

The Truth 681

Chapter 681 The lucky son

Capital of the Azil Giants tribe - Inside the only building still standing, the Tribe Leader's palace

Drop

A drop of sweat escaped from Dawoodar's forehead and fell to the ground, breaking the deadly silence in the place

Dawoodar looked where the drop of sweat fell, but he could not look down because of his thick beard and the huge muscles of his chest and shoulders!

The body of the tribal leader, Dawoodar, who used to brag about its greatness and that it looked like a moving mountain, the body that exploded with power, prestige, and authority that knew no limits!! ...Dawoodar can no longer use it to raise the cup of water in front of him to drink. Two days have passed and he has been looking at that cup, but he cannot force his body to move to take it.

Since the appearance of hills of corpses around the capital, Dawoodar has entered this room and never left it again. He eats one meal every few weeks and defecates in one of the corners of the room. He does not want to see anyone or let anyone see him.

His crazy shouts at his followers and his attempt to find Richard all of this ended. He no longer said a word and no longer allowed anyone to enter his room to say anything, he isolated himself to the point that everyone in that afflicted city began to forget his existence little by little.

They all knew that he was broken.

They just don't know how far...

But to be fair, this is not his problem alone, but it can be generalized to the entire northern region

Hundreds of thousands of years have passed since the second Heaven's Chosen was killed and the spoils were distributed to 12 northern tribes, the same tribes that exist today.

This means that for hundreds of thousands of years, the twelve tribes were content with a race to arm and strengthen themselves in order to outwardly deter the rest and preserve their standing, while at the same time avoiding any direct clash with each other and contenting themselves with some schemes here and there.

So in terms of personal strength, economic power, and equipment availability, any tribe from the north can fight the entire eastern region on its own, but in terms of personal experiences and mental strength, they are not that strong.

There are those who are not satisfied with this kind of life and decide to separate from their tribes and live their own experiences like that person roaming the mountain, but the number of these people is very small.

As for Dawoodar, the lucky son, he did not have such inclinations.

Since Daoudar was born as the first son of the former tribal leader, everyone knew his future in advance, and he actually followed in the set footsteps without deviating: he grew up to be an arrogant young master who flaunted his father's authority and indulged in pleasures. He was given the best resources to draw body-strengthening divine tattoos, and naturally, he had the right to use the fourth stage of body strengthening divine tattoo after news of the *death* of one of the tribe's Martial Emperors due to a muscle explosion, and this opened a new door for him to indulge in more pleasures.

Naturally, he was appointed prince of the tribe, took control of its affairs, and began to compete with the princes of the rest of the tribes in management and cunning. Then, in turn, he began to have many sons to support him after he became the leader, and indeed his prescribed path led him in the end to be the leader of one of the twelve tribes! ...And then he sank into pleasures a little further.

When he found out that Richard was the mastermind for all this, and one of his uncles who was at the party reminded him of what he had done to Richard's mother, he felt extremely angry!

Is that all? Is this the reason for all the kidnappings and killing of his grandchildren? Is this the reason for the destruction of the tribe? Human female?!

How could that lowly being kill even one giant because of another lowly being?!

He was really angry, he really couldn't comprehend... How could a human being accept the news of his son being killed and his house burning at the hands of a chicken, because he ate an egg?!

But his anger was like a pebble thrown on a mountain, small and useless in comparison to Richard's anger, which he expressed in the hill of corpses, the hill that had broken Dawoodar and silenced him some time ago.

Who would have expected that one of his pleasures would be the cause of his downfall? How could he have expected that the incident of messing with a random lowly human, that he had forgotten on the same night, would lead a tribe that had survived for hundreds of thousands of years to this state? If he had known then what would happen later, he would have eaten his children instead of her, but what good would regret do now?

A person with a harsh past and experiences of failure would have risen from this ordeal and tried to find a solution, but not Dawoodar, not the person who throughout his life experienced one success after another, the person who walked the line and did not deviate from it.

His sons outside are trying to burn these corpses or bury them because their appearance is destructive to morale and causes the spread of diseases, but the human Martial Emperors do not allow them. Richard issued an order that these corpse hills must remain in their place, and they indeed remained for months now.

Other Martial Emperors tried to find a way to get out and bring some food, and some of them tried to communicate with Richard to accept the terms of surrender, whatever they were, and some tried to think of plans to get out of this cursed city.

While Dawdar is still in his room, his mind unable to work.

knock *knock*

"Your Majesty!! Urgent report! Please open, Your Majesty!!!" A frightening sound came from outside the voice, and its owner began knocking on the door forcefully

Dawoodar furrowed his eyebrows slightly. He really wanted to shout at that guy and then get up and strangle him to death because he was disturbing the peace of His Majesty, but no sound came out of his mouth, and he did not feel the strength in his feet to get up from his seat, so he just ignored him.

What will the knocker say, for example? What worse could have happened?

Perhaps it was one of the food search missions and they came back chased as usual, or perhaps another epidemic spread among the soldiers due to the spread of corpses, or perhaps the soldiers discovered that they had been eating each other all this time? It doesn't matter.. nothing matters anymore.

"Your Majesty, please we need you, there are thirty Human Emperors who suddenly appeared and started fighting with your sons and the rest of our Martial Emperors outside!!" Al-Tariq's voice began to grow more frightening, The sound of explosions outside almost covered his voice

"..." But Dawoodar maintained his silence. What's new? They are surrounded from all sides and the rest of the giant tribes have abandoned them. It is normal for them to receive attacks. What is the worst that could happen? They die? He sees no difference between death and this life.

Secondly, an attack from only thirty human Martial Emperors does not seem like a large number worth leaving his room...

"Your Majesty? Your Majesty, do you hear me?!" the man outside started screaming more, but he did not find a response. He looked down, squeezing, not knowing what to do. Then he remembered something and shouted again, "Richard is outside, he is the one leading the attack!!!"