

Chapter 843

Strong winds blew in the endless desert, sending yellow dust scattering.

A large army was stationed in the boundless desert. It was a detachment from the Northern army that had come from the Northern Warzone with the intention of cutting off the Lycantroops' route.

"The Western border is so desolate that not even birds come here."

"Yeah, I wonder how the Lycantroops manage to stay here. Don't they get bored?"

"The legend of the Lycantroops ends here. According to the latest information from headquarters, the only ones left to defend the city are the Black Wolf leading the Shadow Wolves and the elderly, weak, and sick."

"Are you serious? Do they think that a group of Shadow Wolves and a bunch of elderly, weak, and sick people can stop our 800,000-strong army?"

"Hahaha... Just thinking about us taking down the Lycantroops' headquarters makes me inexplicably happy. What an opportunity this is!"

The generals were drinking and talking, appearing particularly relaxed as if this was not a war but a simple game.

However, it made sense. After all, they had 800,000 troops against less than 8,000 men. The advantage was clearly on their side. If they still managed to lose, they might as well cut off their heads in shame.

"General Flores, after today, with your brilliant leadership, our Northern army will completely capture the Lycantroops' headquarters. This feat is unparalleled in history. There's no one before and after you who can compare! Your promotion is right around the corner. I offer you a toast!"

One general raised his cup and approached the supreme commander of the Northern army, Miles Flores, and started kissing ass without hesitation.

"Good, good." Miles was in high spirits and drank the wine with a grin.

"General Flores, after this war, you will undoubtedly become the number one figure in the Northern army. Please don't forget to take care of us in the future!"

"General Flores, the Lycantroops' headquarters is already empty, so there's no pressure in this battle at all. I'll raise a toast to you in advance!"

"General Flores..."

The other generals approached him with their smiles one after another.

“Hahahaha...” Miles scanned the crowd and laughed heartily. “An empty Lycantroops’ headquarters doesn’t scare me at all. Thank you all for your support. Come, let’s raise our glasses and celebrate together!”

“A toast!”

The generals all raised their cups and echoed, appearing particularly relaxed.

After a feast, the generals all ate and drank their fill. They continued their march.

Their force of 800,000 was grand and mighty, stretching for countless kilometers. They crossed ridges and waded through rivers, eventually arriving at a canyon.

On both sides were towering mountains, with only a three- to five-meter-wide passage in the middle.

“General, this canyon is infamous for its danger. Even a superhuman will fall if they come here.

“The canyon is a total of 57 kilometers in length. In the past, the Wolf King Andrius set an ambush here and defeated the Western Alliance of 700,000 men with just 8,000, establishing unsurpassed fame. We should be cautious.”

The aide had done his homework and immediately reminded Miles when they arrived.

“Haha...”

“Heh...”

“Little boy...”

However, the aide’s reminder did not make the generals vigilant. Instead, they responded with disdainful laughter.

“The Northern army isn’t like those incompetents in the Western Alliance. The troops left behind in Yatburg today aren’t the same formidable force the Wolf King led! You worry too much,” Miles patted the aide on the shoulder and spoke with a grin.

“Exactly. Vigilance is good, but there’s no need to overreact and treat the Lycantroops like they’re gods.”

“You’re just being overly cautious!”

The other generals shook their heads and laughed, completely disregarding the aide’s words.

Seeing this, the aide could only return in frustration.

Their march continued.

Rumble...

Just as the entire army entered the canyon, the deafening sound of cannons rumbled, followed by earth-shaking tremors. It was as if the end of the world had arrived.

Noir led a small number of Lycantroops to set an ambush on both sides of the canyon, taking the high ground and bombarding the 800,000-strong army.

Miles and his men were not prepared at all.

Moreover, in such terrain, there was no room for resistance.

As soon as the battle began, they were overwhelmed and suffered heavy losses.