

The First Vampire Chapter 8 - 008 Conscription Order_1

Chapter 8: 008 Conscription Order_1

The morning sun dispelled the darkness of the forest, also clearing away the lingering worries on everyone's mind.

After last night's battle, all were caught up in cleaning up the battlefield whilst also guarding against the enemy's potential return, so most had not managed to sleep in.

Upon the sun's rise, they finally breathed a sigh of relief, and those who were absolutely exhausted and drowsy began to catch up on their sleep.

Some mercenaries began to prepare breakfast, while the squad leader, Saru, was still arguing with the merchant Oliver over the compensation for casualties.

In fact, the standard for compensation had been mutually agreed upon before departure. The current dispute arose entirely due to one unfortunate fellow who was mistakenly killed by his own side.

Oliver insisted that this mishap was the responsibility of the Fire Fox Mercenary Group, and he should not have to pay any compensation, so he began arguing with Saru.

At this moment, Colin, indifferent to the dispute, was squatting by a fire, leisurely sipping "water" from his flask.

3

The morning sunshine was a bit glaring, so Colin lowered his hat a bit, almost completely shading the upper half of his face.

Subsequently, he took out a sheepskin scroll and crossed out the sentence, "Human blood can help level up", that he had written the previous day.

Because what he discovered was that the fresh blood he secretly obtained from a bandit's corpse last night had no effect on his power growth; like deer blood, it only satisfied hunger and replenished energy, bearing none of the effects of Knight Carter's fresh blood.

Maybe ordinary human blood had no effect, and only the blood of professionals could aid in the leveling process.

Moreover, perhaps only the blood of professionals with higher levels can have an effect.

2

At this thought, Colin unconsciously directed his gaze towards the only second-order warrior here—a Squad Leader Saru.

But then he shook his head.

Not to mention whether or not he could defeat Saru.

Even if he could, he would not want to kill an innocent person just to level up quickly.

Colin felt he still had some principles.

6

While immersed in his thoughts, Colin noticed that the dispute between Oliver and Saru had finally come to an end.

This plump merchant was walking towards him, his expression somewhat unhappy, as if he hadn't gained the upper hand in the dispute.

"That's a really obstinate fellow!" As he got closer, Oliver glanced at Saru's figure and complained to Colin.

Colin saw that the merchant, who had been brimming with confidence about sponsoring an army for him just yesterday, was now being narrow-minded over a mercenary's compensation. All of a sudden, Colin started to chuckle.

"Forget it, consider it as appeasing the crowd. After all, we still have a long way to go to Fallen Eagle City, and falling out with the Fire Fox Mercenary Group at this time is not a wise choice."

"I know. If it weren't for that consideration, I wouldn't give in to that old man Saru!" Although Oliver clearly understood this, he was still discontent and continued to grumble in a low voice.

"Would you like to try the dried meat I brought? It's much better than bread." After that, the plump merchant turned generous once again.

Colin accepted Oliver's kindness with a smile and chatted casually with him.

After everyone had finished breakfast and rested for another two hours, the caravan began to pack up the tents and prepare to get moving again.

Just then, Saru suddenly stopped everyone and dropped to the ground with his right ear pressed on the soil.

Seeing this, Colin's brow furrowed slightly.

His hearing in the day wasn't nearly as sharp as it was at night. At the moment, he couldn't hear anything abnormal.

But then, Saru suddenly sprang up from the ground and roared, "Horse! Horse hoofs! Quick! Everyone, be on guard now!"

With Saru's roar, the entire camp instantly fell into chaos.

Oliver's face had also turned pale.

He understood the severity of the situation.

This was not comparable to the attack last night, as bandit groups could not afford horses. If the approaching group proves to be an enemy, they might be in serious trouble...

"Clip-clop, clip-clop..."

1

With time passing, Colin finally heard the rapid horse hoofs.

The ground began to tremble slightly, causing the lining up mercenaries to panic even more. Even Saru's bellowing couldn't calm them down.

Colin squinted his eyes as he saw a thin grey line suddenly appear from inside the nearby forest, rushing towards the camp like a sharp arrow.

This is a cavalry unit!

The number of cavalymen is not large, only around twenty.

But seeing their rolling momentum coming down like a mountain, Colin had no doubt that just a charge from the enemy, and the defense lines painstakingly assembled by the Firefox Mercenary Group would immediately collapse.

9

This was the terrifying oppressive force of the king of war in the age of cold weapons!

Boom rumble!

The earth is roaring.

The cavalry is approaching.

The mercenaries are trembling.

Oliver painfully closed his eyes.

Saru, holding a large half-body shield, stood at the forefront of the defense line, like a rock.

Colin couldn't care less about the glaring sun, and sighed helplessly. He lifted his tricorn hat and unsheathed the sword at his waist.

Just as everyone was preparing to fight desperately, the rushing cavalry squad suddenly came to an abrupt halt about thirty meters away from the camp.

"Whinny--"

Among a series of horse neighs, twenty war horses stood on their hind legs.

2

Nice horsemanship!

Colin couldn't help but praise in his heart.

At the same time, his tense mood relaxed a little.

The other party should not be an enemy anymore.

However, looking at their posture of rushing over without slowing down, and the flashy stop at the end, evidently, they were trying to give the Firefox Mercenary Group a show of power.

Therefore, the other party may not necessarily be benevolent.

This point, Oliver, the shrewd merchant, obviously noticed. Hence, he did not take the initiative to step forward, but signaled Saru to negotiate.

Saru had no choice. After all, he was on payment and was obligated to resolve any trouble Oliver encountered on the way.

Therefore, he had to set down his half-body shield and great sword, stepped forward empty-handed, and shouted at the same time:

"Friends on the other side! I am Saru, the captain of the Firefox Mercenary Group, currently escorting some goods from the Tulip Chamber of Commerce to Fallen Eagle City. Is there anything I can help you with?"

The cavalry squad on the other side made no response, as if they have suddenly become statues.

The woods were eerily quiet, even the wind seemed to have stopped suddenly, the heavy air made people suffocate.

Saru suppressed his fear and uneasiness, and continued to move forward courageously.

Upon taking a few more steps, he finally noticed the badge on the chest armor of the leading cavalryman, and immediately gasped in shock: "Sir, are you a knight of the St. Hilde family?"

Saru's loud voice reached the back, causing a suppressed commotion among the mercenaries.

However, everyone involuntarily lowered their weapons to the ground, as if the name "St. Hilde" possessed a terrifying magical power encouraging people not to be its enemy.

Yes.

In the North Territory of the Empire, the name "St. Hilde" symbolizes absolute authority.

Even the Royal Family of the Empire does not have such terrifying appeal and influence here.

"Kaka."

2

There was finally movement from the leading knight. He lifted the face guard of his helmet, revealing a pair of indifferent eyes, and nodded towards Saru, acknowledging his identity.

Then, he took out a parchment from a bag in front of his saddle, threw it at Saru's feet, and declared with an authoritative tone:

"By the order of Duke St. Hilde's son, Marquis Charles, you have been urgently conscripted."