

Another World 261

Chapter 261 - Poetic Payback

Rumbling galloping broke the silence on the prairie, and the dust they kicked up in passing seemed to hasten the setting of the sun. Wales didn't want to witness a scene where brothers engaged in mutual violence. He sat on his own mount in silence. He didn't wear any armor. Instead, he wore a robe, and his large axe was stuck into the grassy ground next to him.

Mendez was in a similar get-up as Wales, but his large axe was in his hands. 400 warriors in arms had lined up behind them. Behind them was Zhao Hai's undead army.

A black line soon appeared on the distant horizon, coming towards them like a torrent. Wales squinted at it, while Mendez and the others gripped their weapons tightly.

Very soon, the galloping sounds became greater. It was as if the earth itself were trembling because of it. But this had no effect on Wales and the others. They were standing there quietly. Wales even closed his own eyes softly.

Soon the galloping died down as it got closer. Wales knew that Gasol wasn't far away from them now. He then opened his eyes.

The sun was about to set completely. Although it wasn't too far, Wales was still not be able to make out the faces on the other side. Gradually, Wales was able to determine that the one in the lead was indeed Gasol.

What surprised Wales was that there weren't many herculean bulls among the troops Gasol had brought with him. There were only 500. The rest were all fighting bulls. Wales was puzzled as to why so many fighting bulls had come alongside Gasol.

Just then, Mendez grunted coldly, "Little Hai was right. Gasol got the Fighting Bull Tribe's support. No wonder he has such gall. What an idiot."

Wales knew what Mendez's words meant. The herculean bulls had held 2 attitudes when it came to the fighting bulls. One was affectionate, and another was being cautious behind closed doors. The former was Gasol and his lot's attitude, while the latter was Wales and his father's attitude.

Wales knew well the threat the fighting bulls posed. Gasol leading so many fighting bulls to deal with him right now was something that made Wales gnash his teeth in anger. Now, he suspected that the reason Gasol had treated his father in such a way was due to the fighting bulls giving him that idea.

Wales gradually calmed down after taking a few deep breaths. Gasol and the others slowly came to a stop about 100 metres in front of them.

Even though Gasol and the others numbered 2000, all of them were tall and brawny beastmen, which was why they appeared to be black and boundless from a distance.

Zhao Hai saw Gasol and the others, but what he noticed more, were the ones beside him.

The ones next to him were also from a bull-headed race. One thing about them that was different from the smooth-skinned herculean bulls was that their faces had short black hair, while their horns were curved instead of straight. The short length of their curved horns made them look like pairs of daggers.

Just when Zhao Hai was sizing up these bull-headed people he had never seen before, Yale let out a cold snort, "As expected of the fighting bulls. They're the ones who have been supporting Gasol."

Zhao Hai immediately understood that the ones he was looking at were fighting bulls. He asked Yale with incomprehension, "Mr. Yale, didn't big brother intend to get the Fighting Bull Tribe's support? Why is it that they're all very close to Gasol right now?"

Yale sighed, "Actually, the fighting bulls are split into 2 sides. One side is the faction under the current fighting bull chieftain. They are close to Gasol, and they're also the ones the eldest princess and 4th princess were married to. The other side is the Fighting Bull Tribe's West Wonder King's faction, who are closer to the late chieftain and young master Wales. 2nd princess and 3rd princess were married to this side. Young master was trying to meet the West Wonder King's faction."

Zhao Hai nodded and asked, "If the fighting bulls have never been united, how can they threaten the herculean bulls' position as the ruling race?"

Yale sighed yet again, "Actually, the Fighting Bull Tribe was originally united, and it was much stronger back then, to the point of threatening the Herculean Bull Tribe's position as the ruling tribe. The late chieftain discovered this, so he intentionally supported the West Wonder King, who is at odds with the fighting bull chieftain. The plan was very successful. Under the tribe's backing, the Fighting Bull Tribe was divided into 2 factions. Although West Wonder King's strength wasn't as great as the chieftain's, it wasn't weak either. However, in recent years, the chieftain had gotten close to Gasol. In order to get the Fighting Bull Tribe's support, Gasol started supporting the chieftain. Now, the chieftain's strength is much stronger than it was before, and West Wonder King is now at a complete disadvantage."

Yale continued, "Perhaps this was something they have learned from the Herculean Bull Tribe. Our tribe once supported West Wonder King, who was able to fracture the tribe, but unable to shake up the Fighting Bull Tribe's chieftain. And in return, the Fighting Bull Tribe is now supporting Gasol to achieve the chieftain's position, which has divided the Herculean Bull Tribe, while getting a lot of benefits in the process. If Gasol wages wars, a lot of the herculean bull young adults will perish, and the tribe's strength will decrease greatly. When that time comes, no one will be able to stop the fighting bulls when they seize the position of the ruling race."

To use one's ways against them in return. Poetic payback. Zhao Hai suddenly thought about this. He didn't expect that the beastmen, who appeared to be straightforward and inflexible, would also be capable of twists and turns. It seemed that no sentient race on this world was to be underestimated.

Yale continued after a disappointed exhale, "The Herculean Bull Tribe was vicious back then, and the Fighting Bull Tribe was split. Now, the Fighting Bull Tribe is even more vicious. They want the Herculean Bull Tribe's roots to be cut. Grasses without roots will wither over time."

Zhao Hai watched those fighting bulls with disbelief. He thought that the fighting bull chieftain was impressive on account that he had plotted it all out to this extent. Including perhaps even the death of the previous herculean bull chieftain.

Just then, Wales didn't make a single move; he was just watching Gasol calmly, who was appearing to be spirited. However, Gasol's expression wasn't pleasant right now, especially after seeing the undead creatures behind Wales.

Gasol put down his reins softly and walked out. The 2 escorts next to him were one herculean bull and one fighting bull. They were muscular and had gruesome scars. They appeared to be ones who should not be taken lightly.

Wales put down his reins as well and walked towards Gasol. Mendez followed him with his weapon in his hands. They slowly got closer, until both sides were only 10 metres away from each other.

Gasol stared at Wales coldly, "You have indeed colluded with humans, Wales. You really are a traitor to the Herculean Bull Tribe."

Wales spoke coldly in response, "Everyone knows who has colluded with humans, Gasol. An idiot like you is only worthy of being used by others."

Gasol let out a cold laugh, "Your words are useless. I am the chieftain, and you are the traitor. Surrender, brother, and I will spare your life."

Wales stared coldly at Gasol, "You could kill even our father and our sickly 5th brother. Can I even believe you? Now I'm really suspicious. Does the blood of herculean bulls flow in your veins? Or is it not blood at all, but murky bull urine instead?"

Gasol's eyes flared at Wales. Even though he killed his own father, he hadn't spoken a word of it. He only claimed that his father was poisoned. What Wales was doing now was like slapping Gasol on the face. How could Gasol take it?

Gasol grumbled with anger, "Who said I killed our father? I'm saying he was killed by you. You dared to team up with human black mages. Who on the continent doesn't know that black mages are the most evil of them all? They're the best at using poison."

Wales laughed coldly, "Didn't you say that father died of illness? How has it become 'he was poisoned' now? No matter how poisonous black mages' poisons are, they are not as poisonous as your heart. Your heart has already betrayed the Beast God. You will be judged."

Gasol's expression changed, and he then spoke coldly, "Cut the bullshit. You won't elude death no matter what you say, traitor. You think that handful of people and those loose bones will win against us? Stop dreaming and prepare to die."

Wales retorted coldly, "I will let you know today, Gasol, that you are not invincible. I didn't want to do this, since I thought that you would bring our tribe's warriors. But since you have brought the Fighting Bull Tribe's people, I don't need to hold back. Accept death, Gasol."

Gasol replied, "Ignorant runt. How can undead creatures compare to us beastmen in terms of strength, Wales? You're incapable of living down your reputation of being smart. I think you are a fool."

Wales gave Gasol a cold smile, "You are speaking too much crap, Gasol. Can it be that after a long time without battles, you have become a useless person who only knows how to move his lips?"

Gasol snorted coldly. He knew that he would never be a match for Wales in conversations, so he didn't speak any further. He turned around and walked back to his troops. Wales also returned to his escorts.

Chapter 262 - 'Finish Him Off After Drinking'

Yale knew after watching Wales and Gasol's expressions that the conversation had fallen through. He turned to Zhao Hai and said, "The talks have soured. Get ready to make your move."

Zhao Hai smiled, "It's not a big deal. Most of the people Gasol brought with him are fighting bulls. This is even better. I can use all of my might. To be honest, I'm still unwilling to fight against herculean bulls."

Yale smiled at Zhao Hai, "I feel that you are more and more like a herculean bull yourself. On Beastmen Prairie, the power of a race isn't just about how powerful the ruling race is. It's more about the overall strength of a whole race. Whether it's fighting bulls or herculean bulls, they all seem to have forgotten about this issue. We buffalos know about this, but when it comes to conflicts of interests, they rarely listen to us. That's why, even though we have prophets, it's useless for us to persuade them. You can see this point clearly. You don't like to make a move against herculean bulls, yet you want to deal with fighting bulls. Although it looks like an extermination of life on the prairie, it's a good thing from another perspective. If the Fighting Bull Tribe becomes too powerful, it will surely engage in conflict against Herculean Bull Tribe, as long as both race's tribes are the strongest among the bull-headed races. If they don't come into conflict, then all of the bull-headed races will be stronger. There is only one way to prevent conflict amongst them; Make one side completely stronger than the other to make the other side unable to fight back."

Zhao Hai smiled, "I seriously haven't thought about it that much. I'm just thinking about what's best for big brother. The bull-headed races are a major race together. Simply having the herculean bulls' support isn't going to work. The other branch races have to become stronger as well, so that the entire race can be even stronger. But the situation here is that only a single powerful race can rule the entire bunch. The whole bunch of races keep engaging in conflict. How can they become stronger?"

Zhao Hai went silent after speaking to this point. He suddenly thought about ancient China. Before the Qing Dynasty's resistance against 8 foreign powers, warlords engaged in skirmishes, industry fell behind the global pace, and there wasn't a centralized administration. Those were the reasons why China was so far behind the world, and an incomparably painful price was paid in order to fight back against all the intruders. If the bull-headed races were to keep on fighting each other like this, the outcome would not be much better than that of ancient China.

There was only one way to strengthen the entire bull-headed race; Let the bull-headed races have only one unshakable king. That was his reason for defeating the Fighting Bull Tribe.

Of course, Zhao Hai wasn't doing it entirely for Wales. Even though the two of them were blood-sworn brothers, he wasn't selfless to the point of removing every single one of Wales' obstacles.

He was actually doing it for himself as well. He currently had the best relationship with Wales and Spiel. Spiel was a given; his tribe was too small, and could be exterminated by others at any time. The only help Zhao Hai got from them was the friendship flag.

Wales was different; Wales was royalty, and right now, he was fighting for the chieftain's position. If he could become chieftain and thus remove all the obstacles in his path, it would bring Zhao Hai unimaginable benefits.

Although Zhao Hai was having a conversation with Yale inside Xenomorph, they were also paying attention to the battleground. The sky was darkening, which could be said to be bad for prairie battles. Zhao Hai didn't know if Gasol was going to attack at night, but he didn't have any worries. To him, night didn't have any affect on him.

He had undead creatures, and undead creatures were the true rulers of the night. For the undead, it was best that there was no light. They were the best night battle legion.

Now, Zhao Hai just wanted to see what Wales was going to do. If Wales wanted to attack right now, he wouldn't hold back as well. If Wales didn't want to, he wouldn't make a move.

He didn't want to steal Wales' spotlight. Even though he and Wales were blood-sworn brothers, even born siblings would turn into enemies in the face of power, not to mention blood-sworn brothers. Even if Wales would do nothing to Zhao Hai, it would be a great loss if Wales didn't support him. He was helping Wales in order to get Wales' support.

After Wales returned to his formation, Mendez spoke to him after a glance at Gasol's troops, "Are we going to hit him right now? Any later, and we will be unable to see."

Wales smiled, "No need to rush. Let's back away slowly. The sky is about to go dark. We can't see them, and they can't see us by then. But don't forget that little Hai's undead army is behind us. When have you ever heard of undead creatures being afraid of the dark?"

Mendez was reminded by Wales' words. There were still 4000 undead behind them. At night, the fighting power of undead creatures would be increased. This could only be something positive for them.

Mendez had decided that this battle must be fought. After all, they no longer had any reservations. If they let go of this chance, it would be more than a little humiliating.

After Wales lifted the axe that he had planted into the ground, he waved his hand to signal the 400 escorts to move backward slowly. Just then, Zhao Hai made the undead creatures advance at a gradual pace. Although he didn't discuss this with Wales, he made the most appropriate decision.

Xenomorph was mixed into this undead army, though it wasn't particularly eye-catching. Gasol and his troops wouldn't even know that there was a human mixed within this undead army.

Now, Wales and the others had gone behind the undead army, and were firmly protected by it. Even should Gasol start charging now, he would have to face the tall platoons of undead magic beasts.

Obviously, Gasol was not a battlefield virgin. He was a warrior who had been through 100 battles and was famed for being good at fighting in the Herculean Bull Tribe. It was impossible for Gasol not to know about what he was going to face.

The sun had just set, while the moon hadn't yet appeared. It was the darkest time. Fighting against an undead army now of all times would be an attempt at self-induced defeat. Gasol would never do it, so he waved his hand as well and led his 2000 cavalry to move backward slowly. It was obvious that they didn't want to engage in a night battle.

Wales nodded at the sight of Gasol's retreat, with no disruption to the formation. Wales spoke to Mendez, "6th brother, I have to say, Gasol really has a touch when it comes to fighting battles. It's unfortunate that he is so passionate about power. If he were willing to put up with us brothers, we could have made our race stronger and stronger."

Mendez sighed, "It was because of being too good at fighting battles that he has lost sight of himself. Now he has colluded with the fighting bulls, and maybe even humans to kill father, all in order to get that position. Has he never thought about whether the position is really that important? Working with fighting bulls is just like sleeping with wolves."

Wales spoke coldly, "The Fighting Bull Tribe has been waiting for this day, and Gasol actually went ahead and did this himself. It looks like we'll have to talk it out with our 2nd and 3rd sisters. Once we resolve the matter with Gasol, we will have to deal with the Fighting Bull Tribe as the next step. Now that the fighting bull chieftain isn't being honest, perhaps it's time for us to teach them a little lesson."

Mendez spoke coldly, "Then fight. Only fighting can make them settle down. I think it wouldn't be bad to let West Wonder King become the next Fighting Bull Tribe chieftain."

Wales replied, "Now is not yet the time. Besides, do you think West Wonder King is really dependable? If he didn't have ambitions, he wouldn't have left his tribe under father's support. Once he has enough strength one day, will he leave Herculean Bull Tribe's side as well? We can use such a person, but we must keep our eye on him and not let him run rampant."

Mendez nodded and then he smiled, "Do you know why I have always supported you, little 7th? It's because you're really smart. You're not like a beastman. There are too few smart people among us beastmen. You had great luck in finding little Hai. I believe he will help us, the herculean bulls, become the most famous race on the continent."

Wales smiled upon the mention of Zhao Hai. He laughed, "If I had to put it in a way I was happy with, I'm more relaxed when it comes to Zhai Hai compared to West Wonder King. He might threaten our rule, but little Hai won't. I'd rather trust little Hai who is a human and who cannot possibly threaten us."

Mendez nodded, "Yeah. Compared to West Wonder King, I'd rather trust little Hai. But you have to pay attention as well, little 7th. We cannot trust him completely. Don't forget the Black Bear Tribe's lesson."

Wales nodded, "Of course I won't forget, but you don't need to worry about this. When I met little Hai, I mentioned that, if he could help me, I could make him the Herculean Bull Tribe's sole grain dealer. Guess what he said?"

This piqued Mendez's interest. He hadn't known about this yet, so he asked curiously, "What did he say?"

Wales smiled, "He said he can help me, but he doesn't want to be the tribe's sole grain dealer. He just wants our tribe's friendship flag."

Mendez was stunned, and then sighed, "He is indeed different from other human merchants. If you asked any other human merchant that question, I bet 100% of them would choose to become our sole grain dealer, because that would mean seizing our tribe's lifeline."

Wales nodded, "This was what I saw in little Hai. He knows what he's doing, how to do it, and how to keep doing it. It's a pity he's not a beastman like us. He would be an unbelievable person otherwise."

Mendez laughed, "I think it's quite nice right now. I don't know where little Hai appeared from, but at least it looks like he has no evil intentions towards us. It's enough that he treats us big brothers with respect."

Wales smiled, "Well, enough about that. Let's go and have a drink from little Hai's place. I hear that he has fine wine from the human lands. We'll look for trouble at Gasol's place later. He doesn't want to fight at night? Well, he's not the one calling the shots right now."

Wales and Mendez gave orders to their escorts, and then rode their mounts towards Zhao Hai's place. Although there were a lot of undead creatures, they could still recognize Xenomorph.

Zhao Hai didn't let the undead creatures pursue Gasol due to not knowing Wales' intentions. He stopped as soon as Gasol left. The undead creatures stood where they were in silence.

He immediately let Xenomorph open its jaws when he saw Wales and Mendez coming his way. Laura had prepared the coya as Wales and Mendez entered.

Wales sat down hurriedly as soon he entered Xenomorph's inner space, and spoke to Zhao Hai, "Brother, make preparations. We will attack Gasol after a while. I don't think he set up his camp too far away."

Zhao Hai nodded, "No problem. Night battles are the undead's expertise, so relax. Even if we can't keep Gasol here tonight, we'll be keeping those fighting bulls here if we have to."

Wales laughed, "Looks like I don't have to tell you. You have gotten the picture. That's right. Our goal this time is those fighting bulls. We're going to be beating them until they're done."

Zhao Hai smiled and poured Wales and Mendez a cup of coya each. Wales drank a mouthful and said, "I still think our beastmen's milk wine is much better than this. Which reminds me... Bring us 2 bottles of your humans' fine wine."

Zhao Hai laughed. "Fine. I'll let you taste our humans' fine wine. Laura, bring some fruit platters with snacks. We'll finish him (Gasol) off after drinking."

Laura and the others heeded with a laugh. Actually, most of the things were inside Zhao Hai's space. Zhao Hai took out 3 bottles of wine, while the rest was handled by Laura and the others.

It didn't take long for the appetizers to be ready. There weren't just fruit platters, but also some famous continental snacks, which had been bought by Zhao Hai and the others and stored inside the space beforehand. After all, the space would not change their taste, and Laura and the others liked to snack on them, so Zhao Hai had readied quite an amount of them.

These things weren't too attractive on the continent, but to the beastmen, they were incredible. Wales and Mendez had never seen most of these things before, so they ended up having their appetites satisfied.

Chapter 263 - Gasol's Frustration

Compared to Wales and the others, Gasol wasn't so happy. He knew very well that, despite being the chieftain of the Herculean Bull Tribe, the tribesmen didn't respect him. There was the escape of Mendez and the others. The people in the tribe had some idea as to why they had escaped and why his father had suddenly 'passed away'. If he couldn't settle this matter as quickly as possible, his situation would become even more difficult.

In order to nip this danger in the bud, Gasol had sought help from the Fighting Bull Tribe, by requesting a levy of troops and pursuing Mendez in tandem with his own escorts. His plan had been to find the traces of Wales' whereabouts, and then kill them both in one strike.

What Gasol hadn't expected was Zhao Hai's appearance. Even further beyond his expectations was the appearance of a large undead army at night.

Gasol didn't know when Wales had come in contact with human black mages. If Wales could mobilize 4000 undead creatures, it would either be due to a powerful black mage, or a team of black mages. Either possibility was extremely dangerous.

Gasol now regretted the fact that his pursuit was seriously untimely. If it were daytime when he found Wales, then he would have been able to attack without reservations. But he couldn't now, because it was dark. Fighting against undead creatures in the dark was no different from seeking death.

The most nerve-wracking parts about undead creatures, were the fact that they excelled in fighting at nighttime, and the fact that they didn't fear death. These creatures that didn't have thoughts would never know what death was. They only knew about attacking and had no notions of death. Such enemies were the most frightening.

What gave Gasol the biggest headache was that his 2 aerial recon units had been attacked by other magic beasts before being captured. This gave him the worse heartache in his life.

Just as Wales said, a large part of Gasol's accomplishments were due to the 2 aerial recon units that he had been raising. As long as he had the recon, he could discover his enemies first and make placements beforehand. That way, he could naturally gain the upper hand during battle.

However, his 2 aerial recon units were attacked by 5 flying magic beasts in mid-air. He could do nothing but watch as the 2 flame birds which he had spent much care in raising were captured by the red-colored flying beasts.

Gasol couldn't help but frown when he thought about it. He felt as if nothing had gone smoothly for him lately. Other than becoming the chieftain, nothing else had gone as he had planned.

He hadn't needed to sort out so many matters before he had become the chieftain. He had mostly needed to handle military matters while the others matters had been handled by his father. However, once he became the chieftain and truly began to deal with the tribe's matters, he discovered that managing a tribe wasn't so easy.

Soon it was going to be winter. Goats needed to eat grass and people needed to eat food. Timber was needed to keep warm. Everything had to be prepared. These matters gave Gasol a huge headache.

Leaders in the tribe had started to sidestep his commands. Although the Fighting Bull Tribe was still cooperating with him, they didn't seem to be kind about it like before. His biggest worry was the fact that Wales and Mendez were still at large.

Even though there were a lot of matters that needed to be taken care of, Gasol had always believed that Wales was his biggest threat. Because Wales was still popular in the tribe, and respected the elders and various leaders in the tribe very much. Everything had been done in a seemingly low-key fashion, but it had been done right. Most importantly, his father had given the cane to Wales.

The God Bull Cane was passed down from chieftains to their successors. In other words, the moment his father gave it to Wales, in the eyes of the elders and the leaders, it meant that his father had appointed Wales as his successor.

It was exactly because of this reason that the people in the tribe weren't pleased when Gasol said that his father made him the chieftain after being poisoned.

In order to make those people give up and acknowledge him as the chieftain, he could only eliminate Wales and the others in the shortest time possible. Only then would the elders and leaders acknowledge his place.

However, Gasol couldn't mobilize too large of a force to pursue them, due to Wales and Mendez being princes of the tribe. He could only bring 500 of his personal guard and borrow 1500 warriors from the Fighting Bull Tribe to hunt them down.

And the 1500 fighting bulls hadn't been loaned to him for nothing. Their price had been 10000 argali and 1000 slaves, which had been sent to the Fighting Bulls as payment.

This was exactly what Gasol was angry about. Before he had become the chieftain, the Fighting Bull Tribe was very hospitable, and would immediately provide him with help if he asked for it. But after becoming the chieftain, the Fighting Bull Tribe started listing conditions, which made Gasol feel very irritated.

But he had no other options. The Herculean Bull Tribe was internally unstable. Although he could suppress the elders and leaders now, he could neither do what he truly wanted, nor be like his father, who could move the whole tribe at his beck and call. Gasol had had no option but to seek help from the Fighting Bull Tribe.

When he had caught up to Wales, he had found out that Wales hadn't turned around and run as he had expected. Instead, Wales led a large undead army to confront him. Night had come, and he couldn't afford not to retreat.

Watching someone who could threaten him, yet be unable to act. Gasol felt that a bad air was being kept in his chest, like a polar bear that had swallowed an icy barnacle, neither able to spit it out nor swallow it down.

But he couldn't let down his guard now, because he was very clear that Wales wasn't a fool. It would be weird if Wales didn't utilize the undead to attack him at night. That was why Gasol had prepared for a night attack when setting up the tents.

Many bonfires had been lit around his tent, and 500 people had been mobilized just to keep watch. He ordered the rest to sleep as soon as they set up their campsite. They had to take this chance to rest, in order to be prepared for the great battle that could come at any moment.

However, Gasol still underestimated the fighting ability of Zhao Hai's undead creatures. In Gasol's eyes, even though Wales would use them to attack him, they could be defeated. Because undead creatures only had an advantage at night.

But when Zhao Hai ordered the undead creatures to attack Gasol's campsite, Gasol realized something strange; these undead creatures were too powerful.

Gasol was a level 8 powerhouse, but even he couldn't gain any advantage when facing these undead beasts. This proved that these undead creatures had strengths higher than level 6. How could this be?

Gasol seriously couldn't believe it, but the truth was right in front of his eyes. Zhao Hai commanded the undead creatures to besiege Gasol's campsite from 3 directions. The undead beasts from the front, the jackals from the sides, and the humanoids entered the campsite from behind the beasts and the jackals. The attack was like a blitzkrieg, turning the campsite into burnt ashes in an instant.

Even though both herculean bulls and fighting bulls were known for being the most powerful among bull-headed races and good at fighting, when they faced opponents taller, larger, stronger, and with better defenses than them, they helplessly realized that all of their advantages were not advantages at all.

They could defend against neither the head-on assault of the undead beasts, nor the undead jackal cavalry flanks. Gasol hadn't discovered that the cavalry were the jackals. He had given money to the jackals in order to have them kill Wales, but he had lost contact with them. He knew that the operation had been a failure, but he never imagined that the jackals had become undead creatures themselves.

However, Gasol finally discovered that they were the jackals after they charged in. Not only had they become undead creatures, but they had also become stronger as well.

On the prairie, the jackal cavalry wasn't famous because of how powerful they were, but how fast they were. They were patient and able to keep tailing their enemies until they broke down. But everyone on

the prairie knew that the jackal cavalry didn't have a powerful leading charge. They were short, weak, and had fragile defenses. All these could make them only light cavalry at best.

But that had changed entirely in Zhao Hai's hands. After having gone through the space's strengthening, the jackal cavalry had become even stronger, more powerful, and faster. Now they totally had the ability to become a powerful armored cavalry.

For the under-calculated Gasol, who had only put 300 people on the left and right flanks, he discovered that he had made a mistake. A very big mistake. When the 600 fighting bulls and the undead jackal cavalry crossed paths, the fighting bulls were crushed in a single charge.

The main weapons of the jackal cavalry were scimitars, while fighting bull cavalry mainly used wolf-tooth clubs. Their wolf-tooth clubs were a type of heavy weapon that could not be used without immense strength. Heavy cavalry paired with these clubs in action was a very frightening thing.

Yet the undead jackal cavalry made the fighting bulls understand what 'Nothing is too tough to break. Only speed cannot be broken' meant. The fighting bull cavalry was like a tank when in action, while the jackal cavalry was like a wind that carried blades. When the wind blew, the tank became scrap metal.

Chapter 264 - Two Blades

Gasol was running like crazy. There were only a few dozen escorts left at his side, all of whom were herculean bulls. There were nobody else other than them. Not a single one.

2000 armored cavalry, all killed in action.

Gasol felt like he was still having a nightmare. Why had all 2000 of his cavalry been crushed in just a single charge by the undead creatures? Could it be that he hadn't brought 2000 armored cavalry, but 2000 argali instead?

If it weren't for his escorts using their own lives to help him break through the encirclement, he would likely have died in the melee. The attacks of the undead creatures still resonated in his mind when he thought about it.

Meanwhile, Gasol thought about another thing; If he had been defeated by Wales this time, then what would Wales do next? Would Wales lead the undead into the tribe?

Gasol felt even more insecure when he thought of this, and there was another matter that troubled him deeply: the loss of the 1500 fighting bulls. They had been loaned to him. Now that they had all died, what sort of reaction would the Fighting Bull Tribe have?

Most importantly, the 500 herculean bulls that he had brought with him were his most loyal subordinates, and his most effective weapon. Now, they had fallen almost completely. Without this weapon which he could definitely depend on, his days would be even harder to get by.

Gasol had already wanted to cry. His losses this time were too great for him to bear.

In contrast to Gasol, Zhao Hai's gains were large. 1500 fighting bull warriors, no escapees. They had all become Zhao Hai's new underlings. Zhao Hai didn't touch the remaining herculean bull warriors, since he had to give Wales some face. No matter whose subordinates they were, the fact that they were herculean bulls still remained. Zhao Hai couldn't step over that line.

Wales was very happy about Zhao Hai's actions. In Wales' eyes, these fallen herculean bull warriors should receive their due respects.

And so, Wales buried the herculean bull warriors along with their mounts. However, he kept all of their weapons, because Beastmen Prairie lacked metal, which he couldn't afford to waste.

Zhao Hai was somewhat disappointed that not a single mount was kept alive in this attack. Zhao Hai had lost a chance to add a new species to the space.

However, Zhao Hai felt happy when he thought about the 1500 fighting bull warriors. Now, he had over 7000 undead creatures in his possession. He could deploy the undead beasts at Iron Mountain Castle as guards, and still have enough undead hands to use afterwards.

Actually, if Zhao Hai willed it, he could reveal his family identity, given his current strength. Even with the Church Of Light as his enemy, he wouldn't have to be afraid. He didn't need to worry about his own

safety at all with the existence of the space. He should be indulging in warfare, because if a war were fought, he would get new undead troops. If he wished for it, the number of undead would keep on increasing, and then he would have even fewer reasons to be afraid of anyone.

But he didn't want to do it like this. To be honest, Zhao Hai was still insecure about the frequent use of undead creatures. Chinese people emphasized 'peace in burial'. If it weren't for the safety of he himself and the ones around him, Zhao Hai wouldn't even wish to use the undead. Especially humanoid ones.

He didn't like warfare either. He knew that if his identity were discovered, it would cause a war that would center around him, and then, many people would surely die. He didn't want to become the criminal of the whole continent.

Currently, only the nobles were giving him trouble, but to Zhao Hai, it wasn't a big deal. 'If I don't wanna fight, I'll just hide', he would think. But if a war was waged because of him, then not only would the nobles hate him, but the civilians would as well. He didn't want that.

Wales didn't go after Gasol immediately after their victory. He still intended to stick to his original plan of going to get the support of the branch tribes before finishing Gasol off.

Wales had considered this beforehand. Just as Yale had said, there was nothing good about the contact between the fighting bulls and Gasol. They wouldn't just watch Gasol fail without doing anything. If Gasol fell, then the one to rise would be Wales, who had never gotten along with fighting bulls. If Wales gained the chieftainship, he would oppress the Fighting Bull Tribe. The fighting bull chieftain would never miss this detail. If Wales chose to push their momentum, it would only let the Fighting Bull Tribe support Gasol completely, and things would escalate to a higher degree.

If things really progressed to that point, then all of the bull-headed races might engage in civil war. That was absolutely not what Wales wanted to see. So, what he needed to do now was to stick to the plan, overthrow Gasol, and then 'clean up' the Fighting Bull Tribe.

Currently, what Gasol and the Fighting Bull Tribe didn't know was that Wales had the greatest trump card: the grains.

The Fighting Bull Tribe and Gasol had surely assumed that Wales' current greatest backing was Zhao Hai's undead army. But they couldn't be more mistaken. The undead army was just one blade in Wales' hand. The grains were the other fierce blade in his hand.

The best weapon in the beastmen lands was food, due to the frequent food shortages experienced here. Especially some of the smaller tribes, who had food shortages not just during winter, but all the time. They couldn't get more than the larger tribes, and the grain dealers wouldn't come to smaller tribes. It was thus very difficult for them to buy grains.

Now that Wales had grains, coupled with his reputation in the tribe, he could definitely gain the support of the branch races, and then he could deliver the fatal blow to Gasol.

Wales and the others rested where they were for 2 days after having defeated Gasol, while actually, there wasn't a need for them to do so, since the ones who fought had been the undead creatures.

However, Wales and the others still rested. In those 2 days, they handled the corpses of Gasol's escorts by burying them properly. Then they left after a proper rest.

Strictly put, right now, the territory they were in wasn't the bull-headed races' territory. Although everyone on Beastmen Prairie lived nomadic lifestyles, every race actually had their own turf. The stronger the race, the better their grasses, and the more rivers they had. Their places would be warmer when winter came, and less likely for blizzards to pass by.

On the flip side, the weaker the race, the worse grasslands they had, and it would be impossible for their magic beasts to grow strong. Without strong magic beasts, they would not be able to get more grains. Without more grains, they could only eat magic beasts, which would incur greater losses. This was a downward spiral.

Wales and the others were currently at the outer regions of Beastmen Prairie. The grasslands here weren't great, and they were shared. However, this was the territory of pig-headed races. It was because of this that Zhao Hai had come across Spiel and the others. One should know that small tribes like Spiel's would never dare to be active in the turfs of other races.

The pig-headed races had a lower standing on the prairie compared to the bull-headed races because of the difference in fighting power between them. The ruling race, the warthogs, couldn't match up to the herculean bulls. This affected the overall standing of all the pig-headed races among beastmen.

Wales and the others made their way towards the pig-headed races' territory, but they didn't head towards the bull-headed races' territories immediately. Instead, they went in a circle.

That wasn't to say that Wales was afraid that Gasol would mobilize a force to deal with him. Wales clearly knew that, if Gasol really had the support of everyone in the tribe, then Gasol wouldn't have brought this amount of people to deal with him, with a larger amount of fighting bulls.

The smart Wales could guess from this point that not everyone in the tribe had supported Gasol, and thus, Gasol had borrowed troops from the Fighting Bull Tribe. Not only did this expose his colluding with the Fighting Bull Tribe, it also exposed the situation of his position in the tribe.

Beastmen were a direct race. They worshipped power. If you were powerful, they would listen to you willingly. Gasol's power was great indeed. He had fought many wars for the Herculean Bull Tribe, with more victories than losses, and had a high popularity. That was why his ambitions had inflated so rapidly.

If Gasol had done nothing more, he would've had a chance to become the chieftain. After all, the position could not be decided by the former chieftain alone.

But Gasol had made a wrong move. He never should've poisoned the former chieftain, or sent people to hunt down Mendez and Wales. Doing so made his popularity drop to the freezing point instantly.

Because beastmen's personalities were too direct, they always got the shorter end of the stick when it came to getting along with humans. Such direct personalities also created a habit of deeply despising anyone who would use schemes. Gasol's original image of a powerful warrior had instantly turned into that of a petty creep who used schemes. His popularity in the tribe was lost as a result. That was exactly why he couldn't mobilize the herculean bulls to hunt down Wales and his company.

Chapter 265 - Entering The Bull-headed Races' Territory

Wales's group didn't advance quickly. Currently, they were still in the territory of the pig-headed races. Even though the bull-headed races and the pig-headed races had no mutual favor or enmity, it wasn't a good thing to bumble around randomly on someone else's turf. That was why their advance was a careful one. If they came across some small pig-headed tribes, they would need to greet them on their own. It would cause misunderstandings if they didn't.

For the beastmen, if you didn't bear hostilities, you had to greet them when you met with them. If you didn't do so, there were only 2 possibilities: either you had evil intentions, or you were looking down on them. Either possibility would be enough to make them treat you with their weapons.

Beastmen liked having receptions for their friends, so you had to invite them for a feast if you came to their doorstep. Otherwise, not only would they not treat you as a friend, they'd even take you for an enemy.

Wales and everyone were just passing through, but they still had to go visit any pig-headed tribe they came across and stay for a night. Zhao Hai engaged in trade with them. Of course, he used grains, in exchange for their magic beasts.

However, most of the tribes they came across were small tribes, so Zhao Hai didn't manage to get very powerful magic beasts. Most of them were argali, while the tribes wouldn't give their exclusive magic beasts to him.

Beastmen treated their tribe-specific magic beasts with great importance. These magic beasts of theirs were commonly their mounts. In other words, the beasts were their beastkin.

If Zhao Hai's personality hadn't matched well with Spiel's, and if he hadn't had a lot of grains, Spiel wouldn't have given the squirting boars to Zhao Hai, because squirting boars were the beastkin of the big-bellied pigs.

Zhao Hai was satisfied with the trades he made. Other than getting more than a few argali, he also got a large amount of goat hair products. The small tribes were generous, since they wouldn't come across a single human merchant in a whole year. When a human merchant finally showed up to conduct trade with them, they were very delighted.

Due to the recent sudden changes, Laura and the others couldn't stick to their original plan to rendezvous with Ah-Tai. However, Laura still sent a blood hawk to give Ah-Tai messages, in order to establish a foothold in Beast God City and gain a better understanding of the situation there.

Zhao Hai was curious about this slightly mysterious Ah-Tai. He could tell how much Laura trusted him, as he was Laura's only subordinate on Beastmen Prairie.

He also knew from Laura that in recent years, Ah-Tai had earned a lot of money in her stead on Beastmen Prairie. If she had to count, the earnings he had made were up to ? of her total assets. This was a very large sum.

Everyone knew that business could be lucrative on Beastmen Prairie, but large merchants commonly did business with battle tribes, while the ones who did business with other tribes were smaller merchants. There was a limit to how much money the smaller merchants could earn, and they would often be raided by beastmen. That was why the money they earned was less than what people would expect.

Under such circumstances, the fact that Ah-Tai could earn so much money for Laura had to have something behind it.

The people that Zhao Hai and Laura could use were few. Ah-Tai was one. Xu Wan Ying was another. And then there were Seyer and Orloga.

Zhao Hai had never seen Ah-Tai before, but Laura trusted him very much. Xu Wan Ying was helping Greene and the others attend to matters at Iron Mountain Castle, while the same went for Seyer. Orloga was currently an undead, but the fact that he could become Carlo's attendant meant that he had certain capabilities. Orloga had now been stationed at the factories, where he did things in an orderly way.

Blockhead and Rockhead's performances were a little worse off in this regard, but both of them liked training more. They had now reached the level of level 6 fighters. Although it didn't seem like much, they could count as geniuses on the continent when one looked at their age.

These people were now the master staff of Zhao Hai's management. He couldn't use more people even if he wanted to, because they didn't have enough capital.

Letting Ah-Tai establish a foothold was for the sake of relaying the situation in Beast God City. Although the city was controlled by beastmen, there were a large amount of human merchants that gathered there. Zhao Hai and the rest would lose out if they didn't grasp the situation well.

Wales and the others weren't in a rush, but he still sent a team of 50 to obtain information from the bull-headed tribes' territory. He wanted to check the branch races' reaction to the incident in the Herculean Bull Tribe. What had transpired shouldn't have zero effect on all of the bull-headed races. Wales wanted to know what Gasol's next move was after he returned. Of course, if possible, he still wanted to make contact with West Wonder King.

Wales put the idea of contacting the Buffalo Tribe on hold. He knew that Gasol wouldn't let down the surveillance there because of Yale. Because Wales wanted to wait for information, he didn't move towards the bull-headed races' territory in a hurry. He knew that in doing so, he might have a high chance of being discovered by Gasol.

Now, he and his people were moving forward slowly, as if they were just travelling, while he familiarized himself with the 5 blood hawks Zhao Hai had gifted him.

Wales knew the importance of these blood hawks as aerial reconnaissance too well. There were too few races on Beastmen Prairie that had aerial scouts.

The magic beasts that could be used as aerial scouts were not few, but most of them were under the control of avian races. It would be impossible for other races to get such aerial recon magic beasts. Gasol had gotten the 2 flame birds due to a chance meeting.

Now, those flame birds had been put into the space by Zhao Hai. The level assessment of the flame birds was a shocking level 35, which raised the level of the ranch to level 6. Unfortunately, the ranch had to reach level 7 in order to keep 100 more magic beasts.

Zhao Hai was happy that the space improved the abilities of the blood hawks once again. Now, they could use simple fire and wind magics, while the flame birds had gained some of the blood hawks' abilities. This was beyond his expectations.

This was good news to him. The blood hawks were powerful, but they weren't invincible. They had become predators in the sky because of their strength, size, flying height and speed. But they had a

weakness, and that was that they weren't nimble when they turned in the air. They needed a lot of space to turn around, while the flame birds didn't. Their wind magic could help them turn more nimbly in a smaller area, like a martial artist that would evade an opponent's attacks using their agile movements.

Just from their fighting power alone, flame birds wouldn't lose to blood hawks. Perhaps in equal quantities, they might even win against blood hawks.

However, Zhao Hai didn't prepare to raise flame birds. Even if he did it now, he couldn't use them. If he brought out too many of them, it would raise Wales' suspicions.

Wales watched as Zhao Hai put the flame birds into the space, and he knew that Zhao Hai's space could store living things. Zhao Hai had told him that it was an oddity art, which made Wales very envious. But if Zhao Hai brought out too many of the flame birds, Wales would know that Zhao Hai's space could raise magic beasts. It would be too much of a cheat, so Zhao Hai wouldn't let others know about this easily.

Even though Wales and the rest were moving ahead slowly, after 7 days of travelling at this speed, they still entered the outer territory of the bull-headed races. They could no longer see any pig-headed tribes from here.

Zhao Hai was in his wagon while he curiously asked Wales, who was on the back of his bull, "I'm very curious, big brother. How did you mark the territories? These grasslands all look the same. How do you do it?"

Wales laughed in response, "You don't know, do you? Although they all look the same to you, in us beastmen's eyes, every grassland is different. A small river, a small hill, or a dried riverbank, these things can be used as standards for marking territories. The small hill we passed was one of the signs used to mark the boundary between our territory and the pig-headed races'. Common pig-headed races wouldn't go past that small hill."

Zhao Hai turned his head to look at where they just went past. To be honest, it really was a simple little hill. If the distance was greater, it would only be just a little slope on the prairie. It was hard to imagine that they could even call such a slope 'a small hill'.

Zhao Hai asked, “Big brother, how many days remain until we reach the Herculean Bull Tribe if we go from here?”

Wales glanced at the northeast direction and replied, “With our current speed, it’ll take about a month to get to the Herculean Bull Tribe’s main camp.”

Zhao Hai was stunned for a bit. He hadn’t imagined that it was so far away. No wonder Wales wanted to enter the bull-headed races’ territory from here. It was because the main camp of the Herculean Bull Tribe was too far away from here. Even Gasol would be hard-pressed to find them.

Chapter 266 - Shocking News: Main Camp Lost

Zhao Hai knew too little about Beastmen Prairie. He hadn’t known that, actually, the size of Beastmen Prairie wasn’t smaller than human lands. This place could truly be called an endless plain of grass.

Wales sighed as he looked northeast, “Our tribe’s main camp has been there for nearly 1000 years. That place was called the Plum Mile, but now, people have already forgotten that name. They can only remember that it is where our main camp is set, called Bull King Camp.”

Wales felt very complicated right now. To be frank, the Herculean Bull Tribe had been more powerful than it was right now. Even the powerful tiger races wouldn’t dare to offend the herculean bulls before.

Now, however, the tribe was not as it had been. Even the fighting bulls were now daring to challenge the herculean bulls’ might. Wales was very upset because of this.

With Gasol’s recent actions, the fighting bulls had become even worse. Wales didn’t know what to say to Gasol. If he had to call him a huge idiot, sometimes there was a bright side to him. But if he had to say that he was smart, then what about what he had just done? Gasol was truly not so smart.

Zhao Hai honestly liked this prairie a lot. The beastmen who lived on the prairie wouldn’t always have their way. They were busy throughout the whole year, and their lives were far from what other people had romanticized them to be. But to Zhao Hai, all of that wasn’t a problem. He had the space, so he

could go there to rest at night. He could watch the blue sky and the white clouds during the day, as well as the endless stretches of green grass. It was an amazingly good feeling.

Just then, a hawk cry came from the sky. Zhao Hai and Wales looked skyward, and saw that it was from 1 of the 5 blood hawks Zhao Hai had gifted Wales.

Wales had now learned how to check the signs of the blood hawks, since they were too important to him. Wales even wished that he could hug them in his sleep.

Wales relaxed after looking at the blood hawks a few more times. He said to Zhao Hai, "50 people. It looks like Bogue and the others have returned. I don't know what happened to the tribe."

Zhao Hai nodded, "It should be fine. We'll know after they get back."

After he said that, sounds of galloping came from a distance. They were the 50 cavalymen that Wales had sent to retrieve information from the bull-headed races' territory.

Bogue was the leader of that cavalry unit of 50, and also a person of ingenuity among the bull-headed races. That was why Wales had felt confident about letting him lead the charge.

When Bogue and his company came near, Wales went idle for a bit. It wasn't to say that Bogue and the others had injuries, since they didn't actually appear to have been attacked. What made Wales feel strange was that the expressions on Bogue and the others' faces were like their families had died.

Wales' heart skipped a beat after seeing the expressions. He knew that something big had happened in the tribe. Otherwise, there would be no way Bogue and the others would have such expressions.

Soon, Bogue and his company arrived 10 metres in front of Wales. He then rolled down from his mount, yes, rolled, and cried on the ground, face down, unable to say a single word. Other cavalymen also jumped down from their mounts and cried on their knees.

Wales jumped down from his mount and walked to Bogue's side. He kicked Bogue to flip him around and scolded, "What are you crying for? Speak. What the hell happened?"

Bogue got up after a while, and then hugged Wales' thigh and said, "My lord, the Herculean Bull Tribe is gone. The main camp was lost. Nothing! There's nothing left!"

Wales felt his mind being filled with tremors. It was as if it had just been smashed by a wolftooth club. However, he immediately calmed his emotions and looked at Bogue, "What really happened? Tell us!"

Just then, Mendez and Yale had also walked over, and they looked at Bogue with unpleasant expressions. They too wanted to know what had happened. Why had something like this happen in just a short time?

Bogue then cried out the information which he and the others had heard of. It was just when Gasol had gone to hunt them down, that the Fighting Bull Tribe's chieftain suddenly led an army to attack the Herculean Bull Tribe's main camp. Paul, who was Wales' 2nd brother, had been on guard at the time, but he had failed to protect the camp, and was thus killed in action; while Wales' younger brothers, 8th and 9th, were killed in the chaos. In the end, the fighting bulls captured the herculean bulls' main camp, while the remaining herculean bulls had fled towards the deeper parts of the prairie.

By the time Bogue had finished, Wales and the others were stunned. They hadn't expected that things would take such a turn.

Mendez suddenly asked, "That can't be! What about the high elders in the tribe? With them, how could the main camp be assaulted by the fighting bulls?"

Bogue answered, "I heard that 1 high elder was killed, and the other was heavily injured. In the course of the fighting bulls' attack, there seemed to be a human mage among them. It was a level 9 human mage who injured the remaining high elder."

Wales and the others were shocked, as they hadn't anticipated human intervention in this matter. It was far beyond their expectations.

Humans usually wouldn't interfere in conflicts between beastmen, because once they did that, it would be like treating the beastmen as their enemies. The battle races wouldn't let go of anyone, let alone a level 9 expert. Any level 9 human who attempted to make a mess out of the beastmen's territories would be hunted down by level 9 beastmen for sure.

Wales frowned and asked, "Bogue, is this information truly valid? Was there really a human in the mix? What did they do?"

Bogue shook his head. This information was something he had heard, and right now, rumors were flying around. They couldn't know if all of this was true or false.

Wales curled his brows and asked Yale, "Whether or not humans have taken part in this, what we can be sure of is that something has happened to the main camp. Otherwise, there wouldn't be such rumors going about. What should we do, teacher?"

Wales had calmed down right now. He had been very shocked when he had heard this information, but he had already known that the fighting bulls had been plotting against them from the start. He just hadn't expected that the fighting bulls would make their move so soon.

Yale had calmed down as well. Although many things had happened to the Herculean Bull Tribe, none had been as shocking as this.

When a ruling race couldn't keep its own main camp, then it wouldn't have the right to be called the ruling race anymore. It could be said that the fighting bulls were now the ruling race, which, of course, still needed the approval of the other races on the prairie.

The conflicts between beastmen were realistic, and as such, they only respected the strong and the victorious. But, if this matter had humans meddling in the process, it wouldn't fare well for the fighting bulls either.

Yale thought about it and said, "What we need to do right now is to set up camp here. We'll leave the bull-headed races' territory tomorrow and make our way deeper into the prairie. We'll send someone to make contact with West Wonder King and find out what's going on."

Wales frowned, "It's not likely going to work, is it? If things are really as the rumors suggest, then the presence of herculean bulls in the bull-headed races' territory will surely attract a lot of attention. I'm afraid we won't be able to make contact with West Wonder King."

Yale nodded at that. Beastmen wouldn't need to look at battle flags in order to tell different races apart. It could be said that right now, the herculean bulls were at the top of the rumor mill. If the herculean bulls made any movements on the bull-headed races' territory, they wouldn't be able to do anything because of all the attention.

Just then, Zhao Hai said, "I think you can leave the information-gathering to me. I have a human merchant identity, and I'll be able to move around freely on the prairie. It's not likely that the fighting bulls have any news about me. What do you think, big brother?"

Wales did a double take and then nodded. Indeed, only human merchants could move around freely and undiscovered on the prairie.

Although Zhao Hai and Wales were now blood-sworn brothers, and Gasol knew that someone had used undead to help Wales, the fighting bulls had no way of knowing about any of that. Because the fighting bulls had ransacked the herculean bulls' main camp when Gasol was fighting the undead, Gasol would naturally not go back to the main camp, while the 1500 warriors loaned to him had all been turned into undead creatures, which couldn't possibly report back to their former brethren. So right now, the fighting bulls shouldn't know about the relationship between Zhao Hai and Wales.

Yale nodded, "That's a good idea. Little Hai can get information while making contact with West Wonder King. He must be in trouble these days. It's good that you had gifted the cane to little Hai. If little Hai presents the cane to West Wonder King to prove his identity, then West Wonder King will be able to trust him."

Wales nodded, "This is also an opportunity. The Herculean bulls have been chased out of the main camp due to Gasol's actions, but I think that a majority of their strength can still be preserved. What we need to do right now is find the escapees and regroup them. Now is the time they need a leader, and Gasol obviously cannot be their leader even if he finds them. Perhaps they might even kill him. This is our chance."

Yale and Mendez both nodded at that. All of this had been caused by Gasol, so how could the herculean bulls not hate him? If Gasol appeared in front of them, he would surely be torn to shreds by the angry mob. If the ever-popular Wales could stand up in the tribe, he would surely be able to become the chieftain.

Chapter 267 - Who Was It?

Wales knew that being a chieftain wouldn't be easy. The herculean bulls had been chased out, so they must be lacking in food and clothing right now. Being the chieftain under such circumstances, and having to shoulder the hatred towards the fighting bulls on top of that, Wales could tell the difficulty of the tasks he had to face.

However, he neither wanted to back away, nor did he have a means to. He was a prince of the herculean bulls. His race was his roots. If his race prospered, he too would gain respect. If their face fell, then he too would be nothing.

Zhao Hai nodded, "I think this is a good opportunity as well, but you will surely come across a lot of tough issues, and there's nothing much I can help you with. How about this? Laura, Meg, Nier, give me your pouches. Big brother, Mr. Yale and 6th brother, give me yours as well."

Wales and the other 2 knew what Zhao Hai was going to do, and they gave him their pouches. Zhao Hai didn't say anything as he simply filled all 6 pouches with grains.

After filling the pouches, Zhao Hai gave them to Wales, "Take these first, big brother. Give them to your tribesmen as soon as you find them, and then have your blood hawks come to me for grains. We have to improve this situation first."

Wales didn't hold back and just took the pouches. He patted Zhao Hai's shoulder and said, "Brother, I will not say much. We'll rest here for the day and leave tomorrow. If anything happens, we'll contact each other using blood hawks."

Zhao Hai nodded, "Just tell me whatever supplies you need. I can have blood hawks bring the pouches to my fief and back. It's now the tribe's most difficult time, and a lot of things are required. You must persist. Oh, once you return, help me prepare a map. I don't want to go looking for West Wonder King all over the place."

Wales smiled, "Relax, brother, I'll take care of it." He then glanced at Bogue and his company, "Don't just sob on the ground. Stand up. We herculean bulls haven't gone extinct yet. Remember that as long as we're not gone, we are the ruling race of the bull-headed races, and we always will be."

Bogue and the others stood up, bearing murderous expressions because of Wales' words. Wales nodded, having been filled with fighting spirit. It was because of Zhao Hai's support, whose grains had become his life-saving herbs.

As long as one had grains on Beastmen Prairie, one could do a lot of things. Just as Zhao Hai had said, it was the most difficult time for the Herculean Bull Tribe. Their own main camp had been lost, and 2 of their high elders had been killed or injured. Zhao Hai had to assist Wales properly as a blood-sworn brother under these circumstances.

It was then that Zhao Hai suddenly thought of something. He took out 2 things from the space immediately. He had them stored in bottles before giving them to Wales.

Wales looked at the 2 bottles in his hand with confusion. One of them seemed to contain water, and the other held a pink liquid, which he knew nothing about.

Zhao Hai explained to Wales, "Big brother, in these 2 bottles, one of them is the Liquid Of Life, which Mr. Yale had given me. I don't have a use for it, but the flask that he gave me was very beautiful, so I kept it. Another bottle is a type of medicine that can treat injuries. Bogue just said that your high elder was injured, so I hope these 2 things can help him. Without the high elder's support, it won't be easy for you to deal with the fighting bulls." Actually, the 'medicine' which Zhao Hai mentioned was magic peach juice. Greene had used 1 last time, and there had been 1 left, which Zhao Hai was now giving to Wales.

Wales looked at Zhao Hai without knowing what to say. Zhao Hai had been too great of a help to him, and now, he even brought out the Liquid Of Life. Now he felt that no matter what he would do, he would never be able to repay Zhao Hai's kindness.

Wales took the 2 bottles in silence and put them away carefully. He patted Zhao Hai's shoulder and turned to command his people in setting up camp.

Zhao Hai said nothing and went to set up camp as well. At this point, words would be excessive. He had to give Wales and his people time, in order to let him plan things out properly.

Zhao Hai and the others sat inside the tent quietly after it was set up. Laura poured a cup of coya for Zhao Hai, then frowned, "Hai-bro, it's not a good thing for us right now when the Herculean Bull Tribe is in such trouble. What are we going to do next?"

Zhao Hai closed his eyes and said after thinking, "I keep feeling that something's not right. What Mendez said after Gasol started his coup was that Gasol and the human merchants were being too secretive in their contact. Now, when the fighting bulls attacked the Herculean Bull Tribe, humans showed up again. Don't you think that human activity has been too frequent on Beastmen Prairie as of late?"

Laura concurred in her thoughts. How many times was it that they had heard about humans meddling in beastmen affairs? This was too strange.

Meg frowned and spoke, "What does this mean, young master? Can it be that there's a human force seeking to take control of beastmen?"

Zhao Hai shook his head, "It can't be. Humans can't possibly control beastmen. There has to be a reason for beastmen and humans to be locked in conflict for so many years. Do not presume that humans look like they're controlling the beastmen using food. That's because they have no other option. If they don't give them enough food, they'll start wars, and the food will be taken anyway, so it's impossible for humans to use this method to control beastmen. But as for why human activity has been so frequent lately, I still can't get a good idea."

Laura frowned, "I can't get a good grasp of it either. Don't they fear beastmen retaliation? Even though the fighting bulls have taken over the herculean bulls' main camp, their strength shouldn't be too great. The ones who are really in charge of the prairie are the major battle races, and the cooperation between the fighting bulls and humans will greatly incite them. Do the fighting bulls think that they have the ability to withstand the pressure from the battle races?"

Zhao Hai's frown continued, "I don't have a good idea why they're doing this. Their methods are very likely going to make them the public enemies of all the beastmen, so why? Is it only just for the sake of being called the ruling race?"

Laura and the others were at a loss as to why the fighting bulls were doing what they were. It would be discernable if the fighting bulls were cooperating with common humans. However, a strange picture had been painted when the humans they cooperated with had a level 9 powerhouse.

Since when had it become the time for level 9 human powerhouses to come and mess around on Beastmen Prairie? When the battle races got the news, they would surely react. It wasn't known how the fighting bulls would respond to that.

Zhao Hai spoke out after a while of sitting, “No matter how much we guess right now, it’s useless. Just reaching the fighting bulls’ turf and prodding around will do. I just feel that this matter isn’t so simple.”

Laura looked at Zhao Hai with incomprehension, “How so? Can it be something related to us?”

Zhao Hai shook his head, “It shouldn’t be. If this matter is really related to us, then it can only be our enemies who are trying to deal with us on the prairie. Our current main enemies are the Magidell family, the Church Of Light, and Southern King. The Church Of Light will not have any grip on the prairie, and there’s no direct profit-&-loss relationship between Southern King and beastmen. Magidell family is a business family, and there are a lot of business opportunities on the prairie. It’s impossible for them to just watch other people do business here, but I think that even they wouldn’t have the guts to send a level 9 powerhouse to hunt us down on the prairie, right?”

Laura nodded. She knew clearly what Magidell family was like. All they cared about was profit. Now that Zhao Hai and the others had left Fansile duchy, there had been no way for Magidell family to obtain profits from Zhao Hai. They wouldn’t pay a large price to hire a level 9 powerhouse to deal with Zhao Hai under these circumstances, since it wouldn’t fit their principles of merchants seeking profit.

But why did she keep feeling that these matters were happening so close to them? Before they had entered the prairie, it seemed that such a thing had never happened before. But the moment they had entered, all of this had happened. This was too contrived, wasn’t it?

Meg asked, “Young master, do you think that someone is trying to act upon the Herculean Bull Tribe, like how someone acted upon the Black Bear Tribe, and that’s why all of this happened?”

Zhao Hai shook his head, “It can’t be. The Herculean Bull Tribe’s strength doesn’t seem to be as great as the Black Bear..... Wait a minute. There IS a possibility.”

Zhao Hai turned to look at Laura, and Laura looked at Zhao Hai in confusion. Zhao Hai said, “Beastmen have gotten it badly from humans in recent years. Can it be that beastmen are setting their sights on humans again, yet the humans received word about it and sent people to stir things up beforehand, in order to mess up the waters here so that the beastmen don’t have time to mobilize against humans?”

Laura frowned, "Not too likely, right? Trades between humans and beastmen have been going along smoothly, and there haven't been great disasters on the prairie. They shouldn't have any reason to mobilize against humans. Besides, humans wouldn't mess things up by sending a level 9 powerhouse. That's basically a declaration of war against beastmen."

Zhao Hai nodded and sighed, "Forget it. I'm done guessing. We might not guess things right anyway. What we have to do right now is help big brother get information. If we take care of the fighting bulls, we'll be closer to figuring out which human force is cooperating with them."

Laura nodded, but she believed that it would be very difficult. The Herculean Bull Tribe was greatly crippled right now, and the fighting bulls were now on a roll. Exterminate the Fighting Bull Tribe? Difficult!

Chapter 268 - Mastiffs

Compared to Zhao Hai, Wales was currently in a bigger dilemma. What he and his people had to face was a crisis. It was something he didn't want to see, but one that he had to face no matter what.

Wales sat in his tent as a large cup of milk wine had been put in front of him. He had actually drunk 5 cups, and this was the 6th.

Mendez wasn't any better. In fact, he had already started to drink the 8th cup. Only Yale was normal, but he was sitting there without a single word.

The news which Bogue had brought back was too shocking. They hadn't expected that the main camp of herculean bulls, which had been inhabited for generations, had been lost. How could they face this?

Fortunately, Wales had self-restraint, so he didn't drink any further. After downing the 6th cup, he stopped, but he still said nothing. None of the 3 who had entered the tent had spoken anything.

Wales raised his head to look at Yale after a while and said, "Teacher, what do you think Gasol is doing right now?"

Yale wouldn't think that Wales was caring about Gasol, of course. Right now, Wales wanted Gasol to die right in front of him badly. There was no way he would care about him.

Yale sighed and said, "It's really hard to say. If my guess is correct, then I fear that the reason why the Fighting Bull Tribe had loaned troops to Gasol, was because of having the intention to eliminate him after what is done. Kill us with Gasol's hands, and then kill Gasol with the loaned troops, while taking over the main camp. By then, the Herculean Bull Tribe will not have the spine to threaten the Fighting Bull Tribe. The act of eliminating the fighting bull cavalry happened to help Gasol for a time."

SPLACK!

Mendez smashed the small table in front of him into pieces, and the silver cup was also flattened. He looked at Yale with blood red eyes and said, "I better not know where he is. If I do, I will gouge him with my own hands!"

Wales took a deep breath and asked, "Teacher, where do you think the tribesmen would go?"

Yale thought for a bit and replied, "Right now, there are 2 places which they could've gone. One is West Wonder King's place, but I think they wouldn't go there. He's a fighting bull after all, and right now, the fighting bulls are in a momentum, so they would have no guarantees there. Which leaves only one more place to go: the Mastiff Tribe."

Wales agreed to Yale's perspective. The Herculean Bull Tribe had always had a good relationship with the Mastiff Tribe. The Mastiff Tribe had helped the Herculean Bull Tribe for many times in the past. Now that something had happened, the herculean bulls would naturally head over to the mastiffs for refuge.

The mastiffs were a very unique race. They were the ruling race of dog-headed races, which were between battle races and civil races. The fighting power of the entire race was slightly worse than wolf race, but stronger than civil races. Relatively speaking, their position was a little higher than bull-headed races.

The Herculean Bull Tribe and the Mastiff Tribe had always maintained a good relationship. The Mastiff Tribe had helped Herculean Bull Tribe for a lot of times in the past, so now that the Herculean Bull Tribe had gotten into trouble, they would surely head over to the Mastiff Tribe.

Wales took in a deep breath and said, "Well then, our next move is to go around the horse races' turf and go to the Mastiff Tribe."

Yale nodded to that. The turf of bull-headed races was adjacent to the turfs of horse races, pig races, dog races and cat races. The relationship between Herculean Bull Tribe, pig tribes and horse tribes was normal; neither good nor bad. Because of being good with mastiffs, it ended up spelling a negative with cats, due to how cat and dog races had never gotten along.

And now, Wales and his men were at the point where the borders of the pig-headed races and the bull-headed races met. There were only 2 ways they could go to the Mastiff Tribe: one was to go through the bull-headed races' turf, while the other was to circle it via the horse races' turf. They wouldn't go to the cat races' turf as it was too dangerous, and the same was now true for the bull-headed races' territory. The only choice left was to move into the turf of horses.

Wales glanced at Yale and said, "We have to trouble you to draw a map for little Hai, teacher. Our time is limited, but please be as detailed as possible. Just letting him know how to get to West Wonder King's place is enough."

Yale nodded, "No problems there. We still have to thank little Hai for this. If it weren't for him, we would've been in a more difficult spot by now."

Wales nodded at that and sighed, "I never thought at the beginning that just a single trial of travelling would be followed by all these events. But luckily, I met little Hai. Something gained, something lost, I guess."

Yale gave Wales a look and said, "Wales, I don't think now's the time to speak of this. We can only keep little Hai's help inside our hearts. We still have to think about how to proceed after reaching the Mastiff Tribe's turf right now. Even though our tribes' relationship is great, do not forget that our tribe has fallen from the spot of the ruling race. It's hard to say for sure how the mastiffs will treat us now."

Wales ceased his thoughts for the moment. He knew that their gratitude towards Zhao Hai was not something that could be paid in words. In his heart, Zhao Hai was like his birth sibling. It would be acting like strangers if he kept speaking of it as something they owed him for. Just as Yale said, he should be thinking about what to do when meeting the mastiffs.

Beastmen were simplistic, yet even they would have politics among them. It was a fact. Wales had made contact with the mastiffs for several times in the past, but during those times, they were as equals. Both sides were rulers. Even though the herculean bulls felt grateful, they wouldn't feel as if they were inferior.

It was like how either of the 2 good friends were living a little better and offered a little help. The other friend would be grateful, but there wouldn't be a sense of inferiority.

But that had changed now. The herculean bulls were now refugees who had lost their homes. They had no right to speak with the mastiffs as equals. How the mastiffs would treat them was something that needed his proper consideration.

Wales thought about this silently with closed eyes. To be honest, he didn't have enough capital to operate on. He didn't know how many herculean bulls escaped, and what the situation was in the tribe. The amount of supplies left, the quantity of argali remaining, were unknown to him.

His only capital right now was the grains which Zhao Hai had given him. Endless supply of food was the final thing he could depend on.

Wales looked at Yale and said, "I think that right now, the only thing we can offer is the grains that little Hai gave us. But we cannot let him be in too much of a disadvantage from this. I'm saying, once we reach the mastiffs, let's see how they treat our people first. If they're treating them well, we can introduce little Hai to them and have him trade with them. I think they'll be very happy to. since his grains are very cheap. If they're not treating our people well, then we'll give them some grains and leave, before settling down in a horse race or pig race's turf. What do you think, teacher?"

Yale nodded, "Only in the worst of disasters can we peer into the true nature of people. If the mastiffs are truly friends, then we'll just introduce little Hai to them. His existence is something every beastman can only dream of. If they are friends, then we have to treat our friends well."

Wales nodded, "We have absolutely no idea about the situation in the tribe. I just hope it's not too dire."

Both of them sighed at the same time. They knew that Wales was consoling himself. The situation of a race that had been chased out of their hometown was easily imaginable. It was not unlike being bankrupt. It was possible that other than their own selves, weapons and mounts, there were nothing else.

Out of things to discuss, Yale returned to his own tent and started drafting a map for Zhao Hai. However, because he had too little time, he couldn't afford to be too detailed. He could only mark the location of West Wonder King's campsite and some obvious geographical landmarks along the way.

The next morning, Yale gave the map which he had drawn overnight to Zhao Hai. Zhao Hai found the map to be decent. There was no indication of range, but at least it pointed a general direction and some famous landmarks were marked on it. Even tribes that could possibly be encountered were written on it.

Zhao Hai kept the map and looked at Yale who had bloodshot eyes, "Thank you Mr. Yale. Take care of yourselves, big brother. If there's anything, contact me with the blood hawks right away. Just attach a letter to them. They can find me."

Wales gave Zhao Hai a strong hug, "Brother, I'm not going to say thankful words now. You must take care. If the bull-headed races really want to make a move against you, don't hold back and unleash the undead creatures. This is Beastmen Prairie, and the Fighting Bull Tribe is now the ruling tribe. They might use this authority to act against you."

Zhao Hai laughed, "Relax. If they really dare, it would be like gifting me new subordinates, and my underlings will grow more and more. It's nothing to be afraid of. Alright, have a safe trip, big brother."

Wales nodded before leading his people on the trip. Watching his back, Zhao Hai sighed, "Big brother has to deal with a lot of things this time."

Laura nodded, "I hope he can make it through. Only then, can he be the best ruler of the herculean bulls."

Zhao Hai smiled, "I believe that under his leadership, the herculean bulls will get better and better. We can help him no matter what difficulty he faces, hehe. With a powerful collaborator, Beastman Prairie will be ours in the future."

Laura was also happy. She understood that Zhao Hai was definitely not helping Wales out of brotherly relationship. On Beastmen Prairie, in order to do business properly, it would be impossible to lack a powerful collaborator. Although Zhao Hai was paying out right now, once Wales got into position and the Herculean Bull Tribe developed, the gains he would get would not just end at dozens of times the cost or more than that.

Zhao Hai smiled after looking at the sky, "We should leave too. Whew. To be frank, I'm really lifted from a burden today. Following Wales and his people everyday makes it really inconvenient to return to the space or Iron Mountain Castle.

Laura, Meg and Nier laughed at that. They too had felt inconvenienced. Even though they rested inside the space every night, it couldn't be compared to moving around freely.

The convoy slowly travelled forward, and Zhao Hai once again put the large-bellied pigs' friendship flag on top of his wagon. He didn't get a flag from Wales, as right now, it was best not to raise the friendship flag of herculean bulls.

Wales had also been aware of this, so in order to avoid giving Zhao Hai trouble, he himself didn't give him the friendship flag. Zhao Hai wanted to find West Wonder King's campsite as quickly as possible, so he proceeded according to the map directly.

Although the map had no ratios, the amount of days needed to move from one landmark to the next was noted, so Zhao Hai wasn't worried about going the wrong way.

It was in order to help Wales obtain information, but Zhao Hai wasn't in a hurry. He knew it very clearly that the cow races were in a sensitive period. If he asked around carelessly, he would surely attract suspicion. At worst, he might come into conflict with them.

As beastmen were extremely cautious towards humans from the start, Zhao Hai believed that everything should be done with maintaining the cover as top priority in such a sensitive period of time.

After a day, Zhao Hai and the others hadn't found a single tribe, but the map looked legit. They needed at least 3 days of travelling until they could come across a tribe. Of course, it was just speculation. A tribe might've been active at the surroundings, but beastmen were often moving around, so Yale also wasn't sure if a tribe would really be there.

Now, it was the busiest time of the year on Beastmen Prairie, because they were about to enter winter. They had to prepare the grass feeds and the food needed to live past winter, so a lot of beastmen tribes would migrate around to prepare those things. Yale was a prophet, but even he couldn't know all of the tribes like the back of his hand. If he could, he wouldn't be a prophet, but a god instead.

Zhao Hai and his company returned to Iron Mountain Castle that night, and discussed the changes of the Herculean Bull Tribe to Greene and the others. Greene and the others believed that what Zhao Hai had done was not mistaken. Now that the Herculean Bull Tribe was in trouble, it was the best time to offer a helping hand. They would be grateful for life.

Chapter 269 - Large-horned Raging Bulls

Greene and the others felt very strange concerning the appearance of humans on Beastmen Prairie, but they couldn't get a handle on the situation over there, so they naturally couldn't guess why humans would show up there.

Zhao Hai hadn't wanted to get answers from Greene and the others, as they had never been to Beastmen Prairie. What they had known was told to them by Laura, so if they could guess what the humans were up to, they would be able to pose as prophets after some makeup.

The next morning, Zhao Hai and his company continued on their journey, but at a faster pace. He wanted to go faster, so long as they didn't encounter any beastman tribe.

He hadn't come to Beastmen Prairie to cause a ruckus. Helping Wales would bring him a lot of benefits, but what he needed more was new and unique magic beasts, and never before seen plants. Those were his fundamental reasons from the start.

Everything would be fine as long as the space levelled up, so Zhao Hai picked up his pace. However, he didn't put the convoy into the space this time. After all, none of the coachdrivers were mortal to begin with.

On the prairie, you wouldn't need to worry about your wagon crashing sideways. There were plenty of grasses that were thicker than rugs, which acted as natural shock absorbers, so that your wagon would never be too bumpy. However, your horses would need greater strength in order to pull the wagon as a result. But this wasn't an issue for Zhao Hai, since the wagon-pulling animals were undead creatures.

Although Zhao Hai and his company increased their speed, they paid cautious attention to their surroundings for enemies. He had let out 2 flame birds in order to act as aerial recon.

Of course, just a couple of the birds would not be enough for him. He still let out a lot of blood hawks to engage in reconnaissance. Flame birds weren't phantasmal beasts, so Zhao Hai couldn't use them as easily as he did the blood hawks. However, flame birds were beautiful, and Laura, Meg and Nier liked them a lot, so he let them out and kept them as pets. If Wales saw the birds, he would just say that he had treated their injuries.

Zhao Hai watched the map while he was rushing on, and the size of the map in the space was increasing without stopping. This was good news to him. If he wandered around the prairie a lot, perhaps he would be the first person to have a complete map of Beastmen Prairie.

Zhao Hai and his company spent just 1 and ? days to finish a 3-day trip. He couldn't afford not to slow down when he reached an area marked on the map as having a tribe.

The marked tribe was a small one of raging bulls, which should number about 1000 people. Raging bulls were also known for their strength, and their mounts were the namesake bulls. However, the bulls were not quite the same as the the ones meant to be eaten on the continent. They were called large-horned raging bulls. They were a type of unique bovines, due to their horns being too big.

The large horns of these magic beasts were like sharpened wooden pillars. Every horn was up to 2 meters long, and the thickest they could get was a staggering half meter. They were very straight, and they grew out horizontally, like a pillar was strapped onto a cow's head.

The raging bull race was very famous among the bull-headed races because of their cavalry charges. Their mounts, the large-horned raging bulls, might not be too fast, but once they charged, they were imposing. All because of their large horns.

When they charged, they would form a straight line. All of their horns put together was like a moving wall. The speed wasn't very fast, but there wasn't the slightest gap.

But this didn't mean that the Large-Horned Raging Bull Tribe's fighting power was great. Although such a cavalry charge was imposing, it also had a very serious flaw. Because of how large the horns were, the cavalry couldn't change directions quickly, so the cavalry would be at a serious disadvantage when facing agile light cavalry like the jackals'.

The Large-Horned Raging Bull Tribe could be considered as a branch of the raging bull races, yet famously, their temper among the bull-headed races was anything but short. They were in the category of good guys.

Of course, none of this was written on the map which he had been given by Yale. All of it had been researched by Laura herself.

Zhao Hai was waiting for the blood hawks and the information they might be carrying. Now that they had entered the Large-Horned Raging Bull Tribe's area of frequent activity, since Zhao Hai and the others could run into them at any moment, he let the birds increase their recon radius in order to ensure that he wasn't going the wrong way.

The blood hawks returned after more than an hour. Zhao Hai took a glance, and noticed that they were going in circles and crying out without stopping. He turned to Laura and said, "There's an abandoned campsite ahead. It looks like it was attacked. Let's take a look."

Laura nodded, and the convoy picked up the pace once more. After more than 2 hours, they discovered the abandoned campsite. There were a lot of corpses there, and all of them were the Large-Horned Raging Bull Tribe and their mounts.

The tribesmen were very similar to their mounts: tall and having large horns. The horns were longer than any other bull-headed races' horns.

From the look of the campsite, it appeared to be of a size for about 1000 people. However, it had been attacked, and every usable thing had been taken away. Even the clothes on the dead had been stripped off.

Zhao Hai looked at this with a frown and a sigh as with a wave of his hand, he turned them all into undead creatures. He only turned one of them into a high-level undead, in order to know who it was that had attacked this campsite.

Zhao Hai counted for a bit. The tribesmen who had died amounted to more than 300. The number of youths this tribe could afford to send into battle was approximately this figure. He just picked the strongest of them all and turned him into a high-level undead, because he knew that among beastmen, the strongest ones had often been the chieftains.

Just as he had expected, the high-level undead was called Abatai, the chieftain of this tribe. Their tribe had more than 1300 people, and other than 400 youths, the rest were the elderly and women.

Their fate was normal. What surprised Zhao Hai was the ones who had attacked them. It was none other than Gasol and his people, and the attack had taken place more than 4 hours ago.

In other words, right before the blood hawks had discovered this campsite, it had been attacked by Gasol and his people. Upon reaching this conclusion, Zhao Hai immediately put Abatai and the others into the space, and followed the trail left behind by Gasol and his people.

From the trail, the direction they were headed to was most likely West Wonder King's place. It seemed that Gasol too had learned of what had happened to the Herculean Bull Tribe's main camp, but he wasn't as smart as Wales, who headed over to the Mastiff Tribe's place.

Zhao Hai couldn't help but shake his head, as he truly felt that Gasol wasn't a smart person. The relationship between Gasol and West Wonder King had never been good, and yet he was now going to put himself under West Wonder King's service. Obviously, Gasol had seen how West Wonder King and the current Fighting Bull Tribe chieftain were at odds, but he had forgotten that circumstances determined how people would move. Now that the Herculean Bull Tribe could no longer provide the Fighting Bull Tribe with any form of help, it was hard to determine what sort of attitude West Wonder King would have in treating them.

But after another thought, this situation made sense to Zhao Hai. He knew of Gasol's pain. The reason why the Herculean Bull Tribe had gotten to this point was all because of him. Perhaps he had thought about where his tribesmen would go. But what would happen even after finding them? He would only be torn into pieces by angry tribesmen, and no one would listen to him, so he could only head over to West Wonder King's place.

It just wasn't a good choice, Zhao Hai thought. Gasol had only several dozen guards, but from how they had attacked the Large-Horned Raging Bull Tribe, their fighting power was still great. Gasol should've left the bull-headed races' territory, as staying here was only akin to waiting for death. Even if he got West Wonder King's support, he wouldn't be a threat to the Fighting Bull Tribe. Perhaps the Fighting Bull Tribe had never seen West Wonder King as a threat. Otherwise, the Fighting Bull Tribe wouldn't have attacked the Herculean Bull Tribe's main camp.

However, Zhao Hai wasn't letting these thoughts sway his judgement. He didn't care what Gasol's thoughts were. What he needed to do right now was to charge forward, grab Gasol, and send a letter to Wales in order to ask about how to deal with him.

Right now, he was blood-sworn brother of Wales, not Gasol, so of course he wanted to help Wales. Whether Gasol lived or died was not within his range of concerns.

Most importantly, he had to think about the ground bulls which Gasol and his men were riding. Although he couldn't get a hold of stoneskin bulls, ground bulls would be fine too.

Zhao Hai believed that Gasol wouldn't be fast while bringing a lot of people with him. The latter must be having hard days. Otherwise, he wouldn't have raided the Large-Horned Raging Bull Tribe.

Zhao Hai's speed wasn't slow. The wagon pullers were all high-level undead creatures. It wouldn't be difficult to catch up to Gasol.

In order to confirm Gasol's travel direction, he sent out his blood hawks once more, with flame birds added, of course. Now that the flame birds were his, they shouldn't have any reaction upon seeing Gasol.

After more than 3 hours, Zhao Hai finally managed to track down Gasol's figure. Only 2 hours later, before nightfall, he and his convoy would be able to catch up to Gasol and his men.

Zhao Hai wasn't in a hurry after discovering Gasol, however. He started to slow down. They could catch up to Gasol after 2 hours, but it wouldn't be nightfall by then, so it would be very bad for his attack. In any case, Gasol was a level 8 powerhouse. Without Zhao Wen and Cai-Er's help, he wouldn't be able to suppress him in a short amount of time.

Meanwhile, Zhao Hai was also thinking about how to deal with the Large-Horned Raging Bull Tribe's people. Now that the tribe had lost most of its youths, this matter would definitely be a disaster for them.

If they were taken away by Gasol as they were, they would surely end up as slaves. But if Gasol didn't care about them, their days would not be any better. Winter was about to arrive, so without the majority of their youths, there was no way they could prepare enough feeding grasses, and they had not yet migrated to a place where they could withstand the coldness of the winter. In such circumstances, it was unlikely that they would survive this winter.

Zhao Hai was sitting inside the wagon while looking at Laura with a frown, "What do you think we should do, Laura? How should we treat the Large-Horned Raging Bull Tribe's people?"

Laura's brows curled as she said, "They are now considered slaves. Even if we save them, their lives will not be any better. Instead, they will still become slaves if they come across other tribes. This is a really tough matter."

Zhao Hai sighed, "As I suspected. The prairie has its own rules, but I didn't expect that when a tribe has lost and becomes enslaved, sometimes that can be their only chance at life. What should we do with these people? Send them to Iron Mountain Castle as slaves?"

Laura was at a loss as well. Unlike the situations before where the slaves had been bought, and didn't have any loyalty issues, the Large-Horned Raging Bull Tribe's people were people who had been defeated in combat before being made slaves. It was hard to tell how many of them would be willing to become their slaves.

Laura looked at Zhao Hai, "Hai-bro, how about we bring them to West Wonder King's place? If we deliver them to him, won't they be able to safely get through this winter?"

Zhao Hai shook his head, "No. Right now, we still don't know about his stance towards the attack on the Herculean Bull Tribe. Even if we find him, we'll still have to observe him instead of making an immediate approach. If we bring the Large-Horned Raging Bull Tribe's people, how will we explain where they are coming from? If we say they were seized by force, then whose hands did we seize them from? How? Besides, will West Wonder King think that we're outside help, just like the humans hired by the Fighting Bull Tribe? The prairie has its own rules. If we just put our hands around inadvertently, it will not end well."

Just then, Meg spoke, "What are you thinking so much about, young master? They have nowhere else to go right now, and they are considered slaves, so let them be our slaves. They won't run away after being put into the castle, and nothing will happen if grandpa Greene keeps watch. We also have enough food to feed them, so why not?"

Zhao Hai was stunned for a bit, while Laura nodded, "That's the best solution thus far. Gasol and his men attacked them and made them his slaves. We defeat Gasol, get his spoils, and they will become our slaves. Then, whatever we do to them is our business, and Iron Mountain Castle is an enclosed environment. It just so happens that putting them there can make them get used to life over there. There won't be any problems as long as they don't run away."

Zhao Hai nodded his head. He had finally discovered something different from Earth in Ark Continent: people who had been given a slave status would be treated as merchandise and sorted at will. It was already inappropriate to view them from the angle that everyone was equal.

Zhao Hai had been thinking to release them after their rescue, but he had never thought that they had already become slaves, who were to be treated as other people willed whether they liked it or not.

If they were slaves, it wouldn't be hard for Zhao Hai to process them. With Greene and Cai-Er's supervision and the undead creatures guarding Iron Mountain Castle, the Large-Horned Raging Bull tribesmen would expect to leave? It would be almost impossible.

Zhao Hai nodded, "Very well then. Let's do that. I don't think they'll be able to run away while grandpa Greene and the others are handling them.

Laura nodded, "We'll have to notify them and let them make preparations. It's more than 1000 people, after all. Preparations will be necessary."

Zhao Hai nodded and turned to Meg. “Meg, go tell grandpa Greene about it, or else they might have their hands tied.” After that, he sent Meg into the space, and from there to Iron Mountain Castle.

Zhao Hai and the others didn’t stop. They just moved slowly in Gasol’s direction. He knew that Gasol couldn’t possibly be in a hurry at night, and he would surely stop and take a rest. If Gasol stopped, Zhao Hai could attack immediately.

As the sky gradually darkened, Zhao Hai’s convoy pushed forward, while the blood hawks were still tracking Gasol’s movements in the sky. Perhaps it was due to how Gasol wanted to reach West Wonder King’s place sooner that he and his men didn’t stop at night. Instead, their wagons had lit torches placed on them.

Although this was somewhat out of Zhao Hai’s expectations, it turned out to be much easier for the blood hawks to track him down, because beastmen didn’t usually rush around at night.

As the sky turned completely black, Zhao Hai knew it was time to make his move, as there wouldn’t be any beastmen that might come and witness the fighting between him and Gasol right now. Whether or not Gasol was rushing was no longer important.

Zhao Hai’s convoy increased its speed while he unleashed his undead creatures. He didn’t release undead beasts this time, because they were protecting Black Wastelands. Instead, he released the newly-acquired 1500 fighting bull and 2000 jackal cavalry.

Also not being released were the undead mercenaries. They were infantry, so their speed would never be as fast as that of cavalry. Zhao Hai put the convoy into the space, while he, Laura and Nier sat inside Xenomorph’s body.

Because Wales wasn’t around them this time, all the undead creatures present besides Xenomorph were in their zombie state.

Gasol was sitting gloomily on the back of his mount while his escorts were maintaining the order of his march. Most of his convoy were the weak and elderly, so their speed wasn’t fast. Just a while ago, he had killed an elderly large-horned raging bull because he couldn’t walk any longer due to his age. This infuriated the raging bull tribesmen deeply, but they didn’t dare to voice their rage.

The large-horned raging bulls knew about the rules of the prairie. They were now Gasol's properties, and Gasol was the one in charge of their survival. Unless they could win against him, they had no choice but to accept their slavery.

Gasol felt like he was about to go insane, and truly so. He didn't understand why things would turn out like this. The Fighting Bull Tribe, which had been on good terms with him, had suddenly occupied his main camp. When Gasol had heard the news, he had been angered to the point of vomiting blood where he stood.

It was then that Gasol had finally understood that he had fallen into the Fighting Bull Tribe's trap from the beginning. He knew that he was finished, and would never be able to return to the Herculean Bull Tribe, so he wanted to find West Wonder King.

West Wonder King had never been satisfied with the way the current fighting bull chieftain did things. With the support of Herculean Bull Tribe, he had broken away from the chieftain's rule and been opposed to it ever since. Gasol hoped that he could use this to borrow some troops to fight against the Fighting Bull Tribe to the very end.

It wasn't until now that Gasol finally had a trace of regret. He truly regretted killing his father, and he felt that he really shouldn't have hunted Wales and Mendez down.

It had also dawned upon him now that the 1500 fighting bull cavalry which he had borrowed from the Fighting Bull Tribe would have been his killers if they hadn't been killed by Wales and the others.

Gasol had been blinded by power, and his logic had been overcome by greed. When he thought about the things he had done, there was only endless regret.

Yet now, he had no face to see Wales. He just wanted to borrow some troops to launch a suicidal attack on the Fighting Bull Tribe in the hopes of making up for his crimes.

Right now, Gasol was just like a gambler who had lost his fortunes, with only his own life left. The only thing he could do was throw his life at his enemies.

The first reason was that he thought it was likely that he would be able to borrow troops while West Wonder King was at odds with the fighting bull chieftain. The second was that he wanted to weaken West Wonder King's strength. His loss made him realize a lot of things which he hadn't been able to before. He knew that West Wonder King wasn't a truly dependable individual either. If West Wonder King were to be in power one day, he would likely threaten the rule of the Herculean Bull Tribe. And so, he wanted to borrow some troops in order to weaken West Wonder King's strength.

Gasol had also thought about whether or not he could really borrow the troops, but at this point, he could only hope for the best. He thought that the chances of borrowing the troops would be high. If he didn't put pressure on the Fighting Bull Tribe's forces, West Wonder King wouldn't have easier days. Certainly, West Wonder King would not risk his own life to fight against the fighting bull chieftain. He should, however, be willing to see that Gasol was raring to go against the chieftain.