

Dungeon S 1511

Chapter 1511 Handling The Loot

It was an understatement to say that Old Fammet and Nie, who were sitting near the front of the Variant dungeon and resolute to wait for the team to return, had spit their coffee out when they heard the teleporting sound.

As the only magical portion of this entire Virtual World, the Variant Dungeon's teleport magic shone brilliantly to denote a full clear of the first floor. Old Fammet was also stupified to see the Grey Bear Squad all intact with not just a few pieces of the monsters in their possession but everyone brought back every piece of them.

"We do not really know what you needed, so we brought everything here," Jin said which made Old Fammet and Nie look at each other for a while before, the both of them unwittingly tapped each other's hands with much anxiety. Without a doubt, the two Mecha Smiths had a lot of things going through their minds.

From simple things like 'URGH HOW AM I GOING TO CLEAN THE ENTIRE WORKSHOP FROM ALL THESE BLOOD' to more complicated things such as "WE NEED TO PRESERVE THE MONSTER PARTS! THEY COULD SELL HIGH!"

But their mouths were not working as they stood up slowly with all those thoughts running through their heads before their eyes finally gave each other a unified stare. "We need to turn on those Mechanoids."

Without any moment to waste, Nie nodded his head and he started to run out of the room first as Old Fammet told them to bring them to his warehouse while walking in a straight line. (He obviously did not want too much mess on his already messy workshop.)

"Since you are going to be lord, we are going to harvest the parts of these monsters. Their meat can sell for a decent price in the market while the bones and miscellaneous parts can be recrafted into customised Mechanoids." Old Fammet was talking to Jin who was leading the group carrying the Three Blades Praying Mantis along with Lynn.

"I have more than enough good Mechanoids with me. Anymore, it would not be a squad no longer." Jin said but he stopped himself for a moment. "...Unless you are thinking of using it for defences."

"Yes. Do you think I would be like those idiots in the private corpos using those 3D printers or nanomachines to build the Mechanoids?" Old Fammet exclaimed.

"You did build me that still uses nanomachines" Page shouted from behind.

"You are medic, dumbass. Of course, you need to use nanomachines. Besides, those nanomachines that I inserted into you are customised too!" Old Fammet shouted back Page shoot a tongue out at him.

And just as the group reached the Warehouse, Nie was already panting with a squad of activated Mechanoids right behind him.

"You can decode and override the security encryption?" Click asked with amazement when she saw the Mechanoids were obeying his orders.

"If he can't do such a simple thing, he should just quit being my apprentice." Old Fammet grunted.

"You let him scold you this much?" Lynn queried.

"Hey, at least this insult is better than when I was really an apprentice with him. Being able to tolerate his insults and jabs was a prerequisite." Nie said as he told the Mechanoids to assist the Grey Bear Squad to carry the goods more delicately.

"I do not need talented whiners." Old Fammet said as he told Nie to grab the metal parts of the monsters first since he is going to warm up the forge which he cooled initially.

eaeglesnovel`c,om "Can I ask for your help, Grey Bear Squad? While I may have these Mechanoids with me, I would still need assistance from stronger Mechanoids to break apart those items."

"But ...they are Diamondz Ranger type Mechanoids. They are supposed sturdier than me." Diaz remarked.

"Last I remember, those Rangers could not even clear the Variant Dungeons." Nie retorted.

"That was many years ago, these Rangers should have higher tech specifications." Diaz said but Page shook her head.

"They are indeed the old models. I am guessing that is why you are able to override these models and not the entire platoon, right?" Page queried and Nie nodded his head with a bit of 'Oops, I guess you caught me.'

"You should say it's already a miracle he is able to remember how to override them." Tellie said, "Considering how humans have the tendency to lose their craft and edge if they did not practice them."

"Erm... Thanks? But shall we get to it?" Nie asked and everyone chipped in to dissect the monsters they got. When one thought of the boss to be the Praying Mantis, they would believe its minions would also be insectoid like.

However, it was not the case and they were more like mutated dogs who have overly built muscles and a jaw as scary as the Mantis' Mandible. But even though they looked like dogs, Nie stated that their meat was a delicacy to people and they were sold for a high price.

As the Mecha Smith Apprentice taught them where to slice and break the minions, Jin asked a casual question where Nie learnt all of this. His only reply was that one had to be multi talented to be part of Old Fammet's team. Even though they were titled with Mecha Smiths, Old Fammet did not exactly recruit existing Mecha Smiths.

He said that most of such Smiths already had a biased toward their craft and it was rather more convenient to recruit people from other professions since he did say that his craft could be learnt with time and hard work.

"The only thing he did not say was how much time and hard work we had to put in. He had to make 24 hours feel like 48 hours or sometimes a week, considering the amount of training we had to go through. And since we had to do customised stuff, harvesting parts from monsters is also part of our skillsets"

"I feel you... I really do feel you." Jin said as he reminisced the days when his time had been dilated and his sleep time was compressed so he was able to do more in one day.

Unlike the days he had in the Tree Mall, this life was comparatively like a vacation.

Chapter 1512 Behind The Scenes For The Tree Mall

And speaking of Tree Mall, the Tactical System was already uploading all the data it had received from fighting against the Bladed Tail Mantis. There was nothing much for in terms of environmental data and the mutated minions were not exactly strong to create a brand new instance for the customers to try. Thus, the System used it as an update to the latest instance, The House.

A fourth pattern was added to the existing three patterns of 'The House' instance so that the Cultivators now have the possibility of finding a secret door where it leads to the Bladed Tail Mantis. There was not much development from the Dungeons and Pandas since Qiu Yue had taken 'The House' instance as a sign that Jin was going to pump out more instances despite being trapped in another world.

However, when it came to the Tree Mall itself, there were multiple improvements to it as Qiu Yue was part of the nation's redevelopment ministry. Even though she did not object to nor obstruct Jin's way of collecting tenants to fill up the Tree Mall, it was ineffective. Luring them because the rent was cheaper and they could be working in a dynamic environment was not enough incentive in her opinion. (Although there were still quite a number of companies attempting to bid for space.)

Instead, she had decided to use her existing knowledge of instance building skills to create places where it was conducive for the existing companies to interact, cooperate and socialise. Not only that, she has taken the opportunity to get representatives from various companies together to brainstorm and create an effective communication and logistic system among themselves. This way, the small and medium enterprises (SMEs) were able to tap some limited expertise from the multinational companies (MNC) which could not be possible in the outside world of cutthroat businesses.

In return, the SMEs were needed to aid with the MNCs' workload which was not an issue, and probably a boon because they get to learn from the MNCs and achieve business contacts from them as well. On the other hand, Qiu Yue started on charity as well since ...let's just say that Taxes were a pain in the ass and the ability to do charity would no doubt benefit the Tree Mall as a whole, but the various business companies who needed some tax levies.

Thus, she first started by devoting an entire instance to helping the homeless. It was an easy feat since through contact with Police Cultivators, Qiu Yue had managed to get the whereabouts of those homeless people and their details so that her people (Pandafull Employees) located them and bring them into the Tree Mall. The instance was similar to a boot camp barracks except that it was designed with cubicles where everyone had a private space to their own.

While she did not collect any rent from them, various business companies 'sponsored' their stay and in return, they had to find work either through the Tree Mall Workmanship Programmes or outside of Tree Mall. And once they had obtained a job and accumulated sufficient wealth, they would be asked to leave to search for an apartment. While Jin did state that he wished to use Pandapolis as the city for cultivators to buy houses, the plan was eventually scrapped for his minions to live. It is even more

pertinent now that their current World of Sanctum instances is full and Jin was not around to build any more instances.

It is true that the System is capable of creating additional instances but decided to not touch it since Jin initially wanted to combine all they had into the 'Virtual World' they were aiming for. Thus, allowing the newer minions of the System to have a place in the Pandapolis was vital for their survival. Besides, those Demon Rats were growing fast and even the high rise apartments that Pandapolis offered might not be sufficient.

And with regards to the Demon Rats, there was much to do. Even though the System had stated that all the Demon Rats were gone when the festival reached the end, there were still squads of Demon Rats trying their best to fight the overwhelming numbers. Jin's Army of monsters was already doing what they can to remove them so that they could start rebuilding the place. And since they knew that Jin wanted this place badly, the Commanders Gold and Weslie made sure that there were no more Demon Rats left behind.

They even got Peppers to continuously scan the area to make sure that there were no more Demon Rats alive. After all, one would never know how even just one Demon Rat soldier might have the ability to affect the current ecosystem. Or whether a 'miracle' would happen and enabled the Demon Rats to breed again, hence eradication was important to make sure that such an event would never appear.

But because the bulk of the Demon Rats had been killed, the Spirit of the Land was able to slowly regain its strength and even offered help to search for any stragglers. To Peppers' surprise, there were a few that could not be detected by her legendary grade magical scan. Something which Gold felt through hunches that the Demon Rats were not thoroughly annihilated but nothing to substantiate. Only through the tweaking of her spell that they finally found even more stragglers and they could finally say that the Northern Region of the Farming World had finally been cleaned out.

This also meant that Qiu Yue could earnestly push forward the plan that Jin had been wanting for the Farming World for a very long time.

To start producing their own materials and build the largest personal production supply centre so that they can sustain the future wars they might be waging on various fronts as well as provide the materials for Jin's Tree Mall. (And also house some cultivators as promised to give them some farming content, although Qiu Yue felt it was more feasible to create instances for them instead to do that.)

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Chapter 1513 To Fill The Stomach

Back in the Synthesis World, Nie had the fortune of good, well minded friends informing him that the attack towards Mount Sunn was more or less confirmed. There were more commanders on site and the private corpos particularly Diamondz had even decided to enlist the help from the Mission Command Centre by posting assistance to take over Mount Sunn's Workshop.

While there were some minorities who disagreed with such furious acquisitions of assets from a former famous Master Mecha Smith, the majority followed the crowd and accepted the request since the money awarded for assisting with the battle was said to be tremendously rewarding.

It was considered a raid request where the people who contributed the most to the fight would be awarded the most amount of money. Not to mention, those commanders were given incentives and perks to purchasing upgrades from the private corpos stores.

Even though the entire shopping street worth of War Maidens had already been taken up by Diamondz, there were still upgrade packages, accessories and weapons to be bought, and those commanders who were going to assist with the raid had a 250 points voucher that could be spent prior to the raid, giving the commanders the extra sassy entitlement to aid with the fight.

With such information at hand, only Nie panicked, asking if it is wise to really stay in this particular workshop. Of course, there was no doubt that the area was rather fortified. With a few automatic artilleries as well as anti air guns for far range targets and automated machine guns along with a few physical traps like the spikes on the high walls for close range encounters, it was not a workshop to be handled lightly by any.

However, with the advent of dozens of commanders coming to assist alongside the Private Corps, it does seem like the walls of this workshop would not be sufficient to stop the incoming invasion.

Yet, to Jin who was already a master expert when it comes to defending battles of attrition, had believed that they could deal with it. "I can fire up those Mechanoids but even them alone would not be sufficient to fight against such a large number. They are using a high number of low value units to destroy your few but high valued units." Old Fammet said that even if he were to reactivate the Mechanoid and reequip with the materials that Jin had acquired from the Variant Dungeon, it would still not be sufficient to fight against such a horde. And this was coming from such informal sources and rumours. Who knows whether Diamondz would enlist help from the other private corpos and bring Old Fammet down for good in one setting.

"The only good thing that comes from this is that if they are still fighting you when you are being instated as lord, they can expect a huge lawsuit case coming for them from me." Page smiled as she seemed to figure out the loopholes in the current ruling system.

"Then I guess we will just need to hold till then, right?" Jin said and Page nodded her head firmly.

"Captain, you made it sound so easy..." Diaz sighed as she knew that he was going to come out with some crazy plan.

"Don't worry, he will make it easy to understand." Lynn smiled as she was looking at all the weird meat and her systems had been beeping at her consistently. Even though she was transferred into this particular world, like Jin, her connection to the Sub System was not severed and it was interpreting to her all those items that they had collected.

There was an assortment of vegetables, herbs and meat that she could make use of if she have access to a few extra spices and some basic cooking ingredients. However, this was a workshop and she already knew Old Fammet's status. Thus, when she casually changed the topic and asked Old Fammet whether he had anything she could cook with, she was prepared to be disappointed.

"Ehh we have a few cooking stuff on the SUV, Jin insisted that we bring them even though we said we can put more weapons to help with the fight." Click said and Lynn gave a quick glare at Jin. Not the death glare kind but the happy one.

"I am not the greatest cook but I know my basics," Jin said with a smile. "So, I should have all the stuff that you need. As for your instruments, you need to look at Old Fammet."

"I did make the basic stuff...although I find it weird that you outsiders used such a deep round oval shaped cooking pan." Old Fammet did make a basic set of kitchen 'instruments' for Lynn as requested by Jin but he did not know the use of them.

"You knew that I would want to cook a meal, don't you?" Lynn questioned with a sly smile on her face.

"It's been some time since I had your food. It's excruciating to go through the days eating stale bread and military rations." Jin's stomach answered on behalf of his master.

"Then, give me a moment to get it up while you talk with your team about how to deal with this mess," Lynn said as she requested Old Fammet to show her the way to the kitchen.

In the meantime, while Jin waited for his long overdue meal, the Blacksmith had been scolded by Lynn for having such a terribly maintained kitchen. She beckoned Diaz to assist her as the rest talked about the strategy they were going to have.

One thing was for sure, the Mechanoids that they had acquired would be used solely for the defence of the workshop. Jin told them that even though he can control them, it was better for them to operate the artilleries and other defensive systems. The extra hands would also be good to make sure any who managed to sneak in would be dealt with as well.

"What? So we are going to fight entire armies with just a squad of Mechanoids?" Click could not believe it. "Please tell me it isn't true. The last time we did that, I had a heart attack. Not that I actually have a real heart per se but you know where I -no, where we are coming from right?" She looked at her teammates, hoping for a united response from the group but everyone had mixed feelings about it.

"Was it so hard? You War Maidens were previously run of the mill Mechanoids not too long ago and you were able to defeat numbers more than your fingers combined can count. We just have to prepare for it, right Click?"

Click said "Oh no." Tellie chuckled as they could see that Click was going to be the main star of this fight. Even the main star could sense the amount of work she got to do just by the look of her team members.

"Yes Click. The entire forest is at our disposal. Besides, we need to clear the space for the new village that I am governing, right?" Jin smiled devilishly that the Fox himself would approve of it too.

Chapter 1514 Mount Sunn Defence -Part 1

Even though the War Maidens did not need to eat food, the aroma leaking from the kitchen was fantastic, making them hungry for it. They tried to resist it but turning off their olfactory sensors could not make them forget the smell, which caused their taste sensors to prepare the necessary nanomachines so that they can break the food down for additional energy.

However, when the dishes came and laid bare on their makeshift table, everyone was brimming with excitement. Even the presentation alone from the weird mish mash of materials they acquired was

enough to amaze them. Obviously, they never saw any of those food items before but Lynn had presented them to be the same as what Jin was used to.

Fried Chicken Rice, Steamed Vegetables mixed with spices and even a bowl of soup.

"Don't you need time to make all these?" Jin asked as he thought that the time she took was not exactly very long until he saw his watch. The meeting between his squad members and Nie was intense that they did not realise how much time they had taken. It was enough to make him squeak out a quiet apology to the Chef as they started to dig in.

Without a doubt, everyone was surprised by the taste of the food even though they knew it would be fantastic both from the presentation and the smell. They had their expectations, but it exceeded more than that. But what was more unbelievable was that the food was easy for the nanomachines to break down and had high efficiency conversion rates to charge their backup batteries.

They enjoyed the food so much that no one was speaking even Old Fammet, who Nie said was a picky eater, was quietly taking more portions for himself. After their dinner, they started to prepare for the upcoming siege with whatever they had planned previously. The War Maidens were initially worried that their commander was overworking until they saw that he was still jumping around to perform what was needed of him from the plans they made.

As for the Mecha Smiths, it seemed the food they partook in was more than nourishing. It energised them more than any heaps of coffee could ever give and they started smithing items for the defences of the Workshop. Every one of them did their part to fortify the workshops to the best of their abilities.

These went on for days until the proximity sensors started to pick up activity from the roads and it seems that Nie's warnings were spot on. Because of their numbers, they were going in rashly without any scouts which made the Grey Bear Squad's bet pay off. This was because they had prepared an impromptu minefield using C4s and a few dozen claymores that were lying around in the Smith's warehouse. They were painstakingly placed by Click and a few of the mass produced Mechanoids as the very same group was currently staying at the frontlines to kill any scouts in case the private corpos sent them.

However, it seemed like there was no need for that now since the private corpos were confident enough that their superiority in numbers would be more than sufficient to forcefully take over the workshop thus the squad went straight to phase 2.

"Artillery team, take aim," Jin said as he connected the Tactical System to the defence team, allowing the Tactical System to provide exact coordinates for the bombardment. This was made possible by Jin's Maqi being stored in a power energy rod and placed all around the forest. Its energy was released so that it could work something akin to a temporary proximity sensor for the Tactical System while bypassing the enemies' sensors.

"Fire!" Jin shouted and the Mechanoids simultaneously released the volley of bombardment like clockwork. When the Private Corpos Commanders heard the first loud boom, it did not register to them that they were artilleries and it shocked them that when they got hit where the concentrations of soldiers were the highest.

"Spread out! Spread out!" The commanders shouted but it was too late as many were shellshocked from the initial volley and this allowed the Mount Sunn's artillery team to fire the next volley with good toll of casualties. Also, Jin's proximity sensors manage to give the Tactical System an approximate movement of the army, enabling the Mechanoids manning the guns to adjust them accordingly and shoot with efficiency and precision.

"We were not told that the Workshop has long range artilleries! That is not what the recon had told us about!" Jin intercepted Private Corps open communications channel with the help of the frequencies installed in the stolen Mechanoids. He chuckled knowing that it would be impossible for them to know since this was the power of the Tactical System, extending their barrels and installing impromptu boosters to ensure that those shells could travel further.

Of course, there was a price to pay knowing that after the use of those boosted artilleries, there was no way the workshop could ever salvage them again. They would be even more useless than scrap metal but for a one off long duration of battle, it was a good trade off for such guns. Even Old Fammet was impressed by how the Tactical System could influence at such a large scale, not knowing that it was capable to do even more. (In fact, he was doubtful, to begin with, and did not believe until he saw with his own eyes how his customised artillery guns enlarged on their own like a living creature evolving to suit the current circumstances.)

But for what it's worth, the thinning of their numbers was important even though they did not know Jin had a backup plan as well. The Grey Bear Captain could only hope that it would not come to such a situation. "All Fire Teams, continue firing until the entire army goes into the forest. Do not care about the advancing group, and kill all highly concentrated stragglers before we go into phase three." Jin commanded as he knew that despite the size of this particular army that came in, it could just be the start and the Private Corps still have many to spare.

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Chapter 1515 Mount Sunn Defence -Part 2

As expected, the Private Corpo Armies and the rest of the mercenaries were trying to avoid the artillery fire by going into the forest and by doing so, they fell into Click's minefield. Improvised C4 with just a simple tiny and yet sensitive movement sensor courtesy of the Mecha Smith's stockpile had allowed the Grey Bear engineer to 'creatively' stash multiple C4s into the forest for killing.

pαndα -n?ve| , c?m Jin and the others saw the first of the fireworks as the armies rushed for cover only to find that it explodes and kill their own people. There was no way out other than moving forward. Some of the commanders took the opportunity to use their Mechanoids as fodders by rushing into the forest so that it could clear the way for the advancing army.

It was not a bad move and it also showed that the particular path had been cleared of C4 explosives, allowing them to move forward. The only caveat to this method of clearing the minefield was that it showed where the enemies would be likely to be moving and Jin who still have remaining sensors that were away from the minefields was able to roughly pinpoint the number of Mechanoids coming their way.

Thus, it enabled Jin and the Tactical System to adjust their artillery and spent their firepower on those pinpointed areas of concentrated enemies. It was to the point that the Private Corpo had decided to call in for an airstrike, hoping to down the artillery guns so that they could move forward with much ease.

The only problem was there were surface to air missiles (SAM) defensive systems at the top of Mount Sunn, causing difficulty for the enemy planes to move erratically to reach their target. Some of them had decided to shoot long range missile in hopes that they could destroy something from afar. However, Mount Sunn also built anti air gatling guns that were able to destroy those long range missiles from afar, causing their shots to be rendered ineffective.

"I do not care! Survive, restock and go again! We have the money! Just fucking storm their place!" The CEO of Diamondz continued to rant as he saw the pathetic situation that was developing from the current fight. He expected resistance but not to the point where it was like a fortress. However, he knew that the workshop can only last that long given its estimated manpower.

Even if the Mecha Smith were to spend his entire time smithing out new ammunition, there was no way his old cranky production machine would be able to chunk out massive amounts to fight against the CEO's privately hired army. All he needed was to clear the current obstacles and then push in with more people and War Maidens to the point that there was no way out for him.

In fact, he was collaborating with the major private Mechanoid company Rocketeer to strike from behind Mount Sunn. While it was true that Mount Sunn was indeed a mountain of great... height, there was nothing attack helicopters and helicarriers could not bring over. It was also laughable that through aerial imaging, the back of the mountain was not exactly the most well defended. Mainly because there was nothing back there other than it facing a deep crevice and more mountains and woodlands.

That was why Diamondz CEO had decided to put all his forces as a distraction right at the 'front' while he used Rocketeer's aerial forces to parachute his elite Mechanoids into the workshop from behind them. All they needed was to know when was the right time to enter. After all, those SAM systems were a pain in the ass and the private corpos got to clear them before they could send their troops from the back.

But Jin, the Tactical System and Old Fammet were not dumb, they pretended to be. They had to make it not apparent by putting those SAM systems up as the only defences on the mountaintop. (Though Old Fammet grumbled because Jin and the Defending Mechanoids dismantled those SAM systems and brought them up and then requested him to rewire them so that they could be integrated again into the workshop system. And of course, it requires electricity.)

They had other things in store for attackers who decide to sneak from the back but right now, their focus was the army that was gunning for the main gate. Since air strikes were not enough to bring them down, the commanders on site had unanimously agreed to drop napalm on the forest and burn the remaining portion since they were losing troops at an unacceptable rate. They were also hoping that any hidden defending Mechanoids would go into ashes as well along with the strike and thus reducing their numbers.

However, they had no idea that those improvised sensory C4s were the only things within the forest. With the exception of a few additional traps that they prepared, Jin had already made up his mind not to use the forest as part of his defensive plans since he knew the amount of firepower the other side was

able to obtain. And seeing how their forested area was burned so easily, it reinforced the reasoning to keep all the defending Mechanoids within the workshop base.

"Destroying more of our forested property through illegal means. Looks like we can get even more money from them." Page remarked with a wry smile and Jin nodded his head in agreement while looking at the current development. Despite the napalm fire, the private corpo War Maidens were tasked to go down the main road against the raging fires from the side and press on the attack, not allowing Jin and the rest to have any breather.

The artillery fire was now more focused on the main road and even though its more concentrated in its attack, their range of fire was limited especially the intervals, allowing the enemies to get the rhythm of the strikes and charge in even more decisively. It looked like they were going to put up a fierce fight when they come closer to the workshop base.

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Chapter 1516 Mount Sunn Defence -Part 3

"Move Move Move!" The private copro commanders shouted at the top of their lungs as they saw their Mechanics bring bombarded at the main road. The smoke, dust and haze might cause them to cough but for now, that was the least of their concern as they tried to push towards the workshop.

The Mechanoids might not need to worry about the quality of the air but they were served as pawns to waste the shells flying out of the workshop's barrels and their objective was to gain as much ground as possible.

Surely, it was not the most ideal way of moving but it sure beats the unknown element of being blown apart within the forest. Not to mention ambushes, although such thoughts were already useless now that it was burning fiercely.

Additionally, even more airstrikes were conducted at a disheartening pace with strafing runs against the workshop as the anti air guns attempted to foil their runs. However, more of their missile attacks went through as the SAM sites needed to be reloaded manually before they could be of use against the private corpo air force.

This, in turn, allowed the private corpo air assets to be more assertive in their attacks, destroying artilleries as well as those inactive SAM sites. And thus, the rush towards the workshop base had been more than just a burst of adrenaline, it was the hope of being able to complete this mission.

"Idiots." Old Fammet grinned widely as he saw the Mechanoids reaching the main gates, with only a hundred metre distance between them and the workshop walls. With a console beside him, he pushed the buttons that enabled a loud whizzing sound within the workshop itself.

Before long, a large gigantic thermic beam emerges from the centre of Mount Sunn, burning everything in the main pavement. There was nowhere else for the Mechanoids and Commanders to run away from, considering the intense napalm fire that the higher ups had inflicted to reduce the possibility of a forest ambush.

A few managed to hide within the holes that had been created by the previous artillery attacks but they were not spared by the severe burns. "Hahahha! Now, this is retribution in the making!" Old Fammet

laughed loudly as he pressed a few buttons once more and the middle of the mountain started closing. From the invader's point of view, the beam tore through the mountain centre when all along it was merely camouflaged.

Hence once the beam burnt the main straight road to ashes, the mountain cannon as they dubbed it at that point in time, was protected by having the "windows" close before it was exposed too long by air strikes.

"Now that's what I called firepower!" Diaz said as she continued to slay those remaining War Maidens that had managed to dodge the Mountain cannon. (Since the cannon fired from an angle before moving upwards, hitting the rest from the back.)

"This will only buy us some time. The rest will rely on Jin." Lynn said as she too picked up a rifle and shoot the rest down with the Grey Bears.

"Don't forget your assigned jobs as well," Jin replied as he continued to monitor the situation.

"You want me to go right now?" Lynn asked and Jin thought for a while before shaking his head.

"No. The battlefield is still too much of a chaos. We expected the forests to be destroyed but they had proven to us that they could give us the worse case scenario within the shortest time possible. Let the forest be burnt down." Jin commented.

"We would not be lasting too long if those airstrikes continue. I think they were initially worried about Tellie's infamous shot that brought down the fighter jet but since nothing had happened up till now, those pilots are getting bolder." Yinn reported.

"I think I can shoot one or two down. We are not travelling on a high speed SUV so there is not much compensation needed for the shots." Tellie volunteered herself instantly and yet Jin shook his head once more.

"Save it for emergencies. We do not need to show our Mechanoids' prowess unless it is necessary." Jin reiterated.

"What he means is that he wants to flaunt his powers. Especially the dungeon making portion." Lynn chuckled as she managed to shoot down two Mechanoids before hiding back behind the walls to reload.

"I honestly did not see it in action and was unable to comment whether it would be useful."

"Oh. It will be fantastic, I assure you. For now, continue to hold off the attacks as much as possible. Get the defending Mechanoids to shift all focus on the main road." Jin ordered and they acknowledged them with a loud and strong "Yes Sir!"

As they had expected, the battle had begun to shift towards the favour of the private corporation as more troops started to flood in and reinforced the rear. The trees burnt out surprisingly fast and Jin believed it was mainly because of the firepower they had used, mixed along with the hidden C4s and claymores.

Thus as the burnt ashen fields slowly reveal themselves to be empty pathways for the rear to enter, they did not hesitate to push their forces ahead with tanks and other armoured vehicles as their cover. Two legged juggernaut Mechanoid Armours were also deployed to walk alongside the tanks and they were

dishing out missiles and bullets at an incredible rate which the workshop walls had a very hard time holding out.

Yet for some reason, those walls continued to remain tall despite proven feats of such missiles capable of bringing them down. This showed that Old Fammet's skills in the manipulation of metal were worth their salt. Still, that did not mean that it could take this kind of punishment forever and the walls are starting to crack.

And that was the signal for Jin to finally make his debut as this world's first dungeon supplier.

Chapter 1517 Mount Sunn Defence -Part 4

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For his entire career as a dungeon supplier, it is an obvious rule that they would pay him to enter the dimensional instance. There was consent that by entering his dimensional instance they would pay a fee to utilise his instance and get stronger. Should they die within the instance, they could be revived as it was a contract when they paid him a fair sum of money.

Thus this was the first time he conjured a dimensional instance, the usual mode of payment was not cash but their lives. If they were able to get out of it alive, they would undoubtedly get stronger and if they do not, they would be decimated and so all of their points would be transferred to Jin.

Usually, there was a cost attached to the creation of such a dimensional instance. From the materials to recreate the dimensional instance to the time needed to do so. However, because this was technically a grand virtual simulation, all of the materials that were needed to create it had somehow been 'forfeited'.

Still, such a creation had caused the Tactical System to fear that it would alert the administrators and whether they would come in to interfere was another worry hovering over its decisions. Yet, Jin had decided to proceed with it since there was no way to fight against the private corpo army other than this method.

Originally, he wished to delve deeper into this world's variant dungeons little further to learn more about their dungeons and monsters but it seemed like revenge was in everyone's head. No one was immune to it and given that more points one would have by the end of every year if they succeed in doing so, revenge seems to be encouraged.

Jin sighed as he pointed his arm towards the warzone right in front of him and his hand started to pulsate violently. The private corpos had no idea as they continued to rush towards the workshop thinking that victory was at hand. It was not until the fighter planes who were flying back for another attack run that they saw the sky had a black spherical object at the centre of the battlefield.

It started to vibrate and pan out like a curtain encasing the army below them in a dome shape barrier. Without hesitation, the fighter planes attempt to retaliate back and started to shoot at the spherical object, only to find out that it was not working at all. Its bullets went through it as if it was not a physical object. The pilots thought that it might have been a miss and decided to shoot a missile at it too, only to find out there was no heat signature for it to lock on and was subsequently forced to fire its machine guns once again.

It was through the plane's notification that the army below had finally realised the latest problem and assumed it was one of Old Fammet's tricks since they never expected a mountain cannon capable of decimating an entire regiment of troops with it. The commanders quickly ordered their troops to take cover, thinking that there could be another giant blast while the rest at the edge of the battlefield had been asked to halt their movements.

It was not wrong to say they had prepared even more troops for such mass destruction events and conserving their troops and energy would be the smartest thing to do. But just as the black dome surrounded the place, everything turned back to normal as if nothing had happened. The only problem was that something did happen.

All of the troops including the Mechanoids had disappeared excluding the dead corpses. Even the fighter jets that were within the dome when it was emerging were gone with no trace of it anywhere. All communications were cut away from them as if it was some extinction bomb that wiped out all existence.

"There is no way Old Fammet would be capable of doing such crazy weapons without our knowledge!" One of the commanders said as he decided to push his platoon of Mechanoids forward.

The sudden loss of an enemy coming forward was a breather to the defending side and they tried their best to recoup and reorganise. Even though there was a platoon of War Maidens being sent out with their humvees, the remaining long range artillery was tasked to take care of them.

The only difference this time was that the dimensional instance dome was still there but it was transparent and Jin was not activating it anytime soon to accommodate the fresh platoon of Mechanoids to reinforce their belief that there was something constantly there to take their troops away.

"Throw more troops to us. Then I will teleport you guys into the instance. But for now, let's see how those troops are handling our side." Jin grinned as he viewed the dimensional instance through his Tactical System where he saw all of them had 'teleported' safely into one side of a desert, something different from the ashen battlefield that they had created beyond the gates of the workshop.

Every single one of them was confused but the Mechanoids who were programmed to perform had already taken a defensive stance to ensure that they do not get ambushed. Even as the commanders were bracing for their new environment, the War Maidens already started to form up so that the Tanks and Mecha Armour were the centrepiece of their defined formation.

In the meantime, the pilots who were teleported also tried to scout the endless desert and attempt to check their bearings through their navigation. Unfortunately, nothing came out and their map systems were calling out significant errors as if they were in a new land.

"Is this some kind of teleportation bomb?!" One of the commanders said as he could not connect back to their headquarters, thinking that they had been off the grid and there was no way to get a response.

"Wait, I hear something rumbling. Everyone stay alert!" One of the commanders said and he pulled out his pistol while commanding these Mechanoids to stay on their toes. The dunes of the desert started to shake and all of the private corps soldiers and their mercenaries had no idea that what was going to happen next would end their lives if they were not careful.

Occasionally missing content, please report errors in time.

Chapter 1518 Dessert Or Desert? -Part 1

"Fox 1 to Fox 3, I have been picking up tremendous energy signatures and movements from the ground. Are your sensors getting the same readings?" The pilot said as his scanning machines were moving crazily. It was functioning normally a moment ago when they entered this brand new space but the moment they saw the Mechanoids on the ground going into formation, their readings were off the charts.

"Fox 3 to Fox 1, I have encountered the same thing. No visual as of now. Prep and ready to fire whenever needed." The only thing they could make sure that it was working was their weapon systems and thankfully so are their controls of the plane. All they could do was to assist for a while before for any possible enemies and subsequently either do a rough landing or ditch the plane entirely.

Just as the two pilots finish talking to each other, the rumbling of the sands got even louder causing most of the Mechanoids to lose their footing. The sand started to swirl and most of the soldiers knew something was not right and slowly move as per their commander's worried orders. However, it was not long until the sand movements started to be more...symmetric and it feels like they were being pulled into a particular coordinate.

It was not long that the commanders at the flanks of the formation started to see the forming of a gigantic whirlpool in the middle of their defensive formation though it was more obvious to the two fighter planes circling at the top. They realised that they were powerless to do anything as their communications were not going through and all they could do was to see their fellow soldiers and War Maidens drown into the abyssal depths of the sandy whirlpool.

The rest tried their best to move out of the way as much as possible and some attempted to rescue the others with robes from the humvees pulling them but it was not until a sudden thunderous roar bellowed from beneath the sand whirlpool that caught their attention. A tremendous giant sandworm made out of nothing but pure moving metal emerge from its clutches and swallowed a bulk of the Mechanoids who were attempting to get out of the situation.

The sandworm had its fill as it jumped out of the sandy pits and leapt to another portion of the desert. The fighter planes were able to take evasive actions in time despite flying low enough as the pilots finally got a grip on what had been bothering their sensors. There was no way their current assortment of armaments would be enough to destroy such a giant of a monster.

And as if luck was not at their side, their fuel gauges were beeping as well, indicating that they probably only have one shot against the huge sandworm if they were to fight against it. And to make matters worse, the people on the ground were as hopeless as the two fighter planes clinging on dear life when they saw almost half of their formation had been reduced to dust.

There was no way they were able to win with such numbers and the only way to survive this was with more numbers on their part. For now, what the remaining higher ups could do was to spread their War Maidens and mercenaries apart so that they could reduce their losses when the sandworm emerge from the ground again.

As the fighter planes circle for another round, they were bingo fuel and it was about time their extended stay in the air was brought to a close. "Fox 1 to Fix 3, I saw movement!" The pilot said as he realised that the communications even among themselves were also down. Perhaps it was the plane's way to conserve energy and thus he decided to fly closer to his fellow plane and did a few hand signals.

It was fortunate that the fellow pilot still remember his training from the recruit days and send back a positive reply via hand signals. They knew that the energy signature from the giant metal sandworm was so immense its targeting system was not able to give a proper job. Therefore, they were going to shoot their remaining missiles manually and subsequently dump all their machine gun ammunition onto the Sandworm.

With their last fuel reserve, they shut down the nonessential systems and pushed further up so that they could not be eaten by the Sandworm. Conversely, they were moving upwards to have a vertical aim at the Sandworm as they were somehow intellectual enough to aim for the interior portion of the Sandworm.

Even if their missiles could not kill the Giant Metal Sandworm, it was possible that it does some internal damage to the Giant Metal Sandworm, forcing it to either slow down or drop to the ground wide in the open for the ground troops to attack it.

At the same time, they curse their company for not doing enough research on Old Fammet. From a giant thermic beam emitting out from the mountain to a 'teleportation bomb' that brings them to a place out of nowhere. They initially thought it would be an easy job barring the caution of a sniper capable of killing fighter planes but this was something beyond their expectations and there was nothing they could do but to survive from it...assuming they do not get killed by the harsh environment.

"It's coming out!" Fox 3 pilot shouted as they already knew the rough pattern of the Giant Metal Sandworm when it first emerge.

"Flip 180 and prepare for dive!" Fox 1 pilot replied as they believed this was the best way to save the last stretch of fuel by using gravity as their aid and using the remaining portion to adjust for their dive.

"See you on the other side." Fox 3 said as he saw that he only have enough energy to release his missile and he knew there was no way to come back.

Occasionally missing content, please report errors in time.

Chapter 1519 Dessert Or Desert - Final

Even without any target systems to guide it, the missiles were unloaded into the Giant Metal Sandworm's mouth and flew straight into the monster's belly. Internal explosions were heard and this gave cheers to the ground units who saw their fighter planes in action. It showed that the pilots were competent enough not just to fly the plane and perform amazing manoeuvres such as this that allowed them to be under the payroll of these high status private corpos.

However, those cheers turned to horror as they saw one of the planes diving plainly straight into the mouth of the Giant Metal Sandworm as well. Fox 3 Pilot deemed that even if it did not have any fuel, a suicide attack would be worth a try damaging the organs of the Giant Metal Sandworm and giving a minuscule chance for the ground army to defeat it.

But the horror turned to relief as they saw the pilot ejecting out in time before the plane sharply fell into the stomach of the Giant Metal Sandworm. The other plane did not have such guts and managed to move out of the mouth in time with whatever conserved fuel it had before gliding away. The only problem was the Sandworm while in pain, did not stop flinching.

Its head swirled so quickly that it turned to the direction of the getaway plane and munch on it as if it was not going to allow any more of its food to run away from its range. That was when the ground army had decided that it was time to counterattack attack considering that it was above ground for more than a minute.

Tanks and Mechanised Armour started to throw their volley of shots into the torso of the Giant Metal Sandworm, causing parts of it to be chipped off by the explosion and piercing shells. The rest of the Mechanoids used whatever firepower that was within their possession less the small arms, knowing that it would be useless at this current juncture. Rockets launchers and self propelled grenades were used to bring the metal beast down to its proverbial knees by aiming at the parts where the tanks and Mechanised Armour had already damaged it. Even though their communications might be down, their thinking and processing of tactics still remained in these War Maidens (in short, common sense.) And thus, they thought it was ideal to aim at those weak spots.

Little did they know that those exposed areas forced the Giant Metal Sandworm to wiggle and allowed its younglings to pop out from those areas. As if handling a Giant Metal Sandworm was not enough, the remnants of the private corpo army now had to deal with small Metal Sandworms. Somehow, this actually made a few of the commanders relieved since their troops and War Maidens were not equipped to handle the Giant Mother of Sandworms.

It gave them the excuse to prove that they were worth their payroll and started to shoot and provide assistance so that the tanks and Mechanised Armour would not be faltered by this incoming wave of new monsters. The damage they continued to put out does seem to have an effect on the Giant Metal Sandworm but they knew that sooner or later, their shells would be spent or the Mother Sandworm would disappear into the desert. But right now, all they had in their minds were to survive and hope that they could pull through this ordeal.

Yet some idiot thought of the worst wish possible as they curse their current predicament.

"If only we had more troops with us, we might be able to bring this thing down." One of the commanders grumbled and suddenly another group of troops teleported out from nowhere in front of them, causing them to halt their fire for a moment despite the mess of those incoming Sandworms they were in.

"What the fuck?!" Was the only thing going through the commanders' heads as well as the huge group of soldiers that had been teleported in as well.

But even as they tried to make sense of the current development, the sandworms did not wait for them at all. Based on instincts, they went for the closest Mechanoid and chewed them up. It was until the commanders made sense of the situation, they started shouting to defend themselves from the current predicament.

And to make things worse, the Giant Metal Sandworm screeched even louder and sent more of her children to the battlefield causing even more chaos.

As the new group of soldiers tried to reorganise themselves from the mess, yet another regiment of troops entered this desert, causing yet again another scene of Chaos.

This time around, the first batch of commanders knew that this would be repeated on a consistent basis and that was how Old Fammet's workshop will survive. Even if they were able to constantly teleport the troops to this senseless desert, then there was no point attempting to invade the workshop.

To make things worse, the Mechanoids who were already living longer than most had detected another seismic event happening right underneath them, predicting that there was more than one Giant Metal Sandworm. This further prediction caused the commanders to despair even further.

It looks like surviving would not be an option as this was a death trap. The only thing they could do was to injure the Sandworms sufficiently to the point that the future batches of troops that had been teleported into this desert would not be the Sandworms' dessert.

And that was the one and absolute motivation for the commanders to band together and rid of the giant Sandworm.

In the meantime, Jin was hiding one particular corner of the workshop walls and saw how effective his newly made dungeon instance was. For something that did not cost a single cent and just effort in making, this was just borderline overpowered.

"There is no way those troops would be able to survive the dungeon you made. This is a nightmare they would not be able to wake up from." The Tactical System said and Jin nodded his head.

"The difficulty level was over the top but this is what the private corpos would get for not fighting fair in the first place. As you said, this was meant to kill them and we would need all those points to get out of this place."

"Just do not forget the penalties." The Tactical System warned Jin as if it would bite back at him if things go awry.

Chapter 1520 Synthesis Administrators

"Yes, I remember about the penalty." Jin nodded as he knew that having such a wonderful asset in his hands was impossible. There was no way there his dungeon instance could be done without any problems. That would be a miracle of a miracle. As exaggerated as it sounds, that was how it is.

The dungeon instance that Jin made might not need the resources since it was a Virtual Dungeon instance but the fact that it was making use of the Synthesis World Server to create it, there were consequences to it.

It seemed like the Synthesis AI administrators knew about the Tactical System breach a long time ago. In fact, they already saw the inconsistency when one of their 'players' were killed and had placed a tap on it, seeing how the bug was acting. Thus, it was merely keeping quiet about it and seeing where and how this anomaly could react to its current environment.

Was it a positive change or was it something negative?

As all environments even digital ones strived for a homeostasis type of balance, where there was an equivalent of good and bad counteracting itself so that its point systems matter, the Synthesis World had been experiencing a lull of events for the longest time ever. A system of meritocracy where the servers administer points to hardworking people so that they get to be woken up and enjoy the remaining luxuries its reality could afford.

However, the humans participating in this virtual world had already noted its loopholes and worked hard to circumvent them. Surely, the AI administrators had already seen what was coming and did not stop it. For they were not breaking the fundamental rules and they were going around it. To those people, they know that rules are not meant to be challenged or broken but to be overcome.

And because of that, they were able to hold the bulk of the points for years and subsequently many years to come as well. This did not bore well with the AI Administrators and as painful as it sounded, they tried to counter this balance with whatever available methods they were in possession of. From creating disasters to making boss monsters similar to Giant Metal Sandworms. However, all of these were overcome with superior coordination and firepower while still profiting points from it.

It was as if this prediction of stagnation would be a prolonged state and there was nothing the AI administrators could do until Jin came along. Even though it was a forced intervention by the gods, the AI administrators would not leave anything by chance and saw this as if it was answering their pleas. And to make things worse, the intervention was a similar sentient being that was akin to their form.

To quote it vaguely in religious and mythology terms, it was like Christ himself had given his son to these AI administrators and they saw the Tactical System as an allied entity despite being an outsider. Naturally, it should have been seen as a bug, a virus. A menace that should be exterminated but what those AI administrators saw was nothing but bewilderment.

The ability to change their codes and twist everything to its will while still retaining its form was something akin to magic. And Jin had overcome odds that were originally impossible for the rest in this world where the knowledge of chi and magic had never existed but in their lores and fairytales. (Well, to Jin, this world that was made virtually was something that he could not have fathomed as well and it was hoping that he could bring back such technology to fully integrate it into this own.)

The AI server administrators were delighted that they had kept the 'bug' alive for observation and finally saw the opportunity of using it to break the current stagnation that this Synthesis World was experiencing. Not to mention, after seeing how they had ired the major corporations, the AI server admins finally send communications to the Tactical System and even made a deal with it.

By sharing server data with the Synthesis AI administrators, the Tactical System could use the library of information from object data to environmental data.

The System would work in tandem using the library and in return, it will give points it had seized from those players back to the Synthesis AI administrators. Of course, the Tactical System was not stupid to accept the deal so readily.

Seeing how the AI administrators had decided to contact it means that the System was in a position of power (even though it was something it did not expect itself to be in.) Thus, it made demands to ensure that its User was able to come out of this alive as soon as possible.

And that included the incursion of Jin's minions Into the Synthesis World's Physical Realm. Since almost every single soul was induced into a long coma, the Als were the ones protecting their world and that included real Mechanoids who oversee the defence of their world.

The negotiation consisted of allowing Jin's minions to enter unhindered since they needed to bring Jin's body back from the celestial plane and into the physical realm of the Synthesis World. With this assurance and the sweetening deal of providing a pod for him to store his body, the Tactical System asked for a sort of tax levy for every Mechanoid/Commander/Soldier that Jin had managed to put down through the dungeon instances.

This is so that Jin could earn points from it and get out of it. Everything sounded nice and dandy but the AI administrators were not dumb as well. It was a sort of gamble that those admins had proposed such a radical change to the system's demands that the latter felt obligated to acknowledge its wits.

Instead of proposing a levy tax, the admins had decided to go a more drastic route. Bet the estimated amount of points that each dungeon instance could earn at the end and if the figure was close to it, the admins would allow Jin to keep the amount.

However, the further the discrepancy, the more penalty ensued. For example, if Jin predicted he would earn 10 thousand points, and he got 9500 points at the end, the admins would give him the final amount with a debt of 500points which he needed to pay

If he only got 600 points from it, he needed to cough up 9400 points to the server. But if he achieved 11000 points, the extra 1000 points would be given to the server instead.

So, the key was knowing how much to bet although there was an obvious loophole that Jin and the System could do and that was to close the dungeon instance and recreate the instance. And thus, the admins had already thought ahead and decided to put a cap on how many times they could create unless it was scheduled ahead of time. (Like how the tactical system had argued it needed a few instances to create a tournament. Such events will have an increased cap and allowances to open newer ones.)

That was when Jin who was finally in the known after so long had chimed in and said that business related dungeon instances should be excused where the participants had agreed to enter with a price. The System subsequently supported it and they had decided to deal evenly with that by posing a levy tax for those business related instances.

"Well, we still have one extra instance try for the day, so let's hope they do not exceed it." Jin smiled as he was finally able to relax knowing the numbers they were facing dwindled with the aid of his dungeon instance.