

## Wow 52

### Chapter 52: Spiritual Energy level 1

[Arc Strike triggered! Successfully hit the target behind the obstacle, light firearms mastery experience +5.]

[Hit the target's vital spot, inflicting 22 points of critical damage!]

[Target's breathing ceased, basic life signs lost.]

"Phew~ Not bad luck."

Dai Lian felt somewhat relieved, he almost hit a person...

The arc gun was a sporadic stroke of genius, when there was a strong demand for the arc gun in one's heart, and there was a kind of recognition similar to an "epiphany", the next time one fired the gun using a specific swinging method, there would be a high probability of producing an arc shot.

But there was also a possibility of failure...

Not knowing what fate awaited someone who blew off the head of a person from the fearsome Heretical Arbitration House, he thought... it was quite thrilling.

"Take care of yourselves, we don't need you to interfere."

A brusque voice like cold stone came from behind.

"Aow~ Got it."

The reminder from the other party was not only a notice after the fact, but also a warning in the present moment.

As the player with the best tunneling ability among them, Dai Lian already felt the subtle vibration transmitted through the walls of the pipe beneath his feet.

Dense but not heavy... and continuous.

The rustling noise was like locusts passing through.

Gradually, Kuang Xin and Gong Yan, whose tunneling abilities weren't as keen, also became aware of the commotion coming from ahead... and it wasn't just from ahead, but from behind as well!

This was the enemy's den; they were everywhere!

Above, below, in front, behind.

Franca and the burly man had already stopped in their tracks, and Franca, drawing her steel sword from her waist, had a look in her eyes that yearned for battle.

Opportunities to fight without restraint were rare, and she was excited.

In the dim light, crimson eyes like flickering rubies lit up the black blanket dotted with Rubies advancing rapidly from a distance.

The silent onslaught, free of any screaming, exuded an exceptionally unsettling pressure.

Pu Jie's legs trembled a little, "There are... too many of them."

Kuang Xin held his battle axe, shielding the three behind him, "Be careful on your own."

Dai Lian and Gong Yan drew their pistols, sensing for the first time that the guns in their hands weren't so reliable.

With so many rats, how were they supposed to fight?

The enemies wouldn't give them time to think; those crazed plague rats surged forward en masse, their tiny pointed fangs filled with bloodthirsty desire.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

The messy gunfire started the battle's drumbeat, the explosion of sound echoing in the pipes, exceedingly harsh.

Kuang Xin used the axe as a shield, batting away the plague rats that leapt at him.

In the chaos of battle, the trait "Well-Trained" was fully triggered, with multiple attribute enhancements making his performance outstanding.

"Careful!"

A large rat lunging at his face was knocked away by the axe. Shaken, Pu Jie regained his composure, "Thank you..."

"React faster."

Kuang Xin didn't linger, confident that his vastly enhanced attributes in battle would allow him to accomplish more, and protecting his teammates felt like the most important thing to him.

"Got it..."

The four kept their backs to the pipe wall, retreating as they fought, attempting to converge with the two from the Heretical Arbitration House some ten meters away.

Their mission was merely to preserve their lives during the task and to earn varying amounts of black water coins based on their contributions.

Indeed, the reward for Kuang Xin and the three others was only black water coins, as for Pu Jie... who knew?

At the start of the battle, the burly man stepped aside, arms folded, watching.

Though Franca was young, she was competent, but what really surprised were those few informants...

His gaze shifted from the wireman wielding an axe, a flash of amazement twinkled in the burly man's eyes.

"Battle instincts honed through specialized training."

In the chaos of battle, they were even more pronounced, always managing to shield comrades from potentially fatal attacks at critical moments, allowing team members to exert their full combat strength.

The combined prowess of these four wiremen wasn't particularly strong, but their ability to hold their ground and retreat towards his side amidst the frenzied rat tide owed greatly to him alone.

And... the arc gun that briefly revealed itself just moments ago.

The combat strength of these individuals wasn't overwhelming, but the traits they had displayed promised a considerable potential for the future.

That they appeared together was certainly no coincidence.

Behind them, who could it be?

However, it seemed to have little to do with him, as the enemies of the Heretical Arbitration House were only those who had abandoned humanity's stance... the heretics!

"Heh!"

A sharp yell by his ear drew his attention, as Franca's steel sword created a dazzling arc of light.

The movement of her sword was nimble, dead rats fell like rain around her.

However, no matter how fine the swathe of her sword, it couldn't simultaneously defend against the rat swarm that surged like a tide.

Every so often, small figures would breach this sword barrier, leaving Franca's tightly-fitted leather skirt in shambles from the attacks of sharp teeth and claws.

Patches of sheer fabric hinted at the pale flesh beneath.

A misty layer of Spiritual Energy had, unbeknownst to anyone, cloaked Franca's brown pupils, an overpowering presence exploded in an instant, causing the encircling rat horde to falter under the shockwave.

Seizing this chance, Kuang Xin and the other three hurried to escape, reaching the proximity of the two Arbitration Place members and temporarily coming together.

In this critical moment, they still had to cling to the strong.

"What is that?"

Gong Yan looked towards Franca, feeling something odd.

In her eyes, Franca seemed surrounded by a strange Spiritual Energy, radiating outwards like an icy orb, casting a chilly glow.

A sensation like pinpricks incessantly assailed her skin, demanding attention towards Franca's unusual state.

"What? What?" Dai Lian, amidst the chaos, took a moment to ask.

"She..."

"She?" Kuang Xin had been focusing almost entirely on his teammates, but at their reminder, he glanced at the Arbitration Place heiress, "Damn! That's fierce!"

With a layer of misty Spiritual Energy over her eyes, Franca's movements visibly quickened by a great deal, her swordplay fiercer and more agile.

"Spiritual Energy, first stage: Spirit Heart Crossing."

The burly man watched Franca's actions, nodding with some satisfaction to himself.

First-stage Spiritual Energy could significantly enhance physical attributes such as strength, speed, and reflexes, even optimizing current combat techniques in a subconscious manner, the enhancements being quite comprehensive.

Franca's basics were extremely solid, her use of Spirit Heart Crossing nearing perfection, yet it was uncertain how long her Spiritual Energy would last.

One minute? Two minutes? Or five minutes?

And... the burly man's gaze drifted to the side.

Being able to subconsciously sense the radiation when Spiritual Energy burns in a higher-dimensional plane, the lone girl among the wiremen showed promising Spiritual Energy talent, the question was whether demons would discover her first or if she'd learn to hide herself...

The fleeting thought that had crossed his mind earlier resurfaced—

Were all these distinctive individuals together by design? Who was nurturing them from behind the scenes?

...

The campfire crackled, and Mashati reflected upon the flames in her eyes as she spoke to herself. She just wanted someone to confide in; whether or not the listener actually heard her was of little matter to her.

"...Lately his health seems to have improved a bit, which is why I dared to leave him temporarily to come to the barracks. This is the only place I can learn a bit of knowledge for free. Once my year of service is up, I can go back and take care of him."

The girl smiled, filled with a longing for the future.

"Then, no one will bully him again..."