

## **The Growth 230**

Chapter 230 - 14: The Power of "I Reckon" (2/3)

In the Undead Camp, amidst towering bone towers.

Today's Undead Camp is far from those initial skeletons who had nothing.

With the emergence of more and more intelligent entities and the intensifying wars, the undead of this world have also started to learn the technology of the Intelligent Mechanism Camp.

Various machines mimicking those of the Intelligent Mechanism Camp have been produced.

Whether foolish or wise, the undead wander among the bone towers, forming a unique order.

Of course, as undead born from the grudges of Innate Gods, they are fundamentally different from the skeletons of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Firstly, these undead do not have a complete system of wisdom and education.

For these undead, all the technology they possess is derived from imitating the Intelligent Mechanism Camp.

So long as the weapons and equipment achieve their effect, they don't care about the specifications; as long as it works, it's fine.

In fact, outsiders often cannot understand how those cobbled-together items function effectively.

Picking up machinery damaged or discarded by the Intelligent Mechanism Camp and maintaining or filling them with various bones, those rudimentary things actually find use again?

Patching-up tanks, guns pieced together at will, drones with incomprehensible operational principles...

— I think if it works, it has use!

This is the first impression most have of the undead's equipment.

Most exaggeratedly, some undead who have stepped into the ranks of Ascenders have even irrationally crafted a "Divine Annihilation Pearl".

It's not a nuclear bomb in the conventional sense, but a super bomb that distorts physical laws, comparable in power to a nuclear bomb.

Reportedly, when the central brain of the "City of Intelligent Mechanism" detected the related explosive data, it burned out the central processor without figuring out how it worked.

Secondly, what sustains these undead is their unwillingness and resentment.

Even those undead individuals who have acquired wisdom mostly instinctively despise living beings.

In contrast to the now fully civilized skeletons of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

These undead individuals are more like the original Skeletons before the Day of Sin was tamed—frenzied, angry, wanting to destroy all things.

In such circumstances, even someone regarded as a "Savior" like Quinn cannot guide the undead to a truly civilized stage as the Immortal once did.

Simply put, the undead of the Divine Fall Realm are a bunch of beasts possessing "advanced technology".

Anyone who has interacted with them knows you must never try to bargain with these not-too-bright ruffians.

Because they might very well retaliate, and you would die without knowing what offended these undead.

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"So, you've chosen to remain in this world forever to prevent the undead from going rampant?"

Perched on Celestial Monarch Yan's shoulder, the eye that the Lord of Ghosts and Gods had turned into asked curiously.

While opposite Celestial Monarch Yan, Quinn, exuding a metallic sheen all over, merely smiled calmly.

"I am not as noble as you say. Everything I do now is just a crude imitation of the Creator."

"The Creator gave the undead of this world a new choice, and I am merely continuing the Creator's will."

After a slight pause in his tone, Quinn looked at the somewhat bewildered Lord of Ghosts and Gods and further explained.

"Undead are, by nature, the 'enemies of living beings'. It's impossible for ordinary creatures to understand their situation and experiences."

"If not even a being like myself born from skeletons attempts to understand and guide them, who else can they count on?"

"My existence is a symbol."

"To let those undead who have awakened wisdom know—has this world not yet completely abandoned them? Can they still choose a completely different path?"

Somewhat confused, yet seemingly understanding something...

The Lord of Ghosts and Gods did not continue to question further, only silently noting the name Quinn in his heart.

This is a Prophet capable of steadfastly practising his will and ideas, a Saint truly achieving unity of knowledge and action, with no regrets in this life.

"I have long known who the reincarnator you are seeking is."

Turning his gaze back to Celestial Monarch Yan, Quinn said candidly.

"He thinks he's hiding well, but little does he know that his experiences have already exposed his abnormality."

"He has neither received the blessing of the Creator nor the protection of the Heavenly Dao, so every step in this world is very difficult for him."

"Yet he has never despaired because of this, nor has he given up."

Upon hearing this, Celestial Monarch Yan couldn't help but ask.

"Then why didn't you expose him to the Immortals?"

Scratching his metallic skull, Quinn simply replied with a puzzled retort.

"Why should I expose him?"

"Even if he's a reincarnator, he is still a child of the Creator."

"I have no hierarchical relationship with you Netherworld Celestial Monarchs, so why should I be responsible for your mistakes?"

Upon saying this, the initially convinced Celestial Monarch Yan was silent.

Even though what he said seemed correct, it didn't really align with Quinn's earlier saintly persona.

However, upon further reflection, Quinn's words seemed to make a lot of sense.

Quinn is a Saint of the Creator, and naturally, his perspective aligns with the Creator.

As long as it's confirmed that the reincarnator is a child of the Mountain and Sea Realm, what difference does it make if he is a wanted criminal in the Netherworld?

[I told you, talking so much to these blockheads is pointless.]

[Just ask him who the reincarnator is and where he is right now.]

Seeing the situation, the eye on Celestial Monarch Yan's other shoulder—Duo Mu—spoke up helplessly.

Having spent a long time interacting with the Immortals and skeletons, Duo Mu knew better than anyone how stubborn these folks can be once they are set in their ways.

"What species is he? Where is he now?"

Celestial Monarch Yan may have a temper, but she has never been the unreasonable type.

Realizing that Quinn's standpoint was not entirely aligned with hers, Celestial Monarch Yan quickly accepted Duo Mu's suggestion and asked directly.

"He is now a Flying Serpent, an ancient relative of the Serpent Race."

"As for where he is now?"

"To be honest, you're a bit late; I only know his location before he disappeared."

Quinn gently shook his head, then continued to explain.

"About three months ago, a undead told me that he encountered a group of 'Divine Thought Remains' coveting his talents."

"After a fierce battle, he has not appeared since."