

Apocalypse 361

Chapter 361

“Brother?”

Isa looked at him mockingly: “For such a dumb reason... as foolish blood relations!”

She coughed up some blood, then slowly closed her eyes.

She died.

Gu Qing Shan pulled his sword back with a complicated look on his face.

Another powerful human Professionalist had died.

But there was no way around it, as both the Fuxi Emperor and the Holy Church’s Pope went on a wrong path.

They will only bring humanity closer to the brink of extinction.

The thing that caught Gu Qing Shan’s attention more was how everything that happened just now was actually an out-of-control battle.

A single God’s Chosen card was able to freeze time, sealing the movements of all three of them.

Normal God’s Chosen cards aren’t that powerful.

If they actually were, then no other Profession would be necessary.

The Pope is powerful, but she can’t possibly own such a powerful Law-related card.

Because if she really does, all she needs is another similarly powerful Law-related card to kill everyone.

Gu Qing Shan carefully thought about the Pope’s fighting styles.

Yeah.

This card that is able to stop time is very out of place in all of her cards.

And more importantly, Su Xue Er actually also owns something of the same rank.

Gu Qing Shan is now very sure that Su Xue Er did not go to the cultivation world.

Having such a powerful card, what kind of world is she in?

Zhang Ying Hao wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth and stepped forward to look at the Pope’s corpse.

“I never thought one day I’d be able to participate in assassinating such a powerful person as yourself. I’m honored”

He then respectfully bowed at the Pope’s corpse.

Ye Fei Li landed from the air, standing next to Gu Qing Shan.

Ye Fei Li looked over at Hurt and asked in a low voice: “What now? You want to kill him to?”

“There’s no need to, the Holy Church’s matter should be left to the people of the church” Gu Qing Shan answered.

“The Holy Church’s matter?” Ye Fei Li didn’t quite understand.

Then, a solemn female voice resounded.

“Hurt! In the name of the Holy Church of Death, I ask you, are you or are you no longer loyal to your faith?”

Monarch Varona slowly stepped forward.

Hurt lowered his gaze slightly: “You don’t have the right to question me”

“Of course I do” Varona spoke, “I used to be a Cardinal of the church, as my partner for 5 fives, you should know the degree of my faith”

Hurt looked up: “I do, but you are now the Monarch of the Fuxi Empire, an outsider to the Holy Church”

Varona continued: “What I’m saying is, the current Medici clan has a rightful heir, and she should be where your allegiance lies”

Hurt scoffed: “You speak of Anna? That little girl?”

“She is not a little girl. She is the most outstanding head of our Medici clan for the last several hundred years, one who has come further than any other clan’s member had”

Varona’s tone became strict: “Hurt, remember this well, if you are not loyal to the Medici clan, then you are betraying the Holy Church”

“You should go, either leave the Church, or pledge your allegiance to the Church once more, pass this message to the other Holy Apostles as well”

Varona continued: “I can guarantee you this. Anna will ensure the glory of our Holy Church, regardless of whether or not the bunch of you are there”

Varona gestured for the royal guards to make way.

Hurt showed her a final complicated look before leaving.

Varona then came before Gu Qing Shan and the rest, staring down at Isa’s corpse.

“This usurper of the throne had died by your hands. This was a crucial moment for the Medici clan and a moment of the Holy Church’s rebirth!”

She shed tears, then smiled from the bottom of her heart.

In front of everyone here, the Monarch loudly declared: “You are benefactors of the Medici clan, benefactors of the Holy Church of Death, I bestow upon you absolute honor in recognition of your heroism”

Gu Qing Shan clasped his fist and replied: “Thank you, Your Majesty”

...

At the same moment.

Faraway, in the Holy Empire.

The Grand Holy Sanctuary at the Holy Empire's Capital.

The underground secret bunker.

The card floating above the blood reservoir, [Devil Summoning] suddenly shattered.

It left a few light sprites below thoroughly dispersing.

In the blood reservoir, a voice whispered: "She died... that is very unexpected"

"It seems the death god is angrier than I thought, even my Law card couldn't save her from death"

The blood then formed into a hand that climbed out from the reservoir.

"Hm, the power collected by the reservoir is enough for me to open the gates through the two worlds and return to the Nine Hells"

This hand of blood clutched at the air, as if wanting to grab something.

"The rare God's Chosen soul that came from Fog Isle, I've got you"

The hand clenched tight: "According to our contract, I will take your soul"

The voice sounded very excited.

Fuxi.

The banquet hall.

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Isa opened her eyes.

Gu Qing Shan's sword was still stabbed through her chest.

Isa looked around, then at the blood glow around her body and the sword.

She rose up from her own body, staring at her corpse.

No one noticed her.

Isa realized something.

I'm dead.

"Hah, so this is how you died" a voice came from above.

Isa looked up and exclaimed: "Asmodeus!"

"It's me, I'm here to guide you away from this chaotic world"

Asmodeus showed up.

No one could see him.

Right now, he's also only a soul.

Isa looked at Asmodeus and spoke with a grudgeful tone: "Asmodeus, I beg you to avenge me. I am willing to pay any price"

Asmodeus shook his head: "No, you're wrong. According to the contract, you belong to me now, including everything you own, there is nothing that you can pay me as a price"

Isa's tone became panicked: "Didn't you want to know what happened to Huang Quan? Help me get revenge and I'll tell you all the secrets that I know"

Asmodeus' voice became monotone: "No, no, no, lies are useless to one such as me, Isa. Furthermore, I have no interest in what goes on in a hell that isn't mine"

He continued: "The only thing that interests me, Isa, is your soul and your soul alone"

"You are a very good card user, I need you to fight for me, to bring me unparalleled benefits"

Isa begrudgingly screamed: "Then help me! Kill my enemies! I am willing to give up anything at all!"

Asmodeus asked: "Is that so? Anything at all?"

"Yes, Asmodeus!"

"Then the Order that you construct with your soul, I want that, Isa"

Isa was stunned.

Her voice became fearful: "How did you know that?"

Asmodeus' voice became triumphant: "As a God's Chosen that came from Fog Isle, and an existence recognized as a Guru, you can use a God's Chosen card to construct a fixed Order, isn't that right?"

"To do that I need to lose myself, give up everything to become an invisible existence to fight against the Apocalypse for eternity. Such an agonizing existence, I won't do it!"

Isa hurriedly denied: "I don't need vengeance anymore, Asmodeus!"

Asmodeus came down from the air, grabbing Isa by her neck.

He roared furiously: "You fool; you don't understand ANYTHING about Orders at all!"

"Come with me, I will tell you just how crucial the power of an Order is, and how much benefit it will give to both you and me"

His tone then became soft and slow: "Mortals, living beings, everything. In the face of Order, they are nothing but cattle waiting to be butchered"

"Let us both drink the blood of worlds and enjoy the wonderful feast of souls"

While talking, he was also thinking.

Should I kill a few people to ease Isa's anger a bit?

His gaze passed through the scene, then stopped at the two longswords hovering by Gu Qing Shan.

When he noticed the Chao Yin Sword, he was a bit surprised; when he saw the Earth Sword, he appeared fearful.

Passing through the swords, he looked at another direction.

With his divine sense, he was able to see an illusion-like figure, scepter in hand, silently standing there.

The person had a face of the thin dog as his head.

Asmodeus' pupils dilated.

The Death god is still here.

"What are you looking at?" Isa followed his gaze, but saw nothing there, only empty space.

"No, nothing at all"

Asmodeus replied.

He decided against it.

Isa still couldn't believe it so she hesitantly asked: "What you said just now, is it true?"

Asmodeus regained his composure and spoke: "Of course! Once you know the true secret of Order, you will come crying to me, begging me to help you become a type of Order and never look back!"

"Asmodeus, tell me, what is the true secret of Order!" Isa didn't relent.

"An Order doesn't necessarily need to be used for salvation, it can also be used to enslave mortals as well, do you not understand?"

Saying so, Asmodeus' eyes glowed with excitement.

Isa was completely stunned.

She had never thought of things that way before, as if a gate had just slammed opened in front of her.

And outside that gate was a completely new world.

Asmodeus urged her: "Come, let us leave, we can't stay here for long!"

He waved his hand and opened a crack in space.

The two souls went inside and disappeared without a trace.

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Let's rewind time for a day.

The eve of Varona's coronation.

Gu Qing Shan had just returned from the ocean to the mountaintop mansion.

Su Xue Er was still at the forked road of fate.

Twilight.

At the border of the Holy Empire and Fuxi.

A desolate small town.

The town's church was a bit old, but fortunately, there was an old priest there to keep it working.

For so many years, regardless of the weather, the church's gates have never closed.

But today, the gates were shut tight.

When the curious townsfolk asked, they understood the reason why.

The chandelier that's existed for over 100 years, creaking at the slightest of breeze had finally reached the end of its life. It fell down from the ceiling.

The fallen chandelier destroyed two rows of seats and almost hit the old priest as well.

And so the church was temporarily unusable.

Whether it's to fix the seats, or because he was shocked and needed rest, the old priest declared the church to be closed for now.

The gates closed, separating the world outside from the one inside.

Inside the silent church.

The old priest's voice rang out.

He spoke with a hoarse, weak voice: "Your highness Anna, you are the most talented heir in the history of the Medici clan, the only head to fully grasp the ancient arts passed down from the founder"

"This old man believes you to already be the strongest of all the heads in history, there is no need for you to risk it"

Across from him, the beautiful girl with crimson red hair answered: "There's no need to persuade me anymore, I have to try this once"

Anna.

Anna was here.

She carried a large backpack, standing in the church with the wear of the journey still on herself.

The old priest tried to beg: "Our clan has birthed so many heirs, all of which have their own wisdom, but none could manage to awaken the Death god"

"Some had even gone so far as to suicide in front of the Sleeping Coffin, hoping to only manifest the Death god"

"But regardless of what they tried, the Sleeping Coffin never responded at all"

"Up until now, only the founder had ever opened it"

"Your Highness Anna, this Coffin is a cursed item, this old man insists that you should return"

"Stop spouting nonsense. I am the head, and the head have to come here to experience this once, this is the rule!" Anna took a strong stance.

The old priest sighed: "Our clan already have nobody left, for the sake of the continuation of our lineage, the most important duty is for you to ensure your own safety"

Anna nodded: "You are right, I don't think that I'm any better than the ancestors, I just really want to finish this bestowal ceremony quickly"

The old priest was a bit confused.

Anna told him: "I still don't think I'm any stronger than any of the ancestors in history, and I treasure my life a lot. As the head, I'm only here to make sure I won't have any regrets later on"

"...so that's it"

The old priest looked into her eyes, seeing that there indeed was no hope of achieving anything, he finally calmed down.

He's most afraid of Anna not thinking clearly and tries to pay some sort of heavy price in order to open the lineage coffer.

The current Medici clan already can't afford to lose anymore.

"But then why do I recognize a bit of haste in you, Your Highness?" the old priest carefully asked.

Anna answered: "Nonsense, I'm in a rush to finish this and go back!"

She clenched her fist tightly: "I've already fully comprehended the ancient scriptures, I'm no longer the me of the past, I want to kill the Pope!"

"Your Highness Anna, I fully trust in your abilities"

The old priest smiled, seemingly overjoyed.

"Then, one last thing, Your Highness" he said.

"Ask"

"In your backpack, are they tools for awakening the Death god?"

"Hmph, something that a girl carries on herself would of course be for her own use, why would it be for the Death god"

"Ha ha ha, very well, please come in"

The old priest came to a certain place in the church and lit up a torch.

While picking it up, he also pressed a hidden contraption in the dark.

A light tremor.

The church's floor sunk down to reveal an ancient hidden walkway.

Pfew!

The wind screeches intensely as it escaped the walkway, filling the hall of the church.

The old priest turned around and stood at one side of the walkway.

"Your Highness Anna, please be careful"

He then handed the torch to Anna.

“Fine, fine, I got it. Just stand watch here, I’ll just take a look, if I really can’t do it then I won’t. I’m not going to force it” Anna answered.

She took the torch, braced the wind and walked down the walkway, not turning back.

The old priest stared at Anna’s back, commenting: “Her Highness is finally grown up”

Anna went down the walkway.

After just a few minutes, the walkway had become steep that it was almost straight down.

The steps extended deep into the darkness, showing up one by one as Anna stepped forward.

The air around her became moist and cold.

Only the torch in her hand shone with light, illuminating the area around herself.

After an hour, the steps Anna walked were still heading downwards.

She stopped for a bit, impatient.

“How long is this going to take? I don’t have that much time to waste here”

Saying so, Anna tightened the straps on her backpack.

She jumped straight down into the darkness.

Behind her, a flaming pair of wings spread and flapped, illuminating the darkness.

The heat held her airborne as Anna slowly flew downwards.

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The wind blew past her flowing hair, screaming by her eyes.

With the light from the wings, Anna managed to clearly see the rocky steps, stones and bats on the way.

Evading these obstacles, she didn’t slow down at all.

Flying like this was several dozens times faster than walking like before.

About 5 minutes later.

Anna arrived at the bottom of the abyss.

It was completely dark and silent here.

The torch was about to go out.

Anna held it up to illuminate the scenery around her.

A large black door appeared at the end of the path.

The door was so large that Anna had to look up to see the metal etchings on top of the door.

[Here sleeps the Death god, only those who died may seek his audience]

Reading this, Anna fell blank for a while.

In history there were quite a few incredibly strong heroic figures that searched for clues, bit by bit to finally arrive at the Medici clan's secret.

They went by themselves to his place.

But no matter who they were, as soon as they made it to this door, they would immediately die.

Every single one of those powerful figures fell into eternal slumber.

Only people of the Medici clan can make it into the Sanctuary safely.

Even so, no Medici clan member has ever managed to awaken the sleeping Death god.

After expending all the wits of their most brilliant minds, her clansmen finally put their minds on this sentence at the gate.

In front of the altar, they had suicided, attempting to awaken their sleeping god.

But to no avail.

And Anna won't be doing that

She held the Life Exchanging Contract, cleared her throat and solemnly declared to the black door.

"I, holder of the Contract, current head of the Medici clan, Anna Medici seeks entry into the Sanctuary!"

As if sensing something, the Life Exchanging Contract become cold.

Rumble!

The jet black door opened.

As soon as Anna came in, the door quickly closed.

Total darkness.

A suffocating silence filled the room.

This is the Sanctuary of the sleeping Death god.

Anna held out one finger.

Flame!

A small fire started on the tip of her finger, illuminating her brilliant face.

Anna lightly made a firing motion.

The fire rose up into the air and expanded to become a searing flame.

The light of the flame shone on the entire Sanctuary.

Anna looked around.

Although she's already known from reading the records of her clan, Anna couldn't help but be taken by awe.

10-story high humanoid stone statues, 12 of them in total.

The 12 statues held long, dark sickles in their hands, representing the authority to dispel malice, kill evil and protect the people.

The statues wore masks of a thin, long dog face, representing the devouring of the unclean human form and purification of their souls.

Black Crow and the Dog deity are servants of the Death god, respectively the spreader of sleep and death.

These statues depict the deity Death Hound.

The 12 statues stood surrounding a tower in the middle of the Sanctuary.

It was a lone tower, a bit like a lighthouse, but there were no stairs to lead up to the top.

A typical structure of the Holy Church of Death.

In every church, only the place where the god descend can be built like this.

They are called the Platform of God's Descent.

Believers aren't allowed to climb onto these platforms, as they are the place where god stands and mortals cannot reach.

Her clan's records made this very clear.

The Sleeping Coffin of the Death god is on that Platform of God's Descent.

If someone manages to awaken the Death god, then God will descend upon that platform, open the Sleeping Coffin and reward them with great treasures.

Anna walked to the tower.

She looked down.

There were deep slash marks, burn marks, and ancient blood marks all over this place.

In some corners there were even dried skeletons.

These are all attempts of the Medici clan's heirs throughout the ages, seeking to awakening their God.

Anna then looked up.

The Platform of God's Descent was built completely from stone without any stairs to lead upwards.

This represents the distance between God and mortals.

Over the last few hundred thousand years, this tower had silently stood here without delivering any miracle.

Anna stepped in front of the tower and clasped her hands to pray.

The ceremony began.

Anna inhaled deeply and chanted the bestowal incantation.

“Judge of justice and evil”

“Guide of the souls”

“Keeper of dead secrets”

“God of sleep and death”

“I, descendant of the Medici clan, stands here to request your audience”

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After reciting the incantation, Anna slit her wrist and let her blood drop onto the ground.

The blood quickly got absorbed and disappeared without a trace.

Anna stopped the bleeding and silently waited.

Silence.

Nothing happened.

However, this time Anna was evidently more patient.

The ceremony that the clan heads of history performed to seek out the Death god in the past lasted a total of 5 hours.

Each hour represents a step in the process of being born, bloom, wither, death and reincarnation.

This is the full process of life and death, as preached by the Holy Church of Death.

During this 5 hours, the summoner will attempt everything they can in order to gain the attention of the Death god.

As far as she knows, some tried to show off their strength, others tried a cruel sacrificial rite in order to gain the Death god’s favor.

The most extreme case thought that he would have to give up his own life, or the life of the people waiting outside for him in order to gain an audience with the Death god.

They all paid heavy prices, but none succeed.

Thus, these 5 hours are also dubbed “The Desperate Summon”

Anna was calm about this.

From the very start, she doesn’t believe that she’ll actually be able to awaken the Death god.

So she did nothing.

After all, aside from the Medici clan's founder, countless other heroic figures have appeared throughout the history of their clan, but none of them managed to summon the Death god.

Anna doesn't feel like she's any stronger than they are.

Anna just stood there and waited.

5 hours is a bit long.

Thinking so, Anna stepped back and found a decently clean spot to sit.

She was going to just wait for time to pass until the ceremony was over.

After all, this ritual was something deemed compulsory for the clan heads to do, it cannot be interrupted.

Time slowly passed.

Inside the Sanctuary, besides from the flame that's illuminating the darkness that's occasionally letting out a crackling sound, nothing else happened.

Anna didn't do anything, neither did she tried to think of any way to awaken the Death god.

She only going to wait until the 5 hours is up.

When a person just sits and waste time without anything to do, they'll very quickly find their perception of time being elongated indefinitely.

Since she'll have to wait at least until midnight and Anna didn't feel pressured to do this, she just lost focus after a while.

She was literally the first person in the past few thousand years to lose focus during the sacred ritual of summoning God.

After a bit of time, Anna shook her head and told herself: "For this type of long waiting, we need something crucial to kill time"

She opened her backpack.

And took out two bottles of strong liquor.

Fuxi's famous liquor, Imperial Deer.

Anna smiled ecstatically looking at these two bottles.

These are 100-year-old liquor from the Fuxi royal family.

The strongest type of liquor in the world, not "one of".

It took a lot of effort for her to get these, including being scolded by the Fuxi Emperor in front of everyone.

Anna took one of them, skillfully opened the cork and produced a beautiful, thick, multi-angular glass from her backpack.

She poured the liquor.

In the blink of an eye, the smell of alcohol filled the room.

Anna couldn't help but licked her lips before taking a sip.

Hm!

This stuff is strong alright!

Anna nodded in satisfaction.

Sure enough, this is necessarily, otherwise waiting for 5 hours straight would be too boring to bear.

She then drank a mouthful.

Time seems to pass just a bit quicker.

An hour later.

One of the bottles were about to run out.

Since Anna was drinking so delightfully, her mind was also beginning to wander.

This damn ritual, just how heavy is the price that needs to be paid in order to awaken the Death god?

Oh well, let's just ignore it.

So many others gave up countless riches and even their lives but none managed to succeed.

And I'm not giving up shit.

Her mind shifted quickly and thought about other things.

Right now, Varona should be preparing for her coronation right?

That's a good thing to the clan as a whole.

Varona becomes the Fuxi Empress, while I hold all the ancient fighting techniques of the clan.

This was something no one had achieved before.

Once I finish this ritual and meet up with Varona outside, I'll be able to get my revenge on the Pope.

Thinking that, Anna's mood improved.

She filled the glass, held it up and spoke towards the tower platform of the sleeping Death god: "A toast to you, o' Death god that has never shown yourself"

Saying so, she tilted her head backwards and downed the entire glass in one gulp.

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That one kicked a bit of a punch so Anna couldn't help shaking her head.

What was I thinking about?

Right, Gu Qing Shan.

What's Gu Qing Shan doing now?

Anna glanced at her Holo-Brain.

*It's midnight, so Gu Qing Shan is probably asleep.
Well I shouldn't disturb his sleep.*

Anna stopped for a bit.

*No way, the wait is too long, I want to talk with him.
Then what reason can I use to wake him up?*

Anna glanced over at the Tower of God's Descent.

Hm, that should be enough.

She turned on her Holo-Brain and video-called him.

The other side quickly connected.

When she saw the other side of the call, she asked in shock: "It's the middle of the night and the four of you are still drinking?"

Liao Xing's muttering could be heard: [It's the middle of the night, aren't you drinking as well]

Anna ignored him and spoke with Gu Qing Shan a bit about the Death god.

Next, Su Xue Er suddenly appeared.

...

"So what!"

Anna shut off the Holo-Brain and threw the bottle of liquor away.

"You think this gal is afraid of you? Just wait until this ritual is over, I'm coming right over!"

Anna furiously declared.

*Screw everything else, after the ritual is over, I'm coming back to the Confederate.
I need to be by Gu Qing Shan's side!*

It's the middle of the night, Su Xue Er couldn't stay over at the mountaintop mansion, could she?

Anna was so shaken she decided to go straight to the Confederate right after the ritual was over.

She doesn't know that right after Su Xue Er provoked her, she had already left for the world of Fog Isle.

The ritual...

Anna glanced at the Holo-Brain again.

There's still 3 hours left.

Fucking ritual!

Su Xue Er is now staying at the mountaintop mansion with Gu Qing Shan, while I'm stuck in this deep dark place just sitting here.

The more Anna thought about it, the more annoyed she got.

She staggered to stand up and came over to pick up the bottle she threw.

Having been used to hold liquor for a 100 years, the bottle was impressively sturdy and didn't break.

Since the bottle of opened, some of the content was spilled out.

Anna shook the bottle.

No sound came from inside.

Ah?

I don't think I drank it that quickly, did I?

Already empty?

Oh well, fine.

Anna placed the bottle down and opened her backpack.

I have one more!

She sat straight down on the spot and opened the bottle.

With how irritated she was, she ignored the glass and just drank it from the bottle.

Hoh!

So strong!

She's never drank so much liquor this strong so quickly.

In just a few gulps, Anna's face has already flushed red, her eyes dizzy from being drunk.

Her head was also shaking.

How long has it been?

Anna checked the time on her Holo-Brain again.

Pretty much no time has passed at all, there's still almost 3 hours left.

Too long!

Knowing Su Xue Er is now at the mountaintop mansion, the wait becomes unbearable for her.

Fuck this god damn ritual, if it weren't for this, I would've been at the Confederate already!

Anna got angrier and angrier.

She stood up, struggled to walk, tripped over her own feet and fell face-first to the ground.

The bottle flew out of her hand, bounced a few times on the ground before stopping.

Anna's body shifted, rushed forward to catch the bottle.

Luckily, this time she already put the cork in so no liquor was spilt.

Anna sighed from relief.

Suddenly, she felt something off on her hand.

She looked down.

A large patch of skin on her palm was torn off and blood was seeping out.

That's already quite a serious wound.

But Anna felt no pain at all.

She's drunk so much now that her sense of pain was a bit dull.

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Anna just waved her hand without minding it, couldn't be bothered to wrap her wound.

More than the wound on her hand, she's more concerned with the fact that she was ridiculed by her love rival in front of everybody, then fell so humiliatingly.

"Aarrargggg! It's all this ritual's fault, god damn it!"

Anna shouted irritated.

Hoh!

Flame rose up behind her back to form a pair of wings.

Anna jumped up, staggering to fly straight before finally figuring out the right direction.

She flew up to the platform at the top of the tower.

It's the territory of the God, a sacred place that shouldn't be desecrated by mortals.

She's already drunk too much.

...

Anna stood on top of the tower platform and looked around.

"There's nothing but a damn rock here huh"

Anna muttered without noticing just what she was doing.

Aside from a black rock placed here to represent the Sleeping Coffin, there was nothing else.

Yes, the Holy Church of Death had used this black rock to represent the Sleeping Coffin.

The real Sleeping Coffin is the Death god's personal item, of course it wouldn't really be here.

Perhaps there had been a few who were brave enough to risk blaspheming God to fly up and observe the tower up close.

But Anna is definitely the only person who flew up here while dead drunk and refuses to go back down.

An unprecedented, unrepeatable scene proceeds to unfold in the history of the Medici clan.

Anna sat down on top of the tower.

Dangling her foot at the edge with a bottle of liquor in hand, she seriously started contemplating.

“When I get back to the Confederate, I’ll first do this to knock that little girl down, then a bit of that to make her know why she can’t run her mouth, and then to burn it to her memory, I’ll have to use my ultimate move...”

While babbling nonstop, she continued to drink.

She drank so much that her body started to feel warm, only a place at her chest felt chilly.

The object was almost stuck to her chest, making her feel uncomfortable.

Anna reached her hand in to take out a miniature state of the God.

The Life Exchanging Contract.

The only Death’s relic that the Medici clan’s ancestor had managed to get.

Anna slammed it down on the rock next to her.

Pain rushed through her hand.

“Ah!”

She yelled out from the pain.

The wound on her hand from before was still not yet treated it there was still blood seeping out.

Stupid death’s relic, she slammed the precious treasure against the black rock once again.

This time, more blood spilled from her wound, got onto the miniature statue which then transferred it to the rock representing the Sleeping Coffin.

Fresh blood, statue of the Death god and the Sleeping Coffin where now linked.

A miraculous reaction occurred.

Invisibly, something appeared in silence, staring at Anna from behind.

Anna didn’t notice this at all.

“Cheh! That hurts... so irritating” she held the wound and complained from the pain.

Putting the bottle down, Anna took out a first-aid kit from her backpack to patch herself up.

Her head was in so much chaos right now that Anna felt she had to sleep.

“It’s so hot in here, really wish there was some wind” she muttered.

Out of nowhere, a cold breeze came.

This wind really soothed Anna’s spirits.

She didn’t know how she had just made a deal with the Death god for a bit of wind.

If that’s the case, she will have been the believer who asks the least from their God out of all the religious people in all the worlds.

The invisible existence behind her was about to go away.

Then, Anna realized something.

“Oh no” she muttered.

A familiar feeling rush up her chest.

She’s about to vomit.

And she vomits instantly.

Anna turned around, hurling all the liquor she had drank onto the black rock that represents the Sleeping Coffin.

“Blarg...!”

“Blarg...!”

“...What the hell, I actually drank too much?”

She was breathing heavily while using a tissue to clean her mouth.

She didn’t realize the invisible existence that wanted to leave was hurled all over.

The invisible existence stood still on the platform, not moving an inch.

It has never been through such a situation before.

And Anna was still not sober yet.

After vomiting, she felt slightly better.

Looking around, Anna was surprised: “Ah? When did I get up here? I can’t sleep here; I need to get down”

Saying so, Anna took the bottle and jumped back down to the ground.

After landing, she felt a bit sore at her temples.

The after-effects of the liquor were coming up.

Anna staggered back to where she sat before.

An invisible current erupted from the top of the tower.

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The current flew down in a flash, overtaking Anna and stood in front of her.

Following the current’s eruption, the 12 dog-headed statues standing around the Sanctuary also shifted their heads to look down at this place.

For the first time in thousands of years, they moved.

Unfortunately, no one noticed any of this.

The current then became calm again, hovering in the air, staring angrily at Anna.

This blasphemous moron will definitely receive —

Hm?

What is that smell?

The current looked down curiously.

At its feet was a glass drifting with a delicious smell of liquor.

It's liquor...

I've protected this place for thousands of years without smelling this...

At this time, Anna was quickly making her way back to where she sat.

She then saw a black figure licking the glass she left on the ground.

Anna's drunken eyes opened wide as she angrily stepped forward.

She shouted: "That's my glass!"

The black figure was surprised, biting on the glass and pulled back a few steps.

Anna only now regained her senses and stood still in place.

Wait, I'm the only one here in the Sanctuary, where did another living creature come from?

Gods aren't living creatures right?

She lightly slapped her cheeks with her hands to force herself awake before looking back at the black figure.

"Honorable —" Anna stopped her words.

Because she finally saw clearly that it wasn't any god at all!

It's a black dog!

Yep, just a dog.

The Death god wouldn't be licking my glass.

Anna sighed from relief.

But then, where did this dog come from?

She stepped forward.

The dog stood still.

She went in front of the dog.

The dog was still biting on the glass, squints its eyes and stared back at her.

A solemn and dignified air slowly manifests around itself as it gathered some sort of mysterious power.

When this power gets unleashed, this moron will get it.

Just as the power was about to be unleashed, Anna did something.

She offered the bottle in her hand.

“Wanna drink?” she asked.

Although she’s very drunk right now, she could still tell that it wasn’t normal for a dog to appear in such a place.

May be this dog could be a clue to summoning the Death god.

Anna face-palmed, a bit regretful

She didn’t bring anything because she never thought she’d actually get an answer from the Death god.

The only thing Anna has left is this bottle of liquor.

It’s literally the only thing she could offer.

And so, she carefully presented it.

The dog looks at her, then at the bottle.

Some internal struggle later.

The dog couldn’t resist and took the bottle with its paw.

It drank a mouthful.

Then another mouthful.

Then another mouthful.

Then another one.

So good!

The dog licked its lips, happily putting the empty bottle down.

It glanced at Anna, stared at her now-bandaged hand and sniffed.

Yep, this is Medici clan blood.

The black dog nodded slightly.

And she holds the Contract as well, it’s not good to hurt her.

The liquor is also nice.

Barely enough to forgive her maybe?

The dog kept thinking.

Anna waited on one side and waited until it finally finished drinking, hesitant to speak.

This was the Medici clan’s first contact with their God after thousands of years of constant attempted communication.

It's also a rare moment for people of this world to have met a god.

What happens here today is more than enough to be engraved permanently into the history books.

Inside the Death god Sanctuary, the 12 dog-headed humanoid statues lowered their heads and silently watched this.

Anna just looked at the black dog hesitantly.

Too much alcohol had caused her mind to be a bit chaotic and her thoughts to slow down.

But she was still trying her best to think, to grasp at what she wanted to say.

Finally, Anna finished forming her question.

She carefully looked at the black dog from top to bottom, then hesitantly spoke: "Could it be..."

The black dog raised its ears and straightened its tail, solemnly looking at Anna.

"The Sanctuary also have a dog pen?" Anna muttered.

The dog was flabbergasted.

Chapter 365

Black Hound just stared blankly for a while before regaining its composure.

It looked at the young girl again.

The girl looks like she's drunk too much.

From the looks of it, I got woken up by accident.

The black dog looked back at the tower.

After being hurled on, I broke the contract in anger.

Leaving the tower of the sleeping Death god means I just went into the world of mortals.

But the girl is a Medici clan member, a clan with inseparable relations with me.

It's too cruel to kill her.

Then I'll have to fulfill another of her requests to leave.

Oh well, I'll make this quick and leave.

Thinking that, Black Hound looked back at the human girl.

The girl was now moving around looking for a dog pen.

Her eyes were already drooping, about to fall asleep.

This dumb alcoholic!

Black Hound couldn't endure anymore.

It spoke with a low heavy voice: "Girl of the Medici clan, I am a servant of Death, incarnation of the deity Black Hound"

Anna's body shook.

She looked back at Black Hound.

Black Hound looked back at her.

For a short while, both the girl and the dog said nothing.

Abruptly.

"Blargh!"

Anna vomited again.

Black Hound rubbed its head with its paw.

I can't communicate at all.

Seriously, why would the mortal world send an alcoholic to such a sacred place.

Does the Medici clan have no one else?

While it was thinking, Anna muttered in her dizziness: "You lie, of the many incarnations of the Dog deity, there is no such thing as a house dog"

Black Hound almost fainted.

For its own dignity, it loudly corrected her: "Open your eyes and look at me carefully, what part of me looks like a house dog?"

It stood straight up, releasing a howl that shook the Sanctuary.

Anna was sleepy but tried her best to open her eyes and look at it.

"Doesn't look like a house dog..." she mumbled.

Black Hound circled around, reminding her: "Do you not notice my majestic form of a wolf?"

Anna stared for a bit more, then nodded: "Hm... a hunting hound"

"..." Black Hound.

It roared furiously: "Hunting hound my ass, I am the Dog deity! Dumb woman!"

A minute essence of darkness emanated from its body.

Anna was shocked.

As someone who possesses a dark-type summoning God's Chosen Skill, she is very sensitive to this essence.

She's only drunk, not stupid.

Carefully sensing the essence, her eyes opened wide.

Black Hound perfectly controlled his power so that only 1 in 1,000,000 of essence leaked from himself.

But even that miniscule amount caused Anna's body and soul to tremble like never before.

This feeling was as if she was only an ant, while the one before her was a dangerous beast of ancient times.

Where in the world would you find such a talking dog? And that could even radiate such thick essence of darkness?

Seems like this really is the Dog deity!

Anna completely sobered up.

She couldn't help but wipe the cold sweat on her forehead.

What's going on!

I was clearly only drinking; how did I actually summon the Dog deity?

And I seemed to blasphemed it greatly.

I have to fix this right away!

At this moment, Anna's mind regained its normal clarity and began to move as fast as it could.

Anna was recalling every moment of everything that's happened.

Thanks to her intuition as a seasoned drinker, Anna noticed something.

The Dog deity seems to like alcohol!

Anna hurriedly reached into her large backpack and searched.

It's very chaotic in there, even Anna herself doesn't know exactly what's inside.

She only brought two bottles of Imperial Deer this time.

But she used to frequently throw a few extra bottles in there, just in case she wanted to drink.

Please, please you gluttonous cat, please don't already drink everything, even one bottle is fine.

Anna was praying to her past self.

Then, her hand reached something cold.

She took it out.

It was a really small pocket bottle of liquor.

The entire bottle fits into the palm of her hand.

This liquor isn't as strong or impactful as the Imperial Deer, but it's also a rare one with a gentler and more savory flavor.

Because of how rare it is, it's only ever sold in small portions like this.

Furthermore, this is actually her favorite type of liquor, so she was saving it for a rainy day, unwilling to chuck it down like normal.

Because of how small it was, she had always kept it in a cold vacuum compartment of the backpack and never took it out.

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Anna sighed from relief.

“To you, a gift of our meeting” she said.

Black Hound stared at the bottle and spoke in a cold tone: “Young girl, you think I don’t have such a bottle fermented and distilled with Frost White Jade, stored and aged in oak barrels for 70 years, re-blended after aging using a secret method to finally produce an elegant, soft and mellow high-quality liquor?”

Despite how Black Hound tried to act cold, its tail couldn’t help but wag.

Anna said nothing as she saw the tail.

What, so he really DOES want to drink.

She just placed the bottle in front of Black Hound.

“Please take it. Just now I was a bit too drunk so my manners and speech were disrespectful, this bottle of liquor represents my sincere apology” she said.

Black Hound looked at her, then back at the bottle and finally spoke: “Since you are so sincere, I can only accept”

Black Hound took the bottle with both paws, yanked open the cap with its teeth and started to chug it down.

“Do you want something to eat with that?” Anna asked.

Black Hound happily drank and only stopped for a bit to answer: “Don’t look down on me, this type of liquor is best enjoyed by itself”

Anna praised him: “So you’re in the know, nice, nice”

A girl and a dog exchanged looks and felt an understanding between themselves like never before.

It’s probably the magic of alcohol.

Black Hound then had a thought.

It closed its eyes.

In an instant, everything that happened in this world that is related to the Holy Church of Death for the last few thousand years appeared in its mind.

When Black Hound opened its eyes again, he appeared visibly sorrowful.

So the Medici clan really doesn’t have anyone else, even the Holy Church has been taken over by an outsider.

It looked back at Anna, this is one of the last members of the Medici clan...

Black Hound's anger was now gone, it even had a look bit of pity.

Anna didn't know any of this and only asked: "O' great one, our clan has called upon you for over thousands of years, but you never responded, why did you appear today?"

Black Hound drank the rest of the liquor and answered nonchalantly: "I was sleeping"

"For thousands of years?"

"It felt like an afternoon nap"

Black Hound squinted its eyes and continued: "Not only do you reek of alcohol, you also vomited all over where I sleep, so I had no choice but to wake up"

"So you are the great Dog deity? The real body?" Anna hesitantly asked.

"So you even know about the concept of 'real body', how unexpected"

Black Hound continued: "A few thousand years ago, your ancestor assisted the Dog deity, I'm only a fragment of his consciousness, placed here to form the basis for belief and looking after your clan"

"But you've only been sleeping"

"Shut up"

"Then, since you're awake now, what do you plan to do?"

"I don't know yet, right, what is your wish?"

"Please help me summon the Death god" Anna said.

"What do you want to see the Death god for?"

Anna was stunned.

She tilted her head, seriously thinking about this.

Yeah, what DO I want to see the Death god for?

She considered for a bit before answering: "Every head of our clan had attempted to call out to the Death god, maybe they want to get some sort of benefit I think"

"The Death god is very busy; how would he have time to pay attention to insignificant mortals like yourselves. If you want to wish for something, just call me" Black Hound answered.

"You?" Anna asked, a bit suspicious.

"What, are you looking down on me? I'm really incredible you know"

"Can you tell me more about that?"

"You will know in time, for now, tell me your wish" Black Hound replied.

It stared at Anna.

She still has one wish left.

And I have to grant it.

“My wish?” Anna was a bit stunned.

She rubbed her temples, thinking hard: “This is a bit awkward, I originally didn’t have any intention to try and awaken the god, so I didn’t really think of anything to wish for”

The hell, you still need to think about what you want to wish for?

Black Hound just looked down.

It sighed, then spoke: “Descendant of the Medici clan, you’re making it very hard to communicate with you right now”

Anna also noticed that so she hurriedly said: “I’m very sorry, please let me think about this seriously for a bit”

Almost immediately, she thought of Su Xue Er.

Yeah, I’m about to have to leave for the Confederate to face Su Xue Er.

With a deity by my side, maybe I’ll be able to scare her.

Hm, that’s a good idea.

I don’t really want to take her life, so scaring her for a bit is enough.

Not to mention, with the Dog deity with me, what else CAN’T I do later on?

Anna then squatted down and begged Black Hound: “Great Dog deity, I beg of you, please become my assistant”

Black Hound stared at her for a long time.

It shook its head: “I only drank one bottle of your wine and you wish for something like that? For me to work for you?”

“It’s not working for me, you’ll be working with me and fight with me” Anna hurriedly replied.

She clasped her hands together and begged: “Great Dog deity, I can’t promise you anything else, but I have a personal wine cellar where I stash over a thousand bottles of good liquor, as long as you help me, I’ll present them all to you, please!”

Black Hound’s tail began to wag.

It spoke very solemnly: “We deities are always serious when it comes to such vows, I shall grant your wish”

“Let’s leave it at that for now, wait here, I’ll have to go take care of a certain blasphemous God’s Chosen card user first”

Saying so, Black Hound disappeared without a trace.

Anna was first shocked, then overjoyed.

“Whoa, disappearing into the void of space! He really IS incredible!”

Chapter 366

The day of the Empress' coronation.

Three Hells descended on the human realm at the same time.

They silently collected power, waiting for the day they can thoroughly descend.

On this day, the Holy Church's Pope was killed at the Fuxi banquet.

The Fuxi Monarch announced Isa to be a fake Pope on the spot.

She solemnly declared the Holy Empire to once again belong to the Medici clan.

The Holy Church will also reorganize itself and pick out a new Pope.

At the time that everyone was still hesitant to respond to this, the Freedom Confederate's President was the first person to step and expressed his support.

While the banquet wasn't over, the world leaders and politicians quickly assessed the implications of this.

The current Fuxi Empire already lies in Varona's hands.

Aside from herself, the Empire also had a mysterious powerhouse that could kill such a powerful man like the military official in one hit.

The Freedom Confederate has the greatest crystallization of technology in the world: Impartial Goddess.

Strength-wise, the Freedom Confederate doesn't only have the renowned Martial Saint Zhang Zong Yang, they also have the three powerhouses that killed the Pope just now.

Since both of these countries had expressed their stance, the others will also have to carefully consider their own.

Unexpectedly, the Pope's death didn't bring about much turmoil at all.

The banquet ended.

The world conference began.

Confederate scientist Gu Qing Shan presented his newest work: [Cultivation Bracelets]

The Fuxi Monarch declared that as long as you use these bracelets, the God's Chosen Awakening Serum that has always been exclusively for Holy Apostles usage will be provided for free, once.

Furthermore, both the Empire's Elementalist Awakening Serum and the Confederate's Martial Potential Enhancement Serum will also be provided for free one time.

Under the suggestion of the Fuxi Monarch and the Confederate President, the other world leaders also tried out this technology.

The demonstration shook them greatly.

The Fuxi Empire's Bishop received a Holy Church's God's Chosen Awakening Serum.

In front of everyone there, he used it.

And he awakened.

Under his powers, every flower in the conference room bloomed.

Right after that, the Confederate scientist Gu Qing Shan began to explain cultivation more clearly.

Once they know about the longevity effects of cultivation, everyone's fire was lit.

Martial Saint Zhang Zong Yang himself openly admitted that he's begun his cultivation.

He had a special tool designed to test lifespan used on him at the scene.

His lifespan was found to be 150 years.

Quite a few world leaders didn't believe it and used their own tools to check, but got the same results.

In the face of truth, no anxiety or suspicion could stand for long.

After a mere half hour of intense discussion, all the world leaders had agreed on a few crucial points.

At the end of the conference, the world leaders announced their full support and distribution of these [Cultivation Bracelets]

From this day onwards, the [Cultivation Bracelets] will become commonplace, as everybody will receive the equal rights to become stronger.

Impartial Goddess began to use the resources gathered from each country to begin production of the three serums.

As for the bracelets themselves, Impartial Goddess had already begun production for a while already.

Under the full support of every country, Impartial Goddess only quickened her pace to allow every person in the world access to the [Cultivation Bracelets]

And all of this is for the sake of fighting against the Apocalypse.

...

The Fuxi capital.

A famous bar.

Today the bar was bought out, forbidding any outsiders.

The biggest underground organizations in the world were gathered here.

Zhang Ying Hao was currently explaining cultivation to them.

Ye Fei Li stood behind him, eating ice-cream from a large tub.

"Since you'll be given free access to the serums and longevity, I believe everyone here wouldn't object to this" Zhang Ying Hao closed off his speech.

The leaders of 10-odd underground organizations all silently nodded.

A bald, tattoo-ed, middle-aged man spoke: "Zhang brat, I heard you also have a hand in this"

"That's right, I'm a partner" Zhang Ying Hao directly admitted.

The bald man smirked: "That's such a good business, how about you let us brothers in as well?"

"You misunderstand, the only benefit I get out of this is that the one who compiled all the cultivation scriptures will personally arrange the most suitable ones for my men. There is no profit other than that"

"I know, you're talking about the scientist Gu Qing Shan, correct?" the bald man spoke and carefully observed changes on Zhang Ying Hao's expression.

"I'll admit, the three of you being able to kill the Pope is impressive"

He then looked around at all the people here: "But business is still business, this type of matter still need large organizations like us to properly go through"

Someone followed up for him: "The rules are, everyone gets one vile of serum, but if you leave this to us to manage and keep a part of that, the benefits will be more than enough for everyone to share"

Another person continued: "According to my sources, these serums are all on Gu Qing Shan's hands, I feel like there's a lot of space to work around"

Everyone thought for a bit and realized that is indeed the case.

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And so, everyone's gazes at Zhang Ying Hao became slightly different.

Like hungry wolves that found a prey.

Zhang Ying Hao sighed and spoke to the bald man: "Old man Luo, I suggest you don't mess with that scientist, he's not really a patient guy"

"Furthermore, your human trafficking business have to stop, and you should release everyone"

The bald man asked: "Why is that?"

"Because the Apocalypse is already here, every person is precious fighting power, perhaps one of your slaves might be an unparalleled genius for example"

"What benefit does that give me?"

"Your benefit will be your life" Zhang Ying Hao answered.

The bald man's smirk stopped.

He tilted his head: "Just because you don't get anything, you want to take away my meal ticket? Do you want to die, Zhang brat?"

He then leaned forward, speaking in a low tone of voice: "That Gu Qing Shan might be strong, but people like us always have a way to kidnap someone close to him, he'll be begging to me when that happens"

Before he could even finish his words, his head fell down.

The dragon head of this world's human trafficking business, dropped dead on the spot just like that.

From the void of space, a sword flexibly drew an arc, then flew back behind Zhang Ying Hao.

Every underground leader was pissed off.

"How dare you!"

"So you want to die!"

"You've crossed the line"

"A rule breaker has no right to live!"

Numerous figures jumped up at Zhang Ying Hao.

Zhang Ying Hao just crossed his legs without moving.

A bloody glow expanded and protected Zhang Ying Hao.

The attacks that fell on the bloody glow disappeared without a trace.

"Please, go back to your seats"

Ye Fei Li smirked as he continued to eat his ice-cream.

The bloody glow enveloped the figures who jumped and held them in midair.

No matter how much they struggled, they were forced back neatly into their seats.

Everyone went silent.

This move successfully scared them all.

Zhang Ying Hao continued: "Not just human trafficking, but drug dealing also has to stop, as for prostitution, unless they're willing to, no one can force any girls to do things against their wills"

He shrugged: "From now on, everyone is a cultivator, you call each other fellow Dao seekers and fellow Dao seekers don't hurt each other"

One of the old men coldly laughed: "Today you're at an advantage, but you think anyone is going to listen to you later on?"

He suddenly felt a chill.

As he looked down, a sword was placed exactly at his neck.

Then it suddenly disappeared.

The old man shut his mouth.

He was soaked with cold sweat.

Not just him, but none of the bosses here notice how the sword appeared or disappeared.

Everyone exchanged looks.

Zhang Ying Hao then placed his Holo-Brain on the table.

“Have a listen” he said.

The Holo-Brain turned on.

A rhythmic female voice resounded.

[Greetings, I am Impartial Goddess]

[Now announcing Sky Fire Fall plan]

[Please comply with Mr. Zhang Ying Hao’s request as much as possible]

[Otherwise, I will personally use the S.W. Xiong Wu Interstellar Fortress to attack you from orbit]

[Please do not underestimate my artificial intelligence. As a side note, all central processing units in the entire world has been taken over by me. From now on, if you still want to live in human society, please be prepared to get along with me]

[That is all I have to say, thank you for listening, and farewell]

The Holo-Brain shut off.

Zhang Ying Hao lit up a cigarette and took a long drag.

He stood up, cigarette in mouth, and casually walked around the room.

As the hovering sword wanted to follow behind, he waved his hand to stop it.

Completely defenseless, he passed in front of the biggest underground leaders in the world.

No one did anything to him.

This seems to be some sort of unwritten ritual in the underground world.

Zhang Ying Hao returned to his seat safely.

He then told the sword: “You can leave”

A voice came from the sword: “But you are not done here yet”

“Although our conference is a bit heated, you being here affects the atmosphere” Zhang Ying Hao told it.

Oong!

The sword then disappeared without a trace.

Zhang Ying Hao sat down in front of the bald man’s corpse and helped him close his still-opened eyes.

He stood up, pointing at each and every person there.

“In front of this sword, do you not feel insignificant? Do you not feel the fear of death?” he asked.

“The time has changed, old-timers, go and cultivate”

Chapter 367

Silently, a new age had begun.

After the world conference, Impartial Goddess immediately activated her protocol.

4 PM.

The very first world-wide cultivation stream began.

The first user of the [Cultivation Bracelet] had prepared herself.

She was about to live-stream her entry into cultivation for the whole world to see.

As for why she was chosen as the first user, it's because of her world-wide fame and her nonstop charity work for the last few years in helping the disaster-struck areas around various countries.

The world No.1 idol, Xie Shuang Yan.

Her exceptionally pure and breath-taking face was exceptionally appealing to the viewing audience.

"Impartial Goddess I want to ask, if I use the given serum, but don't manage to trigger any Martial arts, God's Chosen or Elementalist talents, will I still be able to cultivate?" she asked.

[Of course, everyone can cultivate, but the progress will be different according to individual talents] Impartial Goddess answered her.

"Then I have no more questions" Xie Shuang Yan answered.

She wore the silver bracelet.

[The first human user is about to begin cultivation. User Xie Shuang Yan, do you confirm that you want to use the Cultivation Bracelet?] Impartial Goddess' voice came.

Xie Shuang Yan nodded: "I confirm"

[3]

[2]

[1]

[Cultivation, begin]

The silver bracelet lit up.

A 3D projection appeared, covering the room in a mystical sea of clouds and sacred mountains.

Xie Shuang Yan was wearing colorful fluttering costume in the wind, looking as if she was a fairy on earth.

This was a common female cultivator's outfit which Gu Qing Shan brought to Reality.

As a first-class beauty, Xie Shuang Yan wearing the costume made for a brilliant, unforgettable sight.

This introduction alone caught the interest of countless people.

[Greetings, Xie Shuang Yan, please state your preferred Profession] Impartial Goddess' voice came.

Following her voice was three different insignias that appeared from thin air.

An Elemental insignia, a praying insignia and a fist striking insignia.

“I want to be a God’s Chosen” Xie Shuang Yan reflexively.

Impartial Goddess spoke: [Each person has one free chance to choose a Profession, would you like to use it now?]

“What will happen after I choose?”

[I will use miniature warp technology to send a vile of God’s Chosen Awakening Serum to you, which you will have to use right away]

“What if I haven’t awoken after the first use and wanted another one?”

[Then you need to contribute to humanity and use your Merit to exchange for it]

Xie Shuang Yan’s eyes swam for a bit before she replied: “Then, I want to cultivate for a while first to understand my true preferred Profession before choosing, will that be ok?”

[Of course you can. In fact, that will be better]

“Then please help me cultivate now”

Impartial Goddess began to explain: [The first realm of cultivation is called Qi Training]

[You have received a basic Qi Training scripture]

[I will monitor your cultivation progress to help you plan out your cultivation career and adjust accordingly]

[Furthermore, to receive a higher-leveled cultivation scripture, you must make appropriate contributions]

[Let us begin the first step: Qi Training stage 1]

[Initiating Qi Training stage 1 method formula transmission]

[Currently explaining the key points of the method formula step by step]

[Please use the method formula and begin experimental cultivation]

“Yes”

Xie Shuang Yan read the words that appeared in front of her eyes, then the explanations below.

It was a completely strange new thing that even someone like her would feel curious to try out.

She thought for a bit, then closed her eyes and began to cultivate via the method she just received.

A few minutes later.

Xie Shuang Yan opened her eyes.

“Is it like this?” she asked.

A small white dot appeared, hovering in her palm.

A completely unknown power.

Xie Shuang Yan was silently surprised.

Impartial Goddess spoke: [Congratulations, you've reached Qi Training stage 1]
[Next, you shall receive the method formula for Qi Training stage 2]

Another method formula appeared.

There wasn't too much text here, just like before.

Xie Shuang Yan closed her eyes and continued to try cultivating with the method she just received.

Fortunately, since she was such a beautiful girl, most people didn't feel bored as they simply watched her standing with her eyes closed.

A few minutes later.

Xie Shuang Yan raised her palm.

This time her entire palm was glowing.

"Is it like this?" she asked.

Impartial Goddess checked her for a bit before responding: [Congratulation, you've reached Qi Training stage 2]

[Next, you shall receive the method formula for Qi Training stage 3]

...

Once again, Xie Shuang Yan quickly broke through to Qi Training stage 3.

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Impartial Goddess went silent for a bit, then spoke: [Continuous breakthroughs will affect your foundation adversely. Next, please use the method provided in the first three stages to settle your cultivation]

"Ah, alright" Xie Shuang Yan spoke regretfully.

However, right now she's already able to control a few small objects to fly back and forth.

She thought for a bit and swung her hand.

A glass came flying into her hand.

Xie Shuang Yan drank some water from the glass.

She then looked at the screen and asked: "I heard that if your cultivation reaches a high enough level, you'll be able to increase your lifespan?"

[Correct, after Qi Training realm comes Foundation Establishment realm. Your lifespan at Foundation Establishment realm will be 150 years] Impartial Goddess replied.

"Then after that?"

[Golden Core realm 500 years]

Xie Shuang Yan was shocked, whispering: "So much"

[Asides from lifespan, your current abilities will also be amplified greatly, your attack power in particular —at Qi Training realm, it's estimated to be a 20% increase]

"Is that so?" Xie Shuang Yan was intrigued.

She was really interested now.

She then looked at the screen and smiled: "And so, our live-stream today ends here, please feel free to enjoy the rest of the content on your own"

The live-stream ended.

The planet went into an uproar.

Lifespan!

Power as a Professionalist!

Everyone almost went into a frenzy, thirsting for a [Cultivation Bracelet] of their own.

6 PM.

Hell was still slowly descending.

The government of countries around the world all announced the official distribution of the [Cultivation Bracelet] to all their citizens.

The governments will shoulder the cost for the initial serum.

Even the materials used to make these bracelets were provided by the world governments.

But anyone who receives them has to sign a contract to work for the country and for humanity as a whole, obeying orders to fight against the Apocalypse as they arrive.

Anyone that violates this contract will have their right of usage permanently taken away.

The age of cultivation, went into an uproar right on the very first day!

The mountaintop mansion.

Everyone had returned, resting on the sofas.

Gu Qing Shan glanced at the time.

Huang Quan reinforcements are about to come.

"Something is definitely up with that Xie Shuang Yan girl" Liao Xing abruptly spoke up.

"What do you mean?" Gu Qing Shan asked.

"She only needed to open and close her eyes for a few dozen minutes and she's already Qi Training stage 3, do you know how much effort I spent!?" Liao Xing angrily complained.

"It's fine, she's just talented, of course you're talented too, but some people are just unparalleled in that aspect" Gu Qing Shan smiled.

He thought about it carefully, then added: “But there should be a notice to make sure that other people don’t take Xie Shuang Yan’s speed as a standard for themselves”

[Understood, sir] Impartial Goddess replied.

“Also, you guys killed the Pope but all the Monarch gave you was a damn medal?” Liao Xing pointed at the medal in Zhang Ying Hao’s hand and scoffed.

“It’s not just ANY damn medal” Zhang Ying Hao smirked: “This is a special medal that the Monarch gave only to us, using this, I won’t need to pay for any facilities or resources used at the Fuxi Empire, since they’ll be paid for by the country”

Liao Xing opened his eyes wide and asked: “Then, can others borrow this?”

“Unfortunately, there’s an identification chip in the medal, others can’t use it”

“How useless” Liao Xing begrudgingly complained.

Impartial Goddess suddenly asked: [Sir, I found that high-level cultivation requires a lot of resources, as well as specially-manufactured products, such as the pills mentioned in a few of these scriptures —I cannot manufacture them, how will we deal with this?]

“That can wait” Gu Qing Shan didn’t seem bothered, “we’ll have more than enough time to solve this from now until enough people reach Foundation Establishment realm”

[Understood] Impartial Goddess replied.

Impartial Goddess was happy to leave it at that, but Liao Xing wasn’t.

“Hey this is a really big problem, how exactly are you going to solve it?” he asked.

“Just wait for it” Gu Qing Shan said.

“Just tell me, there’s no need to act all mysterious” Liao Xing said, irritated.

Gu Qing Shan smiled: “I’m not acting mysterious. I’m just afraid that you’ll go crazy if I tell you”

“Just tell me, or I WILL actually go crazy”

“Fine, if you manage to pull through this crisis, I’ll take some time to merge two worlds together” Gu Qing Shan told him.

“Ah wait, it should be three worlds” he added.

Gu Qing Shan thought for a bit, then seemingly recalled something, as faint killing intent rose from his body.

“...or perhaps four...”

Chapter 368

“As long as the worlds are merged, the manufacturing of cultivation resources will be dealt with easily”

“The 6 arts will very quickly go into everyone’s daily lives”

“As for the problem of equality between the worlds...”

He only stopped for a bit before continuing: “Because of my identity, I can at least guarantee this world

receiving relatively equal treatment in the foreseeable future”

“To join a sect? To work for your country? Or become a loose cultivator?”

“Everyone will get the right to choose”

Liao Xing was stunned as he listened.

As one of the most brilliant minds to be born in the last 100 years, he understood the implications of everything Gu Qing Shan said.

Because of that, Liao Xing temporarily couldn't believe what he was hearing.

Gu Qing Shan has definitely gone to another world.

He has a prominent status in that world.

He knows the method to merge two worlds.

He is about to turn two worlds into one.

With how Gu Qing Shan had always acted, together with his current tone and facial expression, Liao Xing could tell what he's saying is the truth.

Liao Xing still couldn't believe: “Other worlds? You mean, there are more than one world out there?”

Gu Qing Shan laughed: “So many unbelievable cultivation scriptures suddenly appeared, do you really think they came from thin air?”

As Liao Xing and Zhang Ying Hao listened, they felt what he was saying was unbelievable, but obvious at the same time.

It's obvious, because what Gu Qing Shan provided are systematic.

With how knowledgeable they are they could tell it's practically impossible to create such a complete cultivation system without a few hundred, or even thousand years of trial and error.

Unless they're God, no one could do such a thing.

And they're very sure that Gu Qing Shan isn't God.

So the answer is clear.

But they had always refused to believe that answer.

Now that Gu Qing Shan had openly admitted it, it's useless even if they want to pretend they don't know.

Zhang Ying Hao who had tried to stay silent up until now couldn't help but speak up.

“You're really saying that there's another world besides our own?” he asked.

“There is, but not just one”

“Not just one?” Zhang Ying Hao repeated.

“That’s right, even I am not really sure how many worlds there are”

Gu Qing Shan thought for a bit: “The ones I know include, erm, our world, the cultivation world, Shen Wu, and another world that I’m about to go to”

“Ah right, the last world is also coming to an end so a lot of people there are trying to escape, there are definitely more than just that many”

Both Zhang Ying Hao and Liao Xing were both speechless.

Liao Xing slapped his cheeks to regain his composure: “I need to think; I need to think carefully about this!”

The door swung open.

Ye Fei Li retracted his skeletal wings and walked in.

“So damn tired” saying so, he threw himself onto the sofa.

“How’s the situation at the desert?” Gu Qing Shan asked.

“Those Giants are really strong individually, and the fortress they’re building is also very impressive, I even had to use a bit of force to escape” Ye Fei Li told him.

He fell silent for a bit, then asked hesitantly: “They’re also unkillable?”

“Yeah” Gu Qing Shan answered.

“If I had such a tough time, the others will definitely not be their opponents, seems like this world is done for” Ye Fei Li closed his eyes.

Zhang Ying Hao spoke worriedly: “Unless everyone can cultivate at the same speed as Xie Shuang Yan, they won’t be useful against hell”

“That’s right, even with the [Cultivation Bracelet], humanity had only just begun cultivating, it truly is impossible to fight against these unkillable monsters” Gu Qing Shan sighed.

He looked at the War God UI.

[Estimated time of arrival for Huang Quan reinforcements: 01:05”

One hour and five minutes left until the reinforcements arrive.

What will arrive exactly?

Gu Qing Shan was a bit anxious.

He sent his voice through inner sight to ask the Earth Sword: “Earth Sword, I remember you said you once hid in the space vortex for a very long time”

「 Yeah, I hid in the space vortex for about 10,000 years 」 the Earth Sword answered.

“You’ve existed for a very long time, have you ever been to Huang Quan?”

「 I passed through the border of it once, but it was brief, and I didn’t go in too deep 」

“What’s it like at the border of Huang Quan?”

「 Within the space vortex, there’s a huge black tunnel, I only hid inside the tunnel briefly before leaving, as far as I know, you need to pass through the entire tunnel to arrive at Huang Quan 」

Gu Qing Shan suddenly realized a more important issue.

If the reinforcements are truly strong, they would’ve already dealt with the situation back in Huang Quan and not let these dead men from Hell manifest on the human realm.

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Shaking his head, he discarded the thought.

It’s fine, they’re about to arrive anyways, we’ll talk more when we meet.

Time slowly passed.

One hour later.

[Ting]!

The System notification popped up.

A few lines of glowing text appeared on the War God UI.

[Reinforcements from Huang Quan are about to arrive]

[Thanks to your great efforts of stopping the rapid spread of the Frozen Hell, reinforcements shall come see you first]

[Please look for a wide enough space for the first meeting with Huang Quan reinforcements]

Reading through that, Gu Qing Shan stood up and left.

“Where are you going?” Zhang Ying Hao asked.

“To see a new potential ally, want to come?” Gu Qing Shan asked.

“Ally? Why didn’t I hear about this ally before? Alright, of course I want to come” Zhang Ying Hao stood up.

Ye Fei Li and Liao Xing were also interested.

The four of them came out of the mansion.

It was now a bit late in the evening.

The sky was turning dark.

“So where will we be meeting this potential ally?” Zhang Ying Hao asked.

Gu Qing Shan looked around.

Just outside the mountaintop mansion is a relatively large field.

Gu Qing Shan had once fought briefly with Anna here to prove the power of spirit energy.

“We only need to wait at the empty field” he said.

Everyone nodded, expressing their understanding.

So the other side will come to meet them.

Obvious, the other side should also have quite the status, otherwise Gu Qing Shan wouldn't make a point to personally go and greet them.

Just who is it?

While curious, they all walked over to the empty field.

Gu Qing Shan looked at the War God UI again.

[Reinforcements will arrive in 1 minute]

Gu Qing Shan then looked over at his three companions and spoke: “The reason why I told you about the existence of other worlds today, is because what you're about to see next might completely blow away your common sense”

The three of them exchanged looks, clearly anxious.

Liao Xing just covered up his eyes: “My common sense is broken enough, damn it! I should probably be drinking myself silly right about now”

“Who's coming” Ye Fei Li was interested.

“I have no idea what's coming either, but either way, it's probably here to help us” Gu Qing Shan said.

The countdown finally reached 0 on the War God UI.

“It's here” Gu Qing Shan said.

The four of them looked around the field.

Nothing.

Then abruptly, a light shined down from the dark sky.

“It's above” Zhang Ying Hao spoke.

A gigantic glowing scroll appeared in the middle of the sky.

It gently fluttered down before unravelling in front of Gu Qing Shan's group.

The outer of the scroll was yellowed from age, the corners and edges considerably damaged and tattered, even the middle of the scroll had small, yellow holes like someone had used incense to burn through them.

Overall, the scroll looked incredibly aged and worn.

At the start, there was nothing at the center of the scroll.

When it slowly unraveled, a large word in red manifested.

『 WARNING! 』

Seeing that, the four of them tensed up.

And then, the following text started to appear.

『 If you are a new arrival in hell, then this warning is for you 』

『 If you are reading these words, you must be trash among trash, scum that wasted all the opportunity to do good things given in life. What exactly do you do every day? Your life is so pathetically empty that you don't have anything better to do except bad things? Or are you a 'Yes' man that follows everything others tell you to do and doesn't dare to refute your gang's boss? Little man, your life was bad, and one last thing: During your long, or perhaps short-lived life, do you not have anything else better to do other than evil? 』

『 Very well, prepare to enjoy the eternal pain brought by hell, and one day when you live once again, try to not be mundane, and stop masturbating in front of your computer. Get out of your room, make a few friends, go and see the vast world that is outside, find something that you really want to do, work and prove that your life is meaningful, swearing that if you don't manage to become a great person, you'll volunteer to fall back into the embrace of hell. Now, we've warned you, come, begin your repentance in agony so that one day you may begin your journey anew 』

After reading everything on the scroll, the four fell silent.

"Look, it's talking to you" Zhang Ying Hao patted Liao Xing shoulder.

Chapter 369

Prayers Trial Machine

"Damn it, what does this have to do with me, this is for those bastards that just arrived in Hell!" Liao Xing refuted.

"We're still in the human realm right, why is it warning us?" Ye Fei Li was confused.

All four people were confused looking at the scroll.

Suddenly, a powerful voice resounded.

[I'm sorry, that was the introduction to hell but since we're not that great at writing scripts, we haven't changed the content for this occasion]

Everyone looked around, apart from the scroll hovering in front of them, there was nothing else on the empty field.

"Who are you?" Gu Qing Shan asked.

The voice told him: [Please step back, I'm going down now, if I happen to hit and kill someone, there's no saving them]

The four of them quickly backed off.

A few moments later, a resounding boom.

Dust scattered everywhere!

Something seems to have really appeared.

Not too long later, the dust settled.

A fridge-like thing was now sitting on the empty field.

Not exactly fridge-like, since this thing was at least one size larger than a fridge.

And from its shape, it was almost like a large arcade machine!

There were even some flashing lights and faint background music to accompany it.

If you listen carefully, you'd hear that the music was a choir of many voices singing gospel.

The machine was jet black, painted with a large number "1" on both sides.

[Young'uns, you did a really good job, the Frozen Hell is temporarily unable to fully manifest] the machine praised them.

"Who are you?" Gu Qing Shan asked again.

[I am Prayers Trial Machine, responsible for the final process in Huang Quan] the machine introduced itself.

"Nice to meet you" Gu Qing Shan wiped the sweat off his forehead and greeted it.

So this is our reinforcement.

The Prayers Trial Machine began to let out a rumbling voice.

[Are you unsatisfied with this world? Does unjust bully exist? If you have any of the preceding problems, please contact me]

"Wait a minute, let me ask again, are you from Huang Quan?" Gu Qing Shan asked.

[That is 100% true without a doubt]

Gu Qing Shan observed it: "You don't look like something from Huang Quan"

[To improve Huang Quan's working efficiency, we've switched to be fully automated, and I'm the first representative product] the Prayers Trial Machine replied.

Gu Qing Shan forced himself to believe that.

He then changed his approach and asked: "Alright then, if it's Huang Quan, then there should be someone or something to rule over it right?"

[Correct]

"Then why did you come? Where are they now?"

[They're all done for]

"All done for? What happened?" Gu Qing Shan pursued.

[This is related to Huang Quan's internal matters so I can't tell you. Simply put, the only thing in Huang Quan still capable of helping you humans are us automated machines]

"Us?" Gu Qing Shan noticed that word, "you mean there are other machines aside from you?"

The Prayers Trial Machine answered: [Of course, aside from me, there are also the Hell Transport Machine, Suffering Sea Rescuer Machine, Sinner's Atonement Machine, Anger Appeasing Machine... 88 in total]

It added: [88 of us, my god, I actually feel like we're a bit overstaffed]

"So you all have different functions?" Liao Xing asked.

[Very smart!]

The Prayers Trial Machine looked at him and answered: [I am the machine used by the Divinity for general pastimes, there are other machines responsible for battle, for cleaning, for reclaiming and expanding the land, overall, it's a total of 88]

"Why 88 machines? Is there some sort of implication?" Zhang Ying Hao asked.

The Prayers Trial Machine sighed, then answered: [Because one of our Divinities is highly superstitious and felt that this was a good number. By the way, at the time of the disaster, that Divinity was also the first to 88] (TN: it's a Chinese internet slang, means 'bye-bye')

Gu Qing Shan looked around.

A cold breeze passed by, but the Prayers Trial Machine in front of the four of them was still the only one.

He asked: "Where are your good friends?"

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[They're still preparing, they'll come here one by one. No need to mind them, let us talk about the current calamity first]

The Prayers Trial Machine rumbled a bit, then continued: [We may be able to think of a way to help you get through this tough period]

"Can you really?" Ye Fei Li was a bit hesitant.

[Don't you look down on us] the Prayers Trial Machine puffed out its chest and spoke: [We're cutting edge technology that was born after the Huang Quan industrial revolution, our Law power is powerful enough to help the Divinities manage the entire Huang Quan down to the littlest details]

Hearing its claim, Gu Qing Shan's group exchanged joyful looks.

If it's really as powerful as it claimed, then this world is saved.

"Then venerable, erm, Prayers Trial Machine, I'll be frank, 3 Hells are upon us right now" Gu Qing Shan curtly spoke.

[It's over! Can't help you!!!] the Prayers Trial Machine exclaimed without pause.

Gu Qing Shan: "..."

Zhang Ying Hao: "..."

Ye Fei Li: "..."

Liao Xing couldn't help but swear: "Fucker, you're here to do comedy or something"

The Prayers Trial Machine answered: [Of course not, I can't help you solve this problem, but the Hell Transport Machine's ability is to bring the criminal dead to their respective hells]

[You can cooperate with it to bring the three hells that dared to run away back to the other hells, your crisis would be solved] the Prayers Trial Machine said.

"But there's numerous monsters from the three hells, will the Hell Transport Machine really be effective?" Ye Fei Li asked.

[Of course, it's a bit similar to what you call trains, as long as you put the dead people in, they'll immediately be bound and unable to leave the Hell Transport Machine]

[After that, when all of the Hell Transport Machine's cars are full, it'll activate and bring the dead back to Huang Quan and throw them into other hells]

Zhang Ying Hao mumbled: "Put the dead in... which means we'll still have to defeat the dead to bring them back to hell"

"Three hells, the amount of criminals born from several Eras should be an astronomical number, how are we going to accomplish that?" Liao Xing sighed.

"We have to, even if we can't, this is the only way" Gu Qing Shan mused about it.

While they were discussing, a massive explosion could be heard from the void of space.

A few train cars and a train engine appeared out of thin air, crashing to the ground.

An intense fire was burning both the train cars and the engine, reducing them to metal scraps in just a few moments.

[Ah, no good, seems like the Hell Transport Machine couldn't make it to the human realm] the Prayers Trial Machine said.

"Why did this happen; didn't you say this thing would be able to help us?" Zhang Ying Hao loudly questioned.

[It's not quite as smooth as you think for us to come to the human realm] the Prayers Trial Machine answered.

"What's attacking you?" Gu Qing Shan spoke in a heavy tone.

[I can't tell you that] the Prayers Trial Machine said.

Everyone exchanged looks, came forward and carefully examined the train wreckage on the ground.

"This is the Hell Transport Machine? Can we repair it?" Liao Xing asked.

[Only the Divinity that built it can repair it] the Prayers Trial Machine answered.

“In other words, we’ve lost our only hope?” Zhang Ying Hao asked.

[No, no, no, truthfully, there are a lot of other machines, we’ll have other ways] the Prayers Trial Machine spoke again.

“Then what are the methods, please tell us all at once” Gu Qing Shan asked it.

The Prayers Trial Machine went silent.

It twisted its body to look around.

Aside from Gu Qing Shan’s group of four, there wasn’t anything else on this empty field.

There wasn’t even a road.

Completely desolate.

Occasionally a cold breeze blew past.

The Prayers Trial Machine spoke up: [It seems I have made a mistake, I need to open shop right away in order to create a bond with this world, otherwise I’ll be rejected and immediately forced back to Huang Quan]

It then looked over at Gu Qing Shan’s group: [I need to complete a small deal first to settle myself in, we’ll talk more after]

“Alright” Gu Qing Shan sighed, “I hope you can be quick, hell is eroding us increasingly faster”

[Don’t worry, I’ll be back quick]

With a loud ‘bam’, the Prayers Trial Machine split into two.

One of them immediately disappeared without a trace.

Everyone exchanged looks.

Liao Xing: “What, so you can split yourself as well?”

With another loud ‘poof’, the second Prayers Trial Machine suddenly came back.

[I need to borrow someone, ah, no need to worry, it’s paid work] it said.

Chapter 370

First blood

The Holy Empire.

This was an area where the Frozen Hell erupted and left the most impact.

Although the majority of the monsters have been cleaned up, the ice and snow they left haven’t.

This in turn caused a change in the climate.

Nighttime.

The slums.

The people who are supposed to rest were already resting.

It was hailing from above as the freezing wind blew past the small, empty passageways, letting out screeches and screams.

There were almost no people on the slippery road.

During such a night, not even thieves could find their targets.

The gang members who were usually here have all retreated back to their night clubs, casinos and bars, drinking themselves senseless.

At a corner of the slums, a new, shiny, slightly glowing machine suddenly appeared.

It looked a bit like a vending machine, at the same time similar to a large arcade machine.

The machine was jet black, painted with a number "1" on both sides.

The Prayers Trial Machine.

It had changed its appearance a little bit.

Inside a layer of clear glass, bottled drinks, chips bags as well as hot, canned food were placed.

To the hungry people of the slums, this is undoubtedly a piece of coal given on a snowy day (1)

Within minutes, two groups of homeless people as well as poor people have tried to violently break it open to get the food inside.

But the machine was completely unscathed.

The homeless people were all lying on the ground, moaning.

When they finally carried each other away, a group of young children showed up at the corner of the street.

"Look, they couldn't break that food machine at all" one of them said.

"We have to try, it's possibly our only meal ticket tonight" another child said.

They surrounded the jet black Prayers Trial Machine.

Their attempt at destroying the machine started.

But every time that they attacked the machine, they themselves would receive an equivalent amount of damage.

A few moments later, just like the homeless people from before, they were all writhing on the ground.

The Prayers Trial Machine stayed intact.

"The fuck, what is this thing!?"

A young kid rubbed his belly and begrudgingly complained.

The rest of them couldn't bother to talk because of the pain.

The Prayers Trial Machine suddenly spoke up in a rumbling voice.

[Although you have been very rude, since you asked a question, I shall answer]

Exciting music rang out.

[The Divinity of Huang Quan, from the goodness of their heart, while listening to the desires of mortals, created me]

[That's right, I am the great entertainer of the Divinities]

[The Ultra Cool Prayers Trial Machine!]

Complete silence.

The children exchanged looks.

The machine could talk!

And it's clearly different from regular electronic voices.

It seems to be sentient.

In the middle of the night, such an incomprehensible thing appeared out of nowhere.

This was very eerie.

The slum children silently stood up, helping each other stand before staggering away.

Who cares what it is, let's just get away from it.

They decided this even quicker than they normally do.

But one young boy at the back of the group still couldn't give up and begrudgingly yelled: "If you really are the kindness of Divinities, then give us food"

[I'm sorry] the Prayers Trial Machine rumbled, [there is no such thing as a free meal in this world]

What the hell!

The boy then gritted his teeth and asked: "Then what can you do?"

[Spread justice! Judging Evil! As long as you have such desires, I can complete them on your behalf] the Prayers Trial Machine answered.

The boy was stunned.

He's only 11 years old, but his family doesn't have any money to let him learn anything, and definitely none to help with his future.

There's only his grandma at home, lying sick in bed.

Because of that, he could only wander the streets, team up with a few other children of similar situations and steal from others as a source of income.

“If that’s the case, then you must be really an advanced technology huh” the boy summed it up.

[Using your language, I would actually be considered Black Technology] the Prayers Trial Machine answered (2)

The boy’s friends came back and tried to pull him away.

The boy angrily shouted: “Bullshit! If you really are Black Technology, then go and kill Max!”

Max was this area’s boss.

All drug deals, human trafficking, robbery and murders, even inflation was decided by him alone.

The parents of these children have more or less lost something to the man, a few of them even lost their lives to him.

The boy here was indeed an orphan.

His father was a straight-forward man who wouldn’t bend down, so he got ‘dealt with’ by Max, while his mother was sold away.

The Prayers Trial Machine answered: [I can’t randomly kill an innocent person]

Hearing that, the children broke into laughter.

“Hak... innocent...”

“Hahaha, Max is innocent, that must be the funniest thing I’ve heard this year!”

“This machine’s AI must be faulty”

The boy looked incredibly disappointed.

[However!] the Prayers Trial Machine continued, [if you are willing to put him to Trial, and the Trial does indeed find him to be guilty, then I will have a way to deal with him]

[Do you wish to put him to Trial?]

“Of course I do!” the boy yelled.

His friends also: “I’m willing! I’m willing!”

[Very well, then please present your fresh blood] the Prayers Trial Machine spoke.

The area went silent.

The Prayers Trial Machine explained: [Mortal’s blood carries a faint amount of Prayers, and only Prayers can activate this machine]

“Let’s go, what a strange thing” the boy’s friends said.

They pulled him away, very quickly leaving the area.

The street corner returned to silence.

Not too long after.

The boy once again returned to the Prayers Trial Machine

He wiped the rain water off his cheeks, asking: "Can you really spread justice?"

[That's right, as long as you give up your own blood] the Prayers Trial Machine spoke.

"How much?"

[I guess the one you're trying to expose is a guilty bastard, and such an Ultimate Trial must be invoked]

"How much?"

[Just like I said, a lot of blood shall be required, because there is only a faint amount of Prayers in blood]

"How much?" the boy's body was trembling, but his eyes contained nothing but desires.

Within his tragic and dark destiny, the boy only wished for the smallest bit of sunlight, even though this might not be anything other than a cruel joke, he's still willing to give it a try.

A light came from the Prayers Trial Machine, scanning through the skinny young boy's body.

After a while, the Prayers Trial Machine sighed.

[You are the first customer in this entire world, so all I need just a single drop of blood as representation] it said

The boy softly exhaled, then hurriedly: "I'm willing to give up this drop of blood!"

[You are a very good boy, having the bravery to fight against evil. Now, place your hand on the black area on my left]

"Like this?"

[Correct... just like that]

"Yes!"

The boy pulled his hand back and stared at it.

No wounds.

And he didn't even feel like anything happened just now.

Truly, it was only a single drop.

Even a boy who's been starving for a whole day could endure that.

The Prayers Trial Machine started rumbling.

[Ah, I got the first blood!] it said in a low voice.

[Honorable customer, please tell me the sinner you wish to be judged as well as his status]

The boy shouted in anticipation: "Max, the gang's boss, Max!"

The Prayers Trial Machine rumbled more and more.

[The Trial is about to begin]

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It spoke with a solemn tone.

[As the first Trial, careful consideration is needed]

[Currently reviewing this world's judging methods]

[Within this world, the most impactful method of judging has been found]

[A world-wide livestream of the Trial has been prepared to be shown on every Holo-Brains in the world]

[Selecting a Judge]

[The most fearful Judge in this world has been found]

[Requesting the Murder Clown to host the Trial]

[The appropriate price have been paid]

[The Murder Clown has agreed]

[Now, let the Trial begin!]

All over the world, every tool that can project an image all lit up at the same time.

Flashbacks of the Murder Clown judging the Game of Eternal's Champions once again appeared in front of everyone's eyes.

A cold and stiff smiling clown mask, a jet black armor with a pair of dark light wings behind its back.

The Murder Clown walked out from the shadow as a spot light coincidentally shone on him.

The Clown placed a finger in front of its mouth, whispering: [I found a new job]

It looks left and right anxiously before exhaling from relief.

Pulling a wrinkled paper out from somewhere, the Murder Clown opened it and whispered: [And so, today's guest will be Max, the Holy Empire's Max!]

The clown clapped its hand seriously.

A person manifested right next to it.

Neatly combed-back hair, a black shirt and coat, hawk-like nose, black beard and still holding a glass of wine.

It was the local gang's boss, Max.

Abruptly appearing there, Max appeared clearly shocked.

"The Murder Clown..." he looked at the clown, gulping in disbelief.

Max reflexively reached into his coat to grab something.

But a second later, he seems to realize just what kind of existence he was facing.

His hand became stiff, trying to force a smile: "What do you want, sir?"

The Murder Clown grabbed his hand tightly and spoke: [Congratulations, I really want to speak with you more, but the time we have for our livestream is short, and since we don't have any sponsors, we're beginning the Trial right away]

[Max's exciting life is about to begin, please pay attention everybody!]

The scene changed.

Every evil deed that Max had ever done were being shown one by one.

Pit fighting, robbery, murder, trafficking of women and children, collection of 'protection fees', drug dealing and usage, unauthorized casinos, foul play, mass murder.

The heinous atrocities, the inhumane crimes that makes your blood boil appeared on the screen one by one.

Each scene only lasted a few seconds before moving to the next, showing everyone not just every crime, but every instance of his crime from start to end.

Over a few dozen minutes later, the slideshow on the screen finally finished.

The Murder Clown and Max reappeared in front of everyone.

The Murder Clown let go of his hand and spoke: [According to the degree of Mr.Max's crimes, his appropriate punishment has been selected]

Five ropes came flying from the shadow, wrapping around Max's arms, legs and neck.

The ropes tied themselves into nooses.

The other end of the ropes were unseen, hidden deep in the shadow.

"Damn it, just what is going on!?" Max tried to struggle.

The more he tried to free himself, the tighter the ropes became.

Until finally, the ropes were so tight that Max couldn't even move anymore.

He was hung in the middle of the air, forming a "大" character.

[Now, time to leave it to you] the Murder Clown spoke.

[Please begin voting]

[If you agree that Max should die, please donate one drop of blood to kill him]

[Ah, yes, you can always donate more than once]

As soon as the Murder Clown finished, a red counter appeared in front of Max's chest.

Below the counter was a countdown that's still frozen.

The Murder Clown explained: [Each time the red counter goes up by one, it means someone had put in one drop of blood hoping for Mr. Max's death]

[Within three minutes, if the counter reaches 1 million, Mr.Max will receive the ancient punishment of 5 chariots body dismemberment]

[Now, let the countdown begin]

The seconds began to tick.

In Reality, a notification popped up in front of each person.

[Would you like to use your blood to vote for the gang boss Max's death?]

A few people were cautious and didn't bother to pay attention to the Prayers Trial Machine's prompt.

But the majority didn't think that way.

Max's life was full of crimes that most people would curse about, any normal person would feel uncontrollable anger seeing such acts carried out before their eyes.

There are always people who despite not knowing him, wouldn't mind paying one drop of blood to see him die.

All around the world.

"Peh! Such a scum deserves to die!"

"Calm down a bit, old man"

"Calm down what, I've already lived so long, I don't care even if the Murder Clown wants to kill me. I'm donating!"

Another place.

A man was trying to persuade: "Honey, calm down a bit, don't listen to the Murder Clown, it's a terrifying monster"

His wife glared at him with bloodshot eyes, saying: "Cut the crap! This Max character is disgusting, he caused so many deaths and suffering, I don't care, I'm donating blood!"

Saying so, she donated one drop of blood.

As she thought more about it, she was still unsatisfied.

She then asked the phantom message floating in front of her: "I want to donate more, can i?"

The message changed into a different one: [Of course you can, you can donate as much as you want]

"Then I'll donate 10 more!"

The Fuxi royal palace.

"Your Majesty, what you're doing is too dangerous" an official tried persuading her.

"No need to worry, I know the Murder Clown, this is very interesting, so I'll watch a bit longer"

"I'll donate 20 drops of blood to see Max die"

Monarch Varona appeared as if she found a fun new toy as she spoke.

The Holy Empire.

The underground casino.

A boss-looking person spoke: "Ah, so it's Max, just in time, since we have a grudge we haven't paid yet, everyone donate to him"

"Boss, aren't you afraid that this is a trap?" one of his subordinates asked.

"The world is already like this, what else is there to be afraid of? Not to mention, the Murder Clown is terrifying, but it has never killed a civilian before, you have to pay attention to that"

The boss then proceed to donate one drop of blood.

"The rest of you as well"

"Yes sir!"

Those that knew Max and those that doesn't all made their decisions within this time.

Not to mention, countless people in the slums hold nothing but grudge against Max.

Quite a few people immediately chose to donate blood.

The red counter quickly increased each second.

In a mere 20 seconds, the 1 million drops of blood asked for has been reached.

And this was only the beginning.

People noticed that giving one drop of blood didn't affect them badly in any way.

More bystanders started to chime in.

The counter representing the amount of blood donated increased even more.

Three minutes quickly passed.

It's time.

[1 million drops of blood collected in 20 seconds]

[3 minutes, 89 million drops]

[What a moving scene to see how people are so motivated for another's death] the Murder Clown exclaimed.

[Mr.Max, you've received an impressive support count, winning the punishment of 5 chariots dismemberment]

[Enjoy your rewards, because I certainly won't]

Saying so, the Murder Clown disappeared into the darkness.

Only Max was left on the screen.

The ropes tied around his arm, legs and neck quickly tightened.

An irresistible force visible pulled on the ropes, making everyone watching anxious.

"Arrgggg!!"

Max began to scream horrifyingly.

It takes a lot of work to just chop off a person's head and limbs and even more to slowly pull them apart.
So it doesn't take a lot to imagine the kind of pain he's going through.

A few dozen seconds later.

Ripp!

Blood spurted like a fountain.

The five ropes pulled Max's arms, legs and head away into the darkness.

Only Max's torso was left in sight.

[The first Trial have ended] the Prayers Trial Machine announced.

[The Trial used up 1 million Prayers, leaving a lucky 88 million Prayers left]

[Because excess Prayers have been collected, this machine shall use them to deal with the problems left behind by Max]

[All his remaining possessions will be converted to credits and distributed to his victims according to the unjust that they faced]

[This Trial is finished, please keep your eyes peeled for the next one]

All the screens shut down by themselves as devices world-wide went back to normal.

The Trial was over.

The boy stood before the Trial Machine.

"Is Max really dead?" he asked.

[That's right, he's on his way to report to hell] the Prayers Trial Machine answered.

"Is this real? It's not a dream right?" the boy was still in disbelief.

[Of course it's not a dream, I've put out an amount of credits under yours and your mother's name at the Holy Empire Central bank, the password is 8 number 8s]

[Now please turn around and look behind you]

The boy turned around as instructed.

His mother was standing behind him, wiping her tears while looking at him gently.

"Mom!"

The boy jumped into his mother's embrace.

Note:

(1) a piece of coal given on a snowy day: A chinese idiom that I've seen used with two completely opposite meanings. It either means "an act of kindness at the most opportune moment when someone needs it most", or "a meaningless act that only alleviate the problem at hand but not the root cause"

(2) Black Technology: technology so advanced and incredible that it seems like magic – because it actually is magic disguised as technology. Think Asgardian technology in the MCU, or the various ways Venerable White and the other cultivators in Cultivation Chat Group improved their phones.

Chapter 371

Reinforcements one after another

When the Trial was over, the entire planet went into an uproar!

In various places of the world, the Prayers Trial Machine could be seen.

It was splitting itself very quickly, almost in every city of every country where there was a living person; such a machine would be present.

News outlets of various countries began to report on them.

Even the government and state scientists began to take notice of them.

Everyone thought of ways to communicate with this mysterious and strange item.

After the first Trial, the first person to act on it was a certain prisoner.

At the time, it was business as usual at the prison.

The prisoners were walking around the prison courtyard, exercising.

And then a sudden explosion came.

Outside the quarantine wire mesh, a Prayers Trial Machine appeared.

Everyone was shocked.

As soon as this prisoner saw the Prayers Trial Machine, he made a dash for it.

His hand went through the wired mesh as he tried to reach forward.

He reached it!

Not knowing how to use it, the prisoner only tried to touch the machine as much as he could.

The Prayers Trial Machine began to let out a rumbling voice: [Honorable customer, please tell me the name of the prisoner you wish to be judged, as well as his identity]

“Bode! Commissioner!” the prisoner hurriedly spoke.

This time, it was different from the first.

The guest judge, Murder Clown had already received his payment and left.

Instead of him, a phantom scale was the judge.

The phantom scale – the Libra appeared on the Prayers Trial Machine.

The Prayers Trial machine then rumbled: [Confirming whether or not Commissioner Bode is a sinner]

A glowing milky white heart and a glowing black heart appeared on either sides of the scale of Libra.

As soon as the two hearts were placed on the scale, the white heart jumped up, while the black heart dropped all the way down.

[An unpardonable sinner, conditions for Trial met] the Prayers Trial Machine spoke.

“Then begin quickly!” the prisoner hurriedly shouted.

Two guards were already running towards him from afar.

[Please pay in blood]

“You want my blood?” the prisoner was surprised.

[A bloody price is required for a bloody end, please pay in blood] the Prayers Trial Machine explained.

“How much do you need?” the prisoner gritted his teeth.

[200cc]

“Take it, quickly!”

As soon as he said so, he was grabbed and pulled back inside by the two guards.

The prisoner clutched tightly onto the wired mesh with one hand, the other still placed on the Prayers Trial Machine.

Unable to resist the force of two people for long, the prisoner was finally dragged back in.

The guards grappled him and started to beat him up.

Was the deal confirmed?

The prisoner screamed in pain, but his gaze was still locked straight onto the Prayers Trial Machine.

Rumble!

A solemn voice came from the Prayers Trial Machine: [The blood payment has been received, let us begin the Trial]

Its voice resounded within all of humanity’s hearts.

[Humans, if you silently chant ‘Prayers Trial Machine’, you will be able to see this Trial in your minds]

[Now viewing all the crimes Commissioner Bode has ever committed]

The scene of all the bribery he’s done or received, false testimony, scams, personally dealing drugs as well as the cover-up of drug deals were shown one by one.

“Look at that! Look at that!”

The prisoner on the ground shouted while still in pain.

The current scene was in fact the scene of Bode putting a bag of cocaine in his bag, followed by him being arrested.

The next scene was Commissioner Bode receiving a mansion as payment for his work as well as a large amount of credits.

The two guards were stunned and stopped their hands.

Bode's crimes were revealed in front of everyone just like that.

The Prayers Trial Machine's voice came: [While pretending to wear the mantle of justice, he shielded evil, bringing pain and suffering to countless innocent people, Mr. Bode's punishment will increase by one level]

[In three minutes, if the red counter reaches 10000, Mr. Bode will be skewered on the pillar of shame and he'll enjoy the searing sensation of being burned alive]

Bode appeared in everyone's minds, wearing an Empire's Commissioner Police uniform.

Bode yelled out: "It's the devil! It's trying to fool all of you, I'm innocent"! "Somebody help me! God please help me!"

He was currently tied to a stake with a red counter in front of his chest.

Below the red counter was a frozen countdown timer.

[And so, let the countdown begin!]

The timer started ticking.

A notification appeared in front of everyone in Reality.

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[Are you willing to donate blood to vote for Commissioner Bode's death?]

Within the blink of an eye, the red counter reached 10000.

After 3 minutes, the counter stopped at 20 million.

Naturally, everyone understood what this meant.

Having been through so many strange and unbelievable things, humanity's resistance towards such things has increased.

Everyone was feeling anger towards the crimes they were shown, more than anything else.

[Mr. Bode, you have received overwhelming support, winning yourself the burnt at the stake punishment] the Prayers Trial Machine rumbling voice declared.

The stake began to burn with a searing flame.

Bode screamed in pain and agony.

His body was shaking incessantly but both his hands and feet were fixed in place, unable to move at all.

Once the flames reached a high enough temperature, he stopped struggling.

His life of crime had ended.

[The second Trial is now over] the automatic Prayers Trial Machine spoke.

[The remaining Prayers shall be used to convert all of Mr. Bode's possessions to credits, used as compensation for his victims]

[This vending machine doesn't repay change and doesn't accept refunds. Minors are to be accompanied by adults when watching]

[This Trial is over, please look forward to the next one]

The scene in their mind disappeared.

"Ahahaha, I got my revenge! I got my revenge!" the prisoner was still on the ground, wailing in joy.

His handcuffs suddenly released.

His prisoner garb also disappeared.

He was wearing a completely new set of clothes, together with a faint smell of cologne.

He appeared to be at the prime of his life.

The prisoner couldn't believe his eyes as he looked down on himself.

Suddenly, a paper came out from his pocket and hovered in front of the guards.

"Proof of innocence and release..."

One of the guards muttered.

"Is this real?" The head warden also came, asking in a loud voice.

One of the guards took out a machine to scan the paper.

[Beep]!

[This is the newest trial results, confirmed and authenticated]

All the guards gasped.

The head warden's phone started ringing.

He picked up and repeatedly answered: "Yes... yes sir..."

When he hung up, the head warden looked at the fresh-looking ex-prisoner and spoke: "Let him go"

He then explained to the rest: "Impartial Goddess has confirmed the results, her Majesty had also agreed"

...

From that moment on, every moment of every day, as long as someone chanted 'Prayers Trial Machine' in their heart, they would be able to see an ongoing Trial.

The Trials didn't stop for even a second.

There was simply too much injustice in the world, as well as too many crimes.

And now, all that was due was paid in full.

Countless people across the world would seek out the machine.

Everyone wanted revenge on someone else.

And very quickly, they realized something.

It's impossible to stop someone from using the Prayers Trial Machine.

Because the Prayers Trial Machine will always find a way to appear at the victim's side.

Everyone also had the same open question.

A large number "1" is written on both sides of the Prayers Trial Machine.

Then, is there a number "2" machine?

Humanity didn't have to wonder for too long

Because the answer quickly arrived.

The empty field outside the mountaintop mansion.

Three large arcade machines appeared before Gu Qing Shan's group.

Next to the jet black Prayers Trial Machine was a claw machine.

It was painted in blue with a number "12" on both sides.

[Greetings, brave children, I am the Suffering Sea Rescuer Machine] the claw machine greeted them gently.

Another black vending machine painted with a large number "23"

[Want to sooth your anger? It's simple, there is no need to do evil things by yourself, just come and find me, I am the Anger Appeasing Machine] the machine rumbled as it spoke.

A red selfie booth painted with a number "47"

[I am the Sinner Atonement Machine] the machine looked at Gu Qing Shan and slightly bowed:
[Although you've killed quite a few people, you don't need to use me, sincerely]

They respectively split themselves up and sent their copies away.

From the looks of it, they were heading to various places in the world.

The Prayers Trial Machine cleared its throat and spoke: [Let me introduce you first]

...

After it explained the usage of each machine, Gu Qing Shan's group was speechless.

"Everything they make is like this, are the Divinities of Huang Quan normally that bored?" Gu Qing Shan muttered.

[Our Huang Quan has always been a place of absolute order and procedures, so in their free time, the Divinities also need a bit of entertainment] the Suffering Sea Rescuer Machine explained.

Ye Fei Li sighed, saying: "Your people of Huang Quan sure knew how to entertain yourselves"

Chapter 372

The machines of Huang Quan

What do these machines do?

Everyone in the world was curious.

After the Game of Eternal and the Murder Clown, the world's governments were extremely cautious towards such unknown objects and events.

At first, the world governments banned their citizens from approaching the machines.

But these machines knew how to teleport, so when and where they appeared was completely random and without any warning.

A few brave Professionalists and even normal citizens very quickly got used to these four machines.

The machines' functions and usage method quickly spread like wildfire across the world.

Finally, even a few governmental offices were using these machines.

The governments have no choice but to keep one eye open and one eye closed.

The Confederate.

A large city.

7-8 policemen were standing around the Suffering Sea Rescuer Machine, anxiously looking as one of them operated it.

The operator was sweating profusely.

He was staring without blinking at the claw-machine-looking incomprehensible existence in front of himself.

Carefully moving the controller, he aimed the claw at a doll.

"Now!"

He pressed the button.

The claw moved down and precisely caught the doll.

But halfway up, the doll dropped back down.

"Ahh!"

"Damn it!"

"Failed again!"

The policemen's tense hearts sank back down.

"Still not yet?" a voice came asking.

The policemen turned around, stood straight up and shouted: "Sir!"
"Hello sir!"

A fat man wearing police uniform walked in, nodding to the group.

He then pushed a skinny young man from behind him forward.

The young man's complexion was pale and unbelievably skinny; he was wearing an outfit that was too baggy for him.

This was his best outfit.

The fat policeman spoke: "I've invited a crane game master! We'll definitely succeed this time!"

The policemen all yelled in joy.

Very quickly, the young man was now standing in front of the claw machine and putting his hand on a sensor.

The claw machine lit up as game music started to play.

[One drop of blood for one play]

The young man glanced behind at the fat policeman.

The man told him: "I'll pay you 1000 credits for every drop of blood"

It was now that the young man nodded.

He received a card from the police and read from it: "Wang Ming Cai, 16 years old, female"

A light from inside the claw machine scanned over all the dolls.

[It's been prepared, have fun!] a voice came from the claw machine.

The young man took the controls, quickly glancing over all the dolls.

He was looking for a good doll to catch.

As a crane game master, he's almost reached the level of never losing even once.

His family used to run a large arcade, but when the Man Eater Fiends came, the whole place was destroyed.

Both his parents were eaten alive, he fortunately managed to escape; however, he had nowhere to return to after that.

The Apocalypse had destroyed his wonderful home and now he had to struggle day-by-day on the streets.

The young man operated the claw, quickly picking out an appropriate doll to grab.

He literally grew up playing this game.

Finally, the young man picked out a doll!

Clack!

He pressed the button.

Following a unique tune, the claw descended.

The doll was caught!

Next was the most crucial part.

The claw grabbed the doll and slowly returned.

Usually, this was where it was most likely to fail.

The claws of claw machines are specifically made to be loose and unable to grab onto the dolls tightly.

The policeman just now also failed at this stage.

But for some reason, the doll the young man grabbed didn't fall and stayed neatly on the claw.

It slowly moved back.

Finally, the doll went into the chute.

"Yah!" the policemen exclaimed joyfully.

The claw machine asked: [Congratulations, you can now see Wang Ming Cai, would you like to meet her now?]

The young man looked at the fat policeman.

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He nodded.

"Yes please" the young man said.

[Very well, now proceeding] the claw machine spoke.

A few moments later, a cute, young girl appeared in front of the claw machine.

When she saw the people in front of her, she was clearly surprised.

There were traces of blood on her face, her body tied tightly to the chair, unable to move at all.

"Little Cai!" a middle-aged couple ran up and hugged the girl.

"Papa? Mama? Whaaaa" the girl burst into tears.

The policemen took out tools to help untie the girl.

The fat policeman pressed his walkie-talkie and ordered: "The hostage has been rescued. Mobile taskforce, raid the place!"

He quickly arranged everything.

The young man stood up and looked at the fat policeman: "Can you pay me now?"

The fat man squeezed out a flattering smile.

He couldn't help it, crane games are just too hard.

"You see, I still have a few wanted criminals here, can you help us out?" he took out a few wanted posters and gave them to the young man.

Receiving the papers, he looked through each of them and answered: "No problem, but what about the money?"

"Same deal as before, of course!" the fat policeman said.

Then he suddenly had an idea.

"Ah, wait a minute, do you want to be a policeman?" he asked.

Now that the Suffering Sea Rescuer exists, everyone can just catch a doll if they want to see somebody.

Once they do, the person will immediately appear where the machine is.

Of course!

The doll catching has to be with a just reason, otherwise the machine wouldn't even start up.

Thanks to that, catching wanted criminals just became incredibly easy.

As long as their doll-catching skills are good enough, anyone can be caught within minutes!

The Suffering Sea Rescuer Machine just became the police's best assistant.

The young man's eyes lit up and hurriedly asked: "You mean I can become a police officer?"

"That's right, with how good you are at the crane game, I can make an exception to accept you into the police force directly, are you willing to?"

"I am!"

"Then help me catch these infamous bastards"

"Yes sir!"

The young man loudly accepted.

...

Of the four Huang Quan machines, the one with the least customers was the number "23" machine.

It was a black vending machine, called the Anger Appeasing machine.

The "anger appeasing" part is that the machine will help you pinch someone's nose or ears, block their eyes, tickle their feet or kick them in the butt... so on and so forth.

They aren't really considered evil, only practical jokes at best, and there are hundreds of such practical jokes.

This was to sooth the user's anger.

If you're unsatisfied with that much, the Anger Appeasing Machine will silently whisper to you that it actually has boundless power, but the Prayers Trial Machine is its wife.

Because of her, it doesn't dare to do things too evil and have to settle for such a level.

You only need to pay one drop of blood to have it do a few practical jokes to someone else for you.

But since the Apocalypse, countless people have lost their lives at the hands of the sea creatures, the Man Killer and Eater Fiends, as well as the appearance of three hells at once, who would be so free as to use this to pull pranks on someone?

This all changed at midnight on a certain day.

The Anger Appeasing Machine welcomed its first customer.

This customer was a 17-18 years old teenager.

Giving up a drop of blood, he activated the machine.

Ping Pong!

The Anger Appeasing Machine let out a small ring.

It then lowered its voice greatly, whispering: [Do you want to silently pull something evil on somebody? Using this machine to buy a prank, the Prayers Trial Machine will definitely be unable to discover you]

"I want to do evil" the teenager coldly declared.

[Then, what do you want to do?] the machine asked.

"Give me a portion of 'tickling feet with a feather' and 'kicked in the butt with a large boot'" the teenager said without changing his expression.

[Then 20 drops of blood please]

The teenager put his hand on the black part of the machine.

[Very well, I've received your payment, please tell me the name of the victim] the machine asked.

"Can it be a pen name?"

[Yes]

The teenager then told him a name.

The machine spoke: [Currently tickling his feet, making sure that he'll laugh his face off]

After a while, the machine continued: [Currently kicking his butt, guaranteeing that he knows someone holds a grudge against him]

[Your evil actions have ended, if you want to do evil again, please wait for 24 hours]

The teenager nodded with an expression of relief from getting revenge.

You could hear him mumbling: “Let see if you still dare to skip a daily upload...”

After the teenager left in satisfaction, a second customer quickly came.

Very quickly, the second customer also left with a triumphant expression on his face.

He said a lot of things, but it boils down to basically: “Little bitch... that’ll show you for cutting off chapters early...”

Chapter 373

The end of the world

Aside from the Prayers Trial Machine, Suffering Sea Rescuer Machine and Anger Appeasing Machine, there was also a machine painted with the number 47, the Sinner Atonement Machine.

It was a red selfie booth.

Humans can take a selfie, and then use blood to erase the sins that show up in their photos.

Different sins call for different amounts of blood.

Those who are too sinful can’t wash it away even with all the blood in their body.

But those who committed small sins can use this machine to save their own lives.

This was the only method to counteract the Prayers Trial Machine that a normal person has.

After all, regardless of how heavy their crimes are, once they’re on the Prayers Trial Machine, a single drop of blood is all it takes for others to vote for them to die.

There have already been a few who didn’t deserve to die that were put on trial and killed by the sheer amount of votes.

Because of that, the red selfie machine is always full of customers.

Thanks to these ridiculous Huang Quan machines, the people’s anxiety and heavy thoughts in the Apocalypse were soothed to a certain degree.

Especially the Prayers Trial Machine.

Since its appearance, human relations have gotten much better almost instantly.

“Just a question but what did you get from the Prayers Trial Machine as payment?” Zhang Ying Hao asked Ye Fei Li.

“My GC Skill was improved, I can now choose to listen to what I want” Ye Fei Li smiled and replied.

“Ah, good for you. Now you can talk to your girlfriend whenever you want”

“Yeah”

...

Nighttime.

A certain empty Square.

All unrelated people have been chased away.

Armed and uniform personnel surrounded the area, complete quarantine.

They were also standing at very specific spots in order to spot if anything unexpected happens.

In the middle of the armed group, a place without anything.

All four arcade machines were placed here side by side.

A group of mysterious people dressed in black with hoods to cover their identity stood next to the arcade machines.

“Begin?” one of them asked.

“Let’s begin” an old voice replied.

Immediately, some of the armed personnel stood out and went up to the claw machine.

He placed his hand on the machine.

The claw machine then lit up as a catchy tune played.

[One drop of blood for one play]

Ping pong!

“I want to catch sir President of the Confederate, can you do it?”

[Please state his name and age]

The man then told it.

After a while of silence, the claw machine replied: [I can’t catch this person]

“Why not, isn’t he just a normal person?” the man asked.

The claw machine replied: [Because you hold malice in your hearts]

The man turned to look behind himself.

“Use a different one” the old voice ordered.

The man then came in front of the Prayers Trial Machine, saying: “I want to put someone on Trial”

The Prayers Trial Machine rumbled.

[Honorable customer, please state the name of the sinner you wish to Trial and his identity]

The man replied in a low voice: “I want to put the Confederate President on Trial”

[I cannot Trial this person] the Prayers Trial Machine responded.

“Why? When the Supreme Judge of the Confederate committed a crime, you also put him on Trial, why can’t you put the President on Trial as well?” he asked.

The Prayers Trial Machine answered: [Although he was a schemer, his actions are for the sake of the people, so he isn’t sinful]

Everyone exchanged looks.

“Detestable” the old voice cursed.

“It truly is strange, no matter how many times we try, we can’t kill him” another old voice commented, “and now even these weird things protect him”

“We’ve used the same method to change countless Presidents in the past, why do we keep failing this time?” another old voice asked.

“The main thing is, more and more people support him every day”

“Both the Zhang family’s Martial Saint and the young generation’s hitman protects him”

“Not to mention that detestable Confederate scientist”

“If this goes on, whatever bill he wants to pass will definitely pass” a voice expressed its worry.

“Let’s go, arrange the next assassination, I heard even a cat only has nine lives, if he doesn’t die, we’ll just keep trying until he does”

“That’s right, let’s go”

Saying so, the group went their own way out of this secluded Square.

...

“You mean that’s all you can do?” Gu Qing Shan asked in disbelief.

[That is correct] the Prayers Trial Machine said.

“Then what about hell?”

The Prayers Trial Machine replied: [Please pay attention to our serial number]

“I can see, they’re the numbers 1, 12, 23 and 47”

[There are a total of 88 machines that manage every aspect of Huang Quan, numbered from 1 to 88]
[As daily general management machines, not only can we manage all official business, but also carry certain functions for entertainment]

[This is to ease the stress of the demonic gods in charge of Huang Quan, as well as improve the quality of life]

Gu Qing Shan asked: “What about the machines that are specifically made for dealing with the hells and suppressing the dead people?”

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[Unfortunately, on the way to the human realm, aside from the 4 of us, our other comrades have all been damaged]

“Why were they damaged?”

[There is currently great danger waiting on the path to the human realm so it isn't easy for us]

“There aren't any other reinforcements?”

[The ancient Divine Armaments are currently thinking of ways to maintain Huang Quan. They didn't come, so we are the only ones here]

“Which means, with just the four of you, there is no way to fight against hell, is that right?”

[The four of us certainly cannot]

Gu Qing Shan's group exchanged looks, expressing a deep sense of loss in their eyes.

[Sir, emergency situation!]

Impartial Goddess' voice came.

“What is it?” Gu Qing Shan asked.

A screen was projected.

On the desert, a giant fortress has been erected.

The Giants have begun to send scouts to leave the desert and attack the cities around.

They had immeasurable physical strength, a swing of their arms and feet were able to destroy a large building.

The Confederate Air Force haven't stopped trying to attack them, but sadly their firepower was doing close to nothing.

A particularly big Giant glanced up to the sky and jumped.

With his jump, he was able to reach and grab one of the Interstellar Warships.

“Argggg! Get down here!” the Giant roared furiously.

He yanked the Warship from the sky with brute force.

Boom!

As the Interstellar Warship crashed, a thunderous explosion rang out.

The rest of the Interstellar Warships hurriedly got away.

“Ahahaha, surrender mortals! From now on, you are our food!” the giant laughed in frenzy.

The screen flashed.

The capital city of the Fuxi Empire.

Giant coffins appeared in the sky one after another.

They silently floated there in great numbers.

All sorts of cries and screams of agony could be heard coming from the coffins one after another.

Once again the screen flashed.

This time it's the Confederate capital.

A despairing amount of giant coffins have blocked out the sky.

Two capital cities of the two largest countries in the world were being surrounded by the same hell, which seems almost like it wasn't a coincidence.

Gu Qing Shan could only inhale deeply as he watched the scenes unfold.

Trying to calm himself down, he asked: "What about the Frozen hell?"

The scene changed.

From the satellite image, he could see over half of the Holy Empire already turned white.

The frost was slowly but silently devouring this nation's land.

[Sir, there's been a new situation] Impartial Goddess reported again.

"A new situation..." Gu Qing Shan repeated after her.

The screen changed again.

This time, it showed a small country.

The country was suffering from an earthquake.

Buildings were collapsing, bridges falling apart, people were screaming as they scattered and ran for their lives.

But the earthquake didn't stop.

More and more dry-bone corpses appeared from below the ground.

These boney corpses piled on one another, forming mountains made purely from white bones.

The earthquake didn't stop, the corpses and bones also flowed out from underground nonstop, and this has gone on for a few hours already.

[I can't believe it, even the Bone Hell has descended on the human realm, it really is over] the Prayers Trial Machine sighed as it watched the screen.

Gu Qing Shan couldn't take it anymore and asked the Prayers Trial Machine directly: "Just what exactly happened in Huang Quan? Is it really so bad that not even a tiny bit of information can be revealed?"

The Prayers Trial Machine remained calm and answered: [It's better for you if I don't tell you]

Gu Qing Shan refuted: “The world is about to end, what good could not knowing possibly do for me?”

The Prayers Trial Machine finally explained: [The matters of Divinity can only be watched, not discussed]
[Otherwise, if you happen to mention an especially vile existence, it will immediately notice you, follow your words and descend on this world]

[Trust me; there are a lot of things that can instantly wipe you out in the blink of an eye]

Gu Qing Shan went silent.

He watched the four hells on the screens.

It seems humanity will actually go extinct this time.

This world has also reached its end.

Liao Xing turned to leave.

“What are you doing?” Ye Fei Li yelled out.

“Impartial Goddess, grant me the authority, I want to build a new spacecraft for us to escape from this planet!” Liao Xing spoke as he ran.

[Sir, would you like to grant him the authority?] Impartial Goddess asked.

Impartial Goddess then went on to explain clearly: [According to current analysis, the best solution is to escape from the planet]

[Furthermore, despite the chance of meeting space monsters in space, Mr. Liao Xing has many years of experience piloting miniature spaceships, making the chance of running into monsters exceptionally low. And Mr. Liao Xing’s warp technology can ensure your survival]

“And then what? Permanently drift around space without a destination?” Gu Qing Shan asked in frustration.

Impartial Goddess fell silent.