

## Wow 651

### Chapter 651: Contest\_2

"Alright, how would you like to proceed?"

The male elf's smile at the corner of his mouth grew more pronounced, whether out of joy or disdain, "As it happens, among our kin who have come with us are warriors, scholars, spiritual energy practitioners, and demon-hunting adjudicators, to name a few. So, why not do it this way—following the categories you mentioned, let our kin compete against the most prideful individuals among you in simple contests. If your people possess unique proficiency in these areas, then I believe there would be no further disagreement about our cooperation. However, if the results of the contest are less than ideal... then I think the prospect of cooperation might still be negotiable."

Regardless of how angry humans were at the arrogance of the Elf Race, the strength they demonstrated upon their arrival was not to be taken lightly.

The other party had proactively suggested a contest, likely having prepared in advance.

The old man's heart trembled slightly, but without showing any sign of fear, he responded decisively, "Good! Since the distinguished guests of the Elf Race wish to see the strength of us humans, we will certainly not disappoint you."

"Since it's a contest, there should be some stakes, right?" the male elf's smile turned even more radiant, "We are not strangers to dealing with the cities of the human race, and the cities we have had dealings with before were quite generous!"

'These elves are not dealing with the human race for the first time!'

'This is their true objective!'

At that moment, such thoughts bubbled up in the minds of many astute attendees.

Blackwater City isn't unique, and these elves might not genuinely have come with the intention to cooperate.

They have come to reap benefits!

If they win, they will extort benefits from the hands of humans; if they lose... given their attitude, they probably haven't lost before.

And those cities that have already made contact with the elves—how is it that not a whisper has come through?!

In an instant, many of those present cursed the federal states with malicious intentions.

But with the situation at hand, no one was willing to bow their human pride in front of a foreign race.

"Fine! Let it be as you wish!" the old man declared, flinging his sleeve back with a stern face, "Whatever you propose, go ahead. We of the Human Race are not so petty as to nitpick over alliances with friends."

"Is that so?" the male elf chuckled coldly, "Then let's keep it simple. The victor can make three reasonable demands of the loser, nothing so excessive as to damage the harmony between us."

"We'll do as you say!" the old man agreed without hesitation, "Given that you've come from afar, the time of the contest will be at your discretion."

"No need... we do not require rest, let's begin right away."

The development of the situation surprised everyone, even the occurrence of this unexpected event was completely unforeseen.

Without fully understanding what was happening, the participants found themselves already at the largest arena in the city.

The city occasionally held official performances or warrior selections, which were meant for talent recruitment or festivity celebrations, not for profit.

It wasn't frequently used, but the venue was quite spacious and impressive.

Sitting on the high platform, not far from each other, the spokespeople of both humans and elves exchanged glances. Looking at the sparsely filled spectator seats of the circular arena, the male elf leading the delegation smiled and asked, "For the first contest, shall we compare martial strength? I've heard from Yue Ying, one of our sentinels, that there's a warrior by the name of Bai E in Blackwater City with outstanding martial skills, even said to be on par with our War God pathwalkers. Surely he is Blackwater City's strongest warrior, right? Why not let him cross hands with one of our kin to see if he is as exceptional as Yue Ying describes?"

Blackwater City may indeed not be the first human city the elves have made contact with, but that doesn't mean it's devoid of any special characteristics.

This unique trait lies in the human warrior mentioned by Yue Ying... in fact, in Yue Ying's report, the praise for that human warrior far exceeded what any elf would find acceptable.

If what Yue Ying had described was true, then that human warrior with the surname Bai might even possess a strength and ability no less than that of their esteemed Prophet!

This is impossible!

If not for this reason, their Prophet would not have taken matters into his own hands.

After all, when had their Prophet ever personally intervened in the past dealings with other human cities?

Storm was very eager to see what the human warrior Yue Ying spoke of was really like.

The elderly man sitting not far from the Elves wore a headset of technology, through which every word spoken by the Elves could be transmitted to the ears of the think tank behind him.

The collaboration with the Elves was of great importance, and the contest at hand was even more crucial—it would determine whether they, Blackwater City, could gain the upper hand in their interactions with this Elf Delegation, a matter of utmost significance.

Therefore, they would dissect every word uttered by the Elf leader, closely scrutinizing the hidden meanings behind them.

Upon hearing what the male Elf had said, the think tank behind the elderly man immediately sprang into action—

"We can't agree to it!"

"Exactly, they are specifically asking for General Bai E by name; they must have a surefire way to ensure victory over him. That Elf named 'Yue Ying' who has been lurking in the camp surely knows far too much about General Bai E. The Elves have come prepared; we cannot let them get their way!"

"Or maybe that's exactly what they want us to think; what if they're afraid of us putting General Bai E on the field?"

"Gentlemen! Why are you so perturbed over a mere artificial soldier like Bai E? This isn't a battlefield where one can operate Mecha, nor is it an exorcism fight against demons. General Bai E was never the best choice to begin with. Why create controversy over his participation? I propose that we ask Nolan, the Guard Commander of our city lord, to step forward. He is the strongest individual soldier, having undergone three rounds of genetic optimization. With him entering the fray, we should have no worries about the initial battle."

General Bai E, despite his undeserved reputation as the invincible War God, had it only within Mecha-battlegrounds and when facing demons, with his endless supply of Spiritual Energy and unwavering conviction.

However, if we were to discuss martial prowess alone, General Bai E had shown no remarkable performance in that area.

The only record in the camp was of a selection event against another artificial soldier named "Blood God." In that match-up, an ordinary artificial soldier without any genetic enhancements had brutally defeated General Bai E. Sending him into battle as a "warrior" now seemed evidently inappropriate.

"You have a point!"

"Go and call for Guard Commander Nolan quickly!"

"What about the city lord..."

"It's a matter of great importance for the collaboration; the city lord will understand."

...

Looking at the fierce-looking figure on the field, whose body was riddled with muscular knots, the male Elf Storm almost knitted his brows into a "川" character, "Is this the Bai-surnamed warrior from your Blackwater City?"

"Oh no, not at all," the corners of the old man's mouth curled slightly, "General Bai E is currently our military district's marshal, and he isn't exactly skilled in martial combat. The one who's fighting now is a guard by my side; he has been with me for many years, and I have considerable confidence in his martial skills."

"Guard?" Storm glanced at the side face of the elderly man, a cold gleam flashing in his eyes.

His lips moved slightly as he sent a long-range command through Spiritual Energy to his kin who was about to enter the battle, "Cripple him!"

Chapter 652: Clash of Warriors

"They didn't let you go on?" Yue Ying softly asked beside Bai E's ear.

Since the competition began, she had unobtrusively made her way to Bai E's side.

Except for Bai E, no one else nearby had noticed the presence of this elf lady.

"I don't know," Bai E shrugged indifferently, "The guard currently on stage is said to be the Guard Commander close to our lord, with exceptional martial skills. His strength is probably no less than mine."

The so-called warrior competition focuses on pure martial skills since this is the first communicative competition between the two races that came about from the need to understand each other. It's more about the clash of techniques than a straightforward contest of victory or defeat.

The Elf Race is a rather pure breed.

Their study of various skills is at its peak, and when discussing a skill, they instinctively exclude any unrelated influencing factors.

In the contests between the two races, the Elves' "purity" is naturally followed as well.

The exhibition of martial skills using only the physical attributes is the focus of the competition, directly using Spiritual Energy to cast magic is heresy. Of course, certain abilities that can use both Spiritual Energy and the body's action force reserves are still considered part of martial skills.

After all, the contestants only wore magic-restraining bracelets and had no equipment that forbade the use of action force reserves.

"Oh," Yue Ying's eyes flickered lightly, "then he should be careful, as Zoro is also one of our race's warriors, no less powerful than me."

"No less than you?" Bai E glanced at his side with a somewhat peculiar look.

As for the actual strength of this elf lady beside him, Bai E had never had a clear understanding.

The most explosive display of her power he knew of was that earth-shattering sword she unleashed when rescuing the Mech Pilots of the Mechanical Court on the battlefield against the Bug Race.

A single strike divided yin and yang, parting heaven and earth.

Of course, achieving such a feat would certainly require using Spiritual Energy; without utilizing Spiritual Energy, it was uncertain what her standard combat strength was.

Perhaps, through the strength of the elf warrior who entered the fray, a glimpse into Yue Ying's true power could be seen.

The two contestants on the field stared heavily at their opponents in front of them.

The competition may have started as a simple exchange of skills, but both knew that it involved the first cooperation between the two races.

Which side could seize the initiative in the battle negotiation likely lay in the outcome of their contest, and Zoro had been through such trials more than once.

And every powerful human he encountered fell without exception at his hands.

'I really want to witness this so-called "War God" among humans...' Zoro's gaze flashed with a sharp light, his tall and slender body suddenly burst forth, charging like a sharp battle knife, cutting straight in.

Guard Commander Nolan, who seemed burly, turned out to be extremely capable to serve as the personal guard to the lord, naturally making him a formidable force within all of Blackwater City.

Facing the elf's initial aggression, the muscular Nolan displayed a speed that starkly contradicted his build.

"Bang bang bang bang!"

In just a blink of an eye, the air was filled with several sounds of collisions between fists and feet.

Dull and fierce, they caused a tremor in one's heart.

Both were aware that their opponent was certainly one of the best among their respective races; they wouldn't take the fight lightly, beginning with the most basic of physical attributes and simple combat techniques.

The most basic, yet also the most crucial.

Bai E activated his Spiritual Energy, adding a layer of hazy spiritual light to his eyes.

If he were in the midst of the fight, relying on his body's instinctual response to combat, he could effortlessly fend off attacks launched by both sides without needing any time to think.

But as an onlooker, the ongoing battle seemed to lack sufficient clarity.

The enhancement from Spiritual Energy allowed him to observe the movements of both sides more clearly and helped him study their combat habits to a certain extent.

The elf's physique was vastly different from a human's. Just a glance made Bai E feel uncomfortable.

Projecting himself into the fight, he felt that many of the elf's movements defied the natural limits of the body, with a slim frame possessing unimaginable muscle strength and skeletal capacity.

A structure that looked similar to a human's, yet with a level of physical capability beyond human reach.

Against the elf warrior he encountered for the first time, Guard Commander Nolan, who hadn't had prior experience, seemed uncomfortable.

However, having undergone three rounds of gene optimization, his gene optimization rate had reached 5.7%, with his attributes' upper limit reaching an astonishing 30 points!

Developing his physical attributes to the extreme made him stand out in all of Blackwater City. Given more time to fully master his current body, he was confident about taking the next gene optimization injection, which would once again significantly boost his attributes.

But even at his current level without the upgrade, such attributes allowed him to perform miracles with brute force.

The occasional heavy punch he managed to land forced the elf to sidestep its edge.

It seemed like the male elf was making a mockery with his more agile form, but he was, in fact, in a precarious situation.

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The Elf Race's strength was nowhere near Nolan's, and even though their unique way of exerting force caused some temporary trouble for Nolan, it was... just temporary.

"He truly is Nolan, the Guard Commander!" Nearly all the spectators were humans, and those who had a bit of judgment on the situation clenched their fists in excitement.

Time was on the side of the humans.

As long as Nolan, the Guard Commander, could get used to the different bodily structures and unique ways of exerting force of these elves, he could counterattack effectively.

That elf, who could only hop around like a fly or grasshopper, wouldn't last a few more minutes.

"Doesn't your race have the Gene Optimization Solution?" Bai E, looking at the stunning profile of the elf lady beside him, asked with some curiosity.

The elf who was fighting on behalf of his race must hold a position not too low in the Elf Race hierarchy.

However, his attributes clearly did not match those of Nolan, the Guard Commander, and it didn't seem as if he had been enhanced by gene optimization.

"We don't need it," Yue Ying shook her head, "As long as we study deeply in any path, our physical quality will also reach the ultimate sublimation within the path."

The potential of an elf's body is infinite, not naturally weak like humans, with all their limitations.

Not enough attributes? After all, it's just that their cultivation hasn't reached perfection.

"However..." Yue Ying's eyes swept across the closest circle around the fighting arena where her people were watching, "Some of our people now think that your human Gene Optimization Solution is not a bad thing, it could help us reach the peak earlier. If... if you lose, they will most likely make such a request."

"Hmm..." Bai E nodded, not too concerned about it.

Winning or losing was still undecided; wasn't it a bit early to make requests?

Yue Ying's gaze swept across the arena and then turned to look at the human warrior beside her. Her lips moved slightly, and she hesitated before saying, "If... if he loses, what will your humans do?"

Some things, you could tell the outcome from just one glance at the beginning.

Zoro was very strong; it was not a fair duel from the start.

An elf who embarked on the pure path of a "warrior" was even rare among the Elf Race.

Every elf can choose a "path," but the "path" does not necessarily choose the elf.

The elves who can truly walk on the "path" have an initial requirement... the Dao.

The human warrior didn't comprehend the Dao; he couldn't possibly be Zoro's opponent.

Of course, even Bai, who is respected as the current "War God" of the military zone, only showed a hint of the "Dao" when piloting his Mecha.

At other times, Yue Ying hadn't noticed him entering the "Dao" in any aspect.

Yet even so, if Bai were the one to take the stage, there would be a chance for a different outcome.

"He is capable of surpassing all that is known..."

That was what his sister had said.

Any experience, any judgment, seemed to lose their intended effect on him.

Unconstrained, unrestricted, and capable of anything... that is Bai E!

"If Nolan, the Guard Commander, loses... they should win the next round, right?" Bai E's gaze flickered to those seated on the high platform representing the true hierarchy of the city.

Those people were extreme profit-seekers, anything that might infringe upon their interests, they would do everything possible to eliminate such possibilities!

Whether the source of this possibility was bugs, beastmen—the absolute enemy races, or elves—the external allied races, or even... their own kind.

When it comes to real interests, they would bare all their fangs and defend their wealth to the death.

Hearing Bai E's response, Yue Ying remained neutral and quietly turned to watch the fight in the arena, no longer speaking, "..."

The situation on the field was turbulent and unpredictable.

The elf's onslaught flowed like tide, ceaseless; Guard Commander Nolan's defense was like a rock in the sea, standing firm and unshakable.

The clashes between the two produced continuous sonic booms.

But at a moment that held no particular significance, the elf who seemed unable to find an angle to attack Nolan suddenly changed his fighting style.

He became like the sharpest sword plunging straight into Nolan's centerline, a line of blood quietly splitting open on Nolan's forehead, with bright red blood oozing out.

Nolan, who had remained as immovable as a mountain, suddenly seemed to be frozen in place by some strange magic power under this last strike, his eyes turning white as he thunderously fell backwards.

The victor had been decided!

"What happened!"

"This isn't fair! It must be those despicable elves using Spiritual Energy!"

"Exactly! Despicable elves!"

An initial loss was a reality many of the human spectators found hard to accept.

Not to mention the result of the battle took such an abrupt and steep turn, leaving everyone confused.

When an opponent has a stroke of luck, people will just say it was bad luck, the opponent was better, and to keep trying next time.

But if it seems too overwhelming, people will suspect cheating.

Why would there be such a one-sided domination in the pinnacle match?

"But what if this wasn't the pinnacle match?" The male elf, Storm, had a contemptuous smile on his lips as he gently stood up, "The match has been decided, sir. I think we can move on to the next contest, hoping you won't still perform at this level, as that would be rather boring for us."

The old man stared coldly at Storm with a sense of unwillingness to lose,

He could accept the Guard Commander Nolan's defeat, but not such an unclear loss.

If he just swallowed his pride, his position would be in jeopardy.

"An explanation?" A flash of disdain crossed Storm's eyes.

The world of the weak, where they can't even see how they lost.

"Perhaps, I can give you another chance." Storm's lips bore an arrogant smile, "We elves would never ignore any request from an ally. If you're unwilling to accept this result, I can give you another opportunity to try."

Storm, tall and imposing, looked down from above at the old man who was still sitting in his seat, "Of course, if you're still unsatisfied, we can accept one by one by one going down, until... every single person in your entire city is laid to the ground."

"..." The old man gnashed his teeth and trembled slightly.

The pride of the Elf Race was blatantly written on their faces; they were confident of an ultimate victory, even if they had to fight again.

But admitting defeat now would mean losing this critically important first contest!

Best of five rounds.

They were unwilling to take on any possibility that could increase the risk of failure.

"Let's do another round."

"Agree to it, Elder."

"Our people have analyzed backstage the tactics used by that elf fighter. He merely caused countless subtle injuries through repeated combat, injuries even the Guard Commander Nolan failed to notice, leading to a moment of muscle relaxation! The one we send next will surely not fail!"

"This is an order directly from the city lord!"

The "Shadow" King.

Or the Killer King.

The master assassin who walks in the shadows, cleansing the city of all elements that are not easily dealt with in the open.

Whether it's a warrior of unrivaled martial prowess or a practitioner of powerful Spiritual Energy, none escape his assassination.

Once he finds an opponent's weakness, it signifies the impending death of that opponent.

Perhaps some might escape "Death" once, but no one survives an undertaking from the "Shadow" King.

...

The contest that was supposed to be decided in a single round somehow had a second chance.

Shamelessness is always better than a true defeat.

Moreover, since these elves were so arrogant, they deserved to suffer for their pride!

Chapter 654: Lose lose lose!

Observing the figure clad in a black robe, standing motionless like a wraith without a shadow on the field, Yue Ying's eyes reflected a flicker of interest, "This one is somewhat interesting..."

But that was all – just a bit of interest...

This human had touched upon the threshold of the "path", but there was still a significant gap between him and Zoro, who was truly on the "pathway".

Hopefully, with the aid of the Human Gene Optimization Solution, he could show a little more of something...

Unfortunately, he did not.

The highly anticipated "King of Shadows" had barely been in the fight for a minute before he was almost sent flying into the audience seats by a weighty punch from an Elf warrior, reminiscent of a black sack filled with junk.

The "King of Shadows," an expert in the art of assassination, performed poorly in this head-to-head confrontation; aside from his initial explosive burst of speed, his performance was even less impressive than that of Guard Commander Nolan.

Easily defeated by Zoro.

The arena fell as silent as death; the audience was comprised entirely of humans.

Being defeated consecutively by the same person in a contest against another race felt like a slap to every human face present.

Hot and stinging, none dared to utter a sound.

"How about it? Shall we continue?" the Elf's proud voice floated lightly, "If you're not convinced, our warrior can fight a third match. If I may be so bold, the first two matches might not have even been a warm-up for him."

The face of the old man in charge twitched uncontrollably, feeling as if his dignity was being ground into the dirt beneath someone's heel.

'How could we lose like this?!

With no power to retaliate!

In consideration of the human audience's feelings, the second match had openly strengthened surveillance on the scene to prevent the use of Spiritual Energy for cheating.

Numerous high-definition cameras captured every angle without blind spots, and even after dissecting the footage frame-by-frame at high speed, no signs of foul play could be found.

Simply outmatched, with no excuses to be made.

"Accept his challenge!"

"Have another match!"

"We're definitely sure this time." came the voice from the headset of the think-tank, what is a face worth, so long as you can win?

However, the old man's face turned ashen as he responded firmly, "No need for another match! Let's move on to the next event!"

The Elves, a race that values the development of elites due to their small numbers, naturally have formidable individual strength, but science requires extensive practical application to be verified.

All top scholars are the product of immense resources, which the Elf Race, due to their limited conditions, simply cannot afford. Only humans have access to such fertile ground.

There would surely be no problem in the next round of technological competition!

The humans admitted defeat in the first match.

"So, did you see it clearly?" Yue Ying asked Bai E softly from the stands.

"...Not quite certain." Bai E shook his head.

The pathway exhibited by the Elf warriors was indeed extraordinary, requiring no energy consumption, relying solely on their formidable comprehension.

If there was even a slight deadlock, those who integrate their understanding into their craft would inevitably win.

It was a bit... like when his own specialization in light weapons reached level 7, unlocking the skill "Absolute Mastery", which then evolved into "Flow State".

Himself with "Flow State" activated and himself without it were on two completely different levels of combat ability.

"If you were to try, do you think you could manage?" Yue Ying asked curiously again.

"I don't know."

The two human contenders sent out earlier were indeed strong. With the restriction of not unleashing Spiritual Energy indefinitely, even matching their level was questionable, let alone challenging the Elf warrior.

Sure enough, compared to these Elves who treated their craft as everything, humans still lacked depth in their technical studies.

"But if we really need to try, I guess I could give it a shot," he mused.

Soon, the next round began — the competition between scholars was underway.

Two specially designed weapons appeared on the field...

The technological competition was not about comparing the ultimate core technologies of the two races; that would be meaningless, even devoid of the concept of winning or losing.

The agreed upon methods of competition were twofold: one option was to present a creation with a single core technology and see who could replicate the other's creation more quickly; the other option was to collaboratively solve a technologically advanced puzzle created by the AIs and adapt it for use by humans/Elves.

In the end, the first option was chosen.

Whoever replicated it much faster would naturally be the victor, but if the times were close...

It would come down to the level of replication achieved by both sides.

The Elves provided a device called the "Spirit Dart Gun", a type of firearm that typically only Elf Race members could use. Humans, upon taking hold of it, would find no trigger.

Called a gun, yet without a trigger, its method of attack was not so different from human firearm systems, except it fired a special conversion of half-energy, half-solid projectiles called "Spirit Darts".

These projectiles hardly deviated en route, hit precisely where aimed, and even came without recoil. Knowing just a few tricks, even a naive Elf child or an old and frail elder could use it with ease and exhibit considerable combat effectiveness.

As for humans... they presented the recently developed High-Frequency Oscillating Cutting Blade.

This technology was also new to humans. Without sufficient funds, Elves did not prioritize this form of technology in their beliefs and certainly hadn't researched it.

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The technologies offered by both races contained a certain level of technical content, yet they weren't exactly critical.

If the object given was too simple, the opponent could easily replicate it, and wouldn't it still be a loss for oneself?

If the technology involved was too advanced, though it was called a competition, wouldn't the technology learned in the process simply become one's own afterward?

Technological competition is such that even if one loses, as long as one can learn a bit of the opponent's core technology, the game is worth playing, for the answer lies within the question itself.

In fact, the choice of items for the competition already tested both sides' understanding of knowledge and their analytical judgment of each other.

"Let's begin then," the old man said expressionlessly to the Elf designated Storm not far away.

The Elves' arrogance was almost palpable, and at this point, there was no need for any superficial politeness between the two sides.

"Sure, let's get started," Storm said with a smile and a nod, looking at his fellow Elves and the human scholars who had entered the arena.

Helen was an absolutely pure researcher, immersed in Bai E's "Miniaturized Kinetic Theory" and "Fission Field Generator"; she had no time to participate in what she considered a trivial contest.

The representative for humanity was another scholar from the Scientific Research Institute.

His status in the Institute was not as high as Helen's, so he always hoped to do more for the city to earn a greater share of resources.

But as he studied the "Spirit Dart Gun" before him for a moment, he began to sweat profusely.

Was this device truly something humans could interact with?

Without anyone to explain it to him, he found it very difficult to understand how it even operated.

Looking at the sleek, seamless barrel with its uniquely Elven aesthetic, he felt a sense of disintegration and cluelessness.

His spiritual energy tentacles reached out, attempting to communicate with the gun's will... or rather, its spiritual energy module.

But with little effect.

"Racial Lock!"

Only an Elf's spiritual energy frequency could successfully connect to the control module of the Spirit Dart Gun!

Such base and petty Elves!

Fortunately, our "High-Frequency Oscillating Cutting Blade"... also has a supremely complex factorial password lock that requires computation to unlock.

Hehe!

The competition between scholars lies in the understanding of knowledge and the ability to break the other's technological seals.

An invisible battle of wits may lack a visual spectacle, but it can be just as thrilling and terrifying.

'Come on!'

'You must win!'

Watching their own human Scientific Research Institute scholar, many spectators couldn't help but silently cheer from below.

Elf designated Storm indifferently retracted his gaze and looked to his side, "Just waiting like this seems like such a waste of time, doesn't it?"

"Oh?" the old man raised his eyebrows slightly, "Do you have a better suggestion?"

"No great suggestions, but I just think it's pointless to waste time like this. If they spend a day, two days, or three researching, are we supposed to just keep waiting?"

"You mean we should proceed directly to the next competition?"

Elf Storm nodded slightly, the smile on his face composed yet subtly laced with disdain, "Exactly."

The old man glanced at the stage, knowing that technological research indeed couldn't yield results in a short period, even if the technology provided by the other side wasn't particularly complex.

So, he turned to look at the Elf Storm, "Then just as you wish, let's proceed with the next competition simultaneously."

"Let's do it together... After all, they do not conflict with each other, do they?"

The remaining competitions included... the Spiritual Energy wielders who command the secrets, the Demon Hunters, and, the legions of both sides.

Aside from the preparation required for the battle between the legions of both sides, the other competitions could proceed at the same time. After all, whether it's the Spiritual Energy wielders researching the truths of higher dimensions or the Demon Hunters, their main battlefield lies within that mysterious and unpredictable high-dimensional space, having no intersection with the ongoing technological research.

"Together, then let's do it together." The old man's voice was steady, displaying an unfathomable composure.

Since all the competitions had to be held, might as well have them all at once.

...

"They all lost?"

"They all lost!"

"Those incompetents! Who on earth did they pick?"

The results of the various dimensional competitions were ultimately, and indisputably, announced to the ears of every human who knew of the event.

At once, many among the audience were filled with fury towards the city officials who had overseen the meeting of the two races.

The results of the technological competition's analysis of the Elf "Spirit Dart Guns" were indeed out, and the research Scholar had the confidence that humans would eventually master this Elf technology entirely, ensuring that each captured Spirit Dart Gun could be jailbroken into a human version.

But time waits for no one.

The Spirit Dart Gun he replicated remained in a semi-finished state, while the opponent had already brought out a complete High-Frequency Oscillating Cutting Blade, stating plainly that this device was much more practical than the Elf Race's katana, though a bit power-hungry... They hoped the humans could offer a matching energy solution, not to be unappreciative.

"It seems that your people are not very convinced, eh?" The male Elf Storm said with a proud smile, "Don't say I didn't give you a chance, continuously repeating the competition is indeed quite pointless. How about this, if you can win one battle against us in the final legion war, then we wouldn't mind giving you another chance to start over, how does that sound?"

Looking at the man shorter than himself, the male Elf Storm's face wore a smile that spoke of overwhelming superiority, "I wonder... do you wish to lose completely with dignity, or are you willing to repeat the same outcome over and over again? I am very curious about your current thoughts..."

"You will know the answer," the old man said, looking at the Elf Storm, the fury in his eyes almost uncontrollable.

"So for the final battle, will your General Bai E take action? Why keep him hidden, what's your intention?" The Elf Storm asked with curiosity.

"That's none of your business!" The old man said with a cold expression before turning to leave.

The competition had already been going on for three days, and the legion battle was definitely not happening today.

At the late-night city mini-council, representatives from various factions were making their impassioned speeches.

"We must win! We cannot accept the demands and intentions that those Elves have expressed during these past few days!" the Logistics Department minister said, gesticulating wildly, adamantly refusing to yield.

"Since those arrogant Elves are so presumptuous, then why don't we try once more?!"

"Try once more? To be thoroughly crushed by them in front of everyone again? I can't think of anyone else we could send to face them in these competitions!"

"For Scholars, we have Helen; we could even ask the Institute Director; as for Spiritual Energy wielders, we can invite the Supreme Elder; Demon Hunters could let the Judge himself take action, and for warriors..."

"Enough! Their choices are clearly just their race's backbone! What, just because they showed a little skill, we should gamble away all our assets? Can't we stomach a loss?"

"Don't forget, gentlemen, even if you want another chance to fight, we must first win the final legion battle!"

"Have you considered who to send for the legion battle?"

"Let's go with General Bai E! With him there, there's no surprise. This is his domain, having entered and exited the Bug Race's nests seven times, I believe a mere band of roaming beastmen will certainly be a pushover."

"But today, the opponent asked again if we would send General Bai E to fight in the last battle... I'm afraid..."

"After these days of interaction, in my view, while the Elves are arrogant, their words and actions are mostly sincere; they might just truly want to witness General Bai E's strength. In my opinion, we should've let General Bai E take part from the first battle, even if it was the one against the Demon Hunters, with Bai E fighting, we wouldn't lose! I don't know why you've kept him hidden all this time!"

"Why?" Aglaya said with a cold, disdainful voice, "Because some people are afraid."

Chapter 656 Fugitive Beastmen

Someone sighed softly, "General Bai E, he is ultimately a man-made being..."

Mutants are not considered human, but man-made beings are?

"Furthermore, I think everyone could also consider this—if there were to be another chance, we would have to rely on which candidates to win the competition against the Elf Race."

"Let me put it this way, whoever helps the city win this competition against the Elf Race, I won't care whether they are man-made beings or not. Even if it's one of those disorderly battle groups from underground, if someone among them can win these competitions. The right to speak that they deserve will be granted. After all, this boundary is something you all have deliberately created."

...

While cultivating his Spiritual Energy, Bai E suddenly received a summons from Aglaya. When it truly involved matters that were not suitable for the knowledge of many, even Bai E, the highest commander of the Military Department in Weslin's absence, was not entitled to participate.

She was looking for him now, likely because the results of the higher-ups' discussions had come out.

The agreed upon best-of-five was already four victories to their opponent; the outcome of the competition was predetermined. But the very notion of competition was meant to foster friendship between both sides, so there was a necessity to complete it.

That was how Bai E saw it...

That she came looking for him specifically now probably meant that they had decided he would be the one to participate in the final battle, or else there would be no reason for her to seek him out privately.

Having prepared himself mentally, Bai E then heard Aglaya say with a serious expression, "The last match, we must win."

Bai E, whose face usually showed no emotion, showed a trace of astonishment and voiced his confusion, "Hmm?"

Having already lost to such an extent, were they still afraid of one more defeat?

Or perhaps those bigwigs thought that winning at least one out of five matches would salvage some dignity, despite the defeat?

Hmm... That was indeed a reasonable line of thought.

Aglaya explained, "If you win, we will have the chance to do it all over again. Those elves look down on us with arrogance unmatched, preferring to give us more opportunities just to trample our dignity underfoot. The elders have unanimously agreed that we must win this competition against the Elf Race. If we don't thoroughly defeat those elves, even if we reach an agreement of cooperation, we are still worthless in their eyes. Dignity is only found at the edge of a sword! Do you have confidence?"

"Should be..." It's just a bunch of roaming beastmen, and of course beating beastmen shouldn't be a problem.

Of course, if they had better luck and ran into the beastmen head-on, then there was nothing that could be done.

"Not 'should be'! We must win!" Aglaya's eyes were earnest, "Winning this one match gives us the chance to contest the previous four! Also, from among the previous four matches, which one do you feel confident about? We are already discussing the candidates for those four."

The city, although large, didn't have many suitable mid-to-high-level candidates for this sort of occasion.

Big shots like the head of the Scientific Research Institute or the Chief Judge of the Arbitration Place could certainly secure victory with ease, but as some council members had said, was it worth emptying our coffers for a casual move from the opponent's side?

If the truth were to be known afterward, wouldn't they just laugh their heads off?

Where would our dignity stand then?

Bai E concentrated and thought seriously for a moment before responding, "Shouldn't be a problem."

...

"???"

Aglaya looked puzzled and probed, "All of them?"

Bai E nodded, "All."

He had watched the competitions; for physical combat skills, if not adequate, then one could just train.

The exploration of the Spiritual Energy realm... high-dimensional space was just like his home, utterly delightful.

As for exorcism... he was quite adept as well.

And technology, his weakest aspect... if it was a joint research on smart machinery, he happened to have some insight.

It was worth a try.

"This is no laughing matter," Aglaya stated, gazing intently into Bai E's eyes, attempting to detect any hint of jest in the eyes of the general who had always been rigidly disciplined as a man-made being.

Unfortunately, there was none.

For a moment, Aglaya didn't know whether to feel disappointed or relieved.

Relieved that Bai E was confident, but disappointed that he wanted to try in all fields—surely they couldn't let him win them all, right?

It meant that Bai E's confidence... wasn't all that certain.

Bai E nodded again, more firmly, "I think it's no problem!"

"..." Looking into Bai E's complex gaze, Aglaya after a long moment finally nodded slightly before saying, "Alright, I understand. For now, just secure the last match. If you win, we'll talk about the rest."

"No problem!" Bai E said, once again exuding the reliability of a soldier, "Mission guaranteed!"

...

The next morning, as the sun began to rise, everyone gathered on the military's training field.

Under the milky white sunlight, two groups of combatants were ready.

On the human army side stood an entire company of a hundred men, solemn and resolute.

The elves had twelve nimble-looking warriors, each beside a particularly streamlined and aesthetically pleasing motorcycle.

"Death or capture or complete annihilation of that band of beastmen wandering around the outskirts of the city, posing a significant threat to our people outside, that's your objective. Whoever completes the

goal first will be deemed the winner." Standing in front of both the elf and human troops, an explainer jointly appointed by the elves and humans detailed the key points of this competition.

Since it's a test of so-called "army formation" capabilities, it's not just about the ability to face off head-on. Moreover, having two races about to collaborate battle it out for real would be rather impolite, wouldn't it?

Chapter 657 Fugitive Beastmen\_2

To ensure fairness, the target could only be an outsider.

And since it was an army, abilities such as tracking, scouting, and encircling should be fundamental.

Humans were numerous, hence they could dispatch more personnel, which was more suited for carpet-style searches, yet assembling them could be a bit troublesome.

Elves were few but had strong mobility advantages; they could come and go as they pleased, but when it came to encircling, they easily let the target escape.

Each had its strengths and weaknesses.

"Additionally, from beginning to end, you will all be equipped with surveillance devices; if all the monitoring equipment is damaged, that will also be counted as a loss, understand?"

Since it was an outdoor combat mission, casualties were inevitable.

Monitors were necessary on both sides to prevent either from going mad and using any means necessary to win.

Bai E, leading the team, responded loudly, "Understood!"

The elf next door glanced over at Bai E not far away and also responded indifferently, "Understood."

Humans were humans; they only knew how to rely on numbers.

Useless trash, no matter how many, was still trash.

A useful elite was a War God even if alone.

"If everyone's ready... then let's set off."

The old man and the Elf Storm stood on the high Point Soldier Platform, watching the well-prepared teams from both sides, smiling and nodding their approval.

The Elf Storm blinked at the old man, saying with a smile, "I hope this isn't our last competition, and I hope your humans still have the courage to send warriors again."

The old man smirked coldly, "You'll see."

The other side could only see their human forces' bloated organization, but were completely unaware that in truth, only General Bai E needed to make a full effort.

Orcs, after all, General Bai E could chop them all down with his Mecha, right?

If firearms and vehicles were part of the equipment, why couldn't Mecha be part of it?

This is our human mechanized army! Do you understand?

Wait a minute!

Where's the Mecha?

Why did they just leave without it?

Hey! General Bai! You forgot the Mecha!

Watching the figure leading the team away, kicking up a cloud of dust, the man on the platform was somewhat bewildered.

Where's the Mecha?

What about the promised Mecha?

"What's going on with General Bai E?" The old man suddenly turned his head, glaring fiercely at someone behind him.

Considering there were other races present, he moderated his tone and asked through gritted teeth.

"I don't know."

"Oh~ General Bai E said he didn't need the Mecha," the person replied. "He said it was inconvenient in the field and only useful in large-scale trench warfare."

"Audacious! Who allowed him to ignore the plan?"

Wasn't the original plan to assign him a hundred scouts to find orc trails and then have Bai E directly take down the target with the Mecha, straightforwardly settling the matter?

And now... what now?

"But General Bai E is currently the highest commander of the military district..." replied the person, blinking and responding somewhat bewilderedly.

In military operations, shouldn't you listen to the most professional person among a group of professionals?

There was nothing they could do to forcibly override the arrangements made by General Bai E.

"..."

All right, all right!

The old man clenched his teeth, glowering fiercely at the gradually disappearing dust cloud.

If I lose this contest, then this so-called artificial human warrior should just honestly go be a front-line grunt!

As expected of my prejudice against artificial humans, these inferior beings should never be entrusted with important tasks!

...

As soon as the army left the gate, Bai E casually took out his personal motorcycle and handed over command of the battalion to Zero, who had been following him all along.

In the squad, You was not adept at giving strong commands to everyone, Rose had to coordinate with Helen and hadn't even shown up, Stony was just a simpleton, leaving only Zero to take on some responsibility.

"Do well, and let's see whether you find those beastmen first or we do," Bai E said with a chuckle, patting Zero on the shoulder, then twisted the throttle and shot out like an arrow.

There wasn't much difference between his plans and those so-called big shots had arranged—the main force in capturing the roaming beastmen was still himself.

The only difference was that they wanted him to pilot a mecha, and he didn't feel like it.

The only specialty I currently have mastered to the "Heartflow" level is light weapons; the rest are not yet there.

In a battle between martial artists, both sides have a chance to ban and choose, testing their multifaceted abilities.

The Guard Commander's bout with Zoro was about pure physical combat, whereas the Shadow King's match with Zoro was about agile weapons.

If my light weapons were banned by the opponent, then I'd have to leave it to luck to decide what we would compete in.

Having an extra option is always better than relying on luck.

[Current Combat Mastery Experience 212/5500. At 5500 points, "Level 7 Combat Specialization" can be mastered. (Note: Auxiliary skill tree (second order) unlocks at specialization level 7.)]

[Reminder: Your current specialization level has reached the limit of a mortal's physique. Until your abilities surpass the physical limits, it will be hard to make further progress. To continue improving your specialization level, you need to enhance your physical and reflex attributes to exceed 15 points.]

[Insight]: 18.3/24

[Reflex]: 16.5/24

With his attributes meeting the standards, Bai E directly added points.

["Level 8 Combat Specialization" acquired, along with 2 potential points.] (Accumulative)

[Combat Specialization (Level 8): Strike Power +16%, Dodge +8%, Block +8%, Combo (Special) +8, Enhanced Guard (Special) +350%, Opportunity (Special) +14%, Joint Lock (Special) +140%, Interception (Special) +30%, Pressure Point (Special) +6%, Whip Tail (Special) +6.]

[Current Combat Mastery Experience 0/30000. At 30000 points, "Level 9 Combat Specialization" can be mastered.]

[Detection: The character currently has Combat Specialization (Level 8). Based on the character's current mastery of all tactical features, the Second-Order Improvement Skill Tree (Random Pool) unlocks: Absolute Mastery, Mastery Downlink.]

[Unlock Requirement: 10000 General/Combat Experience (cost doubles for each additional skill unlocked at the same level), 4 potential points (fixed).]

With ample experience, the main thing to do is to be bold, and apply it directly.

[Payment: 4 potential points, 10000 combat experience points.]

[Skill acquired—Absolute Mastery.]

[Absolute Mastery: From now on, every time you engage in unarmed combat, you will enhance your understanding of both the combat and yourself. When fighting barehanded, you can gradually strengthen your self-awareness and combat capabilities as your proficiency increases. Base bonus: Strike Power +10%.]

[Current Boxing Proficiency 0/1000, "Personal Style" in the making...]

The newly acquired skill urgently needed the blood of prey to be sharpened; the skill was already added, and he was just waiting to awaken it with the blood of beastmen.

This time seeking out beastmen was precisely to get some practice first.

...

Above the wilderness, a group of wandering beastmen were huffing and puffing, bustling with noise.

A slightly lean beastman stood beside his boss, gazing together in a certain direction.

He knew that in the unseen distance lay the place his boss wanted to conquer most right now!

"Scarface, do you reckon I can finally take down that fellow?" asked Dagger-Tooth, sweeping his hand over the throng of beastmen kids in front of him, his thick lips curling upward, "I've already subdued the nearby tribes, 'bout time I had another go at him, right?"

"Of course! Our boss is the toughest!" a youngster nearby immediately responded with a slow, deep voice, fervently echoing, "Boss is invincible!"

"Boss is invincible!"

The chant spread like a tide, and visibly, Dagger-Tooth's muscles swelled a bit more in the air.

"Not enough!" Feeling the real power filling his body, Dagger-Tooth still felt a lingering pain on his shoulder from the scar left by their first encounter.

He'd thought the opponent's archery was his strongest ability, but the second time they met, he was still beaten black and blue.

Memories may blur, but the body's genes never forget.

Chapter 658: Intelligence error?

"Boss! Boss! Our boys have spotted some 'vroom vroom vroom' bean sprouts!" The grinning Knife-face Orc turned his head when he heard the report from his subordinate, "But their 'vroom vroom vroom' lacks power, not waaagh enough!"

"Oh?" The smile on Knife-face Orc's face immediately bloomed as he looked at Scar beside him, "I remember you saying your tribe had many young ones killed by a bean sprout, right?"

"Yeah, yeah! That bean sprout was fierce, we just wanted one of her teeth, and she slaughtered most of us. Bad bean sprout!"

Knife-face Orc moved his mouth, the thick muscles around his lips exaggeratedly writhing before he suddenly spat to the side, "tui!"

A blob of thick spit directly made a big pit in the ground, and Knife-face Orc, clutching his blood-dripping, bone-covered machete, strode off in the direction his subordinate had indicated, "Let's go, let's see what these bean sprouts are all about!"

"Boom! Boom! Boom!" Deafening roars came from beneath Knife-face Orc's behind as a colorful, spiky, orc-customized motorcycle belched two thick trails of dark smoke, leaving the faces of the few orc youngsters playing behind blackened.

With a bang, the motorcycle shot out fiercely, the raging roars and howling wind making Knife-face Orc extremely exhilarated, and he couldn't help but shout at the top of his lungs, "waaaaaagh!"

The sound trailed away in the distance, and the large group of orcs left behind all raised their varied weapons to the sky, "waaaagh!"

Under the endless cries, an invisible force field wrapped around both Knife-face Orc and the motorcycle, momentarily increasing their speed by a third as they kicked up a sandstorm several meters high.

...

Upon seeing the rapidly approaching sand dragon at the end of the plain, the three elves riding their motorcycles slowed down a bit.

"Those orcs have discovered us." One elf said with a stern face, his eyes focused.

Some orc youngsters on motorcycles had seen them from a distance earlier, but those youngsters were apparently trained in some tactics.

Their group scattered in all directions after spotting them, fleeing in different directions, evidently to go back and report.

They had chased one of them for half a day, only to find they were being led on a wild goose chase across the wilderness, and their large force had probably already received the message.

When they finally broke away and caught up with another track, they ran right into the scene before them.

"Looks like... just one?"

The rising sandstorm filled the sky, but there was only one trail.

Was it another biker trying to lead them away from finding the orc troops, or... something else?

"Doesn't matter," another elf said coldly, pulling out his Spiritual Energy dart gun from beside his motorcycle, "Catch him, and it's all solved."

The orc youngster they had followed earlier had run too fast, they couldn't catch up, and they couldn't get any new information while trailing him, so they had to give up.

Although the motorcycles ridden by the orcs were noisy and crazily bumpy, looking like they could fall apart at any moment, they just didn't, and they were incredibly fast.

Yet the biker who had been sending out thunderous roars from afar seemed to be heading straight for them, and they might be able to catch him.

"Vroom vroom vroom!"

The motorcycle roared all the way, the earthy yellow sand dust mingling with a black twister.

Like a shark cruising through the sea of sand, its dorsal fin breaking the waves on the ground and charging straight towards them.

Undiminished in momentum!

The elf holding the gun in one hand and the motorcycle handle in the other had a fierce look in his eyes, and the motorcycle underneath him began to tremble lightly, ready to dodge at any moment.

The orc-customized bikes were highly aggressive, with bodies and tires filled with steel spikes that posed grave danger—if struck head-on by that thing, it definitely wouldn't be pleasant.

"Boom!"

A colorful motorcycle suddenly burst from the dust, and the elf in its path reacted instantly, his motorcycle, directly linked with his Spiritual Energy, shooting out like an arrow and evading a potentially deadly collision.

However, even with his swift reaction, he hadn't expected that from atop the buzzing, oversized motorcycle, a large hand would stretch out in an instant and grab the elf by his slender waist.

Feeling the surprisingly tough sensation in his hand, Knife-face Orc's face revealed a cruel smile, and with a squeeze, a "crack" sound was heard as agony surged onto the elf's face, yet he no longer had the time to dwell on the pain.

"Snap!" Casually tossing aside the lightweight bean sprout in his hand, Knife-face Orc looked towards the other two elves on motorcycles, his eyes a little puzzled, "Just two?"

The thick-lipped gruff voice sounded silly and simple-minded.

Weren't those brats saying there were several?

And so feeble, no fun at all!

Looking at the super-sized orc that had easily crushed one of their own, dark fear began creeping into the eyes of the two elves, now scattered to the left and right.

Could an orc really have this level of strength?

They, who lived in the wilderness year-round, had had their fair share of encounters with orcs, but among those they had dealt with, there was never an orc this formidable.

They were the Hunting Team, tasked with this mission, and though their strength might not compare to those within the tribe on the path of the warrior, they were certainly skilled fighters in their tribe.

Chapter 659: Intelligence error?\_2

Apart from the team leader, who was also a hunter on the path, the remaining eleven members were all more or less on the same level.

Yet at that moment, one of their kin was easily crushed by the opponent, unable to fight back. What if the enemy was coming for them next?

"We need to notify the captain quickly!" Two elves exchanged glances, communicating their will through spiritual energy.

"I'll draw his attention, you go inform the captain! We can't take this beastman lightly; he's no ordinary foe!"

In just an instant, the two elves had arranged their respective duties.

The elf who decided to stay gripped the spirit dart gun in their hands and fired at the terrifying figure, whose size was several times that of an ordinary beastman.

"Whizz!"

The will connected directly to the spirit dart gun channeled spiritual energy, which was transformed into some kind of spindle-shaped photon dart by the unique construction within the weapon.

There was no sound and no recoil, ignoring air resistance and gravity, it shot straight towards the aimed part.

However, such an attack was almost no threat to Dao Mianliao. He merely lifted his hand, and the machete he held blocked the path of the spirit dart, deflecting it effortlessly.

The speed of the spirit dart may have surpassed Dao Mianliao's reflexes, but the elf holding the gun could not.

But as long as they could make the opponent expend energy to block, it would create a chance for their comrades to escape.

"Whizz, whizz, whizz!"

The firing rate of the spirit dart gun was also remarkable. The structure of the weapon itself and the will of the user acted as factors limiting the spirit dart gun, but its firing rate was not too different from that of a human's semi-automatic rifle.

Dao Mianliao's gaze swept over the elf fleeing on a motorcycle but did not make an effort to intercept. The Elf Race was rare in number, so they treated every member of their race as precious.

As long as he captured the elf at hand, the rest would come to him on their own.

Therefore, with a cruel smile, he twisted the throttle of his motorcycle, charging toward the direction of the elf who had stayed to hinder him.

To say hinder, but the elves were not so foolish as to stay in one place waiting for death.

If it was difficult to catch a beastman on a motorcycle, did that mean it would be easy for a beastman to catch them, the elves?

Neither side had any pressing burdens to protect; on this boundless wilderness, wasn't it all about running wild?

Yet the elf could never have imagined that the seemingly simple beastman who blocked the spirit darts with his knife simultaneously launched a treacherously small dark shadow, hidden behind the machete in his hand.

"Whizz!"

The knife thrown by the beastman had immense power, piercing the motorcycle's tire in an instant.

With the motorcycle losing balance at high speed and even a well-trained elf finding it impossible to control, the rider was flung far away. Despite being conscious of another strong enemy, the impact scattered them widely, making it difficult to recover quickly.

"Boom!" A massive foot stomped down on the struggling elf, and Dao Mianliao carefully controlled his strength while grinning cruelly at the elf, who was half-buried in the soil. "Is this all you bean sprouts can muster? I remember there is a bean sprout girl among you who is quite skilled with a knife, right? Call her out to fight with me, and if she does, I won't kill you. How about it?"

Progress!

Dao Mianliao just wanted to make progress!

He yearned for progress like nothing else!

Only through constant progress could he have the confidence to stand before that human who had twice caused him extreme fear.

"You... keep dreaming!" Despite feeling all his internal organs crushed together under the pressure and gasping for breath, the elf still managed to respond with a retort.

"Hmph!" Dao Mianliao's mouth curled into a cold smile as a dark shadow fell from the sky.

"Bang!"

...

Xunying received the distress signal from one of his subordinates.

"Captain! Captain! The intelligence was wrong! Among those orcs, there's a tough big guy, Kolo was killed by him in just a single grip, and Roger covered my retreat to block that orc brute, he might... he might not make it back either!"

"What! The intelligence was wrong!?"

"Those humans deceived us!"

"They knew these orcs were tough to deal with, the humans wanted to use us to take out this group of orcs!"

"It's also possible they wanted to use these orcs to take us out! If they had the ability to deal with these orcs, they would have acted already, why would they just happen to leave it until our contest now? These cunning humans!"

The team members, also filled with prejudice against humans, instantly erupted in anger.

What was that about this being just a typical small-scale roving orc band? Were they mocking the team's lack of experience with genuine small-scale orc groups?

In fact, they had already noticed certain clues.

Based on the various traces they had found in the wilderness so far, that so-called small-scale orc group was no longer describable as "small-scale."

Perhaps it was small-scale not long ago, but through some changes within the orc ranks in the past few days, it had grown.

The group of orcs they were currently tracking... was far from simple.

So even the humans might not be aware of this news yet.

Of course, both 'knowing and not telling' and 'limited ability' were not favorable terms in Xunying's heart.

However, Xunying, who had anticipated such an encounter, would not let these negative emotions interfere with his judgment.

"Shh!" With a wave of his hand, Xunying silenced the complaints of his people and just looked gravely at his subordinate who had just barely escaped back, "Where did you encounter them?"

Without technology like the human's rebooted internet, which allowed for communication regardless of distance, the Elf Race coveted Blackwater City's technology as one of their goals—if they emerged victorious, it was surely a prize they would claim.

In the meantime, they kept agreeing to endless contests with the humans, precisely to undermine the humans' negotiating power time after time, in order to obtain what they truly desired.

Before they could acquire human technology, their current means of communication relied on Spiritual Energy, and powerful users like the Prophet could indeed transcend time and space to send messages to their intended targets.

The ordinary members of the Elf Race didn't possess such abilities; once they exceeded a certain distance, they found it difficult to contact each other.

Thus, Xunying couldn't immediately know the direction and distance of the incident.

"Over there!" the messenger pointed in the direction they had come from, "About ten or more kilometers away, not too far."

Xunying made a swift decision, "Let's go take a look."

Every member of the race was vitally important, Kolo's death was an unfortunate fact, but Roger's death was not yet confirmed; if there was a chance, they had to rescue him!

...

Under the blazing sun, the figure stripped of its clothes and tied to the top of a pole was scorched.

The early spring sunshine wasn't too intense, but the high-altitude winds howled, and the air was dry.

Looking at the tribe member hanging high on the wooden flagpole, enduring torment above in the sky, Xunying clenched his white-pearl-like, silvery teeth and his eyes blazed with fury, "These despicable orcs!"

The team members were filled with righteous indignation, "Captain! Let's go and kill that group of orcs!"

"The leading orc in the middle is very powerful!" The elf who escaped back was still frightened, warning cautiously.

"..." Xunying's gaze settled, locking onto the largest and most conspicuous one among the orcs, who seemed to be having a cookout.

The overwhelming barbaric aura, even across a distance of a kilometer, was still palpable and aggressive.

"Captain, maybe we should talk to those human armies instead, these orcs are far stronger than we anticipated. There's been a deviation from the plan, and this contest has lost its purpose. Even opponents we find difficult, they definitely have no hope of defeating either. How about trying to collaborate with them, to see if we can rescue Roger?"

One of the more clear-headed team members suggested quietly, only to be immediately rejected by Xunying, "No need!"

Xunying took his Elf Longbow from behind, his eyes sharp as he issued combat orders, "Prepare the Gravity Gun, you just need to temporarily trap that big brute. The lives of those orcs... leave them to me!"

Chapter 660: Then I'll go take a look

"Swift Wind Squad requests armory support, support target: Gravity Gun!" Xunying's deputy was the first to use Spiritual Energy, utilizing their authorized Elf identity to initiate a remote request to some presence in the void.

A certain ethereal echo in the void resonated only in the mind of the requester, "Request approved, support target is being teleported. Please ensure the teleportation target point is set up and the area cleared of debris!"

"Confirmed!"

"Teleportation underway..."

Elf Squad formed a circle, and the deputy who had initiated the request marked the teleportation target point in the center of their formation with Spiritual Energy.

And the Elf armory in that void used this as the target point to begin the Superspatial Transmission.

With a giant silver gun-shaped object slowly appearing as a phantom and gradually solidifying.

"Let's begin."

Leaving those words behind, Xunying advanced alone.

The remaining nine Elves worked together to rotate the gun to aim in the right direction, while simultaneously adjusting their Spiritual Energy to match the waveband required by the Gravity Gun as closely as possible.

As the nine Elves infused their Spiritual Energy together, the silver gun transformed the energy into a form powerful enough to twist reality.

The direction the gun's barrel was pointing began to blur, shrouded in a mist as if engulfed by steaming vapor...

Feeling the oppressive, stormy pressure that loomed from the void, the Knife-Face Orc glanced gently to the side and rear of his body without making any move.

He had purposely hung the captured Elf high in the sky to lure out these hidden Elves.

Otherwise, for his Orc kind, it was either to kill or toss the captive; there was no such protocol for treating prisoners.

In order not to frighten the Elves, he had even brought only the weakest group of chopper boys from his subordinates to this wilderness far from their tribe.

However, since the opposition still dared not show themselves directly in front of him, he might as well let those little sprouts prepare a bit more.

Knife-Face Orc didn't care, but the chopper boys laughing under his command didn't have his strength and awareness.

Those with sharper senses among them felt the inexplicable oppressive force in an instant and cautiously scanned their surroundings. The silver silhouette of the gigantic Gravity Gun set up by the Elves only a kilometer away surely couldn't escape their gaze.

And in an instant, they pointed in that direction and began to hop up and down with loud "huff huff hah hah" sounds.

But before they could react in any way that affected the situation, the pressure solidified in an instant, and a mountainous force descended upon them.

Every limb, even every cell in their bodies, groaned insanely and uncontrollably sank toward the ground beneath their feet.

Almost simultaneously with this force's arrival on each Orc, the whistling of cutting wind struck from afar.

Even before the attack arrived, the sharp chill, like a blade grazing the skin, was chilling.

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh whoosh!"

Arrows shot forth like rain, and those marked by Spiritual Energy to be exempt from the Gravity Field's effect passed through the affected area without losing any force and unaffected.

"Thud thud thud~" The sound of arrows piercing flesh rang out, and even the tough Orcs were easily penetrated by the arrows, pinned to the ground, struggling to move.

The penetrating force of the arrows might have been fatal for humans, but for Orc physiology, such small puncture wounds were not a problem. The real issue was the extraordinary gravity imposed upon them that completely pinned their limbs to the ground, making it difficult even to lift a finger, let alone pull out the arrows that nailed them down.

The green bodies trying to struggle on the ground looked like a bunch of writhing tentacled mutant octopuses, with only the figure at the very center remaining resolutely still, facing the arrows shooting down like rain without dodging, catching them all.

Soon, he was turned into a porcupine.

But not much time had passed.

The Gravity Gun was already enhancing the weapon at maximum capacity for the members of the Elf Squad. But even with the level of Spiritual Energy of these elves, such a weapon couldn't be sustained for long.

As the nine members of the Elf Squad maintaining the energy output of the Gravity Gun began to turn pale and show signs of trembling, the extraordinary Gravity Field that had covered the Orcs' area dissipated into nothingness.

"Waaaagh!"

"Waaaagh!"

The group of chopper boys, suppressed for a while, started to cry out again.

Their kind was naturally immune to being defeated by pain or injury unless their limbs were completely shattered. As long as the main body of their limbs was intact, these Orcs retained their maximum vitality.

But that was all. Each Orc had been hit by at least several arrows piercing their core bodies, releasing quite a bit of Primordial Fungal Soup essential for life. Apart from their voices, they didn't have much ability to move.

Watching the Orcs pinned all over the ground regain some vitality the moment the Gravity Field vanished, a serious glint flashed in Xunying's eyes.

These chopper boys Orcs hadn't died, but they had also lost the ability to fight.

Just a spark would be enough to consume them.

But if these chopper boys Orcs hadn't died, what about the biggest one of them all?