

I! Cleaner 361

Chapter 361: Solved?_2

"Oh... I'm actually not that impressive."

The slightly dim right eye blinked lightly and used some method to examine Leon, discovering that he genuinely meant what he said. The lazy young man's mouth curled up in a smile more difficult to suppress than an AK, as he basked in the praise and cheerfully suggested,

"Well, I actually see quite a bit of potential in you. How about... I teach you sometime when you're free?"

Although lacking the support of the corresponding anomalous object might mean the effects aren't as strong, it's still a life-saving skill... Hmm... Hang on a bit; I need to grab that snake before the chicken pecks it to death."

...

After finishing a pleasant conversation with his considerate junior, the lazy young man scraped his shoe against the ground, destroying the ritual site he had just set up, and rescued the dying snake spirit from the beak of a chicken.

"Dear Snake Spirit, we meet again."

Pinching the small black and white worm with two fingers and giving it a shake, the lazy young man cheerfully said,

"Come on, hand over the person."

You know the methods of our Purification Bureau, it's better to hand over the person now instead of holding onto unrealistic hopes and being torn apart later, don't you think?"

"..."

The black and white snake weakly raised its head at the sound, glaring at him hatefully.

"Don't glare at me; I'm doing this for your good."

Saying odd lines akin to something from a collaborator's secret agent interrogation, the lazy young man dipped his fingernail in some sulfur powder, ignited it, and seized the snake spirit by the neck, persuasively advising,

"If you cooperate and hand over the person directly, and if your master is willing to pay the cost, you might be taken back. I actually kind of like your Scales Gold Sect's gatherings because, after all, you can get... ahem.

In short, we might meet again in the future, but if you refuse to cooperate, forcing me to use severe measures for interrogation, it would be awkward when we meet again in the future... You don't seem like the kind of Holy Spirit who enjoys awkwardness, right?"

"..."

"Isn't that right?"

"Stop! Stop choking! Aah!!!"

Hearing the subtle crackling sound of the sulfur's explosive combustion and feeling the increasing pressure on its neck, along with the painful burning as the sulfur of hell polluted its Holy Spirit body, the snake spirit twisted twice before finally screaming in agony, and then spat out a green bead.

"The hand! The hand! You've got the person! Take your hand away!"

"Alright, I'll take it away~"

After dipping his fingernail in sulfur powder once more and pressing a burning nail mark on the snake head, completely sealing off the snake spirit's ability to resist, the lazy young man rummaged in his pocket, fetched a slightly dirty transparent glass bottle, stuffed the feeble snake spirit inside, and tossed the bottle to Leon.

"You guys... shouldn't celebrate too early..."

After regaining some strength, like countless classic villains who have overturned, the snake spirit, now limp but still retaining a hard mouth, propped itself up in the glass bottle with difficulty, looking at the green bead in the lazy youth's hand, speaking with a mixture of resentment and pleased schadenfreude,

"That woman in your Bureau, she's been trapped in the True God's bestowed [Dream of Verdant Green]. Having died there over three hundred times, she's been irreversibly corroded!"

?!!!

Hearing the snake spirit's words, Leon's heart couldn't help but throb slightly. He then looked down at the snake spirit in the bottle and couldn't help but ask,

"What do you mean? What happened to Senior Emma?"

"I mean, even if you bring her back, it's useless."

Curled up at the bottom of the glass bottle, the snake spirit sneered and said,

"[Dream of Verdant Green] is a holy relic created from the shattered [Land of Bliss] of the God of Agriculture and Pastoralism; it's essentially an independent world. Having died there hundreds of times, her soul is too entangled with the Dream of Verdant Green to be separated again.

The only way to get her out is to have her sincerely believe in our God and become a devout follower of our God or for the defeated God of Agriculture and Pastoralism to be resurrected. Otherwise, she'll be left wandering alone forever in that Emerald Jungle!"

Through the bottle, the snake spirit looked at Leon's furrowed brows and, after catching the anger in his eyes, chuckled before adding,

"What's even better is, she has the Undying Body that infinitely replenishes; this means she can't even commit suicide and can only linger in the Dream of Verdant Green like a ghost until her soul is entirely worn away by time!"

"Shut up."

Raising his hand, Leon made a pinching motion at the empty space towards the snake spirit, igniting the sulfur mark on its head, burning it into screams, as the lazy young man glanced at Leon and reminded,

"It's saying this to provoke you into killing it directly."

Right now, we haven't left the Scales Gold Sect's gathering place. If it gets killed here, it won't even need the True God behind it to intervene. With just its own accumulation, it can buy its life back from the Realm of the Dead. Don't fall into its trap."

"..."

So... it was all true? Senior Emma couldn't get out after all?

From the lazy young man's reaction, getting a sort of indirect confirmation of his question, Leon couldn't help but sigh, remembering Senior Emma's care for him. Holding onto the last hope, he asked,

"Senior Tom, those two dice of yours, don't they increase the success rate of everything to sixty percent? Can't you..."

"Impossible."

The lazy young man shook his head at Leon's words and said,

"My ability is to forcibly increase the success rate of 'things that possibly can be accomplished' to about sixty percent, and it only works below the True God level. Beyond that, due to insufficient hierarchy, it is heavily disturbed.

This time falls into the category of near-impossible success, and it involves more than one True God, which just happens to be the type I'm least adept at handling. I'm afraid I can't help much."

I see...

Hearing this, Leon remained silent for a while before speaking up to request,

"Senior Tom, I can see the intelligence of anomalous objects through contact, so could you temporarily..."

"Here you go."

Without waiting for Leon to finish, the lazy young man handed over the [Dream of Verdant Green], then offered reassurance,

"Don't lose heart; although I can't help now, if I can surpass the limit of a Human God in the future and reach the director's level, I might roll a result then.

Also, the bureau director might have a way, and the headquarters has many anomalous objects with special effects; one of them might save Emma. If worse comes to worst, we could attempt to briefly revive the God of Agriculture and Pastoralism or something. Maybe it'll just... Hmm?"

Seeing Leon's tense expression suddenly relax after feeling the [Dream of Verdant Green], the lazy young man blinked in surprise before his expression shifted noticeably and he quickly asked,

"What is it? Did you find something?"

"Yes, there's a small discovery."

Seeing the characteristic mark labeled "Sacred" on the [Dream of Verdant Green]'s description, and looking at the [Deputy's] badge allowing unconditional use of "Sacred" anomalous objects, Leon couldn't help but smile and reply,

"I just realized, this thing actually... Senior? What's wrong?"

Noticing the sudden cyan-purple face and Senior Tom grasping his own throat painfully, making choked sounds, Leon was startled and quickly fetched the [Plague-Infected Blood Bandage] to try to help heal him, only...

"Pop~"

Accompanied by the strange sound of a bubble bursting, the bloody bandage in Leon's hand instantly vanished, transforming into a currency flashing with a peculiar light. At the same time, a soft, gentle voice drifted from behind him,

"Don't worry, he's not injured and doesn't need your treatment."

After tossing aside the dirty bandage, a woman with a delicate and beautiful face stepped out from the Dreamrealm, offering Leon, who was in a defensive stance in front of Tom, a slight smile.

"As for why he became like that, it's because I bought all the air in his body at once, even the air in his lungs that hasn't yet mixed with the blood... Besides, I paid for it."

"Whoa!!!"

As the mysterious woman's words fell, the lazy young man behind Leon collapsed to his knees with a thud. Hundreds of tiny round coins grotesquely gushed from his mouth and nose, blending with copious amounts of bright red blood, erupting uncontrollably despite his feeble attempts to stop them.

Immediately afterwards, Senior Tom's clothing burst open, and sharp-edged silver lozenge coins densely pressed through the skin of his chest, spewing out like nails shot from a gun, bursting into a dazzling blood mist of silver light in front of Leon's eyes.

Chapter 362: Shell Coins and Tricks (Part 1)_1

"Senior Tom?!!!"

Seeing the lazy young man suddenly and severely injured, Leon rushed to support him in surprise. He then unleashed his strongest control skill at the mysterious woman of unknown origin,

"Bow before me!"

With Leon's shout, a large mass of dazzling Cursed Silver instantly split in two. Half of it rushed toward the [Plague-Infected Blood Band] thrown on the ground, while the other half exploded in the air, transforming into countless sharp spikes that shot toward the mysterious woman like a rainstorm.

Although he didn't know her background, anyone who could instantly injure Senior Tom was certainly not someone he could handle. The only chance of turning the tables at this moment was to control her with forced bowing, seize the opportunity to retrieve the [Plague-Infected Blood Band], and save Senior Tom from a critical state!

"Ha, an interesting request."

The [Migratory Thrush Prince], on whom Leon had placed high hopes, failed to work. The mysterious woman who had instantly devastated Senior Tom chuckled and then waved her hand. The two masses of Cursed Silver disappeared without a trace, transforming into several polished strange shells in Leon's hand.

[Name: Anpula Shell Coin (Sacred, Currency)]

[Appearance: A lobed shell that has been roughly polished, with two small round holes made for threading a string. The inner side is carved with Anpulan script using stone tools, meaning 'a bundle of rice'.]

[Ability: True Divine Position, Forced Transaction]

[Cost: Use requires the permission of the Goddess of Fortune and Trade, and ownership of this anomalous object will be lost after the transaction.]

[File: Currency used in the kingdom of Anpula, one of the oldest human currencies, it was completely abolished in the mid Anpula Kingdom. After being sanctified by the Goddess of Fortune and Trade herself, it became a special anomalous object with extremely high stature, often used by her to reward devout followers.]

[Evaluation: A special anomalous object capable of making agreements with all targets below True Gods, forcing an equivalent exchange. Although the ability is quite good, it's a one-time use item and requires sufficient quantity to be effective, so it isn't too difficult to deal with.

But if the user isn't a fanatical believer in the Scales Gold Sect, but rather a short-haired woman with a refined appearance, about 36 or 37 years old, you'd better be careful.]

[Contamination Value: 3 (5.2)]

"..."

This description... Wait a minute! Could it be?!!!

"..."

"My God!"

In the instant Leon's pupils contracted, the "Black and White Earthworm" inside the glass bottle lay prostrate on the ground, bowing furiously yet respectfully.

"Such incompetence!"

Hearing the voice, the mysterious woman glanced at the Snake Spirit, which had two small clumps of dry chicken feces stuck to its head, and said with three parts dissatisfaction and seven parts disdain, "With your skills, if you had just stayed in the Dreamrealm and not run around, even if you weren't that person's opponent, you wouldn't have lost so badly.

Yet you insist on being clever, running away at the slightest sign of trouble because you feared suffering at his hands, only to end up being caught directly! If I hadn't arrived quickly, you'd be keeping that stupid toad company by now!"

"My God... I... am ashamed..."

"If you're ashamed, then remember this lesson well and stop playing your little tricks!"

Casual as if no one was around, she reprimanded the Snake Spirit for a couple of sentences before looking up at Leon, whose expression was stiff. Her eyes rested for a moment on the [Holy Spirit Pendant] on his chest before she said with a half-smile, "Leon Laine... I've wanted to meet you for a long time, you know?"

"..."

The mysterious woman with the semblance of the Goddess of Fortune and Trade gazed at the silent Leon, slightly restraining her smile. Her expression turned less friendly as she said, "After you killed that idiot toad, I went through great lengths to the Realm of the Dead to redeem part of its soul, intending to use those soul fragments to reforge a Holy Spirit with the same authority.

Yet I discovered that the soul fragments that fell into the Realm of the Dead had lost their affinity with the powers of wealth, no longer believing 'Everything Has a Price', and had become completely useless... Tell me, how exactly did you manage this?"

"..."

That toad...

If I recall correctly, it collapsed back then because it encountered the "Badge System", something that couldn't be measured by value, thus shattering the foundation of its authority.

So... what about this Goddess of Fortune in front of me? Could she be just like that toad?

As he thought of this, Leon unconsciously clenched his fists, the muscles in his cheeks twitching slightly. He then asked expressionlessly, "If you want to know why, why don't you 'buy' it yourself? Your Scales Gold Sect can even trade lifespan, buying 'secrets' shouldn't be difficult, right?"

"Indeed, forcibly buying secrets from someone else's heart is not a difficult matter for me."

The short-haired, refined woman—Goddess—nodded at Leon's words and then, staring into his eyes with an odd expression, said, "But my intuition tells me that you seem to be eagerly waiting for me to do so... So, could I assume that if I forcibly 'purchased' this secret from you, I might end up just like that stupid toad?"

?!!

"It seems that's indeed the case... At the very least, that's what you believe."

Observing Leon's pupils constricting slightly, the Goddess of Fortune said thoughtfully, "Honestly, I'm quite unsure now. Whether you have this odd notion due to ignorance or arrogance, or if you truly have some special trump card."

I've been seen through!!!

With the opponent's gaze seemingly penetrating his soul, Leon felt shivers running down his spine. He cursed himself for being too obvious and fought back the bizarre urge to kneel before the opponent, trying to prop up the gravely injured Senior Tom, "I don't know what you're talking about, but if you want to know about that toad, then buy it yourself!"

After finishing his statement, Leon subtly lifted his cuff, covertly aiming the polished cufflink at the [Plague-Infected Blood Band] beneath the woman's feet, ready with the Young Ha inside.

Leon recalled that the director once said Senior Tom and Senior Emma were elite Level One Cleaners, nearly at the level of a Sub-bureau Chief. Even if they couldn't compete against the physical descent of a True God, they shouldn't be utterly powerless.

Moreover, if the opponent were truly as powerful as to easily subdue Senior Tom, why bother buying the [Plague-Infected Blood Band] from him to prevent him from healing Senior Tom?

All considered, there's only one conclusion.

The opponent wasn't as strong as she seemed. Her ability to easily defeat Senior Tom likely had much to do with taking him by surprise, and she was highly wary of Senior Tom's abilities. If Leon could save Senior Tom, perhaps there was still a chance for them to turn the tables!

"..."

So... are you trying to make another desperate attempt?

Watching Leon maintain a blank expression while meeting her gaze, but still showing hope in his eyes, the Goddess of Fortune shook her head slightly. Then, sensing the fluctuations of the Mirror World, she casually flicked her hand toward Leon's cufflink.

Even though you guessed correctly that my power was greatly diminished upon forcibly descending, and I truly feared the cunning "Dice Emperor", which is why I took him down by surprise, I didn't dare to take his life directly due to concerns of triggering some malicious survival ritual.

But after all, I am still a True God. It's one thing for the infamous misfortune "Dice Emperor", but you, a Third-Class Cleanser who can't even hide his soul's fluctuations, have no basis to believe you can pull any tricks in front of me.

Under the slightly disdainful gaze of the Goddess of Fortune, Leon's mirror-like cufflink shimmered faintly, and as she expected, a tiny dog paw quietly emerged.

However, the next moment, that tiny dog paw did not attempt to use the powers of the Mirror World to capture the blood-stained bandage as she had anticipated. Instead, it pushed out a small metal ball with its shell cracking open.

Was this... some kind of highly explosive bomb?

Sensing the power within it, the Goddess of Fortune's brow furrowed instantly, suspecting that Leon planned to sacrifice himself to guard the "secret." She had to temporarily change her target, buying the cracking whale oil bomb.

Simultaneously, the shell currency in Leon's hand flickered slightly, reappearing bizarrely in Senior Tom's hand. Following this, most of the injuries on the lazy young man vanished in an instant, transferring entirely onto Leon.

Didn't see that coming, did you? This was my real plan!

Watching the sudden shock on the Goddess of Fortune's face, as she hurriedly stepped back, Leon couldn't help but smirk, despite the heart-wrenching pain coursing through his body.

Upon stepping out of the Dreamrealm, the first thing the Goddess of Fortune did was seize the [Plague-Infected Blood Band] from him. How could she not guard against him taking it back?

After figuring this out, he hadn't bothered hoping to reclaim the [Plague-Infected Blood Band]. The eager Young Ha and the whale oil bomb were just a distraction.

His true plan was to use the effect of the Holy Abnormality via the [Deputy] Badge, forcibly making a transaction with Senior Tom, taking on all his injuries to help him regain the chance to confront the Goddess of Fortune!

Go, Senior Tom! It's all up to you now!

Glancing at the lazy young man who had suddenly opened his eyes and stood firm like a mountain, Leon, who had successfully deceived the Goddess of Fortune with little tricks, fell skyward in a burst of blood mist from his chest, full of anticipation!

One more time! Just like before, drive back the descending True God once more; you can do it!

...

"Splash!"

"I told you all along, I am not suited for direct combat..."

In Leon's incredulous gaze, the lazy young man, who seemed to have had all his bones removed, was knocked down again as soon as he opened his eyes. He protested helplessly,

"My ability needs time to prepare. Now that she is this close to me, I can't even throw out the ritual materials. How could I possibly win?"

"..."

Turns out they are both idiots!

Watching the two cleaners lying on the ground, bleeding beside each other, the corners of the Goddess of Fortune's mouth couldn't help but twitch, feeling that her stature had been lowered by these two fools.

"Have you given up now?"

Pinching her brow with her hand, the Goddess of Fortune, who had just played along with a farce, walked over slowly. She first picked up the small bottle holding the Snake Spirit, then tore off the toad pendant from Leon's chest before speaking with a menacing expression,

"I am out of patience to waste on you. Tell me, how did you make that toad self-destruct?"

"..."

"Still refusing to speak?"

Watching the assembly hall start to shake due to her forced descent, the Goddess of Fortune slightly flexed her fingers, squinting at Leon and threatening,

"Although I dislike doing such things, if you insist on not cooperating... don't blame me for being rough!"

"..."

"Ah!!!"

As the Goddess of Fortune crooked her finger, the lazy young man, whose bones had been mostly bought out and lay limply beside Leon, suddenly bulged his eyes, letting out an hysterical scream.

"Why... why..."

Once the hellish pain temporarily subsided, the lazy young man, drenched in sweat with bulging veins on his forehead, shivered his lips and exclaimed in confusion,

"Weren't you asking him questions? Why are you torturing me... for what?"

Of course, because he couldn't move much anymore.

After glancing at the complaining lazy young man, the Goddess of Fortune raised her right hand again.

Everything Has a Price, Everything Can be Exchanged, Everything Circulates—these were the three abilities imprinted from her divine powers and nurtured by the three Holy Spirits. They were also the foundation for her further ascension to the Master of All.

Regarding the mastery of these three powers, her Holy Spirit might not be weaker than her. However, after coming into contact with this mysterious Level Three Cleanser, the stupid toad's faith in [Everything Has a Price] collapsed, likely encountering something of immeasurable value.

To avoid meeting the same fate, it was prudent, before figuring out the true nature of that thing, not to use her wealth powers on Leon's true form. Otherwise, if she directly encountered that thing, it would be troublesome if the powers collapsed.

...

"From now on, every time you refuse me, I will double his pain."

After contemplating how to handle Leon, the Goddess of Fortune spoke to Leon, one word at a time, under the incredulous gaze of the lazy young man,

"Tell me, what secrets do you have on you?"

"..."

"Ah!!!"

"Stop... stop!"

Watching Senior Tom, who had already lost half his bones and was bleeding all over, yet was forced up by the pain, screaming and rolling on the ground, Leon had to cough up blood and speak with difficulty to stop,

"I can... I can tell you, but you must... you have to ensure... make sure we... cough! Cough, cough!"

Because he had taken on most of Senior Tom's injuries, Leon's throat and lungs were severely damaged. After barely speaking a couple of sentences, he started coughing up large amounts of blood.

Watching Leon cough for quite a while without recovering, the Goddess of Fortune frowned slightly, habitually picking up two shell coins to buy Leon's injuries.

However, recalling the shattered soul of a certain toad, she cautiously withdrew her hand, instead kicking the [Plague-Infected Blood Band] at her feet towards him, coldly commanding,

"Heal yourself, after that..."

"Pop, pop, pop, pop!"

Just as the Goddess of Fortune completed her "kick" gesture halfway, the blood plasma staining the floor due to the lazy young man's pain rolled onto the ground formed into countless dense, sticky, dirty red webs, eerily rising from the ground and rushing towards her.

Then, a ghostly green bead rolled out from Leon's sleeve, and the sky-reaching Emerald Jungle unfolded with a roar, engulfing the two men and the goddess, whisking them away to a terribly ruined Emerald Valley.

As the Goddess of Fortune, wrapped in blood nets, fell straight into the valley, inside, Emma had been waiting. She immediately unfolded the Execution Platform and flipped open the Joint Responsibility Code. A full thirty thousand bloodstained guillotines sprang forth like mushrooms after rain, set up from the bottom to the peak of the Emerald Valley.

In Leon and Tom's expectant gaze, the Goddess of Fortune, wrapped in blood nets and capped with a crown of thorns, was swiftly pressed down against the guillotine openings. Thirty thousand gleaming guillotine blades, under thirty thousand horrified pairs of eyes, crashed down upon thirty thousand necks.

"Snap!"

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Accompanied by the scraping sound of the guillotines descending down their slots, a total of thirty thousand gleaming guillotines, in order from the valley to the mountaintop, chopped towards the neck of the Goddess of Fortune.

Among them, the guillotine located at the very bottom of the valley merely cut her hair, leaving a shallow indentation on her skin, without causing much harm.

However, the guillotines further up, after barely breaking her skin, also came to an abrupt halt, but as the position continued upwards, the guillotines set at the mountainside truly sunk into the flesh, oozing blood, breaking bones!

Valley, foot of the mountain, mountainside, ridge... The higher the guillotines were set, the deeper they sunk into the flesh and bone after cutting.

By the time the last guillotine at the mountain peak fell, successfully splitting the wide-eyed "condemned" at the guillotine's edge completely in two, the remaining twenty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine guillotines seemed to be inspired somehow, collectively descending once more!

"Crack!"

...

"Clatter, clatter, clatter, clatter!"

Watching over twenty thousand "red footballs" roll lifelessly down the hillside after being severed, Leon, half-propped near the mountaintop, couldn't help but gasp sharply, feeling as if the nape of his neck that was exposed also sensed the cool edge of a guillotines blade... or perhaps it was more than just a feeling.

Stiffly turning his head, he saw the large guillotine above his neck swaying but ultimately not falling. Though wounded so badly he could barely speak, Leon somehow squeezed out a bit of energy from somewhere and trembled as he climbed off the half-formed guillotine platform beneath him.

Thank goodness... Thank goodness Senior Emma's [Bloodthirsty Execution Platform] had a maximum capture capacity of just thirty thousand.

With the effect of the [Joint Responsibility Code], having guillotined the Goddess of Fortune exactly thirty thousand times, the Bloodthirsty Execution Platform could no longer capture any more targets. Otherwise, I might have been caught up too, hoisted up to be chopped like that!

"Don't... don't just freeze there..."

Just as Leon climbed down from the execution platform, still shaken and touching his neck apprehensively, a lazy young man on the ground beside him weakly moaned.

"I'm almost... almost bleeding to death... Can you... help me out here..."

"Coming."

Giving one last glance at the rolling heads in Emerald Valley, Leon picked up the [Plague-Infected Blood Bandage] that had fallen nearby, treated the injuries to his lungs and throat, and then, enduring the lingering intense pain in his flesh, stood up and walked over to the lazy young man who was hanging upside down in an emerald tree.

"So despicable!"

After Leon pulled him down from the emerald tree, the lazy young man, half of whose bones had been sold, grimaced and complained,

"A dignified True God had the audacity to ambush me!

Damn it! If I hadn't known there would definitely be a True God coming and prepared something, and if you hadn't bought off my injuries and forced a move, we might have been done for before even making a move!"

...

Although we're the ones standing on the side, to be fair, when she ambushed you, you seemed to be pondering how to ambush her. In terms of morality, aren't we about the same?

"It was indeed very dangerous earlier, but at least the result was not too bad."

After somewhat perfunctorily echoing these words, Leon bandaged the lazy young man while speaking with a hint of relief,

"The Goddess of Fortune has been taken down by Senior Emma. Once Senior Emma is done with her, I'll figure out a way to deal with the issues on her, and then we should be..."

"It's not that easy."

Interrupting Leon, the lazy young man lying on the ground sighed, "She is still a True God after all. My ritual was prepared somewhat hastily, and Emma, having been confined for so long, isn't in her best state. Though we managed to catch her off guard and destroy her body, we are far from completely taking her down!"

As if intentionally confirming the lazy young man's judgment, the moment his voice dropped, the Goddess of Fortune's piercing scream suddenly echoed through the body-laden Emerald Valley.

"You... all of you should be dead!"

As the web of blood binding her was destroyed by the guillotine, the freed Goddess of Fortune regained her mobility. Not only did the heads rolling down start to howl hysterically, but the thirty thousand divine corpses lying beside the guillotine also began to stagger to their feet!

"Stay down!"

It seemed as though Senior Emma, with her body covered in emerald green wounds and a good portion of her left arm turned into jade, had anticipated this scene. She immediately drew a slender silver stiletto and stabbed it into the chest of the divine corpse at her feet, pinning it firmly to the ground.

Then, the strangely shaped stiletto split open to the sides, and the fine iron chains coiled around the hilt clattered as they fell. The two semicircular sword guards bound to the end automatically detached and dropped down, turning into two tiny trays bound by chains, clanging against the sword shaft, transforming into a peculiar scale.

Next, the chest of the divine corpse suddenly deflated, revealing a bleeding, frantically beating golden heart within the left tray of the scale, tipping the right tray high into the air. A colossal crocodile's shadow slowly emerged from the bottom of the Emerald Valley, hungrily eyeing the golden heart on the scale.

"The Crocodile God waits beneath the Scales of Measure, with thy heart placed on the left of the scale."

Stepping on the ceaselessly struggling divine corpse, the pale-faced Senior Emma pulled out a pure white goose feather with fine down and tossed it onto the right tray of the scale, then recited in a deep, obscure tone:

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"The swan feather fell to the right of the scales, used to weigh the lightness of sins!"

"If virtuous deeds surpass all, the heart lighter than a feather, thou shalt return to Heaven and enjoy its blessings."

"If thou commit unforgivable sins that make thy heart heavier than the bird's feather, the mouth of the Crocodile God will be thy destination!"

As Senior Emma finished her narration, the swan feather slowly drifting toward the right tray suddenly seemed to be pulled by gravity, clattering as it fell into the right tray, causing the left tray of the scales to jerk upward suddenly.

However, with the "grounding" of the swan feather, the bleeding heart on the left also became activated in some way. The vivid red blood vanished, replaced by alternating streams of gold and black liquid that pattered onto the tray.

Whenever a light and clear golden liquid splattered out, the tray would rise a bit. When it was the black and heavy liquid gurgling, the tray holding the heart would suddenly press down.

After about half a minute passed, the heart of the Goddess of Fortune completely deflated, with muddied black interspersed with hints of pale gold liquid, already filled the tray, causing the right tray holding the feather to lift high.

"Hiss... gurgle..."

Before Senior Emma could pronounce judgment, the crocodilian shadow at the bottom of the Emerald Valley had already joyfully raised its head, letting out a low and hoarse hiss. The ground under the thirty thousand divine corpses suddenly turned murky, with one shadow of a crocodile after another appearing...

"Get out!!!"

As countless shadows of crocodiles surfaced on the "water," ready to feast on the "sinner's" body, the heaps of heads piled in the Emerald Valley simultaneously shook, suddenly ditching the crown of thorns on their heads, and glared at the crocodiles with their gaping mouths, roaring:

"What are you? Daring to covet my flesh? Scram! Go back to the Realm of the Dead! This place is not for you!"

After momentarily halting the eager Crocodile God, the divine corpse under Senior Emma's foot struggled again, both hands gripped the rapier stabbed in its heart, ignoring the blade splitting its palms, using brute force to desperately pull it up.

And the countless heads accumulated in the valley all simultaneously turned, glaring from all directions at the pale-faced Emma, blue veins bulging, roaring with sinister eyes:

"I am the True God! True God! And you are nothing but a mortal!"

"Listen to me! No matter what I've done in the past, you have no right to judge me!"

"The only thing you can do is kneel to me! Offering all your worth! Even your soul! Bring me everything of yours!"

With the constant struggle of the Goddess of Fortune, the long sword pierced into her chest was actually being pulled out bit by bit, while the countless shadows of crocodiles wandering in the Emerald Valley timidly closed their mouths, hesitantly retreating a little, although not completely left, seemed ready to turn and escape at any moment.

"Damn, it seems even her body can't be destroyed this time."

Seeing this scene, the lazy young man at the mountain peak could not help but sigh with regret as he sorrowfully said:

"Emma's situation is worse than I imagined, I thought she at most couldn't activate the [Axis of the Dead] and deal with the soul of the Goddess of Fortune, but didn't expect even the [Satisfying Scales] can't hold up."

"Senior Tom!"

Seeing the situation in the Emerald Valley deteriorating rapidly, Leon couldn't help but said urgently:

"Stop just talking here, think of a way! For instance, perform another ritual, or..."

"How? With what?"

Struggling to raise his right hand, showing Leon his withered blood vessels, the lazy young man said somewhat irritably:

"Just to trap her, my blood is almost drained, just with that broken bandage of yours, it's at the limit to ensure I don't die from organ failure, and not a drop of blood has been replenished.

Moreover, rituals in mysticism, to put it bluntly, are ways to leverage power, whether it's borrowing from the world, other true gods, or the past and future, something is needed for me to leverage.

But this place is not our world, it's a special space created with a fragment of the [Land of Bliss] of the God of Agriculture and Pastoralism, I can't borrow the power from the original world.

Even the owner of this place is the Goddess of Fortune, other true gods' powers need her permission to enter, even if I set up a ritual I can't borrow anything! I say, we'd better take advantage of Emma still holding on and first... uh... what are you doing?"

Watching Leon take out bottles of liquor from the Mirror World, pouring them into his mouth with both hands, the lazy young man couldn't help but be stunned for a moment, then said in utter confusion:

"Hey, why are you drinking now instead of quickly retreating at such a time?"

"After drinking... guzzle guzzle... maybe... guzzle guzzle... it will help!"

Seeing the rapier already half pulled out from Senior Emma's hand, Leon hastily tore the bandage off Tom, completely healed his throat, and then staggered while chugging down liquor, rushing toward the bottom of the valley.

"Huh?"

The reckless behavior of Leon startled him, watching Leon's back charging down the valley, the incapacitated lazy young man lying on the ground wished he could jump up and beat his own chest, give himself a great slap for agreeing to come help rescue people back then!

What the hell are you going down for? Even if you become a true god in the future, with your current Level Three abilities, you can't do shit down there!

"Leon?"

Seeing Leon climbing down the execution platform's stand toward the valley bottom, Emma couldn't help but be startled, wanting to tell him to hurry back, take Tom and escape while she could still hold on, every one who could should flee.

However, the Goddess of Fortune, with her thirty thousand views, noticed this scene even earlier than Emma.

Watching the one who somehow activated the [Dream of Verdant Green], helped Emma chop off her head, the enraged Goddess of Fortune immediately split a portion of her consciousness, controlling a head stuck on the execution rack in front of Leon, coldly smiling,

"Since you're down here, don't even think about leaving! You..."

"Screw you!"

Hearing the words of the Goddess of Fortune, having just finished a bottle of rum, Leon made an extra half-step to the side, swung the half-inch thick bottle, directly smashing it on the head of the Goddess of Fortune, forcing the rest of her words back.

"You?!"

Completely not expecting to be treated this way, the Goddess of Fortune, with her head full of glass shards, became utterly furious. While grappling with Emma over the "stiletto sword," her body trembled slightly, ultimately letting Emma push the rapier back a little.

Meanwhile, the other 29,999 headless divine corpses, surprisingly propped themselves up with the execution platforms that had beheaded them, and then successively headed toward the descending Leon.

"Don't come! Run!"

Seeing Leon in danger, Emma bit her lip tightly, threw her entire strength onto the sword hilt, trying to force the Goddess of Fortune to recall her dispersed power.

Yet at this moment, the Goddess of Fortune, already angered by the bottle strike to the head, stubbornly let the rapier at the bottom end of the [Satisfying Scales] fall back down, not retracting her power, but continued controlling more than twenty thousand other headless bodies of herself, rushing towards Leon madly.

Damn! Too much aggro!

Watching the headless divine corpses rushing towards him, Leon, who had just drunk seventeen or eighteen bottles of liquor and was still far from activating [Immortal of Liquor], felt his scalp tingle. He hurriedly turned around, intending to temporarily return the way he came, wait till he had enough before coming down.

Unfortunately, he was already halfway down the mountain, and the "way back" had long been blocked by the densely packed headless divine corpses, sealing it off completely!

"..."

I can only fight!

Can't beat a complete true god, but if the power is split into thirty thousand parts, soul nailed by Senior Emma at the bottom of the valley, even the head chopped off, I must be able to struggle a bit, right?

Taking out the spiked club he found in Senior Emma's office, Leon did not activate the abnormal ability of the [Executioner Set], but used it as an ordinary weapon, wielding the club roundly, and charged towards the divine corpses.

Then, a faint shadow of a ram-headed demon quietly appeared behind Leon, carrying a spark of bright red fire, the smoldering smoke full of internal burning bitterness once again spread around Leon.

"I declare, this is a war!"

Chapter 366: Peak of Sheep Life_1

Wrapped in swirling black smoke, Leon launched a charge immediately after declaring war, adding a splash of blood to the emerald green of Emerald Valley.

Facing Leon's heavy wolf-tooth mace, the Goddess of Fortune, whose power had been split into 30,000 fractions by the Joint Responsibility Code and whose soul had been pinned by the Satisfying Scales, appeared as fragile as a puppet.

In this strange war devoid of battle cries, Leon, relying on a variety of tools of torture as weapons, smashed through the headless divine corpses charging at him like a chariot descending from the mountaintop, carving a bright red path of blood and flesh in the completely green Emerald Valley.

Occasionally entangled by the headless divine corpses that surged up in madness, tripping his hands and feet, a brutal tool would temporarily lift the corpses pressing against him, allowing the freed Leon to rise and charge again!

As the bloody path painfully forged extended further, the boiling black smoke surrounding Leon seemed to draw some nutrient from the pervasive divine blood, also uncontrollably expanding in a limitless frenzy. The devil's shadow floating behind him condensed and swelled with the dense smoke.

Two meters, three meters... five meters, seven meters... ten meters, twelve meters...

By the time Leon wielded the Chariot of Punishment, tied with two divine corpses, and charged downhill like pushing a wheelbarrow against the tide of corpses, the devil's shadow behind him had already expanded to a height of fifteen meters, becoming larger than a five-story building!

And that was not all.

The once blurry scales of the goat-headed demon were becoming clearer with the thickening black smoke, its previously illusive claws and tusks solidifying, even taking on a faint metallic sheen, while the thick smoke blending with large sparks and exhaled from its mouth and nose started to produce a truly scorching heat!

...

Delight! Pure delight like a devil's!

The consciousness mingled within the devil's shadow behind Leon, gazing upon the figure in front, drowned completely in war and brutality, couldn't help but wish to laugh aloud.

On the battlefield where flesh and blood flew, a single person charged against three thousand True Gods, slaughtering them mercilessly... It was the highest commendation a demon could receive! Even at the peak of its powers, no such outrageous dream was dared to dream!

Honestly, experiencing such a satisfying blood battle, even if the Goddess of Fortune finished us off at the end, this life would have been damn worthwhile!

After taking a deep breath of the dense smoke emanating from the divine flesh, the Black Goat, with eyes bloodshot from the thrill that trembled its very soul, let out a skyward roar, then crouched down for a sweeping strike, clearing a large space before Leon and grabbing seven or eight headless divine corpses to fiercely shove them into its mouth.

"Thud, thud, thud."

"..."

Watching the divine corpses swallowed whole and then falling through its smoky belly, the fifteen-meter-tall Black Goat fell silent for a moment, then clicked its tongue irritably before swatting aside the useless trash it couldn't devour. This was followed by a massive intake of air, releasing dense smoky breaths filled with sparks, which swept towards the army of divine corpses blocking Leon's path!

Was this... the Black Goat?

Seeing the black smoke carrying numerous headless divine corpses tumbling towards the bottom of the valley, Leon, whose eyes were red from the slaughter, was startled and finally regained some sense of clarity.

Looking back at the massive devil's shadow behind him, the astonished Leon was about to speak when he felt a sudden weight on his head. Reaching up, he abruptly discovered a pair of pitch-black horns with spiral patterns had grown there.

?!!!

"Ah, hahaha, this proves that you have completely gained our approval!"

Sensing Leon's astonishment, the Black Goat, having reached the peak of its demonic life, couldn't help but laugh out loud, saying,

"Just like that person from the Ryan Family, who gained my Heart, whether he's called Poppy or Barbie, his ambition and pride matched my Heart. So, my Heart replaced his, merging into one with him!

"And just now, you immersed yourself wholeheartedly in war, genuinely enjoying the beauty of it. You truly aligned with the rage and war I represent. So from now on, you... What are you doing? Hey! Stop pulling down there!"

"Get them off, now!"

After trying to pull the horns twice, discovering they seemed to have always been part of him, fused with his head, Leon exclaimed in a mix of shock and anger,

"I'm human! How can a person have horns on their head!"

"..."

Huh? You're human?

The Black Goat glanced back at the over 300-meter-long path of blood behind it, and then at the headless divine corpses bound and suspended by all sorts of devices along the way, struggling ceaselessly. It also looked at Leon, as if he had been soaked in a pool of blood, his clothes soaked through with gore, with a devilish soul eager to break free. The Black Goat clicked its tongue and, for a moment, was unsure what to say.

Let's just say, given your level of purity, you'd be notable even if thrown into the deepest layer of the Abyss, truly having little to do with being human... But never mind, you're the boss; whatever you say goes.

Under Leon's repeated urgings, the Black Goat reluctantly retracted the horns, then shielded Leon within its smoky belly. Extending a devilish arm almost two meters wide, it frantically swatted at the charging divine corpses like ants, broadening the path of blood over tenfold until Senior Emma's anxious shout echoed from the valley's bottom...

"No! Stop killing them!"

Feeling the growing resistance in her hands, noting the considerable amount of the rapier being pushed back, Emma understood what was happening and shouted frantically towards Leon,

"She's doing it on purpose! These corpses split by the Book of Law are parts of her power! The more corpses you destroy, the more power she regains!"

"Leon, get out of here before she stands back up! You need to run! Take Tom and go. I can't hold on much longer!"

?!

The Goddess of Fortune was doing it on purpose?

Hearing Senior Emma's shout, Leon's pupils constricted slightly, and he hurriedly looked back.

He then, to his shock, realized that at some point, the swaying divine corpses in the valley had begun frantically attacking each other. However, their powers were spread too thin, their bodies equally matched, and their mutual damage was minimal, making these struggles rather ineffective.

Yet after his charge and the Black Goat Suzano's furious trampling, the divine corpses in the valley toppled like wheat being cut, leaving a large area cleared, at least a thirtieth had 'died' at his and the Black Goat's hands!

No, he needed to be quicker!

"Stop! Don't kill them! Just make sure they can't interfere with me... Senior Emma!"

Hastily halting the Black Goat's attack, Leon, shrouded entirely in billowing black mist and even exhaling smoke from his mouth, nose, and ears, wiped the sheen of faint golden divine blood from his face, then downed strong alcohol while shouting towards the bottom of Emerald Valley:

"Hang on... glug, glug... for a moment, I'll be there... glug, glug... soon!"

Chapter 367: Deathmatch and Badge_1

However, at that moment, Emma could no longer hear what Leon was saying.

Pretending to be angered by Leon's offense, the Goddess of Fortune took the opportunity to retract some of her power and completely gained the upper hand in the battle for the "stiletto sword."

As the blade of the stiletto sword was continually withdrawn, the stable balance at the top of the [Satisfying Scales] began to shake incessantly, and even most of the heart on the left tray had vanished.

"Awooo..."

Seeing the sinful heart conjured by the [Satisfying Scales] shrinking and eventually disappearing with the Goddess of Fortune's resistance, the giant blue-black crocodile lurking beneath the two showed a disappointment that seemed almost human.

"Wait."

Just as the Crocodile God, who had made the trip in vain, was about to leave, the skulls piled at the bottom of the valley all revealed slight smiles, and one spoke in a gentle tone,

"Don't leave yet, aren't you hungry for something?"

Not quite understanding the Goddess of Fortune's words, the massive Crocodile God cautiously stepped back half a step, then tilted its head slightly, conveying its doubts to the Goddess with its gaze.

"What I mean is... since you're here!"

As soon as the Goddess of Fortune's words fell, there was a soft puff sound, and the last remaining tip of the sword was pulled out from her heart.

Following that, the blood flowed back, the flesh healed, the clothes mended... as though time had reversed, the wound caused by the stiletto sword on her chest completely vanished!

"Is it time for me to judge you now?"

Smiling at Emma, who bit her lip and opened the [Painful Verses] to stall her, the Goddess of Fortune, full of resentment, snatched the stiletto sword and stabbed directly at her chest. Not only did she pierce through the parchment-written [Painful Verses], but with a great force, she pierced through the heart, the sharp tip of the sword emerging from the back!

"Ugh..."

With her heart pierced, Emma couldn't help but groan softly. Then, feeling her strength draining rapidly along with her blood following the sword's penetration, realizing she couldn't hold on much longer, she endured the excruciating pain and lunged forward, arms outstretched to lock onto the Goddess of Fortune.

At the same time, a dark, restrained iron sarcophagus, firmly secured by chains, silently materialized from behind Emma, while the blood-soaked bottom of the Emerald Valley erected a desolate, dilapidated church from nothingness.

Large pieces of paint peeled off the dark red columns, barely supporting the high arch that threatened to collapse. Beneath the arch, old stained glass windows pieced together from fractured glass were coated with thick gray dust, dimming and fragmenting the sunlight that seeped in from the sides.

Meanwhile, the once-holy altar at the center burned with ghostly, pale blue flames. Clad in gray robes, one by one, the followers raised their bloodless, withered faces, their eyes sunken deep into the bones, fixedly staring at the two women tightly embracing, surrounded by the candelabra.

"Damn it! Are you crazy?"

Seeing the ebony coffin with a mirror-like polished lid behind Emma, eerily reflecting her own headless dead visage— the Goddess of Fortune, whose head had somehow been restored, shivered uncontrollably. Forgetting her intent to make Emma taste the weighing of her heart, she gathered all her strength and frantically struggled.

The well-informed Goddess of Fortune immediately recognized the origin of the iron sarcophagus— it was the [Dead's Pivot], connecting to the Realm of the Dead!

If she really got dragged in there by Emma, this damned Cleaner would certainly be captured by the Realm of the Dead and never return. Yet, as a physical True God herself, she wouldn't escape either, and might even be devoured by the Realm's masters due to her exuberant life force!

"Let go! Let go!"

Watching the [Dead's Pivot] slowly open as two deceased individuals unraveled its chains, the Goddess of Fortune released the rapier, grabbed Emma's shoulders, and began desperately pushing and shoving, cracking her shoulders as she braced and nearly frantically rammed Emma's abdomen with her knee, trying to forcibly push her away.

Emma, grimacing from the pain, couldn't help but groan softly. Her left arm, having turned emerald, trembled continuously, faint cracks appearing, yet she stubbornly clung to the Goddess of Fortune, struggling with all her might to drag her toward the [Dead's Pivot].

This damn crazy woman! Damn Purification Bureau! I shouldn't have come today!

Terrified by Emma's determination to perish with her, seeing the lid of the iron sarcophagus open wide, as she faced the grim road of the dead with bowed heads, the Goddess of Fortune, knowing she couldn't delay any longer, gritted her teeth and took out a frog-shaped pendant, swallowing it directly.

Following that, the glass bottle containing the little black snake appeared in her hand, and she crushed it with force!

...

"My god! No! No! I am useful! I still have a use!"

Sensing the impending danger, the scarred Snake Spirit suddenly widened its eyes, pleading desperately.

Hearing the Snake Spirit's cries, the Goddess of Fortune's cheek twitched slightly. Yet, seeing the road of the dead drawing closer, she ignored the little black snake's pleas and swallowed it whole instead.

As my Holy Spirit, giving everything for me is your duty!

After consuming the frog pendant and the little black snake in succession, tiny snake scales rapidly emerged on the Goddess of Fortune's face and arms, while her exposed back grew lumps like a toad's back.

"Let go!"

With an enraged, gravelly shout, the power-swollen Goddess of Fortune forcibly crushed Emma's scapula with her grip, causing her arms wrapped around her to fall limply.

Then, the [Dead's Pivot], already half-open, disappeared instantly without a target, with the surrounding dilapidated church and praying dead vanishing as well. The two returned to the bottom of the Emerald Valley once again.

Having paid an enormous price to avoid being dragged into the Realm of the Dead, the first thing the newly freed Goddess of Fortune did was kick Emma to the ground and then bent over with killing intent to pull the rapier from Emma's heart.

Just then, a furious shout erupted behind her.

"Stop!"

Oh right, there's still you!

Seeing Leon charging toward her, face flushed and steps slightly unsteady for some reason, the Goddess of Fortune's narrow snake eyes darkened with malice.

Weren't you willing to drag me to the Realm of the Dead to save him?

Glancing at Emma's suddenly anxious expression, the Goddess of Fortune smirked slightly, beckoned with a finger toward Leon in the distance, and announced gleefully,

"I, in the name of the Scales Gold Sect Snake Spirit, buy your youth and time, purchase your bone marrow and flesh, acquire your... huh?"

After beckoning twice, she suddenly realized all her power had failed to capture the intoxicated Leon in front of her. Even the coins used for the "transaction" turned into bubbles the moment she used them, causing the Goddess of Fortune to panic and instinctively attempt to retreat.

However, in the delay, Leon, having drunkenly indulged in [Immortal in Liquor], successfully closed in.

Once within striking range, seeing people somewhat doubled, Leon instinctively executed the Kingdom police combat techniques he had practiced tirelessly for two days, blocking the Goddess of Fortune's arm poised in front of her.

Immediately, his wrist flipped, shoulder pressed, head rose, leg hooked— three actions in one swift motion, destroying the Goddess of Fortune's balance, sending her toppling backward. Lastly, remembering the finishing move taught by the policewoman, he squinted his drunken eyes and fiercely kicked the vulnerable chest and abdomen exposed by the falling Goddess.

"Ahhhhh!!!!!"

"Zzzzz..."

Accompanied by the Goddess of Fortune's scream and a familiar buzzing, the drunken Leon's ears suddenly filled with a mechanical prompt.

[Successfully launched an extremely unsportsmanlike assault on the key part of an opposite-sex True God. You have activated the hidden Golden Badge, "Too Bad, None"]

Chapter 368: If not erupt in silence, then in...

[Too bad there isn't: As the first human in history to use a "deadly chicken strike" on a female True God, your name would surely go down in history.]

[Equipped Effect: When inflicting direct physical harm on a male target or a target with corresponding organs, it will cause unbearable pain, with the intensity and location equivalent to a "deadly chicken strike."]

[Advancement Route: None]

[Hidden Traits (need not be equipped): Due to the fear of your attack method, female True Gods will most likely choose you as their first attack target when becoming your enemy.]

...

What the hell?!!

Leon shivered involuntarily as he looked at the bottom of the Emerald Valley where the Goddess of Fortune was curled up, screaming in pain with her legs clamped tightly together. A certain lazy young man who had barely crawled to the edge of the valley was taken aback by the vicious and ruthless kick. Even though he already knew that Leon was not "ordinary," that savage blow caught him off guard. When Leon directly mounted the Goddess of Fortune and began punching her, he couldn't help but gasp continuously.

It's not... He just had a bit to drink, so why is he suddenly riding a True God and hitting her? Ouch, that punch! Her nose got all messed up, damn it! Hiss... I don't get it, I really don't get it!

And it wasn't just the lazy young man at the top of the mountain who didn't understand the situation. Even the giant crocodile summoned by the Satisfying Scales, which was wandering at the bottom of the Emerald Valley, was equally dumbfounded.

The Realm of the Dead hadn't been very peaceful lately; it seemed some troublesome big-shot was about to be sent there, so the dominators had been restraining their subordinates from causing trouble. It had been a while since Ampu had tasted any fresh meat.

Upon hearing the call from its contract holder, it sneaked out, hoping to catch a quick snack and savor the taste of a sinner's heart to make up for the lack of food during this period.

But although there was indeed the sinful heart, its owner turned out to be none other than the Goddess of Fortune, whose level was just a step or half-step away from the dominators of the Realm. It was no match for her. It had barely approached when she yelled at it, and if it didn't retreat, it probably would end up getting beaten too.

Yet when Ampu had to abandon the extra meal, and even its summoner was beaten close to death by the raging Goddess of Fortune, a human, who seemed feeble, staggered over and just toppled the Goddess of Fortune before beginning to wildly punch her while sitting on top!

This... this isn't right, is it?

Seeing the "weak" Cleaner riding atop the Goddess of Fortune, leaving her bloodied, the Crocodile God Ampu's not-so-bright mind, already addled, instinctively wanted to sneak away. But because the Satisfying Scales was still lodged in Emma's chest and the signed contract wasn't yet completed, it could not leave as per the agreement. It had to shrink its body as much as possible, down to half-human size, and then hide in the shadows of the Execution Platform's corner, looking bewildered at Leon as he continued to unleash a frenzy on the Goddess of Fortune.

Leon, who was mixed up by the liquor and felt his head spinning, finally noticed after punching three or forty times that the body of the Goddess of Fortune was unusually robust. Although he had immunity from the damage she inflicted, thanks to the Immortal in Wine, it didn't reduce her physical defense. His full-force punches had only barely broken her nose, without causing any substantial harm, and his fist got painfully scraped by the snake scales on her face.

This isn't going to work; I need to find something handy quickly...

Since he decided to look for a weapon, Leon naturally thought of Senior Emma's stiletto sword. But after glancing at Senior Emma, who was clutching the sword in her chest and watching him in shock, he worried that pulling it out might cause further harm. So, his face flushed from drinking, Leon gave up on that idea and turned his gaze toward the Execution Platform... and the crocodile below that was staring blankly.

"..."

"???"

After exchanging a confused look with the equally befuddled Crocodile God, Leon's eyes twinkled with understanding upon seeing the sharp-toothed crocodile. He stood up, dragged the Goddess of Fortune by the ankle, and proceeded to the shadow under the Execution Platform...

...

Did I... get hit?

Was I beaten up by a mortal?

After Leon's assault came to a halt, the thoroughly confused Goddess of Fortune finally understood what had just happened—she had been knocked down by a mortal, who then sat atop her and gave her a harsh beating!

No! No!! This can't be!!!

Even though her head was still dizzy from repeated blows, her crooked nose was still bleeding, and the area between her legs ached, she still couldn't accept such an utterly insane reality.

"Impossible!"

As she regained control of her body, the Goddess of Fortune suddenly thrashed about, kicking free from Leon's grip on her ankle, propping herself up, and grabbing a handful of shells as she roared,

"This can't be! I absolutely won't..."

"Bang!"

A massive crocodile, covered in blue-black scales, crashed down onto the Goddess of Fortune's face with a heavy thud, shoving her roar back into her throat and replacing it with a sudden muffled groan.

Taking advantage of the moment when the Goddess of Fortune fell again, Leon, who had found a handy weapon, hoisted the flailing Crocodile God into the air, its soft belly facing up, hard scales facing down, and slammed it down with brute force!

"Boom!!!"

Chapter 369: If not erupt in silence, then in..._2

Compared to the recent blow, this one was much heavier. After being smashed by the Crocodile God's incredibly hard shell, the hard ground of the Emerald Valley cracked open on impact, burying half of the Goddess of Fortune's head in the soil!

"..."

I should have known to stay put in the Realm of the Dead if I had known I'd run into this!

While the Goddess of Fortune lay silent from the pounding, the Crocodile God, whose neck and lower back shell were being grasped by Leon and slammed down like a mad stone, began to regret why it even ventured out.

When a Cleaner, not just bold but seemingly reckless, approached, it couldn't be said that he did not resist.

But whether it opened its mouth to bite or swung its tail to sweep, all it could produce were strings of strange, colorful bubbles upon contact, failing to inflict any effective harm. Meanwhile, the opponent could swing around, using a slap still stained with the goddess's blood, and fiercely smack it back!

It was utterly absurd...

Even more absurd than being slapped by a human was that, although its face wasn't hurting as much as expected, a fierce pain was shooting between its legs, as if someone had kicked it viciously there.

Instinctively clenching its short little legs together, the undead Crocodile God attempted to bend its neck and take another bite at Leon's head, but once again, instead of tasting delicious flesh and blood, its mouth filled with colorful foam, and Leon's raised palm loomed overhead.

"Don't hit! Don't hit!"

Facing the threat of phantom pain, the unfortunate Crocodile God yielded quickly, shutting its eyes and curling its body, obediently cooperating with Leon's actions while becoming a tool for smashing the Goddess's head, as Leon wielded it to hammer down the Goddess of Fortune.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

This relentless pounding drove her upper body into the ground, and the Goddess of Fortune, who momentarily failed to accept the failure of her authority, was slammed awake as the blood rushed to her head.

...

This damn ant indeed was different from the other ants.

Watching Leon once again lift the curled-up Crocodile God, slamming it with force towards her forehead, even though her heart was full of resistance, the Goddess of Fortune had no choice but to reluctantly accept the reality.

No matter how he managed to do it, he had indeed negated... even nullified her authority and inflicted what could only be described as humiliating damage on her.

Fortunately, this weird immunity power did not appear in those two troublesome Level One Cleaners, but rather in this extremely weak ant.

This ant's body was indeed too frail, and even with the most mysterious of abilities, it still couldn't inflict substantial damage on her, while the two Level One Cleaners, who did have the power to hurt her, were already too injured to move.

One had lost seventy percent of their bone, lying limp like muck on the mountaintop, and the other was nailed to the Execution Platform with a sword through the heart, making the simple act of moving a luxury.

So the next step couldn't be simpler.

Taking the blow head-on with her forehead once more, experiencing the weak, child-like force, the Goddess of Fortune, lying in the pit, couldn't help but let a faint, delighted smile emerge at the corner of her mouth.

"Is this all you've got?"

Casually crushing a handful of shells, the Goddess of Fortune raised her left hand, using some brute strength she acquired from who knows where, effortlessly catching the plummeting "head cracker," then immediately pulled down the bundled-up Crocodile God, tossing it aside casually.

"I have to admit, you surprised me."

Having escaped the madness from realizing her authority had failed, the rational Goddess of Fortune stood up again, dusting off the dirt she had accumulated, smiling as she spoke to Leon,

"Your ability is indeed magical, but mere damage immunity alone can't kill a true god!"

"..."

"Come, come over here."

Her smile became ever more radiant, yet there wasn't a trace of warmth in her eyes as the Goddess of Fortune beckoned at Leon, who instinctively took two steps back. Her voice was soft yet chilling as she called out,

"Stand before me, I want to see exactly what you are!"

As her words fell, Leon felt the world before him blur slightly. The Goddess of Fortune, previously three steps distant, miraculously appeared right before him... or rather, he appeared before her.

"Just as I thought."

After glancing at the ground beneath Leon's feet, the smile on the Goddess of Fortune's face grew even broader.

"While my authority can't affect you, it can certainly still operate on everything around you that isn't 'you'... Isn't that right?"

"..."

"And, I hope you don't make any more unnecessary moves."

Turning her body slightly, she dodged Leon's swinging fist. The Goddess of Fortune crushed another handful of shells, narrowing her elongated snake eyes and calmly explaining,

"I just crushed a few shells, temporarily bought myself a little 'speed.'

For your two companions, such a trick has no use at all, but it seems quite effective against you. Your ability might exempt you from harm I cause, but it can't let you catch up with my speed... Am I right?"

Chapter 370: If not erupt in silence, then in..._3

"Seems like I've guessed right again... Hm? Do you also want to speed up a bit?"

Seeing Leon stop and not attack again, but instead crush two shell coins, the Goddess of Fortune shook her head and said,

"Suit yourself, but your wealth is far less than mine, and if you want to catch up with me, crushing just a few shell coins won't suffice."

After giving this not-so-kind reminder, the Goddess of Fortune smiled and said,

"Then onto the next guess... When you rushed down from the mountain, you kept drinking nonstop, so can I assume that your ability must be activated by heavy drinking?"

?!!

"Seems like I've guessed right again!"

Seeing Leon's sudden shock, a flush of excitement rose on the part of the Goddess of Fortune's cheek not covered by the Snake Scale. Then, with a snap of her fingers, the entire Emerald Valley suddenly brightened.

"Triple the sunlight, just enough to make you feel hot but not scalded, it'll help you sober up faster."

Pointing to the two additional suns in the sky, the Goddess of Fortune, feeling herself close to the "truth," pressed her rapidly beating heart and said with anticipation,

"I really want to know, what happens to an ability activated by drinking once you sober up? Does it disappear directly, or... hmm?"

Feeling the world in front of her slightly blur, the Goddess of Fortune rubbed her eyes subconsciously, then looked at the increasingly blurred world in front of her, somewhat bewildered, and said,

"I... am I..."

"Your body is approaching death."

After secretly crushing all the shell coins in his hand and confirming he couldn't buy anything more, Leon, who had remained silent throughout an entire Chapter without even inner monologue, spoke expressionlessly,

"Next, your skin will slowly turn pale, your eyes will become redder, drier, even bloodshot, and your forehead and nails will turn bluish-purple. Your heart will beat faster and faster, blood will flow wildly through you, but your strength will grow weaker, more exhausted..."

"You... you're talking nonsense!"

The Goddess of Fortune's expression tightened, and she bit her teeth, saying,

"I am a True God! How could you..."

"And your soul."

Leon continued unhurriedly,

"The changes will affect your consciousness, making the flame of your soul flicker continuously, causing anxiety, panic, irritability, lack of concentration, until you lose consciousness, experiencing a temporary separation of soul and body..."

"You're just spouting nonsense! I don't even..."

"Look, it's already beginning."

Interrupting the Goddess of Fortune, Leon pointed at her slightly bluish nails and slowly said,

"You have the ability to tell truth from lies, so you know whether I'm lying or not, but you just don't want to admit it."

"Moreover, what has turned you into this involves the very foundation of this world. I once exchanged the secret technique of Aquarius with the Aquarius Director using the secret that includes its existence.

And those humans who have come into contact with it in the past, they're either dead or will die on some future day; none have escaped unscathed. I believe you will be no exception."

"You... you..."

As the world before her grew increasingly blurred and the scenarios Leon described began unfolding, the Goddess of Fortune gritted her teeth and said,

"You must have done something while... attacking me, right?"

"Damn! Do you carry a Numbered Anomalous Object? Is it... is it the Scent of Corrupted Flesh from the emptied blood and flesh Hell? Or... or the Fallen God Flower that melted the Omnia Cicada?"

"..."

Heh heh.

Completely unaware of what she was talking about, Leon said nothing, giving her a mysterious smile instead, then secretly pressed the mirror cufflink hidden in his mouth with his tongue.

Hurry! Expand the Mirror World passage a bit more; I'm also a bit short of breath!