

Second World #Chapter 1711 1711. Reuniting with Wilted - Read Second World Chapter 1711 1711. Reuniting with Wilted

Chapter 1711 Chapter 1711. Reuniting with Wilted

The next morning, the armies and the fleet went separately following the plan. The land armies went in a straight direction toward Dritzaut while the ships moved along the river in a roundabout way toward the capital. The ships were faster, though. According to John's calculation, the arrival of their two forces at the capital would only be a few days apart.

The land armies moved while continuing to build a supply line. John left two caravels at the river to ferry the supplies.

They also attacked the settlements on their way and turned them into bases for their supply lines. Master gathered his remaining forces in the capital, so there wasn't much resistance from these settlements. One even surrendered after spotting their massive army.

Against the ones that fought back, Jack sent only the elite troops to take them down. He didn't use siege weapons and commanded the troops to not use AOE attacks to limit civilian casualties. This was achievable because there were not that many defenders inside the settlements.

On one settlement they encountered on their way, its gate was opened when they arrived. In front of the opened gate was a group. Jack's dragon eye allowed him to see who the people in that group were.

He ordered the armies to halt and he rode ahead to that group. Arther carried out Jack's order and commanded the troops to stop but he rushed ahead and followed Jack. He couldn't let Jack enter the enemy's territory alone. Grace and Paytown also followed.

"Hey! I've been wondering when you lot will join us after entering this country," Jack greeted the group. He then asked, "This city is under your control?"

The head of the group in front of the settlement was Wilted Tree. Behind her were Anotherday, Handsome Joe, Blackhole, Darkradiant, and several other players Jack didn't recognize. There were also natives in the group. Jack didn't know any of them except for one.

"We meet again," Geod greeted Jack. He was the ethereal noble Jack met at Daminos Square Garden during the Outworlder World Tournament hosted by the Council of Virtus. He was also the one who gave Jack the title, Liguritudum Honored Guest.

Jack replied to the greeting. One other native in the group also caught his attention because that native was a level 80 mythical ethereal. From his Inspect, he learned the native's name was Morphic. He knew the name. Morphic used to be Liguritutum's high marshall but left his post after Master took the throne. Morphic joined Wilted's gang of resistance after that.

"We only took control of this city today," Wilted answered Jack's question. "This is the city where a majority of my underground resistance is hiding. In my resistance are several natives who work in the city hall. When we heard the news of your armies approaching, we came out of hiding. Working with the ones in the city hall, we took control of the city. With Master hiding inside Dritzuut, he won't be able to send his army to quell our resistance."

"Hm... That is one hell of an army. Are you sure they are all yours?" Handsome Joe asked. He was the one asking, but it was clear from the eyes of everyone that they were all awed by the sea of troops Jack brought.

"Not all of them," Jack answered. "Mine is just a portion. Inside that army are also troops from five other countries."

"His Majesty is the main commander of these combined armies," Arther announced.

"Well, yeah. I guess so, hehe," Jack said.

Handsome Joe and the others were speechless. Never in their wildest dreams did they imagine this unknown player whom they met long ago is now a king and the leader of such a massive army. They were still trying to make sure if the person before them was truly Jack.

"You even have a mobile fortress...", Wilted said.

"Yeah. It's cool, isn't it?" Jack said. "You and your partner designed one hell of a war machine in that mobile fortress. We can even upgrade it further."

"I know. I can see that it has not reached its full potential," Wilted remarked.

"Oh, you can tell?" Jack asked. Most of the upgrades available in the mobile fortress were small changes that didn't give the mobile fortress much difference in its appearance, so Jack didn't fully understand Wilted's comment. He chalked it up to Wilted having eyes for details in her creation that she could know even from subtle differences.

"I still can't believe my partner implemented the monarch system and all its add-ons to the main system behind my back," Wilted said. "Well, let's talk inside. Your force will be camping soon, won't they? It's almost dark. Might as well camp near this city."

Wilted had saved them the time of conquering this city, so Jack supposed it was okay for the armies to have an early rest. He accepted the invitation. He told Arther to have the armies advance to near the city but to camp outside. Only high-ranking officers and high-ranking players were to be allowed inside the city to spend the night. He didn't want to frighten the city inhabitants. Having too many people in the city had a high potential to cause a disturbance.

Wilted invited Jack and his gang to a dinner inside the city hall. They chatted about what they had gone through all this time. Wilted narrated her time in this country where she and her gang continued to evade Master's pursuit.

Many of their hiding places were found and assaulted after the State of Galhana moved into Liguritutum. The players in that guild were ex-mercenaries and cutthroats from a warring country. They were used to hunt rebels. Many of Wilted's allied natives were killed and her fellow players captured.

Jack once asked Wilted to look for Jeanny and the others inside Liguritutum. Wilted said she would try her best but she asked Jack not to have much hope because she herself was having trouble. She didn't explain much about her troubles then. Now, Jack knew the reason.

Chapter 1712 Chapter 1712. The Meaning of Being Poor

Wilted asked Jack about their journey from Themisphere until arriving here. Jack recounted the battles in Hydrurond and Aurebor. Everyone listened solemnly to Jack's narration. They found it hard to believe such huge battles had been happening outside this country.

Some of the players like Anotherday and Blackhole wished they had joined those battles. They were professional gamers. A big battle like what Jack recounted would surely be an exciting one to experience. Not to mention the exp and loots they could gain.

They were considered to have the highest level in the rebel force. But as they looked at the players who came with Jack, they could see that these players were generally two to three levels higher than them.

The natives in the room didn't share their regret. Instead, they were relieved they were spared from those wars. From Jack's tale, there had been uncountable casualties. Unlike the players, they had only one life. If they died and were not resurrected, then that's it. They were gone.

The mentality between players and natives was different in response to Jack's tale.

After Jack finished his tale, they talked about mundane things. They continued chatting until late at night. Some excused themselves as time passed.

When it was close to midnight, only four people were left in the room. Jack, Grace, Wilted, and Handsome Joe.

Grace told Jack she was very sleepy so she left first. Handsome Joe said goodbye soon after.

After Handsome Joe went out the door, Jack asked Wilted, "My friends said they heard Joe called Mistress his sister during the convention in Cakra Valley. Is that true?"

"It is true," Wilted answered.

"Wow... How did those two from the same family end up fighting against one another?"

"You are one to talk. I heard your royal advisor is the son of Master's chief strategist."

"Uh... You got me there," Jack laughed. "But isn't Mistress the daughter to the owner of the Trigitech Corps, doesn't that make Joe the son?"

"That's how blood relation works."

"What about the owner himself? Do you know where he is? Does he support you or Master?" Jack asked.

Wilted shrugged. "I haven't met him or heard about him in this world. He doesn't matter. He might be the owner but he mostly takes care of the finance and the marketing. He left most of the technical parts to my partner and me, under Mistress' supervision. He was not even a gamer. He didn't know much about this world. If he is here, he is as lost as the other common people."

"I see... Well, how do you get to know the son of the owner, anyway? Did he work in the company like his sister?"

"He did, but unlike his sister who occupied the top position. He worked as a common office worker, and none of us knew he was the son of the owner."

"Wow! Like the classic stories in television series," Jack said. He then stood and spoke in a narrator's tone, "The son of the company's owner disguised himself as a common working man to experience what it was like to work at the bottom of the ladder."

Wilted chuckled. "My partner knew, though. They were even long-time friends. He told me about who Joe truly was."

"Oh? You must have been pretty surprised when you found out."

"Surprise and disgusted," Wilted answered.

"Disgusted? Why?" Jack asked.

"Don't tell him this, but I hate people like him very much. Pretending to come down from his golden palace to walk in the mud. As if doing that will make him know what it means to be one of us."

"I think it is pretty good to know someone like him didn't get spoiled by his wealth and was willing to understand the bottom feeder," Jack said, remembering Prince Alonzo who disguised as a common cadet.

"The thing was, it didn't matter. He wouldn't understand what it meant to be poor even if he did that," Wilted uttered.

"Hm... Sound like you know what it means to be poor," Jack said.

"I lived in a small family, just my father and mother. I'm the only child," Wilted said. She paused. Her expression showed that she was unsure if she wanted to continue.

Jack remained silent. If Wilted didn't want to share, he wouldn't push. He was about to say something else to change the subject when Wilted spoke again.

"My father was a loving father and husband. A responsible one. An honest one. He was also a hard-working person, but he was just an average guy. He didn't have any specialty and he had no ambition. It didn't matter. We lived modestly. We were happy. Then one day, he got fired from his job. It's not because he did something wrong. It's simply that the company found someone better. He was let go."

"That was awful...", Jack said.

"Oh, that was nothing. I haven't finished my story," Wilted said. "At that time, my father was already pretty old. He was in his fifties while I was still in elementary school. My parents got married rather late in their lives. Someone his age without any special skill. It was almost impossible to find new jobs. His experience also didn't matter much since he just did normal office work all his working years.

"He didn't know what to do. He was at a loss. Both my parents were. They still needed lots of money to cover my education. Our home was a rented house. We didn't have our own house. Out of desperation, he used his severance pay and all the money he had saved to try his luck in starting a business with a friend of his."

From the way Wilted told the story, Jack could guess that business didn't go well. Wilted confirmed it soon.

"They failed. All their money was gone... My father, he couldn't take the loss. He didn't know what else to do. He jumped from the bridge. He didn't survive..."

"I'm sorry...", Jack said.

"My mother," Wilted didn't stop. "She fell ill from all the stress. She joined my father soon."

Jack was silent. He also lost his parents at a young age so he understood Wilted's sorrow, but he didn't know what to say.

"Do you know, if this happened to Joe or the other rich kids who went undercover to work normal jobs? If they were fired from their job? I can picture what they would say. They would say something like this, 'You don't fire me. I quit!' If Joe or other rich kids tried a business and failed. What happened to them? They would feel sad and awful about themselves. Ashamed maybe. Got some scolding from their rich dads for wasting the money. Maybe feel bad about it for a few weeks, or a few months. Afterward, they got a pat on the back and they were told it was okay. Failure is the road to success or all that shit. You don't give up. You try again.

"Guess what? If you are poor. You don't get a second chance! When my father was fired, it was as if the sky was falling. He was given no option!

"Poor people can only eat at the cheapest food stall by the side of the road. Wealthy people can choose to eat at a fancy restaurant, a high-end café, Heck, they can fly a private jet abroad and taste foreign cuisine. Or, they could eat at the cheapest food stall by the side of the road. If they eat at that cheapest food stall, that is because they choose to, not because they have to. Because of that, they will never understand what it means to be poor. They can go back to their fancy restaurant any time they want. Poor people, they don't have this choice.

"Being rich is about having many choices while being poor is about having no choice. When Joe chose to work at our level, that was a choice. He could easily let go of that choice and return to the comfort of a luxurious life anytime he wished. He was a tourist. As if the life of the poor was some kind of exotic experience he wanted to taste. He didn't mingle with us to know how we felt. He was simply satisfying his eccentric curiosity.

"That's why I felt disgusted when I learned he was the owner's son. He could come and talk the talk, or walk the walk, but he would never truly understand what it meant to be poor until the day he was robbed of his options."

Chapter 1713 Chapter 1713. Chris Memory Stone

"I'm sorry. I don't know why I laid this on you. I don't know what got into me. You must think of me as an emotional person," Wilted said.

"It's okay to be emotional," Jack said. "As for Joe, he was robbed of those luxuries when the world turned. Yet, he stays with you. I think that means something."

"Yes... I'm grateful to him for that," Wilted said. "What I have against is the pretentious people. He has proven himself to be not one of those people, so he was okay."

"Perhaps it was because he had entered your world, the world of the mundane, that he became the way he is. Perhaps he was, as you said, had a taste, and he liked it. Not that he liked having less. I think what he found to his liking was the company, you, and your partner. I think that's why he stuck with you instead of his sister when the world turned."

Wilted didn't say anything to Jack's words.

"I understand your feelings. What happened to your family was indeed horrible," Jack continued. "I believe everyone always has a choice whether they are wealthy or poor. Yes, the wealthy have more options because they have access to many things the poor don't have, but there is always an option. I don't mean to criticize your dad, but if it is me, I believe there will always be a way out as long as we have our hands and feet."

"Easy for you to say," Wilted said. "Wait until you are fifty years old."

"Uh... Maybe you should have said, wait until I am fifty years old and have nothing. I mean, I am a king. Even if I am fifty years old, I will still be having a good life... If we don't lose this war, that is."

Wilted chuckled in response. "You are very much like him, you know."

"Who?" Jack asked.

"My partner. He was always cheery and optimistic. I don't think I would have been able to continue living after what happened to my family if not for him."

"Oh? Your partner was also your childhood friend?" Jack asked.

"He was my schoolmate. After learning about my situation, he begged his family to take me in. If not for him, I would have lived on the streets."

"No child service came to your aid?" Jack asked.

"If your country had child service, yours was better developed than mine," Wilted answered.

"I see. Well, it's getting very late already. We are going to continue our march early tomorrow. Will you be joining our march?" Jack asked.

"I won't miss the chance of taking Master down. Of course, I will join. There is no longer a need for me to disrupt him from behind the shadow. Time to face him directly."

"Great, then we will depart together tomorrow morning," Jack said and stood up. The moment he did, Peniel slapped his head.

"Ouch...! What is this for this time?" Jack complained.

"I've been quiet throughout all your talk, but I can't believe you truly forget," Peniel rolled her eyes.

"Forget what?" Jack asked while massaging his head.

"That stone in your bag!" Peniel exclaimed.

"What sto... Oh...! That stone...!" Jack came to a realization.

"What stone?" It was Wilted who asked.

"I don't know. It is just a stone with a weird description. Doesn't seem to do anything but I also can't get rid of it. The description says to give this stone to you," Jack answered. An ordinary-looking stone appeared in his hand. "It is called Chris Memory Stone."

"Wait! Did you say Chris...?" Wilted asked with wide eyes.

"Oh? You know the name?" Jack asked.

"Give it to me!" Wilted exclaimed. It was almost as if she lunged at Jack to snatch the stone from Jack's hand.

"Uh... It's all yours, lady," Jack said. He was rather taken aback by Wilted's eagerness.

Wilted held the stone in her hand. She used her Inspect. The description was as Jack mentioned. "What does it do?" She asked Jack.

"Uh...," Jack didn't know what to say. Didn't he just say that he had no idea what the stone was for?

While the two were in puzzlement, the stone abruptly shone.

"What...?" Both Jack, Peniel, and Wilted were surprised by the turn of events. Wilted even dropped the stone to the floor. The glow from the stone was directed at one side. On that side, a holographic image of a man appeared.

"Ch...Chris...?" Wilted said in surprise. Her voice was trembling as she called the image that appeared. "You... You are alive...?"

The hologram man smiled gently at Wilted's words. He spoke, "Mae, it's good to see you again. Unfortunately, if you receive this stone, it means I am no longer among the living."

"What... What do you mean...?"

"That stone was what I left for you in case something happened to me," The hologram man whom Wilted called Chris replied.

"Do you know this person?" Jack asked.

"He... He is... He was my partner," Wilted answered. "He was the main designer of this game world."

"I see you have a friend. Storm Wind, is it? Were you the one who had gotten my stone?" Chris asked.

"Oh? You can inspect me? I thought you were just a memory left behind by a deceased person?" Jack asked.

"I'm a memory with consciousness. A.I. business, you know. However, my capacity to answer your question is limited. If the two of you have any inquiries, you can ask. I will answer them to the best of my ability."

"I have a ton of them. Since you asked, I won't hold back," Jack said. "Firstly..."

"You said you leave behind this stone in case something happened to you. That means you already know about the possible danger!" Wilted shouted.

"Okay, lady first...", Jack said.

"You know about Apollyon's scheme!" Wilted continued. "Why did you let him do this? Why didn't you just erase all the changes he made to the system? Why did you let him turn our world?"

"I knew about his scheme earlier than everyone else. Why did I let him? Because, my dear, this world is our child. We designed it. If Apollyon can turn our imaginary child into a real one, why did I want to fight him?"

Chapter 1714 Chapter 1714. Creator

"So... You let him tamper with our game...?" Wilted asked in disbelief.

"I did," Chris answered. "If I undo what he did to the program, he will know I'm onto him. He also wouldn't have any reason to use his machine on our game anymore. He might

get his machine to another developer and use it on a different second-rate game. I can't allow that. If any game is to be made real, it has to be ours!"

"He still found out you were onto him...", Wilted said.

"Yes. He is suspicious and intelligent. It is difficult to trick people like that. That's why I left this stone behind just in case. By the way, how did I die?"

"You fell from our office building...", Wilted answered.

"Hm... A rather dull death," Chris remarked. "It was ruled as an accident, I suppose?"

Jack was rather amused by how casually Chris reacted to his death. He wondered if it was because it was just a holographic memory, or was the real Chris like this?

"... Why did you leave behind your memory?" Wilted asked.

"So that I have a chance to speak to you again. To explain what had happened, what I did, and why I did it," Chris answered.

"You stupid fool! If you just erase whatever Master had put into the system, you would still be alive...!" Wilted exclaimed.

"That is a possibility," Chris said. "Trust me. I also wish I hadn't died. I would have given anything to see this world we created become a reality."

"I... I can't do this...", Wilted moved away and sat on a chair next to the dining table. She turned away from Jack and Chris.

Jack looked between the two. Wilted kept her pose while the holographic Chris just stood there without a word. Jack looked at the stone Wilted had dropped when Chris appeared. The stone was still glowing. He wondered if that thing had a duration.

"Uh..., um... Am I still allowed to ask questions?" Jack asked.

"Be my guess," Chris answered.

"Okay, firstly...", Jack turned to Wilted, making sure she was still facing away. He returned his attention to Chris. "Firstly, why did I get your stone?"

Jack pointed at the glowing stone on the ground. "I've asked around. Out of all the players, only me and one other person ever got this stone from loot. If you want to leave a message to Wilted, why don't just arrange it so the stone dropped among her loot?"

"You said there is another person who got this stone? Not bad. So, two Gods were saved?" Chris asked back.

"Saved...? Oh? It was because I saved Goddess Serenity?" Jack asked.

"Any God is fine. If you do, there will be a chance for that stone to drop by the monsters you killed. The higher your level, the higher the chance," Chris answered. "To answer your question why I didn't set it so this stone dropped among her loot, it was so that she got into contact with whoever saved the Gods."

"Hm... Why?"

"Because the players who have the highest chance to defeat Apollyon are the ones who saved the Gods," Chris answered. "I might let Apollyon make some adjustments that benefit him but it didn't mean I won't make some adjustments to counter him. I made it so the good Gods he had erased weren't gone. They would appear inside a place during the tutorial period, giving the chance for someone to save them. You got three gifts from the Goddess you saved, didn't you?"

"I did. I got a boost in my luck stat. This sword," Jack pulled out his Storm Breaker.

"Legendary grade. Impressive. Well, I expect no less. You've successfully saved a God, after all," Chris said.

"Thank you, and the last gift is..."

"I know, it's Peniel," Chris turned to the fairy with a smile.

Peniel made a curtsy. Jack noticed a very reverential look on Peniel's face. He only saw Peniel like this when Goddess Serenity was around.

"Creator," Peniel greeted with a bow.

'You know him?' Jack asked via their minds.

'I... I don't know how I know, but I just sort of do,' Peniel replied.

"These three gifts aren't powerful, but they were designed to aid a player in the long run," Chris explained. "With the luck boost, you can gain many other rare items on your journey. Speaking of which, did you get the Runestone of Luck?"

"I did," Jack said.

"Good. I set it so only the one with the God or Goddess' blessing has the chance to attain it," Chris said. "Then you have the high Fairy. With her knowledge, you won't lose to Apollyon who knows the secrets of this world. The last is that growth weapon. With it, you have the potential to gain the best weapon there is."

"I see... Well, I guess I have to thank you then," Jack said. "They truly aid me a great bunch."

"You're welcome," Chris said.

"One thing that bugged me, though," Jack said. "It was not exactly easy saving the Goddess. I almost failed. What if I did fail?"

Chris shrugged, "Then the Goddess disappeared as Apollyon intended."

"Uh... So, what if no one saved any of the Gods?" Jack asked.

"Then they will be gone. No one gets the items I prepared to take on Apollyon, and this world is doomed," Chris answered.

"Wha... What...?"

"That's him, all right!" Wilted slammed the table and stood. She turned around while shouting at Chris, "You always make a gamble, you fool! You don't care about the consequences. Everything is a game to you! If you had deleted all of Apollyon's tampering, you would still be alive! Yet, you wager your own life, everyone's lives, even the world's! If your plan didn't work, and all the good Gods are gone, then Apollyon wins! No one will be able to oppose him...!"

"Mae...", Chris said soothingly. Mae looked away but she didn't move away this time. "I did what I did because I have confidence. We are gamers. Apollyon isn't. In this world, we have the upper hand. I trust there will be players who save the Gods. I trust in the spirit and the curiosities we gamers have. It turns out all right. I was right! Two players managed to do it."

Chapter 1715 Chapter 1715. Secret Site

"Easy for you to say, what if the players who saved the Gods end up on Apollyon's side?" Wilted asked Chris.

"I don't believe any respectful gamer with the ability to solve my puzzle and save the Gods will serve such a person," Chris answered.

Jack was conflicted if he should tell Chris about the one called the number one gamer being Master's henchman.

"Wait, are you saying this second player who saved one of the Gods is on Apollyon's side?" Chris asked.

"No, but he is in Apollyon's hand at the moment," Jack answered.

"In his hand?"

"Captured. He has one of the divine treasures," Jack explained.

"Yes, the divine treasures. How many does Apollyon possess by now?"

"He has three inside him. Three players with the divine treasures are captured by him, but our last intel said that he couldn't extract those treasures from them yet because his extractor machine is destroyed. Do you know about a different method to extract the divine treasures?"

"No, the only method I programmed is by killing the owner, but that won't grant the killer the divine treasure. The treasure will just move to a random SSS quest. I know about his extractor machine. If he has another method, he planted it into the system after my death," Chris answered. "What about the last divine treasure?"

"It's in me," Jack uttered with a grin.

"Oh, marvelous. I can see from your outfit that you are also a sovereign. Not bad, not bad at all. See, Mae, my adjustment helps provide a strong ally for you to fight Apollyon, so I'm not wrong, eh?"

"... It is just luck," Wilted responded.

"No, no. It's not luck. It's fate. Brought about by my meddling," Chris said.

"If you want to brag, you should have done something about Apollyon's Second Soul Remnants," Wilted scolded. "You know how much trouble we have because he has so many classes?"

"I did do something," Chris defended. "How many classes does he have?"

"Five," Jack answered.

"Oh, that's a little more than I expected... Well, anyway. If it wasn't for me, he would have had even more classes."

"What did you do?" Wilted asked.

"I made it so that those second soul remnants had to be spread out at different tutorial spaces. He wouldn't be able to get all of them at once. I couldn't prevent him from knowing where those things would spawn, though. He surely had his followers fetch them once the tutorial started, but I set it so the spot was infested with monsters. Unless his followers were capable gamers, he would have difficulty getting them. It was more likely other capable gamers unrelated to him getting the second soul remnants instead."

Jack thought back to the time when Sunset Walking was chased by the zombies. Yet, when he returned to the same place days later, he found no zombies there. Now, he knew the reason.

"I have you to thank then," Jack said.

"Oh? Do you mean..."

"Yes, I am one of the gamers who got the second soul remnant."

"See, Mae. What did I say?" Chris said to Wilted. "My confidence is not wrong."

"... As I said, we are lucky," Wilted replied.

"So, how is the struggle against Apollyon going?" Chris asked.

Wilted didn't respond. She turned her head away again. Since it was so, Jack was the one who explained the situation to Chris.

"I see you have Apollyon cornered. Problem solved then. All's well that ends well, eh?" Chris said merrily.

"I would say don't count your chickens before they hatch," Jack said.

"Wise. I wish you luck," Chris said. He glanced at Wilted who was still looking away.

"I can see that you are angry. It is difficult for us to speak like this," Chris said to her.

"This projection can't last long. Anyway, these small talks are not the true purpose I left this memory stone. When you are ready, come to these coordinates."

Another projection appeared above Chris. It showed the map of the world. A red dot marked the place Chris mentioned. Coordinate numbers were written there. The red dot was within the Dorwin Region.

"This spot... There is nothing there," Wilted said.

"Hehe. To others, yes, it's nothing. But if you go there, it will be different. It's my secret site," Chris said. "Don't forget to bring that memory stone. You will need that to open the door. Then again, never mind that. I set it so the stone will always follow you once you touch it."

'Just like it kept following me before this,' Jack said in his mind.

"What's there at those coordinates?" Wilted asked.

"Where is the suspense if I told you now?" Chris said with a grin. "Oh, almost forgot! Before you go there. In case you haven't defeated Apollyon then, please come to that spot with twenty-four players you trust."

"Why?" Wilted asked.

"You will know when you are there," Chris shrugged.

Jack turned to Peniel and said through their minds, 'I can see now where your habit of withholding information comes from.'

"Another thing to take note of," Chris added. "All twenty-four players should have different elite classes and all of them should be capable players."

"That means all the existing elite classes," Jack said.

"Exactly," Chris replied. "But make sure they are truly people who you trust and are willing to fight for your cause."

"Hm...", Jack massaged his chin.

Chris was gazing at Wilted, who was back to being silent again. Her face still showed that she was not in a good mood but her eyes showed that she had many things to say.

"See you," Chris said.

"Wait...!" Wilted called, but Chris' image had vanished.

Wilted grabbed the memory stone from the ground. She clutched it tight, hoping it could shine and show Chris' image again, but it didn't. She regretted not saying anything meaningful. She had so many things to say but her feelings were just too convoluted.

Jack placed a hand on her shoulder. "He said, see you, not goodbye."

Upon Jack's words, Wilted caught the meaning. She opened her map and looked at the coordinates Chris had given.

"Will you go there now?" Jack asked.

Wilted was silent for several seconds. "No, we have more important matters to settle. We will beat Master first, then I will go there bringing the news of our victory."

Chapter 1716 Chapter 1716. When This is Over

The allied army resumed their march the next day. Wilted's gang followed the army, including Liguritutum's ex-High Marshall, Morphic.

Jack invited Wilted and her closest aides to come inside the mobile fortress. Handsome Joe couldn't stop uttering praise as they toured the fortress. The sight of the landscape moving while they walked on the fortress' battlement was odd. They felt as if they were in a theme park.

"You've upgraded its legs," Wilted remarked as she looked down at the fortress' crawling legs.

"You can tell? Not bad for the half-creator of this world," Jack said, which caused Wilted to roll her eyes.

The mobile fortress wasn't traveling at its top speed. It was adjusting its speed to follow the army where a large portion was still using uncommon steeds. Wilted knew about the upgrade after observing the fortress' legs from up close.

"Its pincer arms have also been upgraded. They can shoot energy beams from those arms," Jack informed.

"It has pincer arms?" Handsome Joe asked.

"Yeah. They are not needed at the moment so they are folded into the towers at the corners of this fortress," Jack explained.

"Cool...!" Joe exclaimed. He slapped Anotherday's arm. "What did I tell you? We should have gone and joined the battle in Hydrurond or Aurebor, we could have seen this fortress in action."

"We have our own tasks to take care of," Anotherday responded.

"Don't worry. Once we reach Dritzuut, you will see this mobile fortress in action," Jack said. "I don't believe Master will just lay down without a fight."

"No, he won't," Wilted said. She is gazing into the courtyard. "A rune tree..."

The rune tree had grown bigger than when Jack first planted it. Its height was one and a half times taller. Its trunk was twice the size from then. It started to grow branches. There were also several leaves on those newly grown branches.

"Hehe, impressed?" Jack asked.

"I am," Wilted replied. "I guess the Goddess Blessing and the Runestone of Luck on you are not wasted."

"What are they doing?" Anotherday asked.

He was looking at the large group of people gathered in the courtyard. Those people were sitting cross-legged. The group was a mix of players and natives. The courtyard was originally filled with siege weapons. But since they were not in a hurry, they unloaded those siege weapons and let them move normally. They used the courtyard to strengthen the important members of the army while on the move.

"They are training," Jack answered.

"Training?"

"Yeah, see those two old dudes standing before the group? One of them is my grandpa. He is a grandmaster martial artist. He is training them in mana manipulation.

"Mana manipulation...? It is real?" Anotherday asked. He had heard about this technique, and probably fought enemies who he suspected were using this technique, but he never truly understood it.

"... Can I learn?" He asked Jack.

"Sure. I can teach you but my gramps is a better teacher. He had the Instructor talent," Jack turned to Bowler who was walking with them. "Bowler, bring Anotherday down there. Tell my gramps to give some pointers regarding mana manipulation."

"I want to learn as well!" Handsome Joe exclaimed.

"In that case, me too," Blackhole chimed in. He turned to Darkradiant, "What about you?"

"Let's go," Darkradiant said. Several other people in Wilted's team, both players and natives voiced their willingness to learn as well.

Bowler then led that group down to the courtyard.

"Why are you grinning?" Wilted asked Jack.

"Look at Joe, so enthusiastic. He must think it is fun, but wait until the training starts. By the way, you are not joining your friends?"

"I don't believe in that kind of spirit power," Wilted replied. "Let's go into the keep and see what else you have done to this place."

"Sure, follow me," Jack said.

On their way, they passed through Thebalder and Thewolden who just sat on the battlement looking at the view.

"Hey, young king. New girlfriend?" Thebalder called.

"She is a friend," Jack explained.

"It's okay. You don't need to hide it. During my reign, I have many consorts."

"Don't consider me the same as you!" Jack scolded. The two ancient kings just chuckled in response.

"Don't mind them," Jack said to Wilted.

"Are... are they..." Wilted knew those two but she knew it should be impossible for those two to be here.

Jack understood her confusion. He explained, "I use the Chalice of Blood to let them enjoy the life outside."

"The Chalice of Blood...? You have that as well? But I don't see how its function has anything to do with this..."

Jack tried to explain the unconventional way he used the Chalice of Blood. Wilted couldn't fully understand after Jack's explanation. It was probably because she didn't believe in spirit power, but the fact was there for her to see. She couldn't deny the reality.

Jack placed the Chalice of Blood inside the throne room. It was the most secure room inside the mobile fortress. In this way, Themisphere's past kings could go around the world following the mobile fortress. At the same time, they became its protectors. Anyone who wanted to infiltrate the mobile fortress would have to go through them.

Since the chalice had no duration, they could continue to stay with the fortress. If one of them was killed then Jack unsummoned everyone and waited three days before using the Judgement of Past Kings again.

"By the way, my Inspect can only see your original class. What have you decided for your second elite class? Priest or Druid?" Jack asked.

"Neither," Wilted replied.

"No? I thought last time you mentioned you wanted to choose between those two."

"I changed my mind. When my second class was a Healer, I stumbled upon a rare quest that had the chance to point me to a special class trial. Due to my knowledge, I knew exactly what special class I could get from that trial. Hence, I chose the Reaver class."

"You can have a contest with Mistress then," Jack joked. "What's your special class?"

"Soul Reaper," Wilted answered.

"That's a first-class special class," Peniel answered when Jack glanced at her.

"Mistress also has first-class special class from the Reaver class. As I said, you can have a fair contest with her to see who is the best reaver."

"It won't be a fair one. I have two classes. Plus, that haughty woman always hides behind her lackeys. She won't fight me one-on-one."

"From the tone, I guess you two didn't get along even before the world turned?" Jack asked.

"No. I'm not a fan of her, nor is she mine. She even tried to get me fired a few times. If not for Chris threatening to quit if I was fired, maybe she would've gotten her way."

"Well, you two should be able to settle your differences in the coming battle. I'm pretty sure Mistress ran to Dritzaut after escaping from Aurebor."

"I've no doubt she did."

"Then we both have our targets. You will take care of Mistress. I will deal with Master. We will finally settle this once and for all!" Jack declared.

"Are you confident of winning against Master?" Wilted asked.

"I've fought him several times. I admit he is a formidable foe. I can't say that I'm completely confident, but I also don't think that I have no winning chance. One thing is for sure, though. I have more friends than him. With their support, I believe I won't lose!"

Wilted smiled. "I can see why people follow you," she said. "You have my support as well. Together, we will end his reign and ensure that this game world won't fall under his thumb!"

"Yeah! And when all of this is over, we will go to Chris' secret site!" Jack declared.

"We? Chris only invites me," Wilted said.

"He said to bring trusted and capable players of different classes," Jack returned.

"If we failed to defeat Master. We won't," Wilted said.

"I know, but since it is so. It isn't truly restricted for me to go there, is it?"

"Just let him come," Peniel said to Wilted. "Otherwise, he will just secretly follow you. He can't help it with his curiosity."

Wilted sighed. "All right. When this is over, we will go together."

Chapter 1717 Chapter 1717. Knocking on Dritzuut's Door

The march of the allied army had been largely uneventful. A few settlements they passed through surrendered without offering much resistance. Wilted had organized her rebellion well. With Master's army pulled back to Dritzuut, her rebels easily took control and opened the gate for Jack's army to rush in. The settlements were occupied without the loss of civilian lives.

Jack received daily reports from the members of the Dogs of War and the Jackal Crews. They spotted no hidden troops or traps. It seemed Linda was resolved to have the final battle at the capital.

After several days of marching, the capital, Dritzuut, finally entered their sight. With the buildings' weird mushroom-shaped roofs, the huge capital looked like an alien city.

Like the other country's capital, the palace had the most impressive look and was the biggest structure. It was easily seen from outside the capital. The palace had several towers that also ended with mushroom-shaped roofs.

The capital wall was tall and it looked sturdy. Jack did not doubt Master must have focused on repairing and strengthening it while his army was on their way here. The glow from the rune diagram on the wall was strong.

"You've finally arrived? Did you go sightseeing first or what?" Jack received a message from John.

The fleet John led had arrived two days earlier. The ships were steadily floating on the lake beside the capital. Staying out of range of the siege weapons inside the capital. John waited for the land army to arrive before taking any action.

"They didn't engage you when you arrived?" Jack asked.

"No, I also expected them to come out and fight us while you are still away," John said. "They were unexpectedly calm about the whole situation."

"Maybe it's because they didn't have any ship to engage your fleet. Sending fliers to engage you might cost them too many casualties before the real battle begins," Jack presumed.

"Maybe... But honestly, I don't like this calm. It's like they still have something up their sleeves," John said.

"Whatever it is, we will find out soon," Jack said. "Do you want to do the honor of knocking on their door or should I?"

"Go ahead. We will advance and open fire when you do," John replied.

Jack gave the order. The siege weapons moved forward to get into position. The army adjusted themselves to protect those siege weapons. The mobile fortress also advanced and stood next to the siege weapons. They then opened fire.

Jack had those siege weapons focused their attacks on the main gate and its surroundings. Several magic walls and other defensive spells appeared in front of the gate before the assault arrived. Those spells couldn't nullify all the attacks. They were destroyed and the remaining shells from the siege weapons struck the gate. The rune diagram flared brightly as it tried to resist the impact.

Upon that first round of knocking, John commanded the fleet to approach the capital and attack.

Dritzuut bordered the lake on its Northern side, while the main gate was at the Eastern side. These two sides were repeatedly bombarded both by Jack's siege weapons and John's fleet.

Some shells shot out from the capital in retaliation. Jack and John were ready. They had troops with defensive skills to protect the siege weapons and the fleets.

These back-and-forth bombardments continued for days. On the third day, the main gate and northern wall's HP had been reduced to around 30%. On this same day, a person floated from the battlement above the main gate. Jack's dragon eye identified this person from a distance.

"Hold!" He ordered the siege weapons to stop their assault. John didn't follow. The fleet continued to bombard the northern wall.

Jack flew into the sky as that one person from the capital flew out.

"What is this? Coming out like this, are you proposing a duel?" Jack said to the person as they met halfway between the allied force and the capital.

"That is not a bad idea," Master replied. "A duel will spare our armies from unnecessary casualties. We should just settle this dispute between us man-to-man. If I win, your army retreat. If you win, you get the hostages."

"Very funny hearing you said that. Are you so desperate that you resolved to this?" Jack mocked.

Master smirked. "And here I thought this proposal for a duel is to your liking? Isn't this more your style?"

"I can't deny that. Unfortunately, I'm no longer that independent player who goes where I please and does what I please. I have people who depend on me. I can't betray their trust. My army overpowers yours. There is no need for me to accept this duel."

"Even for the sake of the hostages?" Master asked.

"How do I know you haven't done anything to them?" Jack asked in return.

Master pointed behind him. Jack looked at where he was pointing. The direction was to one of the open balconies of Dritzuut palace. It was very far but Jack's dragon eye managed to make out some sort of a large cage on that balcony.

"Your friends are there. You can go there and make sure," Master offered.

"Are you taking me for a child? Why would I go in by myself into the enemy's territory? How about this, you have your army gathered at the capital's plaza, open the gate. My army and I will go in and make sure that my friends are still fine."

Master chuckled. "So, no duel?"

"Wait, I have another way to check their well-being," Jack said and took out his Staff of Illios. He fed 1,000 mana cores into his staff and a projection image appeared beside him. In that projection, the cage on the balcony was seen up close. Jeanny, Leavemealone, and Red Death were inside.

Master frowned at the display. He had seen Jack use this magic staff during the battle in Hydrurond. He was surprised at the time because he couldn't recognize this magic staff which was supposed to be either legendary or unique grade. Now that he saw the projection. He knew it from the eye sculpture on the head of the staff. It was the Eye of Illios.

How did Jack transform that legendary artifact into a magic staff?

While Master was in puzzlement, Jack used his Inspect on each of the ones in the cage.

"Hm... They still have their levels. You didn't reduce their levels. That was nice of you," Jack remarked.

"So, should we duel?" Master asked. His mind was still bewildered by Jack's magic staff but he didn't show it.

"Sorry, I can't play with you. As I said, I have responsibilities. If our situation is flipped and it's me whose army is inferior to you, then I will agree to a duel. But if it is so, you won't be proposing a duel then, will you?"

Master sneered. "You keep on saying that my army is inferior to you. Why are you so sure about that?"

Jack didn't like that sneer. "Are you saying it is not so?"

"How about we find out!" Master exclaimed. His voice was powered by mana manipulation.

At the end of his voice, a thundering roar was heard. A huge dragon with obsidian scales descended from the sky.

Chapter 1718 1718. Azzarilth

"Is that...?" Jack was speechless. Master truly acquired another country guardian so fast.

Peniel uttered with shock, "No, it can't be... That is Azzarilth. How can she be out from her seal?"

"Azzarilth?" Jack asked.

"Your fairy friend is truly knowledgeable," Master said. "You must owe a lot to her for gaining your current position despite starting as an insignificant player."

Master suddenly cast a quick spell.

Jack's hand moved and nudged Peniel away from her position.

"Hey!" She complained, but then she saw the air where she was a second ago combusted in flame.

Master had cast Immolation. The same spell that killed Peniel during their first encounter. Master knew the fairy was a familiar. She wouldn't die for real but at least he could piss Jack off by removing the fairy momentarily.

"Is that your first strike...?" Jack asked.

Master smirked. "Your side did the first strike three days ago. But no, that is just my temporary farewell."

Master floated back slowly toward the castle. Jack didn't interrupt Master. He didn't think he could even if he tried. It was not yet the time for their personal battle. They need to

destroy a part of the wall first. Otherwise, if the enemies just hunkered behind the wall, they would suffer many casualties even if they could win. Jack wanted as few casualties as possible if he could help it.

He flew back to his army and gave them the order to resume the bombardment. As the siege weapons' shells flew toward the wall, Azzarilth who now perched above the wall gate spread her wings. A black magic wall appeared before the main gate. This magic wall stopped most of the siege weapons' attacks.

However, the true dragon was just alone. Her spell had limited coverage. The walls at both sides of the main gate were still hit. Before, they focused most of their firing at the main gate. Now, they adjusted the aims so that they spread out equally to the nearby walls. Azzarilth might have slowed the process of them destroying the wall, but she didn't halt it. Additionally, the Northern side where John's fleet was hitting was still defended by normal soldiers.

They heard a different roar then. They saw on the Northern wall another huge dragon with sparkling scales like diamonds appear. The dragon cast a spell and an ice wall blocked the ships' artilleries. In response, John did the same as Jack. He spread out the ships to widen the target so the ice dragon couldn't block every assault.

"That is Zorvis," Peniel explained. "She is a true dragon with the ice element."

"How did Master manage to secure the aid of two true dragons?" Jack asked in bewilderment.

"I doubt Zorvis and Azzarilth are working together," Peniel said. "Azzarilth was a true dragon sealed by Broidrireg like the eldritch beholder. Zorvis was the warden. If Azzarilth was freed, that means Zorvis was defeated. The Zorvis over there is most likely a zombie revived by Master using Necronomicon."

"Shit...", Jack cursed. "You said Broidrireg sealed a true dragon?"

Peniel told Jack about the ancient war then, about how Azzarilth betrayed the true dragons and sided with the eldritch beholder.

"From your story, this Azzarilth is strong?" Jack asked.

"Very," Peniel answered. "She is a level 98 eternal dragon."

"The same level as Eoranth...", Jack muttered.

"Their levels might be the same but she was much more experienced," Peniel said. "She killed Eoranth's father who was on the same level as her at the time. Eoranth shared much of his father's abilities so you can say Azzarilth is stronger than Eoranth in a way."

"... That will be troublesome," Jack said.

Four Winds was nearby. He heard their conversation. He said, "We are in their territory. That Azzarilth had no duration. If we summon our country guardians, we have to make sure either they can defeat those two dragons within one day or we destroy the enemy's throne in the same time frame."

"That will be difficult if Azzarilth is as strong as what Peniel described... Not to mention, Master can summon the Divine Earth Titan," Jack said.

"Horatio was close already, he should be arriving here by today," Four Winds said.

"Good. Then, we will have three country guardians working together. That should balance the scale while we work our way to the palace. What we need to do is create a hole in those walls first."

"Agreed," Four Winds said. He then barked orders to the troops, "Form a thicker formation around the siege weapons. We have to be ready at a moment's notice in case that dragon decides to come out to attack the siege weapons."

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Master landed back on the Dritzuut's wall.

"That should buy us a few more days," Linda said.

"Have we settled the negotiation with that minor race?" Master asked.

"We have. They are on their way through the river. They will act once we give the signal," Linda answered. She then turned to Azzarilth whose looming figure towered above them. "How long until your brood arrives?" Azzarilth didn't reply. She acted like she didn't hear anything.

"Azzarilth...", Master said.

"They just started departing when I left," Azzarilth said. "I would say two or three days, or maybe four days? Hehehe."

"This is not a game, ma'am. We need precise information for better planning," Linda said. She tried to sound as respectful as possible.

"On the contrary, this is very much a game for me," Azzarilth uttered with a laugh.

"You should behave yourself, dragon!" A nearby World Maker's member exclaimed. "You work for us and you should respect our leaders. Answer the question properly!"

His exclamation took both Master and Linda aback. They didn't know who this member was but it seemed like he was a new guild member who was eager to show his passion as a team player. That passion was short-lived, though, because Azzarilth's jaws came without warning.

That World Maker member was dismembered in a single bite. His severed limbs were scattered on the ground as Azzarilth swallowed the majority of his body.

"Taste awful," Azzarilth uttered. "Too bad. I planned to demand you to send that guy to my nest every time he returns to life, so I can continue to consume him endlessly, but I lost that appetite after a single taste."

Chapter 1719 1719. Go Full Force

Later that day, Horatio and his additional army arrived, further bolstering the Allied forces. Jack met the vampire emperor and told him about the situation. Horatio agreed to wait for Jack's signal before summoning his country guardian.

Aside from Sangrod's additional force, Emris was also back with the army. He brought with him several resurrection potions the palace alchemists had concocted.

The bombardment continued as the previous days, albeit at a slower pace. Master, Azzarilth, Zorvis, and other capable players or natives used their defensive abilities to block the bombardment. They couldn't cover every assault, though. The wall's HP continued to decrease.

On the second day since Azzarilth showed up, John sent a message, "They are buying for time."

"Buying time for what?" Jack asked.

"I don't know, but I prefer not to find out," John answered. "They are too diligent in slowing down the wall's decay. They don't look like people who are doing it out of desperation for the inevitable. There is a sense of hope in their action. They are waiting for something."

"Can't you interrogate Gridhacker to find out what he knows?"

"I already did. He didn't know what plan Master and Linda prepared to defend against our force. He didn't even know about Azzarilth. He just knew that Master had secured a new country guardian and that Master was confident that he could win."

"What do you suggest?" Jack asked.

"I suggest we go full force," John answered. "The parts of the wall we are assaulting are already low in HP. If we keep like what we are doing now, we should be able to destroy

the wall in two days, or three days top. But if we charge now and focus on one, we can destroy a part of the wall by today."

"We will lose men...", Jack said.

"I know. But if my deduction is correct, we might lose even more men if we wait," John said in return.

Jack was hesitant. This was the time when he hated being a leader. He had to make a decision based on assumption and limited information which could cost the lives of his people. Everything would have been much simpler if he was still an independent player. Either pick left or right. A bad decision was still better than no decision. That philosophy was easy when the life at stake was his own, which would not even die a permanent death. It was much heavier when they involved the lives of natives who died permanently.

Jack took a deep breath. He called Arther, Four Winds, Jennifer, Thelgrun, Horatio, and Dytess to his command base. They were representatives to each of the armies within the Allied forces. He relayed John's suspicion to them.

"Do you want to take a vote?" Four Winds asked.

"... No," Jack said. "Unless any of you have a strong objection, I will take the responsibility. We charge the wall."

Jack looked at the faces of the six. None of them showed any objection. They couldn't tell if this was the correct decision or not because they didn't have sufficient information.

"To express my responsibility, Themisphere army will act as the spearhead," Jack said.

"My country's special units, Black Shields, are one of the best defensive units. They will follow the vanguard force you send for the first wave," Four Winds offered.

"So are our Armored Busters," Thelgrun said. "I will have them follow your vanguard force. In addition, my Cannoneers will follow closely from behind to contribute to the wall's bombardment."

"Thank you very much," Jack said to the two. "Please go and tell your people. We will commence our assault two hours from now. Please get everyone ready."

After the six left, Jack sent a message to John informing him about the decision. Jack also called the representatives from the players' community and told them the same news. He asked them to prepare for the assault. The guild leaders with the guild army summoning crystal readied themselves inside the mobile fortress. Native forces with war tables also did the same. The mobile fortress was currently the best defensible place to operate from.

John stayed with the fleet. He wouldn't be operating the war table. The task was given to Tip. After commanding the guild army for some time, John considered Tip ready to take greater responsibility. As for their guild army, it would be given to Richard, the player whom Jack recruited during the incident with the Council of Charites.

Richard turned out to be a fan of real-time strategy games. He had many experiences playing such games in the past. He had been following and studying from Tip all this time. Today would be the day he put his practice to the test.

After giving everyone the command, Jack went to the mobile fortress' battlement and waited as everyone was getting ready.

"Are you ready?" Jack received John's message.

"I've given the command. Everyone is getting into position. We will advance soon," Jack answered.

"Good. One more thing I want you to know," John said. "I tasked the Dog of War to infiltrate the capital. I originally had them do that in preparation if we need to go full force on the wall like we are about to do now, to have them disrupt the enemy from the inside."

"Originally? So, you are not going to have them do that when we attack?"

"The number that managed to infiltrate the capital covertly is too few. The security around the wall is tighter than expected. Even with their expertise, they have difficulty infiltrating. Only around fifty of their guild members are inside. With such a small number, they won't make a difference. They will just be sacrificing themselves."

"I see. Have them wait until we break the wall then, they can join the battle once that happens," Jack said.

"No, I've altered their mission. They are to map a safe path to where Jeanny and the others are imprisoned. You said they are at one of the palace's balconies, didn't you? Can you make sure they are still at the same place?"

"I will use my staff's Eye of Surveillance again to make sure," Jack said.

"Good. Hopefully, they are still there. It's better to save Jeanny and the others while we still know where they are. Even if we win this war, Master might prepare an escape route and take them away. We better save them before that."

"I agree. I prefer they aren't held captive a second longer," Jack said.

"The Dogs of War will work their way there. They will let you know the path. Once you have the chance, try to sneak over. I doubt Master leaves normal guards to look after

those captives. The Dogs of War will wait for you before they make their move. I'm sure Master will run back once he hears someone try to free those three. We will only have a short time to save them, so we will need someone with the highest firepower. You are the best candidate with the highest success chance for the task."

"Leave it to me!" Jack exclaimed.

"Just make sure Master didn't see your intention," John reminded.

Chapter 1720 - 1720. Extra Siege Weapons for the Push

"It looks like they are making a move...", Motherboard said when she saw the movements in the allied forces.

Master also noticed it. He sent a message to Linda, telling her to get ready.

"Will they attack?" GraphicZ asked. GraphicZ successfully fled after disengaging his fight with Viking underwater. He saw the situation wasn't good for their side so he swam away until he found a small island where he could get out of combat status. He then used the Town Return Scroll.

Soundeffect also successfully fled. He was released from John's Living Water Prison before any enemies found him. He sneaked out of the flagship and fled using the same method as GraphicZ. He saw Gridhacker getting apprehended during his escape but he didn't dare to go for a rescue.

"They most probably will," Master answered GraphicZ.

"Haha, Good! I'm bored to death with all this waiting," Ronald laughed excitedly.

Motherboard turned to Azzarilth who stayed above the main gate. "Are your brood already close?" She asked.

Azzarilth simply snickered at the question. She didn't answer.

Motherboard was vexed but she didn't dare scold the dragon for her rudeness. She was there when Azzarilth devoured their eager guild member two days ago. That guild member came back with a fearful expression. He only lost one level because he wore an amulet of rebirth.

He walked back to his post with a bowed head. Despite that, Azzarilth came and bit him again without provocation. Everyone just stood there when the dragon did. They didn't dare do anything. Everything also happened too fast. That member didn't have the time yet to go reforge his amulet of rebirth. So this time, he fell back to level 1.

Master kicked him out of the guild then. He didn't need weak and foolish members.

After that, no one dared to look directly at Azzarilth. No one also dared to speak anything that was remotely disrespectful to her, for fear of giving this mad dragon an excuse to target them.

Master glanced at Azzarilth. He also wanted to know the answer to Motherboard's question, but he didn't ask. He knew Azzarilth's personality. Even to him, the dragon wouldn't answer if she didn't want to. He still needed this dragon. It was not wise to antagonize her.

Never mind, Master thought. He still had other cards to play. Even if Azzarilth wasn't serious. She would still be serious when Broidrireg showed up. As long as she kept that old dragon busy, the others should still be manageable.

Plus, if his plan worked, the result of this battle was not important.

He turned to Ronald, Long, and the others.

"You people know what to do," Master said. "Ronald, go to your post."

"Do I have to...? Most of the battle will happen here," Ronald protested.

"You are a mercenary. Act like one. Do as you are paid for," Master rebuked.

"Tsk!" Ronald turned and went away unhappily. He shot someone in the leg on his way. That someone screamed in pain but didn't dare to retaliate.

"Everyone else..."

"Everyone else except me," Long said. "I will be on my own when this battle starts." He dashed away before Master could say anything.

Master watched Long go with narrowed eyes. He didn't do anything. Now was not the time. There would be a time when he disciplined that rebellious martial artist.

Mistress was there too. She couldn't say that she didn't expect this. Master might be a smart person but he was not a leader. Those who followed him did so out of fear of his power and desire for the material gains he promised when he became a God.

"Everyone else, watch out for that person," Master resumed. Motherboard, GraphicZ, Soundeffect, and the other high-ranked guild members nodded. They all knew who Master meant. "Take extra attention when he creates his clones. If any one of his clones goes missing, I have to be notified right away. Is this clear?"

Everyone nodded again. They then spread out to different positions.

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Two hours after Jack met the army leaders, the Allied forces began their offense.

The vanguard force gathered in front of the siege weapons as those weapons continued firing at the capital wall. This vanguard force was largely composed of Themisphere soldiers with some orcish and dwarven troops. The orcish troops were the Black Shields and the dwarven troops were the Armored Busters. The two special units Four Winds and Thelgrun volunteered for the vanguard force.

As for the Themisphere's portion, the vanguard troops were mostly composed of special units. The holy knights and the brave champions were at the forefront. They carried many siege ladders. Ancient Champions were ready behind them together with the standard heavy infantries. Healer units were at the back to help these vanguard troops last as long as possible. Palgrost's Cannoneers and Themisphere's musketeers were with these healers. The Cannoneers' long-range artillery weapons would add extra damage to the wall, while the musketeers provided cover fire to the vanguard troops that tried to scale the wall.

The rest of the armies got ready. They would also storm the wall once the vanguard troops hit the wall. The vanguard troops would attract most of the enemy's attention. The rest of the army would hit the other parts of the wall then. They also carried lots of siege ladders.

As the vanguard troops got into position, Jack sent a message to the guild leaders.

Jonathan, the leader of Saint Edge, sent messages to his guild members. These guild members activated tools that summoned several advanced arrow towers like the one World Ruler had. Players with the gunner and elite marksman classes climbed onto these arrow towers while the towers started moving forward.

General Manager Ironfist, a Corporate United's high-ranked member in charge of his guild in this campaign, sent orders to his members. Soon, a decent number of catapults appeared. These catapults were different than the normal ones. Theirs were called Rapid Catapult, which had a higher firing rate than a normal catapult but with slightly lower damage.

The last guild who summoned their siege tool was the Jackal Crews. Their siege tools were called Force Cannons, which delivered high damage over a vast distance, almost similar to a mana cannon, but their firing rate was terrible.

With these additional siege weapons, the damage dealt to the wall multiplied. The allied force had saved these siege tools for the time when they made a push. This was the time!