

Winter 33

Chapter 33: Snow Swearer

Louis watched the Snow Swearer being dragged away for execution in the distance, while Yorn chattered beside him.

This guy was now full of admiration, his eyes bright like a puppy seeing its master, circling around Louis as if wagging his tail.

Yorn smiled obsequiously: "Boss! If it weren't for you this time, my small life would probably have been handed over to these desperados!

You're truly my savior! Back in the Imperial Capital, I knew you were definitely not an ordinary person! Now you're indeed so formidable!"

"Stop flattering." Louis glanced at him, frowned and said, "Why are you here?"

"Huh? Didn't I come to become the Pioneer Lord?" Yorn replied with confidence.

Louis looked at him puzzled: "With your qualifications, you shouldn't have been sent to the Northern Territory."

Yorn pouted, and responded matter-of-factly: "I applied here voluntarily."

"Huh?" Louis was caught off guard by his words, wondering whether he heard wrong.

"Anyway, the benefits of my family won't fall to me, I'd rather run far away on my own." Yorn shrugged, speaking casually.

"Besides, you're here too. I figured hanging out with the boss is better than being a boring youngest son at home."

"Did your old man agree?"

"Of course not! But I submitted the Pioneer application proactively, and the Emperor quickly approved it." Yorn snorted proudly, "Now I'm stuck here no matter what."

Louis was silent for a moment: "..."

Others avoid the Northern Territory, yet he voluntarily comes here?

"I've already chosen my territory next to yours, so we brothers can rule the Northern Territory together, making those who look down on us unreachable!" Yorn patted his shoulder, grinning as he leaned closer.

These words amused Louis, and he shook his head and asked, "Alright then, how much resources and manpower did you bring?"

"You're underestimating me, how could I not be prepared?" Yorn patted his round belly with a confident demeanor.

"Over six hundred people, including craftsmen, soldiers, and slaves, capable of self-sufficiency, the old man will send more over later."

Then he looked around, leaned closer to Louis, and lowered his voice: "Plus, I have ten thousand Gold Coins."

Louis was taken aback, suddenly feeling struck by lightning.

Ten thousand? That's twenty times his current assets!

"Truly a nouveau riche noble." Louis couldn't help but admire.

Yorn chuckled, clearly proud of his financial capability.

He took out a heavy bag of gold, slapped it into Louis's hand with a thud: "This is nothing, boss you must take it, otherwise I won't feel at ease!"

Louis looked down at the large bag of Gold Coins, estimating there were over a hundred coins, his mouth twitched slightly, he lifted his gaze to Yorn: "Do you think I'm a mercenary?"

"Don't say that! This is my respect for the boss!" Yorn waved his hands repeatedly, looking serious, "You saved my life, what are these coins in comparison?"

Louis sighed helplessly, but still put away the Gold Coins, given his current financial constraints.

"Then why don't you check out my place first, and have a decent meal?"

Yorn waved his hand: "Not now, I need to settle my people first."

"Alright, come over once you're done."

Then Louis chatted with Yorn for a while longer and prepared to lead the team back to the Red Tide Territory.

Yorn stood at the camp, laughing and waving: "Boss, take care, once I settle in, I'll join you for a drink!"

Louis glanced back at him, smiled, didn't say much, and rode away with the knights.

Yorn watched them until their figures disappeared on the mountain path before retracting his gaze.

He then excitedly shouted to his knights: "Full speed to our territory! Begin our journey to dominance!"

The knights exchanged looks and responded reluctantly.

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The cold wind howled as the secret base of the Snow Swearer hid among the Northern Mountains.

Several Ironblood Empire Nobles were hung upside down on a bizarre altar, twisting in pain.

Their mouths were gagged with rags, left only to stare in despair, their bodies marked with conspicuous wounds.

Blood seeped from the injuries, slowly flowing along their cheeks into the altar carved with eerie runes.

"Ancient God of Cold Abyss, please bless us with revenge..." the Priest intoned solemnly.

Suddenly, a sickening deep writhing sound came from beneath the ground, seemingly responding to the Priest's pleas.

Soon after, a spine-chilling cold emanated from the cracks.

The corpses on the altar began to wither quickly, as if consumed by an invisible force.

The Nobles' eyes burst, blood flowed from their seven orifices, and they turned into shriveled husks.

Hiro stood above, coldly surveying everything happening on the altar, expressionless.

His gaze fixed on the pool of blood, as if through it, he saw the image of his mother fallen in a blood-pool years ago.

Forty years ago, the Empire's cavalry trampled their homeland, burning their Royal Court.

The young him curled in the shadows, watched helplessly as his mother was dragged by soldiers, pierced by a sword, eyes filled with unwillingness and pain.

Thinking about this, his fingers slightly tightened, murderous intent surged.

Elder Grom slowly approached, draped in a heavy gray fur cloak, his cloudy eyes filled with deep worry.

"Hiro, a team hasn't returned," his voice betraying unease.

Hiro withdrew his gaze from the altar, spoke deeply: "I know."

Elder Grom stayed silent for a moment before eventually speaking: "If this continues, we're bound for trouble."

Hiro coldly glanced at him: "Blood for blood."

Grom sighed and then said quietly: "That Northern Barbarian Witch bears no good intentions, she's merely using our hatred to pave the way for her clan!"

Hiro's eyes were icy as he responded calmly: "If she can give us weapons, give us the opportunity for revenge, what does it matter?"

"Then what are we gaining, I only see our warriors slowly dwindling!" Grom fiercely tapped his cane, his tone rarely sharp.

"Enough!" Hiro's face darkened.

Grom wanted to say more, but Hiro had already waved his hand, coldly ordering: "Take him away."

Two Snow Swearer warriors immediately stepped forward, tightly gripping Grom's arms and dragging him away.

Grom didn't struggle, he just looked deeply at Hiro, finally sneered coldly: "You'll regret it."

Hiro no longer looked at him, turned back to gaze at the gradually extinguished campfire flames.

His mother's dying scene flashed before his eyes again, blood pools, cries, the Empire soldiers' cold smirks...

"Blood... for blood." He murmured again, his voice as low as the icy cold wind.

The firelight completely extinguished, Hiro's gaze also disappeared into the night.