

Lord of War 111

Chapter 111: .trade

"How?" Xiao En put away the book of devil in his hand, and looked at the old man who was sitting across from him with a look of excitement.

At this time, the place where Shaun is located is a branch of the Magic Tower Chamber of Commerce. They are not like the Seddings Chamber of Commerce. They can only come to the Seddings Oasis to buy slaves. Almost in the entire trading capital, you can see the branches of Magic Tower, Harvest Horn, and Legendary Fire Hammer.

The Magic Tower Chamber of Commerce ranks first among the top ten chambers of commerce in terms of comprehensive strength. Their main business scope includes all kinds of magic materials, magic accessories, scrolls, wands, etc., and everything related to magic. Similarly, they will also recycle all things related to magic, and as a well-known large chamber of commerce, their prices have always been very fair, and even for certain items that are more special or in great demand, their purchase prices are far away. Far higher than other chambers of commerce.

This is also the reason why Sean came to the Magic Tower Chamber of Commerce the first time, instead of going to the legendary fire hammer.

The craftsmanship of the old dwarves has indeed reached the top level of the current era, but what they are good at is not magic after all, so the book of the devil is sold to them, and the price is still not as good as the price of the Magic Tower Chamber of Commerce.

The old man sitting in front of Sean slowly took off his glasses, his face looked very excited: "It is indeed the book of demons recorded in the epic."

Sean didn't speak, he knew that the old man was just sighing.

In this world, with the exception of Sean being able to see the quality of a piece of equipment at a glance, no one else, even the group of archmages looking at the spire or the scholars and professors in the Helson Institute, have a glance. Can see the origin of a piece of equipment. They mostly identify and classify these equipment according to the ancient books left by the people of the people and the people of the gods. There are many things that Xiao En can know how to use at a glance, but they need a long time to explore.

For the identification of legends, epics, and myths, these great masters, scholars and professors all have a different set of identification methods. The former is judged by the magic fluctuations remaining on a piece of equipment, while the latter is inferred from literature. Although the two methods of identification are completely different, at least in terms of identification ability, there is absolutely no error.

At this moment, when the old man said the four words "Epic", Xiao En knew that the other party was a scholarly mage from the Temple of Wisdom.

"Are you sure you want to sell this thing?" The old man was a little unbelievable. He couldn't think of why anyone would sell the things that existed in the epic, but as the person in charge of the magic tower chamber of commerce stationed in this store, of course he must. Based on the interests of the Magic Tower Chamber of Commerce, "My authority can only give you a price of 500,000..."

"Five million." Sean said without thinking, "The Oasis Silver Star Festival is about to begin. In the past few years, your Magic Tower Chamber of Commerce has not been able to grab the finale of the Silver Star auction. Right, this is a loss of reputation for your chamber of commerce itself. But if you can take out this auction item this year, you can definitely achieve a blockbuster effect, even if you won't be able to grab the finale in the next few years. No one will tell you secretly about the auction rights of the country, and they will even look forward to your second blockbuster."

Hearing Sean's offer, the old man was slightly surprised. He didn't expect that Sean would know so much about the trading capital, and he couldn't help but start to look at this new face that just appeared today. For the sudden appearance of Sean and the subsequent purchase of a large number of northern barbarian slaves, the old man knows all these things. After all, the distance between the headquarters of the Seddings Chamber of Commerce and his own branch of the Magic Tower Chamber of Commerce is only that small. It's hard not to know.

At the beginning, he, like everyone else in the oasis, regarded the young man in front of him as a fool. But after he really came into contact with him at this time, he realized that his understanding of him was too one-sided. This young man was definitely not as stupid as most people imagined. On the contrary, he was still a shrewd and somewhat terrifying person. His speech skills Although it seems very crude and simple, but he knows how to use all intelligence.

"I can't give you an answer right away, you can wait a few days..."

"Magic Communication." Sean interrupted the old man's words directly, his attitude was unusually strong, "I will give you five minutes, and you will find me after you communicate with your headquarters. I believe this book, many people will feel it. Those who are interested, such as

Legendary Fire Hammer...Although their price may be lower, I don't like being fooled, and dwarves are just a very bold race."

"I...I understand."

The old man suddenly felt that all the conversation skills he was good at were useless in front of this young man. Although he wanted to open his mouth to regain the advantage, at least he had to lower the price by another two million. But before he could speak, Xiao En realistically swallowed all the words that the old man was about to say with the words "you have four minutes and forty-one seconds left."

Looking at the old man hurriedly leaving the reception room, Sean had always looked indifferent, but suddenly he was a bit tired.

He does not yet have the strength to make the people of the Trade City fear him, so in the eyes of the Trade City people, he is like a fat sheep that can be slaughtered at will. It's just that he is very smart and skilled in using some of the rules of the trading capital, so he is temporarily able to stay safe, but as he stays here in the trading capital for a long time, the more people understand the details, then they will It's getting more and more dangerous.

Therefore, he had to speed up his pace in the trading capital-before arriving in the trading capital, he had already made a list of things to be dealt with, although because of the Northland barbarian's accident, he had to check the list. Some modifications, but as a whole, there is no deviation from the sequence of actions on the list.

And within one day, continuous visits to the Thedings Chamber of Commerce, the Magic Tower Chamber of Commerce, and the upcoming legendary Firehammer Chamber of Commerce are enough to stop some people with ulterior motives. Regardless of their considerations, they will not arbitrarily attack Sean in a short period of time. After all, being able to step into the threshold of these three large chambers of commerce without hindrance is not something ordinary people can do.

What Sean needs is to take advantage of the situation.

Take advantage of the top ten chambers of commerce to temporarily gain a foothold in the trade capital and avoid unnecessary troubles. When others figured out his details and wanted to take advantage of the fire, he had already left the trading capital and went south to enter the territory of the Principality of Lane. From the trading capital to the Principality of Lane, it takes less than a

month at most, but he takes the northern barbarians with such a large scale, and the border will definitely not let him in easily. You still need to think about it at that time. The way is good.

Sean's fingers tapped gently on the table in rhythm, making a "click" sound. In the trading capital, he must act step by step, chain by step, and simply take advantage of the accumulation and accumulation of time, just like making wine, but he does not have so much time to take it slowly, even if he does, he does not. The way to do this is because he has no foundation or strength, so he must press all the big names in one breath, and force the momentum of these big chambers of commerce on himself, creating an illusion of fear for the enemy.

While Shaun was still thinking, the old man in charge of the Magic Tower Chamber of Commerce finally returned to the meeting room. His face was a little embarrassed, it seemed that it was because he was walking in a hurry. At this moment, he was a little out of breath, and his voice sounded first: "Really, I'm sorry. At the headquarters, I think this book of demons is not very good after all. I can get on the table, so I only want to pay three million..."

"It seems that our transaction has failed." Sean stood up, with no frustration on his face, "I believe that the Legendary Fire Hammer will be happy to purchase 4 million, so that they will have both this time and the next Silver Star Festival. It is definitely a victory. If the Demon Tower Chamber of Commerce wants to win, then it needs to use something better than the Demon Book."

The old man was slightly surprised, knowing that Sean's words were true. If they were really sold to the Legendary Fire Hammer, then they would really have to find something better than the Book of Devil to be the finale. But such things as legends and epics are not the cabbage on the rotten streets. Although the trading capital is indeed rich in gold as dogs, and the sanctuary is everywhere, even the magic weapons above the Silver level are not very common, let alone Talk about legend and epic.

"But, the price of five million..."

"This book of the devil has an ability in it, which is the ability to stay young forever." Sean then said the ability of "Vitality Youth" in the book of the devil. Of course, even the shortcomings were also mentioned. This is nothing good. Concealed.

And he also knows very well that only at the moment when the Oasis Silver Star Festival is about to begin, can this book of devil be able to sell so much money in the Magic Tower Chamber of Commerce. It is the price of three million. In this regard, it is more sincere to buy directly from the Magic Tower Chamber of Commerce at the usual highest price, but it is a pity that Sean is not an

ordinary person. He can seize this opportunity to make a shot, of course, in order to reap the greatest benefit.

The armament of seven thousand people, even if the old people don't need it, this is a big expense.

After a moment of silence, the old man finally became cruel and said: "Okay! Five million transactions!"

Xiao En's mouth raised slightly, and he smiled: "You won't regret it."

Putting down the Book of Devil in his hand, Sean left it without a memento. At the beginning, he took the Book of Devil to find a way to strengthen Cecilia's fighting ability. But since there is a conflict in nature, then this one The magic book is naturally worthless to Sean and others. Since things are worthless, it is of course natural to sell them for military expenses to strengthen the northern barbarians.

Afterwards, the delivery went smoothly. Sean took the money and left. The old man even sent Sean out with a smile on his face. This scene fell in the eyes of the caring people, which naturally added a bit of mystery to Sean. Emboldened. But this is not the end, because as soon as Sean walked out of the door of the Magic Tower Chamber of Commerce, he walked into the door of the legendary fire hammer. The corners of his mouth immediately began to twitch on the batch of slaves purchased by the Sri Lanka Chamber of Commerce.

Buy the slaves of Ceddings, earn money from the magic tower, and then go to the legendary fire hammer to consume... This is probably the craziest thing in the trading capital in the past ten years.

Only this matter, but only the man from the Seddings Chamber of Commerce, the old man from the Magic Tower Chamber of Commerce, and the legendary Firehammer dwarf who received Shaun knew about it. As for the others, they are obviously looking at flowers in the fog, but they can't see clearly and can't really see everything, but subconsciously, they all stopped their actions against Sean and started collecting information about Sean first. Lord, at least they have been stunned by the series of thunderous movements that Sean showed.

And this time, Sean did not even spend much time completing the deal with the Legendary Fire Hammer.

However, the situation was a little bit beyond Sean's expectations, because the branch of Legendary Fire Hammer did not have such a large share of reserves at all, so they had to mobilize resources from Legendary Oasis. This process took at least two days. time.

This also means that Sean must stay here for two days in the trade capital.

Chapter 112: . Poor IQ tricks

A large number of armaments, under the mobilization of the legendary firehammer, the big chamber of commerce, began to converge continuously from other oasis to Saiddings Oasis.

The equipment that Sean ordered were all sophisticated standard equipment, including two thousand-faced half-length fine iron shields, two thousand iron spears, two thousand strong bows, two thousand fine iron long swords, and 10,000 broken irons. Armored iron cone arrows, one hundred thousand iron-headed arrows, and four thousand sets of simple rivet breastplates. Although these northern barbarians are a little stupid, they are no different from the barbarians in size. The full body armor that can be worn must be specially tailored, so the legendary fire hammer will not have the armor used by the northern barbarians, of course Most of the reason is because no one will equip the Northland Barbarians with weapons, after all, the Northland Barbarians are well-known stupid things.

However, it is not any chamber of commerce, and they can take Sean's order, especially within two days. However, considering that this is an order worth more than three million yuan, the dwarves of Legendary Fire Hammer think this is a very challenging task, so they naturally behave very seriously and motivated.

In fact, the most valuable thing in this transaction is actually the 10,000 armor-piercing iron cone arrows. Only these 10,000 armor-piercing arrows are worth 1.5 million gold coins. After all, this is forged by a dwarf craftsman, so It is not a problem if the price is higher. Only considering the savvy of the northern barbarians that can be called mental retardation, Sean believes that for a long time in the future, these northern barbarians probably won't have much chance to use such advanced items.

I have to say that Sean's ambition is indeed relatively large, because he actually wants to directly organize these northern barbarians into two troops.

One is a pikeman with a shield—this is not an existing unit type in this world, but a unit designed by the players in the game imitating ancient Rome. At that time, Sean's family used to

spend a lot of money to purchase the core collocation data of this unit, and after countless improvements and training, it finally succeeded in cultivating this unit into the first level six unit in the territory.

However, the team that Sean has built right now is of course impossible to compare with the sixth-level troops, but this is also the only unit that is most suitable for the northern barbarians. Or it should be said that the difficulty of training is not particularly large, and even the commands that need to be learned are actually very simple, and the training can be completed in two to three months at most.

The other unit is the archer unit of the long-range arms.

Shaun didn't ask for anything, as long as these archers could not shoot the arrows on him, as for the real battle, he drew his sword and rushed up to kill him. However, because there is no half-length shield, Sean has positioned this unit as a supportive force from the beginning. The frontal combat is naturally the responsibility of the shield-bearing spearmen. They are responsible for assisting from the side and reducing the casualty rate as much as possible.

Soon, the first batch of armaments was sent by the legendary fire hammer.

Thirty thousand iron-headed arrows, five hundred strong bows, three hundred-faced half-length fine iron shields, one hundred iron spears, and five hundred fine iron long swords.

Sean quickly divided the things into pieces, and selected four thousand people who were able to fight from these northern barbarians. Of course, there were actually hundreds of teenagers, but these teenagers were directly assigned to the archer army by Sean. , The rest is to select a suitable archer force candidate from more than three thousand people. You don't ask how powerful these people are, but at least you have to shoot stationary objects.

So Xiao En found a way to set up hundreds of grass men, let more than 3,000 people take turns to shoot, and choose the 1,000 people with the best results.

This kind of approach of raising the taller among the shorter ones is indeed a little helpless, but Sean has no good way to do it. In fact, now that he has the money, he can go to the Seddings Chamber of Commerce to buy a batch of slaves, but the larger the scale, the more inconvenient their operations will be, and the cost of armament for these slaves is also not the same. Cheap, it can even be said that the cost is hundreds of times that of a slave.

And there is another key point in it.

Shaun can't be without money!

He must plan to become a pioneering knight and jazz. Once he has a territory, he needs to spend more money. Whether it is building a stronghold first, or investing money in the development of the territory, it is a huge expense. Although the Principality of Lane is only a principality, the principality uses the gold coins of the Millennium Covenant Empire, which is a one-to-one ratio of the Pan-Continent gold coins.

Therefore, the consumption level of the Principality of Lane is actually relatively high.

Materials from the legendary fire hammer have also been sent over one after another. But this time, no one will stare at Sean again, thinking that they are a fat sheep, someone who can visit the Thedings Chamber of Commerce, the Tower of Magic Chamber of Commerce, the Legendary Fire Hammer Chamber of Commerce in one day, and also A shot is such a large amount of purchases, and naturally no one will make a shot without thoroughly inquiring about the origin of the other party.

No one who can survive in the trading capital is simple. As for those who rushed out because of hotheads or other reasons, they were already dead.

Of course, Sean should actually thank those three chambers of commerce.

If it weren't for these three chambers of commerce to restrict their direct forces, I'm afraid the people who are staring at Sean's team now would not choose to wait and see so cautiously.

However, not everyone will choose to give in. There are some gangs whose strength has not entered the eyes of big people. Although they also feel the atmosphere of the trading capital, they have seen this kind of thing for a long time. Therefore, when considering their own interests, they are more of them. They chose to follow their instincts instead of quietly watching, and they have not been eliminated until now, mostly because of good luck, or they have never kicked the iron.

Among people like , Red Gothic is included.

A few people in red armor came to the camp that Sean rented from the Seddings Chamber of Commerce. They walked directly into the camp without anyone else, watching the surroundings

jokingly, without paying attention to everyone in the camp, until they saw Sean and Alfred, they showed a slight alertness. , But the focus is more on Alfred.

According to the existing intelligence, they knew that Alfred had a magic weapon in his hand. Although they don't know what level it is, there is always nothing wrong with being careful.

Sean and Alfred have also found these people. Judging from the badges on their bodies, they know that they are the people of Red Godek.

This is a large-scale mercenary group with numerous internal factions and varying strengths. However, it is such a seemingly chaotic, strongest person who is just a mercenary group of high-ranking silver, but can continue to be active into the future, even after the outbreak of the magical device revolution, instead let this mercenary group leap into the trade. The mercenary group that ranks above all here is a very magical thing.

But now, the people who come are not good.

"White Wing's hands are not that long." A man who looked more like a ruffian than a mercenary said, "They can't protect you here."

Sean frowned slightly, not knowing where the other party received the news. Logically speaking, no one has come to trouble them so far, so the token that Bai Wing gave them has never been taken out. If this is the case, no one should know about it, and Bai Wing's overall strength will also be required. It is much stronger than Red Goethe. In the battle on the bright side, Red Goethe has always been at a disadvantage.

And taking this token, at most, it makes Red Gothic a little annoying, and he blatantly came to the door, it seems that the other party does not have this strength?

Xiao En frowned and did not speak, but the other party ignored him, and said to himself: "How about a duel that will cost your lives? If you win, I promise not to trouble you, but if you lose... ... You all belong to us."

The man in red Gothic reached out and put all the armaments sent from the legendary firehammer today into the scope of the bet.

"I refuse." Sean sneered. "Your red Godek abacus is too precise? If you don't trouble us, you really think you can stand up to those equipment?"

Hearing Sean's refusal, the face of the red Gothic became gloomy in an instant.

"Send off guests!" Sean was too lazy to pay attention, and waved his hand directly. Dozens of northern barbarians jumped up and surrounded the people of Red Godek. They didn't know what it meant to send off guests, but they learned from Sean. It can be seen from his gesture that his Yuzhang dislikes this group of people very much.

In the face of such a large number of northern barbarians, although the three Red Godek people wanted to show a kind of strength, they didn't wait for them to speak harshly, the northern barbarians had already joined forces to lift them up. Then he walked to the entrance of the camp and threw the three people out after throwing it out. In the trade capital, Sean refuses to fight and challenge, which may reduce his reputation, but he does not plan to mix in the trade capital. This prestige is of little importance to him.

But his actions like this are actually irritating others-he can refuse the duel challenge, and no one dares to force him to participate in a duel here in the trade capital, but throwing people directly out of the camp is a bit too much. NS.

Alfred's brows were also frowned: "If you do this, don't you mean to offend them completely?"

"They are not here on behalf of Red Goethe at all." Before Sean could speak, Cecilia's voice came from the carriage.

When she returned to the camp, Cecilia was already awake, but because of Sean's order, neither Cecilia nor Hina showed up. However, there is a clearer understanding of external affairs, and the token given by the White Wing Mercenary Corps is also in the hands of Cecilia. No one has used this token from beginning to end. Take it out.

So how did the people in Red Gothic know that Sean and others were sheltered by the White Wing Mercenary Corps?

"The White Wing Mercenary Group wants us to have a conflict with the Red Godek." Cecilia's words sounded from the carriage, "It's just something, I really don't understand it.... Now all the forces in the trading capital are facing us. The newcomers are in a wait-and-see state, and we have

not affected their core interests, so we and them do not even have much hatred at all, but why the people of the White Wing Mercenary Group must let us and the red Godek Conflict?"

Hearing Cecilia's words, Sean's brows also frowned. The player's thinking habits made him feel conspiracy at this moment: "There must be something we overlooked in this place! And this place is. What the White Wing Mercenary Group wants."

Chapter 113: .Leaving the trading capital

Sean can't figure out what the White Wing Mercenary Group intends to do, and what do they need on their side?

But temporarily unable to figure it out, Sean ignored it, and Alfred temporarily focused their attention on the northern barbarian. The formation of the two units has been temporarily completed, with 2,000 shield-armed pikemen and 2,000 archers. Among the remaining 3,000 people, there are more than 1,000 elderly people and nearly 2,000 children. Children are better to say that unless they are very small, they can basically fight with weapons. As for the elderly, although they can also fight, Sean has never considered letting the elderly fight.

The elders of the northern barbarians are actually people who are only over fifty. Although their physical abilities have begun to gradually decline, they can actually be used as reserve soldiers if they are armed. It's hard to live past sixty years old. It's just because of some psychological problems that Sean didn't plan to let these old people go to battle to kill the enemy. Of course, the young children are the same, but it's okay to let them help out as a transporter.

The people of Red Godek sought a duel with Sean, and they were thrown out of the camp after being rejected. After half an hour, it spread madly throughout the Seddings Oasis.

Obviously, this is also an arrangement of a caring person.

It's just that Xiao En and others are not in the mood to pay attention to these at this time. The goods from the legendary fire hammer are being delivered continuously. Although these equipments are all excellent equipment, they are also very ordinary equipment. Even in the trading capital, many mercenaries and mercenary groups use high-quality equipment, but people will treat Sean as The barbarians of the North were surprised that they were equipped with weapons of this level.

But when people finally saw bundles of enchanted armor-piercing iron cone arrows being transported by carts, many people could no longer remain calm. They were still hesitating, and the tentatively extended claws finally seemed to meet. When he reached something terrible, he retracted quickly.

Armor-breaking iron cone arrow, one of the signatures of the legendary fire hammer.

Armor-piercing arrow is a general term for arrows that have a certain destructive power to armor. The most common are the three-sided armor-piercing arrow and the dense-scale armor-piercing arrow.

The former is slightly longer than ordinary arrows. The arrows are heavier, with barbeds and three notches. Within 500 meters, they can easily penetrate leather armor, scale armor, and light armor. The armor of the plate armor, heavy armor and the like has almost no armor-breaking ability. The dense scale armor-piercing arrows are modified on the basis of the three-sided armor-piercing arrows. Although it can be regarded as an improvement, because of the reduction in materials and cost, the dense scale armor piercing arrow can only cause relatively large damage to leather armor and chain armor. A will have almost no effect.

In addition to these two most common armor-piercing arrows, there is another armor-piercing arrow that is equally famous, which is developed by the legendary fire hammer chamber based on the improvement of the three-sided armor-piercing arrow and the dense-scale armor-piercing arrow. New armor-piercing arrows. The arrow weight of this armor-piercing arrow is twice that of a heavy arrow. The arrow is tapered and has a spiral texture. It is shot with a projectile method and even has a bonus on lethality. Within an effective range of 500 meters, even if Even heavy armor can't resist this kind of arrow at all.

But because of the expensive materials used, and the need for dwarven blacksmiths to hand-grind and engrave the arrow, the price of this armor-piercing iron cone arrow is extremely expensive. If it is not necessary, no one would use this kind of arrow to fight, not to mention the two enchanting effects of "sharp" and "swift", which greatly strengthened the power of these armor-piercing iron cone arrows.

Even if the northern barbarians don't know anything about archery, as long as they can shoot arrows out, it is enough to pose a deadly threat to heavy infantry. What's more, most of the teams gathered here in the Saiddings Oasis are slave traps rather than mercenary corps that specialize in wars to earn money. Therefore, it is even more unlikely that there will be heavy infantry units. After all, whether it is maintenance costs or training The cost is not affordable for ordinary people.

It took two days to say whether it was long or short, but the handover between Sean and the legendary fire hammer was finally completed.

At this time, the people who care about Sean's team in Ceddings Oasis are only the red Godek and the white-winged mercenary group hidden in the dark. As for the other forces, most of them are too lazy to continue paying attention to this hedgehog, who is obviously in sheep's clothing. Only some forces that feel the need to continue to collect information on Sean are still working tirelessly.

Late night.

A large number of northern barbarians were awakened. They seemed to know what they were going to do next. After waking up, everyone began to gather quietly, and no one made a sound. When the northern barbarians in almost the entire camp were awakened, Cecilia and Hina finally got out of the carriage and joined the team of the northern barbarians. The two female northern barbarians brought the two petite children together. Gave it a hug.

Everyone is already prepared.

The shield-bearing pikemen were scattered on the outermost periphery. Although they were holding half-length shields and spears, they did not make any noise when they walked, and they were as quiet as a leopard. The archers hold bows in their hands, with long swords at their waists, and a quiver at the back. Each quiver contains forty arrows, the remaining 20,000 ordinary arrows and the 10,000 enchanted ones. The armored iron cone arrow is carried by other northern barbarian children.

The whole team, in this extremely quiet atmosphere, took advantage of the cover of night to leave the camp.

Early when entering the Seddings Oasis, Sean had already considered these retreats. Therefore, when choosing the rental camp, Sean chose the place as far as possible from the Seddings Oasis. Because in the trading capital, there has never been a so-called day and night, and there are always more people awake than people who are asleep. Therefore, keeping away from the crowd as much as possible has become an important goal for Sean to choose the camp.

After that, using carriages, tents and other cover, there is no light or fire in the camp. Unless there are people with dark vision, it will never be possible to discover Sean's upcoming movements. His strength is not particularly strong at the moment. If he leaves the trading capital blatantly, he is likely to be targeted by those who are interested. Once he leaves the orderly restricted zone of the trading capital, all kinds of battles will no longer be affected by trade. Jurisdiction of the capital.

Therefore, any convoy coming here to the trading capital must be equipped with a strong enough guard force, and no one wants to be eaten as a piece of fat by the mercenaries or mercenaries who appear as bandits and bandits. And Sean, indeed, because of no alternative, he ventured into the trading capital. Originally, according to his idea, after establishing a mercenary group, it would take at least three to four years before he shifted his focus to the trading capital. Here.

But right now, it's just a face-to-face encounter.

Sean thought so.

..... Also on this night, a large-scale team was also quietly moving on the Gobi Wasteland. In terms of the number of people, this team has at least three thousand people. They are wearing black and white light armor, riding horses, and their weapons are basically unified. When they are marching, the team maintains a solemn silence and leads. Led by a few people who seem to be generals, they are heading south.

In the distance, sand and dust rose slightly.

A general suddenly yelled: "Stop."

The sound was particularly shocking in this silent night. There was a slight commotion in the team behind this general. Although it stopped quickly, it still made the general's brows frown, and he felt a little disapproving of these riders in his heart.

"No wonder it can only be a member of the outer reserve."

Of course, he did not say this. As a qualified general, he would never say such words that would damage the morale of his own army. He just raised his head and stared at the place where the dust rose in front of him. At this time, there was a commotion from the team behind him, which made his brows furrowed deeper. Discipline has already felt very dissatisfied.

He even felt that by giving him two thousand regular troops, he could easily complete this task. However, he also knew that the upper echelons actually wanted to take this opportunity to train their soldiers. After all, in a place like the trading capital, it was too few to find a team that could be used to train soldiers. In fact, if it were not for a very important person in the opposing team this time,

the White Wing Mercenary Corps would not have done such a detrimental thing, but if things are handled a little bit more cleanly, there should be no one. Can be found.

Of course, in this way, it is naturally impossible to choose the location of the battle within the scope of the trading capital. At least it must be far enough away from the trading capital before he can do it, and what he has to do now is to find out exactly where the opponent's marching route is.

Soon, a few riders ran up where the dust rose.

"General, as you might expect, the other party did leave the camp during the night of the night."

The general raised his head and glanced at the night. It was dark and moonless, with gusts of wind roaring. It was indeed a very suitable night to cover up the sound. Then he took out the map he was carrying with him, unfolded, and said, "Do you know which direction the other party is heading?"

"From the perspective, it should be the Principality of Lane."

"Is it the Principality of Lane?" The general's gaze fell back on the map and began to follow the movement of his fingers on the map until his fingers stopped at the edge of a wasteland and forest. "There are so many of them, Lane The Principality will not let these people into the territory casually, so their ultimate possibility should be to bypass the border and infiltrate into the Principality of Ryan through the Forest of Belize. Although I don't know the reason why the other party is going to the Principality of Ryan, we are just Belly. Forest ambush.... William, what do you think?"

A man who looked a little groggy, lying on his horseback, said lazily after hearing the voice of the general: "My lord is wise."

Chapter 114: .William

William was lying on his horse like this, he didn't even hold the reins, he seemed to be seriously injured at any time. Even when the whole army was marching in a hurry, he still maintained this appearance. If there was not a person next to him holding the reins of the horse under his crotch, he would not know where he would be taken by the horse during the rapid march.

Compared with this, it seems that William was not thrown to the ground by a horse even in the rush march, as if it had become a matter of course.

The sun shines through the gaps in the branches, and the stars are falling down, which just shines on William's face.

William, who seemed to be sleeping with his eyes closed, suddenly stretched out his hand to block his face a little irritably, but it seemed that this position was really uncomfortable, and he turned his head again, only to find that this position seemed to be illuminated by the sun anyway. So he had to straighten up and sit up.

This is a somewhat clean man.

He has long golden hair that falls to his waist. He uses two bundles of hair to tie into a ponytail, one tied behind his head and the other tied at the end of the hair. This makes him look from behind, which is a bit of a violation. A sense of harmony; the vertical hair on the temples is also not the same, but the left side is long and the right is short. The oblique bangs on the forehead just cover his right eye, leaving only a left eye that looks like a sapphire. His facial lines are not sturdy and do not give people a sharp feeling. If you just look at the upper half of his face, you will find that his eyes are extremely sharp, and his eagle-like eyes just dilute his slender pair of eyes. Dan Feng's eyes; and if you only look at the lower half of his face, you will find that the corners of the slightly curled mouth that seems to have been fixed, always showing a contemptuous sneer.

But when the upper half of the face and the lower half of the face are fused together, his facial lines become very soft, even a little feminine. If it weren't for him to have a Adam's apple, anyone who saw William would subconsciously treat him as a woman, not a man.

He was wearing a stand-up collar and double-breasted button military uniform that had been washed a little white. The background color of the uniform was black, supplemented by red trim and gold fringing. This uniform was ironed very straight and clean, even if William kept on Lying on the horse's back, there was no trace of wrinkles.

At this moment, after he straightened his back, the whole person became speechless.

William glanced at the environment in the dense forest. Three thousand soldiers were lying quietly in the forest. Some of them were holding long spears, some were holding bucklers and long swords, and some were holding bows and arrows ready to shoot. These people waited attentively,

their attention was highly concentrated, and the invisible murderous aura radiating from their bodies gathered together, like a giant hand strangling the vitality of this forest, making the entire forest quiet and suicidal.

Listen attentively, not only there is no bird chirping, but even the worm chirping has stopped.

"Withdraw troops." With a cold face, William said suddenly.

This voice was extremely cold and full of unquestionable commands. In this quiet forest that could almost hear the sound of breathing, it was like the roar of a monster, awakening all the soldiers. Almost all of them turned their heads to look at William with a look of astonishment at this moment. They didn't understand. How could someone who seemed to be dying at any time along the way suddenly said such a thing? They were Waited here for a whole day.

These people, since receiving the news that Sean had left the camp, they rushed to the ambush site day and night, marching hurriedly on the feet of their horses, and finally rushed into the ambush site before the target, and finally there was one who could barely rest. time. In this case, of course, their rest time will not be particularly sufficient, but with sufficient momentum, their spirits are still very full, but now they want to withdraw their troops, almost at this moment their momentum dropped to the freezing point. , Physical exhaustion, soreness, and hunger, all seemed to be awakened at this moment, and they all protested.

"What's going on?" The commander of the army also frowned. To say this at this time was indeed a great damage to morale.

"Didn't you find any problems here?" William said coldly.

"Are you saying that the other party will find us setting up an ambush?" The general shook his head and laughed. "William, you are too cautious. If the other party has really fought in wars, you won't buy Northland barbarians slaves, and they will spend so much money to arm them. These northern barbarians, I don't know whether to say he is naive or stupid. Do you think that the northern barbarians can really compete with the barbarians when they have the word "barbarian"?"

"We can contempt the opponent strategically, but tactically you must pay attention to the opponent." William shook his head and felt angry at the general's disapproval. "I don't think the opponent is such a stupid person. I have studied his intelligence. Yes, he visited the three major chambers of commerce in one day, which seemed reckless and ostentatious, but in fact all his actions were one link after another. In just one night, everyone was obliterated. The impression of a sheep has risen to that of a hedgehog, do you really want to mumble about the IQ of your opponent?"

Seeing that the general's expression looked a little ugly, William ignored it at all, but continued: "You have already committed an underestimation of the enemy. Even if the opponent is really an army that has never fought before, you must Treat the other party as an experienced team...I don't know if you have been treated like this before, but please don't use your IQ to measure the level of the other party, and then use your ridiculous or rich Experience to defeat the opponent."

The general was ridiculed by William, his face was blue and white, and he couldn't help but roared, "Which side are you on!"

"The side with the brain." William yawned again, and then lay on the horse lazily. He found the sun dimmed a bit, which allowed him to continue sleeping on it again, "I just don't want to die. That's it early."

At this moment, there was a strange noise in the forest, and then a person ran over quickly: "General, the target will arrive in half an hour."

Everyone's eyes were all focused on the general at this time. He looked back at William and found that William was lazy again, as if he couldn't raise his energy. He didn't have the aura that mocked him just now. This made him feel unusually angry in an instant, but at the moment, except for the cruel Glancing at the other side, he really didn't know what to say. After all, in terms of identity, William is a staff officer, and he has the right to put forward his own views and opinions.

It's just that, in the general's eyes, it should be more privately raised, rather than shouting out in front of so many people.

William's origin, Bai Yi's people know very well, he suddenly knocked on the door of the headquarters of Bai Yi, and then came to recommend himself. But in fact, only the real commander of White Wing had talked with William. The others had never had any contact with him. After that conversation, William stayed in the White Wing regular army as a staff member. , This actually made many people feel dissatisfied, because which of those people was not made through actual combat with real swords and guns?

Perhaps because the dissatisfaction of the White Wing Staff has reached an uncontrollable level, President White Wing sent him out this time. This is actually the first time that he has actually played as a staff member. But the command is not in his body, but in the general's body. It is normal for William to make suggestions as a staff member. But at this moment, the general thinks that William has lost his face. The opinion of William is completely negative.

"Keep on standby!" The general, after thinking for a while, finally waved his hand and decided to keep his current state.

He wants to prove that William's judgment is wrong. This kind of courage that is too cautious is definitely not suitable for the leader, because it will delay the fighter!

seems to feel the general's anger. The morale of the soldiers of the White Wings has not fallen, but has become higher. Obviously, these soldiers have no good impression of William. At this moment, on the contrary, just like this general, he has the same hatred of the same enemy, and he is ready to hit the opponent by surprise.

Half an hour passed quickly, and the general had even vaguely seen a large group of people appear on the horizon. He stretched out his hand and made an action, and a flag was raised next to him. All the archers had pulled the bowstrings away. After the target entered the shooting range, he would give the opponent a wave of arrows and a volley of 1,000 archers. The scale is not large, but it is enough to reduce the opponent's staff a lot.

And those pikemen and shield light infantry also gripped the weapons in their hands, and as soon as the arrow rain shot, they would immediately launch an assault.

Looking at the distance of the target getting closer and closer, the white-winged general's high fist finally unfolded, the bowstring has been pulled to the maximum, only waiting for the general's hand to swing down, you can loosen the string and shoot.

600 meters...500 meters...400 meters...Just one hundred meters ahead is enough!

But at this moment, the target team suddenly stopped advancing. The shield-bearing spearmen stood up and did not form a formation, but the whole team obviously became vigilant. The general saw this scene in front of him, and he knew that the other party had been wary of this forest, and his idea of an ambush had been completely failed. This had a very serious impact on morale, and If he rushed out now, he would not have any good results, at least the other party would definitely not cause confusion due to this.

"Haha!" Looking at the scene before him, William laughed untimely, but he finally knew to suppress the laughter, "How about, the opponent's IQ is higher than yours? Your experience can't beat the opponent. ?"

"you..."

"The current situation is that the other party has always been a combination of work and rest, and we are on the march, the energy and physical strength of both sides are no longer at the same level, and our morale is now declining, and we no longer have the right place and the people." William Suddenly, his smile disappeared and turned serious, "If I were you, I would retreat now and think about a new way, instead of letting them rush out and fight the other side."

was silent for a long time, and the general finally had to admit that he was indeed underestimating the enemy. The most fearful thing about marching is impatient. Although he doesn't like William, he can only follow the advice of William the staff member: "Retreat! Keep quiet!"

Chapter 115: .track

Shaun's team is indeed quite large, and a large number of them are northern barbarians with weapons. It is almost impossible for such a team to enter the Principality of Lane through normal channels. Even if he is a registered mercenary group of the Mercenary Guild, the Principality of Ryan will not let people go at will. After all, a bad one may cause a series of problems. As long as the mind of the Principality of Ryan is not broken, it is impossible to let Xiao go. En's army enters.

So if Sean really wants to enter the territory of the Principality of Lane, he must infiltrate and infiltrate.

But in fact, Sean's destination is not within the Principality of Lane at all. He just wanted to move on to the southeast through the Burys Forest, bypass the Angroda Mountains and infiltrate into the Kingdom of Darbion, and then use the Angroda Mountains as the core to radiate to the surrounding areas of the Kingdom of Darbion. He has already selected the target territory. As long as the war is not launched on a large scale and the invasion is always maintained in the form of gangsters, then the army of the Kingdom of Darbion will not send troops to this sensitive area. His troubles.

Sean knows that the Valkyrie from the Principality of Lane, but has been looking for an opportunity to start a war against the Kingdom of Darbion.

So in order to avoid some unnecessary troubles, or as long as you make good use of this, Sean can act recklessly in this land. But all this is just for him to attract Asuna's attention. As long as he can successfully attract Asuna's attention, he believes that even if he does not go to Asuna, the Valkyrie will definitely come to him. Because from a certain point of view, he and Asuna are very "tacitly".

But even if these plans have been arranged by Sean, it does not mean that he will take it lightly. Since leaving the trading capital, Sean has been paying attention to his whereabouts. Although he is too large to be concealed, he has already done everything he can use, at least there is no tail behind him.

And the closer he gets to the Buryce Forest, the more alert Sean will appear.

So when the team came to the edge of the Burys Forest, feeling the strange and terrible situation in the forest, Sean called the team the first time.

Soon, all the northern barbarians began to form a small square according to the order to protect the other tribesmen behind them. This is the simple defensive formation that they have been repeatedly trained by Sean and Cecilia these days-no matter what, once they need defense, they will circle as much as possible, and then erect a shield to protect others behind them. , Before getting the order, will never be allowed to attack.

It was not until these days that Sean realized that he had once again committed a problem with the game experience.

The northern barbarians have "IQ deficiency" in the game. Their training cycle is very long, and their combat effectiveness is generally relatively low. The only thing that is desirable is their high patience. However, this is not the world of games after all. The northern barbarians do still have a longer training cycle, but that is more of a difference in customs, not that they are really mentally retarded-you can count on a bunch of ligatures Can people who don't know know what encirclement, detour, and cutting are, and distinguish such instructions from the flag?

Of course, Sean is not without a solution. He thought of another way to make these foodies understand.

For example, defense is to wait for the meal, attack is to start the meal, encirclement is to surround the prey, as for the roundabout, cutting, etc., it is to find food and...cut meat. As for Ling Qi, Xiao En did not think of a good way so far. He could only disperse the 19 veterans into the ranks of this shield-bearing spearman. After all, they were in this line before, so the operation is also handy.

It's just that as Sean expected, the nineteen veterans who had been promoted to the third-level army, when they were incorporated into the army of the shield pikemen, all became the zero-level army,

but Sean It is guessed that as long as they have actually experienced a battle, they should be able to be promoted to the second or quasi-second army.

As for the archer troops, this is much simpler. The first prerequisite is naturally to avoid hand-to-hand combat as much as possible, and to support when necessary, but if once forced to use hand-to-hand combat to maintain the development of the battle, then any instructions are meaningless.

And the most important point is.

This is not a game. There is no such thing as health in the confrontation between armies, and there is no display of attack power and defense power. This is a naked real sword and a gun. As long as the damage is fatal, no one can continue to live, whether it is Sean or Alfred or Cecilia.

Soon, several shield pikemen ran back from the forest under the leadership of Alfred.

"How?" Sean asked.

"No one." Alfred shook his head, but his expression became solemn, "But there are obvious signs. I did consider ambush before coming, but I don't know why I left."

"The other party has a very powerful commander." Cecilia Dai frowned, "They saw that we were not in the middle, and knew that our morale was already inferior to us, so they immediately chose to retreat. And they retreated so silently. Obviously we are worried that we will counterattack them when we discover the ambush, causing them greater losses.... The opponent is a tired soldier. They must have rushed to hide in this forest before us and set up an ambush."

Hearing Cecilia's words, Sean immediately felt his eyes shine.

A lot of mixed memories began to flood into his mind like a tide. It was a scene of fights and fights. There were victories and failures, and of course there were joys and sorrows. As a member of the Raiders team, Sean leads a team, but it is not just about Raiders missions and dungeons. Sometimes in wars on the territory or national wars, he will lead his team to serve as a sharp knife force, even necessary At times, he also has a cameo as a commander.

So Sean's military attainments may not be very clever, but his commanding ability is beyond doubt. And he is different from this world, he has a leap of thinking that is not limited by this world,

and many of them have been tested in the game, it is a complete set of feasible solutions, not just a fantasy.

Thinking of this, Sean immediately shouted: "Annuo!"

A northern barbarian man heard Sean's voice and ran over immediately. His body is obviously larger than other northern barbarians. Although he looks similar to each other in appearance, his eyes are more Others are brighter, obviously this is a northern barbarian who likes to think. But perhaps it is precisely because he knows how to use his brain and is willing to use his brain instead of relying on his own brute force to do things, so he can become the unit leader of this tribe.

Of course, that's the past tense.

"Youchang, are you looking for me?" the big man named Annuo asked.

"Didn't you say that you are good at distinguishing smells?" Sean asked, "Like a beast?"

"Of course!" Anno smiled heartily, "Do you want me to find out where the food goes?"

Food is a special term for the enemy by the barbarians in the North, and it is also a thought instilled by Sean.

For these foodies, using this word will make it easier to improve their mobility. Of course, the northern barbarians know that those guys are naturally not allowed to eat, but subconsciously they feel that the fate of those guys is probably no different from food. , It's just that it's not themselves who ate them, but the earth.

Soon, under the order of Xiao En, Anno sneaked into the forest with a dozen people.

They didn't have half-length shields and spears, even the rivet breastplates were taken off, and they went on the road lightly. The harsh living environment of the ice region gives these northern barbarians a silent temperament. It is very difficult to see moving animals in that area, so they usually only collect some frozen fruit food, but once they find it When animals are alive, they become extremely alert and excited, and approach their prey as carefully as possible until they are captured.

Because of this special hunting ability, Anno and the others, who are running in the forest at this time, seem to be a little bit mysterious. Obviously they are extremely fast and explosive, but they didn't make any noise while running. Even when they passed the bushes, they couldn't make a rustle, saying that they were completely integrated into the environment. Not an exaggeration.

While running, Anno suddenly sniffed his nose, and the whole person stopped abruptly.

Almost the same instant, the few northern barbarians who had followed Anno also stopped immediately, their skills almost not as agile as a barbarian could do. These people also smelled vigorously, and seemed to have noticed something strange in the air. They looked at each other, then nodded heavily to confirm, and then Anno turned around and took these people to The other side ran away.

In the air, there is a very light smell floating.

Although in the forest, because of the scent of various flowers, trees, and beasts, this extremely weak scent should not be discovered by people, but the northern barbarians like Anuo can easily catch it. And now, they are following this smell, as if their eyes can see the trajectory of these smells in the air.

Soon, Anno and others stopped once again.

Then everyone quickly ran under the tree, and started to climb the tree with their hands and feet together. After a while, they had already climbed to the tree, hiding in the canopy and staring at a short distance in front of the "food" who were sitting down to rest. At this moment, these people are taking out compressed instant dry food from their bodies, and then eating bite by bite. They are not eating fast, nor are they much, they just can't maintain their physical strength.

They didn't expect this to happen during this trip, so everyone only prepared food for one week, but nearly five days have been spent on this journey, but the battle hasn't started yet, and they don't know what to do. Time will end. In the forest, they can't catch beasts and make fires, so even if they compress instant dry food, they can only save a little bit of food.

But even if the taste of these foods is extremely weak, it can even be said that they are tasteless, but when three thousand pieces are gathered together, the taste is not enough to be caught by the northern barbarians. Because they also carry a large amount of this kind of food on their bodies, and the northern barbarians will remember the smell of food once they have smelled it.

After discovering this camp, Anno and others fell from the tree again. After negotiating a little bit quietly, Anno took the other two back, while the rest continued to stay here to monitor.

Chapter 116: .Night attack

The humidity in the Buryce Forest is very heavy, especially in the period before dawn at night, the feeling of stickiness is particularly obvious.

The White Wing Mercenary Corps has stayed here for one night, so they are very clear about this feeling. Many soldiers put their weapons aside, and even remove the light armor on their bodies. If it is not for fear of bad influence, these soldiers even want to take off their whole body, but at the moment their upper body is completely naked, in fact, it is not much better. go.

William's eyes swept across the faces of these soldiers, and there was a vague look of anger between his brows.

He never expected that the quality of Baiyi's reserve soldiers would be so low. Is this really an army that has experienced many battles and can even fight against the regular army of various kingdoms? William expressed unusual suspicion about this. He glanced at the night with some worry. There was no wind tonight. The forest at this time seemed exceptionally quiet. Although these soldiers did make William a little blind to see, they were at least not stupid enough to really take care of it. Think of it as an outing or something.

Most people are resting quietly, occasionally talking, but also extremely light.

I don't know why, William always feels a little uneasy in his heart. The silence in the forest makes him feel unusually vigilant. At this time, he was not at all the lazy appearance he had before, and his whole body exuded an extremely awe-inspiring aura, like a sheathed sharp blade, with a sharp edge.

Finally, among the crowd, William found the white-winged mercenary general who was in charge of the operation.

When the other party saw William walking towards him, he unabashedly frowned. Several adjutants around him also seemed to be aware of the problem. Everyone turned their heads to look

at William, and the atmosphere seemed unusually low. Obviously, William is definitely not a likable or popular role here, even if he has shown his extraordinary talents this morning.

"What's the matter?" The general said with a proud face.

"Aren't you arranging a vigil?" William glanced at the surrounding situation and found that there were no patrols arranged at all, and he couldn't help but speak.

"Do you think it is still necessary?" The general did not want to pay attention to William, but William said these words as if he heard a very funny joke, "Do you think those northern barbarians will attack us? ... Do they have that strength? Besides, when I was evacuating, I had already sent the team back to the northeast and deliberately laid traces of our evacuation south. Do you think those northern barbarians can really spot us?"

"You are too arrogant." William stared at the general coldly. "As an excellent general, no matter when or where, you should not leave any opportunity for the enemy."

"Oh? What do you think you should do?" The general asked back.

"The soldiers should be dressed neatly now, and their hands should be shrunk. At least they should not break up like this. At the same time, they need to arrange manned night patrols..."

Before William could finish his words, an adjutant next to him interrupted him: "The soldiers have been on the road for a long time. We should take this opportunity to take a good rest, because our food is already a little insufficient, so we should take advantage of it. The enemy hasn't found us yet..."

"Do you think the enemy really didn't find it?" William looked at the opponent coldly, "The ambush in the morning failed. The opponent is obviously..."

"Enough!" The general snorted coldly, and the impatient expression on his face became more obvious. "An army does not need two commanders. Don't forget your position. You are just a staff officer. The real commander of the army is me, not you. I have been fighting for seven years. How old are you now?"

"It is proved by the facts this morning that your opponent's IQ is obviously not at the same level as you, and your experience cannot beat him." William reproached unceremoniously, "Moreover, you

obviously don't have a deep understanding of the enemy's intelligence. The other party's. The troops are composed of northern barbarians, and the northern barbarians living in the ice region have a very keen sense of smell, which is related to their living environment."

The general's face was already gloomy and terrifying. He saw that many soldiers around him were already looking curiously at this side. It turned out that in the conversation just now, they were a little angry with each other, and their voices naturally became louder and louder. . Seeing the situation at this moment seems to have been unable to end, the general finally became a little embarrassed: "William! Please recognize your own identity, you are just..."

The general's voice hadn't been finished yet, a scream suddenly sounded, and in this quiet forest and night, it was particularly abrupt and harsh.

Everyone almost subconsciously looked at the screaming soldier, a feather arrow directly penetrated his heart, and the powerful shooting power even made the iron arrow come out. If this soldier hadn't removed the light armor because of the damp forest environment before, this arrow would definitely not have caused such a fatal blow to him.

Most of the soldiers around were still a little dazed, obviously they hadn't reacted yet.

"Enemy attack!" William was the one who reacted in the first place. He yelled out this sentence without even thinking about it, and then immediately fell to the ground and started looking for cover.

Accompanied by this sound that seemed to be the start command, the white-winged mercenaries who were still resting before began to boil like ants on a hot pot. And until this moment, they can't believe that they will be attacked by enemies that they have always looked down upon. This is simply a shame! But at this moment, in order to completely wash away their shame later, they must save their lives as much as possible right now.

At this point, the White Wing Mercenary Corps, as a three-tier unit, has a remarkable response capability.

But, that's all.

The flying arrows all over the sky, like locusts, pouring down overwhelmingly.

William only took a look, and immediately shrank as much as possible, and then completely hid behind the bunker, not daring to move at all. Looking at the shooting of these arrows, he was very clear that the commander of the opponent was more mindful than he imagined-under normal circumstances, in the terrain in the forest, he would pursue precise shooting and try his best to let him The enemy is downsizing. But now, the opposing commander has completely abandoned this tactic. Instead, he divided the archers into several groups and pursued the wounded with uninterrupted coverage and shooting.

At this moment, he was no longer even angry. The opponent's command ability not only exceeded his estimation, but even bolder than he imagined. In fact, even he did not expect the opponent at all. Actually dared to come over to attack at night. Although he had asked for patrols before, it was just a subconscious habit, and he didn't really think that the other party would dare to attack.

But now...William really regards the opponent as a military strategist at the same level as himself, but it is a pity that he has a pig-like teammate on his side.

In the rain of arrows, there is no directional area target at all, and it shoots wherever there are many people. But the only clear point is that the opponent obviously takes into account the front of the battlefield and the areas on the left and right. Anyone who tries to move in these three directions will be shot collectively without leaving a dozen, almost being shot into arrows. The pig's corpse fell there, clearly declaring the restricted area in front of him.

William's eyes moved on the battlefield. The place where he was hiding at the moment happened to be in the shadow of a huge boulder, instead of relying on tree trunks and other terrain to avoid like others. Although his position is indeed safer, the flaws are equally obvious. He can't observe the situation in the entire battlefield. The only thing that can be identified is that the pig-like general is roaring like a pig.

"This idiot, what else can he do besides letting people find cover?" William thought a little depressed. He only hates command and does not belong to him, and also has a bit of resentment. Why didn't the enemy kill the idiot together? In that case, in accordance with the battlefield regulations, as the second highest command in the army, he can immediately take over the command of this army.

Then, William saw that the idiot had gone to the back of the battlefield, where hundreds of soldiers had gathered.

Seeing the other's movements, William seemed to have suddenly felt like something, and a chill came out from deep in his heart. Fighting for the dedication that might be shot, he poked his

head from the back of the bunker and glanced at the front of the entire battlefield-because during the previous break, the team did not deliberately keep a distance, but was scattered. It is spread all over, after all, the scale of three thousand people, this is by no means that dozens of people and hundreds of people can be easily concealed, so in this forest, they occupy a huge field width. But now, the frontal environment of the entire battlefield is cut into two places because of the rain of arrows. A total of more than two thousand troops are completely trapped in these two battlefields, including many wounded. He was lying on the ground and wailing, but the one who was lucky enough to be uninjured at this moment could only hide behind some rocks or tall trees, and did not dare to stand up at all, because the opponent's arrow shot was from Shooting from the left and right sides, if it is purely to avoid one side, it will inevitably be attacked by the other side.

And the archer belonging to his side was completely suppressed at this moment and completely unable to raise his head, losing the judgment and leadership of the commander. The several messy counterattacks organized by the archer on their own also appeared abnormally weak and depressed, and they were unable to perform at all. Any desired effect. On the contrary, it attracted the attention of the other party, and the arrow rain on both sides covered it at the same time, causing more casualties.

Before this battlefield, because of the vastness of the field, the field of vision is vast, forming a fan-shaped area of death. Except for the first dozen soldiers who ran around in a panic and were shot into porcupines, no one now dared to break through to the front or to the left and right.

Everything seems to be normal.

However, William discovered that the opponent was using the firepower covered by the arrow rain to force his soldiers back. It seemed that the only way was safe. And most of the people who were lucky enough to be far away from the battlefield and were not cared for by Arrow Rain, at this moment, under the command of the generals of the White Wing Mercenary Corps, they quickly gathered towards the rear. At this moment, a team has formed a threat enough to threaten. The opposing archer's troops.

But William let out a stern roar: "Spread away! That's a trap!"

William's voice resounded abruptly on the battlefield, making the general feel flustered and fearful for no reason. Today, because he did not follow his advice, he suffered two failures as a result, and this second failure was a burden that was so painful that he could not bear it. It was like being slapped severely, so Although he still didn't like William and even thought that William was a scourge at all, he still subconsciously chose to obey: "Disperse!"

Unfortunately, the general said it was too late.

Three huge fireballs with a diameter of more than half a meter fell from the sky and landed exactly where the generals of the White Wing Mercenary Corps stood.

In the next second, the flames bloomed like a red lotus in full bloom among the crowd, and a mushroom cloud rose slowly.

Chapter 117: .dinner's ready

The flames rising into the sky illuminate this forest brightly.

The blazing flames began to spread wildly, and no matter how humid the forest was, they could not stop the burning of these magic flames. The blazing high temperature seemed to disperse the cold at night and the dampness of the forest, but if they could choose, the people of the White Wing Mercenary Corps would rather choose cold and humid than the current high temperature.

In the place where the flames were burning, there was no wailing. The detonation of three special fireballs directly vaporized the people in the burning range, and there was not even a single **** left.

The soldiers who survived the flames have fallen into chaos.

William is cold all over.

Although he was thinking that his pig-like teammate was killed by the enemy, William was not at all happy when this scene really appeared. This extremely subtle sense of difference made William really incredible—or rather, Don't want to believe it. Although he was really disappointed with the military qualities of the White Wing Mercenary Corps, a peripheral reserve soldier, no matter how disappointed, this army is indeed a fairly strong army in the trading capital. In the conflict of the Cross Cavalry regiment, this army did not particularly fall into the wind.

Of course, the three thousand people in front of us are not all of the entire army of reserve soldiers, but only one-third.

But there can be such a big gap in level. Is this really a regular army?

In the dark night, several fireballs whizzed and flew down, causing bursts of explosions and roars on the ground.

This time, William saw it very clearly.

The burning fireballs flew down very fast, almost forming a shape. When the naked eye just caught the fireball traces, these fireballs had already whizzed down. Judging from the magic traces, this is obviously a renju fireball technique, not a pure fireball technique, but William has never seen a renju fireball that can be so big and its power is so terrifying.

But the renju fireball is a four-level magic. Although the magician can do it in theory, it consumes a lot of magic power. With the magic power of a magician, he can only use it two to three times at most, never more than four times, and now the opponent's magician has already used it twice, even if the opponent still has residual magic power, it shouldn't be much.

This time, the flame explosion did not have a clear landing point. It just fell as far as possible to the crowded place to completely expand the chaos, and used the burning of the flame to cut this battlefield apart as well, and let the White Wing Mercenary Corps. The soldiers of the country cannot support each other.

William had already guessed what the other party wanted to do, and he roared with exhaustion: "Gather! Everyone rush to me!"

While shouting at the same time, he ran towards the battlefield behind him. He is now the supreme commander of this army. He must find a way to appease the chaotic soldiers in the rear and get them to regroup. Otherwise, once the chaos becomes a real defeat, then no matter how good it is then. Commander, it is impossible to command this army.

At this moment, William's only doubt was when the enemy came around to the rear. Or is it that before the rain of arrows covered, the opponent had already circled to the back of the battlefield, waiting for the opportunity?

William didn't know, but he didn't want to know at all. The roar of his exhaustion did not spread far in this dark night, because the crackling of flames and the chaotic noise of the crowd almost covered his shouts. Only those soldiers who were closer to William heard his shouts and

began to gather towards him. At this time, there was nothing more secure than following a commander in command.

At this moment, William saw another red light swaying in the darkness, and his heart burst for no reason: Could it be magic again?

Then, he saw a man wearing armor and holding a halberd stepping out of the darkness.

The red-shining weapon in his hand, even the flames burning in the forest could not hide its brilliance. He seemed to be walking in his own back garden, strolling leisurely out of the invisible darkness, holding the halberd, and walking out step by step. Against the backdrop of the flames, this man looked like a fierce demon, his expression on his face. Solemn, a terrifying aura exuded from his body.

The first moment he saw this man, William felt an extremely terrifying suffocation rushing toward his face, followed by a deep cold chill, even standing next to this burning flame, it could not be dispelled. The chill on my body.

Immediately afterwards, he saw the man suddenly raising the halberd.

The halberd shining red was held upright in his hand, like an extension of his arm, and like a banner in the dark night. And as the man swung the halberd in his hand severely, there was also a roar like a lion's roar: "Brothers! It's dinner!"

On the battlefield, there was a moment of stagnation.

Only the roar of this man echoed in the forest like an echo.

"dinner's ready—"

"It's meal—"

"NS—"

The next moment, the roar of excitement, like a national celebration, resounded through the sky in the dark night, like boiling water, completely boiling.

The earth even heard waves of noises, as if it were an earthquake.

Countless northern barbarians with a half-length shield in their left hand and a spear in their right hand, like a silver-white torrent rushing out from behind the man in black armor, their faces are not hideous, some are just excited. . They have no formation or rules at all, like a group of beasts, but the surging weather that entrained them has become the last straw that crushes this battlefield. In their charge, those who have not yet The soldiers who gathered after hearing William's shout were not the enemy of one at all.

In the charge of the barbarians in the North, some soldiers of the White-winged Mercenary Corps could barely fight back like self-rescue, but this kind of self-rescue seems more like suicide.

The northern barbarian's half-length shield was slapped so hard that the soldiers holding the bucklers felt sore and tingling in their entire hands. After all, their bucklers were only used to block the enemy's hacking, not Like the northern barbarians, they can be used to shoot people directly. In this kind of hedge, the soldiers of the White Wing Mercenary Corps even felt that their hands were about to be broken.

But the Northland Barbarian's offense was obviously not so simple. After the half-length shield of the left hand was shot out, the spear of the right hand was immediately followed by it. They don't care where the stabbing is. Anyway, even if the stabbing doesn't die, they can do a few more shots—most of the soldiers wearing light armor, under the impact of the unreasonable power of the northern barbarians, the light armor on their bodies is already It began to deform and seemed to be pierced at any time; and some soldiers with bad luck were almost pierced in the weak part of the light armor by the Northland barbarian's spear almost in the first shot.

After solving the enemy with a single shot, the northern barbarian slammed his spear, and after throwing off the corpse, he rushed forward again.

In their eyes, just following Alfred's offense is enough, and everything else is not what they need to care about. Anyway, in which direction Alfred ran, they followed him in which direction. As for the "food" along the way, it was just a trouble to solve.

Looking at the barbarians in the Northland rushing out with an incomparably brave aura, it seemed that panic and collapse had begun to spread among the soldiers of the White-winged Mercenary Corps. But at this time, William knew that if they run around like headless flies, then

what is waiting for them is the relentless harvest of the enemy. Whether it is for these soldiers or for his own survival, William must gather the ruined soldiers. Let them re-form enough combat effectiveness.

"Don't panic! Get together here!" Although William's voice was unable to spread in this chaotic night, even his voice had begun to become hoarse because of his roar, but all soldiers who could hear his shouting, But as if grabbing some life-saving straw, he began to gather towards him, and was gradually forming a scale, "Expand a circle! The shield soldiers are outside, the spearmen are inside, and they are stacked with me as the core! Vertical spear and shield!"

William's roar continued, but at this moment, the transformation of the White Wing Mercenary Group seemed a bit slow, like rusty gears. William was really annoyed at this moment. If it weren't for the former adjutants who were all with the general and was evaporated by the fireball along with him, then he would not need to make such a roar now, and he had lost the auxiliary command of the flag. The formation of the formation seemed a bit slow, especially since there was a steady stream of defeated soldiers approaching here.

"Changes!" William couldn't bear these rusty gears, his heart was cursing wildly, but his face must be calm and calm at the moment. He is the commander, and he must give the soldiers enough confidence. "Everyone is scattered! The shield soldiers are in front, thirty lined up! The pikemen gather in a square formation to the right and shoot up!"

This time, William changed the way the password was shouted, instead using a short password as the number. And this time, the soldiers of the White Wing Mercenary Corps finally heard it very clearly. Their formation immediately changed, like oiled gears. They finally did not regenerate. The training in the weekdays has also been very good at this moment. In a good embodiment, all the soldiers holding shields began to stack up, forming a row for every thirty people, and then layering on top of each other to form a square formation.

William's choice is very good. On the left is a raging flame, which eliminates the enemy's tactics of detouring from the left. As for the frontal defense, as long as these shield soldiers form a thick enough thickness, they can completely block the northern barbarians who have almost no formation at all; and the pikemen phalanx he placed on the right is also not a display. , As long as the enemy's momentum can be slowed down a little, he is sure to turn this pikemen's phalanx into a sharp spear, giving the enemy a cruel!

Almost in an instant, William had completely penetrated the weaknesses and advantages between the two sides, and even fully utilized the terrain-the battlefield cut formed by the burning fireball. It was not only beneficial to the manufacturer, but whether it was able to be used was completely different. It depends on the commander's judgment on the battlefield situation-to arrange the

formation, and after discovering the disorder and delay in the command system, he decisively changes the tactical transmission method.

And it's not just that. William is still in the midst of this kind of mobilization and changes. He unscrambles the battle line back, not only gradually getting out of the attack range that the opponent magician may cover, but also extending the opponent's front line. Widen, so the pressure he needs to face is naturally lighter. Even the defeated soldiers gathered from the surroundings have formed a kind of hidden advantage cohesion.

All these changes fully illustrate that William's commanding ability and military attainments, as expected, are just like the pride he has shown himself.

Cecilia hidden in the canopy, through the commanding heights, you can easily observe the changes in the situation on the entire battlefield. Therefore, when she saw that the enemy formation that was turning like rusty gears began to change, and it became more and more fluid, and even the formation began to reorganize, her brows finally wrinkled, she didn't expect the opponent to actually There was also such a powerful commander, she thought she had completely dismantled the opponent's command system.

Thinking of this, Cecilia's eyes fell on the opposing commander: "Tell old Fred that he has five minutes left."

Chapter 118: .The outcome is determined!

Shaun never thought of eating the whole army.

After Anno discovered the army's rest area, Xiao En immediately came to inspect it on the spot. As he expected, the opponent was indeed a member of the White Wing Mercenary Corps. However, after seeing these people, Sean was convinced that the army of the White Wing Mercenary Corps was not the only one behind him. The reason was simple. The mobilization of three thousand people was not a small number of characters, it was a force. There are at least a few hundred meters long army, and the sudden mobilization of the White Wing Mercenary Corps, how could the red Godek as the enemy's enemy be unprepared? And if once it is discovered that the opponent's military mobilization is not directed at them, then how could Red Goethe not be curious?

Maybe they are lurking right now, ready to take advantage of the fishermen. Sean doesn't think that Red Goethe will uphold the concept of "enemy's enemy is a friend" to give aid to himself. The so-called aid and alliance are actually the same as hatred. Only when the forces are evenly matched can they have this kind of emotion. When each other's strength is not at the same level, these emotions will naturally become a very ridiculous thing.

Do humans care about the feeling of bed bugs stepped on under their shoes?

So, Sean is very clear that Red Goethe and him will not become allies, at least not for now. As for the Red Cross Knights, who may also be hidden from the side, ready to show their minions at any time, Sean will not have an ally with them-this is the army of the Kingdom of Darbion. In this regard, It is impossible for Sean to cooperate with him.

So for the night attack plan of the White Wing Mercenary Corps, what Sean wanted was just to make this army completely lose the ability to pursue him. In his impression, the level of the White Wing Mercenary Corps is a level three army. No matter which country on the Marvel Continent, it is already regarded as a regular army level, although at this moment he cannot see the White Wing Mercenary Corps, a peripheral reserve army. The actual situation, but Sean is still willing to believe that the combat effectiveness of this army is more brutal than his own.

So the whole plan is to cause as many casualties as possible to this enemy army.

Annihilated?

If it is possible, Sean doesn't actually mind, but he doesn't think he has this opportunity. After all, there is still a big gap in the strength of the two armies. Even if the equipment of the northern barbarians is better than the other in terms of armaments, the lack of training is still a flaw. This is not something that can be easily remedied, but Sean's mentality is very good, because his army is still very-young.

A glance at the situation on the battlefield, the entire frontal battlefield has been completely plowed by Arrow Rain. At least there are nearly a thousand wounded on the other side, and the screams of pain on the battlefield are enough to completely lose this army. Morale. Seeing this situation, Sean nodded with satisfaction, and then said: "Withdraw! Time should be almost up, we go around to support Fred and their retreat."

The northern barbarians silently put away their arrows, shook their slightly sour hands, and shot tens of thousands of arrows in such a short period of time, even if the northern barbarians have good endurance, they still feel sore. , After all, they have not undergone too formal training. In fact, if it

weren't for these northern barbarians who didn't know how to shoot, Sean actually wanted a precise shot, so that in the first wave of confrontation, he could definitely kill hundreds of opponents.

The precise volley of two thousand archers, but it is a very terrible thing.

But it is a pity that these northern barbarians do not yet have such conditions, and most of them are women and teenagers. But Xiao En is already very satisfied with the result, creating more wounded for the opponent and making the opponent's morale drop faster. These are the real goals of the current battle, and as long as these goals are achieved, Xiao Well, I don't care about the final harvest.

The rain of arrows has stopped.

But the wailing of the White Wing Mercenaries did not stop. The flames and flares rising to the sky behind are more like ferocious demons laughing at them, bringing their morale down to the freezing point. It can almost be said that they are on the grass full of sorrows. The densely populated place is visible. Although most of the arrows are inserted on the grass, many soldiers have been shot from a few to a dozen arrows. Some of them are dead and some are dying, but more are Weeping.

These soldiers were already broken-hearted, they simply couldn't afford the courage to continue fighting, and even vaguely many people ran away secretly under the cover of night. And with the first one, naturally there will be a second and a third. Soon, a small half of the deserters have left the battlefield and disappeared into the vast night. Most of those who have not run away are left. It was wounded on the body, and a small part of them still had the courage. At this moment, they were struggling to stand up, and then rushed towards William.

Here is the second battlefield that broke out tonight, and now this battlefield has completely entered a white-hot degree, even more intense than the arrow rain covering in front.

When the northern barbarians were as he expected, because the front was stretched, there was actually only a small one-sided battle that actually took place, and this one-sided impact could not break the shields' defenses at all. Although the front row was indeed killed several times during the charge, this wastage was nothing at all. On the contrary, it completely aroused the mentality of the shield soldiers to fight to death, and firmly resisted the northern barbarians. attack.

After losing the most aggressive momentum, the effect of the northern barbarians behind is naturally extremely limited. After all, they are all in front of them, so of course they have to maintain a certain degree of strength in the process of charging, and the blind swarm of attacks will

also shorten the depth of the battlefield indefinitely. For those of them who attack with spears. In fact, it is very unfavorable, but it will bring greater benefits to the opponent.

So after the first collision, the Northland Barbarians finally fell over a dozen people, which undoubtedly became a booster, greatly calming the morale of the White Wing Mercenary Corps. When this almost stalemate fighting each other occurred, the killer that William had been preparing finally showed up-the pikemen phalanx on the right, desperately smashed through the attack of the northern barbarians, and forced it back. After a long period of time, the pikemen at the back of the phalanx turned abruptly and rushed towards the northern barbarians from the side.

The combination of flames, shield soldiers, and pikemen formed a "concave" pocket. The northern barbarian trapped in the pocket was like a "convex" corner, and encountered a fierce counterattack from the pikemen. In just a moment of a confrontation round, the Northland Barbarians fell like this. There were hundreds of people. The entire front seemed to be cut off in an instant. For the first time facing this kind of attack from both sides, the Northland Barbarians also began to show With a beast-like instinct to counterattack, the previous battles that looked like this seemed to have ceased to exist.

This is what the Northland Barbarians should have!

Looking at the development in front of him, William finally clenched his fists.

In his impression, the northern barbarians are not suitable for being soldiers at all. They don't understand many military orders at all, and they rely more on their physical instincts when fighting. It was not that William had never seen the barbarians in the North, nor had he seen an army fighting the barbarians in the North, but that situation did not look like a battle in his eyes, it was almost like hunting.

The army is the hunter who hunts around, and the northern barbarians can only be regarded as prey.

The scene in front of him finally made William feel a little bit. The familiarity of resuscitating from the inside of the body gave him a sense of air, as if he had power all over his body, his blood began to boil, and his heart became more and more excited, but as his heart grew more and more excited. Excited, the smile on his face became thicker, which made his originally soft facial features become more gentle, and suddenly there was a unique unspeakable temperament all over his body.

At this moment, William looks more like a woman than a man.

"After all, it's just..."

William had the same impression as other people on the Marvel Continent. He never thought that the northern barbarians were suitable for soldiers. However, his mocking words were not completely finished, and the situation on the court changed drastically in an instant, and he only heard someone shouting "Waiting for dinner"!

As a result, the northern barbarians, who had already begun to be like trapped beasts, could only rely on instinctive struggles and conditioned reflexes, suddenly seemed to be controlled by some kind of remote control, they suddenly squatted down and erected the half-body shield in their hands. On the ground, Tuantuan gathered together to form a strong iron wall defensive formation. Under this kind of defensive formation, the soldiers of the white-winged mercenaries wanted to attack, and it was very difficult. Moreover, in a rash attack just now, the spear pierced from the iron wall pierced more than a dozen people.

In the scene, there was a stalemate again for a while, the progress of the war was not as far as William had expected, and this prominent northern barbarian team was eaten up with a thunderous speed. He knows very well that the most important part of this war plan he made provisionally is that he will be completely eaten by the northern barbarians in his pocket, and fundamentally weaken the opponent's viable power. William believes that with his commanding ability, as long as he is white If the soldiers of the Wing Mercenary Corps don't collapse, he can definitely reverse the situation.

But now, the most critical step in his plan is to be resisted abruptly. This is really out of William's expectation.

But soon, the pikemen who were forced to press down were finally completely defeated because they did not have a better defensive ability.

led the northern barbarians to launch a strong attack and completely forced back the pikemen. It was the black armor warrior that William had seen before. The halberd in his hand is simply unmatched. Any weapon or armor can only be cut by a halberd in front of him, and behind him are ten veterans wearing light armor and holding long swords. The tips of the knives formed by these people cut directly into the pikemen's phalanx, like a warm dinner knife piercing a piece of butter, and this piece of butter is still melting at an extremely fast speed.

In almost an instant, the pikemen's phalanx was completely penetrated. At the moment when the Pikemen's phalanx was cut through, William heard the roar that he would never forget: "Brothers! It's time to eat!"

With a clatter, the iron wall formation on the left was disassembled in an instant. These northern barbarians, who had been beaten a little embarrassed before, once again screamed like stimulants, and then turned towards Bai The soldiers of the Wing Mercenary Corps launched a fierce charge.

It looks like a person who has been hungry for more than ten days suddenly sees a table full of food...William can't bear to look directly at him: Did he lose to such an army?

Then, William saw an unforgettable scene in his life: the man wearing black armor and holding a red halberd, running towards him like a demon, his awe-inspiring aura was not weaker than himself. It's just that William knew very well that he was not a fighter after all. He didn't have any fighting ability, so he could only watch Alfred's halberd fall towards him.

Sighed slightly, William, who knew he was powerless, finally closed his eyes.

Chapter 119: .I am a man!

Alfred is full of momentum.

The shining red light flows on the axe blade, and the outline of the flame texture is like a real burning flame.

William could even feel that hot air wave was falling rapidly from the air, and the slight burning smell had been swirling in his nasal cavity, it seemed that his hair was zooming under the high temperature baking. At this moment, William couldn't help but start to think back to the past, scenes and scenes that he had experienced in the past flashed quickly in his mind. He had never felt death so approaching, but he found that there was no fear in his heart.

Some, but also just calm.

"Fred! Don't kill him!" Sean called with a horrified cry from behind Alfred.

Hearing Sean's voice, Alfred's heart sighed slightly. He had exhausted all his strength when the halberd fell, and it was impossible to regain strength at this moment. So I had to exhaust all my strength, let the halberd go a little bit away, so that it could be brushed by William's side, and then split the land around William with one axe. But even so, William's entire left hand's clothing was burned by the flames surrounded by the flaming lion's fangs, and even William's skin was severely burned by the flames passing by.

William's eyes opened, and his eyes showed a little dazedness, but soon-or that, William's eyes just saw a dark shadow passing by, he didn't even see the situation clearly, he felt that his chin seemed to be cold. The thing resisted, and the chill radiating from it made him think of being frozen. When the focus of his gaze finally recovered, he could see clearly that he was holding a long sword on his neck, and the person holding the sword was a young man with black hair and black eyes. He seemed to be in harmony. He is almost a few years old.

William recognized the man.

Sean.

The important character next to the target is also the commander of the entire army. I heard that he is a swordsman, probably only the strength of the lower bronze, but no one in the trade center has seen him shot, so no one knows the specific strength. Just looking at the speed of the opponent's swift arrival, William must be at the peak of his strength even at the lower Bronze rank?

"Surrender and don't kill!" Sean took a breath, then shouted in a deep voice.

His voice is full of vitality, and it is in such a quiet late night, so Sean's voice actually spread a long distance. The two sides that are fighting each other belong to Sean's army. In fact, they have already commanded the role of "waiting for the meal" and gradually entered a defensive state. Therefore, the people of the White Wing Mercenary Group saw that the enemy did not seem to have the idea of killing them all. The already extremely low morale made them gradually give up resistance.

But this kind of abandonment is not a real abandonment, but a kind of abandonment similar to a wait-and-see state. They still hold their weapons and gather together cautiously, facing back to back the encirclement of the northern barbarians. However, they also know that it is better not to provoke the enemy at this time, so their behavior is more of a subconscious self-protection, rather than the idea of resistance.

Looking at the attitudes and reactions of these people, Sean once again said in a deep voice: "I'll say it again! Put down your weapons and those who surrender will not kill!"

With the sound of Shaun's words falling, the northern barbarians surrounding the White Wing Mercenary Group erected their half-length shields, and put their spears on the shields. They circled in a circle, and then strode forward several steps one after another, narrowing the enemy's activity space once again, making them more crowded, so that the space available for combat is naturally greatly compressed.

Seeing that these people didn't seem to have any plans to put down their weapons, the northern barbarians holding a strong bow finally took their bows and aimed their arrows at these enemies. As long as Sean gave an order, they would loosen their strings and shoot arrows-this time at such a short distance, even if the Northern Barbarian could not shoot, it was impossible to miss the arrow to other places, and the Northern Barbarian The place where people are aiming is also the lower body of the soldiers of the white-winged mercenary regiment, so even if the opponent wants to dodge, they will definitely not be able to dodge all the arrows.

Looking at the murderous aura emanating from the barbarians in the Northland, one of the soldiers finally couldn't bear the pressure and dropped the spear in his hand.

"Kang Dang"

There was a slight sound, but it became exceptionally clear in this dark night.

After having the first person, naturally there will be a second person and a third person, just like a chain reaction. The soldiers of the white-winged mercenary group that gathered together were finally completely disintegrated and their will to fight. The weapon in his hand is dropped, and he chooses the promise that I don't know if it is possible to realize it. They looked at the weapons in the hands of the northern barbarians in horror, fearing that they would suddenly jump on them in the next moment.

Sean nodded to Alfred, who quickly confessed to the veterans a few times, so the Northland Barbarian quickly gave way to a small gap, which was only enough for one person to pass. However, in order to prevent unnecessary accidents, there are still some shield spearmen defending. They are not only defending the enemies in this circle, but also those enemies who fled into the night because of the rout. Of course, they also included the arrows in front. In the rain-covered battlefield, those who were lucky enough not to die.

"Let them take off their light armor." Xiao En seemed to think of something, and quickly spoke.

Alfred nodded clearly, and at the same time began to give orders. And since the soldiers of the White Wing Mercenary Corps have given up resistance and chose to surrender, it is naturally not unacceptable to remove the light armor at this moment, so under the supervision of Alfred and the northern barbarians, these soldiers Naturally, we don't have many other choices, but to follow the orders of Sean and others.

The following matters of handling prisoners of war and cleaning the battlefield naturally do not need to be personally responsible for Sean. At the moment, this situation can be handed over to Alfred and Cecilia to practice. After all, this situation will certainly be encountered frequently in the future, so naturally the sooner you can handle these things, the better.

It's just that even Sean did not expect that the White Wing Mercenary Corps' outer reserve would be defeated so easily. This point was unexpected. Originally, he just wanted to paralyze the opponent's pursuit ability so that he could infiltrate the Kingdom of Darbion smoothly. However, he did not expect that the opponent's commander would cooperate so well. Cecilia had a chance to catch it all.

This is the real turning point of this night attack tonight.

If it weren't for such a great opportunity, Alfred would not be able to achieve such a brilliant result in the battle with his troops. However, another important aspect of this battle is that William incorrectly estimated the combat power and execution ability of the northern barbarians-Shaun's army of the northern barbarians is completely in line with the northern barbarian army in the eyes of ordinary people. Different. Of course, the most special thing is the difference in passwords, but these northern barbarians are more clear about such passwords.

It can be said that the result of this battle tonight is entirely caused by the asymmetry of intelligence clues, and does not possess any reproducibility or splendor. It was completely a contest of luck. If there was a change of occasion, a commander, or another unit, then even if Sean successfully launched a night attack tonight, he would not be able to achieve such a brilliant record.

is the service. The 3,000-member White Wing Mercenary Corps' peripheral reserve army killed more than 500 people and wounded more than 1,000, including more than 700 minor injuries and more than 400 serious injuries, surrendered more than 800 people, and fled more than 400 people. On Sean's side, the number of northern barbarians who died in the battle was more than 400, and nearly two hundred were wounded. One veteran was killed in the battle. However, the

formation of the archer troops was intact, and the main gun and shield soldiers were killed. The reason was that the pikemen arranged by William were trapped in the attack. At that time, because of the lack of a commander in command, the troops fell into chaos for an instant, and they were almost eaten up.

If it weren't for Alfred's forcibly breaking the formation in time, the outcome of tonight's battle might have changed differently.

At this moment, the cleaning of the battlefield is also nearing completion. Sean and the others did not stay here, but chose to move to another "cleaner" place. At the sign of Sean, Alfred led a group of people to secretly execute the seriously injured soldiers. After all, on the battlefield right now, their serious injuries cannot be treated at all. Instead of howling in pain, it is better to send them on the road.

Of course, this kind of thing is impossible for people to discover, otherwise the white-winged mercenaries who have just surrendered will naturally mutiny. The handling of the corpses is rather consistent. Both the enemy and the enemy are stacked together and Cecilia casts magic directly for cremation.

After finishing all these things, the sky is almost faintly bright.

At this time, Sean finally had the opportunity to face William.

Of course, Cecilia, Alfred, and Anno are the big guys who are with you. Because this big guy's appearance is outstanding, and his personal attributes are considered the best among all the northern barbarians, he has barely reached the lower bronze. With his strength, Sean intends to train this big man into the commander-in-chief of Steel Wings.

Steel wings, is the official name of this gun and shield unit. As for the current archer force composed of northern barbarians, Sean has also incorporated it into the formation of the steel wings, becoming the second echelon unit. In the future, he also plans to form another three winged troops to reproduce the glorious achievements of that family in the game that year.

And before that.

Sean looked at William with a smile on his face, his attitude must be more polite and polite, more polite and polite. It's just that the more Sean is like this, the more frightened William's heart is.

His goose bumps have risen, and the inexplicable rise in his heart makes him feel like he didn't die by Alfred's axe tonight. , Does not seem to be a lucky thing.

"You are William Yale?" Sean looked at the handsome blond man in front of him, and even lifted the diagonal bangs that covered his right eye. He carefully observed it, and at the same time kept saying "nice, good". The words that make the hair creepy as you listen.

Anno, the stupid big man, cautiously stabbed Alfred, and said angrily: "Would You Chang want to eat him?"

Alfred always felt that Sean's appearance was a bit familiar, he seemed to have seen it somewhere, but for a while, he couldn't remember it, but when Alfred heard Anno's voice, Alfred still said: "Sean is not interested in cannibalism...probably?" When he said the last sentence, Alfred looked at Cecilia, and in terms of familiarity, naturally no one can surpass Cecilia.

Seeing Alfred looking at her, Cecilia sighed helplessly: "Sean is just looking at him.... Once he is interested in something, he will behave like this, you guys. Used to it."

Alfred only remembered that when he heard Cecilia's words, when he and Sean first met, Sean looked at him like that!

However, since everyone's voices were not deliberately lowered, it was natural that they all fell into William Yale's ears without missing a word. He moved in a little horror, trying to stay away from Sean as much as possible, while still yelling: "You, you...what do you want to do! I tell you, I'm a man! Don't mess around!"

Chapter 120: Solicit

William Yale.

A military strategist who can be said to be against the sky, one of the ten generals in the future, his first appearance was after the update of the first expansion of the game.

It was 1874 when the Principality of Ryan unilaterally declared war on the Kingdom of Darbion. The coach was the thunderous Valkyrie Asuna. She swept the entire Kingdom of Darbion within a

year, and even once took the Garrod Fortress-Tong. The last gateway to King Darbion's capital—if it weren't for the interception of the retreat and the complete destruction of the logistics line, the kingdom of Darbion would have long since become history.

And because of this major turning point, Asuna's army suddenly became a lone army deep behind the enemy. If Marshal Roald had not personally led an army to rush to the rescue, and forcibly withstood the Northeast Legion, which was twice as powerful as him at the time, and allowed Asuna to successfully lead the troops to escape, Asuna would have fallen to Da. The kingdom of Bion is now—but even if she escaped by chance, Asuna was severely accused after returning home, because the 200,000 army had fewer than a thousand people back alive, and Marshal Roald was even forced to resign.

Afterwards, through various understandings, the players finally knew that the real commander who reversed the entire battle with one hand was actually the little-known William Yale before.

Because of the existence of William, the Kingdom of Darbion was able to quickly regain the lost ground with the momentum of thunder after the defeat of the Principality of Ryan, and re-force the Principality of Ryan to the Fortress of Tonis. Of course, at this time, it was not Asuna and Marshal Roald who were really in charge of command, but other noble generals. However, the Principality of Ryan also quickly realized the seriousness of the problem and re-appointed Asuna as the commander of the theater. Responsible for the entire Southeast Theater.

William heard that Tonis's commander had changed back to Asuna, he decisively stopped the attack and did not forcibly attack the Tonis Fortress, but the temptation and espionage activities between the two countries never stopped.

It's just that William may be very good as a commander in chief, but his social skills are really worse. In the two years he served as the commander of the local army of the Kingdom of Darbion, he killed a total of seven guards, and sent the heads of these guards back to their families, and even severely humiliated them. For several families, this result naturally caused strong dissatisfaction among the aristocratic class of the entire Kingdom of Darbion.

So in 1877, in order to quell the anger of more than half of the nobles in the Kingdom of Darbion, William Yale was revoked from his position as commander-in-chief, and he was even arrested for murder and escorted back to the royal capital. The most chilling thing was that no one interceded for William at the time. Although the army under his rule expressed strong dissatisfaction, the royal family of the Kingdom of Darbion was extremely sophisticated in handling this issue and directly The entire local army was dismantled and reorganized, and another name of the Kingdom of Darbion was replaced in the future.

The plot after seemed a little bit ***** and helpless. After being taken back to the capital and imprisoned, William was ordered to execute a public execution within a day. At that time, countless players received a mission to save William Yale. For this mission, countless players were killed or injured. Finally, William was successfully sent to the Emilia Empire. After that, William Yale became the Emilia Empire. One of the three commanders is only responsible to the emperor and does not need to be responsible to anyone else. Similarly, no one can give any orders to William Yale.

And almost on the same day that William Yale was taken from the execution ground, Asuna attacked again from Tonis Fortress. This time she only brought 130,000 troops and broke through the capital of Darbion in one year. At this point, the Kingdom of Darbion declared its demise, and all players who belonged to the citizenship of the Kingdom of Darbion will naturally suffer as well—those players with noble status and territories are better off, after all, they can choose to surrender halfway to save their territory. And those ordinary players are tragedy, the battle exploits and prestige accumulated through hard work are all returned to zero overnight.

Of course, few players can accept this result, but the attitude of the game company to this is: you love it, and there is no compensation.

This incident was considered a very sensational event at the time—it was the first country in the game to be destroyed, and it also made many players clearly aware of the official attitude and the role of players in this world. , Any of their decisions may really affect the development of a country. If they choose to support William or speak for him in the first place, then perhaps the end of the Kingdom of Darbion will not be so tragic.

After this incident, the game's second expansion, "War of War" was also opened, announcing that the game has officially entered the era of war.

At this moment, seeing William right in front of him, of course Sean felt extremely excited and happy. He already understood that William was in the White Wing Mercenary Corps. After the White Wing Mercenary Corps was defeated by the Red Cross Cavalry Corps of Mornes, William also joined the Red Cross Cavalry Corps and became a soldier in the Kingdom of Darbion. Only then had the future to play against Asuna, and even forced Asuna not to attack.

The Valkyrie, compared to the ten miracle-known generals, after all, it is still a bit worse.

However, William also has very fatal shortcomings. The emotional intelligence of this product is obviously very low. He seems to never know the importance of interpersonal relationships. He always offends more people and calls fewer people, and he is more venomous. Regardless of

identity, even the imperial emperor ** ignored. For such a person who could finally die well, almost all the players said that the imperial emperor was really good. If he replaced it with the Saint-Joles Empire, which regarded honor and dignity higher than his own life value, William would have died long ago. He couldn't die anymore, maybe someone would draw his face with gloves to ask for a duel as soon as he went out.

But even if William has more problems and shortcomings, Sean doesn't care.

Because he needs a commander, a commander who has real vision and can work out various strategic development plans. No one knows better than him, what kind of situation they need to face next, so having a real commander is naturally a very urgent thing-Cecilia may be able to command an army, Anno And Alfred can also lead people to war, but in a strategic perspective, they lack a certain degree of fire.

As for Sean himself, he is very clear that no one knows the direction of the future situation better than him. But these are only for the future direction. Once it comes to the details of these directions, Sean is actually very helpless, but he can't express this helplessness, he must even remain confident all the time, because once If he doesn't even have confidence, then how can he bring confidence to others?

So at this time, Sean saw that William was captured alive by himself. He was truly happy.

"Your army has also been completely defeated." Sean patted William's uniform very politely, and laughed, "How about, do you want to join my team?"

Hearing Shaun's words, William was a little stunned, but the scary picture in his imagination did not appear, which made William a little relieved. But watching Sean laugh so strangely, he still felt a little hairy in his heart, so he just kept his mouth shut at this moment.

"Don't want to talk?" Sean looked at William with some curiosity, "It's okay, you can nod or shake your head."

William's reaction at the moment was like a piece of wood. He neither nodded nor shook his head, but stared straight at Sean, as if he wanted to see something from his face. In this way, Sean felt a little curious. He touched his face, then turned to look at Cecilia and others, and asked, "Is there anything weird about my face?"

"Smile." Cecilia glanced at Sean's almost deformed face with a smile, and stretched out her hand to support her forehead with a headache.

"Smile." Alfred also couldn't stand it anymore.

"Well, smile." Only Anno observed it carefully, and then as if drawing a conclusion, he nodded earnestly to express his agreement with Cecilia and Alfred.

Sean stretched out his hand and rubbed his face, then blinked, and asked, "What about now?"

"I can't watch it anymore." Cecilia couldn't help but yelled, but she suddenly felt sympathy for William in her heart, "I went to Hina."

"I can't stand it either." Alfred couldn't stand it either. Looking at Sean like this, he always remembered the situation in the Wine and Blade Tavern, which made him suddenly feel like a history of blood and tears. So hurriedly followed Cecilia to leave.

Only Anno, and I don't know if it is really dull, or it is a little different from normal people. He blinked and looked dazed: "Why are they all gone?... I think Youchang smiles pretty nicely."

"Really? Thank you." Sean was also a little speechless, but it was not that Cecilia and Alfred left, but that he was comforted by Anno, but there was no comfort at all. what's going on?

But regardless of this, Sean turned his head and looked at William again, as amiable as possible, like those big bad wolves who wanted to kidnap Lori after taking out the lollipops, and continued to say to William: "Your command tonight, I have already seen it, as long as you are willing to join me, I promise you to give real leadership rights."

Of course, Shaun actually didn't see anything. When he arrived, Alfred had already broken out and was about to smash William with an axe.

"Do you trust me that way?" Finally, after staring at Sean again, William said the second sentence tonight.

"Of course." Sean replied without thinking about it.

"Haven't you thought that after you gave me command, I would let your army go to death?"

"I don't believe you would do such a thing, because if they die, we will all have fun together, and you can't escape.... What I need is a commander, not an assistant or a staff member. So I will give you the real Your commandership allows you to lead an army. You only need to be responsible to me. No one else will tell you anything. This is my guarantee to you!"

seemed to be moved by Sean's words. William was silent for ten seconds before finally raising his head and asking in a deep voice, "Why do you want to solicit me?"

Then, William heard Sean's signature answer—the second sentence he will never forget:
“Because, I need you!”