

NPC Become 18

Chapter 18

The Last Straw that Broke the Camel's Back

He had to quickly inform them of the situation in the lair and get them to run!

The female NPC sitting on the Bishop's chair had used some unknown method to prohibit their in-game "communication".

This made it impossible for A Long Road and his party to contact the outside world.

Of course, he could still go offline, but there was no difference.

This was because the first batch of closed beta players like themselves had signed a strict confidentiality agreement. During the closed beta period, they were not allowed to use the internet even if they went offline.

Fine, he still couldn't contact the outside world.

Therefore, in a sense, unless they chose to give up this account and open another one, they would really be imprisoned here forever.

It was worth mentioning that A Long Road had even tried to commit suicide, but it was useless. Their spawning point seemed to have been strangely restricted to this iron cage.

From this, it could be seen how powerful this mysterious NPC called "Bishop" was.

It was just as well...

At the very least, he would have two more companions.

A Long Road knew that perhaps Big Watermelon and the Mage God of Close Combat may have had some fortuitous encounters and might have some trump cards. But no matter how powerful they were, could they be stronger than this person in front of him?

In his anger, A Long Road glared at this “Bishop”’s milky white legs several more times to vent his anger.

However, just as he was getting angrier and angrier, his subordinate, who was also in the cage, anxiously patted A Long Road’s shoulder and suddenly shouted in surprise,

“Boss, Boss, look! Something’s not right!”

“Tsk, what are you doing? I’m busy. What are you shouting for? Do you think those two people can fight against eight?” A Long Road waved his hand impatiently.

“That doesn’t—”

“Then why are you talking nonsense? I’m doing something important. Don’t disturb me.”

“No, Boss. The two of them indeed cannot fight against eight, but the NPC beside them... can really fight against eight by herself!”

“What, what the heck?!”

...

...

The assassins and apostles from the Fire God Sect stopped after only taking two to three steps. This was because an azure magic barrier instantly appeared in front of them and protected Vivian and the rest.

One of the assassins smashed the magic shield with the iron awl in his hand but he was sent flying by the force of its rebound.

From this, it could be seen that...

In the world of “Fallen God”, the profession of the Spellcaster was naturally one level higher than others.

No matter how the assassins attacked the magic shield with their weapons, the blue barrier did not show any signs of fluctuation.

“A bunch of trash! You’ve really disgraced Lady Eugenia. Get out of the way!” An angry voice sounded. From the middle of the group of gray-robed men emerged a leader carrying a cane.

He was also wearing a gray robe, but the patterns on it were clearly more complicated and noble.

[Fanatic Fire God Believer—Roul]

Level: 15

Main Class: Fire Mage

“F*ck, not good, it’s this boss again!” In the metal cage of the lair, the players who were watching the battle through the magic screen gritted their teeth in hatred when they saw the leader of the gray-robed men walk out.

If it was just the previous assassins, it was not impossible for the closed beta testers to fight against. Some high-level players could even take on two by themselves.

But once the enemy Spellcasters attacked, the situation would be completely different.

“Great Fire God, please bestow your blazing blessing upon our cold iron weapons... Fire enchantment!”
After a short chant, Roul raised the cane in his hand.

Sizzle...

Clusters of flames instantly rose from the weapons of these gray-robed people, and scorching heat quickly enveloped the battlefield.

When these gray-robed assassins attacked Vivian’s magic shield again, it was clear that although they were still unable to break through, the azure barrier was no longer completely unaffected. It was beginning to show signs of distortion.

Every time a gray-robed man smashed his blazing weapon at the barrier, the flames generated by magic would dim the color of the barrier by a few shades.

At this rate, it wouldn’t be long before Vivian’s magic shield shattered.

The Fire God apostles noticed this too and attacked even more ferociously. Outside the battlefield, A Long Road and his party were watching anxiously in the cage. Seeing that things were not going well, they could only stare anxiously.

On the other hand, the two players and the little wolf on the battlefield were the most relaxed.

Big Watermelon and the Mage God of Close Combat did not panic at all even though it seemed like the situation was developing in a disadvantageous direction.

Why was that so?

What a joke.

They had endless faith in Vivian’s abilities.

How could the mighty Witch be unable to defeat these cannon fodder nameless lackeys?

What?

Then why were they still at a disadvantage now?

Wasn't this another one of Vivian's old habits? She was a wolf in sheep's clothing, what a sick sense of humor!

Actually, their guess was right. Vivian was indeed holding back.

Liao Zixuan knew the girl very well. Under his advice for the girl to "Concentrate a little", the girl could easily defeat the Fire God apostles. Even though she was only at level 10, she had the ability of a player at level 20 or Class Two. It would be as easy as blowing off dust to defeat those believers of the Fire God, who were at most level 15.

Therefore, there was only one reason why Vivian was so hesitant to use her full strength.

She...

She was afraid that she would not be able to control her own strength.

She...

She was afraid that she would accidentally kill someone.

Sweat covered Vivian's palms and clumped together the hair on the girl's forehead. Having lived in a countryside village her whole life, this was the first time she had encountered such a situation in her life.

The girl was at a loss.

She was confused, hesitant, struggling and angry.

Liao Zixuan, who was by Vivian's feet, could clearly see that every time the little girl raised her other hand, it was quickly lowered herself.

The powerful magic was gathered and then dispersed.

I... what am I going to do?

The magic barrier wouldn't last much longer. If it broke, these gray-robed men would definitely attack us.

However, if she were to attack them first...

She could not control the power of her "Magic Missile" at all.

These gray-robed men might die once they were hit by the attack.

No, it should... should be certain death... right?

What to do, what to do...

While Vivian was getting more and more anxious, the leader of the gray-robed men who commanded his subordinates to attack outside the magic barrier—also the only NPC with a name among this group of NPCs—laughed coldly internally.

From the girl's expression, as well as the bean-sized beads of sweat on her face and her trembling body, all these signs indicated that this lowly peasant from the countryside couldn't hold on much longer.

The only thing he was dissatisfied with was why the lowly villager could also become a Spellcaster and wield the power of magic like himself.

Magic...

It was not fit to be used by this kind of lowly commoner!

So, die!

“Great Fire God, please vent your anger on the world and condense it here... Flaming Shock!”

The strongest attack of a Class One Fire Mage, also the magic that Roul was most proud of. Similarly, it was also the newbie spell that the players later affectionately call Fire Rush!

Of course, that was later in the timeline. Looking at it now, the power of Roul’s Fire Rush, oh no, the Flaming Shock was not to be underestimated.

It was like the last straw that broke the camel’s back.

Vivian’s magic shield was finally broken. With the destruction of her magic shield, the pent up gloominess in Vivian’s heart had also burst out.

“You guys—”

“Can’t you just—”

“Talk properly!!!”

Roul would never have imagined that his “straw” would deal the last blow, not to Vivian but to... themselves.