

Menu 193

Chapter 193: Retaking Fort Swallow... Battle?

Deep into the night, Fort Swallow.

The New Federation's First and Second Infantry Legions, which had just taken over Fort Swallow, were still reveling in joy.

Especially the two legion commanders.

Eustace and Uder.

They had never thought that capturing Fort Swallow could be so easy.

In their initial plan, it would take two weeks or even longer to inflict substantial damage on Fort Swallow, and even then, before they could cause any real harm, they might have been driven back by Gerard.

To Eustace and Uder, who had witnessed Gerard in combat, he was nothing short of a nightmarish existence.

The last opponent they wanted to encounter was Gerard.

It had nothing to do with tactics.

It had nothing to do with equipment.

When Griffins roared overhead, all the warriors had left were their shivering bodies.

Even the bravest of warriors would turn into cowards.

But Eustace and Uder wouldn't blame their warriors.

Because...

They felt the same way.

"What should we do next?"

Uder asked his elder brother.

Although as the commander of the New Federation's Second Infantry Legion, Uder had long been leading his troops independently, he still habitually sought his brother's advice whenever they were together.

It was both out of respect and a desire to learn.

He was well aware of his brother's tactical prowess in military matters.

It was his brother who had repelled several invasions from the north and caused the current civil war there.

It had thrown the entire north into disarray, too busy to pay any attention to Golsai.

That had allowed the great lord to deploy troops smoothly.

However, the normally brave and skilled Eustace was now deeply furrowed in concern.

"Hans Port..."

The commander of the New Federation's First Infantry Legion stared at the map, his brows knit together.

Seeing the look on his brother's face, Uder sighed inwardly.

He knew all too well what his brother was worried about.

“According to the orders of ‘Aymodun the Third,’ the ‘Bone Smasher’ Kronin and Earl Anne have already laid a trap with that thing, and Gerard won’t likely escape it even he is nearly immortal!”

“He must be severely wounded, if not dead!”

Uder said, trying to comfort his brother.

Eustace, of course, was fully aware of that.

But...

Alas!

With a sigh, the commander of the New Federation’s First Infantry Legion looked up at his brother.

“Do you believe what you just said?”

Eustace asked.

Uder was taken aback, about to say something in response.

But in the end, he said nothing.

Because Uder himself did not believe what he had said.

After all...

That was Gerard!

'Golden Griffon' Gerard!

A man who had once faced the old Federation's elite cavalry, single-handedly confronting thousands.

A 'god of war' who just by standing in front of the armies without uttering a word could rally his troops' morale and make the enemy's crumble into nothingness.

Now they were facing this 'monster.'

If it weren't for the honor of being soldiers, Eustace and Uder would have retired from the military without a second thought.

It was simply too difficult!

However, what these two commanders did not know was that an even tougher situation had already arisen.

As they deliberated over their next steps inside Fort Swallow—

On the outskirts of Fort Swallow.

Dark clouds veiled the moon.

The silhouette of Lederma floated beneath the night sky.

Two battlefield Undead stood one on each side of him.

Twelve high-ranking Evil Spirits floated behind him.

Three hundred special specters gathered and dispersed ceaselessly.

Three thousand specters hid underground.

A hundred thousand Skeleton Warriors stood silently in the night.

Not a sound to be heard.

Not a breath of life.

The dead were naturally lifeless.

At this moment, they seemed even more like stone.

About several minutes later, twenty-one elusive figures appeared before Lederma.

Leading them was Gulate, the former deputy head of public security at Hans Port.

Behind him were twenty secret agents hidden within Hans Port.

“My lord, we have gathered all the information.”

“The sentries and patrolmen have been taken care of.”

“The ammunition depot can be ignited at any moment.”

After bowing respectfully, Gulate reported in a precise manner.

“Very well,”

Lederma nodded in approval.

Each Undead directly loyal to Dennise varied according to the strengths, personality, and expertise they had before them.

Just as it was extremely adept at persuasion.

The two battlefield Undead were skilled at conversion.

The twelve high-ranking Evil Spirits were adept at summoning Skeleton Warriors.

Gulate and the twenty secret agents in front of him were skilled in espionage and assassination, which was made even more bizarre and unpredictable by their Undead abilities.

“Begin!”

“For her Majesty the Queen!”

Lederma proclaimed.

“For Her Majesty the Queen!”

Gulate and the twenty shadows growled in unison.

Then, with a raise of his hand, a ghastly green flame ignited in Gulate’s palm.

At the same time!

Inside the gunpowder storage of Fort Swallow's barracks, a flame suddenly sprouted.

Hiss, hiss!

The ghastly green flame swiftly ignited a fuse.

Then—

Boom!

Boom boom boom!

The ground shook as massive fireballs rolled into the night sky, lighting it up as if it were daytime.

Under the illumination of the fire, the Soul Fire began to flicker.

The Skeleton Warriors raised their rotten swords and shields in their hands.

Evil Spirits started to rise faintly from beneath the ground.

Rising plumes of thick smoke.

Mixed with the heavy scent of gunpowder and sulfur.

In the shadows of the night, the words once spoken by Dennise echoed again in the hearts of all the undead.

'I don't like such wars!'

'Let it end quickly!'

They should have been lifeless.

Like stones, the undead.

In that moment, felt a boiling of blood all over their bodies!

It was a long-lost sensation.

It was what they had forgotten.

It was what they missed the most.

And now!

It would become their unwavering pursuit!

“Charge!”

“The Queen is watching us!”

“Warriors!”

“Charge!”

“Charge!”

“Charge!”

Lederma's voice spread throughout the field.

Roar!

Roar!

Roar!

The hundred thousand strong Undead Army roared toward the heavens, charging into Fort Swallow like a tidal wave as its gates opened once more.

In the shock and confusion of the explosion, the soldiers only now noticed the scene outside the city gates.

One by one, they opened their mouths wide in horror at the sight of the incoming Undead Army like a tide.

"Undead, undead!"

The young soldiers stammered out the words.

“Enemy attack!”

The older soldiers roared one after another, raising their muskets to aim at the Skeleton Warriors

But,

Quickly,

Arrows shot from the void struck down these older soldiers.

They didn’t even have the chance to pull their triggers.

Three hundred special Evil Spirits picked off those soldiers who had reacted in time.

Upon first contact, these battle-hardened soldiers all fell.

Then?

Twelve high-ranking Evil Spirits began to raise their hands.

The fallen soldiers stood up again, raising the muskets in their hands and pulling the trigger against their comrades.

Bang bang bang!

Then, discarding their muskets and drawing their swords, they turned and joined the slaughter.

The already panicked young soldiers, witnessing this scene, completely collapsed.

One by one, they turned and ran.

But three thousand Evil Spirits, emerging from the ground, overwhelmed them.

After the Evil Spirits descended back into the earth, these soldiers joined the ranks of the charging Skeleton Warriors.

In less than three minutes!

The walls of Fort Swallow, its outer city, and barracks fell one after another.

And the Undead Army suffered no losses whatsoever.

On the contrary, like a snowball rolling downhill,

The hundred thousand strong Undead Army not only didn't diminish but grew larger and larger.

By the time Eustace and Uder realized something was wrong, the Undead Army had already overtaken Fort Swallow with lightning speed.

"Where did these undead come from?"

"What about the sentries?"

"What about the patrol guards?"

"Why wasn't there a single warning sound?"

The two Legion commanders screamed in rage, leading their guards and drawing their longswords.

However, the next moment, their raging shouts came to an abrupt halt.

Waiting in the shadows, seizing the moment, Gulate and the twenty shadows struck simultaneously, passing straight through the bodies of the Legion commanders and their guards.

Suddenly, the life drained from the two commanders.

The guards fell to the ground one after another.

Two battlefield undead appeared beside the commanders, placing their hands on the bodies of the commanders.

Seconds later, the ghostly figures of the two commanders rose above their own bodies. After swiftly absorbing the power within them and rapidly advancing to mid-rank undead, the two commanders shouted towards Dennise's direction, "For Her Majesty the Queen, to death!"

Those who once belonged to the first and second Legions quickly gathered behind the two commanders.

With unified voices, they roared—

“For Her Majesty the Queen, to death!”