

World 1661

Chapter 1661: Marching toward Lorethion

The Aurebor army slowly detached themselves. The elven soldiers were very experienced in forest warfare. Their tactical retreat let them slip into the thickets. In a few seconds since the retreat horn was sounded, most of the elven soldiers had gone out of sight.

The Themisphere army chose to be prudent and not chase too far. Otherwise, they might fall into an ambush.

The Verremor army was more daring even after suffering the first ambush. The orc soldiers rushed after the fleeing elves and ended up getting a few arrows in return. Kima had to forcefully hold these soldiers back using her war table.

In the sky, the eldritch beholder cast teleportation and moved away from her three attackers. Quetzalcoatl didn't chase after her. Both their summoning period was nearing its end.

Makubwa was panting by the side. His HP had dropped to below half. He had drunk several recovery potions throughout the fight to lessen the speed by which his HP fell. Even with all the defensive buffs, he still lost this much. This was already because he spent most of his time in evasion mode. Otherwise, his HP would have dropped to zero a long time ago.

Isabelle was in a better condition since she mostly stayed at a safe distance and played support, but she was not without wounds. Her HP was just a bit over 60%.

"It seems that we have to postpone our fight to another time," the beholder said.

Quetzalcoatl glanced down at the armies below before saying, "Most likely it will be when we storm your capital. You should have stayed sealed. The price of your freedom can very well be your life."

The beholder laughed maniacally. "Hahaha. You lots were unable to kill me the last time and had to resort to sealing me. What makes you think you can now?"

"We are much stronger than then," Quetzalcoatl answered

"You are also much more alone than then," The Beholder returned. A large void appeared behind her. She entered the void and disappeared.

"Hmph," Quetzalcoatl grunted once his opponent vanished. He could sense his time was also ending. Before he left, he turned to Makubwa and Isabelle and said, "You didn't need to involve yourselves in the fight, but thanks anyway."

He then vanished with a flash of light.

Makubwa and Isabelle heaved a relieved breath after the fight was over. It was too taxing to fight an opponent who was much more powerful. The two flew back down. The armies down there had stopped fighting and were regrouping.

"Blizzard, Purple, I want a report. Find out how many people we lost," Four Winds commanded.

The two women nodded and went to check the players. For the natives, the war table had accurate data.

After spending some time regrouping and reorganizing their formations, they had a rough idea of the result of the battle. On Verremor's side, they lost around 500,000 troops. A majority of these casualties were from the first half of the battle. Their casualty rate decreased sharply once the Themisphere army arrived. Their native troops now numbered 900,000.

On the players' side, they lost around half the number. A few were even from the players fleeing the scene due to the chaos and fear from the enemy's initial ambush. Four Winds told his members to list out these cowards and made sure they were blacklisted from any future campaign. The surviving 400,000 players reorganized themselves with the native army.

From the Themisphere army's side. They only lost around 100,000 troops in the battle. Their army was still 1,400,000-strong.

As for the Aurebor army, they lost a great deal once the Themisphere army joined the battle. It took Mistress too long to swallow her pride. She had seen her army losing for some time, but only after Lead Designer reluctantly sent his suggestion that Mistress give the retreat order. If she hadn't let pride rule her judgment, perhaps she could have saved more soldiers. As it did, they lost almost one million troops.

The Aurebor army retreated with 1,900,000 soldiers.

Aurebor players also suffered significant losses. Their 300,000 number was reduced to 100,000 when the retreat happened. Many of the losses were also players who fled when they saw the situation turn after the Themisphere army arrived.

After finishing reorganizing, the Verremor and Themisphere army resumed their march. Their target was Aurebor's capital, Lorethion.

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Mistress and her army retreated to Lorethion after being defeated. They decided to mount a defensive battle at the capital where they had support from the capital walls and where their country guardian didn't have a time limit.

She teleported back to the palace when her army was still on its way back. She went to the throne room and used the Monarch System to check her army status.

Not long after, her advisor informed her of a guest arriving. This guest didn't wait until Mistress gave the permission, he barged into the throne room. This guest was Master. Several guards followed because Master forced his way in without permission

Mistress waved for the guards to move back.

At this time, the battle at Messephyria had also ended. She had heard about the loss of the Ligiritudum army. Master's loss was even more severe than her loss from the battle at the border.

Master was initially riding his steed at full speed toward Hydrurond, but he received the news of their loss while he was still on the way. He figured it was useless to proceed now. He instructed Linda to get the remaining army back to Ligiritudum. He then changed course and rode to Aurebor instead.

Aurebor had also recently gone into a war status so he couldn't teleport in from outside the country. But since he was already halfway through the border region, it didn't take him long to enter Aurebor's territory. Once he entered Aurebor, he used the nearest settlement's zone portal to teleport to Lorethion.

Since Master had just lost a war, his expression was not pretty.

"What are you doing here?" Mistress asked crudely. She was also not in a good mood.

"Let go of this country," Master said to her. "We will pool all our resources in Liguritutum."

Chapter 1662: Brood Nest

Mistress came to a long silence after Master's statement. Master didn't repeat his words. He stood still and waited for Mistress' response.

After a very long period, Mistress gave a short reply, "No."

"... Why? You should know this is not a smart move. You don't have enough force. Insisting to keep this place is simply you being stubborn," Master said.

"This should not come as a surprise to you," Mistress replied.

It didn't. Master had known of Mistress' stubbornness, but he also knew that Mistress was not a fool. He was simply hoping that her intellect triumph against her obstinacy. It appeared it was not the case.

"What's the point? If we pool our resources, we have a better fighting chance," Master continued to persuade. "When I become a God, I can grant you a bigger land to rule on. You can even be the empress who rules all the seven main countries. My right-hand woman who represents me in the affairs of mortals. What's the point of insisting on retaining your hold on this country that is sure to be short-lived?"

"Because it's mine!" Mistress exclaimed. "Yes, you help me get the throne but mostly it's my work. It's not something that is given! All my life, people always said that all my possessions are not mine. They were simply given to me by my father. Even after I proved myself working up the positions in his company, those voices didn't change. You were right when you told me this new world is my second chance. That's why I refused to join your guild and built my own instead. This time, everything I have is mine. They are not given!"

"I never peg you for someone who is bothered by public opinion," Master said.

"Everyone can be bothered by public opinion. Some of us simply hide our feelings better than others," Mistress replied. "Even you... What was it again that drives your desire to become a God?"

"... To stand on top of everyone else," Master uttered.

"Isn't that so you don't get bothered by what others think of you?" Mistress said. "So, you can do anything you like without public persecution. In the end, we all still act due to public opinion."

Master didn't want to prolong the argument. He said, "Suit yourself. Don't expect me to waste my resources to help you. You and your guild members can come to Liguritutum once you are done."

Mistress didn't respond. If she was offended that Master considered her effort a lost cause, she didn't show it.

"I'm going to need your country guardian," Master said.

"You can't have her. Don't you already have a better candidate to replace Suzaki?" Mistress returned.

"I don't mean that I want the eldritch beholder as my country guardian. I simply want to talk to her for a bit."

Mistress was silent as she considered Master's request. She then stood up and said, "Follow me."

The two flew out of the throne room atop the palatial tree. They went near the edge of the forested capital. A huge cave was situated there, near the capital wall. Scores of soldiers guarded the entrance to this cave. The soldiers bowed when they saw Mistress fly over.

Mistress waved them away. She entered this cave with Master.

Inside the cave was pitch-black. The demon eye on Master's forehead opened. He had no problem seeing in the dark then. Mistress had to cast Illumination to find her way in the dark. The two went further into the cave.

While walking, Master saw several large egg-like objects along the floor. As they delved deeper into the cave, these egg-like objects increased in number. Their sizes were also larger. When they came into an enormous cave hall, Master saw the entire floor was filled with these eggs.

"She had laid so many...? No wonder you thought you still had a chance," Master said. He stopped and approached one of the eggs.

"Are you changing your mind and deciding to come here to help fight the enemy?" Mistress asked.

"No, I have my own preparation to make. The Palgrost Armada is right outside my territory. The force from Hydrurond may be heading toward Liguritutum as we speak. It will be best if you can hold the Verremor army here, but I will focus on my own country."

"I heard that the Themisphere army fought using some sort of a walking fort in Hydrurond. What was that?"

"... I don't know," Master answered.

"Then I guess it's a secret feature like the monarch system," Mistress said. "To think that guy hid so many things deep inside the system. Makes you wonder how the other side acquired it."

"We will just have to fight them with what we have."

Master had one hand hovered over the egg-like things. The eggs in this cavern hall were almost as large as his body. The egg throbbed when it sensed something close.

"What did you feed them with?" Master asked.

Mistress pointed in one direction. Master looked over. His demonic eye was able to pierce the darkness and looked far ahead. At one side of the cavern hall were several cages. Each cage was filled with many elves. These elves were all natives and they were all level 1 commoners.

Master snickered. It appeared he was not the only sovereign who sacrificed his subjects. But since the Aurebor public remained peaceful, he guessed Mistress had done this discreetly.

"Why have you intruded on my nest?" A chilling voice entered their minds.

They looked up and made out a titanic round object from above. This object floated down and revealed itself to be the eldritch beholder. The eldritch beholder's gigantic eye stared at the two.

"I need something from you," Master said to the beholder.

"Something from me? Hehe, I don't give things for free. What will you give me in return?"

Master gave the surrounding eggs another look. "I believe we can think up something. How about I let you expand your brood to my realm?"

The large mouth of the eldritch beholder turned up into a weird grin. "What do you need from me?" She asked.

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The Verremor and Themisphere force took their time marching toward Lorethion. The Verremor army was carrying siege weapons so they had to adjust the pace. They also invaded three settlements as they marched, turning these settlements into the bases for their supply lines.

The settlements didn't have many defenders. Thus, the battle had been short and with minimal civilian casualties. One even outright surrendered without putting up a fight.

After ten days of marching, the combined army arrived on the outskirts of Lorethion.

Chapter 1663: Sieging the Forested Capital

Four Winds, Emris, Kabaka, and Isabelle watched Lorethion from afar. Rather than a city, the settlement looked more like a well-planned jungle. The houses were huge trees with large inner cavities serving as rooms. At the center of the capital was the gigantic tree which was also the palace.

"This is the first time I lay eyes on that capital," Kabaka said. "I've heard about its grandeur. Why the elves live inside trees is something I will never understand, but I can't deny its beauty. Too bad it will be ruined by our war."

"I've visited this capital in the past during my adventuring days," Isabelle said. "Never cross my mind that one day I will attack this place with the army of my country."

"I've come here several times doing quests for my guild," Four Winds said. "It is indeed a pity that such a beautiful place has to be burned by the flames of war. We need to defeat this capital as quickly as possible to keep the civilian casualties to the minimum."

"I'm afraid a quick win will not be possible," Emris remarked. "Our troops might have outnumbered the enemy after their defeat at the border, but not that much. With them hunkering down behind those walls, we will be the ones in trouble if we rush our attack."

"What do you suggest?" Isabelle asked.

"We should let our siege weapons soften those walls while waiting for our allies to arrive," Emris said.

"What do you think?" Isabelle asked Four Winds and Kabaka.

"Let me check with our allies," Four Winds said.

After spending some time exchanging a few silent messages, Four Winds said to the others, "They are still a few days from arriving. They agreed with us using our siege weapons to weaken the walls first. We will go for an all-out attack once they arrive."

"I can't say I like this. There is no glory in such a method, but I will go along if everyone else agrees," Kabaka said.

"We can keep our casualties to the minimum this way," Four Winds said. "Don't worry, we will have our glory soon."

The four started organizing their armies for the siege. Four Winds relayed their plan to Kima who then operated the war table. The siege weapons were all Verremor's, so it was easy for Kima to deploy them using the war table. The orc soldiers readied themselves near these siege engines to shield them in case the enemy decided to come out and target the siege weapons.

Emris and Isabelle arranged their troops nearby so they could give support at a moment's notice.

The siege weapons consisted mostly of trebuchets and catapults. Verremor's trebuchets were slightly different than the normal ones. They were the result of research. These trebuchets were called Corrosive Trebuchets. Stones flung from these trebuchets were enhanced with acidic power that dealt extra earth damage. They also caused damage over time to structures upon impact, sort of like applying a poison effect to structures.

As the siege weapons advanced into range, several stones were seen flying out from the capital. The defenders also had siege weapons inside the capital.

The troops were prepared. The ones in front of the siege weapons were all defensive units. Among them was one of Verremor's three special units. These special units were called Black Shields. They were heavy armored units with massive tower shields.

They carried large cleavers for their weapons but mostly it was their shields they were famous for. These shields had HP bars instead of durability. Any damage suffered by the Black Shields was absorbed by their shields. When the shields broke after their HP bar zeroed, the Black Shields received powerful buffs for the remainder of the battle, turning them into powerful offensive units.

The Black Shields themselves had exceptionally high HP and defenses. They possessed many skills from the Knight and the Sentinel class. Using those skills, they buffed their surrounding allies and protected the siege weapons behind them.

The other two special units stayed at the back because they couldn't contribute much on defense. These two other special units were the Demolishers and the Shamans.

The Demolishers were the exact opposite of the Black Shields. They were pure offensive units wielding large two-handed weapons. Mostly preferred axes. They had a special ability that used their defeated foes' souls to empower themselves. The more enemies they killed, the stronger they became.

The Shamans were magic-wielders with spells that summoned spirit animals to help in battle. They also possessed some recovery spells from the druid class. They were similar to the Demolishers in that they could utilize the souls of the dead, but theirs didn't differentiate between friends and foes. The more deaths that happened around them, the more spells they could cast.

These shamans were also another reason that Verremor's army was able to endure the first half of the battle at the border before the Themisphere reinforcements arrived. While their comrades fell from the ambush, they used those fallen souls and shaped them into spells that assaulted the enemies.

As the defensive units protected the siege weapons from the enemy's bombardment, Verremor's siege weapons returned fire. The stones from both the trebuchets and catapults hit the defensive wall. Lorethion's defensive wall looked more like a natural fence which was made of thick vines that jumbled together, but they were as sturdy as any stone wall. The rune diagrams on the wall flared as they resisted the impact and activated their self-healing property.

Verremor's siege weapons repeated their attacks. The wall, which was hit previously, still had its rune diagrams flaring because there were blotches on that wall. These blotches were caused by the stones from the Corrosive Trebuchets. The stone splashed acidic liquid that stuck to the wall and dealt continuous damage after the impact.

As the attacks repeated, the number of blotches increased. The acidic liquid lasted for one minute before disappearing.

Verremor focused their siege weapons on only one side of the wall instead of spreading them out. They didn't have that many siege weapons. By focusing what they have onto a side, they were able to deal more damage than the rune diagrams were able to heal the wall. In this way, the wall's HP slowly decreased.

Aurebor didn't stay idle. They returned fire with their siege weapons.

This back and forth continued for several days.

Chapter 1664: Master Thief

At one edge of Lorethion near the capital wall, Mistress was standing before a large cave which was also the eldritch beholder's nest.

It had been two days since the joined forces of Verremor and Themisphere arrived and started bombarding their walls. Instead of leading her army, Mistress spent these two days in and out of this cave. Every time she came, she came into the cave with carts holding prisoners. These operations were done by World Ruler's guild members. They also took secluded roads, so natives mostly didn't know about this.

The prisoners were collected from all over the country. Mistress had tightened the laws recently after gaining the eldritch beholder as her country guardian. Even small offenders were captured and imprisoned. These caused the jails to always be full. Before the siege started, carts full of prisoners were always transported to the capital daily.

These unreasonable laws had caused a severe drop in the country's overall happiness, but Mistress didn't care. She simply maintained the happiness stat from reaching a point where people might rebel. Aside from that, she didn't care if this unhappiness caused a drop in their economy and productivity. She needed an urgent battle power at the moment and these prisoners could give her that.

Lead Designer came to Mistress who was still standing before the beholder's nest.

"My queen," He called. "I've estimated the rate by which the wall's HP falls, I think the wall can only last two more days at the most."

"That's fine," Mistress replied. "She will be ready by tomorrow."

"She will?" Lead Designer was happy to hear that.

"She will have more if she is given more days, but what she has now should be enough to deal with the rabbles outside our walls."

"Great, then I will ready our army for tomorrow as well," Lead Designer uttered.

Mistress simply nodded at the statement.

When Lead Designer didn't leave, she asked, "Anything else?"

"Er... World Maker has sent a member here. This member said Linda sent him here to help us," Lead Designer answered.

"A member? What can one player do? He can enter this place with the siege going on outside? Is he one of the heavenly enforcers?"

"Yes, he slipped in through the siege, but no, he is not a heavenly enforcer," Lead Designer replied. "He said he wanted to talk to you. He is waiting in the palace."

"Actually, I followed you here," A voice was heard and a player of the ethereal race appeared near them.

"What do you mean sneaking on us like this?" Lead Designer scolded.

"Hehe. I just want to show you my ability in sneaking," the player said.

Mistress observed the ethereal player. She had never seen this player before. The player was wearing a rogue outfit. The invisibility skill this rogue used could fool her God-eye monocle. She was now using Inspect on this rogue.

Her Inspect informed her that this player was indeed a World Maker's member. The player's name was Speedrun. He was level 76. His level was not so special but still above the average players. What was special about him was his class. It was Master Thief, a first-class special class.

"I don't know you. Are you new in World Maker?" Mistress asked.

"I indeed joined the club not long ago," Speedrun answered. "They realized my potential and helped me get this special class. Now, I'm returning the favor."

"You said Linda sent you? How can you help?" Mistress asked.

"She did. She had learned from Master about what you have inside this cave, so she sent me here with a plan," Speedrun replied. "I've heard your conversations. You want to go on an offensive tomorrow, don't you? Wait until you receive my signal before carrying out your attack. Can you do that?"

"What is your plan?" Mistress asked.

"Hehe," Speedrun chuckled. He told them about Linda's plan.

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The next day, everything continued as the days before. The Verremor and Themisphere armies remained vigilant throughout the days. They were ready in case the Aurebor army decided to rush out to take out the siege weapons.

The players were less disciplined. Most big guild's players maintained a certain level of vigilance. The smaller guilds and independent players felt bored by the lack of actions these few days. Some just leisured around. The others went somewhere nearby to grind monsters for exp points.

Four Winds couldn't control those players. They were mostly volunteers, anyway. They joined the war for war contribution points. When the battle started, they would return by themselves.

While everyone thought the day would proceed as it did yesterday, a shrill horn sounded in the air. This horn came from inside Lorethion.

Not long after the horn sounded, they heard clamors from inside the sieged capital. Soon after, the main gate to the capital opened.

Four Winds were conversing with the guild leaders where the players were camping at the time. He came out of the tent and saw the situation.

"Battle stations!!" Four Winds yelled. Everyone had snapped to attention after they heard the horn. It didn't take long for the players to respond to Four Winds' command. These players sent messages to their friends who were away to hurry back because a battle was about to start.

Verremor and Themisphere's battle horns also sounded from where those armies were positioned, calling those who were still unaware of the situation to get back into formation.

The native soldiers were ready. They got into formation in a heartbeat. These soldiers watched droves of elven soldiers rushing out from the opened gate of Lorethion.

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On Verremor's field command base before Lorethion's main gate opened, the army got to attention once they heard the horn from inside Lorethion. Makubwa exclaimed in excitement, "Finally! I can fight an honorable battle!"

Kabaka, who was nearby and was holding the totem banner, said to him, "It's not certain yet they will come out. The horn can mean anything."

"It sounds like they will be coming out," Makubwa said after hearing the clamor inside Lorethion following the horn.

"They probably thought they couldn't wait any longer. The wall will be destroyed soon," Four Winds walked into the command base.

"From the looks of it, it should still be one more day before the wall falls," Kabaka said.

"Hah! Whatever the reason. I am bored of standing out here doing nothing," Makubwa uttered. "I will head out to the front!"

Makubwa flew forward using his wings tool. After he was gone, Four Winds came and stood behind Kabaka. "Is our army ready?" He asked.

Kabaka turned to Kima who was operating the war table not far away.

"Everyone is in position," Kima reported.

"Good," Four Winds remarked.

They returned their attention to the front. Not long after, Lorethion's gate opened. They saw elven soldiers start coming out. While they were watching those enemy soldiers, a loud voice was heard from behind.

"What the... Who are you...?!"

They turned and saw another Four Winds approaching.

Chapter 1665: Stolen

Kabaka was stunned when he saw the second Four Winds. This second one was pointing at him while yelling, "He is taking something from you!"

Kabaka looked down and realized the first Four Winds had his hand almost touching his body. That hand was now retracted dexterously. He barely saw something in that hand.

"Hehe," This first Four Winds chuckled before transforming into an ethereal player.

Four Winds had been charging at the imposter when he yelled his warning at Kabaka. He had his axes ready to swing. But when he used his Jump Assault to get into the melee range, the ethereal player waved at him provocatively before vanishing.

"What...?" Four Winds looked around. The ethereal player was nowhere in sight. He focused his mana sense to detect an invisible person, but he sensed no such person.

"What did he steal?" Four Winds asked Kabaka. He also saw something in that person's hand when that player moved away from Kabaka, but he couldn't tell what it was.

Kabaka had been checking his belongings. He went pale when he realized what the thief had stolen.

"He... He took my chief badge...," Kabaka uttered.

At that time, they heard commotions from the troops. They looked over and saw the troops were pointing in the direction of Lorethion. They then noticed that some sort of darkness was spreading above Lorethion. A huge ball of flesh was seen coming with this darkness. A ball with a huge eye and a huge mouth. Tentacles with eyeballs were wriggling all over this ball. It was the eldritch beholder.

She was not alone this time. Accompanying her were many balls similar to her appearance, only much smaller. They numbered in the thousands. These small beholders were opening and closing their mouths in what looked like a ravenous appetite.

Seeing those beholders, Kabaka said with a trembling voice, "I... I can't call Quetzalcoatl without my chief badge..."

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The one who had stolen Kabaka's chief badge was none other than Speedrun, the Master Thief from World Maker. Speedrun used all three skills from his special class to pull off the heist just now. These skills were Master Steal, Master Disguise, and Exit Strategy.

The skill Speedrun received after becoming Master Thief was Master Steal. This skill allowed him to intrude on a target's inventory and steal an item. This included the player's inventory. However, only items with grades up to super rare could be stolen from a player's inventory, and it had to be unequipped. Equipped items couldn't be stolen. The longer the time he spent searching inside the inventory, the more likely he would be to get caught.

Master Disguise gave Speedrun the ability to disguise himself as a different person, which was normally only achievable using an item. By putting a mark on a target, he could transform into that target. Speedrun first targeted a random player within the Verremor's army, before using that disguise to roam among the Verremor players.

He was looking for a high-profile player or native to place a mark, one who could get him close to Kabaka. When he saw Four Winds come to meet with the guild leaders, he immediately seized the chance. He changed his mark before going to a secluded place and transformed into Four Winds. With this disguise, he made his way to Verremor's field command base.

After getting close to Kabaka, he used the Master Steal and started searching for the chief badge. Faction badges were special items that didn't have grades. They were stealable by Thief or Master Thief's skill, except these badges were not normally a favorite target to steal.

These badges served no use other than to the one they were registered to, so stealing them gave no benefit to the thief. They only served as an inconvenience to the badge holder. The badge could be remade from the faction. In some cases, a penalty would be applied for remaking a missing badge. In Kabaka's case, he could remake a new badge but he had to return to Verremor. If he did so, he wouldn't be able to return to the battlefield for some time.

In their current situation, losing this chief badge was not just an inconvenience. It put them in a precarious situation where they had to go against the enemy's country guardian without one of their own.

The third skill, Exit Strategy was the one Speedrun used to escape after acquiring Kabaka's chief badge. This skill required him to first mark a spot at one place. Later when he used the skill, he would be teleported to this marked place. The skill was similar to Arlcard's dark portal, except Exit Strategy only teleported the user alone.

All three skills were useless in combat, but Speedrun was never a combatant. He was a professional thief in real life. He went into the same profession after coming into this world. He even got a second-class special class from a quest he received out of his continuous thieving activity. The special class was Thief class.

He got caught when he tried sneaking into Liguritudum palace to look for things to steal. Master saw his potential and offered him the chance to serve him in return for his freedom.

Between choosing a life in servitude and a life in jail, it didn't take long for him to decide. Plus, he could just run away if he didn't like how things were going. He just needed to get out of jail first.

After being released, Master even had people help him get a special class that was even better than the one he had at the time. An upgrade to the Thief class, Master Thief. With this class, he was like a tiger with wings.

He even received a talent in the process, Deft Hand. This talent increased his success rate when stealing. The higher an item's grade, the lower the success chance of stealing. His previous class' steal skill had a low success chance. The Master Steal had a better success chance. Adding the Deft Hand talent, his chance of stealing the chief badge was 100%.

Out of gratitude for all these gains, he decided to continue serving Master and his guild. He was mostly tasked to steal items that had something to do with guild quests. This was the first time he was involved in something big like the war.

After coming out to the place where he had marked before, he looked at the armies that were about to clash. He was not fond of this violent activity. He had been avoiding such conflict as best he could. Now that his task was done, he didn't want anything to do with this war.

When he was about to walk away, he caught sight of Lorethion's palace. It looked very grand. He wondered what treasure was inside. He glanced at the armies again. Now that everyone was out there fighting, perhaps no one was guarding the palace.

Since he had helped Mistress obtain a winning chance, she shouldn't mind if he took one or two things from the palace, should she?

With that thought, Speedrun walked toward the palace.

Chapter 1666: Ancient Brood

Four Winds looked at the incoming enemies. The most menacing was no doubt the eldritch beholder and her brood.

The small beholders rushed forward ahead of the eldritch beholder. They seemed like ravenous creatures that just found their prey. Running below them were the charging elven soldiers.

"Prepare to defend the siege weapons!!!" Four Winds yelled and rushed forward. At the same time, he sent messages to guild leaders with headquarters to summon their guild armies.

Kabaka was still at a loss from losing his chief badge. Four Winds' shout woke everyone in the command base from their trance. Kima returned to moving the troops using the war table.

They couldn't dwell on the incident just now. The enemies were already before them. They had to deal with the situations at hand. Kabaka realized this. He shouted commands to have everyone engage the enemy troops.

The Themisphere army led by Emris and Isabelle also rushed forward. The siege weapons stopped their offense and moved back as the troops started clashing.

In terms of number, the joined forces between Themisphere and Verremor still outnumbered the Aurebor army. The beholders might be numerous but they didn't cover Aurebor's disadvantage in number. But what they lacked in number, they made up for it in ability.

Level-wise, the small beholders weren't that troublesome. These small beholders had levels ranging from 40 to 60, which was the level range of regular soldiers. Their grades were either elites, special elites, or rare elites. If only judging from their levels and grades, Themisphere and Verremor armies should have no problem, but the two armies soon found out it was not the case.

The larger beholders had higher levels and grades while the smaller beholders had lower ones. The larger the beholders, the more tentacles they had. All these tentacles had eyeballs at their ends, the same as the eldritch beholder. These small eyeballs couldn't shoot green rays like their great mother, but they shot black pellets that caused dark damage.

The most troublesome of their abilities was mind control. The big eyes in their bodies shone with ominous green light when they found their targets. The targets their eyes locked onto suddenly froze.

The comrades of these frozen soldiers tried to wake these soldiers from their trance. Those soldiers moved again, all right. But instead of continuing their charge, these soldiers turned and attacked their comrades.

This mind control ability had limitations. It could only control targets that were two grades and ten levels lower. Since the highest level and grade of the beholders were level 60 rare elites. They could only mind-control basic and elite-grade soldiers who were not higher than level 50. Even so, having one's comrades suddenly turn and attack his fellow soldiers was a great disruption. The Verremor troops couldn't maintain a proper formation due to this.

The worst thing was that the beholders didn't have to maintain the link. Once the mind control hit, their targets would fight on their side automatically. The beholders could go and do other things, but they couldn't mind-control a second target until the first one died or was freed of the mind control, and they had to stay within a certain distance from the controlled target.

While the small beholders could only mind control one target, the eldritch beholder could perform the same ability using each of the eyeballs on her tentacles. There were hundreds of these tentacles on the eldritch beholder. Each of these eyeballs shone a green light and took control of one target. In just one

move, the eldritch beholder mind-controlled hundreds of soldiers. Since she was an eternal grade, her mind control could affect rare elite soldiers up to level 85.

One of the targets controlled by the eldritch beholder was Mkulme Giantkiller, Umeza's son. He was a level 78 rare elite.

"No...!!" Umeza shouted when he saw his son start attacking his comrades. He rushed over with his three-headed wolf to stop his son from hurting his comrades or the other way around.

"Damn it!" Four Winds cursed. Having so many high-level combatants switched sides was a complete disaster. Not to mention the psychological impact on the soldiers who now had to fight their comrades.

"Makubwa, we need to stop that eldritch beholder from causing any more harm to our army!" Four Winds yelled.

"F*ck!" Makubwa cursed. He wanted a glorious battle but he was not keen on fighting that eldritch beholder again. Not to mention there was no Quetzalcoatl to take the eldritch beholder's focus.

"We will help!" Emris' voice was heard. He and Isabelle came to them flying. "We need all the high-level mythical grades available."

Aside from Makubwa, Emris, and Isabelle, there was also Samuhn, the shaman king, who cast Flight and joined them. Then there were the two other war chiefs.

"I want to help but I can't fly," one of the war chiefs, Katili Strongbone, said. He was a melee fighter who fought using two giant serrated blades, but most of the time he only wielded one. The other blade was strapped at his back.

"I also can't, but my pet can," the other war chief said. Her name was Kuona Longsight. She was a bow-wielding orc who was also a beastmaster. Her pet was an Iron Griffin. The griffin had black-metallic fur. The iron griffin was the strongest in terms of strength and defense among griffins. She climbed onto the griffin and was ready to join the fight.

"Let me help you," Isabelle said to Katili. She cast a spell and a pair of magical wings appeared on the orc's back.

"We will go too. Blizzard, Mist, are you with me?" Four Winds asked. A pair of red wings appeared on his back. He had gotten a wings tool not long before the war started.

Violent Blizzard was the same. She also had a pair of wings sprouting behind her. "Right behind you, chief," She replied. Purple Mist cast the fly spell.

The nine took to the sky, flying toward the eldritch beholder.

Some of the small beholders saw these nine approaching their great mother and tried to block their path. The nine easily dispatched these small beholders.

The eldritch beholder noticed these incoming nine. Her wicked giant mouth formed a sneer. She sent a mental command to all her brood to move aside and let those nine approach.

She was amused by how these nine attempted to take her on.

Chapter 1667: The First to Fall

The eldritch beholder had been casting several spells as she advanced, reaping many casualties among the Verremor and Themisphere troops. With the nine taking the eldritch beholder's attention away, the armies below received a huge breather. They could better deal with the Aurebor army.

Though the nine had given their armies a big help by taking the eldritch beholder's attention, they were not feeling good about their prospect.

"Isabelle, Samuhn, Purple Mist, we spellcasters will act as support. Any offensive spells are useless against that monster," Emris said. He then turned to the others. "The five of you will be the damage dealers."

"Blizzard, Mist, wear your amulet of Rebirth!" Four Winds ordered.

Purple Mist had changed her pendant with the Amulet of Rebirth before casting her Fly spell. Violent Blizzard was reluctant.

"This is not the time to listen to your pride," Four Winds said when he saw Blizzard's pendant didn't change.

Blizzard looked at Four Winds. Only after she saw Four Winds had also worn an amulet of rebirth that she comply with the order.

Isabelle, Samuhn, and Purple Mist started casting buffing spells on the five as they advanced. Purple Mist also summoned her lesser angel.

"Wait, don't cast all your support spells at once," Emris told the three. "That eldritch beholder had the greater dispel. Greater dispel can also end non-spell buffs, so don't use all your buff skills at the same time too. Only go all out after she used that spell. Be prepared for any buff spells below seven runes to get dispelled every three minutes, that thing has the Cancel Magic spell."

While the cooldown of Dispel or Cancel Magic was three minutes, Greater Dispel had a cooldown of six hours.

The five were apprehensive. Not go all out? As if they could stand a chance against that thing without going all out. This was an eternal being who could threaten even a true dragon, but they understood Emris' reasoning.

"I will take point," Makubwa volunteered. He could be said as the strongest among the physical combatants there. He also had Samuhn's vine armor protecting his body.

"Katili, you stay back until the eldritch beholder uses her Greater Dispel," Isabelle told the war chief. Katili's flying ability came from the magic wings she cast. If he was hit by the Greater Dispel, he wouldn't be able to continue fighting up here.

Makubwa shot forward. Four Winds, Violent Blizzard, and Kuona on her iron griffin followed closely. Katili and the four spellcasters maintained a safe distance.

The eldritch beholder just stared at those nine approaching. She didn't even take any action when the four at the front came into her spell range. It was evident she didn't take these nine seriously.

"May I ask the purpose of you in coming over? Is it to offer yourselves as my slaves?" A chilling voice reverberated inside the minds of the nine.

"I have no interest in being anyone's slave," Makubwa uttered. "But I am willing to present you with this club of mine!"

Makubwa's club enlarged to a gigantic proportion. That club had also been enhanced by Isabelle's Harden Weapon. It was now swinging onto the eldritch beholder's humongous eye.

"How silly," the eldritch beholder's ridiculing voice echoed in their minds. This echo suddenly increased in pitch to an intolerable volume.

Makubwa and the three closest to the eldritch beholders reeled from this mental boom. Their movements paused. The little eyeballs on the eldritch beholder's tentacles released their green rays then.

Isabelle cast the Mind Barrier on Makubwa. Her spell helped clear the war chief's mind. Makubwa was able to act again. He placed his giant club in front of him to parry the incoming green rays.

Four Winds and Violent Blizzard were expert martial artists. After spending the time in Space-time Chamber under Murong's tutelage, the two's mana manipulation ability had undergone a huge improvement. An improvement enough to let them use their mana to protect their minds. They were able to resist the eldritch beholder's mental attack on their own.

Four Winds used his martial art, Starlight Field, to deal with the green rays coming at him.

Violent Blizzard used Knight's Endure and her special class' Divine Rage, to reduce the damage she received. Purple Mist's lesser angel also placed a prismatic shield to protect her. Violent Blizzard used her greatsword to parry the green rays while charging forward. Multiple avenging orbs appeared around her body.

Kuona was the only one not freed from the mental attack. She was still unable to think clearly when the green rays arrived. An ice wall appeared in front of her before the green rays hit. This ice wall was cast by Emris.

The green rays hit the ice wall and it cracked. The ice wall couldn't endure all the green rays but it bought enough time for Isabelle to use Telekinesis to pull Kuona and her griffin to safety.

The one who ended up approaching the eldritch beholder first was Violent Blizzard. She fired the Holy Reckoning. The thick beam from the skill disappeared without a trace after touching the eldritch beholder's anti-magic planar wall. The eldritch beholder gave the outworlder a mocking smirk.

"Elemental attack is useless!" Emris reminded.

Violent Blizzard was not in good condition. Even with all the damage-reducing buffs, her HP had fallen below thirty percent for forcing her way forward. She used Last Stand as she continued to shorten the distance with the eldritch beholder. Her defenses multiplied and she received more damage reduction buff.

The eldritch beholder had already started casting after Blizzard used holy reckoning. She completed her spell extremely fast.

"I will give you the special treatment for being the first to approach me," the eldritch beholder said to Violent Blizzard. The spell she cast was Greater Dispel. All the buffs on Violent Blizzard were gone in an instant.

A dark spear materialized in front of Violent Blizzard. Without giving her a chance, the spear thrust into her chest and devoured her remaining HP.

When Violent Bizzard was seemingly defeated, the Avenger's Final Retribution came into effect. Her HP stayed at one point and she became invulnerable for a short period. But she lost all her avenging orbs when the greater dispel hit, so she couldn't utilize the offensive power of Final Retribution.

However, another avenging orb appeared after the dark spear hit. She used it to execute Punishing Smite. Her greatsword slammed into the eldritch beholder. At the same time, a healing light from Purple Mist fell on her.

The damage from Violent Blizzard's attack was nothing to the eldritch beholder, but it still made this ancient monster slightly annoyed.

"Very good, child," the eldritch beholder said while casting another spell.

A black hole filled with the dark element appeared with Violent Blizzard at the center. Her invulnerability had ended. She was unable to flee from the spell. Her HP, which had been healed, went down again rapidly. It was depleted even before the dark black hole triggered its instant kill ability.

Violent Blizzard was the first to fall from the nine.

Chapter 1668: The Might of an Eternal Being

One of them might have fallen, but the sacrifice was not for nothing. The eldritch beholder had used her Greater Dispel. Everyone used all their available buffs then.

Four Winds used his enhanced berserk, ancestral possession, kingly presence, and titan strength. Makubwa also activated berserk. Emris, Isabelle, and Samuhn cast additional buffs on them while Purple Mist and her lesser angel cast healing spells.

"Hmph!" The eldritch beholder cast forced unsummon and the lesser angel was erased from existence.

She disappeared using teleportation when Four Winds and Makubwa arrived. After reappearing, she was ready with another spell. The Well of Abyssal Reach appeared above the spellcasters who were staying back. Threatening black hands reached out from the ominous upside-down well above them.

They tried flying away. But if even Quetzalcoatl was unable to flee from the magical pull of this well, how could they?

Emris cast Hundred Mirages. Many of his copies appeared around him. Each of these copies had the same mana signatures as him. These copies fooled and distracted the black hands, buying time for everyone.

Like his troops, he was also drilled in the martial arts tutelage program designed by Domon and Jet for the army. The three lord marshals even received a direct tutorial from Domon whenever Domon was available. In Emris' case, he focused more on learning mana manipulation than martial arts. He already had slight mana control, to begin with. With this tutelage, he improved even further. He had the most improvement in mana manipulation compared to the other lord marshalls.

He was now casting a spell while focusing his mana manipulation on the spell.

The spell he cast was the lightning dragon. Empowered by mana manipulation, the resulting dragon was bigger than the usual one he conjured. It flew with incredible speed, brushing the black hands as it flew. The black hands were electrocuted from the touch. This prevented them from advancing further. The lightning dragon then crashed into the well, producing a large lightning explosion.

The black well resisted the explosion, but it somehow negated the pulling force. Emris and the others found themselves able to fly away now. They quickly did so before the black hands advanced again.

Katili used Isabelle's magic wings and flew directly to the eldritch beholder, joining Four Winds and Makubwa. Now that the eldritch beholder had used her greater dispel, he no longer needed to stay back.

Katili also had berserk. He used it in addition to Gigantify. His body grew to a giant size. With his increased size, his giant serrated blade became more like a shortsword in proportion to his body. His increased size also increased his strength, he no longer had a problem holding that giant blade with one hand. Thus, he grabbed the second giant serrated blade on his back and was now dual-wielding the blades.

Four extra arms then sprouted from his back. It was the Asura skill. With six blades, this giant stormed toward the eldritch beholders, who were slapping her tentacles around fighting Four Winds and Makubwa.

The tentacles were so numerous that they had no problem dealing with Katili who joined the melee battle. While one tentacle slapped the combatants' attacks, another fired a green ray. None of the three were yet able to land a hit on the eldritch beholder's main body. It was instead them who got hit by the green rays.

The one who managed to score a few hits was Kuona. Her iron griffin also tried to approach, but it couldn't proceed further due to the tentacles. Kuona slipped in a few tracing arrows that could change direction in flight to land the hits, but the damage she produced was negligible.

As for Emris and the others, the best they could do was run interference for the melee combatants. All the offensive spells were nullified by the eldritch beholder's anti-magic planar wall.

The eldritch beholder didn't even have to use her teleportation spell as often as when she was fighting Quetzalcoatl. Her tentacles were enough to keep the melee combatants at bay. Kuona's arrows did too little damage to matter, and the enemy spellcasters couldn't harm her.

The battle lasted for some time without them causing any meaningful damage to the eldritch beholder.

"Hehe... Hehehe...," The eldritch beholder's mocking laughter sounded in their minds. "All you worthless flies do is simply waste my time, or is that your intention? To waste my time so I don't bother with your army down there?"

"Grrrh... This f*cker is toying with us," Four Winds groaned.

His axes never stopped slashing. He had used starlight field far longer than he'd ever done before. His arms felt numb by now. He had no choice. Each strike from the tentacles, even if only a normal hit, caused high damage. The green rays fired from the eyeballs were even worse. It had the probability to cause random status effects. He couldn't contend with them by just relying on his strength and game skills.

"Let's not stretch this any longer, shall we?" The eldritch beholder said.

"Ah...!!" Four Winds heard Purple Mist's shout. He turned and saw Purple Mist encased in a dark translucent box.

It was the eldritch beholder's Dark Prison. Aside from locking the target in a position, the dark prison also stopped any spells the target cast from going outside the box. Hence, Purple Mist's healing spells couldn't reach the others.

At the same time, uncountable dark spears rained on the other three spellcasters. The ones hit by these dark spears lost all recovery abilities and couldn't be healed or cured of afflictions for a period. They also received damage over time after the initial damage. These dark spears forced the spellcasters back to a further distance.

Before Four Winds could react, he was hit by another mental attack. It was the same as the previous one, this mind blast was an AOE assault. All the combatants near the eldritch beholder were affected.

Four Winds used mana manipulation to protect his mind, but his movement stopped for a fraction of a second. He was slapped away by a tentacle at this time.

Makubwa fared better because he was still protected by Isabelle's Mind Barrier.

Kuona was also hit but she was not that close to the eldritch beholder, so the effect of the mind blast was weaker for her.

Katili had it the worst. He had slight mana manipulation as a mythical-grade native, but not expert enough to use it to defend his mind. He was unable to think properly. A black ring appeared and locked his body. The ring was Magic Bind infused with the dark element.

While he was incapacitated, the eldritch beholder cast another spell. A large cone appeared above Katili. This cone elongated and spun rapidly. It was the Hellish Black Drill that had wounded Quetzalcoatl in the past.

Katili's HP was still high enough to endure an attack. However, when the hellish black drill hit, his HP was instantly depleted. This was because the eldritch beholder aimed her spell at Katili's head. If even Quetzalcoatl's body could be wounded by this spell, what more of Katili who was much weaker? The hellish black drill struck the poor orc's head and it was completely obliterated.

Katili fell to the ground far below with a headless body.

Chapter 1669: From the Inside

While the top combatants were trying to keep the eldritch beholder busy up there, most of the armies were battling on the ground below. In terms of number, the combined forces of Themisphere and Verremor outnumbered the Aurebor's side. If not for the small beholders, the battle would have been completely one-sided.

The guild players summoned their guild armies. Five guilds from the Aurebor's side and ten guilds from the Verremor's side. Both sides hadn't had the time to rebuild their guild armies since the battle at the border, so this was simply a continuation of that battle.

Among Aurebor's guilds were the Death Associates. This guild's players and Abasi's clan were the only two non-elven races fighting on the Aurebor's side.

On the invader side, the majority of the race were humans and orcs, but there were some elves. These elves were Aurebor players who supported the invasion to take Mistress down. Leading these Aurebor players were the Wicked Witches.

"Traitors to Aurebor!!" White Death shouted to the elven players supporting the invaders. He was trying to raise the morale of the native elves and threaten the enemy elven players into hesitation. "You will pay for this treachery once this war is over. This country will not forget it!"

"You are one to talk!" Jennifer shouted back. "Do you already forget that you are chased out of Themisphere for your treachery to your original kingdom?"

"My guild was framed!" White Death exclaimed. "It was the Everlasting Heavenly Legends, that evil guild, who besmirched my guild's reputation when we were onto them for their evil scheme to take over the country. I was proven right! One of the leaders of that guild killed the rightful sovereign and is now the tyrant of that country. He even sent his armies out to invade our country here, destroying the peace of the world!"

Jennifer was at a loss for words. She couldn't tell if the guy was speaking outright lies to trick others or if he was truly delusional enough to believe what he just said.

"No need to waste your breath on such a lowlife, daughter," Nova said. "Focus on the battle."

One of White Death's claims was not wrong, though. Considering the Wicked Witches joining the invaders' side against the legitimate sovereign of this country, Mistress now had a lawful reason to banish the guild without suffering a penalty to their settlements' stats. That was, of course, if Mistress won the war and stayed on the throne after the war.

Hence, for all the elven players joining the invaders' side, this was a do-or-die situation. There was no turning back.

As for Nova and Jennifer, this battle meant more to them. It was not just about dethroning Mistress. They had to take down Aurebor so that the Verremor and Themisphere armies could continue their march into Liguritutum. They needed this to happen before they could enter that country to save Jeanny who was held there.

They couldn't summon their guild army. None of the Aurebor guilds on the invaders' side could summon their guild armies because there was no native elven force on the invaders' side. Even so, the guild armies from Verremor's guilds already outnumbered the defenders' guild armies.

Though outnumbered, World Ruler's guild army was still a cut above the rest. The Wicked Witches and the other Aurebor guilds had experienced this guild army's power. The Verremor guilds had also experienced it during the battle at the border. If Cipher Flight's guild army was present, then they might prove an equal foe to the World Ruler. But even in this battle, Cipher Flight didn't summon its guild army.

As such, the World Ruler's guild army was like an unstoppable force, until they faced the Themisphere native soldiers. Themisphere's special units and expertise in warfare and martial arts were more than enough to contend against this guild army, and they had more numbers.

Even with the help of the small beholders, the Aurebor force was getting pushed back. It wasn't difficult to see the outcome of this battle. That, of course, considering the battle continued as it was.

Unfortunately, it was not so.

The eldritch beholder that was fighting in the sky was simply toying with the nine. After killing Violent Blizzard and Katili, the eldritch beholder stopped playing around. She proceeded to kill Purple Mist who was still caged inside her dark prison.

With their healer gone, the remaining of the nine had even more difficulties. Kuona's iron griffin was killed next. The female war chief was still alive, but she lost her flying ability after losing her pet. She fell to the ground and could only fight with the army below.

Duchess Isabelle was wounded and was forced to leave the battlefield. She lost her left arm to a spell similar to the Hellish Black Drill which took Katili's life. If Samuhn hadn't used a spell to move her at a critical time, she would have lost her head as well.

With only four people left, they were unable to keep the eldritch beholder's attention. The eldritch beholder also lost interest in them since the four now adopted an evasive maneuver. She redirected her attention to the army below.

Her spells, of course, caused massive casualties to the Themisphere and Verremor's troops. Her small eyeballs again mind-controlled powerful natives among the troops, causing chaos to the allied forces who were already winning before the eldritch beholder returned her attention to them.

The Aurebor soldiers cheered for the might of their country guardian. Their morale was lifted. They fought better.

Emris decided he couldn't let this continue. He took the risk by flying toward the eldritch beholder. The eldritch beholder just sneered when she saw the lord marshal approach. She didn't put him in her eyes because he was a spellcaster.

Unforeseen by the eldritch beholder, Emris cast Wind Jet once he was close. His body shot straight into the eldritch beholder's gigantic mouth.

"What?!" His action took both his allies and the eldritch beholder by surprise.

Elemental explosions were seen coming out of the eldritch beholder's mouth. Following those were damage numbers atop the eldritch beholder. The anti-magic planar wall protected all the spells hitting the eldritch beholder from the outside, but it didn't protect her from spells from the inside.

"You, fool! What do you think happened to the things I swallowed?!" The eldritch beholder bellowed.

Inside, Emris saw dense dark energies swirl around him, eroding him. He had cast Barrier and other defensive buffs to protect himself before entering but his HP still went down at an extremely rapid rate.

Chapter 1670: Your Six

The eldritch beholder clamped his mouth shut, preventing Emris from coming out. This was the first time her opponent purposefully ran into her mouth. She would teach this foolish mage what a folly that was.

Inside the eldritch beholder's body, Emris didn't panic. He didn't barge into here with the thought of going back out. He was ready to use his life in exchange for causing enough damage to the eldritch beholder. It didn't mean he was noble or something, he dared to do this because he knew his life was protected by the revival pool.

Yet, it seemed like he had overestimated his survivability inside the eldritch beholder's body. He wouldn't be able to do meaningful damage with how fast his HP was dropping. Since it was so, he decided to just focus on one spell.

His spell formation started forming. The rune that was formed was very large, indicating it was a mega spell. All the while, he endured the corrosive power from the dark energies swirling around him. His defensive buffs mitigated the damage he received. But the longer it was, the denser the dark energies that were pressing onto him. His HP went down faster as time passed.

He also felt a headache that was increasing. These dark energies had a certain degree of constant mental pressure. He used mana manipulation to protect his mind. He couldn't afford to lose concentration at this time. There was not enough time to repeat the casting!

Rune by rune continued to form. The progress became slower once he reached the seventh rune. Not only did the corrosive power become stronger, but so did the mental pressure. He gritted his teeth while forcing his concentration. If his casting failed, then this would be for nothing!

The spell formation completed the seventh rune and proceeded to its final one. His HP was down to 15% by then and it was decreasing rapidly while the rune-forming was slowing down.

Sweat filled his face as he fought the massive pain in his head. His spell formation flickered two times but it was holding.

Emris yelled aloud amidst his pain. He was maintaining the spell formation out of sheer willpower. His HP had dropped to below 5%. This spell was not a sustained spell. As long as it was cast. The spell would unleash its full effect even if he died a second after the casting.

The eighth rune was almost completed. The line that formed the rune was only a few millimeters left, but his mind was in such a mess that the progress became extremely slow. Those last few millimeters might as well be miles.

"No...", He breathed out when his HP dropped to zero.

His spell formation failed to complete. It fizzled out of existence. Emris' body was devoured by the dark energies and it turned to dust.

Fortunately for him, the revival pool didn't have the same limitation as the normal resurrection spell where it required a body for the spell to take effect. Emris would still be revived by the revival pool one hour later even when there was no piece of him left.

He would be extremely depressed after he was revived, though. His last attempt to do any meaningful damage to the eldritch beholder had ended in a complete failure.

Outside, the eldritch beholder was laughing. Her laughter was full of mockery.

"What a fool! Does anyone else want to come inside? I welcome you," the eldritch beholder opened her wide mouth.

From that mocking laughter, everyone knew that whatever Emris had attempted had failed. The invading soldiers, especially the humans, felt demoralized by this. This caused their battle power to drop.

"No? Then let me present you with what had just killed that fool who dared to enter me," the eldritch beholder's mouth turned wider and a massive torrent of dark fog poured out.

The fog spread into an extremely wide area. The fog caused dark-element damage and also heavily decreased the equipment's durability. The fog didn't differentiate allies from foes. It damaged everything it passed through. The eldritch beholder didn't care about her allied elven troops, but she still took care to release her dark fume where more human and orc troops were located.

The damage was not as extreme as what Emris suffered when he was inside the eldritch beholder. This was because the dark energies were not as dense after being released, but they were still heavily damaging to the low-level and low-grade soldiers. Many perished from this dark fog.

Makubwa rushed back to the eldritch beholder, but he was easily overpowered by the eldritch beholder's telekinesis spell. He was slammed into the ground. The eldritch beholder kept the pressure, rendering him immobile. He became an easy target for the nearby elven soldiers.

Samuhn hurriedly came to his help. He was unable to free Makubwa from the telekinesis but he made sure the elven troops were unable to deal any real damage to Makubwa.

The eldritch beholder maintained her telekinesis but she ignored the war chief. The small eyeballs on her tentacles continued to shoot green rays that damaged the Themisphere and Verremor's troops. The smaller beholders also became more aggressive when their brood mother was nearby.

Four Winds gritted his teeth. He felt helpless. Every time he tried approaching the eldritch beholder, he was slapped away by the tentacles. His HP was down to below half. He took a recovery potion and drank it while sending a message, "How far away are you? We are being slaughtered here...!"

"We are here! Look to your six," He received a reply. At the same time, he heard rhythmic thumping sounds.

He turned and saw a fortress with mechanical legs like a spider. The fortress caused loud noise every time its legs stepped on the ground. The noise from the ongoing battle had been so loud that everyone didn't hear the sound of this mobile fortress approaching. The mobile fortress was very near already.

Players rushed out of the mobile fortress. Most of them were Everlasting Heavenly Legends members. The multiple siege weapons on the mobile fortress started opening fire, delivering AOE attacks on the Aurebor troops.

At the same time, a shining ball of light appeared beside the eldritch beholder. The eldritch beholder seemed to try to move away but couldn't. This ball of light grew to a size that almost covered the eldritch beholder's body.