

## Carefree 1151

### Chapter 1151: Vampires

"I'm... finally back!"

Clayon could not help but sigh as he returned to the Investigation Agency branch in Kimbert City.

"What an unpleasant memory... I originally thought that wiping out that ghoulish lair was one of my merits, but I didn't think that it would be one of my greatest mistakes!"

Clayon sighed and directed a large number of men in black to settle in.

"In that case, shall we take care of that first, Sir?"

Nietzsche looked at Simon, but he was wondering about how to disclose the information on the Dark Ritual to them.

*Perhaps I can use Robert's haunted villa as an opportunity? Boss Andy has taken away Dream anyway, so there shouldn't be much danger... Wait a minute, he took that painting without paying a single copper but is selling it at ten gold punks. What a profiteer...*

"At present, the largest extraordinary case in Kimbert City is Hannibal! Robert's mansion is lower priority. Just keep it sealed..."

Clayon pondered over his plan. "The police have issued the arrest warrant for Hannibal. Publicly, he's a criminal with powerful destructive capabilities. However, he's very cunning, so I think it's necessary to conduct a search within the sewer system..."

As a symbol of a modern city, the huge and complete sewer system could not only free the city from the troubles of sewage and flood, but it could also sometimes become a hotbed of dangerous organisms.

"Understood!"

Nietzsche and Simon exchanged glances, feeling bitterness in their hearts.

The main search force would undoubtedly be the two of them. They were the only Extraordinaries here.

"Report!" Just then, a female member in black uniform walked in with a serious expression. "Boss, the police have just transferred a case to us!"

"Ugh..." Clayon grabbed his hat. "Nietzsche, Simon, come with me. There's a new mission..."

After getting into the car, Simon asked with a low voice, "A new case?"

"Yes, if it isn't the ghouls changing their diet..." Clayon sighed and handed the case file over to them.

Nietzsche leaned in for a look. A female corpse with a bloody wound on her neck was in the black and white photographs next to the file.

"Nicole Rolisa! Textile worker, cause of death: massive blood loss?" Simon slowly read the information. "Suspected of being attacked by a beast? When did the ghouls stop eating meat and only drink blood?"

"Therefore, this means the appearance of other evil creatures. According to the information gathered, they must be vampires!" Clayon said with a low voice. "Prepare silver bullets!"

"Vampires?" Nietzsche repeated. "What abilities do they have?"

"First of all, don't be misled by novels. Real vampires aren't personable, but a bunch of real monsters. They are like a crossbreed between bats and humans. They have ugly, hairless features and fear neither the sun, garlic, nor crosses. Special silver bullets can cause great damage to them, but these bullets must have magic enchantments..." Simon proficiently reported a series of information. Obviously, his training had not been in vain.

"All in all, they are as troublesome as ghouls. Of course, we can't afford to be careless anymore..." Clayon took a deep breath. "Something feels amiss. There are very few such cases in the cities under my jurisdiction, but they're now happening one after another in Kimbert City..."

The speaker had no intention, yet the first thing that Nietzsche and Simon thought of was Boss Andy and his store.

It seemed like the waters in this city were indeed deep and muddy, and they could drown someone at a moment's notice.

The news that awaited them when they arrived at the police station surprised them yet again.

"A new case?"

...

"Truly a pity... Such a nice girl and at the best age of her life..."

The police had blocked off the entire crime scene by the time they arrived. Clayon showed his credentials and walked in with Nietzsche and Simon.

"Lilian Marco, a third-rate model... No connection with the victims of the previous cases, but their wounds are very similar..."

Clayon squatted down in front of the body. He looked at Nietzsche and Simon. "Do you have any means of tracking it?"

"No..." Nietzsche only knew the Great Sun Meditation Technique. He could burn it, but to trace the murderer, well, he would have to go back and read the Book of Sen Luo.

However, Simon squatted down smugly and observed the wound on the woman's neck.

"This is fresh, and the time of death was rather recent. Perhaps I can use some summoning methods to guide us toward the murderer..."

"Very good. Do it immediately!" Clayon decided right on the spot. "These monsters are even crazier than the ghouls. They've caused four or five cases within a few short hours, as though their hunger can never be satisfied..."

“Got it...” Simon immediately knelt and began taking out some bottles to mix potions.

There was no telling what Clayon had told the policemen in charge of this case, but they had all disappeared from sight.

“In the name of darkness, I order you... vengeful spirit, agglomerate! Guide us to the murder who killed you using the resentment of your blood!” Simon muttered as he poured the potion on the corpse’s wound.

The wound that had turned white because of excessive blood loss actually started to heal and scab.

Not only that, but Nietzsche could feel something bad attaching to the corpse.

“This... doesn’t seem to be the soul of the dead?” he finally blurted out.

“Of course... Do you think everyone who dies will turn into a soul? Wouldn’t there be too many souls wandering around the world in that case?” Simon smiled mockingly. “I called on the spirits from nearby. They must have seen what happened just now and are most likely affected by the resentment of the dead...”

“Ah...” A long exhalation sounded just as Simon finished his explanation, and the female corpse on the floor suddenly opened her eyes.

“Now... you can tell me the murderer’s features...”

“It was a son of the night with the body of a bat, the soul of a human, a long tongue...” the female corpse said calmly.

“Sure enough, it’s a vampire. Can you trace it?” Clayon wiped his cold sweat. “I’ll immediately call for reinforcements!”

“No problem. But I need to refine this corpse to become my servant first!” Simon said reservedly.

“I grant you the authority to do things with ease!”

Simon became excited with Clayon’s words. He drew all sorts of runes on the female body and poured quite a number of potions into her.

After finishing everything, Simon chanted an incantation with a hot glint in his eyes. “Stand up, my servant of darkness!”

*Crack! Crack!*

The female corpse stood up, her movements stiff at first but soon returned to normal. Her eyes, however, held no emotions.

“Is this a level-higher Flesh Puppet than the Resurrected Corpses?” Nietzsche gritted his teeth secretly.

“Vengeful spirit, bring us to the one who killed you...” Under Simon’s incantation, the female corpse went over to the cover of a manhole and opened it to enter the sewers.

“Go!” Although Clayon might look like a bag of bones, his strength had not declined much, and he was still rather agile.

Simon and Nietzsche were both Extraordinaries. Their physiques were not their main attributes, but they had undoubtedly improved.

The three of them followed the female corpse and flew through the underground sewers.

The light was dim, the air was foul smelling, and moss covered everything, making it extremely slimy. It was easy to lose your footing if you were not careful.

“They’ve evidently used the sewers...” Clayon sighed in front of an iron fence. “How long has it been since the city hall cleaned it...”

There were naturally many restrictions in the sewers for places that a human body could pass through. For example, an iron fence set up at predetermined locations. It was also where the most waste gathered, making it easy to create blockages, and it was necessary to send cleaners to clear them up periodically.

However, a huge hole had appeared on the iron fence, and the waste had piled up in the surroundings, causing the stench to be unbearable. There was no telling how long had it been since someone had cleaned it.

“I hate this place...”

Even the unusually cold Simon had his scalp go numb when he saw the sewage, various waste, and all kinds of dead bodies floating in it.

*Poof!*

That female corpse jumped directly into the water and went through the iron fence.

“Follow her...” Clayon squeezed his nose and jumped down. He started convulsing and vomiting immediately.

“Oh Black Iron God...”

Nietzsche and Simon had no choice but to jump down and follow them. They too vomited all over.

They could not help but want to throw their entire bodies into a washing machine after they passed through the iron fence and climbed up to shore.

*Keke!* Suddenly, a sound came from in front of them.

The female corpse let out a sharp shriek and immediately pounced at it.

“Pay attention... The targets have appeared!”

Clayon grabbed his gun.

*Bang Bang!*

In the dark, several sounds of fighting came, causing Simon's face to fall. "The servant of darkness I created is entangled with them. Be careful. There are a lot of them..."

*Whoosh!*

Halfway through his words, several snake-like things launched a surprise attack through the darkness.

*Bang!*

Clayon opened fire, but the next moment, his gun was knocked out of his hand, and a long purple-black snake tied his hand.

"What is this... damned thing?!"

Nietzsche's hands protected his own neck as he struggled hard. He could feel that the purple-black snake was full of slimy mucus that was extremely slippery.

*Smack!*

A flashlight rolled onto the ground, and the intermittent light shined on the figures of several monsters.

They were similar to a combination of humans and bats. Their bodies were bare, without a trace of clothing nor hair, and those long purple-black snakes were actually their tongues!

Vampires!!!

## **Chapter 1152: Haunted Villa**

**Translator:** Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

"Damn it!"

What did it feel like to have a long tongue coiling itself around your neck?

Nietzsche could only sense a pungent rush to his nose and mouth. He could not breathe, and his hands were desperately pulling so that he could inhale precious air.

In the face of suffocation, even the smelly air in the sewers felt extremely precious.

*Whoosh!*

That long tongue expanded again as it felt him struggling, and the back of it blossomed into a giant mouth with fangs.

"How can I die here?" Nietzsche roared angrily, "Great Sun!"

*Whoosh!*

An invisible flame burnt from his body, making the tongue retreat like a frightened fish.

"Want to run now? Too late!" Nietzsche used both hands to grab that tongue with all his might and yanked.

A vampire became unsteady as Nietzsche dragged it closer, and the hair on the vampire's face became clearly visible.

*Bang!*

He bit his lips and pulled the trigger calmly.

After the loud noise, the vampire's head exploded as red and white bits splashed to the ground.

When the vampire died, Nietzsche was suddenly stunned when he felt the ball of fire in his brain expand, as if the Great Sun Meditation Technique had absorbed a large tonic.

"In the name of voodoo!!!" A roar came from Simon just when Nietzsche resolved the vampire.

A weird voodoo doll was thrown on the ground, and blood oozed out from it.

*Tick! Tick!*

A small black patch soon gathered on the ground as the blood oozed out.

An inexplicable strange aura spread out, cold and biting.

The vampires screamed, as though they were frightened by something. They all retracted their tongues and fled the scene.

"All right, let's leave this place as fast as we can too!" Simon looked at the puppet on the floor, his face full of apprehension. "The power of this curse is too strong, and I can't control it. We'll die once it goes out of control..."

"I can see that it's a very dangerous spell..."

Nietzsche moved his neck and followed Clayton and Simon back the same way.

"I didn't expect these vampires to be so powerful. We have no way of tracking them after losing that servant of darkness..." Clayton sighed. "We can only increase police patrols..."

...

The following period of time was so busy and intense that there were very few holidays.

Rumors about the vampires had begun to spread throughout Kimbert City. After all, they were more brutal and picky than the ghouls. They would not specifically target the homeless and preferred going after young maidens, directly taking people off the streets as more and more girls did not dare to go out at night.

Five days later.

Nietzsche looked up at the bright sun and yawned. "What beautiful sunlight!"

He had been greatly enjoying the feeling of getting stronger under the sun ever since he started practicing the Great Sun Meditation Technique. He wished he could bask in the sunlight twenty-four hours a day.

"It's rare to have a holiday... It's just that those vampires are obviously the blood part in the Dark Ritual Gegehu mentioned..."

With this worry, he walked into a small convenience store on Parasol Street.

"Welcome..." Fang Yuan still had that smile on his face. "Little Nietzsche, I knew you would come in time..."

"Or perhaps... you have no other customers at all?" Nietzsche rolled his eyes.

"No, no, no... I might have few customers, but sometimes I have real customers as well, very wealthy customers!" Fang Yuan smiled. "Just yesterday, an old customer came, and he was much more generous than you..."

"Yesterday? Old customer? Yesterday seems to be Simon's day off. Did he also come here?" Nietzsche asked, becoming alert all of a sudden.

"How smart. You got it right immediately!" Fang Yuan's expression did not change. "Then, customer, what do you need this time?"

"Do you have something that can deal with vampires? Something really useful!" Nietzsche asked hastily.

"Vampires are just servants of darkness, and it's quite simple to kill them... However, they have the ability to create progeny. Now that requires some means..."

"Creating progeny, do you mean blood descendants?" Nietzsche exclaimed.

"Blood descendants? There's nothing wrong if you want to call it that, but the birth of a vampire doesn't rely on blood at all..." Fang Yuan shrugged. "If you want to talk about specific products, I recommend the vampire talisman! I must tell you that this product is very popular, and it will only cost you five silver sols..."

"I can't think of anyone else who would buy this except for Simon..." Nietzsche grumbled. "In fact, why don't you lower the price? For example, you can sell them for five coppers per piece to the public. I think... you would definitely make a fortune given the current panic in Kimbert City."

"Not a bad proposal..." Fang Yuan's eyes lit up. "Unfortunately, if I were to do this, I would be invited to the police station before long. Perhaps they might even charge me with disturbing public security, spreading panic, and so on, and I would only be able to contact my lawyer then..."

"I'll buy it..." Nietzsche scooped out his pocket and found it was really shy. He could only start with the cheapest. "Spirit Awakening Water... Hope I'll have good luck this time!"

He stared into the eyes of this profiteering boss and could roughly guess that the frequency of purchasing genuine goods from him was dependent on his mood!

"No problem!" Fang Yuan passed him a small bottle with a grin and collected the copper coins with a swift movement.

"... I recently encountered some difficulties when practicing the Great Sun Meditation Technique. For example, I realized it could burn everything..." Nietzsche guessed the boss should be in a good mood

right now since he had made a sale and posed some questions that were on his mind. "What should I do?"

"The characteristic of the sun is to burn everything!" Fang Yuan said meaningfully. "Why fear it?"

"But this kind of speed is simply too fast... Too thrilling..." Nietzsche looked at his hands. "I never imagined that the rapid growth of power would one day be so frightening..."

"This... is the price to pay!" Fang Yuan nodded. "I have nothing more I can guide you on. However, you have to be careful. The Great Sun Meditation Technique will burn you first if it goes berserk..."

Nietzsche's heart sank. He forced himself to stop thinking about those problems and started to talk about other aspects. "One more thing, my boss has decided to resolve the problem of Robert's haunted villa... What's your take on this?"

"Be careful. Don't die!" Fang Yuan gestured for the customer to leave.

"Don't... die? Is the problem with the villa still not yet resolved? But isn't the Dream painting with you?" Nietzsche asked incredulously.

"Wait..." He reacted in the next moment. "Could you have created a fake painting to deceive people? You can even fake that strange feeling? You profiteer!"

...

"All right, it's a long and arduous project to capture the ghouls and vampires, so we'll clean up Robert's villa next..."

The next day, in the office of the Investigation Agency, Clayon got his subordinates to submit a few documents.

"Robert's villa has become a dangerous place because of Dream. Robert and his daughter, as well as the servants and housekeepers, are all missing, and there's not even a single thread of news. The danger might not have spread, but we can't allow it to continue like this..."

He gazed at Nietzsche. "What do you think? Does that Dream painting still have value?"

*Boss still thinks that my ability came from that painting...* Nietzsche's face turned red when he saw the glint in Simon's eyes. He gritted his teeth and replied, "I think... it's very unwise of us to use our manpower at this time to deal with Robert's villa!"

Clayon paused but replied thoughtfully, "Indeed. The most dangerous issue when facing extraordinary events is the unknown! Compared to those untouchable and unresearchable souls and curses, ghouls and vampires seem cute enough... if not for the contamination after their deaths!"

Clayon coughed and mentioned the order solemnly. "However... we need to retrieve that painting. It's an order from headquarters!"

"Why?" Nietzsche asked before Simon could.



“Perhaps... because it’s something left behind by Vincent? Mr. Vincent has been proven to be the most powerful Extraordinary in the entire Carls Federation in the last fifty years! His power has an especially incredible effect when confronting certain evil cultists!” Clayon explained.

“The experts in headquarters have investigated everything that happened here, and they’ve come to the conclusion that something very bad is about to happen. Moreover, it’s linked to some very ancient cults, so we need to gather more power...”

Nietzsche nodded slowly, though lightning seemed to strike his brain. *The people at headquarters have already guessed through the clues such as the Feast of Meat that the people who are stirring up the situation in Kimbert City are none other than the believers of the Lord of Chaos and Madness... And to resist the power of this existence, even if they’re only its followers, it is necessary to introduce another force. And the best choice is the legendary Astral Serpent!*

There was not only one Gegehu alive in the world. With the tentacles of the Investigation Agency and its many years of dealing with the extraordinary, it would not be difficult to obtain such information.

“In other words, this is a mandatory task that we can’t avoid, right?” Simon smiled. “In that case, we can only go. I’m also very interested in this painting left behind by Vincent. It did make Nietzsche who he is after all...”

“I will obey orders!”

Nietzsche remained silent, thinking about what Andy had said about inheritance and contamination. Did the Investigation Agency not know that some extraordinary powers could only create one Extraordinary? Or did it have other intentions?

### **Chapter 1153: Complete Annihilation**

“This group of vampires is really too crazy...”

Within the store, Fang Yuan rubbed his forehead while looking at the light screen in front of him. “They don’t possess the caution the ghouls have and don’t know how to look for suitable targets. Now, the entire city is disturbed, successfully attracting the attention of the entire federation. It probably won’t be long before the army is stationed here to do a complete cleanup, and maybe some useless wastes from the Investigation Agency headquarters will come...”

“Great Master, they’ve only inherited some characteristics of the Ancients after all... And the vampires’ requirements for blood are extremely demanding!” Morigu stood respectfully by the side, still dressed in a black and white maid uniform.

“Yes, I don’t care how many of these dirty and lowly hybrids die, but it would be a pity if the Dark Ritual were to fail because of them...” Fang Yuan shook his head.

He had kept a low profile recently for this reason.

After all, would Omar dare to descend to this planet if it knew its archenemy was here?

“Although the movements of these vampires are fast, the federation isn’t stupid. The local Investigation Agency seems to have shifted its energy toward Robert’s haunted villa, but it has actually secretly mobilized forces from elsewhere...”

Probably even Clayon was not let in on this secret, but it was as clear as day to Fang Yuan. “The Blood Sacrifice might just fail. How can a mere group of vampires go up against the forces of the federation?”

“Great Master, do you need me to do something?” Morigu stepped up confidently.

With her strength, she was definitely at the peak of this planet.

“On this planet, there are some strong ones who can fight on par with you, and the most powerful country also has the strength to go up against you...” Fang Yuan seemed to see a lot more. “So... it’s better for me to act!”

“But, Great Master, what about your plan?” Morigu asked with uncertainty.

“The Book of Flesh will naturally attract Omar’s followers here, but they don’t know what’s really attracting them. As for Omar, this planet has had traces of my power since the time of the Mandala wizards. However, it would be completely different with an extra progeny and follower, exceeding the limit!”

Fang Yuan smiled. “Therefore, you wouldn’t be able to hide if you were to act. I don’t have this problem.”

Fang Yuan, the Astral Serpent, had already contaminated this planet. Therefore, there would be no problems as long as Omar did not feel his true power and the Book of Flesh during the Dark Ritual.

“Master, how are you preparing to help those vampires?” Morigu asked with some doubt.

“Naturally... I’m going to create a huge case to attract the complete attention of the federation.” Fang Yuan smiled. The clothes on his body suddenly changed as he slowly disappeared with the maid.

...

Green Forest City.

In a hidden underground base, a large group of people was sitting in a circle, and there was an enlarged cross-section map of a sewer network suspended in the middle.

If Nietzsche were here, he would immediately know that it was a map of Kimbert City.

“Director Barton, is this why you mobilized half of the Federal Investigation Agency?”

Everyone present was at least level five and above. They were the real leaders of major regions and had the corresponding authority.

Director Barton was the head of the entire Federal Investigation Agency, and the only one with level nine authority. He knew everything about the dark side of the federation.

“That’s right...” Barton’s voice was low and powerful, having something to do with his military experience. “After our repeated confirmations, all extraordinary creatures are converging in Kimbert City, especially that ancient cult—the Church of the Eye!”

“...” The scene fell silent. As people with level five authority, they certainly knew the strangeness and horror of the Church of the Eye.

“As everyone knows, ghouls and vampires have always been followers of the Church of the Eye. They’ve appeared in Kimbert City and started a large-scale attack. It’s definitely targeted. The newly-collected evidence explains everything—these cultists are preparing the Dark Ritual to call upon an Ancient to descend again!”

Barton supported the table with both hands, his bright eyes looking around. “We can’t let them succeed!”

“Of course!” The rest agreed.

They vaguely knew that the legends of the Ancients who ruled this planet in ancient times were not merely legends, but indeed true!

“We humans are already free. Nothing will enslave us again, not even Gods!” Barton looked solemn. “This time, I ordered the army to assist in the cleanup of Kimbert City. We’ll let no vampire nor ghoul live!”

“Oh, hehe, really?” A voice rang in the conference room right at that moment.

Dark mist appeared, and a figure emerged from the void.

He was in black, with his hat low, the mist shrouding his face, and a cane in his hand.

“Alert!”

No matter who it was, being able to penetrate this guarded underground base was enough to shock those present.

Instantly, countless guns, staves, and even cursed objects aimed at the trespasser. “State your intention!”

“Me? I’m just lost?” the voice replied. “I apologize for accidentally intruding on your meeting!”

“Do you think we’ll believe you?”

Director Barton had his hands behind his back. A cylindrical glass landed, separating him and this space.

“Why is everyone so nervous...” This lost person was naturally Fang Yuan. He smiled soundlessly. “Why don’t we both take a step back? How about you abandon your earlier plan and I leave?”

“Are you from the Church of the Eye?” Barton guessed.

“Perhaps!” The Church of the Eye was an organization that worshipped a certain Ancient, and that Ancient took the form of a huge eyeball, which was the reason for its name.

The ground under Barton disappeared, and his whole person fell in. A faint voice traveled out from it. “Get him!”

*Bang Bang!*

Two gunshots resounded. Faint white smoke emitted from the two bullets on Fang Yuan’s body. They transformed into two flat silver pieces and landed on the ground.

“In the name of \*\*\*\*!”

“I cast you aside. I banish you!”

“Curse!”

The next moment, all sorts of extraordinary methods fell on Fang Yuan.

Unfortunately, he managed to block everything just by gently lifting his cloak.

“Who... is this person?” Barton had urgently moved to another safe house and used all sorts of means to gain a picture of what was happening in the conference room. “The ability to shuttle through space... What a dangerous Extraordinary. Is he a hidden force of the Church of the Eye?”

“Sigh... Why are you attacking?” Fang Yuan sighed and showed a mark that looked like an eye on his hand.

This eye seemed as though it had gathered all the evil of this world and was brimming with maddening intensity.

All the Extraordinaries took several steps back under the icy aura.

“As expected... He’s from the Church of the Eye!”

“Pay attention to your concealment!”

Seeing this mysterious Extraordinary was ready to attack, the other Extraordinaries wanted to stop him or immediately leave.

However, Fang Yuan’s casting was simply too fast for them. “Summon Ghouls! Summon Vampires! Summon Abyssal Magic Vine!”

*Bang Bang!*

The ground shattered, and a huge, thick vine grew and spread. Countless roots seemed to occupy the entire underground base.

Ghouls and vampires emerged from all around. They threw themselves at the targets in front of them to enjoy the feast of flesh and blood.

After reading Omar’s Book of Flesh, it was not difficult to cast some dark spells in accordance with the style of Omar’s followers.

It would even be a piece of cake for him to summon a Dark Young or cast the seal of Omar.

However, no matter how much of a fool Omar was, it would know that Fang Yuan was on this planet if he were to do that.

This offensive immediately revealed the weaknesses of these Extraordinaries—they were only good at some rituals which required specific arrangements. They instantly fell into a disadvantage once they were facing monsters with strong physical strength.

It did not take long for a level-five investigator to fall and be bitten.

"Let's leave now..." Seeing this scene, Barton quickly turned around with a serious look. "Report immediately. A terrifyingly strong person has appeared within the Church of the Eye!"

*Bang Bang!*

But before he could reach the door, a black barbed vine crushed one of the walls, and Fang Yuan walked in slowly. "I can't believe you're so useless as the director of the Investigation Agency!"

"You've stared into the abyss?" Barton's sudden question took another direction.

"You think I'm an Abyssor? Well, I'm one then!" Fang Yuan shrugged.

A lady in a blood-red skirt appeared behind him, and she had nothing below her calf. A pair of pale palms clamped both sides of his neck.

"Ahh!" The vengeful spirit shrieked and disappeared in the next moment.

"Impossible!" Barton could no longer remain calm after seeing this.

After all, the one who attacked the Abyssor was Miss Lisa, the true hidden ace of the Investigation Agency!

Barton stopped in his tracks and turned to look at Fang Yuan. "Who exactly are you?"

"Someone who's lost... Here specifically to share the teachings of darkness with you..."

Fang Yuan snapped his fingers. Two ghouls appeared.

Director Barton finally lost after some struggling, and his neck was bitten.

The higher echelons of the Federal Investigation Agency were completely annihilated!

"Now, to clean up the battlefield..."

Fang Yuan sighed, and a black mist immediately enveloped the entire underground base.

## **Chapter 1154: Control**

On an island.

In a certain jungle with a large number of defensive structures set up, a deafening sound suddenly rang out from a secret room at the core.

*Tut tut!*

The sound of hurried footsteps came as a dust-laden door opened.

They saw a naked Barton crawling out of a giant eggshell.

"Did I die again?" Barton took a towel expressionlessly and started to wipe the mucus covering his body.

"What year is it? When was the last time I was here?"

"Director, the last time you were here was Black Iron Year 400. Today is Black Iron Year 401, the month of Aries..." answered one of the Investigation Agency officers respectfully.

“Seems like I died again...” Barton continued to be expressionless. “Where did the previous me go?”

“According to the latest contact information, you were heading to Kimbert City to deal with the Dark Ritual... But...”

Just as these officers were explaining with a stutter, several urgent alarms sounded.

“Has the Egg of Destiny awakened again?”

The officers on duty opened their mouths. “Is the Investigation Agency headquarters under attack?”

“Compared to that, I’m more curious about the Dark Ritual in Kimbert City...” Barton dressed and walked outside. He saw several other senior investigators. “Gentlemen, we have a problem. But before that, let’s undergo some examinations and treatments...”

...

“What a strange ability!” Fang Yuan’s vision was far-reaching, and it reached this place in no time. He could not help being surprised. “It’s not a resurrection, but a method similar to cloning and memory copying, storage and transfer. Did they achieve this through extraordinary means? It’s a low-end version of being reborn...”

In fact, the real Barton had died who knew how many times already.

What survived afterward were his clones and the memories he had engraved upon them.

Although it was just a copy, when the real thing disappeared, the one that was left was naturally the only genuine article.

Of course, with Fang Yuan’s ability, it would be a piece of cake to make Barton disappear completely.

For example, he could plant a certain horrible imprint in his memory. Then, no matter how many times he was reborn, he would immediately encounter doom and eventually perish!

“However... I have no interest in killing this small fry for the second time...”

Fang Yuan shook his head and snapped his fingers.

*Tut tut!*

Along with the sound of footsteps, many zombie-like investigators appeared behind him.

“Go!”

The trouble he caused for the Investigation Agency previously was merely an appetizer.

The real-life version of Resident Evil was the main course!

“Maybe... there will be a very minor Easter egg as well!”

Fang Yuan gazed at Barton’s torn corpse on the ground and smiled. Vines pierced through it directly.

*Crack! Crack!*

A sound that made one cringe came. These vines were like vipers as they shattered Barton's original bones, swallowed them up, and replaced themselves in their place. He stood up staggeringly and had become a half-human, half-plant monster.

"I hope you'll be more decisive when you have to kill your corpse before it becomes the next monstrous murderer..." Fang Yuan said with some anticipation and disappeared in the void.

...

Kimbert City, outside the haunted villa.

A group of men in black surrounded it quietly, successfully completing the blockade.

"First group, break in!" Clayon finally issued his order after keeping silent for a long time.

*Smack!*

Equipped with extraordinary items such as enchanted bullets and voodoo dolls, a team in black climbed through a window.

"Second group!"

"Third group!"

...

Not long later, all sorts of reports came.

"Backyard, no abnormalities!"

"Corridor, no abnormalities!"

"Living room, no abnormalities!"

"No traces of enemies nor any signs of fighting!"

"Lockdown the study! You two, follow me!" Clayon took a deep breath, took the two Extraordinaries with him, and waltzed through the main door of Robert's haunted villa.

"Haha... relax!" Simon crossed his arms, appearing very relaxed, as two Resurrected Corpses in black cloaks followed behind him. "Nietzsche has already absorbed the extraordinary seed in Dream. Even if some of it remains, it wouldn't be particularly powerful..."

"Not necessarily. Moreover, that painting wiped out everyone originally in this villa..." Clayon was solemn. He took a deep breath before pushing open the doors of the study open with both his hands.

*Creak!*

The door opened, revealing everything behind it.

The bookshelves were lined with light and shadow.

Everything seemed to be not much different from before, and Nietzsche could not help but be in a trance.

“There it is, Dream!” Simon’s voice came almost immediately.

Nietzsche regained his focus, slapped his face, and saw the painting hanging on the wall.

*All right, so it seems that Boss Andy really faked the painting to deceive others. But why do both of them feel so real to me?* He could not quite figure it out. All of a sudden, lightning seemed to strike his sea of consciousness. *No, the one in the store felt even more terrifying!*

“Simon!” Clayon gave him a meaningful glance.

Simon nodded. A Resurrected Corpse used a black cloth to cover the painting and took it down.

“Everything went well!” Simon grinned. “I say... it’s been auctioned so many times, but why didn’t it show any problems before?”

“All right, get your servants to carry it out. Be careful. Let’s return to the base!” Clayon was not about to let his guard down.

They walked out of the study and came to the main door.

*Everything... seems to have gone too smoothly?* Nietzsche thought silently. The ball of fire in his mind suddenly swelled when this idea popped into his head, exuding a hot force.

“Ah!” He covered his eyes, feeling as though his hands were on two hot stoves!

“Nietzsche, what’s going on?”

Simon walked over and stretched out his hand in concern, wanting to pat his shoulder.

However, through his bloodshot eyes, Nietzsche could only see the flesh on this hand falling off, leaving only white bone.

“What’s wrong, Nietzsche?” Clayon came over in worry. The flesh on his face fell off, like a burning oil painting.

“Ahh!!!” Nietzsche screamed. His hands were burning with flames as he suddenly seized Simon and Clayon.

*Whoosh!*

Golden flames spread from him and ignited these two monsters, turning them into torches.

Instantly, the surrounding environment changed again.

Nietzsche found himself back in the study, but there was no one in the surroundings.

On the opposite wall, half of Clayon’s body had been sucked into the oil painting, while Simon was nowhere to be found.

“Did we enter our own illusion worlds after we entered the study?”

Nietzsche bit his lips tightly and stepped forward. He grabbed Clayon’s legs and pulled him out of the wall as though he were pulling a carrot.



After he pulled Clayon out, he suddenly saw a hand!

That hand was pale and illusory, slender and delicate, as though it belonged to a young girl, and it was currently holding onto Clayon's collar.

Clayon was still in a daze, allowing the hand to drag him into the painting.

"Don't you dare!" Nietzsche knocked the illusory hand away and saw it shrink back into the painting.

"Simon! Simon!" He shouted a few times but received no response. His heart sank.

The Simon who became an Extraordinary earlier than him, possessed many abilities, including voodoo, the person with an incredibly meticulously mind and excellent in all aspects, died so unclearly?

Sometimes, even Extraordinaries were no different from normal people when it came to strange and extraordinary events!

"Let's leave quickly!"

Nietzsche carried Clayon to the study doors but found that they had been tightly shut.

The walls on all sides seemed to be screaming at them continuously.

"Come back!"

"Come back!"

"Become one with us!"

"Become one with the supreme one!"

...

All sorts of ravings assaulted Nietzsche's ears.

He turned back in shock and saw that the starry sky in Dream was continuously twisting, enlarging before transforming into the figures of people... There was a girl in a nightgown, several servants, and even Mr. Robert, whom he had met the other day.

At the center was a young man, Simon!

All kinds of whispers came from them.

Numerous pale hands started to stretch toward Nietzsche.

"No! Don't even think about it!"

Nietzsche's eyes were firm as he activated the Great Sun Meditation Technique with all his might, and golden flames surrounded his body.

The spirits were set ablaze by him and turned into torches.

Finally, he placed his hands on the frame of the painting. "Go to hell!"

The golden flames fell on Dream.

*Whoosh!*

Suddenly, as if boiling oil met cold water, a large amount of smoke rose from the oil painting.

All sorts of blood-curdling screams accompanied it.

Nietzsche felt as though his hands no longer belonged to him, and there was a biting-cold feeling on them.

“Burn! Burn everything! The flames of the sun!” His expression was cold as he clutched the frame without a trace of relaxation.

Finally, a spark appeared in the middle of the oil painting, and it burnt a small hole through it with much difficulty.

*Splash!*

A large amount of blood came out from the oil painting and landed on the ground, as though endless spring water were forming a small pond.

Even Nietzsche could not have imagined that an oil painting could contain so much blood!

*Whoosh!*

The golden flames continued to expand, lighting up the entire oil painting.

Nietzsche felt an incomparably boundless force traveling through his hands and pouring into his brain. His eyes rolled over, and he passed out...

...

Scorching hot!

It was as though he was thrown into the desert at noon. Heatwaves rolled on and swept through.

A spring appeared out of nowhere nearby.

Nietzsche ran toward it happily, only to find Simon’s image on the surface of the spring.

*Splash!*

Simon’s hands went through the water surface, grabbed Nietzsche’s neck, and dragged him forcefully into the water.

“Ahh!” Nietzsche screamed and woke up, only to find that it was a dream, and he was lying on the hospital bed.

“Nietzsche, you’ve finally awakened...” Clayon appeared in front of him before long. “We lost Simon in our investigation this time...”

“So it wasn’t a dream...” Nietzsche was depressed for a moment before becoming shocked as he looked at his hands.

He could still feel the hot power in him, but he could now keep it completely under control.

This meant he had progressed and reached the Controller level!

### **Chapter 1155: Believer**

“... That’s all. Simon is dead, headquarters was attacked, and Clayon’s authority has been elevated, but we no longer have any reinforcements...”

Within the convenience store, Nietzsche held a cup of hot cocoa, recounting everything that happened with worry lining his forehead. “I’m too weak...”

“I thought you would blame me.” Fang Yuan put down his newspaper and smiled. “Because of someone’s irresponsibility...”

“No, I’ve thought it over. It’s definitely not your fault. You’re unrelated to this, and no one requires you to do anything, but I have this responsibility!” Nietzsche took a deep breath. “I am ashamed of my narrow-mindedness and cowardice!”

“Congratulations, young man, you’ve grown up!” Fang Yuan congratulated him without meaning it.

“So... I’ve leaked your information as well!” A hint of cunning flashed across Nietzsche’s eyes. “You won’t be rejecting more customers since you specialize in selling occult items, I presume?”

“Of course, I welcome it very much!” Fang Yuan looked behind him and saw Angelina. “Hello, Miss Tour Guide!”

“Good day, Your Excellency...” Angelina was vigilant because she could not discern the strength of the convenience store owner across from her.

She could only see a normal person, but how was this possible?

“Welcome to my humble store. Please let me know what you require!” Fang Yuan displayed a profiteer-like smile.

“Hmm...” Angelina pondered before asking directly, “What do you think would suit me?”

“At first glance, this beautiful lady has the temperament of an artist, and you’re most suited for choosing some artworks to display home... Such as this!”

Fang Yuan snapped his fingers, and Morigu emerged with an oil painting. It was Dream!

“This...” Angelina’s and Nietzsche’s eyes fixated on it as they felt the extraordinary power from the oil painting.

“Impossible... Didn’t Nietzsche destroy it?” Angelina could not believe her eyes. She suddenly turned toward Morigu and felt a spring of fear overflowing in her soul.

“This... No one knows if the one he destroyed was real or not, but this is only selling for ten gold punks. I’m selling it at a loss. So, do you want it?” Fang Yuan asked with a tempting voice.

“I really want it, but I still have a mortgage to pay. Can I pay for it in installments?” Angelina was slightly embarrassed.

For her, it really was a huge sum of money.

“Sorry, we don’t do installments!”

Not long after he sent the disappointed Angelina away, Clayon entered with a serious face.

“Welcome, what do you need?” Fang Yuan asked with a smile, appearing as though he did not have knowledge of the men in black outside.

“Mr. Andy, don’t you think you should apologize for the deception you pulled earlier?” Clayon stared at Fang Yuan, trying to pressure him.

“Deception? What deception are you talking about?” Fang Yuan asked innocently. “I’ve told you many times that everything I sell here is authentic! They are genuine! You are the ones who are insisting they are fake...”

“All right...” A smile broke out on Clayon’s thin face. “In that case, can I buy some stuff as a customer?”

“Of course, I welcome all customers!” Fang Yuan opened his arms. “Please take your pick!”

After ten minutes, Nietzsche and Clayon held a bunch of items, threw down all their money on the counter, and left the convenience store.

At the end of the street, a few black cars immediately came over to pick them up.

“How is it? Is your feeling accurate? I used public funds to purchase them...” Clayon eyed Nietzsche.

“I believe they should all contain extraordinary powers? But I’m not quite sure...” Nietzsche was hesitant and lamented over the riches of the Investigation Agency. It was totally on a different level compared with a poor guy like him.

“The assessment is out. The strength of the target is unknown. We suspect that he’s an Abyssor. He has no tendency toward violence. but has a weird personality... Suggest conducting long-term surveillance!” Clayon said quickly as a man in black next to him wrote it down.

“Send these items to the research center immediately. If the results are good, we’ll allocate funds to purchase such extraordinary items in the future...”

Clayon sighed. “I hope to increase the strength of our division against the ever-growing power of darkness in Kimbert City...”

...

In a dark underground space.

White candles shined all around, reflecting many black, swaying figures.

“Kimbert City... I can feel the summon here!”

In the middle of a stone room was a huge, strange eye sculpture. Many blood veins spread out from its vertical eye. It looked very evil.

In fact, if Morigu were here, she would have recognized it with a glance. This was a Son of Omar, an Eye of Darkness, like the one that had ruled the Arita World!

It was a progeny of Omar and had vast powers, enough to rule over a planet.

Obviously, one of the Ancients on this planet had also been an Eye of Darkness!

Moreover, there were many believers, which had given rise to the Church of the Eye.

“The eye of the great existence watching over this place...”

Someone who seemed to be a high priest and wearing a pendant that had the image of the vertical eye lifted a golden sacrificial knife and placed eyeballs that were dripping with blood on an altar. “The eye in the darkness, please guide us!”

*Whoosh!*

Eyeball after eyeball burst into flames and emitted a unique scent.

After inhaling this scent, many cultists suddenly became groggy, their bodies swaying. They started letting out all sorts of growls and groans.

A hood was knocked over, revealing the appearance of a cultist. One of his eyes was blind, looking very terrifying!

This was the hallmark of the Church of the Eye. They had to dedicate one eye each to the Eye of Darkness through a ritual.

Those present were undoubtedly the core members of the Church of the Eye.

After the ritual, their faces flushed red, as though they had received supreme satisfaction and relief.

“We’ve already completed flesh and blood... The great Eye of Darkness requires us to offer the final Offering of Souls to summon it...” The high priest opened his arms wide with excitement. “The Ancient will definitely return and rule this planet again!”

“All glory belongs to the Eye of Darkness!” All the cultists knelt and repeated respectfully.

“Barbara! I’ll leave this matter in your hands, all right?”

“No problem. I will definitely obtain enough sacrifices for the Eye of Darkness... especially those bloodlines that got away. I can smell their aura...” a middle-aged woman answered.

She had fiery red hair and a voluptuous body. She must have been quite a beauty when she was young. However, the three scars on her face had caused one of her eyes to go blind, completely ruining her beauty.

She might only have one eye left, but her face was full of fanaticism.

“The previous ritual? They are indeed the best offerings!” The high priest nodded. “I hope they won’t let down the gifts they received all these years and have become... delicious enough!”

...

At the same time, within the Investigation Agency branch.

“Everything regarding the Feast of Meat and the subsequent information is all here. It just came from headquarters. Take a look...”

Clayon gave out the stack of information, rendering the whole meeting room silent.

Angelina was among them, looking intently at one of the pages.

“Dark Ritual, Ancient... Feast of Meat, Blood Sacrifice, Offering of Souls...”

Nietzsche could not wait to read it.

It had to be said that the Investigation Agency headquarters did have great strength and a massive network of relationships. The contents of the investigation were much clearer than the information from Gegehu.

“The Feast of Meat requires the spread of ghouls. For the Blood Sacrifice, the main force is vampires. And for the final Offering of Souls, all sorts of vengeful spirits are just supplementary. The most important thing is a ritual—the Battle Royale. The people carrying out the ritual had branded certain imprints on these sacrifices tens or even hundreds of years ago. They would then let them escape and allow the sacrifices to spread their bloodlines, thereby letting the imprints spread before eventually producing the most perfect sacrifice...”

Nietzsche felt his fingertips turn cold as he touched his nape subconsciously.

He had long had his doubts. After all, his ancestor was merely an ordinary person. How could he have escaped from a powerful cult organization with a large number of Extraordinaries, get married, and have children?

Now, however, it seemed as though it had gone exactly as they planned.

Everything was part of the ritual from then until now!

“Damn these pieces of shit!”

Nietzsche clenched his teeth and saw Angelina’s expression change as well.

*Right, this lady has a similar imprint...*

“Do you understand?” Clayon spread his fingers, pressing his palm on the table with a serious expression. “Our next job will be very difficult. In addition to ghouls and vampires, we may face attacks from ghosts. Therefore, I’ve invited a consultant who has done considerable research on this matter, Miss Angelina!”

“Ahem...” Angelina had a pair of round-rimmed glasses perched on her nose, seeming quite intellectual. She pushed the frame up. “I can make some enchanted bullets and talismans specifically against spirits, but that’s all I can do. Vengeful spirits, even in occultism, are very weird and dangerous. If you’re even a little careless, they can take the lives of Extraordinaries... Just like what happened to Simon...”

As soon as she said that, everyone’s expression became unnatural.

However, Angelina acted as though she did not notice it and continued, “The ritual for the Offering of Souls requires elaborate layout and arrangements, and it’s not something the vampires nor ghouls can

handle. Therefore, I believe there might be cultists involved. What we have to be careful about is the summoning ritual in case they gather the flesh, blood, and soul. If we don't stop it, all of Kimbert City will be destroyed!"

"What Miss Angelina said is exactly what I wanted to say!" Clayon looked grim. "We can't let these cultists continue to run wild for the sake of us and our families!"

## **Chapter 1156: Poetry**

**Translator:** Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

At the end of Black Iron Year 401, a large-scale plague broke out in Green Forest City in the Carls Federation.

No one knew where this virus had come from, but it spread all over the city in an instant. It was extremely infectious, took less than three hours from infection to onset, and the death rate was one hundred percent.

Moreover, the corpses would gain powerful strength and long for the flesh and blood of the living. They were given the name 'walking dead'.

If not for some extraordinary factors that prevented this virus from spreading to the world, it might have already been completely destroyed.

Even though this disaster affected only one city, it rapidly created hundreds of thousands of walking dead and also took away most of the energy of the federation. The Investigation Agency and the army had no choice but to rush to aid and isolate it from its surroundings. Even Holy Celbera and Arkham felt uneasy.

In such an environment, the disturbances of the vampires and ghouls in Kimbert City seemed insignificant.

Even if Clayon could produce evidence that cultists were planning to hold a summoning ritual for an Ancient, the so-called Ancients who had ruled the planet were but a myth to most.

Moreover, even those who had a bit of knowledge about it would not believe that some remnants of the Church of the Eye were capable of completing such a grand ritual.

And with the pressing matter of the walking dead, all sorts of actions were inevitably delayed.

The people of Kimbert City were in utter despair. The killings of the vampires and ghouls might not have exceeded ten thousand, but the psychological pressure caused by them was utterly terrible. The roads outside were packed with all sorts of moving cars. After the rich fled, only the ordinary people were left and forced to survive. They added additional protective measures to their windows and doors, and the prices of daily necessities skyrocketed. The entire city seemed to become a dead city at night.

"Master..." Morigu stood beside Fang Yuan in the convenience store. "The higher echelons of the Church of the Eye have settled in Kimbert City and created the conditions to capture the sacrifices for starting the Offering of Souls... But I have to say, regardless of the quality of the sacrifices, their technology is really... backward!"

“Backward is an understatement. I seem to be looking at a bunch of primitive people dancing with stone tools...” Fang Yuan raised his cup of hot cocoa. “There are so many common sense errors in the ritual runes and all sorts of irregularities, even confusion on the ritual itself. They didn’t fail after so many years only because the Eye of Darkness really blessed them!”

“The most suitable sacrifice for starting the Offering of Souls is Nietzsche! But this will obviously conflict with Master’s goal. Do you want me to do something about it?”

“No need. The convenience store is just a safe haven. If someone who’s favored by destiny were to die in the hands of cultists, then that’s his fate...”

Fang Yuan put down his porcelain cup. “However, we need to help those from the Church of the Eye. Otherwise, they won’t be able to summon the Ancient even if they finish collecting the flesh, blood, and soul...”

...

Late at night.

Since the emergence of ghouls and vampires, being a police officer had become a high-risk occupation, and they would be killed in monster attacks from time to time.

Right now, all of Kimbert City was lacking in police force. Clayon could not do anything about it either.

After all, they were ordinary people and were definitely afraid of such monsters. They could not just ignore life and death.

The strength of the Investigation Agency and the elite forces of the military had been transferred to Green Forest City since it would be a disaster for humanity if the walking dead virus were to spread from there.

“I have to work overtime at night, and there’s no overtime bonus! I hate this job!” Nietzsche complained in dissatisfaction while on patrol with a few men in black.

Actually, he was just joking. As an Extraordinary, his compensation was naturally higher than that of ordinary people, and he could even apply for special funding for practical experiments and so on.

Especially since the situation now was so critical. Although they might be understaffed, funding requirements would certainly be met.

*I have to look at a few more pages of the Book of Sen Luo!*

Nietzsche touched the revolver full of enchanted bullets at his waist.

However, what he trusted the most was his extraordinary abilities.

*Boss Andy is absolutely plotting something...* In particular, the Book of Sen Luo was truly all-encompassing. Even Nietzsche had broken out in cold sweat when he read some of the strange curses.

After reading just a few pages, he was confident that he could cope with the other Extraordinaries, even suppress a veteran like Angelina.



*So far, there have been no cases of spirits attacking. Of course, perhaps they're happening in secret. The most critical are still the ghouls and vampires...*

Nietzsche pondered slowly. All of a sudden, a sharp scream came from the dark streets, echoing in the empty night, making people shudder.

"Go!" Nietzsche roared and hurried toward the source of the sound.

It was not easy for the vampires and ghouls to find suitable targets when everyone was extremely vigilant and had fortified their homes as though they were fortresses.

Forced intrusion became an inevitable choice, which was loud and easily attracted attention.

"It's coming from there! The Shamrock Pea Building! Call for reinforcements!"

Nietzsche arrived under a building with a flash of golden flames in his eyes. Even in the dark, he could clearly see the window on the third floor. The wooden railings had shattered, and there was a large hole.

He walked up the stairs and found the room corresponding to the window. He heard the sounds of fighting inside and kicked down the door directly.

*Bang!*

Wooden shards flew as the door broke into many pieces.

Nietzsche immediately saw the scene within the room.

A woman was lying in a pool of blood with a large hole in her stomach, her intestines and inner organs vaguely visible.

A giant ghoul beside her on all fours was obviously the culprit.

The male of this family had a double-barreled shotgun in hand and was ready to shoot at any time.

"Die!" Nietzsche quickly drew his gun. Holes penetrated the ghoul's body, and it fell to the floor.

"Simple and easy. Looks like I was being too cautious..." Nietzsche sighed inwardly. "So, I'm already so different from normal humans..."

"Who are you? Don't come near me!"

That male was panicking at the moment and pointed the muzzle of his shotgun at Nietzsche.

"Hey! Brother, don't worry, I'm not someone bad. I'm just a civil servant specialized in dealing with these monsters... Hmm, I should count as a civil servant?"

Nietzsche stepped forward with a smile, ready to take out his ID and call a few police officers over.

*Bang!!*

The male screamed and pulled the trigger.

The steel balls from the shotgun seemed to flow out like sinking sand, covering the entire area instantly.

Even an Extraordinary like Nietzsche only had time to inch slightly away. He immediately felt his right arm, waist, and face hurting as though wasps had stung him. The powerful force made him step backward. "Damn it... what are you doing!"

"I got you, my pretty little thing!"

The male snickered and flew forward. His speed and power were definitely beyond the scope of an ordinary human.

"Flame!" Nietzsche chanted the incantation quickly, and a golden flame fell onto the man.

He screamed and rolled onto the floor quickly. A layer of skin fell off, revealing Hannibal's face!

"It's you!" Nietzsche's eyes narrowed. "I will avenge the hatred of Vivienne and so many colleagues! You won't be able to escape this time..."

"Escape? Why should I escape?" Like a gentleman about to attend a ball, Hannibal was calm as he ripped the rest of the human skin apart. His gaze especially made Nietzsche very uncomfortable, looking at him like he was food.

And Nietzsche knew that he would definitely be able to do it!

*Whoosh!*

A ball of golden flames appeared in his right hand.

"Extraordinary! And at the Controller level..." Hannibal's eyes gleamed. "Very good!"

"Good?" A tremble suddenly spread through Nietzsche's body.

He threw himself to the side without stopping to think.

*Swoosh!*

The next moment, black tentacles appeared where he was just at.

"Hehe... I know you. You're the kid that got away..." A woman with only one eye walked out from the darkness. "Quick... come to Mama!"

"It's you!" The one eye and this laughter roused some memories in Nietzsche, making him see red. "Go to hell!"

The terrifying golden flames seemed to have sensed his anger and rose instantly, burning like a funnel toward the other party.

This ability to control flames was something he had obtained after reading one of the pages from the Book of Sen Luo. It matched the Great Sun Meditation Technique, and they complemented each other.

*Whoosh!*

The flames rose, and the temperature skyrocketed.

The dark tentacles burnt into ashes when they touched the flames. Covered with fire, Hannibal screamed and jumped out of the window.

“How are you...” Barbara’s black robe had burned away for the most part, and half of her body and face showed signs of burns. She shouted, “I’m going to kill you!”

However, Nietzsche looked at her as though he was looking at a dead person and chanted a poem:

“Your end is coming; the endless shadow has enveloped you; the vengeful spirits of the dead surround you; the wagons of the underworld are ready to ferry you. The decaying vultures are ready to peck at your flesh; the greedy snakes are ready to zip at your toes; the burning flames are ready to turn your body into ashes... Sinner! Your soul will carry your sins to your destruction...”

This was recorded on one of the pages of the Book of Sen Luo, and it was full of negative energy and curses. It took Nietzsche a long time to escape from it, even with the help of the Great Sun Meditation.

After Barbara heard the poem, her eyes glazed over. Expressionlessly, she took the wand from her waist and aimed the pointy end at her eye.

*Poof!*

## **Chapter 1157: Last Sacrifice**

**Translator:** Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

“Have you woken up?”

Nietzsche struggled to open his eyes, feeling as though he had a piece of lead lodged in his brain. Waves of nausea continually hit his throat, making him grit his teeth, unable to speak.

Around him, rows of wooden racks lined up neatly with merchandise. Clearly, he had returned to Andy’s convenience store.

Fang Yuan stood by the side, wiping a porcelain bottle, and commented, “You actually cast that kind of curse with your current abilities. Do you want to die?”

“That woman... tried to kill me before!” Nietzsche said with a low voice, the disgust in his chest finally settled.

“Even so, it can’t be a reason for your reckless action... You would have also died if I hadn’t reached there in time...” Fang Yuan shook his head.

“How... is the situation?” Nietzsche struggled to ask.

“Nothing much... Although they didn’t manage to capture you, the Church of the Eye definitely has a backup plan and has found a suitable sacrifice...” Fang Yuan shrugged. “They’re probably carrying out the Offering of Souls now? A frenzy of spirits will attack all of Kimbert City...”

“What?” Nietzsche exclaimed in alarm. “I’ve got to stop them!”

“Stop them? You?” Fang Yuan sneered sarcastically. “With your current controller-level extraordinary power? You’d just be delivering a delicious meal to them... unless you accept my training.”

“You want to... train me?” Nietzsche was not excited but infuriated. “Why? You obviously have the power to do something about it, but you’re unwilling to. You’re sending thousands of people to their deaths...”

*Why? Should I tell you that I even secretly sent Morigu to help those cultists with the Offering of Souls?*

Fang Yuan glanced obliquely and suddenly showed a sad look. “Young man... there are many things you don’t know, so don’t jump to conclusions. So, do you want this chance?”

“Of course... not!” Normally, Nietzsche would have jumped with joy if someone who was evidently an extremely powerful Extraordinary offered to train him. However, time was not on his side.

“Oh, I forgot to tell you. The training will be conducted in a very special place where time flows much much slower. That means that training for ten years inside will only be ten minutes outside...” Fang Yuan explained, seemingly seeing through Nietzsche’s concerns.

“There’s such a place? Is it the Kingdom of the Gods?” Nietzsche’s eyes widened. “I’m going!!!”

“Very good!” Fang Yuan brought Nietzsche to an old door. “Follow me!”

It was naturally extremely easy for him to create a simple house of time with his mastery of the Space-Time Great Dao.

Nietzsche took a deep breath and entered the door. Fang Yuan smiled and followed.

The ancient door closed without a sound, and after ten minutes, it opened again.

A ragged Nietzsche walked out, and he seemed to have matured quite a bit.

“Thank you. Although I don’t know why you refuse to let me address you as teacher, in my mind, you’ve been one to me for a long time!”

He bowed solemnly and stepped out. His body turned into a flame and quickly disappeared into the night.

“The reason why I don’t let you call me that is naturally because I want to avoid embarrassment!” Fang Yuan shrugged and looked at Morigu Tata, who emerged from behind him. “How was it?”

“The Offering of Souls is already unavoidable!” Morigu replied respectfully. “All we have to do now is to wait...”

“Very good!”

Fang Yuan’s eyes stared far away and immediately reached that underground space.

...

The secret underground base of the Church of the Eye had already changed dramatically.

A massive, dark sacrificial altar stood surrounded by blood-red flames.

The Investigation Agency members had suffered heavy casualties in the tunnels, and only Clayon and Angelina were still struggling to fend them off.

“No! These cultists are powerful Extraordinaries! My spirituality can’t break through them...”

Angelina’s closed eyes opened, and two streaks of blood tears actually flowed down.

“Damn it...” Clayon was bathed in blood as he looked at the surrounding vampires and ghouls. The battle had evidently reached its climax. “If I had known, I would have contacted the army to bomb the daylights out of this place...”

This was just the anger talking. He would not have been able to carry the notoriety of bombing a city. Moreover, this place was deep enough underground that it could weaken the power of most bombs.

“Lord of Darkness, please accept our final sacrifice!” the high priest howled fanatically at the center of the black sacrificial altar.

Around him lay many corpses, their expressions satisfied and happy. They had obviously taken their own lives.

Right in the front, there was a wooden cross with a young boy tied to it. He looked somewhat like Nietzsche and was clearly blood-related.

“At the end of the hunting ritual, the sacrifices that have escaped for many years will eventually fulfill the fate of being sacrificed...”

The high priest stepped forward and smoothly plunged his knife into the young man’s chest.

*Poof!*

Blood spewed everywhere.

“Damn it!!!” Nietzsche’s angry howl came from a tunnel.

*Flash!*

A golden ray carrying flames burnt the entire tunnel.

Many vampires and ghouls wailed as they turned into ashes.

Angelina and Clayon stared at their bodies, and their wounds healed in no time. The golden flames and light brought warmth to them.

“Sorry I’m late!” An aged Nietzsche looked at the sacrificial altar with pain and hatred on his face.

“You... Abyss? Or even beyond the Abyss realm?” Angelina covered her mouth with her hands. Even though anything could happen in the extraordinary world, it was still too shocking.

“I might have stared into the abyss, but my heart is still with the light!” Nietzsche walked into the blood-red flame fearlessly. “I... am the sun!!!”

*Whoosh!*

An even more dazzling light radiated from him, continuously expanding outward with his body as the center.

As if... Nietzsche had really become a small sun!

The golden rays burnt everything, completely destroying the blood-red flames. Traces of black soot appeared on the ground, and thousands of faint screams transmitted from them.

Clayon fainted after hearing it, and Angelina barely managed to stay awake.

Obviously, she was unable to lend a hand in an extraordinary fight at this level.

“High priest of the Church of the Eye?”

Nietzsche walked steadily to the center of the sacrificial altar, keeping his eyes on that one-eyed old man.

“You’re too late!” The old man had already carved out a heart and two eyeballs from the sacrifice and arranged them into a triangle. “The Offering of Souls is complete. Based on the guidance of that great existence, the following dark sacrifices will automatically activate themselves. This is the perfect array orbit! I was so wrong before...”

“Automatically activate? Great existence? What are you talking about?”

Nietzsche was shocked. His powerful thoughts surged out and pressed the old man down onto the ground.

“*Cough...* It’s futile. My body might be rotting, but I obtained eternity for my soul!” The high priest spit out a large amount of blood that contained pieces of intestines. After chanting an incantation, he resolutely waved his knife and committed suicide on the sacrificial altar.

*Rumble!*

A terrifying aura spread from the sacrificial altar, and even the radiance of the sun could not stop it.

Nietzsche’s face turned very ugly.

...

A carriage team readied itself by a black river.

In the largest carriage, Gegehu gazed at the crystal ball on a goose down cushion and issued an urgent warning. “Quickly leave this place! Something very bad is about to happen...”

The next moment, he saw a blood-red eye in the center of the crystal ball staring back at him.

“Ahh!!”

The guards outside rushed in upon hearing the scream only to find the carriage empty. They looked at each other in dismay.

In the eastern district of Kimbert City, a well-dressed gentleman carrying a bloody ax appeared. He knocked down the door of a resident, and screams soon followed. He exited with fresh blood on his ax and went to the next one immediately.

In the southern district, many girls in white dress emerged. They walked through walls without any qualms, taking away one life after another.

...

The same situation was happening in the northern and western districts of the city.

A tide of undead even more terrifying than the one in Green Forest City broke out in Kimbert City.

If Director Barton had known things would evolve to this point, he would have definitely focused his efforts on preventing the cultists.

Unfortunately, there were no 'ifs' in this world. The incomparably terrifying Offering of Souls had broken out completely right in Kimbert City.

A horrifying number of more than a hundred thousand residents died in the blink of an eye!

After exceeding a certain amount, a beam of light rose in three directions of Kimbert City.

One of which was green, representing the energy of the flesh; one was red, representing the vitality of blood; the last one was white, absorbing the resentful souls of the entire city, the power of soul.

The three pillars of light formed a triangle, shooting up into the sky.

Right in the middle of the triangle, a vertical eye symbol appeared.

The tribute to the God of Darkness, the offerings for Omar, finally arrived!

*Kaboom!*

The earth cracked, and a sun floated out.

Nietzsche was in the center of the sun. He howled. "Nooo!!!"

"Haha...."

A translucent, expressionless figure with bloody-eyes appeared in front of him. It was the high priest's spirit!

Nietzsche felt his heart turn cold, as he could no longer sense Angelina and Clayon.

Even Extraordinaries would have a lot of trouble dealing with the attacks of spirits, and they might even die in an instant. Clayon had no chance at all.

"Ahh!!"

The fierce remorse and unwillingness made Nietzsche growl and rush toward the high priest.

## **Chapter 1158: Gigantic Waves**

**Translator:** Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

Flames rose as evil spirits roared.

Dozens of the surrounding buildings instantly turned into powder.

After the fierce battle, Nietzsche stood there expressionlessly with the high priest's neck in his hands.

“Ha...” The high priest’s face was blank. As the cost of transforming into a spirit, he had lost his intelligence long ago.

“Burn!”

Golden flames burnt him into practically nothing, but Nietzsche did not feel the satisfaction of revenge, only endless emptiness and fear.

He looked up at the sky.

Above the curtain of night, the vertical eye within the triangle grew increasingly vivid, containing the feeling of being unparalleled.

Even in his current state, he still felt helpless against the entire sky.

The next moment, Nietzsche sensed something and jumped into the sky.

A massive symbol of the Dark Ritual suddenly concentrated into a black ball and descended like a meteor.

*Smack!*

The black ball landed in the center of Kimbert City. As it touched the ground slightly, it exploded open.

A layer of black water spread across all of Kimbert City. From above, it looked like someone had knocked over a bottle of ink.

Many buildings, plants, and life forms—whether humans, Extraordinaries, or even followers of darkness—all corroded in that instant.

With merely one blow, all of Kimbert City was extinguished!

*Kaboom!*

And in the core of this darkness, many blood vein-like tentacles suddenly broke through the black membrane and appeared in the world.

The darkness split open, revealing a giant eyeball.

“I am a son of Omar, the Ancient Eye of Darkness! I have been appointed to rule this entire planet!”

The moment it appeared, every organism on this planet felt an unprecedented trembling in their hearts. This was its unparalleled might and pressure!

After completing the Dark Ritual, Omar truly sent one of its progeny here to rule this planet!

“Looks like... the legends about the Ancients were actually true!” Nietzsche watched on quietly and sighed.

While he was feeling that way, the sky and ground around the Eye of Darkness were instantly contaminated, transforming into a huge blackish-green swamp.

Followers, one after the other, crawled out from the swamp and formed an army of darkness.



An Eye of Darkness was a terrifying source of contamination. Not only could it contaminate the surroundings, but it could also create an unending army of followers!

Not only that, but the Eye of Darkness also possessed a formidable psychic ability that could enslave any intelligent life form.

This was also why just a single Eye of Darkness could rule an entire planet!

...

Green Forest City.

“Quick! Don’t bother about the walking dead here! Order all the troops and elites to head to Kimbert City immediately!”

Barton roared while staring at an ancient map in his hands.

The map seemed to be drawn on parchment, and its edges were already turning yellowish.

On it were all the cities of the Carls Federation. Every other place had a small green dot, while the dot that represented Green Forest City was red.

But just a few minutes ago, Kimbert City, which had only been slightly red, had suddenly turned completely red.

Not only that, but the degree of redness continued to deepen before finally turning blood red and then pure black.

*Whoosh!*

A small flame appeared from the center of Kimbert City and turned the entire map into ashes.

*Smack!*

Barton’s hand was trembling. He slapped himself on the face and finally came back to his senses. “Ask for help! Ask for help from every country! And also the Church of Black Iron God! After so many years of working together, it’s time for them to pay the price! Immediately contact the chief magistrate and let him know that this isn’t one country’s disaster but the threat of world annihilation!”

...

As a planet once ruled by the Ancients and then regained its freedom, it naturally had some foundation.

Although it was because it had received help from outsiders, some powers still remained on this planet.

When an Ancient of darkness descended once more and wanted to rule this planet again, everything burst out immediately.

Holy Celbera, headquarters of the Church of the Black Iron God.

“My Lord, please bestow strength upon us...” The pope knelt within the church and began praying silently. “Darkness has descended once again... We pray for your strength...”

Outside, numerous church members were hurriedly launching a religious ritual, leading over a hundred thousand devout believers to start a grand ritual.

*Kaboom!*

An immense earthquake rumbled, and half of the church collapsed. A cellar appeared, and within it was a set of black full body armor.

*Buzz Buzz!*

The black armor roared and suddenly turned into a meteor, surging toward the sky.

“That is the... body of the Black Iron God?” Seeing this, an archbishop wearing red was in disbelief.

“That’s right! The so-called Black Iron God is actually a weapon bestowed upon us by aliens. The previous generation hero saint relied on this to defeat the Ancients who used to rule the planet!” The pope explained these secret details. “At this time, we... can only pray! Victory will once again belong to us!”

...

Although there were the three Yellow, Black, and White continents, the ocean was still the largest on the planet.

In that boundless expanse of deep ocean, there were countless secrets and areas that humans had yet to explore.

Above a sea, fierce lightning danced and rumbling thunder boomed as a fearsome storm surged violently.

Tsunami after tsunami came as an incomparably enormous figure surfaced.

It looked like a massive octopus and was even larger than a small mountain. Huge waves suddenly rushed toward the White Continent.

*Kaboom!*

Completely immeasurable tsunamis drowned the entire White Continent in that instant.

In front of a natural calamity like this, all modern civilization and technology were useless, unable to withstand even a single blow.

The waves completely destroyed countless cities as the immense amount of seawater continued surging toward its target—the Eye of Darkness in Kimbert City!

...

Nietzsche clenched his teeth as the flames of the sun around him grew dimmer. His mind also suffered continuous lashing.

It felt as though he had an Eye of Darkness in his heart, constantly urging him to serve it.

This was the psychic ability of the Eye of Darkness. The moment he could no longer support himself, he would completely lose himself and become its slave.

“So this is the strength of a Dark Young? It’s truly too strong, so powerful it’s beyond human... If they’re like this, what about the Outer Gods?” Nietzsche had this sudden thought while he was struggling desperately. He looked somewhat disappointed and frustrated, and seemed to have forgotten something important.

What he had forgotten was naturally all the information about Fang Yuan.

At this crucial moment of fishing, Fang Yuan naturally had to add a layer of insurance. With his paramount magic power, he hid everything about himself in this world, including all memories!

Otherwise, Nietzsche would have definitely been baffled. How could the store owner Andy, who was much stronger than him, die under the Dark Ritual?

“Submit! Submit! Submit to me!”

The Eye of Darkness danced as its tentacles fluttered, sending out a series of soul attacks.

Nietzsche gritted his teeth as cold sweat dripped down his forehead while blood flowed from his lips.

*Swoosh!*

Right when he was about to collapse, a black meteor flew in from the sky and landed on his body.

*Crack!*

It was a suit of black armor that fit seamlessly onto his body, and it blocked all psychic abilities.

The entire world suddenly fell silent, and Nietzsche received a message. “Black Iron Armor... created by the Lord of War who lives above the Jade Star... The Lord of War is a benevolent Elder God who, for some reason, chose to bestow hope upon the humans of this planet...”

Even though the Elder Gods were a bunch of stay-at-home Gods, they occasionally had wars with the Outer Gods.

Evidently, the destruction of the Ancients of this planet should have been a peripheral battle in the war.

*Kaboom!*

The next moment, Nietzsche saw a white line.

It was a wave with unsurpassed might and as massive as a mountain surging toward Kimbert City.

*Splash!*

The waves splashed against the shore, and a tremendous force swept through. The azure ocean seemed to contain an indescribable horror as it instantly swallowed all the dark followers who emerged from the ground.

The waves receded, leaving behind only the humongous octopus. Its green skin reflected a diamond-like luster.

“Son of the Deep Sea!!!” the Eye of Darkness roared.

The other party was also a progeny of an Outer God. This Outer God and Omar were in hostile camps, and the return of the Eye of Darkness had undoubtedly triggered the octopus, making it not hesitate to strike from the deep sea.

Nietzsche had a complicated expression as he looked at this scene.

Although this massive octopus could be considered a helping hand, its emergence had created tsunamis that caused tens of times more damage than the Eye of Darkness’s sacrifices in Kimbert City had caused! A hundred times!

After all, it was a descendant of an Outer God, so how could it care about the lives of ants?

But at this time, Nietzsche suppressed the anger in his heart. Compared to this monster that lived in the remote deep sea, this Eye of Darkness that wanted to rule the planet was the greatest enemy.

There was no need to say much when two descendants of enemy Outer God crossed paths. They fought ruthlessly at close quarters.

One side was an eye with countless blood veins, while the other one was a mountain-sized. As the two monsters clashed, it was as though a comet struck the planet. In one exchange, the heavens rent asunder, and the earth cracked; flesh and blood flew everywhere.

Seeing this, Nietzsche furrowed his brows even harder than before.

Although this deep-sea octopus had emerged in an astonishing manner, its aura was gradually falling, and the Eye of Darkness was clearly ruthlessly suppressing it.

“Is its status lower than the Eye of Darkness’s? Or is it seriously injured?”

Nietzsche did not think any further as he extended his right hand.

The black armor mobilized and created a strange-looking black saber with a hook on the blade.

“Die!”

The golden sun reappeared, bigger than before, and black flames were burning around it.

Following Nietzsche’s shout was an incredibly huge sun descending from the sky toward the Eye of Darkness!

*Kaboom!*

The three strongest on the planet clashed.

Or rather, Nietzsche and the Son of the Deep Sea were joining forces against the Eye of Darkness.

This battle would determine the future of the planet!

## **Chapter 1159: Seal**

**Translator:** Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

*Whoo! Whoo!*

A steam locomotive emitted thick and black mist as its massive machinery rotated, bursting forth with a powerful force to move the train forward.

This steam train was different from usual, looking like a steel python monster. Besides having its carriage full of soldiers with loaded rifles and elites of the Investigation Agency, there were a number of railroad cars with enormous cannons on top.

It looked like a machine specialized in war.

In the frontmost car, Director Barton and a few generals sat together, all with stern expressions.

“Who would have thought something like that could happen? An onslaught of tsunamis? Arkham, the country of trade, is gone just like that. And you said that it was merely because of the awakening of an Ancient... and that it’s helping us?”

General Hanson had experienced many military campaigns and was called the federation’s God of War. When he heard what Director Barton said, he opened his mouth in shock.

“I know this is unbelievable, but it’s indeed helping us... What’s more lamentable is that the war deciding the fate of the world is happening on our land, but we can only do some relatively minor work, such as disaster relief or getting rid of the remnant followers...”

“Son of a bitch! Why does such a thing exist in our world?!” General Hanson smashed his fist on the table, and blood dripped out from the crack.

“Since the world is wrong, we can only accept it...” Director Barton looked helpless. “We’re about to reach the border, so let’s hope it isn’t too bad...”

“Border? We’re still at least a hundred kilometers away from Kimbert City, right?”

Through the window, General Hanson looked at the evening sky and suddenly saw a huge sun. Although the dazzling light was blocked by the mountains, he could still feel it and sense the warmth in it.

He was startled, and shortly afterward, he saw the illusory figure of the vertical eye.

It stood silently in the darkness with countless blood tentacles extending from it, containing an evil energy!

Just by looking at it, General Hanson grew increasingly infatuated, and his eyeballs gradually protruded.

“Ahh!” After some time, he cried out and covered the two blood holes on his face. Both his eyeballs actually fell out of his face!

“The contamination of extraordinary power? Can it actually spread this far?” Seeing this, Director Barton felt like he was falling into a bottomless abyss. “Even if we include the Extraordinaries from the other countries, what can we even do?”

As the director of the Federal Investigation Agency, he usually dealt with extraordinary matters.

But the descent of this Ancient still surpassed his imagination. Humans were basically like ants in front of this kind of existence!

*Splash!*

At this moment, there was also the shadow of an octopus in the sky, together with a white line.

*Kaboom!*

After getting closer, they could clearly see that it was an enormous wave that was over a hundred meters tall.

It whizzed toward them like a magnificent army with thousands of men and horses, containing an unstoppable force. Along with numerous roars and cries, the entire steel train was submerged.

At this point, Carls' official reinforcement team—completely obliterated!

...

“Damn it... This Son of the Deep Sea doesn't care about the destiny of humanity at all...”

Nietzsche had certainly sensed this and felt extremely infuriated.

However, the Son of the Deep Sea was the descendant of an Outer God, and it loved chaos and destruction, so even communication with it was a big problem.

Although he was collaborating with it against the Eye of Darkness, he would still occasionally be attacked by it, making it extremely hard to predict.

“If this carries on, the entire federation might end up perishing because of me...”

Nietzsche clenched his teeth and penetrated into the ground.

*Rumble!*

A large piece of land floated, lifting the Eye of Darkness into the sky.

*Bang Bang!*

The Son of the Deep Sea seemed to go crazy and no longer cared about anything. It charged forward, and its tentacles tangled fiercely with the veins of the eye.

“Good chance!”

When Nietzsche saw this, he calmed down, and the radiance of the entire sun grew even more intense.

“I... am the sun!!!”

After this second announcement, his entire body turned transparent. Only the purest radiance was left, as even the Black Iron Armor seemed to be dissolving indistinctly.

“Even if I have to risk it all, I will destroy you!”

As he shouted, a beam of gold and black shot out from the ground into space.

*Poof!*

The slab of land became scattered ashes in an instant as the beam of light enveloped both the Eye of Darkness and the Son of the Deep Sea before penetrating into the universe.

*Pilipala!*

Within the gigantic pit in the ground, Nietzsche struggled to stand up as the Black Iron Armor suddenly fell apart onto the ground, totally scrapped.

“Thank you...” He had a complex look, knowing that if he had not had the protection of the armor, he would not have been able to unleash an attack like that and could even be dead now.

Currently, the majority of Nietzsche’s attention was on the two Outer God descendants in the sky.

“Dead...?”

With some expectation, he looked up and suddenly saw a huge black hole in the sky.

At the center of the black hole, there was only half an eye left, and the Son of the Deep Sea was nowhere to be seen.

“It... actually survived...” Nietzsche fell to his knees as blood shot out from his entire body. “However, its injuries are definitely much more severe than those of the Son of the Deep Sea all those years ago... Planet, take care!”

With some gratification, both his eyes turned blurry, and he was about to pass out.

However, a sudden change occurred in this instant!

From the boundless outer space, nobody knew when but a large mass of darkness was floating over.

One glance at it caused Nietzsche incomparable fear, as though... he was staring into the abyss!

So much so that his body started trembling, and he was completely unable to say a word.

In his heart, there was a voice shouting, “Outer God! Outer God!!!”

After its progeny was heavily injured and almost annihilated, 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, Omar Kyege Sars finally decided to appear!

The whole planet seemed to be trembling under this mass of darkness.

A thick tentacle that looked like it had many eyeballs on it pulled the badly damaged Eye of Darkness into the darkness.

Seconds later, a completely healed and seemingly even more powerful Eye of Darkness reappeared and entered the atmosphere.

*Rumble!*

After a loud explosion, another gigantic pit appeared in the ground.

A shock wave ruthlessly sent Nietzsche flying. He did not have the least bit of strength to fight back at all.

In the sky, the atmosphere fluctuated violently, and a vortex formed at the center of the hole in the atmosphere. It seemed as if there was an existence comparable to a planet wanting to force its way into Planet Stael!

“Anger! Crazy! Does it want to destroy this planet completely?”

Fang Yuan looked on with nothing but delight on his face, like a hunter whose prey had finally appeared.

After all, the Eye of Darkness was different from the other followers of the Outer Gods, and it was a direct progeny of Omar. Back when he had eliminated one in the Uyguklais’ planet, Omar might have feared him and dared not to seek revenge.

However, on this unprotected planet, the fact that another one almost died again definitely gave it enough reason to be angry!

It grew so infuriated that its true body would descend to annihilate this world!

“Ahh!!!” Nietzsche felt the gaze in the darkness and screamed.

His skin started tearing apart as black eyeballs appeared one after another, releasing ear-piercing hisses.

Merely being glanced at, he was about to die or turn into a complete monster!

“It’s over!”

At that moment, countless high-level Extraordinaries felt immense desperation and wanted to commit suicide.

This was an extremely courageous and wise act because they knew that once Omar completely arrived on this planet, whatever awaited them would be an even more brutal future.

“Ahhhhhh!!!” Nietzsche yelled devastatingly again and again, and he had already completely turned into a monster covered with eyes.

Even his consciousness of being human was constantly collapsing.

“Am I... going to die?”

Just as his consciousness was about to disperse, he had a final dying flash of lucidity and remembered what he had forgotten.

It was a convenience store and the boss named Andy...

*Hiss Hiss!* All of a sudden, at the same time as he saw his memory, the mass of invading darkness sent out a shriek full of emotions.

Nietzsche did not understand why an Outer God could shriek with such fear and anger.

The Eye of Darkness was lying fearfully on the ground and instantly retracted all its tentacles, shivering like a rabbit frightened by a lion.

“Haha... finally fell for my bait!” Fang Yuan appeared beside Nietzsche, staring at the massive darkness.

“The orbits of the Lonely Star and the Jade Star are just right... Come on out, Omar!”



*Whoosh!*

Indescribable white lightning emerged and lacerated the darkness, revealing Omar's true body.

It was a colossal ball of meat formed of countless tentacles. It was dark red and had many eyes on its surface.

"Do not look directly at the inexplicable horror!"

Nietzsche hurriedly lowered his head in fear.

But immediately afterward, he realized that despite seeing the true body of an Outer God, he did not feel any pain at all.

Even the flesh on his body fell off as he recovered his human form.

"Phase... stars activate!"

Fang Yuan stood with his hands behind his back, his eyes glowing.

*Buzz Buzz!*

There was an unfathomable change in the universe as the stars started releasing a great amount of light.

The tremendous pressure instantly turned the Eye of Darkness into ashes and forced Omar's true body to shrink into the small Planet Stael.

In the depths of the ocean, the endless seawater drained away, causing the deaths of innumerable sea monsters, and a dried-up marine trench appeared.

"Astral magic... seal!"

A thick, blood-red tentacle was tossed into the marine trench.

A vast indescribable force distorted Omar's body, turning it into an illusory figure that was sucked into a vortex.

A large amount of seawater returned and smoothed the exposed land, making it as if everything that had just happened was but a mere illusion.

But all the life forms on the planet were trembling. It was a trembling from the depths of their souls as they felt the danger that their world could perish at any time.

## **Chapter 1160: Planning**

Translator: Atlas Studios Editor: Atlas Studios

"Astral magic, seal Outer God!"

Above the ocean, Fang Yuan stood with his hands behind his back, looking at the universe.

From his perspective, he could see countless planets rotating and revolving in orbit according to specific rules, forming a huge star chart and projecting a portion of its energy down.

Planet Stael was at the core of the entire star chart, and its node landed on an array eye.

“Although there are many flaws, it can indeed seal a Dao Ancestor... even if it’s a half-crazed one...”

After completing the seal, Fang Yuan was still quite shocked.

Of course, the main reason why he could accomplish this was because of his outstanding strength, enough to suppress an ordinary Dao Ancestor.

And Omar clearly only had the strength of an ordinary Dao Fruit, and it was unable to display its full strength. Naturally, it was ruthlessly suppressed without being able to do anything.

“Although I’ve sealed it, it will still leak out every now and then, especially when the celestial bodies move to certain positions...”

Fang Yuan calculated. “Normally, it can still be connected to through summoning incantations or rituals. However, 128,000 years later, there will be flaws within the astral magic, allowing Omar to break through the seal. The very fundamental rules of this universe determine this and can’t be changed...”

As for Planet Stael, there were bound to be changes after sealing an Outer God here.

If 128,000 years later, when Omar broke free from the seal, and there was no second Outer God to stop it, it would mean that it was this planet’s destiny to be destroyed.

Even during this time, it was hard to say that the entire planet, especially the ecology of the ocean, would not be affected somehow.

“Perhaps... this is also an opportunity for the planet to become stronger!”

Fang Yuan’s figure flashed back to Kimbert City.

The place had already turned into a massive pit with some remnant swamps and seawater in the surrounding. However, he could not find anything living except for Nietzsche.

“Boss Andy... are you actually an Outer God as well?” Nietzsche stood up blankly. “Dealing with that Outer God was your ultimate goal?”

After all, he was no longer a youth, so he could think deeply about many things and see Fang Yuan’s plan.

“That’s right... And I have to thank you for your help. Of course, the larger end of this is still from the Lord of War!”

A battle between two Outer Gods was rare throughout the entire universe.

Fang Yuan’s spiritual will could currently detect the gazes of many Elder Gods and Outer Gods, among which two were the warmest.

One was the Lord of War who lived above the Jade Star, while the second should be the source of the Son of the Deep Sea.

However, with Fang Yuan keeping watch here, these Outer Gods wisely chose to retreat instead of coming here.

“So, everything on our planet, the destruction of half the White Continent, and the deaths and injuries of millions of people are all just a game to you?” Nietzsche clenched his teeth and stubbornly raised his head. “What do you treat human lives as?”

“What do I treat them as?” Fang Yuan chuckled. “Have you ever come across any Outer God or Elder God before? In their eyes, human lives are essentially no different from the dust of the universe. The truly powerful existences are all chaotic by nature and make no distinction between good and evil... The more you look into this, the easier it is to touch the abyss and suffer terror! I am the same as well! As Omar’s archenemy, is it not normal for me to plot against it?”

“Omar’s archenemy... So you’re the serpent from the Astral World, the legendary Rainbow Snake? Haha. I am a complete idiot!”

After several shocks, Nietzsche finally crumbled.

He laughed frantically while tearing his clothes apart. Finally, his clothes turned ragged, and he fainted.

“Has the force sustaining your hasty growth mostly disappeared?” Fang Yuan contemplated. “When you previously came into contact with Omar’s gaze, you almost lost your consciousness. Although I pulled you back at the very last second, you still fell into a state of madness and chaos since your willpower wasn’t strong enough...”

Fang Yuan waved his hands lightly, and Nietzsche disappeared from the ground.

On Planet Stael, there was no longer a Nietzsche above the abyss, but a lunatic who compared himself to the sun!

...

“After being so busy for such a long time, I’ve finally caught Omar...”

After completing this, Fang Yuan went far into the ocean and casually found a barren island to live in seclusion.

The reason why he had planned this for such a long time was ultimately to deal with Omar. However, this was not a personal grievance. On the contrary, his main purpose was to study a living Dao Fruit and why the power of an Outer God was of interest to the Eyeball of Destruction.

“One is an Outer God of this universe, while the other is the Primordial Chaos Holy Fiend’s strongest magical eye. Just what is the relationship between these two?” Fang Yuan pondered, and time passed by gradually.

On the White Continent, all sorts of waves subsided. Arkham had been completely destroyed, and the Carls Federation had suffered severe losses. As a result, Holy Celbera launched an offensive to conquer the other countries, wanting to reproduce the glory of the former empire. The other forces naturally resisted with all their might.

In this process, affected by wars and calamities, many of the residents of the White Continent migrated to the Black and Yellow continents. At the same time, they brought advanced technology and knowledge to these two continents. The flames of civilization began expanding and exchanging between these three continents.

Bang!

Who knew how long later, Fang Yuan shook, and the dust on his body fell off. “Ran out of experimental materials?”

He waved his hand lightly, and a faint roar came from the bottomless marine trench. Shortly afterward, yet another dark red tentacle was dragged out.

During this process, a drop of blood landed on a shark.

Its eyes turned red, and the spot where the drop of blood landed corroded a large hole. Its blood vessels suddenly burst, spreading throughout its entire body.

Within seconds, this shark turned into a lump of flesh and died. A blood-red, muscular monster shark was reborn from the flesh and swam swiftly toward a whale.

Hiss Hiss!

Like a water cannon, it shot through the whale’s body and started vigorously absorbing the blood.

It did not take long before the mountain-sized whale turned into a dried-up corpse. Even so, this shark was not yet full and started looking for more prey...

“The blood of an Outer God, even a drop of the diluted remnant, is enough to create such a terrifying monster...” Fang Yuan said. “From today onward, the deep sea will have one more horrifying life form. The original extraordinary creatures won’t be able to compete with it at all. In fact, with that blood shark as the primogenitor, this ocean is bound to produce even more contaminated monsters as its guards...”

As for how immoral it was to create so many terrifying monsters and what kind of earth-shaking impact these monsters would have on the nautical industries of the humans? Haha... Fang Yuan truly did not care at all.

After so much time in this universe, he felt like he had acquired a bit of the characteristics of the Elder Gods and Outer Gods—not distinguishing between good and evil but only following his heart.

As for whether such behavior would bring suffering and pain to lower life forms, what did this have to do with a biased Outer God?

Bloop! Bloop!

Fang Yuan looked at his hand, and the Eyeball of Destruction appeared to have grown a sharp mouth as it started gobbling Omar’s tentacle.

It seemed like after feeding on this flesh, there was finally a qualitative change to it. The entire eyeball was continuously rumbling as it transformed into a somewhat incomplete Dao Fruit.

“Destruction Dao Fruit? This is a power greater than the Connate Destruction Great Dao, and it can even destroy the universe...” Fang Yuan obtained a lot of information at once. “Of course... this Dao Fruit isn’t really incomplete but merely not mature yet. Is this because we took the initiative to assault the Primordial Chaos Holy Fiend?”

This Destruction Dao Fruit had astonishing might, capable of harming others as well as itself. After the awakening of the Primordial Chaos Holy Fiend, it had even shown signs of destruction, so Fang Yuan had to be extremely cautious with it.

“However... perhaps I can use this as a model to forge an impressive war weapon?” This marvelous thought suddenly appeared in Fang Yuan’s heart. “Also... I can develop some techniques to explore my original home universe!”

The universe that he had lived in had inevitably suffered a great calamity, as even Dao Ancestor Heaven Rise had perished and had to ask for help from the outside wanderers.

However, without reconnaissance or proper planning, heading into a universe like this was obviously extremely dangerous.

“Should I find some cannon fodder to explore the way? I can also perfect my strength on the way...”

Fang Yuan had planned this out long ago, and with the maturing of his various research, it was a good time to use them.

“Morigu!”

“Great Master!” A jade Uyguklai appeared behind Fang Yuan. When no one was around, Morigu Tata was used to using her true body.

“Gather all the technologies involving the Dream World, especially regarding intergalactic communications!”

Fang Yuan smiled.

Within this period of time, the Uyguklais, this group of technological fanatics, had finally made a breakthrough in this obstacle, making virtual reality technology across the entire universe possible.

“Of course, this technology still has limitations. The requirements are having to be a believer of the Astral Serpent and being capable of controlling their own Dream World...”

He thought about it for a while, and the half Heaven Rise Dao Fruit appeared on his hand. “But if I were to add this as a central processor, it would be different immediately... Maybe I could start a virtual universe company? But among the galaxies, the degree of civilizations is uneven and can’t possibly be all understood. In that case, let’s just change it to a magical context instead, for example... God of Realm Traversing?”

The Heaven Rise Dao Fruit possessed frightening calculation power, and with the Dream World, it fully had the position of a Creator’s light ball.

Moreover, this was only the first step. Once the number of ‘chosen ones’ in the universe was sufficient, Fang Yuan could add some Dream Master cultivation techniques into the virtual world to strengthen these cannon fodder and have them explore many worlds.

And after selecting the best of the best, the true elites could perhaps be thrown into the Huaxia Universe to explore it.

“Of course... there’s still the need to resolve the technique of traveling across the Great Cosmological Abyss. The easiest way to travel in the Great Cosmological Abyss is to achieve Dao Fruit. Otherwise, prominent achievements in science and technology are required. For example, that ark I saw before...”