

Legion lich 91

Chapter 91 Rescue

Kastil waved his hand and spheres made of light less than an inch long appeared around the bud, before breaking the sound barrier and accurately hitting the forehead of each of the traitors. Despite their absurd speed, they dodged any obstacle and killed all of their targets in an instant, showing not just the raw power, but the fine control Kastil had over magic.

“With that, all these traitors must be dead. The mastermind behind it all must have known that such an attack would be futile, there must be another objective. The question is how did they know I would be distracted today?” Kastil wondered aloud, her anger almost palpable.

A third wave of purple spheres appeared around the bud, causing Kastil to click her tongue in irritation. He was about to conjure the orbs of light again, when a purple orb appeared behind him. Sensing that the main enemy had finally arrived, Kastil conjured up all the spheres of light around him. before shooting the purple orb starting to disappear.

Kastil held back his power by being in a closed environment within his own body, but the attack would still have been enough to turn a lesser dragon into Swiss cheese. Strangely, the spheres of light passed through the target as if it were a mirage.

Kastil raised an eyebrow in confusion and turned to face the enemy. The enemy was wearing full armor made of intricately carved white wood. Elves, regardless of whether they were dark elves or high elves, did not use metals to make weapons or armor, but used magical wood with which they had the most affinity.

Translucent magic stones glowed with energy on his chest, shoulders and the backs of his hands. The wooden gauntlets in his hand were the most striking, the knuckles ending in flattened spikes, more like a blunt weapon than a piercing weapon.

“Who are you? How did you get through my magic?” Kastil asked, mostly to himself.

‘The purple sphere must have teleported my magic. I attacked the moment the teleportation took place, so it’s possible.’ Kastil thought, clicking her tongue in disappointment as she conjured another attack.

The unknown enemy rushed towards him, their footsteps leaving a trail of destruction on the wooden floor. The spheres of light appeared around Kastil again before being fired, but a purple glow spread across the enemy and he teleported behind kastil.

.....

“It’s useless, you won’t be able to reach me.” The spheres of light turned around and flew towards the enemy, hitting his body in an instant. This time, Kastil was sure the attack would hit him.

But much to his shock, the spheres of light were absorbed by the wooden armor, increasing the armor’s power rather than damaging it. Kastil was shocked and froze for a second, a second the enemy didn’t miss.

Stepping forward, he landed a right punch to Kastil's jaw, sending his face back hard. A shock wave swept through the midwives' corpses, but Kastil only took a step back, the punch leaving only a small scratch on her face. But his ego was badly hurt.

"How dare you hit a God in the face??" Kastil yelled furiously, trying to rip the enemy's head off with his left hand, but he ducked despite the speed of the attack, before delivering a left uppercut to his chin, followed by a front kick to his solar plexus.

Kastil jumped back, reaching the other side of the room in an instant while glaring at the enemy. He didn't understand how a mere mortal could hit his avatar 3 times. He had sent most of the avatar's energy back to the bud, but he should still be superior no matter what layer of life this unknown enemy was on.

"I'm going to ask one last time, who the hell are you?" Kastil asked as he tried to stall for time. A fourth wave of elves had teleported outside the sprout and the royal guards were busy fighting them.

Individually they were superior, but there were only 100 of them as the high elves kept appearing. Furthermore, the high elves did not engage in melee combat and cast ranged magic focused on the bud, forcing the royal guards to defend it as Kastil was focused on the enemy in front of him.

"I thought you would recognize my fighting style, but it seems you never bothered to research the families of the people you destroyed. Do you recognize me now?" The man spoke in a husky voice that Kastil found familiar, before the helmet's visor popped open to reveal the face of Selena's father.

"As an old retiree just waiting to die how did you manage to hit me twice?" The anger and humiliation in Kastil's mind only increased upon discovering the enemy's identity. In her mind, Selena's father was just a helpless carcass with its days numbered, but the man in front was a battle-hardened warrior with the vigor of an entire battalion.

"That's because you're weak. You're used to crushing others with raw power, so your skills are on the same level as an amateur." Selena's father mocked him, making the veins on Kastil's forehead pop.

"Me, weak? Let's see how long you can say that." Kastil tried to absorb the sprout's amber energy, but the constant arrows of darkness tainted the sprout, forcing it to either stop or suffer. The ebony arrows had melted wherever they hit and drew the darkness of the world energy that poisoned him.

The amber energy was balancing the darkness, but Kastil couldn't move more energy into the avatar without poisoning himself. Also, new ebony arrows were being fired continuously, so it was only a matter of time before he needed to send more energy to avoid being poisoned.

'Parasitic ebony, huh. He brought a troublesome plant. The seeds of this plant grow inside other plants, using the darkness to drain their host trees of vitality while poisoning them. I thought I had extinguished these things from the sea of trees, how did this old man get his hands on it?' Kastil wondered.

"Do you really think I didn't prepare myself before I came here? You're free to take the energy back as much as you want, but only if you don't care what happens to the little sprout." Selena's father continued to mock Kastil.

"The energy I have now is more than enough to kill a nobody like you!" Kastil conjured a small padded orb from within and placed the baby inside, before jumping against it. Kastil still didn't understand why

this old man was immune to his magic, but he was sure that just one punch would be more than enough to kill him.

"Thanks for being so stupid, you asshole!" Selena's father laughed, his expression changing from anger to ridiculous. Kastil didn't understand the reason for his change, until he felt two purple spheres appearing in the room. A dark elf and an high elf came out of the spheres, before holding Selena's unconscious body and the sphere of light where the baby was.

They stashed the empty purple crystal in their pockets and paid for another nearly full one, before feeding them what little mana they had, quickly teleporting and running away.

"NO!" Kastil yelled angrily, realizing his mistake. He tried to turn the outer part of the sphere into spikes to kill the elf, but he had already teleported and was beyond his reach.

Selena's dad took advantage of that moment of distraction and landed a punch in the ribs, followed by a kick to the temple that threw his head against the sprout's floor.

"Fuck! You old shit, I'll rip you to shreds along with your whole shit family!" Kastil yelled furiously as he swept his fist trying to hit him, but Selena's father had already retreated.

"Do you really think my family is still in the sea of trees? You've been so busy sitting on your own dick on that throne that you didn't even notice almost the entire family of a duke disappearing." Selena's dad said, a smile spreading across his face as he realized he didn't need to buy any more time.

"What are you laughing at, old man?" kastil asked suspiciously, not wanting to recklessly approach the old man anymore. He didn't want to admit it, but Selena's father's moves were much better than his, despite the fact that he was physically superior.

"No, I'd love to stay and fight you, but I've already accomplished my goal. See you never again, you shit." Selena's dad flipped him the middle finger, a purple glow starting to envelop him.

"You will not run away!" Kastil yelled, pointing her hand in his direction and firing a 5 meter icy light cannon. Even if the old man somehow absorbed his magic, the cold would still turn him into a frozen corpse.

Unfortunately for him, the old man also had an affinity for water. He conjured a thin layer of ice around his body that acted like an igloo, keeping the temperature around his body at a bearable level.

Seeing this, Kastil jumped at him, his pride refusing to accept that he would be defeated without landing a single blow. Kastil pulled his arm back as soon as he got in front of him and punched him with all his might, but the old man grabbed him by the wrist and threw a shoulder throw, throwing him with all his might against the ground.

"Don't you get tired of proving to me how stupid you are? You shouldn't have jumped on someone about to teleport." The old man laughed as he tightly gripped Kastil's arm as stepped on his back, preventing him from getting up. The purple glow enveloped them both and they both disappeared, leaving only a hole in the ground where they were originally.

Chapter 92 Fight no, slaughter

They quickly teleported and appeared in what appeared to be a desert. The purple sphere disappeared in the next instant, severing the connection between Kastil and her true body. Kastil felt her soul being ripped in two, a pain so strong her mind blanked for a second, unable to bear it.

“ARGHHH!” Kastil screamed in pain, but Selena’s father didn’t give him time to think. He used his superior position to kick Kastil in the back of the head, sinking his head into the sand and making him eat a mouthful of sand.

He grabbed the back of Kastil’s neck in a steel claw and lifted her, before slamming her head against the floor repeatedly. The blow raised a cloud of dust, but Selena’s father wasn’t satisfied with it.

“Even if I destroy your avatar here, you won’t die, but that doesn’t mean I’ll let you get away easily. I’ll make you go through at least 1% of what my daughter had to go through.” He spoke in anger and frustration.

Although the hateful enemy who had hurt his daughter was at his mercy, he was unable to kill him. That frustration consumed his mind and increased the force of his blow. It was a well-known fact that a spirit would not die, even if its avatar was dragged to the opposite side of the world.

They would suffer immense pain and all the energy carried by the avatar would be lost, but that was it. Their consciousness would be moved back into their bodies once the avagares were destroyed.

“Enough!” Kastil screamed, releasing a shock wave that swept through her surroundings and swept Selena’s father away. Selena’s father twisted his body in the air like a cat and landed on his feet, causing Kastil to question his age for the umpteenth time.

Kastil staggered to her feet, cracks appearing on her face and slowly spreading to her neck. Amber energy leaked from his eyes like blood, but he glared at Selena’s father.

“I’m going to kill you. I swear I’m going to kill you, you old shit!!” Kastil screamed.

.....

“You keep calling me old this, old that, don’t tell me you don’t remember my name?” Selena’s father steadied his stance as he spoke, positioning his fists as if he were a boxer.

“Since when does a farmer waste his time naming his cattle?” Kastil spat the amber energy that flowed into her mouth and tried to mimic his posture, but her movements were clearly clumsy and amateurish. Kastil has always relied on her magic, considering physical fighting something only barbarians would do.

“You’re right. From your point of view, I’m just cattle, aren’t I? But I want you to know my name, so when you get back, you’ll know the name of the man who kicked your ass into oblivion. I’m Trevor Elfidis Elven, the father of the girl you abused.” Trevor ran toward Kastil as soon as he finished speaking, his fists shaking as he demanded blood.

Trevor got in front of Kastil in 2 steps, before pulling his right arm back and punching Kastil in the face. Kastil crossed her arms in front of her face as she reflexively closed her eyes, but the punch was just a faint and Trevor punched her in the ribs with his left.

Kastil was pushed nearly 10 meters, his feet digging reeds into the ground, but that was the full extent of the damage. He lunged forward while punching Trevor in the face, but the latter tapped his wrist lightly and redirected the thrust of the blow away and punched his right eye with all his might.

This time, he used the magnetic marking skill, causing the mana on the surface of his fist to cling to Kastil's face upon impact. Kastil tried to grab Trevor in a bear hug, trying to trap him to use his superior physical prowess to his advantage.

Trevor easily read her movements and used the boost ability to jump out of her reach. Still in the air, he reached out and pointed at Kastil's face while pulling his left fist back, propelling himself towards Kastil as the latter forcibly raised his head.

Trevor went down like a bullet while Kastil still tried to resist the pull, hitting his nose squarely, spreading out his nose against the face and exploding a shower of condensed amber energy instead of blood. Kastil was forced to his knees under the weight of the blow, a cloud of sand forming around him as a crater formed at his feet.

"You old shit!" Kastil yelled, his nose quickly snapping back into place. As his body was made of energy, a thought was all it took to mend any wounds, but he lost energy every time he was hit and again when he healed, reducing his physical prowess while widening the power gap between them..

Kastil tried to get up, but Trevor grabbed his head with both hands and pulled him down while kneeing him with the heavy hit skill. The shock wave threw him into the air before falling and rolling across the floor several times.

He hurriedly stood up as he spat out a mouthful of sand, but Trevor was already on his tail again, kicking your mouth open and making Kastil taste how bitter the boots tasted. Trevor put all of his weight on the foot, forcing Kastil's chin against the floor.

Kastil angrily glared at Trevor and pointed at him, conjuring a sandstorm that forced Trevor to retreat. The mana contained in the sand was absorbed the moment it touched his armor, but his vision became blocked within the sandstorm and it entered through the slits in his helmet, making it difficult for him to breathe.

Kastil didn't want to waste energy knowing that it would only serve to improve the enemy, but he needs a few seconds to breathe. The cracks on his face had increased in size and now spread to his chest. The avatar continually leaked energy and would soon be destroyed, but it refused to be destroyed without landing a single attack.

"You'll pay for stepping on a God's pride like that." Kastil started to threaten him, but Trevor angrily cut him off.

"Step on your pride? You dare say that shit in front of me after what you did to my daughter? After turning her into a toy just to satisfy your own sick desire? I'm going to crush so much more than just the your pride!" Trevor screamed in anger, clenching his fists in anger and frustration.

He knew how rotten Kastil was inside, but he still let Selena go. He needed time to organize something as big as a riot and a rescue operation, but the guilt of knowing the abuse his daughter was suffering and not being able to do anything still weighed heavily on his heart.

“You lesser beings should be grateful to receive the attention of a superior being like me. If Selena had chosen to stand by my side, she would have become a queen, become immortal, and ruled the entire continent. But she chose a mere man, inferior to me in every way, so all I did was show her the power she discarded.

You are the same. Your family would have become royalty once my wedding to Selena was done. His authority and influence would have increased and with it the position of all the high elves in the realm. All you had to do was put your heads down and everyone would have benefited from it.

Now, I will kill your whole family left in Evergreen and the high elves will be branded traitors and made slaves.” Kastil’s smile widened the more he spoke, imagining Trevor would start screaming his indignation and rage, but his expression didn’t change.

“Fuck this.” It was the only answer he gave.

“Which?” Now it was Kastil’s turn to be shocked.

“As you heard, fuck that. You were so busy waiting for the birth of my grandson that you didn’t notice, but the families of my subordinates, as well as everyone close to me or who participated in the attack, were moved to the border.

The suicide soldiers who attacked the sprout were soldiers who had lost people they loved through their selfishness and were willing to die as long as it hurt them.

And as for my family and the other high elves, I couldn’t care less what happens to them. My family abandoned my daughter in her darkest hour, so I decided to do the same for them. As for the citizens, I feel bad for them, but I am a father before a duke and if I had to sacrifice them to save my daughter, I would do it a thousand times without hesitation.” Trevor spoke resolutely, his expression unchanging even as he spoke of the death of its people.

Kastil heard the truth in Trevor’s voice and realized that he truly valued his family above his people. Kastil tried to say something else, but the cracks widened even more and his body began to turn to dust. The amber energy and the constant damage pushed him to a limit and the use of magic was the final straw.

“Looks like my time is up. I’ll admit I lost this time, but I’ll mark you, old man. I’ll hunt you down. I’ll wash away this humiliation with your blood-” Kastil tried to make a villain speech, but Trevor paid him no attention and blew his head off with a punch.

Chapter 93 Exiled

“Save your speeches for someone who cares about them.” That was all Trevor said, before he beat Kastil all over his body. He knew that avatars wouldn’t be destroyed just by having their heads destroyed, so it was a necessary measure.

...Although he admits the main reason was to vent.

Trevor used the mana vision to confirm that the energy had fully dissipated and kastil’s signature had disappeared, before finally relaxing. He immediately dropped to his knees on the floor, feeling his core

almost empty. The magic stones in the armor were also nearly empty, their translucent glow nowhere to be seen.

“Shit.” Trevor quickly removed the breastplate of his armor and ripped the linen shirt he wore underneath, revealing his bare chest. On the right side of its body, a green branch replaced one of its ribs. Trevor removed his own belt and bit into it, before grabbing the branch with both hands and pulling.

“...!” A silent scream escaped his lips as he plucked the branch deeply rooted in his body. blood gushed like a fountain as he fell to the ground and writhed in pain. He removed the gauntlet from his left hand, revealing a ring with a purple crystal and a translucent magic stone.

With a thought, the mana in the magic stone flowed into the purple crystal and a purple glow appeared in his hand, before a glass bottle appeared. He quickly opened it and poured it into the wound, his expression softening as the pain lessened.

“Huff...huff. I’m too old to do these things.” Trevor lay on the bloodstained floor, too tired to care about appearances. The fight with Kastil was simple and easy, but the burden on his old body was enormous.

And responsible for that was the bloody branch in his hand, a branch from the sprout of Yggdrasil. When the young kastil recklessly created the sea of trees, he was forced to support the entire forest alone, but the sprout itself suffered from it.

Its leaves withered and its branches fell off, its bark becoming dry and brittle. Kastil felt a deep shame of his state and used light magic to create an illusion of a strong healthy sprout, while ordering everyone who knew of his state to keep silent about it.

.....

As they were in a period of war, with constant invasions by the demihumans trying to reclaim their lands, everyone agreed that it was necessary to maintain a strong appearance to keep morale high. But the dukes’ families knew Kastil’s personality and saw that sprout’s moment of weakness as an opportunity.

Taking advantage of the moments when Kastil’s focus was on the front lines, they gathered dead twigs or leaves, the kind he wouldn’t feel if removed, and studied them for weaknesses in the sprout.

They would be executed if they were caught studying the sprout, but all the dukes’ families had bases outside the sea of trees as an outpost to counter the invaders, so they used them to conduct their experiments.

This branch was the result of experiments carried out by the Elven family. They managed to turn the twig into a kind of parasite by mixing it with parasitic ebony, but it would need a host and a constant flow of mana to keep it under control and prevent it from killing the host.

As long as it was fueled with mana, the twig would change the host’s energy signature to the same signature as the sprout and its parasite trait would drain all the mana contained in Kastil’s spells, but it was considered a failed product.

With all the sprout's power, all their avatar had to do was slap it to turn the twig's host to pulp, so they just kept the twig's secret in the minds of Elven house chiefs.

Trevor also thought of the branch as a failed product, until on one of his expeditions he got his hands on teleportation crystals. It was then that he had the idea of separating the spirit from the sprout, but he had no reason to put such a plan into practice.

The sprout was still needed to keep the sea of trees and the sea of trees was needed to keep the country safe. Kastil was a necessary evil for the good of the people, but what he did to Selena was unforgivable.

Trevor mobilized all the subordinates he trusted, the ones he trained to be loyal to him and not Kastil, and initiated the rescue of Selena. He also arranged for the families of his subordinates to be moved out of the sea of trees.

At the same time, he came into contact with former soldiers and mages who held a grudge against the sprout, those who had lost people they loved in one of Kastil's rages or for some stupid reason, and turned them into the suicide soldiers who attacked the sprout.

He spent the months during Selena's pregnancy teaching them about teleportation crystals and how to use them. It was a massive operation that would shake the entire Evergreen realm, but Trevor couldn't care less. His daughter was more important than anything.

As he breathed heavily, a hooded shadow revealed itself seemingly out of nowhere right beside him. The hooded person carried the sleeping little baby in her arms, using ice magic to make the temperature around the baby pleasant despite the scorching heat of the desert they were in.

"Did you win? Or did you just survive?" The hooded shadow asked with the voice of an old lady.

"Yes, but I didn't hit him as much as I wanted to. The energy in him was less than I expected and he disintegrated before I could give him a piece of my mind." Trevor said still lying on the floor, enjoying the shadow the hooded figure was casting.

"That's good. I would have killed you myself if I'd let that bastard get away without a scratch. Or should I say as expected from the fists of destruction." The lady spoke sarcastically, recalling Trevor's shameful nickname when he was younger.

The lady removed her hood and revealed her face, a mischievous smile plastered on her face. She was an elderly high elf, clearly distinguished from a common elf by her unusually long ears. Ordinary elves had ears only a little longer than a human's, after all.

"I would have killed myself myself if that happened. Also, don't remember my shameful past, you know how stupid I was back then. Now if you're done laughing, help me up. My old bones aren't what they used to be, and I'm exhausted." Trevor growled at her, half joking, half serious. The lady just waved her hands, conjuring up a gale that lifted Trevor from the ground before turning and walking away from the battlefield.

"How many managed to escape?" Trevor asked after a few minutes of walking in silence.

“Approximately 15,000 made it. They are still arriving as we speak, so the numbers should increase.” His wife replied.

“What about the suicide soldiers?” Trevor asked, wanting to make sure none of them continued the attack after the rescue ended and they threw their lives away in vain.

“They came to talk to me just before we started the attack. They thanked us for the chance to get revenge and that they no longer had any desire to live without the people they lost. The only reason they didn’t commit suicide was that their dead family members wouldn’t want that and that the chance to take revenge on Kastil and rescue a part of the citizens was the perfect excuse to leave this world.”

“...I understand.” Was all Trevor said.

They walked the rest of the way, well, his wife walked while he was just being carried, until they saw in the distance a makeshift camp with thousands of elves. The soldiers saluted them as soon as they arrived, but the mood among the families was grim. They were not told about Kastil’s true personality so from their point of view, they were forced to leave all the life they had built behind them for no apparent reason.

Trevor was carried into their midst, before he gathered all the high elves around him and explained Kastil’s true personality and why they needed to flee the sea of trees. At first, people rejected his words like the ramblings of a mad old man, but with his relatives affirming his words, they had no choice but to accept.

But that came with another problem. What should they do now? Unprotected by the sea of trees and completely exiled, it was only a matter of time before the resources they brought with them ran out and they died of starvation or dehydration in the desert heat.

“Don’t worry, we can survive even in these arid lands. There are people who live here and they are more than willing to receive us.” Trevor said to calm the panic that almost ensued among the population.

Before anyone could say anything, the wind carried the sound of a horn. The people were alarmed and the soldiers drew their weapons, but Trevor yelled for them to stop. In the distance, a small army appeared.

They were an army composed of heavily armed orcs, mounted on crystal-horned rhinos. They marched until they reached the front of the camp, before splitting up and making way for their leader to pass. He was mounted on a rhino twice the size of the others, standing out among the rest.

He dismounted from his mount before entering the camp, people quickly making way for him. His tyrannical nearly 3 meters tall body, along with numerous battle scars over his body and protruding lower fangs gave him the aura of a mighty warrior few would have the courage to face.

He wore only ripped leather pants, proudly showing off his muscles. On his back, a two-headed war ax with a red-hot blade almost the same size as he rested, just waiting for the moment when it could spill blood.

Chapter 94 A new beginning

Trevor found him, his body fully recovered after drinking potions of healing and mana regeneration. They stared at each other for a while, tension building between all who watched. The size difference between them made the elves fearful, but their next actions were totally anticlimactic.

“Grork/Trevor!” They screamed at the same time, before hugging each other and slapping on each other’s backs. The force of the slaps continued to increase, until they were so strong that the wind pressure of each blow lifted the sand off the ground.

“Stop, stop, stop! I surrender, my old carcass is no longer the same as before.” Trevor yelled as he pushed Grork away, lightly rubbing the place where he hit.

“Haha, don’t use age as an excuse. I was always stronger, even when you were still active on the front lines.” Grork spoke in elven as he flashed a wild smile that all the dumbfounded elves had mistaken for aggression, but it was as friendly as an orc’s facial muscles would allow.

“There’s not much I can do, is there? Against a warrior race like the orcs, there’s very little an elf like me can do to physically fight.” Trevor clicked his tongue in mock indignation, but his face quickly broke into a sincere smile. “It’s good to see you buddy.”

“Yeah, good to see you.”

“Have the two idiots finished greeting each other? People are waiting for an explanation.” Trevor’s wife interrupted the two, sighing in exasperation.

“Malena!” Grork finally noticed her and hugged her tightly. He was about to give her a friendly pat on the back, a common orc greeting, but she kicked him in the balls with perfect timing, using the moment he lifted her into the air to maximize the damage.

“Geh!” Grork released her and dropped to his knees on the floor. making strange sounds while holding the crown jewels. He glared evilly at Malena, but the latter ignored him and turned to the elves watching their interaction intently.

.....

“This idiot is called Grork Gor, and he is the leader of Clan Gor. We will be joining your clan from today. I know many of you may have a lot of questions, but I hope you understand that this is necessary for our survival. We are no longer in the safety of the sea of trees, we are now in wild lands, the deserts of the south.”

The elves around them exclaimed in fear. The sea of trees covered the entire East, but the entire south was covered by deserts and savannas, known to humans as demihuman territory, but the elves knew better. No race dared to claim the deserts, for none of them had the power to do so.

The demihuman races were the only intelligent tribes that inhabited this place, but much of the territory was wild lands dominated by monsters. Most of the monsters in the tree sea were eradicated and the few that remained were used for training by the elves.

“Don’t worry. We’ll take care of you and teach you how to survive in the desert. It was the deal I made with Trevor and an orc always honors his promises.” Grork recovered quickly and spoke confidently,

striking a bodybuilder's pose and proudly displaying his biceps, as if to prove he had the strength to protect them.

Orcs were simple creatures who valued strength above anything else, so their muscles were their greatest pride and how they measured the beauty of their partners. Unfortunately for him, elves had slender, thin bodies, so the poses he was striking made him look stupid and unreliable.

"Don't worry. He may look stupid and have a face only a mother could love, but believe me when I say there is no one more reliable than him to guide us through the wilderness." Trevor spoke as he nudged Grork in the side with his elbow to stop it.

There was still some suspicion in the elves' eyes, but there wasn't much they could do. Trevor was about to say that they should prepare to travel to meet the rest of Clan Gor, when Grork stepped forward, his playful, relaxed air nowhere to be seen.

"We will protect you, but that doesn't mean you can just sit on your thumbs while you enjoy our hard work. We will welcome you as part of our clan, but in our clan those who don't work don't eat. Everyone must contribute something, or will be expelled and will have to survive on their own in the desert." Grork spoke seriously, making most elves think they ran from one tyrant only to find another.

"What he meant is that everyone will have work when they arrive in the clan. Orcs are excellent fighters, but with the rare exception when one of them is born with a body of mana, they are incapable of using magic, even with the use of magic wands. They cannot create enchanted items, forcing them to loot or trade with other clans to obtain enchanted items which are most often not appropriate for orcs to use.

Also, even though my friend here is kind of stupid, he's still one of the smartest among the orcs. Jobs that require subtlety rather than brute force are nightmares for orcs, to the point where they'd rather fight hordes of monsters empty-handed than do desk work." Trevor spoke up.

Grork nodded heavily, despite the fact that he was being called stupid right to his face. Orcs hated to use their heads, except to strike their enemies, so knowing just how to speak and basic math was more than enough for them. Orcs like Grork who learned a second language were considered a genius who was only born every 100 years.

"The desert has a great concentration of world energy and is rich in magical resources, but food is scarce and the land is unsuitable for agriculture, so the main way to obtain food is from hunting. We will provide our technology and elven engineering, while they will supply us with the manpower. Does everyone understand?" Trevor asked, but people were too confused by the big change in their lives and decided to just wait and see.

"Fine, let's go." Grork yelled aloud, mounting his crystal rhino again and urging people to follow him.

Life with Clan Gor wasn't as bad as the high elves initially hoped. They mostly lived in tents made from monster skins or makeshift huts, which was a sharp drop in quality compared to the tall trees, but it couldn't be avoided.

Like most species, the Gor clan was nomadic and constantly changing, fleeing elemental storms and waves of raging monsters, something that would be considered a catastrophe in human countries, was a common occurrence.

They bred Desert Wildebeest, one of the few herbivorous monster species that existed in the desert. They were treated as much for food as they were for carrying heavy materials, but their numbers were insufficient to feed the entire clan, particularly with the addition of the high elves.

The orcs were incredibly friendly and warmly welcomed the elves. For an orc, his clan was his family and all members were brothers and the patriarch's decisions were absolute. The moment Grork gave the go-ahead to the elves, they became family.

The high elves found it strange how friendly the races they considered barbaric and violent were, but soon the strangeness faded and most of them reassessed what they had always taken for granted.

The high elves actively contributed in various fields such as runesmith, alchemy and magic; making the orcs sigh in admiration more than once and making life much easier for the entire clan. Using the desert's abundant magical resources, the high elves created countless enchanted weapons for orcs.

The orcs initially found weapons made of wood strange, but when it was proved that the weapons were as hard as those made of metal, if not better, they gladly accepted them. Potions allowed them to create poisons and alchemical items that made hunting easier, as well as potions with various effects to improve orcs.

Healing magic allowed the orcs to stop relying on their body's natural healing, greatly increasing their survival rate while water magic allowed them to get water without relying on oases. High elves who lacked the ability to use mana were given administrative jobs as accountants and scribes, prompting orcs who previously held this role to shed tears of gratitude.

As for the Elven family, Selena woke up a few hours after they were reunited with the orcs and panicked while looking for her son, until Trevor appeared with the baby and calmed her down.

It took some time for Trevor and Malena to convince Selena that they had managed to escape Kastil, but she was forced to believe it when her feet touched the soft desert sand, something that would be impossible to see in the sea of trees, when she saw the partying orcs, a barbaric race that Kastil forbade the sea of trees, and when she closed her eyes and didn't feel Kastil's sickly gaze watching her.

When Selena finally realized that she was no longer trapped in the yggdrasil sprout, it was as if all the emotions she had kept to herself flowed like a burst dam and she began to cry compulsively, but it was from joy. Her parents hugged her as they shed tears of compassion, at the same time they begged for forgiveness for taking so long to find her.

It was the moment when Selena felt she was finally free.

Chapter 95 A new life

10 years later.

In the middle of a desert camp, a high elf boy was hurriedly running somewhere. His right side was green and with plant features that made him stand out from the rest, but no high elf or orc judged him or looked at him crookedly.

His name was Treevor, obviously Selena's son. He was named after his grandfather who rescued him and his mother from the clutches of the yggdrasil bud and also as a pun on his plant side.

Clan Gor was currently encamped in an oasis, one of the few in the desert. Originally this oasis was the territory of Gray Trolls, but they took the oasis by force and enslaved the Gray Trolls.

Gray trolls were demihumans that could grow up to 5 meters tall, with gray skin and a bulging belly. Their arms reached up to their knees when they were standing and accumulated large amounts of fat to maintain their regenerative abilities. His species was exclusively male, being able to spawn a new troll whenever it accumulated enough mass.

The gray trolls' regeneration was among the best in the world, but the orcs used alchemical items and fire to inhibit their regeneration and defeated them after a bloody battle.

Little Treevor entered a particularly large tent, with the name Elven embroidered on the entrance.

"Mom, I'm here!" He yelled as soon as he entered the tent. The tent was divided into sections with leather curtains dividing them.

"What happened my grandson? Why so much noise?" her grandmother Malena asked, peering through the gaps in the curtain.

.....

"I formed my core!" Treevor screamed, causing Malena to nearly drop the potion bottles she was holding. Forming a nucleus was a painful and tiring process, and the more life force one possessed, the more difficult the process would be.

"How, how did you do that?" Malena asked shocked.

"I felt that my chest suddenly started to itch and my right eye suddenly started to glow, and the itching went away. When I went to see, my core was already formed!" Treevor puffed out his chest with pride, making his eyes glow with mana for a second.

Since birth, Treevor's amber eye has accumulated world energy, so he was already used to manipulating mana. As his elven body was unable to support energy yet, he needed to expend the absorbed energy from time to time. Malena used this opportunity to teach Treevor about runesmith since he was 7 years old, then he could already create simple enchanted weapons.

"I'm glad for you, my grandson. I'm going to make you a special dish today, so tell me what you want?" Malena smiled fondly as she tousled his hair.

"Roasted red scorpion! Ah, have you seen the mother? I want to tell her soon." Treevor asked, remembering his goal.

"She's in the training area 'educating' the new clan members." Malena spoke, feeling internally sorry for the gray trolls.

“Okay, see you later grandma!” Treevor wasted no more time and ran out of the tent, making Malena smile at how energetic he is.

Treevor hurried to a secluded spot in the camp, where the clan decided to create a makeshift arena. A small crowd of orcs, trolls, and high elves were gathered here, watching the arena as if it were a show. Treevor tried to squeeze between them, but the massive bodies of the orcs pushed him back. He thought about going under the trolls, but what he would have to see down there would traumatize him for the rest of his life.

Treevor thought about how to get through the crowd, until a pair of strong, calloused hands grabbed him under the armpits and lifted him up.

“Can you see better now?” Grork asked as he slung it over his shoulders.

“Uncle Grork! I formed my core, look!” Treevor gathered light on his fingertips and displayed it right in front of his eyes. He didn’t possess a mana body, but the plant arm was far superior to a mere wand.

“Can you use magic yet?! You’re amazing boy!” Grork was genuinely happy for him. Before Grork could begin to fawn over him, a battle cry came from the middle of the makeshift arena.

“ORAAAAA!” Selena was in the middle of the arena, riding a troll as she beat him to death. Her fists were surrounded by gauntlets made of incandescent stones that she had conjured, and Selena rained punches all over the troll’s body, opening holes with each blow.

The troll tried to slap and crush her, but Selena jumped away before circling the troll’s body, punching every opening he made. Each punch tore off whole chunks of flesh, the heat searing the wounds and inhibiting their regeneration.

“What an irritating thing!” The troll screamed in his own language as he tried to get away, but Selena didn’t understand what he said and gave chase.

Selena raised both fists and the stone gauntlets flew like rockets, hitting the troll precisely in the knees, before exploding and knocking the troll down. Selena hit him with an uppercut just as he started to fall, knocking him backwards with the whites of her eyes showing.

“OOOHHHHH!” The crowd around watching squealed in excitement, even the trolls who were supposed to be on the loser’s side. Although they were forced to join them, the trolls were also descended from the giants and enjoyed war as much as the orcs. They accepted their defeat at the hands of the orcs and agreed to serve the Gor clan.

What they were doing now was a friendly match, showing off their best warriors to each other.

Selena stomped on the loser’s shoulders and raised her fists in the air, causing the crowd to scream again. She wore only a sports bra and short shorts made of leather, showing a lot more skin than she usually did in the sea of trees. Her white skin was tanned from constant exposure to the sun as she proudly displayed a 4-pack on her abdomen.

She was initially afraid to come out of the tents and interact with other people, but time and the orcs’ friendly attitude helped her overcome her fears. Today she could smile brightly in the midst of this crowd and show herself proudly, without fear of being attacked.

“Uncle, let’s go to her!” Treevor yelled animated, poking Grork’s head.

“Yes, yes. Just make sure you don’t fall!” Grork put strength in his legs as he spoke, jumping the entire crowd at once without using mana, landing in front of Selena.

“Leader??” Selena was surprised by Grork’s arrival, especially since Treevor was on her shoulders.

Grork took Treevor off his shoulders and placed him right in front of Selena. Treevor was still a little dizzy from the sudden jump, but he spoke excitedly once his vision had adjusted.

“Mom, I can use mana!” Treevor made his eyes spark with energy, causing a chorus of cheers from the watching crowd. A strong child was always welcome, after all.

“Very well, my baby! You’ve been my little mage for a long time, but now you can use magic with your own core!” Selena took Treevor from Grork’s arms and lifted him into the air, her eyes shining with happiness. She rocked it from side to side, until she suddenly remembered something.

“We have to test your affinities! We also need to know how much you can strengthen your body! Also-” Selena started to list everything she wanted to do with Treevor, making Grork who was listening to the side smile with her excitement.

“I’m also curious about his powers, but there’s no use turning him around like that. Look, he’s almost foaming.” Grork ‘rescued’ Treevor from Selena’s arms and set him on the ground. Treevor staggered for a few seconds before his vision adjusted again.

“I already know what my affinities are, look!” Treevor made his left eye glow white, orange and blue, showing their respective affinities. Your plant side has given he a high sensitivity to world energy and small elemental imbalances. Identifying the excess energy in his own body was child’s play for him.

Treevor was about to show that he already knew how to cast simple spells, when his right arm started to tingle. A sensation he had never felt before, but at the same time familiar, coursed through his right side.

Treevor looked around as if looking for something, his right side drawn in a certain direction.

“Is there a problem, boy?” Grork was the first to notice his change, as Selena was too busy thinking up a training plan for him.

“Yes, there’s something approaching.” Treevor muttered. Grork frowned, not understanding what he meant, but the sound of horns began to blare in the distance. And then a second horn sounded in a different direction. Soon the horns surrounded the entire oasis.

“We’re under attack!” Grork roared, his mind growing sharp as he readied himself for battle. He put strength in his legs again and jumped much higher than before, watching the surroundings.

And what he saw was a grand coalition of demihumans furiously approaching the oasis. Ogres, minotaurs, desert lizardmen, goblins and kobolds attacked from all directions. Even from this distance, Grork could see that they were outnumbered.

“All alert! We are retreating from the oasis! Use the alchemical items and magic to buy time, orcs and trolls protect the elves! We are retreating to the west!” Grork started screaming as soon as he hit the ground and everyone started running to obey his orders.

“Let’s go Treevor!” Selena grabbed Treevor’s arm and started dragging him towards the tent where Malena was. Treevor couldn’t resist, his gaze focused in a different direction as he tried to understand what that sensation was.

Chapter 96 Losing everything

Treevor wasn’t distracted for long. The running speed of demihumans was no laughing matter. In a matter of minutes, the invading army had already reached the edge of the camp and a losing battle began.

The ogres were approximately 4 meters tall, but they possessed a racial ability called gigantification, being able to grow up to 10 meters at most and obtaining characteristics from the predominant elements in the area. In the case of the desert, their skin became as hard as rock, their body temperature rose to the point that the skin reddens and smoke rises

They used their powerful bodies to step onto the first defensive line, the alchemical items buried around the camp. Bursts of flame and lightning exploded under their feet, but their own skin was at a high temperature and the lightning did not flow well because of the concentration of earth element in their bodies.

The elven wizards fired spells at the ogres, but their numbers were simply too few to make a difference. The watch guards left their positions and retreated, but the demihumans pursued them furiously.

The ogres were left behind because the earth element slowed them down, but the desert lizardmen and minotaurs took the lead. Minotaurs were the same height as orcs, but their bodies were wider and their horns made them look even bigger.

They looked like bipedal cows, the males being black while the females white.

“ROARRRRR!” The minotaurs roared with everything they had, bringing down their axes or maces against the orcs and watch elves. the guards were outnumbered, but they resisted with all they could. Earthly acacia armor was incredibly tough and allowed the orcs to withstand attacks from enemy minotaurs, while their own weapons inflicted wounds on enemies unimpeded.

The trolls didn’t have any equipment, but relied on their powerful regenerations and their size to crush their enemies. They formed a circular formation, keeping the elven mages at the center so they could cast magic unhindered, as they slowly retreated.

The desert lizardmen ignored them and ran for the camp, but they could only curse and yell at them to focus on them. Their formation was barely holding up to the multiple incoming attacks, they didn’t have room to attract more enemies.

.....

The goblins and kobolds took advantage of the gaps and slipped under the trolls' legs, focusing on the mages. Both were small sizes between 1 and 1.20 meters, so they went unnoticed by the trolls who were focused on the tall ogres.

Kobolds looked like bipedal jackals, while goblins had green skin, long noses, besides being all bald, regardless of sex. They threw themselves at the mages and used daggers or their claws to cut the elven mages' throats.

Obviously, the mages cast magic to kill them, but the goblins and kobolds were between them and the orcs, so they were forced to use single-target spells to avoid hurting the orcs between them.

Without the support of the mages, the orcs' line of defense quickly collapsed. The orc corpses quickly piled up on the ground, but that only made the survivors angrier. For every orc that died, they took 5 minotaurs with them.

The orcs' racial skill, battle spirit, increased their physical abilities the angrier they got, at the cost of greater mana consumption. There was a limit to how much one could strengthen one's body with mana without straining one's body, but the orcs didn't have that limiter. It was a simple skill, but incredibly powerful.

Unfortunately, it wasn't enough to turn the situation around. The orcs still died under the avalanche of enemies, the trolls and elves dying soon after. Similar battles were taking place all around the camp.

Grork watched in rage as his relatives were killed. The clan had set up camp around the oasis lake, so their people were scattered and their orders were slow to get across to those on the other side of the lake. Wind mages broadcast their words across the lake and Grork confirmed movements trying to move west, but the enemies were too many, making his movements slow.

A desert lizardman threw an orc child right in front of him and tried to stab him with a scimitar, but Grork stopped him. In an instant, he appeared behind the desert lizardman and grabbed both the lower and upper jaws with his hands before twisting, ripping off half of the head.

"Get up! Keep running!" Grork yelled at the child, who quickly nodded and fled. Grork looked around and saw that it would be impossible to retreat at this rate. The desert lizardmen that attacked in haste were killed easily, but they bought time for the minotaurs and ogres to arrive. The fight turned into a bloody mess from there.

The clan gave up trying to escape, focusing instead on protecting non-combatants. They formed groups and kept the non-combatants at their center, all the while trying to rally with other groups of survivors, but this proved impossible.

Not only did the minotaurs go out of their way to block their way, but the trolls were too busy trying to block the giant ogres' way to be of any help. It was at this moment that the goblins and kobolds invaded their formations and killed the non-combatants.

"NO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOU FUCKERS?!" Grork roared, seeing his people killed. There was a clear rule among the demihuman tribes not to attack non-combatants, but these bastards ignored it, as if their only goal was to exterminate them.

“YOU DISGRACED BASTARDS! I WILL KILL YOU ALL!” Grork roared, his muscles swelling as his body grew stronger and continued to improve. He picked up his war ax in one hand and picked up a second, equally large ax in the other hand.

He run between enemies, cutting to pieces anyone who got in his way. His attacks generated shockwaves and the pressure of the wind crushed his enemies even without using skills. Enemy attacks felt like mosquito bites, while Grork reaped lives as easily as a farmer reaped wheat.

An ogre tried to get in his way, but Grork jumped up and sliced him from head to groin, before walking past him without looking back, leaving a trail of corpses behind. Grork tried to draw the enemies’ attention to him, but they just ignored him and focused on killing even more people.

“FUCK! FIGHT ME YOU FUCKERS!” Grork yelled in frustration, his angry voice spreading across the battlefield. The closest demihumans passed out unconscious, blood leaking from their burst eardrums.

He swung both axes vertically, using the aura blade skill for the first time. Two giant mana blades slashed everything in their path for nearly 100 meters, leaving only half-dead bodies behind.

The invaders used defensive skills, but they were cut like paper. The only reason the blades stopped was the skill’s range limit. The goblins and kobolds that survived only because of their short stature cowered in fear for a second, before their eyes focused again and they resume the attack.

“These guys are not normal. Something is forcing them to attack us.” Grork thought, seeing small goblins and kobolds run wildly against him, even though he knew they would die. He felt his mana was already half full, but the orcs behind him finally managed to breathe, so he needed to keep the front line and give him time to use potions and recover their mana.

Grork positioned himself firmly, but a pillar of light descended from the sky, hitting the center of the camp. Grork tried to look back to check the damage done, but as if that were a sign, the invading demihumans roared in rage and charged with renewed fury.

Grork had no choice but to focus on the enemies in front of him and hope for the best.

“What... what happened?” Treevor wondered, feeling his vision adjust. They ran as fast as they could towards their house, Selena immediately killing anyone who got in their way.

His grandfather Trevor had rounded up several survivors and they quickly rejoined them, his mother putting him in the midst of the non-combatants and joining the fight. Treevor had never witnessed such a bloody fight and was scared to death, so he stayed where he felt safe.

The pillar of light hit them squarely, killing all non-combatants in an instant. Treevor would have met the same fate if his right side hadn’t throbbed the instant the pillar appeared, its amber eye glowing and covering his body with energy. His energy signature temporarily changed to that of the pillar, escaping almost unharmed.

Unlike core mana, the amber energy of all yggdrasil branches shared the same energy signature.

His vision was compromised and he fell to the ground dizzy. The pillar of light transformed into countless arrows of light as it fell to the ground, striking the hearts of all surviving demihumans and elves. All

Trevor saw when his eyesight returned to normal were dead bodies and his own family who had escaped unscathed for some reason.

"What was this?" his grandfather Trevor asked, touching his own body here and there to make sure he was still alive. It only took a second for him to grasp the gravity of the situation and run to pull Trevor close before he rejoined everyone.

"It's been a while, old man. I came here to wash away my former humiliation with your blood, just as I promised." A spiteful voice came from above, causing Trevor to narrow his eyes as he lifted his head.

Chapter 97 A sick obsession

A man in white armor descended from the sky. It was armor similar to the royal guard's armor, but much more detailed, as if the creator cared more about its appearance than its functionality.

His eyes were glowing with amber energy, but Trevor saw that there was a man's body beneath the armor. This bastard had already sent soldiers against them, as well as assassins, but it should be impossible for him to attack them personally.

"How, how are you here?!" Selena suddenly screamed, her eyes bloodshot as she gritted her teeth until her molars cracked. The sand beneath his feet turned to glass as it cracked to dust, the surroundings turning so dark it felt like night.

Kastil looked into her eyes as he flashed a hideous smile. "It's quite simple. I noticed that the old man had the same energy signature as me, because he parasitized himself with a part of my body. I did the same with one of the prisoners from the roots of the damned, after breaking his mind, it is clear.

But the result was much better than I imagined. Not only did his energy signature match mine, he became a perfect vessel for my avatar. Now I have all the power of a God with a body that can move freely!" Kastil's eyes flashed with a maddened light.

The truth is, there was a limit to how much energy his body could handle before it exploded, but he'd spent the last decade adapting this and other bodies to reach the same level his avatar had. Also, yggdrasil's core energy was useless, only amber energy could be used.

"You son of a bitch!" Selena was about to run to break Kastil's face, but Trevor stopped her.

"You didn't come all the way here for her, did you? You came to kill me, because it's the only way to shut the voice in your head constantly reminding you that you lost to a lesser being. But I have to admit, I didn't expect you to stoop so low as to ally yourself with the races you always considered lesser." Trevor said with his best sneer, trying to draw the enemy's attention to himself.

"Ally with these filthy things? They're even lower than you, elves. No, I enslaved them and used them as disposable tools. They tried to resist at first, but all it took was kidnapping their cubs and they became obedient." Kastil clicked his tongue in disgust, remembering all the work he'd gone to to gather all these pawns.

.....

“But aren’t you a few years too late? Or are you going to tell me that the great and mighty Kastil was waiting for this old man to die of age before he attacked?” Trevor continued to tease while his family cast their best spells.

Kastil sensed his intentions, but pretended not to. The only way to heal his bruised ego would be to crush these bastards to the hilt. Kastil wanted them to fight with everything they had, before crushing all their efforts and taking back what was rightfully his.

“You guys left a big mess behind so I’ve been kind of busy cleaning up the trash. The other dukes wanted to follow your example so I killed them along with anyone who objected.” Kastil started to laugh, explaining the events that happened in Evergreen after they were gone. As soon as Kastil’s consciousness returned to yggdrasil, he raged and devastated half the capital.

Once he regained some lucidity, he hunted down all the remaining members of the Elven family. The remaining members were Selena’s cousins and uncles, family members who feared Kastil’s wrath and refused to participate in the rescue plan. Ironically, they were the only ones to suffer the consequences of the attack.

They tried to flee the moment the attack began, but the sea of trees was vast and Kastil captured them before they could reach the border. Kastil spent the next few days torturing them and taking out all his anger on them.

This gave time for the other dukes’ families to gather clandestinely and debate what to do next. Kastil didn’t make the same mistake as before and kept an eye on the entire capital while torturing the Elvens, but the dukes had emergency countermeasures for that.

The duke of the dark elves devised a method to escape Kastil’s surveillance, using an ancient dried yggdrasil leaf. She would temporarily create a zone where Kastil’s senses could not reach. It was a flawed product that would be noticed immediately under normal circumstances, but with half the capital destroyed, it was just another point that his senses couldn’t reach.

The decision they came to after deliberating was that they needed to get away while they could. The Sylph family that ruled the spirits objected to being left behind, but the other two families fled anyway. The news of the attack on the sprout, as well as Kastil’s rage, spread like wildfire throughout the sea of trees, on a level that would be impossible to cover.

Kastil was forced to stop the torture and deal with the uprising that was about to start. The families tried to use the opportunity to flee, but Kastil slaughtered them all mercilessly. The only surviving family of dukes were the Sylphs, but this came with great consequences. The people, who did not know the immensity of Kastil’s power, were outraged by the destruction of the capital and the murder of its leaders.

Kastil then killed all the people who revolted, making the survivors fear that their king has gone mad. People tried to flee next, but Kastil closed the sea of trees, trapping them inside. What was once a barrier protecting them has become a prison.

“You crazy...! Those people were innocent!” Malena screamed indignantly after hearing such nonsense, but Kastil’s reaction was cold.

"They were the fools to rebel. It's just the consequences of pissing off a God." Kastil replied nonchalantly, before smiling at her. "Have you guys finished getting ready? I want to break them all at once."

"Of course, I'm already ready to break your face." Trevor said with false confidence, exchanging a determined look with Malena for a second, before run at Kastil. He cast the diamond spear spell aiming at kastil's forehead, while punching his chest with the shattering fist skill.

The spear made of light with a sharp stone as hard as a diamond flew within inches of Kastil's forehead, but shattered harmlessly into a shield of light conjured right in front of his face.

Kastil grabbed Trevor's fist aimed at his chest and crushed it, before lightly touching Trevor's chest, sending him flying backwards like a bullet with a dent in his chest.

Malena stepped forward and pointed her staff at Kastil, summoning a hurricane of concentrated frost and a giant hailstorm from the sky. The storm left a trail of ice across the ground as it flew towards Kastil, while 1 meter long ice boulders rained down on it.

Kastil kicked the ground hard and ran, facing the ice hurricane head-on. Her armor turned white as a surface of ice covered her, but that didn't stop her movements. He caught up to Malena in two strides, punching her stomach with his fist until he reached her elbow.

"You are irrelevant to me, so I will give you a quick death. Be grateful for my mercy." Kastil whispered in Malena's ear, but the latter just smiled at that.

"Thank you so much, you fucking God." Malena grabbed Kastil's arm, a layer of ice covering them both before all the hailstones fell on them, forming a makeshift ice coffin.

"...How irritating." Kastil muttered as he frowned. Pillars of light shot out of his eyes and cut the ice coffin in a perfect circle, before punching him with the back of his hand and sending the ice boulders flying.

"You son of a bitch!" Selena cast her second sun and sent it against him as she cried. The spell conjured a sphere of flaming rock over 20 meters in diameter. The second sun hit the ice coffin and exploded, opening a crater in the middle of the desert.

"That's it?" Kastil emerged from the smoke unharmed, carrying Malena's body by the throat. He threw the corpse in front of Selena, before speaking in a disinterested voice.

"I thought you guys would fight a little longer before you die, but you guys are too weak."

"Hahaha." Trevor suddenly burst out laughing, causing Selena to tilt her head in confusion.

"What are you laughing at, old man?" Kastil didn't like his tone.

"You're still as dumb as ever." Trevor spoke with a smile, releasing a flash of light that blinded everyone.

Kastil has also blinded thanks to his elven body, but he still fired dozens of light bullets that broke the sound barrier to ensure the enemy wouldn't flee. Kastil didn't want him to die a quick death, but he couldn't bear the thought of them running away once more.

Most of the bullets missed their target as Kastil focused more on quantity than accuracy, but a few still found their way and hit Trevor in the calf, stomach and left shoulder.

Trevor just gritted his teeth and endured the pain, his armor protecting his body from being pierced, but some bones were still broken from the impact. He ran over to where Selena and Treevor were, before picking up an almost full teleportation crystal of your dimensional storage ring.

He tried to power the crystal with what little energy it lacked, but a blade of light conjured by Kastil cut his arm at the elbow and sent the teleport crystal flying, before falling into Treevor's arms.

Chapter 98 The end of flashback

"Give me that, you failure!" Kastil screamed, after forcibly healing his own eyes. It was the first time he had addressed Treevor since he appeared, but his voice held only rage.

"Activate the crystal, Treevor!" Trevor yelled, conjuring barriers of light to try to stop Kastil, but it was in vain. The blades of light sliced through their barriers like a hot knife through butter, before a barrier of darkness and pure mana blocked their path.

"Do it at once!" Selena screamed, finally snapping Treevor out of his stupor. Panicking, Treevor fed the crystal both core energy and amber energy. He didn't have any destination in mind, so he just hoped to go as far as he could. The purple sphere grew around him, encompassing Selena and Trevor, but Kastil didn't let them escape easily.

"No, you won't run away!" Kastil yelled, casting the Light Handcuffs spell. The bullets of light that missed their target and hit the ground changed shape and turned into handcuffs of light that trapped Selena and Trevor's legs, dragging them towards Kastil.

"Shit!" Selena screamed as she was dragged out of the purple sphere and shoved her arms into the sand to try to resist, but that was a mistake. The purple orb teleported, severing Selena's arms and splattering blood all over Treevor's body.

"Ahhhh!" Treevor screamed in panic and dropped to his butt on the floor, watching the blood spread through his body, as well as the two tanned arms falling into his lap. He immediately started to crawl back pathetically, the strange surroundings around him scaring him even more.

He was on a savannah, tall dry grass longer than a full-grown man blocking his view. Treevor started to look around fearfully, not knowing what to do, when he heard the rustling sound of tall grass around him.

Treevor looked back, only for a saber-toothed tiger to leap at him with outstretched talons and knock him to the ground. Treevor had the misfortune of being teleported next to a monster.

The claws pierced his arms, causing Treevor excruciating pain. Sticky saliva dripped onto Treevor's face as he screamed in terror, making the saber-toothed tiger grin cruelly.

.....

Saber-toothed tigers were vicious monsters that loved to play with their prey, especially if they looked like helpless cubs. He removed the claws from Treevor's arms, spouting a fountain of blood before slapping his body and sending Treevor flying like a rag doll.

“Arghh...!” Treevor gave a short cry, trying desperately to heal. Light spread across his wounds and stopped the bleeding, but the saber-toothed tiger jumped at him again.

He slammed his paw into Treevor’s chest, pressing all his weight onto him and preventing him from running away. The saber-toothed tiger sank its fangs into Treevor’s left arm and ripped it off in a chomping bite right in front of his face, causing Treevor to scream in pain. The light coursing through his body began to heal him, but the excruciating pain nearly made Treevor pass out.

Before Treevor could even finish screaming, the saber-toothed tiger ripped its plant arm and chewed noisily, before freezing. His face contorted as he spat his arm on the ground and vomited loudly, tasting the horrible plant.

He slapped into Trevor’s body again before running away, all his appetite gone. He still picked up the severed arms off the ground as a consolation prize.

“Ah... ah... ah!” Treevor was lying on the ground without his arms as he sobbed, his face smeared with tears and snot. He passed out in pain on the spot, what was left of his side of the plant continually absorbing the natural light. and the magic of the environment and transforming it into nutrients, while stopping the internal and external bleeding of your human side and regenerating your plant side.

Treevor woke up 10 hours later in the middle of the night, with what was left of his left arm throbbing with pain. He was lying in a pool of his own blood, his left arm missing from the elbow down. Treevor tried to get up, but fell back into a coughing fit.

The saber-toothed tiger had pressed its weight until it broke some of its ribs. Treevor continued coughing on the floor, casting a spell of light to ease his pain so he could think clearly.

He started to heal his fractured ribs, taking only a few minutes for him to get up. Treevor touched the stump of his missing arm, feeling a pang of pain. He looked around not knowing what to do. The image of the saber-toothed tiger ripping through her limbs was still fresh in her mind, as was her mother’s panicked face as she was dragged out of the purple sphere.

Tears began to flow from her left eye, but Treevor wiped them away and entered the woods, running away from the place. This location was probably saber-toothed tiger territory and he just hasn’t been killed yet because other tigers must have smelled another tiger on him.

Treevor’s life was hell after that. All the monsters were brutal and several times more powerful than he was, forcing Treevor to flee for his life in various situations. He was able to survive by hunting weak monsters that relied on large numbers to survive.

Treevor didn’t know advanced healing spells, so he was forced to slowly regenerate his lost arm. He used his knowledge of runesmith to craft equipment using the wood of magical trees, but it was of little use against the truly powerful monsters of the desert.

Treevor also tried to return to the old camp, but all he found was a herd of tyrannical elephants and the wreckage of the camp.

Years passed until Treevor reached the age of 20, the age at which elf bodies stopped aging. Treevor was sleeping in an artificial cave, when he suddenly woke up in the middle of the night, only to find that his physical body was still lying on the ground. His amber eye was empty, all energy moved to the avatar.

He immediately returned to his own body and woke up startled. He realized he could create an avatar just like a normal spirit.

It gave him a great idea. Treevor spent a few days looking for a suitable magic tree, until he found a terrestrial acacia.

It took him a few more days to enchant the entire surface of the tree. Treevor vividly remembered Kastil's words and like him, Treevor used a small part of his own plant body on the tree, allowing him to own her.

The tree immediately began to crackle, as it changed shape and took on the appearance of its armor. His body would remain motionless as long as his spirit was separated, but it was simple for Treevor to carve a space inside the tree and leave his body protected.

Unfortunately, it required a lot of energy just to move and even more to activate any enchantments. The amber energy he possessed was finite, so he decided to use the armor only for emergencies.

After that, Treevor changed from a weakling who needed to hunt the weakest in order to survive, to an apex predator. When activated, the plant armor would slaughter any monster that got in its way, while deactivated, it absorbed vast amounts of energy that Treevor absorbed in the amber eye.

Decades passed as he repeated the cycle of endless battles.

At some point, Treevor got tired of just surviving. He decided to travel and leave the desert. He traveled southeast, always keeping his distance from the sea of trees. His wish was to find other elves who had managed to escape the sea of trees.

He knew he'd get a certain level of rejection at first because of his looks, but that was still better than living alone forever. Treevor had tried to communicate with other demihuman clans, but they attacked him as soon as they saw him, deeming him a monster.

After traveling for months, what awaited him weren't elven refugee settlements, demihuman tribes, or monster nests. A land even drier than the sands of the desert, but gray in color like volcanic ash. Black, twisted trees he'd never seen before, spreading a mist that numbed the senses of anyone who entered. Putrid monsters and zombies of various species of monsters and demihumans.

An undead realm existed in the southeastern part of the continent, where it was originally a desert.

Treevor wasn't crazy enough to enter these dead lands, but it was too late when he decided to flee. A woman's high-pitched scream came from somewhere within the fog and thousands of undead furiously attacked him. They all had the same strength as when they were alive. Alone, they posed no danger, but an entire army of them would be deadly.

The faster undead caught up with him first and blocked his path long enough for the rest of the army to arrive. Treevor fought desperately, using each enchantment to the fullest, but the numbers still

outweighed him. The tree he was on was ripped to shreds and the amber gem was cracked, causing Treevor excruciating pain.

As a last resort, Treevor used the teleportation crystal he had kept guarded since Kastil's attack and fled. He spent the next few years accumulating energy and regenerating his amber eye.

In the meantime, the undead realm has expanded across the desert. The demihuman tribes tried to fight, but only became food for the undead.

The place where Treevor made his base was in the south of the continent, far from the undead realm, but it was only a matter of time before they reached it. Treevor decided it was better to run now while he still had a chance, than to wait for the undead threat to approach.

He moved in the opposite direction, in the Northwest, human territory. With the exception of the southwest which was savannah and still part of the demihuman empire, the entire west to the north was human territory.

It took more than two years to reach the borders with the country of Mirkor, needing to take constant breaks to rest because the amber eye was recovering. Treevor settled in a forest shortly after crossing the border.

By sheer luck, Treevor found a glowing Willow and decided it would be the best thing to use. Treevor's greatest affinity has always been light, but most magical trees in the desert have an affinity for earth. He used what little energy he had left to forge the tree's enchantments, before hibernating in its roots to recover and possess it with its avatar.

His body received all the nourishment it needed from the tree and just like that, time passed without him noticing.

Chapter 99 Mission Impossible

When Treevor finally finished explaining his story, it was already dark. Sevenus and Emília lost count of the number of times they fell back in shock while listening to their story. The only one who remained composed was Athos. His mind completely shut down after half an hour of explanation, listening to only the most important parts and focusing on a spot on the wall behind Treevor for everything else.

"Hey, can you hear me?" Treevor asked after he finished his story and Athos continued to look at him silently.

No, I stopped listening after a while. I'll ask Emilia to summarize for me later. You should learn to tell stories, man. Nobody will pay attention to you like that." Athos spoke critically, ignoring Treevor's indignant face.

"My lord..." Sevenus was exasperated by Athos's cockiness, but decided it would be better for him not to say anything.

"All I understand is that there is a world tree and you are his son, right? So this arm of yours is like a branch of the world tree?" Athos ordered Treevor's skeleton to come before him and examined it with interest.

"Hey, I'm not a toy, you shit!" Treevor screamed, making the thick chains tighten around his avatar.

"No need to be alarmed. I just watched you more closely. I'll do some more experiments on your body later, but I'm more interested in you now." Athos dispatched Treevor's body and leaned back on the sofa.

"What do you mean?" Treevor asked suspiciously.

"You are bound to me and it is impossible for you to escape. I can control your body and mana, your abilities included. I don't know how you are doing to resist, but it is likely that in time, your mind will be completely destroyed but I don't have the luxury of sitting around waiting until then. I want you to cooperate with me and work for me." Athos said.

.....

"I think you've really lost your mind if you think I'm going to help a mass murderer like you." Treevor grimaced in disgust at the thought of working for someone like Athos.

"Try to be a little more realistic here, okay? I've made it sound like you have a choice, but you're stuck with me for eternity. Your only choices are to slowly drown in darkness, or sink in at once."

"Besides, you won't work for me for free. I plan on traveling to the demihuman empire soon and will likely come into conflict with this undead realm you've encountered, as well as the sea of ??trees in the future. distant. I believe you have some interest in them." Athos spoke, but his aim was quite different.

'This undead in the desert can be a hindrance or an ally for me. I need to find a way to get in touch with him once I'm settled in the desert.' That's what Athos thought.

"That's one more reason for me to turn you down. Your army is nothing but ants alongside the legion that attacked me, and Kastil is even more powerful than they are. If you try to fight any of them, you'll be destroyed with no chance of fighting back," Treevor scoffed at him.

"That's why I need you. I need you to guide me through the demihuman empire, avoiding the most powerful monsters and large demihuman settlements, as we hunt down the weakest and slowly build strength. Also, I'm sure you're also curious about what happened to your family after Kastil's attack."

"There's nothing to find out. They're dead. The entire clan has been killed." Treevor spoke sadly, remembering his childhood and all the people he lost.

"Are you an idiot by any chance? If I had half of Kastil's power and a tenth of his ego, I would never let someone who hurt my pride get away easily. I would torture them to the point of almost killing them, just to heal them over and over again the process. Even if my pride is restored, I would still hold them captive and torture them whenever I felt stressed." Athos spoke like it was no big deal, sending shivers down Treevor's nonexistent spine.

He remembered his grandfather's words about the roots of convicts and how Kastil treated all prisoners like toys. Treevor had already considered the possibility that his family had been captured, but there was nothing he could do.

"Even if you're right, it's still useless. Kastil is a God within the sea of ??trees, it's impossible to kill him."

"Now I'm sure you're an idiot. Your grandfather already proved he's not the invincible God he claims to be, the moment he rescued you and your mother right from under his nose. Kastil is only invincible

within the confines of the yggdrasil sprout, so all we have to do is separate them, just like your grandfather did. Something similar to what I did to kill you.” Athos smiled sarcastically.

“That would have been a great plan if he hadn’t created a host to fight away from the sprout.” Treevor reminded him of the fight at the oasis, thinking that Athos had ignored this part of the story.

“We can formulate a better plan later. Anyway, that would be a plan for at least 200 years in the future, when we are well established in the desert. The most important thing now is to find a way to escape the country and reach the semi-human empire.” Athos said as if Treevor had already agreed to work for him, causing the latter to stand up angrily.

“Hi, I still haven’t agreed to this shit! I’m not going to work for a bony motherfucker like you!” Treevor angrily, but Athos just sighed.

“Stop complaining at once. Just accept that you’re dead and move on. It’s ridiculous to keep arguing in vain like this.” Athos got up from the sofa and headed towards the door, followed by Emilia and Sevenus who remained silent until now, digesting all the information they heard.

“I’ll leave your body in here. You need time to think.” Athos spoke before leaving.

Left behind, Treevor sat back on the couch and started to think about what to do. The chains that bound his limbs felt even heavier now.

“Should I leave someone to watch him?” Emilia asked as soon as they left the house.

“There’s no need. Treevor cannot move away from his body, nor can he use mana. He poses no danger to anyone at this point.” Athos spoke resolutely.

“Aren’t you worried about what decision he might make?” Sevenus asked unconvinced.

“Once the anger cools down, he’ll realize he has no choice but to cooperate. We’re in the same boat together now. Treevor will probably try to impose conditions and put on a strong facade, but he’ll still decide to work for me.” Athos spoke confidently.

“Instead, send someone to investigate that hole we fought Treevor in. He said he had a teleport crystal with him, so I want them to retrieve it.” Athos ordered as he looked at Sevenus.

“Understood Sir.” Sevenus nodded and gathered some skeletons before departing.

“Master, the preparations...are ready...all useful resources...are already in the carriages...as well as the corpses...are piled on...wagons. Cows and horses...skeletal are pulling them.” Caio approached him and reported, followed by a skeleton mage.

“The number of...skeletons destroyed was...approximately 2700 and we lost...2 battalion leaders...the number of skeletons...remaining is 7100...including cattle.” The skeleton mage reported.

There were more left than I imagined. Arm them and get ready to go. As soon as Sevenus returns and Treevor makes a decision, we’ll head for the border.” Athos ordered, causing most of the undead to scatter to follow his orders.

"Sir, I was once...a mercenary...who worked at the...closest...fortress...to us. I believe...my knowledge...may be useful." Halt, the city's former gang leader said, trying to earn some points for himself.

"I had forgotten that you were a mercenary. Give me all the details of how the fortress works." Athos ordered.

"The closest fortress to the city is the Platinum Fist Fortress. When I was active as a mercenary, the commander was called Astrus Mifar, an army general. He was a warrior, but he had some knowledge of magic and was famous for having a pegasus as a familiar.

The number of soldiers is approximately 10,000 and at least half of them are mana users. Mercenaries often migrate between fortresses, but at this time of year there should be at least 1000 of them stationed there.

In addition, there are siege weapons like catapults and ballistae, as well as 50 court mages stationed at each keep. The wall is also enchanted and can form a barrier around the entire fortress. Lastly, there is a minefield around the walls where alchemical items were buried." When Halt finished speaking, Athos' expression was blank.

"...How am I supposed to attack a place like that?" He asked aloud, but no one could answer.

"Sir, I suggest we ignore the fortress and just head out into the desert. If we pass out of range of the catapults, the soldiers won't dare leave the city to attack us." Emilia spoke after a while, realizing that it would be impossible to break into the fortress.

Before Athos could nod in agreement, the bells on the walls began to ring. Athos had ordered some skeletons to keep watch around the walls in case they detected anything approaching.

'What happened?' Athos asked through the mind link, but the guard skeletons just told him to look up. Athos did as instructed and looked up to the sky, immediately breaking into a smile.

In the sky above the clouds, a shape that vaguely resembled a red dragon flew. Now that Athos remembered, it was around this time that he got Falco, wasn't it?

"Emilia, gather all the mana users and mages. We'll hunt them down as soon as they land."

Chapter 100 Hive hawks

In the middle of the Faltra forest, a few minutes later.

The flock of hive hawks descended on the forest and immediately began looking for food, but it was a futile effort. The fight between Treevor and the undead army destroyed much of the forest and most of the monsters woke up from hibernation and ran for their lives.

The queen landed on a tree while the males flew around her to protect her. She became dissatisfied with the lack of food, ordering them to scatter and search further afield. The queen flew over this forest every year when she migrated and always stopped at this particular forest.

A few years ago, when the queen was much weaker and her band much smaller, the queen was attacked by an unknown enemy and forced to flee in fear. By sheer luck, the queen found another weakened band and killed their queen.

Her band has grown since then and the queen made a point of stopping in this forest to face the unknown enemy, but he never revealed himself again.

The queen tapped her beak in frustration and was about to fly away when the birds transmitted to her a group of walking bones in the big hole in the center of the forest.

Curious about how bones could walk, the queen looked through the closest male's eyes and saw that he was right. The black bones were climbing a strange looking tree in the middle of the hole, while one of them seemed busy digging over the roots.

His presence was mixed with the surroundings, so they didn't detect him until he was close.

A group of males near the edge of the forest reported the same thing, a group of walking bones was approaching the forest. The queen confirmed that the bones approaching were in greater numbers and looked more dangerous.

.....

The queen felt that these would be dangerous and that they should prepare for the fight, but a sudden noise came from the side. The nearby males became alarmed and finally noticed a gray-skinned skeleton next to them.

The males began to scream and immediately flew at him with claws outstretched, determined to eliminate the threat to the queen.

Athos smiled at the attention of the hawks in the hive and conjured a black tornado that sucked them in while draining their strength. The hive hawks recklessly attacked Athos ignoring the risk to their own lives, only to crash into a corrupted mana barrier.

The queen looked at the walking bones attacking her slaves in annoyance and conjured lightning before sending it to the males trapped in the barrier of Athos. The relayed lightning became weak after spreading to several hive hawks, but the males fed the lightning with their own mana, returning the lightning to its peak.

"Wow!" Athos was a little surprised that the lightning was able to break through his barrier, quickly using the lightning impulse and jumping backwards. He snapped his fingers, turning the black tornado into flames, burning all the trapped hawks at once.

"Kaa!?" The queen screamed in shock, quickly flying away. The males flew left and right, skirting the flames as they chased Athos.

The males flying around the forest now recognized the black skeletons as threats and attacked them, but were quickly shot down.

All the skeletons that Athos brought were mana users and most of them could use aura blades. Arcs of aura rained down on the hive hawks, but their onslaught did not stop. They soon got too close to the skeletons to use aura blades without hitting each other, but it wasn't much of a problem.

Male hive hawks didn't know how to use magic or skills, so their claws and beaks only scratched the iron armor they wore. A skeleton mage used to raise undead en masse, turning all the dead hive hawks into skeletons.

The hive hawk skeletons ignored the battle taking place and flew to the forest where the queen was.

Athos circled the queen's position while hurling blades of wind at the hive hawks, who promptly conjured barriers of wind to block. He did his best to keep the queen's attention on him while the skeletons killed as many as possible outside, but the queen noticed their numbers dwindling and ordered the pack to hurriedly flee.

The queen conjured dozens of tiny blades of mana and transmitted them to males engaged in combat with the skeletons, who would then consume their own mana to transform them into real wind blades.

The skeletons were caught off guard by the wind blades and suffered severe damage, some unlucky ones being cut in half.

The band surrounded the queen and tried to flee, but skeletons of hive hawks blocked the queen's path. Athos conjured a 5 meter fireball and transmitted it to a skeleton above the queen.

The queen conjured a barrier of wind to block the fireball, but Athos' goal was never to kill her with one blow. The fireball detonated just before it hit the barrier, the explosion knocking the queen to the ground.

Athos jumped up and grabbed the falling queen before running with all his might. The queen struggled desperately in his arms, hurling lightning bolts to try to paralyze Athos, but it was ineffective. Athos' bones were not paralyzed and his skin was only slightly singed. Athos released his own black bolts in response, paralyzing the queen while draining her strength.

KAA! KAA!

The hive's hawks tried desperately to chase after him, but Athos under the effects of the lightning impulse was too fast for them to catch up. Athos dodged left and right the hive hawks ahead, burning those he could not avoid, and leapt from the edge of the forest, running toward the skeletons.

The hive hawks appeared behind him a second later, screaming at the top of their lungs.

"Fire!" Athos ordered as soon as he crossed the skeletons line.

The skeletons still hadn't recovered from the wind blades, but they attacked the hive hawks anyway. A new barrage of aura blades rained down on the hive hawks, but they just ignored it and pursued Athos.

'I think that should be enough.' Athos thought, before twisting the paralyzed queen's neck. He avoided killing her immediately for fear the hawks would scatter, but their numbers had already dwindled enough and with the skeleton mage raising more skeletons every second, the ratio of skeletons to living was 2:1, more than enough to chase them.

Fortunately for him, without the queen to issue new orders, the males followed the last orders received and continued to pursue Athos. He simply crouched down and conjured a barrier of corrupted mana around him, the hive hawks hitting the barrier harmlessly as the skeletons sliced them to death.

As soon as the last male hive hawk was killed, Athos undid the barrier and stood up. He looked around and ordered the mage skeleton to approach.

“Heal all the skeletons and then turn all the corpses in the forest into skeletons and tell me their exact number.” Athos ordered.

“As order...my lord.” The skeleton mage nodded in agreement.

“My lord! What happened, are you okay?!” Sevenus appeared as soon as the fight was over, hearing the noise of the fight and running to check.

“Did you really not see the flock of monster birds all over the forest?” Athos asked in disbelief, internally reassessing Sevenus’ competence.

“Of course I detected them, my lord. Unfortunately, I didn’t leave the city with enough firepower, so I ordered a skeleton to go around the forest and inform the city about the monster birds, but it seems you’ve missed each other.” Sevenus answered hastily, feeling Athos’s cold gaze pierce him like knives.

“Tch! Well, whatever. How was the search? Did you find anything?” Athos asked irritably.

“The search went very well, my lord. I searched the spot where Treevor was killed first and found these two there.” Sevenus took two crystals from inside his cloak and showed them to Athos. The first he had seen before, the crystal that Emilia had given him. It was a small purple crystal that fit in the palm of your hand.

The second was nearly twice the size and much lighter in color. Even a layman could clearly tell which one is more valuable.

“The first crystal was on the ground near the giant helmet, while the other was inside.” Sevenus explained.

“I wonder why Treevor didn’t use this to escape? Maybe it’s the high cost of energy?” Athos wondered aloud.

Was he right. Without a dimensional storage item, it was impossible to keep a crystal nearly full without the energy dispersing. To make matters worse, the crystal was much more potent and required much more energy to activate.

“Sir, I also found an underground base under the hole where we fought.” Sevenus continued reporting.

“A base? Why would Treevor build something like this?” Athos asked.

“I found it strange that Treevor had been in possession of the willow for years and his body was not atrophied from lack of exercise, so I dug up its roots and found an underground base. The place is a real treasure, my lord. Weapons enchanted made of wood are scattered around. I don’t know if Treevor created them to train his skills or just to alleviate boredom, but we could build a small platoon with that much.” Sevenus arched his back in triumph, awaiting the praise he was sure he deserved.

“Good job. I ignored most of his story so I missed details like that.” Athos patted him on the shoulder and ordered him to lead the way.

