

## Stay At home 1951

### Chapter 1951: Who's The Arrogant One?

Andre stood up slowly, and looked at everyone as he said, "A century has passed. The Norland Continent is no longer what it used to be. The peace treaty that was drafted back then is no longer applicable. The Roth Empire requests for territories to be reassigned based on the different races' capabilities just like back then."

The various representatives had different expressions upon hearing that. No one replied.

Mag looked at Andre, and lamented to himself.

From a historical point of view, Andre could be considered a good leader. In his 30 years of reign, the Roth Empire was prosperous, and the people lived well. The country's capabilities improved by leaps and bounds with their military resources, their metal rides, and a large number of capable magic casters.

On top of that, he was a leader with ambition. He waited for his chance so that he could fight for more territories and living space for the people of the Roth Empire at the peace talks.

Back then, during the racial war, the humans had paid a heavy price before they finally had the rights to sit at the peace talks.

As they were really weak, they were only given a piece of barren land.

The humans worked, with their bare hands, to turn that barren land into a fertile piece of farmland, and built city after city.

Judging by the speed of human reproduction, the Roth Empire no longer had enough land among their territories. It seemed only right to ask for more land with his current capabilities.

In that case, Mag might not have stopped the humans from expanding as it was only reasonable.

But Andre was not one to be satisfied with enough land for all his people. What he wanted was the world to bow before him. He wanted too much, and that naturally crossed the bottom line for many races. That was why the racial war could restart.

Louis looked at Andre with a frown, and said, "Andre, the current urgent matter is solving the threat from the devil. As for reassigning territories, we can discuss that later. First of all, we must let everyone on the Norland Continent let their guard down and really work together."

"To the Roth Empire, the urgent thing now is the reassignment of territories." Andre looked at Louis. He smiled sarcastically. "To you, a giant dragon, a century is but a blink of an eye. You were the one who signed the treaty, and now you are still the ones sitting here. You can wait. I can't. In another century, no one would know if the Roth Empire would still be around. I am not signing this treaty."

Andre's imposing and reasonable request made the hall silent.

The older, the wiser indeed. Mag looked at Andre intently.

Louis was stumped by Andre's words. Suddenly, he had no idea what to say in reply.

He was present at the peace treaty a century ago, and he was also one of those who drafted the treaty conditions. Today, among the various representatives present, there were also many familiar faces, for example, the dwarven king, the goblin chief, Helena...

If Bruno had not been killed by Alex yesterday, he should also have been sitting here right now. He was the one who had represented the forest trolls in signing the treaty back then.

The human lifespan was too short. Decades would swing by to a giant dragon, but to a human, it would be his entire life.

The king of the Roth Empire who represented humans in signing the treaty was Andre's grandfather. Andre might pass away in another 50 years, much less a century.

It seemed very reasonable for Andre to refuse to sign.

None of the representatives were eager to voice their opinion for fear that Andre and the Roth Empire would eye their lands.

"Therefore, do you intend to restart the racial war?" Mag did not remain silent.

"No. This is not my choice." Andre looked at Mag. "All I want is for my citizens to have land to reproduce and live. Right now, there are many such lands on the Norland Continent that are being left untouched. What the Roth Empire wants is not a lot and not too much."

"You know very well that none of the races would give their land to you. Saying that is just to snatch the lands from the other races," Douglas said coldly.

"I am not ambitious. I don't want the other races' land too. I only want half of the untouched land under the giant dragons," Andre said peacefully while looking at Douglas.

"I think you just want to eat some sh\*t. How dare you eye our land!" Tyranno Dragon Isaiah howled angrily as he glared at Andre.

"The land below Dragon Island is untouched. Back then, the giant dragons occupied Dragon Island and also the most fertile piece of land on the Norland Continent. If the giant dragons really have the intention to join hands with the Roth Empire to fight the devil, why aren't you willing to give up a piece of land that is totally useless to you?" Andre asked with a laugh.

"What if we aren't willing?!" Louis said solemnly.

"In that case, I am forced to expand outwards so that my people can live. Whether I choose west, east, or south, I can't say for sure, and I would not be able to make any guarantees," Andre said, still with a smile.

The orc representatives' expressions changed, and Helena's brow was tightly knit, for the orcs' land was west of the Roth Empire, while the Wind Forest was east of the Roth Empire.

The three giant dragon leaders also frowned.

Andre's threat was very obvious. The Roth Empire would never attack Dragon Island, and therefore he had clearly named his targets.

You, giant dragons, can say whatever you want. I will just attack the adjacent races.

It was a barbaric yet effective method.

"I suppose you should know that yesterday, the giant dragons, goblins, dwarves, 108 orc tribes, Chaos City, and Night Elves have already formed the Peace Alliance. Once you attack an ally of the Peace Alliance, the Roth Empire will be up against the Peace Alliance, not just your neighboring country," Michael said seriously.

"That would not affect any of my decisions," Andre replied calmly.

"Andre, do you really want to stand against the world? Has the Roth Empire become so strong it can go against the entire world? Arrogant!" Louis shouted.

"Judging from how you formed the Peace Alliance so urgently, it seems that right now, the Roth Empire has what it takes." Andre nodded. He looked at the various representatives mockingly. "Therefore, what makes you think that the Roth Empire, which requires all of you to gang up against, should still be cowering in the Norland Continent's most barren piece of land and allow you to benefit from that? Who's the arrogant one?"

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Marvelous. Even Mag could not help but applaud Andre's speech.. His logic was flawless, and that was a perfect comeback.

Chapter 1952: That's... Really Great

Andre's speech gave him the aura of a diplomat from a big country. One could almost forget that he was the king of the Roth Empire, one of the most powerful men in this world.

He justified war using the need for land in a very intricate way, and this need did not stem from his inner desire, but from the people of the Roth Empire. It was an urgent need for the survival of humans.

Survival was the basis for all races.

And just like what Andre said, the humans were a weak race, and they were given the most barren territory.

After a century, the Roth Empire was no longer that weak country from before. As a large empire that had grown in capabilities, they were asking to expand their lands at the peace talks reasonably.

The target of his challenge was the giant dragons, and that was because they had the most fertile land on the Norland Continent, but it was a piece of land wasted by the giant dragons.

Mag looked at Andre and frowned. This wily old fox was a slippery one.

Josh and Sean were nothing compared to him.

Auster's brows were tightly knit. He was hesitant to speak. What rights do you have to take it out on us, orcs, just because you are no match for the giant dragons?

Helena studied Andre, as though she was trying to assess the validity of what he said.

The negotiations were stuck because of what Andre said.

The giant dragons would never give up their territories easily, even if it was a piece of land that they had no use for.

Of course, the most important reason was that the Roth Empire, after receiving a barren land, was able to develop to this state within a short span of a century. If they were given a piece of fertile land, would the Roth Empire be riding on top of the giant dragons after a century? This was a question worth dwelling on.

Right now, there were only two choices. Either the giant dragons give up half of their land to the Roth Empire to make Andre sign the peace treaty to extend it for another century, or they refuse to give up their territory, and cause a war to break out between the Roth Empire and the orcs and elves so that the humans could snatch the land that they required.

The most difficult question was thrown to the giant dragons.

"I agree with Andre with regard to the territory. Humans were weak back then, and when the territories were drawn based on capabilities, they got the most barren piece of land. The treaty that was agreed upon to be signed every century was so that it could be altered along with the changes. For example, within this century, the Roth Empire has become a strong country.

"Since it was reasonable to draw the territories based on capabilities, now that a century has passed, and the peace treaty has expired, it is time to redraw the territories based on capabilities again. This can prevent another racial war. There is no problem with that, either.

"The land starting from Chaos City all the way down south to the Boundless Sea Realm is the Norland Continent's biggest piece of land with the most resources. It is also the most fertile piece of land. However, after the giant dragons had received the land, they did nothing to it.

"Judging from the current capabilities of the Roth Empire, I think it is only reasonable to request that the giant dragons transfer a piece of this land to the Roth Empire," Mag said suddenly.

"Huh?"

The various representatives looked at Mag in shock.

Who would think that Alex, with his deep feud with Andre, be it due to that assassination on that rainy night or him chopping off Josh's ear and Sean's arm, would actually step up right now to agree with Andre's suggestion?

Louis and Douglas exchanged glances, trying to find a reason from each other for Alex's sudden change.

Even Andre was looking at Mag in shock.

“However...” Mag turned to look at Andre as he continued, “The Peace Alliance is not just an alliance on paper. For the sake of world peace, we have already signed the treaty to protect the allies. If the Roth Empire attacks any of the allies, the Peace Alliance will attack the Roth Empire.”

He knew very clearly that what Andre wanted was not just that half of the land. There were indeed people from the Roth Empire who were still struggling to survive, and were even unable to earn a livelihood because of the insufficient land.

Andre seemed to have understood what Mag was thinking, and his face sank gradually.

“I will never agree to this! The giant dragons will never be threatened!” Isaiah shouted.

“This matter concerns the benefits of the whole giant dragon race. Even us, the top 10 of the giant dragons, aren’t able to make a decision so easily. Allow us to take some time to dwell on it,” Douglas said equally coldly.

“This matter will also determine whether the Roth Empire will sign the peace treaty. Since you want to discuss it another time, we can continue this conversation after you are done with your discussion.” Andre was not backing down, either.

The talks had once again ended up with no solution. Michael stood up, and said, “In that case, let’s take a break, and continue the talks after an hour!”

Mag did not think the break would come so quickly on the first day of the peace talks.

Everyone left the hall, while the 10 representatives of the giant dragon tribes went to a smaller room.

“Why did you suddenly change your stance and side with Andre?” Irina asked Mag curiously after they left the meeting room.

“I’m not standing on his side. I’m standing on the side of reason.” Mag shook his head. “The Roth Empire has created a miracle on a piece of barren land, but that does not mean that they should stay in that barren piece of land forever. I don’t like the attitude of the other races taking things for granted as well.

“Andre wants the world to bow before him. He wants a reasonable excuse to start a war. That piece of land is what the Roth Empire deserves, and it is also what I want to use to stump Andre.”

Irina nodded thoughtfully. Mag had thought things through deeper than she had.

“Master, do you think that fellow would really attack us, orcs? Should we get prepared first?” Connie asked Rex softly and nervously.

“I’ve already made arrangements,” Rex said very calmly without any change in expression.

“Master, you’re impressive indeed. But, are we able to hold out?” Connie was expectant.

“No,” Rex said straightforwardly.

“Errrr...”

“Neither can the Wind Forest.”

“That’s... really great.”

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On the other side, the giant dragon representatives were also in the midst of an argument.

"If half of that land could make Andre work with us to deal with the devil, I find it worthwhile," Louis said seriously.

"I think so too. That piece of land is just like a chicken wing to us, dragon tribes, that we find bland in taste but a pity to throw away. None of the dragon tribes would use that land as our territory," Douglas agreed with a nod.

"In that case, won't we, the dragon tribes, be a laughing stock to the other races now for giving in to the Roth Empire's threats and giving them our land?" Isaiah shouted loudly.

### **Chapter 1953: The Borders Of 36 Orc Tribes Had Been Breached**

"This is indeed a rather good feeling."

Josh walked out of the Magus Tower. His pitch-black eyes slowly turned back to normal as he smiled meaningfully.

"This is just the tip of the iceberg. As long as you can start a war, your capabilities can continue increasing. When that happens, no one in this world will be your match." The low voice of the Devil resounded in his head.

"Next, I'll be going to the military," Josh commanded the coachman as he boarded the horse-drawn carriage.

Not long after, an extra-confidential letter was sent to the borders at the fastest speed.

At the same time, a black griffin rose from the palace silently, and flew towards the northwestern border.

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"Return to the forest right now, and start the highest-tier war preparation to guard against the Roth Empire's invasion," Helena ordered one of the elves.

"High Priestess, we are friends with the Roth Empire, and they have established the Peace Alliance. Now, the Roth Empire is only left with us. They wouldn't launch an attack on us, right?" the elf asked with bewilderment.

"There are no friends forever in this world. You should not hope that a sly fox like Andre would ever keep his promise," Helena said coldly.

"Yes. I will return to the forest straight away." That elf's expression turned cold, and he quickly turned to walk away.

Most of the Wind Forest's energy had been spent on the goblins all these years, and it almost had no guard up against the Roth Empire. If the Roth Empire really deployed an army to launch an attack against the Wind Forest, that would be a disaster.

Of course, that elf still did not really believe that the Roth Empire would launch an attack on their good friend.

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"I'm afraid the giant dragons would not be so willing to give their land out. They are known to be stingy. It makes no sense for them to give their territory away," Michael told Mag, who was invited to the study room.

"If the Roth Empire only wants that piece of land, it really isn't too much to ask for. It is only reasonable, and we can sign the peace treaty amicably and extend the peace on the Norland Continent for another century.

"The giant dragons are still the giant dragons of the past, but the Roth Empire is no longer the weak country it was before. They have to admit that. This contrast would be more obvious if Krassu and I stood behind Andre during these peace talks." Mag shook his head slightly.

"Yes, if the two of you were standing behind Andre instead of sitting opposite to him today, he would have more support." Michael nodded in agreement.

"I want to know Chaos City's stance. If the Roth Empire attacked the orcs, would you send reinforcements?" Mag asked Michael.

"Of course." Michael nodded seriously.

"Good." Mag nodded slightly.

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"Royal Father, I'm afraid the giant dragons would not accede to our request so easily."

"If they do not agree to it, we have a reason to start the war. Why would I raise that request if the giant dragons would agree to it easily?" Andre said with a smile while looking at Sean.

Sean thought for a while, and hesitated before asking, "In that case, how are you intending to deal with Alex?"

"No matter how powerful Alex is, he is still an individual. We can just leave him be." Andre smiled confidently.

"However, he is indeed stronger than he was three years ago. If we do leave him alone, it might spell trouble for us in the future." Sean's face turned pale as he recalled how Mag broke through the defenses of six 10th-tier powerhouses easily and chopped off his arm.

"He has become stronger, and also craftier. It is no longer possible to sneak an ambush on him like three years ago anymore. In that case, why don't we let him be? Judging from his character, he will still appear in front of our troops sooner or later. When that time comes..." Andre smiled sinisterly.

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The one-hour break ended very quickly. However, as there was still a huge disagreement amongst the giant dragons, they could not come to a consensus on the condition Andre raised. The meeting had once again fallen into a tense situation.

Mag had long expected it. The giant dragons were not afraid of the Roth Empire. At least for now, the Roth Empire could not threaten Dragon Island that was far away and high up in air.

However, the giant dragons felt their lives being threatened by the Great Old Ones' existence.

There was actually an even more terrifying existence above the giant dragons, and this existence had ill intentions towards this world.

The half of the Great Old One in the Thunderstorm Mountains had made them feel deeply the distance. It was the distance when they looked down at the ants on the ground, and now they had become the ants.

Therefore, the giant dragons had initiated the cooperation and also the establishment of the Peace Alliance.

Meanwhile, Andre was behaving as though even if the sky fell, the taller ones would hold it up, and did not prioritize the matters of the Great Old Ones. Instead, he used it as a trading chip for this negotiation.

Once the Roth Empire started a war, it would definitely implicate the entire Norland Continent, and when the Great Old Ones appeared again then, the Norland Continent would face an awkward situation where they would not be able to form an effective resistance.

Just like that, the morning passed without any constructive conclusion.

"Such a meeting is boring indeed. We didn't even manage to say anything. Can we go to Mamy Restaurant for lunch later?" Dracula asked Camilla with a yawn.

"Mamy Restaurant is closed for today." Camilla shook her head.

"Ah... what upsetting news." Dracula sighed.

Mag made use of the afternoon break to go back to cook so that Amy and Annie would have food to eat. After that, he returned to the city lord's castle.

This was the fight between the two powerful forces, the Roth Empire and the giant dragons. His influence was limited.

Now, all that was left to do was to see who would give in first.

The afternoon negotiation was once again stuck with no conclusion. The allies of the Peace Alliance all showed their support for the giant dragons and the orcs, but Andre would not budge, insisting on half of the giant dragons' territory.

Just when everyone thought there would be no conclusion to today's negotiation, extra-confidential letters were sent to the chiefs of each race one after another.



“Darn! Andre, how dare you sneak an attack!!” Auster smacked the table as he stood up, staring at Andre with reddened eyes. He was gripping the letter so tightly that his hand started shaking.

Andre frowned, as though he did not understand where Auster’s anger came from.

“An emergency letter from the northwestern troops said that the borders of 36 orc tribes had been breached,” Sean whispered as he handed a military report that he just received to Andre with a complicated expression.

“Hmm?” Andre’s brows were knitted even more tightly together. He quickly glanced through the letter, and his expression changed.

“Andre, we, the elves, have been good friends with the Roth Empire for a century. Why did you send troops to invade the Wind Forest?” Helena chided coldly as she stood up..

### **Chapter 1954: Aren’t You Afraid That You Won’t Be Able To Step Out Of This Door?**

It was chaotic all of a sudden. The various representatives were unable to hide the shock on their faces.

The peace talks had yet to end, and just when everyone was in a fervent discussion, the Roth Empire actually launched its attack on the orcs and elves at the same time without any warning.

The bad blood between the orcs and the Roth Empire did not start a day or two ago, so it was still understandable that they were attacked.

However, the elves had been on friendly terms with the Roth Empire for decades. They even joined hands during the racial war back then. The Roth Empire’s sudden attack on the elves made everyone confused about what Andre had up his sleeves.

“What on earth?” Mag was equally shocked. He did not expect Andre to launch an attack on the orcs and elves on the first day of the peace talks while still sitting here.

“This scoundrel. The elves have not guarded themselves against the Roth Empire all these years. I’m afraid the Wind Forest will fall to the Roth Empire very quickly with this sudden attack.” Irina’s expression turned serious as well.

Whatever the Night Elves were up to, it was still the internal affairs of the elves. However, the Roth Empire’s invasion was another matter entirely. This concerned the elves’ survival as a race.

“Master, what should we do now?” Connie had also received an emergency report saying that the Roth Empire had successfully invaded all the tribes near their borders, and was quickly advancing westward.

Right now, there was no one in the orc tribes to organize them, and they were unable to form an effective resistance on a sizable scale. Therefore, they were quickly retreating in defeat.

“If Andre doesn’t retreat his troops, we are going back immediately.” Rex also had a serious expression.

“Andre! What are you doing?!” Louis looked at Andre, and shouted, “There are still 10 days to the expiration of the peace treaty! Are you trying to break the rules set back then?”

There was a momentary confusion on Andre's face. However, he quickly composed himself, and told Louis calmly, "Since you guys can't make a decision, the Roth Empire will show you our determination. We can do anything for survival."

"What happened today shows that we were wrong in our judgment. Andre, if you do not convey an order to retreat, the Roth Empire will be the archenemy of us elves," Helena told Helena coldly.

"You should be saying that to the giant dragons. We were only asking for half the land that they do not need. If they really had the intention to become allies with you and join hands to fight the devil, they would not be so stingy on something like this." Andre scoffed, and said, "As long as we get our land, we will retreat out of the Twilight Forest and Wind Forest immediately."

"Don't think that you can threaten the giant dragons. You will regret it." Isaiah glared at Andre.

"I've always only acted instead of wasting my time talking." Andre looked at Isaiah calmly. "You, giant dragons, are the ones that landed the elves and orcs in this state."

"Hmph!" Helena left in a huff. At this moment, she had to rush back to the Wind Forest to defend their territory and chase the invaders out. The current crisis the elves were facing was almost like what they had gone through during the racial war.

"Andre, we, the orcs, will make you taste the bitter fruit of your invasion!" Auster also led his team of five 10th-tier powerhouses out hurriedly. Most of the orc tribes that he was in control of had fallen to the Roth Empire. Without the 10th-tier powerhouses to give the commands and hold the fort, the orc tribes fell apart almost immediately.

"Andre, you'd better consider if you want to engage in a long-term war with the orcs." Rex stood up, and looked intently at Andre. After that, he looked at the other representatives, and said, "Everyone, this is now the time to test if the Peace Alliance is really a stable organization instead of a paper tiger. The 108 orc tribes need your support."

"I will follow you to the Twilight Forest," Mag said calmly as he stood up.

"Us too," Dexter quickly added with resolution.

Michael stood up, and said with determination, "As a member of the Peace Alliance, Chaos City will stand by the orcs and protect world peace."

"The goblins are willing to deploy a team of elite troops to the Twilight Forest as reinforcement," the goblin chief said.

"The dwarves will provide the allied forces with the best weapons and a stable supply of resources," the king of dwarves declared.

"Andre, I am warning you now, retreat from the Twilight Forest. Otherwise, the giant dragons will launch an attack on the Roth Empire!" Louis said sternly.

The Peace Alliance members had all made their stand, and the war alliance against the Roth Empire was formed.

The expressions of Sean and the Roth Empire's powerhouses all changed. It was apparent that they did not expect things to escalate so quickly in the direction that no one had thought of.

The demons and forest trolls were just watching the drama unfold.

"Threats are useless to me. Even if all of you were to attack at the same time, the Roth Empire could still wipe out two to three of your races, and make the giant dragon population decrease by half." Andre did not avoid Louis's gaze. "I wonder if you all are ready to pay such a price, and would you still be able to fight the devil after paying that price?"

"I'll give you three days to think things through. Come to me after you've decided." Andre stood up and walked towards the door.

The Roth Empire's powerhouses escorted him out cautiously.

"Aren't you afraid that you won't be able to step out of this door?" Mag's voice came from behind.

"I can take down the Twilight Forest and Wind Forest when I'm physically here. What else can you achieve by keeping me here other than making the steel rides of the empire even more hysterical?" Andre paused in his steps. He turned back to look at Alex and smiled. "Alex, you should know very clearly how scary the steel rides of the empire are when they go hysterical. If you hold me back, even Chaos City will be gone."

"You will push the Roth Empire into an abyss for your selfish desire," Mag said with a frown.

"The humans crawled out from the abyss step by step. We are no longer afraid of the abyss. However, we will still be the last one standing." Andre gave Mag a meaningful look before turning to leave.

Although there were tens of 10th-tier powerhouses sitting in the hall, none of them moved.

Mag retracted his gaze. He looked at Connie, and said, "Let's go, I'll follow you to the Twilight Forest."

"Mm-hmm." Connie quickly nodded. She would definitely not reject someone who was the top of the top.

"I'll make a trip to the Wind Forest," Irina whispered to Mag. A golden glow appeared beneath her feet, and she disappeared from the hall within moments.

"I hope everyone can keep the promise they made just now." Mag glanced at the leaders of the various races before leaving with Connie and Rex.

Dexter also got up, and followed them out of the door..

Chapter 1955: A Tip Of The War

"Big Brother, the Roth Empire's army is coming from the east. They are only around 2.5 kilometers away from our tribe. The Sila Tribe has fallen, and the tribe was burnt down. Many must have died." Habeng ran up the stone wall with beads of perspiration trickling down his forehead. He looked at Haga, who was standing on the wall, looking out into the distance, and said, "They are too much, we have to fight it out with them!"

“Don’t be anxious. Send down orders to transport the bows and arrows in our tribe up to the city walls. Have the best hunters ready at the city wall, and get others to bring stones up,” Haga ordered calmly.

The Uto Tribe was situated at the center of the Twilight Forest. The tribe’s settlement was built halfway up the mountain, and had a cliff behind it. Two sides of the settlement were sharp inclined cliffs, and there was only a rocky mountain road leading down the mountain. It was generally unsuitable for large troops to travel along this road, and this was also where they built a massive five-meter-tall wall.

As a middle-sized tribe, the Uto Tribe had more than 5,000 orcs. Disregarding the elderly and the young, there were around 3,000 orcs that could fight.

In orc tribes, females could fight just as well as males.

As the eldest son of the chief, Haga was also the expected successor of the leader of the Uto Tribe. He had already taken over various tasks from his father, and was currently holding real power in the tribe.

This was also why the two brothers had not gone to Mamy Restaurant for such a long time. Recently, Auster and Connie had been fighting it out in the Twilight Forest. The pro-war and pro-peace groups could not agree with each other, and as the leader of the Uto Tribe, Haga needed to stay in the tribe to manage anything that could happen.

The Uto Tribe had decided to stand with peace. As it was a small-medium tribe that was not very strong, peace brought about stable development for the Uto Tribe, allowing them not to become victims of a battle again.

A few days ago, Connie sent them a classified letter to warn them about the Roth Empire’s attack.

Therefore, Haga called upon all the orcs in the tribe to cancel all hunting activities to have the best and strongest hunters stay behind in the tribe to protect the people.

Habeng did not really care about that. He thought that the Roth Empire would not start a war on the orcs before the end of the peace talks. It was even more impossible for the Roth Empire to reach the Uto Tribe at the center of the Twilight Forest.

All these years, the orc tribes near the Roth Empire borders had been engaging in battles with the Roth Empire. They had even robbed some of the villages and towns of the Roth Empire. All the while, the Roth Empire had not dared to attack the Twilight Forest.

However, no one would have thought that today, on the first day of the peace talks, the Roth Empire would actually launch a sudden attack at the Twilight Forest. On top of that, they quickly wiped out several large tribes at the borders, slicing right through the Twilight Forest like a sharp knife as though it wanted to cut the entire forest into two.

The unlucky coincidence made their tribe was right in the way of the advancing Roth Empire’s steel rides. The Sila Tribe, which was before them, was already defeated.

It was a medium-sized tribe with tens of thousands of orcs living inside their settlement, and they were stronger than the Uto Tribe.

However, it only took a short span of an hour from when they were attacked to when they were left defeated.

The Roth Empire's steel rides were just like locusts, flocking to their next target the moment they destroyed one tribe.

It was obvious there was no place for the Uto Tribe to hide. As proud orcs, they would naturally not surrender.

"Haga." An elderly but strong old orc walked up the city's wall.

"Father." Haga looked at Taizer, and took two steps forward as he said, "The Sila Tribe has already fallen. The Roth Empire's army is making its way for us now. I've already asked for the Falk Tribe's help, and I'm planning to be on defense by making use of our geographical advantage as we await reinforcements."

"I've already heard from Habeng." Taizer nodded, and looked at his composed son gladly. If it had been him, he would have long charged down with the men from the tribe to fight it out with the Roth Empire's troops at that age.

Haga had a grim cast to his gray eyes as he inched closer to Taizer, and whispered, "The enemy is very strong, way stronger than what we expected."

"The opponent's strength is not to be feared. As long as we have our fighting spirit up, we can overcome all enemies," Taizer told Haga as he looked him in the eye.

"Mm-hm." Haga nodded as the passionate flames of his fighting spirit burned in his eyes.

Tens of catapults were in place. The giant rocks that were splashed with orc oil glistened under the sun as they were positioned aiming into the sky.

The best hunters in the tribe stood at the city walls with bows in their hands. They were all the best archers in the tribe.

The orcs lined up as they transported the giant rocks to the city wall, forming a little mountain at the city wall.

It was already tried and tested by the ancestors of the Uto Tribe that when standing on the city walls, and making use of the surrounding cliffs, even a giant rock pushed by a child would create more damage to the invader than getting shot by the best archer.

In no time at all, the ground started to shake slightly. Shouts and galloping echoed from the valley afar.

"Get ready for battle!" Haga shouted furiously as he stood on the city wall. He reached to his back to pull out the bow he was carrying, and aimed his arrow at the valley below.

Thousands of archers placed their arrows on their bows at the same time, locking their sight on the valley.

The orcs near the catapults watched Haga, ready for his command.

At the foot of the city wall, thousands of orcs holding knives, stone clubs, and javelins waited for orders.

Way behind were the children and elderly. They looked towards the city wall with equally serious expressions. They did not appear fearful at all.

The hundreds of flying steeds were the first to appear in the field of vision of the Uto Tribe. They were a patch of black flying towards the Uto Tribe.

The wingspan of a metal eagle would stretch from three to five meters. Other than a pair of sharp talons, it did not have any other special abilities. Its speed, agility, and strength were not considered special among the 1st-tier magic beasts. It could only carry one person.

However, it was a very easily tamed 1st-tier magic beast, and that was why it became a highly appreciated flying steed for the Roth Empire's army. Every troop would have its own group of flying steeds.

The knights were all 4th-tier and above. Be it a diving attack or dropping down into the enemy's camp, they could bring about significant damage.

"It's just a small tribe. Brothers, let's kick their a\*s so that the brothers downstairs don't have to climb that mountain!" The leader of this group of flying steeds was Barlo. He was a big middle-aged man. Barlo scoffed when he saw the Uto Tribe that was situated halfway up the mountain.

"Charge!"

That group of knights manning the flying steeds laughed along.

Ever since they entered the Twilight Forest, they had met with almost no effective resistance. Even they were shocked that such strong orcs could actually be so weak.

The previous orc tribe that they destroyed was way bigger than this. However, with just a few rounds of diving attacks, the morale of the entire tribe was shattered. On top of that, they had the cavalry of the Roth Empire with them. Very quickly, the entire tribe was reduced to a piece of flat land.

This tribe looked even weaker.

The soldiers started their diving attack as a twisted smile hung on their faces. They had already started to imagine how many pretty female orcs they could enjoy before the cavalry arrived.

500 meters, 300 meters, 200 meters, 100 meters...

"Go!"

An angry howl thundered.

Flying fireballs rained over from the city wall towards the diving group of flying steeds all of a sudden!

Chapter 1956: They Are Very Sly

The fireball, with its blazing tail trailing behind, and sharp arrows laced with poison rained down on the flying steeds that were diving down towards them less than 100 meters away.

"Charge!!!"

Barlo pulled out his longsword. When he saw the rain of arrows, his heart died a little inside. However, retreating would only make them the targets for the opponent. Besides, the glory and honor of the empire's knight made him unable to do something like that.

"Charge!"

The knights all pulled out their swords as they howled angrily.

Bam!

The fireballs hit the metal eagles, leaving bloody holes in them. Even the knights on their backs were thrown off, splatting onto the ground.

Pop, pop, pop!

The poisoned arrows plunged into the eyes and bodies of the steel eagles. Hundreds of large steel eagles became the best targets in the vast sky.

In the blink of an eye, the imposing wave of army dropped from the sky.

Screams!

Wails!

The skies of the Uto Tribe rang with shouts.

At this moment, Barlo died inside a little more. It was just the first round of diving attacks, but their team had decreased by two-thirds because of the opponent's unexpected attack.

The knights who lost their rides fell from the sky. Before they could even react, they were already chopped into pieces by a swarm of orcs with waving knives.

"Break up their formation!" Barlo howled angrily as he led the remaining 100 flying knights diving towards the orcs.

They were 30 meters away. It would take the steel eagles barely a breath to cover that distance. Barlo wanted the entire tribe slaughtered as offerings for his brothers.

"Javelin team!"

After a round of arrow shooting, Haga let out a loud cry as another volley of arrows was unleashed.

Hundreds of strong orcs with five-meter-long javelins appeared behind the archers. The sharp points of the javelins were tilted at 45 degrees toward the sky as they welcomed the flying unit after the first round of metal eagles fell from the sky.

"Be careful!"

Barlo was in shock when he saw the patch of javelins appear at the city wall all of a sudden. He quickly shouted a warning, and pulled on the reins of his steel eagle to change its course.

However, not everyone could react as quickly as Barlo.

The steel eagles could not evade in time, and dove headfirst into the javelins.

The five-meter-long javelins pierced through the steel eagles' bodies, turning the knights on their backs into skewers. Fresh blood splattered onto the city walls majestically.

"Retreat! Retreat!" Barlo shouted frantically as he tried to maneuver his steel eagle up into the sky.

This was the first fearsome level of resistance that they had encountered in their battles today. The opponent seemed to know their battle tactics, and was able to employ highly effective and intimidating methods to cause them the greatest harm.

Although Barlo was a 7th-tier knight, he only had around 20 to 30 men left with him. On top of that, the opponents had highly skilled orcs. Retreating was his only choice, and was also his best choice.

Hundreds of steel eagles had flocked over furiously, but in the blink of an eye, there were only tens of them left scurrying for their lives.

"Release!"

However, just then, the second round of shooting started from the orcs.

Hundreds of archers aimed at the remaining 20-30 steel eagles, leaving only three flying haphazardly towards the valley with arrows in them.

The cavalry that rushed out from the valley happened to see the metal eagles in their diving attack at the orcs halfway up the mountain. Before the scenario they expected happened, the steel eagles started falling from the sky. After that, some of them were pinned to the city wall for no reason, and of the last few that fled, only three managed to escape the raining arrows.

"What's going on?" The cavalry watched in disbelief.

When they were attacking the other orc tribes, no matter how large the tribes were, the steel eagles were still able to cause maximum damage and spread chaos among defenders.

"We've won!" Habeng shouted excitedly with his fists held high.

The orcs all cheered.

This was a war destined to stop at the Uto Tribe.

"Clear up the battlefield and drag the steel eagles on the city wall into the settlement. They will serve as fantastic food." Haga put his bow down. He was still calm, and was not basking in pride because of the victory under his command.



“This is just the Roth Empire’s first troop, and it is only one of their first troops. We will be dealt with an even stronger attack! The enemy is large in number. I need everyone to stand out to protect our homes and fight for our families!” Haga shouted as he raised his fist to the sky.

“Fight! Fight! Fight!!!”

The orcs held their fists and shouted along.

The cavalry, around 30,000 in number, rode through the valley, and charged straight for the Uto Tribe’s settlement.

One entire steel eagle troop was almost completely wiped out. This was immense humiliation to the soldiers of the Roth Empire.

They wanted to make this tiny tribe that was only a dot on the map vanish forever, just like the previous tribes.

The catapults were loaded again, and the archers tightened their grip on their bows as they stood at the city wall, watching the Roth Empire’s cavalry approach.

The javelin teams placed the javelins aside for a while as they took their positions in front of a pile of giant rocks.

Meanwhile, at the bottom of the city wall, other orcs were already getting ready to support the battle, including passing the giant rocks at the bottom of the city wall up and filling in for those who fell during the close quarters engagement after the enemy broke through the defense of the wall..

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“Barlo, what’s going on?” a middle-aged general dressed in full armor asked Barlo, who looked very pale, and was receiving medical treatment for the arrow in his shoulder.

Charlie was a lieutenant general with the allied forces. He had a rich experience, and was also a very strong 9th-tier knight.

This time, the military suddenly gave orders to attack the orcs, so he led an army of 30,000 troops with the goal of fighting their way through the entire Twilight Forest, and splitting it apart.

The order for dealing with the orc tribes that had fallen was to slaughter everyone.

The orcs weren’t actually weak, but that was only if they united and had all their elite powerhouses gathered beforehand to form a strong army of orcs.

When the individual orc tribes were in battle, they could not withstand a single blow from the Roth Empire’s cavalry, which was well-trained and numerous.

However, this little tribe’s settlement built halfway up the mountain actually managed to defeat the steel eagle troops. That was equivalent to defeating their strength in the air. Therefore, Charlie had to find out what happened.

“Sir, they are very crafty. We were ambushed. They came prepared. That’s why we’ve suffered heavy losses..” Barlo looked at Charlie with grievance as tears started welling up in his eyes.

## Chapter 1957: Delicious Resentment

“Royal Father, why did we suddenly launch attacks on the orcs and elves?” Sean asked with bewilderment as he followed behind Andre on their way to their flying steed.

Andre’s face sank, and he whispered, “I want to find out right now who deployed my army behind my back.”

“Isn’t that your order?” Sean’s expression changed. Andre had absolute control over the Roth Empire’s army. On top of that, the Roth Empire’s marshal was right beside them now. If it was not Andre’s orders, who could have deployed both the northwestern and southeastern troops at the same time to start the war?

“Could it be Josh?” Sean exclaimed.

“It’s not him.” Andre dismissed that conjecture without even thinking. “If the Magus Tower is in control of Rodu, it might still be him. However, no one other than me could deploy the two armies.”

“I was just making a guess. Please do not be alarmed. After all, the only person in Rodu who could have enough power to do this is Josh. All of us happen to be in Chaos City.” Sean quickly lowered his head.

Upon hearing that, Andre’s expression turned serious. He turned to the other official beside him, and asked, “Is there any news from Rodu?”

“Your Majesty, everything is normal in Rodu currently. There were no abnormalities,” the official replied respectfully.

“Did Josh send any message?” Andre asked again.

“The second prince did not send any message. However, there is news from Rodu that he is currently trying to maintain order in Rodu.”

Andre nodded, and said, “Send out my command. The Roth Empire will enter warfare mode. We will proceed with the dual-line battle[a] according to the original plan. We’ll return to Rodu first.”

“Yes,” that official replied.

“Your Majesty, can I proceed to the Twilight Forest? If anything happened internally within the army, it would be my responsibility, and I hope to eradicate that problem personally,” Dominic told Andre with a grave expression.

The army had started a war with the orcs and elves, bypassing him and His Majesty. That meant that they had already lost control over the empire’s army. As the marshal of the empire, he had to be held accountable.

What he wanted to find out right now was who could infiltrate the army’s system to come out with something so severe.

Their target this time might be the orcs and the elves, but what if their next target was Rodu? This was unacceptable to any ruler.

"I hope you can give me a satisfactory reply," Andre replied Dominic as he paused in his steps.

"Yes." Dominic nodded and left quickly.

In no time at all, a black griffin took off from the city lord's castle, and went in the northwestern direction.

Immediately after that, several flying steeds flew towards the north.

"Josh, you're actually courting your own death. That's unexpected." Sean smiled coldly as he sat on the griffin's back.

Attacking the orcs had nothing to do with Sean, and it was also not the king's command. Therefore, the only one who could be capable of it was Josh.

However, he was shocked at how Josh could infiltrate the military, and even control the northwestern army and deploy it.

As for Josh's motive, Sean guessed that it was to start a war during the peace talks so that the various races would be angry about it, thus taking it out on Andre and Sean, and keeping them at Chaos City. That way, Josh would naturally become the king of the Roth Empire.

However, no matter how much Josh had schemed, he would not expect that although the various races were angry, they did not even attempt to hold them back.

The Roth Empire's best powerhouses had gone to Chaos City with them. Whoever wanted to touch them would have to think twice whether it was worth it to make things turn ugly with the Roth Empire over the orcs.

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The Twilight Forest, in the settlement of a tribe that was just wiped out.

Amidst the ruins and flickering flames lay countless lifeless orc bodies.

Josh, with his hair let down, stood on one of the fallen walls with his eyes closed and arms wide open.

Black fog started rising around his body, quickly rushing towards him and into his body, forming a ball of black fog around him, and making him look rather hazy.

"Delicious resentment. A taste I miss oh so much..." The greedy and hysterical voice rang in Josh's heart as his lips curled up in a cold smile.

The black fog was fully absorbed before Josh opened his eyes.

The heavy fog slowly dispersed, and an evil red flashed across his eyes as the evil aura around him increased drastically.

Josh clenched his fists to feel that strong surge of power flowing within him.

This was power, not magic!

After absorbing all the resentment from the massacred tribe, his power started increasing by leaps and bounds.

If it could be quantified, it would be equivalent to a 9th-tier knight.

He was really elated that as a magic caster, his power could be elevated to that similar to a 9th-tier knight's in a short span of half a day.

"The 9th-tier to 10th-tier is a huge step forward. You will still require a large tribe to provide you with resentment. The Aug Tribe, which has a population of a few hundred thousand orcs, is not a bad choice..." The devilish voice sounded again.

"In that case, we'll choose the Aug Tribe." Josh smiled. He pulled out a piece of special military-use paper, and wrote two lines on it before sending it out to the frontline warriors.

"I've plotted for so many years. Now, everything is gone. What a pity..." Josh looked towards the east, and laughed self-mockingly.

"As long as you wipe the entire Twilight Forest out, and absorb all this resentment, you will be able to become the real powerhouse, which is what they deem a god. When that happens, the Roth Empire will be yours, even the entire Norland Continent." The devil's voice rang in Josh's head.

"If anyone was to blame, it would be Alex for being too pushy, and Royal Father far being too biased. If I can't have it, I'll destroy it. If you guys like war, I will help you start the war. I want to see who gets the last laugh." Josh stopped smiling, and transformed into a cloud of black smoke, disappearing within the dense forest.

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"Your Highness, the fifth barrier of the northwestern border was completely destroyed. The Roth Empire's army has already entered the Wind Forest, and we can't stop them!" a commander reported as he rushed into a tent.

"What?!"

The elves in the tent, who were coming up with a plan to eradicate the enemy, all had a grave expression when they heard the news.

Sally's brows were also tightly knitted together. However, she still remained composed. She looked at the commander, and said, "Where are the Keynes, Lardnar, and Statt Family?"

These three large families resided in the northwestern part of the Wind Forest, being in the way of the Roth Empire's invasion.

"The Keynes Family fought hard, and were defeated. The Lardnar and Statt Family have already fled southwards before the enemy attacked them," the commander reported.

[a]do you mean that they are going to fight both orcs and elves (on two sides)?

if so, we instead need to use:

war on two fronts

I think stockpile should be low, so you can directly replace it if I'm right.. If not, and it is some other unknown stuff author dreamed up, you can just resolve this comment and we will leave this be

#### Chapter 1958: Retreating Is Not An Option

"Bastards!" Sally clenched her fists. This bunch of cowardly rodents caused the Wind Forest to be in such a precarious situation.

Next, she asked the elves beside her, "How much longer would the guards in the south need to retreat?"

"It would take half a day to deploy all of them back to our core area," the elf replied quickly.

Sally frowned. "No, that is too slow. Get them to abandon all military supplies, and rush back at full speed. Otherwise, by the time they arrive at the forest, the Roth Empire's cavalry will probably have reduced this place to a piece of flat land."

"In my opinion, we should just surrender. The Roth Empire is too strong. We aren't their match at all," Elliot said nervously. "Right now, the queen is still uncontactable, and High Priest Helena is not in the forest. What can we use to put up a fight against the Roth Empire army?"

"Yes, the Roth Empire is too strong. We aren't their match."

"Your Highness, why don't you have a talk with the Roth Empire. We'll surrender. We're not fighting."

A few other elves agreed. The news of the Roth Empire cavalry attacking the forest had already made many elves flustered.

"Shut up!" Sally shouted.

There was a sudden pin-drop silence. All the elves looked at Sally, and could not help but swallow their saliva.

"The Roth Empire cavalry has just reached the outer perimeters of the Wind Forest, and all of you are already eager to surrender. Back then, almost the entire forest was occupied, but we didn't give up until the end. Where did all your courage go after just a short century? Where is the fighting spirit to protect this forest till the end that you once had?" Sally looked at the elves with disappointment in her eyes. "All of you have shed your blood of passion for this forest. Now that the forest needs you once again, are you going to give up?"

The elves lowered their heads in shame, afraid of meeting Sally's eyes.

This princess who seemed rather amiable and kind currently exuded an aura similar to Irina's.

"The Roth Empire used to be our ally, but from the moment they launched an attack on the Wind Forest, retreating was not an option." Sally's tone turned colder. "If you don't want to become a slave to the Roth Empire, take out that passion that you had in your younger days when you drove the orcs and demons out of the forest, and drive these invaders out of the Wind Forest!"

Elliot wanted to continue. "But—"

“Those who dampen the military’s morale shall be put to death immediately,” Sally told Elliot coldly.

Elliot swallowed the words that were on the tip of his tongue. Although Sally was his daughter, he could tell that she was not kidding judging from her expression.

“Chase the humans out!”

“Chase the Roth Empire out!”

The elves shouted loudly as the atmosphere in the tent grew passionate. Everyone seemed to have found themselves back when they were embroiled in the racial war.

“I’ve just received news that the high priestess is on her way back. I will go to the queen to see if she can come out of seclusion.” Following that, Sally said, “I will hand everything in the military to Master Denton. He was part of the planning team back then. I don’t care what any of you think. Master Denton has the last say in any planning. Those who go against his orders will be executed!”

“I will do my best,” an elderly elf told Sally sincerely as he slowly stood up.

“Thank you.” Sally nodded before leaving the tent.

“Whew...” After walking out of the tent, Sally took a long breath out. She turned back to check that no one followed. After that, she fanned her burning cheeks with her hands, and looked at her sweaty palms. She smiled bitterly, and realized that she was really far from catching up with Irina. If the latter had been here now, she would probably have done better, right?

“This time, will she stand with the forest?” Sally looked towards the south before rushing off in the direction of the Tree of Life.

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“Chaos. This is complete chaos. This might be a good time for us to stage a revolt.”

“Yes. We’ll start a revolt amidst the chaos. Maybe we can get more people on board with us.”

“The chance to overthrow the tyrannical rule is here.”

The few leaders of the Night Elves had met up once again.

“No. This is about the survival of the entire race. The Roth Empire is very strong, much stronger than the orcs and demons back then. We cannot bring even bigger chaos to the forest,” Snarr said solemnly.

“Right now, the Wind Forest is a cage. None of the elves have freedom. In that case, why don’t we let it be destroyed and rebuild it? Wasn’t this our original plan?” One of the elves looked at Snarr with bewilderment.

“Princess Irina once said that no matter how terrible the elves are, it is our internal matter. It’s not for others to interfere.” Snarr shook his head. He looked at the elves, and said, “I called all of you over urgently once again to remind all of us not to have any such thoughts during this time. Our first goal is to fight the Roth Empire’s invasion, and to chase the invaders out of the forest before we solve our internal issues.”

The elves all fell in deep thought before finally agreeing.

“Will Princess Irina come back this time?” another elf asked.

“I think so.” Snarr nodded with conviction.

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The Uto Tribe had successfully defeated the Roth Empire flying troops’ attack. The orcs were elated at the achievement of almost annihilating their enemies.

However, Haga did not seem very happy. Instead, he was looking out at the endless stream of the Roth Empire cavalry rolling in from the valleys afar. The line of troops stretched on, and he roughly estimated the numbers to be above 30,000.

30,000 fully armored elite cavalymen with numerous magic casters with them.

It was the Roth Empire military’s unique point to have a certain ratio of magic casters with cavalry. This would allow for more possibilities for the cavalry, which only had one way of attacking.

An army of such scale would have more than one magic caster of the 8th-tier and higher. This was a huge threat to the Uto Tribe.

“Get ready for battle, the enemy is coming again!” Haga turned to the orcs on the wall and at the bottom of the wall as he said, “This time, the battle will be very tough. The tribes that were defeated have been reduced to ashes. We have to fight to protect our tribe and our tribesmen!”

“Fight!”

“Fight!!”

The orcs’ howls and shouts echoed around the tribe.

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“The position of this tribe is very important. We have to go through the valley in front, and if we don’t take this tribe down, they could cut out our chain of supply any time.” Charlie, who was on horseback, looked out at the tribe halfway up the mountain.

The orcs were rough and egoistic. They would usually be very casual about choosing a location for their tribes’ settlements, and would rarely consider practical reasons like defensiveness. It was rare for an orc settlement to be in such a strategic position.

However, the tribe in front of them had to be taken down, whether it was to take revenge for their flying troops or for that critical location.

“It’s just a small tribe. General, allow me to take 2000 men with me to finish it off,” a captain said confidently.

However, Charlie shook his head, and looked at the tribe with a solemn expression as he said, “This tribe could defeat our steel eagles without their powerhouses. This means that this tribe is good with its

defense. We can't spend too much time here.. Summon all the magic casters to the front line. I will personally lead this attack!"

### **Chapter 1959: You Orcs Have To Defend Yourselfes**

"How's the situation in the Twilight Forest now?" Mag asked Connie and Rex after they left the city lord's castle.

"The Roth Empire's 200,000 northwestern allied forces were split into six forces, and launched an attack on the Twilight Forest. All the tribes along the borders have fallen, and the Roth Empire massacred all the tribes that they have conquered," Rex said with a grave expression.

"Did they kill everyone?" Mag became grave too when he heard that. Such behavior was no different from the times of the racial war.

He couldn't understand why Andre was doing this. Killing those innocent orcs would only worsen the conflict and make the orcs furious. It would also offend the other races. There were no advantages whatsoever.

"Yes." Rex nodded. He was also shocked when he received the news. "The orc tribes are all fighting on their own. They are not the Roth Empire's troops' match at all. We have to go back as soon as possible to mobilize all the tribes. We have to organize resistance against the Roth Empire's invading forces."

"Lantide and I will help you guys." Mag flicked a glance at Dexter, who followed him out, and then whistled. Ah Zi appeared in the air. It hovered one round before landing in front of him.

"I will go to the Twilight Forest to check out the situation first. I can stop one of the six forces for you." Mag leaped onto the griffin's back, and said to Connie, "As for the rest of them, you orcs have to defend yourselves until the Peace Alliance's allied forces' arrival."

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The ground was trembling. It was caused by tens of thousands of cavalymen moving forward together.

The sounds of the iron hooves stomping brought a terrible sense of oppression to the little tribe on top of the mountain.

The exhilaration from exterminating the steel eagle troop had dissipated. The orcs from the Uto Tribe looked increasingly solemn as they listened to the sounds of the iron hooves approaching.

However, fear couldn't be seen on their faces at all.

Haga and Habeng stood on the city wall like two small hills. They looked down at the Roth Empire's cavalry that was rapidly approaching the Uto Tribe.

The canyon was long and narrow. Only three to four steeds could make their way through at the same time. Moreover, the road to the Uto Tribe was winding and rugged. It was already extremely difficult to ride on horseback, let alone charge through it.

This terrain was a nightmare to the invaders, but to the defenders, it was a natural barrier.



Habeng spat, and angrily said, "Good fellows. They are indeed coming for our tribe. There are at least 20,000 to 30,000 knights. These sons of b\*tches really take us seriously."

"This matter was not going to end well after we got rid of one of their flying steed troops." Haga helped him adjust his armor before patting on his shoulder hard and chuckling. "Are you afraid?"

"No." Habeng laughed. "However, it's a pity. I have wanted to go buy a few roujiamos from Boss Mag in Chaos City."

"After this battle is over, I'll bring you to eat them." Haga chuckled too.

"Alright." Habeng nodded. He looked at the Roth Empire's cavalry in the canyon, and suddenly no longer found them hard to handle and terrifying.

The Roth Empire's cavalymen assembled at the bottom of the mountain quickly. Their formation maintained a safe distance away from the Uto Tribe. The orcs could see them assembling quickly, but they couldn't bring any effective damage to them.

On the city wall, the archers and javelin throwers were ready, and the strongmen responsible for throwing the rocks were standing behind them.

The Uto Tribe didn't have magic casters. Their terrain advantage and strength were their greatest reliance.

After an hour of confrontation, the Roth Empire's troops that had finished assembling charged towards the Uto Tribe.

The cavalry led the charge, followed by the archers, and 10-odd magic casters in black robes made up the rear. The advance force of 3000 rapidly charged up the mountain.

"We have to get rid of those magic casters first." Haga looked at those magic casters in black robes making up the rear with a solemn expression.

Judging from the badges on their chests, there were one 8th-tier magic caster and two 7th-tier magic casters among them, while the rest were 4th-tier and 5th-tier magic casters.

On the battlefield, the biggest use of the magic casters wasn't their individual killing capability, but their assistance in helping the troops advance with magic, which would then influence the entire battle situation.

The Roth Empire's army was powerful because they let the magic casters form an important part of their military system. They had continuously proven that this system was correct in actual combat.

The cavalry led the charge, and a 7th-tier magic caster in the rear lifted his magic wand, beginning to release his magic.

The originally rugged mountain road began to twist and change. The ground shook, and a slope that was 10-odd meters wide appeared, and quickly stretched to the Uto Tribe.

The cavalry that had difficulty advancing immediately increased their speed, and quickly charged up the straight slope.

“Why did the road change?”

“It’s an earth magic caster!”

The orcs on the city wall were shocked. The originally rugged mountain road that could stop the enemy from advancing had become a straight and flat road that led straight to the city wall. It could allow six knights to charge at the same time side by side.

“Don’t panic. Listen to my orders!” Haga gravely yelled. “Archers, get ready!”

The panic eased, and the orc archers aimed their arrows towards the sky.

“Release!”

With Haga’s order, hundreds of arrows flew into the sky from the city wall and the interior of the city, making a beautiful parabola as they rained towards those charging knights.

However, just as the arrows were about to land on those knights, an ice barrier appeared above their heads.

Dook, dook, dook!

The arrows made a series of sounds on the ice, making ice shards fly everywhere. However, the arrows couldn’t pierce through the ice barrier.

A giant ice slab hovered above the knights as they continued to charge up the mountain.

In the magic casters’ formation, the only 8th-tier magic caster was chanting. The tip of his magic wand was blinking, and he was looking at the top of the mountain sardonically.

“The arrows were blocked!” The orcs went white when they saw that. That was their most lethal attack, and yet it was blocked by a magic caster’s single spell.

Habeng drew out his saber, and angrily said, “These sinister fellows keep hiding. I will go hack them now!”

Haga stopped Habeng, and gave an order at the same time. “Javelins, launch!”

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

Hundreds of several-meter-long javelins were tossed out by the strong orcs. The sharp javelins’ tips gleamed coldly under the sunlight. The orcs’ powerful strength gave these javelins terrifying speed.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The javelins landed on the ice slab, making dull thuds. The sharp tips pierced into the ice slab, but most of them were stuck in the slab. They couldn’t hurt the knights below it.

However, there were also dozens of javelins that pierced through the ice slab, and nailed the knights and their horses to the ground.

Dozens of big and small holes appeared on the ice barrier, but it was still hovering above the knights steadily.

“Catapult, release!”

“Catapult teams, get ready!”

“The children and the elderly will go into the cellar. Others, prepare for battle!”

Haga issued order after order calmly. At the same time, he aimed his arrow at that 8th-tier magic caster..

### **Chapter 1960: That Man Had Finally Arrived**

The burning rocks, with their fiery red tails, flew towards the ice slab. Some of them exploded after being ignited by fireballs flying over from below. The rare few that managed to escape the fireballs crashed into the ice, making a gigantic hole and smashing many knights.

Most of the orcs’ arrows could not pierce through the ice shield. Therefore, as the enemy started closing in, they chose to throw their giant rocks.

Although there were many strong orcs, they were still not catapults. The effect of the giant rocks after meeting with the ice shield was minuscule.

With the magic casters involved in the battle, the Uto Tribe, which had a geographical edge, suddenly became the passive side.

The path had already connected to the bottom of the wall. On top of that, the ground beneath the wall started to shake and rise. It was apparent that the earth magic casters wanted the path to connect all the way to the top of the wall so that the cavalry could rush up to the city wall, and take it down at the lowest cost possible.

The moment they broke through the defense of the wall, they would have broken through the Uto Tribe’s defense too.

The expressions of the orcs on the wall were ghastly. This was the first time they faced the Roth Empire’s army head-on.

No one knew that just the first 3,000 of their vanguard would render the Uto Tribe so pathetic and helpless.

The difference in their strength and tactics was magnified.

The vanguards inched forward steadily, and when they were around 200 meters away from the wall, the ice shield was replaced by a translucent light shield all of a sudden.

Immediately, thousands of archers started shooting at the Uto Tribe.

Arrows rained down on the orcs on the wall.

“Shields!” Haga shouted.

The orcs quickly picked up the vine shields beside them.

Dook, dook, dook!

The arrows landed on the vine shields. Many of them pierced through the thin vine shields and stabbed into the orcs. Moans and screams could be heard everywhere.

While the orcs were busy defending, and did not have the time to react, the first 1,000 cavalymen suddenly accelerated up the slope. At the same time, the ground below the wall started rising steadily, and was about to connect to the top of the wall.

Whoosh!

Just then, an arrow flew past the knights, grazing past the ear of an archer, and pierced right into the neck of an earth magic caster who was raising his magic wand up high, and chanting a spell loudly.

The horrifying force brought him off the back of his horse, and pinned him to the hill.

The pathway was only two meters away from the top of the city wall, and was unable to rise anymore.

The fastest cavalymen had already arrived at the bottom of the wall.

“Take out your blades and kill them!”

Haga threw the bow and arrow in his hands, picked up a machete beside him, and chopped off the head of the knight dashing right at the front.

The orcs all threw their shields away, picked up their weapons, and started hacking the knights below the city wall.

The remaining two-meter-tall wall was no longer a tall wall. A few horses and corpses were enough to form a stairwell up the wall.

This attack-defense battle had moved into the most brutal stage.

As the magic casters' spells started to ring by the orcs' ears, fireballs and icicles flew towards the tribe. Many of the orcs who could not dodge in time were killed instantly.

Haga and Habeng were each just like the god of death as they stood at the city wall with their machetes, with a pile of knight corpses beneath their feet.

“Second echelon, set off and take this small tribe down. We have already wasted too much time here,” Charlie ordered as he nonchalantly watched the brutal battle unfold.

3000 cavalymen rushed right up the mountain once again, led by a captain to aid the vanguard in taking down the Uto Tribe.

Although they did not expect such a huge resistance from such a small tribe, this was still a small tribe with no powerhouses. They were still nothing in front of the strong imperial army. Charlie looked at the map in his hands, and was already planning the next target and the army's route.

The Uto Tribe was in complete chaos at this moment. Houses were set ablaze by the magic fireballs, and orcs were running away from the fireballs and icicles crashing down from the sky. At the same time, they had to run towards the city wall to battle it out with the cavalry that had entered the tribe.

Half of the city wall had been taken over. Only Haga and Habeng, and a few other orcs by them, were fighting in the bloodbath. Everyone was stained with fresh blood, and had the corpses of their tribesmen lying beside them.

The feeling of hopelessness had started to spread. All the orcs knew they could not defend their tribe anymore. What they were about to face was the massacre of the entire tribe.

The Roth Empire's cavalry was way too powerful, and it was not something the Uto Tribe could resist.

At the same time, they did not know where the reinforcements were. There was no one left to save them.

The Roth Empire's cavalry could also see victory right in front of their eyes. Although this tribe was small, they were way stronger than the several previous tribes. Even if the orcs knew they were no match for their enemy, none of them retreated. That made the fight rather tough.

Habeng came to Haga as he sent a knight flying with a swoosh of his machete, and told him softly, "Big Brother, you bring the people with you and retreat from the back. I'll block them!"

"I'll clear up. You bring the people and retreat. I'll look for you guys after that." Haga intercepted a sword that was coming at Habeng, and his arm was slashed by another knight.

"I'm not leaving!" Habeng chopped off the arm of that knight, and looked at Haga. There would be no way to escape. He would just be using his life to buy time.

"Leave with the descendants of the Uto Tribe. That way, we will not be wiped out." Haga pushed Habeng behind him, and rushed forward with his machete towards the captain that was giving commands.

"Big Brother!"

That captain saw Haga as well. He pointed to Haga with his sword, and said, "Kill that commander, and you'll be rewarded handsomely!"

The knights around Haga quickly locked their deathly gaze on him, and rushed towards him with their swords. He was a moving chest of gold!

Everyone knew very clearly that the death of this leader would mark the end of this battle.

"For the tribe!" Haga shouted loudly, and held his machete with both hands, dashing forward without a care.

"For the tribe!!!"

The orcs all let out an angry cry, and launched their last attack on the knights.

Habeng turned and leapt off the city wall. He ran towards the back of the tribe with tears streaming down his face. He had to bring the children along with him to ensure that the Uto Tribe's lineage would go on.

Boom!

Just then, thunder clattered.

A bolt of silver lightning slashed across the sky, striking the group of knights right in front of the Uto Tribe.

With the thunderous roar and lightning strike, everything within a 10-meter radius of the strike was reduced to ashes.

All the horses and knights were struck numb by the lightning.

At the bottom of the path, horses went hysterical from fear, and all of a sudden knights started falling off their horses, causing sudden chaos.

When the dazzling light from the lightning faded away, a sword stood right in the center of the struck area.

“Tian Du sword!” some of the knights exclaimed.

Howl...

Just then, a long howl echoed in the sky.

A purple-striped griffin descended, and stopped just above the Uto Tribe.

On the back of that griffin sat a man in silver armor.

That man had finally arrived...