

Lord of War 19

Chapter 19: Epiphany

Under the clear night sky, this is the best time to drink and admire the moon, but here alone, you can't see the elegance.

Death surging, like a black cloud pressing down on the city, it is clearly shining bright moonlight, but there is a dim illusion.

The wind is blowing and rushing, like the extreme cold.

In this deadly outpost camp, the stench from the corpse was not blown away. Instead, it seemed to be spreading the stench. The smell was so disgusting.

A corpse demon flew down from a roof and let out a hoarse roar. It opened its mouth, revealing jagged teeth, and pierced a guard with its ten fingers like a sword.

The guard selected by it as the target had a trace of terror flashing on his face, but he did not step back. Years of combat experience made him understand that if he was timid at this time, he would soon become a corpse and be affected by these corpses. The demons share their food. So watching the corpse demon flew down, he suddenly raised the buckler in his hand, the weight of the whole person sank, the muscles of his arm were tightened, and the curved blade on his right hand was also ready.

"boom!"

With a muffled sound, the corpse demon flying down hit the buckler in the guard's hand, and a ripple that could not be noticed by the naked eye oscillated in the air.

But this time, the guard was not knocked back.

Sean knew that this guard had already used "skills."

With a slight flick of his left hand, the corpse demon with a sharp finger inserted on the buckler followed the trajectory of the buckler, exposing most of his body in front of the guard. Without any hesitation, the curved blade in the guard's hand issued a silver light, and there was a

whistling tearing sound in the air. The corpse demon let out a more obvious roar, but its body was already cut into pieces by the knife. Two cuts.

shook it casually, and the corpse demon with only half of its body was flung out, smashed into a few corpses that were about to be culled, and rolled out with a few corpses like a gourd. It's just that there are too many corpses right now. After smashing these few corpses, there are still a large wave of corpses culling like wolves and tigers, but everyone seems to be used to such a scene, even though There was some horror on his face, but there was not the slightest stagnation in his actions.

Sean, Du Luen and two guards, the four seem to form a whole: the two guards are located on both sides, the leader in the front is Sean, and the one behind two positions is Du Luen. Sean is responsible for leading the way in the front, while Du Luen is responsible for preventing the corpse from attacking from the rear. As for the left and right sides, it is the responsibility of two guards.

The four did not make any stops, even under the siege of hundreds of corpses, their speed did not dare to slow down the slightest. Because they know very well that once they fall into the encirclement of these corpses, they are afraid they will never be able to leave here again.

It's not that the corpse is not going to trouble the five people on the roof, but there is a guard who is responsible for the assistance, and the old Peter's spear has returned to his hands, with Cecilia's magic and the roof space is not enough. Broad, after the corpses dropped more than a dozen corpses, the corpses stopped hitting the attention of the five people on the roof, but gathered their strength and began to trouble Xiao En and the others.

This scene surprised Old Peter.

Because he saw that these corpses were almost like an army, not only knew how to chase the corpses, but also knew how to detour, intersperse, outflank, and intercept. But looking at the eyes of these corpses, there was no gleam of wisdom. Then there is only one possibility left: the corpses have a leading commander.

Old Peter remembered Sean's confession, and began to look for the corpse in the group of corpses in red.

As old Peter had guessed, all these corpses were actually caused by the virus infection of the mutant corpse. So these corpses don't have the slightest IQ at all. They are all slaves of the mutant corpse, and they only follow the commands and orders of the mutant corpse. Although the corpses have Tier 3 strength, they are one Once the mutant corpse demon didn't command the army under him, then these corpses with no IQ would not be the slightest threat at all.

At the beginning, in the game, finding the mutant corpse and angering it, making it unable to command the group of corpses, became the key to the clearance of this dungeon.

Shaun glanced at Old Peter, only hoping that his eyes could be sharper and his movements could be faster.

Attention was only slightly distracted, and a corpse demon suddenly jumped out from a corner.

This corpse demon has been crouching here for a long time, but it hasn't done anything. Obviously this is not its original intention, but the mutant corpse is controlling it. At this moment, catching Xiao En, the leader's distraction, the mutant corpse finally couldn't help but let his subordinate take action.

Such a sudden attack, the two guards next to him were completely too late to react, and even Sean felt a panic!

In the rotten environment, the smell of this corpse monster seemed to be clearer, as if a yin wind suddenly blew from behind Sean, and the feeling of cold and fear made his heart stop. The back was even more chilly. And from the front of the corpse demon's culling, the strong air current impact made him feel pain in his cheeks, as if a sharp blade was portrayed on his face.

This is the first time that Sean has truly felt death since coming to this world!

He wanted to evade, but he also knew that his speed was definitely not as fast as the corpse monster culling, after all, this was the gap between Tier 3 and Tier 2.

Suddenly, there seemed to be a flash of light in Sean's mind.

is completely subconscious, and before Sean can react, his body's movements have already reacted faster than his thinking.

The whole world seems to be a slow-motion playback at this moment.

Whether it was the slaughter of the corpse monster, the horrified look of the people around, even the movement of gradually raising his hands, everything was so clear in Xiao En's eyes. Even the power transmission flowing in Xiao En's body at this moment can also be easily felt.

At this moment, Sean seemed to be somewhat enlightened.

Mystery Swordsmanship!

Almost at the moment when Sean's heart was fully realized, all the slow motion disappeared.

The speed at which the corpse demon flew, the tearing sound from the air, and the cold breath blowing, all of which were exactly the same as before.

But!

In the direction where the corpse monster flew, there was an extra sword.

A faint fluorescence burst out suddenly under the surging dark night, like a bolt of lightning that tore through the night sky, piercing the eyebrows of this corpse demon at an unrivaled speed-in the crowd. It seemed that the corpse demon slammed into the sword in Xiao En's hand as if he was seeking his own death. They didn't even have time to see when Xiao En raised the sword.

The tip of the sword touched the center of the corpse demon's eyebrows lightly, and immediately retracted.

Then the corpse demon kept a swooping posture, passing by Xiao En's side, while Xiao En and the others just walked forward as before, and did not stop at all because of it. Everyone's heart There is an inexplicable sense of shock.

The next second, the head of the corpse demon that was still in mid-air exploded suddenly. There was no red and white liquid, only a thick black mist erupted.

Everyone looked at Xiao En's gaze, adding a bit of awe and incredible.

Obviously it is only Tier 2 strength, but how many surprises did he give everyone along the way?

Even Sean was a little surprised, but his astonishment was different from others: Isn't Arcane Swordsman a passive skill that increases attributes? Why did the sword that I stabbed like a conditioned reflex just now feels like mystical swordsmanship?

Xiao En was a little confused, but for some reason, he suddenly recalled what he had seen and heard along the way in the Forest of Fallen Stars: from the time Du Luen smashed the wind-printed black wolf with a sword to the guard who raised his shield just now. Blocking the attack of the corpse monster ended. All the people involved in the world used "skills" scenes, flashing through Sean's mind like a movie. Although the speed was fast, but the memory was deep.

At this moment, Sean is no longer enlightened, but epiphany.

The use of skills by people in this world is completely different from him. Whether it is the guard, Du Luen, the old Peter, or even the shooter, their skills are a kind of personal ability formed after learning, which is a kind of "power skills" and "power skills" that really belong to the body. Even the more sophisticated "condensation", "luck", "fat" and so on.

When Sean uses the skill, he doesn't have this so-called power and capacity at all. As long as the skill is activated, he can use it, and there is no need to think about the principle. Moreover, once a skill is activated, except for skills like sprinting, there are few skills that can be stopped midway, and it must be done until the end of the skill once it is used.

But at this moment, Sean suddenly understood.

This is a real world. Everyone is not a piece of data. They have all the achievements they have today and they all have been practicing hard by themselves. Even geniuses need to be cultivated. Although he is somewhat different, he is still a person after all, a person living in this real world, so as long as he wants to, he can also practice like other people, but his starting point is better than others. It's much higher.

Just like this mystery swordsmanship, it is no longer a passive skill in his hands. What imprinted in his mind is the power, capacity, and even the condensing and luck skills of the mystery swordsmanship!

Understanding this, when Sean used arcane swordsmanship again, he was already like a swordsman who had been immersed in this way for decades.

Just when Sean used the Charles Sabre in his hand to kill more than a dozen corpses again, a sharp arrow finally broke out of Old Peter's hand and shot into a corpse wearing a red costume. There was a terrified roar.

"Got you."

Old Peter's lips opened and closed, his eyes were a little more proud, and the second arrow had already been shot.