

# **The First Vampire Chapter 12 - 012 Female Mage\_1**

## **Chapter 12: 012 Female Mage\_1**

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"The Marquis is not here?"

"Yes."

"Then where is he now?"

In the very center of the eastern side camp by Mirror Lake, the most grand and luxurious tent, a man and a woman are in conversation.

If Colin were there, he would instantly recognize that the man kneeling before them is the same St. Hilde family knight who issued the urgent recruitment orders to the Fox Mercenary Group.

The once haughty knight is now showing utmost subservience.

"The Marquis, he..." confronted with the woman's question, the knight seemed to hesitate.

"Knight Blis, you need not say anything if this issue involves military orders," the woman said softly, not putting the knight in a difficult position.

This woman, tall and graceful, wore slightly oversized white fox fur cloak. Her dazzling golden hair poured down her shoulders and back, shimmering with light, enigmatic and captivating, almost difficult to look at but impossible not to be immersed in.

A translucent black gauze obscured her face, but her innate elegance and nobility could not be concealed.

Every move she made exuded an irresistible charm.

This air of authority was something only a true high noble could possess.

However, both the mage hat atop her head and the purple magic staff in her hand suggested that she was a mage.

That was unusual.

In the human empire of this world, nobles and mages, while not exactly mortal enemies, are irreconcilable entities.

The reason is simple - mages have no faith.

In the eyes of these spell-casters, only the Arcane Truth is the eternal pursuit.

To them, the deities are merely powerful mortals who have mastered the Arcane Truth.

Therefore, to the noble knights who worship the Lord of Glory, mages are absolute blasphemers, heretics that deserve to burn at the stake.

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However, in the Glorious Empire where the nobles hold absolute power, even though mages are not highly regarded, they aren't greatly persecuted either.

The reason, again, is simple - mages are powerful enough.

Of course, mages, like warriors who don't believe in deities, have a limit to their abilities, the sixth rank, and there has never been a Holy Field mage.

Despite that, they are somewhat different from the warriors.

Even if mages cannot reach the Holy Field, they have a way to exert strength above it.

This method is called Forbidden Spell.

Plenty of preparation, expensive casting materials, and a terrifying price can make a sixth-rank mage release a Forbidden Spell.

During the most intense struggle between the Glorious Church and the Mage Council, ten sixth-rank mages once joined forces to release a Forbidden Spell - [Falling Stars].

This horrific Forbidden Spell once wiped an entire city with a population of millions off the map!

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Needless to say, the mages paid a dreadful price for this spell.

Of the ten sixth-rank mages, seven died on the spot, and the remaining three passed away gradually in the following five years.

However, their sacrifice made both the Church and nobles realize the horror of mages, leading to some degree of reconciliation between the two sides.

But the hostile legacy of thousands of years of struggle and irreconcilable contradictions of faith, make the nobles and mages virtually strangers.

Thus, this female mage, who commands respect from the St. Hilde family knight and possibly carries the noble lineage, seems especially odd.

Knight Blis, noticing that the female mage didn't continue questioning about Marquis Charles' whereabouts, immediately exhaled a sigh of relief.

However, after hesitating for a minute, he voiced a reminder, "Miss Vera, you should leave this camp as soon as possible. It is... not very safe here..."

"There isn't a thing called safety on the battlefield." The female mage looked at the knight curiously and said unconcernedly, "Having come here, I'm well-prepared for the fight."

"No, you don't understand what I mean." Knight Blis stressed his tone a bit, "What I mean is, it's perilous here!"

Only then did the female mage's face change. She looked at the knight kneeling in front of her through the black gauze and asked in a serious tone, "Knight Blis, what exactly is the task given to you by the Marquis?"

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"My duty is to patrol the western camp and maintain order,"

Knight Raymon told Colin.

They were walking through the eastern camp, which was much quieter and more solemn than the chaotic western camp.

But it was a bit too quiet.

Colin frowned, looking at the situation in the camp, and his unease grew.

"Only patrol and maintain order? They didn't send you to stand guard in the surroundings?"

"No." Raymon shook his head, clearly sharing the same confusion, "Not just our squad, I haven't seen any cavalry squads spread out to scout."

Colin's brow furrowed tighter.

The importance of vision during war goes without saying.

But now, this large camp stationed by Mirror Lake had straight-up abandoned scouting the surroundings.

This is simply tactical suicide!

Apart from the possibility that Marquis Charles is an idiotic commander, it could only mean that the importance of this camp is very low.

Or, this place is simply a bait!

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"The main force of the army is probably long gone from the camp, isn't it?" Looking at the excessively quiet eastern camp, Colin asked Raymon.

"Yes, young master. These days, there have been armies leaving the camp, but they have not returned."

"So, the regular army's main force quietly left a long time ago. Now, only the mercenary group and the civilians summoned by the emergency recruitment order are left here. Of course, there are also knights like you who have lost their lords."

"Yes, our real task is actually to watch those miscellaneous soldiers to prevent them from running around."

"By looking at this..." Colin was halfway through his words when he saw a cavalry squad coming out of the center of the camp.

The one leading on a white horse was actually a woman.

And, Colin recognized the knight close behind her at a glance. It was the one who had issued the emergency recruitment order to the Firefox mercenary group.

That's a big shot!

Realizing the danger he was in, Colin immediately walked over.

If he couldn't find Marquis Charles, then seeking out the big shot in front of him should help him avoid the fate of being cannon fodder.

However, before Colin had taken a few steps, his heart clenched at the piercing sound of a military horn.

"Oo——"

Colin jerked his head around and saw a flock of birds startled from the northern forest.

Then, a black and white line appeared on the horizon amidst the sound of the earth shaking.

The Trolls are here!

As if a droplet of water had fallen into a boiling pot of oil, the whole Mirror Lake camp immediately boiled over.

"Enemy attack! Enemy attack!"

"Don't run around! Form a line! Form a line to meet the enemy!"

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The shouts of the military officers were absolutely useless. The mob gathered in the western camp had completely lost their cool, taken by surprise.

This was the dire consequence of not deploying scout cavalry. When attacked, there simply wasn't enough time to react.

In fact, even with enough reaction time, the motley crew of conscripts in the camp right now could never resist a regular army of Trolls.

Colin knew precisely what was coming—a one-sided massacre!

So, he pointed at the woman who was rushing eastward and said in a low voice to Raymon,

"Let's go, we follow her closely!"