

## **The World 431**

### **Chapter 431 - 431 The Ferocious Twilight City**

The orc chieftain felt sparingly dazed when it heard this.

A special feeling arose in its heart. It was the temperament that a leader should have. This charming existence seemed worthy of reliance.

However, the orc chieftain suppressed this thought after a moment.

“Orcs will never be slaves!”

A deep roar resounded through the sky, and its body suddenly emitted scarlet energy.

The energy enveloped the surrounding troops.

The next moment.

The orcs, who wavered, immediately had blood vessels in their eyes, and their momentum rose sharply.

Their hearts became supremely fierce, and they no longer had any thoughts of surrender.

Berserk.

The signature skill of the orcs.

“Human, you are seeking your death!”

The orc chieftain glared at Richard with bloodshot eyes.

It saw a large group of wyverns fly over from the horizon out of the corner of its eyes. Its face gradually became ferocious.

His reinforcements... They had arrived.

Richard sat on Alves's back and smirked at the sight.

“You're stalling for time and waiting for reinforcements? What a coincidence, I'm also waiting for reinforcements...”

The indifferent voice gave the orc chieftain a nuisance feeling.

In the next second, Renee, who seemed illusory, suddenly disappeared from her spot.

She subconsciously turned her head.

She appeared among the wyverns with a few flashes.

'Bang!'

A black flame burst out.

It covered an area of a hundred meters.

The wyverns immediately felt the enemies threw their souls into a furnace.

A series of painful wails rang out, and the terrifying sounds sent chills down one's spine.

There was no damage to their bodies. But in the blink of an eye, the flying dragons fell from the sky like rain.

They smashed into pieces some sturdy houses...

The scene was quite spectacular.

Renee could use space movement every 0.3 seconds.

Every time she appeared, she would take the life of a wyvern.

The vast sky had become her performance stage.

In the square, the orc chieftain waited for the wyverns to arrive and immediately launch a counterattack. The chieftain was bewildered!

“How dare she, that damned bastard!”

The chieftain saw more than ten wyverns pass through the blockade from the side.

It immediately flipped over and sat on a wyvern.

“Kill!”

It adjusted its posture slightly and clenched its heavy great sword thick as a door. It quickly charged at Richard.

They cannot outdo the two majestic orc heroes. Each rode a wyvern and followed closely behind the orc chieftain.

Richard’s expression was as calm as ever, and he didn’t react. He just watched the orc chieftain attack him.

When the chieftain was 50 meters from the critical point, the dark valkyrie slowly raised the longsword in her hand.

Her pale golden eyes bloomed with a deep and cold light at this moment.

A level 17 hero dared to challenge her lord... She should kill the chieftain!

Her figure suddenly flew out the next moment and charged straight at the orc chieftain.

Xina simultaneously charged toward a level 16 orc chieftain.

Although there was a difference of three levels between them, not only was there no fear in her eyes, but her fighting spirit was also exceptionally high.

It was only level 16, and she had already killed many of them!

Xina controlled the blood aura to fly into the air. This Beyond A-rank hero held a 5-stars weapon, the dragon-slaying sword, and clashed with the level 16 orc hero.

The sword glowed.

The figures on both sides became blurry.

The dark valkyrie held her sword and faced the mi existence—the level 17 orc chieftain!

As the peak battle power of Twilight City, the dark valkyrie's three-meter-long sword glowed as she faced her enemy.

The berserk orc chieftain clenched its heavy blade and rode on its wyvern. It launched the fiercest attack at the dark valkyrie.

The blade in its hand, under brutal speed, could almost cut off the giant dragon's head.

The chieftain slashed the dark valkyrie down with absolute power when it got close to the enemy.

They have imposed full sounds.

The two weapons collided!

Sparks flew in all directions.

The orc chieftain should have had the upper hand with the wyvern's speed buff, but at this moment, its body suddenly stopped, and it felt a landslide—like the power transmitted from its weapon.

The web between its thumb and forefinger hurt, and the heavy great sword in his hand almost fell.

It transmitted the terrifying power to the wyvern below.

‘Roar!’

It broke the bone armor on the wyvern’s back.

This unit couldn’t avoid falling even though it flapped its wings incessantly.

The situation was evident when the two sides collided.

The dark valkyrie didn’t hesitate, and she swung her sword again.

It has imposed deep sounds.

One slash after another.

There was no fear in the chieftain’s heart when it went berserk even though it was terrified, only a fierce killing intent.

They clashed with their axes.

The two sides had clashed dozens of times in the air in a dozen breaths.

The wyvern it sat on spurted out blood.

In the end, it couldn't hold on any longer and fell with a wail.

The orc chieftain's expression changed, and it suddenly stood behind the wyvern. It glared at the dark valkyrie that floated in the air.

The dark valkyrie looked at the orc chieftain. She quickly fell, and her body flickered. She fell with the chieftain.

At this height, the wyverns could not kill the orc chieftain.

The orc chieftain let out a low roar, and its body suddenly expanded. The armor on its body was so complete that it was about to burst.

It clenched the heavy great sword and hacked at the dark valkyrie again.

The dark valkyrie didn't retreat at all. She charged forward and clashed with the sword.

She imposed deep sounds.

Sparks exploded.



It transmitted the power to the wyvern, and the bone armor exploded again.

Blood stained the orc chieftain's feet.

It landed on a three-story house with a loud crash after a few collisions.

'Crack!'

They could hear a crisp explosion.

Stones and wood chips flew into the air.

The dark valkyrie suddenly floated above the rolling dust and looked at the blood-soaked figure in ruins with cold intent.

The orc chieftain didn't stop for a moment. it bent its legs and stomped on the ground.

'Bang!'

Its body shot out like a cannonball.

It suddenly rose more than ten meters high and attacked the dark valkyrie.

The battle between top-tier heroes was usually supremely exaggerated.

The destructive power it brought to the surrounding environment was also terrifying.

Xina and the dark valkyrie each had their targets, and the remaining level 16 orc hero had his eyes on Richard.

He rode on the wyvern and charged towards Alves.

The two champions were the most dangerous people on the field.

The chieftain did not mind the remaining dragon...

It did not have time to move when it approached Alves.

The orc hero felt an indescribable sense of danger.

Death stared at its eyes.

It wanted to escape, but it couldn't use any power. It was as if it froze its soul.

A black arrow pierced through the void before it could even blink.

It instantly pierced through the orc hero's head.

The level-16 hero fell and rolled down from the wyvern's back. It crashed to the ground, and blood splattered everywhere.

Low-level Divine Art, Death Hunt.

The heroes fought, and the Twilight City troops showed off their abilities.

In the sky, the stone statues of the dead forcibly stopped the wyverns that had escaped the net.

The battle power of these Glorious 3-stars military units was so strong that it made people tremble.

Soldiers of the same rank were like little chicks to them.

Every time the tomahawks in their hands whistled, it meant it would take a life.

The stone statues of the dead became highly agile with the wings. They were almost the perfect unit with the battle tomahawk's attack range of 80 meters.

They targeted a stone statue of the dead that was alone and directly charged at it after a small team of wyverns went around the hunt.

A battle tomahawk broke through the air and arrived after the dragon flying team approached 50 meters.

The prepared wyvern immediately flapped its wings and dodged the attack.

However, before they could get excited ...

‘Crack!’ They heard a crisp sound.

The battle tomahawk exploded into pieces.

The sharp shards covered an area of thirty meters.

It pierced the seven wyvern’s body through in an instant.

‘Bang!’

The fragment exploded a second time.

It blasted a few uninjured wyverns with exaggerated holes in their bodies.

The remaining affected wyverns felt a terrible pain in their souls after being hit by the dense shards, and they lost their breath of life in the blink of an eye.

Explosive Battle Tomahawk Shatterer dealt tons of magic damage to enemies within a 30-meter diameter. When the Explosive Battle Tomahawk Shatterer hits the enemy, it will explode a second time with strong penetrating power. It causes physical damage. The Explosive Battle Tomahawk Shatterer has the instant-death characteristic of a fetter.

The level 9 stone statues of the dead had annihilated a party of level 13 wyverns with one skill.

This terrifying battle record sent a chill down the spine of the players who closely watched the battle.

They had thought it was already unbelievable that Qingqiu could create waves of sand to destroy cities. But now, even their troops were so powerful that they could feel their scalps tingle.

“Was this the true strength of Qingqiu?”

His opponent’s glorious battle record of one against a hundred in the death arena fighting ring was still not his true strength.

**Chapter 432 - 432 The Grand Duke of the Blood Race**

In the sky, Renee and the stone statue of the dead forcefully blocked the wyverns of more than a troop.

The dark gargoyle carried the stone statue of the dead on the ground and continued to harvest the souls of the orc warriors below.

The great axe death knights on the flank led by Emily had already conquered a hill. She had also slaughtered more than half of the troops on it.

The undead soldiers of the Axe of the Dead behind them and the sand condensation archers formed a four-sided troop formation. They advanced steadily and killed the orcs that fled.

Xina and the level 16 orc hero had already fought from the sky to the ground. The orc hero was far more potent than the level 16 void hunter hero in the dungeon.

The enemy was also an elite who fought through life-and-death battles. Although its potential was two levels lower than Xina's, it was as high as level-16, and its strength had enormously increased after it went berserk, so it could still block Xina's attack.

And Xina's battle frenzy had always been known for being violent. She went all out, and the frequency at which she waved the dragon-slaying sword in her hand was dazzling.

The battlefield of the two had become a demolition team. It destroyed all the houses and streets wherever they passed.

The most eye-catching battle was between the dark valkyrie and the orc chieftain.

It was the level 15 boss with A-rank potential against the level 17 hero with A-rank potential.

Although the orc chieftain was two levels higher than the dark valkyrie, there was no qualitative difference between the two. They were both in the range of levels 15-20.

The dark valkyrie also had the transformation that the orc chieftain had obtained after reaching level 15. Moreover, hers was mightier than his due to her boss mode.

The orc chieftain could still fight the dark valkyrie after it went berserk, but as time passed, the power of its berserk state weakened, and the other side became increasingly courageous.

It could block the attacks head-on at the start, but later on, it had to use its skills to maintain its attacks. The more it fought, the more the orc chieftain trembled.

It could even feel its sea-like power gradually dried up.

However, the other party was like a bottomless ocean. It had used all its means, even traded injuries for injuries, but it could not achieve the desired result.

"I can't drag this on any longer."

They had to kill the other party to win this battle...

It made up its mind when its thoughts reached this point.

The next moment.

Blood Qi surged out of its body.

Its aura instantly rose several times.

The blue veins on its body wriggled like earthworms.

It was terrifying and crazy.

The terrifying aura made all the living beings in the surroundings turn their heads subconsciously.

They suddenly discovered as they looked closely that besides the orc chieftain's increase in aura increase, a ten-meter-tall shadow quickly condensed behind it.

The phantom held a long saber with three war flags that floated in the wind behind it, and its eyes were tightly closed.

And the moment the phantom completely condensed, the orc chieftain immediately became the center of the world.



This level 17 hero had an indescribable and terrifying aura of thousands of rivers that flowed into the sky.

Its power exploded to the extreme.

The orc chieftain clenched a heavy great sword and pointed it at the dark valkyrie.

Then, under the orc warrior's expectant gaze, it swung its sword.

"Kill!"

A deep roar resounded through the sky.

The ten-meter-tall phantom behind it suddenly opened its eyes.

They followed the orc chieftain's movements and swung their swords.

The orc chieftain's movement neatly cut off the void around the dark valkyrie.

She quickly backed away and tried to avoid the sharp edge.

However, no matter how fast she was, the space around her exploded.

There was no escape!

‘Crack!’

A terrifying sound reverberated in her ears.

The invisible heavy great sword directly hit the dark valkyrie.

The orc chieftain stared at her and wanted to roar at the sky.

He had finally killed this terrifying enemy!

However, the moment this thought appeared.

The dark valkyrie’s body suddenly glowed with dim light. It directly negated the invisible attack that cuts through everything.

The joy that had just appeared on the orc chieftain’s face immediately froze.

“How is this possible?!!

“How could she have blocked?!

“Argh!!!”

It raised its heavy great sword with a long roar and slashed again!

The ten-meter-tall orc phantom behind it also attacked!

The dark valkyrie didn’t move this time, but her golden eyes coldly watched the orc chieftain.

The surrounding space exploded once again. The moment the shapeless attack cut through her body dark light again and blocked the unavoidable damage.

The orc chieftain spat out a mouthful of blood.

Shock and anger shrouded its eyes!

An indescribable sense of despair emerged in its heart... It couldn’t kill the other party!

It turned its head and looked at the shadow behind it. It gritted its teeth.

It swung its heavy great sword for the third time!

This time, the dark valkyrie didn't retreat. Instead, she charged at it.

Victory and defeat, life and death.

The blade in the orc chieftain's hand tore through the void.

"Kill!"

A terrifying roar reverberated throughout the world.

The level-17 hero's pitch-black hair suddenly turned white, and its face seemed to have aged more than ten years.

At the same time, the orc phantom behind it almost materialized and slashed with its saber.

The space around the dark valkyrie exploded again, and the damage was several times stronger than before.

The invisible blade struck the dark valkyrie for the third time.

Under the expectant gazes of countless orcs, the dark light appeared for the third time.

‘Crack!’

He had silently neutralized the attack...

The orc chieftain was heartbroken.

Disbelief and shock shrouded its widened eyes.

It gritted its teeth and wanted to attack again. But a graceful figure in front of it had already crossed with it like lightning.

‘Puchi!’

A vast head flew in the air.

The level 17 orc chieftain died after three slashes.

The scene suddenly fell into a deathly silence when it saw the murder.

Everyone’s eyes widened as they looked at the dark valkyrie that floated in the air with a three-meter-long sword in her hand.

The other party's pale golden eyes were like a god that stared at the earth. The moment they swept past them, their souls would tremble.

[Body of the God of War (Beyond A-rank) — Immune to instant death skills, Soul Control, curses, plagues, poisons, and aura suppression, forever high morale, resistant to the damage bonus from the light and nature factions to the dark faction, could ignore all anti-air spells, floating in the sky, and when receiving a fatal attack, 1000 life would be automatically consumed to avoid the attack.

The passive Body of the God War forcibly blocked three consecutive sure-kill skills.

Renee, this divine soul, had once used a divine spell—Death Hunt. It was a killing move that could penetrate the soul but could not kill the dark valkyrie's life.

It was needless for the orc chieftain's ferocity. One could not compare to the hunting of divine spells.

On the other side, it had killed the orc chieftain.

Xina caught the weakness of the orc hero. It was fear exposure.

"Slash!"

A dazzling sword radiance slashed through the void.

Furious slash of the heavens.

The orc hero hurriedly blocked with its blade.

However, the terrifying power caused its weapon to fly out of its hand.

By the time it wanted to save the situation, Xina had already come for it.

‘Puchi!’

The dragon-slaying sword swung down from above.

Her figure directly passed through the middle of the other party.

The two halves of the body fell to the ground, one on each side.

Level 16 orc hero, dead.

This scene was brutal and crazy.

This fearless warrior had once again used the enemy’s blood to prove its strength!

She killed the last two orc heroes.

The orc troop that could barely resist immediately fell into chaos.

Some of them went berserk and charged at the Twilight City's troops, while others wanted to regroup with their companions and form a defense line again.

The situation was out of control.

A group of orcs without a commander faced a single, fierce, well-organized troop led by a mighty hero.

Even if they tried their best to resist, the outcome was a death struggle...

The resistance collapsed entirely when the Twilight troops cleared more than half of the remaining orcs, and the system notification suddenly rang.

[Ding~ You have led a troop to attack Orc City and achieved a glorious victory. Obtained 200,000 experience points.]

[Ding~ Your strength intimidated several orc warriors (326), and they wish to join you. Do you accept?]

It piqued Richard's interest.



The 200,000 experience points were a good reward. Even more interesting was that a troop in the wild wanted to join him.

It was the first time in a few months...

Was this because of the King of the King of Darkness's equipment set's special effect?

Or was it the effect of the leadership skill?

Or was it the effect of glorious rank?

Or was it the result of the sum of these few things?

Richard was in a good mood, so he agreed.

The orcs that survived dropped their weapons and knelt before Richard.

"Respected expert, I'm willing to submit to you..."

"Please stop the attack. We surrender..."

Their pleas echoed in the air,

In this way, the situation already under control no longer had accidents.

The orcs chose to surrender after a while and gathered together and watched.

Richard was excited to see the first batch of surrendered orcs, but when he got off Alves's back, he saw Gunter and reported that he had found a few grace mainland lords.

The news intrigued Richard.

"Players?"

"What were these guys doing in Orc City? Was it a mission or a deal?"

"Bring them over."

"Yes."

Gunter turned around and left. It brought three players with their wrists bound by chains back dejectedly.

Their expressions were a mix of joy and excitement when they saw Richard.

It is Qingqiu...

He wanted to open the attribute panel to check the other party's attributes, but it said energy blocked it, and he could not detect it.

They could only smile bitterly.

The difference was too enormous. Richard could not even see the attributes...

The player in the lead was the first to react. It took the initiative to speak after a deep breath.

"Boss Qingqiu... We're on a mission, but we didn't expect you to attack these orcs."

"If I knew, I wouldn't have gotten involved."

"No, we didn't participate in the battle. We didn't help the orcs from the beginning to the end..."

They'd wanted to help at first, but when they realized it was Richard who attacked, they gave up.

The name "shadow of the tree" and the status of the ID "Qingqiu" in the hearts of the players was beyond Richard's understanding.

Richard didn't comment.

"What quest are you here for?"

The three players instantly panicked when they saw his emotionless gaze.

Qingqiu might have killed them even if they survive the battle... They didn't believe in any gods, so they wouldn't be taken to the divine kingdom even if they died. They would die if they died.

The leader of the players immediately said.

"Boss Qingqiu, we discovered this orc faction and wanted to gain some benefits from it. We have conquered them and done all kinds of missions..."

The leading player's heart skipped a beat when it saw Richard's frown.

He didn't dare to speak any more nonsense.

"Boss Qingqiu, I have a vital piece of information... I hope we can trade this information for our freedom.

Richard's eyes narrowed.

“Important news? Tell me about it...”

The player heaved a sigh of relief and immediately said.

“We helped the orcs get the sacred item of the vampire’s castle—the blood coffin.

“Blood coffin?”

It piqued Richard’s interest. And he recalled the information he had gathered from the wolf riders... The orcs had launched an attack on the vampire’s castle ten days ago.

“What’s the use of that treasure?”

The player immediately heaved a sigh of relief when it saw his interest and answered.

“Boss Qingqiu, the blood coffin has been the research of the orc chieftain for the past few days. We do not know its use.

“But it’s very likely that there’s an Archduke of the blood race sleeping in that blood coffin ...”

‘The Grand Duke of the blood race?’

Richard perked up.

### **Chapter 433 - 433 The Blood Clan's Holy Artifact-Blood Coffin**

“Humans heavily stressed publicity on vampires because they fed on blood and had a good reputation in the “Shining Era”.

“In addition, these dark life forms had highly soul-crushing battle abilities. It added some glorious-level qualities to them.

“However, it was relatively difficult to encounter vampires due to their small number.

“The title of a Grand Duke among vampires was not an ordinary title, but a real strength.

“Only transcendent blood race men were qualified to be called Grand Dukes!”

Richard stared at the three players. It was like he tried to figure out something from their faces.

He said word by word.

“Is this information true?”

The player replied immediately.

“Boss Qingqiu, it’s true. We dare not lie to you! The blood coffin is in the orc chieftain’s residence.”

It piqued Richard’s zealously.

“Lead the way. I won’t make things difficult for you if that is true.”

The players heaved a sigh of relief after they got the promise.

They were glad that this big shot was not a bloodthirsty person...

Richard didn’t realize that he’d become a man of absolute power. He could send shivers down anyone’s spine.

Power was a man’s best coat. This saying had always been true.

The coat he wore was already dazzling as the ruler of Twilight City.

In the future, it would even be as bright as the stars.

They crossed several ruined streets under the lead of the three players.

Richard found the blood coffin in a half-collapsed building.

The item was just like its name.

The coffin was three meters long and seventy to eighty centimeters wide.

Its entire body was blood-red, and the light on it seemed to flow like human blood.

It gave people a strong visual impact.

Richard opened the attribute panel with some profound thought.

[Blood Coffin]

[Level: Special]

[Attribute: A special treasure of the blood race. It can improve the quality of the blood when used to store fresh blood. The blood race can slowly increase strength when sleeping inside.]

[Description: Do not open it, or you will encounter an unprecedented disaster.]



This attribute... No wonder it was said that there might be a vampire Grand Duke that sleeps inside.

The description and characteristics all hint at the existence of the blood race.

Richard closed the panel and touched the blood coffin. He felt the cold touch, and his expression was strange.

He had never thought he could obtain the blood race's treasure after he attacked the Orc City.

That was weird.

The light on his body surged and slowly seeped into the blood-colored coffin.

But something blocked the power in the next second.

It couldn't penetrate the coffin.

Richard's brow furrowed.

He carefully examined the blood coffin after a few fruitless attempts.

In the end, he found the blood coffin had no cracks. It was a whole body, and he couldn't open it.

He turned around and looked at the players.

“Did you find anything unusual when you got the blood coffin?”

“No, after the orcs attacked the vampire’s castle, it was like this when they carried the blood coffin out of their forbidden land.”

“Then how can you be sure that the Grand Duke of the blood race is sleeping inside?”

“It was the vampire who told us. When we were on a mission in the vampire’s castle, we accidentally heard that the other party’s Grand Duke sleeps in the blood coffin.

“Later, I found that my intimacy with those guys couldn’t go up. I had to be a vampire if I wanted to continue to develop.

“But we don’t want to be that thing, so we told the orcs about this...”

Richard’s mouth twitched.

It was indeed a player’s style.

“What did the orc chieftain get from there?”

“No, he didn’t get anything. He kept trying to open the blood coffin but failed in the end.”

“Before this, the orc chieftain also gave us a B-rank mission to find a way to open the blood coffin.”

Richard couldn’t help but ponder.

‘This blood coffin was a good thing.

But he was sparingly hesitant about the possibility that the vampire Grand Duke hid inside.

‘If a transcendent Grand Duke of the blood race was in a deep sleep, wouldn’t that be equivalent to carrying a time bomb?

‘But what if it weren’t, there must be something good hidden inside.

‘This thing was a reward for the capture of Orc City. He would lose a lot of money if he gave it up...’

Richard pondered. Then he slapped his head as if he had just remembered something. He almost forgot about the Black Gold System ...

He opened the Black Gold System.

The information on the blood coffin immediately changed.

[Blood Coffin]

[The blood race Grand Duke is sleeping within it. Nothing can awaken it for the time being.]

[1. You can collect—holy water, the water of life, and light gems. Kill the opponent.]

[2. It can be placed in fresh blood, allowing it to drink to its heart's content and recover its strength.]

'It was honestly true!

'There was a Grand Duke vampire sleeping!'

Richard was surprised.

This trip was not in vain...

Richard was very interested in the two tips in those two days after he read the notifications twice.

One was how to kill the other, and the other was to restore the other's strength.

He had to choose one.

“It’s a pity. It would be awesome if only there is a way to subdue the other party...”

Richard was a bit disappointed.

He heaved a sigh of relief after he closed the attribute.

It would be easy to handle as long as the Grand Duke did not wake up for the time being.

He could bring it back and store it first. It had become meat on the anvil anyway, and there would be ways to deal with it in the future.

The best way was to get a few more treasures similar to the dark contract and make the vampire Grand Duke know and sing ‘conquer’.

Richard’s mood brightened at the thought.

After telling his subordinates to take good care of the blood coffin.

He looked at the three nervous players.

“Where is the orc’s treasure vault? Do they still have anything valuable?”

“Boss Qingqiu, I know! I’ll take you to...”

“Alright, you guys take my troop to...”

Then he looked at Xina and the dark valkyrie.

“You guys continue to guard this place and search for the spoils of war.”

“Don’t linger in battle if you encounter an undefeatable existence, retreat immediately.”

Then, he looked at the players.

“You can leave when I come back.”

Although the players wanted to leave right away, they didn’t dare to say anything and immediately laughed in agreement.

Richard didn’t pay much attention to them. He left most of his troops behind and left the Orc City with six squads of stone statues of the dead and thirty skeleton blood dragons.

The target was the white-tailed cat race.

His three goals were to attack the orc city to fulfill his promise to [Steamed Bun Lover], kill the wyverns to expand the number of skeleton blood dragons, and plunder the white-tailed cat race to develop his wine-making business. He only had one of the three left.

The white-tailed cat race was about 30 kilometers away from the Orc City.

The journey might take a few hours on foot. But it was impossible to get there with the speed of flight.

They arrived in about ten minutes at the location marked on the map by the white-tailed cats—a spring water suitable for making wine.

But Richard noticed something wrong as soon as he arrived.

There was no one in the small village below.

The white-tailed cat race was already empty...

His eyes suddenly turned sharp.

“What was going on?”

'I attacked the Orc City decisively, and the other side still heard about it?'

It supremely displeased him. It would reduce his harvest by more than half if they truly escaped.

'When would the wine-making industry in Twilight City begin?'

He immediately flipped over after he let Alves land and went to investigate personally.

Richard's sharp senses told him... The food was still warm after he searched through the rooms.

It immediately cheered him up.

The white-tailed cat race had left not long ago.

"Spread out immediately to search. We can't let the white-tailed cat race leave."

He had to find them quickly. He still had to go back and collect the spoils of war from the orcs. He had no time to waste.

And the fat meat in their mouths, could they fly away?

**Chapter 434 - 434 Master Winemaker**



The troop dispersed in all directions.

They began to search for traces of the white-tailed cat race.

The aerial units were fast, and flat plains surrounded them. Richard thought they could track them down very quickly.

But unexpectedly, the search area expanded from 10 kilometers to 20 kilometers and 30 kilometers in the last 50 kilometers.

The white-tailed cat race seemed to have disappeared into thin air, and there was no trace of them.

Richard waited for news at the base of the white-tailed cat race and lost his thoughts.

The fatty meat in his mouth flew away.

They transferred together the old, weak, sick, and disabled since they left in a hurry. How could there be no traces left?

He did a second search in the village as he thought.

A detail made his heart skip a beat after he looked through most of the houses and buildings.

They found many wine-making tools in the village but none good wine. There wasn't even a wine jar.

"Those white-tailed cats left in a hurry. How could they have moved the brewed wine away so quickly? It's impossible to do it under ordinary circumstances...

"They either have a spatial storage treasure or... They aren't far. They hid on the spot."

The white-tailed cat race is the vassal of the orcs. The probability of precious spatial storage treasures is low. It's more likely they hid the wine.

Richard's thoughts got increasingly clear.

"Since you can hide the wine, can you also hide the person?"

"No matter how fast the white-tailed cat race is, it's impossible for them to escape from the search of the flying units without leaving any traces... The undead doesn't use their eyes to search."

Richard looked around the village again for possible hiding spots and finally walked to the spring as he pondered.

The spring pool was about 30 meters wide, and they built the surrounding area neatly. Countless bubbles accompanied the water and gushed out. It was impossible to see the bottom of the lake.

His heart moved when he saw this. The yellow sand light on his body surged and scattered toward the bottom of the pool.

However, he felt unique energy that blocked his way just as his perception penetrated the water's surface for a few meters.

His eyes immediately lit up.

There was indeed a problem!

Richard didn't jump into the water when he sensed something wrong.

Alves silently followed them and spoke in a deep voice.

"Lord, do you need me to go underwater?"

He turned to look at the vast monster and shook his head, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

Could this small pool hold you if you go down?

Richard waved his hand and told him to wait at the side.

Then, the sand on both sides of the stream flowed down from the spring water. It suddenly rose to the surface with a wave of his hand.

A moment later, it condensed into a sandman over eight meters in size.

‘Plop!’

The sandman stepped on the water and finally jumped into the spring after its formation.

‘Bang!’

The water surface splashed up.

The sandman didn’t sink but stood in the lake.

It was like it stepped on transparent glass.

Richard’s heart skipped a beat, and the sandman bent down. Its arms wriggled and formed a sharp awl.

Then, it plunged into the water.

‘Bang!’

The waves on the water's surface splashed even more.

The sandman was like a perpetual motion machine. It continuously attacked hundreds of times.

Finally, after it reached a limit...

'Crack!'

The crisp sound of porcelain breaking pierced through the water.

Richard's eyes brightened, and he immediately increased the sandman's strength.

The next second, they heard a voice filled with fear.

"Respected powerhouse, stop attacking. We'll come out now..."

As expected, it was inside!

Richard laughed.

The sandman floated up and left the water with a wave of his hand.

A moment later.

‘Hulala!’

Bubbles appeared on the surface of the water, and a transparent ball slowly rose from the bottom of the water.

What surprised Richard was that he could see through the ball, and there seemed to be no one inside.

However, he could vaguely see the light and shadow through the crack when the other side turned around,

The transparent ball was only 10 meters in diameter. How could this thing hold so many people?

Richard watched as the ball rolled to the shore, where a small opening appeared.

An old-looking cat with furry ears and a long white tail walked out.

When Richard appeared and the even more terrifying Alves behind him, he subconsciously glanced at the eight-meter-tall sandman.

Its body stiffened on the spot. It couldn't suppress the shock in its heart even after taking a few deep breaths.

Finally, he stepped forward. It trembled and saluted Richard in the most respectful way possible.

“Respected powerhouse... I, Brook Whitetail, extend my most respectful greetings to you.”

Richard nodded.

“Your clansmen are all hiding inside? You’re pretty smart.”

The old-faced Brook Whitetail smiled wryly. Richard would not have found it if it were truly smart.

However, he didn’t dare to say anything and responded carefully.

“Yes, my Lord.”

Richard looked at Brook curiously.

“It took me less than half an hour to trample the orcs. You were tens of kilometers away. How did you get the news?”

Brook Whitetail’s face turned pale.

“You trampled the orcs flat?”

Brook felt increasingly uneasy.

It said carefully.

“The chief once gave us a magic item. Once one input magic power, the color of the magic item will change...

Richard finally understood.

This thing was not bad as a warning.

Brook asked in a low voice after it took a deep breath.

“My respected Lord, the chieftain, it...”

Richard chuckled.

“Your protector is me now.

“You could see its corpse, as for the orc chieftain, if you return with me now.”



It still shocked Brook to hear it from Richard's mouth, although it had already guessed something went wrong with the Orc City.

How long had it been since such a powerful force had appeared? Could it just disappear just like that?

Richard did not explain when he saw that Brook was still in a daze.

He looked at the transparent ball.

"Ask your clansmen to come out."

Brook's heart skipped a beat but did not refuse. It forced him to look more energetic and it slowly turned around. Then, it whispered something to the door.

The white-tailed cat race members came out uneasily after a while.

The number of people by the spring exceeded 200 not long after.

Richard couldn't help but click his tongue in wonder. Could that ball be the glorious holy weapon? The motorcycle of India?

He opened the attribute panel and checked them one by one.

The attributes of these white-tailed cats were almost the same, but their race characteristics were very special—they were master winemakers.

[Master Winemaker]

[It has a special way of the materials used to make wine. It can make top-tier wine with a 50% increase in taste and a 50% decrease in the adverse effects of alcohol.]

Richard was excited.

This race was good at making wine, as [Steamed Bun Lover] said.

“How could it not be proficient? Even its race’s innate talent was like this.

“Brook, where’s the wine that your race brewed?”

Old-faced Brook, as the leader of the white-tailed cats, knew better than anyone else that the uttermost thing to survive in this world was to have power.

The white-tailed cat race did not have a strong power, so they could only rely on other forces.

They had no choice now that the terrifying existence of the dragon slayed the orcs.

As for loyalty to the orcs... “I’m sorry, there’s no such thing between the extinction of a race and inheritance.”

The white-tailed cat race had long used to rely on the mighty...

Brook immediately adjusted its attitude and said respectfully, “Lord, there are still 50 jars of 100 kg in there. We brewed them before, but we haven’t had time to send them to the orcs.”

“I’ll get someone to get it for you immediately.”

Richard looked at Brook with interest when he sensed the change in its attitude.

“Bring me the best jar.”

“Yes.”

A moment later, two young white-tailed cats came out and carried a fat wooden bucket half the height of a man. They placed it in front of Richard.

Richard skillfully opened the lid of the wooden barrel after he sought permission.

The rich fragrance of fine wine hit his face in an instant.

This smell was like the wind that blew in the wilderness, fresh and comfortable, unlike the pungent smell of ordinary alcohol.

It was not an ordinary item.

With some anticipation, he opened the system panel and the attributes of the wine immediately appeared.

[White-Tailed Wine]

[Level: 4-stars]

[Taste: 90]

[Intensity: 52]

[Fragrance: 92]

[Special Property: 1. After drinking, increases life recovery speed by 50%. Duration: 30 minutes]

[2. Excessive consumption will not have any sequelae or adverse effects.]

[Description: A specialty of the white-tailed cat race. There's no other specialty other than this.]

“Wow, it's a 4-stars wine.”

Richard's eyes lit up.

The attributes of wine were different from weapons and equipment.

However, the data looked very outstanding.

And what satisfied him the most was the introduction at the back—white-tailed unique brew, only one with no other branches.

He was in a good mood as he looked at the nervous white-tailed cat race.

This time, he had finally found a gigantic treasure.

As long as they could manage it properly, these guys would be chickens that could lay golden eggs.

**Chapter 435 - 435 Generous Rewards**

[Steamed Bun Lover] looked at the harpie that panted at him and was supremely anxious.

“Have you caught your breath? Hurry up and release it if you’re even! How far has boss Qingqiu advanced? Have you captured the city wall?”

The enemy was so strong the battle between the two sides was supremely intense.

The red-faced harpie took two deep breaths before it stammered.

“Lord, it’s, we captured it...”

The bun lover’s anxious heart finally relaxed a little.

It was good to capture the city wall. The fact that they captured the city wall meant they had the initiative.

The harpie finally calmed down a little before it could ask for more details and spoke in a trembling voice.

“We have taken down the orc city and killed the orc chieftain on the spot. We have annihilated the entire orc troops, and Lord Qingqiu searched for resources.”

[Steamed Bun Lover] looked at the other party with a dumbfounded expression.

“What’s this? Not to take down the city wall? To take down the Orc City?”

“A level 17 orc chieftain... Someone killed it on the spot?”

“Boss Qingqiu already searched for supplies?”

He looked at the harpie as he spoke with a face full of doubt.

“Are you under the illusion of the forest sprites? Someone, give him twenty slaps and wake him up...”

The harpie immediately jumped up.

“Lord! I’m not under an illusion! I saw it with my own eyes. Lord Qingqiu summoned a monstrous sand wave and razed the Orc City to the ground!”

[Steamed Bun Lover] was finally sure the harpie who had sent the message was not under the illusion after repeated explanations.

But deep confusion and bewilderment shrouded his eyes when he returned to his senses...

“How long has it been? Excluding the time it took to travel back and forth, did it take half an hour?”

That was Orc City and a troop of over 10,000. They heavily guarded it and didn't even dare to face it!

The orc chieftain was even level 17!

He even had three level 16 hero supports...

'It was captured just like that?

Who the hell would believe it? If it weren't his spy.

The harpie immediately asked about the specific situation of the battle and vividly repeated the battlefield scene.

What sand wave that swept everything. What dark valkyrie that slashed the orc chieftain...

The bun lover heard this and thought of the scenes he saw in the instance dungeon.

In the end, they fell into a long silence.

The emotions in his eyes were complicated and hard to understand.



He sighed after a long time.

“The beast-eared girl I’ve carefully recruited... Tell them to prepare and give them to Boss Qingqiu later.”

\*\*\*\*\*

In the Orc City, the skeleton blood dragon and the stone statue of the dead carried the nervous white-tailed cat race and landed on the flooded square.

From the moment he saw the city submerged in sand.

The white-tailed cat race’s original joy no longer existed.

They trampled flat their protector.

Brook Whitetail, the elder of the cat race, was the first to recover. It directed its race to stand organized and stop the trouble.

Their average level was only level 7 or 8. While they faced a terrifying existence that could flatten Orc City, they would only be courting death if they made any moves.

The white-tailed cat race relied on the strong to survive. Since the orcs were already a thing of the past, and the human overlord valued them so much, it was no big deal for them to move to another place to live.

The weak who could not decide their fate had no choice. They were used to such a life.

Richard was quite pleased with the leader's reaction.

He turned around and went to the half-collapsed orc chief's mansion after he left a portion of the troop to guard the place.

At the moment, the troop piled up the resources they had found in the open space.

It was crystal clear. It dazzled and was quite eye-catching.

The three players immediately became excited when they saw Richard.

"Boss Qingqiu..."

Richard was amused.

He asked after he pondered.

"Where is the vampire's castle that the orcs attacked? Are there any other treasures inside?"

The leader of the players immediately said.

“The castle constantly declined because of the vampire Grand Duke’s slumber. There are no valuable treasures inside other than the blood coffin.

“If not for this, we would not have turned to the orcs...”

Richard nodded. He was right. The players wouldn’t sell the vampires so easily.

“Share the map of that castle with me.”

“Yes!”

Richard glanced at the location after the players shared the map.

The other party was close to about 300 kilometers away from Orc City... Eh? The Ice Empire?

The bun lover was very narrow-minded about his surroundings and did not have information from so far away. He did not expect that he would come to the area of the Ice Empire.

The Ice Empire was more than ten thousand miles away from the desert of death...

Richard waved them off after he was sure he couldn’t get anything useful from the players.

The three players were immediately overjoyed. They rolled and crawled out of the ruins and ran faster than anyone.

Thousands of miles separated the two sides, not to mention the fulfilled promise.

These weaklings did not affect him, and he was too lazy to do anything to them.

Richard waited another hour or so before the troop finished their search after the players disappeared.

Gunter reported.

“Lord, we have accounted for the spoils of war.”

“Speak,” he said.

“Yes, we found a total of rare resources—crystals and gemstones. There are two piles in total, estimated to be about 20,000 units. The sand destroyed the warehouse for ordinary resources, and there was nothing to pick up.

“We found a total of rare-level troop-type lairs—20 orc warriors, ten orc archers, and five orc shield Warriors.

Rare-level soldier-type lair—5 orc berserkers.”

“A full-body armor has been found on the orc chieftain. It is a 3-star Treasure. It is currently damaged and can be handed over to Miss Adele to repair.”

“A 3-stars heavy sword.”

“We obtained a 3-stars staff from the orc shaman.

Richard’s eyes lit up.

Resources were nothing to him, and a few 3-star treasures could not even pique his interest.

Only these troop lairs made him excited.

It was the first time he seized so many soldier lairs after several battles.

There were five rare ones, each worth five million resources.

In addition, there were 35 rare rank ones... There would be a total of eight of them, worth 40 million if they were used to synthesize rare-level ones.

Five rare ones remained.

One could describe just this harvest alone as overwhelming.

To capture a high-level city in the wild was simply too profitable.

It made him think of his desert... “Damn it, a barren land was a barren land.

It seemed he had to find an opportunity to leave the desert of death and go outside to seek the autumn wind.

This development was simply too cool.

Richard was in a good mood after he returned to his senses.

This expedition had perfectly achieved the set goal.

1. Complete the request of [Steamed Bun Lover].
2. Hunt wyverns and expand the skeleton blood dragon.
3. Conquer the white-tailed cat race.

In addition to the established goal, the other gains were also particularly abundant.

Most importantly, it was the blood coffin in which the blood tribe Grand Duke was sleeping.

This thing's value was immeasurable. If it was well-controlled, it could even enslave the other party... It was a transcendent being.

"How much was this worth?"

Next was the harvest from the troop-type lairs.

This thing could save him vast resources.

This time, Twilight City had a lot to eat.

Richard was in a good mood.

"Gather the bodies of the wyverns. Gunter, you will recruit the skeleton blood dragon!"

This time, he had brought Gunter and let Gray stay behind to take care of recruiting skeletons.

As long as one would give the corpse of a dragon, this blood lich could produce a top-tier Crown 1-star soldier.

## **Chapter 436 - 436 The Exploding Number of Skeleton Blood Dragons**

Gunter immediately ordered the troops to gather all the wyverns killed after it received the order.

Renee took the stone statue of the dead and killed wyverns because of Richard's special instructions before the battle. In the end, not many left the orc city alive.

They piled the bodies on the sand.

Richard looked at the orcs who had surrendered to him.

The number of people in the three squadrons, and all of them had rare potential... Even rare-level troops couldn't last until the last moment.

However, these majestic warriors seemed to have overindulged themselves because the berserk state had ended. Their faces were pale, and some could not even stand steadily.

The orcs' berserk state could enormously increase their attributes, and their power was well-known. However, the side effects of the enhancement were also distinct and caused them to be in a weak state for more than ten hours.

Richard couldn't help but frown.

He began to consider whether he should accept them after the excitement of the soldiers to join him had passed.



Orcs were normal lifeforms. And they were utterly different from the Twilight City troops.

Moreover, these mighty soldiers needed food and water. It could cost them half their lives if they were to fight in the desert.

They could only use it to defend the city. And it was useless.

More importantly, it would have a fatal impact on their morale if they mixed these soldiers with mummies. No ordinary living being would want to be with the undead all day long.

The orcs were not soldiers of the desert camp. So they couldn't accept mummies.

They could not hide their fear when they looked at the Twilight City troops.

Richard said while he rubbed his chin.

"I was happy for nothing. Although orcs aren't weak, the eggs are useless when we bring them back. It's also a waste of food.

"[Steamed Bun Lover]... I am thinking if you're interested in recruiting these troops to do business with them."

“Three squadrons of rare troops should be worth a lot of money. That guy got the seeds of the world tree, so he should have several good things hidden...

“After all, the harpies belonged to the nature camp. Although they were not on the same front as the orc tribe, it would not lower their morale.”

Richard did a quick check on the orcs’ stats.

It was a pity that there were no heroic units, or he could sell them for a higher price.

The orc soldiers looked at Richard with pleading and apprehensive eyes.

The only person who could decide their fate on this land now was this heroic and extraordinary human lord.

Richard couldn’t be bothered to say anything to these people who couldn’t stand still. He just looked at his loot excitedly. He thought he finally had someone to rely on.

It would be great if he could attract some powerful heroes...

Gunter reported that he was ready to explode after a round of inspection.

They gathered most of the wyvern corpses, other than a small portion that the sun buried.

There was a large group of thousands of them with a rough estimate.

They piled up the square, which was half-buried by the sand.

Richard looked forward to it.

It had been too long since the skeleton blood dragon had increased.

In other words, there were too few troops with dragon blood, so few that he could not find a suitable target even if he wanted to hunt.

Gunter walked to the vast pile of corpses after Richard permitted it.

The blood-colored bandages on his body slowly glowed with a crimson light.

The crimson light seemed alive and directly enveloped all the wyvern corpses.

It was like ice and snow that met the blazing sun when the corpse came into contact with the crimson light. It began to melt rapidly.

They turned into balls of blood-colored energy and floated in the air.

It formed a blood river not long after.

The thick smell of blood assaulted his nose and stimulated his sense of smell.

The blood river gradually became majestic.

The light on Gunter's body reflected the light and grew increasingly bright. It quickly spread out when it reached a limit.

A blood-colored mist covered the entire orc city in two to three minutes.

One could see from the sky blood-colored energy rose from the sand and ruins of buildings.

The soldiers buried in the sand couldn't escape the fate of turning into blood-colored energy.

The corpses on the ground gradually distorted as a large amount of energy gushed. It was like the wind dried them for decades or even centuries.

His ferocious and terrifying appearance would give one a nightmare.

No more blood-colored energy seeped out of the ground ten minutes later. Gunter noticed this and slowly pressed down in both directions.

The blood river in the sky was like a vast wave and poured into the wyvern's broken corpse.

Under everyone's gaze.

The corpse of the wyverns, left with only a pale skeleton, slowly became crystal clear like a ruby. And its aura began to rise.

The world became distinct again when the corpse absorbed all of the blood-colored energy in the sky.

The soul fire in Gunter's head exploded.

The next moment.

'Whoos!'

All the wyvern corpses' heads suddenly lit up with a dark blue soul fire.

'Roar!'

The dead body, which was still, suddenly twisted and struggled. And a series of deep roars that sent chills down people's spines echoed through the sky.

It gave birth to the skeleton blood dragon.

They spread out their broken dragon wings after these newly born crown soldiers got up.

‘Hu!’

They spread their wings and flew.

It covered the sky in an instant.

[Ding~ Your subordinate Gunter has recruited 120 skeleton blood dragons (Crown1 star, Newborn Level: 10) from the wyvern corpse.]

It pleasantly surprised Richard.

According to ancient practice, it takes more than ten dragon-blood creatures to recruit a skeleton blood dragon.

Richard thought it would be good enough if there were seven or eight teams, but he didn’t expect there to be so many more.

The bodies buried under the sand were quite functional.

As a result, the number of skeleton blood dragons in his hands increased from the initial three teams to 15.

It was a Crown 1-star troop level, not a weakling!

Moreover, Alves, a soldier with the Elegy Death Medal, was the commander and the title of King of Gladiator.

These powerful troops would become the nightmare of all enemies with additional characteristics.

He looked at the skeleton blood dragon that almost blocked out the light in the sky.

Richard was in a good mood.

The higher the rank of the troop level, the more resources they needed to recruit.

Putting everything else aside, with so many crown troops, how many resources could he save?

A few hundred meters away from the Orc City, [Steamed Bun Lover] rushed over and happened to see the scene of the undead dragons that soared into the sky.

It instantly shocked the bun lover.

He clearly remembered that there were only a few dozen undead giant dragons before, but now they covered the sky.

He immediately thought of the central point, the undead recruitment spell.

So this was how the lord formed the Twilight City troops...

No wonder it was so powerful.

Envy shrouded his heart. "F\*ck, the undead were indeed a perverted race. Such a way of sending out troops simply made people envious."

[Steamed Bun Lover] let the harpie troop stay outside after he sent someone to report and waited for a reply, while he entered the Orc City with two small teams of guards.

The scenes on the ground came into view as he got closer.

The vast yellow sand had swallowed up the original city wall. Only two arrow towers stood alone on the vast ground, but they were only four to five meters above the ground.

It also destroyed most of the buildings in the war that the sand did not bury. It reduced the ruins of the city that one could call a prosperous town in the past.

To witness all of this with their own eyes, though mentally prepared, still gave [Steamed Bun Lover] a vast psychological impact.



The bun lover recalled the powerlessness he felt when he discovered the Orc City when he came to investigate. He sighed.

The bun lover landed on the square under the guidance of the stone statue of the dead.

He got down from the horned eagle and immediately saw Richard's aura. He went up to him excitedly.

"Boss Qingqiu boss... Bull nose!"

"Your troops annihilated the orcs just like that! You are my god!"

I'd even be willing to offer my chrysanthemums to you if I didn't like women..."

Richard didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He cast a disdainful glance at the man.

"Get lost, don't disgust me."

[Steamed Bun Lover] chuckled and didn't seem to mind.

He sighed in admiration after he gazed around and saw the moans of the white-tailed cat race.

It had only been a short while, and Richard had solved everything.

The bun lover raised his head and looked at the sky.

The sun sets in the west, but some distance was there before setting.

The other party said they would flatten the Orc City before dark and return to see the beast-eared girls dance. They could bring forward the matter.

What a pervert...

It was indeed a fitting scene to have Guan Yu kill Hua Xiong with warm wine in ancient times and see through his clothes at sunset in Qingqiu.

Richard stared at this guy that gazed around with shifty eyes and gestured to the orc over there.

“Do you see those orcs?”

The bun lover was stunned for a moment and did not understand what he meant.

“You saw it? Isn’t this your captive?”

Richard chuckled.

“Orcs are not suitable for Twilight City.”

The bun lover’s eyes suddenly lit up when he heard this.

“Boss, you, you mean...”

Richard nodded.

“That’s right. I’m selling these to you.”

Tears shrouded the bun lover’s eyes.

“Boss, there’s no need for a deal between us. I’ve wandered for half my life and only hate that I haven’t met a wise master. If you don’t mind, I’m willing to be your godfather...”

#### **Chapter 437 - 437 Imagination of the Underground World, Future Weapons Factory**

In the end, Richard didn’t let go of the unfilial [Steamed Bun Lover.]

However, he didn’t take the orcs with him. He gave them all to the bun lover. He had obtained the seed of the world tree last time. He also gained several benefits from the battle with the orcs this time. He didn’t want to get entangled with these troops that didn’t suit Twilight City.

However, the bun lover was also a stubborn person. Since Richard could not acknowledge him as his godfather, he still gave him two Teleportation Scrolls.

This sparingly embarrassed Richard. He gained too much from this guy, but he didn't refuse and accepted the scroll with a smile.

"This guy is also not bad. I can make more friends in the future. It's a long journey, and who knows what will happen in the future?"

The other party could get the seed of the world tree from the beginning. [Steamed Bun Lover] luck was good, and he might surprise him at any time.

[Where's Your Italian F\*cking Italian Cannon] was a good example.

Richard didn't stay in the Orc City for long. He took all the loot and returned to Twilight City.

The bun lover felt a great sense of regret. He'd had the beast-eared girls prepare a dress-up dance for Richard. And it ruined his initial plan to give Richard the few beast-eared girls.

Richard gave a few more instructions before he crossed the portal. He asked [Steamed Bun Lover] to help him gather information about the vampire's castle, which might come in handy in the future.

The blood coffin in which the blood race Grand Duke slept was still in his hands.

He would pull it out of its coffin in the future, although he has no deal with the boss inside now.

The bun lover promised happily. He was delighted to ride on Richard's cape tail.

[Steamed Bun Lover] had seen the true power of the Twilight City after he took over the Orc City with ease, and his desire to ride on its cape tails was unshakeable.

When the last skeleton blood dragon folded its wings and passed through the space gate, 'crack!'

The space in front of him suddenly shattered and then returned to usual.

Only the bun lovers and the harpies remained in the city ruins.

The harpie hero said in a low voice as Richard disappeared.

"My Lord, Lord Qingqiu has already eliminated the main force of the orcs, but there are still several soldiers outside. We still need to be careful.

Passion shrouded its eyes as it spoke.

"Without the threat of the orcs, it's time for us to develop quickly."

The bun lover harshly smiled when he heard this.

“Be careful?”

Richard dealt with the main force and left only the defeated. He could not be careless.

The difference...

He shook his head and was too lazy to think about it. To compare himself to Richard was simply asking for unhappiness.

What qualifications did he have? Even tens of billions of people couldn't compare to Richard.

He gritted his teeth and made up his mind.

“We eliminate the threat of the orcs as soon as possible. We can't even do such a small thing when Boss Qingqiu asks us next time!

“Immediately send people to search for information about the vampire's castle!”

“Yes, Lord!”

The land of quicksand.

Richard had smiled ever since he returned from the Orc City.

This time, he not only fulfilled his promise to [Steamed Bun Lover], but the profit was also so great that it surprised him.

He was more than happy to have similar activities in the future.

He buried the blood coffin where the blood race Grand Duke slept under the roots of god's ancient tree.

Let this boss protect them.

There was a massive space under the god's ancient tree.

Magical plants that Richard had acquired from the underground world filled it.

The plants in the underworld didn't like light. And there was no place to grow them in Twilight City, so he had just left them in the land of quicksand.

There were also magic plants that could create ice.

His initial plan was to preserve the corpses of the heroes that the god's ancient tree slaughtered and use them to recruit the blood mummies in the future.

Maybe, there would be a hero.

In addition to the four orc hero corpses they brought back this time, there were more than 20 corpses in the storage.

Now, it could fully use to place the blood coffin.

Moreover, with this boss guarding it, the blood coffin would be safer than it was in Twilight City.

Richard asked the heroes to return to Twilight City with their troops after he settled everything, and he called for the void sandworm.

This 30-meter-long "little guy" was like a mountain that lay on the sand, full of oppression.

Dark golden runes covered its body and made it look extraordinary.

Richard pressed a hand on the worm's mouth. Light began to emanate from his body, and his psychic energy began to link up with the worm's soul.

The gains from this expedition had given him a new idea—to continue the hunt for powerful forces.



The desert of death was too barren, and he had to think of a way.

However, the difficulty of this idea was the distance.

The desert of death was so vast. He couldn't spend half a month to a month on the road, right?

It would be of great help to the development of Twilight City if the void sandworm could solve this problem.

The spiritual transmission... Could he open the spatial rift in the primary plane if he had detailed coordinates?

The void sandworm's response surprised him.

It could open a spatial rift no matter where it was as long as it had the coordinates.

However, Richard was a little regretful.

The void sandworm was still in its infant stage, so opening a spatial rift was massive for it.

Moreover, due to the restrictions of the perfect rules of the primary plane, the energy required to maintain the spatial rift was several times more than that of the other planes.

Therefore, he still couldn't do what he wanted—to go wherever he wanted.

Richard was sparingly disappointed. Just because he couldn't do it now didn't mean he couldn't do it in the future.

When the void sandworm matured, it would often leave the desert of death to hunt. It would no longer be an illusory dream.

He felt that the void sandworm's value was limitless after the battle with the orcs.

Long-distance travel had always been a big problem because the "Shining Era" was so huge that it was borderless.

Otherwise, he would not have placed so much importance on the development of the flying troops.

It could maintain the spatial rift for a long time if the void sandworm reached adulthood.

Therefore, its value was strategic.

It was no wonder the president of the Scarlet Council, the big boss who rubbed the plane with his bare hands, repeatedly warned that the void sandworm had unlimited potential.

It was a pity that he had only gotten one.

Wouldn't he be able to go wherever he wanted in the entire "Shining Era"?

He glanced at the remaining ordinary sandworms with a bit of regret.

However, these big guys were also helpful.

It was like a mechanical transportation workshop which they did not build.

It would be a good thing to let these sandworms pull the carriage.

Richard decided to return to Twilight City after he pondered.

At this moment, the two-way portal in the land of quicksand connected to the underground world flickered, and a blood-colored mummy appeared in their sight.

Its empty eyes scanned the surroundings. It immediately stepped forward and saluted when it sensed the lord's aura.

"Great Lord, news from Bloodhoof City..."

It presented a sealed letter with both hands as it spoke.

Richard raised an eyebrow.

He had planned to attack the underground world after they slaughtered the orcs, and now they had sent a letter.

He reached out to take it and opened it.

He was sparingly surprised after he pondered.

The letter said that the gray-colored dwarves had gathered all their troops and marched toward Bloodhoof City.

They will arrive at Bloodhoof City on the 6th of September.

The final battle will begin.

This battle would determine the ownership of the underground world.

Richard sighed. The underground world was finally coming to an end.

Although Twilight City did not involve with it for a long time...

However, it also affected the situation in the underground world.

The enemies could have destroyed Bloodhoof City long ago if not for Twilight City.

It was also because of him that the war had lasted until now.

After the last time the duergar had used a trick to kill him, he had long been unable to hold back his inner desire.

He could not resist to unify the underground world and become the only overlord.

Richard kept the letter and returned to Twilight City. He immediately summoned the level 12 gray-colored dwarf alchemist, Brown.

The alchemist he snatched from the underground world had now utterly submitted.

Even the most unyielding character could not hold on for too long with the support of the high people's hearts.

This assimilation ability toward new members was hard for outsiders to imagine.

Brown, whose arms are as short as a bean sprout and disabled, saluted Richard with great respect when it saw him.

“Lord.”

Respect shrouded its face from the bottom of its heart. It was no longer as unwilling as it was when Richard first brought it to Twilight City.

Richard looked at the hero in charge of alchemy-related work in Twilight City and nodded slightly.

“You’ve done a good job during this time. You didn’t let me down.”

Then, he repeated the changes in the underground world and said, “Now, we’re going to attack the duergar. Do you have any suggestions?”

Brown was so excited that he couldn’t control himself when it heard this.

The alchemist had fantasized countless times that one day it could kill its way back and ruthlessly step on the current duergar chieftain who drove it out from the primary city.

Now, the opportunity had finally come.

It couldn’t suppress the excitement in its heart even after it took a few deep breaths. Finally, the alchemist spoke in a deep voice after it pondered.

“Lord, I have a question to ask you.”

Richard chuckled.

“Speak,” he said.

“Do you plan to focus on alchemy?”

The gray-colored dwarf, who had always been careful, straightened its back and appeared determined.

Its temperament was completely different from before.

Richard shook his head without hesitation.

“No, alchemy technology is only a supplement to the defensive forces of Twilight City. We will not invest several resources into it in the future.”

The Twilight City was not a fortress faction, and no matter how much they invested in alchemy, it would be difficult to compare with the races that focused on alchemy.

He had a clear mind, and that was because it took a fancy to the power of the alchemy cannons. He had never thought of changing the development path of Twilight City.

Brown nodded and had an idea.

“Then I suggest you send your troops this time if you do not plan to focus on alchemy to occupy the primary city of the gray-colored dwarves and control their original production tools.

“At the same time, conquer the other duergar and make them work for us.”

Its gaze became more serious as Brown said that.

“Not only that. You should also transfer the Alchemy Department of Twilight City to the underworld.

“Alchemy technology requires a massive investment of resources.

“Land, resources, population, treasures, and so on.”

“The later stages, the greater the investment needed.

“The alchemy technology we have now is only superficial. It will be obsolete in the future as Twilight City progresses.

“So, since we don’t plan to invest much money, we’ll move this technology out of Twilight City.

“The underground world has a perfect alchemy technology system.



“To use the original foundation of the gray-colored dwarves to develop is countless times better than to build from scratch.”

Fanaticism filled its eyes with fanaticism as it said it.

“As long as the gray-colored dwarves’ forces are utterly integrated and the divided gray-colored dwarves are all devoted to the research of alchemy technology, I can guarantee with my life that you will be satisfied with the results.

“In the future, we can use the underworld as-weapon factory. We don’t need to invest any additional resources, and we can continuously provide Twilight City with the resources needed for war, be it alchemy cannons or alchemy bombs.”

Richard gave Brown a deep look.

He would integrate the original forces of the gray-colored dwarves and develop alchemy technology with all his might. He would no longer need the resources of Twilight City, and the entire underworld would become the weapons factory of the city.

The alchemist opened up Richard’s mind.

And he had to admit that these words moved him.

His initial plan was to let the underworld provide all kinds of weapons and resources for Twilight City, which would become his resource warehouse.

Now, Twilight City would only benefit... if he could add the alchemy technology.

They could no longer use the resources of the underground world for fighting after the war ended. They would use them for development.

The result would be different.

### **Chapter 438 - 438 Shut Up, No One is Allowed to Say Anything Bad About the Grand Lord in the Future! [1/3]**

Richard had a better idea of the underground world's location after his conversation with Brown.

It had to be said.

This gray-colored dwarf was indeed smart enough. Its advice was valuable after he considered it for the sake of Twilight City.

Since the gray-colored dwarves developed in the underground world for many years and laid a solid foundation for alchemy, they could reach a higher level with a straw of support.

The gray-colored dwarves would develop their alchemy technology and provide enough alchemy bombs and cannons for Twilight City.

They would allow other races to produce ordinary weapons and provide materials for the foreign trade of Twilight City.

Walking on two legs was right.

He could lead the land with millions of intelligent lives and develop in the direction he wanted as long as he controlled the underground world.

It was a safe and stable territory, a golden land that could continuously support Twilight City.

It was his precise location of the underground world.

There might be a lot of trouble in the process.

However, the military power of Twilight City was no longer the same as before.

Force could still crush it no matter how big the obstacle was.

Brown excitedly left after it received his affirmative reply.

Next, the gray-colored dwarf alchemist would go to war with the troop. This time, he would take revenge on the enemy who had trampled on him before as a king!

Brown was determined.

The gray-colored dwarves should belong to Twilight City, and they could only have a better future by relying on their great lord.

What it saw and heard in Twilight City had long been convinced the alchemist.

It would remember the scene of its resurrection in the instance dungeon and when it stood firm against the attacks of all kinds of terrifying monsters.

Such a lord could lead the gray-colored dwarves to glory.

Richard returned to his senses a long time after Brown left. He opened the lair panel and pondered as if he remembered something.

He had not found a suitable unit to fuse after he used the fusion crystal to create a powerful and fierce stone statue of the dead last time.

The remaining troops each had their strengths and weaknesses.

He was not satisfied no matter how he fused.

He decided to put it on hold after some thought. A treasure like the fusion crystal would lose with every use. He would rather wait for a while than waste it.

His eyes still gathered on the stone statue of the dead after he pondered for a long time.

He might increase the number of dead stone statues of the dead since there were no suitable ones.

Currently, there is still nine rare Axe of the Dead soldier-type lairs.

He could fully equip it with nine more dark gargoyle lairs.

It had been a while since he had purchased a new base for soldiers.

First, the current military power of the city was enough to deal with the current situation.

Secondly, a high-level military base consumed too many resources, so he had no choice but to put off the idea of mass-producing troops.

He couldn't afford it.

Richard opened the [Trading Forum] without hesitation.

Search, [Dark Gargoyle Troop Lair]

The next moment, many options appeared.

[Dark Gargoyle, Rare 3-stars, Price, 2.7 million stone]

[Dark Gargoyle, Rare 3-stars, Price, 2.3 million wood]

\*\*\*\*\*

The price of the dark gargoyle was unexpected. It was more than two million resources.

Richard looked at the resources left with only a little over 6 million, and his mouth twitched.

He would die of poverty one day.

His eyes lit up after some thought.

He had just snatched dozens of soldier lairs from the orcs...

Five rare, 35 rare.

Couldn't he buy it if he sold the spoils of war?

He checked the price first.

Open the Orc Troop Lair, filter, rare.

Immediately, several troop lairs appeared.

[Orc Wolf Rider, Rare 3-stars, Price 4.2 million wood]

[Orc Berserker, Rare 3-stars, Price 3.1 million gold coins]

\*\*\*\*\*

To Richard's surprise, rare-tier orc lairs cost more than three million units of resources.

It was much higher than the dark gargoyles of the same level.

What was the reason?

He searched for similar news on the [Forum Chat] with some curiosity.

He had an idea after he read a few posts.

Generally speaking, the higher the number of players in a faction or race, the higher the price of the corresponding weapons and troop lairs are because the demand is high.

One could not sell them for a high price because there were few players, although the attributes of the lairs of some races were high.

The players weren't fools. After a few months of exploration, they knew the relationship between the troops and the races.

To rashly use the troops of other races would often cause a drop in morale and even affect each other's battle power.

Hence, the troops purchased were mainly from the same faction.

Most of Richard's desert soldiers or dark gargoyles had no morale.

He didn't even want the surrendered orcs.

Richard chuckled.

He hung up all the orc troops he had.

There were 35 rare ones, each sold for 200,000 units of resources. There were five rare ones, each sold for 3 million.



There was only a difference of one level between rare and rare. But the current price was as different as the sky and the earth.

Almost all the players already had rare military types, but they were still exclusive to the top players.

What made him feel pity was that after he upgraded the troop-type lair with the Black Gold System, it would be bound to him, and one could not sell or give.

Otherwise, he could buy a low-level troop-type lair at a low price and synthesize it into a high-level troop-type to sell. The price difference would make him rich.

He would sell the dozens of lairs in less than 10 minutes as the price was slightly lower than the market.

**Chapter 439 - 439 Shut Up, No One is Allowed to Say Anything Bad About the Grand Lord in the Future! [2/3]**

After two instance dungeons and several months of development...

The players already had a certain level of strength. Unlike before, when they were all poor.

Not only Twilight City developed, but all the players also grew.

It sold thirty-five rare troop lairs for 7 million resources. Richard sold five rare ones for 15 million, a total of 22 million.

The dark gargoyle lair's average price was 2.4 million, and Richard had spent 21.6 million on nine of them.

It was just enough.

He sighed with emotion when he saw that the resources obtained cleared out again. One should not easily spend money.

Fortunately, the dark gargoyles were not that popular, or the cost would be even higher.

There was no way to synthesize this thing. The lowest level was rare. And it could combine with a lower level.

He did not ponder about it. His mood improved after he held the nine dark gargoyles in his hands.

It meant he could now synthesize nine stone statues of the dead.

There were 11, in addition to the original two.

The production of stone statues of the dead was 10 per week, which meant he could recruit 11 teams every week.

This was not a small amount.

However, just as he was about to fuse them, he was shocked to find that... Failed.

[Ding~ Fusion failed. Please upgrade the dark gargoyle and the undead troop lair to glorious-level.]

Was it because the previous fusion of military professions was glorious, and the future fusion of military professions had to reach this level before one could fuse them?

Why didn't you say so earlier ...

Richard's mouth twitched.

He has to upgrade all 18 troop lairs to glorious... Each required 5 million in resources. So that would be 90 million in total.

He felt his mouth go dry when he thought of the number.

That was too much. Twilight City could not produce 90 million units even if they squeezed themselves dry.

No, he had to let the white-tailed cats make wine and take over the underground world.

Twilight City would be poor to death if this continued.

And this was only at the glorious tiers. In the future, when the glorious tiers advanced to the crown tiers, each would cost 50 million resources...

Richard's heart trembled at the thought.

He immediately asked someone to summon the elder of the white-tailed cat race after he returned to his senses.

He had no choice but to earn money.

At this moment, the white-tailed cats who had not settled looked at the strange city with joy and curiosity.

All the white-tailed cats had lost hope before they came to Twilight City.

They all believed this was a city under the jurisdiction of the human lord who led the undead troops.

It must be an evil place full of corpses, dangers, and no life.

However, their conjecture that not even a blade of grass would grow and the other conjectures were the opposite.

It was a city where several ordinary humans lived.

What surprised them was that the residents here had nothing to do with the slavery and oppression they had imagined.

A smile from the bottom of their hearts shrouded everyone's face.

Even when they saw these races, the human residents didn't show signs of rejection. On the contrary, they were extremely friendly.

At first, they thought that this was just an illusion to confuse them.

However, when they smelled the goodwill and sincerity from the other party, they were all at a loss.

Why did a city with undead soldiers have such a lively atmosphere?

They really couldn't figure it out.

One could not see such a scene even in a bustling Orc City. They couldn't find beggars and starved people present everywhere, here.

Furthermore, the city was clean. The passing residents would remind their companions who spat on them to be hygienic and ethical and to strive to be outstanding residents of Twilight City.

It would be unremarkable if it were just one person, but all of them...

All the white-tailed cats were at a loss for words and at a loss about this strange city.

It didn't know what kind of mood it should face.

As an elder, Brook Whitetail's expression became even more complicated when he heard Richard's call. To avoid trouble, he specifically told its soldiers not to cause trouble.

It hurriedly followed the messenger to the Lord's mansion after it adjusted its mood.

However, for some reason, the fear it had for this strange city disappeared for half a year after it saw the unbelievably kind atmosphere.

What replaced it was a strong sense of curiosity.

Richard thought he saw an old cat as he watched wrinkled and aged Brook Whitetail.

Speaking of which, didn't the white-tailed cat race have a beast-eared lady? Why did he have to go to the territory of that bun lover to watch the dress dance...

Brook respectfully said after it bowed.

"My Lord, Brook will listen to your orders. May I know what you need us to do?..."

Richard's sharp senses picked up the change in the man's tone.

In his heart, he was shocked. The high and mighty people were indeed overbearing. It had only been a short while, and he had already affected the other party.

"Brook, you should know why I'm bringing you back to Twilight City,"

Brook took a deep breath.

"My Lord, please explain."

Richard glared at him.

"Then I'll tell you my arrangements for you."

"I brought you back to Twilight City instead of killing you on the spot like the other orcs, is that you are more valuable than the entire Orc City and the tens of thousands of orcs in my heart."

"Your potential is limitless."

Brook couldn't believe it. He was overwhelmed by the unexpected favor.

What was the status of the white-tailed cat race among the orcs? The sheltered, the enslaved, and the ruled needed to turn into the labor tools of war.

**Chapter 440 - 440 Shut Up, No One is Allowed to Say Anything Bad About the Grand Lord in the Future! [3/3]**

Even a slight delay would result in abuse and punishment. In serious cases, it would even order execution not to mention they might even be executed not to mention being ignored and unvalued.

The white-tailed cat race had always lived in fear.

Now, the lord who had easily annihilated the orcs and killed the level 17 orc chieftain was telling him in such a serious manner that their value was higher than all the other orcs combined.

It was difficult for outsiders to understand the feeling of being recognized.

Even a simple compliment would be enough to excite anyone with Richard's status.

The influence of a superior was nothing more than this.

Brook said in a trembling voice as it tried to suppress its excitement.

"My Lord, you're too kind. The white-tailed cat race can't be..."



“If I say you can, then you can!”

Richard’s tone was unquestionable.

“Just because the orc chieftain didn’t make use of you doesn’t mean that Twilight City doesn’t see your value.

“From today onwards, you belong to Twilight City.

“I will give you unprecedented treatment.

“We’ll give you resources and talents. I will give you first all the resources of Twilight City as long as it’s within a reasonable range.

“I only have one request. Bring out your best craftsmanship and produce the best wine for me.

“I will give you everything you want, identity, status, wealth, courtesy, everything as long as you can show enough value.”

These words made Brook’s face turn red with excitement.

Richard would give the white-tailed cat whatever it wanted!

It had lived for decades, but this was the first time it had heard such comforting words.

Brook would have developed a better wine long ago if the orc chieftain had such courage.

It looked at the charming figure in front of it and felt it was lucky Twilight City captured it.

Brook answered as loudly as it could with a red face.

“My Lord, our white-tail wine is the best wine. It won’t disappoint you!

“It’s not just the white-tailed wine. In the future, you’ll have to develop even better wine.

“You’ll be critical in Twilight City in the future!

“The white-tailed cat race will fulfill your will!!!”

Richard rose to his feet and patted the cat on the shoulder.

“Very good. This is the kind of momentum I want.

“From today onwards, you’ll be in charge of the wine workshop in Twilight City. I will allocate the resources you require as soon as possible. I want to see a satisfactory output in half a month.”

Brook was so excited that it couldn’t help but leave the mansion after a round of encouragement.

Brook realized Richard had convinced it quickly when it stepped out of the door. It even thought about to produce better wine for Twilight City...

Its face revealed a bit of admiration as its points reached this point.

The Lord was worth following.

His mood immediately improved when he thought of the promise that the other party had just given him.

The feeling of being valued by others was enormous.

Was his white-tailed cat race finally going to step onto the center stage?

He had to seize this opportunity!

The uneasiness on their faces immediately disappeared when the other members of the white-tailed cat race saw Brook’s return

One by one, they asked anxiously.

“Elder Brook, did the other party make things difficult for you?”

“Elder, what did the Lord say? How are you going to arrange us?”

“You’re not hurt. Are you?...”

Questions flooded Brook.

The chaotic voices made Brook frown.

It berated angrily.

“Shut up! What nonsense are you saying?! How could the great lord make things difficult for me?

“You can’t imagine how wise and powerful the lord is.

“Now, the white-tailed cat race has officially become a member of Twilight City. In the future, no one is allowed to have any disloyal thoughts! It will be our home!

“In the future, I will punish anyone I hear say anything bad about the lord!”

It confused the white-tailed cats when they heard this.

The atmosphere became very strange.

Many people opened their mouths but didn't know what to say.

"Elder Brook, that's not what you said when you left.

"What kind of magic did the lord have? Why did you change your mind so much?