

D. of Pride 481

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"First, I'm no longer content with just having the head of the orc king. Secondly, I have changed my mind about eliminating the orc king army" Simon answered.

The offer that he had given to Berigard before he went to the night of the moon dance, was that he would collaborate with the orc general to take the head of the orc king while at the same time he will take care of the huge orc army with his magic in return for the orcs to never step a foot in the eastern region of the forest.

On the surface, it might look like he was losing out incredibly in that exchange after all he was doing most of the work at a very less reward making even the listener Berigard suspicious.

However, what Simon was after was not any reward but the experience he is going to earn after killing a disaster class being and the thousands of orcs.

What Simon was lacking right now, was levels. To fight strong enemies in the future he needed to be strong and for that, what better way than to massacre an army of orcs oozing with juicy experience?

Fortunately for him, he was given the perfect opportunity when he arrived here. Since the incident with the Lightning Draconic Serpent last time, Simon knew that one of the orc generals with the name Berigard was trying to cook up a plan to try and overthrow the orc king.

And since he was already enemies with the orc king as he had sent one of his generals to mess up his dungeon, Simon felt it was a good opportunity to try and take advantage of Berigard.

After sticking around for a day or two using the Ice phoenix's sigh to cover his and the Valkyries presence, he was able to learn the extent of the animosity the latter had towards the orc king.

Simon arrived before Berigard one day prior to the night of the moon dance to strike up a bargain with the latter. However, the orc general was too guarded against him or rather preoccupied with the fact that he managed to invade all the way to his mountain without alerting any orc to even accept his offer.

Besides that, there were also the three maids beside him whose power level even Berigard couldn't see through. It was only right for him to be sceptical of this smiling demon.

Since Simon knew that he didn't have to press Berigard for an answer immediately, he disappeared from the place and had been monitoring the whole situation with the diluvian high orcs waiting for the opportune moment when the latter would ask for his help.

In fact, after the betrayal of Belsea, Berigard would have been hard-pressed and might have even considered his offer. However, that was when the group of ogres invaded and the situation had turned towards a totally different direction.

Now with the involvement of ogres, even Simon was a little apprehensive on getting involved. After all, the ogre tribe was much stronger than the diluvian High orcs and their ruler was one of the Seven Kings.

Simon was not yet ready to take on such an opponent yet. It is also for this reason that he only brought three Valkyries with him so as to not alert the true powerhouse of the ghastly winding forest.

It was not worth the reward to antagonise the ogre race just to help Berigard.

"What do you want?" Berigard asked.

Simon pondered for a bit before his crimson eyes radiated with a bright light.

"Hmm... that's right, I want the entire orc tribe".

"What?" Berigard was taken aback by those words. If he didn't understand wrongly, didn't the demon say that he wanted to subdue the entire orc race himself? How was it any different than what the ogre race was trying to do?

Berigard was just about to refuse the offer outright when Simon put on his business-like smile which to others looked absolutely wicked and explained.

"Don't be in such a hurry to reject my offer and hear me out first. The one that needs help desperately is you and your tribe and not me. Shutting me down will close the only way out your tribe has at this point, will you be able to take responsibility for that?".

The orc general inhaled a deep breath of air, it took all he had in him just to calm his anger down.

"Our tribe might be at our last leg; however, it does not mean that we are ready to become slaves for someone else. If it's our tribe that you want, I'm afraid that I cannot take you up on your offer".

Simon wasn't fazed by the orc general's flat-out refusal. On the contrary, his smile seemed to deepen even more.

"Is that so? In that case, I cannot help you. I have delved inside the ogre territory quite a few times, so I can tell you for certain that three days from now your tribe of diluvian High orc is destined to fall. Well, in any case, it's not my concern anymore... so good luck".

Right after saying that, Simon turned around and started walking out followed by his three subordinates who were strangely keeping quiet.

Simon was just about to exit when suddenly Berigard called out. "Wait a minute".

"Hmm? Have you changed your mind?" Simon asked jestingly.

The orc general ignored the demon's words and asked a different question "How certain are you of defeating the ogre tribe and bringing the orc king down?".

What Berigard wanted to understand was what was giving the demon noble so much confidence. From what he could tell, the aura of the demon in front of him wasn't giving him that much of a feeling of oppression which goes to say that he wasn't very high-ranked, probably a Demon Viscount.

The maids behind him did make his instinct alert the first time he saw them but since they were adept enough to keep their aura in check he wasn't getting that feeling anymore. Thus it was only natural for Berigard to doubt the demon's words.

"Absolutely certain" Simon replied without wasting any time thinking. The ogre tribe might be strong, stronger than the orc tribe. However, it wasn't powerful enough to make Simon cower to even make a move against them.

The him right now might not be strong enough to face the ogre king who was also one of the Seven Kings of this forest. But it did not mean that he had no way of protecting himself. Plus it was not guaranteed that the ogre king would be arriving in person on the Blackfield three days from now.

Simon was confident that he would be able to handle the ogre army with the help of the Valkyries. Hence he wasn't concerned much when throwing his words.

Annette, Bianca and Alice too didn't show much emotion making the orc general unable to find any faults. Seeing how confident Simon was and his words of certainty, although a little sceptical Berigard understood that the demon had the ability to avert the disaster that befell their tribe.

"Is there no other way for us to collaborate? The orc tribe has many resources, many types of exotic plants and herbs can be found in our territory. We also have all kinds of core stone that we have harvested from the various beasts living inside this forest..."Berigard said trying to see if he could make the demon settle for something else.

The demon merely smiled and turned around to leave, his attitude seemed to say that he wouldn't budge from his condition. The one that is in desperate need of help, wasn't him. If a third party was to stick his nose in this mess, at the very least he had to get something that balances out the loss he was suffering.

Since the orc tribe weren't his ally nor were they under him like the forest spring spirits, Simon found no reason to help them. That is unless they become his subordinates, that way he would have a reason to help them.

He believed that he should at least get that if he were to fight with the ogre tribe and antagonise them at this point in time.

"You better think about it carefully, Master is someone who is very protective of his subordinates. If your tribe of orcs swear their loyalty towards him, of course, he would do his best to protect you all".

"Not only that, if you are useful to him, he might even bring you to his dungeon where you would have to constantly live with the fear of other monster tribes constantly attacking you. You have three

days of time, decide whether you want to be slaves of the ogre tribe or be Master's subordinate" Annette halted her steps to leave behind a few words before exiting after her master.

"Bye Bye" Bianca just like her setting was emotionless like a doll, while Alice on the other hand waved her hands in goodbye towards the orc.

Now left all alone in his quarters, Berigard sighed and flumped back on his seat. It was as the demon had said, the ones who were desperate for help, were their orc tribe.

He also understood why the demon had changed the condition for his help and demanded the subordination of their orc tribe. However, the condition was just too hard for him to accept.

"If only I was more powerful, then all of this wouldnt have ever happened" Berigard clenched his hands in frustration. He tried thinking of numerous ways to resist the army of ogres that are going to march from the blackfield three days from now.

However, he couldn't think of a single way that would save his orc tribe from being the slaves of the ogre tribe.

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He couldn't count on the orc king since he knows the true face of the latter, an opportunist who only thinks of himself. The orc king was sure to abandon them, in fact, he might even be thinking of running and deserting this territory right about now.

Whenever he thought about how such an orc became their king, Berigard felt unrestrained anger well up inside him. At this moment, when he felt like all doors had closed down upon their tribe, the numerous white jade like objects on his locket started clattering and shaking.

"What is it you all?" Berigard asked. It might look strange that he was talking with some objects, however, he was actually holding a conversation with them.

The jade fragments on his locket were no ordinary objects but bone fragments from the orcs that once used to be his friends. After they had died, a portion of their spirit resided inside it. It is also because of them that he was able to use skills and abilities that did not belong to him.

"What?! Reveal your existence to the demon?... there is no way I would do something like selling my friends out" the spirit of the orcs residing inside those bone fragments were telling him to use

them as bargaining chips to gain the help of the demon. After all, knowing what they are, even the demon wouldn't be able to help but covet them.

However, Berigard was against that, even if his friends that were together with him in that laboratory were dead and only a portion of their spirit resided here, it was still hard for him to let go of them.

They were the first true friends he was able to make after he was trafficked away to a foreign human kingdom and brought to a place that subjected cruel experiments on them.

The first humans that Berigard had seen, were a savage bunch of fellows who wore white hazmat suits and kept them inside a container.

The reason why he called them savage was because the laboratory not only had foreign races, but also humans, the race that these people belonged to. These humans had no conscience when experimenting on their own people.

Berigard would see numerous orcs being dissected and used for experimentation where they would become something else entirely. Many orcs died like that and the place was a nightmare for him, a sickening sight that he had to see every day.

Amidst those nightmarish days, Berigard met with other fellow orcs like him who were too nice to him. They all quickly became friends and shared stories from their land.

Berigard could see that their bodies had become something else after being experimented upon; however, they never brought that up when conversing with him. Those days didn't last long and soon it was Berigard's turn to be subjected on.

He was brought to a different sector of the laboratory to be experimented upon and that was the last time he had seen them before they were still themselves.

The cruel fate that fell upon every orc in that laboratory, Berigard was no exception to that. In fact, Berigard who supposedly had a rare physique amongst the orc was a precious test subject for them.

They would inject numerous kinds of fluids inside him and change the organs in his body with something else that made him feel like dying was much better than living.

However, even the luxury of death wasn't available to him. The days of torture continued and Berigard found himself getting stronger every day. But at the same time, the grasp he had on his self, was also slipping away slowly.

Perhaps if things continued the way it was Berigard would no longer be himself. However, due to a certain incident that occurred on that laboratory that day, Berigard and many other subjects were able to break out of their container and run amok inside the facility.

Using this chance, Berigard tried to find the first friends he made. Although he did find them, they weren't as lucky as him and had long lost their mind and any resemblance they had to their previous self. They even forgot who he was and attacked him.

Naturally, their commotion attracted the attention of the personnel there and they were soon subdued. Due to this incident, most of the test subjects were sent for elimination or dissected to be used as materials.

For Berigard and the orcs, it was decided that they would be sent for elimination.

The laboratory disposed of their failed materials by selling the test subjects to a merchant company who bought them and put them in the coliseum where they would be used as an entertainment for the people there.

They were pitted against human adventurers who would try to kill and draw their blood out in a spectacular showmanship so as to set the audience in exhilaration.

One by one, all of his friends were killed until it was Berigel's turn. The orc warrior was a talent who even by the standards of those human adventurers was exceptional.

Blood was shed, but the one that died this time was the adventurer himself, a sight that was unexpected and unusual for the audience.

The atmosphere in the coliseum was sent into an upheaval with Berigel who had lost his mind running rampant. He was attacking anyone and everyone that he saw, even the other orcs that were brought over with him to be eliminated.

Berigel compared to his other friends, was many times stronger. He was so strong that there was no comparison. If he had to be classified, he would outright be judged as a calamity class. That was how strong the orc warrior was after the experimentation.

One could imagine the ensuing bloodbath after most of the adventurers that came to subdue Berigel died one after the other. It was as if all hell broke loose.

Berigard was somehow able to survive the chaos due to Berimist who just like him was also a orc shaman and perhaps the only orc capable of contending with Berigel.

The other orc shaman had somehow come to his senses after seeing the bloodbath while Berigel ran rampant like a mindless beast.

The latter even attacked Berimist with all of his power decimating the entire coliseum and the surrounding lands in the process. Their fight was so fierce, that it was starting to attract the other big powerhouses living in that city.

Berigard was too low-levelled to contend; however, even he knew that if the fight went on, sooner or later there was bound to be strong adventurers arriving to subdue them.

Fortunately for them, Berimist was in his sane mind to understand that and thus utilising his space magic, he teleported the three of them somewhere outside the city.

Nevertheless, Berigel continued to rampage and it didn't seem like he would snap out of it soon. Thus Berimist had no choice but to engage Berigel in a duel and put him down.

The power of a two calamity class beast can be imagined, the fight lasted for a few good hours and just like what they had feared the most, they had attracted a strong bunch of adventurer who came here all geared up to eliminate the 'threat' that was them.

The three of them fought the adventurers but were subdued in the end. Berigel was beheaded and Berimist was exhausted from the fight earlier. Out of the three of them, Berigard was the only one who wasn't exhausted; however, he wasn't powerful enough to protect himself from those adventurers at that point.

To him and even to the adventurers it seemed like they had everything under their control. That was when something unexpected happen, Berigel who everybody thought was dead, started moving.

His head which was detached from his body, rolled towards his comrades. Berigard instinctively caught it and that was when he realised that his friend who was right near his deathbed, had finally come to his senses.

Right before the light of life dimmed down from his eyes, he instructed Berimist to use his last bit of mana to teleport them somewhere else as this place was going to blow up in an explosion soon.

It finally dawned on them that, Berigel had burst his core stone to reverse the flow of mana in his body. Doing so, would create a huge eruption of mana comparable to a powerful AOE advanced magic.

Berimist immediately reacted to this opportunity that his friend had created and squeezing every bit of mana out from his mana pool, he along with Berigard teleported out of there. Though in the process of invoking the space magic, he suffered serious damage from the attacks of the adventurers which left his arteries and heart exposed.

BOOOMMM... a huge explosion echoed out wiping everyone that was present there. Berigard and Berigel had already teleported out by then.

The next time they appeared, they were dozens of kilometres away and could see the explosion going off.

"GUGA... it's good that you were able to get away... sorry for not being able to help" Right after leaving his last words, Berigel closed his eyes.

Berigard tried calling out to Berigel a few times but even he knew that the latter was already dead. From the corner of his eyes, he saw Berimist falling down on the ground and into the pool of his own blood.

It looked like the attack he suffered right before teleporting was too severe.

Puff... throwing up a mouthful of blood, Berimist gathered his remaining stamina to sit back up. "Berigard—listen to me... I don't think I would be able to heal from my injuries. So I want you to destroy my core stone after I die and take my soul bone".

"Use the power in my and Berigel's soul bone to get out of here, you hear me!! Don't let those humans get my soul bone... it is something that they were trying to..." Berimist couldn't complete his sentence as he succumbed to his injuries.

Whether Berigel or Berimist, both of his friends died in an aggrieved and unresigned manner.

Berigard did as he was told and fulfilled the last wishes of his friends. He destroyed Berimist's core stone, took out the soul bone that was located at the frontal cortex and buried their bodies.

Afterwards, he quickly left the place and wandered around the outskirts of the city they were brought into. In the following days, he learned that the soul bone was something special as it contained a part of his friend's spirits and abilities.

Using Berigels and Berirus's abilities, he abducted an adventurer from the city to navigate his way back.

Berigard's journey back to the ghastly winding forest was laden with dangers and risk at every point. He was technically in the enemy's land who considered him dangerous and would not hesitate to eliminate him even for a second.

After he somehow returned to the ghastly winding forest while keeping his life intact, he learned that everything had changed and the tribe of diluvian high orcs only looked united from the surface.

The hateful Belgarious who was still trafficking orcs was seen as a benevolent king who cares for his tribe. He could feel the intense hatred coming from the spirits of his friends residing inside the soulbones.

After returning back Berigard swore to take revenge for his friends and for the entire orc tribe and had been building his force since then. He climbed his way up to the position of an orc general and he even built an army from the scratch.

However, it seemed that he was still too late to save his tribe. The situation with the ogre tribe had reached a boiling point. The war was inevitable and all their other options were closed.

Every word that the demon said, was on to the mark. Berigard had to make a decision within these three days. However, no matter what decision he made, the tribe of orc was sure to lose out a lot in the end.

High above the black mountain, after exiting out of the orc general's place, Simon stopped in his tracks to observe the latter for a while.

"Was it alright for master to exit so soon? If you had pressed a little more, I'm sure that orc would have relented" Annette asked. She understood what her master was planning, he was trying to get the orc tribe before the ogre race got them.

Now that the orc tribe has pushed itself to their demise, Simon no longer needed to act to keep his dungeon safe. However, he cannot just stay completely neutral while knowing that the ogre tribe, another potential enemy of the future would become more powerful after absorbing the orc race.

Besides that, there was also the seven years agreement he had with Aldebaran and the tribe of ogre was one of the tribes that was ruled by one of the seven kings.

In such a situation, it would be foolish of him to just sit back and do nothing. The aforementioned reason was one of the objectives behind Simon moving to take action. However, the main motive driving his action was the fact that his prey was about to be stolen by someone else.

The Diluvian high orc race initiated a fight with him after they destroyed the town around his dungeon. It was only appropriate for him to retaliate and vent his frustration on them.

However, after he came here, he was made aware that, his source of frustration were on the brim of getting wiped out by another race. How could he feel good in this situation knowing that the prey he wanted to get was being stolen by someone else?

Aside from that, there was also the desire that wanted him to punish the one that tried to steal his prey had born within him.

Demon nobles are beings that stayed true to their desires and Simon had sworn to live by his desires. There is no way he would just allow the prey he had his eyes on get swept away from under him.

"Even if Berigard swears his loyalty to me at this point, it would have no meaning since the one leading the Diluvian High Orc tribe isn't him but the orc king. The other orcs would rebel against his decision and even deny it all together" Simon said.

"Then why is master so fixated on convincing that orc when he cannot speak for the masses?" Annette's question was reasonable, Simon had put so much time and effort monitoring Berigard even while knowing that the latter was just an orc general.

"He might not be their king, but I can see that he is deeply trusted and followed unconditionally by his subordinates. He is also concerned for the survival of his race and is not afraid to confront a being much more powerful than him. I believe he is much more suited to be their leader than that orc king sitting on that throne" Simon explained though it didn't look like it was enough to clear all the doubts the Valkyries had. Thus he continued his explanation—

"Well, it is also the reason why I didn't pressure Berigard to accept my offer now. The upcoming war with the ogre race would result in many deaths on the side of the orcs. This would also force the remaining orcs to think carefully and at the same time it would bring out the true colours of the orc king".

I'm pretty much certain that in that situation Berigard would be the only one standing tall against his enemies and fight for his tribe. making all the other orcs see him in a new light. At the battlefield, his words would be having more value...".

Annette, Bianca and Alice were astonished, it was only now that they understood why Simon played his cards the way he did. In this war between the two tribes, not only is Simon trying to accomplish multiple objectives, he is also trying to profit as much as he could.

He is waiting to see whether Berigard could become the true leader of the orc tribe and at the same time make them realise they have no other option other than to accept his help the harsh way.

Was what the Valkyries were thinking... though, in truth, Simon just wanted to act out according to his desires.

"Master we are deeply moved, please command us as you wish" Annette spoke for the three of them.

Simon did not know what got into the Valkyries but he did like their enthusiasm "Alice... can you go back to the dungeon and contact Irene? Tell her to send over a thousand Adromedas Mk 11 here"

Although a thousand Adromedas wouldn't be able to accomplish much in the upcoming war, they would at least be able to gather information on the ogre tribe and send the information back to Wisp.

Simon had delved into the ogre territory on one of his exploration trips though it was just once. After he saw that the level of the ogres there was just too much for him at that time to handle, he swiftly left the place. Thus he did not have much information on the ogre tribes.

By bringing over a thousand Andromedas, he was trying to collect data from them by pitting them against the ogres. It did not matter to him even if they were destroyed since they were just drones controlled by Wisp.

Given how Cecilia helped him set up numerous mineral mountains on the workshop floor, they could easily be made once again.

Alice obediently nodded her head and immediately left off to carry her orders. Alice was a wood elf and was perfect for the job since she had the most sensory skills out of the four of them. She was like a ranger who could easily manoeuvre across a forest and avoid getting detected.

After Alice disappeared from their line of sight, the rest of them also left the place.

The orcs had been given three days of time, within that time frame they had to come up with strategies and mobilise their army. There was movement all across the Diluvian High Orc's territory, one could see large groups of orcs moving, pulling large siege weapons and organising rations for the upcoming war.

Weapons were being transported and armour being forged, the preparations were in full throttle. Naturally, Simon and the two Valkyries observed everything.

The orc king never showed his face after he entered his underground chamber. However, from the movements of the orcs that were constantly coming in and going out of the underground chamber, it could be seen that he was handing out orders and rallying up the orc army in preparation for the upcoming war.

The orc generals too were busy preparing, Berirock who was a loyal subordinate of the orc king, was supervising most of the things for Belgarius.

Berigard was busy expanding his army, creating siege weapons and recovering the numbers he had lost in the scuffle on the night of the moon dance. While Berimond whose station was not far away from the Blackfield was busy surveilling the area and making barricades so as to slow down the march of the ogre army even if a little.

As for the last general Berimal, he was assumed to have died in the eastern region of the forest after being unable to get in contact with him even after a while.

The orc king did send a small group of diluvian High orcs to search for him. However, when Belgarius saw that even they didn't return, he gave up on him.

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Simon believed that they were probably taken out by the adventurers who had arrived in the town from the surrounding cities after hearing the distress call.

Two days passed by in the blink of an eye and on the morning of the third day.

Blackfield—the Blackfield was a vast wasteland with sparse dead trees, swamps, poisonous bogs and dead bodies of monsters that involuntarily wandered here. The reason why the place was called Blackfield, was because the colour of the land here was black and aside from that, the place was associated with death, thus the name.

No monsters lived here since the place was unsuitable for living conditions and was an unterritorial land. It spanned for hundreds of kilometres and separated the lands of the two tribes like a border.

Usually, the place would be shrouded with an eerie silence all year long, but this time the place was filled with activity. A black army like a carpet that was sprawled on the ground, could be seen slowly marching forward. They were riding ferocious beasts and were emitting a brutal aura that only a warrior that has survived numerous life and death encounters would give.

They had ash grey skin, towering frames and a single horn protruding from their foreheads. The black army numbering in the thousands was none other than the ogre tribe also known as the black ogres by many.

As they marched forward, they cut down all the trees, filled the poisonous bogs barring their paths in an organised and orderly manner.

Far in the backlines, a camp with numerous tents erected could be seen set up, guarded by ferocious beasts and groups of black ogres.

Inside the biggest tent, two ogres with a single crimson horn protruding out of their foreheads could be seen talking through a transmission orb. Both of these ogres were wearing armours made out of bones and pelts of monsters and were comparatively smaller than your average black ogre who had a towering height of three or four meters.

Although they were small around two meters in height, they were releasing far more berserk and brutal aura than any black ogre could.

In the black ogre tribe, one's status and power was decided not through one's height or frame but by the colour of the horn that one possesses.

In the black ogre tribe, one's position and power is decided based on the colour of their horns. An ogre possessing a black horn is considered your foot soldier and does not have much authority, while [possessing a brown gives you high status and position in the ogre tribe.

In the ogre tribe, the colour of one's horn changes as they level up. Normally, an ogre possesses a black horn from birth which changes to brown when they enter the Super beast class. Similarly, when an ogre levels up to become a disaster class, their brown horn changes into a crimson horn which is much rarer in that not even one in ten thousand ogres may have a crimson horn within the tribe.

A crimson horn not only shows one's might but it also establishes your status in the ogre tribe to be high above all others. However, to reach crimson horn one's talent and aptitude should be far above other ogres.

A black ogre with a crimson horn is destined to become extraordinary and have a power that no ordinary ogre could match. Above the crimson horn, there is the indigo horn which is said to be rarer than even the crimson horns.

Perhaps if you search the entirety of the black ogre population, you might not even find one. The chances of an ogre levelling up to an indigo horn are so low that it might not even be one in a hundred thousand.

Needless to say, if an ogre with an indigo horn appears, they are considered a being equal to a king as they possess power and talent of that of a one. The level and the ceiling that they could reach was so high that not even dozens of crimson horn can defeat them if grouped together.

When an ogre with a crimson horn appears, it is a matter of celebration for the entire ogre tribe. However, when an indigo horn shows up, it is like a sign of prosperity for their tribe. An event that may not even come for hundreds of years.

The status of an indigo horn is unparalleled; however, there is another colour of horn that is even above indigo and that is the purple horn. But the existence of a purple horn is like a myth within the ogre tribe as there hasn't been anyone born within the history of their tribe with a purple horn.

Thus it has been mostly forgotten by the people of the black ogre tribe who consider the indigo horn the ultimate ceiling a black ogre could be born with.

Aside from that, the entirety of the black ogre's power and mana is also concentrated within their horns. Thus the higher the colour of their horns, the more humanoid they look.

"We understand, we will do our best to secure the thing that lord Gil-Garna wants" the crimson horns named Giz-Bozo and Giz-Mogo said.

"You better... you know the consequences of disappointing our lord don't you? Also, take care of that orc king who has been getting on our lord's nerves lately. Do not kill him, break all of his limbs and bones if you must but bring him alive to me. His core stone would make a fine jewel on the crown of my king".

On the transmission orb that displayed the image on the other side, was a black ogre with a humanoid appearance. What was special about that ogre was that it had an indigo horn on its forehead.

With the way the crimson horns were so respectful to him, it could be guessed how high the status of the person on the other side of the transmission was.

"Rest assured Sir Gish-Bagh we will bring that orc to you alive" Giz-Bozo thumped his chest and said with certainty.

The call ended here and the pressure that the tent was engulfed in, dissolved.

"Bozo, do you think there are more individuals on the level of the orc king on the side of the orcs?" Giz-Mogo asked.

Hearing his question, Giz-Bogo snorted derisively "How can that be, Sir Gish-bagh has already informed me of the power structure within the orc tribe. That orc that sir Gish-bagh wants, is the strongest there. Grururu... how funny that an individual like him can become a king when he is weaker than you Mogo".

"Grururu... they are the orc tribe, you cannot expect much from them. It is already a great fortune for them to have lived freely so far. Now that lord Gil-Garna has his eyes on them, they have no choice but to submit.. grururu" Mogo mocked.

"That's true, however, what I don't understand is why Lord Gil-Garna wants to subdue the orc tribe. They are so weak, other than being used as our slaves, they aren't worth anything. why does he want them so badly?" Bozo asked curiously.

"You idiot, it is not our place to judge the intention of our lord. He must have some great reason for that, we just need to follow his orders that's all" Mogo responded shutting Bozo up. It was a taboo in the ogre tribe to speak even a word against their king, those who were found doing that, were severely punished or even killed to make an example.

From this, one could say that Gil-Garna was the kind of king that ruled with an iron fist. He was a tyrant who used might to establish his place within the black ogre tribe but at the same time, he had the ability and the qualities to lead them.

"Now that our orders are clear, let's call the Gir brothers," Bozo said.

A few minutes later, three ogres around three meters in height entered the tent. They each had a brown horn on their head and were releasing a powerful aura that was not any weaker than Berirock's.

They were called the Gir brother because they were triplets and almost looked the same.

"Gir- Rago, Gir-Rego, Gir-Rugo command your armies to march forward from three different sides. Rago, you take fifteen thousand ogres and march from the right. Rego, you will be commanding twenty thousand and march from the middle. The rest ten thousand will follow Rugo from the left".

The three Gir brothers immediately fell to their knees and nodded at those words from Mogo. For them who were lower in status, the orders from the crimson horns were absolute.

"There will be some resistance from the orcs, but don't think much about it and press forward. I don't want to extend this war needlessly and swiftly accomplish our mission. Of course, you must at least maintain the bare minimum of guard against the orcs and prevent any needless sacrifice. Though there is bound to be some losses on our side, it cannot be helped".

"We understand" the Gir brothers nodded in affirmative.

Bozo took out a crudely made paper and handed it to them "Written here are names of some of the orcs you should be careful off. If possible take care of them yourselves".

With that, the Gir brothers exited the tent and climbed up their mounts to carry out their orders. The Blackfield might be a field of death, but to an army of this size who were already aware of the dangers of this place, it was unable to halt them.

On the orders of the crimson horns, the black ogre army divided themselves into three divisions with Rago, Rego and Rugo leading each of them.

On the opposite side of the Blackfield, one could see dozens of siege weapons being installed on the fortifications made by earth magic. Thousands of orcs busily running around and carrying out orders.

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Pitfalls were being created on the ground with the bones of the beasts used as spikes, and poison bogs being enlarged. Basically, everything that could slow down the ogre army's march, was being done.

Behind the enormous wall, was a large camp where all of the manpower of the orcs was gathered in. It didn't matter which faction they belonged to, the entire orc army was present here at this moment.

Inside one of the tents, where all the higher-ups of the orc tribe were gathered in, a meeting was being held. Whether it be the orc generals or the orc commanders, all were in attendance except for the dead.

No, it wouldn't be right to say all since the orc king was also not there.

"When will his majesty be coming?" Berimond asked, the decisive hour to fight with the ogre army was already upon them. At this moment the absence of the orc king who was their leader and the commander of the entire army, was a big factor of uncertainty.

It was not only him, each and every orc present inside the camp was thinking the same thing.

"There is no need for you all to be anxious. His majesty told me that he would be arriving here any moment. He gave me the authority to be his stand-in for the time being. When he comes I will brief him about the situation so let us start this meeting" Berirock said in an attempt to calm the masses.

However, not everyone bought what he said especially Berigard who knew the true face of the orc king. He had a gut feeling that the latter wouldn't be arriving here and the words said by Berirock earlier were just empty words.

Nevertheless, he didn't raise this issue as there was a far more pressing concern for him to address. With Berirock urging them, the Diluvian High Orcs that went ahead to scout out the blackfield, reported.

They told about the distribution of the ogre army, their levels and the number of brown horns and above present. Although they couldn't see as far as the backlines of the enemy where their camp was located, they could at least guess that a crimson horn was present that was leading the ogre army.

The moment the report came in, a heavy silence descended onto the place making the orcs unable to breathe. The numbers of the ogre army aside, the presence of the crimson horn already put a heavy pressure on them.

The Diluvian High orcs were aware of the power structure amongst the ogres and knew the colour of their horns represented their status and power.

A fully grown ogre with a crimson horn was so powerful that only a disaster class could match them. In their tribe, only the orc king had reached that realm. So if the enemy had a crimson horn amongst them, they could only be stopped by the orc king.

"I don't understand what everybody is so concerned about. Doesn't our opponent only have forty-five thousand soldiers? Compared to that, our tribe of orcs have around double that number. If we all attacked the ogre army together, wouldn't it be an easy victory for us?"

An orc who recently became an orc commander, said unable to understand why the higher ups inside the camp were so concerned about. According to him, they heavily outnumbered their enemy with the orc army being seventy-five thousand orcs strong.

This was just counting the number of the Diluvian High orcs, if they include the high orcs and the ordinary orcs the number went up as high as three hundred and thirty-five thousand.

The numbers were absolutely in their favour, just the number that was.

The orc commander who has newly risen to his position, cannot be blamed for thinking that. Perhaps considering that the ogre tribe only sent forty-five thousand ogres to subdue their entire tribe of orcs, many of them might be thinking in the same line that the tribe of ogres were underestimating them who had gathered their entire army on the Blackfield.

However, that was not the case. In a war, one cannot just look at numbers they also have to account other factors. For example, the beasts each of the ogres were mounted on.

All of the beasts were a force on their own and could easily contend with a high orc or even a Diluvian High Orc. That was not all, unlike the orcs who specialised in fighting in groups thanks to their inborn [Coordination] skill, the ogre's speciality lied in fighting individually.

They were trained in ways that increased their efficiency when fighting alongside their mounts. If the orc army were like an infantry unit, then the ogres would be a special cavalry unit.

Plus one cannot just assume that if one side has higher numbers that side will prevail, after all, one also has to look at the quality of each of the individuals.

Due to the disparity of strength that has been growing marginally between the two tribes, the orcs have fallen far behind. Even the weakest ogre of the black ogre army was above level 350 while some individuals were powerful enough to match the likes of Berirock.

Adding in the 250+ level beasts, the black ogre army was by no means a weak army. On the contrary, they were on a level which would even make the surrounding kingdoms raise their guards against them.

Then there were ogres like the brown horns and crimson horn leading the army. From this, one could tell that the king of ogres really wanted to subdue the orc tribe once and for all.

It was natural for those orcs that understood that to be wreathed with worry. This war was related to the survival of their tribe. If they lost here, their tribe was bound to be doomed. They could only give it their all and fight with every last bit of their strength.

If they showed enough resilience who knows they might even turn it around. At this moment when the tension was palpable inside the tent, an orc came running inside with a message.

"Reporting to general Berirock, the ogre army have divided themselves into three divisions and have started marching. The one leading those army seems to be the Gir brothers".

The Gir brothers had an infamous reputation that even reached all the way to their orc territory. They were said to be so brutal that they bathed in the blood of their enemy every time they showed up on the battlefield. Obviously, they had a factor of fear associated with their name now.

"Any signs of a crimson horn?" Berirock asked in an apprehensive tone.

The messenger shook his head making the orcs inside the tent a little relieved. However, the fact that they were missing their orc king, the leader who was supposed to lead them, weighed on their minds.

"Alright then, we will also divide ourselves into three groups which will be led by us three generals. I believe you guys don't have any qualms with that?" Berirock's question was directed towards the two other generals, Berigard and Berimond who nodded their heads in agreement.

"Since that is the case, I will count on you guys to stop the Gir brothers. You and your army would be managing one side of the wall. As for the possible crimson horn that might be leading their army, we can only leave them to the orc king. Aside from that, we will also have another unit ready in our base to assist any side that needs help" Berirock started giving commands.

Since the other orc generals had no problems following Berirock's command the orc commanders under them also did not say anything and simply obeyed the orders.

The orcs true to their race, quickly got into formation and exited out of the camp. The [Coordination] skill was in its full effect.

The sheer size of the orc army, even when divided into three divisions and more standing in reserves, was a magnificent sight to see.

The orcs rushed into their formations on the commands from the various orc captains and orc commanders.

Huge crossbows and Catapults that were mounted on the wall, took their aim at the approaching ogre army. The numerous amos and arrows loaded into them were ready to rain down upon their enemy.

On the other side, the ogres had no such weapons, they were an army that was clearly focused on more mobility and taking down their enemy with the quality of their soldiers.

RUMBLE... the ground trembled as the numerous mounts tread through the Blackfield. The black ogre army divided into three divisions looked like three arrowheads that was trying to pierce through the wall that was the orcs.

"ATTACK!!" the orc commanders shouted the moment the ogre army was within the range of their siege weapons. Although typical siege weapons wouldn't be able to hurt even a mere footsoldier ogre, it was enough to slow them down for a while.

Plus, the siege weapons made by the orcs were created from the bones of monsters that they hunted and was further enchanted by the orc shamans. Thus they had the potential to hurt even a being above level 300 given that they were caught off guard.

WHOOSH... WHOOSH... Hundreds of arrows more than three meters long, came falling down from the sky. Some of it hit the mark, while some were just duds falling on the ground not accomplishing anything.

However, it was just the start, the orcs have prepared a large batch of ammo for this war that would decide their fate. It wouldn't be wrong to say that they have emptied their entire armory just for this day.

Apart from the enchanted arrows, there were also the boulders and pile bunkers being dropped on them. The ogre army did not bother to dodge the attacks and kept on rushing forward. Although they did get injured in the process, that was after taking on numerous attacks.

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For the ogre army who waged war numerous times with other tribes, this was a kind of sport for them. In this forty five thousand strong army, you wouldn't find even a single ogre who stopped their rush after seeing the one next to them fall down after getting injured.

On the contrary, the expression the black ogre army had on their face was that of pure joy and exhilaration. It was as if they did not know the meaning of pain or fear as they rushed even while bleeding from their bodies.

The three divisions led by the three Gir brothers paraded through the Blackfield and soon met with the wall that was erected with magic by the orcs.

Manning the wall and behind it, was the orc army ready to intercept those that passed through. Berigard and his army were manning the left side of the wall.

After the enemy closed the distance, the siege weapons were useless, if they breached through the wall too, it would become a full frontal fight. That is why, they needed to stall the enemy for as long as they could, exhaust their stamina while they try to climb or break over the wall and kill a few if possible.

Berigard standing with his two commanders, Bellock and Belmarch on the wall, surveyed the situation all around.

"This won't do.." he suddenly muttered.

"My lord... what are you talking about" Bellock asked perplexed by the sudden remark of his general.

"Look around you and look at the approaching ogre army. One side is filled with the intent to battle while the other side is anxious and afraid of what is to come. Even without the need to fight, I can

already tell that the orc tribe would fall if the morale of the entire army isn't raised. Our side looks like we have already given up, there is no hope in their eyes"

Berigard assessed. While it pained him to say all that, it was the hard truth.

"The orc king..." Belmarch started, he wanted to say that if the orc king arrives here, it would surely increase the morale of the orcs. However he was quickly shut down by the comment made by Bellock.

"He is not coming. Belmarch don't be an idiot and keep false hope, that traitor has already run away by now. In this crucial moment when the entire orc tribe's fate is involved, whatever that is keeping him busy shouldn't matter anymore. If he was coming, he would have already been here. The fact that he is not here is proof that he has deserted his tribe members".

The orc commander was much more composed when facing the ogre army. He believed his general was not wrong when trying to overthrow the rule of the orc king. In fact, if their actions had succeeded that day, they would have had a much better chance at survival if led by Berigard who he thought was appropriate to become the king. Also, the orc army wouldn't be this demoralised.

"There is nothing we can do about it other than give it our all. This day might very well be the last day of our orc tribe so I want all of you to give more than your hundred percent on the battlefield" Berigard gave them a few more words of encouragement before dismissing them.

They were to join the army that was behind the wall and command them when the enemy breaches through the wall. While he along with a few groups of orcs would remain on the wall dishing out skills and magic on their enemies for as long as they could.

On the other areas of the wall, the two orc generals also did the same. The black ogre army like a black tide, soon reached the thirty meters tall wall and just like the orcs had expected, tried to climb the wall with their beasts.

But how could the orcs just allow them to do so knowing that this was their last line of defence? All sorts of skills and magic came targeting the ogre army.

The ogre army on the other hand did not just stay still and received the attacks of the enemy. Now that their enemy was at a distance that they could see, they used their own skills and magic in return.

The beasts used as the mounts by the ogres, activated their [Wind Claws], [Electric Rush], [Fire Envelop] and other various elemental skills to destroy or climb up the wall. Thus a series of fierce battle started near the wall.

The orcs ready to defend their territories, fired one skill after another until they were tired or out of mana. They would take turns to rest and start firing again as soon as they recovered a little.

Berigard, Berirock and Belmond who were also standing on the wall, would support the areas that seemed like they would be breached at any moment. Especially Berigard, his magic had come in clutch many times when it seemed like somebody would leap over the wall or break through one side.

His newly risen advanced magic and tremor magic were both elements that were very good for crowd control. Even the ogres couldn't take on his attacks wilily-nilly.

The situation came to standstill for a while, the ogre army's march finally stopped at the wall with none being able to breach it. The orcs would have liked the situation to go on so like that; however, how could it be so easy to stop the ogre army?

The first wave of the three divisions of black army that was simultaneously attacking the left right and middle sides of the wall, was just the footsoldiers, the weakest force of their army. The stronger ones were only just arriving near the wall.

Instead of trying to climb the wall from the base, they used the ogres that were trying to do so as the foothold to climb up the wall. They jumped on top of the ogres that doggedly latched onto the wall, and soon made it to the top.

The others behind copied them and soon after, one by one the ogre army started breaching the top.

"Attack" the orcs immediately grouped up onto the ogres that made it to the wall and tried to push them back. But were barely able to push their mounts back.

Those ogres that fell down, were replaced by the ones behind them. A single orc mounted on his beast, was powerful enough to contend against more than two Diluvian High Orcs. So how could a small number of them stop the ogres when they were starting to climb the wall?

"Allow them to pass" the orcs on the wall were stunned when they heard these words. They turned around to look at who it was that gave such a ridiculous order only to find out that it was none other than general Berigard who had given that order.

"Berigard have you .lost your mind?" Although the volume that Berigard spoke in, wasn't particularly loud, it was still heard by Berirock who was guarding the middle side of the wall.

The wall was their last line of defence, beyond it was the orc army and their camp. If the enemy passes through that easily, they would have a hard time ahead.

Berigard did not bother explaining his intentions to Berirock and simply ordered his subordinates to allow the ogre to pass through. The ogre taking this chance broke through and jumped at the other side of the wall.

It was not only ogre, quite a few were allowed to pass through. After more than ten of them got through, Berigard asked the orcs on the wall to stop any other incoming ogres and turned towards the orc army who stood ready behind to attack the ten ogres.

Getting the cue with just the look from their general, the two commanders immediately understood what their master intended. They quickly ordered the orcs and rallied the army who quickly encircled the ten ogres who were separated from their army.

Individually, the black ogres might be stronger than any orc. However, when pitted against this big of a number even they can be brought down.

In a full-on frontal fight, the ordinary orcs and the high orcs would be rendered to nothing but meat shields. The presence they had on the battlefield was negligible and they would have only one job and that was to charge towards their enemy and make them spend their stamina on you.

The same was the case even now; however, the presence of the ordinary orcs and high orcs increased due to the limited number of their enemy. They weren't just rendered to simple meat shields but were actually having an effect.

They could land blows and last a lot longer against the strong ogres. Although a few might have died, that was a loss that they were willing to accept given that their enemy was from the ogre tribe and far stronger than them.

With them depleting their enemy's strength, it was an easy task for the diluvian high orcs to do the rest and dispose of them.

After the first ten ogres and their mounts died at the hands of Berigard's army, he then ordered the orcs in the wall to allow another batch of ten or so ogres to pass through. Like that, they repeated the tactic for a while and defeated quite a few ogres.

Seeing Berigard's strategy work, the other orc generals adopted a similar tactic. For the orc tribe, when it comes to the number of warriors that they could deploy, they had an absolute advantage.

Thus this tactic which allowed them to switch their soldiers after each exchange not only prevented needless loss, but it also gave others time to recover while they slowly chipped away at the strength of the black ogre army.

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However, the ogres weren't fool, they quickly realised that something was wrong when they saw that the resistance of the orcs on top of the wall did not lessen.

"Tch, these orcs they are unexpectedly quite witty. But if they think that they can stop us with just that, then they must be dreaming. Let's go Creadra... let us show these orcs the true power of the black ogre tribe" An ogre with a black horn patted the beast underneath him.

He was the ogre that had intruded deep inside the high orc's territory and blew Berirock away with just a punch. With his call, the beast underneath him called the Creadra which looked like a black overgrown hyena, started charging towards the wall.

The ogre started channelling his mana towards his fist distorting the air and even the space around him. Just when he was a few meters away from the wall, he leapt out of his mount and using the momentum gathered from the charge, he threw a punch right at the middle of the wall.

[Shockwave Fist]...

"This is bad... everybody get away from the wall" realising the danger a step too late, Berigard warned the orcs around him and quickly leapt away from the wall.

BOOOM...

The shockwave passed through the enormous wall that was erected with the combined powers of several orc shamans and Berigard, and it started shaking and trembling.

CRACK... soon after, cracks started appearing around the part where the ogre had thrown his punch that spread across the wall.

To the ogre's delightment and to the onlooking orc's horror, a part of the wall came crumbling down with a large bang. This opened up a hole large enough for the ogre armies to pass through.

The Gir brothers who were commanding their own armies from the backlines, didn't let this opportunity go and ordered the ogres to go around the wall and through the hole.

"Th-This is bad... what do we do now?" Belsea who had changed sides and joined Berirock's faction, asked.

"In the first place, where is his majesty the orc king? Isn't it time he showed up?" he kept on pestering Berirock with one question after another.

"Shut up... his majesty will show up when he thinks it's time. So stop your bellyaching and order your troops to get ready. From now on it's a full-on battle" Annoyed, Berirock thundered.

The words he had just said, were out of impatience. Even he did not what and why the orc king was taking so long to show up. If he was here, the orc army would have an additional assurance and would have been able to fight without any worries in their mind.

Berirock can act as his stand-in, but in the end, he was just an orc general and not the pillar of faith that the entire orc tribe was waiting for. With the fall of the wall, it was only natural for this tense atmosphere to spread towards the entire orc army making them a little passive.

Whereas on the other hand, the ogre army who did not get to fight and shed blood up until now, excitedly charged towards their enemy. Their morale was sky high and their bloodlust fierce.

When the two sides collided, there was massive loss on the side of the orcs with many of them dying after a few exchanges. The orc general tried their best to raise the morale of their army; nevertheless, the impact they could make was not much.

"Hmm... the wall has fallen, now the orcs will have no choice but to fight us head on" Giz-Mogo said seeing their army breach through the wall.

"Right... but why can't I feel the presence of that orc that Sir Gish-Bagh has his eyes on? Did he get cold feet or is he lying low?"

Giz-Bozo next to him muttered. The orc he was talking about, was none other than the orc king who according to Gish-Bagh, was the only disaster class being on the enemy's side.

"The war would end instantly if I just behead him but it's a pity that I cannot find him".

"Don't be like this, there is no fun in winning a battle instantly. Besides this is a very important mission given to us by lord Gil-Garna we cannot mess it up in any way. Just give it some time, that coward is gonna show up soon after we shed a river of blood on the orcs".

Mogo reminded, his gaze piercing through dozens of kilometres of land and landing on the battlefield where a one-sided slaughter had initiated.

The difference in strength between an ogre and an orc was in full display. The ordinary orcs were killed in an instant, the high orcs would be blown away after only a few exchanges while the Diluvian high orcs could barely hold onto their lives.

The three divisions of the black army cut through their enemy's massive lineup like a lawn mower cutting through grass. They painted the dark lands of the Blackfield with the blood of their enemies.

Every so often a few of them would drop after being dealt a devastating blow by the orcs. However, compared to the number of casualties the enemy had on their side, this was nothing.

The orcs put up as much resistance as they could, their special ability [Coordination] allowed them to fight like a single unit. However, that too had its limit and it was not like the skill did not have its cons.

Time passed by swiftly and half a day was already over amidst the bloodcurdling screams and rallying roars on the battlefield.

The black ogre army like a black tide slowly swept away the orc army until there was only a third of their initial numbers remaining. That is to say, there were only around 200,000 out of the initial 300,000 orcs not counting the ones kept aside as a reserve for reinforcements, remaining.

Whereas, the Ogre's strength had only dwindled by a mere 5000 out of their 45,000 strong army. No matter who saw the situation, they would easily be able to tell that the orcs were at a massive disadvantage.

"Sir Berirock we are unable to stop the ogres"

"Sir Berirock... orc commander Belgus has fallen"

"Sir Berirock... we need reinforcements fast".

With the passage of time, the anxiousness within the orcs started growing as more and more of them fell at the hands of their army. The situation was growing dire and there was no signs of the orc king arriving any time soon.

Naturally, at this moment the worst possible thought that the orc general Berigard pointed out three days ago on the night of the moon dance, flashed inside their head.

With growing concerns, their confidence and morale dropped even lower affecting their performance in the battle.

If before two diluvian high orcs were able to somehow contend against an average black horn ogre, now even with three against one they weren't able to pin the latter down.

The spirits of the orcs had hit rock bottom and there didn't seem like there was any chance of reversal. And as if to kick them who were already down, the ogres started unleashing beasts that were powerful enough to contend against even an orc captain.

The situation couldn't be any more worse but it dropped even lower when they saw the three brown horns leading the ogre army show up. This made them realise that the entire ogre army had finally crossed the wall.

Berigard who was monitoring the entire situation from the air using his tempest magic, came down with a dark look on his face.

"My lord... is there any improvement on our side..." the orc commanders asked but stopped midway when they saw the look the general had on his face.

The orc captains were frantically asking for reinforcements from every front and everything was in total chaos.

Berigard took a deep breath and assessed the information he had on him before looking towards his two loyal subordinates—"Bellock, Belmarch... come with me". He didn't say much but it was enough for the two to understand what he was planning to do.

The orc army had lost their fighting spirits, their formation broken and their ability to listen to orders was in complete mayhem. No matter which faction or the general that led them, none of the armies was able to mount any resistance.

At this point, just sitting in the backlines and giving orders when it was not being followed, was a complete waste. Rather than that, they would have more impact if they showed up at the vanguard of their army and hopefully, that would help raise the morale of their army somewhat.

This movement from Berigard, didn't go unnoticed. The brown horns who were closely monitoring individuals with strong presences, immediately spotted him rushing forward.

When a strong individual show up in a battle amongst the weak, they are bound to turn the situation on its head. The same was the case this time too when Berigard and his two commanders showed up on the frontlines.

They bombarded the enemy with their powerful spells and skills and quickly relieved the pressure on the orcs. Enormous tornadoes raged across the Blackfield pulling in numerous ogres, the earth split apart and powerful skills showed their appearances.

The ordinary ogres weren't a match for Berigard and the two orc commanders. For the first time since the battle started, the ogre army was being finally pushed back.

Although this wasn't much, the gesture from the orc general was enough to raise the morale of the exhausted and downtrodden orcs on the frontline a little and let them know that they weren't alone.

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"My fellow tribe members, the decisive hour, the trial that would determine our fate, is upon us. The enemy is right in front of us, they are strong, far stronger than us and they will not hesitate to shed our blood".

"Now you have two choices, you can either mop here all day without making any contribution or you all can come with me and join your fellow members who gave their lives away while fighting"

With a warcry loud enough to reach even the enemy camp far behind, Berigard raised his staff in the sky and started casting.

Ominous wind started whistling across the entire battlefield and after a while, the earth started trembling as if in fear as to what is to come. Berigard poured unimaginable amounts of mana into his staff which in turn channelled it to create the desired elemental effect.

The mana in a few kilometres surrounding visibly took a yellowish hue and a pressure like that of a heavy mountain descended onto the place.

Before anyone could notice, a huge mountain more than a thousand meters big started materialising high up in the sky, casting a shadow on the ground by the setting sun.

"[Tremor Magic Master]- [Falling Meteor]" Berigard muttered, the moment he finished reciting the name of his magic, the mountain as if the gravity finally got hold of it, started descending.

The intermediate tier AOE Tremor Magic, was one of the strongest magic in Berigard's arsenal. It was so powerful that it needed a ton of mana and concentration for the magic to take shape. If he got distracted even a little, the magic that he materialised with so much effort, would disintegrate into nothing.

Thus it was crucial that he maintained his concentration until the moment the meteor falls on the enemy.

The tribe of ogres weren't fool, they immediately realised this weakness and thus pounced on it.

"Bellock, Belmarch... I'm counting on you" Berigard commanded his two subordinates who stood in front of him like a wall.

"Its him!" recognising the one that was rushing towards them as none other than the ogre that had toppled down the wall in a single punch, Bellock commented.

The two orc commanders immediately got into formation and activated one skill after another to stop the ogre in his tracks.

[Great Orc wall], [Heavy Shield], [Greater Force], [Bulwark], [Super Enhanced Defence], [Rampart], [Weaken Force], [Blunt resistance], [Cut resistance]...

"[Diluvian Fortress]"

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Immediately, the aura around them started coagulating and materialised into a huge fortress. The ogre that broke the wall, came pouncing towards them on his beast with the same momentum and force that he used to break the wall.

"[Shockwave Blast]" the ogre punched forward and collided with the [Diluvian fortress] that the two orc commanders put up.

BOOOOMMM... a thundering sound accompanied by the air being burst apart, sounded out. The strongest defence the orc commanders can put up versus the strongest attack from an ogre powerful enough to bring down a wall created by numerous orc shamans.

It was the battle between the skills of the two races. Will the defence prevail or would it be the attack from the ogre. All the eyes on the battlefield were glued towards the clash.

For the ogre army, the attack would once again establish their position as the dominant one giving them an even bigger boost in morale. Whereas for the orc army, there was too much stake in line.

Not only would this victory mean a turnaround for them, but it would also potentially even bring their spirit that had hit rock bottom back up. Plus they absolutely needed to withstand this attack since Berigard who was controlling the meteor's fall, was behind them.

BANG... a loud banging noise was heard and in front of the petrified eyes of the onlooking orcs, cracks started appearing on the [Diluvian Fortress].

CRACK... the cracks did not just stop there, and started spreading all across the fortress.

Puff... Bellock and Belmarch who were maintaining the fortress, puffed out a mouthful of blood. Their entire body shook and they were pushed a few steps back.

"GRUAHHH..." the orc commanders cried out, even when their bones were being crushed under the pressure, they still doggedly held on and refused to budge any further.

Crick-crack... the cracks on the fortress started intensifying as the punch started caving in more and more, and before long the entire fortress collapsed along with the hopes of the entire orc army.

SKIIDD... SKIDDD... Bellock and Belmarch were pushed a few meters back and seemed to have suffered a backlash.

The technique, [Diluvian Fortress] had collapsed leaving Berigard all open. One could say that the ogre came out victorious in that bout, but when you consider the overall situation, it mattered not. The goal the orc commanders had in mind was not to win against the ogre but to delay him long enough for Berigard to bring down his magic and they have achieved their objective splendidly.

The meteor was on top of the right wing of the ogre army who had celebrated their victory too soon.

RUMBLE... the moment the meteor crashed onto the ground, it was as if a titan had put his foot on the ground. The earth trembled and the shockwave from the crash covered a radius of more than three kilometres.

Dust rose as high as a few thousand meters and a huge crater had formed around the place of impact. After a while when the dust settled, both sides were astonished to find that a part of the ogre army had been squashed underneath the meteor.

While those that were near, were blown back and injured in the aftermath. If one talked purely in terms of numbers, then that one intermediate-tier AOE spell from Berigard was enough to kill more than three hundred ogres and injure around five hundred.

It was no doubt a severe loss for the ogre army and a big blow to their morale. It also proved that a single powerful individual was enough to dictate the entire tempo of the war and Berigard just did that. This move from him was sure to mend the broken spirits of his tribe members back.

"You bastard..." the ogre that failed to stop the attack on time, cursed and charged towards the defenceless Berigard who was reeling from the exhaustion of using a powerful AOE Intermediate tier magic.

"Bellock...Belmarch..."

"GUGA..." with Berigard's call, the two orc commanders who were pushed back, executed an attack in perfect synchronicity.

Bellock jumped on top of his fellow commander's hammer and was flung towards the onrushing ogre at a speed that utilised the full physical power of a Diluvian High orc.

"[Execution Slash]" An attack that was strong enough to cut through the scales of the lightning Draconic Serpent, was executed on the ogre.

Needless to say, the ogre was a far cry when compared to the lightning draconic serpent who was only a few steps away from reaching the disaster class. Plus, the ogre did not have hardened scales like the latter.

SLASH...

A clean gash bisected the body of the ogre in two, blood sprayed out like a fountain and the body fell on the ground with a thud. Even until the last few seconds before death, the ogre was unable to believe what just happened.

It was not only him, the ogre army and even their fellow tribe members were in disbelief. Bellock, one of the two orc commanders under Berigard had managed to kill the ogre powerful enough to open a hole through the wall and shatter their most powerful defensive technique.

This not only gave them a pleasant surprise, but it also showed them a ray of hope that there is still a chance that they could win this war. The dispirited orcs started to once again gain courage.

This effect could be seen not only in Bergard's faction but also in the faction led by Berirock and Berimond. Both of them were surprised by how valiant the latter acted during this time of need.

Not only was he good at commanding, his actions also demonstrated how good of a leader he was. Berirock finally understood why orc commanders like Bellock and Belmarch who had the potential to reach the rank of an orc general, refuse that position and chose to be under Berigard.

It was only natural for an orc like that to command such respect and loyalty from his subordinates. The action of Berigard had a positive effect on the entire orc army as warcries started to echo from the previously downtrodden orcs.

"That was a risky move from you... are you alright/" Berimond came over after handing command to his orc commanders temporarily.

"Don't worry about it. I knew they would try to attack me that is why I brought those two with me. I knew I could get away with it since they have my back" Berigard said glancing at his subordinates who had been with him thick and thin.

"GUGAGA... you really are something. No wonder the army you have raised is so loyal to you. Berigard, although I know it's too late but I want to apologise to you. You were right, we shouldn't have trusted Belgarious. He has already deserted us and is probably running away now. If only I didn't stay neutral and supported your cause at that time, that we would have probably had a higher chance of surviving this ordeal today" Berimond lamented.

"It's not too late," Berigard remarked "We still have a chance".

"What do you mean? There is no way we can win against them, not without the orc king. You should know it, those brown horns shouldn't be the highest combat prowess of the enemy. There is definitely a crimson horn leading them. When that ogre shows up, even if we somehow manage to defeat the brown horns we wouldn't be a match for him" Berimond enunciated his worries.

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"Do not worry about that, when the time comes, I will do something about it. But before that, we cannot fight divided like our enemy. We must fight unitedly and use our advantage against them. That is the only way we stand a chance against the ogre army".

Berigard said looking towards the faction led by Berirock. As the stand-in for the orc king, the tribe of diluvian high orcs trusted him the most. Although Berigard hated to admit it, that guy was no doubt the one with the most command right now.

If he refused to join and fight as a single unit, there is no way the orcs underneath him would join them. That is why they needed him to join them.

Berimond understood that—"It will be difficult but I shall talk with him. I'm sure that if it concerns the lives of our tribe members he is going to agree with it".

Saying so, the orc general was about to walk off to where Berirock was only to see the latter take the initiative to come over by himself. He glanced at Berigard and Berimod without uttering any word for a while.

"What are you guys discussing about?" he opened his lips only to question them.

"We were just..."

"Before that, don't you have something to tell us, no to the whole orc tribe?"

Berimond was just about to explain when he was cut off by Berigard mid-sentence.

Berirock locked his brows in a frown and asked "What do you mean?"

"Isn't there something you ought to inform us by now... about the orc king and whether he has run away or not?" without beating around the bush further, Berigard clarified.

"Be careful of your words, you are talking about the orc king" and as expected, Berirock was instantly incensed.

"GUGAGA... to hell with your king. You know it by now don't you, the orc king that you revere and serve like a dog, has already abandoned you and the entire tribe? If he was the benevolent king that you make him out to be, he would have arrived here already".

"It's time that you tell all of us the truth. Like that, at least we wouldn't have to keep putting our hopes in something that will never occur and risk our lives for nothing" Berigard reasoned.

"Shut up... the orc king hasn't abandoned us. He will never do something like that" Berirock denied frantically. Somewhere in his heart, he was still clinging to the hopes that Belgarious would show up on the battlefield and lead the army to victory for them.

"Is it really the case? Do you really from the heart believe that Belgarious would show up? Why don't you ask yourself, where he is now? Is he even picking up your transmission call anymore?"

"Don't fool yourself, your constant denial to accept the reality will not only lead you to doom but it will also drag the entire orc race with you. The orc tribe deserves to know the truth, they should at least know who they are fighting for".

The orc general Berigard was silent for a while, the war after a temporary pause had resumed once again. Sure the ogre had suffered a loss in the last bout, but it was nothing to these killing machines who were raised in one of the most brutal environments where death was just a daily occurrence.

Although a powerful ogre died, it was not like the ogre army did not have any more powerful individual other than him. They quickly got over the fact that a number of them had died and quickly resumed their battle which was like a sport for them.

Berirock struggled internally and after surveying the war which was still tipped in the favour of the ogres, he finally came to a decision.

"It would completely demoralise the army. Do you still want me to tell them that?".

Berigard unhesitantly nodded his head—"Instead of putting our hopes alive in some miracle that will never happen, it is better for us to embrace the truth. Although it might break their spirits, nevertheless, they would at least die while fully knowing everything".

"Besides if we do not tell them the truth, these people will continue to have false hope and will be unable to fight at their full strength. I want to win this war, I want my tribe to survive and for that, I need them to fight with more than hundred per cent of their strength".

"Berirock you are the only person who is close to the orc king here, only you can do it. I'm sure that every orc is doubting or having such thought in their mind, if it's you saying it then they are sure to believe it".

Berirock sighed, he looked deeply into the eyes of his fellow general before asking a question that has been on his mind for a while now.

"I shall do as you say... but answer this for me. Was it really the orc king that was selling his own tribe members to a human kingdom?"

Berigard did not answer, he simply matched Berirock's gaze with his own. Which seemed to have been enough for the latter to arrive at an answer.

Berirock turned around, climbed on the highest platform that was in their camp and addressed the army that was busy fending off the enemy.

"Everyone, I believe I owe you all an apology. Some of you might have still held on to the hope that the orc king would be arriving soon to lead you. I'm afraid I must break this bad news to you all, the orc king is not gonna come. He has deserted our tribe and left us all to die here".

There was absolute silence the moment, Berirock finished speaking. Even with the noise from the war that was raging all around, each and every orc fighting on the frontlines were able to hear his words.

"Y-you are kidding, right? Sir Berirock"

"Gugaga... please don't joke like this at this time. The others would really believe it".

The one to throw their denial first was none other than the orc commanders under him.

"I'm not joking, this is the truth. The Orc King is not coming, the faster you accept it, the better it is for you" Berirock stated once again backing his earlier words.

"Th-that cannot be, the orc king cannot abandon us. You also said that he was held up by some important work and is on his way. What about that?" Belsea asked trying to cling to the last straws of hope.

Berirock lowered his head and apologised. His actions seemed to have made the orc commander angrier as he lashed out.

BANG...

Berirock was hit by a skill called [Greater Force] that produced a fist-size compressed air that bursts apart instantly when in contact with a solid surface. Its power was enough to match a unit target intermediate tier gale magic.

Anyways, upon contact with Berircok, the compressed fist size air burst apart sending him crashing down from the pedestal.

Even though he could have dodged the attack if he wanted to, Berirock decided to take on that attack as he felt that he got what he earned.

TAK..TAK.. TAK... something fell off from his armour and rolled towards the angry Belsea.

"Transmission Conch?! That's right, we can just call the orc king and ask him directly" looking at the transmission conch lying in front of him, the orc commander thought. He quickly picked it up and inserted his mana.

The complex runes inside the transmission conch did it work and sent a transmission to the other end. The call rang for a while; however, the person at the other end never picked it up.

Belsea tried a few more times but it was the same every time. "No..." Finally, the truth dawned and his spirit couldn't help but take a tumble.

Looking at this sight, Berigard breathed a heavy sigh. Belsea was someone who was from his camp, that is before he betrayed him. When the latter joined him, he had informed about all the disgusting deeds the orc king had committed.

But looking at the face of the orc commander now, it seemed like the latter did not believe him at all.

"Berirock did well-informing everyone about the truth. But I don't understand something... aren't you angry at him? If not for him standing in your way, you might have been able to bring the truth in front of everyone that day" Berimond asked, it was also somewhat his fault for not helping Berigard that day.

"That is unlikely..." However, Berigard shook his head. Even if Berirock did not stand in his way that day, he would still been unable to bring the truth in front of everybody. After all, even he didn't expect the orc king to be able to do something to the evidence (the human) when he brought it to the meeting.

The endeavour was going to fail at the end anyways.

"What?! You are telling me that your king is not here?" while the orcs were reeling in shock and the orc commanders trying to rally the army back, an unfamiliar voice sounded from very near them.

Needless to say, Berigard, Berimond and those that were near them, were immediately alerted. They looked all around them and spotted an ogre lazily lying on top of a seat behind in their camp.

Nobody had noticed when that ogre had sneaked behind them which also told the orcs that the ogre that they were looking at, wasn't an ordinary one.

But even without that, the orcs wouldn't dare underestimate the ogre. After all, the ogre that had sneaked behind them had a crimson horn on his forehead. That is to say, the ogre was a disaster class being.

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"Hmm... you there with the wand, that was cool magic that you used earlier. Let see... let's see, you must be one of the so called orc generals right? What do you mean by those words?" the ogre called out.

The way he was so relaxed even while being inside the enemy camp, spoke volumes of his confidence.

"You..." Berirock pointed out, but even he hesitated to incite an enemy that was far stronger than him. They had guessed that the black ogre army was being led by a crimson horn; however, he didn't expect them to pop up behind them all of a sudden.

"Ah, what a blunder, I forgot to introduce myself. I am Giz-Mogo, the second lieutenant and in charge of this army. There is no need to introduce yourselves since I have a general idea of who you are instead of that, can you tell me what do you mean by your king is not here?" Mogo smiled flashing his two sharp fangs protruding from his jaws.

The orc generals were silent, they pondered on the information they just got from their enemy. It was just as they had thought, the guy in front of him was really the one leading the ogre army. If so shouldn't they use this opportunity when he was all alone to defeat him and close this war?

There were three of them here, if they counted the orc commanders who might have the ability to stand even after taking a few blows from the ogre, they might be able to bring the crimson horn. All the three orc generals were thinking in that line.

Just when Berirock took a step ready to engage with their enemy, Berigard stopped them. When glared at by their questioning look, he pointed behind them. There they could see the black ogre army stop their advance and come to a halt at this moment.

The ones on the front stepped aside for three ogres to step forward. Each of these ogres had a brown horn protruding from their forehead and were infamous by their names, the Gir brothers.

For what reason did the ogre army come to a halt when they were winning? There could only be one reason and that was because of the ogre that was sitting in their camp.

"You have a good judgement, I was the one who told them to stop. There is no meaning in needlessly killing ordinary soldiers who are just obeying their commands. Instead, I came here to find the corp of the army, show them the vast difference in strength between us and close this war".

"What do you say, let's bring out the strongest individuals from our tribes and let them battle to decide the fate of each side? If that orc king of yours wins, we will retreat and never step in here again. But if he loses, the entire orc tribe will surrender to us. How about that?" Mogo stated, his lackadaisical attitude seemed to invite others to attack him.

His words made the orc generals carefully deliberate over it. it was as he had said, one can avoid this needless bloodshed if the top brass of their army were to fight it out amongst themselves and decide the victor.

After all, a single powerful individual could easily turn the tide in a war where more than three hundred thousand lives were involved. All of it could be avoided if they were the ones to fight.

However, the ones that the ogres were looking for and the one that can claim the title of strongest in their tribe was not them but Belgarious who has already deserted his tribe. Plus they just cannot accept the words of the ogre in front of them willy-nilly after all he was just their second lieutenant and not their king.

Even if he said that they would not step foot in their territory in case they lost, they couldn't just believe him to keep his word. The one who were at a disadvantage was not the ogre tribe but them.

The orc generals knew that very well, if possible they too wanted to settle with their own power. they nodded at each other before Berigard stepped forward to speak out.

"That's a good idea; however, there is one problem, the orc king is not here".

Hearing his words, Mogo narrowed his eyes, a fierce aura started wafting off of him "what do you mean by that?".

"It means exactly that... the orc king has abandoned his tribe and fled" Berigard clarified.

Giz-Mogo glared at the orc general for a while, from how fearless and unperturbed the latter acted, he could somewhat tell that the orc wasn't lying. Though it did not mean that he could just accept the situation.

He had been given clear instructions to defeat the orc king and bring him alive to his superiors before the battle started. If he failed to do that, given the personality of Gish-Bagh, his fate would be extremely miserable.

"Is that so... if he is not here, then just call him. I'm willing to wait for a while" Mozo folded his hands and said languidly.

"You seemed to not have understood my words. The orc king has abandoned the tribe. No matter how long you wait, he will not be showing up. In his stead, allow us to take his place".

The three generals stepped forward ready to confront their enemy.

"Kuh... Gururu... So he tucked his tail and ran away leaving his tribe members to die here huh? How truly pathetic, well I guess that is to be expected from you orcs. I'm curious though, why aren't you all running? Your king has abandoned you and fled himself, nobody would blame you if you all drop your weapons and decide to flee too".

Giz-Mogo, said, his tone was laced with condescension and mockery. How could the orc not sense that, they all had an ugly expression on their faces.

The news about their king abandoning them was a spirit-breaking affair for them and now even the enemy was mocking them for it. Shame, despair and indignation, the orc were going through a multitude of emotions.

"Even though the orc king has abandoned us, it does not mean that we have lost. Our orc tribe is strong even without a king, there is not a single orc who is ready to discard their honour and flee away from the battlefield".

Berigard spoke out for the crowd in an attempt to reinvigorate their spirits a little. He knew that the enemy was trying to demotivate them so they drop their weapons and surrender. He couldn't let that happen no matter what.

"Heh, you say that you people are strong? Don't make me laugh. The only individual who could possibly stand a chance against us, is not present here. How do you expect to stop my subordinates and me who are eager to draw your blood? It is better for you if you listen to me and submit now while I'm still being compassionate".

Mozo laughed, though the next second his eyes narrowed when he saw the orcs raise their weapons against him.

"You can't be serious..." he couldn't complete his sentence before a wind bullet passed through his cheeks barely missing him.

Giz-Mozo was someone who liked suppressing others with his powers and enjoyed their misery as he trampled upon their hopes. He thought that he could play out to his heart's desire, but it seemed like there were a few headstrong orcs.

Since that was the case, Giz-Mozo wouldn't shy away from teaching them a lesson, after all, his ogre blood was itching to draw some blood.

"Alright, since you refuse my toast, I can only use a more forceful method. Gir-Rago, Gir-Rego, Gir-Rugo begin your assault, make sure that the orcs know their position well" Giz-Mogo declared, his voice thundering across the entire Blackfield.

With those words of his, the black ogre army which had paused their attack temporarily re-engaged once again with even more fervour. This time though, even the Gir brothers had joined the war as they massacred hundreds of orcs that were in their way.

It was as if like a lion had entered the sheep's pen, the orcs had no way of stopping these hunters. The beast that they were riding on was also above level 350 and belonged to a race called Steel Panther.

Forget about the ordinary orcs and high orcs, even the diluvian High orcs were only just cannon fodder against them. Seeing that even the orc commanders were unable to stop them, Berigard asked Berirock and Berimond to engage the brown horns.

"Don't be stupid Berigard, if we move away from here, how are we going to stop that ogre? He is a much greater threat here and if we let him run loose, there won't be any army for us to command" Berirock retorted.

"He is right, Berigard we cannot do that. Even if that means sacrificing a lot of orcs, I can only hope that the orc commanders will be able to find a way to stop them".

Berimond agreed with Berirock in this case. If they had the orc king with them, they could have left the guy to him after all, only a disaster class or above can fight a disaster class. That is why they believed that it was foolish to spread their numbers when they haven't even reached disaster class yet.

"Listen to me for once. I can assure you that I am not making a hasty judgement. I have a plan, please believe me and leave that guy to me" Berigard responded in a voice that only the three of them could hear.

Berirock and Berimond glanced at Berigard for a while, they could see the light of resolution in his eyes. After hesitating internally for a while, they finally steeled their mind and decided to believe Berigard for once.