

## Ice Age 641

### Chapter 641: Every Man's Duty

Zhang Yi couldn't help but complain in his mind—Headquarters was seriously stingy. Even at a time like this, they wouldn't bring out their best weapons for them.

But thinking it over, it kind of made sense.

Those weapons, if they showed up in the Outer City, would be treated like legendary gear. Distributing them widely might cause fights over them or even lead to tech leaks.

He understood, sure—but Zhang Yi was the kind of guy who believed that if you didn't take advantage of what's in front of you, you were just a d\*\*n fool.

He leaned over to Baili Changqing and whispered, "Forget what they say—get me and Liang Yue a pair of those black combat suits. With the kind of friendship we have, this shouldn't be a problem, right?"

Baili Changqing looked a little awkward.

"Those are restricted-grade gear. I can't just hand them out. Especially the suits—they're high-tech and I'm not allowed to give you any."

Zhang Yi had asked for two right off the bat, which made it even tougher for him.

Zhang Yi's eyes narrowed. "Tough? Then just forget it!"

Baili Changqing quickly waved his hands with a chuckle. "No need to get mad! It's tricky, but not impossible."

If it were anyone else, Baili Changqing would have to worry about the possibility of them dying in battle.

But Zhang Yi? He wasn't the least bit concerned.

In all of Blizzard City, few people really understood Zhang Yi's strength. But Baili Changqing was one of them.

Zhang Yi had told him personally—his power was no less than the late Captain Bian Junwu's.

And judging by Zhang Yi's usual cautious approach, getting him killed would be harder than climbing to the heavens.

"So what's the plan, then?" Zhang Yi asked.

Baili Changqing looked around, then pulled Zhang Yi into a secluded corner and whispered, "I'll lend you mine and Meng Siyu's suits for now. But you absolutely have to return them once you're back!"

"As for weapons—you've already got your own custom gear. No need to come asking me for more."

Seeing Baili Changqing's serious face, Zhang Yi got it—the black combat suits were that rare.

It was a shame he couldn't walk away with ten or eight sets, but even just two would significantly boost their survival odds during the mission.

"Alright, deal!" Zhang Yi said.

He headed back to the armory and pretended to pick out some gear.

The others had all selected their loadouts too—fully geared up and practically armed to the teeth.

For them, the standard-issue weapons used by the Yan Yun Guards were top-notch.

After everyone was done picking their gear, Baili Changqing said, “Alright, for now, stay here at the Operations Center and wait for further orders. When it’s time, someone will escort you.”

The Operations Center was big enough to have rest areas.

So the Outer City superhumans split into small groups—some seriously discussing tactics, others resting up and preparing for the battle ahead.

Meanwhile, Zhang Yi secretly called Liang Yue over and followed Baili Changqing to the private rest area for the Black Robe Investigation Team.

There, Baili Changqing got Meng Siyu’s suit from her and handed it over along with his own to Zhang Yi.

The suits had intelligent compression tech, so they would adjust automatically to the wearer’s body—no sizing issues.

“You go next door to change!” Zhang Yi said, handing Meng Siyu’s suit to Liang Yue.

She’d seen the black suit before and had heard Zhang Yi talk about its special features.

When she received it, she couldn’t help but think, Zhang Yi actually managed to get his hands on this? He’s incredible!

She took the suit and casually walked over to the women’s locker room.

Zhang Yi headed into the men’s locker room and started changing out of his clothes.

Just then, Baili Changqing walked in from outside.

Zhang Yi turned and met his eyes, a bit on guard.

“What are you doing in here?”

He had just taken off his shirt, revealing a muscular upper body.

Ever since the apocalypse, he never slacked on training. His physique was lean and defined—not a trace of fat on him.

Baili Changqing grinned and waved his hands. “Relax, don’t get the wrong idea. I just wanted to talk before you head out.”

He crossed his arms and leaned against the wall.

Zhang Yi said calmly, “Ask whatever you want.”

Baili Changqing’s expression turned serious. He frowned slightly and stared at Zhang Yi. “What’s your plan for this operation?”

“Headquarters doesn’t know your true strength. They’ve assigned you like any other superhuman.”

“But I know. You’re definitely not weaker than Deng Shentong.”

“So, are you planning to make a move at the crucial moment, take down Moon of Corrosion, and claim all the credit for yourself?”

Zhang Yi had already changed into the tight black suit.

Hearing that, he gave a half-smile.

“Do I look like that kind of person?”

“Pretty much.”

Baili Changqing nodded without hesitation.

“You pulled the same move back in Tianhai City.”

Zhang Yi: “...”

Now that he thought about it... yeah, he kind of did.

Played it low-key at first, then snatched the win when the opportunity came.

Zhang Yi shook his head.

“That time, it was to take out Yuan Kongye and protect myself and the people around me.”

“As for credit this time—honestly, I couldn’t care less. That stuff doesn’t mean anything to me.”

Baili Changqing uncrossed his arms and stared hard at Zhang Yi. “Then what do you care about?”

“Nothing special.”

Zhang Yi smiled. “It’s just that I’m Chinese. That’s all there is to it.”

At those words, Baili Changqing’s gaze softened with admiration.

“So that’s it. I’m sorry—I thought you had some other motive.”

Zhang Yi chuckled. “Of course I have my own thoughts. But at times like this, if a person loses their sense of collective honor, how can they expect to survive when the whole nation falls?”

He calmly finished putting on the rest of his combat uniform, fastening the Velcro with care.

“But since Celestial Squad is leading the charge this time, I’m not about to stick my head out and expose myself.”

“If needed, I’ll act—you can count on that. But for now, I hope you’ll keep this between us.”

He winked at Baili Changqing.

Baili Changqing sighed.

As a captain in Blizzard City’s Investigation Division, keeping something this big under wraps made him uneasy.

But it was his secret with Zhang Yi—he had to keep it.

Still, deep down, he knew they wouldn’t be able to keep it hidden forever.

And when the truth did come out... how would he face Zhu Zheng?

That thought gave Baili Changqing a bit of a headache.

Greed was a scary thing—it left behind endless trouble.

For now, all he could do was take it one step at a time.

“Don’t worry—I get it.”

“I know you won’t let anyone down.”

Zhang Yi smiled even more, but didn’t respond to that.

He wouldn’t make promises. All he could say was—he’d do everything he could to kill as many Moon of Corrosion members as possible, as long as he could keep Liang Yue and himself safe.

#### Chapter 642: Armed Helicopter

Everyone changed into brand-new weapons and equipment, and carried communication and recording devices with them.

Except for Zhang Yi and Liang Yue, nearly everyone had a large tactical backpack on their back.

This was when the convenience of spatial-type superhumans really showed its value.

Chen Xiaoxiao and Peng Li looked at Zhang Yi. After some hesitation, they still decided to carry their weapons themselves.

After all, they hadn’t fully acknowledged Zhang Yi as their team captain.

If necessary, they would choose to leave Zhang Yi and act on their own.

Zhang Yi couldn’t be bothered to offer help.

Giving up the desire to help and respecting others’ fates — this was being responsible both to others and to oneself.

After the combat personnel arrived in Jiangning City, at the Operations Command Center, Zhu Zheng personally oversaw the scene and took charge of directing the tactics.

This mission was essentially a full mobilization by Blizzard City!

It showed just how determined Zhu Zheng was to take down the enemy this time!

Just past midnight, Zhang Yi and the others heard Zhu Zheng's voice through their comms equipment.

"Outer City forces, prepare to move out!"

Zhang Yi and the others immediately stood up. The thirteen of them and a cat were already grouped and ready, planning to take the Blizzard Express to the battlefield.

But just then, Baili Changqing came over and said to everyone, "Come on, I'll take you to the airport."

Zhang Yi and the others: "???"

Airport?

Zhuo Feiyu asked curiously, "In this kind of temperature, can we still fly to Jiangning City?"

Baili Changqing gave a slight smile. "Military aircraft are different from civilian ones. The district has several extreme-cold-resistant fighter jets. We developed them using technology brought in from northern Freemons years ago. They can't handle long combat missions, but for short-distance flights, it's no problem."

"Speed is of the essence. Taking the express train is too slow, and Jiangning City has already been invaded. Taking the train risks being discovered."

Freemons is a northern country, with most of its land in frigid zones, so their cold-resistance technology is very advanced.



Everyone nodded in understanding, then followed Baili Changqing out of the Operations Center.

Once out of the building, they boarded a black combat vehicle and headed southeast.

Less than twenty minutes later, they arrived at an airfield.

The sky was pitch black, and there wasn't a single plane in sight on the tarmac — just a massive dome covering the center of the airfield.

Baili Changqing got off the vehicle first and led the group toward the dome-like structure.

The area was heavily guarded, with dozens of Yan Yun Guards in black combat suits stationed at the entrance.

After Baili Changqing verified their identities with the guards, they were allowed through.

Zhang Yi and the others followed him into the interior of the airfield.

Inside the dome-shaped space, they saw more than a dozen massive fighter jets!

Super-large transport aircraft were nowhere to be found — those couldn't fly in extreme cold.

Zhang Yi examined them carefully and spotted three types of aircraft inside.

Though he wasn't an aviation expert, he'd read some military books and could recognize the types.

Bombers, fighter jets, and armed helicopters.

Baili Changqing led them over to one of the armed helicopters.

He made a gesture to the group. “Get in.”

Zhang Yi looked at Liang Yue, Chen Xiaoxiao, and Peng Li but didn’t say anything and stepped into the helicopter.

This combat-type chopper had a surprisingly large interior, enough to comfortably fit all thirteen of them.

Everyone else followed quickly and boarded the aircraft.

Zhuo Feiyu, however, was cautious and asked Baili Changqing, “Can we guarantee we won’t be attacked in the air?”

If they were hit while flying at high altitude, everyone on board would likely be killed.

Even the toughest enhancement-type superhumans wouldn’t survive a fall from a thousand meters — they’d be smashed into mush.

But this issue didn’t worry Zhang Yi.

With his Dimensional Space ability, he could escape with Liang Yue and Hua Hua even if the chopper went down.

Baili Changqing chuckled at Zhuo Feiyu’s question.

Before he could respond, an old soldier from Xichuan City, Yu Zhengyang, chimed in,

“Don’t underestimate the defense of this armed chopper!”

“This is one of the finest combat aircraft in the country — the Yinglong-17.

Add in the high-altitude advantage, and I can’t think of any superhuman that could shoot it down.”

Zhuo Feiyu replied calmly, “Better safe than sorry.”

It was his first time on an armed chopper, and naturally, he was nervous.

After all, before the apocalypse, he was just an ordinary office worker.

“At least tell us where the parachutes are?”

Yuan Hao asked weakly.

“If something goes wrong, we need to be able to jump.”

Baili Changqing tried to hold back a laugh.

“You better not count on that! In these temperatures, untrained folks like you jumping out would be suicide — you’d freeze into popsicles mid-air!”

“But if you insist, there are parachutes behind you.”

Following his instruction, Yuan Hao found a camo-colored backpack. He quickly handed it to Xia Lingling like a prize.

“Lingling, here you go!”

Xia Lingling frowned, snatched it from him, and tossed it on the floor.

“You’re way too much of a scaredy-cat!”

“I... I’m just worried about you!”

“Pfft, knock it off with your jinx mouth. Can’t you say something nice?”

Xia Lingling reached out and pinched Yuan Hao’s cheeks, making his already pale face look even more ghostly.

Everyone else on the chopper watched the scene like a comedy show.

Even in the apocalypse, where human emotions had grown cold, it didn’t mean people no longer longed for genuine connection.

So seeing Yuan Hao and Xia Lingling’s banter brought smiles and even a hint of envy to several faces.

Zhang Yi happened to glance out the window and saw a few familiar figures near another chopper not far away.

Long silver hair flowed smoothly down the back, and the tall, fit figure would make most men feel jealous.

No doubt — it was the captain of the Celestial Squad, scion of the Deng Family of Blizzard City: Deng Shentong.

At the moment, Deng Shentong was laughing and chatting with the other nine members of the Celestial Squad as they approached their chopper.

They were operating separately from Zhang Yi’s team.

Zhang Yi's group was the advance force, responsible for luring out Moon of Corrosion.

Deng Shentong's team would wait for the enemy to reveal themselves and strike accordingly.

Compared to the anxiety and tension among the Outer City squads, the Celestial Squad members were visibly more relaxed.

Some were smiling, some looked half-asleep — clearly, they weren't taking this mission too seriously.

After all, the Celestial Squad always had the highest mission success rate and the lowest casualty rate in Blizzard City.

In other words, there wasn't a mission they couldn't complete.

And this time, with full support from HQ and Zhu Zheng personally overseeing the operation,

It didn't seem like a particularly difficult task from any angle.

One team member with messy hair yawned,

"Let's wrap this up early today. I promised my wife I'd be back for dinner!"

Another laughed, "It's not even one in the morning. Your wife'll still be asleep when you get back!"

Deng Shentong smiled calmly. "Hey now, don't get careless. This enemy isn't weak. Focus."

"Got it, Captain!"

The team responded with a grin.

Just then, a black stretch limo pulled up beside their helicopter.

A bodyguard stepped out and opened the door, revealing an elderly man in a white Tang suit.

It was none other than Deng Yuanbo, the head of the Deng Family — one of the major figures of Blizzard City.

Chapter 643: Strike

Seeing Deng Yuanbo arrive, Deng Shentong quickly walked over.

“Uncle, what brings you here in person?”

Deng Yuanbo looked up at the nephew he valued the most and chuckled warmly. “This mission is important — both for you and for the Deng Family. I came to personally give you a few words of advice.”

Deng Shentong smiled confidently. “Don’t worry, Uncle. I’m confident we’ll wipe out that gang of thugs within three hours!”

Deng Yuanbo let out a sigh. “You always act like this — that won’t do. There are a few things I want you to take seriously.”

“Please, go ahead, Uncle. I’ll take your words to heart.”

Deng Shentong’s expression turned serious.

Deng Yuanbo smiled faintly, but his tone grew low and grave.

“Don’t underestimate those Ronin from Neon Nation. You’ve never faced them on the battlefield, so you don’t understand how crazy they are.”

“They’re the kind of freaks who’d die for their so-called beliefs. I can’t stand them either, but I have to admit — they’re terrifying.”

“That’s why you need to be extra careful this time!”

His eyes opened wide, sharp and wild like a beast’s.

“If you successfully wipe out Moon of Corrosion in this battle, your name will spread across all of Jiangnan District — and even the world!”

“When that happens, our Deng Family will have room to maneuver.”

Deng Shentong’s face remained confident, but his gaze grew firm.

He gave a slow nod and said to Deng Yuanbo, “Don’t worry, Uncle. I’ll make sure this mission ends in a beautiful win!”

Deng Yuanbo smiled in satisfaction and nodded. “Good. I’ll be here, waiting to hear the news of your victory!”

After bidding farewell to Deng Yuanbo, Deng Shentong turned and walked toward the armed helicopter.

As if sensing something, he glanced toward another helicopter in the distance and saw Zhang Yi leaning against the window, looking over.

Deng Shentong grinned and stepped into his own helicopter.

Zhang Yi gave a faint smile, his mind clear of any complex thoughts.

After all, the business of powerful family heirs like him had nothing to do with Zhang Yi.

He only had two responsibilities:

First, protect himself, Liang Yue, and Hua Hua.

Second, eliminate the members of Moon of Corrosion.

“What are you thinking about?”

Liang Yue’s cool voice rang in Zhang Yi’s ear.

Even Hua Hua looked up, wide-eyed, gazing at Zhang Yi.

Zhang Yi turned back to them, smiling faintly.

“Nothing much. Just wondering how strong that leader of Moon of Corrosion — Phoenixin Ren — really is.”

He was being honest.

After seeing some footage of Daiku Kai Enzu and the others, Zhang Yi already had a rough understanding of Moon of Corrosion’s strength.

The group was on par with the investigation teams — varied but dangerous.

But an organization’s true limit always came down to its strongest member.

Zhang Yi had a feeling — that guy was extremely dangerous.



He even believed that unless they took Phoenixin Ren out, this mission couldn't be considered a success.

Chen Xiaoxiao and Peng Li, sitting nearby, didn't take it seriously.

"Let the Celestial Squad handle something like that!"

Peng Li waved her finger like an experienced elder and advised Zhang Yi,

"You know, the most important thing is to recognize your own limits. Us Outer City superhumans might rule our own territories, but we can't compare with the regular army."

"But there's an upside — with great power comes great responsibility. All we need to do is lure the enemy and buy time for the Celestial Squad."

Zhang Yi smiled even more and nodded at them. "Mm, you're right."

"I think so too."

Meanwhile, back at the Operations Command Center, Commander Zhu Zheng had already taken his seat before the large screen.

Everyone's bodycams were transmitting live footage — all visible to him.

Beside him, Chief of Operations Tu Yunlie and Secretary Lan Xincheng were on standby, ready to coordinate actions based on the battlefield situation.

"Now — move out! Head to Jiangning City!"

At Zhu Zheng's command, the two armed helicopters roared to life.

Massive blades stirred up fierce winds as the hangar roof split open like wings.

The two helicopters lifted off one after the other, flying toward Jiangning City.

Zhu Zheng glanced at the time and instructed, “They can start moving too.”

Jiangning City

It was midnight, deep into the night.

The entire Moon of Corrosion group was still awake.

They had just cleared an area and were now cleaning up the battlefield.

A small local gang at Jiangning Plaza had been completely slaughtered — over a dozen men killed.

In the corner of a warehouse, a mother clutched her daughter tightly, staring in terror at the Neon Nation invaders.

Phoenixin Ren glanced over at them, his eyes calm and emotionless.

To him, there was no real difference between the living and the dead.

“All cleaned up?”

Phoenixin asked indifferently.

Behind him, Shinguuji Seiichiro pushed up his gold-rimmed glasses and replied with clear impatience, "All the stubborn ones are dead. Just these two left. What do we do with them?"

Phoenixin let out a cold chuckle. "Do you really need to ask?"

He shrugged and turned to walk out of the warehouse.

"Nobunaga, send them on their way," he said to the samurai beside him.

Tsukamoto Nobunaga gave him a look like he was an idiot.

"Are you stupid? You want me to do that?"

"A noble samurai doesn't strike down unarmed women and children."

Phoenixin clicked his tongue and pointed at him in annoyance.

"Nobunaga, you really need to get over that dumb habit. That holier-than-thou crap is going to get you killed one day."

Nobunaga scoffed. "Someone like you could never understand the code of the samurai."

They chatted casually as they walked out of the warehouse.

Inside, the mother and daughter glanced at the departing Ronin, their tense expressions easing just a little.

They hadn't expected to be spared.

But just as they thought they'd survived, an eighteen- or nineteen-year-old girl wearing a black mask walked in.

She stared coldly at them, then raised her hand and fired two silver needles — straight through their throats.

“A ninja never shows mercy.”

Naruse Hanachiyo said coldly, then vanished into the shadows.

Meanwhile, Phoenixin and Nobunaga were still arguing over their samurai ideals.

Suddenly, the Miko, Takeuchi Mayumi, who had been silently following Phoenixin, made a soft noise of surprise.

She slowly looked up at the sky.

“Ren — danger is coming.”

Phoenixin's casual demeanor instantly disappeared.

Everyone else also followed her gaze up into the sky.

“A threat from the heavens, huh?”

Phoenixin sneered.

“Ah, I get it now. Those guys from Jiangnan District just won't give up — coming after us again!”

Shinguuji Seiichiro clicked his tongue, visibly annoyed. “Ugh, what a pain! Are we gonna get wiped out this time?”

“Of course not.”

Phoenixin grinned, his expression twisted with madness and cruelty.

“They’re the ones who are going to die.”

#### Chapter 644: Sea of Fire

The armed helicopter cut through the night sky, its hardened shell frosting over from the freezing night air, but it didn’t slow its rapid flight.

However, in this kind of environment, its range was severely limited — only suitable for short-distance missions like this one.

After flying for just over ten minutes, Zhang Yi and his team had already crossed from Blizzard City to Jiangning City.

As they approached the skies over Jiangning, through the frosted window, they vaguely saw a warm yellow glow flickering across the land below.

“Huh? What’s that? A bonfire party or something?”

Zhang Yi leaned in closer.

At the same time, faint rumbling sounds reached their ears.

Everyone heard it — a deep thunderous noise — and moved toward the windows.

What they saw stunned them all.

A raging sea of fire!

The city center — Jiangning Plaza — had been turned into an inferno!

Explosions continued to erupt from the ground, loud enough to echo through the skies like thunder!

“What the hell is going on?”

Zhang Yi frowned, surprised by the sight.

Just then, Zhu Zheng’s voice came through their comms at the perfect moment.

“Do you all see the explosions in Jiangning City?”

“Don’t be alarmed. This is the first step of our operation. We’ve deployed Canglong-5 bombers to carry out a strike across the entire Jiangning Plaza.”

“After this wave of bombing, there will be nowhere for Moon of Corrosion to hide. Even if we can’t wipe them out directly, we’ll at least flush them out.”

Zhang Yi instantly thought of the bombers he saw at the airport — it all made sense now.

Moon of Corrosion had equipment that could block satellite surveillance within a five-kilometer radius.

But Blizzard City had its own methods — just bomb the entire plaza.

All problems come from lacking firepower.

And Blizzard City? Definitely not short on ammo.

If not for the logistics challenges, Zhu Zheng would've brought in hundreds of cannons and flattened the whole place.

Yu Zhengyang clenched his fist, eyes glowing with excitement.

"Now things are going to be much easier for us!"

"With any luck, they'll all be blown to pieces!"

Zhuo Feiyu, however, calmly reminded them, "It's better not to get our hopes up."

"If those guys were that easy to kill, we wouldn't have spent so much time preparing for this."

Yu Zhengyang took a deep breath. "I know! No need to remind me."

Peng Li, standing near Zhang Yi, leaned toward the same window.

Looking down at the blazing sea of fire, she asked, "With this kind of large-scale coverage, unless they're really familiar with the terrain and found underground shelters, it's hard to imagine anyone surviving."

Zhang Yi didn't answer her directly. Instead, he asked,

"Have you ever heard of napalm bombs?"

"Huh?"

Peng Li blinked her large eyes — she'd never heard of such a thing.

Zhang Yi pointed at the fire below.

"Simply put, they're incendiary bombs. They don't have the explosive force of traditional bombs, but they can spread fire over a wide area."

"Even the headquarters wouldn't use explosives to bomb a full five-kilometer radius. So they're using a lot of napalm instead."

"It's to deplete the oxygen and destroy food supplies in the plaza — forcing Moon of Corrosion to come out and fight."

Zhang Yi chuckled. "I don't believe those guys would just let themselves burn to death, especially not in this weather."

Peng Li blinked skeptically, then turned her gaze to Chen Xiaoxiao.

Chen Xiaoxiao nodded. "He's right. But at least now, finding the enemy will be easier. We won't have to worry about ambushes or street fighting."

While they were talking, the armed helicopter stopped ten kilometers outside Jiangning Plaza.

Since they didn't know the enemy's superhuman abilities, they had to keep a safe distance for landing — no need to get wiped out the moment they touched down.

After the flames had done their work, a drone flew across Jiangning Plaza.

From underneath it, a spherical device emerged, glowing with eerie red light.

Then, an invisible wave of electromagnetic interference swept across the entire plaza.



At the Operations Command Center

A staff member reported to Zhu Zheng and Tu Yunlie:

“Jiangning Plaza’s communication blackout is complete. They can’t use any comms or request outside help.”

Zhu Zheng nodded. “Good. Let them stumble around like headless flies — then we’ll crush them one by one.”

With Moon of Corrosion’s comms blocked while Jiangnan District’s remained functional, the advantage at the start of the battle was firmly in their hands.

Once the helicopters landed, the captains received direct orders through their earpieces.

“Zhang Yi’s team — enter the plaza from the southeast.”

“Wu Shifang’s team — enter from the west.”

“Zhuo Feiyu’s team — enter from the north.”

“Remember: Your mission is to draw enemy fire and delay Moon of Corrosion’s forces. If you encounter the enemy, your top priority is survival — do not engage proactively!”

Zhang Yi responded calmly. “Received.”

He retrieved two silver-white pistols from his Dimensional Space — White Owl, crafted by Lu Keran.

Each gun could hold twenty rounds of Sacred Silver bullets.

He walked to the cabin door, opened it, and turned to the others.

“Let’s go.”

Liang Yue followed without hesitation.

Peng Li and Chen Xiaoxiao exchanged a glance — both tense, but also visibly excited.

Danger and reward came hand in hand. If they could pull this mission off, the rewards would be massive.

They nodded to each other, encouraged themselves, then slung on their tactical packs and followed close behind Zhang Yi.

His tactical helmet displayed the designated insertion point and path through the plaza — marked by HQ.

No need to worry about getting lost.

He could also clearly view the routes of the other two teams.

The three squads advanced in a triangular formation — a deliberate tactic.

Using triangulation, they could pinpoint the enemy’s location.

Since satellite signals were being blocked, this was the only way to manually track down their target.

Take down the leader to break the enemy.

Eliminating or capturing Phoenixin Ren was the mission's top priority.

The three squads set out. Not far away, another armed chopper landed.

Onboard were members of the Celestial Squad.

Watching the three Outer City teams move toward Jiangning Plaza, Deng Shentong's eyes showed a playful glint.

"Chances are, most of them aren't coming back."

"But if they hold out until we arrive, it proves they've got potential."

"At the very least, they could join the Yan Yun Guards of Blizzard City. The best among them might even make it into the Investigation Teams."

Of course, he was mostly referring to Zhang Yi.

Ever since they met in Blizzard City, Deng Shentong had admired him and wanted to recruit him into the Celestial Squad.

"Let's see what you're made of this time."

Deng Shentong smiled and turned back, waiting patiently for HQ's order to strike.

Chapter 645: Soul Beast

Ever since Zhang Yi and the others got off the armed helicopter, no further orders had come from headquarters.

Zhang Yi understood that the next set of instructions would probably only come once members of the Moon of Corrosion appeared.

The sea of fire before them was gradually dying down.

After all, the effects of napalm couldn't last too long.

And with the midnight temperatures dropping to sixty or seventy degrees below zero, the flames were quickly extinguished.

The only problem was—no one had any idea where the Moon of Corrosion members currently were.

"Let's just hope we're not unlucky enough to run into their core members. If that happens, I'll have no choice but to retreat for a bit," Zhang Yi muttered to himself.

There was no way he could go head-to-head against the entire Moon of Corrosion team on his own.

Now that they had arrived at the designated location, all further actions would have to be based on his own judgment.

Zhang Yi didn't rush ahead. Instead, he stood cautiously in place, carefully observing the scene before him.

Jiangning Plaza had already been burned into a crumbling ruin, thick gray-black smoke billowing into the air.

Zhang Yi asked the creature on his shoulder, "Hua Hua, can you smell any signs of life?"

Hua Hua's sharp gaze swept across the ruins. It sniffed a few times, then shook its head helplessly.

Zhang Yi sighed. "Is it because of the fire?"

“Meow~”

After a blaze like that, the lingering smells had become too chaotic. It was almost impossible to pick out the scent of the living.

Chen Xiaoxiao and Peng Li walked over.

“Captain, what’s our next move?”

Zhang Yi paused to think, then made a decision.

“We wait for them right here!”

Chen Xiaoxiao: “???”

Peng Li: “???”

Chen Xiaoxiao couldn’t help but say, “Isn’t it possible that we’re supposed to be hunting them, not the other way around?”

Peng Li added, “Yeah, is it really smart to just wait around here like this?”

Zhang Yi ignored them and started examining the surroundings more carefully.

His specialty was long-range attacks, not close combat.

If someone like Daiku Kai Enzu or Tsukamoto Nobunaga—both close-range experts—were to sneak up on him, it could be dangerous.

Okay, maybe only about 0.01% dangerous... but still, better safe than sorry.

So, he needed to fully assess the terrain and find a safe vantage point to lie in ambush.

With Thunderstrike combined with Origin Bullets, his firing range could cover the entire five-kilometer radius of Jiangning Plaza.

While checking the environment, he casually answered them,

“Don’t forget, they’re monsters when it comes to gathering intel. They probably already know exactly where we are and are moving people into position to deal with us.”

“I don’t know this area well, and they’ve got the upper hand. That’s why I’m going to use stillness to counter movement.”

Zhang Yi’s eyes swept across the area for a long while before he finally settled on his ambush point—a scorched, blackened commercial building.

He turned back and gave the team their orders.

“I’ll be setting up an ambush on the rooftop. Your job is to stay nearby and make sure I’m protected.”

Without waiting for a response from Chen Xiaoxiao or Peng Li, he immediately opened the Dimensional Gate.

“Liang Yue, you’re with me. Stick close and keep me safe.”

Liang Yue simply nodded. No need for extra words in situations like this.

The two of them, along with Hua Hua, stepped into the Dimensional Gate and appeared on top of the building a moment later.

Down below, Chen Xiaoxiao and Peng Li were left staring at each other in the snow.

“He... he seriously just left us here?”

Peng Li looked completely dumbfounded. “What kind of captain does that? So irresponsible!”

She stomped her foot in frustration.

Chen Xiaoxiao’s brows furrowed as she cautiously scanned the area. “He knows full well that this is just a temporary partnership. From the start, he never cared what we thought.”

“But... we’re all on a battlefield now. His approach really is kind of immature.”

Peng Li sighed. “So what do we do?”

Chen Xiaoxiao replied, “Let’s just follow his plan for now. If we go off on our own, it could be even more dangerous.”

With no better options, the two of them hunkered down around the building, waiting for the Moon of Corrosion to show up.

What they didn’t know was—their entire conversation was being heard loud and clear at the Operations Center.

Zhu Zheng folded his arms and couldn’t help but sigh. “Man, this Zhang Yi is really playing it safe, huh?”

“But he’s smart. This is actually a solid way to test the enemy’s abilities.”

Everyone knew that Moon of Corrosion had powerful intel-gathering abilities.

But what exactly those abilities were, no one had a clue.

If Zhang Yi was camping outside Jiangning Plaza and still got found despite making no moves, then that could only mean one thing:

The enemy had some kind of terrifying ability—possibly something like prophecy.

“So, what are the other two teams up to?”

Zhu Zheng’s gaze shifted toward the other two squads stationed outside the city.

Wu Shifang and Zhuo Feiyu’s teams were also moving forward with extreme caution.

Everyone knew how dangerous this mission was. No one dared to let their guard down.

Wu Shifang’s squad had also arrived at their designated location.

There wasn’t much discussion among them.

Unlike Zhang Yi’s group, the other teams had already mapped out their strategies in advance.

Not everyone had Zhang Yi’s level of self-confidence.

They needed well-planned group tactics to ensure success.

And once they entered Jiangning Plaza, the first step was obvious—reconnaissance.

From Wu Shifang’s squad, Mo Zhongning stepped forward.



His gaze locked onto the ruined plaza ahead, and then he slowly crouched down.

His body was wrapped in a thick combat suit, and even his hands were completely hidden beneath oversized sleeves.

But when he placed his right hand on the snow, everyone nearby could clearly see his sleeve tremble slightly.

A faint violet glow began to gather in the palm of his hand.

Then, a small gray rodent crawled out of his palm.

Mo Zhongning, a Summoning-Type superhuman. Ability codename: Soul Beast.

He could transform his powers into different animals, and these creatures acted as extensions of himself—sharing his five senses.

Wu Shifang watched him quietly and thought to himself:

“Using spirit beasts for scouting really is convenient. But since he’s a faction leader, his powers must go far beyond just recon. He’s probably got serious combat strength too.”

Just then, as everyone else was still curiously watching, more and more soul beasts began pouring out of Mo Zhongning’s palm—like a stream of gray liquid.

In just a few seconds, over a hundred of them had emerged.

They stood in the snow and turned back to look at Mo Zhongning, their eyes gleaming with human-like intelligence.

“Go. Find them.”

Mo Zhongning's voice was low and steady.

The soul beasts squeaked in unison, then shot off into the burned-out plaza.

Within moments, they vanished into the rubble.

Over on Zhuo Feiyu's team, they didn't have any special scouting abilities, but they did have a seasoned veteran.

Yu Zhengyang had served seven years as a reconnaissance soldier.

So he led the way at the front, cautiously searching for any trace of the Moon of Corrosion.

Chapter 646: The Battle Begins!

Somewhere within Jiangning Plaza, thirteen members of the Moon of Corrosion were gathered together.

Though black smoke and dust swirled thick around them, not a single one of them looked the least bit disheveled.

It was as if they had already avoided the earlier bombing well in advance.

Twelve people stood in a circle. In the center stood the middle-aged man, Shinguuji Seiichiro.

He habitually adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses, then slowly pulled his hands out of his suit pockets.

His long, bony index finger rose gradually, glowing faintly with a golden light at the tip.

His gaze suddenly sharpened. With his right hand, he began drawing rapidly in the air while chanting:

“Rin, Pyou, Tou, Sha, Kai, Jin, Retsu, Zai, Zen!”

(Note: This is a mistranslation from Neon. The true origin of the "Nine Seals" is from Baopuzi. In the Song edition it reads: Rin, Pyou, Tou, Sha, Kai, Jin, Retsu, Zai, Zen. In the Daoist Canon: Rin, Pyou, Tou, Sha, Kai, Jin, Retsu, Zai, Gou.)

The golden light condensed in mid-air and quickly formed a giant golden pentagram.

In Shinguuji's eyes, golden light flickered.

As he pointed skyward, the massive golden pentagram shattered with a boom, exploding into countless tiny talismans that soared up into the clouds.

Moments later, a dense fog began spreading outward from where Shinguuji stood at the center.

In just a few minutes, the entire Jiangning Plaza was swallowed in mist.

The three investigation teams immediately noticed the anomaly and reported back to the Operations Center.

“Unidentified fog detected! Coverage is massive — probably the Moon of Corrosion making their move!”

Zhu Zheng reacted at once.

“Everyone, proceed with extreme caution. Don't let their superhumans use the fog to launch a surprise attack!”

Of course, the outer city superhumans were already on high alert without needing his warning.

“This kind of power... intelligence never mentioned it,” said Zhuo Feiyu grimly.

“As expected, they were holding back a lot during the first battle.”

Veteran Yu Zhengyang, however, remained calm.

“This is just a smokescreen to obscure vision — not an offensive move.”

Elsewhere, in another team, Mo Zhongning let out a cold sneer.

“The thick fog may block human vision, but not the Soul Beasts!

If anything, this battlefield favors me even more now.”

Regardless, both teams continued slowly advancing toward Jiangning Plaza.

Meanwhile, Zhang Yi was perched on a rooftop at the plaza’s edge, rifle at the ready — making no move to advance.

He was simply waiting for the enemy to walk right into his sights.

And deep down, he was certain — the enemy would walk right into it.

At this stage, all three investigation teams had independent action authority.

With the situation on the ground still unclear, Zhu Zheng wasn’t about to start giving them direct orders.

That’s how things work on the battlefield — being able to adapt on the fly is the most important skill.

Zhu Zheng chose to trust these outer city superhumans.

...

After Shinguuji finished casting his technique, he shoved his hands back into his pockets.

A gray bird landed on his shoulder.

It opened its beak and spat out twelve identical gray crows, which flew over and landed on the shoulders of the other members.

Shinguuji's expression stayed as impatient as ever.

"From here on out, this battlefield is going to become a zone of total uncertainty. Mayumi, it's your show now."

Phoenixin Ren waved cheerfully at him.

"Nice work! Shinguuji, your tricks are still as reliable as ever!"

"Tch."

Shinguuji didn't bother replying and walked off to the side.

Takeuchi Mayumi, the miko, glanced at Phoenixin, and after receiving his nod, slowly stepped into the center of the circle.

Her hands turned translucent, and she reached into her own skull — drawing out a scroll.

The scroll unfurled onto the snow, yet not a single flake stuck to it.

Even the falling snowflakes in the air veered away from it, as if the scroll didn't exist in the real world.

Takeuchi Mayumi knelt in the snow.

She raised her right hand, and in it appeared a thin brush held by a tiny oni.

This time, she didn't use the crimson ink — she had run out of that during the last ritual.

So, she stretched out her left arm, revealing her pale, smooth skin.

And without hesitation, stabbed the brush directly into it!

“Pfft!”

Blood gushed out — but not a single drop was wasted.

The little oni clinging to the end of the brush greedily sucked it all up, condensing the blood into a fine point at the brush tip.

Takeuchi Mayumi's expression was solemn, almost sacred. She began writing across the scroll in blood.

After a long while, the scroll was covered in densely packed characters.

Phoenixin and Shinguuji came over to look at the divine script.

Mayumi's face had turned pale — clearly this ability drained her significantly.

Still, she remained calm and said,

“The enemy is here — west and north. Both teams.

Aside from them, there are hidden enemies lurking in the shadows that have yet to reveal themselves.”

Shinguuji frowned.

“Only two teams? That’s fewer people than last time.”

“Maybe they’re elite units,” Phoenixin mused with a sly smile.

“Or maybe they’re just cannon fodder — bait to lure us out and probe our abilities.”

Shinguuji adjusted his glasses.

“Doesn’t matter. As long as Mayumi’s here, we’ll never be at a tactical disadvantage.”

He looked at her.

“Mayumi, let’s hear it — what’s our next move?”

She held the scroll gently in her hands and looked toward the west.

“Got it.”

In the center of their formation, Nishijumu Satoru sat cross-legged on a cardboard box, eyes closed.

His ability, Heartseer Demon, was already activated.

Each of the thirteen members of Moon of Corrosion was linked to him via a red thread, all converging at his body.

With him present, they could communicate instantly, no matter how far apart they were.

In other words, Jiangnan District's information jamming had no effect on them whatsoever.

Phoenixin Ren's smile deepened.

"These fools probably think they've laid the perfect trap, just waiting for us to walk in."

"They've got no idea who the real prey is — and who the hunters are."

"Let's raise hell, shall we? It's time for the Jiangnan leaders to realize — Moon of Corrosion is not someone you can afford to mess with!"

...

Operations Center.

Zhu Zheng frowned as he looked at the massive fog blanketing the screen.

They had deployed more than just combat aircraft — there were also low-altitude drone scouts.

But now, all of the drone camera feeds had gone dark.

Their home-field advantage had vanished just like that.

From this point on, they could only rely on the bodycams of the outer city superhuman squads to keep track of what was happening on the ground.



And as Takeuchi Mayumi finished her divination, the Moon of Corrosion members received their combat assignments.

Each of them was extremely optimistic about the upcoming battle.

After all, as long as they followed Mayumi's prophecies, they had never lost.

One by one, the superhumans began moving out.

Thanks to the gray crows, the thick fog posed no hindrance to their movements.

But Shinguuji stared at the map on his phone and frowned slightly.

"Why are there only enemy forces coming from two directions? That leaves one side completely exposed."

"Is that spot left open for our escape... or is there something else waiting there?"

Phoenixin smiled faintly and patted his shoulder.

"No need to play by their rules. We take control of the battlefield! Just trust in Mayumi's vision."

Shinguuji thought for a moment, then nodded.

"You're the team leader — I'll leave that part to you. Just... don't be careless. One slip, and people will die."

Phoenixin waved him off. "Stop jinxing us already!"

“Such a damn buzzkill...” Shinguuji muttered under his breath.

## Chapter 647: You Only Have One Opponent

Western Front.

Wu Shifang and his team weren’t in a rush to move forward. Instead, they quietly waited for Mo Zhongning’s scouting results.

The Soul Beasts had already begun weaving through the ruins, pushing forward in a conical spread.

Since they shared senses with Mo Zhongning, the moment any of them detected an enemy, he’d know immediately.

Wu Shifang and the other three were guarding Mo Zhongning closely, all four hiding behind the cover of some collapsed ruins.

Suddenly, a flash of bright white light flared up in one of the Soul Beasts’ vision.

And in the next instant, that vision was gone. The beast had vanished into the rubble.

Mo Zhongning’s eyes snapped open.

“One of my Soul Beasts just got killed!”

The expressions on Wu Shifang’s team instantly turned serious.

“Did it find the Moon of Corrosion?”

“Let me take a closer look!”

Even though he had just lost one of his beasts, Mo Zhongning stayed calm. He could summon up to 138 at a time.

Now that he had a fix on the location where the beast was killed, he could direct others toward that area and get a clearer picture of who they were dealing with.

He immediately called in ten Soul Beasts from the surrounding area to recon the target, while ordering the rest to retreat.

The western section of Jiangning Plaza wasn't particularly large.

Soon, the ten summoned Soul Beasts were darting across the ruins toward the spot.

Waiting for them... was a massive gun barrel.

Mo Zhongning recognized the wielder immediately.

In his right hand was a large black hand cannon — his attack method was powered by energy-based projectiles.

It was Kurosawa Akira, the Moon of Corrosion's artilleryman!

As soon as the Soul Beasts appeared, Kurosawa blasted them one after another with explosive shots.

Mo Zhongning knew time was running out. He used the last remaining seconds of shared vision from the dying beasts to scan for other enemies nearby.

Aside from Kurosawa Akira, two more figures were approaching.

One had a flashy, edgy haircut — the stylish Sakuraba Yushimitsu.

But the third... the moment Mo Zhongning caught sight of his towering frame, his pupils contracted sharply.

“It’s him?! Damn it — just our luck!”

Before the words were even fully out of his mouth, every last one of his Soul Beasts had been wiped out.

Mo Zhongning stood up in a panic, panting heavily.

Wu Shifang and the others immediately tensed.

“Mo Zhongning, what did you see?”

“What could scare you that much?”

Mo Zhongning’s eyes flashed with hatred as he gritted his teeth.

“We ran into that monster! Daiku Kai Enzu!”

The moment he said the name, Wu Shifang, Li Weihai, and Jia Heting all turned deadly serious.

They’d all seen Daiku Kai Enzu’s strength before.

In the first battle, he had single-handedly annihilated two full teams of superhumans — with ease.

Among all the known enemies, he was absolutely the most dangerous.

The one no one wanted to encounter.

But seeing Mo Zhongning so shaken only made Wu Shifang snort in disdain.

“So what if he’s tough? You don’t need to be that scared. We all carry our heads on our shoulders just the same — I refuse to believe the four of us together can’t handle one guy!”

As an Enhancement Type superhuman known for his brute strength, Wu Shifang was a powerhouse in his own right — stronger than the fallen Li Guoqiang and Meng Shucheng.

With capable teammates by his side, he believed his team stood a fighting chance against Daiku Kai Enzu.

Mo Zhongning held his head, gritting his teeth.

“But he’s not alone! He’s got two others with him! Even four against three, we’ll barely hold out. We could die out there!”

“But don’t forget, our mission isn’t to defeat them.” Wu Shifang stayed calm.

“We just need to stall them long enough. That, at least, we can do.”

All three team leaders had guts — none were chosen for their roles by accident.

Wu Shifang, especially, was bold but meticulous. He didn’t panic under pressure.

As he spoke, he was already sending the enemy intel to headquarters.

“Western squad has made contact with the enemy. Three hostiles identified: Daiku Kai Enzu, Sakuraba Yushimitsu, and Kurosawa Akira.”

Back at headquarters, dozens of analysts at the Operations Center began working furiously on their computers — evaluating the three enemies' combat capabilities and calculating optimal countermeasures.

Zhu Zheng looked at the report handed to him and immediately issued a command to Wu Shifang.

“Good work. Engage them according to the original plan. Stall them as long as possible — force them to reveal their powers.

Give the Celestial Squad a chance to break through!”

“Understood.”

Wu Shifang ended the call and turned to his three teammates.

“Since we're here, forget about life and death. Let's give them a fight to remember!”

To Wu Shifang, Jiangning was his home.

If the city fell, his family, his friends — they'd all be wiped out by Moon of Corrosion.

He had to fight to the death.

Even if it cost him his life — it would be worth it.

Mo Zhongning and the others might not share his level of devotion...

But now that things had come to this, backing out wasn't an option.

Retreating now would ruin their reputations and lead to punishment from Jiangnan District.

Better to fight it out and gamble for a future.

Mo Zhongning gritted his teeth and growled,

“Fine, we’ll go all in! I want to see just how strong these Neon Nation freaks really are!”

The four of them moved into a diamond formation — Wu Shifang, the strength-based Enhancement Type, took the lead; Mo Zhongning and Li Weihai held the flanks; Jia Heting stayed at the rear.

Soon, a tall figure began to emerge from the fog.

It was Daiku Kai Enzu, the sumo champion — the first to appear before them.

Behind him were Sakuraba Yushimitsu, wearing a playful smirk, and Kurosawa Akira.

With the gray crows assisting them, navigating through the fog was effortless — they’d found Wu Shifang’s team without breaking a sweat.

As soon as Daiku Kai Enzu laid eyes on them, he frowned with a disappointed look.

“Aren’t these supposed to be Jiangnan District’s elite? Why do they look... so weak?”

Sakuraba Yushimitsu crossed his arms and laughed.

“They’re probably just cannon fodder meant to probe us. Just play along. I’m sure the real main force is behind them.”

Daiku nodded. “In that case, let’s not waste our time on them.”

Their dismissive tone enraged Wu Shifang's team.

Even though they didn't speak the same language, their tactical helmets included translation modules — so they understood everything loud and clear.

They may not have been the elite from Blizzard City, but they were still major figures in the outer city.

Not the kind of people who'd let others look down on them.

Wu Shifang let out a cold laugh.

"The four of us are more than enough to deal with you! Seems like you're the ones who've misunderstood the situation."

Hearing that, Sakuraba Yushimitsu raised both hands in mock defense.

"No, no, don't get the wrong idea!"

He and Kurosawa Akira casually stepped back a few paces.

Then Sakuraba pointed at Daiku Kai Enzu.

"He's your only opponent. We promise not to interfere."

A wicked gleam flickered in his eyes.

"If you're strong enough, feel free to kill him."

Chapter 648: Unpredictable



Over on the northern squad's side, they too had run into their enemies.

In a place like Jiangning Plaza, which only spans five kilometers, skirmishes are practically unavoidable.

Especially since the Moon of Corrosion had the Grey Crows guiding them.

As a result, before Zhuo Feiyu and the others could find the Moon of Corrosion, it was actually the Moon of Corrosion who spotted them first.

The enemies on this end were just two people.

One was a burly man with a fierce, square face and short hair, wearing tacky black-rimmed glasses.

The other was a thug with spiky yellow hair, wielding a metal baseball bat.

Based on the intel they had received earlier, Zhuo Feiyu and the team quickly identified their opponents.

"We're facing Kamiya Gedou and Akutsu Shinichiro on our side!"

Zhuo Feiyu felt a bit of relief in his heart.

Because according to the intel, these two hadn't demonstrated particularly terrifying combat strength during the first battle.

At least, compared to Daiku Kai Enzu whom Wu Shifang had encountered, these two didn't seem nearly as powerful.

Back at the Operations Command Center, Commander Zhu Zheng was analyzing the reports sent in by the two squads.

“Five of the thirteen Moon of Corrosion members have now made an appearance. That means eight are still unaccounted for.”

“Even excluding non-combatants, there should still be at least six combat-type superhumans.”

Zhu Zheng crossed his arms, resting his chin on his fingers, eyes coldly fixed on the giant screen showing all the superhumans' live feeds.

“Now it all depends on what’s going on with Zhang Yi’s side!”

What was unexpected was that in the southeast direction where Zhang Yi was stationed, they had been waiting for quite a while—

But not a single member of the Moon of Corrosion had shown up.

Zhang Yi had already set up his rifle and was lying on the rooftop, aiming at the surrounding area. He was ready to fire the moment an enemy appeared.

He was stationed on the edge of Jiangning Plaza, where the fog had minimal interference.

He could still observe an area within a 300-meter radius.

However, since the place had just been bombarded, the ground still radiated high heat—

So the infrared system was useless.

After absorbing part of Yuan Kongye’s power, all of Zhang Yi’s abilities had seen a massive boost.

Even an ordinary sniper rifle became a powerful weapon against superhumans in his hands!

Let alone Thunderstrike, a weapon customized for him by Lu Keran using her Mechanized Control ability—

An ultra-advanced firearm perfectly tailored to him!

Thunderstrike + Precision Shot + Sacred Silver Bullets.

Even a Delta-level superhuman could be taken out in one shot.

On either side of him, Hua Hua and Liang Yue stayed alert, ready to guard against sneak attacks.

Hua Hua was crouched on the balcony, amber eyes scanning the area like a radar.

Its predatory instincts allowed it to detect anything that entered the vicinity in a flash.

As for Chen Xiaoxiao and Peng Li, the two close friends were waiting cautiously at the base of the building.

With enemies already encountered by both Wu Shifang and Zhuo Feiyu, they were being extra careful.

They all believed it was just a matter of time before enemies showed up.

But time ticked by, and although the sound of battle was already coming through their comms, not even the slightest shift had occurred in the nearby fog.

“Hm? What the h\*ll is going on?”

Zhang Yi frowned.

Logically, since the Moon of Corrosion had powerful scouting abilities, they should've known about their presence long ago.

So why hadn't they made a move yet?

Unless—

Zhang Yi's pupils contracted as a chilling possibility came to mind.

Did they have some kind of power... that could see through his strength?

Were they holding back out of fear and caution?

"What kind of ability could they possibly have?"

Zhang Yi muttered.

He became increasingly alert. The enemy was unpredictable—and that made them terrifying.

This is what it's like in the world of superhumans.

Let your guard down for even a second, and you might lose your life to some bizarre and unknown power.

Because every superhuman mutation was a roll of the dice.

All kinds of strange and mysterious abilities could emerge.

Even someone like Zhang Yi—a top-tier Delta-level superhuman—couldn't guarantee he wouldn't be killed by a low-level opponent.

So he turned to Liang Yue and Hua Hua and said,

“Stay sharp! The moment anything seems off, our number one priority is to protect our own lives!”

Seeing Zhang Yi this cautious, both Liang Yue and Hua Hua became visibly more serious.

Hua Hua immediately transformed into its giant form, letting out a low, alert growl while scanning left and right with its huge head,

Nervous that an ambush could come from any direction at any moment.

Meanwhile, on the Moon of Corrosion’s side—

Thanks to a tip from Shinguuji Seiichiro, Phoenixin Ren also noticed the blind spot on the map.

He rubbed his chin and murmured,

“Mayumi’s divination couldn’t be wrong. That means, between the eastern and southern zones, no enemies are present.”

“So what kind of trick are they planning?”

Phoenixin wore a playful expression.

He hated not having control over the situation.

But right now, he had no clue what Jiangnan District’s objective was.

At that moment, Tsukamoto Nobunaga, who hadn't moved out yet, walked over.

"No need to overthink it. I'll just go take a look!"

He turned toward Takeuchi Mayumi.

"After all, Mayumi said today's fortune favors me in the southeast!"

Phoenixin chuckled, "That's true. If Mayumi said it, then it must be right. Nobunaga, the southeast is all yours. Go see what game they're playing."

He waved his hand and said to the couple, Takizawa Takashi and Wagatsuma Nanako,

"Takizawa, Nanako, go with Nobunaga."

"Yes, boss."

Takizawa and Nanako had no objections. They followed the laid-back Nobunaga toward the southeast.

The Grey Crow perched on his shoulder led the way.

Back on the battlefield, the two sides clashed without much talk—just a fight, plain and simple!

Wu Shifang's squad was the first to engage with Daiku Kai Enzu and his group of three,

And their battle ignited the flames of war!

Both the Operations Command Center and the Celestial Squad had a clear view of the unfolding combat.

Even the always prideful Deng Shentong had set aside his usual laid-back attitude and was now focused on the live feed.

Prideful didn't mean arrogant.

Deng Shentong's confidence stemmed from the fact that he never slacked off on any mission.

Otherwise, how could he have dominated the Blizzard City Heaven List for three straight months?

To borrow the words of a great man:

“Strategically underestimate your enemy; tactically treat them with full seriousness.”

Only then can one accomplish great things.

Until they had fully gauged the true depth of the Moon of Corrosion's power—

Even if all three Outer City squads had to be sacrificed,

The Celestial Squad would not make a move.

Everything was for one goal—final victory.

Chapter 649: Clone

On Wu Shifang's battlefield, the fight was on the verge of erupting.

Sakuraba Yushimitsu and Kurosawa Akira, acting as if none of this concerned them, silently backed away.

To show they wouldn't interfere in the battle, they actually moved dozens of meters away and sat down on a collapsed pillar.

Wu Shifang stared at the towering giant in front of him, calculating inwardly:

These guys really don't take us seriously, huh?

But that works in our favor. Three-on-one—we might actually have a chance to kill him with our combined abilities!

The thought excited him.

If they managed to take down a core member of the Moon of Corrosion, the headquarters would award them a massive amount of points.

Daiku Kai Enzu fixed his gaze on them and lazily raised one arm, beckoning them with a dismissive wave.

“What are you waiting for? Afraid to fight one-on-three?”

As a Beast-type Superhuman, Daiku Kai Enzu hadn't even transformed yet.

Everything—from his words to his body language—dripped with contempt.

“B\*stard!”

Wu Shifang gritted his teeth. “Fine then—come on!!”

He reached behind him and pulled out a massive weapons case.



It was a black metal box, and at a glance, it could easily be mistaken for a small coffin.

Boom!

The heavy case landed with a thunderous thud.

At the same time, Wu Shifang's body began to shift and contort in strange ways.

His flesh twisted and rippled, and in no time, it started to split right down the middle!

A large mass of yellowish flesh peeled off one side of his body and dropped to the ground with a plop, like an over-watered lump of dough.

But in the next moment, the sticky mass began to swell and reshape, gradually taking on human form.

Naked, but otherwise identical in appearance to Wu Shifang!

This was Wu Shifang's ability—Clone Projection.

Although unclothed, the clone's looks and build were exactly the same as Wu Shifang's.

After all, it was a part of his body.

Wu Shifang had once been a courier in Jiangning City.

He grew up in an orphanage and was raised in solitude, making him yearn deeply for love and companionship.

That inner loneliness gave birth to his ability—splitting himself to create a dependable partner.

In his mind, for a powerful Enhancement-type Superhuman, what better advantage could there be than having two bodies?

And so now, what stood before Daiku Kai Enzu was no longer just a powerful Enhancement-type fighter—

But two of them!

Wu Shifang opened the weapons case, which had compartments on both sides.

From one side, he pulled out a massive silver oxhorn bow and handed it to his clone.

Then, from the other side, he drew two enormous bronze hammers.

These were Drum-Urn Hammers, weapons said to be used by General Ma Yuan of the Han Dynasty,

And supposedly the favorite weapon of Li Yuanba—the most powerful warrior under the heavens.

Each hammer was larger than an adult's head, forged from solid alloy, and weighed over a hundred jin (~110 lbs).

It was like swinging two grown men as weapons.

Weapons like this only existed in legends—

But in this mutated era, someone had truly mastered them.

The clone's silver oxhorn bow radiated just as much menace.

Wu Shifang stood at the front and said in a deep voice,

“I’ll keep him busy head-on. You guys strike however you see fit!”

No one replied, but their eyes were locked dead-on Daiku Kai Enzu.

Even the two Ronin watching from afar didn’t dare let their guard down.

Believing an enemy’s words at face value would just be plain stupid.

“Oh? Looks like you’ve got some guts.”

Daiku Kai Enzu commented casually.

He finished assembling his Dragonfly Cutter, and with a casual swing, the weapon sliced the air with a terrifying whoosh.

“Go!”

The moment Wu Shifang shouted, his body became a blur, storming toward Daiku Kai Enzu like a tornado.

At the same time, his clone drew the bow and fired.

The massive silver oxhorn bow curved like a full moon, and with a loud whoosh, the arrow shrieked through the air like a falcon’s cry!

The arrow's speed was perfectly matched with Wu Shifang’s charge, striking from opposite directions toward Daiku Kai Enzu!

Daiku Kai Enzu's eyes narrowed.

He casually swept his Dragonfly Cutter sideways and knocked the blurred arrow away.

But from the other side, Wu Shifang's massive hammer was already slamming toward his waist!

Among experts who use melee weapons, blunt instruments are often the deadliest.

Even a single solid hit to any part of the body could render a person useless in combat.

This two-pronged assault left most people with no time to react.

And Daiku Kai Enzu wasn't a speed-type superhuman—he couldn't knock away the arrow and dodge the hammer at the same time.

But as the hammer bore down on him—

He made just one simple move.

A massive palm reached out, steady and fast, and caught Wu Shifang's thunderous blow!

Thud-thud-thud!

The impact was so strong, even Daiku Kai Enzu staggered back three steps.

He looked at Wu Shifang with a hint of surprise.

"Not bad. You've got some power!"

But Wu Shifang broke out in a cold sweat.

That was his all-out attack, and the guy had caught it with one hand?!

Just how terrifying was this man's body and strength?

Instead of getting angry, Daiku Kai Enzu looked even more excited.

With a grin, he beckoned him forward:

"Come on—again!"

Wu Shifang clenched his teeth and roared.

He charged once more, swinging both hammers down from above like twin thunders crashing toward Daiku Kai Enzu's skull!

This time, Daiku Kai Enzu planted his legs into the ground like two pillars,

Taking up the classic sumo stance—rooted to the earth, immovable like a mountain.

The hammers came crashing down, and he swung his Dragonfly Cutter again.

Clang!!

The sound of metal-on-metal was deafening.

With just a light deflection, Daiku Kai Enzu sent Wu Shifang flying over ten meters!

Wu Shifang's spine went numb, and pain shot through his wrists.

Looking down, he saw his hands trembling uncontrollably—blood flowing freely.

How can there be such a huge gap in strength?!

He was stunned.

Ever since the apocalypse began, he had reigned supreme in Jiangning City with raw strength alone.

This was the first time he had ever been completely overpowered in raw force.

Fortunately, he wasn't fighting alone.

As he took the brunt of the attack from the front, his teammates made their move.

A black crab suddenly appeared on Daiku Kai Enzu's back.

Its eyes flashed an eerie red light, blinking faster and faster.

By the time Daiku Kai Enzu noticed, a violent explosion erupted behind him!

"We got him!"

Mo Zhongning's lips curled into a satisfied smile.

His Soul Beast was formed by his ability—not only could it scout, but it could also self-destruct.

That attack just now had been a combined move, executed with help from Li Weihai.

Li Weihai, like Zhang Yi, was a rare Spatial-type Superhuman.

But his ability was different.

Zhang Yi's power was storage,

Whereas Li Weihai's power was transfer.

He could shift a certain mass of matter—or even people—within a spatial range.

That last hit?

It was him using his ability to place Mo Zhongning's explosive Soul Beast directly onto Daiku Kai Enzu.

A perfectly timed combo attack.

Chapter 650: Earthburrow Hermit

After the explosion and smoke cleared, Daiku Kai Enzu's face darkened visibly.

A massive swath of his back was scorched black—his suit was completely burned away.

Seeing this, Mo Zhongning couldn't help but grin.

"Looks like he's not as scary as we thought!"

But off to the side, Sakuraba Yushimitsu smacked his forehead helplessly.

“These guys are screwed. They don’t know... that was Daiku Kai’s favorite suit.”

Kurosawa Akira nodded.

“With his size, it’s almost impossible to find a well-fitting suit. That one was custom-made by a tailor!”

Sakuraba crossed his arms seriously.

“But I have to admit, the ones who showed up this time... are stronger than the last bunch.”

Daiku Kai Enzu raised his head, eyes filled with a murderous gleam—as if he were ready to devour someone.

He ripped the torn suit from his body, revealing a hulking frame beneath.

Not the kind of chiseled, ripped physique, but rather round and solid—he had a big, protruding belly.

Anyone who understands real combat knows—that kind of build is ideal for fighting.

Looking at the tattered pieces of his suit, Daiku Kai Enzu glared coldly at Wu Shifang and the others.

“You bastards... you ruined the last suit I had left. I’m going to rip you apart!”

Although his back was charred black, there wasn’t a single actual wound.

Mo Zhongning’s explosive Soul Beast hadn’t even hurt him.

As a Yokozuna, what Daiku Kai Enzu had always longed for was an indestructible body and overwhelming strength.



And after becoming a superhuman—he got exactly that.

Mo Zhongning swallowed hard.

“My Soul Beast... it didn’t even pierce him!”

His self-destructing Soul Beast packed a punch equal to TNT.

Wu Shifang, sensing Daiku Kai Enzu’s anger, quickly said to his teammates,

“The attack worked! Keep going!”

He wanted to replicate the success of their first combo.

Even though his hands were already slick with blood, he still clenched his hammers and charged again.

His clone also drew and fired another powerful arrow from the oxhorn bow, whistling through the air toward Daiku Kai Enzu!

Mo Zhongning and Li Weihai didn’t need instructions—they seamlessly began another combo.

As long as Wu Shifang could keep Daiku Kai distracted, they’d plant another explosive Soul Beast on him.

Even if the initial damage was minimal, they had numbers.

They just had to keep trying until they found Daiku Kai Enzu’s weakness.

But this time—they miscalculated.

Daiku Kai Enzu dropped the act.

He raised his Dragonfly Cutter high with both hands and launched an attack!

At over two meters tall, the Yokozuna swung his three-meter blade straight at Wu Shifang's head!

Wu Shifang wasn't slow—he raised both hammers to block!

Clang!!

The moment the weapons clashed, Wu Shifang felt like he'd been hit head-on by a truck weighing tens of tons.

Both his arms went completely numb—his hammers were knocked clean out of his hands!

At death's door, his reflexes kicked in.

He rolled quickly to the ground, dodging the descending Dragonfly Cutter just in time.

The scorched battlefield, already charred from incendiary bombs, crumbled under the strike.

A wave of dirt and rubble exploded upward like a waterfall before crashing down again.

"We're... not even in the same league..."

Cold sweat poured down Wu Shifang's face.

He'd only clashed twice—and the first time, Daiku Kai hadn't even been serious.

Now, just two exchanges in, both of Wu Shifang's hands were practically useless.

If this went on—he'd die for sure!

But he wasn't alone. He still had hope—his teammates.

The clone's arrow tore through the rubble, heading for Daiku Kai's body.

And Mo Zhongning and Li Weihai didn't waste the opening Wu Shifang had bought.

They'd already planted another explosive Soul Beast—right on Daiku Kai's head!

The crab latched onto his scalp—its red eyes flashing faster and faster.

Just then, Daiku Kai Enzu's expression went cold.

With one hand, he effortlessly blocked the oncoming arrow with the Dragonfly Cutter.

With the other, he grabbed the crab off his head—

And crushed it with his thick, meaty left palm.

Pop!

The Soul Beast exploded—but it didn't fully detonate.

What should have rivaled a stick of TNT...

Now sounded like a muffled fart.

Just a puff of black smoke rose from Daiku Kai's palm.

His face remained expressionless—he casually opened his hand.

His thick, fleshy palm was completely unharmed.

With a mocking grin, Daiku Kai showed them his hand on purpose.

“So this is your trick? Weak as hell. You came to hunt us down with this? You're just begging to die.”

His terrifying strength and defense left the trio utterly stunned.

How were they supposed to fight someone with that kind of raw power?

Just then, the ground beneath Daiku Kai's feet suddenly collapsed.

His massive body lost balance and sank downward.

From the crumbling earth emerged a massive gray creature—

A super-sized mole over two meters long, with blood-red eyes.

This was Jia Heting from Huazhou City, a Beast-type Superhuman with the ability codename Earthburrow Hermit.

“No matter how strong you are, if you lose your footing, you can't use that strength!”

Jia Heting let out a screeching, eerie voice in mole form.

And as Daiku Kai sank, he lunged with razor-sharp claws toward the most vulnerable spot—

His rear.

Even a man with iron bones has a soft spot—

Especially there.

A legendary strike, straight from the African Grasslands Colorectal Surgery Department.

No one, no matter who they were, could endure a proctology procedure like this mid-battle.

Though considered shameful by some, in a life-or-death battle—

Any move that could kill the enemy was fair game.

This was the first time Daiku Kai Enzu truly felt danger.

His whole body tensed—and so did his rear.

“DIE!!”

The giant mole shrieked, claws sharp as military daggers, aiming right for Daiku Kai’s—

In front, the rest of the team had been fighting, while Jia Heting had patiently waited for this moment.

Even those watching from the Operations Command Center couldn't help but crane their necks, hoping Jia Heting would succeed with one shot!

But right then—

From the collapsing pit burst a thunderous roar that shook the air!

Daiku Kai Enzu finally activated his superhuman ability:

The Myth-Class Beast — Tidal Tiger!

A wave of scorching hot air surged from every pore of his body, blasting the mole off of him like a cannon shot.

A surge of hot wind burst out of the hole, so intense it felt like fire on the faces of Wu Shifang and the others outside.

A massive brown shadow shot skyward—

Then slammed hard onto the ground.

Daiku Kai Enzu had fully transformed into the Tidal Tiger.

He stood tall, gripping his enormous Dragonfly Cutter, flashing his fangs at Wu Shifang and his team.

This time—he was truly furious.

After all, no one could stay calm after nearly getting anal assassinated.

Underground, Jia Heting didn't stop.

He frantically dug through the earth.

“Heeheehee! I’m under here! What can you do about it?”

Just wait... once I get the right chance, I’m gonna rip your intestines out!”