

The World 231

Chapter 232: Divine Soul [3/3]

It revealed a fatal flaw.

Soul Command, A-rank, forcefully controlled the enemy's soul and ordered it to move...

The broken steel longsword streaked across the sky.

A unique power surged out, and it launched the head-cutting trigger.

'Puchi!'

Xina's body brushed past the four-armed half-snake man.

Bang! When she landed on the ground, a tremendous head flew up.

Fresh blood was like an exploding faucet. It splashed a distance of more than ten meters.

'Plop!'

The four-armed half-snake man's enormous body fell to the ground due to inertia.

The three level 8 Twilight City heroes with five crown-level troops worked together to kill the level 13 dungeon race hero.

After they annihilated the sturdiest fighting force, the dungeon race troop, which had already suffered greatly, immediately fell into great chaos.

The troop, which had lost its hero leader, could only be described as a pile of loose sand.

Under the leadership of the three powerful heroes, their number decreased quickly.

Without any worries, Richard also sped up the pace of killing the wyverns.

It would consume tens to hundreds of units of rare resources every minute it activated the extraordinary hunter.

Even the landlord's family could not withstand such a consumption.

Twenty minutes later, when a half-snake man was pressed under the corpse and was still breathing, Xina stabbed it again.

The sound of a system notification rang in Richard's ears.

[Ding~ A hero led your troop and destroyed a group of dungeon race soldiers. You have obtained victory in a small-scale battle. You have 50,000 experience points.]

[Current Experience Points: Level 9(750,000/1,000,000)]

After they slaughtered dozens of troops in the dungeon, his experience immediately soared to 650,000/1,000,000 at level 9.

After they returned to attack the god's ancient tree and the Dark Temple, Richard gained quite a bit of experience points.

At this time, he was only one step away from level 10.

[However, the higher the level, the lower the experience points gained from hunting troops. It is also a big problem.]

The sunset in the sky had yet to fade away when the cold bright moon revealed.

The battlefield that had just been intense was now completely silent.

Richard could only hear the sound of the wind and his heartbeat.

In front of him, the corpses of the dungeon race soldiers have piled up a small hill.

At the top, the headless four-armed half-snake man's enormous body was particularly eye-catching.

Richard paid no attention to this. At this time, he stood beside the corpses of the wyverns that covered the ground and looked around.

These were the spoils of war that he had personally killed.

He was delighted.

After an inventory, the corpses of the wyverns had exceeded three squadrons.

The gains after the war always made people feel happy.

Twilight City's current highest level military branch — the Crown 1-star skeleton blood dragon, its recruitment requirements were the corpses of dragons or mixed-blood dragons.

These hundreds of wyverns could recruit several small squads of skeleton blood dragons even if they included the recruited casualties.

It was a tremendous harvest.

These wyverns could starkly make for the losses caused by the enemy's attack on Twilight City last time, and there was even a lot of surplus.

It was so comfortable.

Richard, who was in a good mood, saw Gray return from the search and immediately asked.

"Gray, did you find any treasures or resources?"

Gray shook his head.

"Lord, we didn't find any valuable treasures here. The steel knife on the half-snake man hero's body is just an ordinary weapon..."

Richard turned his head to look at the four-armed half-snake man's corpse piled up among the corpses.

"Was this guy so poor?"

As he was about to say something, Gunter suddenly escorted an ugly-looking caveman with a bent body.

"Lord, I found this caveman in a crevice."

Richard looked at the caveman with a hunched back who looked like a deformed human and frowned.

This guy was too ugly.

The trembling caveman looked at Richard's gloomy expression and felt his life was about to be lost.

He immediately shouted in a trembling voice.

"Great Lord, I beg you to forgive me. I am willing to submit to the great you..."

After it said that, it saw that the other party was unmoved and immediately became anxious.

"Great Lord, I know where they imprisoned the night elves!"

The caveman's common language had a few strange accents. It sounded severely arduous to hear.

The other party only understood what he meant after it said it a few times.

At first, Richard wasn't interested, but the name night elf made his eyes light up.

"Night elf?"

“That’s right, Great Lord. That night elf is exceedingly beautiful. Such an existence should be dedicated to you, Great Lord!”

Richard waved his hand in annoyance. He couldn’t be bothered to listen to this guy’s nonsense.

He hurriedly asked Gray to bring it back to the night elf.

After the other party left, he looked at Gunter.

“Gunter, I need you to summon all the corpses of these wyverns into skeleton blood dragons.”

Gunter said hesitantly.

“Lord, the wyverns’ bodies don’t have enough power. It’ll likely take several of them to recruit a skeleton dragon.

The skeleton dragons were recruited from the corpses of the templar dragoons. They were a level 19 troop.

These level-10 soldiers could not be compared to them at all.

Richard was no exception. If skeleton dragons were so easy to recruit, they would not be a crown-level troop.

“Just do your best.”

Gunter held his chest.

“As you wish.”

After Gunter went down to prepare, not long after, a night elf tightly bound by chains that wore skin-tight leather armor and with fair skin was brought up.

Richard looked at it up and down. Although the other party was in a repentant state, its exquisite face and curvaceous figure still gave him a strong visual impact.

Especially the tied-up one. They didn't know how to operate it. So they tied its chest tightly.

And it was very artistic.

It was very similar to the essence of a particular island nation... Full of strong temptation.

However, shouldn't the skin of night elves be black?

'Why was it so white?'

He was about to ask.

Suddenly, its chest felt warm.

“Eh?”

Richard’s brows furrowed, and he reached out to take out an item with a dense dark aura.

The statue of the ancient god of the past.

At this moment, this unique treasure he had obtained from the Dark Temple emitted a dark light.

Just as he was puzzled...

The system notification sounded.

[Ding~ A soul that contains divinity has been discovered. Its compatibility with the statue of the ancient god of the past is over 99%. Do you wish to absorb it?]

Richard stared at the pale night elf with wide eyes.

‘A soul with divinity?’

Chapter 233: Great Harvest, Divine Life [1/2]

Divinity was the source of divine power, equivalent to the bloodline power of ordinary life.

It was a supernatural existence far beyond the imagination of mortals that contained infinite power.

Richard looked at the night elf in front of him. It had a delicate and beautiful face. It had fair skin and a specifically vast chest because of the chains.

For a moment, his expression was quite interesting.

He had never thought he could obtain a soul that could satisfy the ancient god statue in this place.

Did the goddess of luck do something indescribable to him last night while he was sleeping?

It was too comfortable... "Hahaha!"

He could have more in the future if he had nothing to do. He could still bear it.

Next time, he had better pick up a few artifacts for nothing.

He took a few deep breaths to suppress the excitement in his heart.

It was a bloody profit!

Not to mention that the corpses of hundreds of wyverns could recruit dozens of crown soldiers. Just this divine soul alone was a great harvest.

Just as he was about to make a choice, the restrained night elf's body suddenly emitted a supremely intoxicating aura.

At this moment, it was as if an abyss demon that could destroy the world was born in his body.

Mighty pressure like the collapse of a lofty mountain surged forth.

In an instant, the soul flames of the surrounding troop swayed wildly under that pressure, like a candle in a storm that one could extinguish at any time.

Richard's expression changed.

The power of an evil god!

When the evil god Ankham of the Dark Temple revealed its aura, it was severely similar to this power.

Under the impact of the incomparably powerful aura, the chains as thick as a thumb made clear cracking sounds.

Large cracks began to appear.

The sturdy chains were now as fragile as mud.

Richard felt an indescribable danger.

Every cell in his body warned him.

He smelled the scent of death.

Without hesitation, he activated the ancient god statue in his hand with a thought.

In an instant.

The dark aura on the ancient god statue surged out and directly enveloped the night elf's body.

The terrifying evil god's pressure seemed to have met its natural enemy. It formed a phantom and roared as it struggled free.

At the same time, Richard heard the roars of countless abyss demons as if he was in a vengeful-spirit-filled sea of blood.

The dark light of the ancient god statue suddenly transformed into countless ferocious arms, forcefully pulling the distorted soul out of the night elf's body.

A soul with a face of a night elf, but demonic wings on its back appeared in the air.

The other party was unwillingly madly attacking the light of the statue of the ancient god.

The demonic roar that Richard heard became increasingly shrill and terrifying. If an ordinary person heard it, they would probably go crazy.

The light of the statue was like the sturdiest cage. No matter how hard it attacked, it was useless.

Countless illusory arms gradually dragged the divine soul away.

When the soul starkly entered the statue, the terrifying pressure and the resentful roar that pierced through the eardrums suddenly disappeared.

As if nothing had happened. The only sound in the air was the sound of the wind blowing against the rocks.

And at this time, the dark light that the ancient god statue emitted became increasingly terrifying.

Richard wiped the sweat off his forehead and let out a long breath.

He was just a bystander, but the pressure still made him almost unable to breathe.

Only now did he directly realize the power of the divine soul.

It was a kind of pressure from the level of life that seeped into the soul.

Even if his talent was already exaggerated enough, he still could not avoid it.

He became excited again after he returned to his senses.

It was good to be strong.

He liked strong.

Now, this terrifying soul was his.

He would fight for him in the future.

His spiritual power spread out.

He carefully sensed the statue of the ancient god in his hand.

That divine soul was currently locked in the space in the statue center. And it crazily attacked the surroundings.

The illusionary arms of the statue had turned into tentacles at this time.

Various circles wrapped around the soul, assimilating it into a part of itself.

He opened the attribute panel.

[Ancient God Statue]

[Level: Special]

[Status: Soul Transformation]

At the bottom, Richard saw the Black Gold System's notification.

[Divine soul is being transformed. You can invest divinity or divine power to increase its potential. The more you invest, the stronger the transformed soul will be.]

'Invest divinity to increase its potential?'

Richard's eyes lit up. But he instantly frowned again.

How could he have such a thing?

He could not help but pat his forehead the moment this thought arose.

He seemed to have it.

He opened the system space.

A box carved out of gemstones was placed in the corner.

There was a drop in the divine power of the evil god inside.

They were the spoils of war he obtained from killing the evil god's will in the Dark Temple using the method of mutual destruction.

He doesn't know how to use it because it was too high-end. So he kept it temporarily.

Without hesitation, he took out the gemstone box.

In an instant, an evil aura gushed out.

Although the gemstone box blocked it, it was still terrifying. It seemed that Richard was not holding the box but the heart of a giant dragon.

The craftsman carved the gemstone box on purpose.

The rare resources could withstand the powerful energy and could barely be used to store this drop of divine power.

He held the ancient god statue and slowly opened the box to calm his mind.

The intensely paralyzing pressure surged again. It was like a volcano that had been silent for a long time and erupted at this moment.

The world paled in comparison.

Even Richard felt his soul creak as if a giant hand squeezed it.

Chapter 234: Great Harvest, Divine Life [2/2]

While he gritted his teeth, Richard forcefully withstood the pressure and dripped his divine power onto the statue of the ancient god statue.

'Bo!'

The divine power dripped down like it was dripping onto a sponge.

The statue of the ancient god statue directly devoured it.

In the blink of an eye.

A dark light burst forth.

The still struggling divine soul suddenly felt a surge of energy like the thousands of great rivers.

It firmly suppressed it with a crushing force.

The soul quickly assimilated...

A moment later, the shining statue suddenly dimmed.

It no longer revealed its aura.

But Richard was even more.

He could sense which drop of divine power had all poured into the divine soul.

The enormous power caused it to fall into a deep sleep.

The other party was like a volcano about to erupt. It suppressed the terrifying energy to the extreme.

[Ancient God Statue (bound)]

[Level: Special]

[Characteristics: 1. Soul Enslavement. It can imprison a powerful soul into it and make it listen to the orders of the bound person. No one has destroyed the statue and killed the soul. After the soul is shattered, it can be reborn in the statue.

2. Flesh and Blood Feeding. It can provide voluminous flesh and blood and the soul can increase the strength of the imprisoned soul. It can also form a body for it.

[Contract Soul: Renee (Level 10, Potential: Divine Life, Transmutation)]

[Description: A special item an ancient god has forged. It has an extremely special power.

Other attributes did not change much, except for one.

Renee, Level 10, Divine life.

‘Divine life...’

Richard wanted to laugh out loud.

This was so comfortable.

Divine life forms already possessed part of the characteristics and power of gods.

In the “Shining Era”, some divine life forms that resided at the bottom of the abyss could even slaughter gods.

The upper limit of their growth potential was as high as gods.

The future was immeasurable.

Now, all he had to do was wait for the other party to wake up, and he would immediately have an undying and powerful battle strength in his hands.

“In the future, if I nurture this soul into a transcendent or even a god... Wouldn't that be like going to heaven?”

When he thought about how his future enemy had spent so much effort to finally kill the other party and then resurrect in the blink of an eye, he felt a wave of excitement.

This was even more cruel than cheating.

After he happily kept the ancient god statue in his arms, he discovered that Gunter had already finished preparing to recruit the skeleton blood dragon.

This immediately attracted his attention.

Unlike the restriction of the blood-colored mummy that could only recruit three teams a day.

As long as there were enough dragon corpses, there was no limit to the number of skeleton blood dragons that Gunter could recruit — as long as it could afford to recruit them.

However, this was only a beautiful wish.

Dragons were not cabbages that one could kill at will.

Even a hybrid dragon like the wyvern was extremely powerful.

It was he who forcefully piloted a level 20 extraordinary hunter to block the wyvern in the cave with absolute dominance.

Otherwise, he would have to pay an enormous price to annihilate the three squadrons of wyverns with just his troop.

As Richard thought of this, a look of anticipation rose in his eyes.

The skeleton blood dragon could just increase the power of the air.

This was self-evident to help him explore the underground world.

Gunter's aura, which was wrapped in blood-colored bandages, soared.

Crimson energy burned like a flame and spread out in all directions.

After a few breaths, it enveloped hundreds of dragon corpses in front of him.

However, that energy did not stop there.

It continued to spread to the other soldiers' corpses of the dungeon clan.

The crimson energy seemed to carry a strong corrosive sulfuric acid.

It melted all the corpses other than the wyverns into pure flesh and blood energy.

The hundreds of corpses quickly dried up, and in the end, it even snapped the bones.

After the crimson light faded, the tall mountain of corpses seemed to have weathered for thousands of years. A gentle breeze blew, and with a crack, it directly collapsed. It sent flying dust everywhere.

Gunter held the dark crystal ball he had obtained from the ancient ruins tightly. It extremely controlled the dense crimson energy to pour into the wyvern's corpse.

Especially since they took care of the three teams of glorious-level wyverns.

As time passed.

Most of the wyverns' corpses gradually decayed and turned into energy. Only a small portion of their aura began to grow, and their bones gradually turned crimson.

The entire process lasted for more than ten minutes.

Gunter continued to pour magic power into them. It continuously controlled the energy and poured it into them.

The scattered energy gradually decreased, and when the last ray of crimson light disappeared.

More than half of the wyverns' corpses on the ground had collapsed, and less than one-tenth remained.

The remaining wyverns' bodies had completely turned crimson.

It looked like gasoline had ignited in the hollow skull.

Suddenly, it emitted a faint blue light.

This gave birth to the second batch of skeleton blood dragons.

The system notification suddenly sounded.

[Ding~ Twilight City's Hero: Gunter Fresh Blood. From the corpse of the wyverns, you have recruited 30 1-star crown-level soldiers — Skeleton Blood Dragons.]

“Thirty??”

Richard was overjoyed.

This wave was so profitable that it made his brain bleed.

These were all crown-level soldiers, born level 10!

They were two levels higher than the highest potential soldiers from Twilight City’s troop lairs.

He could already imagine the scene of 30 skeleton blood dragons simultaneously launching a formation and spewing dragon breath.

Their battle strength was not comparable to the dark gargoyles, which could only attack in a close battle.

And in the battle just now, Twilight City had lost cannon fodder like the blood-colored mummy.

Apart from that, two skeleton demons had died.

Using this little loss to exchange for 30 skeleton blood dragons.

This deal was worth it.

'Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!'

The newly born skeleton blood dragon spread its wings and flew straight into the sky.

At this moment, the last ray of sunlight between heaven and earth disappeared. It left only the cold moonlight shining down.

The ruby-like crimson skeleton reflected the crystal clear light at this moment.

It was like a work of art.

Thirty crown-level soldiers with a wingspan of 20 meters, born level 10, spread their wings and flew away.

The scene had a visual impact.

Twilight City's air force went up another level.

Richard revealed a brilliant smile.

Although he had only obtained two things from this trip, it could not be said it was reasonable.

One was a soul that contained divinity. It was indestructible and possessed boundless potential.

In addition, were the 30 skeleton blood dragons. They were also extremely precious to Twilight City.

Even if they had the resources, they could not recruit such a high-level troop.

More importantly, he had already occupied the entrance to the underground world.

Next, a high-level map still waited for him to explore.

When he looked down at the gravel-covered entrance to the underground.

He was ready to make a move.

Chapter 235: Deep Underground, Bloodhoof City

The yellow sand on Richard's body surged out.

In an instant, the sand that sealed the passage seemed to come alive and overflowed.

Not long after, a small hill formed outside the underground passage.

It revealed the buried passage again.

While Richard looked at this scene, he was in an intense mood.

Yellow Sand Control, this Beyond A-rank skill, was indispensable in the desert.

The more he used it, the more he realized how powerful this skill was.

There were too many things he could do.

After the dust settled, he looked at the brave figure beside him.

“Xina, where does this underground passage lead to?”

Xina replied softly.

“Lord Richard, it leads to a swamp full of death traps.

“Outside the swamp is the territory of the dungeon barbarians. They have built a powerful underground city — Bloodhoof City.

“Because of the battle between Bloodhoof City and the gray-colored dwarves, these dungeon dwellers we hunted were forced to hide in the swamp...”

Richard nodded and asked his most concerned question.

“How strong is Bloodhoof City?”

Xina’s tone was solemn.

“Very strong. The enemy has a Bloodhoof troop formed by a glorious-level troop. And there are more than three large squads.

“There are more than five large squads under the glorious-level.

“Apart from that, they also enslave more than 100,000 cavemen.

“The lord of Bloodhoof City is a level-15 dungeon barbarian hero. He is on par with the chief of the gray dwarves.”

Xina did not stop after answering his question and continued.

Dozens of big and small forces occupied the surrounding area other than the two main forces, Bloodhoof City and the gray dwarves.

“The powerful ones are stronger than the dungeon race we destroyed. The weak ones are only a few squadrons of soldiers...

“The underground world is in a state of chaos.”

She paused to give him a few seconds to think before she continued.

“Bloodhoof City has suppressed the other small forces because the war is tight. They want to subdue them and fight against the gray dwarves together...”

Richard gradually outlined the general image of the underground world in his mind after he asked more detailed questions.

He felt more relaxed.

Chaos was not scary. The underground world union was scarier.

He did not hesitate to gather the troop when he had a clear idea.

They went straight to the underground world.

The underground world covered by a mysterious veil was like a goddess hiding in a quilt.

It stimulated his desire to explore.

What could there be in the underground world if he had obtained so much outside?

Black dragons, treasures, underground cities, ores, gray dwarves, night elves... All these words flashed through his mind.

That mysterious land filled him with anticipation.

Xina was in charge of clearing out any possible dangers. She led the blood-colored mummy forward.

Richard did not sit on the skeleton blood dragon. He controlled the sand to float in the air. He could react at any time if he encountered any danger.

He had already put the extraordinary hunter into his control ring.

He had only used this great killing machine for ten minutes. Now, the time he could fight had dropped to fifty minutes, which made his heart ache.

He did not know what he would encounter underground, so he could not use it recklessly.

He could only use it as a trump card and make the final decision at the most critical moment.

The underground passage was pitch-black. There was not a single bit of light in sight.

Richard did not let his subordinates light the torches.

Undead creatures relied on their soul perception, and darkness could not affect them.

He and Xina were the only normal creatures.

But Xina's bloodline was remarkable. And she could maintain sufficient battle strength in the darkness.

Although Richard could not see his surroundings clearly, he could control the power of the yellow sand.

He allowed a small amount of sand to float in the air, extending a distance of 100 meters.

Through the feedback from the impact of the sand, he could sense what was in front of him.

This kind of sensing ability was even better than his eyes.

The troop gradually went deeper into the tunnel. From time to time, a breeze would blow through the tunnel. The air was not stuffy at all.

After about ten minutes, there was a sudden movement in front of them.

Xina's voice came from the whisper crystal.

"Lord Richard, we found several cavemen in a cave."

'Several cavemen?'

Richard was a little interested.

He immediately ordered the army to speed up and catch up with Xina.

An enormous cave was on the right side of the passage. A kind of moss gave off a faint light around the rock wall.

The blood-colored mummy blocked the door.

It focused its gaze.

Several ugly-looking troglodytes came into view.

Troglodytes were standard underground life forms.

They had enormous gray eyes. Their arms were sturdy, and their bent backs were like broken nine-segment whips.

They were full of deformities.

There was an intensely distinct difference between them and surface life forms.

After Xina saw him, she immediately opened her mouth to explain.

“Lord Richard, cavemen are the lowest life forms of the dungeon race.

“Because they have poor appetite for food, even moss can fill their stomachs. That was why one could widely find in all kinds of forces.

“The number of cavemen here is no less than 30,000...

“When we launched the attack, they were resting, so we didn’t see many of them.”

Richard looked at the trembling underground lifeform and frowned.

It was too ugly.

He had seen one on the surface, and the other party had even revealed the information about the night elves.

But one was fine, but when there were too many of them, just looking at them was disgusting.

He immediately lost interest.

He didn't have the slightest intention of bringing these cavemen back to Twilight City. It would take him less than three days to fail with 90 points of popular support if he brought them back.

The cost of governing the lives of different races would double if they lived together.

“What do you suggest?”

Xina thought for a moment.

“Cavemen are only suitable to live in the dark underground environment. If they live in an environment that is too bright, they will lose sight.

“I suggest that they stay here temporarily. We can make these people who are naturally good at digging into the labor force if we need to build a city underground in the future.”

Richard nods. After he thought for a moment, he waved his hand and left Baal, the knight hero, behind.

He asked Baal to lead the giant axe death knights to guard these cavemen.

The underground world's environment was harsh. And it is a swamp to go out, and it is difficult for the cavalry to play.

It was suitable for guarding.

After Richard dealt with it, just as he was about to leave, his expression suddenly froze.

He suddenly turned his head and looked in a direction of the cave.

His gaze was somewhat playful.

"A rat is hiding in here.

"I've caught you."

The moment he finished speaking.

The sand on the ground suddenly surged out.

It pounced towards a corner.

They could hear an unbelievably angry roar.

It forcefully lifted a transparent figure into the sky.

Countless grains of sand cover, one could see a figure frantically struggling and twisting.

Richard controlled the grains of sand and brought the human figure to him.

Perhaps, knowing there was no hope of escaping, the other party took the initiative to reveal himself.

It was a medium-sized humanoid with two short bull horns on its head.

It wore gray leather armor, and strange runes were engraved on its exposed skin.

It looked strange.

[Dungeon Barbarian, Level 9, D-rank hero, Shadow Stalker]

After Richard glanced at the other party's stats panel, he became somewhat interested.

"And a hero?"

"You're from Bloodhoof City?"

When the dungeon barbarian hero heard the question, it was still angry a moment ago. It panted and unexpectedly calmed down.

That pair of blood-red eyes looked directly at Richard.

"Lord," it said respectfully.

"Respected human champion, Gray Horn sends you the noblest greetings."

Then he added, "I am a member of Bloodhoof City."

Gray Horn?

When he looked at its two short horns, Richard smiled.

This name was quite good.

After he sized up the other party, his smile disappeared and his tone became solemn.

“Hero of Bloodhoof City, what is your purpose for coming here?”

“Respected human powerhouse, my mission is to find the traitor of the gray dwarves!”

Gray horn replied honestly.

“When I arrived, the gravel blocked the passage. To find out what happened, I hid here.

“After the gravel was cleared, you appeared...”

Richard narrowed his eyes.

“Your mental state is normal. Very good. You didn’t lie. You won the chance to live.”

These words made the other party heave a sigh of relief.

When it lowered its head, its tone became more respectful.

“Bloodhoof City has always liked to make friends, especially with a powerhouse like you.

“If the Lord knew that you came from the surface, he would treat you warmly.

“The Dungeon Race’s hospitality? Are you sure it’s not a cold joke?”

Richard thought for a moment and said softly.

“You are now my prisoner of war. During the war, you will be executed immediately.”

These words made the other party’s heart rise to his throat again.

After Richard said these, he changed the topic.

“But I can give you a chance. You can use treasures, resources, or enough information to exchange for your life.”

The understatement made Gray Horn feel an indescribable heavy pressure.

The other party’s words could decide his life and death now.

His fate was no longer in his hands the moment they discovered him.

He let out a long sigh.

“Respected human powerhouse, I would never dare to hide what you need to know.

“It seems you have chosen to use the information to exchange for your life.

“I like smart people.”

Richard stared at him.

“Do you know about the mithril lode?”

“Mithril?”

This word stunned Gray Horn, and he hesitated.

“Respected powerhouse, mithril is very rare and precious underground.

“I have never heard of any faction occupying the mithril lode, but...”

As he spoke, he glanced at Richard and waited for him to signal for him to continue speaking.

“But Bloodhoof City once obtained a portion of mithril.”

“The castellan is currently using it as a mission reward. As long as you can complete the mission, you will be able to obtain that portion of mithril.”

Oh?

This news was out of Richard’s expectations.

Xina had previously said that she had interrogated a half-snake man and found out that the grey dwarves seemed to possess a mithril lode.

She did not expect Bloodhoof City did not to have this information.

She looked away and focused on another point — blood hoof city also had mithril.

“What kind of mission is the reward of mithril?”

When Gray Horn that Richard seemed interested, it became more spirited.

“A lot of food and liquor.”

Richard was stunned and turned to look at Hina.

Didn't they say that mithril was very precious?

Why was it used to exchange for food and liquor?

Xina saw his confusion and explained in a soft voice.

"Lord Richard, the war between Bloodhoof City and the gray dwarves has made the underground world, where food is already scarce, even tense.

"You'd better not view the underground world from the surface.

"The rules here are starkly different from the surface.

"Food is even more precious than gemstones."

When Richard stared at the dungeon barbarian in front of him, he nodded.

Richard suddenly realized.

He found a way to open the underground world.

A smile appeared on his face.

“Sir Gray Horn, Twilight City has always been kind to people and likes to make friends as much as Bloodhoof City.”

“I’m very interested in exchanging food and liquor for mithril that you mentioned.

“Of course, other than the exchange of mithril, we also need other goods.

“My territory also uses all kinds of delicious food. Maybe, it can help you...”

Chapter 236: Reaching the Underground

Twenty minutes later.

After a conversation, the ugly-looking barbarian hero with two short horns took the initiative to lead the way for the Twilight City troops under Xina’s supervision.

This dungeon hero named Gray Horn was very excited at this time.

God of the dungeon, he indeed persuaded these humans from the surface to go to Bloodyhoof City!

And they were honestly willing to use food to trade.

Praise the gods!!

The gray-colored dwarves' war against Bloodhoof City had starkly destroyed a portion of the grain-producing areas that could still produce food previously.

Over the past few months, food was severely insufficient.

And most of the monsters in the underground world were highly toxic.

Unless one possessed the body of a black dragon, no one would dare to eat it.

The Bloodhoof City troops did not lose much, but they were still in a difficult situation.

They were short of food.

There was insufficient food in the underground, and this situation made it worse.

Gray Horn went out to search for this dungeon force.

The other purpose was to find out how much food they had left. If there were enough food, Bloodhoof City would immediately send out troops.

However, Gray Horn did not expect this exploration to have twists and turns.

First, this dungeon force discovered the passage to the surface. Then, the surface forces slaughtered the other party's troops. Finally, the surface forces were very interested in trading with Bloodhoof City.

Twists and turns did not allow Gray Horn to have any expectations.

"Damn gray-colored dwarves! As long as there is enough food, the final victor will surely be the Great Bloodhoof City!"

Its eyes were unprecedentedly excited.

After they had walked for ten hours in the underground tunnel, there was finally news from the front... The underground world had arrived.

Richard's eyes immediately sparked delight.

He led the troops and sped up.

Richard's vision suddenly widened after a hundred meters of a walk.

In front of him was supremely a magical scene.

The sky was thousands of meters high, and the rocks formed the sky.

A special kind of moss grew on top of it. It gave off a white light and lit up the entire world.

Although one could not compare it to the surface, it was enough for him to see clearly from a thousand meters away.

Richard looked around, and the air had a slightly rotten smell of mud.

Mud grew various strange underground plants.

The twisted branches and leaves were like the withered palms of the undead.

Richard turned.

He stood on an underground, connected to the sky dome above.

It was supremely spectacular.

Richard was amazed. It would have been a tourist area with more than a dozen A-rank tourist areas...

He returned to his senses and was about to call the ugly-looking barbarian hero with two short horns over.

Suddenly, dozens of armored wyverns appeared in the distant sky.

Behind each was fully armed cavalry.

Richard's eyes focused.

"Prepare for battle!"

When he gave the order, the troops immediately set up a defensive line outside the cave.

The sand condensation archers and the undead soldiers of the Axe of the Dead rode on the dark gargoyles' backs.

'Whoosh! Whoosh!'

Thirty skeletal blood dragons with seemed ruby-carved bones flew up.

They glared at the armored wyverns that flew over.

Cunning troops that flew over the swamp slowed down when they saw this scene.

They let out low growls and did not dare to approach.

“Lord Richard, that is the army of Bloodhoof City!”

At this moment, Gray Horn hurriedly came forward to report.

It immediately explained while it looked at Richard’s sharp gaze.

“I found the four-armed half-snake man sent a message after it led the troop into the cave... They are not here to deal with you.”

When Richard heard this explanation, he told the troop to be alert, although his face softened slightly.

“Gray Horn, you can ask them to send a representative to talk to me.”

“Yes, Lord.”

Gray horn immediately breathed a sigh of relief. He quickly rode on the dark gargoyle to communicate with the wyverns under Xina’s watch.

A moment later, a leading wyvern slowly landed on the wet ground in front of them.

The heavily-armored barbarians in the dungeon walked over.

The barbarians were slightly relieved to see that Gray Horn was safe. Then, they looked at surrounded Richard in the center.

“Bloodhoof City, Boer, a powerhouse from the surface. Thank you for forgiving Gray Horn.”

It clenched its fists as it spoke and hung them on its chest.

Richard smiled.

“I have always liked to make friends. Sir Gray Horn did not harm Twilight City.”

“The main reason for going underground this time is to trade with Bloodhoof City. I wonder if Bloodhoof City is using mithril to reward food and liquor as Sir Gray Horn said?”

Boer’s eyes widely beamed.

“Indeed. Bloodhoof City welcomes all friendly exchanges.”

Food was the biggest problem for every underground force.

Richard's words were no different from telling a person dying of thirst in the desert that he was here to deliver water.

"But for the details of the transaction, please come to Bloodhoof City..."

As the strongest force in this region, Bloodhoof City ruled over a vast territory.

And the new ruler of Bloodhoof City, Sel Bloodhoof, was undoubtedly the person with the most authority.

As a young lord in his early thirties, he had amazing ambitions.

He wanted to completely conquer the underground world within three years!

But the gray-colored dwarves broke all of these plans three months ago.

These enemies suddenly launched an attack on Bloodhoof City.

And all this caused the death of the previous ruler of Bloodhoof City, his father.

Sel Bloodhoof had thought the gray-colored dwarves' attack was just a ridiculous and comical performance and that the war would end soon.

But he did not expect that those lowly bastards who drove all kinds of strange mechanical puppets and enslaved powerful monsters would make the ferocious and fearless underground barbarians gradually retreat.

If it were not for the towering city walls that Bloodhoof City had built for hundreds of years, the enemies might have defeated them when the other side launched their first attack.

In the underground, there was only one way to defeat — death.

Once an enemy breached Bloodhoof City, they would go from a dominant position to an unremarkable small force.

Because of that, he mobilized his troop at all costs and finally repelled the attack of the gray-colored dwarves after they paid unimaginable hardships.

However.

The crisis was not over.

The food in Bloodhoof City had run out in the past few months.

If they could not find a new source of food...

Even if the enemies did not breach Bloodhoof City, they would still encounter an unprecedented disaster.

However, food was not rock or soil. One could not instantly obtain it.

Even if they found a suitable land to cultivate now, they would still have to wait a long time before they could harvest it.

However, the turning point came half an hour ago.

The spy reported...that a force on the surface had gone deep underground and was willing to trade with them.

And they exchanged the food they had saved up.

“What do you all think of that human lord?”

Inside the city lord’s mansion in the center of Bloodhoof City.

Sel Bloodhoof wore a black bird-feather coat and sat on a throne inlaid with thousands of gemstones. His gaze scorched as he looked at the ten clans below.

They were all the higher-ups of Bloodhoof City.

When he heard this question, a clan leader stood up and loudly said.

“Lord Sel, the surface is full of gold and food, and there are countless clear water sources.

“I suggest we imprison that lord directly, interrogate the passage leading to the surface, and send troops to conquer the surface!

“As long as we occupy the surface rich in resources, we will no longer lack food.”

Another clan leader heard these ridiculous words and immediately stood up and shouted.

“No, Lord Sel, we can not make any more enemies! The gray-colored dwarves are our main enemy now!

“I suggest we cooperate with the surface humans. We need a lot of food! The other party came with good intentions. We will be the first to lose if we offend them and cancel the deal!

“Moreover, the surface resources are so abundant. The troop they can raise will be stronger. We can't conquer them just like that!

“Shut up, you coward. How can the Great Bloodhoof City cooperate with the greedy surface humans?!”

“Idiot, now we need food! If you have the ability, go get the food back!!”

The heated discussion continued...

Just as the topic dropped, the pros and cons that supported and opposed cooperation instantly fell into a quarrel.

When Sel Bloodyhoof saw this, he frowned.

He stood up abruptly and was about to get angry when a horn sounded.

He immediately swallowed the words in his throat.

“The human lord has come!”

“Come out with me to welcome him!”

As soon as he finished speaking, he stepped down from the throne.

However, his pupils constricted when he stepped out of the door.

At the end of his line of sight, he saw over a hundred armored wyverns protecting dozens of undead dragons that had a wingspan of more than 20 meters. The bones all over their bodies seemed to be carved out of rubies as they slowly flew into the city.

What was even more shocking was that.

A 5-meter mechanical puppet floated in front of the troop.

Even though the mechanical puppet's outer shell was badly damaged, the aura it exuded made him feel as if a mountain pressed down on his chest.

Every breath became difficult.

That power...was extraordinary?!

Shock brimmed his eyes.

The higher-up barbarians in the dungeon still indignant and wanting to send out troops to capture the human lord had their bodies stiffened at this moment. Their expressions became rather ugly.

A hint of relief rose in their hearts.

Fortunately, they did not attack.

The human lord's power was not something they could easily control!

Sel took a deep breath and looked at the expressions of the people around him. He immediately knew how to face the human lord.

A smile appeared on his face as he slowly walked up to him.

Bloodhoof City was the friendliest and most hospitable city...

Chapter 237: Dungeon Trade

Richard looked down at the underground city from the sky.

He was a little surprised.

This city was more like a war fortress than a city.

The city wall was more than 40 meters high. There were all kinds of siege crossbows on it.

Each of the siege crossbows had a striking bloodhoof mark. It was unforgettable.

These siege crossbows were different from the weapons on the ground. They were all made of steel, and their ferocious appearance was chilling.

Even the giant dragons would not be able to resist their hunting.

Behind the city wall, there were arrow towers of different heights. At a glance, there seemed to be more than 200 of them.

Between the gaps of the arrow towers, several catapults with strange shapes were ready to launch a fierce attack at any time.

They were armed to the teeth.

After they flew into the city, Richard immediately noticed special crossbow arrows on the arrow towers aimed at the air. Those changeable angle crossbow arrows had targeted him.

The other party unsurprisingly dared to let him enter with such swagger.

It was not an exaggeration to describe this defensive force as a dragon's den or a tiger's den.

The skeleton blood dragon slowly descended on a broad square in the city under the leadership of the wyverns in heavy armor.

They aimed more than thirty arrow towers at them. They would immediately attack if there were any hostility.

Sel Bloodhoof felt more pressure than anyone else when he looked at the broken mechanical puppet.

As a level-15 hero, his strength was the absolute king in this area.

However, he seemed like an ant standing at a giant dragon in front of this mechanical puppet. It seemed like it could break at any time.

The aura the other party emitted made Sel want to escape uncontrollably.

Dangerous, extremely dangerous.

However, as the lord of Bloodhoof City, how could he retreat?

He took a deep breath.

He raised his head to look at the giant puppet and said in a clear voice.

“Human lord from the surface, I am the ruler of Bloodhoof City. Now, you can leave this mechanical puppet. I can guarantee that you...”

Before he could finish his sentence.

‘Whoosh!’

The enormous limit puppet disappeared into thin air.

A sand-surrounded human that floated in midair reflected in his pupils.

He wore a white robe with golden edges. His heroic aura was dazzling.

Under everyone’s gaze, Richard slowly landed on the ground.

He looked at the ruler of the barbarians in the dungeon.

The two lords of the two forces looked at each other.

Time seemed to have slowed down at this moment.

Judging from the danger his body sensed without looking at his attributes, this hero was supremely strapping.

Murderous threats filled every cell in his body.

He opened his attributes panel.

[Sel Bloodhoof, Level 15, Top hero, Potential B-rank...]

As expected.

He watched as the mechanical puppet disappeared without a trace. He forcefully suppressed the surging emotions in his heart.

He brought the higher-ups beside him to Richard.

For the second time, he took the initiative to speak.

“A human powerhouse from the surface, Sel Bloodhoof, greets you.”

One must maintain sufficient respect when dealing with a powerhouse. It was an eternal and unchanging rule.

The strength displayed by the other party was enough for Bloodhoof City to treat him as an honored guest.

Richard also withdrew his probing gaze and responded with a smile.

“Richard, the Lord of Twilight City, Lord Sel. I’m delighted to be a guest in your city.”

The frozen atmosphere relaxed slightly with the courtesy of the two people.

“I’ve already heard about your background from my subordinates. May I know what you need when you’re underground?”

Richard was stunned for a moment. Did they get to purpose so quickly?

He did not hesitate and went straight to the point.

“I heard that Bloodhoof City needs food and strong alcohol. Coincidentally, my territory has ample supplies.

“So, I’ve come here for trade.”

For trade.

These words made the surrounding barbarian higher-ups somewhat moved.

Previously, they wanted to snatch him because they did not know his strength.

The power he displayed made the barbarians feel he had equal status to trade with them.

The underground world was more naked than the rules on the surface — because there were no rules here, no justice or evil. Only profit and survival.

The strong could have everything.

Richard belonged to the ranks of the strong... At least to them.

The smile on Sel Bloodhoof's face also became more sincere.

“Bloodhoof City welcomes all kinds of friends, please.”

As Sel Bloodhoof spoke, he gestured to the hall behind him.

Richard nodded slightly. He motioned for Xina and Gunter to follow behind him.

This time, he only brought two heroes and 30 skeleton blood dragons.

The remaining troops were in the underground passage. Richard hid a part of the troops in the Tibetan soldier card in his arms.

He could drive the extraordinary hunter to leave or escape through the sand if something went wrong.

It would be easy to target them if they brought a troop with them and had malicious intentions.

The group entered a banquet hall with a long table.

Richard sat on the left side of the long table, and Sel Bloodhoof sat opposite him.

Other than that, everyone stood to the side. Although there were many empty seats, no one else sat down.

Although only three people faced all the enemies, Richard's expression didn't change.

That confident attitude and calm bearing made all the dungeon barbarians give him another sidelong glance.

When Sel Bloodhoof saw this, he narrowed his eyes slightly.

In his heart, he was sure that this human lord's territory was not small.

This bearing wasn't something that a mechanical puppet could bring.

It had to have been through countless grand scenes.

He looked directly at the other party.

He said in a solemn tone.

"Lord Richard, Bloodhoof City has always welcomed trade.

"But I wonder, what do you need?"

Food and strong wine were well-deserved hard currency in the underground world.

But he needed to know what the other party wanted.

Could Bloodhoof City afford it?

Richard also saw through these people's personalities and spoke bluntly.

"Mithril, Lord Sel. I need Bloodhoof City's mithril."

“I heard Bloodhoof City is offering mithril as a reward for food. I’m here for this.”

Sel heaved a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, he could afford this price.

“Bloodhoof City’s mithril ore still has 50 units. Our mission requirement is — 500,000 units of food.”

Richard frowned slightly when he heard this number.

‘Mithril ore... 50 units?’

Ore was not mithril. Just like iron ore, one could obtain real mithril obtain after refining.

He did not know how many units of mithril could be refined out of these 50 units.

Moreover, each unit of ore was sold for 10,000 units of food.

One hundred acres of sand wheat could only produce 100,000 units of food in a month.

This could only be exchanged for 10 units of ore.

He was a little unsure if this price was too high or too low...

Moreover, the price of wheat was currently purchased from the market. Including the 30% handling fee, roughly 10 units of resources could buy one unit.

Five hundred units of food for 5 million units of resources.

He seemed to be unable to afford this money...

Behind him, Xina's eyes lit up when she heard this, and her breathing quickened.

She seemed to want to immediately go forward and agree on Richard's behalf.

Five hundred units of food could buy 50 units of mithril ore? The desert god, how could there be such a good thing?

Richard didn't notice Xina's expression, and his voice sank.

"It's too high, Lord Sel. You should know the value of this food."

"Mithril is not mithril. You should know how much 50 units can be extracted."

Sel frowned.

Although mithril was indeed valuable, food was also rare underground.

Normally, he would not sell it. But now, they could not use mithril as food...

After he thought for a while, he gritted his teeth.

“At least 400,000 units of food. One less unit is not enough!”

Richard wanted to say something but suddenly felt a tug on his back. He immediately swallowed his words.

He did not look back at the slightly excited Xina and smiled.

“Deal, Lord Sel. This price is very fair. I want this deal to be a witness to our friendship.”

Sel immediately heaved a sigh of relief.

Four hundred thousand units of food were far from enough to solve the food crisis in Bloodhoof City, but it could still loosen the rope around their necks a little.

Richard was not happy after Sel Bloodhoof agreed. Instead, his heart was a little heavy.

Four hundred units of food were not so much in Twilight City...

But since Xina had indicated, the price would not be a loss.

The problem was, how could he get so much food?

Even if he robbed now, he would not be able to get so much. He did not know how much time it would take to kill monsters...

No, he couldn't use the old ways. He had to think of a new way.

Richard's thoughts spun wildly.

How could he earn money the fastest? Or, who in this world was the easiest to earn money?

The moment this thought arose in his mind.

The answer appeared in his mind.

'Players.

'A huge number of players!'

With this thought in mind, he thought of an excellent plan in a few breaths.

As long as he did it well, not to mention 400,000 units of food, even 4,000,000 units wouldn't be a problem.

As long as the dungeon barbarian in front of him cooperated...

However, judging from the other party's appearance, they definitely couldn't refuse him.

In an instant, he looked at the ruler of Bloodhoof City as if he was looking at an unprecedentedly fat bull.

Intense temptation filled his tone.

"Lord Sel, when I entered Bloodhoof City, I discovered that its defenses were extremely perfect. I imagine that Bloodhoof City must be very skilled at forging weapons, right?"

"I still have a large amount of food to trade..."

"Are there any obsolete or surplus weapons that can be sold in Bloodhoof City?"

"It doesn't need to be too top-tier. There are even some that are damaged."

When Sel heard this, his eyes sparked.

Was this human lord in front of him the savior sent by god?

He had plenty of broken weapons in his warehouse!

“Yes, as long as you replace them with food, I’ll buy as much as you want!”

Richard’s tone was even more straightforward.

“As long as you sell, I’ll buy as much as you want!”

Chapter 238: Players Went Crazy, Was Qingqiu Here to Deliver Warmth

‘Yah!’

They opened the thick and heavy warehouse door.

A biological lamp made of glowing plants emitted a weak light that barely illuminated the warehouse.

Although it was slightly better than total darkness, it was still limited.

Sel Bloodhoof pointed at the colossal warehouse in front of him, which was 300 meters wide and more than 500 meters long.

He sighed with emotion.

“This is a warehouse for storing weapons. As long as there are damaged weapons, we would seal them here. The blacksmith shop will choose a part of them to repair.

“However, because there were too many of them, and the new weapons were sharper, the blacksmith could not repair most of the damaged weapons over time.

“As a last resort, we will clean them every once in a while, but the last time was 20 years ago.

“And only a small part of it was starkly destroyed. Most of it is still there.”

As Sel Bloodhoof spoke, he pointed to a corner.

“That side contains weapons in good condition but were eliminated due to technological reform. Mostly are siege crossbows...”

As he spoke, he looked at Richard with a burning gaze.

“Lord Richard, we will sell all the weapons in this warehouse to you as long as you want it.”

Richard looked at the weapons on the shelves and could not help but laugh out loud.

He looked at the many long knives thrown as junk in the warehouse without even a thumb-sized hole.

To Bloodhoof City, these things were just a pile of garbage.

However, it was different for players.

Most of the soldiers in the territory lived an ordinary life, not a troop of mummies and mechanical puppets like Twilight City.

Ordinary life needed armor, weapons, and all the equipment they could wear.

It had only been two months, and many players could produce no weapons.

The Bloodhoof City eliminated higher quality weapons than most of the lords' troops.

After all, they were an underground force that had existed for hundreds of years. Their foundations were something they could not catch up to in a few months.

Richard waved his hand, and his heroic spirit soared to the heavens.

“I want all of it!”

Sel Bloodhoof was stunned, and then he burst into laughter.

His eyes were so carefree.

He would not have let others clean them up if he had known he could still sell this junk.

“Lord Sel, send someone to do the inventory.”

Then he added.

“Take turns in doing one thing at a time. Don’t leave anything behind.”

The almost suffocated higher-ups of Bloodhoof City due to food shortage were overjoyed when they saw such a silly rich dog.

They immediately sent people to count the equipment they thought was tattered.

Of course, they were too embarrassed to raise the price too high.

They were afraid that this guy would wake up and not buy it.

The inventory quickly began.

“One notched long knife, 20 units of food.”

“One chipped shield, 50 units of food.”

“Chipped armor...”

The staff calculated more resources...

After the inventory staff determined the price, they immediately shouted and categorized it.

Ten weapons were in a pile, and someone next to them immediately counted them.

Richard immediately went to the market and hung them when the pile filled.

[Sharp long knife (chipped), 50 units of food]

[Strong shield (slightly damaged), 100 units of food.]

The iron ore of the “Shining Era” could be collected from resource points, so as long as it was not strategic equipment, one would not highly inflate the price of ordinary weapons.

Richard was tremendously delighted.

[A long knife only lacks a hole and sells you 50 units of food, aren't you secretly happy?]

A shield selling 100 units of food is a gift of warmth, okay?

And the transaction fee is set to be paid by the buyer.

In the end, Richard complained that this thing was too slow.

He might as well have gathered 100 weapons and sold them together.

God knows how much equipment there was in an abandoned equipment warehouse for decades.

Moreover, this was the underground world.

The frequency of weapon consumption was not something one could imagine in peaceful areas.

Not long after, the players on the forum realized something was wrong.

Someone sold several cheap pieces of equipment for hundreds. The ID of the equipment seller shocked them even more — Qingqiu.

That super boss had left the dungeon for half a month without a trace. How did he suddenly appear again?

At first, not many people paid attention to Richard's actions, but an hour, two hours, and three hours later. He still sold equipment.

It shocked a portion of the players.

"F*ck, what did Qingqiu do?! Why is he still selling equipment after selling for three hours???"

"What a joke. I did a rough calculation. This guy probably sold more than 100,000 pieces of equipment in these few hours..."

"That's impossible, right? Is there a system bug? Why does that guy have so many weapons to sell?"

“Boss, I’m on my knees. I just spent 5,000 units of food for 100 long knives. They’re so f*cking useful. Although most of them are chipped, they’re much better than the ones forged by my blacksmith shop that can’t even cut tofu.”

“Hahaha, everyone, hurry up and snatch the weapons that boss Qingqiu sells. They’re cheap and cool. They can buy back and repair them if everyone’s territory can repair their equipment. Then, they can make a profit again.”

“I’m crying. Boss Qingqiu, are you here to give me warmth?”

The conversation continued...

It was usual to sell weapons and equipment. It was unusual to sell for several hours, and more than 100,000 of them.

Moreover, the person who sold them was none other than Qingqiu, who left a deep impression on everyone.

A few points combined, and it did not take long for billions of players to know what he had done.

After the players who bought the weapons used them, they posted crazily. They shouted Boss Qingqiu had sent them warmth and that he had come to ask for them.

Later, it reached the point where Richard could instantly kill a player if he hung the weapons on it.

At this time, Sel Bloodhoof and the high-ranking officials of Bloodhoof City went crazy.

They urged the staff inside to speed up the inventory.

They even wished they could do it themselves.

It was not that Richard was charming, but he gave too much.

As long as he counted 1000 weapons, he would pay the bill immediately.

Later on, they even sent a special food delivery team to wait.

To prevent accidents, Richard directly summoned the extraordinary hunter.

As long as he wanted to, he could activate it.

With this killer in charge, he was not afraid that these people would get greedy.

He sold too many items and exceeded the storage limit of the system space.

In the end, because the transaction volume met the requirements, the system activated a separate space. But it could only temporarily store for 12 hours.

So, he simply paid directly.

For the first time, Richard experienced the thrill of counting money until his hand numbed.

It was too cool.

As long as he counted it, he could sell it to other players immediately.

Although the equipment was a little damaged, it did not affect its use.

Moreover, the price was low-cost. And it was cardinally popular.

The players had never seen such a low-price dumping stance before. They were instantly on their knees, increasingly bought crazily.

The market of 20 billion players was so huge that even if he had ten times more weapons, it would still not be able to meet the needs of all the players.

He was currently lying down and making money crazily.

Trade.

Trading was still the most profitable thing.

The smile on Richard's face was extremely bright.

This exploration of the underground world was too comfortable.

He immediately waved his hand when he saw that the workers' speed had slowed.

"Hurry up, bring out all the weapons inside, don't leave any behind..."

Sel Bloodhoof heard this behind him. The corners of his mouth curled up to the back of his head.

"Lord Richard, I'll immediately get someone to gather them and see if there are any obsolete weapons! Just wait! Don't be in a hurry to leave!"

Chapter 239: Bloody Profit

"Quick, quick, quick, I heard that a lord came to the surface and is collecting junk... Bah, collecting all kinds of old weapons. The neighbor took a rusty, long knife and exchanged it for 30 units of food."

“What? There’s such a good thing?”

Buyers were superlatively overwhelmed...

Since the war between Bloodhoof City and the gray-colored dwarves began, there had never been such a lively situation.

Everyone rummaged through their homes. They brought all kinds of unwanted, old weapons and armor to the warehouse and exchanged them for sacks of food.

It was the underground world, and there was no shortage of ores. Who didn’t have a few weapons?

The residents of Bloodhoof City who received the food lamented that the surface lord was a good person. He collected so much junk and gave it back.

Sel Bloodhoof did even close his mouth.

He looked at Richard and almost pulled him to bow.

He called over a few of the most beautiful women of the dungeon barbarians and waited on them.

He did not want to do this, but the other party had given him too much. He could only use this method to make up for the uneasiness in his heart...

Richard looked at the female dungeon barbarians whose arms were thicker than his legs. After a long silence, he let them stand in a row behind him.

Nothing else but a sense of security.

This thing was like having a mountain behind it.

The whole process of inventory and selling equipment lasted for nearly six hours.

When Richard sold the last pile of weapons, the warehouse in front of him was cleaner than his face.

And he had acquired the equipment that the residents brought.

When Sel Bloodhoof saw this, he sighed with regret.

“Lord Richard, we have sold out our weapons.”

What a great opportunity! If there were ten or eight more warehouses of this size, wouldn't they be rich this time?

Richard looked at Sel Bloodhoof with a smile and said meaningfully.

“Lord Sel, there are still intact weapons without damage.”

These words moved Sel Bloodhoof. But he shook his head in the end.

“We need to deal with the attack of the gray-colored dwarves!”

Richard patted the level-15 hero on the shoulder and said kindly.

“My friend, our cooperation will not only happen once.”

“After we defeat the gray-colored dwarves, I think you can open a processing factory to produce weapons for me.

“I can use food, liquor, and even more materials not available in the underground world to exchange with you.”

The moment the first batch of resources entered his account, he knew that this was a business with a lot of money.

An old hen that could always lay golden eggs.

What was the point of fighting and killing? In the future, he could use the economy to control Bloodhoof City and let the underground city produce weapons and equipment for him. Wouldn't that be great?

What was trade?

The essence of trade was to use unequal resources to earn profits.

The resources included information, channels, logistics, and so on.

But in the end, I can do it. You can't do it, so you have to let me earn this money.

There was no market to digest them in the underground world, no matter how many powerful weapons Bloodhoof City could produce.

The other forces' produced weapons might not be inferior to Bloodhoof City's.

The channel of resources that Richard controlled was different.

Even if the system eliminates a portion of the 20 billion players, it would still be a terrifying massive market.

As long as there were good things, they could earn huge profits.

It was a channel advantage that Bloodhoof City would never have.

Sel Bloodhoof was extremely satisfied with Richard's words.

“Lord Richard, our friendship will last forever!”

He could not let such a big dog go.

Richard thought for a while and said a bit of temptation.

“Lord Sel, if Bloodhoof City is busy for the time being, we can buy weapons and equipment from other forces.

“As long as it is suitable, I can buy all of them.

“And not only weapons and equipment. I also need tons of mithril mines and rare resources. Strategic treasures...”

Bloodhoof City couldn't produce them themselves. Weren't there other forces?

And there was no need to buy them. Bloodhoof City was so powerful. Couldn't they do something else?

His smile was exceptionally bright.

When the time came, he would use the sharp edge of Bloodhoof City to plunder other dungeon race members. In the end, wouldn't the other party still have to sell the spoils of war to him?

When he thought of Bloodhoof City fighting in the underground world in the future and taking a large portion of the spoils of war, he instantly felt very comfortable.

It was the correct way to open the underground world.

When Sel Bloodhoof heard this, his eyes lit up.

That's right.

Bloodhoof City could not quickly obtain several weapons and equipment, but other factions did.

He could completely capture other factions and let them forge weapons for him.

If he thought about the long term, he could also buy some food at a low price and sell it at a high price to earn a price difference.

The lord of Bloodhoof City and Richard instantly thought the same thing.

They looked at each other and smiled happily.

After they discussed some details of the transaction.

Richard got down to business.

“Lord Sel, do you want 400,000 units of wheat for the mithril ore to be placed here or...”

Sel Bloodhoof pointed at the vast bluestone ground in front of him.

“Just put it in front. Next to it is the warehouse where the food is stored.”

Richard did not hesitate. He took out 400,000 units of wheat from the system space.

It directly piled up into a few small hills.

Sel Bloodhoof looked at the ring in Richard’s hand with great emotion.

He would not know how much food this space ring hid.

At the thought of this, he glanced at the 15-meter-tall mechanical puppet.

Sel Bloodhoof immediately suppressed his inner thoughts.

Strength was the only pass to the underground world. This saying was perfectly true.

After the staff estimated the food on the ground was not much different from 400,000 units.

Sel Bloodhoof did not hesitate either. He directly asked someone to bring 50 units of mithril ore and handed it to Richard personally.

Fifty units of mithril ore was a few times smaller than a human head.

Its appearance was very rough and emitted faint white light.

When Richard held it in his hand, he could immediately feel the surrounding magic energy become active.

After he opened the attribute panel and confirmed that it was mithril ore, he was satisfied and entered the system space.

With that, he finally obtained the mithril ore he desperately needed.

And accompanying it was the wheat temporarily stored in the system space, with a quantity of up to 3 million units.

That's right, three million units. To be more precise, it was 30,561,000 units.

He sold all the worn-out weapons in Bloodhoof City.

He didn't expect his sudden idea would bring him such an exaggerated profit.

It was three million units of food. Richard had exchanged these into resources at a market price of 1:10.

A total of 30 million units.

It was enough to upgrade 60 elite-level troops to rare-level.

It was enough to upgrade six rare-level troops to brilliant-level.

Moreover, he had obtained the mithril needed to restore the extraordinary hunter. Even if he could not fully restore, it was enough to increase the duration of this extraordinary-level battle strength.

This trump card allows him to deal with most of the dangers at this stage. His safety factor would skyrocket.

Thirty crown-level skeleton blood dragons if he added in the still-sleeping divine soul.

And the future Bloodhoof City, a chicken that could lay golden eggs.

This exploration of the underground world was simply a bloody profit!!

Chapter 240: The Extraordinary Dragon Corpse

Richard completed the transaction.

Bloodhoof City held a grand welcoming banquet for Richard.

At the banquet, the smiles on the faces of the Bloodhoof City higher-ups never disappeared.

In the end, the pile of junk in the warehouse and the mithril ore sold three million food units at an overstated price.

Three million units!

This was outrightly a massive fortune to the underground world in dire need of food.

It was a true lifesaver.

The severely depleted warehouse instantly filled up.

Although it couldn't completely solve Bloodhoof City's food shortage problem, it had already earned them an extra month of buffer time.

More importantly...

The success of this transaction meant they had established a cooperative relationship with this powerful great lord on the surface.

They could continue the transaction as long as both sides could maintain this friendly relationship.

Bloodhoof City could use this opportunity to get through this most arduous period.

If they defeated the gray-colored dwarves and became the ruler of the underground world, food would no longer be a problem.

Those damned gray-colored dwarves occupied a vast land that a city could use to grow light wheat.

As for whether they could defeat the gray-colored dwarves, this question was never within their scope of discussion.

With all sorts of causes and effects, the importance that Richard received in Bloodhoof City cardinally increased.

The stalwart level 15 dungeon hero, Sel Bloodhoof, delayed his departure after the guests and hosts had their fun.

Instead, he excitedly brought Richard to the backyard of the castellan's mansion for a visit.

There was an unusually remarkable underground garden here.

Because of the environment, most plants in the underground world emit faint light.

Richard suddenly seemed to have walked into the galaxy in the sky.

Exquisite flowers, vines that covered the walls, and even the root trees emitted light.

It was even more attractive than the most beautiful light show on Planet Blue.

It was magnificent and soul-stirring.

When Sel Bloodhoof saw that Richard was in high spirits, he extended his hand and introduced.

"This garden has a festive magic power. It can grow most plants that are difficult to survive.

"My father collected the plants you see here. Although they no longer have magic power, they are still quite precious.

"Lord Richard, I don't think there are any underground plants on the surface. If you like them, I can give you a batch when you leave."

When Richard heard this, he suddenly thought of the three magic building blueprints he had exchanged for points.

The yellow sand mage tower, the magic garden, and the magic fountain.

Because of rare resources shortage, they hadn't built yet.

In the future, if they create a magic garden, it would be stupendous to plant some glowing underground plants in it.

He agreed readily.

"Thank you for your gift, Lord."

Sel Bloodhoof smiled indifferently.

"It's okay. It's not a precious magic plant. I'll get someone to prepare a batch for you later. You can take it with you whenever you need it."

He seemed to have thought of something and asked after Richard thanked him again.

"Lord Sel, does Bloodhoof City still have the three rare resources of mercury, crystal, and sulfur? I can still trade a sum of food..."

This time, selling the weapons and equipment in Bloodhoof City's inventory had earned him three million food units.

This was after he purchased the mercury mine.

Twilight City was not like Bloodhoof City. There was no need to store so much food. With its small population, he could finish it in two years.

The wool came from the sheep.

Using the food earned from Bloodhoof City to exchange for urgently needed resources was distinctly more in line with Twilight City's interests.

The idea of food in the future starkly moved Sel Bloodhoof.

Although he had already obtained a lot of food, the current stock could only provide Bloodhoof City with more than a month's consumption.

After this crisis, he realized that food was the foundation of a city.

This predicament must not shake him.

After a moment of silence, he said slowly.

“One unit of rare resources for 60 units of food.

“I can sell 10,000 units of crystals and 10,000 units of mercury.”

Richard’s eyes sparked like diamonds.

The underground city’s foundation was not so easy to empty.

The previous transaction did not involve the other party’s core at all.

“I want all 50 units. We can trade now!”

Richard’s straightforwardness made Sel Bloodhoof very satisfied.

“Deal!”

Richard exchanged 50 units for one unit of rare resource and 20,000 units for one million.

It was one-third of the amount obtained from this transaction.

Sel Bloodhoof delightedly said after they settled the deal.

“Lord Richard, when do we have the next transaction?”

Richard had no thoughts about what commodities to use for the next transaction. Although he had not left yet, he could not wait to taste the sweetness.

Richard thought for a moment.

“As long as there are enough goods, we can do it anytime.”

He said with a profound meaning.

“But next time, I hope to exchange for more items.”

“Weapons, equipment, rare resources, precious building blueprints, and even the corpses of powerful monsters are what I need...”

Sel Bloodhoof’s eyes lit up.

“You also need monsters’ corpses?”

This operation had a lot of room.

Richard gestured for Gunter and Xina to follow in the distance.

“My subordinates have mummy heroes. They can recruit mummies from corpses.”

It was not a secret that undead rioters mainly relied on corpses. Any intelligent being in the “Shining Era” would know.

They were not afraid to reveal anything.

Moreover, for Twilight City, corpses were not only used to recruit troops.

The god’s ancient tree needed several corpses to grow poisonous wasps.

Even the sleeping divine being could devour flesh and soul to grow.

He chose to develop the mummified troop after he considered the geographical environment.

It was inseparable from corpses.

Of course, the mechanical puppets were currently a big part of Twilight City’s battle strength.

In the future, he might try to walk on two legs and invest a certain amount of resources into the mechanical puppets.

When Sel Bloodhoof received a definite response, he immediately became excited.

“Then, the price of the transaction...”

Richard smiled.

“The price is based on the level. The stronger you are, the higher the price.”

“In addition, I’m willing to buy the corpses of the wyverns or other half-blood dragons at a high price.”

Bloodhoof City occupied the underground world and had a powerful military force.

He could pay the other party to work for Twilight City — after all, he earned the payment from the other party.

Using the power of Bloodhoof City to strengthen himself, and also to receive the other party’s gratitude.

It was simply the act of a capitalist.

When Sel Bloodhoof heard this, he felt urged to dispatch the troop to go hunting.

There was no shortage of monsters in the underground world. They were all free food.

After they discussed it for a while, Richard suddenly thought of the main point.

“The corpses of those monsters are easy to destroy. Twilight City can’t transport them to the underground world every day. Does Lord Sel have a solution to this problem?”

The energy in the corpses would gradually disappear as the bodies rotted. Richard did not want to spend more money to buy useless corpses.

Sel laughed and turned his head to look around.

A moment later, he pointed at a broad-leaved grass half the height of a person in the garden.

“This grass is called the flowing light grass. It means to retain time.”

“Sprinkle it on the prey, and it will not decompose for half a month.”

“This is a common plant used to store food underground. As long as you carry the transaction within the corresponding time, there is no need to worry.”

Richard looked at the plant in surprise.

As expected, one could not look at a fantasy world with pure common sense.

He made up his mind to bring some on his return to Twilight City to plant when he left.

This thing seemed to have endless uses.

When he saw that Richard was so concerned about the monster's corpses, Sel Bloodhoof seemed to have thought of something and fell into hesitation.

Richard noticed the change in Sel Bloodhoof's expression and said softly.

"Lord Sel, we are friends."

"I think you should know that Twilight City and Bloodhoof City have no conflict of interest, and I have no intention of conquering the underground world."

"I hope Bloodhoof City can be stronger and open more deals in the future."

Sel looked deeply at Richard.

He said something that made his heart race.

“I wonder if Lord Richard is interested in the corpse of the extraordinary dragon.”

“Bloodhoof City just happens to have one...”