

Lord of War 78

Chapter 78: .Don't leave one

did not pay attention to these nearly twenty mercenaries, Xiao En's words naturally aroused the great anger of everyone.

Their strength is really not very good. In the eyes of some real big people, they may not even have the qualifications to be chess pieces, but they also survived countless fights. Mercenaries, the days of licking blood, but it doesn't mean that they are fools or idiots. If they are replaced by someone whose strength is steadily better than them, how would these mercenaries feel humiliated? Will bow his head and leave silently.

But Sean?

If they are not qualified to be chess pieces, at least they are qualified to make a bubble on this big stage and be a dragon. And a person who doesn't even have the bronze strength of the next level will definitely not even have the opportunity to bubbling up as a dragon trap—whether it is a mercenary or army soldier, or a job candidate from another big guild, at least It must also be the strength of the lower bronze.

Therefore, even the head of the Blood Weeping Mercenary Group was angry at Shaun's such bold remarks.

Of course, the reason for his anger is different from other reasons. After all, he has seen Sean fight against those crypt demon, but he also thinks that at least Alfred is qualified to say such things. Up to this point, he still regarded Sean as an innocent idiot noble child, and only Alfred should be the real commander of their small group.

The middle-aged man with a body comparable to Hank slowly raised his right hand, and two other people who looked very imposing beside him also raised their right hands, except for the leader of the Blood Weeping Mercenary Corps. But even if he wants to come, it's useless to raise his hand, because there are only two people around him. I'm afraid that if they really raise their hands, the two will probably not listen to him, so there is no need to lose this face.

Sean knows that when the hands are down, it is the moment when the two sides are fighting.

The sneer at the corner of his mouth is thicker.

Just as the hands of these mercenary captains were about to fall, Alfred's figure finally appeared in the eyes of the other mercenaries.

His upper body is casually dressed in a very badly damaged leather jacket, his lower body is a pair of very common coarse cloth pants, his hands are wearing a pair of dark black metal arm armor, and his right hand also carries a handle which is obviously cryptic demon style. The iron gun, this mix and match looks extremely dazzling. However, the owner who wore this terrible mix-and-match suit didn't care at all. He walked up from the back like a stroll, and every time he took a step forward, his awe-inspiring aura like a beast would swell. point.

Three heads of different mercenary groups, when they saw Alfred, the corners of their eyes twitched slightly, but the raised hand did not dare to fall easily, but in the end he could only take it back in a bit embarrassing manner. As for the mercenaries who belonged to them around, after seeing the commander's gestures, their faces obviously felt relieved. They seemed to feel that they didn't need to fight Alfred. This was something to be happy about.

However, the most unnatural look on his face was that he belonged to the head of the Blood Weeping Mercenary Group. Especially when he saw a hole on the left chest of Alfred's clothes that was obviously torn apart by extremely rough means, his facial muscles suddenly twitched out of control. No one beats him. He knew better that this dress was worn by the deputy commander of the Blood Weeping Mercenary Corps before.

Compared with the oppressive feeling caused by Alfred's appearance, Cecilia looked a bit deserted when she followed up from behind. Except for a very small number of mercenaries who glanced sideways at Cecilia, with a desire to make Shaun's face gloomy in their eyes, most people regarded Cecilia as transparent. But it's no wonder that, after all, although Cecilia looks like a girl, the immaturity on her face still cannot be eliminated. For these experienced mercenaries, it is naturally easy to judge Cecilia. True identity.

It is precisely because of this that they did not put Cecilia in their eyes. Because no one would believe that there would be such a young magician. Even the magic genius promoted by the Maggie Empire, he only became an official magician at the age of fifteen. Who would have thought of one this year? Is the fourteen-year-old girl one step faster than that genius?

What's more, although Cecilia is now a magician, after all, the aura on her body is not obvious, and there are only so few magicians. It is really hard to believe that this is really a magician.

But outsiders didn't know, and Xiao En didn't bother to talk about it. His eyes swept across the faces of all the mercenaries, and he mastered the changes on their faces.

It's just that he didn't expect that Alfred had such a terrifying influence and status in the hearts of these mercenaries in Cerroda Village. This kind of strong shadow was obviously not formed overnight, but a kind of fear formed after a long period of subtle influence. Xiao En found that he might need to reassess Alfred's intelligence.

These thoughts all flashed through Sean's heart.

And those mercenaries, when they saw Alfred standing next to Sean, they were so old that they didn't understand what it meant, but they were still reluctant to give up the huge benefits in front of them, a servant The commander of the regiment asked knowingly, "Old Fred, what do you mean? Are you standing next to this nobleman? Don't forget how Fregan's beast treated you."

The mercenaries are straight-tempered, and even this verbal conspiracy is straightforward.

The corners of Sean's mouth still raised slightly, but instead of a sneer, he smiled with joy.

"Head, what do you mean?" Alfred ignored it. His voice was not loud, but it was enough to make sure everyone heard clearly.

Everyone was slightly surprised. At first, everyone thought it was a joke, because of Alfred's hatred of the nobles, no one in the entire Cerroda village was unclear. But when everyone discovered that Alfred was really standing half of his body behind Sean—this is the unspoken rule of the mercenary group. In order to show respect for the group leader, he would never fight with the group leader— —At the time, everyone finally believed that Alfred was not joking.

Because Alfred has never bothered to flatter or act, let alone these mercenaries can hear that Alfred's commander is so sincere.

It's just that they couldn't believe that this extremely violent and **** lion led Tindes to lower that proud head to a nobleman, and put away the sharp minions!

"Since these things belong to your old Fred, but we can't let our brothers go for nothing." Another mercenary leader said in a deep voice. In terms of language and art, it is more important than the previous one. A lot of roundness, "We people, as long as one-third of the total." After thinking about it, he added another sentence: "It's just the two layers above."

As long as one-third of the total number of spider eggs in the second and third-level platforms, this concession really respects Alfred, but even if it is one-third, there is a share of tens of thousands of gold coins. If it is in other places or other times, since the other party has shown face so much, Xiao En will generally choose to regress. After all, it is not a good thing to hurt his harmony. Who knows if he will meet again in the future.

But, not this time!

Because the original purpose of these people was to kill themselves, in the face of such an enemy, how could Sean be polite with them? Moreover, in Sean's eyes, these people are actually no different from dead people.

So he and Alfred seem to have not heard the voice of each other: Sean still looks at the nearly twenty mercenaries with a smile, and Alfred also poses a respectful pair. He stood on his side and waited for instructions.

It was so silent, and the chill began to rise.

didn't know whether it was the chill caused by the silence or the chill caused by the low temperature in the cave.

Just as the faces of all the mercenaries became more and more gloomy, Sean's voice finally rang: "Don't leave one."

The burly middle-aged man finally couldn't hold back his anger, and cursed loudly: "Old Fred, I give you face not because we are afraid of you, but because of your past reputation. Let such a kid..."

The burly middle-aged man hadn't finished speaking, but the head of the Blood Weeping Mercenary Corps had turned and rushed with a look of horror, and ran towards the corridor for the second time. His two men were in After seeing the captain's reaction, he immediately followed and ran. The panic on the faces of the three of them did not seem to be fake. But the others are still a little at a loss, because they haven't figured out why the three Blood Weeping Mercenary Corps members are running.

But soon, the heads of the three mercenary groups suddenly realized something, and their expressions changed drastically.

There was a blazing heat in the air, which brought a bit of warmth in this cold cave, but the next moment, when the blood splashed out, no one felt any warmth.

The head of the most burly mercenary regiment looked at his chest in disbelief. The clothes at his heart had been burned through, revealing a small hole about the size of his tail. He knew that his heart was affected by that. A flash of flame arrow penetrated, and there was no blood flowing out of it at this moment. That was because the blood had been evaporated by the high temperature. However, there is still an incredible color on his face. Why is that delicate-looking little noble girl so hot and sophisticated when she makes shots?

But the next moment, he doesn't need to know why, because his consciousness has been shrouded in darkness.

Alfred also jumped from the edge of the platform, and stabbed a shot at the head of another mercenary group.

The gun is as powerful as a dragon!

As for Sean, a sprint chased the head of the Blood Weeping Mercenary Corps. The Charles Sabre in his hand was out of its sheath, and the three-color brilliance flowing on it was like an invitation letter from the Underworld God. At this moment, Sean does not need to retain any strength at all, and he also knows that these people are the last remaining members of the mercenary group that followed him, so when the sprint is launched, he has also activated the adrenal glands. Stimulate.

"Since it's here, don't leave." Xiao En's words fell in the ears of the head of the Blood Weeping Mercenary Corps lightly.

Chill, rising from behind his cervical spine.

One does not stay, but the spider eggs, but these enemies!