

The First Order

- Chapter 1141 – 1150

Chapter 1141: Mel's eureka moment!

Melgor was a sweet idiot, but that was referring to how he trusted others too easily. It did not mean that he was really stupid.

On the journey thus far, he had thought about many things. The first time was when Ren Xiaosu saved him just before the Flame Pillar spell was cast, and the second time was when he saved him just before the arrow shot by a steel bow nearly hit him.

How powerful was a steel bow? He could roughly figure it out just by looking at Qian Weining's serious but tearful expression.

That arrow was deeply embedded into the ground. If it had hit him, it would probably have pierced through his body.

In the face of such a weapon, even sorcery would be ineffective if he did not guard against it carefully. After all, sorcerers did not have that quick a reaction time!

However, it was as though Ren Xiaosu could always predict the future and save him from a deadly situation before anything happened to him.

It might not prove anything if it were only a one-off. But since it kept happening, Melgor had to think about it carefully.

The first incident he had to think about was when Ren Xiaosu was bound by his Earth Bind spell. At that time, he had not displayed such extraordinary battle awareness as he did now!

Was it because Melgor had acted too quickly that Ren Xiaosu could not react in time? No.

Since Melgor was not the determining factor, it must be Ren Xiaosu.

Thinking back on everything that happened in the past, Melgor always lamented how Ren Xiaosu did not panic even though he was being hunted down by others. He also lamented how his steward liked to brag that no one in the entire Kingdom of Sorcerers was a match for him. His bragging was so bad it seemed like he almost believed it himself.

But if he were to assume that the other party was not bragging?

Wouldn't that be a little terrifying?!

Melgor found it rather unacceptable. In his mind, this should clearly be an inspiring story filled with fighting spirit and growth. As a junior sorcerer, he should be the one leading his steward to the pinnacle of his life.

But in the blink of an eye, that harmonious picture suddenly turned to horror!

Melgor kept close to the carriage to avoid the arrows while spying on Ren Xiaosu out of the corners of his eyes. However, he realized Ren Xiaosu was still not flustered in the face of an enemy attack of this intensity.

He asked in a low voice, "Then what should we do now?"

"What else can we do?" Ren Xiaosu chuckled and said, "I was already planning to take you away from the trade caravan tonight. I was still thinking about how to distract Qian Weining, but someone actually turned up and helped. However, I don't really want to leave anymore. You, stay here obediently and wait for my instructions."

The reason why Ren Xiaosu did not want to leave was that Qian Weining's group was quite useful for him to test out his sorcery.

Moreover, the other party was already trying to make use of Mel, so he wouldn't have to feel bad for making use of them.

"OK," Melgor agreed and said, "Then do you think Qian Weining and his men can defeat the enemy?"

"Of course they can." Ren Xiaosu said, "There's only about a 100 of them while Qian Weining has more than 400 people on his side. The strength of the two sides is completely one-sided. So this group of attackers must be here to kill you. It's just that their plan didn't take into consideration a conflict with Qian Weining's plan."

"But I saw Qian Weining and his men crying nonstop. If even the commander is crying, what hope is there left?" Melgor muttered.

"What's there to be afraid of? Don't you still have me?" Ren Xiaosu comforted him.

This time, Melgor did not chide Ren Xiaosu for bragging.

At this moment, Qian Weining felt that he was really unlucky. Tears kept flowing out of his eyes and blurred his vision.

If he wanted to observe the enemy's movements out there clearly, he had to keep wiping away his tears. Wasn't this hindering his skill in archery?

At some point, Qian Weining even wondered if he was indeed feeling a tinge of sadness for being abandoned by the clan. Was that why he kept crying nonstop?!

But no matter how hard he tried to adjust his emotions, he could not stop his tears from flowing.

The group of men outside were firing their arrows extremely fast. It was obvious at first sight that they were elite sharpshooters of the cavalry. As a cataphract brigade, they really could not compare to the other party in archery.

Moreover, their enemy was hiding in the shadows while they were out in the open. The campfires at the camp exposed their every move to their opponent.

One of the guards said, "Sir, why don't we put out the campfires first? Otherwise, we can only react if the enemy keeps us in their sights like this."

There were only about 20 guards who had been hit by the "I wish you all happiness" spell, so the remaining guards still had their mobility unaffected.

Qian Weining wiped away his tears and said, "No, our camp houses nearly a 1,000 of us, and there are more than 40 campfires around. By the time we extinguish them all, we'll already have been shot to death by the enemy!"

"Then what should we do?" The guard said, "Li Yuxiao said he saw some figures moving outside. He thinks some of them might have gone around to the east side. Our defensive strength over there is a little weak, so we'd have to send more troops over. However, the enemy's arrows have pinned us down over here on the west side, so we can't move at all."

Qian Weining took a deep breath. "I guess it's all up to me now."

These words stunned the guards. They saw Qian Weining suddenly close his eyes and touch his longbow next to him.

Someone wanted to say something, but they heard Qian Weining shushing them to stop them from talking. Furthermore, Vice President Qian's ears were even twitching.

The guards were shocked. They had been following Qian Weining for many years, but they did not realize their paladin knight commander could actually use his ears to distinguish positions!

A moment later, Qian Weining seemed to have located the enemy's position with his eyes closed. He decisively darted out from behind the carriage and fired an arrow in the direction he had determined!

An instant later, the scream of an enemy rang out in the darkness!

The guards were all shocked. When Qian Weining closed his eyes, nobody really placed much hope in him. They only felt he was trying his luck.

Who would have expected the arrow would actually hit its target!

"Sir, why have you been hiding this skill for over a decade?" A guard said in surprise, "You've never revealed it before!"

Nearby, Qian Weining's trusted aide said, "Commander used to lead the charge into enemy lines, so why would he need to turn to archery?"

The group looked at Qian Weining in admiration. Qian Weining closed his eyes and said slowly, "Actually, I've also just realized that I have this skill.... Alright, I'll deal with this group of archers. All of you, go and reinforce the east side!"

The enemy's suppressive arrow fire on the outer perimeter had already weakened greatly. The guards ran east with reverence for Qian Weining. Everyone regarded Vice President Qian as a peerless expert in their hearts.

Only Ren Xiaosu looked at Qian Weining angrily. The arrow that guy had shot with his eyes closed was way off-target. Even Old Xu was nearly unable to catch the arrow with its agility!

Ren Xiaosu suddenly thought of something. Since he intended to let Melgor head the Prosperous Northwest's branch, why should he help Qian Weining gain a good reputation instead of raising Melgor's reputation directly?

Ren Xiaosu looked at Melgor. "I'll point you in a direction and you just focus on casting your Fireball, got it?"

Melgor said awkwardly, "I can't see where the enemy is. Besides, my Fireball spell is too weak."

Ren Xiaosu said in annoyance, "You just concentrate on casting Fireball. Don't worry, it'll definitely hit the target!"

When Ren Xiaosu said that, Melgor suddenly looked at him in shock. Then he looked at Qian Weining in shock as well. It was as though he had a eureka moment and figured out a lot of things!

Chapter 1142 A junior sorcerer's road to fame

"Stop looking around," Ren Xiaosu lowered his voice and said, "especially not at where Qian Weining is!"

Melgor said guiltily, "Were you also the one who built his reputation as the Greatest Sharpshooter?"

Melgor's shock had gradually turned into helplessness. He was not even sure what kind of person he had brought back to harm the Kingdom of Sorcerers!

Ren Xiaosu said, "Don't poke your nose into that. I only need you to cast the Lesser Fireball spell while chanting the incantation loudly. I'll point you in the right direction, so don't miss!"

Melgor said aggrievedly, "That simple?"

"Yes, it's that simple!" Ren Xiaosu said, "Think about it; you're a sorcerer. You're clearly the strongest person in the trade caravan, so you should be able to outperform a normal person like Qian Weining. Instead, you keep hiding behind the wagon fort."

Melgor felt even more wronged. "Weren't you the one who told me to hide behind the wagon fort?!"

When the first and second waves of bandits attacked, Melgor had wanted to get up several times to cast spells and partake in the battle. However, he was forcefully held back by Ren Xiaosu.

Melgor could not be blamed for his inaction. He really was not as strong as Ren Xiaosu.

It was not that Melgor was weak and did not know how to resist. But with Ren Xiaosu's strength, no one in the entire Kingdom of Sorcerers could stand up if they were held down by him!

"Just tell me, are you willing to cast Lesser Fireball or not?" Ren Xiaosu snapped.

"Yes," Melgor said seriously. "OK." Ren Xiaosu pointed to a dark spot in a gap between the carriages and said to Melgor, "See there, that direction? Cast a Lesser Fireball now!"

Melgor became spirited. He held his Eye of True Sight in his hand and chanted, "Fire!"

A second later, a fist-sized fireball suddenly materialized in front of Melgor before drifting slowly into the darkness.

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One of the archers in the darkness suddenly sensed the threat. When he saw the fireball, he was shocked. The sorcerer had made his move!

In the eyes of the Kingdom of Sorcerers' citizens, no matter how many sorcerers they had interacted with or spoken to before, the magi were still mysterious and powerful beings. Therefore, when the fireball appeared, no matter how small or slow it was, the archer subconsciously chose to dodge it.

With the speed of the archer, it would not be a problem for him to dodge a small fireball like that from 50 steps away.

But before the archer could run away, he suddenly felt a huge force behind his collar. By the time the archer could react, he realized he had been forcefully lifted by a shadowy figure.

In order not to attract everyone's attention in the darkness, Old Xu had undressed fully and even took off its mask.

In the dark of the night, Old Xu's black body blended into the dim light. No one noticed when it approached them.

Sometimes, even Ren Xiaosu would forget that Old Xu was actually called the shadow clone.

This "shadow clone" was part of the darkness of the night.

Old Xu picked up the archer who was trying to escape and lifted him like how a sparring partner would raise their kicking shield. It was waiting for the fireball to arrive.

The archer was going crazy. He could clearly dodge the fireball, and its speed was clearly much slower than that of an arrow, but he could not dodge at all since he was being restrained. He was being made a live target!

However, the archer could not understand something. 'You've already sneaked up on me and you have ridiculous combat strength, why don't you just kill me? What's the point in doing all this?'

There was no time to think about that. The archer immediately tried to shout for his companions behind cover to come and save him. But before he could say anything, Old Xu landed a knifehand strike on his carotid artery and knocked him unconscious.

At this moment, the fireball finally arrived. Ren Xiaosu heaved a sigh of relief and controlled Old Xu to bring the archer's chest towards the fireball.

But to Ren Xiaosu's surprise, the Fireball spell was a little too weak. He saw it only caused a slight burn on the archer's body, and the archer was even still breathing normally.

It couldn't be helped. Old Xu punched the spot where the fireball landed, causing the archer to vomit blood and die.

Ren Xiaosu looked at Melgor excitedly. Although it was a complicated process, the result was excellent.

He said to Melgor, "Go on, cast a second one!"

Gradually, the frequency at which arrows were fired from the darkness decreased. Some of the archers had realized a powerful enemy was hidden within the darkness.

Some of them called for a retreat in whispers, but they were knocked unconscious by Old Xu one by one. Then it threw them onto the ground and waited for Melgor to continue casting his spell. In order not to let Qian Weining discover anything odd, Old Xu even had to hold up an unconscious archer while throwing arrows manually by hand to suppress Qian Weining.

Qian Weining and his men were still crying. He only realized something was wrong when he could not hear any more screams after he released his arrows. Could it be that his archery was not effective anymore?

That shouldn't be the case. He was the Greatest Sharpshooter!

Melgor was getting enthusiastic about killing. One fireball after another slowly flew out, and with Old Xu coordinating with him, he kept getting more and more kills.

With Melgor's eyesight, any distance beyond 50 paces was still a blur. He only knew someone was holding up the archers as they got hit by his fireball spell, but he could not see what that shadowy figure behind them was.

He asked Ren Xiaosu softly, "Are those archers all dead?"

"That's right." Ren Xiaosu said firmly, "The battle will be over soon. Without their archers suppressing us over here, it'll be difficult for the enemy on the east side to attack us. Remember, no matter who asks, you must say that you're extremely strong in your specialization of Fireball spells, understand?"

Melgor said in a low voice, "But I'll feel guilty if I lie...."

"Guilty?" Ren Xiaosu said coldly, "Think about what you're going to Ghent City for this time. Isn't it for your childhood sweetheart? If you're not strong enough, what makes you think your childhood sweetheart should follow you?"

“But it’s not like I’m truly strong,” Melgor muttered.

Ren Xiaosu smiled. “It’s alright. Most people in the world only believe what they hear and see with their eyes.”

After another ten minutes, all the archers were dead. However, Melgor was deeply puzzled. Did he abduct a steward? No! It was a monster he had brought back!

When he recalled the arrogant words he had said when capturing Ren Xiaosu, Melgor even became worried for his own safety!

Ren Xiaosu looked at Melgor with a smile. “We’re the only two who know about this, understand?”

Melgor hurriedly nodded like a chicken pecking at seeds. “Got it, I totally understand!”

Melgor recalled how he had felt it was a pity Ren Xiaosu could not become a sorcerer. But based on how fearsome Ren Xiaosu was showing himself to be now, was there still a need for him to become a sorcerer?

Chapter 1143 The power of Lesser Fireballs

A lot had happened tonight, some of which really subverted Melgor’s outlook. He could not help but start recalling some of the things he had said to Ren Xiaosu.

When Melgor initially captured Ren Xiaosu, Ren Xiaosu was told he would not want to return to the Central Plains anymore after he found out how powerful sorcerers were.

Later, when Melgor and the two servants got ambushed, Melgor branded Ren Xiaosu an oaf and told him not to rashly pursue the attacker. He didn’t think Ren Xiaosu had any chance against a sorcerer.

And even later... it seemed like he had something to criticize daily regarding Ren Xiaosu’s bragging too.

In this train of thought, Melgor could not help but peek on Ren Xiaosu’s expression. Seeing that Ren Xiaosu did not seem to bear a grudge against him, Melgor slowly relaxed.

Melgor asked softly, “What happened to that sorcerer who attacked me with Flame Pillar?”

Melgor realized what was going on. If Ren Xiaosu were really hiding his strength all this while, the bounty hunter he went after might be dead. Although that bounty hunter was strong, he was not that powerful. Based on the strange abilities displayed by Ren Xiaosu here, it would not necessarily be difficult for him to kill that bounty hunter. However, Melgor could not be sure. He just thought of asking

When Ren Xiaosu heard this question, he said with a smile, "I didn't manage to catch up to him. Didn't he come back in the white mask after that and start a fire in Yorktown?"

"Oh, right." Melgor recalled that incident. It seemed the bounty hunter was indeed still alive.

The enemies outside had already lost their archers' fire support. As a result, they could not break through the defenses of the wagon fort and gradually retreated.

After the enemy retreated, Qian Weining and his men gradually stopped crying.

Melgor asked Ren Xiaosu in a low voice, "Those people were here to kill me, right?"

"Just pretend you don't know that." Ren Xiaosu smiled and said, "Qian Weining and his men are also unsure. They might be thinking that the enemy was actually after them. Either way, they'll still be heading north, so we can just use them as our cover."

Ren Xiaosu guessed that the Houses of Tudor and Norman had not noticed this trade caravan yet. Otherwise, there would definitely have been several times more attackers than came.

For the other party to send more than a 100 elite knights after Melgor was already an overreaction. Most of them had probably been sent to deal with Ren Xiaosu, or to be precise, deal with Old Xu.

Meanwhile, Qian Weining and his men had been dragged into undeserved misfortune.

From the look of things, Ren Xiaosu had really angered the Tudor family's patriarch by poking his nostrils with a tree branch.

When it quieted down outside the wagon fort, Qian Weining led his men out to check on the situation with a stern expression.

The first thing he checked were the archers' corpses.

After arriving at where the archers had been, Qian Weining gasped when he saw their corpses lying all over the place. Other than one person who had an arrow stuck in his forehead, all the other archers had died from a strong impact to their chests, which were marked by burn marks.

In other words, Qian Weining only managed to hit one target after firing off more than 40 arrows with his eyes closed.

His image as a sharpshooter instantly crumbled!

But Qian Weining felt a little indignant. He clearly felt in terrific form when he was nocking the arrows and firing at the enemy just now!

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Qian Weining's trusted aide, who was standing next to him, knew what his superior was thinking. He comforted, "Sir, it was already not easy for you to hit one enemy by distinguishing their position with only your ears. You don't have to feel bad about it."

"That's right. Sir, you've never practiced archery with your eyes closed before, so it's only normal that you missed."

"Mhm." Qian Weining replied calmly, "Check the injuries of the others to determine if they were killed by Lord Melgor."

The guards immediately started inspecting the battlefield. Very quickly, someone wondered, "Is Lord Melgor's Fireball that powerful? Look, this archer's chest caved in!"

Qian Weining was stunned. He went over and squatted down to check on the wound. Just as the guard had said, there was a fist-sized depression on the archer's chest where it was burnt.

Qian Weining gasped. "It would take many years of practice to muster up a fireball this powerful, right? I didn't expect Melgor to be this strong. I've underestimated him!"

Although Qian Weining and his men were not sorcerers, they knew full well they could not punch someone to such a state through leather armor.

"Is this really the power of the Fireball spell?" One of the guards was a little puzzled.

"What else could it be?" Qian Weining thought for a moment and said, "We all saw him casting those fireballs with our own eyes. And now, the archers here are all dead."

In the entire Kingdom of Sorcerers, very few people actually specialized in the Lesser Fireball spell. Although everyone mainly practiced only one or two types of spells, the destructive potential of a Lesser Fireball was still too low. Even if one practiced the spell for ten years, it would only be about as powerful as another's Greater Fireball spell. Thus, no one would specialize in learning Lesser Fireball.

That was why Qian Weining and his men had never seen what a Lesser Fireball refined for many years looked like.

Next to him, his trusted aide said, "I didn't expect Lord Melgor to actually be this powerful."

Qian Weining felt a little upset. "Mhm, I guess so."

After that, he ordered the guards to gather the bows and arrows before returning to the camp.

Someone went up to Qian Weining and asked, "Vice President Qian, are the enemies dead?"

Qian Weining said, "Mhm. At least, all the archers are dead. Without the archers providing them with covering fire, those who fled will definitely not dare to come back again."

"Vice President Qian is amazing," a merchant praised.

Qian Weining thought for a moment and decided to tell the truth. "Lord Melgor's the amazing one this time, not me. He 's mastered his Fireball spell to perfection. All the archers were basically killed by him. There were 51 archers in total, and he killed 50 of them."

At this moment, Qian Weining had a plan in mind. Their journey would definitely get very dangerous from here, so why not push Melgor into the spotlight so that the enemy would focus on him?

In this way, wouldn't they be much safer if all the enemies were to target Melgor instead?

In an instant, everyone at the camp looked at Melgor with admiration, making him feel a little uncomfortable.

Just as he was about to say something humble, he remembered what Ren Xiaosu told him. He braced himself and said, "Bandits will be rampant along the way. As a sorcerer, I must also shoulder my responsibilities. Don't worry, with me around, everyone will be fine."

Li Chengguo wondered in a soft voice, "Why is Lord Melgor speaking like Ren Xiaosu? Especially when he said that 'with me around.'"

Next to him, Liu Ting suddenly said to Ren Xiaosu, "See that? That's what makes sorcerers so powerful. Are you regretting not learning the language of the Magi with us now?"

Unintended remarks could be information to a concerned listener. When Qian Weining heard this, his immediate reaction was that since Ren Xiaosu did not even know the language of the Magi, it would not be necessary to keep an eye on him anymore.

Meanwhile, Melgor's expression turned strange.

Chapter 1144: Interrogation

Melgor really wanted to remind the sheeple to be more careful with their words in front of Ren Xiaosu in case they suffered any abuse in the future.

However, he had already promised Ren Xiaosu he would keep it a secret, so he couldn't remind them directly.

Moreover, something Ren Xiaosu said made a lot of sense. Mox, the guard arranged by the Li clan in York County, and all his subordinates were under the direct command of Qian Weining. The previous attacks by the bandits had proven this point.

Therefore, if even the guards of the Li clan were part of the plan, what about Li Chengguo and Liu Ting?

After all, when Vaduz Cathedral was renovated 60 years ago, only the statues of the Berkeley family's sorcerers were kept. This showed the Berkeley family already had the intention to rebel since that era.

Over the years, the residents of the six counties in the south began to only acknowledge the "gods" of the Berkeley family. They had long forgotten about the Normans, Tudors, and the other clans.

The Berkeley family had already spent several decades planning the rebellion, so what was planting two spies around Melgor for two years compared to that? *'Just look! Li Chengguo and Liu Ting already told everyone you were being targeted by a bounty hunter on your way back to the kingdom as soon as they got home.'*

Thinking of this, Melgor suppressed the urge to remind the two sheeple. He just remarked to them, "He's a steward while you two are servants. You should be more polite with your words and stop making sarcastic barbs all the time."

The two sheeple immediately went quiet, but they still felt some resentment, especially Liu Ting.

Melgor said earnestly, "This is for your own good, understand?"

"I was only reminding him since he's always so undisciplined." Liu Ting muttered, "Besides, Lord Melgor, does he carry himself like a steward should? Other sorcerers' stewards used to either be knights or were proper gladiators. But what about Ren Xiaosu? He only knows how to hide behind the carriages every time there's a bandit attack."

Ren Xiaosu shot a glance at Liu Ting. "Alright then, I'll rush out and fight next time, but you'll have to go with me. I don't think it's too much to ask for servants to fight alongside their stewards, right?"

Liu Ting flinched. "Actually, it isn't that bad to stay behind and hide."

At this moment, Qian Weining's guards dragged over two men dressed as bandits from outside the wagon fort.

Ren Xiaosu took a look at them and saw they were dragged in from east of the camp. One of them had an arrow impaled in his thigh, while the other had been shot in his abdomen. It looked like they were enemies who had been injured in the chaotic battle and could not escape.

A guard said to Qian Weining, "Sir, we only found two survivors on the battlefield. You can interrogate them."

"Well done." Qian Weining's eyes lit up. "Drag them outside. You, go and get my dagger from the carriage."

On this night, Qian Weining had too many questions on his mind. Therefore, he needed to interrogate the captives to get some answers.

After a while, the screams of the captives came from beyond the wagon fort. Although Qian Weining and his men had dragged the two men several hundred meters away to interrogate them, their screams pierced the silence of the night.

At this moment, the two captives were hung up by trade caravan guards separately on two trees. Meanwhile, Qian Weining kept slashing at one of their bodies with his dagger.

"Who sent you people here?" Qian Weining said coldly.

That man was quite resolute as he sneered and spat at Qian Weining's face. Fortunately, Qian Weining was agile enough to dodge it.

Qian Weining said lividly, "Not bad, you're rather tough, eh? Let's see if you can still be as stubborn when I skin you alive."

The interrogation methods in the Kingdom of Sorcerers were even more brutal than those in the Central Plains. This interrogation went on until dawn, and the two captives were covered in wounds while their breathing thinned.

Qian Weining sneered as he walked up to one of them and whispered, "Who sent you people here?"

The captive was on the verge of death, so he was not particularly clearheaded anymore. He just glanced at Qian Weining without saying anything.

But to his surprise, Qian Weining placed his ear closer and blocked the other captive's line of sight with his head. He nodded and pretended like he was listening to the captive say something to him.

After a while, Qian Weining instructed his guards, "Alright, take him away to rest."

Qian Weining walked over to the other captive with a smile and chuckled, "Your companion has admitted you guys are from the Knights of Tudor."

The captive hanging from the tree suddenly widened his eyes as he looked in disbelief at where his companion was helped off to. However, he could not see that one of the guards had covered his companion's mouth with his hand.

Qian Weining smiled and said, "I've already arranged for him to get some rest. I can guarantee you on my honor as a knight that as long as you speak, you'll enjoy the same treatment as him. Don't think too deeply about it. I'm just a little kind, so I'd like to give you a chance. Besides, it's more believable if I hear it from two people."

The captive was silent for ten minutes before saying helplessly, "Yes, we're from the Knights of Tudor."

Qian Weining's heart skipped a beat. He was just bluffing the captive when he mentioned the Knights of Tudor. But after the captive admitted to it, Qian Weining still couldn't help but feel his heart sink.

Could the Tudor family have found out about this trade caravan's plans? If he were to continue leading the group north, wouldn't it be no different from suicide?

However, the other party's confession might not be truthful, so he still had to continue probing.

Qian Weining thought for a moment and said, "What was your goal in coming here? Don't you know that we have a lot of people? Why did you only bring so few people? Could it be that your superior was intentionally sending you to your deaths?"

When the captive heard this, he thought of something that made him very angry. He spoke in a louder voice, "How would we know there were so many of you? And judging by your skills, you guys must be elite knights too, right?"

When Qian Weining heard this, he somehow found it a little strange. He wondered, "Wait a minute, you don't know that we're knights?"

“Of course not!” The man clenched his teeth and said, “You guys are from the Knights of the Inferno, right? If not, how can you possibly move around freely in the six southern counties in such a large group? But I don’t understand something. Melgor is just a fringe sorcerer, so why would he need so many of you to protect him?!”

“Huh?” Qian Weining was stunned. “You were here to kill Melgor?”

The captive was also stunned. “Who did you think we were trying to kill?”

“Har har.” Qian Weining signaled to a guard behind him. “Take him away and kill him.”

Without even needing to judge, Qian Weining was sure the other party was telling the truth.

The captive roared, “You assured me on your honor as a knight!”

“I promised that you would receive the same treatment as your companion.” Qian Weining sneered, “He’s dead, so you can go accompany him now.”

Before tonight’s battle, Ren Xiaosu already had a rough idea of the kind of person Qian Weining was. After being hit with the “crying” spell, he could still take advantage of the situation and win people’s hearts. He could only be described as a very conniving person.

Chapter 1145: Riding the wave!

Ever since he was young, Ren Xiaosu disliked conniving people like Qian Weining.

Initially, he wanted to bring Qian Weining to the Prosperous Northwest because he saw his ability to lead troops. After all, the other party was very capable of managing more than a 100 people, so it was obvious he was talented.

In the end, Ren Xiaosu realized Qian Weining did not only manage over a 100 people but was also a high-ranking commander of the Knights of the Inferno!

Now that he knew what Qian Weining was like, Ren Xiaosu could not bring him to the Northwest anymore. The Northwest could take in those who were not as capable as even such people would have ways to survive. However, the Northwest definitely did not want such scheming people.

Therefore, since Qian Weining was no longer on the Prosperous Northwest’s list, Ren Xiaosu would not find it sad even if he died along the way.

“Melgor...” Qian Weining was muttering to himself as he returned to the camp.

Currently, Qian Weining was extremely vexed. He had wanted to keep Melgor in the group so he could complete the final step of the plan. But Melgor had become the greatest threat to the trade caravan.

It was obvious the Houses of Tudor and Norman were still unaware of the conspiracy this trade caravan was plotting. Otherwise, they would definitely not have sent so few people.

Next to him, his trusted aide asked, "Sir, should we go after those who escaped so they won't leak information regarding our trade caravan?"

Qian Weining shook his head. "No, people will intercept them for us."

Earlier, he had taken a messenger pigeon and released it. This messenger pigeon was not flying towards the Knights of the Inferno but to the Knights of the Hymn in the House of Winston's territory.

At that time, the Knights of the Hymn would deploy their troops to intercept the enemies who had just escaped. This was the reason why Qian Weining did not rashly pursue them.

As many people had guessed, the Winston family and the Berkeley family were in bed with each other. They were allied to each other. As a form of subordination, the head of the Winston family would even kneel on one knee whenever he met the head of the Berkeley family.

Over the years, there had been more than 30 marriages between the Berkeleys and the Winstons. On one hand, the two families had a good relationship with each other and wanted to continue building on their kinship. On the other hand, there was numerous progeny in the families.

Currently, all of the "bandits" en route to the north had been wiped out by the Knights of the Hymn. The only remaining threat was that the Tudor and the Norman families would discover the caravan's intentions ahead of schedule.

As long as Melgor was still in the group, there would probably be an endless stream of people coming to kill him.

Qian Weining thought for a moment before suddenly turning back towards Melgor after tweaking his plan.

"Your Excellency Lord Melgor." Qian Weining knelt on one knee and said, "As you've witnessed, banditry is rampant here, and your safety could be endangered. However, they're just targeting the goods and generally won't attack civilians who aren't carrying any. So I've decided to send a group of guards to escort you north. Without any merchandise, the bandits will not disturb you, your steward, and your servants."

Qian Weining went through his calculations wildly in his mind. He thought that after all the enemies who had escaped were killed by the Winston family, as long as Melgor were not traveling with their group, the pursuers would not come looking for trouble with the trade caravan and discover their secret.

At this moment, Qian Weining decided to abandon Melgor.

But while that was his plan, he could not spell it out. After all, a sorcerer's status was too high, so he still needed to show some respect.

Qian Weining looked at Melgor and said, "Lord Melgor, as a noble, there's no need for you to risk your life by following us common folk."

Curious, Melgor asked, "The bandits won't attack us if we split up from the group and travel by ourselves?"

"Of course." Qian Weining thought to himself that since all the bandits in the vicinity were dead, there would be no one left to attack them. Therefore, he had the bravery to promise this to Melgor.

Melgor was secretly delighted. Previously, Ren Xiaosu talked about how he did not know how to leave the caravan. Now, all Melgor needed to do was to agree to Qian Weining's suggestion and it would save them the trouble!

But Ren Xiaosu suddenly said to Qian Weining, "No, 90% of the people in this trade caravan are residents of York County. Lord Melgor is the titular head of York County, so how can he abandon his residents at a time like this? If word of this matter gets back to York County, what will happen to Lord Melgor's standing?"

Melgor was speechless, as was Qian Weining.

Ren Xiaosu said in seriousness, "Vice President Qian, don't worry. Lord Melgor and I will definitely protect everyone."

Qian Weining wanted to vomit. He thought to himself, *'Hurry up and leave. If you just leave, all of us will be fine. Why would we need you all to protect us? Besides, aren't you just a normal person? You don't even know how to speak the language of the Magi, so who can you protect?!'*

Qian Weining thought for a moment and said, "I don't think that's a good idea. I think it's better to prioritize Lord Melgor's safety."

Ren Xiaosu asked, "Are you looking down on Lord Melgor?"

Qian Weining's expression immediately changed. "The hell are you talking about! When did I ever look down on Lord Melgor?!"

In the Kingdom of Sorcerers, not paying respects to a sorcerer upon seeing one was even written into the criminal code, so how could Qian Weining be willing to suffer such a crime?

Qian Weining turned around and left with some bitterness. Melgor asked softly, "Didn't you say you wanted to go separate ways with the caravan?"

"Oh, I think it'll be more interesting to stay with the group now," Ren Xiaosu said.

"But it's very dangerous to stay here," Melgor muttered.

"What's there to be afraid of? With me around, you can just ride the wave to meet your childhood sweetheart," Ren Xiaosu said in high spirits.

"How is this riding the wave? I'm fucking gonna be caught in the current!" Melgor, the sweet idiot, was forced to curse.

2

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In the darkness of the night, a young man in a residence of the House of Winston made a cut on his wrist with a knife. His blood dripped onto the ground and quickly formed into a strange magic circle.

The temperature within the magic circle plummeted as frosty mist rose into the air and gradually solidified into an ice sculpture of a middle-aged man.

The young man knelt on the ground and said, "Father, something has happened to the group sent to kill Melgor. I received news from someone inside the House of Winston that Melgor has likely hired a lot of guards."

The middle-aged man stared at the young man in front of him and said, "Alright. Go gather the knights who have been lying low and make your move. After this matter is handled, I'll allow you to return to the family and become a bounty hunter. I'll personally teach you some high-level sorcery."

An excited look appeared in the young man's eyes. "Understood, I'll definitely bring Melgor's head back to Ghent City!"

"There's already people in Ghent City paying attention to this issue. This concerns the honor of the family, so you're not to fail. Additionally, that person in the white mask who is secretly protecting Melgor has to be killed!"

After that, the ice sculpture dissipated. The young man's lips were a little pale from the loss of blood. When he walked out of the residence, a servant outside carefully bandaged his wound and sent over a tonic to help replenish his blood.

In the courtyard outside, nine men were standing at attention with swords in their hands. The young man said, "My chance to return home to the family has come. Everyone, when I'm accepted back into the family, it'd all be because of your contributions. Gather our people in the city. We'll be heading out of town tomorrow morning."

"Yes, sir!"

Chapter 1146: Picking an old combo up again

The status of illegitimate children of sorcerers in the kingdom was extremely low. One of the most important reasons for this was that the sorcerers had many wives and children, so there was no reason to cherish those born out of wedlock too much.

After all, if someone only had one child, they might still cherish an illegitimate child who suddenly came forward to be acknowledged.

But if they had 200 children, that would already be extremely annoying by itself, so why would they bother cherishing the illegitimate ones? It would even be quite normal to use them as servants.

The Bloodline Summoning spell was an exclusive spell of the Tudor family, but it turned out to be extremely useful for the family's illegitimate children. At the very least, it was extremely useful for transmitting intel.

As the Tudor family's head of intelligence gathering in the Winston family's territory, how could he pass on the opportunity to get reinstated to the clan?

Although he would still remain a bounty hunter after he returned to the family, he could obtain the meditative visualization diagrams of high-level spells once he did. This was extremely important to every sorcerer.

The reason the Tudor family wanted to kill Melgor so badly was because his childhood sweetheart secretly sending him money through a servant had been brought to light.

When the Tudor family found out about it, they could not do anything to the girl so as not to taint the clan's honor. But after executing the servant, they sent Melgor away to Fortress 178.

Initially, the members of the Tudor family thought a novice sorcerer like Melgor would definitely die at Fortress 178. However, Melgor managed to pull through and even returned to York County safely.

Meanwhile, the middle-aged man said that people in Ghent City had started paying attention to this matter, so the young man realized that news of their House of Tudor trying to kill a junior sorcerer had spread among the magi.

The Tudor family had already taken action thrice and even sent out the Knights of Tudor to kill Melgor. But even so, they were unsuccessful in their objective. This was a great humiliation to the Tudor family.

Therefore, Melgor had to die no matter what. If Melgor were allowed to even step foot into Ghent City, the Tudor family would be made a mockery by all the sorcerer clans.

The other families might only dare to mock them in private, but the Norman family would definitely harp on it to no end in public.

The Tudors could even imagine the nasty words the Normans would say.

When the city gate opened in the morning, the young man left Winston City with his servants. At this moment, the young man no longer cared if the Winston family would discover his suspicious identity. As long as he killed Melgor, he could take a detour back to Ghent City and cut all ties with the Winston family.

After the knights left the city, they first proceeded to a manor 30 kilometers away to join up with the Knights of Tudor who were lying low there. They would arm themselves here with superior armaments before heading south to intercept the trade caravan that was en route to the north.

At this moment, Ren Xiaosu was leaning lazily against a carriage. While the sheeple were not around, he whispered to Melgor, "Let me remind you that the Tudor family must be enraged now, so their subsequent encirclements will definitely get more intense than before."

Melgor was surprised. "Just so they can kill me? Is there a need to get that heavy-handed? But they've already sent out their knights. Surely there's no need to make a bigger scene than that, right?"

"Of course there is." Ren Xiaosu thought to himself, *'You don't know what I've done. If you were aware, you'd probably run away immediately.'*

Melgor pondered it for a moment before suddenly saying, "That can't be. I keep getting the feeling that they're not only here to kill me. Just what have you done?"

"Huh?" Ren Xiaosu said, "What's it got to do with me? You were the one flirting with the Tudor family's daughter-in-law."

"Wait." Melgor said suspiciously, "When you asked me the other day if there was anyone in the entire Kingdom of Sorcerers who everyone knows, something must have

happened. That's why you suddenly asked me that. Besides, the way you looked at the portrait of the Tudor family's head was weird!"

Ren Xiaosu felt a sense of respect for Melgor. "When did you become so perceptive?!"

Melgor did not know whether to laugh or cry. "What on earth have you done?"

"Oh." Ren Xiaosu thought it'd be good to let Melgor know what he should be expecting since he managed to link the clues together. He explained, "Have you ever heard of a spell that can summon people to the caster's side with just blood?"

Although Melgor was a junior sorcerer, he was still quite diligent in his studies. He said, "This is the Tudor family's Bloodline Summoning spell. It's also one of the spells that made their family famous."

"Mhm." Ren Xiaosu nodded. "I killed a junior sorcerer, but after he died, his blood formed a magic circle and summoned an old man..."

Melgor was shocked. "Are you trying to tell me the old man looked a little like the portrait on the gold coin?"

"Mhm, you're so smart." Ren Xiaosu said, "They do indeed look a little similar, but I don't think the portrait on the gold coin fully expresses his enthusiasm..."

"Enthusiasm? My ass!" Melgor was nearly scared out of his wits. "Let's go, we have to leave right away. I know you must definitely be someone of high status at Fortress 178. I'll go there with you..."

Ren Xiaosu stopped Melgor, who was about to jump out of the carriage, and reassured him, "Don't worry. I'm here!"

Melgor was on the verge of tears. He whisper-roared, "That's the fucking head of the Tudor family! He's an archmage who's been famous for 40 years!"

"Don't worry, even if he's an archmage, didn't I still easily poke his nostrils with a branch?" Ren Xiaosu said nonchalantly, "Besides, don't we have Qian Weining and his men?"

"What are a few hundred knights compared to the head of the Tudor family?" Melgor wanted to cry. "Let's just run."

"Why do we have to run?" Ren Xiaosu said in a serious tone, "I'll tell it to you straight then. When I get to Ghent City, the first thing on my list is to flatten the Tu-Manor. Don't worry, if you get a chance to visit Fortress 178 in the future, you'll know why I'm so confident."

“What the hell is a tumanor...” Melgor said helplessly.

“By the way, let me ask you, is there any spell that can create an explosion from afar?” Ren Xiaosu asked curiously.

Melgor said in a state of shock, “Yes, there’s a lot of such spells like the Norman family’s Boiling Airburst and the Winston family’s Lightning Strike.”

Ren Xiaosu’s interest was piqued. “Tell me about this Boiling Airburst spell.”

“What’s there to say about it? It just causes an extremely powerful explosion from several hundred meters away. It destabilizes the world elements in the target area to achieve that.” Melgor said, “But this is a very high-level spell, and it’s a spell exclusive to the Norman family of Ghent City. No one outside their clan knows it.”

“You’ve mastered it now,” Ren Xiaosu said in seriousness.

“What?” Melgor was stunned.

“Let me ask you, do you think we worked well together yesterday?” Ren Xiaosu asked.

“Yes, of course!” Melgor thought there was no need to deny it.

“Mhm, if you encounter any more enemies, just pretend to recite an incantation and leave the rest to me,” Ren Xiaosu said.

“But I don’t know the incantation, nor do I have the meditative visualization diagram for the spell,” Melgor said.

Ren Xiaosu said meaningfully, “No one knows that you don’t.”

He took a look at the thousands of grenades in his storage space and felt that the efficiency of last night’s attack was terrible. Therefore, he thought it was necessary to pick his unique combo of Shadow Door and grenades up again.

Chapter 1147: Come out alive

If Ren Xiaosu wanted Melgor to become the leader of the Prosperous Northwest’s branch office, he would first have to let Melgor gain the capability to take on this great responsibility.

However, a sorcerer’s growth was gradual. In other words, Melgor would have to go through countless meditation and spell training sessions before he could become a true archmage.

On this point, even if Ren Xiaosu gave the black Eye of True Sight to Melgor, Melgor would still not be able to become an archmage in just a few short months.

Besides, Ren Xiaosu could not bear to give all his Proficiency Stones to Melgor either. After all, he could use these 90,000 Proficiency Stones to directly turn himself into an archmage. Even if he wanted to complete the important mission of accomplishing the Prosperous Northwest 3.0 plan, he could not possibly donate the Proficiency Stones just like that.

But it did not matter. Pretension could make up for the lack of ability.

It did not matter if Melgor were weak. Ren Xiaosu would just help him appear strong!

After Melgor gained a certain reputation, Ren Xiaosu could help him attract some young people from the magus order as followers. That would be the equivalent of what Russell had done.

Therefore, when Ren Xiaosu figured this out, he finally finished setting the directives for the Prosperous Northwest 3.0 plan. Melgor would be the core figure to lead the comrades in the Kingdom of Sorcerers, with the power of the old magus order's aristocracy vehemently stripped to develop the new magus order. Ideological education would get intensified while acting skills should be polished up, and everyone would work hard together for the growth of the Prosperous Northwest's branch office.

Ever since Melgor himself had suggested going to the Prosperous Northwest, Ren Xiaosu saw him in a completely different light.

Melgor got goosebumps from Ren Xiaosu's stare. "What are you thinking of doing now?"

"Nothing. Just cooperate with me," Ren Xiaosu said with a smile.

He did not only have grenades in his possession, he also had TNT. If that were not enough, he could also add in the Explosive Poker cards!

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The Explosive Poker cards were still his final ace in the hole. Once he took them out, it would mean tearing down an entire castle.

Melgor looked at Ren Xiaosu fearfully. "You can also discuss with me in advance what you're planning, you know?"

"I hereby announce," Ren Xiaosu said with a smile, "that you possess the most lethal spell of the century."

Melgor was left confused by Ren Xiaosu's claims. He did not at all understand what Ren Xiaosu was trying to do.

However, Melgor was not the most distressed person in the trade caravan. That would be Qian Weining.

At this moment, Qian Weining was riding his horse and patrolling the caravan. He quietly ordered the guards, "Don't keep watch over Melgor and Ren Xiaosu anymore. If they want to leave, just let them leave quickly!"

Before this, Qian Weining was afraid Melgor would steal away. He even deliberately placed more than 30 guards to watch over him. But now, he was more afraid that Melgor would not run away.

But life often played out strangely. When you wanted to make a compromise with life, life might not necessarily let you.

The word "life" here could easily be substituted with Ren Xiaosu's name.

Qian Weining knew full well that as long as Melgor was still in this group, people from the Tudor family would still go after the trade caravan.

He called his trusted aide over and said, "Go and ask Yao Bo if he brought any laxatives with him."

His trusted aide asked in a low voice, "Commander, what are you thinking?"

"When you send food to Melgor and his servants tonight, make Yao Bo mix the laxatives into their meals." Qian Weining glanced at his trusted aide. "If anyone asks in the future, just say they couldn't acclimatize to the environment, understand?"

His trusted aide was stunned for a moment. "Sir, what are you planning? Why don't we just kill them?"

Qian Weining slapped his trusted aide on the back of his head. "You dare kill a sorcerer?"

"We have more people," his trusted aide muttered.

"I'm not saying we can't defeat him. If we really have to be ruthless, so what if his Fireball spell is really powerful? His steward is also just a good-for-nothing." Qian Weining said, "But after the war ends, you and I will both have our hands tainted with sorcerer blood. Do you think the other sorcerers will let us off? That's a big taboo, understand? Only sorcerers are allowed to kill sorcerers; that's the law."

"Then why do they instigate bandits to kill—"

“Do you think those bandits will survive even if they succeed in killing a sorcerer? They’ll get silenced sooner or later too.” Qian Weining said, “Listen to me. We’ll feed them the laxatives. When we arrive at Winston City tomorrow morning, they’ll definitely still have diarrhea. We’ll send them to the cathedral and have the nuns there treat them. After that, we’ll set off quickly. This way, if we survive this war, there won’t be any repercussions for us in the future.”

With that, his trusted aide understood that Qian Weining was only trying to shake off Melgor and his people. He did not want to engender any adverse effects on themselves.

His trusted aide asked, “Can we survive?”

Qian Weining glanced at him. “I’ve been thinking recently about how to deal with the situation. I’ll tell you when I’ve figured it out. Don’t worry, even if it’s a hopeless situation, I’m gonna make sure we come out of it alive.”

After giving his instructions, Qian Weining went elsewhere to take a stroll. He believed spies from the Tudor family would be in Winston City. Once they got there, they would send Melgor to the cathedral with great fanfare, and his pursuers would no longer have their attention on the trade caravan.

Qian Weining sighed emotionally to himself at how smart he was.

He unslung his longbow from his back and stroked it carefully. He started recalling that familiar yet mysterious feeling of accurately hitting his targets.

Qian Weining thought that since he could hit his targets with arrows even though he did not deliberately aim at them, his archery must have reached the legendary realm of being “one with the world.”

In the evening, the trade caravan stopped 70 kilometers from Winston City.

Qian Weining signaled to his trusted aide to quickly start a fire and cook. Meanwhile, he ran to Melgor’s carriage and fawned over him. “Your Excellency Lord Melgor, we’ll be entering Winston City tomorrow. Is there anything you’d like to buy? I can buy it on your behalf. This way, you and your steward won’t have to rush around and tire yourselves.... Wait, where’s your steward?”

As he spoke, Qian Weining turned around and saw Ren Xiaosu returning with two rabbits in hand. Under the glow of the setting sun, this young man had an extremely bright smile on his face.

Qian Weining said in a daze, “Sir, that’s...”

“Oh, Vice President Qian, you’re here. I was just about to go and tell you about it. You don’t have to cook for us tonight. We’re having roast rabbit instead.” Ren Xiaosu waved

the rabbits in his hand and said, "I saw them bounding by in fear just now, so I went and caught them."

Qian Weining nearly vomited blood on the spot. *'What kind of coincidence is that! Why did you have to go and catch two rabbits when I was just planning to lace your food with laxatives?'*

"Uh, do you all want a drink? Should I bring some wine over?" Qian Weining probed.

Ren Xiaosu said with a smile, "No thanks. What if something happens after we drink?"

Qian Weining's expression immediately froze. Ren Xiaosu explained, "Vice President Qian, don't overthink things. I'm just saying, what if the bandits come and we're drunk? Won't y'all still need Lord Melgor to participate in the battle?"

"Haha, I didn't overthink things. Why would I? I won't disturb you then." Qian Weining turned around and left with a livid expression.

Chapter 1148: Enemies

Watching Qian Weining's figure recede, Melgor asked, "Why did you suddenly go and catch rabbits?"

Ren Xiaosu said as he commanded the two servants to gather firewood to start a fire, "Our relationship with Qian Weining and his men right now isn't that good. Since the Tudor family wants to kill you, Qian Weining might also be thinking about killing you. So from today onwards, we have to be very, very careful when it comes to our food. Remember, only eat the food that I give you. You mustn't eat anything that's brought over by others, not even if it's shit."

Melgor snapped, "I won't eat that even if you don't tell me!"

"That's good then," Ren Xiaosu said thankfully.

"... What's with that thankful look on your face?"

Ren Xiaosu skillfully butchered the rabbits. However, he could not help but say with a sigh, "The rabbits in your Kingdom of Sorcerers are much smaller than those in the Central Plains."

"Are the rabbits in the Central Plains very big?" Melgor asked.

"Mhm." Ren Xiaosu nodded. "Rabbits in the wilderness are at least four or five times larger than these two I caught. I guess it's because the Central Plains was more affected by The Cataclysm."

Melgor said, "I've also heard from others that the reason why the magus order was able to put themselves in a dominant position at the beginning of The Cataclysm and kidnap people from other regions was because they had found this land of paradise."

Ren Xiaosu's interest was piqued. "Tell me everything you know."

"At that time, the global climate turned really cold due to The Cataclysm and lasted for a very long time." Melgor said, "Plants started withering, and people went underground for shelter. Furthermore, they could only eat the food that had been stored away by civilization before The Cataclysm. Later, when the food ran out, people even had to start eating some of the plants and rhizomes that could grow in a low temperature and slow photosynthetic environment. Fortunately, this land of paradise was not affected by the contaminated particles, so everyone managed to survive after a while. During that period, the magus order reestablished order in this territory and cut off many things that posed a threat to it."

Ren Xiaosu nodded. The "contaminated particles" were probably radiation. He had also discussed this with Yang Xiaojin before. According to her, the region where the Central Plains and the expeditionary army were located was the main disaster zone. That was why it became so difficult to survive there. A large amount of scientific knowledge had been disrupted or destroyed during The Cataclysm. Afterwards, the development of science in the Central Plains became unusual. Basically, everyone would just focus on developing whatever knowledge they discovered.

After all, tapping on the centuries of research by countless scientists before The Cataclysm was still better than having to start all over again.

When Ren Xiaosu asked Yang Xiaojin why Yang Anjing hated nuclear weapons so much, her answer was: "Actually, one or two nuclear bombs wouldn't have much of an impact on the world. But in the period leading up to The Cataclysm, all of the nuclear countries' pursuits turned to stockpiling nuclear weapons. Some of the countries even managed to stockpile 6,000 nuclear warheads."

The Nuclear Apocalypse policy was not meant to deal with just enemy countries but to envelop the entire world.

As long as a full-scale nuclear war broke out, the countries that were attacked would have to immediately launch a full-scale counterattack. This counterattack would not only target direct enemy countries but also cover 600 global cities to seek to bury the entire world with them.

Only with said confidence could a country hold a tough diplomatic stance. A lot of people did not actually want such a situation to happen, but when everyone was doing so, they were forced to do the same. In a competition, if you were always weaker than others, you would only get bullied.

Before The Cataclysm, the various countries' policies regarding nuclear weapons use were divided into a few categories.

A "no first use against non-nuclear states" policy meant that a nuclear power promised no first use of nuclear weapons as a means of warfare against non-nuclear states.

A "no first use" policy meant that a nuclear power promised to not be the first to use nuclear weapons in warfare.

The "no promises" policy was as it read. A nuclear power could use nuclear weapons as a means of warfare against whoever it wanted, whenever.

When civilization developed to such a level, destruction would be only a step away.

Everyone thought they could maintain restraint and rationality, but there would always be a few lunatics in the world.

Fortunately, human civilization recovered and survived that gloomy period.

Yang Xiaojin said, "The reason the Yang clan was able to grow into a consortium was because they did not have to cut off certain cultural heritage things during that period due to the scarcity of daily necessities. This is the importance of knowledge. The Yang clan has kept some intermittent journal entries by their ancestors, and if you'd read them, you'd understand that all of the despicable acts that you can imagine happened during that period. What do people eat during extreme starvation? How are women treated in the absence of protection of moral law and order? How are the elderly treated when they can't contribute their labor? You just have to think about the darkest acts possible. As long as it's something that can be thought of, it's happened before."

Those journal entries were probably what inspired Yang Anjing to be anti-nuclear weapons.

Ren Xiaosu disliked the way Yang Anjing did things, but he could understand why she made such a choice. If Yang Anjing were not so extreme and cold in her ways, he might really have been on her side.

Thinking of this, Ren Xiaosu suddenly felt a little melancholic. After this trip to the Kingdom of Sorcerers was over, he would have to go back and face a new war.

Suddenly, Ren Xiaosu sighed and said to Melgor, "The sorcerers were lucky, but their fortune did not make them feel grateful. Russell led them to this land of paradise, but he got poisoned to death in the end. This is also the reason why I told you to be careful with your food. If they can do it once, they'll definitely do it again. Moreover, I have reason to suspect that they also persecuted another group of people who helped them."

The organization founded by the Central Plains Rider was probably suppressed by the magus order too.

Melgor suddenly asked, "What exactly is your reason for coming here?"

Ren Xiaosu smiled and said, "I'm here to help you reach the pinnacle of your life."

Melgor curled his lips. At this moment, he did not realize the "pinnacle" Ren Xiaosu was referring to was so high that it would make him get acrophobia.

As night fell, Ren Xiaosu handed a roasted rabbit to Melgor. "Hurry up and eat. It's almost time to work."

Melgor was stunned for a moment before quickly wolfing down the food. As he ate, he asked, "What did you discover? I've always been curious about how you can preempt an enemy attack. It's almost like you can see the future."

"Hurry up and eat your food," Ren Xiaosu said. He could not tell Melgor about Old Xu's existence yet. After all, Mel still had a lingering fear of White Mask.

"Remember," Ren Xiaosu instructed, "when we encounter an enemy attack, you just have to recite your incantations and pretend like you're casting your spells. Leave the rest to me, and make sure you don't stop reciting the incantations."

Melgor could already hear the approaching trotting of horses. There were a lot of them, and they were approaching very quickly!

Melgor asked, "Should we make our move now?"

Ren Xiaosu shook his head. "Of course not. Let's wait for Qian Weining and his men to battle them for a while first."

"Why?" Melgor was puzzled.

"Because, be it these people who're suddenly attacking or people like Qian Weining who're pretending to protect you, they're all your enemies," Ren Xiaosu explained.

Chapter 1149: Grenade combo

"But if I don't make a move now and wait until they suffer mass casualties, wouldn't it appear a little deliberate on my part?" Melgor said, "After all, I participated in the battle yesterday, and I did seem stronger than them. If I suddenly stood by and did nothing today, Qian Weining will guess our intentions."

Ren Xiaosu was stunned. Then he quickly praised, "You're even actively trying to perfect the plan, Mel?! On top of that, I'm really surprised you thought of that!"

Melgor felt a little annoyed. Why didn't it sound like he was being praised?

"How about this? You can cast a few fireballs in their presence." Ren Xiaosu said, "Just act like you're attacking the enemy with your Lesser Fireball for the time being."

Melgor said, "Uh, should I slow down my casting frequency? That'll give Qian Weining and his men some added pressure."

Ren Xiaosu looked at Melgor strangely. "No, don't worry. Your Lesser Fireball can't kill anyone."

Melgor struggled and said, "Although I haven't practiced Lesser Fireball that many times, it should still be quite lethal..."

Ren Xiaosu smiled at Melgor. "Melgor, wake up."

Melgor was speechless.

The enemy that came this time was more conceited than the previous ones. They brazenly arrived at the camp on horseback without any intention of hiding their tracks.

"Quick, douse all the campfires!" Qian Weining roared.

This time, they were fully prepared. A group of guards rushed over to the campfires and extinguished the flames with sand they had prepped beforehand. This way, everyone would be fighting in the dark and the trade caravan would not be on the back foot so easily.

Qian Weining and his men had already set up defenses inside the perimeter. However, the knights who were charging from outside did not try to force their way in. Instead, they used their cavalry mobility to quickly circle around the perimeter of the camp, taking potshots at the wagon fort whenever there was an opportunity. Each time they did, one of Qian Weining's guards would get hit and drop to the ground.

Qian Weining and his men returned fire with arrows. However, they were not exactly archers by trade. Second, it was very difficult for them to hit an enemy moving at high speed.

As a result, Qian Weining's side suffered quite a lot of casualties, while the enemy remained unscathed after a lengthy engagement.

Qian Weining's trusted aide shouted to him, "Sir, hurry up and do something!"

Qian Weining took a deep breath before drawing his bow and loosing an arrow. The arrow shot out like a bolt of lightning and flew into the empty darkness.

Qian Weining said to his trusted aide, "The enemies who came this time are probably true elites of the Knights of Tudor. Furthermore, they have a very smart commander."

He was implying that the enemy was very strong. If he did not manage to hit them, it was more of their fault than his!

His trusted aide said anxiously, "Then what should we do?"

Qian Weining told his trusted aide, "These people must have other plans. Right now, they're just wearing down our patience. Everyone, ready yourselves. These people will eventually run out of arrows!"

Over the days, their carriages had been riddled with arrow holes, and some were even split apart. If it weren't for the fact that their horses were kept within the wagon fort, most of them would have died.

Outside of the wagon fort, the galloping of horses reverberated like war drums, piling on to the frustration of everyone inside the campsite.

Just as Qian Weining was worrying about how to handle the situation, he suddenly heard Melgor shout, "Fire!"

Qian Weining's eyes lit up. "Melgor has made his move! Quick, prepare for battle. Once Melgor disrupts the enemy's formation, Yao Bo, lead your men and charge out. If you can't kill the knights, kill their horses!"

Yao Bo perked up. "Yes, sir!"

They had Melgor's Lesser Fireball to thank for emerging out of the battle yesterday, and everyone saw for themselves how powerful the spell was. As long as Melgor was willing to participate in battle, no amount of enemies that attacked would cause a problem for the trade caravan.

With the campfires extinguished and the sky dark, Qian Weining and his men could not clearly see what was going on at Melgor's side.

They could only see some fireballs flying out into the darkness, followed by the occasional sound of enemies crying out in pain beyond the defensive perimeter.

But as time passed, Qian Weining realized the enemy numbers were not dropping as he listened to the sound of the galloping horses.

Qian Weining was puzzled. As an experienced soldier, he could roughly tell from the sound of the cavalry's hooves the size of their numbers.

There were probably about 120 enemies when they first got here. However, their numbers did not decrease even after Melgor attacked them with his fireballs for a long time.

'What's this? Are you a griefer?'

But Qian Weining felt that something else was off. He could clearly hear screams coming from outside the wagon fort. Based on the power of the Lesser Fireball spells yesterday, those who got hit by it would either die or get seriously injured. So how was it that their numbers did not go down?

Qian Weining fell into confusion.

But unbeknownst to him, Melgor was not faking it. His Lesser Fireball really could not kill anyone.

Exclamations came from outside. The enemy soldiers had indeed been hit by the fireballs. At the beginning, those who were hit by the fireballs thought they were definitely going to die. But after their initial scream, they realized they were alright!

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They had made a lot of preparations for the entire day today. One of the groups even made a special trip to where the trade caravan was attacked yesterday to inspect the wounds of their dead comrades. Then that young man from the House of Tudor instructed the troops to be careful of the Lesser Fireball spell, which he deemed was very powerful.

But from the look of things, that was not the case at all. Could it be a sham?

As such, both the enemy outside the wagon fort and Qian Weining were confused...

Gradually, Qian Weining's side started suffering more and more casualties. Ren Xiaosu, who had been resting, suddenly opened his eyes. "It's about time. Cast an incantation in the southwest direction!"

Melgor decisively did as he was told. But when he was about to start chanting, Ren Xiaosu suddenly pulled him back. "That's the fucking wrong direction! You're facing the northeast over there. Why didn't I realize your sense of direction was so bad?!"

"I do know my directions. I just got a little nervous...."

With that, Ren Xiaosu spun Melgor around, leaving him a little dizzy.

"Incantation! Now!" Ren Xiaosu shouted in a suppressed voice.

“Oh.” Melgor shouted towards the southwest, “Bleh... hah!”

Qian Weining and his men at the campsite were confused. Was that a spell incantation? Although they had interacted with sorcerers before, it didn't sound like Melgor was reciting an incantation.

Three seconds later, a loud explosion reverberated through the darkness in the distance, and the horses of the trade caravan and the enemy started neighing in panic.

Qian Weining and his men nearly jumped in fright at the loud sound.

The horses that were lying down on the ground attempted to stand up, but Qian Weining and his men ran over to hold their reins.

The explosion was terrifyingly loud. You could feel its destructive power just by listening to the sound!

Qian Weining was in shock as he tried to rein in a horse. “What the fuck was that spell? Who told me that Melgor is just a fringe sorcerer? Can a fucking fringe sorcerer do that?!”

Qian Weining's trusted aide wondered aloud, “Why does Lord Melgor also seem like he's shocked?”

Chapter 1150: 100% “commander slaying” technique

Qian Weining's trusted aide was not mistaken. When the grenade suddenly exploded in the dark, Qian Weining and his men were all shocked by the explosion, and even Melgor was trembling in fright.

But as the campfires had been put out, Qian Weining's trusted aide did not really get a clear look, so he couldn't be sure.

Qian Weining said, “What the hell are you talking about? How could Melgor possibly get frightened by his own spell? Hurry up and rein in the horses. If they get spooked, our subsequent plans are done for!”

Seeing that no one was around them, Melgor looked at Ren Xiaosu in shock and said, “What was that?”

“Keep reciting the incantations. If you have any questions, ask them later,” Ren Xiaosu ordered.

Honestly, it had been a long time since Ren Xiaosu had thrown a grenade through the Shadow Door. Now that he picked up his old combo again and recalled the days when he had just become a supernatural being, it actually felt a little nostalgic.

With the reminder, Melgor quickly continued mumbling the “incantations” loudly. He even purposely raised his voice so everyone in the camp would know the explosion was his work, although he did not know what he was reciting either.

However, some observant person in the camp wondered, “Why does it seem like Lord Melgor’s incantations are always different each time?!”

A nearby guard snapped, “That’s the language of the Magi, like you’d know anything about it!”

“But it sounds different every time he recites it.”

Amid the guards’ exchange, explosions boomed again. They were even happening very frequently.

The sound seemingly brought the soldiers back to a small-scale war between the various sorcerer clans a few years ago. However, the explosions at that time were caused by more than a dozen sorcerers casting their spells together. But now Melgor achieved the same effect all by himself.

“How can he be a junior sorcerer?” Qian Weining muttered, “Even if a junior sorcerer can master a higher level of sorcery, there’s no chance it would sound like this. Moreover, it’s impossible that a junior sorcerer can cast spells with such frequency. He should be absolutely exhausted after casting a few times, right?”

His trusted aide suddenly said, “Sir, what kind of spell do you think that was? Judging by the noise of the explosion...”

Qian Weining suddenly looked up, “Boiling Airburst? Lightning Strike? Wait, it’s the Boiling Airburst spell. The Norman family’s Boiling Airburst spell!” Qian Weining seemed to have figured out many things.

Boiling Airburst was an exclusive spell to the House of Norman and was not imparted to others outside the clan. It was also one of their favorite spells to use on the battlefield and was extremely powerful.

The Norman family’s eternal enemy was the Tudor family, while Melgor was someone the Tudor family wanted to kill. Therefore, did the Norman family groom a fringe sorcerer like Melgor so they could bait the Tudor family and tarnish their reputation?

Yes, that had to be it! Otherwise, how else could he explain why Melgor could conjure up Boiling Airburst?

Suddenly, Qian Weining started feeling a little regretful. He thought he had made use of Melgor, but he didn’t expect to actually get dragged into the Norman and the Tudor families’ feud all because of the lowly Melgor.

In just one minute, the conniving Qian Weining imagined a political battle between the top sorcerer clans.

Of course, this was exactly what Ren Xiaosu wanted Qian Weining to assume.

Once news of Melgor mastering the Boiling Airburst spell spread, the Norman family's support for Melgor would become the subject of speculation for many people. However, Ren Xiaosu did not plan that far. He only wanted to cause some trouble for the Houses of Norman and Tudor.

Ren Xiaosu did not have the talent to scheme against an enemy like P5092 and Qing Zhen. Although he was extremely cautious, he would have to be really talented if he wanted to reach their level of devising strategies. So he mostly made his moves without a detailed plan. He did not even know how he killed the enemy.

The process was not important. All that mattered was that the enemy was dead.

However, a surprise suddenly interrupted everyone's thoughts.

The enemies lurking outside the perimeter were running in all directions after being hit by the grenade blasts. No one knew at which moment the next explosion would occur.

As a young man was running, he suddenly felt someone stuffing something into his hand. He instinctively held it up and glanced at it. "What's this black-lookin' thing?"

Boom!

In the chaos, everyone heard someone scream in the darkness outside, "Sir, are you alright? Sir!"

Qian Weining was confused. Melgor was as well.

Ren Xiaosu sighed emotionally. Sure enough, it happened again.

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His 100% "commander slaying" technique!

Right now, Ren Xiaosu was sure there were only two possibilities for such a situation to occur. One was that he was really blessed with a passive luck attribute, and the other was that Yan Liuyuan had constantly used his wish manipulation power to bless him!

The trotting of the horses outside the wagon fort became tumultuous. It was no longer coordinated like it was at the beginning.

In a battle that lacked conviction, troops would quickly fall into a state of disarray once the commander died.

Qian Weining's trusted aide asked, "Sir, should we charge out to finish off the remaining enemies? Their commander is dead."

"Hold steady for now," Qian Weining ordered while pulling the reins of his horse. "What if the enemy is trying to pull a trick on us? We'll just hide behind the wagon fort for now. With Lord Melgor around, there's no worry that they'll break through the perimeter. Pass it along. I want everyone to wait patiently for my next orders!"

The enemy outside seemed to have started retreating. After a short pause, the galloping of horses faded into the distance.

Qian Weining shouted, "Yao Bo, lead your men out to make an inspection. Be careful!"

The guard named Yao Bo lifted his lance and led his men through a tiny gap in the wagon fort. After a while, Yao Bo shouted from afar, "Sir, they're gone. There's bodies all over the ground here!"

"Let me confirm that!" Qian Weining quickly made his way to the battlefield. When he saw the enemy corpses, he couldn't help but gasp. *'Holy crap! These enemies died so terribly!'*

"Is Boiling Airburst really that terrifying? I've only heard of it, but now that I've seen it with my own eyes, it sends a chill down my spine," Qian Weining said emotionally.

"But isn't the Boiling Airburst spell exclusive to the Norman family?" Qian Weining's trusted aide asked softly at the side.

"Shh..." Qian Weining glared at him. "Don't mention that again. It's not something we can speculate on. However, it's actually good for us that the Norman family is trying to make things difficult for the Tudor family!"

"Mhm." His trusted aide agreed.

At this moment, Qian Weining shouted back at the camp, "The crisis has been averted. The enemy has really retreated!"

When they heard that, the camp suddenly erupted into cheers. Ren Xiaosu took the lead and chanted, "Melgor! Melgor! Melgor!"

With that, everyone at the camp started chanting Melgor's name.

A merchant came up to Melgor excitedly and said, "Lord Melgor, you're really amazing. May I know how you did that?"

Melgor smiled but did not say anything. He thought to himself, *'I'd also like to know how I did it'*

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