

# **Strongest Necromancer Of Heaven's Gate**

## **- Chapter 601: - 602**

### **Chapter 601: I Wish I Could See Your Face**

Everything happened so fast that no one was able to react in time.

Mogazar, who was standing on top of the ramparts, was blown away by the impact of the magic cannonballs. Fortunately, Barca was there to catch and shield him from further damage, but he still ended up suffering mild injuries.

Unfortunately, the Orc Hunter's subordinates weren't as lucky. Hundreds of them died, while others were seriously injured.

A good portion of the Fortress walls was also destroyed by the magic cannon, forming a gaping hole in the Orc Fortress that had stood for decades.

"Earth Mages, create an Earth Wall at once!" Lady Avyanna ordered, and the Orcs who specialized in Earth Magic worked hand in hand to create a dense wall of Earth that rose above the ground and positioned itself between the Orc Fortress and the Haca Dynasty's Army.

As soon as the walls were erected, the sound of cannons being fired spread in the surroundings.

The Earthen Walls immediately shattered, and the magic cannonballs continued their trajectory, hitting the defensive walls of the Fortress and creating deep dents in them.

Although the Earth Walls shattered, it still helped lessen the impact of the cannonballs, allowing the Fortress to withstand another bombardment.

"This won't do!" Baronar shouted to Lady Avyanna who was standing at a watchtower at the center of the Fortress, overlooking the battle. "They can hit us, but we can't hit them back. Also, look at the sky!"

The Great Orc Shaman pointed at the Giant Magic Circle that was slowly forming above the Orc Fortress, which made Lady Avyanna's face turn grim.

"A Grand Spell from that distance?!" Oreg gasped in shock as he looked at the runic symbols whose light was slowly becoming more intense, signaling that the Spell was nearing its completion. "By the Gods. How are we going to deal with this?!"

Grand Spells were High-Ranking Spells that were used to destroy entire fortresses. However, this spell was very complicated and needed tens of thousands of Mages to cast it simultaneously.

Also, while the mages were performing this spell, none of them could move, which made them vulnerable to any attacks.

Only when their safety was assured would they cast a spell of such magnitude to destroy their foes in a blaze of glory.

'How can this be... our Fortress is about to fall without even clashing with the enemy directly?' Barca glared hatefully at the giant Magic Circle above their heads.

He initially thought that they could at least kill tens of thousands of the invaders before leaving their fortress behind. However, aside from the few hundred that Mogazar had killed earlier, the Haca Dynasty's Army was still intact, making him feel very bitter.

However, he didn't have time to feel bitter for long because another side of the Fortress exploded after being repeatedly bombarded by the Magical Cannons, which were firing at them from a mile away.

"Baronar, can you delay that Grand Spell from being unleashed?" Lady Avyanna asked.

"I'll try, but the most I can do is buy us a minute or two," Baronar replied as he began to chant something in the Orcish tongue.

Lady Avyanna knew that there was no time to hesitate, so she immediately signaled to one of her Aides to blow the horn that would tell everyone in the Fortress to evacuate right now.

"Everyone, evacuate!" Lady Avyanna ordered. "Head to the Mountains of Lorgakh Kur. We will use the mountains to mount a counterattack!"

All the Orc Warriors gritted their teeth as they helped their injured comrades to retreat. Their Orc Chieftain's order was absolute, and even though they wanted to fight their enemies, they were simply too far and too many for them to mount an effective counterattack.

While the Orcs were busy dealing with the evacuation, the sound of horns erupted inside the Orc Fortress, which reached all the way to the Haca Dynasty's Army.

This made Rowan, who was standing beside one of the magic cannons, roar in laughter.

"What's this? Over already?" Rowan guffawed as he looked at the crumbling Fortress in the distance. "Great General, why don't we send our Heavy Cavalry to attack? I'm sure we can kill thousands of them if we go now."

Great General Garret shook his head. "If we go there now, we will just lose our soldiers. The Orcs would risk their lives to kill as many of our soldiers as possible because in their culture, retreating without even being able to clash with their enemies is a very shameful thing.

"If we were to do as you say, then I wouldn't have used the Magic Cannons this early in the war. Just behave yourself for now and listen to my orders. You will have your chance to kill them when we go deeper into their territory."

Ronan chuckled after hearing the Great General's reply. He was really itching to fight against Barca, who was several times stronger than him. As a High-Ranker, he knew that he was no match against the Empyrean-Ranked Alpha Monster in a one-on-one battle.

However, he wasn't going to fight the Half-Orc alone.

He had already handpicked a dozen High-Rankers who would assist him with the job. Because of this, he was confident that if he ever faced Barca on the battlefield, the one who would be dying would be none other than the Half-Orc.

It was at this moment that they saw several spirits flying toward the sky in an attempt to disperse the giant Magic Circle above the fortress.

Garret had already anticipated this move, but he didn't do anything. The Spirits might be able to delay the Grand Spell, but they could only prevent it from activating for a short period of time. They wouldn't be able to stop the inevitable.

"How does it feel, Avyanna?" Great General Garret said softly. "Do you feel helpless? Do you feel unresigned? I wish I could see your face. Perhaps, it was the same face that my father made when you forced him to retreat back to the Haca Dynasty fifty years ago."

The Great General's eyes glowed faintly with power as he looked at the crumbling fortress in the distance.

He was certain that within the hour, nothing would remain of the Orc Fortress but rubble.

This would be the first official victory of their campaign and the beginning of their invasion into the territories of the Wanid Kingdom.

## **Chapter 602: This Is What I Think Of Your Stupid Spirits!**

"Fascinating, truly fascinating," Asmodeus said as he casually summoned a Bone Wall to block a slab of granite, which had been blown all the way from the Fortress Walls. "Master, I'd like to have one of those Magic Cannons to tinker with."

"We'll see if we can nab one or two of them later," Lux replied in a casual manner as he summoned his Thunder Warg King, Jed. "Draven, you already know what to do, right?"

"Yes, Master," the Shadow Lord that hid inside Lux's Shadow answered. "I hear and obey."

A moment later, Lux's shadow moved away in order to carry out his Master's order.

Lux smiled at the fleeting shadow and wished the newest member of his Covenant good luck in what he was about to do.

"Let's go, Asmodeus," Lux commanded. "This Fortress is done for."

Asmodeus nodded his head before summoning a skeleton war horse that he could mount. The Archlich then gave the dead Orcs a side-long glance and sighed in his heart.

If only he could have his way, he would definitely pick up some of the bodies to use for his experiments. However, Lux firmly told him not to because he didn't want to sour his relationship with the Blackrock Clan due to the temptation of greed.

"Ride!" Lady Avyanna commanded as she led the retreat of the Orc Army. "To Lorgakh Kur!"

The Orcs roared in acknowledgement. All of them hoped that when the Human armies entered the Mountains of their home turf, it would be their turn to make them suffer losses and retreat back to their own Kingdom.

Perhaps, it was only Lux and Asmodeus who didn't feel sad as they left the Fortress. For them, this wasn't a big deal because they were merely there to observe the war between the two sides.

Unknown to the tens of thousands of Orc who were making a hasty retreat, the red-headed teenager and the Archlich were busy discussing things that would give them casualties through telepathy.

'Our Skeleton Grand Cannons can reach their location, right?' Lux asked his strategist as they followed behind the Orcs.

'Yes, Master,' Asmodeus replied. 'However, it will be best if we don't show this to our enemies right now. Although the Orcs have lost a fortress, their determination to fight is still burning. Perhaps, this flame has now become a great bonfire due to the rage they are feeling in their hearts.'

Before Lux could even reply, a loud explosion suddenly erupted behind them.

The Grand Spell had finally activated and unleashed a giant fireball, similar to a small sun, which descended to the Orc Fortress, obliterating it completely.

"Nice fireworks," Asmodeus muttered subconsciously as he looked at the blazing inferno behind him that created a giant mushroom cloud that rose toward the sky.

This casual comment of his earned him hateful growls and glares from the Orc Warriors that were riding beside him.

Instead of being afraid, the Archlich simply shrugged his shoulders as if it wasn't a big deal. Clearly, the Archlich didn't give a hoot about what the Orcs were feeling right now, which made Lux smile wryly.

As the Orcs retreated, the Haca Dynasty's Army celebrated their victory, raising their morale.

"Hahaha! Those Orcs are nothing!"

"Are these really the powerful Orcs of the Blackrock Clan? More like the cowardly Orcs of the Blackrock Clan."

"Hahaha! What an easy win!"

"The Great General really knows what he is doing. With this, we will be able to conquer the lands of the Wanid Kingdom smoothly and without fail."

All the soldiers were in a good mood, and even the High-Rankers couldn't help but smile at the outcome of their first campaign in the Wanid Kingdom.

They had already expected this outcome, but seeing it become a reality made them feel as if all of their preparations finally bore fruit.

Three hours later, the Human army finally marched toward the giant crater where the Orc Fortress once stood.

White smoke was still oozing off from the ground, but this was easily dispersed by the High-Rankers of the army.

After passing through the giant crater, the soldiers finally stepped foot in the territory of the Wanid Kingdom, making them feel elated.

They continued their march for half a day before Great General Garret signaled everyone to take a short rest.

After giving his orders, the hunting parties began to forage for food supplies in the surroundings. It was at that moment that they came across several stone statues in the places they passed.

Great General Garret had already told them that these statues were very common in the Wanid Kingdom. The locals made them as a tribute to the Spirits which could be found all over the mysterious kingdom.

"Guardian Spirits?" one of the Scouts laughed as he looked at the statue in front of him. "This is what I think of your stupid spirits!"

A moment later, the sound of water hitting stone was heard as the Scout pissed at the statue in front of him.

The Scout hummed in a good mood because he was able to relieve himself and mock the Spirits of the Wanid Kingdom at the same time.

Just as he was about to finish emptying his bladder, something black appeared in his vision. A moment later, he felt a stinging pain in his chest. The Scout was unable to shout in pain because a shadowy hand blocked his lips.

A minute later, another Scout appeared in the area and saw his comrade adjusting his lightweight padded armor.

"Is everything fine, brother?" the Scout asked his comrade who was standing in front of the statue that was wet with piss. "Are you done desecrating the Spirits of the Wanid Kingdom?"

"You call this desecrating?" the Scout, who was adjusting his armor earlier, replied. "Wait till you see me stabbing an Orc in the face. You will see the true meaning of desecration."

"Hahaha! We'll have our chance, brother. Just hang tight until we catch up to those cowardly Orcs."

"Aye. We will definitely catch up to them sooner or later."

The two Scouts then left the scene, leaving the statue behind.

A minute later, the hand of the statue moved and wiped the piss from its face. Its sinister visage briefly appeared before turning back into a statue that could do no harm to anyone.

While the Haca Dynasty was already preparing their men for a full-scale invasion of the Wanid Kingdom, a certain red-headed teenager was busy

laying down his chess pieces that would strike at the right moment and give Great General Garret a surprise he would never forget.