

The First Vampire Chapter 9 - 009 Sael_1

Chapter 9: 009 Sael_1

"Marquis Charles?"

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"Marquis Charles is the eldest son and first-in-line successor to Duke St. Hilde..."

"Nonsense! Of course I know who Marquis Charles is, but why would his knights appear here? And why would they be conscripting us urgently?"

"Isn't Marquis Charles fighting the trolls at the border? Are we going to the border?"

"How could that be? The border is so far from here that they wouldn't come here to draft, even in an emergency. Plus, look, the conscription order clearly says we're to assemble at Mirror Lake within two days."

"Where is Mirror Lake?"

"It's not too far from here, about fifty kilometres north along this creek."

"Should we go then?"

"I don't want to go to the battlefield!"

"But...we have just received an emergency conscription order from the St. Hilde family!"

"But it wasn't issued by the Duke himself."

"Isn't Marquis Charles the future Northern Duke?"

"That'll be the case only after he inherits the title... Besides, I don't want to die!"

"It doesn't mean certain death, maybe it's a good opportunity to make a name for ourselves."

"Heh, fool!"

"Who are you calling a fool!"

"You! What about it!"

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When Saru brought back the emergency conscription order from Marquis Charles, the camp erupted in chaos.

Some agreed, others disagreed, and it turned into a noisy crowd.

The situation arose because the emergency conscription order came from Marquis Charles, not his father, Duke St. Hilde of the North Territory.

The title of Marquis Charles St. Hilde is purely ceremonial, with no actual fiefdom. It's more of a confirmation of his first-in-line succession rights, similar to the Crown Prince in ancient China.

However, even though a crown prince is noble, he is not the emperor.

If Duke St. Hilde issued an emergency conscription order, any northerner receiving it would dare not resist.

But if it's an emergency conscription order issued by Marquis Charles...

The currently argumentative Fox Mercenary Group serves as an example of its usefulness.

"Enough! All of you shut up!" Saru shouted impatiently, halting the squabbling among his men.

He then turned to Oliver, asking, "Does Marquis Charles have the power to issue an emergency conscription order?"

"As I remember, Marquis Charles doesn't have such authority..." Oliver seemed unsure, looking to Colin, "Knight Cain, am I right?"

"According to the law, Marquis Charles indeed doesn't have such power." Colin searched his memory, "However, there have been similar precedents in the history of the North Territory."

Oliver's face, which had just lightened, instantly darkened again.

He absolutely did not want the Fox Mercenary Group to be conscripted urgently at this time.

Without the escort of the mercenary group, his caravan would be left like a lamb waiting to be slaughtered, unable to safely reach the Fallen Eagle City.

"Then, Captain Saru..." Oliver's voice was somewhat strained, "Are you planning to accept this conscription order?"

Saru frowned deeply, clearly dissatisfied with the emergency conscription order. After contemplating for a while, he slowly shook his head and said, "No."

No sooner had he finished his sentence, than the look of joy flashed across Oliver's face, but several mercenary leaders immediately protested behind Saru.

"Captain, you can't just reject Marquis Charles's conscription order like this!"

"Yes! The St. Hilde family won't spare us!"

"And those cavalries... I think they really are ready to kill!"

Saru swung around abruptly and glared at the clamoring mercenaries.

The scene immediately quieted down again.

"Do you know what we will face if we follow this emergency conscription order to Mirror Lake?"

After hearing Captain Saru's question, several mercenary leaders exchanged glances, then responded, "It should be preparation for war. Although it's dangerous, it's better than opposing the orders of the St. Hilde family."

"Prepare for war?" Saru sneered, "We're going to die!"

"What?"

"Captain, why is this?"

"Even if we do fight, it's not necessarily a death sentence, is it? And if we win, maybe we could even earn some military merits..."

"You're dreaming!" Saru mercilessly shattered their delusion, "Think again! Why would Marquis Charles's Army appear at Mirror Lake?"

The mercenaries stared at each other.

Colin's eyes sparkled as though understanding Saru's meaning.

Oliver, on the other hand, blurted out, "Exactly! I also suspected that Marquis Charles has probably retreated all the way to Mirror Lake!"

"What?"

"How is that possible?"

"How could the Marquis possibly lose?"

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The mercenaries expressed their disbelief one after another.

It's not surprising that they blindly trust Marquis Charles.

Because, over the past few decades, the Trolls had been completely dominated by the North Territory Army.

Five years ago, under the threat of the North Territory Army, even the Troll King had been forced to migrate north. A vast area in the southern part of the Sky Ice Plain had essentially become a hunting ground for the North Territory Army.

If it were not for the harsh climatic conditions on the Ice Plain, which is unsuitable for crop planting and castle construction, the territory of the North might have continued to stretch even further north.

Under such circumstances, any proud Northerners would never have thought of an defeat for the St. Hilde family.

But thinking carefully, Saru and Oliver's speculation makes a lot of sense.

In recent months, there had been no good news from the front lines; instead, several towns on the border had been repeatedly breached, and several families had lost their fiefdoms.

Everyone initially thought that these were the desperate acts of the Trolls, who dispatched small troops bypassing the front lines to harass the North.

Though several families' private armies were temporarily repelled, as long as Marquis Charles led the main forces of the North Territory to reinforce, he would be able to clear these invading Troll armies and retake the lost territory.

But now, it seems that it might not be the case.

Because, Marquis Charles's army had unexpectedly appeared at Mirror Lake...

That place was no longer the border, but the homeland.

In the memory of this generation of Northerners, the Trolls had never managed to infiltrate this far in.

Most mercenaries fell silent, obviously they were scared.

But some people did not think the same way, one of them spoke out, "Even so, we can also go to Mirror Lake to help Marquis Charles to defeat the invading Trolls..."

"Idiot!" Saru yelled, "With the retreat of the army, you still want to turn the tide? Just with these mercenaries who were urgently conscripted?"

"Not just us, nearby mercenary groups must have all received the emergency conscription..."

"Just cannon fodder!" Saru knew very well what these men under his control were like.

These guys, even in battles with bandits, could accidentally kill their own people, calling them a ragtag group would be a compliment.

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Thinking about this, they still wanted to go to the battlefield and fight with the regular army?

They were just asking for death!

Saru finally made up his mind, ignored the voices of opposition from his men, and firmly turned around, walking towards the St. Hilde family's cavalry.

Looking at Saru walking away, everyone was looking at each other, with different expressions on their faces.

Colin also suddenly realized that his father, Baron Angler, hadn't written home in several months.

Something was obviously unusual.

It seemed that someone has been deliberately blocking the news from the frontline...

Could it be, is the situation at the frontline really bad?

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"You dare to refuse the Marquis's conscription order?" Not knowing what Saru had said, the leading knight from the St. Hilde family suddenly shouted harshly.

"Knight, I just want to know..."

"Enough! Refusing the emergency conscription order is treason!" The knight rudely interrupted Saru's explanation, addressed to the Firefox Mercenary group gathered in front him, "Who will kill this traitor and then be promoted to a Centurion immediately!"

"Whoosh——"

All the mercenaries caused an uproar for a moment.

Some were angry, some were sneering dismissively, but, some people's eyes were flickering.

"Knight!" Saru did not look back, confidently gave his back to the crowd behind him, and continued, "I respect the St. Hilde family and also respect Marquis Charles, but, we have the right to know the situation of the place we are about to go to..."

Saru's words were abruptly cut off.

Because, a long sword had pierced his chest.

"Heh——Heh——" Saru spat out blood, trying to turn his head back.

When he saw the face of the young man behind him, the expression on his face instantly became complicated.

"Thump!"

The corpse fell to the ground.

"Very good!" The knight on the horse nodded in satisfaction, looking at the young man holding the bloody long sword, "Tell me your name."

"Honorable knight, my name is Sael."

"Sael? What's your relationship with this Saru?"

"He is my father, honorable knight."