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Chapter 421: The Forces of the Crimson Sect

Three days later, Kant and his troops arrived at the mountain.

Groups of desert bandits were brandishing their scimitars and spears, riding their robust desert horses as they whizzed across the plains. They were all grinning ferociously, as if they were real bandits.

Desert bandits were light cavalry, scout cavalry, and bandits who had no scruples!

Especially when they came to the area around their destination.

They were like wild horses that had lost their reins.

They had lost their discipline.

Only cruelty and brutality remained!

Because in this core area of the Crimson Sect near the Mountain of Death, there were no longer any innocents or good people. Everyone had been becoming fanatics of the Crimson Sect and became their enemies.

The seemingly ordinary villages and farms were in fact completely empty.

Even the supplies and grain reserves had been taken away.

As for the well in the village, it had become a fishy-smelling deep water pit with a strange red glow. It had obviously been poisoned and destroyed!

However, Kant had long expected this because everyone in this army had brought enough food and water for seven days. They were all simple breads and sausages that could be eaten with a little heat.

Their supplies could last until they reached Mountain of Death and support them through an arduous battle.

Then, they would defeat the other side.

They would obtain the supplies stored by the other side.

Even if the other side burned their own supplies, it didn't matter.

With the momentum of his victory, Kant could ask the East County's noble families to contribute some supplies. Even the peasant villages that he didn't offend along the way could become his supply points.

Kant did not offend them. He just wanted to leave a good impression so that he could reap more benefits in the future.

For example, he would not have to worry about the supply issue.

And even the communication in the future.

Slowly, he would infiltrate the East County, using absolute force and strict discipline to let the noble families and peasant families understand that the new conqueror, Kant, the second son of the Grand Duke, Cameron, was truly merciful!

But now, Kant also wanted to let the people of the Crimson Sect on Mountain of Death what was the greatest fear from their hearts.

The desert bandits whistled past.

They formed a team of 10 people, like knives that cut through meat, cutting through the various garrisons around Mountain of Death.

Those were the fanatics who took the initiative, holding simple wooden spears and garrisoned in the shack as spies, tried to slow down Kant and the others from advancing.

But they were nothing to the desert bandits.

They were just a bunch of trash.

From the looks of it, this group of zealots were sallow and emaciated. On their skinny faces, there was only fanaticism in their eyes. They looked like they had been brainwashed. They held simple wooden spears, or even no spearheads. They were just sharpened wooden sticks and baked hard with charcoal.

They were not even using the proper weapon They were just tools in the hands of the wandering villagers to barely defend themselves!

They were not even good tools!

The desert bandits swept past.

The scimitars in their hands easily cut through the wooden poles, and then they rode past. The scimitars swung horizontally, and as the sharp blade cut through the neck, it instantly cut through the spine, and the entire head was sent flying in the air.

With a blank and fanatical gaze, they finally fell heavily to the ground, rolling like a ball.

The headless body had no sign of life.

In a shack, there were about 30 fanatics, but they were easily slaughtered by the desert bandits.

The battle didn't even last for a few minutes.

These people who were bewitched and lost their rationality, these fanatics couldn't be considered as ordinary people.

To the desert bandits, even if they were ordinary people, they would still kill them. In the Sarrand Desert, they were all vicious horse bandits. They had killed many villagers back and forth. Their hands had covered with the blood of innocents.

They were bandits after all.

Even if they were recruited by Kant and were restricted by strict discipline, they still couldn't avoid their savage nature!

Shacks were slaughtered one by one. Fanatical and bewitched believers were slaughtered around Mountain of Death. As the blood spread, the desert bandits had mercilessly cleared out a pure land without any enemies for Kant.

The shacks on the outskirts of Mountain of Death were all demolished, and the believers of Crimson Sect were all killed.

The outer positions had been completely lost.

And during this period of time, at the foot of Mountain of Death, there was a troop of long lance soldiers trained by Avilis Castle. They were already in formation, and behind them were many fanatical believers who wore black robes and held shields and longsword in their hands.

There were even cavalry wearing black robes waiting quietly with spears in their hands.

Kant led the army forward.

The distance between the two sides was about a kilometer.

A silent confrontation.

The desert bandits that had originally dispersed had all returned. Under the arrangements of Baheshtur, they wantonly wandered around the front, back, left, and right of the formation, as if they could transform into charging cavalry at any time.

This was the classic tactic of the Khergit Khanate.

If not for the fact that these desert bandits only had short pilums with a range of about 20 meters, the war would have already begun.

The range of the archers and cavalries could reach 80 meters. Although the power of the galloping horses was also relatively small and could not compare to the arrows shot by the footmen with all their strength. However, they could launched an arrow rain attack to impact the enemies.

As long as the enemy formation was disturbed, the heavy cavalries would have chance to charge forward.

They would completely tear apart the enemy formation!

However, all of this could not be achieved. Desert bandits who were only equipped with short pilums were more suitable for close combat after disrupting the enemies. They would use their scimitars and spears to open a gap in the enemy formation and charge in to kill.

With 2,000 desert bandits, they would be able to attack the enemy from all directions.

This was the advantage of number.

They were not in a hurry.

Kant himself was not in a hurry, so he did not give the order to attack.

Instead, he sized up the army that was organized by the Crimson Sect. He could not help but narrow his eyes and let out a chuckle. "I really did not expect Viscount Gibran to be able to gather so many troops."

“But they cannot withstand a single blow.” Baheshtur, who was beside him, complimented.

At the front, the Crimson Sect’s army numbered more than ten thousand people.

Most of them were lance soldiers. They were all wearing mail armor and a small number of them were wearing mail armor.

In their hands were good-quality long spears that were meticulously forged by blacksmiths. They carried a chilling aura and were as dense as a forest of spears. After all, the number of these lance soldiers was estimated to be five thousand.

Behind them, there were about 3,000 fanatics who wore black robes and held a round shield and longsword.

If one looked carefully, one could see that under the black robes were mail armor.

These fanatics were the elites.

As for the archers in front of them, there were close to 1,000 of them. They wore simple leather armor and held short bows. They looked dispirited and did not attract much attention. To put it simply, they were just a group of hunters.

Avilis Castle was close to the Senwaya Range, so the peasants there were also hunters.

However, this kind of short bow they used could not pose much of a threat.

It was even worse than the cavalry that had 1,000 people beside them.

Everyone was wearing mail armor. The warhorses were also covered in a black robe. They held a lance in their hand, and its entire body was covered by a black robe. Only their eyes were exposed, and it carried a fanatical desire for war.

All of them were knight attendants!

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Chapter 422: The Archers Who Were Slaughtered

In front of the Crimson Sect was Viscount Gibran.

Having lost his left arm, he still looked tall and strong. He was riding on a tall horse, wearing a black and red robe. His long white hair fluttered in the wind, giving him the aura of a noble.

He also had a bright smile on his face, and there was a faint red light in the depths of his eyes.

Facing Kant, he did not have the hatred towards an enemy.

Because in his heart, this Baron Kant and the large troop of his, would become his sacrifice. At the foot of Mountain of Death, he would complete his blood sacrifice to that supreme existence!

Just like now, Gibran was leading this group of ignorant people into the trap that he had already set up.

Why did he have hatred to Kant?

He only wanted to thank him!

Quietly waiting for Kant's troops to get into formation, Gibran looked at the light cavalries that had surrounded the two wings. He slowly raised his right hand, signaling for his restless soldiers to calm down.

Riding forward, he took out a scepter inlaid with red gemstones from his wide sleeves.

"Baron Kant." Gibran nodded elegantly. "We meet again."

He still had the etiquette of a noble.

However, Baheshtur narrowed his eyes slightly and looked at Gibran. He reminded Kant in a deep voice, "Lord, I feel that this guy is not normal. It's best to be careful."

"He is indeed abnormal." Kant smiled and shook his head.

He also spurred his horse forward.

Looking at Gibran in front of him, he also lowered his head and smiled. "Of course, we meet again, Viscount Gibran."

"The weather is good." Gibran chuckled. "Look what I've prepared for you. It's an unexpected surprise. If you don't mind, come and take a look. I'm willing to introduce to you the scenery of Mountain of Death, as well as the supreme existence of my faith."

"That so-called Devil Lord?"

Kant also chuckled.

He tilted his head, he calmly said, "I'm very interested." However, his voice became colder. "If it's possible, I want to kill all of you in front of me and smear your blood all over my path to Mountain of Death. Then, I want to truly kill that so-called supreme existence of yours, that Devil Lord that should have been destroyed in history a long time ago!"

"Uh." Gibran was a little stunned. The fake smile of a noble had not disappeared from his face, and there was a hint of anger in his eyes as he looked at Kant.

Viscount Gibran, who had grown up in a noble family, he had never say something so ruthless.

Or rather, he had never seen someone so ruthless like Kant. It was like mercenaries and bandits cursing in the street.

Even if he had defected to the abyssal demon, in his mind, the etiquette of the noble was still deeply engraved in his heart. This had become a habit, and reflexive actions could not be erased.

And he could not accept Kant's undisguised threat!

"You have successfully aroused my anger."

Gibran chuckled.

"Is that so?" Kant nodded and waved to the side. "Then let them be even angrier!"

"Shoot!" Baheshtur, who had long been prepared, instantly roared. He did not hold back and directly said what Kant wanted to say. Baheshtur had his own way of understanding the thoughts of his superiors.

Baheshtur was not only famous for his temper, but his cunningness also allow he was able to escape from the Khergit Khanate and establish his reputation in the Continent of Caradia.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh --"

Arrows were instantly shot out.

Five hundred Rhodok Veteran Crossbowmen and five hundred Ravenstern Rangers gathered their killing intent onto their steel crossbows and cone-tipped arrows, and like a waterfall, they shot towards the enemy formation that was less than 300 meters away.

They are the elite of the level 4 troop class, long-range infantry, and were capable to kill the enemies up to 300 meters away.

They had superior weaponry and superb skill!

Streams of arrows flew by, the targets of these elite crossbowmen were the opposing archers at the front row!

The archers who had been forced to come here, armed with short bows or hunting bows, and who clearly did not want to fight for the Crimson Sect, offered their first life first!

"Splash, splash, splash --"

The sound of arrows piercing flesh could be heard continuously.

In an instant, the archers who were wearing leather armor or did not have any armor fell one after another.

A large number of archers were killed. However, they could only lower their heads and bend their waists to dodge the arrows or scatter in all directions in fear. This was because the simple hunting bows in their hands could only shoot out 50 meters at best, which was not far enough

The troops of the Dukedom of Leo did not care about archers at all. This was the tradition of the noble.

They thought that only the knights were the strongest.

As for the archers, they were just small things used by the lowly mercenaries.

As long as they were close to the knights, these soft and useless weapons would not pose any threat. This was a habit formed during the years of battle. After all, the mercenaries also did not have the funds to buy powerful crossbows.

Crossbows and war bows were fine weapons. They were far from being comparable to cold weapons such as longsword and lance!

This resulted in the archers of the Crimson Sect were dying one after another under the long-range attacks of Kant's troops, .

In a short period of time, more than 200 archers were killed on the spot. Most of them were injured and had lost the ability to continue fighting. Their morale was at a low point and was on the verge of collapse!

"Kill!"

Gibran did not show any mercy.

Looking at the archers who were dodging, he turned his head and gave the order to the Crimson Sect fanatics in black robes.

The fanatics took out their swords and axes, they mercilessly slashed at the archers who dared to flee. They actually slaughtered all their won archers!

The fresh blood became thicker and thicker. Piles of corpses gathered in front of the formation.

All of them belonged to the innocent archers.

Except for a small number who fled.

Most of them had their heads chopped off by the fanatics and were casually thrown in front of the formation, forming a scene like a slaughterhouse. The entire area began to be filled with a thick stench of blood. It was abnormally fishy.

The elite lance soldiers at the rear were somewhat shaken. Many of them had already started retching, and there was even a commotion.

However, they were restrained by the intimidation of those fanatics.

No one dared to move recklessly.

Since the formation had been successfully formed, anyone who moved recklessly would cause a commotion, and they could be easily discovered by others.

When the time came, they would be killed by those fanatics who had no reason to speak of, and they would be killed in the name of supervising the battle team. It was a matter of course. They would just die in vain, and there would be no honor at all.

However, Kant frowned slightly and extended his hand to signal for the archers to stop shooting.

"Something's not right."

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Chapter 423: Intense Battlefield

It was indeed abnormal.

Not only did Gibran not act in a timely manner to stop the losses of his troops when they were attacked, he even allowed the archers who were already low in morale to be massacred, causing a large number of people to flee.

He even allowed the barrier troop of Crimson Sect fanatics to kill most of the fleeing archers on the spot.

In comparison, Kant's troops actually killed less people than them.

Most of the archers that the Crimson Sect had deployed had been slaughtered by their own people.

The ground was covered in blood and corpses. The strong smell of blood permeated the air. The expressions of the Rhodok Veteran Crossbowmen and Ravenstern Rangers stopped shooting. They were shocked.

They had never seen such madness. This didn't seem like a war at all!

Instead, it was like a cult's strange sacrifice!

"This is the feeling." Gibran smiled.

He smelled the strong smell of blood and a throb from the depths of his soul. It made his entire body feel extremely comfortable. This feeling was even stronger than the first time he had enjoyed the beauty of a woman.

Especially when the scent of blood was mixed with curses and hatred towards the living. It was as if he had drunk a glass of ice water in the dog days.

It was so exciting that he couldn't help but tremble slightly.

Extremely excited!

It wasn't just him. The consciousness of the existence that had entered his chest was also excited.

It was still urging him to continue. It wanted him to move faster and on a larger scale. The madness and brutality he brought along, as well as the hatred in his soul, were also more palatable!

"Understood, my master, my supreme existence."

Gibran revealed a sinister smile.

The red light in his eyes became more and more intense. He raised his right hand and slowly waved it forward. "Attack."

There were no unnecessary words. As the messenger behind him blew a few short horns, the troops that were originally anxious and uneasy began to move slowly.

This was the signal for an attack, a frontal attack.

The Crimson Sect's lance soldiers holding long spears slowly stepped forward.

The dense formation of spears, mail armor and scale armor were tightly arranged in formation, and when they collided with each other, they made a "ding" sound. However, this sound reflected the dark and terrified faces of the soldiers.

The morale of this group of lance soldiers was extremely low. They were so low that they would be on the verge of collapse if they were to suffer a bit of a predicament.

However, the fanatics were different from them. They wore black robes, held longsword, round shield, or axes, walked with determination.

They were right behind these lance soldiers. Under the protection of the dense spear's formation, they smelled the thick smell of blood. Their eyes also had a hint of red light, which was extremely strange.

This included the knights on the left who were still waiting for orders, but also urged their horses to move forward.

The warhorse was wearing a black robe.

The mail armor on its body was also wearing a black robe.

The hooded hood was black and red, and the weapons in their hands could be clearly seen. They were the standard lance and longsword of the Dukedom of Leo, as well as the round shield hanging on the saddle.

The black hood concealed their identities, but their identities were actually very easy to guess.

They were the knights of the Dukedom of Leo!

The most basic noble.

and there were knight attendants behind them.

The Crimson Sect had completely infiltrated the East County. Seeing that Viscount Gibran, who had left behind the most brilliant reputation, had fallen to become the chief of the Crimson Sect, one could understand that the noble system of the East County had long been riddled with holes.

Now that they were facing a strong enemy, they had even been called over by the Crimson Sect to become their own troops!

However, they did not take the lead in charging forward.

On the contrary, there were still the long lance soldiers of the Crimson Sect who continued to slowly press forward with their long spears.

In front of Kant's troops, the Rhodok Veteran Crossbowmen and the Ravenstern Rangers had already started shooting again. The deadly steel crossbows were fired in a row, and among them were the cone-shaped arrows that were like a string of arrows.

"Whoosh, Whoosh." the sound was incessant, but the entire battlefield seemed strangely quiet.

There were only muffled groans.

There were also miserable cries.

Those were the wails of the Crimson Sect's long lance soldiers who were injured by the crossbowmen or fell down in rows.

The distance between the two sides was still shrinking. As the elite long lance soldiers that were once trained by Avilis Castle, the tenacity of this group of people was still beyond Kant's imagination. Even though their morale was extremely low, they were still carrying out a tactical attack.

However, if one looked carefully, one could see the faint red light in the eyes of these lance soldiers.

A madness that came from the bottom of their hearts began to spread.

"Attack." Kant did not care at all.

He had always been calm about this battle. He turned his head slightly and instructed Baheshtur, "You will lead the Sarrandian Desert Bandits. I want you to surround and kill them like hunting."

"Yes!" Baheshtur nodded and quickly rode away. "This is very simple."

The desert bandits, who had already dispersed, instantly took action.

Baheshtur raised his horsewhip and waved it.

The 2,000 desert bandits understood what he meant. At the same time, they pulled out their short pilums and kicked the horse's abdomen. With the speed of the horse, they quickly rushed towards the Crimson Sect's troops.

With the help of the inertia, they threw the sharp and heavy short pilums.

An even heavier whooshing sound appeared in the air.

The short pilums streaked across a distance of more than 20 meters.

However, it carried a fierce force and instantly pierced through the sturdy mail armor and the iron-scale armor. It pierced through the mail armor without any obstruction, turning the fragile human body into a pile of useless rotten meat.

If a person died, of course, they would be useless rotten meat!

Desert bandits kept throwing and shooting.

The Crimson Sect's lance soldiers and knight attendants didn't even have time to react before they were stabbed to death by the desert bandits who were whistling like a gale and throwing short pilums.

This was a common tactic used by the Khergits, using long-range weapons to attack the enemy.

Next was the heavy cavalry's wave of reaping.

What a pity.

These Sarrandian could imitate the Khergits's tactics.

But they could not complete the Khergits's reaping, because the current main force force was not the terrifying Khergits' cavalry, but the Sarrandian Horsemen and Mamlukes, as well as the Rhodok Veteran Spearmen. They were the main force!

This was the dual combination of infantry and cavalry. It was a complete force that had a strict combat system!

Hence, the Rhodok Veteran Spearmen began to move forward.

They raised their broad shields to form a low wall. Then, they raised their four-meter-long spear diagonally and closed in.

Closing in on the lance soldiers of the Crimson Sect was like a king facing a king. They did not have the slightest fear because the Rhodok people were sturdy like rocks. They were also extremely stubborn rocks that were as hard as steel!

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Chapter 424: The Changes of Enemy Troops

The long lance and the long spear crossed together. Then, they stopped at five meters away from each other and pierced each other fiercely.

The wooden poles slapped each other. The spearheads collided with each other. Wood chips flew and fresh blood flowed. Screams could be heard one after another. The injured fell to the ground and let out wails. They were dying.

They were all long pole weapons, and there was not much difference between them. There was not even much difference.

It was just that the nouns were different.

However, the spear of the Rhodok people did not just have a spearhead added.

Instead, it had a 30-centimeter sharp spearhead, and it was wrapped with nearly half a meter long iron sheet on the spear shaft. Not to mention the collision, even if one used a sharp knife to chop it, one strike would not be able to break it!

It was much better than the equipment in the hands of the long lance soldiers trained by the militia in Avilis Castle!

Because the long lance in the hands of the lance soldiers was really only a spear head that was inserted into the wooden handle!

They collided back and forth.

The lance heads were knocked down by the spears one after another.

Even if the lance soldiers stabbed out fiercely, they were blocked by the broad shields.

Instead, the long spears stabbed out like poisonous snakes between the gaps and above the broad shields. Although there were fewer of them, they were unusually cunning. They specifically pierced through the vital parts of the lance soldier and always hit the target.

Blood splattered and the lance soldiers at the front fell one after another.

As for Rhodok Veteran Spearmen, only some of them were injured.

They were then replaced by their comrades at the back, filling in the gaps.

Both sides crushed each other. In the end, it was not the Crimson Sect's lance soldiers who had the advantage in numbers. Instead, it was the 1,000 Rhodok Veteran Spearmen!

Rhodok Sergeants, who held a heavy machete that was like a halberd, was even more ferocious in the middle of this formation.

They did not use the traditional stabbing attack at all. Instead, they took their heavy machetes and let the sharp blade directly cut off the spear that was coming at them. Even the spearhead was cut off. It was simply a destructive style of fighting.

They cooperated with the Rhodok Veteran Crossbowmen, who had retreated to the two wings, and the Ravenstern Rangers.

More and more lance soldiers of the Crimson Sect were falling.

The smell of blood also became stronger and stronger.

Even the desert bandits did not need to continue throwing short pilums. They even pulled out their scimitars ferociously and charged into the rear or side of the phalanx of lance soldiers. They were like lions charging into a flock of sheep and killing them mercilessly.

The phalanx of lance soldiers with low morale was like a broken house that was leaking everywhere. They could only barely focus on defense.

They passively accepted Kant's troops' side attacks and frontal pressure.

But for Kant, this was very simple.

Because his true main force had not been used yet, the 500 Mamlukes and 1,500 Sarrandian Horseman were still by his side, quietly watching the infantry in front of him fight into a mess, maintaining an absolutely calm formation as a deterrent.

Just ahead, Gibran and his 1,000 plus knight attendants had yet to make a move.

The so-called high-level troop class also did not make a move.

It was a regular battle.

Kant's troops had the slight advantage and were currently suppressing the Crimson Sect's lance soldiers.

But those true main forces, such as the cavalry, had yet to truly show off their strength. Those grand knights with extraordinary powers, or even those terrifying knights who had comprehended demonic powers, had yet to step onto the battlefield.

This was the reason why Kant did not take the initiative to act. He was waiting.

Waiting for Viscount Gibran's trump card.

Because as time passed, the lance soldiers of the Crimson Sect continued to fall.

There were even some people who were falling apart. Meanwhile, the fanatics at the rear and the knights at the left wing acted as if they did not see it. They continued to watch coldly. If they encountered any comrades who were fleeing, they would mercilessly go over and kill them.

It was obvious that they were watching these lance soldiers die!

The killing continued.

The desert bandits had already completely destroyed the restless lance soldiers.

Just with these light cavalry soldiers, they used the simple spears and scimitars in their hands to forcefully slash a bloody path. In an instant, they completely destroyed the phalanx of lance soldiers into nothing.

Dead and injured people were everywhere. The corpses of the lance soldiers were trampled under the hooves of the horses.

Of course, hundreds of desert bandits had fallen in the path of the battle.

Even Baheshtur's shoulder was slightly injured.

"Kill!"

However, they still ferociously completed the battle and completely scattered the phalanx of lance soldiers.

On the front battlefield, with the help of Rhodok Veteran Spearmen and the dense rain of arrows, they finally completely crushed the Crimson Sect's lance soldiers on the ground.

The casualties were everywhere, but the Crimson Sect's lance-soldiers had already lost their morale and started to flee in all directions.

However, what happened next was the same as before.

The black-robed fanatics acted as the barrier troop and massacred nearly 3,500 + lance soldiers who were fleeing. Those lance soldiers with low morale didn't even know how to resist and were beheaded by the longsword one by one.

Corpses were everywhere, and the thick smell of blood was everywhere. Resentment and hatred appeared everywhere because of unwillingness.

More than 50 figures quietly appeared behind Kant.

Each of them was wearing a black or gray robe.

They held wooden staffs in their hands.

The top of the staffs was inlaid with various exquisite gemstones.

When they pulled back their hood, there were many middle-aged faces among the large number of young faces.

All of them were solemnly looking at the scene in front of them. Each of them raised the magic staffs in their hands and released a soothing spiritual fluctuation that spread throughout the entire army, causing the soldiers to gradually spirit up and return to their battle-ready status.

They were the mage apprentices and mages from the Enfath Empire!

"How is it?" Kant asked.

"We can't be careless. We have to be careful."

A leader of mages spoke with a solemn expression. "This sacrifice is extremely grand. Using the blood and lives of thousands of people to worship that abyssal demon lord, I reckon that after it appears, it will be even stronger than the one we met in the ancient passage!"

"Mm." Kant nodded, the corners of his mouth revealing a sneer. "So that's about it?"

"Pretty much." the mage captain nodded.

But he still reminded, "We can't rule out other variables, such as the accompanying demon troops. They are definitely more than the ones we encountered in the ancient passage last time, and the species are probably stronger as well."

"That's pretty much what I thought." Kant nodded.

He was not the least bit surprised.

Instead, he nodded slightly. "Then let's begin."

Waving their hands forward, the desert bandits, who were originally entrenched in the back, began to charge forward instead. They launched a new assault on the troops that had already been enveloped by the blood-red fog and were all trapped in the middle of the battlefield.

However, they did not dare to continue charging forward. Instead, they continued to use the short pilum to throw.

Whoosh! Whoosh.

A muffled groan also appeared. It seemed that the effect of the short pilum was still pretty good.

Quite a number of fanatical believers and those fanatical knights were nailed to death by the short pilums. However, there were inhuman sounds that were like the howls of wild beasts!

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Chapter 425: Half-demonized Believers

Changes appeared amidst the mournful howls.

In other words, the absolute combat strength that Gibran could rely on, the troops that he truly cared about, were the wild beast-like fanatics that were howling in the blood fog!

Now, he was also standing in the thick blood fog, intoxicated by the crazy and vicious power.

This was the power, power that belonged to him!

It was as if he had returned to the time when he faced one of the main forces of the Silver Platter Kingdom. He had been bestowed with the power by that existence, and then he had led his troops to easily annihilate the main forces of the Silver Platter Kingdom!

Even if they were completely annihilated, he could still clearly remember how he had torn apart the bodies of those knights.

It was as easy as tearing apart a chick.

"Hehehehehehehehehahaha --"

Gibran let out a strange laugh.

The thick blood mist was corroding his body, making him look less and less like a human, his skin had become bloody and exposed. His body was also growing, and his sharp teeth and claws were began to show up.

He was transforming into that terrifying demonic form and that a new left hand was slowly condensing in the blood mist!

This was the sacrifice of thousands of people, and they had successfully communicated with the great existence at the foot of Mountain of Death. It was that existence that had given Gibran a new arm, but he had also given a new order.

Gibran's entire body erupted with blood-red flames, and his voice was like a roar, "Kill them!"

"Kill --"

A sound that sounded like a beast's roar also appeared.

A gentle breeze blew over.

The blood mist dissipated.

What appeared on the battlefield was burly figures that were already half-demonized. Their bulging muscles stretched their black robe taut, and their nearly two-meter-long bodies looked like a powerful servants of hell!

They had fallen into the power of Hell and became servants of the abyss.

Three thousand half-demonized fanatics moved forward.

The longsword and axe in their hands were clenched tightly.

They were like toys.

However, as they swung their thick arms, they became more lethal, and their combat strength would be stronger!

On the side, the 900 + knight servants who had been killed by the short pilums had also changed greatly, including the warhorses under them. Their muscles bulged, and sharp teeth appeared in the mouth of the horse.

Their eyes were all scarlet, filled with madness and bloodlust!

Rather than saying that they were a human force.

It would be more accurate to say that they were an army of the Abyss!

A terrifying army that had been corroded by the power of the Abyss and was completely half-demonized!

Then, following the roar of the commander, Gibran, they slowly took a step forward. After a few wobbles, the speed of the entire army's advance became faster and faster, and when they ran, it was as if the earth and the mountains were shaking!

This made Kant think of the high-level Jackalan troops that he had encountered when he was still weak.

"How... Interesting!"

He instantly pulled out his Sword of King.

He pointed forward.

A command that resounded through space also appeared in his mouth,

"Attack!"

"Attack!"

"Attack!"

"Attack!"

The captain of all troops responded one after another.

The troops that were already prepared were all ready. They slowly moved their feet and formed a dense formation like before, facing the half-demonized fanatics who were pouncing at them head-on!

If the half-demonized fanatics were like a tsunami, then these Rhodok people were like dams!

Broad shields were raised, forming a neat and sturdy low wall. Sharp spears were raised at the back and the top of the shields, ready to be used at any time as the sharpest and most cunning stab!

There were also the more well-defended and stronger Rhodok Sergeants.

They held halberd-like two-handed machetes.

They strode forward.

Their arrogant appearance completely ignored these half-demon fanatics.

To these Rhodok people, even if these fanatics appeared to have astonishing combat strength after half-demon transformation, no matter how astonishing they were, they were not as strong as the Swadian soldiers!

They were just a group of heavy footmen with a little stronger strength and combat skill!

As for those fanatic knights, they had their way to deal with these cavalries.

Groups of desert bandits pounced over and threw their short pilums fiercely. Even if they were very close to each other, they did not care about their own danger and threw their pilums at those half-demonized knights and attendants.

These desert bandits were using their own lives to kill the enemies.

However, there were some changes.

If the short pilums did not directly hit their vital points, they would not be able to directly kill these knights and knight attendants.

Some people even had a few short pilums stuck all over their bodies. They were still urging their warhorse to catch up with the desert bandits at an even faster speed. Then, they raised the longsword in their hands and slashed down fiercely, killing the desert bandits who were only wearing leather armor, they were cut into two halves, along with their horses. Fresh blood spilled on the ground.

In a short moment, in less than ten seconds, hundreds of desert bandits had already been hacked to death by these semi-devil knights and knight attendants.

As for those semi-devil knights and knight attendants, their number of casualties was less than fifty!

Quality crushed quantity.

There was a hint of panic in the eyes of the desert bandits.

Although the spears and scimitars in their hands could still cut these knights, even if they cut through the mail armor, it was like they had cut into wood. The blades were blocked by the layers of buffed muscle, they couldn't hurt their bones at all.

This meant that their attacks were insufficient to cause damages on these half-demonized soldiers.

In other words, the current battle was not something that the light cavalry could intervene in!

To the Khergits people, the so-called chivalry spirit did not exist.

They were a pack of wolves!

When they saw an opportunity, they would pounce forward and bite the enemy viciously.

If the enemy was powerful enough to break a few of their own teeth, then it didn't matter. They could just scatter and retreat.

Because their stronger allies began to move. Those Sarrandian Horsemen who wore Sarrandian armor and possessed superior battle skills were charging under the lead of the heavily armored Mamlukes!

These were the true main forces of the cavalry, while the desert bandits were only light cavalry.

Kant had brought them here because they could be used as scouts and harassers for the cavalry.

At the critical moment, they could also be used as a grain collection team, spreading out to snatch grain or protect their own supply lines. Their purpose was not to directly pounce on the enemy and engage in a fierce battle!

Right now, these Sarrandian iron cavalry were the true main force of this expedition!

They were completely unafraid of the powerful combat strength of those semi-demonic knights. They could face these semi-demonic knights head on.

This was because the weapons in the hands of these cavalry were shining with a faint golden light, as if they were attached to some kind of magical power, a status spell from the Enfath Empire.

"Sharp Golden Blades!"

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 426: Mages' Fireball Spell

"Sharp Golden Blade!"

The mages and mage apprentices of the Enfath Empire cast this spell together.

The mages who were secretly hidden in the army by Kant as cavalry finally showed a little of their power on the battlefield, and this status spell was only the most basic kind.

As war mages, it was too easy for them to increase the lethality of the army's weapons!

But it was not the case.

Kant had transferred all the mages' power.

The entire "Drondheim" Castle had lost the mages' support and only let the Royal Knights and Lion Knights that Kant had garrisoned the castle. It was enough to predict the importance Kant attached to this battle.

This was the first time he had revealed his power in the Dukedom of Leo.

Time was running out.

Kant, who was located in the Nahrin Desert, had already made enemies in many aspects.

He was almost surrounded by hostile forces. If he did not open a path and make his way out alive, even if he had a system and countless worlds of "Mount and Blade" as his backing, he would be obliterated in history.

He would be recorded in the history as a loser. Only the ruins might be studied by others in tens of millions of years.

But this was definitely not what Kant wanted to see!

So, he was serious!

Fifty mages from the Enfath Empire.

One hundred and thirty mage apprentices from the Enfath Empire.

All of them were here.

Now, they casted [Sharp Golden Blade] on the Sarrandian Cavalries and the Rhodok troops, increasing the damage of all the troops' weapons.

Mamlukes led the Sarrandian Horsemen as they whistled past, stabbing their lances into the enemies.

They had the advantage in number.

Two thousand heavy cavalry charged against less than a thousand semi-demonic knights.

Although the battle was fierce, with their excellent equipment, the lance and machete in their hands, and the golden light on their weapons, they were able to gain the upper hand. Blood splattered everywhere, and the soldiers died.

The knights of Sarrand Sultanate suppressed those half-demonized knights!

However, the casualties were extremely tragic.

Mamlukes charged at the forefront. They had already lost more than a hundred people, but with their fearless combat strength, even if they died, they would drag the same enemy to die with them.

Moreover, even if they died, they would be covered in heavy armor, they would be able to exchange for the deaths of two to three knight attendants. It was definitely not a loss-making deal!

And even if those Sarrandian Horsemen charged into the enemy knight formation and used the machetes in their hands to brazenly slash at them. They would be able to exchange one life for one half-demonized knight attendants.

In terms of madness, this group of Sarrandians were not weak at all!

Under the leadership of the Supreme Lord Kant.

They had the consciousness of sacrifice themselves.

Even if all of them died here, they could let the enemies of Lord Kant know what was inviolable, what was honor, and what was the bloodlust and madness of the Sarrandians!

If it wasn't for their bloodlust and madness, then the Sarrandian would have long been wiped out in the Sarrand Desert.

That was a truly cruel environment where only the fittest survived.

It was a hardship that outsiders could not understand!

Those who survived were all elites!

And now, they were exchanging their lives with these half-demonized knights who could deal absolute damage to Lord Kant's footmen.

Their eyes were bloodshot as they fought each other. They did not dodge and flee. One by one, they died in battle!

"Valiant."

Baheshtur, who was born in Khergit Khanate, was moved.

Seeing that the regular army of Sarrand Sultanate was not afraid of death, he also led the desert bandits who had scattered. They drew their machetes and spears to a place not far from the mages. After receiving the [Sharp golden blade], they pounced on them again.

These bandits who had once roamed the desert also had the determination to not fear death!

It was a feast to the death.

This was an honor!

The densely packed desert bandits, who were like a pack of wolves, brandished their golden weapons and pounced forward.

They had already surrounded the half-demonized knights in the middle, layer upon layer, with corpses everywhere. This encirclement was still shrinking, and they were using the craziest methods to whittle down their opponents who were already at a disadvantage in numbers!

But Kant really paid attention to the fanatics who were rushing over and were becoming bigger.

The semi-demonic knights only increased their size by a little. Their strength and defense had also increased.

But the fanatics were different.

Their entire bodies were enhanced, except for their speed, which was not too fast. They were like the Brute of ThirdSide, but they still held cold weapons in their hands. In terms of combat strength, they were definitely stronger!

However, they lost their rationality and rushed forward in a mess. They were like a tidal wave that was about to break through the levees of the Rhodok people!

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh whoosh whoosh --"

The arrows of the Rhodok Veteran Crossbowmen and the Ravenstern Rangers were still shooting.

The waterfall-like rain of arrows had already filled the bodies of the fanatics with arrows like hedgehogs. However, they were still howling and charging forward as if they were fearless warriors who did not care about casualties at all!

The fanatics who had already strengthened their defenses in all aspects could not be treated as ordinary people at all!

Other than a small number of arrows that could pierce through the eye sockets, throat, knees, and other joints, their charge was still as fearsome as before.

"Fireball Spell!"

However, right behind the Rhodok people, the 120 mage apprentices of the Enfath Empire raised their magic staves and released fireballs the size of a human head. They smashed into the group of fanatics like throwing stones.

Then, the burning fireballs seemed to shatter and burst into blazing flames that spread in all directions!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom

The fireballs exploded.

The endless flames were compressed to the extreme and then expanded rapidly.

It was like gunpowder, but the temperature was even higher than gunpowder. The high temperature of hundreds of degrees burned everything. The fanatics in the center were covered in flames and were burned into a pile of useless ashes in just a few seconds.

The fanatics who were pushed out by the blast and the flames also fell to the ground.

Many of them had their black robes lit up, like torches.

"Fireball!"

Another wave of fireballs appeared, and it continued to fly.

They were less than 50 meters away.

But this distance of 50 meters was just within the effective range of the fireballs.

A large number of explosions occurred. Every mage apprentice had three spell slots to cast the fireball spell every day. Right here, they whistled and threw all the fireballs out, blasting the group of fanatics to the side!

This was the strength of war mages. The destructive power of a short burst was far more terrifying than that of archers!

With 120 mage apprentices, there 360 fireball spells could be used.

They had already caused the deaths of at least 500 fanatics!

It was obvious that a large part of the fanatics' formation at the front was destroyed. The original wave-like charging formation was now full of potholes!

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 427: The Tragic Battlefield Situation

This was the strength of war mages. They were like moving cannons, and in the dense formation that mainly used cold weapons to collide, the damage they caused was limitless!

That's right, this comment was very correct, it was limitless!

Because right at this moment, Kant's mage army had yet to fully display their power.

As for these fireballs, they were just an appetizer from the mage apprentices!

As the staff lit up again, in a faint fluorescent light, fist-sized energy balls appeared one after another.

Then, the apprentices threw them forward as if they were throwing baseball balls, but their speed was extremely fast. They did not lose out much to the stone balls thrown by the catapults. They smashed directly at the group of fanatics.

This was the most basic war spell of the mage apprentices of the Enfath Empire.

[Magic Ball]

Each person had five magic balls per day.

120 people meant that 600 magic balls would be thrown out in the shortest amount of time.

This kind of basic spell was almost instantaneous, and the casting time was only 0.5 seconds. If a mage were to cast it, it would only take 0.3 seconds. But when the legendary great mage cast a spell, almost all of this energy could be shot out with a thought.

But now, the 600 energy bombs combined into a huge energy ball and seemed to have covered the front of the group of fanatics.

I was like the heaviest, deadliest, and most difficult to block heavy hammer.

They whistled past.

In the end, they smashed heavily onto the fanatics!

Then, the enemy formation that had been bombarded with fireballs was already broken in pieces. Then, they bared their fangs and brandished their claws and were about to pounce on the front row formed by the Rhodok soldiers. However, when they were smashed by the whistling energy bombs, they instantly retreated.

The fist-sized magic balls exploded one after another. They were really like the heaviest sledgehammers.

Bit by bit, the magic balls smashed those half-demonized fanatics and forced them to retreat.

Blood spurted out of their mouths. Their internal organs were even shattered. Along with the blood that gushed out of their mouths, there were also fragments of organs. One could tell how painful they were from their scared scarlet eyes!

Even these half-demonized fanatics were unable to resist the pouring of spells after they formed a scale!

With just 120 mage apprentices, they were able wipe out an elite team of nearly 500 people if they made sufficient preparation!

This was the advantage of a spellcaster.

Otherwise, with the world of "Wind of War", all sorts of legendary creatures were existed in there.

As a human kingdom, and also one of the continent's number one overlords, the Enfath Empire could live very well, and even rule a large territory. The greatest credit among them was the war mages.

There was no need to study too profound theories, nor did they need to contact too many spells.

The system of mages was completely integrated with war.

Or rather, they were trained to serve the war!

They only studied a few of the most powerful spells.

They used the spells that were most suitable for the battlefield and had the greatest destructive power to win the victory on the battlefield!

The philosophy of the Enfath Empire was that they didn't need to win all the enemies. As long as they could crush them physically, then the enemies would wipe enemies' skeptical attitudes towards their power and surrender.

Only those who survived would be the victors!

Now, the half-demonized fanatics had truly experienced the taste of this philosophy.

The 360 fireballs had directly killed 500 + fanatics, while at least 800 + fanatics had sustained injuries of varying severity. The next 600 energy bombs had completely shattered the fanatics' front line.

These most basic and direct magic bombs killed nearly 200 + fanatics.

And at the rear.

The fanatics' formation had completely collapsed.

They had completely lost their previous appearance of charging forward like a tidal wave, wanting to smash the reef into pieces!

This meant that these seemingly strong inhuman troops who should have been charging forward with indomitable will, with the madness brought about by the thick smell of blood, and borrowing the violent power bestowed by the demons, were just ordinary humans after all!

More than half of 3,000 half-demonized fanatics had lost in one charge! They were no longer able to charge forward at all.

Then, the elite Rhodok Heavy Footmen were already prepared and ready for battle!

Their broad shields were like a low wall, but at the gap and top of the low wall, sharp spears stabbed straight ahead, just like how they did in their daily training, stabbing forward in an orderly manner, without the slightest bit of delay.

The tip of the golden spear pierced through the muscles that were supposed to be harder than leather.

The black robe was tattered.

But the body underneath was pierced through by the tip of the spear.

Bright red with black blood flowing, the half-demonic fanatics who were still charging fell in groups in front of the low wall of the Rhodok soldiers. They screamed miserably and died in the end.

Their counterattack, the longswords and axes in their hands, could only knock on the broad shields like knocking on a door.

Other than the ear-piercing sound that reverberated through the space, there were only many traces left behind on the shields.

Of course, there were also the corpses of these fanatics. Layer by layer, they stacked up in front of the dense formation of the Rhodok soldiers. The miserable walls formed a small wall. The higher the walls were, the more people died!

The Rhodoks were never afraid of a head-on confrontation!

Compared to the cavalry's battle, they were much simpler with the helps from the mages and archers.

They had an advantage on the battlefield. Usually, before the wide shields were smashed, they could fight to the death with a few fanatics who had fallen into madness. Even the low walls formed by layers of wide shields could hold their ground.

It was really like defending a city. The fanatics could only break in after expending a large number of soldiers.

The dazzling golden weapons could cause damage to the fanatics.

It was also a fatal damage.

Rounds after rounds of Rhodok soldiers fought and blocked the fanatics.

The fanatics finally charged forward like they were in a battle to the death, like a millstone of flesh and blood.

Whoever feared and retreated would lose the war. This was the slaughterhouse of life, the place where the living would die. Whoever could truly control the East County would obtain the symbol of ultimate power!

Kant looked coldly at everything in front of him.

Sarrandian Cavalries were dying.

Rhodok footmen were dying.

And the enemy, the fanatics of the Crimson Sect were also dying.

But he did not continue to send reinforcements. He only had so many troops in his hands, but most of the troops fighting at the moment were still regular troops. The trump card troops that he had in his hands had not yet attacked.

For example, the Lion Knights, Royal Knights, and these mages who were ready to fight.

There was no order.

There was no action.

Because their Lord Kant was still waiting.

His gaze looked forward, through the noisy and chaotic battlefield.

Gibran was also staring at himself with his scarlet eyes, just like Kant was looking at him.

They were all waiting.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 428: The Demon Lord Appeared

They were waiting for the final battle.

Even now, the battle on the battlefield was extremely fierce. There were withered flowers of life everywhere. Fresh blood dyed the earth red, and the rich smell of blood turned this place into a living hell.

But in reality, the real climax of the battle had yet to arrive. Both sides were waiting.

Gibran watched coldly from the side.

He watched as the half-devil worshippers that he had painstakingly nurtured were slowly wiped out.

These fanatics, who could have easily defeated the East County's elite troops of nearly 10,000 people, were slowly grinded to death by Kant's troops like the millstones. Kant's troop crushing them head-on with large numbers.

Those half-devil knights were almost completely wiped out.

There was nothing they could do.

There were too many Sarrandian Horsemen surrounding this group of knights.

Mamlukes, Sarrandian Horsemen, and the desert bandits who rushed up from behind surrounded these knights. Even if they were risking their lives, the number of knights and knight attendants of these knights was greatly reduced.

Not to mention, there were also fanatic footmen who were being suppressed.

They did not have good defense to begin with.

Under that black robe, most of the defense was only leather armor. They did not even wear armor.

They were a group of fanatic believers gathered together. They held longsword and short-handled axe in their hands. Relying on the power given by the demons, they transformed into a terrifying half-demon status and fought with brute force and madness.

Under the frontal counterattack of the elite Rhodok Sergeants and Rhodok Veteran Spearmen, the fanatics suffered heavy casualties!

They were covered by a few rounds of rain of arrows.

They were also bombarded by two rounds of spells.

With the help of the defense and counterattack of the Rhodok soldiers, they were like porcupines.

The number of these fanatics decreased even faster, and the number of fanatics who died in battle also increased. In the end, they turned into corpses on the ground, and all of them died in the encirclement of layers upon layers.

These fanatics were not qualified army footmen, but they could be considered as excellent warriors.

All of them died in battle, but none of them fled.

They were extremely brave.

But Kant had a mocking smile on his face.

Of course, he understood that this was not true bravery, but an action that came from the madness and bloodlust in their hearts, they had completely lost their minds.

It was all because of that lonely figure who was still standing on the battlefield in the end.

Viscount Gibran.

It was all caused by him!

The blood mist was already extremely dense, because the ground outside Mountain of Death was already soaked in blood like a bottomless pit.

There were corpses everywhere, and the fresh blood that flowed out from the corpses was like a small river, like a small stream, like a puddle, like a swamp, and more like a hell that would sink forever!

The battle had temporarily ended with the Mountain of Death, where all the enemy troops had died.

Gibran was the only one left in the Crimson Sect.

He stood alone.

But no one dared to move forward because the thick blood mist seemed to be corporeal as it wrapped around his body. More and more of it piled up, as if it was a terrifying demon from hell.

Baheshtur retreated to Kant's side.

There were still more than a thousand desert bandits remained. They spread out and slowly swam around the battlefield.

Mamlukes and Sarrandian Horsemen, who had lost more than half of their men, also formed a charging formation. They aimed at Gibran from the side and waited for Kant's order to charge again.

This included the Rhodok people as well.

Broad shields and long spears formed a formation.

A low wall was formed.

Each of them was expressionless. They stepped on the corpses of their companions or fanatics under their feet and slowly moved toward Gibran. They formed a dense formation that they were most proud of.

Around them were the Rhodok Veteran Crossbowmen and the Ravenstern Rangers.

These crossbowmen spread out.

They formed a skirmish line tactics.

The heavy crossbows and battle bow in their hands were ready.

They could aim at Gibran, who was less than 300 meters away, at any time and cover him with rain of arrows.

If they wanted to, they could shoot directly now. After all, to these most elite crossbowmen, it was not a problem for them to shoot at a fixed target with a 300-meter distance away.

However, Kant did not give the order to attack.

He gripped the hilt of his sword tightly.

The Sword of King released a faint golden light.

A strong positive energy filled his heart and soul, and it faintly spread out to protect the surrounding troops, forming a seemingly solid force that seemed to want to crush Gibran.

However, a faint power from the underground made Gibran to preserve.

No.

To be more precise, it was a power that came from the towering and steep Mountain of Death behind him!

It was a power that came from the ground that had already turned into a muddy battlefield like a slaughterhouse. The countless corpses of the dead, the remaining resentful souls, the power that came from the media and was forced on Gibran!

Lord of Hell, Lord of sin, Master of Flames, Flensas!

Kant still remembered this title.

He would never forget it.

Because when Gibran mentioned this title, Kant understood that his real enemy was the demon lord of the Abyss who had been sealed underground in ancient times!

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, Whoosh..."

A gale blew.

It was a gale from Mountain of Death that appeared in the void.

However, this violent wind carried an extremely deep negative energy. It whistled towards the direction of Gibran, who was already entangled by the blood mist and was almost eight meters tall. Then, with a faintly discernible sinister smile, a figure appeared in the blood mist.

It was pitch-black in appearance, with a faint flame light and a ferocious goat horn.

"Abyssal demon." Kant spoke softly.

He was not unfamiliar with the figure that was rapidly taking shape in the blood mist.

Once in the ancient passage, he had led a still weak army to fight against the demon lord of the Abyss who had been sealed for ten thousand years and had just escaped not long ago. He had not received much replenishment.

And it was that battle that made Kant realize that this world was not that simple.

Now, he had encountered it again.

But it was not much different from before.

This demon might be powerful, but Kant's army was also much more powerful!

Fifty mages from the Enfath Empire.

Thirty Lion Knights from the Kingdom of Sarleon.

Twenty Royal Knights from the Kingdom of Swadia.

These top-tier extraordinary forces were the true elites who had completely exceeded the regular army. They were that Kant had brought over to

"Hahahaha --"

The terrifying figure broke free from the blood mist.

Or rather, the blood mist was evaporated. Waves of blazing blood-colored flames burned on the gigantic demon body. From the ferocious head of the goat horn to the thick legs, as well as the even longer tail that was still whipping the ground behind him.

And in his hand was holding a long whip that was formed from scarlet blood-colored flames.

The demon lord from Mountain of Death.

Flensas!

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 429: Flensas's Anger

"I've been imprisoned for more than 10,000 years..."

A deep and suppressed hoarse voice appeared in the blood-colored phantom.

As the blood mist dispersed, that sturdy body finally appeared in this world. Just looking at its ferocious appearance, one would feel the most primitive fear from their hearts. It was like facing the most ferocious terror, and that was indeed the truth.

The hell lord was a powerful race from the ancient times that could contend against the gods.

In fact, both sides had even fought to the point where both sides suffered heavy losses.

Hence, there was now a situation where many races were dominating this world.

It could be said that if it wasn't for the abyssal faction and the gods' factions, both sides would have fought to the very end and would have been at the end of their lives. They would no longer be as glorious and powerful as before. The many races that were enslaved would still do as they were supposed to do.

They would bow in the honor of the gods and offer their devout faith.

They would be filled with fear towards the shadow of the abyss and show their deepest respect.

There was no difference.

The gods needed the souls of living beings to become devout believers and build their divine kingdoms.

The demons needed the souls of living beings to turn into demonic worms to develop the abyss.

At that time, humans and other races were the subsidiary products of the gods and demons. They were not seen as living beings. They were a group of inferior servants and even food to those gods and demons.

This was also the reason why both sides were betrayed after their gruesome battle.

Humans were once the servants of the gods.

But after the betrayal, they became the dominant race in the world.

At least in this land, where the Resniston River flowed, the hegemony of humans was one of the strongest. Even the dwarf tribes in the distant south were afraid of the strength of the humans here.

There was not only the Dukedom of Leo here.

There were also kingdoms.

Silver Platter Kingdom, Iris Kingdom, River Bay Kingdom.

Each kingdom had several counties of land, hundreds of thousands of civilians and slaves.

As the pillar of the kingdom, there were the king's vassals, as well as the nobles under the vassals. They formed a powerful noble corps, including various knight corps and infantry corps formed by the nobles' vassals.

This was the military strength displayed by the human kingdom on the surface.

At the same time, it included hidden resources.

For example, the magic towers of various countries.

For example, the temple and the Holy Church.

For example, the academy of knowledge and the collection of books.

For example, the grand knight training center.

These were the true resources of the human kingdom. In fact, it was far better than the Dukedom of Leo, which had three counties. After all, it was the weakest force on the land that the Resniston River flowed through.

And now, it had fallen into a faint division, as well as years of internal strife and war!

Even without the invasion of the Silver Platter Kingdom, the Dukedom of Leo was plagued by internal and external problems.

Look at now.

At the foot of the most famous Mountain of Death in the East County.

A huge lord of hell, a legendary demon, had used Gibran's body to step onto the stage of history. He stood in front of the world and announced its existence!

However, no one in front of it was frightened, and no one even fled in fear.

There was still no expression on their faces.

They gripped their weapons tightly.

All of them calmly waited for the next order.

Because in everyone's hearts, the order from the Supreme Lord Kant could dispel the fear in their hearts. With a brazen and fearless heart, they would directly charge forward and fight against that eight-meter-tall giant creature!

Facing the so-called Lord of Hell or the abyssal demon, they had no emotions at all.

It was just a battle!

The people from the world of "Mount and Blade" had never been afraid of war.

Moreover, the mages from the Enfath Empire advanced forward.

The Royal Knights from the Kingdom of Swadia advanced forward.

The Lion Knights from the National Knight Corps from the Kingdom of Sarleon advanced forward.

Facing the so-called Lord of Hell, the Lord of Sin, Flame Master, Flensas, there was nothing to be afraid of. It was just a creature slightly stronger than them!

In the Pendor Continent, where the Kingdom of Sarleon was located.

In the world of "Wind of War", where the Enfath Empire was located.

There were creatures that even more terrifying than this lord of hell existed!

They had never been afraid of anything. Instead, they relied on the tenacity of the humans and forcefully fought their way out of the world that was surrounded by many powerful enemies. They were even the overlords of that world!

Now, it was just merely an abyssal demon, the Lord of Hell.

Why were they afraid of it?

Kant's lips curled into a smile. He could feel the monstrous aura of his troops surging.

It was like a huge wave, appearing in his troops and forming an aura. It whistled towards the hell lord, who was still grinning ferociously and waiting on the spot, as if he wanted to completely absorb the blood-colored mist.

This was the aura formed by combining the extraordinary power!

"Hu Hu hu --"

A gale swept over.

The blood-colored mist around the hell lord instantly dissipated.

It seemed to have finally noticed the human troops that were slowly approaching in formation. The red light in its eyes appeared to be blood-red. It shook the ten-meter-long flaming whip in its hand, and sparks crackled everywhere.

As the Lord of Hell Demons, the Lord of Sin, and the Master of Flame, Flensas was the supreme existence that controlled the flames of hell!

In the ancient times, when its combat power was at its peak, even the most powerful gods had to hide under its whip of flames, and the troops formed by groups of god's descendants was destroyed by it.

And now, the lowly humans also had the idea of daring to resist it.

This made Flensas snigger. "Interesting!"

"Indeed interesting." Kant nodded.

Those were the stories that originated from ancient times, and they were still passed down to the present day. The culture of this world had not been broken down.

Humans themselves were a civilization that had been passed down from the gods or the abyss. In other words, the gods or the abyss had been passed down to their descendants, and then passed down to the so-called spawns of humans. It was a civilization and culture that had been passed down from generation to generation.

After mixing with each other for ten thousand years, although the original stories had been lost and changed a lot, it could be still understood.

Kant was, after all, a scholar.

However, there was a smile at the corner of his mouth.

This interesting battle was definitely not a place for this hell demon to play around.

The gaze in his eyes gradually turned cold. He slowly pulled out the Sword of King and slowly pointed it forward. In a deep voice, he said, "All troops, attack!"

"Kill!" An orderly response appeared.

[Lord of the Oasis](#)

Chapter 430: The Gruesome Battle with the Demon

However, no one moved without permission.

Instead, they began to move according to the most common formation.

They were the most elite troops. After the bitter and frenzied battle with the fanatics just now, although many of the surviving soldiers were injured, they had also aroused the fierce killing intent in their hearts.

However, they all understood that rushing forward rashly would only be throwing away their lives and heads!

The first to attack were the archers, Rhodok Veteran Crossbowmen and the Ravenstern Rangers!

Five hundred soldiers quickly moved forward. They had poured arrows in the battle just now and did not engage in close combat, so there were no casualties. They could still shoot out the deadliest arrows in their hands.

As long as they were the long-ranged soldiers, they would have the advantage in the first-hand battle.

Moreover, they were also probing!

The heavy crossbows were drawn, and the battle bows were also drawn into a full moon.

Following the shouts of their respective captain, they pulled triggers and loosened fingers instantly shot out the steel crossbows and awl arrows that were ready like a storm. From a distance of more than 150 meters, they shot straight towards the Lord of Hell, the so-called flame whip, Flensas's head!

Looking at that huge body, the so-called chest and other vital parts were definitely not as lethal as the head. Eyes, ears, and throat were all the vital parts on the head!

The rain of arrows whistled past.

The air was filled with the sound of "whoosh" at extreme speed.

However, Flensas grinned hideously as it raised its flame whip and threw it forward with all its strength. As a red wall of flames instantly dispersed, the rain of arrows actually fell into pieces!

The tail of the awl arrow and the tail made of feathers were directly burnt to ashes.

The arrow had lost its tail feathers.

It was the same as losing the ability to control the direction.

All of the arrows scattered in all directions. These arrows did not fly in the straight line with beautiful arc. The rain of arrows had lost its effectiveness!

"Ridiculous."

Flensas grinned hideously as it moved forward.

To him, this was like hitting a bug.

However, before it could continue speaking, a series of black shadows with a red glow appeared in the curtain of fire at an extremely fast speed. In an instant, it was nailed to its face. A piercing pain caused the gigantic lord of hell to let out an angry howl.

"Roar —"

It felt pain!

It was a steel crossbow.

The arrowhead of the steel crossbow was naturally a steel armor-piercing arrowhead. The arrow shaft at the back was also made from excellent wood that had been meticulously carbonized.

The body of the crossbow was relatively short.

Hence, even though it had lost its tail feathers, it was still able to shoot straight forward.

This caused an effective damage.

However, the effect wasn't great.

A 30 cm long steel crossbow bolt was like a needle to this hell lord

Humans would not die even if they stuck a needle in it, let alone this hell lord whose vitality was even more tenacious. Instead, it charged forward in anger, swinging the whip of fire in its hand and running forward in anger.

It had already broken free from the seal for more than ten years, and it had already recovered part of its former strength!

A mere human army.

They were just courting death!

But even though it was approaching with quick steps, Kant's troop still did not retreat.

Instead, they stood firmly on the spot, looking at the huge figure and the tremors that appeared on the ground. It was like an earthquake, more like the tremors caused by the galloping of tens of thousands of cavalries!

Just the might of a single superior demon was already so terrifying.

If there were more than ten of them, or even dozens, hundreds, or even thousands of them! That was even more terrifying. They were the terrifying creatures that could go against the gods in the ancient time!

Even if the gods possessed powerful strength, they actually didn't have much of a chance of winning against this group of terrifying creatures. After all, after becoming gods, they were actually another kind of creature.

A powerful creature that had transcended the mortal world and focused on energy!

This was the rule of this world.

"Fire!" Kant's voice appeared.

He didn't let this terrifying hell demon continue to run forward.

With his order, rain of arrows, energy balls the size of coconuts appeared. They whizzed past and directly smashed towards the demon's body.

It was the magic balls spell cast by the mages of the Enfath Empire!

"Inferior toy!"

However, Flensas had no intention of dodging.

Instead, it crashed heavily into the energy balls. With the sound of explosions, the energy balls formed by the magic ball spell did not cause any damage at all.

“Magic immunity.” the mages had solemn expressions. Of course, they understood the reason.

“That’s right.” Kant nodded.

The demon he had met in the ancient passage had the same talent.

The skin of a demon was immune to magic. Ordinary low-level spells, such as magic ball or even fireball, were no harm to these demon lord. They were just like the paper balls and paper pieces that were blown by a breeze!

However, the mages of Kant did not only know low-level spells.

The war mages who came out of the world of “Wind of War”.

They were all powerful!

Undoubtedly, they were the butchers on the battlefield!

When facing the low-level troops, they naturally had low-level spells and group spells to deal with them.

As for high-level creatures, such as dragons, tree spirits, and even angels and demons, they naturally had their own ideas. For example, the highest-level single-target damage spell that the mages had mastered, Summoning Lightning!

“Group Acceleration!”

But the mages cast a new spell.

As a strong gust of wind surged, the surrounding soldiers, including themselves, felt as if their bodies were light. As long as they ran, their speed could be increased by nearly 100% or even higher!

Especially the archers, they were like light cavalry, shooting as they ran.

But the troops scattered.

They just happened to dodge the Flensas’s charge.

A regular troop class could only use their lives to deal with such high-level creature, and this did not mean that they were brainless in exchange for their lives. Certain tactics could also ensure that the casualties of these troop classes would be reduced, and the effect would be better.

Just like now, groups of Rhodok soldiers just happened to surround this demon.

Then, they launched their charge!

They wore heavy armor.

They held broad shields and long spears.

They ran forward step by step, fixing the hell demon in place at an extremely fast speed.

Of course, these Rhodok soldiers were also sent flying by the whips of fire. Even if they wore heavy armor, against the whip that was half a meter thick and blazing with flames, they didn't have much ability to resist.

Their wide shields were shattered, and even their armor was shattered.

As for their bodies, they were sunken.

They spat out large mouthfuls of blood as they convulsed and died.

However, the Rhodok soldiers did not care and continued to charge forward. Facing the huge foot that was lifted up and stepped on, they did not hesitate to stab with their spears and slash with their battle blades. Even if they had to die, they had to delay and let this devil of hell stay on the spot for a few seconds.

Because right behind them, in front of the magic staff, 50 bolts of terrifying lightning had already appeared!

“Summon Lightning!”