

Winter 32

Chapter 32: Reinforcements Arrive

"Kill them all! Seize the goods!"

The bandit leader swung his long knife and roared in anger, his underlings bursting forth with fighting energy, charging aggressively and fiercely!

Meanwhile, the slaves and serfs screamed in terror, dropping their food and tools, scattering in all directions.

The soldiers frantically drew their weapons, trying to organize a defense, but the rain of arrows continued unabated, and some were pierced through the shoulder before they could raise their shields, crying out in agony as they fell.

Yorn suddenly awoke, dropping his bowl to the ground, shattering it. He looked around at the chaos, terrified and at a loss.

Bragging, drinking porridge, how did it suddenly end up in a bandit raid!

The knights quickly shielded Yorn, drawing their swords to face the enemy, silver fighting energy shining on their blades, as their warhorses reared, charging fiercely toward the enemy.

"Engage!!"

Two knights charged forward first, their fighting energy bursting from their hands, their sword blades glinting, cleaving towards the incoming bandits.

The sharp sword energy directly sent two charging forward flying, blood splattering onto the muddy mountain path.

However, these bandits were not ordinary; most of them were berserkers with cultivation in fighting energy!

A burly bandit leader swung a giant axe, surrounded by dark blue fighting energy, sweeping out suddenly.

He directly overturned a knight and his horse to the ground.

The warhorse neighed miserably, and the knight's armor cracked, blood oozing from his mouth.

Thus, both sides were locked in a fierce battle, the glow of fighting energy flickering continuously in the night, illuminating bloodstained faces.

Yorn tried to stay calm and issue commands, but the situation was already out of control.

The knights, though valiant and coordinated, were outnumbered and soon had their defenses breached by the bandits.

"Damn it!"

Yorn watched helplessly as his knight was cleaved by the bandit leader's axe and then approached him, his heart trembled violently.

What is going on?! How are these bandits so strong?!

Their attacks were swift, coordinated, and extremely precise.

"Boss, this kid seems pretty valuable!" a bandit shouted loudly, "Should we keep him for ransom?"

"Screw leaving him!" the bandit leader snorted coldly, "The orders from above are to bring him back for execution as a sacrifice!"

Hearing this, Yorn completely panicked.

Was his glorious journey to end here just as it began?

Boom!

Suddenly, a loud noise came from the distant mountain path!

Soon after, the heavy sound of iron hooves accompanied by deafening roars approached rapidly.

"Charge!!"

Yorn looked up abruptly, seeing a fully armed cavalry unit charging towards the battlefield from the nearby mountain path.

Like a thunderous spear, it pierced fiercely into the battle!

In the rear, Yorn saw Louis commanding, his black hair flying in the wind.

Louis appeared like a legendary hero, arriving magnificently, bringing tears to Yorn's eyes!

"Boss! You're here?!" Yorn shouted to Louis with all his strength.

Louis ignored him, his eyes fixed on the enemy forces, issuing a command: "Move!"

The knight squad led by Louis was entirely different from Yorn's group.

They were already coordinated after a long time of training and were ready for an ambush, waiting for the enemy to relax their vigilance, attacking at the most dangerous moment for their own side.

Dealing the bandits a most lethal blow!

"Kill!"

With fighting energy fully unleashed, the knights thundered into the battlefield, sweeping through with a dozen warhorses, as sword light and shadow intertwined, blood splattering!

"Stop them!"

A bandit raised his weapon, but a spear infused with fighting energy flew swiftly from afar, piercing his chest and pinning him firmly to the ground!

Lambert then unleashed a sweeping sword energy, flipping over three or four bandits at once.

Their bodies flipped in mid-air and were a bloody mess upon hitting the ground.

The bandits fought hastily, some unable even to gather their fighting energy before being cut down one after another.

The remaining bandits panicked completely, attempting to flee, only to find themselves surrounded by the cavalry.

Some bandits narrowly escaped, but the speed of the warhorses far exceeded theirs. Just a few steps out, they were pierced through the back by spears, collapsing to the ground.

The knights didn't entangle with the bandits at all, their charge momentum undiminished; with each sword or spear thrust, a bandit fell!

They weren't fighting, they were harvesting!

Harvesting like grim reapers!

"Damn it!"

The only relatively powerful, burly bandit leader roared, dark blue fighting energy surging wildly as he swept his giant axe!

However, several knights quickly stepped forward, crossing their swords to seal his actions, shields crashing heavily against him, forcing him back half a step.

In the next instant, a cold light flashed, blades breaking through his fighting energy defense, blood spraying.

The bandit leader's eyes widened, unbelieving his fate, eventually falling helplessly.

With the bandit leader's death, the bandits had no more resistance.

The battle ended so quickly Yorn wondered if the prior nightmare was just an illusion.

Louis stayed mounted, his gaze coldly sweeping the surroundings.

The fleeing desperadoes were thoroughly cleared.

Only a little over twenty prisoners were left, tied up and kneeling on the ground, bearing various degrees of injury, yet their expressions remained filled with hatred.

Lambert stepped forward and whispered, "It's confirmed, they are all members of the 'Snow Swearers.'

Snow Swearers, Louis had heard of this organization.

A rebellious group from the Northern Snow Country.

Their ancestors were warriors of the Snow Country until the Empire's army conquered the Northern Territory, destroyed their royal court, and killed their royal family.

The surviving descendants hid in the wilderness, accumulating strength, vowing to repay blood with blood one day.

"So it's them." Louis nodded thoughtfully, then slowly walked toward the prisoners.

Seeing him approach, those people ignited with burning anger in their eyes: "Empire's dogs... One day, you'll repay your debts in blood!"

"Kill us, one day you'll be buried in this land..."

"You invaders will die miserably..."

A prisoner stared fiercely, spewing curses full of hatred and then spat a bloody spit toward Louis.

The knight beside him, incensed, kicked him over, placing a sword at his neck, and shouted: "Insolence!"

Yet even so, these prisoners continued to glare at them with deep-seated hatred and showed no sign of surrender.

Louis silently watched this scene.

These people had been bandits for too long, deeply entrapped in hatred, impossible to easily tame or reform.

Keeping them would only become a lurking disaster.

So he hesitated no more, calmly waved his hand, and said indifferently: "Execute them all."

The soldiers followed orders, dragging the prisoners one by one aside, the flash of blades accompanied by blood spilling into the mud.