

## **The World 541**

### **Chapter 541 - 541 Great Lord, This is the Dwarf's Treasure. It Can Summon the Descent of My God [2/4]**

There was a saying in the underground world... It would be the death of the hounds after the capture of the rabbits in the forest.

From Richard's attitude, the other party did not have such thoughts.

In the future, Twilight City would lead Bloodhoof City to attack the surface forces together. Richard had promised Sel previously, and when he mentioned it again gave them great confidence.

He immediately calmed down.

"This way, please."

Sel led Richard into the hall and made him sit at the head of the table.

Richard did not stand at the ceremony and sat down.

He could rely on the broken transcendent hunter to control Bloodhoof City when he first came to the underground world a few months ago.

After a few months of development.

Twilight City was no longer the same as before, and his status would naturally be higher.

The saying that strength was the only pass was never a lie.

Richard cut to the chase after three rounds of tea and a ten-minute chat.

“Sel, how’s the plan we agreed on, Bloodhoof City?”

Sel’s expression immediately turned serious.

“Lord Richard, everything is going according to plan.

“The progress of unifying the underground world is already one-third complete.

“The small forces around Bloodhoof City have all been brought under our jurisdiction.

“We have eliminated those who refuse to submit.

“The plan to exchange food for weapons is also progressing steadily. We have already exchanged more than 20,000 weapons, and more new weapons will be sent in the future.”

He had planned to turn the underworld into the weapons factory of Twilight City.

Twilight City needed more energy to invest in the underground world. The best way was to set a goal and guide the underground world in his will.

Bloodhoof City was his agent.

Richard nodded.

“Fine. You did well. You didn’t disappoint me.

“I have some new ideas here. You gradually have to promote them later.”

Sel immediately became solemn.

“Please speak.”

Richard organized his words and told him the thoughts he had just thought of.

“To maintain the leading position in weapon forging in the underground world, I need Bloodhoof City to open up forge technology to everyone and share forging information.”

The first sentence shocked Sel. And he found it hard to understand.

“Lord Richard, you mean... Open up the forging technology?”

Richard nodded.

“That’s right. Bloodhoof City will establish a blacksmith’s association in the future. At the same time, they’ll select the best blacksmiths and impart forging techniques to other forces.

“Those forces that have submitted to Bloodhoof City can send blacksmiths to learn from them.

“At the same time, as long as the blacksmiths from those small forces have reached the advanced level, they will come to Bloodhoof City to teach.

“In addition, as long as you contribute your forging techniques to the blacksmith’s association, you’ll be rewarded handsomely.

“If you work behind closed doors, you will never improve.

“One can promote knowledge through mutual communication.

“Of course, this is only the general framework. It’s very rough. I’ll need you to fill in the details.”

Players mainly targeted his weapon business. Richard had to be one step ahead of the players for it to continue.

As players rapidly developed, their desire for low-level weapons and equipment gradually decreased. In contrast, the demand for high-level weapons increased.

He had to let the underground world keep up with the development of the players so that he could continue to use the vast production capacity to reap benefits.

The best way to maintain the lead was to promote communication.

In this closed world, knowledge was an extremely precious asset.

It was especially true for forging, a skill that could make one eat.

No one would share their skills if one could not order them.

He had already tested the effects of this in Twilight City.

It was worth a try.

Sel couldn't revive his senses for a long time after he heard this.

The thought broke the fixed way of thinking and made him feel a crushing pressure.

While he still felt smug about the underground world, the other party was already thinking about the future.

Moreover, what he did was so bold that he did not even dare to imagine it.

Knowledge was such a precious treasure. How could it be shared just like that?

However, from the other party's simple words, he could hear that it was highly feasible...

He was 70% sure everyone would accept it if he were determined to carry it out.

No one could refuse to learn the skills of others.

The other higher-ups of Bloodhoof City were also shocked and speechless.

At this moment, they seemed to understand why Richard, who had been equal to them a few months ago and even slightly lower than them, could make them respect him a few months later.

The difference was too enormous.

"Lord Richard, your magnanimity is amazing..."

Richard smiled.

In the modern world where knowledge explodes, as long as one is willing, ordinary people could even learn the piloting skills of fighter jets and the manufacture of nuclear weapons...

There were almost no barriers.

It was also because of the open access to knowledge that the entire world developed so quickly.

Twilight City had already achieved some results in knowledge sharing.

The scale of the underground world was countless times larger than that of Twilight City, and there were several times more intelligent lives.

For a long time, he would be ahead of the players when it came to forging weapons.

It would be enough as long as the underground world could do this.

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“You have to make arrangements for this matter.

“We don’t have to be too hard in the early stages. We’ll use gentle methods first to let the other forces taste the sweetness before we roughly promote it.

“As for the specific details, you are free to decide.”

Sel returned to his senses and bowed with his hands on his chest.

“As you wish.”

Richard continued.

“There’s another important thing—register all the faction heroes. Register their rank, level, ability, and all other information.

“Also, you have to record detailed information about their lair.

Sel was stunned for a moment before he nodded with a serious expression.

“Yes!”

Richard waved his hand.



“Just these two points... You can use my name when you push forward, but you must control the degree and not be too rash.

“I can’t let others have too much resistance.

“Our goal is to carry out the plan, not anything else.”

Sel’s eyes lit up.

He knew how terrifying Richard’s reputation was now.

His endorsement would enormously reduce the difficulty of executing these two plans.

When Sel chatted about more details, he said shyly, “Lord Richard, may I request to go with you to the surface world?”

As he spoke, he seemed afraid he would misunderstand something and hurriedly said.

“I just wanted to...”

Richard interrupted with a smile.

“Of course. After the underground world is unified, You can go to Twilight City any time after we have unified the underground world.

“In the future, we’ll still need the troops from the Bloodhoof City to defend the city.”

Sel was overjoyed.

He almost engraved the yearning for the surface in the genes of the dungeon race.

Unfortunately, many dungeon creatures never left this gray world to see the sun, the stars, and the moon.

Richard said nothing more. He left Bloodhoof City after he agreed to trade weapons at the end of the month and headed for Fortress City...

The higher-ups of the barbarians looked at Sel after Richard left.

“Patriarch...”

Sel took a deep breath. His eyes burned.

He quietly regained his former domineering aura.

“Immediately get someone to refine these two requests of Lord Richard. And make a perfect plan at the same time... Three days later, we will implement it.”

“This is a mission personally given by Lord Richard. We will punish anyone who dares to drag us down according to the laws of Bloodhoof City!”

“Yes!”

A few agreed in unison.

Sel did not speak again. He turned his head to look at the dim sky outside the window.

“Conquering the surface... I’m looking forward to that day.”

His eyes were exceptionally bright.

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An hour later.

Fortress City.

The soldiers that guarded the city saw a ball of yellow sand fly in.

A few gray-colored dwarves' recruits subconsciously wanted to blow the horn, but their teammates next to them stopped them in the next second.

"Idiot! That's the great Lord, Lord Richard!"

The gray-colored dwarf was shocked. And then it looked at the sky with admiration.

"That's the almighty ruler?!"

Richard ignored this scene. He naturally had enough privileges in the underground world he had conquered.

One sentence could decide the fate of countless people.

He arrived at the spacious central square after he crossed the city wall. However, his face suddenly darkened just as he was about to land.

A stone statue that was more than 30 meters tall appeared in his line of sight.

A master seemed to have carved the statue. Its appearance was vivid and gave people a strong visual impact.

But what left Richard speechless was that the statue was him...

'Who the hell did this?'

Richard landed on the ground speechlessly. A moment later, two teams of gray-colored dwarves controlled the mechanical puppets and surrounded him.

The gray-colored dwarves sensed the familiar aura, and they immediately opened the cockpit and came out in unison. They shouted in the most flattering tone.

"Great Lord, your humble servant greets you. Welcome back..."

Richard had been in charge of the city for more than half a month after he took them, and only a few soldiers did not recognize him.

Moreover, with this statue around, it was difficult not to recognize him.

Richard's face darkened.

"Where are Brown and Gregor? Tell them to meet me here!"

"Yes, Great Ruler..."

The two gray-colored dwarves immediately turned around to communicate. The other gray-colored dwarves quickly protected the surroundings.

They were all ready for battle.

About ten minutes later, Brown and two mechanical puppets who pushed a wheelchair arrived before the statue.

“Lord.”

Brown immediately stood up excitedly when he saw Richard and ran over.

Richard glared at the guy and pointed at the statue before him.

“Who asked you to carve this?”

Brown’s excited expression immediately, and then he said carefully, “This is the common wish of all the gray-colored dwarves. Everyone says it’s the glory of the gods to have a great ruler like you in Fortress City!”

He pointed at the gray-colored dwarf beside him and added.

“If you don’t believe me, you can ask them!”

Richard’s mouth twitched as he looked at the gray-colored dwarves. They nodded in unison without the slightest hint of lying.

Although he knew that the gray-colored dwarves had no bottom line, he could not be so inhumane.

“You erected a statue for me when I occupied your city?”

Richard didn’t know what to say to these cheap bones.

He couldn’t be bothered to talk nonsense.

“Where’s Gregor?”

Gregor, the level 15 master alchemist.

They can say he is the top talent in his hands.

His precious Adele was only a special-level professional, and there was still a long way to go before she could be a master.

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The only pity was that this guy was a gray-colored dwarf.

‘What the f\*ck.’

Brown said bitterly.

“Gregor is studying Terminator in the secret room. He said he must give Terminator life before coming out. Do you need me to call him over?”

Richard then remembered that the gray-colored dwarf chieftain had piloted Terminator. Blood-colored muscles wrapped the mechanical puppet when he had annihilated them.

After the defeat of the gray-colored dwarf, Gregor, the master alchemist, had said that he could bestow life upon the automaton, so he handed over the Terminator automaton to the gray-colored dwarf for research.

Richard did not expect this guy to have the look of a research maniac like Adele.

“Forget it. Ignore it.”

Richard glanced at the statue. He ground his teeth.

“Push this thing away.”

Brown said weakly.



“Lord, I suggest you keep it. The gray-colored dwarves enormously worship you. The security has been much better recently because your statute is a deterrent for them.

‘Was this a joke?’

‘A statue could improve public security?’

However, he felt sparingly powerless when he saw Brown’s serious expression.

He really couldn’t understand the brain circuits of these dungeon creatures.

He waved his hand.

“Forget it. If it’s useful, then keep it.”

Out of sight, out of mind. Richard was too lazy to stay any longer.

He turned around and walked towards the city Lord’s mansion.

He asked as he walked.

“What’s up with that dwarf with the bloodline of the gods?”

Brown followed closely behind and immediately responded.

“Those sacred-blood dwarves came to join us on their own accord. They claim that they have the blood of the dwarf god that flowed in their veins.

“Although I can’t tell they honestly have it, there’s one very suspicious thing. Those dwarves always insisted they never studied alchemy. But they are very proficient in it.

“I often ask them difficult alchemy questions. And they can answer them.

“I suspect that they might not only have the bloodline of a god, but they might also have obtained a high-level inheritance.”

Richard narrowed his eyes.

“Dwarf god, didn’t this god fall?”

He had records of the dwarf god among the mythological information he had collected...

Brown pursed his lips.

“Those stupid dwarves don’t think so. They still firmly believe in their legend. After the moon rises, it will resurrect the dwarf god...”

Richard's nonchalant expression froze.

His gaze was like a knife as he stared coldly at Brown.

The voice carried a soul-devouring pressure.

"What legend?"

Brown was shocked. He didn't understand why Richard had such a big reaction.

"It's a legend that has circulated among the dwarves. I heard about it by accident. That's what all the dwarves say. "

"I mean... What was the rise of the moon? Do you know?"

Richard stared at him, enunciating each word.

"Is it the Crimson Moon?"

"Lord, this, this, I'm not sure..."

Brown felt an ancient dragon targeted him.

The terrifying pressure made it difficult for him to breathe.

Bean-sized beads of sweat trickled down his forehead...

Richard slowly retracted his aura when he sensed Brown's candor.

However, his expression was still cold.

"Bring the dwarves here immediately. Do not leave a single one of them!"

"Yes!"

Brown replied with a trembling voice. He did not even bother to wipe his sweat. He quickly turned around and led the surrounding soldiers to the dwarves' encampment.

Richard arrived at the Lord's mansion and sat on the golden throne in deep thought. He was motionless like a statue.

A series of messy footsteps came from afar after a long time.

The mechanical puppets escorted about forty dwarves into the hall after a dozen of breaths.

The average height of this race was between 1.3 to 1.4 meters. They were ugly and scary.

The clothes they wore were also simple but mostly tattered. One could tell they weren't okay based on their looks.

Rand Augustus, the old dwarf, immediately saw the figure of the throne after he entered the hall.

He immediately perked up.

He stepped forward and suppressed his heart while the other dwarves were still scared.

He knelt and bowed.

"Great Lord, the descendant of the dwarf god, Rand Augustus, sends you his most noble greetings. Thank you for meeting me."

"No need for formalities."

When he heard the other party's voice, the old dwarf stood up shakily.

But at this moment, he still lowered his head and did not look.

That person was a mighty existence that flattened the underground world. The difference in status between them was too vast.

“I heard that you have the bloodline of a god. If that’s the case, why did you join me?”

The old dwarf gritted his teeth and raised his head.

Only now did he see the figure on the golden throne vividly.

The man wore a black and red crown. His face was extraordinarily handsome. A dark black cape partly covered the throne and made him more mysterious.

The most remarkable impression on him was that pair of dark, deep eyes. They seemed to see through everything.

An aura of a king filled his temperament that made people tremble. It was as if the other party was a natural ruler and he was only worthy of kneeling.

He took a few deep breaths to calm himself down before he spoke.

“Great existence, although the father’s blood flows in our bodies, the glory of the dwarves have already disappeared in the long river of time... We lost the ability to open the bloodline in our bodies.”

“Now, only a large amount of resources can reactivate our strength.

“No one is more merciful than you in the vast underground world. Loyalty to you is the only way out...

“You can give us hope.

He knelt on the ground again after he said that.

“Great Ruler, the gray-colored dwarf race is willing to offer our lives and souls eternally loyal to you.”

His heart tensed to the extreme as he spoke because the great ruler’s following words would determine their entire fate.

At this moment, he was like a criminal that sat in the defendant’s seat. He waited for the court to sentence him.

His mind was uneasy.

The words with a powerful sense of oppression sounded again afterward.

“Dwarf, how do you prove your identity?”

The old dwarf took a deep breath and looked up at the supreme king. He took out a blood-colored dwarf statue from his bosom with trembling hands.

“Great Ruler...It is the last treasure left by god our father to the dwarf race.”

Richard’s pupils constricted when he saw the statue.

His breathing became rapid.

That was... The aura of a god!

It couldn’t be a trick!

Just as he was about to open the system panel to check his attributes, the old dwarf’s words made him stand up from his throne.

“Before the father fell asleep, he had predicted the future. He would return on the rise of the Crimson Moon.

“And this treasure can summon the father to descend...”

“The Crimson Moon?”

**Chapter 544 - 544 The Dwarf God Is In My Hands? [1/3]**

This piece of news was like a bomb dropped into Richard’s heart that set off massive waves.



He had never expected he could obtain information related to the Crimson Moon in the underground world.

Moreover, it was so shocking.

'When the Crimson Moon rose, the dwarf god would return... This prophecy seemed ordinary. But it overturned his previous deduction about the Crimson Moon.

'Wasn't the Crimson Moon a terror that could make the gods tremble?

'Why was he suddenly related to a fallen god?

'What was going on with this new expansion pack?

'The Crimson Moon would be countless times more complicated than he had expected if this prophecy were true.'

As Richard's thoughts spun.

He looked at the blood-colored statue in the old dwarf's hand that emitted the aura of a god.

He forcefully suppressed the waves in his heart and slowly opened the attribute panel.

[Statue of the Dwarf God]

[Level: Special]

[Characteristic: Seals a part of the soul of the dwarf god and can activate the power of the descendants of the dwarf god.]

[Introduction: A treasure personally forged by the dwarf god. A part of his soul is sealed in the core.]

Richard held his breath.

‘One has sealed the soul of the dwarf god in this statue?’

He found it unbelievable.

‘When did gods become cabbages? Why did he meet them everywhere?’

‘Did these guys play so big?’

Moreover, this wasn't like the kobold god's clone he had imprisoned. It was something that the other party had sealed on its own.

His soul power was countless times stronger than that of his clone.

From the information just now... This statue was the key to the resurrection of the dwarf god!

The light in his eyes flickered...

Rand Augustus, the old dwarf, looked at Richard for a long time without saying a word. Anxiety engulfed his face.

He was scared Richard would order his soldier to drag them down and hang them on the city gate...

After a long time, he gathered his courage and spoke.

“Great Ruler, do you have any questions?”

Richard was startled awake. He looked at the nervous old dwarf and took a deep breath.

“How much do you know about the Crimson Moon?”

The old dwarf shook his head with a bitter smile.

“Lord, our father’s prophecies are too vague. We have searched for countless years. But we found nothing about the Crimson Moon.

“We could no longer dig into this legend now that the dwarves have declined...”

He sighed.

“Our ancestors once speculated that this prophecy might be a legend made up by one of our sages to gather dwarves.”

“Father... It might be difficult to wake him up.”

Bitterness filled his eyes as he said this.

The dwarves had yet to find any hope after several years of anticipation and search.

The once-powerful dwarves had become the weakest race with the passage of time.

The faith that supported them in their hearts had long collapsed.

Those who firmly believed in the prophecy left behind by the dwarf god had become an absolute minority...

They could not afford to waste any more time.

Richard looked into the man's eyes, his words heavy.

"No, this prophecy is not a lie..."

It shocked the old dwarf.

He widened his eyes and looked at the stalwart figure in disbelief.

"Lord, you, are you telling the truth?!!!"

His voice trembled so much that it was hard to hear him.

In the hall, the dwarves who didn't dare to open their mouths also breathed rapidly. They stared at the ruler who sat on the golden throne with an unparalleled aura.

They waited for the judge to announce their fate.

Richard nodded.

"You are not worth lying to me."

“I have confirmed that the Crimson Moon will rise soon.”

If someone else had said this, even Sel Bloodhoof of Bloodhoof City, the new underworld overlord, the dwarf would not have believed it.

However, the person who said this was the true ruler of the underground world.

A great existence that single-handedly wiped out the gray-colored dwarves.

His reputation was so vast that even ten Bloodhoof cities combined couldn't compare to him.

The dwarf immediately became excited.

“Wuwuwu... The legend is true!”

“Praise you, the great ruler of Twilight City!”

“I swear this is the best news I've ever heard!!”

“Excitement continued...”

The old dwarf was even more excited than he could control himself.

Tears flowed uncontrollably because of the wrinkles on his face.

It made one feel inexplicably sad.

The old dwarf's millions of years of expectation, the legend they had no longer hoped for, was true...  
Their protector would reappear!

At this moment, the emotions in his heart were so complicated that words could not describe them.

After a long time, the group of people gradually recovered.

The old dwarf seemed to have thought of something and suddenly woke up. He stepped onto the golden steps and respectfully handed the statue to Richard.

"Great Ruler, please control the fate of the dwarf race.

"We will fight to the death for your glory!"

The other dwarves looked at the old dwarf's actions and felt unwilling.

Many people even thought about living and waited for the dwarf god to revive... However, his senses quickly returned when he saw the mechanical puppets around him.

They had no choice now.

Their fate was no longer in their hands when they joined Twilight City.

No, from the moment the dwarves could no longer activate their bloodline, they had already lost the power to control their fate...

### **Chapter 545 - 545 The Dwarf God Is In My Hands? [2/3]**

Richard looked at the old dwarf with interest.

A hint of admiration appeared in his eyes.

He liked to deal with intelligent people.

He didn't refuse and directly reached out to take it.

The statue was as heavy as a weight.

The situation suddenly changed just as he was about to look.



The divine aura that he could sense before suddenly disappeared without a trace.

The statue no longer had any energy fluctuations, as if it turned ordinary.

The old dwarf's pupils constricted.

He was shocked.

"What was going on?"

"Why was the terrifying aura on this supreme treasure gone?"

He lowered his head when he saw nothing unusual in Richard's expression and did not dare to look at him again.

He could even erase the aura of a god. This great existence was terrifying.

Richard's eyes narrowed, but his expression did not change.

The power of the statue did not disappear, but fear...

In the next second, a ferocious statue silently appeared in his hand.

The ancient god statue.

He placed the two statues side by side.

The dwarf god statue lost its aura. Instead, the ancient god statue emitted a faint dark light. It was like a shark that had smelled blood.

Naturally, he would not rashly take the dwarf god statue. The power of the gods was hard to fathom.

Richard constantly controlled the ancient god statue to prevent accidents.

The ancient god statue fed on gods and was a great killing weapon against the masters of the laws of this world.

Now, it seemed that it sealed the soul of the dwarf god statue in the depths and had a certain degree of perception.

He might not have clear consciousness, but he still knew how to avoid danger...

Richard sensed the concealed aura and looked at the old dwarf.

“Rand, how can I use this statue?”

“Are you talking about summoning the father or activating the bloodline in our bodies?”

“Tell me everything.”

The old dwarf forced himself to calm down and said in a deep voice.

“You only need to input energy into the statue if the father has returned, and you could summon...”

“Then it won’t be that simple. If you want to activate our bloodline.”

As Rand spoke, his expression became a little ugly.

“The statue is the key to activating the bloodline.

“But we consume one million rare resources yearly to maintain this energy.

“Because of the dwarves’ weakness, we could not pay vast resources...

“This also caused the bloodline in our bodies to not be activated for hundreds of years.”

The more he spoke, the more complicated his gaze became.

“Now, we need at least one million units of rare resources to restore the function of the key to the statue.”

Who would be willing to give up everything if one had not forced them to?

The dwarf that declined had no way out.

Richard understood.

No wonder the other party was willing to offer the statue.

One million rare units of resources was an astronomical figure even for Twilight City.

He had been in the “Shining Era” for half a year. And the rare resources on his account had not even reached 500,000 units, let alone one million.

The few top-notch treasures in his hands might be worth this price, but he could not sell them.

Moreover, he had to pay one million every year. This thing was simply an unbearable gold-devouring beast.

It was no wonder that the gray-colored dwarves were weak. The annual payment of these resources would be enough to drag them down if the power is not enough.

Richard opened the old dwarf's attribute panel with some curiosity with this thought in mind.

Although the other party's words were beautiful, he still wanted to see if this divine bloodline was worth a massive price.

[Rand Augustus]

[Troop Type: Hero Unit]

[Level: 9]

[Potential: B-rank]

[Skill: Divine Blood Descendant (Glorious, potential increased by one level (upper limit is Beyond A-rank). It can actively activate the blood in one's body. Activate the Divine Blood Descendant. It grows to 4 meters tall. All attributes increased by 800%. Skill attributes increased by 200%. The level temporarily increased by two. Immune to death before the energy in the body is exhausted. Duration: 20 minutes. Cooldown: 24 hours. (Sealed)]

[Inherited Knowledge (Beyond A-rank) — It can pass on the ancestors' knowledge through their bloodline-combat techniques, alchemy, and magical knowledge. (Sealed)]

[Physique (B-rank), Undercover (B-rank), Dwarf Archery (C-rank), Dwarf Combat (C-rank), Forging (C-rank), Tailoring Technique (D-rank), Herbal Identification (D-rank)]

[Hero Talent: Smart brain. When leading a dwarf, intelligence increases by 20%.]

[Race Talent: Super comprehension. The learning speed of advanced knowledge such as alchemy and magic will increase by 40%.]

[Fetter-Dwarf: Increase intelligence by 10% when the number of Dwarves exceeds 20. Above 40, intelligence increased by 15%. Above 60, intelligence increased by 20%.

[Description: A dwarf with great potential. He will have an incredible talent once the hidden power in his body is activated.]

Richard's expression was rather subtle after he read the other party's attributes.

A word appeared in his mind... Ice and fire.

The old dwarf's Divine Blood Descendant and Inherited Knowledge were two skills that made him jealous. They were top-tier skills.

However, other than these two skills, the rest were all trash.

It also seemed to explain the dwarf's current situation indirectly.

He had unlimited potential, but he lived in poverty.

If not for the fact that he had no choice, why would a battle hero learn a skill like a tailor?

Richard sighed.

His racial talent and bond were okay. He could break the seals of the two top-tier skills.

This old dwarf would probably become a top-notch hero in an instant.

### **Chapter 546 - 546 The Dwarf God Is In My Hands? [3/3]**

He looked at the other dwarves.

After looking around, he realized the Divine Blood Descendant on the other dwarves was only Beyond A-rank. And it reduced the upper limit of the potential increase to A-rank.

The temporary increase had also become one level, and all his attributes had shrunk to varying degrees.

But even so, it could still be called a bug if the energy in the body was not exhausted for 20 minutes and the characteristic of immunity to death was still present.

However, it was a pity that he did not see the Inherited Knowledge skill in the other dwarves.

In the hall, other than the old dwarf, no one else was a hero.

It was the main reason.

Richard sighed and looked at the old dwarf.

What he was most interested in was not the other party's battle strength but the Inherited Knowledge.

Brown mentioned before that the dwarf had never studied alchemy but could answer many alchemy questions he did not know.

It was a credit to this skill.

Twilight City did not lack high-end battle power, but it lacked researchers.

The other party's attributes gave him a new idea...

"In Solan City, one can sell a 5-stars strategic treasure for millions of units of rare resources.

"Using one million rare resources in exchange for a powerful hero unit, this deal is not a loss."

Moreover, he had a lot of dark crystals in his hands. He could nurture ordinary dwarves into heroes.



He looked at the old dwarf with this thought.

“Are there any other dwarves aside from you?”

The old dwarf said bitterly.

” Some of our clansmen massively disagreed with us when we joined you. So half of them stayed in the encampment.”

Richard nodded and looked at Brown, who had been silent all this while.

“Brown, send someone to bring those dwarves back to Fortress City. Don’t let anyone get hurt.”

Brown immediately nodded.

Then, he let the two dwarves lead the way and turned around to go down.

Richard glanced around and said slowly after a moment of silence.

“Are you willing to live on the surface?”

These words made the eyes of all the dwarves light up.

The surface was synonymous with prosperity, safety, and hope in the underground world. Almost all the creatures in the dungeon had an obsession with it.

“Great Ruler, we are willing...”

In the end, the old dwarf was the representative.

“Very good. Believe me. You will be proud of your choice today!

“I will activate the key function of the statue and give you all the power again when we reach the surface.”

These words immediately made the dwarf excited.

“Thank you for your kindness!!

“Praise you, Great Ruler!”

Richard was satisfied...

He nodded and said nothing more. He waved everyone away.

Those were not important, although there were still many details one could ask of these dwarves. He could just leave them to his subordinates.

Richard looked back at the statue of the dwarf god after he cleared the room.

It stirred his heart when he sensed the aura of the statue.

The statue was extraordinary. Richard could not know where to start.

The soul of the dwarf god was priceless.

But the biggest problem was... How should one use this thing?

Could one force out the soul hidden inside?

It would be a waste to let the ancient god statue devour it.

“This is the common problem with all the top-notch treasures in my possession.”

“The dimension stone is like this. The seed of the world tree seed is like this, and now this dwarf god statue is like this...”

Richard shook his head with a wry smile.

Others were afraid there would be no good stuff. But he had too many good things and did not know how to use them.

Richard focused on the central problem after he collected his thoughts.

“The most important thing now is still the Crimson Moon... It will solve all our problems if we find the Crimson Moon.”

“I wonder if there’s any progress with that young girl Christy...”

Richard shook his head and did not dwell on it.

It would take about two and a half months. They could take a share of the upcoming changes with the strength of Twilight City even if they could not find any traces of the Crimson Moon during this period.

Wasn’t the strength he had accumulated for so long enough to deal with these unexpected situations?

### **Chapter 547 - 547 Imagining Alchemy Technology [1/3]**

Under Richard’s strong will.

The next morning.

Brown brought back to Twilight City a group of more than 60 sacred-blood dwarves.

Richard found the old dwarf Rand was already there when he arrived.

Both sides sized up their companions with complicated gazes.

The mechanical puppet controlled the dwarf. He immediately panicked when he saw a group of people.

He lowered his head in shock and fear. It did not look Richard in the eye.

Richard nodded at the old dwarf. The dwarf saluted Richard. He did not waste time talking to the captured dwarves.

He opened his attribute panel and looked at his attributes.

They found a total of three heroes after one round. One had the potential to be a C-rank, while the other two were D-rank.

There were no exceptions.

These three heroes had two top-tier skills, the Glorious Divine Blood Descendant and the Beyond A-rank Inherited Knowledge.

It was not a skill that ordinary dwarves had after one had castrated them.

He immediately calmed down.

As expected, it was because he was a hero.

Investing one million rare resources in these dwarves would yield benefits.

Richard retracted his gaze and looked at the old dwarf.

“Rand, I’ll leave all the dwarves to you. Take care of your internal affairs. Look for Brown if you have any problems.”

Richard said, then ignored them.

He did not even need to do anything to subdue a few dwarves.

What were the identities of these dwarves... Was he even worthy of him speaking personally to them?

It would still be the same even if the dwarf god was around.

Not to mention, the dwarf even had the soul of his god under his control...

“Yes, Great Ruler...”

The old dwarf nodded respectfully. He did not dare to say anything more.

The other dwarves did not even dare to fart.

What else could they do if not wait for the ferocious lord to decide their fate?

Brown came to Richard excitedly and told him the good news when the dwarves left.

“Lord, we have completed the mechanical transportation workshop you ordered for us to build...”

Richard’s eyes lit up.

Swift travel in the desert had always been a big problem in the “Shining Era”, where transportation was inconvenient.

The flying troops had a limited capacity and had to take on crucial battle positions. They wouldn’t invest a lot in transportation.

They still needed ordinary transportation methods.

Sandworms that were hundreds of meters long and could drill into the sand were the best motivation.

For this reason, Richard placed the 4-stars rare blueprint he obtained from the dungeon, the Transportation Machinery Workshop, in Fortress City.

It was to produce the corresponding tools as quickly as possible.

Conquering the underground world was not the end. The ultimate goal was to rule this area and enjoy all the hidden conveniences.

Brown led the way, and Richard followed.

Richard's mood was sparingly strange as they walked through the mechanical punk-style dungeon.

Those players would have high spirits if they were obsessed with the game and came to such a place.

The machinery and exotic atmosphere mixed. It engraved a deep impression on people.

What could alchemy do?



This question was like asking the earthlings what physics and chemistry could do for the natives of the “Shining Era”.

Alchemy was the science of another world that could change the world under the “Shining Era”.

For Richard, the gray-colored dwarves were a race that delved deeply into alchemy.

They reflected almost all the negative personalities in their intelligent life. This race was arrogant, greedy, cowardly, cowardly, and selfish.

However, their talent in alchemy was beyond the reach of ordinary people. It was enough for them to win a place in Twilight City.

Richard had always had his ideas on how to use alchemy.

However, the biggest problem was that the accumulation of alchemy in Fortress City hadn’t achieved the effect he wanted.

He could only take it one step at a time.

There was an exaggerated courtyard before the vast mechanical transportation tool manufacturing workshop.

At this moment, they placed three machines with supremely unique structures on the table.

The three machines looked the same on the outside. They were ten meters tall, twenty meters wide, and thirty meters long. They were divided into upper, middle, and lower levels.

It looked like a streamlined canoe.

Interestingly, there was a vast hook at the front and back. It looked like the connection between the carriages of a train.

Richard was about to ask when Brown pointed at the machine before him and shouted.

“Lord, this is a mechanical boat we specially designed for sandworms!

“We’ve adopted a design that’s divided into sections. We can separate the boat with less transportation capacity. We can use hooks to connect to its multiple areas to increase transportation with a larger capacity.

“You can take it all down if you don’t need the three-story building and leave only the base of it. It can meet the transportation needs of large-scale resources.

“Furthermore, the front has specially designed a fixed loading method for the sandworm’s body size. It can automatically adjust its size so that it won’t fall off.

“Not only that, but we’ve also reserved a magic slot in the mechanical boat. We can even enchant it in the later stages...”

Richard was delighted to see Brown speak so confidently.

“Good heavens, just by looking at the appearance of this thing, one could tell how impressive the transportation volume was.”

The carrying capacity of a mechanical boat was at least comparable to that of a brigade of skeleton blood dragons.

This thing was like a desert train...

A few months have passed since he obtained the 4-stars rare blueprint for the Transportation Machinery Workshop. Finally, there were results.

### **Chapter 548 - 548 Imagining Alchemy Technology [2/3]**

The gray-colored dwarves’ foundation was indeed strong.

Not bad. Richard was delighted.

“Lord, although we have formed the mechanical boat, we still need to improve some difficulties. We still need the sandworms to cooperate with us for further research.”

Richard nodded.

“I will send a few more sandworms for you to study.”

An idea flashed into his mind as he said that.

The creation of the mechanical boat made him suddenly think the direction of alchemy in the “Shining Era” seemed to be born for battle.

One could describe his research on the people’s livelihood as needy of improvement.

It was because danger shrouded the “Shining Era”.

Military strongholds in the wild were refreshed weekly like terrifying monsters in the dimensional planes, demons, the endless abyss, the nine hells, the undead...

“Wait, wait, wait. This world was never safe.”

Maslow’s Hierarchy of Needs... Survival and safety will always be the most fundamental and bottom-level needs.

Therefore, one has to invest resources to improve their safety and ensure survival when one actively or passively threatens them.

It was the most basic logic of military competition.

Alchemy technology was the same. It was not that others were stupid, but the environmental requirements.

Everything would be meaningless if they stored food and the enemy next door stored guns.

Therefore, all forces should develop their military strength.

It would be the same even for the development of Twilight City.

This mechanical boat was similar to a train. It could reduce the communication cost between the two regions, although initially used to transport troops.

One could seamlessly switch civil and military use.

It made him think of a question that most people could think of. Why couldn't he use alchemy to do more if that were the case?

For example, creating specialized mechanical puppets to mine ores, forging weapons, designing special machinery to cultivate farmland, and developing mechanical modules to produce goods...

The other factions might have no choice but to engage in an arms race. They had no choice but to invest all their resources into increasing the strength of their armies.

However, he had the underground world, and Twilight City was deep in the desert, so the surrounding environment was relatively safe.

There was space for him to develop.

Richard rubbed his chin.

“The “Shining Era’s” technology is different from that of Planet Blue, and the basic rules are also different.

“But to localize some of the products that have a vital impact on life on the Blue Planet and use alchemy technology to achieve it... It doesn’t seem to be too difficult.

“Isn’t the underground world’s natural environment bad? Is it possible to directly change the environment by planting in a greenhouse?”

Richard thought in this direction.

He instantly felt there was a lot to do in this direction.

Alchemy was a top-notch “discipline” that could name it magic.

He collected his thoughts and looked at Brown.

“The sandworm hasn’t fully grown up yet, and its body size will change. Did your design consider this?”

“Lord, the mechanical boat was finalized after many discussions. Please, rest assured.”

Brown said confidently.

They could become the overlord of the underground world and rule a large area for hundreds of years.

The gray-colored dwarves’ talent and alchemy accumulation could be considered wealthy.

After he conquered Fortress City, Twilight City gathered several gray-colored talents from another region, although there were many casualties.

Richard nodded.

After he organized his words, he described the idea of developing technology for the people’s livelihood.

“Alchemy has the potential to create miracles, not just used in military affairs.”

“Altering the natural environment and turning unsuitable environments into environments suitable for us should be the ability of alchemy.”

Brown’s eyes widened in surprise.

“Lord, only a few people would pay attention to this... They initially used alchemy to transform the environment.”

He said in surprise.

“Your wisdom is truly admirable. Alchemy shedding, alchemy mining, alchemy forging...

“One day, we could achieve amazing results if we develop in this direction.”

Richard smiled, pleased with Brown’s acceptance.

He also looked forward to it. Perhaps, some of the quick-witted players had already begun to try something similar.

However, it was to have an entire underground world as a test field.

Also, to have a large city like Fortress City as a base. And it was even more difficult for him to race the gray-colored dwarves that had hundreds of years of accumulated technology to work for him.

He would have a group of knowledgeable gray-colored dwarves to participate in it if he activated the dwarf god dwarf again.



Bloodhoof City manufactured weapons. Fortress City researched alchemy... The two largest cities of the underground world would once again fight for hegemony.

The prize for this victory would be Richard's approval.

He would determine their future status in Twilight City.

No one dared to ignore the will of a ruler.

After a round of inspection in Fortress City.

Richard was in a good mood.

Fortress City was on the right track, and the regime of the gray-colored dwarves seemed to have disappeared.

Twilight City gradually left its mark here.

The gray-colored dwarves understanding of the times allowed his will to carry out in the best way.

As long as Twilight City controlled the underworld, the gray-colored dwarves would serve it obediently.

October 18th.

Richard quietly returned to the surface after he settled the matters in the underground world.

Sel was in charge of Bloodhoof City, and Brown commanded Fortress City. Both could carry out orders, so he would not need to keep an eye on them.

### **Chapter 549 - 549 Imagining Alchemy Technology [3/3]**

Richard did not disturb the god's ancient tree in its sleep when he left the underground world.

He brought all the sacred-blood dwarves out.

Their numbers added up to a squadron.

Several dwarves exist in this world, but the one in his hand might be the only one left with the bloodline of a god.

Richard had intentionally sent the sacred-blood dwarves to Fortress City to study alchemy with the gray-colored dwarves.

But before that, he had to activate the bloodline in their bodies.

However, the one million units of rare resources put him in a difficult position.

One could exchange one unit of rare resources for 500 units of ordinary resources in the [Trading Market].

That was not a small sum.

The production of ordinary resources was high. In addition, various mineral veins spawned weekly. Mining could make them accumulate a lot after some time, even if it were a low-level organization.

Rare resources were different. Not only did they respawn less, but they also had a low drop rate.

Richard listened to Karu's report in the Lord's mansion while he thought about where to earn the one million rare resources.

Richard collected his thoughts when Karu stopped.

"You can arrange those sacred-blood dwarves the usual way. Don't worry too much.

"After the bloodline in their bodies is activated, leave the useful ones behind. Send the useless ones back to the underground world."

Karu nodded.

He was uncertain about Richard's attitude towards them when he knew about the sacred-blood dwarves.

Richard seemed to have thought of something and turned to look at his side.

His eyes moved sparingly, then stared at the empty ground.

“Has there been any news from Xina?”

Butler Karu shook his head.

“Not yet. Maybe, Xina and the dark valkyrie had just arrived at the Krina tribe.”

Richard did not comment.

He seemed to miss the protection of Xina and the dark valkyrie. He could not get used to their sudden visit to the Krina tribe.

He hoped the two could reach a higher level the next time they returned.

Karu continued when Richard stopped asking questions.

“Lord, two hours ago, Vale sent a letter back...”

He took an opened letter from his pocket as he spoke and handed it over.

Karu's job as the administrative officer of Twilight City was to discuss the letter's content. It was usual for him to open it.

Richard didn't take it and waved his hand.

"Just get to the point."

"Yes!"

Butler Karu's tone became solemn.

"Most of the matters are about how to develop the Violet Merchant Association Chamber of Commerce. We've already replied to Vale.

"There's only one suggestion that requires your decision."

Richard became more alert when he saw Karu's solemn expression.

"What new ideas did Vale have?"

Butler Karu seriously said, "Vale suggested the special feature of Twilight City to not get astray in the desert to start trading..."

Richard needed some clarification.

"Wasn't this a plan from the start? Why did he have to tell me specifically?"

Karu continued.

"It's not just a usual trade. Vale suggested that Twilight City be made into the core city of the desert of death so that we could circulate all the goods in the desert of death through Twilight City.

"As for Twilight City, we can set up our transportation caravan and use our characteristic of not getting lost to help other forces transport their goods out of the desert of death.

"Other than that, we can also train specialized guides to guide the chambers of commerce of other forces.

"The desert of death has several forbidden areas. Those terrifying areas will render all maps and magic items useless. The fact that we will never get lost in the desert of death is an unparalleled advantage."

Richard's expression was sparingly subtle when he heard this.

"Wasn't this just logistics?"

“Was Vale suggesting we build Twilight City into a port-type city?”

### **Chapter 550 - 550 Love of a Lifetime (Chinese Valentine's Day Special) [1/3]**

Sam left the blacksmith shop after a busy day.

His hair was messy like a chicken nest, and his clothes were unkempt. His appearance made people frown.

He looked like a wandering beggar, and he was in an extremely sorry state.

He only had one arm. His appearance wouldn't show a good impression.

But Sam didn't care about that. He still puffed out his chest, and his eyes shone.

The residents who passed by him did not look at him strangely. Instead, envy and respect filled their state.

That was because the gray clothes he wore were uniforms specially designed by the tailor shop for the blacksmith shop.

In the entire Twilight City, only the staff of the blacksmith shop had the right to wear it.

That was the blacksmith shop, the most prestigious place in Twilight City.

They divided the blacksmith shop's uniforms into three levels: Apprentice, Blacksmith, and Master Blacksmith.

He wore the most top-notch exclusive costume for a Master Forger. It was the symbol of his status.

In the entire Twilight City, only he and Adele had it.

Sam walked briskly and hummed a tune he just knew from Shanna.

The girl liked him, and Sam liked her too.

He couldn't help but walk faster while he thought of the person who waited for him at home.

He had already stayed in the blacksmith shop for a week. He originally wanted to research advanced attack technology before returning home.

However, he had no choice but to come out now because today was very special.

It was Shanna's birthday...

He did not know when Shanna's birthday was. He did not even know his birthday.



He treated that day as his and her birthday because he treated the day they met as their shared birthday.

To him, this was even more important than his birthday.

A light came into his dark life when he met Shanna.

The girl's appearance gave him hope and the strength to live.

To outsiders, he was the one who had been taking care of Shanna, but only he knew.

It was the girl who could no longer see this world that supported him. She was the one he relied on.

The light in her eyes became gentler.

A few months ago, a disabled man with only one arm brought a blind girl across the desert of death...  
How crazy and suffocating was this?

However, for her, he was not afraid of any difficulties.

Fortunately, he had made this choice back then.

Sam smiled from the bottom of his heart at the thought of this.

Twilight would not have discovered him to come to this great city and become a respected top-notch blacksmith if it weren't for his decision.

"Lord Richard..."

He muttered this name in his heart, and his eyes revealed a burning light.

It was the ruler of this territory who gave him everything.

He would never forget it...

His soul belonged to his girl, but his life had long belonged to this city.

He would stand on the city walls without hesitation if the city needed to give everything he had to protect it and Lord Richard.

"Sam, you're going home so early today?"

A crisp voice of surprise interrupted Sam's thoughts.

He subconsciously turned his head and saw a girl with a voluptuous figure.

The girl wore a pure white dress, and her big, blue, and gemstone-carved eyes could make one's heart tremble.

Her face was exquisite and perfect, and her temperament was elegant and lively. Even the most discerning person would find it difficult to find any flaws.

Sam didn't dare to look at her for long. He avoided her gaze awkwardly and said stiffly, "Miss Elena, good morning..."

"Today is Shanna's birthday. I would come home a little early."

The smile on the girl's face faded slightly. She showed a forced smile when she heard this.

"That's great. I didn't expect Miss Shanna's birthday to be today."

Her eyes dimmed as she spoke.

"Then, I'll go ahead. I won't disturb you anymore."

Sam nodded blankly.

“Okay, Miss Elena. Goodbye.”

The girl lowered her head, turned around, and unhappily left when she realized Sam wouldn't stop her.

Sam didn't mind. He regained his happiness and prepared to go home.

However, a fat middle-aged man with a big belly stopped him before he could walk far.

The other party wore a black robe and looked wealthy.

Sam chuckled when he saw the person.

“Uncle Ode, good morning.”

The middle-aged man named Ode laughed.

“Good morning, Sam.”

He looked around as he spoke.

“Didn't you meet Elena just now?”

Sam gestured in another direction.

“Yes, Miss Elena has passed by. ”

The middle-aged man revealed a subtle expression.

“You guys didn’t talk?”

Sam shook his head.

“I’ve already told her. Besides, it’s Shanna’s birthday today. I’m in a hurry to go home... ”

“Understandable.”

Ode sized up Sam as he spoke. Although dust covered his clothes, he could not underestimate his high-spirited gaiety.

Ode stepped forward after he pondered and approached Sam and lowered his voice.

“Sam, have you thought about what I told you before?”

“Elena is a famous girl in Twilight City. Her looks and upbringing are top-notch. Many young men want to pursue her...”

Sam shook his head decisively.

“Thank you for your attention, Uncle Ode. I already have Shanna.”