

The World 891

Chapter 891 - 891 The Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect [1/4]

The underground world appeared to be a mystery-filled dimension.

Gold everywhere, majestic dungeons, black dragon's treasure, spiders, venomous snakes, and traps everywhere. The people on the surface would imagine these creatures and attributes to exist in the underground world.

The underground creatures also had countless unrealistic fantasies about the surface.

And this fantasy had inadvertently shone into reality a few months ago.

A powerful lord of the surface had entered the underground world.

Then, the Human Overlord from the surface created a legend where the gray-colored dwarves offered a reward of ten million units worth of food.

And this was only two months. The lord of the surface had ended the conflict between the gray-colored dwarves and the barbarians of Bloodhoof City's dungeon with absolute power in just two short months.

The Human Overlord ruthlessly trampled the Dwarf Chieftain.

The surface Human Overlord became the true ruler of the underground world.

As the Bloodhoof City began to conquer the entire underground world and took control of all the land, everyone felt sincere reverence for the Human Overlord of the surface.

The Human Overlord's reputation rose to the peak.

Richard.

The name would be comparable to a god in the eyes of several dungeon creatures. Several people even thought that this person was the incarnation of a god.

All sorts of things happened in the underground world afterward. And that reinforced the already prestigious reputation.

The Bloodhoof City ordered everyone not to fight each other after Bloodhoof City razed the underground world.

The land of the central plains, which had never been free from war since its birth, had welcomed an unprecedented peace.

Other powerful tribes ceased to bully some weaker tribes for months already. They did not encounter any danger of survival.

More importantly, the Human Overlord of the Surface had also issued an order that all races could produce weapons and sell them to the Bloodhoof City in exchange for food.

God of dungeons above, what kind of benevolent policy was this!!

That was food, food that could save lives!!

A myriad of starving dungeon races finally experienced the feeling of being full for the first time. They no longer have to send their elders out to the wilderness to die in search of food.

According to Maslow's needs theory, physiological and safety were the lowest level of needs.

They were the basic needs and easiest to satisfy and make people happy.

Richard's reputation in the underworld soared again when he resolved two issues.

The Tuks, the Blackfeather Tribe that lived in the Scarred Hills, were no exception. They highly respected the Human Overlord from the surface.

Creatures from various planes knew the Scarred Hills as a crack-filled hill.

The grounds endured multifarious cracks of different sizes, and the terrain was crisscrossed. Cracks shrouded the hillock. This hill was incredibly suitable for hiding.

In addition, this land was made entirely of rocks and dry soil. It could not produce food except for a few counts of moss in the dark. So no powerful races stationed here.

That also allowed the weak Tuks to survive.

The Blackfeather Tribe was a group of humanoid lifeforms with black feathers all over their bodies. Their average height was only 1.7 meters.

The average level was 5. The mightiest tribe leader was only a level 7 hero with a potential D-rank.

Any powerful race could oppress them at will unless they leave the Scarred Hills.

Any dark race could have destroyed this long ago if not for their high fertility rate and sensitive perception.

However, the surviving Tuks were not much better off. The favorable policies of the surface could not affect their status.

That was because the Tuks weren't good at forging weapons.

Therefore, their food was still scarce while the other tribes enjoyed a stable and prosperous life. Elderly members would need to enter the wilderness in pursuit of food every month.

As a member of the Blackfeather Tribe, Jake was a level 5 Blackfeather swordsman.

He had left the tribe for a month and a half.

There was a shortage of food before he left. So he had to venture into the wilderness to find food.

Unexpectedly, he encountered the Bloodhoof City troop along the way. The sudden invasion forced him to hide. He only dared to return following a safety call and assurance a few days ago.

Jake was very excited when he entered the familiar Scarred Hills.

Primarily, it was because he returned home alive and had accidentally barged into a fog-shrouded muddy swamp.

He found a land shrouded with a multitude of edible mushrooms. That was enough to feed all the Tuks for three months!

That was an astonishing discovery of resources!

He was proud of his return as a hero.

Presumably, the Tuks saw him and would want to wear the iron medal!

He couldn't help but quicken his pace.

His figure was vigorous as he flew quickly across the cracked ground.

He stepped into the territory of the Blackfeather Tribe, and he suddenly heard a crisp sound.

‘Clang! Clang! Clang!’

The sound of metal clashing echoed throughout the entire Scarred Hills.

Jake stood at the top of the hill and looked down. He immediately saw a myriad of Tuks collecting moss in the cracks of the rocks. They climbed out and quickly headed toward the sound.

Jake was sparingly puzzled. That was the bell that summoned everyone for a meeting.

“Did something happen?”

However, the excited expressions on the faces of the people made him suspect something ugly happened to the tribe.

It was like the rarely-banged bell had rang frequently recently, so no one was flustered.

Confused, he immediately followed his fellow Tuks.

Before long, Jake followed the Blackfeather Tuk into a dry and cracked valley.

Chapter 892 - 892 The Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect [2/4]

Jake immediately saw a few familiar figures when he stepped into the hill.

He waved his hand and shouted a few times.

A few immediately turned around in surprise and rushed to his side.

“Jake, I thought something happened to you. Why haven’t you returned soon? What took you so long?”

Jake responded loudly.

“I went out to look for food!”

Pride engulfed his eyes.

“I found enough mushrooms that we could eat for three months in a fog-shrouded swamp!”

He prepared to hear his friends and surrounding people’s praises and admiration after he said he thought good news.

He waited for a while and was stunned to find no one cared.

‘What was going on?’

Doubts engulfed his thoughts. His companions beside him lowered their voices and said, "Jake, don't speak so loudly in the holy land of the new Eternal City."

Confusion flooded Jake's face. "When did this place become a holy land?"

"But, I found food..."

"We understand. Prepare to welcome the arrival of the great messenger, the evil spreader."

"That food..."

"The great messenger has already provided us with food. He had filled up ten caves! We no longer run scarce of food!"

Jake was stunned when he heard this.

"Who is the great messenger?"

"Why would he give us so much precious food?"

"Who is the great messenger? The great messenger was the oracle of the Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect!! He is a believer of the great god, a great figure who gives hope and help to our Blackfeather Tribe!!"

The more he listened, the more confused he became.

Just as he was about to ask in confusion, his companion beside him was already impatient. He pulled him towards the center. He did not give him a chance to speak.

“You will know when the oracle comes.”

An explosive boom echoed in the middle of the hill. One has tied a hollow stone on it. On the other side was an iron piece tied with a hemp rope made of tree bark. One gently pushed the iron piece. That produced a sound.

At this moment, a figure taller than an ordinary person knocks on a rock.

A crisp sound rang out in waves.

The number of people gathered in the valley reached a certain level afterward.

The tall black-feathered man stopped.

The moment the voice fell, a commotion immediately sounded.

“Great Patriarch, the mighty Great Messenger, we beg for your presence!”

“Today is the day.”

“Why don’t I see the great messenger?”

“I can’t wait to listen to the teachings of the Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect...”

The leader of the Blackfeather Tribe looked at the excited crowd. He extended his hand and pressed down.

When his voice calmed down a little, he warmly said, “The Great Messenger of the gods, Lord Zarok, has arrived.”

“Kneel and welcome the Great Oracle!”

As soon as he finished speaking, all the black-feathered people knelt and shouted.

“O Great Messenger of the Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect, a believer eternally loyal to the Ancient Tree God, we welcome your arrival!”

The waves of fanatical calls hurled.

‘Whoosh!’

The sky suddenly darkened.

An undead dragon that burned with crimson flames flew out from the other side of the hill.

'Roar!'

The undead dragon roared at the sky.

A terrifying Dragon Might surged out like a tsunami.

The black-feathered people, whose average level was only level 5, immediately felt the pressure that penetrated deep into their souls.

That was the pressure of a high-level dough against a low-level life form, and one could not be immune to it.

The undead dragon soared in the sky, swooped down, and landed in the center.

In the next moment, the humongous creature crouched down.

A tall figure stepped down from behind.

At this moment, the eyes of all the black-feathered people became excited.

“Great Messenger of the gods. He had arrived!”

Jake raised his head and saw a terrifying three-meter-tall being. It had the upper body of a human and wore a dark brown priest robe.

He held a pure Holy Black Book in his hand. It emitted waves of magical fluctuations and a mysterious aura.

His face looked like a person who was on the verge of death from suffering. It was hideous and terrifying. His evil rune-engraved skin sent chills down one’s spine.

The lower half of his body made Jake feel suffocated. It was the opposite of a human body—a spider, yes, a spider!

The eight limbs pierced into the ground like sharp blades, with large patches of fine fur that grew on them.

The tough bone armor wrapped around its body. Three rows of uneven barbs grew from its head to its back. That gave off a strange and brutal feeling.

Just from its appearance, it immediately gave off an exaggerated sense of oppression.

And that pair of scarlet eyes made its deterrence increase tenfold!

Brutality and murderous intent filled its pair of eyes.

It was evil, chaotic, brutal, and bloodthirsty. The aura of all dark lifeforms spread out from his body.

Evil and darkness passed.

This extremely evil existence that made people's hearts tremble gave people an inexplicable sense of holiness. That was incredibly surprising.

It was sacred and inviolable.

The two strange auras colluded. Jake couldn't describe his feelings.

He turned to look at his companion beside him and said in a low voice, "This is the great god? He could...could it bring hope to the Blackfeather Tribe?"

His companions said sternly, "The Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect came to save us. It is also the foundation and could enrich our faith. Jake, wait and see how the great god will unleash his power!!"

Jake stared at his companion's burning gaze. He was somewhat at a loss. Did the Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect have such powerful strength?

Chapter 893 - 893 The Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect [3/4]

“Did the sect rule come to save us?”

“But, I’ve never heard of this sect...”

A few people beside him said excitedly, “That’s because the great god had slept and had just woken up... Just wait and see. Lord Zarok will answer all your questions.”

At this moment, the terrifying human spider-like creature stepped forward. It swept its gaze around, raised the Holy Black Book, and chanted softly.

“The Great God of the Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect has returned from eternity.”

All the black-feathered people knelt and chanted at the same time.

“The Great God of the Ancient Tree of Darkness Faction has returned from eternity...”

The voices echoed uniformly and sonorously on the dark hill. Solemnity and holiness brimmed their souls.

The terrifying cleric’s voice continued.

“He is the undying master, the controller of power, the embodiment of darkness, and everyone’s salvation.”

‘He is the master of my power? The controller of power? The embodiment of darkness? He is my salvation?!’

“He is eternal. He stands in the past, appears in the present, and exists forever in the future. He is in the past, in the present, and forever!”

The cleric’s voice suddenly sounded louder.

The next moment, the black-feathered man on the hill immediately revealed excitement and fanaticism.

“He is eternal. He stands in the past, appears in the present, and exists forever in the future.!”

As soon as he said that, the great messenger prepared the Holy Black Book in his hand. Boundless energy surged out and quickly gathered in the sky.

At the same time, his voice suddenly sounded high-pitched.

“Great God of the Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect, your eternal and devout believer is willing to offer faith, soul, and eternal obedience. Great God, the God who controls the endless power of darkness and corruption, my humble believer begs for your mercy and attention!”

The moment the prayer fell.

The energy that surged from the Holy Black Book dispersed. That condensed into the shadow of a giant tree 50 meters tall.

They would recognize the life in the picture if the soldiers of Twilight City were here.

The god's ancient tree.

The black-feathered man immediately went crazy when he saw the shadow.

They crossed their arms before their chests and began to pray most devoutly.

"Eternal Great God of the Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect, praise your strength, your grandeur..."

"O mighty Great God of Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect, lord of the 'Holy Nimita,' your humble believers offer everything to you..."

All answered with devotion.

The great messenger would name all the prayers to the Great God of the Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect.

That attitude was hard for Jake to accept.

Tuks had never believed in gods before. Such a humble bow still touched his sensitive nerves, although he was in awe of those who controlled supreme power.

'Why have they settled their faith in this entity?'

That was the biggest question in his mind.

A figure lingered in the breeze.

The distorted dark figure looked at the blurry image.

Jake suddenly felt his soul freeze.

His thoughts suddenly stopped.

"I will grant you the power of the Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect."

He finished speaking, and a majestic energy surged from the blurry image and directly poured into Jake's body.

Jake felt something that had slept in his bloodline suddenly woke up.

'Kacha!'

That severed one invisible shackle after another.

Jake released a low growl. And then his aura soared.

He regained his senses after ten breaths. He was shocked to find that his strength had risen to level 8.

He was one level higher than the Tuk Tribe Leader!!

He stared blankly at the scene in the sky. It was hard to imagine.

"Level 8, this was level 8!"

The Great God had bestowed a divine grace!!

The unacceptable emotions in his heart collapsed before a vast surprise.

Jake most humbly knelt without the slightest hesitation.

His tone sounded almost crazy.

“Oh, Almighty Ruler! Thank you for your gift, your humble believer. I will protect your glory with my life and soul!!”

Jake finished speaking. Only the great messenger could see a thin, white line that quietly merged into the illusory ancient tree from the top of his head.

“Listen to my oracle and follow the teachings. The Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect is your eternal support.”

“He came from the past, stands in the present, and exists in the future.”

The blurry figure slowly disappeared when he finished speaking.

The black-feathered people in the arena went exaggeratedly excited.

“Praise the Great God of the Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect!!”

The atmosphere reached its peak. The great messenger stood up and looked at everyone with its scarlet eyes.

“After the first Battle of the Gods, our god fell into a deep sleep. It was not until tonight that I sensed the rise of the Crimson Moon that he woke up.”

“The Great God is immortal. He is the only ruler who can protect you.

“Our god is recovering his strength, so we need you to pray most devoutly.

“When you are devout enough, you will feel the gaze of our god.

What had just happened replenished the black-feathered people on the hill.

They immediately knelt and worshipped.

The great messenger finished preaching and waved his hand.

Suddenly, solemn voices reverberated from all directions on the hill. It was like something had purified their souls.

“Great God of the Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect, you are the savior of our lives. We thank and praise you. We offer our loyalty and faith to you until eternity.”

Chapter 894 - 894 The Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect [4/4]

They repeatedly praised, and the voices of all the black-feathered people also recited.

Solemnity filled this scene.

The great messenger pondered at the scene. It then sat back on the undead dragon.

'Whoosh!'

The undead dragon flapped its wings and flew away from the hill.

"Pray, believers of our god, in the most pious way.

"The Great God is watching us."

The great messenger pulled the reins not far away from the hill. And the Crimson Moon slowly halted the skeletal blood dragon.

At this moment, more than ten skeleton blood dragons flew into the sky.

The undead dragons in front of the great messenger approached. A gray-colored dwarf dressed in extravagant clothes looked at him with admiration.

"Lord Zarok, your ability is indeed extraordinary. That is already the third tribe to enrich their faith."

Lord Zarok said meaningfully, "As long as you can maintain this, the lord will bestow you with the identity of a hero in the future."

Becoming a hero was the ultimate dream of almost all soldiers. That was a desire engraved in their souls.

The great messenger was no exception. Its scarlet eyes revealed some interest when it heard this. It calmed down. It said, "Master Brown, after a month or more days of preaching, the Ancient Tree of Darkness's trade has gradually improved. We can try to promote it on a large scale."

He looked at the other skeleton blood dragons.

More than ten humans stood on it.

Brown was also excited.

He was the first gray-colored dwarf recruited, and Karu handed over the task of spreading the faith in the underworld to him.

Over the past months, Brown had witnessed how the Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect had spread among these tribes.

Mistakes happened along the way, but the extraordinary soldier, the great messenger, evil spreader, Lord Zarok, settled them all.

At this moment, the other skeleton blood dragons also surrounded him.

A middle-aged lady with two long scars on her face said slowly, "Using the Elven Music Box to enhance the atmosphere and continuously strengthen the believers' understanding of the teachings is an excellent method."

"Master Brown, I suggest we build a preaching room for future gatherings specifically for the Elven Music Box."

Brown subconsciously looked at the hill where the black-feathered people were. At this moment, the fervent prayers still came.

He nodded.

"Not only that. We can also use the Elven Music Box to spread the stories and transactions of the Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect."

Brown sounded excited.

"Tobey, we can temporarily store the power of faith and then supply it to the believers. That will allow us to continue creating miracles without consumption. We will have a greater effect sooner or later if we continue to expand."

As Brown spoke, Tobey was a little surprised. When he had learned of this mission, he had been quite uneasy.

It was incredibly arduous to create a sect and convince believers of the existence of a single person.

However, Tobey didn't expect all kinds of difficulties weren't worth mentioning in front of an extraordinary soldier like the great messenger.

The great messenger, the evil spreader, had made progress in spreading the religion at a rapid rate.

"Perhaps one day, the Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect will spread throughout the underground world, and everyone will become a believer in the sect."

Tobey sighed with emotion as he spoke.

"What a pity. If only we were a real sect."

The moment he said this, the great messenger on the back of the skeleton blood dragon had a strange expression.

However, he gazed deeply at Brown.

"Master Brown! Who said that the Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect wasn't real?"

Brown was stunned and asked subconsciously.

"Isn't this the sect that we created?"

Holiness engulfed the great messenger's eyes.

"No, Master Brown... We created it before, but just now, I sensed His Holiness! The Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect absorbed the power of faith."

"The current Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect... It's a true sect.

"The great god we believe in has the power of authority.

"Although 'He' is still weak. 'He' is growing."

That startled Brown when he heard this.

Chapter 895 - 895 The Siege at Ell Kingdom [1/3]

The underground world underwent discreet changes. Richard didn't bother.

He glanced at Gunter with a burning gaze.

Gunter brought back six million units of rare resources and three remarkable building blueprints. That was the first wave of harvest from the Ell Kingdom. The generosity made Richard super excited.

"Do you have those special building blueprints with you now?"

The blood-colored bandages wrapped Gunter nodded. He shook the dark magic ball in its hand slightly, and a unique magic power emerged from it. It quickly condensed in the air.

The three blueprints floated in the air.

That elevated Richard's spirits, and he reached out to take them.

He looked at them carefully.

[School]

[Level: Special 5-stars]

[Special Characteristic: 1. It increases teaching efficiency by 30% when imparting knowledge in school.]

[2. Students' comprehension will increase by 30% when each receives knowledge.]

[3. Students attending school have a 1% chance of becoming hero units after they receive sufficient education.]

[4. Territory with a school, popular sentiment +10 (90 ++1)]

[Description: An essential building for a powerful territory.]

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[Church]

[Level: Special]

[Special characteristics: 1. Can build a church. You must choose the god you believe in.]

[2. The preaching effect will increase by 50% when preaching in the church.]

[3. One can recruit special troops—Knights of the Church]

[Recruitment Quantity: 5 squadrons]

[Level: 15]

[Potential: Crown 3-Stars]

[Description: The recruitment level will increase when the system reinforces the territory into a big city.]

[4. Increases 10 points of popular sentiment (+1 when the popular is above 90 points.)]

[5. There is a 5% chance of directly changing classes to become a priest after praying in the church for a week.]

[6. Unknown (Requires a god to activate)]

[Description: A remarkable building. It will activate attributes if they worship a god.]

The first two blueprints intrigued Richard.

Both the school and the church were excellent.

The school could produce heroes and speed up the learning of knowledge, so there was a place for literacy classes in Twilight City.

The church reminded Richard of the Ancient Tree of Darkness Sect. That could be the cornerstone of the new church if his plan worked.

He looked at the last picture excitedly.

[Tavern]

[Level: Special]

[Characteristic: 1. The taste of the wine increases by 30% after one stored it in the cellar for a week.]

[2. The higher the level of the wine, the more likely it is to attract high-level heroes.]

[Description: You can find some powerful heroes in the tavern.]

“A tavern could attract heroes?”

Richard was delighted at first, but then his expression turned odd.

“Damn it! That was the desert of death where birds couldn’t even shit. Who would come to the desert for no reason?”

He could attract heroes, but none had come to join him until now.

The characteristic of increasing the taste of the wine by 30% after a week of cellaring was superb.

Twilight City could sell WhiteTail Wine for a generous price.

The three blueprints were good. They could make up for the current vacancy in Twilight City.

Especially schools and churches.

However, these buildings required time to see their effects. Richard could not count on them now.

“Gunter, you did well this time. Go back to Ell Kingdom and continue to help the two princesses organize the resistance troop.”

“I shall lead the troop there after three days. Report to me immediately if there are any changes in the situation.”

“As for those Grace Mainland Lords... Continue to send people to inquire about them. You can also get the two princesses to try to give them missions to see if you can rope them in and make them abandon the darkness and join the light.

“Grace Mainland Lords are creatures without bottom line. They wouldn’t mind betraying with a generous price.”

Gunter immediately nodded.

The mummy turned to leave, and Richard left the Lord’s Mansion. He collected all the rare resources in the boxes.

The total number was about the same as Gunter’s estimation, just over six million units.

His heart immediately burned with the resources in his hands.

He was ready to start another round of explosive soldiers.

The battles the Twilight City participated in became more intense as time passed. The enemies they faced were no longer the weaklings who guarded the resource points in the wild.

One was mightier than the other.

It was already arduous for the glorious troops to become the main force.

In addition, the lord of corrosion could collapse the spatial rift at any time outside Twilight City, which made him worry.

This time, he wanted to upgrade all the glorious troops to crown level.

Each needed to consume 100,000 ordinary-level lairs to advance levels from glorious to crown.

Currently, the glorious troop lairs in Twilight City were: scorpion warriors (20), mummy guardians (3), sand condensation archers (10), and sandstorm controllers (20).

There were 53 of them.

All of the upgrades required 5.3 million ordinary-level troop lairs.

The market price of each ordinary troop lair was only two units of rare resources.

However, he needed a lot of rare resources. He would use tens of millions of rare resources.

That was an exaggerated number.

However, with the 6 million that Gunter had brought home, he could carry out the plan to launch the rebellion.

Richard reckoned.

The production and development of Twilight City did not cease to operate, although the situation in the outside world had been unpredictable since January.

Richard no longer had any psychological pressure and began to increase the Black Sorbet Ice Cream production due to alchemical sow and harvest machine investments.

Chapter 896 - 896 The Siege at Ell Kingdom [2/3]

Half of the 20 food workshops could already operate day and night.

Twenty food workshops wouldn't be enough if the newly sown Frost Grass fully matured next month.

Twilight City tripled profits from the Black Sorbet compared to December with their combined efforts, although that was only halfway through January.

They had earned a total of 3,000,000 units of rare resources.

In addition, the Whitetail Wine and the Desert Crown Honey also steadily provided income.

These two items added up to 750,000 rare resources.

However, what surprised him the most was the weapon sales in Bloodhoof City.

The Blacksmith Association released several forging techniques in the past two months. And that improved the Dungeon Clan's blacksmiths tremendously. That was because the underground world had welcomed a long-awaited peace.

Technology was the key to improving productivity. The previous policy received unexpected returns this month.

Bloodhoof City earned four million units of rare resources just from weapons alone.

The sale caused a heated discussion on the forum.

But then again, what surprised Richard the most was the Naga Plane.

This plane had already become the home ground for more than twenty conflicting planes. It was the sole plane that leaked air everywhere.

Lifeforms from different planes fought and extinguished each other every day.

Victors drenched and piled their opponents in blood on the night the Crimson Moon rose.

The death of these soldiers who had obtained the power of the ancient gods could drop a remarkable treasure—the great stone of the ancient ones. These could purchase rare resources.

An enormous number of corpses in the rotten swamp also obtained 3,000 great stones of the ancient ones.

One could use each to deduct 1,000 units of rare resources.

In addition to the 1,000 or so crystals he had obtained from killing the undead nagas, Richard had more than 4,000 crystals in his hands.

Counting it down, it was 4,000,000 rare resources.

In addition to the millions of resources he originally had, the rare resources had now reached a record-breaking nine million units and 4,000 great stones of the ancient ones.

His rare resources had already reached a jaw-dropping number, plus the six million rare resources that Gunter brought back.

On January 25th, Richard, who had finished his work, looked at his bulging wallet and finally began the violent wave of soldiers on the eve of the war.

First, he spent 10.6 million rare resources when he purchased 5.3 million troop lairs.

He arrived before the Lord's Mansion and leveled on a large scale.

He upgraded the lair from glorious to crown level. He consumed resources to upgrade all the previous troops to the crown level.

To upgrade the glorious troops to crown would require 2,400 units.

Richard obtained more than 3,000 glorious troops following half a month of recruitment. He spent more than eight million rare resources as a result.

Richard's wallet just bulged and shrank to just over a million.

Chapter 897 - 897 The Siege at Ell Kingdom [3/3]

However, Twilight City troops had reached an exaggerated peak after this round of violence.

Crown Troop Lairs

1. Scorpion Warrior (Lairs: 20, Weekly Production: 140, Current Quantity: 1,210)
2. Guardian Mummy (Lairs: 3, Weekly Production: 30, Current Quantity: 210)
3. Sand Condensation Archer (Lairs: 10, Weekly Production: 50, Current Quantity: 885)
4. Sandstorm Controller (Lairs: 20, Weekly Production: 100, Current Quantity: 1,100)
5. Stone Statues of the Dead (Lairs: 20, Weekly Production: 200, Current Quantity: 1,600)
6. Guardian Mummy (Lairs: 10, Weekly Production: 100, Current Quantity: 900)
7. King of the Imperial (Lairs: 13, Weekly Production: 130, Current Quantity: 680)
8. Skeleton Blood Dragon (Lairs: 0, Weekly Production: 0, Current Quantity: 200)

Radiant Moon Troop Lairs

1. King of the Imperial (Lairs: 3, Weekly Production: 30, Current Quantity: 270)

Richard looked at the data on the attribute panel. That particularly enlivened his good mood.

That was especially true for the stone statues of the dead. Initially, these soldiers had 11 lairs. But at the beginning of the month, he had started to nurture a batch of soldiers needed for fusion—the Axe of the Dead, the Dark Gargoyle.

Richard successfully produced nine dead stone statues from a fusion. That increased the lairs from 11 to 20.

The weekly production increased to 20 teams.

“We almost have dropped hundreds of crown soldiers for recruiting troops that required generous resources.”

Richard stood in the front yard of the Lord’s Mansion. He looked at the dense troop and sighed.

The first step was always to upgrade. The recruitment that required resources every week was the paramount step.

This troop had reached the critical point of Twilight City. He couldn’t withstand it anymore.

He couldn’t upgrade these troops unless resources were abundant.

Just a thought of it wouldn’t satisfy his hunger.

This wave of soldiers again widened the gap between Twilight City and the other lords.

At present, results riveted the overall level of the players at the rare level, and the elite resources produced the glorious soldier types.

The higher the level of the troops, the more difficult it was to obtain.

The plane exploration allowed some players to reap abundant benefits, but this could not change the fact.

The crown-level troops existed among the top few players. They only had a portion of them.

One or two squadrons must have happened to complete some mission.

The Twilight City owned well-established troops.

Richard had already pulled away from the players.

He had never paid any attention to the players such as Lolita, the Spider Goddess, the Decay King, or the Kobold God.

Richard doused himself down and eased out a long sigh.

He looked at the soldiers beside him.

“Blow the horn and gather the troop... I’m leaving for the Ell Kingdom.”

Cataclysmic fete crisscrossed the Ell Plane, Ell Kingdom.

Lightning flashed in the sky among the dark clouds and emitted dull booms.

A burly figure over three meters tall with a blood-colored cloak held onto the city wall of the capital with one hand while the other held a sword that had yet to be unsheathed at his waist.

Murderous gaze veiled his square face, and his blue eyes were deep and cold.

His body had belched a faint bloody aura. It was like he had just killed his way out of a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood. Its essence palpitated people’s hearts.

The blood-colored crown on his head added a bit of nobility to him.

A multitude of heavily armored warriors stood behind. The golden armor on their bodies made them look dignified and riveting.

A myriad of flying soldiers in the sky rigorously protected the city wall.

A moment later, the burly square-faced figure slowly turned around. Its dangerous gaze swept around and stopped on a general with a cold expression.

“Have the two remaining members of the royal family of Ell made any new movements recently?”

The general lowered his head and straightly looked into his eyes as he spoke in a deep voice.

“Great Nobility, the remaining members of the Ell Royal Family made arrangements with the other planes according to the Grace Mainland Lord... And it was very likely that it was the Primary Plane.”

“Primary Plane... The birthplace of the gods was something that people yearned for.”

Chapter 898 - 898 A Mistaken Subordinate, The Transcendent That Bowed Before Him [1/4]

The stone statue of the dead flapped its wings and flew across the desert at high speed. The airwaves it stirred up caused tons of yellow sand to rise in the desert.

A trail of dust.

The void sandworm in the land of quicksand opened a portal, and Richard watched as the troop filed. He felt a sense of excitement he had missed for a long time.

A special feeling always rose whenever he led troops to battle.

It could be the battlefield, the gunpowder smoke, or perhaps the romance that belonged to men.

This time, he brought along a total of 150 squads with him.

The sandstorm controllers had reached a hundred teams.

The guardian mummies were 90 squads.

Sixty-eight squads of crown-level king mummies and twenty-seven squads of radiant moon-level king mummies joined the team.

In addition, 15 teams of skeleton blood dragons also joined the battle force.

Total troop strength reached 550 squads.

Those were crown-level troops.

In addition, level 23 vampire archduchess Loreinna, level 19 dark soul eater Kratos, level 18 mummy hero Gunter, and the level 16 dragon hero Alves participated in the battle.

It was not an exaggeration to say that this troop was the backbone of the powerful indigenous forces.

Loreinna stood beside Richard. She watched the troop march.

Her silver eyes were notoriously attractive.

A moment later, she said slowly, "Lord, do we need the Vampire Clan in this battle siege?"

Her gentle tone conveyed a hint of laziness.

Richard turned his head to look at the voluptuous vampire archduchess. He gestured for the dimensional door to the vampire castle. Richard sensed the evil aura from inside. He spoke slowly.

"How long will it take for that plane to merge with the Primary Plane?"

"I couldn't ascertain. The vampires had descended a week ago, but something could have blocked them."

Loreinna said with a light tone.

"Now, all the Vampire Breeds have reached level 17. The Vampire Breeds could long before welcome the second wave of advancement if this continued. I hope it can continue like this."

The Evil Plane that was about to merge with the vampire castle emitted constant energy that could purify the blood of the Vampire Clan.

The feeling of becoming stronger while lying down made her very intoxicated.

At this rate, she could reach level 24 soon! The next step up was the magnificent level—glorious.

Everything was in front of her. A tentacle can reach her.

No one could resist this temptation.

Richard was in a good mood.

Each increase in the subordinate's strength would bolster more of his confidence.

The Vampire Clan troop will continue to stay inside and advance. Richard would summon them for support had the situation on the battlefield changed.

“There won't be such a good environment when that Evil Plane descends.”

Richard wouldn't want Loreinna to join the battle if it weren't for the Raging Blood Duke's threat.

However, from the looks of it, the benefits of conquering Ell's Plane wouldn't surpass hiding in the vampire castle and passively leveling up.

Richard seemed to have thought of something and continued after a simple reminder.

“Has Rebecca made any new moves recently?”

The eldest daughter of the Frost Wolf Grand Duke searched for the vampire treasure—Vampire Staff, to open some ancient ruins.

The vampire archduchess briefly talked to her when she visited the vampire castle some time ago.

Loreinna shook her head.

“Two days ago, Miss Rebecca seemed to have something important to attend to and quickly left.”

“She asked me to tell you... She would give you a gift which she promised to bring until we meet again.”

“You must tell her should you plan to visit Ice Empire.”

“Left?”

Richard frowned.

“Is there any news about the Vampire Staff?”

Loreinna jolted her head.

“Nothing. Rebecca didn’t find any traces of the Vampire Staff. It seems like she found another way to open the ruins...”

Richard understood.

Rebecca was different. She had a powerful family to rely on, and the Frost Wolf Grand Duke was a legendary existence.

He felt subtly emotional. He had long wanted to visit the Ice Empire. But he couldn’t find the time to do so in such a troubled time.

During the two days of conversation, the last batch of troops had also passed through the spatial gate. Richard looked at the god’s ancient tree.

“Treebeard, wait here and prepare.

“We are expectant of a great war in the Ell Kingdom.

“I will summon you when the battle intensifies. You must come immediately when that happens.”

The effect of this bottomless boss on the battlefield was not inferior to that of a transcendent.

Treebeard responded in a muffled voice.

“As you wish, Lord...”

Richard nodded and no longer hesitated.

He turned, sat on Alves, and drove over. The A-rank undead dragon flew into the spatial gate.

Loreinna spread her broad, malevolence-filled dark red bat wings and followed behind.

Kratos, the dark soul eater, stepped in with his Dark Servants.

Richard passed through the portal and felt coolness.

There was even a slight chill.

It was winter during January, the coldest season. They would immediately face average weather once they left the desert.

The power of the yellow sand surged around Richard’s body and immediately dispelled the chill. At the same time, the Desert Crown Robe also emitted warmth.

Only now did he have the time to look around.

A sparse patch of trees appeared before Richard. A thin layer of frost and snow covered the crisp green trees and grasses. White colors reflected each other.

He stepped into such an environment from the dead and withered desert and made people happy.

However, the gloomy clouds in the sky dissipated his good mood sparingly.

That was not the first time Richard had stepped into the Ell Kingdom. The two princesses summoned him from the tomb of the gods.

Chapter 899 - 899 A Mistaken Subordinate, The Transcendent That Bowed Before Him [2/4]

The Twilight City troop already guarded the sky. The sky soldiers flapped their wings, and the sound gave people a sense of security.

Richard's heart skipped a beat. He subconsciously looked into the distance.

An unfamiliar troop appeared on the frozen land.

Falcon-embroidered flags fluttered as knights in full armor drove their tall warhorses forward.

The leading knight waved its hand after it reached a hundred meters. The next second, the knight behind suddenly pulled the reins and stopped the horse.

Then, the leading knight straightened its back and drove its horse closer.

The leading knight arrived below Alves. It let out a soft cry and stopped the warhorse.

At this moment, the leading knight alone faced the pressure of the Dragon Might. However, calm eyes peeped through the helmet.

The warhorse snorted and spat out two streams of white mist.

The leading knight took a deep breath and took off the helmet.

'Shua!'

She scattered her long hair in the wind, and an exquisite face appeared.

The leading knight placed her right hand on her chest and said solemnly, "Great Ruler, Tundel sends you her most respectful greetings. Thank you for your support all this time. I have prepared a sumptuous banquet to welcome you."

Richard looked down at the eldest princess of the royal family of Ell, and his eyes moved slightly.

"There is no need for formalities, Tundel.

“What’s the current situation?”

A hint of anger sounded in her tone.

“The traitor is mobilizing all the troops loyal to him to surround Lion City.

“The first batch of enemy troops will arrive in three days at most.

“Great Ruler, we don’t have much time left.”

The Raging Blood Duke gained absolute dominance after the purge of the royal family of Ell.

Tundel and her sister would have been in despair if Richard hadn’t supported them.

The kingdom of Ell had earned the support of a mighty savior.

At this thought, she held her chest and lowered her head again.

Richard looked at the kingdom’s princess in such a manner, and his emotions were sparingly subtle.

Power was a man’s best coat. This sentence was never false.

The “Shining Era” might be hell for most players but for him...

“We’ll talk about it when we return to Lion City.”

“Yes, Great Ruler!”

“Let’s go!” Tundel immediately led the way on her warhorse.

The troop she brought with her immediately surrounded her after she returned. They protected her in the center.

The void sandworm could not open a spatial gate directly into the city due to the interference of magic in Lion City.

That was also a necessary defensive measure for many large cities.

Some spellcasters who could control spatial sorcery could easily send troops into the city without any magic that could disrupt space.

The city wall would become a decoration.

The more powerful a city was, the more defensive it was against magic.

Spellcasters could change the situation on the battlefield. No one dared to underestimate them.

They walked through the sparse forest for more than ten kilometers. The majestic ancient-beast-like city reflected in Richard's eyes.

The city walls were 40 meters high and stood on the horizon like a valley.

Countless heavy city defense weapons, catapults, and giant crossbows were on top of the city. Innumerable.

Archer towers ten meters above the city wall stood at regular intervals.

More ferocious heavy crossbows surrounded the tower.

Heavy-armored soldiers patrolled the city walls. They would immediately unleash their most ferocious attacks at the mere shadow of an enemy.

They had arrived at Lion City.

A multitude of echelons appeared in the central square of Lion City.

At this moment, all the higher-ups were present.

Everyone was excited and nervous as they waited for the reinforcements to arrive.

They all knew that the princess had summoned an array of her ancestors to find reinforcements from other planes following the invasion of Lion City.

Richard spun thoughts. He subconsciously glanced at the little centaur warrior while she stood before everyone.

Her eyes were burning.

Transcendent!

That was their reinforcement. It was an incredibly soul-extinguishing specie.

This centaur safeguarded the two princesses at the most critical moment.

She single-handedly slaughtered the troop and the Lion Duke.

Then, she used absolute power when she controlled this city.

She had become the two princesses' most powerful protector.

And now, another batch of reinforcements from another plane was about to arrive.

“I wonder how many troops Her Royal Highness has summoned this time.”

“We hope the Wilderness Ruler Emily will help us annihilate the traitor, the Raging Blood Duke!”

“God’s blessings...”

The princess wouldn’t reveal too much information to them. She only said a myriad of reinforcements this arrive this time.

Subconsciously, they thought of the reinforcements as this transcendent’s subordinates.

The seven or eight figures stood at the edge and turned extra curious when they heard the crowd’s discussion.

The leader was a warrior in his early thirties. He looked forward to it.

“Do you think more transcendents would join the reinforcements this time?”

These words caused the small group to fall silent. Then, they shook their heads in unison.

“Commander, that’s quite arduous. What kind of existence is transcendent? How could one produce them easily? This transcendent centaur was already strong enough. A second wilderness ruler is unnecessary, right?”

“That’s correct. This plane isn’t a powerful one. The Raging Blood Duke is transcendent. But he is about to face a transcendent-headed reinforcement. This mission is about to be done.”

Chapter 900 - 900 A Mistaken Subordinate, The Transcendent That Bowed Before Him [3/4]

The warrior commander lowered his tone when he heard this.

“Let me remind you whether the reinforcements are strong or not.

“The traitors’ troops are incomparable. This mission is earth-movingly arduous, so we must be careful.

“It’s better to preserve our strengths if we’re helpless.

“Besides, we’re not the only players in this plane. The Raging Blood Duke has a top-tier troop on his side.”

At this point, the expressions of the surrounding people changed.

A female player said hesitantly, “Commander is right. The Blazing Flame Guild has always been overbearing. We should be more cautious.”

The warrior commander looked at the tense atmosphere and eased up.

“That’s right, but there’s no need to be too careful... Wealth comes from risks. We are at a disadvantage, but we also have advantages. And they are even more enormous than the Blazing Glame Guild!”

These words immediately piqued the interest of the surrounding people.

“Commander, what advantages do we have?”

“It’s easier to build relationships with the echelons, especially... That transcendent centaur.”

Passion shrouded the warrior commander’s eyes. He sternly said, “We usually are not in a position to come near important figures like the transcendents... We finally could easily interact with them. That is a one-in-a-million opportunity.”

“The Blazing Flame Guild is powerful, but the Raging Blood Duke is the king of a kingdom. The former couldn’t even come near the kingdom’s echelons as we do.

“And I can imagine this transcendent centaur has a generous influence in her plane.

“An unwavering connection with this transcendent centaur will be paramount to our guild whether we fail our battle mission.”

The others immediately perked high spirits and moved when the warrior commander said this.

“Transcendent, what level of existence was that?”

“A big shot who had toppled an entire city down by her won!!”

The transcendent centaur could just support them a little and make them eat until their mouths were generously greased with oil if they had impressed her.

“But Commander, the biggest problem now is that we can’t even get near that transcendent... How are we going to do that?”

The warrior player revealed a confident smile.

“Patience. We receive orders from Princess Tundel. We’ll naturally receive orders from the transcendent since the princess relays the mission to her. It’s impossible for the transcendent to never interact with us. Besides, I’ve already thought of a way to get close to her.”

These words jolted everyone’s eyes to light up.

“Commander, what is it?”

“I’ll keep it a secret for now. I’ll tell you in detail when the reinforcements arrive.”

These words stirred up everyone's emotions.

They couldn't help but feel excited. They recalled how the other players shared their rewards from incessant exploration.

The tables had turned, and it might be their turn this time.

Wouldn't they soar if they ached the transcendent centaur's attention?

Sounds echoed everywhere at this moment.

'Ta, ta!'

'Ta, ta!'

The horses' hooves stepped on the floor, and the crisp sound reverberated from afar.

Hundreds of cavalymen entered the square. An exquisite soldier led them.

The light in the sky gradually dimmed afterward.

The players looked up at the same time as everyone else. They glared at a group of soldiers that emitted a terrifying aura as they flew mid-sky.

“That transcendent centaur’s subordinates are here!”

Someone’s call out lifted everyone’s spirits as they looked at the reinforcements from another dimension with burning eyes.

Gargoyles that emitted a cluster of lustrous rocks and undead dragons that burned with crimson flames were faintly discernible in the endless sandstorm.

One wouldn’t need to check their stats to sense the strength of this troop.

The sandstorm in the sky blew fiercely toward the ground in the next moment. The surrounding spectators froze open-mouthed and wide-eyed just as they subconsciously covered their eyes to block the sandstorm.

The sandstorm directly condensed into mummies on the ground.

The stone statues of the dead soldiers that flew in the sky also landed.

‘Bang! Bang! Bang!’

They were like stone statues that stood on the ground.

Their standpoint was stern and fierce.

A multitude of mummies from their backs got down.

The mummy troop carried long spears as they walked. The mummies revealed an aura of disregard for life.

The unique aura of a dead spirit was unforgettable.

The only undead dragon remained in the sky with a wingspan of more than 40 meters swooped down after the troop landed.

It domineeringly stopped on the ground.

It emitted a Dragon Might that gushed out unscrupulously.

The mummies stood on the ground without any attack, but they could already make people feel suffocating pressure.

At this moment, a figure covered in yellow sand jumped down from the dragon's back.

Everyone riveted their eyes on that figure.

For some reason, they felt that this was the master of this troop.

His striking temperament made people's hearts tremble, although they hardly see his face.

Some people were born to be leaders, the main characters in the center of the stage. No one could hide their sharp-wittedness.

"Isn't that transcendent centaur troop too powerful?"

"All of them are crown soldiers?"

"I can feel the pressure from that dragon hero even from a hundred meters away... I'm a little flustered."

"Right now, I don't think we will lose to the Blazing Flame Guild..."

Excitement shrouded the players in the crowd.

They did not expect the transcendent centaur to bring such a powerful troop.

Suddenly, one of the players seemed to have noticed something. He pointed at the yellow sand-filled voice and exclaimed softly.