepare the explosives, and be ready to blow up the pipelines! We can't give them a chance to escape..."

These men in black were all well-trained and had a clear division of labor, reminding Vivienne of the military.

Furthermore, no one knew how Clayon was communicating with them. At this time, the patrols and night watchmen on the pier all disappeared, and the entire place became eerily silent.

Shortly after all the preparations were complete, they started surrounding an ordinary-looking warehouse.

"This is... the ghoul lair?" Simon was slightly trembling, let alone Nietzsche.

"All right, Mr. Extraordinary, I need bait, so please have your 'toy' enter..."

Clayon smiled slightly as he waved his hand, and a few men in black put a black armored suit on Arank.

Explosives? Simon's eyes twitched, knowing that Clayon must have already discovered that Arank was a Flesh Puppet controlled by him. *Too bad... I have no other choice!*

He gave the order, and the emotionless Arank took big strides forward into the massive warehouse.

Bang Bang!

After opening the door, a burst of cold air came out of it. There was frozen pork and beef hung all over the place, appearing to be a massive meat freezer.

However, there were also other items... human limbs and bones!

Creak! Creak!

Chewing sounds echoed as over ten ghouls started encircling and launched an attack.

Ow Ow!

Arank roared furiously and sent a ghoul flying with a punch. However, this was not enough to change his fate as a few ghouls bit his four limbs and neck.

Kaboom!

The next moment, a terrifying explosion emerged, and half the warehouse blew up.

Flames rocketed into the sky as flesh and blood flew.

Nietzsche felt his ears buzzing as he was swept to the ground by the shockwave. While he was struggling to lift his head, he saw many men in black calmly firing their guns, forming a firepower net.

The ghouls had their heads blown off and collapsed.

"Be sure to clean up the battlefield properly!" Clayon calmly directed the follow-up cleaning.

Nietzsche finally regained his senses and said in disbelief, "A huge ghoul lair annihilated just like that?"

Simon, who was beside him, had a wide-opened mouth. This had obviously left a deep impression on him as well.

"On this planet, we humans are the true masters!" Clayon said proudly. "You should be rejoicing in the fact that you met me first!"

However, Nietzsche was thinking about something else. *Ghouls aren't terrifying at all... Sure enough, Mr. Andy is a big liar...*

...

Two days later.

The newspapers had already reported the explosion at Wesley Pier. The official explanation for this incident was a gas leak.

Fang Yuan walked out of the police station and stretched his back. "Good morning, Mr. Nietzsche... Congratulations on finding a new job!"

"..." Nietzsche looked at Fang Yuan but was completely speechless. He was thinking about the conclusion of the investigation.

After a search and professional appraisals, Old Man Javier's Convenience Store had contained mostly counterfeit goods or items to deceive others, especially that gold-coated copper talisman with the sun insignia. Only Voodoo Rituals was a true extraordinary item, and it was only accidentally acquired.

As for the so-called Ghoul Talismans, they were also all fake. The so-called ghoul claws inlaid in them were all dog claws!

It was also concluded that the ghoul attack on the international fugitive Capone was merely bad luck and pure coincidence.

This was the Investigation Agency's assessment, and Nietzsche had no doubts about it. The reason he found Fang Yuan was only because he still had one last doubt. "That... Sin Imprint... how did you know about it?"

"Sigh... After coming into contact with so many extraordinary items, I'm bound to feel things differently!" Fang Yuan said with a certain sadness.

On the road, Morigu had already hired a carriage and opened the door for him.

"Don't say anymore, you big liar!" Nietzsche yelled, deciding to no longer believe anything that this black-hearted, profiteering boss said.

"Oh, Little Mister, your attitude makes me really sad... Originally, I was planning to introduce you to a treasure I'm about to acquire—a late painting of the great artist Master Vincent. For just ten gold punks, it's an absolute steal!"

Fang Yuan feigned a helpless sigh.

Nietzsche's heart moved, but he maintained his emotionless face. "I will no longer believe you or anything in your store! They're all fake!"

"Oh, that's a shame..." Fang Yuan shrugged and said meaningfully, "The influence and contamination of ghouls aren't easy to get rid of... Young man, the guidance of destiny has started. You have to work hard!"

Smack!

He got into the carriage, shut the door, and told the coachman to return to his store.

"He's truly... a foolish and pathetic being..." After sending the carriage away, Morigu sighed. "He's clearly in danger yet knows nothing at all! How pathetic!"

For an investigation of this level, even Morigu's ability to manipulate dreams and illusions was enough to fool them. Fang Yuan had not needed to act at all.

"But this is also what makes it interesting, right?" Fang Yuan laughed.

...

On another side, Nietzsche found an apartment according to an address given to him.

"This is one of the Investigation Agency bases in Kimbert City. Now that you're one of our informers, you have to come back here once every week to report new information. You will receive a stipend of three silver sols every month, and your bonus will depend on the importance of the information you bring back. Any questions?"

Clayon cut a piece of medium-rare steak and put it in his mouth, showing a look of delight. "You can only truly enjoy the natural flavor by not adding any additional seasoning!"

"No questions!" Nietzsche took a deep breath. "I wish to join you! What do I have to do?"

"We have to observe you for a period of time, and you will also have to pass tests!" Clayon replied with a smile. "Come, let me introduce you to your boss here... Oh yes, I have to mention that the steak Mr. Hannibal makes is truly delectable!"

Chapter 1146: Painting

"The exhibition is over for today. Please come again next time!"

Angelina sent the last wave of tourists away with a stiff smile. She finally exhaled, patted her cheeks, and murmured, "Damn... I'm so sick of this stupid job. And that damn rule. What do they mean by the standard smile requires you to show eight teeth? Go to hell. The questions the tourists ask were so stupid and ignorant, but I can only lie. If not for the one silver sol every seven days, I would have long..."

She grumbled while changing out of her work uniform. After exiting the exhibition hall, she entered a familiar coffee shop and walked out with two long loaves of bread that exuded a creamy aroma.

After returning to his apartment, Angelina lit her stove, began brewing coffee, and fried two pieces of bacon as well. Crispy golden bacon was really enjoyable with bread.

She would be in heaven if she could also have a plate of vegetable salad.

No! Angelina, you still have a mortgage of thirty gold punks to pay off. You can't be so luxurious...

Angelina suppressed the urge to make a plate of salad and extinguished her dinner in no time. She then brought the coffee into her bedroom.

The decorations were really simple, and only one oil painting was hanging on the wall. Many colorful lines formed an abstract and distorted eye, and the dark colors surrounding it made the eye stand out even more.

At the bottom right of the painting was a signature belonging to Vincent.

An appraiser would have found it to be absolutely authentic!

"If I could sell it... although it wouldn't compare to Dream, it would probably be worth at least a thousand gold punks? Then, I wouldn't have to worry about any mortgage and could live in a villa..."

Angelina stared at this huge eye and smiled bitterly.

This oil painting is her nightmare! A nightmare that could not be gotten rid of! No matter how she destroyed or discarded it, it would appear by her bedside the next day.

Even...

Angelina stared at the hazy twisted eye.

This eye seemed to see a unique change tonight. It seemed alive and blinked suddenly.

Bloop! Bloop!

A large amount of blood immediately flowed out from the pupil, and the overwhelming scarlet drowned Angelina.

"..." Angelina gritted her teeth as her surroundings became hazy.

She seemed to see a long queue of cars entering Kimbert City and stopping in front of a villa.

A wealthy businessman with a big belly and a wig emerged from a car. A young girl with a parasol was by his side and ordering the housekeeper and servants to move the furniture.

Finally, an oil painting was hung on the wall of the villa's study.

The oil painting seemed to depict a starry night sky, but it was full of distorted figures and shadows, looking extremely abstract with an indescribable charm.

Bang!

The coffee cup landed on the floor with a dull crack.

Angelina did not bother with the coffee spilling all over. Instead, she gazed at the hazy eye oil painting and murmured in a low voice. "That's... Dream! It's been brought into Kimbert City!"

...

At the same time, in the villa, a young girl in pajamas was tossing and turning in bed.

If Angelina were here, she would find that this young girl was the daughter of the wealthy businessman that she saw in her hallucination.

"Why did Dad want to come to Kimbert City all of a sudden? What a hasty decision!" The young girl pouted. "I miss my old bedroom and my friends... Dad's become so weird after he brought that painting..."

Her father, Robert, was a well-known rubber merchant who had started from a workshop that was about to close. He had seized a few well-timed opportunities and developed his company into a large one with thousands of employees.

After becoming rich, this rubber merchant was brimming with a strong desire to enter high society. So that he would not be seen as a parvenu, he invited extremely strict tutors to teach this young girl etiquette and collected various artworks.

Moreover, he had collected several of the so-called 'unlucky paintings' of Vincent after hearing about his legends. His obsession with the paintings grew, and he spent a lot of money to buy 'Dream'.

"Despite the crazy pursuit of some nobles, these antiques also have some bad rumors circulating..." The young girl thought anxiously. "The previous paintings were all right, but something is definitely wrong with 'Dream'!"

With this thought, she secretly got out of bed and tiptoed to the study.

She knew from her small adventures previously that her father was crazy about Dream and would sometimes admire this painting well into the wee hours of the morning.

This time, he had even moved to Kimbert City against the protest of others.

"There must be some secret!"

The emboldened young girl sneaked to the outside of the study.

Sha Sha! Hiss Hiss!

All sorts of weird sounds made their way into her ears, making her dizzy.

Scarlet blood, like a carpet, expanded outward from the gap of the door.

"Ahh!" The young girl screamed and pushed the door open hurriedly.

Through the flickering of orange light from the fireplace, what suddenly appeared before her eyes was...

...

"The sun is shining, and the breeze is warm!"

Nietzsche scrunched his eyes comfortably, enjoying the warm breeze on his face.

He felt as though his luck had somehow changed for the better ever since he joined the Kimbert City branch of the Federal Investigation Agency and became a peripheral informer.

Not only was there a stipend of three silver sols every month, but Officer Hannibal had even found him a job as a newspaper boy.

The pay was meager, but life was much better than before. The most important thing was the identity, which made things more convenient for him.

He could now rent a room to stay in, and his living conditions were much better.

Therefore, Nietzsche was full of gratitude for this job.

"Good day, Mr. Hannibal! Are you going out?"

When he entered the branch office, he saw Hannibal, his boss who liked to cook, putting on a coat and was seemingly ready to head out.

"Nietzsche! You're just in time. Come with me to investigate a case!" Hannibal said softly.

"Oh, okay!" Nietzsche followed hastily into a black car.

"Sir... what happened?" Nietzsche was a little excited.

"Relax. Certainly nothing like that ghoul lair last time..." Hannibal showed a masculine smile.

"Otherwise, the level two investigator in charge of this district would not have come in person... What we have to do is mostly to assess whether some things were affected by extraordinary factors and whether there's a need for them to be 'handled'... You might just be a peripheral member, but you have to do more cases like this to advance!"

"Thank you, Mr. Hannibal!" Nietzsche almost burst into tears. No one had ever treated him so well, and he could not help but think of another person. "What about Miss Vivienne?"

Vivienne had disappeared mysteriously after the ghoul case was broken, and even Nietzsche was called in for questioning on several occasions.

He was very puzzled about this and even had a hint of sadness.

In any case, that honest probationary inspector was worthy of respect, much more so than a certain wicked, black-hearted store owner.

Nietzsche could not help thinking about Simon and Andy.

Clayton had taken Simon away after he became an Extraordinary. It was said that he was going to undergo some 'training'. After graduating, there was a high chance that he would return to Kimbert City to work.

And Mr. Andy, who operated that tepid convenience store, claimed to have a masterpiece of Vincent. At this point, Nietzsche strongly suspected that Andy had just looked for a fake to deceive whichever idiot would believe him. He would not be fooled again anyhow.

"Haven't found her yet... What a pity, she has the qualifications to be an official member..." Hannibal sighed.

"Strange..." Nietzsche noted in his heart and then thought of the mission today. "What do you need me to do today?"

"Don't worry. We're just going to investigate..." Hannibal smiled. "... a rich businessman's missing daughter, and his servants seemed to have seen something terrible..."

While they were speaking, the car parked in front of a grand villa. Hannibal adjusted his clothes and went to knock on the door.

"You are..." A male servant opened a small gap, with panic and doubt.

"We are investigators from Watson Insurance Company. We heard about a security issue in your house and came to investigate!" Hannibal smiled and handed over a business card.

There were many such false identities through the Federal Investigation Agency, and they could fully withstand any inspection.

Shortly afterward, the two of them were invited to the study.

Robert was pale, and his eyes were bloodshot. "Oh! My Nikita! My baby... She disappeared all of a sudden. What I need is a detective and the police, not the investigators of an insurance company!"

"Apologies!" Hannibal took off his hat and saluted. "According to the information, a servant testified that a painting... swallowed your daughter? As the company underwriting this villa, I need to check its security now, in case there's a hidden door in the walls..."

He did not wait for Robert to answer and went to the front of the oil painting. "Is this the great Master Vincent's work — Dream? It is said that he depicted the starry sky in his dreams, but others have different interpretations... I'm more inclined to think that it's an expression of his inner world..."

"Vincent's painting..." Nietzsche was energetic as he stared at the painting without blinking.

Chapter 1147: Truth

"Dream..." Nietzsche muttered unconsciously as he stared at the oil painting.

Through it, he seemed to see a starry sky... and a hazy phantom.

"Nietzsche, what happened to you?" Hannibal shook Nietzsche's shoulder, seemingly realizing that something was wrong.

Nietzsche turned his head subconsciously, feeling as though a layer of white mist was covering his vision.

In the white mist, Hannibal's shape was completely different. His skin corroded and fell off, revealing the bright red muscles under them. His hands turned into claws, and his eyes were blood red!

"Ahh!!!" The young man screamed. His face turned pale, and he almost fainted.

When he finally lifted his head, he saw a displeased Mr. Robert and Hannibal, whose appearance had returned to normal.

It seemed as though everything he saw just now was but an illusion.

"Mr. Robert, we'll take our leave now!" Hannibal politely said goodbye and pulled Nietzsche out of the villa. He asked in a low voice, "What the hell's wrong with you?"

"I-I..." Nietzsche trembled, almost unable to speak.

Instinctively, he did not want to tell Hannibal, his optimistic boss, about what he saw just now and could only say ambiguously, "I feel there's a huge secret in that painting!"

All of a sudden, his eyes brightened when he saw Angelina by the roadside. "You are... Miss Tour Guide from the exhibition hall?"

"That's me..." Angelina was wearing a black chiffon shirt, adding a bit of mystery to her. "You can see the 'abnormality' of the painting?"

She overheard their conversation without a doubt.

Hannibal's expression turned serious, and he pressed his hand against the holster at his waist.

"Yes, I can see it!"

Nietzsche was elated. From his resistance to Simon's spell and his ability to see the abnormality of this oil painting, it all pointed toward the fact that he had the talent to become an Extraordinary!

"Let me give you a piece of advice. Stay away from it, as far as you can! Its terror is beyond your imagination. Any probing you do will lead to great disaster and pain!" Angelina said seriously.

"Madam, do you know something?" Hannibal said solemnly. "I want to invite you to assist in the investigation! I have some things I want to ask you!"

"No problem!" Angelina smiled gently, like a blooming flower.

Be careful. This woman isn't normal. At the very least, her hearing is very sharp... Hannibal quietly warned Nietzsche. "Bring her back to the branch!"

"Actually, we just need somewhere quiet to talk..." Angelina appeared very cooperative.

"No, I think we need a more official place."

Finally, all three of them returned to the spacious branch office.

"Mr. Walter, I'm back!"

Nietzsche found it a little strange that there were so few people left in the branch office, but he said nothing as he brought Angelina into the office.

"Miss, would you like coffee or hot cocoa?" Hannibal picked up a white porcelain cup.

"No need... I know you're part of a federal department specializing in extraordinary phenomena. In fact, I've been watching you for a long time, in a form you can't detect!"

Angelina sighed. "And at this point, I just want to give you a warning. Never try to understand Vincent's cursed paintings! The more you try, the easier you are exposed to terror!"

"What do you mean? Explain clearly!"

Hannibal switched on a voice recorder.

"Vincent was a powerful Extraordinary, and his power exceeded even his own limits, which made him anxious and mad in his later years... These emotions are sometimes imbued into his paintings. But the most terrifying thing is that he had imprinted his own 'seed' on several unique paintings. Once a qualified person approaches, they will be contaminated..." Angelina said in a low voice.

"Thank you for your information, Miss Angelina. However, I have a question. Why do you know so much?" Hannibal posed his question, which was also Nietzsche's doubt.

"Because I have such an extraordinary painting myself. For you to believe me..." A smile played on Angelina's lips suddenly. "... do you want to see it?"

"Very much so!" Hannibal replied with a smile.

Not right. Shouldn't we isolate her according to the safety protocols? Nietzsche was at a loss, unsure of what Hannibal was about to do. The uneasiness in his heart was growing stronger.

"You need to choose the right path, to have a pair of eyes that can discern reality and illusion..." Angelina chanted with a low voice and suddenly unbuttoned her shirt and slipped her shawl off, revealing her smooth and fair back.

At this time, there was a... twisted eye on her back!

Who knew when, but the hazy twisted eye from the painting had moved to her back, like a clear tattoo.

Fresh blood constantly poured out from the vertical pupil. The eye seemed to have a life of its own as it stared intently at Hannibal.

"Hehe... So your true target is me?" Hannibal sneered. The skin on his face began to fall off, and a red glow appeared in his eyes.

"Mr. Hannibal!" Nietzsche exclaimed.

His appearance was almost the same as what he saw in the hallucination earlier, rather similar to a... ghoul!

"Was Mr. Hannibal... killed?" Nietzsche's tears splashed down unconsciously.

"No! He was contaminated!" Angelina said with certainty.

"That's right. I'm the real me right now!" Hannibal's voice became hoarse. "I... am the true noble race. Those ghouls who can't even disguise themselves are just servants! Nietzsche... why are you sad? Isn't it good to become one with me? Just like Vivienne!"

"What? You said Miss Vivienne is already..." Nietzsche felt his heart sink.

"Haha... Weren't we very happy when we had dinner with Clayon before?" Hannibal acted surprised.

"You demon!" Nietzsche hurled a nearby chair at Hannibal without thinking.

"No!" During Angelina's exclamation, the chair smashed into Hannibal's body. Hannibal recovered his mobility and escaped from the gaze of the hazy twisted eye. He slammed a glass window and jumped out.

"Do you know... how terrible a mistake you just made?" Angelina turned around and glared at Nietzsche with a grave look. "You let a leader of the ghouls go, and he will cause more horrible cases in Kimbert City!"

"So-sorry! I only..." Nietzsche hugged his head to cry, unable to continue. "W-Why did things become this way?"

"I have long been concerned about this Investigation Agency branch. Hannibal wasn't contaminated at first, but his personality is dark. He hid his sadness and pain, making him susceptible to being directly contaminated when stimulated..." Angelina sighed.

"I have to contact Mr. Clayon immediately..."

Nietzsche ran out, and there was a sudden commotion outside.

The truth came out while searching Hannibal's house.

“Ahh...”

Looking at the pile of human bones, even a seasoned investigator could not help but look pale.

In particular, Nietzsche and several other people who had had ‘dinner’ with Hannibal vomited repeatedly.

After seeing a pile of blood-stained uniforms, Nietzsche could not bear it anymore, and his whole person nearly collapsed.

He remained silent for a long time before he finally stood up and walked into a dark alley.

“So? Any findings?” Angelina’s figure appeared.

“There were more than ten victims... and traces of Hannibal’s sacrificial rituals...”

Nietzsche’s eyes were dull as he watched the police cars rushing by and locking down the place.

“Any new information?” Angelina was clearly unsatisfied with this.

“I read Hannibal’s diary. It was rather... dark. And he mentioned a ‘Feast of Meat’ several times. What does it mean?”

“It might be a dark ritual. I need more professional help on this...” Angelina sighed. “And there’s also that Dream painting. My suggestion is to lock down the entire villa immediately and don’t let anyone in or out, isolating that place! Once there’s contact, it will leave its mark on people and spread the contamination...”

“This isn’t something that a peripheral member like me can decide...”

Nietzsche squatted on the ground in pain. After this incident, the Investigation Agency branch of Kimbert City was nearly wiped out!

The most terrifying truth was that the person behind it all was none other than Hannibal himself!

The remains of most of the missing members were found in his house.

Nietzsche could not help but shudder at the thought of this.

“I didn’t expect that just going to look at the painting would let me encounter this sort of misfortune...” Angelina sighed before her expression froze.

Through some sort of mirage, she seemed to be at Robert’s villa.

In front of the Dream oil painting, in the study room.

Robert stared at it until his eyes nearly popped out.

But suddenly, an additional figure appeared in the starry sky of the oil painting!

It walked out of the oil painting, stretched out its black hand, and grabbed Robert.

Clang!

All of a sudden, Robert was drawn into the oil painting. There seemed to be a vortex in the wall, swallowing a living person into it and disappearing.

The oil painting had no change at all, save for the starry sky looking more splendid than ever.

“What is that? A vengeful spirit? Or a malicious ghost?”

Angelina shuddered as she watched the ghost of the painting wiping out all the living beings in the villa one by one.

It gave her the feeling that it was an even more terrifying existence than Hannibal, a leader of the ghouls!

The power she had obtained from the hazy twisted eye was definitely not enough to deal with something like that!

Chapter 1148: Abyss

“You mustn’t go back to Robert’s villa. That painting has now completely transformed into a terrible disaster...” Angelina said solemnly. “I’m going to see someone. Perhaps only he can solve this!”

“W-why do you want to help me?” Nietzsche asked.

“Perhaps... because we’re the same kind of people...” Angelina smiled bitterly, revealing a mark on her arm. “We are destined to be sacrificed to the Evil God!”

“Sin Imprint? Yours seems a little different!” Nietzsche’s pupils shrank, but he believed it immediately. “I’m coming with you!”

“Hmm, the police and the Investigation Agency will handle the issues here... You, come with me!” Angelina pulled Nietzsche’s arm and then rented a carriage to head to the slums of Kimbert City.

Nietzsche was very familiar with this place.

The houses were short and dense, encroaching the roads, and the gutters emitted a foul smell. Most of the residents here were unclothed and had sallow skin, numb eyes, and sometimes a hint of madness.

This place was the poorest area in Kimbert City and also where elites pretending to be from high society did not dare to step foot into at all. Otherwise, they might just become a corpse rotting in the gutter the next day.

Angelina clearly knew her way around here. She tore through the streets and walked to a river, to a row of small shacks.

The smell was even more unbearable here because of the many textiles and chemical factories upstream. The entire river was painted black, and many corpses were floating in it.

Nietzsche frowned. “Who are we looking for?”

“A wizard... Have you heard of the term Mandala?” Angelina’s expression became extremely grave.

“I know. Vincent’s most important archaeological discovery is related to the Mandala tribe on the Black Continent...” Nietzsche answered.

“The Mandala is an extremely old tribe in the tropical rainforest. It’s rumored that they still retain the custom of cannibalism. Moreover, it’s the birthplace of wizardry!” Angelina stated in a calm voice. “Thousands of years ago, they had a brilliant civilization, and the wizards could even communicate with the Gods of the Dream World and obtain their blessings! The Mandala wizards are the best people to talk to about occult powers!”

She ducked into a black tent while speaking.

The space in the tent was huge, and it seemed connected to the other tents. Two expressionless black men with bulging muscles were guarding it.

The feeling they gave Nietzsche was that they were stronger than the Resurrected Corpse made by Simon previously.

“It’s me! I want to see Gegehu!”

Angelina clearly knew the other party. After her little announcement, they were invited to the largest tent.

The light was dim, and Nietzsche stepped backward subconsciously and hit a wooden stand.

He grabbed at it wildly and found that his hand had landed on a white skull, his fingers inserted deep into its eyes. There was no trace of flesh on it, but there was still a lot of hair tied into different braids.

“Ahh!” Nietzsche covered his mouth hurriedly before it turned into a full-bodied scream.

Whoosh!

Right at that moment, aquamarine flames burned from the braziers around, reflecting a person sitting cross-legged in the center.

He was simply too old, as though he was merely a skeleton with a layer of skin on him. He had no beard, no hair, and the light in his eyes looked like ghost fire.

“Gegehu!” Angelina pulled Nietzsche down and knelt in front of the surreal figure.

“We meet again, the girl who bears an imprint!” Gegehu turned his head and made a crunchy sound, as if it were an old piece of equipment that had gone without oiling for some time.

“And you, the one who danced with ghouls! Looks like we have some common topics on cooking and ingredient selections... Hehe...” Gegehu chortled.

“You... know everything?” Nietzsche’s face turned white, and he felt his stomach churn yet again.

“True ghouls are generally indistinguishable from us. Moreover, they have a certain contamination on the psyche. When you are with them, you’ll think something out of the ordinary is normal. For example, your neighbors and colleagues reducing in numbers...” Gegehu laughed.

“All right, he’s already feeling bad enough. Gegehu, I came to see you today about two things...” Angelina took a deep breath. “I’ll pay the price.”

“Okay, tell me about your difficulty!” Gegehu picked up a green teacup filled with a green paste that was emitting an inexplicable smell.

“This ghoul escaped, but I found a phrase when I searched its living quarters—Feast of Meat, what does it mean?”

Smack!

Gegehu’s hand shook, and the teacup fell to the ground.

He did not bother about it, and his voice became low. “This is the beginning of a ritual! A very evil ritual involving the ancient legends of this planet—the Ancients and the Outer Gods!

“In the ancient past, it was the Ancients with extraordinary powers that ruled this planet. They are all descendants of Outer Gods! We wizards learned our craft from them. Some of them turned toward crazy and bloody rituals and became Dark Sorcerers! However, there were also extreme lunatics among these Dark Sorcerers who researched the Outer Gods! Most of them destroyed themselves...

“But contamination comes hand in hand with extraordinary power. The Outer Gods are the source of everything! They are unpredictable and extremely powerful, and they would bring about terrible changes even if we were to so much as see their true bodies... Whenever we mention them, we must use different names to refer to them because any fragment of their true names mentioned would often carry contamination...”

From his words... Nietzsche frowned... it seems as though this Gegehu is the crazy type who researched the Outer Gods like he mentioned...

“What does all of this have to do with the Feast of Meat?” Angelina asked.

“I said it already, this is the beginning of a ritual. Its full name is ‘Sacrifice to the God of Darkness’. It uses sacrifices of flesh, blood, and soul as a start to pray for power from the God of Darkness. According to the legends, after the completion of this ritual, it would at least send a Son of Darkness, one of the Ancients that used to rule this planet!” Gegehu replied. “The Feast of Meat is the beginning of the Dark Ritual. It points toward the Master Living Above the Lonely Star, the Astral World Traveler, the Ruler of the Planet of Demon Insects, the Lord of Chaos and Madness, the Darling of Darkness!”

With that said, Gegehu glanced at Nietzsche. “The mark on your body is the mark of this master’s sacrifice!”

“So that’s it!” Nietzsche touched the back of his neck, his whole being shaking.

The mystery hidden within his bloodline finally unveiled a little.

“The Feast of Meat is only the beginning, right? They’ll need blood and soul next!” Angelina said.

“Would we destroy the entire ritual if we were to stop the other two?”

“The power of darkness is far more powerful than you imagine... Once a Son of Darkness descends, it will truly be the disaster of this entire planet!” Gegehu’s eyes turned pure white all of a sudden. “The Ancients liked to rule their countries high-handedly, and their appearance represents slavery and disaster... The dark minions will make sure the rituals succeed at all costs.”

Nietzsche felt like he could not breathe. *I'm just a small peripheral member, so why am I suddenly related to a global-level disaster?*

After calming down, Nietzsche gritted his teeth and asked, "Is there no other way?"

"Only the power of an Outer God can resist an Outer God!" Gegehu's voice became unsteady. "The Master Living Above the Lonely Stars has an archenemy as well. It's the serpent from the Astral World, the snake with rainbow scales shining all over it! The master of the Dream World!"

Gegehu's eyes were suddenly on Angelina. "You have Vincent's power left in your body, and Vincent originally faced the Astral Serpent directly, which was why he became an Abyssor!"

"Abyssor?"

"Those that face the abyss are the Abyssors. They are extremely powerful, even among the wizards! A wizard just starting out can only be regarded as a Contaminator with extraordinary power! Then comes the Controller who can control their own extraordinary power. However, this is only an illusion. After advancing again, we will realize that we have always been staring at the abyss, and the abyss has been staring back at us at the same time..."

"The second matter is that a painting that Vincent left behind has lost complete control..." Angelina said with a deep breath.

"I can do nothing if the power of an Abyssor is out of control..." Gegehu waved his hand in a gesture that signaled he was seeing the guests off. He left them with a final note. "Boy, I just obtained a revelation from the Dream World. You have long met your hope..."

...

Until he walked out of this slum, Nietzsche still looked as though he was in a trance. "Contaminator, Controller, Abyssor? The three levels of Extraordinaries? I've long met my hope? What does that mean?"

"I didn't think that there was such a secret behind the Feast of Meat..." Angelina bit her lip. "Let's part ways here. I have to go home and think about it calmly!"

She was also just a girl under the pressure of a mortgage and had nothing to do with Evil Gods and the fate of the world.

"All right, Miss Angelina!" Nietzsche's eyes were still hazy after they parted, and he wandered around on the streets aimlessly.

When he finally stopped, he found himself standing in Parasol Street.

"Is this a sign from destiny?" Nietzsche grimaced as he walked into the convenience store.

He immediately saw that black-hearted, profiteering boss and his cute servant girl.

"Yo, it's been such a long time since we last met, Little Mister!" Fang Yuan put down his newspaper and raised his eyes. "Have you saved enough money?"

"Money? What money?" Nietzsche was stunned.

“Of course, the money to purchase Vincent’s painting! Please let me introduce to you... the treasure we just received, the masterpiece of the late Vincent—Dream!”

Fang Yuan pointed to the twisted starry sky above the wall, and Nietzsche looked as though he just saw a ghost.

Chapter 1149: Sun

“W-w-w-w-what is it doing here?” Nietzsche stared hard at Dream.

The queasy and dream-like feeling it gave him let him know that the painting in front of him was genuine!

But should it not be in that merchant Robert’s villa?

Everything that Angelina had said was coming true. It was slowly becoming a huge disaster, and the entire villa was becoming a perilous land.

However, why did it suddenly appear in a small convenience store and become a piece of merchandise?

“Who... are you exactly?”

No matter how stupid he was, Nietzsche knew this black-hearted, profiteering boss was not an ordinary human.

“Me? I’m just the boss of an ordinary convenience store!” Fang Yuan smiled and spread his hands. “How about it? I only want ten gold punks for this authentic painting of Vincent’s. It’s an unbelievably low price!”

“I...” The price had indeed fallen to an unbelievably low one compared to the previous auction that commanded thousands of gold punks. However, Nietzsche realized with much regret that he could not even take out five gold punks. “I don’t have money...”

“That’s a shame...” Fang Yuan snapped his fingers, and Morigu immediately stepped forward to cover the painting with a cloth and bring it to the warehouse behind.

“This painting contains Vincent’s extraordinary power. It might contaminate you and make you step through the extraordinary gate...”

“Contaminator?” Nietzsche was startled and thought back to a certain word.

“Oh? Looks like you’ve had some contact with and understanding of Extraordinaries...” Fang Yuan lifted a cup of hot cocoa. “Every Extraordinary starts with being ‘contaminated’. Of course, the new Contaminators themselves won’t be normal and may cause harm to the people around them, unless they advance to another level. Getting started as an Extraordinary is very important, and the seed of extraordinary power from an Abyssor is something that many beginners dream of...”

“There’s no use telling me so much. I still don’t have enough money...” Nietzsche said with a hint of sadness.

Letting go of the chance to become an Extraordinary because you did not have enough money, what kind of sorrow would that be?

"It's okay if you don't have enough money. I have something cheaper!" Fang Yuan smiled. "Do you know where Vincent's extraordinary power originated from?"

"According to the words of a Mandala wizard, it's from the Astral Serpent, the Rainbow Snake..." Nietzsche replied subconsciously.

"Then what did he use to connect to that great existence?" Fang Yuan deliberately pretended to be mysterious. "Have you heard of the Mandala wizards' Sen Luo's Book of Vientiane?"

"So... Vincent's power also originated from the Mandala wizards?" Nietzsche's eyes nearly popped out.

"He only obtained a page of the book..." Fang Yuan smiled and took out a black notebook. "Most of Sen Luo's Book of Vientiane is already lost, but I gathered parts of it and revised it as 'Sen Luo's Book'. It's still a valuable book as an introduction to the extraordinary. However, it's only a manuscript and costs merely one gold punk, which is the same price as Voodoo Rituals..."

"... What do you really want?" Nietzsche was speechless after being toyed with by this black-hearted profiteer. "You must be an Extraordinary. The city has a ghoul on the loose who is starting the Feast of Meat to call upon an Ancient, yet you still have the heart to sit here and sell books..."

"I'm but a simple boss of a convenience store and really can't do much..." Fang Yuan shook his head as he looked at Nietzsche. "So? Do you want it or not?"

"I do! Of course I do!" Nietzsche bit his lips.

"Special price of one gold punk. I don't accept credit nor installments!"

...

Nietzsche's hand trembled as he took the Book of Sen Luo and asked in doubt, "Why? This Book of Sen Luo might be only a manuscript, but its value should be far above that of Dream?"

A single page from Sen Luo's Book of Vientiane made Vincent an Extraordinary. The value of the Book of Sen Luo was absolutely unimaginable.

At least, the Investigation Agency would definitely be willing to pay a hefty sum for it.

Fang Yuan pondered in silence before replying suddenly, "Perhaps it's because... I'm happy! You have to know that every single Extraordinary has an abnormal psyche..."

Are you saying that they're a bunch of psychos? Nietzsche cursed in his heart before immediately asking, "Then, boss... can you deal with Hannibal? I'm sure the Investigation Agency would be willing to pay you handsomely for it."

"Not willing!" Fang Yuan refused nonchalantly. "Also, correct your thinking. I can feel you cursing at me!"

"..." Nietzsche's eyes widened, and he shut up immediately.

At the same time, he caressed the Book of Sen Luo. "Can I read it?"

“Of course, it’s already yours! However, the extraordinary path is full of danger. You have to be careful...” Fang Yuan shrugged and motioned for Morigu to bring another cup of cocoa.

In any case, this black-hearted profiteer boss doesn’t seem to harbor malicious intentions toward me. The extraordinary is indeed very dangerous. Reading it here is probably safer...

Nietzsche also had his own calculations and quickly said his thanks. He opened the first page of the Book of Sen Luo.

Poof!

A scorching smell suddenly assaulted his senses.

What entered his sight was a pyramid. Looking at this pyramid, Nietzsche seemed to see the blazing sun in the desert.

Bright and dazzling light fell all over the pyramid and converged into a line.

At the peak of the pyramid, there were sacrifices spiked up one after another. Blood flowed through the stone cracks and into the desert sand.

...

“Ahh!” Nietzsche woke up from the illusion after some time. He felt as though his entire being was empty, and his psyche was exhausted.

His brain seemed to have entered a furnace. Pain and strange feelings spread all over his body.

“Great Sun Meditation Technique?” He muttered the information that he had obtained.

“A wizard condenses their psyche through meditation. The Great Sun Meditation Technique is to utilize the power of the sun and calcining your own spiritual power by directly visualizing the sun... The extraordinary road is endless, and the source of contamination selected at the very beginning is very important, directly having an impact on your future achievements...” Fang Yuan followed up. “On this planet, what energy source can match the sun?”

“Sun? Sun...” Nietzsche felt that ball of light in his psyche and said nothing.

“This Great Sun Meditation Technique is definitely the top meditation technique on this planet... If you can reach its peak, you might even become a sun!” Fang Yuan said in a sigh.

“The Sun is clearly a star. How can a human become one?” Nietzsche protested.

“Haha... Aren’t Extraordinaries incredible to normal humans? What’s strange about becoming a future sun to an Extraordinary like you?” Fang Yuan said with a smile.

“I... will become a sun?” Nietzsche murmured, suddenly finding confidence.

He discovered that the first page of the Book of Sen Luo became a blank piece of parchment when he tried to read it again.

“The introduction to extraordinary power requires only a traction, a seed... The first page gave you the Great Sun Meditation Technique, and that then transferred to you. It’s just like how Voodoo Rituals

created Simon. The difference with that ritual is that it can only create a Voodoo Wizard, and it will completely lose its extraordinary power from then on. The Book of Sen Luo, however, has different seeds on each page, waiting for you to discover.”

Since there was a trace of destiny, there should always be preferential treatment.

“Then... I can impart it to others?” Nietzsche asked suddenly after keeping silent.

“That’s right. You can do the same when you’re strong enough in the future. For example, sharing a part of the Great Sun Meditation Technique, writing a new book... Just like what Vincent did!”

“I understand...” Nietzsche was silent as he got up and left the store.

“Truly... making me look forward to it...” Fang Yuan’s eyes followed him silently, brimming with expectation.

“Master?” Morigu stepped forward, slightly confused.

To her, the best method to cultivate this kid was to show up in front of him directly, like he had done with Vincent so many years back.

She could also do it in Fang Yuan’s stead if he was unwilling, and she would complete it in a short amount of time. Why did the master choose such a time-consuming and laborious way?

“You can influence destiny or even interfere with it, but you can’t forcefully correct it. Otherwise, it will be easy to usher in an opposing force...”

Fang Yuan smiled. “Moreover... don’t you think Nietzsche is well suited for the Great Sun Meditation Technique? The rays of a sun are the nemesis of darkness!”

...

The warm sunlight shined on him as he walked out of the convenience store.

Nietzsche exhaled comfortably.

All of a sudden, he felt the ball of fire in his brain seem to absorb the sunlight on his body and become bigger.

“Can it become more powerful by absorbing sunlight? Equivalent to a furnace that is operating all the time?” Nietzsche muttered to himself. “This meditation technique must be very valuable. Why was Mr. Andy willing to give it to me...”

The so-called cost of one gold punk was simply a joke.

“Sigh... Too many things happened today. I’m so tired...”

Unfortunately, just as he reached his home, he was stopped by two members of the Investigation Agency in black suits. “Nietzsche... Clayton wants to see you. Hope you can report everything in detail to him. Everything!”

“No problem!”

Nietzsche heaved a long sigh, finding peace of mind within an organization.

The black sedan spewed tail flames and finally reached a base after a few hours of driving.

He was in total shock when he saw Clayon again.

The originally handsome level two investigator was all bones and seemed to be starving to death.

“Hehe... I’m sorry to scare you, but you have to undergo a test first...” Clayon smiled weakly. “After many verifications, we’ve realized that we truly made a huge mistake when we wiped out the ghoul lair. Some of the members present were met with very terrible things...”

Chapter 1150: Descend Again

“Mistake... and terrible things?” Nietzsche’s eyes were at a loss.

“It’s the ghouls’ contamination... After a few rounds of verification, we’ve finally found out that when the number of ghoul deaths reaches a certain extent, there will be an impact on those at the scene. It won’t necessarily occur, but undoubtedly, the greater the contact or the darker the person is, the greater the possibility of being affected...” Clayon rubbed his brows. “Hannibal was an ordinary person with a normal life and social relations, but it’s also a fact that he became a ghoul. There’s no doubt that it’s because of such contamination!”

“Contaminator...” Nietzsche murmured, now more knowledgeable about Extraordinaries. At the same time, he realized that Mr. Andy from the convenience store truly had not joked with him.

Even ghouls that looked like they were easy to deal with were too scary for normal humans.

“I understand. What do you need to check?”

“Give me a drop of your blood!” Clayon said.

Nietzsche did as he was told, and a doctor soon walked out with a test tube.

“It only takes about ten minutes for the verification... Now, let’s talk about something else. I’m really sorry about Vivienne.” Clayon sighed. “I originally wanted to bring her into the Investigation Agency...”

“Let’s talk about the ghoul that got away, Hannibal. He seems different from other ghouls...” Nietzsche said without any expression.

“Yes, he’s very different. After ghouls are killed, they will spread something around them, be it bacteria, viruses, or something we don’t know yet. The people affected by it will desire flesh and blood, having an insatiable appetite somewhat similar to binge-eating patients. Hannibal accepted the changes wholeheartedly and became even more powerful!”

Clayon sighed. “Simon was the first to realize something wrong with me. Headquarters then started targeted treatment on me. And I became what you see now...”

Nietzsche was silent for quite some time as he gazed at Clayon. “This... really can’t be considered as fully healed...”

"It's just diet therapy. Much better than what I had to go through previously. You didn't see the colleagues who failed the treatment. But my doctor told me that from now on, I must curb my desire to binge, and I especially can't eat meat, better to become a vegetarian..."

Clayon spread his palms in a gesture of resignation.

"That's... really unfortunate!" Nietzsche thought about fried chicken, barbequed meat, and that delicious beef steak... Wait, throw the thought about that damned beef aside. However, the punishment of not being able to eat meat for a lifetime was truly torture.

"Sir!" Another person entered at this moment. It was Simon!

He was wearing a sturdy uniform, and his messy hair had since been combed. He seemed much more alert. He submitted a report to Clayon. "He's clear! But now... I feel that he has another problem."

Nietzsche could feel an uncomfortable aura surging toward him from Simon.

Hiss Hiss!

A trace of black gas converged, appearing to turn into a viper opening its jaw.

Does he realize that I'm an Extraordinary?!

He did not know why, but even though he had just recently become one, Nietzsche felt as though his perception and observation were extremely powerful, and he could even see the resentment in Simon's eyes.

Hiss Hiss!

A large number of black snakes enveloped him entirely. Nietzsche went numb and was unable to move.

Clayon could see nothing and asked curiously, "What's wrong?"

"Great Sun Meditation Technique!"

In that instant, seemingly having a stress response to the danger around him, Nietzsche seemed to see that heatwave in the desert and the sun that hung in the sky.

Sizzle!

The black snakes wrapping around him immediately turned into smoke and quickly dissipated.

Simon screamed and took a step back. Two lines of blood oozed down from his nose, as though someone had punched him.

"Simon, what's the matter?" Clayon asked with obvious irritation, his tone serious.

"It's as you've seen... Our dear little Nietzsche has become an Extraordinary!" Simon licked his lips.

"Really?" Clayon stared at Nietzsche. "What's going on?"

In the base, Clayon can mobilize dozens of people to destroy me with submachine guns at any time... Nietzsche's brain started working furiously, instinctively wanting to conceal the important parts of his secret. "It's... that painting!"

“What painting?”

“Vincent’s unlucky oil painting—Dream! I’ve felt something in my brain ever since I went with Hannibal to take a look at it. It’s like a ball of fire...”

After obtaining a lot of information about extraordinary powers from Gegehu, Angelina, and Andy, Nietzsche could smoothly come up with a feasible lie.

“Vincent’s unlucky oil painting? Did he leave behind a seed of power in some paintings?” Clayon rubbed his chin. “And these special seeds of power will only sprout when they meet a suitable person... Perhaps this is why you weren’t contaminated by the ghouls.”

“The contamination of ghouls doesn’t affect Extraordinaries?” Nietzsche grasped the key point immediately.

“No! It’s just the power of Extraordinaries can better resist it...” Clayon explained. “In that case... Nietzsche, firstly, congratulations on joining the ranks of Extraordinaries. Next, are you willing to join our Federal Investigation Agency?”

“Of course, it would be my honor!” Nietzsche bowed slightly.

“Originally... all the new Extraordinaries who join have to attend training, but there have been too many things happening recently in Kimbert City... We need to deal with them first!”

Clayon rubbed the area between the eyebrows. “You, go and prepare yourself. Ask Simon if you don’t understand anything. I’ll return with you later to deal with Hannibal and other strange matters...”

“Yes, Boss!” Nietzsche gave another bow as he went out. Following tightly behind was Simon.

They reached a corner, and Simon snapped his fingers. A layer of mist that only Nietzsche could see suddenly wrapped around him.

“You definitely didn’t obtain the power from that painting... It’s from that convenience store, isn’t it?” Simon said with certainty.

“No!” Nietzsche shook his head adamantly. “He’s just a profiteer. I’ve been cheated enough by him!”

“Really?” Simon was still suspicious. He instinctively felt that something was wrong, but there was also no flaw in Nietzsche’s statement.

“In any case, I have to congratulate you!” Simon threw him a look that was full of venom. The aura on Nietzsche was the type that he hated the most.

“If there’s nothing else, I’ll get going first!” Nietzsche retreated with a smile, and his palm touched the mist.

Whoosh!

The mist seemed to meet fierce flames and burnt away.

In his mind, Old Man Javier’s Convenience Store had become a mysterious supply store. He naturally would not want to share it with anyone else.

...

“Should I say... that the wheel of fate has begun to turn slowly?”

Fang Yuan drank his hot cocoa leisurely in the convenience store. His eyes, however, seemed to have witnessed everything.

“The Great Sun Meditation Technique isn’t as simple as it seems on the surface. It burns the enemy and everything else by burning you yourself and your psyche... If not for this quick method, how could you obtain enough power to anger Omar before the completion of the Dark Ritual?” He smiled.

Although the sun and luminosity were never in his system, with the ability of the Dream Dao Fruit to contain countless properties, developing this kind of luminosity ability was child’s play.

However, the privilege of having an Outer God customize a technique for you was not something that even the Uyguklais had enjoyed.

“I spent a bit of effort on it. You have to grow well and give me a surprise...”

Fang Yuan smiled and looked far away.

Through the void, he saw another few scenes.

...

Somewhere in the sewers.

Candlelight illuminated a dining table. Hannibal wrapped a napkin around his neck and held a knife and fork. It looked as though he was enjoying a candlelight dinner—if you ignored the surroundings.

Several incomplete corpses were by the edge of the dining table.

After finishing his meal, Hannibal wiped his lips with the white napkin like a gentleman. He fell to his knees as if he had heard something.

“More... more fear, more meat...”

“Complete... complete the Feast of Meat!

“The Ancient... will descend again. All the races of darkness will be able to walk the earth again!”

...

On another side, a team was slowly driving into Kimbert City and stopped in front of an abandoned factory.

“Quick, start unloading the goods!”

Many bodyguards got off from the cars and carried numerous iron boxes into the factory under the command of a white-haired steward.

“All right. All of you, out!”

The white-haired old steward caressed the iron boxes after the others left.

These boxes were all slender and heavy, and they seemed like... coffins?

Bang!

He pried one open, and there was a young girl of about twenty years old. She had fair skin, and her eyes were tightly shut.

Her brows moved slightly, as though she would awaken in the next moment.

A trace of delight emerged on the old steward's face. A dagger appeared in his hand, and he stabbed her!

Poof!

Blood splattered everywhere!

A moment later, he opened another coffin that had a layer of dark soil in it. The old steward let the fresh blood from the dagger drip into it and murmured, "The evil spirit wandering in the darkness, the hunter that chases blood, awaken... Start the Blood Sacrifice to the God of Darkness!"

Along with the murmur, changes suddenly happened in the coffin, making a lot of noise.

A withered palm seemed to be breaking free of its last shackles and broke out from the soil!