

Full Time 471

Chapter 471: The City-State of Potsdam

Chen Jixian scoffed coldly, "Using your daughter to threaten me?"

He asked indifferently, "Even if I could help you, do you know how precious the materials needed to forge a powerful professional weapon are?"

Chen Gu quickly took out a bunch of materials, all seized from the Subterranean Shaman last time.

"Is this enough?"

Chen Jixian was at a loss for words. After a long while, he reluctantly said, "It's enough." Then he took all the materials. "It's too late for this mission, but I'll make it for you when I get back."

Chen Gu looked at his retreating figure, a gentle smile like that of an old father unfolding on his face.

After Chen Jixian returned, Boluo was still sitting on the ground resting. Chen Jixian scowled and berated him, "You're the one lagging behind! Still not seizing the time to practice! What are you waiting for? Do you want to make a fool of yourself in front of those long-headed people when we enter Sparta No.11?"

Boluo was baffled by the scolding. Although the Commander had been quiet before, he wasn't usually this irritable. What happened?

But he had no reason to argue and, swallowing his pride, stood up to continue practicing.

...

After two days of travel, they landed at a military base on Sparta No.11. The base was built inside the belly of a mountain. From the outside, it looked like a very active volcano, with thick smoke continuously billowing from its crater. Every so often, there would be a "minor eruption," scaring off the native inhabitants from approaching.

After briefly acclimating to the planet's atmosphere inside the base, the team set out.

"Our target is the city-state of Potsdam, six hundred kilometers away. It has a main city and six fortresses, with about nine hundred thousand people living within its territory. The city-state controls twenty-one mines and is considered mid-sized on this planet."

"The royal family is the Atulu. They are as greedy as any other royal family but, at least, very submissive towards us."

Gong Shuxu introduced Potsdam as they walked. "Within the territory of any city-state, there are a considerable number of wildmen. Every city-state is now trying to capture and recruit these wildmen by all means—they need miners."

"Mining here is highly dangerous. Collapses and flooding are common occurrences. Therefore, despite the royal families' great encouragement of procreation, the population of the city-states continues to dwindle unstoppably. They need these wildmen to replenish their population."

"Potsdam's policy for recruiting wildmen is to provide housing within the city and three months of food, which is quite generous on this planet."

"Our preferred mine is the Redstone Rift Mine, where we have confirmed the presence of a secret shrine formed by the followers of the Great True God."

Six hundred kilometers away, everyone strode briskly, with only Boluo constantly shouting from behind, "Wait for me..."

They had descended on this planet before sunrise, set out from the military base when the sun was at its zenith, and, before sunset, arrived outside one of Potsdam's fortresses.

The gate guards held matchlock guns—weapons supplied by the Confederation. The power of these guns couldn't even penetrate their Bio-Muscle Exoskeletons, yet on this planet, it was advanced and ferocious firepower, the greatest reliance of the royals in suppressing rebellion.

"Who's there?" As the guards' rebukes and queries sounded, Gong Shuxu stepped forward. The power of the Psychological Spy began to unconsciously influence the guards. "We are here in response to the recruitment," Gong Shuxu said.

The guards were immediately overjoyed. In this era, most people could only work in mining, and even these guards, who patrolled the somewhat dangerous city gates, had to be somewhat related to the royal family to get the job.

So their interests were aligned with those of the royal family.

"Welcome, welcome, a warm welcome. HEHEHE, put down your guns, these are all our own people." Under the influence of both their interests and the Psychological Spy's suggestions, the squad leader immediately became exceedingly enthusiastic.

After that, everything went smoothly, and they were led into the city. Halfway there, however, Boluo wasn't paying attention and tripped hard while going up some stairs.

The squad leader turned back, puzzled. Gong Shuxu immediately explained with a sympathetic tone, "This child has been weak and sickly since he was young, and he hasn't grown up to be very robust."

Not robust enough? Isn't he likely to die after just a few days in the mines?

The squad leader hesitated, "If that's the case..." He was reluctant to allocate housing and food for nothing.

Gong Shuxu quickly said, "Don't worry, we will help him. He won't hold anyone back."

The squad leader then looked at the others. He worried that if he refused this sickly kid, the rest might not be willing to stay either. "Alright, follow me," he said.

Chen Gu observed the city throughout their journey. It was truly not small, capable of housing at least two hundred thousand people, and many areas were still vacant.

But he saw no clues related to that Great True God along the way.

About half an hour later, they entered a district with dilapidated, low-rise houses. Just after turning a corner, Chen Gu saw a portrait hanging on the wall of a small courtyard with a door that was half rotten.

Though it was just a fleeting glimpse, he recognized it instantly as the Great True God!

Chen Gu frowned involuntarily, then continued to observe covertly without showing any reaction. Afterward, more items related to this faith appeared; Chen Gu even saw a pendant with the image of the deity in the collar of a person squatting by the roadside eating.

The proliferation of this cult on the planet Sparta No.11 was worse than the Bureau of Mystic Security had anticipated. In this slum area, Chen Gu estimated that over forty percent had already become believers.

"Okay, here we are. These houses are for you all, one per person. You can pick your own, but remember, only one per person," the squad leader led them to a group of low-rise shanties, most of which were in shambles—some half-collapsed, others leaky and drafty.

Yet the squad leader acted as if he was bestowing a great favor. "Fix them up a bit, and they'll be livable," he said. "For you wildmen, this shouldn't be difficult. In any case, it's much better than the life you had before."

Gong Shuxu nodded slightly. In the squad leader's mind, however, this translated to: These people are overwhelmed with gratitude towards me, full of thanks. Heh, such fools! They even thank me after I've sold them out.

Then, the squad leader began distributing "food"—three metal tokens per person. "Go to the food distribution point in the city," he announced. "One food token is one person's food for a month. Don't lose them, or you'll have nothing to eat for a month."

"There's also something you must remember: you have to start work tomorrow morning!" While saying this, the squad leader shouted at the top of his voice, "Old Charles!"

Chapter 472 Miners

An old man was walking this way, hurrying his steps. "Here they come, all newcomers. I understand. Leave them to me; I'll make sure to bring them to the mine on time tomorrow."

The squad leader nodded. "Old Charles is the head of this street. Follow him, and he will take care of you."

Then, with the 'wild folks looking on with gratitude and reluctance to part,' the squad leader sauntered off. Having recruited these wild folk today, he could receive a hefty "headhunting bonus." Heh heh, he truly wished there were more fools like these, all coming out of the mountains to join the city-state.

After the squad leader and his men left, Old Charles looked at these "newcomers," his eyes holding a complex expression—perhaps sympathy, regret, or even a touch of pity.

In the end, he simply said, "Now that you're here, work hard. Come on, let me help you fix up your houses first."

Old Charles called over a few able-bodied men to help. One of the more lethargic ones started to grumble, "We can barely get enough to eat each day and don't have enough energy for mining. How are we supposed to find the strength to help others for free?"

Gong Shuxu quickly said, "We'll provide meals." He took out a grain token.

Old Charles pushed the grain token back, then turned and glared at that youngster. "Have you forgotten our..." He whispered the last two words very softly, "Vows?"

But everyone present was a Professional, and each one of them heard it loud and clear. They exchanged glances, a feeling dawning on them that they had come to the right place.

"But they aren't true..."

He was cut off mid-sentence by Old Charles's stern interruption: "Shut up!"

Old Charles was growing angry, and those who had wanted to slack off didn't dare say another word, earnestly helping out. By nightfall, they had finally managed to prepare houses for everyone to rest in.

Old Charles looked at the group and smiled kindly. "You must all be hungry. Come on, let's have a meal at my place. Tomorrow, after you've exchanged your grain tokens for rations, you can repay me for this meal."

The group was eager to learn more about this world, so they didn't refuse.

In Old Charles's home, a portrait of "The Great True God" indeed hung on the wall. Chen Gu and Gong Shuxu exchanged a look; they understood.

The food was indeed coarse and unpalatable. However, Old Charles's family ate with great joy. It seemed that this food, which Chen Gu found difficult to swallow, was considered a "delicacy" for entertaining guests on this planet; their usual meals were even worse.

While ravenously eating, Old Charles noticed that the newcomers were eating very little and asked in confusion, "Why aren't you eating?"

Because they really couldn't stomach it.

Chen Gu smiled faintly. "We're full."

Old Charles was taken aback. "You ate so little? That won't do... Never mind, you'll understand tomorrow. You'll need to eat more in the future, or your bodies won't be able to take it..."

Old Charles seemed quite moved, rambling on, yet he didn't dare to speak too plainly due to certain concerns.

Chen Gu deliberately chose a house right next to Old Charles's. After the meal, everyone returned to their rooms to rest. Chen Gu lay in bed, slowly regulating his breathing until it became even and prolonged, mimicking a normal sleeping pattern.

Only then did he hear hushed voices from next door: "They're asleep."

"Let's begin."

Following that was the sound of a wooden door opening. The faithful entered Old Charles's house one by one, followed by a low chorus of praises, exaltations, and prayers—a complete ritual.

By this time, Chen Gu was certain that behind this so-called "Great True God" cult, there had to be some organizers with malicious intent.

According to intelligence, this cult had only been formed a few short years ago. Most naturally formed cults, during such a period, would still be exploring and perfecting their doctrines. They would not have even established a clear image of their deity yet.

Yet this cult had a definite image of its deity, a well-structured organization, and specific ceremonial processes.

Clearly, all of this had been established before their proselytizing even began.

The believers next door spent roughly half an hour on their prayer ritual. Afterward, they gathered and quietly discussed some mining matters from the day. During this, someone mentioned Chen Gu and his companions: "Should we try to convert those newcomers?"

"A bunch of fools. Isn't it better to be free and unfettered outside? They just had to come crawling in here to be someone else's beasts of burden, only to die one day without anyone even knowing."

Old Charles said devoutly, "We have the Great True God. He will surely save and liberate us one day!"

Then he added, "As for them, let's observe for a while longer before deciding anything. Everyone, stay out of it. I'll take responsibility for this matter."

"Alright."

Another half hour passed before they finally dispersed.

The next day, Chen Gu and the others were woken early by Old Charles knocking on their door. "Get up quickly! The ox cart is about to leave. You'll get whipped if you're late."

It was still dark, but doors were opening in every household. People streamed out, converging in the narrow alleys and then onto the wider streets where ox carts awaited. Everyone boarded, and with creaks and groans, the carts set off.

When they returned in the evening, they wouldn't receive this treatment. The ox carts would be used for hauling ore, so they would have to walk back on foot.

Even this small convenience had been won only after the miners had protested several times, resulting in the deaths of dozens of people.

Regrettably, they were not assigned to the hoped-for Redstone Pit but instead ended up at another one called the Green Forest Mine.

Old Charles was still warm and kind, telling Chen Gu and the others, "Working here is tough. Don't push yourselves too hard. I'll have everyone help you out at first, but there's not much we can do. Eventually, you'll have to rely on yourselves."

Chen Gu smiled. "Thank you."

But once work started, Old Charles was left dumbfounded. Are these guys monsters? They could effortlessly lift a basket of ore weighing over one hundred pounds with one hand. Even carrying a basket in each hand, they could still stride along as if unburdened!

At one point, an ox cart laden with too much ore got stuck in a mud pit. The old ox panted heavily, straining fruitlessly to pull it free. Urged on by the overseer, a few miners reluctantly went to push. However, Chen Gu, who was passing by carrying two baskets of ore, simply set one basket down. With a single free hand, he casually pulled the ox cart out of the mud pit!

The miners who had been about to push the cart were left speechless. They turned to look at Old Charles, their eyes asking, What's the deal with this guy?

Old Charles could only shrug. How should I know? he thought. Still, it's good they don't need us to worry about them. After all, everyone here is struggling enough as it is.

Chapter 473: What is He Going to Do?

To prevent anyone from slacking off, each miner had a daily work quota. Failure to meet this quota meant no pay, which in turn meant no daily food ration.

Those with children to feed had to exceed the quota to earn enough extra rations for them.

Even the strongest man needed most of the day to meet his own quota. Yet Chen Gu and his group finished in just over an hour.

Then Chen Gu stood on the hillside, sunbathing...

Old Charles was utterly baffled. They ate so little last night and didn't even have breakfast this morning. Where did they get such tremendous strength from?

After lazing about for a while, Chen Gu returned to the mine pit. This time, he carried eight large baskets by himself!

He carried four in his hands, clamped two under his arms, and shouldered two more! He still managed to haul the ore out steadily.

As he passed, the miners were stunned. What kind of monster is this?

After a few trips, Chen Gu found it inconvenient. Noticing an oxcart nearby without an ox to pull it, he asked Old Charles, "May I use this?"

Old Charles didn't dare make the decision himself and went to ask the foreman. The foreman had already taken note of this 'anomaly,' Chen Gu, but was still skeptical. "Can you pull it?"

"Yeah," Chen Gu replied.

The foreman waved his hand magnanimously. "Alright, I'll let you use it."

The oxcart itself was very heavy. Chen Gu piled over a thousand pounds of ore onto it and then pulled it effortlessly, humming a tune. Along the way, he consistently 'overtook' the old oxen, delivering the ore first.

"'This guy... he's not human,' the miners conceded, completely in awe. His strength was clearly in a different league from theirs."

The foremen were overjoyed, as they too faced pressure. If the amount of ore mined did not satisfy their superiors, they risked being replaced.

If they were demoted from their foreman positions, they would have to return to being miners—a fate even worse than that of an ordinary miner!

Now, with Chen Gu, this extraordinarily strong laborer, their mining quotas could be easily met.

Meanwhile, Gong Shuxu quietly pulled Chen Gu aside. "What are you up to?"

The others had all performed well but had also suppressed their abilities, appearing only slightly stronger than ordinary people.

Chen Gu smiled. "Don't worry, I have my own plans."

「In the afternoon」

The ground suddenly shook. This was followed by a thunderous rumble as a great plume of dust erupted from the mine!

Old Charles turned pale with fright. "A cave-in..."

Everyone scrambled to escape. Thankfully, the collapse wasn't large and soon subsided. But when a few skinny miners risked re-entering the mine to investigate, they emerged with ashen faces. "Nineteen people are buried!"

Everyone sighed and lowered their heads. Mining disasters were frequent, and anyone buried in a cave-in was as good as dead. They felt a pang of shared sorrow, for who knew who might be the next unfortunate soul?

The foremen cursed their rotten luck. This would undoubtedly delay progress, meaning they'd have to exploit the miners even more ruthlessly in the subsequent extraction to catch up.

They waved their hands dismissively. "Go and clear out the mine pit..."

A group of excavators picked up their tools, cautiously probing as they prepared to descend. The collapsed section of the tunnel stretched over thirty meters. Clearing it would take more than four days, leaving anyone trapped inside with no hope of survival.

Furthermore, there was the risk of a secondary collapse. The miners would be risking their lives to attempt a rescue, so their enthusiasm was understandably low.

But then, everyone watched as a man strode forward, snatched two pickaxes, and entered the mine. A rapid series of CLINKING and CLANKING sounds followed, as rock fragments flew and sparks scattered!

Old Charles and the others exchanged glances. Was that Chen Gu? What was he trying to do?

Honestly, even with Chen Gu's superhuman strength, clearing the mine tunnel without using his professional abilities would be no easy feat.

Behind them, Gong Shuxu quietly asked Chen Jixian, "What should we do?"

Chen Jixian pondered for a moment before replying, "He wouldn't act recklessly during a mission. Since he has an idea, let's support him."

So, the word was passed, and the entire special operations team moved as one, following Chen Gu into the mine. Soon, the cacophony of digging and striking grew even more intense.

Huge piles of rock were hauled out. The miners outside hadn't dared enter for the rescue, but they could help move the excavated rock. Old Charles bellowed, "What are you all standing around for? Help out!"

And so, everyone pitched in, even the foremen joining to quickly clear away the excavated rock.

Barely half an hour later, a voice echoed from within the mine: "We've broken through!"

"We found someone!"

"Found a second one..."

One by one, the injured were brought out; they were all battered and unconscious. Fortunately, those rescued after them had only minor injuries and helped each other walk out.

But when Old Charles examined the first three brought out, he sadly shook his head. The relatives of these three men collapsed beside them, wailing loudly.

They were all men in the prime of their lives: one newly married, the other two with children to support. Their wives could barely complete their own work quotas, earning just enough to feed themselves, let alone provide for their children.

It now seemed that three families were ruined.

Old Charles heaved a long sigh, his faith in the "Great True God" growing even firmer. Only by following Him, he thought, can we unite, help each other through hardship, and ultimately achieve true salvation by eliminating the high and mighty royals!

He went over to comfort the grieving women. Chen Gu, drenched in sweat, then emerged from the mine. The rescued miners, deeply grateful, hurried forward to thank him for saving their lives. Every eye that fell upon him held a look of reverence.

To clear a collapsed mine in such a short time... such astonishing power!

Chen Gu waved his hand dismissively, walked over to Old Charles, and patted his shoulder. "Let me try."

Old Charles was stunned. What did he mean, 'try'? Was Chen Gu offering to take his place comforting these widows?

He stepped aside, a little flustered, then realized that wasn't Chen Gu's intention at all. Chen Gu paid no heed to the three women. Instead, he knelt beside the three seriously injured, unconscious miners, took their hands, and began to murmur something.

Surprise flickered in Old Charles's eyes. Though he couldn't catch every word, Chen Gu's murmurs were unmistakably the prayers to the "Great True God"!

One cannot know these prayers without being a believer. And recently, there had been no news of any messenger from another city-state sanctuary coming to make contact.

If Chen Gu knowing the prayers—making him a likely believer—had surprised Old Charles, what happened next made his eyes bulge in utter disbelief.

He saw a faint, reddish glow emanate from Chen Gu's body and flow onto the three severely injured, unconscious miners. Their wounds slowly began to heal; even broken bones started to realign and knit back together on their own!

Chapter 474: Please Call Me Prophet Sir

About ten minutes later, their internal injuries had also improved. Their eyelids moved, and they woke up.

Still a bit dazed at first, they murmured, "What happened to me..."

Their wives had already burst into tears of joy, throwing themselves onto their husbands and clutching them tightly, refusing to let go.

Gong Shuxu and the others nodded to themselves. Atomic Life's healing effect is impressive.

But to the other miners, this was nothing short of a miracle! Even the overseers felt their legs go weak, unable to resist the urge to kneel before Chen Gu.

Regarding the 'Great True God,' they were not ignorant, but what did that have to do with them? These miners could believe in whatever they wanted, as long as they mined enough ore each day.

What this 'deity' preached in his teachings—they neither knew nor were interested in knowing.

Old Charles approached with the utmost respect, folding his hands across his chest and bowing deeply. Using the highest etiquette of the church, he asked, "Honorable sir, may we know your identity?"

Chen Gu stood still and subtly used some of his professional abilities to shroud himself in a faint 'divine light.'

"I am the chosen of God, the Prophet who will lead you out of the vast darkness.

"A few days ago, my clansmen and I were nothing but wild folks hiding in the mountains. But one evening, God suddenly chose me. He came to me in my dreams, using His supreme divine power to let me experience all the sufferings of the world. Then He told me that this world needs saving!

"I knelt down, received a fraction of God's power, and swore an oath before Him that I would save all the stray lambs in this world for Him!

"When I woke up, everything about God was deeply imprinted in my mind. I had never learned these things, but I knew them all—this was a miracle!

"Then, we came here. This disaster was God's way of revealing me to everyone."

He pointed at everyone. "You are the first flock of lambs that God most wants to save!"

This time, the members of the special action squad were the ones left dumbstruck. Chen Jixian couldn't bear to watch anymore. This charlatan is my father... How mortifying.

The buddies who had fought side by side with him in Wuzhaoyin City looked at each other. Chen Gu actually has such a talent for being a charlatan?

Big Rabbit puffed her somewhat chubby cheeks, thinking to herself, He's as good at deceiving people as ever. How did I not see through his true colors back then? He tricked me into joining the Bureau of Mystic Security, thoroughly exploited me, and then that scoundrel callously abandoned me!

Chu Zheng was so excited she felt like exploding on the spot, wanting only to raise her fists and shout, "Instructor is mighty!"

Old Charles took the lead and knelt down. "Oh God above, we have finally welcomed hope!"

All the believers trembled with excitement, especially those Chen Gu had rescued from the mine. Tears brimmed in their eyes as they kept bowing their heads and praising the deity.

Chen Gu's plan was to infiltrate the cult's inner circle directly!

What better, more direct, and effective way to thoroughly investigate the roots of this evil cult? There was none!

The overseers were dumbfounded. Who are we? Where are we? What should we do now?

Chen Gu walked towards the overseers. They immediately hesitated—in the entire mining site, apart from Chen Gu's 'clansmen,' only they were still standing.

At that moment, all the miners gazed at them with a crazed look. The overseers quickly understood that if they did not convert to this 'Great True God,' the believers, already in a frenzy, would likely flay them alive on the spot.

The overseers immediately knelt down. "We wish to convert under my God's dominion."

Chen Gu spoke calmly, "The lambs my God wishes to save aren't just these poor people. My God will show you where you can mine veins of higher-grade ores."

He looked at Boluo, who had yet to realize what was happening and blankly met Chen Gu's gaze. What's he looking at me for?

Chen Gu cursed silently and could only state plainly, "Point out the location of the veins to them."

Boluo, as an Alchemical Master, was skilled at locating high-grade ore veins. Although this wasn't his precise area of expertise, his ability was still like cheating compared to the primitive methods of this world.

Boluo finally reacted with an 'Oh,' as if just coming to. Thankfully, though not the brightest, he was from a higher-level civilization. He wandered around the mining area, singled out a spot, stomped his foot, and declared, "I heard God's voice. He tells me it's here."

The miners didn't wait for the overseers' instructions. With unprecedented vigor, they picked up their tools and, with a great CLATTER, began to dig.

The overseers, skeptical but curious, craned their necks to watch from the side.

Claiming 'conversion' was just due to the pressure of the situation. Deep down, they didn't truly believe in this so-called 'Great True God.'

But doubts crept into their minds, wondering if there really could be such a powerful deity—mainly because Chen Gu played the role of a charlatan so well.

After removing just the outer layer of stone and digging about a meter down, the overseers pounced forward, their eyes gleaming with a wolf-like green light.

High-grade ore! The quality was even superior to the previous ores extracted from this mine.

This time, the overseers were completely convinced. They tumbled at Chen Gu's feet, bowing their heads repeatedly, even more devout than the miners!

Chapter 475: Please Call Me Prophet Sir _2

Chen Jixian turned his face away. What a menace, he thought.

Chen Gu certainly had his own purpose in wanting to subdue these overseers.

The entire mining area was permanently garrisoned by the city-state's army for mine protection. If these overseers reported to their superiors, the army would immediately come to suppress the believers. He also needed to use his identity as a "Prophet" to continue communicating with other shrines and ascertain the inner workings of this heretical cult, so he could not afford to be interrupted by the military.

Now, he had managed the entire mine so tightly that it was like a solid block of iron, allowing him to proceed comfortably with his subsequent plans. This mine pit, too, had become unprecedentedly "unified." The miners and overseers had all become "fellow worshippers." The overseers no longer needed to scream themselves hoarse urging them on, nor did they need to wield whips as threats. The miners, in turn, worked exceptionally hard.

Although a mining accident had caused significant delays, the discovery of a high-grade ore vein meant that by evening, when work ended, this mine pit's total output was the highest of any in the Green Forest mining field!

The head overseer, Yudel, was summoned by the mining field's supervisor and lavishly praised.

「Later that evening」

When they returned to the city, everyone treated Chen Gu and the others with great respect. Old Charles even specially invited Chen Gu to preside over that night's prayer service.

With the covert cooperation of the Psychological Spy Gong Shuxu, every believer who participated in that night's prayers felt as though their soul had grown closer to the "Great True God," and it seemed as if they could truly hear the voice of the deity within their hearts!

After the prayer service, every believer queued up to kiss the back of Chen Gu's hand, asking Chen Gu to bless them before departing with great excitement.

After seeing off all the believers, Chen Gu stayed behind and had a detailed talk with old Charles.

Old Charles voluntarily served as a "follower" to the honorable Prophet, behaving with utmost respect and reverence. Chen Gu's words were more important to him than even royal decrees. So, even though they were in old Charles's home, Chen Gu was seated with dignity while old Charles lay prostrate beside him, having sent his family into the inner rooms.

Fortunately, old Charles only has sons. If he had a daughter, he might have already offered her to serve me in bed by now, Chen Gu mused. With Charles acting like this... it's like I'm the one being pimped out.

"Tell me about the situation with the various shrines," Chen Gu said.

"Yes," Charles replied immediately. "I was also planning to report this to you, Your Excellency. Every mine pit in our Green Forest mining field has a branch altar, just like ours."

Chen Gu listened without a change in expression, quickly understanding. This old Charles is truly a remarkable "talent"! My previous estimates weren't wrong; in this city, about forty percent of the population are followers of the "Great True God"—among the miners, this proportion is higher, around fifty percent or so. Although the doctrines proclaimed by the "Great True God" are very appealing, until

now, there have been no concrete "manifestations" to give the miners true hope. So, having so many believers is already quite an achievement. It's also because this world hadn't previously seen religion appear, so the people are more "naïve" in this respect, easy to sway... However, this "altar master" under my command, old Charles, has actually managed to convert over ninety percent of the miners in his pit into believers! That's far above the average level. One mining field constitutes a shrine, one city a grand shrine. Before I appeared, old Charles also harbored "grand ambitions" of becoming a shrine leader, and then a grand shrine leader—beyond that, he lacked the vision and hadn't thought further.

Now that Chen Gu, the "Prophet," had appeared and displayed miracles right before his eyes, Charles was incredibly excited. I truly must be chosen by God; otherwise, why would the Prophet appear at my side? he thought.

Charles was well-versed in matters concerning believers in other mining fields within the city, but he knew little about other city-states.

"The situation in other mine pits is similar to ours; forty to fifty percent of the miners are our followers. I've personally verified this, so there shouldn't be any issues," he said. "But I haven't been to the other cities. I've only heard that the light of our God is shining on more and more places; even in those dark areas, about ten percent of the miners have converted to our God."

Having finished his report, Charles remained quietly prostrate nearby, not daring to speak further and disturb the Prophet's contemplation.

But he didn't know that Chen Gu's thoughts were entirely different. It's not about how to let the light of *their* God shine over the land, dispelling evil darkness and saving more lost lambs. Quite the opposite, I'm thinking about how to limit this heretical cult, Chen Gu pondered. The situation is more severe than they—or even I—initially assumed, and not by just a little bit. With the current prevalence of believers, banning this heretical cult in these city-states would immediately trigger massive upheavals. What the Confederation wants is for these people to mine peacefully. If large-scale disturbances occur, these believers certainly won't meet a good end. With the Confederation's power, they could easily be wiped out. But a war would kill a large number of people and result in the loss of a significant workforce. I

know this is indeed very cruel to the beings of this planet, but our positions are different. I can't afford to be a saint. Within my capabilities, and without harming the interests of my homeland, I will try to secure some rights for these underdeveloped beings. But my fundamental loyalties will never waver.

Chapter 476: Please Call Me Prophet Sir_3

The Bureau of Mystic Security's original plan was to identify the royalty backing the cult and then eradicate the entire cult.

However, with so many followers, simply eradicating it was no longer possible, as that would cause societal unrest and seriously damage the Confederation's fundamental interests on this planet.

If it can't be simply eradicated by brute force, then... I might as well support it, turning the cult into a normal religion and keeping it firmly in our hands.

Chen Gu already had a plan in mind, but it needed further refinement.

Having claimed the title of "Prophet" for myself, I've already taken a firm step in the overall plan—a brilliant move, if I may say so myself.

He stood up. "Alright, that will be all for tonight. Tomorrow, everything proceeds as usual. Additionally, arrange for me to meet with the other altar masters in the city, as well as the society heads and grand society heads, as soon as possible."

"Yes," Charles replied hastily. Seeing Chen Gu about to leave, he couldn't help adding, "Your Excellency, during the meeting, they might question your identity. After all, they haven't personally witnessed you perform divine miracles and might suspect I've fabricated the story."

Chen Gu smiled. "It's alright. Their skepticism merely proves their loyalty to Our God. Don't worry, I'll handle it."

Charles was thrilled. Does His Excellency the Prophet mean he'll reveal divine miracles again? To think I'd have the good fortune to witness miracles multiple times in my lifetime!

"Yes, I'll start making arrangements to contact them immediately!"

Chen Gu returned to his residence, astonished to find his house filled with all sorts of food, including some meat.

On this planet, that was already the food of the nobility!

Chu Zheng had deliberately chosen to live in the house next to the instructor's quarters. Using the communication device from her [Bio-Exosuit], she told Chen Gu, "Those were sent by some of the overseers."

Chen Gu couldn't help but laugh. These guys are actually giving gifts to the Prophet in private! Are they trying to corrupt my devoted faith?!

He replied to Chu Zheng and then opened the public channel. Everyone, including Marcus, joined the discussion. Chen Gu said, "I have a plan. Let's discuss its feasibility. Then, Team Leader, you'll need to report it to the Bureau."

Chen Gu outlined the general situation and then explained his plan for transforming and controlling the entire cult.

Upon hearing the sheer scale of the cult, everyone fell silent for a moment. Then, as Chen Gu shared his plan, their eyes lit up—it was indeed a good idea.

Gong Shuxu said, "To carry out this plan, we still need to find those manipulating the cult from behind the scenes, including those royals. This doesn't conflict with the task assigned to us by the Bureau. I think it's feasible."

"Moreover, controlling them to work diligently through religion will be more effective than controlling them through the city-state's royal authority. I support this plan."

Gong Shuxu also drew upon his experience to offer several suggestions, making Chen Gu's plan even more viable.

Everyone else also chimed in, offering a mix of useful and not-so-useful opinions. Through their collective brainstorming, the plan was quickly refined.

Chen Jixian had been silent all along. It wasn't until everyone was buzzing with excitement from the discussion that they suddenly remembered: Huh, it seems we still have a commander, and apparently, he's the highest-ranking officer...

So, everyone fell silent. Chen Gu had to step forward and ask Chen Jixian, "What are your thoughts?"

Chen Jixian remained silent for a moment. Just as Chen Gu feared he might withhold his approval, Chen Jixian slowly said, "It's acceptable."

Marcus snapped his fingers. "Good, I'll report to the Director-General immediately."

...

When the news reached Capital Star, it was right during working hours. Qing Ruyan immediately reported to the Director-General. Aviloya also furrowed her brow, surprised that the situation on the planet had become so dire.

She scrutinized Chen Gu's plan and, after thoughtful consideration, made a few calls, then gave her directive: proceed according to plan.

The directive quickly came back. Chen Gu felt greatly relieved, ready to make his move.

...

The miners' work was very hard. The next day, when they went to work, everyone was hesitant to let Chen Gu lift a finger, but he insisted on sharing their hardships and refused any special treatment. With

his and the others' help, the day's quota was quickly met, and the surplus counted as extra income for everyone. This deeply touched all the believers.

During this time, Charles found a moment to report to Chen Gu, "Your Excellency the Prophet, I have sent the message. However, only the other altar masters from the Green Forest Mining Site will be coming tonight."

Evidently, the society heads and grand society heads behind the scenes still harbored doubts about this "Prophet" of theirs and were sending their subordinates to assess the situation first.

Charles was nervous. He had already tried his best to prove to the others that the Prophet was not a charlatan but truly a messenger of Our God. But they still didn't believe him. Only a group of altar masters, of similar rank to his own, would be coming. Will His Excellency the Prophet blame me for handling this poorly?

Chen Gu merely smiled faintly. "It's okay. This is the trial Our God has arranged for us, and also for them."

Charles was immediately filled with admiration. Just look at how magnanimous and pious His Excellency the Prophet is! And listen to how philosophically profound his words are—so reasonable from every perspective, utterly convincing!

At the end of the workday, the head overseer, Yudel, once again received praise from his superiors for greatly exceeding the work quota! He returned in high spirits, showing even greater deference to Chen Gu. Believing in Our God truly has its benefits!

Chapter 477: Please Call Me Prophet Sir_4

Back in the city, after dinner, Old Charles's home started to receive visitors one after another. Today's prayer ceremony was a bit later than usual because they were waiting for the ritual leaders coming from other poor districts.

Each ritual leader was powerfully built and an excellent miner.

Sitting separately to one side, they bore a clear and unmistakable expression of "scrutiny" on their faces. As Old Charles was about to go over and introduce the Prophet to them, Chen Gu quietly raised a hand to stop him. "Let's pray first."

The ritual leaders also devoutly bowed their heads. Knowing that the Prophet had his own plans, Old Charles did not wish to complicate matters further.

As the ceremony began, the ritual leaders thought that Chen Gu would talk with them afterward, but regardless, they harbored great skepticism towards what Old Charles called "miracles."

The sounds of prayer gradually rose. Today's ceremony was presided over by Chen Gu, and the followers were unbelievably devout. However, the ritual leaders suddenly trembled violently, each collapsing and prostrating in succession!

Chen Gu had switched to the memories of Isabella Wu, and his "Spiritual Tentacles" spread out, entering the minds of each ritual leader.

Using the power of the Brain Domain Hacker, he manifested the image of the "Great True God" directly in the minds of these ritual leaders!

Every one of them believed that in this prayer ceremony hosted by the Prophet, they had truly seen their God!

And the voice of their God resonated continuously in their minds as they listened to its teachings, tears glistening in their eyes, their bodies trembling with emotion.

As soon as the prayer ceremony ended, the followers were astonished. The ritual leaders, who had previously sat with restraint and looked at the Prophet with skeptical eyes, were now crawling forward and kissing his shoes!

Moreover, they scrambled, as if being the first to kiss the Prophet's shoes was the greatest honor!

Old Charles snorted coldly to the side, feeling immensely satisfied. Just now you dared to question the Prophet! The Prophet is magnanimous, but if it were me, I would've represented our God and severely punished you. To question the Prophet is to question our God, and that's a grave sin of blasphemy!

Chen Gu sat unmoved, showing a compassionate look of "pity for the world." As each ritual leader kissed his shoes, he wore an expression of "compassion for mankind" while gently stroking their heads.

But inside, he felt sick to his stomach. How much saliva is on these shoes? I can't wear them anymore.

In the business of playing the charlatan, Chen Gu was a professional. As he stroked the heads of these ritual leaders, he employed the power of the Quantum Wizard. With one touch, the ritual leaders

immediately felt the mystical 'connection' between themselves and the Prophet grow stronger. This naturally led them to revere him even more, convinced that he truly was the Prophet sent by our God to lead us, like lost sheep, out of darkness and into the light.

They had assumed that after the prayer ceremony, the "charlatan" would use some trick to gain their trust, but to their surprise, during the ceremony itself, he led them to "see" our God and hear its voice.

Thus, not only was their faith in our God unbreakable, but their belief in the Prophet had also reached a level second only to our God.

After spending the night in communication, Chen Gu left first. A group of ritual leaders humbly followed behind, seeing off His Excellency the Prophet.

Then, they returned to Old Charles's house, anxious and excited at the same time.

"Our God has truly sent down a Prophet! There is hope for our world."

"But we offended His Excellency the Prophet earlier. Uncle Charles, the Prophet won't blame us for that, will he?"

Old Charles snorted coldly. "What kind of person is His Excellency the Prophet, that he would bother with you commoners?"

"After you go back, report everything you experienced today accurately to the president and the grand president. Ask them to come and meet the Prophet. They can't afford to be as shallow as you were!"

"If we let the Prophet down again and he abandons our city for another city-state, that would be a loss for us all!"

Chapter 478 Holy Water

Upon hearing this, many of the altar masters immediately nodded in agreement. If the Prophet felt that the believers here were too barbaric and ignorant to be enlightened, he might indeed give up and head to another city-state instead.

"How about we set off now and go straight to the President's house overnight, then go to meet the Grand President together?" one of the altar masters suggested.

Everyone agreed. Old Charles expressed some worries, "It's very late. One or two people would be fine, but with so many of us moving together, we might get caught by the city guard..."

"My nephew is the deputy commander of the city guard, and I can guarantee there will be no trouble."

With that, old Charles no longer hesitated. "Okay, let's set off now."

After Chen Gu returned, he shed his disguise and immediately started rummaging through the house. He was dominated by a terrible "hunger"!

Damn Isabella Wu! Her ability screws me over every time I use it.

Yudel had quietly prepared a large amount of food for him in the room, but Chen Gu, in his current state, merely glanced at this food and felt a wave of revulsion—normal food no longer appealed to him.

However, the house was empty. After searching for a while, he suddenly found a bag under some grains. Opening it, he discovered it was filled with ash-gray crystals.

"Ore Crystal No. 4!" Chen Gu exclaimed with delight, grabbing a handful and stuffing it into his mouth, crunching away.

The next day at work, when he arrived at the mine, Chen Gu worked alongside the others as usual. But it wasn't long before he was called aside by Yudel. "Prophet, the Grand President and nine Presidents have requested to see you."

Chen Gu was somewhat surprised. He had expected to meet with the altar masters first, then the Presidents, and after them the Grand President, revealing divine miracles step by step, climbing up the hierarchy like leveling up in a game.

He met the Grand President and the various Presidents in Yudel's house.

The house was a simple wooden cabin for the overseers to rest. While the believers, including the altar masters, mostly came from miner backgrounds, the Presidents and Grand President were somewhat different.

What Chen Gu met was a group of people who were dressed properly and behaved with impeccable manners. Among them were many who were heads of the mine overseers.

The President of Greenforest Mining Field was an old man over fifty. His salt-and-pepper hair and beard were neatly trimmed, and he wore a clean, tidy robe, adorned with some gemstone jewelry.

Chen Gu had heard from old Charles that this President, Brenna Glentuha, was the field's record-keeper, responsible for registering the quality and quantity of the ores. Although he wasn't a member of the royal family, he bore a noble title.

On this planet, the common folk had no surnames, just a single name. Only the nobility had surnames, and only families of nobility with historical significance had the privilege of their surnames being passed down through the generations.

Brenna clasped his hands in front of his chest, bowed to Chen Gu, and then introduced him, "This gentleman is the Grand President of our city, Ekli Joshfield."

The believers outside couldn't see the people in the room and did not know who had arrived. Otherwise, they would be utterly surprised to find that their Grand President was actually the chief tax officer of the city.

The Grand President Ekli greeted Chen Gu with the highest ritual courtesy of the sect, "Hello."

But from beginning to end, neither of them called Chen Gu "Prophet" nor did they appear too humble.

Chen Gu understood their intentions and nodded. "I have come to guide everyone. My God knows that in this world there exists a pure and peaceful place where all of us yearn to be, yet the evil darkness that surrounds us has caused you all to lose your way. My God cannot bear to see you continue to flounder in confusion, and thus, sent me."

As he spoke these words, he exercised his power to manifest directly into their minds the "pure and peaceful place" he spoke of.

In that place, divine authority was supreme over imperial authority. Followers of the "Great True God" were spread over every corner of the planet. Even in the mountains where the wild folk lived, crude shrines were spontaneously erected for prayer.

Every member of the royal family had to be a devout follower of My God. If their faith was not approved by My God, it would deal a deadly blow to that royal member's reputation.

For a City Lord to ascend, he must also be recognized by My God and crowned by the Grand President of the sect. Otherwise, his claim would hold no legitimacy.

And these royals had to continuously offer taxes to earn My God's approval.

The Grand President and Presidents were initially astonished—indeed, the Prophet's actions were "as if aided by a divine power," revealing miracles to them right at their first meeting.

But soon after, their hearts surged with excitement! The vision of that "pure and peaceful place," filled with devotees and where My God reigned supreme, was indeed something to revere.

However, what these people valued even more was the supreme authority of divine power in that world! Though it was all in the name of "My God," when would My God have the time to constantly watch over the earth? Wouldn't all the power and wealth on earth bestowed by My God be manipulated by the sect? To be precise, it would be in the hands of these higher-ranking ecclesiastics. Take Eric, for instance, currently the chief tax officer; his position was significant, but when compared to the city's royal family, the gap was substantial. The royal family could replace him whenever they wanted to. But in the world shown by the Prophet, it was they who could influence the appointments and removals of City Lords!

Eric and Brenna exchanged a glance. They waved their hands to dismiss all the attendants, like Yudel and old Charles, leaving only Chen Gu and the individuals ranked President or higher in the room.

Then Eric slowly began to ask, "Prophet, does such a world truly exist? Why have we never heard of it?"

This was already an acknowledgment of Chen Gu's identity as the Prophet.

Chen Gu smiled slightly. "Of course, it exists. Even if it didn't, under the divine light of My God, can't we create such a world ourselves?"

Eric and the others hesitated. "But... the royal family would never agree. They wield powerful armies and have the support of those [evil devils from the stars], with mighty military force."

Chen Gu smiled faintly. "We have a large number of followers. On this planet, over ninety percent of the population are miners, and among them, about forty percent are already our followers. They are the most powerful weapon of My God!"

"And this weapon is still growing stronger."

"When all the miners become followers of My God, the royals will have to agree whether they want to or not."

The Grand President and the Presidents inside the room were clearly very intrigued, yet they could not quite make up their minds.

Chapter 479: Our God Has Triumphed

Chen Gu thus threw out his final bargaining chip: "Moreover, I have already received an oracle from our God. He has, with supreme might, vanquished those devils from the stars.

Therefore, except for the weapons they now have, the royal families will not receive any further support.

Even in the process of defeating those devils, our God also acquired a batch of such weapons. As long as we offer enough sacrificial offerings, He is willing to bestow these weapons upon us."

Eric stood up suddenly. "Really?"

He immediately realized his slip of the tongue and hastily apologized, praising our God repeatedly. "I do not doubt our God! Please believe in my unshakable faith in our God!"

Chen Gu smiled, not taking it to heart. "I know this news is too shocking. I was just as astonished as you when I was first granted the oracle. Praise our God!"

"Praise our God!" the crowd said devoutly in unison.

Unable to resist, Eric asked, "Prophet, what offerings does our God require?"

Chen Gu replied, "What is most valuable on this planet? Of course, it's those ores. The more ores there are, and the higher their grade, the more they will please our God."

Eric nodded vigorously. "I understand."

"We need to prepare for this as soon as possible," Chen Gu continued. "I think we should start by gathering as many ores as possible from our city."

A Chapter Head said, "This requires deceiving the royal families, but we have always been doing this. Now we just need to be more efficient about it."

Chen Gu chuckled to himself. Even without me, these people have been deceiving superiors while lining their own pockets for many years.

And Great Actor Chen knew very well. I've unwittingly altered some of the doctrines of this wicked cult. Slowly, I'll turn the entire sect into something unrecognizable.

In the end, Chen Gu said, "Contact the Headquarters as soon as possible. I want to lead my followers on a new journey, to enlighten those devotees who are pious yet still wandering in darkness."

I can't stay trapped in this small city. Otherwise, when will I ever uncover the secrets behind this cult?

"Yes, we will arrange it immediately," Eric bowed and complied at once.

While Chen Gu awaited their contact with the Headquarters, news of the Prophet's arrival spread rapidly within the city—an intended result of the propaganda by the various Chapter Heads.

Great Actor Chen often spoke of a 'pure and peaceful place.' If they could ever reach it, the city where the Prophet first appeared would likely leap from an obscure little fortress to a 'Holy City'! And they, these people, would leave their own names in the history of the Holy Church.

Having heard the great name of the Prophet, some ordinary miner-believers came to him with injuries; others came when they had a headache or fever.

After demonstrating a few 'miracles,' Chen Gu had completely established his identity as the Prophet among the common believers. However, these people showed no sign of stopping. Whenever there was an issue, they still came to the Prophet for resolution!

Eventually, it wasn't just illnesses and injuries that led people to the Prophet. If a wife quarreled with her mother-in-law at home, they also sought the Prophet to mediate!

The Chapter Heads were somewhat overwhelmed. This is the Prophet we're talking about, someone who can communicate directly with our God! What do you think he is, your family doctor? Your entire extended family who meddles in your affairs?

But Chen Gu wasn't impatient and stopped the Chapter Heads from driving away the believers. For these people, their faith is just like that, he thought. One can't expect them to have very high spiritual pursuits. They only believe if there are benefits; without benefits, they have no faith.

Later, Chen Gu simply followed the example of ancient figures. He prepared some 'Holy Water,' mixing in antibiotics and other medicines, prayed over it, and then distributed it.

Finally, after more than ten days, Eric came to seek an audience with the Prophet. "The Headquarters in the main city requests your presence, Prophet. They have already made elaborate preparations to welcome you!"

I will no longer hide in the darkness. I am ready to lead all my followers towards the light! Chen Gu had decided. In reality, this meant bringing the conflict between the Holy Church and the royal family to a head, drawing out those hidden members of the royal family who supported the cult.

There was one downside to this approach: it might prematurely trigger a war for power between the religious authority and the imperial throne, affecting the Confederation's mining income on this planet.

But the battle was inevitable. Allowing the cult to continue growing was even more dangerous. Triggering it early and resolving it sooner was also a good choice. Enduring this sharp pain now is better than suffering far greater and prolonged losses in the future, he reasoned.

Chen Gu nodded. "Very well. Prepare for our departure tomorrow. Have my followers been selected?"

Eric knelt and prostrated himself. "Everything has been arranged, sir. They are all the most devout followers of our God."

Old Charles was naturally among them. However, Eric and Brenna, the Senior Chapter Heads and other Chapter Heads, would not go. They had many interests tied to the local area, and these interests couldn't be guaranteed if they left.

Besides, as long as they supported the Prophet, this city was destined to become a 'Holy City'; their futures were already secured.

「The next morning」

All the believers, having known in advance that the Prophet was leaving to 'preach' elsewhere, spontaneously organized themselves to line the streets and send him off.

Starting from Chen Gu's residence, the crowd of well-wishers extended for thirty miles outside the city! Both sides of the road were lined with believers. They were not wailing or crying, but kneeling and ceaselessly bowing deeply. They firmly believed that the Prophet would surely return.

The royals living in the city usually only knew how to live lives of drunken revelry. They did not care about the lives and deaths of the 'lowly commoners.' To them, these commoners existed only to mine enough ore to provide the wealth they squandered.

But today, the city was deserted. From the highest castle in the city, standing on their terraces, they could see the scene below all too clearly.

The City Lord, furious, bellowed, "Guards! Guards! What are you all doing? Why aren't these lowly commoners mining for me? Where are the overseers? I gave them the authority to whip these lazy commoners harshly!"

He shouted for a long time, but no guards appeared. The City Lord found this strange. Then, from the highest point of the castle, he saw the castle gates open. His own captain of the guards led a group of guards—not in armor and without weapons—hurrying out of the castle. They joined the large throng escorting the Prophet.

Because they were on duty in the castle last night, they had only received the news this morning and had rushed over. Fortunately, they arrived just in time to kneel by the roadside and catch a glimpse of the Prophet. Satisfied, they then returned. It feels as if my entire being has been elevated! each of them thought.

At the highest point of the castle, the City Lord and a group of royals fell silent.

They were accustomed to luxury and debauchery, but they were not fools. Their entire protective force had become followers of this Prophet. If they still shouted about punishing the Prophet's followers, they would certainly be the ones to meet a tragic end.

But the royals exchanged glances. When did such a figure emerge in our territory? And how has the number of his followers grown so large? they wondered.

Chapter 480: All Beings Are Equal

Chen Gu was exhausted. With so many people to see off for such a long time, he had to keep Entanglement Control activated to intensify the "connection" between himself and these followers. Even when he was at the Fifth Energy Level during the memory embodiment, he was secretly gasping for breath from exhaustion.

Having to maintain a calm and collected demeanor in front of the followers made it all the more strenuous.

Moreover, Derek Kun Shen, like Griffin Wester, suffered from obsessive-compulsive disorder. In his eyes, the only "beauty" in this world was perfect symmetry.

Even the slightest bit of chaos was intolerable.

You can imagine the torment Chen Gu underwent while embodying Derek Kun Shen's memories, forced to act like a charlatan while watching the chaotic crowds swarm the streets...

Only when Chen Gu could no longer see the farewell crowd did he, maintaining his composure, say a few words and retreat to the car to rest.

Then, as soon as he closed the car door, his entire body collapsed. He felt wrong all over, but he couldn't pin down exactly what was discomfiting—he felt uncomfortable everywhere.

Among the so-called followers, of course, were Chen Jixian and his group. Additionally, there was Old Charles with a few old acquaintances who had been following Chen Gu from the very beginning.

Some were confidants arranged by Eric and Brenna, and the last portion of people was a bit special.

This special group consisted of only seven individuals selected by Chen Gu and Gong Shuxu, who were anomalies on this planet.

Long-headed people, due to their larger brain capacity, sometimes had the good fortune to possess spiritual power far exceeding that of ordinary individuals.

The initial formation of the royal family came about because these individuals demonstrated strength beyond their peers, slowly establishing privileges.

In this era, while the number of ordinary long-headed people within the royal family was vast, their ancestral genes meant the probability of individuals with strong spiritual power appearing among them was much higher than among commoners. These people were also an essential force in maintaining the royal family's rule.

These seven special followers were individuals with strong spiritual power whom Chen Gu had chosen.

Compared to those whose spiritual power had been strong enough to found the royal family, they were still far behind. However, they could be cultivated slowly, so Chen Gu kept them close.

Without the right opportunities, these people could live their whole lives without revealing their innate spiritual talents, dying in the mines just like their ancestors.

The Prophet chose them as followers, and they were thrilled, believing it was because of their more devout and staunch faith in Our God! Thus, this belief made them even more determined to follow the Prophet to the death!

The territories of city-states were never very large, and the citadel was not far from the main city. However, due to the poor transportation conditions of the era, it still took them a full three days to reach Potsdam City, the main city of the Potsdam city-state.

On the first night, they camped in the wilderness. The followers chopped wood to set up tents, and the Prophet watched happily as Chen Jixian, Gong Shuxu, and Silver Eagle Charles busied themselves, while he only had to sit comfortably and wait for his lodging. What a joy.

On this planet, there were still many "dangers" for ordinary people. For instance, in such wilderness, various powerful wild beasts or dangerous venomous creatures would often appear.

In the middle of the night, a giant beast, five or six meters long, slowly emerged from the dark jungle. Its huge, lantern-like emerald eyes were fixedly staring at the entire group.

Of course, among the followers, there were some with considerable martial strength. They grasped their weapons, overcame their fear, and went to face the threat.

Chen Gu silently shook his head. Even in the dark, he could clearly see beads of cold sweat, larger than soybeans, on the followers' foreheads.

They might be very strong compared to ordinary people, but against such a behemoth... it was best not to even compare.

Amidst the followers' extreme tension, Chen Gu stood up, adopting a compassionate, charlatan-like posture, and slowly said, "All living beings are children of Our God. I will communicate with it."

Having said that, without waiting for objections, he took the initiative to step forward.

"My lord, be careful!" The followers were horrified and rushed out together, ready to risk their lives to protect the Prophet.

But Chen Gu simply waved his hand indifferently. He had already approached the giant beast. To the followers' astonishment, the beast seemed to be very... How to describe it? Submissive!

Before Chen Gu's arrival, it was radiating a dangerous aura, its eyes cold and merciless, regarding all the followers as prey.

But when the Prophet stood before it, those icy, merciless eyes suddenly appeared to be somewhat perplexed.

Then they became somewhat humanized, capable of reflecting some "emotions."

Afterward, Chen Gu walked up to it and reached out his hand.

The beast was five to six meters long, with a shoulder height of over three meters. Chen Gu himself was tall, but even when he raised his hand, he couldn't reach the giant beast's head.

At this moment, however, a scene that left the followers dumbstruck unfolded: the beast obediently lay down, its two sturdy front paws touching the ground as if kneeling, and then it lowered its head, allowing the Prophet's hand to rest perfectly on its crown!

Moreover, the giant beast seemed to immensely enjoy it.

"This..." Old Charles bowed once more, "A miracle!"

Everyone had recognized by now that this giant beast was the infamous "Eight-Fanged Terror Beast," the apex predator of the wild jungles of this world.

And with its six-meter body length, it was among the most powerful of the Eight-Fanged Terror Beasts.

But before the Prophet, it was as docile as a pet.

Even the Combat Rooster was incredibly tame before Great Actor Chen. What chance did this "little fellow" have against the Brain Domain Hacker?

While rubbing the giant beast's head, Chen Gu turned to his followers with a smile and said, "See? As long as you awaken its heart's yearning for Our God, it will be as close to us as a brother, and we will become great companions."

"What the Prophet says is true."

He's so incredible; of course, whatever he says is right!

Chen Gu waved his hand, "Alright, everyone rest. Tonight, let..." He pointed at the Eight-Fanged Terror Beast. "Hm, I need to give you a name."

He counted the giant fangs protruding from the behemoth's blood-red, gaping mouth. "Eh, you're actually different from your kind; you're hiding a slightly smaller fang here. Nine fangs... and with your huge size, let's call you Big Nine."

Selena opened her mouth, tempted to remind him that he was essentially calling a wild beast 'Big Uncle.' But then she thought about Chen Gu's exasperating naming skills... like Combat Rooster. She decisively clamped her mouth shut. This name definitely wasn't the most outrageous one Chen Gu could devise. If she reminded him, he might come up with something even more cringeworthy...

"Tonight, Big Nine will stand guard. Everyone rest well."

"Don't worry, you should trust our companion."

Big Nine lay down obediently nearby, a little distance from the campfire, its large, lantern-like eyes vigilantly surveying the surrounding darkness.