

Chapter 1140 The Trial Rules

Standing amidst a chilling tableau of warfare, Liam struggled to steady his breath as the pervasive stench of blood filled the air, turning his stomach.

Although he was no stranger to killing, the sight of a path strewn with bodies, forming a grotesque bridge to the mountain, was a spectacle too macabre for even a seasoned warrior like him to easily digest.

Liam took a moment to gather his composure and slowly acclimatized himself to the grim reality surrounding him.

With a deep breath, he raised his eyes to the mountain shrouded in thick, billowing smoke, from which the clamor of battle resonated ominously.

"These bodies must be the aftermath of the battle on that mountain," Liam murmured.

Yet, even as he made this deduction, he remained vigilant, acutely aware of the uncertainty shrouding this unfamiliar realm and the enigmatic nature of the battle unfolding before him.

Suddenly, a figure caught his attention—a silhouette that was distinctly familiar.

It was Vogel, standing a short distance away, but something was amiss. This Vogel didn't seem like the Vogel he had just met. This Vogel's gaze was icy, his voice distant and devoid of warmth.

"Participant, welcome to the battlefield of the myriad tribes," Vogel said. "The mountain you see before you is

known as Sparta Mountain, a battleground steeped in history. Centuries ago, two hundred Spartan warriors valiantly faced a hundred thousand foes upon these very slopes, and they all met their end in that epic clash. Now, participant, your task is to ascend Sparta Mountain and partake in the ongoing conflict."

After a pause, he declared, "Here are the rules. For each enemy of the equal or lesser level you defeat, you shall earn one point. Slay an adversary one star above your own level, and you'll gain ten points. With each additional star level, the points you can earn increase by a factor of ten. These points can be exchanged for valuable resources. Give it your all!"

As Vogel concluded, Liam found himself clutching a scoring device.

"This is your scorekeeper," Vogel clarified. "Your points will be tallied on that. Keep a close eye on it throughout your trials."

Understanding the current situation, Liam familiarized himself with the scorekeeper and accessed the point store as directed by Vogel.

The store presented an array of intriguing yet unfamiliar artifacts, none more captivating than the item priced at a staggering one hundred thousand points—a chance to draw forth the Shadow Sword.

Liam's brow furrowed as the weight of the requirement settled upon him.

To even have a shot at wielding the Shadow Sword, Liam would need an astronomical kill count, potentially numbering in the thousands or more if his foes were of lower or equal rank.

It was clear that only through a relentless onslaught and a mountain of bodies could he carve out a place for himself in this savage arena of the myriad tribes.

If he failed to encounter higher-star adversaries, his kill count would need to skyrocket into the tens or even hundreds of thousands.

After handing the scorekeeper to Liam, Vogel vanished into thin air, leaving Liam alone to contemplate his next move.

Gripping the scorekeeper tightly, Liam fixed his gaze upon Sparta Mountain.

Fueled by determination and spurred on by the allure of the valuable prizes that awaited him, he wasted no time hastening his steps towards the daunting ascent.

Before long, Liam found himself standing at the foot of the imposing Sparta Mountain.


Upon his arrival, Liam's initial anticipation soured into dismay.

The air here was saturated with the smell of blood, so thick that it formed a visual haze, adding an almost otherworldly quality to the already gruesome landscape. The ground beneath his feet was littered with macabre remnants—chunks of flesh from fallen bodies strewn haphazardly, painting a gruesome tableau straight from hell.

The scene's sheer brutality overwhelmed Liam, his stomach churning with revulsion until he could no longer contain it, and he vomited.

Just as he reached the threshold of the mountain's domain, a menacing horde of unknown entities descended

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 +120 Points at most

upon him with alarming swiftness.

Their predatory gaze bore into him, brimming with a primal hunger for slaughter. Without hesitation, they lunged forth.

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