

World 891

Chapter 891: Knights of the Round

Consume Soul was a skill that had a chance of inflicting instant kill. But by luck, Jack was under the buff of Gold Dragon Vitality, which protected the user from the instant kill effect. Still, with Jack's high luck stat, probably the instant kill would not be triggered even if Gold Dragon Vitality was not used.

Jack still received large damage from the attack. But due to his large health boost, he still got some to spare.

The hellion panther, which was originally pinned by the brave golem, was saved by Four Winds. His Titan Strength had a short cooldown and it was available again when Abasi was assaulting Jack. Four Winds activated it and turned his body into a giant. Although he was an expert martial artist, he wasn't confident enough to break through the blockage to get to Jack, so he instead relied on the Hellion Panther to go after Jack in his place.

Despite his increased size, Four Winds was still only half Brave Golem's height. Yet, his enhanced strength managed to push the Brave Golem enough to free the Hellion Panther. He then instructed the panther to go after Jack. With the panther's speed and strength, it had no problem charging through the small soldiers.

Jack was not killed by the panther's consume soul skill, but he was still not out of the woods yet. His body was still hugged by the whisker despite the panther continuously getting stung by lightning damage. Jack was unable to move freely. Four Winds' intention was to unsummon Everlasting Heavenly Legends' guild soldiers by killing Jack, so that was the hellion panther's sole objective.

The panther opened its large maw and attempted to bite Jack directly this time.

Jack had been casting a spell since he was hit by the Consume Soul skill. His spell was completed just before the panther's teeth arrived.

Jack turned intangible. The panther's mouth came and clasped at Jack, but it was like it was biting air. It looked at Jack in confusion. The whisker that had been holding Jack had also come off. Jack floated away as if a ghost. This was the effect of his Ghost Form spell.

The Hellion Panther chased after Jack and tried to claw and bite him, but its attack just passed through Jack without hurting him.

Everyone had focused their attention on Jack and they forgot about Nilrem. At this time, her spell was completed. Jack was amazed to find out it was a seven runes mega spell!

A pushing force erupted from Nilrem. Whether it was allies or enemies, they were all pushed away. This created a wide empty field around Nilrem. Then all of a sudden, twelve large bronze doors dropped from heaven.

"That... That is the Knights of the Round spell!" Jack heard Peniel's voice. She had just arrived.

"Knights of the round table? From the Arthurian legend? What does this spell do?" Jack asked.

"It's a summoning spell," Peniel answered. At the same time, the twelve bronze doors opened. From the door, twelve knights with full armor covering their entire bodies, including their faces, walked out.

The closest to Jack was a knight in complete white armor. In his hands were two white longswords. Jack used his Inspect on this knight.

*

Sir Lancelot (Rare Elite Human, Court Knight), level 73

HP: 820,000

*

'So high!' Jack thought of the level. He assumed at first this summon would be at Nilrem's level.

Peniel, who heard his thought, explained, "The Knights of the Round spell summoned court knights of at least level 70. Any additional level after that is affected by the caster's intelligence stat."

Jack looked at the other summoned knights. They were all at the same level as Lancelot, and they all had names from the knights of the Arthurian legend. Arthur, Gawain, Geraint, Percival, Bors, Lamorak, Kay, Bedivere, Gaheris, Galahad, and Tristan. All except Arthur had the word Sir before their names and had the title of Court Knight. Arthur had the title of Court King.

Arthur was covered by a bulky golden-silver armor. His weapon was a very large greatsword with a shining jewel at the center of its crossguard. This jewel emitted a magical light that enshroud the greatsword.

'Is that Excalibur?' Jack wondered.

Arthur pointed his greatsword at the sky. A shooting light radiated out from him, covering a large distance. Allies touched by the light recovered their HP and received a buff, including Jack.

Lancelot then burst forward. He was the first to charge into the enemies, followed by Galahad, his son in the legend. Jack was not sure if the Galahad here was his son or not. Lancelot swung his two longswords and two lines of energy split the ground and damaged everyone in their paths.

The other court knights also rushed forward after the two's lead. They dove into the enemies and started a bloodbath.

Even one level 73 rare elite could heavily affect the course of the battle, what's more twelve of them. The orc force was in disarray.

One of the orc chieftains had pulled Abasi away after he was blown by the pushing force when Nilrem's spell was cast. He summoned his mount and they rode away. Abasi, who had lost one arm, didn't insist on staying.

Four Winds had also sent a message to Water Lily to issue a retreat for their guild army. Once Jack failed to be taken down and Nilrem finished casting her spell, he knew it was time to split.

The hellion panther ran back with its speed and agility to pick up Four Winds and their guild hero, Kishale. They then retreated with haste.

The ones that were still slow on the uptake were Warsong Rising's guild army and the native soldiers that Abasi had brought here. These armies now faced the brunt of the knights of the round's assaults. Jack and the others joined in on the slaughter.

The right side of the battlefield, where the guild armies had been fighting, soon had a clear victor. Everlasting Heavenly Legends, continued pushing inward, flanking the orc's main army, spearheaded by the Arthurian knights.

The orc's main army, which was fighting with the human's main army, was already at a disadvantage from the start. Mainly because of Jack's first strike that disrupted their formation, and then with Abasi taking many of their capable soldiers to fight Everlasting Heavenly Legends' guild army, further weakening the main army.

Thus, with their originally already disadvantaged situation, coupled with Everlasting Heavenly Legends pushing from their flanks, their situation turned from bad to worst.

Jack had already united with Arlcard and Therras whom he left behind to fight the main army. Together with Paytowin and Brave King, they stormed the orcs and continuously pushed them back. Mihos was still somewhere around the sea of orcs.

The orcs, being battle-hardened folks, continued to fight back even though their loss was a forgone conclusion.

Jack fought on the frontline to reap more exp and souls, but since his Body Double spell had a limited duration. He had to change place with the one that was stationed behind the command platform, or else the entire guild army would be forcefully unsummoned.

While behind the control platform, he could afford to sit back and look at the battlefield relaxingly. The battle continued to rage on for some time.

From behind the platform, Jack noticed Nilrem floated up into the air. Up there, she started casting a spell. Rune symbols are formed one by one. But before it was completed, a loud horn was heard.

It was the horn signaling for the orc to retreat. The orcs were a brave race that continued fighting despite losing, but after the retreat command was given, they didn't insist on continuing the battle. Chivalry and suicide were two different things.

Seeing the orcs rapidly move away from the battle, Nilrem stopped her casting. The spell formation that was almost completed fizzled and disappeared. Before it did, Jack saw that the casting already had the spell formation at the beginning of its eight runes.

An eight-runes spell! Jack thought it was a pity that he didn't see what the spell was. The mythical-grade hero their guild had here was indeed not disappointing.

After the orcs retreated far enough, Jack gave the command to stop chasing. The battle was concluded and the Knights of the Round vanished with a flash of light. Everyone uttered a triumphant yell. The plain was soon filled with cheering from the human army.

The corpses of the players and guild armies on the ground vanished after the battle was over, but the corpses of the natives remained. Some left behind loots. Those were the ones directly killed by either

Jack or Paytowin and their minions. The ones killed by the human army or the guild army didn't drop any loots.

The guild army, however, gained the bonus of exp as well, similar to players. Although the exp received was not as much as players, it was still an increase compared to the native army. Thus, for the ones surviving this battle, most of them increase by one level. Their guild heroes, Nilrem and Uruk, increased their levels to level 59 and 63 respectively. While the guild guardian, Penny, was now level 63.

Paytowin increased by two levels to level 55. He killed quite a number of enemies with his Mothership Bombardment. His Brave King was also fierce enough to reap many victims. His level was now like Jack's, above most mainstream players' level.

Mihos was already one level higher than the last time they saw him when Paytowin summoned him. After this war, he increased to another level and was now level 51. He had left without any word after the war was over.

Arlcard and Therras also increased by one level. Arlcard was now level 63 and Therras was level 59.

As for Jack, he gained the most exp points since he also received the exp from the enemies killed by the human native army nearby him. He received four times level-up. His Brave Swordsman increased by one level to 58, his Time Sage increased by two to level 58 as well, and his Beastmaster class was now level 57.

Chapter 892: Preparing the Defenses

After collecting loots from the battlefield, Jack and Paytowin divided the loots between them. Nothing outstanding from the loots except for a skill book and a super rare techno golem part. Jack gave both to Paytowin since he had no need for them.

Much rare equipment from the drops but both Jack and Paytowin didn't need them. Paytowin had a full set of super rare equipment, which Jack had helped increased their levels using his blacksmith skill. Paytowin knew about Jack's Transformation Prism, so he let Jack take all the equipment.

There were also many coins, mana cores, materials, and ingredients. They divided the coins and mana cores between them and agreed to donate all the materials and ingredients to the guild.

The army cleaned up the battlefield. They picked up the corpses of their allies to be given honored burials. As for the enemy corpses, they didn't just leave them behind. They piled them in one place and burned them. Commander Armstrong informed Jack that it was the custom of this world. It was considered honorable to do this compared to just leaving them behind to be fed to carrions.

Jack sent the majority of the soldiers to return to the fort to rest while the officers prepared the battle report.

Armstrong brought the report to Jack not long after. This battle had cost them 10,000 casualties while the orc army lost 50,000. The orc had only half their army left when they retreated.

As for the guild army, Jack had read about the casualty report from the platform before he unsummoned them. They lost around 1,000 soldiers. John had sent a message scolding him, but Jack

argued the casualty number was less than 10%. They had instead beaten many enemies, the contribution points from this battle should be enough to make up for the loss. Also, the surviving army had become stronger after the battle, so it was an additional benefit.

Peniel informed them that there was another benefit to guild soldiers who survived multiple battles. Such a soldier would receive a veteran title which boosted their overall performance. Hearing that, both Jack and John checked their guild army interface. There were indeed a good number of such veterans among the soldiers. These must be those who had also survived the previous civil war battles.

As for Cipher Flight and Warsong Rising's guild armies, Jack's copy had paid attention to the battle from the map projection on the control platform. He estimated Cipher Flight lost around 50% of their army from the battle, while Warsong Rising lost more than 80%. Warsong even lost their guild guardian, the Glacier Cockatrice, due to the combined assault from the brave golem and guild soldiers.

Jack bet that guild was now cursing Everlasting Heavenly Legends heavily. Four Winds informed that Jack had even killed their leader during the beginning of the battle. Jack had no idea who was that leader.

Four Winds sent a message to congratulate Jack on his victory, but he promised that Cipher Flight would return this loss in the next battle. Jack replied that his guild would be ready anytime for the challenge.

After Jack finished the report and everyone returned to the fort for rest, Jack took the time to check his Container of Souls. There were 4,168,921 souls inside.

'Not bad!' Jack thought with a smile.

The reaping was almost like the last battle during the civil war. Even though the deaths during the war this time were higher because the number of participating soldiers was higher, Jack didn't get a higher number of soul points because he needed to be at a certain distance from the dying soldiers to get the soul points. Additionally, there was no death from a high-level officer like Garland who provided a huge number of souls.

Still, Jack was satisfied with the number of souls he got. He was not a complainer. His mindset in life was to be grateful for every gain he received, no matter how small it was. He bet that if Greed was here, that God would have scolded Jack for this thought. Jack could picture Greed lecturing him about the need to always strive for more and not to be satisfied with the current gain, no matter how big it was.

Jack opened his battle skill interface, checking on the skills to improve. After pondering, he used 3 skill points from the Brave Swordmaster level-up and 1,000,000 souls to maximize Brave Slash to level 20. After seeing the effect of this skill cutting off Abasi's arm, Jack was not going to ignore this skill. At level 20, Brave Slash delivered 2000% light damage.

He then used 6 Time Sage free skill points and 200,000 souls to max-level his Perpetual Lightning Judgement.

The next spell he max-leveled was Teleportation. The fifty-meter distance was fine for the battle just now, but there might be a case where he needed to travel a further distance next time. 1,900,000 souls were spent to level up the Teleportation spell to level 20. At level 20, Teleportation could travel a maximum of one hundred and fifty meters.

'That is a long instant movement,' Jack thought. With this, he had more options when dealing with a situation.

Another 400,000 souls were spent and his Phantom Blade was level 20. The skill now lasted a full one minute.

Jack used the remaining 600,000 souls to level up Tracing Beams. The spell was now level 7. It now shot sixteen beams that dealt 42% magic damage for each beam.

After finished organizing his skills and spells, he stood on the fort's east curtain wall, overseeing the distance. He was also tired and was eager to went into the keep to rest, but he was still awaiting another report.

The one he was waiting for came soon. "Reporting, general. The caltrops are set," Guss said. "And congratulations on the victory in driving the enemies back."

"Good," Jack said but then asked to make sure. "Did you place them in the locations I instructed?"

"Do not worry, general. They are placed evenly along the field on both sides of this fort," Guss answered. "We also masked them with soil after we planted them, as you instructed."

Jack nodded. The caltrops were war tools that John had given Jack. It was one that was produced by Gluttonous Despot, a former coalition guild who are now allied with them. It was made from a special blacksmith recipe that is currently only owned by Gluttonous Despot.

Unlike War Fires, these caltrops could be stored inside the player's storage bag. John had sent materials and blacksmiths to help its production since they got wind of the Verremor invasion. John needed a big bulk of this tool.

One of the reasons Jack had proposed to engage the Verremor's army standing by at the mouth of the pass was to chase them away so that they didn't notice Themisphere's army placing these caltrops on the field. Of course, other more selfish reasons were also in play, such as to amass the exp and souls from the battle.

Still, He couldn't just let Verremor's army stay nearby so that they could watch them setting up the defenses. Jeanny, who was on her way here also brought a batch of war fires to be placed and hidden around these caltrops. If the enemies spotted them doing that, it would significantly lower their effectiveness.

The pass here was unlike the Themisphylae pass where the enemies had to destroy the fortress in order to pass through. Here, they could just circle around the fort. Even so, it was not that wide, during the crossing, the passing enemies would be susceptible to bombardment from the fort.

These war tools installed were placed to ensure that the enemies received maximum casualties while making their forceful crossings.

Even when John thought that it was unlikely for the enemies to pass through this fort without taking it down first, for the reason that the enemies would end up behind the enemy line and cut off from their supply line, thus making them a more vulnerable target. He was not one hundred percent certain. These war tools were a contingency if that happened.

Jack gave another command to have several scouts go and watched over the retreated orcs, to make sure that they stayed away. He then retired to a quarter that had been prepared for him inside the keep.

*

Three days later, Jeanny's player army arrived. They brought many wagons containing war fires with them. Jack had confirmed with the scouts he had sent, the defeated orc army was still staying away. They were waiting for their main army to arrive before returning here.

Jack sent more patrols out to make sure that there were no orc scouts nearby as well. After that, he tasked the soldiers to set up the war fires around where the caltrops had been placed.

The soldiers dug a hole before putting the war fires inside and covering them up with soil to mask them. These war fires were linked together with fuses made of burnable material that John had experimented. After the civil war, he had done some experimentation so that the war fire could be ignited from afar instead of having to position someone nearby to ignite it.

These fuses were also hidden with soil and they went all the way next to the moat around the fort. If needed, Elementalists could send their fireballs to ignite the fuse beside the moat. The flame would then travel with the fuse and set the war fires on fire.

Chapter 893: Marching into the Fulgur Region

Jack and Jeanny spend one day reorganizing everyone. The 90,000 native soldiers and the 250,000 outworlders brought by Jeanny were being formed into a mix between natives and outworlders. 100,000 of this mixed army stayed inside the fortress with commander Armstrong in charge, while the rest head towards the northern hills with Jeanny.

They made camps along the protected part of the hills and started to make barricades using woods from the trees around the hills. This make-shift barricade had no defensive property but it was still better than none.

Within the army that Jeanny brought, some orc players were in the march. These orcs were Everlasting Heavenly Legends' guild members. At first, before the army departed from the capital, these orc players were confused about what would happen if they join the war. They were fighting the country they were from, after all. Luckily, the all-knowing Peniel was there to explain to them.

If these orc players joined the war and fought against the Verremor nation, they would no longer be considered part of Verremor. They would get banned from Verremor cities and considered hostiles, the same as human players.

However, this didn't mean they had to quit the guild that joined the war. If they still wanted to be a part of the Verremor nation, all they needed to do was just stay out of the war. As long as they didn't land any attack on Verremor soldiers during the war, they were considered uninvolved.

Even if they walked around Verremor's cities later with their guild tag Everlasting Heavenly Legends, they would not be considered enemies despite the guild fighting against Verremor during the war. The most they got are probably unfriendly stares from the native orc soldiers.

The orc players that came here were ones that already decided that they did not need to stay in Verremor. Peniel even said that if they joined the current war and got a decent enough number of contribution points, they might be considered allies by the Themisphere kingdom. Hence, they would no longer be barred from Themisphere's cities and could carry on activities like any other human players in this country.

On the next day, after making sure that everything was fine, Jack said goodbye to Jeanny, Armstrong, and Guss. He then left with Paytowin.

The scouts that Jack sent out brought a report informing them that the previously defeated orc army had joined with their main army. They would probably be marching here and arrived in one day. Jack left the matter of dealing with this army to commander Armstrong and Jeanny. He got another role to play in this war.

John sent Jack their current coordinates. Jack and Paytowin teleported to fort Themisphylae since it was closer to depart from there. When he was using the teleportation chamber in the fort, he tried to register so he could teleport here again from any city if needed, but he found that he was unable to.

"The fort's teleportation chamber isn't like the city's zone portal," Peniel explained. "It had a short range. You can see that the places you can teleport to are very limited."

Jack checked the teleport destinations, there were only two options to choose from, Themisphylae and Thesewal. The latter was greyed because the zone portal there was unusable since it was automatically destroyed when foreign forces occupied the town.

After teleporting to fort Themisphylae, Jack took the time to meet with Fierce Flame and Ahab. Fierce Flame was leading the outworlder force that was stationed here.

Fierce Flame informed them that the Verremor's army had been sending some regular siege attacks, but nothing that could threaten the fort. The rebuilt fort at this pass was indeed very sturdy. She mentioned that the native soldiers told her the story about the big battle on the first day. They were having trouble because of the mythical-grade war chief from the enemy's side, but luckily Duchess Isabelle arrived in time to deal with the war chief. Nothing worrisome again since then.

Jack thanked Fierce Flame for the info. Since there was nothing to worry about, Jack and Paytowin departed. They traveled with haste using their unique-grade steeds

After one and a half days of travel, they met with the shock army led by John. John had taken a roundabout way to avoid detection. They moved to the furthest frontier between Themisphere and the Fulgur region before heading in.

With Jack joining and taking over the lead, their marching speed increased due to Jack's Runestone of Marching. Additionally, since this army was marching under John's strategy, they also received a movement boost from John's War Tactician title.

After entering the desert landscape of the Fulgur region, they continued along its edge. They had not yet marched into the central part of this region where the supply line should be located.

Along this edge, they saw the sea in the distance.

Jack looked towards it and wondered what adventure the sea of this world offered. He had not yet traveled to any coastal area.

"Does Themisphere have a navy force?" Jack asked Peniel.

"No, they only have a small coast defense force," It was John who answered. The guy was riding next to Jack.

"How small?" Jack asked.

"It's just to defend one coastal town," John answered.

"Themisphere only has one city that is connected to the sea," Peniel explained. "If we didn't turn into the Fulgur region yesterday and instead went straight on, we will arrive at that city. Further from that city was the border with the Sangrod Empire. The neighboring countries of the Sangrod empire and Verremor nation were the countries that had more lands facing the sea."

"In that case, shouldn't the Verremor nation have a better navy force then? Why they didn't attack us from the sea?"

"Verremor indeed has better navies compared to Themisphere," John answered. As he prepared the strategy to fight this Verremor invasion, he learned lots of information about Verremor from the reports gathered by Themisphere's intelligence network. "However, they have to go through a natural barrier if they want to invade Themisphere from the sea."

"What natural barrier?" Jack asked. "Is it those rocks?" On that distant sea, Jack saw several sharp rocks jutting out. They did look dangerous if ships crashed into them.

"Those rocks are part of it," John answered. "The one Themisphere city that connected with the sea is not an open sea, it's a gulf."

"Gulf?" Jack looked to the sea. He didn't see any land on the opposite side. This was one very large gulf then.

"This gulf is the home to the merfolk race," John said. The others who heard it became interested and they came closer to the two.

"Merfolk race?" Jack asked.

"The merfolk is a minor race of this world. They are sentient like the seven main races and can communicate using the common language," Peniel explained.

"Is it like the cat folks?" Leavemealone joined the conversation.

"Cat folks?" Jack asked.

"It's humans with cat faces," Domon, who was also nearby, answered. "They can talk. We make good friends with them. They were the ones who gave us hints about where Haon did the ritual and got his White Tiger Emperor form."

"You make friends with them? They are supposed to be aggressive," Peniel said.

"They did fight with them at first," Carnelia, who was flying together with Peniel, said. "Luckily, they didn't kill any of the cat folks."

"Well, I heard them talking. So, I just incapacitate them. I don't just kill anyone I met like a savage," Domon said.

"Anyway, the merfolk race is not part of the seven countries," Peniel resumed her explanation. "They also don't act as a country. They simply lived in their water and mind their own business. However, if anyone dared trespass on their water without permission, they will strongly retaliate. A large navy force is surely not permitted to cross their territory. That's why Themisphere is safe from sea invasion despite having only a small sea defense force. But on the other hand, Themisphere is also confined due to the same reason and is unable to develop a large navy force."

"Merfolk...," Jack turned to the distant sea again. He was intrigued. "So, this Merfolk have their own civilization? Do they have a city under the water?"

"They have," Peniel replied.

"But don't expect anything advanced in their city," John said. "You can consider them like a primitive society. Don't expect trading shops or production facilities that you can use inside their city. Most of the time outsiders are prohibited to go near their territory and will be attacked on sight. You can even consider them as one very big monster settlement."

"They are not monster settlement!" Peniel uttered.

"I'm just saying it in case he has the idea of visiting the merfolk," John replied. "But then again, we do indeed plan to make a trip to that gulf before this invasion war happened."

"Oh? What for?" Jack asked.

"Do you forget we are already at guild level 4? Same as the Hero Altar, we can build another structure so we can get a second guild guardian, and we already did."

"Right, I forgot about it!" Jack hurriedly opened his guild interface. After searching for a while amongst the built structure, he finally found the one he was looking for.

"Undersea Cave?" Jack asked. "Is it under the lake near our headquarters? So, are you planning to get an aquatic-type guild guardian? That's why you want to go to that gulf?"

"Yeah. We got information of a powerful sea beast underneath there that had just given birth," John answered. "It is best to catch one that is still in its offspring state, right? Like how we do it with Penny."

"How the heck did you get that kind of information?" Jack asked.

"He got it from a fortune teller," Bowler informed. "It was from a quest that we went together. The quest involved helping a fortune teller and in return, the fortune teller divines any information that we asked for. John asked for info on a potential aquatic guild guardian."

"I see. But why aquatic?" Jack asked. "We seldom deal with the water environment. If we get an aquatic guild guardian, then we can't summon it when we have a battle on the land."

"The aquatic monster that we are going for is an amphibian, so it has no problem fighting on land as well," John said. "The one weakness of our headquarters is the lake. We should have a defense there before someone uses it on us. Also, if you have seen the map of this world. You will see that later when we go up against Liguritutum, there will be times when we are required to fight on water."

"Fight on water...?" Jack muttered.

Jack remembered when Master kidnapped him, the landscape in Liguritutum was mostly mountainous regions. He didn't see any body of water there except for the lava rivers.

Understanding Jack's confusion, Peniel explained, "Liguritutum is a mountainous country, but it borders an inland sea. One-fourth of the country's area is also composed of multiple islands that filled this inland sea."

'Sea Battle,' Jack thought. That would be one different experience. He somehow felt excited thinking about it. He was looking forward to the time when that happened.

Chapter 894: The Clash between the Dragon Army and Verremor's First Army

Two days after Jack left to join the shock army heading out to the Fulgur region, the dragon army and phoenix army arrived at their destinations.

There was no significant defensive landscape around the area, so the Verremor armies just waited around the border towns they had conquered. Once they defeated these Themisphere armies, they would proceed deeper and conquer more cities.

Emris, the lord marshal who led the dragon army, watched the one million-strong army of the Verremor nation. Within those one million, two hundred thousand outworlders were mixed in.

Emris didn't think much of those outworlders, their levels were just around their average troops. Furthermore, they had low HP pools. If he disregarded them, that meant his 1,200,000-strong army would only be facing 800,000 enemies. Even if there were two mythical-grade war chiefs, his army should still be able to match.

Beside him were his right and left-hand aides, Mordin and Geoffrey. Mordin was a level 85 rare elite while Geoffrey was a level 80 rare elite. These two were the main force to deal with the other mythical war chief. They were supported by several level 70 rare elites. Even if they couldn't win, they should be able to hold the war chief while their army crushed the enemy.

The two armies watched each other from a distance. Their numbers filled the vast plains. It was like two seas that were ready to devour one another.

Two orcs came out from the Verremor army. One of them looked like an orc, but rather than calling him an orc, it was more appropriate to call him an ogre. His size was three times the size of a regular orc. He carried on his shoulder a silver-color gigantic club that looked more like an obelisk than a club. Each of his steps created a slight tremor even when he didn't mean to.

The other orc wore a ceremonial garb adorned with the skulls and bones of various animals. In his hand was a long staff, its one end was adorned with a demon skull sculpture, or was it a real demon skull?

The gigantic orc was one of the Verremor war chiefs. His name was Makubwa Mountking. He was a level 83 mythical-grade orc. The orc with the ceremonial garb was Samuhn Spiritcrier, Verremor's shaman king. He was also a mythical grade at level 81.

These two were the leaders of Verremor's first army. The orc simply gave their armies a designation using numbers, rather than fancy names like John did. The second army was the one that was facing the phoenix army. While the one that Jack did battle with was a small part of the third army.

Makubwa and Samuhn stopped near the middle point between the two armies. Makubwa then lifted his gigantic club high and slammed it to the ground. The ground cracked and caved in. A shockwave followed by an earthquake radiated out toward the human army.

The ground where the human army stood shook heavily. Some soldiers fell due to the unsteady footing. It caused commotion along the ranks of the human army. Emris looked back with displeasure at those who had fallen. They were making the human army look bad.

"HUMAANNN...!!!" Makubwa's voice reverberated in the air. The sound was like thunder that struck next to one's ears. Human soldiers with low levels covered their ears because of the pain it caused.

"You now faced the mightiest army in this world! The mightiest race! And I who stand before you here am the mightiest warrior in existence! Prepare to face defeat! Prepare to be crushed...! Now, as honor dictated. I will let you do your pathetic war declaration before we crushed you under our boots!"

Makubwa finished his war declaration. He placed his two hands on his club, which stood upright on the cracked ground, and waited for the human's response.

Emris walked a few steps forward. His silver staff was gleaming with light. The jewel on the top of his staff changed colors with each passing second. He stopped and uttered with a soft voice. Yet, his voice traveled to the end of the orc army. The further his voice traveled, the louder it became. At the backline of the orc army, the voice was even so loud that it shook the orcs' bodies.

"This is my war declaration to you, you filthy orcs," Emris uttered. "DIEEE...!!!"

A spell formation formed with the speed of light. His silver staff burst into a brilliant blue flame. The flame grew so large that it seemed ready to burn everything there. The flame then shaped itself into a titanic firebird. The firebird uttered a high-pitch cry. It then flapped its wing and rushed forward, seemingly seeking to devour the orc's army. A trail of fire followed its flight.

The shaman king, Samuhn, took action then. He made a gripping motion at the skull head of his staff. A spell formation formed then. When it was completed, ominous fog seeped out of the skull. Samuhn pulled the fog as if it was a tangible thing and threw it into the sky above. The fog rolled forward at the firebird who was about to fly through above them.

The fog then turned into a titanic demon wolf. Its fang opened and bit at the firebird in the sky. The firebird in turn used its flame to burn the demon wolf. The two otherworldly creatures conjured by magic tussled in the air, fighting for dominance as the two armies below started advancing toward one another.

The army moved around and avoided the mythical grade beings at the center of the battlefield. If they got caught in those beings' battles, they would just get chewed up. Only those high-level officers could afford to join in on the fight.

The two illusory creatures in the air continued their brawl. The firebird was winning. Its flame slowly consumed the grey fog that formed the demon wolf. But the firebird was not without wounds. The fog from the demon wolf corrupted its flame and dimmed its brilliance. When the demon wolf was finally extinguished, the firebird was as if composed of dying embers.

At this time, Makubwa jumped high above and swung his obelisk club onto the firebird. The force from the swing generated a forceful wind that extinguished the weakened flame. The firebird burst apart into tiny fire dust.

A pair of large illusory wings appeared behind Makubwa and he shot forward at Emris. Emris made a wave and several round metal shields appeared on Makubwa's path. Makubwa just barged through these shields as if they were nothing. They broke into pieces upon contact with his massive body.

The shields did nothing to slow Makubwa down, he slammed his towering club once he was upon Emris. But the club just passed through Emris as if Emris was air. Surprised, Makubwa looked around and found hundreds of Emris around him.

"Cheap tricks!" Makubwa uttered and slammed his club into the ground the second time. But this time, the whole ground collapsed before turning into a huge explosion that shot upward, engulfing all the Emris.

When the explosion subsided, only Makubwa was standing in a huge hole on the ground. His wings supported him from falling into the hole. He looked up. Emris was high up in the air. He flapped his wings and shot toward his adversary.

Mordin and Geoffrey, Emris' trusted aides, led a team of high-level rare elites to engage Samuhn. Samuhn tapped his demon-skull staff to the ground and several fog clouds appeared. These fog clouds took the shape of various animals with demonic features. Wolf, dog, bear, deer, eagle, and many others. These summoned creatures then rushed toward the incoming enemies while Samuhn prepared another spell.

When his spell was completed, a huge twister formed and headed towards the team of rare elites.

Geoffrey, who saw the incoming twister, knocked the demonic deer before him to the side. "Cover me!" He shouted to his comrade who took over dealing with the deer. He then slung his long hammer to his back and used both hands to hold his unusually large tower shield.

He made a motion of shoving his tower shield forward with both hands. A fifty-meter-tall image of the tower shield materialized. The twister slammed into this imaginary shield. The shield stopped the twister from advancing. Geoffrey held his position as his feet slowly slid back. Even though he was pushed, his shield appeared strong enough to stop the twister from causing harm to the rest of his team.

The rest of the army also clashed then. Spells and arrows flew everywhere. Swords and shields collided. Catapults behind each army line shot large fiery rocks at the battling armies.

The outworlders within Verremor's army were more vulnerable due to their low HPs, but they possessed more skills from a collection of basic, advanced, and elite classes. Some experts with good martial arts and non-standard skills even caused headaches to their higher-level enemies, allowing their native comrades to fight better.

Four guilds within Verremor's army possessed guild headquarters. They summoned their guild armies and added around 40,000 to the orc army's soldier count. It's not much, but it was still an increase in number.

The battle raged on until the sunset. The number of soldiers was just too high. The soldiers who did the actual fighting on both sides were only a quarter of the entire army. Added to the fact that natives had high HP pools, it took a long time to wear their HPs down. Some, who had HP fallen to critical were ordered to retreat to receive treatment while the reserve on the back moved up and replaced them. Thus, the battle lasted for a long time. Still, casualties slowly piled up.

When the sun was completely gone, the sound of a horn was heard from both sides. It signaled the end of the battle for today.

They rested for the night and continued the battle the next day.

Chapter 895: Rushing toward the Supply Line

The phoenix army also clashed with Verremor's second army the day they arrived. The phoenix army's number was less than the second army's, but the difference was only from the numbers of outworlders. Both armies also only possessed one high-level mythical-grade combatant.

Even when the second army appeared in advantage, it was not by much. The phoenix army was galvanized by the desire to protect their homeland. They were supported by the belief in a righteous cause. Hence, they fought fiercely even if they were slightly losing in both numbers and average levels.

Their situation was similar to the dragon army, their battles repeated daily. Scrapping each other's numbers with each passing day.

Only the battle between the turtle army and the third army at the two passes was different from those two battlefields. There were fewer casualties here because the turtle army was playing defensive while the third army took a protracted approach to the battle. They knew the defenses of the two passes were not something that they could take on with their current number. Unless the first and second armies routed the enemies and came to their aid, it was unlikely that they took down these forts.

But if their two other armies won, they would just go over to those sides and entered Themisphere's deeper regions via there rather than going through these two passes.

Abasi did ask his father, Abdu, why they didn't just leave these passes if so? They could join up with the first army and help defeat the enemies faster.

Abdu said that if they did so, the army inside the two forts would come out and take over the Thesewal border town, before harassing their rear as they journeyed. They would then have to fight the enemy without a foothold. It would be harder then.

Abdu believed that the army that was guarding the two passes was equal or not that far in terms of soldier count compared to them. He was not aware that a large portion had left and was now traveling behind them inside the Fulgur region to sabotage their supply line.

If he knew, perhaps he would have gone with Abasi's proposal.

And so, the situation at those two passes was rather peaceful. So much that the outworlders positioned there grumbled about the low chance of them scoring contribution points.

*

As the three armies fought in separate locations, the shock army led by Jack was now charging at full speed along the desert landscape of the Fulgur region.

They no longer cared if they were spotted. It was all about speed now. Their movement brought up large dust clouds. Jack had been using his runestone of marching non-stop. His Runecraft skill had now increased to Advanced Expert, further increasing their speed when Jack focused his willpower on the runestone.

Every soldier and player incorporated into this shock army rode a rare-grade steed. So, their speed was the best possible at the moment. Everyone ran at full speed except for Jack and Paytown who had to slow down to match the others.

Jack also didn't stop conversing with the natives during the march. There were many here whom he was closed with. Duke Alfredo, Commander Quintus, High Priest Laurent, and Lieutenant Bailey. He also made friends with several other new natives along the march. All these conversations helped push his Diplomacy skill to Advanced Expert.

He was eager to get to the Basic Master grade for his Diplomacy skill. Partly because of what Peniel had told him when he was still stuck inside Greed's sanctum. Jack mentioned at the time that since the Diplomacy skill affected how natives respond to an outworlder, and since his diplomacy grade was rather high, he should be able to talk and influence Greed somewhat.

Peniel's laughed at his comment. She said that only a Basic Master Diplomacy had the slightest chance of having any effect on a divine being like Greed. And that was also only very slight. If the being already disliked you from the start, then it won't make any difference. At grandmaster grade, the effect might be a bit better, but she said not to expect this diplomacy skill to be something that could magically turn an enemy native into a friend. It didn't work like that.

Jack understood her meaning. This should be something that worked much like the charisma stat in other games. It just helped to improve the chance of persuasion, not changed the natives' opinions or frames of thought.

He remembered Grace was the only one he knew with the Basic Master diplomacy skill. He again wondered where that girl was at. He still couldn't contact her with a message until now.

*

"We should come up on the supply line route by now," John said.

They had been running at full speed for days. It had been seven days since Jack left the Slaughterer Plains and five days since the dragon and phoenix armies started clashing with Verremor's first and second armies.

The two armies kept on suffering casualties on daily basis. The dragon army was evenly-matched while the phoenix army was slightly losing. They would need to get to this supply line fast before the battle on those two fronts was over. If that happened, it won't matter if they cut the supply line. The enemy could send half the army back to re-establish and guard the supply line while the other half proceeded to invade deeper into Themisphere.

"Spread out! Cover more grounds!" John commanded.

Many small teams started to spread out as instructed. They covered more ground as they continued to march in the same direction. Each team had a player in it. This was so that they could send a fast message if they discovered something.

After a few hours, Bowler sent a message in the group chat. "We found something!"

Everyone headed over. Bowler and his team were standing beside a bunch of tracks. There were footprints, hoofprints, and a linear track that should have been made by wheels.

"This should be the route!" John declared.

So, they followed the tracks. John chose to head in the direction that was facing Themisphere. Not long after, they saw a structure ahead. An orcish force the size of a legion was in a defensive position.

No one was surprised to see the orcs were ready for them, with how many dust clouds they stirred up in their march, it would be weird not to. But it was of no concern, the legion was less than one-tenth their force.

"That must be their supply depot. Decimate it!" John uttered.

"Shouldn't we follow their custom and formally declare our intention before we attack?" Jack asked.

"Screw that! Only fools will not realize our intention after seeing us charging like this," John replied.

"Destroy them...!!!"

One of the orcs came out of their defensive line, seemingly wanting to say something. But when he saw the human army kept on charging without any decrease in speed, he lost all the words that he had planned to say. He hurriedly ran back.

John used line formation on the front line. He arranged the usual combination of Paladin and Sentinel. Paladin used Heaven Shield while Sentinel used Impenetrable Wall while still charging. A row of shield walls followed after the front line as they charged.

The orcs fired their ranged attacks but they were negated by this shield wall. When the human army was almost upon the enemies, they unsummoned their steed and clashed directly with the orc legion.

With how they heavily outnumbered the enemy, John had the entire force encircled the enemy. The melee units kept the enemy trapped while ranged units fired into the enemy ranks from all sides.

Since the ranged attacks came from all sides, the enemies couldn't defend effectively. When they placed their shields facing the east, the attack hit their backs from the west. When they faced the west, the attacks from the east hit them.

The orc legion soon fell without any meaningful resistance.

Still, they admired the orcs' determination. None of the orcs surrendered. They fought ferociously even when there was only one remaining soldier.

After this last soldier was down, John tried opening the large door to the supply depot. It was locked. He then ordered people to attack the door. The supply depot was a defensive structure that had a decent high HP bar and defense stat. But it had no offensive capability, so it was just a matter of time before it was destroyed.

"Shouldn't we just look for the key among the fallen orcs here?" Giant Steve asked.

"Sure. How about you go look for it and we see which will happen first? You find the key first or we destroy this door first?" John replied.

Steve looked at the supply depot's HP bar, it was less than half already. He didn't go look for the key.

Before long, the door was destroyed. John instructed the soldier to continue hitting the building while he went inside with a few others. Inside, they found carts on wheels filled with rations, weapons, blacksmith materials, and restorative potions. Military Rations were not something that could be put into a player's inventory bag. They were special consumables. They were foods compacted into a small space. After processing, the generated food was enough for a very large number of soldiers.

If relying on players' inventory bags to carry common food ingredients, they won't have enough to feed so many soldiers. A player's standard inventory bag was limited to 5 cubic volumes. Verremor's players couldn't carry too many items with them. They might be able to bring a number during the initial march but after that, they couldn't teleport back and brought another batch by abusing the teleportation feature. Because during a war situation, town return scrolls that traveled between countries were blocked. The portal zone inside a conquered town was also destroyed when the town was conquered. A repair could only be done once the war was over. So, the invading army had to go back and come again on foot.

Thus, supplies had to be physically brought in. Another point was, military rations degraded over time. A supply depot was constructed and had the enchantment to refresh the rations. Hence, during an invasion, supply depots like these were usually built as the army moved. John had learned about this from the royal advisor when they were planning the war strategy.

This was why the supply line bore such great importance. These were features that put limitations on the invading force. Any invasion had to be carefully thought through before being carried out.

Chapter 896: The Effect of the Missing Supplies

John instructed the players to split among them the weapons, materials, and potions. As for the rations, they just took a small portion needed for the native troops that were with them. The rest were burnt.

The supply depot was destroyed just as they finished distributing. Outside the destroyed structure, many ox-like creatures were hitched to several hitching posts. Beside these hitching posts were feed boxes that contained the food for these hitched creatures.

"These creatures must be the ones that pulled the wheeled carts inside the supply depot. This supply depot is also the place for them to rest before they continued their journey," Bowler said. "What should we do with them?"

"Release and chased them away," John replied. "Do it fast, we need to move soon."

"What about the bodies of these soldiers? We need to burn them. It's our custom during wartime," Commander Quintus said.

"Screw that custom! We don't have time for that. We need to move soon," John replied crudely, which earned Quintus' creased brows.

"John! Show some respect!" Jack reprimanded.

After Jack's admonishment, John gave his apology, "I'm sorry, but I stick with what I said. We can't afford to spend the time to deal with these bodies."

"Commander, he has a point. We have people counting on us," Jack supported John.

Quintus acquiesced. He didn't like it but he understood the necessity.

The soldiers cut the ropes that tied the ox-like creatures before chasing them away. Some players suggested killing the creatures for exp or loots. Peniel informed them those creatures were classified as animals, not monsters. They would get only a very tiny sum of exp points and no loots will drop.

Afterward, they all summoned their steeds.

John instructed them to backtrack where they came from. They might have traveled for seven days but they had taken a roundabout route. Their current position was actually just around two days' travel from where the dragon army and Verremor's first army were fighting.

If they continued toward Themisphere, they might get caught by the first army. John had asked to head this way because he wanted to hit the supplies that were en route. Making sure that the enemies lost their supplies as soon as possible.

But he still instructed a squad of ten players and ten natives to head to where the first Army was. He asked them to pay attention to a lone orc soldier that was heading in the same direction. That should be a messenger sent by the guard force they had just defeated to warn Verremor's first army.

He speculated this common soldier should only ride an uncommon steed at best, if not a common one. They, who rode rare-grade steeds, should be able to catch up before this messenger reached the first army.

If possible, John wanted to delay the enemy from sending a hunting party. So, the time they blocked the supplies would be lengthened.

The squad split up while the rest of the shock army backtrack and look to hit the next supply depot or supplies that were on the way. They followed after the tracks and were now heading in the direction of Verremor country.

*

Four days passed since Jack's shock army hit the first supply depot. The fighting between the dragon army and the first army was still going on strong. However, things started to not look good for the first army. They had been in a stalemate with their opponents despite their slightly smaller number, but now that their food consumption was rationed, morale had been dropping.

The outworlders were still fine since they didn't actually require food to survive, but the natives were different. This food rationing told them that something was wrong with the supply line, which caused the overall morale to drop.

Not only that, they were starting to run out of restorative potions as well. All natives below the mythical grade didn't have any self-healing abilities. There were healers to heal them, but the healers ran out of MP as well if they continued using them.

Natives had high HP and MP, but when they were out of combat, the number that was recovered from self-healing was not different from players. This meant the healed number was very small compared to their total HP, and it took a lot of time for the natives to recover by self-healing, especially the high-level and high-grade ones who had tons of HP. Some of such natives might even take days to be fully healed.

That's why restorative potions were important supplies during a battle. Without them, a soldier who had suffered wounds in today's battle might need to fight the next day without a fully-healed HP bar. These put an army that had enough supply of restorative potions at an advantage in the long run against the army that didn't.

Even the healers in the army also healed in a fixed number, which was very small if compared to a native's total HP. Only Peniel's healing spell that healed in percentage and Goddess Serenity's Grace of Tranquility Potion that fully healed one's HP could truly make a huge difference.

Hence, natives required a large number of restorative potions to heal during wartime. A continuous supply was essential to ensure the soldiers were able to continue fighting with full HP.

Now, a portion of the soldiers within the first army no longer get any healing potions. Their HP bar was at fifty to eight percent. Did they have to go out and fight again today with such a condition? They were dissatisfied with this.

Then there were the weapons. Weapons had durability stats. During a war, weapons continued to suffer impacts. Their durability was bound to drop very fast. They either needed new weapons to replace the ones with low durability or had the camp blacksmiths repair the weapons.

But now, the shipment of new weapons and blacksmith's materials were also not arriving. Did their superiors expect them to fight with their current low durability weapons? If their weapons broke during the battle, what were they supposed to fight with? Fists and claws?

"What the hell happened to the supply shipment...?!!" Makubwa roared and slammed the table in front of him. It broke into two.

The supplies were supposed to arrive two days ago, but even now, they hadn't. They had sent a message to the logistics in Verremor. The reply was that there was no delay. All supplies had been sent as scheduled.

One of his aides inside the room said, "I have sent scouts to go check the nearest supply depot. It was two days normal journey from here, but our scouts have the best steeds and I have instructed them to not rest until they report back. It should shorten their travel time by half. They should be back here soon and let us know."

"If something happened, shouldn't the guards have sent a messenger to inform us?" Makubwa grunted. He sat back in his chair. They were just back from another day of fighting. Everyone was resting now, but the current situation didn't look good.

The fact was the messenger had been successfully intercepted by the squad John sent. This squad returned after completing their mission, rejoining with the rest of Jack's shock army.

The Verremor's first army had been on even ground against the human army despite the opponent's superior number, but since yesterday, the scale had started to tip because of the reduced supplies. If this situation continued, it would go from bad to worse.

The second army fared better because the enemy's number was slightly less. They had been winning but he figured that if they didn't get supplies, they would also be in trouble. He had been hoping that the second army would finish the enemy first and then come to their aid but that seemed to not be a certainty now.

The third army was the most useless. They were supposed to take down the two passes that blocked the region before the human reinforcements arrived in the forts there, but they were late. The army should have been led by the war chief stationed there, but instead, the leadership's position was given to a lord chief who was only good at politics. He should have expected this mess to happen.

"Raargghh...!" Makubwa expressed his frustration by kicking one of the table pieces he had broken. The table piece flew and almost hit the aides. They ducked as the table piece flew past them and smashed into the wall.

"Please don't lose your calm," Samuhn, who was sitting in another chair, said. "Probably it is a trick cooked up by the humans. You know how they liked to scheme. We can just wait for our scouts to return and report to us. In the meantime, our armies will continue to fight bravely."

"That's right, War chief! We will continue to fight even if we use our bare hands!" One of the aides uttered.

Makubwa grunted. Fighting spirits were all well and fine, but he knew it took more to win a war.

At this time, an orc grunt rushed in and reported, "Sir, the scouts that were sent to check the supply depot have returned."

"Send him in immediately!" Makubwa ordered.

The grunt bowed and ran out. Soon, another orc entered.

"Reporting sir, the nearest supply depot has been destroyed. Its content is gone. The legion that guards the shipment had all been slain."

Makubwa stood up abruptly upon hearing the report. His head almost hit the ceiling due to his momentum. His face was scowling and his eyes were full of rage. His hands clenched. The aides were worried this war chief would go into a blind rage. The room was too small for that, they had no place to run. They desperately hoped it didn't come to that.

"So, it is true. It is human's scheming," Samuhn said. The staff beside him glowed a wispy green. A breeze blew past the people inside the room, creating a soothing feeling. Everyone felt their anxious feeling greatly lessened. They felt calm. Then they felt strange, this was an enclosed room, where did this breeze come from?

Makubwa also felt his rage diminish somewhat. "Thank you, shaman king," he said and sat back down. "What do you propose?"

"The logistics said that supplies continued being sent. This means if the enemy wanted to continue to prevent us from getting our supplies, they would need to form a blockage. They couldn't hide. We just need to send an army to deal with them."

"But we can't leave," Makubwa said. "The enemy will take back the border town we have conquered. It will not be an easy task to retake it with that large army guarding it. We also can't spare to divide our troops. We are barely hanging on as it is."

"There is one army that hardly fights at the moment, isn't it?" Samuhn asked.

Chapter 897: Interceptor Army

'That's right!' Makubwa thought. The useless third army.

"Prepare the messaging device!" Makubwa ordered. "We will give the responsibility of reestablishing the supply line to the lord chief who led the third army. This is his time to prove his usefulness in this war."

The aides hurriedly prepared the device for the war chief. A message scroll was transmitted via the black hole created by the device. This scroll soon fell onto the table inside a room in Theseval. A soldier who was stationed there immediately took the scroll and brought it to the lord chief.

*

Abdu was standing atop Theseval's wall as he gazed into the direction of the Slaughterer Plains. All his army did now was simply positioned themselves near the forts of the two passes without doing any meaningful assaults.

This was even more so the past few days. Supplies had stopped coming in so troops had been pulled back to this temporary base to save its consumption.

They fared much better compared to the first and second armies because they didn't have any large-scale conflict. Hence, their supplies were still well-stocked. But the matter of the missing supplies concerned him. Was it the same for the first and second armies? Or they simply didn't get any supplies

because the supplies were distributed to the other two armies? He had no problem with that. He knew the other two armies needed the supplies more than his army.

An orc soldier was running towards him. He frowned. What's the rush?

The orc arrived and handed him a scroll. It bore the mark of the first army. Abdu received the scroll and read it. His furrowed brow turned deeper.

At this time, Abasi came. He had just returned with the army who laid the siege on the fort in Slaughterer Plains. Beside him were his trusted aides, Badu Thicksull and Hubesi Loudroar.

"Father, is something wrong?" Abasi asked after seeing his father's furrow.

"Here," Abdu handed the scroll to his son who received it with his one remaining hand. They would need to return to Verremor before they could request the Church of Creation or the Healer Society for treatment to regrow the missing arm. It won't be cheap, though.

Abasi read its content. It informed them about the destroyed supply depot and the suspicion of a human army sabotaging their supply route. They were ordered to send their army to secure the route and make sure the next supplies reached the fighting armies here in Themisphere.

"These conniving humans!" Abasi uttered with anger. The scroll was crumpled in his hand. "Should have known they will use a cowardly move like this."

"What I'm wondering is where did they get so many soldiers? They should be stretched thin dealing with our three armies," Abdu said. "Unless..."

"What insight do you have, father?" Abasi asked.

"Unless the human troops guarding these two passes are not as many as I first assumed them to be," Abdu continued. "We have been avoiding full assault on those forts as we don't want to suffer heavy casualties."

"Then shouldn't we attack now if so?" Badu asked. He had been so eager for a full assault on Slaughterer Plains fort because he had heard that the outworlder who was responsible for his son's death was there.

Abdu was silent for a while. He then said, "The supply line matter is more urgent. We will do as Makubwa requested. We will send a part of our army to intercept this human force who has sneaked behind us."

"How many should we send?" Abasi asked.

"350,000 natives and 50,000 outworlders," Abdu replied.

"That's almost half our army. Do father think the human force that attacks the supply lines has that many troops?"

"No. But we still need to send out a number that guarantees success in protecting the supplies. Otherwise, we will lose this war. We depend on those supplies to be able to stay here."

Abasi understood his father's reasoning. He didn't argue anymore. "Who will lead this interceptor force then?"

"You," Abdu replied. "And once you deal with these sneaking human troops, you are to return to Verremor and seek treatment for your arm."

"But, father! I need to see this war to its end!"

"Your future is more important! The longer you let that wound stay, the harder it is to heal. Even the Church of Creation or the Healer Society won't be able to heal you then. Do not worry about this war. You make sure those supplies are returned to the front line, and I promise you we will win this war."

"I... Yes, father...", Abasi conceded.

"Badu, Hubesi, you two go with him," Abdu ordered.

"Lord Chief, no!" Badu uttered. "I have to stay here. I need to find that outworlder!"

"This is an order! Unless you want to be court-martialed and expelled from the army, you do what I command!"

Badu's face turned dark, but he didn't dare to rebut the lord chief. He could only silently bow his head with unwillingness and anger.

Ever since Jack's existence was known, Abdu had been trying to keep Badu in Theseval or send him to the troops that fought at Themisphylae pass. But Badu insisted to head to the Slaughter Plains because he wanted revenge on Jack for his son.

It's a good thing that Jack didn't show his face during this time, so Badu was still in control.

Abdu always liked Badu, because he used to be a calm soldier. Abdu had personally picked Badu as his son's right-hand man to keep his son's impulses in check. But ever since Badu lost his son in a skirmish with the human army at the Fulgur region, this calm orc had become a shadow of his old self.

Abdu was concerned with Badu's increasing agitation. Especially when he couldn't get to Jack who was rumored to be inside Slaughterer Plains fort. There had been instances where Badu persuaded Abasi, who led the army there, to make a forceful assault on the fort, despite Abdu's order to stay out of range. Luckily, Abasi kept a cool head.

If this kept going on, Badu might charge with his regiment on his own. Abdu believed a leader needed a cool head because a mistake in decision-making might cost the lives of the soldiers under that leader. Badu was no longer such a leader. Abdu thought this was the perfect chance to get Badu away from where Jack was rumored to be.

"Prepare the army. You will leave at first light tomorrow," Abdu ordered.

"Yes, father," Abasi replied.

A portion of the armies from the two passes was pulled back to Theseval before being reorganized. The reorganizing of the army took the rest of the night. After a few hours of sleep, the four hundred thousand strong troops were ready to depart when the sun was up.

Abasi and the others were at the head of the army. He also brought several high-level officers with him in case the enemy was stronger than expected. Among those officers were Lubanzi and Bishara, who fought with him at the Slaughterer Plains against Jack's army.

Abdu came by to send them off.

"Go. You hold the key to the victory of this invasion," Abdu told his son.

"I will bring victory to our people," Abasi replied.

Abdu nodded. He put his hands on Abasi's shoulder. "You are my pride, son. Know that. Don't ever doubt yourself. You are meant to achieve great height, but you have to take care of yourself for that."

"Thanks, father. I understand," Abasi replied. "I will return and seek healing once we are done routing the sneaking humans."

"Good. Go!" Abdu uttered.

The army started to march toward the Fulgur region. Abdu watched them as they left.

Among the players arranged into this army were three guilds that had guild headquarters. Two among the three were Cipher Flight and Warsong Rising. Despite Cipher Flight's tense relationship with Abasi, the guild volunteered to join this intercepting army. Other than the first battle on the Slaughterer Plains, the rest of the days had been extremely dull. The siege they did are all half-hearted attempts. There was no real effort to occupy the forts. If they continued to stay here, they won't get any contribution points.

"Sorry, master. It seemed that you don't have the chance to fight this player I mentioned," Four Winds said to an elderly female orc beside him. "I am not sure if there will be a battle at all if we stay here. We should follow this interceptor army to collect war contribution points."

"It's my fault to arrive late. If it's not my fate to meet the person who had troubled my best disciples, then so be it," the old orc woman said.

As for Warsong Rising, Abasi was the guild's benefactor, so it was only appropriate for the guild to follow the warlord. Their leader, Phithion, had just ridden through the desert from Verremor to here with other players who had died. He wore the amulet of rebirth when he died but still lost a level. He had just arrived back here a few days ago, only to be told to return to the desert again.

"Boss, you just passed through the Fulgur region, right? Do you not see this human army that we are going to hunt?" One of his guild members, a battle monk named Gerion, asked.

"I am just focused on getting here. I ain't really following the route we took the first time we came here, so I don't see any army," Phithion replied. He then sighed, "Damn it. I have been rushing here to get my revenge on that blasted player who killed me. It is such a pity that I won't get my chance now."

Gerion was baffled by the statement. 'Dude, did you forget he killed you using a heaven-defying explosion that also slayed so many natives? If I am you, I will run the hell away when I see him again.'

Phithion, on the other hand, didn't think that the explosion Jack caused was due to Jack's own power. He believed Jack had used a very rare consumable, which was a one-time use. The next time they met, he trusted that Jack won't be able to do the same again.

Chapter 898: Hidden Treason

Among the eleven guilds in Themisphere who possessed guild headquarters, John had brought six of them in the shock army. Seven, if included his own guild. These guilds were White Scarfs, Black Cloak, Crowd of Sins, Dogs of War, Gluttonous Despot, and Six Rings of Prosperity.

These were the guilds that had fought together during the civil war against Therribus. They were also the guilds that Everlasting Heavenly Legends had allied with and formed some sort of loose coalition with.

As for the other four guilds, who fought opposite them in the civil war. John didn't trust them enough to include them in the shock army. These guilds were Death Associates, Corporate United, Warriors of Solidarity, and Jackal Crews.

They were left behind at the two passes. Even on those two passes, John had organized so all four were separated. Death Associates was placed in the fort at Themisphylae pass. Warriors of Solidarity in the fort at Slaughterer Plains. While Corporate United and Jackal Crews were under Jeanny's watchful eyes on the hills North of Slaughterer Plains.

John didn't think they would do anything to jeopardize the war. After all, what benefit for them to do that? If they did, they would not only not receive any reward, but there would also be penalties. Yet, he still isolated them, just in case.

Additionally, he had a suspicion about one guild. So, he had prepared a trap to see if his suspicion was correct.

*

On a curtain wall atop the fort in Themisphylae pass, Commander Ahab, Captain Salem, Duchess Isabelle, and Fierce Flame were watching the gathered army in the distance. This army had been sending small attacks in the early days, but they mostly kept their distance lately. Their siege weapons still sent regular attacks, but nothing their fortress' defensive diagram couldn't handle.

"They have been awfully peaceful," Captain Salem asked. "Do you think they are up to anything?"

"Even so, it is nothing this fort can't handle," Ahab replied. "I'm more worried about the other pass."

"It is also quiet there," Duchess Isabelle said. "The report says that it is the dragon and phoenix army that have fierce battles."

"Their number has reduced," Fierce Flame said. She was the player John had placed to take charge of the player stationed within this fort. Her archer's keen sight allowed her to see far. She also had another skill called Eagle Eye, which further enhanced her vision. Similar to Jack's Dragon Eye, only slightly inferior.

"Are they repositioning their soldiers elsewhere? We might need to warn the other pass about this," Salem said.

"I will send the message," Ahab said and then instructed his aide to bring him a pen and paper.

"Is their mythical-grade war chief still with that army?" Duchess Isabelle asked Fierce Flame.

"Yes," Fierce Flame confirmed.

Isabelle nodded. As long as that war chief was still around, she couldn't leave this place.

*

White Death and Yellow Death were also on that curtain wall, standing some distance away from the leaders of the army in charge of this fort.

Yellow Death looked at Fierce Flame, who was one of those leaders, in jealousy. How come the member of that upstart guild got such a high station in this army? No one even knew her name before the world turned. Why did a famous player such as him have to bow to the command of a nobody player?

He turned to White Death, who was gazing at the distant army with a calm expression, and whispered, "Are we going to do it?"

White Death didn't answer. He instead made a gesture with his head and walked towards the stairs. Yellow Death followed.

They walked down the stairs into the fort and continued until they reached an empty hallway. Only then did White Death say, "have our people confirmed the content of the lower warehouse?"

"Yes. That is where they stored the explosive ammo for the trebuchets as well as the war fires brought here by Fierce Flame," Yellow Death answered.

"Heh, putting those two war tools together is just asking for disaster to happen. But their carelessness is our opportunity. We will carry out the plan tonight."

"But...", Yellow Death wanted to say something but hesitated.

"Something you want to say?" White Death asked.

"Won't our guild get into trouble for this? We have signed up to help this country win the war. Doing this is a clear act of treason. Won't our guild get into trouble?"

"We won't be staying in this country for long. We have found a suitable place in Aurebor Dynasty to relocate our headquarters. There is no need to worry about this matter."

"But... A lot of our members will be upset about this. They have spent quite an amount of time climbing the ranks of the kingdom faction here. Some even have bought lands in this country's towns or cities, and a few have business dealings with these country's citizens. They will lose all that if we become the enemy of this country. Many members might decide to leave the guild after this."

"We can't let those small fries dictate the direction of our guild. We can even use this chance to separate the ones who are truly loyal to the guild. When World Maker and the Liguritum conquered this world, we will get even more than what we have now. Then they will understand our actions. If we weaken the defense here and let the orcs invade deeper into Themisphere. It will prolong the conflict and weaken both nations. I have talked to one of the high-ups in World Maker and they are very

supportive of this plan. They will also send experts to help us secure our new headquarters in the Aurebor Dynasty."

"Are you sure they can deliver on what they say...?" Yellow Death asked with hesitation. "Do you truly think they can conquer this world?"

"You might not know this, but they are very close to conquering the Liguritutum already. I have got the news that they had secured an alliance with the Aurebor Dynasty and currently the two armies are working together. Now they are sieging the Liguritutum's capital. It might even have fallen by now. We just need to do our parts to make sure that we are considered their allies."

Yellow Death nodded. He understood that the bigger the risk was, the bigger the reward. He again hoped that they were making the correct gamble.

*

That night, when most inside the fort were resting except the ones on the wall who watched over the enemy army, three shadows were skulking through the corridors.

These shadows came to the lowest part of the fortress. They hid behind a corner and one of them who was the leader peeked out. One soldier was guarding a door. The leader used his Inspect and saw that the guard was an elite-grade level 60 soldier, which was the same as usual when they investigated this place.

The leader, who was Yellow Death nodded to the other two, an Elementalist and an Assassin. They were going with the plan.

Yellow Death waited until the guard looked the other way before he made his move. He came out of hiding, then fired a bullet. The bullet hit the guard and dealt ambush bonus damage. Additionally, energy chains burst out of the point of impact. These chains locked the guard in place.

It was Lock Shot, the same non-standard skill that Fierce Flame possessed.

At the same time, the Elementalist used a magic scroll that contained a Silence spell on the guard. The spell not only caused the target to be unable to use skills or spells for a duration but also literally silenced the target. Hence, the soldier couldn't call for help.

While the guard was incapacitated and silenced, the Elementalist and Yellow Death spam their ranged attacks. The assassin rushed forward and dealt melee damage.

With the three working together, it didn't take long for the level 60 elite to fall.

They came to the door and found that it was locked. The guard dropped several mundane items but no key. They were prepared for this. Yellow Death took out lockpicks and started picking the lock. The assassin picked up the guard's body and hid it in a secluded room away from there. The Elementalist watched over the corridors while Yellow Death worked the lock.

Yellow Death had prepared a substantial amount of lockpicks, so it was not a problem. But he still hoped it didn't take too long a time to lockpick this door. There was no guarantee that no one came this way even in the middle of the night. They have stationed several more members further away to stall in case anyone was heading here, but it would be better if they completed their task before that happened.

After more than fifteen minutes of lockpicking, Yellow Death finally heard the successful click. He opened the door and the three entered.

Inside, they saw the row of war fires and further back, the wooden crate that contained the special explosive ammo for the trebuchets.

Chapter 899: Capturing the Traitors

The warehouse that housed the war fires and the explosive ammo was located at the ground level of the fortress and its back wall was the outer wall facing the Verremor army. The number of explosive ammo stored inside was substantial. If all these ammo exploded at the same time, the resulting explosion would destroy the wall.

Since the explosion happened from the inside, the defensive diagram won't protect the wall. Once that happened, there would be a huge hole in the wall. One that the Verremor army could enter the fort from.

The number of defending soldiers inside the fort was not high. If the Verremor army could enter the fortress, then it would be easy for them to take down this fort.

And this was what White Death had planned for. Yellow Death and his two followers were currently standing before the war fires.

The explosive ammo was triggered by flame. It had a long wick that was usually burnt before it was thrown using the trebuchet. The ammo itself produced an explosion that dealt earth damage. Hence if someone caused one of them to explode here, it won't produce a chain explosion. It would simply knock the other ammo away.

But when Fierce Flame brought war fires into the fort and put them together with the explosive ammo, this created a golden opportunity for White Death. The war fires produced fire damage and should cause all the explosive ammo to burn at the same time. The resulting chain explosion should produce enough force to blow the wall apart. White Death couldn't resist this plan.

Hence, after making sure that the war fires were indeed inside the warehouse and studying the movement of the patrolling soldiers inside the fortress, White Death carried out his plan. This time was when this section of the fort was mostly deserted. There shouldn't be any patrol until the next few hours.

After making sure the war fires were there. The three retreated to the entrance. "Do it," Yellow Death instructed.

The Elementalist immediately cast his Fireball spell. The fireball slammed into the war fires. The war fires exploded, burning the other war fires and filling the warehouse with a raging fire. The three had taken cover beside the door. They saw the violent flame burst out from the door.

They moved further away to avoid being hit by the imminent detonation of the explosive ammo. They then waited for it to happen. It took time for the flame to eat the wooden crate that housed the explosive ammo, but they were sure that it would burn. As had been shown during the civil war, trees in this world could get burned after long exposure to flame, so wooden products were the same as well.

Yet, the explosion didn't happen.

Yellow Death looked at the time, it was more than two minutes now. The war fire's flame would die soon. Something was not right!

He ran back to the warehouse's entrance. His two companions ran with him. They arrived and saw the flame was still burning, but it was getting weaker. Yellow Death's zoom vision allowed him to see the wooden crates on the far wall. The crates had broken. But inside was not the explosive ammo. They were just round balls that looked like one if one didn't look closely. The ammo had always been brought out to use with the trebuchets in those wooden crates, so he had never thought about further checking the inside.

At that time, he received a message from the member who had been stationed to stall anyone who came.

"Yellow! Troops are coming, they – Arrgh! I am being bound...!"

A similar message came from the member that was stationed at the other end.

"It's a trap!" Yellow Death said while gritting his teeth.

"What? How do they find out...? What should we do?" His two companions asked worriedly.

"Use the guild return scroll!" Yellow Death said and took out his. However, a notification told them that they were in combat. So, they couldn't use the scrolls.

"Damn it!" Yellow Death cursed. They were in a party with the members who were stationed to stall. Since those members were assaulted, they were also considered in combat. Yellow never thought that these members would just be attacked without any question. This also meant that they had been officially removed as the ally of the army.

"What should we do?" The two companions asked again. The two were close to panic now.

Instead of answering, Yellow Death sent a message to White Death. Not long after, he vanished. His two companions were taken aback by his sudden disappearance. They looked at one another with pale faces. They had been abandoned.

*

Outside, White Death was staring at the Themisphylae fortress some distance away. Floating beside him was a shining plate. Jack would recognize that plate as a Recall Plate. The shining plate flashed and Yellow Death appeared there.

"It is a trap...," Yellow Death said dejectedly.

"To be able to predict our intention, I wondered who it is," White Death asked.

"It has to be someone from Everlasting Heavenly Legends. It was them who brought the war fires here," Yellow conjectured.

"Never mind. Let's go," White Death said. "We only have time until this war is over. Afterward, I'm sure they will come for us. We need to expedite our headquarters' transfer as soon as possible."

The two used their guild return scrolls and vanished.

*

Inside the fortress. The two who were left behind by Yellow Death could only helplessly watch the soldiers come. There was no point to resist. Even if they wore the amulet of rebirth, they will still revive inside Thereath. They would still be apprehended there. So, they just gave in to their fates. They didn't do anything to fight the coming soldiers.

When the soldiers bound the two Death Associates members using binding ropes, a figure appeared by the wall. An orc player. The two from Death Associates were taken by surprise, but the soldiers just continued as if they didn't see the orc.

The orc was Life Runner. Despite being an orc, he was registered to be on their side in this war, so the human soldiers didn't bother him. Fierce Flame, who had come with the soldiers, approached him.

"You get them on record?" Fierce Flame asked.

"Yeah, here," Life Runner replied and gave Flame a recording stone. The stone contained what had happened since Yellow Death started attacking the guard. Life Runner felt bad about the guard being sacrificed, but he couldn't do anything about it. He was just following the plan.

At first, Life Runner didn't want to come here as he didn't want to be considered an enemy by Verremor. He still wanted to be able to freely move around in that country. John persuaded him to come saying that he was not required to join any fight. As long as he didn't attack any of Verremor's soldiers, he won't be considered as opposing the Verremor nation. John required him inside the fort for another task.

The task was to be on standby every day near this warehouse and then record what transpired if any of Death Associates members came. With his Hide skill, he was able to stay invisible as long as he kept a distance of three meters from anyone. Since the corridor was mostly deserted, he had no problem doing that. He just needed to make sure to keep his distance from Yellow Death's group.

John had had his suspicion on Death Associates for a while. That's why he prepared this trap. The war fires were real. The explosive ammo, however, had been secretly secured elsewhere.

John was already suspicious of the guild ever since he heard them change allegiance from supporting the second prince to the crown prince. There should be something that triggered such a decision. No matter how he thought about it, there was no benefit to this guild supporting the crown prince in the long run. From what he had heard about White Death, that person was one who made plans for the far future instead of just chasing short-term benefits.

Hence, John concluded that the purpose of the change in allegiance was not for the benefit of the guild, but simply to create chaos in this country for some unknown reason. He couldn't be sure though. That's why he prepared this trap. If his suspicion was indeed true, White Death would look for a way to disrupt their success chance in this war.

This was also the reason why he had placed White Death in this fort while his other ally guilds were stationed at Slaughterer Plains.

Fierce Flame played the image from the recording stone with commander Ahab watching from the side.

"I will send a messenger back to the capital with this proof. We will place a bounty for these traitors," Ahab announced.

At the same time, Fierce Flame also sent a message to John informing him about the incident.

Captain Salem came running to them while Ahab was giving instructions to a soldier who will be the messenger.

"Did something happen?" Ahab asked.

"Yes," Salem said. "The Verremor troops. A majority of them has pulled back."

Chapter 900: Abdu's Decision

Ahab, Salem, and Fierce Flame were watching the distant army who had reduced in number again. The orcs had pulled a portion of their force several days ago. Now, even more troops were leaving. At this rate, the ones who remained won't be a threat even if they vacated this fort. The fort's original soldiers were enough to keep the enemy from occupying this fort.

"The mythical-grade war chief is still there," Fierce Flame informed after using her eagle eye.

"It seems the remaining enemies over there are simply to keep me occupied," Duchess Isabelle said.

"Still, what are they up to? Where do they send those forces they pull back?" Captain Salem asked.

"Probably going after that shock army that is blocking their supply line," Ahab said. "The news from the dragon and phoenix army indicates that the battle is going in their favor now. If General Storm Wind can keep holding their supplies, those orcs will have no choice but to retreat."

"If all those soldiers who were pulled back going after the shock army, they will have very little chance in holding their position," Isabelle said.

"Damn it! If only we can give aid," Salem lamented.

They were silent. They had basically been idle here. The enemies didn't give them any meaningful fight. They had been itching to do something.

"Prepare the troops," Ahab said.

"Hm? Are we heading out?" Salem asked.

"If they left Theseval to go after the shock army, we will use this chance to take it back. Even if they get their supply line back, they will lose one of their footholds in this kingdom," Ahab said. "Duchess, you stay here and keep an eye on that war chief. Give him trouble if he tries to leave. I will leave a legion here to support you in case you need to head out."

"All right," Duchess Isabelle said.

*

In Theseval, the army that was pulled back gathered outside the fortress town. Abdu was inspecting the gathered soldiers.

"Lord Chief, are we truly abandoning this border town?" Sogora, the rare elite mage who had fought Nilrem in Slaughterer Plains, asked.

"We have no choice. At this moment, the key to our victory lies on the first or second army," Abdu replied. "If they lose, we will be sitting duck when Themisphere's two armies came and surround us. We have to help one of them defeat the enemy."

"So, are we going to where the first army is?" Sogora asked. The second army was too far away.

"Yes. Once we work together with the first army and defeat the enemy. We will go and aid the second army. With no large army to stop us, we will rush deeper into the enemy's territory, spread out into several corps, and raze Themisphere's cities for supplies. It won't be pretty. We will have many casualties. But by spreading our numbers, the supplies needed for each corps will be lesser. We will gather supplies from plunder until we have enough to regroup before mounting an assault on Thereath, this kingdom's capital."

Sogora pondered about Abdu's proposal. The lord chief was right. It had been five days since Abasi left to reclaim the supply route. No news yet since then. They didn't know if he had succeeded or not. The first and second armies couldn't wait forever. Their condition without supplies was getting worse with each passing day. They couldn't afford to keep on waiting.

"Let's march then, we should be able to arrive at where the first army was in three days if we leave the siege weapons and march at full speed," Sogora said.

"Four days," Abdu corrected. "We won't be taking the direct route."

Sogora looked at the lord chief with a questioning expression.

"If we head there normally, we will come upon by the first army's side," Abdu explained. "That won't give the first army much advantage. It will just increase the number of soldiers. We need an advantage that gives a decisive win."

"How are we going to achieve that?"

"By striking the enemy's rear," Abdu said and unfurled a map of the region. "If we go around this mountain range, we can come up upon the enemy's rear. We can then coordinate with the first army to strike the enemy from two fronts. That will be how we score our decisive win."

"But we have to go through the Slaughterer Plains to circle the mountain range."

"We will pass through, not go through. There are plenty of spaces on both sides of the fortress. They will throw ranged attacks at us, but if we move fast, there won't be many casualties."

Sogora looked at the map again. The plan was sound, but he had a slightly uneasy feeling about it. He couldn't explain it though, so he just agreed to it. Not that it mattered if he disagreed, the lord chief had the final say in the movement of the army.

Abdu gave another look to the army before him. Everyone was ready. Abdu gave his command, "FORWARD...!!"

The 500,000 troops which comprised 400,000 natives and 100,000 players started to move towards the Slaughterer Plains.

*

Commander Armstrong looked at the mass that had appeared at the mouth of the pass. From the look of it, it was no longer a staring contest now. They wouldn't have mobilized so many troops if so.

Jeanny also watched the Verremor army from the northern hill.

"It seems they are serious about attacking this time," Selena said. Wicked Witches had joined the war but since they didn't have guild headquarters in this country, John placed them to accompany Jeanny. It was the same case as Saint Edge.

"I hope they do. It is a waste of time if there is no fight, we can't get the war contribution points," William of Wellington from Saint Edge said.

"Okay, everyone, get ready!" Jeanny gave her command. "You two, stay!"

Everyone went away to arrange their units except for the two Jeanny had called, Manager Steelhand and Regim. They were the representatives of Corporate United and Jackal Crews, Death Associates' allies during the civil war.

"I guess you should have heard about Death Associates?" Jeanny asked.

The two nodded.

"Are either of you going to pull the same stunt?" Jeanny asked again.

The two looked at one another. Manager Steelhand then said, "Of course not. We are not traitors."

"I am not aware that Death Associates is doing what they did," Regim replied. "No one gives us any assignment to sabotage this war."

"Even if someone did, we won't! What good will that do us? We will lose the chance to get contribution points and become the enemy of this country," Manager Steelhand said with a laugh. "You can trust us. We haven't spoken with White Death since the civil war ended."

Jeanny looked at the two, trying to decide if they were telling the truth.

Regim stayed silent, while Steelhand spoke again, "There is truly no need to worry about us, sister Jeanny. We are here to get war contribution points. We will do our best!"

"In that case, you won't mind me putting your guilds as the tip of the spear, will you? As a show of conviction," Jeanny said.

"That's...," Steelhand was hesitant.

"All right," Regim replied.

"O... Okay," Steelhand said. Since his seemingly only ally had agreed, it would look bad if he didn't.

"Good," Jeanny said. Before she dismissed them, she asked, "Regim, isn't your leader here as well?"

"Yes, Captain Mils is here," Regim replied.

"Why are you here instead of him?"

"He dislikes authority. He said if you need him to fight somewhere, just tell him where."

Jeanny nodded. "Is he a good fighter?"

Regim was quiet for a while before answering, "There was one time when he was given an assignment with his squad to infiltrate a rebel force and take out the leader. It turned out to be a trap. All his squad members were killed, leaving only him surrounded by thirty rebel soldiers equipped with machine guns. What he has on him at the time were only a pistol and a knife. All of the rebel soldiers were killed. He then proceeded alone and completed the assignment. The surviving rebel soldiers called what happened then, a genocide."

"That's a little hard to believe...", Jeanny said. This might be doable in this game world, but in their past real world? A bit too far-fetched.

"Believe what you will," Regim said. "Still, to us soldiers, that was not his most impressive achievement."

"What was, then?" Jeanny asked.

"He was the only person to have ever been stalked by the battlefield legend, Serpent Boss, and in direct combat with the mysterious phantom gunslinger of the battlefield, and survived both incidents."

Jeanny knew about both. He had only heard about Serpent Boss' prowess but he had seen Ronald's, the phantom gunslinger, abilities first-hand during the world tournament. If this Mils person was at the same level as them, he would be a great asset in the coming battle.

She dismissed the two and asked them to prepare. She looked again at the mass of enemy troops that were preparing in the distance. The enemy's numbers appeared to be one and a half theirs, but the problem lay more in the fact that most of the enemy's army was comprised of natives compared to them which almost two-quarters were players.

However, this was perfectly fine as long as they played defense. If the enemy instead was trying to charge through. Well, they would be in for a surprise.