

## **Earths GMagus 551**

### **Chapter 551 - War Plan**

A huge table was set in the middle of the room, where a crafted and somewhat detailed miniature landscape of the Logress Kingdom could be seen. Beside it, there were numerous marking stones prepared, ready to be placed to determine the number of troops deployed.

One stone represented a unit, which consisted of around three hundred to five hundred men. And currently, the Logress Kingdom had thirty of such stones.

Three green-colored stones with bow markings on them, representing the Demeate Archer unit. Five blue stones represented the unit of combined archers, while the five brown stones beside them constituted the unit of combined cavalry. The rest of the stone, which amounted to seventeen, were the infantry or mixed units. They were each led by a nobleman, in groups of five hundred men.

On special note, there were also two stones of the Lioness Kingdom's men, a stone representing the Icení Kingdom's troops led by Percival, and a special stone signifying the Fey warrior who decided to join the fray.

"We have a total of just a little over eleven thousand." said one of the knights who were tasked with military intelligence, in resignation.

Indeed, this number of troops was a large army capable of easily resisting the invasion from the northern tribes or the Danes lurking across the sea. The problem was the Logress Kingdom would be fighting both parties at the same time.

"According to our scouts, ten thousand northern tribes' men and thirty five hundred Norgales' men will enter and invade our territory from the north." said the knight while moving a total of thirty five stones to the miniature landscape.

A little while later, the plains situated north of the Logress Kingdom were covered by various stones representing the northern tribe's force, which were placed according to their last known location.

The sight of the northern region of the Logress Kingdom being encroached upon by the northern tribes made the faces of everyone in the room turn grim. Unfortunately, there was still more.

"Meanwhile, it was reported that ten thousand Danes' warriors will come from the east, accompanied by two thousand Icení Kingdom's men."

The officer then added around thirty at the east forest region of the Logress Kingdom, the location where they were last spotted.

The dozens of knights and nobles who gathered in the war room already had some idea of the number difference before they joined this meeting. They even had steadied their mentality and expected the worst. Still, they couldn't help but become anxious once more when they saw the 65 stones that represented the enemy.

Subconsciously, they turned their heads towards the person who presided over this meeting.

"What is the plan, Your Majesty King Arthur? Should we stay put and focus on defending the city?"

Fighting behind the protection of the wall was always a good strategy to be adopted when one was outnumbered. But unfortunately, Arthur disagreed with the idea.

Shaking his head at the notion, Arthur said, "There are too many refugees in the city right now. Moreover, the castle is also not big enough to accommodate ten thousand of us." He shifted his eyes to the miniature. "So no. Defending is not an option. We must face them... in these locations."

Arthur put a marking of two spots as he spoke. One on the north and one on the east, both were in good high ground positions - ideal for their side.

"We are going to split our force into two?" commented one of the nobles in a surprised tone. The others were also confused by Arthur's idea to split the force into two. After all, they already lost in raw numbers even before the split.

"That's the safest plan," said Arthur as he moved the stones representing the allied force according to his thought.

The situation in the two battlefields would be around five thousand people against twelve to thirteen thousand people. As Arthur moved the stones to their positions, everyone could clearly see that splitting the force had made the enemy look even more threatening than before.

However, the knights in the room seemed to agree with the idea, as there was no better solution than this to deal with their current opponents, who were attacking from two different directions. In fact, no one in the room could voice their disagreement with Arthur's idea after they saw how the latter positioned the allied force.

The arranged location was perfect, while the composition and balance of the separated force was efficient. It was evident that Arthur did have a profound understanding of the strength of his force, as well as the upcoming battle.

However, it seemed the young king was not satisfied with this. He turned to the person beside him and asked, "Do you have any idea, Merlin?"

The one who Arthur called Merlin, Emery, was quiet for a second. He was no Julian or Thrax, but he did have basic strategy training back in Magus Academy. Hence, he naturally had a bit of insight regarding the situation.

The truth was, he didn't think Arthur's plan could work.

"I think we should consider the plan more. How about focusing the strength on one side first? Put all the best people and most number to overwhelmed one side... It's risky but-"

Emery hadn't even finished his words when another knight interrupted him. "Yes! That's right! We can quickly overpower one side, and then fight the other side." The knight said excitedly. "Actually, this is a really good strategy for our current condition!"

Everyone in the room started whispering to each other, and from the things he could pick up, it seemed the majority agreed with the idea.

But to everyone's surprise, the new queen of the Logress Kingdom was the one who responded to the idea.

"The smaller group will be at enormous risk. Moreover, if we're not careful, the enemy might even have broken into Camelot before the main group won their battle." Gwen said while taking a glance toward Emery, as if she knew he was planning something.

Emery responded to her glance with a faint smile before he spoke. "What the Queen was concerned about was true. Therefore, the small group should focus on deceiving the enemy and delaying their battle as long as possible... The objective is not to win, but to not lose."

"Hmm, I agree that this is a very good plan. But.." Arthur dragged his words. "..It's too risky. I don't think.."

The Logress King was hesitating. His dilemma was because he didn't seem to have the heart to assign people to the smaller group. After all, both he and everyone knew this was a very dangerous task.

As if Emery could read Arthur's hesitation, he said, "I will lead the smaller group and choose who I bring."

He then approached the battle and started to pick the units he wanted.

First of all, he picked up the stone that represented the Fey Warrior as it was obvious he had to bring them. Next, he took the three stones of the Demeate Archer units. He then shifted every stone placed on the eastern battlefield, and put down his choice. He's done.

In all, the group that Emery would lead didn't even reach two thousand people.

"That's it." He said as he returned to his spot.

Arthur rubbed his eyes to make sure what he saw was true because he couldn't believe what he was seeing right now. A moment later, he immediately turned to Emery with a look of disbelief on his face.

"Merlin, are you crazy?! That's too few!"

Gwen quickly said, "One thousand Logress knights will be added to the smaller group." This offer of hers came too quickly, as if she had known his plan from the start.

However, Emery shook his head and firmly refused.

"No, you will need every man possible to fight against the thirteen thousand strong northern army." He said. "Besides, we are only going to deceive the enemy, so we probably have the easiest work here."

Emery then looked at Sir Galahad of the Demeate Kingdom, whose face was dark at the moment, and said, "Don't worry, your archers are only needed to scare the enemy. In fact, I'll order them to immediately retreat to the castle if the enemy manages to advance to their line."

With Emery's words, Galahad finally calmed down and nodded his head, accepting the role.

However, the Logress King and especially the Queen were not comfortable with the arrangement. Emery clearly noticed their concerns and so he reassured them.

"Don't you two worry. Remember that I can use magic." He said. "Just make sure you concentrate and win your battle, so that you can help us faster."

As Arthur had no other better plan, he eventually decided to put his trust in Emery. Gwen, however, still seemed annoyed that Emery didn't accept her offer to let the Lioness knights join him. Looking at her slightly hidden sullen look, Emery could only give her one more reassurance that he would be alright.

Now that the plan had been determined and the troops had been set, Arthur began to explain the formation that would be used by the nine thousand men on the northern battlefield while Emery briefed his plan with Sir Galahad as well as Luna and Cavvi of the Akavi warriors.

Afterward, Emery took time to prepare the Fey sisters for tomorrow's battle.

----

The next morning, before the allied force left Camelot, Arthur could be seen standing in front of the ten thousand men. Regal authority diffused out of his body as he looked upon the men who would put their lives on the line for the kingdom.

Silence ensued as everyone waited for his words.

Moments later, Arthur who was in his war armor finally spoke as the ruler of the Logress Kingdom.

"Knight of Britannia!! Raise up your sword and protect our land! our people! For Justice! Honor! And Victory!"

Such simple words, but able to inflame everyone's spirit and morale.

They cheered loudly, ready for war, as they marched on.

Finally, the advent of battle that would be recorded in the history of the 7 kingdoms.

### **Chapter 552 - Battle Of Camelot**

The sky was clear and blue. The refreshing breeze carried a faint scent of earth mixed with the rustling of leaves. On the top of the rocky hill, King Arthur was sitting on top of his horse, overlooking the situation unfolding in the Northern Plains below, accompanied by his loyal allies.

Next to him were several golden knights standing: Gawain, Yvain, Percival, Bors and Dagonat, who were wearing their brilliant golden armor. Meanwhile, the Logress Queen Gwen and Gaious, the Logress wizard, stood close to the Logress King.

The main force they had managed to muster consisted of 9000 men in total, with 2000 riders, 1000 archers and 6000 infantry.

A few minutes earlier, the scouts had returned, reporting the enemy had around 13000 men in their main force. But out of that, they only had at most two or three hundred cavalry and a thousand archers, while the rest were infantry units.

Even though their opponents were mostly just light infantry with minimum equipment, Arthur knew the battle would be disastrous if he underestimated them.

In fact, the northern tribes were known for their extraordinary physical strength. They had lived in the untamed lands for most of their lives, where danger lurked at every corner. The remarkable way of living they went through tempered them into battle-hardened individuals.

But on the other side of the spectrum, they lacked the necessary strategy and the ability to coordinate their attacks. Hence their constant failure at invading Britannia territory for hundreds of years.

This time, however, that lack of strategy had largely been rendered obsolete thanks to their partnership with Norgales. Things could really get very tricky for the allied force.

After making sure the information about the enemy was correct, Arthur proceeded to prepare the formation as swiftly and effectively as possible.

3000 infantry units would be placed as the vanguard unit, another 2000 would form barricade lines behind the first one and act as the second unit. Then, 1000 units would be ordered to stand by as the reserve unit. All archery and cavalry units would be ordered to keep their vigilance and prepare themselves, as they had to be ready to strike when the moment was right.

Arthur observed the lines his forces made from the top of the hill where he stood, ensuring their formation was as tight as possible, to minimize the risk of enemies breaking their formation. They could act as both a shield, a wall and a weapon, moving as one.

Time passed with a palpable mix of anticipation and dread, as the allied force waited for the northern tribe's assault. Even from above, Arthur could feel the tension among the ranks gradually rising.

The few minutes of wait felt like an eternity, before Arthur and the forces finally heard the unmistakable sound of a horn. After ten blows of such horn echoed through the plains, the sounds of quick footsteps could be heard from the distance.

Norgales Kingdom was a veteran in the battlefield and it would be no exaggeration to say their soldiers had spent at least half their life in the chaos of battle. With that in mind, Arthur expected an odd formation, or a classic yet effective tactic the other party could safely employ due to their numbers.

Unexpectedly, As the enemies flooded the battlefield from far away, Arthur could not help but notice that there was no semblance of formation at all from them.

Every single knight and soldier who marched in the middle of the plains bore the signature colors of Norgales banner, yet, apart from the standard number of knights and soldiers on each row, they did not seem tense nor did they make the effort to maintain a proper formation.

Meanwhile, the northern tribes poured into the battlefield, filling the left and right wing as they followed the Norgales forces soon after. And just like the former, they did not even bother to maintain formation. Every single one of the fur and leather-clothed warriors only ran with their weapons brandished, accompanied with a fierce battle cry.

Arthur took another long look at the enemy to ensure there was no ploy that could catch him off guard, before telling the knights gathered around him.

"On the first horn, Yvain and Percival will lead the main unit and meet them head-on. On the second horn, you will feign retreat. The third horn will act as a signal for Sir Bors and Sir Dagonat to lead the cavalry surrounding them, together with Gawain to reinforce the line." Arthur gave orders in rapid succession, looking around to make sure everyone understood. "Is everything clear?"

The main focus of this tactic was to fool the enemy into thinking of winning before eventually breaking through their formation. The feign retreat would also lure the enemies into the killing zone, where the other forces would proceed to obliterate them.

The tactic was simple and easy to understand, but undoubtedly effective when the beliefs about the barbarians were taken into account.

On the other hand, the tactic would crumble at the slightest mistiming. Moreover, it required a good leader to make sure no soldier stray away from formation and destroyed the element of surprise. That was where the golden knights would come into play.

All the golden knights nodded, before they ran to descend from the hill and return to their respective lines.

The enemy lines were clearly visible now, like a swarm of multicolored dots swarming in to cover the lush green of the beautiful plains with their existence. As the golden knights arrived at their groups, they ordered the men to take out a pouch that was given to them earlier.

The pouch contained a bluish powder that gleamed white under the light of the sun. Immediately after, each of the men were ordered to spread the powder on their arms and legs. The powder disappeared right as their muscles stiffened; each person felt their limbs brimming with strength.

This blue powder was the [Strength Paste] the wizard Gaious had painstakingly made for the last 4 days. It was truly a fortunate thing the man managed to make enough to provide the whole infantry units in such a limited period of time.

Tooooootttt

The first horn resounded from near Arthur's position. In a few seconds, the distinct noises of a clash could clearly be heard between the first unit of 3000 men led by Yvain and Percival.

There were screams from both sides. A flood of red quickly forming beneath their feet.

Even though they were prepared for the battle, the opening clash was as brutal as it possibly could be, because the first unit were fighting the force three times their size.

If it wasn't for the [strength paste], they would certainly not be able to hold on for long.

The opponents kept pushing on. They trampled on the bodies of their former comrades as they died. Whenever Yvain or Percival forces slayed one enemy, another would take their place within seconds.

A few minutes passed, the second horn finally resounded. It was their cue to retreat, as Sir Yvain and Percival immediately ordered their forces to fall back.

As expected, the enemies immediately gave chase while also not forgetting to shout countless profanities and curse words in the process.

When the enemy finally entered the killing zone, a resounding horn could be heard from around them. The indication for their execution.

Sir Gawain raised his weapons high and shouted, which was then followed by the cavalry units led by the two brothers Sir Bors and Dagonat charging the trapped enemies. Caught off guard, many of them were impaled to their deaths and left as nothing but red smears beneath the horses' hooves.

The scale suddenly tipped towards the allied force's favor. The sight of their enemies dying immediately invigorated their spirits.

Yvain and Percival worked as one, barking orders at the other soldiers, while cleaving some of the enemies that managed to get past the cavalry units.

Clang! Clank!

Swish! Swish!

Percival's huge axe went through three tribe warriors as if their leather armor was nothing but paper. The three unfortunate men only had half a second to gape in shock before they fell to the grassy ground.

Meanwhile, Yvain took a more active approach instead, as he got close and personal with the enemy, hacking and killing them with his sword. He even sometimes picked up one of the fallen enemy spears to throw towards far-away targets.

Gawain, Bors and Dagonat also fought valiantly in their respective side of the battlefield.

However, in the end, the allied force's soldiers started to fall to exhaustion, following the fact that the element of surprise was no longer on their side. Enemies started to overwhelm them, the front lines started to crumble under the relentless attacks of both the Norgales and the northern tribe warriors.

Arthur was in a position that was able to observe everything below. He realized the forces of Norgales' alliance remained strong despite his knights' valiant attempts.

Indeed, some who were caught off guard were dead, but a significant number of the soldiers were still able to avoid it. Without the element of surprise, the cavalry started to suffer a setback, some even falling from their horses.

Arthur observed the situation and gripped his blade, while Gwen looked at him in concern. He took a deep breath, looked away from the battlefield and said.

"They really are strong warriors...!"

He steeled his resolve and gave Gwen his best reassuring smile, before he took half of the reserve unit and bravely descended down the hill.

Gwen's gaze was focused on Arthur, as he charged down toward the enemies.

She hoped he would be safe, but her thoughts quickly drifted to the other group trying to persist in the east.

Apparently, the battle in the north would take much more time than expected.

Despite what she knew, however, she could do nothing but wait and hope they would be able to hold on until Arthur and the forces stationed here managed to win the battle on this side.

## Chapter 553 - Battle Of Camelot 2

Some distance away from the cacophony of the battle, the hurried footsteps of a lone scout could be heard as he ran through the grasslands. The scout stopped in front of a knight wearing some light protective gear and holding a massive bow.

The knight nodded his head after listening to the scout's reports. He then ran towards the camp set up on top of a hill overlooking a massive forest.

"Master Merlin, the fight on the northern side has started!" Galahad, the Demetae golden knight reported. In response, Emery merely looked at him and nodded without saying anything. He was using his spirit reading the whole time, hence he already knew everything.

At around the same time, a white-haired girl approached him.

"Brother Emery, our opponents have also started to move from the forest."

Emery smiled, patting the girl's head. He had been training her in a bit of magic and was glad to discover Glita had started to grasp the basics of spirit reading. Even though she still needed to work on the range she could cover, her spirit reading was still strong enough to detect the movements of the enemy in the forest.

He proceeded to focus his spirit reading on the area indicated by Glita, sure enough, the enemies hiding within the forest had finally started to make their move.

Emery looked up towards the clear blue sky, closed his eyes as he felt the wind that gently caressed his face. He then said to the guards standing next to him. "Light it up."

One of the guards ran down the hill, while Emery looked down to see the many stacks of dried wood that had been piled in multiple places between the forest, as well as some area at the bottom of the hill he was currently on.

Each stack was made of wood collected in the forest, sprinkled with a little bit of burning reagent, and filled to the brim with leaves and other easily flammable substances they managed to find.

White smoke started to seep out and cover most of the area, giving the forest and the plains close by a shroud of mystery even beneath the blue sky.

Seeing the smoke slowly but surely gathering, Luna Quintins commented. "This is smart. This will make them think twice before blindly charging through the smoke. They will have absolutely no idea how many of us will face them behind the smoke screen." She nodded in approval. "You reckon this is enough to fool them and buy us time?"

"Probably not..." Emery said as he shook his head.

This strategy's main objective was to delay the enemy from attacking them head-on, but Emery would certainly not just risk everything on the assumption the enemy would hold back and wait until the smoke dissipated.



With both his spirit reading and enhanced senses, he saw the enemies were already starting to move out from the forest. One could consider this method similar to smoking bees to force them to come out from their nest.

"They are coming out, get ready."

With a simple command, each leader split into their respective groups. Meanwhile, with one word from Galahad, all the Demetae archers' eyes were trained towards the direction of the forest.

Meanwhile, Emery's eyes were also fixed on an area in the forest, where faint shadows of figures began to appear one by one. Taking a slow deep breath, he finally spoke the word that lifted the curtain of the act.

"Fire!!!"

--

All ten thousand Danes were charging out from the forest ferociously, screaming and shouting their lungs out.

That was when the whole plains were suddenly covered by smoke, successfully stopping their steps.

White smoke started to creep out from between the trees, making it almost impossible to see more than a few meters in front of them. Even when they tried to look to the front, the previously clear path was completely covered in white. They were at most able to see two meters before everything was obscured by the thick smoke.

A moment later a rain of arrows came from the sky, hitting many of them who were still unprepared because of the smoke. However, this went unnoticed as the smoke concealed everything from any prying eyes.

The strange development of the situation quickly forced the 5 Jarl that had gathered to call off the men and retreat back to their initial position. Their brows furrowed as they saw the white smoke around them.

"What are they planning?! What is this smoke for?!" Said one of the Jarl with a massive greatsword strapped on his back.

"We cannot see shit through this! Should we continue?!" Said the other Jarl, whose figure was plump. "You saw how many arrows were shot at us, right?! For all we know there might be ten thousand spears ready behind that smoke!"

"That is not possible!" Rebutted another Jarl, who wore grey leather armor and a helmet decorated with a pair of curved metal horns. "My scouts already confirmed they only have one thousand men, 2000 at most. They are trying to fool us!"

"So? What are we still doing here?!" Said another Jarl, who was holding a spear in his hand. "This is an insult to our honor, we should charge and bring death to them all!"

"Why are you so quiet, Jarl Haraldson? What do you think we should do?"

The massive imposing Jarl with white beard and green eyes looked at the direction the smoke came from, his massive axe catching the little light from the sun and glinting menacingly.

"I know of their leader and I believe he has some tricks ready. We cannot afford to be careless!"

Jarl Haraldson was one of the most respected figures, with him saying such words, the others started being swayed to his opinion. The man was about to speak more when suddenly a few figures approached the group and shouted at them.

"Why are you all still here!?"

The man wearing a luxurious fur-lined red and white cloak was the one who interrupted Jarl Haraldson's words. As he walked closer to the five Jarl, a group of silver knights along with a middle-aged man wrapped in equally colorful robes separated from the crowds and walked behind the man. The man who just spoke was the Iceni Prince.

"The northern tribe has started their fight in the north!" The Iceni Prince said, "This is the best time for us to attack, so why the hell are you all still here!?"

"Prince, we are still here to make sure there is no trick behind that smoke," said Jarl Haraldson. "We will definitely attack when we know for sure we won't be falling into a trap."

"Huh?!" The Iceni Prince said, as he turned to the Jarl. "They are only tricking you! There are no more than 2000 men waiting behind those smokes!"

Jarl Haraldson maintained his calm as he replied, "How can you be sure?" His eyes then abruptly turned sharp as he continued, "You will only lead us to our deaths if what you say is not true!"

The Iceni prince ignored the commotion, as the man with colorful robes who stood behind him approached the Jarl. The man pointed at the direction beyond the fog and said. "My Lord, I assure you there are no more than 2000 men behind those smokes."

The man's words made Jarl Haraldson turn to him, which he immediately responded with, "I know this because I am Frayne, Brittain's greatest magician."

Many of the Jarls had heard of this Frayne, who was known to be the youngest wizard of Brittain. Hence most of them quickly believe the other party. It was only Jarl Haraldson who was still hesitant. Creases were apparent on the man's face, as he considered his thoughts.

The Iceni Prince, however, added. "Even if there are 10.000 of them back there, why are you hesitated? are you Danes afraid?"

Those words, as well as the condescending tone that accompanied them, effectively set the Danes' spirit on fire.

"HUH?! We are the Danes, how could we be afraid? We are even ready to die in a losing battle! We shall crush them with our might, no matter how many they are."

The 5 Jarl then ignored the Iceni group and quickly returned to their men. They proceeded to lead their respective groups of shield walls.

With their weapons and shields ready, they marched forward. Each step they took resounded through the earth, while their weapons made metallic echoes that could be equated to an intimidating roar.

Their advance was like that of a massive, rampaging bull willing to do anything to reach its destination. Only their steps and the sounds of banging shields could be heard. Every so often, the sound of dried leaves being stepped on broke the monotony.

"Attack!!"

It seemed Emery's plan was discovered by the other party. Fortunately, he was fully prepared.

### **Chapter 554 - Battle Of Camelot 3**

"Arrows!!" one of the Danes warriors shouted, as his eyes looked upon the rain of projectiles heading in their way. "Raise your shield!!"

The mesmerizing yet murderous rain of arrows once again permeated the azure sky, but this time the Danes were ready to reciprocate the reception. They raised their shield and covered their upper body with it, as they walked in the infamous shieldwall formation.

Each group had around one hundred men, where one third would position their shield to the front while the other two third would put their shield on top of their head.

This arrangement of shields allowed the Danes to have total protection against attacks coming from the front and above.

Tap! Tap! Tap! Tap! Dull, yet strangely rhythmic sounds were heard as the arrows landed upon the shields. Of course, there were still gaps between the shields that would kill or hurt the Danes hiding behind, but this arrangement was incredibly effective when utilized against attacks such as this.

Because of the nature of such formation, the Danes had to advance slowly in groups. At the moment, there were one hundred such groups that gradually made their way through the white smoke obscuring the surroundings.

Even though that was the case, the Danes could only march forward in a straight line through the smoke across the wide plains because they would not be able to see the other group at their side if they went separate ways and acted independently like they usually did.

"Advance! Advance!" A muscular, burly man with an eye-catching beard and a massive axe in his hand could be seen shouting vigorously to those in his group.

This particular group of Danes wore different attires than their counterparts. Uniformed armor and grey-colored capes, with a striking symbol etched on both gear. They were those known as the Jomsviking, led by a famous Danes warrior named Torstein.

The large man focused his attention on the sky and shouted his orders whenever he saw the arrows coming.

"Arrows! Raise your shields!!"

Tap! Tap! Tap! Tap!

"Torstein!!" A shout destroyed the rhythmic melody the arrows manifested. "How much longer do we have to walk through this smoke?!"

"Zip your mouth and just keep moving!" Torstein answered to his subordinate harshly.

Ever since entering the smoke, Torstein's heart had become restless. He was anxious.

His instincts had been telling him there was definitely something waiting for them inside the smoke, but they just didn't know who or what it was. When the other groups only fixated their attention at the sky and their surroundings veiled by the smoke, Torstein kept his eyes at the front side and, most importantly, on the ground.

There, he found it! Several steps away from them, just right before the limit of visibility, a pit trap!

It was evident the enemy was cunning. The smoke and arrows were merely a diversion. It was these pits that were covered by a blanket of leaves, the real problem. There should be enough wooden spikes to kill a dozen people inside of those pits.

Looking at the barely noticeable pit trap, Torstein couldn't help but inhale a cold breath. He had to admit the enemy was crafty. He could hear the pained and pitiful screams of the other groups coming from near as well as far away. Those people must have fallen to this trick due to their leader's incompetence, but not for a veteran fighter such as him.

"Break the formation!!"

His group quickly split up, went past the area where the pit trap was, converging back into one complete group. This maneuver was done smoothly and flawlessly, without any hiccups along the way.

Torstein also instructed one of his men to trigger the pit trap, so it couldn't implicate the other group that could possibly be trailing behind his group.

Seeing the pit trap was completely exposed, Torstein nodded his head and turned his attention back to the front. "Continue to advance!"

Once again, Torstein's group of 100 men charged ahead.

As they once again waited for the rain of arrows, Torstein started to hear more screams from his surroundings. Apparently, the other groups had fallen victim into something, presumably, the pit traps. He was about to curse on how stupid his fellow Danes were when he realized there was faint sound of a fight.

Perking his ears closely, Torstein was sure it was certainly the sounds of metal clashing against each other. The enemy had finally launched their frontal assault!

This immediately put Torstein on guard, as he swiftly told his men to be prepared. He was sure that it wouldn't be long before they were hit by the other party's assailant.

"Men, prepare yourself and give careful attention to your surroundings!! The enemy is nigh upon us!"

Step by step, Torstein's group slowly walked their way through the smoke in front of them, traversing one to two meters every dozen seconds, as their visibility was limited to such distance.

Torstein knew they were only halfway through the plains, hence the enemy's ambush may have been ready and could come at any time. Sounds of screaming continuously being heard by them as they forged ahead.

Unfortunately, the smoke around them made it hard to know what was happening in great detail. It was unknown how many or where the enemy would be coming, they could only infer a few minor clues from how clear the noises were.

Suddenly, a scream was heard from the group supposedly next to his, which was soon followed by the sound of metal clashing. The commotion was extremely obvious, therefore, Torstein quickly decided to give assistance.

"Men, advance to the right!"

Of course, a veteran warrior like him, knowing that danger was in front, maintained his calmness as the group advanced in the formation. After a few steps, his eyes finally caught the shadow of several figures.

"Raydon!! We are coming from your left!!" Torstein shouted, to make sure there would not be any friendly fire among their ranks.

There, he saw the Danes group led by another famous warrior, Raydon, fighting an unknown group. Those people seemed to be as fierce as the Danes, with conspicuous tattoos on their body. They, however, were not Danes for sure.

Without any hesitation, Torstein ordered his men to launch their assault. "Attack!! Men, attack!!"

The one hundred men of his group immediately broke from the formation and advanced forward, attacking the mysterious group who were certainly not Britannia's knights.

It did not take long for weapons clashed against each other and shields bashed into body parts.

As soon as they were clashing against the unknown adversary, Torstein was shocked to hear another shout coming from behind.

Exactly from where they previously had been, another group of dozens of fighters with similar tattoos with the ones before them appeared seemingly out of nowhere. Without further ado, they charged toward Torstein's group at breakneck speed.

Torstein and his men quickly found themselves being attacked from two different sides.

Clank!! Clank!!

"Arrrgh!!!"

"What are you?!!"

Countless shouts and screams began to pervade the area as Torstein's group clashed with the unknown group. It didn't take long for them to be pushed back by the latter. The enemy not only was strong, they were also extremely coordinated. The most surprising thing was they acted as if they could clearly see through the smoke.

Within the first clash, Torstein had lost a dozen of his men. They were either dead or incapacitated and unable to keep fighting.

"Gather up the formation and defend our back!!"

In the blink of an eye, he decided the best course possible was to deal with those behind the group.

"Attack!!"

It took a few moments for the Danes to regroup into formation, but as soon as they recovered, they immediately charged toward the other party.

Torstein, the strongest among them, saw a man, a large man who seemed to be the leader. Hence, he immediately approached the other party to fight him.

"DIE!!" shouted Torstein, as he struck the large man with his massive axe.

In response, the large man also brought forward his own axe. Their axes met each other, created an impact that threw both of them a few steps back. The smoke surrounding them was also blown away by the wind gust generated by their brief yet extraordinary clash.

As their two eyes met, a massive grin graced upon Torstein's face as he said, "Finally, a worthy opponent!!"

Torstein was excited because he finally found someone who was comparable to him. He was about to dash at the latter again when he suddenly felt something glaring at him from the side. Goosebumps ran all over his body as he instinctively knew whoever it was, they could threaten his life.

Being a strong fighter and hunter, Torstein knew what he was currently feeling. A beast was watching him.

As expected, his hunch was correct. His men were sent packing like a headless chicken, as a large beast crashed upon their formation. A black fur wolf abruptly joined the fray, charging through and attacking the Danes - completely destroying the infallible formation.

'What?! What the hell is that?!!' Torstein shouted, as he watched the wolf wreak havoc among his men.

The large man who clashed with him before said calmly, "Go back to your land, Danes. This is ours."

Torstein quickly calmed himself down, beginning to shout orders to bring his men back into formation.

"Formed up!! Back to back!!"

But once their formation took shape and they were ready for the second round, Torstein as well as the others were once again dumbfounded by the scene before them. The enemy was nowhere to be seen, only dozens of the Danes' corpses remained. They had disappeared without a trace, as if they had never been in this place in the first place.

"It's-!! They are ghosts!!" shouted one of the Danes. Horror was evident on his face after his brain registered what was in front of him. "This land is cursed!!"

They were frightened and Torstein knew he couldn't blame them for that. In just a few minutes, both his group and Raydon's group nearby had suffered so many casualties. After calculation, they discovered only half of their initial number left standing.

This wasn't even finished yet.

"Arrows!!" shouted Torstein, while taking cover himself. "Raise your shield!!"

Another set of arrows arrived upon the battered Danes. More people fell to the ground. Raydon even got pierced by them, with his heavily wounded condition, his whole group decided to retreat.

Looking at the pitiful sight of his men dying and being seriously injured, Torstein once again reminded how brutal war could be. He was tempted to bring his troop back and save the rest of his men, but his belief as a viking would simply not allow it.

"Forward!!" He shouted, albeit strugglingly.

Torstein and his men kept moving through the smoke until it started to turn thin. Seeing that, he wondered if they were finally out of there or the smoke had just dissipated.

All he knew was there was a figure standing in front of him, right where the smoke could no longer be seen. He was ready to fight the other party when he realized he recognized who the figure was.

"You..."

The figure was the mysterious man he met back in his village.

"Torstein, bring your wounded men back."

#### **Chapter 555 - Battle Of Camelot 4**

In reality, Emery had never even once planned to leave his side of battle to the so-called chance. The stake placed on the table was simply too big to leave things on the probability that the enemy would or wouldn't attack them.

Hence, from the very beginning, he had prepared the strategies and the surroundings used to its best, to boost his prospect of winning to the utmost capacity. He decided not to explain his tactic in detail so that both Arthur and Gwen would not be worried.

In addition, there was still the possibility of spies within their ranks. Therefore, only his closest confidant and related personnel knew about the plan.

Before they arrived at the eastern battlefield, Emery told Galahad and his fifteen hundred archers to bring as many arrows as they could possibly bring. Thus, one could blatantly see the hundreds of piles of arrows lying in the camp. Moreover, he was the one who directed when and where the Demetean archers shoot their arrows.

When the enemy came approaching for the second time, which he knew they would, the Demetean archers were instructed to just send a volley of arrows at them relentlessly.

There were two goals Emery wanted to achieve from the archers' barrage.

First, to make each group of enemies gather together within their respective group, which in turn made a wider gap between them. Second, to get them to focus their attention on the sky. After all, Emery had prepared a sumptuous gift for them; the pit trap.

Coupled with the white smoke that limited visibility, each group of enemies basically acted independently and couldn't provide each other with immediate assistance.

The pit traps prepared throughout the forest were, in fact, not that hard to prepare courtesy to the existence of magic. Thanks to Emery's [Soften Earth] spell and the three hundred people under him, he was able to set hundreds of traps in a short amount of time. He also didn't have a difficult time concealing the traps, as his plant spells easily took care of it.

With spirit reading, Emery could tell that the traps managed to make about three dozen of their one hundred groups fall victim to them. But, even though the result the pit traps displayed was satisfactory, they were not the main thing in the strategy that Emery concocted.

Now that the enemy had arrived at the middle of the plains, it was time to serve the main dish.

With the smoke still obscuring their vision, multiple screams of their comrades who fell victim to the pit traps, and the volley of arrows that kept raining down on them, the Danes fell into chaos and their thoughts were tossed around by the circumstances.

Unexpectedly, this was the effect of something Emery had prepared. It was a kind of dried leaves that he found in the North Africa region. It had an effect of mildly affecting minds when added within the burning woods.

[Blue Poppy]

When a person breathed in the smoke, the blue poppy that came with it would give their mind a shake. The effects would be greater to a weakened mind, but Emery believed that even the greatest warrior would be slightly affected by it.

In such conditions, Emery used his spirit reading and tried to find a group that was perfect to be targeted. When he found the ideal one, he quickly prepared to open his [Spatial Gate] to their location.

With his current spirit force, he was strong enough to open a short-distance gate for fifty people. Hence, he formed two assault groups. One led by Cavvi the Akavi Warrior, while the other was led by Kastan the Quintins' head guard. Each group consisted of the fifty strongest fighters as well as two of the Fey sisters.

When they were ready, Emery quickly opened the [Spatial Gate] in the area near where the targeted Danes group was. Immediately after, the first assault group entered the gate and clashed with the latter.

Even though he wasn't at the scene, Emery could still tell what had happened. This was thanks to his new ability, [One Mind], which allowed him to connect himself with the two Fey sisters in the group.

Then, he would open another [Spatial Gate] for the second attack group just behind the Danes group. This ingenious maneuver that was only possible thanks to magic would make the latter fall into a precarious situation, where they were pinched and attacked from both front and back.



With the Akavi warriors' strength and the Fey girls, especially the latter who transformed and wreaked havoc upon the Danes; the blue poppy within the cloud could achieve its maximum effect.

The enemy who had lost their morale was one that would be easily beaten.

Meanwhile, Emery chose to stay on the hill, focusing his attention on his spirit reading and [One Mind] ability to open and close his [Spatial Gate], sending the two assault groups into different Danish groups in a short span of time.

These were what Emery had been planning and doing for the last hour. If he saw the Akavi warrior suffer injuries, he immediately switched them with the reserve unit. After all, he still had two hundred Akavi warriors on his side.

-----

The five Jarl of Danes were furious - extremely so. It had been almost an hour, but they could tell that none of his warriors managed to climb the hill in front of them where the other party was.

Instead, they could only hear multiple screams from inside the white smoke.

Their brows tightly furrowed and anger reached up to their face when they saw their warriors coming out at the wrong end of the smoke, retreating.

The five Jarl quickly caught the leader of one of the retreating groups, only to find that color had drained from the person's face, as if he saw the horror of his life.

Veins appeared on Jarl's face when they saw how trembling the other party's body was. "You are the warriors of the mighty Danes!!" He shouted. "Get a grip and tell us what happened!!"

"M-My Lord.." said the leader stutteringly. "W-We are attacked by ghosts.. There.. There are also... the beast! It's Fenrir, the wolf god himself! It has come to kill us all!!" The man gradually became hysterical as he reached the end of his words.

The Danes were definitely not cowards, which was why the Jarls grew anxious as they wondered what kind of existence could turn their men into such cowards. Things instantly turned to worst when they saw dozens of retreating Danes became hundreds.

"What is exactly going on?!!"

The Icen Prince himself was unable to speak as proud as he was before because he could clearly see how terrified those people were. Heck, he saw his men were also part of the same groups who ran away. There was even an Icen warrior whose lower body was drenched in terror.

It didn't take long for him to turn toward his famous wizard. "Freyne, what is the meaning of this?!" He shouted. "You have to give an explanation to me, otherwise..." The last part of his words was laced with an obvious tone.

The wizard himself was actually dumbfounded by the situation. He couldn't believe what he was seeing either. He knew for a fact that the enemy troops had not descended from the hill, but if that was the case, then what was the explanation for the scene that lay before him?

He actually perceived some irregularities in the forest, but he couldn't tell what they were. Then, he suddenly thought of a possible answer.

"My lord! The enemy must have used poison!!" He said confidently, "it was mixed in the smoke, and thus made them see something."

The Jarl as well as the Iceni Prince who heard his words nodded after they thought about it. This explanation did make a lot of sense, after all. That must be it! They thought.

"What should we do then?!" said one of the Jarls.

There was silence for a while before someone opened their mouth. "My Lord... There is no other way but to pull our troops back."

They looked at each other and understood this was the best possible choice. Therefore, the five Jarls and the Iceni Prince quickly sent the order to call their warrior back by using the horn.

Tooooootttt!!

Following the roar of the horn was the sight of the warriors coming out of the forest en masse. After a while, no more people were seen exiting the forest, which meant those were the survivors.

The Jarls and the Iceni Prince were devastated when they saw the pitiful sight of their men and that only about half of their men returned alive from the forest. Roughly five thousand warriors were lost within an hour.

This wasn't a battle.

This was a one-sided massacre.

### **Chapter 556 - Battle Of Camelot 5**

While the Jarl still couldn't accept the reality that lay before them, one of the Danes could be seen heading toward their location. His disheveled attire and haggard appearance immediately caught the attention of the Jarls, and it didn't take long for them to recognize who the man was.

The man was Torstein, a famous warrior within the Danes and known by all of the Jarl.

"Torstein, are you alright?" asked Jarl Haraldstein as he scanned over the man's body. He was really terrified by the possibility of losing one of his best fighters.

"Yes, My Lord. I'm perfectly fine, but I'm afraid the same can't be said for my men." replied Torstein with a dejected tone. He then quickly schooled his face and continued, "My Lord, I met the man I saw in my village before."

Looking at the confused face on the Jarl's face, he added, "The one who also rode the ship together with you, My Lord."

When he heard that, a look of realization appeared on Jarl Haraldson's face. He knew about the man Torstein talked about, but he didn't expect that the latter knew the person as well.

Seeing Jarl's face, Torstein nodded and continued on, "My Lord, the man is a wizard of the Divine Order. His name is Merlin, and he told me to convey a message to you."

The name Merlin made Freyne who listened startled. He had heard of this name. If he wasn't wrong, this new wizard was apparently so young, not even reaching the age of twenty.

Previously, when he heard how young and remarkable the wizard was from Gaious, Freyne immediately didn't want to hear more about the other party. It was because he believed that Gaious was only exaggerating the boy's talent.

Jarl Haraldson turned serious when he heard that the man had a message for him. "What is the message?"

"The wizard said that we can bring back all of our wounded men we left in the forest.? As long as we don't advance, they will not attack"

The Jarl was clearly surprised by the message; he didn't expect that kind of message from someone who could easily annihilate his enemy. Such an act rarely happened in battle; allowing them to take the wounded back was truly the finest example of an act of mercy.

With only five thousand of them returning from the initial ten thousand, there must still be at least one thousand wounded and in unconscious state left behind in the forest. Hence, if the other party really let them bring those people back, that would truly be a fortunate thing for them.

The gesture was highly appreciated by the Jarls, but they were not sure if they could trust this wizard named Merlin.

The Icen Prince turned to his wizard and asked who this Merlin was.

"He's just a newbie!" Freyne said with an utterly condescending tone. "He must be thirsty for achievement, that's why he said that. I believe this is another trap set for us!"

Jarl Haraldson and Torstein, on the other hand, had different opinions about the matter. But seeing how Merlin just killed thousands of their men, they also couldn't be so sure about their opinion.

Therefore, he only decided to add information that the man named Merlin knew their immortal king, Fjolrin. For that reason, he was someone who should be given the benefit of the doubt.

Even though Jarl Haraldson had given a solid reason to give Merlin their trust, Freyne still headstrong on his opinion. Not to lose face, he decided that he would meet this Merlin and see for himself if the man could be trusted.

All the Jarl agreed with the suggestion. The Icen Prince, however, had other plans in mind.

When Freyne was about to enter the forest, the Icen Prince approached him and said,

"When you meet him, immediately use your magic to capture or kill him. I don't really care." The words were spoken in such a small voice that only Freyne could hear them. A ferocious expression appeared on the Icen Prince's face, but disappeared immediately when he turned around.

Looking at the back of the Icen Prince, Freyne replied with a smile, "Of course, My King."

The wizard was being accompanied by five great warriors from each of the Danes tribe, and Torstein was one of them. He was asked to escort Freyne to meet this Merlin because he was the one who had the most contact with the other party.

As they entered the forest, Freyne said in a small voice, "No matter how young, this man is still a wizard. Therefore, I will be the one who does the talking. Hence if I say attack, all of you will immediately cut his hand so he can't cast his spell, do you all understand?"

The other Danes nodded their heads readily, while Torstein inwardly worried about the consequences of such action.

The group walked into the forest until they felt they had gone deep enough that the other party could hear them. Then, Freyne shouted. "We are here to speak with the wizard Merlin!"

It surprised him that they could see a faint figure approaching them from the smoke just seconds after he shouted. Seeing the silhouette, Freyne immediately readied his lightning spell to attack, but as soon as he got a clearer look of the figure's face, he was stunned.

He felt he had seen this Merlin, but couldn't remember when and where.

'Where did I see this man before?'

His mind was wandering in confusion and contemplation as Emery walked closer approaching them. Emery stopped a few feet away from the group and said, "I am Merlin. What is it that you want to talk about?"

The Danes focused their gaze as their eyes scanned over this wizard named Merlin. The other party didn't have the figure of a strong fighter like any Danes standard, hence all of them let out a confident smile as they waited for Freyne's signal.

It was at this moment that the famous, Britannia's greatest wizard froze in shock as he finally recalled who this young man was. He had met the latter back at Gaya temple during the heavenly harvest ritual.

He had witnessed firsthand how the other party managed to defeat the illustrious Han swordsmen duo with ease. Ever since that time, Freyne had placed him and his four friends in his list of people not to be messed with.

Recalling the orders given to him earlier, his back was drenched in cold sweat.

### **Chapter 557 - Battle Of Camelot 6**

The glare Emery directed towards Freyne carried certain air to it, heavy and suffocating. The weight of his power brought a definite pressure, sending Freyne's head down to the tip of his feet.

He still remembered the swiftness of the other party's sword that could match the two Hans' famous legendary swordsmen. Also, he clearly recalled how this man could use magic that bend space to his will. It was no wonder that they lost so many inside the strange smoke.

Without him realizing it, Freyne's body was sweating like buckets as his entire being filled with trepidation. Why did he have to meet this man here

The man called Merlin asked, "You are wizard Freyne, aren't you? What do you want?"

"I, uh, haha... well..." Frayne almost immediately jumped at the mention of his name by the other party, just like a mouse that got its tail stepped on by a massive cat. "I just came to check if what you said to Torstein is true..."

Freyne felt like his tongue was heavy and thick, his words stilted in front of the powerful wizard. Everyone was confused at his behavior. The great wizard of the Icení Kingdom had suddenly been rendered little more than a kid in the presence of this wizard called Merlin.

Emery turned around, looked at his surroundings, and said. "I was honestly hoping to see the Jarl, but it appears no one dared to come here and see me directly." He sighed in disappointment.

His expression prompted Frayne to stand up ramrod straight. The Icení wizard then hurriedly tried to placate him. "I... of course, I will go back and ask for the Jarl to directly meet you.."

Freyne's completely changed behaviour left all of the 5 warriors, including Torstein, confused.

On the other hand, Emery replied to Freyne's offer. "There is no need to do that. I will come with you, and speak to them directly."

Moments later, the five Jarl, the icení prince, was surprised to see Frayne return with the said Wizard, Merlin. The other party's wizard, who was responsible for the death of their thousands of warriors, walked into the enemy camp by himself.

Seeing the walking figure, the Danes' leader suddenly turned around to face him. Right at that moment, the air suddenly became tense as if the temperature had dropped several notches. Unconsciously, the Jarl put their arms on their weapons.

Emery however maintained his calm as he continued to approach them, staring at those leaders to gauge their strength, and then spoke without a hint of fear in his eyes.

"You all should quickly recover your wounded ones, or more lives will be lost in this pointless war. While you're at it, I want to ask you all to leave this place at once, you will not win this war while I am here." Emery said with a stern voice

The words and the powerful aura Emery emitted with his presence prompted the Jarl with the massive greatsword to stand up and pull his weapon. He pointed the weapon at Emery, who only eyed it with mild disinterest, and said. "We have not lost yet! Now that we know of your trickery... we will fight! We still have five times more soldiers than your numbers!"

Another Jarl stood up, lifted his axe to Emery's chest, and poked his chest with the tip of his weapon. "Yes! By coming alone here, you are just asking for death!"

Emery let them rant for a second before giving the Jarl a slight glare. Facing against the glare, the massive muscled Jarl suddenly found himself in hesitation.

Regardless, Emery could only sigh in exasperation at the Jarl's responses. The Danes were known for their courage and love of battle, and they would most likely never give up in the face of a losing battle. He had hoped they would listen, but it seemed that words would not be enough for these kinds of people.

On the other hand, when he made the decision to come here, he came with the understanding of what most likely be the Jarl's answers.

The battle itself was a testament to the depths of the witch Maeve's involvement, and Emery had to resort to more drastic measures to ensure no lives would senselessly be lost. He even came here with the determination to kidnap all the Jarl away to force the Danes to stop attacking if needed.

He let the energy crackle on his hands, ready to cast his spells, when Jarl Haraldson approached and said. "Merlin, we of the Danes will never back down from a challenge, but..." He turned to speak at the other Jarl before saying. "I propose we accept the kindness, and in return, we will stop our advance for half a day to rest and let the wounded recuperate. What do you all think?"

The Danes were honorable people and what Jarl Haraldson proposed also seemed to be a good solution. With that, other than the Icenis, all of them agreed.

As for Emery, this actually a better compromise, this way he had no real need to make a real enemy of the Danes by kidnapping their leader. Half a day was a lot of time for him to switch strategies and help Arthur finish the fight on his side instead. Therefore, he agreed to the conditions.

After the decision was made, Emery opened a [Spatial Gate] and returned to his camp through the dark gate. All the Jarl and the Icenis kingdom soldiers could only stare in shock at the spell he showed, and some couldn't even keep their mouths from opening agape.

On the contrary, the icenis prince was looking at Freyne annoyed without saying anything. Freyne, being a court magician for almost all his life, knew what his prince's gaze meant.

But, Freyne could only explain with a wry smile on his face. "My prince, I advise you not to mess with the man. He was much stronger than anything we could possibly throw at him."

Emery returned to the camp with great news. With this, their objectives to delay the enemy could be said to have succeeded already. However, before they were able to cheer for victory, the distinct sounds of horse hooves could be heard not far away from them.

A knight in silver armor hurriedly jumped down, almost falling from his horse, and stumbled in front of Emery before giving him a slight bow.

Emery recognized him from his insignia as one of Arthur's men, and he quickly said his message "Master Merlin, the main group are losing! The king is in grave danger!"

### **Chapter 558 - Battle Of Camelot 7**

Arthur's group had to face an overwhelming number of enemies with around nine thousand men. However, even though the enemy had more soldiers, Emery doubted they would give the former much trouble, not with a dozen golden knights and a hundred silver knights on his side. That was not even mentioning how Arthur himself was a capable fighter and a worthy leader.

After hearing the news the messenger brought, Emery couldn't stop thinking that Maeve had something to do with the situation. Before the battle started, he didn't find any trace of her and unfortunately, he had been focusing too much on sensing and directing his own battle since then.

Thus, he had somehow forgotten about the other party. After all, he couldn't spend too much energy and time to track an enemy that may or may not be there.

Now that he heard the news, Emery quickly used his spirit reading to scan the area of the northern battle, and the result he perceived was quite shocking. Not only was it true that Arthur's group was being pushed back, he also sensed something different, or rather, peculiar about the other side's fighters.

Luckily, the southern battle was pretty much settled by this point. He was sure he could trust the Jarl's honor not to break their promises.

Hence, he told the others to quickly make their way toward the northern battle. He decided to leave Luna and Kastan with fifty men of the Quintins' army, to stay on guard just in case the Danes decided to break their promise.

What Emery did right now was quite a risky move that needed a leap of faith for the Danes to hold their promise. But with what he had sensed through his spirit reading, he knew he needed to make this call.

"Cavvi! Galahad!" shouted Emery as he prepared to cast [Spatial Gate]. "All of you, quickly move the men to the North battle!"

After he finished saying that, he quickly created a spatial gate for himself and the Fey sisters to quickly arrive at the northern battlefield.

As they arrived and took a better look at the scene, Emery realized the situation was more dire than he had thought.

-----

Just a few hours ago, within the north battlefield.

Arthur raised his majestic sword and let out a scream, stoking the morale of his men like pouring oil into a furnace. They fought against the mighty, larger armies of Norgales and the northern tribes.

The eight thousand men on Camelot's side, the cavalry from both sides, and even the archer units had all already been engaged in what seemed to be an all-out collision between the two forces. Screams and shouts being flung around like groceries, while blood and body parts scattered around the battlefield.

With excellent tactics and leadership, Arthur was able to carve the path through the ranks of the enemies and destroy them till kingdoms come, eventually causing his allies to gain an upper hand.

Every charge from the knights on the armored horse could kill hundreds of them. But after a few dozen charges toward such a huge army, more knights were brought down from their horses and the charge gradually became less effective.

The golden knights, Bors, Dagonat, Yvain, Percival, Gawain and Arthur himself could increase the fighting spirit of the men especially against the enemies' fierce fighters of the north, which resulted in the Briton army could kill two men before the enemy could hurt one of theirs.

Meanwhile, Arthur fought like a fierce beast among his men. Each of his swings were calculated and no moves were wasted as the enemies fell under his blade one by one. He continued on his rampage while

also relentlessly awakening the spirit of his men, showing the valor and competence of a king. An hour of such fierce battle passed, until he realized something was off.

Normally, the momentum that his armies currently had would force the enemy soldiers to retreat. But strangely, none of them were seen moving back. In fact, they kept on moving forward. They continued in advance regardless of what was happening to them, as if they were controlled like puppets.

All thirteen thousand of them kept on going. It was as if they had no place of return except in front. There was no option to retreat.

One of the hardest enemies to fight against in this battle were the painted warriors. They were barbaric tribes who colored their skin with white paints and markings, and they wore the bones of their enemies as a badge of honor.

These people fought erratically with any kind of weapon they could find, and whenever they managed to cut open the knights' limbs, they would start to bite and chew on their meat, causing the other knights to flinch and pale.

Cannibals!!

This gruesome and inhumane sight could make even the bravest men tremble, affecting their spirit. This situation had forced Arthur to once again spearhead his men against the enemy slaughter.

"Fightt!! Fightt!!" Arthur shouted with all his might. "These barbarians could never be allowed to pass into our cities!!"

Reminded of what they were fighting for, the Briton army once more steeled themselves to the fight. Their breathing was ragged and their sweat had even mixed with blood from both their wounds and the enemy, but still, they decided to push on.

"Haaaaa!!!"

Being in the front naturally made Arthur become the main target of the enemy attacks. One of the northern leaders, a large man carrying a massive spear with axe-like protrusions at the ends, came charging at him.

The man even could push his horse, break their two front legs and throw the horse down for the remainder of the battle.

Arthur managed to jump and draw his sword toward this man.

"ARRGG!!" wailed the man as Arthur's sword wound his body. The man swiftly recovered and I am Esca, Lord of the thousand spears! You will die by my hand!"

Each pierce and swing of the man spear appears to move the winds itself, causing the soldiers to be pushed back bit by bit.

As the front line fighter, Arthur stepped forward and took over the fight. With an equally fierce swing, he met the blow without hesitation. A sharp clang could be heard, piercing everyone's ears. To Arthur's slight shock, the strike was so straining, it pushed him back a few steps.



So, he has quite the strength to back his boast. Arthur could even say that the barbarian would probably win if his strength was the same as in the past. Since Emery started training him and helped him using the Gaia serum, his power has increased significantly.

Swiisshhh!! Clankk!!

The problem he had to face was not just Esca, but also the other warriors. Even with the golden and silver knights around, Arthur was the real prize on this battle, and every northern warrior could see it.

Dozens of painted skin warriors came charging with their weapons drawn. Fortunately, before they could go anywhere near Arthur, Gawain and Yvain dashed forward and swung their weapons, causing the front barbarians to quickly fall.

Clannkk!! Clankk!!!

They work together to kill all that surrounded them. But the enemy just keep coming toward them even after Arthur has finally pierced the fierce warrior Esca in the stomach. Like an endless flood, they kept on trying to overwhelm the three

At the last moment a cloud of dust could be seen near the horizon, along with the clop of many horses. A group a cavalry has come to help him, led by a woman in golden hair

"Attackk!!!"

Gwen came in the last moments, her beauty and bravery in battle once again inspired the man to raise their spirit and swing their weapons once again.

Finally the Brittania joint forces of 9000 managed to clear up the field of battle.

There was no more enemy left standing. All the Brittanias men all soaked in blood enemies and friend.

"Boorrrsss!!" "Victorryyy!" Shouted the golden knights and his brother who were currently limping wounded in the battlefield but pretty much alive.

Within a glance Arthur can see less than his 9000 still alive, but their lives was not in vain knowing 13000 invaders lies on the plains making the grass turn red. The smell of iron permeated the area, causing people to feel rather nauseous due to the sharpness, but they were victorious, and that is what truly matters

"We did it!" Shouted Sir Gawain.

The queen however reminded the men that their fight was not over, though she did so in the gentlest way possible.

"We should hurry and head to the east battle!"

"Yes of course" Arthur nodded and said.

He shouted "anyone still able to stand on their own, come with me, we are hea...."

It was at this moment Arthur realized one figure was moving toward the plain of corpses.

A woman holding a weird looking staff stood in the sea of corpses and raised her staff, then slammed it to the ground. All of a sudden something that defied all comprehension unfolded in front of their eyes.

Arthur saw the corpses that lay on the field started to move yet again, despite how the stumps where their limbs were kept oozing blood, how their eyes were about to fall from their sockets, and the grip of their weapons shaky. They moved like a broken puppet on strings, each step took much more effort than it should, but one thing was clear.

The dead are rising.

### **Chapter 559 - Undead**

"What sorcery is this?!"

Arthur and the rest of the knights could only watch in mute bewilderment as the numerous corpses scattered and lying on the ground slowly got onto their feet. There were just dozens of them, but the gruesome sight was enough to send a cold shiver down these courageous knights' spine.

The corpses seemed to intuitively grab the closest weapons and swung with entrails still hanging off of it, splattering blood all around, before they came limping to charge at the nearest knight. The corpses' movements were slow, extremely so, but the knights were just not in the right state of mind to fight such abominations. Their mind was still shaken by what they were witnessing.

Out of panic, a knight immediately took the chance to attack and drove his sword heavily into one of the walking corpse's shoulders. The shambling corpse made no attempt to dodge nor defend. The knight's weapon was successfully buried deep into its chest.

Any normal man would have screamed in terror or instantly died from such an attack, but like a puppet on strings, the walking corpses acted as if nothing had happened and kept moving. It stretched its disfigured head forward and bit the man's neck, making it burst in a shower of blood and guts.

Aaarrggghh!!!

While the attacked knight frantically tried to close the gaping wound on his neck with his hands, the corpse was still moving, shambling, as if it had no other directive except to reach other knights and kill.

Seeing such an abomination, Arthur strengthened the grip on his blade and shouted to raise the morale of his comrades.

"Men! Conquer your fears! Fight! Fight!!!"

Arthur focused his attention and observed as the corpses moved and was able to survive the knight's heavy swing on their body, no matter which part it was. It didn't take a genius for him to try the next best solution.

When a walking corpse tried to approach him, he swiftly swung his golden blade at his target, the head of the corpse rolled onto the grassy ground. Its body quickly followed suit, becoming unmoving once more.

"Men!! Don't attack their body, sever their heads instead!!!"

The new direction appeared to be effective, as the walking corpses no longer moved when their head was separated from the body.

Sir Percival took out a massive hammer and gave the massive weapon a heavy swing to the head, the walking corpse's head was smashed open with its brain turned into a splatter on the ground.

Such a tactic was also able to stop the corpses from moving. To put it simply, they just had to take off their heads.

"Get into formation! Reform!" Sir Yvain shouted his orders. Even though he was bleeding, sweat stained most of his clothes and hair, the man kept standing straight, his will to see the end of this war shown by his deeds.

The mighty golden knight Bors, however, was too injured and had to be carried around by his brother.

"You two bring the men and retreat back to the hill" Arthur shouted.

Arthur then turned toward Gwen, as their eyes met, they both knew they were in real trouble.

Gwen was still worried about Emery's conditions on the eastern battlefield, but she knew such a fight could not be won without Emery's help. It was, after all, a work of sorcery.

With a little nod, Gwen understood what Arthur wanted her to do, she quickly rode back to search for help.

The previously victorious army of Brittanies, half still standing, some holding their wounded mates on their shoulder, started to move back away from the hordes of walking corpses.

Arthur could see his men had regained their composure, but the moment he glanced at the woman standing amidst the corpses, the amount of walking corpses had already turned into hundreds. Arthur even saw the corpses of his knights standing among them, their eyes vacant and glassy, as they walked like puppets.

A feeling of dread settled in his gut. He knew the woman, the enemy's sorceress, had to be killed soon or more of his men would be in trouble, or worse, such a hideous state of bane.

"Sir Gawain! Follow me!"

Arthur grabbed a dozen knights and Sir Gawain, his trusted golden knight, before charging in the wave of walking corpses trying to get close toward the sorcerer.

It was at this time Arthur saw the man he just killed before, Esca the lord of a thousand spears. He was bleeding all over, each step he made left trails of fresh blood, but the expression on his face was fiercer than ever.

He charged toward one of Arthur's knights, grabbed its body and break it apart with ease as if he was tearing up a piece of cloth.

Seeing this quickly caused a few other knights unconsciously split out from the formation in their effort of running. But instead of that, it made them easy pickings for the swarm of living corpses.

Arthur and Gawain knew they had to fight against the monstrous living corpses before they could move forward.

The monstrous corpse took a blade and swung it towards Arthur and, as he parried it, the force was strong enough to push him a few steps. He was now sure whatever spell made the dead rise, it increased their strength to a new level.

"Gawain!!"

With a simple signal, Arthur jumped into the air to swing his sword from above to distract the monster, while Gawain bent down, rolled across the ground, attacked the feet of the corpse and cut it off, causing the large corpse to fall to the ground .

Splattt!!

The combined attack was very effective in bringing the monster down, giving Arthur the chance to cut the huge corpse head clean apart from his body.

Unfortunately, by the time Arthur managed to defeat the huge corpse, he was once again surrounded by more living corpses. He could see more of his men were grabbed and torn apart as the corpses attacked everything in their sight like a swarm of starved piranha.

At this dark moment, a light suddenly descended from the sky like a divine punishment. The reinforcements had joined the fray in a flaming ball of fire.

It was the old wizard Gaious, who charged forward into battle with his fire spell, followed by Percival and Yvain.

"My king, we should head back!!" The old wizard said.

Arthur glanced at the field of battle and realized the few minutes he was distracted, the enemy corpse army had grown into thousands and started to flood away his own men.

There were so many corpses they started covering the path that was previously open by Gaious' reinforcement, separating him and his main army.

"This is... what is this?!!"

Arthur was enraged, he could do nothing but watch as his men were slaughtered by something out of this world. There were now only less than 30 of them fighting, surrounded by the swarm.

As if the fates heard his plea, the space close to him was distorted, before forming into a dark tear. A figure came out of it along with four girls and started killing dozens of the walking corpses surrounding them in a matter of seconds.

"Merlin!!"

Emery casted another spatial gate and quickly shouted to the surviving knights to enter his spatial gate.

Hearing the shout, the dozens knights along with Gaius' reinforcement all immediately jumped into the spatial gate and returned back to the main army.

When the young king finally had a breather, he quickly approached Emery and asked.

"Merlin, the East battle?!"

Emery turned his head and saw the anxious look on Arthur's face. "Don't worry, it's under control for now."

The news brought by Emery and his arrival quickly gave some comfort and erased the young king's previous tense expression. He immediately resumed checking the well-being of his men and issued more orders.

"Reform the line! Don't let them pass!"

Emery could see by now the living corpses already grew into the same number as what was left of Arthur's army. Sooner or later, the army of corpses would overwhelm them.

However, what concerned him the most was that there were still 10.000 more corpses lying on the field. How long would it take to kill them all over again?

Emery turned his head and glanced to the distance, as expected, he saw a familiar woman standing in the pile of corpses like a false queen.

Her appearance was drastically different, but from his spirit reading, Emery could easily tell that she was the witch Meave.

"Emery, what should we do?" Arthur asked.

These undeads were obviously the result of a strong spell cast by Meave. Emery himself was quite shocked she could use such a powerful spell. However, he believed this spell had probably a similar nature to a summoning spell, hence when the caster died so would the effects of the spells.

Emery looked toward Arthur and firmly said, "Retreat to the castle."

"I will handle her."

## **Chapter 560 - New Power**

"Retreat! Retreat to the castle!"

By the time the order was given, the sun had already fallen and the dusk had taken its place.

Following Arthur's command, almost 5,000 men promptly began to move back in order. The living corpses came chasing. Although the dead were able to run, they still could not catch up with the knights.

"Emery, I will stay and help you," Arthur said with determination.

"As will I!"

"And I!"

One by one, the members of the Golden Knights followed suit to volunteer. Emery was a bit moved to see this, but in the end, he shook his head.

"The one I will be fighting is the witch. I am sorry, but none of you are her match. I am not sure how long I will be fighting the witch, so your men will need all of you to defend Camelot in the meantime," Emery regrettably explained.

He also left the fey sisters. Although it was unfortunate, he could not deny the fact that Meave was far too strong for them to handle. Not to mention, them being there when he would need to solely focus on taking her down would only burden him as he would need to also focus on their safety.

Emery then turned his gaze across the swarm of living corpses and focused on the woman that was standing at the end of them all.

With his enhanced senses, Emery could see that the woman was taunting him to come at her.

"You should all leave now!" Emery shouted to the knights, as he went down the hill toward the approaching swarm.

Although he could just use the spatial gate to teleport himself to the witch, Emery believed it was better to be careful in case there were hidden traps waiting for him there and decided to approach them head-on step by step.

Roaaaarrrr!!!

Half a dozen living corpses charged at him altogether. Unfazed, Emery simply cast one of the skills he had not used for a while.

He focused his 600 spirit force into his palm and, without delay, a large amount of water gathered above it, swirling fiercely. He quickly launched the swirling water with his perfect tier 2 spell, [Steam Lance].

This was one of the few tier 2 nature spells in his pocket that were available since his nature core evolved to stage two.

When he launched the spells along with the water, Emery could feel a very strong current flowing from his nature core, briskly rising through those spells.

What was supposed to be water spears began turning into huge waves rapidly thrusting forward, crushing every living corpse in its way. The crash of the waves cleared the way until about 100 meters forward, creating a two-meter-wide path for him.

With just that one wave of spells, dozens of living corpses were immediately wiped out.

Not wanting to waste any time, Emery sped up his pace, quickly running through the path toward his target.

When the remaining living corpses began blocking his path once again, instead of dodging, Emery raised his arms and cast [Entangled] with his maximum spirit force.

As he cast the tier 1 spell, he could feel the same thing happening to his nature core, it began beating with power, allowing him to raise more than two dozen roots at the same time.

It quickly swirled all the living corpses in the vicinity and, with his grasp, Emery tightened the roots entangling them, crushing their bones and skulls to pieces.

Within seconds, Emery was already halfway through the horde of corpses.

He then finished his last sprint, casting two [Enfeebling Blades]. Shadows formed on each of his palms and, with a slight rotation, two shadow blades were created.

He threw both of his blades to the hordes in front of him, splitting their bodies apart and creating two lines of blood paths.

The enfeebling blades became wider and flew further even after it had hit a few corpses.

But just as the blades closed in on their target, two identical blades were thrown from the opposite sides, hitting his blades in turn.

The blades from both sides were simultaneously destroyed to pieces by the impact.

The result of the clash could only mean one thing: they had same level of power.

At the same time the blades broke, Emery finally arrived a few meters in front of the figure who threw the opposing shadow blades.

It was a woman of Norgales royalty.

Even so, judging from the smell coming from the woman, Emery could tell that it was indeed the witch, Meave.

Her shapeshifting into a member of the Norgales royalty could only mean she had already killed that person and took control of all the Norgales troops.

"We meet again, my young Emery," the woman greeted with a faint smile. As she said those words, her face slowly distorted, turning to the face he was familiar with.

Emery scrutinized his surroundings, as he briefly checked the situation behind him, he realized all the moving corpses had stopped chasing him. To his surprise, the whole horde was moving toward Camelot.

According to his calculations, he probably had about an hour or two before those walking corpses finally reached Camelot.

He did not have much time.

Looking back to Meave's direction, he also saw an unfamiliar figure standing most far behind her. It was a figure in a black cape and a mask with deer horns.

Through his spirit reading, Emery could sense that the man who seemed to be a shaman was quite strong. If his judgment served him right, the figure should be at least at rank 5, perhaps even rank 6 or 7. He could not exactly pinpoint the reason, but he felt that there was something out of place about the figure.

Noticing Emery's gaze, the witch said in a playful tone, "Don't mind him, young Emery, just focus on me..."

Emery looked at Meave with a sharp glare. He still could not forget how the granny killed Lanzo and the rest of Mitshire Villagers, and now, she was responsible for the bloody battlefield of today.

Although the witch was surprised by his glare, she was in no way intimidated. Instead, his smile deepened after the brief moment of surprise.

"Oh my, look at what you've become, my young Emery! You've already grown so much, you've even become a great wizard!" Meave happily expressed.

Although her face was full of smiles, Emery could tell she was mocking him.

Still composed, Emery questioned the witch, "Why are you doing this? What are you trying to achieve?"

The serious look in his eyes amused the woman so much she could not help but laugh. Her eyes were still filled with smiles, as she lightly asked back,

"Why? Is there anything more beautiful than total chaos? Not to mention, it's to the people of Britannia!"

Her manner of answering as if it was obvious took him aback. She spoke as if it was normal, as if it was only right.

Lunatic.

How did he fail to see this side of hers before when it seemed so obvious now?

Clenching his fists, Emery resolutely said, "I will stop you today, but first... tell me, where is Morgana!?"

"Hahahaha!" The witch tried to hold her laugh, but to little avail. In the end, she let out an even louder laugh before slightly calming down. "She is no longer of your concern, young Emery. She is now mine, in my good care."

"I don't believe you!!"

Upon hearing that, Meave's laid-back smile disappeared, replaced with a slight frown.

"Well, it doesn't really matter, since you're not going to be alive to see her!"

As she said those words, she raised the black wooden staff in her hand. The pattern on the staff brightly glowed and suddenly, Emery could see the staff appear to pull some energy out of the dozens of corpses and, in turn, dust of a different glow entered their bodies.

A few seconds after that, the bodies started to twitch and slowly rose. From his position, Emery could see that following the few, dozens more of them stood up.

"What do you think about my new spells, young Emery? Aren't they beautiful? Those people blindly follow orders without a second thought, and because of that, they've become fuel of my power" Stupid, aren't they?"

Although Meave's words were taunting, Emery's attention was on the rising corpses.

He had read about reanimating spells before. They were all high-level spells.

These new spells, the strange staff, as well as the fact that her enfeebling blades were able to match his truly bewildered him.



Although Emery's blades had passed through a few bodies before they clashed against hers, the last time his enfeebling blades went against hers, Emery was still at rank 7. But now, his spirit force had far surpassed rank 8 and perhaps even rank 9, and yet...

How much stronger has she become? How?