

Chapter 2998 Young People Always Like to Flaunt Their Bravado

Thunder Pass was situated on the border between Montiria and Seraphis, where the rolling mountains served as the natural divide between the two regions. The quote, "The eagles fall with broken wings where the east wind denies passage," actually referred to Thunder Pass.

This place was also a haven of natural beauty, with towering peaks that seemed to touch the clouds. Lush vegetation clothed the mountains in verdant splendor, creating an eternal spring-like atmosphere.

But now, with the troops led by Zedbar arriving here, the once calm border situation has taken a subtle turn.

"Lieutenant, Seraphis' army coalition has already sent additional troops to the border. If we advance further, it could provoke unnecessary conflict."

Zedbar's brow furrowed as he listened to his adjutant's report while in the passenger seat. "A mere band of disorganized soldiers dares to stand against us?" he scoffed. In his eyes, the army coalition, which was formed by familial forces, were mere cannon fodder. "Continue advancing for another kilometer, and then we'll settle for camp. Let's see who has the nerve to touch me."

The adjutant examined the border map for a moment, only to realize that advancing another kilometer would take them to the no man's land between Montiria and Seraphis. Just when he was about to caution Zedbar, he recalled this man's personality and thought better of it. Ah, forget it. Self-preservation first. "Yes, sir! All units, advance one kilometer ahead and establish camp!"

With the order given, nearly 20 thousand soldiers continued to march forward.

Upon noticing this, Seraphis' army coalition quickly reported the situation.

"Who's commanding the troops on the other side?"

"Sir, it's the son of the Minister of Border Affairs."

"You mean Zedbar?"

After a moment of pondering, the Chief of Army Staff's stern expression softened. "Just keep an eye on their movements. No need to get too worked up. Young people always like to flaunt their bravado."

As a result, this news sank into oblivion, failing to provoke any response within Seraphis' army coalition.

To Zedbar, however, it appeared that the other side had lost their nerve. Standing atop the armored vehicle, he gazed at the encampment tens of kilometers away, a smug grin creeping onto his face. "What a bunch of cowards!"

Beside him, his adjutant's back was drenched in a cold sweat. This guy's a f*cking idiot when it comes to warfare! No commander in their right mind would blatantly expose themselves to the enemy like that. If a real fight breaks out, he'll be the first casualty, no doubt.

However, the adjutant could only curse inwardly, knowing well the fate of the last adjutant who stood up to Zedbar—probably still warm in his grave. "Lieutenant, it's windy up here. Let's get down."

Zedbar dismissed his concern with a frosty look. "Why? Am I that weak?"

The adjutant's expression froze for a moment. Then, he replied, "No, of course not. Lieutenant, you're fit and healthy. It's just my overthinking."

Inwardly, he cursed, What a f*cking moron! Go to hell!

Zedbar had no inkling of his adjutant's thoughts. Seeing him hang his head submissively, he assumed the man was intimidated by him. Needless to say, he relished this feeling of superiority.

After jumping out of the vehicle, he cast a glance at his adjutant and asked, "How are things progressing on Matthew's end?"

The adjutant fetched a file. "Lieutenant, a few days back, the Night Mercenary attacked Leanna Sandel, Matthew's right-hand woman. Though they severely wounded her, their combat unit has been wiped out."

Zedbar didn't seem disappointed by this news at all. Instead, he was rather gleeful. "Great! One failure only fuels the fire for more attempts! Either he returns quietly to Cathay, or he watches his people meet gruesome ends before his eyes."

With that, he burst into laughter, as if victory were within arm's reach.