

World Plot 1861

Chapter 1861: 24.122 Sixth Violet Star - Fight for Survival

The mercenaries didn't expect that the undead ruler that would appear in the east would be something as abominable as an Undead King. This is a rare mutation of the undead and said to look closer to humans than zombies. Despite not having the same size as the Undead Warrior, its physical strength is hundred times stronger than it. It can even create undeads with its qi alone and as long as it was not killed it would continue to create more of its kind.

Moreover, the strength of this Undead King was stronger than Mu Liao. He also chose to protect his beasts at the end and suffered from the last attack of the Undead King that's why he had lost consciousness.

Right now, the soldiers that come to support them have lost half of their original number while the mercenaries he brought with only a quarter of them are left. They are currently running away from the Undead King who was commanding hundreds of undead he just created and is now chasing after them. To hide their scent as the living, they didn't even hesitate to cover themselves with the scent of undead fluid after they've crushed their bodies and poured it all over them.

Though this would give a chance of them being infected, they no longer care. It is better to die trying than to die like a fool. They are now currently hiding in some underground basement of some building. Those who have a bit of medical knowledge are now checking on the unconscious Mu Liao.

"The Boss lost a lot of qi. He had entered deep sleep to recover faster."

"He... should be able to wake in 6 more hours."

"Six hours. Even if we have to lose more of us, that six hours... we must buy time for the boss to wake up."

"He is our last chance of survival!"

"I am willing to make a sacrifice!"

"I am too!"

"Hmp! You younglings should stay. Us old things will take the lead now."

The vice captain of the mercenary group had spoken, "Enough. I know what you have in mind. Though it's important to buy time, I will not allow you to waste your life at the wrong time."

"You will only move out at the moment I give my command! This is the responsibility I must bear as your acting leader!"

"Also... once everyone from the older generation is gone... It will be my turn next. You cannot stop me by then!"

"Vice-captain~"

The mercenaries looked at their young vice captain. He was chosen as the aide of their boss because of his intelligence. Mu Liao is the type of fighter that goes through it by following his instinct alone. This young vice captain was chosen to hold him back in case he wanted to do something unreasonable. It can be said that he is the brain of their Mercenary Tower. The one who created the rules, punishment and made it so the mercenaries would not be out of control like their head.

No matter for what reason it was, sending your comrade to their deaths is a painful thing for the one who made that command. Now this young vice captain is willing to bear such pain just so they can see the hope for their group to survive.

Hearing the voice of their vice captain, the mercenaries that are older than him by a decade couldn't help but pat his hands, back and shoulders while laughing joyously. It was as if they didn't mind sacrificing their lives and following the command of this young vice captain even if this order only had death as an ending.

"Haha~ then we old men will leave it to the brain of our group!"

"Make sure to make a thorough plan. We will definitely follow through with it."

"Also, I don't want to be an undead. Wrapped a bomb around us, if you are going to send us out!"

"Agreed! I don't want to be that ugly!"

"Hahaha~ we trust you kid! We will leave it to you to plan through things."

The soldiers also wanted to join the fun but were rejected by the mercenaries. Their leader is not their boss. Do not have the responsibility to sacrifice their lives for them. However, the older general soldiers say otherwise.

"We wanted to be included in that plan too!!"

"Count us in! The more of us there are, the more chances of survival!"

An old mercenary said, "No! You can't! Your leader is not our boss. You cannot throw your lives for someone who is not a part of your troop. Moreover, we old men are more than enough."

"That's right, young soldier. You don't even look like you have a girlfriend to stop fighting for the job these old men want to have. Haha~"

"Who told you I don't have a girlfriend! I have a wife!" The young soldier retorted.

Another mercenary said, "There you go. There is someone waiting for you. Why do you want to run to your death? It would be a sin to leave a woman to be widowed!"

The young soldiers with family, and wives lowered their heads and felt a bit guilty. Now that they think of their loved ones, their determination to sacrifice themselves has wavered. The young mercenaries also had the same expression.

The vice captain said, "I am an orphan and don't have a wife. You cannot stop me from doing the same thing!"

This time the old soldiers walked forward and said, "That will only happen if all of us old men had gone. Brother, even if we have families they already had their own families even if we are gone it should be considered an honor instead."

"We will join you brothers on this last journey!"

This time all those from old generations had united. Regardless if one is a mercenary or a soldier, they had one duty to fulfill. Protect the children as they are the future itself. These old guys reaching their forties and fifties all got along. The Vice captain allowed them to eat and drink as they wished, enjoying the last banquet of their lives.

At the side, the young generation can barely hide their tears as they had to send away these seniors who had taught them many things and protected them all the way to the present.

Only the young vice captain made a vow in his heart.

'No matter what I will try to prevent you from dying no matter how much I grinded my mind to imagine all possible scenarios.'

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Meanwhile in the North...

The Ninetailed Fox Beastmen, Huzi and his group were on their way back to support the command center. However, on their way back, Huzi felt something dangerous coming from the east and halted for a moment leaving his people to stop with him.

"Leader, what's wrong?"

"Is there something there?"

"That is... East?"

Huzi narrowed his eyes as his fox eyes stared at the direction of the east region and felt a hunch that there is something bad going on to that place right now.

He commanded, "You guys return to the core of the city and meet up with my mate. Listen to his command while I am not around. I am heading east. Something there is making me feel uneasy. Go now!"

"Yes, Leader!"

Under the command of their Race's leader, all beastmen except for Huzi, had continued their journey to the command center to meet up with the Beast God and protect the survivors. As for Huzi, he immediately left for the east where his intuition told him to go ahead.

"If I am not wrong... the one that head to that place is that stupid brat who seems to try his hardest to hide his hate for me."

He controlled the horse that was lent to them and headed to the east to look for Mu Liao. Even though he is heading there the distance between north and east region would still take hours even if he hurried over.

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On the other hand at the area where the military compound is located.

Hundreds, no... Maybe thousands of undeads had surrounded them. They should be thankful that the terrain of the compound was the type that is almost impossible to attack from the back as the military compound was made to be attached to a mountain hidden within it, while being surrounded by water.

Undeads cannot swim due to their stiff muscles and would only drown themselves if they entered the waters. That's why even though they had surrounded the military compound there is only one way to reach it and that is only through the connecting bridge between the two lands.

Tirelessly, killing the undeads at the front gates where the only road that leads to the compound is open, a wide bridge that can be lifted up and disconnected to the city is completely drawn down to accept survivors and sent soldiers before. Even though they can control it to disconnect from the other side, the marshal didn't do so.

As the bridge itself was full of undead and flipping it over would throw in these undead inside the territory which would lead to bigger panic. Moreover there are too many undeads. It is unsure what kind of plan the other side might do in desperation to enter the military compound.

"Fight! Fight until we clean up the bridge so that we can lift the bridge up!" The Marshal shouted as he took the lead to run forward in eliminating the undeads with his beast.

Chapter 1862: 24.123 Sixth Violet Star - Lift the Bridge

At the border land of the human race's territory

The World Eater, An Shizhe and the Sovereign God of Void and Darkness, Ye Xiajie finally landed on the fertile land. They had been sprinting for half a day from the core region and finally reached the other race's land. Normally, the journey they had just sprinted over with can only be achieved by days before reaching where they are now.

The Ancient God An Shizhe was stretching while beside him Ye Xiajie was expressionless.

Ugh~

"That was barely enough to be considered as an exercise!" Lord An Shizhe said.

Sovereign God Ye Xiajie was indifferent. Though he looks like a child right now being chubby and all, his dull eyes and expressionless face makes him a bit uncute.

"Master, let's finish the task and return as soon as possible," complained the Sovereign God of Void and Darkness.

The World Eater pinches his cheeks and said, "You are so small but your temper isn't~"

"L-Let go!"

Ye Xiajie complained as he can only say a few words and lightly hit that pair of hands pinching his cheeks. Its alright if it was his wife who is touching his face, but others made him uncomfortable.

Snort!

"Boring~"

All of the sudden they were surrounded by the soldiers whose tasks was to protect this borders and prevent all outsiders whether, they are beasts or not, they cannot be recklessly allowed inside their territory.

"Who are you!?"

"Raise your hand!"

"Don't move unnecessarily!"

Actually, these two gods already noticed the presence of these humans. Even if they approached the two of them stealthily as long as they couldn't hide their breath and stop their heartbeats, there is no way they would be ignored.

Ancient God An Shizhe glanced nonchalantly at the mortals surrounding them and commented, "Mortals of this star are truly fearless. I thought only the Long Clan had that guts."

Surrounded by both humans and their contracted beasts, these two ancient gods are unmoved and unbothered. However, the humans noticed how terrified their beasts were before the presence of these two people. Some of the beasts even fainted on the spot.

"Something is wrong with our beasts!"

"My beast fainted!"

"What the hell!? Are you peeing?!"

"Why are you trembling?!"

The more strange the beasts reacted the stronger the opposition of the humans were toward Ancient Lord An Shizhe and Sovereign God Ye Xiajie. The humans started pointing their weapons at them. Those who had intention to fire a bullet instantly burned into ashes scaring the humans in the area.

Ye Xiajie said, "Don't point those toys at us. Annoying~"

AHHH~

UGH~

It was at this moment that Commander Gu Ling had arrived and witnessed the scene of some of his soldiers being burned to death. He was enraged and pulled out his long sword and jumped to attack these two intruders.

"Stop killing my soldiers!"

Even though he is ambitious, his love for his race and land as well his subordinates can match the old marshal. That's why seeing some of his soldiers dying, he couldn't help but attack the two gods without knowing who they were.

Of course, Ancient God An Shizhe effortlessly captured the blade of his sword leaving everyone dumbfounded including the commander himself.

Sneers~

"What the hell is this toy? Poorly made~"

The World Eater picked him up together with his sword and threw him nonchalantly. This single throw was enough to demolish a part of the walls at the borders which terrified the humans.\

"COMMANDER!!" The soldiers collectively called.

"Y-You're not human!!!"

"Huh? Of course not! Mortals are so rude and if not for that old man I would have exterminated you. Anyway we are in a hurry. Let's go, stupid disciple!" Ancient Lord An Shizhe said.

The Sovereign God Ye Xiajie retorted, "Alright, Old bastard Master."

"What did you say? I'm going to beat you up you damn brat!" Lord An Shizhe said as he chased after Ye Xiajie who flew away without care for the soldiers surrounding them.

Moreover, these soldiers were stunned the moment they saw the two of them flying in the sky and when they woke up in reality then they were able to react and tried to chase after the intruders.

"T-They... They are flying!!!"

"They are heading to the city!"

"Block them!"

"How!? There in the sky!"

"Shoot! SHOOT THEM DOWN!"

"But they are too far away. The bullets don't reach there!"

"Chase after them!!"

The soldiers were about to give chase when their commander, who was covered in his own blood, shouted an order for them to halt their chase towards those two unknown yet powerful intruders. When they had seen them flying he had some guess of who they were.

"STOP! DON'T CHASE!"

Cough. Cough. Cough!

"I might know who they came for. Let them go. They aren't our enemies. Those two people might be... Gods!" Commander Gu Ling said.

This revelation rendered the soldiers in the area speechless. They finally understood why their beast who doesn't even fear the Beast Kings would tuck their tails between their legs under the presence of the two. Why they can easily defeat their commander and why they can fly freely. It was because they were not humans at all. But divine beings who might be equal or stronger than the beast god that lives in the Ancient Forest.

"Help the commander to the clinic!"

"Commader, are you alright?"

"Let us bring you to see the doctors."

The commander looked at the direction where the two intruders had just flown to and recalled what he heard before he hit the walls which are supposed to be capable of blocking even gold grade beast tide.

He mumbles, "Old man? Is he talking about the old marshal? Are they whom that Little Mercenary King had mentioned before?"

"Did you say something, commander?"

"Ask people to repair the wall urgently! It cannot remain as this is the main defense of our land," said Commander Gu Ling. "Also... those who turned to ashes. Keep it well preserved. We send them back to their homes."

The soldiers saluted and responded, "Yes, Sir!"

Only then did they start following the command and move around the border land. They tried to repair the walls as soon as possible to keep the beast away from entering their land. This hole will become the source of danger once the beast from the opposite side notices it.

As for Commander Gu Ling, he was treated as soon as he reached the clinic. Upon checking he didn't even have a bone fracture, just a few bumps, bruises and scratches. The bleeding was caused by a wound near his right eyelid and on his right eyebrow.

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On the other hand, at the mansion of the Pei Clan.

Pei Jin was happily watching as his beast slowly pushed the cracks of his egg revealing a black snake head. He was excited as his contracted beast whom he had been nurturing and waiting all this time had finally hatched.

"Hatching. Ouroboros! You are hatching!" Pei Jin exclaimed with ecstasy in his tone of voice. He was almost cheering and applauding in excitement.

Hahaha~

"Finally! I've waited all this time and even sacrificed almost half of the whole population of the human race!"

Pei Jin was watching while watching the other heads of his beast come out. There are at least three snake heads which almost look like a lesser evil dragon and hydra mix. Once the Evil Beast God is born chaos will fall on this land.

ROOOAAARRR~

—

A monstrous dragon-like roar echoed in the whole city upon the birth of the Evil Beast God and the first one to notice its presence is another beast god who was about to head to the command center but suddenly looked at the direction where the roaring came.

Somewhere in the west, Beast God Mo Minkong mumbles, "An Evil Beast Go was born."

All the living was affected by its cries, those who are good by nature suffered a backlash. Those who are neither good nor bad suffered hallucination and those who are inherently bad were buff by his cries, intensifying not only their hunger and anger but also their murderous intent.

The invasion of the undead towards the military compound had intensified because of these roars. There are those who fainted on the spot and those who fell ill. That split second was enough for the undead to overwhelm the humans. The death count in the command center increases and most of the soldiers are dead.

Long Tian immediately woke up from his hallucination and bleed on his seven orifices. However, he firmly stood before these undead and glared at them. He burns his lifespans and enters berserk mode.

"Listen to my last command! I will push away all the undead on the bridge. Given the right moment you lift the bridge and cut the only path to this island!" Long Tian said.

The remaining living soldiers were covered in tears when they heard this command. This obviously a suicide task and unfortunately only someone like the Marshal can accomplish it.

"Victory will be yours, Marshal!" The soldiers saluted while almost crying with blood tears.

Before he ran towards the beast he gave them a rare smile and finally shouted as merged with his beast without caring for the consequences and pushed away all the undead on the bridge. Those undead who fell in water cried their last as they drowned. Long Tian who was covered in blood and run passed the edge of the bridge shouted,

"LIFT THE BRIDGE!!!"

Chapter 1863: 24.124 Sixth Violet Star - Sacrifice

The current marshal had the intention to sacrifice himself just so he can save the rest of the human race. He had no hesitation nor had any intention to back down. If he had regrets then it can only be leaving first before his father and brother, and not being able to see his son grow up.

Long Tian didn't even look back to see the face of his people, not even for the last time. However, he knows that he followed his command and lifted the bridge.

With a smile on his face, Long Tian fought and killed the undead until his last breath. Although he was about to die or his effort was useless, he was proud to die for his family and his race. Just before he was eaten alive two wrinkled hands grabbed him and threw him on the opposite side of the bridge.

"Don't give up so easily."

"If there is someone to sacrifice it can only be us."

"Who?" Long Tian wanted to see who saved him but he couldn't even lift his eyelids.

"Live, Tian'er!"

Whooshed!

After being thrown to the other side, the ones who saved him chose to kill as many undead until their last breath and chose to activate the bombs they had wrapped in their bodies.

BOOOOM!!!

The soldiers panicky caught him, Long Tian was stunned. He no longer has any strength and the only reason he didn't suffer from the bites and scratches of those undead was because his beast had sacrificed its life to protect him, his master.

Long Tian could barely move his heavily injured body and couldn't even open his eyes. But he had heard that loud explosion from afar and the crying sounds of the people around him.

"Who... who was it? No, who were the one who saved me!?"

Long Tian questioned. But no one answered his questions and instead the crying sounds of the huge crowd can barely be ignored by him. Their reactions had given him an extremely bad feeling. Moreover, he heard that familiar voice calling him Tian'er.

"Who... tell me who the hell is it!?" Shouted Long Tian as he tried to open his eyes.

Even with his eyes wide open, his blood dripped into his eyes but he ignored it. He can see the extreme sadness on the face of the soldier who he just grabbed.

"M-Marshal... it's... it's the old marshal and Patriarch Mu!"

"They... They... noticed the commotion and saw the live surveillance at the command room."

"They immediately jumped to the other side before the bridge was lifted and..."

"They threw you towards us."

"...A-Also... they've wrapped countless bombs on them. They..."

"...N-No..."

The current marshal couldn't believe what he is hearing, that there is an annoying ringing in his head making him go crazy.

"You are lying. Fucking tell me that you are lying!!!"

Unfortunately, there is no one who told him any lies. They didn't want to lie even if their marshal had fallen to this state. They just could treat the sacrifice of two seniors as a lie.

"N-No... No! This can't be... cough!"

"Marshal!?"

After coughing blood from intense emotions, the current marshal fainted and everyone had to bring him to the clinic to treat him as soon as possible. As for the deaths of Long Huang and Mu Patriarch, their deaths had killed most undead from the other side of the land leaving a huge crater after the explosion.

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Long Kian who had hidden the children didn't even know what was happening in the compound as he had taken most children in the military compound under their permission of each child's parents to be taken away to safety. They knew that if there is somewhere safe in this land, it can only be the ancient forest or the core region of the barren lands.

The latter is too far to reach and they can only beg to be let inside the ancient forest. They are now escaping through an underground tunnel heading to the route that will bring them nearer the ancient forest. This underground tunnel happens to be the only escape route in that military facility.

However, despite being underground they can barely feel the explosion that had happened outside. But for some reason Long Kian's heart throbbed in pain.

Ugh!

"Uncle?" calls Long Juedi.

Long Teng looked at his father worriedly and asked, "Dad, are you alright?"

The children suddenly saw tears unconsciously fall from the eyes of the only adult in the group. It was too strange and scary.

Long Teng asked, "Dad, why are you crying?"

"Crying? I am?" Long Kian reached out his hand to touch his face and noticed the warm drops falling from his eyes. It seems that he was indeed crying.

He had a strong urge to turn back. However, bid by his duties first. He can only look at the place they had just walked through. Then continue walking forward with heavy steps.

Long Kian said, "Let's go. We cannot stay here."

"Uncle, where are Dad and Grandpa?" Long Juedi asked.

Long Kian can only lie and said, "They will pick us up after the undead are all dead. For now, let's seek safety at the Ancient Forest first."

"But... I heard the race that lives there hates humans? Why are we going there, Dad? Why are we using this underground tunnel instead of walking aboveground," Long Teng asked.

Long Juedi and Long Teng haven't seen an undead and react mildly when this monster is mentioned. Of course, survivors from the outside were traumatized by it.

"No! Not above us!"

"Monsters! There are monsters outside on the loose!"

"Those monsters ate my mom!"

"Boohoo~ I don't want to see those monsters again!"

Long Kian comforted the children and said, "Don't worry. There are no monsters in the forest. Your families will come pick us up when they finish what they are supposed to do."

"Let's go. We have to sleep on the ground if we don't reach the other side."

—

The scene of the Old Marshal and Mu Patriarch's sacrificial deaths was what welcomed Beast God Mo Minkong and his group when they arrived at the location of the Military compound. They wanted to stop them but it was already too late. All Mo Minkong was able to keep were the souls of those two brave humans.

He carefully held on the two glowing orbs in his hand and used a shield to protect them from dispersing. He can only sigh helplessly. He should have arrived faster that way he could have saved them.

The beastmen and soldiers who arrived with him were shocked by what they had just experienced. Two righteous heroes. In exchange for buying time to save the human race, they gave up their lives for it.

The beastmen were dumbfounded but in awe while the soldiers and mercenaries saluted with tears in their eyes. They knew that their families were waiting for them on that island. If the two old heroes

didn't made that move, all that would welcome them would be a disaster that would almost bring the humans into the brink of extinction.

"Lord Beast God, what should we do now?" The people with him asked.

Beast God Mo Minkong commanded, "Don't let the sacrifice of our two heroes be wasted. Kill all the undead within the area!"

"Yes!"

Under his lead, the rest of the undead that escaped from the explosion from before were now being hunted by them. The numbers of undeads in the area had lessened a lot. That's why the clean up didn't last long and they stayed cleaning up the place.

They've burned down all the undeads to ashes which is to avoid the spreading of undead transformation. On the other hand, from the other side, after the marshal had fainted from intense sadness, his right hand man took the lead to keep the military compound running.

So when they noticed the arrival of Beast God Mo Minkong and the others, they were shocked. They've observed them for a good half minute before deciding to let them in.

"Gather people with medical knowledge to check if these people have injuries on them. Also, we will now initiate contact and ask for a conversation. I will talk to them myself! Connect me to any of those people from the other side," said the right hand man of the marshal.

"Yes!"

—

From the other side of the land, a soldier received a call and immediately answered it. After knowing that the one who was talking is the aide of the current marshal, the soldier happily passed the job of talking to their superior to Mo Minkong.

The soldiers approached Mo Minkong the beast God and said, "Sir, there is a contact from the island."

"Give it to me," said Mo Minkong as he borrowed the soldier's communication device.

[Sir, I am the aide of the current marshal, Aide Shu. I would first like to ask if... if there is a possibility of the old marshal and Lord Mu being alive after the explosion.]

The Beast God, Mo Minkong responded, "Sorry. Not even a piece of bone was left behind. They had the same ending as those undead who jumped on them."

There is only silence on the other side.

Chapter 1864: 24.125 Sixth Violet Star - Suicide Attack Fail

The Beast God, Mo Minkong, could somehow guess the reactions of those from the opposite side of the call. Just seeing the bawling soldiers mixing with his group, he knew that the ones who died were most likely important people with good standing and reputation in the human race.

Mo Minkong spoke, "If it's possible for the soldiers to return to your compound, do let them in. I won't be coming in for now. I will wait for my mate and guard this location for a while."

[Thank you, Lord Beast God!]

After the call had ended, the bridge which was lifted from its original location had once again slowly gone down until it matches the height of the land from the other side. The soldiers were delighted to see the bridge, but no one made a move without moving. They are currently under the command of the Lord Beast God. Leaving without the permission of their leader would deem them demerits.

Mo Minkong knew about this rule and smiled seeing how these soldiers reacted. He saw them as obedient children and smiled.

He said, "Go ahead. You are now able to go home. You guys did well surviving until now."

"Thank you for saving us, Sir!" The soldiers knew that during the clean up in the west, the only reason none of them had died was because someone was killing the undead that sneaked up on them.

At first, they thought their beastmen comrades were secretly helping until they noticed that even the beastmen were under protection. The Beast God overlooking them would flick a stone to make an undead's head explode and die on the spot. He was also training them while making sure they wouldn't get bitten or scratched during the cleaning up task.

It can be said that the feeling of having someone's protection in the battlefield made them happy. That was the first time they had done a clean up mission without much hard work and no danger at all.

"Alright. Go ahead. You can now return to your original group," said Mo Minkong.

The soldiers gave the beast god a salute before giving hugs and fist bumps to their beastmen comrades. Even though their team was temporary, those dangerous times they had spent together made them closer. In reality, the original relationship between the human race and the beastmen race was that of respect. Until that day happened and the equilibrium between the two races was broken.

After the soldiers bid their farewell, they started crossing the bridge while waving their hands at their beastmen friends.

Mo Minkong, who felt this scene was ridiculous, commented, "They are just going to the building. If there is another mission you might see each other again. What's with such farewells as if you guys will never meet again."

The beastmen felt embarrassed as they truly thought they would not meet again. After all, with how the two races are supposed not to get along, there is no way to meet each other again after this disaster is resolved.

"Lord Beast God, not all humans are as bad as we used to think." A beastman asked.

Another beastman added, "Indeed, however, it is still better to keep a distance. If they become an enemy in the future, it will be hard to kill them once you get attached."

They kept waiting for the return of their Leader and stayed outside the military compound. Unexpectedly the one who had returned first is not Huzi, the leader of the beastmen race, but the demonic beast, Xie Yun and his master, Xie Hei. Upon their return, Xie Hei treated the Lord Beast God with respect. As a former Beast King, this is the Beast God they all revered and feared.

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Back to the east region...

Those who were hiding in the underground basement had decreased compared to before. The Mercenary King was still unconscious and his vice captain was about to go crazy in sadness yet keep his mind rational. The undead king who was only creating undeads before had started moving. Moreover, it was going in their direction.

Because of this, the numbers of undead in the vicinity had greatly boomed as well. Both the mercenaries, and soldiers were looking at the vice captain. Aside from their Tower Master, only this young man is capable of giving them commands.

"Uncle Shu, you will need to use your plant type beast this time. Catch the Undead King off guard and drag him away from our current location." The young vice captain commanded.

This mercenary called Uncle Shu signed a contract with plant type beasts. It was capable of capturing and dragging anyone especially if it was done through ambush. He is also the oldest within the two groups combined. Even though he looks like a man in his fifties, he was actually in his seventies. This is a man who was rejuvenated by his plant type beast extending his lifespan. Now he is being asked to make the first sacrifice.

The young vice captain looked at their Uncle Shu. His eyes were bloodshot as if tears of blood were about to stream down from those eyes.

Uncle Shu smiled and pats their young vice captain's head and said, "Never blame yourself. This is our choice."

The young vice captain bit his lower lips and slowly opened his mouth to speak. "Xiao Ji will teleport you directly behind the Undead King. After that, he would return and then... Please feel free to do as you wish!"

"Yosh! Brothers, this old man is going ahead! See you on the other side!" Uncle Shu said before he got teleported.

The young vice captain can only close his eyes and spread his senses. He wanted to see what would happen and what Uncle Shu would do after getting out. However, what he didn't expect was for his Uncle Shu to be fearless. He commanded him to wrap himself to the undead and have him throw him far away from where the others are.

Of course, he had freed his beasts at the last moment after they followed his last command.

The Undead King is a young boy expressionless and cold. It can even speak and look intelligent. As is a human instead of an undead. If not for the fact that his skin was pale and bluish, crimson irises and black pupils. No one would think he is an undead.

"Human... This is... foolish. You can't kill me like this." The undead king said.

Uncle Shu was stunned to hear this undead king's voice. "Fuck! You can speak?! Of course, I know I can't kill you. But... Getting you badly wounded enough should be enough! Explode!"

A huge explosion took place to where the Undead King and Uncle Shu were. A crater was left behind while a quarter of those undead nearby had also got affected by the explosion. However, the Undead King is still alive even after such an explosion. This explosive was enough to bring down a big building and turn a whole floor into ashes.

After the explosion, the undead king had lost half of its body but was still capable of standing even in one leg. He got badly affected by the explosion but his face remains composed as always. The undead king just looked at the pile of bodies that used to be what Uncle Shu is.

"I told you. It's no use. You can't kill me."

The undead king looked at the blood and controlled the undead nearby to come to him. He ate more than half of a few hundred then his missing limbs had regrown. It stopped eating its own kind after his body had returned to its normal shape. The young vice captain had witnessed the whole scene and now there is shock imprinted on his face.

Seeing that he had lost too much of his undead, the Undead King still chose to go towards that direction where the richest scent of life was being emitted. It attracted him so much.

At the Underground Basement,

The young vice captain ran to the side to puke but no one urged him to hurry. After all, even though they had witnessed and seen what death is, it still cannot be compared to the tragic scene of someone who you are close with or had a close relationship with.

This was actually the reason why he puked. He witnessed Uncle Shu exploding into a pool of blood and flesh. On the other hand, the undead king was indeed injured but he was still alive. Moreover, it had a way to heal himself though it was him eating his own kin.

After the young vice captain calmed down he returned to where the others were and told them what happened to Uncle Shu.

"Uncle Shu.... He is dead."

"He chose not to drag the undead king away and asked his beast to wrap the Undead King together and throw them far away from this basement."

"The bomb is not effective?" The maker of the bomb asked.

The young vice captain said, "I was only enough to make the Undead King lose a few limbs."

"If that's the case, I have to make the bomb stronger," the bomb maker said as he went to the side to stay working at it.

Chapter 1865: 24.126 Sixth Violet Star - You are a Murderer!

The death of Uncle Shu only the younger generation seems to mourn about it. But the generation older than they are upon hearing what their comrade did at his last breath made them feel at awe. It was good enough that he was able to badly injure the Undead King. If the bomb was just more powerful than the first one they can use what Uncle Shu did to kill that Undead King. Though this monster still didn't die, at least now they knew that he uses the ordinary undeads as dispensable to heal his wound.

The bomb maker was also from the older generation, that's why when he heard that the power of his bomb was insufficient to kill that monster, the Undead King. He once again tried to increase the strength of his bombs. However, he wasn't sad. He was delighted by the plan Uncle Shu had made. It gave them a way to kill the monster. Though it won't work the second time, it can be done through other means.

"Stronger explosion, smaller in size." The bomb maker said while doing his work.

As for the others, they continue planning with the young vice captain. After all, that Undead King not only didn't die but is still moving towards their direction. They had to make new plans just to survive.

The young vice captain said, "The Undead King can heal himself by eating its own kind. We should kill as many undead as possible to stop him from healing. His other abilities are still unknown. For now, I think that group attacks are better against him. One group to kill the undeads and the other to keep the Undead King busy."

The young vice captain voiced his plans. This is what he thought of after seeing what happened during Uncle Shu's suicide attack. Though it was unknown whether the Undead King is still hiding something, at the very least they should try.

The older generation stood up and said, "We will do it!"

"At least let us help in killing the ordinary undead! There are hundreds of them out there! Seniors cannot do it alone!" The younger generation said.

The two factions of the young and the old are now fighting. The former wanted to help while the latter didn't want to take the risk. The two in conflict were glaring at one another and making the young vice captain pinch his temples.

The doctors in the team couldn't help but ask their current leader as they are afraid a brawl would happen in this tense atmosphere.

"Vice captain, you should stop them!"

"If they start fighting and blood is drawn those undeads will definitely find us!"

"Please stop them, Vice captain!"

The young vice captain knew that regardless of these men's temper they wouldn't be foolish enough to start a fight that might be dangerous to them. However, both sides were right. It's just that he didn't know which side to stop first.

Sigh!

"STOP FIGHTING!"

He first looked at the young generation faction and said, "It's true that there is a need to help kill the undead. However, you should know... Once you were teleported outside... You can run back to this location."

"We know!"

"We can hide somewhere else."

"There are other buildings out there!"

"Do you understand what your brats are saying?!" The older generation started to retort.

"Once you get out of there to escape you can only split up!"

"Once you are caught there is only death waiting for you!"

"Stay here and be good!"

"As for the rest, you leave it all to us!"

The younger generation didn't want to give up. Since there is no choice, the current leader, the young vice captain can only play the bad man role.

"Alright! Stop seeking deaths for now."

"Let these old men who want to die on the battlefield get what they wanted."

"Anyway, once they all die, you guys will be next."

"How about just waiting for your turn to die later?"

These words were full of disregard for the lives of the old men and it was to let the younger generation let loose of their emotions bottled up in their hearts. However, they didn't notice how much he was gripping his fists. It wouldn't be surprising for it to start bleeding.

A bad tempered mercenary grabbed the young vice captain's collar and looked at him filled with hatred.

"Are you even speaking human words!?"

"Do you think you are a God that can command us to our deaths?!"

"Who the hell do you think you are!?"

This young man is among the younger generation. His heart was in pain after his mentor, Uncle Shu had died. His mentor was like a father to him and he himself was just an orphan picked up by Uncle Shu. That's why he failed to control his anger when someone as young as he is, had just sent his father figure to death.

"You murderer! You killed my father!?"

At these words, the others could only pull away the enraged youth. The situation was so tense that the seniors had also gotten involved.

"That's right! I killed Uncle Shu. Of course, he wouldn't be the first one and will not be the last as well. So how about you guys escape now. If it's now you still have a chance to run away."

The young man who had just lost his temper saw their vice captain's face while it was pale white and was about to fall anytime. However, he mustn't fall. If even him faints who would lead these men to the only possible hope of survival.

He added, "Hate me as you want. You can even kill me if we were able to return safely."

"Until then you can only follow my order. If I command you to walk to your deaths, you can only follow! Do you understand?!"

"Yes!"

Everyone unconsciously answered as they looked at the young leader who was willing to bear all the sins just to bring them back to life. Though it wouldn't be all of them, they at least need to bring back their Tower Master. If there is someone here that deserved to live the most, it was Mu Liao.

Mu Liao, the young master of the Mu Clan, who picked them all up and gave them a new life which is deprived of hunger, and despair.

The young vice captain said, "Continue the meeting!"

Their meeting didn't last too long and this time it was decided that half from those in the older generation will come out this time. The bomb maker is now helping them strand some newly made bombs around them. There are even some wires connected to their chest which is only above their hearts.

The bomb maker said, "Similar to the first bomb. It can be activated by voice or... it will automatically explode once it feels your heart stop beating. This time regardless of whether you are dead or alive it would activate on its own. Fight without worries!"

"It was unknown whether you can live out there. But since you didn't want to die as an undead. This is the last gift I can give to you. It's not a good one though."

"For people like us, this is the best gift. Brother, we don't want you coming to us so fast. So live the longest among us! We will leave the brats to you!"

Snorts!

"Leave it to me!" The bomb maker said as he exchanged hugs with these old brothers of his.

After bidding their farewell, these old men went to their young vice captain and pats his shoulders, his head and back in comfort.

"We will leave the rest to you!"

The young vice captain looks at them with dull and expressionless eyes as he nods his head. He looked like he would be broken anytime soon yet was determined to fight against fate. The old men were teleported one by one. The young vice captain was about to watch the scene again when suddenly his hands were grabbed.

When he looked up he saw the doctors looking at him and checked his palms. His nails had almost dug through his palm leaving bruises which are now turning purple after being released from the grip.

"If you had gripped your hands stronger, you would have started bleeding."

"Thank the clauses on your palms which prevented it."

One of the doctors injected glucose on him.

"What did you give me?" The young vice captain asked.

"Glucose. Based on how you look, it wouldn't be surprising that you have fainted by now. This will lessen the pain and dizziness in your head," The doctor said.

"Thank you!" Then he resumed using his ability to watch the situation outside.

As for the man who had lost his temper just now, after being scolded by his friends and seniors he finally understood that the one suffering the most upon Uncle Shu's death wasn't him by their vice-captain. After all, Uncle Shu is his biological uncle.

What was it like to send your own family to death? The short tempered young man wouldn't know, but the vice captain definitely knows about it. Moreover, the one who suggested that the eldest will be the one to come out there to die was Uncle Shu himself.

The young man keeps mumbling in low voice whispers, "I'm sorry. I didn't know. I'm sorry, vice captain."

Chapter 1866: 24.127 Sixth Violet Star - Illusion

As the situation in the East just worsened, the group of the Mercenary King, Mu Liao were on the verge of being killed. Their second plan which involves a group of veteran mercenaries and soldiers were all killed after the Undead King made an unbelievable move of summoning an undead beast which can breath fire. The targets happen to the underground basement they are in and the shaking was so bad that the building above got demolished by this attack.

In their panic and worry for those who are underground, most of them were caught off guard and got killed by the undead king. If not for the added option of the bomb strapped on them, the explosions

won't have taken place. However, this time none of the explosions had touched the Undead King but it killed all the ordinary undead in groups.

Seeing all his minions dead, the Undead King was furious. He had worked hard to create those undead and it took a lot of energy from him that he even turned into a baby-faced boy. Now not even one was spared makes his hatred towards the living in this area stronger.

He rode the back of the undead black wolf he had just summoned and started creating a few more minions. This time he wanted quality instead of quantity and only created Undead Warriors at the size of the building. There are four of them. After creating this thing, his size had shrunk even more. From a young adult to a boy at the age of 10.

"Kill all the living!" He commanded the four undead warriors.

Four undead warriors the size of a small scale building started rampaging in the east region destroying everything on its path. The broken buildings and houses had now become ruins that it is almost unbelievable that humans used to live in this area.

On the other hand at the underground basement the doctors were almost screaming their lungs out as debris was falling from above them. The shaking of the ground under their feet had gone mild to fierce. Clearly, the building they are in is being targeted.

The young vice captain was hit on his head but still didn't faint. He issued commands even at this point.

"Do not panic!"

"Run to the escape routes we made. Spread out and move carefully!"

A large piece of ceiling was about to fall on the young vice captain when suddenly he was pushed out of the way by the short tempered young man from before and got hit on the back. The vice captain immediately destroyed the piece of junk on the young man's back and carried him away. Only after seeing that their fainted Tower Master had been taken away into safety, that he followed them out and escaped with the injured man hanging on his back.

"V-Vice... Captain... Leave... me. It's... too... Late for... Me," The short tempered young man said.

However, the young vice captain ignored him and still carried him away. Seeing the determination to save him, the short tempered young man couldn't help but cry silently. He couldn't understand kind people. His mentor, Uncle Shu, trusted him despite having a history of theft and all. The vice captain whom he had offended isn't willing to leave him alone to die. The guilt and regret in his heart made it so painful to breathe.

The remaining survivors escaped to the surface only to be surprised to see the ruins that used to be called the east region. Not even a single building not demolished was left. The moment they all went to aboveground they were all exposed with nothing to hide with.

The four towering Undead Warriors are now surrounding them; the only reason they weren't killed was because the Undead King had issued a stop command. They now stood up like gatekeepers with the king at the head.

The Undead King's eyes widened at the appearance of this food.

He said, "You finally come out ha~"

Surrounded by Undead Warrior, the survivors had gathered and kept Mu Liao at the farthest back. He is still unconscious and things right now are simply beyond what they had expected. They had underestimated the intelligence of this Undead King. Based on how he got this small and the reason for it he expended energy to create undeads. It's no wonder that by eating these undead that he can regenerate. After all, they are made from him and used to be a part of his body.

The survivors knowing that they won't survive choose the way their seniors had chosen. The bomb maker had passed the jackets with bombs in them. He himself wore one including the vice captain. Only the unconscious Mercenary King, Mu Liao and the doctors tending to him didn't wear one.

The vice captain said, "What do you want, Undead King? Even if you wanted to eat us, there is no way for you to do so."

"Those things strapped around you are annoying. They prevent me from eating you my meals~" the Undead King said. "However, there is no problem. I will just have those stripped off before eating you."

"Capture them!" The Undead King commanded.

The Undead Warrior which was silently standing around them started moving. This grotesque figure similar to a meat mountain started moving. The countless hands within them started stretching as it tried to capture this human that smells so good. Unfortunately, they are to become meals for their king and none for them.

The humans were hard to capture as they can nimbly move and slash the hands going for them. However, they are too exhausted and tired. It didn't take long for some of them to be captured. Those who were captured didn't hesitate to slash at the hands that wanted to remove their clothes and jump to hug that mountain of meat. They started activating the bombs one at a time.

Countless explosions had happened, even killing two of the undead soldiers at the same time, leaving their group with just people surviving down to six. The six of them were made up of the unconscious Mu Liao, the two doctors, the vice captain, the one who can teleport but overused his ability and is also barely conscious at this moment, and the short-tempered guy from before.

No matter how much they had planned, they still lost everyone else. Seeing this the young vice captain had finally lost it. He grabbed the one who can teleport and said, "No need to accompany me. Just send me to where that bastard is!"

The mercenary who can teleport nods and used his ability for the last time and teleported the vice captain behind the Undead King directly even riding the same undead wolf with him. After that, he pukes blood like and death is unknown.

The vice captain had completely lost it and took all the bombs left for their team. He hugs the Undead King with a crazed look. But before he was able to do anything his heart was dug out.

The Undead King said while holding the human's beating heart.

"The same thing will not work."

However, the young man who had lost his heart smiled. He didn't die right away as there were still a few seconds before his brain shut down. His brain works faster than the others, this is his ability and what makes him different from the others. He hugs the Undead King and activates all the bombs on him.

"Is... that so? Explode!!!"

The explosion of the bomb this time the explosion was heard six times and the Undead King failed to escape as the human had hugged him tightly before the explosions took place. He got it worse this time but still survived with just his head alone. However, he still didn't die.

He is an undead king. He won't die unless he was burned alive and nothing of him was left to generate into. Before the explosion happened he ripped his head off and threw it far away and survived in the end. The humans who are still alive were in disbelief as the undead king rolled close to them.

The undead king's head spoke, "Humans are getting stronger and more cunning than before. But I still haven't died yet~. Undead Warriors, kill them all—."

Crushed!

Someone's foot directly crushed the head of the undead king and burned it with white flames. Before the other humans closed their eyes in despair, they saw their supposed dead vice captain's body in this man's arm who had just arrived. There was no hole in his chest and just fainted.

Tsk!

"Humans who don't fear death are truly scary!"

The one who saved them is none other than Huzi, the ninetail fox beastman who had sprinted to this place and is now out of breath.

"I've run as fast as I can to arrive but... I am still too late." Huzi said.

He passed the young man in his arms to the other humans and said, "Take him. He is crazy. He truly didn't dodge that arm that wanted to dodge his heart. If I didn't use an illusion and swap it with him. He would have died! Stay there! I will clean up the rest. This one in front of you is just a part of that undead king. It's not his true body."

With a wave of his hand a circle of white flames surrounded the survivors and even brought someone who survived but got separated from them. Their number of six increases to fifteen at least. As for the other two undead warriors they had longed turned to ashes.

Chapter 1867: 24.128 Sixth Violet Star - Undead King's Demise

The arrival of Huzi had saved the lives of the remaining survivors in the east region. His arrival was unexpected as no one from this region thought there would be someone coming for them. For the leader of the Beastmen to arrive, they accidentally survive thanks to him. Moreover, he was able to save their vice captain, that was enough for them to trust him.

However, they didn't expect that Huzi would inform them that the one torturing them all this time is not the real body of the Undead King. Does that mean his comrades and seniors had just died in vain. Just thinking about this fact made their eyes turn red in hatred. Of course, Huzi noticed their changes in atmosphere and could somehow guess their thoughts.

"I do not know what happened here before I arrived but... I can somehow guess what it is."

"Never think that the sacrifice of other people is a waste. The reason you are breathing at this moment is all thanks to them after all."

The worlds of the Ninetailed Fox Beastmen brought these guys to tears. The past cannot be changed and a mortal cannot revive someone who had died. One should just be thankful that they had lived even though it was in exchange for someone else's life.

Huzi said, "Stay within the fire circle. As long as you are inside do not worry about undead and undead warriors. I will go kill the undead king."

He did not wait for their response and left to find the enemy to be eliminated. As the mate of the Beast God, Mo Minkong, he is already a demigod thanks to their relationship. It was because of this that the undead was nothing in his eyes and these can be easily killed by him.

After Huzi left to eliminate the enemy, the young vice captain slowly woke up after he was treated by the doctors. It seems that before leaving Huzi had left them some necessities like food, medicine kits, etc. At first the vice captain was in a state of dazed as his whole head was ringing after the effects of being near the explosion.

"Vice captain, you're awake!"

"How are you feeling, vice- captain?"

Surrounded by people, the vice captain first thought he had gone to the afterlife. After all, he himself was so sure that he would not be able to survive that explosion no matter what. That's why he is so welcoming with death. He was prepared to kill the villain that had caused so much tragedy in their group.

However, in the end he noticed that the ones surrounding him were his last comrades who were the last to survive with him. He was speechless as he stares at their faces covered in clean bandages and immediately understands something.

After all, if this is truly heaven then there is no need to get all bandaged up. He finally realized that he had survived and calmly analyzed everything so he could reach the truth.

The vice captain said with a hoarse voice, "Help me up, please."

The doctors helped seat up and the pain in his body spread the moment he made some movements. He then looks around and sees the same ruins he remembers and the unconscious state of their captain. The only difference is that they are now surrounded by a beautiful white flame and a few piles of ashes on the ground.

The white flames were swaying while surrounding them. Of course they didn't feel hot. This flame doesn't seem to have any heat. The vice captain tried to touch it and before he was pulled back by his comrades, his hand had already entered the white flame.

"NO! Don't touch it!"

"Vice captain!!?"

Looking at his worried remaining comrades, he showed them his hands without any hints of burns on it.

"It doesn't feel hot, just a bit cold. What is this flame?" The vice captain asked.

"It's the Beastmen Leader's flames. He used that to kill the undead warriors and the fake undead king."

Others hesitated to tell their vice captain about the fake undead king they had fought against.

"I see... It's him... Hm?"

"What do you mean by fake undead king?" The vice captain asked.

It was hard for him to ignore the word fake attached to the undead king. Seeing the confusion on their vice captain's face, they can only tell them what happened and how the leader of the beastmen survived and even how he saved the vice captain. The more he listens to the uglier his face is.

"That monster we fought is not the real body of the Undead King? Where is the real body?"

As soon as these words come out of the vice captain's mouth a huge explosion happens at the horizons of the east region. There is supposedly an abandoned mansion in that location which is said to be the abode of someone from the blood family, a vampire, which is one of the undead royalty.

The loud explosion was heard by everyone in the region and from the standpoint where the survivors are, they are now seeing a column of thick black smoke and this is obviously an aftermath from the huge explosion that had happened just now.

A while later, the head of an androgynous looking man was thrown at their feet and the white flames faded. Everyone looked at the head and recognized that his features were similar to the young man they had fought before. This head is still alive and his crimson inhuman eyes are glaring at the humans in front of him with thirst and murderous intent.

After licking his lips the head says, "Living livestock! As long as I drink your blood I will recover."

The head moved on its own and jumped on the weak humans. However, before he can bite someone the supposed weak vice captain gave that undead king's face a fierce punch and startled, pummeling his damn head. Each punch is filled with rage and this is simply an adrenaline rush due to anger.

"It's you!! You damn monster!"

"You killed them!"

"You should die. DIE!!!"

Affected by anger, the vice captain even ignored his wounds and just his blood was about to drop on the undead king's head, he was gently pushed towards the rest of the humans.

The one who had pushed him is none other than Huzi, the ninetailed fox beastmen who had just returned.

"Don't let even a single drop of your blood fall on it. It would be able to recover with a living being's blood." Huzi said.

The vampire's head, which is stepping onto it, shouted, "Damn half-beast! I'm going to eat your whole tribe!"

"Ha! You are simply dreaming. You had no chance of survival,"

said Huzi as he burned the head with his white flames.

The undead king screams with agonizing pain. It knew it wouldn't survive after being burned into ashes. His laughter full of madness rang in the vicinity,

"Hahaha~ even if I die the human will not survive. The Master had sent thousands of undead to the place where humans were hiding. Maybe they are all dead by now. Once the humans are all dead you damn halfwits will be neck. The Evil God had been born!"

Huzi was irritated by the head's shouting and stomped on it to speed up its burning process and get burned to ashes faster. Meanwhile the surviving humans in the area were all shocked with what they just heard. Even Mu Liao who just woke up from his slumber heard the words of that dying undead king and his face turned pale in shock like everyone else.

Mu Liao's raspy voice as if something was scratching his throat at each word said, "The Command Center had been attacked!?"

"Captain, you are finally awake!"

"Boss, you finally opened your eyes!"

"Mu-ge, Mu-ge, I'm sorry. I failed to protect everyone. I'm useless. I'm sorry!" The young vice captain said as he kneel before Mu Liao while crying like a young man his age. Only in front of Mu Liao would this vice captain show such weakness. This is because Mu Liao was his sole pillar of support.

Mu Liao, not understanding the situation, looked at the ruins in front of them, the white flames, piles of ashes and strong scent of blood. His face turned grim at his scene as he could feel a bad premonition which was about to welcome him as he opened his eyes. His dozens of mercenary comrades and the soldiers who come to support them. There should be at least 20 to 30 people in the group. How come there are only six of them left including himself.

His eyes wandered at Huzi who was standing at a certain distance and waved his hand to remove his foxfire.

"Don't look at me. I've just arrived from the North. I felt some powerful aura coming from this side and checked on it instead of heading back to the command center," said Huzi.

Mu Liao opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something else but instead asked, "Sir, do you have a satellite phone? I want to contact the command center."

Huzi took the phone he received from the soldiers and threw it toward Mu Liao. One of Mu Liao's comrades caught it and passed it to their captain. Mu Liao's weakness can be seen from his trembling hand but still contacted the command center. The ringing sounds seemed to have lasted more than just a second until his call was answered.

{Yes. This is the command center!}

Chapter 1868: 24.129 Sixth Violet Star - Avoidance

After learning that the command center was attacked while he was unconscious, Mu Liao, this Mercenary King's first thought was to contact his father who is staying with the Long Clan. If the Long Clan and the survivors had been moved to the military compound, once it was attacked his father would be in danger as well. He was eager to contact the command center and when the call had been connected no one knew how happy he was. After all, he had just lost all of his comrades leaving only a few which can be counted in one hand.

{Yes. This is the command center. Report your name and affiliation.}

Mu Liao responded, "Mercenary Tower's Master, Mu Liao."

All of the sudden an eerie silence was heard from the other side. Mu Liao thought it was a problem in signal while Huzi who was listening from the side narrowed his eyes as if guessing something. Though he didn't head back to the command center and headed north, he believes that the military compound of the human race will not completely fall. Moreover, his mate was already on his way. As long as there are survivors from the human race, they will strive.

However, the slow response of the other side happened when Mu Liao had mentioned his name. This means someone connected to Mu Liao, or maybe a family member must have got into an accident or died from that sudden invasion of the undead as reported before.

"Hello, are you still there?" Mu Liao asked.

Mu Liao, on the other hand, thought that the signal was disrupted due to the situation in the city. He tried to speak trying to talk from the people from the other side by the sound of glitches. Sounds of fuzzy and scratchy were heard from the other side and even the sounds were badly stuttered.

{I'm sorry... what... come... again... name... bzzt~ weak... s-signal... click!}

The call was suddenly cut off and things made the others feel that something must have gone wrong in the command center.

The vice captain said, "The undead might have accidentally destroyed the lines and caught glitches in the communication system. Something must have happened. We should go to the command center soon."

"Find something to ride on. The injured ones make sure they will not get worse!"

Mu Liao commanded.

He remembered Huzi and said, "Lord Huzi, it's an emergency. Can I ask if you have any more medicine on you?"

"I gave you everything I have with me. I have nothing to give now. Rest here. I will find a car for you," Huzi said as he hurriedly left to find them transport.

As for Mu Liao, while waiting for the Leader of the Beastmen to return he tries to contact the command center. The second attempt was still fuzzier than before. At his third attempt, connection cannot even be made which made him depressed.

There is also the deaths of his comrades and the fact that he had been sleeping all this time. Not even having a chance to say goodbye to him. This made him sadder than he had expected. If only he didn't take this region and choose the others instead.

Mu Liao said, "I owe this life to my brothers, this debt will be paid to their families! You guys as well."

"However, with how few we are now. I do not think the Mercenary Tower can still function. What do you guys plan to do next? If you can't find something to do, I will help you until you find one."

"Captain, let's focus on the current calamity instead. There are a lot of things that must be done when we get back," his vice captain said.

Huzi returned with a truck from the outskirts of this region. It's a truck for supplying rice and there are some sacks of food in it. It must have been left behind during the evacuations.

As the only uninjured person in the group, Huzi drove the truck. Even though there were cars in the ancient forest, he had experienced mingling with humans in his past lives. He knew a lot of things thanks to his mate who had always been in his life.

—

Back to the Pei Clan's Manor...

With the birth of the Evil Beast God, Ouroboros, Pei Jin no longer showed any hesitation with attacking the humans. Since there is nothing holding him back, Pei Jin planned his first real attack on the human race and became the real traitor of his race.

Pei Jin heard the results of his command to attack the military compound.

Shadow was the one reporting it. "Master, the invasion in the Military Compound's command center had failed. But it is verified that the deaths include Long Huang, the old marshal and the Mu Patriarch, Mu Yao. The current marshal, Long Tian, had also burned his lifespan. It was unknown what his current state is but... the after effects of force berserk is never good. He might have cut his life short."

Hahahaha~

Pei Jin's crazed laughter echoes in his quiet mansion. But right now aside from him there is no living being, behind him is a multiple headed snake demonic beast, Ouroboros, currently napping. In front of him are groups made of undead, demonic beast and evil beings that his beast has summoned for him.

He is delighted with the news he heard though, "That's good. Two of the Long Clan members died! This is the best news I've heard from you so far."

"How about Long Juedi? Is he dead yet?"

"Master... Long Juedi had disappeared. It seems that the Old Marshal had guessed you would target him and they hid him somewhere. He is not on the Military Compound," said Shadow.

Tsk!

"That old thing is truly an old fox. Thankfully, he is dead." Pei Jin cursed.

He had always been more on guard towards this old marshal than the current one. After all, this is an old leader who had eaten more salt than he is even if he had added up two of life's ages combined. Now that he is dead, that is better than him being alive and acting as an annoying guardian.

However, he can never ignore the halo that Long Juedi possessed. He looked back and asked his beast, Ouroboros.

Pei Jin asked, "Ouroboros, can you feel where Long Juedi is?"

"That one? He had been brought over to the ancient forest. If you want to kill him now is the only time you can do so. If not today you can only wait for when the two of you turn into adults," the three headed, black, snake, demonic beast called Ouroboros said.

"That ancient forest once again. In the future when I am stronger I will destroy that place as well!" Pei Jin declares.

He didn't notice how his demonic beast looked at him like a lunatic. Even he at his peak wouldn't dare to fight against the guardian of this cosmos no matter what world. After all, only the guardians are unbound by the rules of the universes and everything within the cosmos.

Pei Jin thought for a while and asked, "Shadow, can you kill Long Juedi if given a chance?"

"...Yes, Master!" Shadow knew that his master would never accept an answer except for yes.

Pei Jin said, "Alright. I want to see you do it~. Let's go!"

With the master leaving the mansion, all of those under him had left with him. This includes the recently born Evil Beast God who had hid in his beast tamer's core. With Pei Jin leading his house, their movement causes the whole city to be in chaos.

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At the command center...

After the call with the Mercenary King, Mu Liao, was ended. The soldiers in the command room didn't know how to react at this moment. The deaths of the old marshal and the Mu Patriarch are simply beyond their control as the two willingly did as they wished in which resulted in saving the rest of the humans. However, the deaths of Long Huang and Mu Yao might be a heroic gesture to the others but for their family it is nothing but a tragedy.

The Beastmen Leader, the Ninetailed fox Beastman, Huzi, after defeating the Undead King that appeared in the East reported to them the situation of the Mercenaries that lead the clean up to this region. There were almost all killed and not barely six men including the Mercenary King still lived. Compared to the other regions the losses of this group are simply too big. There is a huge difference between an undead warrior and an undead king. The Undead Warrior are simply creations of the Undead King. They should have thought it through. Since the undead warriors had appeared, which means an Undead King existed to create it.

"What should we do? Based on the report from Lord Huzi, he had successfully killed the Undead King."

"Which means the survivors of the East Region will be coming back."

"This includes the Mercenary King, Mu Liao."

"How can we tell him what happened to his father?"

"Tell him the truth?"

They truly couldn't decide what to do at this point.

"How is the Marshal? Is he awake?"

Chapter 1869: 24.130 Sixth Violet Star - Prototype Elixir

In the command center's clinic

Almost all of the soldiers who fought at the gates were now lying on the bed and some even mutated and were killed on the spot. As for the Marshal, Long Tian, there wasn't any wounds on his body as his main beast sacrificed itself not only taking most of the aftereffects of force berserk and his master burning his lifespan for power but also gave his ability to turn his skin to metal to its master before it died during the assimilation of abilities.

That's why the marshal's current state except for losing his main beast, and his lifespan shortened by a few years, he is still alive when he is supposed to be dead. The military doctors had waited for their comrades to turn before killing them. Some even killed themselves before they became undead. The atmosphere in the clinic was forlorn and full of sadness. One can even hear muffled cries within the crowd.

If not for the return of the others from left for the clean up, the ones at the command center would most likely surrender. After all, there is nothing to lose anymore and their children longed to be brought

somewhere safe. As long as those children are alive, the human race will not be extinct. There is also no news about the small villages and towns within the human territories.

But most of these small habitats for humans were safe as the source of chaos sprouted from the main city itself. The one that is most affected is the main city in which more than half of its original population had either turned to an undead or were eaten by those undead.

It was already afternoon when the marshal had woken up from his slumber. When Long Tian opened his eyes, he saw the familiar white ceiling with the linger scent of blood and medicine. He immediately knew where he was and turned his head looking for someone and saw one doctor who seemed to be napping. Beside the doctor a nurse was about to place a blanket over when it noticed that the marshal was awake and exclaimed loudly awakening the sleeping doctor.

"LORD MARSHAL!"

Clang!

This is the sound of the chair falling on the ground and the doctor suddenly standing up in surprise. The doctor immediately looked for the marshal who was under his supervision.

"The marshal is awake!? Wait, let me check on him!"

"Doctor, that's the door." The nurse said.

The doctor felt embarrassed and said, "Let me wash my face first."

After a few minutes the doctor came out of the restroom all refreshed and checked on their marshal. They can see him trembling as he forces himself to move his body. But as if he is paralyzed, Long Tian can move a hand but it badly shakes as if he is suffering from some other illnesses.

Cough!

"What is wrong with me?" A hoarse voice came out from the marshal's mouth as he slightly parted his lips.

Hiss!

He twitches in pain as his lips cracks from the force of opening his mouth to speak. His lips had been so dry that it wouldn't be surprising that one might mistaken him for a dehydrated person. However, in the marshal's case, this is just his lips being closed for a long time that it was stuck together. The nurse hurriedly dubbed a wet cotton bud to lighten the crack on the marshal's lips and treat his bleeding lips with an ointment.

On the other hand, the doctor was checking him all over again before telling the patient about his state.

"Marshal, I hope you listen to this old man properly. Right now all your organs are on the verge of failure."

"Maybe because your state needs to burn some blood, you are now anemic."

"Also you have lots of cracks on your bones when you were first brought here and the healers did their best to at least keep both our legs and arms intact. They would allow you to stand like an ordinary person but to fight like before you will need months to return to full health."

"Plus... Your lifespan is greatly affected. You can only live ten years more unless you eat something that is able to extend your life and heal the wounds from within."

"I'm sorry, Marshal. We did everything we could."

The current marshal upon hearing this news didn't look surprised. He was a man who was about to sacrifice his life for humanity. The only reason he didn't die was all because he was saved by his father at the last moment. He seats up with trembling hands. The doctor and the nurse helped him up, unable to bear seeing such a weak marshal.

The Marshal said, "Tell someone from the command center to meet me."

The doctor pinched his nurse who hurriedly understood what happened and ran out to call someone. After the nurse had left the doctor continued to watch over the state of the marshal which is not only fragile but extremely at that.

The doctor said, "Marshal, you truly couldn't fight at your body's current state."

"... If I don't fight, who would?" The marshal said.

The old doctor sighed helplessly. He knew that this patient is hardheaded and would most likely not listen to his reminders. He pulled something in his pocket which he had been hesitatingly holding the whole time. In the end, he pulled it out and gave a small vial to the marshal.

"These are just prototype elixirs from the borders. This was made after the doctors from the borders got that pill from the old marshal," The doctor said.

This is secretly sent to him by his lover from the borders. It was supposed to be kept secret but worried about him, his lover sent half of his part to him. There were three in total and according to the letter once three vials were used it would no longer be effective unless a new concoction was made. He kept one for himself, and gave the two to the marshal.

The marshal stares at the two vials of medicine created from the pill that was supposed to be eaten by his father but gave it up for the future of humanity. It seems that they were on the right track as it's only been a week since those madmen got the pill but already created a prototype.

The doctor explained, "It's not complete healing like the original pill but it would at least keep your body returned to the state which is considered peak which is a few hours ago, at most the state of your body from half a day before. Of course, this couldn't restore your burned lifespan but it could at least restore your body and stop the organ failure and all. I suggest that you take one now."

The marshal looked at the vials and asked, "How many hours since I was brought here and I was asleep, including the time I fought."

"Hm... 8 hours?" The doctor estimated.

The marshal said, "Then I won't drink it yet."

"Are you crazy!!!?" The doctor exclaimed in disbelief. "Are you trying to kill yourself!?"

This is the scene the nurse and the aide of the marshal had witnessed when they arrived at the clinic. They witnessed the old doctor jumping up and down in anger while the marshal was expressionless acting deaf before the noisy old doctor.

The Marshal who was ignoring the doctor noticed them and said, "You are here. I want to talk to you alone. Doctor, please lend us the room."

"Hmp! You brat who is seeking death! I don't care about you anymore!!!"

The doctor slammed the door closed after pushing his nurse out of the room with him. Silence descended in the clinic while the marshal was still as calm as before.

The marshal, Long Tian, looked at his aide who was holding a tablet and said, "You know what I want to see." He reached out wanting to take the tablet but his aide avoided his hand.

"What's the meaning of this?!" A menacing aura comes from Long Tian as his face becomes hideous in rage.

The aide trembled and said, "Marshal, how about drinking one of those vials from the doctor first. Then I will give you the recording."

Under the Marshal's bloodshot glare the aide remained unmoved. He heard everything from the nurse about the situation of their marshal and how bad it was. He was also informed about the special elixir from the doctor and could somehow guess that the marshal would not want to waste it for himself. However, as their leader, Long Tian cannot fall now. Even though it was a bit cruel to force him like this, this soldier cannot allow a weakened leader to lead them, they needed someone strong enough to garner hope for their race.

The marshal stared at the tablet and gave up, he drank one of the vials which is filled with the prototype elixir. As it entered his body a slight refreshing taste and feeling spread all over his body and Long Tian could feel his strength returning. The heaviness he felt looming all over his body faded under the effect of the medicine and his complexion turned a bit better than better.

Long Tian said, "Now, give me the recording!"

Chapter 1870: 24.131 Sixth Violet Star - Children

While the situation at the Military Compound is unknown, the situation of Long Kian and the children were much better than them. After resting for a while, they finally reached the end of the underground tunnel and what welcomed them was the towering wooden walls that surrounded the ancient forests.

Except for the traces of ashes at the area, there were no undead present. It seems they are being killed by someone else in this area. One thing for sure the one doing it is not from the human race. After all, almost all the surviving adult humans were left behind at the military compound.

The children looked at the wooden wall and fell on their butts as they tried to see the peak of this towering wooden wall.

The children were all amazed. Actually, even the only adult, Long Kian didn't expect the towering wooded walls around the ancient forest to look like this.

"Wow! So tall~"

"Uncle, this wall is too big~"

"My neck is hurting. I can see the end of this wall!"

"I don't want to look up anymore!"

"I fell on my butt. Butty hurts~"

Long Kian, in contrast to the innocent reaction of the children, was extremely nervous. He gathered the children on one spot and started knocking on the wooden wall while shouting without care for the undead.

"Hey! Someone in there!"

"The disaster has gotten worse! We would like to have the children be protected from your side, please!"

"If you can hear me, please help the children!"

There was no response on the other side. Long Kian knew that this mission would not be easy even if they are children, they are still humans after all. Though now not all humans hate the beastmen, the ancient forest is still close to the humans.

But the willingness of the Beastmen Race's leader, the Ninetailed fox Beastman, Huzi, alone brought a team to help the humans in this calamity. The hope for alliance might depend on the result of what the ending this city will have.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

Long Kian knocked loudly on the wooden wall and shouted, "Anyone inside!? I am Long Kian from the Long Clan. The disaster in the main city has gotten worse and the survival of the human race is unknown."

"I beg the beastmen race to please at least accept our children inside. We will greatly owe the beastmen race for this favor!"

"I hope you can help save the children. The children are innocent! At least them, please protect them until we take back control of this city!"

Silence~

There was no response coming from the other side. Long Kian was devastated and knew that this mission would not be easy. He repeated his words a couple of times that some new undead smelling the scent of the living was attracted to their group.

Growls~ roars~

"Uncle, I'm scared!"

"Wuwuwu~ monsters! Monsters!!"

"Mommy! I want mommy!"

Long Kian protected the children behind him and summoned his beasts.

He whispered to the children, "Shss~ don't shout. Loud sounds can attract the monsters. Don't cry! Cover your mouth!"

"Dad (Uncle) we can help too!" Long Juedi and Long Teng said.

Long Kian pushed them behind him and said, "Focus on protecting yourself. Protect the young ones!"

There are only five undeads attracted by his shouting and children's crying. The number of the undead is not much, but with the burden of protecting children, Long Kian cannot move too far from this group.

Long Kian had to fight. However, as he fought the fear in the children intensified making some of them unable to stop crying making a loud noise. This only increases the undead coming over for them.

Whoosh! ...Whoosh! Whoosh!

Just before Long Kian was overwhelmed by the Undead, a rain of arrows with fire on the tip helped him kill the undead. When he turned around he saw the former Elf King Vega suddenly appearing with the

children. The Beastmen Prophet Heri and his daughter, Haerin had also come out. A small size door hole at the wooden wall appeared.

"It's okay. Don't cry."

A Fox Beastman, Heri comforted the children. He had overseen that Pei Jin would appear at this place and they had to save the protagonist of the world, Long Juedi to keep the world safe.

Heri said, "Get in! It's dangerous outside! He is coming!"

"Who is coming?" Long Juedi asked.

A voice was heard mixing with the growls of the undead. It's a young voice extremely familiar to Long Juedi.

"It's me. Don't you miss me, Long Juedi!" Pei Jin said upon his arrival.

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On the other hand at the Military Compound...

After receiving the tablet from his aide, the marshal's finger lingers above the play button. The recording in front of him was a saved surveillance camera at the bridge. He didn't know what happened after he was saved and thrown out but someone went back to the other side. The only thing he can remember is that he had heard his father's voice and this alone gave him despair.

His aide who was standing at the side wanted to stop the marshal from watching as they who had watched it could barely bear it, much less the marshal who is the son of the old marshal himself. Watching his gruesome death is no different that torture for Long Tian.

It took a while before Long Tian's shaking had lessened and he finally pressed the play button of the recording. He had watched how the undead had suddenly surrounded the location gathering with a number almost reaching thousands.

He watched the scenery he hadn't seen as he was busy commanding the soldiers. He saw himself and his soldiers defending the bridge and killing the undead just to prevent them from passing through them and attacking the only place where the survivors of the human race reside.

Then he saw himself when he commanded everyone who were over fatigue and commanded them to retreat. This was the time that he decided to sacrifice himself to clean up the bridge and block the entrance to which the bridge can be lifted, cutting off the path for this undead that wanted to invade.

On the video he saw his old father, Long Huang and his friend, Mu Yao, the Mu Patriarch running towards him despite the bridge which was lifted slowly behind him. His back collar was grabbed by the old men and threw him back to the other side and took his place in fighting against the undead. There are time bombs on their bodies which last only for 10 seconds.

In these last ten seconds these two legends of the past fight to death. However, the enemies are simply too many and they can only ignore the defense and work together to grab as many and kill them with them. That was the last time of the two heroes and Long Tian noticed that not even a single piece of those two were left behind and the place was once again filled up with undead.

If not for the fact that the bridge had been lifted fully off the ground that some undead might break through. Thankfully, these undead are deadweights in the water.

Sobs~

The scene of his father and uncle's death made the marshal who usually controls his emotions finally shed tears while not delirious.

Ugh~

His tears fell on the tablet that was resting on his father's figure. Pale complexion, obviously not in good health. Even so the depths of his eyes were full of determination and relief when he saved his son and when he sacrificed his life to buy them time to survive.

'Live, Tian'er!'

These are his father's last words for him before he lost consciousness. He didn't even say his last goodbye and had to wake up a few days after the day the two heroes were gone.

His aide had silently left the room while the Marshal cried out for the first time he had sat in that position as a Marshal.

Those at leader positions must always be at their peak and never show their weakness. The model of all humans, the personification of strength and must always look the strongest among the others. That's why they hold back from crying despite the losses and sadness. They stood at the peak bearing the loneliness. They can never openly show their emotions even after losing a loved one.

However, can one truly bear such pain?

The pain of losing someone important to you?

Your family? Your friends? Your beloved?

Even if one of them is lost, it was painful enough. Humans are born to be perfect. Because they aren't perfect, they are flexible. Able to do good or to do bad.

That's why it's alright to cry when in pain?

With a thorn in your heart, it's painful enough to be sad.

When you are lonely it's alright to be sad.

If you don't let it out, you might go crazy in the end.

The Marshal was left alone in the clinic for a while as the aide guarded the door. No one else is allowed to see the leader in his lowest. He must wait outside. Wait for the inside to come out in his perfect state and lead their race once again. After all, he is his leader.

But for now let him take off his crown as the leader, let him be just a son mourning for his dead father.