

Lord of War 131

Chapter 131: .I will not discriminate against disability

Shaun needs experience points, and there is still a very large amount of experience points, because he is not like other people in this world, he can improve his strength through training or some unexpected events. If he wants to grow and become stronger, he must obtain enough experience points to upgrade, and then put the proficiency points obtained from the upgrade into his own attributes and skills. Only in this way can he greatly strengthen his combat effectiveness.

So far, there are only two ways Sean can increase experience points.

One is to enter maps such as dungeons for adventure. In these maps, as long as you kill monsters, you can get experience points. It's just a matter of how many experience points are.

The other method is delegation.

Only get a commission, then he can get experience points when he kills the enemy related to the commission event. Otherwise, he won't have experience points for killing humans and creatures. As for monsters or other humanoid creatures, Sean hasn't had a chance to try it, but it should have almost the same result.

It is precisely because of this that when Paro received the commission, Sean would agree and accept it, otherwise he would not have so much time to deal with the commission. In Danaville, he is not here to travel, but has real things to do.

However, accepting this commission is one thing, but how to complete the commission is another matter.

War, Sean is not afraid.

Now he already has famous players like William, so things like war are a piece of cake for him—especially after he saw the garrison in this valley, Sean judged this even more. Because the equipment of these soldiers is not as good as he gave the steel wings and the archers to drop

soldiers, and although he could not find out where the troops belonged to, Sean didn't mind harvesting them as experience points.

Like the 22 people patrolling outside, they were all solved secretly by Sean Mi.

But he was disgusting, and was manipulated like cannon fodder.

Now, there is no doubt that the Marquis of Paro is trying to use him as cannon fodder, wishing to die with these so-called "robbers".

Is it possible that Sean is gone again as he wishes?

Of course, another reason why Sean dare not rush to make a move now is the death thorn.

He didn't know why Deadthorn suddenly appeared here. This organization has always been known for being difficult. Even some extremely powerful players in the game were not willing to provoke them. If it weren't for helplessness, who would want to fight these perverted murderers? Others didn't know that the person with the death thorn took action this time, but Sean knew very well that there were only three people in the entire death thorn who could cast such a special spell that quickly drained life energy.

But no matter which one of these three people, it is not the current Sean can handle.

Fortunately, Deadthorn's work has always been completed all at once. In other words, once Deadthorn leaves, it means that their task has been completed, and the employer will no longer have any involvement with them.

If it weren't for this, it's absolutely impossible for Sean to trouble these soldiers. Even if he needs experience, he would choose another way to obtain it instead of conflicting with the dead thorns. Otherwise, with his current weak strength, let alone gold, any high-level silver power can kill seven in and seven out in his army, and it is still the kind of killing you want to kill. , There is no need to worry about the feelings of others at all.

But even so, Sean has no habit of being cannon fodder. If Paro insists on letting them be cannon fodder and sacrifice, Sean doesn't mind turning over with Sir Paro.

After killing these twenty soldiers in the forest, Sean and others soon left the forest and did not continue to stay in the forest. They hid on the edge of the forest and waited for William to bring someone over. Anno had already set off to find someone before, because the northern barbarians are obviously more sensitive to odors, so there is no need to worry about them getting lost. Of course, they don't look at the way anymore, if there are no special odors to distinguish. , There is no difference between a northern barbarian and a blind man.

After waiting for ten minutes, Sean finally saw William led the troops to come.

This lazy guy, just lying on his horse's back, walked towards him with a sway. Their speed is not fast at all, and even in order to take care of William not to be smashed, the people around must also accommodate William's speed, even if William and others have seen Sean and Cecilia and Alfred waiting at this moment. After that, he didn't have the slightest interest in speeding up, but after a faint glance, he continued to let the horses sway.

Everyone has long been accustomed to William's attitude, so no one said anything. At least, they have all experienced the battle that night and saw with their own eyes how William was in danger. Although he was a little lazy, he was never ambiguous in many major events, and he would explode with amazing fighting power and spirit. Only at this time will he show his majesty as the commander-in-chief.

When the army was still two or three hundred meters away from the edge of the forest, William, who had been lying on his stomach, suddenly sat upright. His eyes were sharp like an eagle, and he suddenly raised his right hand. He walked very loosely. The random team stopped in an instant. Then I saw William's right hand clenched and raised, and all the archers quickly gathered towards the middle, and the iron wings scattered on both sides immediately raised their half-length shields and closed them together, looking like they were plating the archer troops in the middle. The upper layer of metal is general.

The steel wings of the first row knelt facing the forest vertical shield, and the steel wings of the second row also immediately followed and placed the half-length shield in their hands on the half-length shield of the first row, forming a steel line more than two meters high. Wall shield wall. Looking from the front of the shield wall, you can't see what is behind the shield wall. Only when you look from both sides can you vaguely see the archers lurking behind the shield wall.

"What does he mean?" The three Alfred hid in the tree, observing the march of William led by the canopy. At this time, there were no enemies in the forest, but William directly assumed this defensive posture. , Alfred was puzzled for a while.

"Refusing to be cannon fodder means." Xiao En glanced behind him, there was no movement, then smiled slightly, and then laughed.

William is an unarmed person, which means that his personal combat effectiveness is not even a Tier 1 rookie, and any soldier can easily handle him. And masters like Sean and Alfred, hiding in the canopy of the forest, did not hear the sound of people walking in the forest. William naturally could not hear it, but he still made this reaction. Prove one thing.

"Your Excellency William, what do you mean?" The young commander named Bonn next to him asked with a surprised look.

"The enemy has built a forward base inside, and now we have discovered our arrival." William had a serious expression on his face, "If we expose our flaws at will, we will definitely be shot by random arrows, so now we can only Take a defensive position for the time being."

"The enemy has been discovered?" Bunn looked surprised, "How do you know?"

"The wind told me." William's expression revealed a little sadness, which was even enough to make the river flow backwards. "I lived in the forest tribe for a period of time in the early years. I saw that they were able to prevent fires in advance, so I followed them. I studied for a period of time....Actually, I am a wind whisperer."

Bon's expression was already slightly convulsed: "Isn't the Wind Whisperer's bloodline ability belonging to the forest elves?"

"Although the power of blood is very thin, I can really be regarded as a half-elf."

"I... don't seem to see the characteristics of a half-elf in you..."

William suddenly turned his head and stared directly at Bunn. His face was eager to weep. The expression alone made Bunn feel a bit dry. In fact, in some ways, William had a complete disagreement. Inferior to Cecilia's beauty, even because he is a little older than Cecilia, if you don't know his true gender, you might even mistake William for a woman.

"Although my bloodline is hidden, I have inherited the characteristics of the elves. It is an insult to me to say that, and I ask you to apologize to me!"

"Uh...you, what have you inherited!?" Bunn couldn't help but want to growl.

"Although I don't want to admit it, have you ever seen someone more prettier than me?" William stared at Bunn seriously, "My father is a human being, and my mother is an elf. They say that his son is like a mother. , Is there anything wrong with me being as beautiful as my mother?"

"Yes... I'm sorry."

Faced with William's strong courage, Bunn finally bowed his head and admitted his mistake.

"It doesn't matter, I forgive you." William waved his hand, expressing his forgiveness for Bunn.

Then, he began to lean in his ears again. After a while, William nodded and said: "The wind has told me that they are gathering, and the smell of blood is permeating the forest.... I can't let my men take risks, so You should let the garrison of Loveland come to support them. If they don't come again, they will most likely retreat. When the time comes, a torch will burn all the building materials, and your losses will be great."

"What!" Bang En was immediately dissatisfied when he heard this, "The Lord of the City has entrusted you..."

"I brought the entrusted contract. The above mentioned is to help retrieve the building materials and rescue the son of the lord of the city. At present, we have found out the situation, and the enemy is hiding in the valley inside." William solemnly took the contract. It took it out and shook it in front of Bunn, but he didn't let him get it and didn't let him see it. "According to the contract, we have fulfilled our due obligations. Next, my troops will only cooperate with your garrison. action."

This time, even if Bunn was really an idiot, he heard the meaning of William's words.

Whether the blood of the elves, the wind whisperers, and the ambushes, these words are all nonsense, which is simply an excuse for William's reluctance to move on. At this time, Bunn, because of certain personal emotional problems, has completely ignored William's keen observation, but regarded him as a rogue and shameless person, and did not notice at all. William had long discovered the problem of their bad intentions. .

But looking at William's smile, who can be sure that this is actually not another trap of William?

When Bonn drove away to launch the flare, Anno quietly came to William's side and asked in a low voice: "Do you really have the blood of the elves?"

"How is it possible." William let out a laugh, and suddenly felt that Anno was really silly and cute.

"Then you say you are a wind whisperer..."

"Can you hear the sound of the wind?"

"I can only hear the whirring..."

"Well, me too."

"What about the smell of blood?"

"Didn't you tell me when you came?" William turned his head and looked at Anno in amazement, "Aren't you lying to me?"

"No, we did kill all those people."

At this time, Bunn happened to have returned with his horse, and he happened to hear the second half of this conversation. Then, he turned his head to look at William, with a sneer at the corner of his mouth: "Didn't you say that you are a wind whisperer? Why are you asking for information here now?"

"He is also a wind whisperer." William stretched his hand to Anno, "He also has the blood of the elves, have you ever seen such a handsome and smart northern barbarian?"

Other things Anno couldn't understand, but he understood "handsome and smart".

It's just that Bunn obviously didn't buy it: "I really can't see where he is..."

In the second half of the sentence, he was silent suddenly, because he found that Anno's eyes were a little bad, and he was speaking badly in front of a northern barbarian, and Bunn's brain was not broken yet.

"It doesn't matter, Anno and I will forgive you." But William obviously didn't intend to let Bunn go. He nodded seriously, and then there was a trace of sympathy and pity on his face, "We won't Discriminate against any disabled person with a physical defect. Even if your taste is the same as that of a goblin, we will treat you as our friend.... But I sincerely suggest that you should treat your eye disease as soon as possible, although love and marriage are free Yes, but I can't imagine you living with a goblin."

At the end, William added: "You can distinguish between male goblins and female goblins?"

Chapter 132: . Disappointing army

William insisted not to advance, and Bonn had nothing to do. After all, this army was not under his jurisdiction and command.

It didn't take long for a while, and there was a rumbling sound on the other side of the earth.

A rolling smoke and dust spread, and from a high altitude, you can see this rolling smoke and dust flying on the earth like a yellow dragon. About a few hundred meters behind the smoke dragon, there is an infantry team with nearly double the number of cavalry in front of them. However, the weapon configuration is different, mainly mainly archers. Shield soldiers have only a few hundred people.

However, considering that this is a city defense garrison, not a field army, it is normal for the archers to be equipped with a slightly larger proportion. It's just that compared with the rapid march of the light cavalry, although the speed of the infantry team is slightly slower, it is actually advancing in small steps. This is actually not low in physical consumption, especially when it will be obvious that there is still a battle to fight. , As a result, he did not retain enough physical strength at this time... William shook his head insignificantly, and let out a sigh in his heart: If it was just this quality unit, I could easily eat it with this unit on hand. Knowing this kind of strength a long time ago, I don't have to work so hard to calculate, I don't know whether the opponent, the old soldier, can go to the battlefield.

In fact, not only William saw the vanity of this army, even Alfred and Cecilia frowned, and their faces were a little bit weird. In their impression, the private armies of the nobles should be very brave and good at fighting, because the number of wars between the nobles is the most, and it is often possible that a small matter will evolve into a war, especially here in the Principality of Lane. Such things happen frequently.

So, how can an army that fights a lot of war be the underdog?

But the fact that lies ahead is that the situation of this army does not even look as good as the White Wing Mercenary Corps.

Xiao En finally knew why a hundred-man light cavalry would be wiped out. An army like this, not to mention a hundred riders, even if they ride out on thousands of rides and encounter a low-level golden dead thorn member, they will never be able to come back.

Soon, a hundred light cavalry stopped near William's army.

They seem to know that their riding skills are not particularly good, so they have no idea of riding skills, but simply pulled the reins and tried to restrain the horses. But I don't know if it's due to insufficient training or other reasons. William even saw a lot of light cavalry riding their horses and stepping forward for ten steps before finally stopping. The light cavalry had lost their formation completely after maintaining a Mercedes-Benz state. The troops became even more scattered at this time.

After waiting for another half an hour, another infantry army finally arrived late, but looking at their almost exhausted appearance, William really doubted whether this army would be able to fight. However, since the commander of the other side didn't say anything, William didn't bother to ask. He had completely lost interest in this army, and he had no interest in the commander of this army.

A commander who can't even control the marching rhythm, what's the value?

Seeing that the troops have been assembled, Sean, Alfred, and Cecilia fell from the canopy, and then walked towards William. The two sides quickly merged together.

At this time, the commander who had dealt with Sean yesterday brought Bun and another person who seemed to be a commander. Both parties seemed to have some resentment and dissatisfaction with each other, so there was no polite greetings or the like, and they went straight to the subject as soon as they opened their mouths.

"Excuse me, Sir William, what do you plan to do?" The conductor asked in a deep voice yesterday.

"According to the agreement entrusted, our responsibilities have been completed, and the rest is your business." William replied unambiguously, "We will only assist you in your offensive from the side, but we are not under your command, and we It will also decide to retreat based on the situation."

Having said that, William squinted at the so-called "army" behind the three commanders. This time it was his turn to show contempt on his face. It was obvious that the vengeful William still hated the commander yesterday. Behavior in the hotel.

Then, there was a merciless mockery: "I believe we need to retreat soon."

"As a coordinated unit, I have the right to demand that your unit be my commander in command." The commander also refused to give up, and it was clear what he was playing.

"I refuse." William sneered, with an extremely tough attitude, "If you still don't understand what I mean, then I will repeat it to you clearly.... I doubt your commanding ability and your intentions, so I Refusal to hand over my command. My troops will only assist you in the offensive. The specific battle conditions and combat opportunities will be determined by me, so if you want my troops to take charge of frontal operations, then I can be clear Tell you, this is impossible."

"you!"

"Your Excellency Sean, is this the attitude of your... mercenary group?" Bunn saw that both sides were already angry, and he also knew that William's teeth were sharp, so he tried to shift the target.

"William's attitude is my attitude." Sean didn't even think about it, and replied lazily, "When the war broke out, everyone including me had to follow William's command and assignments completely, so If you have any questions, go to William."

In Xiao En's view, professional matters should be handled by professional personnel.

He certainly wants experience points, but if he wants his troops to be cannon fodder, it is absolutely impossible. Anyway, he has already reached the fifth level and mastered the first curse imprint. The remaining strength needs to be strengthened. Wait until the tenth level. However, he and Anno, Alfred and others joined forces to assassinate more than 20 people and only increased his experience by 9%. After the upgrade, the increase in experience would increase. According to this data, even if he can The enemy troops in the entire valley were slaughtered and clean. I don't know if they can be upgraded to two levels, but for such a small profit, they gave up this unit.

How could Sean do it?

This is a living life!

is not a piece of data in the game!

Even though he knows that war can't kill people, if because of his decision and some policies, Sean would be very happy if so few people could die. This is not a kind of compassionate mood, nor is it a benevolence to buy people's hearts, but only Sean thinks so, so he did it. As for the reason? Sean never thought about it.

The negotiations on command authority broke down.

Bon and the other two commanders also returned to their troops and began to deploy their formations and tactics.

"I won't be ashamed of trusting you." William looked at Sean, and then sighed. The look at this moment is so charming and charming, it's not like the expression a man should have. "This How are you going to fight in World War I?"

Xiao En smiled slightly and said: "Destroy the enemy as much as possible."

"I see." William nodded, with a solemn expression on his face.

Soon, the Lovran garrison completed the tactical arrangement and formation.

The combat method they adopted was very old-fashioned, that is, shield soldiers were in charge of the front line, followed by spearmen and archers, and the distance between the three parties was 30 meters. After that, it was the light cavalry unit led by another commander. They did not act and seemed to be on standby to rest. However, this kind of tactical formation is quite normal. After all, it is not good for the cavalry in forest terrain. Offense.

Even the light cavalry unit is the same.

But when Cecilia and Sean saw this formation, they both shook their heads, and the last hope for this noble garrison disappeared without a trace. And even Sean and Cecilia are like this, let alone William, a very picky person?

"They are all idiots with pits in their heads." William curled his lips in disdain, "Do they think that the shield is the defensive unit? Don't look at the difference between the round shield and the half-length shield! The second combat sequence of the spearmen actually returned. What are they thinking of keeping a distance from the shield soldiers? And fighting in the forest terrain, the archer troops are actually gathering in a concentrated formation. Do they think the target is not big enough?"

At this moment, a certain mechanism in William's body seemed to be turned on by someone, and his mouth was crackling like an inverted bean. But even though his complaints continued, the movements of his hands didn't slow down. With a few gestures, the whole army ran like gears with precision.

William knew that the barbarians of the North did not understand the changes in the battlefield, but he did not call Sean to formulate those slogans. So he simply selected some people from the archer army, reorganized them and the northern barbarian into five groups, and then asked the northern barbarian to remember his commander, as if it were five small gears, and his orders. It will also be accurately transmitted to the teams through these commanders, turning these five small gears into one big gear.

Although this method of command is simple, it is very effective for the northern barbarians.

And William, of course, cannot continue to sit on the horse. Such a goal is too conspicuous. As an excellent commander, he certainly cannot make such a mistake.

A hundred northern barbarians raised the half-length shields in their hands, and then proceeded cautiously. From the beginning, they followed the orders of the captains of their respective teams to form five independent half-arc arrays, but these five half-arc arrays were advancing. They are also closely integrated with each other. Any flaws exposed by the half-arc array will be compensated by the half-arc array on the other side. It looks like an all-round circular array, but when viewed from a high altitude, the circular array looks like five petals.

This is the infantry defensive formation developed by William himself, which is most suitable for marching in forest terrain-the flower formation.

The nearly 100-meter archers are also veterans who have really experienced countless fights in places like the trading capital. Although they are soldiers, they feel a little nervous and uneasy inside, but once they enter the fighting state, they become calm and quiet, and all the anxiety and anxiety in their hearts disappear completely, because they know very well that if they are distracted at this time If they do, then they are the first to die.

Since they are all veterans who have experienced brutal wars, they naturally do not need any reminders and arrangements from William.

At the moment of entering the forest, except for the thirty people named by William who were in the middle of the flower array, all the other archers were scattered around the flower array, carefully and cautiously moving forward with the help of the tree trunk. As for whether these archer soldiers would take the opportunity to escape, it was beyond the control of Sean and others. After all, they were soldiers who surrendered, and there were some threats and coercions, so naturally it was impossible to count on their loyalty.

Almost William's forces in the forest have just started, and a burst of dense spring string tension echoed throughout the forest, and countless arrows suddenly poured out. Sean soon experienced his horrible attack on the White Wing Mercenary Corps that night. A dozen archers and northern barbarians fell unpreparedly, and several of them were killed on the spot!

"Shield formation!" William immediately hid behind the shield of the Northland Barbarian, and at the same time he did not forget to give the command, "Free shooting!"

Chapter 133: .Northland Barbarian Anno

Arrow rain like locusts.

Flying arrows shot out from all directions in the forest, and landed on William's flower array, but they were all blocked by a strong shield, only making a jingle. After experiencing the first wave of arrow rain, the completely defensive northern barbarians were never shot by the flying arrows. Even the archers in the center of the flower array were well protected, and there was no need to worry about their lives. threat.

As the flower formation shrinks, the whole formation looks like a bud in bud.

But compared to the situation on William's side, the troops of Lovran's garrison can be said to be a shura field.

Arrow rain is covered at the same time for both sides.

Because the archer troops of the Lovran garrison have shrunk their formation, they have become the target of the opponent's key attack. The dense number of arrows is at least two or three times that of Sean's side. Under the pouring of the first wave of arrows, nearly a hundred people in the Lovran garrison fell forever, and the number of injured even far exceeded this number. , It was only the first wave of attacks, and the Lovran garrison was in a state of chaos, and even the most basic counterattack could not be achieved.

Then, there is the second wave of arrows.

However, because of the Lovran garrison attracting firepower on the other side, Sean's troops, who seemed to be more cautious and difficult, naturally did not encounter such a strong attack. Obviously, the other party's purpose was only to use the coverage of the arrow rain. Delayed the speed of Xiao En and others.

This tactic is exactly the same as the tactic used by Sean in the Burys Forest that night!

As long as they concentrate their forces, they will first deal with the Lovran garrison, which is larger, but apparently easier to deal with, then they can concentrate their forces and then in turn eat Sean's troops. After all, Sean's army has only a mere two hundred men. In the eyes of the enemy, this number is obviously not high, especially since they still have one hundred northern barbarians who are considered the least suitable for soldiers.

No matter how you look at it, Sean's army is obviously a persimmon!

Judging from the current situation, it is not clear whether the enemy's commander is very good, Sean and others, but it is certain that the opponent at least knows how to fight better than the idiots in the Lovran garrison. Of course, there is nothing new in tactics, but warfare never needs any new ideas, as long as it is practical—and undoubtedly, this tactic of arrow rain coverage is indeed the most applicable in this kind of forest terrain.

At least, Sean's force was indeed held back.

Moreover, the number of opponent's archers is not too small. The continuous rain of arrows, coupled with the precision shooting from time to time, makes Shaun completely unable to raise his head. Although their counterattack was much better than that of Rovel's garrison, they were not sharp at all. After a few sparse arrows were shot out, they didn't know if they hit the enemy.

However, what is different from this intense atmosphere is the excited William in the flower array.

William's face turned red, his appearance was as if he was drunk, and William, who was already more beautiful than a woman, now seemed to be full of strange charm. He pursed his mouth and laughed, his eyes were surprisingly bright, and his sniffles were extremely heavy, but everyone knew that William was the most dangerous at this time. The more excited he was, the calmer his mind would be, and the acceleration of his thinking would make him more comfortable. He has faster judgment.

"The opposing commander is at least better than those junk." William chuckled lightly, his voice thick, "there are not many archers against us, they are divided into two batches..."

While saying this, William did not know where to pick up a branch and drew a half arc on the ground, like a watershed.

At the bottom of the watershed, a circle was drawn, saying: "This is us."

Then, on the other side of the watershed, three smaller circles were drawn on the left, middle, and right positions: "This is the distribution of the opponent's archers.... It may be slightly off, but in fact it should be the same."

The branch made a stroke in the circle on its own side, and directly drew a straight line to cut into the small circle on the left, and said in a deep voice: "After a while, all the archers will shoot the arrows here for me, regardless of whether it is effective or not. I'm staring here!...Sean, Mr. Fred, you lead the fourth and fifth squad, and quickly insert it to the right. You don't need to worry about the others, as long as you can penetrate the enemy line, it is enough."

is another straight line connecting the smaller circle and the larger circle on the right.

Finally, the branch fell on the small circle in the middle: "Miss Cecilia, can your fireball skills be thrown about two hundred meters away?"

"No problem." Cecilia thought for a while, then nodded, "But... it may cause wildfires."

"It doesn't matter." William didn't even think about it. "Then the middle batch of archers will be handed over to you, Miss Cecilia.... Anno, once Cecilia launches an attack, you immediately lead the second. The team rushed towards the middle, nothing needed to do, just kill!"

"Okay!" The stupid Anno nodded with a smile, without the slightest fear on his face.

But everyone knows that the road in the middle is the real danger, because he will be flanked by the left, middle and right sides.

Shoot the arrow on the left, you can only shoot blindly in this forest, because the distance between each other is at least 200 meters, the other side can see you, but you can't see the other side; the road on the right, because of the lack of long-range attacks, so The attack can only be carried out until close to the body. Although it is dangerous, it is not as good as the middle road. What's more, William only gave Anno a team of twenty people, far inferior to the forty people on the right.

"Should I come?" Alfred frowned.

William shook his head and said only one sentence: "He is a barbarian from the North."

Iron Wings is an army composed purely of northern barbarians. Whether it is now or in the future, Sean has decided that he will never mix into other tribes, so the future commander of this legion will only be one person. That is Anno. Although the current steel wings are from the Anno tribe, there will be other northern barbarians who will be incorporated in the future, so Anno must start training now.

William does not expect Anno to lead the command alone, but at least he must be brave and always on the forefront.

Another dense rain of arrows pours, clinking.

At the moment when the last sound stopped, William's lips softly spit out a word: "Go!"

It is like a flash of mercury and a flash in the pan.

The shields of steel wings were all put down, and the movements were so neat and uniform that they did not look like the behavior of the northern barbarians. Originally stacked on top of each other like a whole shield array, a hundred individuals were completely dispersed in a second, and then it ran like a gear quickly, turning into five independent and mutually traction. Individual.

An archer suddenly stood up from the formation. His arrow had already been on the arrow, but he did not pull the string.

In the process of getting up, the right hand gradually pulls the bowstring away, while the left hand lifts the bow at the same time. When the person stands straight, the bowstring is just full of the moon. Not how to aim, just aim the arrow in the direction specified by William, and then gently squeeze the right hand of the tail feathers before quietly loosening it.

"Shoo!"

The arrow left the string, and the tail feathers pulled out a white mark in the air, sinking into the dimly distant forest.

This arrow was like a leading horse, followed by dozens of arrows, all flying in this direction. They don't ask for accuracy, just cover in a general direction, and the arrows pouring out form a counterattack with sufficient deterrence in an instant. Immediately afterwards, the archers scattered around, as if they had found the backbone, began to shoot in this direction. The countless arrows did not care whether they could hit the enemy, but more like the suffocation and anger that were suppressed before. , Vent out in one breath.

In an instant, the enemy on the left was completely suppressed, and instead turned into the opponent being suppressed.

At this time, Sean, Alfred, and Anno have also taken the team assigned to them by William to charge toward their respective goals.

Anno pushed the shield with his left hand, and there was a slight tremor from the forearm muscles holding the shield, which was the impact of an arrow shot on it and blocked. Anno has no time or opportunity to see what the condition of the feather arrows shot from the left is. He can only hold the half-length shield in his hand in front of his left and protect his head and upper body. As for the ones below the thighs In part, he was completely powerless.

However, the opponent is not a sharp shooter anyway. Judging from his fast running motion, it is a little difficult to shoot him in the legs.

Anno's left hand held the spear tightly, and he rushed to the forefront of the team. As the former unit leader, the current captain, and the future leader, Anno's heart is actually quite proud, very happy and quite satisfied.

He knew that in the future there would be no shortage of food for the tribes, and no one would starve to death in their tribes, and they would not even have to be locked in a cage like an animal to be judged by others, and they would not have to be blinded by others everywhere. During the period when he was detained underground by the Seddings Chamber of Commerce, he also heard some "predecessors" mention the word "master". Of course, he also knew that slaves did not have human rights, and he encountered something uncomfortable. Accident, will be beaten severely.

Anno doesn't know if Sean is the so-called good master of those seniors, but in his own opinion, Sean is a very good headmaster. He not only fed them food, but also gave them a place to live, and even gave them treatment and new equipment that they had never had before, and the only thing they needed to do was similar to what they did when hunting in the ice before. The target is just two-legged people, of course there are those he doesn't understand, but William said "training" that can make them live longer.

At the beginning, Anno was actually a little bit cunning, because he felt that letting Sean be their "unitary growth", then their food would be lost in the future. Afterwards, in order to make his tribe reflect the "valuable" of those predecessors, Anno quickly told Sean what he was good at without reservation, and then went all out to complete Xiao. Grace's instructions.

Anno found that she actually didn't hate this kind of life.

For their northern barbarians, being alive is a kind of happiness, and having a full meal is a kind of greater happiness.

They have never read books, learned nothing, know something very superficial, and don't know what's right and wrong, but they know exactly what gratitude is. They were not grateful to gods, because the barbarians of the North never believed in any gods. The ancestor worship they advocated was the source of their power. So they thanked Sean because it was Sean who guaranteed their future.

There was another light shock on his left arm. It was the shock from another arrow hitting it. Anno ignored it. He clenched the spear in his hand and ran quickly in the forest. The sharp eyes like a falcon constantly scanned the enemies that might appear in the direction of advancement. When he was preparing to act, William quietly said a word to him. He said that his task is very heavy and the possibility of death is very high, but if he can hold on for longer, the pressure on Sean will be reduced a lot.

For Sean, Anno doesn't actually mind the sacrifice, because he knows that his tribe has a better unitary leader than himself—their tribe's future is guaranteed to grow, and parents who raise themselves don't have to worry about not having enough food. Choosing to go hungry for the future of the tribe, he no longer has to worry about someone who cannot survive the cold weather because of hunger.

Suddenly!

A feather arrow shot from the forest!

The timing of the aim of the archer is very good, and even the advance amount has been calculated, so when the arrow is shot, it can be wiped from the edge of the shield in Anno's hand, and the tail feathers have even brushed the edge of the shield.

The arrow came too suddenly. When Anno found it, the arrow had passed through his shield and shot over. At this time, it was obviously impossible to dodge or resist. But perhaps because the tail feathers brushed the edge of the shield, the arrow that was originally shot at his throat was slightly off, and finally only pierced his left shoulder—that was the only place where there was no shelter, because of the rivet. The shoulder pad of the breastplate is on the right.

It hurts a bit.

This was Anno's first thought, but the arrow only made his figure pause slightly. But soon, Anno became extremely excited, because this was the first enemy he found, so he ran towards the enemy at a faster speed, looking at the back of the opponent running in embarrassment. Anno changed the grip of the spear in his right hand slightly, and with a sudden throw, the spear penetrated the opponent's body and nailed him to the ground completely.

Then when he ran past him, Anno held the handle of the spear with his right hand, and pulled out the spear with a strong lift. The whole process did not even waste a second of time.

Immediately afterwards, Anno sounded William's call again, and then he did an action that would never have been possible when hunting in the ice field before-Anno suddenly pulled out his throat, let out an extremely excited roar, and suffocated his heart. The emotions that I was holding were completely vented.

In this way, should we be able to attract more attention?

Chapter 134: .William's Counterattack

War will never be shifted by human will.

But the rhythm of the war, it will.

Anno's wild roar full of Fauvists instantly attracted the entire southern battlefield situation-Sean's troops and Lovran's garrison were not in the same direction. As a coordinated force, they opened up with Lovran's garrison. There was a considerable distance. At least now, Sean couldn't see the Lovran garrison at all, and because they were closer to the south, the battlefield on their side was the southern battlefield, and the Lovran garrison was the northern battlefield.

At this moment, almost all the enemy archers lurking in the forest have all been eyeing the big man Anno, and the arrows greeted him have become more and more, almost completely restrained. His forward. Several northern barbarians who followed Anno quickly ran over to protect Anno, but because they only learned half of the flower formation, if they were not combined with other "gears", their defensive formation was actually It is full of loopholes.

After such a short delay, Anno had two more arrows on his body. Although it was not deadly, it had slightly affected the combat effectiveness. And beside him, a northern barbarian fell down too- this poor child was just a young boy who didn't seem to be too old. Anyway, he was not more than twenty years old. He blocked the couple from the right for Anno. The feather arrow was shot in the back of the head by an arrow abruptly and died on the spot.

Watching this young man fall, the surrounding northern barbarians did not show much resentment, and there was only a faint sadness in their eyes.

Anno knew this young man, or he remembered the names of more than seven thousand people in the entire tribe. This young man told him yesterday that he must become a great person like him in the future. Anno just smiled silly and told him that it is not himself that is really great, but Sean, and then the young man said Then he will become a great man like Sean, so that all the barbarians in the North will no longer go hungry.

What a simple boy.

The scene of yesterday is still vivid, the hearty laughter seems to have not disappeared, but today, it has become a corpse.

"what!"

Anno let out a louder sound, like the roar of a furious beast, and then soon all the barbarians in the North also roared, and the sound shook the sky! Then, Anno drew out all three arrows from his body. After the Battle of the Burys Forest, all the northern barbarians had received a knowledge education course about arrows. If you hit an arrow on the battlefield, the most The taboo is to break the arrow on the spot, especially the arrow that is shot at the ribs and the like.

Because the arrows in these positions are violently broken, the arrows shot into the body can easily break the ribs. If the bone marrow flows into the blood, the thrombosis caused by it will not be cured even by the priest. This is a disease of human blood circulation, and to treat this kind of disease that is close to the realm of gods, it is something that only high-level functions such as the gods or the pope can do.

Therefore, on the battlefield of the Marvel Continent, the priests' magical arts are of course very important, especially the healing magical arts for healing wounds. But many times, they will choose to work part-time as an assistant job such as a herbalist, which is dedicated to first aid for those wounded who cannot be treated with magical magic.

And forcibly pulling out the arrow, this approach is also undesirable. Not to mention whether it will cause the first situation, just the arrow barb being pulled out to tear the wound, it will cause accelerated blood loss, and even cause other diseases-in this world, although There is no such feeling as the so-called bacterial infection, but in fact this pathological effect also exists.

But at this moment, Anno obviously has no time to worry about these. With three blood arrows soaring out, Anno slammed the arrows to the ground, and the torn open wounds gushed out a lot of blood, which almost instantly stained half of his body, and the blood loss accelerated even more. It is a reminder to become Anno. Fortunately, Anno felt that he didn't seem to hurt his bones.

After the three arrows were pulled out, Anno's face also showed a rare hideous look.

The arrow still rained down, completely blocking Anno's advancement. Moreover, the enemy has become much more cunning. They don't shoot at a fixed position. They change positions almost every time they shoot one or two arrows. Even if this method reduces their firing frequency, there are more of them. It seemed as if nothing had changed, and the shooting speed and frequency of the arrows were still so fast.

But, how did Anno care?

Speaking of the spear, Anno stood up again, and the northern barbarians surrounding him also moved. There were only nineteen people left, and many of them were wounded. They also had arrows in their bodies, but like Anno, they forcibly pulled out the arrows without caring, and didn't go at all. Consider what might happen next.

Then, Anno quickly ran towards the archer he had been staring at.

Twenty northern barbarians are running like twenty furious beasts. They are holding up their shields and holding guns. They risking death in the woods where arrows are like locusts are chasing their enemies desperately. Just as William initially asserted, the pressure and death threats brought by the flying arrows from the three directions followed Anno from time to time. As long as they made a slight mistake, the end of death would be ushered in.

On the right, Charging Sean glanced sideways at Anno's team. The small group of enemies they were staring at was only five people. After a fierce and rapid short-term confrontation, the five archers became corpses, but Anno was hit by an arrow again, and the nineteen people who followed

him fell down again, and the others were more or less injured, and the situation was obviously not optimistic.

Xiao En gritted his teeth, his body shape suddenly collapsed when he was running, and his whole body ran towards Anno, followed by the northern barbarians behind him, and turned subconsciously. When they reacted, everyone They were all a little stunned, but then they burst into more intense and excited roars, and stepped to catch up. While running, Sean's lips moved slightly, and short syllables of the spell continued to emerge from it. After a few seconds, his figure suddenly became lighter, and he could take several meters with each step.

Looking at Sean's actions, Alfred, who had been gloomy, raised the corners of his mouth slightly, revealing an imperceptible smile: "Brothers! We have dinner!"

He lifted the flaming lion fangs in his hand as if in line with his movements. At this moment, the flaming lion fangs suddenly shone with bright red light, and the flow of the flame was fluctuating, as if Alfred was holding one in his hand. Like flames. Countless pairs of eyes in the forest turned to stare at Alfred at this moment, after all, not everyone can have magic weapons.

For a while, the enemy's archer troops appeared silent for a moment, just as if they had lost their target. However, this moment did not last too long. It only took about one or two seconds. Then, most of the arrows shot out were covered by Alfred. The pressure of Sean and Anno Suddenly a big reduction-but this kind of big reduction is only relative to the beginning.

William in the rear, watching Sean transfer his combat target privately, and Alfred's moment of raising his arms and shouting, he shook his head helplessly: "These two idiots, they said outside that everything obeys my command. Are these words farting?"

Cecilia stared at William angrily, but she couldn't speak because the magic he had prepared happened to be the most critical moment.

However, even though William said so, there was not much complaint in the words, as if he had already expected such a result, and it was just a subconscious habit: "The third team, support Frey. Germany."

As his words fell, the fourth steel-winged squad, which had already been unable to restrain it, immediately rushed in the direction of Alfred like a tiger out of the cage. Because they were suffocating a breath long ago, and they weren't obstructed by arrows, they ran faster and more fiercely than the others, and the momentum was overwhelming.

"Miss Cecilia, do it."

"Huh!" Cecilia spit out the last magic syllable and a cold snort. The huge magic power instantly radiated from her body. Under the guidance of mental power, three whirlpools were quickly generated in the air, and a large number of fire elements were sent to In a flash, three fireballs ignited with a "bang" in the air. Each fireball was as big as a basin, and it seemed to be a bit bigger than the fireball that Sean saw that night.

Following Cecilia's small hand, the three fireballs resembled wild horses, whizzing forward at a faster speed than the barbarians in the North. The location of the attack was designated by William himself. This location has the most enemy archers. Although it is scattered slightly, if the fireball detonates at this location, it will be enough to sweep around a range of tens of meters, as long as it is within this range. , The enemy has absolutely nowhere to hide.

The fiery fireball soon fell on William's designated range.

It's not that the enemy didn't see these three fireballs, it's just that the fireballs whizzed and flew much faster than they thought. They didn't have much time to react at all, and they could only run subconsciously.

But Cecilia's renju fireball is obviously completely different from the renju fireball they know.

When the three fireballs landed and exploded, the hot stream of flames gushed out like a wave, and the shock wave produced by the explosion spread wildly toward the surroundings. The smoke, dust, sand, and dead leaves gathered into a gray wave, and In the middle of the explosion range, a mushroom cloud rose slowly in the pillar of fire rising into the sky.

This damage range is obviously much wider than the enemy expected. At least 20 archers were directly swallowed by flames in the explosion of the lianzhu fireball. In addition, there were probably several to a dozen enemies who were affected by damage of varying severity.

seemed to be shocked by the explosion of this lianzhu fireball, and the arrows shot by the enemy obviously stopped again.

At this time, Sean has also rushed to Anno's side; the third team has also joined the fifth team led by Alfred; Cecilia's second round of fireball has once again entered the magic Chanting stage.

Only William, the red glow on his face due to excitement gradually faded, and his expression looked a bit disappointed: "It seems that the level of the opposing commander is nothing more than that.... The first team, advance to the left, and start. Sweep the enemy... all archers, while ensuring their own safety, give the necessary support to the steel-winged forward troops, and everyone shoots freely."

Chapter 135: .massacre

There is such a sentence on the Marvel Continent.

On the battlefield, only magicians can deal with magicians.

Because the magician's strategic deterrence is too great, although their attack range is not as far as the archer, but they have a large-scale lethality that the archer can't do. Especially the large-scale magic circle formed by the mage legion, the power is even more terrifying-but in this level of war, the magicians are not used to kill each other, but to contain them.

So the correct interpretation of this sentence on the Marvel Continent is that only the magician can interfere with the magical array of the magician on the battlefield.

It is precisely because of this that magicians are the most precious talents on the Marvel Continent, and they are usually only seen in wars of a certain weight level. At the moment, this is a secret contest between the two lords, and it is obviously not up to the scale that requires a magician to take action. Most nobles who can have a real place can afford to raise one or two magicians, although their strength is not high. , But by no means an apprenticeship level.

As for the nobles with real power, there will never be less magicians, but the strength is high or low. On the contrary, those powerful nobles have different magicians under their command, and some even have only one or two. But the strength of these magicians is unparalleled. Basically one is used as two or three, which is not too big. The problem.

Asuna has three magicians under her command, all high-ranking silver, similar to her own rank, all belong to the level of being able to break through to the lower-level gold at any time.

The enemy did not expect that there was a magician in the current war, which was completely beyond everyone's expectations!

A four-level magic fireball burned more than 30 people. Although it was because of the concentration of the number of people, this also proved the terrifying ability of the magician on the battlefield from the side. At this moment, the second renju fireball had also whizzed out. The target of the attack this time was about 180 meters in front of Cecilia. This position was also the place where the arrows were shot the most.

After the three fireballs blasted down, the flames produced were enough to burn everything around. Several human-shaped torches that could not dodge ran out from behind the trees, screaming and falling down. Cecilia didn't know how many people were killed by the renju fireball this time, but if an opponent who was prepared and defensive came along, she shouldn't fall down so many people like the first time.

Only William, after observing the shooting frequency and number of arrows, he meditated in his heart: fifty.

At least 50 people, few people died and many injured.

Cecilia's small face was pale, and the two consecutive casts of fireballs almost emptied the magic power in her body. William's judgment has always been very accurate. With Cecilia's level he can only cast fireballs three times at most, and then fainted due to exhaustion of mana. This is not a good thing for a magician—at least, in the Marvel Continent. All magicians on the Internet think so, only Sean doesn't think so.

And Cecilia has also tried, the depletion of magic power will indeed cause a stronger reaction than a hangover, but it will also stimulate the growth of magic and mental power, although it is slow but it is indeed effective. It's just that she is currently in the war, and she can't really exhaust all her magic power, because it will make her a burden and a burden. What Cecilia fears most is to become a burden and a burden to Sean.

Her gaze searched on the battlefield, and then fixed on Sean who was about one hundred thirty or forty meters ahead.

Shaun smashed an arrow that was shot at him. Several steel-winged guards immediately rushed up and erected their shields to protect Shaun and Anno. The surrounding northern barbarians also seemed to have found the backbone, and they began to turn like a precision gear, forming a steel

barrier, and the two who were protected in the crowd were their new and old generations. The unitary length.

"Youchang, I'm sorry..." Anno panted, still showing a smirk on his face, but a little bit more embarrassed, "I couldn't complete the task..."

"Shut up!" Sean roared roughly, and he threw the long sword in his hand to the ground. At this moment, this magic weapon worth more than ten thousand gold is not even as important as Anno in his eyes, "Hurry up. Lie down for me, it hurts like this, why are you doing so desperately!"

"The meal is full, I will do my best." Anno still smiled smirklly, with no sign of weakness, only sincere.

Sean didn't speak, just stretched out his hand to break the arrow that hadn't been drawn out of his body. This technique was only learned after Tindes led the First World War. Those veterans also knew a little bit of battlefield first aid. . After this last night, he took off his clothes and tore them into strips of cloth, and then bandaged them on Anno's body, but the means to stop the bleeding was still a little worse after all.

"Youchang, this, it really hurts." Annuo was still smiling, with a grinning appearance. He was talking about the arrow, "I'm tired, I'm afraid I will fall asleep when I lie down."

"Don't sleep!" Sean shouted in a deep voice.

A fancy dress was broken into rags. In addition to Anno, there were a dozen other people who were injured, ranging from light to heavy. Sean's clothes were obviously not enough to wrap up. Priority should be given to those with slightly more severe injuries, but the most serious ones. Wei had already died on his knees, but he still held the shield with his body, holding on to the last promise. All the northern barbarians did not speak, they were like silent volcanoes, not erupting, but the time had not yet arrived.

"You return to William." Sean continued to say in a deep voice, "Bring all the wounded back!"

"Youchang! I can still fight!" Anno was anxious.

"This is an order." After Shaun left the last sentence, he immediately left the battlefield and rushed towards an enemy he was staring at.

After performing light body surgery, Sean's speed was extremely fast. He just touched his toes slightly on the ground, and the whole person flew out, leaping over a distance of tens of meters below this point. This is not a question of explosive power, but Sean's weight tends to zero infinitely, so there is no hindrance. Several arrows of misjudgment are shot behind him, and then Sean's long sword is swung. A head fluttered up, and the archer's forward stature even ran a few steps before he fell down.

behind.

The steel wings of the fourth squad escorted 17 other people including Anno to quickly retreat back. Some of these people were seriously injured, and some were injured very lightly, but in fact, apart from Anno and others Apart from a few, the remaining people still have the strength to continue fighting. It's just that Sean knows that Anno is not a teacher's child, and he will definitely not return to heal his injuries, so he can only be suppressed and sent back.

From the heart, Sean doesn't want Anno to die so soon.

This is a rare Northland barbarian who is extremely intelligent.

Ahead.

Alfred in a black armor, holding a flame-like halberd in one hand, rushed to the forefront of the battle line with an order of "being ready". He is like a tiger rushing into the flock of sheep. The red light shining and flowing between them will inevitably take the life of at least one enemy. It is not that there is no archer shooting arrows at him, but even the three-sided armor is broken. Arrows can't shoot through his heavy armor, let alone the ordinary arrows in the hands of these archers?

As long as it was not an arrow aimed at his head, Alfred completely ignored it by relying on the heavy armor on his body. Compared to Sean's lightness and swiftness, Alfred's open and close movements are as brave as a ***** of heaven.

Forty soldiers with steel wings, like wolves and tigers, just followed Alfred's back and rushed to kill. Most of the time, they couldn't get any exploits. Alfred would have rushed over and crossed the opponents when they found a person. When the flames flashed, they were divided into two pieces. , So that when they found the enemy, they immediately threw the spear in their hands.

I learned this hand from Anno.

For these northern barbarians, the spear in the right hand and the heavy shield in the left hand are simply not worth a visit. And with Alfred as the leader, the courage of these northern barbarians is even more fearless. Most of the arrows they shoot are blocked by heavy shields, and the few that hit the body are only slightly injured, as long as they don't hit the key. , Unlike Anno, they still have the power to fight again. Only a few of the arrows accidentally broke the arrows with too much force, will they feel the intense pain on their bodies.

A sharp knife led by Alfred, from right to left, like a cheese slice, ploughed the enemy fiercely.

The flames burned out by Cecilia's fireballs formed a watershed, just like William's previous paintings.

In the inner circle of the line of fire, it was Sean who was clearing his opponents. After Anno and the more injured Northland Barbarians were sent down, nearly 30 Northland Barbarians immediately returned to the front and began to assist Sean in cleaning up the remnants. Enemy. They learned from Anno's one-handed gun, as long as there is an enemy's trail, it is thrown with one shot. Even if the enemy is not killed, it is enough to start the enemy out.

Because there will be Sean rushing over to intercept.

As for the outer circle of the line of fire, after being ploughed by Alfred once, he has already started ploughing a second time.

As for the first front on the left, William was the least worried, because with the cooperation of nearly a hundred archers and twenty steel-winged soldiers, it was the front that collapsed the fastest, waiting to be with Alfred. Left and right pincers to the center, and the enemies remaining in the inner circle have absolutely nowhere to escape.

It's as easy as catching turtles in an urn.

Although the war is still going on, William knows that the outcome of this battle in the south has been decided from the moment Cecilia fired a ball of fire.

It's just that his face is a little disappointed, because of this battle, there is no expectation of officials.

With William's strength, of course, it can be seen that these archers, except for the slight cooperation in the initial formation, after being counter-attacked by him, they are completely in a situation of fighting each other, without a little cooperation, and even close combat troops have not appeared. . No matter how stupid the commander was, it was impossible for him to make such a mistake, so William knew that his troops in this situation were completely ignored by the opposing commander.

A war without a commander is not a war at all in William's eyes.

Instead, massacre.

Chapter 136: . The Defeat of the Lovran Garrison

Rout!

At least two hundred archers were completely defeated by William's simple move and three lines. And this, even unable to reflect the outstanding commanding ability of William at all, is completely relying on the disproportionately powerful combat power of Sean and others to crush the opponent, and the key turning point of the entire war lies in Cecilia. Renju fireball.

Relying on these two magic attacks, it completely defeated the opponent's morale and psychological defenses, causing a large area of chaos.

However, as a result of this war, the losses for Sean's troops are also slightly greater.

The northern barbarians alone killed more than ten people. Four people would lose the ability to fight after being cured. Seven people were seriously injured, including Anno. Fortunately, they were only seriously injured. As for the minor injuries, more than 20 people were injured. People, this is tantamount to two teams being abolished directly. As for the archers, the loss was relatively slight. Only eight people were killed and fifteen were injured. Among them, only one of the unfortunate guys was cut off by an arrow and lost the ability to fight. However, when they assembled again, there were fewer than ninety people. At least ten people escaped in the chaos.

"Let the wounded return to the city first." Xiao En said softly, "They are in this state, and there is no way to continue fighting."

William nodded, and immediately began to arrange. Soon the bodies of all the dead were piled up together, and these would have to be processed after the war. The severely injured, accompanied by the slightly injured, began to return to Loveland, especially Anno. He had to receive treatment immediately. The battlefield first aid provided by Sean and William could only barely stop him from bleeding. Sean remembers Loveland. There is a temple in the city, where the priest should be able to help with healing.

And this returning team is led by Cecilia, because her situation is obviously not suitable for continuing the fight. Although Cecilia was a bit dissatisfied, Sean made Cecilia obediently obedient by saying "don't rest assured, afraid of other accidents on the road." Of course, this is not Sean's excuse, but There are indeed many things to deal with after returning to the city, and the only people present who can deal with such things are him and Cecilia.

William seems to be a normal person, but if he is allowed to engage in diplomacy, it is estimated that he will be ***** alive by the other party.

When everything was arranged, another few minutes passed, and only 130 people remained in the forest.

"Can you still fight?" Sean asked.

"It depends on the situation." William can't guarantee that he will not be blindly self-confident, and he will never slander himself. If he can continue to fight, he will never show mercy, but if he knows that it is impossible to win, he will not hesitate. Retreat, "If the opponent's remaining troops are not enough, and it's not that cruel, they can still fight. If it doesn't work, we will just withdraw our troops. Anyway, these are Lovran...or rather, it's the entire Danawi matter. , It has nothing to do with us."

Shaun nodded, and stopped talking.

Then the team, under the leadership of William, began to rush towards the northern side of the war. As for the mountain fires that have been burning at this moment, Xiao En and others will not care. Anyway, this forest is not theirs. Besides, there is no time to put out the fire now.

A distance of hundreds of meters is actually not far.

only took a few minutes, but when Xiao En and others arrived, they were shocked by the sight in front of them.

If the outcome of William's battle against the enemy can be regarded as a slaughter, then the situation of the enemy's garrison against Lovran can be regarded as a slaughter. There are hundreds of Lovran garrisons, and at this moment there are not all two hundred people left!

The entire battlefield looks almost like a forest of thorns. There are dense arrows everywhere, and a large number of dead bodies are killed by the arrows. Some of those who survived by chance have basically lost their fighting ability at this time. They are either seriously injured or completely unable to have the courage to continue fighting. The remaining troops with less than two hundred people are also in a circle and are desperately resisting, but if it will be a matter of time before the current situation continues and is wiped out by the enemy.

"The commander of the enemy army is still a bit strong." William glanced at the situation on the field and basically deduce the situation of the battle. In wailing, for the rest of the people, the morale blow will be greater. But it's a pity..."

"What a pity?" Alfred asked. He really didn't know much about this kind of marching formation.

"He shouldn't have put all his combat power here." It was Sean who answered Alfred. "He put all his combat power here, which is tantamount to annoying this force. The morale reduction effect of the wailing of the wounded soldiers will be weakened a lot by igniting the death battle of the Lovran garrison....If he had been on our battlefield just now, he had invested a melee force of about a hundred people and the least As a commander, we can't end the battle so quickly."

Alfred thoughtfully: "As long as he can hold us down, he will be able to wipe out the garrison? ... But with less troops, isn't the result still the same?"

"War has never been based on one-to-one literal strength. If this is the case, what else do other kingdoms do?" William said lightly, "Isn't it enough to divide the entire continent into seven empires? ... Victory does not lie in complete annihilation. As long as he can hold us back, the situation on his side will be more perfect. The most important point is that his damage will be much lighter."

Alfred seems to understand.

"Can you still fight?" Sean asked.

William did not reply immediately, but kept staring at the opponent's army.

At this time, the Rovela garrison has been completely surrounded, and the two forces are basically face-to-face hand-to-face combat. Long-range attacks have no effect except for precise shooting. But in this kind of battle where you have me in you and I have you in me, even accurate shooting may not guarantee that you can definitely hit the opponent, so basically you can't see the archer's shooting.

But if you think that this time can be taken advantage of, then you are very wrong. In William's eyes, the enemy's troops seemed a bit too calm. Even if the current battle looks extremely fierce, there is still an inexplicable danger lurking. This is the reason that William did not attack immediately, but chose to be latent. The root cause of proximity.

"The other side has at least one ambush." William shook his head. "We only have more than a hundred people left. Even if the idiots of the Lovran garrison are willing to cooperate with us to counterattack, there are only three hundred people at most, but now the other party still has nearly four hundred people. Melee soldiers, and at least hundreds of archers are hidden, and there is even an ambush of an unknown size. If we rush out now, we will definitely suffer extremely heavy losses."

"It may also be a suspicious formation." Xiao En said.

"This possibility is not ruled out, but the other party already knows about our existence. Look at the flames burning behind us and the roar just now, plus those archers where they fled, the other party must have some understanding of our strength. Understand...If you are in a situation where your strength is not as good as yourself, what would you do?"

"Show the enemy to be weak!" Alfred spoke without thinking.

"The truth that even Fred knows is that the whole continent knows it." William commented indifferently.

"How do I feel that this is not complimenting me?"

"Then what happens next?" Sean asked.

"Do you have to wipe out the opponent?" William asked back, "If you say yes, then there is also a way. We go around behind the opponent and completely defeat the opponent's ambush, and then we can attack again. But in this case, we The casualties will be very heavy, and the fate will be handed over to this waste army. If they collapse too early, then we who are behind enemy lines may be attacked on both sides."

"So what if you change to another way of winning?"

"That's easy." William said.

"Then follow the simple method." Sean thought for a while, and finally decided to abandon the tempting plan of annihilating the opponent, because the experience points provided by these enemy soldiers are not much at all, and there is no need for these people. And engage in a deadly adventure.

After getting a clear answer, William also immediately began to act.

The Northland Barbarian under his command, led by Alfred and Sean, strode out of the forest, and then charged towards the enemy with a loud cry of killing. With Sean and Alfred here, it would be more difficult to intercept these more than sixty northern barbarians. At the very least, two high-ranking bronze pinnacles are needed. May have blocked Sean and Alfred.

More than sixty archers at a later position are also shooting at this moment. Under William's order, there is no need to worry about whether the opponent is the enemy or the garrison of Loveland. They only need to pour out all the arrows in their hands. Anyway, the number of enemies on the battlefield is obviously more than that of the Ropeland garrison. Injuries by mistake are not too serious in proportion.

Arrow arrived faster than the charge of Alfred and others.

Because it was indiscriminate shooting, even the Rovela garrison had to resist it. However, the enemy was still the most casualties under this wave of arrows. At least more than ten people shot in this wave. Fall directly down. After that, the Northland Barbarian troops led by Sean and Alfred finally penetrated into the battlefield. Because the Lovran garrison had a standard uniform, it would not kill the wrong person.

In the face of the sudden arrival of reinforcements, the morale of the Lovran garrison seemed to have improved a bit, and the battle became fierce.

A few minutes after the battle, the enemy troops dropped dozens of corpses and suddenly sounded the drum of withdrawal.

A swarm of enemies wearing black armor began to retreat like a low tide, and then quickly retreated into the dim woods. In order to make the play more realistic, the other party even left a rear army of nearly a hundred people, but they did not fight forever, but after entangled in the Lovran garrison that was ready to pursue, they began to fight and retreat. This time has already The Rovelan garrison, who completely killed the red eye, didn't even notice the despicable enemy tactics in front of them.

However, the Rovran garrison wanted to pursue it, and Sean and others would not think so. After repelling the opponent, Sean and the others stopped and did not pursue the pursuit at all. However, after the Lovran garrison pursued for a while, it seemed that the reinforcements did not intend to pursue it, so they gave up the pursuit and started to retreat instead.

After the two parties reunited, Bunn immediately sought out Sean, and the look on his face looked unusually angry!

Chapter 137: .I'm not your subordinate

"Why don't you chase after!" Bunn's eyes were red, and he rushed over, reaching out to grab Sean's shirt.

Alfred reached out and shook it, and squeezed Bunn's hand, no matter how hard he struggled, it was useless. With a light push, Bunn, who had exhausted almost all his energy, fell to the ground immediately. He couldn't get up for a while. There was no commander who was willing to support them in the Rovelan garrison that was still alive, almost everyone. Both eyes were lost, just sitting on the ground and resting, only the 130 people brought by Sean were in charge of helping the wounded.

"Look at your army, it's already like this, do you still want to pursue it?" Sean sneered, his face was not hiding his contempt, "Do you know where the opponent's archer troops are hidden? How do you know Didn't the other party prepare another ambush in ambush?"

Two questions, but Bunn was dumbfounded and didn't know what to respond to. He looked back at his troops. The casualties were so heavy that it was horrible to watch. More than three-quarters of the corpses left on the battlefield belonged to his side. Only in the initial rain of arrows covering and shooting, the archer troops almost The loss was exhausted, and then when the enemy launched a charge, the battle situation was truly turned down.

It took less than twenty minutes to hold on, the frontline troops were completely defeated, and all fifty pikemen were killed. If it weren't for the opponent to encircle and wipe out their own side, those who survived wouldn't even fight back. But when they first entered the forest, they had the dream of annihilating the other side, and even arranged for them. A cavalry unit was prepared to hunt down the fleeing enemies.

But the result... Bunn looked blank.

Seeing Bunn's appearance, Sean's face is even more ugly.

He knows that in this world, many are ordinary people who do nothing, like ordinary people like Anno and Alfred, who have to sell their dignity and labor in order to survive. Alfred also It's better, with arrogance, strength and potential. Most of them are discriminated against like Anno. And geniuses like Cecilia and William are only a few in this world. They can't represent the public at all, because individual cases are not qualified for comparison.

However, even ordinary people like Alfred and Anno know where their strengths are, and they will never be blindly confident.

Sean has always believed that although the world is made up of ordinary people, professional matters should be handled by professional people. If you can't become a professional person, then just follow the advice of professionals. So when William joined his team, he was all responsible for war command and the like. Even if he was to become a lord in the future, he would be happy to be a soldier instead of blindly messing around. command.

But Bunn's situation is different. This is an incompetent commander, but he just thinks that his commanding ability is extremely good, and he even needs to use his will. And once things are completely different from the development he expected, he will become irritable and anxious, and even completely lose his analytical ability. In fact, people like this are not suitable for the commander from the beginning, let alone the commander-in-chief. Such an important position.

"Where is your commander-in-chief?" Sean glanced at the battlefield, but did not find the arrogant commander-in-chief.

He knows that there are three commanders in the Lovran garrison, one is the commander-in-chief, the other two are deputy commanders, and Bunn is one of the two deputy commanders. When entering the forest before, the commander-in-chief and Bunn led the team, and the other deputy commander was in charge of leading the light cavalry unit. Now he is still waiting outside the forest. Poorly he is not at all. The troops that knew they were full of confidence had already ushered in a complete defeat.

At this time, when he heard Sean's words, Bunn was stunned for a moment, and then said with a sad expression: "The commander... is dead. After he led the soldiers in charge of the break, let us take the opportunity to leave, but..."

Hearing Bunn's words, Sean fell silent immediately.

Although he didn't like the arrogant commander-in-chief, he also knew that his strength was the strongest in this garrison, so it was natural for him to stay in charge of the post. Naturally, however, it doesn't mean that everyone will do it, but the commander-in-chief did it just to leave time for his colleagues to retreat and escape. From this point alone, even if Sean doesn't like it anymore. The commander-in-chief will also admire him.

This has nothing to do with personal emotions, positions, and camps, but just out of gratitude to the soldiers. Just like Anno, although he said it was for a meal, in the final analysis he was for the future of the whole tribe, but it is precisely because of his little cunning that Anno looks cute. , This is a kind of true selflessness and loyalty, and it is also the reason why Sean thinks Anno is very important.

"Prepare to retreat." William said suddenly, "The other party knows that we are prepared, and they will definitely launch a new round of attacks on us after reorganizing the army.... It is conservatively estimated that the other party is at least close to five. The military strength of one hundred, and it is still at the level of the regular army, which is not something you recruits can handle."

The so-called regular army is the third-level army, which is an army that already has at least one advantage. Sean saw that the opponent was advancing and retreating in such an orderly manner in the forest. He guessed that the opponent's advantage should be [mountain forest advantage], so this is likely to be a mountain army fighting such an army in the forest terrain. It is almost suicide. , This is not only because the combat effectiveness of the Lovran garrison is really bad, but also that Sean's current team has only more than 130 people, and it is still a second-level army, which is not comparable at all.

It's just that as soon as Bonn heard that he was going to retreat, he blew up.

"Retreat, no, you can't retreat!" Bang En shouted loudly, "The building materials have not been retrieved yet, and the other party has killed so many of us. How can we not report this hatred! By the way, and... ..The son of Lord City Lord was also captured by the other party, we..."

"You still have expectations for those who are arrested?" Sean coldly interrupted Bunn's words, "We have already visited the valley just now, and there is no sign of living people in it, obviously. Being killed by abnormal means, and there is still an extremely strong dark atmosphere remaining, you should not have any expectations for saving people. As for chasing the other party, this kind of thing is even more impossible. The other party's military power surpasses us too much. The pursuit is just to die. We won't do this kind of thing."

"No! You have to go!" Bonn continued yelling.

"We are not your subordinates, nor are we subordinates of your Lovran garrison. We have no responsibility or obligation to pursue each other."

"Aren't you a mercenary group? You..."

"According to the content of the contract, we have completed the part that we should be responsible for." William took out the contract from him and threw it to Bunn. This contract was not falsified. It was indeed Shawn and Paro before. The Sir signed, "Responsible for investigating the whereabouts of your lost goods, cooperating with you in the fight, you are the main force in the battle, but now you are completely defeated, so we don't need to be dragged down by you... and the content of the contract is one-off, In other words, we have no obligation to help you all the time until you win."

William said indifferently, the battlefield rescue work is almost done, and the rest are corpses. They have run out of time to clean the battlefield. Judging from the situation just now, he has already determined that the opposing commander is a very special commander. Impatient person. And such a person is likely to attack again immediately after a short break, and this time it will definitely be an attack with all his strength.

"Let's sign another contract!" Bunn was not so stupid as to become an idiot, at least he knew some of the rules of the mercenary group.

William turned his head and looked at Sean. Although he was the commander-in-chief of Steel Wings, Sean had already recognized his identity and status, but he was not a lord after all, and their team is currently a mercenary group rather than a private army of nobles. So he naturally has no decision-making power. This kind of problem can only be dealt with by Sean, and William can clearly distinguish this point.

However, Sean did not reply immediately. Instead, he looked at William and quietly made a look. His meaning is simple, whether this battle can be won under the current circumstances.

William shook his head.

"I refuse." Since even William said that it is impossible to win, then this battle is really impossible to fight, and the entrusted benefits have been squeezed out. If it continues, the investment and return have been completely It is not proportional, so of course Sean did not intend to continue accepting the commission.

"You dare to refuse, don't you want to comment?"

Wind evaluation is an important criterion for a mercenary group. Some evaluations are similar to the credibility and honor of adventurous teams and mercenary groups. From another aspect, they can also be regarded as a symbol of strength. The mercenary groups with higher wind ratings are naturally more famous and more people come to their door. It is extremely beneficial to the development of a mercenary group. Therefore, for some large mercenary groups, they are "Appraising kidnapping" can only admit that it is unlucky.

But, Sean's team is not a real mercenary group. How can he care about things like wind reviews? Even from the beginning to the end, he didn't say what his mercenary group was called, and he hadn't registered in the mercenary organization. It was completely a black household.

"It's not a matter of wind commentary, what you like to say, it has nothing to do with me." Xiao En lazily replied, "I won't accept this commission anyway.... I will remind you by the way. The enemy army is not something you can handle, so you should hurry up to ask your lord for help, otherwise, when a bigger problem arises in the future, your territory will be destroyed."

After that, Sean made a look at William. William immediately began to give orders. The troops began to retreat towards the southern battlefield. They had to go there to collect the corpses, and then return to the city to see the injuries of Anno and others.

Chapter 138: .appease

Shaun's troops quickly evacuated this unknown forest with the corpses of the northern barbarians and those archers.

William looked at the forest behind him, the original loneliness on his face turned into regret: "It's a pity that there are too few people."

In this world, everyone is eager to fight a classic battle that wins more with less, especially the Principality of Lane, because their thunderous Valkyrie relied on a classic victory with less than more talents and laid a solid foundation for the establishment of Tonys. foundation.

That's why Tonys is called Tonys, which means the place of hope in the old saying.

But William's command style is different. He can't wait to have as many troops as possible. If he can use 1,000 men, he will never use 900 men, even if the enemy has only 100 men. Therefore, when his strength is not dominant and there are other options, he will never be so stupid to go head-to-head with the enemy, or try to fight a classic battle that wins more with less.

In William's words, it is—"Success with less to win more is something that will only be done when there is nowhere to go. The world only knows the classics of winning with less to win more, but they never look squarely at that is occupying the right time and place. Victory in the context of harmony. But it's no wonder that those people are ignorant, just because they really need a victory to strengthen their courage, so they don't know that there are more times in this world when there are fewer people. That side was completely wiped out."

"So when I have a choice, I will never do this stupid thing. It's not that we can't afford to lose, but because we can afford to lose, the less we lose, the better, because the so-called victory is Relying on these small advantages and details in exchange for how many people have been on this chessboard through the ages, they have lost every step of the way."

For William's point of view, Sean actually agrees very much.

In this world, wars and battles that win more with less have never been less, but people will always remember only those who succeeded, and forget those who failed. Even these successful battles do not even think about why they were successful.

For example, the classic Asuna's classic battle that he knows wins more with less.

In fact, Asuna raided the territory of a viscount with superior forces, and then took the strategic location of a baron through a blitzkrieg, then lured the opponent's coalition with weak forces to attack, and then raided the opponent's coalition with superior forces. After the base camp, relying on the advantages of equipment, the front and back flanking of the two armies, and the powerful strength of the three great magicians in their hands, they directly defeated the coalition army, and pursued and slaughtered them for two days and nights, forcing the earl to lose people and, We started a decisive battle with ourselves under the favorable geographical conditions, and finally had a time difference—before the coalition forces of the two viscounts and several barons arrived, they completely defeated the private army of the earl.

In the entire battle, people only knew that Asuna had less than 30,000 troops at the time, but she easily defeated the 100,000 armies of the 18 nobles of the Darbion Kingdom. But they don't know that Asuna dealt with 30,000 in the first war against 10,000, and in the subsequent blitzkrieg it was 20,000 against 5,000, and in the battle that showed the enemy's weakness, Asuna There were only 23,000 troops left in his hand, but it was through bold tactics that he gained the advantage of Tianshihe Renhe and defeated the opponent's 40,000 coalition forces.

While persecuting the Count's army of the Darby Ang Kingdom to start a decisive battle with herself, Asuna had already restored her army to the size of 30,000 through the collection, and then still fought against it under the condition of occupying the right place and people. The earl's 30,000 private army launched a decisive battle. After that, Asuna was a fully rested and supplied army of 30,000, and defeated the two viscounts and several barons from the front of the 15,000 who had been exhausted by the rapid march.

This battle is indeed brilliant, and it is indeed a classic victory with less.

But in fact, if it is analyzed through the battle report, it is that Asuna has a complete advantage in every local war. The real war of gambling nature is only a battle of 23,000 to 40,000, but even in this war, Asuna has several trump cards in her hand, so she started the war. From that moment on, she was never really at a disadvantage.

As a result, William's regret that William said "too few people" revealed, Sean is understandable.

Using a second-tier army with less than 150 people to fight a third-tier army with at least 500 people is a suicidal act no matter how you look at it.

When Xiao En and others exited the forest, the other deputy commander of the Rovela garrison also showed a contemptuous look of mockery. In his opinion, so many people have been evacuated before, and this time they are still leaving with their bodies. It is obvious that it is a collapsed army that has been completely defeated and has lost the courage to continue fighting. For such an army, it is a "Of course, the "regular army" he has sufficient reasons and qualifications to be scorned and despised.

But like this kind of clown, Sean, William, and Alfred don't bother to bother at all. Of course, they were not maliciously guessing, what kind of expression would he look like when he saw that his forward army had less than two hundred dead?

The team retreated quickly, but as soon as he returned to Loveland City, Sean saw the butler of Sir Paro again. Obviously the jazz is very concerned about the development of the battle, but at this time, how can Sean have time to deal with the jazz, he directly told the steward of the situation in the forest, and he would reply to the jazz, and even he would Very severely condemned the Sir Paro, saying that he did not truthfully tell the truth and the seriousness of the matter.

If Sir Paro really didn't know the situation of the enemy army, Sean wouldn't believe it if he was killed. If a city lord was really incompetent to this level, then Paro's position would have been revoked by Earl Danawi. .

The housekeeper's face changed a lot after hearing Xiao En's narration, and he returned to the city lord mansion for the first time.

What happened next, Sean didn't bother to pay attention to it. His commission was actually a loss-making business in a sense.

In Loveland City, only one temple was built. Although the scale is not very luxurious, it is an absolute standard solemn building.

Viennas, goddess of victory, a middle-class god.

This is a **** born after the Age of Ashes. It is only because her godhood is war and victory that she can quickly have a large number of believers and become a middle **** who is about to charge a higher god.

In fact, since the dusk of the gods, many higher gods have fallen or fell asleep, and the gods have also lost a lot. Therefore, new gods such as the **** of courage, the **** of war, and the goddess of victory will be born. But in fact, the godheads of these new gods all belong to the system of the laws of war, which means that these are the godheads of the ancient gods of war, but because the **** of war fell at the dusk of the gods, the gods were scattered, That's why so many new gods were born.

At this moment, Anno is receiving treatment in the temple of the goddess of victory.

Although his injuries were serious, the physique of the Northland Barbarian was sufficient to ensure that he would not die so quickly, only to faint due to excessive blood loss. But fortunately, Sean sent Anno back in time, and he was willing to spend money, so he completely saved Anno's life, but it is not something that can be solved in a short time if he wants to completely recover.

Although divine art can heal his injuries, the lost blood can only be ingested through nutritional supplements. Therefore, even if the injuries on his body are healed, he still needs to rest for a long time, just like Sean and others. The same happened to people on the way to the trading capital. But not everyone is as lucky as Anno. Although two severely wounded northern barbarians were sent back, they died from their injuries on the way. At this time, their bodies were placed at the entrance of the temple. .

Sean frowned slightly, and he glanced at the corpses lying on the ground at the moment.

This is not in the wild, and if the environment permits, Sean actually hopes to be able to bury them instead of directly cremating them. For the northern barbarians, leaving the ice region is a very happy thing, but it is also a very painful thing to have no land where they have a sense of belonging. In the tradition of the northern barbarians, only the dead people are buried. Only then can their souls be calmed down.

Thinking about it, Xiao En said, "Can the body... be stored here temporarily?"

Hearing what Shaun said, everyone was taken aback, storing the body in the temple? And it's the temple of the Goddess of Victory. What does Sean think of the temple of the Goddess of Victory?

An old man who seemed to be a priest of the temple frowned: "This gentleman, I can't agree to your request."

"I just don't want the body to be cremated. We want to be able to bury it, but we haven't found a suitable place yet, so we hope to store it in the temple temporarily, and wait until we find a suitable place to retrieve it. These corpses." Sean said earnestly, "As knowledgeable as you should know, the northern barbarians believe that only by burying the corpse in their hometown can their souls be calmed down, so I hope you can help this....Of course, I will not keep you busy in vain. I am willing to donate 30,000 gold coins to this temple."

Thirty thousand gold coins!

This is a lot of money!

The prosperity of the gods cannot be separated from the worship of believers, and the spread of believers naturally requires the expansion, construction and promotion of the temple, but after all, the temple is also a mortal thing. Therefore, if you want to develop, you cannot do without sufficient funds in the end. Most of the sources of funds for the temple are obtained through various magical treatments and donations from believers, or by fighting a war against infidels, lending priests and troops belonging to the temple to nobles, kingdoms, and so on.

However, there are no heretics around the temple of the Goddess of Victory in Loveland, and the employment of nobles is even more unlikely. Therefore, I don't know if there are 5,000 gold coins in a year's income. At this moment, Xiao En said three. Ten thousand gold coins, this really shocked the old priest. After a moment of contemplation, the old priest finally agreed to save these corpses in a special way for Sean, and put them in decay, but the preservation time was only half a year.

For this result, Sean is naturally quite satisfied.

Waiting for these things to be dealt with, before Sean had time to take a breath, William had come to the door.

Chapter 139: .I am not the savior

"When shall we leave?"

William went straight.

"In a hurry?" Sean was a little confused, wondering why William was so nervous.

"Rovland's garrison is a new army." William said, "and the other side sent a veteran. The two sides are not at the same level at all. It would be nice to say if there is a good commander, but this happens to be something that Loveland lacks. Yes... If the opposing commander finds that Loveland's defensive strength is so weak, guess what they will do?"

Hearing William's guess, Sean immediately understood.

A unit without a banner or designation is a bandit army in the eyes of the world. Bandits appear from time to time in territories where public security is not good. They burn, kill, loot and do all things evil. Of course, there are also people who are forced to do this work, but most of them are not good things in people's eyes. There are some more. The bandit army ran around, never hunting in one place.

Even if this bandit army is banned, it has the qualities of a regular army, and even everyone knows which nobleman's private army this "bandit army" is, but there is no actual and conclusive evidence, no one will take this matter to the table. Speaking, but directly treated as bandits and robbers. The looted territory can only admit to being unlucky. Of course, if you are not convinced, you can get such a bandit army to rob the opponent's territory.

If you don't click it, you will treat it as ignorance. This is the favorite unspoken rule among the nobles.

A fig leaf.

The bandits attacked the city, and even burned down a city with a fire, which is not uncommon on the Marvel Continent. If the army knew that the defense force of Loveland City was so weak, they would definitely be able to destroy a city on the territory of a competitor without saying a word. This is what nobles like most. At least you will feel refreshed physically and mentally.

According to the regulations on the Marvel Continent, once encountered this kind of non-war mode siege, any mercenary group, mercenary group, adventure group and even pioneers and demon hunters resting in the city are obliged to assist the city defense.

In other words, if the opponent's army marches towards Loveland City, Sean's forces are obliged to assist Loveland City in its defense.

"It seems that we came at an untimely time." Sean sighed, "Even if we are leaving now, at least we have to wait until Anno wakes up?"

"Prepare the carriage." William shook his head, and then began to analyze, "The rhythm of war never changes according to people's will, and we are not familiar with the style of the opposing commander, and no one knows when he will come over, so It's better to leave early than late."

After hesitating for a while, Sean nodded and immediately began to act.

It's just that the purchase of horse-drawn carriages is not going well. Many horse-drawn carriages in the city were bought by Paro before, and then converted into trucks to purchase building materials. At this moment, there are not many horse-drawn carriages left in the city. And those wealthy businessmen with horse-drawn carriages would not necessarily be greedy for such a small amount of money, so they sold their travel tools. Only Paro seemed to smell something bad, and it was the first time that he would hold a dinner party. According to the news, many businessmen and little nobles in the city were invited, and they even stated clearly that they would like to thank Sean, the troops for their contributions at this critical moment.

And this news, one hour after it spread, became a fact, and a beautifully crafted invitation letter was delivered to Sean.

However, the location of the invitation was not the city lord's mansion that Shaun had guessed, but the courtyard of the top merchant in Loveland City.

It's just these, what do you do with Sean?

After receiving the letter, he took a casual look, and Xiao En threw it away. For him, the condition of Danaville has nothing to do with him, and Earl Danawi's competitors can actually invite Deaththorn, which in itself reveals a piece of information clearly—the deaththorn. The name is a well-known name in the dark world, but everyone in the dark world has heard of this name, but there are not many people who can find them or ask them to help.

Shaun didn't know how the story of Loveland City was resolved in the game, but he didn't want to know.

In the game, there are countless players who will never die playing the savior. They are tireless and will not back down. If they fail, they will die, but if they win, they can reap huge rewards and loot. So even if a game plot eventually turns into a melee, the group of people who are most active on the battlefield will still be players, because they themselves have endless potential.

But in this world, there is only one Sean, not a player who will never die.

Tonight in Loveland City, it seems to be darker than before, there is no bright light, and there is only one mansion on the south side of the city with brilliant lights. The four city gates were closed early, and only one north gate was opened. There were no defenders and no pedestrians, and they looked like a giant mouth alone.

Outside the city gate, a young butler dressed in black trim waits quietly.

Inside the city gate, a team that moves forward in silence but exudes endless murderous aura.

The young housekeeper looked up and looked at the leader Shaun.

A moment later, the young butler bowed his head first, with a respectful appearance, and said softly: "The Lord of the City said, if you are willing to stay, the position of Commander-in-Chief of Lovran's garrison is yours."

Sean shook his head, he walked up to the young housekeeper, looked at the other person very carefully, and then said, "I'm not interested."

Next, there was a moment of silence, and neither of them spoke.

Shaun waved his hand slightly, and the team moved forward silently again. William had asked the way from the residents of Loveland. The elf lived in a village on the outskirts of a village, not by mountains or forests, but very close. Crowded. It's just that the journey is a bit farther, and it takes about ten days or so. It's a bit deeper into the Danawi collar, but it's safer because of its location on the edge of the territory. It's easy to be unlucky...

"Rovela has thousands of families, with a resident population of more than 7,000, and a floating population of about 5,000." Seeing that all the teams are about to leave the city, the young housekeeper finally speaks again, "If the city expands successfully, this number is conservatively

estimated at least. It will double again because it is an important city connecting the three surrounding territories and an important supply area for Danawi."

"So?" Sean raised his brows.

"I hope you can think about it for the people who live here."

Sean was silent for a long time, and then finally shook his head and said: "I am not a savior, nor a hero, I am just a very ordinary person."

The young housekeeper was dumbfounded.

In these years, doesn't everyone want to be the savior and hero who can turn the tide? Why does the person in front of him say that he is not the savior and hero?

He has heard of what Shaun did in the Temple of the Goddess of Victory, so he will come here to wait tonight. In the eyes of the young housekeeper, a passionate and righteous man like Sean is the easiest to be agitated, and he will definitely fight for some kind of righteousness, so he actually prepared two sets of rhetoric. The first set is naturally to promise some benefits. If it is not successful, he will use the rhetoric of righteousness and the people to suppress others. He is not afraid that Sean will refuse. As long as he has the intention to accept the conversation, the young housekeeper believes that he should be able to speak at least. Move Sean to help a little bit.

However, Xiao En's direct sentence "I am not the savior" completely disrupted his plans and words.

He also only left a dumbfounded face.

"Actually, you are the son of Sir Paro?" Sean looked carefully at a young housekeeper, and suddenly laughed as if he had discovered some secret.

"Yes." In the eyes of the young housekeeper, there was no slightest embarrassment, and he looked very calm.

"Then all these actions are yours?"

The news of the banquet came out and the wealthy merchants were invited to allow the residents of the city to rest today. All this is to appease the panic that the entire city residents may have; only to close the three city gates early and open only one that is away from the banquet venue. The farthest north city gate was naturally to prevent anyone from seeing the departure of Sean's army, but it didn't matter if someone saw it, because at this moment the young housekeeper was standing here and talking to Sean.

For ignorant civilians, sometimes a little bit of catching the wind, coupled with appropriate speech control, is enough to form a very subtle public opinion.

Thinking about it, Xiao En laughed again: "Then you should have sent someone to ask for help early in the morning?"

"Yes." The young butler still did not deny, "When I received the threatening letter, I had already done so. The lord's army will arrive in five days at the latest."

Shaun now knows how those players solved the plot in the game, it turned out to be just a simple task of assisting the city defense.

"So, in fact, from the beginning, you have been prepared for many hands?" Sean was somewhat interested in this young butler. This is also a rare internal affairs talent, at least as an aide, that is absolutely enough. "So you appear here now, just pretending to be a face? In fact, you don't care if you can really keep me?"

"No, I really hope you can stay." The butler shook his head, "Because if you can stay, Lovelan's damage will be reduced a lot, which is also very beneficial to our future development. So I really sincerely ask you to stay and help."

The young housekeeper spoke very sincerely, and his eyes were not fake, but Sean still shook his head coldly: "I am not the savior." At the end, he asked: "What is your name?"

"Solomon von Romis."

"It really matches your name." Xiao En smiled slightly.

Ancient language, he knows a little bit more or less, so he also knows that Solomon is the son of wisdom. The full name of this name means "The Wisdom Son of the Ramis Family". Although the tone is very loud, but looking at the arrangements and actions of this Solomon, you can at least know that this is not a silly bag, but a person with real talents. It's a pity that Sean had never heard of his name in the game before. If he had heard it earlier, I'm afraid he would bring more people to Danaville.

It's just that this world is not a game, so I didn't know it early. Even though Sean knew a lot about the future trends of this world, he would also not know many details hidden in this world.

Solomon has tried his best to keep Sean, but unfortunately, he failed.

And tomorrow, Loveland City will also begin to spread a new news: an unknown mercenary group ventured through the enemy line to ask for help from Lord Danawi, and the Lord's army will arrive in a few days. Sean didn't feel much upset about being used as a chess piece. He knew that in this world, at least in his mind, there would be one more name for those talented geniuses.

When Sean caught up with the large forces to rejoin, the door of a carriage was opened.

William just lay in it. This guy could lie down and he would never sit, so Sean saw this irritating guy lying on the carriage floor so casually, opening the door and Xiao En chat, even inviting Sean to sit in. If he could, Sean really wanted to step on this guy's face, and then trample it a few times.

"What did you say to that guy?" William couldn't help but curiously asked as the chat came to an end.

"I am not the savior." This is the third time Sean has said this tonight.

William, for a moment, then smiled, and then burst into a burst of hearty and comfortable laughter.

"What's wrong?" Sean looked puzzled.

"No, nothing." William shook his head, "I just want to laugh."

Shaun rolled his eyes.

But he didn't know that William still had a word in his heart that he didn't say at the moment: "It's an honor to be able to follow a lord like you."

Chapter 140: .Rebellious elves

The matter of Loveland City is already over for Sean and others.

However, the wise son named Solomon left a deep impression in Sean's mind. From the time he received that letter, he was already making layouts and thinking about follow-up actions. The appearance of Sean and others just perfected his plan from another aspect-the plan will never catch up with the changes, and the excellent staff But it will incorporate this change into its own plan.

With such a person, Sean did not think that Loveland City would be breached so easily. Although he is not good at military affairs, but intelligent talents like this kind of inexhaustible strategy often have the ability to comprehend by analogy, so if he just sticks to the city for five days, it is probably no problem, but five days is likely to be. His limit is gone.

After all, what the quality of the Lovran garrison is, Sean already has a deep understanding.

It's just a pity...I didn't get Solomon under his command.

Sean sighed helplessly, and then realized that he had committed the player's fault again. Many times, players always want to put everything in this world into their palms, but this is just a fantasy of the players. Even in the game, there is no one who can be the king of God, or even the emperor. There are not many people, most of them just have a territory and take refuge in a certain force.

Fighting for supremacy in the world?

Sean really didn't have such thoughts. He just wanted to be worthy of certain people and things, and give those who follow him a place to settle down. It is enough to leave his own heavy sum in this world. Wouldn't those gods fall and fall asleep without seeing them? The battle in the world is ultimately no match for the ruthless passage of years. The only thing Sean thinks about is to reproduce the glory of the original game in this world and protect it.

That's it.

At present, all the preparations he should make are already done-the rich and the others have the army, so there is only one staff member who is responsible for making suggestions.

But Shaun believes that this staff member will join him soon.

Neil Patrick Harris.

A forest elf.

The race of elves can be traced back to the end of the dawn era, when there was only one group of sacred elves. At the end of the twilight era, when the battle of the gods at dusk broke out, the sacred elves split into the dawn elves and the silver moon elves. The former still humbly claimed to be the people of the gods, while the latter forgot to be humble and stood on the opposite side of the gods. When the Twilight Era ended and entered the Ash Era, the Dawn Elf had completely disappeared from the mainland, leaving only the Silver Moon Elf guarding the decaying Elf King Court and surviving. At the end of the Ash Age, due to differences in positions and factions within the Silver Moon Elves, dozens of tribes announced that they had separated and formed new elves.

Some of these ethnic groups have developed and grown, some have been annexed by other tribes, and of course, some have been completely annihilated in history.

Until today, the only common ones in the surface world are forest elves, highland elves, and gray elves. The first two ethnic groups are more common in the southern part of the mainland, while the latter is active in the western part of the mainland. The most common ones in the underground world are the dark elves and blood elves. Compared with the gray elves, the reputations of these two races are very unpleasant. However, in some special places, the reputations of these two races are very unpleasant. welcome.

The forest elves are a group of elves known for their elegance, academics, and wisdom. They admire nature and get close to nature. The name of the group is also derived because they live in the forest. Almost all elves are born with different sensitivity to the elements, and their balance ability and eyesight are also very good, but with the changes of the times and the development of races, the specialties of the elves of various tribes have also changed.

Like the forest elves, they are naturally good at life magic, and their eyesight has also been greatly enhanced, so their archery skills are equally exquisite. But perhaps because of its closeness to life and nature, the forest elves are the most friendly of the three elven races in the surface world. Many of their habits and customs still retain the style of the elven royal court period, so they are elegant and full of wisdom, and they especially like to study some strange things, so they also have amazing academic achievements.

However, not every forest elf is like this.

Neil Patrick Harris, this is not the name of an elf.

His original name is Portichev Winchester, and among the forest elves, he is notoriously deviant and...crazy. No elves would deny his wisdom and academic attainments, but in the same way, no forest elves are willing to admit that this guy is a member of his own race, because this guy is completely irrelevant to the word "elegance", even It can also be said to be the shame of the forest elves-not only is he not elegant at all, on the contrary, he is very vulgar and messy, and the affinity for magic is the lowest point of the forest elves in the past years, if this is also an achievement. , Then no one really can break.

However, in addition to magic, the forest elf is also good at archery, but I don't know what is wrong with this guy's genetics. He is actually the first myopic elf in history, and the degree of myopia is still very high. The seriousness, thirty meters away is a blur. When he first took an archery lesson, he shot a pot of arrows into the **** of his archery instructor, and since then no one wants to teach him.

Lonely and lonely Porticheff devoted all his mind to academic research. In this regard, he finally showed the characteristics of the forest elves: academics and wisdom. Moreover, he covers a wide range of fields, and he has studied almost any field, but he only conducts more in-depth exploration and research on the areas that he is more interested in. And he has developed eleven reforms for forest elves. , It has made the strength of the forest elves grow by leaps and bounds, becoming the strongest of the three elven races in the surface world.

But after that, he turned to study in the human world. In his twelfth reform "On the Commonness of Humans and Elves", it is because "the forest elves should learn from humans, abandon the unnecessary style of the Elf King Court, and pursue a more pragmatic style. Learn to develop a diversified profession like that, instead of being trapped in the two professions of archer and magician..." This kind of viewpoint theory turned out to be reprimanded as apostasy and was exiled.

In a fit of anger, Portichev simply changed his personal name, calling himself Neil Patrick Harris, claiming that he would never have anything to do with elves anymore.

Then, just like his father who didn't know he hadn't seen him for hundreds of years, he began to wander around the whole wonderland-most of the time, he was driven around and even considered a liar. However, these experiences are also extremely precious wealth for him, because it allows him to better understand the structure of the entire human world, and later become an adviser to a duke, and then stay in the trading capital for a year. , Can be regarded as a true understanding of all the dark methods of conspiracy in this world.

As for the situation of the forest elf who is about to meet, Sean has already inquired out from William, so he has a general understanding of it in his heart. Only in terms of personality and temperament, William was a little vague, so Sean didn't know what to say after meeting him, so he conceived a few conversations in his mind and prepared a few sets of rhetoric.

Anyway, this kind of thing is always prepared. It really doesn't work, isn't there a lobbyist like Cecilia.

As for Alfred, Sean didn't plan to take it with him.

The place where the forest elf lives is not far from an unnamed village. Although it is indeed close to the people, but because this village has no special products, it is actually just a relatively poor small village. If Xiao En rashly takes it with you If many people go there, it may cause unnecessary panic. Moreover, Lord Danawi's private army has been fully deployed, and the current Danawi collar is not too safe. He doesn't want his troops to be treated as the enemy's remnants and then directly wiped out.

Of course, the other reason is that Anno has woken up-this stupid man can get out of the wagon after only two days of rest. This has to be said about the physical strength of the northern barbarian. However, his body is still relatively weak, and other wounded who have just recovered from serious injuries also need to be taken care of, so Sean simply stationed the troops far away from the village, and Alfred was temporarily in charge of the command and control of the troops. manage.

But for food purchases, I can only go to the village. After all, the surroundings are really desolate and a little sad, and there is nowhere to hunt.

After buying enough food in the village for two or three days, a few northern barbarians escorted them back to the camp, and Sean, Cecilia, and William started to move towards that person in the direction pointed out by the villagers. Walk to the house where the forest elves stayed.

It is a small wooden house, just three or four hundred meters away from the village. The house is not big, but it is not too small. The three-story building is not much different from the other houses in the village. If there is one thing to say, it is that the house is in disrepair due to age. For the sake of it, it looks a little shaky. And around the house, there are several separate small fields, on which only some simple fruits and vegetables are grown. They are suitable for planting in the four seasons. There are not too many requirements for soil, water source, and temperature, and there are only two maturity periods. Food for three months.

Sean swept around. There are six fields, all of the same size. Each field can harvest food to satisfy one person for about a month. If you save some food, you can do it in two months. And the six fields reincarnated in a circle, which happened to be a year's food intake. It seemed that the forest elf had not forgotten the instinct of his own race bloodline, and was still able to do so in terms of self-sufficiency.

But he heard from William that this forest elf seemed to need money, so where did this guy use all the money?

With such doubts, Sean stepped forward and knocked on the door.