

System 331

Chapter 331: War Has Come! (2)

The words were spoken.

Lynn withdrew his gaze from Mike.

Striding forward, under the admiration and esteem of the soldiers, he stepped into a red brick house.

In the eyes of the soldiers, Lynn's armored figure seemed so majestic and tall at that moment.

When Lynn's silhouette disappeared from sight, the soldiers shifted their gaze back to Mike, who was standing rooted to the spot.

A tremendous oppression enveloped him instantly...

...

On the other side of the city wall.

On a clearing in a mountain forest.

Several large campfires made of massive logs were burning fiercely.

Because the logs had just been cut down, their moisture hadn't dried out, releasing thick smoke as they burned, shooting straight into the night sky like smoke columns.

By the most central campfire, Anthony and a few others sat on logs, their eyes fixed on the flames ahead.

The cracking and popping of the flames danced and swayed in their eyes...

A few minutes later.

Fan Ke, holding a lit stick, shook it a few times and reminded, "It's been three hours."

A deep voice sounded from Anthony's mouth.

"I know."

As the voice fell, quietness descended again beside the campfire.

Except for the crackling of the burning fire.

Fan Ke sighed, "Lord Anthony, I feel like this ambush plan is going to end up in vain."

Anthony said nothing, turning his gaze to Fan Ke.

Waiting for Fan Ke to continue explaining.

Fan Ke's face revealed a hint of doubt, "I've always been curious, why does that man believe that an ordinary merchant would be worth the Lord behind the wall sending troops to rescue?"

"Because of friendship with this merchant? A deceitful merchant having ties with a Lord that only exploits and oppresses?"

"Haha, it sounds like watching a herd of sows queueing to jump into the Acadia River!"

Anthony finally spoke, "What's your plan?"

Fan Ke raised his eyebrows and said, "Prepare for the worst possible outcome..."

"You and I both know what lies behind that wall, making it worth capturing at all costs."

Anthony nodded in agreement.

Indeed, as Fan Ke said, what's behind the wall stirred his desire.

Fan Ke turned his gaze to Hall, who sat a short distance away in a daze.

Sunken, pale cheeks, purple lips nearing black, eyes staring blankly at the burning flames.

Perhaps sitting too close, tiny red sparks from the crackling fire landed on Hall's body.

Hall still showed no sign of evasion, allowing the sparks to slowly extinguish on his abdomen.

Fan Ke curiously asked, "Lord Anthony, will that man descend again?"

Anthony instantly understood the meaning in Fan Ke's words and turned to glance at Hall.

"Perhaps..."

At the edge of the campfire.

Boer, tightly bound to a tree, looked at the distant campfire, his entire body trembling uncontrollably.

He was positioned beyond the warmth of the bonfire, with cold covering his whole body.

His body instinctively wanted to move closer to the bonfire, but found he couldn't move an inch.

Boer gave up.

Looking at the fire and the bandits, Boer's mind raced.

How could he survive?

As the weather grew colder, it was unlikely for these bandits to linger long in this mountain forest.

Bandits always cared about Gold Pounds, food, and women!

Could he trade the Gold Pounds he earned from Master Lynn for fine salt to be released by these bandits?

In the next moment.

Boer discarded the thought from his mind.

The money he earned had long been spent on guard wagons and connections in Kakasong City.

He had very little savings left!

With so many members in the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps, how could they be interested in such a trivial amount?

Their target is Master Lynn, is Master Lynn's ore vein!

That's the real treasure!

Boer's mind circled back.

His presence was merely bait to lure out Master Lynn.

Conveniently, he had let Mike escape to report his current situation to Master Lynn.

The bait condition has thus been fulfilled.

Regardless of whether Master Lynn comes to his aid, it no longer matters to these bandits...

Thinking of this.

A strong desire for survival emerged in Boer's mind.

Perhaps he could still live!

But how could he escape from these bandits?

Boer's mind began to contemplate again...

Time swiftly passed.

The entire camp was shrouded in a somber atmosphere.

They hung their heads, their bodies exposed to the glow of the bonfire.

Now, only the bonfire could bring the slightest warmth.

Just as Boer was contemplating, a commotion suddenly erupted among the bandits ahead.

"What is that..."

"What kind of monstrosity is that?"

"A Demon from the Abyss?"

"..."

Boer's gaze quickly scanned the group of bandits until it settled on a skinny man sitting on a log.

He clearly remembered.

It was the man who had ordered his goods burned the last time he was intercepted by bandits!

Within a few short individuals, they had become bizarrely transformed?

Boer turned his gaze and saw a woman with a pitch-black body, walking from the far edge of darkness towards Hall.

Chapter 332: War Has Come! (Part 3)

Not only he saw it.

The surrounding bandits with gloomy expressions also saw the figure of the shadowy woman.

Including Hall, who sat on the log!

Hall's gaze was fixed on the shadowy woman, and a look of fear emerged in his originally hollow eyes.

He wanted to stand up.

But realized at that moment, he had already lost the power to stand...

Like an old man approaching his death.

Hall's gaze shifted to Anthony beside him, and with difficult and intermittent words, he spoke.

"An... Anthony... my lord..."

"Please... save me..."

"I really... don't want to die..."

Anthony heard Hall's voice, Fan Ke heard Hall's voice, even Tyrone heard Hall's voice.

But they made no move.

Silently and quietly waiting for the shadowy woman to approach.

The shadowy woman walked closer and closer.

Perhaps due to extreme panic, Hall's body began to sway.

He seemed to use all his strength to stretch out his right hand and grasp Anthony's arm armor.

Hall's purple-black lips moved: "My lord... save me!"

Anthony still made no sound or movement.

Hall wanted to struggle to say something else, but the shadowy woman had already reached his side.

A slender right hand fell upon his shoulder.

Hall's body trembled rapidly, suddenly standing up and running forward.

The shadowy woman stood still in place, staring straight at Hall's back.

In the next moment.

The shadowy woman transformed into pitch-black lines, flying towards Hall amidst the terrified eyes of the bandits.

Boer, bound to a tree, looked at Hall coming towards him, and his heart also became terrified.

A few pitch-black lines surpassed Hall and, in his frightened gaze, turned mid-air, drilling into his mouth, nose, ears, and mouth.

Like the sound of a drowning 'Ulu' from Hall's mouth.

Hall wanted to raise his hand to stop them, but found it was to no avail.

Only a few seconds passed.

Hall's head drooped, weakly kneeling on the ground soil.

Watching this scene.

Boer's heart was aghast, forcing himself to swallow.

He never dreamed that within the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps there existed such a strange and terrifying presence.

Until now, Hall finally understood why the Storm Mercenaries, who were clearly stronger than the Iron Blood Brotherhood, would join them.

And understood why the Iron Blood Brotherhood knew that Master Lynn's territory contained things they wanted.

All mysteries could be attributed to the unknown.

Ugh!

A hurried gasp sounded again from Hall's mouth.

Simultaneously, Hall's drooping head also lifted, facing the night sky above.

Boer understood that the shadowy woman had seized control of Hall's body!

When Hall stood up, his hollow eyes were already shrouded in pitch-black...

Suddenly.

Hall's head turned, looking at Boer bound to the tree trunk.

Boer's heart was aghast; he hurriedly lowered his head.

Hall's stiff body seemed coated with animal grease, becoming nimble and agile.

He stepped forward towards Boer, a sharp voice like a woman's mixed with a man's voice emerged from his mouth.

"Isn't this Lord Boer Hansen? Why are you tied to a tree?"

Instantly recognizing his identity, immediately uttering his name?

A bold idea appeared in Boer's mind.

It's because of the shadowy woman's instructions that these bandits targeted Master Lynn!

With this thought, Boer's conviction grew stronger.

It must be so!

As Hall spoke, Anthony and Fan Ke stepped forward behind him.

Anthony said nothing, while Fan Ke respectfully called out: "My lord..."

Upon hearing the call, Hall turned to look at her and inquired: "How long have you kept him captured?"

Fan Ke explained: "Five hours now!"

"Logically, if the Lord behind the city walls knew Boer was captured and wanted rescue, they should have arrived at this forest with the riding speed..."

"But even now, none of the scouts we sent out have returned to report information..."

Hall fell silent.

Boer heard this, feeling a faint disappointment, soon replaced by relief.

He didn't know the true armed soldiers Master Lynn possessed.

However, faced with bandits surrounding from front to back, even with armor's sturdiness and the long spear's might, it would come at a heavy cost!

A few seconds later.

Hall's pitch-black gaze glanced again at Boer, "It seems the lord is even more stable than I imagined."

He withdrew his gaze, looking at Anthony who hadn't spoken, speaking: "Lord Anthony, since that's the case... shall we begin implementing your plan?"

Anthony's brow raised; he said nothing, turning to walk towards the bonfire behind him.

As he walked, he let out a low, forceful shout.

"Everyone, gather."

Under Anthony's words, the bandits sitting around the bonfire stirred.

They stood up, finding empty ground to stand, stationed before Anthony.

Minutes later.

The open space beside the bonfire was filled with figures.

Anthony's gaze swept across their tense and bewildered faces; his heart was filled with contempt.

Chapter 333: War Has Come! (Part 4)

Anthony felt that describing them as a scattered pile of sand, a motley crew, was more than apt.

Yet, he needed this motley crew to attack that city wall!

Low, resonant words emerged from Anthony's mouth.

"I know it's our arrival that made you lose your homes, lose your loved ones."

"What we are doing is meaningful!"

"It's to sever the shackles of enslavement between you and the Lords!"

"The Lords, for their own interests, have wantonly exploited your bodies, deprived you of your deserved wages, and even made you toil daily just to eat a bite of gruel..."

The confused eyes of the bandits revealed a trace of brightness.

They seemed to feel that what Anthony said made some sense.

Anthony's words continued.

"Now, under my leadership, you will carry out a great assault!"

"We will attack that territory dozens of miles away. After breaching the city walls, we will slay all resistance forces in that territory and liberate the peasants from the hands of the Lords!"

"By then, everyone will have their own land, and all the grain you plant will belong only to you!"

Hearing this.

The group of bandits began to become eager for action.

They can be farming peasants or Free People, working daily facing the earth.

But as long as they harvest enough crops to feed their families, that's enough.

If they can own their own land...

Then it couldn't be better!

Anthony's gaze once again swept over them, loudly asking, "Who is willing to attack with me?"

"I am willing."

"Me too."

"..."

Anthony continued to shout, "Who wants to own their own land?"

"I want."

"I want too."

"Land, I want land!"

"..."

Anthony shouted one last time, "Everyone, take up your weapons, follow me... to war!"

Echoing shouts erupted from the mouths of the bandits, responding.

Perhaps it's due to the roasting flame of the bonfire, or perhaps Anthony's words stirred their inner desires.

The bandits, who were initially shivering, now felt completely heated, even their faces turned flushed.

Anthony mounted a warhorse led by one of the bandits and drew out a knight's sword, swinging it fiercely.

"To war!"

With Anthony fiercely squeezing the horse's abdomen, the warhorse instantly leapt its front hooves high up, neighing as it galloped into the darkness ahead.

Following closely behind were the charges of bandit troops riding horses!

By Boer's side.

Hall and Fan Ke stood on the spot, watching Anthony lead the army away.

Hall casually withdrew his gaze, looking at Boer on the tree trunk.

Hall's skinny right arm rested on Boer's shoulder.

This sudden action instantly startled Boer.

He hurriedly said, "What do you want to do?"

An abrasive voice, resembling a mix of female and male, once again emerged from Hall's mouth.

"This body can no longer sustain me to the base of the city wall."

"Can only borrow Mr. Boer's body..."

Heard Boer, his eyes contracted instantly.

Before he could speak, the black threads flowed from Hall's palm into Boer's body...

...

The night is destined to be sleepless!

Inside the Red Brick House.

Lynn was still sitting on a wooden chair, resting with closed eyes.

Let the heat of the burning anthracite envelop him entirely.

Behind Lynn was Red, who never left his side.

Suddenly, Lynn's eyes opened.

Outside the Red Brick House, there was a sound of urgent running.

After some hurried knocking, the words of a messenger soldier followed.

"Master, there's a large number of cavalry approaching outside the city wall!"

Lynn frowned slightly, stood up, and walked briskly out of the Red Brick House, heading straight to the city wall!

The soldiers warming by the fire under the city wall seemed to have already received the information.

They had shifted from sitting by the bonfire to standing.

Lynn glanced at them and walked briskly towards the tower near the city wall, climbed the steps, and arrived atop the city wall.

Arriving at the center of the city wall, Lynn's gaze penetrated the darkness, looking into the distance.

The desolate land beyond the night.

The flickering light of torches waved constantly, flickering and dimming.

But it formed a long line of torches!

Though the distance was still quite far, unable to hear the sound of horses galloping.

But Lynn understood, the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps was coming!

War was coming!

At most half an hour, the bandit army would be at the city gates.

Lynn's gaze turned to Rose beside him, and before he could speak, Rose began explaining.

"Master, the city gates have been reinforced with solid wood, and an iron frame was built behind the iron gate for support. Rolling wood and stones have been prepared, and the winged soldiers are ready at the base of the city wall."

Responsible for the archer training, Wesley also replied promptly, "The archers are ready."

Lynn nodded approvingly at the two and said in a deep voice, "Deploy the soldiers, begin fortification, prepare for the siege!"

Orderly responses echoed from the mouths of Rose and Wesley.

"Yes, Master!"

As Rose and Wesley withdrew, underneath the city walls, platoons of soldiers began to busy themselves.

The soldiers, clad only in plate armor and wielding winged spears, orderly climbed the city wall under Rose's arrangements.

Chapter 334: War Has Come! (Part 5)

If the bandits use cloud ladders to climb the walls, then they are the main defending force.

An archer holding a longbow stood behind the battlements under Wesley's arrangement.

On the edge of the wall, it was piled with rolling wood and stones...

Nevertheless.

This will be the first battle in the Lynn Territory!

Also the first battle for these soldiers!

They all understand that only by defending against the bandits' siege can they continue to live in the territory behind the walls.

Fortunately, with Lynn's efforts during this period, there has been a certain accumulation of both bows and arrows and armor weapons.

Facing a large-scale soldier attack, it may be somewhat lacking.

But against the bandits...

Lynn feels there is strength for a fight!

Squads of soldiers stand firm on the walls, their defenses now complete, and all they need to do is wait for the bandits' arrival.

Even so, Lynn still saw the look of tension on their faces.

Standing atop the wall, Lynn, wearing arm armor, braced both hands on the cold and solid edge of the wall, his gaze fixed on the distant torch light steadily approaching.

The cold wind through the mountains and forests blew against the black cloak on his back, but Lynn didn't mind in the slightest.

Closer.

The torchlight is approaching closer and closer.

Standing atop the wall, Lynn could already hear the thunderous sound of hooves beneath the torches.

The soldiers on the wall also looked increasingly solemn.

Without looking back, Lynn called out, "Wesley!"

Wesley, who was on standby at the rear, immediately took two steps forward and came to stand behind Lynn.

Bending over, he replied, "Master."

Lynn asked, "What is the range for your trained archers' volleys?"

Without hesitation, Wesley replied, "Master, as far as three hundred meters!"

Lynn nodded, "You will command the archers."

Wesley was filled with determination, "Yes, Master."

Time ticked by second by second.

As the torchlight continued to approach, the thundering hooves sounded like thunder in the ears of Lynn and the soldiers.

Lynn maintained a calm demeanor, his deep gaze fixed forward.

When faces began to emerge beneath the torches in the darkness, Wesley's deep voice sounded in Lynn's ears.

"First batch, ready to shoot!"

"Second batch, stand by."

At the sound, a hundred archers stood out from behind the battlements with grim expressions.

They reached for the quiver on their backs with a synchronized motion, drawing a triangular armor-piercing arrow.

The arrow set on the bowstring, their right arms exerted force, and the longbow was pulled to a semi-full state.

At the same time, the archers adjusted their stance, their eyes aiming through the arrows.

Wesley continued to shout, "Raise the angle by forty degrees!"

The soldiers understood the command and immediately raised the longbow in their left hands.

Wesley's gaze was fixed on the cavalry in the darkness ahead.

Time ticked by second by second.

In the next moment.

Wesley looked at Lynn and said, "Master, the enemy is in range!"

Lynn responded, "Release arrows!"

With Lynn's command, the hundred archers instantly released the arrows between their right fingers.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh~

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh~

In an instant.

The piercing sound of arrows cutting through the air arose, arrows flew from the wall, piercing into the darkness ahead.

In just an instant.

Painful screams echoed in the darkness.

"Ah..."

"Ugh..."

"Enemy arrows, enemy arrows! Take cover!"

"Wooden shield, wooden shield!"

"Damn it, they actually have archers!"

...

Lynn could clearly see bodies falling from the galloping horses, crashing heavily onto the ground.

The horses behind charged forward, trampling over those bodies, their fates uncertain.

Wesley's deep commanding voice continued without pause, directing the action.

"First batch, fall back and stand by."

"Second batch, step forward, prepare to fire arrows!"

The archers, who had already fitted their arrows to the strings, stepped forward a few paces to the shooting positions at the battlements.

"Raise the angle by ten degrees."

The soldiers slightly raised the longbows in their hands, drawing the strings to a semi-full state.

Wesley's eyes turned to Lynn, his words said respectfully, "Master!"

Without hesitation, Lynn commanded, "Shoot!"

With another command from Lynn, the archers released their arrows.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh~

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh~

The sharp sound of arrows cutting through the air once again rose in the darkness beyond the walls.

Lynn could vaguely see the arrows piercing through the somewhat thin clothing of the bandits, embedding deeply into their bodies.

Whether in the cheek, the neck, the chest, or the abdomen...

Under the prowess of the triangular armor-piercing arrows, despite some bandits holding thin wooden shields and some wearing chain armor, they could not stop the arrows' sharp edges.

In fact, some arrows even completely penetrated the bandits' bodies, becoming lodged within them...

The range of three hundred meters, under the speed of the cavalry, passed in an instant.

Bandits holding wooden shields arrived at the base of the wall, attempting to shelter from the arrows of the volleys.

After four rounds of volleys, hundreds of bandits were already hiding beneath the walls.

Lynn spoke to Wesley, "Wesley, lead them in shooting freely to kill the enemy!"

Without hesitation, Wesley replied, "Yes, Master."

Four rounds of volleys effectively reduced the number of bandits before they could close in.

Chapter 335: War Has Come! (Part 6)

At the bottom of the castle wall, hundreds of thieves had already gathered!

They were hiding in the right angle of the wall, avoiding the arrows shot from above.

Some thieves even pulled out cross pickaxes, trying to dig into the wall in front of them.

However, after only a few swings, the arms of several thieves went numb, and curses came from their mouths.

"Damn it, this is too hard!"

"Is this entire wall made of granite?"

"Go to the gate, quickly to the gate, we'll cover you!"

"..."

Wearing a helmet, Lynn glanced down at layers of thieves below.

Lynn stepped along the wall and shouted to the soldiers, "Rolling wood and stones, prepare!"

Rose behind Lynn yelled loudly, repeating Lynn's words, "Rolling wood and stones, prepare!"

Upon hearing the order, the soldiers without armor began to lift the stones and logs at the edge of the wall.

Lynn's gaze was cold as he said, "Release!"

Rose, without any hesitation, shouted again, "Release!"

The rolling wood and stones pushed to the edge of the wall by the soldiers were instantly let go.

Nearly a ton of rolling wood and stones whistled down from the wall, smashing into the thieves huddled in the corner below.

Under this weight, dozens of thieves didn't even have time to scream as they were crushed.

Terrified shouts echoed ceaselessly beneath the wall.

"Rolling wood and stones."

"There are more rolling wood and stones on the wall!"

"Scatter, everyone scatter."

"Where is the cloud ladder? Cloud ladder."

"..."

Amidst the shouts, several cloud ladders were erected below the wall.

Thieves, without any cover or protection, stared at the rolling wood and stones and arrows, and kept climbing upwards.

Amid screams and bodies rolling off the cloud ladders, the thieves managed to reach the middle height of the wall!

Whoosh whoosh whoosh~

The sound of arrows breaking through the air rang out, knocking down four climbing thieves from the cloud ladders.

That was Wesley and his archers conducting a counterattack!

Seeing this, Lynn frowned slightly.

No long-range assault weapons, no siege engines...

What intrigued Lynn was what kind of magic the Iron Blood Brotherhood had.

To drive these thieves to attack the wall at the cost of their lives!

No one could answer him.

At this moment.

A soldier quickly ran up the wall and rushed to Lynn, speaking hurriedly, "Lord, the thieves are attacking the gate!"

Lynn frowned again and went to the part of the wall above the gate.

Looking down, he saw the thieves holding assorted iron tools, tearing at the iron plates on the gate!

Lynn shouted to the people beside him, "Everyone, focus the defense on the gate!"

Dozens of soldiers promptly responded, "Yes, Master."

Immediately.

Dozens of soldiers arrived at Lynn's position.

They pushed the rolling wood and stones on the wall, continuously hurling them down.

Painful screams rose from below the wall!

The soldiers didn't stop at all, repeating the same actions over and over...

Given the current conditions of the territory, apart from arrows, rolling wood and stones were the best defensive weapons!

No complex operation or exceptional skill required.

All it took was several soldiers working together to lift the rolling wood and stones onto the wall, then push them down hard to finish the action!

The weight of the rolling wood and stones, combined with gravitational acceleration, made their lethality even more terrifying than imagined!

After several rounds of throwing, the clamoring below the wall noticeably subsided.

Yet thieves still disregarded the arrows and rolling wood and stones, charging toward the gate.

The edge of the wall.

At some unknown time, Mike climbed up, witnessing the gruesome scene, he even forgot to breathe.

His face was full of terror, his eyes filled with helplessness.

Only at this moment did he realize how foolish and mindless it was to ask Master Lynn to deploy troops to rescue Master Boer.

This is war!

Without the wall as a reliance, a hand-to-hand combat would be happening now!

How many soldiers would die then?

...

In the wilderness five or six hundred meters from the wall.

A cavalry troop of several hundred hid in darkness.

No torches, no words.

They quietly sat on their horses.

Only the constant snorts of horses echoed in the cold wind.

At the forefront of the cavalry.

Wearing full plate armor and helmet, Anthony coldly watched the heated battle unfold at the wall.

From the time they charged the wall to now, more than ten minutes had passed.

The casualties were countless.

The cloud ladder had been placed on the wall, but their men still couldn't get onto the wall!

Without the cover of ranged weapons, no siege engines, climbing the wall was unimaginably difficult.

Only by piling up lives, consuming the defending soldiers' stamina!

Beside Anthony, the faces of Fan Ke and Tyrone were also grave.

Even though the dead were all forcibly conscripted from villages and towns, members of the Iron Blood Brotherhood.

They felt a heavy weight in their hearts upon seeing such scenes.

At this moment.

A frivolous, faint voice rose among them.

"It's over!"

Anthony's brow furrowed suddenly, looking to the right.

In the eyes full of darkness, Boer sat on horseback.

Anthony coldly asked, "What did you say?"

Boer, with pitch-black eyes, looked at Anthony, articulating his words, "I said, this war is already over."

"The wall is a chasm you'll never cross!"

"These well-trained soldiers will become your nightmare!"

"The prestige of the lord on the wall will envelop the entire border of the Karedi Empire!"

At this point.

Anthony's face was full of gloom, and he spoke, "What do you mean?"

"Didn't you say you'd support me to become the King of the Border if I acted as instructed?"

"Hehehe~"

Boer's mouth emitted a derisive and mocking laugh.

"Lord Anthony... with just you?"

Anthony snorted coldly, his words full of disdain, "Just a small wall."

"Watch how I seize it first!"

Anthony gripped the reins with his left hand, and with his right, lowered the visor of his helmet.

The silver-white metal visor instantly covered his face.

A low, echoing voice resonated from beneath the visor.

"Brothers of the Iron Blood Brotherhood, march with me!"

As Anthony's words fell, a resounding cheer arose in response.

"Alright!"

With Anthony's legs squeezing the horse's sides, the warhorse immediately galloped towards the battlefield ahead.

Nearly a hundred thieves of the Iron Blood Brotherhood also drove their horses, following Anthony onto the battlefield.

In the darkness of the wilderness, only Fan Ke and Tyrone remained with their two hundred Storm Mercenary Corps' cadre.

Fan Ke hesitated a moment, speaking to Boer, "Sir, you know I've always followed your orders."

"Now... what should I do?"

Boer looked at Fan Ke in surprise, "Lord Fan Ke, isn't this the time for you to follow Lord Anthony into battle?"

"Why are you still beside me?"

Fan Ke immediately fell silent.

Boer continued, "The soldiers of Marquis Ducas are on their way to suppress the thieves, this is your last chance."

"If you can't climb the wall, you'll die under Marquis Duca's cavalry."

Chapter 336: Execution

Boer's words continued.

"You must know, there are three major mineral veins on that territory!"

"If we spread this information, I wonder how many Lord Nobility and even the Church would be green with envy?"

Listening to Boer's words.

A feverish expression appeared on Fan Ke's face.

He looked at Boer with resolve in his eyes, "Master, I understand what you mean!"

The next second.

Fan Ke scratched his head and looked at Tyrone, then at the hundreds of cavalry behind him, shouting, "Brothers of the Storm Mercenary Corps, charge!"

"Take down that wall for me!"

"Let those rabble see what elite means!"

Strange shouts rang out, "Yes, Commander!"

"Haha, I knew the Commander was just temporarily compromising."

"Brothers, the fight is about to begin."

"..."

With Fan Ke's command, hundreds of mercenaries suddenly clamped their horses' bellies and charged towards the wall amidst the sound of neighing.

On the dark wasteland, only Boer remained, mounted on his horse.

Perhaps the cold night wind blew against the horse's body, causing it to lightly step its hooves involuntarily.

But Boer, riding on horseback, was as steady as a mountain.

Looking at the wall ahead, bodies surged below the wall, attempting to climb the cloud ladder or to break open the heavy iron gate...

On the wall, rolling wood and stones fell and crashed down, crushing dozens of bandits beneath them, their survival unknown...

Arrows shot out with piercing speed from both sides of the wall, pinning the bodies of the bandits...

Dropped torches ignited the fallen bandits' corpses, setting their thin clothes aflame, smoke rising as the fire suddenly grew immense...

Agonized screams rose and fell and echoed continuously below the wall...

But neither the attacking bandits below the wall nor the defending soldiers atop the wall showed any sign of giving up.

The bandits wanted to seize the farmland and houses behind the wall.

The soldiers wanted to defend their homes, safeguarding their families.

Despite the numbers of the Iron Blood Brotherhood and Storm Mercenary Corps being numerous.

Yet this ten-meter-high wall became an insurmountable gap for them!

Boer did not say a word, just watched silently from atop his horse.

On the wall.

Rose rushed to Lynn's side, disregarding manners.

He hurriedly spoke, "Master, another cavalry reinforcements are coming to the wall."

"The number is at least three hundred!"

Lynn's gaze was fixed on the darkness ahead of the wall.

Under the glow of flames from torches igniting piles of corpses, one could clearly see one squad of cavalry after another rapidly charging forward.

Lynn said nothing but looked towards the other side.

On that cloud ladder, a burly figure clad in full plate armor was climbing towards the top of the wall.

Several arrows struck his plate armor, only sparking a flash of fire before bouncing off.

Triangular Armor-Piercing Arrows could not penetrate his plate armor.

When rolling wood and stones fell, he deftly dodged them!

A text panel surfaced in Lynn's mind.

[Name]: Anthony Austin

[Age]: 35 years

[Ability]: Swordsmanship Level 3, Archery Level 2, Riding Skill Level 2

[Attributes]: Attack D, Defense E+, Speed E+, Constitution D+, Energy F

[Talent]: Anger - In Anger State, can boost all attributes by ten percent

[Skills]: War Trample - Enhances the impact power of the warhorse

Counterattack - Retreats after engaging the enemy, feigns defeat, waits for the enemy to chase, then suddenly turns and thrusts the long spear backwards

Wind-breaking Slash - Extremely fast sword stroke, powerful strength, can cleave through oncoming air

...

Looking at the burly knight clad in full plate armor, Lynn frowned slightly.

Two third-level skills, a talent to boost all attributes, plus the skills of Riding Skill, Swordsmanship, and Spear Technique!

Anthony Austin!

This name, he had heard many times from Boer's mouth.

He was the leader of the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps!

As a leader, Anthony was climbing the cloud ladder with one hand on the ladder and another wielding a sword.

Looking at Anthony's panel, Lynn's mind moved.

[Will you use a Skill Duplication Book to learn Anthony Austin's Wind-breaking Slash?]

Lynn silently intoned in his mind.

"Yes!"

[Learning Successful]

While Lynn watched Anthony on the cloud ladder, Rose followed his gaze confusedly.

Rose's brow instantly furrowed, "Is that... a knight?"

"Master, leave that knight to me!"

In a few seconds, Lynn had already integrated the memory and knowledge of the Wind-breaking Slash skill.

Retaining how to utilize Wind-breaking Slash, as well as combat experience and techniques, clearly in mind.

The feeling was as if he himself had trained hard for over ten years.

Crack!

Lynn moved his right hand, sliding the visor into position.

A deep voice sounded from beneath the visor, "You are no match for him, go command the soldiers to defend the wall!"

Listening to Lynn's decisive words, Rose's expression shifted.

His master was actually going to personally fend off that knight.

Rose dared not hesitate, hurriedly saying, "Yes, Master!"

Red, who had been by Lynn's side all along, was also called by Lynn.

"Red, you cover me from the side."

Red hesitated for a few seconds, but eventually responded, "Yes."

He drew out his one-handed sword.

Chapter 337: Slaughter Part 2

Lynn stepped forward, towards the cloud ladder that Anthony was climbing.

Clang~

Lynn's right hand moved, and the one-handed sword at his waist was slowly drawn.

With each step he took, the iron boots on his feet struck the granite ground with metallic clangs.

Upon reaching the cloud ladder, Lynn glanced below; Anthony had already reached two-thirds of the way up the wall.

It would only take a few minutes to climb to the top of the wall.

Lynn bent his legs and jumped straight up from the ground.

His leaping body landed steadily on the edge of the wall, with his gaze overlooking everything below.

The surrounding torchlight shone on Lynn's armor, the edges of which glowed with a star-like golden light.

The cold winds of the mountain forest blew, causing Lynn's black cloak to flutter. Along with his black armor and the black one-handed sword...

A sense of majesty and killing intent.

The soldiers defending the castle, who were a bit tired, saw that striking black figure and felt an inexplicable surge of excitement rise in their hearts.

As their Lord, Master Lynn could stand on the front lines of battle, clad in armor, weapon in hand, ready to face the enemy.

They were just moving rolling wood and stones, just pulling arrow after arrow, so what was there to complain about?

Lynn stood atop the wall and shouted, "Soldiers, let me hear your voices!"

Roar!

A wave of roars erupted from the soldiers below.

Roar!

At first, the responding voices were a bit uneven.

Roar! Roar!

Soon, the voices began to overlap.

Roar! Roar! Roar~

All the roars became synchronized, echoing incessantly across the entire wall.

The bandits below, continuously attacking, heard these uniform roars.

Their hearts began to fill with panic.

It felt as if a beast was lurking atop the wall, waiting for them to arrive.

Lynn's voice rang out once more.

"From this moment on! The one who kills the most enemies—will become squad leader! Become Instructor Rose's assistant!"

"Rewards of one hundred pounds of fine salt and one hundred pounds of wheat!"

"Who can claim it?"

Listening to Lynn's words, the soldiers' faces were instantly filled with excitement.

Defending the wall was originally the duty they had as soldiers.

Even if it meant dying here!

But if they were lucky enough to survive and receive Lord Lynn's reward,

why not?

Responses from the soldiers resonated along the wall.

"I can!"

"I can!"

"I can!"

"..."

Lynn replied, "Very good, remember the number of enemies you kill. After the victory, come find me to claim your credit!"

As Lynn's words fell, hysterical responses burst forth.

"Yes!"

[Hint: Commander's Roar skill activated successfully, boosting the morale of the entire army, increasing soldiers' attack power and defense by 10%, duration: 1 hour]

Seeing the prompt before him, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

A 10% increase in attack power and defense was already a significant boost for soldiers with fixed attributes!

Those morale-boosted roars naturally reached Anthony's ears on the cloud ladder.

He suddenly looked up, gazing through the visor of his plate armor, looking towards the top of the wall.

That black armored figure with the fluttering cloak immediately entered his sight.

Anthony naturally realized that such a distinctive figure in unique standard armor must be the Lord of this land!

Suddenly.

Anthony sped up his climb towards the top of the wall.

Closer.

Closer!

Anthony was about to reach the top of the wall.

Lynn furrowed his brow and, gripping the one-handed sword tightly in his right hand, thrust it fiercely down towards Anthony.

Anthony seemed to have anticipated this, swinging the knight's sword in his right hand.

The knight's sword clashed with Lynn's one-handed sword.

Clang!

The crisp sound reverberated across the wall.

The friction between the blades produced a piercing 'screech,' with sparks visible between them.

Feeling the immense power transmitted through the sword, Anthony's brow furrowed deeply under his visor.

As the swords separated, Anthony's left hand, which was gripping the cloud ladder, and his legs suddenly exerted force.

He leaped up from the ladder, jumping onto the edge of the wall, and quickly jumping down the wall's edge to the pathway above the wall.

To Anthony, a height of nearly half a meter was nothing.

The surrounding soldiers saw Anthony, along with the bandits following behind.

They were immediately filled with tension.

The bandits had climbed onto the wall, and now they faced close-quarters combat!

Seeing several bandits trying to follow the knight and surround Lynn,

Red led some soldiers to block them, preventing these bandits from disrupting the soldiers throwing rolling wood and stones.

Lynn, without any hesitation, lunged at Anthony with his one-handed sword.

He leaped down, moving with such speed, like a phantom.

Seeing the point of cold light before him growing larger in his eyes, Anthony was startled and hurriedly raised the knight's sword in his hand to block.

The clear sound rang out once more on the wall.

Lynn, without any hesitation, relied on the memory fused in his mind and his muscle memory to wield the one-handed sword.

Thrusting or slashing horizontally or chopping diagonally...

His steps were light, but every step was steady and forceful, with the flexibility and angles of his body always within his control.

Chapter 338: Slaughter Part 3

During this period.

His [Power][Constitution] had been enhanced multiple times.

He learned [One-Handed Weapon Mastery][Horse Riding Mastery][Bow Mastery].

He replicated Snape's Bloodthirsty skill, and replicated Anthony's Wind-breaking Slash skill in front of him.

Yet, from beginning to end, he had never fought a battle!

Lynn wanted to use this battle with Anthony to feel the real difference between his strength and that of a knight.

Clang!

Lynn's body leaped up, fiercely slashing down at Anthony with his one-handed sword.

The crisp sound of metal clashing resounded on the city wall.

Under this force, the tall and burly Anthony was pushed back half a step.

Lynn gave Anthony no chance to catch his breath, pursuing with the one-handed sword in hand.

After expending the Energy Stone and applying points earlier,

both Lynn's [Power] and [Constitution] far surpassed Anthony's.

Plus, with the [Bloodthirsty] skill increasing all attributes by thirty percent, and [Commander's Roar] increasing attack power and defense by ten percent...

After continuously battling for over ten minutes, Anthony's stamina clearly began to wane.

Each step he took, each sword he swung, all became sluggish.

Lynn was the same!

Wearing armor and engaging in intense combat, his breathing had already begun to pant.

But compared to Anthony, he was in much better shape.

Seeing Anthony's sluggish steps, Lynn's eyes suddenly focused, taking two steps forward to quickly close in on Anthony.

At the same time, his right-hand wielding the one-handed sword slashed across Anthony's left elbow.

In that instant.

The leather lining of the plate armor was cut open by Lynn's sharp blade.

Rip~

Under the lining, the connecting ligaments of the arm snapped, and a stream of blood gushed out...

Ah~

A beast-like roar erupted from Anthony's mouth.

Pain, anger, and wailing...

Anthony's left arm hung by his side, the blood staining it red, continuously flowing from his metal glove onto the ground.

"I will...kill you!"

In an instant.

Despite the severe injury to his left hand, Anthony's momentum did not diminish but instead increased.

Lynn instantly thought of Anthony's Talent [Anger].

Under Lynn's gaze, Anthony charged towards him, wielding a knight's sword in his right hand.

Perhaps due to the intense battle between the two, there were no other soldiers within ten meters around.

Clang!

Clang!

Clang~

Anthony swung the longsword in his hand, while Lynn held the sword sheath with one hand and the one-handed sword with the other, constantly parrying.

"Die for me!"

Anthony shouted, and a faint white glow flashed across the knight's sword in his right hand, slashing fiercely at Lynn.

The blade's path emitted a sharp whistling sound, as if slicing through the air.

Lynn frowned, put force into his right foot, and rolled to the left, quickly standing up again.

Clang!

Anthony's knight's longsword struck the ground, making a clear sound.

The force was immense.

A meter-long sword mark was left on the granite ground!

Dodging, Lynn gave Anthony no chance to catch his breath.

He started a stride, charging towards Anthony.

His one-handed longsword held horizontally, and a silver-white gleam flashed across the blade.

In just a second, Lynn reached Anthony's front.

The sword tip, glowing with a faint silver-white hue, stabbed directly towards Anthony's neck.

The speed was so fast that Anthony was shocked pale beneath his visor.

He wanted to lift the knight's sword in his right hand to block, but found it was already too late.

Next second.

Crunch~ Crunch~

The sounds of metal and bone shattering almost rang out simultaneously.

The neck guard beneath the helmet was pierced, the neck bone beneath it broken.

In a moment, Anthony froze, his eyes full of disbelief as he looked at the one-handed sword in front of him, emanating a faint silver-white glow.

Lynn gripped the one-handed sword in Anthony's neck with his right hand, his left hand holding the sword sheath, arm suspended in mid-air for balance.

The mountain wind blew gently at the black cloak behind Lynn.

Some soldiers who had been watching Lynn and Anthony's battle paused their actions at this moment.

They stared with wide eyes, involuntarily shouting loudly from their mouths.

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

"..."

From the initial few cheers of applause to a few seconds later, cheers resonated continuously.

The continuous cheering rose like a thunder on the city wall, spreading fear on the faces of the bandits climbing up.

Lynn suddenly retracted his right hand, the longsword held by Anthony was instantly pulled out.

Accompanied by it, scarlet blood sprayed out from beneath the neck guard.

Without the support of Lynn's one-handed sword power, Anthony's right hand released the knight's sword, his body uncontrollably staggered towards the edge of the city wall behind him.

But as Anthony's body tilted backward, his whole body rolled over the city wall, tumbling down below.

Bang!

After only a few seconds.

The dull sound of a metal body crashing to the ground echoed from beneath the city wall.

Accompanied by it were shouts of panic from the bandits.

"Chief Anthony... Chief Anthony is dead!"

"Chief Anthony fell from the city wall and died!"

"What do we do? What should we do?"

"..."

Lynn, with somewhat trembling hands, tightly gripped the one-handed sword, turning his gaze towards Rose, who was organizing the city's defenses not far away.

Chapter 339: Slaughter Part 4

Rose immediately understood, trotting up to Lynn, "Master!"

The words were full of respect and admiration.

Previously, if Rose's respect and allegiance to Lynn were because Lynn gave him and Charles a chance to survive,

then now, Rose's respect and admiration came entirely from a reverence for strength.

In this world, the strong are revered!

Rose never imagined that seemingly young Lynn would possess such formidable combat power.

Single-handedly facing a knight with excellent training and a powerful physique!

Not just Rose.

Red, Wesley, and a crowd of soldiers also looked at Lynn with changed eyes.

Lynn responded with agreement, asking, "Are the cavalry ready?"

Rose, without hesitation, replied, "Master, two hundred heavy cavalry are waiting for orders below the city."

"Ready to charge at any time!"

Walking to the edge of the city wall, Lynn glanced at the chaos below and somberly said, "Convey my orders."

"No mercy for resisters."

"Those who disarm and surrender can become prisoners!"

Rose bowed slightly, "Yes, Master."

The next moment.

Lynn took a deep breath of cold air, shouting, "Open the city gate, counterattack!"

Lynn's voice was so loud that it resonated through the forest, echoing over the entire city wall.

Rose trembled suddenly and responded loudly as well, "Yes, Master!"

As the words fell.

Rose swiftly ran away.

The fifty-pound standard plate armor did not affect him in the slightest.

Clank clank~

The sound of the several-decimeter-thick iron city gate opening echoed under the city wall.

Some bandits, holding their weapons, wanted to rush into the city wall.

However.

When the city gate was fully opened, what greeted the bandits' eyes were heavy cavalry clad in full standard plate armor, mounted on warhorses!

They held five-meter-long winged spears in their hands, with spearheads that gleamed in the torchlight with a metallic silver shine.

Instantly.

The bandits' expressions changed dramatically, and words of fear kept spilling from their mouths.

"Cavalry, it's heavy cavalry!"

"Finished! It's all over!"

"..."

At the forefront of the two hundred cavalry, Rose suddenly waved his winged spear, shouting, "Charge!"

Uniform shouts erupted from the mouths of soldiers beneath their masks.

"Yes!"

Rose fiercely squeezed the horse's belly, holding up his winged spear, and charged towards the bandits outside the city wall.

The two hundred heavy cavalry followed.

Clatter clatter!

The continuous sound of hooves kept resonating, merging with the cries of bandits into a symphony of iron and blood.

Under Rose's leadership, the two hundred heavy cavalry broke through the remaining bandits' living forces.

They weaved continuously among the groups of bandits, the five-meter-long winged spears ceaselessly reaping bandit lives.

In just a few minutes.

The battlefield was beginning to move into the wrapping-up phase.

One by one, bandits disarmed and surrendered, daring not to resist any longer.

There were no drums, no trumpets; the battle wasn't grand.

But for everyone who experienced this war, it would be a lifelong memory.

A distinct sound of dozens of hooves, not belonging to the heavy cavalry, reached Lynn's ears.

Lynn turned his head to see dozens of riders trying to escape under the cover of night.

Without Lynn needing to speak, Rose led a hundred riders, driving the warhorses they were mounted on in pursuit!

Lynn did not stop them.

The leader of the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps, Anthony, was already dead.

Yet the leader of the Storm Mercenary Corps was still not seen...

Lynn reasoned slightly and could deduce that the fleeing battlefield leader was the head of the Storm Mercenary Corps!

In the darkness of the night.

Fan Ke grabbed the reins with both hands, furiously driving the horse beneath him.

His face was full of gloom, and cursing words constantly poured from his mouth.

"Damn guy, having heavy cavalry?"

"This kind of attack is equivalent to suicide!"

"Luckily, I was cautious, otherwise... otherwise I'd end up like that fool Anthony!"

"That lord... no, that bitch! How dare she toy with us."

"Just wait, one day I'll find you, and let you understand the cost of playing tricks!"

"..."

While Fan Ke kept cursing,

A loud rumble of hooves rose from behind.

Fan Ke was startled, just about to look back when Tyrone's nervous alert came.

"Captain, cavalry...the heavy cavalry are chasing us!"

"What should we do now?"

Fan Ke's face was full of distress, shouting in frustration, "You're asking me what to do?"

"What can I do, huh?"

Tyrone immediately lowered his head.

Fan Ke glanced back, seeing at least one or two hundred heavy cavalry accelerating towards them.

He quickly called out to the remaining Storm Mercenary Corps members, "If you don't want to die, hurry and escape!"

As the words exited, Fan Ke pressed the horse's belly again, increasing the speed of his horse by a few degrees.

...

On top of the city wall.

Lynn watched as Rose led two hundred cavalry in pursuit, eventually disappearing into the night.

Though they say not to chase desperate foes, Lynn preferred to root out threats completely!

Eliminating potential future hidden dangers in the cradle.

Below the city wall, soldiers were already cleaning up the battlefield.

Taking in surrendered bandits, clearing the bodies of dead bandits, collecting various iron weapons and armor, and tallying the soldiers who died in this defense of the city...

Lynn thought for a moment and opened the [Resource Management]panel.

Chapter 340: Slaughter Part 5

The total population of the territory has decreased from six thousand six hundred people to six thousand five hundred and eighty!

So, in this siege battle, Lynn still lost twenty soldiers!

Although the loss of personnel is somewhat difficult for Lynn to accept.

Yet he understands that war means sacrifice, it means death!

Time is quickly passing by.

Standing on the city wall, waiting, Lynn gazes toward the distant east.

The originally dark eastern horizon now reveals a faint hint of dawn!

The day is about to break!

This city wall defense battle has lasted an entire night!

Lynn can finally see the scene below the city wall clearly.

Bodies deformed by the impact of Rolling Wood and Stones are soaking in pooling blood.

One after another, bodies pierced by Arrows kneel powerlessly on the ground.

Even some horses, pierced and impaled by Arrows or Combat Long Spears, lie on the ground, moaning in pain...

Given the current conditions of the territory, it is not easy to treat the horses.

The most likely outcome is that these warhorses will turn into townsmen's meat, skinned and their sinews stripped, used where needed.

Lynn's gaze shifts to the edge of the wasteland.

He can clearly see a cavalry team galloping towards the direction of the city wall.

The cavalrymen are dressed in Standard Plate Armor, holding Standard Winged Spears, neat and orderly, giving a sense of solemnity.

It wasn't until ten or so minutes later.

The cavalry team arrived in front of the city wall; it was the returning Rose and his men.

However.

Behind these cavalrymen are rows of battered figures, bound and dragged.

Lynn stepped down the city wall.

Red closely followed.

Walking down the stone steps of the tower, amid the admiring gazes of soldiers, they reached the open space below the city wall.

At this moment.

Rose, who returned with two hundred cavalymen, just walked inside the city wall and leapt down from the warhorse.

Handing the warhorse to a soldier, Rose hurriedly strode toward Lynn.

Coming before Lynn, Rose bowed and said, "Master, the fleeing cavalry offered no resistance after being surrounded by our cavalry, and surrendered weapons, all captured without any damage to our side."

"I have preliminarily interrogated them; they are from the Storm Mercenary Corps."

Lynn nodded, "Well done, bring their leader over."

Rose responded, "Yes, master."

Upon receiving Lynn's command, Rose turned and headed to the rear.

Not long after.

A young man with his wrists bound was brought before Lynn.

Looking at the man before him who seemed younger than himself, Fan Ke's face showed a trace of obvious surprise.

But the surprise on his face quickly turned into a flattering smile, "Fan Ke Gibson, leader of the Storm Mercenary Corps, greets Lord."

"Lord, you are truly extraordinary, a hero..."

Before Fan Ke could finish, Lynn interrupted him directly.

"Tell me why you attacked my territory."

The words were simple and direct, straightforward.

Fan Ke's eyes shifted slightly, he explained, "Lord, you should know, we are a Mercenary Corps; as long as the employer is willing to spend enough Gold Pounds, we will act according to the employer's orders."

"Just like the current Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps..."

Lynn nodded, looked at Rose, "No value, take him out and behead him."

Rose also did not hesitate, replied, "Yes, master."

As the words fell.

Rose opened his right hand and gripped Fan Ke's shoulder, dragging him toward the gate.

Fan Ke was shocked; he naturally knew that the young Lord was intimidating him.

But Fan Ke also understood that if he didn't reveal some valuable information to the young Lord.

The intimidation could turn into reality.

Fan Ke hurriedly spoke, "Lord, I'll talk, I'll talk!"

Lynn glanced at Rose, who released Fan Ke.

Fan Ke took a deep breath and said, "Lord, if I tell you, will you be magnanimous enough to spare our lives?"

"We are just mercenaries, and also under the protection of the Mercenary Corps."

Lynn stared at Fan Ke, "You think... you have the qualifications to haggle with me?"

Feeling the aura emitted from the young Lord, Fan Ke immediately fell silent.

The smile on Fan Ke's face vanished, "Lord, I received orders from a mysterious woman to temporarily join the Iron Blood Brotherhood Bandit Corps."

"Assist them in expanding the Iron Blood Brotherhood, plundering nearby villages, expanding the Brotherhood's scale."

"Then cooperate to launch an attack on your city wall, occupy your territory, seize your... three mines!"

Lynn frowned, "Continue."

Fan Ke continued, "She promised me that as long as the city wall is captured and your territory is occupied, these three mines will belong to me, and I will also legally become the new Lord of this land."

Lynn did not speak, continued waiting for Fan Ke's words.

"However, it is obvious that neither myself nor Anthony, nor that mysterious woman gauged correctly the armed forces in your territory."

"So, we were defeated!"

Lynn responded a bit, asked, "Who is the mysterious woman you speak of?"

Fan Ke shook his head, "Sorry, Lord, I don't know who the mysterious woman is, perhaps the deceased Anthony didn't know either."

"But she possesses strange abilities!"

"She can condense a black figure from darkness, and further use the black figure to invade a living person's body, and temporarily occupy and control!"