

System 1011

Chapter 1011: Duel to the Death (6)

The captured spy who infiltrated revealed the impending danger to Lord Lynn, who immediately devised a counter-strategy!

Send the army to attack Connelly Manor and Louis Manor!

Thinking of this.

Bader suddenly became enlightened.

So that's how it is!

Wesley looked at Rose with some surprise and spoke.

"Can I really choose freely?"

Rose's face was firm, "Yes, you can choose freely!"

"Do not misunderstand, it's not because I do not recognize your strength, Wesley, but out of pure courtesy!"

"You and I both know, our ultimate task is to destroy the two manors!"

"Even when leading soldiers into battle, it's merely following the owner's will and giving commands."

Wesley nodded in agreement, "I understand this."

"The owner's requirement has always been to achieve victory in war with minimal loss!"

Rose responded, "Yes, exactly!"

Wesley did not think much, he looked directly at Rose and said.

"Since you are so courteous, my lord Rose, then I will not hold back."

"I choose... Connolly Manor!"

Rose raised an eyebrow, just about to speak.

Wesley continued, "Perhaps my lord Rose is a bit puzzled."

"Obviously, Connolly Manor is the strongest manor in Alba Town, why would I choose Louis Manor!"

Rose nodded, indicating a response.

Wesley explained, "Because a spy went to Morgan Town and discovered that Morgan Town has fully armed cavalry."

"If they do not know about our night raid, it would be fine."

"But if they do know of our night raid, they would surely use the previously gathered intelligence to construct cavalry-targeted defense works around the manor residences!"

"Horse barriers, trenches, and so on."

"Therefore, leading light infantry and archers to attack makes victory easier!"

Wesley paused for a moment and continued.

"Moreover, my lord Rose, you know those warhorses were procured by the owner with a huge expenditure."

"Even an unintentional injury or the death of one would cause him heartache."

Rose smiled knowingly. As a former deputy captain of a cavalry squad, he naturally understood the owner's cherishing of warhorses.

Only with sufficiently strong warhorses can the full advantage of heavy cavalry or armored cavalry be truly utilized!

Rose said no more, approvingly, "Lord Wesley, your insight is unique."

"As you said, you will lead the light infantry and archers to attack Connolly Manor."

"I will lead a group of cavalry to attack Louis Manor!"

Wesley bowed his head slightly, "Thank you, Lord Rose, for granting this!"

Likewise, Rose slightly nodded in response.

Listening to the words of these two, watching their actions, Bader, who was following along the edge of the warhorses, felt a mix of emotions.

Because to him, these two commanders seemed to already have victory in the bag!

What they were discussing now was how to launch an attack to achieve victory with minimal loss.

Bader naturally understood that the confidence of these two commanders came from the fully armed soldiers marching from the rear.

But the attitude between their words, neither arrogant nor submissive, carried an aura that naturally emanated.

It gave him an inexplicable comfort and longing.

Like when words are spoken to the mouth, the other party has already understood and perceived them.

There was no effort to seize war merit.

Or engaging in verbal combat for the ease of battle.

All was done for that influential young lord!

Even if that young lord wasn't present, his commanders steadfastly implemented his will!

With such powerful influence, fully armed soldiers, and leadership like that...

What right did Master Zock have to provoke such a lord?

Bader understood.

As soon as this armored soldier troop enters Alba Town.

Both Connelly Manor and Louis Manor are bound to be destroyed!

Thinking of this.

Bader presumptuously spoke, "My lords, I possess some intelligence on Connelly Manor, would the lords be interested?"

Rose raised an eyebrow, "Let's hear it."

Upon receiving Rose's affirmative response, Bader gratefully bowed his head, then said.

"My lords, although I was dispatched as a spy to Morgan Town, I was the Deputy Guard Captain at Connelly Manor..."

"Therefore, I know all the detailed information about Connelly Manor's armed forces."

"I can inform you lords of everything I know."

"But... But I want to exchange this information for a chance to live."

"As long as I'm allowed to live, I can do anything for Lord Master Lynn!"

Rose and Wesley exchanged a glance.

Even though neither spoke, they could still understand each other's intentions.

They knew that the more information they had about Connelly Manor, the more they could implement different battle plans based on the intelligence.

Rose said, "Your life or death, only the owner can decide!"

Bader's face darkened.

Rose continued, "If in this war, you do things favorable to the owner, I will report all your deeds to the owner."

"Ultimately, it's up to him to decide!"

Upon hearing this, a glimmer of hope appeared in Bader's eyes.

Bader hurriedly said, "That would be great, thank you, Lord Rose."

After expressing gratitude, Bader stopped any further nonsense and began to narrate directly.

"My lords, in addition to informing you about the number of soldiers at Connelly Manor..."

"Connelly Manor has been continuously recruiting soldiers."

"Before I was captured, there were already over a hundred people."

"After my capture, I cannot know the exact number for the time being."

Rose and Wesley nodded.

This information had already been provided to them by their owner.

Bader did not stop, continuing to speak.

"Besides this, Connelly Manor has a Guard Captain named Walter Rick!"

"His strength is formidable!"

"So powerful that he can engage in hand-to-hand combat with a mature Wild Bear without losing ground!"

"And even eventually kill the mature Wild Bear with a dagger!"

Chapter 1012: Overwhelming War

The two adults on horseback remained silent.

Bader explained, "My lords, based on my understanding of Walter."

"His stubborn nature means that even if he knows a large enemy force is about to attack Connelly Manor, knowing he is outmatched, he won't flee for survival."

"Therefore, my lords, be cautious of Walter when attacking Connelly Manor!"

Rose still said nothing, his gaze shifting to Wesley.

Wesley responded with a nod, "Besides this, is there any other critical information?"

Bader's mind raced with thoughts.

He went through his thoughts but could not recall any information that might benefit the lords in attacking Connelly Manor.

Bader tentatively asked.

"My lords, is it considered special information that the Guard Captain and the steward of Connelly Manor have always been at odds?"

Wesley shot a glance at Bader, "What do you think?"

Feeling the coldness in Wesley's tone, Bader quickly shut his mouth, not daring to utter nonsense.

At that moment.

The sound of thundering hooves could be heard in front, approaching the marching soldiers.

With sharp senses, Rose and Wesley immediately turned their heads to look.

They saw two light cavalrymen in composite armor coming towards them.

And behind them, a man in a linen robe, with his hands bound, was being dragged along.

With the sound of horses being reined in, the light cavalry came to a halt.

Looking at the light cavalry from the advance troops, Rose asked in a deep voice.

"What happened?"

The cavalryman on horseback quickly replied.

"Lord Rose, the advance troops have captured a spy."

"Through interrogation, he was found to be from Connolly Manor in Alba Town."

Upon hearing the cavalryman's words, Rose and Wesley exchanged glances.

Wesley's gaze shifted, landing on Bader beside him.

Without the need for Wesley to ask, Bader carefully examined the captured spy.

"My lord, he indeed is a guard from Connelly Manor."

Wesley nodded.

With a spy from Connelly Manor scouting their marching speed,

It wasn't necessary to interrogate the spy to guess that their plan for a night raid on Connelly Manor had been exposed.

Nevertheless.

Wesley still stared directly at the newly captured spy and asked.

"Who sent you to gather intelligence?"

Facing the towering figure in armor on horseback, the spy's face was full of hesitation.

Bader took a step forward and addressed the spy, "Emery, you see the situation now."

"If you want to live, just answer whatever the lords ask!"

Hearing the strangely familiar voice, the spy called Emery was filled with shock.

Emery said incredulously, "Deputy Guard Captain Bader, how are you with them?"

Bader shook his head and continued to persuade, "It's a long story, and I'll explain if there's an opportunity."

"However, if you want to live, follow my instructions!"

"Because even if you don't speak, it won't change the fate of Connelly Manor..."

Emery's heart was full of hesitation.

As a spy, Emery was all too aware of the strength of this armored force on the march!

What two thousand armored soldiers?

This army had nearly four thousand soldiers!

And more importantly.

Among these nearly four thousand soldiers, at least half were armored.

The remaining hundreds of soldiers without armor were towering and burly!

If this army attacked Connelly Manor, Connelly Manor would have no chance to retaliate.

After gathering the detailed information of the marching soldiers, Emery was preparing to return to Connelly Manor to report.

But unexpectedly, he was detected by the advance cavalry of the marching troops.

Due to the slower speed of his horse, he was eventually captured by the advance cavalry.

Emery was even more surprised that the long-missing Deputy Guard Captain appeared among the enemy soldiers.

And had even become their envoy?

Seeing Emery still speechless, Bader continued his persuasion.

"If you die or think nothing matters, that's the end of it."

"But what about your wife and children? Can you just ignore them?"

"How will they survive?"

"If there really is no way to live, your wife could go to the brothel in Kakasong."

"But what about your son?"

Emery's body trembled sharply, and he quickly responded to Wesley.

"It was Walter... Guard Captain Walter who sent me."

Wesley continued to ask, "When did you discover that we entered Alba Town?"

Without hesitation, Emery continued speaking.

"Originally, Guard Captain Walter planned to take us to Morgan Town to gather information about the armored soldiers there."

"But ten miles from the Morgan Town and Alba Town border, we happened to see your troops entering Alba Town."

Wesley understood, realizing it was just a coincidence after all.

If the spy had informed him that there were spies from Alba Town in Morgan Town...

The situation would be entirely different.

Rose still remained silent.

Since Wesley chose Connelly Manor as a target for attack,

All intelligence and information related to Connelly Manor should naturally be handled by him.

Wesley continued to ask, "What is Connelly Manor doing now?"

Chapter 1013: Crushing War (2)

Emery hesitated a bit, but upon recalling what Bader had just said, he chose to give up the final resistance.

"Under the leadership of Walter, the Guard Captain, the guards and peasants are digging trenches and spike pits, constructing defenses against warhorses."

Upon hearing this, Rose looked at Wesley with some surprise.

The words of the scout matched almost exactly with what Wesley had previously explained to him!

Wesley asked again: "Is there any other intelligence that needs to be reported?"

Emery glanced at Bader, who just stared directly at him.

Emery sighed, then continued to speak.

"Master Zok has taken his maid and already ridden a carriage to Kakasong City to ask Viscount Jon Zack for military aid."

After listening to Emery's account, Wesley's expression turned slightly grim as his gaze shifted to Rose.

Wesley proposed: "Lord Rose, it seems we need to speed up the march."

Rose responded: "Of course!"

Zock Connally traveled by carriage to Kakasong City, requesting military aid from Viscount Jon Zack.

Not to mention the time needed and how many soldiers would come.

Just the execution of the strategy of blitzkrieg ordered by their master...

requires them to annihilate both manors at the fastest possible speed.

The most crucial point is...

The quicker they destroy the two manors and return, the less danger they'll face!

Following Rose's instructions, a few message-relaying soldiers rode horses, galloping to the rear.

Orders rang out constantly in the marching troops behind.

As the speed of the cavalry units at the front began to increase...

the once orderly footsteps turned into the sounds of running, with armor parts colliding and grinding.

...

Night descended like a giant curtain, enveloping the entire world.

A cooler night breeze carrying the scent of soil and grass blew across Walter's solemn face.

Walter glanced at the empty space around the manor estate.

Trenches and horse-trapping pits filled with spikes have all been dug and constructed.

Several cheval de frise are also placed on the road of rubble and mud.

Whether it were the manor guards or peasants, their faces were equally tense...

often tightly gripping the longsword and scimitar, or iron farm tools in their hands.

With no external aid, building defensive fortifications, organizing guards and peasants, and fighting together...

was the only solution Walter could think of!

Even though such a method is insignificant compared to the powerful strength of the armored soldiers approaching...

Walter believed he could never surrender to survive!

This was not only loyalty to Master Zok...

but also loyalty to his life's belief!

If faith is lost, what difference does it make between being alive and being dead?

Suppressing the distractions in his mind, Walter looked at a nearby guard and asked.

"How long has it been since Emery last returned to the manor to report?"

Upon hearing Walter's inquiry, the guard's eyes shifted, quickly thinking.

A few seconds later...

The guard replied: "At least more than two hours!"

Walter frowned, repeating the guard's words.

"More than two hours..."

The distance from the southern part of Alba Town to Connelly Manor is about eighteen miles.

At a galloping speed of forty miles per hour...

Emery, gathering intelligence, could have gone back and forth twice within these two hours!

Now two hours have passed, yet Emery still hasn't returned.

With a slight deduction, Walter could guess that Emery has been captured!

The actual situation in Connelly Manor might now be known to the local commander due to Emery's capture!

However, as Walter thought further...

Even if the enemy knew, what could they do?

Everything before him was already his limit in organizing and deploying all the power in Connelly Manor!

He couldn't possibly lead guards and peasants to build a manor castle like Morgan Town in such a short time!

While Walter was pondering...

a strange yet familiar sound entered his ears.

Walter's eyes sharpened, and he quickly turned towards the distant outskirts beyond the defenses.

Orderly marching footsteps, the colliding and scraping sounds of armor parts...

Although, missing the previous sound of thundering hooves...

Despite the faintness of the sound...

Walter, perceptive hearing as he was, remained confident he wasn't mistaken.

Based on the quiet of night and the volume of sound...

The advancing army had already entered the Connelly Manor territory!

They were now less than two miles from the manor estate!

War!

Close at hand!

Walter began to walk among the guards and peasants, shouting.

"Stay alert, the enemy has entered Connelly Manor!"

"If you want to survive, fight with all your strength!"

Cries filled with tension and fear erupted from the guards and peasants.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Walter said nothing further and went to the very front of the defenses.

With slightly green-tinted eyes, he stared straight into the distance, listening to the sounds within darkness.

Closer!

Closer!

Despite the shrouding darkness of night, making it impossible for Walter to see the scenes miles away...

Chapter 1014: Overwhelming War (Part 3)

But Walter could clearly see that, in the distant darkness, a grand army of soldiers was marching towards the manor estate!

As time continued to pass.

Not only did Walter hear the sound of marching footsteps.

The guards and peasants behind Walter, ready to strike, also heard strange noises in the darkness.

The footsteps and the clashing sounds of metal formed a cacophony.

Tension brewed in the hearts of every guard and peasant, enveloping the entire manor estate.

Beads of sweat appeared densely on their cheeks, and they couldn't help swallowing hard.

Pairs of eyes stared directly into the distant darkness.

Always listening to the sounds and judging the distance, Walter.

Suddenly frowned, as a look of confusion appeared in his eyes.

The marching, which had been steadily approaching, suddenly disappeared in an instant.

The sound of footsteps was gone, as well as the clashing sounds of armor parts.

The feeling was as if everything had vanished into thin air?

The next second.

Walter realized something.

His eyes narrowed, and he quickly shouted to the rows of guards and peasants standing on the empty ground behind, waiting for the war to come.

"Quick! Find cover! Hide nearby!"

"You all! What are you waiting for? Hurry and hide!"

Walter's sudden shout startled the guards and peasants.

As if explaining why Walter suddenly shouted.

Sharp sounds of piercing the air rang out from the distant darkness.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh~

Listening to the dense sharp sounds, Walter felt his scalp tingling.

He could no longer care about the rows of guards and peasants, hurriedly stepping towards the trench a few meters away.

The roaring sound overhead became increasingly distinct and sharp.

In the last few steps, Walter lunged forward, rolling into the trench ahead.

The next second!

Thud thud thud~

The successive, deep sound of arrows falling and embedding into the soil continuously echoed on the ground.

Accompanied by this.

Were the terrified and painful screams of the guards and peasants.

Enduring the pain from his body, Walter slowly climbed out of the trench.

Listening to the screams, Walter's heart accelerated, and his breathing became labored.

An arrow rain!

It was actually an arrow rain!

Walter knew that the marching army would have archers.

But Walter never thought there would be so many archers!

From hearing the arrows shot out, making sharp piercing sounds in the air, to issuing commands, then sprinting a few meters and then slowly climbing up...

At least half a minute had passed.

But the sound of arrows landing above still had not stopped.

With such a dense arrow cover, Walter guessed that the number of archers surpassed three to four hundred!

Three to four hundred or more archers, in front of Connelly Manor lacking shield troops and guards and peasants lacking defense awareness.

It's a fatal blow.

Walter even felt.

Just this arrow rain cover alone was enough to eliminate most of the guards and peasants he had organized!

Walter wanted to climb out of the trench, as arrow after arrow fell in a parabolic arc, whistling over his head.

The sharp arrowhead penetrated directly into the soil.

Even though the trench was dug, the soil had not completely dried.

But in front of these arrows, it was as soft as pudding.

Walter crouched down, picked up an arrow rolling on the ground, and inspected it.

Looking at the pyramid-shaped arrowhead, Walter's brow furrowed tightly.

Even if he wore chain armor, it certainly couldn't resist these sharp and sturdy arrows!

A few seconds later.

The sharp piercing sounds above finally retreated.

Walter stepped towards the lower side of the trench.

Confirming there were no piercing sounds of arrow rain, Walter propped his arms on the edge of the trench, his body agilely climbing out.

Once he climbed out of the trench, a rich scent of blood, under the night wind, entered his nostrils.

Standing up, Walter's gaze turned towards the empty ground of the manor estate.

His eyes couldn't help but narrow again.

The corpses of guards and peasants lay scattered on the ground haphazardly.

Arrows pierced into their bodies, like hedgehogs.

Their faces twisted, and their eyes, unable to close, were filled with terror.

Streams of crimson blood gushed from their body wounds.

Flowing down their skin, soaking the linen robes they wore, moistening the dry earth.

Continuously flowing and converging into pools of blood beneath their corpses...

Not only those dead guards and peasants.

Even the ground freed around the chevaux de frise, and even within the bonfires.

A layer of arrows stood upright!

An almost indiscriminate arrow rain cover shooting!

Walter knew.

The bonfires used to guard the peasants, for illumination, and for construction of defense works.

Conveniently, became targets for archers designing in the dark!

Forcibly suppressing the oppression in his heart, Walter shouted grimly towards the empty ground littered with corpses.

"Those still alive, quickly start gathering!"

"After the arrow rain cover shot, the enemy will immediately launch an attack!"

Perhaps hearing Walter's words.

The guards and peasants who survived by luck, scrambled out from the trench.

Chapter 1015: Overwhelming War (Part 4)

When they saw the ground covered with dense, innumerable corpses, and smelled the stench in the air.

Their expressions changed, their eyes filled with terror.

Many of the guards and peasants couldn't suppress their vomiting, retching up the acid from their stomachs.

Even though they were guards, trained physically, they were merely Free People.

Even if they occasionally fought in small skirmishes with bandits and had experience in killing the enemy,

they had never seen such a large-scale battlefield of flesh and blood.

The dense corpses numbered in the hundreds at least.

They nearly covered the entire clearing in front of the manor house!

Walter widened his eyes, looking straight at the guards and peasants, almost shouting as he spoke.

"Anyone who doesn't want to die, immediately organize the defense line!"

Hearing Walter's thunderous voice, the dazed guards and peasants finally snapped back to their senses.

They quickly responded, "Yes, Captain of the Guards, sir."

Seeing the trembling guards and peasants, Walter's heart was full of helplessness.

Despite his strong demand, the guards and peasants began to take action.

But under that rain of arrows, the defenses in their hearts had already been breached.

At this moment, they were on the verge of collapse.

This was the oppression brought by formidable military power!

They hadn't even attacked yet, nor engaged in close combat.

Just a high-density volley of arrows was enough to annihilate a large number of the enemy's living forces!

As the guards and peasants were reorganizing the defense line.

Boom~ Boom~ Boom~

Loud and orderly sounds of footsteps running and the clashing of metal armor once again appeared in the distant darkness.

However.

This time, it was so clearly audible compared to the previous distant sounds.

All the guards and peasants in front of the manor house turned their gazes toward it.

Listening to this powerful and terrifying sound.

Their expressions changed, and the pressure and terror in their hearts reached a peak in that instant.

Squads of soldiers, wearing black and gray standard armor, iron helmets, and holding strange long spears several meters in length, stepped out of the darkness into their view.

With their faces obscured by iron helmets, their appearances were unclear.

Under the illumination of distant bonfires, the squads of black and gray armored soldiers looked like steel ghosts emerging from the abyss of darkness!

Marching with orderly and heavy steps, the armor reflecting cold glimmers in spots...

A voice like the command of the master of these steel ghosts sounded in the darkness.

"Charge!"

As the shouted command fell.

The steel soldiers, who had been marching uniformly, immediately quickened their pace, running towards the guards and peasants ahead.

Excited shouts and killing cries kept emanating from beneath the full iron helmets worn by the steel soldiers.

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

"For the Lord's honor, for the victory of war!"

"Kill..."

Shouts, one after another, gathered together, rushing skyward like thunder.

Echoing continuously in the night sky!

Feeling that almost tangible terrifying momentum, Walter's expression became stern.

He gripped the hilt of the longsword at his waist with his right hand, drew it sharply with the force from his arm amidst the sound of metal scraping.

Walter swung his arm suddenly, raised the longsword high, and shouted loudly.

"Everyone, follow me to meet the enemy, defend the manor!!!"

As the words fell.

Walter, without any hesitation, stepped forward, heading towards the steel soldiers charging at them.

The guards and peasants at the back showed hesitation on their faces.

The next second.

A voice full of unwillingness rang out in the crowd.

"Rather than waiting for death, let's fight them!"

"They killed my brother, I'll fight them to the end!"

"..."

Amidst words filled with righteous indignation.

The hesitant guards and peasants gripped their weapons and iron farm tools tightly.

They followed Walter, running towards the defense structures ahead.

But after a short while.

The two groups converged in front of the defensive structures of the manor house.

Iron weapons collided continuously, emitting crisp sounds amidst sparks flying.

At the forefront of the crowd.

They constantly wielded their longswords to fend off the nearly four-to-five-meter-long spears held by the steel soldiers!

Walter wanted to stop the steel soldiers from dismantling and removing the barricades.

But under the number and range of the steel soldiers' spears.

The sharp and sturdy spears, thrust and retracted by the soldiers, resembled a densely growing forest.

With his lone strength, he couldn't approach.

Moreover, in the steel soldiers' offensive, guards and peasants kept falling.

Until the rows of barricades were removed by the steel soldiers in front.

The black and gray armored steel soldiers surged into the clearing in front of the manor house like a black flood.

In the steel soldiers' advance.

Under the dense pressure of the spears, the guards and peasants subconsciously retreated in fear.

Despite this.

The four-to-five-meter-long spears remained deadly weapons to them!

Every time the steel soldiers thrust their spears, a circle of guards and peasants screamed and fell.

Only to be trampled underfoot by the advancing steel soldiers in the end...

Walter's heart was full of despair; he wanted to change the situation.

But under the overwhelming numbers of steel soldiers, under the pressure of the spears, he couldn't think of any way to change the situation!

Chapter 1016: Overwhelming War (Part 5)

Can only watch helplessly as the guards and peasants are pierced through the body by a long spear and die.

At this moment.

Walter felt an unprecedented despair!

Five hundred guards, more than fifteen hundred peasants.

In front of these steel-armored soldiers holding long spears, they were as fragile as lambs.

Until this moment.

Walter finally realized the formidable military strength of Lynn, the Lord of Morgan Town!

For Connelly Manor, it's simply a crushing defeat.

Even leaving them with no capability to counterattack.

A hundred meters behind the heavy and light infantry teams.

Wesley rode on horseback, gazing into the battlefield ahead.

On his face, there was a hint of surprise, and he asked Bader beside him.

"Is he the Guard Captain 'Walter Rick' that you mentioned?"

Bader, who had been watching the battlefield, quickly withdrew his gaze and looked in the direction Wesley was viewing.

Seeing Walter nearly besieged by armored soldiers, Bader responded.

"Yes, my lord, he is Walter!"

Wesley nodded.

After the covering of an arrow rain, he was able to organize a defense formation.

Moreover, he could resist the attack of three hundred heavy infantry, along with light infantry and eight hundred Pan Rock Iron Guard...

In Wesley's view, achieving such a feat indeed showed impressive leadership and management ability.

Wesley's gaze shifted to a soldier beside him, and he said.

"Tell Commander Tyrone, capture Walter, the Guard Captain alive, bring him back to the Manor Castle, and let the master decide his fate!"

Wesley naturally knew that Lynn was in need of talented people with abilities.

If Walter's abilities could be leveraged, that would be ideal.

Following Wesley's orders, the message was relayed without hesitation.

With a reply, the soldier rode his horse toward the battlefield ahead.

From Bader and Emery's mouths, after learning the detailed information of Connelly Manor.

Wesley understood.

This expedition was a crushing war!

Even according to the master's instructions.

Dividing the three thousand eight hundred soldiers into two brigades to attack Connelly Manor and Louis Manor was equally effective!

How could a manor lord of a scarce and frontier town withstand the attack of thousands of armored soldiers?

His side consisted of five hundred archers, coordinating with three hundred heavy infantry and eight hundred Pan Rock Iron Guard.

They could rely on the archers for long-range attacks and on heavy infantry for defense, pushing forward directly.

While on Rose's side, there were five hundred heavy cavalry and eleven hundred light cavalry, coupled with infantry.

Such powerful mobility and flexibility.

Wesley felt.

Perhaps the Louis Manor Lord hadn't yet reacted.

Rose had already led the cavalry into the manor residence.

From Tyrone's lead over heavy infantry past barriers, tearing through the defense line led by Walter with guards and peasants.

The defense lines of Connelly Manor started crumbling.

Until finally.

The remaining majority of the guards and peasants were directly surrounded by heavy cavalry and Pan Rock Iron Guard in front of the manor residence's open space.

Wesley's gaze again shifted to another soldier, issuing an order.

"Inform everyone in the manor, those who surrender may live!"

The messenger soldier responded without hesitation and drove his horse to the battlefield ahead.

Shouts echoed from the messenger soldier's mouth.

"Command from Wesley, those who surrender may live!"

"Surrenderers may live!"

"..."

Compared to the screams of slaughter on the battlefield, the messenger's voice was not loud.

Yet it clearly reached the ears of every soldier in Connelly Manor.

The guards and peasants looked at each other, not knowing what to do for a moment.

Likewise.

The shouts from the messenger reached Walter's ears.

His expression grave, he looked at the distant horse-riding soldiers, then followed the direction they were coming from to gaze out a hundred meters away.

There.

A young man in armor held the reins, riding on a warhorse.

Beside him were dozens of armored soldiers guarding him.

Walter naturally knew.

It was that young man who gave the command 'surrender, and you may live'!

He withdrew his gaze.

Walter looked at the tense and fearful guards and peasants.

He spoke, "Everyone, you have done your best. If you wish to survive, quickly surrender."

Listening to Walter's words, a relieved expression appeared on the faces of the guards and peasants.

Almost without any hesitation.

Groups of guards and peasants dropped their weapons and iron farm tools, which had long been wet with sweat.

Voices pleading for mercy continuously emerged from their mouths.

"Don't kill me, I have already put down my weapon."

"You yourselves said surrenderers can live!"

"I surrender, I surrender, I want to live, I will do anything just to survive..."

"..."

Commander Tyrone, holding a longsword, watched the guards and peasants' actions, and immediately called to halt for the Pan Rock Iron Guard on the sides.

"Stop, everyone stop!"

The Pan Rock Iron Guard and heavy infantry halted their advancing steps.

However.

The heavy infantry still held the five-meter winged spear sharply toward the front.

More and more guards and peasants put down their weapons, and a series of metallic thuds echoed as they fell to the ground.

Chapter 1017: Overwhelming War (1W)_6

At this moment.

A burly figure clad in chain armor suddenly dashed out from Tyrone's left side.

The one-handed sword in his right hand easily parted the exotic long spear that was against him.

The burly man stepped forward and collided with two heavy infantry in standard plate armor through the gap of the long spear.

Under the impact of this burly man's run, the two heavy infantry were forcibly knocked aside.

Tyrone frowned and addressed the Pan Rock Iron Guard and the heavy infantry.

"Stop him!"

Despite being dressed in chain armor, Walter ran as if nothing could hinder him!

Ignoring the armored soldiers pursuing him, Walter simply chose to disregard them.

His eyes were wide open, fixed on the young man riding on a tall horse a hundred meters away!

Walter naturally knew that the defeat of the defense battle at Connelly Manor was already sealed.

A rain of arrows had killed many guards and peasants.

Moreover, it shattered the fighting spirit of the guards and peasants against the enemy.

Given the current situation, even if they continued to resist.

The final outcome.

Could only result in the guards and peasants surrendering and the armored soldiers breaching Connelly Manor, ending this war of oppression.

But as the Guard Captain, along with Master Zock's instructions and his promise to the master.

He naturally would not yield like the guards and peasants, surrendering for survival.

Seeing the young man on the horse ahead, Walter thought of a solution.

Capture the leader first!

Walter broke through the heavy infantry's line, triggering the pursuit of the Pan Rock Iron Guard, figures running and shaking.

A burst of yelling naturally caught the attention of Wesley on the horse.

The cavalry beside Wesley reminded him.

"Lord Wesley!"

Wesley responded, "I know."

Seeing Wesley without further instructions, a dozen knights exchanged glances.

They looked at Walter rapidly approaching, his eyes filled with cold determination.

Wesley couldn't help but shake his head.

He could naturally feel a strong killing intent from Walter.

A resolute determination of no retreat!

As Walter ran closer to the young man on the horse, his heart grew increasingly excited.

If he can slay this young commander, even if Connelly Manor is breached and he loses his life.

Everything would be worth it!

The distance grew closer.

Eighty meters!

Walter glanced back.

A dozen burly soldiers were chasing after him.

But his physical quality was far superior to these burly soldiers.

No matter how hard they chased, they always remained a few meters behind.

Sixty meters!

Three or four longswords were thrown by the burly soldiers behind.

Walter only twisted his body a few times to dodge the longswords.

Forty meters!

The burly soldiers behind were left far behind.

Walter's gaze fell on the dozen armored cavalry beside the young commander.

He needed to kill those dozen armored cavalry alone to get close to the young commander!

Watching Walter running closer, Wesley moved his right hand.

He took the standard longbow inserted in the arrow quiver on the saddle.

Under the gaze of a dozen soldiers, he released the reins from his right hand and took an arrow from the quiver.

He notched the arrow, drew the bow, aimed carefully, his movements skillful and fluid.

The triangular armor-piercing arrowhead was precisely aimed at the running Walter.

Under the nearby bonfire's glow, a distinct gleam flickered on the arrowhead.

Having been watching Wesley, Walter noticed Wesley's action.

Knowing the power of the triangular armor-piercing arrow, Walter squinted slightly.

But his running pace didn't stop at all.

Thirty meters!

Even though it was nighttime, and the surroundings were dark.

At such a close distance, Walter could clearly see the facial contours of the young commander on the horse.

His brow was as sharp as a cliff, and his skin, long exposed to the sun, bore a deep bronze hue.

On the seemingly youthful face, was etched the expression formed only by battlefield tempering.

Especially in the young commander's bow-drawing posture, he exuded a piercing sharpness!

Under the young commander's arrow aiming, a strong sense of impending death emerged in Walter's mind.

Walter felt.

As long as the young commander released the arrow pinched between his fingers.

The arrow would pierce his brow!

Twenty meters!

Cold and warning words rang from the young commander.

"Stop here, and you may live."

"Advance further, and you will die!"

The young commander's words naturally fell on Walter's ears.

But his running pace did not halt.

He tightened his grip on his longsword, speeding up his running pace even more.

Whoosh!

As Walter took another step, Wesley on horseback wasted no words.

With a cold gaze fixed on Walter, he slightly released his fingers.

The triangular armor-piercing arrow shot out instantly under the standard longbow's recoil.

The sharp sound it made startled even the warhorses beneath the cavalry, causing them to hesitate a few steps.

With his attention fully on the young commander and his arrow, Walter's heart was filled with dread.

He raised his right hand, intending to block the incoming arrow.

The next moment.

The steadiness and confidence in Walter's eyes turned to shock.

He found the arrow he had been watching closely had vanished in an instant.

However.

Another moment later.

A gleaming cold arrow suddenly appeared in his sight!

Walter was terrified, quickly raising his right hand, trying to use the longsword.

But his right hand only lifted halfway, his arm stiff and suspended in the air.

The longsword once tightly gripped in his right hand, as if losing the support of strength.

Dropped from Walter's hand, rolling to the ground with a crisp thud.

Walter's knees bent, dropping straight to the ground, his arms powerless beside him...

From behind, Tyrone led a dozen chasing Pan Rock Iron Guards and quickly ran to Walter's front.

Seeing an arrow piercing through Walter's iron helmet, entering his forehead, with blood trickling down.

Tyrone's eyes slightly contracted, somewhat shocked, turning to glance at Wesley on the horse.

Having finished archery, Wesley moved his hand, inserting the longbow back into the quiver.

Wesley remained on his horse, gazing directly at Tyrone.

"Commander Tyrone, I'll leave the follow-ups to you."

"The master said after destroying Connelly Manor, take all riches, labor, ironware, poultry, and stored agricultural produce back to Morgan Town."

Tyrone raised his brows, responding.

"Of course, Commander Wesley!"

Seeing Wesley not continue speaking, Tyrone nodded and stepped towards the manor's estate.

Observing guards and peasants being organized into orderly queues under soldiers' supervision.

Wesley's heart slightly relaxed.

The task of attacking Connolly Manor was complete.

With the arrow coverage and ranged attack, along with the heavy infantry tearing through the battlefield.

Plus the experienced Pan Rock Iron Guard.

Wesley had little worry about battle losses.

The only regret Wesley felt was.

Manor Lord Zock Connolly had received information about their operations and left earlier, heading to Kakasong City.

Chapter 1018: Just You?

Under the curtain of night.

Within the Louis Manor residence.

Perhaps it is because the Black Night is about to pass, and dawn is about to come.

The oil lamps on the wall of the reception hall, as the animal oil is nearly exhausted, emit a faint light.

Blown by the breezes entering the hall, they sway as though about to extinguish.

Except for the guards at the door and the patrolling guards within the manor's territory.

Almost everyone else is asleep.

Silence envelops the entire manor residence.

One can even hear snores resonating from various rooms of the manor residence.

At the manor residence's entrance, four or five guards sit close to the bonfire.

Although the wood in the bonfire crackles faintly, emitting 'crack' sounds.

It still cannot awaken the deep night's drowsiness.

The four or five guards, heads hanging low, crouch against the logs behind them.

Suddenly.

The sound of galloping hooves arises from the distant darkness of the manor residence.

Deep and powerful.

Perhaps due to shallow sleep, a guard is startled awake.

Gerard Bennett opens his languid eyes and looks over.

A mile or two away, the flames of two torches move quickly in the dark.

Under Gerard's gaze, they rapidly approach from afar.

Though unaware of what has happened.

He can vaguely sense the urgency and haste with which the two cavalrymen are driving their mounts.

Gerard turns his gaze, intending to alert the other guards.

But seeing them drooling and snoring soundly, he chooses to give up.

Rising from beside the logs, Gerard stands on the muddy ground, waiting for the cavalrymen to arrive.

Even if it's too dark and too far for Gerard to see the faces of the approaching cavalrymen.

He knows them nonetheless.

The returning cavalry to the manor residence are Louis Manor's patrolling guards.

Because Louis Manor's night patrol is done in pairs!

Besides.

In such deep night, who would dare intrude into Master Neil's manor territory?

With Gerard's waiting, the flames of the two torches draw nearer.

Amid the deep and resonant sound of hooves, Gerard sees clearly the faces of the two upon horseback.

They are indeed the late-night patrol guards!

Gerard is just about to speak when the guards on horseback urgently shout.

"Gerard, move aside! Move aside!"

"I must see Master Neil!"

The guard's loud words directly awaken the few guards resting beside the bonfire.

They open their eyes, scanning their surroundings in puzzled, groggy alertness.

Seeing the horses not decelerating in the slightest, Gerard is startled and quickly steps aside.

Allowing the two guards to ride their mounts toward the entrance of the manor residence.

Gerard runs after them.

As the guards pull their reins to a sudden halt and dismount.

Gerard hurriedly asks the guard.

"Basil, didn't the Guard Captain assign you to patrol at night?"

"Why did you come back in such haste? What happened?"

Basil glances at Gerard, his expression grave.

"A large number of cavalry are advancing toward the manor residence!"

"Where is the Guard Captain?"

"Forget it! There's no time!"

With those words.

Basil, as if deciding firmly, strides to the manor residence, pushes open the door, and enters.

Watching Basil's figure disappear, Gerard is utterly astonished.

A large number of cavalry?

What a joke.

Where would Alba Town get a large number of cavalry?

The next second.

Gerard recalls the courier guard from Connelly Manor who came to Louis Manor a short while ago!

The messenger guard informed Master Neil of a battalion of armored soldiers about to enter Alba Town to attack Connelly Manor!

However, because Master Neil did not believe Kasong City had such an army of armored soldiers.

Or perhaps for other reasons.

Master Neil directly expelled Connelly Manor's messenger guard.

If a battalion of armored soldiers is indeed advancing on Connelly Manor.

Now a large number of cavalry are attacking Louis Manor...

It makes perfect sense!

Thinking of this, Gerard quickly follows Basil with hurried steps.

Perhaps due to the urgency, Gerard can feel Basil's fast pace.

Almost not much different from running.

Gerard also starts to run quickly.

Passing through the reception hall on the first floor of the manor residence, they reach the deep stairway.

Gerard follows Basil, stepping upward.

Arriving on the second floor, the two speed toward Neil Manor Lord's bedroom.

Reaching the double wooden doors.

Basil doesn't hesitate, raises his right hand, and knocks on the door.

Knock~Knock~Knock~

The deep and rhythmic knocking sound emerges.

Basil leans his head close to the door crack, respectfully calling inside.

"Master Neil, Basil has an urgent matter to report to you!"

Seconds pass with no response from Master Neil's bedroom.

Basil, somewhat anxious, raises his right hand again, knocking harder.

Unlike using the knuckle joints earlier.

This time, Basil's right hand clenches into a fist, almost pounding the wooden door.

Knock! Knock!

The low and resounding pounding resounds on the second floor.

Standing next to Basil, Gerard feels inexplicably tense.

Master Neil particularly dislikes being disturbed during his rest.

Especially.

Chapter 1019: Just You?

Master Neil fell asleep holding the maid.

After the knocks subsided, Basil was just about to shout again.

A cold and impatient voice came from behind the double wooden doors.

"Who?"

"Don't you know, I hate being disturbed when I'm resting?"

Gerard's heart sank, just as he had guessed.

But Basil didn't hesitate at all and immediately spoke.

"Master, something terrible has happened."

"About ten minutes ago, during our patrol, we saw a large group of cavalry heading towards your manor residence."

"We estimate the cavalry's numbers to be at least over two thousand."

Upon hearing this, Gerard's eyes widened instantly.

Over two thousand cavalry?

Are you kidding?

The entire town of Alba doesn't even have two thousand horses!

Perhaps Master Neil heard Basil's words clearly, the bedroom fell silent.

After a while.

A heavy footstep sounded behind the double wooden doors.

Crack~ Clatter~

After a brief noise, the tightly closed wooden doors were pulled open.

Neil's tall, slender, aged figure entered the sight of Basil and Gerard.

Perhaps it was the long time spent entwining with the maid.

At this moment, Neil appeared older, with a touch of pallor on his face.

Though Neil was only wearing a thin silk robe at this time.

Basil and Gerard dared not show any disrespect and quickly bowed their heads.

Neil glanced coldly at the two, finally resting his eyes on Basil.

Indifferent and slightly hoarse words escaped Neil's mouth.

"Repeat what you just said!"

Feeling the questioning tone in Neil's voice, Basil's bowed figure lowered even more.

Basil hurriedly explained: "Master, while my colleagues and I were patrolling the edge of your estate, we saw a large cavalry force galloping quickly."

"The numbers... at least over two thousand."

"Master, I think you should immediately summon the Guard Captain, gather all the guard forces in the manor, and prepare for battle."

"If we delay any longer, it will be too late!"

Before Basil could finish speaking, Neil's cold voice interrupted directly.

"This manor lord knows what to do!"

Basil was shocked in his heart and dared not say anything further.

Neil's eyes turned coldly.

A few seconds later.

Neil commanded Gerard: "Gerard, go find Seron Benitez for me, and have him immediately gather all personnel in the manor!"

"Assemble in the open square in front of the manor residence."

Upon hearing Neil's words, Gerard responded quickly.

"Yes, master, I'll go right away!"

Without any further words, Gerard turned and hurriedly walked towards the nearby stairs.

At the bedroom door, only Neil and Basil remained standing.

Neil looked at Basil, with a touch of disbelief in his voice.

"I'll ask you once more, are you sure there are at least two thousand cavalry heading towards the manor residence?"

Basil replied firmly and meticulously.

"Master, Basil is certain!"

"The galloping cavalry is like a black steel torrent, rushing towards us."

"Even if the numbers aren't two thousand, their scale is at least over fifteen hundred!"

Neil responded, "I know, fall back and organize the defensive line."

Basil bowed his head and replied respectfully: "Yes, master."

Watching Basil's silhouette disappear down the stairs, Neil quickly looked away.

Turning, he strode into the bedroom, locked the door, and immediately began rummaging through boxes and cabinets.

Piles of gold pounds and pence, heaps of jewelry, were hurriedly dumped into a metal treasure chest by Neil.

The clattering sound of gold pounds echoed continuously in the bedroom.

Two young naked maids on the three-meter-long bed behind awoke from the noise.

They opened their lazy eyes slightly, revealing a snowy curve in front.

Soft and murmuring voices came from their mouths.

"Master, it's so late, what are you doing?"

"Master, come to sleep quickly? It's already very late..."

Neil immediately glared at the two young maids, scolding them.

"Sleep sleep sleep!"

"Day by day, all you do is exhaust my physical energy, what else can you do?"

"The enemy is attacking! You know? Lives will be lost!"

"If you don't want to die, hurry up and help me pack."

"Maybe I still have time to take you with me when I leave!"

Despite the vast snowy expanse revealed in front of the sitting maids.

Faced with a life and death crisis, he had lost all interest.

If what Basil said is true.

Even if the cavalry isn't two thousand strong, just fifteen hundred cavalry would be enough to destroy his Louis Manor!

Knowing this, the manor only has four hundred armed soldiers.

Even if organizing over a thousand peasants.

How could they stand against the cavalry?

Neil's mind quickly conjured the image of the messenger guard he had driven away from Connelly Manor.

As it turns out.

Zock Connally's message from the messenger guard was true!

Lynn from Morgan Town Manor really dispatched an army to launch an attack on Alba Town!

Instantly.

A surge of resentment appeared in Neil's heart.

Neil resented Viscount Jon Zack.

If it weren't for Jon Zack's covetousness over Morgan Town's salt mine.

Chapter 1020: Just You? (Part 3)

In that case, they could completely ignore Lord Lynn of Morgan Town.

Neil hated Zock Connelly.

If Zock hadn't sent spies to Morgan Town to gather intelligence...

And those spies who went to gather intelligence had been missing for a long time...

Even if Neil used his ass to think, he could still guess it.

The spy Zock sent had already been captured by Lord Lynn.

Precisely because of this.

Lord Lynn had dispatched a great army of soldiers to attack Alba Town and attack Connelly Manor.

As for why Lord Lynn also wanted to attack his Louis Manor...

It was surely because, just like Zock, he too was a supporter of Viscount Jon Zuck!

Other than that.

Neil couldn't think of any other reason for Lord Lynn to attack his Manor!

They had never had any conflict, hadn't even had any contact.

The only sliver of connection they had.

Was that in the last meeting at the Viscount's Castle, he'd agreed to Viscount Jon Zuck's proposal.

After the summer harvest was over, they would gather their forces and launch an attack on Morgan Town!

The two Maids on the big bed didn't dare slack off in the slightest.

They hurriedly scrambled off the bed, not even caring to put on the clothes that had been thrown who knows where, and strode over to Neil's side.

With every step they took, the snowy whiteness before their chests surged and spread like crashing waves...

Neil scooped up a pile of Gold Pounds from the cabinet and tossed them into the metal chest behind him.

Perhaps because the opening of the metal chest was too small, a dozen or so Gold Coins struck the edge of the chest's mouth and fell to the floor.

The rest of the Gold Pounds kept rolling and ended up under the cabinet.

The crisp, pleasant clinking rang out in the bedroom once again.

Neil hurriedly said to the two Maids, "Quick, pick up those Gold Pounds!"

The two young Maids answered in a rush, then crouched down to pick up the Gold Pounds on the floor.

After picking up the Gold Pounds on the ground, one Maid's eyes moved, sweeping around the room.

When she saw the Gold Pounds under the cabinet...

The Maid didn't hesitate at all; her knees hit the floor, her cheek pressed to the ground, and she stretched her slender, fair right arm under the cabinet.

Her right hand kept groping and searching beneath the cabinet.

That movement, that posture.

Even though the curve of her ass behind her arched into a round, full shape.

Revealing that deep, shadowy view directly to Neil's eyes.

Neil only gave it a single glance before withdrawing his gaze in boredom.

Right now, there was only one thought in Neil's mind.

Taking all his money and treasures and getting the hell out was the best course of action!

Louis Manor, passed down through several generations?

Who cares how many generations it's been passed down!

Staying alive himself was the only hard truth!

He stuffed all the gold, silver and jewels in the bedroom into the chest.

After confirming he hadn't missed anything, Neil locked the chest while speaking to the Maid.

"One of you go arrange a carriage, the other go bring Jaden."

"I'll take you both with me to Kakasong City!"

Hearing Neil's words, the two Maids answered once, then hurried out of the bedroom.

Seeing the robe Neil had thrown far away, the two Maids picked it up and casually pulled it over themselves.

Neil started moving as well.

He bent his waist into a squat, stretched out both arms, and grabbed the handles on either side of the metal chest.

Neil's waist tensed, and he slowly straightened up.

The weight of the metal chest immediately surged down his arms; it had to be at least fifty or sixty jin!

Neil struggled to his feet and, with slightly slow steps, walked toward the bedroom door.

Even though his steps were slow and his arms felt heavy and strained, Neil still grit his teeth and persisted.

He had just walked out of the bedroom and reached the stairs going down.

A series of running footsteps reached Neil's ears.

Clearly.

Under the organization of Guard Captain Theron, the Guards and Peasants had begun to form a Defense force.

Neil set the metal chest down at the top of the stairs and stopped to take a few breaths.

He had just been about to heft it up again and head downstairs.

A low male voice drifted up from the landing at the stair's turn.

"Master, do you need Theron's help?"

Neil narrowed his eyes slightly, giving the Theron below a wary look, and refused.

"No need!"

"I need you to hurry and lead them to set up a defensive line."

"Otherwise, we definitely won't be able to withstand an enemy cavalry charge!"

Seeing Theron give no response and still stand there on the corner landing.

Those eyes of his, seemingly casual yet fixed on the metal chest in Neil's hands.

Neil set down the metal chest and asked in a low voice.

"What is it?"

"Guard Captain Theron, do you have some other question?"

Feeling the faint authority emanating from Neil's somewhat old and gaunt frame.

Theron's mouth split open, revealing his yellowed, blackened teeth.

"You misunderstand, Master. Theron has no questions. I'll go organize the men and build the line right away!"

Neil said nothing, his eyes fixed straight on Theron.

Theron raised an eyebrow, shrugged his shoulders, then turned and walked down the stairs.

Neil kept staring at Theron's back until he went down the stairs and out of the Manor residence.

Neil gave a cold snort.

From Theron's expression just now, he had sensed danger!

Facing a crisis they couldn't possibly overcome, a man's character and nature would naturally be tested all the more.

Someone as insidious and cunning as Theron would be even more likely, in a situation like this, to weigh the pros and cons...

Clearly.

Theron, the Guard Captain, had developed improper thoughts about him!

He had to leave Louis Manor as quickly as possible.