

Ocean Lord 501

Chapter 501: Wasteland Guild, What's Going On?

"I think we should temporarily cease the hostilities for now; otherwise, it will be troublesome if Ji Chen catches up."

Wu Lun gazed at the abandoned town, now immersed in silence, his eyes flickering with apprehension and a hint of deep fear.

After a moment, he suppressed all his emotions, clenched his teeth, and said, "Everyone, retreat!"

Seeing Wu Lun leading his last hundred-man squad away, including the player who had obtained the alchemical bomb, everyone else breathed a sigh of relief.

However, their faces were filled with frustration and regret.

This time, they had truly suffered losses. Not only did they fail to receive a single coin of reward, but also the army they brought with them had been decimated here.

Without even a single unit to protect them, they were unsure if they could safely return to their territory in the face of the threats from the wildlife in the forest along the way.

Just as they sighed heavily and contemplated leaving as soon as possible, several high-pitched eagle cries suddenly echoed from above, carrying a soul-piercing force. High-speed objects swiftly streaked across the sky.

These were several formations composed of giant eagles, massive in size with wingspans of six to seven meters, each carrying an archer wielding a longbow.

Then, at the far end of the plain on the high ground, a black line suddenly appeared, causing the ground to tremble.

Several heavy cavalry formations charged forward with terrifying momentum, their silver armor gleaming in the sunlight.

Following them were various formations of races and diverse soldiers, including human infantry, archers, and heavy shield bearers, as well as orc heavy infantry, wolf cavalry, orc shamans, and elemental creatures.

Each formation ranged from a few hundred to over a thousand soldiers, and they occupied half of the grassland, with hundreds of formations maintaining their basic formations while advancing. This made the army look disciplined and imposing.

Thousands of various flying units soared in the sky, flying low over the army from both sides, stirring up countless blades of grass and dust.

They also saw a logistics convoy following the army, with pack horses pulling dozens of unassembled war machines, including catapults and expensive siege equipment, such as heavy bed crossbows.

Looking at this awe-inspiring army and recalling their previous losses, it was clear that they were not on the same level in terms of organization and power.

One group was the forest bandits armed with only a few birdshot cannons, while the other was a proper army with firearms... At least they were at the level of a pseudo-military.

They gaped in astonishment as they watched this massive army slowly approach them. The air was filled with a palpable sense of battle as if it had already enveloped them.

“Is this... the large guilds?”

There was no doubt about it.

Yes, it was the main army.

Zunong, dressed in high-quality equipment and riding a group of Bass Kingdom warhorses, looked ahead and asked, “Where are we now?”

One of his trusted subordinates replied respectfully, “Guild Leader, according to the information from the aerial reconnaissance team, we are almost at our destination. It should be behind the high ground up ahead.”

Zunong nodded and gave orders, “Send three teams of a thousand troops to clear the left and right forests of the grassland. Don’t let any players get close. We will temporarily halt here in this plain.

Also, send two aerial reconnaissance teams and one land-based team of a thousand soldiers to thoroughly scout the hiding place of the player named Ji Chen and investigate the surrounding terrain and structures.”

“Yes!” the subordinate player nodded. However, he looked a bit puzzled and said, “Guild Leader, do we need to be so cautious? After all, no matter how strong that player is, he’s just one person.

Although this bounty came suddenly, we managed to gather nearly two hundred members, and our combined forces are more than enough to easily overpower him.”

Zunong smiled and shook his head.

“When a lion pounces on a rabbit, it still needs to use its full strength. That player, no matter how strong he may be, must have some extraordinary abilities if the Bass Kingdom’s Marshal Russell issued a bounty for him. We mustn’t take him too lightly, to avoid being marked by a few minor scratches.

Besides, I heard from some friendly indigenous people that this bounty is likely related to the significant defeat of the Bass Kingdom in Feiguang City.”

The subordinate player looked curious.

Although news of the Bass Kingdom’s major defeat in Feiguang City had spread, Marshal Russell had not publicly disclosed the specifics of what happened in that battle, perhaps to save face.

All they knew was that a powerful force had intervened in the battle, helping the defenders of Feiguang City defeat the attacking Bass Kingdom army, even capturing the Eighth Fleet.

“Could it be that the player named Ji Chen is the force behind that victory?”

Zunong shook his head decisively and said, “How could one player possibly determine the outcome of a war between indigenous kingdoms and the kingdom? Don’t you think that’s beyond their capabilities?”

That player is probably involved in something that has made the Bass Kingdom feel disgusted but doesn’t want to go to great lengths to deal with it. Or perhaps he is hiding under the protection of the Leinhart Grand Duchy.

That’s why they issued a bounty for us Glory Lords, to clean up this little trouble.”

Although their Wasteland Guild now had hundreds of members and a combined force exceeding seven digits, they were still fragile compared to kingdom-level powers like the Bass Kingdom and Leinhart in terms of combat strength and resources.

So, how could a single player able to take on the Bass Kingdom when the Wasteland Guild couldn’t?

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So, since he established the guild, he had always adhered to the principle of attaching himself to the big tree.

In simpler terms, it was like being a lapdog for the Kingdom of Bass, and in return, they received the resources and supplies the guild needed to grow.

Although this submissive behavior of theirs was looked down upon by many players and guilds, Zunong didn’t care at all.

Even Goujian was willing to bide his time and endure hardships to seek revenge for his country. Why couldn’t he swallow his pride and live a better life in this world?

Now, they had become the most trusted player guild under Marshal Russell and the most powerful guild in the Kingdom of Bass, far surpassing others in terms of strength.

As long as they continued to grow step by step, they would eventually become the most powerful player guild in the Northern Continent, and perhaps even in the entire world. They would expand their territory in this world, and maybe even establish their own kingdom!

A faint ambition flickered in Zunong’s eyes.

Upon hearing this, his trusted subordinate nodded in understanding.

“It should be just as you said, Chairman. Those native aristocrats are always too proud to get their hands dirty, so they need us to handle some of the things in the shadows.”

As he spoke, he seemed to remember something and spoke with a hint of excitement in his voice.

“I heard Marshal Russell say that if we can complete this bounty, assist the Kingdom of Bass in capturing Feiguang City, and eliminate Lienhardt, he will not only grant you an honorary title of glory but also request the king to reward us with a city as our headquarters.”

Zunong's heart rate quickened slightly.

A city with a spacious land area, complete infrastructure, and strong defenses, all belonging to the native inhabitants, was the reason he was so eager to take on this bounty.

This would be the starting point for him to achieve his ultimate ambition!

This time, he brought so many members and troops all the way here, not only for the bounty but also to prepare for cooperation with the regular army of the Kingdom of Bass in the future.

Thinking of this, his gaze became resolute.

No matter what, that player named Ji Chen must die! No one can stop him from achieving his great ambition!

Soon, the thousand-person team responsible for scouting the highlands returned with a hundred werewolves and twenty players. Faced with Zunong's suspicion, the leader of this team pointed at them and said.

"Report to the Chairman, we found these players and werewolves on the highlands. They said they came here for the bounty as well. However, their troops have already been taken out by the target of the bounty."

Zunong looked at the twenty players, their faces filled with unease, and a trace of hostility flashed in his eyes.

These small-time solo players still want to compete with him for the bounty? Are they tired of living or something?

But when he heard the last sentence, he suppressed his displeasure and casually asked.

"Your troops were taken out by a player named Ji Chen?"

Wu Lun wore a pleasing smile on his face as he spoke first, "Yes, but we were just about to leave."

Zunong glanced at Wu Lun, a hint of disdain in his eyes. "Twenty people were wiped out by one person. It seems your strength isn't much either."

Wu Lun's expression froze, and he could only put on an awkward yet polite smile, nodding repeatedly. "You're right, we're nothing special at all. But with someone like you around, that player named Ji Chen won't be so arrogant anymore."

On the surface, he appeared cheerful, but inside, he was cursing.

Just a little over ten minutes ago, as he was finally giving up and leading his remaining hundred-man team out of the bounty mission, they suddenly collided with a massive army as soon as they descended from the high ground.

If he hadn't desperately explained that they were also bounty players, these few remaining werewolf units would probably have been taken down as monsters.

Seeing Wu Lun's timid and weak appearance, Zunong lost interest and asked dryly, "Since you've already clashed with that Ji Chen, how many troops does he have?"

“Uh...” They exchanged glances, looking quite embarrassed, and stuttered, “Ji Chen’s hiding place is shrouded in thick fog, and we have no idea how many troops he has...”

Zunong frowned deeply, showing clear disdain in his eyes.

Indeed, they were a bunch of trash who didn’t even know the enemy’s troop strength.

He lost interest in continuing the conversation and waved his hand dismissively as if shooing away a fly.

“I’ll let all of you witness the strength of our Wasteland Guild. A player who tried to steal a few small advantages will get to witness how I crush him under my foot.”

“Lord, those players have already left... but a much larger army has arrived, with a wide variety of unit types, seemingly the player guild you mentioned.” Ji Chen nodded. “How many troops do they have?”

“There are approximately forty legions of ten thousand, including five legions of heavy cavalry and five legions of aerial units with a thousand people each. We haven’t detected any ocean units yet, but it’s highly unlikely they have any.

There’s also a group of heavy bed crossbows and siege engines behind them,” Alice added.

Forty legions of ten thousand troops.

Ji Chen clicked his tongue, truly acknowledging the power of a guild.

They easily assembled four hundred thousand troops, proving the guild’s formidable organizational strength and demonstrating the concept of strength in numbers, which was common in many online games.

Like many online games, most solo players were no match for guilds. Even if they had elite units, guilds could overwhelm them with relatively less elite forces, thanks to their sheer numbers..

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In addition, the guild could organize manpower and resources to complete a plan or a specific goal at any time, something that solo players couldn’t compare with.

Seeing so many enemies, Ji Chen felt that the battlefield he had set up seemed a bit small.

But he had to make do with it.

So, this is the guild... let’s show them what we’re made of?

Zunong stood on a high ground, looking at the distant peninsula shrouded in mist, and the ruins of a small town that was faintly visible in the vast whiteness. He furrowed his brow slightly.

At this moment, he somewhat doubted whether these dense fog was intentionally set by the enemy.

However, he had no worries at all.

This area was probably not even big enough to accommodate a hundred thousand people, and they had a total force of four hundred thousand. It would be a piece of cake to take down a single player.

With this in mind, Zunong didn't want to waste any more time. After completing this bounty, he had to rush to Feiguang City to join forces with the Bass Kingdom's army.

He immediately gave orders.

“Send a thousand Minotaurs, seven thousand Heavy Infantry, a thousand Blood Wolves, and three thousand Crossbowmen for fire support.

Three hours from now, I want to see the head of that player named Ji Chen.”

“Yes, Sir!”

A formation of ten thousand five hundred troops advanced slowly, organized into arrays of a hundred soldiers each.

Leading the way in the center were human Heavy Infantry wearing armor and wielding longswords and shields. Following them were Crossbowmen with powerful crossbows. On the flanks were giant wolves with dark green fur, each about two meters long.

What was truly astonishing was the Minotaur warriors at the front. They possessed explosive muscles like solid rocks, wielding giant axes the size of washbasins, and exhaling heavy breaths from their noses.

With a Tier 4, 7-star strength, they were a nightmare for most enemies.

Even among the Wasteland Guild, Minotaur warriors were considered advanced units, with only a few dozen members having their recruitment camp. These four thousand Minotaur warriors were more than capable of breaking through the defenses of five times their number of ordinary troops.

Among them, there was also a blue-excellent-tier hero leading them, and his direct deployment confirmed Zunong's intention to end the battle as quickly as possible.

Wu Lun and his gang, who had been pushed to the side, were now filled with excitement and anticipation as they witnessed this scene.

Was Ji Chen finally going to face retribution? He had caused their entire army to be wiped out, and now he would probably receive a similar punishment!

Hoo~

The Minotaur warriors, wielding giant axes, roared in anger and led a swift charge across the grassland. The Blood Wolves on both flanks also moved with rapid and agile steps, transforming into dark specters. Both forces quickly separated from the main army and rushed towards the abandoned town.

According to the plan, they would use their formidable breakthrough abilities to disrupt the enemy's defenses, and then the human Heavy Infantry and Crossbowmen would enter the battlefield to deal with the already disarrayed foes.

However...

Just as they were about two to three hundred meters away from the abandoned town, hundreds of blue rays of light suddenly appeared within the town, breaking through the layers of fog and falling like raindrops, evenly sprinkling on the spacious grassland.

Boom!

As if hundreds of alchemical bombs had exploded simultaneously, a violent surge of magical energy swept out in all directions, cutting and striking the Minotaur warriors and Blood Wolves as if they were rolling knives.

Amidst the blue radiance, large pieces of torn flesh and blood sprayed out, causing more than a thousand Minotaur warriors and five hundred Blood Wolves to fall under this wave of attacks. Zunong, who was sitting comfortably on the high ground, almost sprayed out the water he had just drunk.

What the hell was going on!?

Chapter 504: Sneak Attack While the War Is Going On!

The group led by Wu Lun was dumbfounded. How come they hadn't encountered such an attack before?

A vague suspicion began to form in their minds. Could it be that what Ji Chen had shown earlier wasn't his full power?

Spells with blue-glowing arrows continuously emerged from the mist.

The grassy area, only a few hundred meters wide, was bombarded by spells like the Normandy landing, with magical arrows falling like raindrops and exploding with frenzied energy upon impact.

A Minotaur warrior and a Blood Wolf were blown to pieces on their charge, rising into the air amidst the dust and debris.

In the brief moment of shock, casualties began to mount.

Zunong's face grew darker. He hadn't expected Ji Chen to have such firepower. Even the Minotaur warriors couldn't withstand this kind of magical bombardment. But he also knew that they couldn't stop now.

This was the time to keep charging. Only by letting the Minotaur warriors and Blood Wolves charge into the abandoned town to distract the enemy could the following forces avoid being harassed.

Although the damage caused by the magical arrows was astonishing, there was a cooldown between each release. The Minotaur warriors quickly noticed this and took advantage of the intervals to hide behind scattered deadwood and rocks.

While this couldn't completely negate the power of the bombardment, it slowed it down significantly, enough to prevent them from being wiped out in a single round.

However, as they once again endured the bombardment and continued running with awkward steps, a new wave of arrow rain suddenly appeared in the mist. Compared to the magical arrows, these were thinner, with a faint blue spiral tail.

The Minotaur warriors, who were focused on charging, were caught off guard and turned into sieves.

Zunong's face grew even darker, and there was anger in his tone.

"Bring up the bed crossbows and catapults for me."

One of his trusted subordinates nodded and waved to the rear.

Soon, dozens of catapults and heavy bed crossbows were pulled up by giant bulls with long horns, arranged in a single-file formation on the high ground.

"Target the outer edge of the abandoned town, adjust the parameters."

"Parameters adjusted!"

"Load the ammunition."

"Ammunition loaded!"

Watching his subordinates cleanly and efficiently complete the firing preparations, Zunong's expression improved slightly. He slowly raised his hand and then waved it down abruptly.

"Fire!"

The sound of the bowstrings being released suddenly rang out, and hundreds of thick and long crossbow bolts, along with over a hundred half-head-sized stones, shot out and fell into the dense fog.

The previously intense arrow rain suddenly cleared.

Zunong's expression showed a hint of satisfaction, knowing that the enemy's long-range firepower had been affected. He shouted loudly.

"Infantry of a thousand, accelerate forward!"

"Crossbowmen of a thousand, provide fire support as soon as you reach range!"

The Minotaur warriors, who had been wounded by the arrow rain earlier, now saw that the enemy's firepower had suddenly diminished. They roared in anger and put all their strength into their legs, charging forward.

They would use their axes to chop these damn enemies who only knew how to shoot arrows from hiding in the fog into two!

The heavy infantry unit and crossbowmen unit that had been waiting all this time finally began to move.

Under the cover of bed crossbows and catapults, they slowly advanced towards the small town.

When three groups of crossbowmen with a thousand men each reached firing range, they immediately loaded their crossbows and, under the command, all released their triggers at once.

The spectacle of the arrow rain formed by three thousand crossbow bolts was quite impressive. The sky seemed to have a black cloud descending as if even the dense fog had been pierced.

Under such an onslaught, the hidden firepower within the mist suddenly faltered, and right after that, Minotaur warriors and Blood Wolves plunged into the small town, disappearing into the fog.

Seeing this scene, Zunong also relaxed.

The battle was decided.

As long as they closed the distance and prevented Ji Chen's long-range firepower from taking effect, the Minotaur warriors, invincible in close combat with the support of the Blood Wolves, would surely be able to pierce through the enemy lines. Then the heavy infantry and crossbowmen could come in to finish the job.

Yes, it was perfect.

Seeing Zunong looking relaxed and content, Wu Lun couldn't help but remind him.

"Lord Zunong, it's impossible for Ji Chen to be so easily dealt with. We sent tens of thousands of troops to attack before, and we couldn't even make a dent."

"That's because it's you guys." Zunong sneered. "All of us in the Wasteland Guild are elite troops, not like your trashy units."

Wu Lun and his companions were furious but chose to keep their anger to themselves. In their hearts, they silently cursed Zunong and wished he could fall under Ji Chen, resulting in the loss of tens of thousands of lives before he realized the gravity of the situation.

But they didn't believe that Ji Chen could survive under the encroachment of the Wasteland Guild's hundreds of thousands of troops.

Today, this player who had caught the attention of the Bass Kingdom was likely to meet his end in this abandoned town.

However, it wasn't in vain for Ji Chen to come to this world, considering that he could make so many people care about him.

Nevertheless, they noticed that Zunong's expression was visibly souring, as if he had just witnessed something unfavorable.

In Zunong's line of sight, the system was sending a flurry of notifications.

The Minotaur warriors who had charged into the abandoned town were being slaughtered in large numbers.

Damn it, how could this be different from what he had expected!?

Wasn't it supposed to be the Minotaur warriors slaughtering the enemy on their own?

Remembering what he said to Wu Lun and his group earlier, Zunong felt like his face was on fire, and he said with a fierce tone.

"A thousand-strong heavy infantry, get in there as soon as possible and help the thousand-strong Minotaur warriors tear through the enemy lines!"

In the small town.

One-sided slaughter was indeed taking place, but it was the Naga Guardians unilaterally slaughtering the Minotaur warriors. The former had a tier as high as Tier 5 3-star, while the latter were only Tier 4 7-star. In between, there was a one-tier difference and a 7-star disparity in strength, creating a vast gap in combat power..

Chapter 505: Sneak Attack During the War! (2)

In addition, with the Naga Guardians boasting several hero units to suppress the situation, their advanced combat power far surpassed that of the Minotaur Warriors. Even if the Wasteland Guild was wealthy, it was challenging to equip every Minotaur Thousand-Man Unit with hero units.

“Hooo—”

The Minotaur Warrior roared angrily at the Naga Guardians in front of him, wielding his enormous axe and striking with all his might. This attack had enough force to shatter a rock. However, the Naga Guardians merely raised their left bone blade to intercept this powerful strike. Simultaneously, their right bone blade swung, swiftly beheading the massive Minotaur.

Under the bombardment of spells, the Minotaur Warriors and Blood Wolves who had managed to rush in were draining their last drops of blood beneath the bone blades.

Just a few minutes later, the small town had once again returned to tranquility.

“Lord, the enemy’s Minotaurs and Blood Wolves have all been eliminated, but seven Thousand-Man Units of Heavy Infantry and three Thousand-Man Units of Crossbowmen are entering.”

Ji Chen nodded with a smile as if everything was under control.

“Seize this opportunity while the enemy is vulnerable and launch a few waves of spell bombardment and arrow rain at them.”

“Yes!!”

The Water Nymph Archers and Silver Sea Pixies, lurking in the ruins, quickly reached their firing positions after receiving the command. They waved their wands and drew their bows.

The seven thousand-man Units of Heavy Infantry, who were running on the grassy field, were suddenly stunned by this unexpected attack. Wasn’t it said that the Minotaur Warriors had already drawn the enemy’s ranged firepower?

How could there be such a massive counterattack?

Spells and arrows rained down like artillery shells on the grassy field, soil, and grass blades scattered everywhere, and small stones flew overhead like shrapnel, hitting helmets and armor.

Such intense firepower could only be unleashed by Thousand-Man Units of spellcasting units!

The morale of the Heavy Infantry, who were suffering significant casualties, was rapidly declining. If it weren’t for a Green Elite-Tier hero among them commanding and boosting their morale, many Heavy Infantry would have probably stopped advancing by now.

Observing the direction of the incoming attacks, the Green Elite-Tier hero from the Wasteland Guild shouted loudly.

“Crossbowmen, counterattack towards the middle of the town!”

The three subsequent Thousand-Man Units of Crossbowmen immediately formed up and raised their heavy crossbows at a 45-degree angle to the sky. They decisively pulled the triggers, causing a cloud of arrows to sweep across the sky and rain down into the thick fog.

However, the Water Nymph Archers and Silver Sea Pixies had already taken cover again under the command. The bolts fell from the sky at an angle, but they pinned into the dense rubble and ruins, raising some dust but achieving no discernible results.

“Guild Leader, I haven’t received any kill notifications.”

“Me neither.”

Several members from the Wasteland Guild who had dispatched the three Thousand-Man Units of Crossbowmen shook their heads in response.

Zunong’s expression grew increasingly grim. So far, they hadn’t even managed to eliminate a single unit of Ji Chen’s forces!

In fact, they didn’t even know what those units looked like!

Those four thousand-strong teams of Minotaur warriors and one thousand-strong pack of Blood Wolves were like big, meaty dumplings, gone without a trace.

In just this half-hour, they had lost more than 7,000 units of troops without gaining even a hint of accomplishment.

Was this reasonable!?

Watching as the Thousand-Man Units of Heavy Infantry, mixed with the Thousand-Man Units of Crossbowmen, had already entered the small town, Zunong could only have the bed crossbows and catapults temporarily cease fire, hoping that these few units could bring him some surprises.

The Heavy Infantry and Crossbowmen units were roughly organized in a 3:1 ratio, forming groups of a hundred soldiers each. They proceeded slowly on the roads of the abandoned town. The Heavy Infantry carried shields and longswords, while the Crossbowmen held loaded heavy crossbows with alert expressions, scanning the thick fog around them.

However, to their surprise and bewilderment, from the entrance all the way to the central square of the small town, there was no sign of any enemies along the way, except for corpses covering the ground and the strong smell of blood.

Even the vigilant hero among the Wasteland Guild’s Heavy Infantry was puzzled when he saw this scene.

Had the enemy already fled?

Thinking this, he gestured for the troops to continue forward.

Passing through the town square, there were no more bodies on the ground. The soldiers who had attacked this place earlier had been wiped out before reaching the town square. They were the first batch of visitors on the path ahead.

Hundreds of groups of a hundred soldiers were densely scattered on the town's roads and ruins. Once one of them was attacked by the enemy, nearby groups would quickly provide support.

The hero of the Wasteland Guild's Heavy Infantry, Ulu, kept a close watch on the front. Suddenly, he saw about a dozen shadows and was on the verge of giving the order to attack, but he restrained himself.

These shadows emerged from the mist – they were another group of allies.

Ulu let out a sigh of relief and furrowed his brow as he asked, "Didn't you find any enemies on your side?"

"No, the town's harbor is up ahead," replied the leading Centurion, looking somewhat frustrated. "Where could the enemy have gone? They can't have grown wings and flown away, right?"

Soon, other groups of a hundred soldiers from different routes also arrived and confirmed that they hadn't encountered any enemies.

Ulu was once again puzzled. They had thoroughly swept the entire abandoned town and found nothing. So where could the enemy be hiding?

As he faintly heard the sound of the sea not far away, his expression suddenly changed, and an idea popped into his mind.

Could it be that the enemy had entered the water and circled around behind them along the coastline?

To verify his guess, a thunderous battle erupted behind them suddenly.

Naga Guardians and Dragon Blood Murlocs leaped out of the sea from both sides of the peninsula, launching a lightning-fast assault on the flanks of the Wasteland Guild's Heavy Infantry and Crossbowmen.

At the same time, countless arrows rained down from the direction of the sea, scattering into the enemy ranks like a deluge.

In the previously dense white fog, flashes of red light suddenly appeared. Hundreds of red lightning orbs were hurled into the enemy ranks, unleashing branching lightning bolts of extreme intensity.

One lightning orb could injure or kill dozens of soldiers, leaving them either dead or wounded.

If viewed from the sky, one could see that the soldiers of the Wasteland Guild were surrounded from three directions. Their vulnerable flanks were perfectly exposed to the enemy's blades.

"Damn it! These cunning enemies!"

Ulu cursed as he listened to the continuous screams.

Just as he was about to lead reinforcements, not far behind, the sound of splashing water and heavy objects hitting the ground reached his ears.

Turning around to look, he saw massive and robust creatures emerging.

And Ulu finally saw the appearance of the enemy — sea serpent-headed creatures with double-edged weapons, and fish-like beings wielding tridents.

Enemies equivalent to the size of two hundred soldiers each leaped from the sea in the direction of the harbor, immediately launching a fierce attack on them.

Tridents struck with a preemptive force, instantly taking the lives of the first ten or so Heavy Infantry soldiers. Following that, two dazzling red lightning orbs exploded above them, covering dozens of Crossbowmen below, turning them into smoldering charred remains.

Next, the exceptionally robust serpent-tailed creatures charged forward in perfect coordination. They used their grim bone blades to cleave through the Heavy Infantry's shields, and with another swing, they sent soldiers and shields flying, landing as lifeless waste to the side.

On the high ground, as they watched the previously quiet town, there suddenly erupted a deafening roar of battle and explosions.

Zunong had a sense that something was amiss, especially when he saw the brilliant flashes that not even the dense fog could conceal. He couldn't hide his unease.

He immediately called for Wu Lun and his group and asked, "Apart from the current displayed combat abilities, is there anything else noteworthy about this player named Ji Chen?"

Wu Lun pondered for a moment, his gaze shifting to the town that was now ablaze, and his throat felt dry as he replied, "Apart from deploying our land-based units, we also sent a half-thousand strong sea-based unit previously, but... they were completely annihilated. It's likely that Ji Chen has access to a maritime or amphibious army."

Zunong's expression changed, and he cursed, "Why didn't you tell me about this earlier?"

Wu Lun looked somewhat aggrieved and said, "I was just about to mention it when you told me not to."

Upon reflection, Zunong realized that this was indeed the case, but it only fueled his frustration..

Chapter 506: Disperse the Fog, Release That Man, Let Me Do It!

Apart from the Knight Legion and the Tyrant Azure Dragon Legion, which couldn't land and lacked long-range firepower, therefore did not participate in the battle, the remaining four legions, without exception, joined the extermination battle against this combined force of over ten thousand heavy infantry and crossbowmen.

Before this, the Ocean Crown army made a deliberate choice to leave the abandoned town. They capitalized on their amphibious forces to slip into the sea, which created a clear path for Wasteland Guild soldiers to enter the town without any obstacles. From there, they mounted attacks from the sides and rear along the coastline.

From the current performance, this strategy was undoubtedly very successful.

The soldiers of the Wasteland Guild had no idea that the place they had previously scouted was suddenly swarming with enemies. Caught off guard, they were thrown into disarray.

Especially the frail crossbowmen who followed the heavy infantry, they were taken by surprise and some didn't even have a chance to fire a single crossbow bolt before their heads were chopped off.

"Damn it, how did these enemies get behind us!"

The soldiers of the Wasteland Guild were both shocked and angry. They formed small teams to counterattack, but it was practically futile. The Ocean Crown troops had an absolute advantage in terms of military strength, and their coordination was superior in every way.

Several heavy infantry raised their shields to form a simple defensive line, but the Naga Guardians paid no attention to their fancy formations. With a single stroke of their blades, they effortlessly split the shields and then proceeded to slaughter this heavy infantry one by one.

Hearing the sound of enemies all around them within the thick fog, and the cries of their comrades never ceased, the morale of the Wasteland Guild soldiers plummeted. They quickly fell below the critical point, with many of them discarding their armor and weapons in a state of panic, attempting to flee.

But on the road, they were pursued and hunted down, and in the end, only a small fraction of the soldiers managed to escape from the town.

Looking at the over ten thousand soldiers who had originally entered the town in an orderly manner, but now less than a thousand had escaped, even the Guild Leader, Zunong, couldn't bear it any longer.

Grabbing a soldier who had managed to escape, he angrily questioned, "How did you end up in this state!? How many enemies are there?"

The soldier whose collar was seized looked frightened and shook his head in confusion.

"I don't know. We've searched the entire abandoned town, but we don't know why the enemies suddenly appeared from behind us and on our flanks, completely breaking our formation.

I saw General Ulu being cut into two pieces by the enemy's hero..."

Seeing that he couldn't extract any more useful information, Zunong let go of the soldier, his expression incredibly gloomy as he gazed at the town still enveloped in fog.

Damn fog!

Damn Ji Chen!

If I ever catch you, I'll use the crudest torture on you!

So far, the Wasteland Guild had suffered losses of over fourteen thousand troops in this nameless abandoned town, and the damage inflicted on the enemy was surprisingly only in the single digits.

If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes today, he would never have believed that someone could incur such an outrageous casualty ratio.

Is this reasonable?

But the angrier and more puzzled Zunong felt, the more he realized he couldn't let his emotions control him.

He took a deep breath, calming his mind, and began to think.

The loss of fifteen thousand troops was not without value. At the very least, it gave him an understanding of the enemy's strength.

As he had said earlier, someone who could be the target of a bounty issued by the Kingdom of Bass must have extraordinary qualities.

Although these extraordinary qualities were shocking to the point of disbelief, Zunong knew he could no longer underestimate Ji Chen.

Otherwise, the significant loss of troops for the Wasteland Guild in this player would affect the future siege of Feiguang City, and in turn, his domination.

Contemplating the information from the returning soldiers and everything he had seen, Zunong began to weave a web of information in his mind.

He looked at the thin but still dense fog, a faint smile forming on his lips.

Since this fog greatly hindered their assault, why not disperse it?

Fortunately, the Wasteland Guild had recently acquired a team of wind-element mages. Perhaps they could use wind-based magic to dissipate the thick fog shrouding the town and expose the enemy in plain sight.

Without concealment, the bed crossbows, catapults, and long-range firepower could then exert their full killing potential.

"Spread my orders, let the wind mages take the field!"

"Use magic to blow away this damned fog for me!"

Hundreds of human mages in blue robes, wielding wooden staffs, formed a straight line on the high ground. They raised their staffs in unison and chanted incantations.

Soon, chilling gusts of wind were attracted from the horizon, swirling and spiraling in the sky before rushing forward.

Whoosh-

Breezes swept across the grasslands, picking up tufts of grass and the lingering scent of blood, all surging toward the abandoned town.

The thick milky fog, even after such an abrupt blow, gradually retreated toward the ocean, revealing the remnants of the town's buildings.

A spark of excitement gleamed in Zunong's eyes, and he exclaimed, "Increase the power of the spells! Don't worry about the mana consumption; we have plenty of mana potions!"

Hundreds of thousands of wind mages nodded in agreement, intensifying their magical output. On the grassland, it was as if a category-eight hurricane had swept through, rapidly driving the fog away.

Several minutes later, what had originally been just vague outlines of the abandoned town was now completely exposed to their view..

Chapter 507: Disperse the Fog, Release That Man, Let Me Do It! (2)

But what made the members of the Wasteland Guild collectively gasp in astonishment were the bodies that covered every inch of the ground. The casualties of the Wasteland Guild's soldiers, combined with the previous army of Wu Lun's, had reached over forty thousand in this nameless town.

This number was roughly equivalent to the population of an ordinary small town.

However, as they scanned their surroundings, they couldn't spot the player named Ji Chen. Instead, they saw the vague silhouettes of sea clan soldiers scattered among the ruins of buildings.

"I estimate that this player named Ji Chen has at most six thousand units hidden within this wreckage."

As the mist dissipated, members of the Wasteland Guild relied on their experience to estimate the enemy's troop size. However, as soon as these words were spoken, they were left speechless in astonishment.

Motherfucker, six thousand players attacking and annihilating forty thousand soldiers, four entire divisions, it had to be said that Ji Chen's army was truly formidable.

Although the distance was too great to discern the specific attributes of these diverse sea clan soldiers, the sight of their bodies, as if drenched in blood, sent a shiver down their spines.

This army was undeniably powerful!

"Guild Master, should we initiate artillery fire in advance to inflict as much damage as possible on the enemy before they deploy their troops?"

Zunong frowned and shook his head.

"We don't have much time left. Another army from the Kingdom of Bass is already on its way to Feiguang City. If we can't deal with Ji Chen quickly, we might miss the siege, and we can't afford the consequences of that.

Moreover, if the Kingdom of Bass sees that we haven't resolved this issue for so long, they may start to question our competence, which could be detrimental to the guild's future development."

His trusted aide nodded in agreement. The reason why the Wasteland Guild had grown to its current stature, possessing various resources that other guilds lacked, was all thanks to the support from the Kingdom of Bass.

Without that support, their situation would plummet.

Zunong gazed at the now-exposed town in the distance, suppressing the shadows of doubt in his heart, and gave the order.

"All bed crossbows and catapults, smash them with all your might!

Deploy the remaining three units of crossbowmen, two units of elemental mages, and two units of longbowmen, for continuous suppression and cover fire, keep the enemy pinned down!

Have other members send out their elite units, along with one unit of heavy infantry as the vanguard. We must ensure Ji Chen is trapped within this town!” “Yes!”

His trusted aide respectfully nodded and hurried off to make the arrangements.

In Zunong’s eyes, a hint of determination and ruthlessness flickered.

This time, he was truly going all out.

The minotaurs, blood wolves, heavy infantry, and crossbowmen previously sent out were collectively owned by the guild, recruited and supported with guild assets.

So even if they died, it wouldn’t cause too much heartache among the members.

However, the other force of the Wasteland Guild consisted of the private armies belonging to individual members. These elite troops, personally recruited and maintained by members themselves, were the true core of their strength and the guild’s true reserve.

The clarion call of war resounded once more.

One after another, diverse formations of thousand-member units marched forth. High-level vampires, advanced werewolves, heavy-armored halberdiers, Wasteland giant wolves, fire elemental creatures, and ogre-like beings...

Fourth-tier units were plentiful, and the combat power of these organized fourth-tier units was no less than that of the regular army of the Kingdom of Bass.

Each bed crossbow was drawn taut, launching hundreds of finely-crafted iron bolts into the sky, which plummeted down with enough force to penetrate rock. The trebuchets, on the other hand, rained stones upon the abandoned town like a celestial shower, further shattering the already dilapidated buildings.

Companies of crossbowmen and longbowmen fired in unison, sending forth a swarm of arrows, vowing to fill the entire ruins with projectiles.

Similarly, elemental mages held their staves high, sending dozens of fireballs soaring together.

Faced with such a concentrated barrage, even the well-defended Naga Guardians dared not confront it head-on. They sought refuge among the ruins, and other units cautiously hid behind cover, waiting for the bombardment to cease.

Under the cover of such overwhelming firepower, a legion of heavy infantry and numerous elite thousand-member units spread out across the grassland, advancing toward the small town.

Seeing that the enemy, under the relentless bombardment, couldn’t even lift their heads, Zunong nodded in satisfaction.

A hint of triumph gradually crept into his expression.

In the face of absolute power, nothing could halt their advance!

Their previous failures were simply due to their lack of vigilance.

Next, he intended to make Ji Chen, although they had never met in person, understand the might of the Wasteland Guild and the irreconcilable enmity they had incurred.

A few minutes ago.

Inside an abandoned seaside church at the rear of the small town.

Ji Chen gazed through shattered glass windows, observing as the mist that had enveloped the surroundings slowly dissipated under an unusually strong wind, a trace of surprise flashing in his eyes.

“Lord, it seems the enemy guild has used some wind-based magic to forcibly disperse the mist,” Alice deduced after inspecting the situation outside.

Ji Chen nodded without denial and pondered for a moment.

“Without the cover of the mist, we’ll be vulnerable to the enemy’s powerful long-range firepower. Moreover, the enemy won’t miss this opportunity and will likely deploy more troops and even more elite units.

Send my command: have our troops retreat behind cover to avoid incoming fire and be ready to counterattack any advancing enemies. If necessary, fall back into the ocean.

Except for the Naga Legion and Dragonblood Legion, all others should immediately return to the sea, awaiting my next orders.”

If it weren’t for the need to engage the players from the Kingdom of Bass, Ji Chen wouldn’t have risked placing the Ocean Crown army, which should be fighting in the sea, in a precarious land battle.

He stood here, like a piece of sweet-scented cake, aiming to attract as many enemy players as possible to this small peninsula and persist until players from the Lienhardt Grand Duchy’s camp arrived.

Just now, he learned from the forum that the Kingdom of Bass has increased the reward for the bounty from five million gold coins, one million rare resources, and ten 2-4-star treasures to twenty million gold coins, five million rare resources, twenty 2~4-star treasures, and one 5-star treasure.

Such a generous bounty, as he expected, immediately sparked a wave of discussions.

Countless players were curious about who this player named Ji Chen was and how he could make the Kingdom of Bass offer such a high price to have him killed.

Naturally, with the increase in the bounty, many players who had not originally planned to get involved in this matter started to consider it.

Especially the players from the Bass Kingdom camp, they rushed to the front lines in groups.

But this made the players from the Leinhardt camp extremely anxious. They needed some time to reach Feiguang City, and the problem was that they didn’t even know Ji Chen’s forum username, so they couldn’t contact him at all.

Moreover, under the threat of the Wu Lun’s group, there was no leak in the information about the battle here, which made them extremely anxious, wishing they could grow two more legs for a faster journey.

Because the Leinhardt Grand Duchy also issued a special commission to them.

[Special Commission]

[Commission Content]: Rescue the player [Ji Chen] at all costs.

[Commission Reward]: One hundred million gold coins, ten million units of rare resources, one 6-star treasure, the lordship and control of a town, honorary title,

[Note]: All losses in this rescue operation can be compensated.

When they saw the reward, they all went crazy.

One hundred million gold coins!!

Ten million units of rare resources!!

The lordship and control of a town!!

Even the ability to compensate for all losses during the operation!

What did Ji Chen do to make the Leinhardt Grand Duchy willing to spend so much to rescue him!?

Could it be that he hooked up with the daughter of the Grand Duke!?

At this moment, even the players who initially just wanted to watch the show couldn't sit still, and they immediately led their own armies to the front lines.

Release that man and let me handle it!!

The impact brought about by the protagonist of a bounty that affected two nations and tens of thousands of players was by no means limited to this..

Chapter 508: Boss' Wisdom, Seventy Thousand Troops, Bloodline Abilities

In a sea area hundreds of kilometers away, a large fleet of various ships, numbering over a hundred vessels, was sailing on the surface of the sea.

On the forefront of the fleet, l_Love_Black_Socks stood on the bow of a large ship. One foot clad in black socks was placed on the ship's railings, and her arms were crossed. She was blowing in the oncoming sea breeze with a satisfied and triumphant expression on her face.

At this moment, she felt like the Pirate Queen of the sea, ruling over the entire expanse of the ocean.

However, a sudden surge of waves rolled up, causing the entire ship to tremble abruptly.

l_Love_Black_Socks lost her balance in an instant and almost fell to the ground.

Her subordinate, the Kobold Strategist, looked at their leader's embarrassing situation and couldn't help but shake his head while holding his forehead.

l_Love_Black_Socks managed to steady herself, her face filled with embarrassment, and she coughed lightly.

"How much longer until we arrive?"

The Kobold Strategist replied, "It will probably take about two more days."

Two more days?

l_Love_Black_Socks felt a sense of urgency, and her brows furrowed involuntarily.

The Kobold Strategist hesitated for a moment and said, “Boss, do we really need to get involved in the conflict between the Kingdom of Bass and the Lienhardt Grand Duchy?”

I_Love_Black_Sockings glanced at him and asked, “Are you scared?”

The Kobold Strategist quickly nodded and said with a wry smile, “Of course, this is a war between two kingdom-level powers. Even if one side sneezes carelessly, it could blow us away.”

“Although we are going to support the Islander this time, he has indeed helped us a lot. But taking most of our forces with us seems like a huge risk...”

“No, taking risk is a form of wisdom,” I_Love_Black_Sockings said confidently, but she coughed lightly and explained when she saw the strange expression on her subordinate’s face.

“Rather than adding icing on the cake, it’s more impressive to send help when it’s most needed. The Islander is currently besieged by so many players, and he must be feeling overwhelmed.

If we show up like a godsend, and defeat the other players, the Islander will surely be very grateful. Hehe, at that time, we’ll have great benefits!”

The Kobold Strategist looked at I_Love_Black_Sockings, who was acting like a general, and twitched his lips. “But, Boss, how can you be sure that the Islander will survive this siege, even with our support...”

Currently, the forums are all saying that the Kingdom of Bass has increased the bounty several times. I don’t know how many players and guilds are eager to take his life in exchange for the reward. Our guild’s strength is not that strong compared to them.

I’m just afraid that by the time we get there, our troops will be wiped out, and the Islander will be gone, along with our resources.”

The Kobold Strategist’s concerns were valid. Not only were solo players getting involved, but many guilds from the Kingdom of Bass were also joining the siege to claim the bounty.

Although the King Kong Players’ Alliance, or the King Kong Island Guild, had developed quite well, with more than a hundred members, it was still far inferior compared to other guilds that were established on the prosperous continent with a higher starting point.

Facing the Kobold Strategist’s worries, I_Love_Black_Sockings raised her right index finger and shook it, wearing a mysterious expression on her face.

“Taking risk is a form of wisdom. If we continue to develop steadily like we do, we’ll likely never catch up with those large guilds in terms of growth speed.

This is when we need certain opportunities to enable us to overtake the curve.

Therefore!” I_Love_Black_Sockings suddenly raised her voice, startling the Kobold Strategist.

“This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. If we can quietly take a big bite of the fat and lucrative beast called the Kingdom of Bass, our guild will soar to new heights!

Becoming the most powerful guild in the Western Middle Ocean is not a problem, and we can even compete for supremacy in the Central Plains!”

Watching I_Love_Black_Sockings, who was full of enthusiasm and seemed to have a light in her eyes, the Kobold Strategist was stunned. He hadn’t expected that the boss would have such grand ambitions and such a keen mind. At that moment, a sense of admiration welled up in his heart.

This was the leader he served and believed in. She was the heroine who used various means to transform the initially cooperative King Kong Players’ Alliance into the authoritarian King Kong Island Guild.

I_Love_Black_Sockings smiled and patted the Kobold Strategist on the shoulder. “Believe in my vision, and trust in the Islander. He will definitely surprise everyone.”

At dusk.

Over a thousand soldiers of various types fled in panic from the ruins, not daring to look back, as if there were demons lurking inside the abandoned town, ready to devour them.

On the high ground, watching the failed attack once again, Zunon’s expression was somber, and his eyes revealed a mix of intricate emotions that were hard to put into words—anger, fear, and lingering resentment, among others.

His fists clenched tightly, and his fingernails seemed as though they would pierce his palms. Through gritted teeth, he managed to utter a sentence.

“I really don’t understand. It’s been a whole day, and with an entire force of seventy thousand troops, we still haven’t captured this tiny town? All of you aren’t done dealing with just a few thousand enemies? What are you all good for?!!”

The last sentence showed signs of emotional breakdown, and his almost raging tone made the other members lower their heads deeply, afraid to respond.

To be honest, they didn’t understand either.

That small town was like a voracious mouth. No matter how many troops they poured into it, what they ultimately got was not the triumphant shouts of victory but the mournful bugle of death and fleeing soldiers who had discarded their weapons and armor..

Chapter 509: Boss’ Wisdom, 70,000 Soldiers, Bloodline Ability (2)

Those enemies, numbering less than six thousand units, repeatedly thwarted their five waves of attacks, ultimately sacrificing seventy thousand troops. This amounted to one-fifth of the grand army they had deployed, and among them were elite troops painstakingly nurtured by guild members.

Even Zunon himself had sent two squads of elite troops, each comprising a thousand four-tier 6-star soldiers, into the fray. However, without exception, they all met their demise. Reflecting on the resources spent to cultivate these two squads, even Zunon, who was accustomed to vast resources, couldn’t help but feel a pang of regret.

One member cautiously spoke up, "Guild Leader, to eliminate so many elite troops, including your two squads of four-tier 7-star soldiers, it's highly likely that Ji Chen's army is on a different level from ours, possibly... fifth-tier troops."

The mention of fifth-tier troops caused everyone present to catch their breath.

If fourth-tier troops represented high-tier intermediate units, then fifth-tier troops undeniably belonged to the upper echelons.

At this level of troops, recruitment consumed not ordinary resources, but rather more valuable and rarer exotic resources.

The resources required to sustain a fifth-tier unit were equivalent to dozens of fourth-tier units.

In other words, only extremely wealthy and powerful individuals could afford to maintain fifth-tier troops, typically limited to native aristocrats.

Yet this player called Ji Chen had somehow managed to maintain six thousand fifth-tier troops?

Who was he exactly?

The bounty only provided his name and approximate location, revealing nothing about his background, identity, or strength.

After today's disastrous failure, these proud guild members couldn't help but ponder who Ji Chen really was. A player of such immense power couldn't remain anonymous for long.

"Motherfucker, we got played by those bastards," one member suddenly cursed under his breath.

Others understood whom he was cursing. The Kingdom of Bass certainly knew that a player named Ji Chen was no ordinary adversary, yet they hadn't disclosed what he had done in Feiguang City or the extent of his strength.

It was fine that the Kingdom of Bass didn't inform the others, but how could they not inform the Wasteland Guild and treat them like outsiders?

They felt like the Bass Kingdom was treating them like dogs, making them bite anyone whom they pointed at.

For a moment, many Wasteland Guild members harbored a sense of resentment.

Zunon evidently thought of this too but forcibly suppressed it for the time being.

He said in a deep voice, "Regardless, we must eliminate Ji Chen. This is the task our Wasteland Guild needs to accomplish now. If we wait any longer, other guilds will arrive."

Members nodded one after another. This bounty was essentially a prerequisite for attacking Feiguang City. If they couldn't even complete this task, it would be difficult to proceed with what lay ahead.

Moreover, with seventy thousand troops lost to Ji Chen today, letting him go would be unacceptable. They couldn't stop here.

Zunon looked at the members, who all wore expressions of deep resentment.

People's hearts could still be swayed.

He continued, "Tonight, let's set up camp on the grassland nearby. We'll launch our attack early tomorrow morning."

One member voiced their concern, "It's so close; won't Ji Chen launch a night raid?"

Zunon shook his head, "It's unlikely. Remember, even though we've suffered some losses, we still have over three hundred thousand troops.

A few thousand fifth-tier troops, even if they're as powerful as you say, will struggle to make a significant impact against our overwhelming numbers. If fifth-tier troops can defeat ten fourth-tier troops, can they defeat a hundred?

Moreover, on the flat grasslands, my heavy cavalry isn't just for show."

Upon hearing this, many members nodded in agreement, their faces showing acknowledgment.

Zunon's elite troops included those five squads of heavy cavalry, two of which were the only fifth-tier squads in the Wasteland Guild.

They were at the fifth-tier four-star level.

Several months ago, the entire Wasteland Guild had dedicated significant effort to complete a lengthy and complex task, which they had finally obtained these fifth-tier squads from a noble in the Kingdom of Bass.

Zunon regarded them as the troops capable of turning the tide.

Heavy cavalry was invincible on the flat terrain of the grasslands, and no fifth-tier unit dared to face the terror of massed heavy cavalry charges.

Ji Chen? Hmph! He would pay dearly for his actions!

"Lord, the enemy is retreating."

Alice hurriedly entered, her voice gentle and pleasing.

Ji Chen nodded. The sky was getting dark, and since there had been no renewed attacks for such a long time, it seemed the enemy had no intention of fighting in the dark.

"Where have their troops retreated to?" Ji

Alice shook her head.

"It seems they don't plan to leave. They've already started cutting wood, setting up camps, and constructing fortifications on the grassland behind the high ground."

Ji Chen paused for a moment and then smiled.

It seemed the enemy was not giving up easily, and they were putting in maximum effort for the bounty.

But he also knew that the enemy guild had already suffered significant losses by deploying tens of thousands of troops in the abandoned town. Their sunk costs were mounting, and they were likely unwilling to give up before reaching the threshold they could bear.

The greater the losses, the stronger the urge to go all-in, just like those solo players who realized their mistake only after they had exhausted their last drop of blood.

Although the Ocean Crown squad achieved a remarkable victory today, there were still some losses.

It had to be admitted that an army with a commander was more difficult to deal with than mindless sea beasts.

Despite the Ocean Crown squad's overwhelming strength, well-coordinated enemy attacks had caused them some trouble.

So far, there were more than eighty Naga Guardians killed, over a hundred Dragon Blood Murlocs, and about two hundred other unit casualties, totaling around three hundred casualties, roughly one-fifth of the losses.

A significant portion of these casualties had been heavily injured by the precision iron bolts from the heavy crossbows, then dragged to their deaths by the enemy troops surging in like a tide. Others were unable to evade the precise attacks and were killed by the barrage of arrows and abundant spell damage provided by the aerial reconnaissance from the giant eagle archers.

Thinking about this, Ji Chen shook his head slightly.

It seemed that the current strength of the Ocean Crown squad was not sufficient to ignore the troubles these people brought.

He once heard from the Elven Martial Officer, Black, in Maplewood City that the sixth-tier soldiers, beyond the fifth tier, began to possess something that ordinary-tier soldiers didn't have—soldier bloodline abilities.

In fact, units that could reach the sixth tier were definitely advanced units, most of which possessed powerful bloodlines.

These bloodlines either originated from ancient powerhouses, were part of some lineage, or were derived from certain exotic creature bloodlines. Without exception, they all had special abilities far surpassing fifth-tier units.

For instance, according to the information Ji Chen picked up from casual discussions, the sixth-tier Elven troop known as the Horned Eagle Marksman had a unique mount called the Horned Eagle. This majestic bird traced its lineage back to the Ancient Horned Eagle, the guardian beast of the Elven tribe. This heritage had been carefully preserved by generations of druids, who consistently nurtured these descendants with their bloodline.

The Elven sharpshooters who rode them also had pure bloodlines, all descending from the ancient Elves without intermarriage or intermingling with other races.

The combination of these factors resulted in the Horned Eagle Marksman, a unit with a sixth tier and seven stars.

As for their bloodline ability, Black hadn't concealed it, as the battle power of Elven mainline units had long ceased to be a secret.

The bloodline ability of the Horned Eagle Marksman was to enter a "focused state" both for the rider and the mount, greatly increasing the rider's reaction speed and firing rate. The specific

increase was at least ten times or more over the base values. The Horned Eagle mount also greatly improved its flight speed and responsiveness, at times even rivaling that of dragons.

But the terrifying part was that only a few units had these powerful bloodlines that matched their combat strength.

It could be said that units without strong bloodlines would likely never reach the sixth tier in their lifetime. While there might be many types of fifth-tier units, the drop-off was staggering from the sixth tier onwards.

Even more terrifying was the fact that after Ji Chen had upgraded all his mainline units to the fifth tier in the last upgrade, there was still a large expanse of fog in the unit talent tree, hinting at something more beyond..

Chapter 510: Zunong Wants to See Ji Chen, You're Here? Part of the Plan 1

A new sun rose slowly from the horizon, symbolizing hope as its radiant sunlight bathed the vibrant forest and even penetrated the desolate, gloomy abandoned town. It cast an even more dazzling light on the fiery pyres of corpses that burned fiercely.

Last night, Ji Chen didn't dispatch troops to raid the enemy guild camp like in Three Kingdoms novels. The Crown of the Ocean's forces excelled in maritime warfare, not on flat grasslands.

Aware that the enemy had a sizable cavalry force, he certainly wouldn't foolishly engage head-on.

Of course, he didn't idle away the night. He organized his people to gather and cremate the numerous bodies scattered throughout the town under the cover of darkness to prevent the spread of disease.

Diseases could inflict prolonged negative effects on the troops, which would undoubtedly be detrimental to the upcoming battle.

As the day began to break, the Wasteland Guild's camp came alive.

Fully armed soldiers marched out of the camp's gates, preparing for action on the high ground.

Zunong stood on the elevated terrain, his eyes bloodshot, watching the dozens of blazing pyres in the town in the distance, nearly trembling with anger.

They didn't burn it last night, nor in the early morning today, and now they decide to burn it just when we're about to attack!

Damn it, is this mockery?

Are they flaunting their achievements to me!?

In my hands, I'll skin and dismantle you once I catch you!

Zunong cursed vehemently in his heart, then looked at his trusted aide. "Prepare for the assault! Today, we must capture that damned guy and take him down!"

"Yes!"

Other members also responded, their hearts burning with rage. The Wasteland Guild had never faced such humiliation before.

These burning corpses were like stones engraved with shame!

Only the enemy's blood and victory could wash away this disgrace!

But before the battle began, Zunong sent a ten-person squad with his message, holding a flag, cautiously approaching the outskirts of the town.

Upon learning of this, Ji Chen ordered the Crown of the Ocean's forces not to launch an attack and allowed them to approach.

Seeing the squad entering the town's shooting range and noticing no attacks coming their way, they all breathed a sigh of relief, wiping the cold sweat from their foreheads.

The squad leader shouted loudly, "My Lord wishes to meet with Lord Ji Chen. The meeting place is on the grassy field in the middle of both sides' defensive lines.

Each side may bring a maximum of ten unit types, with no hero units, curses, explosive units..."

The squad leader spoke rapidly, not caring whether anyone could hear him. After he finished, he saw a monstrous creature with a serpentine tail emerging from the town, speaking in human language.

"My Lord has agreed."

Hearing this, the squad leader looked relieved and hurriedly returned with his team.

Returning to Zunong, they saluted him and reported, "Lord, they've agreed."

Zunong nodded and gazed deeply at the even more dilapidated town bathed in sunlight.

He wanted to see the player responsible for burying his seventy thousand troops before completely destroying this place, to understand what kind of person they were.

With ten heavily armed infantry soldiers wielding heavy shields and spears as his guards, Zunong headed toward the agreed-upon location.

Upon reaching the middle ground between the high ground and the town, he waited for a moment. Then, he saw a slender figure appear on the originally empty, reddish-brown dirt road.

Zunong's expression changed slightly because he saw only one person, with no soldiers guarding him.

Is this person so brave? He didn't even bring any guards. Isn't he afraid that they might plot against him and attack him directly?

Regardless of whether it was sheer boldness or confidence, this person unintentionally earned Zunong's admiration, creating a sense of camaraderie.

Soon, Zunong could clearly see the face of this figure and instantly wore a disgusted expression.

Damn, was this guy really that handsome, or did he mix in some technology and cosplay?

Clearly, the appearance that had been approved by elves, who were known for their aesthetics, had also made Zunong, a fellow player, quite jealous.

The newcomer stopped about twenty meters away and initiated the conversation."

Ji Chen."

Zunong collected himself and responded with a stern face.

“Zunong.”

After these brief exchanges, they fell into an uncomfortable silence, creating an eerie atmosphere.

Suddenly, Zunong couldn't hold back and blurted out, “You've come.”

Ji Chen almost lost his composure, looking at Zunong with a strange expression.

“I didn't expect you to have this side.”

“Nonsense!” Zunong instantly lost his cool, his emotions running wild. His face turned red, and amid these emotional fluctuations, he blurted out, “Ji Chen, I have one question for you: surrender or not?”

Ji Chen sighed and responded to the question with an expression, “Would I surrender, just for you to claim my head for a bounty?”

Zunong suddenly realized how foolish his words had been and felt even more ashamed. He blurted out in frustration, “Just wait to be buried here by our Wasteland Guild!”

“Wait.”

Zunong furrowed his brows, turning to look at Ji Chen. “Is there anything else?”

Ji Chen smiled faintly, radiating a handsome grin that evoked envy. “I have something to say. Do you mind listening?”

Despite his confusion, Zunong nodded inadvertently, his expression impatient. “If it's your last words, then spit it out. Don't waste time.”

Ji Chen paid no heed to the remark and began to speak.

Several minutes later.

“Are you insane!?”

Zunong stared at Ji Chen in utter disbelief and astonishment, his eyes filled with incredulity.

Ji Chen remained unfazed and smiled..