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Several people looked up and saw a mysterious man in a white robe walking on the wind, passing over their heads, then doing a backflip and landing firmly in front of them.

A few people took a closer look and suddenly discovered that the man in the white robe blocking the way was the protector of the Mystic Arts Order!

“Dare to besiege the saint? D*mn it!”

The white-robed protector didn't say any nonsense and directly smacked her from the air.

“Boom!”

The violent Grandmaster's energy transformed into that of a black tiger, and he rushed toward the people with claws and fangs.

“Wait! The saint has promised to let go...”

Several people were about to explain, but before they could finish their words, the black tiger had already pounced on them, blasting them directly to pieces, and the broken limbs were flying everywhere.

The Mystic Arts Order protector had attained the level of a master.

A full blow was not something that these innate warriors could withstand.

“Holy maiden, all the little ones have been executed!”

After the white-robed protector finished dealing with a few people, he immediately walked up to Abigail and bowed in salute.

“Well done.” Abigail nodded indifferently. “Tell someone to clean up this place so as not to affect my appetite for food.”

“Yes.” The white-robed protector lowered his head and responded.

Abigail patted the dust on her clothes, then raised her head as if feeling something, looked at Halle and others on the second floor, and smiled slightly.

But this smile was inexplicably scary to Halle’s eyes.

After returning to the second floor, Abigail acted as if nothing had happened, still smiling.

“Everyone, I’m sorry to keep you waiting. The trouble has been taken care of. Come on, let’s continue drinking.”

Abigail poured herself a glass of wine and drank it down first.

Several people looked at each other and raised their wine glasses in return. Only Halle stood motionless, staring at Abigail with a strange look.

“Miss Halle, why are you looking at me like this? Do you have something to say?” Abigail asked with a smile.

“Miss Abigail, those few people just lost their fighting power and even kneeled down to beg for mercy. Why did you kill them all?” Halle frowned slightly.

As the saying goes, you should be merciful, but she didn’t like Abigail’s ruthless style.

Even the tone of her speech became much colder.

“Why, do you think I’m too cruel?” Abigail smiled lightly.

“That’s right!” Halle said without hesitation, “You have already won; why do you want to kill them?”

“Have you ever thought about what will happen to me if I am not strong enough today?” Abigail asked.

“I...” Halle was speechless for a moment.

Johnny wanted to avenge his father. It didn't take much thinking to know that if he could defeat Abigail, he would definitely tear her into pieces.

Abigail smiled slightly and said, "It seems you already have the answer. Today they wanted to kill me. I was just fighting back in self-defense. What's wrong? Aside from that, you don't think they are kind people, do you? A group of bandits who use money to do things usually commit crimes by burning, killing, and looting. If such people remain in the world, they are purely a scourge. Killing them will actually eliminate harm to the people; what do you think?"