

## Wow 861

### Chapter 861 Star Sea Lantern\_2

Quest Objective: Find one psychic ("Spiritual Energy wielder") willing to become a "Beacon" (0/1) and successfully lead the starship across vast space to the beacon's location (0/1).

Quest Rewards: Tech Points x2, Item Reward: Storm Armor x1 (the psychic volunteering to become the "Beacon" will receive the same quest rewards).

(Note: There will be a physical submission phase; the current commission cannot be "auto-completed" and requires "manual verification." Upon confirming commission release, "permissions" and "expenses" will be deducted and locked.)

Spending time to personally travel to a distant location and become the beacon... that's too much trouble.

Why not let the players here on-site handle it?

Moreover, letting an Elf Race member, like the Wind Elf, take an entire starship crew across what could be an endless high-dimensional space to find his position... Bai E felt uneasy about this.

It wasn't just a matter of necessary caution toward this relatively unfamiliar alien race of elves; it was also the inherent anxiety about delegating such an important task rather than taking it on himself.

After all, this was high-dimensional space!

Ever since launching the offensive expedition against the "Eternal Lineage" demons last time, Bai E hadn't had the time to lead another high-dimensional space expedition.

First, it was incredibly difficult to succeed, not to mention the colossal losses; second, they still hadn't been able to pinpoint the cause behind the sudden, catastrophic high-dimensional space storm.

The most reasonable speculation among human psychics thus far was that the fallen "Eternal Lineage" demon lords had, in their final moments, unleashed their remaining power to trigger the storm, aiming to trap and obliterate the human expeditionary spirits.

If another expedition were launched, Bai E wasn't sure they could count on luck again like the last time.

Thus, except for the army of heroic spirits allied with the "Soul Black Hole" specializing in targeting demons, Bai E hadn't conducted another large-scale demon-clearing operation.

High-dimensional demons remained an eternal threat to all intelligent life in this world.

And more importantly, as an Elf Race Wind Elf, her unique proficiency against demons in high-dimensional space was a double-edged sword. If she ever encountered a powerful Desire Lineage demon, Bai E feared she might lead the whole starship and crew straight into that demon's abyss of desire.

When there was no other choice, Bai E could only let her take the risk and attempt it.

But if he could maintain control, Bai E still preferred to complete this exploration journey himself.

As long as the players on the other side of the universe light the beacon, the moment they receive signals from the beacon here, they could immediately set sail.

And casual verbal instructions never seem to garner real effort or urgency—it's actual benefits that compel players to give their absolute best.

The moment a few players caught sight of the quest rewards, their eyes lit up.

Storm Armor!

That was the very equipment players dreamed of obtaining.

Though, to encourage the group to follow the fleet for deep space exploration, the indigenous official forces had offered full surgical enhancement to all those participating in starship exploration for the first time.

With the exception of individuals who declined due to personal preferences, everyone's surgical enhancement was provided free of charge—and that alone reached a performance level that other players could only fantasize about.

Players who didn't make it into the first group of explorers could only earn merits and accumulate points honestly for a chance to qualify for surgical enhancement.

Yet, while players who hadn't undergone surgery yearned for it, those who had already undergone surgery coveted the exclusive-use Storm Armor designated for surgically enhanced personnel.

This armor was exorbitantly expensive and represented the pinnacle of human society's integrated advanced technology—a possession not casually given to outsiders.

Players, who existed as semi-autonomous entities, could only access temporary rights to use the armor under specific circumstances or moments—for instance, during the previous starship rupture, where Kuang Xin and others used Storm Armor to rescue people.

It was precisely through these interactions that players grew increasingly aware of the terrifying power boost Storm Armor could provide.

If surgical enhancements improved player combat capability on a scale of ten, adding Storm Armor could increase it to a hundred, maybe even two hundred!

Even among the players closest to Bai E, the planetary ruler with the highest honor, like Kuang Xin and his peers, not a single player held a set of Storm Armor fully belonging to themselves.

And now, the opportunity to obtain the first set of Storm Armor was right in front of all of them!

Potentially even two sets!

One for the recommender, and one for the contributor.

There was only one opportunity—first come, first serve!

In an instant, the players' eyes turned green.

With quick twists of their feet, it was clear they were ready to dash off.

Time was of the essence—there was no room for delay or waste.

Seeing the players in this state, Bai E didn't suppress their nature. He simply waved them off and said, "If there's nothing else, you all can go now—I have things to handle."

"Then we'll take our leave, Lord." Dai Lian displayed impeccable manners, turning and leaving in swift steps.

Noticing the subtle competitive vibes among the players, Bai E chuckled silently to himself.

One or two sets of armor were trivial assets for him at this point.

However, as players' strength and status grew, the number of "goodies" he could reasonably display to them dwindled.

The armor remained the most valuable reward for now. To ensure absolute control in the foreseeable future, Bai E couldn't allow Storm Armor to become too easily accessible among the players.

Thus, how this first internal armor would be distributed was entirely up to them to decide themselves~

...

After leaving the lord's residence, the players regrouped briefly. Following his usual habit, Dai Lian outlined the rules everyone needed to follow for this quest.

"Only the first person to complete the quest gets the reward. We've tackled plenty of similar quests in the past. So, as usual... whoever finds it first, earns it."

Dai Lian swept his gaze across the group, his tone calm.

No fighting, no snatching—everyone would rely on their own abilities.

Similar scenarios had occurred many times before. Perhaps this time, the rewards from the lord's quest were more enticing, but the bonds they shared wouldn't be broken over it.

Gu Lan shrugged indifferently and responded, "Alright."

Gong Yan and Kuang Xin agreed cheerfully, "No problem."

Xu Ruoguang, who had resigned from his post as Black Street Guard Captain to join them on their space exploration adventures, also replied with a casual smile, "Sure thing."

For some reason, he had a hunch he'd have as much of this "thing" as he wanted in the future.

It felt like... these items were destined to belong to him.

He'd probably wear them so much he'd grow tired of them—what was there to fight over?

"That settles it!" Dai Lian nodded and finalized, "From now on, we act individually!"

...

As Bai E watched the players depart, he once again felt the delightful satisfaction of having them around.

These death-defying creatures were proving to be unstoppable forces.

The greatest problem that had been troubling him was miraculously being addressed by their efforts.

If they genuinely managed to find a player willing to light the beacon in a distant area, then this high-dimensional space journey would have the highest chances of succeeding!

And surely, this wouldn't be hard to achieve, right?

Lighting a beacon wasn't exactly akin to Kuang Xin's previous, reckless self-sacrifice.

As long as the person lighting the beacon didn't exceed their own capacity for an extended period, their life wouldn't typically be in danger.

With the ridiculously appealing reward—a set of Storm Armor—if these players weren't foolish, they'd certainly center their efforts around finding someone willing to take this leap.

Moreover, most players had already ensured resurrection capability via pre-registered android bodies in the system.

At this level of risk, it shouldn't even faze them.

Now, all that was left was to sit back and wait for good news...

Chapter 862 disappeared?

Bai E knew the players were efficient, but he hadn't expected them to be so fast.

They hadn't been out for long before figures returned—it was Kuang Xin and Gong Yan.

The two arrived hand in hand, bringing Bai E his favorite piece of news.

A player named "Painter" was willing to use himself as a beacon to guide the starship forward.

The target was already in place; action could be initiated at any moment.

"Good!"

Bai E rose in delight and immediately went to find Helen, "Prepare for departure once again!"

It had been only a day since Bai E and Feng Ling's previous attempt, and Helen hadn't expected the day for another launch to come so urgently.

But she never refused Bai E's orders.

Even with time pressing, she went without hesitation to make the final large-scale adjustments for passengers aboard the starship.

Another massive selection process among humans couldn't escape the attention of anyone keeping an eye out. Feng Ling, having heard the news, curiously sought out Bai E. "Mr. Bai, it's already being prepared so soon?"

This was a massive plan in which she herself participated—a plan where Bai E would pilot a solo, small vessel to a location confirmed to host an alien civilization. There, he would act as the beacon for this cosmic exploration.

But now...

"When we went out to explore last time, there were already people thinking of venturing off on their own to see what they could find. Over these past two days, they've returned word saying they discovered alien civilizations that could lead us forward."

"..." Feng Ling pressed her lips together, silently contemplative.

'Is this the power of humanity's unity as a species?'

In the face of an uncertain path, there existed people willing to cast their safety aside and resolutely pave a new road through the cosmos for their group's future.

Though Bai E spoke casually, heading into the vastness of the universe alone to explore—a task akin to seeking a single unique grain of sand within a desert—how many lives had paid the price to pursue this infinitesimal chance?

Through her everyday interactions and the opinions Yue Ying and others had voiced about Bai E, the human ruler, it was clear that Mr. Bai would never force his people to carry out commands that meant certain death.

Those individuals had all volunteered.

They must have known that failure meant dying utterly alone in the endless void of space—a lonely and tragic demise.

Even so, many still stepped forward relentlessly to forge the rare success seen today.

Humanity deserved to stand unyielding among the galactic stars!

When Feng Ling took the initiative to find Bai E, he smiled faintly. "In fact, I was just about to look for you. Now that I no longer need to personally steer the starship as its beacon, Prophet, would you be willing to join us in this exploration?"

Feng Ling pondered briefly, then nodded slightly, "I'll go."

The road ahead was unclear.

Since the seal shrouding the higher-dimensional space surrounding this planet broke open, her foresight abilities had been significantly weakened.

Confined to this planet, her growth had already reached a limit.

Facing the higher-dimensional space connected to the main universe, she could no longer glean fragments of the future from the rivers of time and space.

She had no idea what ending awaited her as she set out to explore the cosmos alongside humanity.

She didn't know where this human exploration fleet would ultimately go, nor what encounters awaited her.

She didn't know if she'd meet her kin among the universe, nor...what form her kin in the cosmos might take, or whether they'd accept her—a figure from a distant time and space.

Knowing more than the planet-bound Elf Race wouldn't make the future any clearer for her.

The more she knew, the more she didn't understand.

Marching into the unknown...well, it does bring a certain thrill.

...

On a distant ocean planet somewhere in the universe.

A figure wearing only basic oxygen equipment and lightweight protective gear was laboring in the muck, struggling in the midst of a mire.

Commanding massive mechanical claws to grab at the thick, sticky seabed sludge, sharp alarms occasionally pierced the air as foreign objects or overly viscous mud jammed the machinery.

Meanwhile, these figures navigating through the mire worked as mining laborers.

The so-called deep-sea miners were simply human tools aiding the operation of these machines, ensuring they wouldn't malfunction—a bitter, grueling existence.

No personal freedom, no future in sight.

One could either eventually be swallowed by the deep-sea sludge and become part of the seabed forever, or...choose a path of rebellion and face humiliating execution.

Their greatest solace lay in the sixteen hours of rest following eight hours of arduous labor, and the two-day escape to the upper-level entertainment zones every five days, where they could indulge freely without spending any money.

After all, even for black-market miners, their cost had to be taken into account.

This was the maximum labor intensity a human body could endure before breaking down...in this day and age, even black-market miners weren't so easy to find.

Such a life, for some native residents, was something they could grit their teeth through for a lifetime.

But for players who naturally cherished freedom...impossible!

Want to restrict my freedom? That's only because I allow it!

Painter felt there had to be a unique reason why his first landing in the universe brought him to such a place! Surely, this was fate (crossed out) the arrangement of the game system!

Chapter 863 disappeared?\_2

This place surely holds a great opportunity waiting for me.

So, he worked diligently without a single complaint, striving to be the model worker and become the star of labor.

Until one day, other players far away on the primal planet sent him a request.

They hoped he could be a qualified guide, making all preparations for the arrival of the Imperial Army.

At this moment, the artist suddenly understood the true purpose of being thrown into this place!

Yes! This is the mission for which I was chosen and placed here!

I must be the envoy of the Imperial Army, paving the first stepping stone for my hometown's rise!

The first step starts with liberating the Black Ore Star!

On the giant yacht floating on the rare calm sea, the artist and his companions lay on the deck, enjoying the rare, scorching sunbath.

The sun here was hotter and more vicious than on the primal planet, and an ordinary person without surgical modifications would be peeled to the bone in no time.

But to them, it was just at the level of a blind person rubbing their back.

However, after sunbathing for a while, the companion, thinking of those beautiful alien women, couldn't help but get excited.

"Artist, how long do you plan to sunbathe? Aren't you going to play?"

The artist looked at the sky with a serious face, "I'm not going."

"Aren't you usually the most enthusiastic?"

The artist snorted coldly, "The past is the past..."

"So, do you have a better place to go now?" The companion suddenly leaned closer, "Still planning to hide it from your buddy?"

"Hmph~" The artist's lips curled slightly, "Now, I have an idea!"

In reality, he received a message from the young lady who contacted him: "Everything is clear, prepare to take action!"

So, the artist opened his arms, enthusiastically looking at the sky.

Ignoring the sunlight that pierced his eyes, he stared straight at the floating black-themed factories in the sky orbit.

'Let you all be the first spoils of our Imperial Army!'

He thought gleefully.

He even wished that the beautiful one-eyed female pirate would appear before him now, to hear his grand revenge and guide plan, shedding tears of regret for not accepting him into her harem at first.

'Hmph! This is the cost!'

Spiritual energy burned fiercely.

The bond among humans made his beacon flash vividly on the special frequency band.

The starship, having been fully prepared at the other end of the galaxy, was already waiting outside the planet's atmosphere.

Among the many four-tier Spiritual Energy users closely monitoring the frequency generated by the Spiritual Breathing Skill on the planet, one instantly noticed the weak light flashing "from afar."

After roughly aligning with the star chart, this person joyfully reported, "Found it!"

"Thank you for your hard work."

Bai E joined him, while simultaneously opening the hatch to send off the planet's native Spiritual Energy users.

The core fighting strength of the planet's natives couldn't be taken, the main force of this trip was still the players.

With a thought, a wave-like shimmering space appeared in front of the spindle-shaped starship.

"Go."

A calm order was given, and the starship's crew nervously started the propulsion engines.

The entire starship sailed once more into the mysterious and deep space ahead.

As the ship gradually submerged, at some point, it was completely shrouded in a blur, and thus wholly vanished...

...

"Hey! Time's up! Get back to work, get back to work hey!" After two days of play, the rejuvenated companion came onto the deck with a glowing face, eagerly calling out when he found the artist's figure: "How's your ideal?"

"Ideal?" The artist's eyes were vacant, "Yeah... where's my ideal?"

He felt he had persisted for a long time now.

His beacon had been flashing for two full days and nights, thanks to his exceptionally high Spiritual Energy level among the players.

Yet, even after he exhausted his Spiritual Energy, the Imperial Army didn't arrive.

'What's the situation?'

'Did the Imperial Army take a wrong turn?'

'Or didn't I last long enough?'

'But it doesn't make sense... no one said this mission absolutely required someone to die, right? Surely nobody blames me for not burning my life to keep the beacon flashing? It can't be my fault, can it?'

'The Imperial Army did say they were coming from a higher-dimensional space, right? In higher-dimensional space, supposedly time and space are neglected, and traveling there is just a blink of an eye? Surely their absence till now is not my fault!'

'Exactly! I've been tricked! I'm the victim here; I must find that person later and get some clear answers!'

Thinking this, the artist stiffly started to move.

Being trapped on this Black Ore Star for several months had made clocking in for work a habit by instinct.

On the way back through the tunnel elevator to the deep seafloor with his companion, the latter looked out through the transparent elevator walls at the pitch-black deep sea, where huge machines with artificial lights stood out distinctly.

"Artist, don't you think these aliens are all idiots? Or has their tech skewed this much? Clearly, they've got interstellar travel capabilities, yet these mining operations in the deep sea still require us to operate manually? Their technology in intelligent machines is downright laughable!"

Humans, no matter how adaptable, still need rest.

Even the dumbest of machines can keep working endlessly.

Why can't those capitalists figure this out?

Why not use intelligent machinery?

Really makes one look down on their intelligence...

"You're right!" The artist now only wanted to wait for a unified log-off opportunity in the real world, then find that female player who tricked him and hold her accountable.

Of course, depending on her attractiveness, he might adjust his tone accordingly.

Returning once more to the pitch-black seabed mud, the artist's figure stuttered slightly.

The game world's time progression is unaffected by real-world log-ins and log-outs.

Logging out and back in, only a split second might have passed in the game world.

However, having logged out and gone through an entire real-world daytime, the artist held a large heap of sticky, thick sludge in his hands, his eyes filled with confusion.

'What's going on?'

'Could I have hallucinated after overdoing it?'

The female player named "Gong Yan" was nowhere to be found!

It wasn't just ordinary unavailability!

She had completely disappeared as if she never existed!

Her interaction records with himself were gone!

Going directly to her home through previous contact memory, the artist received a piece of somewhat eerie news—

Her family also denied the existence of anyone named "Gong Yan"!

"Gong Yan" had vanished.

Not only Gong Yan, but also "Kuang Xin"... "Dai Lian"... "Gu Lan"... which she brought up as guarantors...

Each of these names represented real individuals.

These names had recognizable notoriety among players!

But now... they were all gone!

Vanished!

Not just out of contact!

But altogether disappeared from everyone's memory!

Except for he himself.

Did he really hallucinate?

Or has the world undergone some massive change unknown to him?

Thinking of this made the artist shiver, feeling a chill from the depths of his heart.

The chill spread instantly—an utterly eerie feeling overwhelmed him.

Consequently...

A sense of perplexity clouded his heart.

The artist scratched his head, slightly unsure of the inexplicable absent-mindedness gripping him.

Turning to look at his companion looking completely worn out, the artist grabbed his collar, full of jealousy, and shouted, "How many girls have you hooked up with during this break!"

His companion smirked proudly, "Can you blame me if I called you but you didn't come?"

"Bull! I would never pass that up!"

"Haha! Who knows what's gotten into you this time?"

Chapter 864 Deprivation

The jet-black starship floated slowly forward in a dim and shadowy expanse of space.

In this mysterious realm, people had almost entirely lost their sense of time and space.

No one knew how long they had been here.

It could have been just a fleeting moment, or possibly hundreds, even thousands of years spent adrift.

Everyone's consciousness hovered on the edge of delirium, and at some indeterminate point, strange occurrences began to unfold aboard the starship.

Someone reported seeing twisted tendrils sprouting from the iron-walled corridors; another claimed skeletal claws appeared on the smooth floor; and others swore they saw a half-rotted nun's face smiling gently at them, her empty eye sockets releasing writhing maggots.

Some fell into an endless lethargy, while others displayed an unnerving excitation in their mental states.

The iron starship seemed to come alive, teeming with clumps of grotesque organic structures that sprang into being.

These eerie transformations incessantly corroded everyone's sanity.

They began to feel an overwhelming sense of malice from the people around them.

The shadowy corners of the ship brimmed with frenzied, devouring gazes.

Trapped within the sprawling interior of the massive vessel, they felt as though ensnared inside the belly of some colossal worm.

The ship began to grow claws and fangs, mimicking digestive organs, attempting to break them down into their most primal form.

Instinctively, anyone facing such danger seeks to escape.

And so, they started... to kill each other.

The twisted starship disintegrated in an instant, shattering into chaos.

The transformations erupted so suddenly that even Bai E, who had steered the ship toward its beacon of destination, failed to detect the viral outbreak of madness beforehand.

By the time he perceived the upheaval, the starship... had already unraveled.

Before him stood a radiant beacon—so tantalizingly close.

The beacon loomed right in front...

Yet it would never be reached.

Bai E's body drifted limply amidst the void.

Detached from the confines of the starship, his being seemed to merge deeper into the truths of this enigmatic space.

Unlike every prior journey through high-dimensional space, this realm felt different... darker.

Primeval, frenetic malevolence lurked in every crevice of his surroundings, accompanied by a cacophony of whispered chaos murmuring at his ears.

The mighty wills birthed from the primordial forces of creation were secretively at work—this was a high-dimensional space entirely disparate from the one he had ventured into during past expeditions.

High-dimensional space... could it have distinct regions?

Or perhaps... his home planet was unique in some way.

There was little time to form conclusions. What drew Bai E's attention most was the streams of light threading away into the distance.

These clusters of light seemed guided by some unseen force, racing in disparate directions.

They vanished beyond the limits of his perception in the blink of an eye.

'What are those?'

Bai E thought instinctively.

Within those clusters resided immensely concentrated wills, their essence making it all too plain—those lights represented humans.

Over two thousand players and a select few of the accompanying natives, the most exceptional among them.

Even in the pitch-black domain, their souls shone with dazzling brilliance.

Where were they flying to?

Were they struck by some attack? Or drawn away by some enigmatic force?

Was the starship destroyed due to an assault by some malevolent demon?

Yet despite scanning the surroundings with the Heavenly Eye's Spiritual Energy, Bai E found no trace of any demon.

It seemed the genesis of everything had never been tangible demons, but rather some pure and primordial malice.

Facing this unparalleled cosmic power, Bai E—long undefeated—was once again submerged in the same helplessness he had felt when first stepping onto the Bug Race battlefield.

How could he hope to save anyone when even the cause of all this remained enigmatic?

Oddly, drifting in the void, Bai E wasn't contemplating salvation in great detail.

There was only one thought, dominant and consuming: why did this unprecedented sight evoke such a peculiar sense of familiarity?

This abrupt surge of familiarity overwhelmed all other thoughts, captivating him entirely.

For a fleeting moment, a blank canvas blurred into the surface of his mind.

"That's it!" Bai E softly murmured, his gaze gleaming with realization.

The Wind Spirit's painting!

The Elf Race Prophet had foretold this scene long ago.

Perhaps even she did not know where, when, or under what circumstances this tableau would unfold... Otherwise, she would never have joined this doomed voyage on the starship.

Stone, Zero, Wind Spirit, Yue Ying, Kuang Xin, Gong Yan...

Everyone familiar with him and who believed in him was now scattered across the desolate high-dimensional space.

Would they be safe?

Where would they drift?

But in any case, he could not let them down.

"Live well." Bai E's voice resonated through the void, propelled by Spiritual Energy, carrying far and wide.

"Wait for me to find you."

Without the beacon's guidance, who could guess where those ejected from this high-dimensional realm—mapping the life of the universe—might emerge?

Chapter 865 Deprivation\_2

But it doesn't matter. As long as I'm willing to search, as long as I keep searching, there will always be a day when I'll find them.

I brought them out of the planet; I can't just leave them behind.

But first, I need to possess the ability to search for people across the vast universe...

In the distant void, the Spiritual Energy beacon continues to flicker—that's the rendezvous point for one of the players.

If I can find him, I'll be able to establish contact with the Star of Origin and figure out a way to return.

Once I have a foundation, there's no need to struggle on my own anymore.

Bai E's gaze turned icy as he began to channel his Spiritual Energy, attempting to move closer to the beacon's location and prepare for an escape from this bizarre space.

However, an immense, sky-splitting tornado suddenly began to rise from the distant reaches of this domain. Understanding the destructive force of a high-dimensional storm, Bai E had no intention of confronting it a second time.

The storm roared forward, massive and overwhelming.

It descended abruptly, ominously.

But regardless of the sinister origins behind its appearance, Bai E had no choice—he must decide!

The swirling currents exceeded even the malevolent void of this space itself. Now, aside from the vague concept of "turmoil," Bai E could perceive nothing else—not a shred of information.

He must escape immediately!

Every nerve in Bai E's body bristled with urgency.

'Do I really just have to gamble on my luck?'

The random departure point—who knows where it might lead in the material universe.

The center of a Star? Deep within a black hole?

Or... perched atop someone's toilet?

But either way, faced with the choice between confronting the high-dimensional storm or gambling on the randomness of an escape, Bai E chose the latter.

Unless he encountered those infinitely improbable events, even ending up in a vast, empty corner of the universe wouldn't faze Bai E.

Worst-case scenario, he'd spend more time seeking out alien civilizations and, once familiar with them, use their power to help him return to the Star of Origin—or at least establish contact.

Watching the distant streaks of light fade away, Bai E clenched his teeth silently.

'Wait for me!'

[Side mission triggered—The Wandering Traveler.]

A mission triggered at this moment could not afford to draw even a sliver of Bai E's attention.

With a single thought, Bai E began channeling his Spiritual Energy, bridging the boundary between high-dimensional space and the material realm.

The turbulent space before him, rippling like water, once again came into view, familiar yet foreboding.

Bai E plunged into it headfirst, as though diving across the surface of an actual ocean.

In the instant of crossing, Bai E felt his body sink—as though submerged in water... or perhaps some medium with a density even lower than water.

Empty, weightless.

Suspended within it, he could neither see starlight ahead nor the high-dimensional void behind.

It was as if he had arrived in the interstitial layer between the material realm and the high-dimensional space—a world of unfathomable emptiness.

And within this ethereal void, a mocking voice deliberately mimicked a stiff electronic tone, reverberating from all directions into Bai E's perception—

"Side mission triggered—The Wandering Traveler."

"Side mission triggered—The Wandering Traveler."

"Side mission triggered—The Wandering Traveler."

"..."

Repeated endlessly, accompanied by grotesque laughter akin to a sinister clown.

The voice grew increasingly distorted, morphing from the monotonous system sound into an unsettling cacophony of joyous mockery and jeers.

In this relentless repetition, Bai E began to hear overlapping phrases between the rigid and mocking tones inside his head—

"You silently observe your surroundings, realizing this is a completely unknown world..."

"You silently observe your surroundings..."

"Main mission activated—Survive!"

"Main mission activated..."

"??? (Human) (Ally)—Drops available upon killing with 'Lucky Strike'..."

"Drops available upon killing with 'Lucky Strike'..."

From the first awareness he had of this world to every piece of unique information he had received since—all of it twisted into warped words, repeating amidst the clown-like ridicule.

This unthinkable encounter momentarily left Bai E's mind blank.

Were these... gaming system messages?

This was a secret he had never revealed to anyone.

So how could it now, at such an unsettling moment, be exposed in such a humiliating manner?

"Who... are you?" Bai E's voice carried an unprecedented weight of vigilance.

This mysterious entity had completely touched upon his deepest buried secret.

"Who am I?" The voice boomed, crashing across the void from every direction.

Full of scornful mockery, it replied, "You tell me—who am I? I'm your gaming system! Hehe, isn't it fun? Playing as a human's system is just soooo amusing!"

The voice burst into laughter, "How is it? My acting's pretty decent, isn't it? Supporting your growth all this time, feeding you hope, but now... I don't want to play anymore."

The voice turned icy and cruel, "I've decided... to take back the power I gave you."

It spoke lightly, and instantly a deadly weakness washed over Bai E's perception.

At that moment, an unprecedented sense of helplessness engulfed Bai E's entire sense of self.

Muscles weakened, trembling; Spiritual Energy shrunk, withdrawn.

It felt as though he had regressed to the very instant he first arrived in this world.

Except now, even the faintly glowing blue panel—the thing that previously affirmed his state—had vanished completely.

No matter how Bai E called for it, the panel refused to reappear.

Gone... truly gone...

The system, the panel... and all the power derived from them.

Everything, in this moment, had disappeared completely!

Once again, he had reverted to being that newly awakened artificial soldier—or something far worse.

For the first time in ages, Bai E felt a flicker of genuine panic from the depths of his heart.

"Hah~"

A suffocating pressure suddenly swarmed him, prompting Bai E to instinctively close his eyes and breathe.

Upon reopening his eyes, chaotic noises suddenly surged into his mind.

"Trainable dark elf slaves, only 800G—take one home today!"

"Dwarven-forged battle-quality blades, 50 apiece—honest pricing for all!"

"AiHua Technology's bionic prosthetics: durable, reliable, adaptable to extreme environments—on sale now! On sale now!"

Bai E steadied himself, turning to look around.

Neon lights flickered in the distant horizon, their reflections masked by the shadow of a towering steel jungle.

Figures of all shapes and sizes hurried through the streets before him, everyone moving quickly with purpose.

Further away, the Star radiated a milky glow, piercing the canopy of mechanical spires as well as the steel beams beneath his feet.

This was... a mechanical city floating in space.

'Not bad luck—directly arrived at an alien civilized society.'

Bai E thought this instinctively, only to feel a sudden chill creeping down his back.

As his hand reflexively reached behind, it found damp clothes soaked with sweat.

His forehead itched for attention, and as he wiped it, beads of sweat dripped down.

'Leaving the high-dimensional space—I think I had a nightmare.'

Bai E mused, realizing that the Spiritual Energy he released instinctively to survey his surroundings wasn't extending as he intended.

In fact, it wasn't expanding at all; even the concept of Spiritual Energy now felt distant and unfamiliar.

Unease began pulsing through his mind again.

Bai E attempted to summon the panel instinctively.

No response from the panel.

He scrutinized the faces of others nearby, but the familiar loot-rate text atop their heads was nowhere to be seen.

Clenching his fists tightly, Bai E found them frail and powerless.

Even a rusty half-piece of metal beneath his hand seemed impossible for him to distort with his current strength.

"..."

The nightmare began to replay vividly in Bai E's mind.

'Everything that happened before—it wasn't fake?'

'My system—it was given to me by someone.'

'And now, they've grown bored of their game... leaving me in this pathetic, weak state again.'

'I've always been nothing more than a drifting speck in the tide.'

Chapter 866 No More Human Sovereign?

"Why not just kill him directly?!"

In the void of space, a voice neither male nor female rang out, filled with seductive charm.

The voice reverberated through this world, as if it had transformed into the very rules of the world itself.

"He sure wanted to!" Another wild and brash voice sneered coldly, "That guy, who only knows how to play tricks and schemes, what else can he do besides deceive? If he truly had to take action, he wouldn't dare face the august Emperor face-to-face!"

"Hahaha!" The clown-like voice laughed mockingly, "At least I managed to fool him! And what can you guys do? If it weren't for him sealing himself away, he'd forever remain as the first Emperor who opened the heavens and carved the earth! If my plan succeeds, maybe this world will have no more Emperors! That's far better than you lot who only know how to sit back and watch the show!"

"Heh heh~" A broad and elder-like voice chuckled softly, an eerie air of decay and rot, mingled with a sliver of hope for renewal, instantly pervaded the surroundings, "But you... when has one of your schemes ever succeeded?"

Where there is plot, there is failure.

This is a fate from which a certain primal authority has never been able to escape in its lifetime.

The clown-like voice laughed heartily, dismissive, "Change is the only constant. The only eternity in this world is change itself. The world is always shifting—what moment could ever truly represent eternity? You... you're still stuck in preconceived notions."

"Heh~ I don't care."

"So even when the cherished cauldron of yours is overturned three thousand seven hundred forty-two times, you don't care either?"

"Heh~ At worst, I'll just replace it with another cauldron."

...

An unfamiliar, not particularly strong silhouette sat quietly in a corner, seemingly lost in prolonged contemplation.

From the shadows, several hostile glances swept over. The primal energy emanating from that robust physique was both profound and alluring.

After a long while...

A carefree smile crept back onto the handsome, resolute face. The young figure lifted his head out of the shadows and gazed at the alien landscape before him.

"It's just starting over again. What's so frightening about that...?"

He murmured softly, patting his behind as he stood up.

It seemed that the movements of this long-watched figure had stirred action in those staring eyes, which now darted out from the corner.

A hulking figure swaggered, arms swinging arrogantly, walking directly toward Bai E.

"Bang!"

As they brushed past each other, their arms faintly collided.

The tough man, who had just taken a step forward, turned back in fury, glaring at the smaller stranger trailing just a head shorter behind him, "What's the matter with you, walking without watching where you're going?!"

Bai E paused briefly, his brows furrowing.

The man shouting behind him clearly had a temper. Hearing no immediate apology from Bai E, the brute's anger exploded as he raised his massive mechanical fist, "You deaf, kid?!"

The enormous fist swept through the air, its momentum fierce and intimidating.

Several passersby cautiously stepped aside, while others stopped in the distance to observe the unfolding scene.

"Where's this kid from? How'd he end up catching Wild Wolf's eye? Bad luck for him."

"I heard the Dagger Society picked up a major job recently—how do they still have time to mess with such petty opportunities?"

"Who knows~ Maybe this seemingly unremarkable kid is actually connected to that major job, you never know."

"Indeed... This guy does look pretty unfamiliar to me, and his attire seems oddly refined and peculiar. Maybe you're onto something!"

"Well..." The crowd discussed further, and a glint of interest flickered in the eyes of some.

After all, the rumored big job was supposedly a direct connection to the Peak Alliance—a golden ticket of sorts!

Yet everyone knew, major jobs inevitably come with major requirements.

If the Dagger Society weren't being completely foolish, it wouldn't make sense for them to send out Wild Wolf—far from a top-tier elite—to act alone.

But... what if?

What if the Dagger Society's reinforcements were on their way, and this was their sole opportunity to forge ties with the Peak Alliance?

For anyone trying to survive in the Star Sea, wouldn't they desire a universal stamp of credibility to take anywhere?

If this strange figure wasn't the rumored target, then so be it—they could just find somewhere else to eke out a living.

After all, in a drifting Satellite City of the Star Sea, could anyone's devotion truly be rooted here?

With such thoughts, the spark of ambition stirred within certain gazes.

Yet before these quiet musings had fully settled, a stunning and unexpected change unfolded in the small commotion at the center of attention.

Bai E, whose rear had been exposed to the sweeping punch, cast a backward glance.

For some reason, even without eyes at the back of his head, without the Spiritual Energy allowing him to monitor his surroundings, he still understood Wild Wolf's attack from behind as though instinctively.

The force behind the punch, the angle of the strike... these general details flashed through his mind, instantly generating countless counterattack plans.

As seamlessly as reflex... as though the mastery of hand-to-hand combat at level ten—the pinnacle—had been built into his very bones.

Bai E's lashes lowered slightly as his head tilted.

The iron fist grazed past his head, its gust brushing through shimmering black locks, casting ripples of calm.

'He wouldn't even bother to yield an inch, would he?'

This thought barely had time to crystallize in Wild Wolf's mind before the retaliatory strike from Bai E had already arrived!

A sharp elbow smashed into his gut without a backwards glance. The opponent's ferocious speed and subtle attack left Wild Wolf completely caught off guard, taking the heavy blow.

Oddly enough, such level of skill should have resulted in devastating damage, yet the actual impact was insufficient to render him—a reasonably skilled fighter within Freeport—incapable of further combat.

Chapter 867 No More Human Emperor?\_2

After the brief panic at the start, the Wild Wolf gritted his teeth against the pain in his abdomen and continued to reach out, determined to subdue the strangely humiliating unfamiliar man.

Bai E, realizing his attack hadn't been as effective as he had planned, took half a step back, his gaze tinged with contemplation.

Truthfully, Bai E did not place much trust in the voice claiming to be his system.

The thing that truly unsettled him was how this system—the very foundation he had relied on for survival since coming to this world—was now being blatantly called out by someone.

It made him feel like every aspect of himself had been stripped bare, his actions until now nothing more than the laughable movements of a puppet on strings.

But really, what did it matter?

Without the system, would he no longer know how to live?

Without the system, would he be incapable of improving?

As he thought to himself: starting from scratch was nothing to fear.

After all, with the system's help, he had already seen places most people could only dream of and reached heights unattainable for others in their lifetime.

Even if all of that was taken away, at least he remained. His will remained.

And now, he had verified another truth...

Perhaps his experience still remained as well.

The only thing missing was that past invincible power.

Speaking of his former strength—back then, one full-force elbow strike from him would have turned a half-mechanical man like this into scrap metal. If that didn't happen, then credit was due to the robustness of his engineering.

Looking at his own fist, Bai E's gaze took on a rare hint of nostalgia...

How long had it been since he'd last relished this visceral, bone-crushing sensation?

"Hey! Look me in the eye, you bastard!" the burly man roared in fury at being ignored.

His massive hands advanced toward Bai E in an attempt to grab him, confident he now knew the man's strength wasn't all that imposing. He was fully prepared to claim victory in this fight.

Anyone striving to survive in Freeport must have such quick reflexes!

"..." Bai E's lips curled up slightly, a peculiar sense of ease and pleasure washing over him.

The first strike after losing his system—he felt that his every move now flowed more naturally, guided purely by instinct.

In the past, anything he did seemed like there was a faint film separating him from his actions, leaving him strangely detached from it all.

That sense of precise control, always overseen by the system, carried an undercurrent of alienation.

But now... this incoming crisis, so up-close and personal, felt like reality truly come alive.

Stimulating, exhilarating... intoxicating.

Bai E's eyes narrowed slightly, his blood surging.

As the burly man's massive hands lunged for him, his body—like a slumbering beast suddenly awakened—let out its first primal roar to the world.

"Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!"

In a whirlwind of dizzying motions, the Wild Wolf's hands and feet—all poised to strike—were swiftly restrained ahead of time. His seemingly strong and agile physique was reduced to a helpless state, effortlessly subdued by the not-so-muscular man.

A brawl between two vastly differing physiques ended in an unexpected and unconventional outcome.

The crowd watching nearby was instantly dumbfounded...

They had anticipated difficulties in catching the target of this so-called "big job," but none had expected it to be this challenging.

"The Wild Wolf might not be a top-notch fighter, but he's not someone who'd be subdued so easily, right?"

"No kidding! Even I would need a while to take him down solo! How on earth did this madman get subdued in a flash?"

Among the spectators—those who fancied themselves capable fighters—none dared claim they could face the Wild Wolf head-on with such ease.

Even those confident enough to best the Wild Wolf had never engaged him in a fight to the death.

After all... the Wild Wolf had the backing of the Dagger Society, a troublesome local gang.

And now, this reasonably skilled henchman had been subdued effortlessly by a man who didn't seem all that imposing, with hardly any signs of struggle. It was a display of technique that clearly crushed the Wild Wolf outright.

With this realization, some eyes turned blazing hot.

"If that's the case, the chances look even better now!"

"Exactly... Someone with skills like his couldn't possibly be unknown in Freeport. Could he really be the big job the Dagger Society has been hunting down recently?!"

The speaker licked his lips greedily, glancing around. "Ladies and gentlemen, I know we've had some petty disagreements, but maybe now's the time for us to join forces."

In their half-lived lives, opportunities to connect with the Peak Alliance might only come once. Missing this one and they'd remain nothing more than wandering scavengers scouring scraps in the vast Star Sea!

"Ladies and gentlemen! I want a Merchant's Pass." The man's voice dripped with coercive allure. "And the chance is right in front of us!"

At his rallying cry, the response was unanimous.

"I want a Merchant's Pass too!"

"No kidding! Who doesn't want a Merchant's Pass? Without the Peak Alliance's endorsement, we're nobodies no matter where we go!"

The first speaker continued his fervent incitement, "If we team up this once, who knows, tomorrow we might even be comrades in the same trading crew! We'll fly our own merchant ship across every Stellar District in the galaxy!"

The briefly conjured vision of the future ignited hot blood. Suddenly, everyone's gaze at the stranger in the center turned predatory—like wolves with glowing green eyes.

"Then seize this opportunity! The Wild Wolf is possibly just the scout meant to stall the target. The Dagger Society's reinforcements are likely already on the way. If we want to hijack this big job, now is our only chance!"

"Surround him! Don't let him get away! Whoever catches him, it's everyone's shared accomplishment! Later, we create the merchant crew together! Every brother here would be one of us!"

"Right! We absolutely can't let this big job escape to the commercial district! The Dagger Society has connections there—we wouldn't dare make a move! Here is our only chance!"

"Attack!"

...

The sharp pain in his arm kept the Wild Wolf from struggling aggressively.

The mad-dog temper he was infamous for had turned meek and humble, fitting for a situation where he was entirely at someone else's mercy.

"Sir... Sir! My apologies! I didn't realize who I was offending earlier. Please, be magnanimous and forgive me!"

Living in the underworld meant knowing when to yield—flexibility could be the key to survival.

The Dagger Society wasn't something he'd bring up lightly unless the timing was just right.

For all he knew, this unfamiliar man might simply be passing through Freeport without setting roots.

If the stranger were to kill him without a second thought and move on, the Dagger Society wouldn't cross the vast Star Sea to avenge him.

Getting a proper "Star Burial" might take some twisted sense of brotherly loyalty, but more likely his body would be dumped from the gravitational outskirts of the Satellite City, left to drift as a frozen corpse in the void... or perhaps no one would care at all?

In Freeport, life was the cheapest commodity.

Pressing down on the burly man, Bai E gained a faint understanding of his current strength—

His basic physical attributes were likely similar to his early synthetic-human days, yet his years of honed combat techniques had seemingly become muscle memory.

Even without the system running the show, his moves felt freer, more intuitive.

'This sensation... isn't bad either, is it?'

Bai E tightened his grip slightly, provoking a sharp intake of breath from the burly man.

Calmly, he asked, "Why did you come after me?"

Chapter 868 Misunderstanding?

This burly man attacked without any reason. Bai E had just arrived in this alien city and barely had the time to offend any local person or faction.

Was it because his outfit, different from theirs, made them mistake him for some easy prey? Or had he inadvertently triggered some kind of alien taboo?

If he didn't get to the bottom of this, it might be impossible to move forward.

After all, in his current state, he not only lacked strength but also had no influence, and his understanding of extraterrestrial laws was minimal. If he unintentionally made too many local "natives" his enemies, he'd likely endure some hardships.

The burly man pinned down by Bai E was drenched in cold sweat. Faced with Bai E's questions, he stammered honestly, "It's nothing, really! Just a big misunderstanding!"

Who would've guessed this unremarkable-looking guy would turn out to be so terrifyingly capable?

"Just treat me like a fart and let me go, all right? I've got a card in my pocket with four or five hundred G on it. Take it, grab yourself a couple of drinks, and consider it my apology. What do you say?"

At this moment, the burly man just wanted to de-escalate.

After all, lives on Freeport weren't worth much, but carrying a body count on your back was never an easy thing to deal with.

Unless, of course, you were one of those truly ruthless lunatics who killed without blinking. Generally speaking, between two strangers without serious grudges, there was no need to go for the kill.

He had initially intended to capture this guy and sell his organs, but neither succeeded nor exposed himself, right?

From the other guy's perspective, it was probably just a minor scuffle. A bit of compensation to close the matter wasn't such a bad deal for either party.

But Bai E, clueless about the intricacies of this alien setting, wasn't about to let this ready source of information off so easily.

He pressed on relentlessly, "What misunderstanding?"

'Why'd I have to run into someone so stubborn?' thought Wild Wolf, lamenting to himself as he continued to explain, "Had a bit too much to drink. My head wasn't clear for a moment. I swear, I harbor absolutely no malice toward you!"

However, seeing the encroaching shadows of the crowd gathering around, Bai E's expression darkened slightly.

His gaze swept across the scene, and his grip on the burly man's arm tightened, his voice turning even colder, "This is what you call no malice?"

The man had initiated the fight, and then this large group of people had encircled them.

Claiming no malice under such circumstances was hardly convincing.

"?" Gritting his teeth through the pain in his straining arm muscles, Wild Wolf forced his head up slightly and took in the unfolding situation around him, even more perplexed.

What the hell was going on? Normally, even if these folks weren't friendly, they'd at most trade a few sarcastic jabs if they met.

Now, after he'd provoked someone and ended up caught, these people were suddenly stepping in to back him up?

No way! Absolutely no way!

Wild Wolf immediately dismissed the thought from his mind.

Then why?

Wild Wolf's mind raced, his eyes darting between the silent figures closing in and the increasingly forceful grip on his back, as the pressure mounted.

"It's a misunderstanding! All just a big misunderstanding!" Wild Wolf shouted loudly, his mind working through possible explanations and plans for his next move. "I don't even know those guys! I swear, man, I'm really not with them!"

"..." Bai E remained expressionless, neither agreeing nor disagreeing.

He merely tightened his hold further.

The other man's desperate tone did seem somewhat credible, but with Bai E's total lack of understanding of this alien environment, how could he stop pressing for answers? Without pushing, how could the man possibly explain why this blockade had formed?

Feeling the searing pain of muscles on the verge of tearing, the burly man winced, a few drops of cold sweat dripping from his forehead.

Despite being pinned down in a completely powerless position, he still yelled at the shadows surrounding them, "What the hell are you guys trying to do?! What do you want?! The Dagger Society is handling its business here—everyone else should back the hell off!"

For the strangers behind him, whose faces were completely unfamiliar, the name of the Dagger Society might not carry much weight. But for the ones here, who frequented Freeport's structural layers, the Dagger Society's reputation still counted for something.

If he couldn't scare this outsider, could he at least put the fear into these guys?

Wild Wolf gritted his teeth internally, resolving that after this mess, these punks would need to learn some discipline.

When had the Dagger Society ever tolerated anyone daring to watch like this?

Among the looming silent figures was one who seemed to be the leader. This individual suddenly spoke up, "Big shot, anyone who survives here isn't scared by names. We usually show the Dagger Society some respect and call you guys big shots, but that doesn't mean you really are one."

Wild Wolf's eyelid twitched, unsettled by this sudden defiance from the people around him. "You... what are you trying to do?!"

Could it be that seeing him subdued by this outsider had emboldened these people to take action against him?

Sure, he'd been oppressive and unscrupulous in the past, but it wasn't as though he'd stirred up this much collective outrage, right?

Plenty of these people were acquaintances—self-serving types who wouldn't lift a finger unless it directly affected them. There was no way they were now suddenly ganging up on him without provocation.

But that very strangeness made the whole situation even more unnerving.

He couldn't figure out what he'd done wrong for things to spiral into such a bizarre scenario on what should've been an ordinary afternoon.

The leader of the encircling crowd sneered, "What are we trying to do? Oh, come on, big shot, aren't you the one who set the precedent? If the Dagger Society can do it, why can't us drifters?"

Wild Wolf's mind spun further into confusion. What the hell did he mean by "If the Dagger Society can do it, why can't us drifters?"

Goddammit, what the hell had he done that others apparently could or couldn't do?

All he'd wanted was to grab this fresh-faced kid and sell his organs for some booze money. How the hell had that crossed some kind of celestial boundary?!

Chapter 869 Misunderstanding?\_2

So many of you want to split up the flesh of just one guy, you think that'll work?

Wait!

A flash of lightning crossed his mind—

"Major task!" he blurted out.

These bastards never show up unless there's profit involved. There's no way a regular job could make these selfish pricks suddenly join forces.

If they'd ever been willing to work together like this before, even the Dagger Society would have to acknowledge them. The reason Freeport is under the Dagger Society's control is precisely because these people are always scattered to the wind.

But now... for something to suddenly unite them? There's only one possibility!

Major task!

The so-called "major task" refers to an order from the Peak Alliance informing the syndicates that someone from the Bauhinia Republic escorting a treasure might pass through here. They are to stop that person at all costs!

But damn it, that crappy mission wasn't assigned to me! Otherwise, why would I still be wandering around aimlessly here?

Other than the basic intel, I know about as much as anyone outside the syndicates.

Could these fools honestly think I'm carrying out this secret mission?

Shit!

It's a misunderstanding! A complete misunderstanding!

"This time it really is a goddamn misunderstanding!"

"Hmph," one of the figures in the crowd sneered, "We know the Dagger Society's people are on their way. But sorry, this kind of opportunity doesn't have anyone's name on it!"

To the Peak Alliance, they don't care who fulfills their orders.

Lone wolves or the Dagger Society—it's all the same to them... ants.

Even a bit of grease slipping through the cracks of an organization that rules this vast Stellar District is enough for these people to live very comfortably.

"Opportunity, my ass!" Wild Wolf cursed, knowing full well these guys had lost their minds over dreams of boundless riches. He no longer bothered explaining.

Even if they knew the chances were slim, as long as there was a one-in-a-thousand chance, these opportunists would never miss this once-in-a-lifetime jackpot!

He simply turned to try and let the man behind him see the sincerity in his eyes. "Brother, you can see the situation yourself. These aren't my people. Right now, we're both grasshoppers tied to the same rope. Let me go, and I'll help you find some allies. Maybe we still have a slim chance of survival."

Bai E's gaze swept over the crowd of greens-eyed opportunists, and he smiled wryly.

Casually tossing aside the man he'd restrained, Bai E flexed his arm with amusement.

A misunderstanding?

How interesting.

Coming to this alien environment, only to end up surrounded and attacked because of a misunderstanding...

Unexpectedly... not bad.

"Perfect chance to test you all out."

'...Let's see what these alien societies are really made of.'

A sharp grin spread across Bai E's face as he actively lunged into the fight!

The Satellite City's icy winds whipped past Bai E's cheeks, while the boiling blood surged wildly through his veins.

A mighty energy erupted from his not-so-strong-looking body, sending figures flying with every punch and kick.

Dressed sharply like a soldier, the moment Bai E sprang into action, he was like a tiger charging into a flock of sheep.

Those scattered loners who were typically feared found themselves no stronger than their individual selves had been just moments ago.

In fact, due to Bai E's added aggression with every move, their collapse came even quicker and more abruptly.

"Holy hell, this guy's incredible!" Wild Wolf muttered, having escaped the chaos and hidden himself to observe the carnage unfolding in front of him.

Report back for reinforcements? What reinforcements!

The Dagger Society was already running around like headless chickens over the "major task." If he went back to report this nonsense calling for backup over a random blunder... He didn't know how the lone wolves would end up, but he was sure he'd be bedridden for a solid three months.

Either way, whether this stranger suffered misfortune or these treacherous loners ate dirt, it had nothing to do with him.

Even if this lone warrior were eventually captured, and the greedy bastards handed him over for the bounty, they might finally see what "true terror" really meant.

But for now... things weren't unfolding as he'd guessed.

He'd considered the possibility this stranger might be strong; after all, he'd overpowered him almost effortlessly. Facing the mob of loners, surely he could hold his ground for a while.

What he hadn't expected was... this wasn't about how long the stranger could hold his ground—it was how long the mob could endure in the stranger's hands.

A literal tiger among sheep!

Not one opponent could last even a single exchange.

In this utterly one-sided battle, whatever fleeting strength the ragtag group of loners had was almost useless.

While Bai E's attacks didn't always instantly incapacitate his opponents, the loners' tendency to sacrifice their allies rather than help ensured their rapid downfall.

Those who were struck and stumbled preferred to whine helplessly on the ground rather than rise to create even the slightest trouble for him.

With such a hapless coalition, Bai E alone became a true unstoppable War God!

"Goddamn it!" Wild Wolf trembled with excitement as he peeked out from the corner.

Watching the stranger's fierce back cutting through the mob, his eyes began to gleam with insatiable greed.

"Could it be... Did I just hit the jackpot?"

Wild Wolf murmured softly, his gaze growing feverish.

Could any ordinary person display such devastating skill and unflinching bravery?

Facing dozens of martial artists, yet daring to launch the first attack.

Only military elites with absolute confidence in their own strength—those who value their mission above all—would act this boldly, wouldn't they?

Someone with these traits appearing here... There's hardly anyone who fits this description except for the "major task" target!

Yes, it had to be him!

The soldier-like attire, stoic, resolute aura, and the keen thoroughness when interrogating Wild Wolf earlier.

The moment Wild Wolf grasped this notion, he couldn't stop envisioning himself handing this mark over to the Peak Alliance on behalf of the Dagger Society.

"This is fucking thrilling!"

Wild Wolf was beginning to understand the lunatic greed of those loners earlier.

Even if the odds of this being the Alliance's person were one-in-a-million, the potential riches were enough to launch him into unimaginable glory!

"Call for backup!" At once, there was only one thought blazing in Wild Wolf's mind.

Cautiously pulling a communicator from his pocket, Wild Wolf kept one eye on the chaos while awaiting the device's response.

"Speak!" A cold voice suddenly crackled out from the communicator.

Wild Wolf covered the microphone, his voice trembling with excitement as he said, "Boss... Boss, I think I've found a lead on the 'major task.'"

The voice on the other end went silent before responding sternly the next moment, "You've found them? Where? What's the situation now?"

"In Structure Layer 13! A massive skirmish is happening at the scene. Those loners might have figured out their identity—there are roughly dozens of people attacking them!"

"Dozens?" The voice turned odd on the other end, "Loners? Do they have weapons?"

"Weapons? No way!" Wild Wolf replied, puzzled.

The Structure Layer was the Satellite City's foundation. Who'd dare use weapons here? Got a death wish or something?

"Get lost!" A sudden angry shout blasted from the communicator, "You dumbass, I knew you were useless!"

Wild Wolf stared blankly, full of grievance. "Boss... Boss?"

Perhaps accommodating his subordinate's lack of intelligence, the boss begrudgingly offered a brief explanation, "Use your pig brain! Someone entrusted to protect a nation's treasure—how long could dozens of scattered loners possibly last against her? Skirmish? 'Skirmish,' my ass!"

Chapter 870 Appears

Not sure if it's due to his cautious nature or favoritism toward this brainless subordinate, the boss paused for a moment and then asked: "What does the target look like?"

"What does she look like?" The Wild Wolf, who was curled up and spectating from the sidelines, stared at the figure chasing down a group of scattered drifters across the battlefield and gave a strictly realistic description: "She's dressed in a bluish-gray outfit that sort of looks like military attire, but the design is something I've never seen before. There's an eagle with spread wings embroidered on it. She's about 1.8 meters tall, pretty handsome, with a soldier-like demeanor. Also, there doesn't seem to be any signs of physical augmentation—she's a pureborn human."

"Got it." The voice of the boss came through over the phone, "You moron! I didn't blame you for not having detailed info before, but starting now, stop giving me random bullshit! The target is a woman,

damn it! And yeah, she's in the military, but she wouldn't be stupid enough to prance around in a uniform at a time like this! Besides, she doesn't have a shred of actual soldier-like demeanor. That woman—you just need a glance to recognize her!"

"Is that so?" The Wild Wolf stared blankly ahead, his tone carrying an odd nuance, "That woman, is she very... special?"

"Special?" The boss let out a cold laugh, "Special doesn't even begin to describe it! The kind of show-off vibe she radiates can be sensed from ten kilometers away. Kid, stick to your tasks. We've already stationed people at every major checkpoint in Freeport. This mission is way out of your league!"

"Boss, it's not that..." Wild Wolf swallowed hard, his tone strained as he asked, "Does this woman... happen to wear a knee-length black trench coat?"

"Hmm..." The boss hesitated slightly, "The intel says so."

"Does she have wavy purple hair, ridiculously beautiful looks, fox-like eyes, and a tear-shaped mole underneath her right eye?"

"Hmm... seems like it."

"Is she carrying a big black box?"

"Yeah, yeah, exactly!"

"And has an impressive bust?"

"What the hell? How do you know all this stuff?"

"Boss..." Wild Wolf's eyes became vacant, "I think I see her."

"What?!" The boss roared furiously through the receiver, "You actually saw her?"

"She's smiling at me..." Wild Wolf practically felt like crying, clutching the communication device in his hands, not knowing what to do, "Boss, what should I do?"

According to what the boss said, this woman wasn't just dangerous—calling her a walking nuclear bomb wouldn't be an exaggeration!

A woman like this smiling straight at him made him feel as if his great-grandma was already waving him over from the other side.

"Don't panic, keep calm." The boss tried to comfort him, but the next moment the sound of the boss furiously shouting away from the receiver could be heard, "Quick! Gather everyone at Structural Zone 13! Target located! Target located! Also, bring a coffin—we're going to hold a 'Star Burial' for our dead brothers!"

Then the sound returned closer to the receiver, "Hey, hey, hey? Wild Wolf, are you still there? Maintain communication—we're on our way."

"..." Wild Wolf's expression faltered a little, his face mournful, "Boss, next time, at least avoid talking about funeral arrangements for a brother right in front of him, will you?"

"I'm worried if I wait too long, you won't hear it. How else would you know we laid you to rest with a 'Star Burial'?"

"..." Wild Wolf pursed his lips, mulled things over, and strangely felt a little touched.

'True! Saying it while I'm alive is better than leaving it unsaid after I'm dead. Boss actually cares about me!'

With that realization, when he looked again at the enchanting figure approaching, he was suddenly unafraid.

With a loud "thump," Wild Wolf dropped to his knees where he stood, "Lady, please don't kill me. I know where to find a private black ship to leave port!"

The woman approaching raised an eyebrow, a playful expression appearing on her face, "Weren't you all looking for me?"

Still kneeling, Wild Wolf straightened his back, "That's the organization's business, nothing to do with me! I'm just a small fry—I wasn't even supposed to be involved in a mission of this level. Besides, I just quit the organization!"

The communicator that Wild Wolf flung aside emitted the boss's furious cursing, "You son of a bitch, you dare to betray me?!"

"I'm now Lady's dog. Don't contact me anymore—I don't want her to misunderstand!" Wild Wolf shouted loudly into the device, his gaze resolute.

Meng Meng calmly hung up. Wild Wolf turned his gaze back to the woman only a few strides away, "Lady, starting now, I'm your loyal dog. Please guide me from here on out."

The woman was visibly entertained; her lips curled into a cheerful smirk, "But what if I don't plan to leave?"

"..." Wild Wolf froze, "Lady?"

The woman tilted her head slightly, her eyes drifting toward the distant neon lights, "Being chased around endlessly by those dogs—I'm getting annoyed. How about we settle it all here in this decayed place? That way, those dogs won't follow me back to Bauhinia."

Her fox-like gaze then shifted to the chaotic battlefield nearby, a hint of a frown appearing, especially as her eyes fell on the besieged figure fighting back. Her emotions grew darker, "And also, it'll save others from being dragged into this mess."

With that, the woman gracefully strode forward, walking directly into the chaos of battle.

An explosive wave of Spiritual Energy sent ripples outward, instantly launching all the scattered drifters violently into the air, leaving only one figure standing amid the devastation.

Bai E glanced at the surrounding bodies strewn across the ground, then turned sharply to see the woman who was already looking back at him.

Her alluring fox-like eyes carried a trace of doubt and hesitation.

'How... is he still unharmed?'

To spare these irrelevant individuals from suffering under the arriving members of the Dagger Society, she simply wanted to end the drama quickly—using the most efficient method possible.

But in this world, there was no technique that avoided indiscriminate damage. Her massive wave of Spiritual Energy didn't yet have the precision to distinguish between individuals.