



196 Second Rebel Force

Each attack's rampage and slams could be heard from any direction. Arthur stood straight with the scene of the battlefield in front of him. Trees had covered the surrounding area, which gave him a hard time assessing the enemy's position as well. **1**

The battle formation had broken because of the lack of coordination between the movements. As his system became enraged, he retreated to the backlines.

There were some enemy soldiers that would go against his path to kill him, but he would just kill them with his measly swings.

"You are too young to kill me." Arthur roared until he reached his destination and faced their messenger and spy.

"Tell me, why did the rebel force become that large out of nowhere?"

The messenger was making beads of sweat on his forehead before he could face Arthur eye to eye. "They have a second man camp, my Lord. We also didn't notice that they had a secret camp in the northern part of the region."

Arthur's face showed a serious expression. He was about to vent his emotions, but as he saw



his underlings trembling in fear, afraid that they might get severely punished for their mistakes, he let out a sigh.

"Your comrades were dying because we didn't have the right time to prepare for war. Captain Fang was still on his side mission, checking the eastern part of the city for a loophole in the main Rebel Force. No one will save us." Arthur stated.

Behind him, his two children appeared to have a report.

First, his son reported, "The right flank died, my Lord."

Then, his daughter appeared to have a report for her father as well. "Sir, the front lines of the enemy force penetrated through the dense forest. My Lord, we'll have to relocate to the city's western outskirts."

Arthur had a solemn face as he slowly let out another sigh for the second time.

"That won't happen. I will fight for my land, even if it results in my dying on the battlefield." He tightly gripped onto his sword and stated, with a strong tone in his words. His children couldn't help but have their faces wrinkled as they bit their lips from fear of what they were encountering.



"Father, please, let me fight with you."

Arthur shook his head as his daughter approached him with a plea. "That won't happen. Protect yourself and..." The least who expected, his son looked at him with a confused look as he faced him. "... you should protect your sister. Flee from the battlefield and protect your sister."

"But, father?!"

"No," Arthur cut him off, shaking his head. "You must protect the family and keep up. And if ever we get defeated in this war, promise me that you'll recapture our land for the sake of our family's name and the lives of the people that sacrificed themselves."

Arthur's son had no other choice but to nod and grab his father for an embrace. "Please remain alive."

Arthur tapped his son's back while saying, "Of course, son."

After the embrace, his children finally left his side, and Arthur could only bite his lips from the terror he was starting to feel. But he knew he had to be firm with himself if he was to lead his city to victory.

He marched down from the backlines and went straight to the east, where the frontline was. And as he continued to observe the fight, he felt a



pain in his heart. The land was covered with the blood and bodies of his soldiers and enemies.

He raised his sword and started blending with the soldiers and the flow of the war. He swung, pierced, and chopped off a few limbs of his enemies. He grabbed and took one's heart, intentionally and became cruel to return the favor of his soldiers dying for the sake of their land.

Even though he was still in the Warrior Spirit Realm, he knew he could fight. He had some techniques prepared for himself to kill enemies without having a hard time. However, it was in vain as the number of his enemies kept on adding up. They were becoming harder to penetrate.

"What the fuck is this? Why can't they just die?!" Arthur roared as he continued to kill.

He almost tripped over, but, fortunately, he was able to get back to his balance and continued fighting.

The war was still going on, but the enemies had become more numerous than before. He couldn't help but swear each time another line of enemies would appear. It was questionable!

Ordeals continued to strike Duster City, and as Arthur felt that there would be no other hope, he



mustered his remaining energy to give a loud shout.

"Everyone! Retreat! Protect the walls!"

Everyone heard Arthur's desperate cry, and they saw him dragging some injured bodies of other soldiers as well. They all listened to his orders and moved back behind their walls. At first, they had a hard time repelling the enemy force that got inside of their walls, but after a huge boulder fell from the top of the wall, they successfully sealed the city.

Archers were on top of the walls, releasing their arrows with a fire lit up on the arrowheads. Even though they inflicted huge damage to their force, it was still not enough, as seconds later, a few cultivators behind the line of the rebel force started flying.

"Fuck, Master Stage!"

It was already over for them. There was no other way they could defend themselves. And if they want to live and keep their land from destruction, they should surrender.

Arthur had no other choice but to disappoint everyone. Even though they could still fight, it was not clear if they could survive. They were just plenty that they couldn't even see the future that they could penetrate.



Arthur's spine felt the chills as the cultivators in Master Stage arrived above the walls. Even if he wanted to die by fighting, he couldn't be selfish and let his soldiers die in vain.

"You puny soldiers of the government, you are just wasting your life. Who among you here is the commander?"

Arthur stepped forward, making the cultivators smile with delight as they saw how helpless Arthur was. His hands were behind his back, and his head was facing the ground. Arthur could only bite his lips as one of the cultivators raised their weapon.

"Hmmm... Your life is enough to save your soldiers' lives, right?"

Arthur didn't reply and remained silent. As the cultivators made a smug face, they then sent killing intent to Arthur with a weapon directly pointed at him.

Swish!

Everyone closed their eyes while they bit their lips, enduring watching the scene of their lord dying at the hands of the enemies. And just as Arthur was about to die, another sound loomed from behind Arthur's force. Furthermore, a feather-like image went straight to the rebels' cultivators.



Swish!

At that second, Arthur knew that he hadn't died. He felt a tremendous menacing aura coming from his back, and just as he opened his eyes, he saw the cultivators dead with their bodies halved.

The enemy force was flabbergasted by it. Their mouths made gaps as they moved back to see what happened above.

Arthur slowly turned his back to see where the attack came from, and just as he saw the reason behind it, he was agape. Arthur saw three people. One man was flying who had pale skin and a strange crimson outfit. Two ladies were also flying, but one had no wings. The other one had a pair of wings at her back, and this lady was also familiar to him.

"P-Pearl?" Arthur mumbled in disbelief as he watched his daughter go straight to the center of the battlefield.

Pearl ignored his father for the moment, while on her face was a serious expression. The three of them were above the battlefield while the enemies were looking at them with infuriation.

"Go down, cowards!"

Pearl couldn't help but snicker at what she heard. Plenty of insults went straight to them,



but, as she was ignoring them, she focused on casting.

Out of nowhere, eight huge purple tentacles appeared behind her white wings. And just as those tremendous tentacles reached the land, every rebel died from the destruction as the tentacles swung in different directions.

Pearl faced her company and said, "You can absorb them if you want to."

The other lady nodded, and a huge magic circle appeared in the sky. Meanwhile, a few needles made of red liquid rained down on the land, piercing through their skins and eventually draining their blood.

These different methods of killing the rebel force made the soldiers on Arthur's side in awe. Also, as if their stress had slowly disappeared from watching their enemies die.

"Now I know why killing people has been so delightful for other people..." Soldiers smiled as they watched their enemies die.