

## Chapter 214: Tower Defense - Second Wave

### Event: Necromoon

#### *Second wave:*

*A horde masses near Log-a-rhythm, commanded by the body of a former friend.  
Defend your territory.*

#### *Reward:*

*400 Sun points*

“Mirscella...”

Priam shot up from his seat before turning to Louis. “If you want to resurrect the real Mirscella, don't die now!”

Letting Jasmine convince the old man, he used [**Kinetic Control**] to dash towards the Forum. The wind whistled in his ears as his body pushed the air. He arrived at Ymir's pavilion just as the tribal members emerged. The event had not spared them.

“It's only the second wave, it should be relatively tame,” Vysharratjekto reassured Viktor. “Easy points for you to grab.”

“I'm afraid not,” Priam countered. “The opposing commander is a Necro Envoy who has possessed the soulless body of one of our friends.”

Instantly, the attention of both Tier 3s was captured.

“Danger level?” Laepa inquired.

“Tier 3 Marquess,” Priam released. Seeing the tribal members' eyes widen, he quickly added, “She's weakened for now, we drove her off a few days ago.” He didn't want the Tier 3s to flee.

While Laepa frowned, Vysharratjekto grinned. “I'll be there to defend Oasis, as per our agreement.”

A forked tongue darted out of his slightly open mouth, tasting the air. His draconic bloodline sensed an opportunity.

“Vysharratjekto, it's too dangerous,” Laepa admonished. “Only the Aelbes stand a chance against a Tier 3 Marquess.”

“You heard Priam, she's weakened,” Snahert retorted. “Don't worry, I can handle it alone.”

“You want both the Title and the Achievement,” Laepa realized. “Greedy.”

“Ambitious,” Vysharratjekto corrected, shrugging. “I’ve made up my mind. Viktol, you’ll attack from the fortifications.”

“At your command.”

Priam nodded before turning to Laepa. “Will you help?”

Laepa massaged her temples for a moment, clearly torn between indecision. Priam knew her priority was to save her clan. If he was wrong, she and Gabrielle would die in vain, dooming the sick members who relied on them. If he was right, they could flee, breaking the trust between Gaeserts and Oasis, or stay and have a chance to unlock a new Achievement.

Priam read the conflict on the warrior’s face before she gritted her teeth. Her decision was made.

“I want the same deal for my clan as Vysharratjekto’s,” she declared.

“You don’t even know what I’ve negotiated,” Snahert remarked.

“I trust a snake like you not to have been swindled.”

The barrier of Oasis trembled, and Priam nodded. *Another Ideal Epic skill for me.*

“Deal,” he quickly replied. There was no time to waste. “Follow me.” The next moment, he dashed towards the rampart. With a leap, he arrived on the battlement. On his left and right, hoplites took their positions on the rampart, leaving behind the bio-traps laid out in the forest. *Hyshana thinks the barrier won’t hold*, Priam understood.

A sound of shattering glass echoed in the clearing as a crack appeared in the barrier.

“According to Elaine, the majority of the wave consists of Tier 0s.”

Priam turned to Hyshana, who was approaching. She was alone, Kazuki unable to fight or even stand up.

“Elaine is a hoplite sniper,” Priam explained to his new allies. “She can see far and uses drones for reconnaissance.”

The two Tier 3s nodded, attentive. Even for them, a necro event was dangerous.

“She saw a veritable ocean of monsters,” Hyshana informed. “The Necro Envoy seeks to drown us in low-level battles, exhausting our resources and aether.”

Neither hoplite ammunition nor the defenders’ energy were infinite.

A second crack appeared in the barrier, and Laepa frowned. “Should we decimate the Tier 0s or focus on killing the Necro Envoy?”

“The Necro Envoy can see through the eyes of all nearby corrupted,” Vysharratjekto interjected. “If we help you repel the corrupted cannon fodder, she'll likely flee before revealing herself.”

Priam shook his head. “Out of the question. If she flees now, she'll only come back when she thinks she can defeat Tier 3s. I refuse to live with another sword of Damocles hanging over my head. We deal with the Tier 0s, and you with the Necro Envoy.”

A third crack appeared, and Laepa grimaced. “The rampart is too small; you'll be overwhelmed.”

“No, I'm rich.” Seeing Laepa's confusion, Priam smiled. “We humans have developed a technique as unfair as it is powerful: the Pay to Win. Behold.”

Summoning the Sun Shop, Priam scrolled through the list of fortifications that could aid him before stopping at an interesting choice.

*Rampart IV (50 000 points) - A protective wall capable of stopping the incessant assault of a Tier 0 Elysian weak Marquess.*

*Current fortification dimensions: 104 meters long; 5 meters high; 3 meters wide. The building's dimensions can be increased up to 125% of its current volume.*

*Enchantments: Resilience (Tier 0 - IV), Solidity (Tier 0 - IV), Boundary (Tier 0 - IV), Relay - Barrier (Tier 0 - IV).*

More than the width, it was the height of the wall that posed a problem. With his vivacity, Priam instantly calculated the new height of the wall if he increased the volume by twenty-five percent. About six and a quarter meters.

How many waves of corrupted would crash against a wall that high? *I bet on a lot.*

*Rampart IV (50,000 points) - **ACQUIRED.***

*Sun points: 105,036*

The system modified the rampart in a flash of light. The ground shook under the defenders' feet, but none fell. With enough points in agility and dexterity, maintaining balance during an earthquake was quite simple.

“Not bad, but some of the necro Tier 1s might leap—”

Without waiting for Laepa's sentence to finish, Priam validated the next upgrade.

*Rampart V (100 000 points) - A protective wall capable of stopping the incessant assault of a Tier 0 Elysian strong Marquess.*

*Current fortification dimensions: 104 meters long; 6.25 meters high; 3 meters wide. The building's dimensions can be increased up to 125% of its current volume.*

*Enchantments: Resilience (Tier 0 - V), Solidity (Tier 0 - V), Boundary (Tier 0 - V), Relay - Barrier (Tier 0 - V). **ACQUIRED.***

*Sun points: 5,036*

*Rampart VI (250 000 points) - A protective wall capable of stopping the incessant assault of a Tier 0 Elysian weak Duke.*

*Current fortification dimensions: 104 meters long; 7.81 meters high; 3 meters wide. The building's dimensions can be increased up to 125% of its current volume.*

*Enchantments: Resilience (Tier 0 - VI), Solidity (Tier 0 - VI), Boundary (Tier 0 - VI), Relay - Barrier (Tier 0 - VI).*

In a new flash of light, the rampart gained just under one and a half meters. Priam leaned over the battlements and looked at the bottom of the moat almost eight meters below. If one ignored the two-meter-deep ditch, the rampart towered over the ground by almost six meters—the height of a one-story house.

“Will it do?”

“...I suppose so,” Laepa smiled. “Can't you also upgrade the barrier and double the number of traps?”

“I'm a bit short on Sun points, but not for long,” Priam replied, pointing at the masses of monsters gathering against the protective dome.

Secretly, he lamented his newfound poverty. The next rampart upgrade cost a quarter of a million points, and he was hesitant to spend that much on a rampart. Either way, an opponent capable of destroying the current rampart would be clever enough to circumvent it via the river.

“...I'm starting to regret being a Tier 3,” Vysharratjekto sighed, touching the upgraded rampart. Made of some kind of white wood, it seemed almost indestructible.

“Could you destroy it?” Priam asked.

Vysharratjekto hesitated for a moment before frowning. “If my Concept had several days to act, yes. But in a few hours? I'd be lucky to make a dent. It's solid.” His statement reassured the defenders.

With a crack of world-ending finality, a last crack appeared. It was the straw that broke the camel's back. As if a frozen bubble burst, the protective dome scattered into a billion aether crystals. The Necromoon illuminated the domain of Log-a-rhythm, and Priam grimaced as corrupted light licked his skin. At the same moment, the simultaneous roar of thousands of corrupted resounded. The sound wave reverberated in Priam's chest.

Laepa and Vysharratjekto vanished, leaving only Viktol, who grimaced under the clamor. Priam turned to the teenager and indicated his right. “Don't stray too far,” he shouted to drown out the din. “Otherwise, I won't be able to save you.”

“I...” Viktol started a sentence before changing his mind. He moved a few meters away and began pulling vials from his pockets. Further away, Louis took position, followed by the

hoplites, Hyshana, Jasmine, and Blueberry. Each wore a determined expression: their base was under attack, and they would defend it to the death.

Priam nodded to them before focusing on the forest. The green trees bound to Log-a-rhythm trembled as vociferous corrupted advanced among them. Was it animal instinct or an intimidation attempt? Priam summoned his mist as he pondered the question.

For a few minutes, the sound of bio-traps shredding flesh and bone rang out. The defenses purchased by the hoplites and Rose's turrets wrought havoc, but the horde seemed endless. Priam ignored the notifications recording the thousands of Sun points earned. The battle approached, tension mounted, and he wanted to fight.

When the first ranks of corrupted skeletons and cursed undead emerged from the forest, Priam smiled. Neither the foul smell of rotting corpses, nor the nightmarish vision, nor the intense clamor shook his mettle.

His mist trembled before drowning out the attackers' screams.

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Gallad raised his saber upon sighting the first creatures entering the clearing. Or was it his mech, Graalseeker, that raised the saber? The difference was thin. Following General Kazuki's example, the hoplites had spent thousands of Potential points to bind themselves to their mechs. The advantage of bound equipment was evident: whether equipped with armor or not, they leveled up just as easily. Better still, they could more easily develop skills based on their mecha.

This Talent was more or less potent, and only General Kazuki possessed a mythic connection with his mech. It was a reward from the System for surviving a week in Elysium. These quests were the privileges of those who had accessed Elysium by completing the Tutorial—the general's rivals.

Gallad burned to improve his Talent so he could store Graalseeker in a spatial pocket, repair it using his aether, or simply enhance it with his Potential.

The screams forced the Titan Hoplite to focus on the fight. His training took over, and he activated **[In the Zone - Epic]**. The world slowed down, and Gallad's soul connected to his Concept.

The world became tricolored as Devotion activated. The forest, the ground, and the sky were pristine white. Nature was pure in the warrior's eyes. If Gallad had looked away from the attackers, he would have seen his allies colored in certain shades of blue. Hyshana, his commander, shone with a beautiful azure, while a deep blue characterized Clark, one of Ishaka's men.

Even the general's allies, Priam Azura first among them, had lighter tones. Nevertheless, it was possible that Gallad's disdain for his comrade tinted his feelings... Literally.

However, these light or dark blues were nothing compared to the red and black that tinged the corrupted. Gallad knew his enemies, and his Concept gave him the power to destroy them.

When the first undead approached within ten meters of him, Gallad reached for his Saber Mastery. His Concept and Supremacy merged, catalyzed by **[Out of sight, Near my blade - Epic]**. At the end of a slash that cleaved the air, a white blade left his saber and reached the enemy's front line. A dozen corrupted collapsed, and Gallad smiled.

Event: **Necromoon.**

*Banishment of a corrupted (Tier 0 - common) - Sun point +1*

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...

There was no way a single one of these creatures would overrun his portion of the rampart.

\*

*Status:*

*PHYSICAL:*

*Strength 582*

*Constitution 979*

*Agility 561*

*Vitality 860*

*Perception 719*

*MENTAL:*

*Vivacity (D) 516*

*Dexterity 593*

*Memory 471*

*Willpower 1 036*

*Charisma 631*

*META:*

*Meta-affinity 563*

*Meta-focus 372*

*Meta-endurance 391*

*Meta-perception 260*

*Meta-chance 230*

*Meta-authority 66*

*Potential: 9 890*

*Tier 0*

*Sun points: 13 562 (-141 474)*

**[He Who Eludes Death]** charge: OFF. Reloaded in 3 hours 43 minutes 29 seconds.

***[Tribulation]: Three Tribulations pending.***

*Future Tribulations delayed until:*

*Time: 162 days 4 hours 16 minutes 42 seconds.*

*Next thresholds: 6 attributes > 600 / 3 attributes > 900*