

Winter 31

Chapter 31: Enemy Attack

Bradley's actions were exceptionally swift. As soon as the Duke issued the command, he began preparations for the expedition to the Northern Territory without any delay.

In less than a day, he was leading an elite team on the journey to the Northern Territory.

The team consisted of three Elite Knights, ten Official Knights, and thirty Apprentice Knights.

In addition, there were dozens of experienced craftsmen skilled in construction, mining, and smelting.

In terms of supplies, they were extremely well prepared.

Dozens of carts were packed to the brim with grain, loaded with flour, dried meat, and pickled vegetables.

Ensuring that even in the harsh conditions of the Northern Territory, they could survive the toughest times.

Furthermore, seeds of various cold-resistant crops were neatly packed, along with dozens of livestock suited for survival in the north.

Black-Horned Oxen, Cold-land Sheep, and Cold-Resistant Warhorses were all carefully selected to adapt to the snow-covered harsh environment.

There was also the Blood Stone and three thousand Gold Coins.

The team grandly departed from the Winter South Province, embarking on the long journey to the Red Tide Territory in the Northern Territory.

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Louis's morning was as usual; he habitually opened the Daily Intelligence System as soon as he woke up.

The screen updated with today's intelligence, and he quickly browsed through each item.

[Daily Intelligence Update Complete]

[1: Under the order of Duke Calvin, Bradley leads the support supplies to the Red Tide Territory.]

[2: Tomorrow night, Baron of Expansion Yorn Harvey will encounter a bandit attack when passing through the Cyan Rock Rift.]

[3: The serf Romeo and the native Juliet were caught tasting forbidden fruit in the fields.]

The first piece of intelligence today made Louis's eyes light up.

Unexpectedly, the letter he had written to old Den really brought attention to the potential of the Red Tide Territory, truly pouring in the Gold Coins.

Louis stared at the name on that piece of information, "Bradley..." This name echoed in his mind for a while.

He was one of the old stewards of the Calvin Family, quite prestigious within the family, almost a central figure in the family's affairs.

Louis didn't expect that Duke Calvin would actually send him over, indicating the Duke's high regard for the Red Tide Territory.

As for what specific supplies would be brought, the intelligence did not detail it, but it definitely wouldn't be few from the looks of it.

Moreover, after Bradley arrived, he could help handle some of the trivial matters in the territory, making life much easier for him in the future.

Then, he saw the second piece of intelligence.

This made Louis frown slightly, even somewhat shocked.

He knew Yorn, who was one of the few friends the original owner had in this new world.

In the Ironblood Empire, the offspring of noble families had to train in the Imperial Capital.

The original owner, due to poor talent, was ostracized by other noble children, whereas Yorn was often mocked for being clumsy.

So, the two misfits often gathered together.

Yorn always followed silently behind him, calling him "Boss."

"Baron of Expansion?" Louis's gaze unconsciously lingered on these words, feeling somewhat puzzled.

Yorn's father, Count Harvey, was a newly emerged noble in recent years. Although the family was very wealthy, they only had two children.

According to the Northern Territory Pioneer Order, Yorn didn't need to come to such a harsh place as the Northern Territory to pioneer territory.

However, the intelligence showed he was called "Baron of Expansion," which confused Louis somewhat.

And the news of Yorn's attack made him uneasy; the resources in the Northern Territory were scarce, and bandits were always rampant.

Although Yorn definitely had knights for protection, it wasn't impossible for him to be unexpectedly captured or killed.

Both emotionally and rationally, he had to go to the Cyan Rock Rift to personally save Yorn's life, as he was one of his few friends.

As for the third point, Louis just felt a bit helpless.

Youth these days were really bold, daring to make mistakes right in the fields.

But as the Lord, he didn't plan to intervene in these matters; having more population in the Red Tide Territory was actually beneficial for him.

Having finished reading all today's intelligence, Louis summoned Lambert and directly ordered, "Gather the knights, head to Cyan Rock Rift."

Lambert didn't ask many questions and smartly patted his chest plate: "Understood, I'll prepare immediately."

Before his words fell, he had turned around, quickly stepping outside to start gathering personnel.

...

The night wind in Cyan Rock Rift was biting cold, making the campfire crackle, its light reflecting on a round face.

Yorn Harvey wrapped in a sable cloak, holding a bowl of hot porridge.

He looked like a fluffy fat cat, drinking soup while bragging.

"Do you know? Back in the Imperial Capital, those noble offspring, taking advantage of their family's power, were utterly reckless! Bullying men and dominating women! What happened in the end? Didn't they get dealt with by Louis and me?"

Yorn wiped the soup stain from his lips with his sleeve, speaking proudly.

"That day, the two of us faced an entire noble circle's clique, at least a dozen people! Louis punched one down, and I wasn't far behind, grabbing a chair and smashing it over, scaring them witless!

Of course, Louis is fierce, but it's mainly because of me! Without me, he couldn't have held on for that long!"

"Yes, my lord is indeed brave and powerful." Several accompanying knights smiled along, tactfully not exposing Yorn's exaggerated words.

Through long-term understanding, they were accustomed to Yorn's clumsy attempts to glorify himself.

Their faces strained to maintain respectful smiles, but they felt somewhat confused inside.

This lord...

Really can lead them to establish a foothold in the Northern Territory?

They had noticed along the way that Yorn had little understanding of the real situation of pioneering territory.

He seemed to think that with over six hundred people and just a gut feeling, they could make a mark in the Northern Territory.

But they understood that the environment in the Northern Territory was far more brutal than the noble struggles in the south. Merely relying on "brotherhood" and "courage" wouldn't ensure survival.

And as the leader of the team, Yorn had no sense of alertness.

Even the patrol arrangements were just casually instructed, yet he still laughed and boasted of his "heroic deeds."

In his view, with dozens of knights and nearly a hundred soldiers under his command, how could there possibly be trouble?

Just then, several whooshing sounds pierced the silence!

Dozens of crossbow bolts rained down from both sides of the rift cliffs, the arrowheads spinning in the air, carrying a cold killing intent, targeting Yorn's unsuspecting team with precision!

Thud!

A soldier's throat was pierced through, struggling as he fell to the ground, blood splattering on the stones by the campfire, instantly staining them red.

Immediately, a burst of frantic footsteps sounded, and cloaked desperados leapt down from the cliffs on both sides, like phantoms in the night, swiftly charging into the camp!

"Enemy attack!!"

The sharp shout was just uttered when a desperado pounced like a leopard on the soldier who had spoken, precisely slicing open his throat with a dagger.

Blood sprayed; the shout abruptly ended.

The camp plunged into chaos!