

# **The First Vampire Chapter 16 - 016 Enchanting\_1**

## **Chapter 16: 016 Enchanting\_1**

Even behind the black gauze, Colin could see a flush rise on the female mage's face.

Only then did he notice that her golden hair had turned white, seemingly out of nowhere!

Moreover, strands of hair emanated an aura of frost.

She was losing control of her mana power!

No wonder she needed help.

"Of course, it's my honor!"

Since the lady made the first move, Colin would not play coy in return.

Moreover, he understood that his identity as the highest-ranking noble in this troop was probably why he was chosen, not because she suddenly became fond of him.

Yes, class discrimination.

It's so prevalent in this world.

Even if Knight Blis was a formidable force, capable of crushing Colin with just one hand.

But without a conferred nobility or being a potential successor to a noble rank, he was just a noble in training in the eyes of the high nobility, he was yet to step into the threshold of real nobility.

To precisely express the knights' awkward predicament:

To the commoners, they were nobles, but the nobles viewed them as commoners.

Therefore, the noble-born female mage would rather choose Colin but won't let the more familiar Blis, whom she trusted more, get close to her.

Of course, it might also be because Blis needed to lead the troop and couldn't be distracted...

Colin was musing while dismounting his horse to mount the female mage's warhorse.

Not delicate warmth, but biting cold.

The sensual thoughts that have begun to simmer within Colin were instantly snuffed out.

The female mage stiffly nestled into Colin's embrace, as though searching for warmth and reliability.

Blis leveled a warning look at Colin, then turned around to regroup and get the troop ready for departure.

"My apologies, Knight Colin, I've been using magic too frequently these days and I'm a bit exhausted. That's why I need your help..."

"Don't say so, you did this to help us escape from danger. Don't worry, I will take care of you."

The troop set out once again.

The horse ride was bumpy as they were moving at a brisk pace.

The female mage's body was weak, and she barely stayed on the horse with Colin's arms around her.

"Are you okay?" Colin felt the female mage in his arms trembling slightly so he leaned in to ask, "Do I need to slow down?"

"I'm fine, no need." The female mage gritted her teeth, "We must leave this place as soon as possible."

1

"Alright."

The bumpy ride had both of them pressed tightly together, inevitably causing some friction...

Then Colin embarrassingly discovered that his blood was concentrating in a particular area of his body.

6

It seemed like vampires have that capability too.

He'll have to remember this when he got some free time...

Luckily Colin can now freely control the flow of his blood, so he dispersed the blood concentrated in a certain place to the rest of his body to avoid any awkwardness.

"What's your name?" To divert his attention, Colin casually asked.

The female mage hesitated for a moment, but she replied, "Vera."

However, she didn't mention her surname.

Colin furrowed his brows, "Flower of Truth?"

"You know Elvish?" The surprise was evident in Vera's voice.

"Of course, this is a vital skill for a sophisticated noble," Colin bluffed.

In reality, Emon, the zealous butler that always strove to elevate the Angler family's prestige, had painstakingly instilled some of this knowledge.

But Colin only picked up a smattering of it, enough to get by. In this case, a modicum of knowledge was just enough.

"Ainu coimas cuivie, Laurelin leuca miule," a string of Elvish slipped from Vera's lips again.

As the race that was first to learn how to utilize mana power, many magic spells must be chanted in Elvish, hence, it became a mandatory language for mages to learn.

"What?" But the half-learned Colin faltered.

"Hehehe..." Vera chuckled at Colin's perplexed look.

"Stuck-up Woman!"

2

"What?" Vera's slender eyebrows furrowed, "Which language were you just speaking?"

"Guess." Colin grinned smugly.

He certainly wouldn't tell her that he was just speaking Chinese.

"It sounded a bit like Quenya," Vera guessed but then shook her head, "No, that can't be."

Quenya was the language exclusive to the High Elves, but just like the High Elves themselves, it has long since vanished from the world.

The present-day Elves and Naga races are actually descendants of the once High Elves.

1

Therefore, whether in pursuit of their ancestors' footsteps, or to delve into the ancient arcane books that no one could understand, Quenya has always been a major focus of study for these two races and the mages.

Unfortunately, thousands of years of research have only resulted in piecing together the pronunciation of a few dozen words.

That's why Vera believed Colin, who couldn't even speak fluent Elvish, wouldn't possibly know Quenya.

Despite the fact that his pronunciation just now was strikingly similar to the currently deciphered Quenya words.

1

"What kind of language is Quenya?" This was Colin's first time hearing of this term.

Just as she expected, Vera thought to herself.

"It was an exclusive language of the High Elves. It has been lost to time."

"Oh," was Colin's indifferent response, followed by a curious question, "What exactly happened to the High Elves? Has your Mage Council discovered anything?"

"No," Vera shook her head, "The time is too far removed, and the only ancient books that might have documented what happened back then were written in Quenya..."

Colin rolled his eyes, seriously doubting these mages' ability to decipher languages.

"However..." Vera left her sentence hanging.

"However what?"

"However, the Mage Council has some speculations."

"Let's hear them."

"The disappearance of the High Elves and the Giant Dragon occurred more or less 5000 years ago. Meanwhile, the gods, the Lord of Glory, the God of War, the Goddess of Fate, the Storm God... started spreading faith around that same time. So, there may be some connection..."

"How dare you speculate about the Lord of Glory!" Colin cut her off firmly.

He had to do it.

Although he thought Vera's speculation made some sense and he didn't have much reverence for these so-called gods, as a knight, he had to stand his ground.

It was part of his "character."

2

Otherwise, he would face rejection from the entire nobility class.

Vera also realized she was foolish to discuss such a matter with a fanatic knight.

She sighed, seemingly losing interest in the conversation.

Colin stayed silent, pretending to be "offended."

1

Over time, Colin found that the body in his arms began to warm up gradually.

Apparently, the female mage was slowly recovering from her arcane surge.

However, with this, the friction between their bodies became even more sensuous and romantic.

Colin had to try harder to keep his blood from rushing to certain areas it shouldn't...

2

Nevertheless, the faint scent of rose continuously infiltrated his nose, stirring his restless heart.

When evening fell and the team stopped for a rest, Colin finally got off the horse, feeling a great sense of relief.

However, at the same time, he felt a hint of reluctance.

"Thank you for today, Knight Colin."

"No need to thank me." Colin bowed and then turned back after a few steps to ask, "What was the Elvish phrase you said today?"

Vera hesitated slightly: "Believe in truth, not lies."

"Got it." Colin nodded with a smile and left.

Vera had lied.

Colin happened to know the last word of the Elvish phrase she uttered.

But Colin didn't expose Vera. He understood she had told a little white lie to spare his feelings.

The last word of the Elvish phrase didn't mean "lies", it meant... "Deity."

So, the true meaning of the Elvish phrase Vera spoke should be:

Believe in truth, not deities.

## **The First Vampire Chapter 17 - 017 Defeated Soldiers\_1**

### **Chapter 17: 017 Defeated Soldiers\_1**

"The blood of a Troll warrior cannot enhance strength."

Under the faint morning light, Colin was writing on the sheepskin scroll.

Yes, he had drunk all the stolen blood of the Troll warrior last night, but he didn't see any peculiar reactions from his body.

1

Did it have to be the blood of a knight?

6

Colin looked around the camp a little frustrated.

Knight Raymon sat not far in front of Colin, sipping water in small mouthfuls.

Not him, after all, he was a loyal servant.

Knight Blis was hurrying everyone to pack up, ready to set off.

Not him either, couldn't beat him.

Maybe, he could go to Mirror Lake battlefield to see...

However, that battle had taken place long ago. If the corpses hadn't been eaten up by beasts, they probably had already become mummies.

A familiar fragrance interrupted Colin's wild thoughts.

"Good morning, Knight Colin."

"Good morning, Miss Vera."

Colin gazed at the elegant female mage standing before him, a smile emerging naturally on his face.

"You look much better today. How are you feeling? Do you need any further assistance?"

"No, I think I should be able to manage on my own today."

"Alright, if you need anything, feel free to ask."

During the conversation, Colin's eyes gradually moved to Vera's slender white neck. He suddenly wondered—would mage's blood work...?

1

Vera noticed Colin staring at her neck, feeling a bit embarrassed, she glared at him fiercely, blushing, "Let's get going, Knight Blis is urging us."

"Okay."

Colin mounted his war horse, and moved beside Vera, traveling side by side.

1

Intimate physical contact was the best way to close the distance between men and women.

Colin was certainly aware of this.

After riding together yesterday, he was sure that he had established a place in Vera's heart.

She probably hadn't even noticed it herself.

Vera, indeed, wasn't really angry and began to chat and joke with Colin again.

The party continued north, the journey was much quieter, with no more encounters with the Troll army.

Only a few blind thieves, and some reckless beasts, but all were easily dealt with by Knight Blis and his team.

It seemed that Colin's plan was indeed effective, they had temporarily shaken off the pursuers behind them.

To conserve the horses' energy, the team's pace gradually slowed down.

Colin took this opportunity to quickly get closer to Vera.

However, he still hadn't ascertained her true identity.

He only knew that she had just returned to the North Territory from Yevir, and when passing near Mirror Lake, she happened to meet a mercenary group that had received Marquis Charles' emergency conscription order, and followed them to the Mirror Lake camp.

Yevir, also known as the Arcane City, was located at the border between the Bright Empire's eastern territory and the Bright Moon Forest. It used to be an Elves' territory, but since they had retreated into the Bright Moon Forest, the city had been occupied by mages.

2

Officially, Yevir was under the Bright Empire, but the highest authority in the city was the Mage Council. Neither the Duke of the East nor the Emperor of the Empire had any real control over this Arcane City.

Through the conversation, Vera said she had gone to Yevir to study the arcane art when she was very young, and she hadn't returned to the North Territory for over ten years. She was even less familiar with this place than Colin, who had inherited his predecessor's memories.

Moreover, the fact that Vera voluntarily went to Mirror Lake to help upon seeing Marquis Charles' conscription order showed that she probably had a very close relationship with the St. Hilde family.

Indeed, some nobles loved having a mage accompany them during their campaigns. After all, although mages weren't good for one-on-one combat, their role in the battlefield was significant.

However, considering the conflicts between nobles and mages, most proud mages didn't bother with nobles.



Even if a few mages were willing to accept nobles' employment, they usually demanded a very high price. Mages like Vera who voluntarily came to assist upon seeing a conscription order were unheard of.

By evening, the team had set up camp to rest again.

However, it wasn't long before the scout cavalry who had been sent out to investigate the situation hurriedly returned and reported:

"Lord Blis, traces of a small grouping of humans have been discovered ahead, suspected to be the remnants fleeing from the battlefield at Mirror Lake!"

"Fleeing troops? Bring them here."

Hearing that there were remnants who had fled from the battlefield at Mirror Lake, Colin and Vera hurried over immediately.

They were in desperate need to know what exactly had happened on the Mirror Lake battlefield, and whether Marquis Charles' plan had been successful.

As this group suspected to be remnants was escorted into the camp, Colin noticed that there were familiar faces among them!

"Honored knights, do you remember me? I am Sael from the mercenary group Firefox, your personal delivery of the emergency summons from the marquis was handed to me!"

Looking at the miserable Sael amidst the fleeing troops, Blis was able to recall who he was.

His memorable 'filial' act of joining the army after murdering his own father was simply hard to forget.

"What's the situation at the Mirror Lake camp?"

"Tragic! It's extraordinary tragic!" Sael immediately sobbed, "Trolls everywhere on the hills and plains, too many of them. They kill on sight, we simply can't fight them off! So many of our brothers have died...uh...uh... If I hadn't seized the opportunity to dive into the lake, wouldn't have escaped death..."

"Did you guys see the army led by the marquis?"

"Marquis Charles?" Sael pondered, "Yes, yes, in fact, we did see a Golden Lion flag appear at the rear of the troll army, however..."

"However, what? Stop stammering!" Blis scolded impatiently.

"Yes, yes!" Sael didn't dare to hesitate anymore and spoke bluntly, "Nevertheless, it appears... the army led by the marquis also retreated..."

Silence fell upon everyone.

Retreat?

This is obviously Sael's euphemistic way of stating it.

The real situation was more likely a defeat.

This shocking news left everyone astonished for a moment.

Unexpectedly, just after they had shaken off their pursuers, they now faced a much more terrifying troll army on the front.

Just as everyone was digesting this horrifying news, Blis suddenly asked, "Are there any pursuers behind you?"

Sael promptly responded, "No. During the initial few days, small groups of troll army indeed pursued us, but they gradually disappeared, probably because they didn't consider us important."

Blis sighed in relief, turned his head and asked Vera, "Miss, what should we do next?"

Vera seemed a little hesitant, then unconsciously turned her gaze towards Colin.

After successfully helping everyone escape from the pursuer, Colin had gradually become an influential figure in her eye.

Glancing at the ragged escapees, Colin spoke in a low voice, "We need to investigate the movement of the Troll army so that we can further plan. But now, the first thing we must do is shake off these remnants!"

"Why? They are also humans!" Vera exclaimed.

Colin rolled his eyes and patiently explained, "The key to us being able to shake off the pursuers before was that we are all cavalries with great mobility. Now if we don't leave behind these remnants walking on two legs..."

"Honorable knight! After the battle of Mirror Lake, Firefox mercenary group is almost annihilated. However, I'm willing to follow you, to take revenge for my fallen brothers!" Sael seemed to realize something and immediately yelled out loud.

Furthermore, under his agitation, the many fleeing soldiers also started shouting out:

"Yeah! To take revenge for our brothers!"

"Sir, please lead us to fight back!"

"Don't abandon us!"

"Revenge! Revenge!"

...

Seeing some of the cavalry being stirred up, Colin could only keep his mouth shut, then looked at Vera with a serious gaze, hoping she would make the right choice.

However, Vera asserted to Colin righteously, "They're also our companions. I won't abandon them!"

Then, she turned around to comfort the excited fleeing soldiers.

Colin could only let out a helpless sigh, his brow furrowed as he looked towards Sael.

Sael was also looking back towards him.

Their gazes held for a moment before swiftly moving apart.

## **The First Vampire Chapter 18 - 018 Disagreement\_1**

### **Chapter 18: 018 Disagreement\_1**

Colin felt that he wasn't a saint.

2

But unexpectedly, he came across one.

However, it wasn't surprising.

Despite Vera's outstanding strength, she was still young.

Most of her time was spent in the Vier Tower, studying arcane magic. Having not yet experienced the harsh realities of the world, it was understandable that she was a little naive, a little saintly.

But what frustrated Colin was that Knight Blis was also very clear that they should abandon these fleeing soldiers. Yet no matter how Colin tried to persuade him, the knight from the St. Hilde family stubbornly refused to go against Vera's will.

This confused Colin, in addition to making him angry.

Just who was Vera?

1

From Colin's perspective, Blis's strength probably made him a fourth-order knight. Even within the St. Hilde Family, this would be considered a core force. His status would certainly not be low.

So why was he so unquestioningly obeying this female mage, even risking his own life to do so?

If it weren't for the fact that he knew Duke St. Hilde only had three sons and no daughters, Colin would have wondered if Vera was the Duke's daughter.

1

Although he felt hopeless for the future of this team, Colin didn't panic too much.

Even if they were surrounded and attacked by the wolf cavalry, he could play dead to escape.

There likely wasn't anyone in this world who could play dead better than him...

7

In this regard, Colin was quite confident.

As for the others, they would have to fend for themselves.

He was powerless to help.

In the following two days, everything remained calm.

There were no pursuing trolls, not even any foolish thieves.

On the other hand, they encountered several groups of soldiers fleeing from the battlefield at Mirror Lake.

Naturally, Saint Vera didn't hesitate to take them in.

With this, their initial squad of cavalry, originally less than a hundred people, rapidly swelled to over a thousand in size.

Although their numbers had increased, anyone who had some basic military knowledge would know that their combat power hadn't improved much.

Marching and war weren't necessarily better with more people, especially during a "strategic relocation."

It was quite clear that Vera was one of those people who had no military sense.

Surprisingly, under Sael's flattery, when she saw the size of the team expand, she became even more confident. She even had the absurd idea of continuing to assemble more fugitive soldiers and fight a decisive battle with the trolls.

However, aside from these troubles, there was also some good news.

The recently accepted group of fleeing soldiers told them that after the troll's main army defeated the Marquis Charles, they rushed north. So, the area near Mirror Lake was actually safe now.

This news brought great jubilation and excitement to the people.

This meant that the only thing faced by the fleeing team was the wolf cavalry unit that had been pursuing them before.

Even though the wolf cavalry had initially misjudged their escape direction, they should have corrected their course by now after several days had passed.

According to Colin's idea, the wisest thing to do now was to abandon the fleeing soldiers and continue north, finding and hiding in the nearest human town before the wolf cavalry caught up.

Not continue to accept more fleeing soldiers, allowing their marching speed to be dragged down, and eventually being caught by the wolf cavalry again.

As Colin predicted, things took a turn for the worst.

After two more days, they finally saw signs of troll scout cavalry again on their tail.

"Young Master Colin, it looks like the previous Wolf Cavalry will catch up soon. We should leave the group and escape on our own!" Clearly sensing danger, Knight Raymon quietly approached Colin and proposed.

Surprisingly, Colin wasn't panicking now.

In fact, he found himself wanting to see the fate of those who had ignored his advice and brought it upon themselves.

4

Perhaps he could even have the chance to get the blood of Knight Blis and Mage Vera.

For this, Colin didn't feel the least bit guilty.

3

He did not intentionally harm these two people for the sake of bloodshed.

On the contrary, he had warned them earlier, but they insisted on courting death, so he had no choice but to abide by the principle of "waste not, want not".

1

However...

Colin glanced at Raymon who was beside him.

For this loyal knight, he did not want him to die here.

"You run first, I still have to..."

"Young Master! If you don't leave, I won't either!"

Apparently, Raymon misunderstood Colin's meaning.

But Colin couldn't explain, he couldn't just tell him that he was good at playing dead, could he?

While Colin was thinking about how to coax the stubborn Raymon away, a soldier came to deliver a message: "Sir Colin, Lord Blis summons you."

"Ok." Colin had to temporarily put aside his worries and followed the soldier to a tent in the central area of the camp.

In the tent, besides Vera and Blis, the filial son Sael was also present.

In recent days, thanks to his eloquent speech, clever mind, and obsequious manner, Sael had clearly become Vera's lackey.

Colin had to admire his adeptness at currying favor.

But at the same time, he felt a wave of disgust towards this annoying guy.

"Knight Colin, you're here." Vera greeted Colin with a smile, apparently not holding any grudges about the previous dispute about accepting defeated soldiers.

Blis still just nodded lukewarmly.

Sael bowed, his face beaming with a warm smile: "I didn't expect to see you again, respected Cain..."

"SLAP!"

1

Colin swung the whip in his hand and cut off the second half of Sael's sentence abruptly.

"Knight Colin, what are you doing?" Vera was startled by this development and immediately demanded an explanation.

Colin sneered, pointing at Sael who was knocked to the ground and rebuked, "Remember my name, mercenary boy - Colin Angler!"

Sael was clearly stunned by Colin's lash.

He still couldn't figure out how the previous "Cain Sudor" had become "Colin Angler", but the burning pain on his body reminded him of what he should do at this moment.

"I apologize, respected Sir Colin, I made a mistake."

As a commoner, Sael had no right to challenge a noble, even if that noble had indeed lied.

"Humph! You are to lead Knight Colin's horse as punishment!" Having figured out the reason for the incident, Vera gave a cold hum, not blaming Colin any further. Instead, she felt that the whip as punishment was somewhat lenient.

In this world with strict hierarchies, a commoner calling a noble by the wrong name could be hanged for it.

Colin, seemingly furious on the outside, felt a profound sense of satisfaction on the inside and couldn't help but chuckle.

He had been annoyed with this filial son for a long time and used this opportunity for payback.

Of course, it was also to prevent him from revealing that he had used a fake name.

"All right, Knight Colin, we asked you here this time to discuss our next journey. As you may know, the wolf cavalry is catching up with us again from behind."

Colin did not immediately respond to Vera's question. Instead, he commanded Sael, who was still kneeling on the ground, "Get out!"

Sael clenched his fists quietly, but he did not dare to challenge Colin and could only look at Vera for help.

But he clearly overestimated his status in Vera's heart.

"Sael, you should leave."

"Yes."

Sael had no choice but to get up and leave.

At the same time, he buried his head deep down, hoping to hide the uncontrollable anger in his eyes.

## **The First Vampire Chapter 19 - Strategy\_1 019**

### **Chapter 19: Strategy\_1 019**

"Why are you so opposed to this little mercenary?"

2

After Sael left, Vera asked with a provocative tone.

Apparently, Vera had noticed Colin's hostility towards Sael. However, she thought it was just the two men fighting over her out of jealousy.

At this thought, her face, hidden beneath the black gauze, turned slightly red, but a trace of secret delight arose in her heart.

Women always enjoy seeing men fight over them, even if she doesn't like any of them.

1

"A person who dares to kill his own father does not deserve my respect." Colin said righteously, not hesitating to expose Sael's dark secret.



"What?" Vera was very surprised.

"Indeed, Sael is a venomous snake, we should be careful," chipped in Knight Blis from the side. Having also disapproved of this notorious patricide.

"I see." Vera nodded, blacklisting this clever little mercenary she initially found intriguing.

"All right, let's get back to the matter at hand."

Vera began to introduce Colin to the specifics of the situation discovered by the scout cavalry.

By this time, it was certain that two groups of wolf cavalry had caught up, each group consisting of about seven to eight hundred men. Their combined numbers were already equivalent to their current force.

However, the enemy consisted of the elite troll wolf cavalry from their regular army, while their side, other than the not quite a hundred strong cavalry team that could be considered as the best, the rest were all refugees who had fled from the Mirror Lake camp.

Furthermore, these refugees were all mercenaries and peasants pulled together after an emergency conscription.

It was completely a ragtag crowd.

Even Vera, who lacked basic military knowledge, began to panic under such circumstances. She quickly turned to Colin to discuss tactics.

Colin sighed and made one last attempt. "We can still make it if we abandon these refugees now and only go with the cavalry team."

"Isn't there a better way?" Vera was still unwilling to give up.

Seeing the misplaced kindness of this female mage, Colin once again tried to persuade her: "I know you don't want to abandon them, but even if we stay, we can't save them. We would only risk our lives."

Vera fell silent, but her eyes remained stubborn.

Colin could only turn to Knight Blis, hoping that this battle-hardened knight would be more rational.

However, Knight Blis's eyes were full of determination. "It was I who brought these people to the battlefield, and I have already abandoned them once. I do not want to abandon them a second time."

2

It was then that Colin learned that Blis had accepted the refugees not because of Vera's orders, but out of guilt.

In Colin's view, Blis was only following the Marquis's order and could not be held accountable. But facing the resolute Knight Blis, Colin felt a sense of sadness.

He knew very well that once people like Blis had made a decision, it would be very difficult to persuade them otherwise.

However, Knight Blis was also aware that this time the odds were against them. So he looked straight into Colin's eyes, earnestly requesting: "Knight Colin, I hope you could take Miss Vera and leave first—"

"No! I won't go!" Vera immediately refused.

"Miss Vera—"

"I am not leaving! These are my people, I have a responsibility to protect them!"

The atmosphere suddenly became melodramatic...

1

Colin felt a headache, as if he was watching a scene in a melodramatic TV drama.

2

However, the phrase "my people" that Vera had blurted out in her haste had taken him by surprise.

Only a member of the St. Hilde family, and a direct one at that, would have the privilege to say such a thing.

But Duke St. Hilde did not have a daughter.

Could it be an illegitimate daughter?

That's not right.

Colin thought again. Although the noble laws of this world were very similar to those of Earth's Middle Ages, there was a difference. Here, illegitimate children (sons or daughters) absolutely had no right of inheritance.

1

The nobles here were particularly obsessed with the purity of their bloodline.

Even if all the legitimate children were to die out, the nobles would prefer to select an inheritor from the collateral line of their family, rather than pass on their nobility to an illegitimate child.

So, even if Vera really is the illegitimate daughter of the Northern Duke, she does not have the right to say "my citizens".

While Colin was imagining all the potentials about Vera's real identity, the argument between the two had toned down.

As expected, Knight Blis could not persuade Vera to leave first.

Although she may seem a bit of a saint, or even naive, this female mage had indeed shown commendable courage.

The tent fell into silence.

After a while, Blis suddenly spoke:

"Knight Colin, you need to leave here. I'm sure you already heard from Knight Raymon, your father Baron Angler has fallen in battle. Therefore, you need to go back and succeed his title."

Colin looked up abruptly at Blis's expressionless face, and asked abruptly, "Why didn't this news make it back to Grey Castle?"

Blis hesitated for a moment, but told him truthfully, "Since the end of last year, Marquis has ordered to block all news from the frontline."

"Why?"

Blis did not answer.

But Colin could guess the answer.

Probably since then, the frontline situation had rapidly deteriorated. Marquis Charles could have cut off all news to save face or prevent instability among the people at the back.

However, he might be unaware that such a move indirectly caused the death of Colin's predecessor.

Charles St. Hilde.

Colin quietly added this name to his blacklist.

"Knight Colin, you should go back to Grey Castle first, people there need you..." Vera, who had just learned about the news, immediately felt sympathy for Colin and also tried to persuade him to leave first.

But Colin declined with a passionate and magnanimous stance saying:

"I won't leave either! Whether it's for my father's revenge, or for the honor of the human race, I must stay here and fight the Troll to the death!"

2

Of course, Colin would not leave at this point.

He is not because of the lofty reasons, but he doesn't want to waste the blood of a high-ranking knight and a mage...

"Colin..." Vera's beautiful big eyes sparkled with admiration, "You are a real knight!"

4

Even Blis seemed moved, looking at Colin as if he were seeing him in a new light.

The three looked at each other for a long time, the tent filled with an atmosphere of self-sacrifice...

Unfortunately, what Vera and Blis did not know was that Colin had already begun to contemplate how he was going to play dead...

6

When the three of them gradually calmed down, they finally began to discuss their strategy.

Since they had already determined the principle of "never give up, never surrender", it was inevitable to be caught up by the wolf cavalry with all these burdens.

1

A fight was inevitable.

Blis started to detail his battle plan, such as where to meet the enemy, how to construct simple defense works, how to cooperate between cavalry and infantry, and so on.

Vera was listening very carefully.

As for how much this female mage, who lacks military knowledge, could understand, only God knows.

Colin, however, was absent-minded as if he was thinking about something else.

"Knight Colin, Knight Colin?"

"What?" Colin came back to his senses, seeing both of them staring at him.

"Do you have any opinions on this plan?"

Colin did not answer this question, but carefully said, "Sorry, I was distracted. I was thinking that perhaps, we might be able to avoid this battle."

"Really? How do we avoid it?" Vera asked with hope.

Unless it's absolutely necessary, she wouldn't want to be a martyr either.

Besides, the successful breakout previously had given her confidence, making her believe that Colin might create another miracle.

Colin calmly drew a simple map on the ground with his riding whip, pointed at a river bay and said:

"We can hide there!"

## **The First Vampire Chapter 20 - 020 Suspected Soldiers\_1**

### **Chapter 20: 020 Suspected Soldiers\_1**

As dawn was breaking, everyone started packing for departure.

With the wolf cavalry getting closer and closer, an anxious mood began to spread among the fleeing party.

Sael stuffed the half of the wild rabbit left over from yesterday's meal into his pocket. He ignored the constant whispering of his companion and looked around the camp for that beautiful figure.

Soon, Sael pinpointed his target.

Unfortunately, there was another man standing next to that figure.

Sael touched his left cheek. The whip mark still throbbed slightly.

Seeing Sael in a daze, his companion Bam couldn't help but sneered, "Enough, Sael, stop looking. The honorable lady is not someone that a common mercenary like you can aim for."

"Who says a mercenary can't fancy a noble lady?" Sael retorted impatiently.

"Ha ha, do you really understand the gap between commoners and nobles? Silly boy!"

"Don't call me silly boy!" Sael turned his head and glared at Bam fiercely.

"Alright, alright." Bam shrank back in fear and hastily begged for mercy.

Sael then let him off and followed that figure with his gaze again. His voice deep, he asked, "Bam, do you know Count Uman?"

"Of course, Lord of the Fallen Eagle City."

"That's right, do you know how Count Uman got his title?"

"Wasn't it passed down by his father?"

"Yes. So, do you know how his father got that title?"

"Passed down by his grandfather, right?" Bam found the question a bit silly.

"No." Sael shook his head slowly, "His father got it from his grandmother."

"So?" Bam scratched his bird's nest-like hair, his face full of confusion.

"Why was it passed down by the grandmother instead of the grandfather?" Sael's eyes sparkled strangely, "Because Count Uman's grandfather was a common mercenary!"

"How is that possible?" Bam exclaimed.

"But that is the truth.

The grandfather of Count Uman, as a mercenary, married the daughter of the then lord of Fallen Eagle City. Unfortunately, the lord's son died early, and the title was passed to Count Uman's grandmother, and then to his father - the son of that mercenary!"

Bam's mouth dropped open as if he was listening to a heavenly tale.

Sael's eyes shone with a peculiar light, one called ambition.

He leaned close to Bam, spoke in a low voice as if making a vow, "So, the son of a mercenary can become a noble!"

Having said that, Sael immediately strode towards the figure.

Bam watched his tall companion's retreating back, feeling a mix of emotions.

However, what Sael didn't tell Bam was that the mercenary who married the count's daughter was a sixth-order warrior and the head of the North Territory Mercenaries Union. He was once called "the first man under the Holy Field".

1

"Good morning, Miss Vera! Good morning, Knight Colin! May I lead your horse as an apology for offending you yesterday?"

Looking at the seemingly modest mercenary in front of him, Colin felt annoyed. He waved dismissively, as if chasing away a fly, "No need."

"You do not accept my apology?" Sael immediately put on a wronged expression, and purposefully revealed his whip-marked left cheek that was still oozing blood.

"Colin, a true knight should know how to forgive." Vera seemed to be deceived by the mercenary's pitiful appearance, and actually spoke up for him.

Sael felt a twinge of joy, and pain at the same time.

The joy was that Miss Vera would speak for him.

The pain was that she addressed Colin by his name, without adding the suffix of "Knight"!

It was an extremely intimate way of addressing.

What an immodest woman!

"No, I find it incredibly wasteful to have the head of the Firefox Mercenary Group merely holding my horse. In fact, I have a more important task for Commander Sael."

"You overestimate me..." Sael instinctively sensed trouble.

"What, you don't want to do me this favor?" Colin didn't give the other party a chance to refuse.

"I... of course, I want to. It's my honor." Sael had to grudgingly agree, but he already started to regret in his heart.

"Great!" Colin grinned, revealing sharp canine teeth, "To shake off the pursuers behind us, we need to mislead them so they won't know our real moves.

So, in a while, I need you to lead fifty men—pick the young, strong, and fastest ones against the north. After about twenty or thirty kilometers, you should reach the banks of Ben Liu River.

At that point, you should deliberately leave traces as if you crossed the river and headed north, but in reality, you don't need to cross the river. Instead, quietly follow the Ben Liu River eastward for about ten kilometers until you reunite with us.

Of course, you must be careful to erase any marks of your passage when going downstream, we cannot lead the enemy here!

Do you understand?"

Sael was sweating profusely. It seemed even more to him that Colin was settling a personal score and finding an excuse to get rid of him: "Are you... are you make me a bait?"

"No, not bait, a feint!" Colin said seriously, "Moreover, we will coordinate with your action. As long as you do exactly as I said, there won't be any danger."

"How do you coordinate?" Sael was still worried.

Colin frowned.

If this were in the regular army and Sael dared to ask such a question, the commander could cut off his head directly.

Commanders have no obligation to explain their entire strategy to every subordinate.

Once the military order is received, they should just act according to its requirements.

They should not be questioning, hesitating, picking, and choosing.

Even if the commander really assigned you a suicide mission, you could only go and execute it.



The military order is like a mountain; even if it really is going to crush you, you cannot hide!

Unconditional obedience is the first duty of a soldier.

But obviously, a mercenary like Sael would not have the qualities of a real soldier.

Helpless, Colin could only patiently explain:

"All our cavalry will spread out and eradicate the scout cavalry of the Wolf Cavalry behind us, ensuring that for the next couple of days, they cannot figure out our real moves. So, as long as you hurry up, you won't be caught."

After thinking for a while, Sael asked: "So, your plan is to have me lead a small team deliberately crossing the river to confuse the enemy, while the main force will hide somewhere?"

"Correct."

"How do you know the enemy will take the bait? Even if we meticulously clean up our tracks, as long as one searches carefully, hints can be found."

"Because, we will be hiding in a place they would never think of."

"Where?"

Colin was gradually getting annoyed: "Mr. Sael, have you been to the Ben Liu River area before?"

"No."

"Then you wouldn't understand." Colin gently nudged his horse belly and slowly moved forward:

"Just do what I told you. After reaching the southern bank of the Ben Liu River, make some crossing imitations, then continue eastward along the river. You will reach the hiding place I mentioned and reunite with the main force; by then, you will understand."

"Knight Colin..." Sael tried to catch up with a few steps and ask again.

"Mr. Sael, I believe you can definitely complete this task, right?" Vera said in a gentle voice.

Sael immediately puffed up his chest, thumping it loudly:

"Of course! I won't let you down!"

Unfortunately, the young mercenary who was dazed by Vera's charm didn't see Colin's mocking laugh as he moved a few steps ahead and turned his back.