

Just call me Thor #Chapter 31: Are you 36E Big Breasts? - Read Just call me Thor Chapter 31: Are you 36E Big Breasts?

Chapter 31: Are you 36E Big Breasts?

"Is there any way to get someone to help me remove the lineage restriction on the Inhibition Orb..."

While at school, Mike was distracted, his mind occupied with this issue.

Just before class ended, an idea suddenly struck him. "I can offer equipment appraisal services! The Eye of Truth can reveal hidden perks of equipment without any cost. I could charge for appraisals or even trade them for help in removing the Inhibition Orb's restrictions!"

With this thought, Mike sneaked into the bathroom, locked the door, and took out his Lone Wolf badge.

The Lone Wolf badge could connect to satellites, had calling features, and a Lone Wolf dedicated line, staffed by professionals providing various services for Lone Wolf members.

"Beep beep beep-"The call connected quickly, and a crisp, pleasant female voice answered. "Hello, how may I assist you?"

"I'd like to post a... what should I call it... a task? A bounty?"

"Please describe the details, and we will help you categorize it."

"Alright, I need a large amount of gold coins, or someone to remove the lineage restrictions on SS-grade special items."

"Understood your needs, what do you have to offer in exchange?"

"I can offer equipment appraisals." After a moment's thought, Mike added, "Including hidden perks."

On the other end, the customer service representative responded calmly, "Alright, we've registered your request and posted it in the [Barter] section for you. If there are any responses, we will forward them to your voicemail. Please check it regularly. Is there anything else we can assist you with?"

"No, that's all, thank you." The call ended, and Mike left the bathroom.

...

There wasn't much time left! On the Wolf's Den forum, in the Barter section, a new post appeared.

"Charging for equipment appraisal, including hidden perks, price negotiable...." As soon as the post went live, it immediately received over 10K clicks!

Appraising equipment for hidden perks was something only a master smith could do. Hiring a master smith would cost a significant amount of money and favors!

Now that someone was offering paid appraisals, it naturally attracted a lot of attention. However, when people clicked on the post to view the details, they left disappointed.

"What the hell, a tier-one Battle Soldier posting this, must be a scam!"

"Wolf's Den forum really isn't what it used to be, all sorts of people here now!"

".....

A wave of ridicule ensued, and no one believed that a tier-one Battle Soldier could appraise equipment for hidden perks. Was he also an S-tier talent [Sharp Eye]?

Everyone assumed it was just boasting, and no one took the post seriously.

...

In a Washington D.C. magic academy's female dormitory, a disheveled-haired beauty sat in front of her computer, frowning.

"I'm about to go on an internship to the Abyssal Plane, and I haven't even sorted out my equipment, what am I going to do?" As usual, she was browsing the Wolf's Den forum posts, looking for any opportunities to snag a bargain.

Soon, she saw a post with a very high click/reply rate.

[Charging for equipment appraisal, including hidden perks, price negotiable....]

"A tier-one Battle Soldier posted it, waste of time." Just as she was about to close the tab, she hesitated.

"What if... what he's saying is true?"

"I'll try contacting him, it's not like I have anything to lose... If it's true, then it's a big win..." With this thought, her gloomy expression brightened slightly as she typed her intention to meet.

After doing all this, she lay back on her bed, hands covering her face, and muttered to herself, "My God, look at what I've been reduced to, pinning my hopes on a tier-one Battle Soldier!" "For God's sake, give me a bit of hope!"

...

Mike, still in class, felt a slight vibration from the Lone Wolf badge in his pocket.

"A message?" Without drawing attention, he raised his hand and said, "Instructor, may I use the restroom?"

"What's going on with you? You've been to the restroom several times this class already. If you go again, don't bother coming back!"

"Alright, 'farewell then', instructor!"

Mike quipped as he slipped out the back door and dashed into the restroom.

He pulled out his Lone Wolf badge to check the message. "Want to appraise equipment? Sure, let's meet in person!"

...

As two beams of light flashed, two young girls entered the Trade Secret Realm. One of them, a slim girl named Charlotte, looked around curiously.

"So this is the Trade Secret Realm, Harper, it's my first time in a place like this!"

Both girls were about 5 feet 9 inches tall. Charlotte was slim and radiated youthful energy, while Harper was more voluptuous, exuding a maturity that seemed beyond her years.

"Charlotte, I sneaked out with my family's pass to bring you here to the Trade Secret Realm. We can't stay too long!"

"Okay, I understand." According to the curriculum at the magic academy, juniors must explore the Abyssal Plane at the end of the term. They are required to slay a demon creature above tier-five Battle Soldiers during a three-day expedition.

Charlotte wanted to get a more suitable staff before departing but was stumped in choosing between two weapons, each with hidden perks. She could only afford one, making the

decision difficult.

Charlotte saw a post on the Wolf's Den forum about paid equipment appraisals and decided to meet in the Trade Secret Realm, bringing along her good friend Harper from the well-known Montgomery family in Washington D.C.

"Harper, help me negotiate later, try to get the lowest price possible!"

"Negotiate? Charlotte, are you naive or just pretending?" Harper said disdainfully. "A tier-one Battle Soldier who can appraise equipment must have an S-tier talent like [Sharp Eye]. Such a talent is extremely rare and highly sought after, even Battle Chiefs would treat them as honored guests. I think this guy is 99.99% a scammer, just having fun at your expense!"

"But, but..." Charlotte was anxious. "I had no choice, and since he suggested meeting in the Trade Secret Realm, he must have some capabilities and background, right?"

Entering the Trade Secret Realm wasn't cheap, even Charlotte was reluctant to pay the price herself and had to rely on Harper to bring her in.

Hearing Charlotte's reasoning, Harper nodded, "Exactly, which is why I said he's 99.99% a scammer. But there's still that 0.01% chance, what if you're lucky?"

With a smile, Harper thought to herself that if they encountered a scammer, she would have a good laugh at Charlotte's expense later. At least a half-month of teasing was in order!

A tier-one Battle Soldier's post, and she believed it! What a pair they made, one daring to

post, the other daring to believe, incredible!

"We're here, where is he?" The two stopped and waited at the designated spot.

Within half a minute, a cluster of lightning elements floated towards them and asked, "Are

you [36E Big Breasts]?"

Charlotte's face turned dark instantly, while Harper struggled to contain her laughter, eventually bursting out. "Hahaha, what kind of ridiculous name is that, hahaha!" Embarrassed, Charlotte wished she could hide in a cave... She hadn't expected that the username she casually registered on the Wolf's Den forum would be heard by her best friend!

It was a moment of impulse when she created it, and unfortunately, it couldn't be changed. It was all Harper's fault for constantly teasing her about being flat-chested, which led Charlotte to choose such a name.

Ignoring Harper's laughter, Charlotte bit the bullet and confirmed, "Yes, that's me, I am 36E

Big Breasts."

"Shall we discuss the price first, or start with the appraisal?"

This lightning elements was naturally Mike, transformed here in the Trade Secret Realm. He

hadn't expected that someone with the username 36E Big Breasts would actually use their real appearance in the Trade Secret Realm.

She was quite attractive, only slightly less so than Jessica. The only flaw was her small breasts, almost undeveloped.

"Ah, this..." Charlotte was caught off guard by the direct approach and looked to her friend for

help.

After having her laugh, Harper's expression turned serious, and she slowly spoke, "Let's first verify your appraisal skills, then we can discuss the price, how does that sound?"

Before Mike could respond, Harper added, "We won't waste your time; if the test is accurate, we're willing to pay 10,000 gold coins for the test."

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Mike nodded, "Okay, how do you want to test it?"

Charlotte whispered to Harper, "I only have 150,000 gold coins in savings, be careful with the spending!"

"Don't worry, I've got this," Harper said without hesitation, taking on the cost herself.

Charlotte was too naive, spending most of her time in the magic tower or the combat room, hardly interacting with people. Otherwise, she wouldn't have come up with the bizarre idea of having a tier-one Battle Soldier appraise equipment.

Harper, on the other hand, raised in the Montgomery family, was privy to many secrets not commonly known. She understood just how valuable a talent like [Sharp Eye] was.

If this person could indeed identify hidden perks, not just 10,000 gold coins, Harper would be willing to pay even 100,000 to make this connection!

"The test is simple," Harper said, taking out three colored balls. "These are common appraisal orbs. Their hidden perks are numbers. Just identify the hidden perks of these orbs; it shouldn't be too costly."

"Out of these three orbs, you only need to identify the hidden perks of two to pass..."

Before Harper could finish, Mike interrupted, "9, 8, 7."

"What?" Charlotte looked confused, not understanding what he was talking about.

Harper stood frozen, her mouth agape, unable to utter a sound.

Mike repeated, "I said, the hidden perks of these three orbs are the numbers: 9, 8, 7."

Charlotte quickly turned to her friend to confirm the accuracy of the answer.

The moment Charlotte saw Harper's expression, she knew he was right!

"Could it be... this tier-one Battle Soldier really has this ability?!!"

Before Charlotte could speak, Harper, who had regained her composure, preempted, "Indeed, 9, 8, 7. Here's an anonymous card with 10,000 gold coins, please take it."

Handing over a black card, Mike accepted it gracefully.

Harper, managing a somewhat stiff smile, asked, "May we discuss this privately for a moment?"

"No problem, I have 14 minutes left," Mike said, checking the time. He had another class soon, and skipping it would likely lead to a worse situation with the instructors after school.

"Alright, we'll be right back!" Harper pulled Charlotte aside, their voices low but unable to hide their excitement.

"Charlotte, you've hit the jackpot this time!!"

"Ah? Harper, calm down, we haven't even appraised my equipment yet!"

"What do you know? Building a friendship with this master is what's most important!"

Taking a few deep breaths to calm herself, Harper spoke as coolly as possible, "We can't leave a bad impression on the master. We need to establish a long-term partnership with him, understand!"

Charlotte, feeling a bit wronged, replied, "But I just wanted to appraise my weapon..."

"You're too naive, handing you a golden axe and you'd use it to chop wood!"

"What else would I use an axe for if not to chop wood or split firewood?"

Harper sighed, then said, "I'll handle all the negotiations later. Let's figure out what the master really needs. Anticipate his needs, understand?"

"If I understood that, why would I need you..."

"Come on!" Harper pulled Charlotte back to where Mike was waiting.

"Master, I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Harper Montgomery, just call me Harper!" Harper didn't hesitate to reveal her true identity. Coming from the Montgomery family, she was naturally interested in business. In the world of commerce, reputation could lead to profit, and making oneself memorable was crucial.

"Harper," Mike noted the name.

In fact, with the [Eye of Truth], Mike could easily see Harper and Charlotte's true identities, including details that were more personal and private.

"Master, my friend is trying to choose between two staves and can't decide. She would appreciate your advice," Harper explained succinctly. "If you need to fully appraise both pieces of equipment, my friend might not be able to afford the fee."

Harper knew that an S-tier talent like [Sharp Eye] could only appraise three pieces of equipment per day with a success rate that wasn't 100%. Therefore, appraising two pieces would cost significantly more than just one.

"That's negotiable," Mike responded.

Charging a fee for appraisals was new to him. He needed to gather enough gold coins quickly to resolve the [Inhibition Orb] restriction, and since his service was essentially cost-free- just taking a look—he saw it as a good opportunity.

If he could successfully appraise for Charlotte, it would serve as a great initial boost to his reputation and secure future clients. Considering this, Mike didn't want to overcharge and risk losing the business.

After hearing Mike's response, Harper thought for a moment before cautiously proposing, "How about 150,000 gold coins? Would that work?" That was the maximum Charlotte could

afford.

Charlotte was prepared to borrow money from Harper, but to her surprise, Mike agreed immediately. "No problem!"

With the 150,000 gold coins, plus the 10,000 from Harper and the 43,000 Mike already had, he now possessed a total of 200,000 gold coins-another step closer to his goal of 1 million.

"Do you have the equipment with you?" Mike asked.

Charlotte quickly presented the two staves.

"Level 200 equipment, are you already a Battle General?" Mike asked, feigning surprise as though he was just learning of this fact, though he already knew from their profiles. Charlotte, a 209-level Flame Mage and a tier-two Battle General; Harper, a 199-level Holy Priest and a tier-nine Battle Soldier.

Harper nodded, somewhat boastfully, "Yes, Charlotte is the strongest mage in our academy!"

"Harper, stop it!" Charlotte quickly interjected, "No, Master, any of my classmates are much more skilled than I am!" She seemed not very adept at handling social interactions. Mike smiled and returned his focus to the equipment, pretending to examine them for a couple of minutes.

During this time, Charlotte held her breath in anticipation, waiting for the master's verdict. She spent three years saving up 150,000 gold coins, which are very important to her. "This one has been upgraded twice already and can be upgraded three more times. The hidden upgrade perk requires forty-nine drops of phoenix blood. The attributes after upgrading... let me write them down for you." Mike scribbled some lines on a piece of paper. Charlotte's eyes lit up as she read the details. If the attributes after upgrading were accurate, the staff was perfect for her a match made in heaven.

"I'll take this one!" she declared, not even requesting the details of the second staff.

"If I were you, I'd make the same choice," Mike agreed, noting that the other staff could only be upgraded once and its attributes post-upgrade were inferior.

"Thank you so much!" Charlotte began to reach for her money to pay Mike the 150,000 gold

coins.

"Wait!" Both Mike and Harper stopped her simultaneously.

"Ah?"

"We should conduct the transaction under the witness of a realm wisp, as per the rules of the Trade Secret Realm," Harper explained.

"Right," Mike said, summoning a realm wisp with practiced ease-though it was only his second time doing so.

After the contract was established and the 150,000 gold coins transferred to Mike, the realm

wisp validated Mike's appraisal results.

"Now I have a chance at hunting a Battle General!" Charlotte hugged the staff, clearly delighted.

Her main goal for the upcoming expedition to the Abyssal Plane was to hunt a Battle General- level demon creature. Otherwise, as a tier-two Battle General, she wouldn't normally need to

worry about her internship.

The usually reserved master suddenly spoke up, "Besides the appraisal, could you help me

with a small favor?"

"Please tell us!" Harper was eager. A request from a master smith was no small matter.

"Deliver this item to the cemetery in the far northern tundra, third row, fourth column at the

grave of an unnamed person," Mike instructed, pulling out a huge bull's head from his backpack.

The bull's head, though roasted by electricity and still emitting a savory aroma, was an unusual request.

"This... should be no problem..." Harper found it odd. With teleportation circles and planes, a

trip to the far northern tundra wouldn't take long. Why wouldn't the master handle such a simple task himself?

Regardless, it was best to agree first.

Charlotte, looking up at the bull's head, said with a serious tone, "This is a Battle General-

level demon creature, definitely. I'm not mistaken."

"Good eye," Mike praised, feigning an air of experience.

"He was a Battle General of the Blood Blade Corps under the sixth demon god."

"Blood Blade Corps!" Both women exclaimed, recognizing the name.

"A Battle General of the Blood Blade Corps, far stronger than others of his tier, and he's just dead like this?!" Harper's surprise was evident, and her view of Mike shifted.

She speculated that Mike, registered as a tier-one Battle Soldier, was actually concealing his

true strength to avoid drawing attention.

Among humans, many did just that-registering as tier-one Battle Soldiers for easy access to the Abyssal Plane, while their true strength could be that of Battle Generals, Battle Chiefs, or

even Battle Lords.

In Harper's eyes, Mike was now an experienced powerhouse, only taking on private jobs due

to a temporary need for gold coins.

Everything made sense.

Charlotte, less scheming than Harper, focused solely on the bull's head. Touching the charred

hide, she commented, "This injury... it was a fatal blow in one strike. And the damage was controlled to preserve the head..."

Even Mike had to admit, Charlotte truly was a prodigious talent. Otherwise, she wouldn't have

reached Battle General status in her junior year.

Hearing Charlotte's analysis, Harper became even more unsettled. "Charlotte, from your perspective, how strong would the person who dealt this blow be?"

"Hard to say just from this strike, but the caster, if not a Battle Chief, is very close to one."

Harper's eyes widened, her gaze towards Mike filled with shock and a newfound reverence. Here was a hidden Battle Chiefs-level powerhouse!

A Battle Chief and a master smith-either identity was immensely prestigious. Harper's mind raced, determined to foster a good relationship with him at any cost.

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While Harper was internally seething with excitement, she maintained a gentle demeanor on the surface and softly said, "We will definitely fulfill your request, but there's a question I'm not sure if I should ask..."

"Go ahead," Mike responded, not minding a bit more conversation since they were willing to help him. After all, he knew well what to disclose and what to keep to himself.

"You're only charging us a small amount to appraise this equipment, and you're accepting gold coins..." Harper carefully phrased her question, "Have you encountered some sort of urgent need for money?"

For high-tier powerhouses, gold coins are not the currency of priority!

For instance, university students can use credits to exchange for items within the school, and Charlotte's weapon was acquired through such credits. If the same tier equipment were

placed in the Mystic Market, Charlotte couldn't afford it at all. The value of credits is such that they can't be bought with gold coins!

There are merits in corps, credits in universities, VIP points in Mystic Market, and even an internal exchange system within Wolf's Den. Gold coins are almost the worst choice!

Yet, why does this hidden powerhouse, a master smith, insist on being paid in gold coins?

Mike gave a slight smile and slowly explained, "It's nothing too serious. I have a special item that needs a lineage restriction lifted. I thought using gold coins would make the transaction simpler and help keep my identity more secure."

Harper nodded, understanding his explanation. She really wanted to offer, "Let me pay for lifting the restriction!" Even if it cost a million gold coins, she could explain the situation back at the Montgomery family and get reimbursed.

However, powerhouses have their pride, and for Harper to offer such a thing could be seen as an insult.

If Mike knew what Harper was thinking, he might have exclaimed, "Insult me a few more times, it's okay!" That's a million gold coins, after all!

Harper could see that the amount of gold coins this master smith had was probably not enough to lift the restriction, even with the additional 160,000 they just discussed.

"Since he's eager to lift the restriction, I must find a way to help!" Harper knew she had to demonstrate her value, or she might never have another chance with this mysterious powerhouse. Opportunities like this come once, and she had to seize it!

"Actually!" Harper's eyes lit up, slightly excited, "I also know a master smith whose talent is quite unique. He can add buffs to equipment that have a time limit, including lifting lineage restrictions!"

"If we ask him to help, the price will be much cheaper, but it can only lift the lineage restriction for a while, not permanently. What do you think?"

This proposal was very appealing to Mike. He was worried about not having enough money, and using the Inhibition Orb for his afternoon mission would significantly reduce the risk.

"Good, we can meet and discuss. This special item is of SS-grade."

SS-grade special items!

Harper gasped, the mysterious master disguised as a lightning element was dealing with extraordinary items, his capabilities far beyond her imagination!

With Mike's approval, Harper quickly contacted the other master smith, negotiating the price and terms. Her eyes sparkled with excitement, thrilled by the opportunity she had grasped. Harper's efficiency was high. After contacting the master smith, she quickly returned and reported, "Master, he's asking for 200,000 gold coins, including one

equipment appraisal. The lifting of the lineage restriction on the special items can last for 7 days. After that, he'll lift it again for free one more time!"

200,000 gold coins would drain all of Mike's funds, exchanging it for 14 days of usage of the Inhibition Orb. It seemed like a loss.

But for Mike, it was like buying insurance for his life with 200,000 gold coins. With the Inhibition Orb, his chances of surviving in combat would greatly increase, and most magic would pose no threat to him.

Moreover, most of this money was earned from appraising equipment. Essentially, he hadn't spent much of his own resources to gain 14 days of freedom from lineage restrictions.

This deal was worth it!

"No problem, make it quick, preferably within 8 minutes," Mike said, glancing at the time as he had a class starting soon.

"Understood!" Harper quickly contacted the other party, drafting the trade contract and ensuring everything was settled within 8 minutes.

Coincidentally, the master smith Harper knew was available and arrived at the Trade Secret Realm immediately. He helped Mike lift the lineage restriction on the Inhibition Orb, and Mike appraised his equipment.

They both agreed to keep the details of this transaction confidential, not disclosing any information to outsiders.

Seven minutes later, the contract was completed.

"I have to go now," Mike said as he left.

The master smith Harper had brought looked at the detailed equipment information and remarked, "This person's appraisal skills are far beyond mine. I consider myself a skilled smith, but I've never been able to successfully appraise this piece of equipment."

"Harper, where did you find this master smith?"

"It's a secret, don't pry!" Harper said with a radiant smile, pulling Charlotte by the arm as they walked out.

"Charlotte, you're my lucky star! I can't thank you enough for this time!"

"Let's go, let's head to the far northern tundra and complete the master's request!"

...

"Made it just in time," Mike muttered as he rushed back to the classroom, entering just as the

bell rang.

"Mike, did you eat something bad?" Cain whispered. "You were in the restroom for 36 minutes and 27 seconds!"

"Are you timing me now?" Mike was speechless; his friend really had nothing better to do. "By the way, I didn't get to ask earlier, did you go to Thunder Valley yesterday?"

"Yeah, I did. What about it?"

"Nothing, just asking. Here, I've got something good for you!" Cain sneakily handed over a wrapped item.

"What's this?" Mike opened the package, and immediately a delicious aroma wafted out, revealing several strips of grilled beef.

[Perfectly cooked beef, Battle General quality. Guess who the unlucky one was?]

No need to guess, Mike already knew the answer.

"Minotaur Battle General..."

"Mike, this stuff can increase your Strength attribute the first time you eat it, and it's also good for boosting your Constitution and recovering stamina on a regular basis. It's really good stuff!"

Cain briefly shared his experience from last night, lamenting the courage of the mysterious warrior who unfortunately died at the hands of the boss.

After hearing Cain's story, Mike paused. I became a warrior? And I was killed by the Minotaur Battle General? The Minotaur Battle General killed by the rules of truth?

What a mess!

Regardless, no one discovered Mike's role in killing the boss, which was definitely good for

him.

Storing the beef carefully, Mike continued planning his afternoon activities. With the Inhibition Orb now usable, along with the numerous potions and scrolls he had purchased, his

survival tactics were fully equipped.

"I'll just go take a look. If it's really dangerous, I can still run!" Mike thought.

Finally, when school was dismissed, Mike was the first to leave the classroom.

He slipped into a small grove, changed clothes, donned a mask transformed by the Lone Wolf

badge, and used a directional teleportation scroll to leave.

His movements were fluid and practiced.

Mike's figure appeared in a small alley on the outskirts of town, his gaze fixed on an abandoned factory by the roadside.

The location was secluded, rarely frequented by people, making it an ideal hiding spot.

Arthas Bloodscribe, the son of the fourth demon cult leader Terenas Bloodscribe, was hiding

here, severely injured.

"Good, no guards, no special arrangements..."

Mike looked around to ensure there were no dangers nearby.

"Let's get a bit closer, then decide on the next move!"

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The factory had been abandoned for years, its corrugated iron doors covered in patches of rust, and weeds had overtaken the corners and edges of the property. Wild rabbits even darted in and out of the undergrowth.

Mike positioned himself about 800 meters away from the factory, carefully surveying the surroundings.

"No electronic surveillance systems."

"No defensive magic circles, no traps..."

"It seems that many are searching for Arthas Bloodscribe; he can't afford to make any careless moves," Mike thought to himself.

If Arthas were to set up any magical formations around the area, it would be like sending a signal to the city defense department that something was amiss here, inviting them to investigate.

With the fourth demon cult's main temple destroyed, its leader severely injured, and its upper echelons decimated, their strength and influence had hit rock bottom.

In such a state, Arthas Bloodscribe, paralyzed and weakened, was like a rat hiding in the sewers, daring not to show even a hint of his presence.

Indeed, choosing this remote, abandoned factory was a wise decision on his part. The place was naturally off the radar for most searches, and without Mike, Arthas might have actually managed to evade capture.

"Approach slowly, and if anything unusual happens, run immediately!" Mike instructed himself as he took out two items: the [Inhibition Orb] and [Cerberus's Skull].

The former, now free from lineage restrictions, could block a massive amount of magical damage and was Mike's main source of confidence for this mission. The latter could boost his Strength and Constitution by 100 points, significantly enhancing his capabilities.

These two special items, carried by Mike, were activated to their full potential. Before this, Mike had already stacked up 30 layers of Charge Up to ensure his output was maximized. He then proceeded to tear open nearly ten scrolls in succession.

"Speed Spell!" "Blessing!" "Focus Boost!" "Lucky Strike!" "Protective Stone Skin"...

Lights flickered on Mike's body as layers of buffs stacked up, elevating his condition to its peak. Despite being a powerful Mage, he acts overly cautious.

"Disguise Spell!"

After using the last scroll, Mike glanced at the time.

"18:28:46!"

"These buffs will last up to 30 minutes at most, and at least 15 minutes. No matter what happens inside the factory, I must retreat after 15 minutes!"

Mike was well aware that while fortune favors the bold, one must survive to enjoy the spoils. Regardless of the outcome, he had to ensure his safety by retreating after 15 minutes. "Let's go!"

The countdown on his watch began, and Mike, crouching low, dashed forward like the wind, leaving only afterimages in his wake.

"Windstride Slash!"

Mike had previously set up several decoy dummies in the area, well-hidden and specifically for high-speed movement. These dummies would also serve as his best means of retreat when the time came.

In less than 10 seconds, Mike had stealthily entered the abandoned factory, now only 500 meters away from Arthas Bloodscribe.

"He's on the third floor."

Activating the Eye of Truth, Mike could see through the concrete walls and clearly make out the interior scenes.

"What is he doing?"

Previously too far to see more details, Mike now observed that the third-floor office, surprisingly lavish, was encased in special materials like a bank vault. In the middle of the office was a bed where a pale man propped himself up on an elbow, managing to sit up slightly.

Arthas Bloodscribe-Mike's target for this mission.

At that moment, Arthas was facing a screen displaying a grim, aged face that bore some resemblance to him.

The fourth demon cult Leader!

At the sight, Mike's pupils contracted, and his breath hitched-a Battle Lords level powerhouse indeed!

It was clear that Arthas Bloodscribe was indeed connected to the search for the Leader.

The two were conversing, but Mike couldn't hear due to the soundproofing materials.

[Generating subtitles...]

The Eye of Truth provided Mike with another surprise.

Listening was impossible, but he could see!

[Arthas Bloodscribe: Dad, save me!]

Mike: ...Quite the translation style.

Clearly, Arthas Bloodscribe's actual words were longer and more circumspect, but the Eye of

Truth simplified them to be very clear.

Arthas Bloodscribe wanted to survive.

The subtitles continued to refresh:

[Terenas Bloodscribe: Hold on, don't panic, I'm running first!]

[Arthas Bloodscribe: If you don't save me, I'll report you!]

[Terenas Bloodscribe: You little bastard, I'll kill you if you dare report me!]

[.....]

Fatherly love and filial piety indeed.

Mike couldn't help but remark.

This family, no wonder they turned to the demon god.

Morality to them was like toilet paper used to wipe their behinds-worthless.

In their flight, they were a spectacle of disgrace, like drowning people desperate to climb over

each other to escape.

"1 and a half minutes gone!"

Mike watched the classic drama of fatherly love and filial piety unfold while keeping track of

the time.

The quarrel between Arthas and his father didn't last long. Eventually, Terenas compromised.

[Terenas Bloodscribe: I'll activate the Abyssal Plane portal, send your soul there, and once I arrive, I'll help reconstruct your body, how about that?]

Arthas fell silent, not immediately responding.

Giving up his body would significantly impact his future power.

However, currently paralyzed and unable to walk, he would need a vast amount of resources

to recover. Reconstructing his body seemed like a viable path.

[Terenas: Hurry, they're almost on me. If we delay, I won't be able to help you, and we'll both

die!]

Finally, Arthas Bloodscribe made a decision, nodding in agreement to the plan.

But he had his own concerns.

[Arthas Bloodscribe: The portal to the Abyssal Plane takes time and makes a lot of noise. What if it attracts the attention of the city defense department's powerhouses?]

Arthas Bloodscribe, though paralyzed and only a tier-two Battle Soldier, was meticulous and

wouldn't act recklessly.

If the city defense department noticed the activity here and disrupted the portal, Arthas Bloodscribe would be delivering himself to his death.

[Terenas: Don't worry, your safe house can withstand 100 million in magical damage and will

mask the noise of the portal, giving them no time to react!]

Reassured by the Terenas's words, Arthas felt much more at ease.

[Arthas Bloodscribe: Dear dad, what are we waiting for, get on with it!]

A minute ago, Arthas Bloodscribe was threatening to report his father, and now he was

affectionately calling him dear dad.

Such hypocrisy was surely S-tier!

Terenas Bloodscribe didn't dwell on these details. Through remote spellcasting, he activated

the pre-arranged magical array, which flickered with sinister light, attempting to connect to

the Abyssal Plane.

Mike, who had been secretly observing, now faced a dilemma.

"Should I retreat?"

Mike hadn't expected to stumble upon Arthas Bloodscribe's escape-it was just too coincidental!

Even if he reported Arthas Bloodscribe now, it would be too late.

Once the portal was activated and Arthas entered the Abyssal Plane, there would be no chance

to catch him.

As Mike hesitated, a note appeared next to Arthas Bloodscribe's array:

[Abyssal Sacrifice Array]

[After connecting to the Abyssal Plane, sacrifice a vast amount of treasures and the soul of a

biological son to summon a powerful demon creature!]

"Fuck-" Mike stiffened, a chill running down his spine as his expression grew grave.

This wasn't a portal!

It was a sacrificial array!

Terenas Bloodscribe had no intention of saving his son; he was planning to sacrifice Arthas

Bloodscribe!

True fatherly love and familial harmony!

Mike made a split-second decision and dashed out, reaching the third floor in the blink of an

eye.

"I must stop the sacrifice!"

"Whether Arthas Bloodscribe lives or dies doesn't matter, the sacrifice must be interrupted!"

Before storming up to the third floor, Mike glanced back. Florida was slowly being enveloped

by nightfall.

This was a suburban area, sparsely populated, yet still home to many people and only a few dozen miles from the bustling city center.

If a terrifying demon creature were summoned... the consequences would be unimaginable!

And the only one who could prevent this was Mike!

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35 30 seconds of overwhelming power

"Must be quick!" Mike dashed up to the third floor like lightning, arriving outside the office where Arthas Bloodscribe was located. "Only one minute left until the Sacrifice Array is activated!" The entire office had been fortified into a stronghold, impregnable.

Arthas Bloodscribe's father, the fourth demon cult leader, had clearly prepared well. His plan was not difficult to deduce: to open a portal to the Abyssal Plane through a sacrifice, summoning a terrifying demon creature to please the demon god he served. Moreover, the chaos created by the arrival of the demon creature would provide Terenas with the perfect cover to escape. It was a plan that killed several birds with one stone. The only cost was his paralyzed, 'useless' son. This trap had been set long ago, only to be activated today when Terenas was in dire straits.

"How cold and heartless, this demon cult leader is willing to kill even his own son, that's too much," Mike thought disdainfully of the demon cult leader. Looking at the office in front of him, a pale blue defensive barrier blocked his path.

[Damage Resistance: 100,000,000]

Mike had stacked 30 layers of Charge Up, which could significantly multiply the damage of magical attacks. With his current Intelligence attribute at 285 points, his Lightning Arrow could deal $(50 + 1 * \text{Intelligence})$ in Lightning damage, plus an additional 15% damage due to the Force of Nature. That meant a single Lightning Arrow could inflict 386 points of Lightning damage! With the multiplier from Charge Up, the damage would be immensely amplified. Even with the limitations due to his lower level, destroying this barrier would be more than feasible. Mike could easily break through this defense.

"Stay calm, after breaking through this barrier, there are other opponents to face, and even Arthas Bloodscribe has the strength of a tier-two Battle Soldier," Mike reminded himself. He was well aware that he was racing against time, with his life hanging by a thread. When he decided to step up, there was no turning back.

"Using Lightning Arrow will clear all layers of Charge Up, and if a fight breaks out, I'll be in danger." Opting not to use Lightning Arrow, Mike chose another skill: Blessing of Lightning.

[Blessing of Lightning (Lv1)]: Casts a Blessing of Lightning on oneself or an ally, adding 20 points of Lightning damage to normal attacks and an additional 25 points to magical attacks. With the 15% enhancement from Force of Nature and the effects of Charge Up, both his physical and magical attacks would carry extra damage. Although not as devastating as Lightning Arrow, it was sufficient for the task at hand. Most importantly, this spell lasted for 30 seconds.

"Resolve all combat within 30 seconds!" Mike pursed his lips, raised his staff, and began his action.

"Blessing of Lightning!"

Endowed with infinite power of lightning, Mike felt as if every move he made had the terrifying force of ancient gods, capable of effortlessly destroying heavens and earth. Without wasting a second, his staff struck the barrier. As he attacked, the barrier vibrated violently, small cracks appearing on its surface.

Inside the office, Arthas Bloodscribe clearly noticed the disturbance outside.

"Fuck, has the city defense department come?"

"How so quickly?" he roared angrily at his father, "Old fossil, didn't you say it would mask the noise?"

"What are you panicking about?" Terenas Bloodscribe appeared calm and collected on the screen, chiding, "Have a little faith. I personally designed this safe house. It can withstand over 100 million in damage. Even if Battle Chiefs come, it will hold them off long enough for the array to activate."

Terenas's words reassured Arthas somewhat. However, the violent shaking did not cease and even intensified.

Thud—Thud—

Countless spiderweb-like cracks spread across the barrier, resembling a finely shattered porcelain vase, ready to break upon touch.

"Can this really hold for a minute?" Arthas Bloodscribe screamed in terror, flailing his arms in panic.

Boom—

With the final strike, the barrier shattered into dust, the defense capable of withstanding 100 million damage was broken in less than five seconds!

"He's broken through!" Arthas Bloodscribe howled, like a cornered beast seeing no escape.

A figure burst through the smoke. Just one person?!

Arthas Bloodscribe raised his hands high, shouting with all his might, "I surrender, don't kill me, I'll tell you everything!"

"It was all his forcing, I never wanted to betray humanity, it was that damned old fossil's doing!"

Without needing 30 seconds, Arthas Bloodscribe surrendered upon confrontation.

Mike glanced at him disdainfully, his contempt clear without words.

Above Arthas Bloodscribe's head, an information prompt appeared:

[Fun Fact: Arthas Bloodscribe's father was once a legendary hero of humanity, but he was led astray by his disappointing son.]

The family dynamics were indeed complex. Son betraying father, father betraying son, turning against each other, a tragic human drama.

Mike wasted no time, raising his staff.

"Lightning Arrow!"

With the enhancement from Blessing of Lightning, the Lightning Arrow carried destructive magical energy and struck Arthas Bloodscribe.

Boom—

The Lightning Arrow struck a blue ripple, canceling each other out.

"Hurry, save me!"

Arthas Bloodscribe's expression was one of struggle, realizing that his tactics to delay time had failed. Everything he had said before, whether it was his surrender or cursing his father, was all to buy time for his escape. But Mike wasn't falling for it. He attacked directly, each move lethal. If it weren't for the special items Arthas carried, which blocked a fatal attack, he would already be dead.

"Just hold on for another 45 seconds!"

On the TV screen, the demon cult Leader's figure flashed by, followed by the sound of a terrifying explosion. Clearly, a battle was also happening there, and Terenas was in a dire situation.

"Why isn't the portal open yet?"

The next magical attack was already being chanted!

Arthas Bloodscribe didn't have the courage to confront Mike directly. Shattering a barrier that could withstand 100 million damage and a Lightning Arrow that destroyed his life-saving special items, in Arthas's mind, Mike's strength was at least that of a Battle Chief. Such a powerhouse was not something Arthas could handle, let alone face directly.

In reality, Mike was only level 10, a tier-one Battle Soldier. If Arthas had been braver and charged at Mike to fight... it wouldn't have changed anything. With the Blessing of Lightning, Mike's output was comparable to the top Battle Chiefs. Although it lasted only 30 seconds, it was enough.

"Come on, 30 seconds of overwhelming power!"

"Lightning Arrow!"

"Lightning Arrow!"

Two consecutive Lightning Arrows shattered two more of Arthas Bloodscribe's life-saving items, and for the first time, true despair appeared in Arthas's eyes.

In a desperate howl, Arthas Bloodscribe cursed, "I curse you, whether your soul is in heaven or hell, I curse you, I am willing to pay with my own soul..."

Mike didn't give him the chance to finish.

"Lightning Arrow!"

The fourth Lightning Arrow, charged with destructive magical energy, struck Arthas Bloodscribe, ending his wicked life.

Boom—

Arthas Bloodscribe was obliterated, leaving only a charred silhouette on the ground. As the intended sacrifice of the Sacrifice Array, Arthas's death triggered a chain reaction that halted the array, forcibly stopping the sacrifice.

Crisis averted, Mike breathed a sigh of relief. On the other side of the large screen, sensing the disturbance here, a sigh was heard. Regardless, they were father and son, and there was some sadness when a son died.

Soon, a venomous, raspy voice came from the screen,

"No matter who you are, you've ruined my plans, and I swear to kill you!"

"Even if I fall into the deepest pits of hell, I'll drag you down with me. Remember, this is a Battle Lord swearing an oath on his life!"

The raspy voice declared, "I! Swear! To! Kill! You!"

Alright, Mike could hear the hatred in those words. But Terenas was not angry because his son was killed; he was furious because his plans were thwarted.