

Wow 421

Chapter 421 Invitation from the Mechanical Court

Aerial flying kick, inverted golden hook, twisting body sweep, low crouch sweep, quick draw, double swallow return...

Countless actions, completely different from basic training, each one of high difficulty, displayed one by one. The transitions between each set of movements were not smooth, and there were quite a few stumbles within individual actions.

It was like an old videotape's stuttering playback, with many minor inconsistencies in the machine's performance, so the overall effect was not very good, even comical in places.

But no matter what, each movement was at least completed in its entirety, even if the execution was rather rough.

In basic training, only the swallow return could be considered a bit more difficult, but placed among these advanced maneuvers, it was just the most basic of basics.

Unable to see the internal operations, the instructors could only watch the external performance nervously, cautiously glancing at the expression of the lord from the Mechanical Court beside them.

They did not know what such a performance meant in the eyes of the other party, whether it had reached the standard set in their mind.

Not until a hint of a smile rose on that iron-grey face did the instructor's heart surge with exhilaration.

Success!

This was the first special expression he had seen on the face of the person from the Mechanical Court.

"My lord?"

"Well done," Haus nodded with satisfaction, "Bring them to see me."

Only he understood the true difficulty and value behind each barely completed maneuver, which represented a burst of high-intensity command output in a split second.

A few mistakes in sequence did not affect the completion of the overall action, which was already a huge surprise. As for the transitions between each movement not being as smooth as a video... if they could do that on the first try, Haus would have thought he'd seen a ghost.

He certainly did not expect a pair of new Mech Pilots, first-timers to this advanced technology, to complete an operation that would be a remarkable feat even within his Mechanical Court.

Furthermore, learning or familiarizing themselves with these advanced maneuvers was merely one threshold to becoming a high-level Mech Pilot. Choosing the right response at the right time, and being

able to execute a complete set of slight variations in moves smoothly, was what a true pair of ace Mech Pilots had to achieve.

Simply learning the movements was far from enough.

But that was not important. Training could never produce aces; only actual combat could forge true elites.

They, having proven their potential, certainly had enough time to slowly make their way to that step. This time, the military camp's regular Mech Pilot assessment had finally yielded a pair of decent prospects!

It was worth the trip!

Moreover, they had yet to complete the biggest hardware upgrade...

Looking at the pair in front of him, a handsome man and a beautiful woman with extraordinary appearances and fine physiques, Haus was even more satisfied.

To live is to pursue perfection, for only perfection can save this world.

Those with excellent appearances and physiques are expected to be outstanding even at the genetic level.

"First of all, congratulations to you for joining the reserve team of our Mechanical Court," Haus stated plainly, without beating around the bush.

For any organization, exceptional talent is highly valued.

"Ah?" Bai E and Rose looked at each other in confusion, the information they had received not enough for them to make such a leap in their expectations.

The idea of tying their fate directly to the Mechanical Court filled them with bafflement.

The instructor had mentioned that someone from the Mechanical Court was coming for an inspection today, but he didn't say they would be recruiting on the spot, did he?

Was this really so hasty?

The actions just now weren't performed well...

Rose muttered to herself, particularly concerned about her performance just now.

While Bai E took on much of the operational pressure, she still made quite a few minor mistakes, which irritated her.

If she could try a few more times! With a few more attempts, her performance would certainly improve!

And wasn't there still some time left before other Mech Pilots completed their basic training assessments? Why call them over in advance?

Before Bai E and Rose could recover from the sudden news, the waiting instructor beside them was already beaming with joy, prompting, "Aren't you going to thank the lord?"

Lord Haus hadn't mentioned anything to him in advance either, so this direct announcement was also a huge surprise to him.

Having a pair of trainee Mech Pilots he mentored being eyed by the Mechanical Court, wouldn't his military honors and evaluations soar?

The instructors, with no opportunity to go into battle, could only strive to contribute through talent cultivation.

This was a big win!

Bai E certainly didn't mind building connections with the influential figures of the city either; it was best to expand his network to every corner of the city, so when the time came to take control of at least 51% of real power, there would be more people to support him, right?

It's just...

"My lord, did you just say... the reserve team?"

The reserve team... the reserve team...

Here we go again with the reserve team.

He had just emerged from the military camp's regular Mech Pilot reserve team and now he was about to enter the Mechanical Court's reserve team.

Bai E was not afraid of challenges, but the uncertainty of an unsettled future always stirred unease in one's heart.

"Don't worry, the reserve team is just a temporary stage." To his prospective new colleagues, the normally stern Haus now wore a tranquil smile and brought up a seemingly irrelevant topic in a firm tone, "In the operations just now, I'm sure you also felt you were approaching the limits of difficulty, right?"

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"That's right." Rose had deeply experienced this, although she didn't know why Bai E seemed to have directly mastered it from the start, but for her, those extremely complex operations had already touched upon her limits of ability.

Human capabilities have their limits.

"This is because your linkage with machinery isn't tight enough,"

?

Facing the puzzled looks of the two newcomers, Haus explained with a light smile, "You've always been original humans..."

"..."

"..."

"..."

Seeing the strange expressions fading from the faces of the three before him, Haus slightly furrowed his brow and asked, "Did I say something wrong?"

"Not at all, not at all." The instructor quickly gestured with his hands.

The fact that Bai E and Rose were of artificial human origin had been ordered sealed by the higher-ups, they were to be considered original natural humans... but at this moment, hearing an outsider specially pointing this out, they still felt somewhat strange.

Of course, according to the definition of original humans in Haus' words, there was no difference between natural humans and artificial humans.

The difference between the two lay only in the form of their growth: one comes into the world from a mother's womb, growing step by step, while the other is accelerated by machines from the fertilized egg cell stage and emerges fully formed as an adolescent.

But essentially, both belong to the biological category of humans, within the definition of original humans that Haus talked about.

"..." Haus looked at the three people with their odd expressions now dissipating, and continued explaining unconcernedly, "Your thoughts, your nerves are accustomed to the control of the will of an original human body, so when it comes to fighting with machinery, there's always a natural barrier. Only when you truly embrace machinery can you fully control it."

Those top Mech Pilots of the Mechanical Court who could apply advanced actions in real combat were all closely connected with their machinery through technology. Of course... a Mech Pilot who had not undergone mechanical transformation would not be truly accepted by the Mechanical Court. This might be a moot point, or perhaps... a lesson learned from the experience of long past times.

But for Bai E, he was somewhat reluctant.

He furrowed his brow lightly and asked in a soft voice, "Must one undergo mechanical transformation?"

"Of course," Haus responded without hesitation. In his view, everyone should be celebrating and cheering upon hearing this news, the mechanical transformation that was purely beneficial without any side effects, an area completely out of reach for ordinary people, "This is a clear path to the heavens! The so-called training programs and genetic optimizations that you once took pride in are a joke in comparison. As long as you complete the full mechanical transformation, you can possess unrivaled power in an instant!"

As he spoke, Haus stamped his right foot, and the cracked patterns swiftly spread out from the ground beneath his feet, a display of formidable power.

He proudly showed off his power, the strong allure of a perfectly transformed mechanical body.

Unfortunately, Bai E was not quite convinced.

In terms of transformation, he would find a biotechnological transformation, like the one Nova underwent, more acceptable.

But to completely replace his own body with mechanical parts... that was difficult to agree with.

After all, it was an irreversible decision.

Machinery could always be acquired, but one's original body, once lost, was not so easily regained.

Currently, Bai E indeed did not know what the ultimate development path in this world was, but transforming into a mechanical body was a path of no return. He who had infinite possibilities was not willing to have his development path prematurely fixed when his vision of the world was so limited.

Even if it later proved that mechanical transformation was the ultimate path, it wouldn't be too late to join then.

Bai E considered his tone carefully, pondering how to fully express his thoughts without offending, "What if one does not undergo mechanical transformation?"

He didn't want to bluntly reject the "kindness" offered by the other party. Carrying a warlord's mission, he wanted to foster good relations with any accessible power. Even if they couldn't walk the same path, they could at least establish a good foundational relationship.

Haus naturally interpreted the meaning in his own terms, "You're saying the transformation failed?"

He then waved his hand dismissively, "Failures in transformation are rare, only occurring in those extremely resistant to mechanical structures whose nerves are extremely sensitive to electronic components. They instinctively reject the mechanical upgrades to their bodies, leading to surgical failures, but this is precisely why we have a reserve force. If the transformation fails, they naturally can't join the Mechanical Court."

They only want perfect warriors; any imperfection is a desecration of the mechanical.

"What if... one doesn't want to undergo mechanical transformation?"

Bai E swore he was as careful and cautious in his tone as possible, but it seemed he still managed to hit a nerve with the other party.

Haus's already iron-gray face lost its hint of a smile in a flash, and his whole demeanor turned as dark as a chunk of iron, with a bone-chilling coldness emanating even from between his teeth, "Are you saying you're unwilling to undergo mechanical transformation?"

Bearing his scrutinizing gaze, Bai E still admitted with hesitation, "That's what I mean."

'Damn!' The instructor listening by the side felt a sudden jolt of anxiety and immediately wanted to rectify the situation, "Sir, he didn't mean it like that!"

"..." Haus said nothing, just abruptly raised his palm to cut off the instructor mid-sentence.

He looked at Bai E's face for a few seconds, then turned his gaze to Rose, "How about you?"

Since they were a team, both gifted Mech Pilots, it would be fine to secure one of them; the other one could always be given a partner later. For such a dashing and stunning female Mech Pilot, many in the court would no doubt be quite willing.

Without hesitation, Rose glanced at Bai E, "I'm with him."

"...Good. Very good." Haus nodded his head, with a tone so even that no emotion could be discerned, "I've never met Mech Pilots as unambitious as you."

The tone was neither light nor heavy. Bai E responded with equal calmness, "How do you figure?"

"The video I just showed you, do you think the execution looked easy?" Without waiting for Bai E to respond, Haus sneered and continued, "The human body has its limits. Perhaps you can gradually get used to those complex command sets through everyday training, but in real battle, you won't have the chance to employ them, or at most, only for an instant. Without completing mechanical transformation, that's as far as you'll go. You might think you're impressive now, but in ten or twenty years, that's all you'll still be."

What talent and brilliance? What natural intelligence?

In the face of real barriers, all of that is just empty talk.

"But what if we could break through this limit?" Bai E pressed, eyes intently focused on the other man.

This esteemed member of the Mechanical Court didn't seem like a hot-headed person. Refusal was set, but perhaps leaving some potential to reestablish a relationship in the future wasn't out of the question?

"You can?" Haus grinned, his naturally white teeth reflecting a chilling light, "If you could execute those advanced maneuvers with your original human bodies, I'd recognize you as the boss of the Mechanical Court!"

"..."

Are you serious now?

Bai E's eyes sparkled, "Do you mean that?"

"I mean it!" Haus's smile curled at the corner of his mouth. The sight of promising seedlings rejecting glorious evolution particularly irked him, so his emotions were all the more manifest, "But I want to be clear with you now, today you're refusing the kindness of the Mechanical Court. Even if you regret it later, you'll never get another chance; we don't accept any imperfect candidates into the perfect Mechanical Court. It's sacrilegious."

So now you're saying this just to make us reconsider joining the Mechanical Court?

That's pretty sacrilegious...

Bai E saw clearly, this was his first encounter with the Mechanical Court, yet it seemed they weren't as rigid as they appeared.

So he bowed deeply, "I regret to decline your kindness..."

"Hmph!" Haus waved his hand dismissively and walked away.

Chapter 423 Blueprint - Mecha Modification Plan 2.0

No matter how displeased the Mechano-Court seniors left, the fact that Bai E and Rose became official Mech Pilots of the Armor Regiment was set in stone.

The instructor walked up with a smile, extending his hand towards Bai E and Rose to congratulate them, "Congratulations, you are now officially part of our Mecha Camp."

At the same time, the Mech Pilots who were undergoing the standard selection in the distance also completed their final group demonstration.

There were... six groups in total, counting Bai E and Rose.

"So it's not just about having hands, huh?"

The second demonstration by Bai E and Rose seemed effortless and swift. Perhaps it gave the subsequent Mech Pilots a correct line of thinking, but it also brought disdain.

Those two synthetic Mech Pilots could easily pass the assessment; these natural-born elites and masters of the world had no reason to fail.

Only after trying it themselves could this prejudice possibly be shattered by reality.

"It seems like everyone is not very smooth in completing it, right?"

Even the five groups of Mech Pilots who also met the assessment criteria did not seem to exhibit the same level of fluidity as the synthetic Mech Pilot team during their evaluation.

"As expected, Rose is still formidable."

"Hmph! Formidable what? We all completed the assessment; it's all the same," said one of the Mech Pilots who had also passed the assessment, leaning back with arms crossed in his pilot seat, indifferent to the discussion of his peers echoing through the speakers.

Memory is always hazy. They, the second group to go through the assessment, were merely the first among all the reserve Mech Pilots to meet the requirements, which is why everyone had a memory filter applied to them.

In terms of actual skill level, they had all merely met the assessment requirements. What difference in skill was there?

If we really must talk about skill levels, we'll have to wait until we've been to the battlefield and evaluate heroes by their military exploits!

Oh right! He was already an official Mech Pilot who had completed the assessment requirements! From now on, they would no longer be just companions.

"You guys... instead of discussing others, you should be more concerned about yourselves, training hard when you're supposed to be training, and what about now?"

The man's arrogance instantly provoked dissent from those "still reserve Mech Pilots."

"I say, Gris, you get all worked up just being called fat, what are you showing off for? Just because we didn't pass today doesn't mean we won't in the future. Besides, everyone is speaking the truth, we just aren't as good as that team. Otherwise, why would the Mechano-Court senior have a special assessment just for them and not say anything to you all? Don't you understand what this means?"

A familiar Mech Pilot joined in the ribbing, "Ah? What does it mean?"

"It means you're not up to par! The Mechano-Court senior didn't even bother giving him a glance."

"..." That group of synthetic pilots had special maneuvers that everyone saw, which were clearly advanced assessments from the senior of the Mechano-Court. Facing the facts, he could only snort coldly and stubbornly retort, "He doesn't look up to us? Then what about you who can't even pass the basic assessment? Trash?!"

"We're not up to par, that's true, but we can work harder in the future, unlike some who, despite a clear gap, still refuse to see it."

"Enough!" The instructor, who had just dealt with the situation between Bai E and the senior from the Mechano-Court, turned around only to hear an uproar of chatter from the group and immediately roared in a low voice, "Put that energy into training, stop whining like women. Now I will announce the list of people who have completed the assessment: Gris..., Bai E, Rose. From today, they are official Mech Pilots of our camp. Those of you left don't be disappointed; if not this time, there's always a chance in the future. Just aim to work hard and strive to be like them."

A sharp Mech Pilot caught the instructor's phrasing and boldly inquired, "Those two synthetics... Bai E and Rose, are they just official Mech Pilots as well?"

If they had been directly favored by the Mechano-Court, the instructor definitely would not have missed this opportunity to motivate the other Mech Pilots, so the answer was...

"Yes!" The instructor, remembering the incident, replied irritably, "They are also official Mech Pilots!"

Even though the senior had pleaded again and again, this young man was as stubborn as a bull.

What's wrong with mechanical augmentation? Mechanical augmentation, what's wrong with it?!

Isn't it cool to be made of steel? Isn't it strong? Isn't it impressive wherever you go?

What's so good about the human body that doesn't still rely on things like Gene Optimization Solution and Spiritual Training to enhance potential?

Stubborn!

"Understood, instructor!" Getting the answer they wanted, the questioning Mech Pilot immediately replied with a sneer.

The implication needed no explanation.

The Mechano-Court seniors might have been somewhat interested, but isn't this still a rejection?

It means everyone is on the same level of ability, so what is there to show off about?

The voice chat fell silent, each pondering their own thoughts.

["Lucky Strike" charge +12.]

The unexpected prompt didn't capture Bai E's attention for long; the task completion message from the panel was far more delightful.

[Sub-mission - Official Mech Pilot, Completed.]

[Mission Reward: Blueprint - Mecha Augmentation Plan 2.0, Delivered.]

The long-aspired blueprint was finally in hand.

This was the epoch-making blueprint that relegated all so-called high-end and low-end Mechas to outdated technology of a past generation; what Mechano-Court's high-end custom, what regular models used by military Mech Pilots, were all merely tears of the era.

Chapter 424 Blueprint - Mecha Modification Plan 2.0_2

Mecha controlled directly by neural link technology will completely replace the current mecha. The many shortcomings of current mecha due to technological limitations will be completely discarded by the new models.

The only pity is... Bai E's level is still not quite sufficient.

[Blueprint—Mecha Modification Plan 2.0:

Based on the current knowledge of the individual, the following is required to manufacture the item (Blueprint can be shared, conditions for cooperation must be met): Academic knowledge—Miniaturized Kinetic Theory (Level 3) (Owned but not learned) (Not achieved),

Technology—Thirty-Two Element Alloy Smelting Technology (Level 1) (Unknown) (Not achieved),

Academic knowledge—Biological Main Brain Theory (Level 3) (Unknown) (Not achieved) (Individual possesses alternative capabilities)...

The required academic knowledge and technological abilities are varied and encompass many areas that Bai E has not yet mastered. Even some of the technologies, such as the required Thirty-Two Element Alloy, are beyond anything he has heard of in this era, representing a level higher than the Sixteen Element Alloy, which is the most precious alloy known to him currently.

Of course... Bai E himself has not mastered many technological or academic skills, so the task of creating a new mecha model is still a long and arduous journey, not something that can be accomplished in a short time.

But fortunately, there is a direction. In scientific research, direction is far more important than effort.

Moreover, Bai E does not entirely rely on himself to learn or master all the abilities needed to create a new mecha. Once he has enough capability to protect the blueprints of the new mecha, Bai E does not mind letting others of this era also participate in the development of new technologies. After all, the purpose of technology is to give extraordinary power to everyone, not to monopolize it for oneself.

It seems that he will need to connect with people from the Scientific Research Institute in the future, such as... that Helen, with whom he once collaborated for a while?

Bai E, lost in thought, hears the instructor's gentle instructions, "Alright, head back."

The instructor looked at the mecha belonging to the two of them not far away, his eyes filled with a satisfied yet slightly reluctant expression. Whether one wishes to join the Mechanical Court is a personal pursuit, but these kids' performances at least proved that they put in a lot of effort during their training.

The first physical encounter with a mecha is somewhat different from a simulator, and the assessment requirements are also more stringent than regular training. Under these circumstances, the fact that... a regular group of five mech pilots passed the assessment is undoubtedly a pleasing achievement.

"Although you have completed the assessment to become official mech pilots, remember not to become complacent. As official mech pilots, you now bear responsibility for bravely fighting for humanity. Operating mankind's most powerful war machines, your responsibility in war is heavier than any other soldier's. Therefore, you should train even harder, especially the Psychic Pressure Resistance Training conducted by the Arbitration Place Executive Officer. Last time, our soldiers fell on the battlefield because of this, and I hope you do not repeat their mistake. The Military Department is currently planning the second major counter-offensive against the Bug Race nest. That will be your biggest opportunity to prove yourselves, so don't disappoint me for the choice I made today."

The instructor's words were not meant for Bai E alone; he spoke solemnly to all the soldiers through the audio system, resulting in a somber silence.

After his voice died down, a mech pilot responded slowly, "Yes, Instructor!"

Then the voices rose in unison, robust and united, "Yes, Instructor!"

...

"Not going out of camp today? Where are you headed?"

Bai E would usually go out every midday for a break, something Rose had observed.

But today, after lunch, Bai E didn't head toward the camp's exit. Instead, he went in the direction of the camp but not toward the rest area, which made Rose curious.

"Going to deliver a message."

Bai E hadn't forgotten the message that the rat-like creature had conveyed to him through Gilder the previous night.

The rat-like creature was always obedient and compliant. Such a child's occasional request must not be ignored as if unheard, whether it succeeds or not, what one can do should be done.

"Can I come with you?" Rose was always curious about Bai E's daily activities. Hearing that it might be something novel, she immediately wanted to join.

"Suit yourself," Bai E didn't mind. Rose was trustworthy, so naturally, there was no need to hide many things from her.

"Alrighty!" Rose was immediately overjoyed, with all her emotions clearly written on her face, transparent at a glance.

The two headed straight for the medical ward within the military camp, where there was always bustling activity. A familiar girl moved between the beds, her gentle voice bringing comfort to every anxious soldier.

But the instant she saw Bai E, her warm, somewhat weary smile brightened a few degrees, and yet worry quickly showed on her face again.

From her position, what she feared most was seeing an acquaintance on her own "turf."

This often meant that the acquaintance was in trouble.

"Are you feeling unwell?" Mashati's amber eyes eyed Bai E up and down; she still remembered the last few times Bai E came over, his energy completely depleted, asking for help.

What kind of person trains themselves to the brink of death?

It was truly worrisome.

"I'm fine," Bai E said with a smile, letting Mashati tug at his clothes to examine him.

"Ah?" A hint of evident confusion shone in the amber eyes.

"It's Fernandi." Bai E's eyes fixed on her as he spoke with a smile, "Yes, your brother, Fernandi."

The nurse immediately clutched the white nurse's uniform she was holding, an expression of concern washing over her face.

She had no significant backing, and during her military service, she wasn't allowed to leave the base at whim.

Even though she was worried about her brother's life outside, there wasn't much she could do about it.

And moreover... before she'd joined the military, she had arranged everything for him, even ensuring he wouldn't encounter those who bullied him.

He should be... fine, right?

"He's fine," Bai E reassured her with a smile, "He just, wants to see you. Maybe he misses you? After all, you two have probably never been apart for this long before, right?"

"Yes... it has been a long time." Hearing that her brother was fine and merely missed her, Mashati finally relaxed her clenched hand, though the nurse's uniform had now become a wrinkled mess, "But sir, how do you know him?"

As the momentary worry faded, her normal intelligence reoccupied the high ground, and she began to realize this seemingly obvious issue.

"You know, I have the permission to leave the base anytime, and a friend outside asked me to deliver this request."

"Oh~" Mashati asked subconsciously, trusting Bai E completely.

But with regard to the request itself...

Military regulations were not to be disobeyed, but then there was her brother's longing...

Mashati stood in place, anxious, rubbing her hands together, then bit her lip as if she had made some difficult decision, "I'll go ask Nurse Chief An Lun."

Perhaps Nurse Chief An Lun was very kind to her, or maybe she would agree to the request, but Mashati never liked to trouble anyone.

Yet now, for the sake of seeing her brother, she had to do something that might trouble others...

The answer was obvious, Nurse Chief An Lun, fond of the kind and hardworking girl, readily agreed to her request.

...

The lunch break was about to end.

There were twenty minutes left before the afternoon's Psychic Pressure Resistance Training, and Bai E saw Mashati again, rushing back with an anxious expression.

The girl had specifically come looking for him, her face bearing an expression that was almost tearful in her urgency, yet disguised in front of others, evoking sympathy in anyone who saw her.

"What's wrong?"

"It's a last will!" the girl's voice was tearful, yet utterly certain.

Chapter 425 Franca!

Mashati knew her brother better than anyone else.

So, from their brief encounter, she easily detected the unspoken but emotionally charged "final goodbye" suffusing her brother's demeanor.

This was, at least as far as Fernandi believed, their last meeting.

What was he about to face, or rather, what was he preparing to do?

Mashati knew nothing.

Nor could she extract any information.

Since her brother had chosen to conceal the truth, he wouldn't reveal even the slightest bit of information to her.

Whom could she ask for help?

Perhaps only Bai E, who had the authority to freely enter and exit the military camp, might be able to glean some information about the situation Fernandi was facing.

"Can you help him? Please help him... he must be in some serious trouble," the girl's eyes were rimmed with redness, and though tears were on the brink of falling, she dared not let them drop. She didn't want to burden the other with her own sorrows, even if this was the only lifeline she could find at the moment.

Bai E kept his composure, gazing into the girl's eyes, and asked earnestly, "What did he say to you?"

"He didn't say... but I know him. He seemed to merely be sharing with me all the people and things he encountered these days. It's all changed so much... but none of that is the point. He just wanted to talk to me, have one final talk with me. He must be planning to leave or possibly leave for good."

"..." Bai E frowned tightly and said nothing for a moment.

Maybe Mashati didn't know her real identity outside, but he did... As E's rat, handling odd jobs in Gilder's shadow, his biggest issue was his identity as a demon Believer.

The only enemies this might attract would be from an official body like the Arbitration Place. But with Franca's mediation, all Black Street and heretic-related matters were handled by himself. Even if other executors disagreed with this arrangement, they should report directly to Franca or Gilder, who would inform him, rather than leaving E's rat to shoulder everything alone.

So... what unexpected event had occurred?

And what was it that only he could accomplish?

Without sufficient intelligence, Bai E could only seek likely reasons through scraps of clues.

"How exactly did he talk to you? Can you find any leads?"

"He?" Mashati's eyes, slightly reddened, drifted absently as if searching through memories for traces, "He told me a lot. He talked about his life after I arrived at the camp, about the great group of comrades he met, tender events, a kind elder, and a person... a very formidable and perfect adult. He said he was doing well outside, he could help others every day, and no one would look down on him anymore..."

Mashati followed the river of memory, untangling her recollections bit by bit.

It was clear that the rat had selectively shared some truths.

"And I've seen for myself that Fernandi is really doing well...", Mashati's eyes briefly shone before quickly dimming, "But he couldn't fool me. Every word he said carried the meaning of farewell. He wants me to see that he's doing well, he wants me to be at ease, and he hopes... hopes that I can get used to days without him. It seems, it seems it all started with a very formidable young lady! Yes! Right! That's it!"

Mashati, as if finally finding the source, spoke with slightly lifted spirits, "He said that young lady was very formidable, that she could save many people, and then he asked me a question—"

"Sister... if, I mean if, someone had shown you light during your most desperate times with this world, then in the future, when you have the ability and opportunity to spread this light, would you do it?"

"Of course... If I could help everyone, I think that's what we should do," she replied.

"Mmm~" The boy lifted his head from the shadows, his eyes sparkling, "Right, sister, that's what I think too..."

...

"Yes! It's here!" Mashati, having traced the facts down memory lane, finally pinpointed the real reason, "It's that 'very formidable young lady.' Fernandi wants to help her with something! What does he want to do?"

"A very impressive Miss?" Bai E's eyes glazed slightly, as he searched his memory for someone everyone might know.

A young noblewoman, always clad in aristocratic attire and exuding an air of superiority, sprang to mind first.

Yes... who else could it be?

As an enforcer from Arbitration Place, she naturally had the authority to enforce the law against Believers like Rat People, and it was because of the Rat People's plague incident that everyone had first come to know her.

From beginning to end, the one most intricately linked to the Rat People had been this enforcer from Arbitration Place.

Moreover, this noblewoman was not the type to be rigid and obstinate. That her ideas could win Rat People's approval was hence not surprising.

So, just like Mashati had said—what on earth did she want to do?

"It's just that I don't know who the 'impressive sister' he mentioned really is..." Mashati said, troubled, as the question plunged into a new level of complexity.

"Perhaps, I've got a lead."

"Hmm?" Mashati suddenly looked up, her eyes brimming with hope.

"You go back first, I need time to confirm. Of course, you don't need to worry too much, I will investigate this matter and give you a response as soon as possible," Bai E said, gazing intently at the other person, giving his absolute promise.

A look can convey strength, and Bai E never broke his word to anyone.

Thus, even though Mashati still felt unease that she could not fully quell, she turned firmly to leave, "Thank you for your trouble."

"You know who it is?" Rose asked curiously, watching Mashati depart and staring at Bai E's profile. She was curious about everything to do with Bai E.

"I have a rough idea."

"Who is it?"

Bai E turned and walked towards the gathering point for the Psychic Pressure Resistance Training, "It's her."

This was Bai E's first encounter with Franca at the military camp, following the exposure of his identity to the outside world.

Observing the familiar yet strange figure standing at the end of the lineup, Franca felt a bizarre mixture of emotions.

A master with impressive abilities and a certain influence on the outside, yet willing to endure the humility of bowing and scraping under the military's regimented system...

Of course, it might also be because these two different identities were both efforts toward the same singular goal.

The other party had never forsaken the mission of the man-made beings; every action was a demonstration of commitment to their own mission.

["Lucky Strike" charge +5.]

"..."

Bai E remained silent.

I haven't even spoken yet...

After all, there was no chance to speak alone, and following the end of the group, Bai E stepped into the familiar training chamber.

The same training as always, but a drastically different level of realm.

Spiritual Energy... Second Stage!

Chapter 426 The possibility of implementing plan

...

The first level of Spiritual Energy is receptive, perceiving external stimuli in relation to oneself and can be used to make minor changes to oneself and to "intimately" alter the properties of objects.

The second level of Spiritual Energy is emissive, perceiving the world and transforming others, naturally filtering to some extent the things one "dislikes" or is "unwilling to accept."

After reaching the second level of Spiritual Energy, the indiscriminating energy suppression field that affected all warriors had virtually no effect on Bai E.

Even Bai E could sense the underlying reason for the effectiveness of the Spiritual Energy suppression field—the wails of countless wronged souls, almost identical in sentiment to that found within the Exorcism Essential Oil.

Standing in the phalanx of warriors within the square cabin, Bai E's eyes were clear, the once distracting influence of Spiritual Energy no longer affecting his will in the slightest.

He and Franca shared a quiet gaze and he took the initiative to walk over to her.

At this moment within the square cabin, aside from him and Franca, other warriors were unable to extricate themselves from the torment of the Spiritual Energy suppression; this was the best opportunity for "individual contact."

"I didn't know before, but now I've realized, the aura here is somewhat similar to the one in the Exorcism Essential Oil?"

Bai E had learned about the origin of the Exorcism Essential Oil after the battle in the arena.

Countless living wills transformed into kindling to battle demons, whether voluntarily or by force, human sacrifices have been necessary to sustain the core integrity amidst the erosion of demons.

It is both reluctance and helplessness.

No one can break this situation.

Franca's gaze was calm; she had come to recognize these things earlier than Bai E, having experienced the process of doubt, pain, attempts, leading to despair, numbness, and finally acceptance of reality, "Only through sacrifice can we combat demons, the more complex the experiences, the greater the 'wealth' one can provide. There's a saying in your military that's quite accurate, each of us is currency for humanity, to increase our value and spend it at the proper moment is our greatest responsibility, no one is exempt."

Her gaze upon Bai E seemed unfocused, as if looking past him at some void point behind him, "For centuries we have endured in silence, at times we sprout briefly in the sunlight, more often struggling to survive in the shadow of death, fighting and dying over countless centuries, drenching innumerable battlefields with the blood of our enemies and our own.

Humans continually sacrifice themselves, a sacrifice that allows the bloodline of humanity to persist, generation after generation, not for any grand ideals, because the sacrifice itself is greater than any ideal.

But perhaps, deep in everyone's heart lies a hope: to one day, maybe a million years hence, give rise to a generation that no longer needs sacrifice, a generation where humanity endures in peace..."

Seeing the slight astonishment on Bai E's face, Franca smiled gently, "These are the words you once told them, they've kept them in their hearts ever since, and I quite like them too."

Ever since hearing from those so-called "children of demons" about the ambitions mentioned in their first official encounter with this man, Franca knew she would not misplace her trust.

And judging by the timeline, this ruler of Black Street had only been "manufactured" for a few days when he spoke such words.

The commitment to save all of humanity from disaster had been so firm from the start, and to this day, he had never given up trying.

"I know you abhor sacrifice, but there's no way around it, our era... sacrifice is the only thing we can do."

"So is this also what you said to Fernandi?"

"No." Franca smiled gently, a hint of vulnerability as if swaying in the wind and rain, "I don't like forced sacrifices, but he seemed to feel the need to repay the kindness that had once warmed him... It was you, who gave him courage."

...

Compared to those who are forced, volunteers who step onto the battlefield are always easier to accept, and such a leader who possesses this charm may just be the king this era needs most.

Bai E squinted his eyes, indifferent to these ethereal praises. After all, behind these praises was the weight of lives. What he cared more about was practical action.

Is sacrifice truly necessary?

"So, what do you want him to do?"

"...It's not only the wretched souls in the real world that we can see that are suffering. Those imprisoned in high-dimensional spaces endure eternal torment. Not many of them might have embraced it willingly. Perhaps some have, but many are compelled by reality. Their existence is a failure for all of us, and at the same time, it's a source of power for the high-dimensional spaces..."

The overall strength of the high-dimensional space seemingly has little to do with those individual lonely souls. However, when these souls are regarded as a whole, the power of the high-dimensional space without this collective would undoubtedly be greatly weakened.

Rescuing those tormented souls is undoubtedly also a way to alleviate the pressure on humanity itself.

It is humanity's mistake and a trouble that humanity must face.

"Maybe there are many who deserve to die among those from other original demons, but under the eternal system, there are quite a few true innocents, and it happens that Fernandi is Their chosen one, upon which the foundation for this action can be established. Although... I still don't have the strength to truly implement this plan."

Franca felt that she had underestimated the child's resolve, having just heard his idea and impulsively seeing the plan as a mission that must be undertaken, even going as far as to bring it directly to Bai E...

"So, this plan is essentially feasible, isn't it?"

Bai E's gaze was piercing.

The harm of high-dimensional demons to the human world is widely recognized. If their power could be greatly weakened, it would undoubtedly bring a lasting respite to humanity.

If during the lull of the demons people seize the time to completely eliminate the disasters caused by the orcs and Bug Race, the humans without real-world enemies might be able to integrate themselves, possibly curtailing the high-dimensional spaces' pollution of humanity with a robust and perfected social system.

Returning to the Golden Age might not be an impossible dream.

And... if we're talking about souls, can they be governed by my own 'soul black hole'?

Can the souls rescued from other demons only utterly dissipate, or can they be "preserved" in another way by me?

I don't know, but it's worth a try.

However, this so-called "guide" that only Fernandi can take on may be up for debate...

"But we don't have enough manpower..." Franca's gaze dimmed.

After proposing the plan, she had not failed to hint around the edges back at the office.

Yet even the Judge who was closest to her completely disapproved of such reckless behavior.

Bai E looked vacant and shook his head gently, "No, perhaps there is someone..."

Chapter 427 Growing Helper

Conventional spiritual energy talents are rare, and each one's growth is incredibly arduous, with even fewer reaching the second phase without succumbing to an early death.

Wild-born spiritual energy wielders receive high attention from the city and are assigned to different institutions for study and service. They have little social interaction with one another, making it difficult to unite substantial forces from a personal perspective.

But there is a group of people... they share a common origin—the displaced.

That's right, those displaced who arrived in the city with Gilder.

Hundreds of spiritual energy talents—if they all could reach the second phase, then there would be a foundational possibility for the plan to be executed.

Moreover, in fact, the spiritual energy level of each talent naturally grows over time, as long as they do not die young or decay. To rise to the second or even third phase is simply a matter of course.

The true predicament for spiritual energy wielders has never been the level of spiritual energy itself but how to avoid being eroded by high-dimensional forces.

Those people fled from the origin of demons—fear itself, inherently possessing a higher resistance to high-dimensional force corrosion, hence they have a much greater chance of advancing to become second or even third phase spiritual energy wielders than average talents.

So, if their powers could be integrated...

The plan to strike back at high-dimensional forces, of course, couldn't be rushed, but the best time to do something well was "ten years" ago, followed by the present.

"How are Kiro Lan and Morphie doing with you?"

"They..." Franca was taken aback, wondering why Bai E suddenly brought up an irrelevant topic, then quickly understood, "You are looking for those people... their progress is fast."

As top-tier spiritual energy talents encountered since the city was established, those two children's progress on the path of spiritual energy was exceedingly rare.

In just the short time they had been learning, both of their spiritual energy levels had reached the peak of the first phase, only temporarily stagnant due to the inevitable barrier between the first and second phases.

"... I've heard that a special trial is being organized soon for the two of them, to help them break through successfully. The place is giving it considerable attention."

Talented individuals receive attention wherever they go, and both children were also bright and keen, presumably doing well for themselves.

"That's good to hear," Bai E nodded with relief, "Can you get in touch with them?"

"Aglaya forbade you from meeting them..." taking a teasing glance at Bai E's face, Franca's eyes twinkled with mischief.

"So you all listen to her?"

Franca smiled, "If she knew your current level, she'd probably be the one regretting it the most."

To master second-phase spiritual energy in just over a month since inception as a homunculus was to surpass even the standards of Kiro Lan and Morphie.

Whether due to the inherent limitations of being a homunculus or purely wild self-exploration, these limiting factors were unimaginable disadvantages that the two well-led and protected children could not fathom. Bai E, who grew strong despite these conditions, made it difficult for Franca to comment from the position of a "senior" in spiritual energy.

It was a miracle!

Aglaya was not some narrow-minded villain; even if she misjudged something, as long as there was a chance to remedy it, she wouldn't miss it. Bai E's true spiritual energy level was bound to be revealed in the city one day, and Franca was eager to see the expression of that important person then.

"I will find an opportunity to arrange a meeting. Wait for my message." Franca always carried herself with the petulant grace of a noble young lady, but when it came down to business, she was incredibly reliable.

Her tone was short and decisive this time.

"Okay."

...

The staccato clack of high heels echoed down the dark corridors of the Arbitration Place.

The military's Psychic Pressure Resistance Training took place every other day. Franca, having completed today's session, had over a day's worth of free time, enough to run back and forth as needed.

A favor requested is a duty to be diligently carried out.

Immediately after training, Franca returned to the headquarters of the Arbitration Place, located within the city.

Sailing through greetings with a familiar Judge, she vigorously pursued the whereabouts of the two children and headed straight for their current location.

The Arbitration Place appeared to be a small complex of buildings, but in reality, its interior was twisted by spiritual energy, the actual space comparable to almost half the city. Without knowing the exact location of one's target, searching could be futile for an entire day.

Finally, in a dark void where a twisted vortex seemed present, Franca saw the two children, who were following their mentor and receiving guidance.

The mentor, a lean tall man with a somewhat grim expression, exuded a chill aura, making him unapproachable for most.

"Franca?" the mentor turned his head upon noticing the unexpected noise, his eyebrows furrowing with puzzlement.

Before Kiro Lan and Morphie joined the Arbitration Place, Franca was known as a minor celebrity.

Before the emergence of top spiritual energy talents, Franca's prowess was a widely acknowledged fact.

But...

"What are you doing here?"

"Came to play with them," Franca said with a cheeky smile, indicating the two children who were ensconced in their training.

Chapter 428 Growing Helper_2

Her character was straightforward, and she often sought out those two children before; this wasn't the first time, so it wouldn't arouse suspicion.

But now was not the right time.

The mentor's eyes and brows were cold, his tone stern, "They are about to challenge the second stage and are in the midst of their final preparations; don't disturb them without good reason."

"About to reach the second stage now?" Franca's eyes sparkled, "That's really impressive... how are they planning to break through?"

"..." Who asks like that?

The mentor's face remained cold, but facing Franca's curious yet genuinely enthusiastic expression, he found it hard to be truly angry. After all, he had coached her in parts of her craft as well.

"The mentor wants us to really go and hunt a demon." In the slight quiet, Kiro Lan suddenly said with a smile-filled response.

'I already told her last time that we were about to reach the second stage. She shouldn't be acting so surprised.' As these thoughts flowed through Kiro Lan's mind, she easily sensed that the seemingly innocent noble lady must have something she wanted to say to her alone, away from the mentor's ears.

Thus, she turned to her mentor, smiling gently, "Teacher, Franca serves in the military camp and hardly comes back; I'd like to chat with her..."

For a Spiritual Energy practitioner, it's essential to have a clear mind.

If your heart is preoccupied with other matters, anything you do will be half as effective.

And this clever and adorable girl was equally endearing, leading the mentor to wave his hand in resignation, "Mind the time."

"I know, Teacher."

Finally finding a chance to speak privately, Franca sat face to face with the two teenagers in a secluded corner.

The young lady had her Longsword resting on her lap, looking carelessly poised and yet brimming with noble grace as she excitedly spoke, "Last night I went out with him on a big mission again!"

"A big mission? What kind of mission?" Morphie's eyes lit up, filled with interest in everything happening outside.

Franca waved her hand grandly, "Nothing much, just someone ascending to a demon prince, which we teamed up to slaughter."

Morphie was stunned, his face suddenly alight with excitement, "A demon prince!"

During his time learning at the Arbitration Place, he had also come to understand the significance behind that title.

Leaving aside the eleven great incursions that had only appeared in rumors, the disasters caused by a demon prince were almost the worst calamity related to demons that humanity could encounter in the material world.

Such a level of disaster, each time it occurred, would have an extremely severe impact on the material world; the records mentioned areas of human land forever swallowed by higher-dimensional spaces due to a demon prince.

"Which type of demon was it?"

"A war-type demon, the kind with the most formidable combat capabilities."

"That must have been tough, was it just the two of you?"

"Of course!" Franca said as she waved her hand, and out of the corner of her eye, she saw another pair of eyes twinkling with amusement, prompting her to moderate her tone, "But mainly it was him taking the lead; I just lent a small hand."

"That's still very impressive!"

"It's him who's impressive..."

"The adult is certainly impressive."

Seeing the conversation finally turning towards the subject, Franca rolled her distinct black and white eyes before saying, "Speaking of which, my return this time is mainly on his request."

The normally gentle and smiling Kiro Lan suddenly tensed, "What did the adult say?"

"He said... there might be some matters where he needs your help."

"No problem!"

"I haven't even said what it is yet?"

"Whatever the adult's request is, it's fine by us."

"... you really trust him," Franca muttered to herself.

Morphie also looked at Kiro Lan with some skepticism, "Right, you don't even know what he wants us to do?"

Then, turning to Franca, "Sister, what exactly does the adult want us to help him with?"

"There are some things I shouldn't say; it's best if you communicate with him directly. Do you have a chance to sneak out?"

Kiro Lan frowned slightly and shook her head slowly, "I'm afraid not."

As the city's brightest new star in the field of Spiritual Energy, her comings and goings were under constant close watch; probably only when her power truly reached the pinnacle, beyond anyone's control in the city, could she escape that surveillance.

Until then, she feared there wouldn't be many opportunities to bend the rules.

This situation was also within the range of possibilities Bai E and Franca had anticipated; Franca had the leeway to make her own judgment.

Considering the matter's significance, and that it could even involve going against the orders of the Arbitration Place, Franca didn't dare to divulge too much. So she stared earnestly at the two children

before her, "I can relay his message, but as it's a grave matter, if it truly can't be done, I hope you don't disclose it."

After such an interval, the two teenagers had studied and lived at the Arbitration Place, encountering as many characters and gaining as much knowledge as they did.

Franca couldn't be certain about their "loyalty" to Bai E; she needed to judge based on the feedback from their Spiritual Energy.

"No problem," Kiro Lan agreed instantly, without hesitation.

"Kiro Lan!" Morphie stared hard at the girl, "He hasn't taken the initiative to contact us for so long, and now he does only to ask for our help, is this not..."

A bit too opportunistic?

"It's only natural," Kiro Lan shook her head, rejecting Morphie's view, "Why keep in touch if there's no need? True bonds don't require constant pleasantries to maintain. We work hard here just so that one day we might be of use to the adult."

Chapter 429 Growing Helper_3

"It's to be useful to this world!" Morphie had always disliked Kiro Lan's statement, "And he even needs to evade the watchful eyes of the Place..."

The Arbitration Place had gradually become an absolute and the only righteousness in his eyes, and the need to deceive such an authority... Did it mean that my lord's decisions... were not so righteous?

"My lord could never be wrong," Kiro Lan asserted softly, her tone calm as water.

"No one can be right all the time."

"My lord can."

Morphie's gaze flickered with a touch of sadness, and his tone became somewhat weaker, "At least we can listen to what my lord wants us to do before making a decision?"

"That in itself is a form of disloyalty."

Kiro Lan shook her head and turned to Franca, "May I speak?"

The disagreement between the two children did not come as a surprise to Franca. Their disputes were not the first, but fortunately, they were always honest with each other, straightforward in their discussions, "You may, but you must promise that even if you're unwilling to help, you absolutely cannot divulge it to others."

Catching Kiro Lan's glance, Morphie's unripe face reddened, "I'm not ungrateful! Even if I don't help him, I won't harm him!"

"Good," Franca nodded.

No matter what they had experienced, the pure hearts of the two children remained intact, their words revealing no signs of deceit under the detection of Spiritual Energy.

"He hopes that you... can make contact with all of your kinfolk, and once all of you have at least reached the second level of Spiritual Energy, you will take action together! The target is... high-dimensional space!"

"An expedition to high-dimensional space?"

"What bold thinking..."

Upon hearing this message, Morphie and Kiro Lan murmured to themselves, reflecting differing attitudes.

Franca, having roughly explained the plan and its purpose, looked steadily at the two, "What do you think? Do you dare?"

It was an extremely bold idea, so bold that Franca dared not even speak of it openly with anyone else, except Bai E.

Human decisions regarding high-dimensional space were always made with utmost caution.

"No problem!"

Unexpectedly, while Kiro Lan seemed to be still pondering, Morphie instantly made his stance clear, "We'll help him!"

Too reckless... too daring...

But that's how it should be!

For that lord, Morphie had never harbored any objections.

But the status of that person in Kiro Lan's heart... was too high.

He can't always be right; how could anyone always be right?

It has to be this radical, this daring; there needs to be room for mistakes.

In due time, he will redeem everything and show Kiro Lan who the true savior is!

Morphie's unexpected commitment had taken Franca aback. She turned to Kiro Lan, waiting for her decision.

The girl's eyes settled from a brief flicker, and she looked at Franca, responding with a smile in a soft voice, "No problem, I've been keeping in touch with them all along, but it seems... now I need to speed up their cultivation."

Her consideration was not whether to agree with the plan but how to execute it meticulously.

Knowing that the lord intended to develop his own power, she, upon arriving in the city, had never abandoned those refugees with whom she had little previous interaction.

Perhaps to others, she seemed like a nostalgic fool from another place, but only she knew... all her actions were backed by definite purposes.

At least level two in strength, huh... My kinfolk have been living too comfortably.

Chapter 430 "Storage Space"

At night, Bai E came to a familiar spot, where Yue Ying's figure was also hidden within familiar shadows.

Apart from Bai E, no one else could detect Yue Ying's presence at this location; such was the unspoken understanding that had somehow developed between them.

"You came back yesterday?" Yue Ying asked gently.

Her tone was even, as if it were just an ordinary question.

But after spending time together, Bai E had gradually come to understand the personality of this elf lady.

In reality, it was a displeased query—having returned yesterday, why hadn't he come over?

"Last night, I went to fight a demon."

"A demon?" Yue Ying's gaze grew concentrated, recalling the unusual fluctuation she had sensed last night.

The disturbance had originated from quite a distance, and she hadn't been interested in investigating it at the time, but she hadn't expected it to be related to Bai E.

"It's good that you're back." Yue Ying nodded lightly, regardless of who the opponent was, the fact that he was standing before her alive meant that the danger had passed, "What kind of opponent was it?"

Because of the great distance, the magnitude of the fluctuation was unclear, making it difficult to judge the intensity of the incident directly from the high-dimensional waves.

"A War-type demon prince, quite troublesome."

"..." Yue Ying's lips moved slightly, but she found no words to respond.

A War-type demon prince, and he merely described it as "quite"?

She might have never encountered a demon prince in the real world, but her occasional travels through high-dimensional spaces had led to encounters with demon princes.

Honestly speaking, they were "quite troublesome" for her as well.

If it hadn't been for her sister being there at that time, they might actually have let that demon prince escape.

And Bai E, who had only been cultivating for how long, was already capable of dealing with an opponent of this caliber?

Who exactly was the elf here?

However, having spent a long time with him, even things that seemed impossible happening to him had somehow become unsurprising...

Noticing the Spiritual Energy aura that Bai E had deliberately released, Yue Ying's crystalline lips pursed lightly, a hint of surprise in her voice, "You've reached the second stage, too."

"I was lucky to have made a breakthrough during the battle; otherwise, I really couldn't have taken down the opponent."

"Mhm," Yue Ying nodded slightly.

As expected.

Without advancing to the second stage of Spiritual Energy, she could hardly imagine what techniques could be used to defeat a demon prince.

"Now that you're at the second stage, you can start learning more Spiritual Energy techniques."

Bai E had been paying close attention to Yue Ying's expressions and tone, noticing her consistent indifference, which made him feel somewhat disheartened.

He wasn't belittling himself; after all, single-handedly killing an invading demon prince from the material world was a considerable feat, right? But in Yue Ying's eyes, there was still not much surprise.

This only confirmed one thing—his level, in the eyes of the real high-tier powers of this world, was still not enough.

He was seeking his place in the world, but clearly, there was still a long way to go.

"Mm... But before that, there's something I'd like to consult you about." Bai E hadn't placed all his hopes on the refugees Morphe and Kiro Lan might be able to summon; any potential assistance had to be rallied.

"Speak."

"What conditions do you think are necessary if one were to attack a high-dimensional space?"

Franca might have seen much due to her status and thus possessed broad knowledge, but given her own power limitations, not everything might be clearly understood by her.

Yue Ying, being the strongest of the intelligent beings Bai E had encountered so far, should have a more authoritative judgment.

"Attack a high-dimensional space?" Yue Ying's eyes narrowed slightly, she who had shown little reaction to hearing Bai E could handle a demon prince was now genuinely surprised, "What are you planning to do?"

"Some things have happened that made me aware of the souls imprisoned by the high-dimensional space. If we could rescue these souls from demon territories, not only would it alleviate their suffering, but it could also weaken the power of the high-dimensional space, so..."

Yue Ying stared at Bai E quietly, her clear, transparent eyes twinkling with unknown emotions.

"Do you realize what you're saying?" she interjected, a touch of rudeness in her voice.

Bai E was slightly taken aback, "I do... It's just an idea for now, so I wanted to ask for your opinion..."

Her body began to feel warm, Yue Ying tried to maintain control, her eyes dropping slightly in an effort to appear nonchalant, "No one has ever done that."

So she didn't have any advice to offer.

Yet, the grandeur of that ambition alone was enough to stir the soul.

Bai E understood her implication, a tinge of disappointment in his voice, "Even you don't have a clear understanding?"

"How many people have you prepared?"

"If successful, there might be several hundred second-stage Spiritual Energy practitioners."

"Is that all?"

"That's all." Yue Ying's question made Bai E feel somewhat uneasy.

Several hundred Spiritual Energy practitioners—that should count as quite a few, shouldn't it?

According to Franca, the several hundred refugees were highly regarded precisely because even a few hundred Spiritual Energy practitioners would be a significant asset to any city.

And based on the few demon incidents he had encountered, if he, a single second-stage Spiritual Energy practitioner, could resolve the situation, others, even if slightly weaker, could probably do the same when working together, right?

With hundreds of Spiritual Energy practitioners acting in unison, targeting a single demon's territory for an assault, surely there was a chance of success?

Even if it were not possible to save everyone, even if only a breach was made to rescue some, it would still be an attempt worth making, allowing one to gain a deeper understanding of the true nature of this world.