

The World 681

Chapter 681 - 681 The Beginning of the S-rank Mission [3/3]

His eyes revealed a hint of craftiness as he spoke.

Vale looked at the girl and hesitated.

“Your Highness Christy, didn’t Chairman tell you the reason?”

Indignation filled Christy’s lively eyes.

“They all think I’m a kid like Emily! I know everything!”

Vale said softly.

“Then why did you ask?”

Christy smiled.

“This way, they can feel more at ease, right?”

She looked at the street, and her tone became inexplicably mature.

“When you don’t have the power, you will only burden your friends by participating in matters you can’t control.”

She raised her head and looked at the sky with her sparkling eyes.

“But I’m Christy Solan... I won’t let this situation continue!”

She turned around and walked towards a luxurious carriage parked outside afterward.

Vale shouted subconsciously.

“Your Highness Christy, where are you going?”

Christy waved her hand, and she didn’t look back.

“Become stronger...”

Vale’s emotions became sparingly odd when Christy disappeared from the corner of the street.

Vale came back to his senses afterward. His eyes revealed a determined light.

“Lord Richard was taking risks for Twilight City, and Christy had found her direction...”

He could not be weaker than others!

“How many resources are there on the account? We can increase our investment in the trade route we studied last time.”

He wanted to become the mightiest support behind Lord Richard, and no one could stop him!

That was 100 miles away from Solan City.

Windsor floated in the air and looked at the silent mummy troop before her. Light dazzled in her eyes.

She turned to the side afterward and heard a voice rode on the back of the undead dragon.

Amazement engulfed his tone.

“Lord Richard, I just knew all the grace mainland overlords arrived at the mortal plane simultaneously. I would have suspected you have run this place for decades...”

The lowest potential of these troops was at glorious-level. And they even had the potential of radiant moon troops.

That could be the backbone if the Phoenix-Tail Flower Chamber of Commerce operated this troop.

How long had the Phoenix Tail Flower Chamber of Commerce been developed?

How long had Twilight City been established?

The Phoenix Tail Flower Chamber of Commerce had recruited many grace mainland overlords. But the most powerful had two teams of Crow 1-star troops, and they were recruited from the lairs in the wild.

The grace mainland overlord was already one of the top ten billion grace mainland overlords.

However, it was like a joke when compared to the established Twilight City troop.

She couldn't imagine how Richard had done it all.

The other party had come to the primary plane and started development with nothing.

How could he be so different from the other grace mainland overlords?

Her attention was on the kobold god when she landed on Twilight City for the first time. She only had a glimpse and didn't pay much attention to it.

Only by savoring it carefully could she discover what it represented.

It was not an exaggeration to describe him as having unlimited potential with his speed of growth.

She saw a rising star.

She would have a place in the desert of death in the future as long as she wouldn't die along the way.

Richard smiled but did not comment.

“Behind all the glory is endless blood.”

“I don't think we have time for such boring.”

He focused his gaze afterward, and his aura suddenly soared.

“All troops, move out.”

An indifferent voice resounded through the sky.

Alves flapped his wings and flew away after Richard spoke.

Skeleton Blood Dragon, Stone Statue of the Dead, Sandstorm Controller, Guardian Mummy, King of the Imperial Troop lairs... At this moment, all the troops moved out simultaneously.

The god's ancient tree on the ground blotted out the sky and the sun while the slaughter wasps buzzed.

Richard saw this, and the waves in his eyes moved slightly.

He stared at the body of the god's ancient tree for a long time... Finally, he sighed.

The power of authority.

"Teacher, we finally compromised."

Chapter 682 - 682 Damn! Qingqiu is Here? [1/4]

The scorching sun hung high in the sky, and the piercing gaze made people lower their heads.

The waves of heat surged on the sand, and the yellow sand seemed to have been thrown into a furnace and poured out. It was filled with a high temperature that burned his hands.

The high temperature distorted the light near the ground. That added a sense of haziness.

This was a forbidden land of life.

A barren land that even demons would not want to peep at.

A few players looked at the vast dimension gate embedded in the dunes in a desert where the light was distorted before them. It was more than 30 meters tall. They hesitated.

“Brother Kun, let’s... Are we going in? The S-rank mission wouldn’t be easy today.”

Brother Kun was a troop leader. His expression sparingly changed when he heard this. He already gave up, although he still held up.

He inexplicably thought of an encounter in the past. That mission was only an A-rank mission, but in the end, the war buried millions of people...

“Let’s wait and see...first.”

Brother Kun turned to look at his underlings. They heard his sparingly hoarse voice.

“The players who went in yesterday haven’t come out yet?”

They shook their heads in unison.

“No, they haven’t.”

One of the rough men whispered.

“Brother Kun, why don’t we just retreat? I heard no one has returned until now from at least a hundred people who have accepted the S-rank mission.”

Brother Kun hesitated for a moment before he gritted his teeth.

“Retreat?!”

“The first thing we need to know is what we can and cannot do.

“This mission is a huge trap.”

A few heard this and relieved them. They nodded in unison.

The S-rank difficulty made his legs go weak. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to complete the mission.

They were about three to four hundred meters away.

Suddenly, his expression changed.

A wall figure pressed down appeared in his line of sight.

He looked over, and the figure swiftly approached.

“Sandstorm!”

A player exclaimed.

Brother Kun waved his hand fiercely and stopped his panicked underlings.

“That’s not a sandstorm... That is a troop.”

His voice suddenly became hoarse.

“Troop?”

A few of them were stunned. Then, they suppressed the panic in their hearts and suddenly turned around to roar at the two squadrons of soldiers who had entered.

“All troops, be on alert!!”

The soldiers with yellow turbans on their heads were behind them. The sabers in their hands had fierce looks in their eyes. It was like, they wanted to show off their strength to the enemies who had suddenly appeared.

The troop positioned, and the yellow sand had already approached a thousand meters in radius and rapidly expanded from the size of an ant.

They flew above their heads in the blink of an eye.

Everyone looked up in shock.

One could see an undead dragon after another in the sandstorm.

The bodies of the gargoyles reflected a metallic luster. They repeatedly looked down. Their ferocious faces sent chills down one's spine.

Another terrifying troop crossed the sky.

The air currents caused large amounts of sand to rise.

They stood on the ground. The sky troop emitted an aura enough to make a few players feel breathless.

"Brother Kun, I'm scared..."

One of his underlings' legs weakened and couldn't stand still. He fell to the person beside him.

Brother Kun gulped. His breathing quickened as he wanted to say something. But his expression suddenly changed.

He took a few steps back and sat on the hot yellow sand.

The heat made him subconsciously exclaim, but he quickly covered his mouth.

That widened his eyes in shock.

His lackeys profusely sweated and were about to collapse. Their legs trembled like a pendulum. That made people laugh.

However, they would most likely be the same as them if there were outsiders present. They couldn't laugh.

'Rustle!'

They heard strange friction from the sand that flowed. The sound waved with the sandstorm in the sky.

Brother Kun focused his gaze.

In the endless sandstorm.

A giant twisted human-faced tree with branches as dry as a human corpse controlled the rapid movement of the quicksand.

The other party passed by dozens of meters away, but when it lifted, they could not see the exaggerated figure at the top. That gave them an indescribable sense of oppression.

They couldn't imagine what destruction would this top-notch existence cause once it launched an attack.

Their troop would taste destruction in a few breaths if these treants attacked.

The terrifying pressure gradually disappeared as the troops left. The few players seemed resurrected when the troops were hundreds of meters away.

All dementedly panted. Cold sweat covered their foreheads. The grains of the sand stuck to their faces because of the strong wind. That made them look especially miserable.

Brother Kun's face was pale as he looked at the two vast squadrons of soldiers behind him. Just a moment ago, they had looked like they were going to fight to the death with the enemy. They were all in a daze now, and their hands trembled as they gripped their sabers tightly.

Which troop would already lose their will to fight while the enemy only stance an aura?

It was too terrifying.

Brother Kun took a few deep breaths and could not suppress the horror in his heart.

He was about to say something to his companion to vent his emotions when his expression suddenly froze.

Because he realized... The army stopped before the dimension gate embedded in the dune.

The troops didn't just pass by!

His expression was bewildered.

Didn't they say that only players were allowed to enter this dungeon? How could the natives also be like this?

The few lackeys also sensed that something was wrong and hurriedly said.

Chapter 683 - 683 Damn! Qingqiu is Here? [2/4]

"Brother Kun, what is going on? Has the system changed the rules of this instance dungeon?"

The sandstorm lingered around the troop but gradually dissipated. That puzzled them.

They saw the sandstorm gather together and turn into mummies.

A soldier formed that sandstorm??

A few of them were shocked.

“F*ck! What level of power was this to have such high-level troops?”

They saw the faces of the entire troop when the sandstorm subsided. That continuously bewildered them.

Shock, horror, and more horror.

Countless emotions churned in their hearts.

The two vast squadrons of troops behind them simply threw a trash dump compared to the other party's troops.

They quickly fixed their gazes on the figure who rode on the back of an undead dragon with a wingspan of more than 40 meters. It was like a mythical life form from the ancient era that emitted terrifying crimson energy. Even the scorching sun seemed to be incomparable to it.

How terrifying would it be to control such existence?

Brother Kun opened his attribute panel with curiosity.

A few quickly trembled in unison and screamed in an almost shrill voice.

“Player!!!”

The familiar player attribute panel made the other party’s identity appear on the screen, although he couldn’t see any of the other party’s attributes,

“They...they must be joking, right? A troop of this level belonged to players? That tree alone can ravage our territory a hundred or a thousand times...

“Am I seeing things? How could these players recruit such troops? How many resources did this require, not to mention other things? How many top-level troop lairs did the leader accumulate to obtain these? Where the hell did the leader get these?”

“I don’t know. I must have drunk too much and not woken up...”

None of them were noobs. Those who had lived in the “Shining Era” for half a year and more were no longer idiots. Who hadn’t experienced countless life and death battles...

Brother Kun and his underlings understood how exaggerated and terrifying it was to form such a troop.

The resources needed for recruitment alone would make their hearts tremble, not to mention how to get a high-level troop lair.

The underlings successfully suppressed their shock and suddenly pondered. They turned to look at Brother Kun.

Brother Kun was somewhat confused at this moment. The underlings found his expression extensively confounding. It was white at one moment and red the next. He was excited at one moment and afraid the next. It was like he carried out a face-changing performance.

“Brother Kun, what’s wrong?”

His underlings shook him, and Brother Kun shivered violently. Then, he pointed ahead and said excitedly with a hoarse voice.

“Qingqiu! That’s Qingqiu!”

“Qing... Qingqiu?!!”

This name sounded like a thunderclap in their ears. They turned their heads in unison and tried to open the other party’s attribute panel, but they still couldn’t see anything.

“Brother Kun, are you sure you’re not hallucinating? The other party is Qingqiu?”

All exciting things happened a few months ago. No one had ever seen Qingqiu’s true face. Even though the public acknowledged him as the number one person.

Brother Kun looked disdainfully at the player who asked. He raised his head and spoke in a supremely proud tone.

“How would I not know the other party is Qingqiu? Hehehe... I participated in the last dungeon. Qingqiu slaughtered me in that death arena!”

He became even more proud as he spoke.

“I could still recognize his aura even if he turns into ashes. And also, those undead dragons he led!!”

Only then did his underlings realize he couldn't be wrong.

They all gave him a thumbs up.

“Brother Kun, you're awesome. I can't believe you've fought with him before!”

“I almost forgot. Brother Kun was a top big shot who squeezed into the top one million in the last instance dungeon!”

A few did not feel embarrassed about their defeat with Qingqiu. What a joke. Millions of players participated in that death arena. Who else survived other than Qingqiu?!

No one did.

Ordinary weaklings would never try to fight Qingqiu.

The players in the forum measured their battle strength by how long they could last to fight Qingqiu.

“It was a f*cking honor to match with Qingqiu in the death arena despite loss!”

“Brother Kun, Qingqiu must have also received our mission.”

“That’s right. Should we not retreat in a hurry?”

Others said no one had come out from several people who had accepted this terrifying S-rank mission.

That made them spin into thoughts.

However, things were different now.

Qingqiu also accepted this mission.

Who was Qingqiu? His past achievements had already shown how terrifying the other party was.

The troop that made their legs go weak was now right before them.

A few muttered to themselves, and some moved.

After a short pause.

It surged in like a tidal wave and passed through the dimension gate.

The terrifying 80 meters giant tree bent down and stepped into it.

Only a blurry figure floated in the air outside the vast dimension gate in the end.

Qingqiu led his army and entered...

“Brother Kun, what should we do now?”

Brother Kun saw this scene, gritted his teeth, and hardened his heart.

“Let’s go! We’ll go in together. I don’t believe Qing Qiu can’t if the other players can’t handle this instance dungeon!!

“Let’s not fight for the credit with the other party. As long as a little hint of soup is left, it’ll be enough for us to eat.

“Moreover, this instance dungeon can accommodate many people. It’s likely an instance dungeon that requires several players to clear... It wasn’t easy for me to receive this mission. I won’t be at ease if I don’t go and try!”

Chapter 684 - 684 Damn! Qingqiu is Here? [3/4]

“Moreover, a system is about to release the new expansion pack. There will be a massive upheaval with the nature of this game. Others will only control us if we don’t seize the time to increase our strength!!

“If a man dies, the bird will rise to the sky. I couldn’t humbly live if I don’t die for tens of thousands of years.”

Brother Kun waved his hand with that.

He said viciously.

“Everyone, follow me.”

The few players immediately raised their spirits. Didn’t they rely on this ruthlessness to gamble their lives to survive until now?

What was there to be afraid of? They would just leave it here at most!

They quickly obeyed Brother Kun’s footsteps.

Above the dimension gate.

Windsor's illusory figure stared at the misty dimension gate for some reason. She wouldn't want to leave for a long time.

This time, she placed all her hopes in one person.

Richard.

She muttered this name in a low voice. Her emotions were subtle.

Those deep, determined, and attractive eyes floated quietly in her mind... She was in charge of the Phoenix-Tail Flower Chamber of Commerce for many years. She had met too many outstanding young elites.

The prince of the empire, the first heir of the high nobles, a genius with outstanding talent, a famous well-versed mage in ancient and modern times... Wait, wait, wait.

However, the grace mainland overlord's unique stance and charm made people stare at him.

It was like, they dimmed compared to others.

Richard could even stand there without saying a word and still attract everyone's attention...

She lost her thoughts and suddenly saw a troop of the grace mainland overlord arrived before the dimension gate.

Then, they crossed the dimension gate.

Windsor watched this and calmed down.

She did not take these people to heart.

She sent her confidants these days to save the old white-haired man in the Red Dragon General Store. She has assigned almost all the players with good strength the task of retrieving a god's heart.

Brother Kun initially retreated in fear, so why did he have the courage to come up now?

Brother Kun was on the ground and waved his hand with a hint of curiosity. He suddenly felt light.

He was horrified to find himself hundreds of meters high in the sky when he returned to his senses.

He lowered his head to look. His companions did not notice he had disappeared. He still marched at a leisurely pace.

“Chairman, I have no ill intentions. I didn't mean to disturb you...”

Windsor glanced at him indifferently. His frightened look made her lose interest in talking.

“Why did you change your mind and enter the ancient ruins?”

Brother Kun didn't dare to say anything and quickly replied.

“Because we saw Qingqiu enter.”

“You know Qingqiu?”

“I don't know him.”

“Then why did you dare to take the risk? That ruin buried hundreds of grace mainland overlords.”

Brother Kun's tone turned serious.

“We accepted a difficult mission and knew that it was dangerous. However, the appearance of Qingqiu gave us hope... We don't dare to compete with him for anything. It's enough that we can bask in the glory of the leftovers of the Qingqiu bosses.”

She had never thought that the other party would use such a reason.

The other party had changed his judgment just because he knew Richard would enter. He would risk his life to enter... The other party's influence was so exaggerated?

She did not expect him to be so strong that people would be willing to risk their lives, although she knew how strong the number one player was.

Chapter 685 - 685 Damn! Qingqiu is Here? [4/4]

Brother Kun added.

“Besides, would it be safer if we don't go in? Perhaps, the danger would be even greater...”

Windsor looked at Brother Kun. She had a somewhat penetrating gaze and felt a subtle emotion in her heart.

She waved her hand and did not say anything. She returned to her initial position.

Fate determines life and death. No one could say anything about the choice one made.

She never hid the difficulty of the mission.

It meant that the other party was willing to take the risk, and he had to bear everything. That is if he still wanted to go there after he knew about it.

Windsor turned to look at the void after the troop disappeared.

“Protect this place well... Before Lord Richard returns.”

Brother Kun’s body blurred and disappeared into the air after Windsor spoke.

The dimension gate had become somewhat blurry due to the heat waves. This gate alone stood tall under the scorching sun...

Endless dark clouds surged under the dim sky. They were like terror that brewed.

Richard looked up at the gravel floor.

Magnificent, magnificent, sinister, and evil.

This was the effect of the spider statue before him. That spider was a hundred meters tall and more. It had eight limbs that were hundreds of meters long.

Richard did not see any terrifying enemies when he first entered the dungeon.

Only a spider statue before them was there. That gave them a strong psychological impact.

The spider head's face gave off an indescribable pressure. It was like it aimed to torture and incessantly torment.

Distortion, pain, cruelty, evil... All the negative adjectives could not describe it.

Those made one's hair stand on end.

The tomb of the gods.

The description was even more suffocating.

[Tomb of the Gods]

[Level: 4-stars]

[Difficulty: Nightmare]

[Faction: Abyss, Spider, Cult, Human]

[Average Military Potential: Crown]

[Highest Level: Transcendent]

Transcendent 4-stars dungeon, demon difficulty... It gathered all the information.

Richard stared at the spider statue before him.

It was like he stepped into an abyss.

He took a deep breath and calmed himself down.

Just as he was about to speak, the stone statue of the dead scattered out to scout the way and suddenly flapped its wings and returned.

It landed beside Richard and repeatedly said, "Lord, we've found several grace mainland overlords before us. Spider webs have tied them up."

'Grace mainland overlords... They didn't die?'

A familiar notification momentarily sounded in his ear.

[Ding~ You have entered the dungeon—the tomb of the gods. This activated the primary mission: Slay the Transcendents from the Abyss and Destroy the Spider Temple.]

[Sub Mission 1: Rescue Grace Mainland Overlord. Grace mainland overlords have entered this dungeon by mistake. You will receive another 10,000 units of rare resources for every grace mainland overlord you have rescued.]

[Sub Mission 2: Hunt for Monsters. You will receive an additional unit of undead crystal for every monster from the abyss you have hunted down.]

[Mission Progress: 0%. You can leave the instance dungeon when the mission progress reaches 70%.]

[Note: You can trigger new missions when you explore instance dungeons. You will still receive a reward even if you fail to complete it. The richness will be according to your mission completion rate.]

Richard's expression became sparingly interesting when he heard the hint.

The primary mission was to hunt...Transcendents?

I will be rewarded ten thousand units of rare resources for each player I save.??

Richard momentarily felt confused about whether to laugh or cry.

Players were so valuable. Windsor said people had already come to the dungeon if he remembered accurately. That would be a massive fortune if they all went over.

But how could he resolve this? Transcendents...

Chapter 686 - 686 Big Boss Qingqiu, Run! The Abyssal Spidermen Are Coming! [1/3]

Transcendent, this level of power had already exceeded the limits of ordinary people's imagination.

One could instantly destroy a city in this rage.

The primary mission was to upgrade. Destroy the Spider Temple.

The transcendents guarded the temple.

One would have to collide with the other party if one wanted to obtain the sealed heart of a god. One could only shroud such treasure in the temple.

This was a threshold one could never avoid.

Richard calmed his emotions at this time.

He had just tried. But he could not communicate with Fire Elemental Lord Klose in this dungeon... His mightiest external aid could not help him.

It made sense. Windsor could have already surpassed this dungeon if she could summon external help.

He took a deep breath, and his gaze gradually sharpened.

An encounter with transcendentals brings unspeakable pressure. But this pressure could not depress him. Instead, a strong fighting spirit rose in his heart.

Slay the Transcendents from the Abyss. This is the primary mission.

This perilous target soared the ambition in his heart higher.

The Dune Lord fell before Twilight City... So what if he were transcendent in the instance dungeon?

So what if he could not summon Fire Elemental Lord Klose in this dungeon?

Richard would slay this transcendent!

The flame in his chest burned.

He turned around and looked at the god's ancient tree while it spread its branches.

The god's ancient tree displayed an extraordinary sharpness in the battle where it toppled the Dune Lord down.

It could quickly slay transcendentals at level 17.

Richard had spent countless resources and efforts to nurture this promising giant twisted human-faced tree. This has now become his most trustworthy soldier.

This boss gradually surpassed the scope of ordinary life with the blessing of rotten authority and the awakening of magical power.

They gradually walked toward a dark path one could not know the end of.

“Where are those grace mainland overlords?”

“East → five kilometers away.”

“How many are there?”

“More than a hundred.”

Richard narrowed his eyes.

More than a thousand people had entered the instance dungeon. Where has the rest of the overlords gone? Has the enemy killed the others?

[Sub Mission 1: You will receive another 10,000 units of rare resources for every grace mainland overlord you have rescued.]

This reward was more tempting than anything else.

“Let’s go and find out!”

The stone statue of the dead immediately led the way after Richard spoke.

Richard quickly ordered his troops to follow.

The sandstorm controller turned into yellow sand again. It enveloped the troop.

Thick black clouds surged above their heads under the dim sky. That gave people a sense of urgency and psychological pressure.

The Twilight City swiftly advanced under the dark clouds.

Vast spiderwebs appeared on the ground adjacent to the giant spider statue.

A layer of snow-white frost seemingly covered the entire ground. One could barely see its end.

Thumb-sized spiders spat silk in the spider web. Their colorful appearance inexplicably flustered people.

The god's ancient tree entered the instance dungeon without the support of the yellow sand and could not control the movement of the quicksand. The giant twisted human-faced tree root could only walk on the ground in its primitive form.

Treebeard's roots swept the spider web away, and the ground incessantly shook.

A spider was far from the god's ancient tree and seemingly jumped on a bed. It moved up and down.

Other spiders were trampled on and wanted to fight back. But their poisonous thorns could not even leave a mark on the bark.

Richard watched the whole thing in silence.

Spiders were synonymous with evil and darkness in the "Shining Era".

As a result, many evil god believers used spiders as their totems.

Richard recalled everything about spiders in the "Shining Era".

The troops quickly advanced.

They quickly completed a few kilometers of travel.

The troop stopped in the distance. They followed the signal from the stone statue of the dead before them.

Richard calmly waited for the main force to press in. He drove Alves forward alone.

It looked down at the ground.

Giant spider webs crisscrossed on a gravel forest seven to eight meters tall a hundred meters away.

The spider silk web interchangeably wrapped the players and hung them in the air. These sand eagles had their heads exposed and stared at each other.

Some players cursed, while others stared at the sky in a daze.

Suddenly, some players realized the air had quieted down. They were those in a daze.

They felt quietness in their ears. They immediately felt sparingly uncomfortable. They turned their heads in confusion.

They were shocked in the next second.

Their pupils reflected a terrifying figure with a wingspan of more than 40 meters. The figure burned with blood-colored energy. It gave off a strong sense of oppression.

“Undead dragon!!”

The word in their minds instantly confounded them.

Wasn't this dungeon the spider's territory? How could there be undead?

Question marks flooded their minds.

The players below felt bewildered. They saw how the undead flapped its wings and flew directly above their heads.

The players looked at the figure up close and the pressure it brought. The figure's body size suddenly multiplied.

A ferocious aura, seemingly majestic as a falling mountain, accompanied the figure—Dragon Might.

The players below felt like their guts were about to split apart under the three-layered oppression of sight, heart, and soul.

They felt like a giant hand grabbed their souls and made cracking sounds.

It would crush them momentarily.

The Grim Reaper stared at them...

“F*ck! A spider demon at first and a hybrid dragon now!! Do I still need to experience the hardships of learning from the scriptures when I’m just clearing an instance?”

“F*ck your grandpa! If you have the guts, let me out. I won’t call you grandpa if I don’t kill you today!!”

“Sob! Sob! Sob! I don’t want to play anymore. I want to go home...”

Chapter 687 - 687 Big Boss Qingqiu, Run! The Abyssal Spiders Are Coming! [2/3]

Anger, roars, fear, deathly pale faces, and eyes ashen as ashes...The players below were exceptionally lively at this moment.

The pressure on the players reached its limit...

A gust of wind blew suddenly, and the spider webs swayed.

The scattered sand on the ground also blew up. To the players’ surprise, the sand gathered into a small sandstorm in the sky in the blink of an eye.

Several players sensed this scene as familiar. They couldn’t recall where and when the scene had happened.

The players hesitated.

The sandstorm slowly floated down from the undead dragon's back.

The players were shocked to find a figure in the sandstorm.

"Who was it?"

Grains of sand shrouded the figure and blurred its face. They could hardly recognize and understand the abstruse image.

Yellow sand and undead dragons burned with blood-colored power... This classic scene stirred up many people's dusty memories... A name that quickened their breathing surged into their minds.

"Big Boss Qingqiu!!"

An excited sharp shout accompanied that hopeful exclamation.

The others came back to their senses. They screamed hysterically and wildly.

"Grandpa Qingqiu, save us!"

"Big Boss, let us out. Those bastards are trying to kill us."

“Big Boss Qingqiu, I have more than ten half-elf singers in my territory. They are all the best of the best. Just save me, and I’ll give them all to you...”

“As long as you save me, you will be my father...”

Richard had felt pity for these unlucky victims. The corners of his mouth twitched when he heard the wails and the howls.

These idiots were still like this even when they were dead.

He narrowed his eyes.

The indifferent voice resounded in everyone’s ears. In an instant, the hundreds of players felt an aura a hundred times more ferocious than the Dragon Might that pressed down their chests.

He seemingly saw a sandstorm sweep the world across in his trance.

Their souls were about to be torn apart.

The crying voices were cut off, and the players’ exaggerated expressions froze.

As far as the eye could see, the faces that cried and laughed appeared like an act.

“I’ll ask them one by one. Don’t talk nonsense.”

Richard looked at the person closest to him and asked, “How did you get trapped in the spider web?”

The player who was called out shuddered. Fear engulfed his eyes as he stared at the figure that floated in the sky.

Behind Richard was Alves’s ferocious and majestic figure.

A thick black cloud that pressed down on the city was further up.

All of this had become his backdrop.

At this moment, Richard felt ten times more pressure than Alves.

He was like a great demon king who could dim the world as soon as he appeared.

“Hmm?”

Richard heard the cold snort. The player immediately woke up and hurriedly said, “Reporting to Boss Qingqiu. After I entered this instance dungeon, I saw spiderwebs everywhere. I didn’t mind too much about it and set it on fire... A group of top-tier soldiers with half-human upper bodies and half-spider lower bodies came shortly. These abyssal spidermen appeared.”

Fear engulfed his eyes.

“Those abyssal spidermen all have the same potential. Their levels are as high as 15.”

“Those bastards wiped my troop out in just two rounds... But for reasons I could not know, those abyssal spidermen didn’t kill me. They imprisoned me here instead.”

“I only discovered other players when I got here.”

Richard sensed he was not lying, so he continued to ask.

“After you entered the instance dungeon, what was the mission you received?”

As he spoke, he seemed to have thought of something. The power of the yellow sand on his body surged. That directly isolated him from the surrounding crowd. Outsiders could not hear their conversation.

The player did not notice this. He calmed down and spoke in a much more stable tone.

“The primary mission is to Slay the Transcendents from the Abyss and Destroy the Spider Temple...

“The sub-mission 1 is to rescue overlords. Each will receive another 10,000 units of rare resources.

“The sub-mission 2 is to hunt for monsters. One will receive an additional unit of undead crystal for every monster from the abyss one has hunted down.”

Richard nodded thoughtfully.

It was the mission of everyone who entered the instance dungeon.

Richard momentarily pondered, then he continued.

“What other news do you have?”

The player hesitated and whispered.

“I heard from other players that those abyssal spidermen brought a portion of people to sacrifice every other week.”

Richard’s eyes narrowed.

“Sacrifice?”

“That’s right. There’s a temple 20 kilometers away from here...”

“The Spider Temple?”

“No, it’s not the temple from the primary mission the system wants us to destroy. It’s a subordinate temple... One could not call it a temple but a church.”

“Where do the abyssal spidermen perform the offering?”

“I do not know. They murdered the player who knew about this two days ago when he tried to escape.”

Richard narrowed his eyes.

‘What did the church have to do with the primary mission?’

He then asked for more information about the spider church.

However, they captured this player shortly after he entered the dungeon. So, he could not know much.

Richard could no longer obtain valuable information. So, he waved his hand. The yellow sand around him turned into a sharp knife, cleaned the spider silk web off the man’s body, and freed him.

The player who fell to the ground coughed a few times, then got up and bowed to Richard in ecstasy.

“Thank you, my Lord!”

The other players’ eyeballs almost popped out when they saw this scene. They all called Richard Grandpa and Dad. They were just short of offering their buttocks.

Richard moved and began to question each remaining player.

Chapter 688 - 688 Big Boss Qingqiu, Run! The Abyssal Spidermen Are Coming! [3/3]

This time, he asked more than ten people simultaneously. He asked everyone after a few rounds.

That helped him ponder a general idea of the dungeon, although the silk webs captured most of the players shortly after they entered the dungeon and did not know much about it.

The main enemy in this instance dungeon was the evil life forms from the abyss—spiders.

[Average Potential: Crown, Level 15 and above.]

Their numbers were unknown, but one could describe their battle power as ferocious.

None of the players they had encountered could withstand the spiders’ attacks.

The primary mission was Destroy the Spider Temple and occupy the central area of the dungeon.

Transcendents guarded it.

No one knows about the exact strength of the spider temple. One could only describe it as supremely soul-devouring.

In addition, 12 spider churches surrounded the spider temple.

They stationed a team of abyssal spidemen for every spider church, with at least two vast squadrons.

These churches held sacrificial ceremonies every other week.

Players were the sacrifices.

No one knew about the purpose of the sacrifice, but they could feel that the spider churches paid attention to it.

At this thought, Richard returned to his senses.

He looked down at the players who stared at him.

Richard said slowly, "All of us have the same mission... As such, you should understand where your value lies."

He would receive another 10,000 units of rare resources for every player he has rescued.

These hundreds of people meant millions of units. That is an enormous number. Twilight City couldn't earn this much in a month.

They all heaved a sigh of relief when the players heard this.

They all knew what the mission was. Qingqiu wouldn't risk his life to protect them from this temptation, but at least he wouldn't slay them all.

This dungeon would not allow resurrection.

One is dead upon slay.

The player who had given Richard the information had sparingly recovered and was no longer so timid. He took the initiative to talk to him.

"The spider webs transmitted information about the odd movements in the silk webs to the spider church once one destroyed a strand of silk web lattice. The abyssal spidermen will appear very soon."

The other players nodded when thoughts of how terrifying the abyssal spidermen were flashed in their minds.

“That’s right, Big Boss Qingqiu, let’s run first. The abyssal spidermen are coming!”

“The level 15 abyssal spidermen are roughly fierce.”

“Let’s retreat first. We’ll think about it later. This isn’t something we can resolve in a short period...”

Twilight City troops did not heed them. Alves alone flapped its wings in the sky.

The players knew the enemy was too mighty, although they never underestimated Richard.

Now that everyone was in the same boat, no one wanted anything to happen again.

Qingqiu was their only hope.

They could not think of other players who could clear this dungeon than him.

He would have to face a transcendent eventually!!

He was the only one who could give them a trace of confidence in their despair. That’s right, just a track.

Transcendents were too powerful.

They had already exceeded the limits of what players could deal with.

Even Richard wouldn't stand a chance in the eyes of most players.

This was not a war crime.

How long had it been since the players entered the "Shining Era?" How could he compare to those top-notch existences that had grown for decades?

Suddenly, a player looked back in horror.

"Deep, abyssal spider..."

Fear engulfed its tone.

Everyone subconsciously turned their heads.

On the white spiderweb land.

Abyssal spidermen with half-human upper bodies had eight spider limbs that rushed over.

These limbs seemingly covered the horizon.

The players felt their heads buzzed and dizzied.

Only one thought appeared in their minds... It was over. Everything was all over!!

The spidermen had discovered about the escape!

“Big Boss Qingqiu...”

The players before him sounded like they were about to cry.

They had barely escaped death, and now they had to die here.

Something was way over desperate than falling from heaven to hell.

An indifferent order came from the sky while everyone panicked.

“All troops, attack!”

Richard spoke, and afterward.

The players raised their heads in unison and saw that the yellow sand surrounded the figure and inexplicably became imposing at this moment.

The aura on its body became increasingly turbulent and majestic.

“What was this?”

That startled everyone.

‘Phew!’

A sharp whistle tore through the sky.

Everyone subconsciously turned to look.

In the sky, countless spears condensed from sand tore through the void. They left long afterimages behind.

Before the spiders could react.

The spears pierced into the abyssal spidermen like lightning.

‘Puchi!’

An abyssal spiderman charged before the enemies suddenly felt a creepy aura had surged.

It subconsciously turned its body to dodge. But just as it moved, its head felt a soul-tormenting pain.

The strength in its body was like a broken kettle that leaked out.

The spiderman's consciousness instantly blurred, and it could no longer understand the romantic Qixi Festival in the outside world.

The spider saw a sharp yellow sand spear pierce through its head while it focused its gaze.

The sand-condensed spear nailed the abyssal spiderman to the ground.

Green mucus splattered out. That stained the surrounding ground and emitted a sizzling sound of corrosion...

The scene was fierce and violent.

That sand-condensed spear instantly slaughtered the level 15 abyssal spiderman. A Crown 2-stars soldier!!

Not all soldiers had the natural talent of the Twilight City troops. The such terrifying physical damage was irresistible.

The players widened their eyes as they watched the spears fall from the sky and slaughter the abyssal spidermen they thought were the devil kings.

The shock they felt was indescribable.

The Grim Reaper's scythe incessantly waved. It harvested demonic souls!

And this was just the beginning.

The players had yet to regain their senses after a round of attacks.

Terrifying sandstorms swept up from the horizon and attacked with the force of a thunderbolt.

'Whoosh!'

A voice was as sharp as a demon's roar and entered their ears.

Under the shocked gazes of the players...

'Whoosh!'

The sandstorms have already surged into the abyssal spidermen before them.

The players with sharp eyes saw the moment the sandstorms enveloped the enemies.

Sharp yellow sand spears condensed.

They stabbed straight at the abyssal spidermen with terrifying lethality and the aid of the sandstorms... The sandstorms became meat grinders.

Blood splattered everywhere, and limbs were shattered.

Some players could no longer hold back the shock in their hearts. They raised their heads and looked at the blurry figure covered in yellow sand in the sky.

The other party stood there calmly, still as before.

Chapter 689 - 689 Do You Think Boss Qingqiu Can Complete This S-Rank Mission? [1/3]

The abyssal spidermen held long black blades that glowed dark green lights. Their half-human upper bodies gave off a ferocious and violent aura.

Gray-brown fur covered their eight spider limbs, and their toes were as sharp as spears. Deep marks remained like nails that hit a wooden board when they stepped on the ground.

However, at this moment, these top-tier Crown 2-stars troops had become lambs in the sandstorm.

The sandstorm controllers howled.

The five squadrons of sandstorm controllers started the prelude to death.

The sandstorm controller skill level increased from C to B, and all attributes increased enormously after becoming a glorious-level troop.

The battle strength of this top-tier soldier had soared by a large margin.

The sandstorm condensed into giant thorns. They looked like deadly arrows shot from a heavy siege crossbow under acceleration.

These disasters would still devour the abyssal spidermen no matter how ferocious they were.

This scene caused the players to tremble. They were so excited that their blood surged into their minds.

The Twilight City troop crushed their worries in the face of their strength!

They looked at the voice that floated in the sky. Amazement shrouded its eyes.

Was this the value of being the strongest among the billions of players?

The abyssal spidermen slaughtered these troops like lambs. But the situation reversed, and Qingqiu trampled them.

The gap between them was so significant to the extent of incompetence. It even wiped their envy, jealousy, and hatred out.

A person might be jealous of a neighbor better off than him, but jealousy over the wealthiest man in the world would be more difficult... They would naturally stifle their emotions when the gap between the two sides reached an extent.

The sandstorm controllers looked at the fallen abyssal spidermen and felt the pleasure of revenge.

These damned bastards finally met their match, right?

The players recalled how these abyssal spidermen trapped them like pigs. They incessantly lived in fear. They wished to get down and slaughter these monsters.

The abyssal spidermen immediately suffered a devastating blow after the sandstorm controllers left the battlefield.

However, there was a multitude. A portion directly bypassed the sandstorm controllers and attacked from behind.

The monsters ran swiftly with their eight limbs.

That attack quickly scared all out of their wits.

One could not retaliate with these troops.

The players panicked, and the dim light in the sky suddenly turned darker.

Everyone looked up.

Gargoyles flapped their wings and flew over their heads. Mummies sat on top of many gargoyles. One couldn't explicitly see the mummy figures.

The troops arrived in the blink of an eye above the abyssal spidermen.

The gargoyles in the air suddenly threw out their sharp battle tomahawks.

A massive force drove the chains wrapped around their arms and streaked across the sky like lightning.

'Shualala!'

The sound of the chains that rubbed against each other was like the whisper of the Grim Reaper.

The abyssal spidermen that charged at high speed below became live targets.

Green blood spurted out one after another under the sharp battle tomahawks.

The Gargoyles' tomahawk attacks appeared simple to the gamers. But what happened afterward startled all.

'Kacha!'

The sound of glass shattering rang out.

'Bang!'

The sharp battle tomahawks severed the abyssal spidermen's bodies into halves and smashed others like ground meat.

A terrifying metal storm started.

Sharp broken tomahawk blades utterly covered the area within dozens of meters.

The tomahawk fragments whistled and quickly tore the charging abyssal spiders apart. Debris entered their bodies, and a burst of scorching energy erupted afterward.

Raging flames burned as bodies exploded.

The following damage.

A few abyssal spidermen escaped the sandstorm controllers but encountered an even more ferocious attack.

Throwing a tomahawk was like throwing a bomb into the water each time they invested in the game.

Water splashed everywhere.

The Grim Reaper's scythe wantonly harvested souls.

It slaughtered more than a hundred abyssal spidermen squads under the fierce and ruthless attack of Twilight City troops.

A sharp battle tomahawk beheaded the last abyssal spidermen.

The troop flew back to the sky, and the sandstorm enveloped them again.

The air fell into a dead silence.

The players widened their eyes and looked at the broken limbs on the ground with indescribable shock.

The sandstorm controllers destroyed the pale spider webs.

They scattered abyssal spidermen's corpses all over the ground like shattered glass.

Green blood splattered all over the ground.

The other players thought the abyssal spidermen were immortal, although they had mentally anticipated the battle's outcome. Twilight City troops slaughtered them in less than 10 minutes. They left only corpses on the ground. This scene startled the players.

This was Qing Qiu.

The players looked at the blurry figure that floated in the sky. Their emotions were particularly subtle.

They rejoiced, exclaimed, feared, worshipped... It was complicated to understand.

[Ding~ You have commanded your troop to slay 1,123 abyssal spidermen (Crown 2-stars, Level 15). You have obtained a perfect victory. You have earned 1,123 experience points and 1,123 undead crystals.]

Richard heard a familiar notification as the battle ended. He glanced at it and shook his head.

A crown-level soldier could only give him ten experience points now.

The higher the level, the more difficult it would be.

It would take years to upgrade after becoming a transcendent.

Chapter 690 - 690 Do You Think Boss Qingqiu Can Complete This S-Rank Mission? [2/3]

However, the thousands of undead crystals piqued his interest. Something that could be used as a reward by the system would be nice.

He wondered why the system hadn't distributed the crystals yet.

Suddenly, a gust of wind blew past, and the corpses of the abyssal spidermen on the ground vaporized. They turned into green energy gathered at a point.

In a short moment, all the broken limbs disappeared, and what replaced them were patches of green mist on the ground.

The green mist gradually shrank as it surged. It was like a giant hand closed it.

The fog dissipated. Richard focused afterward and saw only a thumb-sized green bead on the ground.

"This?"

Richard opened the attribute panel of the beads with curiosity.

[Undead Crystal]

[Level: Special]

[Characteristic: Contained boundless negative energy.]

[Description: A unique item that can only be condensed when the most evil life forms die.]

The attributes were unexpectedly simple, and there was nothing special about it.

His mind wove thoughts.

The power of the yellow sand on his body surged, and the sand that enveloped the surroundings dissipated. It directly wrapped the green bead on the ground.

Richard dragged the undead crystals back to the front.

Thousands of undead crystals piled up together. That made them twice the size of a basketball.

Richard picked up one and sensed it carefully. He was able to feel dark and evil energy inside.

It made people feel uncomfortable.

He momentarily examined it and found nothing unusual. He placed it into the system space afterward.

“Do you know the use of undead crystals?”

A burly female orc player raised her hand and shouted.

“Boss Qingqiu, that thing seems related to our primary mission... I saw it in the spider church.”

The other players turned their heads to look at her.

They quickly retracted their gaze when they saw it was the female orc with chest hair thicker than her head hair.

“F*ck! It’s too eye-piercing!”

Richard frowned.

“How is it related to the primary mission?”

“Would that end hunting transcendents?”

His interest grew.

“Is there any other information?”

“No more...”

The harvest did not disappoint Richard. He looked in the direction the abyssal spidermen had come from and said slowly, “Wait for me before the spider statue.

“I will send a small team of stone statues of the dead to act as sentries for you.

“Remember, don’t seek death. The instance dungeon is supremely murderous. I’m not sure if I could make it safe.”

He did not plan to bring these idiots along.

The battle ability of the players was indeed there, but it was nothing compared to the established Twilight City troop.

Moreover, each player was worth 10,000 units of rare resources. Recruiting a radiant moon 3-stars king of the imperial troop would not require 10,000 units.

Their survival was their uttermost gain.

The hundreds of players looked at each other. They wanted to say something but didn't dare to speak because of Richard's authority.

In the end, the female orc stood up and said.

"Boss Qingqiu, we've already lost our troops and guarded that area. We couldn't deal with it if we encounter more danger... Can I ask you to bless us?"

She quickly added afterward. "We are willing to pay you... I'll give you all the resources I have."

Right now, survival was the key. Even the three or five teams would be enough to wipe them out if they left Richard and encountered the abyssal spidermen.

On one side was a life-and-death crisis, and on the other was a golden thigh.

Anyone without brains wouldn't endanger this choice.

Richard glanced at the female orc player and didn't say anything.

The players were initially unhappy with the other party's rash words but suddenly became nervous.

Those who could survive until now were not fools... They quickly understood their current situation.

The fish on the plate.

They changed their minds and immediately begged.

The players had different amounts of savings. They couldn't compare them all together. They came up with an agreement after a trivial discussion.

Each paid 1 million units of ordinary resources and 10,000 units of rare in exchange for Richard's possession.

That's right. To carry out was not to protect.

Richard had no obligation to protect them if they encountered invincibles.