

D. of Pride 461

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"P-please spare us... we will leave this place, we will never enter this forest again" one of the adventurers, who had his spirit broken after the bloody display, said.

With him taking the initiative, the other adventurers too started begging for their lives. Bolan and his team watched those adventurers they used to look up, with cold eyes. It was completely foolish to beg in front of their enemy who was a monster who enjoyed killing and torturing.

As if the example earlier was not enough, the adventurers inside the prison fell for its ruse once again.

Hearing them beg for their life, a smile of delight bloomed on the red orc's face. It was very much enjoying the current attitude of the humans.

"Spare you?... GUGAGA—I would rather eat you alive than spare you hateful humans. However, that would be too merciful for you all, don't you like enslaving others? This is the perfect opportunity, let me try the slave seal on you all. That way, at least you will understand what it feels to be enslaved".

The red orc took out slave collars from the many space rings that decorated its wide fingers.

KLANG... the moment, the prisoners saw the slave collars, their faces turned pale white. They finally knew what their fate was going to be. There was no redemption for them once they were enslaved by that collar.

The slave collar was enchanted with a slave seal that forced one to obey all commands from its master. They could only cower in fear and hope that the adventurers in the town would come to save them before they are enslaved.

Bolan and his teammates made an ugly face when they saw the slave collars in the hands of that red orc. Slavery although something that was common in the mainland and the other kingdoms, their Kingdom of Ellesmere did not have this custom.

Of course, it was not like none of the cities practised this but slave trading was relatively low in their kingdom.

From the words of the red orc, it was clear to them that it hated the humans because of this very reason. It must have seen members of its tribe getting enslaved or was a slave before. That is why, it wanted to re-enact that very same humiliation back at humans.

Perhaps, all its actions were to enact revenge on them from the start? While Bolan and his group were thinking all that, the red orc started dragging prisoners out of the prison and forcing the collar upon them.

After that, it ordered the enslaved humans to collar the others, while it stepped back and enjoyed the show. The sight was by no means something that one wanted to watch; however, the red orc was enjoying the show.

Slowly, more and more humans were enslaved and soon it was the turn for Bolan and his group. In fact two of their members, Norr and Dridan had already been enslaved. When it seemed like their turn would soon come, a huge explosion echoed out from the southern side of the camp and a fire that was easily spotted in the darkness of the night, blazed from that area.

Sounds of footsteps could be heard all around the camp as the orcs around here started running around frantically. Another red orc ran over towards the one that was wearing armour made of pelts and bones and was clearly the leader here.

"What going on?" It asked, its tone a little sour after its fun time was interrupted.

"General Berimal, it seems like there are some intruders attacking the camp". The red orc that was called as general Berimal, sniffed at the air a few times before tilting its head in confusion.

"Their smell is too thin... How many intruders are there Beldoom? And what happened to Belloom's group, how could he allow intruders near the camp so easily when he was monitoring the area?".

The orc commander that was referred to as Beldoom, replied—"About that, we are unable to contact Belloom... it is most likely that he is taken out by the enemy".

"Heh!! Interesting, so they are the ones who took him out huh? Are they the humans from that town?" Berimal displayed a fierce smile, battle intent radiated out of his body in droves.

"Judging from their appearance, it seems to be the case. Their numbers are however very less... probable around three" Beldoom added.

A diluvian High Orc's sense of smell was very strong thus it wasn't very hard for someone of their level to easily scout out their enemy just by their smell.

"A group of three humans dared to barge in our camp alone, how foolish. Command all the orcs to engage them, tire them out to death with our numbers" Berimal ordered.

"What about you, General?" the commander asked. Berimal glanced at the humans inside the prison whose eyes showed that they had suddenly found a ray of hope in this darkness and smirked.

"Of course, I'll be joining you guys. I will squash their hope and bring their heads to show these humans. GUGAGA... even after being given such a long time, the most that town of humans could assemble were three people".

Since Berimal and his commander Beldoom were speaking in a common language, of course, the prisoners could understand it.

When they heard that the intruders were humans, they started thinking that might really be hope left for them. It was not like their tower town lacked strong adventurers, if it were those guilds and teams who usually roam the lower floors of the dungeon, they might really get saved this time.

However, their hope was soon drenched in a bucket of cold water when they heard the intruders were only three people. Chattering and murmuring started as soon as the prisoners saw the two red orcs walk off and disappear towards the southern side of the camp.

"It's over for us... there should still be many strong adventurers inside the dungeon and all the adventurer association sent was merely three people. I don't know whether I should laugh or cry".

"That may not necessarily be the case. Have you forgotten about that guild? If the ones here are the top executives of that guild, it might be possible".

"You are right... If it's them, they can defeat those red orcs".

Conversation rang from every corner of the prison. Even during a dire time such as this, the humans still clung to any hope they could find in this darkness.

"There is no point, I can't get it off," Bargo said trying to get the slave collar off of his teammate.

"Idiot, it wouldn't be an enchanted collar if it got out that easily. You need to be a much higher level if you want to break out of one of these" Bolan commented from the sides. Including him, Bargo, and ken only a handful of people remained that weren't enslaved with the collar yet.

"Leader do you think they are from that guild?" his teammates asked.

Bolan could only shrug his shoulders and give a positive reply to keep their morale from breaking. "It is hard to say since there are only three people attacking the camp as the red orc have mentioned. However, if they are the top executives of the Tyrant Mountain guild, there is a possibility that we might be saved".

STEP... STEP... Suddenly, the chattering inside the prison halted alerted by that sound as all heads turned towards the direction where the sound of footsteps came from. Although it was the time of night, the light falling on the camp from the three moons hanging overhead was enough to see around.

As all eyes focused on a particular area, a person's silhouette could be seen coming out of the shadow of a crude building.

Tower Town, inside the hall of the adventurer's association. A group of adventurers wearing armours and gears that were at least [C] tier, could be seen sitting on a big bench created by joining a few small benches and surrounded by a crowd of other adventurers.

"So you are saying that... it was the work of Diluvian high orcs?" the man that spoke just now had broad shoulders, muscles that were rimming power and a hawk like eyes, qualities that were the indication of a top notch warrior.

And indeed, he was not just anybody, but the vice guild master of the Tyrant Mountain, Xandros Amadeo. He was a warrior above level 500 with a rare class.

"Yes, Sir Xandros. The features about the enemy that they have mentioned, precisely matches with that of a Diluvian High Orc" the one talking to him, was none other than Mason, the guild master of Moonlight guild.

"That is weird, from the information that I got from the adventurer's association it clearly said that monsters of that level resided far deeper inside the forest" Xandros deliberated.

The ghastly winding forest was one of the adjoining points between the Central continent and the Demon continent. It was big enough to engulf their kingdoms and a few more. Thus it wasn't unnatural for a guild like theirs who were situated in far the south of the Ellesmere kingdom to be aware of the geographical distribution of the ghastly winding forest.

All the adventurers calmly listened to Xandros' thought process without daring to interject in between.

"That is true, there must be something going on inside the western region of the forest. However, at the present, the orcs have already discovered the location of our town. If nothing is done, they will keep on sieging it until all the humans here die".

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Mason stated highlighting the gravity of the situation.

Xandros nodded his head, he passed on some instructions to his subordinates who each were no less powerful than an elite and said "You said that there are survivors from the adventurers group that went on ahead to defeat the orcs?".

"Yes" mason immediately nodded and called Ruke out from amongst the adventurers crowding the bench.

"This is the guy who managed to survive the onslaught of the orcs from that group. There was however another person, but it seemed like he couldn't wait to rescue his teammates and dived inside the forest with a few others".

The one Mason was talking about was Bastian who was currently missing in the hall as he had already gone back inside the forest.

"I see, your name was Ruke right? Tell me what exactly had transpired inside the forest after your group went in?" Xandros asked Ruke many questions which the latter unwillingly complied. One could see from the expression on his face that he did not want to step outside of the town.

"If what you are saying is true, then there is a high possibility that those orcs have taken humans as captives. I don't know what they are planning to do by capturing humans but whatever it is, it cannot be anything good. I'm not forcing anyone to participate but since we are in the position to save them, we must do what we can".

"Those who agree with me, can follow us. Additionally, I have notified my guild and the guilds in the surrounding city. By now they must be sending teams of adventurers to assist us. So it is not like we are diving towards a battle that we have no chance of winning".

"I want you all to rest assured that we are not underestimating the enemy like the group that went ahead of did earlier. I know how strong a Diluvian High Orc can be thus I want you all to be on your guard until the reinforcements arrive".

Xandros and the Tyrant Mountain guild he belonged to, was currently the strongest guild in the tower. Along with his prestige and the leadership aura he released, he convinced the low levelled adventurers as well as the other strong guilds that came from the various regions of the kingdom.

Seeing that only a negligible amount of people were discontent with his decision, he further announced while donning his armour.

"It is already late at night and entering the forest now might be very dangerous. However, we must secure the perimeter around the town or else we won't be able to sit here in safety. My guild will be the one to take the lead, I want other guilds to follow after us and help us secure the place".

After a while, more than thirty adventurers gathered at the borders of the town fully equipped with their gears. They each emitted a powerful aura and just a glance at them was enough to tell people that they were veterans.

If it was this group, perhaps even an army of diluvian high orc led by a few orc commanders might not be a match for them.

The one that was leading this group was none other than Xandros and the tyrant Mountain guild. The group proceeded forward with care, the assassins sent ahead surveyed the surrounding, the warriors held their shields and weapons tightly while the mages in the centre cast a few spells to light up their surroundings.

Each of them were on their guard and were ready to act at a moment's notice. Time passed by; however, forget about an orc not even a trace of the monster could be seen around.

"What is going on?" Xandros muttered, his eyes narrowed. With the strong senses of the orcs, by now they should be besieged on all fronts. Then why was it that not even a monster could be seen around the vicinity of the town?

The group of adventurers who earlier might have wiped a few groups, however, they were taken out in the end. And according to the reports, many orcs were seen around the town just a few hours ago, they all cannot just disappear all of a sudden.

"Vice Master..." uttered a subordinate beside Xandros.

"I know..." there was definitely something going on inside the forest. 'Is it a territorial dispute between the seven kings? If so then this might even be out of my capabilities' while Xandros was thinking all that, the assassins that went ahead came back.

Seeing them come in a hurry, he realised that something was going on and thus asked "What is it? Did you find the trace of orcs?".

The assassin that he asked the question, shook his head, pointed at the direction ahead and said "vice guild master, I think you should come and see this".

The thirty or so adventurers while being cautious, walked towards the place where the assassin was leading them and stood rooted after seeing the scene that lay in front of them. A gory scene with blood and innards strewn everywhere, a foul stench of the dead assaulted the noses of the adventurers as they monitored the area.

As far as they could see, corpses of orcs littered the area and the place was in an absolute mess.

"What happened here?" Mason muttered in a daze, his Moonlight guild was one of the few guilds that were personally asked by Xandros to back them up.

"There was a fight here probably not very long ago" Xandros and his guild examined the corpses of the orc and said. The blood was still fresh, in fact, the body of the orcs still had a little heat on them which was evidence that whatever happened here, happened not very long ago.

"Who could possibly fight them? Was it Bastian and his group? But this many orcs is too much for even them to handle" Mason uttered in confusion.

"There are five Diluvian High Orcs in this group and more than twenty five High Orcs. What's surprising is that, most of the bodies or almost all of their bodies are in a worse condition. Some had their heads splattered, others had their abdomens blasted apart while others died in a bloody gore. I cannot exactly say what happened here but looking at the scene, whoever or rather whatever did this had the ability to overpower even the physical abilities of a Diluvian High Orc".

The assassin that brought them here analysed the bodies of the orcs individually and reported.

"Is there any other clue?" Xandros asked.

The assassin thought for a while before walking towards a corpse and tapping it with his knife.

"This is the only intact corpse here. Though it has a leg missing and bruises everywhere, it was the only orc that survived or rather was allowed to survive the onslaught".

When Xandros and the rest of the adventurers heard that, they couldn't help but lock their brows in a frown. If whoever or whatever was behind this deliberately left one alive for the last, it definitely meant that...

"They are extremely intelligent. They left this orc alive to investigate some information out of it. I hope the person that did this is a human..." Xandros did not complete his sentence. Nevertheless, whoever heard it felt a chill run down their spines.

The one who did this must be extremely strong, it does not seem like they used some kind of magic or anything which means that they used pure physical prowess to beat the orcs into pulp.

"It looks like this orc was the leader of this troop... Hm? Vice guild master, there is something you must see" the assassin called out.

"What is it?" when Xandros asked, the assassin pointed a small stab wound on the orc's head. "This wound, the orc was killed by a sword or a knife. It's a clean stab and the quality of the weapon must be at least a [C] rank to pierce through the skull of a Diluvian High Orc".

"Hmm... are you saying that.."

"Vice guild master!!!" while Xandros was busy inspecting the corpse of orcs, an adventurer who was in charge of monitoring the area, ran up to him and urgently shouted out.

"What is it this time? Can't you see I'm busy". Perhaps, because he had something else in his mind, Xandros tone came out a little frustrated.

"I'm very sorry Sir Xandros but there is something that I must report to you urgently" the adventurer insisted.

"Go on what is it?" Xandros asked sensing that the situation must be urgent for the person to insist so much.

"We found survivors from the first group that were captured by the orcs".

"What?".

"Yes, they are over there. Currently they are being healed by healing magic".

"I see, good job" Xandros patted the man on the shoulder and walked towards the place where he could see a few new faces.

"It looks like you guys managed to run away somehow, tell me what happened" When questioning them, he was able to learn that someone or something did indeed attack the orcs and wiped them out in the blink of an eye.

"Did you not see what they look like?" when asked that question, all the survivors reported the same thing. They weren't able to see who it was that took out the orcs as they were too afraid of getting captured once again.

"Then how did you escape your bindings if you didn't see who it was?" Xandros inquired, he was quite curious to know who it was that was fighting against the army of Diluvian high orcs inside the forest in the middle of the night.

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"I-it was a sword... I-It moved on its own and cut the chain that was binding us"...

"Yes, it was only the sword... it was moving and flying in the air on its own".

The testimonies of all the survivors told the same thing.

'A sword that can move on its own?' Xandros thought internally. "Did you all not see anything else? At least tell me you know how the sword looks like".

"C-Crimson... as red as blood"...

"Yes, it was radiating an intense heat and easily melted those huge chains".

Finally, Xandros got some clues "I see, you did well running away from them. For now take rest, we will take you back to the town safely" he offered; however, his suggestion was quickly shut down by some of the survivors.

"No, please allow us to help you. There is a camp a little far away from here, near a big pond. The orcs were taking us there, the other survivors are definitely held captive there".

"Please, you must help them".

Some of the survivors even started pleading and begging with tears in their eyes. Xandros understood what they were going through, their friend or family might have been taken captive inside the camp thus they wanted to rescue them as soon as possible.

However, going near their camp in the middle of the night, was nothing short of suicidal. Forget about getting a surprise on them, they would be cornered from all directions before they even got to go near the camp. The orc's sense of smell was that powerful.

"What should we do guild master" make a team to send them back, the rest of you will be proceeding onwards with me. I want to get a little more idea as to what is happening in the forest before we go back" Xandros ordered.

Even if the survivors insisted, the way they were right now, they would only get in the way if a fight with the orcs ever breaks out. It was better to send them back to the town and wait for the reinforcements before assaulting the camp of the orcs the survivors were talking about.

"Understood" his subordinate left to carry out his orders.

It was decided that mason and Moonlight guild would be the ones to take the adventurers back to the town. The rest of them would continue forward for a while before retreating.

"Vice guild master... what do you think is fighting the orcs?" the assassin asked. Their group of now twenty one adventurers, slowly made their way across the forest.

"At first I thought they were humans but I cannot say for sure. I haven't seen a sword that can move on its own nor have I heard about a skill that could allow you to do so" Xandros answered with a complicated look in his eyes.

They were currently quite far away from the town, there were still a few hours for the dawn to break out yet there were no signs of any monster or their cries inside this part of the forest. It was so eerily silent that, it increased the feeling of foreboding that everybody was feeling.

"Is this the way those survivors were talking about?" Xandros asked the assassin who was also acting as their scout.

"Yes, Vice guild master... um, are we going to the camp those guys mentioned," the guy asked back.

Xandros was silent for a while before answering his question with a question of his own. "We have walked quite a distance away from the town and into the forest. It would not be weird if we were ambushed by orcs from all directions by now. Why do you think we haven't met a single living orc yet?".

The assassin felt silent for a while, he replied only after he understood what his vice guild master was pointing at.

"You are saying that all the orcs have been killed by that mysterious person?".

"We do not know if they are a person yet but at least they are not hostile to us humans. Let us go as far as we can. Even if we are surrounded by the orcs at the end we can always retreat as long as you all follow my command".

With Xandros making the decision, the group of adventurers proceeded forward. No one showed any discontent since they too were curious to know what was going on inside the forest.

When it seemed like they were closer to the pond the survivors told about, a huge explosion that rocked the place, echoed out from the front. The vibrations could be felt from even here and the explosion was so huge that it was like the sun at night.

Xandros pointed at this team to be careful as they slowly inched closer to the pond.

A silhouette came out of the shadows and approached the prison at this moment. When the moonlight from the moons overhead fell on them, their figure finally came into view. An impeccable beauty with a composed aura around her walked towards the prison.

She was wearing maid clothes underneath her armour which was at odds with the place they were in right now. Seeing the maid walk towards them, the prisoners first doubted their eyes before wondering what was going on.

"A... m-maid?!".

"There is no way a maid is there right"..

"No I see a maid too. What are they doing here?"..

"Was there such a person in the tower town?".

The prisoners unable to hold down their curiosity, discussed. "You Idiots, there is no way she is a maid. She is definitely a monster or a ploy from those dirty orcs. Don't fall for it".

Of course, there were bound to be some people who in dire times became extra cautious and doubted everything around them. Well, the situation was indeed very unusual. After all, it was just too shocking to see a maid walk at this time of the night in the depths of the forest.

They cannot be blamed for being cautious. The maid in question stepped in front of the prison which was made of some unique kind of materials and looked at the prisoners inside it.

"Please be at ease, I'm here to save you" the maid bowed mannerly. From her etiquette to her smallest movement, it was so refined that she appeared to be the very definition of an ideal maid.

Even so, the place and time were just too odd for a maid to appear here. There was no way they would be able to be at ease if the latter told them to do so.

"W-Who are you? are you one of those orcs?" a prisoner who was nearest to her, asked in fright.

Annette who had adapted a composed face up until now, slightly arched her brows at that remark. She glared at the person who said with her eyes before saying in a dismissive tone—

"I get it that you are afraid, but please choose your words wisely. There is no way I'm related to those ugly orcs, if anything I'm... Ahem, anyways I'm here to save you all. Are there any other captives in this camp, or is this all of you?".

The prisoner who was glared at, embarrassedly shifted his eyes. The other prisoners who heard the conversation between the man and that maid, were overjoyed when they heard that she was here to save them.

Though there were some who were sceptical of the whole situation; however, when the maid easily melted down the thick bars they too were finally convinced.

"Is this all of you?" Annette asked again trying to make sure that there were no other prisoners in this camp.

"Yes... by the way, are you someone from the Tyrant Mountain guild?" the prisoners questioned. Although they knew that the maid was here to save them, they still had some reservations due to not knowing where she came from.

"Would it make you all relieve if I say I was from that guild?" Annette's words finally seemed to have some effects, the prisoners relaxed their guard a little when she said that.

"So she really is from the tyrant mountain guild" ..

"We are saved, if it's them, then there is a chance that these orcs can be defeated" the adventurers started celebrating. However, it was soon put down when they heard a husky voice sound out from the distance.

"GUGAGA... as I thought, it really was the scent of a rat that I smelled earlier. I can't believe you thought I would fall for such a simple bait" Berimal came out from the back of a crudely made shelter and flashed a hideous smile.

His attitude was as if he had just caught someone who was trying to pull a prank. Of course, to these humans who had their spirits broken, just his sight was enough to push them back into the pits of despair.

One by one, all of them who came out of the prison, fell to the ground unable to find strength in their legs.

"GUGAGA... Oh? What is this, a beauty came all the way over here?" Berimal approached closer, the aura that he release was powerful to suppress all the other auras in the surrounding.

"When I say run please turn around and escape with all your might towards that direction" Matter of factly, Annette wasn't the slightest bit fazed by the presence of Berimal. She kept her eyes on the humans behind her and calmly gave them instructions.

Of course, she didn't bother to keep her voice quiet hence Berimal was clearly able to hear her.

"GUGA?! Do you think I will allow them to escape? You humans truly do not know when to give up. Slave seal activate, all of you obediently go back inside your prison."

Berimal commanded, and immediately the collar on the prisoners started turning red making them unable to defy the order. Even though their knees gave up, they somehow were able to pick themselves up and walk towards the prison.

"Hmph, [Essence Mana Disruption]"..

The mana around the surrounding was sent into a turbulence thus negating the effects of the slave collar.

The prisoners who were now free from their command came back to their senses and glanced at the maid in amazement. It was only now that they realised how powerful she was. Although they were surprised they quickly came to terms with it when they thought she was from the tyrant mountain guild.

"Now... RUN!!!" Annette shouted waking the dazed prisoners.

Some hesitated, while some immediately turned around and ran. There were different types of responses initially but soon all of them turned around to run away.

"Leader let's go," Bargo said carrying Bolan who was heavily injured on his shoulders.

"Yeah" Now that they don't have to worry about the collars acting up, they can run without any worries.

Seeing the humans that he made his prisoners run away, Berimal's smile finally crumbled replaced by a furious expression that very much suited his fierce face.

"You lowly species dare to go against me!!! ROAR..." the orc roared and immediately took out his weapon. Now that he no longer restrained his aura, everyone running away finally understood who they were up against as they felt that terrible aura.

"Will she be okay?" Bolan stopped to ask.

"There is no way to tell, since she was confident enough to confront it, I hope she will be able to hold the orc down. There is no point in us staying here any longer leader. Given how powerful that orc is we will only get in her way if we stay here" Bargo and his teammates insisted that they leave.

"Don't think that you can get away..." Berimal tried to ignore the maid and gave chase towards the human; however, he was quickly stopped in his tracks by a powerful aura that suppressed his own, released by the woman in front of him.

What's more, to stop him she even created a wall of fire that blockaded his vision of the humans that he held captive. Realising that he cannot underestimate the woman in front, Berimal clicked his tongue and focused all his attention on her.

When his eyes went towards the wall of fire, it realised that it was no ordinary flames but golden flames that held an infernal amount of heat. If he tried to pass through that, it had no doubt that his body would get burnt severely.

"Looks like all the humans have escaped from this place. What should we do now master?"...

"Let's see, I have several questions for that orc. While I'm busy investigating information out of him keep all the other orcs away. Also since you are at it, help those three humans who dared to barge in from the front. You don't need to show yourself just provide back up from the shadows".

"Understood master".

At this moment, several voices rang out not far away from Berimal and a few figures who were hidden behind a tent, revealed themselves. Seeing them approach so close to him without even him realising Berimal had a shocked look in his eyes.

"You... How?!" it pointed its finger at Simon, Bianca, Alice and asked.

"Then I will leave to support those incompetent humans in the front, Big sister Bianca should work together with Elder sister Annette to stop the orcs from disturbing master" Alice said before disappearing out of sight.

Bianca nodded her head and silently followed behind Simon. Naturally, the three of them ignored the orc's question and set about doing their own business.

Simon after keeping the Ice Phoenix's Sigh back inside his inventory, finally focused his attention on the orc who seemed extremely furious for some reason.

"Master..." Annette re-joined him and stood by his side.

"You did a good job. Now then leave that orc to me, make sure no other orcs is able to get near here" After leaving his command, Simon walked towards the orc using [Analysis] on it at the same time.

Name- Berimal

Race- Diluvian High Orc

Level- 455

Skills- Pain Resistance, Piercing resistance, Blunt Resistance, Heightened Sense of Smell, Leadership, Coordination, High-Speed Regeneration, Orc General Aura, Overpower, Berserk, Ultra Super enhanced Strength, Super Enhanced Endurance, Super Enhanced Defence, Thick Armour, Orc's Wild Call, Brutal Swing, Brutal Tackle, Bile, Club Mastery, Starve, Appetite, Wild Swings, Tantrum, Body Fat Transfer.

Looking at its status and that level, Simon had no doubt in his mind that the one he was facing right now, was one of the orc generals under the orc king.

"So you are the one who was behind all of this, Human? GUGA... even if you managed to free your fellow members, as long as they have that salve collar on them, I can just retrieve them anytime I want. Your meticulous plan will fail at the end no matter what you do" Berimal said barring his sharp jagged teeth.

"Hoh, is that so? Well then, in the case that I kill you, wouldn't the slave collar stop working?" Simon shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly and replied.

"GUGAGA... you want to kill me? Looks like I have been severely underestimated. Good then allow me to see how you are gonna do that human" the moment he heard that Simon wanted to kill him, Berimal erupted out in a burst of laughter. The fury that he was feeling swiftly dissipated replaced by a mocking look in its eyes.

Simon did not mind the orc's attitude, on the contrary, he pointed out the mistake it made.

"You don't have to worry about that but before that, let me correct you. I'm not a human" he deactivated the trinket of Grimlock and in front of Berimal's astonished eyes, his body turned that into a demon.

"Y-You were a demon?" the orc asked.

"Why are you so surprised? You didn't think that you can just get away after attacking my territory right?" Simon questioned, one could see traces of anger flash in his crimson eyes.

"GUGAGA... it was as our king had mentioned you really did come out after we destroyed that town" Berimal's said in amusement making Simon curious.

"Since you are not human, there is no reason for us to fight. In fact, the reason why I attacked your town and captured those humans was just to bring you out".

"Bring me out?".

"Indeed" the orc continued "I'm here on behalf of my King. He had discovered your dungeon long ago and has been monitoring your actions since then. It seems like you have managed to please our king and that is why he wants to make you one of his subordinates".

"The dungeon you have is incredibly useful, he wants to use it to capture there and breed them like a livestock. Of course, you will be rewarded for your achievements if you become the orc king's subordinate. What do you think?".

Simon fell silent, he continued to glance at the orc with crimson eyes and replied "Give me a moment to think about it".

"GUGAGA... you may take your time, but don't take too long. Not just anybody can become the orc King's subordinate, you should be grateful... GUGA" A sword completely crimson in colour as if bathed in blood came slashing at his face before Berimal could complete his sentence.

There was a big gash now covering his face and blood flowed out from that wound. This kind of wound was nothing for Berimal; however, it was the humiliation that came with it that angered him.

"You?!... Dare?" the orc snarled.

"Yeah right, I almost forgot. Here is my answer... tell your king to eat shit" Simon extended his hand and showed his middle finger to the latter.

Managed to please the Orc King? Become its subordinate? Make the dungeon a human breeding farm for him? Who does the orc king think he is? Did they think that he was some soft persimmon that they can just squish easily?

They came into his territory, turned the town upside down and now even forced such a ridiculous conditions on him. Fuck that orc king, Simon had it enough after listening to this orc general. The sword slash from him just now was his way of giving his answer.

"You bastard, you dare to humiliate our King... ROAR" Berimal roared, activated its [Overpower] skill and immediately started swinging the huge club that was strapped on his back.

Each and every swing of the orc general was powerful enough to create small gales not to mention the unique kind of power that was imbued within that club which was made of bones.

Simon matched his enemy's aggression using his own sword and retaliated against every attack with an equal amount of force.

A diluvian High orc and a one that had risen to the level of a general, it was an existence that the Simon of a few months ago could only hope to run away against. However, he was no longer that weak demon who only thought about escaping when facing a strong enemy.

After going through the trial on the forbidden grounds and the pursuit he had to suffer in the kingdom, his view and attitude towards things completely and thoroughly changed.

So what if his enemy was the orc general or the orc king? The current Simon had enough confidence in himself to face them.

BANG... BANG... both the weapons repeatedly collided in a powerful clash generating sparks every time. Each weapon was powerful on its own, one was a [A] tier weapon while the other was made from the bones of a very powerful beast.

[Wild Swing] the orc general activated another of its skills as it swung its club. It was no longer trying to recruit Simon and was instead using all of its power to crush the latter. It had been completely angered by the demon's actions.

[Wild Swing] was a continuous skill that made the user swing their weapon in a random and wild fashion. Although it reduced the accuracy of the blows connecting, each swing kept on getting stronger and stronger until the duration of the skill expires.

Additionally, it also drains a lot of the stamina of the user.

BANG... BANG... BANG... it was like a storm of attacks, each and every swing from the orc general devastated the land and displaced a large amount of soil.

The [Wild Swing] skill might be powerful; however, it was also full of flaws. Most of the time, dodging that club was easy, while other times Simon simply deflected it using his sword.

Unlike the snobbish orc who only knew how to utilise its immense strength, his movements were refined and his sword attacks were deadly. He was using his enemy's momentum and power to increase the speed of his sword slashes.

Simon had already learned the [Sword Mastery] but it was just a normal basic tier skill. He had seen people who had evolved this skill and knew how powerful they were when they utilised it. Right now, his understanding and mastery over the sword was yet to reach that degree.

Simon understood that there was no reason for him to make it a melee battle especially considering that his opponent was a melee fighter. He can win more easily if he uses his magic which was also his most powerful forte to attack from a distance and wears his enemy out.

However, adopting that tactic won't help him grow strong. Simon was not a human with a mage class but a demon noble blessed with a good overall stats.

A Demon Viscount's stats were far more higher than what the likes of Diluvian High orcs could even achieve thorough level up. Thus not utilising his physical powers even while having more than 3100 points in strength would simply be a waste of his potential.

CLANG...

A sword and a club clashed numerous times, due to the orc general's strength stat being greater than his Simon was pushed back a little during the confrontation. Nonetheless, he was able to endure through the duration of the [Wild Swing] while suffering minor damages.

Simon drank an elixir of healing to get his HP back to the top and glanced at the orc general who was out of breath. Clearly, the after-effects of using [Wild Swing] skill had caught up to it.

"[High-Speed Flight]" he unfurled his wings and swiftly rushed towards the orc general. This was his turn to mount the pressure and force to orc to use his other skills.

Brandishing his sword, Simon flapped his wings and rushed towards his opponent with an overhead swing. Most often than not, such a big movement was easily dodgeable; however, the orc general was exhausted now.

Thus it wouldn't be able to dodge the attack. When it saw the demon rushing towards it, it instead used its club to defend itself.

CLANG... the weapons collided for the umpteenth time. At this moment, Simon displayed a smile. Right after his overhead swing was blocked, he shifted his balance and using the slight gap when his enemy's attention was focused on his sword, he delivered a kick right onto its abdomen.

BANG... the orc general was pushed a few steps back and held its stomach in pain. This was the first time after becoming the orc general that it was pushed back in a head-on battle. It glared at Simon in anger and roared.

[Orc General's Roar] it's roar was so powerful that the very air started shaking and everything around it in a few meters was pushed back. It was not only that, the roar also had the added effects of intimidating its enemies and reducing their power making them slower and dull to react.

Simon who was exposed to that skill, was not an exception. He felt his senses dull and his power go down a little. However, that was when a pop-up prompted in front of him and a wicked smile crept up to his face.

The orc general realising that its roar was effective, used another of its skill [Bile] to temporarily offset the exhaustion from the [Wild Swing].

[Bile] a skill that allows the user to accumulate a certain amount of frustration and anger which then gets converted into agility temporarily. It's a racial skill that only a certain number of races can acquire.

The orc general already had an edge over Simon in strength stat but after activating the [Bile] skill, its agility which was lacking far behind compared to its other stats, increased drastically. All the frustration and anger that it had been suppressing, now erupted out of his body and shrouded it in a layer of red aura.

Thud... thud... thud... the orc general unlike its bulky build, ran like an athlete that was quick on its feet and quickly approached Simon. It brandished its club which now glowed red due to simultaneously activating [Brutal Swing] skill to further enhance its attack a notch and swung it towards Simon in a full swing.

If it connected, it would no doubt be a devastating attack and Simon would be blown high up in the sky.

Normally, it would be impossible for someone else to avoid this attack after getting their senses and speed slowed down by the roar. However, Simon was different. The moment the [Orc General's Roar] affected him, his fragment of pride acted up and forcefully removed the debuff.

[You have been affected by the Orc General's Roar. All your senses and power will be reduced for a short period of time].

DING...

[Fragment of Pride has been activated, all debuffs have been removed. Your Emotions other than pride will be suppressed].

The Fragment of Pride interfered and forcefully removed the effect. That is to say, Simon wasn't slowed down by the roar. Before the club could smash him out of the park in a homerun, Simon flapped his wings and effortlessly dodged the attack.

BOOOM... the club connected to nothing; however, just the force behind that attack was enough to sweep through the dozens of meters of path in front of it like a shockwave.

"GUGA?" the orc general exclaimed in surprise but the next second it swiftly stepped back and dodged the sword that dug itself deeply into the place it was in just a second ago.

"So it dodged that huh? It is much faster than before.. is it because of a skill" Simon calmly analysed while under the effects of the pride. He arched his hand and the sword immediately flew back to him... [Dominator's Control].

After opening a distance between each other, an orc and a demon glared at each other, each observing and learning the attack pattern of the other.

BANG... the orc general was the first to move, since it was under the duration of the skill [Bile], it had to keep on pressuring the demon before the skill ends.

From their clash earlier, it learnt that it cannot underestimate the demon and thus went all out against it in its battle. The bulky body of the orc jumped to a height of more than ten meters and reached the flying Simon.

A movement that was impossible for a normal orc.

Whoosh... Whoosh... Whoosh...

Simon conjured a few flame spears that flew towards his enemy to try and slow them down. [Brutal Swing] however, it seemed that just a swing from that heavy club was enough to snuff out his flames spears.

After dissipating the attacks of the demon, the orc using the momentum of its jump, clashed against the sword of the demon and managed to push the latter onto the ground. After that, it chained its attacks with numerous swings.

[Club Mastery] a skill that allows him to effortlessly wield a club as big as him. Sparks generated wildly whenever their weapons collided, the earth would tremble and huge shockwaves would devastate everywhere.

Seeing that he was being pushed onto a backfoot, Simon activated his augmenting skills to further buff his strength and revealed a thrilled expression. His demonic side that sought this kind of stimulating battle, where his enemy was no less weak than him, was excited at this moment.

It was like everything had disappeared in this world as Simon kept on immersing himself in the battle. Unknown to him, he reached a special state that only a handful of people could reach.

In this state, Simon found himself improving at a fast rate, his movements started becoming more clear and his attacks profound. The sword in his hand was starting to feel like an extension of himself and moved in the exact same way as he wanted it to.

"GUGA?!" the huge club of the orc general that was powered by [Bile] and [Brutal Swing] was easily fended off by the demon. What's more, the atmosphere around the demon seemed to be somehow different than just a while ago.

Berimal was starting to get overwhelmed by the demon whose attacks were getting sharper and polished by the second. What's more, its attacks on the other hand were starting to get weaker due to the duration of the skill that was about to wear off.

The orc general was distracted by the sudden rise in the power of his enemy and was thus a second to react. at what came next

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In a life or death battle such as this one, even a moment of negligence could cost one their life.

Simon who had entered a unique state, did not miss this opportunity and swung his sword with even more precision. He changed the hold of his sword hilt and plunged the sword inside the body of the orc.

Although he felt some resistance due to the [Thick Armour] skill of his enemy, he was still able to dig quite a bit deep. The stab was able to reach their organs.

Simon was just about to continue with his attack and activate the infernal magic of his sword, to burn their insides when suddenly his instinct started ringing alarm bells. He immediately disengaged leaving his sword inside the body of the orc which was a right decision to make.

After suffering a blow, the orc general had gone crazy and activated its [Tantrum] skill without waiting for the duration of its other skills to end.

BOOOM... a huge shockwave with the orc as the centre erupted out creating an enormous crater. Everything around the crater was blown into smithereens or turned into fine granules. Except for the [A] tier crimson sword that stuck onto the Orc's body.

The sword was blown back from the shockwave and disappeared within the thick foliage of the forest.

Seeing this, Simon was relieved of his decision to immediately disengage.

"What kind of skill was that" he thought internally. The skill just now was far too lethal both for the enemy and for the user. Simon could see that the orc general HP go down by a lot. Surely, it too have suffered some serious damage after using that skill which meant that it was a duel-edged weapon.

While Simon pondered whether he should continue on with the melee attacks, his eyes suddenly went wide when he saw the orc prepare to fire another one of those shockwaves. Although the range of the shockwaves wasn't big, it was powerful enough to disintegrate things.

That is to say, it had the ability to neglect the defence stat. It did not matter how much defence Simon had, once he got caught in that shockwave he would suffer huge damage.

Simon was right, after suffering that blow from him, Berimal had gone crazy from anger and humiliation that he did not care about anything any more. Even though he knew he would suffer serious damage for using the skill, he still activated the [Tantrum] skill.

A skill that produces powerful shockwaves around the surrounding in a fixed interval of time and uses the blood and HP of the user as the sacrifice. It was a skill that Berimal did not like using much often since it rendered him weak and severely exhausted after the duration of the skill.

Not to mention it had a small range so if he wanted to damage his enemy along with him, he had to be near them. However, the Berimal right now wasn't sane enough to consider the consequences of the skill, all he wanted now was to destroy the enemy in front of it no matter the cost.

ZZzzzz... the air started vibrating around him and given how turbulent the mana in the surrounding was, one could tell that the orc general was preparing another shockwave.

A few kilometres away, near the entrance of the camp. Three humans were currently facing hordes of enemies that came out of the camp. The leader of this group, Bastian held his sword tightly and blocked any enemy that rushed at them.

Everywhere he laid his eyes, he saw orcs and high orcs surrounding them. Their numbers were so high that he felt like a cornered animal. He finally realised how foolish it was to rush at the enemy's camp with just the three of them.

"Haa... Haa... Bastian, I don't think we can get past them" one of his teammates replied.

Even without him telling that, Bastian already knew it was stupid of him to even think they stood a chance to save their comrades from the clutches of the orc. He was being far too idealistic and because of that he also risked the life of his other two friends who would have been fine inside the town had he not brought them with him.

"I'm sorry, because of me you guys also got caught up in it," He thought that since they couldn't see any orcs on their way here or on patrol, they could sneak inside the camp and rescue their comrades without alerting.

However, even when covering their scents with mud and grime, they were still found out before they even got to the camp.

"What are you saying sorry for? I was the one who agreed to come while fully knowing the dangers. If I die, it's on me. However, I will make sure to take a few of them with me to their graves"
Another guy replied gritting his teeth.

Each of them were just a few levels away from reaching level 300. An ordinary orc was not a threat to them. In fact, they have already dealt with quite a number of them.

However, the enemy's main forces weren't the orcs but the High Orcs who were each above level 200, some even reaching level 250.

For an experienced adventurer, a high orc might not pose too much of a problem but it was their number and coordination that was a threat. A group of orcs due to their racial skill, coordinate much better than an average group of adventurers.

Which is why, the adventurer's association always caution parties and teams to not engage a group of orcs if possible. Well, it would be a different case if you find a single roaming orc, but orcs mostly move in groups and are very difficult to sneak in on due to their high sensitivity to smell.

THUD... THUD... at this moment, the ordinary orcs surrounding the adventurers made way for ten bulky high orcs to pass through. Each of these high orcs were huge and were carrying logs as big as a person's body.

Even their level was maxed at 250. That is to say, they have reached the limit of their growth a long time ago.

Bastian and his group made a triangular formation with their back facing each other. After cutting down a few more ordinary orcs that rushed at them, the group turned their gaze at the ten huge high orcs that came out of the camp.

Just from their aura alone, it was enough for Bastian and the others to know that this group of High orcs were different from the others. With the appearance of these high orcs, they might not be able to fight as leisurely as before.

What's more, after fighting this many ordinary orcs, their power and stamina had clearly decreased a lot.

"Prepare that thing, I don't think we can beat these high orcs if we fight them head on" Bastian called out to the adventurer on his right who was the only assassin amongst the two warriors.

The latter nodded his head and took out a couple of pouches from his space ring and handed it to the others.

RAOARR... with the roar of the one in the middle, the group of orcs as if in perfect synchronicity, started charging towards the adventurers. With their huge size, they were like ramming trucks razing and flattening the area wherever they charged.

RUMBLE... feeling the rumbling of the ground and the pressure from the charge of the ten maxed level high orcs, Bastian and his group tightly held onto the pouch in their hands. And with all their strength, they threw it towards the high orcs when they were only a few meters of distance between them.

POOF... when they couple of pouches knocked against the bodies of the orcs, they immediately burst apart allowing the contents inside, to spread out.

An extremely repellent and pungent powder came out of the pouch and was inhaled by the onrushing high orcs.

GRRAOARRR... unable to bear the smell due to their heightened sense of smell, the high orcs screamed in agony and toppled onto the ground unable to control the speed of thier charge.

"Get away" Bastian with one hand covering his nose, shouted out and jumped away from the path of the orcs. One by one, all of the charging high orcs crashed onto the ground or onto the surrounding trees due to the powder they inhaled.

"Huff... looks like bringing these was the right choice," Bastian said tossing a pouch in his hand. The thing on his hand was called the stench powder and could be found in a potion or a weapon shop. It was one of the items that were used when running away from a monster that has a special sense of smell.

The stench powder, other than blocking their sense of smell for a period of time, did nothing else.

Bastian and his group had used this stench powder to dodge the attack from these high orcs. In the first place, their goal was not to fight all these orcs but to rescue their comrades that have been captured by these orcs.

"Alright, keep on throwing the powder at them. It should keep them occupied for some time while we take this chance to enter their camp and save our friends" Bastian commanded. He threw one pouch after another filled with stench powder at the orcs.

POOF... POOF... due to the heightened sense of smell of the orcs, they screamed in agony and were unable to resist against the stench powder. They fell on the ground one after another clutching their nose in pain.

"Now... this is our chance" Bastian seeing that the orcs have spread out, chose this moment to rush inside their camp.

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However, before they could take a step inside the camp, a gust of wind that dispersed the powder, came from inside the camp.

"Looks like we have some clever rats on our doorsteps. Since you all are already here, I might as well enjoy myself too" An orc many times bigger than the High orcs and red in colour, walked out from within the camp surrounded by similar looking orcs.

"Diluvian High Orcs!!" Bastian grit his teeth and stated the name of the race of orcs that massacred their alliance.

The orcs that came out, were on a different level than even the high orcs and were truly a source of nightmare for them.

"GUGA? I was wondering how brave the ones that dared to break into our camp were but it seems like the ones over here are mere baits. It looks like I wouldn't even need to step up to crush them".

Beldoom said looking at the three humans who looked already exhausted after fighting some mere foot soldiers. It then glanced at the orcs and the high orcs who were lying on the floor clutching their nose in pain.

"I see it was that repugnant powder huh? It's like you humans keep on coming up with these devious ideas" Beldoom spat, it then spoke some garbled words towards its subordinates who then fixed their eyes on the target.

Twenty five menacing Diluvian High Orcs, slowly approached the three humans who seemed to be in a dilemma as to what to do.

Bastian who was the proxy leader of this group, gulped. There was no way he was not feeling the pressure against these many Diluvian High orcs. Forget about their chances, he couldn't even see a glimmer of their victory if they fought this group of orcs.

They had no other options than to put their hopes on the stench powder and hope that it would also work on the Diluvian High orcs. Thinking so, Bastian and his team threw a pouch of stench powder towards the approaching orcs with all their strength.

However, as if they already knew what the humans were planning, they did not even bother avoiding the pouch and simply allowed the powder to spread around them.

The stench powder was powerful enough to render even a big maxed level High orc grovel in the ground, there was no way it wouldn't affect the Diluvian High orcs whose sense of smell was many times superior to ordinary orcs.

In fact, the effects of the stench powder was many times more powerful on the Diluvian High Orcs. That is only if they inhaled it, the twenty five or so diluvian High orcs marched on ignoring the stench powder around them.

"W-What it doesn't work?" the assassin cried out in shock. He was the one who brought the stench powder from the town in hopes of immobilising his enemies with this.

"Watch out, they are coming" Bastain shouted, he had already switched to his shield and sword. He used his shield to block the huge incoming club from one of the Diluvian High Orc but was still pushed far into the back in the process.

It was not only him both the other warrior and the Assassin were having a tough time contending against a single Diluvian High orc.

"GUGAGA... you humans think you are the only ones who are smart? [Wind Blast]" Beldoom laughed and used the Wind magic to disperse the powder once again. It knew that the humans had lots of this powder in their space ring and they would only be encouraging their enemy to use more of it on them if they showed any weakness against it.

Thus, using its [Coordination] skill it commanded all of the Diluvian High orcs to hold their breath for tens of minutes and ignore the powder. Doing so, not only made the enemy think that it was ineffective on them, they wouldn't be using any more of this powder on them during the fight.

Orcs can easily hold their breath for tens of minutes thus it was no problem for the Diluvian High orcs to hold their breath while fighting.

BANG... one of Bastian's comrades, the assassin was sent far into the distance and crashed into a tree. After a while, including Bastian, all three of them were rendered bloody from head to toe and were barely holding on.

Clearly, they were far too weak to face a Diluvian High orc yet.

"GUGAGA... I think it's time for the one pulling their string from behind to come out" Beldoom muttered when suddenly a huge explosion erupted from inside their camp.

A huge wall of fire rose from the ground and divided their camp in half.

What was going on? Before Beldoom could ponder on it further, his keen senses picked up multiple scents approaching this place. The enemy was not only outside the camp, but had managed to creep inside too.

Somehow, they were able to fool their senses and sneak inside their camp.

"Snort, foolish humans even if you sneak in, General Berimal is inside. There is no need for me to worry about the intruders inside, I will simply deal with the ones that are approaching now. But before that, finish the ones in front of you" Beldoom said commanding the orcs.

The Diluvian High orcs in the front roared and applied more strength in their attacks, battering and pummeling the humans. They were just about to finish the assassin who was the weakest link in the group when suddenly an arrow brilliant blue in colour pierced through the darkness of the night and bore through the head of the Diluvian High Orc that was trying to deal the finishing blow.

THUD... that Diluvian High Orc fell down limply onto the ground.

A single attack! The other Diluvain High Orcs froze in shock, they couldn't believe one of their own was taken out by a single blow.

WHISTLE...

Another arrow came piercing the night and took out another orc sending the entire group into a frenzy.

This time though, Beldoom was able to see the direction the arrow came from. It was from their back, more precisely from the camp. One of the intruders were responsible for it.

Beldoom had no doubt in his mind, the ones that had already intruded inside their camp was the ones that were pulling the strings from the shadow. Judging from their scent, there were four of them inside.

However, what confused Beldoom was that after firing a few shots, it was as if that presence had disappeared from the place. Even he an orc commander, couldn't detect where that presence was anymore.

What's more, they have also stopped firing altogether. As much as Beldoom wanted to find the perpetrator and punish them, he had to focus his attention on the ones approaching from the front first.

From their scent, the enemy was more than twenty and given how they managed to arrive here they must be somewhat strong. Beldoom was not wrong, the ones that arrived at the camp, were Xandros and his group.

"Guild leader we found three people passed out, they are surrounded by the orcs" a subordinate reported to Xandros.

The level 504 adventurer calmly nodded his head, took out his weapon from the space and walked out of the bushes to approach the fallen warriors. His comrades boldly walked beside him.

"Are you alright... can you hear me?" He bent down to check the condition of Bastain and his group who were badly injured and were in need of immediate treatment.

"Ugh... puff" Bastian tried to open his mouth only to spit out a mouthful of blood. Xandros brought a healing potion from his space ring and sprinkled it onto the injured man.

"Ack... pl...ease... save... m..y... comrades" perhaps because the healing worked, the man was somehow able to form some words before losing consciousness.

"Yeah, don't worry" Xandros said putting the man down slowly.

"Take him to the backlines and tell the mages to cast healing on them" Xandros ordered, he had quite the favourable impression of the man who wanted to save his friend even while he himself was beaten down to the point where it would not be wrong to say that they would die if they did not heal them.

"Comradeship... huh? I didn't think I would find such great quality from some of the adventurers in this remote place". Xandros glanced at the backlines where the adventurers who were held captive inside the camp were.

"Don't worry you friends who were captured, are all fine. Although they still have their slave collar on, an alchemist should be able to get it off" There was no way the unconscious warrior would be able to hear him. Nonetheless, Xandros said it out loud.

"Now then... it seems like we are late for the show" Xandros could see the huge wall of fire that was inside the camp, his keen eyes told him that it was no ordinary flames but infernal flames.

Whoever, that did this, had saved the captives and told them that they were from their guild. Although Xandros did not know why they would do that, he could just find that out when he meets that person.

According to the adventurers that were held captives inside the camp, the one that saved them was a maid wearing an armour who claimed that they were from the Tyrant Mountain. Xandros wanted to talk with that person and if possible, scout them to his guild.

"GUGA?!!" ... the Diluvian High Orcs and the other High Orcs that came to their senses now, tried to attack the man who had disturbed them from killing their prey.

But before they could even take a few steps forward, a blade energy that came out of nowhere, decapitated all of the orcs in front at once.

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There was no needless movement, a clean sweep that any warrior who saw this, would praise. A single swing from Xandros was enough to bring down more than five Diluvian High Orcs, dozens of ordinary orcs and ten maxed-level high orcs.

This action not only took all the orcs by surprise but also created a sort of anxiety and fear upon them. Even Beldoom who was watching the entire thing from the distance wasn't able to clearly see the attack coming.

This fact alone told the orc that it cannot look down on that human in the front.

Beldoom roared and called forth more of the battle-ready Orcs from inside the camp. Their camp in total has more than five hundred orcs out of which a hundred were Diulvian High Orcs Led by General Berimal, one hundred fifty high orcs and two hundred fifty plus ordinary orcs.

A lineup as grand as this was on par with a battalion. Even if the ones engaging them were the strongest humans that were in that town, they should at least be feeling some pressure against their numbers.

Beldoom would have also joined his army against these humans, however, he was on guard against that mysterious intruder who had sniped two of his fellows before.

"What should we do vice guild leader?" After taking oin the three heavily injured adventurers, the assassin who was one of Xadnos's close subordinates asked. At this point, they still had the option to retreat back to the town.

Xandros did not answer immediately, he looked at the wall of fire in the distance and made up his mind.

"Can you feel the mana fluctuations that are coming from inside the camp?"

The assassin when asked that, looked confused. They then tried to imitate Xandros and closed their eye and strengthened their senses. That was when they felt the powerful mana fluctuation coming from two huge sources sweep over the entire camp from the distance.

" This is...?" the assassin looked askance.

"That's right, that mysterious person is currently entangled in a battle with something, probably an orc. Since they are holding one of the orcs, probably their leader on their own, we should use this chance to clear the rest of the orcs" Xandros declared drawing his sword.

The rest of the guild members from the tyrant mountain guild and the other adventurers from the various guilds nodded their heads without objections.

As if it was practised hundreds or thousands of times, they got into formation and after allocating a minimum number of adventurers to guard the survivors, the rest of them with Xandros in the lead slowly proceeded to engage with the waves of orcs coming from the camp.

"This might be a tough battle, but it's not a one where we don't have a chance of victory so work your guts out and slay these damn orcs that dared to step into our city with me" Xandros declared opening the curtains for the battle.

Humans when given a common enemy, instantly discarded all of their reservations and previous enmity to fight the enemy together. The same was the case right now, apart from the ten members from the Tyrant mountain guild, the rest of the adventurers in this group were from other guilds who had their own agendas and schemes in mind for joining this expedition.

However, right now they had discarded all that to form a united front against their enemy.

"Hehe, so those humans are already here huh. I must report this to master" Alice who was watching everything from the rooftop of a makeshift house thanks to her [Hawk Eyes] skill, muttered at this moment.

She was also the mysterious assailant that killed two Diluvian high orcs who were aiming to take the life of Bastian and his group.

Since her orders were to watch the group of three humans that were stupid enough to barge in from the front and provide backup if necessary, she had been watching them all along.

But now that another group of humans were here and had taken in those three, she knew that her job here was done and thus she swiftly left the scene to report this to her master.

When Alice arrived near the centre of the camp where the prison was, she saw a mountain of bodies with blood and guts painting the ground red. Nevertheless, there was no pungent smell since all of it was dispersed by the ones that did all of this.

It seemed that Annette and Bianca, her two sisters did their job properly and did not allow a single orc to disturb the fight of their master. Alice spotted her sisters and quickly ran towards them.

"Oh? Alice, you are here? What happened to those three humans" Annette asked, Alice was tasked with watching over the humans, if she was here then it mean that...

"Un, those humans are safe. Another group of adventurers arrived at the camp, they are taking care of them. Ah right, I came here to report that to master. Where is master by the way?". the valkyrie asked blinking her eyes.

This place was completely destroyed and the topography altered, evidence of the fierce battle that occurred here. Despite that, the ones that were responsible for it, couldn't be seen anywhere.

Annette who had been watching over their master, pointed in the direction of the pond "Master lured that orc over there. He said that fighting it in a place with dead bodies lying all around, was far too foolish. We were waiting for you, since you are here, then let us go and witness master's battle".

Alice nodded and with that, the three of them hurried towards the place where the orc general was.

Not far away from the camp, was the pond where a colony of Tortacosta used to live once. However, they were all killed and eaten by the orcs. At some point, the pond was dyed red with their blood and their bodies floated on the surface of the water.

But at the present moment, that very pond was completely dried up leaving only a huge depression in the ground.

At the bottom of the what once used to be a pond, two figures could be seen. One was lying on the ground while the other remained standing.

The one on the ground was none other than the orc general whose body was so badly scorched that their inner muscles could be seen.

Simon on the other hand, had suffered damages all over his body with several of his bones broken. Nevertheless, he was still standing on the ground.

"haa... haa..." willing his legs forward, Simon slowly approached the body of the orc general. Although he had defeated Berimal, the latter was tenacious enough to still survive with the silver of their HP remaining.

Simon bent and picked his sword up. Because he didn't have enough MP remaining to use [Dominator's Control] he had to pick it up physically and drive it inside the body of the orc one last time to deal the finishing blow.

DING...

[You have levelled up]...

[You have levelled up]...

[You have levelled up]...

Killing the orc general gave enough experience to raise Simon's level directly to 418.

"It's finally down... huh" he sighed, the orc general was tenacious enough to endure all of his attacks. Especially its, [Appetite] skill that allowed it to restore its HP back by eating the corpses.

Simon felt like it was quite the cheat skill since whatever damage it had dealt to itself by using [Tantrum] and the numerous attacks that he had thrown at the orc, was all healed by consuming the corpses.

It was due to this reason that Simon had lured the orc general to the pond. Who knew that, the pond was already devastated by the orc army with corpses floating on the water?

To prevent the orc general from restoring its Hp back further, Simon had to resort to extreme measures by evaporating the entire pond with his Infernal magic. After that, it was just a battle of attrition between him and the orc general who had activated its [Berserk] skill.

Huff... [Elixir of Healing consumed].

Simon gulped the contents of the vial, sat on the ground and focused on healing his wounds. He did not have to worry about monsters attacking him since most of them were wiped out by the orc army.

"Master are you alright?" after a while, the Valkyrie sisters arrived at the scene and rushed to his side.

Seeing the genuine concern in their eyes, Simon nodded his head and asked "What about you all? What happened to the rest of the orc army?".

"About that, a new group of humans had arrived at the camp and is now dealing with the orc army. The one who seemed to be leading them, is around level 504. So I don't think master has anything to worry" Alice reported rubbing her nose.

Simon mused at those words of hers. Above level 500 there were hardly any adventurers in the tower town around that level. The only one that was, belonged to the Tyrant Mountain, the strongest guild that is currently tackling his dungeon.

If it is them, Simon had no reason to worry. He got back on his feet and along with Annette, Bianca and Alice, they swiftly disappeared into the depths of the forest.

Not long after Simon and his group disappeared from the pond, the skies above the pond, fluctuated a little and a figure appeared standing solely in the air. The person did not release any aura nor was there any fluctuation of mana that should come from using a skill.

It was as if there was an invisible foothold in the air upon which he was standing on.

"So he is the one that Venerable Red mentioned huh?!" the person said before his figure was covered by the clouds.

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Inside the camp, corpses of the orcs could be seen being moved around by the adventurers and their weapons collected in a corner.

The place was completely devastated by the impact of the battle. The orc army that occupied this place was defeated and their commander killed by Xandros.

On the other hand, there were only a few injuries on the side of the adventurers, one could even say that it was their overwhelming victory. However, the man who led his group towards it, Xanfrso himself didn't seem particularly happy or excited over it.

After throwing the head of the orc commander that he took with his own sword, Xandros walked towards the centre of the camp which bore the signs of a fierce battle.

"Vice Guild Master... we have finished rummaging through the place, there are no other survivors here. We have also called a team of adventurers to bring several carts with them to take the bodies

of the orcs back. With this many, we are sure to earn some good profits if we sell them to the merchants".

The assassin who was busy collecting the corpses of the orcs, approached him and reported. Every part of the body of an orc was extremely useful, their skin was used to process leather armours, bones and blood to create potions, eyes and gallbladders to create medicine and so on and so forth.

If sold to an alchemist, the money they would earn would easily cover the costs to rebuild the town. The assassin smiled thinking that it was not a wasted trip to come out of the dungeon after all.

However, when he saw that their Vice guild leader was out of sorts, he couldn't help but ask.

"Is something the matter vice guild leader?"

"What do you make out of the battle from the destruction that occurred here" Xandros pointed out in front of him. A large portion of the camp that was previously covered by a wall of fire was decimated to the point where it seemed like a barren land filled with desolation and death.

"Seems like there was a fierce battle that occurred here. From what I can tell, some incredibly powerful skills were used to cause this level of destruction" the assassin muttered.

"Right, so what do you think? Can you defeat them if you were to come across one of them?" Xandros asked, looking at his face one cannot tell what he was thinking.

"Well, I cannot really say without using [Analysis] but it would be pretty much impossible for me to fight either of them if they are capable of using such powerful skills" The Assassin smiled bitterly.

Xandros nodded, he could tell that the beings that fought here, were powerful enough to even warrant his question. Just when he was about to delve deeper into his trains of thought, a subordinate belonging to his guild, came reporting.

"Vice guild master, I have scouted around the area as you have ordered. There is something that you must see". Xandros commanded a portion of his group to stay here while he took a small team with him and followed the subordinate.

After some time, they appeared in front of the pond or what seemed to be a pond was now just a dried-up hole in the ground. Given how incredibly heated the ground was and signs of moisture still lingering around the place, one could tell that an enormous battle had occurred here.

"Vice Guild master... there" the subordinate pointed at the body that was at the bottom of the hole.

Xandros and his team descended onto the hole and approached the body only to realise that it was badly scorched.

"Isn't this one of the Diluvian High Orcs?" the assassin observed the body and said. Even if the body was badly scorched given the frame of the corpse, it perfectly matched with the monsters they had just defeated.

"Look at this vice guild master, it's a stab wound" the assassin pointed at the head of the orc.

"Hmm? So this is the orc that person—no, that maid was fighting?" Xandros muttered. He could see that the orc lying on the ground was different from the other Diluvian High Orcs. Given how big and intimidating its body was, there was no doubt that this orc was higher in rank than the one he had fought.

"Is there anything else? Any clues about the person that defeated it?" Xandros asked, if possible he wanted to meet with that maid that killed this orc and saved the captive humans.

However, it seems that they have already left the scene. After searching the place for any more clues, the group of adventurers joined with the team that was at the camp and went back to the town.

Today's matter cannot be said to be completely solved since they have to find the reason why the orcs marched all the way here when they should be living far deeper inside the forest.

On top of a distant mountain at the borders of the eastern region of the forest, four people could be seen sitting around a campfire. The light from the campfire fell on their faces and illuminated their surroundings.

The group of four were none other than Simon and the Valkyries.

"Un, it's cooked enough.. give it a try," Simon said taking a skewer out from the campfire.

Currently, their group had stopped on a mountaintop for a break as they waited for the early rays of the sun to break out. Meanwhile, Simon had decided to use this time to recover his depleted MP and HP to its peak.

Since just around and doing nothing was boring, he lighted a campfire and used the monster meat they hunted to make a barbeque of sorts. For the maids, this was the first time they were having an adventure like that, they enjoyed every moment and were thrilled to start a campfire.

"Unn~ It's delicious master" Alice who was the first to try a bite said.

"I'm glad you liked it. Since you people are always the ones to cook us a meal, let me treat you this time. Ah here's butter, smear it on top and try it, it will enhance the taste" Simon bought butter from the [Shop] and passed it to the Valkyries.

"Master, in that case, we won't be shy" Annette and Bianca tried the meat skewers too. Their eyes when they felt the crunchy, spicy and the rich taste the meat brought to their taste buds, their eyes shined just like stars.

The Valkyries might be set to be more competent and skilful in cooking than him but this was a rare chance for them to try his cooking.

"Hehe, I cannot wait to see big sister Bea's envious face when I tell master had cooked for us after we return back" Alice laughed with a devious face.

Looking at her mischievous side, Annette smiled helplessly and turned her gaze towards her master who was busy grilling the meat.

"Master... what are you planning to do now?".

"Hmm..." Simon was silent for a while before looking towards the distant western direction of the forest.

"The orc general that came here was on orders from the Orc King. They seemed to have discovered my dungeon and are scheming something. There is no way this attack would be the last attack on the tower town and it wouldn't stop even if I killed one of their Orc generals".

"If we don't resolve this matter before it blows out of hand, our dungeon will be affected severely. In the worst-case scenario, the town will be deserted by the humans. Therefore, I must address the root of the problem and put a permanent stop to this" Simon stated clenching his hands into a fist.

"I see... this is why we did not return to the dungeon immediately and instead came here"...

"Then nom nom... is master planning to wipe out the orcs?" Annette and Alice asked, one could even feel the enthusiasm to go to battle once again from them. The fight earlier wasn't even an appetizer for them.

"If need be then—yes" A deep crimson glow flashed inside Simon's eyes "But before that, there is a certain individual I want to meet. If all goes well, we might be able to further improve the defence of our dungeon".

Deep inside the Diluvian High Orcs territory, located in the western region of the forest was a vast underground space dozens of kilometres big. The space inside was lit up by the magma deposit that sometimes came out from the small geysers on the ground.

A strong sulfuric smell lingered around this place. At the centre of the underground space, there was a huge carcass of some entity who in its prime might have been hundreds of meters big.

The carcass surrounded an altar in the middle and on top of which rested a throne. The throne was made from the similar bones as the carcass around it and was emitting a dreary aura.

Seated on that throne, was a crimson orc so huge that, even the big Diluvian high Orcs might feel small in front of him.

"So are telling me that you want to one-sidedly terminate this partnership?" Belgarios the King of the Diluvian High Orcs said in a heavy gruffy voice.

"Haha, the orc king misunderstands, all I'm suggesting is that we put our business on hold for a while. You see our kingdom is currently entangled in an issue and cannot do business with you for a while".

A person covering his figure from head to toe with a black robe and a mask said.

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"That is why I hope that the orc king can understand that we are not trying to terminate the one-sidedly or anything" From the stature and the frame of their body, one could easily tell that they weren't any orc.

The Orc King Bergarios grumbled, a strong aura of that of a disaster class beast permeated out of him just by sitting on his throne.

"I don't care about the circumstances of your kingdom. But you do realise that halting our business at this point is a huge loss for me right? The deal was for me to supply a large number of orcs in return for mana crystals equivalent to the weight of each orcs".

"After doing business for more than thirty years are you telling me to suddenly put the trade on hold? Don't think that I don't know what you are doing with the orcs that I'm supplying to you. I'm suffering a huge loss here due to you people, how are you going to reimburse me for that?" the orc king said putting pressure on each of his words.

Since the face of the person facing the orc king was covered, it was hard to tell what kind of expression they were making. However, from their body language, it was easy to tell that they were somehow fawning over the orc king.

"Of course, our kingdom understands that, that is why we have brought 50 tonnes of mana crystals to compensate the orc king," the man said taking out a space ring.

The orc king extended his burly hands and the space ring immediately flew over to him. From that, one could see how masterful he was in using his mana.

The orc king checked the contents of the space ring and snorted "Hmph... do you think a measly amount such as this is enough? The quality of the crystals is also merely grade [2]".

Hearing that, the man said wryly "The orc king should know how valuable grade [3] and above crystals are. Even our kingdom doesn't have many quandaries that produce that grade of crystals. Consider the ones we gave you as an apology from our side and a consideration for our continued collaboration".

Grade [3] mana crystals weren't something that a third rate kingdom like theirs can spurge freely.

"So, how long do you plan on keeping our business on a halt. Depending on your answer, I might decide to find a different partner kingdom to collaborate with" Belgarious spoke keeping the space ring unceremoniously.

"Haha, surely the orc king jests, I hope that you will give our partnership a little more importance. On that note, I assure you that once the situation in our kingdom is resolved we will open our business as soon as we can" a droplet of sweat trickled down the man's face.

Even though he had interacted with the orc king many times previously, it was still a challenging task to converse with a being who released such a strong aura.

"You have been going on about some kind of circumstance your kingdom is going through. Can you not tell me what exactly is happening with your kingdom?" the orc king asked, his dark eyes falling on the man.

"Unfortunately, I cannot tell the orc king about this since I myself was not made aware of this. But I can assure you that whatever it is it will surely be resolved and our trade will open..."

"Enough about that, I'm sick of hearing you repeat the same thing. I'm willing to wait for some time but I cannot wait for too long. You should also know how risky this business is for me too. Those subordinates of mine still do not suspect me. However, there have been growing suspicions lately".

"If possible, I want to transport those individuals away from here and as soon as possible. That is why, I will only wait for a month, if you are still putting this business on a hold I will find some other way to contact those guys you have been trading with. Now then, you should leave before my subordinates find you. Also, remember to erase your scent with the item I gave you".

The man sighed before melding with the environment and disappearing from the sight. Not long after that person left a group of Diluvian High orcs, led by an exceptional looking orc approached the altar and bowed towards the orc king.

"My King, I have arrived as per your calls" the orc on the lead said.

"You did well by arriving here as soon as possible. I hope that you have been well? Did you look into that thing I had asked you before?" Belgarius lazy gaze fell on his subordinate, one of the orc generals, Berirock.

"Yes my king, I have thoroughly investigated the matter that was concerning you. It was as you have predicted, the orc general Berigard does indeed harbours the heart to rebel. He had been spreading false rumours about my king being the one behind the disappearance of the orcs to manipulate the others".

"My subordinates have reported seeing him make various preparations and expanding his army. As such I believe it wouldn't be long before he makes his move" Berircok reported.

The task that the orc king had given him was precisely to keep a tab on one of the four orc generals, Berigard. The orc generals were second only to the orc king and each governed a large area of their own inside the high orcs territory. They have their own subordinates and military and were a powerful force on their own.

"Hmm... is that so. That Berigard plans to rebel huh? What do you think about the false rumour that he is spreading? Do you too believe in that?".

The orc king asked while yawning. From his attitude, one could tell that he wasn't the least bit bothered by one of his four generals rebelling and instead seemed to find everything extremely bothersome.

"How can that be my king? I am one of your loyal subordinates and will never dare to believe such nonsense. I think Berigard is out of his mind for planning such a thing. I believe he has forgotten that it is because of your presence and effort that we are still able to live inside the western region of the forest."

"If not for my king repeatedly repelling those monsters, our race of Diluvian High orc might have been forced to abandon this place by now. It is presumptuous of Berigard to forget this fact and raise his weapon against you".

Berirock stated with sincerity, his anger towards Berigard could be felt from his words alone.

"Is that so... well I'm glad that some of my are still in their sane mind. As long as I have your trust, it doesn't matter how many people they try to manipulate against me".

The orc king praised, his act was so genuine that it was hard for anyone to tell that he was actually just acting.

The culprit that was behind the mysterious disappearance of the Diluvian High Orcs, was none other than he himself. He had been acting and misleading the facts up until now and blamed it on the other monsters and the humans on the borders of this forest.

However, due to some unknown factors, the news about the orcs being captured and turned into experimental subjects found its way back into the forest and into the ears of the other Diluvian High Orcs. Thus making them more vigilant.

Amongst that faction who believed the news, was Berigard and the subordinates he commanded. Somehow, the latter suspected him and was trying to overthrow him.

The rest of the orcs like the Berirock in front of him seemed to still have faith in him which was a good thing for Belgarious.

'For now, it seemed that the masses are still in my favour. I don't know how you got to know it, but it looks like I will have to get rid of you too. Honestly, all of this is just too troublesome. Should I just rid of the entire orcs?

No, they still have their worth. Besides I still need a lot more resources before I can ascend to become a calamity class' the orc king thought internally.

"My king... what should we do about Berigard? If you ask of me, I shall immediately take my army and take him down" Berirock suggested. The orc behind thumped their chests as if saying that they do not mind to go into war with another faction.

"Do you have the confidence to win against him? if not then leave him alone. When the time comes and he arrives before me, I will take care of him myself. But to be honest, it is quite a shame to lose a subordinate as capable as him. Even amongst all the other Dilviona High Orcs, Berigard is exceptional in that his unique physique is suited to become a shaman" Belgarious sighed.

The physique of the diluvian high orcs or the orcs in general were more suited to become warriors because of how their stats tend to concentrate more on Strength. However, Berigard was different in that his body was unlike any warrior with his overall stats focused more on Magic and Agility.

Shamans were what the beast race calls one of their own who are suited to use magic. They are equivalent to a mage in human terms.

Although very rare, there are some irregularities amongst the orc who are born with a high Magic stat and Berigard was one such individual. Even if it was another orc general like Berirock, it would be very tough to defeat Berigard.