

Wizard 188

Chapter 188: Ripple Divine Montenegro Mountain! (3)

The most frightening thing was that the Duke of Montenegro had not returned yet.

In addition, the betrayal of the Earl of Blood further complicated the situation. Earl Morton, the Duke of Montenegro's eldest son and the second-in-command of the Montenegro Mountain Army had to temporarily call off the attack. The Northern Coalition Army was chased away by the royal family and the Southern Coalition Army.

Inside the tent, Earl Morton, who bore a resemblance to his father and possessed the strength of an ordinary grand knight, was furious.

"Can someone tell me what happened to my father? Haven't they found him yet?" Earl Morton questioned. None of the generals dared to look him in the eye.

"It's all the Earl of Blood's fault! He allowed the enemy to infiltrate our army.

Perhaps he knows something about the enemy and the whereabouts of Lord Duke of Montenegro," said a grand knight who was the Duke of Montenegro's deputy.

"Where is the Earl of Blood? Capture him!" Earl Morton said.

"I'll bring him here immediately. We have captured the Earl of Blood," assured a general who promptly set out to find him.

After a tense wait of fifteen minutes, the general returned, his face pale, and with a trembling voice, he confessed, "Lord Earl, the Earl of Blood... is also missing. "

'What? Wasn't he captured? How could so many people fail to keep an eye on one Earl of Blood? A useless bunch! " Earl Morton erupted in anger and desperation.

"The squad guarding the Earl of Blood was completely wiped out. It appears someone poisoned them..." the trembling general explained.

Who was it that had such guts?

He dared to go against the Duke of Montenegro!

"It must be a conspiracy orchestrated by those d*mned southern nobles!" "They must have enlisted a formidable expert from somewhere."

Even the Earl of Silversilk was filled with panic.

If the Duke of Montenegro perished, the remaining allied forces would be hard-pressed to face the oncoming might of the royal family and the Southern Coalition Army.

Earl of Silversilk had joined the Duke of Montenegro in rebellion, betraying many southern nobles who had once been on good terms with him.

Now that the leader of the rebellion was missing, he knew that if he were caught, his fate would be grim.

He had prepared to flee. Once the war was conclusively lost, he would have to escape. He could no longer stay in the Emerald Kingdom.

With his family's resources, he could seek refuge in the Tuva Empire.

Joining the Tuva Empire seemed like a good choice. The emerging regime in the Tuva Empire needed support from influential foreign nobles like himself.

While the Montenegro Mountain Coalition Army was becoming agitated and heatedly discussing their situation, the victorious royal family and the Southern Noble Coalition Army, led by the Seven Godly Swords, had already withdrawn to the safety of the capital.

They refrained from pursuing the enemy, primarily due to the mysterious and strange circumstances surrounding the battle. They feared it might be a trap orchestrated by the cunning Duke of Montenegro to lure them in and annihilate them.

The southern nobles and the royal family were also baffled by the unexpected turn of events. A powerful noble suddenly revolted within the Montenegro Mountain Coalition Army, leading to the chaos that allowed them to gain an advantage.

"I heard the Duke of Montenegro is missing?" the young king inquired, taken aback by the recent intelligence report.

"Yes, that's correct. A mysterious expert managed to turn the Earl of Blood against him, infiltrated the Duke of Montenegro's army, and engaged in a fierce battle with him. Eventually, the Duke of Montenegro went after that person and never returned," the Nation Guarding Divine Sword informed.

"Where did this mysterious expert come from, and why did he help us? Can we find out his identity?" the young king wondered.

"We haven't been able to determine that yet. The appearance of that expert was too sudden. He possesses great power, roughly on par with the Duke of

Montenegro. At the very least, he's at the level of a top-tier grand knight," the Nation Guarding Divine Sword replied.

"The heavens must be on our side," the young king exclaimed with joy.

"Surely, he is a divine warrior sent by our Heavenly Father to aid us in quelling the rebellion. This marks the beginning of our comprehensive counterattack!"

"Spread the word! Assemble all our forces and crush the rebel army in one decisive blow!"

In the wilderness, within a secluded mountain forest, Levi was examining the Duke of Montenegro's corpse.

After a thorough search, he found nothing but a few parchment maps detailing battle strategies, which was expected. The Duke of Montenegro spent most of his time on military arrangements and command, unlikely to carry any other personal items with him.

"What a shame."

"But it's not a total loss. After all, I managed to obtain a considerable amount of

Evil Spirit Dust."

"And there are also two golden boxes..." "The golden boxes can seal evil spirits. Why didn't I think of that?"

Li Wei couldn't help but smile bitterly.

On the other side, the Earl of Blood had already been turned into a living dead by Li Wei.

With the death of the Duke of Montenegro, his revenge had been avenged.

The Earl of Blood had no meaningful purpose left.

Coincidentally, Li Wei had lost one of his living dead, and he could use the Earl of Blood as a replacement.

Li Wei transformed the Earl of Blood into a second-generation Specter, replacing the Pale Shadow.

He felt pity as he looked at Magic Shark and the others. Magic Shark had become a one-armed hero, Demon Mountain a crippled figure, and Demon Hail's leg was also limping due to being completely shattered and irreparable.

In this aspect, the living dead were far inferior to the Blue Frost Undead.

The living dead lacked self-healing abilities and wore out too quickly.

For now, Li Wei couldn't find a solution, so he would have to change them more frequently in the future.

As for the Duke of Montenegro's corpse, it was beyond repair.

Li Wei's Golden Ripple Divine Palm had shattered all the bones in his body, turning his entire corpse into a pile of mud. Even with the Core of the Undead, it was impossible to make the corpse stand up.

This battle has allowed Li Wei to fully develop the most powerful move of the Ripple Force.

That is to directly unleash it with his palm, without the need for any weapons.

This force is even more direct and ferocious!

Moreover, with the strength of the level 9 Black Snake, his palm can easily withstand the backlash effect of the Ripple Force.

"There's one more thing. It seems my distinctive black scale feature is too conspicuous. Whether it's the Earl of Blood or the Duke of Montenegro, as soon as they see my black scales, they can immediately identify me. So, I should use the black scales less in the future. Anyone who has seen them must die!"

Li Wei summarized the lessons from this battle and reminded himself to be cautious.

Finally, he summoned Tuten, who was overfed.

"Meditation Art, bring it out.."