

## D. of Pride 191

### Chapter 191: The Mutation Menace (2)

Irene who was staring at the [Main Menu], pointed out "It seems to be the effects of the mutation brought out by the Scarlet Mutation Crystal. The entire ecosystem had been flipped upside down, the Direwolves and the Stormwolves that you had spawned here are in danger".

Simon blinked his eyes unable to believe what he just heard. Putting the comment about the ecosystem aside, the wolves are in danger? What kind of joke was that?

The Dire wolves and the stormwolves are the apex predators of this floor. For her to say that they were in danger, he didn't understand what she meant by that. However, he knew more than anyone that Irene wasn't the kind of person who would joke in this kind of situation.

So that could only mean that the wolves colony here are really in danger. "But they are the strongest monsters here, who could potentially be a threat to them?" Simon asked perplexed.

Even if it was the creature that underwent a mutation after eating the flesh of the stormwolf, it shouldn't be able to threaten the colony of the wolves.

Hurriedly opening the [Archive] options, he saw for himself that the population of the wolves had indeed gone down drastically. From their initial numbers of more than two hundred, only hundred or so remained.

That is to say, only after five days, their numbers have been reduced by half. It was as Irene said, he has to do something, the Direwolves and the Stormwolves were truly in danger. But before that, he wanted to know the cause of this mess, who and what was it that had created such trouble here.

Looking towards the [Helpers] for an answer, they looked remorseful for a while before pointing towards the heap of rubble. "Lord Simon we are truly ashamed to let the situation develop out of control, but even we weren't able to exert control over those creatures".

Simon was stunned once again, even the [Helpers] weren't able to exert control over it. [Helpers] although did not enjoy as much authority as a Guardian would, it was still a role assigned by the dungeon to them.

It was only now that Simon realised the true extent of the ability of the Scarlet Mutation Crystal. And to top it off, the grade of the crystal he got from the pond was still the lowest at [C] rank, he couldn't imagine what kind of storms higher grade crystals would bring.

Deciding that he couldn't give a free rein to this unknown creature, he would bring it under his control. Simon was the dungeon master and no matter what he had absolute control over all the monsters inhabiting the dungeon.

The [Helpers] when they saw that their lord had no intention of blaming them for their negligence in supervision, their mood lifted a little and the dreary atmosphere around them disappeared.

Coleus, one of the [Helpers] came forward and recounted everything that had happened after he had left the dungeon five days ago.

The monster or more like the monsters that were eating the flesh of the stormwolf was other the Fanged Mouse. However, it was not only one or two of them but their entire colony.

What was more surprising was that after eating the flesh of the stormwolf, all of the Fanged Mouse started mutating. Each of them had undergone so many changes that it was hard to tell which race they belonged to.

Some were as big as two meters, others not even half a meter. Some were golden striped, while the others were fully crimson. Every day a new mutated one would be spotted and it would be hard to discern which race they belonged to.

And before the [Helpers] even became aware that it was not just one or two monsters that had mutated, the situation had already become out of control.

The fanged mouse after eating the flesh of the stormwolf, started eyeing the apex predator of this floor as their prey. The mutation that they had undergone made it all the more possible for them to contend with the wolves and hence the predator and the prey on the 15th floor had changed places.

The numbers of the mutated Fanged Mouse kept on increasing and before long the wolves found themselves in a position where their numbers were continuously declining. To make matters worst, when the [Helpers] approached them aiming to control their destructive behaviour, the Fanged Mouse were completely unfazed by their commands.

The colony of the mouse not only ran rampant on the 15th floor, due to their mutation wherever they went, their flammable body would light a fire and before long the entire forest was burning.

It was precisely because of this ability of their that the Direwolves and the Stormwolves weren't able to defeat them as their bodies would burst into fire killing the wolves along with them. An ability that made the other cower to fight you.

Hearing the detailed report, a big frown was hanging on Simon's forehead. There were many things in the report that didn't make sense to begin with like how a single Scarlet Mutation Crystal eaten by a stormwolf was effective enough to mutate the entire colony of a Fanged Mouse.

How they were able to dismiss the authority of their [Helpers] and their high effective ability.

Simon could see why the wolves were beaten until half of their numbers were gone and if the situation continued like this they would go extinct on the 15th floor.

Opening the [Archive] function of the [Main Menu], he was befuddled by one more fact. The main culprit behind all the mess, the Fanged Mouse, their numbers were shown as zero. That is to say that their entire race had changed and because of that their current numbers had eluded the observation of the dungeon.

Looking at the heap of rubble, he pointed out "So they are living underground and this is their lair?".

"Right" Irene said as she answered his question before speaking in a speculative tone. "Since the dungeon is unable to display their race and numbers, it is highly possible that their race is not registered to the dungeon yet and because of that, this race is also able to dismiss the authority of the [Helpers]. A species that had undergone mutation under very special circumstances and is yet to be recorded. It might be possible to register them back to the dungeon".

On that note, he agreed with her. The fact that he was not getting any DP from them meant that the dungeon still regarded them as its spawn. The Dungeon was an extension of his which meant that as long as he saw and recognised them, it would be automatically registered to the dungeon.

Once registered, they will no longer be able to dismiss the authority of the [Helpers]. But to do that, Simon has to see them with his own eyes.

"Alright, I'm gonna move the rubble away from here" He declared looking at [Irene] and the [Helpers]. All of them wore a strange expression on their face before backing down a little.

The most unusual reaction amongst them was Irene as she directly blinked a few meters back saying "You should be careful, don't scare them by causing too many vibrations".

It was his first time seeing Irene behave so strangely. Simon did not know why she would say something like but he simply nodded his head.

"Cecilia it would be good if you back down too" he said addressing Cecilia.

Cecilia nodded her head and immediately ran to where Irene was. 'Alright, I don't know what kind of species you are but don't think that you can just crash in here without the permission of the dungeon master and destroy everything' he thought internally before using his Gale magic to slowly lift the mountain of rubble.

As soon as he moved the rubble a little, an intense heatwave like that of a mouth of a volcano brushed past him and the entire temperature around the area started rising.

Slowly, a crimson glow started coming off from the bottom and a wide hole could be seen. When the rubble was completely moved to the side, Simon was astounded till his eyes went wide at the scene that lay before him.

"Kyaaaaaaaa" Cecilia cried out loud, tightly hugging Irene beside him. A skin-tingling sensation assaulted all the observers as they saw the scene.

In front of them lay a huge gaping hole glowing crimson from the heatwave and inside it one could see hundreds no at a glance there were more than thousands of what looked like mice frolicking around.

The sheer quantity of them inside it made all of them wince their eyes as they slowly started backing down.

Simon was the only one who did not suffer from such symptoms as he carefully observed the monsters in the number of thousands inside the hole.. Some of them had golden stripes, other were covered in crimson furs, their features matched with the description of the [Helpers] just that each of them were describing a different one.

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Each of these mutated Fanged Mouse were radiating an intense amount of heat from their body and made their lair very similar to an actual mouth of a volcano. One could imagine the kind of heat the thousands of could emit together.

These Fanged Mouse inside the hole were layering on top of each other with the small ones on top of the big. When they moved, Simon could see the huge ones quietly lazing around at the bottom of the hole.

Their size were massive, their tails serpentine and huge fangs protruded out of their mouth. They looked completely different from how a typical Fanged Mouse should look like which goes to show how much they have changed after the mutation.

Simon was convinced looking at their numbers and the huge ones down below that once they moved, even the so called apex predators of this floor the Direwolves and Stromwolves would be no match for them.

Even from this distance, he could feel their might and the wild heat that their body was producing.

He used [Analysis] on them and soon became aware of their species. The small ones on top were called the Fire Fanged Mouse and the big ones were the Fire Eater Rat.

It seemed that the Fire Eater Rater was the next evolution of a Fire Fanged Mouse. The fire fanged Mouse was still an [E] rank monster while the Fire Eater Rat was displayed as a [D] rank by the analysis.

Generally, the Fanged Mouse spawned by his dungeon was an [E] rank monster, the weakest of the weak. However, after the mutation, the same could no longer be said for them anymore.

Although the fire Fanged mouse was still an [E] rank, they now had an ability to utilise the fire attribute of mana whereas the Fire Eater Rat had jumped evolutionary tier and had reached [D] rank, the same rank as the Stromwolves.

Even their level were all above hundred with even the smallest Fire Fanged Mouse being at level 102 not to mention the huge ones at bottom were all above level 200.

[The Fire Eater Rat and the Fire Fanged Mouse had been registered, the authority of dungeon is now effective on them]. A notification from the system sounded out.

As soon as Simon recognised them with his eyes, the races of the mouse was registered by the dungeon and a message window popped up in front of him, the Guardians and the [Helpers].

A mysterious effect passed over the thousands of Fire Fanged Mouse and the Fire Eater Rats as they stopped frolicking. Seeing that the dungeon had brought them under control, Simon silently covered the hole with the mountain of rubble once again.

When he did that, he could hear all the [Helpers] audibly sighing, the sight of thousands of gigantic mice frolicking on top of each other was too much of a sight for them.

Now that he had brought the troublemakers under his control, the ensuing question was how to deal with them next. Their presence had completely altered the ecosystem here and if he let them be, then the wolves wouldn't be able to stay here anymore.

The 15th floor which was modelled after a forest, was unsuitable for these mutated mouse as they spread fire everywhere they go from their bodies. Even now from the corner of his eyes, he could see a quarter of the forest burning.

The reduction in the numbers of the wolves did hurt him a little economically; after all, it would need quite a sum of DP to spawn them back before the adventurers reach this floor in the future. But the addition of the mutated mouse increased and fortified the power of his dungeon even further.

Not to mention he did not have to spend a dime to spawn them and their reproduction rate made them self sustaining. A mutated species appearing in a low tier dungeon such as his would completely change the way the adventurers perceives his dungeon.

Settling the mess on the 15th floor, Simon finally had a peace of mind. Now the next question that popped up was which floor should he shift them to. Leaving the small fire fanged mouse aside, the huge Fire Eater Rats were all level 200 which was enough to place them on the same standing with the monsters on the lower floors.

Going by the standards, they were on the same level as the monster guarding the 31st to 33rd floor. If he placed them on the early floors, it would be like the difficulty going up through the roof all of a sudden.

No low-level adventurers would be able to pass through them and it might even hamper his future plans if this kills the motivation of the adventurers.

However, all the lower floors had already established their own ecosystem and if he put them there, the same event as the current 15th floor would occur once again. By process of elimination, the only choice left was to create a new floor specifically designed for them.

Making his decision, Simon looked at the [Helpers] before directing "The mutated monsters have been registered in the dungeon and as [Helpers] your authority also extends to them. They will no longer be able to dismiss your control like before so make sure they do not skirmish with the remaining wolves for the time being".

Just as he finished saying his piece, Irene appeared along with Cecilia and asked "What are you going to do with them?".

"Hm? Ah, now that the situation has developed this further, I'm going to create a new floor for them since them being here would make the wolves go extinct. A new floor built specifically for them would be the best choice since bodies continuously release heat which would affect the surrounding terrain and their high reproduction rate makes them quite self-supporting" Simon replied giving it some thought.

Irene nodded her head while Cecilia made a complicated face. She looked like she was still on edge even after the lair of the mouse was covered and couldn't wait to get away from here.

After giving the [Helpers] their individual orders, Simon along with Irene and Cecilia teleported back to the main floor.

Inside the white palace on the main floor, Cecilia immediately bowed her head and apologised for her error in monitoring. "I'm sorry big brother, elder sister Irene... even though you taught me how to use the [Main Menu] I wasn't able to perform my duty".

Irene sighed and gently consoled her by caressing her hair.

"It was not your fault Cecilia, it was a mistake on my part. I did not know that the Scarlet Mutation Crystal that I placed on the 15th floor would bring this much of a drastic change" Simon said.

It was true, he was not simply consoling her. Mutation occurring to a whole colony of monsters, even he as a dungeon master couldn't foresee it and because of that, the situation became what it was now.

Well, everything will be settled once he creates a floor specifically for the mutated mouse and there would be no need for anybody to brood over it. A terrain that would be suitable for the mouse having the ability to harness the fire attribute of mana.

What came to mind was a volcanic area filled with lava and flame but because those kinds of terrain was only available to high-level dungeons and needed an enormous sum of DP to install, Simon could only give up.

The next option was a desert area like the 31st to 33rd floor which was vast a desert created by him using the crimson agate. The desert terrain was similarly only available to mid-to-high tier dungeon and he was only able to imitate a similar feeling to it by spawning the crimson agate crystals that produce intense heat underneath the sand.

The ceiling was still of phosphorescence crystals. An area like that might be suitable for the Fire Fanged Mouse and the Fire Eater Rat. But Simon didn't want the 34th floor to be the same as the floor above it.

Another thing he had to keep in mind was the high reproduction rate. The colony of the mouse was already more than thousands and this number was only going to increase further with time.

Therefore, he needed to create a floor big enough for their population to reside. Hence the 34th and 35th floor was created with that in mind. The area of these floors made them currently the biggest floor of the dungeon by far.

The other name the adventurer gave these floors was The Pit but that was something for the future.

The 34th and 35th floors were a wide plains more that thirty-five kilometres in area with sparse mountains and trees. The ceiling was high but did not have any phosphorescence crystals to light up the place.



The entire floor was dark and only the crimson agate that spawned underneath the ground which surfaces occasionally was the only source of light.

## Chapter 193: Diluvian High Orcs

The entire floor was dark and only the crimson agate that spawned underneath the ground which surfaces occasionally was the only source of light. No, it would be wrong to say that the crystals were the only light as there was another source but the adventurers who were unfortunate enough to find it, would later go on to warn the others never to wander there.

Finishing with the creation of the new floors, Simon called the [Helpers] and ordered them to move the mutated monsters to their new habitat.

Since [Helpers] did not have the authority to teleport the monsters from one floor to another, it was ultimately him who migrated the Fire Eater Rat and the Fire Fanged Mouse. Their main job was to monitor them for a couple of days and see if the monsters were able to create their own ecosystem on the floor or not.

Now that the pressing situation inside his dungeon was settled, Simon nonchalantly opened the [Main Menu] and observed the progress of the adventurers. As expected, most of the adventurers that were here to explore his dungeon, were weak.

Their average levels were around 150 and their motive was to simply absorb experience through defeating monsters and at the same time earn some money for their living.

These were the types of adventurers that constituted most of the numbers; however, that does not mean that all of the adventurers were here to increase their level. Some of the adventures team were here from the neighbouring cities specifically to mine the Silver Crystals growing on the floors.

These types of adventurers usually spend a couple of days to a week inside the dungeon mining. Various motives were fuelling the adventurers and thus it wouldn't be surprising if there were some among them who were aiming to conquer the dungeon and eyeing his dungeon core.

Simon did not underestimate his enemies no matter how weak they were because he knew that the allure of his dungeon sooner or later would bring the strong adventurers here.

Next, he looked at the stockpile of DP that was increasing at a steady pace and smiled in content. His earnings were finally keeping up with his expenditure and if this pace continues for a month or two, Simon believed that his DP would be doubled.

Creating a floor and increasing its area took a lot of DP not to mention the price goes up the more floors the dungeon had. Currently, his dungeon Laplace not including the main floor and the Forest Spring Spirit floor, had thirty five floors.

His dungeon was a low tier [D] rank dungeon and the maximum number of floors he could create was fifty. That was not all, there were still many functions yet to be unlocked which ate an enormous amount of DP to install.

Even with his current stockpile of DP, he wasn't eligible enough to touch those functions. Although the enormous sum of DP needed made them seem quite out of reach, but Simon knew that with time and when the number of floors and the rank of his dungeon increases, those sum won't look as extreme as they were now.

After observing the progress of the adventurers for a while, he checked the spawn rate of the monsters before closing the [Main Menu]. Other than the incident on the 15th floor, there was nothing unusual going on with the other floors.

While Simon was busy monitoring the dungeon, Irene used the mysterious ability of hers to observe his status and the new skill [Mana Lines] on it made her widen her eyes for a fraction of a second.

The changes were so slight that it went unnoticed by the occupants of the room.

"It seems that you were able to acquire the Rare skill [Mana Lines] in less than two months. I'm quite sure you can already feel the changes within you but don't forget that your goal is to evolve the skill to the Ancient tier before you rank up to Demon Duke" Irene's reminder snapped Simon back from his daze.

He nodded his head in acknowledgement of her words. It was as she had said, the difference between him before acquiring the skill and after was like that of a day and night. He could distinctively feel that the skill made him much more stronger even without the obvious increase in his level.

However, that was not the true power of the skill [Mana Lines]. The one that he had acquired after recreating was an imperfect version and it would only be completed when the tier of the skill reaches the Legendary tier.

There is a huge gap between a skill that had reached Superior tier than a one that hadn't. The [Mana Lines] Skill was a Rare skill unlike the dozens of normal skills that he have. To increase the tier of such rare skill would be even harder than the normal ones.

After experiencing the huge increase in strength after obtaining the [Mana Lines] skill, Simon's next goal was to evolve it to Superior tier before ranking up to Demon Earl.

Unlike the other Demon Nobles such as the Demon Baron and Demon Viscount, Demon Earl was a Demon Noble in a true sense of the word. Their Bloodline is quite pure and is renowned across the whole land.

Their might was on a whole different level than the low-rank Demon Nobles and are a true nobility among demons.

Those Demon Earl that show remarkable strength and talent, are even eyed by the high-rank demon to be their confidant or butlers. A Demon Noble can only rank up to Demon Earl after reaching level 500 and possessing a somewhat pure bloodline.

Their power was unimaginable to ordinary people and to humans, they were a symbol of terror that could destroy multiple cities in a span of few hours. The power of a Demon Earl was so great that it needed two humans who have broken through level 500 and had undergone at least six class changes to even contend with it. That was what it means to rank up to Demon Earl.

"What are you planning next?" Irene asked looking at him. Simon deliberated for a while before making up his mind.

"I'm going back to the western part of the forest to train and increase my level" Earlier he was only able to explore a little of the territory of the High orcs. This time he was planning to go a little more further in search of strong enemies.

Suddenly, he remembered the peculiar gaze that had locked onto him while he was on his way back. Simon couldn't help but feel that whoever it was, it must be quite strong. He felt exhilarated to confront such an enemy whose gaze was enough to tell how strong it was.

"Me! I want to come along. I want to get stronger so that I can help big brother someday" Cecilia raised her hands and insisted after learning that Simon was going out to train once again.

While it is true that Forest Spring Royal Spirit had no combat abilities, their powers lied somewhere else. Their Heaven Defying Auxiliary Powers to control and manipulate nature made them a true royalty among other races. Allowing her to increase her level wasn't necessarily a bad thing... Simon thought.

However, when he recalled the words of Aldebaran, he put a halt on his line of thought. According to him, her powers were sealed within her and with time will slowly manifest. There was no need for Cecilia to put herself in harm's way specifically to level up.

Her powers were sleeping deep within her along with her memories. This goes to say that her memories of her time as one of the Emissaries of the Primordial Demon Lord of Pride, Samael will also awaken. When he thought till here, he suddenly felt quite dejected.

"Cecilia as your big brother, I'm naturally happy with your decision to get stronger. But unlike me, your power rests deep within you, and as long as you try to recall it, you will naturally be able to get stronger without needing to defeat monsters to increase your level" Simon tussled Cecilia's bright emerald hair and explained.

She had complete faith in her brother and that was Cecilia simply nodded without arguing. Well, it wasn't like she couldn't feel the powers that sometimes appeared in front of her in her dreams. She tried many times to converse with it but every time that she did, it ended up in failure.

She could feel the presence of a deep unfathomable power sleeping quietly within her soul but she didn't know how to interact with it nor a way to make it her own.

She wanted to help her big brother and share some of his burdens and to do that, she needed to master her abilities first. Giving a strong nod, Cecilia replied "Un... big brother, I'll do my best and quickly get stronger so that I can help you someday".

"Irene how about you? Do you want to..." Just as he was about to ask whether she would like to explore the forest and increase her level, he realised that if the both of them were to be absent from the dungeon, he would be quite worried. Especially now when there were quite a few number of adventurers frequently visiting and diving inside his dungeon.

Unbeknownst to him, the woman who always appeared to be icy cold, noble and calm, had too become an irreplaceable part of the dungeon that he couldn't do without.

## Chapter 194: Diluvian High Orcs (2)

Looking at his concerned face, Irene immediately understood his worries and calmly replied.

"I will look after the dungeon, you can go out and train without worrying. As for my level, I'm about to reach level 200 soon".

Hearing her reply, his mind was immediately put into ease but when the realisation of her last sentence struck him, he immediately became surprised. After their last trip from the Forest Spring Spirit village at the borders of the Ancient Treant territory, Irene had never left the dungeon. It wouldn't be surprising if her level had become stagnant for these past few months.

However, Irene herself said that she was soon about to reach level 200.

Seeing the surprise in his eyes Irene clarified further "Just like Cecilia, my powers are also sealed and as long as I continue to bask in the rich density of mystical energy, I will be able to slowly gain my powers back".

Simon nodded absentmindedly; it was the first time he had seen Irene opening up a little bit about herself. It made sense, Irene was someone he had summoned from the bugged summon option of his [Main Menu] and everything related to her was a mystery.

He remembered when he analysed her status for the first time, most of her skills were displayed as sealed. It wasn't unusual for her powers to be sealed just like Cecilia.

Simon breathed a deep breath of air before suddenly remembering the scene from back then when Irene had suddenly lost control of her emotions. He could still vividly remember the huge and beautiful Ice phoenix shadow that appeared just like an illusion when her headache was about to worsen.

Even if it was just for an instant, the might and divine aura that it had released, was enough to overshadow this whole world. If Irene's powers were sealed just as she said, then there was no point for her to grind levels like him in the first place.

Although he did not understand how basking in the rich density of the mystical energy would help her unseal her powers back, he knew that Irene had something on her mind.

Now that the safety of the dungeon was not weighing at the back of his mind, Simon bid the two of them goodbye before promptly teleporting out of the dungeon. Without stopping for a second, he zipped through the sky and flew towards the western region of the forest.

The place where his dungeon was located was in the eastern region of the forest where the weakest of the monsters resided. It was quite far from the western part of the forest and even with his [High-Speed Flight], it took him a couple of hours to get there.

The destination he was heading for was the High Orcs territory, the area where he stopped his exploration the last time.

The [Mental Map] skill was quite helpful in that accord that it was able to map the territory out quite thoroughly. Simon just needed to follow his last trail and he would be back to the exact same place.

That being said, the High orcs had extremely keen noses and his scent would naturally not go unnoticed by them. He would be pincered by their numbers the deeper he went and all sorts of garbled unintelligible words would come assailing his ears.

The territory of the High orcs was as gloomy and dark as ever and by the time Simon had reached the area he stopped at the last time, he had already defeated four groups of high orcs that came following his scent.

"Huff... huff... I can feel that I am approaching deeper towards their territory" Simon took hurried breaths of air before regulating his breathing. The monsters that came attacking him were clearly stronger than the ones patrolling at the border of their territory, which meant that he was steadily marching deeper.

After resting in that spot for a while to recover his expended stamina and mana, he quickly increased his pace and marched deeper in search of strong enemies.

A few minutes passed then ten and before long an hour had passed. Simon wore a frown over his face as he intensely stared at his [Mental Map]. According to it, there was no mistake, he was steadily approaching closer towards the deepest part of their territory and yet he didn't even meet a single high orc coming his way.

He had also checked for traps that may have misled his sense of direction and made him march in circles. But it turns out that was not the case, the high orcs although sentient, weren't intelligent enough to set traps and arrays for their prey.

Which led Simon to only one conclusion and that was the high orcs were already occupied with something which had enough importance for them to completely ignore his presence.

The more he thought, the more curious he got and increased his speed in this freeway that was left open for him. After about an hour or so, huge buildings and constructs that were crudely made, came into view.

The houses were so big that they easily reached up to a height of thirty meters each, demonstrating that the residents of the houses were no ordinary beings. The village was surrounded by tall fences and a huge gate made with various monster bones.

The settlement was still far from where Simon was but he still could still see several shadows gathering near the square at the centre of the village. The distance was too much for him to see what they currently doing however, from the vague shadows he could still make out they were currently increasing their force.

Intrigued, Simon wanted to know what exactly were they pre-occupied with to ignore his presence but if he approached any closer, their keen noses would be able to pick his scent and before long he would be surrounded by the hordes of them.

Although being besieged by them was his original goal for coming here in the first place, his inquisitive mind couldn't help but buzz at the thought of what their objective was.

There was no way he could approach closer to have a look without getting spotted by them... as he was thinking just that, from the corner of his eyes, he spotted something.

The thing that caught his eyes or rather his nose was something that had a very disgusting odour and would make anyone scowl. Yes, it was other than excrement of some monster. The smell was so horrible that Simon had the urge to immediately get away from it when suddenly, an idea struck him.

'If I can't hide my scent, why not cover it with something that is present everywhere' he looked at the excrement and thought internally. It would work as an excellent camouflage against these High Orcs who have a very keen nose and can pick up a foreign smell from miles.

Hesitating over his options for a while, Simon steeled his mind and decided to cover himself in it. Fortunately for him, the excrement had already dried up.

Smearing it all over his clothes, his whole body started giving off a rancid smell which made him cover his nose.

"Alright... this should do the trick. Even with their nose, it would be difficult for them to pick my scent now" Saying that, he started increasing his speed and rushed towards the distant high orcs village.

After arriving at an elevation from where he could monitor them properly, he hid his presence behind a nearby tree. From this viewpoint, he could clearly see the figure and numbers of the high orcs gathering near the town square.

Another thing that he noticed was that the appearance of these high orcs was quite unusual than the ones he was used to seeing. The ones gathered inside the village had rugged crimson skin and were quite brawny and taller than the normal high orcs.

Unlike the ones patrolling the border, these ones looked very intelligent and were wearing various crudely made garbs over their bodies. Even their presence was on a completely different realm than the normal looking ones.

Feeling their presence, Simon couldn't help but feel excited as the blood within him started boiling. He couldn't help but wonder how much experience each of them would give him once he defeats them.

The result of Analysis told him that the monsters in front of him weren't just simple high orcs but a mutated species of them called Diluvian High Orc.

A mutated species is always stronger than its base species and are extremely powerful. The numbers of the Diluvian High Orcs gathering at the town square were in the fifties and each of their levels was above level 300.



Simon concentrated on listening to the conversation of these Diluvian High Orcs to understand what their objective behind gathering such a huge force was.

"I wonder why the commander gave the order for all of us to gather here" One of the Diluvian High Orcs wearing a sturdy armour made of animal bones asked. He had a gigantic shield hung on his back which his brawny body carried with ease.

"It is because Sir Berigard has decided to move" Replied an Orc lining in front of him.

"You mean Sir Berigard who is one of three generals under our king and who is famous for his magic is coming here? Is this why the commander asked us to be at ready here?" Another Orc of similar warrior build said.

## Chapter 195: Orc General

"The likes of us aren't qualified to question the objective of commander. Just do as you are told and don't try to pry for information" One of the orcs standing at the front who seemed to be the leader of this group spoke in a harsh tone that shut the ones conversing. Even his presence was stronger than the ones behind him indicating that they were not on the same level.

Simon who was hiding behind a tree on an elevation at a safe distance was keenly listening to the bits and pieces of their conversation and became increasingly interested in their objective. He did not know what their motive behind mobilising so many warriors for but he did know that it wasn't something simple.

At this moment, his original goal of hunting orcs for experience already flew out of his mind.

After all of the fifty or so Diluvian High Orcs mobilised at the town square, the one at the front who seemed to be regarded as the commander by the other orcs, stepped forward and rallied the crowd assembled in front of him.

The Orc commander had an impressive build and wore armour that outshined all the others around it. Even from this distance, Simon could feel the vast strength and presence the orc released.

He was sure that the gaze he had felt the other time while he was getting out of the territory of the high orcs was other than the orc commander's. The orc commanders strength and level was by far the highest amongst the group at level 384.

After rallying the group, under the leadership of the orc commander the group set out deeper towards the forest. Simon who was silently following the group from a distance, kept at it for an hour or so before spotting another group of similar strength coming from another direction.

The one leading that group was similarly another orc commander. The two groups met with each other before proceeding forward, its two commanders at the forefront discussing something.

"Buhaha, Bellock it seems that the strength of your army is lesser than mine... buhahaha" the orc commander of the other group looked at Bellock and commented.

Bellock who was the commander of the army that Simon had started to follow first kept his silence and did not bother to reply.

Seeing that Bellock did not bother to entertain him, Belmarch spat at the ground before changing the topic. "It looks like Sir Berigard wants to move forward his plan and subjugate it before the other two generals make their move".

Belmarch said contemplating over the instructions he had received a few weeks ago.

"We are Sir Berigard's loyal servants and shall aid him in whatever objective he wants to achieve" Bellock who was keeping his silence finally opened his mouth and spoke few words with absolute seriousness.

Belmarch had a similar expression on his face as he nodded and said with great solemnity "Even if we have to lay our lives down we must subjugate it to make the work of sir Berigard easier". The two commanders silently walked forward, their armies followed behind.

"Buhaha, speaking of which Bellock I heard some rumours saying an intruder had wrecked havoc at the borders of your territory?" Belmarch asked smiling.

Bellock did not answer and simply bared his fangs in annoyance. He wanted to crush that intruder last time but before he even arrived, the intruder was already gone. At that time he had no choice but to look at the intruder's departing back.

Since he allowed the intruder to return back unharmed, the rumours about him allowing an intruder to barge in so casually spread far and wide inside the high orc's territory. Naturally, Belmarch who was of similar standing as him and governed a part of the territory for the orc king was aware of it.

The Diluvian Orc army silently marched forward and before long a huge mountain thousands of meters in height came into view. The mountain was extremely dark and stuck out like a sore thumb around the surrounding.

Hundreds of dead trees dotted the mountain and a steep stairs that led all the way to the top was carved into it. No matter how one looked at it, the mountain clearly looked very odd which explained that it was not natural.

The mountain was created by someone and wasn't something that was naturally formed. The orc armies stopped at the base of the mountain and patiently waited for someone or something to arrive.

Simon who was following the trail made by the orc army, perked his senses and looked at the mountain covering his view. The moment he laid eyes on it, he could feel a vast amount of mana surrounding it.

The phenomenon immediately made him aware that the mountain was created by someone's magic.

"Is this the base of that orc general named Berigard? To have created this big of a mountain... how vast is the mana pool of that person?" Simon wondered as he carefully hid his presence. If his [Mental Map] was correct, he was already quite deep inside the high orc's territory and it wouldn't be surprising to find incredibly strong beings around here.

Revealing his presence here and at this moment, would be nothing short of suicide. There was an army of orcs in front of him whose levels were more than 300, not to mention the two commanders both above level 380.

There was also the unknown orc general Berigard whose might was powerful enough to subordinate all of them.

The two orc commanders bowed their heads and performed a salute with their weapons while the orc army behind them immediately kneeled.

The figure that descended the mountain had a lean and thin build that couldn't even be matched with your average high orcs. Red skin and a head full of ash grey hair was tied neatly behind him. The person was wearing a high grade thin armour made carefully with some unknown monsters hide. It had pointy ears, humanised face and orc like features.

"We welcome you sir Berigard" Bellock and Belmarch shouted with all their strength.

Similar to his hair, Berigard's eyes which shined with highly intelligent light was also ash grey in colour. He was holding a wooden staff embedded with many ornaments and hung multiple talismans on his neck. He glanced at the army of orcs before levitating and landing in front of the two orc commanders.

"Hmm... Bellock, Belmarch I hope that you lot are prepared. The enemy we are going to subjugate won't be an easy one and there might be multiple deaths. Are you ready to follow me?" Berigard said taking a deep glance at the two warriors in front of him.

Bellock simply bowed his head while Belmarch bravely thumped his chest and declared "There is no more question to ask. I'm ready to die to realise the grand ambitions of sir Berigard".

Nodding his head at those words, Berigard was just about to give his further orders when suddenly he knitted his brows. For a second there, he felt the presence and gaze of a foreign entity land on his person. But it was very subtle and stayed on him for a fraction of a second before disappearing.

'Was it my imagination? No, there are no such thing' realising that something was off, his ash-grey eyes scanned all around the surrounding and his snout nose smelled for any foreign odour.

Although his nose wasn't as big as the other orcs, his sense of smell was even keener than the high orcs. Seeing that their general was suddenly acting a little strange, they voiced out to him. But their call elicited no reaction from Berigard. He kept on with it before his search ended up with no result.

'Strange, I definitely felt something... could it really be my imagination? Anyways I must focus on the more important things right now' thinking internally Berigard dissolved his line of thought before focusing on his army.

"Alright prepare to march we are going towards the Northern region of the forest" immediately after declaring that, he levitated up and started heading towards that direction.

ROOOARRR... the army of orcs roared before marching behind their two commanders leaving behind a huge cloud of dust.

THUMP... THUMP... His heart pounding like crazy, Simon who was hiding behind a distant dried up tree finally came out of his place. Sweat rolled down his skin and a rare look of dread and excitement flashed on his face.

Earlier when the orc general showed its appearance and descended down the mountain, Simon couldn't help but get curious and matter-of-factly used Analysis on him. However, even he didn't expect to get such a result not to mention evoke such an intense reaction from the orc general from this small action of his.

The moment he realised his action had been noticed by Berigard, Simon quickly snuffed his presence with his new skill [Hide Presence] and hid behind the shadow of the tree.

Powerful and concentrated mana spread all over the surrounding from the orc general and scanned the area for any traces of intruder before swiftly receding. The level and power of the orc general was so high that Simon for a second there thought that he had been found out and was preparing to charge out of this place at a moments notice.

Fortunately, his unconventional tactics of covering himself in monster excrement had paid off and completely covered his natural scent which would have otherwise given him away.

## Chapter 196: The Hidden Objective of the High Orcs

Calming his and wildly beating heart, he scrunched his brows before thinking over the actions of the orc general. From the pieces and bits of information that he had collected, he was able to know that objective of the high orcs or rather the orc general lay on the northern region of the forest.

However, what made him all the more confused was why did they need such a big army of orcs each of whose levels were more than level 300 and two orc commanders above level 380.

What and who was the enemy that the orc general was trying to subjugate with this much number? Simon pondered. An army of this size and strength was enough to easily trample multiple human cities and still have the manpower.

Even with the threat of the Orc general hanging over his head, he decided to silently follow the group. His inquisitive mind will never be content until unless he solves the mystery behind the high orcs mobilising so much power. It was to the point where he had totally forgotten his original goal of hunting the monsters for experience.

The orc army marched from the western region towards the northern part of the forest. Compared to the western region, the northern part of the forest was quite small and wouldn't even account for five per cent of the entire western region. That was how humongous the western region of the ghastly winding forest was.

An army of that size was bound to gather the attention of the inhabitants of the forest but their power and coordination that was unlike any other high orcs, was able to mow down anything and everything that came in their way.

No matter if it was the colony of the Anemodactyl, the pack of Stormwolves or the Killer Worker Bees, everything made way in front of their power. The same goes for the Adventurers that came delving inside the forest looking for the dungeon.

Those unfortunate and ill-informed ones who were brave enough to hunt monsters in the border areas of the northern region of the forest, attracted by the noise the orc army made while marching approached them carelessly and were killed instantly.

No matter how good those adventurers or their team were, in front of an army of hundreds of orcs above level 300, they were nothing but ants that came out of its hill. It couldn't even be called a stomp as it was an instant wipeout.

"Why are there so many humans loitering around in the forest?" Berigard asked looking at the corpse of the adventurers. Whenever he looked at the corpse, his eyes would burn with intense emotions which occasionally disturbed his calm.

The two orc commanders looked at each other before shaking their heads. Their territory was on the western side of the forest which was quite far from the North. Even if they wanted to, there was no way they would be able to gain any information on this part of the forest.

Be as it may, even they found it unusual for this many humans on the northern part of the forest. It wasn't surprising to find humans on the eastern side of the forest as it was inhabited by the weakest monsters and the ones among them who call themselves adventurers dwell inside to hunt some of them.

But even if they did, they usually wouldn't delve deeper. It wasn't like the adventurers didn't want to but they were afraid of the powerful existences that resided deeper within the forest.

Seeing that Bellock and Belmarch didn't have an answer, Berigard dropped his question before moving on.

"Don't let your gaud down and maintain your formation. We will soon enter its territory. Once it detects our presence, it will come charging at us" He said as he looked at the army behind him.

The two commanders raised their weapons high to rally their groups and increase morale.

Nodding his head, Berigard ordered his two commanders "Bellock, Belmarch you two will take the lead. Out of the lot, only the two of you are capable enough to endure the attacks from Lightning Draconic Serpent".

Next, he levitated up above the ground and used his [Tremor Magic] to create dozens of Golems made out of condense Earth. Each of these golems were more than ten meters in height and was releasing a sturdy aura.

Not only that, there were even some fine granules mixed with the earth to make them more powerful. SWISH... with the point of his staff, the eyes of the dozens of golems shined before they started charging forward mowing down any trees or foliage in their path.

ROOAAR... the orc army followed behind as to not get outshined. Far in the distance in one of the branches of a huge tree, Simon had an agitated look as he saw the army of orcs marching forward.

It was at this moment that he was finally aware of the objective of the orc General Berigard. His face visibly darkened as he thought about the target of their subjugation, the Lightning Draconic Serpent.

The Northern region of the forest was a dangerous place because of its three territorial rulers also known as the three overlords of the north. The Earth Splitting Lower Dragon whose territory once Simon had accidentally stumbled upon, was one of them. At that time, he was too weak to contend against it and had no choice but to run away for his dear life.

Now although he had grown strong, it didn't mean that the Earth Splitting Lower dragon was the same as ever. He wanted to battle against it once again but Simon knew that he wasn't ready yet and that was why he was biding his time increasing his power and painfully levelling up every day.

He had the fragment of pride which allowed him to multiply the experience earned through hunting monsters manifold. As long as he was alive, his growth was sure to outpace the growth of the three overlords of the north.

He was extremely agitated not because of the orc general but because the target of their subjugation, the Lightning Draconic Serpent was one of the three overlords of the north which he had to subjugate to keep his words with Aldebaran.

If the Orc General Berigard gets to it first and manages to subjugate it, wouldn't he ultimately fail his trail? To make matters even worse, Simon did not know how powerful the other two overlords were.

If they were only as strong as the Earth Splitting Lower Dragon was half a year ago or slightly stronger, there was no way they would be able to contend against the powerful orc army or the orc general.

'No from the looks of how concerned and alert that orc general was acting against the Lightning Draconic Serpent, it might not necessarily be weak' Simon thought. Even though he did not how powerful the Lightning Draconic Serpent but given the preparation and prudence Berigard was showing, there was no way the overlords were weaker or else he wouldn't have gathered such a power army.

Simon surmised, he did not have any proof but the presence of the orc army was evident of the might of the overlords. It wasn't guaranteed that they will succeed; however, he still decided to trail them and if possible disturb them from achieving their goal.

Now that he knew about their objective, there was no way he would allow them to complete it, not on his watch. The dozens of golems cleared a path for the orc army as they proceeded towards a distant peak.

The peak was so high that it easily overshadowed and overlooked everything around it like a tyrant. There was only three of those in the entire northern region of the Ghastly Finding Forest and also the place where the overlord of the north resided.

None of the weak monsters dared coming near the peak as it marked the territory of the overlords. The instant the master of the territory sensed the presence of the foreign beings, it issued a deafening roar from its peak.



ROAAAAAAARRRR... the noise was so domineering that it instantly scared the monsters in a few miles away and froze the march of the orc army.

The Lightning Draconic Serpent did not even attack yet the orc army felt a powerful force battering their body that originated from their bloodline. A dragon Bloodline no matter how impure, was always superior and more powerful than an ordinary monster bloodline.

"Hmph... you think you can scare us off with just that. This time I brought all the power I have under me... I'm going to subjugate you no matter what" Berigard shook off the suppressing effect and cast a [Gale Magic] spell [Gale Arrow Storm] towards the distant peak.

Wild winds that spun like crazy generated into a huge column of arrow before flying towards the hill.

BOOOM... before the magic could even come closer, a huge breath of lightning came from within the cave of the peak and instantly dispersed each other.. A shockwave containing wild winds and rampant blue lightning wreaked havoc in a hundred-meter radius uprooting and scorching numerous trees in the area.

#### Chapter 197: Lightning Draconic Serpent

RUMBLE... the hill shook intensely from the aftereffect and the master of territory was finally forced to show its appearance. A sleek and slithery body like that of a snake, was covered entirely with black scales.

Its entire body was more than thirty meters long and its shiny scales shone with a violet light. It had flattened skin on either side of its head and enormous fins on its back that allowed it to fly. Its violet draconic eyes pinpointed the attacker even from a large distance and glared at them with menace. The Lightning Draconic Serpent, one of the overlords of the north was finally out.

The moment it appeared, the mana around the surrounding started becoming more active and a vast lightning attribute spread around the surrounding. Even from this distance, Simon could distinctly feel the changes in the environment.

"Puny Orc, you dare intrude my territory once again?" the Lightning Draconic Serpent glared at the intruders and threatened.

"Hahaha... Why shouldn't I? the last time you and I fought, I was clearly at the disadvantage. However, now that I have brought all of the power under me do you really think you can win?" Berigard revealed his fangs and snickered.

He pointed his staff and loudly proclaimed "Become my subordinate or else I shall inflict so much pain upon you that later on you will beg me to become my subordinate".

GUAAHH... as if showing their willingness to even die for their general, the orc army loudly roared and stepped forward.

"Insolence... You dare daydream that this one shall bow its head to you? A puny orc like you doesn't have what it takes to defeat me" The Lightning Draconic Serpent spat out thick columns of lightning angered by Berigard's words.

RUMBLE... RUMBLE... Bellock signalled with his hands and five orc leaders carrying sturdy shields stepped forward to tank the attacks. BANG... BANG... BANG... the rumbling sound of lightning crashing with the shields rang out continuously before silence returned once again.

Like a heated metal, the power within the lightning columns was so great that the shields of these five orc leaders was on the verge of melting down.

Shhhhhhh... thick smoke rose from their body and the ground in a few meters area was cracked and scorched black but other than that, they had successfully tanked through the attack.

RUMBLE... TREMBLE... the cloud suddenly darkened and roared with the appearance of the lightning. The Lightning Draconic Serpent coiled around in the sky attempting to manipulate the clouds but before it could finish whatever it was doing, dozens of golems on the order of Berigard charged towards it.

The golems were the product of Tremor Magic the intermediate tier of Earth Magic and along with the skilful use of Gale magic, Berigard was able to float the golems as they charged towards the Lightning Draconic Serpent.

These golems were made of earth and even if they collided with lightning, they wouldn't incur much damage. In a way, these golems of magic were the perfect soldier as they did not have any fear and always obeyed commands.

Thick lightning bolts erupted out of the draconic serpent and crashed onto the golems but other than stopping them for a few seconds, the lightning did not achieve anything. ROOOOAAAARR... shouting in annoyance, the Lightning Draconic Serpent jerked its tail and instantly smashed three of the golems apart. The remaining golems surrounded it and refused to give it any room.

"Now is the chance... [Gale Magic Mastery]:- [Galewave Hammer]" Berigard channelled an enormous amount of mana within his staff and generated a gigantic column of wind that was quickly shaping itself into a hammer.

The hammer formed was as huge as fifty meters and loomed on top of the Lightning Draconic Serpent. Realising what the orc was planning to do, the Draconic serpent tried to shake off the Golems and move out of the area of the attack.

"Don't let it get away" Berigard shouted towards his two commanders. Bellock and Belmarch along with numerous high orcs took out their weapons that looked like chains connected to a spike head and threw them at the Lightning Draconic Serpent.

The Diluvian High Orcs with their incredible strength, easily wielded these weapons as if it was some children's toy. CLANG... CLANG... dozens of spike heads smashed against the black scales of the draconic serpent creating an intense spark in the process.

Even after the attacks of numerous high orcs, the Lightning Draconic Serpent appeared completely unfazed. One could imagine how high the defence of the black scales which it was completely covered with was. Nonetheless, the objective behind throwing such weapons wasn't to hurt it and instead to bind it in its place.

As if realising this a step too late, the Lightning Draconic Serpent flailed its body in an attempt to break through it. "Hold you ground" Berigard commanded the orcs holding the other end of the chain.

He knew that once the serpent escapes the bindings of the chain, it would be hard to lock it down once again. GUAHHH... the two orc commanders and dozens of others shouted refusing to budge down and succumb to the pull. They used all of their strength to hold to the chain as all the veins in their body bulged to their limit.

However, how could these mutated high orcs match the Lightning Draconic Serpent in strength? With just a twitch of its body, it was easily able to pull many of them airborne and break through its restraints.

BOOOM... the thick darkened clouds spread apart giving way to the giant hammer as it came falling down. The momentum of the forty meters big hammer was truly abnormal not to mention the might contain with it.

Just its appearance of falling from the sky was enough to cower all the orcs as they saw the hammer come smashing down on top of the Lightning Draconic Serpent.

ROOOOAAAARRR... the instant the hammer made contact with the serpent, all the power contained within the hammer burst out making it scream in pain.

BOOOOOOOOOM... a deafening noise along with something hitting the floor at a breakneck speed rang out for dozens of kilometres. The land quaked in fear and dust covered everyone's vision.

The impact of the [Galewave Hammer] was so great that all of the golems who were surrounding and restraining the movements of the Lightning Draconic Serpent were instantly turned into dust. By simply being near the area of the impact, the golems were already in such a state. This made one wonder what the condition of the Lightning draconic serpent was who was the main target of Berigard's magic.

When the dust finally settled down the appearance of the huge Lightning Draconic Serpent came into view once again. But unlike the other times where its black scales was shining with violet light and gave it an aura of impenetrance, it couldn't be said for its current appearance.

The gigantic body of the serpent was planted onto the huge crater it created after being blasted onto the ground and many of its scales were cracked and broken. Its eyes were closed and its body did not make any further movements after that.

Seeing this, Berigard frowned and ordered his orc army to proceed with caution. He did not think his last attack was enough to bring it down; nevertheless, now that it was down his orc army would be able to join the battle.

With the command given by the two orc commanders, the orc army that were itching to fight, charged towards the fallen Lightning Draconic Serpent with a mad fervour. GUAAHH... brandishing their weapons that were each releasing a sinister aura, they came attacking the area where their enemy was hurt the most.

ROOAAAARRR... The Lightning Draconic Serpent opened its eyes and looked at the puny orcs attacking its body. Its once magnificent body that was covered in beautiful scales was now being battered by these orcs with their weapons.

Anger, intense anger and madness to bite down on its prey flashed on the wide draconic eyes of its before suddenly its whole body started releasing blue lightning all over its body. Simon who was observing from the distance, was astounded at the level of battle that was unfolding before his eyes.

No matter if it was the Orc General or the Lightning Draconic Serpent, both of their level and skills were on a whole another realm. From how the battle was progressing, it appeared that his concern about the overlord was for nought.

Its abilities and level was something that even dwarfed the orc general it was facing. The last time when Simon used Analysis on the orc general, he was able to learn some bits of information on the level and skills of the orc general.

According to it, the Orc General was a level 439 Diluvian High Orc Aberrant with numerous superior and Rare skills. Not to mention it had mastery over two intermediate forms of magic: – Tremor, Gale.

That was not all, since Simon knew that his level was not high enough, he wasn't able to peer through all the skills of the Orc general.. That is to say that Berigard had many more skills in his arsenal that Simon wasn't aware of.

## Chapter 198: Lightning Draconic Serpent (2)

His mastery over his skill and magic was so fluent that if any veteran adventurer saw it, he would be immediately identified as a special Superclass or mistaken for a disaster class itself.

Another thing of peculiarity was the orc general's race. Similar to the others around him, Berigard was also a mutated species called the Diluvian High Orc but unlike the other, the status against his race had an [Aberrant] showing in it.

Although Simon was curious as to what that means, for the time being, he had no clue so he had to drop the thought.

While it was true that the Orc General Berigard was powerful, it was still no match against the Lightning Draconic Serpent who was regarded as one of the three overlords that reigned over the northern region of the Ghastly Winding Forest.

While the two of them were battling out among themselves in a series of earth shaking fierce attacks, Simon sneakily used Analysis on it to gain more information on the level and power of an overlord. The result that came out made him widen his eyes to their very limit.

Consciously or subconsciously he who had once seen the level of the Earth Splitting Lower Dragon which was also one of the three overlords of the north, started putting them in the same category.

However, who would have known that this thinking of his would be so childish and utterly nonsensical. Forget about the Lightning Draconic Serpent being in the same level as the Earth Splitting Lower Dragon who was at level 351 at that time, the difference between them was so wide that it wasn't even a laughing matter.

From the information he gained from his [Analysis], the Lightning Draconic Serpent was almost hitting the 500 level barrier. Its level displayed by the analysis was 491 and the multitudes of skills that it had made Simon's eyes groggy.

Just like always, due to the level difference between them he wasn't able to peer through most of the skills that the Lightning Draconic Serpent had. However, he was still able to take a small glimpse at its power.

Both the party weren't going all out from the start and were preserving their strength and testing each other out. Even with the powerful army, he brought along with him, Simon believed that Berigard wouldn't be able to defeat the Lightning Draconic Serpent that easily.

Just as he sighed in relief thinking that he wouldn't have to step much less make a move, Bergiard created a huge hammer made of compressed air that loomed over the sky and brought it down towards the draconic serpent.

An attack this big and slow would have been easy to dodge if not for the orc army throwing their peculiar weapon at the Lightning draconic Serpent and restricting its movement.

The fierce attack generated an intense shockwave that shook the very land and made the Lightning draconic serpent drop from the sky. One could imagine the power packed behind the last attack as even the incredibly strong scale of its was cracked open in many places of its body.

Simon started panicking a little, he thought that the battle would be a stroll in the park for the overlord of the north. But to his expectation, Berigard used the advantage he had in numbers to thoroughly suppress his enemy and cut all their openings.

Although the Lightning Draconic Serpent had wind magic resistance, the skill only helped negate attacks of novice tier wind magic. Gale magic which was the intermediate tier of Wind magic supplied by the powerful mana of Berigard was able to penetrate through the thick defence of the Lightning Draconic Serpent.

The wind of the battle now in their favour, the Diluvian High Orcs started attacking the fallen serpent with even more fervent. The wheels in his brain started turning as Simon was delving how to disturb the flow of the orcs when...

ROOAAAARRR...

The Lightning Draconic Serpent opened its eyes and looked at the puny orcs attacking its body. Anger, intense anger and madness to bite down on its prey flashed on the wide draconic eyes of its before suddenly its whole body started releasing a berserk amount of blue lightning.

It had been truly angered by them. Opening its wide mouth, a series of well decked sharp and pointed teeth came into view.

WHOOSH... the wind suddenly picked up speed and the clouds started churning.

"GET BACK NOW" Seeing the unnatural phenomenon and feeling the disturbance in the surrounding mana, Berigard shouted in command towards the orcs surrounding and attacking the Draconic Serpent.

An intense light flashed around the surroundings and forced one to cover their eyes with their hands before a thunderous noise like that of a waterfall crashing into the sea rang out.

ZZzSSsHhhhh... a high voltage beam of blue lightning that had a few streaks of red was released by the Lightning Draconic Serpent and whizzed towards all the orcs surrounding its body.

Instantly, their tough bodies were melted down leaving nothing behind. The [Lightning Breadth] inherent skill of the Lightning Draconic Serpent was one of its strongest attacks that accumulates a high quantity of Lightning in its glands condensing and building pressure before releasing it out.

The resulting attack was a heated beam of lightning that had enough power to drill through multiple mountains.

The [Lightning Breadth] scorched and gorged the land wherever it travelled and easily vaporised any unfortunate orcs that was in its path.

ZZzSSssHhhhh... the high voltage beam of lightning just like that claimed the life of more than thirty Diluvian High Orcs before dissipating down.

A dreadful silence descended onto the place... Gulp, the remaining high orcs in the backlines that were thinking of charging over, felt their throat drying over at the scene of carnage that only took an instant to unfold.

'How can this be? Even with all the power I have in my hand, I am unable to subjugate it? No, I refuse to believe I can't win' thinking internally, Berigard once again gripped his staff tightly before flinging it down.

A terrifying amount of wind started blowing all over and the place for thousands of meters was engulfed within.

"Sir General, what is your order?" Bellock asked. The orc commander's body although a little battered was still brimming with powerful might and energy. Unlike the average Diluvian High Orcs, they were on a different league and even their levels was much higher.

Their quick judgement of the situation prevented the worst scenario of everyone getting wiped out from happening.

"Bellock, Belmarch take charge of the army. I will engage the enemy with all of my power. Use the opening it will inevitably show during our battle to deal as much damage as you can. No matter how many fatalities we have to suffer in return, we must subjugate it. This is the only way I can overthrow the reign of the Orc king" Berigard announced while keeping his eyes on the Lightning draconic Serpent.



"Your wish is our command" The two orc commanders glanced at each other before nodding their head.

No matter how much difference and prejudice they had against each other, they put it all aside for this instant. Rallying the remaining seventy or so high orcs of their army, they remained on standby ready to act in a moments notice.

Pointing his staff at the Lightning Draconic Serpent, he loudly declared "Come, I Berigard shall be your opponent".

The Lightning Draconic Serpent glared at the orc general before sneering "Hmph, you? my opponent? Have you forgotten your previous defeat at my hands? No matter what reason you may have, I shall not bow my head in subservience to anyone".

But the dreadfulness of the dragon which made them reign supreme across all the continents was not only credited to their powerful bodies, but also because of their unimaginable regeneration rate.

A dragon as long as it had enough mana, it can quickly regenerate through attacks that would have otherwise been fatal. The Lightning Draconic Serpent was considered as the lowest member of the dragon family.

That is to say that the damage it had received from the previous attack of the orc general was already most healed and its ruptured scales was back to their previous splendour.

Berigard's expression couldn't be any more ugly as he observed all the damage he had preciousely dealt to his enemy swiftly fading. His enemy was back to its full health while he on the other hand was slowly getting weaker as the battle progressed.

"Hehehe, this one shall remind you once again your previous humiliating experience" The Lightning Draconic Serpent hissed before quickly flinging its tail towards Berigard.

One of the weapons of the Lightning Draconic Serpent was its slithery body that made some impossible movements possible. The tail that came smashing towards the orc general had all the bodyweight of the Lightning Draconic Serpent behind it.

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Race:- Lightning Draconic Serpent

Age:- 387

Skills:- Water Magic Mastery, Lightning Magic Mastery, Hardened Scales, Rugged Skin, Body Enhancement, Presence Detect, Super Enhanced Agility, Super Enhanced Strength, Super Enhanced Endurance, Super Enhanced Defence, Super Magic, Extreme Bite, Intimidation Aura, Evil Eyes, Weather Manipulation.

Amalgamation Magic:- [Lightning-Water Mastery]

Inherent Skills:- Slithery Skeleton, Strengthened Physical Parts: [Fins, Scales, Tail, Jaw], Lightning Breath, Water Wave, Frenzy, Dragon Blood

#### Chapter 199: Ambitions Of The Orc General

With a supersonic speed, the tail smashed onto the place where the orc general was. Just before the tail was a few inches away from him, Berigard uttered some peculiar words

BOOOOOMM... dozens of meters of land was displaced and the power behind the attack made the ground tremble for a good long while. A crater dozens of meters deep was created from the point of impact and tiny debris fell everywhere like rain.

The Diluvian High orcs were stunned, not because of the might behind the attack but because their orc general did not move from his spot and had taken the attack head-on. Did he think that he could take the attack and come out unscathed? Such were the thoughts of the high orcs as they looked inside the crater with their wide-open eyes.

Even with the Diluvian High Orc's defence, it was impossible to take on the attack and come out without any damage not to mention the likes of them would be instantly killed if that attack of the Lightning Draconic Serpent connected. The mere thought of it made their bodies shiver.

All the high orcs watched with horror at the aftermath of the last attack and the silhouette of the orc general that was not surfacing from the crater.

The ones that did not have a hint of doubt on their faces were the two orc commanders as they intensely observed the Lightning Draconic Serpent looking for any openings it may show. Their orders were clear and precise, they had enough faith for their general that they were completely unfazed by the last attack.

"Hehe, it seems that this one had overestimated you. Did you think that the likes of you is capable enough to endure my attack?" the Lightning Draconic Serpent bellowed in delight. From his perspective, it was a foolish move for the puny orc to contend with it in the first place.

Not to mention the orc general's foolish ambition of subjugating it. The laughter of the Lightning Draconic Serpent rang across the land and pounded heavily at the hearts of the High Orcs who were starting to lose hope after their general was done in by that.

Although they were cowering, of them retreated and held their ground that was because their two commanders haven't given them a single order.

"Hmm! What's going on?" The Lightning Draconic Serpent pulled its tail back and looked at the crater it had created in confusion. Its draconic eyes narrowed as it searched for the presence of the figure that should have been squashed at the bottom of it.

However, to its surprise there was no one inside, the crater was completely empty, the corpse of the orc general was nowhere to be seen.

"How is that possible? I remember seeing my attack connecting. There is no way that puny orc could have dodged it in time" The Lightning Draconic Serpent became confused and looked all around it in search of the figure that should have been inside the crater.

Nevertheless, the moment it detected the abnormality, it was already too late.

Thick amounts of mana convulsed up in the air and formed into a huge mountain hundreds of meters in size. Berigard's figure could be seen high up in the sky holding his wooden staff and pouring an unimaginable amount of mana into it.

The force of the magic created in return was so great that the mana around the surroundings visibly took on a yellowish hue. that in itself was enough to tell how enormous the mana pool of the orc general was.

"It is too early for you to celebrate your victory Lightning Draconic Serpent. [Tremor Magic Mastery];- [Falling Meteor]".

A pressure like that of a heavy mountain descended onto the ground. The moment the huge mountain of a rock took form, it immediately succumbed to gravity and started falling towards the Lightning Draconic Serpent who was right below it.

The momentum and velocity at which it was falling gave goosebumps to anyone watching the scene. Noticing the unusual behaviour of their enemy that was unlike any victor, the Diluvian High Orcs started connecting the dots and immediately understood that the fight was still far from over.

As if to answer their doubts, the voice of the orc general reverberated across the place. Looking all around, they spotted their mighty orc general levitating high up in the sky. However, they did not have the presence of mind to question how their general had reached there as their gobsmacked eyes stared at the gigantic mountain that was similarly floating behind him.

The mountain was gigantic and nobody knew when it appeared there. It cast a huge shadow on the Lightning Draconic Serpent and before anybody could even catch their breath, it dropped from that height bringing down a devastating might along with it.

"NOW... attack its flank" The two orc commanders shouted at the top of their lungs snapping the daze looking orcs from their stupor. The command that they were given might be suicidal when it was possible that they themselves might get caught up in the area of the attack and die.

But even then these Diluvian High Orcs obeyed their orders and charged at the Lightning Draconic Serpent leaving all of their fear behind. The two orc commanders also took their weapons out and joined the fray along with their army.

The High Orcs roared and immediately surrounded the Lightning Draconic Serpent not allowing it to move away from the spot. Clubs and axes came targeting its eyes and underbelly that had much weaker defence and far fewer scales making it the Lightning Draconic Serpent only weak spots.

CLANG... CLANG... SLASH... while it defending against the attacks that came targeting its eyes, some of the weapons thrown managed to cut its soft underbelly from which blood sprayed out like a fountain.

ROOOAARR...BANG... Twisting and coiling its slithery body in anger, it managed to push back many of the orcs injuring them heavily in the process. These pesky orcs were truly getting on its nerves as they kept him from getting away every time.

TREMBLE...

the mountain like meteor cast a huge shadow on the Lightning Draconic Serpent as it kept creeping nearer. Perceiving the danger of the meteor and realising that the orcs would do anything to prevent it from moving away, the Lightning Draconic Serpent decided not to run and face the attack instead.

The vertical pupils of its eyes glowed with a tinge of blue and subsequently, its entire body started erupting with lightning.

RUMBLE... It opened its jaws wide and started condensing a high voltage lightning breath one again.

ZZzSsTt... the [Lightning Breath] kept on getting brighter and before long a beam of blue lightning was spat out that swiftly flew towards the descending meteor.

The air vibrated even before the attacks met and the atmosphere trembled in front of their might. BANG... the temporary silence was drowned out by the deafening sounds of the attacks clashing against each other.

The shockwave generated was so terrible that the surrounding orcs were immediately swept off the ground and thrown hundreds of meters back.

The attacks ate away at each other with able to gain an edge over the other.

ROAAAARRR... the deadlock lasted for a while before the Lightning Draconic Serpent used its [Frenzy] and [Dragon Blood] skill each of which further boosted its power and strengthened the breath even further.

RUMBLE... the pressure of the [Lightning Breath] started building even further and started pushing the meteor back. CRACK... small cracks started running the surface of the meteor before falling apart.

Little by little, the meteor started breaking and its debris falling from the sky like rain. Due to the downwards velocity of the meteor and clashing against a high voltage lightning breath, the debris that fell down were lightning charged and heated to the extreme.

One could imagine what happened next as these thousands of debris that broke out of the meteor fell onto the forest below. The scene that unfolded after was truly hellish, as far as the eye could see the hail of rocks bombarded everywhere.

Those orcs that were unfortunate enough to be near the proximity of these debris, were instantly blown into smithereens. Those that survived the impact, were badly scorched and on the brink of death.

Their numbers which had already been cut down short, was slashed even further after this attack. The army consisting of hundreds of level 300+ Diluvian High Orcs which could easily destroy multiple cities in a few hours, amounted to nothing but impediment when against opponent hundreds of levels above.

The strength gap between them was truly gigantic that even their high numbers couldn't make up for.

The meteor that was hundreds of meters huge in only a few minutes, was reduced to half the size. CRACK... at this point, the [Lightning Breath] had started to gain even more edge and managed to turn the situation in its favour.

Berigard who was manipulating the meteor from high up in the sky, started to frown increasingly as the size of the meteor was slowly being broken down. The surprise attack he had put so much effort and mana into, was failing to accomplish its job and breaking apart in front of his eyes.

He had not underestimated his enemy the Lightning Draconic Serpent and had even put enough precaution to attack when its guard was down the most. Nonetheless, even after all of that his attack was blocked and losing out in a frontal fight.

There was no doubt in his mind, if the situation developed as it is now, the meteor would be completely broken apart.

Chapter 200: Encounter

There was no doubt in his mind, Berigard knew that if the situation developed as it is now, the meteor would be completely broken apart.. Or that would be so if he was all alone, but that was not the case.

The two orc commanders that managed to successfully avoid the debris falling their way, intensely observed the Lightning Draconic Serpent without tearing their eyes away. The moment they felt it lower its guard against them and concentrate wholly on the meteor, they used this chance to attack.

Belmarch brandished his club and glanced at Bellock before nodding. Bellock immediately jumped on top of his club and was flung like a cannonball towards the Lightning Draconic Serpent.

One of the unique traits of the High orcs were their immaculate coordination in battle. Their synchronisation with each other could be said to be on a level of an army that had trained for dozens of years.

Bellock brought out his sinister long blade and quickly locked onto the underbelly of the Lightning Draconic Serpent who was still not aware of his rapidly approaching presence. He precisely targeted the spot where it was injured earlier by their storm of attacks and using the lapse in the enemies defence, he cleanly sliced through.

CHIIIIII...

ROOOAAAARRR...

Blood splattered like a geyser and the Lightning Draconic Serpent screamed in pain. A wide gash more than five meters big could be seen on its underbelly that had previously suffered some injuries from the orcs.

Its body wreathed in pain and it could no longer support its [Lightning Breath] which was cut short. Intense pain that it had never felt before, started from the wound and spread through its whole body.

The Lightning Draconic Serpent's eyes glared in fury at the assailant. The puny orcs flocking near its body that it thought was not worth its attention, managed to injure its body to such an extent. Losing its mind in anger, it repeatedly smashed its tail towards Bellock in an attempt to squash him.

However, all it managed to elicit was a smile from his enemy. It was only now that it realised it had fallen for their ploy; the objective of these orcs was just to distract him. The real threat was still the one facing him head-on.

Berigard knew that he was not the opponent of the Lightning Draconic Serpent and that was why he mobilised all the power he had in his hands. Although his sneak attack had failed, it was able to engage the enemy long enough for his subordinates to use that opening to attack.

The meteor now one-fifth of its previous size, without any obstruction to hold it in place, the meteor came crashing on top of the Lightning Draconic Serpent.

BOOOOMM...the moment it landed, it immediately flipped dozens of meters of land into the air and generated a shockwave so great that it travelled for miles. The land quacked and the sound was so deafening that it was akin to a weapon itself.

Dust covered the area and the silhouette of the Lightning Draconic Serpent was buried underneath. The orc army of which only had forty or so numbers remained propped themselves up and looked at the area of devastation.

The power behind the meteor was so great that it had created a huge crater. As they witnessed the power behind the attack of their general connecting with the Lightning Draconic Serpent, they started erupting with roars confident in their victory.

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Simon who was forced hundreds of meters back due to the level of their battle being too huge, was reeling in shock. He knew the Orc General was strong the very moment he laid his eyes upon him but even then he didn't expect him to be this strong.

The Lightning Draconic Serpent, one of the three overlords of the north which he thought would be able to easily snatch the victory, was being forced to play on the terms of the orcs. There was no doubt that it was more powerful than any of the high orcs that it was facing; however, it couldn't gain an edge over them nor could it grasp the victory.

On the contrary, the latest development looked like the Lightning draconic Serpent was losing out as a huge gash was cut open in its abdomen forcing it to stop short its [Lightning Breath].



Simon couldn't believe his eyes when he saw the Diluvian High Orcs take the aggression of the Lightning Draconic Serpent onto themselves allowing the orc general a window of opportunity to breathe and continue with his attack.

If anyone asked him what the turning point of this battle was, he would no doubt highlight the attack from one of the Diluvian High Orcs that had changed the tide of the battle. Be that as it may, it would have still been impossible for these orcs to bring down the Lightning Draconic Serpent if not for its mistake to tear its eyes away from the highest level opponent it was facing.

Without the breath attack to hold the meteor back, it fell straight on top of it with a threatening amount of momentum.

Simon started panicking when he saw the meteor connecting with the lightning Draconic Serpent and burying it underneath. Even from his current hiding place which was a few kilometres away from the battlefield, Simon felt the shockwave of the attack travelling all the way here and hitting him like a sledgehammer.

The level of their battle was beyond him and even a stray attack could easily decimate a Diluvian High Orc. With his current strength and not relying on any of the secondary items to boost his strength, it would take him a while to even defeat a single one of the Diluvian High Orcs.

One could imagine the level at which the battle was unfolding to not even give these powerful high orcs even a chance to show their might.

"This is bad. If this goes on, the Lightning Draconic Serpent might actually lose. I cannot allow the High Orcs to subdue it. Dammit, do I have no choice but to step in... but even if I do, I don't know what I can accomplish" Simon voice was a little agitated when he couldn't see the figure of the Lightning Draconic Serpent surfacing from the dust even after a while.

"Hnnn~... so it is like that the mantis stalks the cicada, unaware of the oriole behind. However, I'm not sure you can be considered an oriole with your current level no?" It was at this moment that a clear voice of that of a woman rang from somewhere.

Simon suddenly widened his eyes to their absolute limit and looked around him. The voice that rang out appeared to be extremely close to him; however, no matter where he looked, he couldn't detect any presence near him.

Sweat trickled down his face and fell onto the ground. The fact that someone had approached this close to him without even him noticing their presence until they revealed themselves spoke volumes about how powerful they were.

"Who is it?" Simon asked, his eyes scanning everywhere.

'Could it be that the battle between the Lightning Draconic Serpent and the Orc General had attracted the eyes of the others around? If so what is their objective behind revealing their presence now?'

'If they wanted to snatch all the rewards, they should have waited for an opportune time. Who is it and what are they thinking?' his brain went into overdrive as he thought about the objective of the new entrant that had yet to reveal their presence completely.

"Hehe, you should pay more attention to your expression. Blatantly revealing everything that you are thinking to a person that might be your enemy" the voice had a teasing tone and felt as light as a spring breeze.

"Well even if you strain your brain to their limit, you won't find the answer because I'm not someone from this forest".

Simon's thought spurned at the new information that was just revealed. The person had clearly said that they were not from this forest. Was it a lie or the truth? Is it one of the adventurers that had come to scout the dungeon?

Dozens of questions were flowing through his mind but of them could pinpoint who this person was nor their motive.

Gulping audibly, Simon sharpened his senses and used every auxiliary skill in his arsenal new or old to detect the slightest trace of the person.

[Thought Processing] which allowed him to run multiple thoughts in his mind together, [Detect Presence] revealed all the beings near him and the [Sharpened Senses] skill improved all of his senses for a short period of time.

All of these skills were base tier Normal skill and had yet to reach the superior tier. All of these skills either enhanced his detection or his senses; nevertheless, even after activating all of the skills at once, the entity near him couldn't be detected.

"Would you give it a rest already? No matter how much you try it is impossible for you to detect my location unless I do so myself" The woman's voice had a tinge of pride as she conversed with Shim.

Seeing that all of his skills were useless, he gave up trying and instead tried to gain more information from the person.

"May I know who you are and why have you decided to reveal your presence to me?".

There was no reply for a while and just when he thought that his question was ignored, the person's voice rang once again, this time very close to him.

"Hnnn~ trying to gain as much information as we can from the enemy are we? Hehe, I can at least tell you that if I wanted to harm, you would be long dead.. Now have your question been cleared yet?".