

## D. of Pride 471

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However, if it was Belgarious the Or King confronting him, it would be a different case entirely. Belgarious was someone who was already a disaster class being and was slowly inching closer to becoming a calamity class.

There was a huge gap in levels that was as big as a chasm between them. No matter how powerful the magic of Berigard was, it would be foolish to think that he can take down the orc King.

Belgarious stood up from his throne and observed the giant carcass behind him. The carcass once belonged to a very powerful beast that took refuge inside this underground space thousands of years ago after being gravely hurt.

However, it looked like the injury it suffered was too much for it to recover from and thus it succumbed to its fate and died.

Their race of high orcs later found this carcass and due to some mutation for absorbing some of the power inside it, they evolved up to become Diluvian high orcs. Thus it could be said that the carcass behind him was the source of power behind the Diluvian High orcs.

Besides that, the bones of the carcass were also used to make those powerful weapons of the Orc generals and orc commanders. Even after thousands of years, the remaining energy inside that carcass was vastly powerful.

'If I can fully assimilate with the powers left inside those bones, I might be able to break the chains shackling the race of orcs and take a new step towards evolution' Belgarious muttered internally.

"My King, I don't see Berimal... is he not here?" Berirock asked looking around.

Out of all the orc generals, Berimal was the one who was the most loyal to the orc King. He was like a dog faithful enough to kill anyone for its master. Usually, the guy would not leave the Orc King's side easily and would always be around like a bodyguard. Thus it was unusual to not see Berimal near the orc King.

"Ahh... him—I sent Berimal on a mission, I guess he would be arriving soon with good news" Belgarious laughed.

The mission that he was talking about, was to convince if not capture the demon of a certain dungeon located in the eastern region of the forest.

'Although I don't know why, but that person

is interested in that dungeon. If not for his order, I wouldn't have sent Berimal at this important point in time' Belgarious muttered in annoyance.

He had no interest in a dungeon created by a demon but because that person asked him to scout out the dungeon and if possible bring the demon into submission, he had no choice but to send one of his generals to the eastern region of the forest.

Needless to say, other than him and Berimal's faction, no other Diluvian High Orcs knew about the existence of the dungeon and why Berimal was absent.

Come to think of it, it's been a while since Berimal contacted me. Did he forget to send a sound transmission today? Or was he too busy killing those humans living in that town? I hope he wouldn't go too wild and bring trouble for me.

In any case, if it's him, he should be able to capture that dungeon. Haaah... everything is such a pain in the ass, if only I can become a calamity class soon, then even that person wouldn't be able to order me around.

The orc king sighed, he did not know how many times he had sighed already—it might be over a hundred counting this one today.

In the ghastly winding forest, might reigned supreme. If you are weak, you end up becoming another's prey. You need strength to live by every day and to assert your dominance in the food chain or else you would just end up becoming a pawn for somebody.

'Just a little bit more, if I can gain that kind of power and evolve, I wouldn't have to fear anyone. Plus I wouldn't have to keep this charade of trafficking orcs to those humans' the orc king clenched his burly fists and sighed for the umpteenth time.

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East of the High orcs territory, at the centre of the barren land, was a tall dark mountain, about a thousand meters big and filled with dead trees.

It was odd-shaped and in the middle of nowhere that it stuck out like a sore thumb. No matter who looked at the mountain, they would all say that it was unnatural and man-made.

However, today it looked even more irregular with thousands of orc gathering at the foot of the mountain.

At the top of the steep stairs of the mountain, were four individuals with varying strengths. The highest level amongst them, was leaner in build unlike the normal diluvian High orc and carried a staff that had many bones and core stones inlaid in it.

That individual was also standing a few steps above the three and was releasing a commanding aura that made all the other orcs submissive to it.

"Lord Berigard, I have received news that one of the orc generals, the dog Berimal had left the side of the orc king to march towards the eastern region of the forest with his army. Given that it would take time for an army that big to return back, I believe that it is our one and only chance to overthrow the evil orc king while one of his generals is absent" the orc commander Bellock stated.

"I concur my lord. This is the best chance we will get to take down the orc king when a part of his strength is missing" the next to speak was Belmarch another orc commander under Berigard.

"I see.. No, you guys are probably right. What do you think Belsea?" Berigard turned towards the last of the commander who had recently joined his faction after he was made aware of the atrocities committed by the orc king in the dark.

"Hmm... my lord—if I may be blunt enough, can I ask you what is the probability of us winning against the orc king even while one of his generals is absent" unlike the others, Belsea was much more rational when it came to going against the orc king.

Berigard couldn't blame the latter for being apprehensive after all, the orc king had been a disaster class being for a while. Which goes to say that he was one of the stronger beasts inside the ghastly winding forest.

Even if there was somebody else in place of Belsea, they too would be a little unsettled to go against an opponent like that.

Berigard closed his eyes and answered truthfully "I would say our chances of defeating him are pretty low. I was lucky and have progressed a lot since then, but the same can also be said for Belgarious. It is and will always be an unfavourable matchup for us".

"Nevertheless, it is not like we are going against an enemy we have no chance against. If all goes well and the condition favours us, we might be able to bring him down. It is very unlikely that all those conditions will work in our favour and truthfully our chances of losing is pretty high".

"But even then I want to take this chance and revolt against the orc king. I'm sick and tired of losing my comrades by his hands, it is time that I take the wind out of his sail and show him the resolve of our Diluvian High Orc tribe".

Every time that he thought about the heinous crimes that the orc king which all of the orc look up to committed, his blood boiled and rage filled his body. Especially after knowing what kinds of things were done to the orcs and his comrades by those humans after they were trafficked away.

The reason Berigard knew all of this was because he was one of the orcs that managed to survive the experiment and escape the clutches of the humans of that kingdom.

Berigard clenched the bone fragments tied to his locket and appeased the fury burning in his eyes. 'Soon, just wait a little more. The time for our revenge will come soon'.

"GUGAGA... So lord Berigard is asking us to lay our lives down? GUGAGA—be it so, we won't get another chance like this. This Belsea will do his best, I will never let another of my brothers be trafficked away by the orc king again" Belsea thumped his chest and declared in a warlike manner.

Seeing that all three of his commanders had made up their minds, Berigard nodded and turned his gaze toward the thousands of Diluvian High Orcs, High Orcs and ordinary orcs down below. Their numbers were so high that it was enough to take down a fortified city.

"That is a pretty big line-up, did you bring all of your soldiers?" the orc general asked.

"Yes my lord—as you can see, I have around a thousand diluvian High orcs around level 320-360 under me. About three thousand High orcs working as foot soldiers and around seven thousand orcs as simple labours" Belsea reported.

The eleven thousand strong army down at the base of the mountain was under him.

Berigard hummed "With the addition of your army, we have about thirty-five thousand orcs in our numbers. Although numbers mean nothing in front of the orc king, as long as they can whittle away at his army it will be plenty".

"I feel sorry for those orcs who would die without knowing the truth. However, it is necessary for us to overthrow the orc king if we want the race of our Diluvian High Orcs to live inside this forest safely".

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Each of the three commanders nodded their head in agreement. They had tried to persuade the other orcs to defect to their factions; nonetheless, the loyalty ingrained in an orc, made them unable to go against the orc king.

"We will make our move on the night of the moon dance, two days from now. Bellock, Belmarch, Belsea... order your army to move discreetly through the northern front. We have already garnered attention from the other generals and they are monitoring our every move".

"I have a friend there who knows my plan and is willing to let our army pass. Although I failed to persuade him to join our case, he at least won't be barring our path when we wage the war against the orc king" Berigard solidified the plan before dispersing the orc commanders and the army they commanded.

"[Gale Magic Mastery]... Sniff Sniff—Hmph, spies sent by Berirock huh!!" Berigard muttered and as soon as his voice fell, his body disappeared. He then appeared next thousands of meters away from his mountain and quickly grabbed the spying diluvian High orc.

"GUGA?!!" the orc that was captured by the throat, was surprised and tired to struggle free from the grasp. Nevertheless, Berigard was an orc shaman who was slowly bordering the levels of a disaster class. He was in a league of his own, how could a mere soldier be able to resist that kind of power?

Soon, the orc was turned onto a bloody pulp. Space trembled around Berigard once again, and just like before, his figure disappeared and appeared on top of the mountain.

A day passed by in the blink of an eye and the night of the second day, which was also called the night of the moon dance. A ritual of the Diluvian High orcs where they gather at the middle of their territory for an annual meeting every year and dance.

This year, Berigard decided to use this day to wage war against the orc king when he calls forth for all of his generals in one place to overthrow him for once and all.

Since it is a meeting where one can bring as many of their subordinates, it was a rare chance for him to bring his army. Normally, one isn't allowed to bring their subordinates anywhere near the orc king especially when the guard dog, Belddom was around.

However, the night of the moon dance was different, out of the three generals siding with the orc king, one was away currently while the other one decided to stay neutral. Which meant that the orc king only had one general beside him.

It was a rare opportunity one that might not come again.

The night of the moon dance was always held outside the underground chamber where the orc King resided, so in a way, it could also be said that it was a tribute to the orc king.

In a large plaza outside the underground chamber, one could see thousands of orcs swarming the place, making bonfires, skinning monsters to roast meat and busily doing other various stuff. On a pedestal made especially for a single individual, was an orc whose stature, power and authority towered over every other orc in the plaza.

He was releasing an aura so powerful that the very air felt suffocating around him. The being seated on that pedestal was none other than the orc king Belgarious. Currently, he had a mug bigger than the human's head in his hand as he sipped the contents of the mug in big mouthfuls.

BURP... a loud burp and a pungent smell wafted in the air, the orc king wiped his mouth and asked the orc beside him "Oi... are my generals not here yet?".

The orc that was one of the personal subordinates of the Orc King, replied orderly "My king, other than general Berigard and general Berimond, all other generals are here. Sir Berirock is seeing to some work while Sir Berimal...".

The subordinate glanced at the orc king and continued—"we are unable to contact him".

Belgarious arched his brows at those words, his big snout twitched a little and he exhaled a deep breath.

"Unable to contact him you say? That is very unlike him. Did something happen to him while he was in the eastern region of the forest? No, that is not possible, there shouldn't be any monster powerful enough to bring him down. Then it must mean that he is busy conquering that dungeon that he doesn't even have the time to look at the transmission conch".

Thinking so, Belgarious dropped the topic and picked a different one "By the way, how are the preparations on our side?" he asked with a big grin on his face.

Likewise, the subordinate too smiled and responded "My king doesn't have anything to worry about, I have seen to everything myself. We are prepared to snuff out any signs of revolt that the traitors might show".

"Good... Good—GUGAGA, then let us wait and watch how this farce will unfold" the orc king laughed.

Time passed by swiftly and the swarm of orcs surrounding the plaza increased to a number big enough to make anyone dizzy. From a distance, they looked just like a red carpet with their heads bobbing like waves in a sea.

Midnight soon arrived and a new group of orcs swarmed the plaza. Their numbers were quite big, big enough to garner the attention of the other orcs in the plaza. The one leading them was Berigard who was followed by his three commanders walking behind him.

To his side was another general called Berimond and together they were the four generals that were under the orc king.

Berigard gestured his subordinates to stay behind and along with Berimond, he approached the platform where Belgarious was seated.

"GUGAGA, if it isn't Berigard? I thought you would be quite busy to attend the event, fancy seeing you make the time" Midway, they were joined by Berirock who stood in the path to the pedestal.

"What are you saying? Today is the night of the moon dance and the orc king himself called for us, there is no way I would be absent from such an important event" Berigard responded in a calm, astute manner.

He did not waste time with Berirrcok anymore and swiftly passed by him to address the person he was here for.

"GUGAGA... you did well coming all the way here. I assume you all have been well?" the orc king initiated after he saw the two bow in front of him.

Although Berigard was extremely revolted to perform a stance such as this, but for the sake of his plan, he had no choice.

While clenching his hands and keeping his emotions in control so as to not reveal his hostility outright, Berigard addressed the Orc King.

"The orc king looks as impressive as ever, your aura is far more powerful than before, this one is in awe".

"GUGAGA... what are you saying, my accomplishment in these past few years cannot be considered much when compared to the rate of your growth. Honestly, I am blessed with a truly competent subordinate. In the future, I'm thinking of even making you my second in command—what do you say?".

Belgarious asked, one could see a shrewd light flash inside his eyes. Second in command, it was no doubt an alluring position that would make numerous orcs go green in envy.

Second in command means that in the orc hierarchy they would be unquestionable, their authority second only to the orc king and above the other orc generals. An incredibly alluring offer; nevertheless, it also has its catch.

A second in command is a position given only to the orc who is the most loyal to the orc king. If not for Belgarious announcing it in this event, every orc would have guessed Berimal to be the one to get that position. After all, amongst the four generals, he was the most loyal towards the orc king and was known for his monicker, the guard dog.



The orc king's smile said it all, with his question he indirectly put Berigard in a position where he has to reveal where his loyalty lies. If he accepted the offer, it was all good. In fact, it would also clear the doubts the orc king has been having about him and it would make it much easier later when he revolted to usurp the orc king's reign.

Berigard could simply lie through his teeth and make the suspicions the orc king had over him fade away. However, if he did that, the thousands of orcs that believed and followed him all the way here, would be disappointed and even start judging his character.

However, if he rejected the offer, he would clearly be displaying his intention in front of the orc king and make him even more suspicious.

Sometimes, in life one must tread on a harsh path even while knowing that there was an easy path out that would make their life much more easier.

Berimond who was beside Berigard, carefully looked at the latter with a mysterious expression. If it was someone else in place of Berigard, they would no doubt accept this offer of fealty. However, Berigard wasn't the type who would lose his subordinates' trust just to tread on the easy path.

The orc king was fully aware of it, that is why he gave Berigard this option. It was his way of judging his subordinate's loyalty.

In front of the stunned eyes of everyone present, Berigard bowed his head and rejected the orc king's offer of becoming the second in command.

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Most of them looked at Belgarious as if he was an idiot but those that knew him, like the orc commanders understood the kind of resolve their general had and the person he was. He would never do something that would make them doubt and create uncertainty in the hearts of his subordinates.

"Hohh, I didn't think that you would reject. Becoming my second in command, it should be a pretty decent position; No, a prestigious position for any Diluvian High Orc. Can I know the reason why you are rejecting the offer?" Belgarious asked with a dangerous glint in his eyes.

"The orc King is right, it is an incredibly alluring position and one that only a fool would reject. However, I believe that I'm not suited for that position yet as such, I think Berimal would be more suitable for that".

Since Berigard was having his head down in a bow, one couldn't see what kind of expression he was making. But from the tone of his words, it seemed like he was genuinely regretting letting go of this offer.

Belgarious gave a ferocious smile, his dreadful claws started extending out and even his dark eyes started to turn yellowish. If earlier he was only suspicious of Berigard, now he was absolutely certain that the latter knew about the trade he had been having with that kingdom.

The instinct to kill Berigard flashed inside his mind for a second before Belgarious suppressed it.

The orc king closed his eyes and reopened them, the earlier aggression and bloodthirst was nowhere to be seen in those eyes.

"Is that so, well if that's what you want to do, then be it. Now then let us start our annual meeting for the night of the moon dance. Since Berimal is absent this time, Berirock, you will be the one to preside over".

Belgarious stood up from his pedestal and walked over to the huge table meant for only the top brass of the Divulian High Orcs to sit.

The night of the moon dance besides being the event for the Diluvian High Orcs to meet, was also an event where important decisions related to the survival and continuation of the tribe were decided.

Each year, one of the orc generals would preside over the event and brief everybody the problem/threat and various other issues that they have been facing while living inside the ghastly winding forest.

Solutions would be offered, argument would be made until they arrived at a method that each of them agreed upon or at least didn't have any qualms with.

This year too, the watching diluvian high orcs crowd who didn't know anything, thought that another council would unfold without anything exciting happening. Never in their wildest dreams would they have imagined that this year's night of the moons dance would turn out to be the bloodiest council of all times.

One that would be remembered by the diluvian High orcs over the years.

"Since Berimal is absent, I Berirock would be the one to preside over this meeting as per the order of our king. I believe nobody has any problems?" Berirock glanced at every general. Since nobody voiced any issue, he started the meeting.

"Then first let us discuss the fooding problem our territory has been having for a while. Most of the colonies of weak monsters that have been living inside the western region, are almost wiped out. If we want to secure food for the upcoming days, we have to send our hunters to the other regions. However, doing so will leave our territory open for attacks by other clans. Especially those bastards from the ogre clan will not miss this opportunity".

The ogre clan was one of the ruler clans residing in the western region of the Ghastly winding Forest. The strength of the both tribe was used to be on par once upon a time but now that gap had slowly increased with the ogre clan pulling ahead.

Because the ogre territory bordered the diluvian high orcs territory, scuffles would break out every now and then with many casualties on each side. Hostility grew within the two tribes and now they were like ice and fire.

The only reason why the two clans never actually tried to wipe the other and spare all their efforts into it, was because they were wary of the other powerful clans residing within the western region that were eyeing them with the eyes of a predator.

"Those damn ogres and their constant invasion... we have lost more than twenty percent of our territory to them over the recent years and their soldiers are still inching closer to our villages from the northern front. I say instead of sending those hunters outside, why not let me borrow them".

The one to speak out was Berimond, the general in charge of the defense of their territory. Unlike the other generals who mostly saw internal and external affairs, he was mostly stationed at the borders of the territory and hardly left his post.

For him, the defense of their territory was paramount to whatever was happening within the clan. The only reason he left his post and came here was to discuss this issue.

The orc king, Berirock, and Beirgard all creased their brows at the mention of the ogre clan. It was true that their Diluvian High Orc clan was facing a major problem, the clan of ogres in these past decades, was slowly pressing in on their territory.

Their soldiers were constantly invading their lands and occupying their villages. Due to their race falling behind in strength gradually, they were unable to fight back and reclaim their lands. By now, they have lost a large part of their territory to the Ogre clan.

"I know what you are trying to convey... GUGA. However, we cannot send our hunters to the frontlines, or else we will soon be facing a food shortage problem. You don't want your soldiers in the eastern front to fight on an empty stomach do you?"

Berirock responded. Although he was revolted just by the mere mention of the ogre clan, he nevertheless chose to set it aside and discuss the much more easier problem and that was to gather food. The orc king silently sat on his seat while Berigard chose not to comment.

"Since there is no opinion against it, with the authority granted to me by the orc king, I will be sending the hunters to the northern region of the forest to gather food" Berirock declared.

Berimond could only make an ugly face after his proposition was shot down. The same thing would happen every year whenever he brought this issue and this year too it seemed like no decision would be taken on that part.

Berimond dejectedly sighed, the reason why they weren't retaliating even while being pressed so hard was because the ruler of the ogre race was one of the seven kings. It was only natural for beings in the higher pecking order in the food chain to suppress the ones down below.

They were somehow able to make do and keep the other clans at bay because of the existence of the orc king Belgarious. However, it didn't daunt the ogre clans whose ruler was one of the seven kings.

'If things continue like this... soon it would be our diluvian High orc's turn to be chased away from the western region' Berimond thought internally. It was not an unknown fact anymore that the race who have lost their territory and strength with time to be chased away from the western region by new and stronger races.

'Berigard do you still want to usurp Belgarious even while knowing that? If so then let me see what kind of future you want to bring to our race. Though everything will be for naught if you cannot even accomplish what you are setting out to do' Berimond looked at Berigard but did not speak out loud.

"Now off to the next issue regarding the ogres in the northern front. Berigard, this year you are to provide fifty thousand soldiers to general Berimond to defend against their invasion" Berirock surreptitiously glanced at the Orc King.

This issue was something that was ordered by Belgarious for him to raise when the time for the meeting came. Naturally, Berirock knew what his king was planning. Thus he couldn't help but marvel at the genius of his king.

With this move not only will the other party be unable to refuse the order because of the threat that the ogres represents, the army that Berigard has raised will also slowly dwindle in the battle against the ogres.

It was like killing two birds with one stone.

After Berirock finished reciting the order, all eyes were on Berigard who was yet to speak out. Silence descended around the table and was only broken when Berigard stood up.

"It is not a problem to lend my army to general Berimond. However, I ask you to wait for a while". Berigard's words made the onlookers frown, they couldn't help but turn towards Berirock who assumed an angry face.

"Are you telling that even while fully knowing about the threat the ogres represent?".

"I'm not saying anything about not sending my army, I'm simply asking for you to wait. In the first place, during the previous years, we all decided to share the burden send an equal portion of our army to the northern fronts".

"Why is that this year only I have to send my army to make up for that number?" Berigard did not lose his calm in front of Berirock's aggressive retort, he simply countered it by raising the decision they made collectively in the past meetings.

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Berirock was unable to respond, he glanced at the orc king and getting the cue, he pressed the other party with more arguments.

"Seems like we are getting nowhere. I'm glad to know that my fellow generals are concerned about this matter. However, why not drop this issue for now and discuss the other topics at hand? Maybe we will arrive at a decision about this matter later" Berimond offered.

The orc king accepted the proposal, and nodded towards his general who moved onto the next topic. A couple of minutes passed by like that with various topics being raised. Just when it seemed like the meeting will come back to the issue of deployment of the army, Berigard tapped on the desk to gather the attention of everyone around.

"What is it? It's not your turn to raise an argument now" Berirock stated displeased by how Berigard acted.

"GUGA... Please excuse my behavior but I believe that we haven't finished discussing all the issues concerning our diluvian high orcs race yet. There is still the topic of the orcs missing from our territory".

When Berigard raised this issue, all the eyes and ears in the plaza focused on him. the topic had been raised in the previous meeting many times, however, just like every other time it was dismissed or turned down as nothing but baseless.

This time, Berigard was hellbent to arrive at a solution for good.

"Not this again, how many times have I told you, there are no orcs missing. The orcs that you think are missing, have either deserted the territory or were killed by some other tribes in the forest. So stop spouting nonsense about the mysterious disappearance of orcs" Berrirock like always swiftly dismissed the issue while the Orc King narrowed his eyes.

"I'm not spouting nonsense. In fact, the most pressing concern is not the openly hostile ogre race but the mysterious disappearance of our comrades. I'm sure that you all have doubted this once or have experienced one of your friends going missing".

"This has been happening for quite a few years, there is no way you guys haven't noticed yet. Every year I raise this issue and every year it gets shot down. I know it sounds far-fetched, but I believe that the mysterious disappearance of our comrades is not just simple disappearance".

"What are you trying to say? As I have told you before, the disappearance of the orcs is nothing but you overthinking stuff. There are many orcs on the frontlines who are dying or have disappeared somewhere. I don't see you raising an issue for each and every one of them?" Berirock snickered.

"This and that issue are two different things, the disappearance of the orcs in the frontlines is because of other enemy races who have captured or killed them" Berigard reasoned.

"Then how do you know that this issue is not related? Do you have some kind of proof?" Berirock was ready to dismiss the issue once again when suddenly the words that Berigard said, made him widen his eyes and not utter any sound.

"I do. In fact, I had this proof with me for a while but I doubted that things weren't as simple as it looked thus I delved deeper into the matter and investigated every leads that I could find".

Of course, this was a lie. Berigard had already known who was behind it from the start, there was no need for him to investigate anything. The only thing that he was lacking was evidence that he finally got his hands on now.

HE looked at the orc king for a split second before continuing—"To my surprise, things were much more complicated than I had thought. Our comrades weren't just mysteriously disappearing, but were being trafficked away".

BAM...

"Nonsense!! What are you saying? Do you even know what you are implying?" Berirock could no longer take this anymore and slammed his hand on the table.

"Yeah, I do. There is a traitor among us who is supplying our comrades to a foreign human kingdom in exchange for resources and supplies for themselves".

"Blasphemy!! Berigard, even if it's you, you should choose your words more carefully. Do you know what will happen if a general like you starts spouting such nonsense?" Berirock roared, he was just about to grab Berigard when the orc king stood up from his seat and walked towards the crowd.

"Hohh— that's some interesting lead that you have managed to find. Since its one of my trusted generals who is speaking this, we should hear him out. So tell me Berigard, according to you, who do you think is the traitor who is doing such a heinous crime as to selling out a member of their own race?".

The onlooking diluvian High Orcs in the plaza were silent, all eyes were drawn towards Berigard who made such a bold claim.

Of course, for a person of Berigard's status to say something like that, he must have some definite proof. All the orcs were waiting for Berigard to continue but the next moment when they saw the person he was pointing at, they stood rooted in their place in shock and bewilderment.

Not a single soul present in the plaza other than Berigard's faction was able to believe what he was saying. After all, the person that he was pointing at was none other than the orc king, the one that their loyalty and faith were tied to.

An uncanny silence descended onto the plaza before it was drowned out by the laughter of one person.

"GUGAGA... What kind of joke is that? Berigard are you saying that I'm that person?" the one to speak out was none other than Belgarious the orc King. He had an unfazed expression on his face even when pressed against a charge by one of his own generals.

"Berigard!!! Even if you are a general, accusing something like that to your own king, is a serious crime. You won't go unscathed for it" Berirock bellowed and immediately took out his weapon to personally deliver the punishment.

His actions immediately set the orcs in the plaza into a frenzy. Two generals about to duke it out... a scene like that was something that did happen a few times in the past night of the moon dance.

However, it would always be a verbal confrontation and never came to an actual physical fight. After all, if two generals were to fight it out for real, the scale and devastation caused would be too big.

Plus it did not look like the orc king has any intention of intervening or mediating the situation between the two parties. The other general was the same, both of them looked at the situation with a passive stance.

"Punishment?! Well, if it's something that I deserve, I will naturally not run away from it. However, the one guilty here, is not me but the person behind you. Today, I shall prove it to everyone here that the bastard that sold his own tribe to humans for his own gains was none other than Belgarious".



Berigard did not back away, he was determined to bring down the orc king the moment he decided to attend the meeting today.

Belgarious narrowed his eyes, a faint killing intent was starting to radiate from his body. Nevertheless, he did not make his move yet and simply observed the situation like he was some outsider.

BANG...

The Orc King was able to hold himself back; however, that couldn't be said so for Berirock who along with Berimal was one of the loyal dogs of the orc king.

When his subject of worship was being slandered like that, how could he keep himself calm? The moment he heard Berigard discard all forms of respect for the orc King, he erupted out in anger, rushed towards Beritgard, and drew his large axe in an overhead motion in an attempt to chop the latter in two.

The power of a general was second only to the orc king and amongst the four generals, Berirock could easily rank in the top two. His level was above 450 and he was one of the orc warriors that specialised in dealing heavy damage.

If he were to be compared to an adventurer, he would be like a berserker whose entire skill set focused around offensive skills.

Berirock did not waste time and directly activated a skill called the [Executioner's Cleave] which was also one of his most powerful skills.

He in his attempt to punish Berigard, did not regulate his power and the skill had about ninety percent of his power imbued. If it connected, Berigard was sure to be severely hurt; however, before Berirock could come closer, he was assaulted by a blast of wind that was powerful enough to metastasize from a small wind to a powerful tempest in the blink of an eye.

BANG... the orc general was slammed far back and drew a long ditch in the ground. A silence that was fundamentally different from the previous one, permeated the plaza.

The orcs that were watching the face-off from the distance, drew long breaths of air after seeing general Berirock who was regarded as one of the most powerful generals, get easily blown off by a single attack from Berigard who was ranked the last out of the four generals.

It was not only the onlooking orcs, but even the orc king and the orc general Berimond were astonished by this scene. Although Belgarious knew that Berigard had leveled up quite a few levels in these past few months, never did he expect the rate of growth of the other to be so drastic.

Added to the fact that Berigard was also an orc shaman, a constitution that rarely appears amongst the orc, made the general even more dangerous in the orc king's eye.

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Plus the magic that Berigard used earlier was none other than advanced magic.

GRUAAHHH... with a loud shout, the orc general crawled out of the hole he made and glared towards Berigard.

He was just about to attack when Berigard spoke once again—"You should stop your pointless attacks. Haven't you realized already that you aren't my match?".

"You!!" Berirock exclaimed in anger and shame. He wasn't a fool to not realize the difference in their strength, in fact after getting hit by that attack, his whole body became sour for a few seconds and multiple of his ribs was broken.

Now the words made him lose his face in front of the crowd. Berirock bit his teeth, unresigned by the fact that the general who was supposed to be beneath him, was suddenly far stronger than him.

Unable to accept it, he tried to attack Berigard once again. However, midcharge he was stopped by three orc commanders that were under Berigard.

"What is the meaning of this Berigard? Are you trying to revolt?" the orc king asked. The army that was brought by Berigard, suddenly sprang into action and encircled the entire plaza.

"Hmph, I want to see how long you can keep this pretence" Berigard snorted and addressed the boggled crowd in the plaza.

"My fellow orcs, please do not be alarmed, my army is not here to fight indiscriminately. We are only here to take down this heinous criminal that has been deceiving us for years. I know that you are angry at my conduct and manner. However, trust me when I say I have proof that will bring the entire truth in front of you guys".

"What are you guys doing, get them out of my way" on the plaza after being stopped by Berigard's orc commanders, Berirock shouted towards his own army.

Immediately, a few burly orcs jumped out of the crowd and rushed towards Bellock, Belmarch and Belsea.

"Leave them to me," Belsea said and turned to face the orc commanders of Berirock.

Berigard's orc commanders might be extremely competent; however, it was not a joke to face an orc general head on. Thus it needed the two of them just to keep Berirock busy.

"It is a pity that you want to go against me. Losing an orc shaman as talented as you will be a huge loss for our diluvian High orc tribe. There is still time, if you bend your knees and swear your loyalty to me once again, I shall pardon all your crimes Berigard".

On the meeting table, the orc king whispered in a voice that only the two of them could hear.

Berigard dismissed the offer with a gruffy snort and turned his attention towards the crowd who were cautious of him.

"I have proof that the orc king was the one behind the disappearance of our fellow orc comrades. This is a transmission conch that all of you are aware of. Recorded in this conch is the conversation between the orc king and a human middleman that is responsible for trafficking the orcs from our territory to a human kingdom".

Berigard took a transmission conch from his space and presented it in front of everyone. Seeing the conch, the orc king clenched his hands, the impulse to break the conch flashed inside his head. However, it was quickly suppressed by his rationale as doing so would put him in an awkward position.

Without waiting for anyone, Berigard played the contents of the transmission conch. Since he also used his mastery over tempest magic, the sound travelled across the entire plaza without any problem.

"You told me that you would be sending hundred tonnes of Grade [3] mana crystals in exchange for warriors above level 300? These are only of grade [2] with hardly a few grade [3] mixed in between. Are you trying to scam me?"

A husky voice that was very familiar to the ears of the onlooking orcs, sounded out. It was followed by a voice that could only possibly be of a human.

"Haha... that is true, the deal was for me to provide hundred tonnes of grade [3] mana crystals in exchange for warriors above level 300. However, you failed to keep the end of your bargain. This time's quota was far less than the last time. Naturally, you don't expect us to pay for things that we didn't get right?"

Listening to the record, one could tell from the tone of the two voices that it was not their first time interacting with each other.

"I told you before didn't I, we are currently in a scuffle with the ogre tribe. It is very hard for me to fulfil the required quota at this very time" the orc in the transmission reasoned.

"That is not our problem. A deal is a deal... I will wait for our next dispatch until then, I hope you solve your problems".

It looked like the human on the other hand was about to hang up and the record would end here when—"Wait a minute, you told me that you would be sending the next dispatcher soon. However, I haven't heard from any such person for a while?"

"Hmm? Well he should be there soon. He has the transmission conch and that item, he will be contacting you soon".

The transmission ended here leaving the crowd baffled and stunned. The orcs couldn't believe their ears even after hearing the whole record. The voice in the transmission conch was no doubt belonged to the orc king.

The person that they trusted wholeheartedly and the one they were so loyal to. Seeing the reaction of the crowd, Berigard nodded his head. He could empathise with the ones on the plaza; after all, it was just too much to hear their king, their pillar of faith betraying them.

"GUGAGA... since you were talking so unwaveringly about this proof, I have been wondering what it was. However, it turned out to be a simple transmission conch? Laughable, do you really think you can manipulate the minds of my subjects just like this?"

"Everyone, please do not trust this recording. Those knowledgeable orcs should know that it is very easy to tinker with a transmission conch. This is especially so for those humans. Everyone, do not be swayed by the lies of general Berigard. He must be working together with the ogre tribe and is trying to revolt to overthrow me at this crucial time when the threat of ogre lies just in front of us".

Belgarious didn't rise up to the position of orc king for nothing, he wouldn't just sit still and allow someone to manipulate the crowd against him. With just a few words from him, he immediately shrugged the blame towards Berigard and made the proof he brought out as good as null.

The crowd who was about to be swayed by the sounds in that transmission conch, snapped out of it.

The words of the orc king made more sense to them. The transmission conch wasn't a definite evidence against their king and just as Belgarious said, it could be easily tampered with.

The crowd started to become suspicious of Berigard's intention, it made them wonder if he really sided with their enemy tribe to overthrow the orc king at this delicate moment.

Seeing the momentum he had garnered revert back to the Orc king's side, Berigard was silent. Nevertheless, he wasn't too upset by this situation since he knew it wouldn't be this easy to sway the dozens of years of faith and belief the orcs had in Belgarious.

Therefore, when he came here, he was resolved in all sorts of situations.

"What now, the proof that you had was rendered mute by me. Now according to the laws, I can punish you for slandering and trying to revolt in any way I want. But I will still give you another chance in the accord that you are still useful to me. Bend your knees and swear your loyalty to me. Do so and I will pardon all your crimes".

The orc king smiled in victory. However, his smile soon crumbled apart when he saw, Berigard signal something towards his army. Immediately, they brought out something that was wrapped in a cloth from head to toe.

Seeing how it writhed from time to time, it was no doubt a living thing.

"I never said that sound transmission was the only evidence that I had" Berigard declared and took out yet another thing from his space ring—"Everyone, please look at this. This is what we have found inside the space ring that man had on him".

The crowd finally understood what that thing wrapped inside the cloth was, they turned their head towards the object in Berigard's hand. It was a common pouch that was carried by humans and was used for storing small miscellaneous items.

What was so unusual about this item for a general to bring it out at this moment?

"Everyone, this is no ordinary pouch, stored in it is the leaf of a plant that could only be found in the deep regions of our territory. You all know it as a plant that has the medicinal property of healing wounds. However, when it is mixed with another item, it gains the property of cleansing all kinds of scent. It is also something that I found out after investigating the person over there".

HUSTLE... BUSTLE... the crowd went into a frenzy after they were made aware of this. What did cleansing all kinds of odour meant? Didn't it mean that the sense of smell that the tribe of orc took so pride in, was meaningless in front of it?

Didn't it mean that using this anyone can intrude their territory without even them being aware of it?

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It was natural for the Diluvoian High orcs to be disturbed when something like this was revealed. This news also made the words Berigard uttered earlier seem more plausible. After all, if a member of their race was communicating with a foreign race inside their territory, the latter would have to somehow mask their scent or risk being discovered by the orcs.

However, there was no such incident where a foreign race managed to enter deep inside their territory. If they were using the plant, to cleanse their scent, it would be possible to escape the senses of the orcs roaming around.

Plus, the fact that the intruder had this item on him, made it all the more certain that someone was working with the humans or else there was no way they would be able to get the leaves of that plant.

"What is the guarantee that human had it on him? It could also be forged by you to make it seem like that? What's more, you say that the leaves of that plant when mixed with another item, has cleansing properties. However, all I see on that pouch are just the leaves, where is the other item?"

Belgarious argued back, he had this sudden hunch that he shouldn't give any more chances to Berigard.

The orc general knew this was coming hence he arched his chin towards his army who quickly removed the wraps from around the human.

"Mmhh... Mhhh" the moment the human was free from his wraps and was able to see around him, he started to struggle from the cuffs he had on his mouth, hands and legs.

"I knew that a simple recording of the transmission conch won't be enough. That is why I have prepared another piece of evidence that will bring out the truth in front of everyone. Bring that man here" Berigard ordered.

The man was brought where the meeting table was.

"Now then... tell us what is your name?" the orc general asked removing the cuffs from the man's mouth.

"Haa... Haa... gulp... Cain— Cain Waltz" the man muttered.

"For what reason did you come here?" Berigard pressed on.

"I... came here to retrieve this month's cargo" the human as if his spirit was already broken, answered everything.

"Were you using the leaves of Kuniga Plant to mask your scent?".

"Yeah"..

" Who are you working with?"...

Berigard asked the human one question after another.

"Oi.Oi—wait a minute, are you trying to make us believe everything that humans said? How do we know that he is not lying and working with you to deceive us?" Belgarious asked bringing one of his hands behind him surreptitiously.

He took out something from his space ring while all the eyes was focused towards Berigard.

The matter that the orc king asked, was precisely on the mind of the orcs. Even if it was a solid evidence, it was not like they can trust the human.

Berigard knew this and thus prepared a solution beforehand—"Naturally, the words of a human are not something that can be trusted easily. Hence we are going to use the Rengue Fever on him".

This statement immediately settled the doubts the crowd were having. Rengue Fever, a kind of fever that the orc caught when bitten by a Rengue Mosquito.

A Rengue Mosquito was one of the dangerous monsters that lived inside the western region of the Ghastly Winding Forest and fed on the blood of the many tribes that lived there. It was as big as the average head of a Diluvian High orc and their bites were powerful enough to pierce even steel.

However, that was not what made them one of the dangerous monsters that lived inside the forest, it was the disease that they spread to the bitten prey.

Regnue Fever, even the Diluvian High orcs are afraid of it, it not only heightened their sense of pain, it also made them hallucinate and weakened their systems.

Even a powerful Diluvian High orc above level 300 would succumb to their death if bitten by a few Rengue Mosquitos. It was not known if a human would be able to survive the Rengue Fever, but they should be able to survive for a couple of days at the very least.



Berigard was trying to use the hallucination property of the Rengue Fever to make the human talk. It worked more than as sufficient evidence for the orcs since they knew how the Rengue Fever worked.

An orc captain from Berigard's army brought out a Rengue Mosquito that they have captured beforehand.

Looking at the Rengue Mosquito, the Orc King's eyes twitched slightly, he didn't expect Berigard to employ this kind of method to make the human utter the truth.

In fact, the human that was captured by Berigard, was the handler for this month that he had just seen off a few days ago. He had ordered the latter to lay low for some time since the night of the moon dance was approaching near and even supplied him with some leaves from the kuniga plant.

However, he didn't expect that the latter would get caught even after all this preparation.

Belgarious cursed the useless human in his mind, if not for that man he wouldn't be having this much of a headache dealing with Berigard.

'I guess I have no choice. Although doing this would strain our business a little with that kingdom, it cannot be helped' the orc king thought internally.

The Rengue Mosquito that was captured was brought near, its proboscis easily dug itself inside the human amidst their scream.

Before the mosquito could suck too much blood out of the man, it was pulled away. However, the disease had already spread to the man as he was showing symptoms of Rengue fever.

His whole body was starting to heat up and perspire and he had that laidback expression on his face.

"That worked faster than I expected"...

"Of course, he is a human after all, not an orc"

Was the discussion that was going around in the crowd.

"Alright, now answer my question. What is your name?" Berigard repeated.

"Cain Waltz"... those words were enough for the orcs to know that the fever was having its effects.

"Where did you come from".

"Ingolf Kingdom".

"What is your objective behind coming here?"..

"I... was send here to get the cargo"...

"What is this cargo you are referring to?" Berigard asked, the man was about to reply when suddenly his body started jolting abnormally and before long, veins started appearing on his face and foam from his mouth.

This phenomenon that made everyone perplexed, lasted for a couple of seconds before the man succumbed to the pain and laid motionless on the ground. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that the man was dead.

At this moment, when nobody was looking, Belgarious surreptitiously stored an item back into his space ring.

While every eyes was focused on the motionless man, the orc king stepped forward and declared "It seems like your plan worked against you Berigard. You were trying to frame me; however, you didn't expect the man to die from the fever did you?".

Nobody knew how the man had died, thus they can only connect it to the Rengue fever.

Berigard had a baffled look on his face as if he didn't expect the situation to go down like this. Sure he had used the Rengue mosquito to make the man hallucinate; however, the fever shouldn't be powerful enough to claim the life of the man within a few minutes.

There was something wrong here, although he couldn't tell, he knew that it had something to do with the orc king who had suddenly changed gears.

The orc King's words made sense to everyone. They did not know what would happen to a human who got bitten by a Rengue mosquito as there was not a precedence before. Therefore, it was easy for them to accept this explanation rather than relate it with something else.

The orcs who were starting to believe Berigard shook their heads at this moment. The evidence that the general brought out was all frivolous. If he had nothing else to prove his claims, he might very well be severely punished or even killed for the offence he had committed.

"If you have any other so-called proof, right now is the good time to take it out," Belgarious jeered, a smile of victory on his face.

There was no need to even ask who would the orcs on the plaza side given that there was no definite proof against the orc king.

The Orc King's prestige and reputation was something that was known by every orc. Their loyalty to him surpassed the boundaries of respect and borderline near faith. It was only natural that they would be angry at Berigard given that he had insulted their pillar of faith.

The orc general clenched his hand in frustration, he didn't know what the orc king did, but it ruined his final chance of bringing the truth in front of everybody.

Seeing Berigard ball his hands, Belgarious knew that he had won this bout.

"Hahh—I knew it from the start, the orc king can never do something like that to his tribe. His existence is the reason why we are able to somehow fight off the ogre tribe. I believe everything is clear to everyone now. General Berigard is a traitor that is working behind with the ogre tribe to overthrow the orc king and ruin our tribe" Berirock spoke out.

"I believe he is also the one that is working with the humans to traffic our fellow comrades to weaken our power. He has committed a heinous crime that cannot be pardoned. I petition the orc king to punish Berigard with the most severe punishment for betraying our tribe".

Berirock shouted from within the plaza. He was one of the most loyal subordinates of the orc king and never questioned his faith. Seeing that it was nothing but a plot to besmirch the image of the orc king and not the truth, of course he was happy.

"GUGUGU... it's a pity, you were so close to revealing the truth. However, it seems like I had won in the end. Ah, it is all thanks to you, if not for you bringing that human so close to me, it wouldn't have gone this smoothly" Belgarious smiled and whispered in a voice that only the two of them could hear.

"You!?... you were the one who killed him?" Berigard asked gritting his teeth in hatred.

"GUGAGA... I don't understand your confusion. Did you really think I would sit back and allow you to reveal the truth in front of everybody? Of course, I killed that man before he utter anything relevant. of course, you played a huge part by bringing that human this close to me for the seal to work. You did a good job playing into my hands".

Mockery, ridicule and derision, the orc king's tone had no shortage of it.

Berigard's body shook in anger, hatred and self-loathing. He was this close to rallying the entire tribe against the orc king but now all his hopes and efforts have been shattered into nothing.

No, it was not like everything was over, there was still the last resort available to them and that was to start a war. Berigard took a deep breath to compose his emotions and turned towards the direction where his army was.

Although this method would severely cut their own strength marginally and make them vulnerable to the other tribes that are eyeing them, there was no other choice.

Before focusing on the threat outside, they must first cut down the tumour that has been plaguing them and make them rot from the inside.

ROARRRR...

With a rallying roar, Berigard summoned his staff and raised it up. Immediately, the thirty five thousand strong army raised their weapons and roared in symphony.

Their actions cannot be any more clear to everyone.

"Everyone, it seems like I have failed to convince you all. Since that is case, I have no choice but to use a more forceful way. I hope you would understand and step back, our only goal is to overthrow Belgarious and not to hurt everybody. I hope you all will understand".

Even though Berigard knew that the orcs in the plaza were loyal to the orc king and wouldn't just sit still while he takes the orc king's head, he still had to put his words out there.

"GUGAGA... so it finally came to this. I must say I'm disappointed Berigard. You are an individual I would have liked to keep as my subordinate; however, it's a pity that you are trying to go against me. Be as it may, there has never been a good ending for anyone that tried to be my enemy" The orc king unfazed by the army brought by Berigard stated lazily.

"My fellow orcs, general Berigard has betrayed our clan. As the honourable tribe members of the Diluvian High Orcs, I want you all to stop the army with me". With the orc King's words, the orcs in the plaza immediately readied themselves to face the army of orcs.

The orcs in the plaza numbered only around ten thousand, there was no way they would be able to stop Berigard's army. However, the orc king had another card up his sleeves.

He had long seen through Beirgard's intention to revolt and had set appropriate measures for it. When he glanced in Berirock's direction, the latter getting the clue took out a long horn and blew on it.

HOOOONGGGG... a deep sound rang out across the plaza and a couple of seconds later from within the underground chamber, came the rumbling sound.

Another army of orcs that was more than double the size of Berigard's army and fully decked out in their gears surfaced from the underground chamber.

Looking at this army that was more than seventy thousand strong, Berigard arched his brows in a frown. He didn't expect the orc king to be ready with an army of his own in preparation for their revolt.

Now on top of facing the orc king, an orc general, and a couple of orc commanders, they would also have to deal with his own tribe members.

Be as it may, there was no turning around from here on. From the moment they had decided to go forward with their plan, they were ready for all sorts of conclusion.

"Bellock, Belmarch, Belsea—I leave the army to you" Right after saying that, Berigard pointed his staff at the Orc King "South General Berigard demands a duel with the orc King Belgarious".

A duel was something that the tribe of orcs viewed as something sacred, it was initiated during certain events by other orcs to climb the ranks.

For the orcs, it was a like a kind of promotion exam and also a deterrent for those orcs who overestimates themselves. In the Dilvuain High orc tribe, one can only become an orc captain or an orc commander by defeating the one that occupy that spot.

If they are powerful enough to wind the duel, they would be able to get that seat. If not, they would be thrashed and be reduced to a laughing stock by their own peers.

Most often than not, the seats remain unchanged which shows how powerful the individuals sitting in those positions are. High ranks like the orc general hardly ever see any change unless a truly exceptional orc emerges out from within the tribe but in other cases, it remains unchanged.

As for the orc king, only a few individuals have been able to claim this position from the beginning of their tribe. It wasn't a position that one duels for but gets elected after being chosen by the previous orc king or gets the approval of the sacred spirit that resides inside the gigantic bones lying within the underground chamber.

Belgarius was someone who was selected by the previous orc king to lead them. And according to their history, every orc king that has been chosen has led their tribe to prosperity.

What Berigard couldn't understand was how an individual like Belgarius was chosen by the previous orc king as the selected candidate was unfit to be a king.

Today would be the first time in the long history of their diluvian High orcs history that anybody has challenged the orc king in a duel, a notion that was inconceivable to others.

"GUGAGA... a duel you say? Leaving behind the fact that you are still far from being his majesty's opponent, you are not in any position to request a duel with the orc king. I Berirock shall entertain you in the orc king's place" Berirock butted in after breaking away from two of Berigard's commanders.

However, before he could jump in between, he was stopped by Belgarious himself "Berirock stay put. You will be in charge of our army, make sure that our losses are minimal. Even if they are siding with the traitor, they are our fellow tribe members in the end so allow those that are willing to surrender, live".

'Even after being slandered like that, the orc king is still thinking about his tribe' The benevolent words of the orc king touched the orc general and the orc army. They were once again convinced that their king had never betrayed them and this was all just a craftily spun plot by Berigard to sow discord within them.

Having manipulated the minds of the masses once again, Belgarious flashed a sly smile. He then turned towards the other general who had been sitting on his seat quietly from the start with a gaze that seemed to be asking on which side he was on.

Berimond looked at Berigard and then at the orc King before making his stance clear.

"As I have said before, I have no plans on siding myself with either of the party. No matter what the outcome we arrive at today, I don't plan to get involved as long as we are not attacked by a foreign race".

Convinced by that answer, Belgarious didn't bother Berimond anymore and landed his gaze on his enemy.

"Since you want a duel, I will give you one, but do you really think you can beat me? GUGUGU... since you refuse to bend your knees, I will make sure to show you hell and kill every last subordinate of yours until you do so".

BOOOM... the taunt was successful, Berigard was instantly enraged when his subordinates were pulled in between and thus responded by conjuring a fierce gale that quickly materialised itself into a hand and slammed towards the orc king.

Belgarius knowing that he cannot underestimate his opponent's magic, responded by quickly dodging to the side and countering by enveloping his armour and weapons with his dense mana.

A dark blue shine started coming off from the orc king's weapon which was then hurled towards Berigard's direction.

The weapon further powered by a layer of mana sped towards the orc general at an unimaginable speed and managed to easily topple numerous earthen walls and guards that he put up.

BANG... the power of a level 563 orc king was clearly demonstrated, the weapon even after destroying all the defences that Berigard put up, did not show signs of slowing down and rammed through the orc general or so should be the case.

However, a red aura powerful enough to materialise itself suddenly appeared around Berigard like an armour and deflected the weapon away.

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This took the orc king by surprise and he was unable to connect it with his chain attacks.

Using this window of time to open up a distance, Berigard started channelling more and more mana into his staff. Since the last time where his staff was destroyed in the fight against the Lightning Draconic Serpent, Berigard had gotten himself a better staff that was made of the body of an ancient treant that was over level 500.

Whether it be in terms of magic capacity or mana flow, the current staff was many times better than the previous one. It took Berigard just a few couple of seconds to conjure a unit target advanced magic.

"Tempest Magic Mastery— [Tempest Burst]"

A huge cannon of wind that was compressed to its limit, was fired from the staff. The magic broke the speed of sound and distorted the very space where it travelled and arrived before the orc king in the blink of an eye.

"Tsk... [Blast Force]" Belgarious clicked his tongue and activated his [Empower] skill to further enhance his power to dish out an attack that clashed against the [Tempest Burst] with an equal amount of force.



The burst of power from both the attacks threatened to tear the sky apart until finally, the magic started losing ground and was deflected away by the orc king's sword.

BOOOM... the magic that was deflected away fell far into the distance and created a burst of shockwave that managed to reach all the way back to the plaza.

After Berigard and the Orc King started engaging one another in a spectacular duel, the armies in the plaza did not just sit still. Berirock as instructed by the orc king took charge of the army and started a war with Berigard's army.

Of course, he did not forget to give the option of surrender to the other party. However, it seemed like none of them had any plans to do so.

Just when it seemed like a full-out war was inevitable, came a shout of surrender out of nowhere. This not only seemed to shock Berirock, but even the faction the individual was on were shaken.

The one that declared their surrender was none other than one of the three commanders under Berigard. The orc commander Belsea and the ten thousand men strong legion he led declared their surrender in front of the orc king's army.

"Belsea you bastard... you are betraying lord Berigard when he trusted and helped you so much?" Belmarch who couldn't take this betrayal, spoke in resentment.

Orc Commander Belsea was someone who was supported by general Berigard when his territory was attacked by the many foreign races living inside the ghastly winding forest. He then later came under Berigard after being moved by the latter. He was also one of the pillars that supported their campaign today.

Never did they expect that he would be betraying them at such a crucial moment.

"Please don't resent me Belmarch. There is no way I will put my head under the execution blade even while knowing that my death is certain. I only put up with the plan of general Berigard because I had no other choice".

"If I am the only one out of the three commanders under general Berigard who is in denial of this campaign wouldn't I become the first target for you guys to eliminate? That being so, I bided my time and acted in a way that you guys wanted until now".

"Honestly, I didn't think the enemy would let us surrender so easily but I guess that goes to show how magnanimous the orc king is. Now that general Berigard's plan has gone awry, there is no way we would win this. I suggest that you guys too join this side" Belsea said with a calm expression on his face.

There was no happiness nor any regret of betraying his benefactor to join the other side on his face from start to end. That was the type of person he was.

"GUGAGA... I see, I see—you naturally made the right decision by changing sides. There is no future in staying by Berigard's side who betrayed his own tribe. I ask everyone the same, open your eyes and see clearly, snap out of whatever spell he had put you under".

"The orc king is on our side while your general is the one who is the enemy of our tribe. If you still have a bit of conscience left, surrender now. There is no shame in doing so, you were only following the wrong leader".

"Enough... there are no cowards in our army who leaves their faction at just the sight of danger. Those ones who are, already did so. I will no longer tolerate you slandering our lord" Bellock barked out loud drowning the words of Berirock who was trying to demoralise their remaining army.

"GUGAGA... it looks like there are still some fools who believe in their master. Be it so then, I will accept your surrender when you see and feel the difference with your own two eyes" right after saying that, Berirock rallied the orc king's army and commanded them to march forward.

Due to the [Coordination] skill of the orcs, they lined up and marched neatly in order. Looking at them, one wouldn't be able to tell this big of an army was comprised of multiple legions that belonged to the various faction of the Diluvian High Orc tribe and not a single unit.

The orc king army which was about sixty thousand strong, marched towards the now demoralised army of Berigard. If before they were thirty five thousand orcs strong, now they were only around twenty five thousand strong.

A stark contrast to their opponent who had more than double their numbers. Despite that, Bellock and Belmarch who were assigned to lead this army, did not back away and mustered every ounce of their power to dish out commands.

Like this, the two armies collided like huge meat grinding machines. Bodies dropped here and there, skills flew everywhere and weapons were hurled in the air.

You would expect the orcs who were fundamentally different from humans, to fight differently and more savagely. However, that was not the case. In fact, they fought more orderly and coordinated better than what an average army could achieve.

Both Berigard's army and the orc king's army used the ordinary orcs as the meat shield and High orc as pawns to advance their armies. The Diluvian High orc tribe were the main force of each army. Although their numbers were lower than the ordinary orcs and the High orcs, they nonetheless held the most combat potential for both the armies.

Each Diluvian High Orcs could easily overwhelm dozens of ordinary orcs and take on a couple of high orcs themselves. But just like every living being in this world, the diluvian high orcs too get exhausted after a while.

This is where the large numbers of ordinary orcs and the high orcs come in, the exhausted diluvian high orcs are drowned by their numbers and killed. They are used not only to fill numbers but also to tire their enemy out.

Bodies were dropping like flies; however, it was not like each army was letting their front liners die for nothing. Each army had its own strategies and tactics that they adopted to defeat the other. So at the end, it boiled down to which army's strategy was better.

Be that may, the orc king's army had a huge numerical advantage, Berirock who was leading this army, knew this and thus did not bother changing much and adapted a simple arrowhead formation to pierce the enemy defences.

Bellock and Belmarch on the other hand adopted a variety of tactics such as the phalanx and the circle formation to fight the large number of their enemy with their small numbers.

Even though Bellock and Belmarch were just orc commanders, lower in rank compared to Berirock who was an orc general. Being under Berigard they had accumulated a large amount of experience fighting enemies multiple times stronger than them.

Thus when faced with a disparity this large, they weren't fazed. On the contrary, their eyes burned with the fervour and passion to achieve the order that they were given.

CLANG... on the other side of the plaza, a loud clanging noise echoed out followed by a large shockwave that pushed one of the orcs far back into the distance.

"GUGAGA... Berigard it seems like your judgement is going dull, to think that you took someone like that as your subordinate...GUGAGA". Belgarious gave a hearty laugh after pushing Berigard back with a swing of his sword.

He did not let go of his offence and chained his attacks with a few more combinations leaving no room for Berigard to counterattack.

"Berigard... why don't we make a bet to see how long your army can last against mine? Well, there is also the possibility of your army surrendering before that... GUGAGA".

Berigard grit his teeth and endured the constant mockery coming his way. The mana around him constantly fluctuated as he focused on conjuring his magic.

"[Tempest Bullet Barrage]"

Wind in the shape of bullets hailed down from the sky and targeted the Orc King. Each of the bullets were powerful enough to pierce an armour made of Whitesilver which was many times stronger than steel.

However, none of them managed to pierce the layering of mana enveloping the orc king. Nevertheless, it did manage to buy Berigard a few seconds of time to compose himself.

The enemy he was facing was far stronger than any of the enemies he had faced before and on top of that, there was a vast disparity of levels between them. Thus he couldn't spare a moment of negligence.

The only attack capable of hurting a being that was a true disaster class was his advance magic or amalgamation magic. However, it took a long time to evoke a powerful enough magic to hurt the orc king.

Plus, from the corner of his eyes, he could see that his army was hard-pressed. The betrayal of Belsea at this moment had dealt considerable damage to the morale of his army and they suffered repeated setbacks.

There was no doubt in his mind, even with the excellent leadership of Bellock and Belmarch, their army was destined to collapse before he could even bring down the orc king.

Did he have no choice but to take the help of that person? However, Berigard's intuition was telling him that person was by no means someone that would help them for free. They must have some ulterior motive.

"Oi...Oi...Oi— is it alright for you to get lost in thought? Did you forget already who you are facing?" came the shout of Belgarious snapping Berigard out of his thoughts.

the orc king narrowed his eyes, although he said all that, he was inwardly alert of the magic that Berigard threw out. Even though the latter wasn't a disaster class yet, his magic had already reached such a realm.

If Belgarious wasn't careful enough, he might get seriously injured. Berigard threw out a few more magic and a combination of Tremor and Tempest magic to create some golem soldiers. However, they all stood no chance in front of the mana augmented attacks from the orc king.

'Tch... I guess I have no choice but to use that' seeing that the last of his golem was broken apart by the orc king, Berigard was just about to put his hands on his locket when suddenly his senses picked up multiple presences hurriedly approaching their way.

Given the way their scent smelled, they didn't belong to the orc tribe but from a tribe that was enemies with them.

It was not only Berigard, but even the orc king was alerted by this sudden presence and thus stopped his assault.

"Hmm? Grururu—what is this? The orc tribe is fighting amongst themselves? How foolish... to think that my king was concerned about a tribe who is going to destroy itself on its own?" A being well above five meters spoke out.

He had a hulky frame, muscles brimming with power, a reddish-brown body and was riding on top of monsters. He was accompanied by a group from his own race. At a glance, there was more than thirty of them each riding on a beast.

Another characteristic that was apparent on them, was the single horn each of them had that protruded out from their forehead.

Just like the diluvian high orc, each and every one of them was releasing a powerful aura. No, the aura they were realising was far denser and more powerful than the orcs. Even the beast they were riding on, were strong enough to put monsters living in the other region of the forest to shame.

—The Ogre tribe was here—

The armies on the plaza hearing the foreign sound, stopped fighting at the commands of their respective higher-ups.

"Ogre tribe?!" Berirock narrowed his eyes, this was the worst possible time they could have intruded when their entire tribe was in disarray.

"Given that you are fighting amongst yourselves, I guess we could wait. However, I find it unpleasant that the underlings we are soon going to have, are trying to cull down their numbers themselves. Which is why, I would like to ask you to stop your useless fighting".

The ogre who seemed to be the leader of this group stated. He had brought a total of fifty ogres with him who were each riding a powerful beast. Individually, the ogres here were all strong enough to overwhelm a couple of diluvian High orc warriors, with some even having the strength of orc captains.

A few were on the level of an orc commander not to mention the one that was leading them seemed to have an aura as strong as an orc general.

The words that the leader ogre said, immediately irked the orcs and the most hot-tempered amongst them, Berirock rushed towards their direction to meet them.

"The heck do you mean by underlings? And how the hell did you manage to invade this deep into our territory?" the orc general barked. His suspicions naturally went towards Berigard who in his opinion was trying to weaken their clan and was working with the ogres.

BANG... a powerful force strong enough to blow an orc general far away was released by the leader ogre as he punched out.

"Gruru... Who the hell do you think you are? A mere underling should behave like an underling".

"You!!" Berirock who got back up after suffering the unexpected blow, had an ugly expression on his face as if he had swallowed a fly accidentally.

This was the second time he had suffered a blow to his self-esteem today, how could he not be furious. However, that remark wasn't only directed at him but at every orc that was present in the plaza no matter which faction they belonged to.

Naturally, when given a common enemy, all the orcs united to eliminate that enemy first. The same was the case with the two armies that were fighting to kill each other up until just a few moments ago.

They were all eyeing the newcomers as if they were their arch enemies.

"This is not a place for you guys to be. For what reason did you intrude on my territory? Did Gil-Garna forget about the pact he made with 'that person'?" Belgarious spoke out confronting the ogre tribe. The duel was put on hold for the time being.

"It's lord Gil-Garna for you" the leader ogre stressed, he then revealed a condescending smile towards the orc king and stated.

"Grururu... that person might be powerful; however, do you think that our king is afraid of him. Besides the two leaders have already discussed it out and arrived at a conclusion. Do you want to know what decision was taken for your tribe by that person?".

A bad premonition suddenly struck Belgarious and his face became apprehensive.

"Grururu... yes, that is the expression you should make. At the meeting, the two leaders came to a new verdict. In exchange for something offered by our leader, that person will retract the pact of protection he has with your tribe. In other words, the fate of your Diluvian High orc tribe has been

sealed. Grururu..." the leader ogre laughed, he seemed to be taking joy in the misery of another clan.

"T-That cannot be, 'that person' cannot abandon me. You are lying" the orc king was in denial. He had a shocked look plastered on his face.

"That person?!" Berigard who was not far from the orc king and the members from the ogre tribe, naturally picked up a few words in between. He did not know who they were referring to by 'that person', but he somehow felt like they had a hand into all of this and was somehow related to the orc king.

"Grurur... whether I'm lying or not, you can find that out if you ask that person. Anyways, I'm not here to tell you all that. I was sent here by my king Lord Gil-Garna as the messenger to declare war on you guys. Fight or submit, three days from now our army will march through the backfield" the leader ogre relayed that one-sided ultimatum and turned around to leave.

"Ah, one more thing, our king hopes that you won't make it boring by surrendering immediately. He wants you to struggle like ants as much as you can and entertain him. Grururu... if I was you, I would do it immediately, since it would at least ensure some of you surviving this ordeal... as a slave that is".

With that joke made by the leader ogre, the entire ogre group laughed and casually strolled out from the territory of the orcs.

"GUGA!!" Berirock succumbing to his wrath, tried to give chase but was stopped by Berimond. The latter finally moved when a foreign tribe got involved.

"Why are you stopping me Berimond?" Berirock snapped.

"Do you want to go chasing them? Even if you managed to kill this group of ogres it won't change anything. On the contrary, it will only make matter worse" Berimaond reasoned.

All the orcs in the plaza turned their attention towards the orc king, who in this dire time was their pillar of support. However, the latter did not have the mind to play that part right now. Belgarious hurriedly disappeared from the plaza and rushed towards his underground chamber.



Seeing this, Berigard silently mused his options from here on for a while before taking off towards his two commanders.

"My lord... what are your orders?" Bellock and Belmarch bowed their heads. Their army was ready to fight to the last person if given the order. But now that the situation had changed, they did not know what to do.

Should they continue fighting the orc king's army or should they go for a temporary truce? Whatever the case may be, they did not have the right to take that decision. Their previously thirty five thousand strong army, was now only under twenty thousand orcs strong.

Out of that, one legion which was led by Belsea, had surrendered in the beginning and others have died during the battle. Even then, their army still stood strong.

Each of the orcs were waiting for Berigard to make a decision. The latter took a deep breath, looked at the disorganised orc king's army before ordering a retreat.

Now that the threat of the ogre tribe was looming right near their throat, there was no point in fighting themselves and shortening their numbers even further.

'It seems like I was too late to make my move' Berigard thought internally. The Diluvian Orc tribe was divided into factions and not at all united. Even without making any investigation, Berigard could tell that they stood little to no chance against the ogre army which was united under one king.

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Seeing Berigard and his army retreat orderly, Berirock gave the order to the orc king's army to attack them. However, he was stopped by Berimond once again.

"What is the meaning of this Berimond? Are you siding with Berigard? Where did your stance to neutrality go?"

Berimond did not mind the other general's outburst and firmly put down his words. "Let them go Berirock, there is no point in fighting amongst each other now. Even the orc king thinks so and thus left the battlefield. If you still want to continue the fight, there is a battleground ready for you three days from now".

"Another thing, help me relay this to the orc king, I will be leaving now to go back to my post in the northern front. Since the Blackfield is not very away from where my place is, I'm concerned about my soldiers that are stationed there. Tell him that I will be waiting for the orders he has for me"

Berimond did not wait for Berirock to respond and turned to leave right away.

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Inside the underground chamber, on top of the altar surrounded by the carcass of the gigantic beast. Belgarious had an aghast look on his face as he held a transmission conch in his hand and conversed with the one on the other end of the transmission.

"Please wait a moment, what do you mean that this is the end of our cooperation? Didn't you say that my potential is something worth nurturing? I have even ordered one of my subordinates to take down that dungeon for you as per your orders".

"I have been faithful to you Lord Gufardus. Please give the orc; No, just me one more chance, I will prove it to you that it was not a mistake on your part to choose me" His tone at this moment was so humble that if a passing orc heard that, they would never be able to believe it.

"Belgarious... it seems like you still don't understand. You were worth something only because you are the orc king. However, that too has run its course and now I deem your race to be useless to me. Isn't it only natural for me to discard those that have no merit for me?".

Hearing the cold words that came from the other side of the transmission conch, Belgarious tone turned a notch furious.

"So you were only using me all this time?" he asked.

"Using you? Isn't that the same for you too? We were both using each other to achieve our goals... Gagaga".

"Was it the king of the ogre tribe Gil-Garna? What kind of trade did he offer you?" knowing that there was no point in wasting his words, Belgarious wanted to know the reason behind why he was abandoned by his patron who has supported him from the time he was just an ordinary Diluvian High Orc.

The voice behind the transmission conch was silent for a while before speaking.

"You seem to have misunderstood something. Gil-Garna wasn't the reason why I decided to abandon the orc clan. There is no reason for me to tell you that but well, you will find it out anyways soon."

The transmission ended here, leaving behind an angry Belgarious who rampaged around the altar. He wasn't angry because he had been abandoned but because everything that he dreamt of, his lofty ambitions were all broken apart at this moment.

Without the protection of Gufardus, their tribe of Diluvian High Orcs was destined to get defeated in the upcoming war against the Ogre tribe.

The ogre tribe had grown far too strong in these past few hundred years with their leader Gil-Garna joining the ranks of the Seven Kings. There was a vast disparity of strength between the two tribes and if not for the cooperation Belgarious had with Gufardus, another one of the Seven Kings, their tribe would have long been subdued or perished under the hands of the ogre tribe.

A disaster class being is strong; however, they aren't the top predators of the food chain in the Ghastly Winding Forest. It was the Seven Kings of the forest who dictated the fate of the other monster clans inside the forest.

No matter how the tribe of Diluvian High Orcs tribe struggled, their fate was already sealed.

"Should I just run away from here?" the thought of running away from the ghastly winding forest, flashed briefly inside Belgarious's mind. The demon continent would be an ideal place if he wanted to run, the Great Tundra desert was just behind the ghastly winding forest.

However, if he did run, he would be losing his status, territory and everything that was associated with his status as the orc king. What's more, he would have to live a life of a deserter. Worse, if the powerful demon nobles found him, he would be subjugated or rendered a pawn for them.

On the other hand, if he decided to stay, his fate would be worse. The ogre and the orc tribe were enemies since a long time ago, the relationship was so bad that they were like ice and fire, incompatible with each other.

Both tribes had shed a lot of blood waging wars with each other and vying for dominance. Now that the orc was about to be destroyed, he as the last king was sure to be used to make an example to destroy the morale of the rest of the tribe.

BANG... shattering a part of the altar with a powerful punch, Belgarius turned towards the enormous carcass behind him.

"Gil-Garna—don't think that I don't know what you are after. Since you have already assimilated with your inheritance, you are after the one that our Diluvian High orc tribe has. GUGAGA... I wonder what kind of expression you would make if the thing that you want is no longer there?".

The orc king issued a loud gruffy laugh. There was a reason why some of the particular tribes living in the western region of the ghastly winding forest were able to raise to the level of cataclysmic class and become one of the Seven Kings.

It was the existence of the bodies of the powerful beasts that had died and left their bodies here during the ancient times that the ones inhabiting this place were able to become strong by absorbing and inheriting the residual power inside it.

Except for a few, most of the Seven Kings had raised their class and evolved through this method.

The territory of the Diluvian High Orcs also had one, the huge carcass that released a powerful aura, was one of them. Belgarius did not know how powerful the beast this carcass once belonged to was when it was alive. However, he could tell that it was more powerful than a cataclysmic class.

"If only I had the talent to absorb all of that energy inside it and gain its inheritance, I wouldn't be oppressed by that Gil-Garna. So be it, if I cannot inherit it, nobody would be able to".

Belgarius always had his eyes on the inheritance, he did everything within his powers and even became Gufardus' subordinate just so he could stand a chance to become the orc king and be able to absorb the inheritance.

In the Diluvian High Orc's tribe, only the king has the right to try and absorb the inheritance and power residing within the carcass. The existence of the inheritance is only ever passed onto the next orc king and is kept a tight secret from everybody else.

Even Belgarius wouldn't have known about it if not for Gufardus.

After sorting out his thoughts, the orc king sat on his throne and pondered over his next set of actions. In any case, he had three days of time before the ogre army marched through the Blackfield.

He could utilise this time to assemble all the orcs near the northern front in an attempt to gather everyone's attention there while he on the other hand would flee from the opposite direction.

While the orc king was making his own plans, in the southern front of the orc's territory, Berigard and his army had arrived back to their village.

After asking the other to return back to their stations, Berigard ascended his black mountain and entered his house which was a peculiar dome-like structure. Now all alone, the orc general looked at the empty space in front of him and uttered—

"Come out, I know you have been observing us for a while. I have thought over your offer and have decided to accept it".

His voice fell on seemingly nothing, and there was no movement for a while. Just when it seemed like Berigard was talking to himself, four figures appeared out of thin air as if they were part of the shadows.

The one leading them was a demon noble with a glaring crimson eyes and long black hair. Following behind him were three beautiful maids donning battle armour over their outfits. The group of four stood opposite Berigard who was trying to assess their powers.

"Fufu... it's good that you have decided to accept the offer. However, I'm afraid that my previous offer is no longer valid. You were too late or should I say the situation has changed" the demon or rather Simon said flashing a smile.

The words and from the tone both parties talked with each other, it could be interpreted that it wasn't the first time they interacted with each other.

"What do you mean?" Berigard narrowed his eyes while at the same time raising his guard.

"It's simple... if you still want my help, some of the conditions of the offer I gave you earlier need to be changed" the demon replied shrugging his shoulders.

"What conditions?" Berigard asked.