

The First Vampire Chapter 4 - 004 Firefox Mercenary Group_1

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By the time the first ray of morning sunlight hit Grey Castle, the great fire in Colin's bedroom had been extinguished.

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Thank goodness the building materials of Grey Castle were mostly non-flammable rock, otherwise this fire might not have just burned down this one room.

In the midst of the chaotic room, Emon, the butler, stood tall with his hands behind his back, staring blankly at a blackened corpse in front of him.

Thud thud thud...

Heavy footsteps filled the room, as a tall figure appeared.

"Emon, I have ordered the castle to be sealed off. All the entrances of Grey Castle Town have also been heavily guarded. I don't believe we will let the murderer escape this time!"

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The figure was nearly three metres tall, with a strength comparable to that of a black bear.

He was fully clad in heavy armor, yet without a helmet, revealing a perfectly round, bald head. His face, covered in coarse, brutish features and brandishing a giant battle axe with speckles of blood, was enough to make all children in Grey Castle Town burst into tears.

"You've worked hard, Knight Lyle." Emon did not turn around. His eyes were tightly fixed on the charred corpse, separated vaguely, as though contemplating something.

Seeing Emon like this, Lyle thought he must be grieving for the young master and sighed, "Ah, let's tidy up the master's remains and wait for his father to arrange the burial."

Emon offered no response.

Lyle scratched his bald head, thinking Emon was blaming himself. Drawing closer, he whispered, "Emon, I didn't see Knight Carter today. I suspect..."

Upon hearing Carter's name, Emon's scattered gaze instantly focused. He then turned and ordered the servants still cleaning the messy room, "There's no need to clean here for now, you all may leave."

"Yes, sir."

Once the servants had left the room, Emon slightly raised his head to look up at the giant Lyle, asking, "Do you remember, three years ago, you and Carter had a competition at the Knight's Championship held by Count Uman?"

Lyle was somewhat puzzled as to why Emon would suddenly bring up the previous knight championship, but responded, nevertheless, "Was that three years ago? Yeah, I remember. Heh, I gave him a good beating that time!

Emon chuckled, "Yes, you jabbed him off his horse with a lance, broke his arm, and knocked out two of his teeth."

"Heh heh." Recalling his glorious victory, Lyle felt somewhat embarrassed but also more suspicious, "Why are you bringing this up now?"

Instead of answering, Emon continued questioning, "Do you remember which side the two teeth he had lost were on, the left or the right?"

"How would I remember that!" Getting agitated, Lyle was both confused and dissatisfied with Emon's reaction.

Emon ignored Lyle's attitude and responded with a mysterious smile, pointing at the charred corpse on the ground, "If you can't remember, you can take a look now."

Squinting intensely, Lyle eyed Emon for a moment, realizing he wasn't joking, he finally knelt down and tried to open the corpse's mouth.

"Crack!"

Seeing clumsy Lyle break the jaw of the corpse completely, Emon's mouth twitched uncontrollably.

Caught off guard, Lyle hurriedly tried to reattach the jaw that had fallen off....

"Alright, stop it now, just look at his teeth carefully." Emon, speechless at Lyle's clumsiness, finally spoke up.

"Oh, right... Hey! He has two slots missing on the lower left side of his jaw!" Lyle turned to Emon with sparkling eyes and asked anxiously, "Did Carter lose teeth from the left side?"

Clearly, the brute had realized something was off with the corpse.

Unfortunately, Emon shook his head, "I can't remember which two teeth Carter lost back then."

Frowning, Lyle was about to speak when Emon slowly interrupted him, "But, I do know that young master Colin has never lost a tooth."

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"That's it!" Lyle jumped to his feet, shouting in excitement.

However, he seemed to realize he was too loud and quickly lowered his volume, "So, this corpse isn't young master Colin, but that bastard Carter!"

"No." Emon laughed and shook his head, "The young master has already been killed by Carter. Now you must capture this treacherous betrayer."

"What?" Lyle's eyes widened again, "Have you gone crazy?"

Emon sighed patiently and explained, "Think about it, why would the young master set this fire? And why would he leave without saying goodbye?"

Lyle touched his shiny bald head, seeming to understand, "Are you saying that the young master intentionally burned this corpse so others would think he was dead?"

"Yes."

"Why would the young master do such a thing?"

"Perhaps he wants to see who is truly behind Carter? What are their goals? He could also be trying to hide himself... In any case, since the young master has his own plans, all we can do is cooperate with him and play along."

"Alright, I understand." Lyle walked out grumpily, "I'm going to order Carter's arrest right now."

Watching Lyle's large figure disappear through the door, Emon muttered to himself, "Or perhaps, the young master no longer trusts us..."

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"How could I not trust you?" Colin laughed and said to the old mercenary in front of him, "What I mean is, first I'll pay you half of the mercenary fee, and the remaining half will be given after you introduce me to a caravan heading to the Fallen Eagle City."

"What if after I introduce you to the caravan, you refuse to pay the rest?" The old mercenary was clearly not satisfied with this type of deposit and final payment method.

"Do you really think I'm short of petty cash?" Colin took out a gold coin, tossing it up and down in his hand.

The old mercenary immediately fixed his gaze on the coin, watching its every movement.

He had no choice, for someone at the very bottom of the social hierarchy like him, copper coins were used in daily transactions, silver coins were rarely seen, and gold coins were what only nobles and big merchants possessed.

"Then I want thirty copper coins!" The old mercenary realized the lamb in front of him was rich and immediately raised his price.

"Twenty. If it's more than that, I'll find someone else."

"Deal!" The old mercenary happily received the ten copper coins tossed over by Colin and began leading the way.

Shortly after, the two arrived in the western district of Grey Castle Town and entered an old tavern.

"The Big Beard Tavern."

Upon entering, Colin found that the tavern lived up to its name. Almost all the patrons drinking inside had big beards.

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The old mercenary was evidently very familiar with the place, greeting people as he led Colin further in.

The two came to a long table in the corner of the tavern, where the old mercenary leaned over and whispered something in the ear of a big-bearded man sitting at the head of the table.

The big beard followed the direction of the old mercenary's finger and sized up Colin a few times. He then waved for Colin to approach.

"This is the leader of the Foxfire Mercenary Group - Sir Saru. Sir Saru is a second-tier warrior and is also heading to Fallen Eagle City. Following their convoy, you'll be absolutely safe!" The old mercenary introduced the bearded man to Colin first.

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Then he turned to the bearded man, his demeanor much more zealous, "Sir Saru, this is my nephew. Don't judge him by his lack of strength, his skills are quite impressive..."

"He's your nephew?" Saru interrupted the old mercenary with a sneer.

"Yes... Yes!" The old mercenary paused slightly, a flash of panic in his eyes.

He quickly explained, "Don't mind if he doesn't look like me, he mainly takes after my little uncle, and over the years, my face has aged and changed. You should know that I used to be handsome and dashing with an extraordinary demeanor...."

Saru sneered again, interrupting the old mercenary, "Your nephew is a knight?"

Upon hearing the word 'knight', the old mercenary was like a person with a strangled throat, his bragging words immediately choked in his throat.

Colin's pupils contracted instantaneously.