

SUMMIT OF THE OLD GODS

Chapter 4: 002 Rouge Paper

"This student, his abilities are extremely high!"

Beside the stage, an elderly man with white hair looked serious as he watched the young man on the stage.

Just how high were Lu Ran's abilities?

So high that even the Evil Demon Clan couldn't help but appear in broad daylight to snatch Believers!

The school judged the talent of a student from several angles: physical data, martial arts level, theological knowledge, and the degree of belief.

Generally speaking, the higher your composite assessment score, the more likely you are to be favored by the gods in the front row.

But this evaluation system naturally falls short of the gods' own judgments!

Yes, to some extent, the "Evil Demon" spoken of by the Human Clan is also a type of god.

It's just that this kind of "Evil God" absolutely must not be worshipped!

Privately, you would be manipulated by the Evil God, losing oneself, and becoming a puppet.

Publicly, joining the Evil Demon Clan would mean standing against both the human and divine clans.

"Principal Zhou!" a male teacher hurried to the side of the old man, looking

anxious, "Should we pause the Worship God ceremony?"

Pause?

With the Evil Demon already here, how could they stop?

Everything depended on a single thought from Lu Ran.

Principal Zhou's face was stern, "Blow the horn, maintain order, this is just a phantom of the Evil Demon, no need to panic."

"Yes!" The male teacher quickly gestured and a phantom horn formed swiftly.

"Whooo~~~"

The deep horn sound cut through the sky, and the chaotic campus gradually calmed down.

On the stage, Lu Ran looked up at the sky with a face full of astonishment.

Honestly, the Evil Demon·Yan Paperman looked quite... well, quite beautiful~

This was a massive female phantom.

She wore a beautiful phoenix crown and was draped in a Big Red Robe, resembling an ancient bride.

Regal and majestic, in every sense!

Yet, she had an extremely pale face, like that of a paper effigy, which, contrasted against her beautiful attire, appeared even more horrifying.

"Yan Zhi." Coming to his senses, Lu Ran felt a complex rush of emotions.

Panic was certain, but deep within him, there was also a trace of excitement.

It wasn't because the Yan Zhi still retained its charm...

But because the situation of "worshipping God but attracting demons" had occurred a few times in history.

Every human who could attract an Evil Demon was, without exception, a person of exceptional talent!

So Lu Ran was genuinely cheerful!

But after just a few seconds, he was left completely clueless.

Because such talented humans would spark the desire of Evil Demons to snatch them away, and various gods would often appear to compete for Believers.

But with Lu Ran here...

Why was there only the Evil Demon·Yan Paperman?

Where were the gods?

Lu Ran looked up at the hazy, mist-filled sky, frantically searching for any sign of the gods.

Stop hiding, come out already!

Don't play around with the kid.

If it's any later, I'll really be dragged away by Yan Zhi for ghost marriage!

"Rumble!"

Thunder rolled as dark clouds churned.

To everyone's shock, the Yan Paperman actually lowered herself.

She slowly bent down, her massive ethereal hand reaching towards Lu Ran on the stage.

You must know, in the Worship God ceremony, the gods showing themselves was to bestow you an opportunity.

Afterward, the Human Clan needed to kneel devoutly to possibly become a Believer.

At this moment, the Yan Zhi's fingers inched towards Lu Ran, as if wanting to incorporate the tiny human into her fingertips.

"Sister... sister, stop it!"

Lu Ran was almost crying, watching as the pale-faced beauty drew closer, he retreated step by step:

"I'm only 17, just started a new number, cut it out..."

Amidst the rain, homeroom teacher Li Yanzhu, overcoming the terrifying pressure of the Yan Zhi, eagerly shouted:

"Don't be seduced, don't believe anything she promises you! Lu Ran, don't do anything foolish!"

Fortunately, although the status of the Human Clan was very low, whether to join under a god was a mutual choice.

"Lu Ran!"

"Reject her, Lu Ran!" Voices of concern rose, piercing through the layers of rain, converging towards the center of the stage.

"Whooo~~~" The deep sound of the horn continued, carrying a unique melancholy.

Under the signal of Principal Zhou, the male teacher kept using his unique Divine Technique, making everyone stay calm, and fervently soothing Lu Ran's spirits.

"We're not suitable, Yan Zhi sister." Lu Ran continually pleaded, "Can't I just burn a perfect groom over to you tonight?"

Below the stage, a chubby boy was frantically anxious.

A paper effigy just costs a few coins?

In times like this, still trying to save?

Qian Hao shouted loudly, "Then burn a few more!"

"Open up the pattern"

Lu Ran had a sudden realization, "Right! I'll burn two... no! Three for you!"

"One per day!" Qian Hao was so exasperated, did he have to teach everything by hand?

"Yes, yes, yes, one per day!" Lu Ran nodded repeatedly, "There's also a tall guy in my class named Kou Yingquan, full of Yang energy, powerful fire!

He's always sour watching others, just wanting to get a girlfriend. In a moment, I'll also burn him over for you!

Guaranteed to satisfy you!"

Qian Hao: "..."

Kou Yingquan: ???

He was furious, his face turning iron blue, and he burst out cursing, "Lu Ran! Are you fucking tired of living..."

Before he could finish, Kou Yingquan suddenly stopped talking.

As he started to curse out Lu Ran, Yan Zhi sharply turned her head 180°!

And it was only her head that turned, not her body.

The scene was utterly horrifying!

Her huge, alluring eyes gazed towards the tall and burly Kou Yingquan.

"Ah!" Kou Yingquan screamed, terrified and shivering, his legs gave out and he fell directly onto the wet ground.

With a "splat," mud splashed everywhere.

Only at this moment did the students realize, facing the Evil Spirit·Yan Zhi required immense courage.

On the God Worship Platform, Lu Ran, who seemed feeble, had never once faltered in his stance, and he kept voicing his refusals.