

Chapter 2963 Annihilation

The mercenary group's main force was steadily advancing toward Thorneville. Halfway up the mountain road, the SUV reached its limit.

The mercenaries continued on foot, chatting and laughing away, with some even placing bets on who would achieve more kills once they started working.

They were like hikers rather than soldiers preparing for battle. Though his men were laid back, the deputy commander smiled. If the enemy had been equally formidable, they might have been more cautious.

However, the enemy consisted merely of unarmed villagers. Sending them in was overkill.

The deputy commander believed that upon reaching the stronghold, they would likely encounter nothing but a pile of bodies.

Even if any survivors remained, they would pose no threat. Well, perhaps they would pick up farming implements to fight, but that would be of no use.

Faced with firearms, the villagers had no chance. Of course, if he knew these villagers got rich by selling Night Vines and possessed heavy artillery, he would think twice about barging in just like that.

Soon, the group of mercenaries arrived at Thorneville. Thick black smoke billowed from the village and the walls were deserted.

This sight did not surprise the deputy commander; he had foreseen it. He signaled to the mercenaries.

Upon receiving the commander's directive, the mercenaries emerged from their hiding spots and congregated at the stronghold's gate, awaiting their leader's command.

"Kill them all and leave no survivors!" The deputy commander looked at his men, hands behind his back. He exuded a poet's aura with every gaze.

However, his words sent shivers down the spine!

With approval from their leader, the mercenaries advanced toward Thorneville.

However, before they could proceed, a distant roar echoed. "Fire!"

Like how the mercenaries attacked Thorneville, they too couldn't even react to the assault. The air rumbled, and the mountain shook.

A shell launched from the cannon struck the crowd with tremendous force! Cries of agony filled the air as mercenaries died!

This was only the beginning. Thirty cannons fired in unison, the thunderous gunfire dominating the sky.

Caught off guard by the surprise attack, the mercenaries were in disarray. By the time they regained composure, many had already fallen or injured.

The remaining survivors were unable to mount an effective counterattack.

Delmont's people had cannons positioned on the walls, impeding the mercenaries' advance without heavy firepower.

Moreover, the mercenaries had not brought rocket launchers, considering the mobility required for mountain warfare.

The armed helicopters and off-road armored vehicles were stranded halfway up the mountain.

"Help!"

"Intel error! The village has cannons!"

The deputy commander appeared bewildered by the sight of his severely wounded subordinates.

At that moment, a sense of despair washed over him. Tigre had assured him that the enemy was merely a village. Yet, cannons had been deployed.

This is a village? My foot!

With resentment towards Tigre, he reluctantly issued the order, "Retreat!"

Regrettably, it was too late. Footsteps approached from behind.

"Attack!"

"For the fallen!"

Upon turning around, the deputy commander witnessed a large group of villagers wielding semi-automatic weapons emerging from the bushes!

His eyes widened in disbelief. He had not anticipated being encircled, let alone so stealthily!

Cornered by cannons, armed villagers, and an ambush, the mercenaries were defeated easily. Only the deputy commander survived and was captured alive by Delmont.