

"I guess I'ma just gouge out those eyes of yours so you never dare stare at anyone like that!" Grinding his teeth and pressing his lips together, Gander voiced helplessly. That was his vain attempt at trying to convince both himself and Virus that he had not been afraid.

"But before we get there," In the meantime, turning toward the other disciple in the corner, he signaled him to attack Virus, "let me explain to you why you're going to turn into a cripple today. Go, beat the crap out of him... at the bare minimum, I want two of his limbs gone."

In the meantime, having received his orders, without delay, the other disciple charged at Virus.

But Virus' profile remained as unreadable as ever until the disciple was just about to land a punch on his face. It was at that point when Virus triggered the first form.

'Unnamed Virus Technique, First Form – Impulse!'

Having judged the cultivator to be slightly weaker than Cray, Virus activated the first form. His purpose was to test the waters first.

Of course, since Virus' cultivation was an entire level lower while going against Cray, not only was he compelled to use both of his forms at the time, he also had to reveal the complementary form of his attack techniques as well.

Right now, however, after having successfully broken through to the ninth level of Liberation, Virus wished to know whether the first form of his movement technique would suffice in dealing with the opponent in front of him.? His aim was to calculate the extent of his growth after the breakthrough.

Thus, at his urge, scarcely visible arcs of electricity came to life within his physique while one chain of limit was shattered apart.

Subsequently, right when the punch was about to touch his face skin, Virus' figure vanished abruptly!

"Wha...?" Instantly dumbfounded, the disciple gazed around, albeit, he was incapable of finding a single trace of Virus.

That was until a cleaving palm connected to the back of his neck, impelling the cultivator to faint at once!

Surprisingly, the disciple had not realized Virus was standing behind him up to the moment of going unconscious.

Raising his palm, however, after gazing at it for a while, an honest opinion left Virus' mouth, "Too inefficient."

What Virus was connoting by those two words was the fact that since the first form used five liberated pathways alone, now that he had access to eight routes of releasing the energy, it was absolutely ineffective in exhibiting the true extent of his level of cultivation.

True, due to the increment in the overall level of his energy after the breakthrough, the first form had gotten stronger than before, however, during the entire utilization of the technique, three of his liberated meridians were left dormant and futile, which meant that much of his energy had gone to waste.

Regardless, now that the first opponent had passed out, Virus' pupils were fixed on the second culprit.

The reason why he only made the previous guy faint and avoided actually killing the man was that if he did indeed eliminate him right here in the middle of the city, the Poison Deity clan that was most likely actively searching for any excuses was bound to officially persecute him that way.

Therefore, since he had much bigger plans and goals to achieve in the city, Virus was dead set on controlling and restraining his actions for now.

"Oh? You were able to defeat him that easily? Well, guess it's because he's 'that' useless." Looking at the passed-out man in contempt and derision, Gander announced.

"You were the one who did that to Luna, right?" Finally opening his mouth for the first time, Virus interrogated.

Frankly speaking, Virus did not care about the unconscious cultivator since the main culprit behind the injury of Luna was most likely Gander himself.

"So what? What are you going to do about it?" With his chest puffed out as if he was nothing but proud of what he had done, Gander provoked.

"You're trying to incite me into making the first move, the first strike, aren't you?" Having long seen through Gander's little silly trick, Virus smirked at the man in disdain.

"Your purpose is to have a solid justification for our battle so later on you can defend yourself and say the one that had initially assaulted you first was me and that your only sin was to defend yourself which accidentally led to my death." Elaborating up to this point, Virus also added, "You are solely after an excuse to kill me, if you wanted to just beat me up and teach me a lesson, you would have acted already."

Listening to Virus, a frown crept over Gander's face. Indeed, precisely as Virus was stating, provoking Virus into attacking him was Gander's plan from the very beginning.

In fact, that had been the sole reason why he had gone so far as to cut off both of Luna's legs, a cruel scheme to incur Virus' wrath which was going to justify his following action of murdering Virus.

In his mind, so far, Gander had been deliberating that in case he succeeded in his endeavor, the clan elders may even recognize him as a hero of some kind that had brought out great merit to the clan.

However, now that Virus had seen through his game of conspiracy and deception, he was confident the chance of killing him today was gone.

"Tch, you lucky motherfucker, so you figured it out... I presume you have some brains after all. What a pity, I reckon you won't be taking the initiative then. And here I was-"

Alas, before Gander could even finish his sentence, a vicious grin crept over Virus' countenance out of nowhere while a line transmitted through his brain at lightning pace.

'Unnamed Virus Technique, Third Form – Reinforced Impulse!'

Simultaneously, intense electricity covered his flesh and blood before he was upon the dumbfounded and completely off-guard Gander as he sent a heavy punch right at his face.

"Wai-"

WHAM!

"Gah...!" A few of Gander's teeth were shattered apart while his figure was sent flying away as it hit the wall and left a deep human-size hole inside it.

Bam!

"It's funny how you are so confident about being able to kill me off as long as I make the first move... well, here we go, I attacked you first, let's see just how you plan on eliminating me."

[THE GOD VIRUS](#)

"You!" Shouting in rage, Gander rushed out from the debris of the wall while simultaneously grabbing the hilt of his sword from his waist!

"Die!" Slashing the sword at Virus' face, it was clear he wanted to directly behead Virus!

'Unnamed Virus Technique, Third Form – Reinforced Impulse!'

Without even bothering to equip the sword, Metal of Darkness, Virus did a quick maneuver before dodging out of the opponent's path!

"Huh, you seriously think you can kill me, don't you?" Raising one foot at the same time, he did a swift side-kick, sending Gander flying as a result!

Since the kick had harshly hit the pit of Gander's stomach, he uncontrollably puked everything outside. Furthermore, clearly, there was some blood mixed together with the content of the stomach. Apparently, the kick had been so harsh that he was now suffering from a mild form of internal injury, the kind that would heal on its own with some rest.

"Fucking hell!" Wrath inflaming his eyes, Gander dashed at Virus with no hesitation whatsoever. "I swear I'll fucking rip you into a thousand tiny pieces! Just wait and see!"

This time, even though Virus was totally capable of dodging out of the way, he did not do that. Instead, with the materialization of his weapon in his grasp, all he did was raise his sword and block!

Bam!

As the two swords clashed and locked heavily, Gander could helplessly watch as another blooter thrust him into the wall!

Boom!

Not even pausing to witness the result of his strike, Virus followed the man inside before continuously connecting one kick after another to his fallen figure.

Bam! Bam! Wham!

The floor of wherever they were at currently cracked deeper inside with each kick straightly into the target's stomach and even face.

Bam! Boom! Bam!

One kick after another.

"St-" At first, Gander's profile was as tough as it could get. However, as more wild hits touched his stomach and face, while his flesh got black and blue covered in livid bruises and injuries, at last, that tough profile of his melted away, like it was never there, to begin with.

"What did you say?" Nonetheless, pretending to not have understood, Virus proceeded with his nonstop kicks, impelling even more wounds on his helpless target.

"S-Stop..." Mustering every bit of his remaining strength, Gander barely stuttered the word out while embracing his head using his arms.

"I can't hear you. What did you say?"

Unfortunately, Virus was still not comprehending the meaning behind Gander's message as he requested further clarification.

Bam! Boom!

"P-Please..." Flinching at every movement, Gander begged.

Bam! Wham!

"S-stop."

Wham! Wham!

It was at this point when, as if he finally comprehended the meaning behind the implorings, Virus paused.

"Oh, so you were saying stop. Hmm, alright." When Virus declared that he was going to finally end the bashing, by now, Gander's condition was so tragic that his already pig-like countenance couldn't even show any human expressions.

"T-thank you." With horror clear within Gander's eyes, he thanked him while displaying a sigh filled with relief.

Of course, that was his external reaction alone since internally, a venomous notion was going through Gander's mind, 'Okay, I can't defeat you? Fine! But you will regret doing this to me today. I promise you that. Now, I better act humble, or else he might just as well kill me.' Despite his schemes, Gander was at least smart enough to realize he was not Virus' opponent. Hence, continuing to behave in the same scared manner, Gander was now looking forward to his departure and further planning.

"Alright, you can leave." As that sentence left Virus' mouth, Gander was just starting to feel completely relieved, when Virus' following proclamation garnered his attention, "Luca, come here."

Soon, a confused Luca gradually walked over beside Virus and queried, "What is it, boss?"

Apparently, the earlier kick from Gander had resulted in some shallow wounds all over Luca's body.

"Don't you want to avenge your little brother?" Offering his sword to him, Virus questioned before adding, "Cut off all his fingers, for your brother's sake."

The instant Luca heard Virus' urging command, as if he had been waiting for this moment since the beginning, red veins blinded his sight while his glare locked at Gander's shivering frame.

"Yes, boss!" Grabbing the hilt of Virus' weapon, Luca approached Gander step by step.

"N-No, stop! Don't I-listen to him, don't do something you'll regret later on, you know my clan won't be taking this lying down." Scared of Virus' order, ashen-faced, Gander tried persuading Luca with threats.

And indeed, hearing him, Luca stopped before looking back at Virus worriedly.

"Boss, you won't get into any trouble for this, will you?"

In reaction to that, a kind smile crept over Virus' face as he elaborated, "Don't worry, if it was me who was cutting off his fingers, we all may have gotten in some trouble, but since he was the first one to chop off two of Luna's legs and since you're his brother, your retaliative act of vengeance will be completely justified."

"So, just go ahead and separate those dirty fingers of the bastard that dared harm your brother, make it so he can't hurt others ever again. If the clan still wants to keep up their fair act, they won't do anything to us in return." Indeed, just as Virus was claiming, if the clan wanted to punish someone, that would have to be Gander who was preposterous enough to initiate the attack and cripple a common citizen.

With that, a glint of resolution torched Luca's eyes as he arrived at Gander's fallen figure at last.

"B-but you said I can leave!" Turning toward Virus, feeling wronged, Gander protested with a yell while his spit flew around everywhere.

"Hmm, yeah, I'm a man of my word, you can go away indeed, but only after leaving all your fingers behind." Grinning viciously, Virus announced.

Tongue-tied, a shiver went down Gander's spine as he urged Luca again. "N-No! Wait!"



Swish!

With a simple wave of the sword, one of Gander's fingers was no longer attached to his hand.

"Ahhhhhh!" Ignoring the tragic wails of the pig, Luca went ahead and took another one of Gander's fingers. "That's what you get for doing that to my brother, bitch!"

"N-no, don't do this, you'll regret it!" That was all Gander could say in this situation.

Slash!

"Just die already, bitch!" Rigid cords showing on his neck, Luca kept hacking using the weapon again and again.

Alas, already consumed in his hatred at the horrible sight of his brother acting as fuel, Luca had no intention of ending this streak of vengeance. In fact, each time Gander opened his mouth, he became further resolved to see this through to the end.

Slash! Swish! Slash!

Followed by the reverberation of continuous shrieks of pain and despair, one finger after another fell until ten pieces of flesh were on the ground at last.

All ten fingers of Gander's hand was no more!

It was at this point that Luca seemed to have calmed down slightly as he stopped the butchering.

"Hmm? Why did you stop?" And yet, in spite of having accomplished his boss' instructions, he still faced his confused inquiry.

"Ah, boss, he has no more fingers left." Feeling lost, Luca responded.

"Huh? That's not true... what about his foot fingers? Cut them off as well!" Maintaining his expressionless yet icy image, Virus mandated. There was no way he was going to end the bastard's suffering that easily.

"Ah... okay!" Realizing there were indeed the fingers of his feet left as well, Luca proceeded with brandishing the finger cutter sword more.

Once again, horrendous howls of Gander filled the area. Albeit, this region was so empty that there wasn't even a single fly to be found anywhere.

When picking this region, Gander had precisely chosen it so no one would interrupt his butchering game, however, now, the location itself was the reason why no one was around to rescue him.

Nevertheless, a minute later, ten more fingers were added to the previous count. Again, wiping the droplets of sweat from his forehead, Luca paused.

Woefully for Gander, however, Luca faced the same question for the second time, "Eh? Why did you stop?"

"B-boss... that was truly all his fingers, I guarantee you." Slightly speechless, Luca notified. By now, all the boiling rage that had been building up earlier had been emptied out on the currently fingerless Gander.

"No, there is one more finger left." Pointing at Gander's groin, Virus declared seriously. "That trashy thing of his is not big enough to be considered a leg... it's a finger, so cut it off as well! Also, since he dared hurt your little brother, it's only fair you do the same and harm his little brother too."

Listening to Virus, a tremor went through the despairing Gander's being who was lying on the ground motionlessly so far.

"N-no, please...no. Anything but that. I beg you!" At this point, tears and snot were flowing down his face as he begged most humbly yet. If there was

anything he treasured and valued as much as his life, it was the well-being of his little brother.

"Why is there a finger still attached to his body?" However, frowning, Virus did not show a single trace of sympathy to the guy who had harmed something that had belonged to him.

"Yes, boss!" Understanding that Virus was dead serious, Luca went ahead before waving the sword at the little brother wiggling in Gander's groin.

Swish!

"Noooooooooooooooooooo! Arrghhhh!" The most tragic scream by far boomed the surroundings, leaving behind a hopeless Gander who saw nothing but bleakness for his upcoming future.

"Alright, now you can leave." Vocalizing that, Virus was no longer in the mood to waste any of his attention on his broken guy. Therefore, turning around and picking Luna's legless physique, he urged Luca, "Let's go tend to your brother."

...

After returning to the inn, the first course of action Virus took was to bring the unconscious Luna to his room before placing him on the bed gently.

"Rest." Leaving that command behind, Virus departed from the room. On the way to the inn, they had visited an infirmary and had already bandaged his open injuries.

Walking outside, he also told Luca, "Don't worry about anything and just take care of your brother."

"Boss..." With a lump in his throat, Luca could barely hold in the urge to cry. Today's events had been even more traumatizing to Luca than being abandoned by his own biological parents.

Patting his head, exhibiting a kind smile, Virus simply advised him, "Don't cry.. Now that your brother's going through a rough time, you have to be tougher than ever and show that you are there for him."

## THE GOD VIRUS

### Chapter 503 - Go Ahead

Wiping the wetness around his eyes, Luca held back the tears while sniffing his nose. "Yes, boss. I will do that."

Afterward, watching him enter the room to take care of his hurt brother, Virus nodded in satisfaction. He was content with Luca's sense of responsibility.

If his follower had not cared enough about his little brother's condition, Virus would've been truly disappointed in him since who was to say a kind of person who couldn't even remain loyal to his suffering brother would maintain loyalty to a stranger like him?

Then, turning around, he was about to take his leave, when Archibald's silhouette attracted his full attention.

"Boss! It's done, I bought and installed the signboard!" He exclaimed jovially. For the first time in a long time, there was a light of youth burning within his pupils as he was feeling excited about every upcoming second.

"Good job, the shop also has its own shelves installed already, right?" Touching his chin, Virus asked.

"Yeah, I asked the property owner, he said those shelves belonged to the previous person that had rented the store. Unfortunately, that individual went bankrupt a while after opening the shop to the point he couldn't even pay the rent, eventually, the shelves were able to repay a little bit of his debt to the owner at least." Half-closing his eyes, Archibald explained with an unfocused gaze.

"I see." Rubbing his chin, Virus contemplated a little more before uttering, "Oh, right, go call Augustus over for a moment."

"Yes, sir."

Soon, when Augustus came to him, Virus passed new instructions to the old man, "Augustus, you are to replace Luca and Luna's duty of digging some basic stuff about a person, go ask Luca about the details and their findings so far, he will tell you everything."

With his fingers crossed, Virus was absolutely serious when he suggested. "Just pretend to be a beggar when you go tailing the guy, I bet you're good at it since you were a homeless guy."

"Yes, boss." Initiating and maintaining eye contact, Augustus bowed approvingly.

"Good, just get me his schedule as quickly as possible."

Watching Augustus' departure, Virus turned toward Archibald next, "let's go see how the shop has turned out."

...

A while later, entering the gloomy district empty of customers, Virus reached the very last shop which was his Cultivation Trust store.

Subsequently, after Archibald unlocked the gate, the two walked inside while Virus inspected the tiny shop in the meantime.

'Hmm, everything necessary in order to run a shop is here, a seat, a desk, and the shelves, all that's required now are the goods alone.' After that brief inspection of the empty shelves and the cracked walls behind it, Virus turned toward Archibald and commanded.

"Now, I want you to go and buy a dozen notebooks, I'll wait for you to come back." Declaring that, Virus retreated to the seat of the shop.

Although that request confused Archibald, he knew it probably had to do with what they were going to sell. Of course, for a brief moment, he suspected that Virus may want to sell techniques just like he had at the auction house, however, merely the thought of that made him feel foolish to even presume it, 'Huh... I must be truly going senile, just because he sold one technique for some quick cash doesn't mean he has more available.'

Afterward, exiting the shop, Archibald disappeared for around fifteen minutes while Virus patiently awaited his return.

When he returned with a stack of notebooks and a pen, waving his palm, Virus urged him to bring the notebooks over.

"That was fast, did you perhaps buy the notebooks from the Dead Pool district?" Raising one brow, Virus was slightly curious.

"Yeah, actually, since there are no customers around, the shop owners are really desperate to sell their merchandise, so when I went to one of them and said I want a dozen notebooks, that guy was so happy that the sparkle within his eyes nearly burned me alive, I swear he was literally walking on air."

Furrowing his brows, Archibald held his chin high while acting like a hero that had done a great favor to a commoner.

"Hmm, okay. Anyway, give me one of the notebooks." Not really interested in knowing whether another dude was over the moon or not, Virus jumped over to the main subject he was here for.

Handing over one of the notebooks immediately, Archibald gazed at Virus intently while curiously awaiting his next course of action.

Following that, Virus grabbed the pen and started scribbling without any delay or pause in between.

Nearly an hour later, after he was finished writing the instructions, he went ahead and added the section called the Cultivation Trust's Insight.

Next, closing the notebook, he added a few words on its cover before adding the description segment as well on its relevant page.

「Delirious Judgment Slash」 :<Class: Low-Human>

[Description: A madman thinking him God! The first form is a vertical hacking attack using two liberated pathways, the more 'delirious' you are, the stronger the attack in both forms and vice versa. The second form is a horizontal slash and needs...]

By now, Archibald felt a little bit surprised, however, that level of surprise wasn't worth mentioning, to be honest. 'Well, this one seems to be a weaker technique than the previous one, it is probably another one of his techniques that he's learned prior to grasping that Twisting Tempest Thrust technique we auctioned off earlier.'

Even though he felt it was completely normal for a cultivator like Virus to have access to a few ordinary techniques, there was still an aspect of this situation that was confusing Archibald, therefore, after some hesitation, he inquired.

"Ah, boss... can I ask a question?"

"You just did." Smiling humorously, Virus joked around.

Shifting from one leg to another, Archibald nearly cursed out. "Ah, come on, boss!"

"Haha, go ahead, oldie.." With his brows elevated, Virus permitted the senior citizen to make his inquiry.

## THE GOD VIRUS

### Chapter 504 - Not Done Yet

"Hmm, so, isn't the real owner of this technique you're jotting down and selling going to be upset that you're copying his technique and even profiting out of it? And worse yet, if it's some kind of sect that owns it, you're going to be in

big trouble." Kneading his face, Archibald was truly concerned about this issue.

In reaction to his worries, however, a burst of laughter ensued.

"Hahaha..."

"What's so funny, boss?" Archibald grimaced seeing his boss ridiculing his concerns.

"Hahaha, nothing, oldie. Don't worry, all the techniques I write, I have sole ownership over them since I'm the only one to possess them in the first place." Waving his hand, Virus assured the old man.

'Huh? Could he have perhaps found the techniques in some ancient site or something?' Although that new question popped into his brain, Archibald was smart enough to not dig too deep into the matter.

"Alright, I understand boss." Bowing respectfully, another notion crept into Archibald's mind, 'Well, having one or two ownerless techniques isn't really that amazing though and I don't believe he has anymore, so...'

On the other hand, after having finished the first technique, Virus grabbed a new empty notebook and started scribbling in it.

When he was done, once again, after adding the description and Cultivation Trust's Insight pages, he naturally put the title on the cover too.

「Trash Lash Bash」 :<Class: Low-Human>

[Description: No place for trash! The technique only has one movement and that is to concentrate all energy on the sword using two liberated energy pathways to bash trash with a lash...]

At this point, Archibald was even more surprised. But to be honest, it still couldn't be called an unbelievable event. Thus, he simply remained silent by the side.



Alas, Virus had just started the process of writing as he completed one book after another!

Three books...

Five books...

Seven books!

By the time Virus had concluded the seventh technique, Archibald's eyeballs were nearly bulging out. But still, the operation wasn't over just yet.

Ten books...

Fifteen books...

And shockingly, twenty books!

"Fuck!" Unconsciously yelping that out loud, Archibald's jaw was about to hit the floor at this point. He was utterly stupefied.

"Hmm? Did you just curse?" Smirking in amusement, Virus didn't even bother to raise his head.

"Ah, boss, how do you know so many cultivation attack techniques?" Finally unable to control his curiosity, Archibald questioned.

"Huh? I was born knowing them." Putting on an earnest tone, Virus vocalized.

"What the..." That response of Virus, unfortunately, did nothing but frustrate Archibald. 'Can't you just say you don't want to answer!'

"What?"

"Ah, nothing. But wow, boss, you wrote about seventeen Low-Human class techniques and the rest are Mid-Human class ones. I seriously can't believe you've memorized so many attack techniques!" Truly in awe of his accomplishments now, Archibald didn't hold back the compliments.

"Well, just sit in a corner and watch, I'm not done yet." Observing outside the shop, Virus noticed it had gotten dark outside and it was the middle of the night actually. As even the shortest book had taken him around twenty minutes to finish, a lot of time had elapsed unknowingly.

'Since the previous twenty books were attack techniques, the following ones are going to be movement types.' Having made this choice before even starting the entire operation, Virus started picking several techniques that were most suitable for the current situation.

Afterward, he went ahead and registered twenty Low-Human movement techniques too.

Right now, Archibald was so numb that he could merely stare at Virus blankly. 'I can't even comprehend what's going on at this point.'

Since he had finalized the writing procedure, at last, yawning, Virus noticed that it had already gotten bright outside, an entire day had gone by unbeknownst to him.

Sinking into the process of book writing has temporarily distracted his focus from the passage of time itself.

Nonetheless, standing up, Virus randomly selected two shelves in the shop and wrote 'Movement Techniques' above one and 'Attack Techniques' on top the other one.

And then, after planting the books on the shelves in an organized manner, he attached a price tag beneath each book.

Underneath all the Low-Human techniques, he put a price of five hundred Qi Ingots while below the Mid-Human ones, a price tag of one thousand Qi Ingots of first-grade was visible to the naked eyes.

"Okay, my job's done here, the rest is up to you before we officially open the shop." Letting out an exhausted sigh, Virus now desired nothing but to return to the inn and sleep the whole day.

"Huh? Is there anything else left before we can inaugurate our 'cultivation technique' shop?" Finally getting a gist of what they were going to trade in this location, Archibald confidently called it a 'Cultivation Technique' shop before querying about their inauguration date.

Stroking his jaw, Virus neither rejected nor confirmed the title. Instead, he calmly replied in regards to the matter of inauguration, "Hmm? Yeah, of course, you still need to write another copy for each of the books I've written so far. It's not like we're going to be selling each technique only once, we're going to keep selling them over and over again, oh, we also better notify our customers about that so there would be no misunderstandings later on."

"Umm, we should just write the rule in another signboard stating that 'the customers reserve the right to the bought books alone and not the techniques and content engraved within the books per se' and also 'other copies of the sold books will continue to be sold in our shop and that we do not consent to the buyers making any more copies of the books on their own'. Those two rules should suffice, if they agree, they can buy, if not, the gate is wide open." With gleaming eyes and a face-wide smile, he made a declaration.

"I see. Alright, I got it, boss.." Wearing a broad smile and nods of encouragement at Virus' pride which was a source of his own arrogance, Archibald concurred.

## THE GOD VIRUS

### Chapter 505 - Contempt

"Then, I'll be going back then, I'm kinda tired after jotting down techniques the entire day." Yawning again, Virus was impatient to withdraw to the inn now.

"Yes, boss. Leave everything else to this old man."

...

Leaving the shop, Virus returned to the inn at once.

When he entered the inn, what he witnessed was the profiles of Pira and his boy laughing together.

When Pira noticed Virus' arrival, her eyes went wide momentarily before a shade of red covered her cheeks.

Nevertheless, she greeted him respectfully, "You're back, Mr. Vee. Do you need anything in particular?"

"Thank you, and no, I'll be sleeping now, so please don't send any food or something else to my room." Uttering that, Virus had no desire to remain in her presence any longer and began strolling toward his own room. However, recalling Pira's earlier inappropriate behavior, a thought was exhibited in his mind.

Thus, turning toward Pira's son shortly, he engraved every detail of the boy and even locked his awareness on him while comparing the little boy to both Pira and the old owner of the Decent Inn. He was analyzing to determine whether the boy was the biological son of Pira and the old owner.

However, when the result of his analysis showed up next, contempt overwhelmed Virus' mind while he couldn't help but sneer at this woman called Pira.

Just now, the result of his analysis had determined that although the boy definitely belonged to Pira, the likelihood of him also being the biological son of the old guy was extremely slim.

'This whore has probably slept around with other customers before.'

Now, extremely disdainful toward Pira, Virus left to his chamber.

Disloyalty was one of the attributes that Virus disliked very much.

After getting onto his bed, not in the mood for anything else, Virus closed his eyes, promptly sinking into a deep sleep.

...

In the next three days, while Augustus was busy fulfilling the responsibility that had been imparted to him, the exhausted Archibald was occupied with the task of copying one book after another.

In fact, in these three days, having nothing else to do while taking care of his little brother, Luca had requested Archibald to bring some of the books over to him so he can copy them throughout the day while taking care of Luna.

He absolutely did not wish to be a burden to Virus since he had promised Virus he would not regret accepting them as his servants.

At the same time, his little brother, Luna, had also regained consciousness while he was gradually on his way to full recovery. Albeit, with no legs attached to his torso anymore, Luna was already bound to be a cripple for life.

And today, having nothing better to do, Virus was lying down on his bed while various contemplations were passing through his head.

'Ah, I wonder what my Lil Belle is doing right now? I hope the development of Virusia is progressing without hiccups.' As a matter of fact, thinking about the golden beauty and Virusia drew out an odd form of excitement and eagerness for the upcoming future.

'What about Amara...? I mean, I didn't even notify her that I was leaving, she must be going crazy trying to contact me, haha... well, whatever.' Honestly, imagining Amara going crazy on the other side only made Virus feel amused as he chuckled.

'Ah, messing with detective Lock was kinda fun... maybe I should do it again when I return.' Remembering detective Lock due to Amara as well, Virus itched to tease the detective further.

Having arrived at that line in his deliberation, a sudden knock on his door brought him out of his reverie.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

"Who is it?"

"It's me, boss." Augustus' voice came from the other side of the entrance.

Feeling bored, however, a grin crept over Virus' eyes as he inquired, "And who is 'me' exactly?"

"Boss, it's me." Came the same response, albeit seemingly a little lost this time.

"I know no 'me', go away!"

"Ah, it's Augustus, boss."

"Why didn't you say so from the beginning, come in!" Pretending to be absolutely serious, Virus mumbled, "What's with introducing yourself as 'me'?"

"I apologize, boss." Wearing a rigid and serious face, Augustus proclaimed.

That reaction, however, only made Virus feel bored again, "Ah, you're so dull, anyway, what's up?"

"I accomplished the task I've been handed with." Augustus passed over the news humbly.

"Oh? You've figured out his schedule? So quick?" Frankly, Augustus' efficiency came as a surprise to Virus since for a normal person the duration should've taken at least twice the time. 'Well, this old man keeps getting more mysterious, isn't he?'

"Yes." He confirmed.

"I'm all ears." Leaning back, Virus listened to him in a leisurely manner.

"Well, as you know, the target's name is Blaze Detox, aka the dreg or the drunkard." After a brief pause, he picked up the rest of his elaboration. "His father, Kin Detox, is the chief of the Deity faction. Blaze also has a genius brother called Mon Detox. Those are the basic information that's available to everyone."

"I see... and? What about his daily schedule?" Since that was the main information that Virus had requested in the first place, he skipped to it promptly.

Handing over a piece of paper to him, Augustus started elaborating without any ado, "As you can see specifically in this paper, it's like he doesn't want to stay in the Inner Ricando even for a single second and keeps leaving the area early in the morning. If he's not busy with anything noteworthy, he usually attends a variety of events throughout the city during the morning and the afternoon."

"But the emphasis of his schedule is that he visits a brothel in the Outer Ricando nearly every night, that's like a regular event for him, hmph." Clear contempt exuding from Augustus' eyes, he ended his sentence together with a harrumph.

"And when he's done, in case he hasn't fallen asleep due to his drunkenness, he returns to the Inner Ricando late at night." With a shake of his head, Augustus ended his report, "That is all."

"Hmm..." Observing the piece of paper that contained more detailed information in it, Virus sank into deep contemplation.

Still, that only lasted for a few seconds before he raised his head again and declared, "You did a wonderful job, Augustus."

"Thank you, sir. Is there anything else I can assist you with in this regard?" Politely asking for further instructions, Augustus maintained his humble appearance.

"No, you're done here. Instead, you can just go and help out with the shop from now on. Also, the inauguration event of our Cultivation Trust store is today, so Archibald will most likely appreciate extra hands." Recalling how busy Archibald was nowadays, he suggested Augustus join Archibald.

"I understand." Bowing respectfully, Augustus took his leave and retreated.

...

One hour later, standing in a corner of Outer Ricando in an unknown location, Virus simply observed a certain building without making himself stand out or seem suspicious.

Of course, since his face itself was too strikingly handsome to not stick out, he had to cover his face using a hoody he was wearing at the moment.

He casually sat in a corner and for the next three hours, did nothing but just watch his surroundings seemingly without any aim or purpose.

That was until the sky darkened and the silhouette of a mature man with Viking-gold hair and bristly eyebrows made an appearance.

The way he carried himself gave the newcomer a devil-may-care outlook while his defined cheekbones elevated his mature aura to another level.

He ambled with a tiger-like tread while his nomad-blue eyes twinkled in indifference.

Furthermore, his dishy quality, ritzy dress, and overall dashing profile implied that he should be adored by the fairer sex unless there was a particular reason that stopped them from doing so.



Nevertheless, watching the man walk in the direction of the brothel at sight, having already laid eyes upon his features back in the auction house, Virus knew his target had arrived.

'Here he comes.' Virus pondered without making any sudden movements or an abrupt change in his line of sight.

Keeping him under strict watch, Virus remained relaxed until Blaze was gone, having vanished into the brothel.

'Let's see how exactly you spend your time in there.'

### THE GOD VIRUS

#### Chapter 506 - I Hope So

A few minutes later, acting like a normal customer, Virus followed him into the building. When he was inside, a woman full of elegance and respect came to greet him as she led him through the corridor.

Throughout the whole journey into the brothel, Virus released and maintained his sense of awareness so as to get a full image of the interior of the brothel.

Gradually, a basic map of the structure of the brothel was exhibiting itself in his mindscape. The brothel space was divided into various equal compartment rooms while within each one the customers were either busy drinking with the company of beautiful ladies or they were occupied fucking them.

However, none of that attracted Virus' attention. Rather, his target was Blaze as he continued searching for his current position until he found him sitting in a particular luxury room while drinking.

Immediately, he went ahead and focused his awareness on the left and right sides of Blaze's compartment only to realize that while the left side was occupied, the space on the right was empty with no one inside.

"I want to sit there." Pointing at the space, Virus said.

"Ah, I apologize dear customer, but all those rooms in that area are specified for VIP customers who pay a monthly membership fee." Unfortunately, the woman guide rejected him. Apparently, that section was for the rich.

After the refusal, inspecting the area more attentively, Virus noticed that the services and the women there were of higher quality compared to the ones on the regular side.

Afterward, the two tread through the corridor until the lady pointed at an ordinary compartment with nothing worth mentioning about it. "Since you're a common customer, you can sit there."

"Alright." As it was his first time, Virus didn't want to insist on taking the space beside Blaze since doing so may expose him. Thus, entering the shown room, Virus sat behind the small table.

All around the table, a soft mattress was laid down for the customers to sit down, eat, drink, and have fun.

"Umm, sir, what would you like to have?" Slightly tilting her head, she awaited her reply.

"Just bring me a cup of tea." Virus' choice was simple.

"Yes, would you like one of our women in your lodging?" Since most men that paid a visit to this location had only one purpose in mind, the female guide didn't need to sleep on the matter before asking.

"No, I'll just drink a cup of tea before leaving, though I'll be back again. I'm here to gauge the brothel's quality and see whether it's worth my time and money. " Coming up with that random excuse, Virus rejected.

"I understand." Confirming his orders, the guide was about to turn around and go away when Virus stopped her in her tracks.

"Oh, wait. I've got a question." Remembering something, Virus forced the guide to pause again.

"I'm all ears, dear customer."

"How do I become a VIP customer, how much does it cost?"

In reaction to Virus' inquiry, a glint of interest was inflamed in the lady's eyes as she began elaborating at once, "Ah, the monthly fee for the VIP membership is five hundred Qi Ingots of first-grade, that's the only requirement."

"Since you asked about the VIP membership, let me tell you about its major benefits." When she mentioned the possible advantages of being a VIP, Virus perceived an odd glimmer of joy flickering inside her pupils.

In great enthusiasm, the lady elucidated the topic. "If you become a VIP customer, as a bonus you will receive the best treatment in our facility taking from food to your sitting space, but the main benefit is that our VIP section has its own unique women which are of top-quality. Furthermore, we can even prepare new and fresh women according to your desires and fantasies."

"Hmm? What do you mean?"

"For instance, if you are interested in your neighbor's daughter, we can get her for you, or even if you like your friend's wife, we can bring her to you as well." Maintaining her kind and straight face, she was able to utter such brutal and savage words.

'Hmm, there must be a dangerous gang or organization backing this place.' Concluding that, Virus voiced. "Got it, thanks for the explanations."

"You're most welcome, dear customer." Knowing that he may be a potential VIP client, the receiver lady's attitude had become a lot better now. "I'll send your tea to your room."

...

After the arrival of his ordered tea, Virus proceeded to drink his tea quietly. His goal for tonight was partially accomplished and the rest was left for another day since rushing in the task of stalking someone was a big no and a huge giveaway.

Nonetheless, it took him only a single sip to realize the tea of the brothel wasn't really anything good, though it was still better than the tea of the Decent Inn. Thus, emptying the cup halfway, Virus stood up and left the place.

After leaving, instead of going back to the inn, Virus' next destination was the opening ceremony of his store.

When he got there, however, he noticed that Archibald and Augustus had long opened the door to the general populace and right now, they were sitting behind the counter silently.

"Hmm, what's with the silence? Don't you two know how to talk?" With that, Virus ambled inside.

"Boss, you're here!" Archibald rose to his feet as he rushed forward to greet him.

At the same time, releasing a helpless sigh, he started reporting an issue, "Phew, boss, it's been several hours since we inaugurated the shop, but not a single customer has visited so far. None at all!"

"Don't worry, old man, it's just the first day." Assuming this phenomenon to be entirely normal, Virus reassured the old guy. 'We only need one person to come, buy something from us, and then spread the word to everyone else.'

"I seriously hope so..."

[THE GOD VIRUS](#)

In the upcoming two days, Virus returned to the brothel and even spent five hundred Qi Ingots of first-grade to purchase a VIP membership. As a matter of fact, those five hundred Qi Ingots were the entire capital Virus had at hand and now he was nearly broke.

Furthermore, even after two days had gone by, not a single customer paid a visit to their shop, not even for window shopping.

"Boss... I don't believe this is going to work." Feeling down, Archibald seemed to have lost all hopes of their business somehow surviving because, at this rate, bankruptcy was like an inevitable prophecy.

On the other hand, scowling, Virus remained on his seat before sinking into deep contemplation. 'Since no one's willing to stop by, I have to make them do so.'

A while later, he opened his mouth at last, "It's clear we lack advertisement, no one knows? about this wonderful shop filled with a variety of techniques..."

"Of course, all of this is happening since no one bothers coming to this shitty district, but what is 'advertisement'?" Totally unfamiliar with the term, Archibald's curiosity was inflamed.

"Well..." Sinking into another streak of silence instead of responding, Virus started deliberating on some issues and how to resolve them.

Around a few minutes passed when he finally decided, "Okay, I thought of an idea. Here's what we're gonna do..."

Listening to Virus' rough plan, Archibald was full of doubt. Still, he did as he was told and vanished somewhere briefly before returning with a stack of sheets.

Meanwhile, abruptly picking one paper from the stack, Virus started scribbling on it at a fast pace.

'Reach the apex with us, Cultivation Trust.'

Jotting that sentence down in a large and easily perceivable font, Virus began describing that one Low-Human attack technique was to be given to one lucky winner after drawing lots fifteen days from now on.

During these fifteen days, anyone who wished to be the lucky winner had to personally visit to sign up so they could participate when the lots were drawn.

Beneath the paper, he also wrote the exact address of the shop.

Then, behind the same sheet, Virus wrote the name, class, and price of every book they were selling in the shop.

Following that, he told Archibald to copy everything to all the other sheets as well.

"Alright, I'm leaving for the day." Since it was going to take a while before all the papers were done, Virus exited the store before his immediate departure.

'Let's go to the brothel, shall we?' In the past two days, after elevating his position to that of a VIP member, Virus had gone to the brothel two times overall, once every night.

Unfortunately, he came back fruitless every single time. And tonight, he wanted to try his luck once more.

Therefore, strolling to another district that was filled with brothels and prostitutes, Virus straightly walked to the one that was Blaze's hang-out.

The instant he was there, a receiver woman came to warmly guide him through the corridor. While in there, all of Virus' awareness was focused on the various compartments trying to find his target.

And luckily, this time, he indeed came across Blaze's profile that was occupying a splendid room.

"I want to sit there." Pointing at the empty room beside Blaze's, Virus notified the guide.

"Yes, please follow me, dear client." Due to him being a VIP already, no one could refuse his request unless the space was occupied.

After being led to the room, as always, the guide queried, "What kind of woman do you desire tonight, dear customer?"

"Just bring me anyone to accompany me while I drink my tea." Voicing that impatiently, Virus signaled the guide to leave. The reason why he had asked for a woman besides his usual order of tea was that he did not want anyone to get suspicious.

In case he kept coming here to drink a cup of tea alone, it was bound to draw some suspicion and that may lead to unwanted consequences he wanted to avoid at all costs.

"Both your tea and one of our finest women will be in your presence soon." With that, the guide took his leave.

Alone, at last, Virus released his sense of awareness and focused it all in his neighboring compartment. Subsequently, the clear image of what was happening inside it revealed itself to him.

"Ahh... Uhm... Uh.... hell y-yes Blaze..."

Slap!

"Fuck me! Ah... right there... fuck my b-brains out..."

Currently, putting the woman on four legs, Blaze was busy pounding it into her nonstop while slapping her ass from time to time.

"Do you like that?"

"Yes... yes... yessss!"

It was at this point that a woman strolled over to Virus' room while carrying a cup of tea with herself.

"Hi, I'm Aily, I-I'll be serving you tonight, dear customer."

Locking his gaze on the newcomer, he briefly inspected her.

She was a petite woman, with fiery-red yet oddly shiny hair very neatly arranged, and her round brown eyes together with her long face were giving off an aura of extreme alertness.

Although she tried hiding it, she was shivering like a scared cat about to jump high into the air at the slightest of provocation. The most noteworthy detail of all, however, was her voice, clear, lustrous, and without declension; it touched his ear like the gentlest melody, and yet it was lust-inducing to the point one just wanted to jump on her and mess her up to kingdom come.

"Aily? Alright, I'm Vee, come, sit here quietly." While patting the empty mattress beside himself, Virus signaled the lady to take a seat right beside him.

Meanwhile, all of Virus' focus was once more locked on Blaze's compartment as he observed the goings-on. Alas, that only made him feel surprised.

In the meantime, after Blaze was done fucking the other woman's brain out, he ordered another one to be brought to his lodging.

Afterward, the next round of intercourse was initiated.

In fact, even with that new woman, he still wasn't finished as he kept requesting more and more.

'Huh... I've come across a degenerate.' Shaking his head, Virus determined.

"A-are you perhaps dissatisfied with me, dear customer?" Catching Virus shaking his head repetitively, Aily who was currently leaning onto him



trembled. She was utterly horrified of the consequences that may follow in case she failed to satisfy this client of hers.

"No. I'm just pondering another matter of mine." Drinking a mouthful of his tea, Virus was no longer in the mood to keep watching Blaze. So, standing up, he proclaimed, "That's it for me tonight, goodbye."

Then, before he could even take a single step forward, a hand grabbed his wrist.

"W-what did I do wrong, dear client? P-please don't do this to me."

"Huh? What the hell are you talking about? I'm not doing anything to you."

"I'll be punished if you leave without doing something to me tonight."

That instantly forced an annoyed scowl on Virus' face. However, understanding the degree of cruelty that could be inflicted upon unfortunate souls like Aily in facilities like these, after some hesitation, exhaling a sigh, Virus advised her, "I see. Just say we did it then, it'll be a secret between the two of us."

Rubbing his chin, he reckoned. 'Hmm, this is good news actually. No one will suspect me with this.'

Turning around, he was about to truly depart this time, when he realized Aily was still holding his hand and refused to let go.

"What now?" Now he felt lost by this woman in front of him.

In response, she spoke a sentence with a stutter. "T-they'll notice we didn't do anything s-since..."

"Since what? Don't tell me you're a virgin, haha... ha-...ha...? Wait, you're a virgin for real?" At first, Virus was merely saying it as a joke since the thought of a virgin prostitute tickled him. However, seeing how Aily was blushing like a monkey's ass, he was speechless.

"Huh, a virgin in a brothel, and it's not a joke?" Murmuring that, Virus' eyelids were wide open.

"I-I... my parents sold me to the brothel in exchange for ten cows."

"What the actual fuck is wrong with the people of this city? Why do they all seem to love cows more than their children?" Grabbing his head using both hands, Virus felt like he was going nuts.

### THE GOD VIRUS

#### Chapter 508 - Aily

Noticing him standing still facing the exit, like a hare, Aily tossed herself forward before locking her arms and embracing his legs.

"What are you doing?" His brows elevated, Virus asked.

"Please don't leave just like that. They're going to punish me if you do. Do it with me!"

"..."

"I beg you..." Tears covered the corner of Aily's eyes as she implored. The fate that awaited her in case of failure was so horrible that honestly, she preferred death over it.

On one hand, she desired nothing but escaping from this nightmarish house of terror, on the other hand, she was horrified at the mere imagination of being punished so savagely as the other disobedient prostitutes had been so far.

"I got it, so let go of me now. I'll help you." Seeing Aily in that weak and vulnerable position, Virus' mind jumped back to the scene of him nearly getting killed by the gang of barbarians only to encounter a cheeky woman who deemed herself the hero on a grand quest of saving the damsel in distress. That instantly forced an amused grin over Virus' profile as he accepted to aid Aily a bit.

And yet, filled with doubt and hesitation, she refused to let go.

"I promise."

Only after listening to him promise did Aily gradually let go of Virus' leg as she looked up at him with puppy eyes.

"Just watch me resolve this issue." Vocalizing that, Virus shouted, "Stewardess!"

In reaction, Aily's countenance went ashen white since she assumed Virus was about to betray her trust and notify the stewardess about her clinginess and everything else.

Soon, the stewardess in charge of guiding the customers to their allocated space arrived at the scene before asking, "Yes, dear client, is there something you're displeased with?" Simultaneously, he glared at Aily, furrowing her brows. It was obvious she was threatening Aily with the look in her eyes that screamed, 'You're dead meat if you did anything wrong, bitch!'

"I realized you sent me a virgin, is that correct?" His expression absolutely grim and dark, Virus inquired.

Putting her slim hand over her lips, the stewardess misunderstood him. "Ah, are you perhaps not into virgins? Since it's your first girl, I thought we should offer you a memorable one."

"No, that is not the case, what I'm trying to say is that I'm very content with this woman, wonderful taste! However, I'm not going to deflower her just yet." With his brows raised and pulled together, Virus proclaimed.

"However, I want her alone to serve me from now onward. Moreover, I want her to remain chaste and get ready to accompany me every time I pay a visit."

Slightly unsure about this development, the stewardess didn't know how to respond. "Ah, dear client, that is..."

To be frank, in the past, the stewardess had come across several such cases where a client madly fell in love with one of their prostitutes and tried having a monopoly over them as they even paid extra fees so the brothel won't face any loss due to one girl less.

Alas, the stewardess knew that never ended well for the client since some of the trained prostitutes eventually just couldn't tolerate the lack of dicks and betrayed with the other customers.

On one occasion, one client fell head over heels for a certain prostitute and in fact, that prostitute was infatuated with the man as well. Woefully, one night, seeing her resist the advances of several powerful clients, the annoyed clients had gang-banged her until the madly in-love client came only to witness that prostitute screaming in utmost pleasure while being filled with cum in every one of her holes.

Sadly, that seemed to break the man apart completely as he left the scene with tears and hatred in her eyes.

Most noteworthy of all, however, was the fact that later on, she received the news that the madly in-love man had suddenly gone insane as he attacked those group of gang bangers somewhere.

Albeit, at the very end, all his rage was capable of eliminating one of them alone before the remaining ones mercilessly executed him in his standing position.

What followed afterward was nothing but wave after wave of headaches for the brothel. And that was why she was hesitant to accept.

Mistaking the silence as a sign of rejection, Virus' profile went extremely dark. "I can at least ask for that much with my special membership privileges, right?"

"Y-yes, if you insist, we'll do per your request." Despite confirming, internally, another line was bubbling through her brain, 'Well, what can if he desires to be a moth madly in love with the flame?'

"Good. Then I'll see you soon again." Grabbing the stewardess' shoulder all of a sudden, without any warnings, he unleashed his cultivation energy and concentrated it all on her. "You truly understood my meaning, right?"

Being put under that much pressure, beads of sweat began rolling down the stewardess' already pale face who admitted, "Yes, I understand. She will be only yours, dear customer. She will neither serve another client nor will other men touch her, I'll try my best to keep that promise." Vowing that sentence, a helpless countenance dominated the stewardess' face, 'Let's hope my best effort is enough.'

Meanwhile, another thought sent a shiver down her spine, 'But he was a strong cultivator all along. I shouldn't do something to incur his wrath or hostility or it will be tricky to resolve the situation in case he goes mad like that poor bastard in the past.'

"Good! I couldn't be more pleased with this place, see you later." With that, turning toward the relieved Aily, he merely winked at her before going away.

...

As time elapsed, the fliers were finally ready for distribution.

"Grab the fliers, also, get one copy of that Low-Human attack technique 'Delirious Judgment Slash'." Pointing at a specific shelf, Virus instructed.. After a brief explanation of what they were going to do next, Virus, Archibald, and Augustus closed and left the shop.

[THE GOD VIRUS](#)

"We're going to only visit districts that are inhabited by cultivators or rich families." Announcing their relevant destination, Virus signaled them to chase after him.

Following that, Virus and the two by his side visited the first known district of Outer Ricando that was famously inhabited by cultivators. The area was considered one of the most expensive living locations in the city that housed several powerful and yet rich families of Outer Ricando.

"Watch how I do it and learn." When they reached their destination, Virus ordered them to pay attention since he wasn't going to be the one to do the distribution chore after this.

Anyhow, searching his surroundings for a split-second and spotting a random passer-by, Virus approached the guy before handing him a flier.

"Here, this is a message for you."

Abruptly being approached by a stranger who apparently had some type of message addressed for him, the other person was dumbfounded, "Huh?"

"Who are you?" Alarmed, the man questioned with a frown. Being approached by a total stranger for this type of random reason made the other person rise his guard to the extreme. Now, he was prepared for any type of sudden movement or heavens forbid, an unannounced assault.

"Read the letter first, you'll naturally understand everything." Instead of elaborating, however, Virus simply urged the man to go through the flier before continuing the conversation.

Although the creases in his forehead didn't vanish, the other guy still extended his arm and got a hold of the flier before reading it.

When he was done going through everything, however, filled with disdain, he sneered at Virus. "Hmph, are you trying to scam me or something? Why would you give away a technique for free?"

"Well, despite it being hard to believe, we're just trying to give back to the society and the people." Exuding a saintly aura from all over his being, Virus replied righteously.

"Huh? Is this some kind of joke? You think I'll trust you want to give something away for free?" Scornful, the passer-by was about to turn around and distance himself from this scammer as soon as possible.

On the other hand, since Virus had brought the book over precisely for this situation, he immediately offered the book to him.

"Here, see for yourself."

Unless it was some kind of cultivator with a great photographic memory, Virus wasn't concerned the passer-by would memorize the whole thing in the short period of his access to the book.

As a matter of fact, he merely allowed the guy to skim through a few pages before taking it back.

"Now, do you believe me? Even if you're not a cultivator or even if you're not in the Liberation stage, you can still sign up and possibly win. Let me tell you, if you were lucky enough to win by some heaven bestowed chance, you can easily sell it at some auction house and get a lot of free money on your hands." Exaggerating the worth of the book as much as he possibly could, Virus proceeded to tempt the guy.

By now, the other man's eyes were burning in zeal and anticipation, already imagining what he could do with the money in case he won, thus, with newfound vigor, he told Virus, "Sign me up!"

Shaking his head, however, Virus respectfully informed him, "You can only sign up by coming to the store."

Subsequently, since the stranger was holding the flier like it was his most valuable possession, Virus and his two followers took their leave.

"Wow, boss! That was amazing! He will definitely visit our shop now. What kind of trickery is this!?"

"It's called advertising." Grinning from ear to ear, Virus notified them in some awkwardness. That also made him realize that the cultivators were too easy to scam if one had the means to do so.

Even though many forms of advertisement did exist in the Cultivation Earth, the people here mostly did it intuitively in order to attract more customers. Furthermore, they had yet to come up with innovative methods of doing so since no concrete term had been invented for it.

They just weren't there yet.

Therefore, Archibald's astonishment was honestly understandable.

After that, handing the fliers to the two oldies, Virus concluded the instructions, "Now, just imitate me and do as I did."

...

Afterward, while Virus followed them quietly, Archibald was the first one to start the distribution operation which he called the 'Grand Scheme'. Virus' response to that, however, was 'it's just advertising so stop making such a big deal out of it!'.

As the distribution continued, one flier after another was gone. The trio visited nearly all the cultivation and rich districts without missing nearly a single one.

Several hours later, just as the advertisement papers were about to end, trouble ensued.



"Huh? What are you saying? This was my technique, to begin with! Why are you telling me to give it back?" Currently, after Archibald had handed the technique over to a cultivator to examine the authenticity of the prize, that person suddenly refused to give it back and was even shameless enough to declare the book as his own possession.

"What? Are you for real? Give it back, you shameless thief!" Extending his palm, Archibald was about to take the book back forcibly, when an intense pressure of cultivation immobilized the old man.

The First Level of Liberation!

"Huh? This oldie! You're really bold and daring, aren't you? Aight, Imma put some dirt in your eye." Subsequently, raising his leg, the cultivator was about to kick the senior citizen right in the gut, when another heavy energy which happened to be many times stronger and more intolerable descended upon the man that was about to assault Archibald.

Completely petrified at once, the cultivator gulped down before turning toward the source of that energy in utter horror.

"Fuck off if you're not tired of living yet.." A chilly glimmer freezing his sight, Virus commanded the individual to get lost.

## THE GOD VIRUS

### Chapter 510 - Here We Go!

'Damn it, I thought they were all mortals.' Realizing he had probably offended someone much stronger than himself, behaving like an obedient boy, he returned the book before fleeing the scene at once.

'This is why I bothered enough to waste my precious time and tag along.' Indeed, having long anticipated such a development due to how unreasonable cultivators behaved most of the time, Virus didn't need to utilize any of his processing speed in order to figure out that trouble was destined to knock on their door sooner than later.

In the meantime, they proceeded with the distribution task of the remaining fliers. During the entire process, in spite of a few individuals looking for trouble, none of them actually succeeded in their attempts since the cultivation level of none of them really exceeded the Liberation stage itself.

That was because those with a cultivation base higher than Liberation didn't need a mere Low-Human level technique and even the money they could earn through selling it didn't really garner their greed since they could earn even more if they wished to. In fact, they deemed it far beneath themselves to make a move for such a trashy technique.

Albeit, one's trash was another's treasure.

...

During the next fifteen days, all Virus did was commute between the shop, the brothel, and the inn.

While his main reason and concern for going to the brothel was to stalk Blaze, it would be a lie to say he did not enjoy the company of the seemingly innocent yet unlucky Aily.

Nonetheless, in these past fifteen days, Virus had observed Blaze so much that he could easily predict how he was going to behave and respond in a variety of circumstances. That was how well he had gotten to know the guy by occupying the empty room beside him.

And in regards to the inn, Virus only went there to sleep. In fact, a week ago, Luca and Luna both decided to watch over the shop together with Archibald and Augustus. They did not want to remain a burden any more than they had been already.

As for how Luna could go back and forth to the shop, that had to do with the wooden wheelchair Virus had constructed specifically for him. How he could accomplish that was extremely easy, to be frank. All he had to do was to draw

its precise blueprint and there were numerous skilled carpenters throughout the city to bring life to the blueprint.

Last but not least, in the past half a month, one person after another came to the Dead Pool district with the sole motivation of signing up in the lottery that was going to be held today.

Amongst the participants, while most of them were common people, a lot of them were cultivators as well.

"Boss! It's amazing! Look at our crowded store! I bet most citizens of Ricando have heard of our shop already." Pointing at the tens of clients window shopping in their store, Archibald could barely prevent himself from screaming in sheer joy.

Indeed, not only did they have a lot of regular customers and sales now, but a week ago, having obtained enough capital, Virus had purchased the shop for three thousand Qi Ingots of first-grade which was frankly a thousand Qi Ingots more expensive compared to the initial selling price the desperate owner had demanded.

Nevertheless, not really minding the shop getting a mere thousand Qi Ingots more expensive, Virus outright bought it.

Furthermore, two days ago, after his earnings touched the ceiling of twenty thousand Qi Ingots, Virus commanded Archibald and Augustus to buy the cheapest shops he could in the Dead Pool district without any ado.

Overall, Virus now had nine more empty stores in the Dead Pool region without anyone occupying them.

'Alright. Everything's going according to the plan. To be truthful, things have progressed so smooth so far that I'm gradually starting to get worried.'

Although he was pondering that internally, outwardly, he was busy putting his hands inside a dish filled with thousands of names.

"Here we go, everyone! With you few people as everyone's trusted representatives, we're going to start the lottery now. Let's see who's the lucky winner of this event." He stated.

Messing up the names inside the bowl, Virus mixed them up again and again until everyone was reassured that there was no possibility of intentionally picking a specific name out of the bowl.

Next, closing both eyes, Virus pushed his fingers through the bowl before randomly picking a small piece of paper out. Unwrapping it next, he took a sneak peek at the name before making a declaration.

"And today's winner is..."

Intending to add more suspense to the event, Virus stayed quiet for a while before opening his mouth at last and announcing, "The winner is no one but... Yejil with the identity number of 52365! Congratulations!"

"Damn! Why was it not me?" Messing up his hair, in absolute frustration, one of the customers that had been busy praying to heavens earlier vocalized.

"Fuck, I was sure I was gonna get it. Ahhh!" Another was disappointed to the point of despair while shouting out loud.

Most others, however, were chill about their loss. "Ah, I kinda knew I had no chance considering there were thousands of other participants, but I still had some hope, sigh..."

Every kind of reaction ensued in the shop. However, the vital detail was that none of the people present right now was the winner.

Of course, after the word spread around soon, it didn't take long before the awestruck Yejil rushed over. "I-I really... won?!"

"Yes, you lucky bastard, haha. Here's your reward." Uttering that out loud, Archibald brought and presented the promised book to Yejiil with an envious look in his eyes as if he couldn't be more jealous of him.

Internally, however, Archibald was busy laughing uproariously at all the fools in his surroundings.. 'Hahaha, you fools! We're the true winner of this game.'