

Ocean Lord 491

Chapter 491: Boss, You Know Me, All Buried Here

Just as the four of them had found a place to rest in the city, they received a message and immediately set off without delay. Following the hints, they arrived at a luxurious mansion covering thousands of acres in the center of Feiguang City.

However, as they stood before the imposing gates, they hesitated and dared not approach.

“Boss, is this the place Big Boss Ji Chen mentioned?” Lao Ba asked in a hushed tone, looking at the hundred-person team of serpent-tailed guards stationed outside the mansion gate.

“In the private chat, he mentioned this place,” Sun Wukong replied uncertainly. “But why hasn’t anyone come out to greet us? And look at the way those guards with serpent tails are looking at us like they’re eyeing a pig for slaughter. Maybe we should move away for now,” Tang Seng suggested, his face filled with apprehension.

“Yeah, I heard that some high-level native residences don’t allow strangers to get close. If they catch us, we might get locked up for half a month. It’s not worth it,” Sha Wujing quickly agreed. The Journey to the West team had managed to survive in the game from the beginning, relying on one word: stability.

Feeling scrutinized by the guards, they felt like they were about to be in trouble at any moment.

Sun Wukong hesitated for a moment, thinking it over. Just as he was about to turn and run, the grand gates of the luxurious mansion were opened from the inside, and a maid dressed in black and white stepped out.

She looked around and focused her attention on the four individuals not far away, seemingly verifying their identity.

Soon, she nodded.

The appearance of these four individuals matched what the boss had described: one with a scruffy beard, one tall and fair-skinned, one chubby, and one rather simple-looking.

“Are you the guests invited by Lord Ji Chen?”

Sun Wukong was momentarily stunned and vigorously nodded, as if beating a drum.

“Yes, yes, it was Big Boss Ji Chen who asked us to come.”

The maid nodded, not saying much, and simply gestured for them to follow her.

The four members of the Journey to the West team followed eagerly, their gazes inevitably drifting towards the maid’s slender thighs and her graceful waist. Their hearts were filled with envy.

Damn, having strength is great, especially when you have such a beautiful native maid serving you. It makes sleep so much more comfortable.

Several minutes later, after navigating through corridors and gardens in the vast mansion like a maze, the maid led them to the guest lounge and knocked on the door with great care, respectfully saying, "Lord Ji Chen, the four guests have arrived."

A gentle voice emanated from behind the door.

"I understand, please let them in."

Upon hearing this, the maid gently pushed open the door, gesturing for the four members of the Journey to the West team to enter. Then, with a respectful expression, she closed the door.

The four members of the Journey to the West team walked in and soon spotted Ji Chen sitting on the central sofa in the reception room.

They quickly approached but didn't dare to sit down as they felt out of place amidst the luxurious decor.

Although each of them commanded over a thousand troops, which would be considered some strength in the eyes of outsiders, the reality was that they were still leading a rather difficult life.

Let alone ordinary houses, even their Lord Manor was not as luxurious as this.

Recruiting troops required resources, repairing buildings and facilities required resources, and taking care of their subjects required resources. The heavy burden almost crushed them, which was why they were willing to travel thousands of miles to Feiguang City to take on bounties, all in the hope of supporting the operation of their territory.

Seeking resources and adventures was the true lifestyle of most Glory Lords.

In comparison, players who had lost their territories for various reasons appeared to be living a more comfortable life. Each of them could eat their fill, and their time was filled with post-meal entertainment.

Watching the four of them appear somewhat awkward, Ji Chen didn't seem to mind. He took on the demeanor of a mansion owner and gestured for them to sit down.

"I've called you here to give you a task."

"The task is pretty straightforward. Your job is to spread a message using different platforms, whether it's in chatrooms or on forums.

I'll willingly leave Feiguang City and travel to a peninsula area located fifty kilometers to the west of here to face all the players who've accepted bounty missions."

Sun Wukong was momentarily stunned, his expression changing, and he quickly said, "Big Boss, you want to leave Feiguang City and go to such a distant place!? Isn't that too dangerous?"

"Yeah, as long as you stay in the city, other players won't be able to do anything to you!" the other three also tried to persuade him.

As the hero who saved Feiguang City and was even targeted by the Kingdom of Bass for a bounty, the Lienhardt Grand Duchy would not ignore Ji Chen's safety, whether to win hearts or maintain an image. They would undoubtedly provide protection.

Although Feiguang City suffered considerable damage in the previous war, it still retained around fifty to sixty percent of its defensive infrastructure, with tens of thousands of soldiers stationed there. Not to mention the continuous influx of reinforcements in the future.

The current players were far from being able to independently break through Feiguang City.

It could be said that as long as Ji Chen stayed in Feiguang City, his safety was absolutely guaranteed.

But now he wanted to actively go out to confront!?

Ji Chen shook his head and continued, "...this has nothing to do with you. You just need to spread this message.

Of course, you can't reveal that it was me who said it.. It should be disseminated in a way similar to a piece of gossip, I'm sure you understand that, right?"

Chapter 492: Boss, You Know Me, All Buried Here (2)

"We understand." Lao Ba nodded, a hint of worry crossing his face. "But Big Boss, have you reconsidered? As long as you stay in the city for a while, I think other players might change their minds. You can leave later."

Ji Chen's face revealed an unprecedented determination, like a sharpened blade unsheathed. His absolute confidence shone in his eyes, dazzling the four of them, as if he were a bright star that dominated the entire night sky.

They watched his expression and felt a surging wave of emotions in their hearts.

Big Boss had a look of... anticipation?!

Could it be that he wasn't anxious or worried about the hundreds, thousands, or even tens of thousands of players who would come for his head in the future? Instead, he looked forward to confronting other players head-on?

Is this the number 1 player of the Western Mid-Ocean, the Islander?

They couldn't help but feel a deep sense of respect.

Regardless of whether he would ultimately succeed, this proactive attitude and courage to face disaster were enough to illuminate the entire sky.

Sun Wu Kong's throat was dry as he said, "I understand, Big Boss Ji Chen. We will spread this message as quickly as possible."

"That's right, we've never acknowledged or admired any player before, but from now on, you are the one we respect the most!"

After receiving the generous reward from Ji Chen, the four members of the Journey to the West team left the mansion.

Soon, they departed from Feiguang City with their respective armies, heading in different directions to reach nearby indigenous gathering places and begin spreading the information entrusted to them by Ji Chen.

“Shocking news! The target of the bounty mission, a player named Ji Chen, seems to be afraid of the pressure from numerous bounty hunters and has left Feiguang City!”

“According to reliable information from indigenous residents of Feiguang City, he left through a side gate overnight and headed westward.”

“Surprise! Ji Chen, upon hearing of the bounty issued by the Kingdom of Bass, left with a large amount of valuable loot to a peninsula located forty to fifty kilometers west of Feiguang City, planning to wait out the storm before returning to his territory!”

After spreading the message as agreed, the four members of the Journey to the West team regrouped.

“Have you all spread the message?” Sun Wu Kong asked.

“Of course, you can trust our efficiency and professionalism. We used to be internet water army, so spreading this level of information is no problem for us!”

The three of them patted their chests confidently.

Sun Wu Kong nodded but seemed a bit concerned as he asked, “Did anyone notice you while you were on the move? If something happens later, we might be implicated.”

Whether Ji Chen succeeded in slaughtering the players in the large army and safely withdrew, or if he was defeated in battle and killed, if it became known that they had helped spread the message, it could have led to big trouble.

“The principle of our Journey to the West group is stability. Leaking information would be seen as a betrayal.”

Sun Wukong looked at Sha Wujing, his brows furrowing as he said, “Sha Wujing, you go first and explain how you spread the message.”

Sha Wujing had a simple and honest look on his face. “Boss, you know me well. I’m the most steady among us five. So, before I took action, I disguised myself and blended in with the crowd, casually mentioning it in the taverns as if I had too much to drink. No one noticed me, and even if they did, they wouldn’t recognize me.”

Sun Wu Kong thought for a moment, nodded, and then turned his attention to Tang Seng.

The latter chuckled and said, “Boss, you know me well. I’m the most cautious among us five, so I wore a mask and hired a few local kids to spread the message. I didn’t show my face to anyone, and no one recognized me!”

Sun Wukong thought for a moment, then nodded and looked at Lao Ba.

Lao Ba wore a disdainful expression and said, “Boss, you know me well. I’m the cleverest among us five, so I climbed onto rooftops and scattered flyers onto the streets. I never showed myself, and no one could find me!”

Sun Wukong contemplated for a while, a pleased expression crossing his face, and he burst into laughter, “It looks like our brothers are all quite clever! With this, we can earn this money without much effort!”

“Of course! Hahaha!”

At this moment, Lao Ba, curious, asked, “Boss, how did you spread the message?”

Sun Wu Kong wore a smug and confident expression. “Heh, I posted anonymously on the forums. The buzz is off the charts now. I reckon a lot of people already know about this!”

The other three were momentarily stunned and then showed admiration on their faces as they gestured towards Sun Wu Kong. “Boss, impressive!”

Sun Wu Kong’s expression turned serious, and he also extended a hand in a high-five gesture. “Brothers, rock on!”

Finally, facing in the direction of Feiguang City, the four of them shouted in unison, “Big Boss Ji Chen Boss, you’re both impressive and rock solid!”

Meanwhile, Ji Chen had long left Feiguang City, carrying the loot. Katie had already set out on the road to the peninsula.

For the Ocean Crown’s troops, the distance of fifty kilometers would take only half an hour.

As he was lost in thought, he saw the triangular-shaped peninsula with three sides facing the sea.

On the peninsula stood some dilapidated buildings, suggesting that there used to be a seaside town here, but for some unknown reason, it was abandoned and now lay desolate and deserted.

But this was exactly what he had in mind.

“Form up the formation!

Naga Guardians in the front, Guardian Legion in the rear, with the Dragonblood Legion providing support on both flanks.

Knights Legion guards the sea on both sides, while the Tyrant Azure Dragon Legion remains hidden in the shadows.

Hero units, stay hidden for now, concealed among the ruins!”

Chapter 493: Boss, You Know Me, All Buried Here (3)

After giving the orders, Ji Chen picked a top-floor building in the ruins, completely exposed, and sat down on a creaky wooden chair, facing the land.

He waited in silence.

Katie, who was abruptly brought here from the warmth of Feiguang City, looked somewhat bewildered.

She couldn't understand why this human didn't stay in the safety of Feiguang City but instead led an army to this place.

Although it was estimated to be only tens of kilometers away from Feiguang City, as long as she left the heavily guarded city, the organization and the Kingdom of Bass had a chance to rescue her.

Thinking about this, Katie's heart suddenly raced a bit, and she became slightly excited, still maintaining her composure.

Anina, who was standing next to her, glanced at her and said, "Are you thinking that your people can rescue you after leaving Feiguang City?"

Katie, whose inner thoughts were instantly exposed, felt a bit embarrassed and annoyed, but she remained calm.

"Humph, instead of staying in a safe place, you actually took the initiative to come out to seek death. It seems I overestimated you. I guess you're just one of those ignorant fools who think they're invincible after a small victory.

The power of the organization is beyond your imagination, and it won't take much effort to kill you."

Anina wasn't going easy on her, and she grabbed her small fist and punched her in the stomach, wearing an evil expression on her face. "Killing you won't take much effort either."

A sharp pain surged in her abdomen, and Katie, whose hands and feet were bound, curled up on the ground, convulsing and trembling.

At this moment, she wished she could give herself a big slap. Why did she have to be sarcastic? Anyway, these people would die soon.

Ji Chen noticed the commotion over there but didn't pay much attention to it.

The reason he had come out of Feiguang City this time and allowed the Journey to the West team to spread the news was precisely because of the Kingdom of Bass' bounty.

He had no doubt about the temptation of that bounty for players.

Thousands of players rushed here from nearby regions and countries, bringing their armies with them, creating a "Sea Beast Tide" on land.

Roughly calculating, even if each player only brought a hundred units, a thousand players would have at least a hundred thousand troops, and five thousand players would have at least five hundred thousand troops.

Even if a large portion of them were second or third-tier units, this was still a considerable force.

In terms of quantity and quality, perhaps it was comparable to the Sea Beast Tide, if not slightly inferior.

However, the leaders of this army were not some somewhat intelligent but mostly instinct-driven sea creature leaders. They were living, breathing players, and players were the most unpredictable group.

This meant that their level of commanding the army would pose another level of difficulty. They wouldn't just charge head-on but would also employ tactics.

Moreover, as Sylvansai mentioned earlier, who knew what peculiar items they might have in their possession, such as one-hit-kill treasures. These hidden and concealed items were what Ji Chen feared the most.

The reason for actively leaving Feiguang City to confront them was precisely because of these factors.

If this massive player army were to besiege the city, there was a chance that the Kingdom of Bass might seize the opportunity to make a comeback and join forces with the player army in attacking. In that case, Feiguang City, which had suffered a significant breach, might not be able to withstand the assault.

This was far from his initial plan, which was why he took the initiative to come here for the battle.

With this thought in mind, Ji Chen stood up and gazed into the distance as if his eyes could penetrate through layers of mountains and dense forests, seeing the player armies swarming towards him.

His gaze gradually became resolute.

Since you want to exchange my head for a bounty, then come at me with all you've got.

In the name of the ocean, I will bury all of you here!

Chapter 494 Share Allocation, Wu Lun's Confidence, Moment of Slaughter... Has Arrived

The efficiency of the Journey to the West team in spreading information was quite high. In just half a day, more than twenty players arrived from nearby areas, all belonging to the Bass Kingdom camp.

Despite the unprecedented defeat in the Feiguang City battle, the Bass Kingdom still maintained control over the region hundreds of kilometers east of the border.

If one were to look at the current strategic map, one would see that Feiguang City and its surrounding areas were among the few places not yet fallen under the control of the Bass Kingdom, like a conspicuous protrusion on an otherwise smooth and gentle line, very eye-catching.

However, this also meant that players belonging to the Lienhardt Grand Duchy camp needed to avoid the control zone of the Bass Kingdom and take a longer route to reach Feiguang City, requiring more time.

These players, who without exception, wanted to claim Ji Chen's head for the bounty, were pleasantly surprised when they saw thousands of unfamiliar troops openly stationed on the peninsula.

They had also heard the rumors on their way to Feiguang City. Initially, they were just passing by to take a look, but they didn't expect the news, which had no clear source, to be true.

That player named Ji Chen was really hiding here.

They exchanged glances, and excitement and anticipation shone in their eyes.

Moreover, it seemed that the major guilds had not arrived yet, so perhaps they could be the first to pluck the fruit!

Wu Lun stood on a high point, gazing at the peninsula in the distance, shrouded in a faint mist, a hint of delight in his eyes.

The player who was wanted didn't seem to be thinking clearly due to the bounty on his head. He actually left the heavily guarded Feiguang City, where many soldiers from the Lienhardt Grand Duchy were stationed, and brought his army back to this place.

He already sent out reconnaissance units and learned that this peninsula was basically a dead end.

Three sides were surrounded by the sea, and one side was connected to the land.

The terrain of the peninsula was mostly flat, except for this abandoned small town, there was no place to defend.

There were only a few stranded dilapidated small boats on the shore, and there were no transport vessels to cross the waters.

And the peninsula's only exit had already been firmly blocked by them.

It could be said that the player named Ji Chen was already a trapped turtle in a jar.

Thinking of this, a greedy look flashed in his eyes.

The reward for the bounty was a whopping five million gold coins, one million units of resources, and ten 2~4-star treasures!

Even if he could only get a portion of it, for a solo player like him, it was enough to become incredibly wealthy overnight!

Wu Lun looked at the other players who had also arrived and said with a smile.

"Brothers, since we've all come here for the bounty, let me be straightforward. It's probably impossible for one person to claim it all now.

We'd better be open and discuss the distribution issue together to avoid any conflicts!"

Other players nodded in agreement. Their strengths were quite evenly matched, and if they started fighting among themselves over this, they might not only fail to get the bounty but also end up severely wounded, leaving themselves vulnerable.

They came all this way for a reason, and meaningless bloodshed wasn't it.

"So, how do you suggest we split the bounty?" a player with a stern expression asked.

Wu Lun smiled and said, "It's simple, we'll allocate based on the troops each of us has sent. Since the player we're after has a personal bounty set by the Bass Kingdom, he's bound to be formidable, so don't underestimate him.

In a life-and-death situation, even a rabbit will bite, and if we push him to the brink, he might use all means to resist. By doing this, those who send fewer troops will suffer fewer losses, and those who send more troops will naturally incur more injuries. What do you think?"

Hearing this, the other players pondered for a moment and then voiced their agreement.

The distribution method seemed fair, and it followed the principle of "the more you contribute, the more you get."

"I agree."

"This plan sounds good, I support it!"

"I think it can work too..."

Seeing that everyone agreed, Wu Lun's face was filled with satisfaction. This feeling of being recognized and obeyed by everyone was immensely enjoyable, much like his supreme and authoritative position in his own territory.

After a moment, he spoke with a self-satisfied tone, "Now that everyone is on board, let's discuss the issue of troop strength. I'll set an example. I'm willing to contribute eight hundred 2-star elite werewolves and three hundred 4-star bloodthirsty werewolves."

The expressions of the other players changed slightly. Werewolves were known as a formidable race among the Orc units, excelling in speed, assault capabilities, and their bloodthirsty nature. They were strong in combat and particularly suited for complex terrains like ruins.

No wonder this guy was so delighted earlier.

The other players couldn't help but think to themselves.

But, to be fair, an army of this caliber was already quite powerful among solo players.

Who knew how many solo players were still developing, with their troop strengths at the 3rd tier.

Seeing the change in their expressions, Wu Lun's smile grew even more pronounced. "I wonder how many troops you are willing to contribute?"

A player with a face full of freckles stepped forward slightly and looked around before speaking, "I'll contribute nine hundred 2-star elite Forest Barbarians."

Forest Barbarians were a primitive tribe that lived in mountainous forests. They were known for their brute strength, resilience, and savage nature. While they possessed formidable power, they couldn't be recruited through military recruitment camps. It seemed this player had found a way to subdue a tribe of Forest Barbarians and lead them into battle.

Chapter 495 Share Allocation, Wu Lun's Confidence, Moment of Slaughter... Has Arrived (2)

Another player chimed in, saying, "I'll contribute fifteen hundred 5-star tier 3 Muck Dwellers."

Upon hearing this, the other players couldn't help but be taken aback.

In the eyes of many, Muck Dwellers were among the weakest races in terms of combat capability, even less formidable than the hybrid half-fish races.

Fifteen hundred 5-star tier 3 Muck Dwellers alone had combat power that could rival three hundred Forest Barbarians, which was quite a laughable contribution.

It appeared that this player was here just to get by.

However, they had still provided fifteen hundred cannon fodder troops, and their share in the final distribution would undoubtedly be smaller. So, the other players merely sneered in secret without saying much.

This player was clearly aware of the situation but showed no signs of embarrassment or awkwardness on their face.

In this world, having thick skin was essential to survive.

Resources and wealth were the true currency!

Soon, more than twenty players had stated the types of troops they were sending and the number of troops.

There were humans, orcs, various other races, and some less common troop types.

After months of development, players had already developed thousands of troop growth paths, and no one had exactly the same troop composition.

Naturally, the troops sent by Wu Lun were the most powerful among them.

However, what surprised him slightly was that two players had brought sea races, totaling fifteen hundred in number. These sea-based troops, capable of freely traversing shallow waters, would serve as a safeguard in case Ji Chen attempted to escape through the ocean, thus perfecting their encirclement.

As the various players assembled their armies in front of them, excitement lit up their faces.

Although each player had only sent a portion of their troops, the combined forces of over twenty individuals amounted to more than twenty-one thousand troops – a sizeable force, to say the least.

With such a massive army, they couldn't imagine how Ji Chen could resist this overwhelming force.

To put it into perspective, even if he had a single army of ten thousand, all at 4-star tier 1 level, they would still be outnumbered two to one!

Furthermore, from a distance, this abandoned town couldn't possibly conceal ten thousand people!

Six or seven thousand would be a stretch!

Wu Lun wore an expression of confidence on his face as he smiled and said, "Indeed, there's strength in numbers. It looks like we'll easily secure this bounty."

Other players also displayed smiles, as if they could already envision themselves receiving their share of the bounty.

"All right, let's move out quickly. If the members of those major guilds show up, this bounty won't have anything to do with us."

The player who had contributed the Forest Barbarians urged them on.

Others nodded in agreement. They, as independent players, couldn't compete with the members of major guilds, who could easily field tens of thousands of troops. A single word from those guilds could drown them in an ocean of troops.

As the strongest player here, Wu Lun took on the role of the temporary commander for this offensive.

"Forest Barbarians, Muck Dwellers... and other slower troops, launch your attack directly from the front of the abandoned town.

Archers and spellcasters, take up positions outside the ruins, occupying elevated points for ranged support.

Werewolves, Jackalweres... and other fast and agile troops, initiate a swift assault from both flanks, targeting the enemy's ranged units and squishy targets.

Archers and spellcasters, take up positions outside the ruins, occupying elevated points for ranged support.

If everything goes smoothly, we'll clear out the enemy's entire force, kill, or even capture our target!"

Wu Lun methodically laid out the attack directions and tasks for each type of troop. He appeared to have the demeanor of a great commander, which reassured the other players, who showed signs of approval in their eyes.

Finally, he turned to two players who had been silent and reticent.

"As for Brothers Windforest and Mountainside, we'll entrust your sea race soldiers to surround the coastline and prevent the enemy from escaping."

The players named Windforest and Mountainside remained silent but nodded slightly.

Wu Lun paid no mind to their silence and gave them an appreciative smile.

He was deeply engrossed in the feeling of commanding and controlling the battle. After all, this was a force of over twenty thousand troops, including 4th-tier units, and despite his efforts over the years, he only had slightly over a thousand 4th-tier units and less than a thousand 3rd-tier units.

Wu Lun suppressed his excitement. He vowed that after obtaining his share of the bounty, he would acquire more recruitment camps and recruit even more powerful units.

He wanted his name to be known throughout the Northern Continent!

"Attack!"

With great enthusiasm, Wu Lun shouted loudly, fearing that Ji Chen, who was hidden in the abandoned town, might not hear.

He wanted Ji Chen to hear it, to make him face the impending outcome in fear.

However, upon hearing the distant cries resembling the buzzing of mosquitoes, Ji Chen didn't even furrow his brow. He simply sat in his chair, wearing a perplexed expression.

Why did this group of players believe that they could defeat the Ocean Crown's army with troops that didn't even reach the 5th tier and at best were 4th tier 4-star units?

Was it their numbers?

Just because they had two armies of around ten thousand troops each?

The pressure from this mixed force, which lacked both quantity and quality, didn't faze him in the slightest.

Ji Chen didn't even have the desire to see the outcome. He shook his head and said, "Have the Naga Legion launch an attack, and let the Dragonblood Legion take care of those low-tier sea race units they sent out."

As for the other legions, including the heroes, let them rest for now."

The commanders of the two legions, Herald and Benbo, lowered their heads respectfully and responded, "Yes, we shall follow your will."

Soon enough, the players' mixed forces descended from the high ground and entered the desolate abandoned town in several waves. The faint mist lent an eerie atmosphere to the surroundings.

Although their formation appeared somewhat disordered due to the absence of a lord's direct command, it couldn't quell their strong desire to advance.

Having a force of up to twenty thousand troops was their greatest confidence!

Watching their countless allies, shoulder to shoulder, creating a sea of people, nobody believed they couldn't clear out the hidden enemy within the ruins.

Perhaps it was because the enemy saw their overwhelming strength, or maybe they were intimidated even before the battle began, but they hadn't encountered any resistance so far. They successfully penetrated the town.

The ranged units had already taken positions on the outer heights, eagerly watching the depths of the abandoned town, ready to unleash their firepower and overwhelm the enemy at any moment.

Seeing this scene, Wu Lun, standing on the high ground, felt elated.

He chuckled and said to the players around him, "I didn't expect it to go this smoothly. It's my fault for being too hasty; I forgot to grab a bottle of good wine from my territory. We could have celebrated here with all our brothers."

Others chuckled as well, and the two previously silent players, Windforest and Mountainside, even wore a rare look of pride on their faces.

As part of this temporary team of players, they were the only two with sea race units, and they understood the combat prowess of sea race units in the water very well.

As long as they didn't encounter ships with projectile firepower and underwater defense capabilities, sea race units had an absolute advantage against all land-based units on the sea's surface.

They could easily create holes at the vulnerable bottoms of those ships or damage the propellers. Those ships would then become floating coffins, and once the enemy on board fell into the water, their fate was sealed.

The player known as Ji Chen, if he wanted to escape from the sea, would have to leave his life at the mercy of the depths!

In this battle, they had no idea how they could lose!

However, just as this makeshift army, composed of dozens of different unit types, brimmed with high spirits and advanced towards the fog-shrouded heart of the abandoned town.

Amidst the increasingly dense white mist, within the uniform remnants of ruins, suddenly appeared pairs of blood-red eyes.

The Naga Guardians, gazing through the mist at the approaching enemy, gradually acquired a look of cold-blooded and murderous intent in their eyes, their breath becoming heavy.

The unit, whose bone blades were so sharp that not even the mist could conceal their ferocity, slowly raised their weapons, as if emanating a relentless thirst for blood.

The moment of slaughter... had arrived.

Chapter 496 - 496: Don't Worry, This Must Be the Strongest Enemy Hero, Betrayal

Leading the way were the Forest Barbarians, their eyes wide as they gazed into the fog, which limited visibility to just forty to fifty meters. They carried rusty and worn iron axes and large knives, bearing marks of dried blood that suggested the numerous foes who had met their demise at their hands.

Although their vision was greatly hindered by the fog, they became even more excited. The enemies trembling in the ruins gave them a sense of thrill, like cats hunting mice.

The chieftain of this tribe of Forest Barbarians held a rune-inscribed war axe in each hand, his face revealing a cruel and bloodthirsty smile.

"You little mice better hide well. Don't let me find you so quickly, or it will be very boring for me."

"All of you, stay alert! Open your eyes wide and find those mice hidden here for me!"

The chieftain shouted loudly.

Hoo—

Following the chaotic formation, the Forest Barbarians also responded with some primitive roars, as if the surrounding fog was being dispelled.

The chieftain nodded in satisfaction, not caring that their formation had already become chaotic.

After all, as long as they launched a charge, those frail insects would collapse under their axes, and they would easily follow behind to collect a heap of skulls.

Gradually, this army of Forest Barbarians distanced themselves from the main force and ran ahead. The other intelligent units didn't say much since they didn't belong to the same lord and had no authority to command.

Wu Lun who could command these barbarians remained in the rear.

Leading the tribe's warriors into what looked like a small square, there were no building ruins here, only a collapsed statue and some debris. The chieftain's eyes, like copper bells, rolled around and finally stopped in the middle of the square.

There stood tall and robust figures.

He breathed a sigh of relief, and a sly smile appeared at the corner of his mouth.

"Little mice, you've finally stopped hiding, haven't you? Very well, let me taste the flavor of your blood."

“All of you, use your axes to split open their skulls, tear their flesh with your teeth, and kill them in the cruelest way possible! Let them know the terror and power of our barbarians!”

“Charge!!”

With a command, the nine hundred forest barbarians rushed forward with wild enthusiasm, resembling a pack of unleashed wild dogs charging towards the enemy.

Only when they got closer did they see the faces of the enemy.

Snake-tailed serpents, draped in green scales, wielding bone blades in each hand.

Their numbers on this road were not many, just a few dozen, but the emotionless blood-red eyes sent shivers down his spine.

However, he soon broke into a cold smile. After all, he was a green-tier elite hero, ten times more powerful than his fellow warriors of the same kind. How could he possibly be defeated by these snake-tailed creatures!

“Kill!”

Facing the oncoming forest barbarians, those snake-tailed creatures slowly raised their menacing bone blades.

On both sides of the peninsula...

Ten meters underwater...

Teams of half-snake soldiers were moving towards the coastal blockade zone. Occasionally, they extended and retracted their snake tongues, sensing the fluctuations in the surrounding water.

Once they detected the presence of an enemy, they would transform into aquatic executioners, using their bone sickles to sink any vessels attempting to leave the surface, killing all enemies in the water.

At this moment, they suddenly sensed unusual and faint movements from below and looked down one after another.

As half-snake creatures, they mainly operated in shallow waters. They wouldn't venture into waters deeper than a hundred meters because the immense water pressure would crush their bodies, which had adapted to shallow waters.

The ability to withstand such tremendous water pressure undoubtedly belonged to a more formidable race.

Uruto, a white common-tier half-snake hero who led the half-snake people, extended his snake tongue and carefully sensed the surroundings. As a hero unit, he possessed a much more powerful sensing ability.

His expression suddenly changed, and he rapidly shook his snake tongue, transmitting a different frequency of waves.

“Quick, take cover! High-speed objects are approaching!”

Before the other half-snake individuals could react, tridents emitting endless eerie light shot rapidly from the depths, effortlessly piercing their bodies like blades through fabric, leaving sharp tips to penetrate their chests.

Then, as if pulled back by some force, the tridents retracted, returning to the deep waters, leaving behind only turbulent water currents.

But before the few surviving half-snake individuals could feel lucky, another round of tridents shot out like the scythes of death, ruthlessly harvesting their lives.

The half-snake hero stared in horror at the pitch-black deep water. He could sense the unusual movements hidden in the depths. The consecutive deaths of his companions made him feel fear for the first time.

In what seemed like an emotional release, he transmitted a specific frequency wave that only sea creatures could hear, cursing vehemently.

“Do you dare to come out from there!? Only cowards hide in the darkness for ambushes!”

“Do you dare to face Uruto head-on! You despicable and shameless scoundrels!”

However, the darkness did not respond to him, as if an elephant ignored the cries of ants, simply sowing death with every step.

Several tridents, accompanied by intense water currents, rushed toward them. Uruto’s face changed drastically, and he quickly raised his bone sickle to block.

Thunk—

A powerful force emanated from the tridents, causing his arms to go numb, but he had to forcibly resist. The tridents struck the bone sickle one after another, and blood seeped from the corners of Uruto’s mouth, diluted by the seawater..

Chapter 497 - 497: Don't Worry, This Must Be the Strongest Enemy Hero, Betrayal (2)

Finally, after blocking the eighteenth trident, the bone scythe, which was already covered in cracks, exploded with a deafening roar.

Uruto hurriedly turned to escape, but after only a few steps, he was riddled with holes by the pursuing metallic constructs and fell weakly into the depths of the sea.

In his last moments, he seemed to see hundreds of murlocs with bumps on their heads, like messengers in the shadows, lurking in the water, projecting their murderous weapons upwards.

The death of this half-snake hero was quickly known by a player named Mountainside.

His face looked ugly.

“Damn! My half-snake hero is dead!”

As soon as these words were spoken, the faces of the other players also changed, and they looked at each other.

They seemed to realize that something was amiss.

The mist surrounding the peninsula became denser, and they could no longer see the specific battle situation from the high ground, only the outlines of the ruined town and wreckage in the vast whiteness.

At the same time, screams and howls suddenly came from inside, like the terrified screams before dying in the hands of demons in a horror movie.

It made people shiver and their hair stood on end.

The player who sent the forest barbarians had an especially ugly expression because among the screams were the unique cries of the forest barbarians, who were known for their aggression and bloodlust. They wouldn't easily make such weak sounds.

Moreover, it wasn't just one or two screams; it was one after another.

The screams of human soldiers, the fearful howls of werewolves, and the sharp tones of the murlocs, all echoed in succession in the white fog.

And a strange and unheard-of roar, like the sound of hell, reverberated among the ruins and floated throughout the peninsula.

A player swallowed hard and said, "I think that player named Ji Chen might not be as easy to kill as we thought..."

"Yes, someone who has a kingdom-level bounty on them can't be simple. Maybe we..."

"This fog might be something he created, which is not conducive to our battle..."

Listening to the words of others who were starting to have doubts, Wu Lun's face became extremely gloomy, cursing inwardly.

These were a bunch of greedy cowards who only saw their own interests and wanted to retreat when they encountered a little difficulty!

You guys, don't be anxious. I'm more anxious than you!

At this moment, he still had to rely on the strength of these players, so Wu Lun gritted his teeth and endured his impatience.

"Don't forget that we have two full armies with tens of thousands of troops in terms of numbers, which should be enough to crush him. And the commanders of my werewolf army and the forest barbarian army are both green elite-tier heroes with strong combat power.

Do you think Ji Chen, no matter how powerful he is, can take on this army and these two heroes?"

With these words, the other players regained some confidence, their faces showing less worry as they spoke.

"Yes, the combat power of a green elite-tier hero is equivalent to a whole battalion. We don't need to worry too much."

After stabilizing the troops with words for the time being, Wu Lun breathed a sigh of relief and turned his gaze back to the abandoned town.

Regardless, he must kill Ji Chen and claim that bounty!

Otherwise, all his troops would have died in vain!

The chieftain of the forest barbarians exerted all his strength to block the massive cleave, and with this force, he retreated more than ten meters. However, he couldn't help but spit out a mouthful of blood as he looked at the axe covered in cracks and the serpent-tailed monster taller than him with a horrified expression.

Damn it, how could the combat power of these monsters be so strong!?

Especially the one in front of him.

The strength he was proud of was completely ineffective in front of this monster, even suppressed. Whether it was strength, speed, endurance, or explosive power, he had no advantage whatsoever.

He was a green elite-tier hero, and also the strongest warrior in the tribe!

The pair of bone blades, sharper and harder than metal, and the wound that ran across half of his chest, almost cutting him in two, were the best evidence of this.

Damn it, this must be the enemy's most powerful hero!

The chieftain, enduring the pain coming from all over his body, hoarsely questioned, "What the hell are you!?"

However, the serpent-tailed monster did not speak, only gazing at him with cruel coldness, revealing two rows of razor-sharp teeth in its mouth.

The powerful snake tail suddenly leaped out, and the twin blades swung.

Following the sound of ripping fabric, a head as large as a fighting rooster was propelled high into the air, and a geyser of blood spouted into the sky.

A chieftain of the forest barbarians who had once dominated a forest hastily ended his modest life.

"Ding- Naga Guardian Hero (Blue Excellent Tier) has killed the enemy Forest Barbarian Hero (Green Elite Tier)."

"Ding- Naga Guardian has killed the enemy Bloodthirsty Werewolf Hero (Green Elite Tier)."

Ji Chen glanced at the system notifications but wasn't surprised.

The strongest hero units of these independent players were only green elite-tier, and there were several of these hero units within the Naga Legion alone. It was nothing remarkable.

However, a few of the enemy heroes had already been slain, and it seemed that there was no suspense left in this battle.

Seeing their own chieftain being killed by the enemy, and their comrades being harvested like wheat, it was the forest barbarians who first collapsed, desperately wanting to retreat.

But the many friendly forces that previously gave them a sense of security had now become obstacles to their retreat.

Due to their large numbers and the fog, only the front part of the army was engaged in combat with the Naga Legion. Most of them had not even seen what the enemy looked like and were simply following their comrades subconsciously, pushing forward in the complex ruins and muddy paths full of obstacles.

The forest barbarians watched as their comrades continued to move forward, pushing them toward the direction of death. They became anxious, and the violent and chaotic elements coursing through their blood made these physically strong but simple-minded barbarians raise their axes and swing them at their comrades.

The attacked comrades were stunned, their eyes suddenly turning red, and their anger surged.

They didn't originally belong to the same territory, and coming together was only at the lord's command. Being suddenly attacked was naturally something they couldn't tolerate, so they immediately picked up their weapons and fought back.

In the small abandoned town, a miraculous scene unfolded where allies were fighting allies.

When Ji Chen received this news from the rear, it was as if a thousand question marks had appeared in his mind.

They suddenly started fighting each other in the middle of the battle. What kind of operation was this?

Even though he was filled with a thousand puzzlements, Jichen immediately said, "Let the remaining Naga Guardians join the battle and annihilate the enemy."

The Dragonblood Legion will deal with the enemies in the sea, then flank the enemy on both sides and use ranged attacks to damage the backline and squish as much as possible."

Since they already chased them this far, they had to make them bleed heavily and pay a price.

The massive front army was suddenly thrown into chaos due to the forest barbarians' "betrayal." Some units had no idea what was going on and had their heads chopped off, while others, driven to madness, swung their weapons crazily, as if these barbarians were their real enemies.

However, the Naga Legion didn't understand the concept of chivalry or martial virtue. They charged headlong into the midst of the enemy.

At this moment, life became the most worthless thing.

These armies that players had high hopes for had no units that could withstand the sharpness of the bone blades. The Naga Guardians transformed into harbingers of hell, reaping lives with the power called slaughter.

Several white common-grade, green elite-grade, and blue excellent-grade heroes among the Naga Guardians played a significant role in this chaotic battle.

In the absence of the leadership of Herarld and Ji Chen on the frontline, they were able to organize and command the other ordinary Naga Guardians effectively. They formed attack squads, pinpointing the weak points in the enemy's defense lines and penetrating fiercely.

Despite being in the midst of chaos, they appeared highly organized.

In contrast, this ragtag army of twenty thousand, after the forest barbarians' betrayal, completely lost its organization and descended into chaos.

The front lines were slaughtered savagely, cries and blood filled the air; the middle ranks watched their comrades being killed with anxious helplessness, unable to break through the numerous ruins to provide support; the ranged forces in the rear were blocked by the fog, lacking both visibility and accurate targeting coordinates.

Of course, expecting these players to be as extravagant as Ji Chen by incorporating hero units into their armies to serve as middle forces and commanders was a difficult task.

Seeing the continuous notifications of unit deaths from the system, the players on the high ground could no longer sit still..

Chapter 498: Gambler, Another Massacre, You're Too Despicable!

Especially when the constant notifications of units being killed came in, but there wasn't a single message of killing the enemy, that was truly terrifying.

From the start of the battle until now, they still didn't know the names of the enemy's units!

A young player with bloodshot eyes fell to the ground, his face pale.

Because his Barbarian hero and all the other Forest Barbarians had been wiped out, a total of 901 blood-red system notifications filled the interface.

These were his strongest forces, and he had spent countless resources and effort to acquire them, and now they were all gone!?

Not only the Forest Barbarians, but the armies of other players had also suffered heavy losses, and at this moment, their faces were extremely grim, and their bodies were trembling.

Damn it, how strong were the enemies!?

Now, the accumulated casualties were almost one-third of the entire army, which amounted to a total of six to seven thousand units, enough to fill a football field when lined up!

With such a large number of troops, one could even land a few hits on a dragon, right? Despite the significant casualties, not a single enemy soldier has been eliminated. It's almost like a ridiculous joke, isn't it?

"This is not a bounty mission; it's a suicide mission!"

"You're right; my army has already lost half its strength. If we keep losing like this, it's probably going to be a total wipeout. I'm done with this!"

Someone angrily cursed, and anyone would have their mentality shattered after losing so many units without gaining anything.

Seeing the continuous screams coming from the abandoned town, most people began to consider retreating.

They were not part of the large and powerful guilds. The soldiers they had brought with them accounted for nearly seventy to eighty percent of their forces. Once they lost them all here, it would truly be game over, and months of effort would go up in smoke.

“We can’t retreat!”

A fierce roar stopped the players who wanted to leave with their armies, and they looked at the silent Wu Lun in surprise, feeling a bit startled.

They saw that his once clear and handsome face was now twisted like a demon, his eyes filled with bloodshot veins, and he had lost his previous composure and arrogance.

After a moment’s thought, a hint of pity appeared in their eyes.

Wu Lun sent a werewolf unit to execute a flanking assault on both sides. Given the total annihilation of the Forest Barbarians, it was probable that the werewolves, including a hero unit of Green Elite-Tier, experienced a similar outcome.

With such a significant loss, it was no wonder he had become like this.

“Wu Lun, although it’s hard to accept, it’s almost impossible for us to continue fighting. Stopping now would allow us to limit our losses...”

“No!” Wu Lun forcibly suppressed the overwhelming negative emotions in his heart, and his eyes cleared slightly. “The greater the loss, the more we need to go all-in with our chips!”

“It’s not just my Werewolf unit; your units have probably suffered heavy casualties as well. If we don’t take down Ji Chen, this enormous loss will be in vain, and we won’t gain anything!

We came all the way here; are we just going to die and go back empty-handed!?”

Moreover, do you dare to enter the town and bring out your units?”

Upon hearing this, the other players hesitated.

They had never imagined that they would be in this situation, and they hadn’t thought about establishing wartime communication methods either.

Seeing that the entire abandoned town, and even the entire peninsula, was shrouded in fog, like the mouth of a white demon devouring everyone, they were genuinely afraid to enter.

To be honest, most of them were physically weak lords, and they really didn’t dare to go in.

Seeing their hesitation, Wu Lun, as if pushing all his remaining chips onto the gambling table, spoke with the desperation of a desperate gambler, his throat hoarse.

“We have no choice! I propose to put all our remaining forces into this battle. Either we all perish or we kill Ji Chen and claim the bounty, only then can we make up for our losses and even go further!

Even if the enemy is a demon... we’ll make sure to squeeze the life out of them!!

The enemy's main force must have been engaged by the large army, so we'll go around the flat beach from the shore and head straight for the heart of the matter!"

As long as we capture the enemy lord, everything will turn for the better!"

The players stared in astonishment at the somewhat crazed Wu Lun, their minds wavering.

Indeed, they still had a portion of their forces that hadn't been deployed due to previous allocations. If they could truly succeed in a surprise attack to capture the enemy lord as Wu Lun described, it could change everything...

At this moment, a voice, extremely gloomy and with a touch of madness, spoke up.

"I agree with your proposal. I'm willing to commit the remaining four teams of a hundred men!

Today, it's either Ji Chen dies, or we perish!"

The player who spoke was the one who had sent the Forest Barbarians, and he was the only one whose entire force had been wiped out.

In the hands of that Barbarian chieftain, there was even his only 3-star artifact!

In terms of sunk costs, he suffered the most loss!

Seeing his immediate response, Wu Lun seized the opportunity, "I'm also sending out all eight hundred-man squads of the remaining third-tier units!"

With the strongest two players showing their determination, the others quickly gained some confidence and voiced their agreement.

"I'm in too, I don't believe we can't kill that player!"

"Damn it, all in! Either we get rich or we lose everything!"

However, one of the players hesitated and seemed tempted but ultimately shook his head, saying, "I'll pass, I don't want this bounty.."

Chapter 499: Gambler, Another Massacre, You're Too Despicable!

After saying this, he didn't pay attention to the others, and he even abandoned the attacking army, leading the remaining troops to leave this sorrowful place.

Anyway, the troops he had sent were Muck Dwellers. Although their numbers were large, the recruitment cost for this unit wasn't particularly high, and he could bear such losses.

What's even more significant was that he had a feeling that Ji Chen, the player in question, was much stronger than he appeared at the moment. While he was already formidable, one player's army could hold its own against a force of twenty thousand troops.

But this no longer concerned him. He felt it was better to return to his territory and rest.

As Wu Lun watched the player's departing figure, he was slightly annoyed by the player's lack of gratitude, but he didn't care much. This departure included him and twenty other players.

After organizing the remaining forces into teams, they took a quick look. Although the quality was certainly not as good as before, they all averaged at Tier 3, 5-star units, and the quantity reached four thousand units, which was enough to deal with the enemy's defense gaps in the rear.

In addition to the troops, they reluctantly revealed some of their hidden cards, just in case Ji Chen had any tricks up his sleeve.

The second army was roughly divided into two teams, with a centurion appointed for every hundred soldiers, and each team had a thousand-man commander.

Under the hopeful gazes of many players, the teams slowly disappeared into the fog.

They carefully bypassed the frontlines, moving along the coastline of the peninsula like rats sneaking around for food, silently feeling their way along the shores.

The fog quickly engulfed them, reducing visibility to just over ten meters. They couldn't see the formation of the teams in front and behind, relying solely on following the friendly forces ahead.

The surroundings suddenly fell silent. Even the screams from the middle of the abandoned town, which had never stopped, became much quieter. All they could hear clearly were the tides crashing against the coast and the sound of their footsteps on the moist, soft sand.

No one knew how far they had gone. The centurion leading the way could only follow the contours of the mudflats, groping forward.

As for the originally orderly formation behind them, due to the terrain and the fog, it had stretched out like a sausage.

The centurion at the front lowered his footsteps, widening his eyes as he looked ahead. When he saw a dilapidated fishing boat stranded on the mudflat, his face suddenly lit up.

The position of this dilapidated fishing boat was on the west side of the abandoned town, which meant that they had already bypassed the front lines and arrived in the rear of the enemy!

Just as he was about to turn his head to signal the army to prepare for the attack, he suddenly noticed more than a dozen figures slowly emerging from the fog ahead, each of them about the height of a child, holding a slender object that was narrow at the top and wide at the bottom in their hands.

After a moment of daze, his pupils contracted sharply, and he shouted in a sharp and harsh tone, "Enemies—"

Before he could finish his sentence, more than a dozen metallic creations shot out from the dense fog, turning him into a hedgehog.

From within the fog came a sharp and piercing sound, like the shrill cries of a nightmare from the deep sea, imposing immense pressure on everyone.

But in just a few short seconds, like machine gun bullets, hundreds of metallic creations pierced through the mist and shot towards them. It was only then that they could see that these were extremely sharp tridents!

Whether at the front or in the middle of the formation, they were now under a fierce attack. They looked around in panic, surrounded by thick fog, completely unaware of the exact location of the enemy!

They felt as if tridents were flying over their heads, and while each strike might not necessarily cause harm, it inflicted tremendous psychological pressure on them.

Centurions attempted to organize their forces to counterattack, but the archers fired in the direction of the attacks. However, the arrows seemed to disappear into a quagmire, with no feedback whatsoever, not even a hint of the enemy's groans.

Many brave units, under the centurions' organization, moved forward in the direction of the incoming attacks, but even as they stepped into the icy sea water, they still couldn't see the enemy's appearance.

It turned out that the enemy was launching their attacks from the surface of the sea!

This revelation left them dumbfounded. They were all land-based units, and the only sea race unit had already been wiped out.

The sudden and terrifying attack, coupled with the enormous casualties and the feeling of helplessness in the face of an enemy they couldn't counter, injected fear and powerlessness into their hearts. Their morale plummeted to rock bottom.

As their morale plummeted below the critical point, uncontrolled routs began to occur.

Some of them ran in the direction of the incoming attack, while others, in their panic, fled in the opposite direction, taking refuge in the nearby ruins of the small town. Regardless of how the captains and centurions tried to stop and organize them, it was all in vain.

Even they themselves were among the fleeing group.

Coincidentally, a similar scene unfolded on the other side of the peninsula.

However, the Naga Legion, who heard the commotion, quickly responded by dispatching two White Common-Tier Naga heroes, each leading a hundred-man squad, for support.

Those player units that had rushed into the ruins of the town quickly encountered these Hell Messengers, who were covered in blood, with broken flesh hanging from their bone blades.

Another massacre began.

On the high ground.

Listening to the screams of agony and fearful cries coming from both sides along the coast, Wu Lun's face completely lost its color, turning deathly pale, and his eyes were filled with disbelief..

Chapter 500: Gambler, Another Massacre, You're Too Despicable! (3)

"How is this possible?"

Could it be that the other side had already guessed his plan? Otherwise, it's impossible for the second team to be attacked so fiercely right after entering!

Damn it, what kind of opponent was he facing?

Not only did they have a powerful army, but they also had a superior strategy.

Wu Lun admitted that he was finally feeling a hint of regret now. He shouldn't have gotten involved in this mess from the beginning, or he should have cut his losses in time!

Thinking about the two thousand units of troops smashed into this abandoned town, a trace of pain flashed in his eyes.

Upon hearing this commotion, the other dozen or so players also began to realize something, looking dazed and unrepentant.

Several of them angrily approached Wu Lun, grabbing him and shouting,

“Damn it, it’s all your lousy idea. You compensate me for the losses in troop units!”

“Do you think you can act all high and mighty without the strength to back it up!? I’ve been fed up with your pretentious attitude for a long time!”

Wu Lun pushed them away forcefully, taking two steps back, coldly scanning the surroundings.

“You want to reap benefits without making sacrifices? That’s not how the world works.

In this world, the strong get everything, and the losers know nothing. You should be prepared for that.

Instead of blaming me, you should blame your own weakness!”

The other players were taken aback, their anger rising, and they were about to roll up their sleeves to teach this fool a lesson.

Wu Lun’s lips curled into a cold smile as he took out a round metal object, saying, “Are you sure you want to fight? Once I press this button, the gnome alchemical gold compression bomb in my hand can blow up everything within a hundred-meter radius.

Since you don’t want to live, I’ll accompany you.”

The players who were about to charge forward suddenly froze, their dry throats swallowing hard. “You madman!”

Wu Lun didn’t care, and instead, he burst into laughter.

“Hahaha! So what if I’m a madman? In this screwed-up world, only madmen can survive better!”

He then glanced deeply at the ruins still shrouded in thick fog and made a silent vow in his heart: he would definitely seek revenge on Ji Chen in the future!

However, just as he was about to turn and leave, a figure suddenly appeared behind him, pounced on him, and Wu Lun was caught off guard, falling to the ground. The alchemical bomb in his hand rolled away with a gurgling sound.

A crowd of people watched in astonishment as two figures dressed in night cloaks and wearing bat masks pinned Wu Lun down tightly.

An older player slowly stepped forward, carefully picked up the alchemical bomb, and smiled lightly at everyone.

“Fortunately, I had a contingency plan in place and had these two Black Bat Assassins lurking nearby, or we might have been killed by this madman.”

The expressions of the others changed.

This old man with bushy eyebrows and big eyes had said that he sent all his troops out, right?

Why did he leave two of them behind, and they turned out to be such sneaky assassins?

They suddenly felt their butts clenching.

Fortunately, this madman was stopped, so they didn’t say anything, just looked mockingly at Wu Lun, who was pinned to the ground.

However, at this moment, another unexpected event occurred.

Two blood-red cold glows suddenly appeared in the nearby woods, instantly hitting the two Black Bat Assassins, and a bloody mist burst out, covering the ground in an instant.

Before they could react, a hundred-strong team of werewolves rushed out of the woods, protecting Wu Lun behind them.

The latter got up from the ground, not caring about the blood on his face, and vented his anger by kicking the corpses of the Black Bat Assassins a few times, looking at the older player with resentment.

“You damn guy, since you want to die, then I’ll fulfill your wish!”

“Frost, tear these stink bugs apart for me!”

A muscular werewolf hero, much larger than the average werewolf, immediately howled, ready to go on a rampage.

The other players’ faces turned green instantly. Why is he taking it out on us when he’s the one after you!?

And, you’re even more shameless, hiding a hundred-person team, and there’s even a White Common-Tier hero among them!

You’re too despicable!

The older player, who was being coldly stared at by the werewolf hero, looked panicked but suddenly saw the gnome-compressed alchemical bomb he was holding in his hand, and his eyes lit up.

They immediately lifted him up and said, “If you dare to come any closer, I’ll detonate the bomb. Your hero might be able to withstand it, but can you?”

Wu Lun hesitated for a moment, and his mouth visibly twitched.

Damn it, why did he foolishly take out the bomb? He could have just let the remaining hundred-person team finish them off!

Wu Lun felt regret for the second time today.

But the others were instantly on edge, trying to persuade him.

“Brother, don’t be so impulsive, we can work things out!”

“Big brother, please don’t tremble, don’t actually set it off.”

Although they had some cards to save their lives, none of them had one that could instantly escape a hundred-meter radius.

If they were blown up by this bomb, it would be too frustrating.

Just as the group of people were in a stalemate, the last sound in the abandoned town suddenly disappeared, and the entire peninsula became incredibly quiet.

Whether it was Wu Lun or the others, their faces slightly changed, and cold sweat dripped from their foreheads.

A thought rose in their hearts simultaneously.

Damn it, they almost forgot that there was an even more terrifying enemy there..