

Star Gate 97

Chapter 97: Spoils of War (IV)

“Huang Yun, you’re in charge of collecting the other mysterious power, I’ll handle this area. The rest of you are dismissed!” Hao Lianchuan refocused on Liu Long. “I am aware of how the Demon Hunters performed, however, I reiterate that migrating the city is the best option! You experienced the pandemonium of last night for yourself. A sole Sunderer cannot maintain his footing in the burgeoning supernatural domain by himself, not unless you break through to Dominator like Professor Yuan!”

“I understand!” Liu Long rumbled. “But I maintain the same as I always have. Silver City is open to migrating, but the prerequisite is that a satellite city is constructed near White Moon! Our migration will not look like throwing our people into White Moon and forgetting about them. Everything about the citizens needs to be taken care of—transportation, lodging, and jobs. How many families will be separated and broken up if otherwise?”

“We have our own considerations, just as those upstairs have theirs. If this condition isn’t met, Liu Long will continue to hold down the fort in Silver City. While my strength may not be up to the task, I am willing to defend the last sanctuary of the city!”

Hao Lianchuan sighed and discussed no further. Stubborn, ole tough as nails! As heartbreaking as it was to leave one’s home, the world was growing ever more disorderly. Being left in isolation meant that danger might descend at any time.

What Liu Long spoke of was not easy to administer. Settling in one million people with one fell swoop... Silver City wasn’t the only city slated for migration—numerous small cities were as well. It was impossible to make arrangements for all of them!

Liu Long didn’t mind. He knew that those in charge would never agree to his condition. He glanced at Li Hao and muttered, “Let’s go!”

Li Hao nodded and followed the deputy chief. He smiled faintly at Hao Lianchuan and the others before leaving, making sure to tell Wang Ming, “Little Ming... Ah no, Sir Wang. It’s my turn to treat you next time! I must thank all of you for putting your lives on the line to help me!”

Wang Ming flushed hotly. Put our lives on the line to help you? We, er... joined the battle, but our results... are difficult to describe.

They could be more accurately termed as “complete humiliation”. Thankfully, Li Hao hadn’t seen them, so Wang Ming simply grinned in response. “Don’t worry about it, it’s what we should’ve done!”

Hao Lianchuan inclined his head with a smile. Li Hao really is a good boy! What a pity that he’s run afoul of a large organization like Red Moon. His future is hard to describe.

.....

Li Hao and Liu Long soon left the area. The deputy chief muttered as they walked, “I’d wanted to take you under my wing, but it looks like that won’t be needed anymore. You might be leaving Silver City soon. That’s just as well, it’s safer at White Moon.”

“Are you abandoning me, chief?” Li Hao flashed a simple and honest grin. “Why would I leave?”

“Eh?” Liu Long started. Not leaving? “You know that Silver City is very unsafe...”

“That may not be the case!” Li Hao’s grin broadened.

Do I want to leave? Not really. Although his teacher recommended that he leave as soon as possible, Li Hao had his own thoughts. The enemy might not return in the short term given their immense losses. Moving to White Moon may not be a good move as there were too many experts there. Some matters would be difficult to conceal under their noses—such as the jade sword.

Of course, it was unquestionable that remaining in Silver City would be very dangerous. But now that his family’s sword had apparently been taken away, that changed the equation. It was tough to tell whether Red Moon needed Stellaris, his bloodline, and when the blue rains would come next.

Based on previous pattern, the next interval might come after half a year to another year. Therefore, he was safe for at least another six months since there was no point in killing him during normal times.

If there's still half a year, I don't necessarily need to leave! Li Hao's thoughts turned to elsewhere in the city. There might be some scarlet shadows drifting around. It wasn't a convenient time to collect them, he had to wait until the Night Watcher heavyweights left.

If he didn't, they might discover something afoot.

The shadows were highly nutritious substance. The one before was too big for him to digest, but if anyone else left their shadow behind, he ought to be able to absorb it. Perhaps he'd quickly set foot into Sunderer of Hundreds! If so, he'd be able to hold his own if he moved to White Moon.

Teacher can take the lion's share of the spoils this time. The five elements strengthen the five organs—I haven't tried all the types of mysterious power either. I can train with peace of mind for a while.

Assorted thoughts flashed through his mind; Li Hao was truly unwilling to depart Silver City for the immediate duration. Beside him, a complicated look entered Liu Long's eyes.

Not leaving? The kid's got some guts. Liu Yan said he employed trickery to kill two experts last night. Perhaps... perhaps not leaving is just as good. I may have a chance to see Li Hao make the crossover and become a Darkmoon, or even Sunflare!

If another Sunflare was willing to stay in Silver City, then the city might be more valued. The two nursed various thoughts as they made their silent way back to the Inspectorate.

.....

The Inspectorate.

Wu Chao and Chen Jian laid on beds in the basement. Yun Yao was tending to their wounds. She seemed to command a unique healing ability that restored patients without requiring the use of equipment. Liu Yan stared off into space on the side. She'd only suffered some scratches in last night's operation, so her injuries were long healed.

"Chief!" Whether it was Yun Yao, Liu Yan, or the bedridden Wu Chao and Chen Jian, the entire team looked at the captain when he walked in. They were both nervous and expectant.

Expectant of what?

Liu Long knew, so he mused for a bit before saying, "The mysterious power of the supernaturals I killed in the city should be ours. The rest, however... Yuan Shuo's probably not going to give us any of the rest."

Everyone was naturally concerned with how loot would be divided after a bloody battle. Ten Darkmoons had died—Li Hao killed one, Yuan Shuo killed five, Liu Long killed three at the start, and the Inspectorate gunned the last one down. If four supernaturals were allotted to the team, that meant one hundred cubes.

A negligible amount compared to Yuan Shuo's harvest, it was enough for the team's use given what they'd earned over the years.

"No worries, teacher can't use that much," Li Hao piped up. "There might be some left over. I'll go talk to him and see if we can get some more."

Liu Long waved him off. He would claim however much he killed. He didn't need anyone's pity.

"Little Hao Hao," giggled Liu Yan. "You killed a Darkmoon by yourself! His power alone is enough for you to feast on. There's at least thirty cubes coming from him!"

Thirty cubes!

That was an extremely large amount for them.

“That was a joint effort.” Li Hao shook his head. “Credit doesn’t go to the person who delivered the final blow. If that’s the case, then the team has no part in the three that chief killed by himself.”

That wasn’t how loot was divided in a team. Liu Yan was trying to wrestle more benefits for Li Hao, but the young man didn’t care about this. They could divvy up the spoils according to the team’s original rules. Whoever contributed more would receive more.

If they based distribution on whoever landed the killing blow, then defensive types like Chen Jian and healing types like Yun Yao would never have any kills to their name. That would render a team meaningless.

Liu Long remained silent, as if he didn’t care about the allocation of mysterious power. Liu Yan looked at him, then at Li Hao.

“The Night Watchers sent a powerful guy,” she suddenly said. “Do they have plans for Silver City, chief?” She knew that Liu Long cared about this more.

The deputy chief found a place to sit down, ignoring wounds that were still bleeding. “Fatty Mu wants to establish a Night Watcher branch, but the Director Hao they sent can’t make the call. It’s most likely not going to happen.” He abruptly grinned and placated the team, “We reaped a rich harvest this time! Perhaps there’s hope for all of us to ascend!”

It wasn’t completely hopeless for some of them to join the supernatural system. Slayers normally ascended as Darkmoon. It remained a tall order for him, though. While he could match some supernaturals with his strength of a peak Sunderer, the Night Watchers would not send him resources or mysterious power.

Li Hao said nothing. There was nothing he could do in this matter, and he was striving to digest everything he'd gained today. His body brimmed with energy after absorbing the scarlet shadow; he was in the best condition that he'd ever been. The Breathing Method of the Five Styles continued to operate, but he purposefully avoided drawing on the jade sword.

Stellaris was noticeably less than before. It was so useful that it would be an immense pity if it was emptied. Based on his teacher's words, his physique had already reached the Sunderer threshold. He just needed time to make the conversion.

Therefore, he needed to digest this part of his gains first. There was plenty more waiting for him! There were the scarlet shadows in the city, his teacher's mysterious power, and potentially more benefits from the Night Watchers. All of it would help him improve, and it all came from the Solar that Yuan Shuo killed.

.....

The team respectively focused on recovery or their own thoughts. Li Hao stayed quiet and continued to digest his energy.

.....

The Night Watchers swiftly finished cleaning up the city outskirts. One Solar and one Sunflare in the form of Hao Lianchuan and Huang Yun, respectively, and a Yuan Shuo who could kill Solars, brought unprecedented security to this territory. It would take at least three Solars to even consider braving Silver City.

Night fell once more.

Veteris Institute, the Yuan residence.

Hao Lianchuan came calling on a solitary visit. Yuan Shuo was practicing in the yard; the front door opened of its own accord. The director walked straight in and sat down to watch the professor practice. He didn't speak until Yuan Shuo finished running through a boxing technique.

"In Professor Yuan's years of hibernation, not even I noticed anything amiss about you. It looks like the professor has long since recovered from your injuries three years ago?"

Yuan Shuo sat down with a smile and wiped away the sweat on his face. "Not that long ago, I only just recovered. As for why I didn't say anything... my worries are obvious, no?" He smiled a half smile. "If I said anything, the Night Watchers might stop me from setting foot into Dominator of Thousands!"