

Wow 721

Chapter 721: Role-playing

The preparation Wolf Scorpion had done for them was quite thorough.

They even made all the players memorize a set of fake identity information related to their disguises.

[You are undergoing a small quiz, and successful completion of this test will grant you access to part of the "relevant information". Current data collection progress: 0%]

The players, who were isolated individually, never expected that they couldn't escape "exams" even within the game?!

Of course, memorizing game data was actually quite fun for them, like playing little brain-teaser games within the game itself.

In the end, only Kuang Xin stepped out from behind the iron door of "no leaving without finishing the material" with a pained expression, marking the completion of the preliminary prep work for the mission.

Looking at the few players before her, Wolf Scorpion finally admonished, "Remember, The Lower City is not like the areas outside the city, everyone is very cunning, and you must strictly imitate the lifestyle and personal habits detailed in the information, otherwise failing your mission is a minor issue, your lives being in danger is the serious matter. I don't want to collect your corpses from some ditch! You can set off now, we have already captured the targets you are replacing—take your positions as soon as possible. However, I still have to remind you one last time, the target organization is extremely stringent and irregular in recruiting members, being from a poor and hard background is only the most basic

filtering condition. Whether you can successfully infiltrate ultimately depends on your personal luck... Take care."

"Thank you, Miss Wolf Scorpion!" Dai Lian, already made up and disguised, gave a cupped fist salute and left with a hunched back.

Each person was playing a different role, and from now on... they had to start "getting into character."

Following the "pop quiz," the "role-playing" part of the game was truly fantastic!

...

"You Mier, off to earn money in Central City District again? You must have saved quite a bit, huh?"

Emerging on the pale-blue holographic screen before him was the target's information, with key terms like "wary" and "pretend to be poor" even highlighted and colored as key points; Kuang Xin, who was now disguised, wore an exhausted smile, "Not much, barely enough for the medicine, life's getting harder..."

After all, it was only a game, they were not truly expected to remember all the details of a mission, for an extended period and down to the minutest of aspects.

After the initial "pop quiz," when the data collection progress reached 100%, encountering related items thereafter would prompt their personal panels to directly display the required interaction details.

"If you ask me, forget about your sick mother, the surgery costs these days are so steep, she won't last until the day you've earned enough. You've worked so hard to save money, and if you don't spend it on yourself, wouldn't it be a waste? How about a drink at Red Rose tonight? My treat! I'll tell you, there's a new girl there with an amazing figure, you haven't even touched a woman's hand in years, have you? So fragrant and soft, the feeling... it's just amazing!" The man speaking closed his eyes, a lecherous fantasy expression on his face.

"No need, I'm not interested," Kuang Xin replied, his face showing an indifferent, aloof demeanor as he walked away briskly.

"Think about it, man! Today's technology isn't for us ordinary folk; you could work your whole life and still not have enough for one operation!"

"Whatever," came You Mier's distant reply as he drifted further away.

Watching "You Mier" walk away, the man's face returned to a somber expression, ice-cold contemplation creeping over his features.

After a long silence, he motioned to the shadows with a wave of his hand, whispering a light command, "Have a contact take a look."

The organization wasn't interested in those who flip sides at the blow of a wind; it was these people with unyielding wills that they were watching.

Only those with an unwavering determination could become "True God's" most loyal servants after embracing the "True God."

And only the "True God" was the sole savior for this wretched world!

With this thought in his mind, the man's expression grew fervent.

However, after scanning the surroundings with caution, the man composed his expression and walked toward the dim corner of the rusty mechanical pathway...

Returning to the place called "home" in the information, Kuang Xin's expression faltered slightly.

Despite having been briefed about everything regarding the target, the stark environment still left him stunned.

The so-called "home" was nothing more than a small triangular area at the junction of two mechanical corridors.

A fence of tin sheets turned it into a "private territory."

Within the territory, a mess of items, even those that could be considered "trash," were strewn about, and amidst the chaos, there was a small bed, upon which a frail woman was curled up.

She couldn't have been very old, but her appearance and aura were as aged as a septuagenarian or octogenarian.

"Mom~" Kuang Xin called out gently, fully immersing himself in the role.

"Hmm." As if murmuring in her sleep, the woman on the bed gently turned over, her face dotted with shocking purple blotches.

"I've bought the vitamin medicine back... Do you feel any better today?"

"Much better... Doctor Nuowei just came by before you returned."

'Being able to speak a full sentence, does it look like she's improved somewhat?'

The information that flashed across his mind made Kuang Xin acutely aware of the change, and he couldn't help but ask curiously, "Doctor Nuowei came by?"

The "intelligence information" naturally contained records about Doctor Nuowei, but it was almost just a name and a simple description.

The upper-class citizens have their professional hospitals, and of course, these impoverished people have their own incompetent doctors.

Doctor Nuowei's medical skills were not particularly outstanding, but he could solve some common and simple problems, which for many in The Lower City, was already the greatest help.

You Mier had initially sought his help too, but since You Mier's mother's condition was not something that a quack doctor could resolve, they had lost touch after one or two contacts.

Yet, for some reason, he had taken the initiative to come today?

"He brought me some 'Holy Water.' After drinking it, my body indeed didn't hurt as much," the mother said softly. The purple blotches on her face shimmered slightly under the light, appearing even more lustrous.

"Holy Water?" Neither from You Mier's "intelligence information" nor from his own gaming career had Kuang Xin heard of such a thing, "What's that?"

"Doctor Nuowei said if you want to know more, then go see him. He thinks you're a very good young man..."

With someone else praising her son, even the mother's frail face showed a touch of healthy rosiness with pleasure.

'Holy Water?'

It sounded mysterious and could be related to his mission.

A thought struck Kuang Xin, and he nodded woodenly, "I understand, Mom. I'll go check it out right now..."

Chapter 722: Calling on

"Doctor Nuowei..." Standing in front of a somewhat decent storefront, Kuang Xin knocked on the iron door and called out softly.

A steady voice came from inside, "Come in."

Pushing the door open, he entered a small, simple consulting room that was empty except for a pale-skinned, middle-aged man sitting behind a workbench.

The man's face bore a smile as he looked at the entering "You Mier," "You've arrived."

The scarce information about Doctor Nuowei unfolded before his eyes. Due to limited contact, there were no key reminders.

Kuang Xin could only respond according to "You Mier"'s own character, so he nodded and replied, "Yes... I heard that you just gave my mother some kind of medicine, and she's feeling much better now. I came to personally thank you for taking care of my mother. By the way... how much does this medicine cost?"

Hearing this, Doctor Nuowei simply smiled, "Medicine? This is not medicine. I just thought you were a great young man, and your mother is a good person. This little help is nothing."

Kuang Xin looked at him intently, his face full of sincerity, "It doesn't matter whether it's medicine or not, as long as it can make my mother's health improve. The vita-medicines bought from the Central City District can only keep my mother alive, but her condition is getting worse, none as effective as your medicine. I want to buy some more, do you still have any?"

"Money can't buy it," said Doctor Nuowei, shaking his head and staring into "You Mier"'s eyes, pointing to his heart with his left hand, "It requires heart."

Kuang Xin's expression visibly stuttered, unsure why after taking on the role, he felt his thoughts were clear, and every action could mimic the original character perfectly—perhaps he was born a natural for this... Why hadn't he realized it before? Ay-heh!

His face then turned to a solemnly cautious look, "Do you need me to do something... for you?"

"Not for me." Doctor Nuowei shook his head leisurely, leaning forward and speaking softly, "It's for your mother."

"Okay!" Kuang Xin bit his lip and nodded fiercely, "It's for my mother! What do you want me to do?"

"Pray."

"Pray?"

"Right. All you need to do is pray."

"To whom should I pray?"

"It doesn't matter." Doctor Nuowei's face bore a smile, "You just need to pray. As long as your heart is sincere enough, the omnipotent 'True God' will naturally feel your sincerity, and naturally, 'Holy Water' will descend."

"..." Kuang Xin bit his lip, his face somewhat bewildered, but after a moment he looked into Doctor Nuowei's eyes and nodded, "I... I believe you."

Doctor Nuowei began to tidy up his tabletop, his eyes not on "You Mier," and his mouth uttered a dismissing phrase, "Alright, go back if there's nothing else, I have things to do."

Kuang Xin bowed deeply, "Thank you again for your help, please be busy, I won't disturb you further."

He walked backward out the door and then closed it behind him.

Watching the closed door, a door in a small room inside the consulting room suddenly opened, and a man walked out—it was the man that Kuang Xin had encountered on his way home, "How did it go?"

"The kid's cautious by nature. If he had said 'I'll try going back,' then he would have believed us by a large margin; but saying 'I believe you' right away reveals more doubt. No matter though, facts will teach him what to do."

Having observed You Mier for a long time, perhaps You Mier was unfamiliar with Nuowei, but Nuowei had long understood this lad.

Once back at home, Kuang Xin also didn't know how to continue with this task.

Praying sincerely?

Do they, the players, really have hearts?

Ah, forget it, let's just make a show and see~

So... After kneeling outside his own small tin door for half an hour, in the empty bowl placed before him, there indeed appeared a puddle of orange-yellow unknown liquid.

Semi-transparent, a little sticky, and the scent... seemed a bit strange.

If it were medicine... that would be normal.

But if it were so-called "Holy Water"... who's Holy Water looks like this?

However, the person secretly following him was stunned to see this suddenly appearing "Holy Water".

"Damn!"

Everyone thought it would take some time, that they would apply continuous pressure through the changes in You Mier's mother's condition, but who expected you to actually play for real?!

The moment of shock was quickly followed by a reminder to report, and so another "Damn!" echoed from the communicator.

"Damn! He actually prayed sincerely! Quick, quick, quick! The Saint Heir has come! The Saint Heir has come!"

...

After hearing the story of how Kuang Xin joined the organization, the other three players looked at each other, and Dai Lian couldn't help asking, "So this is how you freaking became the 'Saint Heir'?"

"Ah~" Kuang Xin's face was full of pride, "Pretty awesome, huh?"

The four new members of the organization hadn't had much time to chat when they heard a call not far away, "Saint Heir, please come this way, today is a big day for our 'True God Sect.' With the joint prayers of you and the 'Saint Lady,' I believe the 'True God' will surely hear our call. As long as the 'True God' descends, He will surely grant new life to this world!"

Kuang Xin, upon hearing this, smugly raised his eyebrows at his three companions, "Off I go, watch my performance!"

"Hey! Don't just stand there dumbfounded. Even though you've joined our sect not long ago, on this day, every bit of faith is a call to the True God. Come and witness the glory of the 'True God!'"

Chapter 723: Calling on

"Yes!"

The circular steel cavern was filled with a sea of heads, each one surrounding the central stage, scattered in the shadows, their faces almost indiscernible.

Yet, at that moment, every person had their hands clasped together, eyes closed, heads bowed, earnestly praying.

Atop the stage stood the silhouettes of a young man and woman.

Kuang Xin looked with some curiosity at the so-called "Holy Maiden" opposite him, only to discover that this girl, who had wrapped her entire body in clothing with only her face exposed, exuded a faint, strange odor.

It was somewhat like the scent of sweat after it has evaporated, but not intense.

The girl's eyes were lively, and she too seemed to be curiously sizing up Kuang Xin in front of her.

But the atmosphere was so silent and oppressive that neither dared to make a sound.

All that could be heard was the chanting of the presider standing between them, whose modulating tones seemed to bring an invisible pressure down upon everyone present.

It was as if a pair of scrutinizing eyes existed in the darkness, coldly sweeping over each person from within.

Suddenly, the presider's voice rose as he guided them, "Pray..."

Kuang Xin was taken aback, his thoughts running wild, 'Pray? Pray for what? How do I pray?'

'Words! Words! Damn, no one gave me a script! What am I supposed to recite?'

'Hmm~ it seems like no one is speaking up, and that girl opposite me isn't either, so it looks like it's enough to pray in one's heart... then it doesn't matter what I think! The legs of the demon of desire are really not bad ah...'

[You are undergoing the baptism of a mysterious event, willpower judgment in progress...]

[Willpower judgment passed, Mystery +0.1.]

[Willpower judgment passed, Spiritual Energy +1/1.]

'Eh? There's such a good deal?!' Kuang Xin thought to himself, feeling quite delighted.

As the silent and chaotic prayer proceeded, a sort of mystical mist light silently shrouded many figures present.

Gong Yan, who was especially sensitive to Spiritual Energy, was the first to notice this obvious change through her spiritual vision.

Most people there were enveloped by this dusky mist light, especially so around Kuang Xin, and the girl opposite him was not far behind either.

Only she, Dai, Gu Lan, and a few other unrecognizable individuals from different organizations, lacked this mist light around them.

"Remove these shallow believers!" the authoritative presider's voice rang out again, prompting armed personnel who had been waiting in the corners to stride into the center of the circular mechanized plaza.

Clearly, it wasn't just Gong Yan who had this ability; the religious faction that organized the event also possessed a certain discernment ability.

"No, my lord!"

"I am a believer of the True God too! I believe in the True God!"

"Don't drive me away! Don't drive me away!"

The scene turned slightly chaotic.

"Silence!" the president's voice boomed once again.

Under an imperious decree, a sort of binding magic took effect over the circular plaza, and those believers who struggled and did not wish to leave were suddenly stripped of their ability to speak, their capacity to move also significantly weakened.

Armed personnel resolutely used force to escort out those "shallow believers" who were reluctant to leave.

As for Gong Yan and the other two, they merely took one last look at the stage and followed the armed personnel without resistance.

Once they left the central area, that sensation of being watched by an unseen gaze also vanished.

It was only then that a gentle comforting voice from the armed personnel beside them arose, "Don't be disheartened, you've only recently joined us and naturally have some doubts about the True God. That's normal. After witnessing the True God's radiance with your own eyes this time, you will understand that the True God is indeed the only real deity in this world!"

The so-called armed personnel were also believers convinced of the True God's existence.

But not everyone within a sect can be a servant of the True God; a force to resist external enemies is always necessary.

These people may not bear the significant responsibility of communicating with the True God, yet they can shine and contribute in another sense.

The speaking armed personnel stared intently at the empty space above the central circle of the stage, their expression fervent, even though it was empty...

The hushed whispers around her made Gong Yan and the others realize that speaking outside was not completely forbidden.

"Did we do something wrong?" Gu Lan asked, his face full of confusion.

Dai Lian bit his teeth in frustration, mumbling to himself, "I've been so sincere already..."

Without the so-called "True God" descending, where would they go to fight the boss?

Isn't this entirely a pre-quest for a dungeon?

As the True God descends, the boss battle begins.

How smooth that would have been.

But now, they weren't even allowed to do the pre-quest! Damn it!

"How does that guy manage to get involved in everything?!" Watching Kuang Xin's figure on the high platform, Dai Lian gritted his teeth, feeling somewhat unconvinced.

That guy is always so muddle-headed; how does he never miss out on any good fortune?

Could this be the legendary dumb luck?

Damn it!

No matter what they were thinking after leaving the core area, the developments on the field never stopped.

It seemed the "Lower Realm" Believers' call was indeed felt, and thus that omnipotent True God spread a sliver of radiant light—

A dim, elliptical hole of light suddenly appeared above the central high platform.

The light within the hole diffusely expanded, coming into the perception of every watcher and non-watcher alike.

Based on the stimulation to the spiritual senses, this aggressive intrusion didn't even require the observers to have much innate talent in Spiritual Energy.

Everyone saw some bizarre scenes, and even more so, a sense of warmth and security spontaneously emerged; the armed personnel standing next to Gong Yan loosened the grip on their firearms slightly, their bodies sinking, with a blissful stupor on their faces.

And the host standing at the very center was feverishly exclaiming, "Glati, it's time for your offering!"

Glati was the name of the "holy girl."

Hearing it was her turn, the girl gently lifted the fabric covering her body, revealing the somewhat pitiful sight of her torso beneath.

Her not so well-developed body was now covered with bruises and marks.

But curiously, these marks didn't seem to be caused by external forces but... rather as if they had "grown" out of the body itself.

At the moment, the girl staggered to the area beneath the circle of light, tipped her head back towards the circle, and spread her arms in an embrace.

The wave of Spiritual Energy erupted wildly from her as the center, and the murky glow expanded in an instant like a breath!

In that instant, Gong Yan's eyes widened in shock!

Spiritual Energy!

Such powerful Spiritual Energy!

Or rather, talent for Spiritual Energy!

This girl's talent for Spiritual Energy was unimaginably strong beyond anything Gong Yan had ever seen!

So strong, yet so wild.

This... was perhaps also the reason she was chosen.

Just then, a clear call came through the passage leading to this mechanical cavern, "Stop! Glatis!"

The voice of the noble young lady, always filled with heat and passion, was unmistakable; the players instantly realized who the newcomer was—Franca, the enforcer from the Heretical Arbitration House!

The enforcer who had contracted them naturally wouldn't just wait in the background, hoping everything would naturally progress towards a good conclusion.

At this decisive moment, when everything could be wrapped up, and the target could be netted in one fell swoop, the enforcer arrived just in time.

"Stop, this isn't the True God you hoped could save everything! That is a demon that invades our world! They must borrow your body to come to this world!"

While entrusting the players with the investigation, she had not stopped her own exploration of this organization.

Glatis was the starting point of all the "ambitions" of this organization.

But in itself, she was just a simple and kind child who had been deceived!

Unfortunately, the sudden interjection from an outsider could not immediately gain her trust. Though her eyes showed a hint of doubt, the link that had already started was hard to break under such feeble willpower.

"Stop her!" came the cold voice of the host... or rather, the cult's Pope, gently ringing out, "Glatiis, focus on the voice of the True God..."

Chapter 724: Unclean

"Stop the heretic!"

"Stop the heretic!"

The frenzied calls instantly rang in the ears of Gong Yan and the others. It wasn't just the armed guards assigned to protection duties—those shallow Believers who had been kicked out of the summoning circle for their "lack of conviction" were now also charging crazily toward Franca.

Franca had never imagined she would hear herself being referred to as a "heretic" from someone else's mouth.

"Dadadadada!" The guns in the hands of the armed personnel, not particularly powerful, spewed out bullets full of impactful force.

The power of a single bullet was of course nothing to Franca, but as bullets poured in from all directions toward the narrow passage where she stood, passing through without paying any price was still difficult.

"Clang clang clang clang clang!" Sword light danced around Franca, slicing through bullets with sounds uninterrupted.

Seeing sparks burst nearly simultaneously in the darkness, Dai Lian and a few other player characters' eyes widened.

Although Franca's strength didn't appear as formidable as their own lord's, this display of skill...

"So cool!"

"Don't just stand there watching!" Franca's voice sounded slightly anxious among the barrage of gunshots, her teeth clenched.

Facing such heavy missile fire, she was not completely without means. After all, the gun barrage of these people was far less dense and powerful than the military's.

If she was willing to pay some price, she could still forcefully break through.

But there was a simpler plan at hand, and there was absolutely no need to make a desperate bet.

She knew Dai Lian and the others had already mixed in; in fact, it was by tracking the Spiritual Energy markings she had previously planted on several players that she was able to arrive at this hidden location just in time.

As long as those "children of the devil" behind her cause trouble and help out, she wouldn't face such pressure.

"Roger that!" Dai Lian and the others reacted quickly.

The moment they heard Franca's call for help, they turned around and took action.

Faced with Dai Lian's sudden hand chop, the bewildered armed personnel turned their heads, their eyes vaguely staring at Dai Lian, with only one thought in their minds—"Little brother, what are you doing?"

Aren't we on the same side?

Did you hit the wrong person?

Right! The heretic intruder seemed to be asking for help just now; could it be... he thought I was the traitor?!

"F*ck! Don't hit me, brother! I'm one of the good guys!"

Dai Lian was also stunned.

He just stared dumbfounded at his own right hand, then at the other party, questioning with a puzzled face, "Why didn't you faint?"

After experiencing so many events in the game, he was very clear about the kind of damage his current power could do to an ordinary person.

The armed personnel wasn't particularly special, aside from being slightly physically stronger than a normal person and carrying a gun.

He was confident that if he used a hand chop on this guy, he would certainly knock him out cold.

But now...

"F*ck!" The armed Believer who had been chopped by the hand responded in that moment, glaring fiercely at Dai Lian, "Wrong! You're the traitor!"

"I'm the good guy, you're the traitor!" Dai Lian retorted without hesitation, disdainfully circling to deliver another hand chop.

"Thud!" A dull sound occurred, but the familiar sensation didn't bring the same result—the target was still standing, only looking a bit fiercer now.

The armed Believer, having been hit with the hand chops, finally directed his gun's muzzle at Dai Lian, "You heretic who blasphemes the true God, I'm going to kill you aaaaaah!"

"Dadadada!" A series of loud bangs sounded as the trigger was pulled, but before a few bullets could be fired, the submachine gun was snatched away instantaneously by Dai Lian amidst a dizzying flurry of movements and maneuvers.

Staring at the black muzzle now pointing at his own forehead, the armed Believer just widened his eyes, roaring furiously, "Heretic!"

"Dadadadada!" Dai Lian pulled the trigger mercilessly.

They hadn't yet learned the Spiritual Energy sleights for storing space, so to successfully infiltrate, they obviously couldn't bring any personal equipment; now they had to confiscate the enemy's weapons to increase their own firepower.

The accurate marksmanship at close range didn't miss, and the armed Believer, whose face was blown to shreds by two shots to the heart and two to the forehead, fell stiffly backward.

At the same time, voices of Gong Yan and Gu Lan reached their ears—

"The damage isn't right!"

"These guys are so tough!"

As Dai Lian got into action, the two of them also didn't just stand around; just one move was all it took for them all to realize something was amiss.

Dai Lian noticed it too...

The target he had shot point-blank with the confiscated submachine gun was standing up again!

A translucent pale blue panel he had sent consciously flashed before his eyes, and Dai Lian quickly caught the critical information—

[Your attack inflicted 2 points of strike damage and 12 points of penetrating damage on the target. (Cumulative)]

[From your attack, you have gleaned the following information...]

[Cultist (Human) (Hostile): Health 46/60; Defensive Power 8; Action Power 100%; Trait: Will of Suffering (Linking)...]

The health and defensive power were nothing more than the ordinary attributes that humans should have. With their current abilities, such opponents could easily be defeated.

Chapter 725: Unclean_2

However, the opponent hit in their vital area seemed to have sustained only minimal damage, which was clearly unreasonable.

The only explanation was something mentioned in the reconnaissance information... "Shared Suffering (Linked)."

[Shared Suffering (Linked): Originating from the Great Will, the shared link constantly shares all the sufferings felt by the linked ones. Most of the damage they suffer is transferred to the sharer. The linked one will not be affected by any negative status and will no longer have a fatal weakness, meanwhile, the damage they sustain is reduced by 70%; however, at the moment they disconnect from the link, the linked one must fully and lucidly bear all the suffering that was transferred during the link!]

Almost simultaneously, the three players who discovered the Heretical Sect's characteristic looked towards the girl on the high platform embracing the space towards the elliptical light - Glatis.

"It's her," Gong Yan whispered.

The scars on her body after she shed her clothes were horrifying.

Gu Lan bit her lower lip and remained silent.

The abilities added to these Heretical Sect members by the girl made these monsters, which should have been easy to defeat, quite troublesome. Essentially, as they were in the process of clearing the mobs in the instance, they, of course, loathed the target that was giving them trouble.

However, Franca's words made it clear to her that this girl was just another poor soul who had been deceived.

She approached with a heart full of compassion to relieve the sufferings of the world, and from this standpoint, she could indeed be described as "great."

But such "greatness," in the hands of despicable people, became a tool for evil deeds.

"She's the core!" Gong Yan, looking at Dai Lian, made the most accurate judgment immediately.

Dai Lian, whom Gong Yan was observing, squinted his eyes.

He understood what Gong Yan meant.

The ruthless mission machine naturally knew what the correct choice was, so after hesitating for a second, Dai Lian turned and disarmed another Heretical Sect member of their rifle.

In Kuang Xin's absence, he was the one who could deliver the strongest attack in the squad at that moment.

Limited by the lack of a bow and arrow, activating the Gun Fighting Skill was the most powerful burst he could perform at the moment.

"Da da da da da!"

The merciless barrage was fired towards the unsuspecting girl, who tilted her head back in embrace and glanced backwards.

Franca's words could not make her do a 180-degree turn from her convictions over many days, but they inevitably tore open a wound in her heart.

As the turmoil on Dai Lian's side naturally drew her attention, she trembled her fragile eyes closed the moment she saw the bullets heading towards her. In that moment before they closed, a glimmer of darkness flashed across her gaze...

"Weng~"

Under the faint humming, the brass bullets abruptly stopped in front of an invisible Psychic Barrier.

After a brief struggle, the bullet, having lost all momentum, fell powerlessly to the ground.

The pope retracted the purple scepter in his hands that had been pointed at the source of the attack, his eyes coldly glanced in the direction of Dai Lian and the others, "Kill these heretics!"

"Yes!"

Seeing that the attack was futile, Gong Yan instantly shifted strategies again, "Let's help Franca first!"

The mobs were tough, but they could still be beaten.

The main mission boss would still have to be dealt with by their own story character.

The three players, now going all out, turned and threw themselves at the armed Believers. However hard to beat, the armed Believers were only ordinary people with slightly stronger bodies, and they clearly could not continue to focus fire on Franca when faced with the harassment from three players.

The moment the barrage became less dense, Franca tore open a hole and nimbly burst through it, her Longsword flashing as several heads dropped to the ground.

Her momentum unabated, she headed straight for the high platform where the sacrifice was taking place.

"Shua shua shua shua!" The blade swept across the circular outer square but only futilely cut through the empty air.

The Believers, who remained in place with closed eyes praying regardless of what happened in the outside world, seemed to have already lost their lives in this long-planned sacrifice.

Even before Franca's blade could reach them, they had dissipated into ashes in the wind...

Invisible whirlwinds spun around the grey orb above Glatis's head, grinding the ashes of the scattered believers completely within, dissolving into the tempest and vanishing without a trace.

As if some kind of exchange had been achieved, shadowy grey wraiths began to surge out from the grey orb, flitting wantonly within the range obscured by the murky light.

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

In the increasingly dimly lit circular plaza, only streaks of snow-white sword light occasionally cast a faint glow.

"Glatis, look what you've summoned!" Franca bit out with difficulty.

Previously closing her eyes, Glatis subconsciously opened them, only to discover that the pope she had always revered had become a horrifying visage.

Atop the rotting white and green belly carved with mysterious sigils split a massive black maw, from which a dark purple, snake-like tongue licked and thrashed about in the air menacingly, resembling the terrifying demons of legend.

When the horror laid its gaze upon Glatis, its pair of decayed grey-white eyes looked back.

A twisted and terrifying smile surfaced on the creature's wrinkled, rotten visage.

With a chorus of voices as if sung by thousands, it spoke, "I am... Unclean."

A great demon under the throne of eternity—The Unclean, Sogros!

A foul stench instantly radiated from its location, and a cloud of green plague nearly spread out like a ring of poison fog from its center the moment it appeared.

Each target within it found their vision hugely disrupted, able to see only a few meters ahead; an overwhelming cacophony of alarms from their senses flooded them, as various feelings of discomfort eroded everyone's willpower all at once.

-1-1-1-1-1

Blood points plummeted while a series of negative statuses refreshed incessantly on the players' panels.

Only by deploying all one's Spiritual Energy in defense could one slightly ameliorate the onslaught of affliction, but then there was no energy left to counterattack.

"The boss is out!" Kuang Xin said blankly, staring at the huge figure twice his height before him.

"This clearly isn't something we can handle, right?" Dai Lian felt somewhat stunned.

The boss had made a dramatic entrance; surely, they weren't up to the task?

"Franca, didn't you call for backup?!" Gu Lan couldn't help but ask.

"I did!" Franca responded through clenched teeth, bearing the brunt of the pressure.

Arbitration Place was busy.

Every enforcer shouldered a considerable mission.

Without absolute and certain intelligence, it was difficult for Franca to muster other colleagues from the Arbitration Place.

In fact, before everything here truly unfolded, Franca alone, based on the information at her disposal, couldn't have anticipated that this seemingly small heretical sect could summon such a horror.

Against a common lesser demon, she could've easily coped.

So... she hadn't called for any other colleagues from the organization.

But to ensure a secure backup for this operation, just before taking action, Franca still made a personal call.

Someone she was rather familiar with within her personal network—General Bai E of the military territory.

"I hope it's not to collect my body," Franca thought wryly, as she summoned a multicolored veil from her storage space with a gesture of her hand.

Her level of Spiritual Energy could temporarily counter the myriad plagues inflicted upon her, but in doing so, she wouldn't have much strength left to resist.

Only by using items to undertake that job could she free up her hands to strike back with greater force.

Longsword across her chest, Franca ran her finger along the blade.

Light shimmered, and a rich spiritual radiance spewed forth from Franca's eyes...

Chapter 726: Kuang Xin is unaffected by

"How... How did this happen?" Glatis stared blankly, watching everything unfold before her eyes amidst a cloud of green mist, "How did it turn out like this?"

The bloated green body before her, and the mist it spread upon appearing, confirmed that its arrival vastly deviated from her original intentions!

The other had never been a True God who would deliver all beings from suffering! Nor had it ever been the kind of True God she idealized, one who could bring relief to the world!

Instead, this dense cloud of epidemic carried the potential to bring profound destruction to the world.

Life had been somewhat harsh before, but it wasn't beyond the means of survival.

But now...

The beautiful sister who had burst in alone was now barely breathing, tormented by the cloud of epidemic and the assault from the phantoms and the "unclean," including their siege.

Her colorful gossamer dress was already tattered, and the tip of the Longsword in her hand had shattered, leaving just a faint spiritual light flickering in and out over her body.

Nonetheless, the lady swordsman stubbornly propped herself up on one knee with the sword, lifting her bloodied face defiantly toward her target— the Eternal Archdemon, the Unclean.

The adversary had not even deigned to act in person; instead, it was the little demons that had crawled from the high-dimensional rift, who, bolstered by the epidemic, had already worn her down.

More importantly...

Franca glanced at the human girl, whose limbs seemed to be connected or ensnared by pale green light. Her body had been completely used as a conduit for demons to enter the material world, such that the little demons emerging from this pathway also possessed the "blessed" traits.

Not to mention the small demons of the Eternal line inherently boasted considerable defense and vitality, coupled with their granted immunity to negative states and damage reduction abilities, her sharp sword now seemed dull in comparison.

But as the flame of her soul defiantly ignited once more, Franca forced herself to stand, sliding her sword along her blade.

The shattered sword tip was reborn in a blaze of light, and a fierce white glow burned in Franca's eyes, "As long as there remains one executioner in this world, we will never allow your filth to invade the realm of man!"

With a "crack," the crystal necklace Franca had been wearing burst open, the uncontrollable surge of Spiritual Energy flooding her consciousness in an instant.

The immense and unmanageable Spiritual Energy caused her to lose precise control over her body, her right arm trembling noticeably as she brandished the sword.

However, this "slowness" was a deception to others' senses—for the Longsword, seemingly slow yet swift, spun in Franca's palm and shot out instantly.

The Longsword, spinning around its center, whipped up a blurred white cyclone that ravaged the entire circular plaza.

The lethal blade wind, emanating from where Franca stood, spiraled outward, slaughtering all encroaching enemies.

The small demons of the Eternal line, which they had only managed to fell two of before, would be instantly slain, flesh stripped from bone if caught in the blade cyclone.

Yet, the path of this sword cyclone was chaotic and hard to control.

Even with Franca's best efforts, she could only slightly steer the cyclone.

Combining sword techniques with Spiritual Energy for the ultimate move—Sword Dance Torrent—was still beyond her ability to control.

Had she not detonated her family's last Amulet to unleash such a terrifying reserve of Spiritual Energy, she could not even have released it.

Luckily, all around her were enemies, and she had no fear that the attack might accidentally harm her allies.

Franca's desperate strike pushed Glatis's self-denial of her own actions to its peak. A steadfast will broke through the ritual's constraints, and the girl, now utterly helpless, addressed her once-revered teacher with a bitter voice for the last time, "Teacher... didn't you say that we were the ones in the right?"

The Unclean, Sogros, still bore some semblance of his previous human visage. Facing the girl's question, he parted his wide mouth in a delighted smile. With a gesture of feigned benevolence, he signaled to the surroundings—those armed individuals and shallow Believers who had not been sacrificed in the plaza but had instead perished directly under the influence of the plague cloud now exhibited grotesque, rotted appearances.

Pus-filled boils on their shoulders oozed yellow, foul-smelling fluid; white worms squirmed in and out of exposed muscle tissue beneath decaying skin. Yet, beneath these horrific forms lay their increased strength and more potent life essence.

These individuals now had resilience far surpassing any average human, coupled with pain transference from the "Pain Link." Dai Lian and the other two players struggled against the armed personnel's entanglement just as much.

"You too can feel the current state of these people, can't you? When have their bodies ever been so strong?"

"But..."

"But they are sick?" Sogros scoffed with disdain, "That's the most shortsighted aspect of you humans! If sickness can no longer end your lives in agony, does it matter whether you are ill? Embrace it willingly, and disease becomes eternal. The virus is small, yet will exist forever! All the battles now arise from those stubborn resisters. If they too would join our great family, then naturally, there would be no conflicts or suffering in this world."

Chapter 727: Kuang Xin is unaffected by 2

"They have realized it, and your teacher has realized it too," Sogros' swollen, ragged, and thick forefinger swept across the vast steel cavern, finally resting on the girl not far from his side, "So, what about you?"

"Me?" The girl lowered her head again, a hint of confusion flickering in her eyes.

'Could what he said actually be right?'

If illnesses no longer caused pain and suffering, nor made one feel the passing of life, then the illnesses themselves would no longer signify any calamity.

If everyone could really join this big family, then there would indeed be no need to constantly dispute over the scarce resources for living in this world, and the peaceful era of our dreams would naturally descend.

The teacher was such a knowledgeable, talented, and even wise and kind person; the path he approved of was probably the right one, right?

However, in the corner of her eye, the sight of the swordswoman who had never given up the fight inadvertently broke into her train of thought.

The guardian enforcer Miss, really... was quite beautiful!

Why, then, transform into such an unsightly and appalling form?

"I think, this is wrong..."

The girl whispered softly.

Her will grew more and more determined.

The Spiritual Energy within her was now completely centered around her will.

As her conviction shifted with firmness, the previously stable high-dimensional channels suddenly began to flicker.

Chains of light like beams of light tightly constrained the girl's limbs, and the pain in her body constantly assaulted her senses.

But she had grown accustomed to this kind of piercing torture; pain had never been able to dissolve her will. In fact, under the challenge of such willpower, her level of Spiritual Energy continued to grow and advance.

It was because of this talent and heart, which others did not possess, that she had been able to qualify as a channel for the Eternal Fiend Great Demons to pass through.

It was also because of this talent and heart, which others did not possess, that she could now completely reverse the high-dimensional channel with herself at its core.

"I think, this is wrong."

The girl slowly flipped head over heels, causing even the chains of light binding her to twist into a twisted shape.

Since the channel had opened, the invisible whirlwind of Spiritual Energy that had been spinning in the right direction started to abruptly reverse at this moment, its counter-spinning force pulling all the little demons on the circular plaza back into it, drawing them into the oval light hole above the platform.

An endless suction force from within the light hole targeted Sogros' back, but for the first time, a look of furious anger appeared on the face of this ever-smiling defiler.

He retrieved a bone staff topped with a skull from nowhere and nonchalantly tapped it towards the grey light hole above.

Subsequently, the reversing whirlwind stopped, the boundless suction force stopped, and the figures of the little demons being pulled into the light hole... also paused within that eternally shrinking moment of change.

Sogros' eyes were intently fixed on the girl, filled with a profound sorrow, "I had high hopes for you to become the most powerful child under our 'Benevolent Father.' I firmly believed that you could grow to surpass me. But... you should not have rejected me!"

"Reject your ass!"

A fierce axe blow suddenly smashed towards Sogros' fat head from the side.

Kuang Xin, wielding a massive axe, descended from the sky and cleaved down!

"Pfft!"

The attack, having been blessed through the ritual, now carried the potent addition of Spiritual Energy burning power, slicing into the flesh as effortlessly as a hot knife through butter, cutting in half an inch instantly.

Caught by surprise and utterly unprepared for the attack, Sogros' spellcasting was abruptly interrupted mid-way. The little demons, whose bodies had been shrinking and diminishing to a point while being pulled into the channel, were once again swept up in the rotation back into the light orb.

The ferocious suction once again acted on Sogros' back, causing the flesh there to stretch in a grotesque manner.

Kuang Xin, who took a step back after landing with his axe in hand, looked defiantly at the giant figure before him that was more than twice his own height, "Being that ugly and you still dare to recruit people? Haven't you looked at yourself in the mirror to see what you look like?"

Damnit, orcs are ugly! Demons of desire are ugly! There are no good-looking creatures in this game!

Elves are somewhat better to look at, but he has absolutely no interest in those slim, scrawny types!

Fuck, every single one of them is so damn ugly, what else can they do if not fight?

Fuck your mom!

"Holy shit! Xin!"

"Kuang Xin! My God!"

Gu Lan and Dai Lian were howling from a distance.

"How the hell can you still have weapons?!"

"I'm a Saint Heir, a bit of privilege makes sense, right?" Kuang Xin tilted his face, smugly satisfied.

He looked at the big guy in front of him, his face full of provocation and combativeness.

During the recent ceremony, he had absorbed a considerable amount of power—physical energy +1.2, insight +0.9, reflexes +1.1, mystique +2.0, Spiritual Energy +50/50.

Such violent growth made him feel a wild power rampaging inside, craving to vent crazily, but oddly there was some kind of barrier that kept this impulsive outburst somewhat muted, like scratching an itch through a boot, unable to truly satisfy.

But anyhow, doing something was always right!

"You..." Sogros stared at Kuang Xin's eyes, full of surprise, "How is that even possible!"

The authority granted by the merciful father was always accurate, and the "sacrifice" provided for the so-called "Saint Heir"'s arrival was genuine and substantial.

While he would not be wholly annihilated, it had been a given that a great demon, only slightly weaker than himself, would possess him.

Coming into the material world, he considered that anyone could be his enemy on this trip, but he never imagined that this certain comrade, taken for granted, would turn against him.

Not to mention that, at this moment, it seemed like his opponent was entirely unaffected by possession or the toxic cloud's influence, showing none of the reactions a normal human should have.

"Be careful! Use your Spiritual Energy to resist the toxic cloud, or your strength will be severely limited!" Gong Yan called out from outside the battlefield.

Fighting within the toxic cloud, the enemies gained a slight boost, yet they had to use their Spiritual Energy to counteract the various negative effects the cloud brought, such as blindness, weakness, reduced mobility, impaired vision, and so on. This give and take was why they struggled even against armed Believers who were merely regular humans with guns.

"I know!" Kuang Xin, reminded, fixed his gaze on his opponent. He realized that the pulling force effective only on demons might not be of much use against this big guy, "But it doesn't affect me!"

Kuang Xin grinned, "After all, I am still their Saint Heir!"

Even though he openly rebelled, the other party's area-of-control toxic cloud still didn't update its friend-or-foe detection program in time—obviously a bunch of idiots!

Hehe!

Sogros casually waved his staff-carrying right hand toward the gray light hole above his head, and the force pulling at his flesh instantly vanished.

When he fully focused his attention on the small creature challenging him, Sogros invoked his high-dimensional authority.

To deceive the authority descended from the merciful father, even at the most basic level of detection, meant that the opponent possessed an incredibly formidable background.

So with a single glance, Sogros's eyes narrowed into a dangerous slit.

There were several different auras on his opponent...

To cheat the authority from the merciful father, one must possess a comparable authority for cover...

"We four sides don't interfere with each other's waters..." Sogros stared intently at Kuang Xin, his dull voice sounding somewhat naive, "We've been at peace for so long, there's no need to cause unnecessary disputes."

Kuang Xin fiercely didn't give a damn, "Who the hell is with you four-siders?!"

His hands itched for a fight—he just wanted to brawl!

His axe gleamed, and Kuang Xin took the offensive!

Sogros, who had been patient up until then, could no longer hold back, "I have given you enough respect!"

"Whoosh!"

A green Energy Bullet shot out from the bone staff, heading straight for Kuang Xin!

Chapter 728: Three Sentences' Time

The thick green Energy Bullet seemed to harbor an agonized, raging head within its terrifying form, emitting a sharp howl as it floated toward Kuang Xin's chest, like a specter with a mind of its own, drifting up and down.

Yet, during its wandering journey, something unexpected happened, and the originally singular green Energy Bullet suddenly split into three, with the other two newly-formed bullets heading for the only passage available.

The entrance to this place was the only way in or out, a city stronghold carefully chosen by the sect.

They did not have to worry about being sealed off by outsiders, for as long as they achieved their goal, those outside would be eager to come in.

At this moment, it seemed that the external personnel who had sensed the change here also began to observe inward, detecting the presence of life. The deep green Energy Bullet instantly included the newcomers as targets for its attack.

The split Energy Bullets inherited the speed of the original and, after a brief moment of locating their targets, they dashed toward them on erratic trajectories with formidable velocity.

So swift was their speed that even Kuang Xin, now considerably agile, found it difficult to dodge.

"Pfft!"

The Energy Bullet penetrated his chest, and the tremor on the spiritual level instantly spread throughout his body, causing the world in Kuang Xin's eyes to seem overlaid with afterimages.

And not just that—his health limit even dropped sharply—

[You have been affected by an unknown attack, HP -60/60.]

That was half of his total health!

Kuang Xin, shocked by the simplicity and speed of the attack that nearly destroyed half of his health bar in an instant, wondered if he would be finished if the opponent struck once more.

"What is this thing!"

"What is this thing!"

Almost simultaneously, Kuang Xin also heard two angry shouts from the passage behind him.

The next moment, two executors wearing the distinctive robes of the Heretical Arbitration House charged in with large strides.

Bathed in the luminescence of the pervasive toxic gas in the air, the faces of the two executors were shrouded in a grim green glow.

"Demons have invaded this place, unrelated parties please stay clear!"

Their voices, imbued with the power of Spiritual Energy edicts, echoed in the sinister space. Such words normally helped to avoid most misunderstandings during a mission, preventing unnecessary internal conflicts, since humans naturally stood on the same side when facing demons.

But obviously, there was no such environment at the moment.

The civilians that remained here were either players like Kuang Xin or minions deeply corrupted by demonic power.

Fortunately, the executors who broke in quickly identified who was friend and who was foe, thanks to the distinct feedback from the Spiritual Energy edicts.

Without a doubt, the big monster radiating white-green light all over its body was the greatest enemy here!

As for their companion...

The first executor to rush in looked towards Franca, "Are you alright? Can you continue to fight?"

"I'm afraid... I can't." The sword dance whirlwind had been her last bit of strength.

Franca wore a bitter smile, "The opponent is Sogros, the Great Unclean One under the Eternal. You must be careful!"

"A Great Demon!"

"The Unclean One!"

Both executors were equally astonished, as it was rare for a demon of such caliber to appear in the material world.

If there weren't an alarmingly large number of sacrifices, there must be something special here that allowed the Great Demon to manifest successfully.

In resolving demonic incidents, besides expelling the demons that have descended into the world, another key aspect is to control the inducing factors that led to their arrival, ensuring the situation doesn't worsen.

The thought of dealing with the demon crystallized instantly in the minds of the executors, both staring at Franca as they urgently asked, "What is it?!"

"It's her." Franca looked towards the girl, whose body was partially obscured by the Unclean One, Sogros, "She has been deceived, mistakenly believing that demons can redeem this world."

"Understood!" Both executors responded instantly and started to coordinate.

The one at the forefront took out a giant hammer from behind, taller than themselves. Empowered by Spiritual Energy, they leapt into the air and charged towards the Unclean One, Sogros.

The other executor took out a glass-like mirror, infused it with Spiritual Energy, and then tossed it out with a wave of their hand.

In the mirror... were scenes they had encountered along the way.

During their mission to eradicate demons, if conditions permitted, each executor was required to use these special Spiritual Energy constructs to record in detail everything they encountered.

Regular optical cameras could only capture mundane changes, those observable by non-Spiritual Energy users like light and shadow, but their Spiritual Energy constructs could record changes in Spiritual Energy up to a certain degree, to ensure precise and accurate analysis of demons.

At this moment, it was used for another purpose—

Admonishment.

Demons excel at seduction, and cases of deception like Glati's are not uncommon in incidents related to demons.

To know is to be contaminated.

To prevent more people from being tainted by demons, cities typically do not deliberately publicize the dangers of demons.

Yet it was this ignorance that led many who fell into hardship and could not change their circumstances through their own power to place their hope in "omnipotent" divine beings.

In the end, this often invited demons.

In such cases, simply making the initiators—the Believers who summoned the demons—aware that their "faith" was misguided and not what they hoped for, would often be enough to lead most astray back onto the right path.

Chapter 729: Three Sentences' Time_2

With such measures, the difficulty of handling related demonic incidents would generally be greatly reduced, a trend that is traceable through prolonged past experience.

At the moment, the two executioners, one parrying and the other admonishing, took out the standard examples to respond.

The thrown mirror shard emitted a clear shattering noise in the air, then re-coalesced into an insubstantial, blurry screen of light more than two meters above the ground.

Within the screen, the edges of the deep green fog expanded outwards like a surging living thing.

The population of the underground city was numerous, and although the location chosen by the sect was as secluded as possible, there were still other ordinary people in the vicinity, beyond the steel walls.

The expansion of the fog ignored the obstructions of physical entities such as steel walls, passing through them with ease, ruthlessly devouring the ordinary people who had just noticed something amiss and were attempting to flee.

A "splash" sounded.

The steps of the ordinary people fleeing, enveloped in the fog, froze mid-air, their skin and muscles rotting into a thick slurry that fell from the skeleton in an instant.

This process was not swift, the sight of skin, mucous membranes, and crimson muscle fibers corroding bit by bit was hair-raising, and the agonized howls of the ordinary people during this painful process made the entire scene appear sinister and cold.

The Spiritual Energy creations, capable of recording facts in more dimensions than ordinary optical cameras, honestly presented all the changes that occurred during the process.

The ordinary people, now reduced to a thick slurry, did not end their suffering; a blurry shadow like a spirit was captured by the fog from the place of their death.

Even as the spirits of the ordinary people flailed desperately, trying to escape this dreadful place, within the area already buried by the fog there was simply no chance of escape.

So, the struggling, translucent limbs outside the fog ultimately were completely consumed by the dense green fog, turning into a pure green stream mingling throughout the fog, nourishing and continuing to feed its growth.

With every target it consumed, the fog expanded further.

This process was extremely fast, and its range of effect was vast.

If it hadn't been for the two executioners on Zuo Jin's trail who quickly intervened to disperse the crowd and leave, the rate of the fog's expansion would have been even more terrifying.

"See that? That is the 'Eternal Mark' He speaks of!" Franca shouted energetically.

Sogros laughed heartily, "To offer souls to our father is equally the greatest reward for you mortals!"

While uttering his arrogant words, Sogros lightly swung his bone staff.

The slender staff looked like a child's toy in His huge, bloated hands, yet the power behind a gentle swing was enough to dwarf the best close-combat executioner of the Arbitration Place.

The executioner who had just leaped forward wielding a long-handled war hammer was instantly knocked airborne by the tremendous force of the bone staff, smashing heavily against the mechanical wall, even causing a noticeable deformation in the hard, black-oiled steel.

A "puff" rang out as the executioner fell to the ground like a burst sack, struggling to rise, only to spit out a mouthful of fresh blood.

A crazed yet gentle smile spread across Sogros' face, and with a light tap of his bone staff towards the war hammer executioner's body, a huge bone scythe instantly appeared above the war hammer executioner's head.

"Whoosh!"

The shadow of the bone scythe was raised high, then suddenly brought down!

Its shadow, impervious to any form of attack, was just a fleeting moment captured by everyone's spiritual senses.

In truth, the moment the shadow of the bone scythe appeared, the executioner, still clutching his war hammer, had already been devoid of life.

The invisible essence was consumed by the caster, the unclean Sogros, who quietly closed his eyes, savoring the nourishment from the loyal soul with evident pleasure.

"Give up your resistance!" Sogros, upon opening his eyes again, spun the bone staff half a circle around his body, pointing it equally toward every soul in front of him that had not yet surrendered, "When I descended upon this world, you were already utterly hopeless. I quite enjoy your stubbornness, my little friends, and I think you will also receive a decent promotion in the presence of the Father."

The terrifying power of Sogros silenced all the survivors present.

They would not surrender, but they felt the despair in their strength.

The girl had clearly peaked in her resistance to Sogros, but the only change it brought was turning the gray aura above his head into a blurred gray spot of light.

The swollen, rotting body remained still in his original spot, not having moved an inch.

Clearly, with the power of this great demon, the inverted high-dimensional channel was no longer able to forcibly summon Him back.

They had to confront and defeat this great demon to send it back to the higher-dimensional space where it belonged!

But within the city, who else could withstand a demon with such terrifying power?!

"You have time for three more sentences..."

At the end of the long mechanical corridor, a calm and steady voice suddenly rang out.

The pressing edge was firmly locked onto Sogros the moment the words were spoken.

Hearing this unexpected voice, Sogros, the Defiler, whose face had always carried a gentle smile, suddenly stiffened, looking in the direction of the voice with some incomprehension—

There stood a human silhouette, not particularly strong, raising a bow and aiming in his direction.

"You... who are you?" Sogros asked, somewhat puzzled.

The green fog was not just a plague of corrosive clouds; the invisible bacteria and viruses it carried also acted as his eyes and ears.

Enveloped in this green poisonous fog, He was an omniscient and omnipotent True God!

Yet now, someone had managed to approach so close within this fog, as if... as if it were that fellow who had just madly struck back at him with an axe!

Could it be that he too had the blessings of those other three despicable fellows?

But the sensation brought by this new figure was distinctly different from the axe-wielder from just before.

That keen oppressive force, like a blade to the face, was an intensity the axe-wielder could never hope to match!

"Two sentences..."

The voice murmured softly.

Like a drop-by-drop countdown to the final moment of a clock.

Many others who heard this voice, however, revealed bright smiles of joy on their faces...

"The lord has arrived!"

"Phew~finally arrived..." Franca, who had been holding tension in her body, felt the last breath of willpower she had been clinging to dissipate instantly, her body went limp, collapsing to the ground limply, only her subconscious-controlled Spiritual Energy remaining minimally active to protect her body.

"We came here to harvest human souls!" Sogros, the Defiler, looked nervously at the thin silhouette at the end of the corridor.

The other's demeanor reminded Him of the most bullish and brainless group in the higher dimensions.

It wasn't worth a hard confrontation with these brainless brutes.

Especially on the human turf of the material world.

"One sentence..."

A furious gale began to take shape in front of the silhouette, affecting both the Spiritual Energy and the material realm, even wrapping up the green poisonous fog within it.

The arrowhead at the core of everything seemed cold and silent at that moment.

The raging storm gathered around it, ready to burst with the final surge!

"Damn it! Don't think I'm scared of you!" Sogros, the Defiler, extended his bone staff.

"Whoosh!"

The arrow flew like a fierce dragon emerging from the sea!

Sogros, the Defiler, withdrew his bone staff.

He dove into the gray spot above his head and vanished in the blink of an eye.

Chapter 730: Opportunity

The unclean entity Sogros, who had retreated back into the high-dimensional space, "looked" at a corner of the material world that was rapidly fading from "sight" and felt somewhat alarmed.

The strength of the opposition was extraordinary; that arrow was nothing like a human could launch. Apart from those brutish fools with no brains, it was hard for Him to connect it to anyone else.

Although He also did not fear those muscle-bound louts, if His body were to be truly smashed to pieces in the material world, it would still harm His origin in the high-dimensional world to some extent.

Even though They would not truly die in the material world, just the damage to Their power alone was also unacceptable to Them.

This time... let it be!

However... Sogros smiled and opened His palm; within the decaying orb of light in His hand, a condensed model of a human girl was curled up and slowly rotating inside.

Although the retreat was hasty, it was still a simple matter to abduct a human girl who had lost her ability to resist.

The girl's Spiritual Energy was indeed strong, but after her strenuous resistance, her Spiritual Energy had already depleted.

Possessing such a soul with potential, He believed Father would certainly feel consoled...

After the unclean Sogros had made His escape, what remained in place was only the once Pope of the sect, whose gaunt body had already become a parched and skeletal figure.

Wrapped in a large robe underneath which was nothing but emptiness, He stood on the spot, appearing ready to collapse at any moment.

And within those turbid black eyes overwhelmed with terror, a green tornado was rapidly enlarging within His field of vision.

"Whoosh!"

Like a fine arrow piercing through ash and wood, the slender arrow passed through, and the swirling wind that it brought along instantly scattered the already decayed body, turning it into ashes in the wind.

The momentum of the arrow did not lessen, as it fiercely drilled into the mechanical wall, creating a spiral eye.

The green toxic fog, following Sogros's retreat, spread like boundless water, gradually dissolving without the force that sustained it.

Only after the enemy's aura had completely dissipated did Bai E lower his bow and arrow and step inside the mechanical cavern.

Those believers in the Heretical Sect, twisted by the demon, were too deeply eroded, beyond saving.

But without the cover of the poison fog and the enhancement of the painful link, even if they had mutated, they were no match for the few players who remained at the scene.

Such a minor clean-up did not necessitate Bai E's concern.

The first thing the remaining Executor did was approach Bai E, "Thank you for your help, sir! But may I know where you come from?"

Although the tone was respectful, there was also a hint of inquiry.

The demons were full of deceit, and now that this newcomer had driven them off with a single arrow, at little expense to himself, it seemed as if there was a hint of promoting this man. Perhaps he was the mastermind behind the plot.

The caution that ran in his blood when dealing with demonic events led him to risk offending Bai E in order to find out the background of this man.

Bai E, with a calm expression tinged with curiosity, asked in return, "You don't recognize me?"

"I'm constantly tracking demons in the lower levels of the city; I'm not familiar with the city's noblepersons..."

"Oh," Bai E nodded, "I'm General Bai E from the military district. I came after receiving a distress message from Miss Franca, the Executor."

As he spoke, Bai E's gaze swept around, his tone carrying a hint of regret, "But it seems I was a step too late."

It was the Executor's duty to ask questions, and Bai E, having explained, did not entangle himself with him any further.

He quickly walked over to Franca, who lay on the ground. This noble lady, born of a great family, never carried a sense of superiority and as an Executor of the Arbitration Place, she was always at the forefront in the fight against demons.

Fortunately, this time she was only temporarily unconscious and had not suffered any serious injury.

Mobilizing Spiritual Energy, he gently infused it into Franca's slender body. Under the nourishment of a warm current, Franca's lashes quivered in her stupor.

Then she suddenly opened her eyes.

"Huff!"

Accompanied by a sharp breath, Franca sat up abruptly from Bai E's arms, "The unclean one!"

"He has already fled," Bai E consoled softly from behind.

Turning to glance at Bai E who was close at hand, Franca's tense body relaxed once more, but her eyes involuntarily scanned her surroundings.

It was only after realizing that a significant character seemed to be missing that Franca was taken aback again and urgently asked, "Where's Glatis?"

Bai E was not aware of the girl's existence, nor of all that had transpired before; he just inquired curiously about the name, "Glatis?"

"Sir, when that unclean one was fleeing, it seemed Miss Glatis was also taken away." Gong Yan, who was observant, quietly explained to Bai E nearby and also informed Franca of the girl's final fate.

"Taken away?" Franca was startled, a hint of sorrow appearing in her eyes, "She should not have been taken away..."

"..." Bai E pursed his lips, remembering that the demon did indeed take the girl with Him when He fled.

Given the girl's close connection to the demon's aura, was it not because of her that the demon was summoned?

Or was there more to the story?

Yet, even if he had known there was more to it, at the time it would have been difficult for him to snatch the girl directly from the demon's grasp as the latter was fleeing.

Clearly lacking the strength and mood to explain in detail, Gong Yan, with her delicate thoughts, took it upon herself to explain to Bai E, "That girl called 'Glati,' although the main summoner of this demonic event, was also misled by her Heretical Sect Pope teacher. She has an exceptional talent and harbors a great aspiration to heal and help others but was deceived by evil people, resulting in all the damage suffered by the sect believers being transferred onto herself. The girl who initially just wanted to ease others' burdens as much as possible, gradually wished to shoulder the world's suffering on her fragile shoulders..."