

System 751

Chapter 751: Then Let's Fight!

Looking at this scene, Lynn felt a wave of satisfaction in his heart.

During the last military aid, he had Rose lead a group of soldiers to guard the city walls.

Until now.

Lynn finally truly witnessed Rose's strength!

No wonder he was the former deputy captain of the 6th Cavalry Brigade of the Kruma Tribe of the Shar Khanate.

Even though he is not an extraordinary person.

The strength he possesses is already incomparable to ordinary people!

Following the two of them, dozens of heavy cavalry also rode their top-tier Badan warhorse and leaped into the barricades.

They joined Rose and Earl, wielding their winged spears, slashing at the approaching Blade Wind Corps mercenaries.

After them, the advancing light infantry lifted each barricade and pushed them to the sides.

The entrance to Morgan Town, deprived of barricades for defense, was like a fallen harlot.

All the cavalry and infantry surged in.

Mercilessly striking the newly arrived mercenaries.

However.

These mercenaries, wearing cloth armor or even unarmored.

How could they possibly be a match for the fully armed soldiers led by Rose?

In just five minutes.

The two to three hundred mercenaries gathered in Morgan Town fell into pools of blood.

Rose once again lifted his winged spear high.

Gathering the heavy cavalry to charge deeper into Morgan Town.

The cavalry drove their warhorses beneath them, gripping their winged spears under their arms, forming a horizontal line with the charging horses.

The three hundred heavy cavalry formed like a sharp blade, where they passed, mercenaries were instantly pierced and scattered.

The heavy infantry following behind the cavalry were responsible for cleaning up the mercenary formations torn apart.

Despite the mercenaries executing a "hold the line" strategy, continuously swinging their long swords and scimitars.

They couldn't hurt the well-armored heavy infantry at all!

Wave after wave of mercenaries fell, their mouths continuously issuing cries of anguish.

But soon.

The mercenaries, ended by the infantry's final strikes, lost all sound and breath.

As time swiftly passed.

With the incessant advance of the heavy and light infantry.

The number of mercenaries in the town gradually dwindled.

Lynn glanced at the [Battlefield Sand Table], where the defenders' soldiers numbered less than a hundred!

Two minutes later.

The entire [Morgan Town] was plunged into stillness.

Simultaneously, a panel appeared on the [Battlefield Sand Table].

[Attackers' Victory]

Seeing the panel prompt before him, Lynn felt no relief.

With the heavy cavalry and heavy infantry he currently possessed.

If he failed to conduct a night raid on a mercenary-occupied town, then that would truly be absurd.

Cavalry, armor, decide everything!

With a thought, Lynn opened the [Battle Simulation Results], confidently reviewing them.

In this simulation battle.

A total of one thousand Blade Wind Corps mercenaries were killed!

Including the leader of the Blade Wind Corps, Keith Alva, and his younger brother Wyatt Alva.

But soon.

Lynn furrowed his brow.

In this night raid Battle of Morgan Town, forty soldiers lost their lives!

And fifteen warhorses perished!

Such a rate of casualties was naturally unacceptable to him.

Even the allied soldiers in the previous attack on the Three Great Estates did not suffer such heavy losses!

Lynn looked at the five large characters [Attackers' Victory] before him, quickly recalling in his mind.

He meticulously analyzed the settlement panel of the battle.

Conducting a [Blitzkrieg] night raid on [Morgan Town].

Was naturally the best strategy.

This is beyond doubt.

Moreover, both Rose and Earl had excellent battlefield performances in this battle.

They led from the front, charging into battle.

The only drawback was that the Battle of Morgan Town became urban warfare.

The five hundred archers led by Wesley couldn't exploit their advantage.

They could only use longswords for close combat melee.

Not only the archers.

The urban warfare also prevented the cavalry from fully utilizing their advantage.

They could only make charges on the bluestone main roads of Morgan Town.

Moreover.

Since it was merely a simulation, he couldn't, like in reality, have Gasper set fires in Morgan Town.

Without the fire.

It couldn't draw the mercenaries' attention in [Morgan Town].

Nor could it gather them from each house in the alleys, thereby reducing the soldiers' urban battles!

Another major reason was the Blade Wind Corps mercenaries' [Hold the Line] strategy!

The mercenaries, fearless in battle, attempted one-on-one attacks on his soldiers.

They died fighting to the last man, with none fleeing.

Such circumstance would be impossible even for a systematically trained regular army.

It must be noted.

Even if regular army casualty rates reach twenty percent.

If commanders cannot effectively stabilize morale, or if the enemy attack intensifies.

Signs of collapse, panic, desertion, and more can occur.

After reviewing.

Lynn was already aware of the reasons for the high casualties.

He glanced at the sky, noting it was only afternoon.

Lynn's thoughts emerged once more.

[Would you like to spend 100 Energy Stones to start the simulation battle for Morgan Town?]

Lynn didn't hesitate, mentally affirming.

"Yes!"

He continued simulating the Battle of Morgan Town.

With a thought, he changed the strategic tactics of the Blade Wind Corps to [Deep Defense].

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As Lynn clicked [Start] again, a new round of the [Morgan Town] simulated campaign began again.

Sitting on the wooden chair, Lynn's eyes were glued to the screen of the simulated campaign.

From when Rose led the soldiers to sneak in, to being discovered by the mercenaries of Blade Wind Corps.

Then, to when Rose led the cavalry to launch the attack...

Lynn tried to capture each moment into his eyes.

And he observed the defense and counterattack of the Blade Wind Corps soldiers...

As time continued to pass.

This time, the [Battle of Morgan Town] gradually reached its end.

Only lasted fifteen minutes.

The familiar [Victory for the Attacker] prompt screen appeared in Lynn's eyes once more.

Lynn opened the campaign settlement screen again and examined it carefully.

This time, Rose surprisingly killed fifteen mercenaries!

Earl also killed eleven mercenaries!

Although the defensive ability of those mercenaries was limited, killing double figures in a campaign.

Clearly shows the strength of Rose and Earl.

Lynn's gaze moved, finally resting on the casualty rate.

Eight soldiers died, twenty-six were injured.

Looking at this casualty rate, Lynn nodded in satisfaction.

This is what the battle damage should be between fully armed soldiers and cloth and unarmored mercenaries.

Moreover.

This time there was no spy causing fires in Morgan Town!

If Gasper had caused a fire.

The casualty rate could be reduced even further.

Quickly.

Lynn thought of another issue.

Perhaps due to the [Blitzkrieg] strategy tactics.

The entire [Battle of Morgan Town] attack time was too short.

Only lasted about twenty minutes, far from triggering [Unexpected Situations].

However, Lynn reconsidered.

The attack on [Morgan Town] ended in just twenty minutes.

He had more than enough time to have Rose reorganize the troop.

To respond to the potential reinforcement from Frank Manor soldiers!

Then.

Lynn initiated [Morgan Town] simulated warfare once again.

The final campaign settlement screen showed that only nine soldiers died.

As for the injured soldiers, there were only eighteen.

Lynn nodded in satisfaction, and closed the screen in front of him.

During the [Battlefield Sand Table] function, he couldn't adjust at any time according to the situation.

Indeed a bit lacking humanity.

But he could completely predict some major crises in wars through multiple simulated wars in advance!

When he leads the soldiers into battle, he can avoid as much as possible.

To increase the victory rate of the war and reduce the soldiers' casualties!

This is the advantage of the [War Sand Table].

As for the consumption of Energy Stones in multiple simulations...

Lynn could almost overlook it.

Only consumed a hundred Energy Stones at a time.

He could fully earn them back by [Fishing]!

Pushing down the thoughts in his mind, Lynn got up from the wooden chair, stepped out of the tent.

Under the gaze of soldiers resting sitting on the ground, stones, or fallen tree trunks.

Lynn arrived at the edge of the forest.

He looked into the distance, in the center of a lush farmland.

That's where Morgan Town is located!

As time passed by, now, it had reached dusk.

Lynn could see from afar.

Wisps of smoke floated out from houses and buildings, merging into the sky.

The sky was gradually dimming.

The time to launch an attack on Morgan Town was drawing near.

...

In Morgan Town.

Within the three-story house building.

Sounds of impacts continuously echoed from behind a tightly closed door.

After a deep murmur, the room fell into silence.

Keith leaned against the wooden headboard.

On both sides of him lay two women.

Although they had a thin linen blanket covering them.

It still couldn't hide their curvaceous outlines.

After slightly calming his breath.

Keith, regained his senses, his gaze swept past the bodies of the two women.

Seeing the blush on the plump woman's cheeks.

Keith grinned.

Turning his gaze, he looked to his right, the young girl with tear marks at the corner of her eyes, resting with eyes closed.

Keith's eyes were full of pity.

He raised his arm and tightly embraced the girl.

His left hand began to move, causing the young girl to frown as it wandered.

The sound of footsteps approached the room.

Knock knock~

The sound of knocking on the wooden door echoed in the room.

The young girl embraced by Keith instantly awakened from her exhausted light sleep.

She opened her eyes wide, staring at Keith in front of her, her pupils contracted.

"Ah~"

A shriek of terror came from the girl's mouth.

Following was the girl's frantic struggle.

Using all limbs, punching and kicking.

Keith was taken aback, he hurriedly held the girl tightly with his right hand.

And withdrew his left hand from the girl to cover her mouth.

Looking at the girl's terrified eyes closely, Keith spoke soothingly.

"Don't scream, don't scream."

"As long as you serve me well, I can ensure you won't be hurt!"

"Very soon, trust me, it'll be over very soon..."

But the young girl was different from the young woman on Keith's left.

Despite Keith's attempts to soothe.

Her body's struggles showed no sign of stopping.

Even.

At the instant she broke free from Keith's grip on her mouth.

She opened her mouth and fiercely bit down on Keith's left hand.

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The intense pain shot from Keith's palm straight to his forehead in an instant.

Keith instinctively released the girl's right hand, clenched his fist, and landed a fierce punch on the girl's temple.

Dizziness filled the girl's mind, her eyes went blank, and she released her teeth from Keith's palm.

Keith pulled out his left hand and quickly sat up.

Staring at the bloody bite marks on his palm, Keith's chest heaved rapidly.

He stood up and mercilessly kicked the girl's body with his right foot.

Under this power, the girl rolled off the bed directly.

She tumbled several times on the stone-paved floor before crashing into the wall and finally coming to a stop.

The young girl didn't cry out; instead, she struggled to stand up from the ground.

Without bothering to put on clothes.

Despite the violent pains twisting in her abdomen, despite the blood trickling from the corner of her mouth.

The young girl didn't care in the slightest.

Her wide, bloodshot eyes stared straight at Keith.

Feeling a slight relief in the pain on his palm, Keith looked at the standing young girl.

That youthful and delicate face, a waist that could be encircled, the curvaceous contours of her body.

The anger in Keith's heart slightly subsided, and he said persuasively, "Why do you bother?"

"I'm the leader of the Blade Wind Corps, with nearly a thousand subordinates under me."

"Do you think you alone can resist me?"

"Besides, I liked you, that's why I had you brought here."

"Perhaps you don't know."

"If it weren't for me, you would be lying beside five or six men now, serving them one by one..."

The young girl's eyes remained wide open, staring straight at Keith.

That gaze wished to grind him into dust, to devour him alive!

Keith naturally felt the murderous intent in the young girl's eyes.

He continued to persuade, "I know, you think I have tainted your body and you want to die with me."

"But do you really think your strength can kill me?"

"Moreover, I know where your family lives..."

"You might not want to live... but I wonder if your parents, your brother, and sister want to continue living..."

Hearing Keith's words, a flash of tears appeared in the young girl's wide eyes.

Even though the tears kept rolling in her eyes, they stubbornly refused to fall.

Seeing the young girl's change, Keith smiled faintly and continued.

"Don't worry, as long as you serve me well, I can ensure not only that you live, but your parents, brother, and sister also live."

"I might even give you a substantial amount of money..."

Keith took a step and slowly walked towards the girl.

As he reached the girl, she showed no sign or movement to resist.

Keith relaxed in his mind, and his smile became more apparent.

His arm moved, encircling the girl's warm waist, gently pushing her towards the big bed ahead.

As they walked, Keith's right hand, previously placed on her waist, slowly moved down.

Finally landing on the roundness of her body, which had grown cold from being exposed to the air for too long.

Keith grinned, "That's more like it!"

"All I want is your body, not your life..."

At this moment.

The girl's expression changed, her gaze turned icy as she looked at Keith.

Her fair right hand swiftly sliced towards Keith's neck.

Keith frowned and quickly fell backward.

In doing so.

He avoided the sharp piece of stone tightly held in the girl's hand.

At the same time.

Keith's body turned, and his right hand grasped the hilt of the One-Handed Sword on the bedside table.

Sssh~

The blade scraped against the metal sheath, producing a piercing sound.

At the same time.

Keith's right arm twisted.

The blade, glinting under the candlelight.

Pierced through the space, directly stabbing into the girl's chest as she charged forward.

Within moments, it protruded from her back.

Feeling the abnormal sensation in her chest, the girl looked down, her eyes filled with confusion.

Before she could look up, Keith pulled back his right arm, extracting the blood-stained blade from her body.

As Keith withdrew the blade, it was as if he had drawn out all the girl's strength.

Her entire body fell to the ground, with blood streaming continuously from her wound.

Keith lowered his head, gazing into the girl's wide eyes without a trace of fear.

He approached her, crouching down.

Looking at the girl's young and delicate face, Keith's tone was filled with regret and a sigh.

"Wouldn't it be better to live well?"

"Why sacrifice your life for so-called purity and chastity?"

"What a beautiful body, to die like this, it's too much of a shame..."

Keith couldn't help but shake his head in sighs.

Thud thud~

Someone outside, seemingly hearing strange noises from the room.

The knocking became urgent.

Accompanied by a man's concerned inquiry.

"Brother? Brother?"

"What happened in the room?"

"Brother, are you okay?"

Hearing the shouting from outside, Keith stood up and walked towards the door.

As he passed by the bed, Keith glanced at the woman on the bed.

At this moment, the woman was still lying on the bed covered with a thin blanket, her eyes closed, resting lightly.

But Keith clearly saw the whole body of the woman trembling with fear.

Keith felt a pang of emotion.

Indeed.

Indeed, a woman with experience understands the value of life better.

As long as one can live, nothing else matters.

Retracting his gaze, Keith arrived at the door, moved his hand to pull open the latch, and then opened the door inward.

At the door.

Wyatt's face, full of anxiety and urgency, came into Keith's view.

Seeing Keith, Wyatt's face relaxed.

His gaze swept past Keith, looking into the room, and after scanning several times.

Only then did Wyatt ask Keith with concern, "Brother, are you alright?"

"I just heard sounds of fighting from your room!"

With casual words, Keith replied, "The young girl wanted to resist, but it's okay now, I've dealt with it."

Wyatt nodded somewhat confusedly.

Keith asked, "You came to find me, is there something you need?"

Upon hearing Keith's question, Wyatt remembered the main reason.

He grinned excitedly, "Brother, all the money in the town has been looted."

"Brother, we're going to make a fortune!"

Chapter 754: Last Chance

Seeing Wyatt's excited expression, Keith became interested.

He curiously asked, "How many Gold Pounds are there in total?"

Wyatt responded immediately without hesitation, "Brother, there is a Merchant Guild in the small town."

"Although the Chamber of Commerce President is not here, they still found a large amount of Gold Pounds from the Guild."

"Plus other merchants and some Free People..."

"In total, there are three thousand eight hundred Gold Pounds!"

Hearing the figure reported by Wyatt, Keith couldn't help but raise his eyebrows.

"So much?"

He was indeed a bit surprised.

Morgan Town, so remote.

After turning it upside down and ransacking it, there would be so many Gold Pounds?

The next moment.

Keith thought of something.

The bulk of the three thousand eight hundred Gold Pounds couldn't possibly come from the Free People at the bottom of Morgan Town.

The only possibility is the Merchant Guild Wyatt mentioned.

Keith asked Wyatt, "What kind of goods does the Merchant Guild you mentioned trade in?"

Wyatt's eyes shifted, and after thinking for a few seconds, he replied, "Brother, it seems to be crops, barley, wheat, and the like."

Keith frowned.

Barley and wheat?

Even though the prices of barley and wheat have been skyrocketing recently,

but dealing with the most basic crops, coupled with transport limitations,

even a long-standing crop business couldn't accumulate so many Gold Pounds.

Thoughts raced through Keith's mind.

He suddenly felt like he caught onto some clue.

But he couldn't quite put it into words.

Looking at the grinning Wyatt in front of him, Keith said, "Keep these Gold Pounds safe!"

"With these Gold Pounds, we can gather more members, buy a large batch of armor and weapons, and arm the brothers."

"Only then will our Blade Wind Corps have a bigger stage!"

Currently, the Blade Wind Corps has a thousand members.

However, due to the lack of armor and standard weapons, their overall strength is extremely limited.

This also makes many Great Lords look down on their Blade Wind Corps.

Not to mention hiring them to go to the battlefield.

They are not even willing to hire them for simple guard escort tasks.

But with these Gold Pounds, everything can improve.

Wyatt did not hesitate and responded, "Got it, brother, I'll go right away."

Keith nodded, letting Wyatt step back.

After watching him walk away, Keith waved to summon two subordinates.

He had the two enter the room to carry out the body of the dead girl on the ground.

And after the two cleaned the blood on the ground and left.

Only then did Keith close the door and walk toward the big bed.

Looking at the woman lying on the bed.

The rounded whiteness beneath the thin blanket was faintly visible.

The interest Keith had lost gradually resurfaced.

He moved his body, climbed onto the bed, and lay beside the woman.

His hands moved, embracing the woman lying on her side with her back to him tightly.

The round softness at the back of the woman pressed closely against his front.

Meanwhile.

Keith's right hand also started to roam and explore.

In just a few minutes.

Keith sensed the woman's physical changes.

His eyebrows lifted, his breathing and heartbeat began to accelerate.

Just as Keith was about to flip over and pin the woman beneath him.

Outside the room, the sound of rapid footsteps suddenly rang out.

The next second.

Wyatt's shout came from outside the door.

"Brother, something's wrong!"

The initially enthusiastic Keith instantly frowned.

His face was full of anger as he shouted toward the door, "What's wrong?"

"Wyatt, you're always being so reckless, what exactly do you want?"

Outside the door, Wyatt hurriedly replied, "Brother, the Church... the Church caught fire."

"It's burning quickly and spreading to the houses on both sides!"

Keith frowned, releasing the white right hand he was holding against the woman's chest.

He got off the bed, picked up the clothes thrown beside the bed, and began to put them on.

After a few minutes.

Keith, wearing a linen robe and leather armor, walked toward the door again.

With a face full of anger, he opened the door.

Seeing the anxious Wyatt in front of him, Keith couldn't help but glare at him.

Without letting Wyatt speak.

Keith stepped out of the room, walked through the corridor, and came to an open window.

The moment he leaned out the window, the strong smell of burning smoke instantly filled his nostrils.

Keith's gaze shifted, looking into the distance.

Although the burning Church was obstructed by several houses,

he could still see the flames, coloring the sky red and orange.

There was also a column of thick smoke with sparks, rising straight into the night.

If such a massive fire isn't controlled,

not to mention the Church and nearby houses,

the entire town might not survive!

Retracting his body, Keith quickly walked down the stairs.

He glanced at the closely following Wyatt, and asked in a deep voice.

"Didn't I assign personnel to patrol in and out of the town?"

"Why is there such a big fire?"

Wyatt's face was full of tension, he hesitated, "Brother... I don't know either."

"I was about to hold a beauty and sleep."

"Someone suddenly came to report to me, so I came to notify you immediately..."

Keith did not speak, walking while deep in thought.

Chapter 755: The Last Chance (Part 2)

In a small town with many residents, fires and fire alarms are normal occurrences.

But.

On their first day in Morgan Town, such a billowing fire broke out.

That is not right!

The most critical thing is, it's early morning now!

At this time, everyone should have been asleep.

Soon.

Keith's eyes sparkled.

He finally figured out the key issue!

He was invited by Frank Manor to guard the entire Morgan Town.

They were even willing to entrust the entire small town of thousands to his Blade Wind Corps.

From the beginning to the end.

Joao Frank never explained to him the reasons behind this!

Until now.

Keith finally understood.

Frank Manor has external enemies in Morgan Town!

To avoid dispersing the soldiers' power in the manor, they let his Blade Wind Corps come to Morgan Town to guard it.

And this sudden fire must be related to enemies of Frank Manor!

Apart from this.

Keith couldn't think of any other reason.

Soon, doubts appeared in Keith's mind.

In the town, what is the purpose of causing such a fire?

To burn down the entire town?

To make his Blade Wind Corps and the thousands of townsmen perish together?

Or...

A bold idea emerged in Keith's mind.

Is this the signal for their invasion of Morgan Town?

Hiss~

Thinking of this.

A sharp pain appeared in Keith's temples.

He couldn't help but shake his throbbing head.

Perhaps it's due to excess with two women.

Or maybe it's because of the lack of intelligence information.

He couldn't predict or deduce further...

Keith looked at Wyatt beside him and said in a deep voice.

"Go wake up all the captains, I have orders to give."

Keeping Keith's words firmly in mind, Wyatt responded: "Okay, bro, I'm on it!"

As the words fell.

Wyatt quickened his pace, running past Keith, heading for the staircase ahead.

With Wyatt's incessant knocking and pounding on doors.

One by one, the captains of the Mercenary Corps released the women they were holding.

They hurriedly dressed, grabbed their weapons, and headed to the reception hall on the first floor.

A few minutes later.

Keith looked at the groggy-eyed captains of the Mercenary Corps, and Keith began issuing orders.

"Tolin, Stuart, and Suwa, you three lead a team to organize the townsmen to fight the fire."

Upon receiving Keith's instructions, the three whose names were called quickly responded.

Then, they swiftly left the reception hall.

Keith's gaze shifted to the other middle-aged men.

"Weilin, you lead a team to search for and capture the arsonists!"

"I want to see which faction's spies are lurking in Morgan Town!"

Since Joao Frank refuses to inform him, he'll find out himself.

As long as the spy is still in town, he'll find them!

The middle-aged man Weilin responded with acknowledgment and also left the three-story building.

Keith's gaze shifted again, looking at the remaining captains of the Mercenary Corps.

"Your task is to guard the entrances and exits of Morgan Town."

"Without my permission, no one is allowed to enter Morgan Town!"

As soon as his voice fell.

The captains of the Mercenary Corps responded in unison: "Yes, leader!"

When everyone left, only Keith and Wyatt remained in the reception hall.

Wyatt hesitated for a few seconds, then asked, "Bro, is there anything you need me to do?"

Keith turned and looked at him with some frustration and said.

"You think you can do anything other than chase women all day?"

Hearing Keith's rather questioning words.

Wyatt's face was full of grievance, muttering in a low voice: "I'm just learning from you..."

"Besides, I only have one woman in my bed, you have two..."

"And you picked the best-looking one..."

Keith's face darkened, his questioning voice becoming louder.

"What did you say?"

Wyatt dared not say another word.

Keith snorted coldly, "Just follow me honestly, and don't do anything else!"

With that said, Keith stepped out of the reception hall.

Wyatt followed closely behind.

However, just as Keith took Wyatt toward the fire scene in the town.

Urgent shouting rang out from afar.

"Enemy attack! Enemy attack! Enemy attack!"

Along with it was the urgent sound of gongs being struck.

Keith confirmed he hadn't misheard, his expression changed dramatically, and he quickly looked in the direction of the noise.

He saw a cavalryman, riding on a horse, constantly striking the Iron Gong in his hand.

Clang clang clang~

The sharp and piercing sound echoed throughout Morgan Town.

The cavalryman dismounted quickly before Keith, reporting.

"Leader Keith, it's bad, we're under attack."

"A large cavalry unit has sneaked in under the cover of darkness!"

Seeing the frightened expression on the face of the messenger mercenary before him.

Keith frowned tightly, then asked.

"Cavalry? How many?"

The messenger mercenary spoke nervously, "Leader, it's too dark to see clearly."

"But there must be many; one can see the hazy silhouettes everywhere!"

Keith said in a deep voice, "I understand."

"You, now ride to gather all the captains and members, meet at the town gate."

"I want to see what kind of force dares to raid my Blade Wind Corps' garrisoned town at night!"

The messenger mercenary quickly responded, "Yes, leader, right away."

With that, the messenger mercenary rushed back onto his horse, riding towards the direction of the fire.

Chapter 756: The Last Chance (Part 3)

In his hand, the iron gong rang 'ding ding'.

Watching the messenger mercenary leave, Keith withdrew his gaze.

He scanned the surroundings to confirm there were no outsiders, then looked Wyatt directly in the eye.

He spoke urgently, "Wyatt, are you holding onto the money stash?"

Wyatt nodded, somewhat confused, "Of course, I'm your brother, after all. Naturally, I should be the one helping you store valuables."

Keith relaxed his expression and continued, "That's good."

"Wyatt, I have something I need you to do now."

Wyatt raised an eyebrow, waiting for Keith to continue.

Keith said, "I want you to take all the Gold Pounds we've gathered, and leave Morgan Town quietly when no one is watching."

"Do you remember the cave we've been to before?"

Wyatt thought for two seconds and nodded, "I remember."

Keith said with satisfaction, "Good, I want you to wait for me in the cave."

Upon hearing this.

Confusion appeared on Wyatt's face.

He spoke, puzzled, "Brother, are you asking me to be a deserter?"

"No way! Even though I'm not the smartest, I will never leave you and run away alone!"

Seeing Wyatt's determined expression, Keith took a deep breath, suppressing his inner anger.

If it weren't for the fact that Wyatt was his brother, he would have killed him with a sword.

Interrupting his good deeds and mood, he let pass.

He was trying to ensure Wyatt's survival, and he couldn't understand this logic.

Keith spoke sternly, "I'll say it again, I want you to wait for me in the cave. I'll come and get you once I handle the invading enemy."

"Wyatt, this is not a discussion!"

Wyatt's mouth opened slightly, about to argue further.

But feeling Keith's cold, piercing gaze, Wyatt gave up.

He said reluctantly, "Alright, brother, I'll wait for you to pick me up in the cave."

Keith nodded, "Go quickly."

Wyatt responded, taking one last deep look at Keith.

Finally, he headed toward the three-story building behind him.

Watching Wyatt's figure disappear into the reception hall, Keith felt a slight sense of relief.

So far, regarding the number and strength of the night-raiding enemies,

he knew nothing.

All he could be sure of was this,

the enemy night attack was related to Frank Manor, to the Church fire.

As soon as he heard of the major fire at the Church, and arranged for people to go and extinguish it,

in just a few minutes,

a messenger mercenary came to report an enemy night attack.

Obviously,

the Church fire was just a distraction,

meant to divert the Blade Wind Corps stationed in Morgan Town!

Someone who could come up with such a plan and launch an attack without hesitation,

Keith didn't believe that the enemy attacking Morgan Town was just a ragtag bunch!

Therefore,

he had to be fully prepared!

He needed to quickly rally and organize the mercenaries for defense.

He also had to arrange an escape route!

If the Mercenary Corps showed weakness, he would not hesitate to flee with the remaining mercenaries.

Defend Morgan Town to the death?

What a joke.

They were just an invited Mercenary Corps here in Morgan Town.

Now the Gold Pounds in Morgan Town were already in hand.

They had their fun.

If faced with a life-or-death crisis, he could even abandon the entire Blade Wind Corps Mercenary Corps.

Survival was the utmost priority!

While Keith pondered, chaotic pounding footsteps sounded on his left.

Keith turned to look.

It was the few captains and a group of mercenaries he had sent to fight the fire.

At least six or seven hundred of them at a glance!

The mercenaries came before Keith, calling out with resounding voices, "Leader!"

Keith's expression was solemn as he said in a deep voice, "I suppose you know our current situation?"

The mercenaries nodded in response.

Keith continued, "Good!"

"I won't say more than necessary!"

"Life in Morgan Town is great, with food, drink, and plump women!"

"If you wish to continue enjoying such a life, then fight for me!"

"Slay those scoundrels who dare only strike at night in ambush!"

"Make them understand why we are called the Blade Wind Corps!"

The mercenaries showed fervor, voices rising in unison.

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

"Kill..."

Keith moved his hand, drawing the longsword still stained with blood from his waist, his right arm swinging fiercely.

"Charge!"

The mercenaries widened their eyes, bared their teeth, voicing strange cries from their throats.

They ran in the direction Keith swung his longsword.

Keith was also running.

But as he deliberately slowed his pace,

within a few seconds,

the mercenaries rushed past him to the front.

The group had only run for a few minutes.

A thundering, rolling sound of hooves came from the front, like a storm.

The cries of horses and painful screams reached the soldiers' ears.

They looked ahead.

Seeing soldiers clad in black standard plate armor, wielding exotic long spears, mounted on warhorses.

The heavy cavalry leapt effortlessly over the barricades ahead.

The over-a-meter-high barricades seemed inconsequential to those heavy cavalry!

Their elongated and strange-shaped long spears acted like deadly weapons.

Wherever they passed,

mercenaries' longsword and scimitar couldn't reach the heavy cavalry, and their bodies were instantly pierced, turning into sieves.

Chapter 757: The Last Chance (Part 4)

One heavy cavalryman after another continued to leap over the barricades, entering behind the fortifications, wantonly slaughtering the mercenaries one by one.

In front of these heavy cavalry, the mercenaries were like lambs waiting for slaughter.

They had no ability whatsoever to fight back!

And in the rear of the heavy cavalry, there was a group of light cavalry.

As the messenger mercenary had said, the rear was densely packed with infantry.

They were either wearing forged plate armor, with iron helmets on their heads, holding exotic long spears.

Or wearing armor plates, holding round shields in their left hands and iron spears in their right hands.

Or holding longswords, with longbows and quivers on their shoulders.

Even though the weapons in their hands were different.

They had one thing in common - fully armed!

The enemy troops attacking at night turned out to be a fully-armored soldier unit!

Looking at such a massacre, Keith's eyes were filled with horror.

Is this the enemy of Frank Manor?

Such enemies, merely a mercenary corps made up of ordinary vagrant peasants, how can they be confronted?

A thought instantly popped into Keith's mind.

It's over!

The Blade Wind Corps is over!

Run!

We must escape immediately!

Otherwise, it's a dead end.

Not only did Keith see the slaughter happening ahead.

The captains and mercenaries around him also saw the squads of heavy cavalry and heavy infantry...

Their faces were filled with panic, and the speed of their running gradually slowed down.

Pairs of eyes continually scanned their companions around them.

It seemed like they were seeking suggestions for the next course of action.

Keith was shocked in his heart, and he hurriedly shouted loudly: "What are you afraid of?"

"They just have an extra layer of iron than us, they're still human!"

"There are so many of us, are we really afraid of them?"

"Kill them for me!"

In this situation, if the cowardly atmosphere among the mercenaries were allowed to develop.

In just a few minutes, they would scatter and flee.

What awaits them would be a one-sided pursuit and massacre.

By then, let alone the mercenaries, he himself would find it difficult to escape.

Hearing Keith's shout again.

The mercenaries who had originally wavered in their hearts, steadied themselves.

They shouted as they once again raised their weapons high, heading towards the battlefield where the fight was ongoing.

Watching the mercenaries run past him, falling into battle with the cavalry and infantry ahead.

But shortly after.

One mercenary after another fell, lying in the pile of corpses and blood.

Keith's face was full of seriousness.

His hard-earned mercenary assets accumulated over six or seven years.

Destroyed at once because of this trip to Morgan Town!

Keith's heart was full of hatred.

Damn Frank Manor, damn Joao Frank!

If it weren't for him inviting Blade Wind Corps to Morgan Town.

Then none of this would have happened.

Even if they continued to stay on Wind Hill, living a life of exposure to the elements every day.

At least, there would be no danger to life.

Watching the former mercenary members continuously fall.

Keith withdrew his gaze and started running in the direction away from the battlefield.

Everyone in the Blade Wind Corps could die, except him.

As long as he is still alive, as long as there are those gold pounds that Wyatt took away.

Then he still has a chance to rise again!

As for the deceased personnel, at worst he would recruit again!

...

Under the night.

Lynn rode on Mo Ying, looking distantly at the slaughter at the entrance of Morgan Town.

The scene before him was not much different from the simulation of the Battle of Morgan Town on his Battlefield Sand Table.

Under the charge of the heavy cavalry, the unarmored mercenaries were killed like withered grass beneath the horses.

The top warhorses from the Badan Empire, the defensive capabilities of the standard plate armor, and the five-meter winged spear, their advantages were once again fully displayed.

Although there are multiple obstacles and restrictions to gradually forming large-scale armored cavalry or heavy cavalry.

The number of warhorses, the forging of heavy armor and vests, the training of soldiers' abilities, etc.

Without extraordinary power or sturdy, targeted fortifications in front of them.

It was still impossible to conceal the invincible posture of the heavy cavalry!

The barricade fortifications of Morgan Town, and the mercenaries defending them.

Under the charge of the heavy cavalry, in just a few minutes, they were torn apart.

Under the lead of Rose and Earl taking the lead.

Heavy cavalry and light cavalry charged towards the approaching group of mercenaries.

The weight of the soldiers clad in standard plate armor, the weight of the warhorses, directly maximizing the momentum of the charge.

The exotic long spears held under the soldiers' arms, parallel to the warhorses, instantly thrust into the mercenaries.

Mercenaries, like chunks of meat, were skewered on the winged spears.

The sound of bones cracking from the impacts, the painful wails, the clashing of weapons...

This group of six to seven hundred mercenaries was directly torn in two by the cavalry, split into two groups.

The ground passed by the cavalry was covered with piles of fallen corpses.

Before a group of mercenaries could react.

The heavy infantry following the cavalry, striding with big steps, wings outstretched, gradually approached the mercenaries.

Crash, crash, crash~

The neat steps of the heavy infantry stomped on the bluestone pavement.

With each step, the collision between the components of the standard plate armor.

Forming a series of heavy sounds.

Clad in black-gray standard plate armor, wearing black full-coverage iron helmets, holding black exotic long spears.

Even at just a glance.

They gave off a powerful psychological deterrence.

Some mercenaries, driven to desperation, gritted their teeth, lifted their weapons, ready to fight, trying to resist with all their might.

Chapter 758: The Last Chance (Part 5)

But these mercenaries who had just approached, once they entered the heavy infantry's attack range, were instantly turned into sieves by the spearheads.

With the winged spears being five meters long, these mercenaries couldn't even get near the heavy infantry!

At this moment.

The mercenaries realized the true meaning of disparity in strength.

Despair, helplessness, waiting only for death.

Under the attack and pressure of the heavy infantry, surrounded by the cavalry from the rear.

Layer upon layer, the mercenaries fell dead to the ground.

At this moment, a voice of inquiry rang out among the mercenaries.

"Chief Keith! They're too strong; we're not their match at all."

"What should we do now?"

However, after the inquiry, there was no response.

"Chief Keith? Where did Chief Keith go?"

"Damn it! Keith ran, we've been sold out!"

"He made us face the enemy, yet he ran off himself?"

"What does this make us?"

"Brothers, I'm giving up resisting; I'm surrendering..."

"Don't kill me, I'm also surrendering..."

"..."

As the voices fell.

Soon.

One by one, the mercenaries randomly threw their Longswords or Scimitars onto the ground.

Riding Mo Ying, Lynn, who was following behind the infantry, naturally heard their voices.

Lynn's gaze turned to Wesley beside him.

"Take a team of light cavalry and bring their leader Keith back."

With a slight frown, Wesley promptly responded: "Yes, my Lord!"

Without a word wasted, Wesley pulled the reins in his hand, changing direction.

Leading a group of light cavalry, he headed out of the town.

Lynn looked at a soldier beside him, opened his mouth and said.

"Pass this down, those who surrender and lay down arms, we will not kill!"

The soldier, hearing this, immediately shouted loudly to the soldiers ahead.

"Relay Lord's orders: lay down arms and surrender, no killing!"

The heavy infantry who were originally stepping forward towards the mercenaries, stopped in their tracks upon hearing the command from behind.

The winged spears in their hands continued to aim at the mercenaries.

Through the holes in their Iron Helmets, pairs of cold eyes stared at the mercenaries ahead.

Standing by, waiting for further orders from their Lord.

Rose and Earl drove their Warhorses across the heavy infantry to Lynn's side.

Rose bent slightly, respectfully saying, "My Lord!"

Lynn responded: "Collect the weapons of those who surrender, assign a team of soldiers to guard strictly."

"Separate a light infantry squad, organize the Townsman, and put out the fire."

"Gather the remaining soldiers at the farmland in front of Morgan Town, waiting for the next instruction!"

Listening to the series of instructions from Lynn, Rose quickly responded.

"Yes, my Lord!"

Then, Rose also pulled the reins in his hand, changing the direction of his Warhorse.

Moving forward, starting to arrange the soldiers.

Upon receiving the orders, the soldiers began to act.

Collecting weapons, tying up the captives, driving them to a courtyard with walls for guarding.

Teams of cavalry and infantry started moving outside Morgan Town.

Watching the orderly movements in front of him, Lynn couldn't help but nod.

For the soldiers to achieve this.

It's naturally due to Rose training them on command instructions regularly.

Such execution can only be achieved by a regular army.

Lynn's gaze skimmed over the captives being taken away.

He estimated.

The number of captives was at least four to five hundred!

In other words.

This night raid that he had waited for nearly a day.

Ended when the heavy cavalry leapt over the horse-denying fences, tearing apart the defensive works at Morgan Town's entrance.

From being discovered, to attacking Morgan Town, to achieving the victory in the battle.

The total time was under ten minutes!

Shorter than the time he expected and the time required for simulated battle victory.

However.

Lynn wasn't too surprised.

Because human minds are the hardest to foresee.

Facing overwhelming strength, facing the threat of death.

No one knows what actions the other side will take.

Of course.

The less time it takes.

It's a good thing for Lynn and his soldiers.

He has more time to gather and organize soldiers to prepare to meet the distant Frank Manor.

...

Under the night.

On the other side.

Wearing Chain Armor, Joao walked hurriedly along the corridor of Frank Manor Castle.

Swish~ swish~

With every step, the components of the Chain Armor on him made the sound of friction and collision.

Turning around the corners of corridors.

Joao stood before the double wooden doors.

He raised his right hand and knocked on the door before him.

Knock Knock~

After knocking, Joao directly spoke facing the wooden door: "Janet, something happened in Morgan Town!"

His voice fell for a few seconds, there was no response from the room.

Joao was just about to knock the door again, he heard the clear sound of approaching footsteps behind the door.

After two seconds.

The tightly closed wooden door was pulled open.

Janet, wearing only a thin silk robe, came into Joao's view.

Because the silk robe was too fitted, and the difference in height.

He could clearly see.

The snow-white curve before Janet and the ravine between the peaks.

With some drowsiness, Janet didn't notice Joao's gaze.

Her voice was a bit lazy: "Uncle Joao, so late, is there something wrong?"

Joao quickly averted his gaze, explaining: "There's a fire in Morgan Town!"

Chapter 759: The Last Chance (Part 6)

"Even from such a great distance, we can see the sky filled with flames."

"I suspect..."

Upon hearing this.

Janet, who had seemed a bit languid, instantly perked up.

She picked up Joao's words, "You suspect something has happened to Morgan Town?"

Joao nodded.

Janet didn't bother with her bare feet, stepping quickly out of the room and heading for the corridor.

Joao had just taken a few steps behind her when Janet's low voice reached his ears.

"What about the spies stationed in Morgan Town?"

"Didn't I say that if anything happens, they should return to the Manor and report immediately?"

Joao replied apologetically, "Sorry, Janet."

"I also don't know why the spies stationed in Morgan Town have not returned yet..."

"I suspect that something unexpected might have happened..."

Janet's questioning voice rang out, "Suspect?"

Joao lowered his head, not daring to say anything more.

The two fell into silence.

Seeing that Janet had nothing to say, Joao knew he shouldn't ask anything.

He merely followed Janet as she walked through the corridor and the reception hall to the open courtyard of the Manor Castle.

Janet stopped beside the railing, leaning on it with her hands, her gaze fixed in the direction of Morgan Town.

Just as Joao had said.

The night sky, which should have been dark and gloomy, was now painted in shades of red and orange by the blaze.

Even at such a distance from Morgan Town, the air at Frank Manor carried the scent of burning.

Standing beside Janet, Joao also gazed into the distant night.

A few seconds later.

Joao explained, "Janet, the fire in Morgan Town seems to have diminished quite a bit."

"Perhaps the Blade Wind Corps has started to put it out."

Janet didn't turn around, her voice slightly cold, "Uncle Joao, how can you be sure it's the Blade Wind Corps extinguishing the fire?"

Joao was rendered speechless.

Janet continued, "Although I don't know why there's a fire in Morgan Town."

"But I know that if Lynn's army is attacking Morgan Town now, and Frank Manor doesn't come to its aid,"

"the Blade Wind Corps will definitely not withstand the attack and will be defeated and flee!"

Images of the heavy cavalry and archers led by Lynn flashed in Joao's mind.

The overwhelming attack posture was still vividly in front of him.

Looking at Janet's back, Joao asked, "Janet, what do you need me to do?"

Janet did not answer immediately.

She continued to stand facing the direction of Morgan Town, seemingly deep in thought.

A few seconds later.

Janet turned to face Joao and asked.

"Uncle Joao, I feel that Frank Manor is facing a life-and-death crisis again!"

Joao frowned, momentarily not understanding the implication of Janet's words.

Janet, unconcerned, explained.

"Without intelligence from the spies, I can only speculate and deduce based on the current situation."

"Morgan Town is likely facing two scenarios."

"First, a fire broke out in Morgan Town due to the townspeople's carelessness."

"Because it was at night, no one noticed the spread of the fire, causing it to escalate."

"Later, it was discovered by the townspeople or mercenaries, who are now putting it out."

"If that's the case, it would be the best scenario."

Joao nodded understandingly.

Janet continued, "The second, and worst possibility."

"The fire in Morgan Town was deliberately orchestrated!"

"The aim is to attract the attention of the townspeople and mercenaries."

"Reducing the manpower of the Blade Wind Corps guarding the town."

"Thus, reducing the attacking pressure on the soldiers led by Lynn."

"The people fighting the fire now could be Lynn's soldiers..."

Listening to Janet's analysis, Joao was startled.

He could hardly believe, "Could it really be the second possibility, Janet?"

"The moment I saw the flames, I went to your room door to find you."

"We then walked out of the Castle and stood in the open courtyard, all within a matter of minutes."

Janet did not deny it, instead beginning to speak.

"Uncle Joao, there are several miles between Morgan Town and Frank Manor."

"Moreover, they both lie on the same level plain."

"How long or how large must the fire be, to be so clearly visible to us?"

Upon hearing this, Joao fell silent once again.

Seeing Joao quiet.

Janet's expression turned solemn.

She moved her arms, crossing them in front of her, accentuating the smooth curve there beautifully.

"Uncle Joao, although I am the Manor Lord, you are also a member of Frank Manor."

"What I am about to say concerns the survival of Frank Manor."

"Therefore, I need you to help me think it through."

Joao's expression grew serious, answering.

"Janet, please speak as quickly as possible."

Janet nodded, "Very well."

"Uncle Joao, if I now ask you to gather all the soldiers in the Manor and head to Morgan Town."

"Bet everything, and engage Lynn's soldiers in a decisive battle."

"Are you confident?"

Joao's brow furrowed instantly.

Before he could speak, Janet continued.

"I am a woman and don't understand the art of war."

"But I know that sending troops rashly without knowing the military situation is a grave mistake."

"Because no one knows what kind of consequences will be faced."

Joao said nothing, only nodding in response.

Janet continued, "Nonetheless."

"I still want to ask Uncle Joao to gather all the Manor soldiers and launch a support mission to Morgan Town."

"Because I feel this is our last chance!"

If the Blade Wind Corps in Morgan Town is annihilated.

Then Frank Manor will lose the flanking position against Lynn.

Without mutual restraint, defense will weaken.

Entrusting Morgan Town to the Blade Wind Corps for defense will become meaningless.

Even if Lynn does not attack the Frank Manor Castle immediately.

Once he absorbs and consolidates all the townspeople of Morgan Town.

He will unhesitatingly attack Frank Manor!

By then.

How will Frank Manor alone defend against Lynn's army?

For the dignity of Frank Manor, to fight to the death?

Or to survive, to bow and submit?

To seek out a stronger Lord?

If so.

How could she ever seize Lynn's territory for herself?

Chapter 760: Direct Execution

She changed her mind.

Janet didn't expect the Bladewind Group stationed at Morgan Town to withstand Lynn's steel army.

She only hoped that the Bladewind Group could use Morgan Town's defenses.

Even if it's just stubborn resistance, to buy time, waiting for the reinforcement from Frank Manor.

Then.

With a pincer movement from both sides, annihilate Lynn's massive army.

Only in this way.

Could Frank Manor overthrow Lynn and become the sole lord of Morgan Town!

Joao didn't respond immediately.

Instead, he lowered his head, staring at the bluestone pavement beneath his feet, as if contemplating something.

After a few seconds.

Joao lifted his head, his large eyes directly meeting Janet's.

He asked, "Janet, is there no other way?"

Janet's gaze also met Joao's.

She shook her head calmly to indicate this.

Seeing Janet's expression and actions, Joao opened his mouth, took a deep breath.

After exhaling, he spoke firmly and shouted.

"Since we can't avoid Lynn's soldiers."

"Then we fight!"

"Janet, give the order!"

Janet solemnly nodded, and said to Joao.

"I, Janet, as the Manor Lord, order you to assemble all the soldiers in the Manor Castle!"

"In half an hour, the entire army will set off to aid Morgan Town."

Joao stood straight, his expression resolute, and he shouted firmly.

"Yes!"

With the response given.

Joao said nothing more and moved toward the distant staircase.

Despite wearing chain armor and an iron helmet.

It did not hinder his stride at all.

Quickly, and steadily powerful.

Watching Joao step down the stairs, Janet also took strides toward the reception hall.

Entering the castle, into the reception hall.

She walked down familiar corridors, back into her bedroom.

Janet removed her silk nightgown.

With the assistance of two maids, she began to don the leather armor and cloak placed on the rack...

At this moment in the Manor Castle.

With soldiers running and shouting.

Orders repeatedly echoed in the dormitory area behind the castle manor.

"Emergency assembly! Emergency assembly!"

"The Manor Lord orders: Assemble all soldiers to aid Morgan Town."

"Everyone, grab your weapons!"

"Only weapons can keep you alive on the battlefield."

"Hurry, hurry, hurry!"

"..."

Joao walked with strides, approaching from afar.

Even without standing at an elevated place, his two-meter stature allowed him to clearly take in the sight in front of him.

Under the light of torches.

Squad after squad of freshly recruited soldiers rushed out of the dormitories,

Their expressions were anxious, and they didn't even have time to put their clothes on properly.

Urged by their captains, they hurriedly formed ranks.

Seeing this scene.

Joao couldn't help but frown.

The current Frank Manor clearly had not recovered from the last defense battle.

The newly recruited soldiers hadn't completed their training.

Forcing them onto the battlefield with their physical condition was tantamount to sending them to their deaths.

But.

Joao understood too.

As Janet had said.

The impending mission to aid Morgan Town would be Frank Manor's last chance!

If Lynn took Morgan Town and brought the free people into his fold.

With the addition of the three mines and the blacksmith workshop in Lynn's territory...

And all the farmland already planted.

Even if Frank Manor developed rapidly.

How could it compare to Lynn, who had people, wealth, food, and resources?

Even if Lynn, after taking Morgan Town, didn't attack Frank Manor.

It would only be temporary.

The fate awaiting Frank Manor would be akin to a frog being slowly boiled.

Ultimately, it would face destruction!

Therefore.

This aid mission to Morgan Town, to the Bladewind Group, must go all out, even if it's a desperate gamble.

Time pressed onward swiftly.

Squad after squad of soldiers stood in the open space within the Manor Castle.

As Joao observed.

A soldier captain, clad in chain armor, approached him.

Bowing, he respectfully reported: "Lord Joao, a total of two thousand manor soldiers have been completely assembled."

"Among them, there are five hundred chain armor cavalry, two hundred chain armor infantry, one hundred archers, and twelve hundred light infantry."

Joao nodded, just about to speak.

He clearly heard a light footstep sound behind him.

Joao turned around to look.

He saw Janet, dressed in a brown tight-fitting leather armor, striding toward him.

Joao went up to her.

Coming beside Janet, he said: "Janet, you can leave the matter of leading troops into battle to me."

Janet glanced at Joao and said: "Uncle Joao."

"If you are defeated, will an empty Frank Manor withstand Lynn's attack?"

Joao frowned, then shook his head.

Janet continued: "Rest assured, Uncle Joao, I can take care of myself."

After speaking,

Janet walked ahead.

There, rows of assembled soldier formations were waiting.

Despite being under the gaze of two thousand pairs of eyes, Janet's expression remained unchanged.

Under such an oppressive gaze.

Janet's eyes scanned the faces of each soldier.