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Chapter 611: Demon of Disaster

“Damn it, how many of these filthy things are there?” cursed Shorty.

The crowd on the intersecting streets in the city was in a great mess. Even the weakest zombie standing on the street would create a huge panic among the civilians. In addition to that, the fear was contagious, making it harder for the people to evacuate and retreat in good order.

If the people were running for their lives on their own, it would make it harder for the Magicians to look after them.

In this situation, the only thing that the Magicians could do was to eliminate the invaders. The streets, alleyways and shops were overrun by the undead. The enormous Mountain Zombie had tossed tens of thousands of zombies to different places. Each of the Corpse Officials was transporting more than a thousand undead with them. As the undead pursued the people and killed them on sight, life had suddenly become a race and a gamble. Those who were slower would be dragged away by the zombies, and nobody knew if a phantom, its mouth already filled with fresh blood, would be waiting for them at the next junction!

Mo Fan, Zhou Ming, Mu Bai and Shorty had passed several streets. Basically, they could see undead along all the wider streets.

They would try their best to eliminate the undead when they could, yet their energy was limited. Most of the time, they had no choice but to avoid contact with the undead when they were preying on people in large numbers...

It was tough and painful to make the decision. They felt sad and cruel abandoning the civilians, yet there was nothing they could do. In a war like this, everyone was a victim of the disaster. Not only were their lives cheap in the eyes of the undead creatures, even the other people could not help but feel the same way too.

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“Hurry up, we’ll arrive at Bo City Street after crossing this flyover bridge. I think this area is still safe from the undead,” said Zhou Ming, pointing at a row of densely packed buildings.

“If you headed here following the path you wanted to take initially, it would have taken you more than half an hour longer! Go, bring your people to safety while this place is not crawling with undead yet!” said Shorty.

Mu Bai led the way. He was about to use his Magic Boots to cross the unstable area quickly when Mo Fan stopped him.

“Try not to use your Equipment unless it’s necessary, it might save your life.” Mo Fan was more experienced than Mu Bai, after all.

Mu Bai nodded. Even though he was quite worn out from all the running, he did not use his Boots in the end.

Suddenly, a loud crash came from the half-kilometer long flyover bridge ahead of them!

The four Magicians looked up and discovered a phantom with sharp black wings was now standing on the bridge. Its figure was covered in gray fur. The creature had incredible strength, easily raising a sedan on the bridge with one hand.

The loud crash was the sound produced when it threw the car to the ground. The black sedan was destroyed instantly, and even erupted in flames.

“Help...help, help me...” A cry of agony came from a red vehicle.

Mo Fan glanced ahead and saw the phantom with wings picking up another vehicle. Through the windshield, they could see a woman with disheveled hair poking her head out, her face pale as she screamed for help!

Before anyone could react, the phantom tossed the vehicle over the side of the bridge, and it fell together with the scream of terror from the woman!

“There’s someone in the car!” Zhou Ming was terrified. The place that the vehicle was falling to was less than ten meters away from them!

“Damn it, let’s kill this asshole!” cursed Mo Fan.

In the nick of time, Mo Fan’s figure sank into the shadows from the bridge overhead and quickly went inside the rapidly falling red car...

“Mo Fan!”

“Holy crap, is he trying to kill himself?!” yelled Shorty.

The car was falling from the bridge. It would only take less than two seconds for it to reach the ground. If Mo Fan snuck inside the vehicle with Fleeing Shadow, wouldn’t he be crushed to pieces together with the woman?!

Another loud crash took place. The new red sedan instantly turned into a pile of scrap as it landed on the ground. The parts scattered across the place, some even rolling to the feet of the three Magicians.

At the same time, a pool of black shadow swept past them and stopped under the overpass...

The shadow became clearer; Mo Fan in his black shirt slowly walked out from it, holding a woman who had fallen unconscious in his arms.

“Impressive!” Shorty gave Mo Fan a thumbs-up.

The falling car had its own shadow as it approached the ground, which Mo Fan relied on to quickly escape from the vehicle with Fleeing Shadow before it slammed into the ground. Not only did he have to

cast Fleeing Shadow twice within seconds, the courage and agile thinking he displayed was not something that an ordinary Magician had!

“You’re able to draw a Star Orbit with a single thought now?” As expected of the top student Mu Bai, he immediately determined Mo Fan’s cultivation.

Only by mastering the ability to draw a Star Orbit with a single thought would Mo Fan be able to finish casting a Basic Spell in an instant, allowing him to use Fleeing Shadow consecutively.

“Mm, let’s talk about that later. We should kill this phantom first. Otherwise, many people will be killed by it,” Mo Fan pointed upward.

Mo Fan placed the woman under the bridge, and she regained consciousness in just a brief moment. As she was about to express her tearful gratitude, Mo Fan had already turned into a streak of shadow making his way up the bridge...

“Follow me!” Mu Bai quickly cast Ice Lock. The icy chains crossed paths with one another under his control, forming an ice ladder on the pillar of the bridge.

Zhou Ming and Shorty followed Mu Bai up the ladder, going after Mo Fan who had reached the top of the bridge.

“That’s a Demon of Disaster. It likes to hide in the dark like a bat, and flit in the air above its prey, leaving a huge hole in its target’s head. In the next second, brain fluid mixed with blood jets out from the hole,” Zhou Ming was an expert when it came to identifying demon creatures. She could easily identify any creature with a single glance.

“Don’t scare me like that!” Shorty was an experienced Hunter, yet he had never heard of anything like that!

“Either way, just be careful of its index finger. It will suddenly extend forward like a shadow hook. Once it touches your head, you’re dead. Even Magic Armor won’t be able to protect you,” warned Zhou Ming.

Mo Fan heard Zhou Ming’s advice, too. When he arrived on the bridge, he carefully studied the Demon of Disaster’s hand, and noticed that the creature’s hand had one finger which was very long and thin. It could indeed be described as a hook!

“You mentioned that it likes to hide in the dark. Does that mean it has the Shadow Element?” Mo Fan frowned. He could vaguely sense a dark aura from the Demon of Disaster.

“Yeah, so your Giant Shadow Spikes are useless against it. We have to trap it with Mu Bai’s Ice Lock. By the way, this creature is an expert at running away, so we can’t let it learn that we are able to kill it. Otherwise, it will just run away when it senses something isn’t right, and will keep annoying us from above throughout our journey,” explained Zhou Ming.

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Chapter 612: A Clean Kill!

Creatures like this Demon of Disaster were definitely the deadliest at night. They would circle around in the sky, hiding in the dark, and then deal Magicians a deadly blow. However, during the daytime, its movements were obviously greatly hindered.

The cunning Demon of Disaster would immediately beat its wings to produce a black mist when it saw a group of Magicians trying to flank it.

The mist was similar to the Advanced Spell of Shadow Element, Nyx Regime, yet neither its effect nor coverage were comparable to Nyx Regime.

It would want to create a space that was favorable for it to fight in, yet its tactic was simply useless when there was a Light Magician around!

“Brilliant Light: Purify!” Shorty was an experienced Hunter. As soon as he saw the Demon of Disaster trying to stir up trouble, a milky-white light blossomed on his palm.

He tossed the light right into the center of the black mist. The golden light rays shining forth thoroughly purified the mist, which was similar to the gas produced from a car’s exhaust. Even the stench was gone. Most importantly, they were able to see the creature clearly under the bright light!

“Ice Lock!” Mu Bai cast his Intermediate Ice Spell again.

The frost surrounding him was clear and transparent, beautiful like crystal. It was obvious that the Ice Seed he had was not something ordinary, either.

Four long ice chains appeared simultaneously. Mu Bai controlled them to intertwine swiftly above the Demon of Disaster, forming a web of metallic chains the color of ice looming over it.

The creature was just about to fly into the air to dodge the spells cast by the group when the Ice Lock pressed down on it heavily, dragging it back to the ground!

The ice chains had the effect of Ice Spread. Once it made contact with its target’s skin, the freezing frost would swiftly spread across and penetrate the target’s body. On top of that, it seemed like Mu Bai’s Ice Seed had further increased the effect. The just-wrapped Demon of Disaster was immediately covered in frost by the chains, thoroughly freezing its two arms!

“It can no longer use Fleeing Shadow or fly, it won’t pose any threat to us anymore!” Zhou Ming was overjoyed when she saw Shorty and Mu Bai’s professionalism. They immediately sealed off the Demon of Disaster’s annoying capabilities.

Teaming up with reliable people felt totally different. If they simply gave the Demon of Disaster time to produce the mist or fly into the sky, it would be troublesome to kill it!

“Mo Fan, your turn!” said Shorty.

Mo Fan had already mastered the ability to draw a Star Orbit with a single thought. He no longer needed a long time to finish channeling an Intermediate Spell.

Purple-black Star Orbits connected with one another smoothly, combining into a brilliant Star Pattern...

The restless energy of Lightning appeared. They could even feel the air being scorched by it. When Mo Fan fixed his gaze on the Demon of Disaster, a shocking ray of lightning came down perfectly straight. It lit up the flyover bridge and landed accurately on the Demon of Disaster, right between its wings!

Regardless of how overwhelming the Demon of Disaster's strength was, the Brilliant Light had blinded it, while the Ice Chain had sealed off its movements. It had completely turned into target practice for Mo Fan!

The damage inflicted when all the Lightning Strikes of the spell Thunderbolt: Wild Strikes landed on the same target was absolutely terrifying. When the third, fourth, and fifth purple-black lightning rays landed on the Demon of Disaster, its body sank into the ground as the impact simply blew a hole in the bridge. Its back was festered and scorched black...

The creature was still alive, yet it had a hard time trying to rise to its feet. The space-trembling effect of Mo Fan's lightning had impaired its movement. Even though the undead could not feel any pain, the damage inflicted to their important body parts would still affect their ability to move.

"How violent, I've never seen anyone that can almost kill a Warrior-level creature with a single Intermediate Spell!" Shorty raised his thumb at Mo Fan.

Mo Fan was a typical full DPS Magician. During the group battles in Pearl Institute, whenever he was given a chance to attack, he would simply crush his opponents, and it was the same for Warrior-level creatures. Any other group of Intermediate Magicians would have to work together to barely kill a Warrior-level creature, yet someone like Mo Fan, whose Lightning Element had reached the third level and was further strengthened by a Soul Seed, a single Thunderbolt: Wild Strikes was equivalent to the damage output of a small team!

Zhou Ming was not just standing there to leech xp; she quickly followed up with a Fiery Fist: Groundbreak. The blossoming flames of death devoured the place where the Demon of Disaster was laying, blasting a huge hole into the overpass.

The flames burned fiercely, burning the Demon of Disaster's wings into ashes. Its figure, burning in the flames, struggled wildly, shoving the vehicles nearby away like toys while uttering a piercing screech.

"Still trying to run away!" Mu Bai controlled the ice chains to weave through the vehicles nimbly and wrapped around the Demon of Disaster's legs.

As he raised his hand, the ice chains dragged the Demon of Disaster back with brute force. It was quickly turned into black charcoal. Zhou Ming's flames had an extended burn time, burning longer than normal fires. They simply burned the Demon of Disaster to ash.

"I'll be taking the undead crystal, that thing is quite useful!" Shorty went up to the Demon of Disaster boldly when he confirmed that the creature was dead.

As expected of an experienced Hunter, the guy adeptly retrieved the undead crystal from the creature's corpse. The undead crystals of undead that were killed by Lightning or Fire would usually be in good condition...

Undead crystals were basically Magic Ores which contained the energy accumulated by the undead after refining the presence of death for decades. The undead crystals of Servant-class undead were basically useless, but those from Warrior-level creatures were rather valuable.

“Take this, it can replenish your energy. It works with any Element, and is more effective than serums.” Shorty broke the undead crystal in half and handed one half to Mo Fan.

Mo Fan’s eyes flickered. Energy was his main concern for the time being, especially his Summoning Element. The Nebula of his Summoning Element was a lot dimmer since both the Swift Star Wolf and Flame Belle had fought a long battle. He would become helpless soon if they kept stumbling into undead along the way.

“So this thing is actually quite useful!” Mo Fan placed the undead crystal on his palm. When he directed his will into it, a fresh source of energy flowed back into his body.

Mo Fan decisively inserted the energy into his Summoning Element’s Nebula. The energy of the Summoning Element was little Flame Belle and Swift Star Wolf’s energy intake. Both of them were resting up after they were worn out from the previous battle, yet Mo Fan was unable to provide any energy to them! They were going to encounter more undead along the way. Without their assistance, Mo Fan was not too convinced of the group’s safety!

“There’s a side effect though, when you consume it the first time in a day, it will replenish a quarter of your energy. The second time would only replenish an eighth of your energy, and the third time, the effect would reduce by half again... the energy you can recover from the fifth or sixth time is pretty much negligible,” said Shorty.

“Mm, we’re still a distance away from the inner walls. Let’s try our best to conserve our energy!” Mo Fan said grimly to the others.

Zhou Ming and Mu Bai nodded. They were well aware of how serious the situation was!

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Chapter 613: Flesh Mound in the Way

Bo City Street was mainly filled with three-story buildings. The first floors were shops facing the street, the second floors were for storage, and the third floors were for residential purposes.

The street was a complete mess. Many buildings were run-down, while toward the end of the street stood a fortified building with a sturdy cage inside, used to hold captured demon creatures.

The cage was spacious, close to the size of a room. Inside it stood half a dozen people, including Wang Sanpang and Zhao Kunsan.

“Please stop crying, I’m begging you! If your noise attracts the undead, we are all going to die!” said Wang Sanpang to the teenage girl beside him.

The girl was sobbing, trying her best not to make any sound, yet her large eyes were filled with tears and terror.

“We can’t just stay here, either; should we try and run away?” said a young man in a black rider jacket.

“Holy crap, didn’t I tell you already, the whole place out there is overrun with zombies! We can’t go there, everyone that went is dead!” blurted out Zhao Kunsan.

Last night at the walls, when Mo Fan and the others went to the tower for the gathering signal, Zhao Kunsan and Wang Sanpang had come home. Who could have thought something so bizarre would happen the next morning?

They were just about to retreat when a giant lump of flesh swept across the sky and landed right on the main street. The street was rather large, but had only a small number of alleyways. The place was already crawling with black zombies and white skeletons. The people who had left in that direction were all dead!

Therefore, Zhao Kunsan and Wang Sanpang tried to gather the people of Bo City here to hide in the cage. However, they only managed to find a few people; the others had already gone missing.

Suddenly, the cry of a zombie came from outside the building.

The faces of the people in the cage fell. Even their breathing halted.

“Don’t come here, don’t come here, go somewhere else, please!” Zhao Kunsan started praying to his god.

However, whatever he prayed for didn’t happen; the zombie smelled fresh living meat and rammed the door open. It ran straight at the cage even though the iron sheet was piercing into its body.

“Damn it, kill it!” cursed Wang Sanpang.

“It’s only one of them, we can kill it together!” Zhao Kunsan let out a relieved sigh.

The two immediately stepped out from the cage. Zhao Kunsan glanced at Wang Sanpang and said, “I’ll keep it busy. You will look for a chance to kill it!”

Wang Sanpang glanced at Zhao Kunsan and responded, “That’s what I wanted to say!”

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A chill ran down their spines simultaneously.

“F**k, one of us has the Wind Element, and the other has the Earth Element. Both our spells are movement spells. How the heck are we going to kill it!?” screamed Zhao Kunsan.

The zombie was already rushing at them. The creature’s speed was two or three times faster than a human’s, which was why commoners were basically dead when they were targeted by the zombies.

The two reacted quickly, immediately casting a third-tier Earth Wave and Wind Track respectively.

Zhao Kunsan ran around the room wildly, and the zombie chased after him...

“Eat this!” As soon as Wang Sanpang cast his Earth Wave, his figure shifted eerily behind the undead. A golden light suddenly blossomed on his palm, swiftly turning into a sharp spike. He stabbed the spike right into the back of the zombie’s head when it was not paying attention!

The glowing spike was deadly against the undead. Even though he did not stab where its undead crystal was, he still managed to kill the zombie with the attack.

As the zombie slowly fell to the ground, Zhao Kunsan uttered a relieved sigh and raised his thumb at Wang Sanpang, "I didn't know you had a weapon to defend yourself."

The five people hiding in the cage were relieved too. It turned out that Magicians were still the most reliable at crucial times.

Wang Sanpang retrieved his light spike and glanced outside of the door that had been slammed open. His face turned pale white in the next second.

"Holy crap! Quick, into the cage!" he screamed.

As soon as he uttered the words, the damaged door was suddenly knocked down by a huge impact, followed by several zombies surging into the building. They almost filled up the room, each with sharp fangs and hands stained with fresh blood. It was a scene scary enough for the people to feel their scalps going numb!

The two Magicians quickly fled inside the cage and sealed the door with chains.

The zombies were extremely quick. As they rammed into the cage, it began to buzz slightly.

Some even jumped onto the cage and extended their arms into it, trying to grab the people inside.

The cage was now fully surrounded by zombies, biting and waving their arms trying to get at the people inside and eat them alive.

"This is the end, there are so many of them!" Zhao Kunsan fell to the ground in despair.

"The cage can still last for a while..." said Wang Sanpang.

"It's only a matter of time before we're eaten!" The young man in the rider jacket wet his pants!

The undead were the most relentless creatures. Even though the cage was made of special materials, it still could not stand being pounded by the zombies continuously. The bars began to show signs of cracking. One of the zombies even threaded half of its body through the gap!

"Lightning Strike!"

As the trapped people were overwhelmed with despair, an imperious voice sounded from outside the building.

A great swathe lightning serpents wriggled toward the cage and spread through the zombies.

The cage was conductive, so the lightning arcs were transmitted back and forth between the zombies and the cage. Those that were grabbing onto the cage were twitching intensely from the lightning shock!

The Lightning Strike was rather extraordinary, leaving the zombies fully paralyzed on the ground. Their eyes were still staring at the cage in greed, yet they could no longer move their bodies.

The people inside the cage were unharmed, just terrified at seeing the lightning flickering close to them.

When the zombies fell to the ground, the people saw Mo Fan in a black long-sleeve shirt walking into the broken doorway. His hands still had lightning arcs circling them. He was the person who had instantly suppressed the zombies!

“Mo Fan!”

Zhao Kunsan and Wang Sanpang almost dropped to their knees to express their gratitude to the heavens. The rescue had come at such a perfect time!

Meanwhile, the teenage girl and the young man who wet his pants stared at Mo Fan in disbelief. They never thought a single spell would be able to immobilize so many zombies!

“Finish them, or else they will rise again very soon,” Mo Fan’s arms still had Lightning on them. The lightning arcs continued to paralyze the zombies.

After all, the fourth-tier Lightning Strike, which was capable of producing a paralyzing electric field, was the most suitable to handle these zombies with their stiff joints.

Zhou Ming did not show any mercy. She cast a Fire Burst: Burning Bones on each of the zombies on the ground, burning them into ashes while they were still immobilized.

“Just these few?” Mu Bai walked into the room and frowned when he discovered that there were only seven people in the cage, including Zhao Kunsan and Wang Sanpang.

“The others are scattered across the place...”

“We’ll take as many as we can. It’s impossible to try to search for everyone! Let’s go!” said Shorty.

“We can’t take the path ahead,” Wang Sanpang, who was relatively collected, told everyone the situation.

Mo Fan felt his head aching when he heard Wang Sanpang’s words.

It was obvious that there was a Flesh Mound Corpse Official right on the main street ahead, with over a thousand undead in the area. It was impossible to proceed forward without going a long way around it.

“Let’s take a look first. It should be fine as long as we don’t fight the Corpse Official. If we try to go around it, the army of undead behind might catch up to us,” said Mo Fan.

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Chapter 614: The Dead Street

It was a fairly spacious street, with shops, shopping malls, office buildings and structures along the way. However, there were not many alleyways on the sides, while the main path toward the An Yuan Gate was occupied by the undead.

It went without saying that the street would have the highest number of civilians, thus the majority of the undead headed straight for it. As a result, the whole street was basically filled with undead. On top

of that, a Flesh Mound Corpse Official the size of a building was sitting right in the middle of the street, like a mountain of flesh. Even Magicians would have a hard time trying to pass it.

Mo Fan and his crew were not afraid of facing a crowd of zombies. They could easily handle Warrior-level undead too, but in the case of the Flesh Mound Corpse Official, they would still die even if they were given ten thousand lives.

They carefully approached the street and discovered that the whole place was indeed crawling with all kinds of skeletons, zombies, and phantoms. Most terrifyingly, there were quite a few Corpse Generals and Skeleton Generals among them!

The street was stained with blood, with dead bodies spread across the place. It was simply a scene of the apocalypse.

"This is nothing but a dead street," said Shorty, up on the balcony of a building, with a trembling voice.

Glancing down from above, they could see people who were totally unaware of the situation making their way toward the street. Even Magicians would not be able to survive after running into the undead, let alone civilians!

"There are too many of them, it will be hard for us to make our way through with just the few of us," Mu Bai pointed out.

"It's possible that there are other Magicians nearby. We can find them and team up. Otherwise, we're all going to die here," said Shorty.

Mo Fan nodded. The undead on the street were too dense. It would be a tough fight trying to make their way through.

Their biggest problem was the Flesh Mound Corpse Official. Once they caught its attention, they would all die here.

"I'll go and look for people," Shorty was decisive in situations like this. He quickly vanished from the group.

"I'll take a look at the situation ahead. Mu Bai, Zhou Ming, you two stay here to protect them," said Mo Fan, who did not want to wait there and do nothing.

There were civilians in their group. It was not reasonable to simply barge their way through. They would have to clear a path so the people of Bo City Street could make it to the other end safely.

"Alright, be careful," said Zhou Ming.

Mo Fan was already gone when his words were still echoing through the building they were hiding in.

It was extremely easy for Mo Fan to move around in an area with many buildings like this. He could move freely as long as there were shadows. The overlapping shadows of the buildings and the blind corners served as stepping stones for Mo Fan, allowing him to move forward freely...

Mo Fan jumped down from a balcony, holding onto the iron bars of a window, before propelling himself to another balcony on a shorter building.

The balcony was in the dark as the tall office building beside it had blocked off the sunlight. Mo Fan's figure sank into the shadows like falling into water as he arrived on the balcony. He went missing for a few seconds.

Not long after, Mo Fan appeared from the other side of the balcony. His eyes were observing the death street only a building away.

Mo Fan lowered his eyes and glanced at the alleyway drenched in rain. He fell freely from the balcony and landed on the umbrella outside of a coffee shop...

Mo Fan utilized the bounce of the umbrella to land safely on the ground. To his surprise, he saw a phantom under the umbrella when he turned around.

The phantom had horns on its head, with a pointy, long jaw. Fangs poked out from its mouth like a boar, and its face was entirely red.

It was roaming aimlessly in the area when a human fell from the sky after the umbrella shuddered for a moment. The phantom stared right into Mo Fan's eyes, with a blossoming lust rising in it!

"Lightning Strike!"

The phantom uttered a weird cry and lunged at Mo Fan.

Mo Fan nimbly hopped aside, dodging the pounce, and fired lightning from his palm.

The lightning arcs cracked loudly as they crawled over the phantom. The shock from the lightning arcs scorched the skin of the phantom and left it twitching on the ground, as if it were performing a fascinating dance of electricity.

Mo Fan's Lightning Strike was quite powerful. Meanwhile, the phantom turned out to be fairly weak. The lightning arcs took its life as soon as they penetrated the creature's body. A small Soul Remnant floated into the Little Loach Pendant.

"It's dead already?" Mo Fan was quite surprised, but he did not overthink it.

The building ahead was the only thing between him and the dead street. There was a coffee shop right behind the building. Mo Fan simply hid inside the coffee shop and slowly made his way forward to check out the situation on the dead street.

After passing the coffee shop, Mo Fan arrived in a huge hall.

There were a few skeletons roaming aimlessly inside the hall. Mo Fan did not engage, turning into a shadow sweeping across the ceiling to pass them by.

Further ahead was the dead street. The windows of the shop facing the street were smashed, leaving glass scattered across the floor. Inside the shop was the corpse of a man whose face was bitten beyond recognition. Judging from his clothes, he was most likely the worker in the shop.

A few mannequins were knocked down in the display corner. Mo Fan hid behind the mannequins. The Fleeing Shadow allowed him to merge with the dim background and conceal his presence. The low-ranked undead would not be able to discover his presence for a while.

Outside the window was the dead street. The place was slightly wider than Mo Fan first observed from the balcony. He could not cross the street with Fleeing Shadow even if he wanted to.

At a rough glance, there were more than two hundred zombies, skeletons, and phantoms, with three to four Warrior-level undead nearby. Even a group of elite Intermediate Magicians would have a hard time clearing a path.

There was nothing he could do. The place where the Flesh Mound Corpse Official landed would be crawling with undead. Mo Fan could only hope that Shorty managed to find some reliable Magicians. They would only have a chance of crossing the street by working together.

Mo Fan checked his surroundings and discovered a cross-section with less undead. It turned out to be a zebra crossing.

After the zebra crossing was a narrow pedestrian walk. If the group could somehow make it to the pedestrian walk, the undead chasing them from behind would be restricted by the buildings on both sides, helping the group escape.

“Mm? A Magician that can fly?” Mo Fan was about to leave when he saw a Magician in a purple outfit standing on the restaurant opposite the shop he was in.

Wind Wings were rotating behind the man’s back. Even though the wings were not beating, the air surrounding the man was spinning rapidly.

The man in purple outfit seemed to have come here to observe the situation too. His gaze crossed the street and locked onto Mo Fan, who was disguising himself as a mannequin!

“How many people do you have, Shadow Magician?” the man’s voice suddenly came from across the street. It was so clear to Mo Fan that it felt like the man was talking right beside him.

Mo Fan was startled, before recalling that Xinxia had used the same method to talk to him before.

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Chapter 615: White Ants Fighting to Stay Alive

The guy could transmit his voice, but how was Mo Fan going to respond back?

Would they have to take out their phones, open up WeChat and shake at the same time to add each other as friends? Perhaps the Advanced Wind Magician in the purple outfit could tell Mo Fan his phone number...

The truth was, either way was terrible. The demon creatures were extremely sensitive toward any form of signal. Even sending someone an emoji would simply give the demon creatures nearby a GPS coordinate, urging them to rush toward the signal.

“We have four Intermediate Magicians, two Basic Magicians and five civilians, but one of us is trying to gather the people nearby,” Mo Fan had no clue how to respond. He simply mumbled to himself, not sure if the Advanced Magician could hear him.

Mo Fan had guessed right. The Magician soon responded.

“Try and gather as many people as you can. My other two comrades and I will handle the Flesh Mound Corpse Official, so you can take hold of the opportunity to cross the street together with the others... Make sure you have enough Intermediate Magicians, as we’ll have to focus on dealing with the Flesh Mound Corpse Official, you will have to deal with the Servant-class and Warrior-level undead on your own,” said the Magician in the purple robe.

“Not a problem, I’ll immediately bring the message back, and gather the people here to cross the street,” replied Mo Fan.

“Thanks, if someone is hesitating, tell them that we are the Imperial Magicians. My name is Zuo Feng, I hope they won’t miss this chance to escape!” said the Magician.

“Imperial Magicians... oh, ok!”

—

Mo Fan immediately returned to the place everyone was hiding at. To Mo Fan’s astonishment, there were less than ten people when he left, but the room was now filled with people. There were forty to fifty more people!

Mo Fan had to admit that he was impressed by Shorty’s ability to gather people. He had managed to convince four or five groups of people to join them. On top of that, most of the people were Magicians, only twenty of them were civilians!

Obviously, Shorty had purposely recruited groups with more Magicians. Based on Mo Fan’s understanding, Shorty was not the kind of person that would do a good deed.

The civilians would easily become a burden if there were too many of them. Indeed, Shorty never assumed himself to be a righteous Magician with the obligation to save everyone’s life.

“Someone who referred to himself as an Imperial Magician is on the other side of the street. He is asking us to gather as many people as we can and make our way across the street while they are dealing with the Flesh Mound Corpse Official,” Mo Fan informed the crowd inside the room.

“Imperial Magicians, they are here. We’re saved!” yelled a middle-aged Magician with a beanie in relief.

“Awesome, it seems like the Imperial Magicians are finally making their moves. I told you not to give up!” said a Battlemaga with thick makeup.

“With the Imperial Magicians clearing a path for us, we should be able to make it safely...”

“No no no, listen to me, the Imperial Magicians will handle the Corpse Official, but they have no time to handle the undead on the street. We’ll have to face them on our own,” repeated Mo Fan grimly.

“No way, aren’t they here to save us?” One of the teenage girls started sobbing.

“Don’t panic, don’t panic!. We have many Magicians here too, so as long as we stay in order and wait for the perfect chance to cross, we still have a hope of surviving. I’m an Intermediate Plant Magician. Just trust us,” said the Battlemaga with thick makeup.

“Yeah, don’t underestimate us, didn’t that Shorty over there say that too? They have four Intermediate Magicians from their group, and each one is an expert too. Even though I’m only at the Basic Level, my Element is Fire. If those undead dare to come, I’ll let them have a piece of my Fire Burst: Rupture!”

The group was quite good overall, and everyone was aware that they had to work together in order to cross the street safely, so they were willing to comply with the arrangement.

Shorty, Zhou Ming, Mo Fan, and Mu Bai’s group were all Intermediate Magicians. They were the strongest among them. Therefore, the other groups were willing to follow their orders.

“Mu Bai, what do you think?” asked Mo Fan.

“I think we need more people,” said Mu Bai frankly.

“Yeah, strength in numbers,” Zhou Ming nodded.

“No, no, that doesn’t work in this situation, but everyone here should know about termite survival theory?” Mu Bai immediately displayed his wisdom as a top student.

“Termite survival theory? I didn’t really study a lot, I have no idea what that means,” said the middle-aged man in the beanie.

“A group of termites is moving their habitat, but the path ahead is suddenly set aflame. If they simply try to cross the fire on their own, they will be burned to death. Therefore, the termites huddled together into a huge ball of termites and rolled toward the flames... soon, the termites on the outer layer died, followed by the next few layers, but the majority of them managed to cross the wall of fire,” explained Mu Bai to the crowd calmly.

The room fell silent instantly. Everyone’s face turned grim.

“He’s right, it’s impossible for everyone to cross the street safely. We have to accept the reality. There are just too few of us, so we can’t form a thick ball still like the termites. We’re all going to die if we try to cross the street, but if we have enough people, some might die, but the rest would still reach the other end safely,” said a man with a mustache.

The man was wearing a formal suit. He was most likely the CEO of some company based in one of the office buildings nearby. He was a civilian, yet his awareness was a lot better than the others who were extremely worried.

Apart from luck, civilians involved in a disaster like this had to have good awareness. If they did not make use of the chances given to them to escape and retreat, they would most likely end up dead!

“I guess that’s the only way, I know a group of people hiding on the roof of an apartment, I’ll call them over.”

“There should be another group in the basement of the parking lot, but they don’t have any Magicians. Should I call them along too?”

“The handsome guy was very clear; there would be sacrifices, but the key is to have as many people as we can. The more people we have, the lower the chance of us dying. It doesn’t matter if they aren’t Magicians, we just need living humans. Call them along!” exclaimed a woman in leather pants who looked like a model.

“Just tell them to join us if they want to escape this place. This is the last train, but safety isn’t guaranteed... those who think otherwise should just wait here,” Shorty told the people who went to recruit more people.

— —

The crowd proceeded to search for more people. In order to increase the chance of them surviving, they tried their very best to gather the people nearby.

It would be better if there were more Magicians, since they could hold off the undead for a little longer, but it was fine if there were not, since they would simply be a flock of sheep crossing the river, with some among them getting eaten by the crocodiles!

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Chapter 616: Seven Hundred People Crossing the Dead Street

Mo Fan stood on a tall balcony and glanced down. He saw that the crowd was already squeezing their way out of the building.

Their tiny heads were swarming forward with a loud noise, as if a huge protest was going on with boards and banners waving “Say No to the Undead!”

He roughly estimated the crowd numbered at least seven hundred people!

There were not many Magicians in the crowd. Previously, there were only thirty Magicians in the building, but after recruiting six hundred more people, there were ninety Magicians in total, less than a hundred. On top of that, most of them were only Basic Magicians.

There were only seventeen Intermediate Magicians, including himself, Shorty, Zhou Ming, and Mu Bai.

As for the other thirteen Magicians, only two of them had Soul Seeds. Therefore, it was extremely impractical for them to try clearing a path through over a thousand undead.

The world had always been cruel. Mo Fan felt like he had done everything he could. He could only pray that fewer people would die when they were trying to cross to the other side of the street on the zebra-crossing...

The thousand undead were scattered along the dead street, therefore not everyone would be immediately targeted by an undead. Mo Fan speculated that around a hundred people would be dragged into the water by the crocodiles.

A one-seventh chance of dying. Apart from those whose brains had already gone blank because of overwhelming fear, most people would rather bet their lives on it instead.

When Mo Fan was thinking about how petty the human race was, a quarrel broke out on the surface.

“Don’t let me repeat it again; let people with infants stay in the middle!” said Shorty coldly as he grabbed a man in a leather jacket.

“What right does he have, he’s an adult too! Is it just because he’s carrying a baby? I would have picked up an infant along the way too! I’ve seen many kids who no one even cares about!” challenged the man in the leather jacket.

“Are you daring me to throw you onto the street now?” Shorty did not waste any time with the man. He simply dragged him out from the crowd.

“Alright, alright, I’ll listen to you, I’ll let him go inside...” The man in the leather jacket was no match for Shorty. He had never seen such an immoral Magician.

“Damn it, you just have to force me to be rough with you. Everyone, listen up; kids who are shorter than one twenty centimeters will stay in the middle. Those who are on the outside, shut the f**k up, since us Magicians who are risking our lives for you without getting paid will be on the outermost layer!” yelled Shorty furiously.

“But people who are carrying kids when they are adults themselves...” someone blurted out among the crowd.

It was difficult to control the situation involving so many people. Everyone was seeing their own life as precious, no one would want to be on the outer layers, since they were the easiest targets.

“I’ll leave this little guy to you,” To stop the crowd from rioting, the man carrying the little boy expressionlessly handed the kid to one of the elderly women.

The woman was wearing dancing shoes. She had most likely woken up early in the morning to attend a dance in the public square. The woman received the crying kid and said, “I still haven’t heard from my poor grandchild. Don’t worry, I’ll look after your son.”

The man with gray hair nodded. He proceeded to the outermost layer without commenting further.

“Humph, are you satisfied now? If so, then shut the f**k up. Us Wind Magicians worked hard to keep the undead away just so everyone can group up here. I don’t want you attracting their attention again,” Shorty snarled unpleasantly.

After venting his grudge, Shorty raised his head and gave Mo Fan a signal, telling him that the crowd was about to cross the street!

A crowd of seven hundred people... the truth was, it did not really matter who was on the inner or outer layers. The people would surely panic while crossing the street, the situation was going to be messy. It was purely a matter of luck when it came down to who would survive in the end...

“Mo Fa, I’ll leave the high ground to you.” Mu Bai, who had somehow become the leader of the group without him noticing, said to Mo Fan up on the balcony.

“Mm,” Mo Fan nodded.

The truth was, Mo Fan was not a natural leader. He was able to make quick decisions in his own view, thus he had no problem leading a small group of Magicians. However, he was not very capable of leading a large group like this.

For those who kept complaining, if Mo Fan felt annoyed, he would simply end those idiots’ lives before the undead were involved.

—

“By the way, shouldn’t I be covering the high ground? My primary Element is Wind, and my secondary Element is Water. Either the Wind Disc or the Rolling Wave has a huge coverage area to sweep the undead away, I’m more suitable for the job,” said an ordinary-looking Magician, who obviously came from a renowned family.

“Du Lekang, stop trying to make decisions on your own. Let’s focus on crossing the street,” said the girl with him.

“I’m just worried, he looks like he’s only in the twenties. How strong could he be, at least I’m-” said Du Lekang.

“Enough with your crap, the people are moving, we Magicians should focus on protecting them.”

Du Lekang glanced up at Mo Fan on the higher ground. He was not too convinced about leaving such an important role to Mo Fan.

—

Mo Fan was not too bothered. He was responsible for eliminating huge groups of undead and communicating with the Imperial Magician Zuo Feng from before.

With such a large crowd, it was impossible to hide their presence for long. They would soon attract the attention of the Flesh Mound Corpse Official in the middle of the street. Once the Corpse Official started making its way toward them, there would not be one to two hundred casualties, it was possible that the whole group would be wiped out!

Therefore, they had to wait until the Imperial Magicians engaged the Corpse General and lured it and some other Warrior-level undead far away from the crowd. Otherwise, they would have trouble crossing the street safely.

“Shadow Magician, we’re about to engage, ask your people to prepare themselves. Remember, you have to be quick, we can’t guarantee that the Corpse Official won’t turn around and focus on the crowd instead!” Zuo Feng voice came.

His voice was still echoing in Mo Fan’s ears when a sudden gust swept across the street, breaking the glasses on the nearby buildings!

Mo Fan glanced ahead and immediately saw the Imperial Magician named Zuo Feng!

The Wind Wings on his back were extraordinarily glamorous, almost four meters long when fully extended. A gust in the shape of a spiral followed behind his figure...

As Zuo Feng beat his wings, he glided rapidly across the buildings utilizing the Wind Track the wings had produced. Even the puddles on the ground could only reflect a blurry figure!

The undead on the ground felt something sweeping past above them. As they slowly turned their heads around, the Imperial Magician had already flown a hundred meters past them. The group of idiotic creatures finally chased after him!

“This Zuo Feng purposely lured a group of undead away just so it’s safer for the people to cross the street. He’s a nice guy!” exclaimed Mo Fan.

A moment later, while the undead was less dense, Mo Fan gave Mu Bai the signal.

Mu Bai finally ‘blew the horn’ to signal the people to advance forward. The people in front did not want to move at the start, but when the people behind shoved them forward, they were forced to move, as they would be trampled to death if they remained still...

As such, the crowd began to move forward. Seven hundred people had suddenly turned into a suicide squad as they rushed out from the building, straight toward the street that was crawling with undead!

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Chapter 617: Refining the Corpses to Produce Skeletons!

As the winds swept past the street, even the raindrops were falling at a slant.

Zuo Feng flew past the street while maintaining the same altitude. He could see the enormous lump of flesh in the middle of the avenue.

The Corpse General had a pair of muscular legs, like those of a toad. At the same time, it could withdraw its legs and turn itself into a round ball of flesh, which could easily collapse the buildings on both sides of the street when it was rolling. Half of the buildings that were standing before had collapsed!

The Flesh Mound Corpse Official’s movement speed was fairly slow. Its mouth occupied half of its entire body, like the huge entrance of a mountain, with a bottomless belly.

As a matter of fact, the size of the Flesh Mound Corpse Official was similar to a giant house, yet its belly was rather unique, as if it would not expand even if containing over a thousand undead inside.

Zuo Feng was less than two hundred meters away from the Flesh Mound Corpse Official when he halted. He was not intimidated by the Flesh Mound Corpse Official’s terrifying appearance or strength, but many Phantom Generals covered in blood-stained gray clothes had suddenly appeared in front of him.

There were more than ten Phantom Generals in total, each circling the Flesh Mound Corpse Official continuously, like a pet spirit. To Zuo Feng, it simply looked like a bunch of flies flying over a giant lump of poop.

The Phantom Generals kept on producing the gas of death. The presence of death was so thick that any living thing nearby could no longer breathe.

At the start, Zuo Feng's vision was shrouded by the black gas, preventing him from seeing what the Flesh Mound Corpse Official was up to. When he finally arrived before the creature, he subconsciously gasped!

The Flesh Mound Corpse Official remained in place, but the Phantom Generals had turned into workers moving dead bodies to the Corpse Official. The corpses of dead people mauled beyond recognition were placed in front of the Flesh Mound Corpse Official. Meanwhile, the Flesh Mound Corpse Official opened its mouth and swallowed the dead bodies or even some that were still holding onto their last breath into its belly.

Its long tongue was like a production belt in a factory, transporting corpses and living humans alike into its stomach...

Meanwhile, below the Flesh Mound Corpse Official's main jaws was another smaller mouth that kept on spitting something out, which turned out to be skeletons!

These skeletons were obviously freshly produced. They were totally clueless about how to move their bodies at the start. However, the skeletons soon became new members of the undead family and began searching for living things nearby.

"It's refining the corpses to produce skeletons!" Zuo Feng shivered in fear.

No wonder the Flesh Mound Corpse Official remained stationary. It turned out that it was producing skeletons continuously!

Everyone killed by the Phantom Generals was carried away and placed in front of the Flesh Mound Corpse Official. Meanwhile, the Flesh Mound Corpse Official's stomach was obviously a place with the utmost presence of yin. Even living humans would be turned into skeletons within a short period of time after they were thrown inside it, let alone dead people...

No wonder the number of undead on the street kept on increasing. Any Magicians were also worn out after handling the undead across the city. These Flesh Mound Corpse Officials were actually turning the people of the city into undead, like mobile factories!

"We have to let the higher-ups know about this, or else the whole city is going to be turned into undead!" Zuo Feng said to his two comrades grimly.

"Normal communication devices are no longer usable. This whole place is filled with the strong presence of death.

"This is extremely important, you should go back to the inner city at once and tell the higher-ups to send Advanced Magicians out to eliminate these Flesh Mound Corpse Officials as soon as possible!" said Zuo Feng.

The other two Imperial Magicians did not expect that the Flesh Mound Corpse Officials were capable of producing skeletons, either. The city had millions of people. At the rate that the Flesh Mound Corpse

Officials were turning people into skeletons, the whole city would be overrun with an army of skeletons before the tide of undead reached the city!

"I'll go back at once, but you two will have to handle it alone..." said the Imperial Magician with Magic Wings on his back.

"Don't worry, we can handle it," said Zuo Feng.

The Flesh Mound Corpse Officials were definitely a huge threat to the city. The longer they were around, the threat they would have to face would grow to be even more unimaginable.

The Winged Magician nodded. He immediately retreated and flew toward the inner walls through an alleyway.

--

As soon as the Imperial Magician left, Mo Fan, who was at a greater height soon learned the situation.

"What's happening?!" Mo Fan yelled at Zuo Feng, hoping that the Imperial Magician could hear him across the distance.

"The Flesh Mound Corpse Officials are continuously producing skeletons! The reason why this whole place is crawling with skeletons is because that creature is able to turn any dead or living humans into a skeleton after devouring them!" replied Zuo Feng, using the Psychic Element.

Mo Fan was shocked.

From his position, he could only see a black mist surrounding the Flesh Mound Corpse Official. He was unable to see what the creature was doing clearly, although it was clear that its surroundings were crawling with an army of skeletons. It turned out that the creature was producing them from corpses!

The new finding was simply too terrifying!

It was disastrous enough that the people of the city had died at the hands of the undead, yet even their bodies were forcibly turned into skeletons instead of being buried...

The freshly produced skeletons would continue to kill, and the dead would be tossed into the Corpse Official's stomach to produce new skeletons. The cycle would repeat endlessly. The people of the Ancient Capital were all going to be turned into undead in no time!

How terrifying was that!?

"Tell the people to cross the street as soon as possible. If all seven hundred people die here, they will form an army of skeletons. My comrade has gone back to request backup, so you have to hurry too!" Zuo Feng's voice was slightly trembling. It seemed like the Advanced Magician was also feeling the urgency!

Anyone would feel a chill deep in their soul after they learned how the undead were able to reinforce their army through the deaths of the living!

"I... got it!" Mo Fan finally recovered from his astonishment.

His gaze shifted back to the crowd crossing the street. However, for some reason, all Mo Fan could see was a bunch of white skeletons...

No way, he would not let them die here! Otherwise, the army of skeletons would surely deal a devastating blow to any survivors!

“Quick! Quick! The zombies are coming, to the other side of the street. There are Magicians there waiting for us!” Mu Bai stood on top of a bus and yelled at the crowd.

“Earth Magicians, faster, push the vehicles on the road aside, push them further!” yelled Zhou Ming at the Magicians beside her as she led the way.

The long zebra-crossing was stacked with vehicles. Their plan was to let the Earth Magicians clear a path by pushing the vehicles out of the way. Not only would it give the people a clear path to escape to the other side, the vehicles would also form barriers on both sides and slow down the undead!

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Chapter 618: Same as a Team!

“Ice Lock, use Ice Lock to tie the vehicles together as barriers!” Shorty ordered in a loud voice.

The disciple of some renowned family, named Du Lekang, was also an Ice Magician, same as Mu Bai. They both used their ice chains to tie the vehicles scattered on the streets together, stacking them up into a tall barrier.

The group did have a fair number of Magicians. It was not too difficult for them to clear a path and stack the vehicles on both sides. Basically, the barriers were completed by the time the crowd at the front reached the zebra-crossing!

Soon, people started crossing the street like a slowly flowing river. The people in the front were mostly men in their robust years. They were able to speed up the flow behind without blocking the way ahead.

The women and children were in the middle, surrounded by the men. At the start, everyone tried their best to stay in formation to protect the women and kids so they would not lose their way among the crowd. However, when the cries of undead rose from all directions, and undead approached the barriers on both sides, the crowd immediately turned into a mess. Anyone who fell to the ground would be trampled by countless feet, it did not matter if they were old people, kids, or women.

“Those who tripped, try your best to curl yourself up, use your hands to protect your heads and chest!” Shorty yelled when he saw many people falling to the ground.

It always felt the safest staying in a crowd, but when everyone was panicking, it was scarier than fighting against the undead. The Magicians were able to hold the undead off with their spells, yet they could not use their spells to save the people on the ground.

“Forget about the people on the ground, a bunch of them are coming, there are too many of them!” the Magician with thick makeup screamed at Shorty.

The Magicians were all standing on top of the wall of cars, yet packs of undead were already lunging at them before the crowd was even halfway across the street. The cars, buses, and jeeps were unable to slow them down at all, as they could simply hop between the roofs of the cars. Each leap moved them ten meters closer to the crowd. Their physical capabilities were far higher than a human’s!

Most terrifyingly, the number of zombies, skeletons, and phantoms was overwhelming. The cries and screams of the crowd, and the ground shaking as they ran, attracted every undead within a kilometer toward them!

“Ten o’clock, thirty of them, thirty zombies are coming!” screamed the Battlemaga with thick makeup, paling.

Shorty and the woman were responsible for guarding in that direction, yet they were both busy handling a group of phantoms nearby. They would not be able to hold the zombies off.

“Mo Fan, are you waiting for New Year!” yelled Shorty at the top of his lungs.

A few seconds after the yell, a blazing fireball descended from above and exploded right in the middle of the zombies!

Not only did the flames rise up in a huge mushroom cloud, it even detonated the vehicles nearby. The flames spread rapidly as sharp fragments of the exploded vehicles flew in all directions. The zombies were either scorched black or punctured by the fragments...

“I’ll leave the rest to you, there are more coming from the other side,” Mo Fan’s voice came from above.

Shorty spat on the ground and slammed his Fiery Fist at the ground, producing a magnificent Groundbreak that launched the remaining zombies into the sky.

“Why is your second-tier Fiery Fist: Groundbreak weaker than that guy’s first-tier Fiery Fist: Exploding Heaven?” asked the Battlemaga with thick makeup.

“Shut up!” Shorty felt humiliated when he realized that his spell had killed less than ten zombies.

—

At the front of the crowd, the ice chains of Mu Bai and Du Lekang danced in the sky above the crowd, knocking away the undead that were trying to jump into the crowd.

Du Lekang was still too naive because of his youth, still trying to compete with others in a situation like this. He was trying to control five ice chains at once...

However, he had to focus more in order to control a higher number of ice chains. He did not realize that a phantom was sneaking toward him quickly.

“Du Lekang, a Phantom General!” Luckily, his girlfriend reminded him after noticing the creature in time.

Du Lekang turned around and discovered a creature with legs like a spider had crawled onto the bus. It immediately lashed out at him!

Du Lekang was fairly quick with his reactions. He immediately summoned an ice chain back, trying to wrap it around the Phantom General.

To his surprise, the Phantom General was extremely agile. It spun around the bus, dodging the ice chain with ease, before six limbs with icy edges were raised to stab through him.

Du Lekang summoned his Shield Equipment in panic. It was a shield made of deep ocean blue orbs densely packed together. Its defense was not particularly outstanding. It managed to save Du Lekang's life, yet six bloody holes were left on his body.

The wounds were close to Du Lekang's arteries. His blood immediately jetted out from the holes!

"Lekang! Someone save him!" Du Lekang's girlfriend screamed out in panic.

The number of undead was not less than the crowd. Even Mu Bai, who was the closest to him was being kept busy by twenty skeletons nearby. He did not have a chance to cast a spell to help Du Lekang.

The Phantom General's savage face had a vicious look when it realized its attack had only inflicted serious injuries to its target. It adjusted its position and purposely waited for the Shield Equipment to disappear before giving him a fatal blow.

The Shield Equipment did not last long. The Phantom General crouched slightly to accumulate its strength!

Suddenly, a purple-black lightning bolt appeared in the sky above the Spider Phantom General. Its was almost as tall as the building next to it!

The lightning struck the Spider Phantom General. The cunning creature sank into the roof on the bus. Before it could recover, another lightning bolt struck the creature again!

The roof of the bus exploded as the creature was blasted into the bus. Its body was scorched black.

The elegant yet destructive lightning appeared again. It passed through the hole on the bus' roof and landed on the Spider Phantom General.

The Spider Phantom General trembled, its bones thoroughly shattered.

When the cunning creature thought it had all come to an end, more Lightning Strikes landed on it mercilessly!

The bottom of the bus was blasted open. The Spider Phantom General fell through the hole to the ground. Even the surface was cracked open...

The continuous Lightning Strikes were utterly imperious, blasting the creature from the roof of the bus to the ground. Its back was punctured by the lightning rays, its limbs were doing a final dance as its life force drained away.

Meanwhile, Du Lekang was still bleeding heavily on the roof of the bus. He raised his head and glanced at the young man in the black outfit in disbelief.

"Lightning Element... so he's a Lightning Magician!" Du Lekang finally understood why everyone had let him take the higher ground.

“That guy up there, his firepower is as strong as a small team of Magicians!” Mu Bai stated after seeing Du Lekang’s reaction.

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Chapter 619: Killing the Little Phantom General Instantly!

A green Soul Remnant floated out from the bottom of the bus and was slowly drawn inside the Little Loach Pendant.

It was quite effective to refine Warrior-level Soul Remnants into Servant-class Soul Essences. Mo Fan, who was focusing on killing the undead, somehow discovered that another Soul Essence had been refined.

Lately, the battle and killing had been ongoing for quite some time. The Little Loach had been working twenty-four hours everyday to refine Soul Essences for Mo Fan. The number of Soul Essences had risen rapidly.

More undead continued to make their way toward the crowd. Mo Fan glanced at the people and discovered that some of the men in their robust years who were leading the way had reached the other side of the street. The whole zebra-crossing was filled with people, Mo Fan could only see their heads pushing against one another...

However, even with over ninety Magicians protecting the barriers, some phantoms with eerie movement styles managed to sneak past the defense and land among the crowd.

These phantoms had sharp claws. Following every icy slash, some people would fall to the ground with blood jetting out from the cuts. They had no chance of defending themselves.

Luckily, the momentum as the crowd moved together was quite strong, too. These phantoms only dared kill the people on the outer layer, so they could only kill a limited number of people.

The low-level undead were creatures that were both greedy and stupid. If some zombies or phantoms managed to kill a human, the others who smelled the fresh blood would simply lunge at the fresh corpse. Therefore, the death of a single person would always buy time for the others, until the undead had finished enjoying the fresh meat, blood, and delicious organs from the corpse...

Mo Fan could not do anything to the undead that had snuck into the crowd. Even though he could kill them instantly with a Fiery Fist, he would end up killing more people than the undead. The situation was basically the survival of termites, as Mu Bai had mentioned...

As more undead snuck past the defense, more bodies fell to the ground. Each second someone screamed for help as they dropped to the pools of blood on the ground. Meanwhile, other people safely reached the other side of the street.

Mo Fan had long learned the cruelty of this world. The truth was, every battle that happened in this world would have casualties comparable to this invasion of the undead.

Mo Fan pinched the black Undead Crystal he had acquired to pieces. Wisps of energy flowed into his Lightning Nebula under his control...

An eighth!

It was Mo Fan's second time using a Warrior-level Undead Crystal to replenish his energy. As Shorty had mentioned, he could only replenish an eighth of his energy.

Taking a deep breath, Mo Fan drew a Star Pattern without any expression. The ability to draw a Star Orbit with a thought allowed him to cast Basic Spells instantly.

His hands were flickering with lightning. He tossed the lightning right at the zombies outside the barriers. The lightning arcs quickly formed electric fields, spreading between the zombies.

However, they were simply too many zombies. The effect of the shock was significantly reduced when more zombies were caught in the field. As such, they were not actually fully paralyzed. The zombies rammed into the barriers made of vehicles and soon broke a hole through. More undead surged through the defense and immediately lunged at the crowd!

Mo Fan was initially going to turn around, but when he heard the screams of kids, he clenched his teeth with a pale face and forcefully drew another Star Orbit...

The moon-colored Star Orbit tore a gap in the air, from which a wounded wolf leapt out and landed close to the gap where the zombies had broken through.

"Kill them all!" Mo Fan gave the order to the Swift Star Wolf!

The Swift Star Wolf landed among the undead. It turned into a ray of light falling in the air and stomped the ground with great might, knocking more than ten zombies into the air.

The Swift Star Wolf created some space and uttered a roar into the sky, summoning strong winds and sweeping the dust nearby into a wild storm with the Swift Star Wolf in the center.

The pieces of rocks hit the zombies hard, yet they had no sense of pain. However, as the tornado grew stronger, the zombies were lifted off the ground and tossed into the air, before being torn apart by the strong wind or the wolf's claws.

The storm of dust was gradually dyed red, as countless of zombies and phantoms were torn to pieces.

The storm finally dissipated, followed by a rain of blood pouring down from the sky.

The kids and teenagers who were left behind the crowd turned around in shock and discovered that the zombies were all gone. The only things that were left were amputated limbs, inner organs, and lumps of meat and blood...

In the middle of the rain of blood stood a handsome wolf whose hair was dyed red. It was panting heavily, puffing out white air.

Scars, new cuts, and festering wounds were all across the beast's body, yet it continued to follow behind the crowd. Whenever a zombie or phantom was close, it would tear at the undead and rip it in half.

"He...heal!"

A young teenager bit his lips after calling out the spell's name. Sacred white stars were connected slowly one by one, and started to shake, especially when the count reached the sixth and seventh Stars. The whole Star Orbit could crumble at anytime.

The teenager had a determined gaze. His forehead was covered in sweat as he finished channeling the Basic Spell.

The glow of the Healing Spell finally appeared on his palm like fireflies. The young teenager with tender skin joyfully tossed the spell toward the Swift Star Wolf.

When the long wound on the Swift Star Wolf's back was sprinkled with the glowing light, it quickly recovered. The half a meter long cut was soon as thin as a string of hair.

The wound was on the lower back of the Swift Star Wolf. Each time the Swift Star Wolf swung its claws, it would feel a tearing pain from the wound. Although the Healing Spell was quite weak, it did help the Swift Star Wolf get rid of its greatest threat.

The young teenager was very excited. When he turned around, he suddenly saw a man appeared eerily from a shadow...

The teenager recognized him. He was the young Magician that was killing packs of undead from above. His eyes flickered with respect and admiration.

"It's...it's my first time casting the spell," said the young teenager with the Healing Element.

"What year are you in?"

"Year ten. Let me help you, I can heal your Summoned Beast. Your Summoned Beast is so strong, he killed so many undead within a few seconds," said the young teenager.

"Hurry up and catch up to the others. Only a few people in the whole city are able to Awaken the Healing Element as their primary Element, don't die too easily," replied Mo Fan calmly.

"But I can..."

"Save your passion until you reach the inner city. Healing a Magician basically means you've healed a crowd of people," Mo Fan did not speak further to the teenager. He immediately ordered the Swift Star Wolf to bring him to safety.

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Chapter 620: 49 Stars!

The end of the crowd had gradually reached the middle of the street. It was no longer meaningful for Mo Fan to stay at the higher ground. Speaking of which, they had not arranged people to cover the rear, since they were in a rush planning.

Left with no choice, Mo Fan jumped down from the higher ground and protected the rear of the crowd.

The truth was, they did not specifically appoint people to cover the retreat as Magicians were people too. It was definitely the most dangerous job, and anyone who was planning to stay alive would not want to fill a position that could be surrounded by undead at any second.

The back of the crowd was indeed the most dangerous, as the casualties were higher than being on the sides. If it weren't for Mo Fan and the Swift Star Wolf guarding the rear, everyone at the back would have been overtaken by the skeletons and phantoms in the middle of the street.

Once people were split from the crowd, there was no chance of them surviving.

Mo Fan pinched another Undead Crystal into pieces, which only restored a sixteenth of his energy, almost negligible.

The energy was not even enough to draw an Intermediate Star Pattern. It was barely enough to cast a Lightning Strike to slow down the pace of the undead catching up from behind.

Luckily, the Swift Star Wolf was around to eliminate the undead getting closer to him, allowing him to focus on channeling spells without worrying too much.

A huge roar came from not far away down the street.

Following the roar, a wild black gust surged in the direction the crowd was fleeing into. The vehicles on both sides were swept away.

As soon as the vehicles were swept away, it cleared a huge path for an enormous body. Mo Fan turned around and was stunned when he saw the black gust had started from a hundred meters away. His face immediately turned grim.

-Flesh Mound Corpse Official!

-It's the Flesh Mound Corpse Official's breath!

-Damn it, did the two Advanced Magicians fail to suppress it?-

A Warrior-level creature that made it to the crowd would simply reap human lives like a crop harvester. If a Commander-level creature reached the crowd, not only were the few hundred people who were still crossing the street going to die, even those who made it to the other end were in danger!

When Mo Fan recalled how the Flesh Mound Corpse Official was able to turn the bodies it swallowed into skeletons, he immediately felt his hair standing on end!

"Shadow Magician, evacuate the crowd at once. We two are pinned down. The Corpse Official is going to kill everyone!" Zuo Feng's voice came into Mo Fan's mind with a hint of fear and self-accusation.

"Damn it, you shouldn't have sent your comrade away!" cursed Mo Fan.

"If we didn't bring back the information, more people would die!" said Zuo Feng.

"It's coming!" screamed Mo Fan.

The breath of darkness stopped around fifty meters away from the crowd. The Flesh Mound Corpse Official was obviously not planning to use it to attack the crowd. It was only trying to clear the vehicles along the path.

The Flesh Mound Corpse Official extended its strong back limbs. Even though its mass was huge, it actually moved forward by leaping like a frog. Each leap would cover between fifty to sixty meters. As such, it only needed a few leaps to travel a distance of a few hundred meters!

“Run, there’s no point of risking your life too!” Imperial Magician Zuo Feng chased behind the creature. Unfortunately, he did not have any spells that could stop the Flesh Mound Corpse Official.

Every time the Flesh Mound Corpse Official leapt forward, the street and the buildings on two sides of the street rocked wildly.

Its size and its jumping ability gave Mo Fan the feeling that a mountain was charging right at him with the speed of a race car. The visual impact of seeing such an enormous body approaching him made his heart race!

-Run! was the only thought that crossed Mo Fan’s mind. The creature was not something he could handle with his current strength!

But, there were still over three hundred people on the street!

The Flesh Mound Corpse Official could devour over a hundred people at a time, while a single breath of darkness would kill another hundred. The remaining six hundred people were not enough to slow the Flesh Mound Corpse Official down at all!

“Run, staying alive is better than nothing, don’t hesitate, run!” Zuo Feng yelled into Mo Fan’s mind using Psychic Voice.

Anything else would no longer matter if they were dead. Zuo Feng knew he was to blame, yet he did not want the Magicians who were kind enough to escort the commoners to die, too.

If the Magicians ran on their own, they had a higher chance at surviving. The Flesh Mound Corpse Official was aiming for the crowd. It was planning to turn the seven hundred people into skeletons, but the Magicians didn’t have to die!

The young teenager with the Healing Element stared at the Flesh Mound Corpse Official leaping toward the crowd in fear. His heart was overwhelmed with despair.

Does a human actually stand a chance against an undead creature like that?

No matter how powerful a Magician was, there was no way they could do anything to something so big!

The crowd was completely terrified. They had already seen the Flesh Mound Corpse Official coming.

No one could miss the huge creature approaching them. The zombies, phantoms and skeletons were no longer scary compared to the Flesh Mound Corpse Official. Anyone would simply flee subconsciously when facing the undead, but in the case of the Flesh Mound Corpse Official, their minds were completely blank. The despair was so overwhelming that they felt like they were already dead.

The crowd stopped screaming, falling into dead silence.

The people on the outer layer had given up on defending themselves. Their throats were bitten in half while they were still immersed in despair. As their life was drained away, they actually felt slightly relieved that it was better to die this way, instead of suffering both mentally and physically in the upcoming situation!

“Yell, yell, yell, you only know how to f**king yell, can’t you reputable Imperial Magicians be reliable for once!” Mo Fan was enraged as his ears kept hearing Zuo Feng urging him to run for his life.

“What... what did you say?” Imperial Magician Zuo Feng was stunned when he heard Mo Fan’s accusation.

Zuo Feng did not hear it through the Psychic Voice. Mo Fan’s roar was so loud that he could hear it despite the distance between them.

Mo Fan totally ignored Zuo Feng’s advice. When he uttered the roar, little Flame Belle had already come out from the Contracted Space. The little creature was totally aware of the rage burning inside her father’s heart!

“Possess!” Mo Fan ordered her.

Even though the little Flame Belle was still overwhelmed by fatigue, she still surrounded herself in the Calamity Fire and rushed into Mo Fan’s chest.

The Calamity Fire instantly exploded over Mo Fan, fierce flames spreading around him.

The fire burned wildly, yet the fire-shrouded Mo Fan had his eyes closed.

His thoughts went into the space inside the Little Loach Pendant at lightning speed.

Mo Fan took out the Soul Essence most recently refined and inserted it into the Fire Nebula in his Spiritual World as fast as he could.

The Fire Nebula was dim due to the lack of energy, but its forty-eight strengthened stars were blazing red, like fiery crystals!

As Mo Fan inserted the Soul Essence into the last Star, the whole Nebula immediately emitted a blinding red glow. All forty-nine Stars were entirely bright red with a fiery power that many yearned for!

Inside the Spiritual World, all forty-nine Stars were set aflame...

On the outside, Mo Fan’s figure was covered in wild flames like a fire demon. He grabbed his right wrist with his left hand, the energy on his right wrist about to burst out from his body at any second!