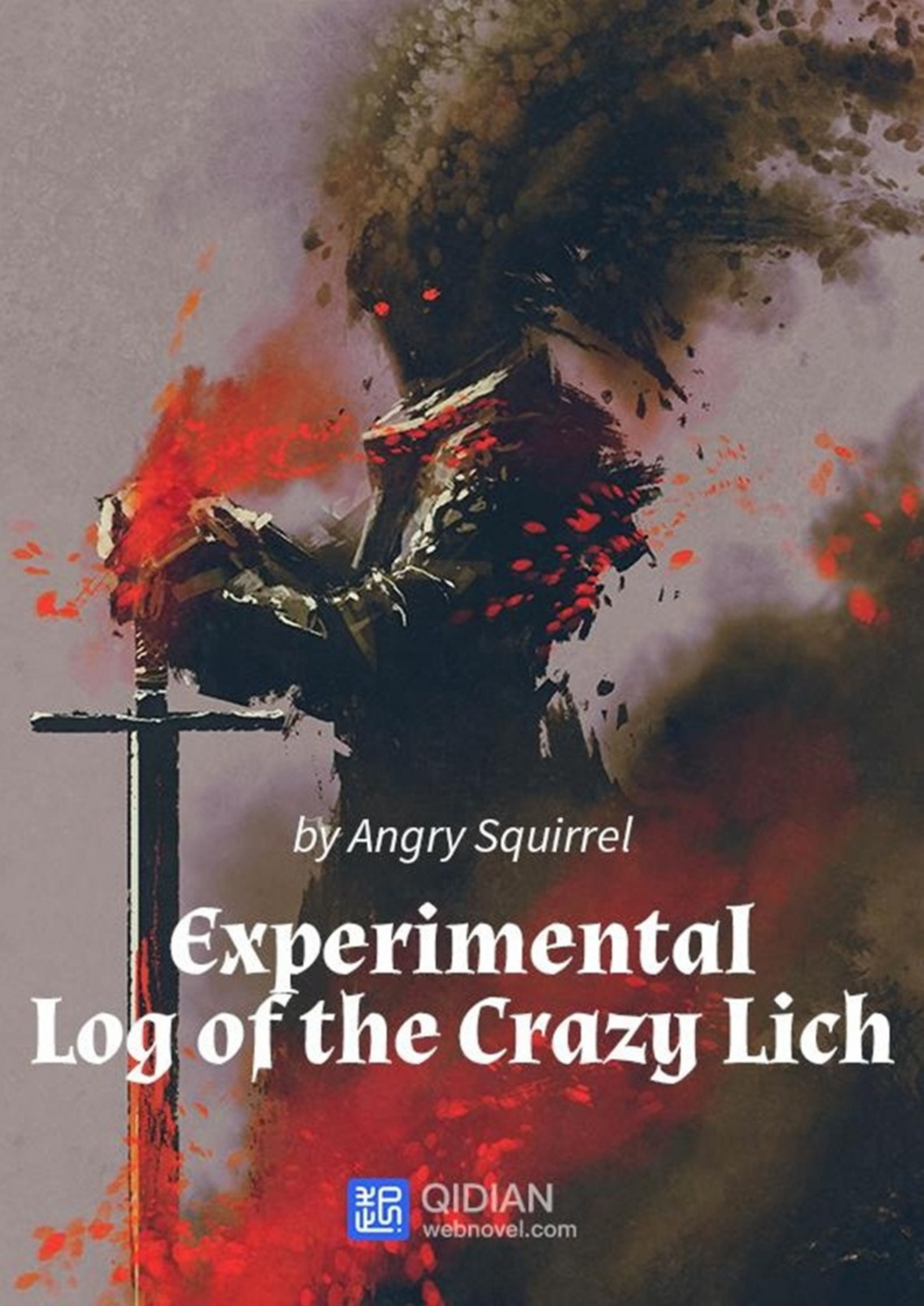




by Angry Squirrel

Experimental Log of the Crazy Lich



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The Experimental Log of the Crazy Lich

— Feng wu yao de shi yan ri zhi —

- Book 1 -

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- STORY -

This is the story of a crazy lich who possesses an internal game system and brings catastrophe to the entire world.

“Let’s look at the daily quests today... it’s the damned choose one-of-two-options-type again. Destroy a town with a population of 30,000 people or above; reward: 10,000 evil points. Steal lollipops from 3 children; reward: 1 evil point. If neither of the quests is completed, then 2 points will be deducted.”

“Tsk! You think I’m stupid? If I really destroyed a town, a crusade of Epic-ranked Holy Knights would definitely come hunting me down. Even if I earned the points, there wouldn’t be any life left in me to spend them. I better just go be a kindly lollipop bandit.”

I’ve already had enough of being a notorious lich. Who says that a lich can’t be a good person? I’m definitely going to beat this damned system and be an upright and dignified good man.

Chapter 1

I Really Am a Good Person

"I am a good person."

Although everybody knew that I was a good person and a law-abiding citizen, why did the public security officer in front of me still harass me to no end?

"As a law-abiding resident of Sulfur Mountain City, I pay my taxes on time and work diligently. In my workplace, I am a hardworking employee. In this locality, I am known to be a good neighbor and a good friend. I'm even an avid pet lover! Look at this medal—my Ah Bao is the champion of the Community Pet Superstar Competition!"

The medal and ribbon hanging on the wall served as evidence of my past glory. Carved on the medal were the words "The 7th Annual Sulfur Mountain City Community Pet Superstar Competition Champion" and "Blessing our lively and cute Ah Bao to forever stay healthy."

At the same time, Ah Bao, who I was obviously very proud of, was blissfully enjoying his meal by the foot of the wall.

Yet no matter how much I tried to explain myself, the Dark Elf Public Security Officer simply stared at me silently—it was as though as she had already decided that I was lying.

"Pet? Ah Bao? You mean that fearsome monster? He's one of the reasons why we are receiving complaints about you! The Lop Family has complained about your pet attacking their son!"

Below the medal, my Ah Bao was fervently licking a bone as his saliva dripped from his mouth. When he noticed his owner looking at him, he smiled at me. Such a cute pet!

"Lop Family? Who are they? I really don't have any memory of them."

Just as I was hesitating over whether I should use a Reconnaissance Spell to refresh

my worsening memory, the Dark Elf Public Security Officer seemed to notice my memory slip and flashed a cold smile.

"...Don't you think your words lack reliability? After all, his son's tibia ^[1] ¹ is still in the mouth of the monster you are rearing."

"Oh? Ah! So you are talking about the neighboring skeleton soldier family. Their family seems to be fond of playing with Ah Bao. Such kind people they are."

I flitted towards Ah Bao and tried to wrestle the bone out of his mouth, but it was to no avail.

Frustrated, I raised my fist and knocked this silly dog on the head.

"Let go, let go you idiot! If you don't want to be locked up in the pound then let go!"

Such an obedient dog! When he saw how obstinate I was, the cute Ah Bao whimpered and yielded his treasure with a pitiful look.

"Don't worry, Ah Bao. After I get this bitch off my tail, I'll make sure the entire Lop Family plays with you for an entire year," I promised him in a hushed tone.

It would be hard to refute her with this tibia here serving as a proof of the crime. I tried to squeeze out a smile and fawn over the Public Security Officer.

"A misunderstanding, it's all just a misunderstanding. Ah Bao is just too passionate. He has always liked to make new friends and whenever it's time to leave, he would always be ever so reluctant. Isn't it normal to receive a memento of remembrance from a friend?"

I tried to pass over the tibia, but the Public Security Officer abruptly took a step back.

"Stay away—maintain a safe distance from me. Who knows what kinds of nefarious curses you may be preparing? My comrades are still out there. If I don't return, you will face the wrath of the entire Town Order Security Army (simplified as Town Security)."

Although I had put myself in such a lowly position, this lass was still unwilling to spare me some face, and my good intention of handing over the tibia was met with a look of disgust. She even retreated two steps and assumed a false bravado despite her

wariness of me.

"I am a Public Security Officer who represents the city. Do you know the consequences of attacking a Public Security Officer?"

"Just a misunderstanding, a misunderstanding. I really am a good person." I silently sighed to myself and lamented how sensitive and alert the dark elves were to magic. With no other choice, I silently dispelled the Hypnotism Spell and Venom Snake Curse I had placed on the bone.

"I don't care if you're a good person or not. According to Sulfur Mountain City's Public Security Rules and Regulations, you are to pay a fine of fifty gold coins and deliver an upfront apology within three days."

That bitch. After leaving behind some harsh words, she snatched away the tibia, turned her head, and left.

"You better remember it well if you don't want me knocking on your door again. The next time, the entire Town Security troop will appear at your door!"

After closing the door, my face immediately soured.

"That bitch better be careful and not get smashed by a wooden bat and sold to a slave market. In this underground world, the dark elves have always been a best seller—truly a valuable trading product."

I cursed her venomously in my mind. After all, if my words happened to be heard and the bitch really got sold away, then wouldn't I become the primary suspect? I'm not so foolish as to dig my own grave.

"Big Sister, you're really amazing to be able to stand up against such a scary monster. I can't calm my nerves in his presence."

"Well, Armin, these fellows are actually all the same. Strong on the outside but weak on the inside. As a dignified member of the Town Security, you must know..."

The conversation of the two dark elves could be heard from not too far away.

"Tsk, to belittle me—if I hadn't decided to turn over a new leaf and be a good person, you would have been sold to a brothel by now."

When the cute Ah Bao noticed how depressed his owner was, he came over and licked my face with his large tongue that was covered with poisonous thorns.

"Take it easy, take it easy. Ah Bao, remember that you are a dignified Chromaggus [2] 2 and not some dumb family dog that salivates all over the place. Let's go apologize to the Lop Family and eat our dinner while we're at it. Yup, 'dinner'."

The two heads of this dumb dog simultaneously started salivating upon hearing that there would be something to eat tonight. He pounced on me and began licking me with enthusiasm.

There's no doubt that a dog is a man's best friend. This was even more true for a two-headed hellhound; it was just that his food was slightly on the pricey side. Magic-filled bones were said to be one of the best types of food for him, and with the passionate support of the Lop Family, I could probably save around a month's worth of food.

Oh right, I forgot to introduce myself. I, Roland Mist, am 376 years old, and I am a good man—to be exact, a good lich.

...

If one were to ask the people of this world about their views on liches, there probably won't be many positive comments.

"Heinous villains." "The ultimate existences of the undead and dark magic." "The nightmares of the living, the kings of the undead."

Although I take these to be the envy of the mediocre and the slander of the hypocritical, these discriminations did, undeniably, bring me quite the amount of trouble.

At least, in Sulfur Mountain City, where internal fighting was banned, I had to deal with several "Evil-Slaying Hero Parties" or "Evil Lair-Soloing Adventurers" every month.

Most of the time, however, they were incapable of even breaking the barrier of my house. Yet, at times, I would still welcome them in, especially when I lacked experimental materials. Like now...

"...I must... kill you... don't touch me there! Damn this tentacle demon!... Not here too! I'm sensitive there. Ha... ha... ha... no... I'm begging you, kill me please, kill me please!

Kill me if you have the guts!"

Just last week, the half-elf adventurer currently suffering in front of me was still threatening boastfully about bringing divine retribution upon this heinous villain. Now, she could only lie motionless in the dirty cell.

"Let me go! At least... kill me... don't!" For too many times, she would be sent to the peak of stimulation and reach a certain state before an intense shout would ring out as her body would tighten, and she would fall back to the ground weakly.

Despite losing their focus, those hate-filled eyes would continue to stare lifelessly at me. After half a day, however, her eyes would fill with hatred again.

"Aiyo, don't look at me like that! Overexcitement is bad for the body."

"Bastard! Bastard! Bastard!"

"...Do Elves have a limited vocabulary for abuses or did your language teacher die too early? You know, using the same word over and over again won't excite me."

"You rogue..." The numerous days of torture in this cell had eroded the will of the female adventurer, but her pride as a high elf still remained. Even after exceeding the limits of her stamina, the golden-haired girl would continue to mumble her curses at me.

"Okay, you have rested enough. Let the next round begin!"

Snap! With the snap of my fingers, countless black tentacles started to move again. These demons summoned from the pink book could no longer resist the allure of being in close proximity to a female.

"No!... I am begging you! Let me go!"

But it was a pity that there was no reason for my summoned demons to listen to the pleadings of a prisoner.

"I can't stand the tickling!!"

Yes, it's just tickling. I am a good man, you know. I wouldn't do anything illegal.

"It's not up to you. Tentacles, give a heavy sentence to her waist and her neck! They're her weak points!"

"Ha... Hee hee... Kill me, you bastard!... Haha!"

As expected from a punishment that female adventurers were terrified of. Under the assault of numerous tentacles, she quickly ended up rolling on the floor, laughing crazily.

"Bah! Serves you right! You barged into my house without permission; this is obviously a criminal act. If I don't settle this score, everyone would just take me as an easy target!"

Of course, I wouldn't do anything that wasn't beneficial. Wasting my mana just to punish her—how could that be possible?

"I'm begging you; I admit my loss. I give up... I will accede to any of your requests!"

"No need; seeing you in agony is the best way you can contribute."

Looking at the numbers on the screen increase gradually, I couldn't help but sigh.

"Sigh, it has already been three days, but I have only gained two Evil Points. How long will it take me to reach a hundred thousand Evil Points so that I can revive my body?"

Pining for a blissful sex life ^[3] ³ that many look forward to, I gazed downwards, only to see my own body that consisted only of bones. Very quickly, however, my sight turned towards the other unfortunate ones in the cells.

"Punishing evildoers is also a kind act. For my points—no, for justice, for my blissful sex life—no, to become a good person, your agony is required for my happiness! So just give up!"

In each cage were prisoners of varying races, such as the taurens, the elves and the most populous of all, the humans.

"Let me go!""I am innocent!""Don't come here!" Wails of agony and cries to be spared could be heard, but the lich simply ignored them all. In fact, those who were harsher with their mouths were whipped silent by the skeleton soldiers keeping guard.

"Ruhr; human, rapist, guilty on 6 accounts and has been arrested 3 times. However, due to his good brother, the leader of a gang in the harbor area, who intimidated the victims, there were none willing to report him. In the end, the High Court of Sulfur Mountain City was forced to release him due to insufficient evidence."

It was just that at this moment, the young master of the gang was the one shouting miserably.

"Since you are so fond of mating, I shall allow you to mate to your heart's content."

Thus, I found a couple three-meter tall ogres to play with him every day... However, they were all male and a certain something was thicker than the leg of a human...

Alright, since his current state in his cage was so appalling that even I feel disgusted just by talking about it, let's talk about his neighbor instead.

"Dia Gold; goblin, professional swindler. Although he had dozens of cases filed against him, his way of handling matters was so superb that his victims often lacked decisive evidence against him. Also, this lad was willing to spend the money to hire the best lawyers in Sulfur Mountain City. Thus, he has managed to escape the reaches of the justice to date."

At this moment, this gambler was sitting red-eyed, thoroughly engaged in his duel.

"I—I won!! Your money is mine now! You have to abide by your promises to let me go! I have four kings!"

The undead card player opposite to him, however, merely laughed and flashed his cards. Four aces, a hand just slightly better than Dia's.

"No—no—no—impossible! You've already won seven hundred and sixty-seven matches consecutively! You cheater!"

"A cheating method that has yet to be caught is legal; isn't that what you often said? Alright, how about you tell me where you have hidden your fortune and secrets instead!"

"I—I will redeem myself the next match!"

The undead card player was, of course, cheating with a special deck of cards that I had

infused magic in. The undead player was able to manipulate the cards directly, making it impossible for Dia to win.

If it was any other normal person, they would have long given up after losing a few hundred rounds. However, Dia, whose eyes went red from gambling, was just a step away from his freedom and his fortune—how could he give up now?

The undead card player didn't have to use any schemes to lure Dia into playing his game; he only had to flash his cards to attract the idle Dia, who was greedy down to his bones, to join in on his own accord.

"If—if I were to win just one match, I would be able to recoup everything."

Thus, just like the victims he had swindled before, his greed pulled him into the abyss, making him lose his life savings in mere moments.

Truthfully, I had no interest in his swindling tactics or his secrets. But every time he lost a match, the anger and unwillingness from the depths of his heart would bring me more Evil Points. In comparison, his neighbor, who was already numb at this point, was giving me fewer and fewer Evil Points.

This was hell—a hell that belonged solely to me. It was prison housing those who had conducted heinous crimes but for numerous reasons, the Judges of Sulfur Mountain City were unable to pass an appropriate judgement upon them.

My unreliable System was able to extract power from other people's pain or misfortune, and as a good person, I could only choose the route of punishing evil to encourage kindness.

Thus, making use of certain connections, I got these bastards here as fodder for my 'Evil Lich System.'

The 'Solo Hell Raider' adventurer could be said to have the best treatment here already. Anyways, she had only broken a couple flower pots and had destroyed a few skeleton gardeners. After playing with her for a few more days, I will set her free.

As for the others, they were all villains who warranted the death penalty. I would make them suffer as much as they had done to others.

For example, making a rapist feel what it was like to be raped, letting a swindler enjoy

the sensation of being duped of his life savings, making robbers and burglars feel how it was like to have something stolen from them, and causing the profiteers who purposely stockpile to create a famine know how it felt to sleep on a mountain of gold yet be unable to buy even a single slice of bread.

"Lunatic! You lunatic!"

"Please! Let me go!"

Doing things that hurt others but didn't bring any benefits didn't have any meaning. Their pain, through my nameless System, would turn into my power and would lay the foundation for my resurrection.

"I'm not crazy—you're the crazy one!"

"You crazy lich! I am begging you; let me go. I'm willing to do anything!"

Crazy lich? Quite a few people have claimed that I have gone mad, but the first to say it was that person.

I stroked my chin with my forefinger as I tried to recall.

"Exactly when did I start to go mad? Was it during my previous life, when I had insisted on being a fair and righteous judge yet ended up being stripped of my position and exiled out of the industry, not even being able to serve as a lawyer?"

"Was it when I had reincarnated into this world with this weird System, thinking that I was the protagonist of this world and promised to bring prosperity to my family and my people, only to find that the cruel fate planned for me couldn't be changed, and I lost my country, my family, and my kin?"

"Or was it when I swore revenge on the gods and the hypocrites as I brought about an incomplete body and formed a great legion of undead, but on that very route to my vengeance, I realized that my back was filled with mountains of corpses and rubble and that I was no different from those hypocrites and ambitious people, putting on a righteous front yet bringing about disaster and tragedy?"

"Hee hee, or maybe, from the very start, after realizing the truth of this world, the me who has memories from two lives had already gone mad."

Note:

1. According to Wikipedia, in human anatomy, the tibia is the second largest bone next to the femur. As in other vertebrates, the tibia is one of two bones in the lower leg, the other being the fibula, and is a component of the knee and ankle joints.

2. Chromaggus -> Hearthstone reference

3. Blissful Sex Life -> It is a Chinese pun. It has the same pronunciation as "happiness" in Chinese.

Chapter 2

The Evil Lich System

Legend had it that every transcender who broke through the boundaries of space and time would receive a gift from the world—yeah, it was commonly known as the Golden Ring ^[1] 1, said to be a must-have for every transcender.

The Evil Lich System... that was my damned Golden Ring.

A long time ago, it didn't go by this name. It had the beautiful name of 'The Training System of a Holy Knight,' but as soon as I gave up the identity of a Holy Knight and embarked on the path of dark magic, it ended up with its current name.

A long time ago, the daily quests it offered me were to help old grannies cross the road and help little girls find their lost kittens. Those were vastly different to the accursed missions I had been receiving recently.

"Let's look at the daily quests today... it's the damned choose one-of-two-options-type again. Destroy a town with a population of 30,000 people or above; reward: 10,000 evil points. Steal lollipops from 3 children; reward: 1 evil point. If neither of the quests is completed, then 2 points will be deducted."

"Tsk! You think I'm stupid? If I really destroyed a town, a crusade of Epic-ranked Holy Knights would definitely come hunting me down. Even if I earned the points, there wouldn't be any life left in me to spend them."

As such, I casually snatched a lollipop from a passing tauren loli and watched as the crying girl was pulled away by her mother. I subsequently popped the lollipop into my mouth and grimaced as the clashing sound between the lollipop and my bones resounded in my ears. It was only then did I recall I had lost my sense of taste.

"Sigh, when can I experience the joy of eating delicious food again? Although mana can make me feel full, it doesn't feel satisfying at all."

Despite the mother's attempt to pull her daughter away, the little girl seemed unwilling to give up. She stared at me with her large watery eyes, and hope seemed to

bloom within her after noticing my inability to consume food.

Do you think this uncle lich is only pulling a prank? Do you think I will return the lollipop back to you?

Alright, so as to not betray the other party's expectations... *kacha* *kacha* I bit the lollipop into many pieces before spitting them one by one onto the ground.

"Boohoo!! Mum, that weird uncle stole my candy!"

"Don't look; let's go."

Just as I expected, a resounding cry pierced through the air. In that instant, my mood lifted as a memory of a certain fearless kid flashed through my mind.

"Are the undead not entitled to human rights? Ancient magic scrolls were treated like rough paper and vandalized, dragon blood ink was used as color paint, and an alchemy medicine, which had taken me so much trouble to make, was drunk as soda. Even my bones were secretly disassembled just for them to be reassembled again—it was like playing with a puzzle. I had only slept for two hours and yet my entire laboratory had turned into a wreck. The destructive power of kids is too scary..."

"Sigh, when can I have my revenge?" Thinking about those fearless rascals, especially a certain untamed kid, I uncontrollably ground my teeth in anger.

Suddenly, I heard a notice from the System.

[Ding! Congratulations on successfully driving the 100th young child to tears. Reward: 10 Evil Points—A loli that looks like she is 6 years old but is actually 20 years old is a legal loli?! An expired pseudo-loli is evil!]

Looking at my sudden accomplishment, I felt a surge of joy. The first accomplishment unlocked always warranted me 10 points, which was equivalent to the points I received from completing 10 days' worth of daily quests.

"Following this train of thought, if making a hundred of them cry unlocks an accomplishment, then making a thousand of them cry should have one as well, and the reward will at least be multiplied by several folds..."

Thus, I turned my attention to the lolis and shotas on the street...

"Bah! Even if I did not receive a daily quest for it, making those disobedient kids learn how to follow rules and preventing others from suffering the same fate as I are the duties of a good person."

"What should I play? Right, I can grant life! I shall turn the toys of those rascals into disgusting monsters that run about. In addition, I shall paint their lollipops the color of feces with my magic paint."

As a frequent victim of those rascals, simply being reminded of my destroyed magic scrolls and precious classical books was able to provide me with an endless flow of evil ideas.

"No, no, that isn't enough; how about I turn their pillow covers into magical beasts that eat humans? That will make them shiver whenever they see a pillow in the future. Right, there is also Evard's Black Tentacles! I can make them enjoy a ticklish hell."

"Oh, aren't those rascals afraid of monsters and ghosts? Heehee, it is time to start rebuilding my undead army. Awaken, my Undead Calamity!!"

That was the day I finally learned that there were less than 200 kids living in that area...

Bringing about a few thousand skeletons, abominations and Dullahans on the street seemed to be an overkill...

That day, before the Town Security arrived on the scene to capture me, I had already visited every nook and cranny of the street. Even so, I had only managed to drive 160 of them to tears...

Moreover, after the Town Security members realized that the reason I summoned an army of undead was to exact vengeance on playful kids, their dumbfounded faces and despising looks became my new dark history.

[Congratulations on simultaneously receiving despising looks from a hundred females. You have received the special accomplishment 'Did this kid's brain get soaked in water or paste?' and you have been awarded the noble title 'Mentally Disabled Kid.' After equipping this title, there is a fixed probability of receiving sympathy from females, but the females' impression of the wearer as a male will be lowered by 100 points.]

...Anyway, I was already used to being played a fool by the System and my reputation was already at its worst. Given the System's affirmation of my charisma evidenced by my -88 charm, it didn't make much of a difference even if my luck with the opposite sex was reduced by 100 points—the ending would still be the same; I would be unable to land myself a girlfriend.

Even though it was only a rational analysis, why did I feel as though my eyes were bleeding tears as these words came out of my mouth? Alright, I was a great wizard who had been single for 300 years, but at the very least, I had exacted my revenge against those rascals! [2] 2

As the memory of those wailing children surfaced, I laughed in satisfaction. An idea about what to write in my diary today hit me.

AD 1896, the summer of the Year of the Dragon, 6th March. The legend known as 'The Lollipop Hunter Incident' and 'The Man-Eating Pillow Incident' was destined to be forever carved in the memories of the rascals of Sulfur Mountain City.

"Thenceforth, the kids will remember the terror of that man's dominance evermore... the shame of having one's beloved items taken away, the despair of being eaten by one's own toys, and the fear of being surrounded by the undead...

As I thought about what to write in my diary, the System Notice sounded out again.

[Ding! You have unlocked the accomplishment: Making a Hundred Kids Cry Within a Day! Reward: 10 Evil Points. Congratulations, you have been awarded the noble title 'Bane of Kids.' After equipping this title, lolis and shotas who are 12 years old and younger will naturally feel threatened by you. As a kind reminder, if you succeed in making 500 children cry in one go, you will be awarded the noble title of 'Kids Killer,' and if you succeed in making 1000 children cry...]

The System Notice suddenly stopped at this point. I was involuntarily overwhelmed with anticipation; although this was undeniably a spiteful title, it could be considered to be a blessing in disguise if it could grant me the power to keep those rascals away.

[...in one go, you will be awarded the noble title 'To Argue With Kids At Your Age, Can't You Be More Mature.' Oh, you should thank me. Actually, this should be the title most befitting you at the moment.]

"Sh*t! I can't tolerate this anymore! Darned System, this is all your fault! You are going

down!!"

...

"Master, you got locked up in jail this time for stealing lollipops. Next time, will it be due to stealing a girl's underwear? I really don't want to come here to fetch a pervert."

The one currently speaking was my loyal servant, the half-demon residing in my mansion, the silver-haired Elisa.

Gold-black framed spectacles, silver ponytails, tiger teeth, a purple tail with a butterfly knot at the end and a European maid costume. It perfectly showcased the little demon's character and, at the same, exposed a certain lich's interest...

All along, I was satisfied by Elisa's outer appearance. However, she would truly be perfect if only she could change her personality, expressionless face, and venomous tongue.

"It's not like you aren't aware of my darned System. Getting points by just making a few little girls cry is what a good person should be doing."

"Here!"

She passed a thick photo album to me.

"This... Oh, well done, Elisa! As expected of my loyal servant!"

"I can roughly guess what happened. These are the contact details of children attending Sulfur Mountain City's largest kindergarten. I have carefully picked out the names on the list, and it should now be convenient for you to finish your quest."

"Well done! To think that I was convinced you were looking forward to my death so that you can regain your freedom. I guess it was all a misunderstanding on my part. Good job; you are a good person as well."

"Let me see!" Upon opening the list of contact details, however, my face turned bitter.

"Contact details for the three children of Sulfur City's Holy Church Archbishop's kindergarten, the daughter of Dragonslayer Amro, who just started going to kindergarten, and War God Xynso's precious son—are you sure you're trying to help

me and not trying to send me to hell?!"

My anger, as usual, was disregarded by the other party. The half-demon young lady pushed her spectacle frame upwards as a cold gleam reflected off the lenses.

"The great reputation of the 'Lollipop Hunter' has already spread throughout the entire Sulfur Mountain City. I am criticized the moment I leave the mansion. For the sake of this lady's ^[3] 3 reputation, I would really like to change my job. Or rather, Master, you should start paying the salary you owe me for the past ten years."

"Hahaha, let's not talk about money—it sours relationships, you know. Let's go; I can't wait to return to our warm home."

"A gentleman should not engage in escapism, and please don't change the topic—why are you making me run with you? What are you planning this time?"

"As expected of my little Elisa who has stayed by my side for so long. Today's daily quest is a splendid explosion, you know—"

"I get it. Please hold on tight; I will now use my mana to escape!"

A silver go-anywhere door ^[4] 4 opened and both master and servant hurriedly entered. When the short-distance instantaneous movement magic dispersed, there were no longer traces of anyone in our surroundings. In the background, a large explosion suddenly resounded, which was closely followed with the ringing of fire alarms.

"Delayed bomb? I thought the Town Security seals the magic of their prisoners?"

"No, it only looks like a bomb, but it's actually flour put together with chili powder and completed with a touch of dust—a dust bomb. It doesn't have much power so it is insufficient to kill anyone. On top of that, I doubt they will be able to find concrete evidence against me."

"As expected of the 'wise' lich. To think you would be able to create a bomb simply made of food ingredients even after having your magic sealed."

"Thank you; your praise humbles me."

"No one is praising you. Alright, as a lich, I guess this can be considered praise."

What was a lich?

"Not a good person; the most fearsome of undead." This image was probably what most people conjured upon hearing this word.

"The lump of bones that makes their hair stand on end; the frightening soul-fire burning in their eyes, emanating a feeling as though they are engaging in some malicious act." This was the view of normal citizens.

"The ultimate incarnation of evil, the villainous schemer!" This was how the Church's Holy Knights viewed them.

As an undead and the ultimate form of black mages, the liches, who had only bones remaining, often did not enjoy a good reputation, but...

"Slander! It is blatant discrimination! How can one be judged based on their race!? I have always thought that race, skin color, social stratification and all kinds of discrimination are simply human foolishness. The world only has lowly people who despise and discriminate others and there is no such 'lowly' race, skin color or birth. I really am a good person."

"If a person such as yourself can be considered a good person, then what about the bloodthirsty undead living in the east of the city? Can they be considered saints, then?"

"I wouldn't say they are saints; they are all just cold-faced, warm-hearted pacifists. Just look—the undead are thrifty with their rations and do not take up much space. A single grave can fit an entire family. They do not eat or drink, and they work passionately to complete their jobs. They contribute yet don't demand luxury in return. They are all good people."

The half-demon maid laughed. The restricted zone, which housed the rumor of having 'no living person ever walk out of it alive,' was actually viewed as a gathering place for good people by her master.

"Hoho! Master, you really know how to joke. Bloodthirsty undead are good people? What about the Priests of the Holy Church who are well-received by the people? They heal the citizens for free and even give out free meals every Sunday to feed those in poverty."

"They are merely a bunch of hypocrites and pedophiles. You see, Elisa, humans have

desires and needs. If one suppresses their desires too much, even if they aren't pedophiles now, then they will turn into them when they are finally unable to suppress their desires any longer and it bursts. Although they say that desires are a sin, they are definitely perverted pedophiles underneath their outer demeanors. I mean, just look at how those old men act so chummy with those little boys—it would be weird to think that there is nothing wrong with them. Also, those single-celled organisms known as Holy Knights—they are a bunch of barbarians who threaten to kill me whenever they see me!"

"Fine, master, I get that your illness is acting up again. I guess even that Ancient Red Dragon, who lives in the sulfur mountains, is feared by all as the Disaster of Veron ^[5] 5, and also destroyed a country by herself, is a docile and cute being in master's eyes, huh."

"No, no. Little Red hasn't been paying much attention to her diet nowadays and is getting a little bit overweight. If she were to lose 20 to 30 tons and shed that extra fat to bring out the curves, she will be even cuter."

"Then, what about the awe-inspiring and helpful Dark Elf Town Security who maintains the peace of the city? You should be quite close with them, right? Just counting these two months, I have been in and out of the prison five times just to fetch you."

"...You can try asking those unlucky store owners who have been tyrannized by them. My views are the same as them. Tsk! A bunch of crazy bitches; our Freedom Gentleman Alliance are archenemies with them."

Shaking her head in frustration, she ignored the suspicious-sounding organization that her master spoke of and continued her questioning.

"...Then what about our City Lord, who saved the world and had his name spread far and beyond? He raised the flag of equality and established this city in the chaotic Underground World, creating a land of peace for different races to coexist on a land constantly raved by war."

"A severe *chuunibyou* ^[6] 6 patient who has been sick for a few hundred years. How old is he, to still be playing hero and slaying the demon king to save the world? Such an old-fashioned story. Serves him right to be single his entire life."

"...You really dare to say it, huh. You messed with two of his weddings and now everyone's saying that he is destined to remain single. Upon birth, he brings misfortune to his family. Going on an adventure, he brings misfortune to his brothers. With regards to marriage, he brings misfortune to his spouse. He has such great qualifications coupled with good looks, but because of you, not a single lady in Sulfur Mountain City is willing to accept his proposal now."

"...It is not as though I did it intentionally. Does he have to hold the grudge for so long..."

"Not as though you did it intentionally? You did it purposely, didn't you? Let's not talk about how you made me spread the rumors about how he was cursed by heavens to remain single. At his wedding, you created an Undead Calamity, setting ghosts free to wander about. Do you know how many girls you frightened that night?"

"I was just celebrating his wedding for him. Seeing how that old bachelor was finally getting married, I was simply too happy and brought a few hundred ghosts to do the robot dance. Who knew that his wife-to-be would be so frightened that she peed on the spot."

Despite rejecting her claims of it being an intentional act, I was secretly satisfied with my work. "Bah! Since I haven't resurrected to possess a complete body yet, how can I allow him to enjoy a blissful sex life?"

"Master, do you know you have the habit of putting your hands on your hips and stomping your feet whenever you get excited? Look, your evil intentions are spilling out right now. Fine, let's not talk about your 'great results.' What about your lich brethren in the Empire of Undead Xiluo? Those guys are on the wanted list in many countries and if any single one of them were to get out, the world will definitely be plunged into chaos."

"...Actually, it is just a misunderstanding that everyone has against us. Isn't the reason why we study the profound intricacies of the cycle of life and death just to allow everyone to have longer lives? Actually, we specialize in treatment as well. Whether you're talking about the effectiveness of the treatments or the possible side effects arising from the treatments, our treatments are much better than those of the Priests. Don't just look at how convenient their Holy Light is. It actually consumes the person's life force and shortens their lifespan. Our art of biological re-engineering is toxic-free, harm-free, pollution-free, and best of all, we solve the root of the problem at one go."

"...Then why are you depending on the System to revive yourself? Why don't you just make a body for yourself?"

"I don't want to be a deformed monster with 3 hands and 6 legs. Even if it is a perfect humanoid shape, problems will occur sooner or later..."

Seeing the low level of confidence that the lich himself had in his biological re-engineering skills, what else could Elisa say?

"Fine, then in your eyes, how do I fare?"

...A cold-faced demonic old granny? An A-cup young lady? Of course, I wouldn't be so dumb to voice these words out loud.

"Oh, Elisa, you are of course my most trusted subordinate. We once made a promise to fulfill our dream of conquering the stars."

"Before you realize your dreams in the stars, shouldn't you first pay this poor lonely girl her salary, which you have owed for over ten years?"

Knowing that her master's illness was acting up once again, the silver-haired half-demon propped up her glasses, a cold gleam shining on the surface of the spectacles as cold words spat out from between her teeth.

"If you continue to be so flippant, I guess your treasured collections are going to..."

"Fine, Elisa, I apologize." Worried about his precious collections, a certain lich immediately surrendered.

"Hmph." Succeeding in subduing her superior, the fallen angel hummed a tune as she sashayed out the door.

As the housekeeper of the mansion, she did not have the luxury to waste time on her chuunibyou master.

However, as I stared at her dejected back, my mood took a dive.

A moment after she walked out the door, memories started to flood my mind, and I mumbled to myself.

“...I guess, grudgingly, she can be considered family. I still remember the girl who, even under the worst conditions, even when she was floating in the River Styx, persevered on and refused to give up. She is also the girl who hunted in the night of a blizzard just to stay alive. You are probably the best thing this world has given me and bringing you back is the best decision I ever made in my life.”

Suddenly, a face popped out from behind the door.

Its usual coldness was tainted by an emerging bright-red color, which spread to her long, trembling ears.

After which, she disappeared behind the door once again.

"Hehe! Although you know me well, do you think I wouldn't understand you as well? You foolish evil granny. Even if you are sly, you still have to repay the debt you owe me obediently until your death."

I spoke these harsh words out loud and laughed maniacally. However, in my heart, I panicked.

“...She heard it! She definitely heard it!!!”

Note:

1. "Golden Ring" is a term commonly used in games and novels to refer to cheat-like abilities or certain unfair advantages.
2. There is a net rumor that says if a guy remains single for 30 years, he will become a wizard.
3. She is referring to herself in third person.
4. The 'go-anywhere door' is similar to the one Doraemon uses to travel around.
5. 'Disaster of Veron' may be a reference to some DND, but I'm not really sure of the exact translation.
6. *Chuunibyou* refers to people who are caught up in their fantasies, like 'I have a sealed cursed hand and if released it will destroy the whole world' etc. That isn't from me.

Chapter 3

Gachapon

"Nine Yin ^[1] White Bone Claws!!"

Following the tradition where one had to shout out the skill's name while using it, I roared as my claw struck down heavily on the body of the skeleton soldier.

Kacha! Two bones fractured simultaneously.

Looking at the otherworldly secret manual named "Nine Yin White Bone Claw" ^[2] in front of me, I used my mana to regrow my injured fingers while I sighed in frustration.

"Another useless object. I had definitely fulfilled the conditions of possessing white bones and claws. I had even substituted the 'nine yin' with ice elemental magic. This should be compatible with the skill, but I was still unable to use it."

I casually threw it to one side, placing it together with the rest of its 'seniors' from other worlds, forming a collection unvisited by anyone.

Yes, this was a product that originated from another world. From the introduction stated on the secret manual, it seemed to be an extremely powerful offensive magic, capable of penetrating anything and usable under any circumstances.

"Exactly where did I go wrong? My interpretation shouldn't be wrong. Doesn't yin simply refer to ice and the negative attribute? Nine means a lot, so I made sure to produce 'a lot of ice,' and I also have my 'Bone Claw.' Then, why is it not working?"

But then again, if the books on complex magic from this world were to be put in another world, they would be nothing but useless trash as well.

"Eighteen Subduing Dragon Palms ^[3], the legendary magic rumored to be capable of destroying Dragons. Initially, I thought I could finally seek payback from Little Red, but in the end, I almost died from just one of her strikes. To make things worse, she even ridiculed me by making me do the skeleton dance."

"Buddha's Palm ^[4]. It may sound very mighty, but this is obviously Holy Magic used to curb those of the dark and evil attribute. If I were to really learn it, I should maybe consider allowing those Priests of the Holy Light to brainwash me."

These otherworldly secret manuals were all obtained from my unreliable System's gachapon.

At the start of every month, the System would give me a single chance at the gachapon function, allowing me to choose among mystical secret manuals, godly equipment, or unique and rare treasures.

Even though there was a greater than 90% probability that I would get something useless, I still chose to draw among the mystical secret manuals, gambling for that less than 10% chance of receiving a true treasure.

In fact, beside the pile of unusable secret manuals was an extremely old bookshelf. Placed on it were the treasures I would occasionally get.

"Discussing the organization structure of the undead army and its manpower allocation to overcome blind spots. Teaching you how to theoretically maximize the fighting power of your undead army. — Kel'Thuzad." ^[5]

"The mystery of the past and the present, the restriction of space and time? Totally pointless! I am the true master of space and time. — Raistlin Majere." ^[6]

"The way to create soul equipment and phylacteries. How can you call yourself a final boss when you get destroyed in a single round? Convert to an undead to revive 10 to 20 times and disgust your opponent to death. — Tom Marvolo Riddle." ^[7]

"The 18 basic self-defense strokes for mages—let Uncle Mordenkainen teach you how to fight physically! Who said that mages can't use martial arts! A dahn!! Waghghh!" ^[8]

"Magic puppet army and large AOE war spells—Evangeline's choice of graceful magic spells. A true great magician doesn't dirty his own hands. Let your subordinates drown your enemies! Let your enemies die without even catching sight of you!"

Such magic classics filled half of the bookshelf. These profound magic knowledge books that came from other worlds were collection items that I treasured more than my own life.

For a lich who had given up his own body in pursuit of endless knowledge, this otherworldly magic knowledge was more important than anything else.

But, to ascertain whether these magic spells were workable, was, indeed, a very troublesome task.

It seemed that the only way to deduce the usability of this knowledge, which came from many different worlds, was to try them myself.

"Six Pulse Heavenly Sword - Duan Yu Version ^[9]... Isn't this just a watered-down version of a laser? Although shooting light swords out of the five-finger tips is creative, what does 'fixed probability that it may work' mean? To rely on such an unreliable skill—isn't that making light of one's life? This is probably only suitable for protagonists who depend on their luck to survive."

"The biggest bullshit of all is that Crossing the River with a Reed technique! ^[10] What Floating Magic that does not expend mana! What the lighter one's body weight is, the better one is able to unleash this skill! I am only bones and yet I sink instantly. In the end, Elisa even had to find a fisherman to hook me up from the river; how embarrassed I was then."

"Master, the Evil Points from the Underground Prison for this month has been tallied. We collected a total of thirty-nine points, two points less than last month. We have two prisoners who are unable to generate any more points. I suggest we replace them."

Elisa's reminder reminded me that it was once again the start of a new month. This time, I was determined to get something good.

"Great Lich System!"

Following my command, a golden interface appeared in front of me.

There were only 3 choices available, "Gachapon," "Quest," and "Strengthen."

Quests could be divided into daily quests and main storyline. Daily quests normally consisted of mundane tasks in exchange for small rewards. As for the main storyline, its menu was displayed in gray, which apparently indicated its 'locked' status at the moment due to unknown reasons.

Strengthen was another function that I had prior experimentation with. Reflected on

the choice's interface were my stats, albeit it also being colored in gray, indicating its unavailability.

Nonetheless, this was not due to the malfunctioning of the System but, rather, my personal issue.

[Roland Mist, Male Lich (Phylactery wounded, unable to strengthen until phylactery is repaired.)

Strength 5

Agility 5

Intelligence 30

Charm -88

Willpower 5

(10 is the base stat of an average human. Other than a mage's main attribute, Intelligence, the rest are a trashy 5)

Job: LV60 Mage / LV1 Lich / LV20 Law Incanter (Total LV81, Fighting Power Evaluation LV79, Golden Pinnacle Mage)

Soul Imprint: Mark of Justice, The Crown of Undead (Damaged), The Ice Treader (Damaged), Son of Light (Destroyed).]

"Ahhh, my fighting prowess fell by so much! Iron Bloodline, Bronze Body, Silver Pride, Golden Will, Respected Legend, World Saint, Immortal Myth, and Indestructible SemiGod—to think my rank dropped from SemiGod to Gold in such a short period of time..."

A Soul Imprint was the crystallization of a mortal breaking into the realm of Legends. It was the convergence of one's life, experience, and strength, the stepping stone to even greater heights. Since each person only possessed one life, they could only have one Soul Imprint.

I, on the other hand, had four Soul Imprints. Unlike the other short-lived humans, I had experienced four lives whereby my four Soul Imprints were a representation of

me dying three times and entering the realm of Legends four times.

The Master of Ice, The King of the Dead, The One Blessed by Holy Light—they were all once my pride and glory. But, at this instant, they were damaged and incomplete.

However, to still be able to remain so lively after experiencing death three times, I guess I should be feeling satisfied. Moreover, considering the damage to my Soul Imprints and ignoring my inability to get stronger, the very fact that I was still alive was already an incredible feat in itself.

It was just like what my comrade, nicknamed Voldemort in another world, had said. Without reviving a few dozen times and transforming three to five times, how could I be considered as the ultimate boss?

Although significant amounts of losses were sustained with each time I perished, overstepping the boundaries of death and returning to the human world was able to garner me high returns as well.

The first time I died in battle, I had barely stepped into the realm of Legends. The second time, I had managed to reach the sixth rank, Saint Pinnacle. Nevertheless, it was only right before my most recent death a hundred years ago that my phylactery got damaged, causing my fighting prowess to dip steeply. At that time, I had already attained the eighth rank, SemiGod.

"...The loss of memories and valuable knowledge does make my heart ache, but overall, there is still improvement... However, it is so humiliating to die here and there, especially getting killed in the streets time and time again which made my reputation plummet. On top of that, I have to change my armor again."

Anyway, I wasn't really feeling discouraged since this wasn't my first time having to start from scratch. As a matter of fact, as long as I could earn sufficient points to repair my phylactery or even recreate my body, with the help of the System, retraining would help me reach even higher grounds.

"Even if bones are all that are left of me, I will persevere. Of course, I already had enough of being a lich. Although my talent in Ice Magic and Necromancy is superb, my stats are too skewed. If I want to climb higher, a perfect living physical body is something I need to have. Cough, it definitely isn't because I no longer wish to remain a bachelor after witnessing many couples get married."

"Hm? Who dares to despise me? The number of undead in the east part of the city getting married isn't small in number and those of the Blood Tribe have even created families. Then, why is it that although we are all undead, liches have to be single for life? Liches also need love!!"

Liches were built slightly different from other beings whereby their souls weren't infused into their bodies. Instead, it was placed in a treasure chest, the phylactery.

As long as the phylactery remained undestroyed, even if they were killed, they would just revive on the spot after a period of time. However, if something were to happen to their phylactery... experiencing a steep fall in fighting prowess and being stripped of the power to grow stronger for over a century could already be considered a positive outcome, just like in my scenario.

However, in the case of mages, knowledge was equivalent to power. Therefore, despite the restrictions on the growth of my fighting prowess as a result of my phylactery being destroyed, this otherworldly knowledge was able to bring me great returns.

"Repairing the phylactery takes 80,000 points while recreating a body only takes 100,000 points. How foolish would I have to be to use my points to repair my phylactery?"

Sneaking a peek at the 49,763 points reflected on the System's screen, I lamented over the fact that I was not even halfway through accumulating sufficient points for my resurrection. I sighed and turned my attention towards the final option—Gachapon.

Gachapon draws were only available once a month. Other than secret manuals, it also offered "godly weapons" and "unique and rare treasures." However, speaking from experience, I normally wouldn't choose either of those two.

"Earlier draws had gotten me an Evil-Slaying Sacred Sword that almost killed me, a Fountain of Life that actually had a natural ability to drive away evil, and an East's Exotic Red Fruit that was all-natural and boosted one's longevity. Although the East's Exotic Red Fruit may seem like a good draw, how am I supposed to consume it when I don't even have a digestive system? In the end, I fed it, along with The Fountain of Life, to my dog without a second thought... Forget it, knowledge is power. I guess I better obediently try my luck with the secret manuals."

On my command, the golden roulette started to spin.

"The Art of Mass Teleportation, The Art of Great Destruction, The Secret to Manipulating Beasts... Hurry and stop!"

The roulette spun faster and faster...

"The Holy Judgement! The Plans of Fate! The secret manuals of the Holy Church that are reserved only for the top brass! Even if these are of no use to me, I can still sell them to the Holy Church. There is pretty good stuff included in the draw this time; hurry and stop!"

The roulette spun even faster...

"FFF Cult Flame Interrogation Magic Manual! ^[11] Sounds like it will fit me perfectly; hurry and stop!"

Alright, the pictures on the roulette couldn't be seen clearly anymore.

This was the part about gachapon that depresses most people. Although the treasures were right in front of you, the roulette would just spin right over what you want.

Furthermore, it was a once-in-a-month opportunity, so I was unwilling to close my eyes and quietly wait for the results. Finally, after ten torturous seconds of valuable secret manuals flashing past my eyes, the cruel roulette stopped.

"'Sunflower Bible, let elder sister Dong Fang teach you how to weave flowers.' ^[12] What is this!? Even the needlework for weaving flowers can become a secret manual?!"

Even so, a glimmer of expectation resided within me. Wasn't there a saying from the past that experts were often eccentric? Maybe the weaver was also a legendary expert.

However, it didn't take long before the cruel reality struck me hard once again.

"Isn't it stated in there that anyone who does not possess 'The Root of Desire' is eligible to practice this? All I have left are bones, so why am I still unable to practice this skill?"

Note:

1. Yin is normally associated with females, coldness, and the moon.
2. The 'Nine Yin White Bone Claw' is a skill from a very famous Chinese wuxia trilogy

by Jin Yong, the Condor Trilogy (射鵰三部曲).

3. 'Eighteen Subduing Dragon Palms' a fictional martial arts skill that appears in multiple Jin Yong novels, such as The Legend of the Condor Heroes, The Return of the Condor Heroes and Demi-Gods and Semi-Devils.

4. The Palm of God, or Buddha's Palm, is a skill in used in classic Chinese movies and, more recently, in Kung Fu Hustle.

5. WOW reference.

6. Raistlin Majere is a fictional character from the Dragonlance series of books created by Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman.

7. Reference to a *certain* series about witchcraft and wizardry.

8. DND reference.

9. Liu Mai Shen Jian Duan Yu Ban (The 6 Pulse Heavenly Sword, Duan Yu Version) is a pretty godly skill in Demi-Gods and Semi-Devils. One of the protagonists, Duan Yu, happened to learn this skill by chance, but due to his lack of proficiency, the skill sort of only works on a chance basis.

10. Yi Wei Du Jiang (Reed), is a reference to a story of how Bodhidharma crossed a river by riding on a reed he plucked by the riverside.

11. A joke in the series Baka & Test – Summon the Beasts, in the series people who get confessed to or hangs out with girls etc., will be 'kidnapped' by a group of people and brought back to be interrogated. You all should check it out if you all never watched this anime.

12. One of the top martial arts skill in The Smiling, Proud Wanderer. In the story, there is an evil cult called Sun Moon Holy Cult. A man in the cult known as Dong Fang Bu Bai usurped the position of the cult leader through schemes, stole the Sunflower Bible from the previous master, and practiced it to become probably the strongest person in the series. It is known for this saying: 'If you want to practice this skill, direct your knife towards your manhood.' (That's why he is called Dong Fang Sister; he becomes more and more feminine in the series.)

Chapter 4

The Indefatigable One

Karma, or rather fate, exists. Without any external influence, the apple would eventually land on the floor, rot, and become the seed for the next harvest.

If a farmer were to come and harvest the apple, it would still be a part of fate for the garden and the apple itself because the farmer could be still considered as part of the garden. The act of harvesting could be said to be a fixed route of fate for the apple.

However, if a tourist from overseas were to walk through the garden and casually pick an apple, then the apple would leave with the tourist and the farmer would be unable to pick the apple. Everyone's fate would change along with the tourist.

And that casual action of the otherworldly visitor had unknowingly changed what fate had in plan for everyone.

This was because his actions weren't in line with what the world had planned. His mindless act had changed the originally rigid fate of things and eventually triggered a series of effects known as the Butterfly Effect.

There was always someone responsible for each and every injustice in the world. Similarly, every debt in the world has a creditor. The effects of karma would have to be borne by the transcendents.

That System of mine took these effects of karma and converted them into Evil/Kind Points. Under my will, the System acted like a wish granter, causing ripples of effects in the world. ^[1]

Of course, this what I learned from only my own research. It could be correct, but it could also be wrong. However, after a fortuitous event, a game walk-through book from another world made me more convinced about the possibility of this theory.

"The Great Eich Purgatory War—this is the name of the game. The book that I drew from the System's gachapon records every single happening in this classic game in its 30 years of operation."

And the world I was in was called... Eich.

So, the world that I live in was only a game in another world? I wasn't surprised or shocked. From a rational viewpoint, there was a history of those who dreamt about other worlds and seers who had broken through the confine of time and space in the great world of Eich. In fact, this was common knowledge here and was sufficient to explain everything.

As for the 'purgatory' part... there had been seven large-scale updates, which meant that the order in this world was overturned seven times.

In the seven crises that almost destroyed the world, the continent became a land of living hell. The confident me of then who believed that he was a hero blessed by the gods, capable of changing everything, realized that after the 3rd update, the name of the final boss was actually Roland Mist.

"The Demon Overlord Roland Mist returns from the depths of the Abyss. With his army of demons, he swore revenge against all of the living. Endless armies of undead and demons swept the world into chaos, destroying countless countries and reaping countless lives."

Roland Mist? Wasn't that my name? I actually became the final boss destined to destroy the entire world!?

However, reality wasn't a game. Demon Lords don't always fall. Or rather, the me who was then known as The Son of Light had no reason to become an evil Demon of Chaos.

But then everything still happened. The darkness hidden within the depths of the Holy Church, the betrayal from people I trusted the most, and the nobles and royalties who added insult to the injury caused me, who was a heroic Holy Knight, to gradually walk away from my faith and step into the darkness.

However, I knew about the plans fate had in store for me. As a transcender who possessed control over his own life, how could I simply allow all this to happen?

Thus, I did many things in an attempt to overcome fate.

As a transcender with the power of karma on my side, changing my personal fate wasn't that difficult. However, changing the fate of the entire world wasn't such an easy thing, after all.

After a series of 'coincidences,' all my hard work became for naught. I failed and the currents of fate easily crushed me, causing everything to walk the path fate had paved out originally.

The current me, after dying again and again, was barely living in this world as a lich. Thus, I was incapable of becoming the Demon Lord who tried to destroy the world. It was a pity, however. My foolish twin brother, Karwenz Mist, replaced this useless brother of his and had done many mind-blowing great things, eventually walking into the gates of purgatory.

Maybe, before long, I would need to face the Demon Lord named Karwenz Mist.

Thus, no matter what, I must live on. Even with this incomplete and damaged soul of mine, I must still live on until the day Karwenz returned to the surface.

Therefore, no matter what, I needed strength. Regardless of which world it came from, whether the strength was righteous or not...

"This is a solemn promise from I, Roland Mist. I will resolve the problems that I had created! Thus, even if I have to soil my own hands, even if I must become unscrupulous, I will gather sufficient Evil Points to revive myself, become stronger, and deal with that foolish brother of mine."

"Master Lich, just interrupting for a moment—do the things that you just said have anything to do with the current situation? Before you continue with your impassioned speech, please return back to reality and look behind you."

Just as I was getting more and more riled up, my companion ruined my moment.

I turned back and looked. All the dark elves who were currently chasing me were cutting close. Their eyes were blood-red from their lack of sleep, and their originally beautiful oval faces had been distorted from hatred. Judging from how deep their grudges appeared to be, it didn't seem to be a good time to reason with them.

"Don't run! You bastards!"

"I will skin you alive!"

"Hehehe... Hand those bones to me! Hand them to me! My dowry, my 30 years of hard work, gone in a single night!"

"Momo has already bought seaweed and chili! Tonight, I am going to eat pork ribs soup... The pork ribs in front, are you listening? You are going to be the main dish for tonight! Stop!"

It seemed that the grudges from yesterday's explosion really weren't trivial. I would be a fool if I were to stop now; I cast a Floating Spell on myself and hastened my footsteps.

This time, I overdid it a little. The Town Security troops were equipped for war. If I were to be caught by them, even though I was just bones and could not be skinned, I would be taken apart and fed to the dogs.

However, I wasn't the only one being chased.

"The Beyar brothers—why are they chasing you too? Were you two selling counterfeit goods again?"

The Beyar brothers were well-known dishonest merchants, even among the greedy goblins. As long as you paid sufficient money, drugs, counterfeits, and similar items—they had it all. Furthermore, to save money from paying taxes, they didn't even bother to apply for a license.

Naturally, this kind of dishonest merchant would often come head to head with the Town Security. Through these clashes of revolution, we had forged a deep bond of friendship.

"Who knows what's wrong with those bitches. It seems that some fool had offended those crazy bitches. Since yesterday afternoon, they had conducted a search on the entire city, shouting phrases like 'Swiftly and heavily, we shall severely punish those committing crimes,' 'Destroy those illegal traders and **,' and 'Return Sulfur Mountain City its blue sky!' Tsk!"

The Master Engineer Jinya Beyar was the older brother, and at this moment, his thick, lush hair had been shaved. He was extremely pissed.

Although his looks are so-so, the System showed me that he was a LV59 goblin Master Engineer, just a step away from the LV60 Gold rank.

"This bunch of lasses are incredible. Although the Town Security is lacking in personnel, it is amazing how their entire force is composed of solely Holy Knights.

Holy Knight is a tanking job, resilient to attacks. Furthermore, not mentioning how they are equipped with dwarf mithril chain mails, dark elves are blessed with strong magic resistance and a resilient physique, similar to a steel can. Some of their leading figures are even armed with godly weapons. With this kind of equipment and personnel, they could be pulled to fight a war between gods and demons, much less operate as the Town Security in a city."

Yingou Beyar was the younger brother. During his search and arrest, his clothes had been burnt and his tools destroyed, which resulting in his overflowing anger at this moment.

A LV57 Master Alchemist, he should have specialized in the treatment of patients. However, it was the nature of those related to the goblins to be unreliable.

At least, as far as I could remember, half of the medicine that Yingou made would explode upon consumption. The other half? They would explode even when unconsumed.

"Endure it! Sulfur Mountain has been dominated by the 3000-strong Town Security for more than a day or two. Those accursed gold coins, their equipment weren't that advanced in the past! Wait till I find out who was the one who betrayed us and sold such good equipment to them for mere profit—I will definitely make him unable to survive in Sulfur Mountain City."

"Other than the gingerhead dwarf on Flower Street, who else could it be? Other than a Master Smith like him who specialized in armor, who else could make a mithril chainmail of such level? When I shake those lasses off my tail, I will smash his shop. Who asked him to bring harm to his brothers?"

I remained quiet. If my comrades were to know that the Town Security's Holy Swords were bought from me, that I was the intermediary for the sale of the chainmail and that it was I who had struck a legal deal with them to let me off that once, we probably would be unable to remain as friends.

"Old cow, what happened? Usually, they would just overlook you. Did you do something recently?"

A tall tauren warrior ran beside us. He possessed a square face and an honest smile hung on it. His innocent eyes were filled with righteousness and bewilderment, as

though he was ignorant of the reason he was being pursued.

"I didn't do anything. I was just thirsty and wanted to drink some milk. After all, theirs are so big, so they should have quite a bit of milk in them. Isn't it normal for taurens to want to drink milk? Isn't it normal for a nature-loving tauren to be nude? Why must they chase with me so furiously with weapons?" [2]

Even though his square face looked incomparably honest, and his innocent voice tinged with the grief of being falsely accused, he was a pervert. Even when confusion and righteousness spelled out on his face, he was still a nudist.

At the current moment, he was completely naked. His fit and wild body caused the females by the roadside to scream non-stop as he waved his hands in sync with the movement of a certain object...

"The Bull Demon King is here again!" [3]

"Mummy! It's so scary! I can't get married anymore!"

"Where? Where? Let me see how long his toothpick is, to dare to wave it around. Hohoho! As expected of a tauren, so it seems that it isn't a toothpick but a mace. The tauren in front, please hold on! Let me give it a try."

The sounds of screaming and mysterious noises that echoed from the back made him even more complacent, inducing him to perform bodybuilder poses amidst his run, thus generating all kinds of screams among the crowd.

Although most may know him as a pervert, they were not aware that Tauren Xueti, through my eyes, was a LV89 Legend Warrior. Even in Sulfur Mountain City, where many strong people gathered, he was considered as the cream of the crop.

But, no matter how strong he was, he was still a pervert... I had to say it twice because it was very important.

"Damn! They have blessed silver arrows! Emperor Orloss' Sacred Sword and the Angel Slayer. Sh*t! To even have dozens of nameless evil-slaying holy swords, even the extravagant Auland Kingdom aren't as outrageous as they are." (Lilith)

Leading at the forefront of those being chased was Lilith Milan. Known as the Prince of the Night, she had a reputation for being a passionate casanova in the entire city,

and she was the dream of countless rich young ladies in the Underground World.

It was just that for someone who viewed her disposition as important as her life, her attire was now battered. Even a LV72 Gold-ranked Blood Tribe Assassin could only escape frantically in the presence of such a powerful enemy.

That's right, she's a her and not a him... Her other nicknames include The Frenzied Wild Lilith, The Sentimental Milan, and The Moving Obscenity and Female **.

Due to the common fate of being suppressed and beaten down by the Town Security, the Freedom Gentlemen Alliance was created (better known as the Gentlemen Alliance). To the Nudist Tauren, The Moving Obscenity and the Explosion Maniac Brothers, the Gentlemen Alliance was just another name.

After our comrades were captured by the operation 'Swiftly and heavily, we shall severely punish those committing crimes,' the only survivors at this moment were the stronger top brass of the alliance.

"The lich who has a screw loose! Even the weakest lich is of Legend-rank, so turn back and cast a Great Cleavage on those bitches!" (Lilith)

"If it was 300 years ago, I could give it a try... However, my phylactery is damaged at the moment and my control over magic is unstable. Well, I could still cast Great Cleavage, it's just that I am unable to direct it at my target accurately. Of course, it is impossible for me to die once more, but are you sure about it?" (Roland) [4]

Great Cleavage was a powerful spell used by the best mages. Legend had it that it was capable of destroying anyone it struck. However, I had no interest in classic spells. Not to mention that my phylactery was currently damaged; it was impossible for me to unleash such a spell. However, even though I might lose out to them in terms of fighting prowess, I refused to lose in a verbal war.

" *Tsk!* Useless!"

As expected, once I mentioned the possibility of the spell going out of control, they, who were afraid of death, wouldn't allow me to use it.

However, if the Town Security troops were to continue pursuing me like this, my good person reputation that I had been trying to build up would go down the drain. Thus, I decided to make my move.

"Slippery Oil Spell!"

I instant-cast a 1-circle magic, and a large area of oil appeared before us. As a lich, floating through the use of magic was the bare basics. Thus, I simply floated across the oil.

"...What is the use of a 1-circle magic? Even the weakest among the fellows behind us is of the Bronze rank."

In the eyes of the pissed off Jinya, a 1-circle magic spell was useless to any warrior that could fight.

But this common sense was only limited to normal mages, and I am no normal mage, you know.

** Peng! **

Right after he stopped speaking, Jinya stepped on the ground and fell uncontrollably. No matter how hard he tried, he was unable to stand up anymore.

"Jinya, I guess the only thing powerful about you is your mouth. See how I—it can't be! How can it be so slippery!!?"

Right after he laughed at his elder brother, his younger brother, Yingou, followed in his footsteps.

"I improved it."

Improvement? More like I reshaped the spell.

The normal Slippery Oil Spell only used oil derived from animal fats for the spell. However, I chose to utilize top-grade oil used for machinery. At the same time, I adjusted the level of friction on the road, thus generating zero friction on the surface.

After my rank had been locked and I became unable to use higher circle spells, I spent my efforts on improving my current spells.

For the normal Slippery Oil Spell, warriors who were slightly more experienced could disregard it altogether. As for my improved Slippery Oil Spell, even though it was just a 2-circle spell, Gold-ranked warriors still had to tread carefully around it.

But my pride immediately crumbled in the face of reality.

"Ha!"

Using his hoofs as a sleigh, the cow slid across the oil as though he was sliding on ice while throwing glances at the crowd. Despite his seemingly clumsy heavy body, he possessed excellent balance.

"Well done. I see that the crazy lich's brain can function properly occasionally."

The sly vampire lady jumped on the back of the stupid cow and hitched a ride.

"Hurry, let's go!"

Seeing that the Town Security was closing in the distance, we ignored the Beyar brothers who were still struggling in the oil and swiftly left.

Just as I had expected, equipped in heavy armor, the Dark Elf Town Security Knights fell down one by one in the oil, creating a huge mess.

"Damn it, why is it so slippery?!!"

After complaining, the vice-captain, Victoria, finally got up with much effort, but she slipped and fell once again.

"Save me!" The shouts of help from the Beyar brothers drifted towards us.

While showcasing his muscles, the cow-head turned around with the intention to head back to save them. However, Lilith pulled him back on track to escape.

"Those guys are wearing heavy armor; they aren't able to catch up with us..."

"I am not worried about them. If the Beyar brothers were to realize that they were unable to escape... Surely you wouldn't have forgotten what they have on their bodies?"

The cow-head might have a slow reaction speed, but he definitely wasn't a fool. After patting his head in realization, he lowered his head and proceeded forward.

"Boom!!" Sound of explosions could be heard from our backs, proving that our

judgement to leave them behind was correct.

Engineers and alchemists were already experts at causing explosions. If we were to add the prefix 'goblin' in front, the probability of an explosion occurring increased by 10 folds. Ignoring the fact that the Beyar brothers would choose mutually assured destruction when they realized that they were in a dire situation, they had many messy toys on them. Just by bumping and falling a few times, those things might just explode if your luck was bad.

"Bastards! Grab hold of those two fools."

"They're running! Hurry up and chase them!"

A cloud of smoke rose in the background, and the Slippery Oil Spell caused the fire to intensify. However, judging from those curses behind us, this kind of unplanned small explosion could barely hinder those powerful knights who were fully clad in mithril.

However...

"Slippery Oil! Slippery Oil! Slippery Oil!"

The ground behind us gleamed with the shine of oil. Foolish elves equipped in heavy armor, slowly train your balancing abilities on my oil.

"Prepare to die!!"

Hearing that yell, I realized that my happiness was short-lived.

Appearing from the corner of the street was the captain of the Town Security, Diana. In her hands was the sacred sword that I sold to her, the Silver Avenger.

Immediately, we changed direction. However, led by their vice-captain, Yawen, another group of dark elf knights darted out from a corner.

"Damn it, it's a trap!"

As the three groups converged, we realized we were surrounded!

"Bastard! I thought that you were really a good person, but... the dress that I just bought is completely ruined!"

"And my tidbits!"

"My cosmetics!"

"And Momo's *mimi* !" [5]

"Isn't your *mimi* originally this small?"

"No! It is my pet cat Mimi! Also, my breasts are at least bigger than yours."

"I am a male; don't you feel embarrassed comparing yourself to me?"

"I'm sorry, you look too effeminate. I forgot that you are a male."

The noisy dark elf knights surrounded us from all three directions. Ignoring the internal strife between the dark elf siblings, judging from how they were rubbing their knuckles against their palms, they were probably prepared to strike at any moment.

Under such circumstances, the first thing I did was...

I performed a cart-wheel and dodged a strike from my back. Then, following up with a Floating Spell, I floated a foot off the ground to escape from another slash.

"Bastard, so you were the one who dragged us down. How many times has it been?!"

As expected, the aggressors were the old cow, who had an apologetic look on his face but used full force in his attacks anyway, and a crazy vampire who was busy castigating me.

...As expected, my foremost priority should be to get rid of these two foolish comrades who were already too used to betraying others. They were much slyer, and thus more difficult to deal with than the dark elves. After coming to a realization that the operation carried out this time was my fault, they wouldn't spare a second thought to betray me.

If I were to be captured this time, even if the dark elves didn't deal with me personally, my cellmates would surely take good care of me.

"Ah! I mustn't get caught by any means!"

Under the combined attacks of two of the top ten fighters in Sulphur Mountain City, my movements were a mess as I tried to dodge their attacks. As for the dark elves, they were willing to sit by the side and watch the dog fight. Some of them even brought out chairs to enjoy the show.

"An opportunity!"

How could those bitches understand the solid friendship we forged under oppression? Just a single look and we understood what we had to do.

The cow-head grabbed me and Lilith with both of his hands and threw us out of the blockade.

"You bastards!"

When the dark elf knights finally came to, we were already out of the blockade. The poor cow, despite having the strongest fighting prowess of all, due to his meaningless principle of not hitting women, was pushed down to the ground by a group of female knights.

"Old cow, we will remember your sacrifice!"

"Lich, what did you do!!"

"Yesterday, when they caught me, I burnt their barracks."

"Well done! I have wanted to do that for a very long time."

I laughed for a bit, as though I was pleased with my actions, but then I casually pointed a finger towards her.

"Art of Truth, Incapacitate!"

Due to my sudden attack, the unwary vampire's movements were sealed.

Although my Art of Truth could only stop her for a few seconds, that was more than enough.

Her eyes were filled with incomprehension. We had already escaped from the Town Security, so she was unable to understand why I would choose to betray her.

But the next instant, she understood. The mad lich Roland was well-known in the city for bringing harm to others for no apparent reason or benefit to him. Otherwise, despite bring the incarnation of fear, why would he gain the glorious title of 'screw-loose'?

As the army drew closer, the incapacitated Lilith Milan, despite her indignation and anger, could not do anything.

As she was pushed to the ground by the dark elf knights, the System notice finally rang out.

[Daily Quest: Betrayal is complete. Quest Objective: Betray 3 comrades who trust you; the reward depends on the strength of those who were betrayed.

Quest Progress: Jinya Beyar, Yingou Beyar, Lilith Milan—the average strength of the three are above the Gold rank and your current strength. As the quest is completed perfectly, you are rewarded with 10 Evil Points.]

"As I thought, betraying all of you is worth the effort."

Alright, since the daily quest was completed and I had received my reward, now was the time for me to really try to get away.

After turning into a quiet corner, I put on a special silver magic robe with golden linings and a faceless silver metal mask. I stood there quietly, waiting for my pursuers to catch up.

"My—crap! Sorry, lord!!"

After turning the corner, the furious Town Security troops immediately turned into obedient little girls.

As Diana rushed over, she suddenly caught sight of me and her smug expression disappeared completely. She became as quiet as a hibernating cicada, not daring to talk at all, behaving as how one would act when looking at their superiors. Finally, as the captain, she bucked up the courage.

"Chief Justice Lord Wumianzhe, why are you here?"

Yes. I, Roland Mist, had another identity. I was the city's top judicial officer, Chief

Justice Wumianzhe, The Indefatigable One ^[6]. I was not their direct superior but their superior's superior's superior's superior.

Note:

1. Cause and effect. He changed fate (cause), so the effects of his actions will change the world.
2. Taurens have cow heads and human bodies.
3. Journey to the West reference
4. Phylactery refers to the object which one's soul is deposited. Has the same concept as a horcrux.
5. *Mimi* is also used as a slang for breasts.
6. *Wu Mian Zhe* means the one who doesn't sleep, and has sort of a literary meaning of how he overlooks the entire city for crimes at every single moment. Its English translation is 'The Indefatigable One.

Chapter 5

Chief Justice (G)

Sulfur Mountain City was a good place. This was a commonly accepted fact in the Underground World.

In order to understand what kind of place Sulfur Mountain City was, one must first understand what kind of place the Underground World was like.

'A land for exiles.' This was probably the common understanding among those living on the surface.

The Underground World was a crevice under the continent of Eich. The total size of the Underground World was immeasurable, its geography far too complex to be mapped out properly. It was even said that there was a route in the Underground World that led straight to the Chaos Abyss.

Initially, there weren't many residents here, but as eras passed, it became a land of gathering for the exiled.

The elves had exiled the dark elves, the dwarves had exiled the gray dwarves, and the gnomes had exiled the wild gnomes. 40% of the beastman tribe were chased by other factions into the Underground World. Even the powerful great dragons chased the brutal Red Dragons and cunning Black Dragons into exile here. This was also where the Titans had exiled the Volcanic Giants.

The dominant race of the surface, the humans, were no exception as well. Although it was all their brethren they exiled, it was the most complicated bunch of all, including witches, extremists, cultists, necromancers, revolutionists, demon worshippers, scientists and so on. It seemed as though the Underground World was a disposal ground.

As time passed, the races of the Underground World became far too complicated to be calculated, but there was one common rule here.

In the Underground World, there was no order. Strength spoke the loudest. The

winners earned it all while the losers were enslaved.

Even in the chaotic Chaos Faction, this was one of the messiest places. The Underground City Lords waged and fought wars all year round.

They annexed land, stole rations, attacked cities and enslaved the population. Of course, the countries on the surface were no better, but due to the restrictions by the different religions worshipping the Gods of the Order Faction and the different Councils of each country, it was still mainly peaceful there. However, in the land abandoned by the Gods, the Underground World, the war had never stopped.

Those who were able to survive in the chaotic Underground World, when placed in comparison with those on the surface, were far from being weaklings.

Well, if we were to use the analogy of a game, the Underground was a dangerous zone for the high-leveled, opened later on in the game. Only players above LV40 were able to form parties to enter.

In most of the cities of the Underground, due to the presence of diverse races, there would normally be just one dominant race oppressing the others.

But, Sulfur Mountain City was different.

This city lay next to the Sulfur River but did not have a long history. It was slightly younger than 130 years, and in the eyes of those tribes blessed with longevity, that was no more than a blink of an eye.

But they accomplished a deed that the surrounding Underground City Lords had been unable to achieve for a few millennia.

There was no war here, no nobility or oppression.

In fact, there was no ruling race here. The City Lord Adam Han, a well-known hero, took up the lonesome job of becoming the City Lord. Despite Adam, a human, being the City Lord here, humans were the scarcer race within the city. Furthermore, there wasn't even a single ruling-class nobility present here.

And, the fellow being was jokingly said to be muscle-brained. The City Lord was even more renowned for having totally no interest in power or land.

Contrary to the armies in other Underground Cities, which numbered in the tens of thousands, Sulfur Mountain City only had a few hundred people in the reserve army and public security team. In fact, the strongest of them was the Town Order Security Army, better known as Town Security, which mainly comprised of dark elves. Yet even so, their scale didn't even cross the 800 mark.

In the chaotic Underground World, pacifists were synonymous with weaklings. With their backs to the mines in Sulfur Mountain coupled with their weak defense force, they naturally attracted aggression from the other Underground City Lords.

But, after a couple of battles, no one dared to set their gazes on them anymore.

The reason? Their fists were strong enough.

No army? In actuality, there was no need of one.

Ein Mezus, the ancient Red Dragon who was titled Disaster of Veron, lived in the sulfur mines behind Sulfur Mountain City. This evil dragon once laid waste to dozens of human kingdoms, but for reasons unknown, it became the guardian beast of this city.

Adam Han was one of the most renowned heroes of this era; he had once killed Undead Emperor Lord Yongye ^[1] 1 and saved the world. After coming to the Underground World alone, he destroyed a city of dark elves with just brute force. That was 40,000-50,000 dark elves and a hundred thousand of other races. He himself was probably the most famous Thousand Man Killer.

The Great Saint Magaret, nicknamed 'The Child of Heaven', was comrades with Adam on their journey to seal Lord Yongye. She was rumored to be a remarkable existence capable of summoning an army of angels by herself.

It was said that there was once an Underground City Lord who, while on his way to attack Sulfur Mountain City, was 'persuaded' to leave by a prominent figure without even catching sight of the city walls...

It was said that as long as the three heads of Sulfur Mountain City existed, it would remain an impregnable fortress.

In my System, these three fellows were LV200-300s perfect super boss level characters. Not mentioning the current era, even after 3 or 4 updates in my game walk-through database, they were still extremely powerful characters, far beyond the reach

of those LV80-90s barely Legend-ranked Underground City Lords in the surroundings.

It was due to their strong protection that this city had turned into the only clean land in this chaotic Underground World.

However, having only military strength was insufficient. The Great Saint took up the role as the Head of Internal Affairs and kept the city in good order, while the Chief Justice Wumianzhe—yup, that’s me—even went on to create the most equal and fair laws in the entire Eich.

As for the City Lord Adam, he spent most of his time doing what he usually did, being a useless lucky charm.

Coincidentally, I, who was rather close to the 3 heads of Sulfur Mountain City, became one of its founders.

Previously, when I was questioned by the Town Security, I didn’t lie. I really am a good employee with a proper job—the Chief Justice of Sulfur Mountain City!

Although my memories had been mostly scattered after three deaths, I still managed to retain most of the important knowledge.

As a lawyer and judge in my previous life, I had accumulated knowledge of legislation far beyond that of this era. The legislation I had written for Sulfur Mountain City had become a role model for the entire Underground World, and the surface dwellers even sent scholars to study from us.

The conflicts due to the diverse races? I carved Martin Luther King Jr.’s ‘I Have A Dream’ on the city markets and city gates such that everyone entering or leaving the city would see it. And this was only the first step.

I established racial discrimination to be illegal, and offenders would be severely dealt with. I then came up with a series of policies to tackle racial tensions, and I severely dealt with a couple of fools who crossed my laws to give a stern warning to others.

As someone interested in sociology, I understood that society would get used to the presence of a rule as long as it gained recognition and agreement on the surface. After sufficient time, it would be viewed as being morally correct.

As an immortal undead, the only things I didn’t lack were time and stamina. After

spending long years trying to change other people's mindset, I had at least succeeded in planting the ideas of racial harmony in the minds of the citizens of Sulfur Mountain City.

The comparatively harmonious relationship between different races was the basis of Sulfur Mountain City's prosperity, and the next step would be security.

Killing a person and stealing his items was a heavy crime? In other Underground Cities, one could pay his way through his crimes, causing rich merchants and nobilities to not treat folks of other races with proper dignity and respect. Here, however, it was a non-negotiable death penalty. Under the threat of heavy punishment, the security of the city turned for the better.

Of course, there must be sufficient strength to put these legislations into action, and a group of queer dark elves, who were driven out of their clan for believing in the Holy Light, became the cornerstone of the security team. After devoting a lot of resources, I managed to turn them into a team of Public Security Officers trusted by the citizens.

Sometimes I did regret getting such good equipment for the Town Security. Giving them so much power made the difficulty of completing my daily quests twice as difficult and the frequency of me being locked in a cell increase progressively... Cough—cough—let's not talk about how I managed to shoot myself in the foot. Let's continue talking about how the blood and tears of a transcender ushered in a new era for the Underground City.

The religious conflicts that resulted in the splitting headaches of the leaders of other parts of the Underground World? This was indubitably a difficult problem for other cities to handle due to the physical manifestation of Gods in the world of Eich. The Underground City Lords were often believers of certain Gods, so how can they be trusted to be impartial? An oppression against certain races would cause endless conflicts in the city.

In this city... amongst the three heads, Red Dragon Ein Mezus believed in gold coins, the City Lord Adam Han was well-known for not having a faith, while the Great Saint believed in knowledge and Adam...

Yup, you didn't hear it wrong. The Great Saint has had a 'crush' on the Great Hero for very long and this was a well-known fact throughout the world. However, the blockhead seemed to be ignorant of it. Little Red and I couldn't stand looking at the

situation any longer so we trashed his wedding reception twice. [2] 2

Of course, I couldn't deny my ulterior motives. Other than the Evil Points I earned from causing utter chaos, looking at Adam's dumb face on the verge of tears was really gratifying.

Alright, looks like I'm going off topic. Let's continue talking about the Underground World.

The faiths of the three heads weren't reliable and if I, arguably, were to have a faith, it would probably be 'to give those who sinned what they deserve' and 'to grant the innocent the protection of the law' and such, in the spirit of the justice in my previous life. Thus, I did something never seen before in the history of Eich—I granted the citizens of Sulfur Mountain City the freedom of faith.

"Faith is an individual choice. While we will allow one to spread their faith within the city, no religious organizations are to force others to convert to their beliefs. Those who break this law will be exiled from Sulfur Mountain City."

In Sulfur Mountain City, there were people who believed in demons, the Holy Light and even those who believed in Gaia and such. There was an incredible number of altars and shrines in the city. However, if any of them tried to use religion as a flag to oppress others, they would face severe punishment.

While the rest of the Underground World coped with internal conflicts, wrestling over political power, the frequent war of faith between different churches, and the casual plundering of the weak by the strong, our Sulfur Mountain City's was exceptional in the fact that it was politically stable with suitable laws put in place. We had great efficiency in governance, peaceful and orderly. We attracted countless talents and merchants, making our city a prosperous one that eventually became known as the paradise of the Underground World.

In reality, the city wasn't all that good. It was just that the other Underground Cities were too chaotic—the city looked much better in comparison to its surroundings.

Chaos had already become a symbol of the Underground Cities and the Underground World, which resulted in many resources and manpower to actively seek out our city, heightening its prosperity.

On the surface, even the Holy Light Church was so taken aback by the peaceful city

within the land of chaos that they sent Holy Knights and Priests to receive teachings from the city. Many Holy Knights were stumped by how diverse races could get along, and the majority of them chose to be stationed in the city for extended periods of time. During their time in the city, they studied the 'scripture gifted by the Holy Light' while they tried to spread the greatness of Holy Light and enlighten the 'evil Underground World residents'.

As a lich, the natural enemy of Holy Knights and Priests, my detest for them was great. At times, I would be tempted to peel off my mask and tell them that their 'scripture gifted by the Holy Light' was the creation of an evil lich to see if the faith of some people would crumble from that fact.

Let's come back to the present. This facade had become my best cover while under pursuit.

No one would have expected the fair, impartial, and infallible Chief Justice Wumianzhe to actually be Lich Roland, who often stirred up trouble and was known to 'have a loose screw in his head'.

When I took on the responsibility as the head of the Supreme Court, I insisted on putting on my mask. Due to the unreliable Evil Lich System, I was cursed to be unable to retain my dignity, and as a judge who would take law into his own hands, dignity and authority were crucial.

After all, any legislation without authority or fear was just another piece of scrap paper.

At this moment, the dignity that I had accumulated throughout the years worked its wonders.

Right now, despite only standing there silently, the members of the Town Security, under long years of being under my authority, were quivering down to their feet.

I turned my head and looked towards the one leading the team, Diana Syfan.

"Lo—lo—Lord!!"

There was no doubt that from the trembling of her voice, she was definitely having a guilty conscience.

I was the superior of their superior of their superior of their superior, and this does not only mean that my official rank was higher than theirs. They were members of the Town Security, and the Town Security was a subsidiary of the Subordinate Court, and the Subordinate Court was a subsidiary of the Supreme Court, while I, Wumianzhe, was the head of the Supreme Court.

In the legislation that I drafted, as a subsidiary of the Subordinate Court, the Town Order Security Army did not have the rights to authorize an arrest. They could only listen to the orders of their superiors. They had to request for an approval from the Subordinate Court to carry out an arrest, who would then send a report to the Supreme Court. This was especially so if they wanted to carry out a large-scale event along the lines of 'Swiftly and heavily, we shall severely punish those committing crimes' to enforce law

As the head of the Supreme Court, I hadn't received a report for the large-scale arrest warrant.

"...Insubordination?"

Of course it was an act of insubordination. I had just bombed the base of the Town Security yesterday but they had started with the operation today—how was it possible for them to request for an approval and receive the approval within such a short period of time? Even just considering submitting the request, they would have to first gather the documents required from the mess of their base and that was quite a big project!

Diana's face turned white in an instant after hearing my muttering.

"No matter how righteous the rhetoric is, the enforcement of law is a violent process. The law enforcers are the tools for carrying out such violent acts for the court. If these tools were to grow their own mind and start acting as they please, then it might be time to get rid of these tools."

This was one of my well-known quotes and was on the first page of every Town Security member's work manual. It served as a warning.

I reckoned that they were intending to carry out a sudden raid and fill up on the administrative matters later on. On other days, the Subordinate Court and Supreme Court would just turn a blind eye, but they hadn't anticipated my sudden appearance.

They were caught red-handed in the act.

Merely looking at them silently caused the dark-skinned dark elves' faces to turn ash-white—it surely put them in a very good position to compete with that of the undead.

Insubordination? No matter the reason or the outcome, for a group of law enforcers to do as they pleased was a very dangerous act. Today, they could be committing insubordination to beat up others, but tomorrow they could very well be committing a coup d'état, trying to overthrow the current order.

Following Sulfur Mountain City's laws, those who tried to overstep their authority, even in the lightest of sentences, were to be exiled from Sulfur Mountain City.

The dark elves had landed themselves in a desperate situation. If the person they met with was one of the other members of the Supreme Court, they could still negotiate with them and settle it privately. However, the man in front of them was the man who had miraculously converted the intangible laws of justice into an actual power similar to Holy Light, the very symbol of law. They had never heard of an occasion where he compromised with those who tread on the boundaries of the law.

Town Security Captain Diana's face was bitter, but it was time for her to stand out.

"After working so hard for a long time and going through many difficulties, the 'evil' dark elves finally managed to receive recognition from the citizens. Will it all go to vain like this? After leaving the city, will we have to go out there and live the days of blood and brutal killings... How can I face my sisters who believed in me like that?"

The young lady's red lips were bleeding from being bitten on, and her purple eyes were filled with tears. They thought back to the days where they fought just to survive, and they thought of how they were finally able to find a blissful home and lead good lives after being exiled from their clan. The dark elves' beautiful faces were distorted with pain.

"Lord... It was all my individual decision! If you have to punish, please only punish me!" The strong Town Security Captain threw away her pride and knelt for forgiveness.

"Big Sis Diana!"

"It is not big sister's fault, we did it all for the order of Sulfur Mountain City!"

"Yeah, what rights do you have to punish us?!"

Surrounding their captain, the other Town Security Knights were drunk in their emotions. Some of them started glaring angrily at me, and the situation seemed to be on the verge of turning physical. Thus...

"Incantation of Law: Silence!!"

Following the echo of my voice, a mysterious magic started to take effect. In the midst of air, a silver gavel struck down, and a reverberation spread through the entire plot of land.

As the silver ripples undulated outwards in all directions, not only did all sounds disappear, but even the intense indignant emotions vanished.

In this mystical world, if the faith in the concept of Order and Holy Light could be transformed to become an origin of power, then how could the faith in law and justice lack the support of supernatural powers?

It had to be said that while I was in court and the fourth Soul Imprint began to take shape, the one who was the most surprised was me. This meant that the code of law that I had single-handedly created was recognized by the source of the world and had become a part of the powers of Order.

Law was the power of words. The rules of the world were known as laws, and as the one who controlled the rules and the code of law, my words could become the rules of the world.

And that was the Incantation of Law.

It was a unique magical art that combined the concepts of law and magic. Although it was very different from the Art of Truth used by mages and the commandment branch of Divine Arts used by priests, as long as one fulfilled the strict requirements for its usage its prowess was one to behold.

At this moment, I was dealing with a case with this Town Security as the accused and the narrow alley as my court.

As I called for silence, all living beings must quiet down and listen to my truth.

The dark elves' innate resistance against magic was useless in the face of my Incantation of Law. No one was able to hear their words or their body. Their hearts felt as though they were soaked in icy water as they felt a chill run down their back. They all quieted down in an instant.

Only now did they recall that the man in front of them was not just the Chief Justice, but even more so a great mage whose limits had yet to be tested.

The Incantation of Law he had created by combining both law and magic together had become a unique rule-based magic; its fame had spread far and wide. It attracted even the great religious heads and saints from the surface to study. The Supreme Court had become a sacred land where only powerful Gold rankers could learn the secrets of the Incantation of Law.

He created three new jobs—Knight of Justice, Judgementor and Law Incantationer. They were equivalent to the Holy Knights, Cardinals and Monks that the Holy Church was so proud of.

"How fearsome... My magic resistant skin has been totally ignored."

"I'm unable to analyze the level of this magic. In fact, I can't even feel the pulsation of magic, but it's at least at the Saint rank (i.e magic used by a Saint)."

In their eyes, defying orders meant starting a war against the entire Law Organization of Sulfur Mountain City. Even if they tried to escape, they might not be able to escape from the hands of the judges. What was in front of the dark elves seemed to be a dire situation where they might very well end up exiled.

In the face of such dire circumstances, everyone's heads drooped as they waited for me to pass my verdict.

"My Lord! Please consider how I worked for Sulfur Mountain City for so many years! Please only punish me!" Diana knelt with a teary face.

A respected female Knight Captain just knelt down; how could the other knights still continue to remain standing? Thus, the sight of a group of kneeling knights unfolded in front of my eyes.

Aiyo! Looking at how deep their sisterhood was, I started to feel sentimental myself.

In reality, the Town Security Captain Diana was also a LV81 Legend-rank Knight, and her abilities were definitely above mine. As for why she was unable to stand up against me? Other than her guilty conscience, it was the workings of my God-tier equipment.

The enchantments of this silver robe were done by me during the most powerful phase of my life. Initially, I had used it mostly to scare other people, but after I became a judge, I mainly used it to pressurize the accused. After realizing the Incantation of Law, the Elite-ranked magic robe turned into a piece of SemiGod equipment for no apparent reason.

[SemiGod Equipment: The Dignity of Judicature (Bound)]

[Defence: 10 Points (Even metal plates only have 5 Points of defense. For a cloth magic robe to reach this level of defense is already very incredible.)]

[Unique Ability 1, The Self-Judgement of the Sinner: Induces guilt within sinners, and as time passes sinners would fall deeper into a state of fear and helplessness. The greater the sin, the greater the effect of this ability. The innocents are exempted from this ability.]

[Unique Ability 2, The Dispassionate Judge: The user equipped with the mask would have his charm fixed at 100. Resistance against seduction, detection, illusory and similar magic +20.]

[Unique Ability 3 isn't activated as the user doesn't satisfy the basic requirements.]

[Unique Ability 4 isn't activated as the user doesn't satisfy the basic requirements.]

[God Equipment Curse, Weight of the Gavel: The user equipped must have a job related to the legislative system and must carry out his job impartially. If he were to twist the laws for personal reasons or speak falsely, the law robe will transform into an unquenchable fire, destroying the user's soul and physical body.]

["Please use the authority granted prudently. The choice made after the gavel strikes down doesn't merely decide the rise and fall of an individual, but represents the dignity of the legislative system and its impartiality."—Chief Justice Wumianzhe]

In the continent of Eich, SemiGod equipment and such were that troublesome. Its abilities were specific albeit strong but were often affixed with some kind of troublesome God Equipment Curse.

The magical robe was exactly the case. Other ordinary robes could only boost the effects of spells cast. It, however, didn't boost one's intelligence, but in exchange, it came with several powerful special abilities.

The first Unique Ability saved me quite a lot of hassle while on trial. Be it a serial killer or the head of a triad, as long as they retained a shred of conscience they would all become a bunch of chickens in front of me. As for the second Unique Ability, it allowed me to disregard all attempts at figuring out my true identity.

As for the God Equipment Curse, being unable to defy the laws set and being unable to lie wasn't too big of a deal to me. Firstly, I was single, and thus there was no reason for me to flout the laws for personal reasons.

Taking a step back, if I were to engage in a scam, it would be more than sufficient to play a word game to mislead others. Instead, using lies that could be exposed were actually less effective.

"I don't lie, but this doesn't mean that you are able to understand the true meaning of my words. Don't blame me if you misunderstand my words." The SemiGod Equipment Curse might not work on me but its power didn't take a cut.

Right now, the law enforcers, who believed in the Holy Light, had overstepped their authority and were filled with guilt. Under the pressure of the SemiGod equipment, they felt as though invisible chains were restraining their bodies and pushing them down, causing them to be unable to straighten their bodies.

I estimate that by simply standing there, the pressure the other party encountered wouldn't be inferior to that of a dragon, and this would continue to increase as we proceeded on with the judging. However, seeing the current circumstances, if I continued to pressure them so, I might end up seeing some girls wet their pants.

Alright, this should be sufficient. If I were to go too far, they might just snap and do something desperate. Furthermore, I had no intention of driving them from the city.

Thus, I turned around to leave, leaving just a few words behind.

"I just happened to pass by and didn't see anything. Tomorrow, remember to get your captain to file the report."

Hearing my words, I could hear tears of joy and thanks sounding from my back.

"Thank you, my lord!!"

After I turned about the corner, the dark elves collapsed onto the ground together, some of them hugging each other crying, celebrating the dangerous circumstances they had just overcome. I smiled under my mask.

"Lord Wumianzhe may seem frightening but he is actually a kind person."

"That scared me! Momo almost suffocated to death. Sister Anna, let Momo rest on you a bit."

"You wretch, don't touch as you please. You should go find Lilith Milan instead."

I left a little toy to listen in on their conversation—cough—I meant the naughty wind delivered their discussion to my ear.

"To listen seriously to the complaints of your subordinates is the responsibility of a superior. If I don't know who is talking bad about me, what if I mistreat the wrong person...? That girl is called Stacey, right? She really knows how to talk. Of course I'm a good person." My mood lifted significantly and I decided to lighten their punishment. However, in the next instant, I knew my mood would worsen.

That was because just by the street, my loyal maid, Elisa, had been waiting for a long time.

"Master, what happened to you? To think you would actually let them off?"

"The law is dead, but we are alive. A legislation with no flexibility or humanity would only create grudges. Their actions and motives weren't wrong; it is just that the procedure they worked by is illegal. Exiling them would be going too far. See how the great me dealt with this perfectly, holding the executioner's blade high up in the sky yet putting it down lightly. This is how a true superior official should act; learn a bit."

"The truth?" Her lips curled in disdain. The maid with a vicious tongue, my number one loyal servant, once again chose to ignore my facade and glee.

"...It isn't fun playing them to death at one go. Haha! I really earned quite a bit today. Not only was my daily quest a huge success, I also got a handle and a favor over the Town Security. Heh—those lasses, see how I will deal with you all tomorrow! You all actually dared to steal the feed from the mouth of my Ah Bao!?"

I would forever remember the dark elf named Diana, that evil bitch who had taken Ah Bao's bone from me.

Tomorrow, when you go to the Supreme Court to file the report, I will let you understand what a superior's harassment meant. I will let you understand what non-violent aggression was like, what bloodshed in the office meant!

Chasing you out of the city? As dark elf knights who believed in the Holy Light, you all are probably the only such ones in the entire Underground World. Wouldn't I lose a hard-to-come-by toy and useful tool like that?

Elisa sighed helplessly.

"As expected, I really shouldn't hold any expectations for your conscience. You really are evil to your bones."

"No, I am a good person! One day, I will definitely convert those Evil Points to Justice Points, then work hard at doing good deeds. Then, I will finally be able to enjoy a good reputation!"

From a certain viewpoint, my current situation could be said to be caused by that mess of a System... Having to do evil deeds to earn points, just how could I earn a good reputation doing evil deeds? I even had to wear a metal mask just to go to work...

If only that was all. What I really couldn't tolerate was that...

"...That darn mask and robe, for it to be a SemiGod equipment set. Just by looking at me, those beautiful ladies are either stunned with fear or shaking their legs and peeing their pants, causing me to still not have a girlfriend despite being advanced in age."

"No, what is wrong isn't the mask or your dress up but your brain. An undead lich looking for a girlfriend?... Hehe, I can't even laugh at such a joke. Right, I heard that while you were still a human, you retained your virginity... Reality may be harsh, but please don't escape from it."

"Tsk! I don't want to scare you, but there's a female who says that she wants to marry me."

"Aiyo! Which necrophile would have such heavy taste... No, I get it, it must be some naive loli, agreeing to marry someone after receiving a lollipop. Even though you aren't

popular, but to go to the extent of lying to lolis just to satisfy your own pride, that really is too pitiful... Aiyaya, master, why does your face look so awful? Don't tell me Elisa has guessed it correctly again?"

"Elisa, you bastard! I... I want to be a good person! I also want to have a girlfriend!"

Thus... This time, the citizens of Sulfur Mountain City had the honor of seeing the tears of the Head of their Supreme Court.

Note:

1. *Yong Ye* means 'Eternal Night.'
2. Little Red is the nickname for Red Dragon Ein Mezus.

Chapter 6

Work

"Lord! We, the demirams, have been making a living rearing goats for generations after generations. That day, after expending much effort, we finally found a fertile grassland. But just as we were loosening the restraints on our darlings, the demons came!!"

"That's right! She stole our darlings and even tried to take away our possessions. Look, she even said that she was a law enforcer ^[1]. Where on earth do you find such a thief-like law enforcer?"

In front of me were a bunch of indignant demirams. These short and diminutive beastmen were well-known to be cunning and annoyingly talkative. Right now, tears were flowing down their cheeks and their faces screamed of indignation—it was as though they had met with great injustice.

"My Lord, you must redress our grievances! Our entire fortune has been stolen by these demons."

"That's right! My poor little Sia. He was barely 2 months old, not even past the age of breastfeeding. Yet, he was taken away from his mother by those demons. How can this be allowed!?"

"When the wind blows from the South, the snow floats along. Our goat is still so young, but that heartless wolf came to our house and..." ^[2]

I had seen many pitiable people in court, but the sight of the demirams gathering in a group, crying and lamenting together, wasn't something I got to see every day. As expected of the artistic demirams—they even started staging a musical about their grievances.

Initially, I was still rather touched, but after watching it for half a day, I realized that their standards were so-so and their lines were repetitive. I lost my interest, yawned, and began to announce my verdict.

"The law enforcers are not guilty of malpractice. The Camusi Demiram Tribe can

retrieve their goats under custody after paying their fines. This is my final verdict. The plaintiffs ^[3] are not to file any appeals."

"My Lord!!"

"This is unfair!!"

On the defendant ^[4] stand, Town Security Vice Captain Yawen heaved a sigh of relief. The plaintiffs were still busy bemoaning to the heavens about the verdict, but I refused to budge from my stance.

"Court Police, take them out. Next."

"Corrupted officials are rampant; our justice system isn't fair!! The foolish judge sides with the evil officials!!"

Sigh, it always ended up like this. However, I felt slightly displeased at being called a foolish judge to the face.

"Intentional slander towards the judge! I sentence you to a fine of 10 gold coins. On a side note, the next time you release your cattle on the city's greenery, your cattle will be directly confiscated."

While they did have the rights to rear their cattle, they had used Sulfur Mountain City's own greenery for ranching. It was no longer a problem about personal freedom but more of damaging public property.

Just within the past 6 months, we had spent a few hundreds of thousands on the damaged grasslands and gardens, and this was just calculating the cost of the resources and manpower required for the operation. On the other hand, what the demirams saved were only a few hundred gold coins of grass feed.

This time, the demirams specialty of arguing right from wrong had worked against themselves. They actually tried to sue the Town Security for malpractice in enforcing laws—they surely must take me for a fool.

"Right, the one who said that I was a foolish judge just now, go to the community center and volunteer for 2 months of free labor. Anyone who adds in anymore crap will end up like him. Next time, go to the grass patches to buy grass feed or ranch outside of the city. If you were to continue ranching as you please, your entire tribe

will be driven out of Sulfur Mountain City."

Towards the scheming but lazy demirams, taking a nap while bringing the goats out for ranching was already an extremely tiring job for them.

To make them work like the other races could be considered a harsh punishment, and for the greedy them to do free volunteer work for others was definitely a harsher punishment than the death penalty.

The more you speak, the harsher you get punished. Instantly, the crying and singing stopped as they lined up orderly to leave the court.

Thus, I nodded my head, satisfied.

"Next!"

I looked at the case files for the next hearing, but as I stared at the smiling defendant, I couldn't help but frown. No wonder the other judges left this case to me. It wasn't an easy case to tackle at all.

"Defendant, Beifeng ^[5] Herault, Dracon ^[6] Hunter. Accused of kidnapping and inappropriate sexual actions."

The evidence on this fellow was sufficient, and the man himself had confessed to the act, but this case still left me with a splitting headache.

His methods may be dirty, but Hunter Beifeng had just completed the dream of hunters by succeeding in capturing a druid as a pet. However, after he succeeded, he committed obscene acts with his 'pet' in public on numerous occasions. What's more, sometimes the druid would transmogrify into a bear, sometimes a panther, sometimes a bird—it was just that there wasn't a single time they did it in human form... Furthermore, the druid was male, and Beifeng was a male as well...

"Too dirty! Too disgusting! This severely affects the social values and culture of the entire Sulfur Mountain City. I strongly request subjecting this homosexual with a fetish for beasts to the death penalty under the reason of 'correcting the social values of Sulfur Mountain City.'" The goblin prosecutor ^[7] on the plaintiff seat spoke passionately. This case had been brought up from the ground level to the Supreme Judge, and now was the critical period to push it through.

"We must heed notice to the identity of the dracon defendant. In their eyes, 'being partners with beasts' is a tradition and a natural thing to do. Citizens of Sulfur Mountain City have long prided themselves on being accepting towards the culture and traditions of other tribes. The basic principle of our codex states that we can only punish those who have tread on the laws and in our codex, is the act of engaging in sexual activities with wild beasts prohibited? Since it isn't prohibited, then it isn't a crime. Thus, he cannot be passed off as guilty and even more so, he cannot be punished!"

Reading out his interpretations towards the codex, the Elf Defense Attorney Krose ^[8] managed to gain the upper hand, despite his looks of despise and disdain towards his defendant.

In the eyes of the elves who respected nature, Hunter Beifeng's behavior should have warranted his death a few thousand times, but in the court, he could not compromise his professionalism as a lawyer for his personal gains.

Just as Krose mentioned, due to the lack of a law dictating that his actions were a crime, the prosecutors were not even able to name out the exact name of his crime, much less determine the punishment he should be receiving.

"Which codex of law would outlaw such a disgusting crime like bestiality!! If this bastard turns out to be innocent, then how can we continue to uphold the dignity and fairness of the law!"

Hearing that, the goblin prosecutor was filled with fury. Even though he wore a silver mask that covered his facial expressions, from his furious tone of voice and the veins popping from the mask, he seemed to be on the verge of exploding.

But this was to be expected. For this case, he spent great efforts and went to court twice. Now that they were in front of the Supreme Judge, he was even more determined than ever to not let that pervert escape the claws of justice.

I looked at the lizard face of the pervert and he looked back at me. His face was calm, not a single hint of insecurity or restraint a defendant would normally have.

Furthermore, my SemiGod court robe was still in its activated mode. To exhibit such calmness under the pressure of a God-tier equipment, it could only show that he really believed that he was innocent and his heart was free of guilt. Thus, the equipment was

rendered ineffective.

"Different culture? No, the other dragons do not share the same hobby as him. He probably has knowledge on the law or has been informed of it, making him aware of the fact that we aren't able to judge him guilty. Hoho, as expected, there are always interesting crimes in a foreign world."

"Hoho! So can I go back now? My pet is still waiting to be fed."

As I started laughing, that dracon started laughing along with me.

That seemingly calm expression and laughter was a kind of challenge to me, and it caught my interest.

"Bam!"

The gavel struck down and I made my judgement.

"Judged innocent; the defendant is to be released."

The codex did not state that such an act was illegal, and since the laws that I wrote had a loophole in them, I admitted defeat this round.

Hearing this, that Beifeng Herault let out an honest laughter, but his smile was full of glee.

"Of course, Sulfur Mountain City's judicial system ^[9] is the fairest in the world."

But...

"Prosecutor Lowe, don't be mad. You should have known earlier that since it is not deemed as a crime in the codex, I cannot judge him guilty."

Lowe knew this, and it was because he was aware of this that he was so furious. To allow a sinner to escape the reaches of justice was as good as an insult to the Supreme Court and the judicial system itself.

"But, my lord..."

"Have you finished preparing for the law drafting meeting at the Hall of Legislation

next week?"

"Hmm?! Oh, I understand!!"

Due to my sudden seemingly unrelated question, Lowe was stunned briefly before realization struck him, and a hint of a smile crept across his face.

As the Supreme Court, we were not only an organization that dealt with judging criminals. Among the 4 Subordinate Halls, the Hall of Legislation was responsible for drafting up new laws. The Supreme Court, other than conducting the final inspection, had the authority to create new laws and define their legal understanding.

"Yup, since our friend Herault here has helped us to find a loophole in our legislation ^[10], then let's fill it up. Krose, when the new law has passed through, send a few plainclothes to talk frequently with our friend to send him here soon. After all, we have to give our thanks to him."

These words didn't seem to have been missed by Beifeng Herault. In this instant, his face steeled, as though imagining the moment he got caught and sent in here again.

As for deciding never to do such a disgusting act in the future? From the very start, for him who viewed 'treading along animals' as the greatest joy in life, it was never an option.

Hearing this, even Defendant Attorney Krose's face was filled with joy and relief.

"Yes, my lord. I will go handle it immediately. 'Treading along animals' is such an unnatural and disgusting action; he should be punished! Doing it public, his punishment must be doubled!"

"Right, remember to add in a section against the abuse of animals. Such actions should warrant the removal of the owner's rights to own pets. This should be sufficient to serve as an insurance to block all the means of that guy to commit such actions."

As an honorary member of Sulfur Mountain City's Pet Lover Club, how can I allow such a person to continue oppressing those cute little animals? Let's directly remove his rights as a pet owner.

Finally, Beifeng Herault started crying. If he were to want to continue staying in Sulfur Mountain City, then his hobby of 'treading with animals' would have to be halted from

now on.

Thus, under my scheming, the dignity of the law was preserved.

What if that fellow decided to turn over a new leaf? Let's first not talk about how I personally thought how difficult it would be to change his fetishes, but if he really succeeded in changing, it would be a matter for celebration.

"Next!" Even though these cases were troublesome and boring, weren't all jobs the same?

Boring and tasteless, but sometimes, it felt significant and meaningful.

Note:

1. 'Law enforcers' refers to the people who go out and catch criminals (i.e The Police, Town Security).
2. Lyrics from ????????
3. The plaintiff is the one who brings a case against another in a court of law.
4. The defendant is the one being sued (the one which charges are being pressed against, i.e the demirams and Beifeng).
5. 'Beifeng' literally means Sorrowful Wind. Dracon is his race and Hunter is his job.
6. Decapitalizing dracon, here. <- Note to all our previous readers.
7. Prosecutor is the lawyer who institutes the legal proceeding against someone (helping the one suing, i.e the goblin prosecuting lawyer).
8. Defense attorney is the lawyer on the side of the defendant (i.e Krose)
9. Judiciary is the branch in charge of the interpretation and application of the law (i.e the courts).
10. Legislation refers to the act of drafting up laws.

Chapter 7

Strolling With My Dog

"Voke, half-elf half-beastman, Bronze-ranked assassin. The lives lost under his hands are countless, and his favorite hobby is hunting down children. He was captured by an operation carried out by the dark elves of Sulfur Mountain City, and was sentenced to imprisonment for 376 years, never to be let out his entire life. Tsk-tsk."

While reading the information, I tsked in fascination at the half-elf assassin in the cage. Half-beastmen were a rarely seen breed. For the other half to be their mortal enemy, the elves, it made his breed even rarer.

"Lich? Wait, don't kill me! Don't use me for your experiments, too! You must have a lot of enemies; I can help you get rid of them!"

After realizing that he was sent to the lich, Volk was initially stunned because even the weakest of the liches was at least a Legend. Then, he soon felt at ease as liches belonged to the Chaos Faction, similar to him. At the very least, they were easier to deal with than those full-of-justice dumb-headed Holy Knights. Those hypocrites of the Order Faction never understood the wonders of making deals and compromising.

But, at this moment, I stared at him, smirking. I didn't bring him over from Sulfur Mountain City's prison to get an underling.

I placed a withered bony finger on the forehead of the half-elf. Even though he was an unforgivable serial killer who had committed great atrocities, the warmth of the living still brought one comfort.

It was only that the other party's face didn't look very good. Perhaps he had heard of the legends of liches playing with people's souls and corpses. Under the icy touch of the white bones, his face whitened drastically.

"...Really interesting. I thought that you were just a serial killer. To actually be a hidden blood flesh ritual-doer, a worshipper of the filthy demons. You used the life of young children and made deals with the devils from hell for strength and an extended lifespan."

As expected, when I said those words, the dirty memories hidden in his subconscious started to float out, and following it was the memory he feared the most.

"Tell me, interesting fellow. Tell me what you are afraid of the most."

The human brain was extremely interesting. The more you tried not to think about something, the more your subconscious would think about the matter.

The 4-circle Memory Reading spell wasn't a very complicated spell, but it wasn't a very useful ability, either. True secrets were always hidden in the depths of the mind, and the Memory Reading spell could only see what was on the surface.

I, however, had my special way of doing things.

By asking "what secrets are you hiding," the person in question would tend to subconsciously think about what he had to hide, and in that instant, all his secrets would float to the surface, allowing my Memory Reading spell to access them.

"...The thing you fear the most is your true identity getting exposed? I see. Then, what is your true identity?"

"Chrome City's spy? Wow, that is really interesting." After a series of questions, his hidden motives became clear.

My luck wasn't bad today. Initially, I had only wanted to change 2 of my prisoners to increase my Evil Points, but after a bit of questioning, I actually found out that he was a spy sent by other cities.

Underground City Chrometaxo was probably the closest city to Sulfur Mountain City. But, compared to the prosperous Sulfur Mountain, its population is significantly smaller.

The city was mainly dominated by the beastmen and gray dwarves. The City Lord was a dumb beastman who believed in the God of Tyrants Ban. The city's mining industry was quite advanced, but their other industries weren't looking that good.

This spy was recruited while he was in Chrome City. His mission was the most basic of all— collecting information. But, this was sufficient to prove that Chrome City was up to something.

"Elisa?"

"Hm?" The elusive headmaid appeared behind my back the next second.

"Interrogate him seriously. Find out all of his secrets and send Margaret a copy of the report. Tell her that if she doesn't intend to bother with it, I will dump this task on Adam."

In my mind, catching a spy = a dark hidden secret = an ambition of a certain influential figure = a series of troubles... which was equivalent to unpaid volunteer work!

Since there were no benefits to be derived from working on it, I didn't want to interfere in such a bothersome matter. Since I managed to stumble upon it, let me just dump it on someone who might be interested. The Head of Internal Affairs, the Great Saint Margaret, would follow the clues and unravel the fabric of truth.

As for the criminal? Before he was even sent to me, he was already deemed to be guilty of unpardonable crimes. Now that he was here, he didn't have to dream about leaving.

"Bam!"

Following two thunderous rumblings, my entire dwelling trembled slightly. Dust was shaken off the ceiling, floating in the stale air of the underground prison.

The prisoners coughed violently in response, and even my bones were cloaked in a thick layer of ash. Elisa was well-prepared beforehand, and used a handkerchief to cover her mouth

"Looks like Ah Bao can't wait any longer."

This earthquake was created by my beloved Ah Bao. As it is way past the time for his usual walk and his master had yet to appear, he decided to jump about as a way to ask me to hurry up.

Thus, I irresponsibly dumped all of the work on Elisa. It was the end of work time and the commencement of Ah Bao's strolling time.

Or rather, should I say that now is the time when I get pulled about by my gigantic two-headed hellhound...

Just like other dumb dogs, right after leaving home, Ah Bao seemed to have forgotten the presence of his owner. He started dashing around everywhere joyfully. As the one holding the leash, my entire skeletal rack doesn't weigh more than 15kg and my strength is a measly 5. Naturally, I ended up flying in the sky, pulled around by a 10-ton humongous beast.

Of course, after suffering several times under such circumstances and at a time like this, I would cast a floating spell on myself, tie the leash to the strongest bone on my skeleton, and act as a qualified kite...

Furthermore, this kind of strolling method had reaped me some unexpected benefits...

"The skull flag has risen; that big dog is coming! Everyone, keep your stores!"

"Where's the Town Security? Call the Town Security!!"

"Everyone, buck up! Let's build a defense line to protect our meat stores to our last breath. Today, don't dream about snatching away my fresh rib bones!"

Alright, the me who was being dragged around in the air became the alarm for Ah Bao's presence. To prevent themselves from getting injured by the raging dumb dog, all the booth owners within 2 streets started packing up their stores to get out of Ah Bao's way.

"Go to the city's East Undead area! That area shouldn't be under the jurisdiction of the Town Security!"

Hearing their words, I immediately issued an order to Ah Bao and use all my strength to tug on the rope to get him to turn around.

On previous occasions when I brought Ah Bao out for a stroll, the most we caused was only chaos in the flow of traffic. We never hurt any people in the past. (skeleton soldiers aren't considered to be people!)

Normally, the Town Security would have more important cases to deal with and after they were done with their current tasks, I would have been heading back home already. Yet now, as the final survivor of the Gentlemen Alliance, without the other members of our alliance creating trouble for them, I definitely would not underestimate the speed of their deployment and their determination to get rid of us.

"Woof!"

Under my directions, Ah Bao kicked away the tauren blocking the road and sat on the roadblock with his gigantic bottom, destroying it in the process. Then, he sprinted all the way to the city East, leaving dust in his wake.

"Hold it!!"

"Momo commands you to stay still! It was all because of you that Momo wet herself in front of Lord Wumianzhe yesterday!"

Fine, it looks like I still underestimated the other party's determination to take me down. To think the Town Security would actually prepare an ambush.

But..."Jump, Ah Bao!"

The gigantic hellhound leaped into the air and flew past the obstacles in front of us.

The Town Security behind us stopped in their tracks, frustrated.

A 6-meter tall skeleton giant held the gold-plated city gates as a shield in front of them, blocking their path.

The empty sockets where his eyeball should have been didn't show a hint of emotion, yet no one dared to bypass him.

We were already in the City East, the Undead District, and this plot of land wasn't under the jurisdiction of the Town Security. If they wanted to carry out an arrest here, they would have to write a report and go about the proper procedures. But, by the time they were done with it, the lich would have been long gone from their sights.

I finally reached my destination for today. I sent Ah Bao away to look for food... cough, to play.

Afterwards, I greeted every single undead in front of me.

"Hi, long time no see, do you all miss me? Musclehead, your rotten flesh has become much smellier now. Smallbones, your skull is really shiny; which brand of oil are you using? Uncle Aca, your bones are getting rusty. Ah, why don't you try the new lubricant I just created? It is made of natural ingredients, it's environmentally friendly and has

no side effects..."

But the undead, who were just pouncing around in front me, stood in daze after catching sight of me, and then...

"Run!! That lunatic is here again!! He scared the hell out of me!"

...It was such an upsetting sight to see everyone scatter in all directions.

The skeleton giant, carrying its own axe, jumped across the roof, while the Dullahans charged away with their heads in their arms. Even the pitiful skeleton warriors tried to slip away.

The sight in front of me was really depressing...

"Hey—hey—is that how you welcome your clansmen? I only used you all to experiment necromancy, do daily chores for me, and test out the might of my sacred sword..."

The more I said, the less confidence my words had. A familiar voice sounded out from my back.

"Your Majesty, you have already spoken of the reasons yourself so I shall not dwell on that any further. This time, is the reason for your visit that it is time for us to fight?"

"No, I'm a pacifist. Fighting and such stuff are things I hate the most. However, the time I promised is indeed about to come. So, is our army prepared and ready to go?"

"Of course, Your Majesty. Your army, no matter is it 376 years ago, 250 years ago, or 130 years ago—when have we let you down?! The remaining 24602 of the fallen Red Hunting Hounds have been sharpening their edges and grinding their teeth, awaiting the day for their deployment. We already can't wait for the moment we return to the battlefield." [1] 1

The fallen soldiers' voices were filled with fighting spirit. My general, as expected, was still as reliable as he was in the past.

"Today, are you here to view the soldiers' training or to overlook the experimentation of the new plague? Our alchemists have invented a new weapon. While possessing great destructive power..."

"No, I've already said that I'm a pacifist. Fighting and killing are meaningless to me. Today I'm here to view the preparation of that matter."

"You are saying that dumb—no—you're talking about *that* important matter? The preparations are complete and it's ready to be activated anytime."

I nodded, satisfied. Turning my head around, I noticed that there wasn't a single person in sight.

"Woof! Woof! Below! Woof! Woof! Below, Your Majesty! You are doing it on purpose, aren't you? Is teasing me fun? I am one of your strongest generals, you know!?"

Lowering my head, as expected, was my cute Little Bas. He was currently chasing his own tail and turning in circles by instinct.

He was Ah Bao's elder brother, one of my most trusted generals in the past. Now, he was a cute skeleton puppy.

"I am not Little Bas! I am Bastian, the Demonic Spatial Hellhound Bastian!!"

"Yes, Ah Bas."

"Bastian!! I am your general, you know! The vice-commander of your army who knows no defeat!"

"Alright, Little Bas, you don't have to emphasize it that much. I have always thought that you were great—yup—and most important of all, you are very cute! Of course, pets are human's best friend while little rascals are their worst enemies."

Hearing my increasingly unreliable declaration and how the tone of my voice felt like I was coaxing a naughty little kid, Little Bas's tail and eyebrows slumped down as he crouched on the floor, covering his face. He knew that when his master got into his crazy state, nothing he said would matter anymore.

A skeleton dog with a face of despair—I had finally managed to witness it today.

"Fine, I won't tease you anymore. Little Bas, are the preparations all ready?"

"Anything that goes along with you. Although I've always thought that it was a terrible idea, and you have always been known for being unreliable, I will just take this as a

play to humor you..."

"Cough!" A soft cough interrupted its complaints.

"Then, I, Lich Roland, hereby declare the opening of the new facility of Sulfur Mountain City Undead Tourism! The Undead Royale Theme Park is now up and functioning!!"

Yes, fighting and killing was meaningless. Nowadays, what was important was the economy; a livelihood for our citizens! Our Undead District must also venture into new industries, which, in this case, was an Undead Theme Park.

Dullahan Polo Competition, the Piecing-Together-A-Skeleton game, the Ghost Festival Dance Frenzy Competition and the Skeleton Dragon Sightseeing Tour around the entire Sulfur Mountain City. I had already prepared a series of popular activities for the theme park.

As for the thing spinning around behind me, it was the theme park's greatest selling point—a gigantic Ferris Wheel created by piling up countless skeletons. Its height was a hulking 300m, and when it spun around, the eerie wind that followed it was similar to a dancing Black Dragon. Its overall size was reminiscent of the gigantic titans such that it could be seen even outside the city.

Previously, it took me much effort to convince the living that it wasn't some kind of scary war weapon or some sinister plot... But, this was all worth it!

This Ferris Wheel was a living advertisement for the theme park. Soon, countless customers would be visiting the theme park, and riches would come flowing in.

At this moment, my skeleton retainers were dressed up as clowns and were playing music at the entrance as I patiently awaited the arrival of customers.

Unexpectedly, after half an hour, not a single tourist came forward. I turned to Ah Bas who was lying on my head.

"All the adverts were given out, right?"

"Given out long ago."

"We already paid the goblins the advertisement fee, right?"

"Paid."

"The safety assurance by the Supreme Court is written in the advert, right?"

"Of course, to think that you would be able to receive permission and a guarantee by the Supreme Court. Without this, I doubt anyone would dare to come."

"Is my advertisement slogan not good enough?"

"No, it was extremely interesting and eye-catching. 'View your own future and greet your future neighbors. Dance with the ghosts from the mirage and enjoy a unique experience. Free entry for the first 3 days and the first 100 customers will be entitled to a mysterious gift! Safety guaranteed! Great fun and joy guaranteed!'"

"Then why is no one coming!!"?

I stared at this dumb dog, but it simply smiled.

"Hoho! Master, have you forgotten that this is the Undead District, the forbidden zone for the living? What do you think, in the eyes of the living, we undead stand for?"

Hearing that, I was stunned for a moment. "What are the undead you speak of?"

Note:

1. Fallen -> He uses a phrase that means the remaining soldiers on the losing side of the war.

Chapter 8

The Undead Playground

What are the Undead? I'm afraid, in the eyes of most of the living, the first thought would be endless death.

In truth, there's nothing wrong with that kind of saying. In the battlefield between the Order Gods and Malevolent Chaos Gods, the Demon Lords created a spell that rises the dead. From that day onward, the Undead Calamity became the nightmare of the living.

But in truth, this cannot be blamed solely on the Undead themselves.

In this great continent, there are 2 reasons for the rise of the dead. The first is when someone dies with great injustice, regret or dreams and they are unwilling to disappear just like that. Then, there is an extremely small chance for them to come to life again.

This kind of natural-born Undead have an extremely low probability of occurring but they are often very powerful. After all, to defy the calling of death requires extraordinary willpower and resentment. It is said that the God of Death Ayer is the oldest natural-born Undead.

Undead who are born from such great resentment would tend to be twisted. However, relying solely on their will to defy death to linger in the mortal world, they are often able to retain their self-awareness.

Of course, among them, the strongest and noblest are the incarnation of the will of heroes after dying. They will be accepted by the Order Gods and granted a new immortal spiritual body along with a beautiful name – Heroic Spirits.

Other than the natural-born Undead, the other type of Undead would be the frequently seen Undead Calamity, the ones who were enslaved by the evil Necromancers to create even more deaths.

The magic for the summoning of the dead originated from the Demons. To date, there

are many different kinds of variations and developments of the spell.

At the very start, there were only corpses with low mobility. Afterwards, there are the swift Skeleton Warriors, Abominations made of flesh and blood stitched together, Skeleton Mages who are capable of wielding dark magic, Black Knights who are skilled in martial arts and finally, the strongest necromancer — Lich.

Following the development of Necromancy, the number of Undead tribes in present times are innumerable and those who are individually stronger than Liches don't just number a few. But, Liches, natural-born masters of Necromancy, are still the core of the entire tribe for no other reasons. Only the cunning Liches hold the key to the evolution of the Undead and what they specialize in is the research and creation of new Undead and Necromancy magic.

99.9% of the existing Undead are that kind of man-made Undead and only upon reaching silver-rank can they start to develop self-awareness. Even the strongest Undead heroes, upon waking up through Necromancy, are only monsters who recognizes no kin. Their thirst for blood and souls would make them attack the ones they love and once they savor the taste of killing and delicious souls, it is hard for them to turn back anymore.

The bloodthirsty Undead Calamity, such a saying isn't wrong at all.

The Demons of the Chaos faction have a temperament to destroy themselves. They managed to coax the ancient Mountainous Clans to fall to depravity. But then, they created their own mortal enemy, the Devils. They invented Necromancy, but then, they created a new race who were hostile towards them.

TL: Both Demons and Devils are of the Chaos Faction. The Mountainous Clan (originally the Order Faction) fell to depravity and became the Devils (of the Chaos Faction), and despite being of the same Faction, they are mortal enemies.

The Undead who regained their freedom had no hesitation in revolting against their own creators and even built their own nation. The current Necropolis Broly and the Country of Undead Xiluo have become the vanguards against Demons.

In the country consisting of the dead, Xiluo Empire, the authority is centered around the Council of the Night, which is made up of Liches, while the living only serve as lowly slaves. Furthermore, there was an Undead Calamity hundred years ago, the

Yongye Catastrophe, which almost resulted the end of the world, causing the undead to be viewed in repulse by the Order faction.

Heroic Spirits, natural-born Undead, the intangible race, the high-rank Undead with self-awareness and the instinctively bloodthirsty low-rank Undead. Normal citizens don't have the knowledge and ability to differentiate between them. Thus, in their eyes, the Undead District in the east is just a gathering of scary demons.

"That is to say, no matter what we say or do, it is all useless?"

"Of course, the living have their own world of the living and the dead have their own world of the dead. Your Majesty, you might be able to ignore this kind of boundary, but to get normal citizens cross it, it would be a difficult task."

Ah Bas, who is lying on my head, says so. Although he is only a dog, at this moment, he seems like a philosopher who has seen past life and death.

Not that far away, Ah Bao is currently hugging a pile of bones and he licks them, satisfied.

Looking even further away is a sight of demons prancing around. But, in my eyes, it is a scene of a daily life that can't be more normal.

The Undead don't need sustenance but this doesn't mean that the high-rank Undead with self-awareness don't have any desires. Right here, in the biggest market of the East District, rows and rows of shops are currently in business.

"How much does this preservative cost? Add another insecticide in too, the ones without sulfur. My skin is sensitive to it." This is a big sister Skeleton Mage, she's currently troubled by the increasing bug population in her empty skull.

"Black bandage, cursed bandage, I guarantee you that your magic would be as stable as your intestines. Is there any mummy or zombie uncles that are interested? It is the newest model from The Ring of Mystical Magic, you can even choose between the mushroom picture and the bear picture."

TL: The Ring of Mystical Magic (????)-> Name of some company

"All kinds of fresh blood for sale. Humans, Elves and Dwarves, we have kinds of races stocked up here. Virgin(female), virgin(male), homosexual, we have different kinds of

gender as well. If you purchase 2000CC at once, you can even enjoy a long-term home delivery service."

The little girl who is wearing a red cap running around looks extremely cute, but the goods she is selling was equally scary.

"Skulls for sale, golden jade, bronze, stone, dragon bones, whatever you need, we have it. Does anyone want to change their brain? Uncle Lich, do you want to change your brain? We even have a black ISO quality guarantee, we assure you that your magic would flow smoothly and that the material is tough and durable, no fake goods in the mix. There is a trial period for 3 days and you can refund it without any reasons."

After waving my hand to chase away the annoying red-hat Blood Tribe girl, I focus my attention on the distant and see the Skeleton Giant Klon, who is in charge of guarding the gates, waving to me. "Phew, those Town Security personnel are gone, I can finally go back now."

The Undead District is unique in the entire Sulfur Mountain City. It is a comparatively independent district, where the Town Security has no authority to enforce the law.

I guess I had underestimated their will to capture me, to think they would actually block the gates. Looks like they were on a long-term ambush plan, waiting for me to walk into it so that they catch me to calm their anger.

Caught off guard, their ambush almost succeeded but fortunately, Klon was there to block their advances.

To assault an Undead at the boundary of the Undead District, this kind of actions could easily lead to a conflict. But as a good person, I proactively came up with a suggestion to solve the dispute.

"I heard that the Supreme Judge isn't very satisfied with the Town Security army? No no, of course this isn't a threat, I won't send a complaint to the Hall of Enforcement, nor will I stand in front of the Supreme Court with banners and shout out my grievances. No, I am a good person, this definitely isn't a threat. I just want you all to do an experiment for me. If you all do so, I would even be willing to leave with you all."

"Hehe, it isn't the first time I am bumping heads with you. Rest assured, this experiment isn't some kind of evil magic. You should know, the main project of the year, the tourism-based Undead Theme Park is opening for service today and I am the

contractor. But look, there isn't a person in sight here to join in the fun. So, I am only inviting you all to become the first batch of customers and if you all had fun, you could help me advertise a bit as well."

I rub my hands together, fawning on them.

"Of course, it is free, entirely free! As the first batch of customers, there is even a complimentary mystery gift!!"

"Breaking my promise? I am a believer of law and the God of Fairness, you are insulting my faith! There isn't such a god? Well, there will be one in the future. Have faith in me, I will do what I promised you all. As long as you all help me finish the tests on all of the entertainment programs, I will immediately leave with you all."

Thus, they agreed to my request...

Then, they regretted...

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh! Smelly bones! Let Momo down!! Momo's entire body is aching!! Momo is dying."

...In front of me is a certain female knight who is dangling by a rope.

Then, silence, because... the rope snapped...

"...Ah Bas, next time write a sign on the bungee jumping station that one must strip their armor before bungee jumping."

Looking at the big hole in front of me, I expressed my condolences.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh! I knew that you pile of bones wouldn't be up to any good!! Let me down!!"

Whooshing past me while shouting is vice-captain Yawen which I met just not too long before. At this moment, her tanned face hardens, as though as she would puke anytime now. Apparently, she isn't suited to the high-speed turns of the roller coaster.

"Let me down, you devils! Accept the judgement of the Holy Light!"

"Don't, don't!! Don't summon the Holy Light on the roller coaster!... Forget it, looks

like I was slow. Ah Bas, remember to write a sign saying 'Don't summon the Holy Light on any one of the playground's facility.'

My warning was late. No matter what, the materials for building are still the products of Necromancy and if it were to meet its fated enemy, Holy Light...

The sight of the car dissipating when the roller coaster is on a slope hundred meters high and dashing down with high-speed, I finally had the honor to see it today...

"Wow, she flew really far..."

I swear that I didn't do it on purpose...

"Owehh! You bastard!"

The beautiful Elf ladies sitting in a circle puking without any care of their image, this sight...

"Ah Bas, lower the Hell Turning Cup's speed by 300%."

Looks like I forgot that the living would get giddy when turning too fast. Yup, yup, it is best to lower the turning speed.

"My brain!!! I can't see anything, you are going down today!!"

"The Universe Flying Saucer should just stick with a 180-degree turn, we should forget about doing a 360 degree."

Looks like, I forgot that when a living's head is hanging outside down for too long a time, they would experience temporary loss of vision and even death if hanged even longer.

"Too high, I'm scared, even the heavens and earths are shaking! Let me down, I'm begging you."

"The Ferris Wheel only need to slowly move up and down, the carriage don't have to spin."

"Retreat, you evil beings!! Holy Light, I face so much evil spirits in front of me, is this the end?"

"I guess we shouldn't use real spirits in the haunted house? But that wouldn't be scary enough. But if we use real spirits, then what if those warriors really go all out against them. Hey, I should just close it for now."

"Stop, I'm begging you! My head is spinning... no! Ah!"

"Pah!" The resounding resonance of someone crashing into the wall makes one's head hurt just by listening.

"The Spirit Horses can pass through walls, but the living..."

"Luckily I did a test with them! It is wonderful that no life is lost. Even the Holy Knights known for their great endurance are suffering so much, if it were the normal population..."

Looking at the tragedy in front of me, hearing their sharp shrieks and yell of agony, I can't help but feel fear. I tried to bring the idea of an amusement park from another world but it seems like it doesn't go well with this world. If it weren't for these 'kind people' helping me to experiment them, it would probably cause a disaster.

To thank them, I decided to fulfill my own promise and follow them back to the Town Security base after the test but...

"Today you have all worked hard. There are still another 120 segments to go. After finishing the testing, let's all go report to the Town Security army together, I definitely won't run away."

"You... You better remember this. You might have won today but one of these days, I will take you into custody!"

But they all ran away...

"Don't forget your complimentary mystery gift. It is a free year ticket for the Undead Theme Park. Remember to come by the next time!"

Chapter 9

The Demon King

On the muddy sand field, a lonesome figure is running about.

Despite it being a running track made of cinders, the figure runs barefooted on it, enduring the pain of objects digging into the flesh while carrying a heavy armor weighing beyond a hundred kilograms on the back. This is no longer a type of training but a kind of punishment.

Water has been sprinkled on the cinder road. The ashes may no longer rise up from the running about, but instead, it turns into a mud filled with ill-will. The smooth foot from before is now full of wounds.

Every few hundred meters of running, the slim figure would fall down once. Even when the body is full of wounds and mud, the young lady will struggle up and head forward once again, then...

Fall down once again...

Fresh blood was flowing from both her feet, forming a bright red line on the cinder path.

To the young lady, the physical pain she was suffering was nothing. What that truly hurts was the piercing glare from

All the passerby couldn't bear such a sight but no one walked forward to stop her.

This is because it is Sulfur City's Supreme Court. In the eyes of the population, it is the most sacred and impartial location. If someone is being punished here, they must have committed a crime deserving of it.

On the running track, two judges dressed in a court robe and silver-mask were discussing softly.

"Isn't that Diana, the Captain of Town Security? Why is she running laps here with her

legs bare and even carrying that heavy armor? It is like she is being punished."

"Didn't Lord Wumianzhe pass an order for the running track to be watered? Looks like it was prepared for her."

"What did she do?"

"Didn't the Town Security army overstep their authority a few days ago? They started a round-up exercise without proper authorization and Lord Wumianzhe seems to have caught on to it."

"Acting without authorization? Isn't that an extremely heavy crime? Even at the least, it would warrant exile... Oh, I get it!"

"Yeah, to sentence them all to exile seems too heavy, but going without punishment is impossible. Thus, when they came to submit the report these few days, Lord Wumianzhe refused to see her. Today, he was willing to meet her though, but he only casually said that he wanted to see the Town Security army doing freestyle running with heavy load, and this lady consciously went to carry it out."

"...Going by standard procedure, if we leave it to the court to judge, they conducted violent acts without authorization, that warrants an exile at the minimum but this is obviously over the top. But if they go without punishment, then there would be someone who would follow in their footsteps and it would be hard to find a reason to punish them then."

"Yeah, the best way of handling it is probably like that. First, give them the cold shoulders for a few days to let them know how grave the matter is. Then, make them 'consciously' get punished to warn the others. The law is dead, but we humans are alive. This way, not only did he manage to protect the dignity of the judiciary, he also manages to deal out a suitable punishment to those who did wrong. The balance struck between the two is worth studying. Lord Wumianzhe is really impressive."

TL: The law is dead, but we humans are alive -> Means the law is inflexible, but as humans, we should be flexible.

"...I think we better get back to work. I feel like Lord Wumianzhe is currently at the top of the tower looking towards here. If we leave an impression that we aren't serious in our work, then we might get in trouble."

The two of them leave hurriedly. It is already the time for work to start and as judges, they have their own cases to work on.

Dark Elves have very sensitive ears and the discussion between the two judges didn't escape Diana's ears. Thus, grinding her teeth, she stands up once again and shakily carried the hundred-kilogram armor to continue on with her punishment.

Not too far away at the top of a tower where Wumianzhe's office is, the heartless Supreme Judge is carrying some binoculars to look at the running track. It is different from what the judges' guessed, he wasn't overlooking the punishment but looking at scenery with the mindset of appreciating the view.

"As expected, the wet shirt showcases the entire figure of the beautiful lady. The mud, in contrast, made the exercising copper body to look more well-proportioned. Next time, I will ignore the opposition of those fellows! I will make mud wrestling of beautiful ladies a program of the Sports Day!!"

Putting down the binoculars, I seriously thought about the possibility of this being approved in the council.

What, punishment? Dignity of the judiciary? Are these toys important?

"Those stubborn old fools in the council may not approve of it, but I will!!" (Adam)

Appreciating the sight along with me is a middle-aged man who is smiling obscenely. He is blessed with good looks but he radiates a kind of tiredness from his soul.

Red light armor, fiery vermilion great sword, crimson hair reminiscent of the burning flames, his entire figure is like an inferno burning wildly. Despite being in the peaceful city, he was equipped in his battle armor as usual and the broken silver sword on his waist may be the only other color on his body.

"The Phoenix of the East", "The Deathless Man", he has a bunch of nicknames along those lines but the one most people are familiar with is his identity as the Red Lotus Sword Saint Hero.

130 years ago, he brought his team of adventurers to assault Lord Yongye's undead army and managed to decapitate the Undead Emperor Lord Yongye, causing the entire undead army to fall apart. It is as though the classic fairy tale where the hero kills the demon king and saves the world.

After that, he refused the gifts and recruitment from other countries and inconceivably, came to the abandoned underground world and built this unique city.

As the unique name of Sulfur Mountain City once again spreads to the surface, the reputation of this hero soars once again.

"The Living Epic", "The Perfect Hero", this is how the humans on the surface call their hero now.

But at this current moment, facing the wet top and seemingly visible sexy curves, on that honest square face is a face of lewdness that all men know.

"Why don't we just conduct a mud marathon and call the Town Security Dark Elves and the bunch of Priestesses in the church to join. The only attire allowed is underwear. Haha, we would make a fortune just by selling the entrance tickets." (Roland)

The Red Lotus Sword Saint Adam. Han is my direct superior, Sulfur Mountain's City Lord. His greatest pleasure nowadays is creating trouble for his subordinates and the Public Council. My suggestion will definitely cause those old geezers to jump in rage, so there is no reason why he wouldn't like it.

Don't just look at how improper he seems. In my system, this fellow is actually a LV262 SemiGod-rank existence. If placed on the surface, he would at the very least rival the king of a country.

"Hey, you old virgin, you have gotten stronger." (Roland)

When I saw him last week, he was only LV260. At such a level, even progressing a single step is difficult. But he actually gained two levels in a week, this is really unbelievable.

"Yeah, old virgin, your eyes are still as sharp as ever. For a thing like the Fire Phoenix, the older he is, the stronger he gets. The me in my current state, my heart of the Phoenix is currently burning at its limits. I should be able to beat the you at your peak period now." (Adam)

"Hehe, even if you are invincible now, aren't you still an old chuuni virgin." (Roland)

"Yeah, just like the bones you are, an old virgin." (Adam)

The two old fellows who have been single for a few hundred years now, after doing their daily routine of pouring salt on each other's wounds, both sighed together.

"When will my single life come to an end, I really want to get a girlfriend..."

"I am already numb to my lefty and righty. If it weren't for you messing up the situation, I would have already got a woman by now and maybe, even a son or grandson."

"Are you showing off? Do you think having a meat body is worth showing off? My lefty and righty are only bones now!"

"Showing off? Show off your head. Your rumors, saying that I am destined to a lonely star, caused all the beautiful ladies in the city to avoid me! Just last week, I 'accidentally' bumped into a hot chick and it should be a wonderful encounter. But, she ran to the Holy Light Church to dispel the curse. To think of it as being a curse... Do you know what I was feeling then!"

"Of course, I know, that is why I told that desert beauty that you were born under a lonely star!"

"I knew it! Why would an outsider know about these rumors otherwise, it was indeed you, bastard!!"

Alright, after that exchange, the Perfect Human Hero Adam and Sulfur Mountain City's most dignified Supreme Judge Wumianzhe starts fighting together like kids.

But as usual, this meaningless fight came to an end very quickly.

This SemiGod warrior might be able to beat this trash whose fighting prowess is not even a 5, but I don't even feel pain so why would I be afraid of him. Different variety of virgin sarcasm come rising up from my mouth.

"Serves you right for being single your whole life."

"Legend has it that being a virgin for 30 years make you a great wizard, you are already reaching 200 soon. It can't be that you are already a great archsage. Come, let me see you shoot a fireball."

"Why don't I use magic to transform your lefty and righty into cute girls? I assure you

they will be extremely cute. Oh oh oh, you wavered, you are actually wavering! Don't be foolish, if magic can accomplish such a thing, why would I still be single now?"

Of course, while I was hurting him with my words, my heart was also bleeding.

"I am already 376 years old, but still single... I want to be resurrected!!"

Until we remembered that there were still matters to be dealt with today, it was already evening. As expected, just like how a certain philosopher said, hurting each other would only leave a vacuum in its wake.

"Hey, you didn't call me here today just to fight, did you?"

"Of course not, Margaret called me to come here for an official task, what is it? Let me think!"

"Indeed, you are going senile already."

"Stop being so noisy! I got it on the tip of my tongue! Oh oh, right, there are two matters today. No, actually it is only one."

"Hm?"

"I am about to die, you know that right."

Despite talking about his own death, that blockhead was saying it lightly as though like he was talking about where to go to play tomorrow.

"Of course, in a minimum of a year and a maximum of 3 years, you are going to die."

Of course, I would know. In the system notice of his personal data, there is a red box beside his name (Lifespan coming to an end), his death isn't too far away.

"157 years, I have already lived long enough and there aren't any regrets as well."

Really? No regrets? I guess he isn't wrong too. On the continent of Eich, a normal human's lifespan is about 60 – 80 years and this fellow managed to last to near 200 solely on his frightening fighting prowess, so he could be considered to have a long lifespan.

"Actually, there is no difficulty in expanding your life span.'

Of course, there isn't any difficulty to it. With his powerful fighting prowess, as long as he was willing to believe in Gods and get an identity as a worshipper, he could achieve longevity. Otherwise, if he doesn't want to work for other people, he could convert to some race with long lifespan, such as Angels, Demons, Undead and such. For him, it wasn't a particularly difficult task.

But Adam simply laughs, laughs lightly, laughs as though there is no regrets left. Despite being young, he acts just like a senior who have seen through the world.

"No, 150 years for a human with a short lifespan is way too long, I have already lived enough. A useless village youngster has already completed his dream as a hero and those he is acquainted with are already mostly dead. There is nothing left that I want to do, so it is about time to rest. Also, having an elderly hogging on to the top position looks ugly too, it is about time for newcomers to take the top spot.

"...You still miss Lisa." His words couldn't fool me.

Lisa.Grant, Adam's previous companion and his crush. However, hundred years ago, she died in a battle against Lord Yongye.

With this fellow's abilities, if he really wants to get a girlfriend, there is no reason why he wouldn't be able to find it. Furthermore, for his two attempts at marriage, if he was determined to persevere to the very end, with his fighting ability, there is no reason why he would simply watch as we crashed his wedding.

"Hey, you really are a love saint. But, this is too selfish." (Roland)

"Yes, I am really selfish." He actually lowers his head and admits to it. "I am apologetic to Margaret. As an immortal, she is still young, she should choose a better partner." (Adam)

The Great Saint Margaret has a crush on Adam, but Adam can't let go of his dead ex-girlfriend. This has already become an open secret among Sulfur Mountain City's top brass.

As for the two attempts at marriage, he is probably intending to convince Margaret to give him up. Of course, the fact that Margaret unhesitatingly contacted me to deliver Adam her wedding present shows that she was unwilling to give up.

Things like rumors can spread around easily, and at the same time, it can be stopped easily. The reason why it became a secret which everyone knows of is probably because the city lord Adam simply watched upon its development.

"What a foolish triangle relationship. Alright, as an outsider, I won't pry into your affairs but since you already decided to die, then the other matter, I roughly know what you are going to talk about."

"Of course, since the jailer is about to die, then as the prisoner, it is about time we wrap up your sentence and prepare for your release. Congratulations to you, Lord Yongye, how do you feel about regaining your freedom?"

Yes, this Sulfur Mountain City is actually a prison. Hero Adam, Great Saint Margaret and the Ancient Red Dragon Little Red, these three heads are the jailers.

And I, previously known as Undead Emperor Lord Yongye, am the only prisoner of this jail!

"Then, Hero Adam, are you certain you want to let me out to destroy the world?"

"Anything that pleases you. A world without Lisa, if you want to destroy it, go ahead."

Chapter 10

The Whisper Of The Demons

Lord Yongye? Truth to be told, the name came from a joke-like declaration.

TL: Yongye means eternal night

"The Holy Light is inextinguishable just like the sun, its radiance will forever shine upon the masses? Since I have already been abandoned by the Holy Light, then let me drown the world in an eternal night.

Betrayed by the Holy Church I was loyal to and losing my family and my kingdom, I cursed the Holy Light that I believed in. I promised to bring about a new order to the continent and sweep the corrupted kings into the annals of history.

"Since you all decided to do turn your backs on our alliances for the benefit your kingdoms, betraying my kingdom and my citizens, then in return, I shall destroy your kingdoms."

Fine, I know I sound very chuuni, but don't everyone have a dark history that they hope to erase?

A chuuni is scary, but a chuuni Transcender who have the backing of a golden system is even more scary.

The Evil Lich System grants me point based on how significant my actions are in causing a divergence in cause and effect of the world. Playing pranks don't have much of an effect on the world, thus the rewards are limited. But, if I decided to bring about death and destruction, I would be granted endless points and these points would allow me to grow stronger to create more calamities.

What else can bring more death and destruction than a battle for the world?

Fine, a war. A war that destroys everything.

Just like how the epics on the surface records, the nameless Undead Lord summons

his unyielding army of undead. The black wings of the Blood Tribe cover the rays of the sun on the horizon and eternal night descends upon the world.

In the endless night, the undead dances on the battlefield and the frenzied Black Knights start a competition on hunting human heads. When a tinge of white starts appearing on the horizon, the sea of skeletons has already arrived on the shore and the long night of blood fest has arrived.

On the battlefield, following the creeping of death, my strength and army expands like a rolling snowball and eventually, I became the only SemiGod Undead Emperor in recent times.

Undead Emperor — Lord Yongye, became the nightmare of the living.

Under the Undead Calamity, four great empires with a millennium of history behind them ended and 3 communal countries and 6 kingdoms were swept into the pile of rubbish in history.

No one was able to comprehend how Lord Yongye got stronger throughout the battles, how he gained sufficient magic power to control his great 10 million army and how he gained sufficient strength to command his 10 Undead Lords.

Finally, the sea of unless undead swallowed everything. After Lord Yongye's army destroyed the alliance army organized by the Holy Church, everyone thought that the age of the living was coming to an end and the age of the undead was about to arrive.

Then, a sudden news spread across the entire world, causing a frenzy of joy among everyone.

Lord Yongye was assassinated, the Undead Army has collapsed!

'The Red Lotus Hero' Adam.Han became famous overnight.

The entire Eich continent sung praises of this name, the elderly raised their cups to pray that this heroic name remained permanently etched in history while the middle-aged sung praises of his heroic epic. The young and the children saw him as their future goal and idol.

A calculation after the incident, if it wasn't from the hero who seemed to have walked out from a fairy tale, Adam.Han, and his crew slaying Lord Yongye, the entire

continent's population would very well be 30% of what it is.

At this very moment, the legendary hero seemed like a kid who was fooled, his face full of anger.

"Hey, I am already dying so you should just tell the truth. That incident, did you go easy on us? Why was the defense team so empty? Why were the royal guards Red Hunting Hounds thousands of miles away? Why was there not a single Lord-level Undead around you? Why did you who have attained the powers of SemiGod lose to a bunch of Legend like us?"

TL: Undead Lords are Myth-rank, just 1 rank below SemiGod.

I hesitate from a moment then, decides against saying the truth.

"Well, don't you know reviving after death would cause one to lose a portion of their memories? I have already forgotten those stuff."

In reality, after destroying a few of the kingdoms who turned their back on us and incidentally, destroy the main church of Holy Light who betrayed my motherland, the West Mist Communal Country, my anger has subsided quite a deal. At least, I was more rational.

Slightly envisioning what was going to happen, if the Yongye army continues to push forward, what would be left is only endless death and destruction.

At that moment, it was already hard for me to halt the movement...

As my subordinate Undead Lords were enthusiastically talking about building a country and how to convert the entire Eich continent into a haven for the undead, the Yongye army which comprises a few hundred Undead Lords wasn't something I could stop alone.

Thus... As the leader of the alliance, I naturally had to pass away. On top of that, I left a will saying that only those who found the emblem of my kingdom, Eternal Night Scepter of Authority, can become the symbol of the next Undead Emperor.

"God weapon, Eternal Night Scepter of Authority, the symbol of the King of the Undead. This is said to be a personal possession that Yongye keeps safely with him. It is said that the great secrets of the Emperor are concealed within but to date, the scepter has

yet to appear on the stage of history." Illustrations of God Equipment by Tower of Ten Thousand Magic, that's how they introduced the Eternal Night Scepter of Authority.

Of course, as I died too hurriedly, I didn't manage to voice out what exactly is the Eternal Night Scepter of Authority and thus, the Undead Lord started suspecting each other for possessing it... Who said that undead don't have desires? Strength and authority are worshiped by all intelligent beings.

Well, I won't elaborate too much about what happens after. An outburst of internal conflicts led to the end of the Undead Calamity and the current Country of Undead, Xiluo Empire, over half of its 12 greatest Undead Lords are old acquaintances of the alliance army.

"Hehe, there is even a legend that says that whoever who obtains the Eternal Night Scepter of Authority will become the next Undead Emperor. But what a pity, the legend is destined to be a lie because... Eternal Night Scepter of Authority doesn't exist!"

Yes, even the title, Lord Yongye, originates from a joke, so how is it possible for there to be such a bizarre God Equipment in the world, everyone was fooled by me.

After succeeding in my revenge, I had no more goals. After changing another body, I would be a reborn man.

Initially, I intended to start all over after reviving, accumulate my strength and wait for the supposed "game events" to unfold while awaiting the return of my dumb younger brother.

However, the only thing that was unplanned was that the Saint Margaret managed to see through my ploy. She knew that it was hard for a Lich to be totally killed and thus, she sealed by horcrux, restraining me.

Sulfur Mountain City was originally a plot of barren land that they decided to live in but after a few refugees came, this became the start of the city we knew.

In the underground world where danger lurks, the protection of the strong is more important than anything else. At the least, they wouldn't end up the prey of slave merchants or the food of wild beasts.

As expected, Adam that fellow was warm-hearted in helping others while Margaret willing did anything Adam was agreeable to. As for Little Red, she was happy upon

finding a new toy, which was me, and decided to help out as well.

Eventually, more and more refugees came seeking protecting and slowly, Sulfur Mountain Village took shape and after hundreds of years, the small village before has evolved into the renowned city of paradise.

Thus, the 3 bored and idle fellows became known as the three heads of the city. Adam became the lucky charm City Lord, Margaret was forced to govern the Internal Affairs while Little Red still continues her sleep, occasionally waking up to cause everyone some trouble.

After watching enough of them fumbling around, the equally idle me, using my knowledge from both worlds, created a set of governing and law system which sustained until present date.

Watching the Lich in front of him who was playing with his finger bones, Adam gave a deep sigh.

Following the mainstream view of Eich continent, the Holy Light and Law that belongs under the Order and the Death and Destruction that belongs under the Chaos should be like oil and water. The moment one was born of a certain race, his faction was already decided.

"When we heard that you wanted to become the Supreme Judge and take charge of the law and order, we all thought you were joking. I didn't expect that you would really succeed. For Sulfur City's famous judicial system that is praised as the masterpiece of the Order faction to be created by a Lich who was the embodiment of chaos and death, even if we advertise this, I doubt anyone would believe it."

The Lich in front of Adam's eyes was even more incomprehensible.

If we say that he was a good person, he single-handedly created countless tragedies as the evil incarnation of chaos, the undying Lich. If we say that he was a bad person, then in this hundred years of living together, he surprisingly didn't do any astonishing evil deeds and instead, he was the one upholding justice and striking down on the evil.

For the Blood Tribe and the Elves who are blessed with longevity, they tend to live with a slow tempo while giant Dragons and Undead are even more known to have no concept of time. Normal races with short lifespan cherish their short time and busy themselves and after reaching the 50 mark, their spiritual tiredness and pain makes

them sluggish and idle.

Humans are social creature, leaving the group would only make one an eccentric loner.

Someone once did a calculation, no matter how kind and upright a mage was before turning into a Lich, after hundreds of years of leaving the community, in the eyes of outsiders, the corruption by black magic would make one turn eccentric and evil.

Even an undying warrior like Adam has finally reached a day where he felt sick of living but the Lich in front of his eyes, unlike his other brethren who were solemn, he lives energetically and creates new trouble every day.

"Weirdo... Truthfully, I really admire you at times."

"Hm?"

"...Incantation of Law and Law Incantationer, your Codex of Origin could provide the strong an opportunity to job advance as a Justice Knight, Law Incantationer or Judgementor. This means that the Origin of Order have approved of your energy of Law. As the creator of an energy of Order that is equal to the Holy Light, you should have had a glimpse of beyond the boundary."

Hearing that, I was stunned. I seem to have underestimated the man in front of me. As expected of someone who climbed his way step by step to become a SemiGod warrior. He seemed to also have felt the boundary, the one that belongs to the realm of gods.

My eyes swim to the side as nonsense floated to the tip of my tongue but seeing how Adam's lifespan was reaching its end, after hesitating for a slight moment, I decided to tell him the truth in account of our relationship for countless years.

"Hoho, death grants me endless power and the Undead are born lacking something, causing Undead to never be able to step foot into that realm. After reviving once again, I can probably reach that realm."

"Is that worth it? Death takes away your body, power... and also your memory. How much of your past will you remember? Will you still remember the days we went adventuring?"

"Evelyn, Karwenz, Father..." Numerous faces floated across my mind but these face which were etched onto my brain was mostly incomplete...

However, I won't regret it. At the least, I have already avenged them. As for memory or whatsoever, it is sufficient as long as we live in the present. If we keep remembering the past, we will only grow weak. It is pointless.

"Of course it is worth it, my ambitions are like the sea of stars. My Codex of Justice will one day overtake the lame power of Holy Light."

"Hah, I am really envious of your liveliness. Then, I would be at ease leaving Sulfur Mountain City to you."

An overdose of shock took me few minutes before I reattached my fallen lower jaw bone.

"Stop joking! Where can you find a prisoner becoming their own jailer! Don't dream about being an irresponsible jailer!"

Chapter 11

Finally, The Main Storyline is Being Recalled

What is my relationship with this unlucky man in front of me?

I'm afraid that it is difficult to explain it properly.

There was a period of time in the past when we were adventuring companions. After that, for a longer period of time, our relationship was one of a hero and a demon king. Then, for the longest period of time, it was one between a prisoner and a jailer.

Now that the jailer says that he is tired, old and reluctant to work, he decides to hand the prison over to the prisoner?

"What kind of joke is this? Handing over the entire city to a Lich like me? I am the demon king who almost destroyed the world, stop joking!"

Adam laughs bitterly.

"I also don't think that it is a good plan. Then, who else do you think I should pass it on to?"

That's true, who can he pass it on to? Little Red, as a red dragon, is true to the unique traits of her race. Eat -> Sleep -> Wake up -> Play -> Tired -> Sleep... If she were to become the city lord, I'm afraid she would have sold it away for gold coins by the next day.

What about the last of the three heads, the Saint Margaret? She is smart and knowledgeable and thus, she should be the forefront candidate.

"Margaret is no doubt the forefront candidate but she said she was quitting."

Of course she would quit. She spent over a hundred years of her youth here and now, not mentioning how that blockhead still remains oblivious, he even intends to die for love after such a long time and shove his responsibility onto others. Margaret is already showing a lot of restraint by not coming here to fix him personally.

Looking at the man who have a look of unhappiness on his face, my anger bursts. How did such a good lady like Margaret fall in love with this idiot?

"Damn it, if only I had a great girl like Margaret in love with me..."

"Hehe." Adam laughs gleefully, a laugh which makes one want to punch him hard in his face.

"Bastard, you have already hit me."

Alright, actions speak louder than words. Since I am already thinking of it, why should I hesitate. Let me give this old handsome two black eye circles.

Afterwards, the two of got into a messy fight but 10 seconds later, due to the disadvantages of my job, I was suppressed by his physical strength. As he sits on my spine and starts to pull my thigh bone back, I can only slap the ground and surrender, frustrated.

"Stop folding it! My bone is about to break, about to break! It broke! You bastard, if only I was still a Holy Knight..."

"Okay, now speak, are you taking over or not!"

"Not taking over! It was tough for me waiting for my sentence to end to be released and I still have matters to deal with. Giving me the position of a jailer to keep this prisoner tied up here? What kind of joke is this!"

"Prison huh? Until now, you still view this city that we built with our blood and sweat as your prison? Can you bear to watch it lose its guardians and become the satellite city of some other underground city lords?"

"Definitely..." I was intending to say 'definitely a prison, who cares about it' or something like that but while saying it, I hesitated.

Do I really think of the city that took me hundreds of years to build with my own hands as a prison that binds and restrains me? I have to say, of my long lifespan, the days in Sulfur Mountain City are one of my happiest.

Diverse races cohabiting, no large-scale war for many decades and the citizens are satisfied with their current life. This unique city is most probably different from any

other city on the continent of Eich. This is the city that we built brick by brick.

"I concede. To let those greedy pigs take ownership of the pearls that we painstakingly created is indeed vexing. Then, what do you want me to do? Don't tell me that you want me to become the City Lord. You know that I have things to do so I don't time the effort to do it, just give your bottom line."

He knows me, and I know him as well. He knows that I cannot accept becoming the City Lord. Most probably, the lines that he is spouting out now are prepared by Margaret. By taking a step back, he is actually advancing through by making some things seem more acceptable to me.

"Hehe, your reactions are exactly the same as Margaret mentioned. Since we are all unable to take over as the City Lord then, let's hand it over to the next generation, shall we?"

"Next generation? We are all single so what is the next generation you speak of? You mean..."

"Yes, Ann, my disciple, your rumored girlfriend, red-haired Ann. She's back."

Ann, orphan, age... probably about seventeen eighteen.

Don't look at me like this, she is an orphan that Adam adopted. The last time I met her was around seven to eight years ago and Liches aren't really sensitive to the passing of time. The fact that I can roughly remember her age after so many years puts me in much better position than the others.

As for the thing about being my rumored girlfriend, it is only a joke. Back then, when she was still a young, the two of us brothers were complaining about how we don't have girlfriends and kept hurting each other. She said that she pities me and promised to marry me when she grows older. Thus, Lich Roland and his necrophilia girlfriend became a commonly used laughingstock.

"Stop joking, pass it on to Ann? Are you sure that there will be anything left of Sulfur Mountain City the second day?"

What kind of person is Ann? Using just one word to describe, rascal!! The world's most

rascal-ly rascal king!

When we first met, I was using rubbing some maintenance oil on my bones. It was a high quality good, snake-cow oil with a special salt added in it. Just as I was happy over my shining skull...

"Hah, shoot!"

A shout from a child-like voice and the scenery in front of me retreats rapidly. The view in front of me rotates continuously and only that day did I know even Liches can die of giddiness if their head spins too fast.

That day, my brain flew out a few miles and a headless skeleton scared countless passer-by to death. Finally, I found my brain in a rubbish bin...

Even though I no longer had the ability to smell, but that afternoon, I was disgusted by those trash and smelly bugs.

Only then did I know that the aged 6 Ann was currently in a craze over the sport we 2 'invented', Soccer. Her favorite hobby then was to follow her instincts, which was to give a loud shout and kick anything that is round, regardless whether it is a rubbish, a kitten or puppy on the street.

Well, a Lich's skull is also round, and the reflection from the shiny head is similar to a white ball...

I am not a petty person, so I won't squabble over everything with kids but it seems that she fell in love with the sensation of kicking everything with a huge force.

"Those leather balls are made for girls to kick, they burst as soon as I use a bit more strength. But Uncle Bone's skull gives a feeling that is full of magic and is much more interesting than those other useless balls, kicking it feels extraordinary satisfactory."

After that day, I only feel great resentment towards the innocent smiles of rascals.

What is most incredible about it is that, ignoring how her attacks are completely unpredictable, there is actually no malice behind them. The defensive spells I cast on myself mostly activates in response to malice... Thus, the days before I rewrote my defensive spells were really memorable.

It turns into a disaster every time I meet her.

In those days, I often only hear her signature greeting "Hi! Uncle Bones." before the vision before me retreats back swiftly, the heavens and earths rotates 360 degrees around me before accurately entering a hole...

My hatred for little rascals also began from that.

After that, when rock'n'roll and rapping were in trend, the rascals heard from some unknown sources that using bones infused with magic makes the best magic drumstick and has the effect of sending the crowds into overdrive...

As for the highest-grade bone-related magic ingredient, other than the bone dragon, what else can compete with the ultimate undead creature — Lich.

Fine, her band 'Skull Rock' eventually managed to stun the entire city but if it wasn't for that instruments couldn't be considered a member and that the music my rib bone played was praised as being outstanding, how could I be happy over this incident.

When she read from her storybook about an ice castle and frozen mountains, she actually thought about creating an art exhibition with bones as the main topic.

"We don't have snow here, only sulfur... But a large dosage of sulfur is poisonous. However, we are also well known as the City of Undead so let's use undead as art materials! My artistic cells are burning with passion!"

When this lass left the city and went to bring catastrophe to the outside world, the entire country went into a state of wild joy. The happiest ones are probably the undead of the East District who were the victims of a large number of her pranks.

Dullahan Polo Competition, the King of Skull Dancers Competition, the Siren's "I Am A Singer", she totally doesn't have any fears that a normal person should have and the entire East District turned into an undead theme park.

TL: "I am a singer" is a super popular show in China.

The current undead theme aimed at tourism originated from this idea and the 'using undead tourism as a selling point, prop up Sulfur Mountain City's economy' plan has already been realized.

"Don't say it like that, that lass Annie may be playful but isn't it due to her playfulness that closes the distance between the undead and the rest of the population. Don't you feel that being the lord of this city does not require one to be exceptionally powerful but rather, the ability to view all of the citizens equally? In this aspect, Annie is superior to all other candidates."

"Hmph, Margaret must have asked you to say that."

"Hehe, this is also my true thoughts. If her popularity wasn't that great, everyone wouldn't have bothered playing along with her."

"...As the new head, it is not sufficient to have a positive external image and be popular among the citizens. There must be arms working in the shadow as well. So, what both Margaret and you want me to do is to give her a hand?"

"It is sufficient to just set her on the right path, it won't take too long. If you feel that she would be unable to do a good job then, you can totally replace her, since there probably isn't a person that can stop you here."

Adam laughs gleefully. "Furthermore, little Annie is your fiancée. Helping her should be one of your duties."

I didn't reply to his words. Initially, I intended to reject him but a sudden change in the situation disrupted all of my plans.

In this instant, a golden interface appears in front of me.

"Ding! Congratulations for triggering an Epic mission, The Revival of the Phoenix."

"Quest objective: Investigate and resolve the dangers that Sulfur Mountain City would encounter. Groom Annie.Layde to become a capable leader-like figure before Adam's demise."

"Quest rewards: Epic-class discount voucher (Using this, you can purchase any Epic-level and below merchandise from the System's merchant at half price), the right to start quests of the main storyline."

"At least... before leaving your hometown, pass it down to someone reliable. After all, you wouldn't hope to see only rubble when you come back." (System)

"Quest failure penalty: Would turning you into skull with a mushroom growing on it be good? Or would a skull growing from a mushroom be better? Both of them aren't good? Then let's make it a mushroom skull growing from a skeleton."

In the past, I triggered quite a few of the system's darned sudden quests but they were often about getting rid of a number of beings and awards some unreliable glory titles. It was the first time it was giving something proper.

But in this instant, I was attracted by its rewards, "the right to start quests of the main storyline". In that instant, I understood that it was time for the events of that game walkthrough to begin. The so-called main storyline probably refers to what the game players experience in the history, the unwithstandable Seven Catastrophe of Hell.

This was all within expectations and what really makes one's heart move is the other reward.

"Discount voucher? If I can purchase my body at half price, doesn't that mean that I can bring forward my revival?"

But following immediately, another mission pops out.

"Ding! Congratulations on triggering an Epic mission, The Return of the Lich King Again (Why did I say again)"

"Quest objective: Who cares whether it is some evil god or a sinister plot, bow down before the Lich King. Absolute violence may not be able to resolve everything but at least, it can resolve the protesters. At the shortest time possible, become the City Lord, rebuild the Yongye army and let the living once again taste the fear of an Undead Calamity."

"It is time to make the lazy bones of the East District start moving. If they were to continue frolicking about, it might really turn into an undead theme park. They are about to forget the honor as the East Wolves of the Night."

"Quest rewards: The right to start the storyline for The Feudal System and The War for the Continent, and a perfect SemiGod Lich body."

"Quest failure penalty: To say the truth, for a cunning fox like you whose ability to bring calamities is unparalleled, I can't think of a reason why you would fail the mission."

Chapter 12

4 Halls 1 Court

All along, the options in the system's quest page were in a gray and inactive state, thus I inferred that it would only be activated when the events in the game walkthrough begins.

I have been waiting for the main storyline to start for a long time but I didn't expect it to offer me two choices at this point.

But after giving it some thought, it was something to be expected.

In this world named Eich, which was made of countless dimensions combined together, the species on it are innumerable.

This world and its greatest piece of land is named after its creator, Goddess Eich, but somehow, there are no traces of her in this world. It was said that due to exhaustion from creating this world, she fell into a state of eternal sleep. However, before she went to sleep, she left all the responsibilities for the world to her two daughters.

Goddess Astrya, the Guardian Goddess of Order and Daybreak, she created the High Elves, Metal Dragon tribes, Angels, Titans and similar Golden races.

Goddess Cynthia, the Dictator of Chaos and Night, she created Demons, Elemental Dragons, Yellow tribe (??(?)) Blood tribe, the Elemental tribes and other Sulfur races.

The two Goddesses represent the two main factions the Gods and countless other races belong to. The elder sister, Astrya, hopes for all races to be bathed under the warm sunlight and believes that each race should be attributed a certain role by the Gods and walk the path decided for them. She believes in hierarchy and her creations tend towards order and kindness.

As for Cynthia, she hopes that her creation could metamorphose through competition. As the creator, she tries not to interfere excessively and does not enforce her own rules upon her people.

For mortals, the difference in beliefs may only be a verbal argument but for the true gods who are the incarnation of those concepts, a clash in beliefs means questioning the meaning behind the other's existence, thus both parties would naturally explode into a battle.

The two Goddesses, equally strong, fought each other to the point of exhaustion and went into a long rest. Their creations then continued their endless war for them. After the Golden tribes and Sulfur tribes went extinct due to war, the Moon Elves, representing the Silver tribe, and the fallen Giants, representing the Mercury tribe, continued their battle.

The war has never stopped ever since its inception.

When the Order managed to suppress the Chaos, the onset of a relatively stable Order era starts. On the other hand, if the Chaos managed to claim superiority, an orderless and chaotic era begins. A change in era represents the rise and fall of countless races.

In current times, it is the Iron era belonging to the Order faction, otherwise known as the Age of the Mortals. The previous dominant species, the Great Demons of the chaotic faction gave up their positions and passed the baton to the current dominant species, the Humans of the Iron tribe.

TL: Just to clarify, Great Demons and Demons are different beings.

Order and Chaos fighting and taking over each other's position have always been the main movement of the Eich continent. My Codex of Law, being recognized by the Origin of Order, has become a part of it as well. Thus, many other Holy Knights who belong to the same Order faction have come forward to learn it.

From my view, there is nothing incredible about it. Within Order exists Chaos and even for the leading races of the Chaos faction, the Devils and Undead, the strict power hierarchy and the superior and underling relationship, isn't it also a special kind of Order?

In my eyes, it is about which side you choose. It is a simple question of deciding whether you want to mingle with the Gods of Order or the Gods or Chaos.

If I choose to allow Ann to inaugurate as the new City Lord, I would have to take on the role of a senior and a teacher. Then, as planned, I would gain a new physical body and start again from scratch. Such a decision is sided towards the Order faction.

TL: Meaning, if he chooses this decision, he would become a part of the Order Faction.

After all, living humans are the backbones of the Order faction no matter how you look at it.

On the other hand, if I were to choose to become the City Lord myself, the system would restore my powers back to the moment when I was at my peak. However, a SemiGod Lich, no matter how you look at it, is a King of the Undead, a leader of the Chaos faction.

This may look like a normal choosing process, but it is an important choice that would determine the road I walk on from now.

"Hey, what is there to hesitate about. Walking on a road that I walked on before? I choose... Epic mission, Revival of the Phoenix. I want to come back to life!"

That's right, my previous experiences have proven that simply brute power won't resolve the problem. The bunch of idiots in the Chaos faction lack order and live as they please. The internal conflicts would never end as long as they live and they are destined to never accomplish great things. If so, why would I still commit the same mistakes. Besides, without a proper body, a Lich can only reach the level of a SemiGod.

Yup, yup, it definitely isn't because undead can't taste delicious food, can't date, can't enjoy the pleasures of the physical body. I don't want to be an undead!

"Fine, let Ann become the City Lord, I will give her a hand. Right, her full name is Annie, right? I thought you called her Ann in the past?"

"Ann is, after all, just a nickname. Furthermore, it could be used for both sexes. Margaret helped to come up with it. Actually, I have always thought that Annie.Han had a nice ring to it but somehow she ended up with Margaret's surname."

"Annie.Layde huh?"

Somehow, I felt that this name was somehow familiar.

"Da!" With a snap of a finger, a large book with black cover opens and the pages flip continuously until it finally stops on a colorful page.

That is a picture of a mature woman with a heroic aura looking at the distant with a

sword in her hands. Her entire body screams of fiery red. Her scarlet battle robe has an embroidery of a phoenix on it and her vermilion sword generates a field of inferno. It was obvious that it was the Blessing of the Phoenix that belongs to the idiot in front of me.

"The Fire Phoenix of the East, Annie.Layde. The Great Commander of the Alliance against Demons on the East defense line. The hero who personally killed the Dark Warrior Emperor Roland.Mist."

You teacher and student must have a grudge against me! How deep is your hatred!

The student is going to kill me in the future despite me going through so much just to change the future. Furthermore, the father had already killed me once! Am I really going to get chopped the Blessing of the Phoenix once again?

Killing me once wasn't enough and just when I finally changed the future, I am going to be killed once more?

No wonder, I thought it was weird how Ann was my nemesis. So, the one which fate chose to get rid of me is you rascal!

"Don't dream of it! You bunch of bastards, get out! Incantation of Law: Expel!"

Unable to suppress the howling in my heart, I used all my power in the spell.

After the sacred light of Order scatters, somehow, the SemiGod Adam got ejected out of the room, confused.

"Pah!"

He lands heavily on his butt. Immediately afterwards, a book strikes him squarely on his face.

The words on the book have been translated and Adam, who had received secret martial arts manual from Roland in the past, reads out slowly.

"Sunflower Bible? What is this. 'To practice this sacred art, direct your knife to castrate'?"

(Refer to chp 3)

"Go and learn this, I think it is suitable for a ball-less person like you!"

It isn't the first time that the lad got me angry. He is probably used to getting thrown out. After rubbing his bottom, he walks away.

After he leaves, I fall into a state of confusion. What is fate? Just what kind of a life did he plan out for me? Am I really destined to become a Demon King from birth, and furthermore, a Demon King with a tendency for suicide? After grooming Adam into a hero who killed me, do I have to groom another hero who 'used' to kill me?

"If I didn't come here, Annie wouldn't have met Adam and thus, wouldn't receive Adam's inheritance, the Blessing of the Phoenix. So, I am the reason for their meeting? Is the crusade against me long decided? Or, am I fated to be hunted down by the wielder of the Blessing of the Phoenix, whether it is Adam or Annie."

A pity that my study of the patterns of cause and effects are a mess and I didn't even try to learn divination. But then, such a deep philosophical question of cause and effect, it would be weird if I can make sense out of it.

"Forget it, I will stop thinking about it. Since I have already decided on my goal, so let me think about it after finishing my quest."

Since this problem can't be resolved by thinking, then I shan't think about it. This has always been one of my strong points. The most important thing now is to finish my current quest and come back to life!

Thus, after thinking over it for a moment, I press the bell on my table.

"Call the head of the 4 Halls to come to meet me."

Initially, I created the court to judge sinners and earn myself those Evil Points. Wouldn't I be abandoning to primary objective if I were to tire myself over this?

Thus, I built an organization whose system and mechanism allows it to be self-sufficient, thus, allowing me to spare the effort sustaining it on other pursuits.

Sulfur Mountain City's judicial system was created by me personally. Following the other world's model of splitting up the authority of the judicial system using the

principles of checks and balances, I divided the judicial system into 4 independent blocs.

Firstly, it would be the Supreme Court, the dominant bloc of the judicial system. I am the head of this bloc, giving me the power to approve the passing of new laws and the final say in the judging of criminals, effectively making me the big boss of the entire judicial system.

The 4 subsidiaries under the Supreme Court are the organs and backbone of the entire judicial system.

The Hall of Enforcement, responsible for the enforcement of criminals and maintaining order. Yup, it plays the role of the villain, maintaining discipline through patrols, managing those street peddlers and such, all of the troublesome jobs are under them.

As for the Town Order Security Army, shortened as Town Security, it is one of their subsidiaries. Different from the security team in the other world whose main targets are street peddlers, the Dark Elf Knights goes at all sort of criminals, making their jobs similar to the responsibilities of a police.

Their head would be the tall and buff masked man in front of me — Tauren Xueti.Edta.

Yes, it is that perverted Tauren Xieta who likes to go nude running...

Name: Xueta.Edta/ Race:Tauren

Job:LV60Warrior/ LV20Justice Knight/ LV7Guard of Order (Total LV87, Fighting Power Evaluation: Legend, 2nd Job Advanced Great Warrior)

Title: Guardian of Steel

Fortunately, perhaps it is to imitate the silver-masked Wumianzhe, in order to show that they have given up individualism to deliver the law impartially, my judicial team have all decided to wear masks. Otherwise, I really don't know how to face this 'despite being the head of the Hall of Enforcement, but lands in jail for soiling social values' underling of mine.

Luckily... Every time he goes to enjoy his 'hobby', he consciously tries to hide his identity. Even when he is surrounded and bashed up by the Town Security due to nude

running, even when he is thrown into the dark prison, he never used his Power of Law and expose his identity as a law enforcer.

The second subsidiary would be the rarely seen Hall of Law.

Hall of Law, they are a department that specially analyses the law and the legislation, but at the same time, they are the location for job advancement for Law Incantationer, Justice Knights and Judgementor. The minimum requirement for job advancement into a law job is at least a gold rank. Although it is not well-known to outsider, this hall is actually the strongest among the 4.

But these strong people serve as the rookie judges that are mainly responsible for the primary hearing. Through encountering more cases and judging them, they are refining their understanding towards the Power of Law.

Under my system, only those who earned the recognition of the Origin of Codex and succeeded in their job advancement to become a part of the judiciary can have the authority to judge others individually. Thus, not many people know that even the weakest of those seemingly gentle scholars are at least a gold-rank.

Their leader is an old scholar who is on the verge of sleeping in front me, the High Elf Kale.Diya, one of the politicians in the country of Huanfa, he is also the strongest Mage in Sulfur Mountain City other than the Great Saint.

TL: Huanfa means circular magic

Name: Kale.Diya/ Race: High Elf

Job: LV60 Mage/ LV30 Guardian of Knowledge/ LV10 Guardian of Law/ LV5 Law Incantationer (Total LV115, Fighting Power Evaluation: Worldly Saint, 3rd Job Advanced Mage)

Hall of Legislation, its name may seem awe-inspiring but once the role of writing new laws and governing it is thrown to the other departments, what it needs to do is mainly doing logistics and help keep the subordinates of other departments in check. For example, for a meeting for the approval of a new law, it would gather the other departments together and help to gather the proposals for the law and such.

As a logistics department, the Hall of Legislation doesn't need much strong people. What it needs is the flexibility and attentiveness in getting things done. Thus, a large

portion of its members are rookies in probation or female law enforcers who are unwilling to get on the front lines.

Their head — Lilith.Milan... Yes, that Frenzied Wild Lily, the Moving Obscenity...

I can't help but feel glad repeatedly that our judicial team have to put on mask and give up their individuality otherwise I really don't know how to face these two comrades of mine in the Gentlemen Alliance and the endless despise from the citizens.

I even questioned myself countless time where exactly did things go wrong for these two perverts to climb up to become the top brass of the judicial system...

Alright, let's not talk about these depressing matters.

Last but not least, the Hall of Judgement. It might sound very mighty but when the responsibility for the primary hearing is left to the Hall of Law and the final verdict is dependent on the Supreme Court, what is left is probably all kinds of appeals. Once the Town Security finds someone they are unable to deal with, that is when they strike.

Responding to complaints, defending the defendant, finding the true culprit and capturing the criminal are part of their job scope. This is the kind of troublesome job that gets on people's nerves, and somehow their nerves are especially easy to get on. So, the hall is also known as the Hall of Quarreling and Hall of Fighting.

One thing worth mentioning is that the Sulfur Mountain City's prison is under their jurisdiction and before the Town Security was built up, they are the only fighting power of the judicial system on the surface and of course... If we were to measure their internal battle power, they can be safely said to be the second from the back, just slightly stronger than the Hall of Legislation which is in charge of logistics.

Their head, Kelvin, is an ideal role model for Holy Knights. Middle-class power, a stable personality and average looks. What is unique about him is how ordinary he is, his strength is how ordinary he is, and his weakness is still how ordinary he is, but in the judicial system's top brass, he is the rare to come by normal person...

I don't know why, at this point, sadness seems to well up... Why don't I have more normal people in the midst of my judicial system, why do I have so much perverts! Is it because I am a pervert myself?!

Cough cough, back to the topic...

This 4 Halls and 1 Court became the outline of the entire Sulfur Mountain City's judicial system. It also serves as the cornerstone to its stability. Once everything is put in place, what I have to do every day is to go to court and earn some points.

Since, I have decided to help Annie to become the next City Lord and stabilize her position, then the 4 Halls and 1 Court under my possession must start moving.

"The reason why I gathered you all today is to prepare for the future."

Chapter 13

Council Meeting

Today, at 8:61, the 97th Sulfur Mountain City's Judiciary Elder's Meeting was held punctually at the Supreme Court. The meeting was organized by the head of the Supreme Court Wumianzhe. During the meeting, a review of the main problems of the legal system was held and the matters to be discussed at the meeting are as follow:

The meeting will ensure that the entire bureau and its personnel will study seriously from City Lord Adam regarding Sulfur Mountain City's 4 main drives and earnestly fulfill their responsibilities as a part of our legal system, obey the law and follow the regulations provided while carrying out their job.

At the end of the meeting, the old role model of the judicial system, our most respected elder Judge, Lord Wumianzhe, made an important declaration, requesting for all government organizations and personnel to follow the spirit of respecting one's superior and unite under its core, Annie.Layde as the next generation of Sulfur Mountain City. They are not to waver, not to hesitate, focus on just one core, two points...

Alright, I will stop with the bullshit. Other than the last sentence, which is to make Annie the boss, the rest of it are lies...

"Don't say that I'm trying to dictate everything, I am here to request for everyone's opinion. I shall tell you all a big news, don't spread it to the public just for now. In the future, Annie, yup, Margaret and Annie's precious secret daughter, is the future big boss of Sulfur Mountain City. It is good that none of you all have many objections. If you all have objections? Hehe, of course I would humbly accept your opinions. Yup, only accepting.

I verbally attacked the two fools without holding back. I thought that by landing this bomb, they would be shocked but unexpectedly, the four great heavenly kings seated below me were strangely silent.

They looked at each other for a long time. You look at me, I look at you and eventually, everyone's eyes were fixated on the honest Kelvin. Only then did he buck him his

courage and stood up.

"Lord... Don't tell me that you were only just informed of it. Half a month ago, the entire city was already aware of it. I thought you were gathering us to prepare to usurp authority."

"What!!"

Thus, I was at a loss for words.

After that, I spent half a day before getting a clear picture of what happened.

From the start, Margaret already guessed that I would not grab the baton and after a discussion with Adam, they internally decided on Annie. Initially, they wanted to hold a quick swap of power before the crowds could even react... But that blabbermouth Adam blabbered the matter in public. Thus, it didn't take long for the entire city to learn of such breaking news...

"Who is Annie? If the incumbent City Lord decides to step down, there is still the Public Council Head Grant, Wumianzhe of the judicial system, Head of Internal Affairs Margaret and much more suitable candidates out there, what exactly are they thinking? Are the other guardians of the city also leaving too? Then, who is going to protect Sulfur Mountain City?"

To the normal folks, they aren't worried about who is coming to power. Or rather, they are more bothered with whether the price of vegetables would go up and whether the price of housing in the central of the city would come down.

Yup, what they are truly concerned about was never a political switch or an influential figure coming into power. Rather, they are worried about whether their lives would change and whether tomorrow would still be full of hope...

One of the three heads Adam have decided to shirk responsibility as the guardian of Sulfur Mountain City. Yet, the one taking over is an inconspicuous little lass. If so, can she take hold of the situation? Will the other underground lords take this opportunity to make a move? Will the other influential figures in the city listen to her commands?

This may seem unrelated to the daily life they are worried about but if an upheaval ripples throughout the city or even worst, a war occurs, then the comparatively luxurious daily life that they had against other cities would stop at that moment.

These days, the politically aware citizens are feeling an inexplicable weight above their heads, a pressure signaling the arrival of the storm makes the air heavy and suffocating.

"That idiot!!!"

I grind my teeth. If I heard this news yesterday, seeing Margaret and Adam working their ass off might make me call for a celebration. But now that I have accepted the quest, then the idiot's actions became a great source of trouble for me.

Doing a rough estimation, I can almost see how everything is a mess out there. No matter where it is, the ambitious and violent are never lacking. In the past, the three heads were able to suppress the situation but now that Adam was giving up his place, there would surely be some that tries to make a place for themselves.

Lying on the chair, countless evil plans run through my mind while my fingers habitually knocks on the table.

"There should be some people standing out by now. Those objecting and those in approval."

The Hall of Legislators is also the intelligence department of the system. When I asked, Lilith immediately replies.

"A large portion of the government organizations and their leaders have expressed their ideas. At least, on the surface, most of them are in approval of Annie taking over as the City Lord. But, there are still two influential figures that have yet to make a statement. Everyone are making guesses on whether they have other plans."

"Who?"

"Public Council Head Grant..."

"Him huh? What a fool, once an ambition exceeds the scope of your own power, you are just seeking your death."

However, at least in name, the Public Council is an organization that represents the will of the public. If they adamantly reject Annie, that would be quite a trouble as well.

As for why I say 'in name', actually, there is some history behind it.

After Sulfur Mountain City was established, in order to resolve the disputes between races whose relations are getting more and more tense through the days, Margaret followed the example of the Kingdom of Elves on the surface and created a Public Council which provides a platform for the representative of different races to talk it over. In the start, it managed to achieve some success but eventually, it caused more troubles than the problems it resolves.

Th first council is exclusive to the heads and elders of different races. They have high social standing among their brethren and when they become the spokesperson for their people, they would strive to get more benefits for their people. However, there is limited cake to go around and when a few stronger races form an alliance, the living space and resources for the smaller tribes are eaten up and gradually, following the formation of circles and cliques, as the interests of different races start to tangle up, the council started getting more and more powerful.

Once the proposal to build a 'human-only district' dwarf-only district' was brought up, seeing how these proud 'big figures' fought passionately for their own interests and how their backing can no longer be disregarded, the 'wise' Great Saint finally tasted the feeling of carrying a boulder but crushing your own foot (Trying to achieve something but end up making things worse).

Thus, she turned to the devil... Yup, that is me.

Using my experience from both worlds, I sent her what was known as the answer of the devil.

At that time, there were people going to street everyday as different organizations organized rallies and protests, as though as the rights of the people was above everything else, that the will of the people must be fulfilled. The evil dictator would be defeated tomorrow and the Public Council would become the new governor. In reality, this has turned into an oppression of the majority against the minority.

Seeing this situation, I know that if we dissolved the council, violence would probably ensue then our efforts for the past several decades would go to vain. Thus, I thought of a plan.

Didn't you all request for more power for the council? Fine, I shall agree to it. In fact, I'm afraid you all might not have enough personnel so I shall allow you all to expand the number of seats on the council to recruit more council members.

At that time, the serving Council Head old Bart was delighted. In fact, they marked that day as the council's Victory Day, but...

...Now, it was known as the Foolish Day...

The initial council is limited to 30 people and only people from large race or tribes can be elected to join the council.

"How can this be? The council is the representation of every citizen, 30 people isn't enough. Even smaller race and tribes should have their own council member. Let's just increase the member count."

Thus, I increased the number of council members to tenfold of what it was in one go, 300 people!

That day, they celebrated. After all, in their hearts, the more council members there are, the greater the voice of the populace.

However, they met with problems the next instant. The number of council members have been expanded by tenfold in one go, then where should the rest of the council member be recruited from?

The next moment, what Kobold merchant, the second son-in-law of the dwarves' elder, the brother of the goblin's tribe leader, all of them want to become a council member to enjoy the authority.

"Approved. Everyone is a representation of the will of the people, why would I stop you all." All of the list of council members that were sent to me were approved.

Thus, the number of council members increased but even so, I still maintained the stand that it wasn't enough.

"Hm, let's add another 100 seats this festival. You all can decide among yourselves. Don't keep all the seats to those strong ones. You all took all the meat, but you all should also leave some soup to the rest of the people. Give a chance to those engineers, normal citizens, teachers and scholars to join in on the governance.

At this point in time, the number of council members increased rapidly and there are people who felt that something was amiss. But even so, everyone was busy grabbing hold of the council member slots. Whoever tries to block the expansion of the council

becomes the enemy of everyone.

"Hmph, you Dracons only have this amount of people. Of course you all wouldn't want the other races to increase their number of council members. Hmph! Self-interested lizards!"

"Fine, let's not increase the number of seats of the Public Council. Then, you darned sharp charcoal ears, give up your seats to us, the son of earth."

Alright, let's ignore this boring process and go right to the conclusion... Despite having just a population of 3 million, we have 10,000 council members.

Alright, can you imagine the situation of having more than 10,000 people squeezing into a small room and holding a meeting? Can you imagine how long will it take for a single suggestion to pass through, given how 9,000 people have to sign in agreement of it? Can you imagine how a day is wasted for the entire council to arrive?

Alright, due to overcrowding and low efficiency, when they need an entire month to complete the most basic of council discussions, the current Public Council is as good as just decorations...

Of course, they also have tried to reduce the size of the council but taking back the authority they gave is simply too difficult. Everyone is a representative for the public, so exactly who are you going to expel? What rights do you have to expel me? Aren't all council members of equal standing? Why must it be me who leaves and not you?

The identity of a council member can be directly linked to interests and behind them are the support of merchants. You try to kick someone out and that someone will go all out with you.

"Hey, the council needs more representative on the basic level. I think there should be a representative on the most basic level to give their own say.

When there is a large surge of housewives and fishmongers in the Council members and when the identity as a council member becomes nothing, what plotting to usurp authority and fighting for the interests of one's family and tribe, all of it just became a laughingstock.

Now, a large portion of the council members are just dealing with small problems like whether a tax should be imposed on the products that fishermen brings here and even

so, they would all fiery arguing on it. Those 'leaders of great family' often end up with a face full of spit from the arguments of the peasants and sometimes, they even resort of violence.

As for important meetings on the developments of the city? From half a year ago, before the meeting has even concluded, the other government organizations have already started on their work.

"What? What for you all to conclude your meeting? I'm sorry, if we don't deal with it soon, the harvest is going to go bad/ that city wall is going to fall/ the other city is going to declare war against us."

To add on, if they want to rewrite the constitution for the Public Council, they must seek approval for a legal organization and the right of change the legislation lies on the Supreme Court, which is under my control... Hehe, let the council continue their quarreling and arguments. There are times which I bring my tidbits and companions to the council meeting to watch them dash it out... Cough, to hear the opinions of the public.

I admit, the Public Council that embodies the will of the public is amazing but the current council can no longer achieve anything. 90% of their efforts and time are wasted in endless internal strife. The voice of influential figures? Cough cough, I'm sorry but everyone was voted up as a representative of the public. Everyone's the same, there are no 'influential figure' here.

Thus, the ambitious and those seeking authority are buried in the endless sea of people.

It is not like there isn't smart people but the system of councils is a new thing in this world while I am used to these systems. It was already too late and impossible to go back when they realize that there is something wrong with it.

"Increasing the number of seats on the Public Council and giving the council more say, isn't that your public's will. Why, you decided to go against the public's will now? How are you going to explain this to the public who elected you?"

Well, they are only grind their teeth until they chip off and swallow it.

At this point in time, only those who are dumb beyond the point of saving won't know that they have been had by me. Thus, I became known to them as the 'Cunning

Wumianzhe "The Devil-like Masked Man". Of course, those council members, council heads and the powers backing them have never had good relations.

"Grant's objections are within expectation. He is as ambitious as his father Bart but such a pity, at least his father still has a few shreds of intelligence while he is dumb like a pig. Does he really not know that once Adam and Margaret made up their minds, there is no one in Sulfur Mountain City that can stop them? A fool that does not know his limits, he really thinks that just because a tiger doesn't hunt humans for three years it would become herbivorous? Hmph, what about the other dumb fool who haven't made a stand yet?"

Suddenly, Lilith who was just talking big went mute. The entire room was silent and all eyes once again shot towards Kelvin...

This time, the honest and timid Justice Knight's both eyes looked up, pretending as though he doesn't exist. After a long period of time, after I realized that I have said something stupid, Lilith gave a face of resignation, bucks up her courage and finally talks.

"It's you. That's why we thought you wanted us to prepare to usurp authority..."

At this point, I was speechless.

"Elisa, why didn't you tell me? Or perhaps, it is time to reduce the budget of the intelligence team."

Following the rule that a four heavenly king must have a secret fifth personnel, my fifth heavenly king is the "Eavesdropper" in charge of the intelligence department, Elisa.

From our spiritual connection, I hear the reply of my head maid.

"I'm really apologetic, the day that the rumors broke out, you were detained by the Town Security. It wasn't a good time for me to infiltrate in to send reports to you. Thus, I left the report on your work desk, you didn't see it?"

Remembering how I haven't went to work for a long time and looking at how the steady work desk made of willow wood was on the verge of breaking by the mountain of documents, I solemnly cut off the connection with that foul-mouthed maid.

Even though we were far away and that her words were filled with respect and surprise, I can already picture the sight of her gleeful expression, a blank expression but her back bent from laughter.

Closing my eyes, I sink into my chair and fall into deep thoughts. There's no need to think about the past, what is important is the future!

The Public Council maybe unable to work up a storm, but if those complicated big families were to object together, that can cause quite a trouble. To fight those old fellows, just violence isn't enough, that is also the reason why Adam would entrust this task to me.

A marvelous idea flashes through my mind but of course, calling it a sinister plot doesn't make much difference... Gradually, a perfect plan is taking shape.

"Alright, listen to my proposal..."

After I gleefully finished describing my plan, they were stunned.

"This... Lord, wouldn't that be going too far?"

"Lord Wumianzhe, although this may not be breaking the way, this... it goes against common sense? It goes against morals?"

"This old man disagrees; this idea is too crazy. If the outside world were to find out, our 4 halls 1 court will have its reputation falling to the abyss."

"I think that it is interesting. Boss, just go ahead. Whatever you want me to do, I will accomplish it."

Looking at the four heavenly kings of the legal system who were creating a ruckus, I laughed gleefully.

"Hehe, as a special gift before my departure, let's make it a big one."

Chapter 14

Dragon-slaying Blade

That is a black-colored blade.

The blade which is as thick as the smallest finger is filled with black rust and there is not a sliver of reflection of light from it. Rather than a weapon, it seems more like a rusty knife used for cutting vegetables.

However, looking at the rust, it is already an unusable lump of metal.

But I know that this is only an illusion a God Equipment creates. As seen from how I accidentally split apart the frame of my bed and my pinky finger, the sharpness of this blade is unfathomable.

?Otherworldly God Weapon: Dragon-slaying Blade?

In my system, it implies that this blade is a well-known dragon-slaying god equipment but it was a pity that what follows it was just a short explanation.

?It was created by the otherworldly precious material, Nine Heavens Dark Metal. It is exceptionally sharp?

That's it. Just like that.

Yes, it is that simple an explanation. Even a normal fruit knife would at least have ?Attack Power: 0-1 Durability: 1 Sharpness against fruits +1? kind of effect explanation, yet this obviously extraordinary otherworldly God Equipment had such a simple description.

In reality, the otherworldly God Equipment that I obtained through the system's lottery system have the same kind of problem. As they aren't an existing item in this world, the laws of the world are unable to analyses them and thus, my system naturally is unable to do anything to them.

If it cannot be analyzed, it cannot be used. Then, no matter what kind of glorious

history of past they have, if I am unable to call out their true name, it can only probably serve as a slightly bigger fruit knife.

Then, it is just plain useless...

Initially, these otherworldly God weapons are just a bunch of large toys that waste my storage space but a fortunate accident provided me a secret method to make known its real form.

"Law of Incantation: Obligatory Enforcement!"

As the gavel strikes down, two silver-colored light encircles me and Elisa and a sigil of a scale representing fairness appears in the sky, which represents the establishment of the contract between the two of us.

Following which, the scale began to tilt towards one side. This represents me owing Elisa quite a bit of her wages.

?Incantation of Law: Obligatory Enforcement?

?Effect: Forcefully enforces the terms of the contract made by both parties?

?Shylock: Praise the noble freedom of contracts. Foolish Antonio, now that you have broken your promise, then following what we agreed on, I shall cut away an entire pound of meat from your body as punishment!?

TL: Merchants of Venice

This Incantation of Law is used to enforce a contract. If one party owes the other something but haven't paid it back yet, it will forcefully carry out the contract and takes away the possession of the other party to repay the debt.

As I owe Elisa quite a bit, all sorts of different items automatically flew from my body to her, thus becoming her possessions. Of course, this includes this unnamed treasured blade.

But in this instant, a problem occurs.

My Incantation of Law is a power that walks the closest to the Origin of Order. The effects of the spell may seem simple but in fact, it is almost the level of the rules of the

world, a Legend-rank great magic.

The value of the bones on my body can be determined by the both of us and the Origin of Order can also come up with a value. But, how much this blade is worth is an unknown figure.

Mages have their own identification magic but that is only based on the records of the Origin of Order, so they are actually just identifying what is known to this world. But, otherworldly items are innominate.

Thus, this spell is stuck...

The silver energy of order envelops the treasured blade and tries to analyses its value but the otherworldly blade, as though a stubborn rock, isn't showing its true form.

"Unable to read its history and its materials aren't able to be analyzed. I can almost hear the moaning of the Origin of Order. As expected, no matter how high tier something is, what 'The Origin of Countless Matter', 'The Nemesis of the Chaos', 'The Incarnation of the Goddess of Order', energy is still energy, it can be fooled and made use of."

The Origin of Order is the commonly recognized origin of power of the Order faction and also the superior concept of the Holy Light, as well as the superior concept my Power of Law. The people of this world sung countless praises of it, as though as it was incomparably sacred but as the creator of the Power of Law, although I am using the Origin of Order, I could only see it as a brainless power storage.

"As it as it fulfills the rules of Order, anyone is able to harness it. Such lack of chastity, and you still can it isn't brainless? Rather than saying it is noble, why not say it is dumb. Then, if I were to grant a demon that believes in Chaos the physical body of a human, then isn't that demon able to harness Holy Light as well. Giving your own power to one's nemesis, you still dare to say it isn't brainless?"

This is one of my debate with the Archbishop of the Holy Light. When the other party mentioned that as long as one believes in Holy Light, anyone is able to harness the mystical powers of Holy Light, that is how I replied him.

Well, the ending... It is just like talking to a devoted believer the historical materialism of Karl Marx, the old archbishop couldn't catch his breath and almost went directly to heaven to continue the worship of his Holy Light.

The Origin of Order may be brainless but as the ultimate origin of energy that built this world, it is exceptionally strong and soon, that thick blade began to look sharper and light reflected off it as its shape changed.

The Power of Order rejects all chaos and what is unknown is chaos. Since its original properties cannot be analyzed, then let's just grant it new properties. Thus, the 'noble Power of Order' became my coolie and started to help me convert the weapon into a God Equipment that fulfills the rules of this world.

Very soon, when the Light of Order scatters, the solid wood-chopping blade disappears and instead, a gigantic silver saber tattooed with a dragon appears in front of me.

?God Weapon: Dragon Saber?

?Attack Power: 0-35 Tier: Epic?

?Special Ability The Unyielding Saber: 100% chance of directly destroying a weapon below Elite-tier. 50% chance of directly destroying an Elite-tier weapon. 30% chance of directly destroying an Epic-tier weapon. 1% chance of destroying any weapon below God-tier.?

?Special Ability The Life-robbing Radiance: Yes, it is not Sight-robbing radiance but Life-robbing radiance. Owning this sword, you will become the main character in everyone's eyes. Yup, the main character of a tragedy. The owner of this weapon will have his luck reduced by 10, charm increased by 10. If the owner is a golden-haired and golden-eyed man, an additional penalty of 10 luck will be imposed.?

?Special Ability Frenzy: 1% chance of falling into a frenzied state that recognizes no kin. In this state, you will first target and kill your own kin.?

?There are some yellow inscriptions on the hilt of the saber: In an ancient mantra, this used to be godly weapon that symbolizes status, "The pinnacle of the world, the saber that slays the dragon." But now, there is a brand-new interpretation... The saber that slays the dragon, like and get one free.?

Looking at these figures, I was stunned.

In Eich, the different tiers of weapons are broadly known to be Normal, Superior, Elite, Epic then Legend. Back then, Adam's god weapon the Blessing of the Phoenix is a

Legend-tier weapon and above that would be the SemiGod-tier and God-tier weapons that no man can create.

In reality, the difference between the weapons aren't too great as weapons are highly dependent on their users to exert to their full potential. The main difference between a high-tier weapon and a low-tier weapon is its special abilities.

Elite-tier normally have 2 special abilities, Epic-tier 3 to 4 while for Legend, it could have between 4 to 6.

This Epic-tier weapon has 3 special abilities, of which, 2 of them are negative special abilities. While it cannot be compared to the Blessing of the Phoenix which has 5 positive special abilities, its only positive special ability is exceptionally strong.

?Special Ability The Unyielding Saber: 100% chance of directly destroying a weapon below Elite-tier. 50% chance of directly destroying an Elite-tier weapon. 30% chance of directly destroying an Epic-tier weapon. 1% chance of destroying any weapon below God-tier.?

Normally, for a golden-ranked expert to possess an Elite-tier weapon is already quite an accomplishment. Epic-tier weapons, just as its name suggests, it is the weapons once wield by masters who left a trace in history and even an Epic-tier weapon would probably be destroyed by this Dragon Saber within 3 strikes.

That is to say, if it is a normal weapon, basically it would be broken in one or two slashes and in a heated fight, if the weapon suddenly breaks... Just thinking about it makes shiver goes down one's spine.

"So this is the result of the Origin of Order converting the exceptional sharpness of this sword to fit in with the rules of this world huh? I didn't expect that I would unexpectedly pick up a treasure. Although its attack power isn't too stable and its negative effects are troublesome to deal with, just this weapon-breaking special ability is enough to destroy just any opponent. Hm? It comes in a duo set and its other part is also a weapon — Heaven Sword?"

The gray-color set attribute bonus hasn't been activated yet but just the name, Heaven Sword, makes one's heart tremble. Looks like I must try more of that otherworldly God Weapon lottery system.

"Boom!!" "Boom!!"

Just when I was delighted over the new god weapon that I obtained, a consecutive explosion made the entire house shake.

"Intruder?!"

Alright, so the entire episode is centered around a Chinese show The Heaven Sword and Dragon Saber, which is some kind of god weapon and a status of prestige in the show. The Dragon Saber was wielded by Xie Xun known as the Golden-Haired Lion King. His family was killed by a man named Cheng Kun and in his fury, he went on a rampage, killing many people and blaming it on Cheng Kun. He was blinded by a daughter-like figure she threw a dart in self-defense when he went on an insanity rampage.

And if you haven't guessed it yet, he is golden-haired and golden-eyed.

Chapter 15

A Game With the Intruders

"Never proactively invade a Mage Tower with an owner and even more so, don't underestimate the moral boundary of a Mage. Unless you hope to end up like me, I X, 12 consecutive traps, aren't you afraid of triggering it yourself? Indeed, all Mages are madman — Great Adventurer Kuse."

From a certain sense, this saying has become an iron law among adventurers, especially when this adventurer is well-known in the circle for being carefree and his skill in escaping. In an exploration of a flying castle in an alternate dimension, he was dissected into 13 pieces by a great Warlock's consecutive traps. The saying that he used his life to emphasize made the saying additionally convincing.

For a species like Mages, they often view the pursuit of truth and knowledge as the goal of their life and their living quarters and their Mage Tower are their research center and their treasure trove.

Therefore, when the fruits of their research and their lives are being threatened, their moral bottom limit and chastity is exceptionally low. Their living quarters and research labs are filled with all kinds of traps and mechanisms, magic traps that even master thieves can't do anything about. For example, opening a door may very possibly result in you being transported into another world.

A Legend-rank Mage's living quarters and Mage Tower's threat isn't lower than infiltrating the den of a Dragon and even the weakest Lich are at least a Legend.

Thus, I am extremely curious exactly what kind of people will directly attack the living quarters of a Lich, especially while he is obviously at home.

"Elisa?"

"There are two teams of intruders, one of them attacking head-on while the other is climbing the wall at the back. Judging from their skills and their weapons, it should be the Dark Elves, 7 silver-rank and 3 gold-rank. Quite a powerful group I must say."

Elisa reports as I expected, but this wasn't the answer I was looking for.

"Why are there explosions? Didn't I tell you to just set up some safe and quiet alarms on the outer perimeter? Such a loud explosion at night will draw the Town Security in soon."

Following «The Town Security Guidelines (Wumianzhe's 6th Edition)», after hearing the explosions, they will form a small team to scout the scene within 5 minutes. Furthermore, my living quarters is in the central area of Sulfur Mountain City, not too far from the Supreme Court. I reckon at minimum, they will be here in 10 minutes.

"They would definitely take this opportunity to conduct a raid against us! If that's the case, then wouldn't those forbidden goods in my basement be discovered!?"

The Town Security only have the authority to enforce the law on the crime scene. To enter other people's home to conduct an arrest, they would require a search warrant from their superiors. The superior of the Town Security is the Hall of Enforcement and the superior of the Hall of Enforcement is the Supreme Court. There is no reason I would sign a search warrant to allow the Town Security to raid my house...

That's right, from the start, I was never worried about them intruding. I am similar to those corrupt officials and illegal merchants in the sense that when their illegal goods get robbed, they do not dare to report the case. If the Town Security were to use this opportunity to raid my quarters, I'm afraid that I might be thrown directly to Sulfur Mountain City's jail.

Despite hearing my complaints, Elisa maintains her poker face.

"Yeah, you said that you want a 'Safe' anti-burglary system, right? Just like what you requested, what I set up on the outer perimeter is just some Engineer-made alarm robots only.

"Then why are there explosions?" Following which, after taking into account the heavily emphasized 'Safe', realization struck me.

"From 'Safe'? It can't be that you are talking about the 'Safe' brand goblin machinery on Gold Coin Street? The one opened by the Beyar brothers?"

I definitely would know that store. That Safe brand goblin machinery, due to selling fakes and explosives, was stripped of its license and it should still be operating without

one now.

Of course, the name of the store is a hoax and there are people who bought the wrong 'Safe Goblin Goods' but after a few incidents, there is no reason why anyone would buy from their store. This brand also became a negative example.

"Of course, I thought that you were asking me to help take care of your brothers and thus, specially requesting me to purchase from them?"

"They are not my brothers! What use are their goods other than exploding? I must have gone mad if I asked you grace their shop!"

"I'm sorry, looks like I misunderstood your words."

She apologized sincerely but seeing how the edges of her lips were slightly arched upwards, I knew that this introvert half-demon is definitely laughing inside. She must have done it on purpose!

"You... Fine, I admit my loss. You really went through all the efforts just to torture me."

"As long as you pay me all my wages, I guarantee you that your life from now on will be a breeze."

"Hmph, dream on. Don't you think that I wouldn't know the pattern of you demons. Paying your wages means the end of the contract. You want to regain your freedom? Continue dreaming."

While we were chattering idly, the two teams closed in on us but I paid them no attention.

"Have you found the identity of the intruders yet? If you haven't done so yet, I'm going to cut your pay. Hmph, don't think that I don't know that you were secretly eating into the household expenses, using it to buy your personal items. Despite being advanced in age, you still like those light flowy clothes. Hoho, a steel-faced spinster with a ballet tutu. Do you need me to give you an allowance to buy a doll..."

I couldn't continue on with my sarcastic words as the seemingly tangible black mist of anger kept on reminding me that I will meet with bad luck within the next few days. For example, my diary might be blown away by a strong wind while writing on it, my energy source turning into dog food, the oil I use for clean and maintain my bones turn

into natural asphalt, half of the Town Security falling from the sky towards me when I am doing my

...Thinking about all these, an inexplicable feeling of sorrow overwhelms me. Exactly who is the master and who is the servant? Should I really start considering to pay her all of her wages to get rid of her?

"Boom!!"

Another gigantic explosion interrupts my train of thoughts.

"What is that? Landmines? You bought that thing and planted it in the flower garden!" I made use of this opportunity to be difficult. "Hmph, disobeying orders and breaking our contract. I shall make use of this opportunity to cut 10 years of her wages."

"...That location, it should be where my fully-automated goblin sprinkler T130 is."

"Boom!!"

"Here too? The lawn mower?"

"No, it should be the entrance, the doorbell 'Loud-kun'?" The young lady tilts her head innocently.

"Indeed, loud enough, fortunately I never had the habit of pressing my doorbell... No, that isn't right. For even the doorbell to be of Safe brand, you intend to kill me and steal my wealth?"

"Boom!!" "Boom!!" This time, it is a consecutive explosion. I know that the flooring of my entrance probably needs to be changed now. No, judging from the intensity of the explosion, my quarters probably need a new entrance now.

"This is? My shoe rack?"

Elisa nods her head bitterly. "Safe brand's fully automated shoe rack model XT-137. It is said to be able to automatically help its owner choose his shoes, brush it and polish it..."

I can't help but feel glad for being a Lich and float while moving from place to place, thus never finding the need for shoes. But after that, I felt that something was wrong.

"That can't be right, I have no shoes, so why did you buy a shoe rack for??"

"Ah? My Lord, it was my negligence."

"A negligence in a murder plot? You are really getting better and better at playing with words."

"That's all thanks to your effective teaching."

"Ah, my Evil Points went up again, looks like another one died... Let's just hope that some of the intruders would still be alive. At least, I can bring them to the experimental lab to try out the new magic traps I came up with."

Arunide is the second daughter of the noble Third Family from Morsblight City. The fact that she became a gold-rank Lorci Priestess under 200 years old symbolizes that she has the favor of the Mother of Spiders. As the next rising star of Morsblight City, she is used to looking down on others.

This time, she was under orders by her family to bring a team to Sulfur Mountain City to accomplish a diplomatic task. After much consideration and investigation to ensure that it isn't some ploy from other female priests to usurp her position, she received the mission, elated.

"Stupid and dirty two-legged bugs, how dare you inferior males reject the kind will of the Spider Queen! I see, you all don't even have the qualifications to serve as slaves. Then, burn in the fiery inferno of the Abyss while regretting your decisions."

Even as a diplomatic ambassador, she, just like most of her other brethren, look down on all other species that aren't female Dark Elves. Due to that, from the very start, there wasn't a possibility for the diplomatic talks to succeed.

But, as Dark Elves, their motives here naturally include spying, and their true mission has only just begun.

"All of you, go and carry out the mission granted by the Spider Queen. Assassinate all of the people whose names are on the list if possible. Or else, just collect information on them for the time being."

That's why these days, the Town Security army received complaints from their Dark Elf mates moving suspiciously in the city, putting them in a hard position to make a move.

That bunch of bitches wearing those laughable uniforms and worship the Holy Light, just looking at the dumbasses who betrayed the Spider Queen makes me sick... If I am able to find an opportunity to kill them, the Mother of Spiders would definitely send down more rewards!"

But to Arunide, carrying out her family's mission as a spy was only a bonus. Her true goal was to convert the team attached to her into her devoted subordinates that would give up their lives for her interests.

But before she was able to find trouble with the misfits among her brethren who worship Holy Light, one of her accomplice from Chrome City was unexpectedly captured.

"Useless males, the way he died is too pathetic, too weak. But it would be troublesome if he talks. If Sulfur Mountain City were to get a hold against us, our diplomatic team from Morsblight might be expelled from the city. Not mentioning how embarrassing it is, if we fail the reconnaissance and assassination mission coupled with our secrets getting revealed..."

Remembering the harsh torture her family dealt towards failures and the punishments the Spider Queen imposes upon weaklings, turning into a half-human half-spider freak or so... Surmise can't help but shiver in fear.

Fortunately, the wise Spider Queen still favors her and the mark left on the male indicates that he was taken away from the impregnable Fire Mountain Prison and brought to this weird house.

Despite hearing that it was the living quarters of a Lich, she didn't back away.

Just another foolish man. Are you all virgins who haven't enjoyed the service of those handsome Mages in the family before? To actually read a Mage? Even if he is a legend-rank Mage, but what about it? We, Dark Elves, are the natural nemesis of Mages. We have 2 Shadow Dancers and a Priest of the Spider Queen, we can down him in an instant..."

But in this moment, she no longer possesses the calmness and confidence she had

then.

"Explosions, explosions. Explosions everywhere. The doorbell explodes, the door mat explodes and even a small pebble by the road explodes as well... Exactly what kind of place did we come to?"

The body of the gold-rank Shadow Dancer, who is equal to her in fighting prowess, lies on the icy-cold floor. A hole has been opened in her head, her skullcap had been blown away and blood and brain matter flowed endlessly from within. Her cause of death...

"The powerful Blood of Haxinti actually died to an exploding coat rack. Would anyone be able to believe it? How am I to explain to my family that I lost our strongest Assassin. In less than 3 minutes, only 3 people remains of our 2 teams and we haven't even met our target yet."

The surviving no longer dared to proceed on and after the retreating Haxinti died to an exploding cost rack, they don't even dare to retreat anymore. They huddle together, wary of the surroundings.

But very soon, they no longer have to worry.

That is because in front of them, a floating figure appears from the dark night. The silver-colored Ice magic and black-colored death magic hovers around the skeleton. In the eyes, a purple color soulfire burns wildly and the icy-cold voice formed by the reverberation of magic brings one despair.

"Nice to meet you, test subject 17893, test subject 17894 and test subject 17895. Welcome to my research lab. Un, please do remember your assigned numbers. From today on, that will be your new names. Here, will be your home until your deaths. I hope that I can make you feel the warmth of home."

The voice created by a Lich's magic was gender-ambiguous and has no trace of emotion within it. It was as though it was just announcing a known fact. The eyes that it looks at towards yourself, there was no lust towards males or jealousy or females. If there was anything, it was only the interest towards the construct of one's body.

Somehow, looking at the ghostfire burning in its cold eyes, Arunide remembered the warning of her grandmother who doted on her.

"In the view of the world, we, Dark Elves, are evil, dangerous and crazy. But, in the face

of true evil, we are just pitiful lambs waiting to be slaughtered..."

"Grandmother, I finally understand the reason behind your sigh then. But a pity that it's already too late... No benevolence or evil, no love or hatred, these eyes that only see an animal waiting to be experimented on. Is this the shape of true evil?"

Before she lost her consciousness, the rising star of Morsblight City, the second daughter of the noble 3rd Family Arunide sighs for the final time.

Chapter 16

Scheme

It was easy for those intruders, who have something wrong with their head, to die. After all, only 3 of them were left when they barely reached the entrance of my home. But, the difficult part of resolving the issue afterwards is on me.

Thanks to Elisa's help, the sound of those 'Safe' goblin machinery's explosions reached the heavens. Especially on such a silent night, even those from 3 streets away could hear it. Before, this was said to be a haunted house but now, its infamy is going to spread further.

Completely within my expectation, upon realizing that the location of the reported case is the living quarters of the 'poisonous tumor', the Town Security army immediately woke up all their sleeping sisters and sent an impressive formation of 30 elite Knights.

Led by a legend-rank Holy Knight, the formation consists of 30 Holy Knights of at least silver-rank... This is already sufficient to challenge a dragon. Are they here to save someone or making use of this opportunity to get rid of the 'poisonous tumor' who is affecting the city's climate, it is obvious to see with one look.

"That Lich bastard, we always lack evidence to prosecute him. This time, Yawen will lead Team A to conduct the rescue mission while I will lead Team B to conduct the raid. Hehe, I don't understand why the Hall of Enforcement is always siding with him but I don't believe that the Lich don't have a single banned good. If we succeed in the raid this time, as the captain, I will treat you all to drinks."

"Ohhh, get rid of him! For our classic magazines in our storage room... that got exploded!"

"Hehe, let's first tie him up and hang him in the sky. Then, spin him until he vomits and afterwards, send him flying straight to the wall with the Spirit Horse... Sisters, the time for revenge have come!!"

"For Momo's little bear!"

"For my dowry! Knights, charge! Attack!"

From these passionate roars, it can be seen that someone did not neglect doing good deeds in his pastime... The depth of hatred isn't normal.

The Lich with a loose screw may not have any major crimes but if we are talking about the mental turmoil the Town Security suffer from his pranks, even all of the criminals added up together don't equal to a half of his.

If they manage to take him down this time, not only do they receive a bonus reward from the captain but they can also pay back him back for blowing up their base and all the different grudges from the past. Ever since they set off to apprehend the Lich, their morale was exceptionally high and they managed to run at speed surpassing that of riders.

When the Town Security finally arrived at the scene, they, unexpectedly, found their head, The Guard of Steel (Xueti) have already arrived. Furthermore, looking at the corpses on the floor, their faces turned pale white. Their grudge with the Lich went to the back of their mind.

"Dark Elves? Why?"

The corpses are that of their brethren. Looking at the Spider Silk Shadow Hat that boosts one's movement speed in the shadow, the Cat's Sneakers which reduces the sound of footsteps, a dagger and knife with a green glow on its edge, even if we do not consider their terrible reputation, the reason why they are here is obvious at a glance.

"It is the standard equipment for Venomous Spider Gang when on assassination missions. A 2nd job advanced Assassin requires the blessing of the Spider Queen. Only big families can afford to groom them."

On the surface, just by being a Dark Elf can be considered a sin and even in the underground world, many places choose to capture the Dark Elves first before investigation and questioning. Furthermore, they normally aren't wrong in their arrests. Of course, for demons and devils, you won't go wrong burning them before investigation...

In this world, there are times when a race itself is seen as a representation of kindness or evil and the faction they belong to. In Sulfur Mountain City's case, they are considered to be eccentric for using the 'evil and chaotic' Dark Elves as guards for the

city.

If it is just her brethren committing crimes, Town Security captain Diana is already used to it, just punish them accordingly. But the shout from the back made her heart stop.

"It is Carlos from the 7th Family. He came with the Morsblight diplomatic team."

"Morsblight City?" Just thinking about the name of her hometown, Diana flashes a bitter smile. As an outcast that worships Holy Light, she doesn't have any good memories back in the territory of the Spider Queen. "...What should come will come. The Spider Queen never forgets her enemies and there isn't the word 'forgiveness' in the dictionary of Dark Elves. It is impossible for them to just let us go."

As Dark Elves, even though they converted their faith to believe in the Holy Light, they never forgotten those underhanded methods. That is also why, to criminals, the Sulfur Mountain City Dark Elf Knight squad was difficult to deal with.

Arunide was planning to get rid of these traitors of the Spider Queen but at the same time, the Dark Elf Knights were wary of these 'diplomatic ambassadors' from their hometown. At the very least, tabs from the spies on the doorstep of the hotel which the diplomatic team was residing in never stopped.

But obviously, they still underestimated these elites from their hometown. They managed to bypass the spies they sent out and in the worst-case scenario, the recent serial murder case was caused by them...

"Yo, isn't this Captain Diana? Haven't seen you in a while."

As usual, this Lich was speaking nonsense. However, unlike usual days, the worried Diana didn't have the mood to find trouble with him. She was apprehensive of what was going to happen during daybreak when news that there are casualties from the diplomatic team come to light. Would Morsblight City, which never takes an insult lying, blame this incident on her and her sisters?

Even if she neglects the response from hometown, the recent suspicious movements of the Dark Elves in the city have brought them great pressure and now that those Dark Elves that tried infiltrating the Lich's living quarters are found dead at the scene, it is as good as them being caught in the act.

While she expected such a thing to happen, what she was truly worried was when the citizens discover that the true culprit behind the serial murderer case recently was Dark Elves, then based on her understanding of her brethren, it would be harder for them to gather evidence.

If they are unable to resolve the case swiftly, the name of the Town Security might take a blow. After all, before this incident, there were already a few big merchants murdered and being unable to solve these cases, they were subjected to quite a bit of pressure by the populace.

"Diana, your luck isn't bad this time. Looks like the case of the murder of the merchants can be concluded."

"Concluded? That consecutive killings directed towards merchants?" Hearing that, the Dark Elf Knights shakes violently, their faces full of surprise and disbelief

"There is evidence!?"

Diana found it difficult to believe in. Even though they suspected that the murderer is those fellows from the diplomatic team, but Dark Elves rarely leave concrete evidence behind. Furthermore, as a law enforcer of Sulfur Mountain City, they cannot lay their hands on suspects without evidence, especially towards ambassadors, thus they were severely limited to simply surveillance.

"Yeah, this fellow actually brought the hit list with him. This time, we have concrete evidence. We can take this chance to send a letter of protest to Morsblight City."

At this instant, the solemn large block of metal was extremely overjoyed, a rarely seen sight. Well, I guess that is to be expected. As the Head of the Hall of Enforcement, being unable to resolve the case of the serial murders, the pressure he feels is probably even greater than mine.

"Right, are the Beyar brothers are still under custody?"

"Hm? Beyar?"

"That pair of explosive-obsessed maniacs."

"Oh, that pair of green-skinned ticking time bomb. To save money, they actually chose to use RDX (a type of highly volatile explosive used for blowing up mountains) as the

power source of the machinery. It was impossible for that thing to not explode. They are still insisting that they are innocent, that it is a secret recipe passed down by their ancestors and definitely safe. They are unwilling to pay bail and fine, so we are currently collecting evidence to launch a complaint, sue them for the creation of dangerous and inferior good. But, we still can't find any evidence because all their products that exploded..."

"There is evidence now! Look at these Dark Elves and those broken machinery pieces, don't you find that their cause of death is quite familiar?"

"Xueti, despite looking so honest on the outside, you sell your friends without a hint of hesitation." Hearing that Tauren law enforcer talking excitedly, I couldn't help but draw a cross for the Beyar brothers in my heart and pray for them. Then, without hesitation, I joined the betrayer club...

"Lord, it is all the fault of those greedy goblins. Just a while ago, my maid went to the Safe Goblin Machinations to purchase some furniture. But, all the furniture we bought end up exploding. Fortunately, those kind-hearted people over there helped me to avoid a tragedy. Otherwise, the one dead one would definitely be me. Lord, you must redress my grievances!"

"Dark Elves are good-hearted people? Isn't Liches already dead? Can they die again? Besides, it would be weird if a walking trouble like you can die." Looking at how the corner of the eyes of these two law enforcers keep twitching, I can roughly guess what they are thinking.

At least, their gaze speaks of 'Do you really take us for idiots or are you an idiot yourself'. Their lack of trust makes me unhappy, especially when I am restricted by the God Equipment Curse to be unable to lie... I really don't know about it; those Dark Elves really did help me ward off a calamity.

Hey hey, if you don't start showing some trust, you better be careful of my complaints. I will secretly make your life difficult and send you all to the sulfur mine as watch guards!

"Cough cough, the destructive ability of the Beyar brothers' machinations shouldn't be that great though?" Finally recalling that such a gaze is rude, Diana turns her glance elsewhere and diverts the topic.

Seeing the presence of her superior here, she understands that her plan to land the Lich in trouble has gone down the drain. However, she has once personally tried the might of the explosives and it was highly improbable for the elites of Morsblight City to die to such unplanned small-scale explosions.

It's this." Xueti retrieves a silver fragment from the corpse's wounds.

"High purity Holy Silver Beads. It seems that it has been embedded in the engine if the machinations such that once it explodes, the explosion provides kinetic energy to the beads, allowing it work like the rifles of the Dwarf. The true murder weapon is these fragments."

Looking at these Holy Silver fragments, my mouth began to twitch. "Elisa... You really planned everything out well."

"Looks like it really isn't your handicraft. Did you offend the Beyar brothers for them to plan to murder you?"

This time, I don't have to explain myself further, all the suspicions are washed off. Holy Silver, a sacred object that was blessed by the Order gods, is deadly to Demons and Undead. Simply coming into contact with it can cause me devastating burns, and the damage goes straight to the soul. There was no way I could use it.

"Did I deserve this? To go this far." I recall a memory a while ago, one where Elisa's hands were bandaged. She was never one so concerned with chores, it must be to install up these Holy Silver fragments. Even for a half-demon, touching these things must have been excruciating.

"To avoid dying for no apparent reason, I better pay two years of her wages first..."

"Boom!!" Out of the blue, there were consecutive explosions and a large figure rushed out.

"Stop him!"

"Who is that?"

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!"

How can they allow suspicious figures to get away at this point? The Town Security

went up and surrounded the figure, but the response they got was a ferocious battle cry of a Beastman.

With a flash of silver, his gigantic blade slashes in all directions like a dancing dragon. With disbelief in everyone's eyes, the elite weapons wielded by everyone instantly broke.

"How is this possible! Ah!"

"Be careful, there is something wrong with his weapon! Don't go head on with him!"

"Kua kua kua!" A crisp reverberation sounds. Under the large blade, the thick armor of the Town Security was cut through like thin paper. Wherever the shadow of the blade appears, cries of agony could be heard and blood splatters everywhere!

Making use of the momentum, the frenzied Beastman dashes out of the heavy encirclement.

"Voke, how could this be?!"

It was no wonder that Diana was able to recognize this red-eyed half-Beastman. In order to catch this brutal and cunning criminal then, the Town Security put in a lot of effort before succeeding.

"That can't be, how can he be so powerful."

Half-Elf Half-Beastman, a Bronze-rank Assassin. Even with his both eyes-red and his swollen muscles, as though as he went into a Berserker state exclusive to Beastman and Barbarians, but as a bronze-rank fighter, it was incredible that he was able to bash through a bunch of Knights of silver-rank and above.

"It is that blade! There's something wrong with that blade, don't touch it!"

The crowd quickly understood what was wrong. Even though everyone's weapons were quite bad, but in front of that giant blade with a dragon tattoo, it was just a matter of one or two slashes before it is cut into two.

"Make way!!"

A good weapon allows one to challenge another surpassing their rank, but the one

here now is Diana. Not only is the difference in abilities great between the two, the sacred sword Silver Avenger was also an epic blade that isn't inferior to the Dragon Saber.

"Clang!"

The sword and the blade cross edges, but the unlucky Silver Avengers was directly cut into two. Cracks also started appearing on Voke's blade from the impact and for a moment, Voke was defenseless. Diana sent him flying away with a fierce kick.

Diana's usage of force was skillful so as to keep him alive for questioning. However, Voke was first tortured cruelly, next all of his energy was sapped from the Frenzy, then he was controlled by his sword before a legend-rank Knight finally sent a kick to his chest. After vomiting two mouthfuls of blood on the ground, he died instantly.

When the Holy Knights finally found something amiss with the situation and decided to use the once-a-day usage of Holy Treatment to save him, Voke was already without a pulse.

"I need an explanation!! Why is Voke, who should be at the Sulfur Mountain City's prison, here and why did the Dark Elf Assassins infiltrate this place!"

Saying that, she points the remaining half of her silver short sword at me. Looks like if she won't simply let this slide if she doesn't get her answer today.

But I simply smiled... Everything was just as I expected, the fish is onto the bait.

After a mutual glance with Xueti, I remained silent. In the end, he stood up.

"It is like that. Actually, Roland and the legal system have some secret dealings. He is an expert in souls and an interrogation techniques master. If we meet a stubborn prisoner, we would ask him for a favor..."

These explanations are actually the truth. At least, it is the truth that Xueti knows. Diana was already vaguely suspicious of how the legal system was too lenient on the Lich in front of her. It was weird that when she was chasing him that Lord Wumianzhe appeared and weird that the Head of the Hall of Enforcement in here as well.

"Yeah, we are all one family." I can't lie, so this sentence is definitely the truth. In reality, I am saying that I am Wumianzhe but in the eyes of the Holy Knights, they think that I

am confessing to the dealings with the legal system. In this instant, Diana reacted just as I anticipated, a look of realization.

"Hmph, no matter who's behind you, don't let me catch you committing crimes! Otherwise, no one can save you! Retreat!"

Before leaving, she threatens me menacingly in the presence of her superior. She really is the ideal example of a dumb Knight, so innocent, so easy to make use of!

Just as I was laughing at them while watching them taking the body along their team, I hear a familiar voice just beside my ear.

"The confession we just got out of Voke has been ascertained by the experimental subject known as Arunide. I have already copied 2 reports and sent it to Margaret and Lord Adam through the secret channel. However, my Lord, wasting so much effort for just a show and even exposing your relationship with the legal system on the surface, is it worth it?"

"Of course, it is worth it. To say the truth, I underestimated the psychotic killer. To think he had such an important secret in his hands. In order to calm down those who are on the verge of taking action, Voke has to die and it must be in front of everyone else. This way, as long as the experimental subject really escapes, the rumor of the diplomatic ambassadors escaping in the middle of the night will look authentic as well. After that, as long as our experimental subject reports the false news obediently, I doubt that they would suspect that their intelligence have been leaked."

"You played out such a show just to numb those fellows? Even paying an epic weapon in the midst?"

"That Dragon Saber? That is a useless good, the 1% chance of Frenzy actually increases by 1% every second, which means that after 2 minutes, one would recognize no kin. It would be better to just give it out. Besides, I remember that there is someone in the Town Security who can use that saber, and aren't the Town Security my arms? Their strength is as good as my strength."

"...Why do I feel that you are just cherishing them and protecting them by making the clues which they are investigating stop in their track so that they don't get involved and end up getting killed as a pawn."

TL: Cherishing -> The phrase the author used is directed towards women and means

that you sort of cherish them greatly that you don't want anything to befall them.

"Hah, such wild imagination." I laughed and looked up to the sky.

"That isn't the case. This incident involves the other underground city lords, the Malevolent Elemental God and that bunch of bastard traitors. The Town Security have great fighting prowess but some things just require one to use their brains. They don't have good political skills so if they get involved, they won't even fit being cannon fodder. It was difficult to create a Holy Light Knight Squad so to waste them just like that is a waste. I still intend to get them to do a few more years of hard work after all.

While saying that, I started getting excited.

"An ancient Malevolent God and an Underground Autarch. Looks like there's finally an enemy worthy of me going all out. Hehe, maybe this is the sign that a new age is about to come."

TL: Autarch = someone who has absolute power

Chapter 17

Truth and Reunion

The Whisper of the Demons is the name of the first prelude to ?Eich's Seven Hells?.

This future to come signals the start of the Eternal War. With the assistance of the demons, the Ancient Elemental Gods, subordinates of the Goddess of Chaos, who have fought in the ancient wars gradually break away from their seals and bring the continent endless catastrophes.

Following the awakening of the Elemental Gods, the Fire Elemental Warlords, the Wind Elemental Governors, the Water Elemental Monarch and similar elemental beasts gradually become the first boss-class opponents of the gamers.

Not long later, sensing the arrival of a new order, the ambitious and idealists start to make their move. Among them, the most dangerous of all are those who hope to create an independent country, the cultists who welcome the descend of the Malevolent Gods, the Underground Lords who hopes to return back to the surface gloriously and the undead kingdoms who crave for slaughter and destruction.

Of course, the word prelude is a hint that these troublesome things mostly have the shadows of demons behind it. As the Elemental Gods descend one by one, even if it isn't their real body but their manifestations, the elemental tide will gradually befall and the might of elemental magic becomes even more powerful and the advancement to become an expert becomes easier.

TL: Although I use the word manifestation, it is actually a split body of them.

The continent of Eich will finally reach a magic era where Liches are everywhere and legends are like dogs. Under the elemental tide, the Eich continent and other dimensions become more connected, causing travel between dimensions to be easier, resulting in frequent arrivals of foreign guests.

As the young generations on the surface are heading towards prosperity and the countries are positive about their future and even harboring ambitious thoughts of expanding their land, they didn't expect that it was a ploy of the demons and the

Malevolent Gods of Chaos. As the magic tide arrives and opened the doors between dimension, especially the one to the Abyss, swarms of demons would swarm to the mortal world. But before that, the world would have to survive through the waves of Undead Calamity.

The Alliance among the Underground Lords to invade the surface should be a content of the next installment "The Vulture of War", which is supposed to be around 10 years from now. It is still a bit too early for it but if we were to think about it, it is to be expected.

After all, the Underground World is still extremely chaotic now and even if the Underground Autarchs were to reorganize the proud and aloof Underground Lords, it would take massive amount of time. Now should be the period in which they reorganize their troops and destroy the nonconformists.

The Sulfur Mountain City which we reside in is an obvious obstacle in their path. Or rather, we shouldn't use such a description to describe to a human on these Underground Autarchs.

TL: The phrase the author used means that we were blocking a human's path literally (though it shouldn't be taken literally)

"It is said that the blood-related daughter of the Spider Queen, the High Priestess Kajah.Lorci, has united all of the Dark Elves and their targets are the surface Elves..."

"The Dragon Empress Molly, the leader of Red Dragons and Black Dragons, the accepted King of the Dragon Tribe by 7 Dragon Cities of the underground. Their goal is to return to the surface and if possible, get revenge on the Dragon God Bahamut who exiled them."

"Ainsterna.Eduar, Black Mage, his race is arguably a human... His motives are unknown, his strength is unknown but he has command over 50 underground cities. If we just look at the size of a regular army, he isn't inferior to any of the human kingdoms. He has superb ability in conducting warfare and is the future High Commander of the Underground Alliance in name."

"Shou.Nuya, a Scorpion-tail Lion Beastman, the head of the Nuya tribe and the elected sovereign of more than hundreds of underground Beastman. Although the Beastman tribes are full of internal strife, their aptitude towards fighting is astounding. The

talents of underground Beastman is much stronger than those of the surface Beastman. If we just look at the numbers of experts, they live up to the name gold are like dogs, legends are everywhere. Their motive... Surprisingly, it isn't to exact revenge on the surface tribes but to return to the home of the Beastman, the legendary Blanuya Plains. But now, the plains belong to a strong empire of the humans, Saint Antonio, and it serves as their granary. That is to say, if they were to fight, it would be a level of battle which nations and tribes get destroyed..."

As the authority these 4 possess is a tier higher than that of other Underground Lords, they are acknowledged as the Underground Autarchs.

But the everyone understands the story where one monk has water to drink, two monks fetch water to drink, three monks don't have water to drink. If there is only one Underground Autarch, they would have long unified the entire underground world and send troops to invade the surface. But now, there are four Underground Autarchs that is keeping each other in check, causing the underground world to be even more chaotic.

TL: Meaning the monk fight for water, the Autarchs fight for authority.

This time, just as how the history on the game walkthrough records, the Black Mage Einsterna and underground Beastman Sovereign Shou, sensing the opportunities from the arrival of a new era, have formed an alliance and they intend to send an invitation of Kajah and Molly, offering them great incentives to solidify the Underground Alliance. By gathering over 40% of the Underground Lords in the underground world, they would have created the greatest alliance army in history.

But I know that things aren't that simple. From the 'history' in the game walkthrough, there is a third party interfering at the back of the Beastman and Black Mage... The figurehead behind the Black Mage is the cunning Devils and behind the Beastman is the chaotic and bloodthirsty Demons. Both of them intend to use them as a pocket to interfere and cause both of them to fall out. This is also the only way for the formation of the strong alliance army to fail.

Of course, the Spider Queen Lorci and the Black Dragons aren't innocent and kind people either. They are also furthering their own motives.

"My head hurts. This isn't a problem of quantity anymore."

The signing of the Underground Alliance pact and the formation of the Alliance Army should be something recent. Even if I have the heart to interfere, but I don't have the influence to alter the situation. The invasion of the Alliance Army to the surface is already fixed in stone.

"Those pigs on the surface can enjoy the warm sunlight and clean night breeze without doing anything. In comparison, if we don't do anything, we can't even differentiate day from night. We can only use the cold lingering light of the luminescent algae, drink the underground water which has strong sulfuric taste, live in fear of earthquakes and stampedes, a life without day or night, a life that isn't even fit for dogs and pigs. Tell me, my brethren from the underground, do you all intend for your grandchildren and descendants to also live this kind of hellish lifestyle? We, the ones who have been exiled, why should we be inferior to others? Why do we have to bear the sins of our ancestors? Everyone should have the right to live under the sun, we are only getting back what that should belong to us.

Three years ago, this powerful inciting speech was shouted out by Ainsterna and very soon, it spread to the entire underground world.

Now, the invasion of the underground world back to the surface to enjoy true sunlight is the craving of every single life here. It is destined to be make history. (The underground world has no sun, but the ceiling of the rocks has many luminescent algae that provides some light)

Even I don't intend to block such a strong tide with my weak arms. The Underground Alliance formed by countless underground cities cannot be stopped, but the internal betrayal in Sulfur Mountain City as a result of the movement cannot be spared.

"Councilor Welter, Councilor Kern..." These foolish councilors, they actually intend to bypass Sulfur Mountain City's Internal Affairs Bureau and directly liaise with the other underground cities to form a pact and join in the future crusade to the surface.

As the current City Lord Adam of Sulfur Mountain City is hailed as a hero by the humans on the surface, despite not knowing why he has decided to live here for the past hundred years, from the start, the big figures from the surface 'Hero' Adam and 'Saint' Margaret is seen as an enemy by the Underground Alliance.

Following the progress of the Alliance, the Dark Elf-owned MorsBlight city willingly served the as the underling of the Spider Queen's Supreme Priest Kajah, while the Gray

Dwarf and underground Beastman's Chrome City turned to the Beastman Sovereign Shou.

Sulfur Mountain City has been a pacifist all along, so it is impossible for them to wage a world war against the surface. Thus, from the start, Sulfur Mountain City has been a thorn in the eye for the Alliance.

But not everyone is unambitious like us... At least, quite a few 'big figures' in Sulfur Mountain City expressed interest in the land of the surface. Sulfur Mountain City might not have any nobles, but the surface and other underground cities have nobles...

Thus, when the two cities started exerting pressure on those foolish Councilors and offered them land on the surface, a portion of the self-interested people started formation factions, creating the 'Alliance Faction'. Coincidentally, Adam was intending to pass on the seat of the City Lord, thus providing them a good opportunity.

The diplomatic team that came to Sulfur City, on the surface, they were to talk over the terms of trade, something that no one took it for real, while in the shadows, their true motive was to help these Councilors solidify their power. Those merchants who were assassinated, excluding those unlucky fellows who were used to pull wool over our eyes, most of them had a seat on the Council. As the obstacles were rooted one by one, the Alliance Faction were gradually gaining traction.

No one would be foolish to start a head-on conflict with the SemiGod class Adam. What they are waiting for as they accumulate power is for a fault to happen in Sulfur Mountain City's inauguration of the new lord and an opportunity for them to stroke the flames of rebellion and take over as the new ruler.

The Dark Elf Town Security might be very efficient in dealing with criminals but due to their birth identity, they are condemned to the suspicion by a portion of the citizens. If they are pulled into such a scheme, if the Alliance Faction find them an obstacle to their motives, they might end up as fodder for this conflict.

Just by pondering over it a bit, I can think of dozens of dirty ways to destroy them, such as to incite public will by saying that they are the true culprits of the serial killings and they were only pushing the fault to the ambassador team. Then, they could force them to hand over 'the true culprit' and motivate the public to stand against them, blame them for theft and blaspheming the Holy Light. Afterwards, they could bring in the judgement by the church and force them to their death. Or, if they retaliate with

force, hoho...

Cough, I better rein myself in a little. Those Councilors may not be as 'wise' as me, but as experts in internal strife, they may not be able to think of a dozen but one or two definitely isn't a problem.

My reason for putting them out of the picture isn't because I cherish them as Elisa said, but my instinctive ability to protect the weak.

Right, just protecting the weak. Who would like those silly lasses who always interfere with my work, like I would care about their deaths.

But they are now my underling's underling, they are a member of my Sulfur Mountain City's legal system alive, a ghost (undead) of my Lord Yongye dead. If they were to be killed for no apparent reason with so much grievances, isn't that throwing my face.

Hearing the news that Elisa got out of Volk, it seems as though all of the problems were solved. However, I realized that there was still some things that weren't logical.

"...Why are they so fixated on Sulfur Mountain City. This city, compared to the proportion of the entire underground world, isn't even more than a dot."

I am unlike those boastful councilors that think that the sky would fall without me. Even without Sulfur Mountain City joining in the alliance, the Underground Alliance still retains the power to sweep the surface.

"I seem to have heard Volk saying that there is a very powerful magic thing sealed here, and the Dragon Empress seems to be very interested in it. She even put up a very high price for it, that's why he came here to try his luck."

"Bullshit, I have been here for more than a hundred years. It is only a piece of barren land, what kind of strong magic thing would be sealed here..."

Suddenly, as I remembered something, I stopped in my tracks.

"A strong magic thing? Seal? It can't be so coincidental. Are they referring to me, Lord Yongye? That shouldn't be, the news of me being here shouldn't have leaked. After all, my true identity is only known by Adam, Margaret and Little Red and they aren't people who would leak secrets... No, there is someone with a loose mouth."

"That lad Adam dug a hole to trip me again?"

Propping up her gold-framed spectacles, Elisa seemingly nods her head bitterly, but I could tell that she was secretly laughing.

"A year ago, the Councilors invited the City Lord to a party and on the party, there was the strongest Beastman Eviscerate Beer... After drinking too much, the City Lord spent 3 hours describing how he defeated the strong demon lord and that he sealed him in the depths of hell. He didn't specify which demon lord it is and most of the Councilors took it as a joke but apparently, someone took it for real."

"Lord Yongye huh?" I seemed to have mumbled, but it is also a question just to see whether anyone would answer.

"It isn't Lord Yongye. Based on the analysis of the Dragon Empress, the SemiGod Undead Emperor isn't someone Adam could have dealt with then, needless to mention sealing him. It was more probable that he just got sick of fighting and left the continent."

The new test subject seems to have acknowledged her situation and took the initiative to hand over valuable news that I wasn't aware of.

"Furthermore, if Lord Yongye was really sealed here, then it isn't a target that we could take control of. In the eyes of all living beings, he is a dangerous fellow that shouldn't be released. Looking for Lord Yongye is just a false rumor that we created. Our true motive is the Ancient Fire Elemental God Arolaweiss.

My lie-detector ring also authenticated that it was the truth. Thinking of the unique traits of the fire element, realization struck me.

This is Sulfur Mountain City, just behind us lies the endless sulfur mountains and a thing like sulfur is easily found in the surroundings of a volcano. For such a large sulfur mountain to exist, it is obvious that it isn't a product a nature.

"In that game, all of the Ancient Elemental Gods that descended were defeated and exiled in the long battles to come, but the only exception is the Fire Elemental God. Now that I think of it, it isn't that he didn't descend, but that the Fire Elemental was in the underground world from the start. After all, what kind of place would be more suited for a fire elemental to live in other than the sulfur mountains."

"Underground? Within the sulfur mountains?"

"Yes. The Councilors in the Alliance Faction have already sold a portion of the rights to mine in the sulfur mines to us and our Gray Dwarves have found some remains that is very possibly the altar heading to where the Elemental God resides. Now, the few obstacles that remains is the leakage of news. We have to attain the rights to mine in the entire sulfur mountain. Those who are against the sale are also on the assassination list this time. The second is its guardian... The Dragon Empress guessed that Adam built this Sulfur Mountain City to keep watch on Arolaweiss and if we were to touch the seal, the guardian would definitely be alerted. But, against the SemiGod Adam, we might not win even if the Dragon Empress were to go against him personally.

I slapped my forehead. I feel the urge to cry but no tears flowed out.

"Adam, you really are my nemesis, you tripped me 130 years ago and now you are tripping me again. If you didn't go around bragging, why would other people treat you as the guardian of the Elemental God, they also wouldn't view this city as the thorn of their eyes. Now you even dragged me into this problem. Can't you keep your mouth shut properly and stop causing me so much trouble every day."

"If this is really the land where the Elemental God was sealed, the demons could even interfere here personally. Then, I really have to start preparing."

Closing my eyes and thinking deeply, many thoughts floated around my mind and just as I vaguely felt like I was onto something, the door was suddenly bashed open. A reminiscent figure and voice made me instinctively lower my upper body and huddle together but I was still a step late.

"Hi, Uncle Bones! Long time no see, Annie has come today to play with you."

Before flying out of the window, my final thoughts were the flash of pink then the continuously rotating world in my sight and the irrepressible wandering of my mind...

"She sure has grown, I could only fly 30 meters high then... Now, I can see the 300-meter-high rock ceiling and luminescent algae. Hey, mother vulture, you are here to hunt for food I see. Today's weather isn't bad huh."

Although I was flying so high up just as in the past, unexpectedly, I wasn't angry at all. The reason? While flying up in the sky, my brain kept rewinding the scene I just saw,

the reason why my mind keeps popping up weird thoughts...

"Cough, its pink color. I have to remind her that ladies shouldn't go around spreading their legs to kick other people, otherwise it is very easy for them to flash. Girls sure are mystical creatures, they change totally when they mature. To think that in such a short period of time, she turned from a little brat to a tall and elegant beauty."

Yes, despite it being just seven to eight years, but in that instant, I saw clearly that the brat that used to stir trouble has grown into a cute young lady.

A fleshy bum and beautiful curves, full of liveliness. The young and innocent face coupled with a good figure and good personality, she is my ideal type.

"Why don't I consider marriage after I revive? However, after rejecting Adam so many times, if I were to change my word now, isn't that a little shameful."

Do I have such a thing as shame? Looks like I don't. Very quickly, I decided to test if Ann still remembers the Uncle Bones who dotes on her and often play with her, and her promise of marriage that I exchanged with a lollipop.

But just as I enjoying my imagination, a bunch of uninvited my guests arrives...

"Go away, you smelly bird. I am not your prey, I am the fearsome Lich. I am very scary, beware of my bite..."

A bunch of carnivorous vulture surrounds me. Bones seem to their favorite good...

"Go away, smelly birds!! I really will bite you. The touch of a Lich is scary, a Lich who only have its head remaining is also very powerful... Looks like before considering going through with the marriage, I have to first get rid of this bad habit of hers, teach her what can be kicked and what can't be kicked!!"

Terminology may not be clear before but the world of Eich consists of one main world, and also the biggest piece of land – the Eich continent, the Abyss (where demons and devils roam) and other dimensions which can be considered to be part of Eich as well. Travel through different dimensions are normally difficult in normal times.

The MC comes from a world that is not part of the world of Eich or any of their dimensions. (Thus outside of the system)

Goddess of Chaos refers particularly to Cynthia, while Gods of Chaos refers to the gods under Cynthia's faction.

Chapter 18

The Little Red Dragon

On the mountains that were filled with the smell of sulfur, there is a gigantic cavern where a large beast seems to faking sleep.

Graceful, beautiful, large and savage, these contradictory phrases fuse together perfectly in front of this beast whose size resembles a small hill. The sharp knife-like scales reflect a stream of light that mirrors the sun and those shining silver claws are of the size of flagpoles.

Its very existence is the incarnation of majesty and its breath can bring about storm and lightning. Under the gaze of those mystical dragon eyes, it feels as though life is coming to an end.

In this moment, this natural-born king narrows its eyes, as though as looking at something. Out of a sudden, it gives out a frightening roar.

"Ao ao ao!"

Following the gigantic beast's lightning-like roaring, the entire mountain shakes and innumerable demonic beasts escapes in response to the roar. The savage carnivorous demonic vultures escape frantically in all directions just like frightened sparrows.

When the peak of the food chain, the true owner of this mountain — Ancient Red Dragon Ein Mezus roar in anger, there is no living being that wouldn't feel fear.

Even so, the content of the roar makes one speechless...

"AH HAHAAAAHA, TO THINK THAT YOU WOULD HAVE SUCH A DAY. I'M ABOUT TO DIE OF LAUGHTER."

The gigantic beast was actually hugging its stomach and starts rolling about. The entire cavern starts to tremor violently, as though it was going to collapse anytime soon.

"Shut up, Little Red!"

Yes, the person in front of her is me, Lich Roland. But right now, my situation isn't that good...

"...Isn't this our wisest Lord Roland? Where's your body? Why is there only a head left of you?"

In front of the gigantic beast reminiscent of the mountains, there is a skeleton head which doesn't even reach the size of one of its scale. Un, that's me.

"Hmph." I really don't want to bother with her but the scorpion-tailed lion on the other side was reporting to its master about its acquisition.

"Awuu, awuu." The scorpion-tailed lion's weird nasally voice was mixed in with some dragon language. I can't really make out what it is saying, but Einz Mezus seems to getting more and more interested in its story.

"Oh oh, so you are saying that he was first fought over by a bunch of vultures, then the dogmans hit him down. Afterwards, the griffins stole him from the dogmans and after witnessing it all, you all decided to rob the griffins. You all found him quite familiar, so you decided to gift him to me for me to enjoy?"

"Roland, what an exciting adventure you had. I will share this with Adam and the rest."

Ignoring this stupid dragon, I retained my silence.

Yes, the bones of the Lich aren't that good to digest. With only my skullcap remaining, I enjoyed a tour about Sulfur Mountain City's food chain and went one level by one level up, finally ending up in the hands of Ein Mezus who was at the tip of the food chain.

Of course, I have a way to directly recover by expending my mana but if I wait until noon, my skeleton body will automatically reassemble itself under the effects of my spell. Thus, I didn't have any intention of wasting mana to forcefully reassemble myself and this resulted in me... enjoying a tour around Sulfur Mountain City's food chain.

"You are getting overjoyed too fast. Think about it, what would the reason for me being in this state?"

The Red Dragon used its gigantic claws to support its chin, putting out a position similar to a human thinking. In the beginning, she was still rather carefree but very

soon, she thought of a possibility and her body bends, causing her chin to knock violently on the floor, but it wasn't the time for her to care about the pain.

"It can't be. Don't tell me that that person is back?"

I nodded my head bitterly.

"Right, she's back. Furthermore, it is a leveled-up version with a great boost in her specs. Look at how high I flew this time..."

Before I finished with my words, the gigantic dragon actually started bellowing.

"Quick, quick! Help me put up a 'Not free for battle' sign at the bottom of the hill, just say that I went out to visit my friends. Right, where is the key to the safe? Throw it into the volcano, we mustn't let that brat into my treasure vault at any costs. Forget it, I am really leaving now."

That day, the gigantic dragon remembered the times when terror being dominated by that rascal... The shame when her proud dragon scales were full of children drawings after an afternoon nap, the fear when her treasure vault was filled with water, the smell of fresh meat being mixed with sulfur and lava, the insult those shining golden coins were converted into worthless glass...

"Meow, I am not like those dumb lizards, you think that those shining glass can be exchanged for goin coins? Dream on!"

"Wuuuuu, I just want to make Auntie Little Red happy. Everyone says that dragon auntie likes shiny things. Wuu, Ann is sorry, don't hate Ann."

Back then, facing the crying little girl and the resentment of her parents Adam and Margaret and my 'you made a little girl cry' kind of snickering, even a gigantic dragon was unable to retain her dignity and she could only give in and try to console Ann.

"Un, un, sister dragon loves Ann the most. Ann, don't cry anymore, be obedient Ann. Auntie have some sweets for you. No, this is a god equipment, it is worth a lot of money. Here, I'll give it to you. You don't like it? Then try this one, the blessed winged armor. You can wear it when you grow older..."

From my experience which could be seen by those vandalized precious books as evidence, the scariest part about rascals is not their ability to cause devastation, but

rather it is when after they are finished with it, you, as the victim, still have to be the one to wrap up the disaster. If you were to reprimand them a little harsher and they cry, you even have to pay the price to console her.

That time, Einz Mezus paid a God Equipment, a set of Epic chainmail that she treasures and two... lollipops. Actually, I think the items in front are unneeded, just two lollipops would have been enough. Of course, I won't take the initiative to remind this dumb dragon.

Right now, hearing that Annie has come back, she remembered the misery she suffered then such that even the Ancient Red Dragon dubbed as the Disaster of Veron was forced to go into hiding.

The Attack of the Rascals, even gigantic dragons would have to kneel before them.

"Don't panic, she is still in Sulfur Mountain City. I will inform her when she comes up to the mountains. But now, since we met, there are some things that I want to discuss with you."

"Discuss what? I have to move my treasure vault! I am busy."

"How about we talk about your mother?"

It was a rude question, but Little Red calms down quite a bit after hearing it

"What do you mean? The self-proclaimed Dragon Empress Molly? What is with her?"

Yes, the Ancient Red Dragon Einz Mezus is the unfilial daughter of Dragon Empress Molly. She is the rebellious daughter who have been exiled by the underground dragon tribes and just like every teenage girl who left home during their rebellious period, she has a lot of grudges against her mother and brethren.

"She has her eyes on Sulfur Mountain City. Or more concisely, the God of the Origin of Fire sealed below here. Don't tell me that you have never noticed that there is a malevolent god sealed here.

"...I have been wondering for a long time why it was so comfortable to sleep here, so warm, just like a hot pit. So it is because there is a hearth hiding below here."

Alright, the Red Dragons and Fire Elementals likes active mountains. To her, if there

really is a Fire Elemental God sealed under the mountain, it is only a very comfortable source of heat.

"So, the present situation is a little bit troublesome now. The seal below your home is already their target. It is just a matter of time before the fellows from other underground cities organize an alliance army here. I'm sure you don't want to see your house becoming a mess and your treasure vault getting smashed and robbed after a nap."

"Furthermore, Annie is about to take over as Adam's successor. Even though she is a rascal, but she is a rascal that we brought up together. Now those fellows down there are about to make their move, are you willing to see our child get bullied?"

Hearing this, a scarlet red glint of rage flashes across the dragon's eye. Following the killing will is a frightening pressure.

As a tangible dragon pressure is exerted, the strong quasi-legend demonic beast scorpion-tailed lion was frightened to the point of huddling together. But, as the one directly in the face of the pressure, I smiled.

I understand her. Little Red might laze around in her house a lot, but she definitely isn't a fool. Her spies have sent her a lot of intelligence.

Also, her mouth might be a little harsh, but the one who dotes on Annie the most is still this dragon lass who is way-past her marriage age but still single and flooding with maternal love. She views Annie as half a daughter or else, why would a Red Dragon who was known to be greedy and selfish bear to give out a precious defensive god equipment.

Now that I mentioned that Annie was going to be bullied, her killing will would naturally be directed towards those fools in Sulfur Mountain City who thinks that they seem to think that they can ascend the heavens.

"Stop with the crap, just say if you have any plan. Just like how it normally is, you work your brains and I work my arms to destroy them."

Hearing this, I laugh gleefully. Since Little Red was willing to become my fighter, my goal for coming here today have been half-realized. As for the other half...

"I want to stage a show, a good show of an evil dragon invading a city."

...Now that I am done preparing the stage. What is left is my quest!

Chapter 19

Change

"Ka! Dang.Dang.Dang..."

The Big Ben in Sulfur Mountain City echoes through the sky, signaling that it is noon lunchtime. As the reassemble magic is triggered, after a bout of dizziness, I return back to my home where my body is.

When my head returns to where it belongs, the first thing I did was to check my body.

"1, 2, 3... 24. That's weird, did the rascal change gender? To think that there isn't a single rib bone missing."

When I was surprised over the fact that there isn't a single rib bone missing and was about to begin checking if any of my toe bones are missing, a voice filled with unhappiness could be heard from my back.

TL: The author used a phrase '??' which means like faked unhappiness (something like acting cute, like when your lover teases you and you aren't really angry but acting angry, but can't find a word for it)

"Uncle Bone, I am already grown up. I will no longer anyhow touch the parts on a man's body."

There is nothing wrong with the sentence but why do I feel so awkward hearing it.

Turning around, I see a red-haired teenage girl staring at me. Just as what I saw in a glance before, that young snotty brat has become a fine young lady now.

Due the unique training methods of those with the blood of the Fire Phoenix, she has similar traits with Adam. Long fire-red hair that sways with the wind, slender long thighs that are straight as a compass, the originally circular face that were filled with baby fat has transformed into a sharp oval face. The only thing that remains unchanged was the innocence in her eyes and the mole under her red eye that added to her femininity.

TL: Compass as in the mathematical tool.

"Hey, humans really grow very fast. Just yesterday, you were still a rascal shouting 'kuma''kuma'but now, you have become a fine lady."

As my head turned around with a kaka cracking sound, Annie's face, at the start, was still solemn, then a look of surprise before she burst into laughter.

"Crap, my image." Without a trace of emotion on my face, I tore away the note on my head. Then, I silently took the cloth Elisa was passing over and wiped away the turtle on my skullcap.

Why? You can't comprehend what is going on? While waiting for the reassemble magic to trigger, I played 8 rounds (??) of mahjong with Little Red and accidentally lost 2 rounds... Hmph, I wasn't the loser. Little Red has it worse than me. Her entire body is filled with scribbles and now she doesn't even need make up to pass off as a black dragon to go conduct robbery.

TL: If I'm not wrong, 1 set of Mahjong consists of 4 rounds and a full mahjong game consists of 4 set or 16 rounds.

As for why didn't we use gold coins or our finances as bet and chose to just paste notes and draw turtles, it is because we are both magic experts and there isn't any bottom limit to our chastity. If we really put up something attractive as a bet, then this game which was used as a pastime would ultimately become a game of cheating or... What was that? Supernatural Mahjong Shoujo?

TL: Shoujo -> Young lady

Alright, seems I accidentally arrowed something. Let's just make it Genius Magic Mahjong Teenager then.

"Sigh, nowadays, why is it so hard to just play a game of normal Mahjong."

Annie giggles behind her hand. I know my face must look terrible now. After all, it is hard to see a Lich with a turtle drawn on his head. Those Dracons who were called in to play with us also looked at us with the same surprised look...

"Is it very weird? Can the evil Lich and the destructive Red Dragon not sit down together to play Mahjong as a pastime? As long as we

"No, that's not it." The red-haired young lady shakes her head.

"After spending some time travelling out there, the world has changed. After coming back, those people whom I was close with has become weird. They are always trying to get Annie to do this and that, their gestures are weird but they refuse to simply say it. Looking at those fake smiles, Annie feels so stressed out these days. But now, seeing that Auntie Little Red and Uncle Bones are still the same, I feel so relieved."

Annie smiles, a smile that comes along with indescribable yearning and satisfaction. Looks like, this training tour this time has made this little princess of Sulfur Mountain City mature quite a bit.

"Pah!"

Yet, I broke the mood and knocks on the other party's head with my bones.

"Just how old are you? Don't speak like an elderly. Lamenting about life and remembering the past should be left to the elderly. Even I am still young. Also, I am fine with you calling me uncle but calling Little Red..."

"Annie knows, when I see Auntie Little Red, I will call her Sister Little Red. Otherwise, when everyone is gone, Auntie Little Red is going to hide in the rock walls and sob secretly. Her cries are super loud, we can even hear it clearly from the bottom of the mountain. She doesn't even realize that, how embarrassing."

"Un, that's right, those over-age unmarried young ladies are extremely sensitive. We should pity them, sympathize with them and love them. If you see Margaret, how should you call her?"

"Sister Margaret! Annie knows."

"Right, remember to call her that in front of Adam." I said that while snickering.

Annie is Adam's disciple and at the same time, her goddaughter. Despite knowing this, Margaret gave Annie her own surname Layde, which indubitably expresses a certain wish of hers. But, not to mention calling her mother, Annie has always been calling her sister, which results in Adam suddenly becoming a generation more senior than Margaret, causing her great distress.

Of course, making her more distressed is also part of my duty.

"Remember, you must frequently praise Margaret for being young and beautiful and that an uncle like Adam isn't worthy of her." The prerequisite for a child being loose with their words is that there isn't anyone around to teach them...

"Lord, teacher Margaret has left a message. If you continue to teach Annie these stuff, she will put in her weight as the Head of Internal Affairs to deduct the funds you claimed to be 'work allowance' but used to purchase those limited edition classic books."

I almost forget that I had Margaret's spy just by my side. I have always thought it was weird how a saint and a half-demon managed to get along so well but my head maid Elisa is indeed Margaret's disciple in name.

Short hair, gold-rimmed glasses, expressionless and a venomous tongue, these are all unique traits of Margaret. Even her action of intentionally standing on high ground and giving me a look of despise with icy-cold eyes while her right hand supports her gold-rimmed glasses was so similar to her. I couldn't help but sigh.

"Can you don't imitate Margaret so much? Recently you are becoming more and more alike with that old spinster, be careful that you might not be able to get married."

"To be able to be similar with teacher is my honor. Also, I will pass along your evaluation of teacher to her, just wait for your funds to get cut."

"Then, I will first cut the operation expenses of your 'Observer' so that you can experience the taste of being chased for wages by the spies under you."

"Feel free, then I will steal from the living quarter's household expenses. You want to try experiencing a lifestyle where water supply and gas supply suddenly stops? You want to experience how is it like when all the candles suddenly go off deep in the night? You want to feel how it is when the toilet bowl suddenly explodes..."

"Hey hey hey, this isn't related to the funds anymore. You are already plotting a murder to steal my fortunes. You evil maid!"

"You black-hearted boss who owes your workers their wages..."

"Pu!" Seeing the both of us bicker, the excited Annie laughs out.

"Sister Elisa is still the same as ever, I'm glad. The relationship between Sister Elisa

and Uncle Bones is so close that it really makes one jealous."

"Our relationship isn't close!" This time, Elisa and I, in a rarely seen coincidence, happened to say the same words at the same time.

Annie played for a bit in my old quarters before leaving for home. As the future City Lord who just finished her adventure outside, there is a lot of things that she still need to learn

Sitting by the window, I look how boisterous rascal jumping about before below has changed into a fine lady walking elegantly. I felt a little sentimental.

"She really changed a lot."

Yeah, humans are indeed creatures with high tendency to change. Annie's changes upon growing up was huge, way beyond my expectations.

"Annie.Layde Race: Human

Job: LV60Warrior/LV18Sword Saint

Total: LV78, Fighting power evaluation: Gold-pinnacle, Quasi-Legend

Yes, what I meant wasn't personality or figure, but her basic power.

The current Annie, if I don't resort to my aces, I might not be able to beat her.

Iron Bloodline, Copper Body, Iron Dignity, for a normal human, every stage is a tough hurdle they spend their entire life trying to bypass. If a person reaches LV60 pinnacle of silver, if they want to take a step forward, they must undergo job advancement. This is the boundary between mortals and heroes.

If they succeed, they receive a higher-tier job and enters the stage of Golden Will, also what the world call Expert. In the eyes of most people in the world, their impressions of gold-rank experts are all a bunch of elderly.

Annie is only seventeen years old and to reach silver-rank at this age can already be said to be a genius by the view of the world. As for pinnacle of gold... Elisa is also

pinnacle of gold and even under the tutelage of two SemiGod Mage, me and Margaret, it still took her a hundred years...

The reason why it is named Golden Will is because gold-rank experts are able to use their wills to twist the reality of the world, something beyond the means of mortals.

When I was praised as the Child of Light, I reached gold-rank when I was only 14 and this was because I had the augmentation of the Power of Holy Light as a Holy Light, which makes crossing the boundary between different ranks easier. Back then, I was still far from the Gold pinnacle and yet, I was praised as the Holy Church's 1 in 300 years genius.

"Should I be astonished? As expected of the superhero who killed me in the 'original history'. So, if back then I was known as a 1 in 300 years hard-to-come-by genius, then should Annie be called the 1 in 500 years hard-to-come-by genius?"

Somehow, I remember another man that was known as a genius and a hero. That year, the red-haired him stood with a face full of silliness in front of me.

"Big brother, your swordsmanship is really incredible, can you teach me? My name is Adam and I came from White Rock Village. My goal is to become a hero and marry Lisa as my wife then... brag to everyone back at the village! Right, I must also become a big property owner so that I can be like old Peter next door who can simply collect rent, smoke weed every day while watching other people work..."

A hundred years have passed and from a countryside teenager, he completed half of his heroic dream. But a pity it is that the other half is destined to never be fulfilled.

That silly boy then is still silly now, but just a few days ago, he told me that he had enough of living, that he misses home and hopes to die...

"What a pity, Adam..."

I shook my head. After years of getting along with him, I know that he determination will not waver. At this moment, I should abandon the excessive emotions and focus my attention on thinking rationally.

Annie growth is too fast, to the extent that it is inconceivable.

"Even though there is the help from the elemental tide as well, which makes going up

the ranks easier, but even so, it wouldn't be that fast... No, Adam then was also quite outrageous. It might be the special trait of their inheritance. A life-form like the Phoenix grows stronger the closer they are to death. Before they burn themselves to death, they will pass on their power and experience to the next generation, helping them to improve by leaps and bounds... So that is to say, Adam's time is about to come huh."

Thinking about it, I should have expected it. That lad, if it wasn't the final straw, he wouldn't come to me seeking help.

Somehow, I remember the days we spent adventuring 130 years ago. The Adam then was a dumbass, Margaret was still a rookie Mage, Lisa was a natural thief that couldn't even rival a rookie and Little Red is our lucky object and hidden boss of our party.

Rather than party leader, I am more like a nanny who is bringing rookies out to earn some experience. My main role is to resolve the mess they stir up. Every day was tiring, but at the same time, it was fun.

"Then, I should hasten my footsteps. Hopefully I can revive earlier then, at least, as the big brother from the mouth of that dumbass, I can use my original looks to send off that silly guy."

The arrow on top (the reference to the Supernatural Mahjong Shoujo) refers to Saki

Quasi-Legend means someone who has the power level of a legend, but not the special trait of the legend (The Soul Imprint) i.e they could be considered a legend-rank, but not really fulfilling all its criteria

Chapter 20

The Unassailable Man

"Lord, I beg you to help me!! I really don't have any other means."

The elf in front of me had tear stains all over his face, both of his eyes were filled with natural charm, his green hair was smooth and beautiful and his lips were bright red. Just simply by looking at outer appearance, he is definitely a calamity-level big beauty.

TL: Chinese have a saying which beauties cause the fall of kingdoms (e.g. Yang Yuhuan)

But right now, tears were flowing freely off his cheeks. Those two beautiful eyes looking at me were full of sincerity and imploration. In an instant, he dives into my embrace but I quickly pull away the robe he was holding on to and takes a step back, pulling apart out distance.

"What happened? Don't forget, you are a lawyer and a man!"

Yes, the elf crying pitifully in front of me is the capable first-class defense attorney Krose. Ainta of the Supreme Court.

The male elves are naturally androgynous. Even more so, Krose is hailed as the top beauty of the legal system. People often suspect that he wrote the wrong gender on his work tag, and he even made history by being pulled into the female toilet by other people. He is also troubled by such circumstances and he tries to act more masculine in daily life.

Other people wear the silver mask to symbolize the surrendering of one's individualism to be impartial and as far as I know, Krose wears the mask even after work. In fact, he has some kind of obsession with collecting masks and making them.

It is said that he has collected an entire cabinet of masks of the legal system. Those exquisite silver masks are made with handiwork unique to elves, the presence of intricate carvings, and he was willing to throw in mithril strips, pure gold, gems and different valuable goods into the mask. His dexterous hands are skilled to the extent that he was able to draw out Sulfur Mountain City's scenery onto the mask. But, masks

are also a part of the uniform, so how can they be different from what others wear. So, to not affect his job, his carvings are small to the extent that it is indiscernible without a magnifying glass. In other words, all of his efforts are in vain and he carved it for nothing...

Even so, he still sees them as his treasure and wipes them multiple times every day. He doesn't take off the mask even while bathing and sleeping... Why would he do that, everyone knows it well in their mind but no one is so silly as to point it out.

In the past, these masks did indeed give this feminine defense attorney elf courage and dignity and his innate nature to be meticulous helped him to gain a deep understanding of the law. His faith and love in the law earns him my respect and in my eyes, ignoring his outer appearance, he is an extremely capable defense attorney and it was the first time he removes his mask and sobs in front of me, asking for help.

"Calm down, Krose. Take a deep breath. What happened, was Sulfur Mountain City Jail raided and all of the criminals escaped?

Krose shook his head vehemently and his tears splatter around, dampening my sleeves.

There already are people pointing and gossiping about us. In order to prevent suspicion in my sexuality and not to become the top news of the rotten ladies of this foreign world, I quietly took a step back, widening the distance.

TL: Rotten ladies -> Fujoshi (Same kanji characters)-> Mainly refer to girls who read yaoi

"Are the evil dragons coming to attack the city? Did you inform the city lord?"

He continues to shake his head, looks that that isn't it.

"Did the demonic beasts invade..." I continued asking a few questions that would most likely be it but he only continues to shake his head. Finally, after Krose managed to catch his breath, he starts talking.

"It is Beifeng, that perverted dracon Beifeng.Herault! He went too far!"

In this moment, the beauty wipes away his tears. Recalling that he was still in the courtroom, he tries his best to squeeze out a smile. A smile by a beauty after the rain,

it could be said to like the ink lotus that charms all that catches sight of it... Hearing voices of shock and shrieks, I quietly take another step back, pulling apart our distance by 3 meters.

TL: ??????? direct translate -> Ink Lotus Spread Faints One Charming Life, hard to translate it and I can only roughly guess its meaning, but anyway the main point is that it describes how beautiful he is in that instant.

Then, listening to 'his' narrative, I roughly got the hang of what happened.

That Dracon with a special hobby, after ?Restriction of relationship surpassing friendly between humanoid-life forms and non-humanoid life forms law? and ?The qualifications for the raising of pets? measures which were directed at him were quickly passed and his 'pets' and 'lovers' were taken away, indeed, he took a severe blow but very soon, he stood up again...

He is no longer a Beast Hunter, he changed his job to a veterinarian that specializes in gynecology...

Initially, this isn't much as well. The Beast Hunter has deep knowledge on animals and treating pets is its expertise. Being a veterinarian is as though like his calling, coupled with his patience and passion, despite starting work for just a week ago, his nursing techniques that were full of love had many good reviews. He even created the 'Touch of Love', a method of calming down animals, but...

"I brought my family's Little White to see the vet but I ended up meeting this pervert. How is this pervert a vet, he was obviously using wretched methods to play with everyone's pets. He was even laughing at me gleefully while playing with my family's Little White's there... Wuuuuu, Little White was so innocent, he even happily licked his fingers... I, I must kill him and avenge Little White's shame!!"

If I recall correctly, Little White is the pet dog he raises...

Krose was crying very pitiful. Born as a druid Wild Elf, he feels deep repulsion against these kinds of unnatural actions. As a lawyer, Krose even defended him. Beifeng's actions were completely disregarding the law. Don't just look at how Krose was crying as though like a young lady acting cute, I don't doubt his will to kill Beifeng.

TL: The acting cute don't have that kind of negative connotations as the English translation would have

From what I understand from his inflexibility, he will definitely come and confess to the crime begging for death after committing it. In the worst-case scenario, he could be here to resign as a lawyer then commit a double suicide with that pervert.

I was a bit speechless. If I were to let a capable subordinate commit suicide over work for such a dishonorable reason, I really don't know how to deal with it.

Thus, I spoke weakly to the people behind me.

"Don't just watch the show, help me invite the pervert here. This is the first time I am seeing an opponent that can disregard my laws."

"Yes, my lord."

"Yes, my lord, we will set off now."

As expected, a dozen or so of them answered at the same time, they were indeed hiding at the corner of the wall to watch the joke.

Krose finally recalls that it is a public spot and hurriedly stands up. But his eyes that are filled with anticipation and trust really makes one at a loss on how to respond to it.

My office isn't very big. I faced the pervert across my table and for an instant, I am unsure of what to say.

Do I have to erect a new law to prevent him from being a doctor? No, a law directed towards a crime is acceptable, but if I were to write a law that is directed towards a certain person, I will become a laughingstock.

Also, changing the laws too often is a big taboo. This means that the original legislation is problematic and this could negatively impact the dignity of the law and the judiciary.

Directly kill the other party? Is it easy to achieve that but the crime and the punishment handed down should be of equal scale, that is also the basic principle of the legal system. This lad may be a pervert, but that doesn't warrant his death.

From a legal perspective, if we are unable to find evidence of his crime and judge him

to capital punishment, it is a foolish act that undermines the existence of the entire legal system.

Lock him up? I'm sorry but he isn't guilty of anything. He is just fulfilling his responsibility as a pet gynecologist and calming those cute pets down meticulously. Some 'touch' cannot be avoided... I'm guessing that would be how he would argue and it is logical, we do not have evidence...

I sat on my chair. This was the first time I felt so weak.

"We can't kill him or lock him up, so does this mean we can only continue watch him do such indecent things to those cute pets? Even the alliance army of the Holy Church isn't as hard to deal with as this pervert.

Beifeng. Herault's eyes turned, as though as he had made up a decision.

"My lord, can I return now? I still have work to do, a lot of pets are still queuing up waiting for my diagnosis.

This lad may seem to be smiling honestly, but in reality, he was mocking me. "Is the Supreme Court incredible? But you still can't do anything about me."

"Normal methods aren't suitable, but I am an expert at unorthodox method. Slander, rumor, frame and assassination, it is easy to kill you." Just as I was about go about the unorthodox way to get rid of the pervert in front of me. It was a voice beside my ear.

"Master, based on your plan, we need one person to infiltrate the jail, isn't him very suited..."

Thus, I smiled and paid close attention the man in front of me.

"Why is it that no matter how I look, he seems likes like a pervert that should be sent to jail. Maybe he is suited for it. Un, no mistake about that."

After making up my mind, I raised two of my fingers up.

"Let's make a legal deal then. Just 2 things, if you accomplish them, I will make a pet owner license for you so don't being a veterinarian. As long as you don't soil the climate of the city in public, you can do whatever you want at home, I will turn a blind eye to it."

Yes, Beifeng's hobby is only a sin if you see it from a moral side. As long as he doesn't do it publicly, negatively influence the society and trigger the crime of soiling the city's climate, he hasn't really touched my red line and I can still tolerate it barely, but... Looking at the disgusting gleeful smile on the person in front of me, I feel really nauseated. If I could, I really want to send a finger of death to kill him.

I had to close my eyes to avoid seeing the glee on his crooked smile. It was only after a long time that I managed to calm my emotions and keep my killing intent in check.

"The first matter, apologize to Krose. Un, it is that elf lawyer that you drove to tears. No matter what, he defended you in court before and yet you repay him with ingratitude, how is this acceptable."

"Yes, yes, my lord, I will apologize to Miss Krose immediately!!"

"It is Mister!" Predictably, a look of surprise appears on the Dracon. I continued speaking.

"The second matter, go and commit a crime. I will throw you into Sulfur Mountain City Jail, there's something I need you to do for me inside."

"What?!"

"Raid the jail!!..."

When Beifeng finally left and I finished working on the work that had piled up over this period of time, 4 to 5 hours have already passed and it was time for the moon to set.

Standing by the window, I felt a little sentimental seeing the sight of prosperity outside.

"Sulfur Mountain City has been peaceful for too long. Too peaceful to the extent that some of them are overstepping their boundaries."

"Isn't this all thanks to your efforts. Are you self-praising?"

A venomous tongue as usual. But in this instant, I didn't have the mood to bicker with her.

"No, we should be thankful to Adam and Margaret, they were the ones to fought fiercely in the underground city which was full of internal strife to protect this city. But apparently, some people have already forgot the grace they were bestowed with and it is time to remind them of it."

Elisa nods her head.

"Traitors cannot be forgiven. Actually, following the rules of underground cities, we can just get rid of them. This is also the view of most of 'Observer's top spies..."

"This is Sulfur Mountain City where everyone is equal. There is no authoritarian might existing here. Un, at least on the surface there isn't any. It was difficult for us to achieve peace, fine, peace on the surface so we should cherish it more. Let's just work within the rules of Sulfur Mountain City. We need some 'accident' to gather evidence on those traitors and let some people die accidentally."

"Yes, once chaos is created, my spies will begin to collect evidence. As long as we are able to find conclusive evidence, it would be time for the Hall of Enforcement and Hall of Judgement to do their work."

"Have you finished preparing the trackers and magic tracking insignia? I don't want any criminals to really escape."

"Yes, I have finished preparing everything. The magic tracking insignia is already added into the drinking water of the prisoners and won't vanish for 3 months, more than enough time to capture them all back. The entire 3600 members of our 'Observer' will participate in this mission. As long as the ones who break out is within a thousand people, then there won't be a single innocent citizen getting hurt."

"Un, then set the dogs out to bite then. Sulfur Mountain City has been too peaceful, and why should I be the one cutting away the rotten flesh personally."

Letting the prisoners out to lure the snake out of its lair, it is a dangerous move. Back then when I was explaining the plan to the four heavenly kings, it spent me quite a bit of effort before I got their support for this movement.

"Yes, the 'Observer' will force the special criminals to a suitable location. Even if they do not head there, our internal spies will also bait them there. However, I am worried about whether that Beifeng can successfully raid the jail."

"Don't underestimate him, just look at this."

Looking at the documents in front of her, even the emotionless Elisa gave out a shout of surprise.

"How can this be, a gold-rank Beastman Hunter! A Beastmaster?"

"Yes, this is an inborn advantage of those with long lifespans. As long as you live long enough, you will eventually become strong. A Beastman Hunter is also a natural Beastmaster, his love for animals... Forget it, let's not talk about it. It's too disgusting. Look at this report again..."

"Less than an hour after Target X entered the jail, all of his cellmates requested to change cells. There is even a person shouting 'Don't put me together with this pervert! If you don't change my cell, then I will die!'. At the same time, there is really a prisoner who had really bashed his head into the wall asking to be killed... This is really too exaggerated!!"

"...Not just that, there is even a 'jiji' sound that is coming out from his cell. It should be him calling those mice to help him... I hope they are just helping him to raid the jail, I don't want to go down this train of thoughts."

Somehow, the killing intent that took me so hard to suppress rages once again.

"Must we really do it? There are no secrets that can be kept forever. If we let the prisoners out and news were to spread, your reputation..."

"Even if we manage to suppress the news, just the fact that the jail of the legal system was raided, a demotion, interrogation and punishment are something that can't be avoided. Even if Adam doesn't pass down any punishment, I will ask for it myself."

After half a day, Elisa continues asking.

"Is it worth it for you to suppress your reputation like that?"

"If the reputation and prestige of a subordinate is higher than the highest leader, then it would be hard for the leader to do his job. Since I have decided to put Annie up as the city lord, then let's just go through it. Besides..."

"Besides?"

"A new generation of change is coming, it is a tide which no one is able to stop. In the change of era, what does this reputation of mine count as. Besides..."

"Besides, you are thinking that maybe little Annie will be touched by your sacrifice and propose to you."

My face was full of shock, but I heard the words that followed.

"Hmph, propose to you? Hoho, given her personality, she will only be angry at you, frustrated at you and ignores you. Hmph! It would be best if you ignore you the rest of your life!"

Looking at the red-faced half-demon lady was different from her expressionless face usually, I, as though cursed, said something taboo.

"You, are jealous? Jealous that I treat Annie better than you?"

After that, in an instant, the air in the office froze... Looking at how the redness on the venomous head maid extended to her ears and the embarrassment in her eyes, I started praying for those collections of mine.

"Finished, I misspoke. She would definitely get revenge for it!!"

How weird, she maintained the queer silence. Only half a day later did she squeeze out a sentence.

"If I was really jealous, then you..."

Elisa's voice got quieter and quieter, the part behind was totally inaudible.

"What?"

Just as my mind was twirling to find some words or jokes to say to bring back the atmosphere, the door to my office was suddenly pushed out. Krose rushes in and the red-faced Elisa immediately disappears into the shadows.

"My lord, something bad has happened. Sulfur Mountain City Jail has been raided!!!"

"Why are you panicking? Isn't this part of the plan."

"But... But this isn't part of our plan! That pervert hasn't started digging a pathway yet but another sector has already been raided. Someone has invaded the jail! It is a true jail raid!! The prisoners have all escaped!! We are losing control of the situation."

"Pacha!" This is the sound of me accidentally using too much force and breaking the armrest of the wooden chair. Following that, what that has lost control is a suffocating magic siphon.

In the next second, the entire world was warped. Only two colors, black and white, retains of this colorful world. Elisa was driven out from the shadows and Krose was sent flying by the magic power out of the door.

"Those bastards must be tired of living. To actually cause trouble on my jurisdiction!! Those blind bastards, I will slaughter you family!!"

Alright, in this office, the gangster-like declaration would eventually become the polite and restrained Supreme Judge Lord Wumianzhe's black history...

Chapter 21

The Unassailable Man

Before someone's shameless expansion of the Public Council's scale, Sulfur Mountain City's councilor was once a well-respected job.

They were the representatives of the interests of different trades and races and through socializing with the Bureau of Internal Affairs, the legal system and the city lord, they are able bring up certain proposals or opinions. If their view was supported by the entire Public Council, then even the city lord would have to take it seriously.

When Adam, as the lucky charm, refused to interfere in city affairs and the legal system is only interested in security issues and the judging of criminals, on many occasions, the council was able to make the solitary Bureau of Internal Affairs give in, even if the head of the Bureau was the Great Saint Margaret.

Of course, authority also brings along benefits with it. By simply changing the tax of a good or approving the import of a good, it could bring in countless shining gold coins and as the councilors start to understand the advantages that come with the power in their hands, how could they still be satisfied with just being a normal merchant.

After all, in this world, there are nobles that are born 'born great' and even royalty who views 'country as private property'. The human heart can never be satisfied. In a stable and peaceful city, they naturally strive for greater heights.

Now, when normal workers, farmers, community aunties and fishmongers become councilors, when 'Is morning dancing exercise considered bothering the civilian' 'Can the council provide free lunch' replaced 'Should we purchase the black gold mines from Chrome city' kind of debate, the value of the identity as a councilor for big merchants, tribal heads and elder have been pulled down, making them incredibly displeased.

When the Public Council have been swollen to the point that it was incredibly inefficient, councilors of opposite stands spit on each other and the council had become the place for citizens to watch a good fight, the original councilors were heartbroken and carved on their hearts the name of the seeming friendly suggester —

The devil-like cunning evil Wumianzhe.

"Council Head Grant, please make up your mind!!"

Right now, in Council Head Grant's office, a bunch of young and overbearing Alliance Faction councilor had the old and ordinary council head surrounded. They were forcing him to make up his mind now.

"Right now, the escapees are all around the city and chaos is spreading. We must protest against the idle city lord and remove the foolish masked man who failed his job and interrogate him! Also, we must push for the dissolution of those dark elf bitches!"

"Yeah, the city lord's successor Annie is still too young and inexperienced, she is incapable of leading the people. That is why such chaos is happening, she must also be removed from her position and punished!"

Pah pah, the office desk made of high-grade redwood was slammed repeatedly by the agitated councilors. Yet, the old council head turns his head to look outside the window. It is already time to get off work. On other days, there would be a crowd of people returning home, elderly bringing their grandchildren for a walk, young couples strolling in the flower gardens while the shops by road advertising meals unique to different kind of races, the aroma of the food travelling far and wide...

But right now, only thick smoke could be seen. The road that was filled with laughter on other days, other than screams and fire, there was nothing else!!

"Enough." Taking a deep breath, the renowned ordinary Council Head quietly took off his glasses and looked at his well-dressed colleagues.

"What?" The one leading the pack, Councilor Karn, didn't expect the Council Head to have such a reaction.

"Pah! I said, enough!"

The old man's shout shocked all of the councilors. Those blood-red eyes are like a ferocious beast looking at its prey. Even though they were used to the noisy council meetings, but they are still surprised how the monotonous and ordinary council head of the past, the old man who drinks tea and sleep during meetings would have such an angry look on his face.

"Other than the escapees outside, there should be some of your private armies mixed within. Do you know what you are doing, this is rebellion!!"

The rage of the old Council Head made the other councilors subconsciously retreat. But Karn, who was well looked upon to be the next council head, stood out.

"Sulfur Mountain City belongs to everyone, so how can this be considered a rebellion? We are just asking City Lord Adam to make a comeback to calm down the situation, as well as punish those officials who failed at their job. After everything calms down, we will invite him to remain as our permanent honorary city lord."

Looking at this luxuriously clothed middle-aged councilor looking at him with a calm look on his face, Council Head Grant was stunned for a moment. Then, he smiles.

"Ho, you aren't that foolish. I understand, you all are scared. You all fear that after the old city lord steps down, the new city lord is unable to protect you all in the chaotic underground world. You all want to force Annie to step down, then install the old city lord as the so-called honorary city lord and continue serve as your guardian deity?"

"It is best that you understand. At that time, you would be our future Head of Internal Affairs..."

"Shameless!!"

A mouthful of spit was spat on Karn's face. The face of the big boss of a jewelry instantly distorts.

"You all wish to chase away other people's god daughter, yet you all still expect him to protect you all to his death, you bunch of shameless people! To think that you all dare to harbor such a thought, to think that you all have the cheek to say such words, I feel ashamed being in the same organization as the rest of you!!"

The councilors seemed to want to speak, but the incensed old council head didn't stop his reprimand. His fingers are pointed towards a lively old gentleman.

"Rulus! Fifty years ago, due to the sin your father committed, your entire family ended up as slaves and was about to be sold to Chrome City as tributes for cults. It is the kind old city lord who risked falling out with Chrome city to save you personally. I still remembered that you were a kid then and you cried while kowtowing to him, saying 'I will never forget your grace'. Is this how you repay him?"

"Tuine! Your father once died in work for Sulfur Mountain City and you always appear before the citizen using your identity as the son of a hero. Hmph! Son of a hero? A soldier who was killed by a stray bullet while escaping! Do you still have any shame? Lord Margaret only gave him an honorable death because she knows that your family requires the pension to survive! Is that how you repay the lord's gracious heart?"

"Suedna! You, we were once the three musketeers of the Public Council. You had suffered a great tragedy, your entire family of 13 was killed by someone and you were the sole survivor. Let me ask you, who was the one who personally stood out and spent more than half a year to trace the culprit a few thousand miles away to capture him back for judgement, so as to avenge your family? Who was the one who paid for the tuition fee until you matured? You can't answer? I thought you were a speaker with great oratory skills, specialized in inciting the public's will? Let me answer that for you then, it is Lord Wumianzhe who you condemned as a devil!"

"Kart! Your cursed family bloodline, if it wasn't for the Great Saint..."

"Lunaris! You..."

"And you! Karn! let me ask you, when your family went bankrupt after you were duped, who was the one who helped you retrieve back part of your family's assets? If it wasn't for the Bureau of Internal Affairs acting as a guarantor, you think with that old face of yours, those goblins will provide you a loan without increasing interest rates? You owe both Lord Margaret and Lord Wumianzhe a favor, and yet you still have the cheek to rebel against them?"

One councilor after another were severely reprimanded and yet no one dared to raise their heads. After all, sometimes, in front of an old man who was aware of everything, the guilty would find it hard to raise their heads. Sometimes, even sinners understand that justice lives on in the heart.

"You bunch of shameless fools, have you forgotten where you all are? This is Sulfur Mountain City, it is in the cursed underground world! Without the protection of the city lord and the others throughout the last hundred years, you powerless fools would have long become the slaves and food of others..."

"Enough, we don't need the most ordinary council head in history to step up to the task. We will do it ourselves!"

The embarrassed and angry red-faced Karn turns around and leaves.

The other councilors follow Karn with their heads lowered, not daring to look at the face of their comrades. To them who had their masks ripped off, every second in this office was as painful as being stabbed by a knife.

But the sarcasm of the old man resounds from their back.

"Ordinary? Indeed, I am ordinary and foolish but do you know that I created a new record for the council?"

No one replies him, but hearing a new record for the council, all the councilors stopped in their tracks.

"I, Grant.Bart, this ordinary old fellow, had been on the seat of the council head for more than 13 years. I am the second longest serving council head of the council. I still intend to try breaking my father Bart's record of 16 years. But a pity, you all messed it up.

This council head who was well-known to be foolish throughout the city, at this moment, his red-face was spirited without a trace of foolishness. His gaze towards his colleagues had an additional weird emotion, that is... pity?

"Hmph, you just had a long life. What is there to be proud about!"

"Hah, of course it is something to be proud about. The previous Council Head, Li Wensi, he was from the East, skilled in both academics and martial arts. Against all pressure, he intended to reduce the number of council members. Everyone was expecting great things from him but in the end?... Dead, in the third year as council head, he was turned into a zombie by a passing necromancer."

"The previous previous Council Head Cloven, he is well looked upon by the citizens. He organized multiple mass protests to force the Head of Internal Affairs Lord Margaret to give in on several occasions, giving him the nickname as Sulfur Mountain City's Uncrowned King but in the end?... Also in the third year as council head, he died. He was stabbed by a pickpocket in his stomach, his intestines spilling out on the floor of an unfrequented alley

Karn and the other councilors had an impatient look on their face previously but now, they were sweating profusely and their hands were cold.

"The previous previous Council Vice-Head Ben, hehe, the council head Karya then was sided towards the city lord. Thus, he fabricated rumors of him having illicit relationships, causing him to commit suicide. Ben was indeed talented, he committed everything perfectly. Even the fierce dogs of the legal system weren't able to find any evidence but in the end?... After being involved in a fight in a bar, he went missing for 20 years. But every year on Karya's death anniversary, there would be a part of a male body on her grave as an offering. Last year, it was a finger on the right hand, and on it was the copper ring belonging on that old fellow Ben. Hehe."

In this instant, all of the councilors turned around with fear on their face. They no longer dare to underestimate this old fellow who seemed on the verge of dying.

"Don't tell me it was done by Adam and the others!! I thought they were good people..."

"Lord Margaret and the old City Lord are good people, you aren't wrong about that. But do you know, the one who was scolded by you all as devil-like cunning, what his first nickname is?"

"What?"

"The laws of hand that is even stronger and evil than the devils. This is used to describe his intangible hands. No matter who it is, as long as he crosses the line and steps on the codex of law, kacha, the blade would slice down on them. You think that only you all are skilled in inciting, controlling the opinions and will of the citizens? That lord can even alter memories. What difficulty is it to him to make rumors develop the direction which he hopes to see?"

"My old father, also the history longest serving Council Head old Bart, he only said one thing to me before his death. Do you all know what it is?"

Now, none of the terribly frightened councilors have the guts to reply him. Their faces are as white as corpses. The pack leader Karn bucks up his courage and shouts.

"Old fellow! I am not interested to know..."

But the old council head shakes his head, his face full of reminiscence as he continues talking.

"He said to me 'Sulfur Mountain City is a paradise in the underground world. But, that is due to a devil doing all the dirty jobs by himself. He gets rid of all the lesser evil and

dirty things, thus on the surface, it would naturally look clean and beautiful like heaven. If you wish to become a council head in the future, it is actually quite easy. Just be a bit dumber and don't have ambitions that exceeds your own abilities. The fools in front of you will all die sooner or later. Then, you would be able to become the council head.' Hah, to think he was actually right. The both of us, as the longest serving council head, we are probably the history's most ordinary council head."

At this moment, Karn have lost all the arrogance he had previously. His mouth was open wide as he breaths heavily uncontrollably, similar to a toad on shore. He seems to feel an intangible chain being placed on his neck. The icy-cold sensation that bears resemblance to death makes one feel suffocated.

"Right, you all liaised with Chrome City right. Do you all think that you all can defeat the three big heads just by colluding with the underground alliance? Become the next nobles and royalty? Hehe, you all have never seen true war, my naive children. No matter who wins or loses, the first one to be killed are you all, the petty traitors!"

"Old fool!!"

The impulsive Suedna punches the face of the old council head, Grant crashes into the table violently, his spectacles shattered. The edge of his mouth and eyes were bleeding, but he was still smiling, satisfied.

"Hehe, why do you all think I am talking so much without fear of it being spreading out? It is because I want to live, you fools! Am I right? Lord Wumianzhe, the dead won't reveal secrets. Since these dumb snakes have been lured out, it is about time to pull in the net."

"Pah, pah, pah." That was an eerie applause which bears resemblance to bones knocking into each other. But in the ears of the councilors, it was a music note that seemed to be counting down to their death.

A slender figure appears from the shadows. Under the silver mask is a pair of icy-cold red eyes. That eerie applause originated from the crystal ball on the hand of the enforcer.

"Silver Rose! The head of the intelligence team 'Observer'! The underground queen of Sulfur Mountain City!" The appearance of Wumianzhe's trusted underling, the infamous intelligence queen's sudden appearance destroyed the final line of defense

in the councilor's hearts.

"You, you..."

Looking at the agitated councilors who were pointed a finger at herself rudely, Silver Rose frowns in displeasure. 'Pacha' With a snap of her fingers, the invisible wires set up in the room tightens.

In the next moment, all of the councilor's neck tightened as the invisible wires hang them up in the sky.

Yes, from the start, the intangible chain that Karn felt wasn't an illusion... As traitors, they were being sentenced to a verdict — Death penalty!

"Ke!!" After a few seconds, just like a fish which was caught, the struggling councilors started to quieten down one after another, eternal silence...

Seeing how his comrades were suddenly hanged to death, old Grant's face was full of anxiety.

But the voice from the crystal ball made him calm down once again.

"Looks like I underestimated your father and you. Forget it, I am still quite satisfied with you. If you don't want to end up holding a funeral, you better keep that grandson of yours who stirs up trouble using your name. Right, good luck for the next election. I am looking forward to you being re-elected."

The silent Silver Rose bows to Grant, then took a step back before disappearing in the shadows once again.

The old council head slumps down on the table, panting heavily. He has become the only survivor in the entire office...

"Haha, hahaha!! I survived! I survived!"

Even after Silver Rose has walked out of the building, the laughter of the old man who managed to survive could be heard even from a long distance away...

Sulfur Mountain City has totally descended into chaos. The escapees and the private armies of big merchants are busy stealing and destroying properties while outside the

city, Dark Elves are preparing to blend in with the elite Town Security. Seems like, the paradise of the underground world has turn into a hell.

At the same time, in the tall tower, I looked with interest at the utter chaos below and behind me, the Head of the Hall of Enforcement Xueti, the Head of the Hall of Law Kale and the Head of the Hall of Judgement Kelvin were filled with rage looking at the tragedy occurring below.

"Alright, alright, don't look so bitter. The corrosion has already penetrated the bones. If we don't bleed a little, how can we get rid of the rotten flesh. If our heads do not bleed, then how else would we remember the pain. To put the craving for peace into the heads of those fools, for the stability and peace of Sulfur Mountain City in the next 3 decades, just have some patience. Besides, our men have started moving so the situation should improve soon."

Then, when Silver Rose, right, my head maid Elisa, appears before me once again, I immediately understood that there is a change in the situation.

"Hm? Those fools actually colluded with other underground cities and their armies are going to march into the city? Hehe, my four heavenly kings, looks like there's something fun going on. Let's go and play then."

Chapter 22

Baiting

"I am a good person, I really am a good person."

This has pretty much become my catchphrase. Every time I say these words, the listener's expressions and attitude would subtly change very weirdly.

"Hehe, today's weather isn't bad. A clear sky and a light breeze, very suited for outdoor camping. Right, we Taurens aren't very interested in eating grass feed. Next time we go for outdoor camping, can you bring steak instead of grass? I like it medium-rare, it tastes best with a hint of blood.

Which dumb cow is it, proclaiming that it only eats beef. He is obviously changing the topic, but this also the reply that I am most comfortable with.

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"Hehe, master, you really like cracking jokes. But this joke is a little outdated."

"HAHA, good person? I am about to die out of laughter here! If you are a good person, then I must be a love saint!" Adam doesn't spare me any face.

"No, even Roland becomes a good person, it is impossible for you to become a love saint. But, Adam, you really have lofty goals, love saint huh? Why don't I build you a forbidden city so that you can collect beauties?" Very quickly, Margaret's tangible resentment let Adam know what trouble comes from the mouth means. Un, I was the one who passed along his words to Margaret.

Alright, most of the people who knows me would probably have the same reaction as Elisa and that dumb Adam, treat my 'good person declaration' as a type of joke.

However, within my own means, I am indeed trying to be a good person.

"As a Lich, if I were to help old grannies across the road, the old grannies would probably go running for the Town Security for help. However, getting rid of evil is also

a kind act. Getting rid of a criminal is much more effective than doing ten kind little things. Granting order to this city and allowing the citizens to live in prosperity, no matter how I look at it, it is equivalent to doing 10,000 good deeds.

But, that Evil Lich System refuses to accept it and continues to send one after another immoral daily quests.

Furthermore, I can't avoid doing these missions and if my Evil Points keep getting deducted, how am I going to revive myself. But, as a law enforcer, I cannot simply do as I please thus, I have to spend my brain juice to ponder upon how to convert these destructive daily quests into a prank which does not overstep the boundary of law.

"Make more than hundred people roll on the floor in despair? Let's try the tickling hell..." The side effect is that the chicken feathers that I used to create the tickling hell awarded me with heavy fines and reconciliation fee...

"Torture an intelligent being in public, the more gruesome its death, the better it is? This is simply. I choose you, cockroach-kun. An intelligence raising spell then a full set of my 10 most cruel tortures. Hehe, should I start with Wu Ma Fen Shi* or the stabs of a thousand knives. Elisa, lend me the needle you use to sew clothes. What do I need it for? Of course, it is for an operation."

TL: Wu Ma Fen Shi, a death penalty used in ancient China. It involves 5 horses and a rope is tied to connect each horse to a limb and the last to the head. Then, the horse all run in different directions, ripping the body apart.

The side effects of that incident are Elisa ignoring me for an entire week, refusing to come within 3 meters of me for a month and the eyes she looks at me with were full of despise. When she has no choice but to call me, she would shout 'Smelly bug master'...

Messing around like that is tiring from the start but eventually, it became an interesting intellectual battle with the Town Security. Hm? I seem to finally understand why Xueti and Lilith always seem to join the faction against the Town Security and pit courage and intelligence against them. The words of sages from the past weren't wrong, happiness and perversion is contagious.

Hmph, as a law enforcer, they can't always cause trouble to the Town Security army. I must find an opportunity to talk to them (Mysterious voice: You have the cheek to say

them?!)

Cough, looks like I went out of topic. Let's go back to talking about important matters.

I used to not understand why the system refuses to admit that I am a good person, and that whether I am condemned to be an evil Lich forever. But one day, as I was shouting at a criminal, the thought suddenly struck me.

"You think that after killing the other party's father, then giving up all of your wealth to compensate his daughter and doing moral compensation, you would become guiltless? You are simply lying to yourself! You hypocrite!"

"No matter what you have do afterwards, you have already sinned. The victim's pain has become a reality the moment you committed the crime. No matter how you try to explain or compensate, you can't change what you have done. Only through accepting the judgement and punishment of the law can you wash away your misdeeds. If you really regret what you have done, then reform yourself properly in prison, atone for your sins and come out to start anew."

As the daughter of the victim pleaded for him, he was sentenced to a lighter verdict, 15 years of imprisonment for an impulsive murder.

After this case was concluded, I felt extremely weak. I have never felt so useless...

In a solitary chamber, I slumped on the chair. I grabbed my head, but when I could only see those skeleton arms, I suddenly felt enlightened.

No matter what I do in the future, the past sins still weigh upon me. The souls that died because of me were sufficient to fill the entire River Styx. No matter how many people I save, how many good things I do, I am still a sinner. I can't even lie to my own heart, so how am I able to get the system to admit that I am a kind person.

"The words on the law monument at the entrance of the Supreme Court were even handwritten by me? Only impartial judgement and the punishment can wash away sins, no one is an exception?"

But, it seems that there is no one that can judge me. Then, I can only continue treading the lines of good and evil and wait for the day that might not even arrive, the day that I can be judged...

Perhaps, I have vaguely sensed it in my heart that it was ironic that a great sinner who almost destroyed the entire world end up proudly on the seat of a judge and sentence those criminals who have killed a few people. How funny it is...

"Hah, so what if I am a hypocrite. I am not going to say dumb words like asking for a peace of mind. I only think that since Eich continent isn't destroyed yet and the original 'history' have proven that normal means is not sufficient for us to escape this great calamity. If so, then let this hypocrite give a try his unorthodox methods."

Yes, so I managed to do it but then, I met with a little trouble.

At this moment, we received intelligence from 'Onlookers' that the ones who were invading Sulfur Mountain City's east gate is Chrome City's Blackwater army, the Royal Guards of the City Lord Steelback Pig Hng Hng.

Yeah, 'Hng Hng' is the name of this Beastman city's lord. Please respect the Pig Tribe's tradition of calling their child by the sound they make when they are born.

But, it is a pity that this tradition has a side effect. If you were to shout 'Hng Hng, I shall do your X' in a place where the Pig Tribe Beastmen are gathered, then around 300 to 400 Hng Hngs will come find trouble with you...

There was once a wise sage from Red Heavens Pig Tribe who suggested putting a number behind the name to solve that problem. But, due to the low intelligence of the Pig Tribe Beastmen, they can only count to 20 using their toes as well. It was impossible to put this idea into play, so he could only give up in frustration.

Alright, the creator is still quite fair. The Pig Tribe Beastmen may have low intelligence, incredibly ugly and smelly to the point that makes one think of a pig sty, but they are born with great strength and thick skin. Most important of all, they reproduce very quickly. A common fact among any race, as long as their numbers stack up, there are bound to be geniuses and experts appearing.

The Blackwater army is an ideal example. Every new soldier is specially chosen from thousand pigs. Then, they are trained through killing each other. The weak are eliminated while the strong one remains. The final ten who survives would have the glory of become Hng Hng City Lord's Royal Guards.

The Blackwater army may only have 3000 personnel and as foot soldiers, they have an obvious weakness, which is their mobility. But, their average strength is LV50

silver-rank, and their formation consists of the classic Beastman Berserker coupled with Beast Shaman. The Pig Tribe Beastman, who were born with naturally thick skin, and when buffed with a Bloodthirst sorcery, they go into a frenzied state and on the battlefield, it is reminiscent of countless moving mountains of flesh, making it hard to block them head on, making them quite a prestigious army.

Of course, this is when placed in the underground world where experts are everywhere. If such an army were to appear on the surface, it would be the level of a human empire's Royal Army.

15 minutes ago, almost a thousand Blackwater foot soldiers and Black Shamans charged in at through the opened east gate, rushing in straight without fear.

Looks like in order to express goodwill to the Underground Alliance through taking down Sulfur Mountain City, City Lord Hng Hng was willing to send out over half of his total military power and those corrupt councilors actually hid them outside the city all this while.

The newest team to meet them head on is the Dark Elf Town Security Patrol Team who first got the news and they are only a small team consisting of 10 people...

Covering the back of the citizens so that they can escape, the small team of Dark Elf Holy Knights fought to their death without even retreating. Furthermore, Dark Elves are well known for their beauty and the Pig Tribe Beastman are born savage and with strong sexual desire, they aren't even choosy between the living and the dead...

They played and defiled the corpses while eating them. The corpses of those responsible guards ended up as toys for the Beastman. Should I grateful for the Pig Tribe Beastman's loose military discipline and their foolishness? To fight over the priority in usage of their 'war trophy', they even began to start fighting.

Then, just as I arrived, the sight before me is one depicting hell in the mortal world.

"Hah, however, I am still quite grateful for the Evil Lich System now. As long as I do as I please, I can become stronger. How easy is that. After all, evil people need evil people to sharpen their edges. Also that, to be more evil than evil, be more reckless than thugs is something that makes one happy."

A cold and venomous curse resonates with my soul and countless killing intent roars within my head. Finally, it transforms into an ice-cold phrase.

"Kill them all!"

Chapter 23

Bloodshed and Forbidden Spells

When the entire Sulfur Mountain City descended into chaos, the 3 big heads fell into a state of eerie silence.

There are even rumors saying that the 3 big heads are making use of this opportunity to get rid of radicals. However, ignoring the other people, if that single-cell organism Adam was in the city, it was impossible for him to not act.

In reality, none of the 3 big heads were in the city now. In fact, even the city lord successor Annie wasn't in the city as well.

When I reported to them that there could be a Fire Elemental God sealed under the sulfur mountain, Margaret immediately carried out investigations and verified that there was indeed a Fire Elemental SemiGod-rank or above living in the mountains.

"Troublesome, very troublesome. I am not sure who was the one who sealed him but he actually used the entire sulfur mountain to suppress the seal. While he skillfully used the entire underground leylines to suppress the energy source of the seal, making it extremely stable, but if something goes wrong, the entire mountain could explode along with Sulfur Mountain City.

When everyone was worried, a mysterious voice slants its eyes and looks around its surroundings... Alright, Little Red is still asleep and I was busy playing hide-and-seek with the Town Security. Adam just heartlessly looked at us while smiling himself silly. At least, Margaret was worried.

What made everyone speechless was when the overjoyed Adam expressed him 'genius creativity'.

"A natural source of underground heat. Then, if we were to add a little bit of water, wouldn't we get a hot spring! Sulfur hot spring, it is said to work wonders on all kinds of skin problems. Also, it helps one recover from fatigue. I have been wanting to build one since long ago.

Alright, his actions are faster than his thoughts, 'definitely an ideal ape whose mind is dictated by the movements of his limbs (Roland's words)' Adam immediately started work and in less than a day, he found the source of the heat and used his sacred sword to dig a reservoir. After that, he even invited the Druids from the city to send rain to fill the hole up with water...

But just when Margaret and I were about to teach him why flowers are red, Adam, whose nose is bruised and face swollen, thought of an explanation, or rather, prepared an excuse.

TL: Why flowers are red -> Because they are dyed red with blood.

Why is his nose bruised and face swollen despite having explained? After playing with everyone's feelings, do you think that just by explaining he could escape physical punishment? I immediately took opportunity of the chaos to strike him first, Margaret used this as a chance to vent her long pent up resentment while Little Red is just doing it to create trouble for fun...

Cough, let's not talk about that enjoyable 3v1. Back to the main topic, Adam that fool's explanation was rather convincing.

"The Revival of the Phoenix requires me to burn myself in the fiery inferno. My Phoenix inheritance also requires large amount of heat. Using this pool, I can use the heat from it to help Annie finish the highest quality inheritance, thus retaining most of the powers of the after the revival so that she can mature quickly. Furthermore, the heat source is also equivalent to the stamina and mana of the Fire Elemental. If I were to spend it, that Fire Elemental God is as good as half disabled."

I must say, despite being unreliable most of the time, but that fellow Adam is indeed a qualified 'Hero', his luck and instincts are quite spot-on and this action of his might seem random, but in reality, he was stabbing where it hurts the enemy the most.

For some people, the release of the seal of the Fire Elemental God directly affects the arrival of the Elemental Tide. It affects the entire 'history' of the world. When they start to realize that Arolaweiss is getting weaker, or even worse, he might not be able to quicken the Elemental Tide, they wouldn't be able to accept it.

Thus, the City Lord and Head of Internal Affairs brought the City Lord Successor to the sulfur mountains quietly and for the sake of their safety, they chose to use Little Red's

cavern as a cover.

But obviously, there is no news that does not leak in this world. In this world where prophecy-related magic is rather developed, there isn't any absolute secret. Maybe they heard it from Sulfur Mountain City's internal spies that the City Lord was leaving the city, or maybe it was through their investigation of the Elemental Gods that they felt something was amiss with the situation, or perhaps, they might have simply used prophecy magic and found that there was something suspicious going on.

The 3 big heads are stuck there...

Draped in a light blue robe, the young lady stands there alone. The long and slender wooden wand didn't have any trace of modifications to it and just like its naturally beautiful owner, simply by existing there, it feels as though it has gone through eternity like the long river of history, old, deep and naturally formed.

Her looks could only be considered decent-looking, on her head was a blue-colored neat short-layer hairstyle. Her golden-rimmed glasses have slid to the tip of her nose and if it weren't for that silver chain fixed to her Elf ears, it would have probably fallen to the floor.

The Immortal One stands there quietly, but there is the natural scent of books and scrolls. If only looking by the outer appearance, rather than saying that she is a wise Saint with concrete authority in her hands, she looks more like a librarian who buries herself in books and often forgets her lunch.

But right now, this 'librarian' is going on a killing frenzy.

"The Heavens above, the Earth below, as evidence of my contract with books and stars, using the life of Saint Margaret, I plea for the ancient star spirits to listen to my summons, the Chimera constellation, the Leo constellation, the Unicorn constellation and the Chariot constellation, descend!"

With a wave of her long wand, countless Noble Spirits lands on this mortal earth with the descending stars.

The tall and bulky, as though like a tower, Chariot Giant. The three-headed magic beasts that specializes in fire, lightning and ice. The radiant and white Unicorn which symbolizes protection and purity. The Leo army whose member consists fully of gold-ranks...

The Heroes of the legends transform into reality. The legend-rank warriors fight under the orders of the Saint. It is the power of a single SemiGod Mage who is able to rival a country.

But even so, her condition wasn't very good.

That is because from the start, this battle wasn't fair. She was fighting single-handedly against an entire army... Her enemy, despite it not being a country, but is definitely more dangerous than any empires on the surface, the Underground Alliance.

The other remaining 2000 warriors of the Blackwater army are here. Dressed in a Black Mud Armor, Hng Hng City Lord, despite being an underground city lord, dashes straight to the front lines. Even so, his movements were sloppy in front of the arm of Noble Spirits. If it weren't for the guards sacrificing themselves and serving as meat shield, he would have probably died countless times by now.

In the face of a SemiGod-rank Mage, a Legend-rank warrior like Hng Hng can only be considered a slightly higher tier fodder.

However, to be able to let an underground city lord like him willing serve as fodder, this can only show that the standing of the command of the Underground Alliance army is high and astonishingly prestigious, to the point that an underground city lord of Hng Hng's level was unable to go against their orders.

"Wu huuuuuu!!"

Following the sound of a horn, another thousand-man army of Beastman enters the battlefield. There is the bloodthirsty Leo, the savage and agile Werewolf and the Elephs whose strength knows no bounds. Even the weakest of their warriors are at least gold-rank. Yet, they enter the battlefield solemnly. The solemn bloodless and fleshless star spirits enter an intense meat-grinding blood battle and dies solemnly, allowing for other spirits to enter this land...

TL: Leo = Lion man, Elephs = Elephant man

"The Black Solo Insignia, it is his established trademark army of personal guards. He sure is willing to part with it."

Looking at the gigantic figure on a mountain far away with his arms akimbo, Margaret seems to be deep in thought but her spells were still relentless.

"The Earth below, the Humans above, as evidence of my contract with books and stars, let death rain upon my enemies, Starfall!"

Following Margaret's chant, starlight actually appears in the underground world. Following the slow descent of the starlight, the destruction they cause in their wake is a 3-meter deep hole. Filled within the holes are naturally, the flesh and blood of Beastman.

The underground world's Beastman Sovereign Shou.Nuya. His 3-meter-tall figure isn't really much in the Beastman tribes whose superiority lies in their physique. Wearing a black eye-patch actually made him seem less ferocious and now, standing at the sidelines of the battlefield, he watches coldly at the sight of his tribesman and warriors lose their life worthlessly.

"This feeling, Saint-pinnacle? What a pity. It seems he has some intelligence about me to stay completely out of my attack range. If only I was in my Mage Tower now..."

But, it seems that even if his entire army was destroyed, the experienced Beastman Sovereign had no intent of heading to the battlefield personally. With just a wave of his hand, the horns beside him sounds and another elite army of a thousand people enters solemnly...

He is obviously exploiting the weakness of her Saint job. Saints analyses their opponent's magic and are excellent at duels. However, they lack destructive power and he was obviously trying to wear her down with numbers.

"Looks like I've been underestimated by my juniors."

Margaret smiles calmly. Then, with a light wave of her wooden vine wand, magic veins reminiscent of music notes appears on the Seven Radiant Stones floating around her.

"The first to the third, chant 'Ice Aeon', the fourth and the fifth, repeat my incantations and the sixth and the seventh, apply magic barrier.

The red, orange and yellow Saint Stone gathers together and start to replicate Lord Yongye's final elemental magic, causing the entire landscape to become a land of ice. Snow floats in the sky while snow fairies were playing around. This was the initial phase before the activation of a Strategic-level magic capable of wiping away an entire army.

The green and blue Saint Stone began to automatically chant the magic that the Saint just casted.

"The Heavens above, the Earth below, as evidence of my contract with books and stars, using the life of Saint Margaret, I plea for the ancient star spirits to listen to my summons, the Chimera constellation, the Leo constellation, the Unicorn constellation and the Chariot constellation, descend!"

"The Earth below, the Humans above, as evidence of my contract with books and stars, let death rain upon my enemies, Starfall!"

That voice was no different from that of Margaret's and the Starfall casted casually wipes out the thousand-man army who just entered the battlefield. At the same time, a completely identical army of star spirits to the one previously summoned replaces the places of the lost and dead, re-building up a new defensive formation.

The most dangerous of all is still the Strategic-level magic. The long-range troops of the enemy wouldn't allow 'Ice Aeon' to be casted.

Countless sharp arrows and magic were shot in the direction of Margaret but she didn't even bother looking at it. She continues to patiently control her Saint Stone and the last 2 Saint's Stone started to circle around here, creating a magic barrier from the intertwined blue and purple. The panicked attacks were easily stopped by the barrier.

Very quickly, the red, orange and yellow Saint Stone's reaches the final stage of their incantation. Just then, a black color nameless arrow shoots towards the ground among the three Saint Stones.

"Pacha!"

Without coming into contact with the ground, the arrow disintegrates and a black magic cyclone suddenly appears, interfering with the incantation of the Saint Stone. A distortion occurs and the Forbidden Spell Ice Aeon actually activates in advance!

The white snow abruptly crystallized into a ball and bursts in all directions!

The snow rains down as the chill creeps further. In an instant, the entire world turns completely white. Under the might of the Forbidden Spell, the active volcano turned into a snow peak and regardless of whether it is the Star Spirits or the Beastmen, anyone who is caught in the area of the spell turns into an ice sculpture.

As for Margaret, due to the Forbidden Spell being activated despite being incomplete, she was also caught in its midst. Fortunately, the blue-violet magic barrier protected her.

The Saint frowns. If it wasn't because of the Saint Stone doing the incantation in her place, she might have suffered magic feedback. Then, it wouldn't end up with just one or two mouthfuls of blood

"Magic Combustion Arrow? I didn't expect that the renowned Mage Hunter Minial is here too. Isn't he the tribe head of the Centaur Beastman and known to be proud and unyielding to authority? I never expected that he would submit to Shou.Nuya. Is returning to the surface such an attractive deal?"

The Ice Aeon which activated in advance only had a third of its original might, but it had enough power to turn the entire mountainous terrain turned into a land of ice. Even the ground where the Beast Sovereign was standing froze, but 2 gigantic Black Dragons were blocking in front of the expressionless Underground Autarch.

Black Dragons were born with near complete immunity to magic but it wasn't enough in front of this weakened Ice Aeon. The two Black Dragons who risked their lives to protect their master has turned into two white ice sculptures.

But their sacrifice had taken the brunt of the impact for the Beastmen behind them.

Even so, the tall Scorpion-tail Lion lord didn't even glance at the subordinates who sacrificed themselves for him. With a tug of their dragon tail, using just brute force, he threw the two dragons' corpses to one side.

Even though the sight in front of him had turned into an ice mountain, his eyes were still as calm as they were, as though it was all within his calculations. He picks up the horn from his frozen subordinate and personally blew on it.

"Wuuuu, wuuuu, wuuuu!"

After 3 rapid blows of the military horn, a dark-green tide seems to gradually move in from the horizon and the cobbling of hoofs and sounds from beasts intertwined together.

"At least 3000 cavalries? Sigh, my head is starting to hurt."

Margaret frowns. Despite forcing the enemy to play their hand, but the opponent was exceptionally well-prepared. No, it was more like the enemy was not bothered at all about the sacrifices which made it hard to accept.

The red, orange and yellow Saint Stones had disintegrated due to the feedback from releasing the Forbidden Spell. The green and blue ones who were imitating the incantations had already ran out of power and only the blue and purple ones which were responsible for protection had magic power remaining.

"I have expended over half of my mana but the enemy is totally indifferent to their expenses. It is a little troublesome to deal with them."

She glances behind. In the field of ice, there was a lake of fire which was still burning fiercely. There, the flames formed an image of a fire phoenix flying around and a fire pillars bursts into the heavens. Evidently, the inheritance was at a crucial step.

"There was no longer any possibility of retreat. If only I was at my Mage Tower... Blog, there are no ifs in this world, there is no meaning in hypothetical situations. Number 6 and number 7, repeat my incantations! Number 4 and number 5, begin re-charging mana."

An army identical to the previous 2 appears and this time, even the expressionless Shou frowned. The opponent's strength is too overpowering. The loss incurred was already more than sufficient to conquer any underground city.

Furthermore, the assaults of aerial troops and the death charge of berserkers which they specialized in were totally ineffective. If they had to use numbers to replace quality, how much did they have to sacrifice.

In the sky, the powerful Griffons and Scorpion-tailed Lions were still engaged in a bloodshed but in reality, no one's attention was on them. The strong predating magic beasts couldn't even qualify a supporting role on this battlefield.

A vermillion inferno bursts through the sky and two pitch black gigantic figures falls to the ground, forming two huge lumps of meat. From the aroma, there are at least medium-done.

These two black dragons seem to have intended to flank Margaret but just as they were about to get in the range for them to use their dragon breath, a dragon breath from further above grilled them.

In midair, an intense battle that wasn't inferior to the one on the surface was going on. A gigantic Red Dragon was singlehandedly taking on an entire dragon city.

Using the same guerilla tactics, 12 young Red Dragons formed 3 teams which took turns to attack. They were using their flesh and blood to wear down the stamina of the Ancient Red Dragon Ein Mezus. But much different from the situation on the surface, their strategy was taking effect.

The reason? On the sidelines, hiding and moving freely behind her people, the Ancient Red Dragon who was significantly higher than Ein but yet, was laughing sinister was the main reason.

"Molly, you little bitch! Face me personally if you have the guts! Hiding behind your brethren to assault me, you are much more despicable and shameless than you were back then!"

Ein Mezus's right wing was broken and her left eye could hardly open. Wounds were all over her body but she continued to fight bravely in the air while roaring, enraged.

"My foolish daughter, you indeed have muscles for brains. Our Red Dragon's prided art of battle was actually regarded by you as despicable. Looks like I wasn't wrong when I exiled you from Dragon City that day."

Yes, that shameless Ancient Red Dragon is one of the Underground Autarch, Dragon Empress Molly.

While dealing with the young dragons at close-quarter battle, she had to be in the guard for Molly's sneak attacks, making it difficult for her to cope.

The moment she tries to do something, like charge up for a powerful magic, Molly, who was proficient in the powers of Red Dragons as well, would interrupt it in advance. In such an unfavorable situation, it was hard on her to last until now.

In this moment, forcefully using her dragon breath to get rid of the Black Dragons who tried to flank Margaret, she showed an opening and her neck was viciously bitten by Molly. The bright red dragon blood created a blood rain on the surface.

Against the Alliance Army consisting of two of the Underground Autarch, the 3 big heads were forced into a corner.

"Quickly, Adam. If you don't finish the sealing and inheritance soon, we might all die here today."

When Little Red was finally at her limits, a pillar of silver light that tore apart the sky appears from the direction of Sulfur Mountain City at a distance suddenly.

"What is happening? That is the Light of Order, Roland that that cunning fox is actually getting serious?"

Chapter 24

The Power of Law

"Kill them all!!"

Or perhaps, in this instant, my orders were excessive.

The one leading the frontlines is without doubt, the one known as Guardian of Steel, Xueti. As the Head of Hall of Enforcement, the Town Security army can be considered his direct subordinates. They were the one he came into contact with the most often and he was even able to name out each and every one of them in the 800 men strong Town Security. Now that they were getting injured in front of his eyes, how can he not be enraged! How can he not feel hatred towards the enemy!

Xueti's eyes rolled to the extent of showing only white and the final sanity in his head turned into bloodshed. After he decided to go into a frenzy, the role model of a good man completely disappears. The one charging now isn't the one who can't retaliate under the pursuit of the Town Security but a mad bull driven by vengeance.

"Heroic Charge!"

This is one of the simplest skill of a warrior. It simply rockets its user forward like a fodder but in the hands of the Guardian of Steel, it became a charge of death that destroys everything in his path.

Taking it upfront? He simply charges over you unreasonably.

Using spears to stab him? Even the sharpest enchanted spears are unable to penetrate his steel body.

The strong Blackwater army was as weak as a bunch of chickens in the face of the Legend-rank old bull. As though finding that the usage of weapon wouldn't appease his anger, he grabs a Pig Tribe Beastman with each of his hands and crushes them together to form two pile of meat soil. Afterwards, he moves on to the next target...

"Sorcery.Frog Hex!"

An old Shaman whose head was filled with chicken feathers used its most vicious sorcery on the old bull but with just a fierce glare by the Guardian of Steel, the sorcery was reflected back to the Shaman.

"Ribbit ribbit", a frog that jumps randomly around appears on the ground. Then, he was stepped to his death by a mad bull.

Iron Bloodline, Copper Body, Silver Dignity, Golden Will, Respected Legend. Upon reaching the stage of a Legend, one could forge their own Soul Imprint and using their imprint as the core and the power source, they can significantly strengthen a component of their abilities.

"Steel Heart" is the name of Xueti's Soul Imprint. He believes that his body is like metal, his soul forged by steel, indestructible and flawless.

Fine, its side effect is that one would be overconfident of his perfect physique and would think that not stripping to show to the entire body would be the regret of the world. Thus, he formed the bad habit of exhibitionism...

Cough, we are at the battlefield now, so let's be a bit more serious. Let's speak less of the gossips and get back to the main topic.

A Gold-rank expert can use their will to affect their physique and the world and with this pure enhancement type of Soul Imprint, Xueti only has to gather his own will, coupled with the basic abilities as a Legend-rank Justice Knight, he would be an infallible steel fortress.

If so, destroying a few inferior weapons and reflecting a few low-level sorceries is just a piece of cake!

Against the formation of the Blackwater army, he is like an unblockable meat grinder. The slow but determined march, charge, assault and suppress then what is left behind him is a floor of broken weapons and lumps of scattered meat.

"Accept the judgement of law! Criminal! Incantation of Law: Judgement!"

Compared to Xueti who was rushing in a frenzy, at least Kelvin remembers to use the one-circle spell that all Justice Knights must know.

This incantation was modelled over the Holy Knight's Divine Art, Detect Evil, but there

is great difference in its effects. Divine Art Detect Evil seems like a skill to differentiate the good from the bad, but if good and bad can be differentiated so easily, then why do we still need police and law enforcers? We could just send Holy Knights to check everyone and throw all evil people into jail. Then, we would have everlasting peace.

What Divine Art Detect Evil truly detects is the energy within one's body and their bloodline. If it is sided towards Chaos, then naturally, the red light representing evil will appear. Otherwise, if it is sided towards Order, then a white light representing justice will appear...

It might be unreliable but in certain senses, it is quite effective. At least, for Liches which is filled with the Power of Death and the Dark Elves who have a bloodline sided towards Chaos, it would definitely shine bright red and admittedly, they are normally up to no good.

As for my Incantation of Law: Judgement, it looks into the mind of the one who had the spell casted on them and judges them by the Codex of Law based on their actions within an hour. If guilty, the spell would shine red. Otherwise, if he is innocent, the spell would shine white.

Of course, I would be extremely pleased if I could further the time the Incantation of Law could probe into. This way, our legal system could save a lot of hassle. However, it is a power derived from the laws of Order and I am unable to change it as an individual.

In front of him, as the divine light of Judgement falls, all of the Beastmen naturally shone bright red. This would increase the might of the Incantation of Law cast on them afterwards by several folds.

"Incantation of Law: Silence!"

The gavel strikes from midair, followed by silver ripples spreading outwards. The light of silence disperses and all of the Shamans find themselves unable to chant magic. Immediately after, all of the Berserkers realized that they are unable to release their warcry!

This Incantation of Law was a 2-circle magic that was used to keep silence in a court. Naturally, it can shut the mouth of the sinners!

"Incantation of Law: Proof of Crime Lock On, Equipment Strip!"

This Incantation of Law is famous for being the most shameless spell of Justice Knights. If the opponent is a criminal that was currently breaking the law, the Justice Knights are able to pinpoint an equipment as evidence of the crime, preventing the opponent from using it. (5-circle magic, spends quite a huge amount of magic. The prerequisite for the spell is that the person has been judged guilty)

The duration of the spell might be short and it is single-target, but just think about it, if your weapon and armor suddenly leaves you in the middle of a battle...

"Sin-Splitting Strike!"

It was impossible for the experienced Justice Knight Kelvin to miss the opportunity provided when the enemy lost his weapon.

Kelvin strikes with his longsword, bringing along a silver light on the sword from the buff of Incantation of Law originating from the Origin of Codex's Power of Order. A criminal who is hit by this blow would suffer a damage several folds higher.

Under the ordinary longsword, the Pig Tribesman's prided thick skin was as easily cut through as paper.

With another strike from his sword, the silver light shoots out in the form of a spinning chakram. Aiming at more valuable targets, he kills numerous prestigious military officers at one go.

The classical combination of something resembling the Holy Knight's Divine Arts and physical attacks. The most commonly seen battle style of Justice Knights as a law enforcer were physical attacks and lower-circle magic that were exceptionally effective on those who broke the law.

As for the mad bull Xueti, he is an exception. Ignoring the fact that he doesn't use spells or weapons, he actually finds his clothes in his way and started stripping his own protective gears...

Cough, it is good that a warrior has passion for battle. As long as you're tougher than your armor, then you're free to decide on whether you want to use weapon and protective gear or not. There is nothing stopping you from going nude on the battlefield.

Actually, as a rarely seen Legend-rank Warrior whose abilities were purely in physical

enhancements, the durability of his body might be close to Adam's, these normal weapons aren't really necessary to him. Anyway, getting ripped apart or sliced apart isn't much of a difference to the victims.

Perhaps, the reason why Xueti's true identity as the Battlefield Exhibitionist hasn't been revealed is only because those who have seen him in his mad bull state has been reduced to meat lumps by him...

"What a splendid fodder."

Looking at how the two-men fodder team charging ahead had captured the attention of most of the opponents, I couldn't resist sighing.

The other two Mages, Kale and Elisa flashed smiles of agreement.

In the Eich Continent, there is a common saying that roughly means that Mages look down upon others not of their own. In their eyes, there are only two main distinctions of all jobs. Mage and non-Mage fodder...

This is another argument for the supremacy of magic but I must say, thus opinion is biased.

"In this old man's eyes, it is obvious that there are 3 categories. Mage, useless fodder and useful fodder and Kelvin and Metal Lump (Xueti's nickname) inevitably belongs to the category of the most useful, classical and limited-edition fodder that should be well-cherished! Look, due to their charges, those dumb pigs actually forgot about our existence, forgot about the Mages who are at the core of the battle."

As a Mage who pursues the truth, Kale.Diya's reply is satisfactory as always.

"Actually, I categorize them by their power ranking. Xueti is a Legend-rank fodder and if we look at his Soul Imprint, his value can be upped one notch, putting him at the level of classical collection worth stashing away. Kelvin is slightly inferior... Alright, Elisa, don't glare at me like that, I know we are working on serious matters. Cough, since our fodder have attracted the liveliness of our enemies and fulfilled their purpose, then let's destroy them in one go."

"Alright, let this old man go first. Incantation of Magic: Stripping of Freedom."

This is a single-target 4-circle magic. Normally, it restricts the movement of a criminal

within an area. But, in the hands of a Saint-rank Mage, it has evolved into a powerful AOE magic that restricts the movement of a group. In an instant, all of the Blackwater soldiers who were marked with a red light within sight became unable to move.

"Hng! What's going on!! Hng hng!"

"Hng hng! Let me go!"

An individual Mage is often treated like a cannon but in reality, it is only when Mages form groups and work together do Mages show their true prowess.

The Saint-rank Kale.Diya spent large amount of his mana to restrict the enemy's freedom. In fact, to sustain the spell, he was unable to move himself. This was all so that Elisa and I could cast our magic on the frozen enemies as we please.

Since the conditions are good now, then the spell we should use now should naturally make use of the enemy's inability to move to the fullest.

"Ice Carving!"

As a Half-Demon, Elisa was born with a strong Chaos bloodline, which makes it difficult and ineffective for her to utilize the Power of Law which was a subsidiary of the Origin of Order. Thus, I imparted to her my expertise when I was still Lord Yongye — Necromancy and Ice elemental magic.

For an Ice Mage, creating a few ice sculptures is a piece of cake but these products of ice do lack offensive power. However, if these ice sculptures appear in the wrong positions...

Fine, I will get straight to the point. In this instant, beside the feet of all of the Beastmen, icicles were slowly growing and the sharp edges were aimed at the Beastmen's reproductive organs...

Glancing at the corpses of the Town Security who were defiled, I secretly wiped away my cold sweat and made a mental note not to offend women. I know that this time, Elisa is really furious.

Maybe it is to make those Beastmen regret their actions before their deaths, so the icicles grew at a slow pace. But, looking at the sweat beads on Kale's forehead and hearing the cursing of those Beastmen, I felt the necessity to give them a hand.

"Extreme Magic.Soaring Spell!"

Compared to the 2-circle Floating Spell which Mages use to jump from high locations, the 3-circle Soaring Spell is its upgraded version, allowing people to fly slightly higher, around 1 to 2 meters.

In this moment, even after I used the Extreme Magic Technique to convert it into an AOE spell, it only turned into a 6-circle commonly used mystical spell. Very quickly, the entire group of Beastmen were enchanted with the Soaring Spell and due to the restriction of movement from the Incantation of Law, they can only move up or down...

The current me cannot be compared to the SemiGod tier top-class Mage I was then. It might just be a 6-circle mystical spell, but this Lich also don't have much mana to waste, so...

"Pataa!" With a snap of a finger, the effects of the Soaring Spell were released and all of the Beastmen dropped down rapidly. Then, they met with the icicles which had been waiting for them for a long time...

"This is too tragic! I can't bear to watch it any longer."

The scene in front of me made me recall the candied apple that were skewered together with a stick. I decided that I would never eat this kind of food again. Then, I realized that I already no longer need to ingest food, it was all excessive thoughts...

"Hng hng! Demon!! Hng!"

"Quickly run! Hng hng! Run!!"

When half of an army faced the other half of an army which had been converted into 'Pork Candied Apple', even the most elite of soldiers would escape in despair.

The panicked dispersion of the Blackwater army before me was within expectations.

"Not chasing them?"

"Don't, forcing them to retreat from the city is sufficient."

If I went by my style of doing things normally, I definitely kill every single last one of them. Even if they managed to escape from the city, I will pursue them to the ends if

the world. But, I decided to shelve it aside temporarily because of an unease I felt, a feeling that I was missing out a crucial factor.

Truthfully, when I saw the devastation outside the city gates and the Blackwater army, my first reaction, other than anger, the more dominant one was surprise.

"Why did they send the Blackwater army who serve as the Royal Guards. If it was a bunch of elite thieves sneaking in to cause trouble, he could still argue his way out of it. But, if he sent his Royal Guards, it become an obvious act of war. Hng Hng's head must have been dunked in water, or else why would dare to fall out with Sulfur Mountain City and start an all-out war with us. Just what kind of back-up does he has."

But soon, when I realized that I was unable to communicate Margaret who was outside the city, I could roughly guess what happened.

"The Underground Alliance and the Underground Autarchs huh? Looks like Hng Hng has really decided to fall out with Sulfur Mountain City completely. I underestimated our opponents. The attack by half of their army was probably just to stall our internal firepower... Aren't they afraid of Adam getting back at them? To offend 3 independent and free SemiGod experts at one go? If they don't solve the root of the problem, they would just be seeking their own deaths. So, it seems like the Underground Autarch is intending to weed our roots out. The fact that I am unable to communicate with Margaret probably indicates that they are in trouble, deep trouble."

At this point, I made up my mind.

"Let's go back to the court. Let's begin the hearing."

"Begin the hearing? You intend to use the Origin of Codex? Lilith just reported that the situation in the city is still under control, even so, you intend to use our trump card? Is it worth it?"

"Of course, it is worth it. There are changes in the situation. Elisa, go and prepare the God Equipment and the ritual. We must immediately halt the internal strife. In the worst-case scenario, our great City Lord might still be waiting for our rescue."

Chapter 25

Judgement (RT)

After Goddess Eich created the world, Goddess of Order Astrya and Goddess of Chaos Cynthia created the first generation of dwellers. Ever since then, the war between Order and Chaos became the unending theme of this world.

When the 2 equally powerful Goddess overexerted themselves, and fell into a deep slumber concurrently, the remains of their creations continued to fight the war for them. After the Gold Tribe and Sulfur Race fought each other to extinction, the Moon Elves, representing the Silver Tribe and the Giants, representing the Mercury Race, continued the war of souls.

This war had never stopped ever since the inception of the world.

When the Order suppresses the Chaos, a relatively stable era of Order begins. On the other hand, if the Chaos manages to reign supreme, a Chaos era of pandemonium begins. A change in era could represent the rise and fall of innumerable races.

The future 7 Trials are more or less related to this eternal war. Or rather, it could even be considered an extension of the eternal war.

When the 2nd Generation Goddesses fell into a deep sleep after their fight, it was rumored that they were dead. Astrya's subordinate, the God of Light, also the God who singlehandedly created the Holy Light, became the core of the 3rd Generation Order Gods.

Of course, just like every ruler who got on the throne, he quickly got the mortal humans with short lifespans to praise the greatness of Holy Light, making them forget the prestige and greatness of the ruler of the previous generation.

As for the Chaos Faction, due to the fact that they regard violence and freedom as a virtue, to date, they have yet to decide on a boss... But their absolute power had always been a tier higher than the Order Faction. After all, in the Chaos Faction where power reigns supreme, those who remain weak cannot survive.

Furthermore, when the First-Generation Children of Order, the Angel Civilization, became a history and the remaining Angels became the servants of Gods, the First-Generation Demons of Chaos are still engaged their merry-making in the Abyss and occasionally, they cause some trouble on the Main Continent as well.

It is to the extent that the Order Faction only has 7 Main Gods whereas the Chaos Faction has a total of 13 Main God-level existences. having only 7 Main Gods on the Order Faction, the Chaos Faction has a total of 13 Main God-level existence. If they were to unite together, perhaps, only the Goddess of Chaos Cynthia would reappear in the world once more.

This is the basic setting of Eich's Hell. In the game, there are 2 main faction, Order and Chaos. Every gamer, before their birth, must choose between the two and their choice is permanent, unless you delete your character and start all over again.

The war between the two Factions has continued since ancient times till today. Each of them has tasted their fair share of victory though more often than not, it was the Order Faction that held the upper hand

Well, everyone should understand the reason. Since they are living by the primitive and barbaric laws of the jungle and since you can't be stronger than me forever, then on what basis that I can't be the one sitting on the throne instead of you? Alright, it ends up in an internal strife. When battling outsiders, they to drag each other down, causing them to fall together in the end despite their strength.

The Sulfur Race and Golden Tribe are exceptionally strong. Even the weakest of their grown individual is at minimum Gold-rank and their sovereigns aren't any weaker than true Gods. Due to the nature of the Chaos Faction, Chaos beings tend to be more experienced in battle and are slightly stronger than their Order counterparts of equal power rank.

Even so, they are still equals in war. Eventually, after many wars, 90% and above of the Sulfur Tribes and Golden Tribes fell in battle. The Elemental Dragons and Metal Dragons, noticing the plausible threat of the extinction of their species, were unwilling to continue acting as pawns for the war. So, they started walking together secretly and formed the Dragon Tribe of today, distancing themselves from this eternal 'Sacred War'.

Under the perseverance of the Gods of both faction, as well as to continue fighting on...

The high-tier Elves replicated their body structure to create the Wood Elves, Moon Elves, Night Elves, Silver Elves and similar kinds of Elf tribes. Even the Angels have created the First Generation of Mountainous Human Tribe. These tribes, in their grown form, have the battle power of a Silver-rank at a minimum and thus, they were named the Silver Tribe.

Naturally, when there is an injection of new blood on one faction while the other's population were gradually dwindling due to war, the scales of war began to tilt.

Then, the Sulfur Race who weren't adept in creationism found their own solution.

The Demons, through offering strength, longevity and knowledge as incentives, managed to successfully tempt the First-Generation Humans, the Mountainous Tribes, to join the Chaos Faction. Now, they are known as the dwellers of the Abyss of Hell — Devils.

Of course, after the incident, the Devils and Demons started an endless bloodshed to vie for the crown of evil, making the Demons incomparably regretful of their decision then. But again, it was their fall to depravity that strengthened the battle power of the Chaos Faction significantly back then.

After tasting the sweetness, they successfully lured Fallen Angels, Red Dragons, Black Dragons, Fire Giants and Giant Devils to join their ranks. These new races formed the Mercury Tribe and became the arch-enemy of the Silver Tribe.

The betrayal of the first intelligent humans, the Mountainous Tribes caused the Order gods to purge the First-Generation Humans. Eventually, the Second-Generation Humans, which is the humans now, are created.

However, this generation of humans was designed to use as pawns.

Compared to the other tribes in the past, they are extremely weak individually and their lifespan is exceptionally short. What the creators was hoping to make were just pawns who can't cause much damage even if they were to turn their back on them.

But surprisingly, this weak race changed the entire flow of the battle.

Weak at birth? This provided them the motivation to pursue power through creating weapons, studying magic and such. They studied martial arts from the Beastmen, smithing from the Dwarves and Giants and magic from the Elves.

Short lifespan? This made them cherish their time more. With an endless desire and motivation for knowledge, their footsteps reach even Heaven, Hell and many other dimensions.

Furthermore, the iron law of the world dictates that the stronger a race is, the harder it is for them to reproduce. In comparison, the weak humans have fearsome reproduction ability.

Basically, once the numbers are there, the humans wouldn't lack geniuses who could face the Gods and Demons head-on.

After experiencing countless wars, when the age of the Giant Devils finally came to an end, the fact that the world belongs predominantly to the humans now is the best proof.

The powerful existences in the Chaos Faction weren't just for decorations as well. They were still unable to create living beings but they are capable of twisting the laws of the world... Thus, the Ancient Human King, the dictator who ruled the world countless years ago crawls out from his tombstone, powered not by stamina or blood pulse but by the endless Power of Death.

He was the first Undead, as well as the oldest Death God Ayer.

For a significant period of time, Undead served as a tool of war for Demons and the Malevolent Gods. The Undead swung their blades towards their closest kin mercilessly.

TL: Malevolent gods refers to gods of the Chaos Faction.

I must say that the bloodthirsty Undead who crave for the souls of the living to fill their void are a convenient tool of war. They do not fear death and their numbers are endless.

No one would wish for their own brethren to be reduced to simply pawns and tools of war. So, Death God Ayer secretly granted the intelligence of the Devils to his own brethren. Even though only Undead who were Silver-rank and above could possess the ability to think, this was enough to create the earliest Undead Lords. Under the command of the Undead Lords are countless subjects who fight fearlessly for them.

Since they weren't even afraid of death, why should they accept slavery?

Alright, so what happened afterward was the betrayal of the entire race.

As seen from the Xiluo Empire now, the Undead are an independent race. Often, there are human Mages who fear death and in search of longevity, they convert themselves to an immortal Undead and the core of the Undead race — Lich was born like this.

The never-ending war between Order and Chaos is something not even the dead could escape from. Upon death, the souls of those who believes in the Gods of Order would be sent to the Heaven Realm where the Gods live. The strong would have a chance to become a God Envoy and continue fighting for them. As for the faithless, cultists and evil, their souls would flow along the River Styx through the Abyss and Hell. There is a possibility that they might be converted into a Devil or Demon at any time and climb up to shore.

The War of Dimensions between the Abyss and the Heaven Realm, the eternal war between the Order Faction and Chaos Faction continues to function as a never-ending meat-grinding machine

For the player, this is not only the past history but also the storyline for the future plot.

Once you choose a Faction and join the world, endless wars and calamities would follow by your side.

Eich's Seven Trials, the first 2 trials are problems which could be solved internally by humans. At that point in time, on the Surface World, Silver-ranks are sufficient to serve as the main attacking force. When the 3rd Trial, The Undead Calamity, and the 4th trial, The Return of the Demons and Devils, begins, the war would have escalated to the point the Golden Tribes would interfere directly in the war. At this point, the Gold-rank humans can only be considered as higher tier pawns.

Not mentioning the 5th and 6th for now, the 7th Trial, also the final Trial, is the revival of the 2 Goddesses. The ancient history would then play out once again. At that time, even with the strength of the SemiGod which I once reached, can only count as slightly higher quality cannon fodder.

When that time comes, the Gods begin fighting directly on the mortal world. The Eich Continent cracks and cracks once again. The Foreign Dimension Gates open and the powerful foreign races would turn this entire world into a living hell.

As for why the reason why there isn't an 8th trial, when the world has been cut into

3000 pieces or more, that isn't important anymore...

No wonder Seers would tend to be eccentric. How can I take it lying when I know that a future of a doomsday is awaiting...?

Perhaps, I became mad the moment that I became aware of the calamities awaiting us in the future. I pursued power in a frenzy, slaughtered in a frenzy and used my Golden Finger Game System to improve myself in a frenzy. Of course, in the midst of doing so, I committed unpardonable crimes as well.

Going by that principle of mine that sinner must be judged, I'm afraid that the first one that should be burnt on a stake is me.

Even so, I don't intend to argue my way out. I admit to my crimes but I have no regrets. Besides... I seem to found a way to divert the course of the world and have done much in preparation for it.

In this moment, the time that I have waited so patiently to come is probably here. The main storyline mentioned in the System Notice also represents the start of the 1st Trial 'Whisper of the Demons'.

The start of the main storyline, in the original 'history', also represents the point when players entered the game to change the fate of this world.

If it was just like what the strangely pragmatic advertisement slogan says, 'A true world is awaiting, you hold the future in your hands', then the cause 7 Trials probably have something to do with those short-sighted and foolish players.

The one who opened the seal to the Abyss that allowed the Demons and Devils to roam the mortal world is a bunch of player mercenaries who were blinded by greed. Furthermore, the one who ignited the Calamity of White Bones which plagued the entire world was, in fact, an invasion by an Undead Lord player.

The irresponsible otherworldly visitors fight for the sake of gold coins and equipment. They view the original inhabitants as puppets to fool to extract their remaining worth out, turning the hard-to-survive calamities into an impossible-to-survive hell.

Of course, for the world to continue moving forward, the ones who fought the war and sacrificed themselves many times for it, some even having their accounts deleted as a result, were also this bunch of otherworldly guests.

This time, in this real world, there are no longer any gamers who hold the future in their hands. The only one who can change the future is me, a defective Skeleton Beholder.

"I swear to reverse cause and effect, change the course of fate and bring the populace safely out of the calamities."

Alright, after a bunch of crap, I believe that everyone is sick and tired of the settings and background. Let's get back to something concrete.

For a long time, I have been thinking and thinking about how to tide through these calamities. Un, at the very least, how to stop the repeating loop of the Eternal War.

"Holy Light huh?"

The Holy Light which conquers over 30% of the world's believers became my experimental device.

The foolish God of Light have indeed fulfilled his motives and became the strongest God. However, due to the excessive influx of faith, he was assimilated by the faith and lost his humanity, turning him into a Concept-like existence.

A little tough to understand? It is like an old PC downloading the entire internet's data at one go, causing the CPU to explode. The entire system is jammed, leaving only the hardware to operate.

Un, the God of Light is that PC which exploded. He is only now instinctively maintaining the basic programs whereas his owner has already disconnected. On the other hand, as he represents the Concept itself, losing his owner made him even stronger.

As Concept Gods too, the 'great' Mother of Earth and 'wise' Goddess of Magic are incredibly powerful Gods. But, other than providing power to their own believers, they don't even have a sense of self, thus depriving them of the ability to interfere with the world.

"Any child of Order who worships the light has the authority to wield the Holy Light."

This dictum of the Holy Light might seem sacred but in actuality, it is just a machine-like way of dealing with the prerequisites to use Holy Light. There are two prerequisites to using Holy Light and anyone who fulfills these requirements are able to utilize it. Firstly, he must be of an Order bloodline and secondly, he must worship the light...

Alright, my experiments have proven that it is just a load of bull. Even a Demon can utilize the Holy Light when possessing the body of a human. It is enough as long as you brainwash him and to fool that receiving machine that you really worship the Holy Light.

Just the Holy Light itself isn't sufficient for my plans.

Holy Light is a Lower Concept of Order. Its key Concept revolves around 'Cleanse'. That's to say, it causes everything to proceed on naturally along the laws of the world. So, existences that defy these laws, such as the Undead who defied the laws of death and the Demons and Devils who are children of Chaos, are naturally its arch-enemy.

In reality, Holy Light is indeed the nemesis of these two Chaos lifeforms... So, those who intend to use Holy Light to pursue peace and harmony are just like those who pursue military might to bring about world peace. Anyway, the result of it is destroying all of their enemies.

Eich's long history has proven that it is impossible to completely wipe out a faction. Order and Chaos can't destroy each other totally. After a short-lived victory, a merciless vengeance would soon follow suit.

Since destroying the other faction is impossible, then getting along is the only plausible solution... Getting along with the completely unreasonable Chaos lifeforms? If word were to spread out that I said this, then I would have really proven true my honorary title of 'The Lich whose head was dunked in water Roland'.

"If only there was a boundary, a boundary that everyone would acknowledge."

This is my most initial thought. Afterward, I recall the agreements made among countries in my previous life. Then, I remembered the legal career I passionately worked in in my previous life...

"Alright, since I'm so idle now, being trapped Sulfur Mountain City, why don't I just give it a shot? There's nothing to lose anyway."

Thus, 'ding ding dang', the Supreme Court was built. 'Ding ding ding', the 4 Halls were erected. 'Ding ding ding', the entire legal system has been formed...

So, when the thick notebook which I filled with different laws was somehow recognized by the Origin of Order and became the God Equipment Origin of Codex, the Power of Law also rises to become a Concept equal to the Holy Light. The one who found it hardest to believe that these all had happened is me myself.

After a long state of disbelief, I fell into a state of uncontrollable frenzied laughter and intense joy... Then, laughing and laughing, I started crying. I don't even recall how long had I been in a state of madness, how long I had struggled...

"Hahahahaha, so the solution was so easy after all. For an entire 300 years, I had been walking in circles. To think that the key would be on me from the very start." After countless failures, this is the first time I saw the light of hope.

The core of the Holy Light is 'Cleanse', putting everything back to the order they belong to. The core of my Power of Law is 'Equality'. Every life has their own reason of existence and order. Even Chaos itself is a twisted form of Order. As long as both parties work within the boundaries they agree on, then coexistence could be possible.

This boundary is the basis of the Power of Law.

"Those who bypass these boundaries will be punished and even sentenced to death. Regardless of his identity, strength and race, in the face of the scale of law, everyone is equal.

The first Power of Law is similar to the primitive form of the law we have now, revolving around the concept of an eye for an eye. It is very crude and hard to control, wounding both the opponent and the user. Fortunately, as long as my phylactery isn't damaged, it is just a matter of reviving. I am used to dying anyway... Cough, after adding in more laws and changing the core principles, the current Power of Law is getting closer and closer to the 'Laws of Equality' I hope to create.

"As long as Law Enforcers give up their individuality to fight for justice and equality, they will be able to wield the Power of Law."

I imitated the simple rules of the dictum of Holy Light but I was still far away from the day of achieving that.

As a newborn power of concepts, the Power of Law is still weak and requires an influx of faith for it to grow. Now, only in Sulfur Mountain City where the Power of Law is the thickest, in an area around the Origin of Codex can the Power of Law be a Concept equal to the Holy Light.

"After all, there's no God of Law. However, there will be one..."

Just like what I said when I was teasing the Town Security (Undead Playground), there will be a God of Law and the Power of Law that is recognized by the entire world. As long as my scheme... Hehe, I think using the word plan is better, succeeds, what should be there will be there.

"There will be a God of Law and Enforcers, who wield the Power of Law, will roam the entire world. Every city will establish its own justice and legal system..."

...It will all be there! I swear on my phylactery!

This time, I won't be the silly individual who tries to block the truck with his weak arms to attempt to change 'history'. This time, we, all of the Law Enforcers who believe in the law, will become the authors of a brand new history.

When that fool, Adam, asked me if it was worth it to sacrifice so much for such an intangible dream, my answer remains the same.

"Of course it is worth it. My dreams are like the sea of stars. My Power of Law will one day surpass the lame Power of Holy Light."

Yes, without a doubt, I am poaching from the Holy Light. Maybe I should be glad over the fact that the God of Light has lost his sense of self or else getting erased by a ray of light from the sky all of a sudden would be my ending.

But now, those foolish Holy Knights are instead overjoyed over the creation of a new power in the Origin of Order and even specially sent people here to study it...

Let me return to my corner to laugh a bit. When the Power of Law becomes mainstream and legal systems are built up all over the continent, would there still be a need for the existence for a Holy Church who repetitively preaches old values? Is this the legendary act of cornering oneself?

This reminds me of another world where the teachers in those monasteries became

the creators of modern science, thus digging the grave for creationism... History are indeed similar all around the world, it is always the people inside who dig the holes for their own downfall.

Un, when that time comes and they lose their jobs, as repayment, I will open the system and provide job changes for Holy Knights to Justice Knights, Priests to Judgementor and Holy Mage to Law Incantationer. The tips I would earn from the service I should be quite substantial.

"Lord, we are done with the preparations."

Elisa's voice interrupted my wonderful daydream.

This is the First Hall of the Supreme Court as well as the largest Court, capable to holding up to a thousand people. But, due to its large size, it is expensive to upkeep this place and thus, I have only used it on several occasions.

"Now, it is time to show the world the true divinity of the Power of Law. From now onwards, starting from Sulfur Mountain City, the Power of Law will penetrate every corner of the world..."

The plain and calm description of a deep voice reverberates within the huge hall, resulting in an ancient and heavy resonance, as though like it is a feedback from history, as though it is the decided future.

Now, as I sit on the top of the court, the entire spectator stand remains empty. On my left stands the strongest person of the judicial system Judge Kale.Diya and on my right, the blank-faced Xueti, who is a Legend-rank.

Elisa carefully passes a thick old book filled with yellow pages forward. The old book which feels like it might scatter with just a blow of the wind is the highest God Equipment of the Power of Law, the Origin of Codex.

"Old companion, I haven't used you ever since you became a God Equipment.

Caressing the familiar binding, I feel a little sentimental. Looking around me, Kale and Xueti nods, indicating that they are all prepared to go. Thus, I started speaking.

"I, the Supreme Judge Wumianzhe."

"I, first-tier Judge Kale.Diya."

"I, second-tier Judge Xueti."

"We call for a Council of Judgement! Begin the hearing!"

Following our declaration, the silver light of the Power of Law scatters down like stars and the entire world is shrouded by a blinding silver light. The next moment, we are no longer in the old court, but in a space devoid of anything.

"Kale."

Taking over the God Equipment Origin of Codex, the Saint Great Law Incantationer Kale.Diya strokes the beard he is proud of and speaks with a deep voice:

"The Court of Stars!"

Legend-rank experts pull their distance away from Gold-rank experts by showing to the world the glamor of their souls, their Soul Imprint. If so, then what does a Saint-rank expert has to differentiate themselves from Legend-rank experts?

"It is the world. Saint-rank experts have their own Soul World, allowing them to project the ideal world in their hearts into reality. In the world they created, they are able to exert 300% of their usual strength."

Very quickly, with the help of the Origin of Codex, Kale completed the creation of his own Soul World.

That is a court created by the light of the stars. There is the Judge's Stand, Defendant's Stand, Plaintiff's Stand, whatever a court should have are all there. In this court, all kinds of fighting tools and abilities have been voided and no lies could be spouted. The only thing that one can rely on is facts and interpretations of the law.

In this moment, the empty spectator stand is filled with figures created by the glimmer of the stars. The star spirits of ancient heroes are invited as spectators to view this miraculous judgement.

But unlike normal spectators, they will use the justice which the world sing praises of to make a judgement. If they find the judgement to be unfair, they can forcefully terminate the judgement. On the other hand, if they find the judgement impartial, they

won't be stingy with their applause.

"First of all, the crime of escaping from jail!"

"Pah!" The gavel strikes down and innumerable starlight gathers. In this moment, the Defendant's Stand fills with intangible figures as the escapees from Sulfur Mountain City Prison fell into a daze.

Their physical bodies are now looking blankly forward without any strength in their limbs. They simply stood there in a daze, as though their souls had escaped. In reality, their souls have been brought to this star-filled court.

"Why am I here..."

"This is?"

Towards the chatter of their souls, I lightly knock the gavel.

"Incantation of Law: Silence!"

Then, only the sound of Xueti's mumbling of the incantation could be heard.

In this court, the effects and the consumption of mana for Law Incantations have been increased significantly. Despite it being just a 1-circle Incantation of Law, he has already chanted for an entire 30 seconds!

"Incantation of Law: Judgement!"

When Xueti finally activates the Law Incantation, a bright red light appears on all of the souls and a vague image appears on their forehead, signifying their guilt. It shows how they attacked the prison wardens, escaped from jail, killed the patrols blocking the way and brought harm to ordinary citizens along the way.

"147 innocent citizens have died and the estimated loss totals to 3.62 million gold coins."

The star spirits on the spectator stand begin to ramble angrily. To these ancient heroes, the hurting of innocent citizens is the shame of the powerful. It is an act they can't accept. Many of them even display a thumbs-down gesture towards them.

"Death penalty!!"

"Death penalty!!"

Then, all of the videos turned into a scene of the physical monument outside the Sulfur Mountain City Prison gates. Carved on it is some laws that I have written personally.

"Sulfur Mountain City Statute 97: Escapees from prisons will be hanged!"

"Pah!"

My gavel also strikes down immediately.

"1461 defendants judged guilty of escape from prison. The court sentences them to death by hanging! The sentence is to be carried out immediately!!"

The next moment, all of their souls return back to their body. Just when they were, despite being drenched in cold sweat, glad that it was just a nightmare, they fail to realize that a sensation on the neck is making it harder and harder for them to breathe...

Following which, 'hulah' and an intangible rope pulls their heads up, leaving only their legs to kick frenziedly in midair.

Even though they were grabbing their necks frantically, causing multiple scratches on their necks, they were unable to grab hold of that formless rope. After numerous seconds of struggling, both of their hands slump down, devoid of strength.

After concluding the first round of judgement, I took a deep breath.

"The execution has been completed. The second crime, the crime of betraying the city!"

It was similar to the previous process, just that the defendants this time are the remaining Councilors who conspired with the other Underground Cities, the trolls who made use of the chaos to rob and slaughter others and such...

"Death penalty!! Decapitation!"

Following the fall of the gavel, thousands of heads fall to the ground. Seeing how the sinners suddenly fall dead in the midst of wreaking havoc, citizens of the city kneel

down, thankful for the appearance of this miracle!

"The third crime, the crime of war and the crime bribery!!"

This time, following the strike of my gavel, my sight changes continuously. Finally, I arrive at the battlefield a distance away, in the sulfur mountains which have changed into an ice field!

The both parties on the battlefield don't seem to have noticed the arrival of the Court of Stars. Only Margaret and the Beastman Chieftain seems to be tilting their head to look in this direction.

"It is normal for Margaret who has stepped into the realm of SemiGod to feel me but that Beastman... Looks like he isn't a normal Saint-rank."

But the arrow is already drawn, I have no choice but to proceed ahead.

"Thou warn the court that the crime is still ongoing and the invasion is currently proceeding along, so a verdict must be executed immediately to lower the losses of the victim!"

"Pah." Kale's suggestion is logical and at the same time, it could save a portion of the powers of the Origin of Codex, which is on the verge of drying up. There's no reason for me to reject it.

"Agreed. Shorten the process and begin judgement immediately!"

"This land belongs to the jurisdiction of Sulfur Mountain City. The invaders, the Underground Alliance Army, and the victim, Sulfur Mountain City, is clear to see. Following the codex..."

"Death penalty!"

"Death penalty!"

"Death penalty!"

The 3 judges came to the same conclusion and chants of 'death penalty' could be heard from the spectator's stand. The judgement of the Council immediately takes effect and thus...

In the next moment, on the ground, regardless of whether it is the strong military officers of the Beastman or the old experienced Beastman veterans, after being labeled with the mark of guilt, blood started to bleed from their eyes, nose, mouth and ears. One after another, they drop to the floor silently. In the sky, the eyes of the Red Dragons and Black Dragons roll back and they fall to their deaths.

The mysterious deaths of strong warriors one after another causes the entire battlefield to be enveloped in an eerie silence. Even the wise Margaret stuns upon such a sight.

The fiery battlefield from before chills down in a blink of an eye after the verdict was passed.

The ground was full of corpses of the invaders...

In this moment, the Underground Alliance Army is almost annihilated. The only exception would probably be the Dragon Empress who was loitering around the sky.

After realizing that something was amiss, the strongest Dragon of the Underground World abandons her comrades and flees from the battlefield without a second thought.

From the very start, I didn't include the SemiGod Dragon Empress into the judgement. As a SemiGod tier, she is too powerful. Given Kale's strength, even with the augmentation of a God Equipment, he is unable to judge her. If he were to do it forcefully, the entire Soul World might even shatter.

"If only I was in my best condition..." I shake my head. Just like Margaret's catchphrase 'Hypothetical situations are meaningless, [if] is only an excuse used by the weak to console themselves'. I better focus my attention on the present.

The judgement has ended and the star spirits have scattered. Sweeping across the battlefield with my eyes, I see the dead Beastman Sovereign standing up as he glares furiously at me.

In his beast eyes, a black-green inferno is burning fervently with bone-piercing hatred.

"So it really is the doings of the Demons? Furthermore, it looks like it is a noble. Seems like I won't be able to get him."

I am familiar with that flame. That is the Chaos Inferno that originates Hell, only great Demons of noble bloodline can wield it.

In the next moment, Shou.Nuya's figure disappears completely in a patch of black smoke.

As for our side, the dissolution of the Soul World seems to have reached the final phase.

"Lord, looks like I must apply for 2 months of long break." After saying this, the old Kale who had overworked himself this time falls to the ground unconscious.

"Good job." After getting Xueti to settle Kale properly, I glance helplessly at the Origin of Codex which has lost its glow. After spending so much energy, it looks like the God Equipment is in for a longer break.

But looking at the city area which begins to regain its peace, the survivors are thankful for the miracle as they hugged one another and rushing to and fro to report their safety to their families, I feel that it was all worth the effort.

Finally, I strike the gavel down lightly.

"End of hearing. Court dismissed."

Wow, long chapter. This represents the end of the internal strife arc. The next arc is going to be a little more interesting.

"When that time comes, the Gods begin fighting directly on the mortal world. The Eich Continent cracks and cracks once again. The Foreign Dimension Gates open and the powerful foreign races would turn this entire world into a living hell."

TL: Alright, retranslating Chapter 25. Since I'm on it, allow me to clarify that there is a difference between Dimension Gates and Foreign Dimension Gates.

TL: I will leave the words RT on the chapters I retranslated to bookmark for myself. Anyway, if you still spot mistakes in chapters labeled with RT, please do comment and I will change it

Chapter 26

The Pitiful Holy Knights

"15 years ago, when I was studying in the Basic Warrior Academy, I was the pride of my parents and teachers. Whenever the villagers in my hometown saw me, they would lament 'Why are the children of other families so outstanding?'"

"When I was 10, I had already grasped over 10 types of basic fighting techniques and had successfully advanced into the Iron-rank. I became the pride of the school, a future hero of humanity. I was always surrounded by cute female juniors. Walking around school, I would 'accidentally' display my talents in front of them..."

"That genius from B class? He has only grasped the concept of Consecutive Counterattack, right? If he were to continue working hard for another decade or so, he could possibly reach half of my current level.' Casually criticizing those fools without talent, I basked in the compliments and gazes of admiration from the cute female juniors. I thought that my life would continue on like this until the end of time. I thought that when I grew up, I would become a great hero and marry a rich woman. Until that day..."

"Talent for Divine Arts? The notification for the qualification of Academy of Holy Light? To think that I would be able to become a noble Holy Knight! I'll go, I'll go!"

The me back then had been looking forward to becoming a suave Holy Knight. When I was overjoyed upon receiving the notification of my qualification, I seemed to have ignored the worried looks on my parents' face,"

"To become a part of the noble Holy Knight seems like a bright future but in reality, it was just the start of a nightmare..."

"Graduation equals to unemployment? How can this be, I am a genius from the Academy of Holy Knights, one that only appears once a decade!! Look at my Holy Light!! Look at my Noble Charge!!"

"I'm sorry, we are all devoted believers in the Holy Light, but what we need are talents who can help to spread our teachings, and not violent warriors who could only fight

and kill. Our department should only consist of 12 people, but now it is cramped with 24. Everyone here has graduated from the Academy of Holy Knight and they are all your seniors. Why should they give up their placing to you?"

"I... Then I'll go and become a free adventurer."

"I'm sorry, but as a Holy Knight, you have a responsibility to repay your gratitude to the Church of Holy Light with your strength. The 7th Holy Church is lacking a volunteer to clean the altar and the toilets... Volunteers aren't given wages, but the Holy Light will pay you for your hard work. Don't worry, you won't have to do it for too long. Three years will pass in a flash."

I still remember the gaze of the old Priest when he turned around to look at me. "Boy, you're a newcomer? I have been working here since I was twenty. I have been tolerating this job to the point that my hair has turned white, so enjoy doing the job, you snotty brat!"

"I... I will go and be a free adventurer, that should be accepted right!!"

Of course, it is accepted but I didn't expect that it would be the start of the true nightmare...

3 years later, I finally became a free adventurer. You are asking why is it 3 years later? If you don't want to be chased about by the Holy Church, how can you skip the mandatory 3 years of volunteer work...

Alright, looking at how my juniors had become veterans and the core of their adventuring team, I sighed. Even so, I didn't feel too discouraged because, with my Silver-rank abilities, I was confident that I would soon become the star in the eyes of the crowd.

But very soon, the cruel reality crushed my dreams with a spiked mace.

"You don't want? Why, as a Silver Holy Knight, I am willing to join your team of Bronze-ranks. You should be happy about it. Or is it... is it because I am a Holy Knight?"

The thief who stood opposite to me nodded his head.

"Holy Knights speak too much nonsense and have too many canons to follow by. Can you tolerate having Undead and Half-Demons as your comrades? Can you socialize

with gray organizations and can you remain quiet when we are splitting up our trophies of war? As adventurers, we would have to do dirty work most of the time. Can you ensure that you will listen obediently to our orders and not hinder us?"

Of course not! The Holy Church had clearly stated that all missing items have to be returned to their owners. If you couldn't find their owners, then you should hand them over to the officials. How could they be divided among us as trophies of war! As for Undead and Half-Demons? The evil Beings of Chaos! I will never stand on the same ground and smell the same air as you lot!

Alright... Since our paths are different, we should not walk together. Since you aren't willing to allow me to join your party, I will just have to create my own...

The process of building a new party went rather successfully. The Adventurer's Guild and the taverns were filled with Holy Knights and Priests who were unable to find a party as well. Soon, our party, 'Let Light Shine Upon The World', started on our adventure.

But...

"What does not being able to accept compensation means? Does that mean we can only starve?"

"Didn't your teacher teach you about it before you became an adventurer? We are Holy Knights, and we serve the Holy Light and the public. The adventures of a Holy Knight can only be considered as a journey to accumulate experience. Helping citizens in need is our duty and since it is a duty, how can we accept compensation for our work?"

"Screw being an adventurer if we can't earn any money! Do we just starve to death like this!!"

A mysterious smile flashed across the face of that senior. Indeed, he had an idea in mind and this was how the previous Holy Knight adventurers managed to avoid starving to death.

Although we couldn't accept compensations, if we accepted them as a form of donation for the Holy Church, we were able to keep a third of it as a token of their appreciation, but...

"However, given that it is a donation, we can't squabble over the amount we receive.

But I can only buy two rye bread with the single bronze coin I received from getting rid the entire tribe of Ogre, it isn't even enough for me to buy medicine! Right, I still have to donate two-thirds of it to the Church..."

"This isn't the worst. You probably haven't met with requests from the Goblins yet. That is the one that really breaks one's back."

"Un?"

"We can't fuss over how much other people donate. In fact, we can't even complain if the person doesn't donate, or what he donates to us... It was still fine if a stingy Goblin refused to donate after fulfilling his request. If he were to donate a ton heavy boulder to you, you would have to cut it into three equal pieces and carry two of them back to the Holy Church to pay it as tax... As a senior, allow me to warn you in advance. If the Goblins were to hand you a machinery that seems decent, even if it means going against the teachings of the Church, you must dispose of it as soon as possible. If he isn't using you as a lab rat to experiment his tools, which would explode sooner or later, then the thing he is passing you must be a real bomb, of which, he is still using you as a lab rat."

"Right, be careful of the Mermen as well. The last time we helped the Mermen to clear up the coast, they donated a bunch of smelly mud fish. Under the hot sun, it started to stink halfway through our journey. That stench could be smelled even ten miles away... I had to bathe under the waterfall for three days straight after that. I still remember the looks of despise those Priestesses shot me with when they were collecting the donations. It was as though they were looking at something dirty."

The additional information from my Priest companion chirped in was hilarious but I couldn't bring myself to laugh. On the other hand, I somehow felt like crying.

"Also, be careful of DemiRams, they are truly damned. Those stingy things used their fur as compensation and furthermore, they went by strands!! Can you imagine the feeling of holding a bunch of goat furs in your hands and recounting them every few steps to avoid any falling onto the floor so that you could pay the correct amount of tax..."?

"Also, as Holy Knights, all of us are poor so we shouldn't resort to scheming against one another. But that other time, I met a..."

Swiftly, the teaching session became a complaining session for our party. As for me, I only saw despair for my future as a Holy Knight.

"...At least, Holy Knights are dashing so they should be popular among women!!"

But very soon, reality swung another heavy bat at me.

"Do you have a house? A mount? Savings?"

I lived in the common dormitory filled with sweaty men. Naturally, it couldn't be used as my home after getting married. As for mounts, I did have one, but how could I afford to raise a stallion by myself? Thus, I deposited it with the Church and I was only allowed to use it during times of war. As for my savings... During the last war, when the company selling feed for the horses sent in the receipts. Hehe. Hello, ladies. Goodbye, ladies.

After taking so many consecutive blows, I finally met an innocent and cute lady. She didn't mind my poor qualifications and was willing to date me!

"Ah, how beautiful and kind she is. She is my goddess."

But it was bizarre that the most intense activity the both of us had ever engaged in was holding each other's hands and strolling through the park. She would always reject my offer to advance our relationship.

At that time, I was a little perplexed but I held in my curiosity. After all, she was so pure and innocent. But after five years passed, I was already 30-years-old and there was still no progress whatsoever. I couldn't hold it in any longer so I bucked up my courage to ask her about it.

"Ah? Aren't Holy Knights the Knights of God? Aren't they devoid of desires?"

"I XX!! We are Holy Knights, not Monks (In fact, only a few Battle Monks would make a vow to stay away from lust)!"

So, I spent a lot of effort explaining the difference between Battle Monks and Holy Knights to her before she was able to comprehend. But, what I received was a reply that made me fall in despair.

"That... I'm sorry, I wanted to have a platonic relationship, that's why I came to find

you. Can we still remain as friends?"

"Friends?! Friends your head! I am already 30 years old!! My classmates already have dozens of children now!"

That night, in that dormitory full of sweaty men, I cried sorrowfully as my colleagues stood solemnly beside me to console me.

"Do you remember Arult? That genius Holy Knight from Lucart City?"

Of course I would remember that winner in life! He found himself a rich and beautiful girlfriend.

"Why are you mentioning him? You don't think that I am sufficiently pathetic as it is?"

"He fell into depravity and converted into a Black Knight. He had become the claws of the Chaos Faction. That rich and beautiful girlfriend of his was actually a Demon who approached him to corrupt him..."

"How many does that make? Before this, many people in the Church already had their doubts why a good woman like her would choose to go for a Holy Knight and everyone had warned him about it. Yet, he just wouldn't believe it... No, he probably knew about it but he didn't want to face the truth. He wanted to enjoy the blissful life a bit longer."

"Heh, we are all numb to this already. If we take the initiative to look for girls, we would only end up rejected. On the other hand, women who approach us on their own accord usually have a screw loose. What's worse is that the Holy Church bans us from spending money to solve our physical needs. Even relieving ourselves is a forbidden evil act..."

"We are humans! Not beasts! Just two days ago, the love affair between two Holy Knights in the West Mountains was exposed and both of them were exiled from the Church. They were my comrades and I even sent them off when they initially departed there. But from the looks of it, the both of them seemed to be happy over the fact that they could stay together from now on... But they are both men! They were originally normal men who liked women! If we restrain ourselves too much, something will really happen! The number of gays in the Church is increasing at a rapid pace!"

"Actually, I've started to think that I could reluctantly accept man..."

"Actually, I feel the same too. Why don't we try?..."

Ever since the sudden formation of the 'couple' that day, I fell into total despair and lived like a zombie...

"You want to break away from the Holy Church? Stop being a Holy Knight? You don't have other skills to earn a livelihood with and you are already getting old. Starting afresh isn't something easy. The only class you can convert into without losing too much fighting ability is the Black Knight. Are you sure you want to try it?"

At that moment, I felt absolute despair toward life. When I was dispatched to the dangerous Underground World, I didn't even attempt to reject it. As long as I could stay away from the increasing number of gays by my side, what did putting myself in danger count as?

But from there on, my life took a turn.

"South Ascension Law School? Currently accepting students for short-term training and it comes with a job recommendation? Holy Knights don't have to undergo interview?! Is this real?"

"I should just give it a try, things can't get any worse anyway."

I didn't hold too much hope as I entered South Ascension. After all, my age was getting a bit on the advanced side and my capability to learn was swiftly deteriorating.

But very quickly, I realized that the Power of Law they were imparting to the students wasn't much too different from my Power of Holy Light. The silver Light of Law was extremely similar to the Holy Light and it was a Lower Concept of the Origin of Order as well. Many techniques and skills between the two were similar, making it easy for me to catch on.

Furthermore, they really provided jobs for their graduates! No, it wasn't just at the level of providing jobs. It was to the extent that an old fellow like me, who haven't even graduated from the academy yet, had dozens of companies vying for me!

"Security guard, police, judge and other members of the law system, they are all respectable figures of the upper-class society! To think that a useless old man like me would have a day that I would see the onset of spring!"

"We don't have an annoying Church or any Gods that we have to serve. We only believe in the codex and in maintaining justice and equality. But at the same time, we are also humans and we need to make a living. As graduates of South Ascension, it isn't a difficult task for us to deal with criminals and villains. Even if we don't become a member of the police force, we are also trusted with other jobs such as security guards. As Justice Knights belonged to the Order Faction, they cannot commit crimes and they have to follow by their vows and promises. This made them trustworthy employees to their employers, thus greatly increasing their opportunities for promotions."

That year, when my teacher was speaking passionately on the stage, I didn't quite believe him, especially after all that I had gone through.

"But after that, everything changed, just like how that teacher described it to be! After graduation, I got a job at a large merchant guild. Just by chasing away those weaklings who cause trouble at the front reception for twenty days each month, my monthly salary was actually a staggering 10 000 gold coins! 10 000 gold coins!! That is 200 times more than that of a Holy Knight! Furthermore, I didn't have to suffer the batter of the rain or risk my life for it!!"

"What, you are saying that a Holy Knight could do the same as well? Dumbass, Holy Knights are Knights who serve the Holy Light and the God. How can they be employed for their personal gains?"

"Very quickly, after I saved sufficient money to buy myself a house, I found my loved one! I even bought a cute Dragon Horse which had the bloodline of a Red Dragon. It could travel a thousand miles in a single day and spat flames from its mouth. I am finally a true Knight and not a foot soldier who deposited his mount with the Church."

"Just a while ago, I informed my old companions of it and all of them immediately rushed over. After graduating from South Ascension, some of them served as sentries for the city, some of them joined the Town Security and others became judges. As for the two gay Holy Knights, after earning some money, they became their own bosses, married a wife each and even have their own children now!!"

"My Holy Knight brothers, come and convert to become Justice Knights. Putting aside the fact that you all get to retain most of your strength upon changing classes, we are all still standing on the same line in the Order Faction. The Holy Church would surely be glad to see everyone changing classes. After all, they don't sufficient budget to raise

all of us."

"Which school is best at teaching the usage of the Power of Order? Come to South Ascension Law School in the Sulfur Mountain City of the Underground World. You can choose to pay after learning in the academy and users of Holy Light can get in without an interview. The first month of your wages after starting work will be taken as the school fees. We have a free month-long trial for people who would like to try it out. Our motto at South Ascension is to study hard and work hard. Power, promotions, and salary will come rapidly along with a rich and beautiful wife! My mother no longer has to worry about me being unemployed and even I can become my own boss."

"This is just an advertisement slogan? You are still worried that you are unable to find a job in the future? Let me work the math for you. Every city needs its own police and public security officers. Every enterprise needs security guards. Every government requires a law system. There are so many job opportunities available and you, as the vanguard of the Law Faction and the favored one of the new era, you are actually worried that you are unable to find a job? Come to South Ascension, we provide you everything. Graduating from the Academy of Holy Light is equal to unemployment but at South Ascension, you can be employed even before graduating!"

The above is all the content of an advertisement flyer. The writer is the Supreme Judge of the Supreme Court of Sulfur Mountain City, Wumianzhe...

"Hey hey, aren't you going too far? It is said that when the Archbishop of Holy Light, old Bill, saw the flyer, he fainted on the spot and almost died from excessive bleeding from his head!!"

Yes, I am poaching personnel from the Holy Church and I am doing it very openly.

Of course he would vomit blood. Even though this advertisement flyer was written by me, but the contents written above were entirely true. It was the sore spot of the Holy Church.

After all, I was once a Holy Knight and many of the examples were from my personal experience... A sudden heartache made me mutter subconsciously, "Fortunately, I am no longer an unlucky Holy Knight."

At this moment, facing Adam's question of whether I have gone too far, I smiled.

"I don't see anything wrong with it. When I personally passed this flyer to the Town

Security, they were overjoyed!!"

Of course they would be overjoyed. Previously, they were not allowed to join the law system officially. But now, they were given an opportunity to study the Power of Law. This also meant that my law system and the Sulfur Mountain City had completely accepted their presence here.

They already used their fresh blood and hard work to prove their loyalty. If I continue to turn my back away from them, that would be too heartless.

"...You reorganized the Town Security's Holy Knight army into a Justice Knight army? You haven't told this news to old Bill right, I'm afraid that he might be unable to hold on to his life."

"I sent a messenger personally to report the news to him!"

"Lord!! You are vomiting blood again!! This is the 20th time this month! Things are going badly and we can't hold on anymore. We better return to the Surface World."

"Archbishop, bad news! After seeing the flyers, many Holy Knights and Priests said that they want to go to South Ascension, we can't hold them back anymore!!"

The Archbishop of Holy Light continued to vomit blood...

Elisa reported the happenings after the Archbishop received the news of the Town Security switching faiths to me, saying that he was shocked and vomited blood. After which, a farce even broke out. Hearing those words, I smiled gleefully.

"You old fool, who asked you to preserve your own strength when things were in chaos. You even tried to spread your teachings when everyone was in a state of fear after the battle. Just because a lion hadn't hunted for a long time, it didn't mean that it was sick cat. You deserved this!"

Chapter 27

The Fragile Balance

Time flew by like a beautiful fleeting melody... Alright, it wasn't that long, I just wanted to use that saying. Truthfully, it had only been two days and Sulfur Mountain City has regained its peace.

That day, when all the escapees and villains who made use of the chaos to run amok were judged, they were either hung in the air by an intangible rope or their heads simply fell off their necks. Those who had yet to bypass the boundary or had intended to test the bottom limit, upon realizing that they were already on an invisible execution platform, immediately stopped in their tracks.

The chaos didn't last for too long. Once the outsiders were cleared, the One Court Four Halls sent out Law Enforcers to help maintain order. Very quickly, order was reestablished in the Sulfur Mountain City.

A gigantic Red Dragon, whose body was still full of wounds after a gruesome battle, bled profusely as she glided past half of the city before crashing into the Holy Light District. When news that Sulfur Mountain City's Guardian Deity, Ancient Red Dragon Ein Mezus, was injured to the point that she required over hundreds of Holy Knights and Priests to treat her wounds, the rumor of the Three Heads standing by a corner and watching everything happen crumbled.

Rather, under the intentional manipulation of information by some, the news that the Three Heads fought a great battle against two of the Underground Autarchs, a battle which resulted in Ein Mezus's heavy wounds, had already spread through every street and alley.

Of course, the fact that the cause of the battle was due to the seal of the Fire Elemental God was kept secret. On the surface, the reason for the outbreak of the battle was territorial ambitions, a common reason for wars in the Underground World.

Despite the strength of the guardians being greater than that of the invaders, they had sustained tremendous wounds in order to protect the citizens. The citizens who survived the calamity due to the guardians who sacrificed themselves for them felt

gratitude, pain, and relief. With the presence of all these factors and complex emotions, this diverse city was more united than ever.

If there had to be something different about the city, it was that all of the tomatoes and smelly eggs were sold out. The reason behind that? The betrayal of the Public Council had been revealed and the fact that they were sentenced to death by that miraculous judgement served as evidence for their crimes. At this very moment, the entrance to the Council Room was plastered with smashed tomatoes and broken smelly eggs, and all of the windows were broken.

Whenever the few more famous Councilors were to leave their homes, if they don't to leave home clean and return home colored, they had to bring along bodyguards and shields to guard themselves against the firepower of the civilians.

The death count in this calamity totaled up to more than 300 people. Given how the dead had already passed away and the sinners were punished and killed, the victims and their families had to find a target to vent their resentment, resulting in the fruit stores outside the Council Room to sell out in record time. Society was harmonious. Banzai, banzai...

Some merchants had even found business opportunities at the doorstep of the Council Room...

"You're still using the primitive tomatoes and smelly eggs? That is already outdated. Here, try the Dwarf Smelly Bomb made specially using the Dwarves' smithing skills. Costing only three gold coins, its smell is hyper-concentrated and won't fade away with time. We also have the Dwarf Color Bomb which costs a mere two gold coins. We have 13 colors for you to choose from and a color card is given for each one bought. If you collect the whole set, we will even give you a complimentary Dwarf Chicken Machinery! Different from the Goblins, the machinery of us Dwarves are of high-quality and definitely will not explode. I repeat, definitely will not explode!"

"Goblin Smoke Bombs! Goblin Explosives Number 1 to 7. I can guarantee you that with its might, it will blast injuries in your adversaries without killing them. It is a necessity in relieving one's hatred! Furthermore, it is cheap!! It only costs half the price of the toys of those sissy Dwarves, just one gold coin each!"

"Enough, Roren Goldcoin from the Hall of Judgement, I have already tolerated you for a very long time! You can insult me, but you cannot insult the product of the

intelligence of the Dwarves!"

"Sissy Miheuer Suicidestorm from the Hall of Legislator, you are the one who verbally attacked us first. To think that you Dwarves would dare to talk bad about the products of us Goblins? Yes, the gadgets you make might not explode, but the unintended functions of your tools are even scarier than explosions. Touch your heart, do you dare to say you have never been transported to the middle of the sky by the Dwarf Transportation Device, never been electrocuted by your Dwarf Electrical Net and never been miniaturized by your Dwarf Death Ray? The products of you Dwarves are just like your name, Suicidestorm, professionally made for committing suicide!"

"It is Magicstorm, Magicstorm!!"

Hearing that, the Dwarf lad with a kid-like figure was enraged.

"Taste this!!" He took out a gadget that resembled a toy gun and fired it. Then...

"BawkBawkBawkBawkBawk!" A small chicken appears on the spot and jumped around while the chicken-transforming gadget fell to the ground...

"Hahaha! Look, the gadgets of you sissy Dwarves aren't reliable at all!" Laughing crazily while pointing his finger at small chicken, Roren takes out three small silver balls and started juggling them.

Despite handling the bombs without any protective equipment, there wasn't a hint of fear in him and his hands were steady. Through his actions, Roren displayed to the audience the courage the Goblins possessed.

"Look at the miraculous work of us Goblins! We had never tried to deny the unpredictability of the results of the mystical engineering study, but as long as we, the intelligent Goblins, continue on with our research and pass on our heritage from one generation to the other, the Goblin's engineering industry will become more and more advanced. Even though my father and my grandfather had died in accidents in the midst of their research, I will continue to push on. I believe that even if I were to fail, my sons and grandsons will continue working towards that ultimate goal!!"

Ignoring the attacks by the angry little chicken by his foot, Roren raised his head, protruded his chest and declared loudly, as though he was prepared to sacrifice himself anytime.

The Goblin's sacrificial spirit in pursuing the study of engineering unexpectedly won applause and cheers from the audience.

"Well said!" There were even people who intended to step forward to purchase Roren's goods. But Roren continued on:

"When my grandfather died, it was only a 13-meter hole. My father accomplished in exploding an entire 30 meters. When I die, I must create a 100-meter massive hole! Our Goldcoin clan must successfully create a big bomb that could destroy an entire city!!"

Alright, as soon as the true nature of the Goblin showed through, all of the buyers immediately backed off. The audience also took a huge step backward, and it was fortunate that they did...

"Ah, what is this bent copper plate?" The fierce attacks of the small chicken finally attracted his attention. Roren looked at the copper plate that just dropped from his clothes and went into deep thoughts. After that, he started sweating profusely...

"It's the safety screw!!"

"Boom!" "Boom!" "Boom!"

"This... This is only a small failure, I won't give it up! I... I will be back!"

Alright, while displaying the courage of the Goblins in pursuing their dreams, he exhibited the frequent suicidal tendencies of the Goblins once again.

After three consecutive explosions, our Goblin Engineer merchant was blasted into the sky with a trail of black smoke trailing behind him. But from the looks of the energetic roar, it seemed like it was just the start...

Standing behind the crowd, I had witnessed this farce. I turned toward Elisa, who was standing beside me, and said:

"The situation in the city isn't sufficiently stable yet for them to be causing such trouble. Record it down, this will be the order from the Head of the Supreme Court: Ban all engineering activities for the next month. Find some excuses, throw all of these troublemaking lilliputians into detention and have them reflect on their actions for a month. All of the Town Security and Hall of Judgement personnel will be mobilized for

this movement."

"As long as it is an Engineer, capture them before conducting a search. They are definitely guilty. What if we make a false arrest? I will go and apologize to them personally then. Don't worry, just like how there isn't a man in the world without lust, is it possible for there to be a Goblin who doesn't cause explosions and a Dwarf who doesn't commit suicide?"

"Oh right, are the Beyar brothers still under detention?"

"Yes, they still have 3 days left in there."

After receiving confirmation, I nodded my head in satisfaction.

"Tomorrow, pass them some engineering tools. They will definitely be unable to resist the temptation of playing with bombs in the detention barrack. We would then have another reason to lock them up for another month. Without these two leading authorities on explosions causing trouble outside, those troublesome Engineers will find themselves without a head and the ban would be easier to impose."

After passing down my orders, I turned around to leave. The City Lord Residence wasn't too far away, but upon catching sight of the charred Magicstorm lying on the floor, I stopped.

"Right, I almost forgot. When Suicidestorm recovers from him 'fried chicken cutlet' status, tell him and Roren: 'You two don't have to collect their wages for the next 2 months. I don't care what you two do privately, but the next time you all claim that you are members of the Supreme Court and soil its reputation, I will... '"

At this point, I suddenly stopped. These lilliputians were born with astounding guts. Explosions and traveling across dimensions were like daily routine for them. Exactly what kind of punishment could frighten them? I am at a loss.

But Elisa's whisper solved my dilemma.

"Make the two of them exchange their engineering tools and products. Order the Goblin Engineers to use the Dwarf's engineering tools and the Dwarf Engineers use the Goblin's engineering tools to make ten of the other party's engineering toys.

Looking at this ice-cold face and hearing this bell-like voice, I was stunned for a

moment.

"This is even worse than killing them outright. Goblin Engineering and Dwarf Engineering may seem similar, but their principles all the way down to the core are totally different. Ten toys? It might even take them a lifetime. Furthermore, they have to use the tools they hate and study the principles they detest. It really is a cruel punishment. But..."

I displayed a thumbs-up. "Good idea, your style is becoming more and more similar to mine."

Cough, back to the main topic. The reason why I chose to walk towards to the City Lord Residence was because I wanted to see how the restoration of Sulfur Mountain City was coming along after the conflict. Seeing how they still possessed excessive energy to cause such a farce, I am actually quite relieved.

As the mastermind, I am quite satisfied with 'Observer' and the Sulfur Mountain City Thief Guild's combined ability in manipulating intelligence. At least, on the surface, nothing had changed.

Yes, only on the surface. Two Underground Autarchs allied together to conduct an attack, but only the Autarchs themselves managed to return back safely; their entire armies were destroyed. After such a huge incident had occurred, how could there be no changes at all?

"Tell me straight, what do you intend to do by creating the South Ascension Law Academy, poaching the members of the Holy Church and expanding the personnel of the law system by three times?"

In the City Lord Residence, Margaret and Adam were already chatting as they sipped on tea. Little Red was absent as she was still recovering from her injuries. But the instant I sat down, Margaret started to interrogate me.

"Hehe, those lasses fought bravely, sacrificing themselves just to protect the citizens. I am only giving them a chance to integrate fully into the law system. It has been their wish for many years. Don't tell me that you aren't aware of it."

With a bone knife in my hand, I carefully carved on a black-colored wooden scepter.

Ever since the judgement ended, I started to get hooked on wood carving. This was a

skill-based chore, requiring me to focus all my attention on it.

"The truth?"

"It's too troublesome, I don't feel like explaining."

Margaret shook her head and sat back down. As usual, the Lich was scheming something. However, it is impossible to get anything out of him when he is unwilling to reveal anything.

Try to guess his thoughts? The mind of this fellow is weird and unorthodox. There were many times when he seemed to just be playing around, but when the time comes, it turned out that everything was actually a complex design of his plans. If he really intended to do something secretly, even if the Saint had been watching the scenes all along, she would still be unable to figure what he was up to.

Margaret had once questioned him about it but, in return, she received a baffling reply.

"Your thoughts are too direct. It is just like the Magic War Chess that you all love to play. You all scramble over every single gain and loss to accrue tiny wins to achieve the final victory. It may seem like a wise strategy, but in reality, the weapons that you are pointing toward your enemies become very apparent. This made it easy for others to see through your thoughts. Instead of being on the upper hand, you are actually in a disadvantageous position. As an expert on Go, I scatter my pieces around the board and wait patiently most of the time. I don't try to aim for the small wins. Instead, I go for the big one from the start."

"Go? Is there such a chess in this world? Could it be a game that had disappeared in history?" Margaret pushed further on this topic several times afterward but Lich Roland seemed to be focused on other stuff and ignored her questions.

"Right, I intend to create a branch in the next few days, Supreme Court Chrome Branch."

Chrome City's City Lord Hng Hng had already died under Margaret's Forbidden Spell during the invasion a few days ago, leaving Chrome City without a leader. My intentions were rather clear.

"No wonder you are increasing the number of personnel. You are intending on taking over Chrome City?"

"Of course, after killing the boss, I can accept not leveling and not receiving any treasures. But if I don't conquer their land and lay my hands on some of their beauties, my efforts would have been in vain and I would die on the street from the indignance."

Alright, just as usual, they ignored my crazy speech straight, even though the words that I spoke were the mainstream view of the world. Personally, I think that it was sufficient to just live happily. When you're bored, you can tell a joke and feel happy over it, or perhaps cause some trouble so that everyone can have a laugh over it. In comparison, it was more tiring to go around with a gloomy face and be obsessed with fighting and slaughter all day long just to feel powerful.

Back to the main topic, I did intend to take over Chrome City but my goal was not to claim supremacy.

"On one hand, the Power of Law requires more believers and faith. Also, we need more chips on our hand. Otherwise, how else can we deal with the Underground Alliance?"

Hearing my words, everyone went silent.

The Underground Alliance's plan of invading the Surface was supported by a large portion of the residents of the Underground World, and as such, there's a high probability it would be realized. The reason why we could defeat the collaboration of two Underground Autarchs was because they rushed here after hearing that the seal was going to be strengthened. They might have even used Teleportation Magic to do so. Given the limited amount of time they had, they only brought a small portion of their guards with them. In fact, the invading army probably wasn't even a tenth of their real influence. At the very least, we hadn't seen the powerful experts under their command.

Furthermore, even if we were able to defeat the Underground Autarchs, can we defeat the thousands to ten thousands of the Underground City Lord's Alliance Army? I had already learned my lesson that the tide of 'history' cannot be stopped. If I were to try stopping it with my weak arms, I would only be crushed.

When the two Underground Autarchs invade once more with their full army, or perhaps, bring 300 to 400 Underground City Lords along to deal with us, Sulfur Mountain City would become the fool who tried to block the entire world with the strength of an individual. Eventually, it would just become a corporeal scar of history — ruins.

"Let me propose a solution. Actually, your thoughts are too inflexible. Do we really have to stand on opposite sides with them to oppose their invasion to the Surface? If we were to always sing a different tune with them, it is just a matter of time before we get isolated. You all are sufficiently strong, so it doesn't really matter much to you all. But when Annie finally takes over, and the resentment from the enemies whom you all have offended bursts, will she be able to take them on?"

"Then what should we do?" Margaret had also thought of it but she didn't have any solutions to deal with it.

"You know, we could just join them! Yes, join them! The status quo is four dominant figures within split into two factions, thus maintaining a fragile balance among them. However, can you imagine what will happen if another Underground Autarch were to appear?"

Adam's face spelled of confusion but Margaret went deep into thoughts.

"Indeed, no matter what, we managed to defeat two Underground Autarchs and thus, we should have the qualifications to become an Autarch ourselves. Since only two Autarchs came, it proves that they aren't as unified as we thought they were. Thus, if we were to show our support to the other side..."

"Yes, the leadership of the Alliance army is something worth fighting over."

Somehow, I thought of my faraway home. Amidst five old established factions, there was a new growing power. During its growth, it kept changing factions and obtain many benefits through such. Furthermore, when it comes to decision-making, it used its rights to veto the decisions made or give up on their vote altogether, annoying the other countries. Eventually, it became the leading power of the new generation.

"Furthermore, I have an important present, a present that could drive that subtle balance into an unresolvable chaos."

"What?"

"What important present?"

I laughed gleefully as I placed the black wooden scepter on the table.

"God Equipment Eternal Night Scepter. This is the highest God Equipment equivalent

to the royal authority of the Empire of Undead Xiluo. Created by the Emperor of Eternal Night himself, it is definitely authentic. We are willing to allow experts to verify it and if proven to be fake, we will refund you tenfold."

Chapter 28

Step-By-Step Guide Teaching You How to Make Fake Goods

"God Equipment, Eternal Night Scepter, the symbol of authority of the Undead. It was said to be an object the Emperor of Eternal Night kept closely by his side and hidden within it is the reason for his overwhelming strength. However, it has never once appeared in history before." That was how Eternal Night Scepter was introduced in Illustrations of God Equipment by Tower of Ten Thousand Magic.

As the only Undead Emperor in recent times, the rise of the Emperor of Eternal Night and his disappearance were equally mystifying. No one knew how he rose to power, and similarly, no one would have guessed he would be defeated in at his strongest state. However, quite a few people reckoned that his sudden rise to power might be related to this God Equipment.

"This God Equipment which has never appeared on the stage of history has had its existence questioned (By presenting the head of one who spread such rumors, one can claim 100 gold coins from the Xiluo Empire's 7th Administrative Bureau), but there are numerous Royal Guards and followers of his, with me included in their midst, who heard him mutter these words."

"You want to obtain my power and authority? Go and find it, the object that I have put my everything into— Eternal Night Scepter."

"The Emperor's wisdom is as deep and vast as the ocean. No one would have thought that the invincible Eternal Night army would fail. But he was the only one who wasn't fooled by appearances, the Soulfire that burnt in his eyes allowed him to peer into the future. That seemingly ominous mumbling of his was actually his way of passing down his will for the future of the Empire, when he's gone."

"Ever since his disappearance (With me included in the midst, there is still numerous high-tier Undead who refuse to believe that their invincible Emperor would die in battle), a rumor has been spreading like wildfire. 'Only the owner of Eternal Night Scepter can become the successor of the Undead Emperor' has already become the

common knowledge among all intelligent Undead. If only there was really someone who obtained the scepter, then perhaps the Empire wouldn't have ended up like that. The Emperor has already prepared the best future for the Undead Empire, but..."

"The foolish Undead Lords actually ignored the teachings of our Emperor. After his departure, they engaged in an internal strife for their own benefits. Despite not having any legitimacy, they hoped to use violence to forcefully ascend to become the Undead Emperor of the new generation. In the end, the dream of forming a great Undead Empire bursts and the invincible Yongye army ground itself down. Eventually, its remaining members formed the Xiluo Empire."

"Due to this historical reason, even though the authority of Xiluo is split between 12 of its strongest Senators, it is still considered an Empire. However, we won't allow anyone within our midst to climb up to that seat. That seat of the Undead Emperor has been empty for over a hundred years and it is destined to remain empty until the owner of that scepter appears — The Keeper of History, the 7th Senator of Xiluo Empire Spider Marquis, the Eternal Royal Guard of the Undead Emperor, Lionheart."

Cough, when I saw this 'known work of history' written by little Lionheart, my jaw immediately dropped. I really don't know how I should react to this. If I was still living; sweat, cold sweat, sweat profusely, sweat like a waterfall and Genghis Khan, I'm afraid none of it would be sufficient to explain my complicated emotions then.

TL: It is a pun. Genghis Khan has the character for 'sweat' in its Chinese name.

From a certain perspective, the joke that I made in bad humor has achieved an effect way beyond my expectations. Today, in order to make this Underground World even more chaotic, I had prepared to realize the latter half of the joke with malice.

Eternal Night Scepter is a meter-long black wooden scepter. It may seem like it is entirely made of wood, but in reality, its interior is filled with bone powder.

I made the scepter personally and the blood rose carvings and ornaments on it were all to my style. My companions back then would recognize it as my work with a single glance. The scepter even had the words 'Eternal Night Scepter', which I have written with Death Ice Mana, an attribute that was exclusive to me. Just the outer appearance itself screamed that it was a high-tier item but even so, it was still far from being enough.

"The first problem we have to settle was its origin. A treasure without an origin would cast doubts on its authenticity. Adam, sign on this document with your Soul Imprint."

Looking at the document, Adam, the type of person who only feared that the world wasn't sufficiently chaotic, gave a hearty laugh and happily signed his name on it.

"Adam Han." The fire-like words that quietly burned on the paper were surprisingly cool. The Soul Imprint, which originated from the soul, is different for everyone. It is the symbol of the identity of a Legend-rank and is entirely impossible to forge.

The name that I wrote on the scepter with gray Death Ice Mana smelled heavily of death and ice. It was my Soul Imprint when I was the Emperor of Eternal Night, and thus, its presence added to the authenticity of the scepter.

What I wanted him to sign was a document entrusting the auction of this scepter to someone else. The one entrusted with the task is the biggest auction in the city where the Underground Alliance was formed, Velkastance City.

At the very least, this document of authentication proved that the Eternal Night Scepter originated from the hands of Hero Adam Han. This strongly hinted that the origin of the God Equipment was legitimate and that it was the spoils of war Adam retrieved from the Emperor of Eternal Night. Adam was using his own reputation to ensure that the scepter is real!

When word spreads out, everyone would suspect that Adam had hidden the Eternal Night Scepter after defeating the Emperor of Eternal Night. If so, the Eternal Night Scepter was likely to be a real.

Cough, in any case, what was written on the document was indeed the truth. Adam did receive the scepter from me. However, you couldn't blame me if you misunderstand the timing when he received the scepter...

After that, I grabbed onto the end of the scepter and infused magic into it. On the other hand, Adam grabbed onto the other end and infused his power into it as well. Then, with a twist, a pull, and a rotation...

Kacha

When the fire and ice mana collided with one another, an explosion immediately occurred and the scepter nearly broke into pieces. Countless cracks appeared on its

surface and on one end, the scars from being incinerated by flames could be seen while on the end, a gray-black color from corrosion and frost.

"Alright, this would be the damage marks when the Emperor of Eternal Night and the Red Lotus Hero fought. So, if there's anything wrong with it, they could blame it on the damage it incurred during the battle."

But it still looked a bit new, thus I threw it on the floor, jumped and stepped on it. Adam wanted to come over and 'help' as well, but I immediately kicked him away with my foot.

This rascal didn't know how to control his strength properly and his strength was exceptional. If the scepter was left to him to play with, it would immediately break immediately. Then, wouldn't what I did before go to waste?

"Un, the scars of history on the scepter is still a little lacking, but it should suffice." Seeing the scepter which was full of dust and footprints, I nodded my head in satisfaction. It was no longer that brand new wooden scepter anymore. At this moment, it was obviously an ancient artifact which had undergone the trial of time.

Margaret went into deep thoughts and after hesitating for a moment, she spoke up.

"No matter how real it looks, but..."

"Yes, it is still not enough." Of course, I would know it wasn't enough. The Eich Continent had a different way of authenticating artifacts compared to that of my previous world. People did not just depend on their experience and knowledge to find flaws in the object. This is a world with true Gods and innumerable divination techniques. As such, faking an object wasn't that easy.

However, I had also considered this problem from the very start. Both Adam and I had once attained the powers of a SemiGod, the most powerful existence below true Gods. Normal divination magic was ineffective to us. Even so, there were still a few powers that were rather troublesome.

The High Priest's Revelation of God Spell allowed a person to pose questions to the God he served. If the God happened to be free (Even if a priest favored by the God used this art, the probability of success was still less than 1%), they would answer your question. However, the answer was limited to only 'yes' or 'no'.

Archmage's Otherworldly Art of Truth summoned a Truth Spirit from another world, at which, one was allowed to ask him questions. But the only answers it could give was 'YES' or 'NO'.

TL: This yes and no is written in English, thus the caps.

There's also the Witch's Tarot Divination. It brought the user to the truth by reading the lines of fate. However, it could only answer with a 'True' or 'False' as well...

From what I know, those reliable divination techniques had a common problem. Putting aside the fact that they were usually ineffective, they could answer with 'yes' and 'no'. Also, the shorter the question, the greater the possibility of one receiving an answer. After divining once, the person wouldn't be able to divine again for a period of time.

This wasn't a coincidence but a law of the world. The stronger a divination technique is, the closer it is to the truth of the world and thus, the stronger the restrictions on it. If you wish to obtain more intelligence, you will have to be prepared to sacrifice more in return to uncover the truth. At the same time, it made it likely for one to neglect the underlying truth behind the matter, especially with the huge cost involved in it.

Indeed, I could have paid a price and just like how I hid on the lines of fate, I could make divination techniques ineffective on the Eternal Night Scepter. But sometimes, being unable to find a problem with something would indicate that there is a problem with it. If divination couldn't be used on it, it was likely there was something wrong with it. Then, the conclusion was clear, we needed to make the divination techniques come up to the wrong conclusions.

Causing the 100% accurate divination techniques to come to a wrong conclusion seems incredible? Hehe, sometimes, just because it's correct doesn't mean it's true, and just because it's true doesn't mean it's correct...

Since it could only answer with 'yes' or 'no', a two-dimensional answer, there were actually a lot of things we could do with it.

I deduced that there were 4 questions that they were likely to ask. Firstly, also the most important question that had to be asked, was this scepter the Eternal Scepter handmade by the Emperor of Eternal Night... We don't have to play any tricks with this one, this scepter was definitely handmade by the Emperor of Eternal Night.

Then, the second most possible question to be asked was 'Is the secrets of the Emperor of Eternal Night hidden within?'

This question was simple but of great importance. If there was no secret hidden within it, then the scepter was as good as a fake, regardless of its authenticity. I could personally assure you that this question would be asked over and over again.

Thus, I had already written a note with the word 'secret' on it...

Alright, I know this seemed like a bad prank but it should be useful. After all, those dumb divination techniques would definitely be screaming 'YES!' 'yes' 'true'

The third, 'Is there the secret to becoming the Emperor of the Xiluo Empire hidden in the scepter/ Is it useful against those Undead Lord?'

This question was asking whether the God Equipment had value in helping one rule over the Xiluo Empire... Alright, I wrote the little secrets of those Undead Lords and their little quirks within it, such as like the Queen of Bone Dragon Gria sang very awfully and snored in her sleep. If you took these little secrets and threatened them, if they were to give in to it, then naturally, it would be useful to your life in politics. Of course, the prerequisite was that you had to avoid getting silenced first...

Based on my understanding of them, it was much more probably for one to head to a Human Empire and demand the emperor to step down and pass the throne over to you than for those great evil beings to give in...

The fourth, 'Is the secret related to why the Emperor of Eternal Night was so powerful/ related to great power'

Cough 'Study hard every day and aim for greater heights. Fight hard against mobs and try your best to level up.' This was definitely the truth behind the Emperor of Eternal Night's strength. You can feel free to challenge that if you disagree with it...

Alright, now that I had prepared all these methods and the issue behind the authenticity and importance of the Eternal Night Scepter had been resolved, the news of it would spread across the entire Underground World from the day that the auction received the good. It would draw the attention of all powers in the Underground World, even though no one would be able to use it... No, not only that, the Surface World would send people over as well. At the very least, those Senators of the Undead Xiluo Empire would all go in a frenzy for it... If the Undead Empire and the

Underground City Lords were to suddenly get into a fight, then maybe the 2nd Calamity could be somehow be avoided just like that.

Fine, I admit that I was being too positive, but trying doesn't hurt right.

"So, my first step to causing chaos in the Underground World has been achieved..."

Looking at this scepter, I still felt a little dissatisfied. I didn't think that people would be able to tell that it was a fake. However, to the powerful experts, unreasonable intuition was sometime much more reliable than rational thinking, knowledge and experience. It was almost impossible to fool one's intuition.

Thus, after hesitating for a moment, I said to Adam.

"Since I have already finished serving my sentence, return my Roland Sacred Sword to me."

"Here." Without a second word, the fiery red Adam removed the only different color on him, the silver-white broken sword on his waist, and passed it over to me.

Standing beside him, Margaret was stunned. She seemed to have wanted to say something but the words didn't come out.

"My phylactery, we haven't seen each other for a long time."

Yes, this was where my soul resided. As long as my phylactery wasn't destroyed, I, as a Lich, would be indestructible. The phylactery could take on any shape; it could even be a book or a hat.

From the secret manual in the system's Lottery, that otherworldly Uncle Tom once broke his soul into 7 parts and made into 7 phylacteries...

Even though it made the person difficult to kill like that, wasn't he afraid of turning into a madman with personality disorder when he split his soul into so many pieces... Alright, perhaps he was already crazy from the very start.

The phylactery of a prisoner was naturally left in the hands of the warden, Adam, and he brought it along with him everywhere. Of course, this rascal was still quite smart. At the very least, he wasn't dumb enough to try using my phylactery to threaten and force me to play along with his games...

Touching this broken sword, I felt a little sentimental. The reason why I used this family heirloom to make my phylactery back then was because I shared a name with this Roland Sacred Sword. Also, this sword, dubbed as the 'Indestructible Sword', had survived thousand years without a scratch on it. But now, under the tide of fate, our country had come to an end and this indestructible sword has been 'destroyed'.

In this moment, with my phylactery in my hand, the gray-colored mana around me gradually expanded. The discomfort of being suppressed disappeared and I regained some of my strength.

"Legend-rank primary stage? If so, it would become easier to do many things."

I rubbed at the broken edge of my sword and easily pinched out some metal fragments. The pulsation of a soul could be seen from the fragments.

Afterward, just like how one scattered sesame seed on top of a biscuit, I scattered the fragments on the 'Eternal Night Scepter' before stroking lightly on it. There was a flash of light and sparkling gems resembling stars appeared on the scepter.

The gems sparkled a brilliant silver radiance and starlight seemed to be hopping from one gem to the other, crossing each other. If you were to take a closer look, the starlight seemed to have a tempo of its own, as though a living being. After embedding the fragments of my soul into it, this Eternal Night Scepter gained its own soul and became alive.

However, different from this broken sword which held my soul, the person wielded this scepter would be affected by the words of my soul and his decisions would be influenced by me. After a period of time, his soul might even be corrupted by mine, causing him to become my slave... The situation seemed a little wrong, haven't I retired from being a Demon King for a very long time? Alright, seemed like old habits accidentally...

Looking at the sight, Adam sucked in a breath of cold air. He might not have understood what I just did but he instinctively felt that this scepter had become extremely dangerous and that there was something eerie about it.

On the other hand, Margaret stared at me furiously. She could roughly tell what I was doing and she was using her glare to express her displeasure. But her protest was ignored by me, as usual.

"Fine, seems like my habit kicked up again and I went a little overboard. But it had to be at least of this level for the Underground Autarchs, Undead Lords and all of those experts to desire it to the point of being willing to jump into the eye of the storm."

Then, I opened my mouth and swallowed the broken sword. The broken sword didn't fall through my body which consisted solely of bones. Rather, it disappeared completely.

I had transferred the broken sword to somewhere and safe. Right now, it could be said that I had been finally released from my sentence.

"It is said that the trip to the headquarters of the Underground Alliance Velkastance City will take around 2 months. We have to prepare in advance. Let Annie bring the team there, it is about time for her to try standing on her own feet. After all, you can't shelter her from the storm for her entire life. Don't worry, I will follow along and operate in the shadows to protect her."

After finishing my piece, I turned around to leave.

"Going to Velkastance will take 2 months? No, Master, you are talking about ancient times. There are 3 routes now and it is much faster."

I glanced at the eager maid behind my back.

"Although I do not hold much expectation for your words, say your piece."

"Going by normal carriage would indeed take close to 3 months but the advancement in technology has created a new and faster route. The first route only takes a second, the Dwarf's Dimension Ripper Machine...

"...Isn't that the teleportation portal of those suicidal Dwarves? Forget it, I don't want to be stuck in another dimension. If you want to travel to other dimensions and become the queen of some Back Palace, go ahead!"

TL: Back Palace -> The place where all the concubines of Ancient Chinese Emperors live.

"The second route would only take 3 days, the rocket car of the Goblins..."

"No, that will only take 1 second as well. After 1 second, I would be blasted to the

heavens. Forget it, I have already guessed what the final route would be. You don't have to go on anymore."

But the female head maid simply propped up her glasses and secretly laughed beneath her expressionless face as she followed behind her master, continuing on with what she was saying.

"3 hours, the Goblin rocket. It goes directly up and down and it is both convenient and fast..."

"Is this any different from the one you just said? Oh, one has wheels and the other one doesn't? Just how much do you want to kill me to obtain my wealth? I think I have treated you quite well to not deserve such treatment!"

The departure of the unreliable master and servant left the two SemiGod behind in deep thoughts.

"Annie huh? Perhaps, what Roland said isn't wrong. It is about time for her to give it a try. After all, at her age, we were already running around the world in our party."

"I know that Annie should go out to gain some experience, but aren't you afraid of plunging the world into chaos by setting Roland free?"

The Hero Adam laughed in response to the doubts of the Saint.

"You probably won't believe me when I say this, but my intuition tells me that this world might come to an end anytime, and the only unknown factor is this Lich.?"

Hearing this, Margaret's face scrunched into displeasure. Then, with her eyebrows raised, her face changed into one of disdain.

"You sure believe him, I..."

She wanted to say something in disdain but Adam's straightforward gaze towards her prevented her from spouting any lies. In the end, she stomped her feet.

"Don't look at me like this, you block of gay wood. I believe you, are you satisfied? He might be a bastard but he is cunning. If he can't do it, then nobody else in the world would be able to!"

Chapter 29

Waiting

"Hey, brothers, don't you feel like everyone's gaze toward us has been a little weird recently?"

Tim was a Knight Captain of the Holy Church branch stationed at Sulfur Mountain City. Even though this was an Underground City filled with 'evil' dwellers, he still continued the good habit of patrolling regularly, even if he wasn't responsible for the security of this city.

I must say, no matter how corrupted and depraved the upper echelons of the Holy Church was, those hardworking Holy Knights and Priests at the fundamental level who followed the teachings of the Holy Light when dealing with stuff, helping the weak and destroying 'evil' was the main reason why normal people approved of the teachings of Holy Light. This was also the main reason why the Holy Church was able to maintain its sphere of influence among many of the Human Kingdoms.

In the Surface World, the Holy Knights were extremely used to this kind of daily patrol. They would offer assistance to the citizens and if they meet with villains, they would unsheathe their swords to rid the evil. Of course, this was all for free...

However, in this unique city, the daily patrols of Tim and his comrades had caused much trouble from the very start and thus, their presence wasn't really welcomed.

Even though the outcome of their kind gestures wasn't good, Tim still felt proud of himself. After all, if they were to speak of their adventures, it could very possibly become a legendary story passed down among taverns.

For example, they attacked a Dark Elf who was scamming an old lady (Actually, the Town Security was escorting the old lady back home), crashing in on the Undead's mysterious tribute ritual (The well-known skeleton dance team's performance stage) and destroyed the evil Lich's super-sized Bone Spirit Tower (The theme park's Ferris Wheel. It took me so much trouble to build it. Of course, after the incident, I sent a giant fine to old Bill and it was said that these idiots are still cleaning the toilets for the entire team).

They even saved an innocent young woman who was being petrified by Medusa (The poor Medusa sculptor was scared out of his wits. He was repeatedly emphasizing that he was kidnapped by a bunch of lunatics who were praising Holy Light and was coerced into changing his sculpture into a human), and challenging an Ancient Red Dragon who was attacking the children. O Holy Light above, it actually intended to eat those little children...

The heavens above could serve as the witness. That day Little Red was only habitually giving into her maternal instincts and was playing 'Heroes VS Evil Dragon' with the children of the park. Then, a bunch of 'old children' couldn't read the situation joined in... Fortunately, Little Red's mood was quite good that day, that's why old Bill could still dig out these metal-skinned cans from the sand pile in the park instead of conducting a ritual for the departure of souls...

Of course, they also had to pay the price. After all, the parents of those frightened kids weren't easy to appease, especially when only their heads were protruding from the sand pile. After going through a relentless 'assault' from the parents, they spent many days before managing to clean away the smell of rotten eggs and tomatoes from their heads.

When they finally understood that they were no longer in the Human Kingdoms of the Surface, understood that the environment they were in was unique and that their actions were only causing panic and fright... Un, more importantly, with the hefty fines sent and the detentions they were subjected to, they had to learn to be more obedient.

At least, they knew that this city which followed the Law belonged to the Order Faction and that this city didn't require their assistance in vanquishing evil. Finally, they stopped the action of shouting 'O Holy Light, that evil villain is worthy of a fight' and charged at a race of Chaos after catching sight of one.

Un, Tim already remembered that in this city, this wasn't called 'vanquishing evil' but 'inflicting intentional physical harm on others' and it would result in jail time. The most ridiculous aspect of this city was that it actually prohibited duels that were filled with the spirit of the Knights. They labeled it as 'premeditated murder' and it was a heavy crime that called for a harsh punishment.

Of course, there were religious fanatics everywhere who just couldn't learn to keep themselves in check. When it came down to it, the Sulfur Mountain City governor would protest and issue a document to have them sent back to the Surface.

Tim was considered the better of the lot. After committing a few mistakes, he started to nurture a habit of assessing the situation properly before drawing his sword. He also gradually got used to the presence of the 'Claws of Chaos' roaming the streets.

In reality, when he knew that the Dark Elf Town Security Knight army also believed in the Holy Light as well, he made a decision to pursue a non-human wife. After all, the Holy Light didn't rule that the wife one married had to be a human. The few beautiful Priestesses in the Church always had hundreds of flies buzzing around them. He knew that there wasn't much hope for him.

But very quickly, he gave up. He thought that a matrimony was possible since these female Dark Elves believed in the Holy Light. However, they still retained the traditional view of the Dark Elves. The Dark Elf society was a classical feminist society. In a traditional Dark Elf household, a husband was a phrase that is synonymous with slave...

However, what was weird was that despite knowing this, there were still a few diligent colleagues who normally didn't bat an eyelid toward normal females actually tried even harder to pursue those female Dark Elves, especially that female Dark Elf Momo who used a whip...

Alright, the Tim who had vaguely guessed something took the initiative to pull apart his distance from these colleagues of his, who were getting weirder.

But after that chaotic fight, he felt that the situation changed once again. On previous days, the citizens were wary and guarded against him, but they were still to an extent, friendly. But nowadays, the wariness in their eyes disappeared and what could be sensed was sympathy and that weird way of calling.

"Leftover Knight!? If it is just that Beastman auntie who obviously can't recognize words pronounce it wrongly then I can just ignore it, but why does even the boss of the flower shop and the waiter of the restaurant pronounce it wrongly. Recently, I will even somehow get discounts and benefits while dining. Walking on the street, there will even be people shouting behind me 'don't give up, tomorrow would be better!'"

TL: (?, sheng) -> means [Holy] while (?, sheng) -> means [Remaining, left behind] Truthfully, for Chinese words, even with the same Hanyu Pinyin, they normally have different intonations to so that one can differentiate the words but these 2 words have the exact same Hanyu Pinyin and intonation so I have no idea how did he managed to

hear the difference between the two.

"Hmph, it is just being called Leftover Knight a few times, there is nothing big about that. We are the 'knights who are left behind' anyway, so what is wrong with this nickname."

Lucas was also sent here together with him. He is normally warm-hearted and often help people to fix water pipes and draw water, thus giving him the name of 'Good-man Lucas'. Just that since 2 days ago, he would sit down in dormitory silently like an ice-cube. What was even weirder is when Tim decided to pull him out to patrol so that they could have a chat about what was bothering him.

But throughout the path, no matter what he says, Lucas remains silent and he would only stare at that withered lily in a daze. Now that he was finally willing to talk, it was a good thing!

"Lucas, exactly what happened to you? You have been acting weird these two days, everyone is worried about you."

The concern of his comrade made Lucas's frozen heart feel some warmth. After another moment of silence, he gives out a long sigh and begins describing what he met with 2 days ago.

"2 days ago, a female said she want to marry me."

"Waaaaaaa. Isn't that a good thing!! Then, why are you still so depressed."

But very quickly, the tragic history of his comrades flashed through his mind, and many different kinds of tragedies reaches the tip of his mouth...

But seeing how Tim suddenly stopped talking, Lucas managed to guess what was running through his mind and shakes his head.

"The other party isn't a fallen angel or demon who is trying to corrupt me. My position in the team is a mere average, not worthy of such treatment."

"Then?"

"I'm not as unlucky as Fenk and Welon. What I met with isn't a Beastman auntie that was above 40 years old or a cute little boy. She is very cute with an innocent oval face.

She has a beautiful smile with skin like white jade. She is always prancing around and she gives everyone as lively feeling."

"Then why are you still...?" Since her qualifications were so good, then why is Lucas still so depressed? Tim was unable to comprehend.

At this moment, Lucas's face was full of reminiscence as he speaks softly.

"She carries a flower to me and says brother knight, don't be sad. Little Xin will be your wife. That smile is just like the warm sun and that sweet voice, is as attractive as honey. But..."

In an instant, the clear skies turned cloudy and Lucas started crying.

"...She is only 9 years old! 9 years old!! She is still so young and I am not a beast!!"

Finding the root of the problem, Tim pats Lucas sympathetically. Just as he was about to say something, a smile creeps on Lucas's face.

"However, she said that she was going to marry me when she grows up. Haha, she even says that when she grows to an adult, even if I am the Leftover Knight on the flyer, I should already have enough money to buy a house and a mount."

In an instant, Tim found himself at a loss of words. After a long period of time, he squeezes out a word from his teeth.

"That... congratulations."

"Urghhh!!" But then, the hint of glee on Lucas's face disappears as he lowers his head to cry in agony while hugging the purple lily.

"Lucas, stop crying. What does 10 years count as. Look at me, I am almost 35 but I am still a bachelor. Even you wait 10 years, you would only be 37 years old. You will still be much better than the other brothers in our squad."

"Urk, no... Not 10 years!!"

"Hm? Even if you wait a little longer than that, but we Leftover Knights can afford to wait!!" Reaching this point, Tim also understood the meaning of Leftover Knights and started to comprehend the meaning behind those weird gazes and sympathy.

But after hearing his consolation, Lucas cried even more miserably.

"I... I can't wait until that day! Arrghh!!! It is not 10 years, it is... Is 200 years!! She is an Elf and need 200 years to become an adult!! That is to say, she thinks that it would take me 200 years to buy a house!! 200 years, when she finally becomes an adult, I would already become ashes!"

Hearing that, other than hugging this brother of his who became more hurt from his rare shot at love, what else can Tim do...

"Why don't we go to Nanxiang and give it a try. From what I know, a lot of cities provide lodging for their Public Security members."

Nanxiang's recruitment for students was successful to a point of incredulity. Within 3 days, it had managed to pull away a third of the Church's total personnel in Sulfur City. Afterwards, there are also many people who signed up...

The legal system in Chrome City was also in the midst of being built and in 2 months, after the first batch of short-term training class students graduate, we could invest them into Chrome City's administrative and legal system.

Then, very quickly, the scattered page of the Origin of Codex could display it uses and start to collect the faith of the citizens towards law and fairness. Then, we could grant the Power of Law to personnel of the legal system and provide military might to the enforcers and the judgement. When this cycle happens, the recovery of the God Equipment Origin of Codex would be hastened.

When this city is taken under the wing of the legal system and its citizens accepts law as one of its beliefs, the Power of the Law in the whole world will grow stronger and would be able to grant even stronger power to its believers. Probably, the initial Holy Light also started growing like that.

When the belief in law starts to spread, hopefully, the views of humans towards other races would not just be limited to simply Chaos and Order and this change in views might be the starting point to harmony.

"Since wiping out an entire faction is impossible, then why not try sowing the seeds of communication and compromise. Now, in Sulfur Mountain City, even Holy Knights

are learning to judge people based on their crimes and not their races. At least, this shows the that there is a chance for success."

But, for now, I am able to look so far ahead and can only be stressed over the daily quest in front of me.

Now, the Evil Points that I have accumulated is 49 888, not too far away from the day of my revival. However, the few daily quests that have appeared are 'Kill a hundred humans', 'Destroy a few Beastman family, leave not a single one remaining' and such quests, which are not easy to play around with. This caused me to lose quite a few points. If I were to continue losing points like that, how can I revive?

"Daily quest: Create a nude running event that would catch the attention of the citizens. The more people who joins in the run, the more audiences there is, the more screams and shrieks there are, the greater the prize!"

I fell into deep thoughts. Due to the recent quests being too brutal, I had to give them all up. This quest that is in bad humor became my rain in the drought.

"Lord, perhaps we would require the help of others."

After knowing what my quest is, Elisa said that.

I nodded my head and sent out my bat messenger...

"Old cow, I heard that you have been getting by well recently. I, Lich Roland, have something which I would like your help for. I heard that your relationship with the Wild Druid Alliance isn't bad. The thing is that..."

Chapter 30

The Entrusted

Explode a public bath? Steal the clothes in a shop's changing room? Or summon a corrosive acidic rain? Or directly splash dirty water on passerby?

I won't do any of those stated above. Not mentioning that these are all against the law, they go against my principle of trying my best not to involve the innocent. Un, only trying my best...

I have a much better idea! And it is completely legal!

After all, there are quite a bit of perverts in this town and I don't have a reason to commit the crime personally...

Sulfur Mountain Wild Druid Alliance Branch, simplified as Wild Bull Alliance, is a moderate Druid organization. Un, just moderate in comparison. In many places, Druids are synonymous with terrorist organizations and a bunch of trouble.

TL: Un is the sound made with the tongue on the tip of your mouth normally used to express consent, agreement.

Why? In the eyes of the public, aren't Druids friendly? The son of the jungle, coexisting harmoniously with nature, absence of desires and self-sufficient.

However, I must say that those who say these words are people who have yet to come into direct contact with Druids.

As most people know, Druids worship the nature. To simplify it, anything that is natural is good and anything that is man-made is bad.

The Druids who follow the original teachings detest everything that is man-made. They view metallic tools as the enemy of nature, needless to say engineers and product if modern industries. They even view cities as a cage made of metal and concrete. In their ideals, it is best culture comes to an end and everyone return to living like in primitive societies.

In the world I lived in previously, these kinds of organizations also exist. To protect nature, they kill poachers and destroy factories. In reality, that sets them no difference from terrorist organizations.

The Druids who are able to interact peacefully with other life can roughly be considered the moderate faction and the Wild Bull Alliance is the moderate faction within the moderate faction. Otherwise, Sulfur Mountain City wouldn't allow for their existence here.

Alright, even in Eich continent, people still hope that their life gets better by the days rather than becoming more and more primitive. This kind of tribe and teaching isn't suited for life in normal societies. Also, there isn't a lack of normal people within Druids as well. There are always people who want to eat delicious food rather than furry blood-stained ones. Thus, their internal structures are always re-organizing and breaking apart.

'We only oppose to excessive logging (Of course, we also reject mining. But, it is only a verbal rejection, we won't stop it physically)' and 'We only oppose against the hunting of whales. (We also reject the hunting of dolphins and sea lions! We don't protect crabs and as for sea horses, we still need to hold a meeting on Tuesday to discuss over it)'. This kind of moderate faction, in actuality, is only using these multiple stands in rejecting certain actions to retain their identity and teachings of Druids. In fact, they aren't much different from normal people.

As the moderate faction within the moderate faction, the Wild Bull Alliance only rejects one man-made object and is known as the role model to the harmonious coexistence of the Druid and Human society.

But, it is a pity that the man-made object that they reject is too unique, resulting in their faction being unable to expand for a long time... Well, not everyone has the courage to remove that man-made object.

Alright, now that I have got to this point, everyone should be onto that man-made product that they object to.

Yes, they reject clothes...

Right, their teachings preach that the physical body is the most perfect creation of nature and clothes are a sin. Even more so, we, Druids, are the incarnation of nature

and should not be, in the least, clothed, so that we can show our naturally perfect and wild physical body.

The 'Sulfur Mountain Wild Druid Alliance Branch' is initially named 'Only Wild Body is Natural Beauty, Druids That Wear Clothes are Cultists and Heresy Alliance'. Such a 'gentleman'-like man, it was impossible that I would allow it to be registered with Sulfur Mountain City. Thus, after several edits, it became the Wild Bull Alliance that I could reluctantly accept.

TL: In Chinese, gentleman can also be a slang word for pervert.

Even so, they are still an organization that everyone wants to beat up and their reputation is even worse than the Gentleman Alliance that I'm in. After all, not everyone can accept the sight of a bunch of nude men rushing past them when they are busy... Cough cough, it is plain disgusting just thinking of it. I knew that I should have chased them out.

But, in consideration of the diverse population living here, I didn't write a law that dictates 'soiling society's culture' as a crime from the start. After all, the lifestyle of each tribe and race is vastly different, thus it is easy for misunderstandings to arise. For example, Taurens have the habit to drink breast milk at any time which, in the view of other tribes, is obscene in public.

Also, according to the codex, perversion could only be seen as a problem in morals and the brain, using the law to deal with this seems a bit overboard. So, there was no reason for me to refuse them moving to the city.

Of course, I regretted my decision quickly. After successfully registering and moving in, there isn't a single moment that they weren't plotting to spread their teachings to the citizen to expand their influence. This caused a splitting headache for the enforcers and judiciary. To be more direct, they secretly organize group nude runs and waste my manpower.

Towards these entirely nude fellows, normal enforcers really can't do anything against them. Start a fight directly? But the other party didn't break the law and if we use words, it gives them a chance instead to spread their teachings.

"Ha, we are the most primitive beauty. Mother nature created us nude, so what is there to be ashamed about..."

Many different twisted logics were incorporated within and the main problem is that their argument wasn't weak. Furthermore, their leader is a Legend-rank Great Druid who is difficult to deal with.

Fortunately, after the Dark Elf Town Security started taking on the role as enforcers, their arrogance took a blow.

"...You dare to show this tiny furry worm around. Furthermore, it isn't shaved. You sure are courageous."

"Wahhhh, that fellow has such an ugly birthmark on his ass. His legs are also asymmetrical. Despite being naturally deformed, you still dare to run nude. You are really too brave, too shameless..."

"Inferior underground world, get away from me! You are too smelly. How long have you not bathed for? Barbarian!"

"Don't cry, Momo actually sympathizes with you. Heehee, even though it is indeed quite small, not even half the length of Momo's whip. Cough! Un, it's not that small, hee, so please continue to try hard living on. Someone might like it! Un, there's sure to be someone who likes it. Hahaha, Momo can't control herself anymore!"

For a man, for him to be despised in this aspect is indeed quite unbearable. If the one despising is a pretty lady, that makes it double the pain.

Surrounded and criticized by a bunch of sturdy Dark Elf ladies who come from a feminist clan, the Wild Bull Alliance who had their shattered almost disbanded on the spot. Even the powerful Legend Druid Eaglestorm almost tried to drown himself in the river...

After this incident, the Dark Elf Town Security became the weakness of the Wild Bull Alliance. Every activity that they organize is carefully planned to avoid areas where the Town Security could appear.

Back to present time, I am writing an extremely long and boring speech for Elisa to speak on my behalf in my law robe. Attendance is compulsory for all law enforcers (including the Town Security) so that they can learn from it. That speech... is so boring that I might fall asleep from it. Furthermore, it will take at least 3 hours to finish it and the most shameless of it all, I requested for them to jot down notes that will be submitted afterwards so that I can track the progress of their learning. If they aren't

serious, their wages would be deducted.

Fine, it is obviously a kind of torture... I have finally vented my frustration from being constantly vexed by my heavy workload. I am too evil, oh yeah!

Hehe, now, I only need that old bull Xueti to pass the message that the Town Security is busy to the Wild Bull Alliance. Naturally, they would then definitely organize a group activity. When the Town Security finally walks out giddy-headed from the hall, the activities of the Wild Bull Alliance would have long ended.

However, as I don't really like the Wild Bull Alliance, so there are discrepancies in the notified timings and the actual timings. It is around 1 hour late. So, when they are finally retreating after ending activities, they would happen to get caught red-handed by the Town Security and take a heavy mental blow from them. Then, they would require 1 or 2 months of peace to recover for the wounds...

That being said, do you still think daily quests are easy? You still have to plan it out properly. But, it is finally the time to reap the rewards. Sit back and watch the show.

"Pu!"

"Pu!"

Sitting in a cafe that has an entire view of the large square, I ignore the naked men who just ran by as I glanced at the unlucky fellow who just spat out the coffee in his mouth. While happily flipping my newspaper, I enjoyed the havoc in front of me with my peripheral vision.

"The Black brothers have always resolutely supported Lord Annie.Layde as the core of the second generation... Looks like the boss of the Thief Guild of this generation is still quite smart. Then, I will let them go for now."

"Pu!"

Alright, looks like I was happy too early. Elisa, who was opposite of me, spat out her coffee towards me, leaving my head dripping wet.

"Elisa, you did it intentionally!!"

"I'm sorry!! It really was an accident, master." The half-demon maid hurriedly pulls

out a handkerchief to wipe me dry but...

"Wait a minute!! Why are you here? Didn't I ask you to conduct the speech for me? You..."

"I did intend to do the speech in your place then, but when the proposal for the speech reached the Hall of Legislators for approval, Sister Lilith said that since it was a lesson for the Hall of Prosecution internally, it is a little too much of the Supreme Judge does it personally. It is enough to leave it to the Head of Hall of Prosecution to do it himself."

"Oh!" Hearing it, I calmed down. As long as I can keep the Town Security in reins, it is fine that I leave the task to Xueti. But suddenly, I sensed some hesitation in Elisa sitting opposite of me.

"Why? You feel embarrassed? Hehe, no matter how vicious your tongue normally is, you are still a woman after all. Scared by a bunch of guys nude running? Relax, I know you didn't do it intentionally so if you're embarrassed, you can head back first and wait for my great harvest today!"

I smiled gleefully but Elisa shakes her head with the word 'pity' all on it.

"...Master, the reason why I am acting unusually, please look behind you."

"Behind?"

Turning around, it is indeed the scene of demons prancing around. The sharp-nosed Eaglestorm and Xueti were holding hands, jumping and singing at the same time as they surround 2 Holy Knights who were hugging each other, shivering.

Surrounded by a bunch of dancing naked men, I guess it is a first even for the Holy Knights.

Even worse, someone is beginning to strip them of their clothes so that they can join their tour...

"That is... Tim and Lucas? They are really pitiful, to meet with these perverts... I hope they don't leave behind any mental scars, it is unlucky enough being a Leftover Knight."

TL: Sheng -> means left behind (will keep it that way until I find a better word)

Of course I remember that 2 dumbass Holy Knights. I haven't settled the score with them over destroying my Ferris Wheel. But, since they have already met with such misfortune, and my mood is fine today, so I guess I will stop looking for a chance to get even and let bygones be bygones.

"Wait, this isn't right! What is Xueti doing here!!"

My question only received a look of sympathy. Elisa coughs lightly and imitates a familiar voice.

"Lord Silver Rose, please don't help Lord Wumianzhe by taking on his job. Even though your imitation is really like the original, but if someone were to find out, it would affect the reputation of our judiciary. Right, please tell Lord Wumianzhe by the way that as the Head of Hall of Enforcement Lord Guardian of Steel cannot be found anywhere, so the speech would be delayed to 2.30 in the afternoon tomorrow. Tell him to join in if he's interested"

The way which Elisa imitated Lilith's take on trying to be formal is incredibly skillful but I didn't have the free time to be immersing myself in the enjoyment of art...

"So the speech has been delayed? So the Town Security is currently at work as per normal and can appear anytime!!!"

"Bastard!! It's you perverts again! Holy Light, no, Law, grant me power! Incantation of Law: Judgement!"

It is a scene of utter chaos behind me. The sudden appearance of the Town Security caught the Wild Druid Alliance and Xueti by surprise. Immediately, they thought that they were had.

"Bastard Roland, betraying your brothers again. This old bull is never going to let you off!!"

The roaring old bull who was ignorant to the situation thought that the Lich set him up, oblivious to the fact that he was the one who ruined the plan. He raises his head and roars towards the heavens, as though as he has been put through some great grievance.

"Damn, it isn't safe here."

I throw 2 gold coins as newspaper fee and turns around to leave the shop. But, at the entrance of the cafe, 2 Elves are smiling straight at me.

"Hi, mastermind in the shadows. It's you again."

One of them is Captain Diana of the Town Security. The other one is Vice-Captain Yawen and right beside her feet is the heavy and bulky Dragon Saber.

She is born with total immunity to mind-related magic, which is the main reason why I passed this demonic saber, which drives its user into a frenzy, to the Town Security. But, at this moment, I couldn't feel gladness for being able to find a suitable owner for the demonic saber. Rather, I was frustrated with how I managed to shoot myself in the foot once again.

Looking back, Elisa has disappeared without a trace as expected. The half-demon's talent in travelling through sub-dimensions is really first-class, allowing that cold-hearted demon to abandon her comrades decisively. In this instant, I, who was half a beat slow to react, had my surroundings casted with a sub-dimension anchor, making it impossible to escape with spatial magic.

Thus, after a long laughter, I raised both of my hands and...

...Squatted down while hugging my head.

"Don't hit my face!! I still want to go matchmaking to find a wife!"

Just as I was enjoying the warm reception from the Town Security beauties, I hear the familiar voice of Elisa beside my ear.

"Master, didn't I say yesterday that this quest requires some help from others?"

"Hm!? Stop talking and save me!!"

"...Actually, I didn't mean for you to look for those Druids. You could have totally looked for those old comrades of yours in the Undead District. Zombies, Skeleton Soldiers, Butchers and Bone Dragons, they are all naked and you could have brought them to the street until daylight. If you had done that, the quest would have been a huge success!"

I seem to have already seen in my sights, a young lady who was secretly laughing gleefully on the inside but on the surface, a straight face full of confusion, acting innocent...

"Elisa!! You tricked me!!"

Chapter 31

Little Phoenix

A meter-tall mountain of documents filled 3 office desks. The entire room is stuffy and unbearable. A little lass and her 2 helpers were busy in work while moving between the desks.

The overly tall mountain of documents made it such that no silhouette of anyone could be seen, only sounds of screaming, footsteps and the scribbling of pen on paper could be heard. This was my first impression when I walked into the office of the City Lord.

On one side of the wall, bamboo swords, take-copter, gomoku and many different types of toys were scattered over the floor with a thick layer of dust over them. Looks like Adam hasn't been to this room for a while.

TL: Take-copter -> Doraemon's helicopter while Gomoku is a game like tic-tac-toe except you have a much big board and you are supposed to link 5

Truthfully, to be capable of turning the office into a game room, he is a masterpiece among city lords.

Annie is 1.7m and considered pretty tall for females using human standards. But right now, she resembles a Dwarf student stuck in front of a desk. Looking from the front, only the documents and book can be seen.

A thick black eyes circle is on her face. Due to being overly busy in her fight with the sea of documents, she wasn't even aware of my arrival.

Walking there, I signaled to stop the helper that was going to call Annie and picked up a few random documents to take a look.

'The Proposal for the Reparations of the Municipal Facilities that were Destroyed During the Chaos in the 7th to 9th Street', '3 Proposals to Finish the Drainage System Before the Rainy Season' and 'The Settlement of the 4 New Tribes in the City'

"Lord Wumianzhe, this is Lord Margaret's will. All of the B-class and above files of the

Internal Affairs Bureau must be looked through by Miss Annie for her opinions for the matter before passing to Lord Margaret to give her opinions. Then, it would be passed back to Miss Annie to look through before going through with it.

That is to say, every file, before any documents are finalized for actions to be carried out, Annie must deal with it once before Margaret gives her own opinion on how the matter should be dealt with. Then, it is passed to Annie for her to finalize the decision, so she has to look through it twice.

This is literally teaching her step by step. I silently sighed. Looks like Margaret really decided to wash her hands clean of these, that's why she's using this kind of 'fill up the holes' kind of teaching method. She is hoping that Annie could quickly grow to be capable of independently dealing with governance.

"Is that how you Internal Affairs Bureau work? All of the documents must be personally looked over and signed by Margaret? Individually dealing with all of the governance tasks?"

After receiving the other party's answer as though it was something incredible, I looked at the incredible mountain of documents and couldn't help clicking my tongue in amazement. The entire population of Sulfur Mountain City is near 3 million. Just thinking about it and you would know that there is an astronomical amount of work to deal with, but to look over each and every one of it? I can finally understand by Margaret rarely comes out. It is fortunate that Margaret is an immortal who basically needs no sleep. But...

"This kind of method to deal with matters of governance is too primitive. It is just like how ancient kings use only their wisdom and knowledge to make judgement. An immortal who don't need rest and is forever rational could perhaps achieve it but for humans..."

The mountain of files here might even only be accumulation from a day or two. If we were to leave everything to the city lord to handle, she would probably have totally no free time at me.

My job is to create a qualified city lord and not a lunatic who is crushed by work. Thus, I coughed lightly to signal my presence to the city lord trainee.

"Annie, do you know what is the essence of governance?"

What is the essence of governance? To make everyone contented with life and work? To convert make utopia into reality? To let all the race and tribes live harmoniously?

No, no, it is not that complicated. Governance is just working within a fixed system, ideals and other things can't be achieved through simply governance means.

But governance isn't that easy as well. A gap in the administrative organs could result in the workings of the city to stop and an overly inefficient governing body would result in great discontent against the government. It is indeed an existence that no city can go without.

"As the city lord, I... I will try my best to make everyone happy."

"Don't think too much with that small brain of yours. I'm just asking you the essence of governance. Forget it, I'll just tell you directly. Anyway, you really need a rest right now."

I pulled the lass to one side and indicated the helpers to bring some tea over.

The lass's face was a little sunken in without a hint of liveliness, the fiery red hair lost much of the luster it used to have. She seems to be avoiding my gaze, afraid that I would reprimand her.

Shaking my head, I can roughly guess what has happened. Margaret is an impatient perfectionist who would always entrust task to her subordinates according to her own abilities.

'If I can do it, why can't you', 'don't try to reason with me, hypothetical situations are meaningless', these kinds of words are her catchphrase. But in reality, as a Saint that is recognized as the 'Mobile Library', coupled with her identity as an immortal who is has no limits to her stamina, how can ordinary people keep up with her pace...

As Adam's disciple, Annie's combat talent and her physical body is excellent, but for intelligence... For a pure warrior, intelligence can be said to be the most useless stat. Adam that rascal only has 9 points in intelligence (the intelligence here refers to the main stat of a Mage, normal people have 10 points. The basic stats in this novel is very hard to be improved), but he still gets by day to day happily. According to my system, Annie has 11 points in intelligence, making her much better than her dumb father. But

if she were to go by Margaret's 26 point in intelligence standards in learning... She would be driven mad by just learning by the standards of a 13 point, needless to say 26.

Somehow, I seem to see how the Internal Affairs Bureau ended up being her personal organization. She probably couldn't stand those 'intelligence-lacking' 'inefficient and slow' subordinates of hers, thus she took on the burden of doing everything. In the end, she got used to it and decided to just do it all by herself.

This kind of person would probably be considered a sage king in ancient times. But their fatal flaw is that it would be difficult for their successor to cope. After all, you can't expect the son and grandson of a sage king to be an indefatigable and wise sage king as well.

"Hey, as expected of an immortal, to think that this kind of workload won't tire her to death. Annie, don't take Margaret's scolding to heart. Her way of teaching really isn't reliable. In the past, Elisa and Kale almost got played to death by her, and furthermore, they are Mages."

Hearing this, the young lady started to whimper and instead, shakes her head vehemently.

"Big Sister Margaret didn't scold me, she is just very disappointed. Annie feels useless, Annie is really useless. Annie doesn't have the confidence to become a good city lord anymore."

The tears of the young lady fall down drop by drop onto the floor. Looks like Margaret's cold gaze when she's disappointed and her action of walking away silently while shaking her head afterwards had left a deep wound in her heart.

This kind of silent resignation, this kind of disappointment that comes straight from the heart, it hurts the other party more than any other sharp-edged sarcasm, making the other party start to doubt their own capabilities and intelligence...

Why am I so clear of that? In the past, when her lessons aren't going as ideal as I hoped, Elisa would be very depressed over it and even secretly use me to vent her frustration... Although I was the first one to use that technique to hurt Margaret. Hmph, blame it on her lack of skills in chess, acting to smug despite being so inflexible in her thinking.

Alright, you need to find the one who tied the knot to solve the knot. I finally comprehend why Margaret said that I must come visit Annie today. She must have been subconsciously aware that she used that technique to drive Annie to tears, but had no idea how to resolve the situation.

"Haaaa, stop crying, let Uncle Bones teach you. Actually, Margaret's way of doing things is a mistake by itself. It is normal that you aren't able to do it her way. On the other hand, it would be troublesome if you really learn it her way."

Annie's eyes widen, her eyes spelling incomprehension.

"Actually, governance isn't that complicated. Its essence is just to solve problems. That's right, governance is just a means to solve troubles and problems."

Yes, governance is just the act of solving problems and the Internal Affairs Bureau is an organization catered specially to solving problems.

'This job isn't within the range of job scope, please direct it to our superior to deal with it.' = 'Bro, this trouble is too big for us to deal with, talk to our boss instead'.

'This plan should be carried out, but the cost involved is too high and we are unable to fulfil the requirements currently, so it is placed on hold temporarily.' = 'Bro, what you said is excellent and we want to do it too. But, our treasury doesn't have any money so just leave it first'.

'We understand your difficulties but this job concerns the privacy of others, so it isn't convenient for our department to intervene. Please settle it internally' = 'Idiot, don't waste my manpower. It is such a small matter so deal with it yourself'.

What is the point of saying it so complicated and kindly, the main goal of governance is to settle the problems and troubles that turn up in daily life or development, allowing most of the population to lead stable lives... The book I personally wrote «The Art of Language, Step-By-Step Guide to Deal with Complaints and Resolve Arguments (Also known as The True Meaning Behind Official Dialect Manual)» has been well-received and it significantly improved the governing efficiency of the judiciary. The citizens interviewed even said that 'Even though I didn't understand what they were saying, but it sounds impressive. It feels like my opinions are respected,' but the side effect to that is that people are shooting me weird gazes and I even see people flipping the book while listening to me talk...

"In reality, you all have underestimated Adam that 9 point intelligence dumbass. Actually, in my eyes, I find him an excellent city lord."

Hearing that, Annie raises her head in shock with disbelief on her face. These days, she has heard countless complaints against her surrogate father.

"But... Everyone says that it is because of Big Sister Margaret helping out, that's why he can become a good city lord. If he could take on more responsibilities, everyone's job would be easier and life would be more..."

"Then Sulfur Mountain City would not be too far from its doomsday. Yes, he does depend of Margaret to deal with most of his governing affairs but even if Margaret isn't here, he could have got other people to deal with it for him, despite the lowered efficiency. His greatest strength is that he knows how to use others and trust them, after entrusting the matter to others, he won't interfere and create trouble."

"You are the city lord, not the head of Internal Affairs Bureau. What you need to just to find people who can solve problems for you and dump it all on them, not to solve it yourself."

Annie seems to be about to say something, but I interrupted her.

"Look, he entrusted affairs of the legal system to me, Internal Affairs Bureau to Margaret and the troublesome civilian problem to the Public Council. No matter how it went, at least this city is the fastest developing one in the underground world and winners don't have to be criticized. Besides, city lords also have their own responsibility, and that is much more important than these boring matters on governance."

"Responsibility of a city lord?"

"Yes, you might feel that Adam is obviously lazing around, but the citizens still respect him a lot. That is because he is fulfilling his main duty as the city lord."

"Main duty of a city lord?" After savoring these words, she recalls the daily routine of her father and suddenly, sparks appear in both her eyes and the young lady found her own shine again.

"Protecting everyone, right? So as to let everyone live peacefully in this chaotic underground world?"

I smile and nod my head.

"Yes, protecting everyone and be the one that leads everyone into the future, allowing everyone to be able to have good expectations for the future. This is the true job of a city lord. As for the other meddlesome affairs, find a few fellows with good head and dump it on them. If they screw it up, just sack them and find someone to replace them. There is bound to be someone suitable."

"In this chaotic underground world, military might is a must and you should quite talented in this aspect, being Sulfur Mountain City, no, the entire underground world's youngest quasi-legend."

Hearing my words, Annie nods her head forcefully after finally finding her strengths. In my eyes, it looks like a cute dog that was happy and satisfied after finally finding its own worth.

"Godfather says that I'm just a step away from Legend-rank. I can enter legend mid phase right after I accept the Phoenix Heart at the end of the inheritance. Afterwards, I would be able to attain Saint-rank within 30 years."

"Wow. This speed is really inconceivable." Even I am stunned by this astonishing speed. The average age of normal legends is past hundred and Annie isn't even 20 yet. I was also past 100 when I first got to Saint-rank. "But, to be smiling so happily, she probably doesn't know what is the Phoenix Heart."

Shaking my head, I decided not to interfere as it is their family affair, I should not be the one to say such things. For now, my goal is only to complete the main storyline quest and groom Annie into a competent city lord...

"Un, after 2 days, follow me to the Underground Alliance. I will teach you about the other job of a city lord. 'How to use the carrot-and-stick approach to maximize the gains in a negotiation', but since it is an underground city, I'm afraid that I can only teach you about the stick."

"Anyway, the goal of this trip is to show our might, so there will be many chance for you to strike out on the way. I will also be bringing the city's biggest troublemakers like the Beyar brothers, Stormeagle and the other living treasures of my subordinates. You just have to responsible for giving a tough face on the surface and leave the rest to me. We're going to play big and overturn the entire Underground Alliance."

"Adam's Soul Imprint is the Undying Phoenix, making him suited for long battles. As long as you are unable to kill him in a single go, he will absorb the damage and the Phoenix's Cradle will become stronger and stronger before exploding in one go. It might be an inheritance but you might not be suited to his fighting style. I feel that you are more suited for an offensive style that suppresses the opponent right from the start. This requires battle experience, so give it your best in the fight with the Underground Alliance."

TL: In Chinese mythology, the more damage/grievance etc. a phoenix goes through during its 'cradle' stage before its, the more magnificent and stronger it would be when reborn.

She was indeed still like a little girl on the inside. She would tighten her will and do the governing affairs she hated with a crying face but when you start the topic of something she likes, she would immediately become very energetic and enthusiastic...

"Governance? This is simple, isn't it just solving problems? Find a few merchants that are good at financing and let them do the accounting. Un, just create a new department in the Internal Affairs Bureau and call it the... Finance Department."

"As for the building of public amenities, we can look for miners, architects and building companies. But, we must first strip them of their self-interest. Right, we could call it the Infrastructure Department."

"Don't follow Margaret's footsteps, it is too tiring. You just have to lay out the backbone and choose people suitable. If they can't do it well, just change the people on the job. To protect this city in the future, you have to devote much of your attention into training. Hehe, I would like to hear of the heroics if the new generation of Red Lotus Hero."

"Don't panic, you are already ahead of that dumbass by a lot. The Adam back then was much more useless than you. He can't be anymore silly. The first time he tried to settle other people's feud, he actually..."

Slowly, Annie, who have not slept for 2 days and just undergo a great fluctuation in emotions, actually fell asleep on me while listening to me speak.

Looking at the deeply asleep young lady who was snoring lightly, I can't help but reminisce the past.

"Humans are really a unique life being. Yesterday, she was still a snotty brat but in a turn of an eye, she's already an adult today."

Back then, when Adam brought Annie home, she was so small but now, not mentioning that she has already physically matured, she is already intending to take on the heavy responsibilities that her elder left her with.

Seeing the black circles below Annie's eyes, I felt a little resentment towards Margaret.

"Seriously, she left Adam to be so carefree yet treats Annie so strictly. Adam too, Phoenix Heart, it is the heart of the Phoenix. Such a heavy responsibility, do you think she will be able to shoulder the truth?"

"Uncle Bones, Big Sister Margaret, Father..." Suddenly, the tears seep out from the sleeping young lady as she calls out our names.

"...Don't go!! Don't abandon Annie! Annie will be obedient."

The dream of the tragedy made my outstretched hand stop in midair...

I never said that that I was leaving and even more so, Margaret and Adam never mentioned that the current city lord was going to die... But it looks like we underestimated this seemingly talkative and sloppy young lady.

It was after a long pause then did I carefully wipe away her tears and caress her hair.

That apologetic mumble was something I couldn't even hear clearly myself.

"I'm sorry, little Annie. Adults are all selfish... We are a bunch of selfish jerks."

But what I didn't know was that in the City Lord Residence, 2 people were speaking the exact same words as me.

"I knew that Roland could solve the problem. Stop blaming yourself, Margaret. Little Annie is actually much stronger than we think she is."

"..."

"...Stop crying, Margaret. This isn't like you. If you can't bear to leave her, you still can choose to stay."

That's right, the one who was silently whimpering at the corner isn't Annie who was hurt unintentionally, but the one who asked for my help. Due to being too worried, she went against her principles of listening in, the perpetually calm Saint Lord Margaret...

Hearing the words of the heartless man, fire of anger started burning in the eyes of Margaret who still had tears on the side of her cheeks.

"You also could have chosen not to die! Then everything would be solved! You selfish bastard!" If looks could kill, Adam would have been pierced by thousands of arrows.

"...Yeah, who asked us to all be selfish adults. It's just that we are all apologetic to little Annie. Besides... hehe, don't be worried about it so early."

"You're laughing? You..."

"Calm down, no matter what, I am still Annie's father. There is no reason why I wouldn't know what she wants and needs the most. Hehe, relax, I have it all planned out. It would definitely be a happy ending, a happy happy ending."

"I will believe you once more, the final time!! You selfish bastard!" The Saint abandons her image and grinds her teeth while roaring furiously.

Chapter 32

Lisa

When I finally leave the City Lord Residence, it is already quite late but I really don't feel like returning to the Watch Room.

Watch Room? Yes, Lich Roland is still under custody in the Watch Room for causing that huge chaos and he only sneaked out just now.

The planning of a group nude run may not have broken any of the laws and really couldn't be considered a crime, but locking them up for 3 to 5 days for them to reflect over their actions is a must.

I had summoned a skeleton to put my usual accessories, clothes and cast some magic on him to fake a Lich that is sleeping while I ran out myself. If it was other days, I had to rush back to not get noticed.

After all, Dark Elves are sensitive to magic and it wouldn't be hard for them to notice the difference while patrolling. But now, they didn't have the time to bother with that obedient Lich at that corner.

The reason? That is because they are busy, extremely busy... To tell the story, I must start from where my sin begun, the month ban on engineering.

From the perspective of purifying Sulfur Mountain City's culture, the effects of the ban could be said to be perfect. After those damned living time bombs, Dwarves and goblins, were sent into the Watch Room, the crime rate of the entire Sulfur Mountain City and the cases reported went down by 3% instantly. There isn't even a single explosion last night.

But, when the Town Security Knights delightedly slept a peaceful night, they realized that it was, in fact, the start of a nightmare.

What is worse than a trouble that cannot be settled is when multiple troubles come together. When the many engineers in the Watch Room started to unite, when the flag for the first Sulfur Mountain City Engineering Conference was hailed, even the

worldly-experienced me and my companions were shocked.

The goblin Engineers discussed their experiences of exploding bombs and being exploded on while the goblins talked about all kinds of different unique ways to thinking and methods. Alright, they were mainly different kinds of suicide methods. What's more is that despite being body checked to be clean, in the intense boredom, the Dwarves and the goblins were even discussing vehemently about the product of the combination of the two types of engineering study...

Initially, I was still merrily inciting the flames at one side..."We could create a Goblin Shredder that is as big as a mountain. With just a chainsaw, it would be able to cut down the Ancient War Trees of High Elves. Impossible? Will be extremely heavy? Child, why are you so lacking in imagination? You forgot that there is not only a master here. If we were to use the Dwarf's electrical conduit and pressure regulator, not only will it not be too heavy, it always won't explode too fast."

"We can create a gigantic fire-spitting dragon machine, then color its head red. Like this, it would be 3 times faster."

"We could create a head that would continuously rotate, a screw saucer. We could use it to drill all the way to the surface. This way, we won't have to pay the fee for passing through the underground city guarding the route to the surface."

But very quickly, I realized that the situation is getting out of hand. Their motivation was too strong. Once I mentioned the idea of combining techniques and new aspects that could be researched, as they were euphoric over the discussion, they actually started to work on it.

"No fire source? My shoe is a flint, capable to creating sparks by knocking with the surface."

"No spare parts? Hehe, my little brother Yingou is a part-time Fire Mage, what does melting a few metal poles count to him."

"No gunpowder? Hehe, I am a Double Master in both goblin Alchemy and goblin Engineering. Come, pick up that soap for me... No, I'm not a gay, I only want to use that soap and the animal fats in your lunch as ingredients. Look at my how I hand make glyceryl trinitrate!! This is the ultimate skill that I learnt from Sealman in the South Roz. After getting hold of this secret recipe, my mum never has to worry about my

machine lacking fuel anymore."

TL: Glyceryl trinitrate, also known as nitroglycerin, explodes from tremors.

"No fuse, catalyst and winder? Wait, let me strip... Hey. I really am not gay. Look, these clothes have been soaked in liquid hexogen, it could explode if I were to casually tear a cloth out. (The goblin beside him looks at him in respect, the meaning being 'You are really a role model for the goblin's research spirit. You actually dare to wear this kind of thing on your body'). By putting together these buttons, it forms the most basic equipment tool set. There is even wrench, chisel and vise. You want it? I'm not selling it. This is the birthday present that the smart Lich gave me. It is the symbol of our friendship!!... If you really want it that much, it is not like I can't part with it. It costs at least 30000 gold coin!"

Touching his hairless chin proudly, the weather-beaten Jinya.Beyar smiles at me and gives me a thumbs-up.

Looking at the Beyar brothers who, using their superior skills, vaguely became the leader of the crowd, watching how they passionately pluck out the metal poles and melted it to make spare parts, using soap and animal fats to create explosive, I feel so regretful that my intestines are turning blue. Un, that is if I still have intestine.

"...I swear that when I get out, I must find a reason to throw back all back in again. The crime? If I'm not wrong, if they were to continue on this path, there will be one awhile later."

Fine, in order not to see the Watch Room which was built with taxes by the citizens get blasted to the sky, and more importantly, to not get blasted into the sky, I decisively called for support.

"Elisa, go and report to the Town Security Headquarters. Say that the bunch of goblins in the Watch Room are creating a gigantic bomb that can destroy the entire city!"

Alright, what is left is easy. Once the Town Security arrive, they will suppress this bunch of lawless engineers with the guards of the Watch Room...

But this was only the beginning... Once the fire of the pursuit of knowledge has been ignited, then it can never be extinguished — goblin Master Engineer Jinya.Beyar.

They only changed from a surface collaboration into an underground collusion. All

kinds of engineering blueprints fly around like underground intelligence, with just one mutual look in the eye, they are able to transfer information...

Furthermore, the idea of Sulfur Mountain City Master Engineer Collaboration Project had been somehow spread to the outside. Afterwards, many engineer masters from the outside began to stir up trouble to look for a chance to join this 'Grand Meeting', and they were even willing to offer their precious spare parts as an entrance fee.

The final result is that when the guards turn around, clink clank clink clank, they start to get to work but the moment the guard's eyes are on them, they start to whistle and act innocent.

Helpless, the Town Security could only gather all their force to stare at all of them to stop their actions. Naturally, the other criminals would then have it easy and I also took this opportunity to sneak out to see Annie.

Cough, end of the recollection. Right now, the Watch Room is like the entrance to a volcano, ready to cause a ruckus at any time. Un, the word ruckus, perhaps, it would be more appropriate to swap it with explode.

A gentleman won't station itself under an unsteady wall. Besides, I never thought that I am a gentleman who abide by morals and ethics, and even more so, wouldn't take the initiative to enjoy an explosion.

"Then, before they get out of control and things start exploding, I better go somewhere else to spend my time. Un, let's go visit Little Red."

But unexpectedly, through communications, I got the news from her underlings that she wasn't at home.

"Hehe, she suffered the greatest indignant loss in her entire life this time, she must be fuming. Right now, if she isn't looking for someone to fight with, she could only be there!"

As expected, when I arrived at the Central District's biggest Bar Fiery Red Rose, just as I was walking into the room we often frequent, I could hear a familiar voice coming from within.

"Roland, accompany me for a drink!"

"Why, changing into human form and drinking so gloomily by yourself? Alcohol isn't good for wounds."

Yes, not any different from an unmanageable teenage girl, Little Red's, who was also in her rebellious phase, favorite hobby is drinking and fighting. Now that there aren't any suitable opponents for her fight, she could only look for a place to drink.

"Hmph, that is a ban which only you fragile humans need. For me, drinking a little alcohol can help me numb the pain and sleep more comfortably."

Pulling apart the curtains, a black-haired ravishing lady was hugging a wooden barrel and drinking directly from it. Furthermore, it was one with extremely high alcohol content made for the Dwarves.

Her long black hair was as smooth as silk and her crescent eyebrows gave her additional femininity. She has a tall figure and her tight leather shirt showcased the entirety of her perfect figure. Her slender arms are white like snow and her features had a refreshing taste to it. Her green nails had a hint of blood color to it. Just looking from outer appearance, she feels like a lady from a family of scholars.

There is an eye-patch on her left eye and there were quite a lot of bandages on her body. Her entire body was filled with the smell of medicated wine, making her seem delicate.

But, the moment she opens her eyes, no one would treat her like a weak lady. The wildness in those eyes of the beast. No, it should be the gaze of the hunter on the top of the food chain evaluating its prey, making the weak feel like their life lies on a thread as they tremble in fear.

Why, are you disappointed? Did you think that all female Red Dragon would turn into a loli dressed in red? Too naive, you think a gigantic dragon would like to turn into a little girl? A stereotypical view from those who watch too much Knight novels.

Why? In the wilderness, a little girl with strong physical abilities suddenly appears. Despite the ground being full of dirt, her clothes are totally spotless? Even a fool would know that something is amiss.

TL: Knight novels sort of refers to story of a knight saving a princess etc., all these kind of nice delusions, fairy tales.

Cough, back then, this female dragon really read too many Knight novels and she intended to sneak into our adventuring team just like that to start on an epic adventure. Unfortunately, we seen through her right from the start.

Just that, we were happy to have another strong fighter and a lucky charm, so why would we expose it? Instead, we tried our best to pretend to be ignorant of it as we raised both of our hands to warmly welcome this 'Legend-rank Female Berserker and Fire Mage Rookie'.

In the end, she showed her true form due to an accident but facing the rest of us who were calm and obviously looked like we knew the truth long ago, she pressured us into telling her what went wrong with her disguise. However, that answer became the shame of her life and her greatest dark history.

"Strength requires time to build up. A Legend-rank that looks around 10 years old, after excluding several possibilities, the disguise of some other strong race becomes the most probable answer, and the one who can most possibly do this kind of thing should be the Dragon race." This is how the cold-faced Margaret explained. Back then, she was still a normal human Mage who was sharp with her tongue but soft in her heart, she was still rather worried about Little Red's pride.

"I guess it is your Equipment and Weapons. Looking at your Spider Queen Mage Hunter's Spider Thread Skirt, if you were to put it in the market, you should be able to earn enough to buy a small city." Considering the tender personality and gentlemanly attitude a Holy Knight should portray, I thought that I should consider her pride at a time like this. So, I squeezed my brain juice and tried my best to find a subtle flaw in her disguise and mentions it smiling.

"Dumbass Little Red, the first time we met, you tackled an entire week of our ration at one go, causing us to have to go hunt to top up on our ration. Do you think a human can eat that much? Hmph, you caused to go on a diet for an entire night." Fine, the Thief Lisa.Grant was still harboring a grudge over her hunger that night.

"Hahaha, all of you fools, you only realized it this late. I knew it at first glance. Wasn't Little Red reading a book then, the popular Knight novel «My Dragon Princess from the Stars», isn't it a story about how a dragon turned into a young girl to roam the human world, and even started a romance with a human? To think you all failed to see through such an obvious flaw. Haha, to think you all always call me a fool, I think that you all are the fools instead... AHHHHH!!!"

This is... Un, indeed, it is that dumb Adam. After that, we spent a long time before finding back the dumb Hero who was sent several miles flying from a punch from the embarrassed and angry Little Red.

Un, at this point in time, the cute loli Dragon Princess disappeared and replacing her is a mature-version Big Sister Dragon. But, this actually suits her personality quite a bit. Thus, even though the Dragon Tribe could change the age and race they change into (The Transmogrification Spell allows them to choose from Elf and Human, but their outer appearance will not change), she always chose this look.

As for the red dress, that was real. Normally, when a Dragon transmogrifies, they like to choose clothes that are close to their skin color. Little Red likes red color but the problem is...

Adam that fellow is also dressed in red. Furthermore, that fellow always go around causing trouble and being an idiot. If she were to be dressed in the same clothes as him, won't she be treated as his comrade? There isn't a person who wants to be placed in the same category as an idiot... Back then, Little Red said it like that, it definitely isn't me trying to slander him.

"What are you thinking about, come and help me cook the meat. I remember that you were the best at cooking meat back then in our team, let me see if your skills have deteriorated since then."

"You still remember huh."

Yes, the one who knows that I am the leader of the team, Holy Knight Rolo, on the surface, is only Little Red, Ancient Red Dragon Einz Mezus.

The method and angle how the dragons of the Golden Race look at others is different from mortals. In the face of the Dragon Eyes which sees into one's soul, there wasn't a chance I could keep it from her in the start.

Just that, our relationship, rather than companions, it would be more suited to say that it is accomplices... Sometimes, it is better to act ignorant for somethings than to expose it and cause awkwardness in the relationship.

Right now, while grilling my meat, I scatter my secretly-made spices (The main ingredients are cumin and chili powder. At the same time, there are materials required for casting a smoke-related magic), but before I can even brush oil on the meat, she

snatches it over, eats it in a mouthful and swallows it the next moment. She seems to be having great fun eating it.

"This time, I made you suffer indignantly. I will help you to get back at them."

Little Red indeed suffered a lot this time. If it wasn't for some reasons, don't even mention losing, she wouldn't even be injured.

She is just reluctant to accept her loss? What is the troublesome part about the Dragon Tribe? Strong physical abilities, outstanding talent in magic? That isn't it. What makes them hard to deal with is their wings! They can fly!

The Dragon Tribe are the favored ones of the sky. Their flying techniques are outstanding and infant dragons can use magic to help them levitate. Grown dragons can fly as they please and for an Ancient Dragon like Little Red, flying is as natural as breathing to her. In fact, she can even break the laws of physics and truly fly as she please in the sky without using her wings.

The usual strategy that dragons use to deal with enemies is suddenly swiping down from the clouds and even before the enemy can react, they would spit their dragon breath and use magic to destroy their opponents. Then, before the enemy starts retaliate, they start flying upwards and leaves the field.

This fighting strategy may sound shameless but it is highly difficult to deal with. If you wish to slay a dragon, please first think of a method to make the dragon land on the ground. Thus, even Supreme Empires wouldn't casually offend the Dragon Tribe. After all, no one would wish for a fire to break out in their capital once every 2 days yet being unable to track down the culprit.

The high mobility of the Dragon Tribe is what that makes them extremely difficult to deal with. 90% of those successful dragon hunts is because the dragon was blocked in their own lair or that they had fell into some kind of trap. For a dragon in the open, even if they are unable to defeat you, they can definitely escape and when they come back to hunt you for revenge, it would be difficult to cope with it.

This time, the reason why Little Red is injured so badly is because Adam and Margaret is behind her, causing her to be unable to move. So, she can only stand there and get beaten up like a sandbag.

To be treated by others like a fixed punching bag, this kind of insult would naturally

make the proud Little Red feel indignant and displeasure.

When she heard that I would help her get back at them, Little Red stunned for a moment, before picking the wooden barrel by the side and gulps down the alcohol.

"Cough cough!!"

But as she drank in a hurry, this stupid dragon accidentally choked. I quickly helped her to pat her back.

"...No thanks, I will get back at them myself. I will find Molly personally, so don't interfere."

I shake my head. Knowing her reluctance to admit defeat, I have expected her to give such an answer. However, Little Red's individual abilities are slightly above that of Dragon Empress Molly. Otherwise, that old granny would have long appeared to clean her household. After all, Little Red is one of the few existences that could threaten her position as the Dragon Empress.

"Let's go and get back at them together. I have sustained quite a bit of loss this time as well."

Just as I expected, when I started to talk about the trip and a plan to cause trouble, Little Red, who only fears a lack of chaos in the world and was looking for an outlet to vent her stress, agrees happily.

Just that, after I finished speaking, she looks at me playfully.

"Is Lisa still doing fine?"

"...What are you talking about? Oh, Elisa? Her tongue is still as venomous as always. It is a pity she chose to learn from Margaret. She is becoming more and more difficult to deal with nowadays. Just 2 days ago, she caused me to be arrested into the Watch Room. Back then, it was really a mistake to pick her up."

"Stop playing the fool, you know that my Dragon Eyes peek into the soul. Elisa is Lisa, right? The final member in our team, the Thief then whose goal was to become a billionaire, Lisa Grant whom the fool Adam had a crush on for half his life. Hehe, Elisa is just Lisa with a letter E in front which emphasizes the word behind, such a simple word game, I reckon only that fool Adam can't see through it."

"...When did you see through it?"

"From the moment you brought that half-demon girl back, which is right from the start. Hmph, you aren't any better than me, your disguises still have a lot of flaws to them. However, you sure are impressive. I clearly remember that Lisa is dead and even her soul has returned back to the source... Wait, half-demon, you didn't go to the River of the Dead to find her back, did you?"

"Yes, the human Lisa is already dead. The Elisa now is a brand-new life and soul. You can say that Elisa is Lisa, but isn't Lisa at the same time.

Looking at the interested Little Red, my face bitters. Looks like it's come to a time to come clean with things that had happened then.

Difficult chapter to translate, too many technical words to convert and facial/physical description which I am really bad at.

Chapter 33

Truth and the Half-Demon

The pale yellow flame of the oil lamp dances along with the wind. Not too far away in the hall, the singing of bards could be heard. The wind brings along with it the sweet and fragrant scent of alcohol, the sound of the snoring of drunkards and the sound of chattering. This atmosphere really makes one drunk on it and it feels that it would be a good place to reminisce their memories.

"Dang." Throwing out an enchanted gold coin out, it forms an invisible barrier that blocks off all possible spying.

Some things had to be accounted for. Then, where should I start from?

Then let's start with the usual bomb, the accursed Chaos and the heartless Order which threw all races and lifeforms into its Eternal War.

Just like what was said before, this war has no end. Then, why does it have no end? Going by logic, a thing like war should stop when both parties suffer losses beyond a certain acceptable range.

To explain that, we have to start from the origin.

Life, death and the never-ending reincarnation.

I also mentioned before that every life, after their departure, if they believe in the Gods of Order, their soul would be guided to the Pillar of Heaven and follow it all the way up to the Heavenly Realm where the Gods of Order dwell. They would then become a Devotee who serves as a source of faith for the Gods or become a God Envoy or God Attendant who fights for them. Among them, the strongest are the different type of War Angels.

Basically, when you believe in a certain god, you become a member of his Heavenly Realm. Devotees are the lowest-tier existence in the Heavenly Realm, their only job is to pray continuously to provide the power of faith of the gods. Then, when a Devotee is unable to provide any more faith, they would be abandoned to send back into the

cycle of transmigration.

As for the Chaos faction, it is technically the same thing. Just that, compared to using the honor and embrace of divinity to 'guide the pure souls into Heaven that is free of worries', the means of the Chaos Abyss are much more violent.

The endless River Styx passes through countless dimensions and using the words of the Order faction, 'the cursed souls of the sinners will suffer the pain of the corrosion of their souls for eternity'. In reality, the nature of souls tends towards Chaos and any souls that don't believe in the Gods of Order would fall into the River Styx after their death. However, because souls that tend towards chaos are normally selfish and reckless, calling them sinners aren't that wrong as well.

To continue on, the souls of those who died in the Chaos faction would follow the flow of River Styx through countless worlds and dimensions. If the soul is attracted by the world's laws, then it would climb to shore, returning back to life.

For example, if they were to climb onto the shore of the main battlefield of the Eternal War, the Ten Thousand Abyss Plains, then, the evolution of the new soul would most probably be a bloodthirsty battle Demon. If they climb up on a Ragefire Scorched Plains full of Black Chaos Inferno, then the new soul would most probably become a fire-elemental Demon and the terminal of their evolution would probably be the strong Fire Demon Balrog.

Of course, there are also worlds and dimensions that tend towards the good. Quite a lot of swindlers, immoral business men and thieves (who fail to steal anything) reincarnate into the cunning and evil but promise-keeping Devils. On the other hand, the souls of serial killers, burglars and different type of violent criminals reincarnate into Demons who are said to be the incarnation of Chaos itself.

In reality, before climbing to shore, the River Styx would have already completed the transmigration between life and death. The Demons and Devils who climb onto shore are a brand-new life which requires the consumption of other life for a living. The survival of the fittest is the only rule and evolving to become stronger before a predator beyond their means appear is their only means of survival.

The Demons and Devils who climb up from the River Styx have already lost their memories from the time when they were mortals. The only thing on their empty brain is the primitive consume and evolve. Every Demon who have evolved to a certain level

would have already consumed countless of their brethren.

Talking to them about order, the beauty of peace and cooperating for survival is equal to talking to a criminal, who depends on fighting and stealing to become influential, about the harmony of society and helping others is a joy. Isn't that basically denying the value of their entire existence?

Even if the Demons can evolve into a Demon Nobility and after grasping their true name, they are able to regain the memories when they are a mortal, but they already have an entire new set of values for the world and their previous memories would probably be like how mortals view themselves as the main character of a certain novel or movie. It won't have much of an effect on their personality and the new experience and knowledge could instead make them more cunning and difficult to deal with.

Even the stronger Fire Demon Balrogs, who are able to slay a dragon individually, are only a normal member of the Demons. A Demon Nobility, even if it is the weakest Baron, is still an existence that is able to suppress a Fire Demon Balrog with just a single hand. It is said that their nobility is granted by the Goddess of Chaos and the Chaos Abyss itself. For example, the Demon Prince which is slightly higher-ranked than a Demon Duke may seem like nothing much but in actuality, it is almost equal to the godson of the Goddess of Chaos and is an existence equal to the Main God of the Order faction...

Fortunately, the Demon Nobles, due to their great strength, are unable to head to the Eich continent normally. Even if they were to send an incarnation down, it would normally be surrounded and destroyed by the God Envoys and incarnations of the Order gods.

Of course, not every soul that tends towards Chaos would become Demons. A large portion of souls would find themselves being unable to climb to shore and only when the River Styx reaches the very end of the Chaos Abyss can they be reincarnated.

Alright, since if there is life, there will be death. The souls of the dead are constantly reincarnated to become new soldiers for both faction. Naturally, the Eternal War would then be never-ending. These are all laws of the world, similar to how 'the sun is going to rise, the seawater is salty' kind of common knowledge.

But a hundred years ago, a man tried to break this rule.

He tried to make the sun never rise again. He tried to make all the living die and build a country for the dead. He tried to make the Holy Light disappear for good... He is Lord Yongye, yes, the me who was a frenzied chuunibyou back then.

Cough, since it is a dark history, so I will speak less about it. No matter how I try to refute it, Lisa did die from my army, to the hands of one of my most capable Four Heavenly Kings, Bone Dragon Queen Gray.Sin, which is equivalent to dying in my hands. I, who was at my pinnacle then, couldn't accept the fact that I accidentally killed one of my companions. So, I tried to challenge the common sense of the world and alter life and death.

To the me then, if it was just raising someone up to become an undead, they would still be dead, making the act meaningless. If I were to want to revive someone, then it must be a revival true to the word.

The souls of the dead will lose their memory and everything else in the River Styx. But this requires time. After all, even though the water of River Styx is fatal poison to any life, but for it to take effect swiftly, it must be drunk into the body.

So, if I were to use Divination Magic to look for Lisa's soul and pull her out of River Styx before the its water started taking effect and recreate a physical body for her...

This isn't a theory that I came up with but a classical joke that spread among the Mages. This is because that despite being feasible theoretically, but the River Styx can corrode any soul that it comes into contact with. Since it can't be touched, so how can one pull a soul away from it?

Even the Great Demons who can use secret methods to gather the water from River Styx to create medicine dare not touch the River Styx directly. They definitely have no wish to start evolving from the lowest demons again... Falling into the River Styx is also considered one of the most cruel curses in the world of Demons.

However, this concept would have to be corrected. River Styx is the river of souls in this world and also the creator of all living beings. Indeed, she can make any souls from this world sink within its depths, but what if the soul doesn't belong to her and comes from another world... For example, a Transcender from a foreign world.

Back then, I was also dripping with cold sweat. Fortunately, my purely theoretical guesses were correct. But, reality has also proven that this drop of fortune is the start

of greater misfortune...

"You are insane!!! You are challenging the Order which all of the Gods have acknowledged, you are provoking the dignity of both the Malevolent Gods of Chaos and the Gods of Order!!"

The gigantic dragon's shock and roar was just beside my ear. What can I say other than nodding my head bitterly.

"Yes, now that I recall it, I was rather crazy back then. I must really be mad to try to totally break the boundary between the living and the dead. Hehe, if it happens once, then it can happen again. If the dead aren't reincarnated successfully, then what can the Order and Chaos continue fighting with? Both parties definitely won't allow me to continue causing anymore havoc."

Little Red drinks a large mouthful of alcohol.

"Who did you meet? The descend of a true God? If it is just an incarnation, then you should be able to escape even if you can't defeat him."

"Death God Ayer, the very first Undead, the most ancient God."

"Pa da!" The alcohol bottle immediately shatters on the floor as the fragrance of the alcohol leaks out. Ancient Red Dragon Einz Mezus widens her mouth, allowing the alcohol to flow freely down from her mouth. That kind of idiotic look is really rarely seen.

"Hey hey, image, image. If this silly look of yours were to be leaked, then how will you marry in the future?"

I tried to warn her kindly but I ended getting pulled up by her and she stares directly at my eyes.

"YOU. STOP. JOKING. In the million years of history of our Dragon Tribe, that man has only made a move thrice and his opponents were all true Gods! Do you think that you are really amazing? You are only a SemiGod Undead Emperor of recent times, there are much more of those in ancient times. You totally lack the qualifications to make that man move."

The questioning words come out one by one. Both of her dragon eyes were filled with

disbelief and suspicion.

"I. Am. Not. Joking. It really is Ayer, the most ancient God. The super old senior who once followed the Goddess of Chaos and Goddess of Order, the oldest king of the ancestors of Devils, the Mountainous Human Tribe and the oldest Death God who granted intelligence to all Undead."

"Then why are you still here prancing about? I don't think that a SemiGod like you would be able to escape from his hands. The true Gods who he has set his eyes upon have all fallen and you, who is just a SemiGod Undead Emperor, what do you have for you to still be here."

Remembering the gray figure that represents death itself, the blood rose-colored ring on that pale white finger, I couldn't help but shiver. I also felt that it was a miracle that my soul hasn't disintegrated yet.

"...Now that I recall, Death God Ayer never returns the prayers of the undead. Perhaps, he is a representation of Death itself. Or maybe, that is his Concept of Existence and his Obligation is to maintain the order in death itself, that is to say, as long as nothing interferes with the River Styx and the souls of Order from returning to their Gods, then he would definitely not make a move. Back then, I tried to interfere with the River Styx, which was as good as stepping on his boundaries. It was really a suicidal move."

TL: Obligation -> Actually means his job as a god. All Gods of Order has a specific role e.g. Moon Goddess, the Moon would be her Concept of Existence and the Obligation would be everything related to the Moon. This word is going to appear quite many times further in the novel.

I unconsciously sipped a mouthful of alcohol but ended up looking frustrated at the alcohol dripping down from my lower jaw, wetting my shirt. I shake my head and smiles helplessly. It was my worst defeat in this world.

"He only used an incarnation, which only struck once, and he managed to easily sent me kneeling with my soul almost destroyed entirely. My rank went dropping frantically. Ever since then, I terminated the possibility of an undead becoming a true god, because he would have to defeat Death God Ayer. For countless years, the seat of Death God has never changed, showing that this was an impossible task."

"...No wonder Adam and Margaret could defeat you back then. He had been taking it

to heart and he suspects that you secretly went easy on it. I never expected that you were badly injured then."

"Hehe, since an Undead Empire cannot be built and the Demon King is destined for failure, so why not pass on the glory of defeating the Demon King to my brother. However, as my rank dropped frantically, flaws appeared in my initial plans. Margaret saw through my plans and I went from faking my death to almost really dying. I guess it could be considered the only accident."

"You haven't told me how you escaped from Death God Ayer!!"

"...You are wondering why the Undead Empire cannot be built? It is actually pretty simple. From Ayer, I found out that the Gods of Order couldn't possibly allow the undead to replace all of the living. If so, the cycle of life and death would be broken. An Undead Kingdom which doesn't extend beyond half of the world is already the limits of what is acceptable to them..."

An irresistible brute force strikes on my brain and Little Red's word by word question thunders in my eardrum.

"I. AM. ASKING. YOU. HOW DID YOU ESCAPE FROM AYER? STOP CHANGING THE TOPIC! AND STOP TALKING CRAP."

The Soulfire in my eye flickers and finally, I helplessly said the truth.

"I can't say it. I really am unable to say it. This is all for your sake."

The dragon girl's head tilts and she pouts her mouth, her face filled with disdain.

"Hmph, I can guess it all the same even if you don't say it out loud. It must be your specialty in spouting bullshit. Ayer, who doesn't belong to any faction of Gods is a well-known rebel. He is probably like you, unhappy with the current world, so you might have conspired some sinister plot with him and came to an agreement, such as to overthrow the current order... Wuuuuwuuuuu"

The words that come afterwards won't be said out anymore as my bones were stuffed right into her mouth.

After being assaulted suddenly, her black eyes were full of rage. Then, after seeming to have guessed something, the anger changed into shock before turning into panic

and fear.

"I, I, I... I couldn't have hit the jackpot?? Tell me that this isn't real. Lord Ayer, please spare me. I am still young and unwed yet. I haven't raised any small dragons and I don't want to be silenced!!!"

TL: To those who understand Chinese, silence -> he used a phrase ???? which means to kill a dragon to silence it.

"Calm down, you don't know anything. Nothing at all. Why would Ayer come find you? You are just sitting here today chatting with me. You didn't guess anything at all, you didn't think of anything at all!"

Under my consolation and persuasion, she finally calms down after a long period of time.

"Un, remember it. I don't know anything at all. You didn't say anything as well. The Dragon God above, I won't guess anything anymore."

"Don't say it, you really mustn't say it." I nod my head and wiped the cold sweat that doesn't exist. This lass, why is she so good at guessing randomly. She really has the ultimate crow beak with a loose mouth.

TL: Crow beak -> Someone who make inauspicious remarks and jinx it (as in what that was said really happens)

"Right, so what is the deal with Elisa? Why would Lord Ayer let her off?"

Since this is an obvious attempt at changing the topic, so why would I turn away such a good opportunity.

"...While I was pursued by Ayer, I randomly transported Elisa to a faraway place. When I recovered my ability to move, it was already 3 days later. However, Elisa has already started her fight for survival within rubble and was long corrupted by the laws of the dimension into a half-demon. What was left is that I settled her down then afterwards, she was brought to Sulfur Mountain City and you should know what happens after that."

"Half-demon? Shouldn't be. Normally, half-demons are offspring of Demons and when their bloodline finally awakens, they are able to undergo a ritual to awaken their

demonic blood to gain strength. For Elisa who hasn't converted from a dead to be corrupted into a half-demon half-human existence by the world's laws, it might seem to be not so different from normal half-demons but in actuality, they are different down to the core."

I hesitated for a moment. Based on her understanding of the laws, Little Red made her judgement.

"No wonder you said that she is Lisa but at the same time, isn't Lisa as well. The original Lisa has already died and the current Elisa should only be a fragment of her soul which was converted into a half-human half-demon. Really one-of-a-kind in the entirety of Eich."

"Indeed, Ayer has also told me that a person is completely dead the moment they touch the River Styx. Those who climb to shore afterwards are newborn from the original material. Even now, the Chaos Abyss is still continuously calling for her soul, attempting to convert her completely into a demon. She came to shore on the Ragefire Scorched Plains so if she were to be converted, she should be a fire-element Demon. So, I thought her Ice Magic which was the nemesis of fire so that she could resist the corruption coming from her core."

"You sure are dumb, ending up empty-handed in the hand. You even almost paid yourself in."

"I have nothing to refute your words. It is the dumbest thing I have done in my life. But, I don't regret it in the least."

"Have you ever regretted anything in your life? Don't talk about regrets, I haven't even seen you depressed before."

After thinking about it for a while, countless sad memories flashes through my memories and finally, I smiled.

"Nothing. Since I chose seriously in everything I did and tried my best to the last moment, even if it ended up in failure, there is nothing for me to regret. Regret only denies the life that I had so even if I end up in failure, I just have to total up my experience and try harder the next time."

"Hmph, of course you won't regret. Now you have another maid whose mind is all on you. Ha, isn't this just like the past, Adam that rascal having a crush on Lisa but Lisa

only looking at her Team Leader Rolo."

"Can you stop mentioning the pot that didn't open? I am still quite vexed over it. Initially, I thought that there would be a chance this time but in the end, Elisa and Lisa's taste are exactly the same, totally lack of feeling towards Adam."

TL: Pot that didn't open -> Stop specifically talking about whatever that didn't happen (especially when you wanted it to happen)

"Does Adam know?"

"You think that he wouldn't be aware? That fellow may only have 9 points in intelligence but his instincts is really outrageously accurate."

"Just like how he knows you are his Big Brother Rolo but chooses to act dumb?"

"Actually, I'm not sure about that either. Some matters, if you expose it, it would only end in awkwardness. Sometimes, it is better to just act blur. But for Elisa, he did come talk to me about it but he only said 'Elisa is Elisa, Lisa is Lisa. Lisa is dead, so is my heart'.

"I suddenly feel sympathy for Adam."

"I also feel sympathetic for Margaret. Looking at the situation, Adam has been on a single-sided crush for half of his life as his subconscious continuously beautify his memories, making Lisa a perfect full stop in Adam's heart. He is just putting his memory on replay and beautifying the image of the past Lisa in his mind. He is instinctively rejecting anyone from entering his world. How can the living defeat the dead? Margaret's hard work is destined to go to vain... Why are you looking at me so weirdly, am I wrong?"

"No, I am just a bit shocked in the authentication of a saying."

"What saying?"

"Old virgins tend to cherish woman, even if the woman doesn't belong to him. Tsk tsk, Margaret has a sharp tongue but soft inside. Back then, despite you being superior in Adam in all aspects, being good-looking, strong and steady in how you settle things. You even have a kind of depressing aura when you are alone which attracts silly girls. That dumb lass Lisa wasn't willing to leave you alone but Margaret seemed to be

unable to give up the Adam who was going around causing trouble like a pitiful dog, helping to clean up after him for half of her life. Finally, after having such a difficult love for more than half of her life..."

Holy Knights make a living off their face, it is impossible for them to be unskilled in flirtatious words, otherwise how can they receive plentiful donations. As for the depressed image, when I devoted my body and soul to defeating an opponent out of my league for revenge, it is natural that I would end up depressed.

"Tsk tsk, hehe."

"Why are you laughing so hysterically? Did I say anything wrong?"

"No, I am just surprised over the authentication of another saying. Even an overage spinster would become a love expert in endless procrastination and matchmaking!"

Sparks were fired between the two pair of eyes and finally, it turned into a pair of helpless sigh. After all, this seeming weak spot would just cause both of us mutual damage.

Suddenly, the pair of dragon eyes light up and Little Red hugs me, even intentionally placing my head in front of her chest. The scent of alcohol on her body and the soft sensation made me feel a bit weird...

"Why don't we, the left behind male and female, form a group together!"

The snow-white flesh presses down on me. Fortunately, I no longer need to breathe, or else...

"This... This is a confession!!!!? The first time in history? My... Is my springtime finally here? I am finally going to have my first romance in my entire life?"

Before I can even think of a reply from my confused mind, a familiar cold laughter sound could be heard from my back.

"Hmph, I sensed that master used a barrier and I was worried that you might be in some trouble, so I rushed here all the way. So, you are eating and flirting here. Hehe, a romance between a skeleton and a giant lizard, really makes one at a loss for words. Maybe I can inform the Sulfur Mountain City Daily Newspaper and playwrights so that the citizens can get juicy news to gossip about and the concert hall will have a new

romance play."

If I could still sweat, I would be drenched in cold sweat by now.

As for Little Red, she was already rolling on the floor laughing. Obviously, the confession was just a show she made after sensing the arrival of Elisa so as to do me in.

Somehow, disappointment and sadness wells up in my heart and the fact that I wavered for a moment just now makes me really feel like dunking my head into the alcohol barrel. The knife-like glare also makes one feel like running away.

"I... I, Ultraman is fighting with monsters, I must go and assist him!!"

Leaving behind some hysterical words, I immediately escape, missing out on the battle between the women behind my back.

"I... Master is mine..."

The declaration she made after bucking up her courage only received looks of sympathy from the other party.

"It was a younger sister then. This time, she probably regards you as his daughter, you're still quite pitiful. Good luck, even though the route is long and highly impossible."

"I won't admit defeat, even if the opponent is you!" She seemed to regarded the pity of the other party as the easygoing-ness of a person with the winning ticket in hand. The declaration this time was filled with anger.

"Don't worry, I've no interest in that pile of bones. Even though Roland suits my appetite, but my goal is to have little dragons. I could reluctantly accept a dragon offspring with mixed blood but he can't even offer me that, and I'm not a necrophile too."

Shaking her hand to signal Elisa to leave, the black-eyed black-haired dragon lady continued her way of drinking that scares even the Dwarves. Her entire head is submerged directly into the alcohol barrel and gugu, only the sound of water flowing could be heard.

When the confused Elisa walked out of the tavern, she caught sight of me, who was dazing off at the entrance.

"Is this the ending for someone who shoots their mouth? Indeed, I really have an extremely inauspicious mouth. Hehe, so this world really does have Ultraman fighting monsters."

In front of him is a humongous goblin robot. It is 20-meter tall with 2 heads, one of them being a fire-spitting dragon, which followed my words and was dyed red and even has a horn constructed on it. As for the left and right arm, it is a gigantic screwdriver!

The fully-armed robots were fighting against the Town Security and furthermore, they had an overwhelming advantage due to the humongous size of the robot.

"The Wise Lord Roland, your ideas are really incredible. Look, this is the product of the collaboration of the engineering of both Dwarves and goblins. To thank you for inspiration and contribution, we named him Roland No.2!! Praises of your wisdom and your unique thoughts will be sung by Dwarves and goblins to come."

That sound of the shouts from the microphone spreads throughout half of the entire Sulfur Mountain City. In that instant, I knew that I would be in the wanted list of Sulfur Mountain City the next day.

"Little Red, I take back what I just said. I... I'm regretting what I said!! Who knew that those lunatics would take my word for real and really make it!!"

That large robotman was fighting while small explosions happen on its body. But the next instant, a goblin and Fire Dwarf jumps out and after a few knocks, Roland No.2 was ready to fight once again.

"Boom!" The Big Ben of Sulfur Mountain City just became a part of history.

"Boom!!" The Watch Room that was doomed is really doomed now.

"Boom!" "Boom!" "Boom!" After consecutive explosions, the Town Security Headquarters which was just rebuilt 2 weeks ago turned into rubble once more...

Looks like I won't just be on the wanted list, I can go straight to the top of the list.

Without hesitation, I turned to face Elisa and told her something.

“...Inform everyone on the list that tonight, we are packing our luggage and escaping in the night. No, I mean, we are heading to the Underground Alliance!!”

Chapter 34

Judgement

As the top organization of the judiciary system of Sulfur Mountain City, the Supreme Court is normally shrouded in a quiet and serious atmosphere. Just like the teachings carved on the wall of the hall 'Properly attired, upholding the law strictly and diligently, talk less and work carefully'. What it means is for those working within the legal system to have a serious expression, use simple and concise language and work swift and effectively. Thus, they are looked upon well by the citizens. But, the situation is slightly different today.

The silent corridors are filled now rowdy and filled with arguments. The 'prisoners' who are carrying metal chains waiting for their hearing filled all of the cells. Even more so, the empty field is crowded with people.

At the corner of the field, a giant goblin robot man is reduced to a lump of useless metal. Or rather, considering that it has filled almost half of the area of the field, it should be called a metal jungle or a metal junkyard.

Beside it, a group of goblins and Dwarves are surrounding it, crying. There are even goblins who started dancing their Hip Dance passed down by their ancestors (also known as tropical culture belly dance), as though treating this robot man as one of their family members, sending it off.

But on the outer perimeter, numerous citizens who were affected by the disaster weren't in the mood to appreciate this 'passionate dance' that was filled with foreign culture. Following Sulfur Mountain's traditions, they used tomatoes and smelly eggs to welcome these trouble-making engineers. Of course, beside the enraged citizens are goblin merchants who have sold quite a bit of 'ammo'.

The guards of the Supreme Court were too busy running about to bother about these small things.

As the Watch Room and Town Security Headquarters are completely destroyed, there was a lack of space to house the suspects. If Sulfur Mountain City Jail was still in its perfect state, they could be transferred over. But due to the aftereffects of the jail raid

back then, a portion of lightly-sentenced criminals were transferred to the Watch Room. This time, all of them had to be moved away, so only the Supreme Court is left.

The 4 Halls of the Supreme Court are already on the move but manpower seems to be still lacking.

Sounds of shouting, crying, being pursued and beat up and pleas to be spared has converted this somber and silent hall of justice into a market full of haggling.

At the same time, the me who frowned and tried my best to ignore the racket outside but ultimately ended in failure could only order the guards to seal the doors and windows completely and pull down the blinds to bring the court hearing a silent environment.

Yes, court hearing.

My plan to escape through the night, oh, no, I mean emergency dispatch plan was heartlessly refused by Elisa from the very start.

Sulfur Mountain City can do without Lich Roland, but if the one who was somehow on the way to becoming the 4th Head after the miracle, Sulfur Mountain's king behind the veils, the Supreme Judge Wumianzhe, were to disappear suddenly, I'm afraid the outcome might even be more serious than the effects of an earthquake.

More importantly, the other people are totally unprepared. Even the documents for diplomacy aren't prepared yet. It would only turn into a scene if I were to work individually.

However, if I were to remain here in my capacity as Roland, I can start to count exactly how much bones would be left of me the next day. I believe that the Town Security whose home has been crushed would definitely not have the patience to listen to my explanation. In fact, blowing me up to make soup could be considered a merciful act.

I may have done many deeds that I won't be able to complain if the victim were to use my bones to make soup, but I really am innocent this time. I was just randomly shooting my mouth in anticipation of explosion and firework. Who would have expected that they would come up with that toy... Thinking about that 20-meter tall iron giant, I shivered uncontrollably.

"A simplified version of a metal Titan? A monster-killing machine that is enough to

defeat a Legend-rank? Seems like they really accidentally managed to create an incredible machine."

Of course, the other side effect of Roland No.2 being strong is that a huge price was paid to deal with it. That makes the crime of the mastermind, Roland, even heavier.

Thus, I can only end up allowing the Town Security to watch the scene of 'Lich Roland' riding on a Bone Dragon across half of the city until he escapes from Sulfur Mountain City... At least, until I manage to prove my innocence, Lich Roland is not coming back.

In this instant, I met with my first trouble, which is right in front of me now... This case is way beyond the capability of any other judge, so I ended up stepping up to the task.

On the Judge Stand in the 3rd Court, I glance at the crime reports that is stacked like a mini hill, then glance at the defendants with a 'look of innocence'. On the Plaintiff Stand, the agitated Town Security are shouting 'accursed Roland', 'just wait for the day I feed you to dogs', 'Lord Wumianzhe, please give us the authority to directly draw our swords and deliver the verdict. I will cut him into 13 pieces and bring him back' and 'Momo doesn't care about his deal with the legal system, please allow Momo to bring a team to raid his house. There is bound to be tons of banned goods in his house and after we sentence him to life imprisonment, Momo is going to give him first-class treatment. Haha haha!!'. Hearing the frenzied laughter of these homeless Dark Elves, my head started to hurt.

On one side, Prosecutor Katarina is currently reading out the public complaints to amass evidence...

"4.20 in the afternoon, smoke suddenly rises up from the Watch Room. Then, making use of the chaos, the engineers from the outside came into contact with the rest in the Watch Room. The both parties were equipped with engineering equipment from the start to the end...

"Objection! Since smoke was rising up, what evidence did you have to infer that my client is equipped!! My client could have been making use of the smoke to cook their lunch instead."

The goblin Prosecutor Roren interrupts the words of his colleague and proposes an extremely absurd idea.

"That's right, we were only barbecuing sweet potato/smoking fish." The defendant's

side starts clamoring. goblins and Dwarves have an innate passion for jeering.

"Only man-eating fishes could be found in the river of Sulfur Mountain City, where can you find fishes to barbecue!!! Also, going by that pathetic fishing skills of yours, you don't have to dream of succeeding your entire life." Katarina roars in anger. As expected for a Female Hunter from the Amazon Tribe. Her golden ponytail sways along with the wind and her aura was as sharp as a dagger, making her reminiscent of a War Goddess on a hunt. But, what she was concerned about was slightly off the target...

"No, as long as the correct method is used, man-eating fish also can be caught. We have Parker's fishing rod..."

I finally understand why goblin Roren, despite being highly skilled in prosecuting, decides to defend his own race. This fellow is obviously making a fool of things. Furthermore, being familiar with the act of prosecuting, he knows that Prosecutor Katarina likes to stay factual, making it easy for her to be led to a dead end. Then, if he were to make a foolery of the court, then this judgement would be inconclusive...

In previous days, it isn't a big deal to let a hearing end up as a farce but in this instant, for specific reasons, it must definitely not be allowed!

"I can't let it go down like this. If the goblins are proven innocent, then Lich Roland would have to take the core of the blame."

Looking at the Town Security Elves who were angered to the point they were on the verge of biting their tables, I made up my mind to make sinners pay the price... Let the metal plate bitten apart be my witness, my bones are definitely not as hard as the metal plate.

"Roren.Jinbi, may I ask you where were you at 4.20 in the afternoon yesterday? Don't bother lying, you know the consequences of lying in my court."

As expected, the moment I asked this question, the temporary Defense Attorney who was still talking passionately then instantly became speechless.

I touched my forehead in frustration, portraying an image that there was nothing I could do about it. In reality, a beautiful smile was blooming under my mask.

"Easy peasy. I knew that you rascal wouldn't stay at home obediently. Now is your turn

to take the blame for me."

"Roren.Jinbi, to violate the law despite being a part of the judiciary, you have really put the Supreme Court to shame. Now, obediently shut your mouth up and sit at the Defendant Stand. Right, apologies to those Dark Elf ladies first, look at the harm you brought to them."

Hearing my words, Roren removes his mask, symbolizing stripping himself of the identity as a member of the judiciary. After apologizing with a lowered head, he sits obediently like a small kid on the Defendant Stand together with his brethren.

"Right, that who, find Suicidestorm for me too. I dare use my knee to guarantee that the fellow is definitely involved too. You don't know him? Suicidestorm from the Hall of Legislator. That short one..."

"It is Magicstorm!!" A sharp child-like voice unique to Dwarves echoes from the Spectator Stand. Miheuer.Magicstorm jumps over the barrier and walks to the Defendant Stand.

I secretly praised how heroic this fellow was but after walking halfway, I see him turning back to say something.

"Since we committed the crime, then we should be punished. What are you all waiting for."

Afterwards... A messy bunch of them comes down... There were goblins, Dwarves and even Humans together with other races, totaling up to around 30 to 40 people. Probably, all of the engineers of Sulfur Mountain City are gathered here.

Looks like none of those engineers expected that the incident would be blown so big, so they all came to confess obediently.

Shaking my head, I looked helplessly at the empty Defense Attorney Stand.

"I don't think it is possible to find a suitable defense attorney in a short period of time so you all just try to defend yourselves. Eaglestorm, tell me why even though you all shouldn't be involved in the matter, why did you all appear on the scene."

"Those evil engineers are enemy of nature. Chirp chirp, that unnatural creation made of a black-color cursed material (Human-made iron giant), the twisted being that

roars and spins is an existence that that desecrates nature (That being is a wood felling machine, of course it is an enemy of nature), woof woof, so as the sons of nature, we must cleanse this cursed land (So we want to get rid of him)..."

While trying my best tolerating his weird accents, the middle of his sentences was filled with a few weird callings of the animals. In the start, I was still trying to translate it into human language but looking at the equally confused spectators, I finally snapped.

"Speak human language! Otherwise I will lock you together with Beifeng.Herault!!

The dracon Beifeng's hobbies is already well-known all over Sulfur Mountain City. His evil actions of catching Druids and treating them as pets makes people feel even more shock. To the victims and their Druid brethren, that man is as good as the very incarnation of fear.

"He seemed to have actually forgotten that he is a man, and think that he really is a dog! Chasing his tail every day! What exactly did that dracon do to him!!"

'Dragon of Ultimate Evil', 'Nemesis of Druids' Beifeng.Herault, that is how all the Druids in Sulfur Mountain City calls him... Even the Great Druid Eaglestorm, upon hearing this name, instinctively trembles.

"We saw the metal giant and it really goes too much against our teachings. My brothers said that we shoot beat him up and I thought it over. I felt that we should really beat him up, going by the book that my grandfather left behind. So, we went to beat him up, hehe."

Looking at the Great Druid who was still laughing simple-mindedly, I... I am speechless. He is really direct this time. But, looking at his dumb face, I can't help but want to punch him.

"Calm down, calm down. Reputation, reputation, this isn't the first time that these fellows aren't being reliable, so I shouldn't get angry with them... Cough, fine, then the next matter. The Holy Knight army who suddenly joins in the fight. Tim, I can already roughly guess what did you all do."

"My Lord, please look into it. We are only fulfilling the duties and responsibilities as a Holy Knight."

"Un, looking at that huge machine destroying a portion of the city wall, you all shouted 'Holy Light, that sinner is worth a fight', 'For Holy Light, charge', and then charged towards it? Then, you casually destroyed another 2 parts of the city wall and over 30 houses?"

Alright, I can understand that they were dispirited when their original chances at 'chivalric acts' were stolen by the judicial system and it was a hard-found opportunity for them to finally act, so they got into their top gear but...

"I'm only halfway through. Why aren't you explaining how you end up fighting with the Druids? Do you really think I don't know that you had a grudge with Eaglestorm after the nude running incident previously? Later, remember to send the reparation bill slips to old Bill. I hope that his stomach is feeling better, it was quite scary when he vomited blood previously. Un, the bill this time will be tripled, so that maybe you all can learn from your lesson."

Ignoring Tim who looks like the sky has fallen down, I turned my gaze towards an uneasy young man.

"Lucas, you just converted from a Holy Knight to a Justice Knight, so why did you bring other students from Nanxiang to cause troubles? You even specially picked your ex-comrades to beat up, don't you know that for a law enforcer who is learnt in the law to break the law, your crime is much worse?"

TL: Nanxiang is the law school created by Roland, if you all don't remember.

I had great expectations for this young man so I was curious why even though they were here to save the civilians, but it ended up in a group fight between Holy Knights and Justice Knights. If I didn't remember wrongly, Lucas and Tim should be quite close.

"I... I don't have a problem with big brother Tim and big brother has always been very caring towards us. However, other than big brother's Third Order, the Holy Church's First Order actually came as well. They intended to play the part of the hero to seduce girls, so I lost control of myself..."

Other people had looks of confusion on their face but I immediately got what he was saying.

The First Order of the Holy Church in every district is known as the Ceremonial Order. Rather than Holy Knights trained for combat, they are more like handsome guys used

for social event and ceremonial purposes.

The First Order only has one mission, to find the local nobility and merchants for donations and sexy ladies tend to be more generous with their money...

So, the members of the First Order are carefully picked out. Un, the requirements are that they must have a good face, skilled in diplomatic language so that if they can accidentally make the noble ladies happy, the donations would naturally be more.

So, while the other teams are busy destroying evil, the First Order is busy with balls and dealing with rich ladies. While the other teams are training under the hot sun, the First Order is in the secret chamber doing group facial... Furthermore, for their image, the maintenance of the steeds and armors of the First Order is sponsored by the Church. This difference in treatment naturally makes the image of the First Order terrible in the eyes of other Holy Knights, but I must say...

"Doing facials are expensive and the money came from our pocket, you know. Furthermore, when we attend balls, it feels terrible to have to maintain your image despite drinking to the point of wanting to puke! Do you bastards think all those rich ladies are all beautiful like flowers? In reality, a large portion of them are like pigs! Even though these oily trotters are disgusting, we must tolerate it. If we were to accidentally chop down on them, it will become a diplomatic problem you know!"

"Most importantly... Don't just look at how they are surrounded by women. In reality, the First Order, to attract the fancy of rich ladies for more donations, they aren't allowed to fall in love and still have to recite their lines every day, practice the art of being cool and try their best to act like a love saint. Even if he meets a hard-to-come-by good woman, he can only watch her and not eat her!! This kind of emotion feels even worse than failing to court her you know!!"

Alright, I didn't verbally say out the complaints above... But looks like I accidentally spilled some of my dark history... Cough, when I was still a Page, I have been to the First Order. Despite hanging out the main fighting teams afterwards, but it took me more than a year to kick away those odd habits.

TL: Page is an apprentice Knight, usually used as a servant for knights.

"Don't blame this little brother over here, we all understand, we all understand" The leader of the First Order Muln who was rubbing his hands together is a blonde

handsome guy. Not to mention, he instinctively flings his hair and shoots a seducing gaze to the sides.

While disgusting men, there were women who shouted 'so handsome'. I sent a look of sympathy towards him.

"59th Art of Head Flinging, 63rd Art of Seductive Gaze, looks like the church hasn't really changed much these days. Seeing by how experienced he is, it should be a big hottie-level seductive gaze. In order to maintain his skill, he must at least practice it 300 times a day... He probably can't even speak normally anymore and would habitually send seductive gaze to guys as well. He is really at the bottom of the pit for being pitiful

Thus, I spoke seriously to Lucas.

"Apologize to Captain Muln now. In this instant. Hurry up."

"It's alright, it's alright. Little brother, we are all comrades under the Order faction!" While saying these words, Muln's eyes were still scanning, as though looking for a target in the Spectator Stand. Then, he habitually sends seductive gazes all around.

As a senior and someone who went through the same thing, I knew that this is the instinct to 'find food' that they were forced to hone. However, in the young Lucas's eyes, it was a look that he wasn't taking him seriously.

"I... I definitely won't apologies!! Even if I don't be a Justice Knight, I... I won't be a human anymore! I will go to the Undead District to become a Black Knight!!"

It was difficult for him to find a new faith but when he realized that he still had to lower his head to his sworn enemies of the past, this young man (?) was unable to handle the cruel truth and tears started flowing... But, he must be mistaking something, there are no Dark Knights in the Undead District, only Death Knights...

Cough, alright, back to the main topic at hand. At this point, things are quite clear now.

From the very start, the engineers created a gigantic robot man. Then, the Town Security came to apprehend them, but they ended suppressed by the huge physique of the robot giant. Afterwards, the Druids joined into the battle, followed by the Holy Knights who came to rid evil. At the same time, Tim made use of the chaos to settle his scores with Eaglestorm, so the Druid started fighting with the Holy Knights.

Further down, the Nanxiang Justice Knight intern thought that the First Order, who was here as support, was making use of this opportunity to flirt with girls, so they also made use of the chaos to attack them... This is really chaotic. In the end, no one even bothered about that robot anymore. Everyone fought their own battle, they are obviously using this as an opportunity to settle their private grudges.

If I were to really punish them, then a few thousand people who be locked in at once... Looking at the situation of our Jail and Watch Room which are still rubble, and in consideration of the fact that there are no casualties... This incident is really an unintentional accident.

"Pah!"

Thus, I resolutely knock my gavel down.

"Court temporarily put on hold, all of the accused will be released temporarily. Before getting approval from the Supreme Court, suspects are not to leave Sulfur Mountain City. The reparation fees for the destruction will be equally split among those who joined in and are involved in the fight. At the same time, the judiciary system will hasten the reparations for the Jail and Watch Room. When the mastermind, Roland, is found, the court hearing will begin once again.

Fine, everything ends up as Roland's fault... Looking at the indignant Town Security who was on the verge of doing something, it seems like they intend to apprehend Roland personally.

"Looks like Roland isn't coming back... Elisa, do you think Rosie or Robert sounds better?

"..." Alright, after the incident yesterday, she is in the midst of ignoring me...

However, this judgement has caused me to make up my mind.

"If I'm not here, these fellows are going to cause chaos throughout! Then, the ambassador party has been decided! I will bring these living treasures over and at the same time, fix Roland No.2 and thoroughly flip the Underground Alliance upside down!!"

Chapter 35

Scattering Seeds

The Underground City Chrometaxo, probably the underground city closest to Sulfur Mountain City. Though it is not a route that merchants must pass through to head to other underground cities, but quite a handful of merchants would choose to head out from there to stock up on subsistence, or purchase some mining products, jewels, slaves and other special products.

70% of its citizens are Dwarves and Underground Beastman, and the original city lord is the king of the Pig Tribe, Underground Beast Man Hng Hng. The land here is infertile and after the army raided a few merchants, it caused the infamy of the greediness of these pigs to spread afar. Nowadays, they have no other choice than to rely on their mining industry and slavery trade.

When the news of the death of City Lord Hng Hng spread out, it wasn't surprising that the entire Chrome City plunged into chaos.

There is reason why the entire underground world is viewed as a land of Chaos by the Order faction. At least, in most of the underground cities, what they believe in is the primitive survival of the fittest, and the city lord together with the nobles are the ones with the strongest fist.

The outstanding reproductive ability of the Pig Tribe resulted in their massive population and in previous days, it was only through balancing of power that allowed a certain level of stability within the tribe. However, Hng Hng died too suddenly this time and he even brought along the number 1 elite army of the tribe, the Blackwater army, down with him on this operation, causing his son and successor, Haha, to not have enough influence and power to stabilize the situation, so the powerful figures in line for the throne started wavering.

TL: Powerful figures mean influential figures/ powerful people (may be individually or as a group), can't really find a suitable word for this and this phrase appears quite a lot in the novel.

Or rather, using the word 'wavering' to describe these pigheads are a bit too merciful.

After news spread out that afternoon, all restraints are cut and the internal strife started.

The 2nd biggest tribe Gray Wood Lizards and Gray Dwarves teamed up together, intending to enthrone themselves. Also, the peasants couldn't live on in the city anymore and the miners who intended to flee for their lives... Chaos is contagious and fights started breaking out everywhere. Chrome City's 700 thousand population immediately cuts by a tenth.

Alright, it was already a picture of disaster when Lilith and her team arrived at Chrome City. If she delayed her schedule and arrived 2 days later, Chrome City's population would have probably cut by a half.

Of course... When the situation has settled, the victors get to reap the rewards. Very quickly, there will be new city lord and nobles in Chrome City, then it would go into another relatively stable period. As for the slaves and peasants who died in the chaos? No one cares.

The underground world that is formed by exiled is this kind of world. The strongest fist, the winner eats it all while the weak dies...

But looking at the smoke rising throughout the city, the guards and armed Beastmen are actually casually slaughtering the citizens they should have been protecting, Lilith and the other enforcers of Sulfur Mountain City went into a rage.

Thus, Lilith activated the God Equipment Scattered Page of Codex, letting the God Equipment of Law sending the entire city into the Great Judgement.

Of course, to do it like what I did the previous time, directly judging the entire city through the laws, is impossible. But this scattered page of a God Equipment is still a God Equipment, and has the power to back it up.

TL: Through the laws -> Actually here he means the law of the world. Just like how Holy Light is the law of the world, the Power of Law, after being recognized, can be considered the law of the world as well.

Scattered Page of the Codex (God Equipment)

Faith in Law: 367/999 (The belief from 1000 people in a week allows it to increase by 1 point every week, and the cap is 50 points every month. When the points reach the

maximum, it will automatically replicate another Scattered Page)

In every period of time, when the God Equipment Origin of Codex collects sufficient Faith in Law, it will create a piece of Scattered Page. It is a part of the God Equipment of Law Origin of Codex, and is a manifestation of its will and power. — There is a line of words on the Scattered Page (The Indefatigable One never rests, the gaze of his intangible eyes is always on you)

Effect 1: The Land of Law (Passive): In the heart of the city where it is placed, the entire city will become a Land of Law and in the area where its effect is active, Enforcers can wield the Power of Law.

Effect 2: Great Judgement (Active): Requires 100 Faith in Law to activate, and consumes 1 point every minute after activation. After the user activates it, everyone in the city will be cast with a Legend-rank level Judgement Spell and be judged on their actions in the last 3 hours. If guilty, their freedom will be restricted and debuffs such as intangible cuffs and weapon seal will be inflicted on them. In the Great Judgement, the effects of the enforcer's Incantation of Law will be multiplied several folds and their power ranking will be increased by 1. (The requirements for usage: The laws in the city are in chaos, criminals are doing as they please and the city is on the verge of destruction)

Effect 3: Unknown

TL: For those who forgot, Wumianzhe -> Indefatigable one.

God Equipment are God Equipment after all. When they are utilized, they have the potential to change the flow of a battle. The number of God Equipment that changed history are numerous. Even if, the Scattered Page of the Codex is just a replica.

After the Great Judgement, all of the criminals are judged and inflicted with a bunch of debuffs while the enforcer's power ranking went up by 1... A Gold-rank like Lilith becomes a Legend-rank and expecting the chaos in Chrome City, her 'logistics department' known as the Hall of Legislation obviously lack firepower. So, to stabilize the situation, I sent the strongest Hall of Law over.

The Hall of Law is filled with old fellows that are well-versed with the law. Normally, they are the judges of the Supreme Court and most of them have a job in the legal system. Then, the weakest of them all is a Gold-rank.

TL: Can't exactly remember, but one of the requirement to change your job to one in the Law seems to be a minimum of gold-rank.

This time, almost the entire of the Hall of Law was sent out, that is over 200 Gold-ranks and 7 legend-rank. That is to say, during the 5 hours of Great Judgement, there are 200 Legend-rank and 6 World Saints...

But it is a pity that Head of Hall of Law Kale is still recuperating at home. If the World Saint were to go up another rank, that would be Epic, just a step away from SemiGod. If he tries out the power in advance, it could do him some good for his advancement in the future.

But even so, 200 Legends and 6 World Saints, this is already outrageous enough. Even the previous City Lord Hng Hng was only at Legend pinnacle...

What happen afterwards is simple, in the 5 hours before the Faith in Law is fully expended, all of the murderers and thugs were cleared and when the red light of sin is bright to a certain extent, it means that the crime warrants a death penalty and the experts of the Hall of Law, towards these ugly crimes, don't know the meaning of the word mercy. Thus, the Great Judgement becomes a Great Execution... After the incident, the smell of blood in Chrome City didn't dissipate for 10 days.

As for those who were rescued in the catastrophe, a large portion of the citizens of Chrome City started regarding these outsiders as their saviors. Capturing the weakness of their heart after the incident, the Judgementors tried their best to spread the ideas of Law and Order and the withered God Equipment Scattered Page of Codex also starts recovering under the faith of the citizens who were rescued, even if the next time it could be used is 3 months later...

This movement to take over the city is bound to shock the entire underground world. Its effects would be far greater than the setback faced by the two Underground Autarchs...

After all, the opponents that the 2 Underground Autarch was facing were the almighty SemiGods and the Forbidden Spell that judged all of the criminals and destroyed the armies of the invaders could be explained as a prepared Forbidden Spell trap. But this sudden appearance of a powerful army, over 200 Legends and 6 World Saints, this can no longer be explained by saying that they were prepared. This only shows the power and the peculiarity of this new Power of Law.

I can already start imagining what would happen afterwards. Very quickly, the information of Power of Law and the Law Jobs would spread across the entire underground world.

Perhaps, my Justice Knights created by the Power of Law wouldn't be able to explore around like the Holy Knights and are unable to fight and tank to make a huge difference in an offensive war. But, as protectors of the Order and Law, when they are protecting citizens for villains, they can easily exert a battle power several times stronger.

My Judgementors don't need to go around like Priests to spread their teachings, sing praises about the greatness of Holy Light and the purity of the Order Gods. He only needs to spread around the Codex of Law, understand and analyze the cases and create a simple court one after another, punishing the evil-doers and redressing the grievances of the weak. Then, the normal people who benefited from it and achieved a peaceful life would naturally start believing in the law and provide the Power of Faith.

TL: The Power of Faith is the main power source of the Order Gods Chp33.

My Law Incantationers will study the integration of the legislation with the power of the rules, creating new Incantation of Law, making the Power of Law and the fighting ability of Law Jobs to become even greater.

TL: Power of Law is acknowledged by the Origin of Order and so its spells must go by the concept of laws.

Power of Law? It is a purely defensive and targeted power. Very quickly, the underground city lords will end up with this kind of conclusion and their heart will start to waver. After all, who wouldn't wish the land they govern to become more peaceful and prosperous.

Mass producing security officers using the Power of Law to provide support to the internal security of their land, one would know just by thinking about it that it is a beneficial act.

Simply producing these kind of Law-class experts wouldn't bring the world to them (If they join in the army of invaders, the sin of starting a war would cause them to lose their Law Job identity and their Power of Law), however they can use the manpower

who are originally used to maintain peace in the city to fight the war, leaving behind these Law-class experts to protect their homeland (Law Jobs are allowed to join in the fight to protect a city), wouldn't it also improve their total fighting power in the end?

The underground world's pursuit of strength is never-ending. Very soon, those who came up with this conclusion would send people over to learn, steal and even snatch... As for me, I intend to give out the Codex of Law for free and not mentioning the secrets to practicing the arts, I will even give out the God Equipment Scattered Pages of Codex to relatively friendly cities.

TL: Btw Codex of Law refers to a plain book on law.

"Hehe, whoever who wants it can go ahead to take it. I will first say it beforehand, it is a defensive Power of Order that targets sinners. That is to say, if the opponent is not a sinner or if their sins aren't as heavy, then it is far from matching up to the almost omnipotent Holy Light."

Of course, these underground lords will not give up just because of my warnings and instead, they will go mad over the limited stocks on the God Equipment... Hehe, I will look forward to the day that they, who are full of sins, are brought up to the execution platform by their citizens. Will they remember the words that I said to them the day I passed the Power of Law over to them?

If everything goes on successfully, the Power of Law will spread to every single corner of the underground world very quickly... Maybe, in a short period of time, a decade of two, its effects may not be plain to see. But when a new generation who wields the Power of Law arises, hehe, the entire underground world would gradually go through a massive change.

Furthermore, the underground world isn't the end of the road for the Power of Law... The Holy Church who have long received the Codex from me should be trying it out on the surface and achieving good results.

As people who respects the Order, they would be even more obsessed with the advantages the Power of Law has for maintaining security and the judgement of crimes. Maybe, in 3 or 4 decades later, there would be existence of Law Jobs in every city.

This is my wish and also the most important part of my plan, is let the seeds fly along

with the wind. I'm not hasty about this and rather, I am willing to take my time...

Perhaps, someone would see through my scheme, oh, no, since it is all exposed on the outside, calling it a project would be much more suitable. Even if they see through my project, this gigantic benefit that I offer will make them happily swallow this sweet poison. Afterwards, as the roots of the Power of Law stretch deep and the grows healthily, the intangible executioner's blade will land on the heads of the underground city lords.

But the current me didn't have the leisure to think so far ahead. Only yesterday did the ambassador team and the construction workers arrive Chrome City.

Looking at this pile of wreckage, the faces of the citizens were still filled with smiles and hope for the future. Indubitably, it means that our takeover has already won the support of the citizens. Thus, even though I already find her very trustworthy, in this instant, my satisfaction bar with Lilith shot through the roof.

In just a few short days, she managed to reorganize the entire government structure and judiciary system and wield the authority of the city lord temporarily in her hands. When everything starts to settle down, she will pass the power on to the Public Council that about to be created.

As for the authority to write the legislation? Of course it belongs to the hands of Sulfur Mountain City Supreme Court's Chrome Branch, converting this city into a Land of Law.

Indeed, if we don't consider the unspeakable private problems that she has, she is the hard-to-come-by 'normal person' in the top brass of the judiciary system. Even more so, she is the head of logistics of the entire judiciary system, so her efficiency in getting things done is top-notch.

"You bear with it for the moment and stay as the city lord before the Council elections are completed. Then, are you interested in becoming the Branch Head?"

The moment I said these words, the faces of the others who was with her hardens and shakes their head vehemently behind her back. They weren't worrying about the 'young' Lilith catching up with them, but...

"Lord, please reconsider. If I were to become the Branch Head here, I'm afraid that problems would occur in the Sulfur Mountain City Headquarters. After all, the other

Heads are..."

There wasn't any need to say any further. As a disciple-in-name of the Saint Margaret, even if Kale isn't injured, he would have been obsessed in books and scrolls, combining theory together with experiments to create new Incantation of Law. As for Kelvin, his presence is too weak and his leadership ability can almost be entirely ignored. As for the last of the Four Heavenly Kings of the Judiciary, the Guardian of Steel Hall Head... Looking around me, I don't see any Guardian of Steel, only a pervert who was currently discussing his experiences in nude running with Eaglestorm!

"Yes, just like how you can't leave Lord Silver Rose, the 4 Halls 1 Court can't do without me for now." There was a tinge of pride within these words that Lilith said. She has seen her previous accomplishments in her job as the pride of her life.

Indeed, if Elisa is my private head of logistics and my outer conscience, constantly reminding me not to go too far, then Lilith is the head of logistics and only conscience of the entire Sulfur Mountain City's 4 Halls 1 Court, allowing the humongous system to operate healthily. If she wasn't here, big problems would probably arise.

"Un, then let Kelvin transfer here. You find him a helper from your Hall of Legislation to help him deal with his work. Are the ambassadors from Kajah and Ainsterna here yet?"

TL: The other 2 Underground Autarchs if you don't remember

"Kajah's ambassador is already here. Ainsterna's ambassador should be here in a few more days."

I nodded my head satisfied. This is also one of the reason why I must stop at Chrome City. Since I have already offended 2 of the Underground Autarch, then naturally, I should try to get along with the other two and they have decisively stretched out their hand of 'friendship' to me.

Joining the Underground Alliance would, needless to say, require an invitation letter. I would be lowering our value if I knock on their door. Right now, these ambassadors are definitely bringing me the invitation letter that I want.

"Just like how the surface Elves and Beastmen's relationship forged by blood and hatred, the Dark Elves and underground Beastmen are deep-rooted enemies and the agent of the Devils and the agent of the Demons and even more so, destined to be

mutual enemies. The Beastman Sovereign Shou's relationship with Kajah and Ainsterna were destined to be fractured and Molly is an unreliable 2-faced ally. Even if the enemy of an enemy cannot be considered an ally, but they can form an alliance built on benefits."

But if you believe the Dark Elves who believes that betraying and murder is a value, and really treat the cunning and evil Devils as an alliance, that is equal to tying a knot on your own knot and handing over the knot to the other party... Not a single one of the Underground Autarchs is easy to deal with.

"Has the news of that Eternal Night Scepter is about to appear spread out?" As I predicted, the other party gave his confirmation and I turned my attention to the field.

There, 16 gigantic Gnome robots were nervously testing out their weapons. The engineers from Sulfur Mountain City were currently working their hardest to rush these robots out and Chrome City's outstanding Gray Dwarves Blacksmith with a history of mining would become a steady pillar of support for these engineers. At least, with the city's rich mined reserves, the metal used for these big fellows are much better than the original, much firmer and long-lasting.

"No one listens to the words of the weak in the underground world. If the weak has a treasure that no one steals, that can only mean the treasure is a fake. Then, if we want to play out a show, we should go all the way through. Before Ainsterna's ambassador arrives, let's finish building our 'Treasure-protecting army'. Right, are these toys really safe?"

"This is the 3rd time you have asked today. Roren has already done 17 edits on the blueprint to refine it to perfection, it is definitely safe. Un, from theory."

"Theory again. I was afraid that they would edit it to be too perfect. They are always unsatisfied with the blueprint and try to incorporate some of their unique skills and secret techniques into the product their making and call it perfection... The last time, a Gnome did some refinement to a shaver and destroyed the entire barber shop. 2 days ago, when I asked those trouble-causing bastards again, I realized that I overlooked a blind spot."

"Un?"

"At that time, even though the giant robot is surrounded, but in the end, everyone was

fighting their own battle and no one bothered with the big fellow."

"Then how was it destroyed... I get it, I will immediately get Roren and Miheuer to do an 18th edit."

Yes, that giant robot wasn't destroyed by external attacks but rather, from what I expected from the start, suicide explosion... That being said, I am starting to feel that these bastards who were punished deserved it. While getting engrossed in fighting, you all actually forgot your primary objective...

"Right, can you change the name? The name makes me panic."

A string of words could be seen from the front, Roland No.3, Roland No.4... all the way to Roland No.18... These Rolands who could explode anytime, how was it possible for me, Lich Roland, to not panic?

"That, I have already said it many times but the Gnomes and Dwarves insisted on using their creator's name and said that this was a tradition. In fact, their pilots were also very adamant, making it impossible to change it."

"The pilots? You mean those pilots we chose from the Dark Elves? They shouldn't have a reason to insist on it though? I thought they hated Lich Roland to the guts?"

"Yes, they really hate him very much. But they said, sitting in Roland Number makes them feel like they are sitting inside the body of their enemies. Looking at the painted name of Roland, it reminds them of their treasures and dowry that was destroyed twice, giving them infinite motivation. This way, they will not forget their vows to catch that bastard, no matter where he escapes to and what he disguises as... Lord, why are you squatting there, are you feeling unwell?"

"No, I just feel like I should reduce my size a little bit. They are so tall there, so they shouldn't be able to see my clearly right..."

Chapter 36

Crossing Sword

From the very start, it is just a small young sprout.

As the dew drips down, the silver sprout begins to grow gradually. Its branches extend and silver leaves started to unfurl towards the heavens...

Afterwards, the buds of flowers begin to awaken. It, no, she stretches her back and a thin veil begins to form, turning into beautiful petals one after another.

Its slow growing phase was completed in just a short few seconds. Unfortunately, the one that bloomed isn't a true rose but an ice rose on the finger of a young lady.

"Ice Creation, Rose Garden."

Lightly pinching on the branch of the rose, the leaves and flower petals floats away with the wind. Hidden under the calm tone is explicit killing intent. Behind Elisa's back is an entire garden of silver roses and rewinding just a few seconds before, it was an empty plot of land devoid of life.

Every single rose is exquisite to perfection. Every branch and leaf vein seems to be trembling and breathing, as though it really has a life. Just looking at its silver chilling qualities, it shows apparently that it is a product of magic.

A wind blows... No, the air is still calm, it is just those roses that played the part of being blown by a wind. Countless rose petals float along the wind, becoming sharp knives in the wind.

"Killing Intent: Dancing with Roses."

This may seem like a serene and beautiful sight, but it is a fatal trap that takes away lives. From the start, there wasn't any wind here. Those rose petals that seemed to be floating in the wind are in reality, knives of ice controlled by the Mage.

Every single petal of that ice rose may seem soft and weak, but it is incomparably

sharp. It can even cut through plate mails.

Every single ice blade is targeted towards one target... It is that fiery red giant egg.

Countless cold flower petals attack the giant egg, but the moment it comes close to its body, the tiny petals vaporize instantly.

But Elisa didn't give up. With a snap of her fingers, another 3 roses bloom in the air. It frantically absorbs ice mana to strengthen itself and the result of the flower petals gathering the magic is that the ice branches begins to mature... Looks like she is gathering her magic to throw a big one in.

"Sigh, to force out the Little Cradle so fast. Your family's Elisa really isn't simple at all. Compared to the immature Annie, it really is a strength that completely suppresses hers. Did you teach her that? It really is beautiful, I didn't expect you still have a technique like this. But, if I didn't sense wrongly, her killing intent is real? She really wants to get rid of Annie?"

It is impossible for Little Red to mistake it with her eyes. She is phrasing it this way just not to make things awkward for me.

I shook my head. I knew her meaning, how was it possible for my Ice Magic to be so exquisite...

"No. You know that my understanding towards magic is very simple and violent..."

"Gather magic power and blast him. If you can't destroy him, gather more magic to blast him. If you still can't get him, blast his outer shell a few more times, then gather firepower towards his core. To tell the truth, your declaration then made me and Margaret speechless. Your understanding towards magic stopped at the stage of a cannon stand and your understanding towards Elemental Magic stopped at colors. Your control towards element is also so rough and you totally ignore the properties of elements. I really can't comprehend it, how did you become a SemiGod Undead Mage?"

"Of course it is relying on the golden fingers of the system, as long as my strength is there, rank is not a problem!" Fine, I won't say this kind of truthful words.

The talents of humans tend towards the good. Outstanding talent towards the Power of Order (Holy Light, Law are all lower concepts under the Power of Order) and swordsmanship talent has already made me easily become an ace among the knights.

When I converted to dark magic, I had difficulty grasping the ideas of dark magic. But, Necromancy is obviously a lower concept below the Power of Chaos, but I was able to comprehend and use it easily, which shows that my aptitude towards the Power of Chaos isn't that bad either and this was already very hard to come by.

As for controlling Elemental Magic exquisitely, is simply blasting magic power over a mistake? The simpler it is, the more basic and powerful it is. Back then, when I invented 'Ice Aeon', which left its mark as an extremely powerful Forbidden Spell in history, its original principle was still using magic power to blast the enemy, except that its mana consumption is much more outrageous...

Elemental Magic originate from the Ancient Elemental Gods so going by logic, it should belong to the Chaos faction. But due to its outstanding destructive powers and the low requirements to learn it, it became the one of the mainstream magic between the 2 factions.

"Hmph, the understanding of other people's view towards Elemental Magic are the wrong one... Fine, don't look at me like this. I know that I suck at that aspect, you are a master of Wind and Fire, well recognized Fire expert, so don't bully this Ice Mage rookie."

"No, don't put yourself down. Your skills may suck but as your mana is pure and your storage capacity is humongous, you are, on the contrary, extremely scary when it comes to releasing Forbidden Spell-level magic. But your disciple went the exact different road from you. Her control over magic even allowed her to carve the veins of the leaf. The rose blades are indeed very creative, but due to its exquisiteness, it is weak and fragile, so she seemed to have went overboard to."

"She is a Fire Elemental Demon after all. Even if she had studied Ice Magic for nearly a century, but the amount of Ice mana that she can accumulate is limited. You also know, the only Ice magic that I do know are those big magics. When though they aren't difficult to grasp, but they have a high requirement on the mana capacity. She is unable to utilize the higher-level magic and Forbidden Spells, so she spent a lot of effort on Ice Creation and related magic which I don't specialize in. But the results seem to be quite good."

Little Red and I chatted while at the same, keeping our guards up to be ready to strike out at any time to prevent any serious injuries from occurring.

Initially, Annie had already decided to go out to gain some experience in real battle. When she learnt that Elisa is also a Gold Pinnacle Mage, Annie challenged her and the sight before me is also within expectations.

They may both be Gold pinnacle but with the accumulation of hundred years of experience, Elisa was able to have an overwhelming advantage over her and very swiftly, she forced Annie into the Little Cradle stage.

"Pah!" Which a snap of her fingers, the 3 roses which have gathered sufficient magic power bursts open and the fragments, as sharp as knife, rotates as it flies towards the giant egg.

"Aooooooooooooooooo!!!"

Before the ice fragments hit it, following a roar, the giant fire egg bursts open and the flames spread in all directions. At the same time, a 3-meter big Phoenix flies to the sky.

"The Little Cradle absorbs and stores its power until its limit before exploding into a Phoenix Strike, Adam's classical shameless battle strategy. In the Fire Phoenix form, Annie's high body temperature can easily melt any ice, the incompatibility in elements is too obvious. Looks like your student Elisa is going to lose."

I smiled in reply. "She won't lose. Why don't we bet something, like that red gem defense accessory in your treasure vault?"

Little Red also smiles, "I'm not betting. After so many years, is there any single bet you lose in?"

I tried my best to recall and realized that that it was true I haven't really lost in a bet... Without a 100% chance at victory, I refuse to bet. Even if I am forced into it, I would definitely cheat and if I were to really lose, of all odds, I would probably refuse to pay.

Little Red's had decided not to bet but the scene that unfurled before her eyes made her regret her decision a bit.

The Phoenix flies to the highest point and after a sharp roar, it starts swiping down. At the same time, Elisa didn't stop her attacks but in the face of the burning Phoenix, the countless ice splints, ice spears and ice awl melted into water even before it could touch her.

Facing immense danger in front of her, Elisa was extremely calm. Her both hands twirl around in the air and the water vapor that was gathered earlier instantly solidifies and countless ice threads tied the Phoenix in place.

"You, cannot tie Annie down!!"

Following Annie's declaration and burst of strength, the ice threads melt continuously and Elisa could only continuously form new threads in exchange to seal the Phoenix's motion. It has already come to a critical period of their duel, it is the harmony of Fire and Ice, a dance between the two young ladies.

When Elisa finally finish weaving her web, sealing Annie within, a familiar call of the Phoenix rings out and fire begins to burst in all direction again before forming back into a Fire Phoenix which begins its charge once more.

"A second Cradle? Little Annie sure learns fast."

This time, after using the formless web of water vapor is gone, Elisa no longer has any methods of stopping her.

When magic is ineffective in stopping her, facing Annie who was charging in at high speed, Elisa had nowhere to retreat to.

"The Warrior has closed in on the Mage, Elisa has lost. Ahhhhhh, I knew I should have bet with you. Were you just faking it just now?"

"No, if you really bet with me this time, you would have lost. For sure!"

Little Red was on the verge of asking something but the next scene that she saw left her in shock.

Towards the charging Phoenix, Elisa actually took in a deep breath of air and opens her arms, getting ready to catch her.

"That charge of that Fire Phoenix Transformation is actually the God Sword Blessing of the Phoenix, she is seeking death!" Little Red was intending to terminate this duel but I stopped her. "Don't underestimate Elisa."

"Tssssssssssssssss!" That is the familiar sound of meat being grilled on a metal plate. Most probably, her both hands are already cooked but Elisa, seeming to feel nothing,

threw away her staff, pulls in her stomach while sticking out her chest, draws her right hand behind and punches!

"Dang!" This fist actually gave a sound like the metal pole hitting the bell.

TL: Metal pole hitting the bell -> This

While everything was still shaking, the Elemental Barrier of the Phoenix scatters and a red-haired young lady who was turning her head around appears from within...

What happen afterwards is a one-sided slaughter.

"Arm lock, throwing techniques, grabbing the enemy's hand while hugging their legs and sending a hook, metal plate crush, neck-pulling and the Hell's great rotation... Aren't these those weird fighting techniques of yours?"

TL: All attacking techniques and really no idea what it means so I'm just going to directly translate word for word.

"Please call it self-defense skills of a Mage. These are precious fighting techniques that came from another world.

Un, calling it wrestling techniques aren't wrong too...

At this point, Annie's arm has been locked in a ? position and can only pat the ground to surrender. The winner is already determined, and it is Elisa's complete victory.

"So that's how it is, half-demon huh? What fearsome brute strength."

"Yes, this brute strength is sufficient to compete with DemiDragons. You haven't seen her sweep yet. With just a light sweep, she can send the entire sofa flying. Then, she would take my secret money stash and treats it as the wages that I owe her...

Fine, seems like I accidentally exposed something but this isn't the main point now.

"She hasn't demonstrated her battle prowess in mid to near range combat when she gathers all of her steel wires mixed together with ice wires. Have you forgotten that she is a fire element half-demon? She has astonishing immunity towards fire damage. Also, coupled with her ice magic that is effective against fire magic and her outstanding close combat skills, she is Annie's nemesis."

"You seem to be very delighted?"

"Of course I am delighted. My disciple just beat Adam's disciple. She might have certain advantages due to clashes in their attributes, but doesn't this mean that my ability to teach is above that of Adam's?"

"Hah, she is a shared disciple between you and Margaret."

Finally, after watching the entire battle by the side, Lilith couldn't take it any longer and interrupts.

"Madam Lorci's envoy has already waited for 2 days. May I ask when does my Lord has the free time to meet her?"

"No hurry, Dark Elves all have cheap bones. If you try talk to them nicely, they won't listen to you. Leave her be for 2 days, until she understands her situation."

Hearing that, despite the fact that I was obviously slandering her own brethren, Diana and Yawen who was standing beside Lilith nods their head vehemently.

"I heard that it was a Matriarch of a middle-class family, so it is more unlikely for them to interact obediently. In my opinion, we should at least leave her for half a month."

It isn't the first time I am trying to communicate with the Dark Elf Nobles so I am quite experienced. If these female nobles are Lorci's Priestess, that would make them even more difficult to deal with. In the eyes of Lorci's Priestesses and Dark Elf Matriarchs, there are only 2 types of males in all races. A slave with a master and a wild-born slave that is temporarily without a master...

I don't even to have to see her to know that the envoy would immediately use a tone of as though doing charity towards me, choking people to death the instant she opens her mouth.

"Males, may the light shine upon your head (This is one of the most venomous curse of the Dark Elves), our female goddess has sent her will and you must..."

Basically, socializing with Dark Elves will become a one-sided affair of them giving orders. It is one thing if you agree, but if it is war straight if you refuse to agree. This kind of eccentric socializing method makes it highly possible for discussions to fall through... However, Dark Elves basically don't need to socialize. They spend most of

their time fighting. In a way, being able to socialize means that the other party has recognized your strength. At the very least, fighting would not be beneficial.

I can guarantee that the Dark Elves still think that we owe them a favor... Why? Back when the 2 Underground Autarchs attacked, by not joining in and stabbing us in the back, in the bizarre values of the Dark Elves, just by not causing further harm, it can already be considered as an outstanding act of kindness.

This situation is sort of like a test. If the proud envoy still managed to get VIP treatment, this means that you have something to plead them for. Then, they would propose absurd conditions in exchange.

So, to interact with Dark Elves, time and patience cannot be lacking. Whoever who takes the initiative to negotiate would be at a disadvantage right from the start.

But, if we are competing in terms of patience... Hehe, I am a very patient person. It is best to wait until the envoy of the last Underground Autarch is here so that everyone can start the haggling together.

In this instant, from the other side of the field, a group of Dark Elf Justice Knights ran here. They are wearing thin shirts and are barefooted. Yet, they carry a heavy chain mail and were shouting a fearsome chant as they walked past us...

Do you feel like the scene is a bit familiar? That is how I punished Diana from the start.

Seeing my questioning eyes, Diana replies slight embarrassed.

"The punishment was tough but after I reached my limits, I felt like my powers reached a new peak. This kind of carrying weights barefooted drills is very effective in training one's will and pushing one's body to the limit. Thus, I promoted this sort of training method in the team. Then, 2 comrades who were stuck at Silver pinnacle broke into the Gold-rank right after their first try."

Gratitude could be seen from her beautiful eyes but I didn't feel the happiness. Instead, I asked worriedly.

"I am not asking about this, your chant..."

"Oh, that, 'one two one two, train hard, three four three four, catch Roland, five six five six, boil Roland soup, seven eight seven eight, save our dowry'. That was created by

the lass Momo, reminding us that we must remember our goals."

"The others are still okay but dowry? Are you all in such a rush to marry someone? Then why did you all reject the advances of the Knights in the city?"

"Oh, you are misunderstanding something. This dowry is a slang word we are used to saying. You see, we, Dark Elves, don't have the same concept of marriage as other races. Finding a companion, isn't it still marrying a man? In our slang, 'dowry' refers to 'marrying a man's money', which is equal to your so-called treasuring a wife for money."

TL: A bit hard to translate, treasured wife's money (???????) -> ??? means something to be cherished while ??? refer to men who marry women for money.

Speechless, my head swayed.

"I respect the customs of different tribes, so I still can accept it. But, isn't Roland..."

Before I can finish my words, the two Dark Elves Captain's faces were full of frost...

"Two times, our house, our salary and properties that took us so much difficulty to accumulate. Lord, just this thing, I can't give it up. I must account to my sisters!!"

Alright, there is nothing more to say. Looks like this crime is mine to carry.

Chapter 37

Xiluo and the Four Heavenly Kings

Xiluo Empire consists made up of Xiluo Swamp, Karda Desert and Beyja Highlands. Its complicated terrain makes it an easy territory to defend, but hard to launch an offense from... Actually, to be more precise and blunt, it is a horrendous place where the living are unable to reside in.

The Great Death Swamp, the sparsely populated Great Desert and the Freezing Highlands, these are the 3 great dangerous restricted areas for the living, forming a hell for the living and playground for the dead.

Not a lot of people knows that in this magical world, the harshness of nature isn't unbeatable. In the depths of the Great Swamp, there is a land where it is spring all year round, the grasses and wood are dense and the scenery just like a painting. That is the capital of Xiluo — Xiluo, the Kelar Administrative District.

Even this seemingly miraculous land was traded for with a high price and a lot of time, the Soul Towers at the areas beside the capital were forever radiating the light of souls and magic. In other times, it would have meant a death flood of white bones but now, it is just countless undead workers who were working.

As long as it is an intelligent being, even if it is a high-tier undead who hates the living, they still retain their sense of aesthetics from when they are living. No one likes it when their home is a pile of wreckage and dirty mud.

The immortal Undead never lacked time and manpower. When the people of the world still thinks it is a sight of hell here, but then somehow, this place has already started to gradually change.

Xiluo Empire's capital Xiluo, there are nearly a million silver-rank and above intelligent Undead, 20 million living that serve as servants and slaves and the number of low-tier Undead are completely immeasurable. The scenery in the city is breathtaking, it is well-equipped with all the basic infrastructure and transportation network, that consists of underground pipes and floating crafts, were extremely technologically advanced. If we only look at the city's scale and design, even the

Auland Capital which is known for its extravagance can't even compare to half of Xiluo's.

The sculptures by the road might just be a certain country's royalty heirloom that was passed down for thousands of years. This is the accumulation from the Undead Empire which has destroyed numerous kingdoms.

TL: Accumulation -> can't think of any suitable English word for this word is normally used to refer to a person/country/anything has accumulated quite a bit and has huge resources behind it. For e.g. can be used to refer to a multitude of financial resources an old merchant accumulated throughout his lifetime. Can be used for military power etc. too

In one of the luxurious mansions within Xiluo City, the 7th Senator of the Empire, Spider Marquis Lionheart is currently dealing with matters of governance. As one of the strongest Death Knights in the Empire, he is the Commander of the Death Knights in name and their teacher. However, in the eyes of the people of the Empire, he is always dressed in a loose clothing reminiscent of scholars and appearing with the image of a gentle and intelligent general.

TL: The capital of Xiluo Empire is Xiluo.

But those truly understand him will know that once this fellow gets on the battlefield, he would be a ferocious beast that cannot be controlled. There was once he went against the orders of his superior and made an inhuman record by traveling 2000km within 17 days to destroy an entire kingdom. The so-called 'Keeper of History' and 'The Polite Scholarly General' can only be said to be his hobby and disguise off the battlefield.

But today, this 'Eternal Royal Guard of the Emperor Yongye', 'Goes Mad the Moment He Gets On the War Chariot, the Irrational Undead War Chariot' was inside his own residence and deeply in thought with 2 intelligence reports in hand. His dignified face hardens, as though he has met with an extremely difficult question.

"Lionheart, why are you looking so bitter? Is those long-ears in the West starting to cause trouble? Or did the barbarians in the South go down their mountains? If it is this kind of interesting stuff, then let big sister share your worries."

A cold and lazy female voice could be heard from outside the residence. Despite it

being a question, a strange sense of happiness and teasing could be felt within her tone, as though as she was getting excited from the thought of fighting.

"Lord Gray.Sin, there is no fighting and please do not try to stir up war. I have told you many times that the wariness the living has towards us has already reached the limit. Towards the Empire, a meaningless war isn't a good thing."

"Tsk, then why did you call me here today. You know that I am only interested in war. Or, could it be that the bunch of Liches of the Council is bored and looking for things to do? Or is it the diplomacy problem the last time. You better go look for other Senators, I, the 4th Senator, the Duchess of the Empire, Bone Dragon Queen Gray.Sin is uninterested in those matters."

Looking at just the outer appearance, she is a cold and tall female Elf, her long silver hair reaches down all the way to her waist, her pale skin which has no trace of redness from blood had a bizarre kind of aesthetics to it and a long skirt that drags all the way to the floor had the color of red and black intertwining on it. The most striking part of her appearance is her eyes, those inverted black-white eyes that seemed to be felt like a black hole that is absorbing light. There seems to be something there, yet nothing there.

TL: Meaning black sclera, white iris

Xiluo Empire's structure is probably the weirdest one in the entire world. Despite being an Empire, it doesn't have an Emperor and all of the authority is split among the 12 Senators. There is a Council of Dark Night which takes care of everything in the Empire but towards the 12 Senators, they only have the authority to suggest ideas...

Simply said, there is a bunch of Undead Lords (Senators) that were grasping all of the military might, which the Council of Dark Night isn't able to interfere with. But, the Senators also can't do anything towards the authority of the united Liches. So, without the Undead Emperor with the highest authority, both parties can only walk their own way without interfering with each other, resulting in the formation of this weird structure.

Of course, there are Senators that are close to the Council. In fact, the Head of the Council is the 2nd Senator Feyman. There are also quite a few other Senators which walks very closely with the Council and the debate to abolish the council is brought up every year. But, if they don't want to start an internal war, then this suggestion is

destined to never pass through.

Gray.Sin and Lionheart are Senators which aren't close with the Council of Dark Night. In fact, while most of the Senators has set their eyes on the seat of the Emperor, they were the very few of the Royalty Faction who believes that there will be a day where Lord Yongye would return... This is a very idealistic notion that is welcomed by old soldiers of the time of the Emperor, but as it is unrealistic so it is unable to strike it big in the undead tribe which is getting more and more pragmatic. As time passes, more and more of their companions started to turn to other factions.

Not long ago, the Royalty Faction which had 4 Senators began to fracture again as one of the Four Heavenly Kings under the Emperor, Ghoul King Decars turned to the Council Faction, striking a heavy blow to this small faction.

Wanting to be the Big Boss Faction (Most of the Senators), the Council Faction (The 2nd Senator leading the pack), the Idealistic Royalty Faction and the Living Life Casually Faction, this are probably the biggest factions in Xiluo Empire.

It might sound very complicated but if you were to compare it with the hundreds of factions in a Human Empire, in a country with more than 10 million intelligent beings, the situation with the undead could be said to be very simple already. Not to mention, most of the undead has already shouted out their goals directly 'wait for the Emperor to return', 'the Council takes over the governance, I will be the leader', 'Ah Dang doesn't have any opinion on who becomes the leader, Ah Dang only wants to eat', 'if I become the leader, I will start another Undead Calamity', these kinds of words would be considered inconceivable in the human society which likes to beat around the bush.

Right now, 2 of the leaders of the Royalty Faction are meeting directly in the day. Probably, rumors are flying around right now.

But in this instant, under Gray.Sin's questioning, Lionheart didn't even raise his head and only threw out a sentence at her.

"There is news on Eternal Night Scepter."

Gray.Sin was stunned for a moment before shock covers her face.

"I thought you said the Eternal Night Scepter definitely doesn't exist? I thought those famous works of yours is just used to scare others?"

"Yes, going by my judgement then, the Emperor is probably treating it as a joke. In fact, a joke in bad humor. Those things I wrote was just to make those ambitious factions that are intending to enthrone themselves spend their efforts to look for a wooden scepter that would possibly never be found."

Lionheart raises his head and his sword-shaped eyebrows twisted together and his expression could be said to be flavorful, there is happiness, angry, reminiscence and uneasiness...

"Yesterday, I received 2 news regarding the underground world. One of them was regarding the Eternal Night Scepter... But, I recommend that you see the other one first."

Gray.Sin snatches it over, but...

"I thought that it was some important intelligence, but isn't this a tourism brochure? Lionheart, do you intend to go on a holiday? And inviting me too? I'm sorry, you are a good man, but other than the Emperor, I am not interested in any other Undead."

Already used to his unreliable comrades, but compared to the other 2 of the Heavenly Kings, the Bone Dragon Queen which tends to overthink things is much easier to deal with. He solemnly accepts the good man card and says plainly.

"Please look at it more carefully."

"The Death Royale Undead Theme Park and Ghost Festival Tourism Week, enjoy a tour full of surprise of darkness and death. There will be 30 free entrance tickets to give away before we open for business? What is this!! Is this some kind of lame plan that an idiot came up with? Boring, I would be interested in a War Theme Park though. But Undead Theme Park and Ghost Festival, don't we have that every day here?"

"Please look at it more carefully."

"Sulfur Mountain City? Oh, Adam.Han finally went mad? That is something to celebrate about!!"

"Please look at it more carefully..." Even the patient Lionheart was starting to lose it with the Bone Dragon Queen's eccentric and scattered thoughts. Helplessness and pleading were infused into his tone.

Looking at the steeled face of her little brother, Gray.Sin finally decided to get serious. When she flipped to the second page, she stunned.

That was a very vivid advertisement picture. On it, many different Undead were wearing weird clothes while walking the streets. Some were banging the gong and hitting the drums, some were singing and dancing but if it was just it, how could Gray.Sin be startled?

Right now, she can only open her mouth wide, pointing towards a corner of the picture, her image as an Undead Lords all went down the gutter.

Dressed in many different colors with peacock feathers poking into him, the Skeleton Dog was trying his best to use his lower limb to handstand. Below him, there is a green colored ball. It is a game of a cute pet pushing the ball.

However, its balancing techniques didn't seem to be outstanding, just a careless mistake and he would fall and the artist managed to capture the silliness in the instant he fell.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH... IT IS BOSS! Bastian, the fierce and strong leader of the Four Heavenly Kings, the Demonic Space Hellhound Bastian!!"

Lionheart has already covered his ears in advance but even so, he was rattled to the bones by the Bone Dragon Queen's siren-like scream. This ancient Bone Dragon Queen's voice was long reputed to be the Throat of Death..."Seriously amazing dissonance. I give you all the authority to beat her up the moment she starts to prepare to sing — by some Emperor"

In this instant, Lionheart could also understand the shriek of death by the other party. Back then when he first looked at this painting, he wasn't much better either.

Demonic Space Hellhound Bastian, the Captain of the Royal Guards of Lord Yongye, the Red Hunting Hounds, the vice-commander of the entire Yongye Army, the leader of the Four Heavenly Kings, there are bunch of these kind of titles but what is known is that he is the strongest Undead Lord. He has destroyed countless armies and kingdoms by himself and only wreckage is left on the land he passes through. He is the most trusted and relied on general by Emperor Yongye.

His subordinates and he should have been killed in that war but his sudden appearance, and furthermore with such a cute look, naturally scared Gray.Sin badly.

"It can't be wrong, that weird bend of the tail, the scars on the brain and more importantly, the eerie sight of having 2 left legs in the front and 2 right legs at the back, it is impossible for any other skeleton dogs to look like that."

"Yes, other than Lord Bastian, I can't think of anyone else who would take out their four limbs when the sleep and reattach them randomly after waking up. Front leg, back leg, left leg, right leg, he reassembles it as he pleases and then when he starts walking, his four limbs moves freely, causing him to instantly walk in circles..."

The sudden appearance of the leader of the Four Heavenly Kings who should have been dead and what it means made Gray.Sin feel like happiness came to quick and happiness, yet at the same time, she felt a little unconfident.

"Could it be that the artist drew it randomly..."

"No, you look at the back."

Turning to the next page, there is a Skeleton General that has 18 arms. Right now, what is on his arms isn't swords with fresh blood on it but wooden poles with spinning plates on it.

There was even an explanation below 'The Jack-of-all-trades Defay will show you tricks that defy human limits, spinning 18 plates at once!'

Squinting her eyes, Gray.Sin stared for a long time but didn't really get it.

"I don't think that there is anything there. Only a fellow that knows how to spin plates."

"When Skeleton Generals go up in rank, they can choose to grow another pair of arm to wield more weapons, but the soul has its limits. Being overly focused with too many weapons would only hurt oneself. A normal Skeleton General is able to control 4 weapons at once, top-class weapon experts can wield 8 at once and Undead Lord-class could wield 12. There is a person that can wield 16 though, the subordinate of Lord Bastian, the Head Instructor of Red Hunting Hounds, Great Sword Saint Fayde. Looks like he has improved."

"Defay? Fayde? There is totally no effort give for this fake name!"

"There is also this person."

This is a Dullahan using his own head to play Polo... Note below 'An exciting race that you have never seen before.'

"Camisia that dumbass!! That stupid bald old man! That cross-eyed idiot, I would recognize him even if he turns to ashes."

"Yes, the person with strength of a Titan, the terrifying charge of courage, the Vice-captain of the Red Hunting Hounds, Lord Camisia. Also, there is this person..."

It is a Lich with her hands rubbed together. In this instant, her face was full of smiles and she was carrying a bag of green-colored liquid... Note below 'You have definitely never drunk before such delicious drinks. Created especially for you by Master Alchemist Feyfey, the favorite of those who likes to exercise.'

'That insignia of Alchemy and that queer hat... The Mistress of Plagues Kaka. Even Undead do not dare to drink the medicine she makes. Those living, puu, after drinking it, they would definitely be strengthened but I hope that they still remember what they look like, so that they can try to find back their original appearance."

"There is still this, this and this."

"The legendary Bone Dragon who serves as a ride, a female Viper who dances belly dance and a great Witch who does divination... I roughly get it."

"Yes, my intelligence team disguised as tourists have went in to play for a while and even received the commemoration badge indicating that they are the 9th tourist. Looks like their business isn't doing good. Un, they have confirmed that the people in the picture are all real, that is to say..."

Gray.Sin stands up, her eerie eyes full of happiness.

"That is to say that our Emperor is still alive! Yes, only our Emperor can make these top warriors dress in such a look and only our Emperor can make our leader obediently play with his ball!!"

"Un, this is only a primary conjecture. Back then, there were many things amiss with that incident. Why did the Royal Guards Red Hunting Hounds suddenly leave behind our Emperor and head to a land a thousand miles away, why did the armies of the other 3 Heavenly Kings suddenly be deployed to the sidelines far away from the core of the battle, allowing them to escape the brunt of the internal conflict... Maybe, the

underground world will bring us some answers."

What that should originally be breaking news about the appearance of Lord Yongye, in the eyes of these two, due to the small tourist brochure, became unimportant.

"I must go to the underground world, Now. Hmph, damned Decars, he was brought up bit by bit from a weak Ghoul by the Emperor. Back then, you were the one most who spoke up the loudest for revenge so we thought that you were the most loyal of us all. In the end, you managed to hold on for a hundred years but still betrayed us in the end. When our Emperor and leader is back, look at how they will deal with you."

After hesitating for a moment, Lionheart speaks softly.

"Actually, Lord Decars's betrayal is suspicious as well. 10 years ago, when we received news about Adam.Han but the proposal to exact revenge was blocked and even we didn't support him to do as his please, didn't he go to Sulfur Mountain City by himself to look for Adam for revenge? We thought that he wouldn't return..."

"Yes, no one would have thought that not only did he return, but he even happily organized a few fighting tournaments. Just when we were happy with how he thought it through, he...

"In a turn of the eye, he abandoned us for the Council Faction... Maybe, this is the most suspicious point of all. Emperor had praised Decars and his most loyal dog many times. This may seem like an insult but you also know, our Emperor has an exceptional affection towards dogs so Decars has always treated this title as the highest honor and the Emperor's exclusive nickname for him."

"Yeah, back then he wanted to use 'Night of Dog Packs' this weird name to replace the name of the army 'Night of Winter Wolves', it was gladdening that you managed to stop it. But, it was a pity that the Royal Guards still went with the name Red Hunting Hounds. Pink Queen Army obviously sounds much better."

"Cough." A light cough eventually became an internal slander. "Your taste in names is as eccentric as the Emperor's, and in addition to your Throat of Death, that is the reason why Emperor chose Lord Bastian and not you as the Head of Royal Guards to accompany him around."

Of course, he wouldn't say these words out loud.

"I believe in our Emperor's judgement. Since he believes Decars to such an extent, then Decars should be worthy of our trust as well... Or maybe, Lord Decars met someone in the underground world, or someone gave him certain instructions..."

Saying these words, the gaze of the two people immediately shot towards the tourism brochure on the table.

"I'm heading out now."

"I am unable to leave Xiluo so I can only depend on you. The underground world would definitely be chaotic now. If even we 'ignorant militarists' (a slander for the Council) can find news about the Eternal Night Scepter, the fellows who have been looking for it for a century would definitely go all out for it. Lord Gray.Sin, please prioritize looking for that person. If I am not wrong, that scepter is most probably a trap laid by that person!"

Gray.Sin isn't a person who doesn't listen to advice. That little brother, despite not being one of the Four Heavenly Kings, but just based on his loyalty towards the Emperor and his wisdom, he managed to climb up step by step to the core of the Royalty faction. His suggestions tend to be useful to an old fellow like herself, so she would naturally try to respect it.

"Right, please bring along Lord Ah Dang. If I didn't guess wrongly, since the person is causing a storm right now, he should be looking forward to reuniting with Lord Ah Dang."

"Are you sure? Fine, I get it, I will bring it along."

The Carnivore Ah Dang, the final head of the Royalty faction, the 12th Senator. In reality, it is a Giant Abomination. It didn't have high intelligence but if you were to look at individual battle prowess, there probably isn't a single undead in Xiluo that would dare challenge this 'dull-witted kid unworthy of being an Undead Lord and Senator'.

TL: Abomination -> Probably looks something like this

Ah Dang doesn't have a high intelligence but after the departure of the Emperor, he listens obediently to the words of his big brothers and big sisters. As long as Gray.Sin asks for it, he would even tear apart the Council's building and bash those Lich Councilors who slandered the Emperor.

Looking at the leaving Gray.Sin, Lionheart stands up and looking at the sight of prosperity outside the window, he falls into deep thoughts.

This is the teaching of the Emperor...

"Small Lionheart, just being able to fight isn't cute. A fighter wouldn't last long and someone who only knows how to charge straight would be treated like a fool. It is better you study more and get a proper job. Right, do you like history? I have always thought that reading history would make one more intelligent. If you have the time, study more history books."

Remembering that pair of big warm hands (After being beautified in his memories), the gentle, knowledgeable and caring voice (Also being beautified), the Emperor's servant Small Lionheart has now become the Keeper of History Lionheart and after trying to study history to understand the present, he used his both eyes to see through the boundaries of time.

"You are always worrying while reading those history books, as though those disastrous catastrophes that destroyed eons and worlds might come again and those weird prediction notebooks that even I am unable to understand? God of Order? God of Death Ayer? Chain reaction? Butterfly effect? Emperor, just what were you looking at, just what made you despair and give up everything to start from scratch... Who!! Come out!"

After a roar, a familiar laughing face appears outside the door. It is Gray.Sin who went and returned.

"Little brother Lionheart, it's better to lower down your volume when you talk to yourself. Otherwise, if it spreads out, other people will treat you like a lunatic."

"You heard it..."

"No, no, I only came back to inform you of something, I heard nothing at all."

Facing this Bone Dragon Queen who was trying her best to act ignorant, Lionheart laughs, albeit a little irritated. Ah Dang and her are his most trusted people in this dangerous country.

"Inform me what?"

"Don't call me Gray.Sin in the future, change it to Gria. Don't call it wrongly."

Hearing this, Lionheart felt a little baffled.

"Why? You have been called Gray.Sin for the past thousand years so why change your name suddenly? It can't be that you have listened to those fortune tellers in alleys, they are con-artists who are unskilled, you know."

"No, no, it is just that some trouble came up and I must change my name?"

"Inconceivable! Who can make a first-tier Duchess Senator of the Empire change her name?"

"Before that, didn't the Elders tried to reorganize the nobility system and their inheritors of the whole country? Suddenly, they realized that my name was unable to appear inside the magic website, so it cannot be printed. Thus, they recommended that I change my name."

"Unable to appear? Why?"

TL: Her name is Ge Lei. Si -> I would have translated it to Grace if it wasn't for the dot.

"It is that Lei Si that caused the problem. It is said that in a faraway mountainous area, Lei.Si is another way to call women who has a unique sexual orientation. Didn't we undergo a system update and the magical website, for the sake of the creation of society, started to block out these banned words so now, that magical website instantly changes all banned words in XX."

"So, if you insist on calling me Ge Lei.Si, in the future, my nameplate would show Empire First-Tier Duchess, The 4th Senator Ge XX... Isn't that too embarrassing? So I had no choice but to change my name to Gria, so don't call it wrongly."

"Can there be an even more ridiculous reason for your change? For a Senator of the Empire, you changed your name for such a ridiculous reason? Don't you hear your pride and dignity crying?"

"Alright, I heard that the main reason is that some will of the universe couldn't be bothered to put a dot in the middle of my name, so my name had to change..."

Chapter 38

The Elves and the City of Platinum

Underground City Velkastance, in the words of the goblins, it means 'City of Platinum'. It has a very unique geographical location, being in the middle of quite a few active volcanoes. It is a city among volcanoes and the river of lava that flows tirelessly cuts the city off from the surrounding land.

To enter the pavilion in the sky, one must go through the spiral staircase at the city below and the moment they meet invaders, they only have to block these spiral stairs or simply drown it with water or poisonous gas then basically, they would be cut off the rest of the world.

At the back of this city, between the wall of rocks, there is actually an opening that leads to the surface, allowing it to dominate the business between the surface and the underground world and even more so, giving it an escape route in times of danger.

In the underground world, safety is a something viewed more important than any other incentives. Very quickly, after it drew in numerous merchants to permanently reside in the city, it became a city with business from near and far. Other than the goblins who insists on using its original name, other races normally name it as Vance.

Vance City's outstanding geographical location makes it an ideal fortress, turning it into a true golden city of the underground world, earning the goblins who found and built it a great deal... Of course, in the underground city, not possessing power to protect your treasures and fortune is also an original sin.

But, the wall behind its back cannot protect it from daggers coming from the back and the breath of flying dragons. After a series of scheming and calculations, the pioneer batch of goblins who created this city has already disappeared and now, this place is without a City Lord, making it neutral city without a lord.

The reason? As the factions within the city is too complicated, there are influences from every underground lord within the city so whoever who becomes the city lord could very possibly be assassinated the next day, Thus, this formed the eerie situation of not having any lords.

"Leave this as a public passage to the surface and a location to trade with other cities, a neutral zone for diplomacy', the Underground Lords and Underground Autarchs who have tasted the sweetness formed a consensus on this issue.

This is also the main reason why Vance city is used for negotiating the Underground Alliance. After all, if you negotiate on the grounds of the Dark Elves, the Gray Dwarves and Beastmen would be displeased, if you negotiate on the Beastmen territory, the Elves, Dwarves and Humans wouldn't be able to accept it, if you try to strike the deal in the Dragon City, everyone would have to grow a pair of wings first and if you do it the goblin territory which is highly business-focused, due to the expensive fee in entering the city and for lodgings, everyone won't be pleased.

The lord-less Vance naturally became only choice.

One week ago, there was an astonishing entrance to the city. The news of 17 gigantic metal Titans and the Eternal Night Scepter that it was protecting has already spread across the entire underground city and Sulfur Mountain City's young City Lord Annie has started to gain some fame.

Right now, cloaked in my long robe and a mantle, I started wandering around this city which was quite similar to Sulfur Mountain City.

When I say that Vance City is similar to Sulfur Mountain City, I meant that it is a city with diverse races, without nobility, a well-known prosperous trading city but in my eyes, it is the exact same points on where they differ.

Other than the Undead, who very few people can accept having them as neighbors, most of the Sulfur Mountain City's different races live together. A small shop, a patrolling team, a barber, it is possible that their members are of different races and also, the mindset of that all races are equal has already been ingrained in Sulfur Mountain City so slavery and such isn't an acceptable act.

But in this city, the slavery trade is quite lucrative and in fact, there are even markets and coliseums specially for slaves. There might be many different races living here, but the districts they live in are demarcated very clearly. The boundaries of each race are clear and their fighting has never stopped in the shadows. For example, the 2 Wolf Rider humans who just got dragged Beastmen District would probably be never coming out."

"...This should be the Elf District and only they would be so free."

The Elves are publicly known to be the number 1 race in their aesthetics sense. Their pursuit for beauty and art is boundless. The exiled Dark Elves are no different and if you think this only applies to infrastructures, sculptures and paintings, you are underestimating them.

In front of me at the top of the rock cliff, a gigantic stone has been carved into a vivid image of an elegant lady. That seeming to reject yet welcoming expression, the lips that were slightly curved up and the sexy figure which her 2 hands were unable to cover tend to make one think about some unspeakable things.

"Uncle Bones, look at this sword. It is so pretty!!"

Since it is a private visit, then naturally, I wouldn't bring too much people along. Behind me, also wearing a mantle, is the envoy team's leader in name Annie and my external conscience Elisa.

In this instant, Annie was waving a thin mithril sword. The sword's body is long and slim like a needle. On it, there is golden-color rose carved on it and on the handle, 2 Fallen Angels beside each other was sculpted on it. Their wings were spread apart, as though roaring towards the heavens.

Yet, the glowing green blade indicates that it isn't just a piece of decoration but a lethal weapon that has been enchanted with poison. At least, the dark-skinned Dark Elf merchant is currently trying to convince the young city lord on this point.

?Art Piece: The Sword of Fallen Angels?

?Attack Power: 0-5 (+1 Poison Damage) Tier: Superior ?

?Special Ability: None. Oh, no, she still has a special ability. At least, it can show that you are rich and silly enough to buy this luxurious but unpractical toy. Perhaps, if you dance with it in the dance, you might still be able to blind your enemy's eyes with her.?

?Weakness: Fragile. When clashing arms with Superior-tier weapons, there is a 70% chance it will instantly break. Eich above! This dumbass Elf, for the sake of beauty, actually carved the sword empty!?

?This is a classic Elf artwork, elegant design, exquisite carving, expensive material,

perfect workmanship and then, useless! Battle? Do you really intend to bring an art piece to the battlefield? Or do you want your grave to be carved to indicate that you are an artist? Better go and choose from the bulky Dwarves.?

In this instant, facing the Annie who was using her strength to wave the sword, on the verge of buying it, I am a bit speechless. What does it take to get the system to acknowledge that you are an Art Piece, what does it take to get the system to acknowledge that you are a piece of trash, the goods of the Elves are as good at making people speechless as always.

The pursuit of art and beauty is perfectly normal, but to do it to such an extent, using the precious enchanted metal mithril to make the body of the sword, but yet overdoing the carvings, resulting in the blade being weaker than normal weapons, isn't this forgetting the initial goal of weapons?

Using the same materials to make weapon, Elf blacksmiths are always able to make it look so elegant and beautiful but by overdoing the adornments, they sacrifice the practicality of the weapon for beauty, resulting in them always making some stuff that would leave people speechless. For example, the Elf Thin Sword here and the more famous Elf Chainmail.

That toy is famous for its compatibility with Mages. Normally, metals would have a huge effect of spell-casting. Even War Mages who often go on the front line would tend to wear a Mage Robe rather than a Metal Chainmail which has a more outstanding defensive ability. But, the Elf Mages invented a new Elf Chainmail known as the 'Song of Harmony', known to be as comfortable for a Mage wearing a normal robe and wouldn't affect spell-casting.

In reality, they managed to do it. They overjoyed Elf Kingdom spent huge amount to make this series of Chainmail commonplace but then, they found a small problem with it... This Chainmail's defensive ability is inferior to robes!

Chainmail are normally made by solid metal bent together to provide reliable defensive ability. But, the 'Song of Harmony' hollow metal pins break the instant it touches something, giving it totally no defense against metal weapons whatsoever.

Sometime, rolling around to avoid arrows would result in the chainmail scattering all around the ground. Afterwards, they still have to spend several hours to put it back together and wear it thick-skinned, pretending as though everything is still okay. After

all, the poor soldiers cannot afford to compensate that chainmail which has four 0s on its price tag.

Then, when the court did an investigation on the design and attempted to improve it, they realized that it was precisely because it was hollow enough, that's why magic power is able to flow through the spellcaster but for it to be hollow to such an extent, there is no need to think about increasing its defensive power. If it is thick enough, it will become like other metal defensive gears so this line of thought is contradictory, thus it is unable to be improved.

That Kingdom's treasury was totally spent on purchasing the expensive metal and the country was destroyed not long after in an Undead Calamity. The 'Song of Harmony' then became a symbol of the Elf equipment's luxurious and impractical design...

To tell truth, I don't really know to deal with those precious metal left in my storeroom, over-working on it and the enchantment already made it impossible to work on them any further. In the end, I threw it to those Elf blacksmiths for them to struggle over the creation of an art piece.

This is why Elves' creations are unwelcomed in the underground city but very popular among the nobles of human kingdoms. The best-selling weapons of underground cities are forever the Gray Dwarves'.

Of course, the Elves wouldn't admit it. They would think that it is the slander of those with short life span. "We have sufficient time to master it to perfection. You are just jealous of our artistic cells. You dumb and short-sighted objects, you all are more suited to use the Dwarves' ugly burnt metal sticks."

The gigantic female Elf sculpture was also like this. Someone seems to think that it is a sculpture of Goddess Lorci or some material required for a magic ritual, but even if the system doesn't tell me directly that it is ?Statue of a Sculptor's Dream Stripper?, I could roughly guess that it is the result of the Elf's artistic talent acting up.

Hanging on the wall of the cliff, a sculpture 100-meter tall that requires a Floating Spell to reach, incredibly beautiful, attracting countless gazes but in the end, it is just a sculpture.

If it is done by a human craftsman, it would probably require at least a 400-man army to work together for 5 to 6 years. But if it is an Elf, it could very well be some great

artist's sudden inspiration causing him to spend a few hundred years here to do something meaningless.

For an Elf whose lifespan is, on average, a thousand, they would have the time to waste but humans don't have such leisure...

The conclusion of the competition of patience with Lorci's Archbishop and Goddaughter Kajah has been revealed. After I consecutively caused the third Matriarch's Envoy to take their leave, she also decisively left me a letter, inviting me to Vance's Elf District for negotiations.

At this moment, Elisa behind me, by using the reason that we are about to conduct secret negotiations so it is inappropriate for us to interact too much with local business, managed to convince Annie to give up that sword... Un, art piece.

"Lord Annie, please prioritize official matters. For simple tasks like purchasing or so, you can leave it to servants like us." Her tone, as usual, was filled with venom but ever since Annie realized that she was unable to beat her in an argument, un, of course part of the reason is that she is unable to defeat this big sister, she also began to learn to ignore the malice in the other party's words.

But looking at this situation, I started to frown. Annie is our appointed City Lord and Elisa might very well be our future Head of Internal Affairs Bureau or the Head of the Supreme Court of some kind of other high official. If they are unable to get along, or even become enemies, it might cause big trouble in Sulfur Mountain City in the future.

"Even though Elisa can maintain basic respect towards everyone, how come she has such great resentment towards Annie... Looks like I must look for an opportunity to talk to her about this."

Suddenly, the Elf Guards in front of us split into 2 by the sides and following that, a tall Dark Elf Priestess walks out from the shadow. Behind her, there are many proud female Dark Elves dressed extravagantly...

"There are a total of 72 Dark Elf cities in the underground world, but it looks like more than 20 Matriarchs of the First Family came here. If we were to ignore those who were unable to make it due to being too far, there is at least half of the Spider Queen Lorci and her Priestesses here. Are they trying to showcase their might now?"

Of course they are showcasing their might. The Matriarchs here, in their own

underground cities, their authority and might wouldn't be inferior to Sulfur Mountain City's City Lord. Now that they are standing quietly in a line by the side like a subordinate, it makes Kajah's authority seem more apparent and indubitably, it is a silent way of pressuring us.

"Mortal, you must learn to be humble. You can sit together with my subordinates."

But I smiled.

The Emperor would never compare his authority with his farmers. A true authoritative winner doesn't need too much adornment. To stage such a show, it can only show that she is unconfident. She is worried about Sulfur Mountain City's strength and even fear it, so she wants to find something to suppress this new rising power.

"Hehe, looks like the show I staged for the entry of this city is quite effective."

That day, when we entered the city, 17 of the Roland series giant robot walked in arrogantly into the city.

After being stopped, we sent one of the robots and bashed the 2 Black Dragons that were guarding the gate into pulp. In the chaotic battle, we even 'accidentally' destroy the city's metal alloy gates, showcasing the powerful strength and the sturdy material of the gigantic robot.

After the incident, I made Annie announce that these are machinery that Sulfur Mountain City is going to auction off, causing an even bigger ripple.

This is much useful than advertisement and bragging. Everyone would start thinking 'They are even willing to split with this kind of war machine that could defeat a dragon independently. Does this mean that Sulfur Mountain City still have some kind of ace up their sleeves...'?"

Of course, this is just me making a fake impression. At this moment, I can't help but remember the report of Roren a while ago.

"Lord, the preparations for Roland No.3 to No.18 is finished. If the one controlling it is a Gold-rank Warrior, it should be able to display a battle strength of half a Legend."

At that moment, I was quite surprised. After all, the image of Roland No.2's powerful

charges were still in my mind, that kind of powerful battle strength can easily suppress Legend-ranks. Even though it might not reach the stage of a World Saint, but it shouldn't be too far off. Now that these robots are only half a Legend, it feels like the result is a little unsatisfactory.

But very quickly, I understood what was going on from the explanations.

"Roland No.2 is a prototype! A prototype, no matter what price we pay, how many expensive and precious metal we use, we must prove that our design concept is correct. Back then, over a hundred engineers brought their private stashes, a master even infused the Titan's Heart that was passed down from his ancestors, thus allowing Roland No.2 to have such might. If we wish for other Rolands to have such battle power, I'm afraid that even if our engineers are able to do it, you are unable to pay the bills."

Very quickly, I got proof that no matter it is what type of engineer-made robot it is, it is all made of an energy source, an exoskeleton armor, an engine and transmission device. The Titan's Heart is a heart-shaped jewel that is formed after a Titan's death. It contains the highest quality power of electricity and is also the highest quality energy source.

After all, this world is fair. A Legend-rank and above battle power cannot be replicated easily. Even if I were to make an extremely strong exoskeleton, without a top-notch energy source, it is impossible to create an even more powerful battle tool.

In reality, in this bizarre world where fossil fuels just came into play but rockets are still flying around, a superior energy source can only be obtained normally by hunting powerful magic beasts and luck still plays an important part. A powerful energy source that can provide sufficient kinetic energy is the core for engineering to show its true potential.

Talking about this, I can't help but remember a similar experience that I went through.

Before, didn't I use the system's Lottery? That time, I managed to obtain an equipment that surpasses God Equipment — A mystical gadget called Small Light that came from the pouch of a blue cat in a certain world!

At that moment, I was overjoyed. I thought that the Lottery was finally operating properly for once, giving me a top-class equipment that I can truly use. But afterwards,

I realized that I was tricked again, that I was happy too early, that I underestimated the bottom limit of the system's shamelessness...

The Small Light is real, but... There isn't battery inside!!

Looking in the manual of the Small Light that I was unable to use, I begged the system to trade me a battery... However, that bastard system didn't intend to let me grasp hold of the God Equipment that can overturn cause and effect, so how is it possible for it to allow me to trade.

After drawing the Lottery with the battery as my goal, I only managed to obtain the Take-copter flying machine which also lack batteries, a toy pistol of a certain eye cowboy and also a random bathtub that fills itself with hot water. I finally understood the system's persistence in playing pranks, then I decided to rely myself.

Afterwards, after confirming that in engineering, there is no such thing as a small-scale energy source (battery), I squeezed out my brain juice and collected countless chemistry books. Only then did I realize that going by Eich continent's technology level, to make something like battery, the first thing that has to be solved is the liquid required for electrolysis, conductors for electricity and a few bottlenecks. Also, after solving these problems, we still have to tackle the problem of creating a whole string of technical problems. By the time we managed to get everything required on the tree of technology, a conservative estimate would be around 200 to 300 years later, and this is assuming that it would be a smooth journey full of miracles. I had no choice but to give up on the idea of causing an industrial revolution in the Eich continents.

Cough, looks like I went too far. Back to the topic.

Even though Roland.2 will be very powerful, assuming it hasn't blown up yet, but No.3 and machines after that can only reach the power of half a Legend. Thus, I immediately changed my plan.

All of the Roland system will use No.2 at its blueprint, not a single difference is allowed. Even the number written behind the Rolands were wiped clean, so that other people can't tell the difference between them.

The things that came after that is easy. After staging a show of Roland No.2 'heroically fighting the evil dragons', the Rolands behind became the most effective threat... To tell truth, I feel very awkward every time this name is called but I was unable to get a

consensus on changing the name.

In the eyes of those who are aware, it is an existence of a robot that crushes Legend-rank and 16 half Legends. It may be scary to normal city lords, after all normal underground city lords are only a Legend-rank, but to the Underground Autarchs who have 3 figure number of underground cities under their control, what can it count as. But now, after staging that show, in the eyes of those who are unaware, that is 13 Saint-rank war machines. Even Underground Autarchs have to be careful of it.

TL: Not sure if it is a typo but it does say 13 twice so I'll stick with it.

After declaring that there will be an auction, the whole is shock by Sulfur Mountain City's backing, to be able to casually sell 13 Saint-ranks. At the same time, I am able to earn quite a bit. At least, I will be able to get back my material fee and manpower cost.

"If both parties aren't on the same starting line, then what is the point of negotiating an alliance. No matter how we negotiate, it ends up with the weaker one getting eaten up and merged in."

The effect that I spent all my effort planning for has finally been achieved. The daughter of the true God Lorci, the High Leader of all of the Dark Elves in name, Kajah, making her force known is sufficient to prove everything.

"You must be Wumianzhe. May the Spider Queen's footsteps resound in your ears. Perhaps, we can talk. You and me, privately, secretly."

Kajah's voice has some kind of special magic to them, as though a lover that is whispering sweet nothings, as though a sacred Priestess that is preaching. Somehow, it makes one unconsciously wants to continue listening on.

However, after listening to her words and warmth welcome, all of the Matriarchs behind her bursts into laughter.

In the Dark Elf's bizarre and straightforward views on love, this seemingly warmth welcome is actually equal to 'hey, let's go get a room', that kind of rude and crude message.

"May the Spider Queen's footsteps resound in your ears' is also naturally, not any good words. It may seem like she is asking for the Goddess she serve to bless you, but in reality, it is a vicious curse. Lorci is the Goddess of Spider and spiders do not have

footsteps. When she is intentionally stomping her foot for you to hear, it is only to warn you of her arrival, or maybe, it means that she is going to get rid of you, or that she wants to see your ugly state while struggling for life.

"How many years has it been, Elves still like to play this game of adding in sarcasm and curses into their greetings. If you are unable to detect it, they would mock your lack in knowledge, the short lifespan of your race and your lack of experience."

However, this trick is useless on me. In the long life that I had went through, I have seen a couple of Elf Kingdoms which have an history of over 10000 years destroyed and their countless precious manuals became my private collection. What does this kind of sarcastic joke count as.

"Respected Madam Kajah, I thank you for your greetings. May the Spider Queen's eight eyes be always on you, I pray that the envoy of the candlelight descends beside you."

This is also not pleasant words. The Spider Queen Lorci is vicious, cunning, skeptical, fickle-minded, jealous (actually, as her reputation is really bad, you can almost add in any negative adjectives behind here) and it is well-known throughout the world, so how can her gaze being on you be anything good. Envoy of the candlelight? It just means Yochlol, those evil creatures are Lorci's envoys. After they descend, it is definitely a whole string of scheming and trouble, and you might not even be rewarded for finishing it. If you don't do it satisfactorily, you can go and meet Lorci immediately. Un, go with your soul, leaving your physical body behind... For the Matriarchs, these kind of superior is better off not meeting.

TL: Okay, I just realized that the Spider Queen's name should be Lolth from D&D but... A little lazy to change so I will stick with Lorci for now. Anyway, Yochlol

My blessings could be considered a disaster to the person, but to a Priestess of Lorci, being highly regarded by her superior is a good thing... So, Kajah isn't able to retort.

But the Kajah who has just lost the verbal battle simply smiles lightly.

"As expected of the great saint who single-handedly created the Power of Law. Your knowledge and wisdom is worth our respect. Let us just abandon the minutiae and talk about the topics that we are focused on."

Saying that, she stretches out her hand, allowing me to kiss it.

But afterwards, Kajah's outstretched hand was left hanging in midair. That is because I solemnly took a step back, allowing Annie behind me to come forward.

"Nice to meet you. I am Annie, Annie.Layde. Sulfur Mountain City's next City Lord. Uncle Wumianzhe says that I should be the one taking to you."

With a pleasant smile, Annie greets Kajah and grabs the other party's hand, shaking it with force.

In this instant, Kajah whose body is shaking non-stop from the handshake stares at me unexpectedly. To the Dark Elves who view usurping of power and position as a natural instinct, she has neglected this 'puppet little city lord' form the very start. She is unable to understand why, despite having advantages in all aspects, did I allow Annie to come forward to represent Sulfur Mountain City.

I, who was at the back, solemnly watched everything in front of me. Saying something that no one would believe, I don't have much confidence in Annie being able to negotiate anything decent. After all, I only told her to go ahead and negotiate, but I didn't reveal anything to her.

"I can't accompany you for your whole life. This is training and a test... Good luck, Little Annie."

"Hmph! Lord, you sure have thought everything out lovingly. As expected of a fiancé, your attitude totally different. But, little Annie doesn't seem to be a necrophile. Do you need me to prepare for you your 999th heartbroken consolation party?"

"Stop spreading rumors! Someone will believe it! Also, it isn't the 999th time, it is only the 46th! It hasn't even reach 3 figures..."

"Master, I find it appropriate to remind you that the hearing of those long-eared Elves is excellent. Proclaiming your lovelorn records so loudly, all of the Matriarchs here can hear it. It seems that some of them are even staring at your lower body. From their looks, it seems that they intend to try a new flavor, the thousand-year virgin chicken. Maybe, after the incident, I can prepare a red packet for you to congratulation you. But..."

TL: Virgin chicken -> A pun, could be read as Spring Chicken but separately, is read as Virgin Chicken

Saying this, she propped up her glasses as the edges of her mouth curls up, revealing a seemingly sympathetic yet mocking gaze...

The meaning of her words was clear. "You fellow with only bones, you still want to get a woman?"

"I... I don't want red packets!! I want to revive" After saying these words, someone ran away crying.

"Then, if you have a physical body, you are willing to be eaten by these old women who are old enough to be your great great grandmother? How filthy." A certain maid takes the opportunity to push in a final blow...

The chapters seem to be getting longer :X It used to be just 3000 words but now it is taking up to near 5000.

Anyway, if you still don't know who is the blue cat with a pouch, it is Doraemon and Small Light is the flashlight which he uses to shrink people (took the name from the wiki)

Right now the story is progressing a bit slowly but it is slowly building up, gonna become more interesting in the next few chapters.

Chapter 39

The Market

"This is the proposal from my side. As a part of the Alliance, we hope to be able to obtain the purchase rights of the 30 goods on this list on market price. Also, we hope that Elf traders can go in and out freely from your city."

In the wide conference room, the extravagance of the Elves could be seen by the fact that even their table edges were carved with pictures of Elves dancing with the sword. Hearing the negotiation from both parties, I am almost on the verge of falling asleep.

"Annie will negotiate about the military matters while Margaret will assist her with economic deals. I guess there is nothing much for me here. Since I have nothing to do, then, I might as well look for some joy."

"...Within the list, these 23 commonly seen goods in our market can be sold at market price, but mercury, dragon poison, liquid sulfur that has been worked on and the other of the 7 goods belong to the goods which our officials control or ban its trade, so it isn't allowed to be sold to the outside. Unless, you all agree to an equal trade with the unique goods we have on our list. Also, as long as your Dark Elf merchants are proper merchant and not assassins or spies wearing the cloak of a merchant, then why would they be afraid of our checks." Propping up her glasses, Elisa replies.

"...Big sister, must you haggle about this little amount of cucumber? Fine, 25 dollars, take it all. But, you must take away these tomatoes. Don't worry, they are all fresh goods."

"Hehe, little girl, then we shall deal with these one by one. To say the truth, all these trade is just an appetizer to tighten our relationship. Perhaps, we should start talking about the main question now. For example, about that Power of Law of yours." Kajah smiles and says.

"Hehe, so young one, let's do it this way. Auntie don't really care about this little bit of money. Right, how much are you charging for that yellow croaker?"

This time, Elisa starts to frown but didn't say anything much. Instead, she looks at

Annie.

"Un, you can leave this matter for Annie to settle. If you Dark Elves are interested in the Power of Law, you are free to send people to Sulfur Mountain City to learn. But before that, you all must swear in the name of the Spider Queen to not harm the citizens. At the same time, you all must swear to stop your assassination of those Dark Elves in Sulfur Mountain City.

"Un, that yellow croaker, if you want it, its 12 dollars 1 catty. I am making it cheap for you. This yellow croaker is fresh from the sea and its taste is fantastic after cooking it. However, if you were to accept this yellow croaker, then you can't fuss about the money I owe over your potato before."

TL: 1 catty = 600g

Hearing Annie's reply, Kajah shakes her head.

"The will of the Spider Queen cannot be slackened, traitors must be cleared. We Elves have all the time to wait, so let those traitors wait patiently for the day they will be terminated... Alright, let's not talk about these unhappy stuffs. Maybe, we can talk about even deeper matters. For example, a military alliance against a certain faction. Of course, it would not be on paper."

"How can that be, our canteen's boss is very particular with debts, the money you owe for the potato must be paid in total... But, let's talk about other things. For example, when should we go and beat up that big fatty who always bully people. Of course, if we got found out by the fatty in advance, I won't admit it."

Of course, all the previous things discussed were just appetizer. The private military alliance that they were talking about now is the main reason for the secret meeting today. Annie hesitates but Annie's eyebrows knitted together and her face is full of frost. She seems to be troubled about something.

He, it should be very troubled. Of course she would be very troubled. This decision would determine the future of countless lives. However, it is because of this immense pressure that they will grow up and improve. I have high expectations of you 2, Elisa and Annie.

"...Please give me a moment." Finally, she steels her heart, stands up straight and then... walks to my front.

"Master!! Have you had enough? Can you stop playing those lame vegetable lines in my head! Stop interrupting our discussions!!!"

"Ah, did I mention it accidentally? Sorry, sorry," An apology with no hint of sincerity was said. Then, I lowered my head to reduce my presence... Of course, sarcasm has to have a target, otherwise if I talk to myself, wouldn't that make me a lunatic?

TL: Sarcasm -> He uses a word *Tu Cao* (??) and according to here, it originates from the Japanese work *tsukkomi*, which is bringing a point from the other party's word with the intention to tease (and I couldn't find another word for it in English) cause this word appears quite a bit in the novel.

Fine, in the eyes of outsiders, Elisa is just standing silently in front of me, staring at me. At the same time, I remained silent, as though passing over the rights to make the decision to the other party.

"Sorry for the trouble." After apologizing, Elisa returns back to her seat.

"Actually, what I'm saying isn't that wrong too. Isn't negotiation about haggling and counting every single cent, so is there a difference between it and the market?"

"I am thinking right now, so please be silent."

Alright, alright, you all only know how to bully these old bones, then complain that these old bones are getting annoying. Fine, then these old bones will go out to venture around, this will do right.

Just nice, I was starting to get tired of the uninteresting atmosphere in the negotiation room, so I stood up and prepared to leave...

"Please take care and return back to our base early. Don't pick up random things on the street to eat and don't make too much little children cry, so that their parents won't come knocking on our door. Also, don't get caught while doing bad things. I am not very close with the police station here, and I don't want to go and fetch someone from there."

Fine, hearing this nagging that seems to be directed towards an old child, I started to reflect on exactly where did I go wrong. Back then, the cute little girl who was afraid of dark and loneliness, the girl who comes hugging the corner of my shirt to sleep with me when the during stormy days, exactly how did she become so venomous and

twisted under my education.

On my way out, I had to tolerate Elisa's cold glare and pretend not to see the passionate gaze and secret invitations from those Elf Matriarchs... What a pity, the Dark Elves' adult art and all kinds of techniques are known to be one of the world's 'precious art collection', and it is the dream of every man...

Fine, even without that venomous maid, I still can't do anything much. But it should be okay thinking about it right. As a man, imagination is not a crime right!!... Elisa! Can you stop singing in my head 'Gong Gong Pian Tou Tong!!', I really shouldn't have taught you to sing pop songs back then! Even more so, I shouldn't have told you what a Gong Gong is!

TL: Means eunuch. In the song, there is a line in the chorus that says 'In the Back Court, there are 3000 beautiful ladies, but none of which he could touch.'

"Hmph, wait till I revive..."

Before I leave, I looked back once more at Annie who was talking very seriously. I look forward to the day she would be able to hold up the fort independently, so that I can collect my reward and revive...

Yet, I didn't know that when I left, all of the Dark Elf Matriarchs seemed to have heaved a sigh of relief at the same time.

"That magic robe and mask seems to be all God Equipment. I can't detect his true appearance or powers at all."

TL: I used to keep translate law robe and magic robe interchangeably for him (it's all the same robe) because 法 can mean is both the first word for magic and law. I will stick with magic robe.

"There are totally no changes in his emotions and even his heartbeat can't be felt. If I close my eyes, it is as though he isn't there at all. How the hell does something like this exist?"

"Is it a demon? A human? Elf? Undead? There is totally no way to find out. The two young girls seem to be very reliant on his judgement and yet he chose to leave now. Why is that so? Could there be some scheme?"

From a certain sense, the only thing hindering this negotiation is that Wumianzhe.

From Dark Elf Matriarchs who had lived through countless years, the strong isn't something to fear. What is to fear is always the unknown and Wumianzhe is just too bizarre and dangerous.

"As the finder of a new kind of Power of Order, it is impossible to overestimate him. If the Power of Law is destined to become a powerful Order like the Holy Light, then we might be facing a future God. But no matter what, his departure is a good thing for the negotiation... Or maybe, we should let some 'shadow' follow him, if there's an opportunity..."

Luciana, the Number 1 Matriarch of Morsblight City. From a certain sense, she is a neighbor of Sulfur Mountain City. Even though those eccentric Dark Elves who believed in Holy Light and betrayed the Dark Elves had caused the original First Family to lose the trust and doting of the Spider Queen, it had allowed the Syfan family which Luciana belongs to gain power.

But no matter what, Diana and the others who had escaped and were living better lives remains the disgrace of Morsblight City. If they do not get rid of this disgrace on time... The Spider Queen was never a reasonable true God. The screams of agony by the previous First Matriarch when she was turned into the spider was still etched onto her eyes.

But at the same time, Kajah, who was still talking with Annie, gazes at her, as though seeing through her private wishes.

"...If there is a chance, send out a small present to improve our relations with that Lord. If we are able to forge an alliance with this rising Autarch Sulfur Mountain City, it would be easier for us to fight for the command of the Underground Alliance. This is a big affair that concerns the entire Dark Elf tribe. No one would be so short-sighted to allow their personal desire affect the entire situation."

Even though Luciana changed her words fast enough, but when Kajah's gaze continued to remain on her, she felt like her heart was about to stop, her back was instantly wet with cold sweat.

Just having Lorci's blessings isn't enough for Kajah to control over half of the Dark Elf Tribe. In the cruel and heartless society of Dark Elves, this High Priestess who was

always smiling also uses bloodshed to suppress those who goes against her, leaving their bodies cold. Otherwise, for the Dark Elves who see insubordination as an honor, there would be no reason for them to bow to this High Leader in name.

"Then, the present would be prepared personally by you, the noble Matriarch of Syfan. What we need now is, indeed, a trustworthy ally."

"Yes, that is my honor. I will make sure to get it done perfect."

She already has no longer any energy to bother with the secret laughter of the other Matriarchs. Luciana.Syfan can only rejoice over surviving this calamity.

"Then, just to confirm on our mutual communication channels..."

The Alliance of two powers, even if it is an Alliance which each of the power have their own goals and aims, they still have many minute details to discuss thoroughly over, so this meeting is destined to take quite long.

But, I don't really care. Or rather, I don't need to care.

Just like what I told Elisa, the discussion between countries and different powers is actually no different from buying vegetables in the market. It is just about how you give me 2 more cents and I will give you additional carrot and potato.

When the market prices are fixed, even if your negotiation skills are top-notch, but it is also only a small rise from the price line.

To tell the truth, the conclusion of the negotiation is normally determined even before the talks. What that cannot be obtained on the battlefield would normally be unobtainable on the negotiation table... Alright, I know that there are exceptions so let's not talk about that unbearable history. If the ruler is useless to such an extent, then discussions and fighting are all meaningless.

That 'market price which determines the result of the market trade' refers to the circumstances of the two parties before the negotiations, what they have and what kind of bargaining chip do they have to exchange. The side that is more anxious with less bargaining chip would find it harder to gain the initiative the lead the discussions, while the side with more chips on their hand will find it easier to earn more despite giving in less, achieving a bargain.

Due to our hard work throughout this period, the initiative in this negotiation is already in the hands of Sulfur Mountain City. Also, Molly and Shou has started made quite a bit of moves while Ainsterna.Eduar and the Devils backing him are cunning and fickle, an apparent two-faced faction which cannot be relied on. Also, with the Dark Elf Matriarchs who don't know the concept of loyalty behind her back, Kajah should be under intense pressure.

I remember that in the original 'history', 10 years after the epic war where the Underground Alliance started invading the surface, the High Leader of the Dark Elf is a Dark Elf Matriarch named Victoria... The retirement of an influential Dark Elf is never peaceful and it is impossible for them to retire on their own accord. After all, that often means an ending worse than death.

Then, no matter whether it is for her and the Dark Elf power that she represents, she needs an alliance very urgently now.

For Sulfur Mountain City, this negotiation and even the invitation to the Underground Alliance, we can totally turn our heads and leave if the negotiations fall through. At least, before that small joke which isn't convenient to tell others and my little tricks get exposed, Sulfur Mountain City has no reason to step into these muddy waters.

Since the initiative for the negotiations are in our hands, not mentioning that the other party has requests to ask of us, they have already made up their mind to strike an alliance with Sulfur Mountain City, so the Dark Elves have to ensure that this goes through by hook or by crook. But, my side don't really have to care about the results of the negotiation and we have plentiful of bargaining chips so no matter how we talk through this negotiation, the final winners will still be us.

This is also the reason why I kept refusing to interact with Kajah and Ainsterna. I want to make them panic, worried that I might reconcile with Shou and Molly and instead, cause the internal balance of the Alliance to tilt once again.

This is also the reason why I say the results of the negotiation is decided even before the negotiation. Also, Elisa's negotiation techniques are above average, there was no trace of her shying out or panicking and that's why I can leave peaceful.

At this moment, as I walk on the street of Vance, looking at this other kind of prosperity, I decided to start on my little plan.

"I, Wumianzhe Roland, am not a very forgiving person. Since you all dare to attack Sulfur Mountain City, you all should have thought about my revenge. Shou and Molly, the things that you owe me, it is time to return them now."

Chapter 40

Bait

Iron Bloodline, Copper Body, Silver Dignity, Golden Will, Respected Legend, World Saint, Immortal Myth, Indestructible SemiGod, the names of these power levels tell a lot.

Iron Bloodline is demarcated as LV1 to LV20 in the system. In this period, a large portion of people would have just gotten their job and most of the power they possess now originates from their bloodline. But, it is during this phase that the route they are going to walk on are decided.

Sounds a little difficult to understand? Then let's use the system's interface to explain.

Below, there are 3 most commonly seen close-range job of different tribes.

"Standard Beastman Berserker Model /Strength: 15 Agility: 12 Stamina: 12 /Main Attribute: Strength /Race Talent: Berserk"

"Standard Dark Elf Assassin Model /Strength: 12 Agility: 14 Stamina: 9 /Main Attribute: Agility /Race Talent: Magic Immunity Skin"

"Standard Human Warrior Model /Strength: 12 Agility: 8 Stamina: 10 /Main Attribute: Strength/ Race Talent:... None"

Strength is the total fighting power that a physical body possesses. Agility is the sum of reaction speed and balance. Stamina is the measurement of the health. These are all the most important attributes for close-combat jobs.

In the Iron stage, the rookies of different races will work hard towards their ideal physique and through training, they will grow stronger. The supposed 'god strength' just probably means that they are born with 2 additional strength stat. As a result of their hard work, they will grow closer to their ideal physique and when their basic stats reaches a certain mark, they will be able to break through to the next rank.

Why, you are complaining that it is unfair? The Beastman and Dark Elf's summation

of all 3 stats are 35 but for the human, it is only 30, and there is no race talent? I'm sorry but the world is never fair. The stats and talents of different races are simply unfair, otherwise why would there be so many arguments and discrimination.

If 2 people work hard together, the difference in talent will instead cause their strength to be pulled apart. This is just like comparing a foot soldier to a cavalry. If they are given equal time, the cavalry would have ran much further than the foot soldier.

For example, if a normal Beastman's strength growth rate is around 0.1 per level, by LV20, their strength would have increased by 2. But, if a Human Warrior is able to get 1 point growth in strength by LV20, they can already be called a good bud for a strength-type Warrior.

Furthermore, this is not taking into account of their race talents. The race talents of strong tribes tend to be quite frightening.

It is a common knowledge for the strength of Warriors that are equal-rank but of different race to be greatly different. But in exchange, the humans with the worst potential tends to grow the fastest. The stronger a race is, the slower their growth would be. The Dragon tribe require at least a century before they can be considered a teenager and the Elves take 200 years to become an adult. For a human, 70 to 80 years is sufficient for them to reach their pinnacle.

If we were to use the analogy of a game, the weaker a race is, the less experience it requires to level up. Using myself as an example, comparing with another Legend-rank, the experience bar of Lich is roughly 3 times of that of a human Mage, so retraining is actually quite a pain.

However, as the breakthrough for every stage is too difficult, so this advantage actually isn't that great for top-tier experts. But, the advantage of humans in mass creation of low-level Warriors (otherwise known as cannon fodder) as a mortal race is apparent. Elves of the Silver Race is adept at creating a large army of middle-class experts and while the population of the Dragons of the Golden Race may be pathetic, but no one dares to underestimate them.

If the Iron-rank is considered to be the start of the journey and their main goal is to follow on the route that their seniors paved, then for Warriors that have reached the stage of Bronze Body, they are trying to discover their own talents to improve

themselves and forge the perfect body for fighting.

To put it in easy-to-understand gaming terms, trying the best to learn skills, maximize your talents and improve your stats...

Silver Dignity, at this stage, the physical body has almost reached the limit of mortals, so practitioners start to forge their will and learn battling techniques. By combining both the strength of the spirit and the will, they create their personal battle styles.

In gaming terms, the character has started to take shape but growth of attribute stats is much slower, so relying on growth in stats to become stronger is too difficult. So, they start learning a few big skills to show off.

Golden Will, experts at this stage start to combine their talents to search for a path suited for them. If they are able to get themselves a fixed high-tier job and inheritance, then their growth would be even faster.

In gaming terms, it means choosing a route for job advancement, step into a new level and start afresh from the very basics.

Climbing up the ladder, there is the Soul Imprint of Legends and Soul World of the Saints, but as I have touched on them before, so I will skip them for now. At this point, I guess there would be someone who have already figured out why Annie is unable to beat Elisa no matter what.

Annie is a human. What is remarkable about her is that she has a portion of Phoenix blood in her, making her a mixed-blood human. At Gold pinnacle, despite having no race talent, her main attribute, strength, has already reached 19, a step into the boundaries of a Legend-rank Warrior, which is pretty amazing. (Different from other games in foreign worlds, it is hard for the basic stats to grow in this world but in late game, the difference in all 4 or 5 stats would be exceptionally huge)

But her opponent is Elisa, whose race is 'Half-Demon blessed by the Abyss', and her race talent is Calling of the Abyss. As long as she is willing to return the calling and demonify, she can receive massive increases in her stats. At her current stage, she is already 'Demonification Intermediate Stage, Strength +12 Agility +12 Stamina +12 Intelligence +12 Charm +6 Will -6'.

Just solely by these additions, Annie is unable to defeat Elisa.

As a demon progeny, Elisa's basic strength is 12, and adding another 12 onto that... A Mage with enough strength to suppress a Warrior is born. If we factor in agility and stamina, she would have an advantage in all aspects. Just like how it is a joke for a monkey to defeat a dinosaur with its martial arts, no matter how powerful are the techniques that one possesses, basic stats are still the primary factor to determine one's strength. That's why Elisa could grab the God Sword with her hands.

In addition to those messy martial arts that I imparted her and the close-quarter combat that she invented involving martial arts with ice magic, not mentioning a Gold pinnacle like Annie, even a Legend-rank like Xueti might not be able to win against her... As my prided student, as a close-combat Mage, Elisa has, undoubtedly, surpassed her master.

This is unfair, but compared to Little Red's 'Ancient Red Dragon's Perfect Body. Complete immunity to Poison, Plague and Fire. All stats are raised by 30', Elisa's 'Demonification Intermediate Stage' is already considered quite fair. I reckon that even if she were to demonify completely, all of her stats would only be increased by a total of 20 with a massive fall in her will.

Of course, there is no such thing as a free lunch in the world. The strength of the Abyss of Chaos isn't that easy to take.

A massive fall in will means that it would become more and more difficult for her to resist the callings and demonification. Eventually, she would turn into a demon completely and this is the main reason why I banned her from using her 'Call of the Abyss' race talent.

Fortunately, by using the Contract Magic that Devils invented, I wrote this line into the work contract between Elisa and me. Before all of her wages are settled, her physical body is banned from using its demonification power instinctively.

The Devils and Demons originate from the River Styx and the two of them are indubitably, mortal enemies. This could be said to be using the power of the River Styx to deal with the callings of the River Styx, it is the only solution I could derive from a problem that has no solution.

TL: The entire phrase is 'Thinking of a solution when there's no solution, finding an exit when there is no exit.' Magic Contracts originate from Devils.

Maybe, there will be one day when Elisa, like the other demon progenies, would be unable to resist the Calling of the Abyss from her blood and just like my dumb brother, she will walk into the gates of the Abyss and Hell, turning completely into a resident of the underworld. But, I hope that with me in the path, that day could be extended indefinitely or at least, I would prevent it from happening as long as I am here.

Anyway, benefits and detriments always come hand-in-hand in this world. Just by relying on this 'Half-Demon' race advantage, Elisa's actual fighting prowess would not lose to any of the other underground city lord's prided Legend-rank fighting prowess.

Elisa is indeed powerful. As a human, Annie is slightly weaker than her. After all, she is just a 19-year old young lady, albeit possessing the strength of the Golden pinnacle that overwhelms most human. However, Adam and I are still unsatisfied. In this underground world where experts could be found everywhere, the underground city lords can only be considered of average standard.

Right now, Elisa and Annie are still at Golden pinnacle, stuck on the step of forging their Soul Imprints...

It is hard for outsiders to help them here as Soul Imprints require them to slowly grind it into shape. No matter whether it is from fighting or from life, they need to suffer setbacks and failures to discover their inadequacies, obtaining victories after tough fights to rediscover their talents and confidence. They would require every experience that plays a crucial role in life and while the both of them have exceptional talent, their basics being knocked into place by Adam and me, but what they mainly lack is experience.

"The Dark Elves won't be easy to deal with but with Margaret and Adam, 2 SemiGods, as your backing, they won't dare to directly touch you all. Good luck, we don't have much time left... Even with this butterfly causing chaos about, the day which the underground world forming an Underground Alliance to invade the surface won't be too far away."

Alright, let's stop with those serious words here.

What I am going to do now, if I were to dump it on them, it wouldn't be accumulating experience but outright murder.

As I walk solemnly towards Vance City's Platinum Order Auction, the sound of chatters

could be heard from all locations. But from the moment I walked in, all sound disappeared.

Everyone's gaze is directed towards the figure at the entrance... because, he is simply too bright!

The Silver Light of Order and Light of Law ripples around the robe. The SemiGod Mask brings about the stern demeanor as though everything was being judged. A bulky yellow-covered book hanging by the waist was shining with the Lines of Rule (of the world) that was exclusive to God Equipment. The worn-out gavel on the other side was also bursting with the radiance of the Power of Law. It is apparent that the gavel is, at the very least, a SemiGod Equipment.

A God Equipment and 3 SemiGod Equipment, even a true God would be tempted. It would be unfathomable if one doesn't get robbed going out like that. In the worst-case scenario, the entire underground world might even be involved in the robbery.

"Hmph, my goal is to blind you all anyway."

But even a fool would know that those who are capable of bringing these kinds of equipment out would have extremely hard bones.

However, there are always fellows who want to try their luck. In the next instant, 2 thieves who were forced out by their superiors appeared from the shadow and tried to approach me.

"Incantation of Law: Judgement." My luck wasn't bad, this unlucky fellow must have done atrocities to be shine red to the point that it was turning black. Thus...

"Incantation of Law: Capital Punishment – Hanging!" Under a 6-circle death penalty verdict, an intangible rope hangs him in midair and what is left is the time for the sinner to regret his actions before his legs go limp...

Facing this 6-circle Incantation of Law (Gold-rank) of the Power of Law which targets criminals, this pitiful Silver-rank Thief didn't even have the time to cry in agony and walks into the embrace of death directly.

Looking at the corpse in front of him, the other unlucky fellow fell limp to the floor, scared to the point he couldn't stop trembling. After all, before he can even react, his old partner has already died somehow in front of him. On top of that, it was quite a

brutal death.

Everyone was prepared for the little soldiers who was testing the waters to die, but no one expected them to die in such an eerie matter. The emptiness that represents the unknown is always the color which everyone is most wary of.

Ignoring the lucky fellow who survived due to not committing any crime in the last few hours, I walked to the front desk of the auction like it was nobody's business and the path that I walk through splits apart like how Moses splits the ocean then.

"I, am here to auction something. A God Equipment."

Everyone's eyes are on me. The moment that my word rang out, a tsunami seems to have crashed down. The Auction Hall which was bizarrely quiet a moment ago immediately gets drowned in discussions and shouts of shock could be heard from every corner.

Of course they would be shocked and stunned. Putting aside God Equipment, a SemiGod Equipment or even Epic Equipment in an auction could already cause a fearsome storm that would be etched in history. As for auctioning a God Equipment, it is destined to make history.

"AHHH... Auction? Fine, fine, you want to auction God Equipment? God Equipment? GOD EQUIPMENT?! YOU SURE!!!"

The poor centaur lady's eyes saw stars and started shouting about with a look which says that she was unable to accept reality and an expression that was broken.

"Un, God Equipment. Congratulations to your auction house, this should be first auction for a God Equipment in the underground world. Your Platinum Order Auction House is destined to leave its name in history."

That Centaur lady couldn't care less whether her name would be left in history. When she heard that a God Equipment was really going to be auctioned, her eyes flipped and she immediately fell flat on the floor.

"God Equipment = Worth a lot of money = Many people will snatch for it = If you were to accidentally break it, you can't pay for it in your whole life = Get captured to work as a slave = Get sold in the slave market by some demon with special interests = Forced to do all sorts of things that makes one embarrassed..." This is the train of thoughts

that floated in Centaur Anya's mind...

"I don't want to be slave and XXXX." Then, this lass who is rich in imagination immediately faints from her head overheating.

...This kind of matter of important people is hard on a young lady who is obsessed with dimension-travelling novels and just left her farming village 3 months ago.

"Slave? Who? I am not Beifeng, I won't have an interest in you."

Even I didn't expect to meet such a situation. What is wrong with this lady, why did is her expression so rich with everything appearing in an instant, and she even shouted such a perverted line...

But now that the auctioneer has fainted, what should I do? Should I just return?

"Lord, Lord. I... Please hand it over to me. I am the manager here, Carlos. Here is my name card."

A goblin who is well-dressed rushed out, but looking at his bloodshot eyes and messy clothes, it was apparent that he just received the news and rushed here.

"The item that you would like to auction, is it this book?"

Looks like, as the manager of this auction house, Carlos is still pretty good at valuing items to know that the God Equipment would be surrounded by the Lines of Rule representing it.

But I shook my head and 'pah' I snapped my finger.

A Skeleton Soldier walks out from my back with a black-colored wooden box in its hand.

Then, the box is opened...

The next second, the entire hall is radiated with starlight. Carlos even thought that the box contains a star that was just plucked from the sky until the radiance finally scatters...

It is a black scepter and its body is dull without any trace of extravagance, full of the

dust of history. There are even marks from being burnt and frozen. The God Equipment's power seems to be hidden internally, the only thing shining on it is silver-colored gems on it.

Starlight seems to be jumping from gem to gem that the light also has its own tempo, as though as it is a living being of its own.

Compared the star-like shine of these gems, the expensive inextinguishable lamps lighted with Mermaid Oil in the auction house feels just like the shabby and worthless candles of the Kobolds in comparison.

"God Equipment, it is definitely a God Equipment. Are these stars lighting its Lines of Rule... Wait, it is a scepter!! A SCEPTER!!" Suddenly, Carlos's face steels and the sharp piercing scream of a goblin resounds in the entire hall.

Looks like my primary objective has been achieved. As an existence who brings about 3 SemiGod Equipment and a God Equipment with him, if I were to take out another God Equipment, most people would subconsciously think that it is real too.

"Yong... YONGYE!!!!!!..." He forcefully swallows back the rest of his words. He knows how precious the auction item in front of him is, that is at least the worth of an Empire! He is already starting to envy that rookie who faints, and was tempted to faint himself and end it all there and then.

"Yes, Eternal Night Scepter." I heartlessly broke the final hope that he has as I looked playfully at the face of despair of the goblin.

"...Eternal Night Scepter?"

My voice isn't very loud but with everyone on the field looking at us, this level of voice is sufficient. Very quickly, the news about Eternal Night Scepter reappearing in the world spreads across the entire hall.

A large portion of people were stunned, then they expressed the glee of greediness before turning into fear...

"Call everyone to gather and leave, something big is going to happen here!"

"Hurry up and leave. Kai isn't willing to go? Fine, then let's go by ourselves, just leave this fool to die here."

Even if you manage to gain possession of God Equipment, you would need to be alive to utilize it. Going by the rules of the underground world, a fool who possesses a precious treasure without the strength to match up to it would end up dead sooner or later. When the news that the Scepter has reappeared spreads out, many top-tier powers will all crowd in. At that time, it would be too late to leave.

Of course, there would be fools and those who are willing to give their life for wealth. Many people chose to leave but there are also a few who remained. But, they were still frightened by how the Thief died eerily then, so they were afraid of charging head on.

Towards those who were eyeing for it but lack the courage to, I ignored them totally and instead, I smiled at the goblin who was holding up the scepter, his hands trembling.

"I only have 2 requests for the auction. The first is that the auction should be held 30 days later, 3 in the afternoon. Every individual and power are allowed to attend. Second, if the auction item disappears, I want you all to compensate me 20 top-tier underground cities that includes 'Miheu Oasis', 'Cloud Water Box', 'Flying Dragon City' in its midst."

"What... Pay, pay... you underground cities? I... don't have underground cities... Miheu, I get it, Lion King!!! You are aiming for the Lion King!"

Alright, that pitiful goblin's eyes immediately flipped white and follows in the footsteps of his subordinates.

He did point out my goal correctly. Of course I came here for Shou. If I want to start an auction in this city, how can it do without sufficient backing. The backing for this auction house is the Beastman Sovereign Shou.Nuya and the underground cities that I said are all his properties.

Hearing the name of the Underground Autarch, a few of the 'audience' suddenly regain their rational thinking and their instinctive fear and chose to leave. At times, knowing too much may also result in death.

"Hey, fainting again. Is there anyone else who can take charge?"

All of the workers who meet my gaze either avoid my gaze or just fall down directly, faking their deaths.

"Haha, isn't this Wumianzhe? It has been long since we last met. You are here to auction something? Fine, we will accept your deal."

A gruff and grand figure walks through the entrance accompanied by resounding laughter. Before the figure even walks in, the sound is already echoing throughout the hall.

Exactly the same as how I saw him outside Sulfur Mountain City, the single-eyed old Lion has thick hair and his muscles over his body is, unexpectedly, not very exaggerated. The scorpion tail at the back of his head drags on the floor and that seemingly average black-colored leather armor he wears is actually a Legend-tier armor that is hard to buy with just money itself.

At this point, the old Scorpion-tailed Lion is laughing cheerfully on his domain, seeming to not bother at all about the loss of his soldiers in his overwhelming defeat then.

"Hey, old thing, you are still alive. As expected as man who uses his own soldier as his shield. It must be your thick-skin that saved your life. To think you still dare to appear in front of me, aren't you afraid of me killing you directly?"

Don't reveal one's secret when beating someone, but I deliberately want to aim for all of his weak spots. Instantly, the old lion's face scrunches.

TL: Saying goes like this 'Don't aim for the face when beating someone up, don't aim for the weak spots when you are scolding someone' simply means don't go too far.

War is an extension of governance. All of the influential figures care about their image and under normal situations, no matter how intense the secret fights between underground city lords were, but if they were to be seated together in public, they would still spare the other party some face and interact politely. But, meeting an opponent that doesn't spare him any face, it is probably the first time he is seeing someone like that and his face steels immediately.

This might be true under normal circumstances... But why should I spare this bastard any face!!

The old lion tightens his grip on the sword behind his back but the next instant, he was blinded by my body of God Equipment.

Shou remembers that Forbidden Spell that involves the entire city. That formless and majestic eye of the sky, as though as it was prepared to judge everything. Even the Beastman Sovereign felt some fear and couldn't bring up the determination to go all out with me.

"Lord!! The Vance city has a pact against fighting!"

Realizing the hesitation of his master, a fox Beastman dressed in a Mage's robe steps forward, as though reminding his master about this city's rules. In reality, he was giving space for his own boss to step down.

With someone persuading him, Shou's face gradually relaxes and he releases his grip on the sword's handle.

Of course, a neutral city bans fighting but there are coliseums that allow one to resolve personal grudges. Furthermore, when did these domineering Underground Autarchs start to follow rules.

But the next moment, the surrounding people exclaims in shock. They dare not believe that the invincible Beastman Sovereign would actually take this lying. It can't be that the rumor that the Beastman Sovereign had led an army on an expedition but ended up getting wiped clean in a faraway land is true?

Following Shou's style of doing things, to not act up facing other people's ill comments is sufficient to testify the authenticity of the rumors, causing heavy damage to the reputation of this Beastman Sovereign.

But, the single eye that gazes at the surrounding made all of the restless people stop in their tracks... Even if this news is false, there is a high possibility of it getting out. If Shou were to mistake them as the one who spread it out, then wouldn't they die wronged

The single-eyed Beastman Sovereign suppresses his anger, but it was impossible for him to continue interacting with this 'rogue' in front of him. Thus, the fox Beastman, after a meaningful gaze, steps up.

"Basics in doing business, everyone that comes knocking is a customer, so we should accept them with smiles on our face, even if the customer is rude, don't you agree, Lord Wumianzhe?" This message doesn't put themselves down, nor does it anger other people. At the same time, it is a verbal attack, yet it is humorous. It is a very apt

message. I laughed in reply, getting us past the vicious words I shot out just now.

Since he provided an opportunity to alleviate the situation, I might as well take it. Anyway, my goal today is not to fall out with them.

"That is to say, you all are accepting my auction deal?"

"Accept, of course we are accepting."

"Fine, then let's sign an agreement using mine."

That little fox takes the sheepskin agreement and his face turns white in an instant. On it, the language of the Devils of Hell is used instead of the usual common language. This is an agreement belonging to the Devils.

The agreements on it is just like what I have said, number 1, the auction is to be held 30 days later, number 2, if the scepter is lost, 20 cities must be paid to me. The only thing different is that I added another restrictive clause that if none of the 2 terms are fulfilled, then the person who signed the deal will fall into River Styx, unable to redeem themselves.

To humans and Beastman, swearing to the River Styx is no different from swearing to the sun, anyway none of it is effective anyway. But to the Malevolent Gods, Demons and Devils who live in the Underworld, their power and live originate from the River Styx. If they were to go against the promise they made to River Styx, even the Spider Queen Lorci would be reduced to a tiny little spider.

TL: Underground world and Underworld is different (Underworld -> Abyss, Hell etc.)

Of course, my message in taking out this contract is clear, that the Beastman Sovereign is Demon wearing the cloak of a Beastman...

The little fox passes the contract quivering to Shou then, he was sent flying by the enraged Beastman Sovereign.

But as he grasped the contract, he hesitated. The power backing him seems to be extremely interested in this scepter and if he were to let go of it...

"If you don't accept the deal, then I will head over to the Black Pearl Auction House next door." I made a timely increase in stakes.

The Black Pearl Auction House is backed by another Underground Autarch Ainsterna Eduar and the power behind him is the Devils. No matter how you see it, from their background or how they were vying to be the leader of the Underground Alliance, Shou and Ainsterna were destined to be archenemies.

"If Ainsterna were to successfully hold the auction and alliance with Sulfur Mountain City, that would make it a 3V1 situation and Molly isn't completely reliable yet... No, the worst situation is him successfully unlocking the secrets to Eternal Night Scepter within the 30 days."

But then, Shou naturally thought that if Ainsterna could unlock its secret, wouldn't he be able to do the same too? Even if his Black Shaman subordinates weren't really skilled in this aspect, but he has Lich underlings as well. If that can't do too... He can ask for help from the one behind him!

"No... If I really to uncover Lord Yongye's secret to his strength, I can become the 2nd Lord Yongye, then would I still need his support?"

In the face of treasure, countless thoughts were running through his brain and in the end, they all converged into just one.

"I'll sign. But before I sign, I want to check the good."

"Of course."

Thus, I tried my best to hold in my laughter. Why? No matter how those Mages try to phrase their question, those 'yes', 'yes', 'true' is really making me laugh.

TL: One of the yes is in English while the other is in Mandarin

While leaving with the signed contract, I threw a message at him.

"You, might regret it."

Within my expectations, an angry roar reminiscent of a Lion's could be heard from my back.

"The Beastman Sovereign never regrets!!"

Fine, let me continue to hold in my laughter...

That night, I heard that the old Lion was confined in his study for an entire night and he casually killed 7 strategists with the little fox included in the mix, 8 Mages and 6 Black Shamans. When he finally steps out, repeated mumbles of him saying 'although I have heard the sound of the breathing, how do I activate this' could be heard.

That night, I heard that the old Lion suffered numerous attacks at the auction so he moved to the military barracks. Even so, there were more than 30 attempts at burglary, 5 military mutinies and 4 assaults from other underground city lords...

In that night, it is said that most of the underground city lords began to rush to Vance to prepare for the auction 30 days later. Of course, the ones making the move with them is their army.

That night, it is said that all of the Necromancers and Thieves went mad and the tunnel heading to Vance was filled with all kinds of dangerous personnel. At the same time, someone sent a report that an Undead Lord coming from the surface was spotted.

Rumors has it that in the 2nd day, the old Lion's hair turned white overnight, and he looked like he has aged 10 years...

As for me, I looked at the sky which was starting to have traces of white as I waited for morning to come.

"The wind has finally started blowing but, this, is only just the beginning."

Chapter 41

Fracture

In the southwest suburb of Vance City, there is a wall and a small castle. This is where the mercenaries of a wealthy Gray Dwarf merchant used to station.

In the underground world where the powerful thrives through exploiting the weak, money is often forced to make dealings with strength and wealthy merchants are often not too far from having a big army. But, it is a pity that the mercenary team that the Gray Dwarf chose to hire was a little too ambitious. In less than 3 months of being employed, they got rid of their boss and escaped with his money.

Afterwards, this land was purchased at a cheap price by another merchant. This merchant has trade dealings with Sulfur Mountain City so he sold it to us at a slightly higher price.

Personally, I like this piece of land a lot. It might be a little too far from the heart of the city and the land around it is quite remote. But to us, who have quite a bit of enemies in the city, it is actually a good thing.

At least, no one would be hurt in the traps set up by the Hunters and Mages and the landmines happily set by the goblins.

"Boom!"

"Un, it was indeed the right choice, Otherwise, these frequent explosions would disturb the neighbors."

After hearing the explosions that I have gotten used to, I nodded my head as I looked at the 70% done goblins whose souls were floating out of their body.

Looking down, I casually ignored the 2 naked man who just flew past... Eaglestorm who grew a pair of wings + Xueti who is riding on him.

Should I exclaim at Eaglestorm's powers? Despite Body Transformation being a high-level technique that only few of the Great Druids who specialize in Transmogrification

can use, but he used it to give himself a human body to spread his teachings of not wearing clothes.

"Wowowowowo! I am the king of the world!!"

Alright, looking at the Tauren, he was slapping his chest and shouting loudly in the air. He is simply too much of an eyesore to ignore, so...

I picked up a round-shaped goblin landmine and threw it over like a frisbee.

The frisbee made a perfect curve but Eaglestorm's sharp eyes notices the sudden attack. By tilting his body slightly, he easily dodges the attack.

"Haha, you missed!!" That dumb cow didn't know that his identity was long exposed by me and still shakes his butt towards me, flinging his bird...

"Using that 'King of the world' as the target, test the might of the fixed cannon towers and the gnome's hand grenades, fire!"

After passing down an order to the engineers and firers, I turn around and leaves. As I expected, the screams of agony of the 2 fools could be heard for a long time.

"Hmph, to dare to show your bird in front of me... Anyway, they are Legend-rank and their tough enough, they won't die even if they fall down directly. It is a good opportunity to test the effectiveness of our defense devices."

"Yes, Lord!" Truthfully, my words were excessive. To an engineer, as long as there is a chance to try out their treasures, why would they be worried about the life and death of their lab rats.

3 goblin cannons continuously fires and the gnome firer's hand grenades never stopped. 'Suooooooo' and multiple rockets fly towards the sky...

While a large portion of people looked skeptically at the rise of engineering, perhaps due to my interests as a Transcender from a foreign world, I made Sulfur Mountain City support the development of engineering.

In current times, due to the presence of many engineering master, Sulfur Mountain City has become the sacred land of engineering for the entire underground world.

This time, in order to sustain those 'Rolands', I brought all of the engineers to make up for the incident previously. With the help of the engineers, the last-minute defense system is currently being renewed at the speed of 3 times a day... Seems like I accidentally used the wrong phrase, but it is enough as long as the meaning is there.

TL: He used the phrase that the authors normally use to promise their readers to public _ amount of chapter each day and the phrase means 3 chapter a day.

Cough, after researching the engineering system of this world carefully, I realized that their energy source is still mainly derived from the energy crystals found within magic beasts. The fossil fuels are still a few centuries too early before it can be truly used. In that instant, I knew that it was impossible for engineering to hit it big in a short period of time.

Why? It is just the basic conservation of energy. If you want to move a giant device that is sufficient to kill a top-tier magic beast, you must first use the magic crystal of a top-tier magic beast... The Titan Heart and other kinds of permanent energy source cannot be mass produced. On top of the unrefined usage of fossil fuels by goblins, the negative view in most people's mind that engineering = explosion also makes it difficult for engineering to be spread around the world.

At the same time, there is a ruckus at the doorstep. I walked there and saw the familiar Dracon, Beifeng.Herault. He is currently carrying a sack with something struggling within, intending to sneak in... But it is a pity that the Dark Elf Knights wouldn't let such an obvious criminal act go and had him surrounded tightly.

"Let go of that horse!!"

2 hoofs were exposed from the struggling in the sack.

"...I am a Centaur, not a horse! Right, is there anyone outside? Save me! Save me! There is a kidnapper here!"

"Hey hey, Town Security ladies, I am just following the teachings of my instinct and fulfilling my role as a Hunter by bringing a prey back. This isn't a district under your control so you can't dictate my actions right."

In a moment, the Town Security was at a loss of words. From a certain sense, they really do not have the authority to carry out the law in this city.

Looking at this perverted Hunter who is good at debating, I couldn't help but to think of the new perverse meter created by the Town Security — Beifeng meter, and my head starts to hurt.

"There are too many perverts in Sulfur Mountain City but Beifeng's pervert meter cannot be matched, so he became a SI unit for perverse. The Beifeng meter is decided by a vote from everyone. As he is hated by everyone, he is known as 1 Beifeng. The one that always flirts with female nobles, The Moving Obscenity, only has half of his hate ballots, so she is 0.5 Beifeng. The explosion maniacs brother is 0.6 Beifeng, that ugly eagle hooked-nose (Eaglestorm) is 0.8 Beifeng, that Tauren who always strips naked is 0.1 Beifeng..."

"Wait, even though they are both perverts with a fetish for nude running, why is there such a great disparity between them?"

"Hmph, it is hateful how he brings it out and flings it about despite not having the capital."

Their answer made me sweat profusely.

"Also, don't just look at how gruff he looks, that Tauren is actually quite obedient. He doesn't retaliate when you hit him, he doesn't even scold you back when you insult him. He is fit and can undergo beatings, fulfilling all the standards of a good man in our heart. Actually, many girls in our team are interested in him. If he could get rid of his bad habit of stripping naked, he might be even more popular. After all, no one who wish for their own property (male) to be exposed in the public..."

Fine, should I say as expected of Dark Elves? At that time, I tried to test them a little...

"Then, what about Roland?"

"10 Beifeng! I'm sorry, I know that he has dealings with the legal system and you hope to spare him. But whenever we think of him, everyone starts to grind their teeth in resentment and finally, we decided to give him the highest value!"

"...10 Beifeng huh. Hehe, then what about number 2? 5 Beifeng?"

"Of course it is Beifeng himself 1 Beifeng! Hmph, that bones must be a pervert whose head got dunked in water, otherwise why would he keep doing things that harm others and don't benefit himself."

Fine, the moment I recalled of the fact that I was seen as a 10 Beifeng dumbass whose head is dunked in water while the silly cow on top is only 0.1 Beifeng and popular among the girls, my anger seems to rise from somewhere...

"Engineers, if you all are unable to shoot him down, then you all will be confined as a group. If you hit them down, they will be confined instead. Put in more effort, I want to see results before lunch."

Alright, the moment that my voice echoes out, the firepower is increased by more than 3 times. At the same time, I walked slowly to the side of the Dracon who was still standing triumphantly.

"You lot, did you all turn dumb from reading too much codex? Indeed, this is not the district under your control, but you all aren't enforcers here too. Since you all came in your own capacity as an individual, there is no one here to interfere with you all. What is the point of considering so much when you want to beat someone up?"

Beifeng is indeed alert and just when I finished my sentence, he was already ready to make a run for it.

"Incantation of Law: Judgement, Incantation of Law: Stripping of Freedom."

As expected, Beifeng who had just done a kidnapping turned light red and was immediately stopped on the spot by the Incantation of Law.

"Beat him up!"

Maybe my commands were excessive. The Town Security whose hatred was exploding immediately swarms in. Those who are kicking were already considered mild, there are those using whips and shovels... Looks like, the rule in Sulfur Mountain City preventing the abuse of those captured had the Town Security quite frustrated from restraining themselves.

A fight bursts out here and instead, I look worriedly at my quest board.

"Daily quest: Set your dogs out to hurt others. Order your subordinates to surround and beat up people who you find an eyesore. The stronger the target, the more vicious the beating, the better the reward. Current progress: 2/3... Hero, did you think that as a Demon King, I won't have my loyal lackeys? If you want to face me, first get rid of my underlings the Left and Right Guardians 3 Sky Gods 4 Heavenly Kings 5 Gold Warriors

6 Protectors 7 Arhats 8 Sky Dragons. Hahaha, I will be waiting for you at the 99th floor of the labyrinth."

TL: References to Buddhism, can't find the exact English wordings

"There is still one more lacking, who should I look for? Forget it, anyone will do. With these bunch of perverts, do I still need to be afraid of being unable to find a reason to beat someone up?"

"Thank... Thank you. But, can you be responsible for me?"

A shy voice resounds by my side, but the content was unbelievably explosive. Even the Town Security forgot to beat up Beifeng and the goblin cannon firers stopped from the shock.

"What, what, what, responsible? Me?"

Fortunately, the mask covers my expression. Otherwise, everyone could see my silly look from my old lower jaw bone falling down.

Looking carefully, it seems that I recognize her.

"You... from that day?"

"Great! Lord, you still remember me. All because of you, I lost my most precious thing that day."

A golden-colored horse tail sways along with the wind. The other half of the horse body is still in the sack but the redness of her embarrassment extends all the way to her neck.

"Lord... Can you be responsible for me... I don't request a lot, as long as I have sufficient food, I don't mind sleeping by the corridors."

Vaguely, I feel that the gazes from my back has changed from respect to one looking at trash.

"She is so small... It can't be that Lord is also a special product from Sulfur Mountain City — Pervert."

"Furthermore, a centaur. Her lower body is a horse. So his taste is the same as Beifeng's. No wonder Lord couldn't find a girlfriend in Sulfur Mountain City and fools around the moment he comes out."

"Hmph, Momo's perfect image of him in my heart has crumbled, how disappointing. I thought Lord was cool but I didn't expect him to be a pervert as well. What's more, a hypocrite who pretends to be righteous. Hate meter explodes! At least 0.9 Beifeng!"

"This... Actually, we shouldn't comment too much about his private relationship. Lord is a male after all, so he has the freedom to choose who he loves. However, messing around in the start and abandoning her afterwards is wrong!" The Town Security Captain Diana is understanding like always, but I really don't need this kind of interpretation.

"Huala!" Hearing the sound of the movement of ropes, I immediately lowered my head. Not surprisingly, a cold magic wire flies past slightly above my head.

"Hmph! Master, do you like Phoebe or iron? Let me book for you in advance."

TL: Phoebe

"I don't need a coffin!!" Even if Elisa doesn't point out what these materials refer to, but the frost on her face, the blood veins on her pretty face and those endless wires that were furiously twisting about is sufficient to tell everything.

"Such a picky customer. Then, just die on the cross on the fields. Not only is it environmentally friendly, we can also make good use of trash as a scarecrow to get rid of pests."

Under Elisa's summons, countless ice form from the solidification of water vapor, turning into wires that brings about death. As for me, I can only dodge frantically.

"Centaur lass! I promise you! I promise you everything and I will be responsible. Help me explain quickly!!"

"Great! Lord, since you are willing to provide Anya with a job, Anya will work very hard for you. Ahhh, ever since I lost my job because you of, Lord, I really didn't know what to do. It was fortunate that you were willing to provide me with a job."

"Job!?"

"Responsible?"

After shouts of surprise, from the explanations of the Centaur girl, everyone finally understands that it is just a misunderstanding.

The one before me who is speaking shyly and even playing with her horse tail is Centaur Anya, the unlucky fellow who lost his job after I caused a scene in the Platinum Order Auction House. She, who viewed her first job in life as the most precious thing to her, naturally can't forget about me who caused her to lose it.

"...That, initially, on the afternoon 2 days ago, I found a job in a restaurant as a waitress. But, a Holy Knight caused a scene there, saying that she wants to arrest a criminal. In the end, she broke tables and chairs in her fight and ran away. In the end, the boss said that I failed to stopped them and even wanted me to pay... Those Elf Holy Knights are so fierce, how could I have stopped them."

Holy Knights? Furthermore, Elf Holy Knights? This isn't Sulfur Mountain City, so I turned my gaze to the Town Security and unsurprisingly, that lass named Momo was intending to sneak away.

"Capture her!" Alright, a few seconds later, there is another dumpling on the floor that is mumbling to herself. "This is too much. How could it be my mistake to punish those slave traders, Momo isn't wrong."

"Yesterday afternoon, I found another job in the bath house... But, it was so scary! A bunch of naked perverts rushed in to bathe and after bathing, they ran out naked again. Furthermore, they didn't pay any money and scared away all of the customers. The boss blamed me for not stopping them again and I lost my job once more...

I silently focused my gaze on those engineers. In the next instant, the firepower tripled once more.

"Yesterday afternoon, I found another job as a servant at the Lion King Residence. But, several hours later, I met with misfortune once more. It was so scary, a very beautiful big sister suddenly rushes in, saying that she wants to borrow the scepter to take a look. My boss refused and they actually started to fight. In the end, half of the Lion King Residence was destroyed."

"Is that big sister black-haired red-eyed and there is a dragon tattoo-like insignia on her left face?" That centaur girl's story is simply too legendary that even Little Red

came over to listen. But at this point, she suddenly asks seriously.

"Dragon Empress?"

After receiving confirmation, Little Red smiles and her smile was full of malice.

"It is her. Hehe, borrowing Eternal Night Scepter to take a look? This can only be used to fool a kid. The 3rd reason commonly used by the Dragon Tribe's for extortion 'Lend me that so that I can take a look, I'm just going to take a look'...If you really lent her that scepter, then you can be prepared to never get it back."

"The 3rd? Then what are the first 2?"

"I heard that there is a beautiful princess in your home, I heard that the boy in your home is destined to become a dragon-slaying hero..."

"Then, wouldn't there be a reason to extort from both guys and girls... Who created them? How exquisite! Truly a genius."

"Of course it is me who was born smart and pretty. But it is a pity that those idiots wouldn't admit. I was obviously the one who created it but everyone just used it."

"Ha, there are some things that can be done and not said. Now that you said it out directly, naturally, their pride cannot accept it. However, since the fragile alliance of the Dragon Empress and Beastman Sovereign is starting to fracture, the Dragon Empress should have come alone... Un, pass the message to Kajah and Eduar. Maybe, today's 3rd dog will be quite strong and I would be able to reap great rewards from my daily quest."

Chapter 42

The Truth of History

It is not without a reason that I would choose to conduct the auction 30 days later.

There is still 2 weeks more before the Underground Alliance's biannual Alliance Meeting. All of the top brass of the alliance should be on their way and it is better to have fun together as a group than as an individual. Tripping an entire nest is much better than tripping an individual, so let's get everyone to jump into the hole happily.

TL: Just means pulling everyone down into the mud, the more the merrier.

TL: The word used is ? -> Hole, Pit. Sort of means to lay a trap then harm someone (could be playful, could be malicious) Can't find a single adjective in English that encompass it.

Following the procession of the Underground Alliance, entering the Alliance is actually pretty easy, requiring only the approval of any 2 Underground Autarchs. But apparently, just entering the Alliance isn't sufficient for my goals.

A chance to showcase my might in front of the top brass is required.

An international law, a new Autarch must step on the old Autarch to get in place (defeat or a draw). Perhaps, a long-established Autarch like the Dragon Empress would be the ideal stepping stone.

After all, even though her individual strength is the strongest among the Autarch and the Dragon Cities under her are full of experts, but her total military might and influence is definitely the weakest in the underground world.

It is the weakest, not one of the weakest, and this is a problem that arises from the core.

There are no other reasons and it is totally unrelated to her scheming and strength. It is just purely a reality check on how the races of the underground world affects the political situation.

The current Underground Autarchs in power, while their individual might cannot be underestimated, but what that truly makes one unable to underestimate them are the underground cities supporting them.

Take for example, Ainsterna. His individual strength is said to be Saint-rank rookie, while Kajah is Saint-rank intermediate and the old Lion is Saint-rank pinnacle. The Dragon Empress's total fighting strength is on the line of the SemiGod, triumphing over the other Autarchs by more than a rank. Despite Ainsterna being the weakest among the Autarchs, but he is vaguely becoming the centerpiece of the Alliance.

TL: Rookie -> Just entered the rank/ Intermediate -> Halfway there/ Pinnacle -> Peak of the rank

In 'history', he is the final head of command of the Alliance to bring about the invasion to the surface, which means that he is the last one standing then. The underground world is always a place where fist speaks the loudest. He might be the weakest individually but he has the strongest influence. Having 50 underground cities directly under him is already very scary, but there are at least 400 underground city lords who support him secretly in the shadow.

The reason? He is a human, at least on the surface. That's why the other human underground city lords support him. It is that simple.

The old Lion and Kajah is also the same. As an underground Beastman Sovereign and a High Priestess of the Dark Elves, their potential supporters are a strength that cannot be estimated. From a certain perspective, they are the highest leader that represents the benefits of their race. Of course, a large portion of the underground city lords will not admit to it but their private inclinations are quite obvious.

This was also the reason why when Shou attacked Sulfur Mountain City, he was able to get City Lord Hng Hng who doesn't fall within his command to act as cannon fodder. When an alliance works together towards a single goal, in order to not become cannon fodder, in order to earn more benefits and for a plot of land with better sunshine, many underground city lords will look for an Underground Autarch to support and join. Shou, Ainsterna and Kajah's army will grow stronger like a rolling snowball and become an Underground Autarch true to its title.

Underground Dragon Tribe? The young dragons who are willing to listen to commands are already serving under the Dragon Empress. Certainly, there are many

hidden Ancient Dragons and even Immemorial Dragons, but are they people that Molly, who is only an Ancient Dragon, is able to command?

At that time, when the boat of the other Autarchs float up, the only one that remains in its original position, Dragon Empress Molly's, would lack behind and probably end up as a high-tier fighter. So, her pursuit for strength is much more intense than the other Underground Autarchs and thus, the Eternal Night Scepter is much more attractive to her.

Fights have never stopped in the underground world. Normally, people will still leave a line of morality against people of the same tribe whereas a war between foreign races will be extremely violent and bloody. There are more than a few that have grudges against other races and it is said that even the old Lion had once been enslaved as a coliseum gladiator by a human underground city lord. That's why, the Beastman Sovereign treats the underground Beastmen relatively well and is unforgiving towards humans.

As for Sulfur Mountain City, due to its diverse population base, even though it won't be seen as an enemy by the other underground city lords, but it will never receive the goodwill of any other underground cities other than the human's. But due to the city lord being Adam.Han, who in the eyes of the grandchildren of those who were exiled and the exiled, a hero who has saved the world is too radiant, making it difficult for them to walk together. Thus, perhaps it would be much better if Annie, who was also born in the underground world, to take over.

Then, even if Sulfur Mountain City were to join the Underground Alliance and gain a seat as one of the Underground Autarch, it is destined to be sidelined. From the very start, I gave Sulfur Mountain City a fixed role...

The stick that creates problem, the smelly rocks in the toilet...

Yes, since we are unable to join the core group, then we should just create trouble for the core group. There are minorities and those who were sidelined everywhere. I will gather and unite all of these minorities and form quite a sizable power. If you want to strike the east, I will intentionally go for the west. When you want to attack the city, I will deliberately vote for protecting our homes.

This way, the bloody war with the surface could at least be dragged by a few years. When the invasion of the Undead Calamity and Demons starts, then it would be time

for this group who are skilled in internal conflict to hug together for warmth.

TL: Skilled in internal conflict -> Good at internal conflicts but bad in dealing with external threats

It is like that in the 'history' too. The reason why it was getting harder and harder to deal with the calamities afterwards is because the Eich continent's losses were too great from the first few calamities. Especially for the dominant Human Empires who despite having the most population and strongest overall strength, but the constant war among kingdoms, internal conflict among cult teachings, the invasion by the underground world, the invasion by the undead and the invasion of demons... They totally failed as a pillar to prop up the entire Eich continent. They were totally destroyed in the course of these few wars. Of course, one of the reason is because there were quite a few races who view humans, who were populous and take up the most land, as an eyesore.

In the original 'history', when the underground world and human kingdom is done with their bloody war on the plains and each of their population has been cut by 30%, the timely arrival of the Undead Calamity (in the original history, Xiluo Empire doesn't exist, only the Undead Lich Council. They opened the gates leading to the Undead Dimensions) converted the 2 of the sides who were still fighting passionately into an ant on a noose.

In the more difficult days ahead, countless people conjectured that if the human kingdoms and the underground world didn't fight to such an extent and instead, retained over half of their fighting power, perhaps the situation wouldn't end up like that.

At that time, in order to deepen the friendship and trust of both sides, one of the few remaining heads of the Underground Alliance, Queen of Dark Elf Victoria.Syfan, even had a political marriage with the Auland Empire's King of the Winter Wolves, and they fell in love from there on, making quite the talk in history.

"It is a pity. It is said that Victoria.Syfan, even within the Elves who were filled with beauties, is a rarely seen cream of the crop. Hehe, perhaps that is the reason why the King of Winter Wolves left behind his famous last words 'You resent that I was born late, I resent that you were born early. Throughout my life, the thing that I hate the most is even before my death, I was unable to forget you.' However, being able to marry an unforgettable beauty back to his home and still die with resentment, he really

should learn to be satisfied, or else what are we bachelors supposed to with ourselves."

"Hehe, Master, how can you be a bachelor when you are so popular?" Even though the misunderstanding was dispelled, but the frost on Elisa's face didn't have the trace of melting, so it was a little mystifying.

"...Weird, you should have known from the start that it was a misunderstanding. Let's not talk about the centaur, even if it is a beauty, what can this sack of old bones do? You are intending to make use of the situation to commit a coup d'etat!!"

My angry roar didn't cause the cold eyes that seemed to be looking at trash waver... Normally in this kind of situations, I probably would have really done something wrong but I obviously didn't do anything wrong recently.

"Under the cover of the «46 Skills of Black Magic» on your shelves..."

"No wonder, no wonder, no wonder, you are the one who changed my drawings of Elves on the beach into drawings of the male goblin body. Those green naked goblins, I almost puked on the spot. When I was sharing it with Adam, the eyes that he looked at me with is even colder than yours. The message he was expressing was obvious. 'So you are actually a pervert with a fetish for goblins, stay away from me'. At that moment, I even had the thought of crashing my head onto the wall and just fall dead!!"

"Oh, so Lord Adam also played a part. Looks like I must tell Lord Margaret. It is time to clean away illegal magazines in the city."

"I... I need to clean up my family today."

TL: The phrase is used normally used when you rid disgraces within your family.

"«The Little Tips from the Enchantress»?«Mage Carl's Hunting Compass»?«Hehe, You Did Well. But, Fire Explosion is already Here!»..."

I felt a shiver running down my back as each and every one of these book names were called. Those 'artwork' that were under the cover of seemingly proper books... They are my life, they are precious treasures that took me much effort to collect in this 'resource'-lacking world.

"Master Elisa, please spare those children. If anything, please direct them to this pile

of old bones." With hostages in her hand, I had no choice but to lower my head.

"Hehe, you should be well aware of what you did. Take care." After finishing her piece, Elisa bows and leaves. On other days, after making me surrender, she would be extremely overjoyed but now, looking at the drooping tail, she seems to not only be angry, but her mood is very down.

Looking at this situation, Annie comes bumping over with a playful smile and whispers in my ear.

"Uncle Bones, the reason why big sister Elisa is angry is because of the present sent over from Morsblight City. It is a very pretty Dark Elf big sister, you know."

"Present? What?" I didn't know how to react to this sudden catastrophe. It is normal for the Dark Elves to send a present to tighten our relationship but I didn't expect them to send over a living person.

"Un, it is a humongous beautiful big sister. Annie has never seen such a beautiful big sister. Un, she seems to be called Victoria."

"WHAT!!! VICTORIA? VICTORIA.SYFAN?"

"Ah, you also know her, Uncle Bones? So, she is very famous. But I guess it is to be expected, such a beautiful big sister. However, Annie will try hard and drink more milk. Big sister Margaret has said that men like big chests. Even though that big sister is very beautiful, but she doesn't have breast at all..."

I totally ignored what Annie was saying. After hearing the match in names, 10,000 mud horses (Cao ni ma) whistles through my mind. What exactly is this situation, why is the future Queen of Dark Elf sent over to me? Without her taking over as the Queen, how can the situation with the surface powers be resolved? Is the butterfly effect that exaggerated?

TL: A homophone for screw your mum.

I hurriedly rushed over and saw a beauty being surrounded by a bunch of Dark Elf Knights.

Fine eyebrows with warm eyes. Facial features like a painting. Seductive red lips coupled with some blush brings out the image of a fairy descending. She doesn't have

the sharp heroic spirit and domineering personality commonly seen in Dark Elves, but she has a kind of warmth and disposition similar to a jade, making one feel at ease. It is a kind of beauty that makes one's eyes want to linger the more they stare at her.

From the perspective of a man, this kind of virtuous wife and kind mother type of women is the hardest to resist. Also, if you must compare her outer appearances and disposition with the others, she is even above that of Margaret and Elisa, who are also rarely seen beauties themselves. It is no wonder she left her mark in history for her looks.

TL: Virtuous wife and kind mother -> A common phrase used to describe ladies

No wonder the King of Winter Wolves couldn't forget the image of her and no wonder Elisa would vent her anger on me. This is an extremely beautiful person with the personality of a virtuous wife and kind mother. Exactly my dish... But why is it that I instinctively felt that something was amiss.

"This is weird, I don't get the impulse I get when I see beautiful ladies. On the contrary, my instinct is telling me that she is a trouble, a gigantic trouble."

Afterwards, Diana's fierce roar made me understand where the problem arose from.

"Vicare.Syfan! Why are you here, and why are you dressed like this?"

"Diana.Syfan, please call me Victoria.Syfan now. Currently, I am a female Priestess of Lorci. Due to your irresponsible betrayal, Lorci's wrath came falling on me and as your only kin, I suffered the God's punishment of being transmogrified permanently. But fortunately, Lorci found that the female me had extremely high aptitude for the Divine Arts and allowed me to serve as her Priestess, sparing my life. This is all thanks to you, my beloved sister!!"

Facing the seemingly calm but in reality, full of reproach reply of her brother, Diana's face immediately tightens as her hand trembles. The sacred sword Silver Avenger suddenly falls to the floor and the helpless and troubled face of the female knight seems to be thinking about where did she go wrong.

"I... I X. So she is actually a boy, or rather, used to be a boy!!" No wonder I instinctively felt that something was amiss. So, hidden behind this body of a world-class beauty is the soul of a male.

"Wait, if I didn't create Sulfur Mountain City, then Diana might not have escaped in betrayal, or at least, would not have escaped for so long to cause Lorci to deliver a God's punishment personally in anger. Then, could it be possible that the Queen Victoria in history is a male!!"

This is totally possible. In the female-dominated Dark Elf society, it is impossible for a male to strike it big. If you want to climb up the ladder, faking your gender is an obvious thing to do. Furthermore, the natural beauty of the Elves makes them androgynous and hard to tell apart...

Alright, my face ?-ed. This time, the mud horses (cao ni ma) that whistles through is twice in number than the previous.

"You resent that I was born late, I resent that I was born early... No wonder he used the masculine term. Maybe, it is the servants who heard it wrongly. It should be 'you resent that I was born female, I resent you for the same (You hate that I wasn't born a female, actually, I so hate you equally for not being a female), no wonder the King of Winter Wolves hated himself for being unable to forget Queen Victoria. He picked up a male who cannot be refunded for a political marriage and what's worse is that he fell in love, being unable to forget him even on the verge of death. If I were to be in his shoes, don't just talk about the regret of my life, I would even have the intention to destroy the whole world!"

TL: The poem is a homophone as well.

I noticed Victoria's gaze on me. She places her hand on her forehead, seeming to want to say something...

Ignoring Diana's pleading eyes, I turned around to leave... Let the truth of the history be buried within history. An existence that can twist the Emperor of Auland, too fearsome!!

Chapter 43

Butterfly

Looking at the gentle young 'lady' in front me, my mind is extremely troubled.

I once thought that if I really meet with important figures in history, I could act like the senior Transcenders in those novels and use the powers of a seer to win great benefits. Now that I've finally meet one, furthermore a really big one, I am at a loss at where I should start.

Following the mainstream views in novels, when facing important characters in history, I should either try my best to build up my relationship with her to reap rewards in the future or take the opportunity before she matures to scare her, shake her, shake her violently, sprinkle large amounts of money on her and collect this future expert as my underling...

But this kind of situation I am facing now has never appeared in dimension-travelling novels! I don't need her to repay me anything, nor do I need any new underlings. But if I were to help her without expectations of any rewards, then wouldn't I be casually grooming a potential enemy? It seems like a silly move.

If it is a book with heavy taste, this would be a great development in the plot. I would give out 2 deviant laughter and grab for the candles and leather whip behind me. Then, reaching out my hands, I would follow up with a 'hehe, your sister is in my hands, you know it... '. But if the story really develops in such a fashion, then Elisa and the rest who are secretly listening in outside would immediately rush in. Also, even if I had decided to sin, I don't have the tools required... Somehow, inexplicable sadness wells up. O Great Will of the Universe, can you stop using this joke? It really hurts me so much.

Alright, if it is a story happening in a man-restricted dimension, at this moment, I would have fallen heads over heels by 'her' beauty and kindness, smitten by her and willing to do anything for her. In essence, becoming a subject under her skirt. In the end, depending on whether the author wants a 'normal' or 'X beautiful' story, I would either help her to regain her identity as a man or remain this way with her.

Of course, if the author's sadistic side suddenly works up, then I might end up meeting with a series of tragedies before die. If the author comes with a story of pure love, we might even end up being childhood friends and lovers in our previous life. Then, we would meet with a series of difficulties... Seems like in that dimension, not once has the male lead have a good life.

Un, if it is a drama about fighting against the Japanese, then at this moment, we would have drawn a shotgun and 'bang bang bang bang', we would be rolling about while firing our guns. In the end, without a single wound or a trace of damage on our clothes, we would start engaging in hand-to-hand combat and depending on which one is the invader, the person would get torn apart before the budget runs out...

TL: This gun.

If this is a certain 8PM primetime drama of a certain country, then Victoria's leukemia should be acting up soon, or she would get hit by a car while walking on the street, or an evil mother-in-law would make things difficult for her. Also, if the drama manages to shoot on for a long period of time, an old doctor might even pop out and shout 'actually you are siblings'...This ending doesn't sound too bad, at least the one who suffers is the female lead.

If this is a certain detective show, then a scream of agony would be heard from outside now. Then, I would be able to shout proudly 'the murderer is our midst' and then a bunch of messy explanation. Un, this seems to be a nice way to take up the word count...

"Lord?"

A warm voice echoes in the room. As the host, I have been standing in a daze from the moment I entered the room. This may be disrespectful, but Victoria made good use of this opportunity to assess this riddle-like man.

A bulky robe and a silver mask might have shrouded all of his features, but the heart rate, the gaze, habitual motions and even the rate at which the finger taps on the top of the desk at can reveal a lot to someone who specializes in observation.

Vicadore, no, it should be Victoria now, has confidence in her observation skills but even though 10 minutes have passed, she didn't manage to get anything important.

"As expected of the great saint who single-handedly created the Power of Law. No

heartbeat, introverted eyes and no excessive motions. He seems like withered piece of wood sitting in meditation, totally nothing can be seen about him."

In Victoria's mind, Wumianzhe, who maintained that eerie silence ever since entering the room, was testing her patience. While she was observing the other party, the other party was also observing her and the eyes behind the mask may seem lifeless, but it seemed to have seen through everything about her.

In the room that wasn't very spacious, a formless pressure is getting stronger. 10 minutes later, Victoria, who can't stand the situation any further, finally breaks the silence. This is also equivalent to admitting defeat in this competition of patience.

"Lord? You have something to discuss with me?"

As for me, I had no idea what went through the other party's mind. But dazing away after calling someone here, it was quite disrespectful of me. I felt a little embarrassed.

"Cough, can you talk about your past? Including the part about your sister."

In order not to get treated as a spy, Victoria won't try to hide anything. Very soon, I authenticated my guesses that the reason why Queen Victoria (male) became the Priestess Victoria is because of my butterfly effect.

I took the time to look through the game walk through awhile before coming here. It is impossible for information on Queen Victoria, who played an important role in 'history', to be lacking. Then, I noticed a part which I had neglected before... Epic Hero Knight of the Moon Diana.

Yes, the Captain of the Town Order Security Team (simplified as Town Security) that I created on my interest and the silly female Knight that I always tease. According to the records of 'history', she would grow quickly in the future battles and become the general of the Imperial Guards and the most trusted general of Moon Queen Victoria.

"Where the bright moon reaches, all filth would be exposed. Despite her heritage as an evil female Elf Knight, she transcended the boundaries of race and skin color to become the incarnation of divinity and justice."

Reading to this point, I was shocked, I actually changed this powerful and perfect female knight in 'history', through a few decades of peaceful life in Sulfur Mountain City, into a person who shouts her cheers while going to exercise everyday punctually,

makes use of the clear day to quickly dry her clothes and the naive lady who looks at new fresh tidbit and restrains herself from collecting dowry...

But personally, compared to the cold Epic Hero, I prefer this silly lass who is nice to make fun of...

Cough, looks like I went out of topic. Back to the main matter at hand... Knight of the Moon is the most trusted sword of the Moon Queen and now, the reason is apparent. As his only blood-related sister, it is natural for him to trust a Legend-rank sister following him about, even the 'lowly males' can grow and mature properly in the Syfan family through coming into contact with magic and important knowledge of the outside world. Facing the harsh present and future, he toughens his determination to change everything. As a male Dark Elf is destined to be unable to climb up the ladder of power, he disguised as a female and with his sister's help, he manages to build up his own power and starts to rise in power...

But now, due to the escape of his sister, he became the abandoned child of the family. From the lack of flexibility of his flesh, Victoria obviously lacks the talent to become a warrior and becoming a Mage requires money, an astronomical amount of money. It would already be good if the poor and weak Vicadore was able to prevent that little pocket money he has from getting snatched away, so how was it possible for him to come into contact with magic? In addition to that, he lacks strength, resulting in his place in the family getting lower and lower.

"Hehe, it is actually kind of funny now that I think of it. If I didn't transform into a girl due to the God's punishment and awaken my talent to the Divine Arts, I might have become a bed toy of some Matriarch. However, a small Silver-rank Priestess is still a toy in the face of those influential figures. Lord, I am your property now. So, what do you intend for me to do?"

There is traces of worry within the smile of the 'young lady', but her delicateness made her seem more pretty and feminine. The soft voice that sounds almost like a pleading can incite a man's desire to dominate. In the instant, I recalled the small drama that played in my brain.

"Hehe, your sister is in my hands, you know it... I'm sorry, I accidentally used the wrong words." This face is really too dangerous, I accidentally almost said all of my heartfelt words out...

Looking at the door, there seems to be movement. Fortunately, I stopped in time, so they didn't rush in.

"Then, you..."

At this point, I was a little vexed. My initial decision was to stay as far as possible from such a dangerous existence. But Victoria is the future Moon Queen in 'history', the potential in her strength and influence is something cannot be doubted. If I were to just leave her to rot, it would really be a pity.

Turning the Epic Hero to a naive woman was enough, if I were to change this Female Queen into a rice bug, it would be seriously a waste.

TL: Naive woman -> The word used for woman here describes her as being manly/ having heroic spirit

"Just follow your sister for now. But, we don't keep idle people here. What are you skilled at? I will help you look for a job."

"...A male Dark Elf's must-know techniques to serve their father. Actually, it is useful on both males and females... My evaluation in this aspect is very high and now that you are my master, if you have requests, I..." At this point, the 'young lady' lowers her head embarrassed, the blush extending all the way to the ears as her face brought about the look of spring. Her Elf ears quivered, adding on to her cuteness. This is already a rare show of restraint among the Dark Elves, but...

"Please excuse me!" I stand up and walks towards the wall. Then... I knocked on it with great strength.

"Pah pah pah!" The entire mansion shakes and not long later, this kind of earthquake would happen multiple times in this small camp. Fellow male brethren would look at the swelling of their friends and flash an understanding smile.

"He is a male, Roland, you must endure it! Even if she is the prettiest one you have met, but he is still a male! Even if her physical body is a female, but he is still a male! You, Roland, are definitely not a gay! Definitely not!"

After chanting silently in my heart, I offered my boundless sympathy to the King of the Winter Wolves... Looking at such a face every day coupled with such a cute personality, it is simply too easy to walk down the wrong path...

"Alright, let's continue on. What are you skilled in? Don't bother talking about Lorci's stuffs."

"But... Lord, is your head okay?"

"It's fine, continue on."

Looking at this ridiculous man whose head turned more than 200 degrees and was crooked at the neck, Victoria can only exclaim in her heart 'Lord Wumianzhe is really incredible. Even when his neck is crooked to that angle where a normal man should have long died, he seems not to be in pain at all.'

"I am not very good at interrogation and poisoning, the instructor said that I didn't have much talent in them. However, for history, strategies and military affairs, I am the best in the entire academy. In fact, I am probably the best in the entire Morsblight City."

Hearing this, I started to pay more attention. Her strengths in analyzing history and military stratagem just might just be the best in the entire Dark Elf race. Then, I would have really picked up a treasure this time.

"Then, help me to analyze the situation of the current Underground Alliance."

"That... Eternal Night Scepter should be a ploy that Lord set up, right?"

"Un?"

I personally sent this Eternal Night Scepter over, causing Shou to be under immense pressure to the extent that he even almost fell out with Molly. Following the flow of time, trouble will keep coming. This is obviously a trap for him, so saying that it is a ploy that I set up isn't wrong. If he only analyzed this much, then I must say that the Moon Queen might really be have been blown away by the wings of the butterfly.

"Then, Lord, are you intending on attacking Dragon Queen Molly? If that is what you are intending, please give up. You are underestimating the Underground Autarchs. This is a trap that they have set up!"

Chapter 44

Before The Storm

In ancient times, when tacticians face city lords that have requests of them, they will often phrase the situation in a way that make it seem like they are in a very difficult situation, as though their lives may be lost anytime.

Everyone have fears. When one's life is threatened, they would be extremely alert and careful. When the city lords hear from their tactician that their life is hanging, they would uncover it to the end despite how much they don't believe in it. If they realize that they are in a precarious situation after an intensive interrogation, naturally, they will seek for a solution through the tactician.

Then, the opinions of the tactician would be much more respected. When the crisis is averted, the standing of the tactician would naturally rise through the ranks. Following their rise in standing, their new opinions will become more and more respected, allowing their rise in power to be more and more rapid.

The saying 'I accept the responsibility of leading the army when the country's on the verge of defeat. In times of trouble, I will carry out my job' probably means this kind of situation. This has nothing to do with the matter at hand, it is just a trick used by tacticians to be more respected by the city lords they are serving. The wiser the tactician is, the better they are at employing this trick.

"Master, please teach me." It seems that according to this lady's script, I should be shouting these words.

After that, she would analyze for me how did the Lion King and Dragon Empress fake their falling out and that as soon as we make a move against them, they would declare war on us, spreading the notion that we are spies sent by the surface to destroy the Alliance from within, causing others to be wary of us. Then, they would personally attack us and force us to the corner. By then, it would be too late to leave.

But if it is just to this extent, they are really underestimating me, Wumianzhe.

"I got it, you stay with your sister for the time being. You both should have a lot of

things to say."

"I..." Facing my unexpected coldness, Victoria sits up, agitated, with anxiety spelt on her face. She seems to be on the verge of saying something but looking at the emotionless me, she ends up leaving the room helplessly.

"Elisa."

"..."

"If you don't come out now, your wages next month will be gone."

"...Master, please pay me the wages you owe me on last year's this month before saying such words."

"Cough. Elisa, what do you think of the present sent by the Dark Elves."

"Lord, this must be a trap." Propping up her glasses, she says these words beside my ear, emotionless.

"...Duh. The kindness of the Dark Elves is as lacking as that lass's chests. I am asking you what do you think of the thing with the Dragon Empress."

"Lord, the original saying is 'the kindness of a Dark Elf is equally improbable as a rational Beastman' and mocking the lacking of others isn't a proper action for a gentleman that respects ladies. If she were to hear your words, she would be depressed."

Even though she said these words, her tone obviously softened by 20%.

"But, from my personal view, her words are probably true."

"The reason?"

"Intuition."

"Hehe, intuition your head. Don't tell me that you haven't received the report and analysis from 'Observer'."

As a diplomat, it is impossible to survive blind and deaf in a land full of enemies

working against you.

As soon as we entered the city, my intelligence team 'Observer' immediately dispersed and started to collect information. From my understanding of their work efficiency, all kinds of reports should be stacked up on Elisa's desk by now.

"...The Lion King and the Dragon Empress really crossed blows and their fight was quite intense. Half of the Lion King Residence being destroyed isn't a false news. But it is precisely because of that we can be sure that they are definitely staging a show."

"Is it too fast? Too obvious? That's right, there is still more than 20 days before the auction date, they could have researched it together. Even if a fight were to blow up, it shouldn't happen right now."

"No, it is just that if they really fell out, the Dragon Empress which is 2 ranks higher than the Lion King would have long stole the items and escaped. But, the Scepter is still in the hands of the Lion King, which shows everything. Furthermore, when 2 such experts start fighting, it should the entire street around the Lion King Residence getting destroyed and not just the Lion King Residence itself. This is just a show and if we were to really make a move, they would move on to make us the public enemy of the Alliance."

I nodded my head satisfied. What Elisa said concurs with what I was thinking.

From the very start, we, Sulfur Mountain City, is the anomaly of the underground world. Joining the Alliance would not necessary be a good thing to the few current Underground Autarch, especially for the Lion King and Dragon Empress who have a grudge with us.

I could collude with Kajah and Ainsterna and make use of the Eternal Night Scepter to divert firepower away from us. But, Shou and Molly aren't fools and the tacticians under them wouldn't be so incapable to be unable to see the situation clearly. Naturally, they won't allow us to successfully join the Alliance, so it is almost an inevitable that we would face schemes and troubles.

Even if this isn't a trap, I only intend to contact Kajah and Ainsterna. I never intended to get involved in it.

We are the newcomers, newcomers that don't belong to any factions or powers. It cannot be helped that people would be wary of us.

If I were to take the initiative to attack the Dragon Empress, then they would only have to spread rumors that we are ambitious for power and that Adam is born on the surface. We would be seen as enemies by most of the neutral city lords. When this gets past a certain extent, coupled with the incitement of Underground Autarchs, we would be exiled by the Alliance and even hunted down.

"Obediently staying in our home base is the best decision? Hey, this really makes one feel so helpless."

"Yes, as the date of the auction and the Alliance Conference at the end of the year approaches, the burden on Shou will become heavier and heavier. This would put us further away from the eye of the troubles. It is best we don't do anything now and wait patiently. That would be the most appropriate decision."

"Hehe, to pass the initiative to the opponents isn't a good habit... Tell those fellows that they are granted the freedom to get on the streets and cause as much trouble as they please. If there's anything they find an eyesore, feel free to interfere. Show them the might of Sulfur Mountain City. All is good as long as they don't get bullied. If they find someone they can't defeat, call for support. If they are still unable to settle it, return back to base. I will handle it even if the sky falls."

Hearing that, Elisa gasps, shocked.

"You are allowing those perverts to act as they please? Authorizing those single-celled Knights to go on the street to enforce the law? Let those devoted believers of law spread their teachings on the street? You do know that this city is different from Sulfur Mountain City, there are criminals everywhere right? If they were to fool about, it would definitely get to the point of no return. Do you intend on destroying the whole Vance City?"

"The underground world respects the strong. The voice of the weak won't be heard. I am just using my own actions to do my self-introduction, otherwise I would have just brought those bastards here just to waste my rations. Right, get the engineers to prepare the Roland series to move out. Leave some pilots here to wait for orders so that they can reinforce the others at all times. Tsk, those stubborn fools still refuse to change the name, this name really feels so awkward."

"...I got it. Then, how should I deal with Victoria?"

"Wash her clean' first."

"Alright, I will wash her clean and tie her on your bed. But, your physical condition doesn't seem to be at a good state, I'm afraid you might not be able to enjoy her. Do you need me to call some adult toy shops to purchase some tools?"

"Stop fooling around, you know what I mean."

The kindness of Dark Elves? If you were to put these 2 together, the entire underground world just treats it as a joke. The Dark Elves pride themselves on betrayal and lies, it would be weird if there's nothing wrong with their present.

But even if there's a problem with Victoria, it isn't like there is no solutions to it. Since they sent over a living person, then she must either be a spy that might betray us anytime or a living bomb that will explode at any moment. What that compels Victoria to follow the orders of her original master would probably be a Magic Contract, threatening her with the life of her kin and such means.

Magic Contracts can be erased, the wires of the bombs can be cut and hostages can be stolen over. 'Washing clean' is a commonly used spy language. It means to force the person in question to confess all her secrets to see if she could be saved. If there is a possibility to convert her over, then we'll try to pull her as one of our people.

"You sure are concerned about her, I thought that you would give the order to erase this volatile factor. It is too easy to make her die of an accident. I reckon that silly sister of hers shouldn't be sufficient to affect your judgement. Unless, you have really learnt to cherish women?"

Towards these kind of 'presents' whose history is unknown, I would normally decisively erase them so as to prevent problems in the future. But if Queen Victoria in 'history' dies just like that, it would really be a great waste. Furthermore, since I realized that I had been neglecting Diana's potential all along, I shouldn't allow her to continue wasting it. In the future, she might become a powerful fighter on our side and falling out like this really isn't worth it.

But it isn't easy to explain these things to Elisa. Pretending to be a Seer of calamities is already a limit. If I were to be so godly as to predict that a stranger has the potential to become an Epic Hero, that would be too over the top for anyone to believe. Un, it definitely isn't because I found explaining troublesome that I found myself a bunch of

reasons. Thus, I simply laughed. Haha.

"Stop saying silly things, you know that it is a guy inside and I, Lich Roland, is definitely not a gay."

"Hmph, who knows."

Even though she said it like that, but from the looks of her swinging tail with a butterfly knot at the end during her departure...

"Elisa's mood is quite good huh. Un, since those stocks that were discovered are going to face with tragedy sooner or later, I should go to Vance City's underground book collection to top up my collection. Since her mood is good, she might even let me off even if she catches me in the act..."

What? No guts to ask someone out? I also want to ask someone out but other than enjoying eye candies, what else can I do...

I stare at this unfamiliar and empty room. Somehow, I feel a little lonely. I shake my head, opens the window and look at the scenery of lights outside.

"Schemes are not the true way to go but it is a pity that we aren't strong enough."

If we were to trace everything to the source, the main reason is our powerlessness. The total military power of the envoy team is only these 5 to 6 Legend-rank while those Autarchs, under their accumulation from a few centuries, when they move all of their people, they are capable of taking out 400 to 500 Legend-rank city lords. If we were to go at them directly, we will be the ones who suffer.

The only top-tier power that we can move from our side is Little Red and there are already 4 Underground Autarch standing on the other side. Also, it is unknown how many other equal tier existences there are.

"If Adam and Margaret are here... No, even if they abandon their job of protecting Sulfur Mountain City and the investigation of the seal of the Fire Elemental God, it might not good for our situation here if they really come, it will make us stand out. With an overly powerful combat ability and an identity not of the underground world, they might cause us to be seen as enemies and assault us from the very start."

TL: Exact phrase used when he said that it might not good if they really come ->It

might not be a good thing for the swan to stand tall in the midst of a group of chickens.

"Adam that dumbass isn't good at acting and Margaret couldn't care less about compromising. In the end, there's an 80% chance a full-blown war might break out. It is a much better decision for them to be acting as a threat behind our backs now, preventing the Lion King and Dragon Empress from getting physical with us. Sigh, if only we had 2 more top-tier powers.

Just when I was complaining over the lack of fighting power, I failed to consider that this isn't my old dwelling that I am familiar with and the empty room on the left has a small secret chamber. From there, there is a peephole which the original owner left to look and listen into the happenings in the library...

"What should I do! Lord Wumianzhe is actually that bad Lich Roland. I accidentally overheard a big secret, will Momo be silenced? Momo doesn't want it, Momo hasn't saved up sufficient dowry to marry a husband."

This secret chamber was discovered by Momo when she was checking out the mansion. But, delighted over this unexpected surprise, she didn't report it and instead used it as her secret slacking and snack spot.

On the other end of the chamber, Diana's face was dumbfounded. Initially, she was worried about her own brother and Momo said that she had a way to find out what they were discussing. So, she followed Momo into the secret chamber she discovered and instead, learnt this explosive secret.

"No wonder we were unable to catch Roland, no wonder Roland is always a step behind the boundaries of punishment... What should we do?"

But very soon, she remembered the city which she and her companions view as home. The future Knight of the Moon made up her mind.

"The grave and wise Wumianzhe is the core and the basis of the judiciary system, so he must be infallible... Momo, you definitely must not reveal this matter! Absolutely never!!"

"Ah... chooo!!"

In the empty underground tinsel, the sound of the sneeze echoes loudly, travelling a great distance away.

"What's wrong? Ah Dang, you can actually catch a cold?" The one speaking is a female Elf riding on a tall Skeleton Horse. The extravagant robe on her extends past the body of the horse to the floor. Her eyes, which resembles a whirlpool of intertwining black and white, had some kind of inexplicable eerie to them.

The Skeleton Horse which is moving slowly is obviously no ordinary being. It is more than 3 meters tall and on the ground it steps on, an icy hoof could be seen. In this instant, the Bone Dragon Queen Gria who doesn't even bat an eye to the end of the world was actually surprised at how her companion which was normally healthy to an outrageous extent could actually get sick.

"Papa misses Ah Dang. Papa needs Ah Dang. Ah Dang must go and see Papa."

The one saying this is a short Dwarf. His face is full of pimples and he is biting on a chicken leg-like food.

His eyes are unfocused and saliva drips uncontrollably from his mouth as he walks, making him look dim-witted. But, the seemingly normal walking motion, even with him occasionally stopping to pick up stones to throw at the nests of birds, he still manages to move faster than the tall Skeleton Horse.

"Is that so? Looks like Lionheart isn't wrong. As the first Undead created personally by our Emperor, you are indeed our Emperor's eldest son in a certain sense, so there should be some kind of connection between you and our Emperor... Our Emperor, no, your father, where is he? Can you confirm his location?"

"Below!! Ah Dang feels it, he is below!"

"Hehe, that's good. We shouldn't be far from our destination, Vance of the Underground Alliance, right after this fortress. We just received reports that Lamost and the rest have arrived so we must hurry. Otherwise, your father might find himself in a bad situation."

"Ah Dang will beat up anyone who dares to bully Ah Pa! Ah Dang will eat anyone who blocks Ah Dang from finding Ah Pa!"

The voices of Dwarves are similar to that of human children, so that childish-sounding

threat may seem weak. But Gria knows that even if the one in the way is legendary Dragon Empress Molly, Ah Dang will still fulfil his words. If he says that he is going to eat her, then, not a single scale will be left.

Not too far away is the Granite Fortress in the underground tunnel. That is a barrier set up by underground city lords around this area. On the other days, they are responsible for collecting tax for using this path but today, fully armed Beastman soldiers can be seen everywhere.

Just as the two people approaches the security radius of the archers, the fire used for lighting up the area flies towards them.

"Who's there? It is an emergency situation now and the Lord Beastman Sovereign has ordered for all underground tunnels to be sealed. No matter who you are and your reason for heading to the underground world, please return back from the path you came from."

Gria assesses the Lion-tribe Beastman who is leading the team on the frontlines. Finding no unique individuals, she lies on her vine chair uninterested. She knows that Ah Dang has starved for far too long since the last meal from the previous underground city and in the face of the starving Ah Dang, she has no chance to fight at all.

"Ah Dang is hungry, Ah Dang wants to eat meat!!"

Looking at the small Dwarf running towards him, the Leo Commander raises up his double-handed great sword warily.

"Don't come over, stay where you are!!!"

But, the Dwarf continues to advance, so the Leo Commander raises his right hand to give out a signal for arrows to be fired. Afterwards...

There is no more afterwards...

In a distortion, the Dwarf disappears and what is left on the ground is that thigh of the Dragon Queen he was chewing on.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH! What kind of monster is this!!"

Shrouded in dark fog, a large figure fills up the entire tunnel. A large monster that exceeds all imagination seems to have transverse beyond the world of dreams into reality and the terrified Beastman soldiers had nowhere to run to.

After 1 minute, when everything calmed down, what was left is a gigantic hole... Yes, the entirety of the Granite Fortress and the Beastmen in it has disappeared have all disappeared without a trace. The only thing remaining is a gigantic hole.

"How is it? Delicious?"

"It is a little tough, and some of it even got stuck on my teeth... Not delicious, not delicious!! Ah Dang wants delicious food!!"

"Un, then let's go to Vance. Your next restaurant is waiting there."

Chapter 45

Legend

The luminescent algae quietly hang eternally on the walls of the underground world, giving the descendants of those exiled the right to light.

This kind of plant has once been analyzed and discussed about in another world. The theory in question here is probably the assimilation of the DNA of a firefly into the DNA of an algae, allowing the fluorescence of the firefly and the light of a plant collaborate together to create an energy cycle flow with minimum loss of energy, effectively creating a self-sufficient system that provides continuous light for the underground.

It can be planted in mines to prevent it from collapsing and one of its derivatives, Algae Bulb, can be used for illumination in public. Using the luminescent algae source to improve society's energy structure... It may seem wonderful, but the technology hurdle for it is simply too great. Even if we can resolve the gaps in technology, if we forcefully put together the DNA of a plant and animal together, who knows what kind of abomination would be created. In the end, it terminated at its theoretical stage.

I didn't expect that the purely theoretical discussion that I saw in the Science magazine then actually became something real in a foreign world. Indeed, compared to the limitations of magic and science, the potential of natural evolution is boundless.

Going by records and research of the scholars on the surface, this kind of bizarre plant that can give out both light and heat would probably have a bunch of prefix and technical jargon that would make one's head spin. But in the underground world, it has a beautiful name that is contrary to its ugly outer appearance — Sunflower.

TL: Literally Flower of the Sun.

Every underground city is destined to be constructed on grounds where the luminescent algae clusters. If a cluster of luminescent algae is found outside an underground city, this kind of natural light zone will attract countless beasts who would engage in a bloodfest for its ownership.

In recent times, a Great Druid had discovered a way to cultivate the luminescent algae, allowing the scale of the underground city to not be limited by the luminescent algae. However, the primary condition is that one must be able to find an extremely powerful flying beast that is able to fly to the top of the ceiling of the underground world and a Great Druid to ride on the beast to plant the seeds. Thus, the cost for expansion is still quite high.

Maybe, only an important city like the Platinum City would be willing to spare large amount of money to breed more luminescent algae to expand the territory of the city.

At this moment, looking at the radiance gradually growing brighter at the horizon, the luminescent algae here will start radiating light very soon too. A new day is about to dawn.

All physical body requires sleep to recover their fatigue and give their brain a rest. On the contrary, normal undead do not have the concept of fatigue and do not require sleep. Thus, I half-jokingly came up with the name The Indefatigable One (Wumianzhe).

But, at the level of the Undead Lords, a large portion of Undead Lords began picking up the habit of sleeping again. Some say that it is to recover from their mental fatigue while others say that temporarily stopping the machinations of their body can allow them to recover mana faster. But, from my research that I did when I was bored, there are much better methods to recover from mental fatigue and recharge mana. There is totally no need to go into deep sleep, make one lose their consciousness and putting oneself in danger.

After several experiments, my final conclusion that there are many Undead Lord who work and rest just like living people. Those with a more complete physical body can even regain their taste buds. Sleeping, to a larger extent, is just a spontaneous habit inside one's soul and effects of the physical body instinctively imitating those functions.

That's why Abominations, Gargoyle, Skeleton Colossus and other kind of man-made undead beings do not develop little habits that makes them operate like living people, even if they became the intelligent high-tier undead. But then, being curious, I did a little experiment.

"The reason why an unnatural being like an undead could exist in this world is often

because of the crystallization of resentment and hatred. If so, 'unwilling to pass on like this' can also be thought to be a source of power. Then, what if a purely man-made were to start having desires? Will they become strong solely based on their desires? If so, then let me first start with 'gluttony' which represents the endless appetite."

My initial plans were to create the Seven Deadly Sins and make 7 samples of the experiment. However, I didn't manage to complete the Seven Deadly Sins, neither did I manage to mass produce them. It isn't because the results of the experiments were unsatisfactory. Rather, it is because the results are too satisfactory.

The first sample 'Carnivore' Ah Dang, the eldest brother of the Seven Deadly Sins, is already the most fearsome monster in the entire history of undead. Then, as my expertise in Necromancy improves, the few Deadly Sin that I created afterwards became more and more scary. In fact, I was starting to lose control of them.

Thus, I felt that if I went on like that, I might end up back returning back to my starting point. Sooner or later, I would combine my knowledge of both worlds to create a monster that destroys everything. Considering this, I stopped the experiments.

TL: Starting point as in becoming a Demon King and destroy the world.

"Hmph, I admit that I don't have much of a talent towards Elemental Magic. I am also totally unable to comprehend Magic Resonance and that kind of shit. But, I am able to grasp the feel of Necromancy and learn it swiftly. My talent in creating beings is to the extent that I am afraid of it myself. Indeed, crazy scientists are meant to destroy the world."

Waking up from a rare dream of the past, I was attracted to the sounds coming from below.

The usual ruckus created by the Town Security army as they head out and their orderly chants couldn't be heard. It seems that they have all followed my order to enforce the law on the streets. But, there were still some people sparring on the usual training grounds.

The narrow space is filled with the marks of ice and fire. But, the people who are involved in the sparring this time weren't just Elisa and Annie.

"Ice Creation: Ballista Formation!"

Under Elisa's orders, dozens of Ice Ballistas all shot their arrows. The spinning Ice Arrows were all focused on the target in midair.

Annie, equipped with a sword, summons Wings of Flame and swoops down like an enraged Fire Angel, trying her best to keep her opponent's attention to her.

But, even when she made use of the force accumulated from the momentum of her downward motion, her opponent only had to use a finger to lightly deflect her blow to direct the sword to the other side.

Due to the massive difference in strength, the God Sword can't even scrape the skin. This is the strength difference of between her and her opponent that is a minimum of 2 ranks apart.

At this point, the Ice Arrows are already in the face of Little Red. But, as though not seeing it at all, she simply shakes her head, unsatisfied with the performance of her juniors.

"Ha!" With a loud roar, Annie and Elisa's movements suddenly stop. In the next instant, they started feeling faint from the blast of air.

"Too slow, too powerless and too weak. Your elements are unrefined and impure and your fighting techniques aren't precise enough. Your movements in attack aren't sharp and your reactions in dodging are slow. There is not a single move you all made that is up to standard and you all still wish to fight on the same stage as me? Dream on!"

Little Red seems to be really enraged. With a heavy stomp with her long legs, the entire ground trembles and Elisa and Annie, who have yet stabilized their footing, immediately falls down.

The Ice Arrow is now in the face of Little Red. With just a glare, she dissipates the spell midair before it could even touch her skin.

Alright, the 3rd sparring, or should I say a one-sided crushing, it didn't even take 2 minutes before it ended.

"Looks like they have been provoked."

That day, there were more than 20 Legend-rank and a few Saint-rank of the other party on the negotiation table. On our side, there were only 2 young gold-ranks.

Despite being future city lords, their power difference is too massive. No matter how open-minded they are, they would still be provoked by such a massive power difference.

This is also one of my motive for sending them to negotiate the deal with themselves. Cruel reality is the most direct motivation. If the both of them can really break through like this, we will have 2 more Legend-ranks on hand and this disadvantageous battle would be much easier to fight.

"The one watching the show from the window, since you already saw it all, why don't you come down to offer some guidance? I really can't get used to the way you human-shaped beings fight. In this form, I can't even exert half of my battle strength and your rank break throughs are really baffling to me, so it is better for you to do the job."

TL: Dragons don't go by the same route as humans like forming Soul Imprint

Little Red's nudge made me unable to continue watching the show leisurely. Little Red is an expert at fighting, her experience in battles are plentiful and the effects in her passing on her fighting knowledge is apparent. But, if she is teaching a human... The Dragon Tribe's growth depends 90% on their talent. She didn't even cultivate her strength to break through before, so how can she become a human's teacher.

If she teaches you Wing Smack, Claws and Fang Rip, Tail Sweep and blasting a Dragon Breath from the sky, can you learn them? Un? It seems that Elisa can really learn some of it, at least she can try learning the Tail Sweep. But, thinking about the increasingly elusive and violent half-demon maid, I think I better not shoot my own foot.

Actually, I can already see the root of the problem of the 2 gold-rank pinnacles. Their basics are already there, all that is left is for them to form their Soul Imprint. That Imprint is the crystallization of a mortal breaking into the realm of Legend, the accumulation of their experiences and strength of this life to form a stepping stone for their entry to higher grounds. Simply said, they are trying to confirm the path for their future development.

But it is different when it gets to the specifics. Elisa has too many potential route, making her extremely indecisive in choosing just one of them.

"Elisa, Race: Half-Demon Blessed by the Abyss, Strength: 22/ Agility: 20/ Stamina: 20/ Intelligence: 24/ Charm: 18/ Will: / Job: LV60 Mage/LV1 Law Incantationer/LV12 Ice

Treader/LV 10 Sacred Pugilist (A Battle Monk's advancement that specializes in destroying undead)/LV5 Assassin. Total Level: 88 (Due to lack of Soul Imprint, total level evaluation is LV79 Gold-rank Pinnacle.

TL: Pugilist = Boxer, but Sacred Boxer sounds like sounds like the name of some dog so

In the span of a decade, the things she learnt is too scattered. There is the Ice Magic that I imparted to her, her talents as a Half-Demon that originates from the Abyss, the classical magic that Margaret taught her, her self-created Wire Magic and the Thief skills and Pugilist techniques that I have no idea where she learnt them from (When I saw that her Sacred Pugilist job, which is well-reputed to be an undead killer, actually had 10 levels, my feet immediately lost its strength). Since her basic strength and stats are up to the mark, she could choose any one of the route to enter the realm of Legends... But sometimes, having too much choices makes one indecisive. Choosing one would mean giving up the rest, so she is still hesitating.

As for Annie, it is because her accumulation is too thin. The Phoenix Inheritance made her strength soar at a rate way beyond her accumulation of experience. Find a path that has unlimited potential and suited to her at the same time is quite a difficult hurdle for her who isn't even 20 yet.

This is a choice that affects their development in the future, so it is hard for outsiders to assist them. After all, only you would know the path suited for you. This is also the reason why Little Red is at a loss. After all, she can't make a decision for these two.

But for me, it isn't that there isn't any way to help them. While we can't help them make their decision, but we can provide them the experiences of other people when making their choices so that they can analyze other people's path and their experience. This could help them to mature quicker.

Going by logic, I, who have entered the Legend-rank 4 times and formed 4 Soul Imprints, should have the biggest say. In reality, other than the Power of Law represented by the Mark of Justice, the other 3 are exchanged through the cheat-like system using EXP and points... And the appearance of the Mark of Justice was even more inconceivable, it is like a complimentary gift by the Origin of Order after inventing the Power of Law, thus it cannot serve as a case study.

"Little Red, tell them the experiences of Adam and Margaret when they broke through

into the Legend-rank. It should quite useful to them."

"Hey, you were there yourself. Why don't you tell them personally?"

"I forgot and I am lazy to flip my diaries to check it." In order to prevent the loss of memory from death, I have a habit of jotting things down on my diary. To present date, my diaries have filled an entire underground library and this thing has obviously occurred too far back, so it would be troublesome checking it up.

"...Fine, fine, I will say." A voice that is transmitted through Telepathic Voice Spell felt crestfallen somehow.

Shaking her head, she pulls up her spirit and Little Red claps.

TL: Can't find a word for it, anyway the idea should be 'trying not to be depressed' 'pulls herself together' along those line.

"...Margaret's experience in breaking through the Legend realm is a little special, so it might not be serve as a good case study. Back then, when we were at Creus Elf Kingdom, we went through much difficulty to gain permission to enter their National Library for 3 days. Margaret stayed in there to browse through the books, not wanting to come out at all. In the end, she managed to finished reading through the entire collections of the library within 3 days. By the time she walked out of the library, she was already a Legend-rank. The reason why she formed the Corridor of Time Imprint is just because she purely wants to read more book."

Her voice wasn't soft. Not only can the people on the ground level can hear her, even I, who was on the second floor, can hear her voice clearly.

"Since you have forgotten, allow me to jot your memory a little. Other than looking for information of magic she needs, records on treasures that Lisa wants, data on fighting techniques that Adam needs and information on God Equipment that I desire, she also checked the entire Elf Kingdom's record on the destruction of the Mist Country for you. At that time, you even said that you owe her a very big favor. So, if there is a chance, remember to return the favor."

This time, Little Red's voice only sounds out by my side. I was stunned. The Mist Country is my country that was destroyed. Back then, one of my main goals in exploring was to investigate the truth behind its betrayal and the reasons for its destruction. I didn't expect that the information was attained from there. It looks like

a person with memory loss will never remember what important memories they have forgot. Death really takes away a lot of things.

Just when I was really getting serious in listening to her story, Little Red starts laughing uncontrollably.

"As for Adam, Puu, that is really a joke."

Hearing the name of their almighty city lord, the audiences' interest peak. After all, who wouldn't want to know that man's epic adventures in the mortal world. There were many people in the base who were trying their best to stretch their ears to eavesdrop.

"Back then, our Adventuring Team offended a bastard city lord who worships a cult. In the end, he sent his underlings to distract our Holy Knight Team Leader Rolo and Warrior Adam while assaulting our temporary base. He kidnapped our Mage Margaret and Thief Lisa who were recuperating from their wounds then. He even left a note, declaring that if we don't surrender at some place in some residence, then they will do XX to our hostage before killing them..."

"Then Lord Adam exploded in anger? He suddenly breaks into the realm of Legend and comes with a 'hero saving the beauty'. It might be rather old-fashioned, but it is indeed classical. Perhaps, that is how Lord Margaret fell in love with him." The fast-mouthed Momo and Diana are the only 2 members of the Town Security who didn't go 'leisurely walking' on the streets. At the moment, they were also listening into the story by the side.

"Heh, back then, Adam was indeed exploding with anger. He points his sword towards the heavens and howls furiously 'you shameless and despicable bastard, I will shred you into a thousand pieces just like this paper'. Then, he coolly throws the letter into the air and with a flash of the sword, he cuts it into powder. Then, he allows the wind to blow these pieces of the paper freely, incomparably cool..."

TL: The word used is here means unrestrained and carefree, normally refers to cool people.

"Afterwards, he met with strong opponents and fought them, breaking through to the Legend realm in the middle of the fight?"

"No, the next sentence he said was 'Shit, I haven't even copied down the address!!

What should we do???'..."

"WHAT!!!?"

At this moment, Little Red was satisfied with the shocked and perhaps, even idiotic face of everyone.

"Wait, then how did they resolve the situation? Did anything happen to Lord Margaret and that female thief?"

"That can't be. He couldn't be so foolish. What happens next?"

Shaking her head, her face reminiscent of the past, Little Red continues with her story.

"Yes, without the address, they lost their clue to saving them. Team Leader Rolo was maddened and slapped Adam flying 4 meters away, bumping heavily onto the tree. This was the first time I saw big brother Rolo who was gentle and polite to everyone angered to such a point. After that, Adam that fool runs out searching everywhere, as though possessed..."

"Did he find it? Within 3 days?" As this matter involves her godfather who was known to be perfect, Annie is quite curious.

"No, he only found them on the fifth day."

"Then..."

At this point, everyone was shocked. They didn't expect that their city lord Adam would have such a dark history. Doesn't this mean that the 2 hostages have been...

But Little Red shakes her head and laughs.

"What are you all thinking of? Adam may be immature and unreliable, but this doesn't mean that big brother Rolo was unreliable too. He spent 2 days 1 night picking up 4654 paper fragments... Or should I say, fragmented powder, from the lake and bush, put them together bit by bit stubbornly and managed to find the address. Then, he rushed all the way, tiring 2 war horses on the journey, and managed to save Margaret and Lisa on time. After a very long time, Adam that fellow then managed to follow the trails of the kidnappers to the location."

"...Isn't he too unreliable."

"Indeed, after seeing Margaret and the rest still intact, he cried very loudly, just like a baby. Afterwards, after learning from the lesson, he became more reliable, at least he learnt to think before moving. Alright, end of story. Ladies, are there anything you comprehended from the story?"

The 2 seemingly thinking people nodded their heads and exclaimed at the same time.

"I didn't expect that godfather/city lord would have such a dark history... Wait, you haven't told us how did he break through to the Legend-rank."

"Hehe, back then, as he hugged everyone crying, he swore to never give up his companions and that he will protect everyone properly. Just like that, he formed his 'Indestructible Phoenix' Soul Imprint, unable to be killed no matter how you hit him, becoming a cockroach true to its name.

At this moment, Little Red's face is filled with smiles.

"Probably, this is how Margaret fell in love with him. After all, every girl would have some expectations for a reliable guardian."

"No." The one who denied it isn't the person in question but Annie.

"I once asked Big Sister Margaret why would she fall in love with Godfather. In the end, Big Sister Margaret smiled bitterly and in the end, only left a message 'back then, he cried too pitifully, I felt like I couldn't leave him alone just like that, otherwise he would cause his own demise one day.' Afterwards, when I pressured her on the matter, she refused to tell me more. I guess that 'cried too pitifully' should be referring to this incident."

"...Feels like he can't be left alone, so she put her eyes on him. Afterwards, she unknowingly fell into the trap? Actually, this is quite romantic too."

Diana nods her head in agreement, only to see everyone staring at her, surprised.

"Why?"

"No. It is just that we didn't expect Dark Elves to have normal values in love." Although this is the common understanding of everyone here, no one said it out loud. Instead,

they nod their head in unison.

"...This isn't fair." A cold voice of objection sounds out from the direction of the wall. It is Elisa who had been silent for quite a while.

"How is it unfair?"

"The reason why they could be saved is obviously because Rolo spent so much effort and energy into it. Then, why did Lord Margaret be thankful to Adam who just made matter worse, and even fell in love with him. Rolo is obviously the one who should be thanked. He stubbornly put together the note and rushed all the way to save his companions, but he didn't receive the thanks that he deserved. This is so unfair."

Little Red stuns and stares with a look of shock at Elisa for a long time before being able to squeeze out a word.

"Back then, Lisa also said the same thing. Afterwards, she started pestering Rolo, but Rolo didn't agree to her."

TL: Pester as in, trying to get his fancy.

"Then, what happened to Lord Lisa and Lord Rolo?"

"Rolo huh? He went missing. He left behind a letter saying that he is going to look for his enemies to exact vengeance. Afterwards, no one knows where he went. However, his defiled body was found afterwards. He was probably converted into some undead being. As for Lisa... She is dead."

"Dead?"

At this moment, the eyes Little Red looks at Elisa with was bizarre.

"Yes, she died in the Undead Calamity caused by Lord Yongye, in the hands of one of the Four Heavenly Kings under Lord Yongye, Bone Dragon Queen Gray.Sin.

Elisa's eyebrows shoot up. She doesn't know about Rolo and Adam's past, but she knows who Lord Yongye is. She wanted to say something but since the person in question wasn't bothered about it, she didn't feel like she had the right to interfere.

"The reason why you are looking at me like this, is it because you have orders for me?"

"No, I am thinking that having bad memory sometimes might not be a bad thing."

"Ah... CHOOOOOOO."

"Big Sister Gray.Sin, you caught a cold?"

"It is Gria, Gria. Undead don't catch cold. It's probably the same as your case, someone is probably talking about me. Un, perhaps the Emperor is thinking about me! Quick, Ah Dang, we are reaching soon."

Chapter 46

Greed

Clint is the son of the city lord of Iron City. But, as Iron City is often in a state of war with 4 other underground cities in its vicinity, he spends more than half of his time on the battlefield. Rather than the Prince of the City, he is more like a soldier.

Despite being a normal human with average height, his 2-meter tall gray heavy armor covers everything. On the bizarre bird-head helmet, a pair of bright eyes could be vaguely seen.

Even when he is given the full authority by his father to go to the land without war, Vance, as a diplomat, he decisively brought along his full battle gear. The adamantine heavy armor that never leaves his body is just the configuration, there is still a 3-meter long gun behind his back, 2 swords and a Dwarf pistol by his waist where it is easy to reach out for.

The little prince who managed to escape with his life due to luck on the battlefield dozens of times is already used to being in a state ready for battle anytime.

"Actually, Prince Clint, you don't have to be so wary. In fact, there's no need to make your servant get into a battle formation. This is Vance, the City of Platinum where gold can be found all around. This isn't an endless battlefield here, unlike your homeland."

The goblin Merchant Seross, who is tagging along with him, feels frustrated. He is already regretting his actions of accepting the request to bring Prince Clint to Vance for the Alliance Conference, coveting the small request fee. On the way, he already had enough of that over-sensitive nerves of the Prince and his War Syndrome.

It is no wonder why Seross is so unhappy. It is enough that their camping ground is surrounded by goblin Mines. In the tent, he placed a few claymores within the tent. Fine, so he should already be safe like that. But, what is the point when you put a dummy on your own bed and sleep on the tree instead.

Every morning before the merchant team can set off, they have to spend up to half an hour to find him. Not only that, they also had to be careful of the traps laid around him

so as to not get injured from it.

"While you were asleep, the sentry on night duty tried to cover you with a blanket out of goodwill but he almost got cut into half by you. Your nerves are really too sensitive! I know that your homeland may be unstable, but you can rest easy here! There is no war here!"

After a short moment, the metal can stretch out his forefinger, swirls it around the air before putting the finger into his mouth.

"...The taste of smoke, crawl down!!"

Afterwards, the iron giant really falls to the ground and his servant follow suit.

"YOU... YOU, IT IS SAFE HERE..." The goblin's shriek is still sounding by his ear when two crimson red light whizzes past his body. The deadly heat wave that came along with it almost vaporized him. Afterwards, the light of fire starts to spread and the buildings not too far away plunges into a sea of flames.

"Dragon Breath!! It should be an Adult Dragon, get ready for battle!"

Clint immediately gets moving together with his servants. He starts to create a temporary base, using his luggage as a blockade and starts assembling his rifles... To enjoy such treatment right after entering Vance City, the goblin Seross is completely astounded.

But, this isn't the moment to be in a daze. The next moment, 2 Red Dragons sweeps past the top of his head. This shows what kind of scary fight they were caught in.

The next moment, a deadly flash of darkness cuts across the skyline and the Red Dragon didn't even have time to groan before it was sent spiraling down to the ground while spilling a rain of dragon blood.

"Splat!"

The smashed meat and dragon blood crashes onto the ground right in front of him. The goblin Merchant, who was hugging his head with both of his hands, can no longer find the courage to promise the others that this is a safe zone.

Following which, another Red Dragon seems to have seen some kind of nightmare and

immediately tries to fly higher and escape. But, a red light similar to the flash of darkness before pierces through its head. Fresh blood splatters everywhere and the headless dragon corpse falls to the ground like a shooting star.

"AHHHHHHH!"

Before Seross's piercing scream could escape fully from his mouth, a large metal hand stuffed it right back into him. Clint shivers as he stares at the sea of flames. It isn't because he was worried but rather, it was the sharp instincts of a prey reacting in alarm to a naturally powerful predator above.

In the sea of flames caused by the Dragon Breath, a slow humongous figure advances gradually. The Beastman that were trying to stop his movements by his side seems just like small ants in comparison to it.

It is more than 30-meters tall and the 8 gigantic pillars of hoofs it is walking with seem to be as sturdy and heavy as metal towers. Every time it moves, the surrounding houses would tremor.

The Gigantic Skeleton Beast has 3 heads, all of them made solely of bones. One of them was the head of a Giant, one of them a Goat-headed Demon and the last, the head of a Bone Dragon. The goat-headed Demon's brain still has black light encircling it while the mouth of the Bone Dragon had inferno still lingering in it. At this moment, the head of the Giant seems to have just finished its long incantation and it was time for its performance.

"Polar Storm, The Icy Plains of Giants."

Under the curse of the Polar Giant, snowflakes began falling and the ground started to freeze. Vast ice plains became reality as the legendary homeland of the Polar Giants was summoned to this ground. In comparison to the Polar Giant, which had a physical body allowing it to ignore the extreme cold, the Beastmen were too weak; they had zero resistance towards the cold and they died frozen as a group.

"The Demonic Bone Beast Crimspur, the most dangerous mutated Bone Beast in the world, the 6th Senator of the Xiluo Empire!! Why is it here!!"

That diabolical battle form is the best name card for the Undead Lords.

It may seem to be moving very slowly but in reality, it was a false impression due to

its gigantic stature. Within mere seconds, the three-headed Bone Demon is already right in front of their eyes. The head of the Giant even glances at them, but looking at the wary Clint and his guards, he only tilts his chin in scorn and continues moving on.

"Boom!" "Boom!" Accompanied with the sounds of explosion and earthquake, Crimspur advances towards his next target.

"...We were ignored."

"We were spared!! Let's leave quickly!!"

The sound of the catapults of the Beastmen could be heard from afar. The war between a single being and an army continues. No one wishes to become cannon fodder for no reason, so Seross pulled Prince Clint and escapes.

10 minutes passed. The group from Iron City, who had successfully escaped, pants heavily by the side of the road. At this moment, the old goblin has managed to make sense of the situation.

"Prince, it seems that there are still 3 weeks before the legendary Eternal Night Scepter would be auctioned, that's why the Undead Lords from the surface are trying to steal it. Hehe, our luck is really bad. However, you can rest easy now. The gate that we passed by earlier on is the East Gate, the territory of the Beast Sovereign. The reason why we got entangled in that mess is because the Scepter is in his hands. Now that we are out of his territory, you can loosen up."

Clint stares quietly at the goblin and points behind him. A bunch of wild beasts were rushing through, sending innumerable passersby flying and wrecking numerous vendors.

The one riding on the head of the bull and leading the way is the Dracon Hunter and chasing at his back are countless pursuers.

"Bastard, you actually opened all the fences in the zoo and the Druid's territory, did you eat something wrong!"

"You even claimed that you were a vet, return our animals to us!! You scammer!!"

"Little Xue, don't be sad. I know that you are disconsolate over your husband's death, but look. Am I not strong? And don't I resemble your husband? Accept me as your

Alpha Wolf and I will treat you sisters well..." His expressions and movements in trying to poach them were sincere, making one feel quite moved. But the person he was talking to is a female wolf, he was intending to create a Wolf harem...

The dumbfounded goblin spent half a day before his spirit floated back into his body. Wiping away the sweat on his forehead, he continues.

"Hehe, there are scammers and criminals in every city. Our luck has been terrible, but this city should be mostly safe."

Clint shakes his head and points towards another direction.

Right there, a bunch of villains were surrounding 2 female Elves, and seemed to possess malicious intentions. In the chaotic underground world, such things happen too frequently. Old Seross shakes his head, not intending to interfere and not possessing the strength to interfere as well.

"What a pity. These two are probably ladies of nobility who secretly escaped from home. They are indeed beauties that I have yet to see, it is really such a pity."

But in the next instant, he recalls that Clint possesses decent fighting, so it was possible for him to save them. The old goblin sends a gaze of expectation towards him, but the other party simply shakes his head in response.

"...Too many people. Trap. The baits are male."

The flabbergasted Seross turns his head back. It was about time to rein in the nets for the trap. A group of Dark Elf Knights suddenly come rushing in from the corners of the road.

"Incantation of Law: Judgement"

"Incantation of Law: Judgement"

This instant, the crowd turns into a sea of red. But the targets of the Justice Knight were the bunch who were the reddest. They must have carried out other crimes on top of this one.

"Big... Big returns! I knew that putting Krose and Victoria up as baits is a good idea. Look, even when the rest of you walk around in provocative clothing, you only end up

catching 7 to 8 of them. On the other hand, despite not putting on makeup and not sending seductive looks around, just by walking around with lowered heads, they managed to catch 300 to 400 of them. Look at those few well-dressed people, they are shining the reddest. They must be veteran scammers and villains."

"The security here is really bad, there are bastards everywhere... The criminal in front of me, hold it right there. You are almost purple from all of the red and you still dare to creep away. I will give you 3 seconds to stop, otherwise I will slash you... You still dare to run! Try my Rotten Shoe Strike (Po Xie Zhan), oh, wrong one, Demon Destroying Strike (Po Xie Zhan), wrong one again... Sin-Splitting Strike!!" (Zhan Zui Ji)

TL: The rotten shoe strike is the traditional skill which a woman takes off her shoe and throws it at the man.

"Hmph, to say the truth, it is a little depressing to lose in femininity to a man. However, losing to the number 1 beauty of the judiciary, Krose and Victoria, I don't even feel a tinge of sadness. Have you seen any women who are more beautiful and feminine than them? Right, this must be the highest record for our catch. Who is the one with the lowest record? Say it out so that everyone can laugh about it."

"Vice-captain Yawen, 1. Captain Diana, 0. As expected of our big sisters, they are really masculine such that those scums don't even dare to come near them.

"...Pu, they are really pitiful. Even Momo attracted 16 of them. Big Sister always have a solemn face that scares away others. Coupled with the pressure as a Legend-rank and her Epic-class weapon, her result is quite normal. I think the most pitiful one is still Second Sister. She speaks like a man and looks like a man. No wonder people call her 'Buddies with the Saber', so it was actually another way of saying that she doesn't have any suitors. Right, this joke is also not bad. Let's tell it to the rest when we get back, it is more fun laughing together as a group."

TL: Buddies with the Saber, refers to someone who is a weapon maniac.

"Momo... Vice-captain Yawen is behind you."

"Ah Li, you tricked me!! Second Sister, I am just joking. Come on, give me a smile. Why are you drawing your saber!"

Looking at these female knights with silver light radiating from them, the old goblin was quite astonished. That is obviously the Power of Order. It can't be that there are

actually Holy Knights coming from the evil Dark Elves. Then again, the Holy Light should be gold in color, so this is really confusing for him.

Very apparently, these knights are different from normal Holy Knights. They actually ignore the Demon Progeny and Necromancers they meet by the road. These were enemies that Holy Knights would go all out and fight to the death against upon meeting.

This time, the old goblin could only mumble to himself.

"Change is happening too fast. But at least, the goblins should still be normal."

This time, Clint points towards another direction. There, gnomes and goblins were testing out a rocket car with a gigantic rocket tied to it. The sight of harmony between the two races, in the eyes of Seross, is like a bolt out of the blue.

"What kind of joke is this!! Goblins are actually working together with those ugly Dwarves. These goblin traitors, let old Seross fix you all."

Just as he is about to go up to challenge them, he is stopped by his companions... It is fortunate that he was stopped, because just as the rocket car starts to move, it starts flying upwards above everyone's head until it turns into a shooting star, until it reaches the ceiling of the roof.

After that, 'pah', with a loud bang, it turns into fireworks.

"...It is all because that old bull is too heavy, that's why we set the horsepower too great such that it flew up instead. We need a much lighter experiment subject, errr, no, I mean pilot."

"Lowe, isn't it about time to show your willingness of you goblins to sacrifice everything for the development of engineering?"

"The best contribution I can make towards goblin engineering is my survival... Where can I find a dumb goblin? Ohhhhhh, this friend here, are you interested in the goblin rocket car?"

Very apparently, if he were to nod his head now, then Seross's 30 years of experience as a merchant would be in vain.

It took him a lot of effort to shake off the annoying goblin Engineer. Old Seross's face is filled with exhaustion as he sat on the step of stairs, smoking his pipe.

"This world is really changing too fast. Maybe, there would be a bunch of lunatics running nude the next moment..."

Eaglestorm and his tribesman runs across the sight of the group. As quickly as they came, they left. Lightly waving their hands, they bid farewell to the dumbfounded audiences. They didn't take away any fanfare, nor did they leave anything behind... They aren't even wearing anything, so what can they leave behind?

The old goblin rubs his eyes in a daze.

"Inconceivable, what I say really comes. Is it possible that we might even meet with the Senators from the Undead Empire?"

Not too far away, the sounds of the hoofs of a horse could be heard.

"Ah Dang, do you really feel something? We have been looking a week now, is our Emperor really in this city?"

"Ah Pa is here, Ah Dang is sure!"

The two Undead Senators walk past them, riding a Skeleton Horse...

"Black sclera, white pupils, it is the Bone Dragon Queen!!! Wait, even if Titans were to appear in front of me now, I won't be surprised too..."

"Pah!!" Following the loud boom, the tea stand in front of them was reduced to flat ground. A gigantic Metal Titan walks past them. At the back of the Robot Titan, large words 'Roland Titan' were shining.

"I..."

"Shut up." This time, even the reticent Clint couldn't stand the inauspicious mouth of the old goblin...

"Thanks to the effort of those trouble-makers, a large portion of the attention on us

has been diverted away. Our secret interactions with the other underground city lords were quite successful. There are already more than 27 underground cities that are willing to support us in the Alliance Conference. This afternoon, we will be getting in touch with 3 more factions. One of them is the Underground Autarch Eduar, you must meet with him personally. Also, the prince named Clint seems to have be quite eminent. He has expressed goodwill towards us, so it would be best if you meet him personally as well."

I nod my head, expressing my approval. It is about time for me to meet personally with Eduar. Also, the Iron City was said to be a city comprising many different races, I was interested in the city from the start, so there is no harm meeting him.

Within a week of entering the city, the Dark Elf Knight army's demonstrations of the Power of Law in public made it into treasure coveted by many city lords. Using this as a bargaining chip, the meetings for alliances were quite successful.

Noting my agreement, Elisa continues her report.

Within a week, the Lion King Residence has been destroyed 12 times. There is not a building left there now, only a gigantic pit remains. The latest news, the 6th Senator Crimspur has appeared along with his old partner, 'Ant King of Corrosion' Lamost.

"Has the Undead Lord crossed swords with the Underground Autarch yet?"

"Not directly. It seems that both sides are still testing each other. Crimspur has destroyed 2 military barracks in the Beastman District and an entire street. But, only Molly's Red Dragons counterattacked. Furthermore, there were only two young dragons that weren't of age, so..."

"Destroyed in one blow huh, it's normal. Crimspur is an Undead of the previous generation that survived the last Sacred War. He has been staring ambitiously on the seat of the Undead Emperor for a long time, so it won't be easy to deal with him. However, he should have already received results from his probing. It seems like the Scepter should be in the hand of the Dragon Empress, otherwise Molly wouldn't be willing to send young Dragons to serve as cannon fodder."

TL: Destroyed in one blow -> Literal means getting killed in seconds.

"It looks like we must reassess the relationship between the Dragon Empress and the Lion King, to think that he would be willing to lend the Scepter to the other party to

research..."

"Hehe, looks like their alliance is much stronger than we thought. Ah hahaha, rest easy, everything is within control!"

I laugh maniacally but Elisa seems to be a little restrained.

"Master... There are some things which I don't know whether I should say."

"Do I seem like a petty person? Go ahead!"

"We have no money. If you don't start thinking of an idea, we might end up living on the streets."

"What?!"

Hearing this, I exclaimed in shock. I remember that the funds I brought should be sufficient for us to live here for 3 years.

"You remember telling those fellows that they can call for backup anytime they want if they find themselves on the losing side? They really did it. They called for backup more than 60 times this week. The depletion of Magic Stones, the replacement of the machine's parts and even the acquirement of new machines to replace the destroyed ones. This adds up to a massive sum and we didn't take these into account when calculating our budget."

I nod my head, expressing my acknowledgement towards Elisa's report and the additional expenses. Previously, we didn't expect that we would be able to prepare so many 'Rolands', so it is very normal for us to overspend. Engineering is a job that burns money, and those big robots are even better at burning money. To face monetary crisis in such a short period of time, I guess it made logical sense.

"Hehe, fortunately, I made additional preparations. Come over here, let me introduce you to my new treasure! It is called Greed, isn't it cute!"

On the experiment desk, there is a transparent bottle. Within the bottle, a bizarre and slimy liquid is thrashing about. It seems to be trying to break through the seal of the bottle but it is sent flying back due to the lightning shock from the seal of the bottle.

"Really... Really gross!! White and sticky, it is indeed the same good that you use for

thinking." Elisa says with a look of despise.

She is just mocking me for using my lower body to think. I have already experienced this kind of level of venomous tongue many times when my collections were revealed such that I am already numb to it. Instead, I laugh gleefully.

"That is because you don't know how useful it is. Don't judge it by how small it is, I only have to assimilate it into the waterways of this city and it will start cloning itself rapidly, forming countless clones. Within a few hours, this milk-white Slime would fill up the pipes and drainage system of the city..."

"Extremely disgusting!!! I beg of you to stop talking! What exactly do you intend to do!"

"Hmph, you really aren't good at appraising things. It is called Greed, it instinctively looks for gold coins, swallow them and bring them back to the main body. This way, we would be able to solve our financial problems."

Usually, even if there's an ultimate treasure that is to be auctioned, the Auction House would normally bring out a few items of equal level to hype up the crowd. I do not expect to meet another God Equipment, but as long as the Lion King hopes to retain his pride, he would definitely bring some good stuff to the auction.

Thinking about the auction that is about to be held, I intend to gather more money so as to buy some local specialty. Ever since I dreamed about my experience in creating Ah Dang the last time, I focused my attention on getting my hands on the ingredients required for my specialty, Undead Creation.

And Greed here is the result of my hard work for an entire week.

?Mutated Slime: Greed/ Tribe: Undead Slime/ 1 point in all stats/ Race Talent: Targeted Devour, Fiber-Decomposing Secretion, Rapid Cloning/ System Evaluation: Extremely dangerous. Please destroy its main body as soon as possible. If you were to lose control of this being, not mentioning this entire city, the entire underground world might disappear. As a side note, please stop creating beings. Your talent in this aspect is totally wrong. If you were to continue on this route, you might destroy the entire world even before the calamities strike.?

Seems contradictory? Its abilities are obviously trashy but it actually generates so much fear in the system.

It is an existence hovering between life and death. To all beings, the simpler their demand is, the stronger the desire for it. This Greed represents avarice. In my settings, gold coins, mithril and different kinds of precious metal is the reason for its existence.

The simpler the being is, the easier for it to reproduce. The expenditure in cloning a single-cell organism is very low. Following the settings of its creator, Greed will clone itself frantically to steal gold coins. It has no attacking ability whatsoever, the only thing it can do is to invade vaults with iron-tight defense, decompose the sacks that are full of treasure and steal the gold coins and expensive metals.

However, I can understand the system's concern as well. If 'Greed' were to lose control, as long as it reproduces to a certain point, the countless Slimes could take over all the living space, leaving no space for other beings.

Of course, the precondition is that there is no limit to its cloning...

"Look, its main body is in this bottle. I will only release a tenth of it, so their reproduction ability and its size will be limited to a tenth of the original. Also, their lifespan will be limited, so they will all die within 2 days. At most, it will only be a gold coin thief."

While explaining, I carefully release 'Greed' into the waterworks. Suddenly, a wind blows and somehow, my nose which should be devoid of any senses feels itchy.

"Ah... CHOOOOO! Who is gossiping about me!?"

"MASTER!!!!!!"

Elisa's shout made me regain my focus. But, half of the main body of 'Greed' had already been released into the drainage. Very soon, it will follow this thousand-mile-long ancient drainage system and clone itself in the waterways. Then, it will swiftly invade the entire city.

"...Calm down, there is still half left. 'Greed' will only be slightly stronger than expected."

"How much stronger? Will it hurt anyone?"

"It will be slightly bigger by 5 times than expected, slightly bigger than the size of a human. Following their intelligence setting, it might change its attacking pattern to

swallowing a person and disintegrate their clothing while taking all the metal away from them... Calm down, I have adjusted the settings properly, 'Greed' definitely will not harm any beings, it will leave after swallowing clothes."

"Swallowing clothes? The entire city?" A terrifying image appears in Elisa's mind. Countless Eaglestorms and Xuētis dancing around in a circle and more and more perverts started joining them...

"MASTER!! PLEASE RESEARCH A WAY TO DESTROY THIS DEMON FROM ITS ROOT QUICKLY!!"

Chapter 47

Messing With The Situation

The biannual Alliance Conference which should have been held the next week has been postponed indefinitely due to some overwhelming circumstances that cannot be resolved...

The reason? The empty streets in the city is the reason. The streets which should have been filled with crowds of people is completely empty. The single being that could be seen is a meter-tall transparent slime.

"AHHHH! Don't come over, I am only here to sell my vegetables!!"

Yet another innocent victim is born. After the Slimes were satisfied after their assault and leaves, a naked Beastman Auntie runs in a frenzy with her basket in hand. Her oily flabs trembles around vigorously and sweat drips down like the rain. Wherever she passes by, sounds of vomiting could be heard.

"It is the 3rd time for that female Hippo Beastman. It probably isn't an accident. I guess this incident gave some people an opportunity to release the wildness within them."

Due to the sudden rampage of the mysterious Slimes, the internal workings of Vance City paralyses. These little things aren't difficult to deal with. Even though Slimes have high resistance against physical attacks, but they have almost zero resistance towards Magic and the Divine Arts. In the underground world where experts could be everywhere, they aren't that difficult to deal with.

However...

"Even if you can deal with one, can you deal with 10, deal with 100, deal with 1000? This toy is almost endless! Furthermore, if you accidentally allow it to close in on you, your armor would be reduced to spare parts in an instant and taken away. Your clothes would disintegrate, not leaving a single cloth behind. Being fully nude, how much of a fighting prowess would you still have?"

That's right, no matter how strong you are, as long as you dare to wear clothes on the

street, you would definitely be suppressed by the Slimes immediately with their overwhelming population and become totally nude. There is a Mage who created a Fire Wall by his side, protecting himself within the high temperature of the inferno. In the beginning, he managed to get rid of quite a few Slimes who pounced on him. But after 6 hours, he still ran out of mana and ended up like a newborn baby.

But, his experiment proved that this being is brainless and their numbers are innumerable. Fortunately, their weakness is found very quickly. They can disintegrate the fibers of cloth and take away metal, but they aren't able to do anything about wood. In fact, they seem to instinctively fear it. As long as you leave a wooden pole on the window, doors and circle a piece around your taps, they will retreat immediately. (The back door left by a certain Lich)

TL: Crap, they come out from your taps?

But, this doesn't solve the root of the problem. After all, you can't really go on the street wearing a bunch of wooden sticks. Thus, the entire city retreated in the face of these small Slimes and went into a bizarre paralysis. They aren't interested in humans who are nude, but not everyone can awaken to their new self like that Hippo Auntie.

The life of the citizens became inconvenient but in this instant, a group of warm-hearted young people pushed a wooden cart and walked fearlessly naked on the street.

They helped other people to purchase their groceries and run their errands. Also, they allow people to pay on tab and even recruit volunteers into their team.

"The natural body that God gave us is perfect and flawless, the unnatural clothes are an original sin. What wrong is there in releasing ourselves — Simplified as The Release of the Heaven's Body Group. They took this opportunity to spread their beliefs (If you join in the group now, you get the right to purchase a wooden pushcart at member's price, only limited to one per person!)."

When more and more young people started to acknowledge those bizarre teachings, they treated this Slime as a kind of heavenly punishment passed down that target clothes, an unnatural creation. The Release of the Heaven's Body, whose core group is the Wild Bull Alliance, grew at a fearsome rate as innumerable people who are aiming for the business opportunities, those who awakens to a certain instinct and even the young people who acknowledges this bizarre cult started walking around the street

naked to fight for their future wealth or their teachings.

Even so, the losses in this catastrophe were still quite great. Before the weakness of the Slimes were exposed, there were many vaults and rich merchants who fell prey to the Slimes. (A certain Lich: Why should we announce the weakness, we should give it some time first so as to earn more right? |A certain Maid: Shut up, hurry up and research on how to solve this problem from the root. Isn't solving the problems that you stir up yourself one of your known sayings?)

Vance City was unable to function as per normal. At the very least, the Alliance Conference has been postponed indefinitely. The faces of the nude underground city lords seem to be like countless laughing face that were mocking at the dignity of the Underground Autarchs.

When the Autarchs' patience finally reached a limit, they even proposed completely destroying the whole city and its underground works before rebuilding the entire city. However, a sudden rumor spreads around the entire city, bringing a surge of joy across the entire city — The Release of the Heaven's Body Group's leader Great Druid and their authoritative old Physician (Specializes in treating beasts) Beifeng. Herault had did their research and found out that these Slimes only have a lifespan of 10 days. Within 4 to 5 days, they should start withering as a group.

The entire city went into celebration, but no one seem to question why 2 unknown rookies were able to come up with such a conclusion when the top Mages were at a loss with this current catastrophe. But, the one who gave the biggest sigh of relief should be the Lion King himself. When the Conference of the Alliance is postponed, the responsibility is shared by everyone. However, if the auction is unable to carry out as promised, the contract of the Devils would be enforced and he might end up pulled straight to the River Styx, ending it all for him.

"Oh, I could actually still do that!"

I clap my hands together in realization. There was such an easy method to get rid of the Lion King, but I accidentally let the opportunity slip pass me.

"Actually, it still isn't too late. If I release the remains of 'Greed' down, then it will..."

"Cause another 10 days of catastrophe?"

"No, it will become 'Greed' in its perfect form. Its individual strength would at least be

increased by 10 folds and there would be no limit to its longevity. If this goes on forever, the Lion King would definitely be unable to hold the auction."

"REJECTED!! The underground world will be destroyed like this." Wearing a bikini created by 2 banana leaves, her both hands are hugging her chest to prevent exposing the **. Her little tail keeps on knocking against the ground, causing a ruckus. It looks like the recent happenings had made Elisa become extremely irritable.

TL: No idea what is **

The silk that has been worked on, fiber clothing that did not cover the back, rattan and leaves shirt, they have all become the latest fashion trend... What, we seem silly for stepping onto our own trap?

"Heh, if other people suffered from the trap that we laid but we don't fall for it, doesn't it obviously show that we were the one who set up the whole incident? Furthermore, my creations aren't that useless and weak. They wouldn't let you all go just because you all are my comrades."

"This isn't something to be proud about!! Why do you still have clothes to wear!"

Yes, in the entire base of Sulfur Mountain City, as the catastrophe hit us extremely early (It started the moment I threw Greed in), we are actually pretty badly affected by the catastrophe and there aren't many here who have leaves shirt to wear. Only I am left with my clothes intact.

"Do you want to listen to the truth or lies? The lie is that my clothes are a SemiGod-class equipment, so they aren't able to get near. As for the truth..." (They are unable to disintegrate high-tier equipment, but this doesn't mean they will stop their attack. The reason why my entire body is so slimy is because of their secretion which is unable to get destroy my clothes)

"The truth is that they remember that you are their father, so they won't attack you?"

"No, how can my creations have such a foolish weakness. Their ability to attack comes from their instincts, they do not discriminate against their enemy. Look, this is a wood-shaving spray. It is a product from dissolving wood into a solution. As long as you spray it on your body, the Slimes, who fear wood, would definitely stay away... Hey hey, I'm sorry for telling you about this, but we are all civilized people so let's not get violent!! Put down the leg of that table!"

Alright, under the threat of violence, I admit that it isn't that I forgot to tell them about it but rather, it is for my eye's feast. But, my honesty only ends up bringing about Elisa's rage and landed me in jail. Coming right after is the long-awaited communication through wrestling...

After a moment, the panting Elisa sits on my spine and asks me who was lying on the floor.

"Have you researched out the way to end this catastrophe?"

"I have researched it, I have researched it! Stop bending it, my old bones are about to break!!"

"Then why don't you stop the Slimes! Is it because you feel sorry for them?"

"It will take at least a week to collect the ingredients required to make the necessary arrangements! I swear to the River Styx that I definitely am not lying this time."

It takes 1 week for the antidote to come out — But 5 days later, the Slime Calamity has ended by itself — What she did, forcing her master to research the antidote, was in vain. This series of equations links up in her mind. Then, the maid rages.

"Kacha!" This is the crisp sound of the breaking of Elisa's sanity and my thigh bones. That day, I managed to experience firsthand how powerful a Half-Demon is coupled with a Saint Pugilist Job, its fearsome physical abilities.

I am not so foolish as to place the main body of 'Greed' in the camp. That is equivalent to waiting for people to trace the stolen goods back here. The main body has been placed in the deepest area of the waterworks and countless of its children serves as its guards.

Out of expectations, there was an additional volunteer guard.

When the first gold coin is brought back to the main body, the first one to find her way to the main body is Little Red... When she got the details of the story, she immediately requests to serve as the guard of the treasure vault, the reason being...

"I am used to sleeping on treasure. I have been insomniac for so many days, it's about

time for me to have a good nap."

Fine, I know that it is an excuse. Going by our unspoken rules, since she was willing to put in effort, she would be entitled to half of it as a welcome present. However, with her guarding the main body, I feel at ease.

At least, if she really meets with an extremely powerful opponent that isn't easy to deal with, Little Red's speed in running is extremely worth trusting.

Now, the only thing that we have to be worried about is how to sell the goods afterwards. However, in the underground world, this is the thing that we need not worry about.

Alright, since everything is in place, the last thing that we need to settle is the Alliance Conference. When the Slime army starts to wither and die as predicted, everyone heaved a sigh of relief. The Underground Autarch swiftly sends invitation letter for the Alliance Conference.

'The gathering of primitives', 'Can those underground city lords do the Hula dance?'

TL: Hula

When the street vendors start to discuss vehemently over this topic, appropriate clothing were sent soon after the invitation letter, making those unfortunate underground city lords feel thankful towards the thoughtful organization while heaving a sigh of relief. In the market now, clothes that still could be wear had long shot up to sky price, it would be difficult to purchase them.

But at this moment, the good that were the best seller weren't the lacking clothes, but information on the study of Power of Law.

"Still worried about the invaders and Demonic Beasts that keep harassing you? There is the nemesis of those who break the law here, the senior of the Holy Light from the same sect. Even Undead, monkeys and Half-Demons can grasp this power of the new generation — Power of Law!"

"It doesn't cost 3 to 4 thousand, it doesn't cost 1 to 2 thousand either, it is yours for 998 for real! Exquisite workmanship with 99 main functions. Communicating with the Origin of Order doesn't require money and learning how to control the spells don't require money either. Furthermore, the spells sparkle!! Stop hesitating, head on over

to Sulfur Mountain City's Envoy Base to reserve and purchase it!!"

TL: Exquisite workmanship -> Literally means the skills required to create the Hearts and arrows

"Furthermore, the first 100 buyers will receive a second chance at lottery. The top prize is the God Equipment Scattered Page of the Codex! We will send it straight to your house and even tutor you for free."

'Hey hey, do you know how to judge?' 'Judge men! Mama, you don't have to worry about my spell incantation failing anymore. Granny, my dream of becoming a Holy Knight has been realized.'

TL: Not a typo.

"Power of Law is trustworthy. In order to make it for convenient for our big customers to comprehend and wield it, other than the basic 998 package, we even prepared a 9998 Deluxe Package for the noble you. Of course, if you feel like that this is unfitting of your high social position, we also prepared a 19998 Perfect Luxurious Package, which comes along with a lottery card, allowing you to join in the lottery for the God Equipment Scattered Page of the Codex!"

"What are you hesitating about? Our address is Vance 32nd District Tauren Road No. 88, first come first serve. While stocks last."

Striking it rich, I started to look forward to the auction and the Alliance Conference that was around the corner.

"Master, didn't you just bring a few hundred identical information books? Those Deluxe and Perfect Luxurious version..."

"It is all the same, all the same."

"Aren't you afraid that they might get even with you?"

"Hehe, Elisa, you are still too inexperienced. You have to think about the mindset of those underground city lords when they purchase goods. Those underground city lords who are willing to fork out 998 Diamonds to purchase the information don't really bother much about spending another 9000. 'What? You thought that it was 998 gold coin and not diamonds? Police, chase this villager away.' When this word is

spoken, those rich suckers who value their face will eat it no matter how expensive it is. Do you know what is an overlord and a Little Xiong? An overlord is someone with great wealth, the big boss. No matter what they buy, they will choose to buy the most expensive one rather than the best one! It is because they have a reputation to uphold. Look, all 4 of the Underground Autarchs bought the Perfect Luxurious Version right? They can't afford to let anyone see them buying the normal Deluxe version. Thus, our motto for our sales is that we don't go for the best but the most expensive. Once our business is done, we won't have to open our shop for 10 years."

TL: Little Xiong (??)-> Means someone who is ambitious and ruthless.

"You are really scheming."

"Thanks for your compliments."

Chapter 48

The Circles of Nobles Sure is Messy

After thousands of years of reparations and restructuring of the city, the multiracial city Vance underwent thousands of years of change. Its streets are messy without order, the districts which were once defined clearly through squares and rectangles changed completely after numerous expansions of the city.

The Gnomes who came to the city built their Alchemy Experimental Lab, Engineering Experimental Lab and a large-scale racing track. The Beastman brought along their Coliseum where fresh blood and glory could be found. With the arrival of the Elves, Theaters and Man-made Jungles starts materializing in the city. The Mages appeared together with their high-rising Mage Towers that reaches the clouds.

On the both sides of the streets, infrastructure of different cultures from different eras could be seen. The solemn Dwarf's baroque-style buildings, the mysterious and sorrowful Dark Elf's gothic-style buildings, the Gnome-style buildings that were infused with metals and the smell of smoke and even the recent-times serene rural-style buildings by the surface Elves due to the Druid and Black Shaman's residing in this city.

Perhaps, the equally diverse Sulfur Mountain City might have the potential and liveliness to become a similar a well-known historical city. But in the face of this ancient city, it is still too young and impetuous now.

The buildings of the new generation intertwine with those that has settled down in history. The different tribal styles of the accessory and the special products sold by the street vendors could also be treated as a beautiful scenery. The charm in this ancient city forged by the assembly of many different races cannot be denied. From another perspective, this shows the ancientness and the changes in the City of Platinum.

In current times, as eras changed, the original orderly design has totally disappeared. Time and history has changed the different districts into countless ?-word shape, ?-word shape and a disorderly picture of a 'valley' on the map. As the Alliance chose to station their headquarters here, more and more race and underground cities chose to

dominate a plot of land in this city. Facing a city that is changing every day, even the old Vance-ians who had been living here their entire life cannot be sure how many different race or their unique buildings are here or which alley would lead to where.

TL: Probably looks something like this?

But, there is a place here where all Vance-ians will never forget — The Platinum Chapel.

Of course, the reason has to do with the large surface area it takes up and the 7 tall Mage Towers in the vicinity. Since it can be seen from every single corner of Vance City, it is impossible to forget it.

It was once called the Residence of the King of Platinum, well-known for its extravagance in history. At that time, the Underground Autarch who rules over this city and hundreds of other underground cities in the vicinity suddenly gets a stroke of inspiration and used up a hulking amount of money to build this city within a city that is more than 6 kilometers long. In fact, to be true to its name with its name, mithril and platinum is used to plate the outer walls. Under the rays of light, the castle shines, seeming like the homeland of the Angels in the castle of clouds. Within it, jewels and treasures were glowing by the streets, beauties in faille were all around, ready to serve, and the pond of wine and forest of meat were prepared everyday...

TL: Faille is a type of fabric similar to silk.

Fine, let's not mention about how that fellow ruled oppressively and overtaxed the population, or how the resentment of the public accumulated against him and he was overthrown. The hero who ruled the days then had been reduced to just bone ashes. But, the Platinum Chapel that he left behind became the symbol of Vance City.

Even if the extravagant plating of precious metal has been long scraped away and the walls are filled with vine-like magical plants, but that humongous and luxurious palace still remains as Vance and the underground world's most beautiful palace.

The underground world today isn't like back then, when the Platinum King was the only big faction. The 4 Underground Autarchs restraining each other keeps Vance in a state without a city lord. No one dares to claim ownership of this palace but today, it is about to be used once again. It is the location for the Alliance Conference and in fact, its scale would be much larger than when the palace was in its peak condition.

The fireworks in the sky never stopped as Griffons and Scorpion-tailed Lions walk to and fro welcoming guests. The majestic gigantic Dragons could only serve as the sentry and door guards for the gathering. Each and every carriage were pulled by powerful Magic Beasts. The ingredients for the food on the lunch table were all precious top-tier Magic Beasts. The attending underground city lords were full of experts, true to the saying 'Saints are everywhere and Legends are like dogs'. Maybe there isn't the luxurious and wealth of a Human Kingdom, but in the underground world where the strong reigns supreme, they used their own way to decorate this biannual Conference.

TL: The author really likes to use this saying although it sounds so awkward in English.

Despite coming pretty early, it is already crowded everywhere. The event location is split into 3 main districts. The Outer District is the outer area of the Platinum Chapel. Normal civilians are allowed to enter and this is where the guards of the city lords will stand on guard. There are also many different kinds of activities and performance here. The buffet set up would at least remain for an entire week. The Middle District is where the city lords of smaller cities and well-known heroic figures will hold a drinking party for 3 days straight. As for the Inner District, it is also where the session would be shortest. Within 2 days, the different influential figures from different places will wreak havoc with their arguments.

More than 10 Roland Robots walk together, their footsteps in sync, creating a light earthquake with every step. The carriages in front are forced to give way to us. A gigantic Metal-backed DemiDragon who blocked the way with his gigantic bottom was lifted up and kicked away by Roland No.2 like a metal ball... I wouldn't waste money for nothing. Although they could only be placed on the grounds outside of the Outer District, it was perfect to showcase our might.

Very few underground city lords have good temper, so there were many sparks on the road. The security personnel also tacitly remained silent. On our road here, we saw quite a few duels and among them, there were no lack of Legend-rank fighters.

In truth, the reason why a large portion of city lords brought their strongest guards were to showcase their might and for their security. The Underground Autarchs, even more so, aren't able to skip by that tradition. There were already 7 to 8 Red Dragons guarding the gates, an obvious show of power by Molly.

By the way, Little Red should have come but as she was unwilling to give up her bed

(give up those treasures...), I could only send her a signal to come when I require her presence when signing the Alliance pact...

But when Molly saw us, she heaves a sigh of relief. She knows the personality of her daughter. If she were to get group lynched in the middle of the meeting, then she wouldn't know where to put her face... Or, could it be that the bunch of Red Dragons at entrance are used to block Little Red from entering? Somehow, I feel like I got a glimpse of the truth.

"Hi, old lady, I am here. How have you been these days?"

Starting a battle in the duration of the Conference is forbidden. Those who break this rule becomes the public enemy of the Alliance, but this doesn't stop me from taunting them. Or rather, in such an occasion where everyone can only move their mouths, it is more convenient for me to attack them verbally. As I started the topic of how the experience they had these few days, the beautiful face of the Dragon Queen immediately distorts in anger.

Of course I know that they haven't been well these few days. After all, they suffered multiple attacks from thieves, underground city lord and even Undead Lords. Even if they have many hidden aces, but how can they take proper precautions when everyone is the enemy. It must have been suffocating to live like a rat crossing the street.

TL: Rat crossing the street -> Means someone which everyone hates

"Hehe, looks like the 6th Senator has appeared. It is fortunate that the first 3 aren't here... If they came, I probably won't be seeing you all now. How is the ant poison from Lamost? You must be dying from the excruciating pain."

From the outer appearance, the Dragon Queen is a red-haired beauty. However, she brought a pair of black gloves which extends all the way to her shoulders and her fur coat covers her entire upper body. This style of dressing is vastly different from her usual. It is apparent to see that she is wounded. Furthermore, I heard that she crossed blades with Lamost yesterday, so it is very possible for her to have been afflicted by that deadly plague-like Ant Poison. I am purposely jabbing at where it hurts.

TL: The word used is ??, which the first one means Ant. But the word also means Formic Acid, which is secreted by ants.

Of course, Molly was so enraged that her magic tattoos starts to deforming. But then, she grinds her teeth and tolerated it.

Grabbing over a cocktail from the tray of the servants, she swallows it in one shot and left a word behind before leaving.

"You won't be gleeful for long."

I immediately reply to her taunt.

"Right, your daughter says that she wants to beat you up. Remember to bring more bodyguards along, the bunch at the door isn't enough for her to beat."

I purposely said it loudly. The surrounding underground city lords were surprised that there was someone who dared to challenge the Dragon Queen. Even more inconceivable, the Dragon Queen merely grinds her teeth and leaves, not even returning the taunt, seeming to accept reality.

"Uncle Bones, if you taunt her like that, won't she obstruct our entry into the alliance?"

"Will she not obstruct us if we don't mock her? Since we are destined to offend her, we might as well just go through with it. Besides, in the underground world, only those who are strong will be respected. We might have offended the Dragon Queen, but at the same time, we would receive the goodwill of her enemies. Look, the bald fatty there is smiling so happily."

The bald fatty that I just mentioned is currently chatting happily with Kajah. Seeing that I am here, he waves his hand and gestures for me to come over. Shock gasps could be heard everywhere. Not mentioning how we just triumphed verbally over the Dragon Queen, just the invitation from the Underground Autarch Eduar is sufficient for us, the group of 'freshman' to be on the headlines.

Ainsterna.Eduar, his body is round and almost devoid of any hair. From afar, he seems quite similar to a moving boiled egg, but there weren't any who dared to express such an opinion out loud.

In response to the invitation, I retreated instead to allow Annie to fulfill her responsibilities.

Due to the recent chaos, Annie had many opportunities to fight. Also, due to there

being many people taking the initiative to assault her, there are some improvements in her strength. After listening to the experiences of her godfather during his breakthrough, she seems to have grasped onto something, it wouldn't be weird if she were to break through anytime soon.

But, compared to the fast-progressing Annie, Elisa behind my back was somehow solemn. Different from Annie who has taken up the role as the future city lord of Sulfur Mountain City, Elisa is unsure of what she wants exactly and it is impossible to enter the realm of Legends with doubts about the future you wish to walk on.

These few days, she had been quite silent and irritable.

"Don't think too much into it, you are good the way you are now." Even if the words of the outsiders aren't useful to the ones choosing their path, but I couldn't help but to say these useless words.

My consolation makes Elisa jolt suddenly. She seems to be on the verge of saying when 'dang dang dang', the sound of the bell echoes. A bunch of colorful flags hangs in sky along with the firework and the chatter outside was so loud that even the heavens tremor. The Conference begins.

"Let's go in." Looking at the underground city lords who start swarming into the Inner District, I also hurry my footsteps. I can't leave Annie to attend the Conference by herself in the Inner District.

"I propose to form an Alliance Army to completely wipe away the spies sent by tailless monkeys on the surface." The furious howl of the Lion King reverberates in the large hall. Those eyes of fury stares at me. It was obvious he was talking about when he mentioned the spies.

"Even their city lord is a Human Hero from the surface. Whose side are they actually on? What rights does Sulfur Mountain City has to join the Alliance, aren't they just intending to join in as a spy? I propose that we kick them out! Whoever who opposes my suggestion will be enemy of the Dragon City." The Dragon Queen's threat is very direct and effective. Offending the Dragon City means represents all of the subordinate Dragon Tribes under the Dragon City and that isn't something small.

As expected, the moment the Conference starts, before we could even be introduced

to join the Alliance, the Lion King and the Dragon Queen starts shooting at us. But, looking at this situation, I am so happy that I smiled.

"Then, let's treat it as the first matter at hand. All of the city lords, please make your decision." What that surprised the Lion King and the rest is that Kajah and Eduar didn't try to stop them but rather, they even proposed to vote on the matter directly.

Following which, a shocking sight appears. If a matter were to receive over half of the votes of those present here, it could be passed. However, in the big hall filled with a few thousand people, only a few hundred people raised their hands in agreement.

"Alright, the first proposal is rejected."

At this point, they would really be dumb if they don't get that something is amiss. The Dragon Queen and Lion King stares at each other with astonishment and disbelief on their face.

The underground cities tend to be quite far from each other, and many of the Alliance member have deep-seated grudges against each other, so the Underground Alliance was originally built as a loose organization. Even the Underground Autarchs don't dare to say that they have definite control over their own supporters. But now, even the underground city lords with good relationship with them gave up on their rights to vote. What exactly is going on!

They have expected Sulfur Mountain City to try their best to pull the other underground city lords to their side. But, these underground city lords are arrogant and aloof and they are quite far away from one another, so it is a daunting task to try to bribe them.

TL: Quite far as in the distance.

These few days, they became the thorn in the eye of everyone else. They couldn't spare any attention to set up obstacles for Sulfur Mountain City. From a certain sense, my goal for throwing out the Scepter has been met.

Eduar nods his head and continues.

"Alright then, Kajah and I will be proposing the 2nd matter. We want to accept Sulfur Mountain City as one of us and give it a status equal to me Shou, Lord Dragon Empress, Kajah and I. Yes, we might have another Alliance Vice-head.

After this proposal was said, a commotion breaks out in the hall. The position of an Underground Autarch isn't something the Alliance can decide, but if this proposal is passed in the Conference where all powerful underground city lords attend, then there's no difference between Sulfur Mountain City and the other Autarchs. As for the Alliance Vice-head, it is just an official way of calling an Autarch.

"This matter is more important so going by the rules, we require more than 80% of the members to not disagree. It will be an anonymous vote so everyone can rest easy and just vote as you wish."

No one felt that this incredulous proposal would be passed, except for me...

– I told Kajah and Eduar, "This proposal definitely won't be passed. After proposing this, if we take a step back and propose something less extreme, it would be easier for it to be passed. Give us a hand, we need an explosive entrance. To repay you both, we will..."

"Those in favor, 110 votes..." Hearing this vote number, the Lion King and Dragon Queen's face are full of smiles, their gazes full of contempt against me, as though saying 'a countryside bum wants to ascend the Heavens in a single step, dream on.'

"...Those against, 206..." "Impossible!!" It is natural for the votes in favor to be little, but the votes against being few is inconceivable as well, the Lion King stands up abruptly.

The Lion King's expression seems like he is ready to eat anyone made the speaker quiver.

"Neu... Neutral votes and abandoned votes come to a total of 2367, the number participating in the Conference is 3583, the proposal is passed! AHHHHH!"

After throwing the conclusion at the audience, the speaker immediately crouches down and rolls away.

The Lion King snatches the voting results and looked at it for several times. The results were clearly written in his face. In the end, he could only express a nasty face and tear it apart to vent his anger.

"How did you do it?" Kajah leans over and says in my ear, her breath smelling like flowers. However, I simply smile mysteriously, refusing to answer.

Actually, it is not that big of a deal. Just when everyone thought that I was playing around, I did quite a bit of important preparations.

For example, as a veteran Lawyer who is skilled in exploiting the loopholes of the law and a Legislator who fills these hole, I studied the rules and regulations of the Alliance one by one...

TL: Veteran (???) -> In a way means veteran, but it means someone who is been in the industry/trade/anything else for very long and became quite cunning in dealing with its matter. Can also be used to refer to a cunning/'slippery' person.

'Important decisions can be passed as long as at least 80% do not oppose it.' Yes, in order to prevent a decision being unable to be made due to its diverse members, each having differing views, such a rule was made. So, when the Underground Autarchs are unable to come to a consensus, this rule allowed a large portion of the underground city lord's proposals to be passed.

But, they neglected the fact that just because they are not against it doesn't mean that they are for it...

It may be difficult to pull the votes of the underground city lords over to our side, but it isn't entirely possible to stop them from voting against us.

"The portion of the information of the law is indeed lacking, but if you are willing to not vote against us joining the Alliance, I will pass the rest to you after the Conference. Yes, it is sufficient as you don't vote against us, we just don't want to lose that badly..." This is a threat...

TL: He means the book he sold.

"Hah, this is Sulfur Mountain City's present. Your clothes should be destroyed in the catastrophe, right? These leaves and rattan clothing are rushed out by the Druids of The Release of Heaven's Body Group. It is made of natural materials and we guarantee that it is in line with its teachings. Hehe, you don't have to pay us, it is free. It would be sufficient if you all can help us a little in the Conference voting. You know, we are new and don't know much about here. I hope to be able to rely on your big brother." This is a favor...

TL: There are 2 types of you in Chinese. ? -> Casual ? -> Used to address others who are more noble or respected. The more formal one is often used when they address

Adam and Wumianzhe. He is also using it to address the person now as it makes one seem more humble.

"Don't you all feel like the situation isn't right now? There are now 4 Underground Autarchs who are split into 2 factions. It is just a matter of time before war breaks out between them. Don't you feel like we need a lubricant kind of existence in the Alliance? He should be strong, but not too strong. It would also be best if he isn't ambitious..." This is reasoning...

When the Lion King and Dragon Queen were distracted by the Scepter, I had plenty of opportunities to pull votes over to my side. Those underground city lords, when they came with the mindset that since they require 80% of votes for the proposal to be approved, then even if I were to abandon my vote, the proposal wouldn't be passed anyway', we were destined to succeed.

"Congratulations to our new Alliance Vice-head."

Eduar's congratulations brought along with it an ill-intent sarcasm. Ignoring the High Priestess of the Dark Elf who is already leaning on me, the other 2 Underground Autarch on the other side is already exerting their killing intent... Normally, the more cheerful a Dark Elf seems to smile, the more ruthless they would be. No one likes it when their authority is split. No matter how well I have put it before, I have already offended all of them.

Also, the looks that a large portion of the city lords looked at us with aren't that friendly anymore. After all, I lied to them all, even though what I said was the truth.

"However, this is what I hope to achieve." I smile, satisfied. However, being stared at suddenly by over a thousand Legend-rank experts, the two people by the side feels uneasy.

Furthermore, a large portion of the ill-intent gazes were shot towards Annie who is sitting in the middle. After all, she is the future city lord of Sulfur Mountain City.

"I don't have the time to wait for Annie to mature slowly. The greater the pressure, the faster the growth. From now on, the entire city is our enemy. Endure through it! This is my test towards you."

"Roland! Hurry up and come over to help, we have met with big trouble!! The base has been attacked by Undead Lords!!"

Suddenly, Little Red's voice rings at the back of my mind. She actually used the emergency communication and for her to require assistance against an Undead Lord, the Undead Lord is at least of the level of a Xiluo Senator.

"You won't be gleeful for long." Molly's taunt flashes across my brain. In that instant, I understood what happened.

"Using the right to join in the auction or to view the Scepter to strike a deal with the Undead Senators so that they can become your fighters? Infighting isn't allowed during the duration of the Conference, but the Undead Lords aren't restricted by this rule. Indeed, the Underground Autarchs aren't to be underestimated."

I stand up, intending return to the base to back the rest up, but the Dragon Queen blocks the entrance.

"Where are you intending to go? The Conference isn't over yet. Leaving the Conference on your accord, this isn't very respectful to the... AYO, brat, what are you doing!"

By the side, a gnome lad is using its short legs to kick the Dragon Queen with all of its might. What was weird is that even though the motion of his short legs weren't fast, the Dragon Queen was unable to avoid the kicks! The kicks landed squarely on her knees every time.

"You bad person, bullying Ah Pa, Ah Dang hit you."

Somehow, I felt that this voice is very familiar, but I didn't have the mood to laugh at the moment. At the same time, a premonition creeps into my heart, as though something unfortunate is going to happen to me.

"I can guarantee with my years of experience of meeting with misfortune, this feeling means that a big trouble is about to come."

The gnome lad raises his head, his face full of pimples and his snot flowing all the way to his chin. His 2 eyes stare intently at me. Then, he smiled foolishly at me.

"Ah Pa."

"...Ah Dang!!" If it weren't for his unique way of addressing me, I wouldn't be able to connect the extremely big Abomination that I personally created with this little gnome in front of me...

At this moment, I hear a chilling voice from the back of my ears.

“...You even have an illegitimate son, and it is a gnome. Master, I have nothing to say about your tastes. May I ask you what did you do with the mother of this child? Did you abandon her? Master, you are too filthy.”

Chapter 49

Transform and Roll Out

It was total chaos within the brilliant golden chapel. Even when the organizer tried his best to main order, he couldn't stop the commotion among the underground city lords.

Even though they were tricked, to be able to make this proposal pass in the Conference, it could also be attributed to Sulfur Mountain City's might. The decisions made in the Conference weren't a game and couldn't be change, otherwise the basic trust in the Alliance will waver.

The Fifth Autarch — Sulfur Mountain City, these are the phrases that comes up often during the chatters which underground city lords are engaged in now. Many of them had begun to accept it as reality within their hearts.

A sudden emergence of a new Underground Autarch means a reshuffling of the powers within the Alliance. In the worst-case scenario, it might even incite thousands of battles to rewrite the territories of the biggest factions. These sudden circumstances represent endless trouble... and a hard-to-come-by opportunity.

None of the underground city lords who are qualified to sit in this Inner Hall are easy to deal with. These days, everyone has their own ambitions and since Sulfur Mountain City is able to climb up to the top spot, then there's no reason the rest can't do the same. Furthermore, the new Autarch still lacks supporter. Perhaps, some will take this as an opportunity to side with him to win themselves resources and backing... Countless desires and ideas made the underground city lord's mind start to turn and naturally, the Inner Hall's atmosphere becomes bizarre and lively.

As for my conflict with the Dragon Empress, other than the few people who sit near to us, there weren't many people who noticed it.

It is a pity as that means not much of the crowd would notice the Dragon Empress Molly, who strikes fear in the entire Underground World, acting like an infuriated old cat, baring her teeth towards a small gnome. Furthermore, she could only express her wrath verbally. Despite being an Underground Autarch, she doesn't dare to start fighting in the Conference Hall.

What that is even more pitiable is that despite the Dragon Empress, who is used to being unreasonable, is going to be reasonable for once, but the silly-looking gnome isn't giving her any face.

TL: The exact meaning for 'isn't giving her any face' is inflexible mind.

"What... What are you staring at! Stare... Stare some more and I will eat you!"

The gnome who is full of big words ignores the restraint of the Dragon Queen. His arrogance causes the surrounding audience's eyes to fall to the floor. But I know that this threat isn't just for show. When Ah Dang says that he will eat her, it means that he really intends to eat her and, he probably has the ability to carry out the action.

TL: Full of big words -> The exact phrase is an adjective used to refer to a person talking big and still not regretful/ashamed etc. about it

But, the base is still under attack right now. It isn't the moment to be wasting time with the Dragon Queen who is obviously trying to drag our feet.

"Ah Dang, before I allow you to, you aren't to eat any living thing."

Ah Dang's face bitters instantly, but he still nods his head in reply.

However, it is fortunately that Ah Dang's brother gave him another name, Ya Dang Si, preventing the Dragon Queen from recognizing Ah Dang from his nickname from the start... Even though Ah Dang sounds nice, why can't we use it as his real name. I have pondered over this question but couldn't understand the reason.

TL: Can't think for a good name for him so I'll just direct translate his name for now.

"Ah Bas (Demonic Spatial Hellhound Bastian) too. To think that the head of the Four Heavenly Kings, the elder brother of the Seven Deadly Sins Wrath, would reject the name I bestowed on it. Look how obedient are Ah Bao (Chromaggus) and Ah Dang. Now that they are used to their nickname, I doubt that they will remember it even if you call their real name."

From nowhere, a familiar voice sounds from the emergency communication channel that we agreed on earlier.

"Are you here yet? There are 3 Undead Lords of the level of Xiluo Senator. I can't hold

out for long. If you don't back us up soon, I will bring the rest of the guys to flee."

There wasn't a single trace of pride of the Dragon Tribe seen in the legends, running away decisively when the odds aren't in their favor. In reality, Little Red is just following the standard Dragon Tribe way of doing things. On the contrary, the Dragons find themselves unable to comprehend why the Dragon Tribes in the epics would they fight to their death.

"Why aren't they escaping even though they can't beat the opponent? They even landed down to fight with those metal can foot soldiers, are they stupid?"

However, from Little Red's more and more panicked urging, I shouldn't waste any more time.

"Go."

I grab the hand of Ah Dang, who was acting very aggressively towards the Dragon Empress, while intentionally ignoring the stare behind me which was getting more and more colder and Ah Dang's mysterious saliva while staring at the Dragon Empress... The Dragon Empress grabs her leg, grimacing in pain. She didn't try to stop us. Unexpectedly, she found herself instinctively fearing that shorty, both her eyes were filled with confusion.

"Heh, slowly think about it. I don't believe that you would be able to guess that the small gnome would be the savage 'Carnivore' Ya Dang Si."

However, from the vicious stare the Dragon Empress shot us with, the trouble has just begun.

"Elisa, you stay behind to help Annie. I don't feel at ease leaving her here alone."

"No, I want to go... Besides, didn't you say that you want to train her so that she can stand up individually? This is such a good chance for her."

I turn back in shock. It is rare to see Elisa persisting on a matter. "I feel like there's something ahead waiting for me. I must go. Perhaps, this would be useful to me in breaking through to the Legend realm."

Those who are in a bottleneck will tend to have intuitions of plausible opportunities for them to break through. Since she has already said so, there is no reason for me to

stop her.

"Diana and Victoria, enter the Inner District to support Annie. Victoria, it is your turn to perform, don't let me down. Diana, if there is anyone who tries to stop you both from entering, feel free to beat them up. No.3 and No.4, remain here to support them. The rest of the Roland Robots, follow me back, we have something up at our base."

After delegating simple instructions, I left Xueti in charge and jumps onto Roland No.2 to take a free ride back. 'Boom', 'boom' a series of earthquakes made the buildings by the side of the road shake.

Sitting on the head of No.2, I close my eyes, deep in thoughts. Behind me, Elisa consoles me.

"Rest easy, with Lord Einz Mezus (Little Red) there and those defensive power we left in the base, nothing bad will happen."

I nod my head in silence. I will never tell her that I wasn't worrying just now, it was just that I was hesitating over whether I shouting 'Autobots, roll out!' or 'Decepticons, roll out!' would be cooler.

However, looking at the tension on the faces around me, I think I should adapt to the situation and don't say things that would make me get beaten up.

"Hahaha, so fun! Ah Pa, this isn't a living thing. Can I eat?"

The salivating Ah Dang is bouncing around like a pinball due to the movements of the Robot. Even so, there's not a single possibility of him falling down. In this instant, he is even pointing at the Roland No.2 beneath his feet. It looks like the massive figure of the Robot has evoked his appetite.

"You can't, Ah Dang. Also, you aren't allowed to call me Ah Pa here, just call me Wumianzhe or Lord will do."

"Okay, Ah Pa."

"Wumianzhe..."

"Okay, Ah Pa."

"I X, can you stop being so inflexible."

"...Ah Pa, Ah Dang is not inflexible. Ah Pa is Ah Pa."

Alright, considering that this joke has been overused and no longer serves comedic purpose, I will skip the see-saw interaction between me and Ah Dang. In the end, with Elisa looking at the commotion with a smile, I admitted defeat, allowing him to call me whatever he pleases. I don't care anymore.

However, it seems that Elisa knew from the start that this little gnome can't be my blood-related son. Her performance in the Hall is just her habitual venomous tongue acting up.

"You just had to learn from that gutless Margaret. Saints are used to looking at changes from the perspective of an onlooker. However, sometimes being an onlooker means that you are playing a passive role, thinking too much and over-considering everything, resulting in the lack of courage to change. Putting everything else aside, let's just talking about her feelings. If only she had a little more courage, she could have just pressured Adam and force the fool to take responsibility. As for why did she drag the matter until now, it is because she is too gentle and too considerate about other people's feelings. Sometimes, it might not be a good thing. Isn't being a little selfish good? There isn't such a thing as a happy ending for everyone in the world."

Hesitating for a moment, I upped the volume of my 'mumblings'.

"Margaret is Margaret. Elisa is Elisa. If you can't even recognize this, you don't qualify to create a Soul Imprint that belongs solely to you, you can't show the world that you are an existence that surpasses the mortals and you won't be able to open up your path as a Legend above the rest."

The sharp-eared Elisa could hear my 'muted' mumbling clearly. Her delicate body jolts and the expression she looks at me with is complicated... It was enough saying to this point, it could even be said to be excessive. I turn my head to question Ah Dang.

"Ah Dang, you probably didn't come alone right. Who brought you here?"

"Big Sister Gria."

"Who?" I blank out for a moment. There isn't anyone named Gria within the Undead Lords. Could it be a super rookie who appeared recently? To be able to bring Ah Dang

without ending up as spare ration, this isn't what a normal Undead Lord is capable of.

"It... It's that Big Sister who sings very badly!" Hearing that I didn't understand him, Ah Dang's hands waved about in a panic.

"Oh, it's Gray.Sin! You can just say the Throat of Death. Could it be that there are too many victims recently that her reputation took a plunge, so she decided to change her name to scam others to attending her Concert of Death?" Hearing that the person sings very badly, I immediately thought of the familiar Bone Dragon Queen.

Gria's singing has reached the level of polluting one's mind. Yet, she is totally oblivious to it. Her actions that keeps creating new victims consistently is even more famous than she herself.

"Other than Ah Pa, if other people call her that, Big Sister Gria will beat them up. Ah Dang don't want to be beaten."

"Hehe, it can't be that you can't defeat her. My Ah Dang won't lose to any one of the Senators."

"No, Ah Dang don't hit Big Brother and Big Sister. Ah Dang is obedient. Whoever who bullies Big Brother, Big Sister and Ah Pa, Ah Dang will beat him up. Ah Pa, is Ah Dang obedient?"

"Very obedient! This is what I call a good kid." I happily carry this small cutie and turn around to wink at Elisa, hinting her that this is how a good kid should be like.

"...Yes, such a regret. You were such a cute little girl then, exactly where went wrong to create the venomous-tongued housewife today..."

Alright, in consideration of my precious collection, these words in my mind better stay in my mind. I better not challenge her.

"Ah Pa, Ah Pa. Big Sister Gria flies very fast. I let her go help the fight first."

The little gnome sucks in his mucus as he jumps about with a face of expectation, just like a kid waiting to be praised.

"Does she know the location?"

"...I, I asked her to fly South-West of the city. Beat up annoying people on the way." It may seem unbelievable, but this kind of experts who are lacking in intelligence that even their cultivation depends on instincts, the intuition is often much stronger than rational thinking. Apparently, Ah Dang and Adam belongs to the type from thinks with their body, depending heavily on their intuition.

"...Bone Dragon Queen Gray.Sin is here, she is actually here to help me..." Little Red's message makes me heave a sigh of relief. Gray.Sin's singing throat may be unreliable, but her fighting prowess is definitely reliable.

But, if we remain with our passive approach, problems will occur sooner or later. We can't just depend on others. We are still at least 20 minutes away from our base. Besides, what if I reach the field and end up getting recognized by those familiar fellows...

Back then, from the intelligence of the Dark Elf spy then, I knew that even if Lord Yongye is sealed, the Dragon Empress would not dare to lift the seal. The Underground World will also treat it as an extremely dangerous existence that should remain sealed forever. If Lord Yongye really reappears... Maybe, the battle between the surface and the underground can be stopped and change into an alliance army to hunt down Lord Yongye.

"Ah Dang, change to your flying model. Allow me to enter."

Ah Dang nods his head. With a stomp of his feet, he is immediately shrouded within a dark fog. A few seconds later, when the dark fog scatters with the light of the divine arts, the lively gnome disappears. On the ground where he was standing on is a beautiful Silver-Plated Sky Dragon. It is more than 20-meter long without any legs. There isn't a strand of hair on its entire body and instead, there are 6 gigantic metal wings.

Ah Dang's entire body is equipped with a heavy metal armor that seems as solid and heavy as the city walls. But, looking carefully, the tough armor is all grown within the flesh. Even more so, the triangular-shaped Dragon head is filled with traces of metal all around. Countless spare parts are lodged into the flesh. The gears of its 4 limbs are rotating a high speed. This is a perfect harmony between machine and a body of flesh. The Sky Dragon seems like a perfect art work, totally different from the common idea of an Abomination.

TL: It says spare parts but not sure what these spare parts refer to. Probably just bits and pieces of metal I guess

"Ah Dang, Ah Dang, roll out!!!"

Elisa and I walk into the control room within the Dragon's body. After a dragon roar with traces of a child's voice within, the 6 wings of the Dragon stretch out and crimson-red inferno shoots out. Just like a rocket car, Ah Dang uses the counter-force to launch himself out.

It may seem smooth within the control room, but gauging from the rapidly retreating scenery, a normal gigantic Dragon probably don't even qualify to eat his dust.

TL: Think of vehicles on the desert -> Dust flies up.

An Abomination that can transform? Sounds incredulous? Actually, it isn't. It is the cornerstone and shackles for his existence.

The original sin that Ah Dang represents is 'Gluttony'. Gluttony, to be direct, simply mean excessive appetite and appetite is the most basic need of a living being.

Living beings need to ingest food and digest them as nutrients. The basic motive is for survival and to grow stronger so that they can achieve victory in the cruel natural world and gain the opportunity to evolve.

Gluttony = Evolution + Survival.

When this equation formed in my brain, history's smallest Abomination was born. It was only 1.2 meter and couldn't even raise a pebble. His only ability was to eat...

Abominations are basically the melding of corpses together, making it suited to meld other living beings together with it and evolve without boundaries.

It is able to integrate the strength of the prey he eats into his own flesh and very soon, after several wars, a mountain-like Corpse Monster became the nightmare of all living souls. But then, on one occasion when he was ingesting, he self-exploded.

I analyzed the reasons for failure and that is because no living being or dead being can evolve continuously and exceed the limits of their physical body. Overly powerful strength, due to the complex structure of the flesh, will only cause deformity and self-

destruction.

Then, when the equation of excessive evolution = self-destruction has been formed, the next step is to set a goal, direction and limit for his evolution... Fine, I admit that I copied a certain masked knight with many forms in this process.

TL: Masked knight refers to Kamen Rider.

The experiments weren't all smooth-sailing. More than a dozen of experimental subjects self-destructed, the only one successful was Ah Dang

After that, I set certain goals for Ah Dang. A transformation for normal battles, a transformation with flight ability, a transformation with diving ability, a full offensive transformation and such, then I allowed him to eat as he pleases to evolve.

For example, no matter how many genes that are suited for high-speed flying are swallowed, they are only limited to the flight transformation. For example, after ingesting the wings of a Sky Dragon and the wings of a Phoenix, he will use the better gene to build his own wings while the weaker gene will serve as backup and ration... After swallowing and merging like this a couple of times, naturally, the perfect flying transformation will be created.

Stealing the claws of the Behemoth, stealing the wings from the gigantic Dragons and stealing the talent to use Holy Light from the Angels, Ah Dang is really the perfect living being and a terminal existence.

Fine, this design concept has succeeded but without doubt, I have gone too far... On theory, Ah Dang who is always evolving can eventually evolve to the point where he can slaughter Gods. Of course, in order to reach such a level, he must first consume several SemiGods without bloating himself to death. However, I feel that before this happen, Mother Earth will first send down a hand to slap me to death for creating this unnatural monster capable of destroying the world.

Fortunately, perhaps due to its excessive strength and limitless potential, he was envied by the heavens. No matter how much I try, I am unable to increase Ah Dang's intelligence. Magic and martial arts cannot be executed on instincts itself. The lack of sufficient intelligence restricts him from maximizing the potential of his flesh. This is also why he, despite obviously having the strength to be number 1 among the Senators, he is ranked first from the last.

However, if we were to separate the physical body and the brain, then put a pilot into the physical body to serve as a pilot, then the lack of intelligence wouldn't be a problem. Fine, I admit that I copied from the gigantic robots who always bully those little monsters for Ah Dang's design concept... However, a hero's origin isn't questioned. No matter whether it is a black cat or white cat, a cat that can catch a mouse is a good cat, isn't that right?

"Ah Dang, how many transformations do you have that are at least of A rank?"

"There is a total of 12. 9 of the battle transformations are S rank and above and among them, the Ferocious Beast Form and City Siege Form is SS rank."

Hearing that, I can't help but to click my tongue. Back then, Ah Dang only has 7 designs and of which, only 4 of them are at least S-rank. But today, there is actually one which reached the SS rank under my evaluation. That is...

"Under the condition that the pilot is skillful, it should be able to shock even SemiGods... Don't turn into your SS rank transformation in front of other people. You should only require S rank transformation to deal with today's matters.

Greed and Gluttony are the type which start out extremely weak but have unlimited growth potential. But, Ah Dang's rate of evolution still makes me surprised. Initially, I thought that it would take him a thousand years before he can reach such a state.

"Ah Dang, don't eat living beings from now on, stop your transformation temporarily. Turn your attention into improving your fighting techniques and your control over magic." Excessive evolution isn't a good thing for both him and this world. He should be receptive to my orders.

"Yes, Ah Pa. We are here."

Glancing downwards, we have indeed arrived. The spectacle below is one of the battle between gigantic monsters.

The 6th Senator 'Demonic Bone Beast' Crimspur, the 10th Senator 'Ant King of Corrosion' Lamost and the 11th Senator 'The Great Mathematician' Penny.Horst. Other than the 11th Senator who, as a Lich, has the normal size of a human, the other opponents are gigantic beasts above 30-meters tall.

On the defensive side, Ancient Red Dragon and Bone Dragon Queen weren't losing

much in physique compared to them. Right now, the Red Dragon is fighting with the Demonic Bone Beast while the blue crystal Bone Dragon that keeps creating a dissonance is soloing the remaining 2 Senators.

As they roll on the ground, a whole bunch of goblin landmines buried under the ground explode, but that wasn't even sufficient to scrape their skin. The cannons from the goblin has yet to stop, but similarly, it has been neglected totally.

"Ah Dang, Ah Dang wants to eat meat!"

With a battle cry, the Silver-Plated Sky Dragon disappears within the black fog and an enormous ape appears on the ground. Its muscles are well-developed and its arms that muscular to the point of deformity is shining with the radiance of metal. He is the tallest and strongest among the giant beasts here.

"Koseidon, coming to visit!" The gigantic ape stretches out its arm and does a weird pose.

TL: This, quite an old cartoon.

Noticing the strange gazes the people in the surrounding were looking at it with, a composite voice diffuses from Ah Dang's body.

"As expected, I shouldn't this kind of old joke that reveals my age, look at how cold the crowd is. Then..."

TL: Cold -> Awkward.

That gigantic ape beast crosses his hand in a ?-shape at 90 degrees, going into another weird pose aiming towards Crimspur.

"Hehe, look at my Action Beam... No, Ultra Beam!!"

TL: Action Beam (Crayon Shin-chan Ultraman parody)

Alright, the crowd still remains cold...

"Boom!" But, a laser really shoots out from the arms, pushing Crimspur down.

"Hah, you think that I'm just faking it?"

Then, facing the strong enemies who start surrounding us, the ape beast sudden raises his both hand and does a handstand...

"Un, so that button is actually the cannons. Right, where is the punching button? Is it here? Don't bother me, Elisa. I am very skilled in fighting games. Un un, so this is kicking? Okay, now that I am used to the basic controls, now it is time for Chinese Martial Arts to sweep the foreign world off its feet!"

Ah Dang is actually quite a 'country bumpkin'-like name.

Okay, really weird chapter, it seems the author is really obsessed with sentais.

Chapter 50

The Marauder

To a Necromancer, recalling the dead souls to summon their own Skeleton Warriors is indubitably their 1st lesson. As for the 2nd lesson, naturally it is to finely control the undead beings.

If you allow the unintelligent low-tier undead to move instinctively, the efficiency and effectiveness is unreliable. He might just trip on his right leg, fall on the ground and disassembles. For a Skeleton Soldier which only comprise bones, there is not a single thing cute about it. Furthermore, if you were expecting it to save you and it disassembles its body while moving towards you, it would really make one want to cry.

TL: Exact phrase -> Want to cry but no tears come out, used to refer to ridiculous yet depressing situations

Thus, placing one's consciousness into one's own undead creation, align and resonate along with it and using one's will to direct the movement of the undead creation, this has become a necessary lesson for Necromancers.

And I, Lord Yongye, at very least, am a qualified Necromancer.

When I realized that the control system that I designed last-minute out of interest is laggy and that orders aren't conveyed clearly, it goes right when you point left, I naturally gave up on it. Instead, I used the most basic undead control technique — Convergence of Consciousness.

"Hah, eat my Eighteen Dragon Subduing Palm! Although there aren't any dragons."

With a steady horse stance, Ah Dang steps forcefully on the ground and his whole body shoots out. The next moment, the claws are at Crimspur's head. His deformed upper arms acts like the barrel of a cannon and the powerful strength of metal bursts.

TL: The claws are the cannon ball while the arm is the cannon.

"Break!"

A low howl and the Dragon Head, kacha, is reduced to just fragments which are blasted all around.

"Owwwwww" "Impossible!!"

Crimspur's remaining 2 heads exclaims in shock. He has crossed blows with Ah Dang before and back then, he wasn't that powerful to be able to destroy his head at the first encounter.

As a talented Swordsman in the past, I have seen innumerable martial arts and the techniques hidden in secret manuals from foreign worlds are totally different from the mainstream martial arts of Eich continent. What martial arts in Eich continent aim for is to improve oneself from within and transcend the limits of a mortal. It doesn't focus much on the little technical details. In contrast, the martial arts from foreign world aim to dig out every inch of potential of the physical body, exchanging one point of strength into 3 points of power. It is similar to the techniques Battle Monks use in exerting their strength, but it is much more exquisite and refined.

The only regret is that their martial art lack the reinforcement of mana and instead, require a special kind of mana to support the skill (Ki and internal energy), so it has only served as decorations for my home. But, with Ah Dang's perfect physique, the lack of mana could be made up for with his strength.

TL: If you haven't watch Chinese martial arts drama, the concept is like Chakra from Naruto. Although Rock Lee using taijutsu, he also has the support of chakra to boost his attacks.

Right now, Ah Dang, who is in sync with me, is using such a perfect strength exertion technique for the first time. Looking at its tremendous might, he is also quite surprised.

But this isn't the time to be surprised.

"Next!"

Ah Dang places his 4 limbs on the floor and starts sprinting like an enraged ape. Every jump of his brings a great shock that the earth cannot bear. His entire body is like an unstoppable rolling snowball, getting faster and faster.

"Dodge!!" Crimspur could no longer underestimate my attacks. However, it is impossible the much larger and slow Lamost to dodge my attacks.

Ah Dang's speed bursts and when he reaches the side of Lamost's body, he suddenly stands up and treating his whole body as a cannon tower, he rams into him unreasonably like a raging bull.

"Metal Mountain Crush! Although there isn't any metal mountain!"

TL: It is a move from China's Bajiquan

"Boom!"

The massive six-legged giant ant couldn't even make a single noise when it was sent flying. His 6 legs danced wildly as he flew backwards, destroyed everything in his path.

His trait of Gluttony has allowed Ah Dang's physical body to evolve to the point of perfection while the martial arts of foreign worlds allows one to maximize the potential of one's body to the maximum. Combining the both together, the fighting prowess of Ah Dang shoots up rapidly.

When the giant ape beast sets its sight on the final Undead Senator, Lich Penny immediately creates a Dimensional Gate and escapes immediately without leaving behind a single word.

They were only working together because of the alignment of their interests. Furthermore, the Eternal Night Scepter isn't in their hands yet, so the 3 Senators didn't have the intention to go all out from the start. When Gria appeared and expressed her intent to help our sides, in consideration of their relationship with their colleague, they started to secretly go easy on us.

TL: Not really relationship, it is more of giving someone face so as to not sever the relationship to a point it is irreconcilable.

Go easy (???) -> Truthfully, I have no idea what it really means. Literally means Fist of Peace.

Right now, looking at the rampaging Ah Dang who cannot be stopped, he is obviously in a frenzy from fighting. If this silly fellow really ignores their previous ties and knocks them to death, then wouldn't they become the laughingstock of the people,

dying for nothing.

Powerful races like Undead Lords and the Dragon Tribe depends heavily on their talents. Little Red is only in the basic stage of Myth-rank, one tier below SemiGod, but if complemented with the talents of the Dragon Tribe as a Golden Race, even Adam might not be able to deal with her easily if they start fighting.

Initially, Little Red would be sufficient to deal with 2 Senators by herself (A large of portion of the Senators are only Saint-rank, but due to their race talents and their army of undead, they are able to stand on equal footing with Myths). Now that the opposing side has the support of another 2 Senators, furthermore their rankings are above theirs, they are obviously at the losing side.

A good man doesn't suffer the losses in front of him, for an Undead Lord to be able to survive for such a long period of time, just having strength isn't sufficient.

Thus, noticing the raging Ah Dang and the departure of Penny, the long-lived Crimspur decisively carries Lamost away. There is still a few days before the auction, the main show has yet to start and I still need them to play their part. Thus, I had no intention on chasing them.

"Lo..." Gria's expression is agitated and she tries to say something, but I stop her with my Telepathic Voice. "We'll talk later."

When Ah Dang releases his transformation and turns into a lively small Dwarf, I habitually took out a small manual from my back and passes it over to him.

"Lad, I see that you have a unique bone structure, you have potential for martial arts that can't be found may not be found in ten thousand people! The mission for protecting the world depends on you now! I have a secret manual Buddha's Palm here. Seeing that how we are fated to meet, I will lower the price and sell to you at a price of \$10."

TL: Kung Fu Hustle

"Ka cha." The hungry Ah Dang swallows the manual in one mouthful, almost biting my hand in the process. Then, he stares at me with expectant eyes, hoping that his Ah Pa will continue feeding him.

"...Eaten, wait, spit it out! I am just joking, I haven't made a copy yet and I haven't

succeeded in learning it yet. This toy is the real thing, even if I can't practice it, I can also treat it as a family heirloom to trick others."

Ah Dang looks very wronged at the old thing who is digging something out from the mouth of a small Dwarf. If other people tried to play this on him, he would have long swallowed them. But, seeing that it is his Ah Pa, he can only allow him to act as he pleases. He stares very pitifully at his Big Sister Gria, hoping to be saved.

However, Gria, who has transformed back into a human, couldn't care less about saving her younger brother at this moment. Her pair of beautiful eyes is locked onto her Emperor. The disguise is meaningless in front of her. Everything in her surroundings has been neglected, her eyes of passion is sufficient to burn down everything.

"Emp... Lord, long time no see." Remembering that her Emperor is in disguise now, seemingly trying to conceal his identity, Gria changes her words.

Like a young girl that is in crush, Gria with embarrassment on her face pulls on the sleeves of the Emperor, playing with her own fingers while tip-toeing about.

What 'question why the Emperor abandoned everything to fake his death', what 'the mission that Lionheart entrusted' has been all thrown to one corner. Right now, the agitated cold-faced Queen can't even speak properly, tinge of red actually appears on her pale face. Her inverted black-white eyes didn't have the deepness and intrigue that it used to have. She stares intensely on the heartless person in front of her, afraid that he would suddenly disappear.

Of course I would recognize that passionate gaze, but I am unable to reply her and could only secretly cry in agony. I might be dead, but I am not a necrophile, thus I don't have any feelings towards a dead human, no, a dead dragon...

"Lord?"

Just when I am trying to squeeze out my brain juice to come up with some nonsense to say, I suddenly sense danger and lower my head instinctively.

At the same time, the person who is immersed in the joy of being reunited with her Emperor suddenly feels a gush of cold air from her back, jolting her awake. She spreads her bone wings and flies away.

On the spot she was on, there is the traces of cuts from an Ice Blade.

"Elisa, you don't have to..." My shock lingers in the air as I notice something wrong with Elisa.

Her eyes are bloodshot and even slightly yellow. Her pupils narrow like a wild beast, her emotionless face that she normally equips disappears completely. Scales appear on her face as she pants heavily while staring deeply at Gria.

Her right arm has already completely transmogrified into a Demon's hands with reddish-orange scales on it. The horns behind her ear is growing thicker at a pace visible to the eyes. The tail behind her is also gradually distorting and changing shapes.

"High Demonification!! How can this be!!"

I immediately take out the Devil Contract and didn't find anything wrong with it. However, without a doubt, Elisa has broken the seals of the contract and underwent High Demonification.

"AHHHHHHH, DIE! DIE!! DIE!!!"

The frenzied Elisa jumps into midair and spreads open a reddish-orange wings of flesh. Then, with a bend of the wings, she actually rushes downwards to deal a deadly assault towards Gria.

To a normal person, just the wind pressure from the demonified metal fists is sufficient to claim their life. Looking at this stranger which suddenly charges at her, Gria frowns, feeling frustrated for being disrupted during her reunion with her Emperor.

Her opponent isn't weak, but she is still lacking compared to her.

"Finger of Death..."

"Gray.Sin! What are you doing!"

The furious howling of her Emperor made Gria, who don't fear anything, shivers. She scatters the magic which she was casting and obediently bends down hugging her head, not even bothered by her silky silver hair getting dirty. That turtle-like defense

could be said to be perfect, the wires and sharp claws couldn't even scratch her.

"Incantation of Law: Obligatory Enforcement!" I shout while lifting the Devil Contract up in the air. Under the help of my Soul Imprint Mark of Justice, a 7-circle spell instant-casts.

In midair, a silver gavel knocks down and 2 silver light encircles me and Elisa. The scale representing fairness appears, the contractual relationship between me and Elisa is being examined.

Following which, as Elisa broke the contract, the scale loses its balance and a large amount of Power of Order shrouds around Elisa's body, restricting her and starts to enforce the terms of the contract to undo the Demonification.

However, the Chaos Abyss and Origin of Order are equal powers. In the end, the rampaging Power of Order couldn't do anything and the effects of the spell scatters. It could only restrict Elisa's movement, but the Demonified portions were like water that is spilled, unable to be undone.

Even when she is unable to move, Elisa stares furiously at Gria, her beast-like eyes full of killing intent. That is a heavy grudge that makes one want to grind the other party's bone even after killing her.

"Pah." Little Red knocks on Elisa's head, leaving her unconscious. Then, she carefully carries her.

"Roland, it is all my mistake. I forgot to remind you not to bring Elisa her. Back then, it was Gria who killed Elisa. Looks like when she saw the person who killed her in her previous life, the resentment in her soul is incited, allowing her to break the shackles of the contract and to lose her rationality."

I carry my maid over from Little Red and shakes my head, sighing.

"No, it isn't your fault. It is all my fault, all my fault..."

The deeply asleep Elisa seems to be floating within the comfortable sea and countless powerful existence accompanies her. As long as she is willing to take it, the secrets of the Abyss, limitless power and the seat of the Demon's nobility, it is all within her

grasp.

"No!" Instinctively sensing that there are more important things to do, Elisa rejected the temptation from the Abyss.

Then, she went from one dream into another. In the dream, she is a small Thief whose goal is to become the richest person in the world. Following her Big Brother Holy Knight, Big Sister Mage and that fool Adam on an adventure, the small team of adventurers traveled across the world. Be it the underground world, the deserts or the glacial, they left their traces around the world. Gradually, these rookies start to mature, becoming the legends in the mouth of new rookies...

Life is an adventure and adventure is living, all emotions were mixed within the journey...

There were happy things and depressing things. During the journey, her goal has unknowingly changed. Seeking treasures has somehow become a hobby and becoming the richest person on the world has become just a phrase that she is used to.

The one most important to her is the one who is always walking around with a cheerful smile and yet, his heart is full of sorrow and pain. The one who kept giving discreetly, the silly big brother who protects her and her other companions...

"...Elisa, Elisa, can you hear me?"

A familiar voice rings by her ear. Elisa knows that her dream is about to come to an end. In her confusion, that hand of withered bones overlaps with the pair of big and warm hands.

"...Is it Big Brother Rolo?" In the gap between reality and dream, Big Brother Rolo's refined face stuns before turning into an expression at a loss of whether to cry or laugh.

This is the expression he shows whenever he clears up the mess for her and that fool-dam. Back then, when she wasn't matured yet, she loved looking at the helpless and over-spilling loving look of her Big Brother Rolo. For that, she even caused trouble around, causing her Big Brother Rolo to have to drag her to house after house to apologize.

TL: fool-dam -> Short form for Foolish Adam.

But the next moment, the illusion scatters and the warm smile of Big Brother Rolo turned into the skeleton head that makes one grind their teeth. Maybe, the only thing that didn't change is that helpless expression and the over-spilling love and happiness that comes from within

"...Oh, so it is the bastard Master."

"It's good that you're okay, it's good that you're okay. You have been unconscious for 3 days, so it is normal for you to feel weak. Rest more."

When her master leaves, Elisa struggles to get up. Looking around, she realizes that it is her own room. On the tea table beside the bed, there is plain water and porridge prepared for patients. There are even a few plum candies.

Porridge is the only food that her Big Brother Rolo and her equally clumsy master can make. Looking at the traces of yellow within the white, it seems that it was the best among several failures. As for the candies...

"Heh, how many years has it been? Bastard master, you still think that I'm that little girl, who in the midst of a fever, would drink my porridge obediently when offered candy?"

Even though she complains, but Elisa still slowly removes the wrapper and throws the candy into her mouth. She closes her eyes to savor the taste, it is still the familiar taste in her memory, sourness within sweetness.

The gallery of memories is still playing within her mind. Bits and pieces of events that happened in the past flashes past her window in her mind. The happenings of her previous life and her current life all become real memories for her. The weak lady struggles by the bed side and struggles to stand up.

"What have I become, to be unable to even face the real me. No wonder Master said that I was unqualified to enter the realm of Legends. Isn't the goal of my life already decided? I am not the over-rational Margaret, nor am I the weak Lisa. I am Elisa, the one and only Elisa. I won't be like those 2 silly ladies, waiting until the end of time. What I want, I will take! I will take it with my own strength!"

Following Elisa's declaration, boundless fire pillars and sea of ice drowns the entire

room. Unexpectedly, there isn't a hint of warmth of cold.

"Your Soul Imprint, is to chase your desires and obtain the item of your dream."

Deep within Elisa's soul, a bleeding Dragon Head is biting another Black Beast. Both of them are frantically attacking one another to slaughter each other. At the final moment of the slaughter, it turned into an Imprint of 2 beasts biting at each other.

This Soul Imprint of fangs sinking in one another represents the unstoppable offense of its owner and in this instant, Elisa steps into the realm of Legends.

"The Marauder, that is your name."

2nd Chapter of the Day??

The Chinese name for The Marauder is (???) which means someone who snatches by force.

Btw, due to the use of very Chinese phrases which I really find it hard to comprehend sometimes or find it hard to translate, so some parts may not be translated as literally as I wanted to. But, I will try to keep the meaning of the sentences.

The complete sentence for the Kung Fu Hustle reference, 1:28:30 (??,??????,????????!????????!????????,????,????,????????)

Plum Candies

Chapter 51

Edward's Belt

"Lord Wumianzhe. Please lend me some money! As long as you are willing to lend me money, I am willing to do anything!"

The young lady's face is blushing furiously red while her eyes are full of tears and desire. I am a little dumbfounded.

Just when I was about to head out, Victoria pulls onto my robe, refusing to let go whatsoever, saying that she wants to borrow money from me to buy some belt.

"That... Lord, we just got information that there will be a unique item for the auction this time called Edward's Belt. If possible, I would also like to request this of you. For this, you can deduct my wages. I am still young and I can still work another 200 years under you."

Diana, who had been avoiding me recently, bucks up her courage and tries to request for financial support from me for the happiness of her brother. She was even willing to sign a servant contract for a few hundred years for it.

When Elisa removed dozens of curses from Victoria's body, including a Shaman's Dark Arts in the mix, Victoria lived with her sister. However, perhaps due to listening too many rumors about me, she was a little frightened of me and always stayed out of my path. Even if we meet by the hallways, she would tiptoe away, as though I was carnivorous.

"Lord!! If only you are willing to buy that belt for me, I... I am willing to give everything up and use my technique I used on serving my father to please you. I know that you like boys! Last time, you rejected my service because of that. But, you should be happy since I have a chance to turn back into a male right! I will make you happy."

"Victoria!!" Her sister Diana stares in shock at her little sister. She didn't expect that concealed under Victoria's cheerful look normally is such pain and sorrow. For the opportunity to turn back into a male, she is willing to sacrifice so much.

"Big Sister, say no more. There is only one Edward's Belt in the world. If I were to miss this opportunity, I will have to live on as a woman for the rest of my life. As long as I can turn back, it's not a big deal having to sacrifice my physical body to serve the demons!!"

The female Elf's face shows her determination. For her goal, she is willing to even sacrifice her body to serve the demon. This reminds me of some heroic revolutionaries...

"Cough, then, as a 'demon (With an emphasis on the word)', can you tell what happened?"

The two Elves were trembling in fear. Under my pressure, they quickly explained the case to me.

Edward's Belt, also known as the Belt of Edwina, is an Epic-class unique item that is cursed. Its only use is that it is able to completely change the user's sex. Furthermore, when equipped, it cannot be removed by the user for the rest of his life.

Due to its bizarre effects, all of the people who accidentally put it on will not reveal it, otherwise being laughed at by other people is still a small matter. If someone were to hunt you down and kill you for the item, that would be too much of a tragedy.

This time, in order to protect his dignity as an Underground City Lord, the old Lion used the entirety of his influence to look for precious treasures that can help to build up the momentum for Eternal Night Scepter during the auction.

A certain subordinate Underground City Lord of the Lion King who has unique tastes killed the love of his love to hand over this Belt of Edwina over to him.

There is no such thing as a true secret in this world, the news that the belt is to be auctioned has been long revealed. To normal people, this precious treasure could be their worst nightmare but to Victoria, it is her only straw of hope.

"Lord, I'm begging you. I've had enough of the empty feeling below when I wake up. Also, the eyes that those guys look at me with seem like they will gobble me up in one mouthful. This is too hard to bear. Whenever I think of it, my goosebumps start rising up... Also, the day which comes once a month, to a man, is no different from a living nightmare!!"

Looking for this lady who is sobbing pitifully while crying about the nightmares of a male, I somehow felt that it was a little amusing. In this moment, for the sake of Wumianzhe's image, I can only try to best to suppress my laughter so as to not be disrespectful... But, I suddenly remember the words she just said.

"Wait! You mean that the reason why I rejected you last time is because your physical body is a female? You even said that you would be willing to serve me when you turn back into a male? That is to say, you think that I'm gay!!"

There's no man who can pretend that they didn't hear such a rumor about themselves. Thus, my blood boils and I immediately question her.

"Who said it!! Who fabricated these rumors! I will make them suffer!!"

"But, all of the big sisters in the team said so. Isn't your lover City Lord Adam? Besides, the reason why the both of you haven't married for more than a century is because you both have each other. Although I'm still young so I don't really understand, this hundred years of twisted love makes one really feel touched. Big sisters even have novels and drawings with both of you as the models... Wuuuuu, big sister, why are you covering my mouth."

"Hehe, Lord, I'm sorry, it is all the random ramblings of those below. There aren't many people who know about the secret between you and Lord Adam. We will help to keep the secret, so rest easy!!" Covering the mouth of her little sister who spilled the massive news, Diana nods her head in sympathy.

At this moment, 10 thousand mud horses (Cao Ni Ma) runs through my mind and I could hear the rumbling of lightning by my ear.

TL: Homophone for screw your mum

"Lord Roland is already a Lich, so his love with City Lord would be even tougher... Ah, I really want to reveal these details to those artists. Their drawings are too conservative, too outdated. It is a life and death ** same-sex love, so beautiful!! No, Diana, you must control yourself. You mustn't reveal Lord Wumianzhe's secret for your own desires."

If I knew the thoughts of this seemingly serious and proper female knight, I would have killed her with a single strike of my hammer or find a pillar to knock my head with on the spot.

"WHO. SAID. IT! WHO IS THE ONE WHO SPREAD IT FIRST!!" If a rumor spreads to a point where there is even a book on it, I find it hard to believe if there's no mastermind behind it.

"Lord... Lord Silver Rose. It has already been 15 years... Everyone thought that it was true. The drawings already have more than 100 versions, so everyone thought you have acknowledged them.

In that instant, my rage suddenly cools down. I am speechless.

"Elisa!! Fifteen years ago? Isn't it around the time when I asked her to spread rumors about Adam?"

I felt like raging but yet, I found the situation quite hilarious. Back then, didn't I order her to spread rumors about Adam so that he won't be able to find a girlfriend? As usual, looks like I managed to shoot my own foot again.

Back then, I was even surprised by how the rumors was so effective. Looks like, the content of the rumors was secretly changed by the cunning Elisa. How could a man whose sexuality is twisted be liked by women? No wonder all of the men and women trembled in front of Wumianzhe after the incident.

"As I expected. Elisa, the reason why I am unpopular and why I can't find a girlfriend, no matter how I think about it, it is your fault!!"

Back then, whenever I said such words, there would bound to be an icy-cold voice who retorts coldly to my comments.

"No, the reason is because your brain has been dunked in water/ Do you need me to give you a mirror/Wanting to date even though you are an undead, hehe."

Fine, even if she isn't here now, I am used to adding in her venomous comments in my head.

At this moment, the venomous-tongued lady, who is used to hiding in my shadows, is currently lying quietly in her own room, unconscious. Thinking about this reality which makes one feel helpless, rage rises up from within and the next moment, it disappears.

A feeling of weakness spreads through my body. I weakly wave my hand in denial.

"I am not gay. Help me explain the matter properly and confiscate those messy things, then I will help you get that belt."

After hearing my reply, the two Dark Elves are so happy that tears start flowing down. Hugging together, they nod their head. But, behind the walls, a bunch of men jump out and frantically waves their hands and shakes their heads. There is even a thief who used the sign language that thieves use for reconnaissance.

"Un... 'Don't agree' Why is that so?"

Looking carefully, some of them are rookies from the Hall of Legislation, some of them are judges from the Hall of Judgement. There are elderly and the young there, the only common point is that they are all male and that they were wearing the same badge with the same logo on it.

"Victoria Fan Club No. 1 Fan!" Alright, I roughly get it.

"Men and women are actually the equal, only small Vicadore is superior." This may seem a little twisted and he is the only person there who is nodding and shaking his head at the same. Apparently, he is stuck in a dilemma...

"Long live Queen Victoria!!" Hey, this fellow actually managed to hit bulls-eye on the truth of history, he does have talent as a seer.

I understand that the news must have leaked somehow, that's why these fellows are rushing here to prevent Victoria from turning back into a man.

Facing the agitated guys, I flash a faint smile and signal out a few hand signals myself.

On the other side, the Dwarf who is well-versed in the Thief's sign language is deciphering my message word by to word to his companions.

"You all can go to die for all I care. Tomorrow, all of you submit a 10000-word essay up for me to check! The topic is a discussion on normal core values! If any bastard dares to not submit their essay, they will be sent to feed Beifeng."

"As long as it has not been revealed, then schemes and sins are non-existent." This is a well-known saying among the Dark Elves. Lorci encourages her daughter to slaughter

each other and in the end, the strongest and most cunning one would ascend to the throne. The ranking of each family in each city, even if it represents the highest glory and status, but it is also a target to assassinate.

From a certain sense, the rules of the game the Spider Queen plays with the Dark Elf is also the rules of the entire underground world. Even though I know that the Dragon Queen and Lion King pulled one over me, but I am unable to confront them head-on for revenge.

During the duration of the Conference, all acts of war is banned. Those who break this rule will become the public enemy of everyone else... But if I can't exact vengeance on the openly, can't I do it discreetly?

During the Conference, we offended quite a few underground city lords. In the underground world, there is no such phrase as repaying hostility with kindness. If you are unable to get back at the opposing party, others will just view you as weak, and weakness is a cardinal sin in this world. Those underground city lords don't know what the meaning of offering a helping hand in times of crisis is. On the contrary, they are more likely to split your corpse among them

TL: Offering a helping hand in times of crisis -> Literally means sending charcoal in the middle of winter| Split your corpse -> Literally means multiple wolves splitting your corpse, meaning that they will divide your property among them after you are dead.

I threw the Scepter to them, obviously trying to land the other in trouble. Now that the other party has exacted vengeance through the Undead Lords, all of the underground city lords will probably be keeping tabs on the happenings and treat it as the crossing of blades between the new and old Autarch.

So, I must repay them back, repay them back with heavy interests. The repayment must be in line with the rules, making the other party feeling actual pain without a trace of bloodshed.

In reality, my head hurts a little. Going by logic, the closer we are to the date of the auction, the greater the stress on the Lion King will be. Undead Lords aren't easy to deal with, so sitting by the side to view the fight between the 2 would be the best course of action. Then, at the end of their battle, I will add insult to injury. This is much more worth it than to challenge the old Lion King as the new generation.

But, if I don't anything, not only will I be belittled by others, I also can't take this lying down.

Victoria's request has provided me inspiration for my revenge plot.

Purchasing the belt? From the very start, it is an impossible task. Firstly, we accidentally offended all of the underground city lords. If we were to express intent to buy anything, those underground city lords, who don't have high regard of view, in order to get back at us, they would surely be willing to dump all their money in. Even if no one stands up and puts their money in, those Underground Autarchs also won't let us go like that.

Since we are unable to buy it, then we might as well steal it. Of course, due to the matter with Eternal Night Scepter, the auction would definitely be on their guard and the defense would be tight. But, isn't the world's number 1 thief — 'Child of Greed' in my hands?

No matter how tight a defense is, it is targeted towards humanoid living creatures. Even safes and cages wouldn't be able to keep out a liquid-like living thing with the ability to morph its shape freely.

The main body of Greed in the underground tunnel has died, as I expected, but this doesn't mean all of the Child of Greed would simply die off. A portion of the Child of Greed has been taken by the Druids of the Wild Bull Alliance and treated as their 'sacred object'. The animal alliance member who is drafting in others to spend their life together, that Beifeng, also caught of them to make it his pet. He used his abilities as a Beastman Hunter to keep them alive... I already can't imagine what would he breed them into and what would happen after returning to Sulfur Mountain City.

"As I expected, I must dump this bunch of perverts here and let them fend for themselves."

But now, I feel a bit thankful to these perverts. Otherwise, I would have to open the bottle of the main body of Greed which has been topped up while under the pressure of knowing what is going to happen... If I accidentally go too far, un, based on my understanding on myself, there is an 80% chance that I will go too far, and come with a shirtless city, Elisa would kill me as soon as she wakes up.

I should borrow an animal companion of a Druid and undergo Mental Resonance with

this mysterious slime who is half-dead half-alive... Why don't I borrow from Hunter Beifeng? Mental Resonance will instinctively cause one to share the physical memories of the undead. I don't want to know a single thing about what the world's strongest pervert has done.

Due to the trap I laid, the auction and the Lion King's Residence are now history. Now, the Lion King and his family fortune should be together with the Dragon Queen.

Thus, I brought the little thing to the entrance of the temporary residence of the Dragon Queen and put it down, letting it navigate through the underground works...

Fine, let's ignore the waterway's horrid smell, as though as a salted fish has been placed for 30 months, ignore the pitch-black residents of the waterway and ignore once again the projects between several guards that involve the pitting of intelligence and courage. After much trouble, I finally reached my destination.

It is an extremely big treasure vault. A gigantic dragon sleeps at the entrance of the vault and the dragon is actually the Dragon Queen herself. Looks like they have had enough of the endless thieves and burglars these days.

Squeezing in from the vent, its interior actually has a wooden fence that serves as a blockade against the Child of Greed. But, with my direct control, this back door I created is only an instinctive fear towards it, how could it be able to stop me. After carefully creeping past several traps, I entered the core of the vault.

Numerous auction items are placed together. There is a capacity limit to a Slime's body, so only a few items can be taken away. The first one that I should give up on is the Eternal Night Scepter that is placed at the center of the treasure vault.

"Hmph, almost the same as my handicraft. Just that there isn't any soul feedback, I know that it is fake."

Looks like the Underground Autarchs aren't fools. There are only fakes within the treasure vault that the Dragon Queen is guarding. At the same time, I can sense that the real Scepter is still in the custody of the Lion King.

"The Key to the Water Elemental Dimension? Titan Core? Hehe, I really struck it rich this time."

Being excessively greedy isn't a good thing. After taking away the few most valuable

items and the belt, I started on my journey back.

But, on the way, just outside the vent, I can hear the discussion between the Lion King and a certain person.

"You must protect the Scepter properly. If you screw this up, Lion, death isn't the end. Your soul will be crying in agony in the Count's lantern for eternity!"

"Yes, lord. Please tell the Count that I will complete the mission."

A Count that can actually make an Underground Autarch act so meek? It should be a Demon Count. Listening to him mentioning a Soul Lantern, a familiar name appears in the depths of my brain.

"Demon Count, Soul Eater Kakajil." Just when I wanted to inch closer to listen in, the voice sudden turns deep and hard to interpret. They must be talking about some secret, so they faded out their voices using magic.

But, for a Slime, they don't listen with their ears, just the fixed tremor from the sound waves is sufficient.

"...Dimension Gate will open... The army of the Count will drown everything"

"Sulfur Mountain City... Fire Elemental God... Traitor."

Apparently, from the look of these key phrases, the Lion King and the Demon has yet to give up. They seem to be plotting something, but it is a pity that something is interfering with my eavesdropping, causing the intelligence I get to be scattered.

Then, to prevent getting noticed by Detection Magic, I removed my control from the Child of Greed, allowing it to come back through the underground works by itself... Fine, I admit that it is the mainly that spell and the black thing that makes on nauseated.

Surprisingly, on the way back to the base, I felt that while it was climbing out of the underground waterworks, someone attacked it and it died.

"Looks like someone thought that it was an Assassin and killed it. Oh well, seeing the reaction from my Power of Law, it should be a comrade from the Hall of Judgement. I will ask them about it tomorrow to retrieve my items."

Considering that it was already 4 in the morning, I etched the location where I lost connection with the Slime in my head and made up my mind to retrieve those items when day breaks.

The next morning, before daybreak, a high-pitched female scream caused the entire mansion to wake up earlier.

TL: Time system don't work the same there.

"...This sound, seems like it is Krose... Wait, Krose! The number 1 beauty of the judicial system!!"

The place where the disturbance is at seems to be Krose's bedroom.

I stare speechlessly at the blue sky. From my experience with misfortune, it seems that something has gone wrong again...

As expected, when I took out my Dwarf binoculars, what I saw is a young lady running around in tears. Along with the long pants for the male uniform, there is a brand-new belt. As for the upper body, there is a bloat in her shirt around the chest, the plump mountains cannot be covered even with both of her arms. The face of the beauty is surprisingly similar with Krose's.

"Looks like the number 1 beautiful person is about to turn into number 1 beautiful lady. Can I feign ignorance over this matter? Right, prepare a file tomorrow. First, ban the Victoria Fan Club. Then ban the 'Krose Fan Club' which has an 80% chance of appearing. Un, I am a good person. These misfortunes really aren't related to in any case.

Chapter 52

Tragedy

"Return it to me! That is my belt!!! Wuu... Wuuuuuuuuu! For it, I am willing to pay anything. Why must you snatch away my final hope." The female Dark Elf's face is full of tears, but she still resiliently holds onto Krose's waist, her tears wetting the other party's chests.

"Let go!" Krose also feels like crying. She only picked up a belt from a 'Child of Greed' and she just wanted to give it a try seeing how pretty it is. How did it end up like this?

The comrades from 4 Courts 1 Hall all looked at Krose with sympathy... Alright, let's ignore those people whose faces are smiling weirdly and those mysterious saliva, let's treat those as sympathy as well.

"You took away my final hope. I... I'm going to kill you." The immature Victoria raises her fist, intending to do a double suicide with Krose.

"I... I'm even worse than you. I even have a fiancée!! I will be returning to my old home to marry in 50 years! Wu... Wuuuuuu."

Remembering her childhood sweetheart, the weak Krose sits down on the floor, paralyzed, as tears flow freely down her face.

"Wuuuu... why are we so unfortunate? We should both be men."

Looking at Krose who cursed to the same fate as her, Victoria's puts down her little fist she was waving about. In the end, the ill-fated 'girls' hugs together and starts bawling.

Helpless, I shake my head. I might not have done it intentionally, but I do have to take responsibility for this incident. At least, I should try to think of some ideas to end this farce.

"Actually, this world's Necromancy is much more effective than plastic surgery and sex-change. Organ transplant can't even count as a minor surgery. If both of them all don't mind using other people's organs, why don't I ask them whether they would like

me to help them do a little surgery."

In the end, I gave up on this idea that solve the crux of the problem. Somehow, I feel like if I said it out, not only do I have to be beaten up, the remaining dignity and chastity that I have remaining will be lost.

TL: Again, this chastity refers to restraint and not the other one he is never losing.

"I better look for other ideas..."

In this moment, the system jumps out to brush up its existence and look for trouble.

"Ding! Number... Alright, the system doesn't recall how many people has met with misfortune because of you. But, even the system can't look on at such a tragedy, so I think I better award you something. You have awarded the noble title: The Star of Misfortune. After equipping this title, you will gain the passive skill 'Aura of Plague'. This title cannot be hidden and the aura is active permanently."

TL: The full translation of the title is Born as the Star of Misfortune but the first 3 words doesn't go along well.

"The Star of Misfortune: In daily life, you have always seen the looks of other people meeting with misfortune. In fact, you even started thinking that this is the normal flow of the world. However, one day, you realized that you are the source of all their misfortune! After equipping the title, Charm -10, Damage you take from little animals will be tripled."

"Aura of Plague: For some reason, the pets you keep always die, the people you meet are also unfortunate. If someone feels that his life is all successful and fears nothing or when someone feels that his life couldn't get worse than it is, then, he must have yet to meet you."

"Effects of the Aura: Hidden stat Luck +10%. Yes, increase, you didn't see wrongly. However, as long as there is a possibility of meeting with misfortune, even if the chances are only 1%, someone is bound to meet with it. The lower the Luck, the higher the chances of meeting with the misfortune. If there's no one who takes the blow, then the one who will be unfortunate will be you! PS: The Aura doesn't work on Lancer and the female lead of Korean dramas. Why? You know that the same effects cannot be stacked. If we are talking about misfortune, their 'Lancer and Supporting Cast is Bound to Meet with Tragedy' is much stronger than your 'Aura of Plague'!"

TL: Yup, from the fate series

"Now you know why I increased your Luck right? Go and find some unlucky fellows to serve as your lightning rod."

I finally understand what it means for the system to acknowledge that you are a Star of Misfortune.

That negative effects for the -10 Charm, for my -88 Charm, there is actually not much meaning in it. Anyway, I can already use my face to scare off other people. Then, there isn't much of a difference between scaring a few and scaring dozens of people.

However, this is the first time that I am aware that there is actually a Luck stat in this world... Somehow, even if the system doesn't show it, I know that my Luck is bound to be shockingly low.

However, I am a little interested in the Aura of Plague. Experts must learn to use every factor that can be used, even if the factor looks like it is a prank and is screwed up. It's hard to say that maybe a precious jewel will be found in a little stone by the side of the road.

"The lower the Luck, the easier to meet with misfortune huh? Then... Let me give it a try."

Casually picking up 3 stones, I throw one of them into the sky with all of my might.

When it is flying halfway up in the sky, a strong wind blows and after a beautiful arc of trajectory, 'peng', it happens to knock onto Roland No.2 which is under repairs and slides down the gigantic Robot's body.

'Dang, dang, dang.' After several rebounds, it finally found its target.

"AH! IT HURTS!!! Who is it, who is it? Who is the inconsiderate one!!" The stone happens to hit on the head of Centaur Anya who is hired as chef. Then, it slides down...

"AHHHHHHH. ANYA'S SOUP!! AH. MY PLATE! DON'T, THAT VASE IS VERY EXPENSIVE. UNCLE HENRY WILL KILL ME!!"

The stone rebounds between a few porcelains. 'Pah pah pah', 'guang dang guang dang', After a few crisp sounds, under Anya frantically tried to salvage the situation, all of

them broke into fragments.

In reality, seeing the situation clearly, if she doesn't move at all, she would have only destroyed a plate at most. However, she ran about with her 4 hoofs and clumsily tried to grab the stone, overturning several tables on the way, causing all of the plates and porcelain to shatter.

"The person with the lowest Luck has appeared huh? Poor child, I hope that you can pay that off with 1 month of your wages."

Sympathetically shaking my head, I stare at the figure who is grabbing the broken plates, trying to put them back together. Noticing the silhouette behind her, I decided to give her a helping hand.

"That, Diana, go and help Anya. Beifeng has set his gaze on her and is currently laughing indecently by the window. Don't let him succeed and there's no need to consider my reputation. Just beat up until he is the verge of death. You don't have to be worried about him dying, the Gold-rank Hunter is actually quite sturdy."

I send the Town Security team off with my gaze. Currently, the one who has the lowest Luck stat is indubitably, the unlucky Centaur Anya who lost several jobs due to our appearance.

"The second..." After hesitating for a moment, I still decided to give it a try.

This time, despite a wind blowing, the stone actually bizarrely maintains its previous motion and simply flies straight up and down.

"It can't be, it's me..."

Just when it is about to hit my head, the wind blows again and floating with the wind, it hits on the head of another unlucky fellow.

"Ah, it hurts!"

The unlucky Victoria happens to take the blow. The small rock falls into her long hair and the uncomfortable Victoria shakes her head forcefully, causing the stone to fly out.

"Bo." That is the crisp sound of the lumps of flesh hitting each other. The thing that shouldn't exist shook uncontrollably due to the impact of external force and under the

rough motions, the shirt which is already stretched to its limit finally breaks. Snow-white flesh bounces out and Krose immediately turns red.

This isn't the end yet...

"AHHHHHHHHHH!" Following the exclamation of the lechers, the rock continues to slide downwards into her pants. At this moment, the panicking Krose starts to cry again.

"Don't move, big sister. Let me retrieve it for you." Due to their equally ill fate, Victoria, who has just forged a strong revolutionary friendship as 'sisters' with her, takes the initiative to put her hands into the other party's pants to search for the stone.

"STOP!!" But Krose, who is frightened by the situation, feels extreme fear at the foreign feeling between her thighs and is shivering. She immediately grabs the demonic hand which is about to do evil. In the end, it turned into a 'physical fight' between two 'sisters'. The wolves in the surrounding were agitated and howling about, especially in response to Krose's opened shirt.

Alright, I better clean up my own mess. It is too dangerous to allow this situation to develop like that.

Will I say that the scene of the exposure of the two top beauties gives me an urge to roar to the heavens.

"Yawen, take those bastards whose male hormones is excessively secreted to... to the kitchen to clean it up."

Not far away, the Town Security team is currently lynching Beifeng who was intending to 'hunt'. On the other side, Anya keeps apologizing to Head Chef Henry of the kitchen while picking up the broken fragments.

Alright, in reality, fearing that she would be fired, the panicking her is still destroying the kitchen.

"Pah!" "Why did it break!! Anya didn't do it on purpose. Uncle, please don't fire me!! Anya will try her best to clean up. AHHHH, why did it break again."

"Go quickly, before the clumsy Centaur destroys all of our tableware, causing us to be unable to eat our dinner!"

Just two stones have brought terror of another meaning here. Looking at the final stone in my palm, I shivered. Perhaps, this stone might be even more dangerous than the Eternal Night Scepter than I made with all my effort.

"Un, so is the 2nd one Victoria of Krose? Forget it, it's roughly the same. I will just rank both of them as number 2. Since I already have 3 lightning rods, as long as they are beside me, I don't have to be worried about the effects of the Aura of Plague. No, for such a thing like a lightning rod, it is better to have more of it."

After making up my decision to continue, I cast a Dash Spell on myself and flies far away so as to not affect those around me.

"Go, my lightning rod detector. Show me who is the next unlucky fellow!!"

But, the stone disappears from sight the instant it flew out. It actually followed the draft of the wind all the way up to the clouds. Then, a roar could be heard.

"Which bastard is it throwing stuff at other people!! I?%?...?"

It's Little Red's voice. Recently, people have been knocking at her door and beating her up. As she has yet to get even with them despite suffering under them, her resentment has been piling up.

"It's Little Red? Isn't her luck quite good normally? Hehe, looks like this toy isn't very accurate."

"So it is you bastard!! You are the reason why I have been so unlucky recently! You still dare to challenge me! Eat my Body Slam!!"

Fine, looking at the dark silhouette which keeps growing bigger and the angry roar, I corrected my judgement.

"Oh, so I am the 3rd one. Un, I better keep a lightning rod by my side at all times in the future."

Cough... Let's not talk about how I caused a chaos and how I managed to escape with my life. After this incident, I am resolved to bring a person with lower Luck than me at all times.

After that, as lightning rods, I felt quite bad to Victoria and Krose who helped me to

avert quite a few calamities. In the end, I found far-fetched solution to it.

"Spring of Drowned Man." A magical spring from an old manga. It can grant a unique physique to a female, such that when coming in contact with hot water, she would turn into a male, and when coming in contact with cold water, she would turn back into a female.

TL: Ranma 1/2

In order to win this rare treasure from a foreign world, I spent just a lot of points and a few Lottery chances and finally got what I wanted, but...

There is only one Spring of Drowned Man...

At that moment, Krose and Victoria who have become even closer than blood-related sisters, for the opportunity to become an incomplete man, they fought each other and in the end, under the effects of a certain Aura of Plague, the spring water ended up being overturned on an unlucky passer-by...

"Tragedy!!"

Chapter 53

The Chieftain of Centaurs

That night, the skies of Vance City weren't peaceful.

It was at a small market outside a mining area. It is also a place where many underground trade deals were done.

After all, this market is rather far from the city and there are only broken slums in the surroundings. Movements would leave behind trace, making it hard for an ambush to succeed, thus effectively preventing assaults from other gangs.

Even so, there is still a messy graveyard here that is used to bury those unlucky fellows who thought that this was a safe land but still ended up sleeping here.

The residents here are also used to overlooking the scene of 2 trading parties failing to come to an agreement and breaking out in a fight.

At this moment, another trade wasn't successfully negotiated and the both parties came to blows. If I have to point out something was different about it, then I could only be say that the scale of this conflict is slightly bigger...

The injured Ancient Red Dragon is howling in agony. The big window opened in its abdomen bleeds continuously and its wings are tied together tightly by a pitch-black spider silk, unable to spread it open at all.

TL: I will just stick closely with the author's use of his, her and it

"Want to eat, but Ah Pa don't allow..."

The gigantic eight-legged spider keeps harassing her, the mysterious venom that it left on her paralyses her physical body. In a state of dizziness and blurred vision, she was completely unable to leave the surface.

"Crimspur! If you continue acting so indecisive, our agreement will be cancelled. You will have to face the wrath of us, the Royalty Faction. Or maybe, do you think that your

strength can rival with Ya Ding Si, your scheming can compare with Lionheart. If so, you can just wage war on us directly. Do you want to try to see if the 12 Senators will just end up with 10 Senators before you can return to Xiluo!

TL: Ya Dang Si -> Ah Dang's full name (Still looking for a better name)

The roar of the blue crystal Bone Dragon in the sky made the indecisive two muster up their determination.

"The Corroded Plains of Ants!"

Following the furious howl of the Ant King Lamost, the Soul World that belongs solely to him activates and the entire world changes. The badly injured Dragon Queen Molly is forcefully dragged into a decayed plains.

"Bzzst." "Sisi" A bizarre sound coming from the movement under the ground of the plains could be heard, making one instinctively feel threatened.

Soon after, ant holes open one after another and a beige-colored giant Ant Soldier appears from within. They aren't very strong individually but what that causes fear is their endless numbers.

It wasn't long before the deserted land is full of holes. Below each and every hole is a kingdom of an ancient foreign ant-shaped race. Responding to the call of their king, countless Ant Soldiers opens their own ant hole. They are the soldiers and servants of the king when he was still alive. Just that this time, from the look of their Soulfire burning in their blue-green eyes, they are a member of an undead army.

Before Lamost was killed, he was the king of an ancient bug tribe. When his corpse was resurrected as an undead, his kingdom revived along with him.

The long years have caused their physical body to become mostly decayed, resulting in their strength being diminished significantly, but his endless people is still his pride.

The Ant Warriors raise their oddly-shaped spears and wooden barriers and shouts their cheer before charging in fearlessly. The Elephant Ants which are about the size of a small hill serve as their War Beasts while the Flying Ant Officers carried Poison Sac Bombs filled with acid and begins their strafe of death. The Ant Queens standing at the very back starts to release their Dark Witchcraft which is long-lost in history.

In an instant, the powerful Dragon Queen ends up being lynched by the army of Ants. When she kills one, ten others rush up to fill their place. Her Dragon Breath burns hundred Flying Ants to their death, but thousand more appear afterwards. Furthermore, the troublesome Death Curses and Dark Witchcraft is fatal and dangerous.

There isn't a single Undead Senator that is easy to deal with. Lamost may be weak individually, but he has a strong Soul World to make up for it. It is just that his powerful Soul World 'The Corroded Plains of Ants' depletes his mana extremely quickly, so he doesn't use it usually, causing his ranking to be on the lower side.

"Hmph! An idiot who uses Soul World to make up for his lack of strength. If Ya Dang Si didn't harass the Dragon Queen, she would be able to fly and the first thing she would do is to kill you even at the risk of aggravating her injuries. Idiot, individual strength is the basic and the most important of all."

What Gria said is the truth. For powerful fighting races like Undead Lords and the Dragon Tribe, their overwhelming talent restricts them for developing their own path suited to them. While their talent may be able to overpower them, but it also means that the level of the other techniques that they learn will be much lower. However, for them to face the weak mortals, just using their physical body would suffice.

TL: Meaning they focus on their race talents rather, causing other aspects to be lacking

In fact, in the eyes of a portion of extremists, mortals must cultivate to reach the height as them and they view this fact as an evidence of their great strength and their high-born. If they need strength, they just need some time to retrieve it from their bloodline. Things like cultivating and studying aren't needed for them.

Of course, there are also quite a few who are like Einz Mezus, who despite being an Ancient Red Dragon but reached quite a scary level of attainment in the field of both Wind Magic and Fire Magic.

However, those are like Little Red are still the minority. Most of the members of the Dragon Tribe still depend on their physical talent to feed themselves. They normally just sleep and wait for them to evolve by themselves with the flow of time. In fact, there are quite a few Dragon Tribe who don't have Soul Imprint. But, simply by using their fearsome physical body and basic strength (basic stat), it is not that difficult a task to tear apart a few Legend-ranks.

As for Undead Lords, there are quite a few who are born strong that acts that way as well. Even more so, Ah Dang is a monster without any notion of power rank. However, even SemiGod Humans have to be careful around him.

Fine, our Lord Gria will never admit that she doesn't have a Soul World at all and she is very envious of this powerful Soul World, especially when this Soul World has been praised by a certain someone and acknowledged by the masses.

"Hmph, what the Soul World that is the closest to the level of Undead Emperor. It is just that he has the same type of Soul World as the Emperor, that's why his one has been overestimated by quite a bit. What is the use when he can only sustain it for 3 minutes? Look, it is already revealing its true form."

The situation of the fight below changes. The panting Lamost finally finds himself unable to sustain his Soul World. As the illusory world starts to shatter, the heavily wounded Dragon Empress starts her counterattack.

Crimspur stands in front of Lamost to guard him. With a strong physical body, he makes up for them deficiency of the Ant King. On other days, they have always teamed up like that. However, this time, from the look of the black figure that is suddenly descending from the sky, there is no chance for him to strike.

"Die!"

Gria dives and sends a fatal Phosphorus Dragon Breath down, plunging the lands into a sea of green flames. This kind of vicious poisonous flame is extremely acidic. If it gets on you, it will immediately penetrate the bones and burn it to ashes. Even if it is Molly, in the face of this dangerous sea of flames, she could only retreat.

Her movement to dodge the flames gave Ah Dang an opportunity. From the form of a Spider which represents binding, he turns into an ink-green big-mouthed monster in a distortion. With the entire body of a gigantic deformed monster that seems to have only a mouth remaining, he uses his short legs to jump up in a manner reminiscent of a frog. Opening his wide mouth that is big enough to bite into mountains, he actually directly swallows the Dragon Queen!

"...This isn't eating. This is attacking!" For delicious food, Ah Dang is enlightened for once.

With her life in danger, the Dragon Queen gives a final look at her wings which is bind

and corroding under the spider silk. Then, with a twist of her body, she actually retreats a few steps in an awkward position in midair.

"AHHHHH... OWWWWWW!!" Even so, in the next second, dragon blood and a shriek of agony fills the air. The Dragon Queen has just suffered a heavy blow.

With that mouthful from Ah Dang, her two dragon wings disappear. But the Dragon Queen smiles in response.

"Like this... I can finally fly."

The vicious Dragon Queen actually took the initiative to gift her own wings to Ah Dang. After getting free from the spider silk which restrains mana, she regains her ability to fly. Losing her 2 wings as support, it will be more difficult, but the ability to fly of the Dragon Tribe doesn't just depend on their wings.

Using all of her remaining mana to fly, a formless wind lifts the Dragon Queen's massive wounded body and lifts her up rapidly.

Without any consideration about her mana consumption, her speed is actually much faster than usual days. Even without the support of her wings, for the Red Dragons who are the most skilled in flying techniques among the Dragon Tribe, it isn't difficult for her to shake off a Bone Dragon who is known to be slow.

Her calculations are well done, but...

"OUCH! Who is so inconsiderate, flying around with their eyes closed!!"

TL: She says ouch in English.

The Dragon Queen who is anxious to flee accidentally bumps into a gigantic Dragon who 'happens to be passing by'. If it was just a normal Young Dragon (within 10-meters), he would have been sent flying by the Dragon Queen. However, the one she bumped into just had to be an Ancient Red Dragon (30-meters and above) as well!

"Flying with your eyes closed, changing your path randomly and flying against the direction of the lane. Where did you learn your flying rules from? Aren't you afraid that 12 points will be deducted from you at one go, causing your flying license to be confiscated?"

The Ancient Red Dragon who is full of nonsense yawns and gazes downwards curiously.

"Ohhhhh. Isn't this my vicious old mother who ruthlessly killed her own husband, 1 son and 3 daughters? Why, are you so lonely that you can't sleep that you sneaked out for a walk in the night? Hehe, looks like we are on the same line. Should we fly together?"

Molly, whose magic power and wind current which has been messed up by the crash, can only dive down straight like a metal ball. In the end, she realized that the flow of current has been completely controlled by the other party, causing her to be unable to even float. In the end, she gives up the useless struggle of flapping the remains of her wings, frustrated. She dives down straight like a piece of rock.

Below, the Undead Lords are waiting for her while sharpening their blades. In the end, she could only helplessly scream at the Dragon.

"Einz Mezus! You won't die a proper death!"

Little Red simply yawns in response, turns around, glides away and continues on her walk, leaving behind just a single message.

"Old one, your teachings back then aren't wrong. The howling of a loser is really hard to look at."

TL: ?? -> Can mean old mother, albeit in a disrespectful way. It is also how the Dark Elves often refer to themselves with. In this case, it is a bit like a gangster-like way to refer to yourself.

The heavy black clouds crush the sky of Vance City. As the date to the auction draws closer, the atmosphere of the city grows more and more tense and suppressing.

A large portion of underground city lords didn't leave after the Conference. That auction which hasn't been publicized anyhow has already spread across the entire city. In their eyes, the show is just about to start. The new and old Autarchs are sure to cross blows on the auction, causing a change in the splitting of powers in the entire underground world.

A true God Equipment is going to be auctioned. An item that involves the absolute treasure of Xiluo's royal authority is going to be auctioned. The intelligence network of the kingdoms and their Thief Guild isn't just for show. A month is more than enough for the news to spread furiously on the surface.

As the city is quite close to the tunnel leading to the surface, the city is already full of experts coming from different land and different races. At the very start, the Beastman Sovereign has tried to seal the tunnel but very quickly, he realized that it was an arduous and impossible task. The allure of the God Equipment is too great. The normal Beastman Soldiers are meaningless to experts and if they happen to piss off the other party, they might just end up erased.

After their sentry posts has been cleaned more than 10 times, even though the order to seal up the path has yet to be lifted due to the 'dignity' of the Autarch, but in reality, the leader of those sentry posts has already been changed into the old and the weak. Of course, the soldiers who are being treated as cannon fodders aren't foolish too. They gamble, play mahjong, drink alcohol and everything else except for stopping the passersby from the surface in the sentry post. The sealing order has just become the ears of the blind — decoration. Once again, the Lion King's reputation goes down.

TL: I think it is eyes of the blind but I'm just going to go with the raws in the off-chance I'm wrong.

As the countdown to the auction starts, not mentioning the appearance of the Chaos beings like Demons and Undead, the public enemies of the surface, even the Seraphims, God Envoys and War Angels, the Order beings from the higher dimensions, can be seen on the streets. What is even more incredulous is that they actually seemed to have come to an understanding. Despite drawing their swords and staring at each other furiously, they didn't start a war directly.

This kind of eerie situation makes one feel the coming of a storm even more clearly. To be truthful, looking at this situation, I feel that even if they send 2 SemiGods down and wins the auctions, they might not even be able to bring it out.

The ones who got hit the worst is probably the alliance between the Beastman Sovereign and the Dragon Queen. Apparently, there are people who don't have the patience to wait until the day of the auction. The uninvited guests who tries to lay their hands on the Scepter grows more and more stronger and savage. When the thousand-meter long Mosgiel Giant Beast plummets rapidly from the sky of the city, not

mentioning the Beastman who was caught in the blast, even I started to suspect if Vance will be destroyed just like that.

Fortunately, the 2 Underground Autarch has shifted their elite forces here. After paying a heavy price, the Scorpion-tailed Knights and Red Dragons managed to defeat the Giant Beasts who suddenly appeared and suddenly disappeared. When someone was surprised over the disappearance of the Dragon Queen over the course of the battle, another inconceivable rumor started to spread — Dragon Queen Molly has been assaulted and is heavily wounded.

TL: Not the same Giant Beast as the Mosgiel Giant Beast above that belongs to the Beastman

The Dragon Queen has been dominating the underground for over thousands of years. Even more so, her individual strength is within the top 10 of the entire underground world. (There are quite a lot of experts among the underground city lords. Autarchs only represent the influence) She is also well-known to be cunning. This kind of expert can escape even if they are defeated, so for her to be forced to the brink of death is quite unbelievable.

Furthermore, if it wasn't for the timely appearance of the backups from the Dragon City, the underground Dragon City might have to elect a new Dragon Queen by now.

The ones who launched the attacks were the 5 Xiluo Senators. The reason? It is said that the Dragon Queen actually dared to owe the farmers their wages, so the head workers who failed in their protests for their salaries started to lynch her... Cough, alright, there is no farmers in this world, nor is there head workers. The truth is the Dragon Queen hired assassins but she went back on her promise afterwards, saying that if they don't the mission, she won't allow the Undead Lords to come into contact with the Scepter. In the end, the angered Undead Lords surrounded her to beat her up.

However, those who are aware of the situation knew that this is the revenge from Sulfur Mountain City. After all, the ones who had their promise broken were only 3 Undead Lords but the one exacting the vengeance were 5. Furthermore, they directly assaulted her just after a bit of disagreement. Not to forget, there are also grudges among the Undead Lords, making this incident smell very obviously of a scheme.

In addition to that, at the key moment, the one who prevented the Dragon Queen from successfully fleeing is the Disaster of Veron Einz Mezus who happens to 'pass by'.

Alright, I admit that it was my plan. To be able release her all her frustrations in one breath, Little Red was so happy... She has finally exacted revenge from the grudges she accumulated from being lynched in Sulfur Mountain City.

"Aren't we being underestimated if stealing a few things can count as revenge? You hired Undead Senators as your fighters to attack me, so I will also hire them to exact vengeance on you." This method of retaliation conforms to the hypocritical rules of peace of the underground world. Even more so, it lets the world understand that Sulfur Mountain City is not to be underestimated.

The individual strength of the Dragon Queen is the strongest back up for the Dragon-Beastman Alliance. Now that the news that the Dragon Queen is heavily wounded, the Beastman army which have already suffered quite a heavy blow delves into chaos. The morale which didn't fall even when the Morsgiel Giant Beast was killed started wavering.

It is said that escapees started appearing in the military barracks that night. This is the first time ever since Shou built his army. It is said that the Lion King's heart was broken. Previously, his hair turned white overnight. This time, his mane turned completely white.

The ones who wavered even more is the arrogant Dragon Tribe. The Dragon Queen got her into her high position by killing her husband. She depends on her individual strength to suppress and rule over 7 Dragon Cities. From the very start, the Black Dragons only view her as their leader in name, she was only able to dispatch the young Red Dragons. Now that she was defeated, everyone started pushing on the collapsed wall. The ambitious Young Dragons of the Dragon City is already plotting an opportunity for them to usurp the position while the older Elder Dragons even proposed to bring back Einz Mezus.

TL: Immemorial Dragons > Ancient Dragons > Elder Dragons > Young Dragons

But to me, what I was most surprised about is the sudden visit of the important guest in front of me.

Mage Hunter Minial, the Chieftain of the Centaur Beastman and well-known Myth-rank expert. If we are just talking about individual strength on the surface, he is even stronger than Shou. It is said that he has bad relations with Shou. His skills with the bow that combine the techniques of his predecessors with his own Magic Arrows is

famous in the whole underground world. More importantly, I have a grudge with him...

"Margaret has been well taken care of by you. Minial, you actually dare to appear in front of me. You really think that your strength is enough for you to do as you please? You are not afraid of us bringing you down?"

In the battle outside Sulfur Mountain City, Minial's Magic Combustion Arrow caused Margaret's 'Ice Aeon' to be cast prematurely and 3 of the precious Saint Stones were destroyed. Fixing them would require an astronomical amount of gold coins. Margaret would grind her teeth in anger every time this Centaur is mentioned.

A size bigger than normal Centaurs, he doesn't have any defensive object other than the copper Heart-Protecting Mirror. The huge bow on his back is rather eye-catching. If we just look at outer appearance, this gentle-looking Centaur with a long beard does have the aura of a scholar.

Right now, in the face of my enmity and challenge, the old Centaur smiles.

"I am really sorry for that incident then. I was negotiating with Shou back then and through a series of coincidence, I was brought to Sulfur Mountain City. If it weren't for the Forbidden Spell being too scary that I would be caught in its midst, I wouldn't have struck out. Besides, my attack towards Lord Saint wasn't life-threatening and that should be enough to show my sincerity.

Despite it being an arrogant declaration, but I instinctively feel that he is speaking of the truth. After all, while being surprised that the Chieftain of Centaur would side with Shou, Margaret was curious why she didn't meet with the Magic Penetrating Cluster Arrow where his expertise lies in. This also proves from another point of view that he is indeed speaking the truth.

"The entire underground world knows that we are different from those uncultivated barbarians who eat fresh meat and drink blood. I am quite pleased to see the losses of Shou and his subordinates, the bunch of butchers. If I wasn't forced to play my hand, I'm afraid that my gifts and congratulatory letter would have been long sent to your residence."

I have also heard a little about this. Centaurs and Taurens are known as the 'Herbivore Alliance' and they have bad relations with the current Beastman Sovereign Scorpion-tailed Lion Shou and his close subordinates. One side scolds the other as 'fresh meat-

eating barbarians' while the other scolds them 'grass-eating hoofed livestock'. This has already become a common situation.

"Then, why are you here today?"

I thought that he would start rambling about a bunch of what 'the enemy of an enemy is an ally' or similar kind of crap and just like other underground city lords, they forge a secret alliance with us. But the old Minial smiles bitterly and shakes his head.

"Wumianzhe, since we have already come to this step, why are you still playing the fool? Just tell me directly if you have any terms. Can you allow me to see my grandniece first!"

"What!?" This tone, it feels like the helpless compromising of an old wealthy merchant to the kidnappers when his nephew is kidnapped.

"Stop feigning ignorance. I will give in to your terms. I have no idea how you found out that Anya is my only kin, the candidate as the next Chieftain of the Centaur Tribe. I have obviously hidden so well for so many years... Just speak if you have any conditions, just don't go too far. Otherwise, the bow and arrows in our hands aren't that easy to deal with.

"WHAT?!" This time, I was really surprised. That number 1 misfortune lightning rod for me, the annoying silly lass who keep repeating her words is actually the candidate as the Chieftain of the Centaur Tribe? If she really becomes the Chieftain, then won't the entire Centaur Tribe be destroyed?

"You... You all really didn't know?" The instincts of an expert made Minial realize that I wasn't feigning ignorance.

"I really didn't know! Who would treat that silly lass as an important figure?" After my shock passed, I simply laugh while shaking my head. "But, now I know."

Minial regrets his word deeply. Now, he must pay an additional price for his carelessness.

"There is no problem for you to meet her."

But my decisiveness in letting her go make him extremely surprised. It isn't that I don't want to make use of this situation to extort something, but...

"...Quickly take her away. At least, before all of our plates are destroyed. Yesterday, quite a few of us used cups of eat dinner. Also, do you accept compensation bill? Given her rate of destruction, if you start accepting it late, you would have to prepare more cash."

These few days, we finally understood why Anya keeps getting fired. It is enough that she is clumsy, a hardworking but silly lass is also cute. But, her luck is so bad that accidents can happen anywhere and everywhere. While wiping the glass, the glasses would break; while moving the tables, the tables would collapse; she would even meet with the collapse of the rotten floor while wiping it. This is a little too much for one to bear.

The things she does makes people mad, but when looking at her tearful and sincere apology and the fact that it wasn't intentional, just plain bad luck, it was hard to harden one's heart to criticize her.

"Quickly take her away. Do you see that file on the table? It is a report on the damage she caused. Remember to pay the bill before you leave."

Minial, who is at a loss of whether to laugh or cry, nods his head, but...

"I'm not going back!" Unexpectedly, Anya directly refuses to go home.

"Why not? Is it because those bunch of bastards back at home treat you badly? Rest easy, your 2nd granduncle will stand up for you." Shocked by the refusal of his grandniece, the dumbfounded Minial immediately replies frantically.

"No, that isn't it. Big brothers treat Anya well. It is just that Anya doesn't want to stay in Camule Grasslands."

"Why? It can't be that there is someone who is vying over the succession at the Chieftain. Don't worry, as long as I'm here, you will be the first successor!"

"That isn't it either. It is not because of such a boring reason."

"Then?"

"No one wants to be the Chieftain or whatever. Anya just doesn't want to stay in the countryside for the rest of her life. Anya's goal is to become a rich lady of the city. 2nd granduncle, just look, there is nothing in the grasslands but grass and livestock. There

is nothing nice to eat, no beauty products, no tall buildings or streets, no entertainment facility, no... (and 300 other stuffs)."

"...Anya had enough to the life where I had no relieve myself in the grasses. Anya's goal is to become a wealthy lady in the city. It might not be very successful in the start, but I am finally on the right path after much difficulty, I'm definitely not going back. Those horrible days where there isn't a single candle during the night and I could only sleep.

The little Centaur spoke faster and faster, talking and laughing at the same time. On the contrary, the old Centaur's face is getting darker and darker. There are quite a few youngsters who left the Tribe for the sake of a comfortable life in the city, but he didn't expect his precious grandniece which he put all his hopes on would actually be like that as well.

"...The big brothers and big sisters here treat me well. Even if Anya accidentally commit a mistake, they never criticize me or fire me like the other boss. I want to build my standing in the big city starting from here! I will first save my wages, then buy a little house. If I were to just work a little bit harder, there will be a day which I become affluent!"

"Enough!! I have really spoiled you too much. You aren't worthy of being the descendant of the line of heroes of Centaur. To throw away the traditions of the golden bloodline of the Centaurs so casually. Despite having the noble blood of the predator of the Grassland, but for a cowardly and weak life in the city, you are willing to become a pig waiting in the fence to be slaughtered. You are the shame of the Centaurs. Come back with me now, I will train you properly."

Old Minial drags the struggling Anya away. If it was just a few minutes ago, I would be more than willing to see such a sight.

But now, after hearing the declaration of this youngster, I suddenly recall a Thief lass who also came from the countryside. She might have also made a similar wish — 'I will dig treasures out, become the number 1 wealthiest person in the world and live the life of a rich lady!'"

Perhaps, other than their goals, the two lasses aren't in the least alike. At the very least, Elisa succeeded in striking it rich in the end but I didn't see the possibility of Anya's goal being fulfilled. But somehow, I feel like helping this lass.

Thus, I stopped them both.

"Centaur Chieftain, perhaps we can talk about some interesting things. Such as the Beastman Sovereign. Such as the Blood of the Demons. Un, for example, if the Beastman Sovereign of this generation has already been corrupted by the demons, perhaps, it is about time to replace him. Maybe, it is the time for the Centaur Tribe to rise. Look, if Vance City is your future territory, then, maybe, the youngsters of your tribe wouldn't always think about leaving the Tribe."

2nd and last one today.

Ended up translating this chapter quite slowly. Was distracted by Ice Fantasy that was broadcasting by the side. Their characters and backgrounds are really too striking. Anyway, because I am distracted, there may be even more grammar errors in here.

Super long chapter, so tiring. Anyway, it's a happy day for me since I drew Wind Polar Queen while writing this chapter. Maybe I should open the scrolls while writing next time. Finally, my 2nd nb5 after Zaiross
ahahahhahahahahahaaahHAHHAHAHAHAHHA

Wanted to post this tomorrow but I wanted to brag about my Tiana so...

Btw, just to clarify, un is the sound you make in acknowledgement to something someone is saying, something like the uh of uh huh.

Chapter 54

The Lucky Horseshoes and Soul Imprint

The negotiation with old Minial isn't successful. Of course, the part that didn't go well isn't our request for an alliance. Since we have a common enemy, in the face of a strong enemy, forging an alliance is an entirely rational thing to do.

It isn't because the old Lion treat others badly. In actuality, his reputation among the Beastman Tribes is actually not bad. However, a powerful person would draw in enemies. The position as the Sovereign of the Beastman is very tempting. Many people are aiming for the position of an Underground Autarch. The moment they show a weakness, countless of underground city lords will try to usurp the position.

Minial in front of me is obviously against the old Lion. The tribes under him has been fighting with Shou's tribe on the surface and secretly for several centuries. If the old Lion were to show a weakness, the first one to impeach the old Lion would be him. After all, viewing the circumstances of the underground world, there must be a Beastman among the Autarch. However, the Beastman need not be Shou.

One of the reason why old Minial came over is to negotiate an alliance. Since we both have mutual interests, so the alliance went successful. Multiple agreements that is targeted against a certain Lion has been agreed on swiftly. However, when we started to 'gossip' about Anya's future, we got stuck in an impasse.

Very apparently, towards a stubborn old man who wishes to allow her grandniece to inherit the family business, using 'the grandchildren have their own happiness that they want to pursuit', 'the youngsters have their own world' is meaningless. In their mind, there is nothing more important than tradition and the business passed down by their ancestors. For the interest of the family, they are even willing to sacrifice themselves, needless to sacrifice the freedom of choice for a youngster. Besides, in their eyes, this choice made for you is actually for your own good.

TL: Used the world business but actually isn't that sided to the commercial aspect. Inheritance, but not that commercial

"Since it is impossible to reason with him, then let's just go with deception."

I first complained about how the education of the elderly were too outdated, which led to youngsters not listening to them. Then, I compared Anya with Annie as an example.

"Look, they are both future successors of a city and there are huge expectations of them. Our Sulfur Mountain City's Annie is already Gold-rank pinnacle, ready to break through to Legend at any time and she isn't 20. Even if compared to the entire world, she could be said to be a genius. What about your family's Anya? I don't think she is even Silver-rank."

"This is only a comparison of power. What is more important to a city lord is experience and qualifications. Look at our Annie, she has started doing her job as the City Lord Successor and even served as the main ambassador of our envoy party. Our Annie is able to stand independently in the Alliance Conference. What about your family's Anya?"

"Do you know how did we groom her? Lions will take the initiative to throw their cubs off the cliff. Annie has gone out to adventure when she was 12 so as to experience the world, that's why she is able to have such achievements today. You put your children in a large grassland without a single thing, how can you expect them to have the opportunity to explore and broaden their knowledge. They can't fight with strong opponents to refine their skills. Using your words, are they the eagles soaring in the midst of a hurricane or a fledgling shaking under the tree?"

I almost convinced myself with these words, but not all of these words are true. The reason why Annie is so strong individually is because of her unique inheritance. As for the experiences and knowledge she accumulated during her journey...

Hehe, I have heard her talk about her journey. 'It feels terrible to starve at night, but I mustn't follow strangers even when I am hungry' and 'Getting wet from the rain feels uncomfortable, but I felt warm when I started running about' appears the most in her story. Next would be 'Even though I am hungry, I can't just casually pick up things from the ground to eat. If it is a poisonous animal, it should be edible after getting rid its poisonous sac and its head. However, the more colorful a plant is, the more poisonous it is. You can't eat it at all' and 'If you got lost in a mountain for too long, then you should randomly find a direction and walk straight, breaking the mountains if one stands in your way and dig a way out. However, it feels horrible to be buried alive so be careful.'

Back then, my reaction was "What the heck, as expected of the goddaughter and disciple of Adam. Exactly the same good and learnt the exact same thing. To still be living like that, her life force must be really strong."

Cough, looks like I went out of topic. At this moment, after a bit more coaxing, all kinds of half-true lies start spouting out from my mouth. There are even a bunch of historical examples of countries getting destroyed because of its the bad judgement of its leader, causing the confused Centaur to stare blankly.

"Look, Prince Clint from Iron City also came independently as an envoy to Vance as such a young age. I have seen that person. He might be young, but you really can't underestimate him in any aspect. It will be the youngsters' generation next, do you intend for your family's Anya to lose at the starting line?"

Minial who is already in a daze after my words stare at me dumbfounded.

"That, so if I put Anya with you, a suitable leader would be groomed?"

Of course that isn't it. I didn't say so much just to put this unlucky lass by my side, giving me more trouble. It is sufficient as long as you are willing to let her roam about. As for what happens next, I don't want to bother about it and I can't bother anyway.

I am the type who thinks the process is unimportant, only the ending matters. As long as the ending is good, there is no need to bother too much about what happens in the process. Since I have already coaxed him to this point, I might as well do it to the end.

TL: The exact phrase for coax is ?? which means a bit like fooling, but very very mild.

"Of course not..." Suddenly, someone interrupts my speech on shirking responsibility.

"Of course you can! Lord Wumianzhe is extremely skilled in teaching others. Even Big Sister Margaret praised him, he will definitely teach Anya properly."

Suddenly, Annie walks through the door and promises him in an instant. Furthermore, the eyes that she looked at me with is sparkling.

"I didn't expect Uncle... Lord Wumianzhe to view me in such a manner. I always thought that you were unsatisfied with Annie. Annie is more motivated now!"

Minial carefully assesses the City Lord Successor who had been praised to heavens

and is surprised to find that I wasn't lying. It is quite outrageous for a human who is yet to be 20 to reach the boundaries of a Legend, and the Fire of Phoenix which her body is charged with shows of her limitless potential. It is very possible that she wouldn't be just a normal Legend after breaking through.

To an experienced veteran like him, he knows that strength is the root of everything in this underground world where the weak serves as food for the strong. Annie's abnormal strength is the best proof, it is also the final straw that convinced old Minial.

"Fine, I will pass Anya over to you all. She will be the best guarantee for our Alliance. We, Centaurs, always keep our promise. If you can deliver your promises, we will be your alliance forever."

Anya grabs the right hand of the old Centaur that is in the air. In the ancient Centaur traditions, this is the symbol of an agreement being made.

"Yes, not just Lord Wumianzhe, I will also share my experiences with Anya and we will work together. Both of our people will become true friends."

Then, she turns her head and leaves.

"Uncle Bones, I did well right! Did I seem like a real City Lord?" Even if she didn't say it out loud, but from the gleeful look that Annie gazes at me with, I can sort of tell what she was trying to express.

"...Share experiences, more like sharing how to land other people into trouble and how to act like a rascal." Fortunately, my mask prevents me from revealing my expressions, otherwise my whole face would be full of bitterness now.

No matter how I put it, Anya is an ambassador in name. Now that we have made a friendly alliance with the other tribe, can I still reject her? Afterwards, I still have to fulfill the requirements of the agreement and turn this unlucky lass into a passable city lord... Seems like an impossible mission. Looks like I can only try to wash her brain with my Necromancy.

However, the Centaurs of the grasslands are well-known to be trustworthy. If we can earn an alliance mate that we can truly rely on because of this, this is also a great thing for Sulfur Mountain City. The only one who met misfortune because of this is probably just me who is stuck with this hassle.

"Shot my own foot again huh? It is hard to be a good person these days. Right, why didn't that unlucky lass fulfill her role as a lightning rod? Or maybe, I can use this to complain about her."

Looking at the delighted Anya,

"Looks like Anya's luck is really bad, if an accident were to happen..."

Before I even finished speaking, Minial shakes his head.

"This is a symbol of the royalty of our tribe, the Golden Bloodline. While we are blessed with hidden powers within our bloodline, it also brings along a curse of misfortune. However, we have a treasure that brings luck. If Anya stays here, I will pass it to her so that her situation will improve."

A treasure that brings luck? It is quite unbelievable just thinking about it. Alright, I'll admit that my heart wavered. If I have this, maybe my luck will get better, especially my luck with women...

"Fine, hand your grandniece to me."

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh, that's great. Lord Wumianzhe, everyone says that you are gay and scary, but I didn't expect that you really are a good person!!"

Hearing that she doesn't have to return to the grasslands, Anya is already pouncing around at one side happily like a little deer. Rage surges in me who just gotten another 'good man card'.

TL: Good man card -> You are a good man, but...

"WHO SAID THAT!! I am going to send him to the sulfur mines to dig sulfur!"

TL: Sulfur is poisonous, good kids please don't imitate.

By the side, Minial nods his head, his face smiling cheerfully as though saying "This is great, if he is gay then Anya will be safe. Although she is a Centaur, there is too many perverts in this era."

"What safe. There is Beifeng here." Alright, this kind of criticism should remain in my belly. Family scandals shouldn't be boasted about.

Anyway, it will just get more complicated the more I try to explain. Do I still have to explain my sexual orientation? Shaking my head in frustration, looks like there will still be many days to come that I will have to refute the rumors. I can only pray that the old Centaur doesn't like to gossip.

Old Minial expresses that he would be back after a few days to teach Anya their family's Archer Skills and prepares to take his leave. Seeing that, I immediately questions him.

"What about the treasure?"

"Oh, the Lucky Horseshoes. Wait, I will take it off now."

I am a little agitated. The legends that horseshoes can bring about fortune is already well-known. To think that it would be secret treasure of the Golden Bloodline royalty of the Centaurs. To be able to get hold of such a rare treasure, it can't be that my luck is turning about?

Very quickly, the old Centaur takes off 2 horseshoes and passes it to Anya.

?Lucky Horseshoes/ Myth-class Equipment/ Effect: Increases the user's Luck dramatically? Ohhhhhh, looks like it's a top-tier good.

?You want to obtain Luck? Remember to find a blacksmith to nail it on.?

Looking at this, I went silly.

?This is an equipment. You get it, equipment must be equipped before it can be useful. Do you have hoofs? Congratulations for doing volunteer work. Actually, you can stop struggling already. There is no hope for your luck, just give up.?

No wonder old Minial gave these Horseshoes which are almost equal to a God Equipment to Anya so decisively. Although there is no requirement to equip, others are destined to only watch it... If you want to equip this toy, you must first find a nail to nail it onto your hoofs!

Fine, looking at the delighted Centaur darting about while having to suffer the tease of the system, I am really getting more and more unlucky nowadays.

The misfortunes keep coming in nowadays. Perhaps, the only good news that I heard these days is that Elisa was awake.

When blazing pillars of inferno shooting into the heavens and a quiet flowing river of ice appeared, I, who was experienced in this field, was shocked.

Using 2 conflicting power of Elements as the core for the Soul Imprint, it is an act that defies common sense. However, what was even more inconceivable is that she actually succeeded, and it was a level far beyond the level of manipulating the Elements, reaching into the level of Rules (of the world) and the level of Concepts. Of course, this is all good thing but the 'concept' itself makes one overthink.

"Marauder, is it? Why does it feel like it's Soul Imprint is sided towards the Chaos faction? Looks her she is still influenced by the blood of Demons."

The power which the Soul Imprint represents is usually related to the experience of the person in the past and his type of power. The imprints from the experts of the Order Faction tend to side towards strengthening, control, solidifying and similar other rules. The shape it appears in tend to be a buff, such as Xueti's Steel Heart, which makes his body as tough as steel, and Adam's Indestructible Phoenix, which allows him to never fall down permanently. Even my Mark of Justice and Margaret's Corridor of Time has the effect of strengthening a certain type of magic.

It is different for the Chaos Faction. They tend to distort or destroy the existing rules and their offensive power tend to be extremely powerful.

The rule of Plague is basically a destruction of the rule of Health, the rules which implements control over the Elements is a destruction of the natural cycle of Elements and the rules of Undead is the destruction of the rule of Life and Death. Elisa's The Marauder is even more so, breaking the concept of 'existence and possession'. It is normal for it to appear on Demons and Undead. However, for it to appear on Elisa who serves as a Law Enforcer, it is hard to tell whether it is a good thing.

"However, I feel that this rule is very powerful, it is a little similar with Ah Dang. As long as it is power that complements it and the physical body is able to take it, it is able to steal it. As long as the user accumulates to a certain level, it is definitely a very powerful source of power. However, if the user were to steal randomly as he wishes, causing his attribute of his power to become scattered, it might not be a good thing too."

Thus, I requested Elisa to not use this power casually. She agreed immediately but somehow, I felt that something was amiss.

Rank Advancement makes the recovery of the body hastens significantly. The 2nd day after she awakes, she requested to remain to the team. Looking at the terrifying pile of work and official letters sent by Sulfur Mountain City, I did a few basic examinations on her and after confirming that her health is good to an outrageous point, I approved of her return.

Just like previous days, she served as my assistant and head of intelligence coldly and efficiently, but...

"Totally no change at all, that is what that is wrong!! That calm look makes one feel like she is scheming something." Maybe it is that I have been tricked so many times that I have become paranoid, but there is basis for my guess.

Soul Imprint is the crystallization of a person's past experiences and strength. It affects not only the one's strength, it will also imperceptibly affect one's personality. When Adam attained his infallible Indestructible Phoenix, he became more stubborn and strong. My Mark of Justice allows me deal with things rationally in matters relating to the law, Margaret's Corridor of Time allows her to roam in history, becoming an onlooker of history and reality and not a participant while Xueti's Steel Heart is an obvious negative demonstration...

Furthermore, this is for the milder Order Faction. The changes should be much greater for the Chaos Faction after forging their Soul Imprint. I expected changes to occur in Elisa and changes should happen, but the change has still yet to appear. It feels like a heavy rock hanging in midair, there is bound to be a moment when it falls. However, it persistently remains up there, making one feel uneasy.

But very quickly, I didn't have the attention to bother about it anymore. The auction is just ahead and a savage war, from the moment when Eternal Night Scepter was brought into this city a month ago, was destined to happen.

Chapter 55

Elf

The City of Platinum which has a rich history, in this instant, is no longer as prosperous as it was before.

The far spreading inferno creeps across the streets full of history, swallowing everything it sets its sight on. In the eyes of the destroyers who have lost their sanity, the preciousness of these scars of history isn't worth a second look.

In the sky, an army of Dragons and Demons were fighting. The eyes of the white-winged angel went red from all of the slaughter. Just like butchers, they were killing of the 'evil' they see in front of them, even if they were still ordinary peasants the moment before.

"They are dead! They are all dead!!"

"The High Priestess Kajah has been assassinated! The Dark Elves have all gone mad! They are killing everyone in sight!"

"Why are there Gold Dragons and Angels in the underground world? Are the Order Gods getting rid of us? Or is the army from the Surface invading us?"

"The Beastman army has entered the city, they have started fighting with the Dark Elves!"

There is not a trace of the peaceful Vance of yesterday. Countless beacons of war have been ignited and the thousand-year old ancient city is on the brink of destruction.

To tell the story, I must start from the auction which is bound to end in war.

4 in the morning, the auction which was supposed to be conducted in the Platinum Chapel has changed its location at the last moment.

No other reason, the Chapel which has a capacity of 10000 people was too small for the number of people attending the auction this time. Due to the condition I listed in

my contract that 'everyone is allowed to attend the auction', before 3 in the morning, the Chapel where the auction is supposed to held at 12 is already overcrowded. Thus, there was no choice but to change the location of the auction.

Considering that the new location for the auction should be wide, they chose the location which the auction house normally used. There is a large basin there where the edges cannot be seen from the center, it is definitely wide enough.

It is impossible for the auction to end peacefully. Since the Alliance Conference has ended, the restrictive rule of not allowing fights to occur in the period of the Conference has been annulled. Vance is a neutral zone that restricts fighting? I'm sorry, but if it wasn't for the balance in power and that the powerful factions are wary of each other, this city is a natural location where others would fight for.

In reality, everyone knows that no matter who manages to win the auction for the God Equipment, it would be snatched on the spot. Without power and influence that is able to suppress everyone, they are definitely unable to take it away.

However, humans are born greedy and everyone still believe in luck somehow.

"Aren't all the novels about the legendary knights all written in such a way? Perhaps, during the fight for the God Equipment, it might just fall in front of me. Afterwards, I might be able to decipher its secret and not long later, ascend as the next Undead Emperor of Xiluo Empire, marry a beautiful and rich wife and walking to the pinnacle of life. Just the thought of it makes one agitated." This kind of thought is whirling around everyone's mind. Those are quite a few who, thinking they are strong enough and blessed with good luck, couldn't resist the temptation of trying their luck to earn a bargain on the spot.

It is said that when the auction begun that day, the entire 'field' has been blocked to not even allow water to pass through. The few items in front may be all rare treasures, but no one paid them any heed. In fact, under the threatening gaze of tens of thousands of experts, no one dared to bid for them, causing them to be passed immediately.

Why would I say that it is said? Stepping into a hole that I dug myself would seriously be foolish. Not only did I not go, I even strictly ordered all of my subordinates to not go to the auction. At the same time, I heightened the wariness around the base and activated everything that could improve our defenses. Everyone was equipped in their armor, ready for battle anytime.

Why? I am thinking too much? Actually, it isn't excessive at all. Under normal circumstances, there should be only an owner in each city. Only this way will the citizens and army know where they belong to. However, in this city, there is at least 4 cores.

It might be a multiracial city but different from Sulfur Mountain City, the different races aren't governed under the same laws and governance to promote mutual trust and co-existence. In this city, Dark Elves are Dark Elves, Beastmen are Beastmen and Humans are Humans. Their habits and even the districts they live in are totally different. Naturally, the Autarchs govern their own districts. If one were to walk to other district at night and they were killed or robbed, in the eyes of others, this is perfectly natural, the person who deserved it.

"This isn't right, isn't right at all." This excessive segregation made the idea of a multiracial society pointless. On the contrary, due to the rumors that were blown big that promotes discrimination and misunderstanding, the fracture between different races just keeps getting deeper.

When I first arrived at this city, I realized that there was something amiss with the situation. A legendary ancient city with ten thousand years of history may sound amazing, but if they had lived separated like that with friction constantly occurring among different groups, wouldn't that also mean an accumulation of ten thousand years of resentment?

The countless infighting and even destruction of this city throughout history has ascertain my guesses. The structure of this city has doomed it into a cycle of 'accumulating resentment', 'venting of resentment' and 'rebuild'. Right now, when all 4 Autarchs are gathered here, the debate and even fighting over the interests of their races in the Alliance have caused sufficient resentment to build up. What is left is just an igniter.

And I just had to deliver the Eternal Night Scepter at this moment.

Alright, I admit that it was a suicidal move, but that there would be such circumstances under the image of a beautiful and harmonious city.

If the Scepter is the reason for the fighting, then when the 'Observer' agents who brought back the igniter, the reason for the war, when the war finally breaks out, I felt even more helpless.

"Just after the auction is concluded, the fool that paid 10000 gold coin was split into 13 pieces and everyone broke out in a fight. At that moment, a Fire Angel threw his sword, but it was deflected by a Tauren Master Smith. The Blazing God Sword ended up being rebounded towards a Dark Elf Matriarch, frightening her?"

"The Matriarch is dead? But that shouldn't be enough for the situation to escalate to such a level that they would go all out in a war? Isn't Kajah overdoing it like that?"

"No, the one who died isn't Luciana. Syfan from Morsblight City. She immediately tried to pull a person beside her to serve as a barrier block the attack. Back then, it was completely chaotic and the Matriarchs are all Priestess who have slow reaction. In the end, she really succeeded.

"Pu, which fellow is so unlucky?"

TL: The sound of bursting into laughter

"High Priestess Kajah. Her heart was pierced directly, she died to the point she cannot be even more dead. She returned to Lorci's embrace in an instant."

If I were to take off my mask now, it would definitely be a ? expression. The Supreme Leader of the Dark Elves in name, Lorci's secret child, died just like that? In such a ridiculous manner?

"Impossible, I have already warned her not to go to the location..." My shocked mutterings stopped halfway. I did warn my 'allies' that there would be danger there. But if they were to listen to my advice, that would be unbelievable as well.

"How did this happen? Is her luck really that bad? Is she destined to die as a foot soldier?"

My mutterings to myself was treated as a question by the Elf spy in front of me. She nods her head.

"Lord, in order to ensure her safety in the chaos, Kajah brought out the SemiGod weapon that Lorci passed down, the Nine Serpent Spear. However, the God of Misfortune never turns the other way just because of a person's social standing. The powerful High Priestess would actually meet with such misfortune. Afterward, there were people who recognized that spear and quite a few people started to fight over it. There were a lot who died because of it as well."

I was dumbfounded. This is simply too effective.

I expected that there would be chaos, but Kajah's sudden death caused the chaos to plunge into a large-scale war.

The sudden death of an Underground Autarch, especially the secret child of Lorci who the Dark Elves worship. Following the traditions of the Dark Elves and Lorci's past history, if there weren't sufficient blood tributes, Lorci's rage would hit everyone and the Dark Elf Matriarchs don't have the kindness in them to wait for God's Punishment just not to sacrifice innocent people.

Thinking about this, I shivered. The Dark Elves are one of the main races of the underground world. There is at least a few hundred thousand in Vance. What if all of them were to go mad at once? Probably after the catastrophe, there isn't even a need for Vance to be rebuilt.

"Lord?"

"Un? Is there something else?"

"It's like this. Luciana.Syfan has caused Kajah's death, so Lorci sent a curse to change all Syfan Priestesses into spiders. The First Family of Morsblight City is wavering, empty on both inside and on the surface...

"You are saying Victoria, Victora.Syfan?"

At this moment, Elisa walks out from my back.

"Yes, Master. Victoria has sent me a request. Right now, she is probably the only Lorci Priestess in the Syfan Family in Morsblight that is still in Elf-form. Following the traditions of Dark Elf and the rules of Lorci, she should be able to be promoted to a Matriarch straight. Thus, Victoria hopes to gain Sulfur Mountain City's support in helping her gain control of Morsblight City. Of course, she made a lot of promises in exchange and these promises are quite attractive. What do you think, master?"

Based on what Elisa said, as long as we are willing to send a fixed amount of fighting power to support her, then we would be able to obtain a city that is close to Sulfur Mountain City. I have no reasons to reject her request, but instead, I fell into deep thoughts. I am really starting to hesitate.

What that made me hesitate isn't the matter in front of me.

"Kajah is dead and Victoria is starting to ascend up the ranks. Is this the trace of 'history'? Can the rise of the Dark Elf Queen unpreventable? This is the supposed flow of history? It can't be that the wings of the butterfly are going to be corrected by history again? Are my efforts destined to end in vain?

If everything ends up back to its starting point, then what is the use of my plans. In an instant, a sense of weariness starts to arise from the depths of my soul, making one feel despair, not wanting to do anything at all.

"Lord?"

But, a warm and caring voice brings back my sanity.

It was rare for Elisa to show such a worried expression. After being together for so long, it is her first time seeing her overly energetic master showing such a tired look.

"That was dangerous, too dangerous. Undead depend on their lingering will to remain in this world. My greatest will is to change that darned fate. That kind of state is really too dangerous. It would be ridiculous if I end up going to heaven just like that." I shake my head and dispel my other thoughts. I know that I accidentally pushed myself to a corner again.

"I am just overthinking it. History has already been changed. No matter what, Victoria has started late and her personality is much milder than how it was in 'history'. The personality would determine her future fate. She is destined to be different from the Victoria in 'history'. Furthermore, even with my support, it is impossible for her to gain control of the entire Dark Elf Tribe within 10 years. Maybe, it is just that Victoria is fated to not live an ordinary life. If so, then having an Elf Matriarch that is close to Sulfur Mountain City and perhaps, a Dark Elf Queen who would make peace with the surface, no matter how I look at it, is a good thing."

Thus, I nod my head in agreement.

"Accept her request. Send a few people to take over the remaining power of the Syfan Matriarch. Try your best to take over, but retreat immediately if you all meet with danger. After this incident, send a group to help her gain authority in Morsblight City. Right, give this note to her."

Thus, I quickly wrote a letter and passed it to Elisa.

It isn't some incredible plan within a pouch but a double insurance against a certain someone.

?Actually, there are some things which aren't easy to say and not up to me to say. But, if I don't say it, I will be really worried about your future. You were turned into a female due to God's Punishment. As a Priestess, you should know that a God's Punishment represents the will of the God. If the offender were to dispel the punishment, then that would be like slapping on the face of the true God. You should know that Lorci was never a forgiving Goddess. There's no benefit in saying more, so take care.?

Everyone knows how much Victoria wanted the Belt of Edwina. Even if Victoria seems like a nice person, but the horrid reputation of Dark Elves and Lorci's Priestesses made them wary of her, even if she is still underage.

So, for the sake of Krose's safety, I better prepare an insurance. This way, for fear of enraging a true God, Victoria should try to suppress the desire in her heart.

Of course, things are never coincidental that everything I want would come. The message on the note may be all true but when putting all of it together, it makes a big lie.

God's Punishment is indeed related to the reputation of a true God. If you were to dispel a God's Punishment of a God punishing an evil sinner, you might just end up getting struck by lightning the next moment. However, Lorci's situation is quite unique. Other true Gods are careful with the God's Punishment, for fear it might hurt the innocent.

However, Lorci often showcases her might in Dark Elf Cities and there are multiple times when she sent an incarnation down. She also imposes God's Punishment quite frequently that it is just like a thunderstorm in summer. It comes randomly and after the rain would be sunshine. When everything goes back to normal, a person receiving God's Punishment can no longer be considered a news.

Given Lorci's 'busy' schedule in leaving her traces, she might have long forgotten how many people she has punished. Personally, I think that even if the God's Punishment were to be dispel, she might not even notice. Un, so saying that dispelling God's Punishment will bring about her anger is true, Lorci not being a forgiving Goddess is

also the truth. It is just that I forgot to add in a line saying that 'The situation with Lorci is unique', so it turned into a big fat lie. This is a linguistic technique that I learnt from those scammer in the underground prison.

I don't think that Victoria is able to see past my lies. For a Priestess, the will of the God is just like the sky. It may seem not far away, being able to see it just by looking up. However, it is something that cannot be approached. She knows the significance of the God's Punishment and what would happen if it is dispelled. There is not a single book of the teachings of a true God that would teach you how to dispel God's Punishment or what would you meet with after dispelling it. After all, it would be blasphemy.

Fine, I am also doing it for her good. For her who is intending to return to the Dark Elves to spend 'his' days, it is definitely a good thing. After all, male Dark Elves are no different from slaves in their society.

Hey eh, in order for them not to end up killing each other, for there to be a good ending, it has been tough on me, their superior. I think I should present myself with a plaque — 'The 10 Good Boss Who Moves Sulfur Mountain City'.

Just awhile after Elisa's departure, a voice of a delighted female and the depressed sigh of males could be heard from the windows. After that, I took the chance to fix the content of the lecture next week — Discussing the importance of normal sexual orientation to the development of the society.

When the world outside is plunged into chaos, I was busy on my office desk. Countless reports were passed to be through Elisa, waiting for me to make the final judgement.

"The Dark Elves who have lost the daughter of Lorci have gone mad. They are urgently trying to obtain more souls and fresh blood so that they can avoid God's Punishment, so it is impossible for to remember our alliance. Also, the Dragon Queen and Lion King who has been savagely attacked by us won't let us get away scot-free. The chaos will soon spread throughout the entire city so get everyone to prepare. For the sake of our position as an Autarch for the next decade, not only must we win this war, we must do it beautifully."

When I finally made my judgement on the oncoming war, I nodded my head towards the 'secret weapons' in the room, so that they can prepare themselves.

Just when I was about to get prepared myself, I suddenly recall a treasure that I have

neglected before.

"Right, what about Kajah's corpse?"

Yes, that treasure is Kajah's corpse. To a Necromancer, the corpse of an expert is an excellent material. Furthermore, the physical body of Kajah, the daughter of Lorci, is flowing the blood of a true God, making it a treasure among treasures. If I can obtain this Half-God body (different from the SemiGod realm), I have the confidence of creating an Undead Lord that wouldn't lose to any of the other original sins.

However, the 'Observer' spy shakes his head.

"The corpse has disappeared. The Dark Elves are searching frantically, but there were totally no traces of it. It is as though the corpse has walked out by itself."

"A corpse can walk? Bullshit! Wait... It could be possible."

Isn't what I want to do now making a corpse move by itself? There is more than one Undead Lord in Vance now. If it is the other lower ranked Undead Senators, they would only waste this hard-to-come-by Half-God body. However, there is an Undead Senator who hasn't appear recently. Furthermore, she has been wanting to attain a perfect physical body of an Elf.

"The 3rd Senator, Queen of Banshees Harloys. This is going to be troublesome.

The placing of the Undead Senators is dependent on their strength. However, the top 3 is on a whole new level than the others. There are even people who say that the rest are just there to fill up the numbers, so that the first 3 won't be so striking.

Among Emperor Yongye's subordinate, Gria is able to rise to the position of the 4th Senator, but it is impossible for her to advance any further. That is because those above her in the rankings are 'colleagues', their relationship with the Emperor is a 'partnership' rather than subordinates. Just this point itself is enough to prove the how extraordinary these 3 Undead Lords are. Also, from their history, they are all seniors of the Emperor.

Of them, the 3rd Senator Queen of Banshees Harloys is once the princess of an ancient Elf Kingdom. It is not the Elf Kingdoms that are fractured into small countries by the descendants but one during the Era of Elves, the ruler of the Supreme Kingdom that rules over 70% of the continent by itself. She is also known as 'The Omniscient One',

a praise directed towards her vast understanding in the field of magic.

Also, the only reason why she is ranked 3rd is because the physical body she was using before was destroyed in the Undead Calamity before and she wasn't willing to find an ordinary body to replace it, so she could only make do with the 3rd. If she were to really get hold of Kajah's body, the rankings would probably have to be reshuffled.

"Yes, half a month ago, there were quite a few people who remarked that they have heard the epic ballad by the Ancient Elves, 'The Sunset of the Gods', but they couldn't find the singer. That is her trademark, so people started guessing that the Queen of Banshees is here. That's why I said that despite 6 Undead Senators have arrived, only 5 have appeared.

"Yeah, if it is her then it would really be troublesome. She is not easy to deal with." My mumblings were acknowledged by the Elf 'Observer' in front of me.

"Yeah, she is indeed known to be smart, wise, strong, charming..."

"Wait! How do you know the song is called 'Sunset of the Gods', that should be the language of Ancient Elf! There isn't more than a handful in the entire Eich that can understand it!!"

My query made the Elf spy in front of me smile. She slowly takes off the mask on her face.

It is a very familiar face, so familiar that I just seen it 2 days ago...

The white skin of the High Elves started turning black and the red hair started changing into a silver-white color unique to Dark Elves. The face that belongs to Kajah seems even more mature and confident than previously. The slightly raised eyebrows on her face gives a feeling of Elf arrogance and pride, just like a Queen who was born with everything, the right to look down on everything else on birth.

"Yo, long time no see, little Yongye. How have you been?"

Okay, I'm gonna just leave all my writing below.

So to clarify some content (they were written previously but just to jot memory)

There are Order Dragons and Chaos Dragon

The Chaos Dragons are the Elemental Dragon while the Order Dragons are the Metal Dragons. Currently, they don't really belong to any faction due to a peace pact.

The Senators ranking are determined by their strength. The top 3 are so strong that Emperor Yongye can only be of equal standing to them (as comrades) rather than subordinate

Incredible plan within a pouch -> Reference to Liu Bang, which his strategist gave him 3 pouches which he is supposed to open in times of crisis and it would help tide him over it.

After the rain would be sunshine -> Not very explicit, but it refers to Lorci's mood.

And wooh, one of my favorite character in the novel just appeared.

Chapter 56

Capture

Looking at the Elf in front of me, I understood what was happening in an instant. Why did Spider Queen Lorci's High Priestess suddenly die of an accident and why Harloys, despite already being in Vance, didn't appear.

Looks like she has set her eyes on Kajah's physical body from the very start. There is also a 99% chance that Kajah's supposed accidental death was caused by her.

"Hey, not even greeting your teacher when meeting her?"

Yes, the person in front of me, in a certain sense, is my teacher in Necromancy and Ice Magic. Of course, she had a motive in imparting her teachings to me.

The Senators are actually the warlords of the Xiluo Empire. Gria of the Royalty Faction might have taken the 4th place, but no one believes that there is only a step away between the 3rd Senator and the 4th Senator.

The 2nd Senator Feyman is a rather ancient King of Lich. There are innumerable Liches under him and the Council of Dark Nights that were formed by the Liches under his control is the leading faction of the Xiluo Empire. In 'history', he led the Undead Lich Alliance to open the gates to the Dimensions of Death, causing an Undead Calamity that swept the entire continent.

The 1st Senator, Ancient Bone Dragon Gricasio was once a mount for the God of Holy Light and his most trusted subordinate. Now, his individual strength cannot be calculated because he is too lazy to move and that there is no one that is able to pressure him to move. However, from the fact that Feyman chose to obediently remain as number 2, he is definitely an existence above the other Senators.

The 3rd Senator's circumstances are unique. There is indeed a group of Banshees under her, giving her the title of the Queen of Banshees. But, she doesn't really interfere in their affairs and she isn't interested in authority either. Her only goal is vengeance.

Yes, vengeance, just like me.

As it is too far back, other than the academics who specialize in the history of Ancient Elves, there's probably no one who is sure how the Ancient Elf Kingdom which dominated the continent was destroyed. However, looking from how the Elf Gods were destroyed and the Order Gods rose in power, there is probably a lot to do with the Order Gods.

Back then, the me who was wholeheartedly aiming to exact vengeance on the Church of Holy Light got along well with her instantly. Not only did she impart me vast knowledge on magic, she is also one of the founders for the Yongye Alliance Army. At least, without a veteran like her linking the bridges, the me who 'just came out' probably won't be able to gather so many thousand-year-old monsters, and I probably won't be able to keep them in check either.

Back then, the first 3 Senators were only in a partnership with me (There are other 4 unlucky fellows too who died in the infighting) and if it wasn't for the system which allowed me to break through to become the only SemiGod Undead Emperor in recent times, I would probably just be a puppet Emperor.

High-tier Undead are a stubborn life-form which is driven by their lingering will. My will is to change fate while Harloys only wish is revenge against the Order Gods.

Hundred years ago, she almost succeeded in her aim. If all of the living were to die and an Empire of Undead were to be established, the cycle of reincarnation of Eich continent would be broken and that would be the best revenge against the Order Gods. Perhaps, there may be even a few Guardian Gods who will fall because of this. Back then, she was nagging beside me on how to destroy the churches of the Gods, how to sully the reputation of the Holy Light Church, how to convert the living into Undead and how to make true Gods lose their faith...

Fine, I learnt from Death God Ayer afterwards that if I really proceeded on with it, the Gods will risk everything to descend to the mortal world to destroy me. There is a 100% possibility then for my physical body to be reduced to ashes and my soul destroyed completely.

Perhaps, the one who took the destruction of the Yongye Army the worst is her. After all, this is the first time she came so close to success in thousands of years.

I don't think that she is able to change. If she changed, she would have long ascended to the heavens and be reincarnated.

I don't think that the little tricks I played would be able to fool her. This time, since she came to find me, there are only 2 possibilities. One is to settle the scores with me while the other is to force me to continue our rebellion... Based on my understanding of her, there is a 90% possibility that she would make use of the difference in our strength to beat me to the brink of death. Then, she will take control of me and make use of my name to reorganize the entire Xiluo Empire.

And I would be unable to accept both of these scenarios.

Thus, my first reaction upon seeing her isn't drinking tea and chatting like when old friends meet once again but instead...

"Adam, come out to beat this one, this one is a little tough!!"

Fine, I really shouted it out loud.

I have never been so glad. Yesterday, finding the opponents too strong and that our fighting prowess wasn't sufficient, I called for support from Sulfur Mountain City, asking Adam to sneak in to serve as my hidden ace. I am even more glad that he only arrived this morning, making it impossible for the news to leak.

Listening to my call, the smiling Harloys suddenly stuns. Then, she disappears all of the sudden. A black metal longsword drives into the space where she was at earlier. If she was just slower by a split second, she would have ended up stabbed.

The secret weapon Adam takes off his mantle. Facing the escaping Queen of Banshees, his playfulness on his face is replaced with his rare serious look. After closing his eyes for a few second, he suddenly points his sword downwards and taps lightly on the floor.

"Kacha."

The entire space seems to become like a spider web-like shattered glass. When the space was cut by the will of an expert, vaguely, gaps in space starts to open. The next moment, a shout of agony could be heard from the corridor.

"Ah!! Damn it!"

Without any hesitation, 'bam', Adam rushes through the wall and swings his sword towards where he heard the voice.

"Incantation of Law: Judgement! Incantation of Law: Restriction of Freedom!"

As I expected, Harloys who just committed murder is instantly shrouded by red light. Then, the effect on the restriction of movement takes effect.

Due to the great disparity in power, the restriction can only be sustained for a short instant. But, an instant is enough... I know that someone won't waste the opportunity I created.

"AHHHHH!"

A flash of blade and the right arm of the Dark Elf flies away along with blood and flesh. However, the long sword was stopped by the body which turned metallic.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The piercing scream continues but this time, it is an attack by the Banshee.

The sound wave that brought along a dark mana with it, The Scream of Siren, which is known as the scariest death magic, didn't have any effect on us.

I am already dead and the indestructible Adam wouldn't fear the calling of death by the Queen of Banshees.

He charges straight at the scream filled with negative energy, and as though ignoring his opponent, he closes his eyes and started to recite some words.

"A century passes in an instant, nothing is constant. Companions depart, only I continue existing. The cycle of the withering and blooming of flowers repeat every year, I only pray that I die in the midst of a bed flowers, remembering the past in a semi-drunk state. The Severance of the River of Time."

After obtaining the old eastern philosophy culture of a foreign world from me and a local book on philosophy and secrets of space-time from Margaret, in a span of hundred years of refining, Adam's techniques have started to become one with his life, becoming a kind of philosophy of himself. Perhaps, this is the basis of how he managed to enter the SemiGod realm with the body of a mortal.

Right now, as the SemiGod Warrior recites the words to hypnotize himself, The Severance of the River of Time laments the seemingly slow flow of time broke the boundaries of space and time, making the slash seem slow yet fast. No, speed is already meaningless for this slash.

Just like how no one is able to avoid the aging from the flow of time, everyone is equal under this sword, there is no way to avoid it. In fact, under this dreamlike sword, they would instinctively stare at this sword, being unable to avert their eyes and get slashed obediently.

A normal longsword that could be bought with half a gold coin brought about a mysterious pink glow and elegance. It seems like the dazzling smile of a drunk beauty among peach blossoms, attracting everyone's attention.

"So beautiful... No!!"

Even if it is the Queen of Banshees who have survived countless fall and rise of eras, she still fell for the technique in that instant. However, in the next moment, she woke up.

"What is so beautiful about that broken sword."

However, when Harloys's attention was attracted in that instant, the conclusion was already decided.

The longsword cuts through the waist. The Queen of Banshee Harloys couldn't resist the slash whatsoever. The newly revived physical body was cut into two and a pale-white soul starts to leave the body, intending to escape.

"Incantation of Law: Restriction of Freedom."

Alright, the perpetrator, without doubt, is the soul of the Queen of Banshees. Thus, she is forced back into that incomplete body. Then, her heart, which already has a hole on it, is pierced once again by a longsword. Kajah's upper body is fixed onto the ground.

At this moment, I heaved a sigh of relief. If it wasn't for Adam secretly sneaking into the camp, I might have been dead by now. Fortunately, she just obtained the physical body and hasn't synchronized it perfectly. In this state, she is even weaker than her soul state. Otherwise, even Adam who is an entire rank stronger than her would be unable to take her down easily.

"You... You actually dare to treat me like that. You actually dare to kill your mentor!"

"Firstly, you aren't dead. Can a thousand-year-old disaster die? I'm sorry, it should be ten thousand. Or is it hundred thousand? Million? Auntie, I accidentally forgot your real age. As for killing mentors, isn't it the tradition of our bloodline?"

Harloys is speechless in an instant. Back then, she was telling me gleefully about some past events about how she managed to dupe the Great Saint Cecily's trust and after obtaining the magic knowledge from the other party, she killed her mentor to obtain her flesh.

Alarms are ringing and people would be coming soon. Kajah's corpse being here won't be easy to explain.

I whip out a small bottle. It is a commonly seen tool in Necromancy, specially used to trap soul body.

"Soul Sealing Bottle!? You, you can't treat me like that. I am the Queen of Banshees, not an inferior dumb wraith!"

"Of course I can. Come, go in obediently."

Looking at the struggling soul body in the bottle, I am so happy that I felt like singing. This time, I really got a big bargain.

From the way she operates, she probably found me a long time ago but she continued to investigate secretly to make sure that there are no powerful fighters around me before moving out personally. After attaining her ideal body, she got complacent and thought that she could get rid of my steadily, thus she appeared in her weakest state. Not only did she not do a secret assault as she would usually, she even insulted me directly."

If she thought that her power wasn't sufficient and took over the body of the people around me to give me a sudden blow, that would be truly be a disaster.

"Right, Roland, I think I am in love again. Who is that girl? She is so gentle and she has such a sweet smile." Adam's sudden words scared me out of my wits.

I shake my head, already used to it. Adam's crushes come several times every spring and he has been teased by us for having an animal's mating season.

But, if he were to really pursue it seriously, most of it ends in tragedy. No, ignoring the scenario where it ends in a farce, if the other party ends up really is interested in him and wants to date for real, this fellow would back away the last moment.

"Don't harm the lady. Which one?" However, there has been too much vexing matters recently, so looking at Adam ending in tragedy could help change my mood.

Following Adam's finger, I looked out of the window. Then, I smiled. Should I say as expected of Adam? His choice in people is really excellent!

"As expected of our City Lord! That is the top 2 beauties under my command. Rest easy, we have been brothers for many years. No matter which one you like, I will support you."

"Really? You aren't having a fever? You actually aren't trying to trick me?" Adam's happiness made me harden my will to continue luring him into the trap.

"Un, rest easy. Have I ever tricked you?"

"I can't even remember the exact times now... You really aren't tricking me this time? It can't be that they have a boyfriend? They won't be like that lesbian Lily you introduced last time, right?"

TL: The Lily used here is the flower.

Ignoring that look of deep resentment, I was surprised that a single-cell organism would have such a good memory. After a light cough, I honestly spoke the truth.

"They don't have boyfriends and their sexuality are normal. Relax, I am not lying."

"Un? You didn't lie at all!! Then, thanks!!" The dumb fellow's intuition has been quite sharp. However, towards a truthful lie, it is useless.

Alright, an hour later, I hear the long-awaited shout of agony 'I will never believe in love again!'. I feel my mood lifting.

"I didn't lie. Victoria and Krose are really the most beautiful people under my command. Besides, they definitely aren't engaged and they aren't gay.

Undead Emperor -> SemiGod

Undead Lord -> Myth

Chapter 57

A Condition

In Vance City, beacons of war were lit up all around the city. For the God Equipment, as well as for great power and for absolute authority, the experts who were usually noble and reticent were all involved in the chaos.

Kings, gentlemen, scholars, saints, and even powerful hermits; in this moment, they are all slaughtering one another as though a bunch of mad dogs.

On the other side, due to the assassination of Lorci's High Priestess, more than twenty Matriarchs have brought their army and started to collect fresh blood. However, the most confusing of them all is the disappearance of the one who is at the core of the problems, the Beastman Sovereign Shou.

I don't think that Nuya.Shou who has been with the Scepter for extended periods of time can resist its temptation. After a month with it, his soul already belongs to the Scepter. Not to mention, the whispers of the Devils linger in his ears. There is no way he could let go of it, and the mastermind controlling him from the back wouldn't allow it anyway. At most, he could only be viewing the situation by the side, waiting for an opportune moment to strike and win himself the greatest benefits.

At this moment, due to the unexpected situation of the Queen of Banshees killing Kajah, the situation is developing out of my control.

The deaths of those fellows fighting over the Scepter aren't pitiable. After all, they themselves allowed greed to blind them. Since they wanted to obtain the God Equipment, they should have been mentally prepared for the possibility of death... Besides, there is too many powerful figures and experts vying over the Scepter. With Saints all over the place, I couldn't interfere even if I wanted to.

But I can't ignore the Dark Elves.

Victoria came back in a while right after she went out. There is no need to collect the troops left behind by the Syfan Matriarch. All of the Warriors and those following the party have been torn apart by the other Matriarch to serve as fresh blood tributes to

appease Lorci's anger.

Even so, they still found the tributes insufficient.

Chaos is something contagious and resentment is something inheritable. The Dark Elves will choose to sacrifice those of the other tribes first to appease Lorci's anger with bloodshed. When they really begin on their slaughter, the hatred that has been accumulating in Vance for many years will explode all at once. The ending will surely be a genocide and a destructive riot.

In my hands, there is indeed an ace that is able to suppress them...

[God Equipment: Origin of Codex]

[Faith In Law: 557/99999 (The belief from 1000 people in a week allows it to increase by 1 point every week, and the cap is 50 points every month. When the points reach the maximum, it will automatically replicate a SemiGod Equipment, Scattered Page of Codex.)]

[Effect 1: The Land of Law (Passive): In the heart of the city where it is placed, the entire city will become a Land of Law and in the area where its effect is active, Enforcers can wield the Power of Law.]

[Effect 2: Great Judgement (Active): Requires 100 Faith in Law to activate, and consumes 1 point every minute after activation. After the user activates it, everyone in the city will be cast with a Legend-rank level Judgement Spell and be judged on their actions in the last 3 hours. If guilty, their freedom will be restricted and debuffs such as intangible cuffs and weapon seal will be inflicted on them. In the Great Judgement, the effects of the enforcer's Incantation of Law will be multiplied several folds and their power ranking will be increased by 1. (The requirements for usage: The laws in the city are in chaos, criminals are doing as they please and the city is on the verge of destruction)]

[Effect 3: All is Equal in the Face of Law: Demarcate a zone and lower the rank and stats of people within the zone to be of the equal level as the user. Duration: 10 seconds. Requires 1 Faith in Law to activate.]

[Effect 4: Sinners will be Judged (Active): Activate Great Judgement towards a single target, cleansing him of all his sins through the judgement. Requirement: The target must be willing to undergo judgement.]

Seems very strong? But it still isn't insufficient. In Eich, God Equipment tend to have God Energy and God Soul embedded within. This codex may represent the origin of the Power of Law, but without the support of a God of Law, it is slightly inferior to other God Equipment. Of course, it is still much stronger than any other SemiGod Equipment.

The rumors of Eternal Night Scepter have become quite outrageous. Other than the nonsense I made up, there is a rumor that says that the secret and fragmented soul of an Ancient Malevolent God is hidden within and Emperor Yongye is the only one to decipher it. Even worse, some say that the soul of Emperor Yongye is within and he will choose the most suitable person to be his successor... Fine, I finally understand what it means for a rumor to become more convincing the more it spreads. In the face of greed, people will try to correct any logical flaws in their mind.

Now that Vance is on the brink of destruction, the conditions for 'Great Judgement' has been fulfilled. It seems like we can replicate the quick actions taken in Chrome City previously where the city was cleaned by over hundred temporary Legends during the Judgement.

But I didn't want to do that.

The situation may seem similar, but in actuality, it is entirely different. The Chrome City, which only has a few Legends, is different from Vance, which had over twenty Dark Elf Matriarchs and powerful accompanying guards. If we were to try to suppress them coldly like we did back then in Chrome City, we might not win even if we had an additional 300 temporary Legends into our force. At the very least, half of our forces would be wiped in the battle. Besides, this is the dumbest course of action that we could take.

Why? War is always born from politics. When considering whether to fight a war, we must remain practical and take interests into account. It might feel good to lower our blades on them, but if we were to kill over 20 Elf Matriarchs in one go, we would forge an irreconcilable grudge with the underground Elves as well as Lorci. This trade which only brings hatred to us is really not worth doing.

It may seem to be a dead knot, giving us only the choice of either watch the city being wiped clean or to suppress them with bloodshed. However, it is my specialty to turn a cruel war into a farce, reversing tragedy with comedy.

"Stop struggling and enter!!"

"No, I am the noblest Queen of Banshees, not your pet! Keep away that milky-white substance from me! You vile disciple, **, sex fiend, old bachelor..."

"Hehe, continue scolding as you please, your mouth is the only thing formidable about you now anyway. Wait until you enter, I will make sure that you feel so much pleasure that you feel like dying from it! Wahahahahhaa!!"

"Noooooooooooo!! Pervert, I am your mentor!"

"It is because you are my mentor that there is joy in doing so! Wahaha, resistance is futile. This is my territory, no one will save you no matter how you scream. Just surrender and serve me."

"MASTER!!" Hasty footsteps could be heard from the back. Then, the door opens and the anxious Elisa lifts the broom she is holding behind her back and smacks it violently onto my brain, pulling my rationality back from my excitement.

Only viewing the situation within the room did the panting Elisa calm down.

The lewd scene that she was expecting didn't appear. She only saw a certain someone holding two test tubes and mixing the contents of the two together, seemingly trying to experiment with it. At this moment, she looks innocently at me.

"Why did you hit me?"

"That... I'm sorry, Master. It is just that I happen to overhear your conversation and I thought that you were..."

"I am doing serious work now. Wait, I had cast an Isolation Magic here, how did you hear it? It can't be that you installed a hearing device here!!"

"Hehe, let's not pursue a woman's secret." The young lady blinks her eyes in embarrassment and the mischievous look she has on her face with her tongue stuck out is extremely cute. Being able to find her true self after breaking through into the Legend realm is a good thing, but...

"Secret you head! Don't act cute at a time like this!" At this moment, Elisa suddenly seems to be attracted to the butterfly knot on her tail and lowers her head, trying her

best to feign ignorance. I started to reflect on whether I am too forgiving towards these juniors.

However, thinking about what we were going to face and the heavy responsibility that is about to be entrusted to her, I suddenly lost my interest in pursuing the matter.

"Forget it. Your arrival is timely, there are some things that I want to brief you about first. After my plan activates and everything is successful, I'm afraid that there won't be much time left for us to interact."

The inauspicious meaning of the words makes Elisa nervous.

"Master?"

But before briefing her, I look towards the struggling Harloys in the bottle and hesitates for a brief moment. In a certain sense, my plan will strike a fatal blow into the core of the Order Gods, so it should be aligned to her goals. If I could get her to help, the success rate of the plan would be increased significantly.

Don't underestimate Harloys just because she was caught so easily. Actually, I think of her as the hardest to deal with of all the Undead Lords. Knowledge is power and wisdom. In the face of 'The Omniscient One' Harloys, who has gone through countless eras, Margaret and I weren't even qualified to address ourselves as apprentices before her.

The reason why we were able to successfully capture Harloys, 90% had to be attributed to her suicide tendency.

If she wasn't too complacent after obtaining the body with a God's Bloodline and immediately ran out to find me when the synchronization of her soul with her physical body wasn't completed yet, causing her to not even possess a third of the power she had when she was at the peak of her strength; if Adam, one of the strongest Warriors in the world, didn't manage to catch her, a Mage who was helpless in close combat, by surprise; if not for my assistance in restricting her movement, it definitely won't be an easy task to get hold of her.

To say the truth, Adam and I had good teamwork and we have long attained the level where $1 + 1 = 3$. With Adam serving as the main fighter and my support, I have the confidence to make even an Avatar of a spellcaster class God kneel and submit to us.

The fact that I was able to catch Harloys made me so happy that I got engrossed into playing my part and spouted some indecent lines which caused Elisa to come barging in.

"Just give it a try. If it doesn't work, you can always silence her."

Thus, I started talking.

"All of this began with an agreement. That was back when I was still Emperor Yongye. By the River Styx, I made an agreement with Death God Ayer..."

The plan isn't very long or complicated, it took only ten minutes for me to finish my piece. However, Harloys stopped me in my tracks multiple times to plead me to strengthen the Anti-Eavesdropping Barrier and Anti-Spying Magic. After the end of my story, the Queen of Banshees in the bottle seemed to have malfunctioned and could only repeatedly mutter the same few words as though a psycho:

"I didn't hear anything, haha, nothing at all."

"Hee hee, as expected of my disciple, really playing it big this time. Should I feel sentimental upon seeing my disciple being on the verge of surpassing me?"

"Wait, something is wrong. Why are you telling me this? Are you finding a reason to get rid of me? However, if this plan succeeds, it seems that my vengeance would also be complete and there would be no reason for me to live. Should I rejoice?"

Elisa, after listening to the entire story solemnly, fell into silence.

"Master, to sacrifice so much, is it worth it?"

"Un, of course it is worth it. There won't be any rewards if we don't sacrifice something in return. If we don't change anything, all that awaits this world is destruction and calamity. Personally, I think that there is still a lot of things in this world worth living for."

Elisa lowers her head and became even more depressed.

"Selfish."

"I don't deny it."

"Bastard!"

"True, sometimes I do find that I'm a bastard."

"Pervert."

"I would have to deny that. I don't have the conditions to be perverted. Just look at me, I am so poor that only bones remain..."

However, the motion of Elisa raising her head stopped my words. Her widened eyes stare fixedly at me, but the cold face she puts on usually is replaced with a wretched face full of tears, not a trace of her dignified appearance normally.

Looking at the silent flow of tears, an ache in my chest makes me lower my head helplessly. Just like before, I carefully wiped the tears off the crybaby.

"I'm sorry."

"I don't need an apology..."

"I'm really sorry."

"...You villain, I said don't apologize... Wuuuuu!"

My rare sincere apology was like a trigger, plunging this Legend back into the times of her childhood, where she would just sit there, paralyzed, crying without a care.

Cajoling little children has never been my expertise. I panicked. But very quickly, Elisa stops and with tearful face, she speaks of her request.

"...Fine, I am willing to bear everything, but you must accept one condition to repay me."

A condition? This is something that should not be accepted at all costs. Who knows what the other party would request of you. What if she requests for you to solo a Demon Prince? However, looking at the sobbing girl, I somehow nod in response to her request.

"Fine, as long as it doesn't go against my principle, no matter what condition you lay out, I will agree to it."

Looking at her nodding her head, I heave a sigh of relief. However, somehow, the ache in my heart worsens. Thus...

"Master?"

Hugging the young lady lightly, I felt her familiar warmth and smell and I felt that my heartbeat which has stopped seem to start beating again. I felt comforted.

Undead may not have body warmth, but my rare gentleness made Elisa raise her head to stare at me.

"Just for a moment."

"Un." It felt as though we had returned to the past, when she would happily look for reasons during thunderstorms to dive into that body that wasn't warm but yet comforting. Despite having grown up, the girl takes a half a step forward and allows me hug her tighter as she quietly makes her wish.

"...Even now, is it still only kinship? Big Brother Rolo, Master Roland, the next time we meet, I will become a good woman that you would be unable to ignore."

"Cough cough, this is really touching, but have you two forgotten that there is a third party here? Looks like it's another teacher-student relationship, seems like it is really in our heritage. Back then, if Cecily hadn't fallen in love with that Wood Elf bitch, I wouldn't have hardened my determination to kill her. Now that I think about it, Cecily's techniques were truly incredible. It was truly a pity that I did not retrieve her soul to make a doll."

Without any hesitation, Harloys revealed her dark history as a lesbian while playing the role of an excessive third party. The usually thick-skinned Elisa, upon recalling the tears and laughter from a moment ago, lowers her head in embarrassment and quickly pushes me away. In that instant, the air stilled.

"No one will treat you as a mute if you remain quiet." Displeased, I glared at the soul inside the bottle. Upon seeing the delighted expression on the soul, I immediately knew that she had already made her decision.

"Un, as expected of my disciple, playing quite a big game there. I will help you, but you must let me go first. Kajah's physical body can still be used after stapling it together. After all, you know of my strength. The reason why I failed this time was because of

my carelessness. If I were to help you, the success rate of your plan will be much higher."

I shake my head. Then, I lift another bottle up and look at it with a smile. The bottle is filled with a thick white-colored transparent fluid. I open the bottle and heartlessly pour it into the bottle with Harloys's soul.

"That is two separate matters. What I need the most now is countless numbers of Child of Greed. You should just obediently merge with the main body of Greed."

Yes, that bottle of disgusting fluid is the main body of Greed and not that special secretion. My plan to turn this tragedy into a comedy is to reenact the play of the nude city. I don't believe that the Dark Elf Matriarchs can continue on their rampage that way. Without their weapons and clothes, I doubt if they still possess sufficient strength to go against my Enforcers.

However, it would take a long period of preparation before my plan can get into action if I were to only use the main body of Greed to clone the Children of Greed. Furthermore, this would potentially end in a great loss for me as well, and that will affect my future plans greatly.

The original plan of using 'Great Judgement' and Adam's presence to intimidate the Dark Elves would result in great losses on our side, and given the many negative aftereffects it will bring about afterward, it cannot be called an ideal solution. However, Harloys's sudden appearance gave me an additional choice.

No one is able to compete with the Banshees, who wield the talent of 'possessing physical bodies', in controlling other people's physical body. The Queen of Banshees Harloys, despite having ablutomania which prevents her from using any physical bodies other than those of female Elf royalty, her unparalleled ability in controlling physical bodies allow her to rapidly clone Child of Greed immediately after possessing the main body of Greed. It is also an easy task for her to control over ten thousand clones and limit the attacks to the enemies.

TL: Ablutomania -> Obsession with cleanliness

"No, disgusting!! This thing is weird, the vitality of this soulless physical body is shockingly high! It holds too great an attraction towards my soul, I'm afraid that I will be unable to leave the body after possessing it! How can I help you if that happens!"

The reasoning of the Queen of Banshees' sounds convincing, but I already have it all planned out.

"Rest easy, this is one of my prided creations, Greed of the Seven Deadly Sins. Its potential hasn't been unleashed yet. Later, I will help you fuse a bit of Kajah's God Bloodline into it, allowing it to evolve into a complete body. I ensure that you will be very energetic, making you so happy that you won't even think about possessing other bodies. Right, it is better for the main body to retain human shape, right? Do you prefer loli physique or a young mature lady physique? Forget it, since a fluid being is able to transmogrify, I will just add all of it in."

TL: Young mature lady -> As it means, a woman who dresses maturely, looks maturely, acts maturely despite being young

"Your Seven Deadly Sins? This Slime is your Undead Creation? SAVE ME!!! SOMEONE IS KILLING THEIR MENTOR! Bastard, have you forgotten what Pride did back then? You still dare to create Undead even after that?"

It is impossible for her calls for help to leak out anyway, so I ignored it and continued with my work.

Un, young mature woman, mature woman, teenage girl, old lady... Wait, old lady seems to be a bit too strong a taste, I better delete it. Then, the hairstyle, hair color and clothes... It feels like playing a gal-game. Hehe, I feel quite excited.

"You disloyal disciple, I was blind to accept you back then. My greatest regret in my life is to teach you Undead Creation, look at what kind of monsters you built! This time, you are even using me as an ingredient for it. What is this? Why is my color changing, why would a soul have color?"

Continuing to ignore her, it was about time for the complete product to appear.

"I, I am melting? Why would a soul melt? What have you done? Death God above, why did you allow me to meet you, why would the perfectly normal Undead Creation turn into something like that in your hands!"

TL: She is using the word 'old lady' to refer to herself. It is what 30~40 gangster-like ladies (or crude) use to refer themselves to, especially when they are trying to intimidate someone.

"** Maid costume, fallen angel maid costume, beast-ear maid costume, standard English maid costume, robot teenage girl maid costume, extremely short H maid costume! AHHHH, my creative juices are burning!!"

"Stop doing weird stuff in my body, you bastard maid fetish... So warm, so comfortable. Wait, it can't be, how can Undead have feelings. What did you do!!"

"Hehe, are you happy? Proud? You are going to be my greatest creation. Let me think about what other maid costumes there are... Right, angel maid costume! Completely natural wings and the feeling of the flesh and feathers are completely identical! Perfect!!"

Looking at her motivated master, Elisa knows that she can't stop him. After solemnly expressing her sympathy towards the Dark Elves, whom misfortune is going to fall on, and Harloys, who deserves to burn on a stake for over 10 times, she closed the door and leaves.

She still needs some time to organize the information she just got hold of. At the same time...

"Hmph, I am not just a silly woman who will just wait obediently. You want to use the family card to dump me? Dream on!" Elisa also has her own schemes and she has already started taking actions.

In the slums beside the mines not too far from Vance, an eerie blood-red altar has been constructed on the chilly cliff where the Dragon Empress almost died.

The locals there have become the tributes on the altar.

"Don't!!"

"That is my child!!"

In the face of the heartless thugs, the workers of the mine tried to retaliate but their actions are destined to end in vain. That's because those thugs are once their protectors and the master of this mine, the personal guards of the Beastman Sovereign!

The single-eyed Lion King looks at the cries of despair below. The citizens who he protects are being sent to their doom. The Beastman Sovereign, reputed to be close with his people, looks at such a sight without a single expression on his face.

But, among the crowd, a stubborn Kobold male rushes out and shouts towards the Beastman Sovereign.

"Why!! Lord Lion King!! We pay your taxes and my nephew even died for you!! Why..."

He couldn't continue his words. He has been forced to the ground by some soldiers carrying the insignia of a single eye. That soldier looks up towards the Lion King, as though asking for the opinion of his superior.

On other days, to win the favor of his army, Shou.Nuya would take good care of the family of his soldiers, but now...

Ignoring the questioning look from his subordinate, the Lion King looks on without a single change in his expressions. The old soldier stuffs the mouth of the Kobold and carries him to the altar. Bringing his blade down, a head rolls down and fresh blood splatters on the floor.

"Haha, you traitor. I will patiently wait for the day where you get abandoned by your people. You... You actually turned to the Demons!"

This is the howling of an ex-ally. At this moment, the Dragon Queen only retains sufficient strength to howl. Her severely injured body is tied to the top of the altar. She is to be served as a super high-tier tribute.

There is no way the knowledgeable her would be unable to identify that this eerie blood-colored altar is a Dimension Gate leading to the lower realm where Demons live.

"You came."

Shou ignores his ex-ally. The only thing in his sight is his new ally who just arrived.

"Ainsterna.Eduar, the Spatial Distortion leading to Sulfur Mountain City has been prepared. Is your army ready yet?"

The ones who walked out from the Dimension Gate isn't just the bald and plump

Ainsterna, but those who were Shou's enemy for a long time as well.

"Of course. However, correcting a point, from today onwards, they are your army. I am allied with Sulfur Mountain City and you are the mutual enemy of us. If you fail, hehe, you know it."

"Hehe, cunning Devils. Betting on both sides again? Then, if Sulfur Mountain City is to be destroyed, then you will be my ally?"

"Hehe, as long as there are enough profits, we can be the allies of anyone, even if it is those foolish Demons whose heads are filled with muscles."

Ainsterna laughs, laughs to the point that the fat on his belly is trembling. He looks like a gleeful merchant who just finalized a big deal.

"Hehe, haven't we been allies in the Underground Alliance all along? Actually, I have a good impression of that Wumianzhe. He is exactly like a natural Devil Lord, but it is a pity that the new City Lord of Sulfur Mountain City is also a human. The underground world only needs one 'human' Underground Autarch. Having a second would be too dangerous."

The two Underground Autarchs with their own plots smile as the other Underground Autarch who is treated as a tribute curses them. The cries of despair that accompany the tributes at their moment of death could be heard, even from the far distance.

PS. Still that the same phrase, Squirrel don't write tragedies. I am thankful for all your support. With the acknowledgment and support from everyone, Squirrel is able to maintain the motivation to continue writing this book.

Isn't it good to write a relaxing story? Even if the world is filled with despair, but there is always a way out. The sun always comes out after a storm, there is always a solution to everything, one could always face everything smiling. Squirrel likes to write relaxing and interesting stories, so I hope everyone likes it too and will laugh cheerfully because of it.

Chapter 58

Greed

That is an eight to nine-year-old Elf girl.

Under a parasol, she sits in her small chair. The little girl's silky golden hair drifts along with the wind. While secretly giggling beneath her hands, she was tackling the lollipop in her hands with all of her strength.

Her white skin looks just as smooth as milk and her cute princess skirt has pictures of little bats on it. Her pink and chubby face has a shy and sweet smile on it, reminiscent of a little angel which accidentally descended onto the mortal world.

Noticing that I was looking at her, she immediately blushes red in embarrassment, but her pink tongue didn't stop its motion. Instead, just like a hungry cat secretly sipping on a bowl of milk, she hastens her action. It didn't take her long to digest over half of the lollipop.

The eyes of onlookers might just see an innocent little girl secretly smiling due to the joy from licking her delicious lollipop. However, I only got goosebumps watching at the sight.

"What a cute girl. Master, where did you kidnap her from?"

Elisa has finally finished reorganizing her emotions and just when she steps into the room, she saw this unfamiliar little girl and was curious.

"Your senior, the 'Omniscient One' Harloys.

I reply her with a blank face. All of her reports that she was holding in her hand falls to the floor. Then, she props up her glasses and starts to pick them up silently.

"Why don't you ask anything? Like why did the old granny suddenly turn young and where did Greed go?" This overly calm reaction makes me curious instead.

"No, the moment that I think of the fact that she was your mentor, she probably plays

in part in why you turned out like that; I suddenly felt like I could accept it no matter what kind of person she was."

What does it mean that it was acceptable because she was my master? It sounds like I was hopeless and unreliable.

"When have you been reliable? When has anything that you got involved it end up well? Stop guessing, I can't read minds and you didn't accidentally blurt it out. Even if you are wearing a mask, but when were you able to hide your emotions for me? It seems that you have forgotten that I have followed you for many decades."

A venomous tongue as usual. Elisa, who seems to have regained her composure on the surface, lowers her head as much as possible to hide her swollen red eyes and I, who was feigning ignorance of it, didn't know what to do.

Fortunately, there is a fool that can't read the atmosphere by the side.

This granny seems to finally recall that she is the 3rd Senator, the Queen of Banshees, and it is unbecoming of her to be licking on a lollipop like a little kid. She first hid her lollipop behind her, intending to dispose of it later, but then she felt that it was a waste so noticing that we were still chatting, she immediately turns about and swallows the rest of the lollipop.

Afterward, before she could even finish swallowing all of it, she turns around...

"Haha, my good disciple. I didn't expect your Undead Creation to have reached such mastery. Cough cough!... Un, to be capable of making Undead regain their taste buds, wa kaka... cough cough cough, this body is really powerful. I can feel the God's Bloodline circulating in my body. It is possible that I might even be stronger than when I was at my peak. Cough cough cough!!!... I finally managed to spit it out, I almost died again."

The wind created by magic lingers at her back, allowing her small physique to float slightly in the air. The words that she intentionally used an old and commanding tone to say, in the perspective of the listeners, didn't have a trace of dignity it should have. Other than the exceptionally innocent and cute voice of a kid, she choked on a lollipop just after saying a few arrogant words and her continuous coughing were hilarious.

I can understand the agitation of an Undead who suddenly regained her taste buds, but it isn't correct for her to act cute like this. Not to mention, the thought of her being

an old granny dispels every single thought of her being cute. So, I laughed.

"Wahaha, Elisa, look at her foolish look. Being of such an age yet choking on a lollipop..."

But I stopped after a few seconds of mocking her. That is because Elisa's gaze at me was full of sympathy, as though as I was an infant that was laughing at someone despite not being much better.

I can roughly get the message she was trying to express — "You probably would need a mirror. Remember that time when you used too much lubricant so many times to you were unable to fix your bones together properly? Afterward, I had to use glue to help you stick them back on. Back then, you probably looked just as foolish."

Fine, it isn't that I can read minds. Elisa has already said it out.

"Cough, Harloys, I..." Just as I was trying to change the subject, Harloys interjected.

"Call me master. I am satisfied with this body and your plan interests me as well. So, I will consider this favor and I hold off the matter of expelling you."

Shaking my head, I don't retort. It is just a name and besides, she has indeed taught me many things. If she is willing to continue being my mentor, then so be it.

"Fine, demon... Mentor, why did you turn into such a look? You have dozens of fixed looks for this physique, so you should be able to interchange between them easily. Maybe, it is your personal interest? You want to try to pretend to be young?"

Harloys sighs and shakes her head helplessly.

"It isn't that. This is my true look when I died. When the soul and physical body is aligned, it is easier to it for resonate and merge together. In order to allow my physical body and soul to completely merge, it is better for me to maintain this form temporarily. Speaking of it, you all are probably the only ones who know the existence of this look of mine."

"WHAT!!?" Hearing this, even me who knew her for a few centuries was flabbergasted. That is to say, this is the true look of the old demon granny's soul. Back then, when she turned into an Undead, she looked so cute and innocent and she was just slightly bigger than this at her moment of death.

"What is there to be surprised about? Don't you know about it? Undead are the product of lingering will and curse. The more pure and noble the soul is, the more it will despair under the darkness of reality, the more the vicious the curse it gives out would be and the easier it would be for a strong Undead to be born. Back then, you also..."

"Cough, let's not talk about excessive things. Right, what is the progress with the Dark Elves?" I didn't want my history to be dug up and so, it was my turn to change the topic.

Knowing that I don't want to talk about these past matters, Harloys shakes her head and raises her hand. Sand float in the air and congregate to form a fortress. In it, countless sand men were moving freely and if one were to take a closer look, they would realize that they were no different from real people.

In the fortress, there were innumerable sand groups that were chasing the sand men. The moment they caught up, they would jump on it and merge together as one. When the sand group finally leaves, the sandman would be left on the spot without any equipment or clothes and would simply lay there paralyzed.

"The potential of the Child of Greed is limitless. Just by evolving a little bit, its offensive power can be increased by at least 10 times. If you allow me to use my human form to control and organize them into different armies and have them complement one another, I can guarantee that it is a simple matter to gain control of this city."

[Child of Greed (Evolution)]

Race: Half-Undead Slimes

Stats: All 5

Race Talent: Equipment Devour, Fiber-Decomposing Secretion, Rapid Regeneration, Single Elemental Control, Single Elemental Immunity, Paralyzing Venom, Fluid Transmogrification

System Evaluation: I have nothing to say. If you want to destroy the world, just do it. If you don't want jelly to be the only thing remaining in the entire world, then control her properly.]

The God's Bloodline is extremely powerful. It may seem like there isn't much of a change with the Child of Greed, but the individual power of each and every one of them

is at least 10 times stronger than before. Fluid Transmogrification allows it to have extremely strong resistance against physical attacks and depending on its color and composition, the Single Elemental Control and Resistance grants it a certain level of ability to cast spells.

In order to counter the Dark Elves, 90% of the Child of Greed she sent out were black-colored ones. Against the Lorci Priestess who specializes in curses and dark divine arts, these Black Slimes, who are completely immune to the Dark Element and negative energy, are their complete nemesis and their worst nightmare.

However, if we were to really do as she says and create Slime Warriors, Slime Mages and such to start a War of the Slimes, it might really cause the Underground World to think that another intelligent race against them have appeared. That would cause quite a bit of trouble.

"Right, my good disciple, can we negotiate?"

"Of course we can. I have always been one for negotiation. That is, except for dispelling the Magic Pet Contract."

"I am the Omniscient One, the noblest and ancient Queen of Banshees. How can I become a foolish and lowly Magic Pet! That is the job of the foolish animals!"

"You are already a Magic Pet so stop playing little tricks. According to the contract, if I die, you would have to accompany me. If you die... I will try my best to squeeze out two drops of tears to grieve for you."

Yes, in order to tie the toughest and most resilient metal chain on these extremely dangerous personnel, the Queen of Banshees Harloys has become my Magic Pet.

[Magic Pet: Harloys (Main Body of Greed)]

Race: Unable to be classified

Strength: 22

Agility: 10

Stamina: 40

Intelligence: 28

Will: 25

Charm: Depends

Job: LV60 Mage/LV20 Omniscient Mage

Rank: Legend

Race Talent: Transmogrification (Myth)

System Evaluation: This is your Magic Pet, but she is constantly thinking of how to get rid of you within the limitations of the contract. You better keep her in check or maybe, wait for her to get the better of you.]

The only reason why Harloys is being so obedient is because she has signed a Magic Pet Contract with me. Under normal circumstances, a Necromancer might be able to sign a Magic Pet Contract with another Undead, but it was impossible with a powerful and intelligent being.

It is just that I made use of a loophole in the Rules. As a Necromancer, I am entitled to signing a contract with my own creation 'Greed' and Greed doesn't have any soul, thus it is impossible to sign a Magic Pet Contract which requires the binding of souls. However, if we were to put the unconscious soul of Harloys into the body of Greed at this moment, the contract would naturally take the Harloys who had obviously lost all resistance as the soul of Greed. Thus, the contract was able to be successfully established.

As my Magic Pet, based on the basic Rule that the rank of a Magic Pet cannot exceed the Mage himself, Harloys strength went down all the way from Myth to Legend rookie. At the same time, she became much more obedient.

I also benefited quite a bit from the contract. A tenth of the basic stats of the Magic Pet would be augmented on its owner. To a normal Mage, it normally doesn't have much of a use. After all, those ducks, black cats, bat, and eagles have pathetic basic stats. It is quite rare for a tenth of their stats to even increase one's Agility or Stamina by 1.

However, my Magic Pet grants me Strength +2, Agility +1, Stamina +4, Intelligence +3, Will +2, effectiveness of Necromancy +30% and effectiveness of Elemental Magic

+20%. It is really quite a big gain, not mentioning my Pet's extremely high fighting prowess and the ability of the Child of Greed.

But to the end, the main reason why I signed this Magic Pet Contract with her is because I lack basic trust in her and don't dare to keep her out of my sight.

"My Magic Pet Contract can be retained even after I revive. At that moment, even if this powerful Magic Pet ends up at LV1, it will still be a powerful force to rely on when starting on a clean slate.

According to my plan, it isn't too far away from my day of revival. I should start planning ahead.

Thus. I looked at Harloys with bad intentions.

"40 points in Stamina. Such a high-quality meat shield and tanker. Teacher, I will be relying on you to act as my shield in the future."

At this moment, Harloys suddenly shouts in shock.

"Hmmm!? Why did these fellows suddenly appear on the field?"

On the fortress of sand, a bunch of experts was moving towards the direction of the city gates. Looking at this situation, I smiled.

"Ever heard that there is a soul in the God Equipment that chooses its master?"

"Bullshit. The number of God Equipment that I have come into contact with is at least 2 digits and I have yet to seen a God Equipment that can choose its own master. No matter how powerful a God Equipment is, it is made for others to use. If a God Equipment were to gain self-awareness to the point that it chooses its own user, it would have long returned to the hands of their original user. Or perhaps, it might simply get annoyed by seeing those fools vie over it and choose to dig a hole to bury itself. A God Equipment choosing its own master? This is obviously some nonsense made up in knight novels to make its main character seem extraordinary. If a God Equipment can really grow its own legs to run, then don't dream about getting the God Equipment to acknowledge you. The first thing you should suspect is whether you have walked into some scheme or trap."

"It is a pity that some people didn't think so. Or perhaps, they might be thinking that

it is an exception and chose to go along with it."

Looking at the crowd rushing out of the city on the sand field, I can't help but sigh.

Spatial Distortion is a natural passage. It normally appears in places where the fabric of space isn't stable and the destination at the end of the passage is completely unknown. 90% of the Spatial Distortions are completely random Dimension Warps like this.

However, there is a connection between Spatial Distortions. The most likely situation for the destination of a Spatial Distortion is another Spatial Distortion. There are even some relatively stable connections between Spatial Distortions that are used as a tunnel for passage, as though walking across a bridge.

There are quite a few such stable tunnels in the underground world and they are view as normal tunnels. Underground city lords have viewed it as an important location for the accumulation of wealth and military presence, so they built a fortress around it.

However, the formation of Spatial Distortions is completely natural. There are much more Spatial Distortions in the spatially unstable underground world as compared the surface world. However, for a Spatial Distortion to appear around Vance City and for it to coincidentally lead to the vicinity of Sulfur Mountain City, the possibility can be neglected altogether. However, using an extremely profound Spatial Magic accompanied with a great price, it is possible to create a temporary tunnel.

That sudden and unexpected assault on Sulfur Mountain City back then was conducted through forcefully distorting this hidden Spatial Distortion in the mines here to activate and connect it with a cavern 30 meters South of Sulfur Mountain City. Then, the 2 Underground Autarchs brought their personal guards to conduct the assault.

Of course, from another angle, this means that they have started plotting against Sulfur Mountain City from a long time ago. Connecting two spaces needs to be done from both ends and requires great effort and time. It isn't something that can be kicked up on a whim.

After the Beastman army was completely crushed that time, the Lion King runs all the way back to prevent the Spatial Distortion from being discovered.

The situation is much different this time. The forceful reactivation of the connection between 2 Spatial Distortion causes the unstable Spatial Connection to become stable. The temporary tunnel will become a permanent one. At the same time, the price to pay for reconnecting the tunnels increases exponentially.

In the mastery of Spatial Magic, if the Demons that plague the countless Dimensions in the Lower Realm were to say that they were second, there probably wouldn't be a race that would dare to say that they are placed first.

This blood-red Demon Altar intends to use the unstable spatial fabric of this Spatial Distortion and a massive amount of tributes to open the gates to the Dimension of Demons so as to get back-ups and support. At the same time, the Demon Count who have been long-awaiting would personally activate the Spatial Connection to Sulfur Mountain City.

"As long as Sulfur Mountain City disappears, what would the rest of those fools count as?"

Shou's words may sound awful but he did accurately point out the weakest link of Sulfur Mountain City. Sulfur Mountain City has a weak defense and lacks a strategic vantage point. Furthermore, it only has one city.

"Hehe, what does a history of a century count as. If we were to break their nest, then no matter how strong Adam and that Wumianzhe is, they, who lost their roots, wouldn't be able to overturn the situation."

Of course, there are some words that they didn't tell each other. For example, the leaders of both sides have requested for the release of the seal of the Fire Elemental God. For example, the intent to fall out immediately after getting rid of Sulfur Mountain City.

At this moment, countless soldiers are getting into formation and waiting for the Dimension Gate to open.

"My 12 armies, 79000 underground Beastman! In the face of my veteran elites, those cowards of Sulfur Mountain City aren't even worth mentioning!"

"I will lend you four divisions. They might only comprise 30000 people, but there are 2 Mage divisions and 1 Shaman division in it. This should be enough to make up for the magic firepower you lack."

The oppressing dark army starts to gather and silently, the flags started to rise up. This is the accumulation of the Underground Autarchs, the elite army of over 10 underground cities.

There was a considerable number of Legends and Saints in their midst. In fact, there are even a couple of Myth experts within their ranks. Different from the situation before, the Underground Autarchs are well-prepared this time.

Suddenly, Shou looks towards the sky of Vance City. He was delighted for a moment, then shocked before becoming angry and finally, he felt a trace of fear.

"Eternal Night Scepter?! It is flying here by itself."

Yes, the sight here is just like what those knight novels normally depict. The God Equipment chooses his own master and flies over thousands of miles to seek him.

To the deeply poisoned Lion King, this is naturally something to be delighted about. But, what that made him shocked, angry and even frightened is those people who are chasing the Scepter. Apparently, they don't believe that a God Equipment could have a soul to choose its own master.

"Don't you dare to touch it. It is mine, Crimspur's!"

"No, only I, Lamost, who has been said to be the one closest to the recent Undead Emperor is suited for this Scepter. I can already hear its calling."

"You fool, that is just your misconception. The Scepter is obviously calling for me! This is its test for me!"

Those who are in the forefront are the 3 frenzied Undead Senators. Looking at the madness burning in the green flames in their eyes, it seems to be burning even their own souls. Behind them, there is everything.

It is really a mystery how the gigantic Nine-Headed Dragon Emperor could come here from the swamp it lives far away. Its gigantic body shouldn't allow it to even pass through the underground passage.

Over there, a Great Angel carrying the Sun's Bow is currently fighting with another Fire Demon who is dancing with his Inferno Whip while chasing the Scepter. In this instant, the Sand Dragon King from the desert is destroying the entire underground

tunnel. The Elf Knights riding unicorns are racing with the Death Lords. Thousands of experts of different races are chasing the Scepter and the ones blocking them are the alliance army of the 2 Underground Autarch.

In this instant, Shou somehow remembered the words left behind by the man dressed in a long robe and hidden behind a mask a month ago.

"You, might regret it."

Back then, he replied arrogantly.

"The Beastman Sovereign never regrets!!

Right now, watching as his army got involved in a battle due to some ridiculous reason, not to mention that they were getting suppressed and slaughtered by the experts of differing races, he feels a sensation of weakness which he had never felt before. Looking at the radiant Eternal Night Scepter in front of him, he senses the disappearance of Eduar, who has dumped his army on him. He has been forced into a corner in all aspects. The white-haired Old Lion could only sigh helplessly.

"Wumianzhe. You were right, I am regretting it now. But..."

"WAGHHHH!! Beastmen never surrenders!"

The next moment, after a deafening roar, the Lion King leaves another scar on his face that represents another score to settle. The undefeated Lion King has returned.

"The one who is even more cunning than the Devils, Wumianzhe! This old man admits that he is regretting it, but this doesn't mean that I'll lose! Wumianzhe! I will return it tenfold back to you one day!!"

"The First, Seventh and Ninth Divisions, face them head on! The Du Yan Division, get into formation, prepare to face the brunt of the charge! Let them witness the might of the Beastman army! The weak surface dwellers actually dare to mess around in the underground world! Kill them!!"

"Greed, it is forever the original sin that is difficult to suppress."

Looking at the Eternal Night Scepter fan group that disappeared without a trace on the sand field, I stand up to prepare to move out.

"You aren't waiting anymore?"

"Un, the Underground Autarchs aren't that easy to deal with. We must also do some preparations. Elisa, help me thank Minial for the report he sent over. If he didn't inform us about the gathering of the Old Lion's army, we might really be outdone this time. Right, ask Annie and Adam to prepare to move out as well. It is time for the final battle."

Chapter 59

Demon Count

Compared to the clear skies of the surface world, the sky of the underground world is always yellow and dark. People are already used to thinking it through before deciding to drink that murky underground water which is full of impurities. They are also used to have their clothes full of dust if they hang it outside from too long and coughing blood at the young age caused by all kind of respiratory problems.

Perhaps, this is the basic reason why the descendants of those exiled look forward to the blue sky and white clouds of the surface world. After all, who wouldn't hope for a better life for their children.

At this moment, the yellow sky turns even more awful. The clouds in the sky turned into an eerie blood-red color. The crepuscular wind blows slightly and if it were to be slightly closer to the surface, one could smell the nauseous smell of blood.

The crepuscular wind isn't formed naturally. In the world of Eich where souls are an actual entity, the echo of the gloomy wind is the ghastly apparition formed by the fragments of the soul. When sufficient blood fills the land at one go, sufficient people have died, it would create a natural relatively confined land of negative energy that is known as the Land of the Rise of Undead — The Cursed Land.

When too many people die at one go and the souls linger around, reluctant to die just like this, their feelings will resonate and the dead will remain in the world. Undead will rise in bulks. In history, there was even an incident when a city is massacred, the entire city turns into a Necropolis and the knights who gave their life for their country turned into Death Knights.

This is also the main reason why the battlefield has to be cleaned by the victor at the end of a great battle. Other than collecting their spoils of war and burning the corpses that could bring plague, they have to invite Priests to purify the souls of warriors who died with grievances.

Otherwise, if this land turns into another Cursed Land where Undead gather in the next few decades, it would really be a big source of trouble.

Even so, as evidenced from those Undead Lords often prowling around ancient battlefields, if the death toll numbers up to several tens of thousands or several hundreds of thousands, coupled with the death of sufficient powerful people, the heavy Aura of Death might be unwilling to scatter. The bright red blood stains even a few meters beneath the ground. The despair of the experts lingers around the mortal world as a curse. When all of these conditions are met, the Purification of the Priests won't work, it will still forcefully turn into a Cursed Land. Or even worse, it might be the high-tier Land of Death.

This time, surroundings around the mine outside Vance is destined to become the new Land of Death.

This is smell of a battlefield belonging to the medieval era. The scent of blood drifts along the wind, even people a few miles away could smell it clearly. The dark and murky crepuscular wind prowls high in the air of the battlefield. The tears of the living and the cry of agony of those surviving echoes throughout the battlefield.

Standing on the bloodstained land, the Old Lion looks at his old subordinates who have followed him for several decades for a last time. Carrying his axe, he offers the final relief to an old soldier who only has half of his throat remaining.

"Clean the battlefield." There is no place for kindness on the battlefield. This is an order squeezed out from gritted teeth.

On the battlefield, Healing and Potions are always insufficient. The Priests and other healing jobs have long expended all of their mana on the battlefield. The phrase 'cleaning the battlefield' refers more to offering relief to both the enemies and allies who are on the brink of death.

"Have we won?"

Yes, the Old Lion and his army have won. After losing over half of his army, after the fearless charge of over tens of thousands of soldiers, after face of innumerable destruction of life and souls, the experts whose rationality have been overran by their greed finally weigh the importance of keeping their lives as greater than the pursuit of future authority and strength.

Those living have all started to scatter. But those who are dead and heavily injured are bound to remain on this foreign land forever.

At this moment, it was already too late.

"HAHAHAHA, such a pleasing sight. Shou.Nuya, I have seen your doomed future. I never thought that the curse would be taking effect so soon. I will be waiting for you in hell!"

The Red Dragon who witnessed everything, the one whose fresh blood has filled the entire altar and is being tied to it as though a poultry waiting to be slaughtered, mocks her archenemy without any sympathy.

"I lost huh?"

Yes, despite winning this battle, the Old Lion lost as well. What he lost is everything.

The elite core of the 12 divisions all have losses numbering over half. 2 of the divisions were completely crushed. This ace army, the Du Yan division, in the face of the primary charge have casualties over 90%.

However, what he lost was not just those on the surface.

War is an extension of politics. If a war is unable to bring about any profits, then even if they won the war, it is still a loss that is determined from the very start.

Looking at his trembling hands, Shou recalls the moment when he was smashing the skull of "The Great Mathematician" Penny.Horst. He could see absolute madness and curse within her eyes as her green Soulfire extinguishes.

He knows that this isn't the end of things. Since Liches don't die that easily, when she revives, the assault of great army of Undead could be almost said to be inevitable.

The death of Xiluo Empire's 11th Senator is just the smaller part of the trouble. The 10th Senator 'Ant King of Corrosion' Lamost doesn't have the ability to resurrect himself after death. The look of his old partner Crimspur as he leaves with his incomplete body, the gaze of intense hatred, it was also the shadow of a new war that is looming about.

Furthermore, the Undead Senators were just a portion of the experts there who met with casualties.

"Done. I'm done for."

Just as how Molly mocked him, Shou's career as an Underground Autarch is done for.

He and his army just chopped off the head of a Knight of Royalty of Felix Elf Kingdom and hung the head of an Advisor of Auland Kingdom on a spear. Even the legendary Beast Tamer Jeredas's only disciple was slaughtered. Eventually, the Beastmen could no longer recognize which 'influential figure' it is and which power was backing him. They were already numb.

Shou knows that there is no individual or organization that can still live under the wrath of so many powers. No one...

Needless to say, this is the underground world. The ones with the highest casualties is still the underground city lords who he has barely met with or even those under his command.

"A debt of blood."

Shou doesn't regret his actions at all. Should he surrender his head just because the enemy have the backing of powerful figures or organizations? Since the enemy have already expressed clearly of their intention to get rid of this successor of the God Equipment to become the next Emperor Yongye, should he obediently pass his head and God Equipment to them?

The only thing he regrets is the looks his soldiers were staring at him with. Those were no longer respectful and trusting gazes. Their eyes are full of confusion and fear. Sometimes, when their eyes locked together, they would divert their gazes and whisper silently about his secrets.

"Look at those yellow pupil, and the claws and wings of the Demons... Our king is actually a Demon, then why are we fighting for him."

Shou was forced to his limits under the Undead Senators. In order to survive, he was forced to tap into the powers of the Demon, causing the traits of Demons that would never appear on an ordinary Beastman to materialize. He couldn't fool the eyes of tens of thousands of Warriors.

The enmity of the underground world towards the Chaos Faction isn't as strong as on the surface. As an underground city lord, one could collude with the Demons, side with the Malevolent Gods and scheme together with the Devils. However, if the Underground Autarch which represents the entire Beastman Tribe isn't even a

Beastman, then what rights does he have to sit on this position.

Shou can already imagine the situation when these rumors spread through the entire underground world. Those ambitious underground city lords will use this as a reason to raise the flags of betrayal. The soldiers under him would probably be confused for whom should they should fight for.

"No, I am not done for yet!! I still have this!! I am going to be the next Undead Emperor."

The brilliant God Equipment in his hands has become his final straw.

Suddenly, from the back of an altar, a blinding light of blood-red and countless souls and blood were absorbed into the altar by an intangible force. The fresh blood forms a river and the grievances of the souls of the experts who died were crying in despair. All of it were pulled into the gate leading to another Dimension.

"Tributes. Such rich tributes! So many high-quality souls, so many delicious dishes! I... I,

The altar has already been activated. By a series of coincidence, unexpectedly, this fight became the best tribute for the Demon Count Kakajil.

In this war, thousands of Legends have fallen and hundreds of thousands of elite Beastman Warriors perished. Their souls and fresh blood is even sufficient to allow this Demon Count who is known for devouring souls to step into higher realms. Perhaps, in less than a thousand years, a new Demon Duke would be born.

However, Demons are beings that doesn't know the concept of satisfaction.

"Scepter. Quickly, pass Eternal Night Scepter to me!!"

Even to Demon Counts, a God Equipment that conceals the profound secrets of a SemiGod Undead Emperor is a rare treasure. Perhaps, after laying his hands on the Scepter, he is able to add 'Death', 'Undead' or similar Chaos concepts into his power. If so, his route to breaking through would be smooth.

Hearing that his master wants the Scepter, Shou's face immediately hardens. He wants to escape with the Scepter, but with the sufficient tributes, the connection to the Lower Realm has already been established. In the face of a Demon Count, it is impossible for him to escape.

Large deformed hands stretch out from the empty space within the Dimension Gate. With slight gesture from his fingers, the Scepter flies into his hands.

"Ha, Eternal Night Scepter! This is great. Is it my lucky day today? Later, I will go beat up some Devils for entertainment."

Shou kneels despairingly onto the floor. Even his final straw is gone. His position of the Beastman Sovereign will be stripped very soon. With such rich tributes, the Demon Count could probably descend onto the mortal world himself. His job as his proxy has probably come to an end.

Suddenly, a furious roar causes this entire space to tremble.

"Fake, it is fake! Who is it! Who dares to fool this noble and great Kakajil!! I must tear him into pieces!"

The entire Dimension Gate starts to tremble. Very quickly, a gigantic hoof with blazing with inferno steps out of the Gate of Hell. Soon afterwards, that savage goat-head appears from the gate.

The entire world starts to darken and the cracks appear on the ground. The fire hidden beneath the ground all rises to the surface and a few extinct volcanoes erupts.

With great rage, Demon Count, Soul Eater Kakajil descends on the mortal world!

At this moment, Shou was still in shock over the fact that the Scepter is a fake. He gave everything but in the end, he was made a fool of from the very start?

"Impossible, impossible!!"

In his mutterings, that word suddenly appears in his mind once again.

"You, might regret it."

"WUMIANZHE!! YOU DECEIVED ME!!!"

At this moment, the frenzied howling of Shou was ignored by everyone. The furious Demon Lord already has him in his hands, holding him straight in front of his face.

"Who is it? Who dares to deceive the great Kakajil? Is it you? You Demon bastard!!"

Just by standing there, the hundred-meter tall body seems to corrupt the earth. All of the plants wither and dies. The volcanoes explode and cracks appear on the land. Kakajil's existence starts to destroy the Rules of the surroundings. A Demon Duke is capable of crossing blows with Gods while the Demon Count, which is a tier lower, can be said to be an unrivaled existence on the mortal world.

The stinging stench of sulfur makes one feel suffocated. His great strength crushes all of Shou's bone together. The gigantic mouth that devours blood, flesh and souls is right in front of him. The Beastman Sovereign had to justify everything for the sake of his life.

At this moment, under the questioning of his master, the silhouette of the hateful man appears once again in Shou's vision.

"No, it is Wumianzhe and that darned Sulfur Mountain City. The Scepter was sent by them. It was all their scheme! That man deceived you, noble Demon Count!"

Hearing that, the Demon Count hesitates. Looking at the frightened Beastmen by the side, he decides to spare the life of this mixed blood.

"No one can deceive Kakajil without paying the price. Use your life to atone for your sin. If you do well, then I will spare your wretched life."

The Demon Count waves his hand and the Dimension Gate opens entirely. Countless Demons crowds in. At the same time, another brand-new gate on the other side opens.

In there, a beautiful city by the mountains could be vaguely seen — Sulfur Mountain City!

"Our new tributes are there. That city is filled with the hateful Power of Order. Fool, show the way to where the Fire Elemental God is sealed. If you were to delay Prince Karwenz's plans, I will make you cry in agony for all eternity in my lantern.

At this moment, our group was moving slowly, chatting while walking slowly, as though like we were on a tour.

From the very start, I didn't think that those greedy fellows would be sufficient to deal with an Underground Autarch. After the Alliance Conference, it's perfectly okay for an

Underground Autarch to launch a war campaign against another underground city lord. In the end, power is all that matters.

TL: Truthfully, I don't get the point of what he is saying. I'm just going to translate directly

The location for the final battle has been decided. What is left is the entrance of the audience.

We don't have much people here. Me, Adam, Little Red and Margaret who is still at Sulfur Mountain City, excluding Lisa who can't be here, the entire team back then is all here.

However, we intentionally brought Annie and Elisa this time.

Little Red and Adam are excited on being able to get on the battlefield and Elisa maintains silence as per usual. On the contrary, Annie lowers her head, looking depressed.

Her state affects the progress of my Epic mission. Whether she breaks through legend or not, I intend to get Adam to pass on the seat of the City Lord to her at the end of this battle so as to fulfill the basic conditions for my revival.

"I am finally on the verge of getting my physical body. If I were to continue on with the weak state I am in now, how can I deal with future troubles."

As long as I revive with a new body, using the system and my advantage from being knowledgeable about the 'events', I can grow strong rapidly and start on my series of plans. Furthermore, I look forward to the class of the physical body I would get when I revive.

There are different classes for physical body? Of course there is, the Goddess of Order and Goddess of Chaos weren't fair from the moment they worked on their creations.

The direct creation of Goddess of Order, the great Dragons are considered as the Golden Race. Without doing anything, they will be able to attain the minimum strength of a Gold-rank when they come of age. Yet, the 2nd generation humans could hardly be considered as the Iron Race. Normal grown adults can't even defeat a Skeleton Soldier.

TL: The 1st generation humans are the Mountainous Tribe that fell to become Devils.

My current body of Lich is actually called 'The King of Undying (Silver)', it is equivalent to the more powerful Silver Race. The strength that it provides me isn't inferior in any ways to the bonus Elisa gets from Demonification.

It is unfair, but it is the cruel reality.

Adam might have reached the peak of humans as a SemiGod, but he might not even be a match for Little Red who isn't at the same level as him. Back then, Elisa could beat Annie using just one hand despite both of them being of the same rank. This is effect of physical body to one's total fighting prowess. It determines the basic stats and the race talents, race abilities and even serves as the basis of all strength and magic.

No matter how skilled your swordsmanship is, you can't do anything with a weak body. Imagine wielding a sword with both hands and meeting an 8-handed monster whose strength is 3 times of yours, if you are both of the same skill level, there is totally no way you could beat him.

A building of ten thousand fathoms high is built from the ground. The height of the building is dependent on how solid the base is. For one's fighting prowess to be strong, the physical body and bloodline is important.

TL: Around 18.2km

Of course, the weak races have the advantage in numbers and tools. Furthermore, normal Golden Bloodline grow extremely slow. Otherwise, the surface world wouldn't be dominated by the weakest race, the humans.

But, in order to face the problems that will occur in the future, power is something I cannot lack. The Demon army won't go talk sense with you. Their race talents and basic stats are even more so, strong, that it makes one shiver.

"How strong would the race talent of The Favored One of the Abyss, the Demon Prince be? Most probably, even the Dragons who are known as the Golden Race can't compare with him. Hehe, the last time, I am already of Silver-rank. This time, will I get a body with talents that is equal to the Dragon Race? Or, even a rank higher."

However, in history, the Demon Prince still ends up getting slaughtered by humans. This shows that perhaps, race talents aren't everything... Fine, I know that the unlucky

Demon Prince in history is 'me' and the Hero who killed 'me' is Annie in front of me, who is obviously not in a good state.

"Why? Are you afraid?"

Suddenly, recalling the history, do I count as a Demon King who counsels the Hero before the battle? If someday, she was to grow up and slices me apart with her sword, then don't I have to prepare a medal for myself 'The Demon King Who Touches the World, Trying His Best to Dig His Own Grave.'

"No, I just myself really dumb, not being able to help much." Different from the awkward Elisa, Annie is a straightforward kid. When someone asks her about her trouble, she replies directly.

However, Adam and Little Red, who was listening in by the side, smiles. In their eyes, the trouble Annie was facing really don't count much.

I used my gaze to invite Adam over to console her. However, he looks at the ceiling, trying his best to feign ignorance. At the same time, Little Red was suddenly interested in the ant holes on the ground. Frustrated, I look around me. In the end, I could only do it myself.

"Heh, those fellows have been training for hundreds and even thousands of years. You aren't even 20, so it is normal that you are unable to catch up with them."

"That isn't it! If it is just strength, Annie can accept it. However, Annie just finds herself really dumb. Despite seeing everyone being so busy, I can't help much with them. Big Sister Elisa can do everything well and little Victoria was able to suppress everyone during the Conference. But, as the future City Lord, I could only look from one side."

Looking at Annie who was truly frustrated, my head hurts. Young boys and girls like to compare with others of the same age as them, so it is much easier for them to corner themselves.

Just like how the one who was the most carefree in our team is dumbass Adam because he thinks that he will screw things up if given the responsibility, this generation, compared to Elisa who is the head of 'Observer' and the seemingly mild but cunning and devilish Victoria, Annie does seem immature.

However, if I were to say the truth, she would probably just get more depressed. If the

future City Lord were to lose her confidence, my Epic mission would go down the drain.

"Hehe, it seems that you have misunderstood something. Remember what I told you the last time? The thing is that the most important to a City Lord is to use talents properly. Throw the troublesome things to those who are skilled in dealing with them. I mean, look at the current City Lord, isn't he still eating and slacking around without a guilty conscience?"

"Cough cough!" After hearing my evaluation of him, Adam fakes 2 cough, indicating me to stop talking about him. It looks he still have some self-awareness, he knows that nothing good comes out from talking about him.

"But, Uncle Bones, you said that everyone's path is different. I don't want to be like godfather. Everyone is obviously so busy and there is so many things he could do, but he chose to hide and slack around. Normally, he also lazes around, inciting criticisms from the people. I think that this is very embarrassing."

Being said to be embarrassing by her goddaughter, Adam face immediately turns sorrowful. Little Red bends over, laughing loudly. Elisa nods her head and looks at me with a meaningful look that says 'you are the same'.

Normally, I would pull down his reputation further without any hesitation. But this time, even if it gets my frustrated, I have to help to protect his image.

"Actually, there is also another important task for the City Lord to work on other than protecting everyone. It may be hard to rush to gain sufficient strength to protect everybody, but there is another thing which you can try work hard on now, and Adam is quite successful in that aspect."

"What?"

"You are the head, so you have to point out the direction for everyone, so that everyone would have more confidence in tomorrow, giving them the motivation and hope to live their hardest every day. Even if you can't find one, it is alright to make one up."

"But, I don't even know my own direction."

"Then, you can try asking your subordinates what do they wish the future to be like. Combine all the dreams and expectations for the future of everyone and maybe, that

is the direction where you should lead them towards."

Hesitating for a moment, I felt that perhaps this is the moment for me to clarify some things. I started to talk about my own personal experiences.

"Giving an example, many years ago, there is a tyrant who decided to stop invading other countries. He started peace talks with the surrounding kingdoms. However, if he were to say this to those city lords and generals beneath him, there could only be one conclusion."

"What conclusion?" Annie asks curiously.

"He would be overthrown. His hungry generals aren't satisfied yet and the noble city lords beneath him aren't content with the new territory and population they earned. They will overthrow the current king who is in their path and swiftly nominate new leader, continuing their invasion.

The one who answered Annie's question is Adam. Looking at his leisurely look, it is apparent that he has been considering this question for more than a day or two.

Yes, back then, there are 7 Undead Lords who are just slightly weaker than me in the Yongye army. Even if there is a screw loose in their head and they agreed to stop the invasion, how can I explain this to the middle-tier and high-tier Undead Generals? When every single Undead General is anticipating the arrival of the Age of Undead, I don't even have the confidence to convince my Four Heavenly Kings to make peace with the living. The only outcome for me then if I did so is the occurrence of a coup d'etat and getting overthrown.

"So, many times, the enthroned rulers are just the combined will of his people. The direction that he must point everyone towards is just the future which majority anticipates. So, you don't have to overthink it and just try your best to listen."

"Look, there might be a lot of freaks in our city, but everyone is living happily. Even those perverts who often get locked in the cell didn't leave the city. If you like this city too, protect it well, allow it to operate just as it did. Isn't that enough?"

Yes, just like I said, given the strength of Beifeng, Eaglestorm, Xueti and Beyar Brothers, they could go anywhere in this wide world. Who knows, they might even be able to become nobles in some other locations. However, they chose to stay in this city that is full of rules here and there. Despite messing around, they were willing to lower

their pride and accept the punishments. This shows that there is something that they want here, something that other places won't provide them.

My words were too broad, the female City Lord nods her head, confused.

"Try your best to think about it and build up using your effort bit by bit. Everyone walked the same path like that. Your Big Sister Elisa will help you."

This time, Elisa spares me some face and just nods her head solemnly.

"Un, Annie will work hard." There is still a bit of confusion in her eyes but from the look of her clenched fist, it seems that she has regained her spirit.

?Congratulations, Epic mission The Revival of the Phoenix is 50% completed. Please try your best. When the mission is completed, there will be a special reward depending on how the situation turns out.?

The system also brushes up its existence at this time. However, the tangible rewards bring me the motivation to work hard.

Before we even reach our destination, the earth starts to shake and split open. Even more so, the volcanoes far away starts erupting and the sky is full of ominous red clouds. Something is obviously wrong.

At the same time, with the God Sword that he borrowed from Annie, Adam slashes the rock wall while charging forward, splitting apart half of the hill.

Then, he raises his long sword, making the standard pose of a Knight preparing to charge as he roars towards the hill.

"Who are you! Come out! Otherwise, I will cut you along with this hill."

The lazy Adam is actually agitated. There isn't any need to draw his sword to split the hill, so, Little Red and the rest had looks of incomprehension on their face. But, I just frown in disdain. My Magic Eye has already told me the conclusion.

"Heh, isn't it just cause you just lost face in front of your juniors, so you hope to salvage the situation by this? You will just end up crying."

Following Adam's furious roar, a bald Gnome spy appears runs out from the back of

the hill.

"City Lord, don't cut, it's me! 'Observer' number 4267. We are on the same side!"

"Just you?"

"Just me."

"It's enough, you don't have to say anything. Looking at your thick eyebrows and large eyes, to think that a person with such honest face would actually be a revolutionary. You traitor, to think you lured us here to ambush us. I will kill you in the name of Sulfur Mountain City!"

"Pah!" This isn't the sound of a gunshot. It's just that I really can't watch one and kicked the Adam who despite obviously knowing that he is wrong but persistently pushing on. This spy obviously has important intelligence. If we were to continue messing around, it might end up in a disaster.

Quickly flipping through the intelligence, even I was dumbfounded. Looks like there is an explanation for the earthquakes just now. A Demon Count won't be easy to deal with.

I threw the information to Little Red. After reading it, she turns into her Dragon form without any hesitation.

Due to the existence of Dragon Knights in all kinds of knight novels, a large portion of giant Dragons actually dislike mortals riding on their back. However, at this moment, Little Red couldn't care less.

"Come up, I will fly as fast as I can. We must make it in time to stop them! The opponent this time won't be easy. You all better recharge your energy and prepare for the final battle!"

Alright, I will upload twice a week until the end of October. I'm going to be out for October so... Hopefully I would have an editor by then to correct my grammar and sentence structure :P

Chapter 60

Charge With Me

What are the Demons? No matter what race it is, the first reaction they would have towards this question is abhorrence, extreme abhorrence.

It isn't to directly say that no living being would like Demons, including themselves. They mostly feel resentment and hatred to their own brethren as well.

Chaotic, violent, malevolent, destructive, greedy and untrustworthy. Other than scheming, it seems that almost all of the negative adjectives could be attached to them. The only reason why no one would blame the Demons for being scheming is because this kind of Chaos life form often do not have the interest or the time to spare for interaction. If it is a problem that can be solved with violence, then it will never be solved verbally. Thus, needless to say, they wouldn't go out to use their head to scheme against others.

The equally evil Devils, despite their bad reputation, but they are much more welcome than Demons. The main reason would be because they like to sign contracts and exchange with others. They are rational and can be reasoned with. Even if there are terms written that shirks them from responsibility and hidden terms within such that there would definitely be fraud and hidden methods within the exchange, but Devils are known to be trustworthy. In a way, they are much better than the Demons who simply destroy everything.

Demons are the 1st generation that is created by the Goddess of Chaos Cynthia. There were the ones who tempted the 1st generation of humans to fall into depravity to become Devils. They were also the one who created the Undead Calamity so going by logic, they should be the original inhabitants of this multi-dimensional world, the core of the Chaos Faction. (In this novel, Devils belong to be Chaos Faction and they follow the Goddess of Chaos. However, as they used to be from the Order Factions, their way of doing things are more sided towards the Order)

In reality, the Demons are the archenemies of the Devils, the common foe of the Undead and the infighting between them is savage. Despite all of the races hating them, they are still able to control most of the dimensions in the Lower Realm and do

as they please in each realm.

The reason for that is that they are strong enough and that there is enough of them around.

As long as the River Styx continues to flow, the souls of the dead flowing within will continuously convert into the lowly Dretch. This way, there would be endless backup for the Demons. The dimensions where the Demons live are always fraught with internal battle and after a cruel infighting and devouring, a new powerhouse would be created. If a Demon and Devil of equal rank were to fight, there is a 90% chance that it would be the Demon who lives.

Every time a hole leading to the Demon's Dimension opens in the Main Dimension, it would cause a huge trouble even if it is just a small group of Demons entering.

After leaving the Lower Realms, they would gradually grow weaker. But, before they grow weak until the point they die and return to the Lower Realms, they will bring countless souls away with them and souls are forever the most valuable currency in the Lower Realm.

This time, we are really in for it deep. On other days, the Demon worshipers only dare to secretly sacrifice a few people, even sacrificing a thousand people is a shocking big amount. This time, tens of thousands of veteran soldiers and over a thousand Legend experts been sacrificed has indubitably created a new record. A tribute of a level that was never seen before allowed the Demon Count to descend with his true body. This is a catastrophe that was never seen in history.

Demon Count, it may seem that his position as a noble isn't high and there are quite a few of them in the Abyss as well. But, he is already an existence of a division leader of the Demon army. If he were to progress another step upwards, it would be the Demon Duke. They are often the leaders of some dimensions and they are able to fight equally with true Gods. (The Marquis and Grand Duke are just noble titles within the Demons. The Demon Marquis are stronger than most Counts and the title is used for those who don't have their own dimension and thus, aren't able to rise up to the position of a Duke. Thus, that title is used for the stronger Demon Counts. As for Demon Grand Duke, they are existences that can scoff at normal Duke-level Demons.)

Vance City is already in a mess. The news that a noble among the Demons has descended has already spread around somehow and even Lorci couldn't spare the

effort to bother about her own daughter getting killed. After being banished by the other Elf Gods, the underground world serves as her only territory and her source of Faith. If it were to be turned into a wreck by the Demons, she would have to go into hibernation or even descend.

Of course, it would be more embarrassing if she sent an incarnation down and got beaten up on the streets. She is probably discussing the decision to send out troops together with the other Gods of the underground world.

But, when the true Gods really move out to settle the problem, the entire underground world would probably be partially wrecked.

Dimension Summoning and Dimension Movement are the expertise of the Demons. Making use of the Spatial Distortion and the Demon Altar, the gate to the Abyss is pulled open.

Responding to the summoning of their leader, Kakajil's direct army rushes frenziedly into the Main Dimension. Dretch, Quasit, Succubus, Bebilth, Retriever, Vrock, Glabrezu, many different kind Demons who could be classified and the many Demons who can't be classified come rushing into the Main Dimension until the Dimension Gate can no longer handle the pressure and kacha, it breaks into fragments.

TL: Too much DND reference, copied from here for the names.

The entire battlefield is filled with black Demons who look at the faraway Vance City. The desire for fresh blood and souls of the lower-tier Demons were suppressed by their master. Suppressing their own instincts, each and every of them goes through another permanent Spatial Distortion — Sulfur Mountain City.

The vast and mighty Demon army advances and the Rules of this dimension are eroded by the group of them standing together. Wherever they pass, plants naturally wither and die. The ground turns red and barren and very soon, new bizarre plants start growing out. They are likely to be carnivorous plants with great offensive power.

The existence of the Demons created by the Chaos Faction by itself is sufficient to destroy the Rules of the dimension. Right now, half of an army of the Demons have descended to the mortal realm, coupled with the true body of a Demon Count, if they aren't driven off quickly, the Rules of this dimension might be totally twisted, possibly turning here into another Lower Realm.

A low-tier Hellhound's body is crimson-red and it looks even more ugly than the ugliest wolf. They serve as the dogs and the hunting pack simultaneously. Without even waiting for the arrival of the main army, they started their assault. After clearing away all of the different tribes in the way, they captured an unlucky family of Terrorclaw Beasts and just as they were about to earn some credit from the master, they realized that there was one person blocking in front of the entire army.

Yes, just one person. A figure wearing a light blue robe, she still carries the same green vine wand in her hands and she looks quietly in the ancient books in her hands. Even when the hellhounds come rushing forward, she didn't even raise her head.

"Kacha"

The low-tier Hellhounds were frozen in midair and turned into an ice sculpture. Then, the sculpture breaks into fragments of ice and falls onto the floor.

At this while, Margaret's attention remains on the book.

Only when the great army closes in does she raises her head and lightly taps her wand on the Saint Stone floating beside her.

"Ice Aeon."

The long-prepared Forbidden Spell explodes instantly. The Ice Elves carol in midair and the entire underground world turns into a scenery of white snow. Endless frost and hailstorm rushes towards the Demon army.

"Huuuuu!"

After the hailstorm, the entire world turns into ice. The number of frozen Demons are uncountable, but Margaret frowns. After all, she was only copying other people's magic. Without the augmentation of her Soul Imprint and talents, what she is unleashing is only the basic might of the spell, making it much inferior to the original version.

If it was the Ice Aeon used by Lord Yongye, even the Demon Count would be destroyed, being blasted head on like this. However, if Margaret was the one casting it...

"Kill her!"

Among the white snow, a hundred-meter tall figure stands up. Its body is full of blazing flames and it begins charging while roaring.

"As I expected, a large of portion of the might was blocked by this Demon Lord huh?"

Shaking her head, Margaret doesn't lose heart. She waves her wand and the other Saint Stone shines a bluish-purple light of the essence of space. The next instant, she was transported to another location a few miles away.

"Foolish bumpkin from the Main Dimension, to dare to make a fool out of the great Kakajil! I will pull you apart and feed you to the dogs. Then, I will roast your soul on fire for ten thousand years!"

However, Margaret who has escaped far away would not hear this vicious curse.

The large portion of the might of the Forbidden Spell was blocked by the Demon Count. Other than the Fire-element low-tier Demons who died instantly from taking double damage from Ice Magic, the losses of the army weren't great. However, after walking a few miles, the exact same event happened again.

"Integrated Forbidden Spell: The Harmony of Fire and Wind!"

It is an original Forbidden Spell by Ein Mezus that combines both fire and wind. A fire tornado hundreds of meters high is created and it even pulled the powerful Kakajil far from the surface. However, the result of this attack is even worse. This magic uses wind to complement the flames and it mainly depends on the flames to destroy the enemy. However, as Demons have strong natural resistance against flames and Margaret, once again, can only deal the basic damage, the Demons who died don't even number in thousands. Rather, the 'weak' Beastman fodders who was caught in the flames and died instantly numbers over ten thousand.

Afterward, looking at the female Saint who disappears in a Dimension Gate once again, the furious Kakajil could only grab a few Beastmen and chew on them to vent him anger.

However, what was bizarre is that the other Beastmen didn't resist when looking at their brethren getting devoured. In fact, none of them even discussed about it.

Furthermore, their looks seem to be abnormal now. Their originally big bodies have grown a notch bigger and countless blood veins appeared in those blood-red eyes of

theirs as they stare at the land in front of them blankly. No matter which Beastman Tribe one originally belongs to, an unhealthy blood-red color starts to grow on their skin and on the bodies of the large portion of the experts, there were a symbol exclusive to the Demons.

"Demon Blood."

Yes, just like I originally overheard, as a final ace of Shou, Demon's Blood has been long mixed into the drinking water this morning. The moment it activates, Shou would not be able to retreat anymore.

In this instant, the Demon Blood which was granted by the Demon Lord personally has been activated, granting these Beastman elites the ability to maximize the potential of their physical body. While becoming numb to pain and having their fighting prowess increase exponentially, they also became a puppet of the Demons.

As for Shou himself, he is the number 1 cannon fodder who rushes in a daze. Right now, half of his body was frozen and the other half burnt. To be able to survive a Forbidden Spell, one can only say that he is really resilient.

In the top of the mountains far away, Margaret looks at the darkened Saint Stones and roughly calculates. She is slightly surprised.

"Escaping through a Dimension Gate after dumping a Forbidden Spell, the classical kiting technique of a Mage. I didn't expect that messy strategy of that fellow would be effective. But, it is a pity that I don't have any more copied Forbidden Spell. Using a normal large AOE spell would probably not be effective at all. No, at least I was able to stall for some time. They should be arriving soon."

Before disappearing once again in the Dimension Gate, killing intent appears in the tranquil eyes of the Great Saint. That is the anger when something that one treasures is being threatened. From this position, the figure of Sulfur Mountain City could be seen. If the Demon army were to be allowed to enter Sulfur Mountain City...

"Definitely not! I definitely will not allow it!"

But, things never go along with one's wish. After the Demon army and Kakajil were prepared, this kind of kiting strategy was no longer effective, especially when the Saint has finished the magic which she copied and stored, her own offensive magic requires a long time to cast and its destructive power is lacking.

In fact, after the somehow familiar Chaos Demon Dragon warned her, there were 2 times Margaret almost got Dimension Anchored. If her reaction was slightly slower then, the only outcome awaiting her is getting surrounded and killed.

Finally, realizing that she is no longer able to stall them and she was just wasting mana, she grinds her teeth as she looks at the Demon army and teleports to the city wall.

But, what surprised her is that the city wall was full of people.

Sulfur Mountain City doesn't have any army. After half of the Town Security which could be reluctantly called an army were taken away by Wumianzhe, the remaining half are all here.

However, what that surprised her the most were the 'civilians'.

Engineers of all races were doing their best to put cannons and catapults together. The Wild Bull Alliance Druids, on a rare occasion, were wearing their leather armor and carried their wooden wands. The Nanxiang students carried their wooden swords as they walked up to the city walls. However, the Priests of the Holy Church were giving their own equipment to the young people to equip.

At least they can still fight. Those aunties and uncles who were equipped with a pot on their head and wielding choppers as weapons made one at a loss of whether to laugh or cry.

"This..." Looking at the people who were busy preparing for war, Margaret felt a little touched yet speechless at the same time.

"Who asked you all to come, ridi..."

"They volunteered." I stopped Margaret's words. By one side, Little Red was so tired that she was lying on the floor with her tongue out. On the other hand, Adam was sitting on a cannon on the city wall while squinting into the distance. He may look leisurely but I know that all of his attention was fixed onto that tall Demon Lord.

Initially, Adam and the rest intended to halt the Demon army halfway, but looking at the endless Demon army and the incredibly powerful Demon Lord, I suggested waiting for them to come knocking in Sulfur Mountain City. After all, my final trump card is hidden here.

"Yes, everyone did it voluntarily. Everyone just wanted to use their own hands to protect their own homeland!" Looking at this busy sight, Annie's fighting will has reached the peak and the crimson-red inferno on her God Sword burns intensely. Looking the will of the people uniting as one, she has vaguely felt the boundaries of her own road as a Legend.

"This feels not bad."

There are many capable people in Sulfur Mountain City. When the news of the invasion of the ill-reputed Demon army spreads, the civilians of this city which lacks an army didn't all flee as expected. Instead, those who are stronger equips their full battle gear and walks up to the city wall while the other weaker civilians organized themselves to settle the logistics. Everyone worked hard within their own capabilities under the same flag, using their own hands to protect their own homeland.

Somehow, I seem to see past the veil of time and peer into the distant future. Every city in the future would be like this, without any army to invade others. Under the radiance of the law, civilians would distant themselves from crimes and live their hardest to enjoy the pleasures of live.

When equality finally triumphs, the concept of kindness and evil won't be something plastered on an entire race. Wars will only appear in musicals and myths. The youngsters would leisurely criticize the war heroes of the past and lament the peace has buried their talents, that they are too unlucky...

"Hehe, looks like the last 100 years weren't in vain. Suddenly, I feel motivated again. Looks like, I won't have trouble living another 100 years." I look at the figures busying themselves on the city walls and I laughed, joy radiating deep from my heart.

At the same time, Margaret was still trying to persuade those ordinary civilians to distance themselves from the city walls. But, looking from the civilians who come crowding in from both sides, this attempt is bound to end in failure.

As the Demons close in on us, my laugh grows louder.

"Looks like those fellows intend to defeat us by outnumbering us. What do you think?"

"Hehe, to compete with an Undead Emperor in a battle of armies? Lord, please allow us to teach those immature Demon lads what a true military is like and what a true fearless charge is."

That is a tall and headless Knight. The polo stick in his hand is just as striking as his bald head in the other. At this instant, he is staring cross-eyed at the Nightmare Horses, he has been wanting to change his mount for a long time.

"That's right, I have been spinning the roulette for so much recently that my bones are aching. Finally, there is an opportunity for me to draw my sword. Waa, there is even an Eight-hand Snake officer, leave him to me. I will kill whoever who snatches him from me!" This is an Eighteen-hand Skeleton General. Right now, he is busy changing the poles with plates spinning on top on his hands with sharp swords.

"I am finally rid myself of that colorful ball. My lord, please allow me to set off. I am a general under your command, not your pet dog!!"

The one who said those piteous words was a small Skeleton Dog whose limbs were fitted randomly. Looking at him covering his nose to look piteous, no one would expect that he is actually the fearsome head of the Seven Deadly Sins, Wrath.

Looking around me, the high-tier Undead were looking piteously at me. On their backs were a blue war flag. The picture of a castle within the hurricane is obviously one from a few centuries ago, making one feel nostalgic.

"You all even took out Mist's War Flags, so why are you still making a show of asking me?"

"Wuuuuu! This is great, my bones are almost rusty!"

"Long live Your Highness!!"

Yes, Your Highness and not Emperor. The reason why they used this honorary term to call me was never because I am Emperor Yongye but I was the final prince of the previous Mist Country which was destroyed. They are the few remaining soldiers of the kingdom, those who aren't willing to pass on like this. Fools who are willing to walk to the end of time with me.

"My general, is our army prepared and ready to move off?"

"Of course, Your Highness. Your army, no matter is it 376 years ago, or 250 years ago, or 130 years ago, when have we let you down?! The remaining 24602 of the fallen Red Hunting Hounds have been sharpening their edges and grinding their teeth, awaiting the day for their deployment. We already can't wait for the moment we return to the

battlefield."

He is still the same pet dog who died with regrets, he gave the exact same answer that he gave me 2 months ago at the Undead Theme Park. But, this time, the feeling it gave was totally different.

Looking from the blazing Soulfire in the eyes of the Undead, it seems that no matter how much failures we meet with, they are still determined to follow me until the end of the world.

I took a deep breath as the Roland Sword by my waist is starts to heat up. It can't be that the blood of Undead could boil as well? Fortunately, Undead can't cry otherwise, it would really be shameful of me.

This moment, my old horse, Yongye, walks to me with his sides facing me as he looks at me expectantly, as though anticipating the moment I ride on him again.

Yes, their determination has never changed. Then, what am I waiting for? What am I hesitating for? What am I considering for? What am I fearing?

"Yes, my Knights. You all have never let me down. Strike the war drums, blow the horn, rise Mist's War Flags up high! My Knights, charge with me!"

Noble Rankings:

Archduke

Grand Duke

Duke

Marquis

Count/ Earl

Viscount

Baron

But anyway, for now, only the position of the Count, Marquis, Duke and Grand Duke

are here so it isn't sure whether the rest of the titles would be used.

Sometimes I really hate this novel, so many names that I find it hard to translate. Truthfully, when I was reading through it, I just read through the names and ignore them :X

So, I've decided, for those that are easy to translate (or if I am able to google them and get a result easily), I'll translate it but for those which I seriously cannot find and the names doesn't make a huge impact on the story, I will just roughly translate (as long as the idea is there)

Demon Lord -> In this case, the lord means more of land lord rather than a title.

Chapter 61

The Infallible Diffindor

[At the extreme North, in the land of frost, there is a Country of Snow, Mist Country. It has rich mines and specializes in producing magic crystals. The country is wealthy and the businesses were prosperous. They had a strong military force that allowed them to withstand the invasion of the Beastman and Elf in the East and the Demon Abyss in the West for almost a thousand years. Its royalty has a rich tradition and the Princes of every generation serves as generals. However, nearing the demise of the country, there is the birth of a twin prince, an ominous foreboding. Afterwards, foreign tribes invaded them and calamity beset them, causing the fall of the country...]

"These papers are all bullshit!"

Every time I see the description of Mist Country on that book on history commonly used in the continent, I feel nauseated. What kind of history is this, it is obviously the victors singing praises of their own war effort. What calamity were they talking about, it was obviously the doings of human!

Allow me to recall the truth of the history that I compiled.

AD1518, 378 years ago, when the Beastmen and Demons invaded simultaneously to steal from the prosperous human world, the Mist Country started a full-out campaign against them. Going by tradition, the East battle line is led by Prince Roland while the West battle line is led by Prince Karwenz. At that time, both Princes were only 12 years old.

4 years earlier, when the tyrant, Caroni, took over the throne of Saint Fortrya, a neighboring country of Mist Country, his tyrannical rule caused his people to live in fear. In order to divert away the problems within the country, he pointed his sword towards the rich and powerful Mist Country and often caused trouble at the borders.

At this moment, looking at how the Mist Country is short on manpower, Caroni colluded with two other countries which had long set their eyes on them and invaded the Mist Country's only safe zone, its South border, putting Mist Country in a dangerous position.

Due to the urgent circumstances, Prince Roland, who is a Holy Knight, went back to the headquarters of the Holy Church and on the joint conference of large countries, he accused those invaders of invading his country without any consideration of basic morals and requested for them to withdraw their enemy. However, the prepared Saint Fortrya instead accused him of being a heretic and colluded with Demons.

Cardinal Ben.Zuma, who has been bribed by Saint Fortrya long ago, adjudicated that Roland was guilty of heresy and he was arrested to await public punishment. Also, Saint Fortrya secretly promised to split the right to develop the magic crystal mines to other country in exchange of keeping out of this matter. If it wasn't for that they went too far and word got out that the Holy Knights and Priests at the bottom of the hierarchy started a violent protest, I might have been sentenced to death on the spot.

On the same year, Karwenz invaded the Holy Church Headquarters and killed countless guards to rescue the locked up Roland. Fresh red blood stained the stairs of Baine Great Church and even the illegitimate son of the Pope then was included in the list of deceased. When news spread out, the event shocked the entire world and the Church lost its dignity. This incident came to be known as the 'Bloodshed of Baine'.

The Holy Knights and Priests Faction, which was full of experts, simply watched quietly at the incident. 2 years later, Pope Saint Paul the 9th took the blame and steps down while Ben.Zuma was exiled.

But, before the Pope stepped down, with the 'Bloodshed of Baine' as a trigger, the Mist Country and its royalty was stripped of their books on the teachings of the Holy Church and their entire country was adjudicated as a country of heretics. But, what was ironic is that the country's East battle line has been broken through by the Beastman alliance army while the West battle line is in a savage fight with the Demons. This claim of us being heretic, it is really too hard to tell how were we heretics.

AD1519 spring, 377 years ago, the current Pope Saint Paul launched a 'Holy War' against the heretics. The countries who were extremely attracted to the profits from the magic crystal mines, the special product of the country and the slave trade actually quickly responded to the invitation to this ridiculous Holy War. At the same, the Holy Knights and Priests, under the suppression of the upper echelons of the church, could only helplessly remain silent.

On the same year, all of the battle lines of the Mist Country were broken through. Under the summons of the royalty, all of the surviving citizens escaped into the only

remaining city, the capital Diffindor. All of the scattered army retreated back to protect the capital.

AD1520, 376 years ago, after being trapped in the capital for 15 months, all of the rations and supplies were running out. It wasn't long before the human kingdom Mist Country's final capital Diffindor was broken through by the human alliance army. Prince Roland led all of the remaining guards to fight to their death while Prince Karwenz has disappeared completely. That year, both of the Princes were 14 years old.

The human alliance army, who had suffered great casualties, slaughtered the entire city to vent their resentment. However, the long period of war and the hatred of the civilians and soldiers at the brink of their death caused Diffindor to accumulate so much that it went beyond being a Cursed Land, converting directly into a Land of Death. The Knights who died to protect their countries and the civilians who were reluctant to die just like that, they all turned into the servants of death and started their vengeance against the living beings.

The alliance army got caught off-guard and suffered heavy losses. In the end, the missing Karwenz appears once again. This time, he really colluded with the Demon army and started his revenge against the world of humans and the Holy Church.

All in all, the war lasted for 16 years. Numerous human kingdoms were destroyed because of the war and the entire human society was plunged into hell. In the end, the Demon army was destroyed and Karwenz was banished back to hell by the Holy Church. The Holy Church also ended up conducting a massive reorganization its internal structure.

After that, under the Yongye Calamity more than hundred years ago, the different kingdoms who invaded the Mist Country was completely crushed. Many tribes that were blessed with longevity suspected that Lord Yongye is the Prince Roland back then. After all, Mist's War Flag was too eye-catching. However, the Holy Church denied the claim with all its might and the matter closed like this.

Afterwards, the Mist Country is deemed as the dark history of the entire human society. In the case which it must be mentioned, a simple and twisted introduction is left on the history book.

"...However, nearing the demise of the country, there is the birth of a twin prince, an ominous foreboding. Afterwards, foreign tribes invaded them and calamity beset

them, causing the fall of the country. Prince Karwenz colluded with the Demons and brought them into the country, causing the destruction of Mist Country and 17 other nearby countries."

"Hehe, destruction?"

The Skeleton Horse beneath me charges ahead. Looking at Mist's War Flags dancing in the air and the Demon army that are at the horizon, I feel like I returned back to the war back then. Thus, I lift my broken Roland Sword. It is the symbol of the royalty of Mist Country.

"As long as I, Roland, lives, the Mist Country will never fall!"

"Mist Country will never fall!"

Isn't the one carrying the War Flags and charging ahead the Great Skeleton General Fayde? As a Royal Knight of the Mist Country and the top Sword Saint of the Red Hunting Hounds, he has experienced countless battles in a few centuries. His body is full of wounds but there isn't a single scar on his back. The reason? As the flag bearer, not mentioning whether the flag has fallen, the flag he carries has never even tilted before!"

"Charge, my Knights! Beat up these darned Demons."

That is the Mistress of Plague Lich Kakana. She can't be blamed for that nondescript order to her troops to charge. After all, she isn't even military personnel. If it wasn't for the events that happened, she would have probably been an Alchemist Merchant that is selling beauty and nutrition products.

A portion of the 24602 remaining soldiers are the soldiers who died for the country while the rest of them are ordinary civilians who gradually became soldiers. They come from many different places and their composition are messy. However, this bunch of unreliable colleagues have become the home for my soul.

My people are at my back, my Knights are beside me and this is where my kingdom is. Then, what do you mean by destroyed, what do you mean by demise? It is all a joke!

"Return to us, our kingdom, our capital — ?Soul World, The Infallible Diffindor?"

Snowflakes starts to fall slowly from the sky as a gust of strong wind whips up the

snow on the ground. Time seems to have rewind to the winter that year.

My Soulfire burns intensely. After paying a price, the first Soul Imprint to be awakened is the already damaged Ice Treader.

The snow extends for tens of thousands of miles and in the great snowstorm, it is to look at the distant. The mountains and surface has been covered with snow. Thousands of miles sealed with ice and the frosty North wind, this is the North Winter that we were familiar with.

The Demon army which comprise mainly Fire Elemental Demons shiver in this unexpected snowstorm that suddenly beset them. This world gives them a feeling even more dangerous than the Forbidden Spell from before. That is the frost from the natural world, it is something that mercilessly steals away all life and eliminates them.

At the moment when the Demons shiver, my Undead army laughed manically. Undead never fear the cold, needless to say these fellows who grew up in the Snow Country. Fighting in the snow, their fighting prowess would be increased significantly.

Yes, the Soul World that I was proud of is only a purely support-based world. It is meaningless without my army. However, as long as my army and I exist, without doubt, it is the strongest one in the world!

Furthermore, this land of snow is just the start...

"I am the Lord of Undead, the Prince of Mist Country, the final Head Knight of the Order. I swear to protect my people and my land! I swear to never surrender to any invaders! I swear to change fate! I swear to bring equality to all life!"

That is the solemn promise of the Prince of an ancient destroyed country. Then comes the vows of the Knights.

"Your Highness, I am your kindest Knight. I vow to treat the weak with kindness and help anyone who requests of me."

Slance, the kindest Knight. He escorted the refugees for a thousand miles to Diffindor. In the entire group, the only one who died of hunger during the journey is him, who split the food in the group.

"Your Highness, I am your strongest Knight. I vow to stand bravely against violence,

not regretting my actions even if I die a hundred times!"

Camisia, my prided Titan Warrior, the fearless vanguard. Even when he was decapitated, he never stopped his charge.

"Your Highness, I am your most righteous Knight. I vow to correct every mistake, no matter where it comes from!"

Fanderk, my Holy Knight brother who went to denounce the injustice in the joint conference of countries. I was saved by Karwenz but he was hanged on the squares of the Holy Light Church. Even to his death, he insists on the justice in his heart and he refused to cave in to anyone, regardless whether it is to the Churches of the world or the Holy Light he holds faith in.

"Your Highness, I am your most useless Knight. I vow to fight for those without weapons, but I can only serve as a wall with my body."

Carlos, who dares to say that you are useless! To save those escaping refugees, despite being exhausted, you used your body of flesh to shield the civilians and guarded the rock bridge by yourself without retreating. In the end, you died from getting pierced by hundreds of arrows.

"Your Highness, I am your most brotherly Knight. I vow to help my Knight brothers to protect their families by using this body of flesh.

Lucas, you have succeeded in your aims. The families of everyone survived but what that makes everyone's heartache is that you failed to protect the 15-year-old you.

"Your Highness, I am your most loyal Knight. I swear to follow you to the ends of time."

Bastian, my son of Wrath. From a pet dog, you advanced slowly to become the Captain of the Red Hunting Hounds. Someone said that you relied on the strong physical body that I granted you to climb to that position. Someone insulted you and said that you are a brainless pug who only knows loyalty. But, you faced their insults and sarcasm with a smiling face and treated the dog-like loyalty as the greatest honor. Your claws and anger are always directed towards the enemies.

"Origin of Order, if this kind of Knights aren't qualified to become Heroic Spirits, then your eyes must be blind! If this kind of Knights can't be called Heroes, then those heroes in Myths are simply those who deceived the world for their fame. Return and

fight for me, my Knights!"

The Soul Imprints that represents my life start to awaken once again under the injection of my Power of Soul. The damaged Crown of Undead and Son of Light starts to light up again. The Power of Order and Power of Chaos come into conflict and gradually, they merged together, forming a Light of Rule that changes everything.

Under the chants of my Knights and I, a light radiates and the entire world has been replaced, my Soul World replacing the real world.

It is an endless snowfield under the starry skies. Smoke and war cry surrounds us, this is the scenery of a battlefield. In the faraway distant in our vision, the city named Diffindor is still burning fervently. That is the home that we have always anticipated, but can never reach.

This is Soul World ?The Infallible Diffindor?. Under its effects, we have returned back to 376 years ago. On the day when a snowstorm rises in the night, at that moment, Diffindor has yet to fall and my Knights and I were still struggling.

The descend of my Soul World means that reality is being rewritten. My knights are no longer in the form of the ugly-looking Skeletons and Corpses.

The flag of a tornado flies up high. But below the flag were lively faces. Their healthy and fit body were equipped with superior equipment with an insignia of a tornado on it. They are no longer normal Undead. They are the incarnation of the wills of Heroes after their deaths. They have been granted an immortal Soul Body by the Origin of Order and there is even a nice name to go along with it – Heroic Spirit.

There is a boundary between Heroic Spirits and Undead. In my Soul World, the Knights that were loyal to me are the only Heroes worthy of the title of Heroic Spirits.

Right now, they are overstepping the limitations of the incomplete body of the Undead with the centuries of strength and experience they have accumulated. With a perfect physical body that is suited for them to exert their strength, their fighting prowess would be increased by at least three folds.

Looking at the sudden change, the fearless Demon army starts to tremble and back away. Going by logic, every Heroic Spirit is at least a Legend-rank existence. They have no chance at victory.

"Demon Count? Far from being enough. Bring a Demon Prince or Great Duke here."

The Heroic Spirit Knights has already started sweeping away the Demon army. The frenzied laughter of Camisia, Bastian and the others echo on the battlefield.

The flag-bearing Great Sword Saint Defays dances in the midst of Demons. His 18 sharp swords float around his body and slaughters the enemies. Despite being just a single person, he seemed to be like a Sword Formation. The body of the Heroic Spirit granted him the ability to use his will to control his swords, allowing him to better display his skills as compared to when he is still an Undead.

In this moment, the Three-Headed Hellhound Wrath has shown their powers. Standing together, Ah Bao and Ah Bas combines together in a spatial distortion and their true body appears. The Three-Headed Hellhound starts to chant the Choral of Hell and the gate leading to the Death Dimension opens. This is Wrath who represents the Grim Reaper.

Leading the charge, I am already deep within the Demon army. The gigantic Demon Kakajil stands in front of me. However, I smile happily and swings the Roland Sword which somehow became complete again. I swing the reins and the gigantic black War Horse Yongye increases its speed with a loud howl, leaving after-images in the battlefield.

In this world, I am still that Holy Knight Prince Roland and not the Lich Roland who only has an incomplete and damaged body remaining. I am the Head Knight of the Order!

At this moment, Adam, who was already fighting with Kakajil, looking at me reinforcing him, he stuns for a moment before smiling.

"As expected, it is Big Brother Rolo. Why? Have you finally thought it through and decided to come meet me for the last time?"

Yes, I have regained my look of the past, albeit the age not being correct. However, the face shape should be very similar to the Big Brother Rolo in his memories, confirming the guesses that he was confident of.

"Sigh, I intended to send you off with my face after I fully revive. Let's cut the crap for now, someone is waiting for us. So, do you need help?"

"Of course, don't duel if you can lynch. Isn't that what you often said?"

Old enemies? Old friends? Old brothers? I haven't been able to say for sure for a long time now.

We smiled mutually at each other. The crimson-red God word and the silver longsword cross by each other in midair and sparks were produced from the friction. In the next instant, we slashed at the Demon Count at the same time.

"The Severance of the River of Time!"

"Holy Light, that is an enemy worth fighting!!"

PS1. Roland has been upped a tier because he used the God Equipment Origin of Codex. In order not to affect the reading, I didn't mention it in the main text. Also, the reason why his Soul Imprints and Roland Sword became complete again is because he burnt his soul. That is a kind of suicide, but there's a reason for that.

PS2. Now that I'm on a critical period, to ensure the quality, I will write slowly

Chapter 62

Demon Slaying

The conclusion has been decided the moment ?The Infallible Diffindor? descended.

In the face of the Mist's War Flag drifting in the sky and the loyal knights who have survived the trial of time, when the horn to advance is blown, the vast demon army isn't worth mentioning in front of me.

I have always believed that in the face of this drifting Mist's War Flag, no matter which Demon or Devils from the Lower Realm or Angels and Heroic Spirits from the Upper Realm, they aren't able to withstand the charge of my army. We will be invincible.

Camisia, who is opening up the road of me, is currently back in the pinnacle of his strength and incredible muscles are hidden underneath his gigantic armor. The Nightmare Horse he is riding on is rushing forward with all its strength, leaving fiery footprints in its trail, while two 4-meter long Dragon Lance serves as his spear.

How many years has it been? As my strongest warrior, he still stands at the forefront of the army.

Regardless of whether it is a Hezrou with boundless strength or the gigantic Bebilith, in the face of Camisia who is blessed with God's Strength, they fall down like little chicks with just a little bump by their sides. Even the extremely heavy adamantite Dragon Lance which normal people are unable to lift, he can use both of them simultaneously easily.

On other days, this extremely powerful expert who can't be stopped when he begins his charge has a fatal flaw. That is, due to his heavy weight, it is easy for his mount to tire. However, when his Undead Mount has also stepped into the realm of Heroic Spirits, his fearless charge no longer holds any possibility of being stopped.

On his right, the young man Carlos who is dubbed as the 'most useless Knight' carries his shield up high, blocking arrows and magic spells for him. At this moment, he is the grindstone which ensures that the sharpness of the flying arrow.

'The Mobile Fortress' is the prided nickname of that young Knight. In terms of skills as a Defender, Carlos still remains the top among the Royal Knights. Even when this noble Heroic Spirit is stuffed into the body of an abhorrent Abomination Undead, this tall and strong young man still solemnly blocks the attack for his comrade using his body as a shield.

He might not be skilled in offensive martial arts or magic. But, if there is someone who looks at him in despise because he isn't suited to offense and calls him 'useless', then he can prepare a coffin now. That's because the comrades that Carlos saves will step out and use their life to protect the honor of this young Knight without any hesitation.

But, looking at how this beige-hair young man easily wards off the arrows and magic, it seems that his ability with the shield is much stronger than the past!

On the left of Camisia is old Sir Feyde. He is the Swordsmanship tutor for both me and Karwenz and the strongest Swordsman of the Royal Knight. Even more so, he is the father of the Great Sword Saint Fayde and the one who guided him on his path.

TL: Yes, both of their name has the same hanyupinyin :X

The old general's hair has long turned completely white. Facing the Demon army, he didn't even use the Swordsmanship that he is most proficient in. Instead, he lifts up his silver bow and shoots. Squinting his eyes, he pulls the bowstring and shoots 6 arrows at once. None of Demon Captains that he sets his eyes upon has yet to live.

Regardless of strength or prestige, he is the Knight that is most qualified to respond to my call. However...

"Respected Sir Feyde, are you still blaming yourself for not being able to complete your mission? Please don't, it really isn't your fault. No one would have expected that the undefeated Knight would run out of time and die of old age while carrying out the mission. Perhaps, it is my fault. If I had seen through the meaning of the 3 cups of heavy liquor you had before heading out and your forced smile while holding on tightly to the remnants of your lifespan, I wouldn't have allowed the retired you to head to the battlefield and carry out a mission that is destined to end in failure."

At this moment, the old General seems to have venting his will to fight. As a lightly armored cavalry, he often charges too far ahead accidentally. But, if the Demons think that they could make use of this opportunity to get rid of him, this old Sword Saint will

use his sharp sword to prove them wrong.

The female Holy Knight riding behind Camisia, Lani, the older sister of Fanderk, is spreading the radiance of the Holy Light around the battlefield. The sacred glow of Light heals her comrades while purifying and destroying the Demons.

The war hammer-carrying 'Human Siege' Lucas, the one whose spears are as swift as the wind, Slance, the Great Sword Saint Fayde, the Mistress of Plague Kakana who is throwing Alchemy reagents around and last but not least, the Dragon Knight Timier... In the midst of the arousing drum beats, countless Legend Knights gather under the Mist's War Flag. These Heroes who have underwent countless battles seem to view the battlefield as another celebratory banquet as laughed heartily while charging fearlessly.

"Mist's War Flag? The Spirit of Mist? What is that."

When I was young, I viewed myself as the protagonist of the world, so there is no way the Spirit of the Knight of these natives would resonate with me. Towards the me who spoke arrogant words, my father, the King, only patted my shoulders and said 'You are a descendant of the Mist. You will understand.'

When I was 12 years old and urgently summoned back from the Headquarters of the Holy Church to lead the army, I thought that I would just be a puppet General. After all, a large portion of time was spent in the Holy Church training as a Holy Knight. Furthermore, the Holy Church had a hostile relationship with the Mist Country, so how could the 12-year-old me then get everyone to submit to me?

But, regardless of whether it is the old veteran soldiers or the young and arrogant genius Knights, they all followed my commands. Even if I made some mistakes, they would secretly correct them. In the war, they continuously imparted to me what they were skilled at, all kinds of battle experience.

"As expected of a descendant of the Mist." Every time I had outstanding results and led an army to victory, they would say so gleefully as though this was their pride as well. When I made a judgmental error due to my lack of experience, they would say "You're still young, it is fine like that" and forgive me like how a doting grandfather would. Then, they would sacrifice their blood, sweat and even their lives to correct the mistakes that I made with any hesitation.

Those who gave in their life just for me to grow up were innumerable. Towards these people, how could I not grow up quickly.

"As expected of a descendant of the Mist." Gradually, these words that made me uncomfortable became my greatest pride!

The Mist Country were often in a state of war with foreign tribes. Our country is in an isolated land far away from the prosperous center of the continent. We might have precious and rare mines, but they had to be exchanged for different kinds of food and resources. In a place where half of the year is a bone-breaking chilling period, it is obviously a bad place for humans to live in.

In the course of thousands of years, the soldiers and civilians gave their all to trust the descendant of the Mist Royalty to protect this barren land. The Mist Royalty used equality and sacrifice to repay their trust. For generations, the Prince of each generation served as Generals and treated dying on the field as an honor.

I finally understood what is the Spirit of the Mist. It isn't some high and mighty teaching. It is like the mist of a valley, intangible but definitely existent. It is like the fortress among the raging wind on the Battle Flags, the final defense when pushed to a corner!

"You are a descendant of the Mist. You will understand."

Haa, indeed. Father, I finally understood. I didn't expect to understand it that quickly.

In this instant, we were still in the battlefield where ice and fire intertwines all around. The Mist's War Flag still flies up high. Our battle has yet to end.

"I am the descendant of the Mist. I am a pitiful person who couldn't even protect his own country and citizens. I admit that we are just lonely souls who miss the mortal world, that we are defeated soldiers. But..."

"We are dead but we aren't willing to die like that! We are defeated soldiers but we are unwilling to put down the past! There are still too much unjust and tragedy in this world! How can we shut our eyes and sleep peacefully? Our remains have yet to rot and our arms are still capable to lifting weapons. We want to ride on our mount and charge, launching a crusade against the ambitious who creates war and chaos!

The cheers of the Knights are their lingering will which allowed them to become

Undead and the faith that allowed them to become Heroic Spirits.

Under the Mist's War Flag, I point my Roland Sword towards the direction of advance and the Knights used their faith and courage to repay my trust.

"Charge!"

As a loyal cannon fodder, under the commands of their master, the bloodthirsty Beastman army blocks our path. However, just like how a mantis is unable to block a carriage, they were crushed under our advance.

In the chaos, isn't the one who old Sir Feyde beheads with one hit the Beastman Sovereign who never regrets? He didn't even stop us for a single second.

Maybe, dying meaninglessly is a suitable punishment for an ambitious and ruthless person who steps on other people's life to fulfill his own desires like him.

When the gigantic Ancient Hell Dragon is forcefully dispatched by her master to block us, that familiar gigantic Dragon already had a destined enemy waiting for her.

"Molly, you are really a big disgrace!"

Before she could even swipe down to assist, Ein Mezus, who suddenly descends down, tackles her, causing her to continuously roll in the air.

Yes, the previous Chaos Demon Dragon from before is the Dragon Empress Molly. Due to the unexpected battle that occurred, she, who was supposed to serve as a tribute, survived. Afterwards, facing the Demon Count, she gave up her pride and chose to convert into a Demon Dragon – Hell Dragon.

TL: The Chaos just means that she is a Demon Dragon sided towards the Chaos Abyss.

The two Ancient Giant Dragon tears each other apart while howling furiously. Despite the fact that the Hell Dragon should be much stronger in a physical battle than the Giant Dragons on the surface, but the one who had advantage in all aspects was the smaller and younger Ein Mezus.

"Where did the dignity of the Dragon Tribe that you often said go to? Did you swallow it down? I can't stand looking at such an ugly appearance! Die!"

The furious Ein Mezus discards the final inch of kindness of hope in her heart and for the first time, attacks Molly with the intent to kill.

Ein Mezus, the master of two elements, showcases her deep understanding of magic. There is no need for incantation or hand gestures, just the breathing of the Dragon Tribe, whose bloodline is full of mana, is magic itself. Just by flapping her wings and staring at Molly, Wind and Fire were created continuously.

The Wind gives a boost to her while interfering with Molly's flight. On the other hand, the Fire is more flexible. Sometimes, it changes into smoke to block the Molly's vision. Other times, it explodes in front of Molly, breaking her scales. Furthermore, every single attack of Ein Mezus is infused with the power of Elements.

As the fight went on, Molly's heart chilled as she realized that she had no hopes for victory. Thus, her fickleness acts up again and without regards for the severe wounds she just incurred, she abandons the boss she just chose to serve under and escapes into the horizon.

The rapid loss of the two original Underground Autarch seems to start a domino effect and the Demon army falls back continuously under the assault of the army of Heroic Spirits. Not too far away, the battle between the 100-meter fall giant Demon and Adam could be seen. The light of victory is within sight.

As long as the Demon Commander who summoned the Demons is killed, those low-tier Demons would naturally be driven back to the Abyss.

Even the bloodthirsty and frenzied Demons treasure their lives. In the face of the unstoppable charge, they have started to scatter.

But, before we even arrive, a large silhouette couldn't hold in its anger any longer.

That large black silhouette leaps up and despite being a 60~70-meter tall gigantic beasts which should have slow reactions, but it seems to be as agile as a leopard. It bypasses the few Balor Demons who serves as bodyguards and crashes violently into the giant Demon Count.

That is the Captain of the Red Hunting Hounds, Demonic Spatial Hellhound Bastian!

The gigantic Demon Lord falls to the ground with his Demon Halberd supporting his body. His upper body is similar to a goat while his lower body is like an incomparably

bid lizard. Bastian uses his 3 heads and directly tears apart one of his limb!

"AHHHHH! FILTHY WORMS!"

The gigantic Three-Headed Hellhound Bastian, in the formation of our Knight Order, the job of this Captain was never a Knight. Instead, it is a Giant War Beast and a Siege Machine!

It normally serves as the vanguard to tear apart the enemy's formation. This huge black war beast would jump into the enemy's formation and cause a fatal chaos within. That gap would then be torn apart to become a fatal blow that couldn't be fixed.

The reason why I use 'huge' to describe his body and not fixed numbers is because his size is never fixed.

The center head of Bastian is the incarnation of Wrath. He doesn't have any name or rationality, but he is responsible for using his fangs and claws to rip apart the enemy. When his rage reaches a point, he will grow bigger because of his anger. For a Giant War Beast, a large mass means greater strength than cannot be countered.

Just like how there is no limit to rage, as long as Bastian turns back into his original form on the battlefield, as the battle proceeds on, his wrath and size is limitless. We once encountered a difficult battle for 2 days and 2 nights. There was an Ancient Gold Dragon that suppressed our army but in the end, it was crushed to death by a single leg of Bastian! Not to mention, the number of city walls and city gates he crushed under his feet.

The reason why he usually splits into 2 different body and keeps his main consciousness in that pitiful Skeleton Dog is to suppress his endless wrath.

But, if he only has this much, he wouldn't be worthy of being called the Head of the Four Heavenly Kings, the strongest General that I trust the most.

The head of the savage beast in the middle who moves instinctively only listens to the order of the other two heads. The left head is Ah Bao (his sub-consciousness). His soothing voice brings about the order of death. The right head is Bastian's main consciousness. Having a vantage point of the entire field, he often roars orders to command the movement of the entire army.

It is said that the Three-Headed Hellhound is the gatekeeper of Hell and for Wrath, I

only designed one ability for it — Soul World Gates of Hell.

When the Three-Headed Hellhound howls together, the vague image of the gates of hell will appear behind them. When Ah Bao opens the left door, the Undead allies who just died in a distance not too far away who has his soul intact would be revived. When Bastian opens the right door, the Air of Death would rush out, causing all surrounding life to wither away.

Of course, resurrection cannot be without a price. For every 10 taken away by the right door, only one can come back from the left. When both doors are opened together, there will be endless destruction.

In this instant, Bastian has already rushed into the midst of the Demon army. In an instant, Adam who was using his Inferno Wings to deal with Kakajil became part of the audience. When Bastian and Kakajil was pitting together physically while tearing each other apart with their fangs, the doors of death has been long opened.

Perhaps, as the leader of the Seven Deadly Sins, Bastian's individual fighting prowess may not be on par to Ah Dang of Gluttony. But, in a team battle, Bastian who can revive, command and serves as a war machine still serves as my strongest General.

"Don't duel if you can lynch. I have said that before. This is one of the basic strategies of war — Gathering soldiers to get in the upper hand to destroy the enemy's isolated and weaker soldiers."

At this moment, when Kakajil's arm that was holding the Demon Halberd and his throat was bitten firmly by Bastian, the God Sword of the man in the sky strikes relentlessly on the vitals of the Demon Lord. The isolated Demon Noble who can no longer move fate is sealed. He can only serve as the punchbag of the charging army.

In the face of the absolute army formed by 24602 Heroic Spirits, no matter how strong he is individually, the only possible ending for him is to get crushed.

However, in the face of a critical situation, the infuriated Demon activates the talent that he can only use once a day.

"Soul Extraction Curse!"

That is a powerful curse created by combining the ability of the Demon Lord and his SemiGod Equipment ?Kakajil's Soul-Burning Lantern. The target of this curse would

have their soul forcefully extracted and for a soul that has left the body, there is no way it is able to withstand the attraction of the Soul-Burning Lantern.

However, it chose the wrong target.

The gigantic finger points towards me. The black tattoos of the curse spreads rapidly across his body in the shape of a spider's web. The next second, it went still.

Indeed, if the summoner of the Soul World dies, the Soul World would disappear along with him. The Royal Knights will turn back into their original forms as Undead Knights, becoming significantly weaker. Thus, using his strongest talent, his curse, to kill me instantly is a correct strategic move.

But, even though I look like a living being, I am still dead. Let's first not discuss how can a soul be extracted from the body of a dead person, even the River Styx which has the greatest ability to attract and eat into souls cannot do anything to my soul, so what can a SemiGod Equipment do?

"Charge!!"

Seeing the master they serve being attacked, the Knights were enraged. Even without my orders, they won't stop their charge.

After a large AOE Holy Light buff, the silver arrows carrying with it the nemesis of the Demons, Holy Light, with it turns into a rain of arrows that fills the entire skyline.

The tip of the arrow is filled with the bane of Demons, Power of Holy Light. Just like how corrosive poison works on living beings, the areas hit by the Holy Light causes the wound to widen. The area around the impact immediately bloats up and explodes. Perhaps, it might not be really effective against the massive Demon Count, but it is definitely excruciating.

"AHHHHHH! DARNED WORMS!!" Enraged, he smacks away the equally big Bastian. With his remaining hand, he summons a destructive Forbidden Spell.

But my Knights won't simply sit back and allow him to do as he please.

As the Heroic Spirit Mages start to show their might, innumerable Magic Restrictions forcefully caused the casting of the Forbidden Spell Meteor Rain to fail again and again. In the end, only a small flame in his palm remains.

That is the helplessness of a Great Mage without cannon fodder to shield him. Facing an entire army of Mage's Magic Restriction, the fact that he is able to summon a small flame means that his basics are very solid.

After Camisia, leading the charge, cuts out a terrifying hole of flesh and blood on the tower-like gigantic legs, the other Knights follow suit like carnivorous ants, inflicting severe wounds on the body of the Demon Count.

Adam made use of this opportunity to stab the Blessing of the Phoenix into Kakajil's eyes, destroying an eye of his among screams of agony. When Bastian expands once again and crushes Kakajil to the ground, everyone knows that it is the end of the powerful Demon Count.

Kakajil is strong, extremely strong. But, war isn't a duel. Even if he is strong individually, but there is a limit to what he can do alone.

He rolls around on the ground in pain, using his Demon Halberd to shake off the 'little worms' on his body. But, this was no different from suicide. The corrosive blood of the Demon flows out continuously and due to excessive corrosion, the land he is on starts to turn into scorched land.

Very quickly, when his neck was severed, the Demon Count Kakajil finally falls. His massive body gradually turns into ashes.

This time, he used his true body to descend. Even if he is able to revive, he would have to start afresh from the lowest-tier Demon. Following the fall of the summoner, the Demons disappear one by one as they are banished back to their own Dimension.

This time, they didn't get to claim much soul. After the depletion from the journey here and back, the losses they incurred would take centuries to gain back.

"Victory!!"

When the horn symbolizing victory is blown, not only on the battlefield, even Sulfur Mountain City, which is not that far away, is hit by a wave of joy. Regardless of whether they knew each other before, the citizens hugged each other in relief, celebrating their survival in this calamity!

But, this is only the start of my trouble.

"Clang!"

The crimson-red God Sword and silver Sacred Sword clashes together violently. Despite the fact that their master was assaulted, the Heroic Spirits only had the intention to look at the commotion. In fact, a few of them even started accepting bets. All that is lacking is some stools and sunflower seeds to enjoy the battle.

Adam's stupid face is right in front of me and the words that he squeezes out from his gritted teeth were filled with deep resentment.

"

"Roland, no, Big Brother Rolo, maybe it is about time for us to settle our old scores!"

PS. Since someone asked and the plot is here already, so I will explain for a bit. For all 3 of his lives, he started out as a Holy Knight, just that he got into other fields later on. After all, going with something that he was experienced with saves him a lot of effort.

The first time he died was at 14 years old. His second life would be mentioned later on in the series and his 3rd life is the one with his identity as an Adventurer named Rolo.

TL: This old Sword Saint will use his sharp sword to prove them wrong -> Exact phrase is the spicy ginger are the old ones, which, in this context, means something like the strong ones are still the old ones.

Btw, I really can't stand the word Mist :X Somehow the feeling feels totally different from in Chinese. It is a bit like trying to convert the Han of the Han Dynasty into English. But, Lan Country looks visually ugly.

I realized how little English words there are for angry compared to Chinese today. Also, I will confess that I am getting lazier in typing properly as I anticipate the arrival of my editor.

Somehow, there is 2 different chapters for Chapter 62. The 2 chapters are quite similar in the story flow. The one that I am translating is the newer one but the older one has some details which the newer one doesn't have. I probably won't translate it so I will just put the summary here.

It starts out with him saying that Roland worships the Holy Light, just the Holy Light itself and not the God. After all, other than the fanatics who have a screw loose in their head, no one would worship a system that controls the god power that doesn't have any sense of self. Even so, he is the one closest to the Origin of Holy Light. While viewing it as a tool, he studies and analyses it, which is the main reason how he was able to create the similar Power of Law.

The core of Holy Light is 'Purification'. It is a power that mends the world, destroying everything that doesn't belong to this world and returning the distorted Rules back its original state. It is what the Origin of Order expects of the world.

Its healing abilities is just the reparation of life. It is useless towards those who are reaching the limit of their lifespan, because life, sickness and death are a natural part of life.

However, to the Demons who can distort Rules and Undead, whose existence is a distortion of Rules, the reparation of the distortion is equivalent to destroying them.

So, the Holy Light is the nemesis of Demons and Undead.

Thus, no matter how good it sounds, Holy Light can never rid the world of war. The Judge must be a neutral party. How can the conflict be resolved if one party wants to destroy the other. Wiping away the other party to end the war is a joke (As long as the River Styx continues to flow, Demons will be created endlessly). That is the main reason why I gave up on the Holy Light and created the Power of Law.

Starting out as a Holy Knight for 3 of my lives, I have absolute confidence in my control of Holy Light.

-Then, he buffs his sword and says that if his Soul Imprint Son of Light is still intact, even the Pope would have to bow to how pure his Holy Light was-

-He fights with Adam against Kakajil when joking about-

-Molly swoops down to help him but was driven away by Ein Mezus, who was using a weapon (talon)-

-Margaret summons her Star Spirits to fight with the Demons-

-Molly appears once again and throws Shou into the battle of Adam and Roland against

Kakajil, exacting vengeance on the person who used her as a tribute-

-Shou gets destroyed by a three-pronged attack of them 3-

-Molly escapes once again after being scared off by Ein Mezus-

-Using Adam as a distraction, Roland looks for a weak spot in Kakajil's armor and penetrates it, then cutting his veins etc. from within-

-Kakajil is in pain. He destroys his lantern and commands the spirits inside to hunt down Roland who is wreaking havoc in his body-

-Roland uses Holy Light to purify these spirits-

-Kakajil falls-

-Adam and Roland starts fighting (This time it feels more like clashing on friendly terms)-

Chapter 63

Adam

"Big Brother, your Swordsmanship is incredible. Can you teach me? I am called Adam and I am from White Stone Village. My goal is to become a Hero and marry Lisa. Afterwards... Go back to the village to brag to everyone! Right, I must also become a landowner so that I can be like old Peter living next door, being able to collect rent without working, smoking weed while staring at other people working..."

Back then, that silly-looking youngster stood in front of me. Despite not being even a Bronze-rank, he spoke so arrogantly of becoming a Hero. It was really a mystery where his confidence came from.

"Your movement is slow and your basics are weak. You don't have any special bloodline and your ability to understand is weak. If it weren't for your ability to think on the spot and make accurate decisions sometimes, you are as good as completely useless! You will not break through Silver-rank in your entire lifetime!"

Since I was free and bored, I decided to try training this untalented Swordsman. But very quickly, I lost my interest in him.

"Just a normal person. Not even qualified to serve as a cannon fodder."

But, as a Holy Knight and a good elder brother, how could I say that.

"Good! You have the determination. Just follow the training schedule that I planned out for you. If you try your best to complete it, you would definitely become a great Hero."

"Running 50km with weights of 50kg. Swing your sword for 20 000 times every day. Easy, easy!" Afraid that I wouldn't teach him, Adam strikes his chest confidently in response.

I wasn't lying to him. That is the training for the rookies of the Royal Knights of Mist Country. Just that, I casually increased the repetitions by 10 times. Rookies take around an hour to swing their sword 1000 times and the efficiency would become

lower as they continue on. When the muscles have reached their limit, every additional swing will be a great torture to the body.

Within expectations, it didn't take him long before he came running to me with sore arms, saying that he was unable to complete his training. At that moment, I would say 'You are really lousy. Fine, I will lower my expectations' while adjusting the training based on his situation.

However, I didn't expect that this dim-witted youngster, afraid that he wouldn't be able to finish his training, would sneak out at 3 in the morning and only come back at 4 in the morning the next day.

"Big Brother! I finished it!! You can check my work! The big tree by the river was cut by me!"

Do I still need to check? Looking at his battered body and those blisters on his hand, for the first time, I felt that this fool was a little cute.

"He didn't notice that I was just playing with him? Looking at how his muscles are torn, it seems that he didn't remove his weight even when he is practicing his swings. His foolishness really makes one at a loss for words."

Thus, looking at the red-haired young lad who fell asleep while taking out a biscuit to eat, I decided to be more serious in my teachings.

Adam, with his numb body, laid on the bed for an entire day and when he found that he would have to remain in such a state for 3 more days, he tearfully took out the money for his food expenses for the next month to get a Priest to heal him. At that point, I said.

"Let's adjust the training plan. Run 5km twice every day to warm up your body and do 2000 swings every day. When your basic strength is there, I will impart you true swordsmanship."

When I said this, the young lad agreed

However, this time, he left home at 2 in the morning and returned at 12 at night.

"Hehe, Big Brother Rolo, I finished today's training before 12! You don't have to reduce the training repetitions! I know that I am dim-witted but as long as I am willing to

work hard, I can definitely finish it."

The young lad collapses after reporting to me happily. He managed to renew my understanding towards fools.

Thus, on the third day, I secretly followed him out.

Looking at the regret the foolish lad felt waking up at 4, he hammers his own head before realizing that he is wasting time. He quickly climbs up and starts to swing his sword with all his might. Looking at the sight of the total mess of swordsmanship, the skin on the arm that splits open from the aftershock of the swing and him gritting his teeth to endure the pain, I suddenly felt that I was getting slack.

"It seems that my expectation of myself has lowered recently. Then, let me start from the basics too, from 30000 swings."

Un, that night, I returned home an hour earlier than that Fool-dam. During dinner, the hands that were serving the bowl were shaking. Of course, even so, I am still much better than Adam who was sleeping by the entrance.

TL: Fool-dam -> Foolish Adam

That night, I pulled the Fool-dam who was sleeping on the streets back. After pouring cold water on him to wake him up, I dumped all the basic techniques on gripping a sword and swinging it on him.

The second day, I realized that other than his diligence, his instincts and understanding towards swords are actually quite good, just that no one was willing to teach this countryside lad in the past.

"Let me go with 40000 swings today. I will finish it 2 hours earlier than that Fool-dam."

When I started seriously imparting him skills, he realized that I was also practicing basic swings. He secretly added the number of swings to do, unwilling to lose to me.

As for me, how could I possibly be overtaken by that Fool-dam. My swinging speed is much faster than him and my physical strength is much higher than his. Furthermore, I can use Holy Light to heal myself. As long as our training duration is equally long, I would definitely get in more swings than him. Thus, he lost every single time.

"If I were to continue on like this without changing, I won't be able to catch him to him my whole life." Very quickly, the dim-witted him came up with this conclusion.

Thus, he started to research his own swordsmanship, how should he hold the sword when he stabs? How should he hold the sword when he slashes? How can he prevent wind resistance to increase the speed of his sword? I must say, once a fool devotes his effort into one goal, results would come out from his one-track mind.

Training with his sword, experimenting his skills, thinking about his shortcomings, refining his sword techniques, training with his sword, experimenting his skills... The dim-witted Swordsman has already found his own path. The only thing I can teach him is just other people's experiences and high-level techniques.

However, since he is able to do it, there is no reason I can do it! So, my Swordsmanship also improved gradually.

"Fine, since we are around the same, so let's pit our will."

After that, we starting increasing my training goals to surpass each other. 20000 swings every day? Just an appetizer before breakfast. While moving about, we would swing our swords to slash imaginary foes. When we are in the forest, we would cut leaves. When we are at the mountains, we would cut rocks. When we are at the ocean, we would cut water. Eventually, we can't even remember how many swings we did each day. Without noticing, our sword speed also reached a speed where normal people can't see it clearly.

Indeed, in the eyes of outsiders, our Swordsmanship come from the same school, the Monarch Swordsmanship. Without any fanciful tricks, our swords are fast, accurate and lethal. In reality, that is just the result from the accumulation of the basics. If we aren't fast, accurate and lethal, then how could we finish our training plan and make it for dinner in time.

What is laughable is that in the future, people would call the dumb Adam as a genius in Swordsmanship. More like naturally dim-witted, I would say.

Afterwards, in order to make up for his lack of bloodline and special abilities, we hunted a Phoenix and stole the Phoenix Heart so as to help Adam obtain the Inheritance of the Phoenix.

Now, hundred years has passed and after going through countless battles and turmoil

that can make one's heart shatter, from a lad by the countryside, he completed his Hero dream and even more so, stands at the pinnacle of strength of humans. But, not long ago, he told me that he was tired and he intends to throw away everything to rest. To sleep for eternity.

Just thinking about this, my rage explodes.

"Idiot! Coward! Just a woman can turn you into that state! What about your dreams and goals? Your sword? The sword you spent so many years to forge? Those don't matter at all? Tell me! Big Hero!"

I can understand the weariness that comes from the soul. It often bugs me, sometimes I wish that I could rest for eternity. But, how can I accept this kind of reality!

Sacred Sword Roland turns dull as the Holy Light fades away. However, my furious will causes the light of my soul to shine!

"Clang!"

Our swords clashed. Similarly, there isn't any flame on the crimson-red God Sword. Towards my questions, Adam shouts with gritted teeth.

"What do you know! No matter how hard I tried, Lisa only looked at you! Even when she died on my shoulders, her final words were your name. Can you understand this kind of heart-shattering emotion!"

Rolling backwards, I dodge Adam's vertical cut. Somehow, my eyes shot towards another direction. In that instant, Margaret's head is lowered, she refuses to look at us. At the same time, she feels uneasy and the ground is slightly damp. Apparently, she has been crying secretly. Thus, my anger heightens!

"Lisa, Lisa, everything Lisa! You have been nagging about it for more than a hundred years! For a woman who have died for a hundred years, is this worth it! Is a dead person that perfect in your eyes? What about the living! Margaret has sacrificed so much for you, what do you intend to do!"

My furious roar causes Adam to stun for a moment. Then, he roars back with an even louder voice.

"I don't know! I am stupid anyway, aren't you all responsible for all the thinking! Come

out with an idea for me!"

Acting dumb because you can't face her? Messing around because you are forced into a corner?

The Adam who is messing around made me laugh. Thus...

"A century passes in an instant, nothing is constant. Companions depart, only I continue existing. The cycle of the withering and blooming of flowers repeat every year, I only pray that I die in the midst of a bed flowers, remembering the past in a semi-drunk state..."

At this moment, Adam was dumbfounded. Isn't this the poem of his philosophy? It can't be that...

"The Severance of the River of Time!!"

"The Severance of the River of Time!!"

The blink of the light, the heartless time, the flash of a sword resembles the flowing water of a creek. A fallen leaf floats on the slow and clear water. Hundred years feel like a moment, a moment that is filled with the accumulation of memories. 2 exactly same Swordsmanship philosophy comes into contact with each other and both people return back to reality from their illusion, staring at each other furiously.

Lamenting the death of a beauty, the heartlessness of time. If we are talking about things that we lost, I definitely have much more than that fool. He only lost a crush while I can't even remember loving the person. If Adam is able to comprehend the philosophical swordsmanship, there is no reason I am unable to comprehend it.

"Is such a simple sword skill worthy of being called profound? I am able to understand it so easily."

"Hah, is that worth bragging? The feeling required for this philosophy is sadness. Being able to understand it easily? That can only mean that you are more pitiful than me!"

Of course, that hateful Adam. He is only sharp at times like this!

"You are only quick on the uptake on this kind of things. Your instincts are as hateful

as usual. Then, look at this!"

With the Roland Sacred Sword in front me, this time, my eyes turned dark and all light seems to have been swallowed by the sharpness of my blade.

"Bitter over the early death of the young, bitter over the lonely widow, bitter over the passing of her, bitter over the destruction of homeland, bitter over the absence of friends, bitter over the sufferings of the masses. Secret Sword.Seven Bitter Sword."

The silver longsword moves even without me swinging it. Different from the eye-catching Severance of the River of Time, the dark flash of the sword makes one instinctively avert their eyes yet somewhere in between, the sword splits into 7. Just like how it is impossible to avoid agony and pain in life, it quietly shrouds around your body.

This is the Swordsmanship Philosophy that I understood after shutting myself for half a month after seeing Adam's Severance of the River of Time. Since he is able to comprehend the profoundness from the experiences and life of philosophers from East, then as someone originating from the East, there's no reason why I am unable to do it!

"Clang!"

Even so, this new Sword of Philosophy is still completely blocked by that rapid swing of that God Sword.

"Now, I can be sure that you are much more pitiful than me. You are really worth sympathizing."

Even though he is speaking words of sympathy, but that ungrateful man smiles gleefully, as though he has won something.

"You fool! I must teach you a lesson today! Why I am the big brother and you can only be the little brother!"

"Hehe, isn't it enough for a Holy Knight to just use his Holy Light? Using Swordsmanship to challenge a pure Warrior Swordsman genius? Dream on!"

The crimson-red God Sword and the silver Sacred Sword cross blows continuously. We were attacking each other happily. All kinds of depressing philosophy come pouring

out and sarcasms aimed at the opponent's weak spots shoot out endlessly. At the same time, we laughed loudly and happily. It has been long since I had such a great time.

I possess the body of a Heroic Spirit which knows not of death and tiredness while Adam has a true indestructible body. This battle is bound to be a long one.

Not too far away, looking at the two men who have forgotten everything and were laughing happily, the calm and tranquil Margaret of usual grits her teeth tightly and anger and hatred fills her entire face.

"Adam and Roland, you both said that adults were selfish. From what I can see, it should be that men are selfish! Annie, remember it, next time you find a lover, you must not find one like these two bastards! Even if you fall in love, you must break up immediately!"

Beside her, Annie nods her head, seeming to not really understand what was told to her. She looks on worriedly at the fight between her Uncle Bones and her godfather.

"So Uncle Bones used to be so cute." Somehow, she remembers the promise and the message her godfather told her awhile back. The young lady blushes. Margaret's warning seems to be in vain.

"Is that really Swordsmanship?" Seeing the foreign eastern Philosophical Swordsmanship for the first time made Fayde and the rest engrossed in this duel. The profoundness of these skills requires emotions and the state of mind. Rather than saying that it is a sword technique, it has already reached the depths of Rules where magic can't hope to reach. It is totally different from the mainstream sword techniques in this world which pursues strength and destructive ability. This duel is equivalent to opening an entirely new world for these swordmasters.

Since the battle has ended, other than the few remaining audience, the Red Hunting Hounds and the rest has disbanded. Their goal is to head to a restaurant or some other locations. After all, it isn't the time to waste their time with their physical bodies. They must make every second count.

In this instant, I was still racking my brains on how to beat down this bastard which refuses to fall. However, his face suddenly changes and fire shoots out from his back, plunging his surroundings into flames.

"Looks like time's up."

The helpless Adam smiles bitterly. The recent battles caused his body to instinctively borrow more power from the Phoenix Heart and it seems that he has finally reached the end of his time. His physical body which has reached its limit can no longer restrain the Phoenix Heart.

Looking at this situation, I grit my teeth, intending to fulfill my final promise. But Adam suddenly starts to regret.

"No, Roland, I feel that since you are even more pitiful than me, so I should do it myself so as that you won't be even more miserable."

Fire shrouds the entire body of Adam. With a quick motion, he stabs his right hand into his left chest. After the splatter of blood and flesh, a fire-red object is dug out.

"Phoenix Heart!"

Yes, the so-called Phoenix Heart is not the name of some treasure or some description. It is a true beating heart of a Phoenix.

After losing his heart, Adam didn't die immediately. Instead, he smiles while looking at the pink heart in his hands.

"Back then, for this object, we spent more than 2 years tracking and hunting down the Phoenix. Even after Little Red 'exposed her identity' and used the entirety of her strength, we still ended up lying in the church for a month after the incident. Actually, I have been regretting since then for accepting the Inheritance of the Phoenix. I almost caused the death of the entire team."

After looking at it for the final time, he casually passes the most precious Phoenix Heart to me.

"I still have to trouble you in the end. I am sorry, Big Brother Rolo. I have bothered you with many things in my lifetime. It looks like I won't be able to see the creation of the great world in your dreams. But, Big Brother, you are so amazing, I'm sure nothing can stop you. You will definitely succeed."

After the passing of so much time, hundred years later, he still called me Big Brother just like back then, when we were adventuring.

Looking at the heartless person with a big hole in his chest, looking at this little

brother of mine who felt regret being unable to see the world in my dreams, what else can I say?

When he can stand no longer, Adam collapses by the side of the rock wall.

Looking at him, I am at a loss of words. Finally, a feeling that I never had before arises from me, make me unable to suppress my words no longer, makes the lump in my throat disappears.

"Foolish lad, I want to let you see it. If you all aren't here, then what meaning is there to my dream! Dumbass, treat it as the pleading of your big brother, live on."

Indeed, even if peace were to really come, what meaning would it have if I ended up alone in this world.

The tears of the dead drips drop by drop on Adam's face. But, he still looks at me with that silly smiling face.

"Big Brother, we have known each other for so many years but this is the first time I see you shedding tears. Hehe, should I be proud? But, I am really tired. I have done everything that I wanted to this life and I am contented. Let me rest."

In a confusion, Little Red lands to the surface and the blue figure closes in. Even when she cannot see him clearly anymore, her words still come pouring out.

"Selfish! Bastard! You never consider other people's feelings!"

Looking at the tearful young lady, Adam opens her mouth to say something but in the end, it turns into a weak apology.

"I'm sorry, Margaret. I am really sorry... If there is an afterlife, I will definitely marry you."

I suddenly felt an urge to convert Adam into an Undead or Heroic Spirit. But Adam seemed to have seen through my thoughts and mustered his strength to shake his head towards me.

"Bastard! Your instincts are only spot-on at times like this!"

Unable to look on at Adam's final farewell, I turned around. But, when I looked at that

foreign yet familiar figure, I was stunned.

"In the end, I still feel like meeting Lisa. At least, give me a chance to confess..." This is the final farewell from Adam, words that he was afraid to say so as to not hurt Margaret.

After hundred years have passed, the figure of the young lady that he had a crushed on has already become blurry in his memories, needless to say to love her. Maybe, Adam knows that he has driven himself up a corner, trapping himself in the memories of the past. Just that, he really finds himself unable to take that step forward.

"Fine. Say it. I am listening."

That is a familiar voice, the voice that echoes in his dreams countless times. Adam widens his eyes in disbelief.

"Lisa!!"

Yes, that is the Great Thief Lisa. Equipped in light leather, high-cut boots with many different tools and daggers by her waist.

But, in our eyes, the traits of the Demons that were covered by her illusion were obvious. She is obviously Elisa dressed up as Lisa. But, how would she know the dressing habits of Lisa?

"Why are you looking at me so bizarrely? Right, Big Brother Rolo, I must thank you. You pulled me out from the River Styx on time. After breaking into the realm of Legends and awakening my true Demon name, my memories have all returned.

Could it be that a miracle has happened? Demon Nobles will remember memories of the past but it would be just like watching the life of others. However, Elisa is not a complete Demon yet. At that moment, too many possibilities rushes into my mind and my brain turns into mush in a moment.

"I... I."

Even though the one in his dreams is just in front of him, but he just couldn't say the words 'I like you'. Instead, his eyes were somehow attracted by Margaret, who is crying by the side.

The cold beauty of the past has turned into a tearful lady. Despite being obsessed with hygiene, mud was all over her and yet, she pays it no heed and simply sits there, weeping.

"Why are you looking at Big Sister Margaret? Is the target of your confession her and not me?"

The death of his loved one in his embrace in the greatest regret of his life. When his memories continuously beautified the dead, it became a dead knot. No human is completely emotionless. Perhaps, he has already been conquered by the cold-faced warm-hearted Saint who quietly sacrificed for him for a hundred years, just that he kept rejecting the possibility using Lisa as a reason.

Now that Lisa has appeared in front of him, escaping is no longer possible. He doesn't even know what kind of feelings he was harboring for Margaret in this instant.

In terms of feelings, there are memories that will be continuously beautified and past grudges. The dead can never be beaten. In this instant, the conflict in his emotions for many years, the intangible dead knot, under the miracle of the resurrection of the dead, has started to undo.

"Alright, even if you confess to me, my answer would still be 'I'm sorry, you are a good person. The one I like is Big Brother Rolo'. Right, Fool-dam, Big Brother Rolo and I have started dating. If you don't believe me, you can ask him."

"Me?" Just when I was stunned, Elisa's words ring by my ear.

"Master, do you remember the favor you owe me? Accept my confession. That is my condition."

That familiar way of calling me made me confirm that the one in front of me is Elisa. Somehow, I heaved a sigh of relief. After hesitating for a short while, I nodded my head.

"Un, we just started dating. I didn't have the time to tell you."

"Wait. If you both are dating, then I would have died ridiculously for other people's woman, wouldn't I become a big laughingstock! Hey, you both are teasing me right?"

Adam's sharp instincts, as usual, are sharp in unneeded times. By the side, Margaret, sensing the changes, is overjoyed. She immediately stops the time of Adam's physical

body so that he wouldn't die on the spot.

Looking at this situation, I understood in an instant. I smiled.

"Fine, then continue living. I have a few proposals here. For example, join my army?"

"I don't want!"

It is 'I don't want' and not 'I don't want to live'. In that instant, we are ecstatic.

From the way how Adam keeps on secretly peeking at Margaret, I somehow guessed that it wasn't the appearance of Lisa that changed his mind. Rather, Lisa's appearance made him unable to continue avoiding it, forcing him to face Margaret's feelings head on. Naturally, his thought of dying disappears.

"Fine, I still have dozens of proposals..."

"Remove those which are obviously bringing me down! To become other people dog, I don't want to fight for those hypocritical Gods."

"Tsk, then there is only one remaining. I will remove the Titan Heart from Roland No.2 and together with the Titan Core that I obtained from the auction (stolen it previously, the outer skin of the Titan Heart), we will make you a man-made Titan Heart. You have seen the 500-year-old cradle of a Phoenix, have you seen a Titan die of old age? Your physical body will rapidly become one belonging to the Titans. However, your attribute will turn from fire into lightning and that Titan Heart is still far inferior from the Phoenix Heart, these will cause your strength to fall rapidly for a short period of time. Are you still willing?"

"Ok! Do it quickly, I had enough of the empty feeling in my body, it feels awful."

Somehow, seeing how this stubborn fellow is finally enlightened, we all heaved a sigh of relief together. Frenzy joy fills our heart and we smile to each other.

But, the Roland Sacred Sword which is gradually shortening, returning back to its original form, reminds me I don't have much time left.

Fortunately, Kakajil did something good through the permanent Spatial Distortion. Little Red was able to retrieve the Titan Heart and Titan Core from Vance City swiftly. Furthermore, I did the operation personally, making it much more successful this time

round.

Very quickly, when everyone surrounds Adam, who has just been operated on, and Annie, I leave silently. The trouble with Adam has finally been settled and now, it is time for me to achieve my aspirations.

Returning back to the Sulfur Mountain City Court, Elisa is already waiting for me there. Holding in her hands is the Origin of Codex.

"Alright, it is time to shock the world. The Law Faction, it is about time it should have a true God."

Alright, I used philosophical swordsmanship to describe the technique. While I did say it is philosophical (and this is the closest word I can find), there is also the idea of profoundness (after all, you are able to evoke this philosophy in your swordsmanship), so it is supposed to be a hard technique to grasp.

Also, rather than creating techniques for this philosophical swordsmanship, it's described like it somehow comes to you. Like how eating comes instinctively to you and there's one way around it. You can only 'understand' it, you can't 'create' it (just like how you can understand how to eat, but you can't create how to eat)

Chapter 64

Ascending to Godhood

In the cold courtroom, on the huge stand where the gavel and documents are placed usually, hot dishes are laid out in its place.

Just like my other companions, I made use of my limited time to enjoy the pleasures of the flesh with Elisa.

Alright, don't get innuendos. I just mean eating. Can you sympathize these pitiful old bones who have been deprived of his sense of taste for more than a hundred years?

There aren't many dishes. Fried intestine, fruit salad, vegetable soup and butter bread. The taste can't compare to the food by the Imperial Kitchen that I remember, it is obviously the rushed work of some restaurant. But, for a hungry ghost who have not eaten for a hundred years, even a rock-hard barley bread would be treated as the finest culinary to him.

"Cough cough!" Too anxious to eat, I accidentally choked. I quickly grab my neck and knocks on the table violently, signaling Elisa to come to my rescue.

"Acting like a child despite being so old. Heh. You're exactly like a small kid now. Isn't there anything that you want to say?" Elisa pours some tea for me while patting my back."?.....???????,???????,?????????"

"Cough... I almost got done in by the cucumber slices. If I really die because of that, everyone would probably die along with me, from laughing."

"The dead still can die once more?"

"Of course, if I don't die and resurrect a few times, how can be considered a final boss? Other people might not know, but there isn't much difficulty for me to die a few dozen more times."

"Hmph, die faster so that you can get reincarnated earlier. Quickly pass on if you are done eating."

"Hey hey, even those on the death penalty have a final feast for them. Isn't it too early to be keeping the tableware now?"

"Is there such a rule?"

"Oh, looks like there really isn't one. I forgot to add it in. Remember to pass the message to Lilith so that she could bring it up during the next legislative meeting. Even if the law is heartless, enforcers must still retain their humanity. Give those on the death row some privileges, we should at least give them this much."

"Tell her yourself."

"That, I'm afraid it will be difficult. There isn't enough time..."

"Leave a note then."

Looking at this young lady with a frustrated face, I know that, by her personality, she wouldn't agree to my request. Helpless, I can only take out my pen to write a note and leave it on the Judge Stand.

"Alright, I'm done. Thanks for the hospitality." Satisfied from the alcohol and food, I nodded my head.

"It is just some cheap good from the bar. We didn't have sufficient time." Elisa shakes her head, regret and hesitation showing in her eyes.

"Yeah, if only you could have made it for me personally."

"You know that I can't cook. If I really make food, you have to finish it all."

Indeed, Elisa, who is capable in all other aspects of housework, is lacking slightly in this aspect. Perhaps it is because of her Demon Bloodline, but her sense of taste is bizarre. The food she makes has extremely heavy taste, spiciness within sweetness, poison within spiciness. Alright, maybe not poison but going by how my tongue was swollen up like a sausage, it is much worse than poison.

At this moment, I heaved a sigh of relief. Lisa is a true master of housework, the culinary she makes surpasses that of normal great chefs. In the end, worried, I couldn't resist asking her

"Is it Elisa?"

"Un, Elisa, not Lisa. I only used that to scare the others."

After giving a complete sigh of relief, I smiled.

"I think that Adam will get over it."

"So what? Didn't you say that a one-sided crush will only last for 36 days, a crush that lasted for more than a century is just escapism. Even if he were to face reality, accepts his own feeling and finally thinks it through, he would only play dumb. Aren't men only good at playing dumb?"

As Elisa speaks, she stares fixedly at me, even emphasizing the 'aren't men only good at playing dumb', an obvious attempt at pointing finger towards me.

"Haha, Adam isn't playing dumb but he is really dumb." Fine, some innocent man just got narrowed and is currently trying his best to play dumb.

A certain woman continues glaring furiously...

"Fine... I'm sorry." In the end, unable to stand the glare filled with reproach, a certain man apologizes helplessly.

"What I need now isn't an apology!"

"...I can only offer you an apology."

Maybe, the one escaping from reality isn't just Adam. I don't have the confidence to get past what I am about to face. Even if I know what Elisa wants is just a promise, I can't offer her one.

"Hmph, fortunately I didn't expect that a rock would be able to be enlightened, so I made preparations." I couldn't hear her mutterings behind her gritted teeth.

"Alright, now that I'm full, it is time to move on."

"Treating the utmost glory of Ascending to a God as a cruel punishment, aren't you afraid of blasphemy?"

"Cruel punishment? To me, becoming a God is much worse than a cruel punishment."

Becoming a God?

It sounds fine, but it actually isn't much.

Since I am talking about becoming a God, then I have to elaborate a little about what is a God. In reality, there are many type of Gods and they are vastly different from each other. At the very least, the Order Gods and Malevolent Gods of Chaos are 2 completely different concepts.

Most of the Order Gods obey some kind of Rule or Concept. Often, this Concept would be their Jurisdiction and their God Realm. The core of their existence is the materialization of the Concept of their Jurisdiction. Most of them have a certain job such that the Guardian God of a land and accepts faith from the people to grow stronger.

However, this also limits their actions. They must work under the restrictions of the Rule they made to spread their Concept. One of the most famous example of this is the Mother of Earth, God of Holy Light and the Goddess of Magic. These 3 Gods are unbelievably powerful but they have lost their sense of self, becoming a complete Conceptual existence.

The Malevolent Gods can also accept faith to grow stronger but they have much more freedom in this aspect. For one, despite Lorci messing around in the underground world, no one has leaped out to give her a slap.

This is the secret of the Gods which no church will leak out. To me, this is just an image to deceive the people.

The biggest difference between the 2 is that the Order Gods follow the Goddess of Order, Astrya, who is sleeping on the Origin of Order while the Malevolent Gods of Chaos have to offer their loyalty to the Goddess of Chaos, Cynthia, who is sleeping in the Chaos Abyss.

Alright, I seem to have accidentally leaked some important news. Since I've already said this much, I might as well finish my piece.

Astrya is deeply asleep on the Origin of Order, guiding the souls who believe in the Order Gods to ascend to the top of the Heavenly Pillar. When the souls are unable to

provide any more faith, they are sent back into the cycle of reincarnation. The fragment of souls from the faith in Order will become nutrients for Astrya so as to hasten her awakening.

Cynthia is also the same. The only difference is that the one guiding the souls isn't the Heavenly Pillar but the River Styx. Also, the place that she sleeps in isn't the Origin of Order but the Chaos Abyss.

This is also why the 'Sacred War' is never-ending. Even if the 2 Goddesses are forced into a deep sleep, but they both instinctively hope to awaken. As long as the cycle of reincarnation continues for a sufficient amount of time, they will eventually awaken. Furthermore, the greater the faith towards Order or the more a soul is sided towards Chaos, the more nutritious it is. Also, the roar of despair of by the souls of the warriors who died in battle will serve as an even more nutritious tonic.

So, if both Goddesses instinctively hopes to revive, the source of all life, the Origin of Order and the Chaos Abyss, won't wish for the war to stop. For them to awaken, the Sacred War will happen again and again. If the war continues on, there will be a day when after obtaining sufficient tributes, Astrya and Cynthia will awaken from their sleep and the War of Gods will happen in the end. The world will be reduced to its primitive form.

In the 'history', the darned catastrophe happened. After the tributes from 6 Calamities, the 2 Goddesses of Creation finally awakened and led the Gods and mortals under them to battle. The conclusion was just like the 1st Sacred War, there is no victor. The 2 Goddesses went back to eternal sleep, the different mortal races went extinct, many Gods fell and the Eich continent was destroyed like this. Maybe, when civilization finally props up again, the cycle will continue.

This is the ultimate secret that even the Gods of the new generation do not know of. But to me, it is just the final piece of information written on the game walk through.

"What the heck. I know that the Goddesses of Creation are great, being able to create so many races. But, can you sisters limit the fight to you two and not drag others down the mud!" This is my reaction when reading it for the first time. If it wasn't that I was a Transcender, I would have long been burnt on a stake.

That's why from the very start, I kept wavering between the Chaos Faction and Order Faction (I don't think that either sides are good). I followed the mainstream line of

thought that Chaos is evil and Order is kind. Also, despite belonging to the Order Faction, I made use of the very core of the world, the Origin of Order, without any respect.

Fine, now that I've said so much, the question is here. Since Chaos will not come to an end as long as the River Styx continues its flow, then everyone would be done for if this war goes on. So, how can it be stopped?

It might seem totally impossible but exploiting loopholes is my expertise. After spending many years, I finally thought of an idea but the first step involves the ascension as a God to strengthen the power of the Law.

The Power of Law is considered a lower power of the Origin of Order. Although I've talked about replacing the Power of Holy Light with the Power of Law, the Power of Law is still much too weak. It is impossible to learn and practice the Power of Law in a place without the God Equipment of Law. However, the Scattered Pages is limited in number, so if we were to want to spread the Power of Law through it, it would take too much time.

So, just like the Holy Light has the God of Holy Light, the Law must have one as well, even if it is just a God Power Regulation System. This way, no matter where and when, people are able to derive actual power from believing in Law. Only this way will there is a possibility for the Power of Law to replace Holy Light.

But, before all this can happen, the very first core step that must be made for my plans...

Then, since we have clarified what a God is and established the need for a God of Law, then, how can one ascend to become a God?

In reality, becoming an Order God isn't difficult. Other than those fortunate ones who managed to stumble on old God Power or God Jurisdiction, as long as one creates a new important Concept and Jurisdiction and he has reached the realm of the SemiGod before (This is so that he can manipulate the God Power so as to not implode from the God Power), he can make a declaration, ascend to Godhood, spread his faith and recruit devotees. At least, this is how the God of Holy Light came about. He should be the very first Priest of Holy Light.

The birth of every new Order God will strengthen the Order Faction significantly. All

of those who created new Concepts to Ascend to Godhood will be acknowledged and rewarded by the Origin of Order, allowing them to grow strong quickly.

This is also why Kajah and the others viewed me as a future God. This 'future' prefix should be only there because they thought that I have never reached SemiGod but I, Wumianzhe Roland, the previous SemiGod Undead Emperor, has already long fulfilled the conditions for an Ascension.

But, a true God's ability to interfere with the mortal world is limited. If I were to Ascend to Godhood and become a true God controlled by the Origin of Order, then I wouldn't be able to stay out of the fight of the 2 Factions. My plan would go down the drain. But, I found a loophole in the God system and now, with all of my betting chips in, it is time to start this crazy plan.

"I, Wumianzhe, the founder and user of the Power of Law, in Sulfur Mountain City, the land of origin of the Power of Law, declare to the world that I will Ascend to Godhood and take on the Jurisdiction of Law as a true God of Law."

The Origin of Order, which has been waiting for a long time, sends down a gigantic pillar of light and the thickness of the Power of Order makes it hard to breathe. As the declaration to Ascend to Godhood spreads across the world, all life stops in their footsteps and looks respectfully towards the sky.

Adam, who just climbed down from the operation stand, just like the others, stare at the pillar of Light of Order dumbfounded, only muttering a few words.

"Roland, you are really playing it big this time. You intend to fool the Gods?"

Short chapter but the others afterward would be long T_T

Let me elaborate a bit, some bit spoilers but it is just background info. The Gods who have been infused with too much faith become Conceptual existence which means they don't have a sense of self (unable to think), but this doesn't mean they cannot do anything. Think of Terminator, they will react when their Concepts are being threatened etc. More like a smart machine I guess. Also, not a strong Order Gods are Conceptual existence, e.g. Ayer

Last chapter in my inventory for today boomz, time for a long waiting period

Chapter 65

Sinners Will Be Judged Eventually

"I, Wumianzhe, the founder and user of the Power of Law, in Sulfur Mountain City, the land of origin of the Power of Law, declare to the world that I will Ascend to Godhood and take on the Jurisdiction of Law as a true God of Law."

The declaration of a true God rings beside the war of all living beings. Regardless of whether it is an adventurer who have travelled great distance, the busy merchants advertising their products, the nobles who are socializing in a ballroom or even warring soldiers, all of them stopped in their tracks to listen to the declaration of a true God.

"I promise to treat all life equally. The fair Power of Law will shield all innocent and punish all sins. In order to carry out the Rules of Law with absolute fairness, I am willing follow in the footsteps of the God of Holy Light to give up my sense of self to become the Rules of Law itself. From now onwards, I am the Law and the Law is me. One doesn't need to recite my name to obtain the Power of Law. One only needs to believe in enforcing the Rules of Law."

To fight for devotees and land, expanding the faith and advancing the God's power, even a few hundred years wouldn't be considered a long time to achieve these. I do not have the time to waste time with other Gods and the Law Faction urgently needs a God Power Regulation System. So, I will become one myself.

A true God without self-awareness wouldn't be met with enmity by other Order Gods. Furthermore, by becoming a pure Conceptual existence, the growth would increase exponentially. As long as the faith in law spreads, the God would able to grow powerful very quickly.

A brainless God Power Regulation System won't think of devouring other Jurisdictions after growing stronger so no matter how one looks at it, it is a great benefit to the Order Faction. This way, I don't have to worry about Gods taking the initiative to start a war to destroy this newborn God.

Of course, it is impossible for me to serve obediently as a God Power Regulation

System.

Then, is there any other way for my Ascension to fail? Is there any way for my declaration to be voided?

In history, there isn't any precedent. But in theory, there is one possibility — Death.

If a person died and his soul goes into the cycle of reincarnation, how can he Ascend?

That is the reason why I ignited my soul without hesitation previously, seeking for death!

Of course, it is not like it is impossible for me to fail completely. Anyway, a God Power Regulation System doesn't really need to think so it should be sufficient to split a fragment of my soul to it. I have prepared a horcrux-like Soul Container to build the new God. In fact, there are 2 SemiGod Equipment involved in it!

?SemiGod Equipment: Dignity of the Judicature (Bind)?

?Defence:10Points(Even metal plates only have 5Points of defense, for a cloth magic robe to reach these level of defense is already very incredible.?

?Unique Ability 1 The Self-Judgement of the Sinner: Induces guilt within sinners and as time passes, sinners would fall deeper into a state of fear and helplessness. The greater the sin, the greater the effect of this ability. The innocents are exempted from this ability.?

?Unique Ability 2 The Dispassionate Judge: The user equipped with the mask would have his charm fixed at 100. Resistance against seduction, detection, illusory and similar magic +20.?

?Unique Ability 3 Horcrux: A technique from a foreign world allows a fragment of Wumianzhe's Soul to be embedded within.?

?Unique Ability 4 Set Effect: If SemiGod Equipment Wumianzhe's Gaze is equipped together with this equipment, the user will be acknowledged by the Rules of Order as the founder of Power of Law Wumianzhe himself and receive the following buffs from the Origin of Law. Power of Law +30%, Magic Immunity +50%?

?SemiGod Equipment: Wumianzhe's Gaze (Bind) ?

?Defence: 0 Points?

?Unique Ability 1 The Gaze of Truth: No illusions or lies can fool Wumianzhe. The wearer will be able to see through all falsehood.?

?Unique Ability 2 The Voice of Justice: The wearer's word cannot be recorded and tested by any magic, even if the words he speaks are true. Immunity to Intimidation, Deceive and related verbal skills +20?

?Unique Ability 3 Horcrux: A technique from a foreign world allows a fragment of Wumianzhe's Soul to be embedded within. ?

?Unique Ability 4 Set Effect The Origin of Law: If SemiGod Equipment Dignity of the Judicature is equipped together with this equipment, the user will be acknowledged by the Rules of Order as the founder of Power of Law Wumianzhe himself and receive the following buffs from the Origin of Law. Power of Law +30%, Magic Immunity +50% ?

?Curse of the God Equipment, Weight of the Gavel: The user equipped must have a job related to the legislative system and must carry out his job impartially. If he were to twist the laws for personal reasons or speak falsely, the law robe would become an unquenchable fire, destroying the user's soul and physical body.?

? "Please use the authority granted prudently. The choice made after the Gavel strikes down doesn't merely decide the rise and fall of an individual, but represents the dignity of the legislative system and its impartiality. -The Supreme Court Wumianzhe?

This is my mask and robe that I don as Wumianzhe and SemiGod Equipment recognized by the Origin of Order. What I want to make use of is their Unique Ability 4 Origin of Order. As long as the Light Pillar or Order loses me as its target, then the equipment, which possesses a fragment of my soul, will become a qualified God Power Regulation System. At this moment, they are put together like a persona and under the effect of the Unique Ability 4, they form a Wumianzhe acknowledged by the Rules of Order!

But, as I expected, even if the Rules of Order lack self-awareness, it isn't that easy to fool it.

The Light Pillar of Order which guides the Ascension of true Gods totally ignores that fake. At the same time, it didn't gather around me. Instead, it binds the Roland Sacred

Sword. After all, the only thing required for Godhood is the soul and the soul of a Lich is in its phylactery. As for my Phylactery, it is in this Sacred Sword.

In the endless silver light, the extinguishing Soulfire due to the ignition of my stone is blazing up once again and the broken sword is actually starting to reforge itself!

This was a possibility that I have considered. The matter that I was the most worried about has happened. The Power of Order actually started to fix my broken phylactery! If it is in the past, I would dance in joy and this means that I can level up and grow but now, it is the amulet to my death!

"I don't want to be forced to Ascend! Elisa, carry out the plan!"

"But..."

"There are no buts. From the start, I should have been judged! Sinners will be judged eventually."

Yes, sinners will be judged eventually, regardless of their identity or the reasons. It is all because the sin exists.

?No matter what I do in the future, the past sins still weigh upon me. The souls that died because of me were sufficient to fill the entire River Styx. No matter how many people I save, how many good things I do, I am still a sinner. I can't even lie to my own heart, so how am I able to get the system to admit that I am a kind person.

"The words on the law monument at the entrance of the Supreme Court were even handwritten by me –Only impartial judgement and the punishment can wash away sins, no one is an exception. (Chapter 22) ?

Sinners will be judged eventually, this is my personal faith towards Law. A person who has his hands stained in blood isn't qualified to become the God of Law. Perhaps, this is the main reason why I avoided the choice of Ascending to Godhood personally. Perhaps, it is because of my subconscious anticipating the day when I am saved through judgement that gave the God Equipment Origin of Codex the final Unique Ability.

?Effect 4: Sinners will be Judged (Active): Activate Great Judgement towards a single target, cleansing him of all his sins through the judgement. Requirement: The target must be willing to undergo judgement.?

Looking at the Silver Light of Order growing stronger, Elisa is finally forced to raise the Codex as she grits her teeth.

"Sinners will be judged! Sinner Roland! Are you willing to accept judgement?!"

Looking at the blood stains on Elisa's red lips that were bitten by her silver teeth, I know that I am being too cruel. I actually forced Elisa to punish a person she likes... But the words for an apology rolls in my mouth, refusing to come out anyhow. In the end, it turns into a helpless sigh.

"Sigh... I am guilty and accept the judgement."

Another Light of Order bursts and my soul is brought into a Court of Stars. All of the part-time jurors and the ancient Heroic Spirit audiences are already seated. Elisa sits on the Judge Stand and the Codex floats in front of her. Countless memories that I remember and forgotten flashes in the Court and right now, they serve as the evidence of my guilt.

In one of the images, my Yongye army is engaged in reckless slaughter. The towns that the Undead army crosses path with are reduced to rubble. The dead rises as new soldiers and the fresh blood of the living forms a river of blood. The overwhelming resentment rises even to the Heavenly Pillar, enraging the Gods.

?Sinner Roland, you are sentenced to death penalty for war crimes!?When the trial begins, the user of the Codex is under the control of the absolutely fair Codex. Even if reluctance was written all over her face, Elisa reads out the verdict.

Yes, death penalty. Death penalty without any doubts. If we are talking about creating tragedies and war, then Shou who just died in the battlefield isn't even qualified to serve as my apprentice. It is right for me to be sentenced to death because of war crimes.

"Yes, I plead guilty."

A sudden leap in space-time and my soul and flesh is locked on a black-colored guillotine simultaneously. Then, the decapitation blade descends and kacha, the head separates from the body.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Even if I was prepared, but the pain and emptiness of death is still intolerable. The head that was cut off may no longer be able to make any sound

but my soul was shouting in agony.

Pain, absolute pain. My life is quickly receding from me with my head missing. The instincts of a living being makes me scream uncontrollably.

In the final throes of my screams, my soul and flesh start to disintegrate. This is true death. The me who doesn't believe in the true Gods of Order enters the cycle of reincarnation and falls into the River Styx!

But, a silver light suddenly falls and in an instant, the scattered soul becomes clear once more. To think that I would be forcefully revived by the Origin of Order!

Looking up at the slightly thinner Light Pillar of Order, I grit my teeth.

"Continue the judgement! It is useful! Let's go all out against it."

Under the heartless command of the man, the tears of the young lady drips down silently. In the end, it turns into a quiet weep. However, under the effect of the God Equipment, it turns into a solemn and cold judgement.

?Sinner Roland, you are sentenced to death penalty for fraud!?

The image in midair shows all of my truthful lies. In the biggest screen, the video of me handing over the Eternal Night Scepter I created to the auction with ill intents could be seen.

Yes, ill intentions and fraud are heavy crimes, the death penalty is definitely a fitting punishment.

In midair, I was pushed onto the gallows. Then, the steps under my feet suddenly disappear and endless blank space could be seen below my feet.

The rope on my neck tightens and the pain on my throat escalates to crazy levels. The choking sensation of my soul is even harder to tolerate than the one on my flesh. I want to shout but no sound comes out. In the end, both of my legs slacken and everything went silent.

Just when my soul starts to disintegrate, a silver light falls and I am revived once again...

"Continue!!"

?Sinner Roland, you are sentenced to death penalty for murder!?

This time, it is death my poison. Boundless pain gathers in my veins. The pain from my veins expanding, a stabbing pain, a frosty feeling, a burning sensation and in the end, what is left is a corpse without any feelings.

Silver Light falls...

"Continue!! It is already much thinner."

Elisa's face was long tear-stricken. But, she is unable to stop now. Once the judgement begins, the Court will not stop until all of the sins of the great sinners are judged. I, who have committed many crimes within these 300 years, dying 3 or 4 times are far from sufficient!

?Sinner Roland, you are charged with the crime of anti-sentient being crime (Anti-humanity Crime)...?

It is the soul electric chair this time.

Silver Light falls.

?Arson?

Burnt on a stake.

Silver Light falls...

?Crime of poisoning?

Drown to death.

Silver Light falls...

One crime after another is played on the Judgement Stand as I revive and die again and again. My soul disintegrates and reforge again and again. At this moment, I had the thought of simply dying and ending it all.

Finally, after dying countless times, just as I, numb from everything, started to give up hope, the Light of Order that falls finally has a short delay in between!

"Quick, quick, use that!!"

The one that I was pointing to is the large blade that is leaning by the Judgement Stand, Dragon Saber!!

Elisa releases her grip on the Codex, carries that heavy blade and strikes the Roland Sacred Sword with it.

?Special Ability The Unyielding Saber: 100% chance of directly destroying a weapon below Elite-tier. 50% chance of directly destroying an Elite-tier weapon. 30% chance of directly destroying an Epic-tier weapon. 1% chance of destroying any weapon below God-tier.?

This is the most useful ability of the God Equipment Dragon Saber that came from a foreign world. Even though Roland Sacred Sword is a hard-to-come-by Godly Weapon, able to stand toe-to-toe with SemiGod Equipment, but it is still not a God Equipment and there is a 1% chance of it being destroyed in an instant. Furthermore, once the phylactery of the Lich is shattered and it doesn't revive on time, then I will be dead for sure!

That's why, my first reaction upon seeing this Godly Weapon is to involve it in my backup plans in case something goes wrong.

"Dang dang dang!"

This the sound of the clashing between the sword and the saber and the sound of my impending demise. However, I wish from the depths of my heart that it would come faster because the Light Pillar of Order is starting to gather in the sky!

"Get away! This Light of Order is fatal to someone who has Demon Bloodline like you!!"

However, Elisa ignores my words and increases her slashing speed.

However, the silver Light Pillar sudden falls in the next instant without any warning.

The moment the Light Pillar falls, I fell into despair. I don't really mind Ascending and at worst, I just have to find another idea or just become a God Power Regulation

System but Elisa...

"NO!!"

I have never felt so regretful, so regretful for the decisions I made! Regretful that I will never be able to see this young lady again! Regretful that I ignored Elisa's hints and regretful that I was unable to say some words!

"The Rage of Lightning!"

A rampaging lightning suddenly strikes towards the Light Pillar in the sky, colliding forcefully into it. But, the Light Pillar quickly destroyed the lightning and continued its descend.

At the same moment, a figure shrouded in lightning is already standing in the face of the Light Pillar.

"Adam!" Yes, despite just finishing his operation and is still in a weak state, Adam stands once again in the battlefield.

He doesn't need to ask why we are struggling against the benevolent Origin of Order. Just the furious roar and cry of agony from his companions is enough for him to put his life on the line and come to our rescue!

"Lightning, respond to my summons!!"

Countless lightning bolts gather under the order of its master. The enraged Swordsman aims his sword at the heavens and slashes. This time, when the smoke finally scatters, the lightning and Light of Order has destroyed each other under the collision.

In the next moment, as though incited, an even larger Light of Order descends. If struck by it, even Adam who possesses the Titan Bloodline will die instantly.

But, glancing below, he didn't have the slightest intention to dodge the attack. Instead, he raises his sword and charges ahead!

"Corridor of Time!!"

Fortunately, a voice suddenly echoes and under the entire strength of a SemiGod Saint,

the time surrounding the Light of Order is forcefully slowed.

"You bastard! You want to die that much?!"

Alright, facing the interrogation and angry howl from the blue figure, Adam could only smile foolishly.

Even with the combined strength of 2 SemiGod experts, the slowed time and the lightning bolts that continuously ascends to strike, they were only able to slow down the descend of the Light of Order.

But, this gave an opportunity to reverse the situation below.

Finally, that 1% Unique Ability has been activated.

"Kacha." With a crisp sound, Roland Sacred Sword shatters and the gray soul within dissipates.

"Great!!"

Hearing my voice, Adam gives way and Margaret, who is already perspiring from the struggle, immediately removes her magic, allowing the Light of Order to descend.

This time, the shattered phylactery can no longer attract its attention. Instead, it strikes on the fake persona beside!

At this moment, I took this opportunity to activate the soul fragments in the SemiGod Equipment to make it more reminiscent of a complete person.

Afterwards, following the flow of the Light of Order inside, the incomplete soul is being filled and this faker persona gradually becomes completed. Even more so, it started its evolution from a human to a true God.

As for me, I am already lying peacefully on the ground, waiting for the call of death. But, in the last moment, I saw the red eyes of Elisa and that bizarre smile on her small face as she grabs a saber while walking towards me.

?Special Ability Frenzy: 1% chance of falling into a frenzied state that recognizes no kin. In this state, you will first target and kill your own kin.?

Alright, I've already known that with my Luck, if that 1% probability of destroying the Sacred Sword of the Special Ability is able to trigger, then this 1% Special Ability of Frenzy is bound to trigger as well.

Looking at the lady who raises the giant blade to slash down, I was unable to move at all. I could only smile helplessly.

"Should I be glad that she treats me as her kin? NOOOOO! THIS KIND OF DEATH IS TOO UGLY! IT IS JUST LIKE HOW A PHILANDERING HUSBAND IS DECAPITATED BY HIS WIFE USING AN AX! I DON'T WANT THIS KIND OF DEATH!!"

But, the next instant, my eyes completely went dark. In the end, I have no idea whether I really got decapitated or Adam managed to stop her.

2 months later, in the Inferno Abyss of the Lower Realm, on the River Styx that is normally quiet, there is a soul that is creating a ruckus, very much different from all of the other lifeless souls.

"I love bathing, to get good skin~ With my shower cap on, prancing about~ Piranhas try to escape, rinsing the top while cleaning the bottom... Never mind since I can't remember it. Ah, boss, if you don't come soon, I wouldn't even be able to remember my own name!"

TL: This is the original song. The original lyrics should be Mermaids try to escape

That person looks like a teenager and the song he is singing is a nursery song from a foreign word but somehow, there is something there that doesn't fit into the song.

"...one hundred and eighty-four thousand six hundred and twenty-one, one hundred and eighty-four thousand six hundred and twenty-two..."

Fortunately, just when he was so bored that he started counting from one to two hundred thousand, a small black boat appeared on the River Styx, where boats shouldn't appear at all.

The boatman is a dashing young man dressed in black. He isn't tall or short and there isn't anything that is defining about him. The black robe seems especially fitting on him, giving the impression of a silent dark night.

I was overjoyed after floating for such a long period of time! Even the soul of a Transcender is about to be unable to withstand it.

"Hey hey, here!!"

Hearing the shout, the small boat changes its direction and very quickly, I was pulled up by the boatman.

"Boss Ayer, if you came any later, I would have really thought that you have went against your words."

Yes, the young man who seems extraordinarily ordinary is the most ancient God, the High King of the first generation of Humans, Death God Ayer.

"Hehe, you have done such a great job so why would I go against my words. Your avatar, the God of Law Wumianzhe, is currently the hottest topic among the Gods. In order to help shield you from all probing-related Magic, even I had to spend quite a bit of effort. Even so, it is worth it."

The praise of Death God Ayer is rare. Even towards the 'absolute' true Gods, he rarely shows them any consideration.

"Then, let's carry on as we planned."

"Of course, I have already spread the word. Whoever who dares to touch Wumianzhe would be waging a war against me, so you can rest easy about your avatar. Your next step should be to expand the faith of Law and increase the God Power of the God of Law."

"Un, yes. That is the 2nd part of my plan, to make Law replace Holy Light as the number 1 faith of intelligent lifeforms. It may be difficult, but it isn't impossible and I have my own plans in this aspect."

The black-clothed Dark God smiles. For the first time, he feels that letting this lad with a silver tongue go back then was a fortunate thing.

"Fine, but to make the God of Law into the God of Judgement and even the God of Hades and build your own God System, you would have to defeat at least 4 to 5 strong Gods to take their Godhood and Jurisdiction. This path isn't easy."

Yes, the Ascension of a God of Law is just the starting point. To turn all of this around, just a God of Law isn't enough.

In the East of a certain foreign world, if one starts talking about Judge, the first reaction of the elderly wouldn't be the dignified judges in court but the King Yama and his Judges of Hell in the ancient Myths. There are also many legends in Egypt, Japan and many other countries about a similar system of judging one's soul after death and determining how they should be treated based on their actions when they were alive.

This is the expectations of people for the kind to be rewarded and the evildoers to be punished, as well as a warning in ancient times for people not to commit evil. In the past, when a large portion of people believed in the existence of Gods, it successfully played its role in warning them. Nowadays, the elderly still often tell the younger generations not to commit sins, otherwise they would go to hell.

While there are true Gods in this world, but there isn't any Gods of the Underworld. The only God that is related is the Death God Ayer, but he is only in charge of managing the system of reincarnation.

For the eternal war to stop, we must stop the reincarnation system which keeps pumping new blood into both parties so as to stop the awakening of the two Goddesses. To reject the reincarnation system is meaningless. If one feels that the reincarnation system is wrong, then he must propose a new system to replace the reincarnation system.

Thus, I thought of Hades and Hell.

If a soul doesn't rise to the Heavenly Pillar or fall into the River Styx depending on his faith when he is alive and rather, a neutral God System is allowed to judge them so that those innocents can continue on in their path of reincarnation while sinners would have to serve their sentence, this could perhaps be a warning and restriction to the living. This world would become a much better place. More importantly, the two Goddesses who lost their source of tributes would never be able to awaken.

But just thinking about it, it is an impossible mission. However, since the implausible move of allowing an avatar to rise to Godhood has been accomplished, perhaps there isn't anything impossible in this world.

"Un, only the words of the powerful would be heard. This is also true for the world of

Gods. The first thing to do is to spread the faith of Law and allow the God of Law Wumianzhe to grow stronger."

"Hehe, this isn't easy. Do you intend to head to the human world yourself?"

"Un, I don't think that other people would be able to accomplish this mission. I will head out after reviving. The first stop is the West Mist Communal Country. After all, that is my homeland."

"The country built by the legendary Holy Knight Roland. Mist? The descendants of the Mist?"

Hearing that, I shook my head. I have heard of the legend but I've never treated it as seriously.

"They are probably just making use of my name. I died when I was 14, so it is impossible for me to leave behind descendants."

"You sure?"

"...I'm unsure, the memories I lost are simply too much. However, going by my habits, the possibility of leaving behind descendants are simply too low. Perhaps, they might be descendants of Karwenz. He was always popular with the girls. Why, is the Death God interested in the gossips of humans as well?"

"No, I'm just asking for someone else."

"Who would be able to get you to help them to get these gossips?"

"Your lover."

"Wait! When did I get a lover! How come I don't remember!"

"2 months ago, on the day before you Ascended, do you not remember?"

?Master, do you remember the favor you owe me? Accept my confession. That is my condition.? Instantly, I remember the words that I said then. The condition then wasn't making a show in front of Adam but to accept this supposed 'confession'.

"Elisa... you were aiming to strike 2 birds with one stone! Making a show real? Is this

considered a confession?"

In that instant, my brain turned into mush so how could I respond quick enough. I thought that that was to allow for a happy ending, so how would I have thought of it as a confession!

"Un, it is that girl named Elisa. She is really brave. She insulted me by the side of the River Styx to incite me, so that I would fulfill my promise to fetch you."

"Lord, please don't hold grudges against her!"

"Hehe, why would I hold grudges against a little girl. On the other hand, I admire her courage and determination, so I sent her a little present. However, it might spell trouble for you."

A foreboding premonition floats in my head. The frenzied figure holding a saber appear in my head once again. Somehow, I felt like jumping from the boat and escape, even if this is the River Styx which represents death.

"That, where are we going now?"

"Of course it is to meet your little girlfriend. I have promised to bring you to her."

"Can I jump off the boat?"

"Feel free, as long as you feel that you can escape from me."

A soul escaping from the hands of the strongest Death God? Helpless, I can only howl in misery.

"Misfortune!"

I guess it's a blessing to be 'sent off' by your loved ones :P

TL: I know I translated it as horcrux in the past but the more accurate term for it is phylactery, so I will stick with this. Horcrux is more of splitting a fragment of your soul while phylactery is placing your entire soul into an object.

?? -> It is actually a Chinese version of God of Hell. Because there isn't word for it in English and I've already started using River Styx anyway, I'm just going to call it Gods

of Underworld/Hades and Hades would be referring to the underworld (in case someone thinks that I'm talking of a certain God)

I get that there is a sudden transition from 3rd person to 1st person POV in the 2nd part but that's how it's written. It isn't as unnatural as it is when in Chinese than in English, so just bear with it.

Alright, this is really the last one until October 20+

Btw, I haven't been to discord for a long time so I'm not really sure but thanks to the person who has been helping me add in the chapters and the table of content stuff etc. in each chapter.

Chapter 66

Marquess

The small boat advances slowly on the River Styx. Despite it moving so slowly that it seems stationary, but in reality, it is jumping between dimensions, shortening the distance to our destination.

The water of the River Styx that is full of the silent dead flows peacefully through countless dimensions, collecting the souls of Chaos. If someone isn't worried about being robbed of their souls and memories by the River Styx, they could use it as a convenient tool to transverse between dimensions.

However, it is a pity that only Death God Ayer's small boat is able to travel on the River Styx. Previously, a Demon Duke from the 63rd level of Chaos Abyss created a Soul Boat out of dead souls, but the boat and the Duke himself ended up erased by Ayer himself. This not only shows that Ayer restricts the right to travel on the River Styx, even more so, it proves that the Death God which rarely appears isn't some good guy.

Even I cherished this hard-to-come-by experience.

The priceless River Styx (The main reason is because extracting it is too difficult) is just in front of me. That is an important ingredient to countless top-grade Alchemy Potions and right now, I am trying to scoop some of it up. After all, if I don't take some of it back, how can I be qualified as a thrifty Lich that manages his family.

Very quickly, after scooping it up, I realized that my soul doesn't have any containers to fill it with. Borrow from the Watcher of the River Styx, Ayer? What is the difference from a burglar taking too much money and borrowing a sack from some police?

"You want to take the River Styx's water? Here."

Looks like this 'police' really don't regard the thing he is watching over as anything important. He casually throws an old and broken bottle to me, but my system evaluates the bottle as a precious treasure.

[Bose's Drinking Bottle. Ancient Unique Object. Able to fill 7 different kind of liquids

within. This bottle has been blessed by Bose, so the water stored within will retain its original quality as long as it is kept within.]

Bose is an Ancient Sea God but he has already long fell in the long river of time. After going through countless eons, it is to be expected that Ayer's fortunes would be massive. Even a casual object that he gives out turns out to be an Ancient Unique Object. However, the thing that surprised me is that there are already 2 types of liquids stored within.

[The First Generation Human Mountainous Tribe Royalty's Concentrated Blood, Diamond-class Order Bloodline. If this were to be submitted to the System while forging your new body, it will provide you an additional option in choosing your body — This dull red blood has witnessed the rise and fall of countless tribes. As the first generation sons of Order along with the Ancient Angels and Ancient Demons, this blood might not have much power left in it but it contains limitless potential.]

[The Devil Lord's Concentrated Blood, Diamond-class Chaos Bloodline. If this were to be submitted to the System while forging your new body, it will provide you with an additional option in choosing your body — The depravation of the entire First-Generation Humans created the evil race of Devils that are able to stand toe-to-toe with the Demons. There is limitless power that is hidden in this blood. However, please take note that this power cannot be obtained without a price. The fall to depravity that comes along with the Devil's Bloodline cannot be avoided.]

"These are?"

Ayer was once the King of the Ancient Humans, so it is normal for him to have the Bloodline of the Ancient Humans. However, the Devil Lord's Concentrated Blood is the core of a Lord-level Devil, it cannot be obtained even by killing them. The only way of obtaining it is to get them to submit it willingly at the risk of them losing great power and to make a Devil Lord lower their head like that, looks like the rumors of Ayer colluding with the Devils might just as well turn out to be true.

"You are probably going to recreate your body. Although I have no idea what kind of method are you going to recreate your body with, you would still need ingredients and you could probably use these."

Should I be thankful that I managed to hug on the correct leg? If I had these in the past, I wouldn't be so gleeful over having Silver Bloodline. It is Diamond Bloodline, an

existence that is able to suppress the Golden Tribe, the Dragon Tribe's Bloodline. In front of these, even Little Red's Golden Bloodline that has evolved into half a Diamond Bloodline's Ancient Dragon Bloodline is considered as trash.

Thus, I happily accepted the bottle. Ayer shakes his head and mentions another matter.

"Right, didn't you talk about Hades and Hell back then? Also, the Ghost Guards? Do you know that there is Hell in our world as well?"

Of course I know but it is a totally different thing. The Hell I am referring to is a jail in the Underworld, used to lock up and torture the souls of the sinner. However, the Hell of Eich is the dwelling of the Devils.

"I have talked to little Tias about it. If we are really able to create Hades, then he is willing to give in Hell and even allow all of the Devils to try to become Prison Wardens."

Little Tias? Camier Tias? The head of the current 9 Devil Lords? Making the other party give in Hell to serve as Hades? I can finally confirm that the rumor is false. Looks like it isn't that Ayer is colluding with Devils but the Devils are serving as the subordinates of Ayer!

This leisure chat and suggestions has exposed the greatest secret of this world as well as the many risks involved. This is an assistance out of goodwill, the boasting of the partner's own power as well as an attempt at trying to sound me out.

However, if the powerful Devils were to be able to join in this plan, the success rate would be increased significantly. Of course, the prerequisite is that their involvement mustn't be revealed. After all, their terrible reputation will make many things become complicated.

However, my greatest goal is the realization of my plan. Since this matter is helpful to the realization of my plan, there is no reason for me to reject it. But, even close brothers will count their debts, there are some words that must be clarified.

"Alright. However, the leader of Hades and the Supreme Judge must still be under the control of Wumianzhe. Also, what does the Devils intend to achieve from this? Just say it directly, otherwise it really makes one worried about what they might do."

Of course, Devils are well known to be cunning. Why would they do unprofitable work?

"Freedom."

I wouldn't be surprised no matter what Ayer says. But, that word was incomprehensible to me. Freedom? Could it be that the powerful race of Devils is slaving under someone? This way, won't they also be controlled by someone even if they join Hades eventually?

"It is not the freedom on the surface, but true release. You also know that once one becomes a high-tier Devils, even if he were to be killed in other dimensions, they would just be forcefully sent back to Hell with their power taking a blow. However, if they were to die in the Lower Realm, that would be true death."

Vaguely, I guessed what Ayer is going to say.

"You mean the reincarnation?"

"Yes, in order not to join the Sacred War, my people sided with the Chaos Goddess. In the end, in every Sacred War, Devils still ended up serving as cannon fodder. Those old fellows are already sick and tired of the war and swindling they do as Devils. They hope to be released but yet, they don't want their souls to be destroyed. The reincarnation might open to any other race and tribes but Demons and Devils don't have to think about it. After all, they are the main army of the Sacred War."

"How many of them? This can't possibly be a decision supported by the entire tribe. How many of the 9 Devil Lords agreed to it?"

"Including little Tias, 4 Ancient Devil Lords that converted from Ancient Humans have expressed their approval of the plan. Of course, it is not that the others don't agree but we didn't tell them at all and we don't intend to tell them either."

Looks like it is a secret agreement? However, I like it. Your reputations are really too soiled. If we get exposed, there will be endless trouble in the future so this kind of secret agreement is the most suitable.

Afterwards, it is time to discuss the terms of the contract.

The Devil's Contract is well-known in the world. As long as you are able to get by all of the language traps, it will be the most effective promise in the world and the Contract that is personally signed by the Devil Lord cannot be changed even by the Chaos Abyss.

Even if the Devils express sufficient sincerity and the terms are beneficial, but since you are looking for me for a partnership, I would be a little silly to not exploit food that is sent to my doorstep. Thus, after more than 3 hours of difficult negotiation and among Ayer's praises of 'you are even more devilish than the devils' 'you are even more greedy than the demons', I finally managed to get a Contract with terms I am satisfied with.

"Lord Ayer, are you tired as well?" Looking at the desire for reincarnation that the Devil Lords expressed in the Contract, I started to form a new opinion of Ayer who is bind to the seat of the Death God.

"No, no. The world is a beautiful place and the evolution of different races are interesting. There are still things that I would like to do. This seat as a Death God may be slightly unbearable, but it is carefree so I don't have much of an opinion of it. But, I am a King after all and I must spare a thought for the wishes of my people. If you are a King as well, you should be able to understand."

Nodding my head, I didn't question him further, although he aroused my curiosity of history. Ayer in front of me may seem young on the outside, but he is an immemorial monster that existed in the same era as the 2 Goddesses. Perhaps, I am able to find out many true secrets from him.

"You should have met the Goddess of Order Astria and the Goddess of Chaos Cynthia. What kind of people are they? Why would they cause the eternal war?"

Ayer turns around to look at me. The calm look in his eyes somehow made all my goosebumps rise but I was fine with it. Anyway, the man in front could easily kill anyone, even Gods. Since there is nothing much to lose, it would really be a great pity to lose this opportunity to listen to ancient secrets.

In the end, Ayer sighs a long breath and starts speaking.

"Mother Goddess, she is a good woman. She treats all living beings as her son and daughter. However, excessive maternal love could impede the progress of the children. She hopes that all of the races could live in the way she planned out, but that was impossible. Big Sister Cynthia is the extreme opposite. She is lively and likes to look at duels and battles. She admires the relentless spirit of warriors and hope that her children can evolve independently. Can you believe that the Ancient Demons aren't actually evil, they just like all kinds of competitive sports..."

On this small river, time isn't a problem. Countless ancient secrets were exposed through the mouth of this old God. Despite it being an epic legend, but in through this mouth of this seemingly young old man, it sounds like the fight of the 2 unfilial and useless sons of the neighbors on the streets. Despite it being the bloody slaughter in the forceful replacing of Gods, he said it in a way as though it is a prime-time drama full of romance and vengeance. However, I was still absorbed in it.

"Un, this might turn out to be useful. I didn't expect Demons to have such a weakness." Yes, history is also an intelligence and intelligence is often the stepping stone to victory. I would probably only have this single opportunity so how could I not grasp onto it tightly.

As the boat approaches the shore, I heave a sigh of relief before anxiety comes hitting again.

After seeing me, Elisa seemed to have heave a sigh of relief as well.

This is a dark river in the underground world but under the prompt of the Death God, it became as part of the River Styx. After coming to shore, the flowing River Styx disappears along with Ayer himself.

"I am back."

"Hmph, looks like you still remembered to return. Then, I won't sell your old dwelling to pay for my wages for now."

"Hey hey hey, don't burn the bridge after crossing it. It is bad enough that you cut the formalities and stopped calling me as master. To think that you would sell your master's house after he is gone, is this acceptable?"

"Do couples still need formalities? Or perhaps, you like this kind of master-servant humiliation PLAY?"

TL: PLAY is in English.

"What?"

"You're too much! Now you're acting dumb, didn't you just accept my confession." Elisa

in the midst of faking tears...

Remembering that darned confession, I was at a loss of what to do.

"That is counted as well? Back then..."

"Hmph, that wasn't enough? No matter what, I am a girl. As a man, it is enough that you weren't the one confessing, now you are even complaining about my confession being insufficient?" Elisa roars. However, as someone familiar with her, how can I be unable to see the worry beneath her incredible aura. She was worried that I would 'regret'.

"That..." After hesitating for a moment, I feel like I really owe her too much. Thinking about the figure who refuses to back down even when the Light of Order is descending down and looking at her current look, I lost all my will to continue pursuing the matter.

"Alright, alright. Is Sulfur Mountain City still fine?"

"Sulfur Mountain City is fine, but the old City Lord Adam isn't fine." Although she said it calmly, it seems that she is still quite delighted in seeing that I didn't object vehemently and take back my words.

While feeling sentimental that there would be a day which I get a girlfriend, I am a little curious over hearing that Adam isn't fine.

"Un? Could it be that some problem occurred when he was blocking the Light of Order? Did something happen with the Titan Heart? I don't think that there would be a problem with my transplant surgery. Adam's thick flesh shouldn't be that weak."

"No. It is just that after Wumianzhe just Ascended to Godhood, he and Margaret announced that they were dating and were preparing for the marriage. In the end, a rumor started to arise that 'Lord Adam has been abandoned by Lord Wumianzhe and Lord Margaret attacked in the time of his weakness'. There are even playwrights who used it as a topic and they added it into the newly published Legend of Wumianzhe. Now, it is a bestseller in Sulfur Mountain City, especially those previous grudges and love-hate relationship, it is really heart-wrenching and exciting. I didn't expect that we would have such an intertwined relationship back then. Right, are you and Adam really blood-related brothers? You have a fiancée with leukemia?"

"Intertwined relationship your head! Didn't you remember your time back then when you were still Lisa? Despite being present, you still listen to these falsehoods they made up. Damn it, to think that the rumors that I was together with Adam still had a continuation!! Right, didn't you spread the rumors? You still dare to say it!"

But Elisa replies confidently.

"Of course, as your true girlfriend, I have the right to keep watch to ensure that you retain a healthy private lifestyle."

"Alright, then as your true boyfriend, can I ask what happened to you? Why are you only an avatar right now? Also, when did you have the ability to project an avatar!"

Yes, I have long realized that the Elisa in front of me is Elisa but not Elisa. She is only a projection of her avatar and only the true Gods of the Upper Realm and the Demons and Devils of the Lower Realm can have this kind of ability!

"Hehe, looks like I can't fool you. Right now, I am not the Half-Demon Elisa. Please call me Marquess Elisa. Congratulations, to become the girlfriend of a Marquis-level great Demon, this is really a record breaker."

Marquess? Even if Elisa Demonifies completely, it shouldn't be possible for her to rise through the ranks so quickly? To surpass Kakajil in an instant, how is this possible? What happened in these two months!

Just when I was shocked about it, Elisa's avatar starts to blur. Looks like her time in maintaining the avatar is running out.

"Alright, looks like today's projection time is up. About the matter that has happened, I have written them in a letter on the work desk in your old dwelling. You can also ask Annie."

Suddenly, the dissipating Elisa walks forward, shifts her hair to the side, lowers her head and lightly kisses on my red lips. On the moment where our lips touch, I only felt a slightly cold sensation before she backs away.

She smiles with a bright-red face, as though as she is the happiest person on the world.

"Un, my target has been achieved. Also, you aren't allowed to philander. Be careful of my sudden checks."

Afterwards, the avatar projection disappears in midair. The only thing remaining is me and my shocked face together with a silver ring on my hand.

"ELISA!!"

An ominous omen lingers in my head. The shout of my soul reverberates by the riverside. It can't be that I turned single right after I just got myself a girlfriend.

Suddenly, a familiar voice rings by my side.

"I am not dead yet so stop shouting. So loud, my ears are turning numb."

Elisa's voice came from the ring.

In this moment, in a certain battlefield in the Lower Realm, a silver-haired Demon Marquess lies on her throne. While calmly directing the battle in front of her, she speaks to a familiar skull she holds on her hand.

In front of her, an endless army of Demons were engaged in a slaughter. It is a Demon Count who is in the midst of a coup d'etat. As a Demon Marquess who is favored by the Abyss and soared to the top suddenly, there are still many battles she has to face.

"I have said that I will not let go of those which I set my eyes upon. Regardless of whether it is the power to determine my fate or you, remember, before I return, you definitely aren't allowed to take off the ring or philander. Otherwise, you still remember what happened that day. I can tell you honestly that your skull is now just a decoration on my coronet!"

Alright, in the face of such a cute threat, I am at a loss again. Finally, it turns into a helpless sigh.

"Sigh, System, time to finish the quest. I want to revive."

Chapter 67

Myth

"Ding! Congratulations for triggering an Epic mission, The Revival of the Phoenix."

"Quest objective: Investigate and resolve the dangers that Sulfur Mountain City would encounter. Groom Annie.Layde to become a capable leader-like figure before Adam's demise."

"Quest rewards: Epic-class discount voucher (Using this, you can purchase any Epic-level and below merchandise from the System's merchant at half price), the right to start quests of the main storyline."

"At least... before leaving your hometown, pass it down to someone reliable. After all, you wouldn't hope to see only rubble when you come back."

"Quest failure penalty: Would turning you into skull with a mushroom growing on it be good? Or would a skull growing from a mushroom be better? Both of them aren't good? Then let's make it a mushroom skull growing from a skeleton."]

Initially, when I just received this mission, I didn't expect so many things to happen.

Right now, starting from the moment when I received this mission, the situation in the Underground World has changed vastly. Without this troublesome mission, I wouldn't have taken the initiative to create trouble during the Alliance Conference. In the end, no matter what happens during the Conference, whether the Conference will result in the solidifying of their alliance and elect a leader as expected or them responding to Shou's calling to gather together to attack Sulfur Mountain City, if it wasn't for the mission, many things would be different from what it is now.

"I want to finish the quest. Hey, System, stop feigning dead."

[Requisites for the completion of the Epic Mission: Firstly, Sulfur Mountain City averts the crisis; Secondly, Adam didn't die and won't seek death in the short run; Thirdly, Annie.Layde becomes the a leader-like Hero. To think you would succeed in all of them! Congratulations, you actually succeeded in seeing through all of the traps and

completed all of the hidden missions. The rewards this time will be extremely satisfying for you.]

This cold notice is actually telling me of the fact that I was tricked once again. The goal of the third mission is to groom Annie as a passable City Lord and that was the expected outcome I was working towards. As for the other 2 requisites, I really didn't expect them.

The part where the mission spoke about resolving dangers, I thought it meant dealing with those traitors and the invading army. Who would have known that this darned System would actually want me to investigate the mastermind and destroy the danger at its root? As for the time limit 'before Adam's death', it was actually expecting me to stop his death?

However, even if I didn't know of these requisites earlier, I somehow still managed to complete all of them. The system might be screwed up, but it can be trusted to pay an amount equal to how much one achieves. I am starting to anticipate the rewards I would receive this time.

[The triggering of the main storyline has revealed that your soul does not tend towards any of the Faction. The System is evolved into its complete form — Fate System. From now on, all Evil Points and Justice Points will be converted into Fate Points and you will gain power from actions that reverses the despairing fate.]

Fate System? Obtaining power through changing fate? Isn't this my greatest wish? Looks like the theory that the System is a part of my soul might just turn out to be true.

[The missions from now on will be a choice between justice and evil. The calculation for the rewards for the Epic Mission will be triggered now.]

[Mission Objective 1, to track the mastermind and remove the dangers threatening Sulfur Mountain City. The mastermind Shou is dead while Molly has lost her position as the Dragon Empress and Underground Autarch and thus, she is unable to pose a threat to Sulfur Mountain City. Also, the seal of the Fire Elemental God has been released, causing the Demons and Chaos Abyss to lose their interest in Sulfur Mountain City. Sulfur Mountain City has become the land of origin for the Power of Law and a true God. Countless Practitioners of Law will traverse and station here, improving its security significantly. All in all, the mission objective has been accomplished perfectly. 5000 Fate Points awarded.]

The rewards may be very attractive but at this moment, what I was more focused on was the important message hidden within the notice.

"The seal of the Fire Elemental God has been released? Who released it? Although we have agreed on to release the seal eventually so that the Chaos Faction would give up on it, releasing the seal so casually may result in vast amount of trouble. We have to at least weaken it for a decade or so first. But, judging from the fact there is no Fire Elementals rampaging around, is the seal really released?"

I didn't receive any answers to my question. The System only systematically calculated my next mission objective.

[Mission Objective 2 (Hidden), reverse Adam's fated demise. By replacing the Phoenix Heart with the Titan Heart, the death of his physical death has been avoided. Currently, he is busy stopping the rumors from spreading, preparing his betrothal gifts and his honeymoon tour. All of his suicidal thoughts has disappeared. Mission 2 has been completed excellently. 3000 Fate Points awarded.]

Looks like the System is really getting used to scamming me. To think that saving Adam and preventing him from dying was actually a hidden objective.

[Mission Objective 3 (Main), groom Annie into a leader-like figure and an acceptable City Lord. The System will total up all of the Fate Points accrued through the main storyline and a final evaluation will be made.]

Hearing this, I feel like I have been scammed again. The System was requesting for a leader-like figure from the very start. If I had only interpreted the phrase leader-like figure as a City Lord, the reward I would be awarded will probably only be the basic one. The Fate Points that I accrue probably only looks at how much I have achieved in the mission. If I had only stayed in Sulfur Mountain City to wait for Annie to take over as the next City Lord, I probably wouldn't even earn a single point.

[Secret Mission: The Secret of Queen Victoria has been completed. Under your influence, Victoria has started on her path as the Queen of the Dark Elves. She might have started out slower, preventing her from becoming the absolute monarch of the Dark Elf society, but she will at least become one of the most influential leaders of the Dark Elves. Her friendly relationship with Sulfur Mountain City will bring benefits to Annie. 3000 Fate Points awarded.]

In Morsblight City, the newly-appointed Syfan Matriarch, Victoria, was lecturing everyone from the stage. After gaining control of the Syfan family's influence, she immediately purged the 2nd Family who were about to usurp their place. At this current moment, she, who has just achieved the ultimate victory in making all of the other Matriarchs of the other families of Morsblight City submit to 'her', has her eyes fixed upon the remainder of Kajah's influence.

[Secret Mission: The rise of the Centaur clan has been completed. Due to your actions, the power behind the Beastman Sovereign Shou Nuya has fallen apart. The Centaurs under Minial made use of this opportunity to rise up. Due to several circumstances, his niece, Anya, has been inaugurated as the Beastman Sovereign and became the newly-appointed Underground Autarch. She will become one of the most powerful ally of Annie.Layde. 5000 Fate Points awarded.]

In the tents on the grassy plains, old Minial could only look helplessly on the newly-appointed Beastman Sovereign rolling around the entire ground. 'I don't want to go for the meetings, those old geezers are really scary', 'I want to go to Sulfur Mountain City to play with Big Sister Annie and buy new clothes', 'Ah, when is my delivery package coming? I already said that I don't want to live in the countryside, look how inconvenient it is.'

There wasn't a single trace of the viciousness of the old Minial a month ago when he suppressed the ambitious crowds to snatch the position of the Beastman Sovereign. At this current moment, in order to protect the dignity of the new Beastman Sovereign, he could only strictly order the guards to prevent anyone from entering while looking helplessly at his own niece, at a loss of whether to laugh or cry.

(Can't fit in somehow due to limitations of my grammar and vocabulary abilities but Minial has taken control of Vance)

At this moment, the wrinkled face of his is not one of the Chieftain of the Centaur tribe but rather, an elder who wants to discipline a spoiled child yet being unable to muster the will to be harsh with her. In the end, he could only nod his head and give in. "Fine, we will move to Vance 2 days later. Let's all go together. We will all live in mansions instead of tents."

[Secret Mission: The return of the Dragon Princess has been completed. After news that Molly has been converted into a Chaos Demon Dragon leaked out, the Underground Dragon City stripped her of her position as a Dragon Empress and her

identity as one of the Dragon Tribe without hesitation. Furthermore, as the one who defeated the previous Dragon Empress and the sole survivor of the bloodline of the Dragon Emperor, Einz Mezus (Little Red) has been chosen as the new Dragon Empress. However, as Einz Mezus insisted on staying at Sulfur Mountain City, the Dragon Tribe built a new Dragon City in its vicinity. From now on, Sulfur Mountain City will come under the protection of the Dragon Tribe. Even though Ein Mezus took over the crown to become the new Dragon Empress and is one of the newly-appointed Underground Autarch, as she looks upon Annie.Layde as her daughter and dotes on her as such, she will become the most reliable backing of Annie Layde. 5000 Fate Points awarded.]

Sulfur Mountain City. Little Red squints to look at the countless giant Dragons in the sky and the gigantic Dragon Palace being built at a distance not too far away while yawning. She has absolutely no interest in the position of the Dragon Empress. On the other hand, she was extremely interested in how she could exploit her position as the Dragon Empress to steal the fortunes of other giant Dragons legitimately. After rising to the position, she is currently looking for a reason to settle old scores with a few of her old friends, making use of the opportunity to clear their treasure vault.

"Hehe, even if it is an Ancient Dragon, there is no way they could disobey the words of a Dragon Empress. After losing contact with the Dragon City for so many years, it is time for you all to pay 200 years of tax. No money? You can use God Equipment in exchange as well. You don't even have God Equipment? How the hell are you able to become an Ancient Dragon? Fine, then a dozen of Myth-class treasures."

Seems like under the control of this powerful Dragon Empress, there is hope for the Underground Dragon City to regain its previous glory.

[Secret Mission: The origin of Law has been completed. At the moment which you ascended to Godhood, the news that Sulfur Mountain City has become a sacred land for Law has spread to each and every corner of the world. At this moment, countless Adventurers are heading here to study the Power of Law. The Spatial Distortion to Vance, which is just next to the surface world, gives this city extremely high commercial value. It will become one of the renowned cities in the world. Being a city governed by law, its new system of splitting the power between the governor and judiciary and the unique way how different races interact will become the role model for many other cities and its City Lord Annie.Layde will gain fame because of this. 10000 Fate Points awarded.]

"Why is it me!! I don't want to become that what Supreme Judge."

At Sulfur Mountain City's Supreme Court, after sending away a guest who came to congratulate him on becoming the Supreme Judge with a calm face, the moment after he closes the door and turns around, the old cow immediately lashes out and roars at his colleagues who were looking at the commotion.

He had been so busy recently, so busy that he was unable to engage in his favorite hobby, so busy that he feels that his little partner has not felt the breeze of the wind for too long, leaving him weak spiritually.

"Cough cough, I am too old. I won't be able to withstand the such heavy responsibility. If my physical condition were to deteriorate such that I am unable to carry out the heavy responsibilities that our Lord has left behind, wouldn't I become a sinner?"

While faking a cough, Kale Diya glanced at his other colleagues. It seems that this pure old man is really lacking in strength physically. In reality, everyone was thinking 'you already had this look when we saw you a few decades ago. As a High Elf, even after we all die of old age, you will probably still be living on with this old dying look of yours.'

"Furthermore, there is a need for me to remain at the Hall of Legislation. I am probably the only one who can keep those powerful people who came here to study the Power of Law in reins. Not to mention, the mission of creating new Law Incantations. I am really unable to leave my current post."

As the number one expert of the 4 Halls 1 Court, there is indeed a need for the presence of a powerful one to keep the situation under control. Also, as the strongest Law Incantationer, the responsibility of studying and creating new Law Incantations lies upon him.

Lilith looks helplessly at the silly cow who was panting heavily.

"I don't really mind it either way but right now, Lord Margaret is preparing for her honeymoon trip and her successor, the Silver Rose, Lord Elisa, suddenly shirks off all her responsibilities and quits her job. Are you willing to go in my place to the Internal Affairs Bureau?"

Alright, he understands that he is definitely unable to deal with all those documents which are sufficient to drown even an entire room. Xueti shifts his gaze towards the last of the Four Heavenly Kings of Law. In response, Kevin, who just got promoted to

the Supreme Judge of Chrome City, tries his best to squeeze his body together to make his existence less noticeable.

"Kevin, let me swap with you. I will go to Chrome City to continue your work. You can serve as the Supreme Judge."

"Fine, then the first thing I will do after I come into power is to create a law that rules nude running as a heavy crime. At the same time, I will get rid of the Gentlemen Alliance and Wild Bull Alliance which is filled with perverts and gays, hanging them up on the flag poles three stories high to dry them."

With the current weather, being hanged three stories high up will cause sweat to drip down like rainwater. They would probably die of dehydration in less than 2 hours. Drying them on the flagpoles? That is unless one is intending to make jerky out of them after drying them.

The honest looking middle-aged man laughed heartily as a glint of cold light flashes through both of his eyes. It seems like it is true that the dogs who bite people are the ones who never barks. The ones with the darkest stomach and heart is often those who seem friendly and honest. Xueti immediately backs down in response to Kevin's laughter.

"Cough cough, since everyone trusts me so much, I will try my best to become an excellent Supreme Judge!"

Alright, under several threats, Xueti carries the God Equipment Origin of Codex and the SemiGod-class Gavel with a teary face to deal with guests who consistently comes knocking on the door. Behind him, his colleagues were celebrating over the fact that they were able to avoid this heavy responsibility.

However, from another perspective, after the original successor, Elisa, chose to resign, the one who had the most prestige of all was him, making him the most suitable successor. It could be said that him taking over as the Supreme Judge was also the wish of the public.

[Main Storyline Mission: The only Female Queen of the Underground World has been completed. Annie.Layde has already stepped into the realm of Saints. After receiving the full support of the newly ascended Dragon Queen and Beastman Sovereign, the influence of Sulfur Mountain City grew together as a whole. Furthermore, with a

portion of the Elves supporting it, Sulfur Mountain City is backed by 4 out of 5 of the Underground Autarchs. Going by the System's calculations, there is a 70% chance that the entire Underground World could be united by under Annie within 10 years. The Main Storyline Mission has been completed perfectly! 20000 Fate Points awarded.]

If I still had a chin, this is definitely a situation for my chin to fall off. After all that I have done, another Emperor was about to appear in the Underground World? Based on what happened in history, it is definitely an extremely big disaster for the surface world.

[Due to your amiable relationship with Annie.Layde, when the Underground World is about to invade the surface, you can try to use diplomacy to remove the possibility of war. Congratulations, you have done very well. You have managed to change the future for the happening of one of the calamity that was fated to happen.]

To think that it would praise me? Is this still that darned system who always tricks me? However, its reminder made me open up my eyes. A Queen like Annie is totally different from those other ambitious fools who crave to build their kingdoms on the surface world.

The dwellers of the Underground World crave for sunlight and clean air, so the invasion cannot be avoided. The countless wars that occurred in history has proven this point. However, compared to Shou, who has sworn allegiance to the Demons, Eduar, who swore allegiance to the Devils, and the arrogant Dragon Empress Molly, if we were to gain control over the proceedings of the invasion, then perhaps, we would be able to make this war into one which wouldn't destroy everything.

Immediately, I thought of a few countries which I had grudges with and a few deserted lands where populations were sparse.

"Un, as long as we invest sufficiently, those deserts and barren land can be made suited for living. It looks like I would have to make a trip to Human countries who have access to the tunnels to the Underground World. Also, I have to figure out a method to make these Human Kingdoms accept new neighbors. It may seem highly implausible, but there is still hope."

Just when I thought the notices has ended, the System rings out once again.

[From now on, we will start to calculate the Fate Points derived from the individual

heroes. Moon Knight Diana has hardened her determination to seek her own path. She has conducted a Moonlight Ritual to change her own skin color and will head to the Surface soon. Friendly notice from the System: You are recommended to accompany her on the journey, she will be an effective nanny and meat shield.]

[Eaglestorm has brought a portion of his tribesman back to the Surface. He feels that he has found a new faith in Sulfur Mountain City and not too far in the future, a Druid Faction which seeks neutrality and balance as their goal, hoping to fulfill it through law to realize the possibility of harmonious cohabitation will rise up. 1000 Fate Points awarded.]

[In Sulfur Mountain City, collaborations between projects of gnomes and goblins has started. Not too far in the future, an entirely new engineering study will arise. The Wise Roland's name will be scripted on the annals of history as the founder of the new study. The Roland series robots will also pave the way for daily-use, night-use, water-type, air-type and many other types of robots. 1000 Fate Points awarded.]

[Beifeng.Herault, under your influence, has finally understood the equality of all beings. Thus, he started on his legendary path... Alright, he is really too disgusting, even the System doesn't want to elaborate more on it. You only have to know that his title is 'the man who single-handedly created multiple races'! 10000 Fate Points awarded!]

Looking at that scary 10000 points, I don't even dare to question on.

"For a Myth Hero, even a new Druid Faction would only give 1000 points. 10000 points? What exactly did that pervert Beifeng do!! Single-handedly created multiple races? He isn't a Mage, so how did he do it!"

I have roughly guessed a few things here and there but has chosen rationally to refuse to think about it.

After a series of notices, I am already numb to it. Finally, it is time to tally the total amount of Fate Points I have.

[Fate Points:124587]

Looking at this scary number, I sucked in a large breath of cold air. That darned System wasn't lying when it said that this Myth Storyline would award me with generously.

Of course, given the changes that occurred with the Underground World's new Queen and other related powers, this is sufficient to change the entire path of what Fate has in store for the Underground World, so naturally, the amount of Fate Points I was awarded wouldn't be little. However, the only thing that continues to baffle me is Beifeng.Herault.

The shining golden discount voucher appears in my hand. It looks like I have enough points even without using it for my revival.

"Alright, let me revive!! Right, there's still Elisa! What happened to her!"

—————

When the Four Heavenly Kings of Law were still pushing away the position of power to each other and stabbing each other in the knees, in the Undead District of the exact same city, another Four Heavenly Kings were having a joyous reunion.

Even counting in the battle that occurred not too long ago, [The Infallible Diffindor] has only appeared in history twice. Furthermore, all of the people who seen it the first time has already died entirely. However, the vast and powerful military might still have shocked the entire Underground World. At this moment, all of the brave Undead warriors were living life as they usually did. The dancing Banshees continued dancing and the divining Liches continued divining. It is just that due to the Undead Army who protected the city and all of its citizens that day, the relationship between the two has improved significantly. There were quite a few customers in the Undead Royale Theme Park.

Of course, there were bound to be troubles. However, the Red Hunting Hounds has never been afraid of trouble, especially when there is a true God protecting them now. Even though all of the enemies who have seen that Soul World has vanished, but those who were on the same side and seen it before followed the clues and came knocking.

At this moment, seated one side in a secret chamber in a shabby old tower are Ghoul King Decars, Spider Marquis Lionheart, Bone Dragon Queen Gria and on the other, Demonic Spatial Hellhound Bastian and the Abomination Ah Dang, who is snoring away. The Four Heavenly Kings under Emperor Yongye (Someone has mysteriously insisted that a Four Heavenly King must have a fifth personnel) has all gathered together and their secret talks went on for several days.

"...This is our Emperor's plans. Of course, this is just a portion of it. If you all are willing to join in, I will tell you the rest of it. The Emperor means to say that you all are free to join, and he will not force you into it."

In the face of shocking secrets, even Lionheart, who is known as the best strategist of the Xiluo Empire was caught off-guard. However, just as he was still hesitating, his comrades have already made their decisions.

"This means that our Emperor is still in the mortal world! This is great, I want to look for him." Alright, Gria didn't pay any heed to what scheme or plans, she was just happy over the fact that Roland is still in the mortal world.

"Whatever Ah Pa wants Ah Dang to do, Ah Dang will do." Within the Four Heavenly Kings, Ah Dang and Bastian are part of the Seven Deadly Sins, creations of Emperor Yongye. Indubitably, they are the most loyal ones of the Royal Faction.

After hesitating for a brief moment, Lionheart nods his head in the end.

"I also believe in the Emperor's wisdom and decisions. We, the Royal Faction, has always been loyal to the Emperor and looked forward to the day for the return of the Emperor."

All of the gazes settle upon the final one of the Four Heavenly Kings, Decars. He has joined the Council Faction, and if not for the letter from Emperor Yongye in his hands which proves that he is trustworthy, Bastian would have long got rid of him.

"I have long returned to the commands of our Emperor. I have results of the investigation of the secrets that our Emperor has tasked me to uncover. 6 large-scale Dimension of Death including Skeleton, Frost and Blasphemy has been opened since 15 years ago. Feyman has been traversing through these dimensions these few days.

Hearing news about the Dimension of Death, everyone was dumbfounded. After all, the Undead Emperor and Undead Lords in these Dimensions could be said to be the seniors of everyone here.

"However, the Undead Emperors of the other Dimensions aren't that easy to negotiate with. With just Feyman and his Council of Dark Night, he would just be eaten up by the other party. Based on his progress, a few of the Dimensions has agreed to work together with him and this is only because of the First Senator Gricasio stepping out to conduct these negotiations. I'm afraid that the large-scale Undead Calamity that our

Emperor predicted will come, it is only a matter of time at this point. Feyman analyzed that the time these Undead Lords and Emperors would require for the preparations of war would not exceed 30 years. Boss, help me send this news to our Emperor."

Yes, Decars, whose appearance is of a large-built man right now, was tasked by Roland to serve as a spy in the Council. Despite spending more than 10 years in there, he wasn't able to gain sufficient trust to access important information but through tracing trails and bribing spies, he gained quite a bit of information.

The emergence of the collusion between the 1st Senator and 2nd Senator as well as the military intelligence of the intention of many Undead Dimensions to invade Eich made them fell into despair.

"Darn it, if the 3rd Senator was still alive, things wouldn't have progressed to such a state."

Lionheart immediately understood how new experts were appearing one after another in the Council Faction. When the 1st Senator and 2nd Senator collaborate together with the support of the Dimensions of Death, coupled with the death of 2 neutral Senators with the last one severely injured, the tilting of the power of Xiluo Empire towards them is just a matter of time.

Fine, due to someone's interference, the disappearance of the Queen of Banshees Harloys has become a case without any leads. Without her keeping the powers in Xiluo in check, the Council Faction is without any equals, allowing them to gain control of the full authority at an even quicker pace.

However, Bastian simply smiled. All of the proceedings were within the expectations of the Emperor.

"Then, since everyone decided to stand on the same boat, then let's listen to the words that our Emperor left behind. This is what he said..."

Chapter 68

The Arbiter

2 weeks after Wumianzhe's Ascension to Godhood. After Annie took over the position of the City Lord, many things started to fall back into place. Due to Roland's departure, Adam was much more caring towards Elisa.

However, what was reassuring was that Elisa was exceptionally strong. She didn't wallow in sadness as they expected. Rather, she not only worked as per normal, she showed even more smiles than she usually did, as though as she had already got past her previous trauma.

But, it seems that she was only using work as an excuse to bury her sadness. She took the initiative to work overtime, leaving early in the morning and returning late at night. She appeared less and less frequently in public places. Her friends also sympathetically didn't interrupt her at this point in time.

At the same time, outside Sulfur Mountain City, the hot spring that Adam built out of a whim became a tourism spot well-known within the city.

The originally normal pool water was used by Adam as a medium to draw heat away from the Fire Elemental God. In order to suppress and weaken the Fire Elemental God, Annie took over his job and went there every night to draw heat away from the pool.

Due to the excessive heat, the pool water turned into a man-made hot spring. After the news that the Druids had inspected the water, which had a hint of sulfur smell similar to that of the mines, and affirm that the water was beneficial to one's body, it instantly became the hottest tourism spot of Sulfur Mountain City.

However, it is a pity that good sights don't last long. The extraction of heat that was estimated to go on for at least more than a decade suddenly came to an end. In less than a week, the water of the hot spring cooled down. After a commotion that lasted for just a few days, it reverted back into a deserted land without a single person.

Releasing Arolaweiss only when he is weakened to his limits, thus halting any plans that the Chaos Faction has regarding him. At the same time, allowing the Elemental

Tide to progress as how it did in history while weakening the impacts of the release of the Ancient Elemental God. This is the plan which Roland and the rest came up with after a series of discussions.

But, at this moment, the heat suddenly vanished. This could only mean that the Ancient Fire Elemental God Arolaweiss grew weak rapidly or even died. The Chaos Faction could not possibly allow such a thing to happen. The one who came previously was a Count, the next one might just happen to be a Duke. It is something that makes one worry about.

However, what was bizarre was that even after Adam and the rest heightened their awareness and the security around the area, even stopping the drawing of heat from the spring, the pool water mysteriously became colder and colder. Even so, the Chaos Faction didn't make any moves.

This lack of reaction makes one feel like there might be a greater scheme behind it.

Annie, who was tasked to look over this spring, would come every day to inspect the spring every day. Today, she decided to follow one of the suggestions of her godfather and dug a little hole in the water to bury herself in it. Finally, through this foolish method, she found the culprit behind Arolaweiss's weakening.

At midnight, at the peak of the freezing cliff, 2 female warriors were crossing blows.

Similar to the countless usual fights they had, Annie, who as a Warrior, was being suppressed by a Mage in a direct battle. Just as she was putting all of her mind into the physical brawl, a cold thread suddenly hooks onto her ankles.

Then, with a pull of the thread, the enemy made use of her loss of balance to throw in a few blows. Her old opponent didn't go easy on her at all. The young Annie was bound totally with several cuts by the threads on her body.

"Why, why, Big Sister Elisa! What do you want!"

Yes, the one who turned the pool water icy cold and caused the Ancient Fire Elemental God to weaken to the point of death was Elisa.

"What did I do? I only used my Marauder to rob the Fire Elemental God of his powers. Arolaweiss, who is completely suppressed by the seal, to me, who is also of Fire Element belonging to the Chaos Faction, is a piece of delicious and nutritious fodder."

"You... Impossible! That is way beyond the limits of your physical body! How can an ant eat an elephant?"

"Then, I would just have to eat a little bit of snacks to increase the capacity of my physical body."

The mountainous winds cut at night. A cold gale blows and the dark clouds scatter slightly. The faint yellow lights of the luminescent algae shine down. It was a familiar face, yet it seemed slightly unfamiliar.

Half of her originally silky-smooth silver hair has been dyed a blood red color by the Fire Element. The other half of her hair had the additional smell of ice. Her icy cold face of previous days vanished without a trace. On her face which rivals with those of the seductive succubus is an even colder smile. It is the kind of brutal smile that looks forward to playing with its prey and slaughter it. The night wind blew apart her fringe, revealing the dim yellow narrowed pupils of a beast, the most distinguishing sign of a Demon.

At this moment, Elisa is no longer a Half-Demon. After letting go of herself to accept the calling of the Abyss, she is already a true Demon.

In an instant, Annie understood it all.

"Then, what about Kakajil's heart which is placed in the nation storage vault? Did you take it too?"

A demon's heart is the source of their power. Demons consume each other to evolve. In actuality, the thing that they eat is the other's heart. In that war, Kakajil's physical body was reduced into ashes, but its heart still remained, making it the most valuable of the spoils of war, thus it is kept in the nation vault.

"Yes. Although I stamped the Internal Affairs Bureau and the Supreme Court's seal by myself, no one actually checked it and allowed me to simply walk into the vault. I spent a week to devour those 4 Demonic Hearts."

No matter how much you try to prevent something from happening, an insider's job is always hard to guard against. Who would have expected that the most probable successor to the Supreme Court and the Internal Affairs Bureau would actually steal the thing she was guarding?

Elisa's Soul Imprint is very unique. It allows her to take away power that her body is able to bear. Kakajil, who scorches the land it walks on and was proficient in using shooting stars and fire rain kind of Forbidden Spell, is also a Fire Element Demon, another suitable nutritious fodder for Elisa.

Cold sweat trickles down Annie's back. She also knows of the ability of Elisa's Soul Imprint and the basic ability of Demons to consume each other to further their power is a perfect match with her Marauder. With these 2 together, even if Elisa couldn't match up with Kakajil now, she wasn't far off from him.

"It seems that you have finally got it? In order to sustain this state of mine without being driven off to another Dimension, it wasn't really easy for me. Don't force me to use my true strength, it wouldn't be good for anyone."

There was a hint of bitterness to Elisa's smile. She finally attained the power she hoped of but the first person she had to use it on after obtaining it was actually against her own friends. This is really a kind of amazing irony.

After finishing her piece, she intended to leave like that. Since she got found out, it is best for her to hasten the speed of the devouring, perhaps opening the seal tonight to complete the devour.

"Like that, Uncle Bones will be upset!"

"Upset? She only treats me as his daughter, his younger sister. I don't want that kind of upset."

"Don't be like that, Big Sister Elisa. There must be some other way, we can work it out together."

Annie's shout from her back made her stop. Annie thought that she was hesitating but what she was about to face was Elisa's furious questioning.

"Annie Layde! What do you know! Do you think that everyone is as fortunate as you, destined to become a powerful expert? It took me nearly a century to reach my current level but you were able to stand at the same height as me despite not even being 20. If this goes on, give it another 20 years, after you fully merge with the Phoenix's Heart, I would be even less of an opponent to you. Is this the difference between our talents and hard work?"

"You are a genius that everyone takes good care of. Everyone dotes on you, the Phoenix Inheritance waits for you, the Godsword Blessing of the Phoenix waits for you, the seat of the City Lord waits for you! As for me, what do I have? I only have that log-headed fool! Now, because of these darned calamities, he is about to leave me too!! I don't have anything left... nothing left. Speak, how do you intend for me to accept such a reality."

"Big Sister Elisa..." Mumbling, Annie really doesn't know how she could reply.

"Do you know how it feels like watching the Light of Order shining down on you, bringing about your impending doom? Do you know it feels like to watch the person you love die again and again? I have had enough. I have had enough of this feeling of weakness and inability to do anything. I have had enough of standing behind that fool, watching him being wounded again and again. This time, I want to amass sufficient power to stand by his side, regardless where the power comes from! Regardless of whether this power is the evil in everyone's eyes."

Under Annie's question, the icy cold emotionless mask finally shatters. All the emotions that she had been accumulating finally finds an opening to be released. Along with her furious howls that come from deep within her heart, tears start to fall from the young lady with clenched fists, but they turned into embers from the overflowing Fire mana within her, extinguishing in midair.

Seeing the tears of the other party, Annie stands up.

"Annie doesn't understand, but Annie knows that if Big Sister Elisa goes into the world of Demons, Uncle Bones will be depressed. Annie doesn't want Uncle Bones to be depressed, nor do Annie wants Big Sister Elisa to leave. Annie doesn't want this kind of future. Annie just wants everyone to stay together happily, to have a future where no one has to shed tears!"

The flames of the Phoenix burn once again. The bloodline which turns one stronger the more they undergo has turned Annie into a human-shaped Phoenix. As the light of Rules light up, a Soul Imprint of the Order Faction finally forms. At this crucial moment, Annie.Layde successfully breaks through into the realm of Legends!

"The Watcher!"

The flames of the Phoenix turn into an insignia of a shield and bow crossing each other with clear eyes behind them. The insignia showed the nature of the Soul Imprint, to

protect and to watch over.

Following afterwards, the faint image of a Phoenix burning in an inferno shows that she is definitely not any kind of normal Legend-rank. After breaking through this bottleneck, she immediately heads directly towards the next bottleneck and attempts to advance into the realm of Saints.

Before Annie could even make sense of her new-found power after breaking into the realm of Legends, a punch heads straight towards her face. The fearsome brute strength sent the Legend-rank Warrior flying. In the next moment, countless threads follow her and binds her again.

"Annie, let Big Sister teach you one final lesson. Without power, you can't achieve anything. A kind will without power to back it up, it is just harming you yourself and those around you!"

Along with the rising flames, the new Demon Noble Elisa showcases her power. With a furious roar, the endless Phoenix Flames were absorbed by her.

Under the heavy blows of Elisa, Annie was unable to retaliate anyhow and faints. With the threads drawing power from her, the newborn Legend expert is probably going to be asleep for a long time.

At this moment, there is no longer anyone who is able to stop Elisa from completing her evolution through devouring Arolaweiss. When the future Demon Marquess walks out from the seal, 2 people were already waiting at the entrance. Annie, who was left hanging on the tree, was now lying peacefully in the embrace of a figure dressed in blue.

"Hey, Elisa."

Still the same greeting without any consideration for the atmosphere. It seems as though the 3 of them have planned on this meeting together, Elisa and the 2 SemiGods weren't in the least surprised by the other party's presence.

"You two aren't going to stop me?"

"Of course, everyone has the right to choose their own future. This is your choice, so why would we stop you? We are just here to send you off. It matters not whether you are Elisa or Lisa, at the very least, we were once friends."

Squatting there and speaking unreliable words, Adam took out a handkerchief and waved to her to send her off. Immediately afterwards, the handkerchief with blue lilies stitched on it was immediately confiscated by Margaret, who was blushing bright red.

"Without power, you can't achieve anything. A kind will without power to back it up, it is just harming you yourself and those around you!' Although it is a bit extreme, you aren't wrong. Annie should be able to accept it."

Margaret was looking at Elisa with a face that is similar to how one would be delighted by their best apprentice was doing well in her career. While saying these words, she nods her head in approval.

Since they heard all these, it means that they had arrived long ago, just that they didn't appear earlier. Shaking her head, Elisa didn't say anything else. After all, some things are better left unexposed.

As the Demon Gate opens and Elisa was about to walk in, Margaret's voice suddenly sounds out again, only this time, the usual coldness in her voice is absent and in its place is warmth.

"No matter what happens, Sulfur Mountain City is your home. If you suffer any grievances, you are welcomed back anytime."

"I will be back. Roland that fool needs me."

As the voice disappears as the Dimension Gate closes, leaving 2 SemiGods staring at each other.

"Looks like Elisa has finally found something within her. From my estimates, there is an 80% chance that Roland, being soft in his heart despite having a vicious mouth, would be unable to withstand her attacks. What do we do with Annie now? What about the thing you promised her?"

This time, it is time for Adam to look helpless.

"Initially, I intended to come with a last minute entrust. Before my death, I would hold Roland's hand and say 'promise me that you will marry Annie, otherwise I would be unable to die in peace'. Going by Roland's personality, he would most probably agree to it on the spot. As long as he agrees to it, he would most probably carry out his promise. But, I didn't manage to die so, why don't we try it once again after Roland

returns?"

Alright, it seems that Adam's supposed preparations was actually just this. But, should it be said, as expected of Adam? It might seem nonsensical but he was able to accurately pinpoint on the vitals. If he were to really carry it out, there is a high possibility of it actually succeeding.

Looking at his foolish face, Margaret's anger appears all at once.

"Nonsense! Do you believe that fool around this time, Roland will really kill you with a single blade. Forget it, let's not bother anymore. Our child will find the one suited for her, let her settle it by herself."

"Alright, let me revive!! Right, there's still Elisa! What happened to her! Also, who released the seal of the Fire Elemental God."

There was no reply to my question once again. In the end, a piece of memory pierces through my mind, one that was left behind by Elisa.

That memory flashes through my brain and after that, I was silent for a long while.

"It is worth it?"

"Of course, you have asked something like that before. Do you remember it?"

I suddenly recall, that was when I told the plan to Elisa. This is how she asked me.

["Master, to sacrifice so much, is it worth it?"

"Un, of course it is worth it. There can't be rewards if we don't sacrifice something. If we don't change anything, what is awaiting this world is only destruction and calamity and I personally think that there is still a lot of things worth living for here."]

But, the voice of a young lady suddenly projects out at this point.

"But, don't be mistaken. I am not doing this for the world. I am just doing this for a log-headed fool. Remember, the world doesn't owe me a favor, but you do."

After being silent for a long time, I finally laughed.

"Fine, I owe you that. When you return, I will repay you back."

"That's more like it. I will help you look up news on Karwenz. That's all. Recently, I have been really busy. Those Demon rascals, they betray me and conduct rebellions time after time again, they are even more deserving of a beating than you."

Soon after, the silver ring darkens. It is difficult for a communication device to transcend dimensions. Based on the description by the system, this ring can only be activated a maximum of 3 times every day and the total time it is activated cannot surpass a minute. Seeing by how contact is made suddenly these 2 times, the word to activate this ring is probably 'Elisa'.

At this moment, I solemnly jot down this favor I owe in my mind and turn my attention towards the System. In this instant, the System, in response to my request, has listed down all of the different types of physical body I could make.

[Normal Human's Physical Body,

Strength: 10

Agility: 10

Stamina: 10

Intelligence: 27

Will: 19

Charm: 10

Race Talent: NIL

Lifespan: 60 years

Recommended Job: Any Job]

This Normal Human's Physical Body is really not worth mentioning. Other than the Intelligence and Will stats that come along with the soul, the other stats are a mere 10

points. Furthermore, it has a short lifespan. Naturally, I wouldn't choose it. However, the advantages that a Human possess is that it can choose any job and is able to move freely on the surface.

The difference in basic stats may not seem like a big thing at this point but as they grow, the gap in the basic stats and race talents will just grow bigger and bigger. This is the greatest disadvantage of the body.

The System also had quite the one-sided mind. It listed out more than 50 types of body but over half of them are just a white-tier physical body (No System Ranking) that I wouldn't even consider. The ones that attracted me the most are naturally the few Golden Bloodlines listed at the very bottom.

[Son of the Ancient Red Dragon, Dragon Descendant

Strength: 19

Agility: 12

Stamina: 28

Intelligence: 25

Will: 17

Charm: 16

Race Talent: Dragon Form, Dragon Wings, Dragon Breath

Recommended Jobs: Mage, Warrior

Lifespan: 2000

Evaluation: Silver Pinnacle

System Notice: You can find Dragon Empress Einz Mezus to undergo the Dragon Form Ritual to gain her bloodline to turn into a true dragon. Considering your relationship with her, it isn't hard to carry out this task at all. However, you would probably have to call her mum in the future.]

Although the System Notice really makes one at a loss of words, the power of the Red Dragon is not one to be underestimated. An Ancient Red Dragon is a Half-Diamond Bloodline. If they were to evolve into an Immemorial Dragon and obtain a Diamond Bloodline, their battle prowess would be even more reliable. Furthermore, after playing around as Lich for a long period of time, I have had enough of having a brittle physical body. The powerful physical body of the Dragon Tribe is indeed very attractive. But, the fall in the Intelligence and Will stats rather than increasing shows that this physical body has a negative impact on Intelligence.

However, considering that I would be heading towards Human civilization in the future, an obviously unorthodox species such as a Dragon Descendant isn't very suited. I will only keep this in mind and consider it if there aren't any better choices.

[The Immortal One, Man-made Physical Body

Strength: 12

Agility: 12

Stamina: 15

Intelligence: 30

Will: 20

Charm: 18

Race Talent: Immortality, Rapid Learning, Spellcasting Proficiency

Recommended Job: Mage (After that, Saint is recommended)

Evaluation: Hold

System Notice: There is no need talk about how this bloodline came about, it is definitely powerful. As it is the clone of a particular person, there might be some side effects, such as having the same outer appearance and skin color as the original, you understand. Now, if you were to call in, we will even send you a complimentary Margaret suit!]

Side effect? Similar skin color? I think even the face would look alike. A portion similar

to her? I reckon that it will be identical, turning me into a woman. Trying to scam me? It won't be that easy! A straight pass!

[The Divine Child of the God of Law, God Descendant

Strength: 12

Agility: 12

Stamina: 18

Intelligence: 27

Will: 17

Charm: 20

Race Talent: Son of Law (The speed which the Power of Law powers up at is increased by 100% and its effectiveness is heightened by 30%)

Recommended Job: The bunch of Law Jobs which you invented yourself

Evaluation: Gold

System Notice: Stop hesitating. This is the job most suited for you. Also, I would like to ask you, how does it feel being your own son?]

Alright, ignoring the darned notice once again, I am a little tempted by this physical body. However, this body of a God Descendant is obviously sided towards the Order Faction, which means I would have to split ways with Necromancy. This way, my [The Infallible Diffindor] would turn useless.

On this point, the weakest human is instead the strongest. They don't have any inclinations towards any factions, they are able to undertake any jobs and they could utilize any power.

However, thinking of humans, I recalled the previous generations of the children of Order, reminding me of the 2 unique presents that Ayer gave me, so I immediately handed them over to the System.

After a long period of time, in the menu list of the System, 2 more physical body options appear.

[The Bloodline of the 1st Generation Child of Order (Royalty), God Descendant

Strength: 18

Agility: 18

Stamina: 20

Intelligence: 27

Will: 17

Charm: 20

Race Talent: War Angel Form

Evaluation: Diamond Bloodline

Recommended Job: Order Knight

System Notice: As expected of the ones favored by the Goddess of Order, powerful beyond the expectations. Order Knight is a basic job that System created based on this bloodline. It is able to use any Power of Order, including Law and Holy Light. It is definitely powerful. Perhaps, it might not be as powerful as the one below, but it definitely has limitless potential.]

Some things can only be seen through comparison. Without doubt, this bloodline is really overpowered. However, the Child of Order has the same weakness as the Child of Law, they aren't able to tolerate Necromancy, causing negative effects on my Soul World.

On the other hand...

[The Bloodline of the 1st Generation Child of Chaos (Royalty), Devil Descendant

Strength: 22

Agility: 20

Stamina: 22

Intelligence: 29

Will: 20

Charm: 8

Race Talent: Sinful Devil God Form

Evaluation: Diamond Bloodline

Recommended Job: Chaos Witch King, Devil Knight

System Notice: Seriously overpowered basic stats together with a perfect physical body. Choose him and you will obtain endless power. Of course, if you were to accidentally reveal your Devil Bloodline, hehe, just hope that you can run fast enough.]

Other than charm, all of the basic stats are beyond 20. These are stats that are easily above that of the basic stats of Legend-rank experts. This physical body is really powerful beyond all imagination. However, it has the exact same problem as the one above, it is unable to tolerate Powers of Order.

Thus, I really hesitated. Without doubt, this choice is extremely important. But, no matter which one I choose, there would be regrets left behind.

"If only I can put the both of them together into one."

How can there be such a wonderful thing in the world. Just by thinking about it, one would know that it is impossible. Thus, I shook my head but suddenly, the System rings out.

"It is possible, but Fate Points has to be paid for the physical bodies of both of the bloodlines."

"What? If it is doable, why didn't you say so earlier? Why didn't you list it out?"

"You didn't ask me."

"Fine, stop the crapping, quickly list it out."

[Bloodline of The Arbiter

Strength: 19

Agility: 19

Stamina: 19

Intelligence: 29

Will: 19

Charm: 19

Race Talent: War Angel Form, Sinful Devil God Form

Evaluation: Double Diamond Bloodline

Recommended Jobs: Order Knight/Chaos Witch King

System Notice: The bloodline of the Arbiter which lies on the border of both Order and Chaos doesn't belong to any of the Factions and is also able to coexist with any of the Factions. The Bloodlines which came from the same source but yet are different created this miracle-like physical body. Perhaps, it can't be said to be the strongest, but it definitely holds the greatest potential.]

Looking at this, I was delighted. However, I hesitated and asked a question which shows my lack of contentment.

"Since we are able to mix, then can we add a bit of Dragon Blood, Phoenix Blood and such to strengthen the toughness of the physical body? I can gather blood from them."

However, the System's reply was a bucket of cold water.

"Do you think that a mixed-breed dog would be more valuable than a pure-breed dog? This is the cloning of genetics to create a physical body, not creating a medicine. Excessive bloodlines would only cause the physical body to break apart. You would be fortunate if you just turned into a monster. This physical body is only possible as both

bloodlines come from the same source but under a Creator God level God Powers, turned into 2 opposite kind of life, that's why it is possible for them to merge together as one. This is a rare exception. However, you can try to collect 7 different colors of Dragon Blood and make a wish, see if it can become a rainbow-colored Dragon Bloodline. I will help you make a Mary Sue's 7-colored long hair."

TL: Mary Sue really not sure which show this is, I googled the Chinese word and this is the result I got.

Since that's the case, then there's nothing more to talk about. This would be it. However, going by my understanding of the System's spirit to scam me, it would be weird if there is nothing wrong with the body. There is no mistake in being warier.

"What kind of deficiencies does this physical body has, just say it out straight."

"This body, in order to maintain equality, must train in both Order and Chaos Power simultaneously, thus requiring one to invest a large amount of time and effort."

"Double basic jobs? Order Knight/Chaos Witch King? This is a good thing. Or rather, is there other fatal flaws?"

Opening the introduction page to the System's Job Introduction, I found out that Order Knight is just like the combination of both Holy Knight and Justice Knight while Chaos Witch King is the combination of Necromancer and Elemental Mage. These are all routes I have walked on before and thus, they are paths that suit me the best.

This double job isn't separate. On the screen, the four skill trees intersect with each other, forming each other. The skills and abilities that I have learnt before are indicated by a gray mark on the skill tree. For example, [Ice Aeon] which is on the top of the Ice Magic skill tree and [The Infallible Diffindor] which requires all 4 classes to be at least of Legend-rank. At where the Necromancy skill tree and Ice Magic skill tree intersect, there are even combination techniques like [Summon Ice Lich].

"The growth rate of special classes is 1.5 times the difficulty of normal classes. However, going by the 2 times difficulty of a double special class and considering the slow physical body growth rate of a Double Diamond Bloodline, all in all, it is at least 3 times the difficulty of a normal human's growth."

Hearing this, I only felt joy. Isn't it just 3 times experience penalty, what do I have to be scared about growing slightly slower? After all, I am able to use Fate Points in order

to forcefully raise my experience bar.

Right now, problems outside here will keep coming one after another. Even if I don't have enough points, I can just do a few more Epic Missions to earn them. I am not afraid of it growing slowly, I am just afraid that it will not turn out strong enough in the end.

"Alright, this will be it!!"

The physical body which has a sales price of a hulking 200000 Fate Points, after using the discount voucher, turned into 100000 Fate Points. Even so, the points that I earned so great difficulty only had 20000 remaining. It is difficult to earn money, but easy to squander it all in an instant.

Following the descend of light on my body, the familiar touch of a physical body brought comfort to me. I, Roland.Mist, is finally revived. Finally, I am a man once again. I finally have my little partner. I can finally openly whistle towards beautiful ladies!

As usual, my happiness wasn't long-lived...

Very quickly, when I looked at my reflection by the dark river, a scream of agony is released once again.

"System! You actually scammed me again! One of these days, I will strike you!"

"You didn't ask about it. Hehe, the motto of our service is that your dissatisfaction is our satisfaction, your unhappiness is our happiness, the one we are scamming is you! Thank you for your patronage, we will be looking forward to your return. Oh, and don't forget to leave positive reviews!"

Chapter 69

The Return

"I was foolish, I really was." Cloaked in a black mantle that I borrowed from a kind merchant, I cover myself tightly as I tread carefully across the roads of Sulfur Mountain City.

"I knew that the System would never have good intentions, its recommendations would always have problems, so those are the ones which I should never choose; What I didn't know was that even things that seemed to have no problems will have problems occurring after going through the hands of the System! Look, the average stats of the 2 Bloodlines is much higher than my current stats, this obviously shows that there is a problem with the physical body. Also, that darned Charm value, there is no way the System would allow me to be welcomed into the embrace of those seductive eyes. This is obviously a trap, why did I jump into it then. I was really foolish, really really foolish."

The little bat beside me stares fiercely at me.

"Enough! This is the hundredth or two hundredth time that you have been nagging about it. Did your intelligence disappear along with your previous body?"

"No, it is just that my mood lifts after seeing you in an even more pathetic state than me, so I felt like nagging a bit more."

[Magic Pet: Harloys (Main Body of Greed)]

Race: Unable to be classified

Strength: 12

Agility: 10

Stamina: 30

Intelligence: 28

Will: 25

Charm: Depends

Job: LV1 Mage

Evaluation:

Race Talent: Transmogrification (Lower Tier)

System Evaluation: This is your Magic Pet, but she is constantly thinking of how to get rid of you within the limitations of the contract. Now, you don't have to worried about her rebelling against you. The great Queen of Banshees can only alternate between the form of a bat and a little cat. The most destructive skill of hers is probably just a cat paw. Well done, to think that there would be someone worse off than you.]

When I died temporarily, Harloys, who almost got destroyed because of it, was absorbed into the System. Now that I am revived, she was revived along with me. It is just that even at LV1, I am still a living person while she is unable to sustain her human form at LV1.

"...Are you sure? If I were to remove your mantle here and scream that there is someone running about nude here, what do you think will happen?"

Grinding her teeth together, the little bat spits out the most fearsome threat that she knows. But, I simply smiled in response.

"Feel free, nude running is already a daily occurrence here, no one will be bothered by it. Nude running can no longer be considered a news, only no one engaging in nude running for a few days can be called news."

"Heh, do you take me for a fool? How can there be such a fearsome place..."

"Catch that naked bull!! Right, the one who is nicknamed King of Nudity! Don't let him get away. After staying put for a few days, you Wild Bull Alliance actually started to become active again. This time, we will lock them up for an entire month."

Before Harloys could even finish her words, her eyes and mouth widen in shock. I stare numbly as the naked Tauren leading a pack of naked men whistling through. Soon afterward, a group of Dark Elf Knights passes us by.

"A Supreme Judge with the glorious title of King of Nudity?"

Somehow, my heart starts to ache. My worry for the Supreme Court and the shame I feel from that embarrassment originating from my organization intersected together. I had an urge to cleanse my organization of this embarrassment by assassinating him. However, if I were to draw my blade in rage at this moment, not only will I be unable to kill him, I would be destroyed instead.

"Let's go, I have many toys in my lab that uses illusion to change outer appearances. There's really nothing I can do with my current appearance."

While looking for a method to deal with that fellow in my head, I tightened my grip on the mantle wrapped around me. From a certain perspective, this city is the safest one of all of the Underground Cities but from another perspective, it is also the most dangerous one of them all, especially now that I am not in my best condition.

While dodging the sights of others, I pull my Magic Pet along with me. At the same time, Harloys stares dumbfounded at the opposite street. A few Holy Knights were currently chatting happily with a Death Knight.

This is a scene that can't possibly be seen in any other areas, a harmonious sight between the Order and Chaos. I wanted to brag a bit to Harloys but the next instant, they started fighting together while hurling insults at each other. The fight was quite intense with both sides throwing lethal attacks at each other.

"This is more like it."

Harloys nods her head, satisfied. But when the contents of their argument reach us, Harloys freezes once again.

"You lying bastard, where is the match make with the Banshee that you promised? Why were there only female zombies present? Look at her face, there are even maggots on it, do you think we can look at her?"

"Tsk, you little rascal who don't understand anything, this is the fashion of our Undead District! Also, do you think you are all that innocent? What about the beautiful Priestesses you promised us? Why did canteen aunties come instead! You think that we are fools!"

There are already quite a few audiences who are cheering by the side. The more

heated their argument got, the more brutal their blows became. However, the Death Knights didn't draw their Runeswords while the Holy Knights didn't use their Holy Light. Instead, they fought just like normal men with their punches and their kicks.

"You want the Banshees and Medusas of our District? Don't even talk about opening the doors for you, even the windows are tightly shut. The few of us aren't even able to get our hands on them, why should we introduce them to you?"

"Hmph, I will just tell you truthfully. We even have to wrestle with our bodies just to gain the opportunity to talk with the Priestesses. With such severe lack of resources, why should we introduce them to you?"

Alright, from the jeering of the audiences, the entire matter is made clear. Both sides had formed a group in hope of laying hands on the female resources of the other side without giving in anything. In the end, when the both sides clash together, they realized the other's intentions.

"A match make between the Undead and Holy Knight? Has the world gone mad or am I the one who has gone mad?" Harloys has still yet to recover from the sight.

Should I be thankful for the fact that I have a living body? Looking at these living treasures, I grab my belly. That should be where my stomach is. For the first time, I experienced what stomachache and neuralgia is.

TL: Neuralgia: intense intermittent pain along the course of a nerve, especially in the head or face.

"Can anyone contact the Town Security..."

"Don't move, who is the one causing this ruckus? Haha, it is you bunch of bastards again. You all are quite amazing, to actually bring a DemiRam and a Centaur for the previous three matchmaking sessions. If we didn't react quick enough and called the legendary Beifeng over to scare away our beauties, we would have handed them over to you for nothing. This time, let us settle the new scores together with the old ones. Eat my Sin-Splitting Strike!"

Alright, looks like we don't even have to call the Town Security over. Those graduates from Nanxiang have already arrived but somehow, from the words they say... Should I be surprised about their relationship? Alright, somehow, the pain in my stomach intensifies.

"Hey!"

Suddenly, a person violently sent me flying.

"Sorry, sorry, Momo was chasing those bastards."

So it was a Dark Elf Town Security member who accidentally knocked into my body while engaging in an arrest.

My mantle was knocked off and light glares into my eyes, stinging me. However, the moment I see the look of surprise on Momo's face, I immediately awaken from my confusion.

I immediately used my mantle to cover my entire body once again. The System isn't so kind as to gift you a free set of clothes just because you revived. Just as what Harloys said, a newborn physical body comes totally nude, I was wearing nothing beneath my cloak.

"That, I have no relations with those fellows of the Wild Bull Alliance. I am a newcomer here to learn the Power of Law, just that I met with some thieves, causing my clothes to be stolen.

I tried my best to recall my Smile Number 2 when I was still a Holy Knight -- A righteous smile of someone innocent. At the same time, I tried to distance myself from that bunch of perverts. I don't have to be caught into the Boys Home for no reason.

"I am without a penny, I am here to seek help from my Lich uncle named Roland. This is Ah Meow, my best friend."

Then, I raised Harloys up to the face of the Dark Elves. At this instant, under my orders, she has transformed into a cute little black cat.

Again, under my orders through the Pet Contract, the dignified Queen of Banshees, despite her eyes being on the verge of shooting fire beams, could only obediently learn to meow to look cute.

"Meow!!!"

"Hehe, girls don't have much resistance towards cute things. Furthermore, after seeing that I am of no threat, they would definitely let me go after conducting a simple check."

But very quickly, I realized that my actions were excessive. The female Dark Elf Town Security ignores the meowing Queen of Banshees and instead, stares fixedly at me, not saying a single word.

Then...

Saliva starts dripping down...

"I have finally struck it rich! A top quality shota!!!"

At this moment, an inconceivable fury boils in me as I howl out.

"You are the shota. Your entire family is shotas."

Alright, I admit that I have been scammed by the System once again. What training from young is good for one to gain perfect control of their body and what this allows one's soul to merge better with one's physical body, no matter how much self-consoling excuse I come up with, I am unable to hide the fact that I had been scammed.

A fourteen-year-old physical body is indeed the expected age of my physical body, as well as the true form of my soul, thus a body of that age will allow merging of my soul and my physical body to go more smoothly, but...

"How the hell would I know that the Ancient Humans have a lifespan that exceeds 200 years. 14 years old is still a kid to them!"

Yes, the first-generation Humans had an average lifespan that is at least twice as long compared to the current Humans. With my fourteen-year-old physical body, I look at most 10.

I should have known that compared to the other two physical body choices, the reason why the stats of this physical body are slightly on the lower side is because it is simply too young and the reason why my Charm is so high is because little kids tend to be cuter.

That's right, cute. Cuteness that has nothing to do with handsome.

Golden-colored hair that is radiating the glisten of the sun paired with red cheeks that is reminiscent of a red apple that was just rinsed with water, tempting one to give it a bite. The white skin looks very hydrated, as though it has never come under the sun.

Last but not least, the sun-like smile that is affixed to his little face makes one really feel his lively personality.

Turning younger isn't scary. What is scary is that even when I used the dark river as a mirror to look at my reflection, I felt that I looked like a gigantic doll, extremely cute.

19 points in Charm! If a grown man were to have so much Charm, he would be unmatched if he uses it to flirt with girls. However, on a child, what is the use of being so cute!

But this still isn't the most treacherous thing about the System...

Having a youthful outer appearance isn't a big matter for Mages, there are all kinds of medicines and tools that could be used to conceal one's true age. Old grannies and old demons acting young could be seen everywhere. As long as I return to my lab to retrieve some of my hidden tools, there no difficulty whatsoever in passing off as a grown man.

However, my greatest problem now is that -- I might have my little fellow now, but it hasn't developed yet. That is as good as not having it at all! That is the crux of the problem!

I knew that the System would definitely be up to something. It was difficult for me to get rid of my body as a Lich, but in exchange, I was given this undeveloped physical body.

Now, my first aim is to quickly return back to my underground study to check up on the time required for the first-generation Humans to develop and when I can get married... Alright, I know that there would be no book that would be so lame to talk about these, but it isn't a crime to think about these.

At this moment, looking at the frenzied Dark Elf who had a puddle of saliva on the ground below her, I knew that I was facing a big crisis.

"Small cutie... No, I mean little friend, do you want to see goldfishes with Big Sister? Big Sister's home has many cute little animals."

"Goldfish? Goldfish in the Underground World? You think that I am stupid?"

Being just LV1, there is definitely no way I am able to beat a Town Security member

who is at minimum a Silver-rank.

"Right, little friend, I have a lollipop here."

Looking at this idiotic Elf actually retrieving a large bunch of candies from her breastplate, I had totally no idea what her brain is made of. Is this still the Town Security that Sulfur Mountain City prides itself on? Thinking about this, my stomach hurts even more...

"Release me!!"

"No way! It was so difficult for me to find one that fits my taste. Momo is definitely going to capture this one back to raise!! After a few years, I would be able to reap my rewards. Momo would be the one to marry first!"

Alright, Momo seems to have forgotten her role as an Enforcer and is currently lost in her daydream.

"Hehe, to have such a cute little hubby, Momo would be envied to death by her other sisters."

I want to flirt with beautiful girls, but not this kind of beautiful girls who are into child grooms. Without a second word, I turn around to flee.

However, with just 2 steps, the pain in my stomach intensifies and I fell to the ground helplessly.

"Why does it feel so awful? My entire body is lacking in strength. Could it be that there is something wrong with the composition of my physical body!"

Suddenly, I felt the sensation of being carried up. The voice of the frenzied Elf echoes by my ear.

"Why are you so light, little friend? Have you obediently eaten your meal yet?"

"Eaten my meal?" Alright, I finally recall what I forgot. I spent 2 days walking here from the dark river. Having just revived, I have long forgotten about the habits of the living, so I totally didn't expect that I would have to eat. At the same time, Harloys who is also an Undead wouldn't think of reminding me.

"So it isn't a stomachache, it is hunger pangs. Seeing from how I am fine from not eating for 2 days, it seems that this body is still quite healthy."

After coming to a realization, in the next moment, I faint from hunger.

But fortunately, before fainting, I spent the last bit of my strength to shout 'Save me, there is a weird auntie here who wants to feed me milk'. Seeing how the other Town Security come rushing over in a hurry, I should be able to retain my chastity.

"A tragedy! Darn System, I will never forgive you!"

Chapter 70

The Experimental Log of the Crazy Lich

Due to the disappearance of Lich Roland, the Dark Elves no longer have to worry about their home getting destroyed again. Thus, they clenched their teeth and after withdrawing the last of their savings, rebuilt their home for the 3rd time.

With many free labor (Such as the Leftover (Sheng) Knights, the Liver (Sheng) Knights and the Holy (Sheng) Knights) helping them, the Town Security headquarters was quickly rebuilt.

Designed by the Gray Dwarves Architects, the new Town Security headquarters is earthquake-proof, explosion-proof, fireproof, flood-proof and Roland-proof. As for how did I know all these, it is all written clearly on the blueprints, the few bright red words could be seen clearly even from more than a hundred meters away.

"I can understand what the first 4 is about, but what does being Roland-proof means?"

Un, I made use of the right that only children possess, the right to be inquisitive. However, the event that happens next renders Diana's answer pointless.

"Roland!! Who mentioned that name!" The moment the name popped out of my mouth, numerous female knights seem to jump out of nowhere. Fully clothed in their armor, they hold sharp swords in their hands. Their eyes are filled with blood veins and their murderous aura makes it seem like they are ready to slaughter someone.

"That 'Roland-proof' refers to an Anti-Undead Barrier that we hired a master to lay down in order to deal with a certain someone. Right, little Rolo, don't say your uncle's name here." I nodded my head with an intentional look that spells of confusion while secretly wiping away the cold sweat on my palms.

"Even after so long... Is their grudge that deep? I was the one who approved of the subsidies at the High Court, you know, otherwise, it is impossible for you all to rebuild your headquarters so quickly! You heartless bunch of Elves."

I peeked at those crimson red eyes while mumbling curses directed at these 'aunties'

under my breath. I know that it is impossible for me to be exposed but I still instinctively tightened the cloak around me.

"Wakaka, I didn't expect your reputation to be so horrid. As expected of my disciple." Alright, I was even mocked by the old demonic granny in my mantle.

However, that Diana seems to have recalled something and immediately adds on.

"Don't say the name when you are outside too, absolutely not! Your uncle... That, he has quite a bad reputation in the city. I am not really prejudiced against him but there are some words, as an elder, that isn't suitable for me to say. Anyway, little Rolo, for your own safety, you mustn't tell anyone that you are Roland's nephew."

Alright, looking at this red-faced Moon Knight who seems to be embarrassed about speaking badly about others, that black cat is already rolling around the floor laughing.

"Little Brother Roland, what exactly did you do? Why are you faring so badly on your territory that even the female knight feels ashamed to talk about you?"

"Shut up, my magic pet. Otherwise, I will make you learn how to talk like a squirrel and do 360-degree flips on the spot for 2 and a half weeks until you puke!"

After hearing my words, despite boiling with anger, Harloys knows that I will carry out my threat. If I say that I will make her do flips from 2 and a half weeks, there is no way I will make her turn around for 3 weeks. Harloys, who is always good at reading situations and adapting to them, immediately shuts up obediently.

"Alright, Little Rolo, hurry and go eat."

After hearing these words, my excitement starts to well up. I have been meeting with misfortune for the entire day. Looks like my luck is finally turning around. I don't even have a single bronze coin on my entire body, so it is a good opportunity for me to get some food.

On the road to the canteen, looking at this hesitating female knight, many thoughts ran through my mind.

There are many things that I have to do, but the one with the topmost priority is to get rid of this young form!

With my current stature, even the hilt of the sword is larger than my hand. I can't even grab a sword stably, so how in the world am I going to fight. Furthermore, the small figure means that my steps would be small and with my limbs short, I would face difficulty in exerting my full strength and coupled with many other limitations, it would be hard for me to perform.

Furthermore, I would come into contact like the top brasses of the nobles in the Human World in the future. Reality isn't like a Knight Novel. Outer appearance may not determine everything, but being young, it would be difficult for me to inspire trust in others. All of my plans would go down the drain like that.

"If I were to wait to grow naturally, who knows how long it would take for this body to mature. I must first look for a way to hide this form. Right, the Dragon Tribe is a kind of tribe where the older they are, the stronger they are. Going by her age, Little Red isn't supposed to be old enough to be promoted to an Ancient Dragon. Perhaps, there might be some kind of secret arts involved. I will go and question her later."

After making up my mind, I start to enjoy the lunch that I have been waiting a long time for. The other side of the table is full of 'aunties' who keeps staring secretly at me.

Not just the tables, even the doorway is filled with people.

At the corner, Momo is tied up by a chain and keeps on howling non-stop.

"Momo isn't a pedophile, it is just that the person I like just happens to be a child. You bunch who haven't touched a man for several decades, you bunch of thirsty #@@¥ @, touch your heart and ask yourself if you all really do not wish to dye that innocent smile with your own color. He already has a master and that is me, Momo. I will not let any of you snatch him away from me!"

Fine, even her colleagues can't stand her salivating and pleading look that they even stuffed up her mouth.

On the corner, even with her mouth stuffed and her neck fastened to a collar, Momo is still trying her best to pounce over like a frenzied wild dog. Her colleagues were trying her best to push her down while I pretend not to hear or see anything at all.

Looking at how I am eating heartily, Diana hesitates for a moment before speaking.

"I'm afraid that you came a step too late. Your uncle won't be coming back. Why don't

you live with us temporarily?"

Hearing this, before I could even react, cheers that almost flipped the roof filled the entire canteen.

"Big Sister, you are finally enlightened! I thought that you aren't normal."

"Big Sister, well done. You can enjoy him first, just remember to leave a small part to me."

"That's right. Even if we are unable to devour him, it is good to have him stay as an eye-candy. However, Big Sister, you won't truly be thinking of keeping him to yourself?"

"Hmph, I am not a pedophile, so I am not really interested. However, after 30 years or so, lend him to me for a while, I probably won't reject him. Anyway, humans grow very quickly and you should be sick of him by 30 years."

"Yeah, you aren't a pedophile, you are into geezers."

Should I say as expected of the open Dark Elves? The bluntness of their words really makes one exclaim in shock. At the same time, as the Dark Elves rejoiced, I trembled from the depths of my heart. I started to wonder if it was worth entering a lion's den just for a meal.

After hearing the cheering of her comrades, Diana stuns for a moment before smiling bitterly.

She couldn't explain what she was really feeling. Was it a coincidence for her to know that Roland is Lord Wumianzhe and now that Lord Wumianzhe has Ascended, is this child fated to never be able to find his own uncle?

Furthermore, even if it is Sulfur Mountain City we are talking about, it is still part of the dangerous Underground World. If he were to run into some slave peddler or perverts... The thing which Sulfur Mountain City doesn't lack is the latter. At the very least, the 'wild beast' which is bound by metal chains is definitely one.

"Consider it. Seeing from your white and smooth skin, you don't look like a kid from the Underground World. This is a totally different place from the Surface, you should really think deeply about how you are going to survive here."

"Thank you, Big Sister. But Uncle Roland told me that if I was unable to find him, I am to look for Lord Einz Mezus."

Looks like I can only thicken my skin to look for Little Red. Scanning my surroundings, these Elves seem to be concealing something suspicious in their mouths. Their eyes are glowing green. No matter how I look at it, they look like a pack of hungry wolves. Staying here is simply too dangerous.

However, due to a certain reason, I have to return back to my old home for a short period of time. Perhaps, I might have to look for a reliable 'guardian' for me.

Hearing the great name of the new Dragon Empress, Diana stuns for a moment before recalling that the child in front of her is the nephew of Wumianzhe, so there is a high possibility that he would be related to Lord Einz Mezus. Coming to a realization, she nods her head.

"Alright, then I will send you over after you are done eating."

Ignoring the sighs around me, I continued eating. Once I was done, Diana passes over a form to me.

"Looking at how you are, you should be able to write. Fill in your basic particulars so that I can make you a temporary pass for ease of movement within the city."

The eyes of the predators around made cold sweat trickle down my back. I had the intention to flee long ago and so, swoosh swoosh swoosh, I finished filling up in an instant and throwing the form, I left immediately.

Gossip is almost a trait that women are born with. The moment Diana, their Captain, leaves, the group of female Knights immediately rush up to vie for the form. However, what was mysterious was that despite being Elves, they weren't able to comprehend the words on the form.

Then, only after someone exclaimed it did they realize that the little boy had actually been communicating with them using their mother tongue, the Dark Elf Language.

Afterward, under the intense study of a few scholars simultaneously, they realized that the form which had words no one could comprehend was actually a combination of more than a dozen language scrambled together. Despite being incredibly messy, there wasn't a single mistake in it.

"The first word is in Dragon Language while the phrase at the back is written in Devil Language. The middle part is jotted down using the Ancient Elf Language. Yet, they are put together using the dialect of the Leopardians of the Far South. If this isn't a Great Saint well-versed in languages showing off his linguistic abilities, then it must mean that the one writing it has gone mad. Language is used as a medium for thoughts and all creatures use their mother tongue to think. If these words are the derived from his thought process, then there is a good chance that he is already completely mad."

Despite becoming the noble Dragon Empress, Ein Mezus's life didn't change at all compared to the past. She still sleeps lazily in her den every day. Eat some food, exchange some blows, other than the quality of her opponents getting higher and higher, there isn't really much difference in her lifestyle.

When she was still sleeping in her den, she heard from the Dracon Tributes that serves her that there is a fellow named Rolo who seeks her presence. Overjoyed, she immediately rushes over to the doorway to welcome him. However, upon seeing him, she stuns for a moment before...

"Puuu! Haha, to think that you would have such a day too, Roland! Come, call me auntie!"

A certain Dragon starts rolling around the floor laughing without any hesitation. Her laughter reverberating in the entire den was so hateful that it makes one grind his teeth. Angry, I sent a kick towards her. However, not mentioning that she totally disregarded it, she laughed even louder.

"I can't take it anymore! You even named yourself Rolo! Big Brother Rolo, come, praise the Holy Light and justice and continue leading us on our adventures."

Alright, since I am unable to defeat her, I can only wait for her to finish laughing. That fellow actually continued laughing for 10 minutes straight that tears were flowing down her eyes. The moment I mentioned my demands, she immediately shakes her head.

"A secret method to hasten growth? There is indeed such method, but if you do not wish to be reduced to a state of being unable to even remember your own name, it is best that you do not use it."

It seems that the Dragon Tribe used this method to hasten the incubation of the Dragon Eggs in order to create fodder. In just a short 3 weeks, a Dragon Egg is able to turn into a Young Dragon. However, due to the rapid growth, the Dragon's brain will suffer fatal damage, turning it into a mindless fodder.

"You humans really don't respect life. Every single phase of life has its own meaning. By playing around, toddlers train the coordination of their limbs and their ability to move around. Children use games to cultivate their thinking and their cooperation. They imitate their elders and inherit their knowledge and skills. Teenagers start to try to gather teams in order to face the cruel nature. The middle-aged, having their stamina deteriorated, learn to shoulder the responsibility of propping up a family while the old, despite turning frail, gains wisdom."

"Every age group has a way of living that is most suitable to for their survival. This is a gift from nature. Those who just look at the future don't have a present. Without a present, how can one have a future?"

Hearing these whole bunch of words, I was stunned. This doesn't seem like words Little Red would say.

"Why are you looking at me like this? No matter what, I am a giant Dragon that is old enough to be your great grandmother. It isn't that big of a deal for me to say something that has a philosophical."

"Molly said that?"

"Of course not, there's no way she would know all these. It is my dad."

Alright, so it is that unlucky Dragon King that I have heard so much about. However, looking at the gleeful look on Little Red's face, is this what it means for someone to be cursed of being unable to remain cool for more than 3 seconds?

However, what she said makes sense. I couldn't help but recall the journey that Fool-dam went through. He slowly trained his body and learned bit by bit from the experience he underwent. Gradually, as his physical body grew powerful and his powers started to mature. With his basics in place, it formed the foundation for him to walk even further.

"Taking the long-term into account, I recommend that you take it slowly. Train yourself gradually so as to uncover your own potential. No matter what, this is better than

pulling on the seedling in a hope that it would grow taller."

"However, this can't do as well. I can't even grasp a sword like that. I would require a body that is able to fight at the minimum."

"If you only want the outer appearance of a grown man, you have looked for the wrong person. You should have looked for Margaret. Space and Time is her specialty. Changing one's physique without affecting one's growth should be a simple matter for her." While speaking, Little Red reverted back to her human form.

"Margaret? Who? Oh, that Saint who likes to dress in blue? Can you introduce her to me?"

Nodding my head, I reckon that my guess should be spot-on. However, somehow, after my words sound out, Little Red's face turned white in an instant, showing an awful look.

"What are you joking about! You... You forgot about her first once again. Forget it, there's no use getting angry with you. Come with me."

Alright, looks like I won't be able to avoid Adam this time. Under Little Red's lead, charging through everything else, it didn't take long before we arrive at the City Lord Residence.

"Hahahaha, so cute. Little Brother Roland, it gives me such satisfaction to see that you would actually have such a day!!"

Alright, I knew that this would happen from the start. The fellow who is rolling around and laughing just like Little Red previously is my mortal enemy which I find myself at a loss for words to describe.

"Uncle Bones is so cute!"

Annie's dazed gaze looks a little dangerous. However, seeing from how she didn't directly pounce at me, she is much better than the female Elves.

The Saint dressed in blue also smiles faintly at me.

"A Time-Changing Ring, that's simple. Come and retrieve it in a week."

"I am really thankful to you. To ask you for a favor despite meeting for the first time, I am really deeply apologetic. I will remember this debt and repay you in the future."

An incomprehensible situation happened. Even I knew that it is only right to thank someone after seeking them for their help, but why is it that the moment those words left my mouth, the atmosphere which was still warm a second ago chills the next moment.

"Cough, un, you haven't gone back to your dwelling huh."

"Un, I will be heading back later. This time, my losses seem to be more severe. I'm afraid I would have to spend at least 3 months holed up in there. Right, did you all collect the Roland Sacred Sword's fragmented pieces? I think that I should be able to reforge it."

Yes, when I asked the System to compensate me for my current state, the System threw me the additional right to use my Fate Point to create a weapon that is suited for me. Since I am able to make God Equipment, the first one that I thought of is the treasured sword that serves as my family heirloom.

"Cough, of course. Give me a moment, I will go take fetch them."

When Adam who tried to fix the situation left, the entire room turned bizarrely silent. Even when Adam brought back a bag of fragmented pieces, no one said anything.

In the room of the not very large City Lord Residence, a strange atmosphere starts to arise, causing everyone to fall silent. Naturally, under the circumstance where no one was willing to say anything, this reunion ended abruptly. After bidding my farewell, the moment I walked out of the room, I heard sobbing sounds at my back.

Now, I know that it must be something that I have done wrong. Thus, I hastened my footsteps to return to my dwelling quickly so that I could find out exactly what I did wrong.

"Looks like I must have said something I shouldn't have. Sigh, what exactly did I forget along with that 1 point of Intelligence."

Intelligence is the basis for one to use magic. At the same time, it also represents a human's rational thinking and memory. It is a part of the soul, but it is also influenced by the physical body.

I remember that back when I was still a Lich, my Intelligence was 30. Reducing the 2 points that is additionally given by the Lich's Body, my basic Intelligence should have been 28. But, at this moment, it is only 27. Obviously, I suffered some kind of loss when I died.

How could it be possible for one to not pay any price for death? The concept of death itself is the dissipation of one's soul. The water of River Styx is a lethal weapon that steals away memory. However, I didn't fear it at all.

"It isn't the first time anyway. I won't die just by forgetting something. Anyway, I don't even know what I have forgotten, so I wouldn't feel regretful or upset over it, so it is really nothing."

After stepping into my old dwelling, the extinguished lamps light up one after another and the entire house comes to life.

However, I didn't stop at just the residential area. My goal from the very start was the underground chamber under my dwelling. That is also the reason why I had to return to Sulfur Mountain City.

The passageway was reminiscent of towers in the Middle Age, not even a glimmer of light could be seen and the only thing that reverberates is the sound of footsteps.

The moment I stepped into the bottom-most floor of the underground chamber, the entire underground library lights up. Under the effects of Mystical Arts, countless books flew around the room just like birds who have just obtained life.

"No mistake in soul detection. Welcome back, Master. I am this Lab and Library's man-made Tower Spirit 007. I hope that you didn't forget about me this time. Then, following the tasks that you entrusted before your departure, the education sequence will be triggered. This time, where do you intend to start reading from? My personal suggestion is to start from Language, then Math, Physics and Chemistry. After filling on all of the basics then should you start studying about actual battles."

Glancing around, this is really a sea of books. Thousands of shelves stood there silently and under the effects of Spatial Magic, this is just a corner of the gigantic glacier.

On the shelves, there are labels such as Physics and Chemistry. There are also shelves which are labeled as Army Stratagems, The Secret of Gods and Magic Arts. But what that was labeled on the largest portion of the shelves are logs, experimental logs that

belong to me.

If death was that easy to deal with, then there would be no reason for everyone to fear death. Even if I am lucky enough to not enter reincarnation making use of the System and the special protection that being a Transcender grants to my soul, I am still tortured by the missing pieces in my memory and knowledge after reviving. Furthermore, gauging by how my basic stats actually dropped, this is my greatest loss by far.

"The damage is quite heavy this time. It looks like I have died too many times that even the material of my soul is starting to crack. However, it matters not. The Intelligence point that I have lost can be regained and the knowledge that I have forgotten can be learned once again. As for the memories I lost... At least I am able to find back a portion of them from my logs."

Yes, this is my library and my lab, as well as the treasure vault of my memory and knowledge. I know that my goals are hard to realize, so death cannot be avoided and the memory loss that I face during death will occur time and time again. However, as long as I jot down everything I learned and learn from it again, read it once more, I should be able to remember most of the things I lost.

"Tower Spirit 007, start from my experimental logs. Un, let's start from the logs of my previous life. The tag labeled on it should be Crazy Lich. Also, look for the phrase Margaret. I want to first understand what was it that happened just now.

I have cultivated a habit of writing diaries for a few centuries now. I will record everything in it; when I go outdoors, brush my teeth, close the lights and sleep; the daily newspaper that I buy and schemes and plans for wars; from boring cases I face during trials to fixing the legislation. No matter whether it is an important matter or a small affair, I would record all of it down on my logs.

Perhaps, I might lose my memory after death. But with these countless shelves and diaries as my substitute memory vault, as long as nothing happens to it, I am able to start afresh no matter how many times it takes.

"1,2,3... 5,7,8,9, Seems still okay, I only forgot 2 of the basic numbers so filling in the gaps shouldn't be that difficult."

The reason why I was counting while floating on the River Styx is not really because I

was that bored but rather, I was trying my best to find out how much I have forgotten as well as to try to jog my memory.

Memories are often interlinked. A human's knowledge is often intertwined together like a tree. If Language is the basis of all Sociology disciplines, then Math is the basis of Engineering. It might seem as though I just lost my memory for a few numbers, but this represents a series of gaps in my knowledge.

At this moment, I have much more important matters to remember. Under the propulsion of magic, using Margaret as a key phrase, the Experimental Logs of the Crazy Lich has flipped onto the page where everything began. Those are the days where we adventured together.

"Ah, crap. I better apologize tomorrow. No, since she is a Saint, she would be very sensitive and careful. If I were to throw her an insincere and casual apology, it would only make things worse. It would better for me to apologize after finishing all of my logs. Sigh, the last time I took 2 months and that was a hundred years ago. With a total of 300 years of logs, how long will it take for me to finish through all these? Three months? Half a year?"

Immediately, I knew that I was being too positive.

"Ah, seems like I have really died too many times. To think that I wouldn't be able to even recognize the words I wrote. This square-looking word... Tower Spirit, please pass me a Chinese learning material first."

Very quickly, a large stack of books is stacked in front of me on my desk.

"Men at their birth, are naturally good. Their natures are much the same; their habits become widely different.

If foolishly there is no teaching, their nature will deteriorate. The right way in teaching, is to attach the utmost importance in thoroughness..."

In front of the study desk, a young kid carries a book that is even bigger than him. The melodious tune of him reciting from the book echoes between the shelves, into the distance...

PS. The name of the book? Lich was never the main point, the main point from the start was the diaries/log.

Squirrel once hesitated whether I should name this book 'The Savior's Logs/Diaries', but as it is too chuuni and without a context, I chose to go with the current name.

TL: Reference for the 3 character classic. It is much concise in Chinese. ("人之初,性本善.性相近,习相远.苟不教,性乃迁.教之道,贵以专...")

I alternated between the usage of logs and diaries but it is actually the same thing, mostly hesitating because diaries somehow seemed more appropriate in certain cases

Chapter 71

The Journey and the Sacred Sword

In the vast Underground World, due to the presence of dangerous Magic Beasts and thieves, it is inconvenient to travel between cities.

Different from the relatively chaotic Underground World, the somewhat rich merchant on the Surface dares to form a merchant party just by hiring a few mercenaries. In comparison, in the Underground World, Legends don't match up to dogs and Liches are everywhere. During the journey, one can be robbed by a Red Dragon and Legend experts or turned into food by super Magic Beasts.

The smaller merchant parties don't really dare to go outdoors. Due to such a situation, going by the basic rule where returns are proportionate to risk, as long as a merchant party safely arrives at their destination, their profits from selling specialties are bound to be incredibly high.

Listing a simple example, Sulfur Mountain City's specialty is to alloy ingots of adamantine and sulfur. Its sale price for a single unit of goods is 2,000 gold coins. If it's shipped to Chrome City, its price doubles to 4000. If it's shipped to the Vance, which requires 2 months to journey to, the price would inflate by at least 15 times higher. On the other hand, if it's shipped to the Surface, given the limited number of products found in the market there, it becomes a type of goods where the demand far outstrips the supply. You're lucky if you're even able to purchase it with 100,000 gold coins.

Of course, there is a limit to the production of specialties. Given its rarity, the price tends to inflate to a ridiculous point. However, other daily products, due to it being consumed at a rapid rate, their supply in the market is always insufficient, so the profits for these goods are also not to be underestimated.

Due to such circumstances, thanks to Shou and Kakajil's 'selfless contribution', the Spatial Distortion that connects straight to Vance has determined Sulfur Mountain City's prosperity.

A journey that requires two months has been reduced to just a short week. The ones

who have benefited from this aren't just the two cities. As the merchants and customers frequent to and fro from these cities, the surrounding underground cities are also prospering from the Spatial Distortion.

The deepening of economic ties brings about the solidifying of political relationships. Those merchants who are sensitive to profits have already started looking upon this as the road of gold, while those politically-sensitive Underground City Lords have started sending their sons and daughters to both lands to pull closer their relationship between the two cities.

In the end, a faraway relative cannot beat a close neighbor. When their profits are locked together and if the leaders of both sides were to inconceivably offer mutual trust to one another, Sulfur Mountain City and the Vance's new owners, the Centaur Tribe, amiable relationship will further deepen. Furthermore, given that Sulfur Mountain City is the home of the Dragon Empress, 3 of the 5 Underground Autarchs have started working together. Thus, in the eyes of the wiser ones, a gigantic monster is currently surfacing slowly from the water.

Economic mergers, political mergers, mergers due to personal ties and mergers of experts started to occur between the two. But more importantly, under the order of the new Laws, the different tribes and races started to try to forge a common understanding with the others. This represents a true merger and not just some alliance contract where both parties simply had their own goals in mind.

There isn't another place better than the cruel Underground World that can make people understand the power of working together. There also isn't another place where, due to the lack of resources and the bloody competitions that result of from it, co-existing harmoniously is so difficult. It is a time that inspires fear, when words like furthering individual goals and betrayal have become another name for temporary alliances, all the more so with the emergence of gigantic beasts beginning to merge together in all aspects.

"Perhaps, the entire structure of the Underground World is going to change. Perhaps, give it a decade or so, a new Underground Emperor or Queen will be enthroned. Perhaps, the current Underground Alliance will be replaced by the giant beasts formed by multiple factions. Perhaps, the chaotic Underground World will find itself in an age of peace."

But these are all just speculations of the future. At this moment, on the road of gold, a

normal-seeming merchant team is gradually trudging forward.

The reason why it seems normal is because there are only around twenty carriages, the goods aren't of top quality and the escorts hired for the trip are just normal Dark Elves and Beastmen mercenaries. However, if one has to find something abnormal about it, it is that despite the journey not being that far, we had surprisingly not met any single trouble along the way. The thieves and Magic Beasts that appears frequently had disappeared without a trace, all of the mercenaries were surprised by such a sight.

I am also part of the party.

The three months of filling in the blanks of my knowledge have successfully come to an end. I have sorted out all the entirety of my previously scattered knowledge, and thus, it was time for me to leave the Underground World.

At this moment, with the help of a magic tool, my physique was no longer one of that of a short young kid.

[Time Distortion Ring, Myth-class Unique Treasure.

The user's physical body will be affixed at his 20-year-old state, allowing him to maximize combat potential. However, it is unable to change the attributes of the physical body.

Creator: Margaret

Material: The shattered fragments of the Saint Stones and Mithril

System Notice: This means that your little fellow is still in a state where it can be seen but can't be used. This time, I am not the one scamming you. Margaret definitely did it on purpose. Are you sure that she is unable to create a ring that can change your physical body perfectly?]

Ignoring the System Notice that is obviously trying to incite something, looking at the changes my physical body underwent, I am still just satisfied with this ring.

In order to avoid stress created on my body by the ring, I have to remove the ring for a few hours every day. I could do this just fine by removing it before going to sleep. At this moment, I am greatly different from the previous me.

The dull golden plate armor I am wearing might be a little old and without any high-tier enchantments, and overall couldn't be considered a top-tier piece of goods, but the Roland Sacred Sword on my waist had silver light shimmering around it. Without any ornaments on it, the sword itself looked like an artifact of history and practically screams that it's not an ordinary sword. However, when the people beside me look at the other sword behind my back, their eyes seem to be mocking me.

I am no Sword Saint or Adventurer, neither am I able to wield two swords simultaneously. There is totally no meaning to me carrying two swords at once. The sword on my waist and the sword I am carrying on my back is just another piece of solid evidence that I had, once again, been scammed by the System.

TL: Sword Saint -> Does not mean the person is of Saint rank, it just refers to people who have broken through a certain realm in their mastery of Swordsmanship.

[Roland Sacred Sword, SemiGod Equipment (Evolved from Orange Legend Equipment to Silver SemiGod Equipment)]

[Attack Power: 22-44+11] (+11 additional damage due to it being a +11 SemiGod Equipment. Even if the Sword deals damage of the lower limit, it will deal additional 11 unavoidable Silver Inferno Magic damage)

[Indestructible: Even against God Equipment, this Sacred Sword will not break.](Out of the two times it has broken, one of it is because of Ayer, while the other time is because it's already in an incomplete, weak state, which allowed the Dragon Saber to destroy it through its Unique Ability)

[The Royal Seal of the Mist: Roland Sacred Sword is a symbol of the power of the Mist Royalty, only with the acknowledgement of the King can one use this Sacred Sword. Along with the rise of the Mist Kingdom once again, it is trying its best to evolve to become even stronger. At the same time, this proud Sacred Sword can only be used by the king of the Mist Kingdom and his trusted knights.]

[The Prestige of the King: Strength+2, Agility+2, Stamina+2, Charm+2. In the country built by the Mist bloodline, the reputation would be equal to the respect the user earns.]

[There are yellow words carved on the body of the Sword: The Roland Sacred Sword is the sword used by the Holy Knight Prince Roland in the legends. Only his

descendants and inheritors of his will can be acknowledged by this Sacred Sword. (Prerequisite to equip: Mist Bloodline)]

In order to fix this sword, I threw my remaining 20,000 Fate Points into, instead of exchanging it to level up. I walked carefully to Sulfur Mountain City with a throbbing heart, but in the end...

"Oi, System, are you sure it can be repaired? It won't end up with you saying that my points are insufficient halfway through, will it?"

"Definitely not. Through my calculations, you have sufficient Points. In fact, there will still be a few thousand points left for you to power up."

"The repaired Sacred Sword won't end up as trash, will it?"

"I promise you that it will be powerful. It will evolve from Orange Legend (In order to prevent people from getting confused from the Legend-rank of people, the weapon a tier above that of Purple Myth will be called Orange Legend) to a SemiGod Equipment, there will definitely be a change in quality itself."

"You can't be that kind, though? Will there be level restrictions, like I have to be LV120 to use it for something? If so, let's just forget it."

"The only restriction is one's bloodline. If you don't believe in the omnipotent System that much, you can take a look at it for yourself."

Alright, it threw the blueprints at me and I studied it twice. Staring at the silver words that is representative for SemiGod Equipment and its fearsome attack power, as well as unique abilities, I started laughing maniacally.

This time before confirming my decision to fix it, to make certain that I won't be scammed once again, I studied the prerequisites for usage multiple times. I wanted to ensure that the only requirement for usage is to be the King of Mist Kingdom.

I was scammed.

"The only restriction is indeed bloodline. Only Roland's descendants can use it? Doesn't that mean Roland himself is unable to use it!"

"Of course not. Although you won't admit it to yourself, the Mist Country has been

destroyed. There is a shift in the power of royalty at the moment of your first death. Now, it is named the East Mist Communal Country, a new country created by the descendants of the legendary Roland. Its size and population isn't even a quarter of what it used to be, but it is indeed the successor of the Mist Country. It doesn't matter whether you look at it from their identity or bloodline, they are the true royalty of the Mist."

Alright, although the System scammed me once again, it revealed a lot of important information.

"The East Mist Communal Country is really built by the Mist bloodline? Then, are they my descendants or Karwenz's?"

Alright, as expected of that darn System. At an important time like this, it refuses to answer at all.

However, the use of this sword is very obvious to me now. If only the Kings and the Knights of the Mist Country are able to use it, then I have to either just throw it to one of the supposed Roland descendants or have him knight me.

"Sigh, but it's still quite troublesome to deal with. If so, I'll have to come into contact with the new royals earlier than planned. What kind of persona should I use? Their great grandfather? I am the lost son that your great grandfather left behind? Or perhaps, I could just try to hide my identity while trying to get myself a position among the knights. With the identity of a human noble, it will be much more convenient for me to move around on the Surface as well."

But, just as I was considering my options, someone cut off my train of thought.

"Holy Knight Rolande, come down to help."

TL: His full name is Roland Mist (Xiluo Lan.Lan), the name he usually uses is Rolo (Xiluo Xiluo) and the name he is using now is the first character of his name and his surname, which sounds exactly the same as his original name Roland (RoMist) but it sounds awful. :X

Yes, I'm still playing the role of a Holy Knight and still using the same name. The reason why I'm using the name Rolande, and not the fake name Rolo that I'm used to, is because of the person in front of me.

The Sacred Sword Silver Avenger shines with a blinding golden Holy Light. The owner of the sword is equipped with a full body plate mail made of some alloy that is so thick that it could probably crush an elephant to death, but somehow, the person still manages to move around freely as though equipped with light leather armor. After resigning as the Captain of the Town Security, the Moon Knight still looks as valiant as ever, but there is a certain part of her that has changed. Her skin has turned significantly whiter.

Of course, this isn't because of some plastic surgery of this foreign world, but due to the path of the Moon Savior that Diana chose.

The Moon Goddess Patricia is the Guardian of the Moon and the Lost. Under her protection, if Dark Elves choose to abandon the evil faith of Lorci, they can change their faith through the Moonlight Ritual.

The crux of the Moonlight Ritual is equal to using the Moon Needle to restitch one's skin; it is both painful and time-wasting. However, within half a year's time after the ritual is conducted, the black skin tone of the Dark Elves will gradually grow lighter, and they gain the right to bathe in the sunlight and moonlight.

After the ritual, although their skin wouldn't be white as jade-like those of the Surface Elves, but it would still be significantly whiter than those of the Dark Elves. Their own brownish-black skin still remains extremely striking.

The Gray Elves under the Moonlight, this is the name given to previous Dark Elves who decided to walk on the path of justice. The Sacred Moon Insignia on their arms is the mark of their identity.

However, Diana slightly differs on that account. There is indeed the Sacred Moon Insignia of Patricia carved on her left arm, but at the same time, etched on her right arm is the Insignia of Scale that represents Wumianzhe.

That is the golden scale. The left side of the scale represents judgement and the gavel that punishes sinners, while the right side of the scale represents reward and the gold coins that protect the kindhearted. At the back of the scale, a vague figure of a blindfolded man could be seen, that is the incarnation of justice of Wumianzhe himself.

Under the tide where Holy Knights rush to convert into Justice Knights, only Diana

retains her identity as a Holy Knight. This isn't because she has other ideas planned but rather, it is because she has forged her Soul Imprint as a Legend-class Holy Knight. Even if our advertisement slogan states that the Holy Light could be converted into the Power of Law without any loss in power, in the end, it's just an advertisement slogan, so there is a certain level of exaggeration in it.

If she converts into a Justice Knight from a Holy Knight, when all of her power is converted, she would be unable to use her original Soul Imprint, causing her to fall from the Realm of Legends. If she were to try to break through once again, it would require a certain amount of luck. It is unknown how long the process would actually take.

A Legend with limitless potential isn't easy to come by, so a loss like that is really a great pity. Back then, when I was still assuming the identity of Wumianzhe, I tried to convince her to retain her identity as a Holy Knight. Considering the need for top-tier experts in the Town Security, she heeded my advice.

When she decided to leave Sulfur Mountain City for some reason and search for her own route on the Surface, I, who had intended to use her as a bodyguard and meat shield on the way, naturally leaped out with the identity of the Holy Knight Rolande. I brought along the recommendation letter from the City Lord, requesting for companionship as a rookie Holy Knight.

Yes, I am still assuming the identity of a Holy Knight this time. After all, the Order Knight is able to use a large portion of the powers of the Holy Knight. Summoning the Holy Light is one of my forte and to add on, Holy Knights have quite a good reputation in many countries and are quite popular. This allows me to traverse around more conveniently on the Surface, so there is no one better to disguise as than Holy Knights.

"Nice to meet you, respected Gray Elf Madam. May Patricia's radiance light your path. I am Holy Knight Rolande from the Surface Human Kingdom Kalin. Due to certain circumstances, I was separated from my other companions and I happened to overhear that you are heading to the Surface, so I would like to accompany you on the journey. You see, my individual strength still doesn't permit me to move around freely in this dangerous Underground World. Aye, if only I am able to use my family heirloom, this Sacred Sword."

Humble, polite, self-aware, unconfident of his own strength and ashamed of the fact that he is unable to use the Sacred Sword passed down in his family, this is the perfect

image of a rookie Holy Knight.

[Roland Mist

Strength: 20

Agility: 19

Stamina: 20

Intelligence: 29

Will: 19

Charm: 19

Race Talent: War Angel Form, Sinful Devil God Form, Sword of Order, Titan Body

LV21 Order Knight/LV21 Chaos Witch King]

Even after I dumped the 3,000 points I had remaining from repairing the Sacred Sword into my growth, the 3 times experience point penalty only allowed me to raise my strength into a LV21, barely reaching Bronze-rank. However, this still allowed me to understand how scary this Diamond physical body is.

Just by growing to LV21, my physical body's Strength and Stamina increased by 1. This may seem quite insignificant since a normal Beastman Berserker is also able to do the same. However, stat growth doesn't work in a straight line. When the numbers hit 19, the limit of mortals, this tiny increase is already very scary. Initially, I thought that my basic stats were too high, such that it would be impossible for it to increase before I reach Gold-rank.

The main stats of mortals are often jammed at 19. This is the boundary to enter the realm of Legends, requiring one to train themselves to the brink of life and death in order to break through. But, my body managed to break through this boundary so easily, which could only mean that the Legend-rank doesn't count as anything for this body. It's just like the Great Angels and the Ancient Dragon Tribe, who are able to break into the Legend-rank easily, as long as their age reaches a certain mark.

Due to my Strength reaching 20, I awakened my Race Talent, Sword of Order. At the

same time, my Stamina reaching 20 awakened another Race Talent, Titan Body.

These 4 powerful Race Talents, coupled with my overpowered basic stats, gave me the confidence to solo any Silver-rank existence despite barely reaching Bronze-rank.

The awakening of these kinds of Race Talents depends solely on luck. It is incomprehensible how it could be awakened so easily. However, very quickly, the moment I saw that my stats are all stuck at X9, I came to a realization.

"After all, 20 is the upper limit of mortals. They would become significantly stronger the moment they break through the bottleneck of their physical body, it is natural for their dormant Race Talents to awaken at this point. However, for all my stats to be at X9, could the System be helping me?"

"Yes, you dumb fool. Even that Red Dragon is much smarter than you. Each age group has a specific role assigned to it, only youths have the potential to grow. If I were to give you a matured physical body that is above 20 years old, it would be impossible for you to awaken any Race Talents."

Immediately, I fell into confusion. Did the System who had been scamming me for so long change its nature? To think it would actually help me?

"This is the final chance. If you fail again, there won't be a next time. Besides, you are so pathetic that I couldn't stand looking at you anymore, so I decided to help you this once. Try harder, the enemies this time aren't that easy to deal with."

"Then what about that Roland Sacred Sword?"

"If I didn't do this to link it with the fate of the country, then do you think that that sword of royalty could possibly have evolved to a SemiGod Equipment or even to the level of God Equipment? If the whole world gets destroyed, even you can't escape the fate of death. You might have lived long enough, but don't pull me down the mud along with you."

Fine, to think the darned System would help me for once. If I fail this time as well, then I can only be damned.

Even if I have the strength to solo Silver-ranks, the Underground World is a place where Legends are everywhere, so it is still quite dangerous for me. Hence, the need to look for a bodyguard to escort me to the Surface.

Listening to the suggestions of the System, I chose Diana as my companion. At that moment, I deeply understood that the System was still the same as always. Perhaps, it could be trustworthy at crucial periods, but it wouldn't pass by an opportunity to scam.

After I suggested the idea to travel as companions, Diana, who is also a Holy Knight and is curious about me as a Surface dweller, immediately accepted me into her group.

However, the moment I see my traveling mates, I immediately regretted it...

'Furious Dog', un, that is the nickname I came up for her. She, who has also completed the Moonlight Ritual, looks at me with suspicious eyes and keeps questioning whether I have a younger brother named Rolo... Seeing how a mysterious liquid keeps flowing from her mouth the moment she mentioned Rolo, I wouldn't tell her that I have a brother even if I really had one. Even more so, I made up my mind to never take my ring off in front of her.

Alright, of them all, this is still the one that is the easiest to deal with.

Gold-rank Judgementor Krose, or rather Krose now, after converting into a true female, successfully evolved from the Number One Beautiful Person of the Judicial System into the Number One Beauty of Sulfur Mountain City. Her current goal is the Elf's Sacred Spring on the Surface that is said to be able to dispel any curse.

TL: 科罗斯(male) VS 科洛丝(female), homophone but one had slightly more masculine words while the other one is more feminine.

After I realized that the Aura of Plague is still working, personally, I do welcome the presence of this lightning rod. At least, there is someone en route that could bring jokes constantly to relieve boredom. However, from the murderous look that the other two 'Flower Guardians' keeps shooting me with, I don't seem to be very welcome.

As my strength is lacking at this moment, if I were to get closer to her without any consideration, it could probably turn from watching a joke into becoming a joke. That would be bad. Thus, I consciously bent my body and smiled, shaking my head at the same time to indicate that I don't feel anything towards beauties. But somehow, after realizing that I am not as annoying as the other flies, Krose came on her own accord to talk to me, filling the two 'Flower Guardians' with resentment against me.

Alright, these are still quite easy to deal with. The ones who are hard to deal with are the other few.

The Armor Expert Master Blacksmith Hoyle, Gray Dwarf, nicknamed Big Orange Head Shortie, has quite the temper. If I were to use the shortest sentence to describe how unique he is, un, he is one of the core members of the Gentlemen Alliance and one of the targets on the top of the Town Security's blacklist. Okay, I don't think I have to elaborate any further, everyone should get it.

Yingou Beyar, another core member of the Gentlemen Alliance. He is also the organizer for this merchant party. If I knew from the start that this merchant party is the 'Safe Brand', then I wouldn't have joined in, even if I were to be beaten to death. Even now, I am shivering as I sit in the carriage provided by the goblin.

Both of them are the organizers of this merchant party, providing the goods and carriages. It seems that they are heading to the Surface to attend some Council of Great Masters but from the look of how the few carriages are jointly dragging a heavy load of goods behind them, there is an 80% chance that it is a Roland... That name is still very awkward. They are actually using it now as an official name.

Beifeng Herault, this fellow... Alright, we don't have to introduce more about him. The moment I think about that inconceivable 10,000 points and how this fellow's noble title is 'The Man Who Singlehandedly Created Multiple Races', I have an insuppressible urge to draw my sword.

"That day, a true God sent me a revelation. I, Beifeng, a lost Dracon, decided to step on a journey to find myself."

"Who @#@@ sent you a revelation! Stop talking nonsense! You're %¥% just a pervert, stop associating yourself with Wumianzhe!" When I heard what he said, even I couldn't suppress the urge to scold with vulgarities.

Alright, Krose, who is a Judgementor, still fulfills her role responsibly. At the very least, she knows that she has to protect the honor of her own true God. After her comrades held Beifeng in place, those small fists struck viciously onto his flesh. Even so, it didn't stop Beifeng from confessing his deep feelings to the passing giant Kodomo Lizards.

"Nice to meet you, comrade. It is because of God's revelation that I had this romantic journey which created the possibility for our meeting. I am Beifeng and I am a male.

You?"

"Oh, you are a male as well?! This is great!"

Alright, the moment he brought the Giant Lizard to head to the back of the carriage, the crowd could no longer suppress their urges and lunges towards him. That was quite a good beating, making one feel refreshed.

This kind of incident has already happened three times along the way and yet, Beifeng refuses to change his ways. I have even started to suspect whether he has awakened to a new kind of interest.

Alright, back to the topic, after completing our daily mission of dealing with Beifeng, Diana actually took the initiative to seek my assistance.

"Holy Knight Rolande, we haven't met with any thieves or Magic Beasts along the way. There is obviously some kind of problem. There is a high possibility that the thieves might have banded together to ambush us. There is a quite a narrow and long valley ahead. If there's going to be an ambush, it is very possible it would occur there, so act accordingly together with me later."

I know that she is doing this out of goodwill. Among the entire merchant party, I seem to be the weakest and she's worried that I'll be plunged into danger. However, I would like to say that she is overthinking it.

"Ambush? In this kind of situation?"

I scan my surroundings and at a distance, I can clearly see a few black silhouettes swiftly hiding their presence.

I could sense that within the dark clouds, the ominous wings of death move slowly and steadily. Three kilometers ahead, the 'head of the merchant party' looks back every few minutes. Not too far away, the deep rumbling of thunder could be heard, indicating that some battle is going on there. An agile figure seems to be hiding behind a stone pillar, while a teleporting blue figure follows behind the figure's back.

"Gria, as the newly-appointed 3rd Senator of Xiluo, there should be endless official matters for you to deal with. Is it okay for you to act so leisurely? Little Lionheart, to be looking back so frequently, doesn't your neck feel sore at all?"

"Xueti, stop hiding. That big body of yours can't be hidden by that small tree sapling."

"Adam and Margaret, even the both of you... Forget it, I won't bother anymore."

Yes, before leaving, I had told them clearly that they need not bid me farewell. However, I really didn't expect that they would be so worried about something happening along the way that they all came (together, without agreeing on it) to escort me secretly.

The result is a bunch of experts trying their best to imitate the techniques of thieves, secretly tracking the merchant party. What about the thieves and Magic Beasts along the road? They were all instant killed dozens of kilometers away.

"Forget it, they mean well, anyway."

Not clarifying it, since it isn't easy to explain. Although I said that they were being excessive, I couldn't suppress the joy from the depths of my heart.

The system of the Power of Law has been built and the true God of Law, Wumianzhe, has come into existence. The change in the Xiluo Empire's Royal Faction and the change in powers of the entire Underground World. Even if the future still remains bleak, but compared to the 'history' which is doomed for destruction, many things have changed.

"This time, I am no longer alone."

Somehow, looking at all these fools who are hiding and dodging about, I laughed.

Just like English uses he and she to distinguish male and female, Chinese also have 'he' and 'she'. However, the author never indicates Krose's gender with he or she (which is doable in Chinese but hard to achieve in English).

Just to clarify one part (again), due to Roland trying to hide his identity (by choosing a fake name that sounds exactly the same), I will use Rolande whenever the fake name is used.

Chapter 72

As a Knight, One Must Solo a Giant Dragon

[Hi, this is the System who is furiously brushing up its presence. There are two daily missions for you. To celebrate the System's upgrade, you will be provided with a great bargain: both of the missions will be from the Justice Faction. From now on, you must complete at least one daily mission every day or I will reduce you to tears by deducting your points. If you complete both of the daily missions, there will be an additional Fate Point for you.]

[Daily Mission: As a Knight, one must solo a giant dragon. Kill an evil, adult dragon by yourself. Normally, there is no reason for me to reward you for a little dragon, but considering that you have only the strength of around 500 Meows, there would be quite a bit of difficulty in challenging an evil dragon with the strength of 30,000 Meows. Therefore, an additional 100 Fate Points will be awarded. However, please clearly look at the word 'solo'. So, if you were to hide behind your helpers, 1,000 Fate Points will be deducted on the spot.]

Without a second thought, I ignored the ill-intentioned 'solo an evil dragon' mission. Even if I am in dire need for Fate Points to strengthen myself, I don't plan on courting death to do it. However, the other daily mission leaves me feeling even more clueless.

[Daily Mission: Every Epic Hero starts out from helping little girls find their missing cats. Find a girl, no, look for a meow alien and return it back to its owner. 3 Fate Points will be awarded. If neither of the 2 missions is completed, 100 Fate Points will be deducted.]

"Darn it! How do I look for a cat in this barren land? And it even has to be one that's lost, isn't this obviously a plot to deduct my points? As expected, I was too naive to think that the darned System would change its nature."

However, I remembered that even though the System could be quite the bastard at times, the missions it sets are never impossible. Or rather, my line of thought could have been wrong from the very start. These missions might be the type that requires indirect methods in order to successfully complete them.

"Perhaps, I can do this..."

Afterward, Krose picked up a suspicious little cat, one that suddenly appeared out of nowhere. Un, it is indeed suspicious. Not mentioning the fact a little cat wouldn't be able to survive in the cruel wilderness of the Underground World, its attitude of ignoring the Beast Tamer's summoning ability and racing straight towards the 'young lady' is suspicious too, no matter how one looks at it.

Of course, Krose, whose maternal instincts surges from the cute meowing of the little cat, instantly bought a bottle of milk from the goblins and happily fed it.

"Those darn goblins bastards, this milk is too diluted."

Alright, from the moment she turned into a cat, Harloys's complaints have never stopped. Words like 'This is hurtful to the pride of the Queen of Banshees' and 'Despite the soul being male, how could he look so much like a female, even using the excess meat on his chest to crush me, your underlings are indeed a bunch of perverts and you are the king of perverts. No, God of Perverts' popped out from her mouth. Considering that I still need her in order to complete the act, all the complaints about the milk being too diluted and such are dealt with in the same manner, ignored.

Un, since there is a cat as well as a young lady raising the cat now, what needs to happen next is the losing of the cat, as the mission dictates.

However, losing the cat for no reason at all is illogical. Thus, the moment the righteous Holy Knight Rolande arrives on the scene, Beifeng.Herault, titled as the Dragon of Absolute Evil, happens to be intending to do something to the frightened and pitiful cat who is bundled into a ball.

Alright, when I heard that the angry 'owner who lost her cat' brought her subordinates to beat up Beifeng frenziedly, I shed a few drops of crocodile tears.

"You might be innocent this time, but who asked you to always..." When I thought about his usual routine, even the little shred of guilt remaining in me turns into anger. "Krose, don't give me any face, beat him to death!!"

"He... He isn't innocent. Master, wuuuuu, it's all thanks to you arriving on time, otherwise, my virgin body would have been ruined."

Harloys's frightened shivers weren't actually faked. She was totally helpless facing the

legendary Beast Tamer on her own, and now that she has finally found her pillar of support, she starts whimpering on the spot.

In an instant, my face scrunches together. Virgin body? Let's not mention how the experienced Harloys didn't have such a thing in the first place, to actually drive the Queen of Banshees to tears and frighten that vicious mouth of hers to obediently call me Master, Beifeng, what exactly did you do?

"You are really too heartless, laying your hands on something so small!" Considering the large difference in physique, I suddenly became curious about how he was going to lay his hands on her. However, after coming up with some conjectures, I became too disgusted to continue thinking about it.

["Daily Mission: Every Epic Hero starts from helping little girls find their missing cats." has been completed. You are awarded with 3 Fate Points. Continue working hard.]

Alright, ignoring the daily brutal beating of Beifeng, I took Harloys with me and silently left the tent full of mysterious lifeforms.

"Looks like I avoided having my Fate Points deducted. Continue working hard? To slay dragons? Isn't that simply seeking death?"

But suddenly, I recall the System's recent bizarre change and its attitude all this time. Considering the unusual way this cat mission was completed, some thoughts start to conceptualize in my head.

"Given the darned nature of the System, if a mission is unable to be completed, it would have come up with a sky-high reward to disgust me. Is there really no way to claim these 100 points?"

After hesitating for a moment, I nod my head.

"Since there's no loss in failure, then it's worth a try."

Thus, just outside the temporary campsite's largest tent, I find old merchant Carter who is very familiar with this road.

"What? There really is the den of an evil dragon nearby?"

"Although it's just a young Black Dragon, it often assaults people and robs goods,

bringing a massive headache to merchant parties. However, our party has a Legend-rank Holy Knight, so we don't really have to be worried about the crafty Dragon coming to attack us. However, just last week, it wiped out two merchant parties. Right, I heard that because it greatly affects the movement of merchant parties traveling to and fro the city, Sulfur Mountain City has sent troops to get rid of it several times, but on all occasions, it has managed to escape beforehand."

Fine, I roughly get it now. Thus, I raise my longsword high in the air and shout a vow.

"Those who commit sins must be punished! Fine, since the evil dragon exists, then allow me, who represents justice and the Holy Light, to destroy that evil Black Dragon. I shall single-handedly remove its head."

Alright, not just Carter, everyone in the vicinity stares at me with a look of surprise. This isn't only because of the suicidal vow I made, which fulfills the style of the Holy Knights, but also because of my extremely loud voice. Probably, half of the entire camp have heard my words.

Afterward, as I expected, I feel the Power of Death that was circling around the clouds move once again. Thus, I nod my head, satisfied.

Under everyone's 'Ah, yet another chuuni Holy Knight who has been brainwashed by the Holy Light, I won't walk you out' gazes sending me off, I left the campsite by myself.

The dragon's lair isn't too far away. Following the trails it left behind, I find the way very quickly.

Who left the tracks? Un, there is no need to pursue this question.

"Meow, Roland, did you see that Scorpion-tailed Lion that was all scorched black? It seems to have been electrocuted, are there any powerful Lightning Element Magic Beasts nearby?"

"Oh, there could be one, I guess."

"Hey hey, do you really intend to look for trouble directly with that adult dragon? Given your trashy battle power now, you'll be instant killed."

"Don't worry, I am confident."

Afterward, the sight that I see the moment I enter the Dragon's den, toughens my resolution.

"Wow, these unlucky Ogres were obviously torn apart by brute force. Did they meet the Titans or giant Behemoths?"

"They probably met the Bull Demon King."

"I think that I roughly understand where that ridiculous confidence of yours comes from."

"It is sufficient for you to just understand. Don't say anything unnecessary, we are here to 'solo' a dragon."

Emphasizing on the 'solo', there are no mistakes in my words, no matter how many times I say them.

"Puuu! That must be the Bull Demon King you spoke of. That silly cow actually thought he could use that banana leaf to hide. That's weird, why is he naked?"

"Sigh, I'm getting more and more worried for the Supreme Court now. Cough, Harloys, stop speaking nonsense. What silly, naked cow are you speaking of, it's probably just some kind pervert walking by."

"Yes, yes, we came alone. But, what about those?"

Not too far away from my line of sight, a group of Hook Horror Zombies is currently fighting with their brethren. The biggest weakness of Zombies is absent in this bunch - slow movement. Not only are they agile and fearless of death, the brainless Zombies even fight by cooperating together through battle formations, completely suppressing the original Hook Horrors.

They are obviously the product of a master of Necromancy. Looking at the excellent positioning of the Zombies in their formation, the person behind the Zombies is most probably a top-tier Death Knight.

"Perhaps they're just a bunch of kind passersby. Don't worry, they will leave soon enough."

"Zzzttttt." A furious bolt of lightning flashes past me. Regardless of whether it was the

Zombie formation or the Hook Horrors that were kept by the evil Dragon, they all disappeared without a trace. The only thing that remains is a plot of scorched land.

"This?" Even Harloys is at a loss for words. This is obviously the God Lightning of the Titans.

"I reckon it's just a kind-hearted Ultraman shooting an Ultrabeam. There are really a lot of passersby today huh. Un, let's not bother about these kind-hearted passersby, let's go slay the Dragon."

"Fine, I won't be surprised at all if I see a Black Dragon bound in ropes later on."

"Don't worry, I won't be surprised as well."

Things were as expected. In the deepest region of the Dragon den, I finally see the evil Dragon. Although it isn't tied up, its actual fate is much worse.

The entire body of this man-eating evil Dragon is completely scorched black. Its wings were ripped apart and thrown to the corner, while all four of its limbs were completely sealed by Spatial Magic. The Power of Death is currently corroding its entire body. From the looks of it, it was obviously lynched by a group of SemiGods earlier on. Even if we leave it be, it definitely doesn't have much longer to live.

Silently unsheathing my sword, my blade swings downwards.

"For Holy Light!"

"Clang!"

Alright, the Dragon hide is too tough. This cheap longsword is too useless, not at all able to actually penetrate it, and is instantly deflected.

But it's not a big deal. Let's try again a few more times.

"For justice!"

"Clang!"

"For honor!"

"Clang!"

"For..."

The show that is going on in this instant is destined to be a long one. Harloys is already starting to turn around in circles to chase her own tail out of boredom. If it wasn't taking all of my effort to think of something new to shout out, I sincerely wanted to remind her that cats don't chase their own tails, only dogs do.

"For Fate Points!"

Alright, after I sending more than thirty slashes at him, I couldn't think of any new phrases to shout. The evil Dragon also looks at me with resentment, his crying face seems to be saying, 'Can't you be any faster, this is really torturing for a Dragon, I still have to collect my bento box, you know.'

"For the second uncle's father's neighbor's daughter's girlfriend's teacher's dog!"

Alright, I don't know whether it's due to the godly effect of these words, or that the Black Dragon finally succumbed to its injuries, but after that last phrase, its neck bends and it falls dead to the floor.

"Ha, ha, finally, I finally successfully slew the Dragon!!"

The reason why I'm panting so heavily isn't because I'm tired from swinging my sword but rather because I'm tired of shouting those war cries...

[Confirming that only the user's own Magic Pet Harloys was in the vicinity when the user completed his mission, thus fulfilling the 'solo' requirement of the mission. Congratulations for completing the Daily Mission 'As a knight, one must solo a giant dragon'. 100 Fate Points awarded. As all of today's daily missions are completed, an additional 100 Fate Points is awarded. System Notice: To think that you would actually notice. However, don't expect tomorrow's daily mission to be that simple.]

Alright, I already don't feel like talking about anything else. System, you need to top up on some restraint!

In the temporary campsite, a group of Knights is currently sparring.

As the icy-cold swords clash together and separate, what surprised everyone was that the one being suppressed in the duel isn't the rookie Knight who inconceivably managed to successfully slay a Dragon, but the Silver-rank Justice Knight.

"As expected, if I only take into account Strength, despite the massive gap in level, I definitely have the strength of at least a Gold-rank Warrior."

Although the main stat of Dark Elf Knights is Strength, I don't think that the Dark Elves, who are naturally lacking in Strength compared to other races, are able to compete with my 20 point Strength, which transcends the limits of Mortals.

"Hah, seems like you're not all looks. The strength of your charge isn't bad, it's just that I have no idea how good your techniques are. It better not be just for show, with you crumbling in just a few moments."

Despite being completely suppressed while crossing blows, despite her hands being completely numb, the 'Mad Dog' Momo didn't forget to taunt me. Her words earn her cheers from the onlookers.

However, how could I fall for such an obvious taunt? There is no reason for me to give up this opportunity when a Dark Elf, who is naturally lacking in strength, is foolish enough to pit her Strength against me while crossing blows.

"Hah, the barking of the losing dog?" I roar, as I grip my sword with both hands, sweeping downwards violently. Our swords clash together and under my powerful sweep, due to the difference in our brute strength, Momo is forced into a one-leg kneeling position.

However, after undergoing countless spars in Sulfur Mountain City, my opponent isn't just any ordinary Knight. She has already started mumbling the incantations long before this. I must say, compared to the Priestess and Holy Knight, whose main stat is Will, the Law jobs which depend mainly on Intelligence, are much more suited to the Dark Elves who have superior Intelligence.

"Aha! Incantation of Law: Equality of Lifeforms!"

"Darn! It is this shameless skill again."

The Light of Order shines and the situation reverses instantly. Momo, who was forced into a kneeling position, bounces up in an instant. On the other hand, I end up being

suppressed.

[One of the abilities of the God Equipment Origin of Codex; All is Equal in the Face of Law: Demarcate a zone and lower the rank and stats of people within the zone to be of equal level as the user. For every 10 seconds this effect is sustained, 1 Faith will be consumed.]

This[Incantation of Law: Equality of Lifeforms!]is the simplified version of the God Equipment Origin of Codex's[All is Equal in the Face of Law]and it's well-known as a shameless skill.

Being a simplified Law Incantation, its effects are far from that of the God Equipment, so it is only able to lower a single stat of the opponent. Also, the shortest time taken to complete the Incantation is 6 seconds whereas the duration of the effects is only 10 seconds. However, if the spell is successfully released, its effects would definitely disgust any opponent.

The Strength on my window immediately falls to 16. Although our basic stats are the same, Momo has nearly 40 levels of advantage, which allows her to suppress me easily while crossing blows.

"Should I say that I brought this upon myself?"

At this moment, Momo strikes heavy blows, one after another. 'Clang clang clang'. In the midst of the repeated sounds of longswords striking against each other, the situation has been reversed. I am forced to continuously retreat.

"Damn it, 6, 5, 4, I still have 3 seconds more. Un?"

I bite my teeth together, trying my best to survive these 10 seconds. However, on the 7th second, the heavy blows suddenly feel lighter. I have returned to my normal condition. In that instant, I remember the Race Talent I had recently obtained.

"The Titan Body actually works on conditions inflicted by the Power of Law! As expected of the Diamond-class Race Talent."

[Titan Body (Diamond-class Race Talent): Your physical body contains the primal strength of the Titans. Your skin will gradually turn into that of the Titans. Reduce any damage and debuffs by 30% and reduce all damage incurred by 5 points.]

This is the Race Talent I awakened when my Stamina reached 20, transcending the limits of mortals. Its explanation may be simple, but its effects are incredibly useful.

[Exquisite Two-handed Sword (Iron)]

[Attack Power: 0-8]

[System Notice: 2 broken swords that cost 10 gold coins and you still expect there to be a System Notice? I have nothing else to say, you are actually thick-skinned enough to use such a broken sword, even I feel embarrassed for you. Actually, I still have a couple of good swords here and they are quite cheap. Of course, I doubt that a small troublesome curse could beat you down. To tell the truth, I still feel a bit resentful that I didn't manage to turn you into a girl, why don't you try the Lottery again? I have a large quantity of Spring of Drowned Girl, it would be a waste to just leave it there.]

Alright, the fact that I've been scammed multiple times has made me realize the importance of cherishing one's life and the importance of staying away from the System. Let us ignore this bizarre resentment of the darned System.

Back to the main topic at hand, if I use this lousy sword to cut myself, without any additional increments from my Strength, the highest damage I can deal to myself is 2 points. Furthermore, there is an above 80% possibility that the damage would be ignored altogether. Even taking into account the additional damage increments from the opponent's Strength, I am wearing a Knight's plate mail, which provides me with excellent protection. Thus, I have nothing to fear.

At this moment, under the effects of the Titan Body, the 10 second Law Incantation was forcefully reduced to 7 seconds. Furthermore, this reduction was unexpected. In an actual battle, every split second counts, needless to say, a miscalculation of a full 3 seconds.

Thus, making full use of this slip, my longsword crashes furiously into hers, and with a twist, I send Momo's two-handed mithril sword into the air. Making use of the temporary gap in the opponent's attention, which was captured by the flying sword, I pick up speed and knock violently into her.

A full-power crash by a Holy Knight with 20 Strength, dressed fully in armor? That's comparable to a small railway train! In an instant, Momo is sent flying straight out. Even though she manages to stab her sword into the ground in time to adjust her

balance and stabilize her footing, her head is already spinning from the impact.

A Silver-rank Knight who lost her sense of balance? That's just a large, metal-skinned, fixed punching bag.

Thus, I made use of this opportunity to use the other Diamond-class Race Talent. Since it is awakened from my Strength breaking into 20, then it's probably a powerful offensive skill.

"The Light of Order descends upon my sword, prepare for my own strike, Sword of Order..."

But before I can finish my sentence, I am pulled backward by a humongous force, and my iron longsword is deflected.

"That's enough, Momo. Stop looking down on others. From the moment you were forced to use the Incantation of Law, Rolande had already won. Alright, going by the pact made, apologize to him."

In the face of the Legend Knight Diana, as a Bronze Holy Knight, I am far from being able to match her. I was easily stopped in an instant.

At this moment, I suddenly recall Momo's proud words, saying that she can easily take care of me using only her swordsmanship. In the end, not only did she use the Incantation of Law, but she was even suppressed and defeated. Going by the conditions we had promised earlier, I had long won the match.

But even though I won this time, many of my shortcomings were exposed.

Just looking at swordsmanship and battle experience, it was obvious that I should have a complete advantage over her, but there were many times where, despite my eyes and thoughts having already reacted, my physical body was unable to keep up. This wasn't a problem due to the composition of my physical body but rather, the lack of training of a newborn physical body. Yet to undergo training, the sword techniques haven't been carved onto this body on an instinctual level, resulting in an experienced mind being unable to cope physically.

I smile and shake my head towards Momo, who reluctantly came over to apologize, indicating that I'm not bothered about it. However, my mind is somewhere else.

"Looks like I have been slackening recently to the point I have forgotten my basics. Let me start from 10,000 swings every day to restore them slowly."

However, what surprised me most was when an unfamiliar visitor interrupted my training plans, while I was swinging my blade in my tent alone at midnight.

Moon Knight Diana quietly sneaks into my tent with an embarrassed blush on her face.

"Is... Is this the legendary night attack? My king father in heaven, to think that reviving would allow me, Roland, to have such a day dawn upon me. Ah, as expected of the legendary Dark Elves, for them to be so direct, I am so lucky!"

However, when I recall my little partner who is still undergoing puberty, I almost cried tears of blood on the spot.

"Misfortune!! Is there anything more unfortunate than this?"

However, the moment Diana opens her mouth, I know that I have jinxed myself. The God of Misfortune is still looming over me.

"Rolande, no, Lich Roland, Lord Wumianzhe, it has been long since we last met."

Chapter 73

Misunderstanding

"Are you Lord Roland, Lord Wumianzhe, small Rolo or all three of them?"

In a tent at midnight, the interaction between a male and female often brings about an intimate atmosphere. But, following Diana's question, that sliver of an intimate atmosphere instantly scatters in the air and somehow, feelings of weakness and depression cause me to lower my head silently.

"As expected, I knew that for my entire life, my only luck with women is one that would bring catastrophe rather than romance. Sometimes, there would be those whose eyes get clouded as they fall in love with me, but they were all either Bone Dragons or perverted serial murderers. I will probably remain like this for the rest of my life, destined to never obtain the favor of a normal female."

TL: Peach blossom is often used to describe luck with women.

Alright, her noticing it is within my expectations, what made me depressed was the fact I was cursed to a fate where women would only bring catastrophe and not romance.

However, I only expected that I would be exposed as Lich Roland. I didn't expect that my identity as Wumianzhe would be found out as well.

The reason why I was sure I would be exposed? That day, when Little Red rolled around the floor laughing right after seeing me, she shouted out my name in the midst of her taunting. In the den, the loudness of a giant Dragon's voice isn't that far off from thunder. Back then, Diana, who brought me to her, didn't have time to move that far away. Unless she was deaf, it would be weird if she didn't come to a realization.

"Then, Lord, what should I address you as?"

"Rolande, Roland, anything will do. Since the pronunciation is the same. However, how did you tie this look of mine with Rolo and the rest?"

Now, I am in need of a reliable helper. Even if she hadn't approached me, it would have only been a matter of time before I sought her out instead. However, I am indeed curious on what exactly gave me away.

"Your ring and that little cat."

Alright, I smacked my head. I finally understood what the problem was. On my right hand is Elisa's ring. Also, the Queen of Banshees' cat form had once appeared in front of Diana. To a Legend-rank Knight, being sharp-sighted isn't a difficult task. It is natural that she would notice it.

"Alright, the reason why you avoided the crowd to look for me tonight definitely can't be just to expose my identity. Or rather, there is some private matter you need to talk to me about."

The Gray Elf who was still valiant a second ago, suddenly lowers her head and nods, flushed with embarrassment. The redness extends all the way to her ears. I widen my mouth and accidentally knock over my cup, causing it to fall to the floor.

"Could it be that spring is coming? She is actually into me?"

The Dark Elf in front of me is one of the very few who has a conscience within the Town Security Army. She possesses moral integrity, something that probably couldn't be found within one in ten thousand Elves, making her an anomaly. She is known to be conservative and traditional and because of this, she is even nicknamed as a Dark Elf-skinned Dwarf. In the entire city, she is quite well respected.

Due to her Legend-rank strength and her identity as the Captain of the Town Security, along with such legendary events where she brought her tribesman to flee for a thousand miles, there are already people who put her side by side with the legendary Gray Elf Adventurer Zuich. The only reason why she remains single even to this day, is because she makes those going after her feel ashamed of themselves. But now, her heart is starting to flutter because of a stranger like me?

I pinch my own face and it hurts. It probably isn't a dream.

"The omnipotent System, I won't talk bad about you anymore. I am thankful for the +19 Charm that you blessed me with! May the System bless me so that the next stats raised will also be Charm! Haha, living off one's face is the way to go. A Holy Knight is a job that depends on his face, and so my Roland era has finally arrived."

Finally, Diana, whose head was lowered and was playing with her fingers, musters her courage.

"Lord!!"

"Un, I'm here!"

"I have something I want to consult with you, but I am embarrassed to talk about."

"I love matters which people are embarrassed to talk about!"

"You won't mock me? Even though I am a Holy Knight, I have acted so shamefully."

"No, of course not. Shameful or whatsoever, I like them the most."

"That's great, Lord! I knew I could trust you. Please guide the path for my wayward self. I am currently lost in the pursuit of my faith in the Holy Light."

"WHAT!?"

Seemingly realizing that what she said was too concise, Diana immediately fills me in on the details.

It seems that the shameful matter that Diana was talking about is that, despite being a Holy Knight, without realizing it, she had somehow abandoned her faith.

Initially, just like most of the Dark Elves, she worshipped Lorci. However, as she hated vying with others, she determinedly chose to worship the Holy Light. But the Holy Light views Undead and Demons as its mortal enemy. In that previous battle, the Undead who turned into Heroic Spirits, weren't as chaotic and evil as preached by the teachings of the Holy Light. Thus, she started to have doubts once again towards her faith in the Holy Light.

What started as a small crack, became a gaping hole due to my appearance. With the physical body of an Undead, I Ascended to Godhood and now, the avatar that I sent down is actually capable of using Holy Light. Does this mean that Undead aren't evil? Could it be that the God of Law and the God of Holy Light are the same God? All of my actions were overthrowing the basic teachings of the Holy Light faith. This kind of fact which would normally crush one's perception of matters caused her faith to waver, so she hoped for me to clear up her confusion.

It seems that she views me as an avatar sent down by the God of Law, which explains why she was bizarrely solemn throughout the journey. At this moment, she is trying to consult me about her faith.

Hearing this, I suddenly feel my blood pressure rising and blood veins start appearing around my pupils. I feel like I suddenly understand the principle behind the Berserk skill of Beastmen. So, this fellow is trying to use me as a Priest!

What about the romance we were promised? What about the night assault by the beauty we agreed on? What about the instincts of Dark Elves and their variety of techniques that we spoke about? Darn System, a beauty actually coming in the middle of the night to consult me about her faith? I am not a Priest of Holy Light, why did you look for me! I am a male, you know, a beast! I will transform at midnight!

Alright, I know that my little fellow can't do anything, but it's fine to have some idle chat for our relationship to progress in future, right!

As a wizard with strong credentials, an inconceivable flame starts burning in my chest. I secretly make up my mind. Since you are consulting me, then I will teach you what Gods really are and what faith is about.

"Firstly, I am not an avatar of the God of Law. I am a living mortal. Let me tell you the secrets of the Gods. Firstly, all of the teachings of true Gods are bullshit..."

Activating my magic ring and the Detection Barrier it came with, I disrespectfully exposed the secrets of the Gods, despite being an existence just one step away from becoming a true God.

"True Gods are just a unique existence. They live off and evolve through faith. You can view them as a portion of the world. Un, thinking of them as leeches of the World System wouldn't be wrong as well."

Thus, under the prerogative of that inconceivable flame, I tried my best to talk the worst about Gods.

I believe that after this night is over, the supposed wavering in faith will just turn out to be a joke. I can assure her that she will become like me. After thoroughly understanding what Gods really are, she will treat faith and true Gods as something laughable.

"...All in all, the Gods of the Order Faction are all pitiful worms who are mixed together with the Concept of Order. Even more so, the God of Holy Light is an ultimate pitiful worm who doesn't even possess a self. Regardless of whether it is my clone, the God of Law Wumianzhe or that nameless God of Holy Light, they are just God Power Regulation Systems who work by following guidelines. Un, they are just like another type of machine similar to Roland No.2. They are inflexible and will lend their powers to anyone who obeys their laws."

"The teachings of the God of Law was written by a mortal like myself. As the God of Law is the very Concept of Justice, even if I am unable to leave a backdoor for him, even if he has lost his self-awareness, he can still be fair and treat all prayers and salvations from the mortal world with fairness. As for the teachings of the Holy Light, it was made up by a bunch of people from the Holy Church. Using the idea of 'Purification' as its basis, they added many additional ideas to it. I doubt even the God of Holy Light would be able to comprehend them, so there is no need for you to be bothered over those messed up teachings."

Some words don't have to be finished. If the God of Holy Light is the incarnation of the Concept of Purification, then the God of Law is indeed the incarnation of the Concept of Justice. The Incantation of Law[Equality of Lifeforms]is the most obvious example.

However, if it was possible to leave a backdoor for the God of Law and if there were to be exceptions to the law for some people, then he would be a failure as a God of Justice. However, sometimes a backdoor isn't the only requirement to cheat. The fact that Wumianzhe, as one of my clones, Ascended to Godhood remains an important ace that I prepared.

Of course, I won't divulge such important secrets to Diana. However, the words I had actually said were sufficient enough to crumble the faith of the Legend Holy Knight's world. And this is the exact result that I wanted.

The situations that I will face in the future will be too difficult to overcome. In the Surface where I have no friends or kindred, I will require a helper. A helper who is willing to devote their entire soul and all thoughts into helping me. A powerful ace at hand, before I grow strong once again, one whom I can truly trust.

However, what left me puzzled was that even in Sulfur Mountain City, where experts could be found everywhere, there was basically no one at all who could serve as my trump card, while still being able to move freely in the human society.

We can exclude the guys from the Undead District and the Xiluo Royal Faction right from the very start. If they were to head towards the Human kingdoms on the Surface, it would be equivalent to a declaration of war between the Undead and the living. It is the same for the Four Heavenly Kings of Law under my command. Kale.Diya lacks stamina and mobility but more importantly, it is too striking for a High Elf to be in human society. As an ex-Senator of Huanfa Country, his appearance would stir up much trouble.

It is the same for the other Heavenly Kings of Law as well. Well, Lilith is from the Blood Tribe, so there's nothing more to elaborate on. Kevin is a human, but he is shackled by work and his family. Besides, as a Gold-rank Justice Knight, he might not be effective enough to serve as a trump card able to reverse a bad situation.

As for the strongest candidate for my helper, the hidden Heavenly King Elisa, even if she still remains in Sulfur Mountain City, there is not a single possibility for me to bring her around.

After all, it is an impossible mission to find another race with a reputation worse than the Demons. The traits of the Demons are very obvious and the Power of Chaos that fills their body equally as striking, so just about any Holy Knight would be able to notice it.

As for the Naked King... Even if I was willing to bring him along, and the Sulfur Mountain City Supreme Court was willing to let him out, we would have to place a collar on his neck to disguise him as a Tauren slave. After all, the humans on the Surface view most of the Beastmen as either enemies or slaves.

As for the Town Security group, unless they're willing to endure that excruciating Moonlight Ritual, and also considering the Dark Elves' horrendous reputation on the Surface that would lead to them being burnt on a stake, bringing them along would definitely end in trouble.

In the end, there are many experts among my underlings, but in order not to be branded as a heretic, there is no one suitable to accompany me.

After much consideration, this 'innocent' Gray Elf Legend Holy Knight became the ideal candidate. Not only is she trustworthy, her fighting prowess is up to par, her potential is limitless, as proven in the 'history', and more importantly, she is naive and easy to fool. This is also why I said that even if she didn't come knocking, I would have

taken the initiative to look for her.

"Naive, strong and beautiful, such an ideal bodyguard."

Alright, after confirming the target, a certain unscrupulous fellow continued to coax Diana.

In order to attract the other party to come under my command, I vaguely revealed my large plan, making her struggle between the dilemma of following her heart and taking action.

In the end, at daybreak, Diana tells me that she wants to return to her tent to consider it. When she stands up to leave, I can see that her beautiful eyes are bloodshot from the lack of sleep. The valiant female knight seen on previous days was mentally drained. She looked so fragile, as though she was just pulled into an alley by a dozen Beastmen to spend the night.

When I saw the hesitation in her eyes, I nodded my head in satisfaction. From my understanding of her, I reckon that her reply would most probably gratify me.

Looking at the sky, gradually turning lighter, I too felt a little tired from staying up the night. I decided to make use of this time to slip in an hour or two of sleep to refresh myself.

But ten minutes after shutting my eyes, in my semi-conscious state, I was assaulted by a violent dog.

"You bastard! What did you do to our Big Sister!!"

The angry female Elf rushed into my tent with a sword. Without saying anything else, she flipped my bed with a kick.

"...What?"

"Momo has never seen Big Sister so fragile before. She was crying while walking back into her tent. You bastard, what did you do to Big Sister! Could it be that you forced yourself on her despite having lousy techniques? Big Sister is so pitiful. Even though it was her first time, she met someone like you, a person only good for their looks, leaving her with tragic memories."

TL: Momo describes him as a 银样蜡枪头, silver-like solder spear. Solder looks like silver, but is actually quite a weak alloy, meaning that it looks strong and pretty but is actually useless.

What the hell is she talking about! Looking at this fellow's messy clothes and her bloodshot eyes, she might have even been eavesdropping outside all night. Secretly, I felt thankful that I activated a barrier to keep away any eavesdroppers earlier on since I was going to talk about the secrets of Gods.

However, Momo was getting more and more agitated as she spoke on.

"I told her that she shouldn't just look at the outer appearance of men. There are many of them who have the looks but can't be used. If I knew that it would end up like this, I should have stopped her before Big Sister walked into your tent. That way Momo could have taught you some techniques first. Although Momo doesn't have much experience as well, Momo has read a lot of books and interacted with the sisters often. By combining theory with the practical and practicing it on the spot, I could have guaranteed that the both of you will ㄝ@#@, giving you two a perfect and pleasurable first time."

Every time I think that the darned System and I lack restraint, whenever I look at these tough females speaking words that should be censored, I always feel like I am still a person with morals, a noble man, a man who has transcended beyond cheap interests.

Alright, having my limited sleeping time interrupted, I, who was lacking in sleep from the start, was quite pissed off. What happens next is, of course, the reenactment of the duel between Knights that happened yesterday.

When this ridiculous fight ended, I went to fetch a bucket of water but unexpectedly, I realized that everyone was looking at me differently.

Seeing how the two Flower Guardians made the obscene hand sign of a finger passing through a hole, as a man, I immediately understood.

Even with the cover of the night sky, the concealment techniques of a Knight dressed in armor is definitely not going to work. The way she walked into my tent, with the clanging of her armor, had ensured it. When everyone saw that Diana had stayed in my tent for an entire night and then had come out with bloodshot eyes and a drained expression, I doubt that I would be able to clear myself of suspicion even if I were to

jump into the Yellow River.

This time even Harloys, who was closer to me than the rest, kept her distance, gazing at me as though I were something dirty. After all, in her perspective, for such a thing to happen between Diana and me, when we were barely acquainted, would mean that I am a playboy.

Alright, if something happened, I would have confessed to it at this point. But, I really am innocent. Yet, if I were to say that Diana and I stayed up all night just to talk about faith and Gods and that it was a pure relationship between a guy and a girl, even I wouldn't be able to convince myself.

Taking into the consideration that Harloys may be able to contribute to my future plans, I can only thicken my skin and try to explain the situation to her. But, seeing in her eyes how guarded she is towards me, it seems that it wasn't very effective. Furthermore, what happened next would condemn me to a fate of being unable to clear up this misunderstanding.

From not too far away, Diana removes her heavy armor. Dressed in light garments, with the Silver Avenger in her hand, Diana walks slowly towards me with a solemn expression.

It is an expression of realization, like a Priestess walking to the altar to sacrifice herself.

Right after she walks up to me, she suddenly kneels on both knees in front of me, and with a serious face, she slowly raises her arms, presenting her own Sacred Sword to me.

"My Lord, I vow to follow your teachings my entire life and become your most reliable support. Your enemy will be the target of my longsword. Your happiness will be my greatest honor and my life's greatest aim is to become someone you can be proud of."

Alright, I instantly understood the situation. Kneeling with one knee is how knights show their loyalty to their master, whereas one only kneels with both knees to one's elders and Gods. She is treating me like a real God by bowing to me. The seemingly intimate vows at the start is just a prayer that one says to declare your faith and allegiance to a true God.

I might be able to understand it, but the others don't.

"Big Sister!! Rolande! What kind of voodoo did you cast on Big Sister to seduce her, you're going to die today."

Alright, the violent dog immediately turns into a mad dog. This blatant killing intent and the crazed swings that bring wind pressure with it, seems that she's serious about this.

"Ah, I knew that those Elves and Humans were unreasonable. Look, they hooked up together within just a few days. Look at the human male, there's always a lecherous smile on his face. He is obviously not a good person."

Yingou.Beyar, you actually dare to smear my reputation, I will definitely get my revenge! Furthermore, exactly what part of my smile looks lecherous to you? It is obviously the 59th Style Holy Knight Standard Smile, a sharp weapon used to earn the donations of rich ladies, a secret technique that I spent quite a period of time to master.

"There is yet another talented one from my generation, rejoice, rejoice." Alright, if this wasn't praise from a degenerate Dwarf who engages in drugs, pornographic materials, and gambling, I would have accepted the praise happily.

"Tsk, a male without any hair on his face, what is so good-looking about him." This... Alright, a person with such a unique sense of beauty, everyone should know who he is.

"Misfortune!! Stop chasing me, I really only spoke with your Big Sister for the entire night."

In the end, the one who screamed so pathetically was me, who left my sword in the tent and is currently trying my best to escape the pursuit of the mad dog.

"Hmph, talking for an entire night and not doing it even when you're losing sleep. Unless you're sexually impotent or a little brat who has yet to develop, is that even possible?"

"You're too much, I... I will kill you."

Alright, a certain someone just got stabbed in his fatal point and started brawling with Momo.

Chapter 74

Absolute Gentlemen Alliance

Walking on the familiar streets of Vance, I look at crowds of people walk to and fro once again, but the atmosphere is totally different this time around.

It is still the same group of people, but the atmosphere is much lighter compared to how tense it was back then, during the period of the Alliance Conference.

After reaching Vance, the shadows following behind us disappear one after another. Except for the silly Tauren who returns back to the same path, the rest of them disappear into the underground tunnels, apparently heading straight for the surface.

At this moment, while the merchant party is reorganizing their goods and supplies in Vance, I go off to settle some private matters, such as replacing that darned lousy metal sword, as well as registering as a small mercenary band. This would make it more convenient for us in the future.

"Mercenary? Us? Is there a need for it?" Momo seems anxious to leave this city.

"Yes, if we were to assume identities as mercenaries, it would be more convenient for us to move about on the Surface."

"I don't want to work for those humans."

"Of course, we are just creating the mercenary band, we won't be accepting any missions. I also don't have that much leisure time to roam about, so we are just assuming the identities of mercenaries. Like that, we can use missions as a reason to pass through different blockades. There are several countries that we have to go to after visiting the East Mist Communal Country, so it would be more convenient to obtain a license as mercenaries."

"Then, why do we have to register here? Can't we register on the Surface?"

Momo and I are chatting in front of the Mercenary Guild. By our side, lying unconscious on the floor, is a Dark Elf who had just challenged us.

The Moonlight Ritual isn't without a price. The right to move freely on the Surface is exchanged by using one's life. For Lorci, who views the entire Dark Elf Tribe as her personal possession, the act of switching allegiance to the Moon Goddess is equal to slapping her hard on the face.

For each Family, Gray Elves are forever a special tribute to be presented to Lorci. From the moment we stepped into the city, the news of two Gray Elves being present in this city has probably spread to the whole of the Dark Elf Family. Maybe they even had internal conflict within the Family, before coming to confront us.

Thus, even though our time is tight, naturally, Momo could not comprehend my insistence on registering a mercenary band here in this town.

"Although there are Mercenary Guilds in every country, from another perspective, mercenaries are also a kind of spare military power for the City Lord and the country. If you were to register on the Surface and a war occurs on the land where you registered at, there is a high chance of getting involved in the battle."

"Oh, that's a reasonable explanation."

Hearing my words, Momo nods her head.

"This madam here, although there is truth in the words of this little brother here, in actuality, that isn't the main point. Even if a country were to meet with its demise, the carefree mercenaries would never fight on the battlefield for free. That kind of spare military power is like ears of the deaf -- decoration."

"The main motive of this little brother here is to probably make use of the one-of-a-kind advantage of the Vance Mercenary Guild: not requiring to produce identification so that one's identity cannot be dug up. Many criminals and murderers do the same."

That is a rather valiant-looking, handsome Centaur guy. Equipped with a purple-colored, human-shaped, soft copper plate mail on his upper body, he wore light horse armor on his lower body. On his back is a bow made of bones, radiating the orange glow of Divine Magic. That probably isn't any ordinary bow.

"Casio?"

"Yes, my lord. Although I have no idea how you persuaded that stubborn grandfather of mine to send me out, since he gave the order as the old Chieftain, I will follow it."

This person in front of me is one of the grandchildren of old Minial, as well as brother-in-name to the new Beastman Sovereign Anya. However, unlike the rest of Anya's brothers who dote on her, Casio is quite ambitious. And the truly troublesome thing about him is that he has the ability and prestige to turn his ambitions into reality. After going through multiple wars against outsiders, the Golden Bow Casio is a well-known hero of his tribe.

To old Minial, it is a pity to kill this ambitious grandchild of his. However, there is a high chance of Casio rebelling against Anya after his death, and it would be hard for her to suppress him.

Thus, when I communicated with old Minial through a certain channel to borrow an outstanding Centaur Archer, with no hesitation whatsoever, old Minial thought of this Golden Bow.

At this moment, Casio stood there silently, looking like a sculpture of a well-built hero, uncaring of his surroundings. However, through his quivering ears and the fingers stroking on his arrows from time to time, there is probably nothing in our surroundings that could escape his senses.

"My lord, do we register now?"

"No, we're waiting for another person. I promised to meet him here."

Seeing how the Dark Elves are fearful of him, refusing to come up to stir trouble in his presence, at least up until now, the arrival of the seemingly respectful Casio appears to be a good thing. However, to be able to strike fear in those scheming Dark Elves to the point they don't even dare to approach us, from another point of view, it shows how fearsome this man is.

"That silly unlucky lass cannot even begin to compare to him, no wonder old Minial threw him out so happily."

The reason why I want a Centaur Archer is because of the obvious shortcoming of having three Knights in our party and not having any mounts -- the lack of mobility. Due to the presence of Centaur tribes in quite a few Elf Kingdoms on the Surface, Centaurs are one of the few Beastman races who can move freely in the Surface and the Underground World. As long as we do some concealment, no one would be able to guess that Casio is from the Underground World.

As for the other person, he would be able to make up for our shortcomings through another aspect. Very soon, the person I am waiting for arrives.

However, rather than saying that the person is a human, it would be more appropriate to call him a human-shaped piece of armor. A gigantic gray armor that covers every single feature other than the two vaguely clear eyes that could be seen through the bizarre birdhead helmet.

On his back, there is a three-meter long spear while on his waist, two swords and a Dwarf rifle can be found. It is a weird combination of weapons that leaves a big question mark about his job. However, seeing the string of Dwarf grenades on his waist and the drumming sounds from the gunpowder bag on his back, he has probably just finished stocking up on his firepower.

"The Eccentric Prince?"

When we were stationed in Vance previously, Momo had also met this Prince Clint from Iron City. Instantly, she shivers and instinctively takes two steps backward.

Of course, I know what it is that frightened her so much that she had to retreat. That Prince Clint is a human gunpowder vault and an obvious battle maniac. His nerves are incredibly oversensitive.

An accidental bump to him, explosion.

Suddenly walking past him, explosion.

Entering his room without his permission, still an explosion.

Fine, I'll admit it. Even if you don't do anything, as long as you don't stay a safe distance away from him, there could be an explosion as well.

However, different from the Beyar brothers who often gets caught in their own explosions, all of his explosions and traps are systematic. They are obviously controlled and intentional. He doesn't trust anyone and is forever wary of everyone. This obviously has something to do with how he was brought up.

I'm not some psychiatrist who can treat his post-war syndrome. The reason why I wanted him to join us is because his alertness and intuition could be useful to me.

Most of the time, the reason why people lose their life on a journey is not because of a strong enemy charging straight at you but rather, the poisonous snake hiding in the grass, stabbing your back with a dagger. I have a feeling that his intuition for danger will be extremely useful to us.

"Clint, nice to meet you. I am Rolande, Holy Knight Rolande. You should have received our notice. In this temporary team, I'll be your leader."

That iron helmet nods his head, showing that he has no objections.

"Fine, now that everyone's here, let's go in. Let's hope that Diana has finished her cleaning mission."

Yes, cleaning mission. At the window where mission details are given and where completed missions are reported to, a group of reckless mercenaries is already lying all over the place. They are the targets for her cleaning.

This isn't the first time I am assuming the role of a mercenary. Upon seeing newcomers, these fellows who often sell their life for money will test their strength. This is a warning towards the newcomers who will be competing against them for mission resources, as well as an initiation ritual to welcome and bless them. Of course, if you pass the test, it would be a blessing but if you don't, it will just be a brutal initiation ritual.

In my perspective, since it is impossible to avoid clashing with them, then we should throw the Legend Holy Knight Diana at them and let them crash headlong into a metal plate.

Of course, at the end of the clash, the bunch of unfortunate fellows lying on the floor is the losers.

Slowly walking to Diana's side, I flash my standard 59th Style Business Smile and spoke to the service personnel.

"I would like to register a small mercenary band. The leader is me and the vice-leader is this beautiful lady here."

"Alright, alright." The mercenaries who are currently lying on the floor are actually the core members of this Mercenary Guild. They would be really foolish if they still don't get that they've met someone beyond their abilities.

"May I ask what is the name of the mercenary band?"

"Momo and Her Little Friends!"

Alright, everyone ignores this female Elf who is trying to act cute.

"Law and Holy Light. We have Justice Knights and Holy Knights, I find this title very suitable for us," Diana spoke after a moment's hesitation.

I shake my head. From a certain perspective, this name is also representative of Diana's dilemma.

"Trying to lean towards both sides of the fence also means not being on either side of the fence. It isn't acceptable to waver continuously between the two." I pointed out meaningfully to her. Diana hesitates for another moment before finally nodding her head.

"Then, Law and Justice."

I shake my head once again. This name would mean that we are related to the God of Law. It would restrict the movements of the mercenary band. Furthermore, it would easily serve as a spark in starting pointless conflicts. Thus, I threw out the fantastic name that I had prepared for a very long time.

It is a name that is much more endearing than Ah Dang and Ah Bas, an even better sounding name.

"The New Freedom Gentlemen Alliance!"

Immediately, the face of the two Town Security members in front of me crumble. One draws her sword, while the other one stares furiously at me. How could they accept naming the mercenary band they will belong to with the name of their mortal foes?

"I agree, I think that Gentlemen Alliance sounds great."

A familiar figure suddenly appears in front of us. Instantly, as though meeting the gigantic beast from our nightmares, we instinctively retreat two steps.

"Beifeng! Why are you here?"

"Of course it is because I want to form a mercenary band with you all to tour the Surface."

"Rubbish, didn't you say that you wanted to go on a journey to find your true self..."

Alright, looking at how he is salivating while staring fixedly at the Centaur Archer, I immediately understand his true purpose.

"I will say this! Don't even think about it! There is no way we will allow you to join us."

"Actually, I am quite strong as well. I am definitely a qualified Beast Tamer."

Of course I know that he is an extremely qualified Beast Tamer, otherwise, he would have been beaten to death from all the trouble he kept stirring up.

Also, given his fervent love for pets, I wouldn't be surprised if he suddenly forges 'Love for Wild Beast' or similar Soul Imprints along the way, and advances into the realm of Legends. However, even though the Beast Tamer possesses decent long-range combat abilities, able to use his pets for scouting and surveillance and is overall a strength that we require, I still decided to look for Casio and Clint so as to avoid teaming up with this pervert.

"However, I think that Gentlemen Alliance isn't sufficient to describe that strong passion within us, I suggest that we name it Wild Brothers Club."

Alright, he seems to have long thought of himself as part of the band, to actually ask directly for a pen to write down that incredibly peculiar name.

"Stop it!"

"Don't even think about it!"

Alright, those two from Town Security can no longer suppress the 'excitement' in their hearts and as usual, they use their fists to express their deep feelings.

As for me, I made use of the chaos to rush to the confused service personnel and said:

"Absolute Gentlemen Alliance, thank you."

Chapter 75

The Surface

Laince Fort, or Laince Stronghold, is the city nearest to the underground tunnel's exit. It is also the city which we chose to reside in.

The Laince Stronghold lies on the Kier Highlands. Located on the lands of the Ming United Kingdom, it is one of the sturdiest Forts in the entire country.

Designed by master architects, the thick brick walls are both elegant and strong. Spanning ten meters tall and three meters thick, the enemy they had in mind when designing it was the Giant Tribe. Man-eating fish can be found filling the moat.

The reason? They have one good neighbor. The entrance of the Underground World is always open. Anyone can enter, anyone can exit.

The seasonal plundering of the Underground Beastman, the traditional training of the Dark Elves to assault the Surface Elves deep in the night, the departure of Red Dragons and Black Dragons through the underground tunnels to look for new flavors, the Liches and Necromancers who sneak out in search of experimental materials, the Demons who look for tributes, the worshippers of Malevolent Gods... Alright, even I find it reasonable for the citizens of the Underground World to be exiled and viewed with hostility.

At least, just counting those in the underground tunnel, we have met three Dark Elf assault parties and two Beastman scouting teams. The latter, after seeing Casio, bows and leaves, whereas the former, upon catching sight of the Gray Elves, are stunned for a moment and without any hesitation whatsoever, change their training targets and pounce towards us.

Alright, just after forming our band, I was already planning to conduct a little bit of training so as to grind our teamwork together, as well as to see the fighting abilities of the newcomers. However, it was when Casio raised his bone bow to point the golden arrow in the bowstring towards one Elf after another, as though choosing between targets. Someone shouted the 'Golden Bow', upon which all of the Dark Elves immediately retreated.

Of course, that valiant look of Casio pulling the bowstring to shoot is visually amazing, totally different from that foolish Anya. However, after noticing a certain Beast Tamer's eyes turn green and salivate at the sight of Casio, I start to worry for this Centaur hero once again.

"Gold-rank primary stage? If he hasn't reached 30 years of age yet, which means that he has barely reached adulthood among the Centaurs, it would be quite an incredible feat. However, he is still slightly lacking compared to the Dracon Beast Tamer who is at the Gold-rank pinnacle, especially given the fellow's unscrupulous means to achieve his goals. The more outstanding you perform, the more danger you are in, you know."

I was of the mind to warn the Centaur, but along the way, Beifeng was chatting happily with him, which put me at a loss on how I should approach them.

Beifeng, just looking at his outer appearance, is tall and burly with a quaint face, giving quite a favorable impression. His deep and steady voice is always so slow and gentle. The words that he speaks are interesting and knowledgeable, giving a philosophical feeling through his speech, as though spoken by a matured, wise elder.

Alright, it is precisely because he has a decent appearance with a glib tongue, that's why there are so many victims, which makes him a big threat to society.

His image as an honest older brother, the appropriate and implicitly kind intent, as well as his honest and sincere laughter complements Casio's disposition, who seems cold but actually worries for his future. More importantly, Beifeng went along with the flow of the young Centaur and very quickly, after doing an initial probe under Beifeng's hard work, laughter was added into their conversation.

Diana found it hard to watch on and kindly walked forward to warn him. However, being bad with her words, before she could even slip in a sentence, she was instead sent off stomping back, aggravated by Beifeng.

"Intelligent lifeforms are forever so short-sighted, they are used to judging life by their race and outer appearance. Yes, I am a Dracon with the bloodline of the Black Dragon flowing within my veins. But, those who are acquainted with me know that I am someone who passionately loves life and little animals. Yes, I might be ugly, but those who are familiar with me understand that I am gentle too."

Alright, his hurt expression seems as though he has just been put through a great

grievance, as though Diana is the bad person racially discriminating against him. In the end, under Casio's annoyed and angry gaze, the good-hearted Diana is unable to speak of his disgusting past actions and could only walk away, shaking her head.

"Big Sister, you are being too nosey! Won't the Centaur kid understand it in two days or so?"

"But by then, it will already be too late!"

"Puu!" As expected, those who are purer tend to have a wilder imagination. Hearing the words 'too late', the other people immediately break out in laughter and stare teasingly at the famous Golden Bow, especially at the horse armor on his lower body.

"The little brat knows not of the harm of Beifeng, the next day he will sing of the chrysanthemum."

TL: Chrysanthemum... There is a phrase in Chinese called 'exploding the chrysanthemum' that means screwing a man's ass.

Alright, I have no idea who made that twisted poem, but the comical pronunciation and lyrics make everyone laugh even harder. Un, facing Diana's 'how can you be like this' questioning stare, at least I won't admit that it is my own sudden inspiration.

The rather proud Casio ignores everyone else after joining the band, even pretending not to hear Krose's polite greeting. On the journey, he even called out to other people by just their race, like 'Hey, that goblin over there', 'Hey, that fat human' and very quickly ended up offending quite a lot of people.

Thus, seeing that Beifeng has set his sights on him, the rest of the band, other than the kind Diana, have no intentions to expose Beifeng's intentions and choose to happily watch him make a fool of himself.

Back to the main topic, other than the joint attack by the Dark Elves near the exit, the journey was still quite smooth.

But then, when we walked onto the Surface World, bathed in the familiar yet unfamiliar warmth of sunlight, gazing at the boundless blue sky and the vast endless earth, even I felt agitated.

The Roland Sacred Sword on my waist slightly resonates in tune with my feelings, as

though describing its impatience to head somewhere. The direction it hopes to proceed towards, naturally, is the north of the continent.

"East Mist Communal Country, huh? The descendants of the Mist? I do want to test his capabilities. If he is unable to meet with my expectations and insult this glorious title..."

Shaking my head, I throw all excessive thoughts to one side. Looking behind me, I realize that my party companions aren't doing very well all of a sudden.

The previously high-spirited Momo sits weakly on the floor with her eyes shut, while the pale-faced Diana half-kneels on the floor with her body lowered, muttering words that seem like a prayer from her lips.

"I won't fall upwards, I won't fall upwards."

Walking up to her, I realize that she is actually talking to herself. In that instant, I can't suppress my laughter.

This isn't any rare ailment. Even on the surface, after staying too long in the mines, when one stares at the vast, endless sky from that narrow entrance, there would be a feeling as though one will be taken away by the sky, an illusion of falling towards the heavens.

This is an instinctive misperception of living beings. Those experienced miners would feel better after a while, but for the Dark Elves who have stayed in the Underground World for their entire lives, it isn't that easy to deal with.

They were born in the Underground World, they are already used to seeing the dark solid rock walls on top of the clouds and even more used to the first light of dawn being brought by the luminescent algae.

When the rock walls which felt right to them have suddenly disappeared, it is just like if the Surface humans' sunlight and blue sky were to be suddenly taken away from them. Even if they rationally know that they would be fine, but the discomfort they physically feel still cannot be avoided.

Based on what I know, this is known as a 'phobia of vast open spaces' and it is a reflex action. It will take at least a couple of months to overcome it, with quite a few who fail to overcome it their entire lives.

The Gray Elves, who from the start aren't comfortable with light, are in the worst shape of all. They are sent straight to the carriage so that they can rest. As for Casio, even though his four hooves are slightly trembling, he still puts on a calm front and tries his best to stand up straight.

Yingou, Hoyle and the other veterans have been to the Surface World innumerable times already. Same goes for the few fellows possessing Law jobs; they are already happily doing what they should be doing.

As for Clint, it should be his first time on the Surface as well. His expression cannot be seen under the thick armor and that bird-head helmet. However, looking at how he keeps trying to feel for the grenades on his waist to seek a sense of safety from his explosives, he doesn't seem to be in good condition.

What, we are still lacking a person? Alright, I'll admit that I intentionally left him out, yet you all still want to talk about him. That's suicidal.

"Are you still okay? Why don't you rest in the carriage for a bit?"

"No, it's okay. I'm fine."

Looking at how the others are fine, even when his Big Brother Beifeng sincerely asks for his condition out of concern, how could the stubborn Centaur admit defeat in front of everyone else.

"My brother, let me lean on you a bit, I am feeling a little giddy."

The black Dracon suddenly sits on the floor and rests on Casio's abdomen. Casio is stunned for a moment before realization strikes him. A smile appears on his cold and proud face.

"Alright, since that's the case, then I will let you lean on me for a bit."

Thus, the proud Centaur Prince lowers all four of his legs and sits down just like a war horse, allowing Beifeng to lean on one side of his abdomen.

Gradually, sitting on the floor with someone to lean on, he feels the warmth of his companions and the solid ground. The young Centaur Prince's wildly beating heart slows down as his 'phobia of vast open spaces' improves.

The ice mountain of the cold-faced, but warm-hearted Centaur Prince finally melts as he smiles gratefully.

"Thank you, Big Brother Beifeng."

"Why are you thanking me, I should be the one thanking you."

"Hehe, Big Brother, you sure are a good person."

"You haven't seen the best side of me yet, but there will be more opportunities in the future."

Leaning on each other, the Dracon and Centaur start chatting. Their hands even 'accidentally' make contact before being pulled back hastily. The sight of their love is hard to look at properly.

Looking at the fearsome sight unfolding in front of me, I rub my temple and secretly make up my mind to quickly find a secluded corner to bury Beifeng alive, so as to prevent him from further corrupting my eyes.

Also, looking at how the others are grinding their teeth or feeling nauseated, the majority of the group are definitely having the same thoughts. If it weren't for the fact that the young ace Archer wasn't weak, we might have already taken action.

Laince Fort isn't that far away from the exit. We manage to reach our destination before sunset. However, just as we approach the city gates, we meet with new trouble.

"That guy over there, remove your helmet for inspection. Also, whose Dracon slave is that? Will he bite? Has he been immunized?"

At that instant, hearing that his Big Brother is treated like an animal, the reckless Casio reaches for his bow, intending to shoot the guards in his usual fashion. I rush to his side to stop him. I don't want to be a fugitive immediately after reaching the Surface.

Actually, what the guard had said also makes sense. After seeing the Dracon, if it weren't for the presence of Holy Knights in our band, he probably would have long called for people to surround us and put us down.

The Dracons, being an artificial creation, are unique. They are different from the Dragon Descendants who have mixed blood.

Although they have their own tribe and culture, they are indeed an unnatural creation. During the chaotic ancient times, the 7-colored Evil Dragon Goddess Tiamat and an evil Necromancer created them to serve the Evil (sided towards Chaos) Color Dragons (Red Dragon, Black Dragon, Blue Dragons etc.), and Beifeng himself is a Dracon possessing the bloodline of Black Dragons.

On the other hand, the comparatively kinder Metal Dragons (The Gold Dragon and Silver Dragon who are sided towards Order) don't have the slightest goodwill towards these Dracons. Due to the natural restraints of their bloodline, a large portion of Dracons still act as the servants of the evil giant Dragons, such as the new Dragon Empress. There are countless Dracon servants in the Dragon City which Little Red is currently building.

This is also why Beifeng could use those words to gain Casio's recognition earlier on. That is because in a lot of places, even if they are blessed with talent and are strong individually, due to them being cursed to live the life of servants, Dracons are being discriminated against.

Of course, in the chaotic Underground World, even Black Dragons and Red Dragons die easily from battle, thus it is easy for their servants and their following descendants to achieve freedom. The Underground World is probably the place where most of the free Dracons are.

Due to this, in the eyes of Humans, the black-skinned Dracons are equal to the fangs and claws of the evil giant Dragons. However, there is a Holy Knight in the band, which leads them to deduce that this Dracon is the slave of a certain Mage or a spoil of war.

"I am the slave of this Lord Centaur."

"Thanks, Little Brother. It's fine, I have seen a lot of worldly people like him, don't stoop down to his level."

Beifeng pulls the rash Casio and whispers in his ear. Also, in order not to put the other party in an awkward situation, Beifeng even took the initiative to claim that he is Casio's slave. At that moment, Casio somehow felt touched.

When the eyes of the two men meet, electricity shoots in all directions. All of their emotions are conveyed through the exchange of gazes, there is no need for excessive words. In the eyes of the onlooker, the scene becomes one that cannot be looked at

again.

"UEHH! Momo wants to puke, Momo is really puking!"

At this moment, I am very seriously considering whether it is plausible for me to dump the two, leave them to survive on their own and find another archer for our band.

Alright, when the problem on that side is finally settled, another problem occurs on the other side. Clint insists on not taking off his helmet. Of course, the guards are unwilling to give passage to us if it's like that. Their conflict attracts the presence of even more guards. When these guards look at us with wary eyes and the cannons on the city wall slowly move towards us, I knew that this cannot carry on.

"Detect Evil!"

Upon using this 1-circle Divine Art, after the Holy Light has descended, all evil-doers, or should I say those possessing the Power of Chaos, will be dyed a shade of red.

Immediately, the black-skinned Dracon shines bright red while the others give out a dim white light.

"This mighty soldier here, look at the light shrouding his body. He is also a kind Order citizen, it's just that my brother was scarred by high temperatures and looks awful beneath the armor. He has been afraid of scaring others, that's why he doesn't dare to reveal himself."

On the surface, I was grabbing onto the hand of the sentry, explaining to him. However, with a shake of my wrist, a small coin pouch slides into the sleeves of the other party.

"Help us? On Beyana's (Goddess of Wealth) account."

It isn't the first time this young sentry with a pockmarked face was bribed. Looking left and right, after confirming that no one was paying attention, he shakes his sleeves and the sound of jingling metal could be heard within. Furthermore, the pouch wasn't light as well. Thus, he nods his head in satisfaction.

"Go in. Don't stir up trouble."

After our carriages enter the city, Harloys's voice sounds by my ear.

"That pouch didn't seem light, how much did you spend? This isn't how you do things."

"Guess."

"I guess that it is full of bronze coins. Or at most, thirty bronze coins. But to the guard, it probably isn't a small sum."

"Five gold coins."

"How is that possible! A stingy fellow like you would actually be willing to make a loss!!"

"Hehe, I earned quite a bit from this expedition, so what does that little money count?"

"No, this isn't a problem of money. It is about that your personality which causes you to definitely never make a loss! Five gold coins? Are they gold coins made from Flower Elves that will disappear after a night?"

"That toy is a hundred times more valuable than normal gold coins. In order not to allow the other party win, wouldn't I be making a huge loss instead?"

"No, based on my understanding of you, as long as you're happy, in order to bring unhappiness to others, you are willing to pay as much as it is required. Hey, stop keeping me in suspense, your teacher, me, is quite curious."

"Then continue being curious."

While being surprised by how deeply this stupid cat understands me, I do not intend to reveal the answer to this riddle.

Based on my understanding of her, the one known as The Omniscient One, this Magic Cat's pursuit of knowledge is boundless. The moment curiosity starts to strike her, she would definitely pursue the case all the way to the end. Otherwise, she would be unable to sleep at night. If so, I could make use of this opportunity to fulfill my goals.

"Hey hey, don't be like this, otherwise I will spend the whole night thinking about it. How about I promise to teach you Ice Magic, an Ice Magic that even a magic idiot like you can use. You should be able to say it now, right."

Un, as expected. She immediately gives in. My goal has been fulfilled.

Right now, I am still too weak. It is good even if I grow stronger just by a bit. Personally, I am a Master Necromancer, and in my current state, I can use Necromancy and Ice Magic. However, if I were to be labeled a Necromancer and be reduced to a fugitive, then my identity would have to be abandoned.

Thus, although it belongs to the Chaos Faction, the Elemental Magic that Human Mages would train in became the only option.

My knowledge of Ice Magic is still stuck at the stage of gathering my magic power and blasting it. With a Master Mage adept in all categories by my side, naturally, I would consult her.

"Pfft, you want me to teach you, an unfilial disciple, to be killed once again? Dream on!"

Alright, if I were to use the Pet Contract to force her, she would definitely teach me. However, if she were to purposely leave out a part, that would be more than sufficient for me to get destroyed during crucial periods.

However, I am not impatient at all. She might understand me, but I also understand her. Actually, as long as you choose the correct means, this Queen of Banshees is actually quite easy to deal with. I only have to patiently wait for an opportunity to hook the curious heart of the other party.

As expected, even before a week has passed after her arrogant words, she was hooked.

Looking at the little cat who scratches my neck with all of her strength but was unable to even break the defense of Titan Body, I laughed.

"Alright, I will unveil the riddle. It is indeed five gold coins. Previously, wasn't the two iron longswords worth ten gold coins, broken during my duel with Momo? Thus, I placed the broken fragments in the bag. I guess that is an effective use of useless objects. However, it was indeed worth five gold coins and now, it is still worth five gold coins.

The workmanship of the longsword is inferior, so the crafting fee can be neglected altogether. The price of the material and the cost of the sword is equal, however, I am not so bored as to reforge another iron sword.

"Impossible, when did you prepare it!"

"I have long prepared it while on the road. No matter how many years it has been, as long as my performance is up to standard, this trick has really never failed before."

Yes, I have long known that problems will occur during our entry into the city. That bag of broken shards was long prepared while I was still on the road. Even the lines used for the bribery and the action of handing over the money was rehearsed.

"You bastard! You actually dare to trick me! Lad, just you wait."

A sudden yell that echoes from the back makes me shake my head.

"Sigh, even this line has yet to change. You really lack creativity."

"Aren't you afraid of him bringing his friends to stir trouble against you?"

"It is bad enough that a footman like him tries to eat a bribe, it would be really bizarre if he can get his colleagues to settle his private grudge."

"If he slanders you by saying that you are a spy, wouldn't he be able to get helpers? That's what those Knight Novels often write, it is a classical development."

I looked sympathetically at Harloys. Those conventional Knight Novel indeed will damage one's brain after reading too much of it. With her intelligence, she still calls herself The Omniscient One.

"Then, he would have to explain why he let the spies into the city. Besides, if it is proven that we aren't spies after an examination, then it would mean that he is reporting false military intelligence to settle his private grudges. If so, that footman would lose his head."

"As expected of my disciple, indeed a sly old fox."

"Thanks for your praise, but please call it experience."

The teacher and apprentice look at each other, feeling a sense of connection with one another. Behind, Momo who was looking at this sight suddenly pulls Diana's sleeves.

"You look at that Rolande, the way he looks at that cat is really weird. It is really as though he treats it like a human. Could it be that he is a brethren of Beifeng, that's why he didn't touch Big Sister the other night?"

Ever since Diana showed that she is still a virgin due to Momo annoying her, Momo has been making malicious inferences about Roland.

"Shut up! Don't talk about that night!" After remembering the bizarre gazes that everyone looked at her with after that day, Diana sighs helplessly.

"Recently, my luck seems to be quite poor, it is as though I have offended a God of Misfortune."

Not long after, her complaints reached my ear. Instantly, I grinned happily.

"You didn't offend the God of Misfortune. The one you offended is the Aura of Plague. Haha, looks like I found another one with even lower Luck than me. Nice to meet you, Lightning Rod Number 3, let's get along well."

Chapter 76

The Knight Princess

Using the light from the oil lamp, I read a book on the bed as I wait for the first ray of sunlight to slowly creep into the room. The sunlight gradually warms my body and soul. Such an ordinary thing that people experience in their daily lives, and currently one of my greatest pleasures to enjoy.

I didn't manage to get much in from the reading, as my mind was wandering all over the place. The mind is always the clearest during daybreak and all kinds of evil schemes come popping up, one after another. Perhaps, this is an instinctual reaction of life towards light.

We arrived at Laince Stronghold almost half a month ago, and Yingou's merchant party had long left. They are to head for Auland Empire to attend the new Emperor Darsos's inauguration ceremony. The Roland Robot will serve as a congratulatory gift to him. The Auland royalty and nobles are known to be extravagant and fervently pursue rare artifacts. This kind of interesting novelty, a giant robot, is definitely one of a kind on the Surface. Through Yingou's calculations, this long journey to present the gift is definitely an investment that will bring lots of benefits.

A large part of the party has left, but I had no intentions of leaving. Every day, I focus only on training my swordsmanship, reading books, roam the streets, chat with strangers and enjoy my tea, as carefree as retired personnel.

"Could it be that this fellow really came to the Human world for a vacation?"

Others look at my actions with incomprehension, but in actuality, I have already done a lot of things.

For example, gathering information and updating my knowledge on the situation, learning changes in the different countries on the main continent and adapting my future plans to these changes.

I must say that due to the underground tunnel being too long and dangerous, not to mention that the Underground World is incomparably chaotic, by the time news of the

Surface reaches the underground, it would long be history. Unless it is the scouts bringing back important information, normal information would have a minimum gap of half a year, and mistakes in the information cannot be avoided as well.

Furthermore, most of the dwellers of the Underground World don't even have enough time to handle their own life, so there is no way they would have the spare time to worry about the Surface, which is thousands of miles away. Even the gossips take a long time to spread around. Thus, the reports that Sulfur Mountain City obtains on each country are mostly derived from the idle chatter of the merchants moving to and fro between the two worlds. Most of the news they have are above thirty years old.

Inaccurate information will only lead to inaccurate judgement. If we don't even understand the personality and background of the leaders of each country, then how can we make the proper preparations accordingly. There is a need to work on this aspect.

Un, while I put it in an elegant and intelligent manner, but it really only involves looking at newspapers and browsing through books.

Due to the existence of the God of Knowledge, the Eich Continent's printing industry is rather advanced. Similar to Sulfur Mountain City's daily newspaper, the Ming United Kingdom also has its own news industry. Although the newspapers that the capital, Casilla City, sends to this stronghold are often three months old without much variety to them, it is much more useful than the useless intelligence which are decades old.

Even so, the old newspapers and magazines that I finished in half a month are sufficient to fill up three to four rooms.

"[The Evil Underground World is starting to make a move? The legendary Underground Alliance finally appears! Our wise King Arthur the Second is gathering troops to prepare for a long war!], heh, even Molly's name is spelled wrongly. A long time has already passed since the Underground Alliance was changed entirely. The intelligence is equally old and outdated."

However, to be able to predict the Underground World's intention to attack the Surface ten years in advance and start preparation for a long war, it seems that Arthur the Second, who is reputed as a Sage King by the future generations, is still rather capable.

Gathering intelligence is just a small part of my daily schedule. There are still a lot of

seemingly unimportant matters but in actuality, are absolutely essential to deal with.

For example, my background and my way of speaking. In order to fully integrate into the Human society, I must first settle these two problems.

The way ancient people speak and modern people speak are completely different. Even the commonly used words are extremely different in terms of tone and pronunciation depending on the area. This might seem like a small matter, but it is often a crucial gap which is exploited to find out one's true identity.

To me, learning how to imitate an accent isn't a problem. What I find difficult is deleting those archaic words that have long disappeared from history. If a 300-year-old archaic phrase and intonation were to suddenly come out of my mouth, it would be a huge problem. To deal with this problem, I need to practice through chatting with people and reading the newspaper.

I can only test one word after another. It is a huge waste of time and effort, but it is already bearing fruit.

As for my background, I have already prepared it long ago. Under my arrangements, a fallen noble family from the Mist Country has been living in this city for more than two decades. Their ancestors once helped the previous king to ascend to the throne, thus receiving the title of a Knight, bringing the family to prosperity. In the current generation, they might have lost their aristocratic title and are barely maintaining their lifestyle through a few plots of farmland, but they can still be considered as members of nobility.

The family has a son afflicted with leprosy who is named Rolo. He was sent to the monastery to live a life away from the world. He would occasionally return, but with bandages and black cloth wrapped all over his body for fear of afflicting others with his illness, leaving his appearance an enigma.

Just four years ago, perhaps his sincere prayers were heard by the Heavens, and so the God of Light performed a miracle and healed the pitiful young man. He was granted the identity of a Holy Knight and the young man, inconceivably, risked his life to head to the Underground World alone.

In the eyes of most of the nobles in the city, it is just another story that the Holy Church came up with to spread its influence. The man isn't coming back, so no one would be

able to verify the story anyway. However, what surprised everyone was that there was a continuation to the story.

The population felt regretful for this young man who was miraculously healed, yet in a moment of recklessness, charged headlong to his death. However, he actually managed to return half a month later. Furthermore, he brought quite a lump of fortune back with him. The nickname of that man is Rolo, whereas his real name is Rolande.

Currently, under the intentional efforts of a certain someone, that legendary story has started to spread around the city.

Alright, at this point, everyone should have guessed that the certain someone is me.

Yes, this nineteen-year-old Rolo doesn't actually exist, and that family is a group of people that I sent out twenty years ago. All real characters who are involved with this identity have long settled down in Sulfur Mountain City.

In order to make these two identities more believable, I personally played the role of Rolo the few times he came into contact with his neighbors. Furthermore, I even intentionally left behind some personal quirks, such as a weird intonation while speaking and a bizarre sitting posture.

Preparing twenty years ahead just for a nobility status and a clean background seems excessive? No, in my perspective, I feel that I have not yet done enough.

It is frustrating, but in this world, the humans who govern the world are probably the most xenophobic of all the races. If one wants to do well in the human society or even rise to the social status of a high noble who has a say in governance, it is necessary for that noble status to have been passed down for at least three generations. Furthermore, if you are seen as a spy by another race, all your efforts will have gone down the drain.

Of course, there are many blank holes in the story I came up with. If someone were to investigate my background, there would be many suspicious points to it. However, it would be more trustworthy to have an identity that is suspicious than an entirely blank slate. An unknown background could be a weakness which others could attack. If there are only suspicions, others would have to retrieve evidence to prove that my identity is a fake. That would be difficult.

Recently, I have been strolling the streets almost every day and greeting the uncle and

auntie next door, as well as the store vendors. I do this all while showcasing those weird quirks of mine. This is to let the two identities overlap and raise the credibility of my fake identity.

However, due to certain reasons and my pathetic Luck, I seem to have overdone it...

"Puu, Rolande, I hear that you're into old grannies?"

Nonsense! Is there such a nonsensical interest? It's just that the darned daily mission required me to help old grannies across the road, for ten times. However, there isn't the so-called pedestrian walkway and the number of horse carriages are even fewer. In the end, after waiting for an entire afternoon, I only managed to find three old grannies to fulfill the requirement. I even had to beg them to let me help them across the road... I was caught looking around for old grannies with a light in my eyes and to fawn over them, resulting in such an absurd nickname.

"No no, the one I heard is the Wild Dog Terminator."

Rubbish, dogs are the human's best friends. I really liked the mission to bathe the wild dogs, it's just that the dogs hated it... After experiencing the sharp teeth and honed claws a few times, it was fortunate that I was able to cast Holy Light, otherwise, I would be unable to face anyone the next day.

"Ahh, I heard that you followed a beautiful lady all around with bad intentions, and in the end, you got arrested on the spot?"

Bullshit, my objective was only to strike evil and clear away those gangsters! But it is a pity that I failed to catch a single gangster that day. As expected, is it because my Holy Knight's concealment skill isn't up to par? As for getting arrested, I am a Holy Knight, so how is it possible for me to get arrested? It took me some time to persuade the police.

Other than allowing me to deeply understand that the System is still as darned as always, the outcome of these missions also made me comprehend that doing good deeds are harder compared to performing evil acts. It made that 'legendary Rolande' and 'the fortunate lad Rolande', turn into 'overly-enthusiastic and kind Rolande' and then into 'the Rolande next door with a screw loose' and finally 'It is a pity, the lad is young but his brain has been burnt by the Holy Light'.

"It's okay. This way, the others would have a more striking impression of me. Being a

little more foolish suits the background of me rushing hot-headed into the Underground World to die. It is a good thing! A good thing!" This is me deceiving myself in tears and blood.

But sometimes, when misfortune comes one after another and one's reputation keeps crumbling, there is a limit to deceiving oneself...

"A good thing, your head. Previously, the cute little sister from the flower shop opposite here used to look at me with adoration, but now it's turned into sympathy, as though looking at a lackwit! There are even people behind me shouting, 'Don't give up on hope, don't give up on treatment'. It took just one week for my entire image to be destroyed. If this goes on, the identity of Lich Roland with a screw loose will turn into Holy Knight Rolande whose brain got burnt by Holy Light."

But in order to get stronger as soon as possible, the darned daily missions that are growing increasingly worse must be done. I am starting to miss that evil System that pranks others. These days, doing good deeds is really much tougher than scheming evil acts.

"Helping an old granny across the road causes me to be suspected of wanting to rob the elderly. Helping others carry their luggage causes me to be suspected of theft. Voluntarily sweeping the streets and yet I am treated like a lunatic. Helping to bathe the dog and shave its hair, yet others think I intended to make a dog hotpot. Can humans have a little bit more trust in each other? System, you have won. Can you take pity on my fallen reputation and image and let me off the hook!"

Right now, even Diana, that silly older sister, looks at me weirdly. Seeing how I am when I was scammed by the System, she wasn't as surprised as before and instead, she nods her head as though it were natural, seemingly saying that 'Un, Roland should be like that. As expected, the dignified Judge Wumianzhe is a fake persona.'

Today, while flipping halfway through the news, I was attracted by an article from three months ago.

"The powerful Auland Empire's new Emperor is about to ascend to the throne. 42 subordinate states including Bub Communal Country, East Mist Communal Country and Carsilo Kingdom will be sending members of their royalty to give their blessings. Experts have predicted that during the ceremony, they will offer their flags to proclaim their loyalty and trust..."

"Kacha." A crisp sound and the newspaper is torn into two.

"Subordinate state!?"

My blood pressure suddenly rises up. I can no longer see the remaining words. An inexplicable rage and feeling of wrongness fuels the flames in my heart and yet, I cannot find an outlet to vent it.

I knew that the East Mist Communal Country hasn't been that powerful and independent a country for the last thousand years. I also understood that it is common practice for smaller states to proclaim their loyalty to larger states. But the moment I think about the Mist War Flag, which represents the spirit of unyielding and protection, is about to be placed below the royal flag of a certain Empire, the feeling of oppression makes me so angry that I could kill someone.

"Those darned unfilial descendants, useless!! To actually reach such a state that they have to swear loyalty to other countries. You have soiled the thousand years of pride and honor of the Mist Bloodline."

Alright, even though I know that my resentment isn't rational, but the inexplicable flame still causes me to rage within the room.

It takes a long moment before I calm down. I sigh helplessly.

"Sigh, I can't really blame them for it."

I know that there are some things that can't be blamed on the future generations. It is already quite a great feat for them to rebuild our homeland. If I must blame, I can only blame our generation which brought our country to its knees.

Thus, after calming down, I gaze once again at the newspaper I had torn up and start stitching it back together.

Although it is very infuriating, this intelligence is still very crucial, so there is a need for me to study it carefully.

"The new Emperor Darsos, isn't that the King of Winter Wolves in history? Although he is that unfortunate fellow who turned gay for Victoria, his military achievements are still quite striking in history, so he isn't someone to be underestimated."

Then, when I think about Victoria and the tragic ending of Darsos, somehow my spirits are lifted. A twisted idea full of bad intentions pops up once again.

"For an Emperor of such a great Empire, it might be because he's had enough of luxurious flesh, and that's why he ended up so infatuated with a rare, androgynous beauty like Victoria. And while Victoria isn't here anymore, Krose still is, and she's an extreme beauty that sides more towards the androgynous side. If so, why don't I try to twist his sexual orientation, make him leave behind another famous line in history."

Alright, even though I just said it teasingly to vent my frustration at the Mist royalty for being forced to bow their heads, Krose, who was spreading her faith in the plaza, suddenly feels a cold chill down her spine and shivers, as though misfortune is about to strike her.

After which, I flipped to the last page of the newspaper, where there are drawings and a short summary on the representatives that the different subordinate states are sending to attend the inauguration ceremony.

"East Mist Communal Country, here it is. A princess? Reyne.Qin.Mist?"

"Kacha!" The newspaper that took me much effort to stitch back together is completely destroyed. This time, it wasn't because of rage but rather, I was completely surprised at this sight in front of me.

On the corner of the newspaper, there is a vivid drawing of a valiant female Knight dressed in silver armor, waving to the crowds with a warm smile on her face.

"Knight Princess Reyne, the final descendant of the Mist, is well-trusted by her people."

A person who is falsely making use of the Mist name as one of its descendants? All of these assumptions can be dumped down the gutter. Looking at the face of the valiant female Knight, I have to admit it even if I don't want to.

"Rolande!! Look at this! This Lord Princess really looks like you and Rolo, could you all be from the same family? Don't even try to deny it, this time there is even evidence here. Quick, let Momo meet the cute little Rolo."

Momo rushes in and waving in her hand is the exact same newspaper which I was holding.

That Knight Princess named Reyne actually had a face that is 90% similar to mine! If it weren't for that bit of femininity between her eyebrows, instead of masculinity, as well as her sharper face and her slightly thinner eyebrows, we would be identical.

Staring fixedly at the drawing of the young lady, I secretly make up my mind.

"Looks like we must first head to the capital of Auland, Kagersi City."

The full name of the Ming United Kingdoms is Ming Ting United Kingdom which literally translates to The Ming Court United Kingdom (Think of those historical Chinese dramas where the king sits on the throne, while the other officials report daily matters to him)

Somehow, it sounds awkward so I shortened it to Ming United Kingdom (which also sounds weird)

Androgynous beauty -> Think of a beauty with traits of both male and female. For example, Japanese has a category of man called bishounen. Although Krose is a female now, she has features of guys as well.

Chapter 77

Ice

"Reyne.Qin.Mist, 14 years old. When her father, Kashgar.Mist died in battle, she became the sole successor of the Mist Bloodline and is deeply trusted by her people and her army."

The history of this Knight Princess is quite similar to what we previously underwent. A year ago, there were conflicts on the border and the Beastman army suddenly invaded. The previous King fell in battle and this Knight Princess was sent straight to the battlefield at the last moment. Her army charged for a thousand miles, sweeping the Beastman army back to their own land.

However, in that battle, there were no records of her personally appearing on the battlefield, so her fighting prowess and job are still unknown. However, regardless of whether it's internally in the country or beyond, there are rumors spreading that compare her with the Legendary Twins, Roland and Karwenz.

Three hundred years ago, the Holy Knight Roland from the legends grew swiftly in war, reaching Bronze by the age of 12, Silver by 13 and Gold by 14. Before his demise, it is said that the God of Holy Light seemed to have brought about a miracle which allowed him to step into the realm of Legends, giving him the power to slaughter countless enemies. However, it is a pity that he was too young and eventually died in the war.

Even if he was a human with the greatest potential, this kind of growth rate was still unfathomable. If he were to carry on growing at such a speed, wouldn't it mean that he would have become a SemiGod by the time he reached 20? Even more so, due to the speed of his progress being too outrageous, there were even secret rumors that his resentment pierced through the heavens, such that the God of Holy Light couldn't even stand looking at it. Thus, he granted him the power to overcome his limits.

Furthermore, with this rumor as the basis, there was even a bishop who proposed to canonize Roland, giving him the posthumous title of Saint Roland, However, the action of exposing their own dark history was equivalent to slapping the face of the entire Holy Church and would never be passed.

Alright, it sounds so legendary but the truth is that in a bid to level up, a certain Transcender grinded his level up by killing mobs with a frenzy, hoping that he could reverse the situation in the end. However, he was unable to avoid the tragedies that fate had in store for him.

Also, if Roland is a growth-type prodigy, then Karwenz would be the incredible-type prodigy. Being both a Mage and a Warrior, he reached Gold-rank for both fields early on in his life. By the age of 12, he was already a double Legend, which resulted in the Bloodshed of Baine. If Roland is the Holy Church's one-in-three-hundred-years prodigy, then Karwenz would be the entire Eich Continent's one-in-a-thousand-years prodigy.

TL: Bloodshed of Baine, refer to Chapter 61

I'm the only one that knows Karwenz had long touched the boundaries of the Saint-rank. From the start, it wasn't that he simultaneously studied both magic and martial arts and then broke through them both. Rather, after reaching the Legend-rank in magic, he became bored so he went to learn martial arts and eventually reached the Legend-rank for it as well.

This kind of growth rate is inhumane, but if the person in question isn't human from the start, it could be understandable.

Through my investigations in my later lives, I managed to find out the truth. Karwenz is a Demonic Offspring. Or rather, although he is a human, he is the person chosen by the Chaos Abyss, so it isn't possible for him to be normal. It can be said that the Demon Invasion back then was quite suspicious. Their primary objective must have been to get the Chaos Abyss' favored one to return.

Also, in another one of my adventures, I accidentally discovered that there were many dark secrets behind that incident.

A certain retarded Seer predicted that in the country of the far north, of a twin born, one will become the Prince of the Chaos Abyss. In order to prevent that kind of fate from happening, a bunch of idiots who thought of themselves as the protectors of the world first pressured the upper echelons of the Holy Church and then forced the Mist royalty to hand over their elder son to the Holy Church to serve as a hostage. They intended to resist fate by converting one of them into a Holy Knight and getting rid of the other. On many occasions, they sent assassins to get rid of the younger son.

However, this turned into an opportunity for the younger son's powers to grow and mature.

I'll admit it, the prophecy wasn't wrong. With the System by my side, if I were to go all out and kill people to level up, I would definitely be even more demonic than Karwenz. Furthermore, in the 'history', it is indeed Roland who turns into the Prince of Chaos Abyss. If so, it isn't wrong to say that either one of the two Princes could turn out to be the Demonic Offspring.

However, sometimes I would ponder, that if the ridiculous prophecy didn't exist, we wouldn't be forced into such a state. Was the prophecy absolute in predicting those future events or was it that the prophecy, through the butterfly effect, resulted in it turning into reality? Probably no one can say for sure. If we were to really study it, it would be a paradox of whether the chicken came first or the egg came first. It is unsolvable and thinking about it is pointless on its own.

On the other hand, flies won't be attracted to eggs that aren't cracked. Even without schemers fanning the flames from the back, given the situation back then, under the temptation of profits, war will still be triggered in the end. Being alone, we would not have been able to withstand the invasion of the allied forces, so the ending would still probably be the same.

Alright, back to the main topic at hand, the Princes of the fallen country, one of whom was a tragic hero who died for his country, while the other was an anti-hero who sacrificed everything just to seek vengeance for his lost country, even if this twisted history isn't accepted by most of the masses, but even now, the Twin Princes remain the pride of the Mist Country. For this princess to be compared to the Legendary Twin Stars from three hundred years ago, it is enough to show how loved she is by her people.

However, there was something else I noticed. The way Princess Reyne dressed up in the painting, and even her hairstyle was one imitating that of the Roland back then. In fact, the silver female plate mail that she wore is a feminine version of my Thorn Battle Armor from before. Also, that seemingly happy smile is a derivation of the Holy Knight's standard smile.

"If it isn't that she worships those heroic characters from three hundred years ago, then the greatest possibility is that she is intentionally trying to imitate the heroic characters from legend. It might be due to overwhelming circumstances that are out

of her control, that has led the princess to resort to this kind of tactics to gather the support of the people. This isn't a good omen."

Perhaps all this while, I have been subconsciously trying to avoid the new owners of that land, and that is why I have been either trying to treat them as fakes or with apathy. Even when I started to gather and organize intelligence from each country, I didn't start from the East Mist Communal Country.

Now that the facts are thrown at my face, if I were to avoid them any further, I would really be a tortoise hiding in its shell. This isn't my style of doing things.

Stepping into the bathroom alone, I soak myself in the bathtub. Taking off my Time Distortion Ring, I carefully set the number from 20 to 12 before putting it back on and then...

"As expected, still exactly the same."

When my age regresses to the point before puberty, the unique traits that each gender possesses isn't that apparent on me. The reflection in the mirror hanging on the wall, which looks almost exactly the same as the face on the drawing, crushes the final sliver of hope that it might just be a coincidence.

"Ahhhhhhh, could it be that I really drank too much back then and got into trouble? But that shouldn't be possible. Back then, the Holy Knight Order was full of different kinds of prohibition. Before I reached the age of 12, I led a life like a monk in Baine and after turning 12, I spent my days fighting in wars. So, how could I possibly have the time to make such a mistake?"

What can be more incomprehensible than a great-great-great-granddaughter suddenly appearing? However, the only thing that was reassuring was that although they have advertised themselves as descendants of Roland, whether they really are Roland's or Karwenz's is still a mystery.

After all, when Karwenz led the Demon army to cleanse away those who destroyed our homeland, he made many enemies and much resentment was directed towards him. Under that kind of situation, even if she really is Karwenz's descendant, she'd probably try to avoid admitting it. So, it is natural that she would raise the flag of Roland.

"That darned little brother. I still have to carry the blame for you, even at a time like

this."

Remembering back then, as twins, we were totally identical. Even though I was obviously much better at talking, Karwenz was always much more popular than me. Not to mention, he wasn't limited by the many troublesome prohibitions of the Holy Knights. At a young age, he was good at acting innocent to bypass those big sisters' defenses. Not just the maids in court, there were even quite a few daughters of nobles that had fallen into his hands. He often bragged about this to his big brother.

Even though I felt the urge to grind my teeth in anger, I still had to maintain my image as a member of royalty and as a Holy Knight. I had to be gentlemanly and be careful of my reputation and people's perception of me. In the end, at the point of my death, I was still a virgin. But now, there are a bunch of people claiming to be my descendants, making me feel really wronged.

Alright, I admit that this is the envy and hatred of a 300-year old Great Archmage (Well-known among the commoners, a 30-year old male virgin will naturally turn into a Wizard. If so, three hundred years should be long enough to create a Wizard of Forbidden Spells or Archmage right?), but when I think about the fact that I might have a great-great-great-granddaughter whose physical age is older than me (the exact relationship isn't clear at this point), I somehow feel my head start to hurt.

"Un? The door isn't locked? Oh, I'm sorry."

Suddenly, the door opens. That mad dog abruptly walks straight into my bathroom. After looking at the me who was soaking in the tub, she immediately turns around to walk out.

Oh, no, she didn't walk out. She went to lock the door! What does she want to do!!

"Hehe, I knew that something was wrong. That is magic that changes one's physique, right? So, which one is your true age and name? Rolo? Rolande? I'm guessing that it is Rolo, otherwise, you would have already taken advantage of our Big Sister. You also wouldn't be so mad when I talked about being sexually impotent and being underdeveloped. I'm sorry, seems like I accidentally hit your sore spot. Next time, Momo will be more sensitive."

Although what you said sounds nice, but what exactly do you intend to do? Why are you closing in on me! Why are you stepping into the bathtub! What is with that saliva

drooling down your mouth!!

"Let Momo hug you a bit, just a bit. Momo won't do anything, I promise!"

Wipe away your saliva first before saying those words! Also, that depraved laughter, should I say, as expected of Dark Elves? What exactly does that bizarre action of you twirling your fingers mean! What do you intend to do!

"Be good, little darling. It will hurt just a bit." The mad dog has already turned into the incarnation of lust. I, who was dumbfounded, had already been forced into a corner.

"Don't even think about it! Dark-skinned Elves! Don't you touch my man."

"Momo, what are you doing!"

Just a second before Diana shatters the doorknob and enters, a burst of light suddenly shoots out from the ring on my right hand and strikes squarely on Momo. Under the rage of the Demon Marquess, she is immediately sent flying.

"I'm sorry, Roland. The emergency rescue sequence has been activated. The energy in the ring has been exhausted. I'm afraid that we won't be able to communicate with each other for three days. I really didn't set the presence of water as the activation sequence. As for bathroom PLAY and bathroom peeping, I am not interested in it at all."

Alright, Elisa. Even if you act cute at a time like this, I won't find you cute.

"I'm sorry, my Lord. I will talk to her."

Fine, you have already rushed in. Also, can you stop looking at me so calmly? Even if I am an undeveloped boy, I still have human rights!

The Gray Elf who came rushing in heaves up her colleague while lowering her head in apology. However, her action of covering the mocking smile hanging on her mouth after sneaking a glance at me really makes one feel infuriated.

Alright, after the two Gray Elves leave, the bathroom becomes peaceful once more. However, I solemnly get out from the bath. The first thing I do is remove Elisa's ring and place it below my clothes. Next, I readjust the Time Distortion Ring and wear it once more. Lastly, I retrieve the spare sword among my items and place it by the

bathtub before continuing on with my bath.

Five minutes later...

"Un, the door is spoilt? Is someone inside? Oh, a man's clothes. Then, since the tub is big enough, let's all just bathe together. We can wash together and even scrub each other's backs."

"Big Brother, your soap dropped. Let me pick it up for you."

This time, the ones who appear are the duo brothers that I've been finding harder and harder to look at, Beifeng and Casio.

"I've had enough of perverts! Eat my Sin-Splitting Strike!"

However, due to the vast difference in power, Beifeng was able to successfully catch my sword bare handed.

Even so, I thought that preparing the sword is a correct decision. The mistake was with this band's name. With a name like 'Absolute Gentleman Alliance', can I really still expect there to be any normal people in its midst?

"You think that you're a normal person just because you said that? Gentlemen and perverts, they all attract one another."

Suddenly, from the tub, a wet little cat jumps out. After shaking off the water on her body, she struts past me and walks out of the bathroom.

"Harloys! You were there too!"

"Slimes have to re-hydrate themselves frequently. I got in even earlier than you. Seriously, even though you are so old, to still be so calculative with a little cat. Right, your body in your younger form is not bad, quite cute. Do you want to consider joining my harem? Although I don't accept males, for such a cutie, I guess I can make do with a male."

"Harloys! Eat my Holy Light Strike!"

The pitch-black night doesn't mean the end of a day. In the end, the 'accident' during the day turns into a farce that entangles everyone within it. Feeling tired and sore all around, I wanted to take a bath to rejuvenate myself. However, remembering that the bath is the start of everything today, in the end, I could only lie helplessly on my bed.

Unexpectedly, the cat-transmogrified Harloys also jumps into the room through the windows.

"Hey, it is time for lessons. You probably don't want news about a Holy Knight learning Elemental Magic to spread. It would be best for you to cut down on the freak titles."

She might be dangerous and unreliable, but valuing promises and the inheritance of knowledge has always been one of the few good points of Harloys.

Remembering the Ice Magic lessons that she promised me, my excitement suddenly surges. During my second life, I had already learned Ice Magic from Harloys. However, Harloys wasn't that easy to talk to back then, so it's hard to tell how much of the knowledge she imparted me was real. On the other hand, she still kept criticizing me, calling me dumb, and that's why I wasn't able to truly learn it well.

But half an hour later...

"I said that you are a pig and you really are acting like one. There is really no way to teach such a dumb disciple. What I want is for you to feel the breathing of the Elements, not for you to control them. Communication, you get it? Communication. Not ordering them, threatening them. With you screwing around like that, let's not mention SemiGod, how the hell did you even become a Legend Mage?"

"Of course it's through cheating via the System."

Alright, it is enough to just think about this in my mind, there isn't a need for me to say the words out loud. However, it seems that even if Harloys were to properly teach me back then, the result would still be the same.

"I really have no idea how you taught Elisa. She has already found her own path for her Ice Magic and her potential is limitless. As for you, your understanding of magic is still stuck at the level of an apprentice."

"I only threw the book about Incantation and my study notes to her, telling her to consult Margaret if there's anything she's unsure of. That's all."

The cat sighed helplessly. Then, in a sudden distortion of space, she warped into the form of a human. Due to me leveling up, her transmogrification abilities are getting stronger as well. The golden-haired young girl appears once again, but...

"Puuu, how cute."

Looking at the 10cm-tall, tiny doll-like figure acting like a teacher, I immediately burst into laughter. The intent for vengeance is clear within the laughter.

Harloys sighs helplessly.

"Are you learning or not? If you're not interested, I'm going to go sleep. If you were a little bit more capable, would I transform into a figure so small?"

The Magic Pet's abilities are directly correlated with its owners. As I am still extremely weak now, she is still far from being able to transmogrify into a human.

"Elemental Magic originates from the Ancient Elemental Gods. The Elemental Gods and Elements have their own temper. Each type of Elemental Magic has their own nature. As your understanding of Ice Magic is still stuck on the surface level, it is natural that you are unable to progress any further than that. What do you think the nature of Ice is? Why did you choose to study Ice Magic back then?"

The nature of Ice? Isn't it caused by low temperatures? Why is that hard to understand?

Why did I choose Ice from the start? It's all because I was born in a country of snow, making the cruelty of the frigid winter etched deep into my mind, thus making me feel that the potential of Ice Magic is limitless.

"Actually, every top-tier Elemental Mage has their own understanding of Elements. The reason why I didn't teach you before this is not because I am keeping the knowledge to myself. Rather, I hoped that you could discover it yourself. But, seeing how even after a few centuries, you are still stuck at this level, I know that given your talent in Magic, it would be a few millenniums before you really comprehend. I will just talk about my own understanding of it then."

Her small hands wave slightly and an extremely small-scale Fire Eagle soars around the room. Harloys points and a white cloud floats over to it. I thought that the Fire Eagle would explode due to the collision of Fire and Ice but what surprises me is that

the Fire Eagle only turns white and slows down.

This totally collides with the common knowledge of what happens when Fire and Ice come together. Suddenly, I seem to comprehend a little on why Elisa is able to simultaneously control both Ice and Fire.

"Based on my own understanding, Ice isn't something that exists in reality. She is a kind of state and tendency that is able to slow down all matters or even stop them entirely."

Hearing these words, I suddenly feel a surge of respect for Harloys. Temperature is a kind of energy and lowering the temperature will reduce the activity of matter. This concept of Physics is nothing for a Transcender, but for a local Mage to be able to deduce this from Elemental Magic, it would require the accumulation of countless theories and experiments. This proves that Harloys's talent for Magic Creation is pretty high and she is indeed worthy of the noble title of The Omniscient One.

"Every Ice Mage has a different understanding towards the nature of Ice. There is no such thing as superior or inferior understanding, nor is there a right or wrong way of understanding. Your little disciple is skilled in Ice Creation. I think she probably understands Ice as 'The Moment of Silence'. The reason why she is able to train both Ice and Fire simultaneously is because she views Fire as 'The Moment of Movement', thus complementing each other to form an entire world. Warriors strengthen their physical body to change the world, while Mages use their will and imagination to affect the world. Don't use the dumb methods of Warriors to understand magic, otherwise, you will be stuck at the level of an apprentice for your entire life."

Looking at the serious face of this 10cm-tall doll, for the first time, I feel that she is indeed a teacher. I silently nod my head.

"Ice Magic, huh?"

Closing my eyes, I fall into thought. In my hometown, during winter, the tall and steep snow mountains and the ice rivers. In the cruel elimination game of nature, all life struggles to vie for the right to survive and nature uses its own methods to choose the strong ones who have the privilege to live on.

"Thank you, teacher. I roughly understand."

Chapter 78

The Treader

"Warriors strengthen their physical body to change the world, while Mages use their will and imagination to affect the world. Don't use the dumb methods of Warriors to understand magic, otherwise, you will be stuck at the level of an apprentice for your entire life, or as a magic-sword-carrying-dumbass-Warrior."

Harloys wasn't wrong. I went down the wrong path in the past. It was only because I was troubled by the Holy Knight career's lack of large AOE and long-range attacks, and thus, without any thoughts about my actual circumstances, I blindly chose to study Ice Magic.

Demand determines the supply. Back then, I also didn't really find the need to dig up the potential of Ice Magic.

Alright, just like Harloys said, even if my talent for Magic is just sub-par and my sense for the Elements is so insensitive to the point of imbecilic, but by using the System to forcefully pull me up, I still rose through the ranks.

However, without having a bottleneck to be stuck at, I lost the period of accumulation when one is stuck in a bottleneck, as well as the experience and understanding that one will gain when breaking through via one's own understanding.

This is just like a Science and Technology faculty nerd using his own rational thinking to analyze a literary work. Perhaps, he is able to analyze why the work is attractive to others as well as its good points, and that everything he says may be logical. However, if you were to ask him to write his own literature piece, only the backbones of the essay will appear.

That is because he lacks the emotions and dedication for the work. He is unable to pull in the bits and pieces of the good parts to create a truly good story. In the end, it can only serve as a simple and concise news report script.

Based on Harloys's description, learning magic is quite similar to creating art. They both involve using one's will to picture one's little world and affect reality through it.

Then, it is necessary for there to be one's understanding and one's personal views to be inside it.

It may seem that this thought process has nothing to do with one's power level, but it is of utmost importance. They determine a Mage's own road. On the other hand, losing these sentimental understandings, one's path will just become more and more narrow.

I am the most obvious example. I treated the literature works that require sentimentality (Elemental Magic) as Math (Martial Arts that require routine training and accumulation) to learn and in the end, I can only follow the main content and copy the footsteps of the predecessors, learning standard Magic and turning my own Ice Magic into an Ice Bomb Tower.

Charge mana and blast it; this became my utmost understanding of Ice Magic. As a Mage who managed to create a Forbidden Spell, this is too big of a waste.

However, what is fortunate is that hard work is never wasted, even if one is working in the wrong direction.

Even if I didn't do research on magic with sentimentality, but my time and effort spent on studying it rationally aren't wasted. The Fate Points that I spent brought me rewards. Although I didn't realize it rationally, the sentimental part somewhere deep in my soul had gained a certain level of understanding. Un, it may sound confusing so let's just put it as 'although the mouth says no, the body is honest'.

The crystallization of understanding and one's experience, the once in a lifetime Soul Imprint.

[Soul Imprint: Mark of Justice (Destroyed), The Crown of Undead (Destroyed), The Ice Treader (Destroyed), Son of Light (Destroyed)]

On the System board, the four destroyed Soul Imprints are arranged in a row. 'Increase effectiveness of spells by 1%', 'Increase the effect of Necromancy by 1%'. These Soul Imprints offer this kind of insignificant additional buffs that can only be used to reminisce on their existence.

Of course, unless I were to have suicidal thoughts and burn my soul once again, they would probably stay like this forever.

In my second life, [The Ice Treader] is my Soul Imprint but apparently, I seem to not have lived up to its true meaning.

Treader, it refers to a person who treads, a person who measures the world through their steps. Through the perspective of an adventurer, they gaze at the scenery, feel and understand nature and experience life.

The Ice Treader. Actually, it's just an adventurer of snow mountains, obsessed with the culture of the Northern Countries.

The vast snow lands without boundaries. The horizon seems as though an unreachable destination. The beauty of life when it is fast asleep. The roar of the heavens during an avalanche. The world under the ice river that can't be frozen. The white wolf pack who howls towards the sky. The giant monsters and hidden snow leopards in the snow mountain. The seedlings that appear from beneath the snow. Life and nature vying and coexisting in harmony.

Even Gods have to be humble in the face of the true power of nature. The replacement of life is a rule of nature that hasn't changed for millennia. In order to survive the cruel winter period, everyone has to work and cooperate together. The winter wolves who gather in packs to hunt understand, the true countryman of the North also understands.

When Harloys mentions her own understanding of the nature of her Ice Magic, my memories of the culture of the Northern Countries seems to repeat itself in my mind again and again as though a zoetrope.

"So, the truth is that no matter whether it is back then or now, I have always missed home."

Deep in the night, thunder starts to roar outside. I solemnly place my hand out of the window. What fell on the center of my palm aren't the snowflakes that I was so familiar with but rather, the summer rain that brings a trace of warmth in it.

What can an adventurer who lost his way and misses his home do? Of course, it is to return home. But, it is a pity that even though the memory of the snow still remains, the flag that stands proudly on top of the land isn't the same one as it once was. The Country of Snow, which seemed to have not changed at all, is no longer the country I belong to.

"I don't feel like going home. At least not now."

Then, since I have no home to return to, I shall temporarily have the most beautiful scenery of my homeland turn into the scene of my dreams. Perhaps, one day, there will be a chance that my world of dreams can transform into reality.

[The Infallible Diffindor]

One's soul is always much more honest than one's mouth. In the three Soul Imprints that form the Soul World, The Ice Treader forms the winter scenery of my homeland. Displaying its true powers, it turns into an unresting adventurer of the snow, depicting the natural frost and the beauty of ice in my homeland.

"Heh, I really am a failed master, to think I would be ignorant of my Soul Imprint's true powers. Is it because of its great powers that my senses are blinded? But it isn't too late for me to understand now. So, let it snow."

In the short moment after this silent voice, the rainwater outside the window turns into snow.

It's a midnight snow that is limited to only this house. The neighbors might not even realize it, but it created quite a stir among the temporary residents living within.

I seem to finally understand the path of my Ice Magic. It isn't the path of a cannon station that I thought I was adept in. Rather, it is using mana as a pen to turn the most beautiful and dangerous ice plains in my memories into reality.

"Heh, you seem to get it now, huh?"

Harloys jumps happily onto the window ledge and turns back into the form of a small cat before disappearing into the snow.

As for me, I close the window. My understanding is still in its primary stage. The night is still too early for me to be able to convert it into an actual fighting power.

At this moment, in the depths of my soul, that [The Ice Treader (Destroyed) :Increase effectiveness of Ice Magic by 1%]'s insignia of an adventurer in the winter night is suddenly undergoing a change. At this moment, it is [The Ice Treader (Damaged) :Increase effectiveness of Ice Magic by 3%].

"Looks like I am really over-reliant on the System. My soul is still here and a physical body that nurtures the soul is also present. Naturally, the Soul Imprints which are crystallizations of the Soul can be recovered. Hehe, let's take it slowly. A Legend with four Soul Imprints. It really makes one look forward to it."

Very quickly, following the recovery of my Soul Imprint, my abilities in Ice Magic soared. It didn't take long before I was able to grasp the ultimate Forbidden Spell, Ice Aeon, once again. Then, using the Forbidden Spell as a threat, I forced the Auland Capital to acknowledge the East Mist Communal Country's independence.

Alright, it is impossible for everything above to happen.

Life isn't a dream. It is impossible to move a thousand miles in a day just because of a single epiphany. That is a story written in novels. In reality, one must slowly take one step after another.

Even if I have understood the nature of my Ice Magic and that I have a plan for the future, but the problems I had before still persist. That is...

"As expected, my talent in Elemental Magic is crap."

The same Book of Magic and the same person. Even if he were to comprehend some logic, but it will still be the same loggerhead, so it is still hard to comprehend it.

Thus, after reading it for half a night, I can only shut it helplessly. Turning to the screen, I activated an old solution -- Cheating through the System.

"20 skill points, I am really reluctant."

Skill points are good things. They can allow me to learn a technique or magic directly. Also, it can also allow magic to be upped by 1-circle. For example, 1 skill point can turn a 1-circle Ice Arrow into a 2-circle Ice Vector, increasing the attack power and other factors significantly.

I, who have only reached the second rank, Bronze-rank, the highest-tier magic I can control now is 3-circle (The relationship between magic circles and rank is [First rank -> 1-circle] [Second rank -> 2-circle, 3-circle] [Third rank -> 4-circle, 5-circle] and etc.). If I were to throw a dozen skill points into it at one go...

Alright, that would be a great waste. Let's not mention the fact that to upgrade higher-circle magic would require more skill points; the higher the circle, the greater the chance of failure when casting the spell. It is actually quite easy to die from your mana rebound. However, throwing too many points on 1-circle magic without much potential is an extreme waste of resources.

My Fate Points aren't sufficient to pull me to the next rank. Currently, I am still a LV21 Order Knight/Chaos Witch King. By right, going by the usual 2 level - 1 skill point calculation, I should only have 10 points. However, while it expends four times the effort to raise my level, this double job gives me twice the amount of skill points as a reward.

Previously, I didn't use it at all. This is due to the fact that as an Order Knight, I have the confidence to learn and use any ability and skill of the Holy Light and Law without using any skill points. As for Necromancy, this isn't the time for me to use it now. Thus, I saved all of my skill points so as to forcefully break through my bottleneck when I am at a higher-rank.

But right now, I probably would require fighting power soon. I can already vaguely see my future path. Since my Chaos and Order powers have to develop equally, then my weak points would require me to devote a greater amount of time and effort to pull them to equal standards. Given my horrible talent in Elemental Magic, there's probably no way I can save my skill points.

If there must be a difference to be said between using skill points and through one's own effort, then it would be that through understanding the concepts, one would be clearer on one's future path, allowing them to consciously choose the direction where they want to develop towards rather than choosing randomly as one pleases.

Looking at the ton of Ice Magic on the skill tree, a large portion of them are powerful cannon-style magic. But, they're not what I require now.

Very quickly, I found the one I was looking for.

"I can already use the 1-circle Ice Magic, Cold Armor. Now, with two other magic spells, I should be able to achieve my objective."

[1-circle Cold Armor (Iron): Form a thin Ice Armor around the spellcaster's body, slightly increasing one's defense. If the spellcaster were to be successfully hit by an

enemy, the enemy's speed will be reduced by 0.1 seconds by the chill.]

[2-circle Ice Breath (Bronze): Sustains a conical Ice Breath that deals 1 to 3 frost damage and creates a chill effect, reducing the target's speed. The maximum range is two meters and the maximum duration is six seconds.]

[3-circle Ring of Ice (Bronze): Create a Ring of Ice around the spellcaster which explodes outwards. The Ring will only fly for a maximum of fifteen meters and all those touched by the ring will be slowed by a chill effect.]

The attack power of these three magic spells is almost zero. However, they're the rarer type of Ice Magic that reduces speed. If my guesses are accurate, they probably belong to the same class and form the stepping stone to higher grounds.

"First, the Cold Armor which covers my body."

The Ice Armor, which is almost invisible to the eye, probably can't really defend me from attacks. However, it surrounds me in the Ice Element and it's one of the few magic spells which directly creates cold air that reduces speed. It is the same cold air that results in the effect of reducing the speed of the attacker as well.

At this time, under the drive of my mana, a surge of cold air is created from the Cold Armor.

"Next, the Ice Breath."

The breath of ice turns into an icy fog and the cold air is refined and evolves. A layer of thin ice creeps on everything that the cold air touches.

"Last but not least, the Ring of Ice."

Upon the end of my incantation, the accumulating cold air bursts out. This room is immediately wrecked. Regardless of whether it is the furniture or the ceiling, a layer of ice forms on everything in the room.

A magic chain creates a powerful effect of $1+1+1=3$, but I still knit my brows in displeasure.

If I only wanted such an effect, then it would have sufficed to simply invest points in a higher-tier magic. I didn't throw in 2 entire skill points just for this.

"Is this still insufficient? Hm, I guess it is insufficient. Then, only this magic remains."

I opened the skill tree once again and find that large AOE freezing magic.

[6-circle Snowstorm (Gold-rank): Create a small-scale storm and using the fallen snow, create a large AOE frost damage and slow effect.]

"6-circle magic, even if I were to invest points here, I wouldn't be able to use it for quite a long time. 3 skill points, don't let me waste them without reaping any rewards."

At the moment when I cast Snowstorm, the Cold Armor suddenly dissipates and all of the cold air in the room seems to return back to me. Then, when it is released once again, it has already been refined into an even higher-quality, deadly-cold air.

"Ding! Congratulations, you have learned the combination skill 'Frozen Air'. This skill is an emulation of the extreme cold of the natural world. No life is immune to its effect -- Kid, you made a good choice this time, you seem to have finally figured out how to use me. Make good use of your resources, treasure your skill points."

[Frozen Air: A kind of deadly cold air that is without sound or presence. It can be enchanted onto one's physical body and weapon, as well as paired together with Ice Magic as an attack. Those who are touched by the Frozen Air will have all movements slowed by 1% and suffer 1 point of frost damage per second. This debuff can be stacked. If the target's movement speed is reduced by more than 20%, a frozen effect will be inflicted. Many negative statuses will be inflicted, such as the freezing of one's thought. If the target's movement speed is reduced by more than 50%, then there is a chance that the target might die at any moment due to massive loss of heat.]

[Usage Requirement: Soul Imprint of The Ice Treader. If the user were to reach Gold-rank and gain the ability to control the magic Snowstorm, Frozen Air will be automatically evolved to the next stage.]

As expected, my guess wasn't off. Under the effects of my Soul Imprint, the accumulation of my experiences allowed quantity to create a change in quality.

Just by thinking about it, one will know how treacherous and deadly this soundless and presence-less Frozen Air is. It is able to be stacked as long as we are crossing blows and by the time they realize that the frost is plaguing them, it will already be too late. Just like the pests in the farm who die due to a steep and sudden fall in temperature, they can only watch helplessly as strength leaves them.

Furthermore, this is only the beginning. This kind of Frozen Air that emulates the harshness of the natural world will become my stepping stone to higher heights. In the end, I would be able to create the absolute winter that belongs solely to me.

"As expected, only by undergoing the frigid winter can one feel the warmth of spring again. Only after abandoning my incomplete physical body and start anew can I progress to greater heights. Perhaps, under the accumulation of experiences in my four Soul Imprints through four lives, this time, I would be able to step onto the pinnacle of this world."

Chapter 79

The Flower of Law

"Those who are passing by, don't pass on this opportunity! You won't lose anything in two minutes. You won't get cheated in just two minutes. As long as you give us two minutes, we guarantee you an entirely new choice in life! This brother over here, the Holy Light is watching over you."

"Everything is possible. The Smiling Sisters sincerely welcome your arrival. The Mother Earth is coaxing (protecting) you!"

TL:This is another homophone. 忽悠 (Hu you -> Coaxing) and 护佑 (Hu you -> protecting/ watching over).

"Whatever you want, we will sell it cheap. Whatever you buy, we will give you a discount. Don't miss out on this once in a lifetime opportunity. We are clearing out all our stocks, making a loss just to sell these! You can try it before buying it. We guarantee its quality. We will pay you tenfold if there is an imitation inside! Beyana's golden reputation, definitely trustworthy!"

"Dang dang dang, War Gods are good, War Gods are fantastic. It is said that as long as you believe in the War God in our family, then those who are sick will be cured, those who are healthy will become stronger. Regardless of whether you are having a cold, fever or tuberculosis, as long as you believe in the War God, we guarantee that you will make a full recovery. Ten years ago at the neighboring village, old Han suddenly became severely ill at 93 years old. After joining our War God Church, not only did he come back from his grave, but he is now so spirited and physically strong that just two days ago, he left a dozen little rascals lying on the floor, moaning in pain."

If you think that this is the calling of the merchants of some big market, then you are sorely mistaken. This is the big field in front of the Laince City Lord Residence. It is also the part of the city that's crowded with the greatest amount of people, as well as its most bustling location. As for those who are prancing about, striking their gongs and playing with their drums, they are the respected Priests of true Gods.

"Hey hey, this big brother here, are you interested in the Goddess of Wealth Church? If you join now, we will even give you two complimentary shampoos."

"Pu, shampoo? The Smiling Sisters over there are giving out cooking oil, you are really lacking in sincerity."

"...Wait, let me consult the archbishop. We should still have stocks of cooking oil remaining. I'm sorry, seems like we ran out of cooking oil. Will toilet paper and shampoo do? Right, I also have a two-month voucher to eat freely at Saint Restaurant."

"Deal, but can you wait for a moment? I just joined the War God Church. I have to stay for three months before they allow me to leave the church."

"Fine, but you must join before the end of the year. You can leave right after the start of the year. And you must finish the year-end mission."

"Tsk, you want me to complete the year-end mission despite offering so little? I think I will join the Goddess of Wealth Church, after all."

Alright, now that he feels that he has been shortchanged, that fellow turns around and leaves. However, looking at the dozen bags of little gifts he is carrying in both hands, exactly how many times has he joined and left these several organizations?

Normally, these respected old gentlemen would be waiting in their churches for others to knock on their doors, to impart the teachings and cultivate faith in their true God. Instead, they are now acting like the merchants that they previously looked down on, trying to rope in passersby on the field, and giving out complimentary gifts all around to advertise.

The reason? Simple, a powerful opponent has arrived in this city. Rapidly, she has already built up unbelievable prestige. A large bunch of worshippers from other churches is switching their faith. The year-end mission that they were just about to finish, immediately became an impossible mission.

Wild Elf Judgementor Krose!

Upon speaking this name, the respected priests around this area would grind their teeth in anger. She has totally ignored the underlying rules that everyone had traditionally agreed upon. Without any advertisement pamphlets or complimentary gifts and just by standing on the field and showing a faint smile, countless young men

would take the initiative to approach and ask for more information. In fact, just to bring a smile on the face of this beauty, some even directly switched their faith.

Thus, in just half a month, a number of believers in the God of Law shot up at a rapid pace. In this world, where true Gods exist, worshippers are the origin of power for true Gods, the very basic building blocks of the Churches of true Gods. Recruiting worshippers is the year-end mission that all priests must complete.

Without any increases in the total population of the city, given that the Church of Law is rapidly growing stronger, it is a natural outcome that other churches are suffering losses. Facing dwindling numbers of worshippers, the other churches are panicking.

And now, there are already pitiful young Priestesses dressed scantily, giving out advertisement flyers and gifts to passersby while repenting. However, the situation is immediately reversed the moment Krose smiles slightly.

Now that the circumstances have developed to such a point, even the well-respected retired old Priests are walking the streets, carrying a bunch of paper bags containing gifts and starting their life as a salesperson.

Of course, using just 'beauty' isn't enough. The crux is that the teachings that the God of Law advocates is very attractive. First, there is no need to pray in the God's name, so there is no need for a regional church. Thus, it doesn't need anyone to serve the God nor are donations required.

Due to reincarnation and the existence of true Gods, it is true that those who die without any faith would fall into the River Styx. This is also the slogan used by the Order Gods to spread their faith. Thus, as citizens of the Order Faction, humans will tend to choose a true God of Order to worship. However, Churches also have to eat and donating a tenth of one's fortunes to the Church is already an unspoken rule agreed by most churches.

But now, there is someone who isn't playing by the rules. He directly shouts that there won't be a Church and donations won't be enforced on the believers. In the end, it created a snowball effect.

The first to change their faith is the merchants. This is just like two countries trying to get a merchant to build their factory in their territory. One of them has a tax rate of 10% while the other isn't collecting any taxes. Under the prerequisite that the other

conditions aren't that different, as long as their heads are still functioning properly, they would choose the latter.

Of course, the other Churches are hesitating on whether they should lower the donation amount expected of their worshippers. However, this isn't something a district Church can decide upon. Also, if they decide to play the price war, the other party doesn't even have a Church, a true zero-cost organization, how can they compete with that?

Also, the God of Law Wumianzhe is a true God in the Order Faction, both in name and status. The female Judgementor over there can even provide a job change for the basic jobs.

Right, basic jobs, such as Mages, Priests and Holy Knights, those kinds of basic jobs. With the help of the God Equipment Scattered Page, within half a month, there are almost a hundred Justice Knights and more than ten Judgementors (Judgementors require quite a high intelligence as a prerequisite for the job conversion) in this city.

After Wumianzhe Ascended as a true God, Justice Knights and Judgementors which should have been a job advancement class became a basic job. This doesn't mean that the Law Faction is getting weak but rather, it means that the entire Law Faction is becoming significantly stronger as a whole.

One has to first convert to a Holy Knight or Warrior job before they can convert to a Justice Knight after reaching the Gold-rank. This has determined that the number of Justice Knights would be severely limited. Also, how can talent groomed by other people be as trustworthy as the people that we groomed from scratch?

In the past, the number of true Gods who could provide basic jobs wasn't many. The most famous of them all were the Holy Knights and Priests of Holy Light, from the Church of Holy Light. Now that Justice Knights and Judgementors have become a basic job as well, this means that the potential of the Law Faction is boundless.

Thus, in just two weeks, the God of Law has become the hottest topic of this entire city. Krose has also become a famous figure known by everyone.

Of course, there are flaws under this layer of perfection. For example, this beautiful Priestess (Judgementor is an equivalent to Priests), after spreading the teachings will tend to ask 'Are there any unique treasures that can turn one into a male' and her

forced smile after receiving a negative reply makes one's heart break. People have started to suspect if the true God of Law Wumianzhe is especially fond of cute boys, thus forcing this beautiful Priestess to search all around for the means.

"The God of Law Wumianzhe loves cute boys the most." This kind of rumor actually started spreading about.

"Little boys, your head, I'm a heterosexual!"

Truth be told, after hearing these rumors, I furiously crushed the teacup in my hands.

Even if I am used to falling into misfortune, even while doing nothing due to that pathetic Luck of mine, but if I were to become the Guardian God of cute boys and gays, I might as well commit suicide.

The primary reason for Krose to head to the Surface is to look for these means is to dispel the curse or to find treasures that can change her sex once again. It is just that if one thinks that she set forth just for such a casual reason, one would be underestimating her sense of responsibility as an Enforcer.

She applied for the mission to spread the faith before leaving the Underground World. After her application, it is said that just within an afternoon, Xueti received hundreds of applications to further the faith as well. Of course, if so many people were to leave all of a sudden, there would definitely be drastic negative impacts on the Supreme Court.

Xueti didn't approve them. However, hidden behind the seemingly loyal and honest face is a black-hearted cow. He didn't have any good intentions. He declared that there were only two slots and requested for them to decide among themselves.

Alright, those incurable old bachelors fought even after the sky turned dark. It is said that out of the three hundred who joined the private group fight, there are less than ten who could still attend work on the second day. It was that intense.

The final victors were a Gold-pinnacle Law Incantationer and a Gold-pinnacle Justice Knight, and naturally, they became Krose's 'Flower Guardians' (Companions for the journey). I found it incomprehensible. As a Legend-rank Judgementor, would Krose still need the protection of you two?

Yes, Wild Elf Krose converted from a Great Druid into a top-tier Judgementor. Although

her personality is still too soft, at 700 years old, her fighting prowess was never low.

As one who values responsibility, despite being plagued with her private issues, she prioritized her job of spreading the teachings and placed the search for treasures to dispel her curse as her secondary objective. I am really thankful to her loyalty towards her duties. But, can you stop asking if the other party has some unique item to turn one into a male after spreading the teachings? It makes it seem as though looking for an item to change sex is the more important issue at hand.

"You are actually smiling on the inside huh, ex-Lord Wumianzhe."

Alright, this stupid cat has actually seen through it. Even though I keep complaining, I am actually quite happy.

After all, the God Power Regulation System that I sacrificed so much to exchange for didn't go to waste. The Law faith is also being propagated at a rapid speed. Of course, not setting up Churches, allowing those who believe in Law to wield the Power of Law, while allowing the Law faith to be disseminated quickly; all of this has caused the Sulfur Mountain City Supreme Court, which serves as the Church of Law, to lose its control over the basic wielders of Power of Law. But, this is within my expectations.

The fact that the God of Law is fated to develop with its worshippers spread all over, divided, made the other Churches heave a sigh of relief. After all, in their traditional view, Churches are the basis to maintaining belief.

"It is sufficient as long as the Law Faith can be disseminated. Church or whatsoever, it isn't important from the start. When too many people start to gather, it would be too chaotic. Too many voices will cause the initial teachings to change instead."

[In order to carry out the Rules of Law with absolute fairness, I am willing to follow in the footsteps of the God of Holy Light to give up my sense of self to become the Rules of Law itself. From now onwards, I am the Law and the Law is me. One doesn't need to recite my name to obtain the Power of Law. One only needs to believe in enforcing the Rules of Law.]These are my vows I spoke during my Ascension.

"I said so in my vows during my Ascension. The law is Wumianzhe and Wumianzhe will turn itself into law as well. This is equal to giving up one's sense of self. A true God without a sense of self cannot send down God Commandments. If so, the Church which serves the true God isn't important anymore. Even so, as long as Law were to be vastly

spread throughout this world, Wumianzhe, as God Power Regulation System, will eventually become as powerful as the God of Light. Then, I would be able to start on my next objective."

"Heh, just continue showing off then. But, there aren't many Judgementors that are as good as Krose, so the progress in other regions probably won't be as fast."

"Thus, I should make good use of my resources. I will bring her along to Auland Empire."

"Un? Could it be that you can make Wumianzhe send out his God Commandments?"

"Of course... not. However, I have a message left behind by Wumianzhe before he Ascended. I can guarantee that it is written by Wumianzhe himself! Besides, with Krose following me, at least there is a chance through my monthly Lottery. In any case, it is much better than searching around without any leads. At the very least, I don't have to worry about even more people believing that Wumianzhe really likes males!"

Chapter 80

Auland Empire

'The Whisper of the Demons' is the prelude to the 7 Trials of Eich, as well as the start of everything.

Along with the awakening of the Will of Chaos, the cults that worship the Malevolent Gods of Chaos, as well as the servants of Demons, will start to cause chaos and unease across the entire continent. Then, when all of the Ancient Elemental Gods would be released, the Elemental Tide will arrive. As a result, the entire world will change.

Other than an exponential increase in the amount of Elemental Lifeforms and Magical Beasts and the experts of every race and tribe coming out from their seclusion, it also increases the possibility of the Undead Emperors returning to the main continent from the Undead Dimensions. Even more so, the arrival of the Elemental Tide builds the foundation for the invasion of the Demonic army against the Main Dimension in the future.

At the same time, the idealists and the ambitious will start to make their moves. Among the group, those who bring about the greatest threat are those who desire to build their own country, the evil cultists who welcome the descend of the Malevolent Gods as well as the ambitious Underground City Lords who wish to return back to the Surface.

The prelude to this all has started not too long ago. Other than the unlucky fellow in the Underground World who was weakened to the brink of death and devoured the moment he was released, the other Elemental Gods will be released, bringing a great amount of Elemental Lifeforms to this world.

Of course, if it wasn't for the Epic mission that was brought by the plot of the prelude, I wouldn't be able to revive so perfectly.

Ten years later, when the next Trial, 'The Vulture of War', starts, under the movement of schemers and the ambitious, the entire continent would be plunged into chaos.

Then, the question would be what exactly happened in this ten years.

Firstly, it would be the appearance of young talents in each country. The emergence of new equipment and new armies caused a frenzied increase in the military power of the countries, causing the nobles of large countries to be tempted by greed. At the same time, some organizations and individuals were fanning the flames of war by the side, such as the nephew of an Emperor being murdered by assassins bearing the name of some smaller countries, thus providing the spark for the large countries who were already craving for war.

Initially, the war only involved the annexation of smaller states by larger countries. But, as victories started to pile up, these countries started to fervently desire war. When endless greed and profits from war blinded the eyes of the Emperor and nobles; when the newly titled Knight Lords need to be given their own land; when the strength of these countries was growing stronger by the day, the Vulture of War was already circling the skies of the entire Human world.

In the end, it is just the maxim that extreme prosperity will ultimately lead to destruction being proven true once again. When the Surface society occupied mainly by the Humans develop to a certain point, the larger nations would crave to climb even higher. Perhaps, they wish to become the legendary Emperor whose name will be marked in history as the man who unified the entire Human society, or maybe they crave to become the dominant leader of an area. Even without schemers inciting them, the outbreak of war would have eventually happened.

To those who are standing at the pinnacle of the world, it is also about time for them to reap the fruits of their harvest as well. Thus, the Sacred War follows closely by the end of the war and the horns of war are blown once again.

The Great World War. When the large nations bring their subordinate states to initiate a full-blown war against others, there are even people who prophesied happily that after the war, a new Empire will sweep the entire continent, bringing the Human society to greater heights.

But then, cruel reality slapped these large countries in their face, telling them that this world isn't a one-player game among humans but a web game PK among different races.

The Elf Kingdoms will lead different tribes and rise up against the humans. Ignoring the common assaults of Beastman Tribes and such, the invasion of the Underground Alliance caused the human countries who are 100 times greater in terms of quantity

to witness the sight of Gold-rank serving as cannon fodder, giant Dragons launching assaults one after another, Legends filling the entire battlefield and SemiGods roaming all about.

The Human army who outnumber their enemies by 100 times didn't even have the time to mock their large disparity in quantity of military forces when they experienced what suppression through individual abilities mean, what it means for an individual to be able to defeat a hundred, for ten to ward off an army of ten thousand, what it means for the command team to be wiped even before the start of war, what it means for an order of Knights to charge through the city walls.

Even a division chief might not be as powerful as a veteran soldier of the opposing force. This war was really hopeless for them. If it wasn't for the Underground Alliance Army falling into internal conflicts over the spoils of war, if it wasn't for the large countries sacrificing the interests of smaller countries without hesitation to exchange land for time through bringing temporary satisfaction to the Underground Alliance to make them fall into internal conflict and postponing the final battle as a result, the war would probably be long over.

Then, the Undead Calamity struck. Those ancient and perennial Undead SemiGods who were banished to foreign dimensions stepped onto the stage, making the humans even more aware of the pain of lacking top-tier powers and the ridiculousness of comparing quantity of cannon fodders against the army of the Undead Calamity.

As for the invasion of Demons and the last few trials, in reality, it is just adding a few additional knives into the tattered Eich Continent. It was already at the brink of death and would have died even if it was just left there.

Along with endless deaths, the war continued to intensify. By the time the Goddess of Order and Goddess of Chaos personally fought on the front line, everything came to an end.

Truthfully, every time I see this part of 'history', a feeling of helplessness arises from the depths of my heart, depleting all of my motivation. In the face of the overwhelming circumstances of history, my strength as an individual is negligible.

Prevent the outbreak of war? I am not that naive. However, those that I can do, I have done.

For example, under the will of the citizens of the Underground World, the invasion of the Surface cannot be avoided. However, with Sulfur Mountain City leading the pack, at least we would have a larger say in decision-making and will not be on the passive end. As long as we settle it properly, there is still a possibility of cooperating together with the Surface against the Trials.

Also, the variable that I personally created, the Xiluo Empire, has served a bizarre purpose -- The Undead Catastrophe from the several Undead Dimensions has been brought forward.

Initially, it should begin only after seventy years and not at a maximum of thirty years from now that Decars informed me. For this, I should be thankful for the efforts of the Head of the Council of Dark Night, the Second Senator Feyland.

It is a bad thing though? No, it is actually good news.

As the Elemental Tide engulfs the world, it becomes easier and easier to connect dimensions together. It is impossible for the Undead Emperors who have been eyeing the main continent for a long time to not to come. Rather, if they were to arrive earlier, it would cause the internal conflict on Eich to end early, allowing the warring forces to band together against the powerful external forces.

Besides, to forcefully enter the Main Dimension during the beginning phase of the Elemental Tide, the powers of the Undead Emperors and their forces would take a hit. At the very least, the 3 Undead Emperors who have reached the level of true Gods would definitely be unable to enter. If so, the scale of the Undead Calamity would be much smaller than that depicted in history, thus bringing the possibility of dealing with them batch after batch.

So, I ordered the Royal Faction to make peace with Feyland and focus all of their efforts to make the invasion from the foreign dimensions occur as early as possible.

It would be best if it occurs before the invasion of the Underground World begins. That way, using cooperating against the Undead as an excuse, it wouldn't be difficult for us to get the humans to give up a plot of land or to steal it from the hands of the Undead Calamity. Perhaps, after the war, both parties can achieve co-existence and accrue sufficient military power to deal with the troubles that would occur afterward.

Of course, this is assuming the best-case scenario of the invasion of the Undead

Calamity being brought forward. The worst-case scenario is that we might not be able to even survive the Undead Calamity, causing an early loss in the game. On the other hand, if the Underground Alliance goes out of control or if an agreement with the Humans fails to go through, then facing the Undead Calamity and Underground Alliance simultaneously, we would also be crushed.

"Sigh, there are too many catastrophes in the future. Since there isn't much hope from the start, then I might as well try to make a last stand."

Auland Empire. With a history of seven hundred years, it can be considered the youngest of all superpower countries.

However, they aren't the weakest of the bunch. On the other hand, after a few generations of wise kings who made good decisions, the country became wealthy and powerful and there are vague signs that they may surpass the existing superpowers.

The capital, Kagersi City, is one of the greatest city in the entire Eich Continent and is built along a river. It is split into eight main districts and its population numbers almost ten million. Of the eight districts, the Pearl District has a population of three million and is known as the Nocturnal City.

If we had to describe Auland Empire, then 'extravagant' would probably be the most suitable adjective.

Also, the countless oil lamps along the river, the magic-powered searchlights, the luxurious carriages on the streets, the cruises and cargo ships on the river, the refined ladies dressed in elegant clothes strolling by the river and merchant parties who came from all around the world, all of these brings an astonishing amount of liveliness to this city.

Now that the inauguration ceremony of the new Emperor is by the corner, colorful flags and jewels are hung on the trees by the river, an especially expensive silk carpet is laid on the main street and even the gold-plated oil lamps along the road were powered by the expensive mermaid oil. While causing the visiting tourists to criticize the 'loaded host', they couldn't help to envy Auland Capital's wealth and strength.

The reason why this inauguration ceremony is made so grand isn't just for their reputation. Previously, having twenty-six subordinate states have already made it a

big country. Now, if the number were to increase to forty-two subordinate states, the Auland Capital would be able to shake off its reputation as a political upstart and become an influential superpower in the entire world.

Of course, there are some people who don't wish for it to happen. Black blood runs through his veins as he prepares to bring chaos and destruction.

However, he is currently in a dilemma. After all, to meet someone from the same hometown in a foreign country is a rare joy in life. However, he really wants to pretend to be unacquainted with these old friends.

"As expected of Pearl City, it really is extravagant. To think they even give free pearls to passers-by."

"Stop talking so much nonsense and quickly take them!"

Alright, they are goblin Yingou and Kabala, familiar faces from Sulfur Mountain City. They have set their sights on the jewels that are used to decorate the trees. Despite being surrounded by onlookers who were pointing at them, criticizing them, but they continued filling their shabby sack happily.

"Ohhhh, high-quality mermaid oil. Such a waste. It would serve a much better purpose as an additive in my combustion material for me." (Hoyle)

He recognizes the people in front of him, but he would rather not know them. Indeed, they have set forth for Auland Capital in hope for a great windfall through their gifts. Looking at the date, they should have long arrived. However, to be able to meet in such a big city without any prior appointments, in a way, it could be considered as a cursed fate.

"You thieving bastards! It is you lot again! You are robbing in daytime now?"

"What? Thief? What are you talking about? Aren't these put by the road for people to take?"

"Yeah, just because you said that it is yours doesn't mean it is yours. If you were to call out to it now, will it reply you?"

Alright, even as the goblin Kabala shouts back confidently, his movements hadn't slowed in the least. Very quickly, he fills his sack to the brink and flees with it.

"Cough cough, don't escape. You bunch of bastards!"

These shameless experts from the Underground World had honed their agility through frequent clashes with the Sulfur Mountain City Town Security, so it was impossible for those normal human security personnel to catch up with them. They panted heavily as they ran but the gap only widens.

"Come and chase us."

"Haaa, days without the Town Security is really lonely, like a winter night."

"Hah, I, Kabala, am unmatched now... ouch!"

Alright, Kabala, who was a famous expert at digging, slips and falls onto the muddy ground.

"Kabala, what happened, what happened? I told you that after digging a hole, you must fill it up! Is this retribution? Also, who was the one who threw that watermelon skin, such lack of social conscience. Kabala still owes old Hoyle 100,000 gold coins. If you accidentally killed him, are you all sure you all can pay for it?"

TL: Hoyle is referring himself in a third person view.

Alright, the first part of the furious rant is still reasonable but it gradually gets twisted towards the end.

"It isn't 100,00, it's a 100! It's only 100! Besides, you shortie obviously cheated in cards last night, I won't even return you that 100."

Even when his forehead swelled up, goblin Kabala struggles with all his might to use his index finger to point a '1'. He was afraid that this old Dwarf who doesn't have the slightest sense of shame would make use of this opportunity to push this gigantic debt onto him. Indeed, if Kabala really had 100,000 gold coins, he wouldn't have to go to the extent to dragging that shabby sack all around town to fill it with those decorations.

TL: He pointed to one to show '1' hundred (one hundred). What Hoyle said was '10' ten thousand (万)

Those are indeed jewels, but they were of low quality, so they aren't really worth much

money. Only Yingou, Kabala and the other goblins who view wealth as important as their life would do such a thing.

Alright, I can't stand watching on at such a sight. Apparently, there is someone who found such a sight even more unbearable than me.

"You bastards! Causing trouble even in other cities!"

"Town Security's big silly lass! How can this be? Didn't you all head to the North of the continent?"

"Damn it, there is also that mad dog!"

"Who is a mad dog! Don't come up with random nicknames for other people! Momo has a nice name."

"Big silly lass? Alright, I understand."

The two former Town Security members clench their fists and block them from the front and the back while the other few experts from the Hall of Judgement pressures them from the side. The three short fellows fall into despair.

"Don't hit my face!"

"Not the face!"

"You don't even want your face any more, do you think it is possible for me to not hit it?"

Now, even the onlookers were amused by this farce. Making use of this opportunity, I put on a silver mask and smiles as I approach the few security personnel who were watching the show.

"It is a pleasant night, gentlemen! Today's skyline is quite beautiful, isn't it? May I ask where is the embassy hall for East Mist Communal Country?"

Chapter 81

The Princess and Old Friends

At Kagersi City's Palace District, there is a row of mansions built in the style that smells strongly of culture foreign to the Auland Empire. That is where the embassy for envoys stay.

The East Mist Communal Country doesn't have an embassy in Auland Empire. In a certain mansion that was assigned to them at the last minute, even though it was already late at night, a certain young lady who was duped was enraged.

"Darned Darsos! This wasn't how he put it when he invited us! This is a scam, an insult to the entire country!"

The 14-year-old young lady is currently holding a tantrum in her room but it is a shame that the one she is facing is just her female retainer.

"Yes, they lied to us. But as a small country, what can we do? Do we make it public and refuse to swear loyalty to them? They would just treat it as an insult to the Empire as well as the new Emperor and start a full-out war against us. We would just be providing them a reason for war."

Yes, this time, the East Mist Communal Country had no intention of becoming a subordinate state at all. Princess Reyne was cheated here. Similarly, there were also a few small countries who refuse to serve as a subordinate state but were forced or duped here.

"Based on the current circumstances, the rise of Auland Empire can no longer be halted. While the other countries pledging allegiance to them, if we insist otherwise, we would be viewed with hostility by everyone else. To protect their dignity as a superpower, the Auland Capital would have to launch a crusade against us. Furthermore, we just ended a battle against the Beastmen, so we don't have the military power to fight such a war now." They are obviously trying to take this show for real then use their strength to suppress all oppositions. Reyne grinds her teeth.

"Yes, they tricked us here because they have seen through all this. But, Big Sister Kelly,

didn't you say that the Mist Bloodline doesn't yield! We should just go all out against them."

The female Wood Elf is the Court Tutor who have served the Mist Royalty for almost 500 years, Kelablian, shortened as Kelly.

She has already mentored more than twenty Kings and it is said that she is the teacher of the Twin Stars as well. She is a well-respected figure within the country and is deeply trusted by the royal family.

"That's why, if he is able to get the Mist Bloodline along with its long history to yield, Darsos and the Auland Empire would earn even greater prestige. But, if we don't yield, he would use it as a reason to start a war. No matter how we deal with it, it is a deal he would win. That is why he can openly play these kind of schemes and tricks."

"Why? Aren't we all humans? Why are humans so much harder to deal with than the evil Beastmen?"

Weariness shows on the face of the young Princess. These days in Kagersi City, facing those hypocrites who are hiding swords behind their words, she finds it is harder to cope with such diplomatic affairs than fighting in the battlefield.

"Hmph. It is because they are humans that dealing with them is so difficult. Your Highness, have you forgotten the reason for the downfall of the Mist Country? Serving as the guardians of the borders of the human society for countless generations, what did we get in the end? The shameless betrayal by the human kingdoms whom we were protecting and being judged as heretics by the Church. We were stabbed violently in the back. Never place your trust in those foolish and short-sighted human kings who break their promises, as well as the untrustworthy Order Gods."

Although she is smiling faintly, in the words of the green-haired Woof Elf is her distrust towards the entire human society and the Order Gods.

"Also, if you were to accept the agreement to serve as a subordinate state, your popularity within the country will fall drastically. Perhaps, this is one of the motive they have in mind. After all, the damage that the Mist Bloodline had dealt to them in retaliation was not insignificant. Besides, your performance previously had probably put them on their guards. Perhaps, this is one of the reasons why they paid no regard to their standing to set up such a ploy on us."

Reyne immediately goes speechless. Following which, a look of disbelief appears on her entire face. All these just because she performed excellently during the Beastman invasion? Forcing the East Mist Communal Country and her to lower their head to become a subordinate state in order to suppress her reputation?

"Impossible!"

"No, this possibility is very likely. Who asked you to have two famous fear-inspiring ancestors. Also, many talented people have appeared in the history of the Mist Bloodline, so it is natural that they would be wary of you. Furthermore, you look extremely alike with the twin prince. No, it is exactly the same. Whether it is another demon invasion or Night of Diffindor, it is something that they won't be able to allow to happen."

While speaking, their gazes suddenly lingers at the oil painting on the wall. Depicted in the painting is a battlefield. The battle was still going on and the young generals were currently advancing with the flag.

There is a pair of twins. A young man holding his sword was currently slashing downwards from midair. Golden Holy Light radiates from him, making him reminiscent of a God descending to the mortal world. Even in the most intense and despair-inducing battlefield, he carries a peaceful radiant smile, as though a bright future awaits him.

Behind him, another young man with the exact same face was carrying a sword in his left hand and a staff on the right. Inferno from originating from hell is burning fervently on his right arm. In contrast to his twin brother, fury could be found on his young face.

A group of Knights were charging forth from their back. What they faced was a sea of endless Beastmen and Demons and by the corner of the painting, the flags of different human kingdoms can be vaguely seen, expressing the anger and dissatisfaction of the painter.

That is an imitation of the famous painting of the East Mist Communal Country 'The Last Princes'. "Prince Roland and Prince Karwenz, right? Big Sister Kelly, are they really that incredible? If they were in the same situation as me now, will they fare much better?"

Reyne is a little depressed. The guilt she feels from letting her ancestors down make her feel weak.

"Don't speak such disappointing words, you have already done very well."

Kelly shakes her head.

"This kind of comparison is meaningless. Reyne is Reyne, the Twin Princes are the Twin Princes. If Karwenz were in your position, he would probably only have wielded his sword and slaughter as his please. If so, wouldn't the situation simply worsen?"

"That is to say, if Prince Roland was here, the situation would be vastly different?"

Reyne discovers the hidden meaning behind Kelly's words and became even more depressed.

Hearing these words, Kelly stuns for a moment before a look of nostalgia appears on her face.

"Roland ah, if it was him, he wouldn't have allowed the situation end up like this, to be put in a disadvantageous position, in the first place. That little fellow may seem very radiant and cheerful, but his veins are actually filled with black water. He would already be kind to not scheme against others, do would he let others plot against him? Karwenz would definitely fall for it with a hundred percent probability. He would charge straight regardless of what stands in his way but somehow, he would always manage to charge out of these situations with brute force."

Reyne is quite curious. The Big Sister Kelly in front of her is a true elder of the Mist Bloodline and a living library. However, she disliked talking about past affairs all along. This was a hard-to-come-by opportunity, so she decided to make use of this opportunity to question her further.

"That, Big Sister Kelly, can you tell me about the affairs of that two Princes? Are they really as powerful as the legends depict?"

Reyne leans weakly on Kelly's body, allowing the other party to freely braid her own hair and touch up on her make up. This is already a daily habit she has cultivated through these two years.

Thickening the eyebrow, outlining the eyeliner, trimming excess hair and using

powder to conceal her overly pale skin. Under Kelly's dexterous hands, the distinction between a male and a female's face is further blurred.

Under circumstances that just keeps worsening, what the East Mist Communal Country needs is a heroic Knight similar to Holy Knight Roland in the legends to lead the country, and not an elegant lady of nobility who busies herself with social occasions.

"Although it may sound inconceivable, they are actually even stronger than how they were depicted in the legends. If it wasn't for the outbreak of war which robbed them of their time to mature, that generation would have belonged to those two."

Hearing these words, Reyne suddenly raises her head, causing the makeup pen to stray off path on her face, messing up the makeup.

"Impossible, they were around my age when they died in battle. No, what Big Sister Kelly said must be the truth. As expected, I am useless. If only Prince Roland can make decisions in my place."

"Puuu."

Kelly's chuckle beneath her hands surprised Kelly.

"Big Sister Kelly, what are you laughing about! I am serious!"

"No, Reyne, it is just that there was someone who said the same words in the past."

"Who?"

"Roland. He often said 'Sigh, this is so troublesome, depriving me of my book reading time. If only Karwenz can deal with them all, then I can spend all of my time reading books and slacking off.'"

The legendary hero would actually have such a lazy side to him? Roland, who was viewed as the role model of the royalty and Holy Knights, would actually like to slack around?

"Prince Roland likes to read books?"

"Very much so. Regardless of whether it is about arts, music, literature, history,

astronomy or geography, even if the messy alchemy and engineering, he likes them all very much. If he wasn't sent to the Church to become a Holy Knight, if it wasn't for the sudden outbreak of war, he would have probably eventually become a well-known scholar."

"Wait, Big Sister Kelly, wasn't he 10 years old when he was sent to become a Holy Knight? He started to like reading from such a young age?"

"The two Princes were a year old when they started reading. If not, they wouldn't become renowned geniuses in the world. But, there is still another little story within it."

"Impressive. Little story?"

"Un, normal boys tend to learn how to walk only after reaching a year old. Even if the Mist Bloodline allows their children to mature early, but just after just one month of his birth, Karwenz already learnt how to walk and speak a few simple phrases. This is a feat of a super genius that would be recorded in history."

"What about Prince Roland?"

"He uh, when Karwenz was already walking, he was still crawling about. Karwenz could call papa and mama but he could only cry. However, a month after their birth, while we were still worried for Roland, Karwenz, abusing his strength, snatched his milk bottle and finally, he spoke."

"Spoke?"

"Un, he first said to Karwenz 'Hey, you brat, you might not be afraid of getting sliced up but I am. Can you calm down and be more professional, we are normal infants. You should learn how to cry, come, cry like your big brother. Waaaaaaahh! Come, raise the pitch a little, wahhhhhhhh' Then, after realizing that Karwenz couldn't understand what he said and continued snatching his bottle, he shouted loudly for help 'Hey hey hey, can you all control this evil brat? He is already learning how to bully his older brother. Hmph, to dare to snatch my rations, I will pull you down with me.'"

TL: Just for note, sometimes Roland and the rest would address themselves as 'this old man/woman' when they are angry. In the text above, he said 'Hmph, to dare to snatch this old man's ration, this old man will pull you down with me'.

"A month-old child would actually know to hide his own talents? That is incredible."

"That's right. In these few centuries, I have taught several geniuses of the Mist Royalty but I have never seen such a ridiculous child. The world thinks that Karwenz is a super genius but in reality, Roland was even more ridiculous. If it wasn't for him spending his effort on various academic domains, causing him to miss out on the golden period for training, he wouldn't be weaker than Karwenz in any case."

"Can you tell me a little more about Prince Roland?"

Staring at the face of the exhausted Reyne, Kelly strokes her hair lightly. Just like how she did it when Reyne was still a child, she lowers her head and lightly kisses the forehead of the young girl.

"Un, then, since you have been spent from being busy the entire day, let's treat it as a bedtime story. Roland, although he is smart, he isn't very reliable. There was once he happily dragged me to look at his new invention. He even said proudly 'Look, this transparent thing would definitely sell well. I call it glass. Since it can earn us a lot of money, the life of our citizens will definitely improve.'"

"Glass was invented by Lord Roland? I remember that it existed six thousand years ago though."

"Un, back then, he didn't know that. When I told him this, his depressed face really makes one's heart break. He even mumbled softly 'It's nothing, then I will invent the printing industry then.'"

"Printing technology? Isn't that the industry monopolized by the God of Knowledge?"

"Un, I also said that back then. Thus, he became even more depressed. However, the next day, he started to study astronomy and biology, what living being evolution theory. Although it seems obviously groundless, now that I think about it, it makes some sense. For example [Living beings aren't created by Gods and they don't remain constant. They change and they evolve. Natural evolution is the way how living beings evolve. Living beings have a tendency to over-reproduce but living space and resources are limited. Thus, living beings have to fight in order to survive.]"

"The beings of the mortal world isn't created by the Gods? Don't all lifeforms originate from the Origin of Order and the Chaos Abyss? Isn't this obviously a lie?"

"Un, but he didn't get depressed over this. Very quickly, he found new toys. He has always been like this, never knowing what being discouraged and giving up was. Even at the start of the war, he quickly matured from a rookie into a true war god. If only the enemies we faced didn't outnumber us by more than a hundred times."

Under the accumulation of rage and exhaustion, very quickly, as words flew by, Reyne fell into the realm of dreams. Looking at the young lady stripped of her armor, Kelly fell into deep thoughts.

That armor is very elegant, looking like a heavy mithril plate mail on the exterior. In reality, it is only a soft armor painted with a layer of gold alloy. It is even lighter than leather armor.

It is impossible for talents to be born from the Mist Bloodline for every generation. Reyne isn't some genius expert. In fact, she isn't even a qualified Warrior. Having the fighting power of an Iron-rank primary stage at 14 years old, there isn't much difference between her and normal civilians.

In that 1000km charge, she was only in charge of holding the flags and shouting the war cry. While trembling in fear, she led the army to build up her reputation. If she were to really meet with an opponent, any Beastman would have been able to easily kill her in an instant.

However, it is a pity that the East Mist Communal Country is currently plagued with internal and external problems. It is indeed a period which they require a hero-like Princess Knight. Reyne has sacrificed a lot but if the circumstances were to be allowed to develop on as it is, she would have to continue to be sacrificed even if very possibly, she would receive no returns. Perhaps, what would await her is a bad reputation and the incomprehension of her citizen.

"Sigh, maybe what Reyne said makes sense, this job is really too tough for her to bear. Roland, where are you?"

Kelly lightly strokes the knife by her waist. On the hilt of the dagger, two giant dragons intertwine with one another and of the two pearls placed on them, one was radiating white light while the other was radiating black light.

This is the Light of Life, a secret art passed down in the royalty of many countries. When a member of royalty is born, a drop of blood would be taken from them to hold

the ritual. Then, this pearl would become their Light of Life. If the light is extinguished, it means that the person is dead. This can also be used to prevent others from faking the identity of members of royalty.

The two pearls on this decorative knife is the Light of Life of the twins -- Roland and Karwenz.

"Karwenz's Light of Life is becoming darker and darker. It seems that he has fallen entirely to the Chaos. But Roland..."

The situation with Roland's Light of Life is extremely bizarre. It lights up for a moment and extinguishes in the next, white for an instant and black in the next, changing multiple times frequently.

A hundred years ago, the darkness even exceeded that of Karwenz and not too long ago, it was extinguished suddenly. Then, two months later, it lit up once again, turning white.

"If the reaction of this Light of Life depicts his actual condition and that Roland is still roaming on this world, he must be leading a very exciting life."

Somehow, the knife slightly shudders, as though summoned by something. Kelly instinctively stands up and looking towards the direction of the pull of the knife, she discovers the silhouette of a person beneath the tree.

"Roland!!"

However, when she focused her sight, she realized that it was only a willow tree dancing along with the wind.

Shaking her head, Kelly shuts the window.

"Heh, looks like I am just like Reyne, desiring a reliable shoulder to lean on."

However, she didn't notice that by the corner, beneath the window, a figure wearing a silver mask was currently grinding his teeth in anger.

"Darsos, to actually dare set your sights on the Mist Country, I will make sure that your fate will be even worse than that in history!"

Don't ask me how the pearl managed to radiate black light. It just... does.

Chapter 82

The Revival of the Mist

Without doubt, the Auland Empire is a powerful country. Their royal family's White Wolf Royal Guards is indisputably an elite tier 3 light cavalry. The combined charge of 3 of these armies of Silver-rank mounted troops is unstoppable. Alright, this isn't the Underground World where Gold-rank are treated as pawns. At the very least, the military of the smaller countries that they are bordered with are unable withstand their charge.

Compared to races blessed with longevity, a human's individual fighting prowess is definitely a shortcoming. However, humans are a race that depend heavily on tools and external items to achieve victory (The White Wolf Royal Guards can only reach Silver-rank when coupled with their mounts and equipment). The so-called large countries refer to those who possess an advantage in agriculture, manufacturing, alchemy, magic, breeding livestock and the grooming of talents, that's why they are able to equip and sustain a stronger army and military power.

TL: The word 大国 (large countries), in Chinese have the idea of them being powerful as well. So, you all can safely assume the large countries I am talking about to not just be large in term of land size.

For example, the armor of the White Wolf Guards is an alloy of Missilor Mithril. Not mentioning the blueprint for the armor of their light cavalry, even the basic materials required for the alloy itself is a class 1 secret of the Auland Empire. The Missilor Savage Dragon Lance, Savage Javelin and Savage Sword that they specially created are all high-quality alchemy products. As for their Marlot horses, it is a top-quality war horse that they carefully cross-bred for many generations. It is said that this type of war horse feed on meat.

It is because of such luxurious equipment that a Bronze-rank Knight is forcefully pulled to the strength of a Silver-rank (human). Coupling it with an overwhelming advantage in quantity and strategy, their fighting power would be one to reckon with.

Not only unique troops are like that, all human soldiers are reliant on equipment. For

example, a former farmer who undergo a year of basic soldier training, after giving him a Dragon Lance, he would be a tier 1 basic Spearman. If he were to undergo 2 year of shooting training, with a magic crossbow, he would be a tier 1 intermediate Crossbowman.

If they undergo 5 years of strict training and equips full heavy plate mail with alchemy medicine that increases one's strength, then they would be a tier 2 basic armored Berserker. On the other hand, if they started grooming a Griffin from young, then after it matures to the point that it could be ridden on, a tier 3 Griffin Rider would be born. Of course, basically, only nobles who can afford the feed for Griffins will be able to assume such an expensive job.

Of course, due to being too reliant on external tools, it is unavoidable that they would be physically weak. Once dismounted, the White Wolf Guards are only Bronze-rank foot soldiers. They would then be heavily dependent on co-operation and formations. Humans are quite well-known for their military art and using the combination of different soldiers to cover for the weakness of another is a lesson that all commanders must undergo.

The inheritance and innovation of technology and culture caused the continuous emergence of new types of soldiers and new equipment. Not to mention, the growth rate of humans surpasses that of the other races and tribes, so they had never feared a battle of attrition. This also the primary reason why the short-lived Humans who don't have any race talents are able to claim supremacy in this world.

For example, the Elves are indeed strong. It is perfectly common for adult Elves to be at Silver-rank. However, it takes 200 years for them to mature... That is enough for the birth of 4 to 5 generations of humans. Furthermore, the odd one of the Elves, the Dark Elves, despite being the only one with strong reproductive abilities, they have the most intense internal conflict of all. However, admittedly, in a damned place like the Underground World, the only way one can attain sufficient resources is through cruel elimination of adversaries.

Thus, in the eyes of other races, the Human race only have 1 advantage -- strong reproductive abilities. But, this advantage is sufficient by itself.

Indeed, our fake Gold-ranks might not be able to compete against the real Gold-ranks of your Elf Race. But, it wouldn't be a loss even if I had to exchange 10 of mine for one of yours. There are people to replace me even after I'm dead as long there are sufficient

equipment. By 10 years, my army would have recovered. But, you Elves have to wait 200 years for a new generation to mature, are you all sure you can compete with us?

Also, as long as the population is large enough, top-class talents would naturally appear. At the very least, every top-tier Empire would have at least a few SemiGod old geezers.

However, the human kingdoms aren't infallible. In the invasion by the Underground Alliance in the future, against absolute power coupled with military tactics that aren't inferior to them, the Human Kingdoms also tasted the pain of lacking top-tier fighting power.

Thus, the need for stronger soldiers stimulated their advancement, they welcomed another period of rapid growth of engineering, alchemy and magic. That bizarre tier 5 soldier, Magic Machinery Dragon, is the product of the new Magic Machinery study and Magic Formation study.

Alright, let's stop talking about the future that brings migraine to one. Just the present itself is causing me a headache.

A large tree attracts wind. In history, the Auland Empire accurately displayed the meaning of this phrase through actual actions. Regardless of whether it is the invading Underground Alliance or the Undead Calamity, they decisively chose them as their primary target.

It will be cool under the shade of a large tree? No, following the international rules, under the orders of the sovereign state, the subordinate states must go onto the battlefield as well. Furthermore, they would come under the command of the sovereign state, so it is almost certain that they would be forced to serve as cannon fodder. When I start to think about the cruel wars that would happen in the future, the smaller a country is, the less cards they have on their hand, the easier it is for them to be crushed. This is also why I won't sit idly by and watch as the East Mist Communal Country to becomes the subordinate state of the Auland Empire.

However, just like what I have heard previously, if we were to reject them directly, it would probably cause a war. Both endings are equally bad, so it would be really difficult to choose between the two.

"Since it is hard to choose, then we might as well not choose. We should try to look for

ways to turn it into a farce. As long as the subordinate state alliance fails and the plan is postponed for a few years, the situation would change completely. Of course, if I do not exact vengeance against them, I won't be able to take it lying."

Although I said these words, I still have no idea how I should strike.

Even in the case of deflecting a thousand points of strength with one point of strength, one would require at least one point of strength. Compared to a gigantic organization like the Auland Empire, the strength in my hands might not even tally up to half a point.

"As it is my first time here, everything must be started from scratch. I don't have sufficient intelligence and network, so there is no way I can come up with a reliable action plan. However, since I still have 3 months before the inauguration ceremony, I should make getting into their top echelons and collecting information as my primary objective."

This is also the reason why I am at the entrance of this dirty and smelly underground sewage now.

"It is really too smelly. Even if we have to complete a mission to please that Count, but there isn't a need to accept such a mission, right?"

The ex-Queen of Banshees and current Queen of Slimes pinches her nose as she complains with a look of resentment on her face.

"Look, it's your brethren." I pointed at the pungent sewage culvert. Over there, a Mud Slime is currently struggling, its body filled with fetid filth.

After glancing for a brief moment, disgust overwhelms her. Harloys immediately turns into a black cat and pounces over.

"I am the noble Queen of Banshees! The Omniscient One of the secrets of magic, not some filthy Slime."

First claw second bite third tail whip, she is quite well-versed in cat martial art. However, when used by this black cat, rather than saying it is an attack, one might as well say it is an attempt to act cute. However, I didn't ignore it as I usually do. This is because Harloys's biting attacks have some threat to them now.

[Frozen Air: A kind of deadly cold air that is without sound or presence. It can be enchanted on one's physical body and weapon, as well as paired together with Ice Magic as an attack. Those who are touched by the Frozen Air will have all movements slowed by 1% and suffer 1 point of ice damage per second. This debuff can be stacked. If the target's movement speed is reduced by more than 20%, a frozen effect will be inflicted. Many negative statuses will be inflicted such as the freezing of one's thought. If the target's movement speed is reduced by more than 50%, then there is a chance that the target might die at any moment due to massive loss of heat.]

From a certain sense, a Mage's Magic Pet is also a part of himself. The Touch of Ghoul, Touch of Lich and various other magic spells that require Mages to be in close proximity to the target to cast can be released through their Magic Pets. However, I never thought that the one to benefit the greatest from the passive ability 'Frozen Air' would be Harloys.

As a cat or bat, she is a small target and the interval between her attacks are short. She is stealthy, making her suited for assaults. Furthermore, the minuscule damage that one incurs from her claws easily causes the other party to neglect her attacks. If she were to stack a few dozen layers of Frozen Air, then the person would probably not be that far off from death.

Though, in the face of someone who knows about it beforehand, it becomes meaningless.

With a light step, a spin and a pinch, I managed to grab hold of the cat's biggest weakness, the back of their neck. After turning 2 rounds, what I received is a dead cat who is shooting gold stars from her eyes.

"Hmph, you are still too young to fight with me."

I laugh gleefully. My level has been stuck for quite a period of time due to the experience penalty which is getting more ridiculous. Also, I wasn't willing to invest my valuable skill points into that darned Ice System. However, along the way, I had been revising on my Holy Light and Power of Law, causing my battle power to soar.

But, what that grew even more rapidly was surprisingly, my swordsmanship and martial arts. This should have been the main area of study for Warriors. After all, they lack the augmentation of supernatural abilities. However, for me, studying swordsmanship is like trying to recall my past memories, so there's no need for me to

spend too much effort to learn it.

This twist and step may seem simple, but it is actually a footwork with profound meaning. Coupled together with my profound swordsmanship, every attack is clean and thorough, making me look extremely cool. If I were to display this outside, it would definitely stir the praises of experts and the screams of beautiful ladies. How can I be so cool!

"Rolande! Can you be even more ridiculous? Other people are fighting and yet you are playing with your cat!"

Momo's sword was quick like the wind. At this moment, she is currently chasing a group of Underground Rats, slashing furiously at them. Judging from how their entire body is dyed red, they must have assaulted a group of passers-by not long ago.

Fine, the mad dog may look decent, so reluctantly, she could be considered a beauty. However, the Dark Elf's sense of aesthetics cannot be trusted.

Thus, I shot my gaze towards Krose.

"Lord Oracle, even if you are the one who carries out the will of my Lord, but if you such inappropriate behavior will bring shame to my Lord. Please fight seriously."

The Wild Elf Krose is brandishing a gigantic wooden vine staff which is even taller than her. Lightning flashes time and time again in the pitch black underground tunnel and every flash is accompanied by a scream of agony. Our group lacks firepower and due the apparent fact that we have an excess of Law jobs, she took on the role of a damage dealer as a Storm Druid.

The Lightning Spell can be cast even in the underground. Although its might is obviously weaker than how it should be, the strength is still enough to overturn the common sense of normal Druids, proving that she has astonishing talent and potential in the control of lightning.

[Krose.Ainta

Gender: Krose

Race: Wild Elf

Job: LV60 Druid/LV12 Storm Druid/LV20 Judgementor/LV3 Storm Judgementor (Krose's self-created Legend job), Total LV95, Combined LV83

Soul Imprint: The Storm Envoy

Fighting Power Evaluation: Legend Priestess

System Evaluation: She is a big thigh worth lying on, not to mention it is a beautiful one. As for that gender Krose, as this joke is too old, I won't talk more about it. Right, the Spring of Drowned Man will be added into the Lottery recently so try your best to draw it so as to please this beauty.]

TL: Big thigh -> It is a Chinese web phrase, just imagine in an rpg, a newbie hugging the leg of a veteran while the veteran fights monsters.

Although a letter that I personally wrote and Diana's testimony is sufficient to convince her that I am Wumianzhe's Oracle, somehow, she seems to always bring up strict requests of me such as 'You can't do that' 'You must discipline yourself properly, slacking around every day really damages my Lord's reputation', putting it as though I soiled the reputation of her God.

"Hmph, about soiling Wumianzhe's reputation, did you think that I was very reliable before?" Alright, saying words that insult a Priestess's true God is equal to throwing in a white glove to engage her in a duel to the death, there's no way I would say these words to her face.

Even though she couldn't exactly be considered a 'beautiful lady', judging from how everyone was staring at me angrily, it seems like I have accidentally incurred the wrath of the crowd. I better keep myself in check.

"So, where exactly is that jade?"

Something is amiss with this mission. Despite possessing solid authority and numerous experts under his command, he tasked us, outsiders, to look for his family heirloom jade that he lost.

"This lantern used to guide our path is obviously a type of necromancy magic, more like searching for souls and corpses. Hehe, looks like I have started to see the truth of this matter."

After biting on my finger with all her might as revenge, Harloys jumps on my shoulder. Sitting on higher ground allows her to distance herself from the smell of those putrid filth.

I also found it odd that the Count would hand us a lantern filled with magic, saying that we would find the jade by following its guide. However, from my senses, it is obviously a necromancy magic that is guided by flesh and blood. It is a necromancy magic that tracks the missing limbs or the master of the sample of flesh and blood used in the ritual. Ignoring the fact that a human Count has a Necromancer under his command, could the jade that we have to find a part of someone's body?

"Alright, it is right in front."

After everyone are done clearing the battlefield, I walk over with the lantern in my hand. In the end, I stop in front of a giant pot left behind by the Ratman.

Looking at how the lantern is flickering at rapid intervals, it seems that the jade we are looking for is in this pot. Thus, I casually lift the ladle inside and scoop up the contents inside a few times. The first few times, I managed to scoop up human fingers and ears. It seems that this really is a miscellaneous soup from the Ratman.

But soon afterwards, I managed to scoop up my objective -- the jade.

"Oh, so the jade refers to eggs."

Alright, the mad dog explained very straightforwardly. In front of me is a part of the male reproductive organ, more commonly known as eggs. It is already cooked very thoroughly and looks... Alright, I am so disgusted that I find myself unable to continue describing it.

"Heh, there is only one truth! The unlucky Count must have been philandering outside, inciting his wife to bring the knife down on him fiercely. Afterwards, she threw his eggs into the underground sewage. Hehe, she sure is vicious, I feel a bit of an urge to meet that wife of the Count."

Somehow, after hearing Harloys's ill-intentioned conjecture, looking at her gaze which was filled with malice, I felt a chill down my spine.

"No, it isn't a wound from a knife but rather, it seems to have been crushed. Judging from the wounds, there probably isn't any culprit in this case. I suspect that the fat

Count might have accidentally put his eggs between the toilet bowl cover and the toilet bowl and sat down. KACHA, and it fell into the underground sewage." (There is an actual case on the web)

"Look, that Count is obese and movement isn't very convenient for him. Also, the sides of the metal toilet bowl are quite sharp. Thus, when pressure is applied, PACHI, it is immediately ripped apart..."

Should I say as expected of a Judge who is a professional at analyzing cases? In the end, Krose even clapped her hands together to emulate the action of a pressure acting downwards while making sounds like 'KACHA, PACHI', but...

"Why are you all covering your lower body, is there is a mistake in my conjecture?"

"No, it is just that everyone fills as though their eggs are being pulled, it hurts a little."

Alright, without doubt, the action of these man covering their lower body is the instinctive ability to empathize with another man. However, this result that left people speechless has determined that this day would be a farce that would leave us mentally and physically tired.

"Why can't we meet a slightly more normal person? It is enough for our band to be unreliable, but now, even our client has to be unreliable as well?" I question the blue sky and as expected, there is no reply.

"Do we have to bring it back? Disgusting, Momo doesn't want to touch it."

"He probably wants the help of a Priest to reattach it, otherwise he wouldn't have spent money to hire us. Who wants to take it?"

Apparently, no one wants to touch a thing like this. Just as we were trying to push the responsibility to the one another, 'boom' a loud explosion caused the entire underground tunnel to tremble.

"The Ratman army has arrived. They have always been a lifeform with strong desire for vengeance."

Clint quietly takes a step forward. His voice had a rare tinge of pride in it. It seems that the traps that he laid by himself has worked.

But instead of reassuring me, cold sweat starts appearing on my head. Looking at the rubble that dropped from the ceiling, this fellow seems to have used too much gunpowder.

"Clint, you didn't set up explosives going by the standards of the Underground World, right? This is a man-made tunnel, there is no way it would be as sturdy as the rock walls of the Underground World. How many did you bury..."

Alright, there is no need to question him further. From Clint's action of turning around to flee, it clearly says what is going to happen afterwards.

"BOOM!" "BOOM!" A series of explosions caused the entire underground sewage to crumble. This clearly shows that not only did he bury explosives, he buried a ton of them.

"Damn it! Can't you all be more normal?"

While escaping with all my might, I thought about Krose who was explaining her conjecture calmly and the Prince of Explosions, I immediately regretted coming up with the name 'Absolute Gentlemen Alliance'.

"Krose whose gender is Krose. The mysterious Prince Clint who hides his face and plays with explosives. Beifeng. Un, there is absolutely no need for any description. Beifeng itself is the best adjective for perverts. Casio, who is getting closer with Beifeng (Although he seems normal at the moment, being friendly with Beifeng is a big problem by itself). The mad dog who is into shotas. The Dark Elves who seek the path of Holy Light and Law. 2 gays (The 2: We are not gays, we just love Krose). There really isn't a normal person here. I have decided, if I manage to escape safely from here, I will go out and look for 2 normal teammates!"

"You forgot yourself, you insane old monster."

"Un, thank you for your reminder, the old granny who pretends to be young!"

"Didn't I forbid you from calling me that! I will bite you, I really will!"

"You already bit me, you bastard. I forbid you from stacking Frozen Air on me!"

"Apologize!"

"Absolutely not!"

"Then eat my attacks!"

"Do you think you are the only one who can stack Frozen Air to lower one's movement speed? Watch me."

When everyone escaped from the underground sewage, they discovered that not too far from the entrance of the sewage, a man and a cat is currently brawling 'intensely'. While proceeding forward with the speed of a turtle, they tried their hardest to slow the other down. The entire underground sewage was already trembling, on the verge of collapsing at any moment now.

"Rolande! Stop playing with the cat at such a time!"

"I am not playing with the cat!"

"We are fighting!"

Alright, before everyone had the time to be surprised over the fact that the little black cat could actually speak, the underground sewage finally collapsed. Even in the instant when the rubble came crashing down, the sound of the arguments between the two could still be heard.

"Look, thanks to you, old granny! No milk for you tomorrow!"

"Hmph, you would need to have a tomorrow for that. To be able to pull you down with me, my life was worthwhile! Even after I fall into hell, I would wake up laughing."

"BOOM!"

When innumerable rocks come crashing down and everything is reduced to ruins, everyone was flabbergasted. What kind of person was he, to sacrifice his life for an argument with a little cat.

"Haa, I almost died!"

"Don't worry, disasters live for a thousand years. Given your ability to bring about catastrophes, you would even survive the end of the world. Look at my Claw of the Meow God!"

Alright, looks like I spoke too early. A head pops up from the rubble. Despite being stuck there, he was still using his teeth to fight with his cat while insulting each other.

But obviously, being stuck in the rubble, he is unable to defeat the cat. As scratches start to pile up on his face, without any hesitation, he surrenders and begs for forgiveness.

"3 times the portion of milk tomorrow."

"Milk bath, the highest quality one! Meow wants a vat."

"Deal!"

Alright, looking at the man and cat who quickly came to an agreement, let's not elaborate on what emotions they were showing on their face when they dug out their leader. They were all considering whether they should retreat from the band before they are dragged to their deaths by this living treasure. But, unexpectedly, they swiftly realized that the team leader Rolande was still holding that disgusting ladle in his hands.

"You can't be thinking of going to claim the reward, right? After it is cooked and crushed, it is already entirely ruined. Just throw it away."

"Yeah, a Gold-rank Priest may not be able to revive it even if you were to return it back. The Count will just end up angered by the embarrassment."

I shook my head. I already understood clearly why the Count would task this to an external mercenary band like us.

"Diana and Krose, follow me to complete the mission. This fellow handed us this mission despite having underlings of his own, he obviously intends to dispose of us after using us. Great, after he turns his back on us, we will take him down and threaten him with this toy. This way, we can manipulate him and his network."

"Your plan sounds okay, but if that ladle touches me, I will make sure you go down with me!"

I didn't reply to Harloys's complaint. At this moment, I was surprised by the System Notice.

"Congratulations, you have activated the Epic mission: The Revival of the Mist!"

A few minutes ago, Kelly and Reyne was astonished after opening a thick letter.

"The blueprint of the full armor of the Aurora Knights? The blueprint of the royal family's heavy infantry Avalanche Guardian? The training manual for training Asmu Hounds..."

In the mix is more than 30 types of powerful soldier types that were lost, information regarding their jobs, training methods and equipment blueprint. All these are the pride of the powerful Mist Country and the Mist Bloodline, but they were destroyed in the battle in Diffindor along with the city.

"Could this really be the inheritance that we have lost? Did someone from East Mist who escaped to Auland Capital keep all these?"

"No, they are top-tier secrets. The number of people who knew all these back then were in the single digits. Besides, look at the blueprint for this armor, we have it as well but it is slightly different... Inconceivable! With such a change, the defense ability would be increased by at least 20%. It is actually an improved version! Who is it, to be able to further refine such a perfect design. Also, the ink for the blueprint has yet to dry yet. It is probably written not too long ago."

[Just a small present, please accept it. I will be visiting you all soon -- Rolande]

"Who is Rolande?"

"It doesn't matter who he is, there is hope for the East Mist Communal Country! As long as we take these back, give it 10 years, we would be able to rise up again as a powerful country in the North!"

Not mentioning the two overjoyed ladies, at this moment, my head was hurting from the mission that was suddenly triggered. I really didn't expect a whim of mine to cause such a big trouble for me.

[Congratulations, you have activated the Epic mission: The Revival of the Mist!]

[Quest objective: Remove the threat of the East Mist Communal Country from being annexed as a subordinate state. Bring back the Country of Winter Wolves in the far North -- in the face of the true King of Winter Wolves, Darsos means nothing at all.]

[Quest rewards: Roland Sacred Sword will be upgraded to a God Equipment. The clue to the God Equipment Holy Thorned Crown -- I know that you have been wanting to find this Guardian Equipment of your country.]

[Quest failure penalty: Turned into a female. I am serious, very serious. If you can't protect your country this time, you might as well become a girl.]

TL: The phrase for Guardian Equipment is 镇国神器, which means an extremely powerful weapon used to stabilize the country/ deter enemies.

"My head hurts, where did the fellow Karwenz throw the Holy Thorned Crown to? Not even saying a word about it, now I have to look for it myself."

Although I was complaining, the smile on my face probably didn't escape the notice of anyone.

"This time, I definitely will not fail."

Chapter 83

Double Swords

"Name? Age? Job? Expertise? Goal?"

"Aaron, 16, Iron-rank Warrior. My Swordsmanship isn't bad. I want to earn money and become a hero that saves the world!"

Looking at the foolishly-smiling young fellow in front of me, I nod my head in response to his words. That plain-looking tanned young man reminds me of the Adam of the past.

"Next."

16-year-old Iron-rank, why are you even still training? Can you reach Gold-rank within 3 years? We aren't a group of nannies, you'll be better off looking for a rookie party to grind your way up.

"Kavan, around 30 plus I guess, Silver-rank Shaman. My goal is to earn enough money to buy the Fire Dragon Circus."

"Dixu, 40 plus, I am his big brother and a proud Warrior. My goal is to be a good big brother."

"I am the big brother! Dixu, you fool who can't even count properly. We were born together, how can you be 10 years older than me?"

Okay, this is a rarely seen Ogre Shaman. It is said that they were once the pillar propping up a circus. After the circus disbanded, they came out to work as mercenaries for a living, hoping to earn enough money to bring back the circus.

"I am the elder brother!"

"I am, don't think that I would be afraid of you just because you can do a few light tricks with your hands. I am strong, you know."

"Fine, then let's play scissors paper stone. The one who wins will be the elder brother."

"Fine, one, two, three. Hah, stone."

"Paper, I won. I am the elder brother."

"Kavan, you were slow. That is not counted! Again, or I will beat you up."

"Come on then, today I will show you the dignity of an elder brother, you fool who can't even count to 9."

But now, this rare double-headed Ogre Kavan and Dixu is actually brawling to determine which head is the elder brother. While beating each other up, they were both screaming in pain. It is just that it is hard to tell whether they were feeling pain from beating up the other or from getting beaten up.

I nod my head solemnly. This double-headed Ogre is indeed quite powerful, being naturally talented in magic and martial arts from birth. Their combined fighting power definitely matches up to the strength of a Gold-rank human. Even more importantly, different from the rookie just now, they would contribute to our fighting power as soon as they join our team.

"Next."

However, what I lack now is not fighting power but normal people. We already have enough perverts and weirdos in our band. If we were to add in a person whose left and right is brawling with one another, we would be going down the road of making our opponents laugh to their death.

That day, after realizing that the 'Gentlemen Alliance' is lacking in decency and common sense, considering the need to pull up the bottom limit of our decency, I decided to recruit 2 normal people.

Of course, another one of the reason is that in this human country, there were too many foreign races in the Gentlemen Alliance. If we use a non-human as a front to communicate with our clients, it would be hard to prevent others from overthinking things. Thus, even if it is just for show, I decided to recruit a few human mercenaries. Of course, it would be best if they were knowledgeable about this city.

Even if they can't be of help, they would be useful as a cover. The situation of our band

now, a bunch of foreign races moving together, is too striking. In comparison, it would be much better if it was a group of human mercenaries with a few foreign races in its mix.

Thus, so as to not delay the matter, I immediately got down to it. Thus, I set up a stand in front of the Mercenary Guild early in the morning to recruit people. With the 'friendly sponsor' from the Count with broken eggs, the starting salary is one that makes eyes widen.

However, it is a pity that as a foreigner, my background and identity couldn't be checked. Furthermore, with the tense atmosphere in the city due to the inauguration ceremony, the experienced mercenaries are all lying in wait to judge the situation. Those who responded to the recruitment are either rookies or oddities that other bands are unwilling to accept.

Looking at Kavan and Dixu who were still brawling with each other, I shake my head helplessly. I start to pack up my stand to leave. It looks like I have wasted an entire morning today.

However, passing by the mission board, I stopped.

"A-rank reward mission: Look for the true culprit who destroyed the northwest underground sewage in Pearl District. Dead or alive, 200000 gold coins will be awarded."

This is really quite a significant sum. An A-rank reward mission can make a small mercenary band without any rank to climb several ranks at one go. 200000 gold coin is sufficient for one to buy a luxurious mansion in the Pearl District where land is worth gold itself. It seems like the occurrence of the mysterious vandalism just before the inauguration ceremony has struck the nerves of the officials of Auland Empire.

I hesitated for a moment. Considering that I have earned quite a sum recently, I am not in urgent need of money. It would feel great to betray the explosion maniac who is getting more and more dangerous in exchange for the reward money. But, considering that it would most probably end up implicating me as well, I can only regretfully give up on this opportunity to thoroughly rid me of a trouble.

Yesterday, after communicating with the Count with broken eggs, it was as I expected. The reason why he sought foreign faces to settle his tasks is so that he could get rid of

them afterwards. When he saw that there were only 3 of us and that two were women, he was prepared to expose his true intentions but Diana immediately used her great Sin-Splitting Strike to chop up a dozen of his men while Krose destroyed the roof and everything else remaining. Then, I took out the Devil Contract.

That fat Count was still quite knowledgeable at identifying objects. When he saw a Holy Knight expertly changing the terms of the evil contract using the Devil Language, he was so surprised that his jaws almost dropped off, as though he had seen an angel and devil dancing together.

What happens afterwards was even more simple. After the contract was signed, seeing how he was scared out of his wits and considering the need to maintain a long-term relationship with him, it wouldn't be wise to push him too far. He might retaliate with all he got without any consideration about the cost if forced to a corner. Thus, I didn't come up with any unreasonable demands. I only extorted a large sum of money from him, a luxurious mansion to serve as our temporary base and made him our eye to provide us with intelligence.

Of course, Devil Contracts mainly work by raising the stake bit by bit, pulling people bit by bit up the hook. If we were to play big from the very start, the tasty piece of flesh would be frightened away.

I am still quite satisfied with our mansion, which is in the Pearl District. It doesn't feel right to be living in a hostel all the time. The mansion might be a little old, but the renovations and the garden could still be considered high-class. Now, our entire band is currently cleaning up our temporary base and as the human leader of the band, I made use of the opportunity to sneak out to recruit personnel.

If it's just me doing the recruiting, it won't be that so striking. Without those decency-lacking fellows pulling me back, I should be able to get some normal people on the band.

Un, I definitely did not do it to avoid the responsibility of cleaning up. Finding excuses to slack off, is it something an upright Holy Knight like me will do?

"Looks like without any reputation, it would be hard for us to recruit decent people. Why don't we try the legendary technique of Transcenders, recruiting the future heroes who still aren't faring well? Un, it is about time for that plot to happen, they should be born already. Sigh, when I received the walk through, I thought that I could

get many powerful little brothers under my command. But, I didn't expect that even their ancestors were still in their sperm and egg form. At that moment, I ㄱ-ed. This is even more depressing than when I put in so much effort to create glass back then, only to realize that the toy has been long created. Heh, digging talents from Auland Empire, I don't feel any guilt at all."

Thinking about how cool I would be, leading a bunch of Epic heroes in the future, I couldn't help but daydream.

"I still remember that the 'Rain Swallow Sword' and 'Master of Magic Machinery' are still in the Auland Capital. If so, should I look for them tomorrow? Un, I should first head to the Count with broken eggs to obtain some intelligence first. Alright, the recruitment mission is done. So, where should I head to spend my time next."

"Hey hey! This big brother here."

"You haven't told us whether you will be recruiting us. We need money to revive the circus, we will listen obediently to you."

I was looking at the bounty list, thinking about how long it would take for the cleaning to conclude and where I should go to waste my time when the sight in front of me turns dark suddenly. Then, 2 ugly faces suddenly appear in front me, their bad breath hitting me squarely in my face.

"GHOSTS!"

Alright, what is faster than my scream is my reflex action. Before I came to, my fist has already been struck out. Based on the sensation on my hand, it feels like I hit something physical.

"He hit him! He actually made a move against them."

"Hah, to actually dare to taunt this silly Ogre who doesn't distinguish between allies and enemies, looks like there's a show to watch."

"3:1 for the man dead, 1:10 for the man getting heavily injured."

"That pitiful Fire Dragon Circus. They were already troubled by debt due to bad management and now, their members are going to hurt someone again. This time, no one is able to help them anymore."

The shouts of the onlookers prove that my judgement is correct. From my perspective, Kavan and Dixu's prowess is already quite decent, so comparatively, to normal mercenaries, their strength would be at a shocking level. However, the reason why no one dared to hire them is because Ogres are easily enraged and would go into Berserk state. Once they start fighting, it is easy for them to go into a state where they wouldn't be able to distinguish between allies and enemies.

"I'm sorry, but you appeared too suddenly. It was an accident."

I smile sheepishly as I retrieve my hand from Kavan and Dixu's stomach. Some kind-hearted people were already shouting warnings at me.

"Lad, escape quickly! Why bother reasoning with Ogres. Just half a month ago, he severely wounded a Berserker from the Southern lands. Hurry up!"

"You actually dare to hit Kavan..." Blood-red veins appear in the 4 eyes of the 3-meter tall double-headed Ogre. Then, they start to roll upwards, showing the whites of their eyes. Saliva starts to flow freely from their mouth, and they were no longer able to complete their sentence.

"It is a Complete Berserk state! Everyone, let's face him together, otherwise we will all die here!"

Alright, looking at this sight, there were already veterans who roared furiously and charged forward.

Complete Berserk state is the ace (race talent) of Beastmen, Berserkers and Ogres. In exchange of their rationality, they burn through their life force for terrifying strength. Perhaps, they would die of exhaustion if they weren't treated in time after their Berserk ends, but until then, they would be a fearless killing machine.

Kavan and Dixu's combined fighting prowess is Gold-rank, so they would be minimally be of the strength of a Legend-rank after Complete Berserk. The judgement of the veterans was accurate. If the both of them weren't killed in time, everyone in their surroundings would probably die.

But...

The next moment, the 4 eyes of the salivating Ogre turn completely white. Then, their heads suddenly slant and they crash to the ground, their gigantic body raising a cloud

of dust.

"How is this possible? It isn't Complete Berserk but rather, they were knocked out? From a blow of this young man?"

Disbelief can be seen on the face of the strongest mercenary of the group who were charging towards the Ogre. He really found it hard to accept such a reality. He was once partners with Kavan and Dixu and he knows how tough that Berserker and Shaman Ogre are physically. In fact, he has even seen the Berserk state Kavan and Dixu tearing a war elephant apart but now, they were knocked out by a single blow?

After the dust settles, the cheerful smiling young man has already disappeared.

At the same time, I, who accidentally used my full strength in the punch, made use of the chaos to escape.

The basic strength of a normal Ogre is 16 points and as a Berserker, Kavan and Dixu should have at least 18 points. It is indeed quite fearsome compared to the 10 points of an average human. However, when placed in comparison with one who have exceeded the limits of mortals, 20 points, there is a difference in terms of quality between the two. Furthermore, I accidentally used a strength exertion technique that I have been practicing recently. This is also the main reason why they fell in one blow.

Why did I have to escape?

"Darn it, even if I have to make a reputation for myself, but this kind of striking reputation is really unbearable. If I don't escape, I wouldn't be able to escape the title of 'Ogre Knight' or some similar nicknames."

I still roughly get the mercenary industry. For veterans, their titles often spread further than their real name. Furthermore, this title is often related to how they made their name for the first time, it would be hard to change it after it is fixed. It would be great if it was some elegant title like Dragon Slayer. But, imagine 'Professional Kobold Slayer', 'The Destroyer of Goblins' and 'The Ejector of Dogs' kind of titles, you wouldn't be able to raise your head for the rest of your life.

As for 'Holy Knight who is stronger than Ogres' and 'Ogre Holy Knight' kind of bizarre titles, given my Luck stat, it is definitely possible that I would receive such titles. Thus, it would be best for me to escape as far as possible.

Of course, before I left, I conveniently completed one of my objective. Holding the bounty in hand, I found a way to spend my time before the cleaning ends.

"B-rank bounty: Blood Hand Brotherhood Band, an organization comprising pickpockets and assassins. Dead or alive, 100 gold will be awarded for normal members, a minimum of 1000 for their top brass and 50000 gold for the head of the band, Blood Hand Jim. If the task is completed before the inauguration ceremony, the bounty will be doubled."

Although the reward is much less than the A-class quest, what I require now is intelligence and a target to train with. When it comes to intelligence, who could compare with the thief bands who deal in intelligence.

Very quickly, from the Count with broken eggs, I received basic intelligence on the Blood Hand Brotherhood Band. A lower mid-tier thief band with less than 200 members. They had just carried out a big operation, stealing the tributes that a certain country was going to present to the Emperor, thus causing a bounty to be placed on them. It is said that their old den is by the harbor.

"200 people? Let's try to complete it before dinner. Un, I will bring back intelligence with me so that no one can say that I am slacking off."

[Roland.Mist

Strength: 20

Agility: 19

Stamina: 20

Intelligence: 29

Will: 29

Charm: 19

Race Talent: War Angel Form, Sinful Devil God Form, Sword of Order, Titan Body

LV22 Order Knight/LV22 Chaos Witch King]

In reality, ever since my revival, while being delighted over my high starting point, I have been thinking about what kind of training route I should walk on.

Not talking about Ice Magic and Necromancy first, as an experienced Holy Knight, I am still quite confident in my close combat abilities.

However, for this balanced and powerful physical body, if I were to choose the route of heavy armor and dual blade, then my 19 points in Agility would be wasted. But, if I were to wear light armor and choose the route of an agile Warrior, then it would be a waste of my 20 points Strength which surpasses the limits of mortals.

But, what surprises me the most is that despite my primary job being Order Knight, I didn't have a main stat. My overall fighting power could be increased with the rise of any one of my stats. Thus, I hesitated.

"Don't tell me I would have to walk the route of dual blades? Or should I learn from barbarians, carrying a heavy weapon in each of my hands? But, that would be starting anew."

Changing one's fighting style isn't an easy task. However, a small unexpected event made me make up my determination.

[Frozen Air]

That treacherous buff that can be enchanted on the blade of one's weapon, causing one's opponent to unknowingly fall into a desperate situation. Initially, I planned to use the radiant Holy Light to cover the Frozen Air on my sword, so that it would be even more undetectable and deadly.

However, reality never works as planned. I tried many times but whether it is Holy Light or Power of Law, the moment they come into contact with Frozen Air, one of them would dissipate. It is either because their attributes clash with one another or that I am unable to meld them together in my current state.

Ignore Holy Light and focus on Frozen Air instead? Can a Holy Knight who doesn't use Holy Light still be considered a Holy Knight? That would be either a pure Warrior or a 2nd rate rookie Warrior who is unable to focus on his swordsmanship.

Naturally, I turned my attention into wielding dual blades. One sword will be enchanted with Holy Light while the other with Frozen Air. Theoretically, using 2 unique powers to strike my enemy concurrently will definitely reduce my enemies to tears.

Furthermore, not only can this bring out the advantage of my high stats which are developing at the same pace, a fighting style that uses two kinds of attributes is also quite suited for me, given that I have many different attributes. This also gives me the advantage of choosing what attribute I should enchant on each of my two swords to counter my opponent.

But when I brought up my intention with the others, the Knights, including Diana in the mix, don't approve of my thoughts, viewing it as an impossible task and a waste of effort.

"Dual blades don't simply mean using 2 swords, it is a totally different concept from wielding 2 swords in both hands. The cycle between attack and defense is extremely important. When the left sword strikes, even if the right sword doesn't go on the offense, it must move or the balance of the body will be shaken. Splitting one's focus into doing multiple things at the same time is the norm for dual blades. At the same time, it has a very high requirement of one's balance and agility. It is a style almost unique to Elf Swordsmen and you are a human..."

These are the words Diana said to dissuade to me. She almost directly said 'Dual blades is a profession for Elf Swordsmen. It is impossible for you to learn it.'

"Dual blades? Or wielding 2 swords? Haha, are you a 3-meter-tall Ogre or a 2.5-meter Highland Barbarian. To actually be able to think of such a ridiculous thing. If you can achieve it, tonight, I will..."

Alright, looking at the scene in front her, Momo swallows her remaining words.

At that moment, I was wielding a sword in my left and right hand each. In the start, my motion was still rigid and rusty. But, as I swung about, my motions gradually got more and more fluid. Eventually, my standard got to the level of veterans who have several decades of experience behind them.

"I don't believe it. It must be just the empty form without any contents inside. Come, let's spar."

Alright, Momo personally challenges me. To the astonishment of the crowd, after my initial fluster, I gradually got control of the flow of the battle. The heavy dual swords were so dexterous as though they were part of my body. The coordination of the two swords had a light and swift tempo, dancing a waltz that brings about an image of the rapid flow of a stream.

For Momo who was lacking in strength, she didn't even hold on for 30 seconds when she was defeated and retreated with numb hands.

"This is almost a miracle!"

The Legend Holy Knight Diana looks at me with surprise and disbelief. Then, she smiles and nods her head, as though that this was the way it should be.

In reality, there was no doubt that I had cheated.

[Ambidextrous: Allows your left hand to be as dexterous as your right hand. Prerequisite: Agility 15+ -- System Notice: There is really no difference between left and right hand, please don't use this skill to do meaningless things]

There was a period when I was roaming in the Elf Kingdom when I was so bored that I started training to be ambidextrous, that's why that gray-colored option appeared in the skill tree. However, due to the fact that it is the core ability to a dual blade Swordsman, even though my basic stats fit the prerequisite, I still paid 3 skill points for it.

[Giant Wielding: Being blessed by God's strength, you are able to wield a two-handed weapon like a one-handed sword. However, due to inexperience, the accuracy and damage will be significantly lowered. Prerequisite: Strength 18+ -- System Notice: Even though Giant Wielding is a close-combat skill is a universal talent, but with 18 Strength, you can only learn it. To use the weapon properly, you will need at least 20 Strength. If one isn't of Giant race, normally only Legend-rank Warriors can fit the criteria. However, by then, their battle style would already be fixed, so how would they change to dual-wielding two-handed weapons at this point. That's why this is called the most useless skill.]

After devoting 4 skill points into it, countless battle techniques and experience gushes into my mind and my body recalls those sensations. This saved me a large amount of training time. Under the gazes of disbelief by the crowd, I grasped the basics of dual-

wielding two-handed swords.

Of course, this is only the start which brings about the possibility of trying such a battle style. However, if I were to want to become a grandmaster-class dual-wielding expert like in the past, I would still require countless amount of time to grind my techniques along with actual battle experience and the opponents in front of me were very responsible sparring partners.

"Hah."

The two-handed sword in my right hand radiates with golden light, brightening this pitch black underground chamber. The next moment, the thieves who were hiding in the shadows were smacked flying.

Un, smack, not cut. Dual-wielding heavy swords is a classical way of using strength to subdue others. They can use their weight and its size to bully others by smacking, crushing and chopping them.

But, seeing how there was no movement after being sent smashing into the wooden crates, it seems that for the physically weak thieves, being smacked or cut doesn't really make a difference.

"It is a pity. Just consider it your misfortune then."

Shaking my head, I continue walking forward. The moment I walked into the next room, an explosion occurs and smoke rises up from the ground. Then, from my front and my back, thieves and assassins come charging out from hidden chambers.

Alright, looking at the green oily daggers, I would be courting death if I were to go easy on them. Thus, using my full strength, it became a one-sided battle.

The moment the battle started, I immediately understood why the Silver-rank Momo would be defeated so easily. Just by changing a battle style which makes full use of the advantage of my basic stats, my fighting prowess immediately multiples by several folds.

Still the same agile, lethal and accurate Monarch Swordsmanship without any tricks or unorthodox moves, but the swords come faster and faster, heavier and heavier, subduing the opponent through speed and strength.

TL: Translated as Sword of the King previously in chp 63, changed both to Monarch Swordsmanship.

For the assassins who depend heavily on agility, losing in a battle of speed is fatal.

The attacking arc for a two-handed sword is already quite large, not to mention that we are in a narrow underground chamber. Once I start swinging that two pair of two-handed sword, the space they have left for dodging is reduced significantly.

When the assassins were losing out in the battle of agility which they were proud of, the ones who was on the offense is basically me. Furthermore, if they wanted to close in on me, they would have to tank a heavy sword of mine.

After barely taking a heavy sword of mine, which was enchanted with Holy Light, his balance is already unsteady. As for my left sword, it is like a dangerous viper prowling about. It doesn't strike easily but the moment it does, it is aimed directly at the vitals, either their waist breaks or their throat would be crushed.

The Silver-rank Shadow Assassin is the strongest of the bunch. Before the effect of my Frozen Air could take effect, he only managed to block 3 hits of mine before he was cut into 2 by my right sword.

In just 10 short seconds, the thieves lost 7 or 8 of their companion.

When their leader, the strongest of them all here, died meaninglessly in battle, the thieves finally recognize that the opponent in front of them is an adversary they cannot overcome. Thus, they scattered and fled without any hesitation.

I didn't chase them, because the Queen of Banshees was already complaining by my ear.

"If you don't hurry up, that fellow is going to escape. My clone is about to be taken away. It is difficult for me to split a clone at my current state, so don't waste it."

She does have the right to complain. The reason why I am able to find this lair is really thanks to her.

How did we find this well-hidden thief band? I played the role of a profitable target to them and allowed the Blood Hand Brotherhood Band to pickpocket my wallet, in it is an extremely valuable tear-shaped gemstone.

Just like in the intelligence I received, the Brotherhood Band has extremely strict control over their basic members. Very quickly, even though there is some mysterious slime on the corners of the gemstone, the tear-shaped gemstone was quickly passed to the hands of the top brass of the Blood Hand Brotherhood Guild. Afterwards, following the direction of the Child of Greed, I traced them all the way here.

Harloys continues to complain by my ear. If I don't hurry up, all of my preparatory work would be in vain. If the head of the band were to escape, I would lose out on the bounty rewards and the tributes, not to mention that my primary objective is the intelligence from the thief band.

Despite in position, I couldn't see any path. There is definitely a secret passage in this underground tunnel. Thus, I hastened my search but very quickly, I realized that I didn't have any points in Detection and Mechanisms. Despite obviously feeling the presence of the Child of Greed inside, I just cannot find the mechanism.

"Forget it, being skillful really isn't for me. I am more used to crashing through using brute strength. Sword of Order! Blast me a hole!"

Alright, from now on, chastity -> decency (Thanks for the suggestion)

Also, I thought Roland should have allowed Mono to finish her sentence first...

Chapter 84

The Wolf King and the Crows

"Beifeng Caring Beast Tamer Hospital, providing you and your family members warm service. With the lowest price, you can enjoy royalty-class service. Un, so it's fixed."

Under the setting sun, the moment I stepped into the mansion, which looks totally different from before, I heard such an explosive statement that I started to suspect if I had walked into the wrong place.

"Let the world know my presence."

"Let our descendants know my existence."

"Even if I have to be cursed for thousands of years."

"Please put your full faith in us. Please pass your beloved pets to us. We only treat pregnant pets. We have a hundred years of history, Beifeng Caring Beast Tamer Hospital is worth your trust."

That is the slogan written on all of the flags around the mansion. It almost blinded my eyes.

Beifeng is currently arguing with someone while his blood brother, Casio, is currently carrying one of the flag and shouting. However, it is hard for one to look directly at the slogan on the flag he attached to his body.

I start to wonder that if old Minial were to see his own grandson being reduced to such a state, would he be happy that he won't have to worry about there not being an internal war within his tribe or would he try to murder me.

"Big Brother Beifeng is so warm and peaceful, why do you all hate him? Could racial discrimination be that deeply affixed in society?"

Looking at that passionate shout and the tears he has in his eyes for his big brother who he thinks is being misunderstood, I think old Minial would probably try to kill

me. If he isn't sufficient to achieve this task, he might even pull his entire tribe into the fight.

On the other side...

"May the Heavens strike Beifeng." "Go and die gays." Alright, it's fine if it is others holding the flag but for you 2 bastards who followed Krose here, do you all think you have the right to hold and wave that flag?

'Praise the Law, The Great Court of Law and Church.' That flag is stabbed into Krose's giant staff and the frenzied lightning around it gave people no doubt about her determination to protect her faith.

"The minority should give in to the majority. I say that we build the Court of Law. If you aren't pleased with the decision, come and fight!" Those words were from Momo and on her face is a fierce look that matches the words she spoke.

Alright, the flags of both side are hard for others to watch. The ones leading the faction is Krose and Momo, as well as the two calefares waving the flag and shouting by the side.

Ed: Calefare means unimportant side characters

Very soon, just as I was glad that I had managed to successfully escape the great clean up, I understood what has transpired here. In the end, as usual, I was the causal factor for the mess here.

Before I left, I had casually said:

"This is such a big mansion, it's a waste to leave it as is. Our bedrooms are on the 2nd and 3rd floor. Why don't we use the 1st floor for something? If people walk in and out frequently, it can serve as a cover for us."

Alright, after these idle people finished cleaning up, they began to discuss how to make use of the 1st floor as well as the space in the garden.

But as usual, the real debate only lasted for 5 minutes and the rest became a contention to realize their personal greed.

"It is better for us to make an animal hospital. We have Big Brother Beifeng, an

experienced doctor here, as well as many beautiful nurses. We will definitely be able to make a fortune."

Perhaps it is something Beifeng collected when he was still serving as a vet. Casio is currently displaying the nurse costume in his hands. Given the extremely short skirt and the black laces, it would definitely be extremely seductive if worn on the Elves. Not to mention the two whose gazes keep alternating between Krose and the nurse costume, they were starting to waver.

"Bastard, if people were to find out that I have worked in Beifeng's hospital, then I won't be able to get married in the future."

However, Momo was still very resolute about it. She is currently working hard for her future.

"Hmph, you fierce granny, you think that you can get married in your current state? You think that no one knows about you secretly staring at Rolande sleeping? You lecherous wolf."

"Ahh, at least I'm better than you. Can you still remain normal being together with Beifeng every day? You want me to be a nurse? Fine, only if you wear it as well."

"You... How can you say that? Our brotherhood is clean and pure! Fine, I will wear it. Do you think that I, the Golden Bow, am afraid of you? If I wear it, you have to approve of Big Brother Beifeng's proposal? I really don't know what you all are thinking about, such a good thing like making an animal hospital, why must you all stop him?"

At the end of his words, Casio really began to strip his armor to study how to put on the nurse costume.

The little fellow looks extremely handsome with a masculine tone to his face. His solid muscles weren't exaggerated, but it had the aesthetics of a finely sculpted classical statue. However, if he were to put on a nurse costume... Let me go puke a bit first.

Alright, if I don't stop him at this point, I won't have to eat dinner later. Even khorium dog eyes will be blinded.

TL: Khorium -> World of Warcraft expensive ore. In China, there is a phrase called khorium dog eyes for people who are lucky enough to find this ore (The idea is that they have such powerful eyes that they are able to find khorium)

But fortunately, someone stopped him in advance.

"Brother, it is good that you have such intentions but don't chastise them. History tells us that those who tread on new paths are always lonely and there will be a day when the apathetic world opens their eyes. We only have to try our best to express our sincerity and quietly wait. As for me..."

Beifeng's hands clasp together as he smiles lightly like a Buddha. The light of a saint seems to vaguely shine behind him.

"The world slanders me, bullies me, insults me, mocks me, underestimates me, corrupts me, loathes me and scams me. How can I deal with that? I can only tolerate him, allow him, permit him, avoid him, condone him, respect him, ignore him and look at him after a few years. What can I do when everyone views me with enmity, I, love the world too much, too deep... AH!"

The final 'ah' is a scream of pain.

"Try acting profound, just try acting profound! You think we can't tell that the fake sacred light is from your stun grenade? You still dare to copyright the Buddhist Scriptures from the East?"

"Cure your head, you are obviously doing it to satisfy your own desires! You still dare to talk about love, must love make one depressed? I will beat you up, you warrior of love."

"Flying Shoe Strike, Sin-Splitting Strike, Evil Destroying Blow! Try my Demon-Subduing Fist!"

TL: (Po Xie Zhan (Throwing a shoe), Po Xie Zhan (Slashing him), Zhan Zui Ji (Probably some physical blow))

Alright, I also can't resist hitting him personally as well. Looking at the treacherous smile on Beifeng's face and that saintly look he portrayed while that nonsense came out of his mouth, I really can't vent my frustrations if I don't beat him up.

After that farce, the room got messed up once again by those flags with slogans on it despite just being cleaned up. I started to preach them.

"Look, how old are you all? Can't you all be steadier? Look at Diana, she isn't competing

at all, how good is that?"

"Hmph, it's because Big Sister doesn't know which one to go for."

"Un?"

Alright, in the hands of Diana, who blushed furiously red due to those words, I saw 2 flags.

"Recommend the construction of a Court on the first floor."

"The Church of the Goddess of Moonlight, listen to the will of the true Gods."

Seeming embarrassed from my staring, the Gray Elf seems to be mumbling something. After stepping closer to her, then I realized...

"Church of Holy Light is the best!" Alright, this silly lass who is one beat slow seems to have finally made up her mind.

Hearing these, her face seems to be looking at me with expectation, seeming to hope that I, as a Holy Knight, would approve of her suggestion.

I can understand that as someone who has walked on the path of a Holy Knight for a few centuries, now you have sworn allegiance to the God of Law but at the same time, chose the road as a Savior, a Gray Elf, under the Lady of Moonlight, but is it really okay to believe in 3 true Gods at once?

Even if the Order Gods only have restrictions on people joining their Churches and don't ban polytheism, but as a user of Divine Powers, can you show a little bit of restraint? Stepping into 3 boats at once, aren't you afraid of retribution from the Gods?

However, looking at how the valiant female Legend Knight turns cowardly and worried when she talks about faith, I know that there is no point in me lecturing her about it. What outsiders say won't help her at all, it all depends on her own decision in the end.

I should have known that the Gentlemen Alliance wouldn't have any normal people. Even if they look normal on the outside, but there will be something wrong on the inside. Even if they are originally normal, they will turn into a pervert after staying too long inside (Looks at Casio sympathetically). Probably, only Clint, who isn't here, is a

little bit better.

"Wait, this isn't right. We have 1 person missing here. Where's Clint?"

How can I not be worried when there is one person missing, especially when the person missing is Clint, who is the most dangerous of them all!

"He disappeared the moment we started chatting. Perhaps..."

"KACHA!" "BOOM!" Following the sounds of explosions and walls being blown apart, thick smoke starts to drift upwards. I stare speechlessly at the blue sky, once again affirming my decision to look for some normal teammates tomorrow.

"He probably..."

"You don't have to speak anymore, I understand. Next time, remember to put a leash on him and look after him properly. Tell him I said that."

Alright, there is no need for her to elaborate any further, I can already understand the thought process of that Eccentric King. Clean up finished -> The preparation of the fort completed -> Activate alarm system -> Set up a lot of traps and explosives -> Safety comes first -> Sleep peacefully at night.

"Safety comes first! You all don't have to be too thankful to me."

The next moment, that king appears from some corner and sends us a thumbs-up proudly. Although I couldn't see his face below the helmet, I could feel that he was laughing gleefully below his helmet.

"I'll be back." Somehow, looking at the icy cold metal giant showing a thumbs-up, I remembered the famous phrase of a robot in a foreign world. Now, I am starting to get curious of what Clint looks like below his metal facade. Could he really be an iron core-controlled magic metal puppet, that's why he is so enlightened?

"Sigh, forget it, it isn't worth getting angry with him. It isn't the first time anyway."

Some people are destined to remain stubborn their entire life. Clint, who doesn't listen to teachings, is a prime example. There really isn't a point getting mad at him.

Looking at plumes of black smoke rising outside the window, considering how my

blood pressure is getting significantly higher despite being young, although I was so angry that veins were popping on my entire face, I hold my chest and quietly count one two three, trying my best to stabilize my rampaging emotions and blood pressure.

"Try to think positively. Since it has already exploded, just let it be. The old must go to let way for the new. It is also good for us to set up new defensive mechanisms. Wait, what did he explode?"

We just moved in here and we didn't have any customers yet, so who was it that just triggered the bomb that was just put in place?

"The... The dinner I just ordered. Food and daily necessities!! I secretly bought some classic treasure magazines and posters. Clint, you idiot! My exclusive collection, that was really expensive."

Rushing out, as expected, it is the dinner and daily necessities I ordered after claiming my reward money. The carriage which is responsible for sending the goods has already been sent flying to the skies. The stableman and porter are still trembling there in fear. But, those expensive goods of mine have turned into charred waste.

"AHHHHHHHHH. I can't take it anymore. Don't run, let me kill you all and find new teammates! I will make sure to change them to some normal people this time."

Alright, looking at the few remaining charred pages of the treasures that I got with much difficulty at the black market, the final strand of my rationality snaps. I didn't even get the chance to look at it before it was ruined. This isn't the time for me to be considering about my blood pressure, eat my great Sin-Splitting Strike!

"My dad and mum in heaven, I finally understand what it feels like to see your home wrecked after a hard day at work. I estimate that it is probably the same as what I am going through now. I regret, I have sinned, but can you not use these grown rascals to torture me? Can't you give me some normal people? If this goes on, I might explode from my high blood pressure before even reaching 20.

This was what that was written in a certain someone's diary that night. However, as facts have proven, weirdos will always attract weirdos and lifeforms like perverts are contagious. My biggest mistake was naming this band 'Gentlemen Alliance' and this was only the beginning.

It is a quaint palace. There isn't colorful paint on the walls, there isn't any luxurious mat on the floor and even decorations like flower vases are lacking. Yet, it is the living quarters of the one holding supreme authority in the entire Auland Empire.

"Extravagance is just an appearance one shows to outsiders. Shove those messy things to one corner, they will only make my eyes hurt."

When the court officials persuaded Darsos to follow the tradition of the previous Emperors, rebuild the palace before his inauguration, the young Emperor threw those words at them. Ignoring the persuasion of everyone else, he moved to the unused palace of the Emperor 2 generations ago.

"Women? I'm not interested. I might be interested in other people's women though, and even more so if it is other people's land."

The future King of Winter Wolves never tried to hide his ambitions and it's exactly because of his ability to turn his desires and ambitions into reality that allowed him to overcome the other 7 sons of the previous Emperor, allowing him to be successfully crowned.

War? There would definitely be one within 5 years of Darsos's inauguration. This is the common agreement among all of the foreign diplomats and state strategists.

If it is a small country, everyone would have made a move when a war maniac was to rise to the throne. However, within the past 300 years, the Auland Empire has already accumulated enough underlying strength while the countries that border them aren't strong enough. From the peasants to the landlords, they all hope to receive an opportunity to reshuffle the cards and rise through the ranks. Under such circumstances, along with his promise of war, the inaugurating Darsos's popularity to soared to a fearsome level.

Reyne and Kelly's speculations weren't wrong. Darsos is using strength to put others under his control. If you surrender to me, then kneel completely beneath me. If you refuse, then you are simply giving me a reason to beat you until you surrender.

But there's one thing they were wrong about. Darsos's ambitions are greater than they expected. How can just one subordinate state fulfill his greed?

"Should I send the orders? The selection ceremony for the Guardian Knight of the Princess Knight."

Just as recorded in the history, the King of Winter Wolves is a rare handsome figure. A high nasal bridge on his masculine square face. His flowing black hair reaches all the way to his waist and yet, it didn't give him the feeling of being a sissy. Perhaps, it is because of that eagle eyes which always had an aggressive gaze in them under those crescent eyebrows that made others unable to ignore his presence.

At this moment, if the citizens of the Mist Country were to hear his words, they would definitely try to kill him even at the risk of their lives.

"All preparations are ready. 2 Legends, 4 Gold-rank and 10 Silver-rank, our Auland Empire is overflowing with talented youths. Look at how much face we are giving her, we are giving such a good deal to that countryside Princess."

"Hah, don't underestimate the Mist Bloodline. If it wasn't for the few wars with them that destroyed so many powerful Empires, it would be impossible for our Auland Empire to rise up. Even a dying camel is bigger than a horse. I am quite interested in the secrets of the royalty. It is said that the Aurora Knights are the rarely seen human tier-4 (Gold-rank) soldier. Even if just the slightest trace of it is remaining, it can definitely raise the military capabilities of our royal guards significantly.

Yes, from the very start, what the Auland Empire wanted wasn't a subordinate state. They wanted to annex the East Mist Communal Country.

Guardian Knight? In Eich Continent, there is another name for the Guardian Knight of female nobles -- secret lover. Of course, it often refers to the personal choice of the lady which due to several reasons is unable to marry. But apparently, Darsos has decided to do it forcefully without any consideration for Reyne's opinion.

There is only a female remaining in the Mist Royalty. If her husband is an Auland man, then the next generation king would have half the bloodline of Auland. Naturally, this would be equivalent to devouring this little country.

If she refuses to choose a Guardian Knight? This would mean insulting the supreme authority of Auland Empire. Un, it is a move to force you to rebel.

Reject the alliance? Launch a war and annex them.

Reject the Guardian Knight? Launch a war and annex them.

Reject the alliance and Guardian Knight? Directly annex them.

Against this powerful and shameless Auland Empire who is obviously picking on the weak, there is nothing much that the East Mist Communal Country can do.

In this shabby palace, on the gigantic map hung on the wall, the East Mist Communal Country and 4 other countries in its surroundings had flags of multiple colors stabbed in them. This represents important strategic locations for war.

The newly crowned King of Winter Wolves has already set his eyes on a predator on the small countries of the alliance and out of them all, the one he is most satisfied with is the East Mist Communal Country in the North.

As long as he were to take it down, there would be no one their match in the Northern lands. They would have free access all the way to the borders with the Beastmen. Through expansion, gaining new territory, the Auland Empire will rise to greater heights.

With a stable back, countless precious mines of the Northern Highlands and great profits from the trades by the borders, it would form the stepping stone for the great battle plan of the Auland Empire to conquer the entire continent.

After his subordinate left, the young King of Winter Wolves shut his eyes in deep thought. Just then, his connection with a someone in the shadows had been forged.

"Caw, well-done, as expected of Claude's son. Looks like choosing you to be inaugurated is the right decision. Our cooperation will bring us to greater heights."

"Hah, filthy crows. I don't care why you all are still obsessed with that bloodline. But, as long as you all are able to prove your worth, I won't be stingy with my rewards as an Emperor."

"Then, let me first thank your majesty in advance. As long as you can totally rid the Mist Bloodline, we, the Celestial Tower are willing to pledge our allegiance to you. Please anticipate our performance."

On top of the palace, the pitch-black crows dive into the skies and disappears into the gray clouds.

"Heh, allegiance? A bunch of souls that should have been long dead. The remnants of an organization that Emperor Yongye destroyed still dares to talk to me about allegiance? However, a dog that bites is still a good dog, isn't that so? Claude."

The young King of Winter Wolves said these words to the frame of his bed and below it, there is a cell in which a haggard-looking old man is trapped within.

"Unfilial son, kill me. I will never tell you the final secret of the Auland Empire. You will always be an incomplete Emperor!"

But, it is a pity that based on the design of the cell, sound above could travel downwards but the sound from the bottom is unable to reach the surface. The screams of the old man could only echo helplessly in the underground chamber.

Celestial Tower (占星塔) -> The 2 words in front means making prophecies from astrology while the last one means tower (Ed:duh TL:Tsk) Think of the typical xianxia where some old guy looks at the star and suddenly a shooting star passes by and he comments that the end of the world is coming.

Chapter 85

The Selection for a Guardian Knight

"Alright, since your elder sister's not at home, then I'll come visit another day. Please accept this present of mine, this is just a little token of my sincerity."

Yesterday, we spent half of the night forcing Clint at sword's point to remove all of the traps and explosives that he had set. The other half, we used physical force to subdue him before he temporarily gave up on his objective.

I didn't sleep well that night after all the ruckus those fellows caused. Even so, I went out by myself before sunrise.

Un, since those fellows aren't reliable, I better quickly look for some reliable ones. I browse through the 'history' of Auland Capital to double check that the few I am looking for are currently in the capital. But, at this point, they have all yet to mature despite being future experts.

This time, in order to make sure that the ones I choose are normal people, I even bore with the pain and struck off a few names. The rest of them, regardless of their reputation, strength or character, they are all respectable future heroes

However, what surprised me was that despite visiting 2 of their houses early in the morning, they weren't at home. For the 3rd trip, I found the home of 'Rain Swallow Sword' Svina di Nelson but I was told that she has also left early in the morning.

I was a little surprised. Where could a female swordsman like Svina head to so early in the morning?

"Little brother, can you tell me where your elder sister went to?"

If the first time is a coincidence, then three times surely cannot pass off as so. When I questioned the family members of the first two where they went, they tried to brush off my question. But now, since the other party is a little kid who is easy to coax, I won't let off such an easy target.

"Big Sister told me not to say... Big Sister went to attend a Guardian Knight Selection for a foreign Princess."

Alright, as expected of a small kid (rascal). The lollipop and toy I prepared for the little brother Svina loves immediately caused him to forget his big sister's commands.

"Guardian Knight? Princess? Svina is a female, why would she join such an event?"

I couldn't help but chuckle. However, when I remembered what the walk through wrote about the life of this female hero, I could understand why.

'Rain Swallow Sword' Svina, a descendant of a high noble of Auland Empire. After her family fell when she was still young, the wish of the female swordsman had been to bring her family back to its former glory. She once disguised as a male and joined the military in hope to rise through the ranks. However, when her identity was exposed, she was expelled from the Flying Dragon Knight Order which she commanded. From then on, she started to tread on a lonely road.

Clearly, this elder sister is trying to accomplish her prior goals in history, thus disguising as a male to join the Guardian Knight Selection for a foreign Princess. After all, as long as she is able to become the Guardian Knight of the foreign Princess, she is able to rid herself of her identity as peasant, thus taking a big step forward for the resuscitation for her family.

"Wait, Guardian Knight Selection? Foreign Princess? Little Tiago, which country did that foreign Princess come from, do you know it?"

"Un... Seems to be something Mist I think..."

In an instant, realization struck me. The raging emotions that boils in my chest caused me to be unable to perceive his remaining words.

"Darsos! You dare!"

"Rage? Helplessness? Fear? Despair?"

Reyne could no longer use words to describe her own emotions. The bustling Auland Royal Sparring Field in front of her and the cheers of the innumerable audiences made

her fall into a desperate situation.

"Congratulations, your respected highness Reyne. Your well-known beauty has even surpassed the boundaries of the Astor Mountains. Look, the youths who came today are not bad. You should be able to find a Guardian Knight whom you are satisfied with."

"Guardian Knight? For my husband to be chosen by you Aulanders, how dare you!"

Her furious roar regurgitates in her throat before being swallowed back in. The reason why this Guardian Knight Selection was shoved so suddenly into her face is so as to not give her time to react. If she were to make use of this opportunity to say 'I didn't agree on this' 'I won't acknowledge the Guardian Knight from this selection', the other party would make use of this opportunity to turn it into a diplomatic issue, turning it into the trigger needed to start a war.

Looking at the bright smiles on the faces of the diplomats from other countries, their gazes of sympathy, helplessness and envy, Reyne knew that it was meaningless to ask them for help.

There were all sorts of emotions on their faces except for surprise. Apparently, they had all gotten the notice in advance but as the person involved in this selection, she only got the news 2 hours ago.

Who knew what the Auland Empire offered them? The alliance that they had agreed on just yesterday had crumbled today as they offered her as a sacrifice without any hesitation. Reyne was enraged, but there wasn't anyone for her to vent it on.

She knows that in a social event, lashing out would only make others question and underestimate her and her homeland while tears is only a sign of immaturity and weakness.

"Is this the relationship between countries that teacher talked about? The bloody survival of the fittest? Those arrogant Aulanders! One day, you will all pay the price. The true King of Winter Wolves will crush your throats."

The only thing she could do is to try her best to squeeze a smile and engrave the hateful face of everyone else into the depths of her heart.

The King of Winter Wolves Darsos stares playfully into the face of this little lady. 14 years old, it's an age where those from rich noble families are still fooling about. But,

the little lady in front of him grinded her teeth and tried to suppress her emotions, apparently well-aware of what is going on.

Facing such humiliation at a young age, being pulled into a situation which might bring unhappiness for life, it is rare for one to be able to keep their calm. However, as his opponent, as a stepping stone for his own ambitions, she is still too young. The rumor about her equaling to the might of thousands should just be propaganda.

"Cheers to the great alliance that we are about to forge! Cheers to the valiant youths of the Auland Empire! Cheers to our charming Princess Reyne!"

As the Emperor raises his cup, the other nobles happily raise their golden cups of red wines along with him. The only who is not fitting in with the crowd is the Princess who was being showered with blessings. She stares coldly at them, like a wolf staring at her prey from higher grounds.

Remembering this hatred and insult to exact vengeance in the future is the only thing she could do now.

"Pardon me, allow me to touch up on my makeup."

But in the end, she is just a 14-year-old girl. Anger, despair and the feeling of being wronged made her eyes turn red. Unwilling to shed tears in front of her enemies, she used the reason of touching up on her make up to leave temporarily.

The moment she walks down from her pedestal, following Darsos's eye signal, 2 well-built guards follows her.

The star of the show today is Reyne and the issue with the Guardian Knight has to be fixed on the spot today. Darsos won't allow any mishap to happen, so it is impossible for him to allow her to escape.

Soon, with one of them standing guard outside the toilet, the other ran back to report. Darsos nods his head and turns his attention back to the performance below.

In Darsos's point of view, he doesn't think that he has mistreated the young Princess. The contestants below are all small nobles and elites of the Auland Empire and he was also making use of this opportunity to find talents for him to use.

Of course, the high nobles and members of royalty won't attend such a selection. While

they are able to gain prestige and standing from a foreign Princess, it will also distance them away from the center of authority in Auland.

Following the traditional practices of Guardian Knight Selections, this is a sparring contest. In order to woo their beloved ladies of nobility, the young Knights display their knight chivalry and their outstanding martial arts. As long as they show sufficient capabilities, even those who lose will be respected by the crowd.

The two Legends prepared by the 'official side', after confirming that there are no 'dark horse' that would threaten this selection, resigned readily from the competition. After all, the 2 Legend uncles aren't young anymore, so bullying the lady like this would be going too far.

The battle has already proceeded into the semifinals. At this point, all of the remaining Warriors are at least Gold-rank and the Rain Swallow Sword Svina is one of them.

The future Emperor of Auland Empire sips his cup while enjoying the love of his people. Suddenly, looking at the fierce and powerful swordsman who was like the storm, he frowns and calls for his servant, whispering some words into his ear.

While the dignitaries of the Auland Empire were satisfied by this performance, no one's thoughts were on the foreign Princess whose present situation was like a meat laid on a chopping board.

At this moment, in the VIP dressing room, in the dressing mirror, an image of a tear-stained young lady whimpering silently could be seen.

After all, she is only 14 years old. Just a year ago, she was still a carefree Princess but now, the cruel war of politics was all forced onto her young shoulders. One wrong step could very well cause the downfall of her country. Thinking about her kin and her people back in her homeland who trust her, thinking about the humiliation she is about to face, she couldn't stop the tears from streaming down.

"Father, Big Sister Kelly, I'm really not qualified to be a princess..."

"Then, do you want strength? Strength that can change your fate."

Suddenly, a voice seems to echo in the room from nowhere. The warm voices that reaches into her soul made Reyne instinctively trust it, as though it was the voice from the gods and her ancestors.

"Yes, as long as I can change everything, even if I have to pay everything, including my soul, I am willing... Who are you! What did you do to me!"

Alright, the Persuasion Spell was broken. I received her answer but I shake my head in response to it instead.

"Sigh, it must be Karwenz's descendant, you are really too dumb. To give your bottom line at the start of the deal when you haven't even seen the other party's trump card yet. To be willing to give everything including your soul, any Devil that comes by would be able to rob you of everything. You failed."

"You... Who are you!"

The Isolation Barrier made sure that her voice didn't escape. Before the young lady lost consciousness, the last thing she saw was a face identical to hers and a somehow familiar voice.

"Sleep for a while. This burden is indeed too heavy for you to bear. Allow me to share your weight. But, your result for this pop quiz is 0 points. Youngster, remember to work hard for your retest."

The Guardian Knight Selection has finally reached its final phase. The two remaining contestants are outstanding young Knights.

The tall and well-built Carter is the team leader of Auland Empire's Flying Dragon Knight Order. Despite being just 27, through his outstanding martial arts and his Myth-class Hammer 'Beastman Grinder', he swept his way through the competition and is now standing on the stage of the finals.

His enemy is that young nameless swordsman. That swordsman is the kind of enemy he hates the most, an agility-type swordsman. After realizing that the handsome feminine lad's fighting abilities is even above that of his, Carter was initially very worried. However, at this moment, the sudden arrival of joyous news made him overjoyed.

As expected, the moment they started fighting, the swordsman fought extremely carefully.

"You still hope to be a Guardian Knight despite being a girl? Are you sure you have the abilities to?"

Yes, the news that he got is that his opponent in the finals is actually a girl. If the Guardian Knight turns out to be a girl, then the Auland Empire's scheme would naturally turn out to be laughably for naught.

Females can't bear offspring with another female. If so, wouldn't they be just freely giving a knight away to the other party?

After being warned, Svina can only grind her teeth at the mocking laughter of her opponent. When she received a secret message from the servant of the royal family, she thought that it was a recruitment notice, so she extremely ecstatic. However, she didn't expect that her identity has been exposed and she was strictly warned to not claim the championship of this duel.

She wants to win, and she has the confidence to do so as well. But, to disobey the will of the Emperor of the Auland Empire? Is she sick of living?

In the end, before the final match even began, the ending was already pre-determined.

On the pedestal, the 'Princess Reyne' who finished touching up her make up returns.

It is still the same face along with the same battle skirt. Just that, this time, her aura seems slightly different.

If her previous face, which was on the verge of crying, reminded others of a hatchling, then the current Princess Reyne, who smile as she walks with steady steps along with the natural confidence and pride she exuded makes one think of an eagle scouting its prey.

"My apologies to keep you all waiting."

"It's fine, it's fine." Somehow, when those smiling eyes were directed towards them, the few leaders of the small countries who just abandoned their alliance felt a little guilty.

In just 5 short minutes, she seemed to have turned into a different person. Even Darsos is surprised.

"Ahhhhh, that swordsman is actually a female!"

"How could a female join the competition?"

"The winner, Carter Dias!"

At this moment, the victor below has emerged. The hesitant Svina got hit heavily on her shoulders and her hair which was bound tightly together bursts out. As her identity is exposed, she naturally lost the opportunity to vie for the championship.

The 2-meter tall Carter carries his hammer and signals to the pedestal, his actions bearing a striking resemblance to a giant ape receiving a prize. There are already people who are discussing about the pairing of the wild beast and a girl.

But, Princess Reyne simply smiles.

"Since you will be my Guardian Knight, then you should be at least stronger than me. Can I spar with you personally?"

"How can we dirty the hands of your highness? Your highness is more suited to be doing embroidery in the warm interiors of your palace. It is better to leave the crude job of leading soldiers to war to men."

Darsos laughs but his words were sharp. He is sarcastically hinting that the other party is only suited to be a kind wife and a good mother. Even though he has thought of Reyne's battle records as a propaganda, but how could he give the other party an opportunity to overturn the situation at a time like this.

"Just a single blow will suffice. I just want to see if he is as sturdy as he looks on the outside. If he is useless on the inside, then wouldn't I be making a loss?"

The young lady sticks out her tongue, a gesture which is unspeakably cute. However, along with the words that doesn't fit her previous image, it caused uproar within the crowd.

But, since Princess Reyne has went this far, it would make it seem as though the Auland Empire is petty if they do not give in. Thus, Darsos nods his head.

Afterwards, his servants start to announce with a loud voice.

"Right now, my warriors, Knight Carter will face another challenge. Our respected Princess Reyne will personally try his strength. To prevent our strong Knight from injuring the cute Princess, this test would require Carter to receive 3 blows from our Princess. If Knight Carter is able to withstand them, then our new Guardian Knight would be born!"

Alright, this servant obviously understands the meaning of his lord. He made it sound as though that Princess Reyne insisted on stepping on the battlegrounds and that they had to reluctantly agree to it. The original 1 strike turning into 3 blows may sound generous, but there isn't much of a difference to it. It is actually a type of arrogance and confidence.

As for the final part about 'new Guardian Knight would be born', he is trying to reaffirm things so that there would be nowhere for Reyne to retreat to.

"Good job, Carter!"

"Princess Reyne, please go easy on him! Hahaha!"

Mocking laughter and racket fills the entire arena and everyone views the 'trial of 3 blows' as a joke. Even Carter himself couldn't help but nod while smiling foolishly, as though the Princess have already agreed to marry him.

But, Reyne simply laughs.

"It is a pity that I didn't bring any weapon. Your majesty, can I borrow a sword to use?"

"Of course, as long as you are able to use it."

Darsos hands over his own personal sword with malicious intentions. That blood-colored legendary sword is well-known to be aloof and bows to no one. He's waiting for Reyne to make a fool out of herself.

[Demon Sword: The Scarlet Conqueror] As the personal sword of the Emperor of Auland Empire, it is a Legend-class equipment. It only submits to true conquerors, the weak won't even get a chance to come into contact with it. If they were to force themselves to use it, they would only become a blood slave for the demon sword.

There are already a few unlucky fellows who have had their blood sucked by the demon sword. The few Aulanders who knew about the secret of the sword were

waiting to watch the Princess make a joke out of herself.

"Your majesty, thanks for your kindness. Ah, such a feisty little fellow. But, a good kid has to listen obediently to instructions."

However, the scream and the tossing away of the sword that they expected didn't happen. Instead, in that slim arms, the red demon sword seemed to glow even brighter. In the next moment, all of the light seems to gather back within the sword, the blood light gathering on the blade of the sword to prepare to battle. It seems to be even more obedient than a pet dog facing its own owner.

As the sword's owner, Darsos couldn't believe what he just saw. He has never seen the demon sword act so humble. The Scarlet Conqueror only respects ambitious dictators. Could it be that in the eyes of this sword, this little girl is an even greater conqueror than him?

Feeling that something is amiss, Darsos wanted to stop her but it was too late.

Reyne didn't walk down the stairs that lead to the sparring field. Instead, she walks to the corner of the watch stand and raises her head to look at the blue sky.

"How many years have it been? The Mist Bloodline has been guarding the borders of the human world through the fresh blood and life of countless of its tribesman, but all it received was the enmity and suspicion of others."

Reyne steps on the border of the stand, causing a commotion in her surroundings. Worried that she was about to commit suicide, the servants have all rushed up. However, light so dense as though it was tangible appears from her back, making them unable to get near to her.

"How many times has it been? Those bloody wounds have yet to heal and the new despicable traitors are stacking new wounds on top of the old, the sacred alliance ripped apart as though it was waste paper.

A pleasant voice echoes from the stand. Despite it being simply normal words, there seems to be magic to it. Wherever those clear eyes gaze at, traitors feel as though they were being interrogated in hell by their conscience.

"All of you, you all wish to know of the secret of the Mist Royalty? Fine, let me tell you all. The Mist Royalty possesses the powers of God. God's Blessing: War Angel Form!"

Reyne jumps off from the stand. The light that bursts forth from her back forges a pair of tangible wings. Flying in mid-air, under the stare of everyone else, she is surrounded by endless radiance and successfully turns from a mortal into a War Angel.

Different from the new generation of Angels who serve as God Envoys, this ancient War Angel is a personal creation by the Goddess of Order, it is the vanguard in the crusade against the Malevolent Gods of Chaos, the king of the entire Angel tribe.

The golden wings represent the endless Power of Order while the burning sacred flames represent judgement and punishment. The golden marks that extends throughout the entire body is the engravings of the Rules of the World. In the far away ancient times, the only opponent for a War Angel is the stronger Malevolent Gods or Demon Lords.

As the golden wings unfurl, the flames on her head burn furiously and the sacred and pure inferno seems to merge together with the blood light of the demon sword. With a flap of her wings, the War Angel Reyne appears on the space above Carter.

"My Guardian Knight? Laughable mortals, do you admit your sin?"

"I, I, I..."

Facing an interrogation by a War Angel, Carter starts to waver.

The repeated teachings of several Churches have carved the image of Angels as the oracles of the Order Gods deeply into the mind of mortals. There are already very few oracles of true Gods in the world and now, a mortal actually dares to tries to vie for the adoration of an angel. Is this not a crime?

Alright, he doesn't have to say anymore. 'I', Reyne didn't even wait for him reply before bringing down the blood-colored inferno sword on him.

"Clang!"

What was unbelievable is that Carter actually managed to bring up his hammer to block this sword. The 2 weapons met each other and sparks flew about.

"I managed to block it, I actually managed to take it... Why aren't you all cheering for me! I am the victor, just two more swords, I will be able to wed the Princess."

But soon, he understood why.

Indeed, he managed to block the blow but the sacred flames on it followed the weapon and turned him into a human torch.

He didn't even manage to scream out before he was reduced to ashes. The newly-appointed Guardian Knight was destroyed with just a hit from the person he was going to swear loyalty to, not to mention how pathetic his death was. In an instant, the giant sparring field turned silent and cold.

"Hmph, one who doesn't know his place. A toad craving the meat of a swan."

Maintaining the War Angel Form really saps a ton of power. Within just 10 seconds, all of Reyne's stamina and Power of Order was squeezed dry. As she withdraws her wings back, Reyne turns back into a mortal.

"Pah pah pah!" What followed was Darsos's applause and frenzied laughter.

"Hahaha, indeed, he doesn't know his place. How can a normal man be worthy to serve as your Guardian Knight?"

Darsos walks closer and suddenly kneels with one leg in front of me.

"Then, the beautiful Princess Reyne, Can I, the Emperor of Auland Empire, Darsos.Menon, be granted the honor to be your Guardian Knight?"

"What?"

This is equal to proposing on the spot. Furthermore, this is the Emperor who is known in the country to be uninterested in the charms of a female. In an instant, the field broke out in a commotion, filled with discussions and cheering.

But, I knit my eyebrow together. Un, me, not Reyne. The true Reyne has been long thrown to Diana. From the moment when Reyne returned from the washroom, it has been my show. Even more so, the War Angel Form is my race talent. Right now, everything that has occurred is within my expectation with the exception of Darsos's confession.

"A confession from a male to another, disgusting."

But at this moment, there is an urgent need for me to consider it seriously. The proposal of an Emperor involves the pride of his country. If I don't settle it properly, it might lead to the start of a war. Since rejecting him outright or accepting him are not plausible solutions, then I can only settle it my way.

"Impossible."

"Why! As long as you are willing to accept me, I can even give you half of my Empire as betrothal gift. You can become the Queen of Auland Empire. With the both of us working together, we can obtain everything in the world. Isn't this much better than suffering in the cold in hunger by the cold borders?"

After being rejected, Darsos lashes out like a furious lion, questioning me angrily.

"We are impossible from the start. I swear with in the name of Holy Light that I am uninterested in man, I only like woman."

Alright, the sparring field which was still bustling a moment ago turned cold. Their Emperor, who just proposed in public, was rejected in an incomparably miserable way.

For a Divine Job like a Holy Knight, the vow that they make using the name of the origin of their power must be true, otherwise fooling the true Gods would cause them to be stripped of the power that God granted them.

As seen from the vigorous Holy Light around her, she isn't lying. She really likes females.

At this moment, I walked straight to the final person on the stage, Svina, who lost due to her identity as female being exposed.

"I thank the Auland Empire for holding this Guardian Knight Selection for me, allowing me the opportunity to meet such a cute Knight. Un, she will do."

Lowering my head, I kiss the forehead of the girl who had been scared silly, thus completing the final part of the ritual of a Guardian Knight.

"A Knight and a Princess falling in love at first sight. A beautiful tale has been created. Congratulations, congratulations."

Thousand years later, history would be recorded as such. Reyne Qin Mist, or better

known as the Lily Princess, despite being a female, has a Lily Back Palace with hundreds of concubines. Svina di Nelson would be recorded as the first Knight of the Lily Princess, as well as the first concubine she personally chose -- The story above is completely fabricated, if there are any similarities, it is due to coincidence.

Chapter 86

An Old Friend

When a certain 'princess' was performing haughtily, the real princess could only tremble in rage under the stage.

Back then, when she awakened from her coma, she realized that she was stripped naked like a small white goat, sitting in the stands with just a cloak wrapped around her. If it wasn't for the 2 Gray Elves watching her movements by her side and that she was afraid that it might lead to unresolvable troubles, she would have long held a tantrum.

Initially, she was depressed over the fact that a bogus princess could handle the situation better than the real princess. Then, after witnessing the War Angel Form, she was dumbfounded.

The humans are a very xenophobic race. Even so, there is one bloodline that not only do they not reject, it is even highly respected among most humans.

"Angel."

The first-generation children of the Order Faction, the oldest son of the Gods who participated in the creation of the human race, a race of Gods that already transcended the mortal world.

Compliments towards this race are far from lacking on the walls of the church and in the sacred hymns. Regardless of whether in history or novels, the Angels are always a pure and sacred tribe. Their existence itself is the will of God and where their blade is pointed at would be the nemesis of the Order Faction.

Perhaps, the current existing Angels might be unable to appear in the mortal world for certain reasons. This is also one of the main reasons why humans who believe in the Order Gods worship them so much. After all, for a true monarch, it is best for religion to be further away from their authority.

At that instant, Reyne immediately understood the reason for the actions of the bogus

princess and silently cheered for her.

"Could she really be here to help me? Just by the War Angel Form Bloodline Ability, the Mist Royalty would not be looked down upon. Even if it is just putting on a brave front, with the blueprints provided to us previously, as long as we have sufficient time, there will be hope for us to rise up once more."

Upon seeing the sword that struck down on Carter, Reyne clenches her fist in agitation. Not mentioning how she was disgusted by that giant ape, the frustration that she has been accumulating these days left her without a sliver of goodwill towards this country.

However, Darsos' immediate proposal afterwards left her completely stunned and in shock.

The marriage between 2 monarchs? It is inconceivable just by the thought. Regardless of whether the guy is doing it for the Bloodline Ability or to annex East Mist Communal Country, while clearly displaying his ambitions in public, he is also expressing his sincerity towards the Mist. Indubitably, this is an important diplomatic decision.

At that instant, Reyne really hesitated on whether she should sacrifice herself to accept his proposal. Perhaps, this would grant her country some breathing space. But the next moment, she realized that when strength of 2 working partners are too far apart, then in another sense, one side would be effectively taking possession of the other.

"Reject it. It must be rejected by all means. However, wouldn't rejecting it directly hurt Darsos' pride and bring shame to the entire Auland Empire? If this isn't settled well, it could lead straight to war. Is there any possible way out?"

Apparently, it is an unexpected event that no one was prepared for. However, putting the full authority of the Auland Empire on the line, Darsos never even expected that he would be rejected.

However, in what the real Reyne sees as a desperate situation, to the bogus Reyne, it is just a walk in the park.

"I'm sorry, you're a male, but I like females."

The result of Darsos' confident proposal is a merciless rejection. Even if he wanted to

blow this matter up, he has no idea where he should start from. In the end, the situation could end as a farce and gossip before meals.

For one's target for proposal to be someone with unique sexual orientation, that kind of rejection is probably the only one that leaves one helpless. At the same time, it is the most powerful reason for rejection -- How can one date when the gender is wrong?

While Reyne was still glad over the fact that she and the East Mist Communal Country barely escaped a calamity, she immediately realized the new troubles she was about to face. Despite being saved, she seems to have fallen into a pit dug by the bogus Reyne and given the depth of the pit, it is one she is unlikely to escape from for her entire life.

"Wait, to use my face to make such a declaration in front of everyone else, wouldn't I be unable to redeem my reputation in the future? Then, won't I be unable to marry anyone for my entire life?"

Alright, tomorrow's headlines for all kinds of newspapers have been confirmed to be 'Emperor's Proposal Falls Through, Princess Reyne Exposes Her Sexual Orientation', 'The Secret History of the Emperor's Love Rival, Svina', 'The Love Triangle That Transcends National Borders'. Without doubt, these would be the hottest topic for at least a period of time.

What about Reyne herself?

Under the witness of the God of Holy Light, there is no doubt about the authenticity of her declaration of true love as a Holy Knight. Very quickly, as rumors and intelligence start to spread, Princess Reyne's unique taste of being more into beauties than her kingdom would be common knowledge throughout the entire world.

Furthermore, this is the type of situation that requires her to follow through. If it is proven that she is normal in the future, then she would be seen as deceiving the Auland Emperor in front of his own people, humiliating the entire Auland Emperor. If so, the outcome would be disastrous. Then, not only can Reyne not redeem herself, she still has to try her best to pretend to be an abnormal female. In the worst-case scenarios, she even has to get herself a few wives and concubines.

"You bastard! I'll kill you!! How can I face the others after this?"

Alright, if it wasn't for Diana holding her down, Reyne, who is dressed scantily, would have charged up onto the stage without any hesitation.

As this tragedy turned completely into a farce, as the different presses rushed to inform the people about what transpired in the Royal Sparring Grounds, the real and bogus princess returned together to the temporary embassy and sit around the same table.

"Roland, you are Roland! You are indeed alive."

"Long time no see, Kelly."

TL: He calls her Kelly-jie, a casual way to address someone you are close with and more senior than you (in terms of age)

Due to the exciting performance by the Princess, the obscure East Mist Communal Country became a hot topic in an instant. The embassy where visitors were few initially found its entrance bursting with people at this moment. However, the gate is firmly locked, expressing their intention to not accept any visitors.

However, this didn't stop a commotion from going on in the meeting room on the 2nd floor.

"Bastard, you're going down. To think that you would actually lay a trap for me!"

In front of the young lady whose rage couldn't be quenched, I, who have returned back to Rolande's appearance, is sipping on the iced bitter tea leisurely. This is a specialty of my homeland. Given the fact that I haven't tasted it for a long time, I have to make sure to savor it properly.

"Then, can you come up with a better solution? One that doesn't hurt the pride of the Auland Empire while rejecting them at the same time. You should be thankful for me, otherwise you would be in deep trouble now."

Reyne isn't an unreasonable person. As the words I spoke are all true, Reyne immediately quiets down. She has been thinking about it all this while but not mentioning a better solution, she couldn't even come up with a feasible one on her own.

"Who are you? Roland wouldn't address me like that."

Despite being initially delighted, after hearing how I addressed her, hesitation appears on Kelly's face.

"The arrogant Roland would never call anyone else big sister or big brother, he..."

In my diaries, Kelly is one of the few people which I was extremely close to in the past. As expected, I was unable to hide the fact from her. However, to think that I would be exposed the moment I opened my mouth. Then, let's try the second way of addressing her as written on the diaries. Right, there is the little secret about this Wood Elf as well.

"Un, little Kelly. Is the star-shaped birthmark behind your neck and the mole below your right breast and left thigh still there?"

Hearing that, Kelly immediately covers her breasts with her arm, her face red from embarrassment. She stares at me with a look as though trying to ward off a sex fiend. My companion, Diana, also looks at me in shock.

"I have forgotten many things. But, for someone from a race of short lifespan to surpass their longevity, a price like this should be natural, right?"

Kelablian shakes her head. Even though her instincts tell her that the man in front of her is indeed Roland, she is still hesitant to accept it.

As this is quite a big matter, it's natural that she would be extremely careful about it. There is a possibility that the man in front of her might have just obtained that information from the belongings that Roland left behind. Fortunately, she has a much better way of authenticating the identity of the man in front of her.

She takes out the short dagger of two dragons coiled together, that is the 'Light of Life' that is directly linked to the soul.

The moment I stepped closer to the dagger, the white pearl immediately radiates brilliantly, proving that it is my Light of Life.

"Indeed, it is you little pervert! But how did you manage to extinguish and light it up again and again!"

Before I could even react, Kelly hugs me tightly, her overjoyed expression making one suspect whether she really is the same calm Wood Elf from a moment ago.

"Heh, that's simple. Reviving after dying, dying after reviving, that's all."

Hearing that, Kelly stuns. Reviving after dying, dying after reviving? It may seem easy but as long as one has a slight understanding of the world and souls, they would definitely know that it is an impossible task.

"Alright, it is hard for us to be reunited so let's not talk about these boring matters. Right, the color of the Light of Life is the indicator to show whether the soul is sided with the Order Faction or the Chaos Faction, right? Looks like Karwenz's one is really completely black."

Indeed, what else could be more sided to the Chaos Faction than the Demons who are the incarnation of Chaos. Surprisingly, Kelly shakes her head.

"130 years ago, your Soul Pearl was even darker than his. Can you tell me whether you are him? The nightmare who represents the dark night."

TL: Yongye means eternal night.

The Wood Elf asks me with a trembling voice. Even if intelligence that Lord Yongye is Roland has been spreading among the leaders of each country, as the mentor of the Twin Stars, she has been unwilling to believe that Roland, who was kind and warm like a ray from the sun, would actually come to such a point.

"Un, it's me. Back then, I investigated and realized that the reasons for the destruction of the Mist Country isn't that simple. Thus, I purged all of the suspects responsible for it and their accomplices. Heh, it looks like I went a little overboard in the end."

"Ah..."

"Big Sister Kelly!! What did you do! Why would Big Sister Kelly faint?"

Alright, having her worst nightmare warp into reality, emotions start to surge in the silent Kelly, assaulting her heart, causing her to faint on the spot.

After she faints, the 3 people remaining on the spot could only stare at one another. The me who has lost his memories and can only know from the diaries that Kelly really deeply loves the previous me is unable to understand her excessive reaction.

After Reyne's immediate treatment, Kelly gains consciousness once again. Then, she

suddenly hugs me and starts to weep.

"Wuuuu, it is all because of my uselessness that caused you and Karwenz to suffer so much."

The strong sense of self-reproach from watching the person she values fall into depravity, the warm prince to turn into a demon lord caused Kelablian to weep silently.

Tear drops moistened my back and the familiar yet foreign touch left me motionless. This is my first time experiencing the care and concern of an elder towards a junior. It made me feel uncomfortable, making me want to escape from it.

"Looks like I have to look for something to retrieve my memory."

Despite seeing the other party breaking down in tears, I couldn't feel anything at all. For the first time, I feel that diaries could not replace true memories. Some things cannot be retrieved the moment they are lost.

Alright, it took me much effort before I managed to persuade the tearful Kelly from her self-reproach to return the topic to the main issue at hand.

"...Will you return?"

The trembling Kelly questions. I shake my head in response.

Why should I return? My people are still in Sulfur Mountain City. The current East Mist Communal Country is no longer the original Mist Country. Besides, it is unconventional for a retired monarch to ascend back to the throne. Also, my goals also don't allow for me to be limited to only one country.

"However, I will help the Mist Country rise up once again. The blueprints have already expressed a part of my sincerity. The main show still awaits, starting from this sword."

[Roland Sacred Sword, SemiGod Equipment]

[Attack Power: 22-44+11] (+11 additional damage due to it being a +11 SemiGod Equipment. Even if the Sword deals damage of the lower limit, it will deal additional 11 unavoidable Silver Inferno Magic damage)

[Indestructible: Even against God Equipment, this Sacred Sword will not break.](Out

of the two times it has broken, one of it is because of Ayer, while the other time is because it's already in an incomplete, weak state, which allowed the Dragon Saber to destroy it through its Unique Ability)

[The Royal Seal of the Mist: Roland Sacred Sword is a symbol of the power of the Mist Royalty, only with the acknowledgement of the King can one use this Sacred Sword. Along with the rise of the Mist Kingdom once again, it is trying its best to evolve to become even stronger. At the same time, this proud Sacred Sword can only be used by the king of the Mist Kingdom and his trusted knights.]

[The Prestige of the King: Strength+2, Agility+2, Stamina+2, Charm+2. In the country built by the Mist bloodline, the reputation would be equal to the respect the user earns.]

[There are yellow words carved on the body of the Sword: The Roland Sacred Sword is the sword used by the Holy Knight Prince Roland in the legends. Only his descendants and inheritors of his will can be acknowledged by this Sacred Sword. (Prerequisite to equip: Mist Bloodline)]

The silver Sacred Sword emits blinding radiance while I shed tears silently. I knew that the System definitely had ill intentions when it allowed me to reforge the sword. From the start, it isn't a weapon that I could wield.

To become a knight that is loyal to the royalty? Then, it would require an inauguration ceremony. Not mentioning that the current East Mist Communal Country is unable to do it. Even if it is able to, I am unwilling to be a knight that swears loyalty to someone, even if the person is likely to be my descendant.

Even if I am able to use the sword, that is at most another top-tier weapon in my hands. Even though these kinds of things are hard to come by, it is still possible to look for them. With the guide of 'history', I don't think that it would be too difficult to look for a replacement.

However, if the Crown Prince of this generation, the Princess Knight, were to retrieve the Roland Sacred Sword, which is the mark of authority of the king, it would seem as though it were the plans of the heavens. In this era where the authority of a monarch and religions intersect with one another, the recovery of a lost treasure representing symbol of authority in the country will greatly unify the entire country. Those previous citizens who left due to war will also start to reconsider returning back to their

homeland.

At the very least, Reyne, who managed to recover the Roland Sacred Sword, will find her reputation soaring. With the weapon of royal authority in their hands, they can even try to negotiate a merger with the other 2 countries built by the refugees of the former Mist Country. Only this way, with both land and people, will there be hope for the rise of the Mist Country once again.

"Roland Sacred Sword! Is this the legendary Roland Sacred Sword?"

The moment the jubilant Reyne touches the Sacred Sword, she was sent flying by a rebound. However, looking at how she wasn't burnt by the Silver Inferno, it seems she fulfills the requirements for its usage. It is just that she is still too weak, so weak that she couldn't even earn the approval of the Sacred Sword.

However, looking at the determined princess, I started to ponder on a way to make her strong.

"Reyne, why are you so weak? Is there no one to teach you?"

"Reyne's talent for swordsmanship is still okay, but that is only stuck at the level of just okay. With many troublesome matters weighing down on her, there is no time for her to slowly train in her swordsmanship. On the other hand, she doesn't have any talent in Divine Arts, so it is impossible for her to walk on the route of a Holy Knight or a Priestess. Even though she is intelligent, she doesn't have large amount of time required for a Mage to mature. Thus, the most she can do is to train a little bit on the way of the sword and strengthen her body. Don't use Karwenz and you yourself as a standard for comparison. In the thousands of years of history of the Mist Royalty, you both are one-of-a-kind, so it would be unfair to the other members of royalty if you both were to be compared to them."

I nod my head. I have a rough idea on what I should do.

"I have a new job here, Justice Knight. Although they are the Knights of the God of Law, in reality, they are similar to the Holy Knight in the sense that they don't have to be completely loyal to the Church. Also, unlike other Divine Arts, it doesn't require the Will Stat. What it requires is Intelligence, as well as understanding and analysis of the law..."

"Perhaps, the East Mist Communal Country can try to come into contact with the God

of Law as well. If it is able to become its national religion, then many things would change..."

"Right, we also have to start grooming the Aurora Knights from this moment. It would be too late by the time the winter season starts..."

We didn't take too long to talk about the main issues at hand. After all, I was the one who was doing most of the talking while the both of them listened to my words. The final decision isn't something that could be decided on the spot. However, there is a private matter that I would really like to ask.

"Right, Kelly, who exactly is Reyne's ancestor? Is it me or Karwenz?"

An ugly daughter-in-law still has to meet her mother-in-law eventually. Despite feeling uneasy, it isn't an option for me to bury this concern of mine in the depths of my heart. In the end, I still posed the question.

"You don't even know the answer yourself?"

Alright, it is natural for Kelly to be surprised. I could only shake my head in frustration, pointing at my own head to indicate my memory loss.

Suddenly, a crestfallen expression appears on Kelly's face. She lowers her head and starts to rebuke me tearfully.

"It's enough for you to forget me! To think you would even forget our child!"

"Our child!". "Our child!". "Our child!". These two words echo simultaneously in my head and in this room.

"Kacha!". "Kacha!". Diana's cup and my cup shatters upon contact with the floor. Our gaping mouth couldn't be closed no matter what.

"Clang dang." At the same, Reyne's loses her grip on her sword. She also stares in shock at the big sister who brought her up. It can't be that her ancestor would actually be Kelly's children. If so, then should she be calling her grandmother?

"I'm just joking!!"

I'm completely at a loss. The scariest part about losing one's memory is that one

wouldn't know that they forgot. Could it be that I unknowingly forgot my own wife?

"Un, I'm just joking. I'm still unmarried."

Kelly sticks out her tongue and makes a face. Don't just look at how she is 700 years old, for the Wood Elves who are blessed with a long lifespan, she could only be considered a young lady. Furthermore, the Wood Elves are known to be positive.

"Kacha!" This time, even the saucer holding the cup crashes.

I lay paralyzed on the chair while grabbing onto my chest. These sudden blows are really bad for my heart.

I finally understand why the records on Kelly on the diaries would be so contradictory:

"Although she is gentle like a big sister and a mother, she is overly obsessed with pulling pranks and sometimes, it could be fatal. Never give her any chances or you will regret it. Never!" On this section, I even left an asterisk to indicate that it is important information.

"I almost believed it, you know. Can you not joke about these matters!" Alright, I admit that I totally believed what she said.

"Actually, I also don't quite know myself. Back then, when both sides were crossing fire, I returned back to Xuanlu Forest. When I returned, there was already no one I could recognize there. However, she should either be a descendant of you or Karwenz. In any case, she is a descendant of Mist and besides, after a few hundred years, the bloodline should be very diluted by this point, so does it make a difference?"

TL: Xuanlu -> Melody. The pronunciation should be sh-uean lui (around there)

There is a great difference! The difference is whether I am a 300-year-old well-qualified Archmage or not!

Alright, saying this would mean self-exposing my scandal, as well as that my love life hasn't progressed a single step in the past 300 years. I am not that foolish.

"It should be Karwenz, after all, compared to you, that child is..."

There is no need to elaborate further on it. I know that Karwenz is more popular than

me but please stop rubbing salt on my wounds.

Then, the familiar body scent starts closing in on me and big sister Kelly hugs me once more.

"If you're missing your beautiful memories, then we just have to create more of them. I love my cute little Roland the most..."

Despite having just reunited, I was already hugged 3 times. Instantly, I understood what the side note of 'beware of being treated as a bolster' means.

"Big Sister Kelly, I'm no longer a little kid."

I'm a little touched by her excessive warmth, but even more so, what I felt is being at a loss. After all, of the beautiful ladies that I came into contact with in the past, half of them were trying to kill me while the other half was hiding daggers beneath their smiles. A beautiful lady hugging me with kind intention, it was something that has never happened before. On the contrary, it left me with no idea how to react to it.

Suddenly, Kelly laugh evilly and edges forward. Then, she sticks out her tongue and licks my ear lightly.

The sudden soft sensation on my ear caused my entire body to shiver in an instant. Then, feeling lightheaded, I quickly retreated.

"You... What did you do?"

Even without looking into a mirror, I know that my face is definitely intensely red at this moment. This time, I have been completely exposed.

"Despite having the exact same reaction as in the past, you still claim that you aren't a kid anymore. After so many years, it looks like the love life of little Roland is still a complete blank. I have seen the Time Distortion Ring of the Saint before. We Wood Elves are the Elves who are the most sensitive to life. Ascertaining the age of an ancient tree through touching it is the most basic race talent of our race. Judging from the smell, your actual age is different from that your outer appearance shows. Do you need me to guess your real current age?"

I clasp my hand together and raise them to indicate my surrender. Normally, I am the one who land others into trouble. Today, I managed to meet someone who is able to

subdue me totally. Is this the experience of an elder? But again, it was so easy for me to trick the Queen of Banshees.

"Hmph, stop underestimating others. I watched you grow since you were still a baby. Those little tricks of yours are useless against me."

It looks like it isn't just the difference in ages and experiences. What is even more crucial is her understanding towards me while my understanding towards her only stops at data and books.

Suddenly, seemingly unhappy with my sudden gaze of wariness, she hugs me once more.

Just when I was looking warily at this woman who loves to prank others, I heard a whimper from the back of my ear. On my shoulders, Kelly starts to sob once more.

"Too much, smelly Rolly. To actually forget me. To think that I have been missing you all along, worried about you and yet, you only talk about official business with me. Don't you know how to care for me? Let me hug you for a moment, just a moment. Wuuuu, stupid Rolly."

Hearing the sobbing behind my back, I was left motionless yet again. Different emotions filled me in an instant and yet, I am still at a loss of how to react.

I can ascertain now that this woman who is like a mother and a teacher is definitely the nemesis of my life. I would rather solo an evil Dragon than to guess what she will do the next second. In the end, I could only helplessly allow her to do as she please. Just this one hug, she hugged me for an entire 10 minutes.

"Little Roland is also around the age which you can become an adult. If it is Roland, I am okay with it."

Even after she finally let go of me, the casual and flirtatious jokes make one unsure of whether she is being sincere or not.

However, looking at the green-haired Elf who is smiling from the depths of her heart despite her swollen eyes from all the crying, I found another reason for me to continue trying hard.

Then, 10 minutes later, a sudden blaze overwhelms the temporary embassy of the East

Mist Communal Country. It seems to be the actions of the extremists who are unhappy with the Princess Knight rejecting Darsos' proposal. 20 minutes later, escorted by a team of East Mist Royal Knights, the princess and her Court Mentor found a new living quarters --- The 3rd story of a western mansion.

"Welcome to the base of the mercenary band Absolute Gentlemen Alliance. We will provide you the most reliable security and the most caring customer service."

Big Sister, Older Brother etc. all seems so awkward, would you all prefer me to use jie, mei, di, ge in these cases? When I keep using big brother big sister, it makes it seem as though all of the characters are little kids. Also, there are different variations to the big brother big sister and depending on the variation, the tone is different. For example, when Annie calls other people, she goes with the full term jiejie gege, which makes her seem young. On the other hand, adults normally go with a more casual one like Kelly-jie, which shows her seniority and the closeness of their relationship.

Chapter 87

Sacred Sword and Demon Sword

"Is this the sacred artifact you are talking about?"

Even before sunrise, the great great great granddaughter of a certain someone (?) kicked a certain someone out of bed.

"Is this a rebellion? What are you doing when the sky has yet to even light up?"

Due to several reasons yesterday, I wasn't able to sleep last night. Just when I was about to drift off, I was awakened abruptly, so in this instant, I'm extremely angry.

"This is the sacred artifact that you gave me? Look at it yourself!"

Sacred artifact? It may sound like a high-end top-quality good, but it is just a unique object infused with God Power. For example, a cup filled with God blood, a wooden spear that pierced through a certain God's heart and a shroud a certain God used before. A sacred artifact of a certain true God is often an object that the true God has once used before his Ascension. If a worshipper were to come into contact with it, they would be able to deepen their contact with the true God and increase their God Power swiftly. They are the treasures of every Church.

Naturally, I have a large amount of these sacred artifacts for the God of Law. After being appraised by the System, a large portion of those that can be used were left at Sulfur Mountain City for the worshippers to use. I also kept a few pieces with me and now that Reyne has changed her job into a Justice Knight, I casually passed one over to her. To think that she would be complaining over it early in the morning.

"Isn't this good? It's a sacred pillow with a Pikachu picture on it, isn't it cute. Ah, you don't know the famous lightning mouse? Let me tell you, it is a cartoon picture that I designed. Look, its cheeks are red and its entire body is yellow, don't you think that it's cute..."

"Who cares about your lightning mouse! Saliva, it's the saliva! The back of your sacred artifact is full of your saliva! Halfway through my sleep, I accidentally got some on my

face! Disgusting!"

[Wumianzhe's Pillow: Sacred Artifact. Due to Wumianzhe's usage of this object over a long period of time, this pillow is already infused with his aura. By coming into contact with it during sleep, connection with the true God Wumianzhe can be deepened, increasing the rate of increase of Power of Law.]

Receiving the pillow, I flip it over and there is really saliva on the back. After hesitating on a moment, I flip it back and went back to sleep without a care in the world.

"Hmph, I'll use it since you don't want it. I haven't been sleeping well since I left this pillow."

Yes, the reason why a certain someone has been insomniac isn't because of him staying up for the night assault that has yet to come, but because of him losing the pillow that he's used to.

"Oi, wake up! It's time for morning training as well. What other sacred artifacts do you have?"

"Do you really take the sacred artifacts of a true God to be like cabbage that you can just pluck on the street? However, I do have a few of them here. You definitely would reject the sacred red scarf, so, what about the sacred toothbrush?"

"No!"

"What about sacred cloth? Oi oi, don't get happy too early. I knew that you would misunderstand. It isn't those western armor types but a nickname for the sacred bathrobe. Furthermore, it is a pink-colored one."

TL: Saint Seiya

"Roland-da ge, no matter what, you are a legendary hero. I grew up listening to your heroic deeds. So, can you be more reliable? Does it make sense for a female like me to be walking around wearing a male bathrobe?"

"Fine, I still have another sacred artifact here. It is definitely the top one in maintaining your connection with Wumianzhe. Furthermore, you won't find it excessive wearing it and it isn't visually striking as well. It's definitely easy and good to use."

"If it's that good, why didn't you take it out earlier? Where is it?"

"Take it yourself."

Thus, I flipped open my blanket and continued snoring in my sleep.

"Where is it? Roland-da ge, can you tell me?" Lowering her tone when she has a favor to ask while acting haughty normally, it's quite easy to grasp the temper of this princess. However, she obviously lacks education.

"Isn't this it? Sacred underwear, take it yourself. You can wear it inside. It is neither excessive nor striking. Furthermore, you get physical contact with Wumianzhe, so I can guarantee that your connection would be intimate."

"You old sex fiend! Sexually harassing me again, eat my Sin-Splitting Strike!"

Alright, having just changed jobs a day prior, her Sin-Splitting Strike still wasn't up to standard and only had the spirit to it. Thus, after taking care of her in an instant, I dragged her down for morning training. A new day starts with a certain unrespectable old man educating his little granddaughter.

"To launch a sneak attack on this old man! 20,000 swings today, no dinner if you don't finish it. Practice seriously!"

"What are you old man-ing for? You want to play seniority? Kelly-da jie has told me that you aren't as old as me yet. I only call you Roland-da ge in view of your little reputation in the past. Otherwise, hehe, little Roland, do you want a lollipop?"

This delinquent young lady apparently lacks education.

"You really need a beating! Now, practice your swings. If you can't finish 30,000 by today, you will be punished with no dinner or night snack tonight. Just watch and see if your Kelly-da jie will plead on your behalf!"

"Don't, Kelly-da jie may seem gentle but in reality, when it involves classes, she turns into a ghastly old granny, extremely aggressive and scary."

"Ghastly old granny is at your back..."

"Do you think you can fool me with such a simple trick? If that fierce shrew were here,

I would have long heard her footstep. Recently, she's been getting a little overweight... Who is pulling on my ears!"

"Cough, it seems that I'm a ghastly old granny and a fierce shrew. To think I would worry you over my health problems. Looks like Princess, you need some remedial lessons on social etiquette and hygiene. Please head to the second floor for lessons after you end your swordsmanship training.

"Bastard Roland, you tricked me."

"Now you're blaming me?" I raised my head innocently in the end, but I was smiling gleefully.

"I want a good sword. I'm serious."

Although I want to look for a good weapon, I ended up arguing with my cat.

The solo assault on the thief band a few days ago was unplanned but within my expectations. I still require an opponent to test my skills at this point. After trying out the new battle style and discovering its strengths, I also discovered its weakness. After being forced to use my immature skills on the sparring field the other day, I had no choice but to face this flaw.

[Demon Sword: The Scarlet Conqueror]

[Attack Power:30-50+9] (+9 additional damage due to it being a +9 Legend Equipment. Even if the Sword deals damage of the lower limit, it will deal additional 9 unavoidable Bloodthirst damage)

[Blood Conquer: This Demon Sword has 5 forms. Depending on the amount of people who have fallen under the user's hands, a series of forms would be usable. For every new form unlocked, an additional special skill would be added. The highest and lowest damage would be increased by 10 points. Currently, it is at tier 3.]

[The Rage of the Bloodthirster: After activating this skill, the blood of all lifeform will be absorbed to deal a large amount of damage while recovering the stamina of the user.]

[The Poison Fangs of the Coldblooded: Those who are struck by the weapon will be afflicted by a bleeding status that cannot be stopped. The damage dealt by the bleeding status can be stacked infinitely.]

[The Curse of the Filthy Blooded: Using the blade as the core, create an impure field. Everyone on the field will suffer the pain of their blood boiling.]

[There is a string of tiny blood-red words on the hilt of the sword: This Demon Sword craves for fresh blood and slaughter at all moments, regardless whether the fresh blood is from your enemy or it originates from you.]

When Darsos handed me this demon sword, I was really hesitating over the success rate of managing to escape with this treasure, especially with the enticement of the demon sword.

"My temporary master, the amount of fresh blood and souls you harvested with your hands is at least a hundred times greater than the fool (Darsos) here. Of my 10 recent owners, only the great you are able to use my final form. That would be a hundred times stronger than my current form. However, as a price, you need to offer me the fresh blood of 10,000 people within a year."

A large portion of demon swords are the creation of Devils and Demons. Normally, those who wield demon swords need to pay a heavy price and few of them end well. Equal exchange has always been the common rule in the world. After paying a heavy price, the strength that one earns would be fearsome as well. The tier-3 form of The Scarlet Conqueror is already comparable to the SemiGod Roland Sacred Sword. If it was evolved to its final form, it is unimaginable how strong it would be. Probably, even a God Equipment would be just about as strong.

However, if a tier-5 demon sword requires the fresh blood tribute of 10,000 people, then at tier-3, it should be around 100. Furthermore, if the user is unable to pay the price, he would have to use his own fresh blood to pay the price. 100 people in a year, 1 in 3 days, Darsos is probably busy with his blood ritual.

Back then, I rejected it. If it were to really be converted to its final form, then it would be difficult to explain how I managed to meet the prerequisites required for the transformation, not to mention the heavy price I would have to pay later on. However, as a swordsman, after reading the overwhelming power and special abilities of the demon sword, how could I not be moved.

"I am really lacking good weapons. As a master in swordsmanship, to think that I would be stuck with 2 poor quality iron two-handed swords. It is really hard to stand such a reality."

After using both the demon sword and sacred sword, and seeing how Reyne is starting to be able to barely wield the Roland Sacred Sword, which is getting stronger and stronger, whereas I am still stuck with 2 iron swords which don't even amount to 10 gold coins together, I feel a strong sense of depression.

"Meow, if you want a sword, you should look for a blacksmith. Why are you asking meow meow me?"

It's hard to look the Queen of Banshees straight in the eye when she is getting worse and worse with her acting cute and playing the fool. At this instant, she is licking her paws.

"Stop feigning ignorance, you know why I'm looking for you. We're both old foxes, so there's no need to play the type of games youngsters play. Tell me, are there any godly weapons nearby?"

"Meow, none at all. Though, I have 2 sharp fish bone blades that I left behind from yesterday. If you want them, I can pass them to you."

Heh, I knew it would end up like this. Thus, I made some preparations in advance.

"Alright, it can't be helped then."

"Meow, this isn't like you, for you to give up."

"Un, I can't possibly make one appear out of nowhere. Since I don't have any, I will make one myself."

Harloys is a little bit surprised. She knows that the person in front of her is a prodigy in Undead Creation but she never heard that he was able to do smithing.

"Meow, you can even make weapons? Wait, Roland Mist, my good disciple, what do you intend to do!"

Soon after, she understood. Like a demon, Roland wore a white robe, mask and glasses. His eyes were filled with passionate sparks and in the test tubes and bottles in his

hands, numerous bizarre fluids were flowing.

"You should have heard of the legends. The gold-element Slime can turn into an iron bat or some kind of weapon. Even more so, a gold-element Slime King is able to turn into a legendary godly weapon. Since you are already a Slime, changing a bit of your element and adding a bit of functions should mean nothing, right?"

"Right your head! Don't pour those things into my body, not even the tweezers! A drill? Too big! Do you want to kill me!"

Alright, under the threat of her life, Harloys finally didn't have the leisure to continue acting cute.

"I surrender, I surrender. I'll tell you where you can look for godly weapons so please take away your drill!"

"Tsk!"

"What are you tsk-ing for! Are you that regretful? Do you really want to stab and drill around my body? You unfilial disciple!"

Alright, facing the complaining Harloys, I raised my drill and test tubes once more and she immediately turns obedient once more.

"There is really one nearby that you're able to use. Do you know Pale Justice? The sacred sword that Legend Holy Knight Kane once used. He is an Aulander and his descendants should be in this city. I won't elaborate more on it."

Sacred sword huh? I was overjoyed, this is a reward beyond my expectations.

In the Eich Continent, sacred swords actually refer to swords that are divine and pure. However, if we return back to reality, there are often 2 types of sacred sword. The first type is the Sword of Protection that represents a certain area, country, race or family. Indubitably, the Roland Sacred Sword lies under this category. The second type refers to treasured sword which had a pure soul infused into it. Often, this is a right exclusive to Holy Knights.

In reality, the Order Gods opened a backdoor for their servants. When a Holy Knight dies with an unwillingness to stop in his pursuit to eliminate the Chaos Faction, he is able to infuse a portion of his strength and soul into a weapon for the usage of his

successors.

Just like that, a pure god sword/ sacred hammer is born. The restriction for usage normally only allows Holy Knight to wield them. At the same time, the sacred sword is extremely powerful against Chaos lifeforms.

Why do I say that this is the backdoor left behind by the Gods? That's because other jobs have tried the same but never succeeded. Unless one turns into an Undead Spirit, otherwise the Order Gods and River Styx would never let a single soul of the dead go.

To be able to receive news on the sacred sword, naturally, I'm extremely happy. Thus, when Harloys heaves a sigh of relief, I raise up my drill once again.

"What do you intend to do! Didn't I tell you the location of the sacred sword? You intend to go back on your decision! You untrustworthy conman!"

"Firstly, I didn't promise you anything from the start. Helping you upgrade is one of my agendas of the day. Secondly, I just got addicted to reforming things and am unable to quench my passion. Finally, and more importantly, I'm a dual blade wielder, how can 1 sword be sufficient for me."

The foolish cat immediately  as she reflects on how she was caught so easily every time.

"Can it be true that one's physical body will affect one's intelligence?"

"No, didn't I still manage to trick you in the past? Intelligence is something that you are born with, you should give in to your fate by now."

"Don't even think about it!"

From anger to sadness, from sadness to agitation, I never get bored of Harloys' expressions when she falls into the pit I dug. Perhaps, this is the main reason why I like to trick her.

"This is my territory, no one can save you even when you scream out your throat. So, just give in!!"

"NO, take the white oily fluid away from me! You damned pervert, why are there tentacles. Could it be that the legendary Book of Erotic Fantasy is really with you? Save

me, someone is torturing cats!"

God Power -> Think of like quantity of Holy Light and Power of Law

Alright, I'm back from the jungle and here's a little basic guide to names in Chinese.

Traditionally, for the same generation, Chinese tend to just call names out straight. For seniors (can be in age or in the family tree, like your nephew could be the same age as you but you are still senior to him in that sense), Chinese tend to just call them by their title or title+name. So, in a sense, calling names straight out to seniors could be considered rude (e.g. Reyne calling Roland's name outright in this chapter)

For example,

A junior disciple would address his senior disciple as 师兄(Shi Xiong) or maybe 刘师兄(Liu Shi Xiong, where Liu is his surname)

Okay skipping the crap

Da Ge 大哥 - Big Brother, similar to how Koreans use hyung, except it can be used by both males and females.

Da Jie 大姐 - Big Sister, also similar to how Koreans use nunna, except it can be used by both males and females. It is also how the Town Security address Diana (Think of like the lady boss of yakuza, anego)

Actually, on second thoughts maybe I will stick to Big Brother and Big Sister for easier reading T_T. See first uh.

Chapter 88

The Rules of God and Laws of Human

"OUCH! Darned cat, it's you again!"

Recently, Rolande seems to have fallen out with his cat. Whenever his guard is down, his cat would immediately pounce towards him and conduct a chain combo with her claws and fangs. During this period of time, she would often wear slippers on her paws to conceal her presence and close in on him before assaulting him like a fierce wild beast. What made it worse is that there isn't any killing intent whatsoever before she strikes and her movements are fast, accurate and vicious, causing Rolande to howl in agony multiple times.

If it occurred during normal occasions, it would definitely cause a great cat-human battle to immediately occur. However, now isn't the appropriate time for such a farce to happen.

"Lord Rolande, if you are unable to keep your cat under control, then please play with it outside."

On the podium, Krose stares furiously at me through her glasses. Frustrated, I could only grab Harloys by her neck, bestow upon her 4 to 5 full rounds before throwing her out of the window while she's still weak from the dizziness.

"That's too much. How can he treat animals with such cruelty? The cat will fall to its death."

Casio, who is growing more and more fond of animals, exclaims in indignation but I simply shake my head in response.

"Good people don't live long but disasters live for a thousand years. If she can die that easily, then she should have been dead several times centuries back then."

As expected, Harloys's curses and complaints come echoing through our telepathic connection.

"Darned unfilial disciple, to treat the great and noble Queen of Banshees like that. Just wait and see, I will leave scars on your pillow and..." After hesitating for a split moment, the damn cat finally releases the most vicious and immoral curse in her entire life.

"I will leave urine on your pillow and bedsheets. I will carry out my words. I am only a cat now, so don't expect me to be unable to do it! I don't care anymore. Since I said it, I will definitely accomplish it."

"Then, I will wrap up that pillow and bedsheet then post it to our old acquaintances in Xiluo Empire. I will put a picture of your current form on top of the package and label the wet portion as the secretions of 'The Omniscient One'. Do you think I should post it to your fervent followers so that they can worship it or should I post it to your enemies for them to hold a gallery and celebrate over it?"

"I'm wrong, I swear that I won't do it. I'll go practice transforming into a weapon now." This is the part of Harloys that I like the most. After realizing that she is unable to win, she would admit defeat right away, never pushing her way through forcefully. Perhaps, this is also the main reason why this disaster has been able to live for a few thousand years.

"Hmph, pitting against me, you are still far too tender."

"Student Rolande, since you like to stand so much, I will allow you to stand as you please. Go and stand outside in the hallways."

But the next moment, I knew that I still fell for her tricks. Right now, I am in the middle of a lesson. Although I am talking to my Magic Pet through our telepathic connection, from the perspective of outsiders, I seem like a madman standing in a daze.

It just happens that the temporary lecturer Krose is staring furiously at me at the moment. My sudden blank stare became an action that challenges her authority as a lecturer. Thus, I could only obediently stand outside helplessly.

Yes, I am currently in a lecture now. The contents of the lecture are about the teachings of the God of Law and Law itself. Naturally, the one taking on the role of the lecturer is Krose, who has the highest power rank of the Law jobs here.

After that intense fight, the final verdict was to have half of the first floor serve as a court of law (a small church of the God of Law) and after some consideration, a small

space was left behind to be used to serve as a Church of Holy Light for Diana and me.

As for an animal hospital that a certain someone strongly persisted on... A booth outside the walls would suffice. Anyway, I will never admit that I am acquainted with him. Not only that, I even secretly reported his unlicensed business to the relevant authorities. It is a pity that the Town Security of this city couldn't be compared to those of Sulfur Mountain City, it would be quite a difficult task for them to deal with him.

Alright, back to the main topic at hand. Allowing Krose to explain the teachings of the God of Law is her own wish as well as the will of the audiences.

Needless to say, Reyne and Kelly are listening attentively to the lecture, given that they are still hesitating over whether they should make the faith of the God of Law as their national religion and need to learn more about it. Even Diana and Momo, the two Gray Elves, are strongly insisting on allowing them to hold classes. However, what was most shocking is that Casio was not only the one who was interested in the faith of the true God which is growing rapidly in the Underground World, even that one whose name I refuse to speak of is unexpectedly interested in the faith of the God of Law as well.

"I still want to return to Sulfur Mountain City. I believe that this new rising faith will spread to the corners of the world and as a man who treads on the boundary of law, I have to first understand my adversary and the loopholes in it before challenging it."

A certain Dracon seems to resemble more and more like a philosopher recently. His words made me wonder if a new ideology will be born as a result of such a ludicrous reason. However, we don't have any reason to reject him from learning about the Law and besides, from the looks of the past two days, it seems that he is the one who is listening the most seriously to the lectures.

At the same time, the group of Royal Knights who accompanied Reyne to the Auland Empire were listening in to the lecture as well. A few of them were already considering whether they should job change to become a Justice Knight. Even though this is just the second day of the lecture, we already had 2 new audiences.

Svina di Nelson and Raymond Ion Nelson. Due to a certain accident, the elder sister became the 'love rival' of the Emperor, causing her landlord to kick the two siblings out from their rented dwelling without any hesitation. After meeting with blockade in everything they set out to do, Svina soon realized that even though Auland may be big, there isn't anywhere here that could shelter them.

In this world which is in the feudal era of the human society, the interests of knights and the lord they are serving are firmly connected. If one of them falls, both of them will suffer together whereas if one of them prospers, both of them will prosper together. Lest needs to be spoken about Guardian Knights. Actually, there are also Guardian Knights of the same sex as their master and they are often intimate friends who would give out their life for the other. But, the relationship between Svina and Reyne isn't that easy to explain.

A knight who betrays the one they swore loyalty to are the type of knight that are despised the most. Helpless, she could only acknowledge that she was stuck on the same boat as Reyne and seek refuge with her. However, watching at how she would run away frightened whenever Reyne approaches her, those who are aware of the backstory would clutch their stomach in laughter.

As a top-notch preacher, Krose's voice is extremely charming and her understanding of the teachings are quite firm. For normal imparting of knowledge, she is more than qualified. However, facing Kelly and the 700 years of experience behind her, who also has to fully understand this faith to judge if it is beneficial to her country, the Wild Elf who is one generation younger than the Wood Elf noble often find herself unable to handle the situation.

"Then, can you explain why singular Law would be split into two parts, [Rules of God] and [Laws of Human] and what is the difference between them? There are quite a few portions that overlap between both of them. Going by the common knowledge of jurisprudence, won't overlaps or even contradictions in the law cause chaos in the enforcement and the weakening of its authority?"

"But... But that is what is taught in the teachings. That is set by Lord Wumianzhe. It can't be wrong."

Being forced to a corner, Krose can only repeat the theories written on the book. Normally, this level of imparting of knowledge which teaches of the results but not the causes that derives it is sufficient, but apparently, it is insufficient to convince that East Mist Court Mentor. No way around it, I shake my head and walk back into the hall that is being used for this lecture.

"Cough, if possible, allow me to explain. I am acquainted with Lord Wumianzhe and I happen to have heard him talk about it before."

Looks of confusion could be seen on the faces of the crowd. I point one of my finger upwards and the silver glow of the Light of Law ripples above it, indicating my identity as one with a Law job.

It is impossible to train in two types of powers simultaneously. If someone were to convert all of their Power of Holy Light into the Power of Law like what Momo did, it would be equivalent to starting anew. Fortunately, there are a few overlaps between the two powers but even so, if one were to work on both of them together, it would be a waste of effort.

Thus, other than Krose who muttered 'as expected of the God's Oracle' in approval of my identity as a Justice Knight, in the mind of the others, they were thinking that I was expending my effort on something fruitless.

Anyway, this itself proves that I am qualified to lecture on Law.

"Cough, firstly, I will talk about the difference between the [Rules of God] and [Laws of Human]. The Rules of God is fixed by our God. It consists of only 13 severe crimes which are commonly accepted to be unpardonable sins and basically, it is unchangeable. The sins that can be judged by the Judgement Spell of the Law jobs consists only of those of the Rules of God. On the other hand, the Laws of Human are laws that would be continuously changed by the Church of Law and is tied together with the jurisdiction and the monarch. The Rules of God is applicable to the area of jurisdiction of the Order Gods whereas the Laws of Humans is only applicable with the approval of the monarch. This is the main difference between the two."

The other Gods also have commandments like 'punish evil', 'banning extravagance' and 'forbidding lies' but it is often a difficult task to enforce punishment on people who are not their worshippers. My version of the 13 severe crimes are commonly accepted and thus, there is no need to fear for the ire of other Gods, nobles or royalty. At the same time, it gives those assuming Law jobs a list of sins that they must eliminate. (It doesn't matter whether other people enforce it or not, but Justice Knights must enforce it)

"However, this doesn't mean that the two of them will conflict with one another. On the other hand, the both of them are representative of the same thing. The Rules of God is the lower limit of the Laws of Human. Since they are sins that Rules of God forbids, then the Laws of Human mustn't pardon the sinners. For example, the first of the 13 crimes 'claiming the life of others willfully to fulfill one's private desires will

result in a strict verdict by the God of Law. Even after death, they would suffer in the mountain of blades and sea of flames'. The Laws of Human also have the corresponding clause. The first clause of intentional murder states that 'Intentional murder would result in the death penalty or imprisonment of minimum 10 years. However, if it is legitimate defense, in a war of justice or for any other reasons that are in conflict with the other clauses, the latter clause will be prioritized."

Despite it being the same crime, but the God of Law brought about a tone of a religion advising against certain behaviors. As for the final portion which may seem excessive, further punishment after death, in actuality, it is preparation for the future. On the other hand, the Laws of Human are ice-cold clauses and sentences.

Reyne starts to get a little agitated. She seems to have seen the complex value behind it.

"That is to say, those of the Law jobs only have to enforce sins that go against the Rules of God. If so, what is the significance of setting the Laws of Human?"

"That is prepared for countries and lords that are prepared to allow the faith of the God of Law to become their national religion. This Laws of Human would obviously infringe on the profits of the nobles in the region, so aren't you all afraid of them banding together to suppress the spreading or even push for the banning of your faith?" Kelly questions after deliberating for a moment. She has been living in the human society for quite a significant period of time, so she understood the corruption and hopelessness of those bunch of nobles. How could they accept the introduction of laws that would threaten their rule?

I smile. This is also one of the consideration that I expected them to have.

"Indeed, in many places, nobles only pay 1 gold coin for beating up ordinary civilians and some royals even confiscate the properties of merchants as they please. Are these vile laws that support only the governing body acceptable? Our Laws of Humans will infringe on their profits directly and so, being viewed with enmity and even being suppressed at the start is unavoidable. However, it is impossible for them to ban it. After all, our Wumianzhe is a true God. Banning the teachings of a true God is equivalent to revolting against all of the Order Gods. Why do you think Wumianzhe had to try so hard for his Ascension, it is all for this day."

"However, it is meaningless if it just prevents them from banning the religion."

"So, there is a need for someone to make a stand. If I am an ordinary civilian and merchant, on one hand is a set of vile laws that view me like an animal and a slave while the other at least allows me the basic rights of a human, so where would I choose to live and work hard in? Actually, there is no need to hesitate and Sulfur Mountain City is an ideal example. A large influx of population and resources would naturally bring about prosperity and power. This is required for any territory. Thus, the faith of the God of Law is actually beneficial to the development of any territories and we just need someone to make a stand."

"So, you looked for the Mist Country. Little Rolande, you would actually pull your own people into a pit you dug. Haven't you considered the high possibility of turning hostile with the surrounding states after turning it into the national religion? Have you considered the possibility of being wiped out even before we rise up?"

Kelly frowned as she spoke. Her considerations were legitimate.

"Of course, I have considered it. However, do you think that the East Mist Country won't attract hostility if it goes on like this? You are already surrounded by enemies on all fronts and since it isn't far from destruction, at least this is quite a good straw of hope to clutch on to. Also, if the God of Law becomes the national religion, then using Sulfur Mountain City as an example, the rapid development of the strength of the nation can be expected. A large increase in the amount of Justice Knights and Judgementors would also significantly improve the ability of the country to defend itself. At the same time, it should be able to gain the assistance of the land of origin of Law, Sulfur Mountain City. No matter how you look at it, its benefits is greater than the detriments it brings."

"What if we still refuse to accept it?"

"Nothing, just continue to wait. When those of the Law jobs fill the entire world, when the teachings of the God of Law become widespread in this world, the accumulated resentment and conflicts will finally explode one day. By then, what is awaiting the nobles will not be a peaceful retirement. The guillotine will be washed with fresh blood until it turns rusty and hanging corpses will fill the gallows."

Kelly instinctively shivers, as though seeing the arrival of such a day. On the other hand, Reyne brings up her considerations.

"Going by the teachings, starting a war is a severe crime. If so, doesn't this mean that

we would be unable to unify the Mist Country? Isn't this unfair for us?"

"No, although it is true that starting a war will cause those of the Law jobs to lose their Power of Law, helping allied countries who are being invaded and wars of justice such as to recover annexed land are still allowed."

"Then, who would decide what is justice?"

Beifeng who had been solemnly jotting down notes brings up a query for the first time and he managed to shoot right on the bull's eye.

"One vote by the God of Law Wumianzhe, one vote by the monarch of the country and one vote by the majority of the population. If all three votes are in approval of the war, then the war can be considered just. Also, since Wumianzhe has turned in the incarnation of justice, then his judgement should be fair and acceptable by his worshipers."

The questioner nods his head and sits back down. Then, new questions from the crowd starts popping up once again.

"I have a question..."

"Un, this is actually quite simple..."

Initially, I only intended to just casually filling in on a bit of details but somethings cannot be stopped once started. This lecture which is fated to be recorded in the annals of history continued for an entire day.

Krose, who was lecturing the class initially, became the recorder. What she tried her best to record down would be eventually passed onto the hands of every worshiper. I can foresee that not too long from now, the flower of Law will bloom beautifully.

In the end, the lecture turned into a debate and the debate turned back into a lecture. When the marathon imparting of teachings finally ended, Reyne and Kelly stare at each other before coming to a final conclusion.

"The East Mist Communal Country decides to acknowledge the faith of the God of Law as our national religion. But you, Roland, must be responsible to help us to the end."

"Sigh, fine, I will treat it as returning what I owe you all." Even though I was

complaining, the smile on the face couldn't escape the notice of anyone.

TL: Waste of effort -> (What I am trying to express is) Getting less than proportionate returns compared to the effort you put in. (Couldn't find an appropriate phrase to explain the Chinese one)

Just curious, has anyone realized what Roland's goal is?

Chapter 89

Arbitration and Justice

Still the same simple and shabby palace along with the same young Emperor.

Darsos is engaged in a battle of chess with his old friend and subordinate. But, looking at the lapses in judgement, missteps and how he was being forced to retreat continuously, his thoughts are clearly not on the chessboard.

On other days, he would swiftly wipe the floor with his old friend with his superior chess skills before talking about official matters while the other party is still wallowing in his depression. But this time, his usual calmness is absent.

"Hermit, have you found her yet?"

"Found? Oh, you mean that Princess Knight. They changed their dwelling and currently, they are living in the Church of the God of Law. Attacking the Church of a true God can bring about great troubles. For a woman, is it worth it?"

The one speaking is a brunette youngster with squinty eyes. With a monocle, he emits a scholarly feeling. Simply by looking at just his outer appearance, no one would suspect that he is the head of intelligence of the Auland Empire, as well as the private financial advisor of the Emperor, making him one of the most powerful man in the Empire.

"Stop joking with me, you know that I am not looking for that little lass. I am looking for the girl with the bloodline of the Angels, the woman who singlehandedly subdued the demon sword using brute force."

With his attention to detail, Darsos could tell that Svina is a woman with one glance. After that day, he started that guess that the Princesses with the identical faces but totally different auras may be 2 different people.

"The Twin Stars, yet another ominous twins. No wonder the Mist Royalty would hide her existence."

Alright, corroborating with history, there is a foundation for the story Darsos came up with. At least, in Darsos's eyes, they are definitely 2 different people.

The most obvious evidence is the behavior of the demon sword.

"Hermit, you should know the price I paid to awaken the third form of The Scarlet Conqueror. But, that woman could easily subdue the third form of the demon sword. What's worse, when she returned the demon sword to me, the feelings that the demon sword transmitted back to me was actually 'pity', 'fear' and 'relaxation'. There could only be one explanation, the demon sword has actually submitted completely to her. It is very possible that she can even use the demon sword in its final form."

"Impossible! The Scarlet Conqueror that was forged by the Tyrant of the Blood Sea will crave for fresh blood eternally. In order to use this sword, almost ten thousand lives have disappeared under your hands. Even today, we have to prepare a few hundred death row prisoners to pay tribute to the sword. The girl is still so young, how could she subdue the demon sword?"

"But she still managed to do it, didn't she?"

"Is that why you proposed to her? Not wavering in the least despite being rejected in public?"

"No, no. I had enough of those beautiful but fragile vases. I suddenly felt that a Blood Angel that is showered in fresh blood is also not bad. I am really smitten by her. However, I didn't expect that she would actually like women, it is really such a pity."

"You intend to give up? Then why are you still looking for her?"

"Why do you think the Mist Royalty is hiding that trump card for? Do you think that they, who are holding such a chip in their hands, would obediently submit to me during my enthronement ceremony? Do you think that the proud Half-Angel who refuses to look me in my eye would kneel and swear loyalty to me on the day of the ceremony?"

Recalling the sight of the proud War Angel who refuses to even allow her feet to touch the ground, Hermit shakes his head.

"From birth, some people refuse to yield to others. I don't think that she would ever submit to anyone."

"But, we don't have any route to retreat to. It is either we carry this through or give up the plan and be reduced to a 2nd-rate power."

Yes, the enthronement ceremony that forces the countries to submit to Auland Emperor is an oppression towards the smaller countries as well as a challenge to the Auland Empire's prestige and power. If they succeed, they could become a superpower at one go. But, if they were to fail, then the subordinate states under them originally will start to waver and falling straight to become a 2nd-rate power isn't entirely impossible.

"This is a bet with great stakes at hand. It involves the fate of Auland 200 years from now. We can't afford to lose."

"I understand, we can't allow for any variables at this point. I will send spies to investigate the secret of the East Mist."

"No, hold it for a moment. Just send a few Magic Eagle Riders to keep an eye on them would be suffice. I have already sent out the Crows, it would be inconvenient for them to strike with our eyes firmly on them."

"The Crows? Why, they aren't trustworthy at all. They are just a bunch of oversensitive lunatics who keep prophesying about the ludicrous end of the world all day long."

"But, irrational mad dogs tend to bite the hardest."

Saying these, Darsos burst into laughter. Naturally, he knows that the Crows aren't reliable. But, even mad dogs have their own use. If it is just releasing them out in the public to bite others, then there is no need for them to have any rationality.

"I think I understand why you called me here."

"Un, with the East Mist Communal Country as a variable at the core, do a few more emergency contingency plans."

"Do we have to prepare for the worst? The East Mist Communal Country being removed from the alliance."

"No, the worst possibility is the East Mist Communal Country along with the other countries declaring war on us while our military forces are being kept in check."

Hermit nods his head. He understands Darsos. Preparing for the worst in all scenarios is his die-hard habit but this doesn't mean that he doesn't have the confidence to follow through with the enthronement ceremony.

On the other hand, preparing so many contingency plans in advance means that he has his eyes firmly set on the success of the alliance.

Other people might think that he is a crude ambitious man who pays no attention to little details but only the companion who he grew up with comprehends that the greatest strength of Darsos is his attentiveness to details. Perhaps, it is because he is always prepared for the worst situation that he is able to climb his way up a step at a time to the top.

"Don't panic, even chess requires one to move step by step to claim victory. Let's first use the mad dogs to test their might. Hah, looks like you got distracted. Check, I won!"

Making the ambassadors of the East Mist Communal Country live with us wasn't an aimless sudden inspiration on my part.

It is still 3 months away from the enthronement ceremony. It isn't a long period of time but it couldn't be considered short as well. Being in the capital, his own field, it would be inconceivable if Darsos doesn't play some little tricks to rebuild the reputation he lost.

Besides, our connection with the ambassadors would grow more and more intimate. Rather than being looked with gazes of suspicion by others, we might as well directly link up together. This way, not only is it more convenient and safer, I can also discipline that little lass.

As for the Church of the God of Law, it can only be said to be an unexpected surprise.

Initially, we only intend to build a Court to allow those of the Law jobs to train and learn in. Without the support of the ruler of the territory, we are unable to conduct judgement on others. We could only engage in arbitration work.

Judgement requires the support of the ruler, and involves someone using the clauses of law from a higher position to judge the criminals of a lower position and force a verdict on them. On the other hand, arbitration is a process where the arbitrator is of

equal position as the two people involved in the contract and a ruling would be made by the arbitrator.

Indubitably, in places where Law isn't recognized by the ruler of the territory, the Law jobs can only do arbitration jobs. Due to the lack of authority in an arbitration, arbitrators require significantly deeper understanding of the law. In a certain world, one has to work at least 8 years in the law industry before there is a possibility of them conducting an arbitration.

Of course, we are talking about bigger affairs in that sense. In actuality, most of them involve insignificant little matters.

"Aunt Lee, Uncle Lee only owes you 3 silver coins, right? Since he said he will be returning to you in 2 months, calm down.

"2 months? Considering the interest, he has to pay me at least 4 silver coins 2 months later!"

"3 and a half!"

"4."

"Alright, let me be the middleman. Give him a little bit more time, Auntie Lee, then Uncle Lee can pay a little bit more on the interest. How about 4 silver coins for 3 months?"

"Deal." "Okay!"

Although it may seem lame, this is basically what arbitrators do. The only difference is the sum of money involved in the settlement and that whether the both parties are an individual, merchant guild or organization.

Of course, if both parties are still unable to come to a compromise, then the arbitrator can conduct a forced arbitration in front of idol of God Wumianzhe. If so, there would definitely be one side whose interest would be harmed. Under such circumstances, the decision of the arbitration will be enforced by Wumianzhe's God Powers.

Without the monarch backing it the law, the law enforcers won't have the authority to judge criminals and naturally, they won't have the right to enforce verdicts on others. However, as one has the freedom to make contracts and promises, the Law jobs could

borrow Wumianzhe's God Powers and his Obligation to serve as an arbitrator for the affairs of the mortal world.

The arbitration system has already been operating for decades in Sulfur Mountain City. But on the surface, it is something new. Very quickly, the sensitive merchants realized the superiority of such a system.

Its greatest advantage that it is fast, very fast. On other days, heading to the local jurisdiction to file a complaint about a contract or settle a disagreement over goods would take at least 1 or 2 years to settle. Even if they were to earn the settlement sum after winning the battle, they might very well be bankrupt by then. That is the typical case of winning the lawsuit but losing one's livelihood.

Furthermore, if it involves a certain noble or official in the lawsuit... Then you just have to give in to your misfortune.

An arbitration only involves the 3 sides who are involved in the case and an agreement can be struck very swiftly, often in a few days. To merchants, time is life itself, not to mention that no one would dare to refuse to carry out a contract that has been made in front of Wumianzhe. That bizarre Incantation of Law: Obligatory Enforcement leaves those who intend to go against their promise nowhere to hide.

Kagersi City, which was built along the river, is extremely accessible, one of the reason why it is able to become a famous commercial city. In a place where merchants gather, this new way of settling conflicts immediately spread rapidly within the industry.

"To think that there would be a God to ensure the fairness of a contract, now I don't have to worry about those ruffians withholding payment. This is great!"

Thus, when new contracts involving trades are signed, they will make sure to add in a line 'If a disagreement occurs, then arbitration will be held in xx Church of Law'.

Thus, in less than a week, the Court found itself gaining a few thousand new worshipers, making it a regional religion.

Alright, going by the rules of Gods, when sufficient worshipers appear in a land, the true God Wumianzhe will start to notice that land. It will come under his sacred jurisdiction -- Kagersi City Branch Church of Law is born as a result.

When the 'Laws of Human' still require a long time before it would acquire the support

of the local landlords and walk onto the stage of history, this new rising arbitration system will become a powerful weapon to expand the faith of the true God of Law Wumianzhe.

Such an occurrence is appearing in many different corners of Eich Continent. Thus, in the Realm of Gods, Wumianzhe received the first derivative of his Obligation -- The God of Contracts.

As the essence of fairness is weaved into the contents of a free contract, having weak God Powers now, he is gradually evolving to become a mid-tier God.

"Ah, I totally didn't expect it."

Adding the system of arbitration into the law system, I was just casually imitating the law system of my previous world. I didn't expect that the arbitration system that wasn't really significant there would bear flowers in this foreign world.

"Un, in this chaotic world reminiscent of the Middle Age, there is indeed a great need for a neutral party to guarantee, enforce and settle the disputes of agreements. The reason why it isn't that popular in that is because it still lacks an authoritative power to guarantee that it would be carried out. Even if the result of the arbitration is hard to enforce, in this magical world where true Gods that could guarantee the enforcement of the contract exist, arbitration becomes something much more impressive.

Such an unexpected outcome is of course beneficial to me. This accident also made me realize the significance of the bloodline of my physical body as The Arbitrator...

"Chaos on the left, Order on the right, so I am standing in the middle as the Arbitrator? In the end, I would just offend both sides at once. System, are you trying to remind me that my goal is something which my efforts will not reap proportionate rewards?"

Attacking a regional Church, a land where true God gazes upon (The God of Law not setting up Church refers to it not being like other true Gods who throw Churches everywhere for the sake of spreading their teachings), is no different from slapping the face of a God. Naturally, as the people staying in it, we would be in a much safer position.

Even so, I can still see dozens of spies among the worshipers coming to visit.

"Hey, this big brother here, it is indeed a good idea for you disguise as a travelling merchant with your big bag. But, can you change your military boots, there is still the insignia of the Flying Dragon Knight Order on it."

"Hehe, your family uses such superior horses to ship grass forage? Is the money you earn sufficient to pay for the oat they eat?"

"That mark of noble on your sword... Can you be more professional? To think that you can still laugh about it."

Alright, regardless of whether it is those who are interested in the East Mist Communal Country who shone brightly on that day or those who are interested in this rising true God Church, the way this city expresses its passion to its guests is really hard to take.

"Lord Oracle! If you have the time to play with them, you might as well come help us!"

After the Court became a regional Church, the most senior Krose once again takes the blow and got forced to become the regional archbishop. However, despite being promoted, not only did she not get a pay raise or new subordinates, on the other hand, her workload exploded.

Despite being a small Church, the merchants are all rushing here to settle their disputes over their contracts. The average visitors that come each day numbers over a hundred and the queue extends all the way to Beifeng's small booth outside the mansion. As for the people who are receiving them and the arbitrators... 2 Gray Elves, Krose and her two subordinates, 5 people in total, that's all.

Although Krose is trying her best to groom the first batch of Divine Art users, they are all starting from scratch and there is still a long way before they are able to handle the situation. Right now, Krose and the rest can only work overtime to try their best to handle the situation.

So, even though the respect Krose had for me soared significantly after that lecture, but looking at how I wander about leisurely despite having deep understanding of the law, her rage comes pouring out on me.

"Lord Oracle, if you are free, can you help look at the contract of the goblin merchants? There are a few parts which I am unsure of and require your assistance."

"Haha, I am busy today. Let's talk about it after I'm back."

After throwing those words, I turn around and escape without any hesitation. Krose wanted to chase me but the crowd in front of her makes her stop helplessly.

This time, I really am not trying to shirk responsibility, I really have something on. Today, I have an appointment with someone.

The location isn't too far away, a plot of empty land where people are scarce. Standing under a rotting old tree, I lean on it and pour a little wine on the floor. The gray mist gathers to form a silver specter. However, the usual coldness and aggressiveness of a specter is absent. This is someone who is between the existence of a specter and a Heroic Spirit.

"Hey, Uncle Kane, I'm here again. I have already settled the problem with your granddaughter. The amount of money I left for her school fees is sufficient for her to use for 10 years. You can give that sword to me now."

After receiving Harloys's hints, I would be too useless if I can't even find my target. In the first day, I found Kane's soul. But, it is a pity that even though I conversed with him over many matters these few days and even helped him on several accounts, Kane still remained silent on the whereabouts of his own sword.

"Un, little fellow. I can see your sincerity. Let me tell you one last story."

If there is a mirror here, my face would definitely be ㄣ. This specter really acts just like the NPCs in games. I had to do a few missions for him first before he tells me about his background story. Most probably, this story would be about his story and in the end, I would have to enlighten him so that he could move on.

"...The village was threatened by Magic Beasts. The enemy would overrun his own outpost at any moment. That young Knight faced 2 difficult choices. One is to fulfill his duty to his king by defending his post and watch as the threatened village is destroyed or he could go against his orders and his pride as a Knight to protect the village. Youngster, if it was you, how would you choose?"

Alright, I knew that it would be this kind of problem. This kind of question is as unsolvable as the one about who to save when one's wife and mother falls into the water. Not answering might instead be the best answer.

However, I have done too many of this kind of questions. From the start, the answer isn't of the options given.

"I will act first. Either finish my mission before going to protect the village or to get rid of those Magic Beasts who are threatening the villagers first then pull the villagers to help me accomplish my orders. Un, the better option would be to pull all the villagers with me to guard my outpost."

"This... This doesn't fit the prerequisites."

"Whose prerequisites? The one coming up with the question? Or the ones you set yourself? As long as the endpoint is good, why should one care so much about the process?"

"No, that is impossible. I can't do those that you just said."

"I can do what you can't do. To tell you the truth, if I was in your position, the moment signs of a threat from Magic Beasts appear, I would have thought of ideas to get rid of it as soon as possible before it becomes dangerous. Besides, if you can't do it, you could have asked for others to help you right?"

"They have their own missions. How can I use my own private matters to soil the honor of other knights?"

"That is an outdated idea. No wonder you still aren't enlightened even a few decades later."

"I... I will test if you are capable of doing what I can't do!" The old Knight rages from embarrassment.

Alright, as expected, I had to fight him in the end.

19 seconds. Including the time required to draw and sheath my sword. The Undead Binding Formation that I have long set activates and I immediately followed up with a standard Holy Knight skill, Turn Undead. Afterwards, I raise my sword and knocks him, causing Kane who had his movements sealed to fall.

"This is unfair..."

"Why? You thought that I would be like those foolish Knights and compete in

swordsmanship against you who have once reached the realm of Legends? Being killed by you after crossing 300 blows, why don't you talk about how unfair it is for a Legend to bully a Bronze rookie. Look, isn't this way much simpler?"

"I... Young man, was I really wrong?"

I hesitated for a moment before giving my answer.

"No, you aren't wrong. The decision you made is worthy of the respect of future generations. The one that is wrong is this cruel world who forced you to make a decision."

The old Knight saved the village, thus failing to accomplish his own mission. As a result, he lost his honor and prestige as a Knight, implicating his family. In his later life, he kept questioning himself whether what he did was correct and in the end, he died with that thought lingering in his mind.

'Pale Justice', that is the name of the soulsword, as well as the questioning screams he directs towards himself.

"Am I wrong? Is the justice that I insisted on a mistake? Should I have watched as the village get annihilated?"

"Locar Town, that is the village you saved back then. It has been 70 years since and it has turned from a village of 300 into a small town with a population numbering ten thousand. You did well."

"Is that so? That is great."

With a smile on his face, Kane's soul starts to disperse and the only thing that remains is a teardrop gem that scatters ice-cold white light.

[Soul Gemstone of Pale Justice: A portion of Kane's fragmented soul and power is embedded within. A complete 'Pale Justice' would be formed when it is merged together with Kane's personal sword.]

"Whether justice is pale white or not, is that really important? As long as the things you do doesn't go against your conscience, what does the sounds of the external world matters?"

That is what I wanted to say but I couldn't. To old Kane, the evaluation of the future generations wasn't important. Just the prosperity of the village that was saved is sufficient to show that his choice wasn't wrong. If so, what else has to be said?

But reality is often much more cruel than fairy tales.

"Locar Town? Indeed, there used to be such a town. But, it has long disappeared once again in the annals of history. Back then, when the different kings were vying for the throne, war was rife and the people living on the land would have underwent 5 devastating war, at the very least. Even if the villagers survived the assault of the Magic Beasts, they probably would have died in the war that followed suit." This is the answer that I received from the Civil Affairs Department.

Stroking the soul gemstone that was emitting a pale radiance, I shake my head.

"There is still a long road ahead, let's just take it slow."

Suddenly, I recalled something.

"Wait, that's not right. Don't I have to look for the sword Kane used back then? Who knew where he threw it to. Have I been tricked again? The village has already disappeared in the annals of history, so where the hell should I go looking for a sword? Old man, are you still there? Can you show me the location first before passing on?"

ps: This story about the Pale Justice isn't my own creation. It is just that I liked it a lot, that's why I put it together. Just treat it as a homage to the classics.

Pale Justice

Pale -> It has the idea of sickness/ lacking in liveliness. In my own opinion, it refers to the rigidity of justice, whether there really is only one justice.

Chapter 90

The Celestial Tower

To me, the Celestial Tower is a name deeply etched in my memory, as well as one that should have long faded in the past.

Currently, they are a famous evil organization in the world. In the eyes of the world, they are equal to the famous Druid Kindness Movement Association (Animal Kindness Druid Association), a bunch of mad dogs who bite anyone they manage to lay their hands on.

Just like how bad-reputed organization often have a noble goal initially, the Celestial Tower was also initially built on ideals.

Regardless of whether it is the Celestial Mages who are skilled in astrology, the Witches who can divine fate or the Mages who are adept in the art of prophecy, on a certain level, they are all able to peer into the future. Thus, under the leadership of a highly-respected Mage, the Celestial Tower was built on the ideal of 'using prophecies to make life for the better and to avoid calamities'.

Then, how did an organization with such lofty ideals turn into the ill-reputed mad dogs of today?

Initially, the Celestial Tower's warnings towards natural disasters worked extremely well. At that era, the prophecy skills were very different from the current weak ones. Back then, the prophecy magic system was quite advanced and effective. Connected to the God of Fate and the Strings of Fate, they really managed to avoid calamities and disasters.

After a golden era, roughly around AD200, the Celestial Tower met with trouble. No matter how heavy the price they paid, they are unable to peer into affairs beyond a certain time period.

In the end, they came up with a conclusion. From a certain year onward, the Eich Continent would be a blank slate.

If it was only one seer, they would think that it was due to their lacking abilities. However, if all of the seers reached the same conclusion, then there can only be one answer -- The world has been destroyed, there is no future beyond that.

Alright, prophesying the end of the world isn't a good thing but at the very least, knowing that it would happen, they could think of ideas to overcome it.

But, their efforts were in vain. No matter how they prophesied and divined, they only received a single answer -- This world doesn't have a future, they were unable to even confirm where the destruction originated from.

Of course, I can understand the reason why they are unable to divine it. All of the lifeforms in the world originate from the Order and the Chaos. Naturally, you would be unable to prophesy that the destruction which originated from the Mother of all beings, even less so, prophesy the timing of the occurrence.

Alright, this is feels like the turmoil of someone on the death row awaiting his sentence. Unable to obtain any answers, they waited despairingly day after day as doomsday approaches. Then, a coincidence happened, one that would relight their flames of hope.

Due to an intervention by the Celestial Tower, a certain young man who was prophesied to become a hero in the future met with an accident, causing the future surrounding him to be unable to be seen.

The actions of a seer would cause changes in the future? The untimely deaths of historical figures and heroes will affect the entire history? If the fate of the entire world is rattled past a certain extent, will the world which is fated to be destroyed be preserved?

Alright, since there is no clear solution to this malady, they decided to try all the possible remedies. Through such a logic, the Celestial Tower found the most direct way to changing fate -- Causing the untimely deaths of historical figures and heroes.

Normally, a seer will try his best to prevent their prophecy from affecting the target of their prophecy. On the contrary, the Celestial Tower began on their rampage -- Hunting down historical figure and shaking the future back into an unknown state.

This isn't an easy task. After all, it is hard to divine accurately a specific prophecy and on many occasions, it all comes down to luck. Not to mention, the seer getting involved

in the situation will just make it even more chaotic. Under such circumstances, if an unlucky fellow were to cross the path of the Celestial Tower... Hehe, do you think that a future legendary hero would have the ability to resist them as an infant?

The dragon-slaying hero who would save the masses became slandered as an evil incarnation of demons, the great engineer who pioneered the development of technology became an unpardonable villain and the Sacred Priestess who saved a country from a calamity got burnt on a stake as a witch. Lies were spewing out from the previously respected seers. Due to their meddling, the path of fate became muddled.

Indubitably, this is an act of flipping the table during a poker game where one is fated to lose. Since it will just end in a loss, something good might come out from messing around with it. This is the desperation of the seers who were driven up the wall.

Due to them overdoing it, the Strings of Fate of the God of Fate became messed up, alarming the Order Gods who rarely interfere in the mortal world. They sent retribution down upon them, destroying their main headquarters. Only then, did they halt their actions for a moment.

After the retribution, the God of Fate took back a large portion of the divination abilities and techniques that he left in the mortal world and cut the connection between his Palace of Fate in the Heavenly Realm and the seers in the mortal world, causing the standards for divination in the entire world to fall steeply. This was an event that occurred over a thousand years ago.

Today, the prophesied doomsday has still yet to come but their sins of killing the future heroes floated to the surface. Eventually, the Celestial Tower became a huge joke. But, I know that their prophecies weren't wrong. The calamity is just right ahead.

To this date, a prophecy directed towards one's future is the greatest taboo a seer could commit. The seers of recent times only divine events and not humans. However, it seems that the Celestial Tower has yet to be completely destroyed. They are still hiding in a corner, continuing their unfinished job.

However, it is hard to say whether they have gone mad from trying to save the world or whether they just want to seek vengeance against the Order Gods and the entire world.

The prophecy regarding me and Karwenz from 300 years ago came from them. They also had a hand to play in forcing us up the corner.

During my adventuring afterwards, I found their trails in the shadows. Thus, after turning into Emperor Yongye, I dug then up one by one from the corners and slaughtered them one after another.

However, looking at the charred corpse before me in this instant, the insignia of constellations and an eye on the ring on its finger clearly shows that I wasn't thorough enough back then.

"The darned remains of the Celestial Tower. To think you all still have the guts to appear before me!"

In a pitch-black room, the seats lit up one by one. All of the participants in this meeting were silent for a long period of time. Eventually, the person on the chairman's seat spoke.

"Darsos is already getting impatient. Are there still no reports from our scouts?"

"Hmph, the King of Winter Wolves? Lord Lamos's Eye, I say that we should kill him, not cooperate with him."

"Calm down, our current goal is to wipe away the Mist Bloodline. We can talk about other things later. It has already been a week, is there still no news? Darsos is starting to express his dissatisfaction against us."

There is really no mistake in calling them mad dogs. When the divination techniques regressed, their targets expanded from 'future historical figures and future heroes' to 'historical figures and heroes'. Anyone of high standing working with them had to be wary of them. It is hard to tell when the knife would be directed towards them.

"You know that the presence of a Church of true God means that the land is a territory of the God, and this will result in the divination techniques of humans to be discounted. At the same time, our scouts also met with some troubles."

"Un?"

"We sent a few Druids who can transmogrify into crows..."

In the Church, Casio is napping under a tree. But, whenever a bird appears in the airspace of the Church, a golden line will cut through the skyline and following a caw, it would fall to the ground. A few knights would then rush to pick it up. This wildlife would serve well as an additional dish for their dinner.

"Although I don't understand why Rolande wanted me to shoot down all flying creatures, this is still a good opportunity for me to train my archery."

"...All crows were shot down by an archer. If it weren't for the great agility they displayed while fleeing, they might have ended up as dinner."

"Looks like they are guarded. What about our reconnaissance team? Our master Thieves."

"They were all blasted to the skies. The entire backyard is filled with goblin landmines as well as all kinds of chain explosives and robot alarms. The security is even tighter than a goblin bank. We suspect that there are at least 4 to 5 master engineers who live in the Church."

By the corner of the wall of the backyard, Clint is in the middle of doing something when his ears suddenly twitch. Then, carrying a basket, he immediately escapes. As expected, someone comes chasing him right after.

"Damn it, Clint. You are burying landmines all around again. How many times have we said, products of engineering are dangerous and can't be left about casually. What if it explodes on some passer-by? Even if it doesn't explode on others, destroying plants and flowers aren't good as well! Look at how many times have we fixed this wall of the backyard. Yesterday, when I met with the bricklayer, he asked me if I wanted to buy a monthly maintenance pass. Tell me, if the Church of the God of Law turns into the Church of the God of Explosions, will old man Wumianzhe send a strike of lightning down in rage? Hey, listen to me! Stop running!"

Diyer (finally he gets a name!), the Law Incantationer who had travelled with Krose, his traits are... Un, everyone has witnessed that for themselves, extremely naggy. However, he seems to be the nemesis of the silent Clint, which is also why I immediately chose to task him with the job of keeping watch on the explosion maniac.

"What about our Chief Spy, Feng Die? He can easily impersonate a worshiper to sneak

in, right? Given his experience, he should be able to easily get past that Holy Knight who is pretending to be strolling about at the entrance but is actually keeping watch."

TL: Feng Die literally means Phoenix Butterfly. Pronunciation for die (di-ye)

"He..."

Feng Die is known as the Thousand Faces and specialises in impersonating all kinds of women. This time, he was quite successfully in impersonating a rich lady and managed to get close with his primary target, Princess Reyne, just that...

"Sin-Splitting Strike!" After a feminine roar, the silver-colored sacred sword, which was radiating silver light, flew out of her hands.

"Tee hee, my grip accidentally loosened." Even though Reyne tries her best to act cute, it is unable to cover the fact that she actually managed to turn a swing into a throw.

Kelly shakes her head helplessly. Even though Reyne was making good progress under Roland's skillful tutelage after switching to become a Justice Knight, her swordsmanship talent that is way past the golden growing primetime is just too horrible. At least, within a period of time, her swordsmanship will remain as one others will find it hard to look at straight.

Then, following the trajectory of the sword with her eyes, she saw the Roland Sacred Sword stabbing in between the thighs of a rich lady. She immediately panics.

"Priest! There is a wounded here... Un? A male? Spy? Knights, gather. I think we better call an undertaker first."

After hearing that their most capable spy was exposed in such a ridiculous manner, the Auland branch head of the Celestial Tower, Lamos's Eye, is in a state of disbelief.

"It feels like ridiculous things will happen the moment we try to get close with that Church. Is that a Church of the God of Law or a Church of the God of Misfortune!"

"Darn it! Right, what about our master of concealment? Shadowless Treader Decka? There has never been a place where he can't enter. What about him? He isn't someone who would be defeated by bad luck. It can't be that he failed as well?"

"He..."

Shadowless Treader Decka. He is famous in certain regions. It is said there isn't a single treasure vault that he is unable to enter and that he had once successfully robbed a Blue Dragon. Lamos's Eye spent much effort to get him into the organization.

He is only a Silver-rank Thief but he possesses a legendary artifact that allowed him to move as he please

[Sewage Cloak, Legendary Artifact: The wearer will be turned into a mouse and be receive 95% reduction from physical damage]

Using this artifact, he is able to sneak into the treasure vault of any kingdom as he please. Even if he were to meet with a powerful enemy who was able to see through his disguise, he had always managed to sneak away with that near immunity to physical damage.

"The final transmission from that lord was 'why is there a magic cat here!!'."

It is about dinner time for the Church of Law and when a certain cat jumped onto the table, I scooped it up and threw it one side.

"Go, play by one side. Who knows whether you have eaten some dead rats and cockroaches."

"Bastard, I am not a real cat. Besides, even if I am a real cat, I will be enjoying piles of fish and meat every day. If I were to go hunting for rats, it would be only to play with my prey, there is no reason for me to eat it. Hmph, to think that I had a treasure that I wanted to show you. Such a heartless person, forget it then."

"What treasure?" Hearing the word treasure, my heart immediately moves.

"Hehe, a transmogrification cloak. It is very suited for you. Do you want to try putting it on?"

"Hehe, you think that I'm a fool? Seeing how you are taking the initiative to pass such stuff to me, it is definitely a cursed item to turn me into a rat or a squirrel. It can't be that I will turn into a slime... Looks like my guess is spot-on, you darned cat. No more dinner for you, go eat your rats!"

At the same time, a short, wounded figure is struggling in the backyard.

"Darn it, what a fearsome Meow Alien. To think that it would be skilled in the art of brawling and capable of both magic and physical attacks. I almost died from it. Cough, it is fortunate that it left after taking the cloak. Cough, yet another mouthful of blood. Looks like I am quite severely wounded. I probably won't be able to escape from the main entrance or by flipping over the wall. The sewage it is then."

After struggling to open the sewage cover and forcefully squeeze himself in it, he realized that someone has beat him to it and is currently waiting for him there.

"How could there be someone here. If you're the same as me, a peer, then please give... Wait, it's not a real person. Goblin Exploding Dummy!! To think it would be in the sewage! Who would be that bored!"

"Boom!!" "Boom!"

There seems to be a significant amount of gunpowder in it. The entire mansion trembled under the explosion. When I shot my gaze towards the dinner table, Clint immediately gets up and reports.

"Report! Following your orders, I have settled all of the unstable explosives by throwing them into the sewage."

"The sewage? Hehe, whose thief is it, to be so unlucky? It's okay, you did well. Work harder next time."

[Ding! Congratulations, your Aura of Plague has brought misfortune to its 100th target and has evolved into the Star of Misfortune Aura. The effect of the aura will be boosted by 50% and its effects will prioritize your enemies first. Now that you have reached the 100 mark, you aren't that far from 1000. Work harder. -- That lad is really unlucky. Anyway, it would be best for you to take a look. Your old friend is there.] At this time, the System couldn't resist popping out.

When I got to the scene of the explosion, I found the familiar insignia of the Celestial Tower and immediately knew that I met with an old friend. In that instant, I flew into a rage.

"For a being like mad dogs, the appearance of one means that there would be a den of them around. Kelly, I will be going out for a while. I will leave matters here to you. Diana and Krose, follow me. We will be hunting mad dogs."

TL: I know that historical figures may not be very apt (since we are talking about the future) but what I mean to say is people who would leave a mark in history eventually.

Chapter 91

The Successor

The Celestial Tower is a really troublesome foe to deal with. Ever since they became the common foe of the world, they scattered and concealed in the shadows, disappearing from view.

Most of their members are of the spellcasters, inclusive of Priests, Druids, Mage, Incantationers, Witches and Witch Doctors in the mix. Regardless of race or tribe, spellcasters are always a sorely lacking precious asset.

A thousand years of accumulation and inheritances has given these spellcasters sufficient power and connections and in this very world, power and connections can be easily traded for authority, not to mention the fact that they are assisted by their ability to divine.

The most dangerous part about the Celestial Tower is that its members are often hidden in the midst of the upper echelons of the Human and the Elf society. Even between fellow members, they often use nicknames to address one another. No one would be able to identify the hidden spy until that member goes on a rampage, making them an adversary hard to guard against.

A bunch of poisonous snakes that hides in your midst, capable of biting you at any moment. It is a thought that sends shiver down one's spine.

After realizing that the Celestial Tower has set their eyes on me, despite the world being already plunged in darkness, I rushed out of the mansion without any hesitation.

I understand how they operate. Assuming the many spies that we encountered recently were their scouts, judging by how that troublesome group doesn't know the meaning of restraint, their failure in their reconnaissance mission will only motivate them to take bigger risks to accomplish their goals. If so, instead of waiting for them to knock on our door, I might as well make the first move.

But the moment I stepped out of the door, I realized a little problem...

"Harloys, to whom does this Celestial Tower Ring belong to? Smell it and find him!"

"Smell... Smell your sister! I am a cat, not a dog. That's not right, I am not a cat as well! Damn it, you bastard unfilial disciple!"

Alright, looking at this dumb cat who bites relentlessly on my finger, I decided against reminding her that her claws and fangs were unable to break through my defenses due to my Titan Body.

"Heh, how can you underestimate yourself so much. The potential of Meow Aliens is limitless. They can conquer the entire world. Alright, stop biting me. I wasn't joking. I will just tell you directly now, I added a new function to you the last time."

"A new function? No wonder I felt something wrong with my body these past 2 days. I'm going to kill you!"

"Sit down! Hand!"

Harloys immediately gets into a squatting position, one that was striking similar to that of a dog. Then, she sticks out her tongue and stretches out her cat paw. This is one of the new functions that I implemented, specially prepared for the Queen of Banshees who was getting more and more disobedient.

"Wuuuu, you are really going too far. I already agreed to work together with you and you even landed me into such a state. How can you treat me like this? No matter what, I am still your mentor!"

The teardrops that drips down from the Meow Alien makes her look exceptionally pitiful. The onlookers, Diana and Krose, are full of sympathy towards her and even started to glare angrily at me, the cat abuser.

"Drop the act. Did you forget our Magic Pet Contract? Your feelings can be transmitted over to me. Do you think I can't tell whether your tears are real or not?"

Alright, the next moment, the tears stopped. A musing look appears on the black cat and after a short moment, she sends me a short message.

"You should know that even if I am in such a state, I still have cards under my sleeves that can make your life hell. As long as you agree to help me seek vengeance against 2 people, no, 2 Gods and make them fall, I will remain as your pet obediently and devote

all of my strength and knowledge to you. I would accept it even if I have to serve you in bed. Even though I have never come into contact with men, my techniques are definitely in no way inferior to the Dark Elves."

Even though those words had a hint of intimacy to it, even though she was assuming the form of such a cute kitten, her endless resentment towards the Gods formed a tangible dark fog around her, her hatred could be clearly felt in her tone and her gaze still remains as fearsome.

Despite being unable to hear anything, Krose and Diana instinctively raise their weapons and went on guard. Perhaps, the form of the cursed black cat who brings about misfortune is the true face of the Undead Queen of Banshees.

Time will bring endless power and knowledge to one. Even if she has fallen under my hands and has yet to find an opportunity to flip the tables on me, I never dared to underestimate Harloys. It is exactly because of the fact that I do not dare to underestimate her that I used the once in a lifetime Magic Pet Contract without any hesitation to tie her forcefully by my side. I have absolute trust that in my absence, she can single-handedly flip the entire Underground World around.

"Forget about the serving at night, I am not Beifeng and I am unlike the other fools who get blinded by illusions. 2 Gods, right? Tell me which 2 Gods is it first, so that I can consider about it. After all, if you were to ask me to slay Ayer and Karolan, there's no way I would be able to settle them and naturally, I won't be able to agree to your conditions."

Harloys spits out 2 names telepathically and looks at me expectantly.

As I expected, they were both true Gods of the Elf Faction. One of them were in my long-term target list while I would probably be unable to avoid the other old acquaintance. Since it is aligned with my goals, this deal is one that I could strike.

"To think that it would be the ex-Guardian God of the Elves. I guess traitors are even more loathed than the mastermind. Fine."

"Great. It's a deal then."

"Un? You don't want to make a contract?"

"Being committed to your promises is one of your few good points. Your consent is

much more effective than any other contracts... If I were to really sign a contract and take advantage of you, I still have to be worried over you finding a loophole to go against your words."

Looks like she understands me quite well. It is just what like she said in the latter part of her words. Perhaps it is the obsession of one who walks with law, I have quite an intense level of obsession to recognize and fulfill the promises I make to others personally. However, if I was forced to make the promise or if an obviously unfair contract was presented to me, I would most probably try my best to go back on my words. (In the current civil law of the modern world, agreements that are unfair or forced upon can be cancelled. However, in this world, the terms of the contract that were established cannot be cancelled)

"Fine, I will write it down in my diary. You don't have to worry about it anymore. Now, quickly fulfill your role as a pet dog."

This time, Harloys didn't retort and instead, she performs a somersault excitedly before obediently coming over to sniff the ring in my hands. After a few seconds, the dumb cat falls into deep thoughts.

"How is it? With your current specially-made magic smelling organs, your ability to detect scents should be at least twice as strong as normal police dogs. Are there no clues yet?"

After a long moment, Harloys lifts up her head hesitatingly.

"...It is all the smell of charred flesh. I couldn't smell anything else."

Now, it is our turn to look at one another at a loss of what to do. Recalling the fact that I retrieved the ring from a charred body, not being able to smell anything from it is natural. However, Harloys suddenly ran towards the backyard.

"I remember that he has a cloak with him."

Alright, the efficiency of one who is forced to work and one who works voluntary is totally different. After 2 minutes, another companion joins us. Casio, who was almost bored to death, requested for us to bring him along. Considering the fact that a Centaur Archer would be equipped with tracking abilities, I didn't reject him.

"Wait a moment. If Casio goes, then I am going as well."

A certain someone requests to join in as well but we tried our best to ignore his presence.

"In terms of tracking abilities, a Beast Tamer is definitely much better than a pure Archer. There isn't a single person that I cannot find in this city."

"What do you want?" That fellow may seem honest but in actuality, he is very crafty. He is the typical kind of person who doesn't move if there is no profit for him involved. It is impossible for him to do voluntary work.

Beifeng nods his head.

"That cloak which can turn one into a mouse. It should be the legendary Sewage Cloak, right?"

Alright, I really don't feel like pursuing the matter any further. I don't even want to think about what he would want to do with that cloak. If it wasn't for the fact that we were short on time, I might have already got physical with him.

However, considering the fact that what the Beast Tamer is the truth, that he is indeed skilled in the art of tracking, I can only suppress the urge to beat him up and treat him courteously.

Just when I was about to accept his request, he seems to have sensed the decision I have made through the look on my face. With an excited look on his face, Beifeng does a silent whistle and in a short moment, a few dogs come running here, a few rats appear from the underground sewage and even an eagle comes landing down from the sky.

"You bastard, taking opportunity of one's weakness, you've won this time. It is a deal... Wait, I don't need it anymore."

Not too far away, 2 broken carriages were stopped by the alley. A few people dressed in black were secretly moving haystacks from the carriage and there was already a small pile of haystack by the wall of the Church. They were trying to start a fire but perhaps due to the night gale, they failed a couple of times, causing them to throw the matchsticks on the ground and stomp on it in a fit of rage.

There is a spellcaster who is obviously trying to maintain an Anti-Detection Spell. However, even if he had successfully prevented them from getting noticed from

detection spells, I could still see him clearly from my current position.

Looking at those unlucky fellows, I couldn't help but recall a rumor. It is said that due to the fact that they had really thoroughly offended the God of Fate Catio who rules over Fortune and Misfortune, a God Punishment, a Curse of Misfortune, was delivered upon this cockroach-like organization. The moment one joins this organization, the system of karma will immediately be activated, causing them to be stuck in the valley of misfortune for the rest of their life.

In normal circumstances, a person plagued with misfortune will find himself failing easily on the task he is working on. While crossing the road, he would step on dog poop and get bitten by cats. It isn't really that big of a deal as long as the person remains careful. However, when stacked with my Aura of Plague, un, it should be called Star of Misfortune Aura now, those whose luck is worse than mine will trigger a series of accidents, causing their misfortune to turn into something deadly. All of their misfortunes will eventually turn into an opportunity for them to meet with tragedy.

"What are you all waiting for? Get rid of this bunch of unfortunate fellows."

Alright, other than the spellcaster, the bunch of unfortunate fellows who came to burn down the Church of true God were only the lowest-class pawns. They were subdued in an instant. Then, under the wrathful interrogation of Beifeng whose ploy was upset, our destination became clear.

"Their temporary meeting point is the Astrology Platform of the royal family? Such a fitting location for their identity. However, since they are able to make use of the facilities of the royal family, then there probably is a certain Emperor who was upset from losing face backing them."

"Why don't we reconsider it?"

Due to the fact that the Emperor is backing them, Diana, who has been getting closer with Reyne recently, starts to hesitate. If we were to enrage the Auland Emperor once again, given the fact that we were still in the territory of the Auland Empire, even if our group would be able to simply escape, we would implicate the East Mist Communal Country's ambassador party.

"He is probably testing us out. If we were to show weakness, he would just strike at us more and more callously. Since he is playing the game by the rules of the shadows, we

must make sure to keep up with his pace. If he stretches his hand, we will chop off the hand. If he stretches his claw, we will rip off his claws. At the very least, we must make him feel pain. Not to mention, the Mist Bloodline..."

"The Mist Bloodline don't fear challenges. Since they are coming directly at us, how can we back down? Yielding will only make the tyrants more arrogant."

It seems that the brawl by the wall has caught the attention of the people in the Church. Kelly and Reyne come out escorted by the Royal Knights. Reyne's words made me nod my head in agreement.

However, the words that followed it made the face of Kelly and the Knights lose their colors.

"I also want to go, Big Brother Roland. Didn't you say that the battlefield is the best classroom? You often tell me that I am in dire need of real battle experience."

"Stop messing around, you are bringing trouble to everyone. You are just courting your own death." Kelly immediately reprimands her in hope that it would dispel her thoughts of plunging straight into danger.

She is indeed messing around. I couldn't help but chuckle. In a battlefield of Legends and Gold pinnacles, what is an Iron-rank rookie like you joining in for? A grenade could easily annihilate you. Raking experience from a battlefield doesn't work in such a way. (Someone totally forgot that he is only Bronze-rank)

"I am already 14 years old. In the legends, Prince Roland got on the battlefield when he was 12. I already had enough putting on the facade of a Princess Knight. I want to turn this glorious title into reality. If I can't even handle such a small situation, what will I do in the future battles?"

Even when shouted at by her kin, the young lady bites her lips firmly. Despite not saying a single word, the resolution on her face clearly shows that she would not give up on this.

I gaze at her. Reyne's legs were trembling but the Roland Sacred Sword by her waist is radiating bright silver light, as though showing its approval of her decision.

"Roland Sacred Sword is the personal sword of the legendary Holy Knight Prince Roland. Only the descendants and the successors of his will is able to gain the

recognition of this sacred sword.' Successors of my will huh?"

At this moment, I somehow recalled the prerequisites for the usage of the Roland Sacred Sword. Recalling how the death of my father caused Karwenz and I to step on the battlefield 300 years ago and looking at the striking resemblance between the previous me and the girl in front of me, I smiled.

"Successor of my will? Fine, follow us then. Don't fall behind. Kelly, just like back then, some people are fated to be unable to bloom in a greenhouse. But, Beifeng! Protect her well. If something were to happen to her, your cloak will be gone."

Ignoring the Beast Tamer who rejoiced at my words, I whispered an apology in the depths of my heart to Kelly, whose face was marked with worry. Then, I started leading the way.

"Darned remnants, let's settle the interest of the debt you owe me in the past."

At this point, the System came jumping out once again to brush up on its existence.

[Special Quest: The Will of the Legendary Holy Knight Roland has been triggered. Before the completion of the Epic Quest: The Revival of the Mist, a third of the Fate Points that you obtain from slaying enemies will be transferred to the wielder of the sacred sword, Reyne. Using the Fate Points transferred, you can strengthen her. System Notice: The Special Quest is directly related to the progress of your Epic Quest. Also, if Reyne were to die in battle or if she were to permanently lose the Roland Sacred Sword, both quests will be marked with an instantaneous failure... But after turning into a woman, you can consider becoming a true princess. You would definitely do a much better job than Reyne.]

"I definitely will not fail! Before I die, Reyne definitely will not die!"

Alright, my decisive furious roar and the oath to protect her heightens the morale of the Knights, as well as to cause a certain princess to blush bright red.

TL: Alright, I think I've already changed it in the previous chapters but

Cat Alien -> Meow Alien

I can't remember what I used to describe the death of God's before, but anyway, the word is (陨落) which means falling, normally used to describe one who fell from grace

or died. Because the concept of falling is there (after all, the Heavenly Realm sounds like it is in the sky and the Chaos Abyss is termed as the Lower Realm as well, so I will just use the word fall)

I know some places are not very grammatically correct (Like using even though twice in a sentence etc.), but somehow the effect of the sentence feels like it is spoiled if you use 'and' or something else to replace it :X

Also, I know I keep using envoy and ambassador interchangeably. They have the same meaning, except ambassadors are normally one representative of the head of their state whereas an envoy might not hold equal authority. So, the appropriate one to use should be ambassador here (lazy to change the past ones but I will stick with ambassador from now on)

Chapter 92

Sword of Order

"Blade Form."

Following my orders, a black cat starts to change its form. The Gold Slime, following the blueprint I made, starts to reforge its own physique.

A few seconds later, a black-color two-handed sword appears before me. That is an extraordinarily normal looking military weapon. There is not a single elegant carving or ornament on it. It is as simple as the inferior goods that the city guards carry around with them. There are indentations all over the blade, giving a feeling as though it could break at any moment. Even so, an inconceivable killing aura emerges from it, similar to that from a veteran who have went through hundreds of battles, making one feel terror just by looking at it.

[Pale Justice (Imitation)]

[Two-handed Sword

Attack Power: 5-15. Tier: Superior

Prerequisite: Strength 12+

Special Ability: None]

[Man-made Magic Sword: This sword is transmogrified by Harloys. Even though she doesn't feel pain and don't fear breakage in this form, it is better to not to pit her against weapons which are 2 tiers higher. Also, treat her nicer, otherwise if she were to suddenly liquefy in the middle of a fight...]

[Elemental Control (Basic): Augment all magic damage by 25%. The blade will carry 5 point of a chosen elemental damage with it (Current Element: Ice)]

I have found the true Pale Justice sword but due to certain reasons, I am unable to retrieve it at this moment. Right now, I had Harloys imitate the true product and the

only special effect of increasing magic damage originates from Harloys's soul. Rather than saying that it is a magic sword, one might as well call it a magic staff. Furthermore, it is still the rare highest-grade magic staff that augments the effects of all magic spells.

To say the truth, this imitation is an insult to Harloys's identity as the Queen of Banshees. However, with the [Soul Gemstone of Pale Justice], it is an entirely different matter.

After lodging the Soul Gemstone within, a pale Holy Light shrouds the entire blade and the pitch-black magic sword turns into a silver-colored sacred sword.

[Pale Justice (Imitation)]

[Attack Power: 15-20. Tier: Epic (Lower)]

[Two-handed Sword, Prerequisite: Strength 12+, Holy Knight Job]

[Man-made Magic Sword: This sword is transmogrified by Harloys. Being an Epic-tier sacred sword, as long as it isn't SemiGod Equipment, feel free to cross swords with any other weapons. However, due to the Soul Gemstone being incompatible, the sword is in a process of disintegration. Within 2999 seconds (50 minutes), it will be broke down and Blade Form cannot be activate for half an hour afterwards.]

[Elemental Control (Intermediate): Augment all magic damage by 35%. The blade will carry 15 point of a chosen elemental damage with it (Current Element: Ice)]

[High Tier Sacred Flames: Deal additional 20 Silver Inferno damage to Chaos lifeforms. To normal lifeforms, deal additional 5 Silver Inferno damage.]

[High Tier Courage: Immunity to fear-related magic that are below 9-circles. The wielder will always be in a state of high morale.]

[High Tier Protection from Evil: The damage dealt from Chaos lifeforms will be reduced by 10 points.]

Sacred Flames, Courage and Protection from Evil, they are all abilities that a typical sacred sword would possess. This is also the effects that the soul of Holy Knight Kane carries. Its effects might not be as good against normal people and the upper limit of its damage barely reaches the lower limit of the damage of Roland Sacred Sword. However, if the target of its blade are Chaos lifeforms like Demons and Undead, then

it would be comparable to a Legend-tier godly weapon.

Of course, other than natural-born Chaos lifeforms, it works just like the Incantation of Law: Judgement spell, those who are found to be using the Power of Chaos by the Holy Knight's Detect Evil will be viewed as a being of Chaos by the sacred sword.

This includes the innocent Elemental Mages, the slightly guilty Demon Mages and the completely guilty Necromancers, Dark Mages, Witches, Banshees... For a significant period of time in history, the Mages had been warring with the Churches of Gods both on the surface and in the shadows. The Witch Hunt and Wizard Hunt had caused a commotion for several centuries. The Holy Knights who can use their will to gain immunity to magic possess significant natural magic resistance and there are job advancements that are specially directed to kill Mages. Naturally, it can be understood why they had poor relationship.

At this moment, I can't help but be thankful for the deep resentment against beings of Chaos that this sword possesses. The moment I stepped into the hall of the royal family's Astrology Platform, the Mages immediately focus all of their firepower on Diana and me, who were standing in the front.

Since we are aiming to crush the Celestial Tower who mainly comprise spellcasters so naturally, we would use Holy Knights to tank the front lines.

To a Mage, the standard tactic when dealing with a Holy Knights who have high magic resistance but low mobility is to summon pawns. Then, while the pawns are blocking the opponent, the Mage would use an elegant spell to wipe him out.

TL: Just realized pawns would be a good substitute for cannon fodder, I think I will alternate between the two.

As for the common long-range control kiting tactic, due to the high magic resistance of Holy Knights, it is easy for the Holy Knights to resist the attacks and charge forth to kill the Mage, so it is falling out of times.

To me who can't be more familiar with this tactic, I charged straight ahead into the barrier of pawns without any hesitation.

The reason? The pawns that Mages summon are normally lifeforms from foreign worlds such as the Undead from the Death Dimensions, Elemental Lifeforms from the Elemental Dimension and lower-tier Demons and Devils from the Lower Realm. No

matter which one it is, they all share the common trait of being members of the Chaos Faction.

"Detect Evil!" "Detect Evil!"

2 Holy Knights used Detect Evil simultaneously and under the effects of the large AOE Divine Art, red light representing the presence of Chaos shrouds the entire group of Mages, as well as the Undead, Demons and Elemental Lifeforms in front of us.

The Titan Body reduces 5 damage from each attack whereas the High Tier Protection From Evil reduces 10 damage from each attack. Adding into the equation a heavy armor with outstanding physical defense, I became an outstanding tank against these beings of Chaos. Most of the time, the primary job of a Holy Knights, with their outstanding magic resistance, weak mobility and weak offense, is to serve as a good tank.

"Sin-Splitting Strike!"

After ignoring the attacks from the pawns, I am not that far off from the Mages anymore. Swinging my sword, the Mage who just summoned two Skeleton Soldiers was cut into two before he could make a sound. Just like that, I took the first blood.

When their companion fell, the rest of the Mage immediately directs the first wave of their offensive magic spells towards me. In an instant, Fireballs and Ice Arrows flew around in the air while Acid Arrow and Heat Rays were shot from all around the room. The Mystical Arts came rushing towards me like a relentless river.

But when a slim figure came blocking them in front of me, no matter how colorful and dangerous the spells are, she blocked them all completely without saying a single word.

"Are they dead?"

When the fog from the ice and thick smoke from the flames scatter and the brown-skinned Elf Knight appears, to their astonishment, unharmed, she had already rushed to the stairway to the second level and many spellcasters were lying in her trail.

"It is fortunate that Dark Elf Holy Knights are exclusive to only that bunch in Sulfur Mountain City, otherwise this would really be bullying the spell-casting jobs."

Before their fall, the Dark Elves were known as their Light Elves and they were high nobles of the great Elf Kingdom, possessing, at minimum, Bronze Bloodline. Physically, their stats weren't that much stronger than the white slate humans. As a Warrior class, their Strength and Stamina were lacking even in comparison to humans but no one dared to say that they were unworthy of being termed as a Bronze Race. That is because of their Race Talent.

Magic Immunity Skin. That is the Race Talent that all Dark Elves possess. In reality, its prowess is frighteningly scary. Based on the power rank of the ones possessing the ability, the effects and damage of magic will be reduced and this reduction is rather significant. Magic arts whose effects are significantly mitigated by this ability includes those of Druids, Banshees, Witches and so on (including Holy Light). The only one thing that cannot be mitigated is the Divine Art of a Priest that contains God Power.

This is also why the top echelons of the Dark Elf society are all Priestesses of Lorci. Under most situations, only lowly males would choose to become Mages. Even those who learn the barbaric martial arts (as known among the Dark Elves) have a higher standing than the Mages.

A Legend Holy Knight who has an unbelievable level of resistance to magic + Magic resistant skin + The Silver Avenger which also has the effect of Protection from Evil. When the hall of the first floor is filled with Apprentice Mages who have yet to learn higher circle magics, Diana's charge is like bashing through eggs with a rail train. I can already see the ending.

"Sin-Splitting Strike."

Despite using just simple and inelegant moves, she managed to get a head per slash steadily. During the time when I was still carefully avoiding those magic in the air and the wolf and bear-transmogrified Druids, Diana has already slaughtered to and fro multiple times.

From her look of astonishment, it seems that she is quite surprised by how weak her enemies are as well. At the start, she was shocked by the sight of the overwhelming quantity of spellcasters.

In the past, even when they were facing the Mages who were perfect countered by them, the enemy's creativity in coming up with new tricks continuously caused the Dark Elves to suffer quite a great deal. Now, being able to reap 1, or even 2 to 3 heads

per slash feels quite unreal to her.

"Cough. This is the Surface, you can't expect all Mages to be of the level of Lich Roland."

In the human society, being of Legend rank will make you a prominent power of a region at the very least. To use her full strength to bully a rookie is indeed a little shameful, but for Diana who grew up in the Underground World, she doesn't possess the so-called 'dignity of the powerful'. Seeing so many Mages, she was deeply afraid that she might be killed in an instant by a powerful spell prepared by the enemy if she were to move a single step slower, so she went all out from the start and killed a dozen on them in an instant. The result of it is that the main army behind who are only a few second late in entering the tower are only left with leftovers.

At this moment, the summoned pawns came into frontal contact with the Knights and the Gentlemen. The Knights engaged a group of them seriously whereas the Gentlemen began clearing the whole field immediately.

Regardless of whether it is the two giant wolves under Beifeng or Casio's Bone Bow, they are the explosive offensive ability of a Gold-rank, allowing them to sweep the whole field. Before Krose could even prepare her first large AOE Lightning Strikes, the entire field has already been cleared.

Out of consideration, they even left a skeleton soldier which was at the brink of disintegration for her...

Looking at Reyne who is flustered from just dealing with a low level skeleton soldier, I shake my head helplessly. Needless to talk about ascending through the power ranks, she is far from even being a passable Warrior. Even if she were to rise through the usage of the external System, but experience and skills cannot be forged in a single day. Then, hearing the alarms sounding out loudly, I know that I didn't have the time to be thinking about such matters at this point.

"The same goes for the second floor. Diana and I will be the vanguard. Hurry."

From the look of the blueprint we just obtained, the Astrology Platform is a building with only 3 floors. The first floor is used to keep books, information and daily necessities and serves mainly as a museum. The second floor is the residential area of workers whereas the third floor is where the different kinds of telescopes are kept.

The targets we are hunting for, the upper echelons of the Celestial Tower, are most

probably in the second floor.

This time, we met with trouble the moment we reached the second floor.

The 2 giant metal magic statue furnishings immediately activates and all of the decorative armor and statues start to come to life. At the same time, sharp spikes traps and lightning traps appear on the floor. After leaving the main hall where normal people can enter freely, the Celestial Tower, considering their bad reputation as well as the countless enemies that they have made, restructured this place to serve as their fortress.

One of the giant metal magic statue got blocked by Diana but being made of superior steel, the magic statue is impenetrable by physical weapons and possesses unparalleled strength. They aren't something that I could fight face on against in my current state.

"It can't be helped. I will have to use my trump card. Sword of Order!"

It is still a little forced for me to use this Race Talent with my current strength. With a large amount of stamina and Holy Light surging out of me, I feel the world spinning around me. However, with a slight flicker of my finger, a golden lightning ray strike through the wall and clashes violently onto the physical body of the giant metal magic statue.

That is a strike from a tangible sword made out of pure crystallization of Holy Light. With its might, there's nothing that it cannot destroy. The next moment, the sword of light explodes to deal a second damage. Even the metal magic statue which could easily subdue Gold-rank melee combatants begins to stagger before it collapses downwards.

"Kacha!" A gaping hole has been opened in the back of the metal magic statue and dark smoke starts to pour out there. Diana stares at me in shock. As a Legend-rank, she has yet to finish dealing with the magic statue and yet I, who isn't even Silver-rank, has already managed to destroy it.

But, I shake my head in response. Man-made magic statues are the favored guards for Mage Towers because of their resilience. This metal magic statue is obviously a superior quality good, it is impossible for it to be destroyed so easily.

Although it is severely injured, looking from how the gears below its metal skin is still

spinning and the radiant spiritual light shrouding it, it is still far from being broken down.

But, how could I possibly allow it breathing space for it to regain its momentum.

I have already jumped on the body of the magic statue, picked up my other two-handed sword and stabbed it in, twisting the sword inside its body.

Where did the sword come from? It is summoned from my Race Talent Sword of Order.

[Race Talent: Sword of Order: Summon a weapon forged by the Power of Order and deal damage to an enemy through a physical collision and an explosion. Afterwards, the weapon will continue to exist for an additional minute per summoner LV. The tier of the weapon will be decided by the power rank of the caster.]

[Weapon of Holy Light: Arbiter of Holy Light]

[Attack Power: 10-15, Tier: Elite]

[Two-handed sword. Prerequisites: Strength 12+, Holy Knight Job. Duration: 22 minutes]

[Crystallization of Holy Light: Increase the effects of Holy Light by 50%, recovery rate of Holy Light by 100% and an additional 10 Holy Inferno damage will be dealt during an attack]

[Intermediate Tier Protection from Evil: The damage dealt from Chaos lifeforms will be reduced by 6 points.]

This Race Talent which I can only use once per day allows me to summon a Sword of Holy Light/ Sword of Law of acceptable quality. At the very least, the buffs to Holy Light is really attractive but it is a pity it can only be sustained for 20 minutes now, which insufficient for my usage.

Through infusing a large amount of Holy Light into the magic statue, the invasion of a foreign energy caused a conflict in its original power system, resulting in it twitching for a moment before it is done in.

Judging from how I was awarded 200 Fate Points, the metal magic statue's absolute prowess is definitely above mine.

Lacking explosive power remains as one of the fatal weakness of a Holy Knight. On the other side, despite Diana dealing massive wounds on the body of the magic statue that black smoke is arising from it, she is still stuck in a stalemate with it. Only when Krose came with a series of consecutive lightning strike did the metal magic statue, who has weak resistance to lightning, finally slumps.

But the next moment, the activated traps pose yet another trouble to us. I finally know what our party lack, obviously, a thief. These darn consecutive traps, you can't expect me to barge through all of it in hope that my physical body would be able to withstand them.

In the end, using summoned lifeforms to scout the path, we eventually got through the traps section. However, as we were delayed significantly, by the time we managed to clean up the second floor and head towards the third, the Celestial Tower Auland Empire Branch Head Lamos's Eye has already disappeared in a Dimension Gate.

The enemies of the second and third floors were slightly harder to deal with. However, given the time we took to reach the inner regions, those who had double identities in the Celestial Tower were already gone, assuming their other identity, causing the strongest power left behind to guard the tower to be 2 Gold-rank Mages who posed no threat whatsoever to our party.

When we finally swept the battlefield and tallied the amount of casualties among the enemies, I realized that the result was better than expected.

"Yet another unlucky fellow who got stuck in a wall after failing to pass through the Dimension Gate. For a spell like Dimension Gate which even novice Mages only have 1% probability of failure, to actually witness over a dozen of high-rank Mage triggering that possibility, looks like the rumors that the Celestial Tower has been cursed by the God of Fate is true."

At the same time, I, who should had been enraged from my opponents getting away, picked up a report that left me overjoyed.

"...For his great ambitions, in order to expand the influence of the Auland Empire, we have decided to help the 5th son of the old Emperor, Darsos, to the throne. In order to prevent him from burning the bridges after our assistance, we have left behind evidence of him killing his father and his siblings. That is... What is unexpected is that Darsos actually didn't kill his father. I don't think that he would just let him off, there

must be some kind of secret behind it... As expected, after helping Darsos raid the ambassadors of Solo Federations, through some coincidence, we actually found out the final secret of Auland Empire. Perhaps, we can use this as a chip to extort him."

"Killing his father and his siblings, such a ruthless character. Heh, this is just the intelligence I need. Darsos, perhaps, we can have a good chat."

"Perhaps, it is about time for us to have a good chat."

The morning of the next day, news of fire breaking out and destroying the royal family's Astrology Platform spread across the entire city. The spies of the royal family quickly reported the news to Darsos's confidant.

Hermit who was still groggy from being woken up suddenly, after hearing such explosive news, immediately pulls himself together.

"You don't intend to suppress them with force?"

"From the moment their scouts are noticed, it took less than 2 hours for them to track them down and reach the Astrology Platform. Based on the corpses we found in the rubble, there are at least 4 Legends in their forces. Not only are they ruthless, they also have the power to back it up. Since they have displayed sufficient strength, then we could at least have a talk. Besides..."

"Un?"

"My men didn't find the corpse of the mysterious Celestial Tower head. Perhaps, he got away."

"That would be troublesome. That fellow knows quite a bit of things."

"Un, there is no need us to foolishly wait for him to come knocking in order to kill him. Just put him on the blacklist across the country to distance ourselves from him."

"Aren't you afraid that he might spill the beans?"

"So what if he spills them, will there be anyone who would trust him? Even if someone does, there is only one remaining son of the previous Emperor. Do they expect me to

step down?"

"Heh. Right, has the old fellow given in yet?"

"No, the old fellow is still impressively stubborn as always. I will go and try again today."

After a while, when the flower pot on the ledge is shifted, a mechanism activates and a secret passageway leading to the underground chamber appears.

"Right, why don't we organize a ball in your name. We can invite all of the foreign guests and the children of nobility, it wouldn't be too striking that way."

"Heh, you are probably just taking this opportunity to hunt them down. Fine, we shall fix it on the next week..."

When Darsos lifts a lamp to lead the way down the pitch-black stairs, he didn't expect that a black mouse would come following him.

"Hehe, looks like searching for tidbits here paid off. This secret, it I sold it to that generous Rolande, how much would I earn?"

For those who don't remember, Demon Mages are Mages who control Demons. I guess why they say they aren't really guilty is because 1) They aren't bending any laws of nature (unlike Necromancers) 2) They control Demons, but that doesn't mean that they belong to the Chaos Faction. (I remember translating it somewhere around Kakajil but can't recall exactly)

Leaving it here just for reference

Power Ranking: (For Weapons, Weakest -> Strongest)

Normal -> Superior -> Elite -> Epic -> Legend -> SemiGod -> God

Power Ranking: (Weakest -> Strongest)

Iron Bloodline -> Bronze Body -> Silver Dignity -> Golden Will -> Respected Legend -> World Saint -> Immortal Myth -> Indestructible SemiGod

I don't know if I'm using inconceivable and some synonyms of it correctly (I doubt so,

that's why I'm writing this :X) But anyway, I'm using inconceivable to mean something unexplainable, there is no basis for its happening, e.g., the part on Pale Justice, even though the blade looks ever so simple, it is unimaginable that it would be emitting such strong killing intent.

Anyway, grammar error no. 2, I haven't really been checking on my usage of which and that. For those who are unaware, there is a difference in usage between the two. (I apologize if I made mistakes previously, and I think I will probably keep making them haha) For those curious, a very simple explanation between the difference of the two can be found here.

Chapter 93

The Fleet and Presents

"Tell me, if I were to use my War Angel Form and stab Darsos in the back, what will happen?"

"Good idea, why don't you give it a try? Un, since it isn't too far from the river, you could steal his boat after killing him and sail down the river. Then halfway through, abandon the boat and hide in the water. Given our strength, there should be at least a 70% chance of success."

"Un, then we will use a shattered cup as our signal to move. You will turn into a blade and we will immediately chop at his neck. Then, after taking his demon sword, we will flee."

"Can you let me eat the demon sword? I think that it is quite compatible with my attributes."

"Fine, but you probably won't be able to digest it now. Let me play with it awhile first."

"Your Highness 'Reyne', I know that being forced to dress like this made you unhappy. But, please consider the citizens of the East Mist Communal Country, they can be regarded as the descendants of the Mist Country. They are unable to take another war in their current state."

"Tsk." A certain princess is still resentful.

"Hmph, foolish humans." A certain Meow Alien speaks in disdain.

Kelly looks at the cat-human pair who are really scheming meticulously to murder the Emperor and smiles bitterly. From a certain sense, the main reason why she is following them as a retainer is that she is worried that the prince might go too far after accumulating too much resentment from being forced to dress like a lady.

Princess Reyne received an invitation to a cocktail party held by the Finance Minister of the Auland Emperor and along with the invitation was a note 'The princess of that

day, perhaps it is about time for us to talk. It is regarding the future relationship of both of our countries, so it is best if you come personally. If you're going to send the indecisive little girl, then just forget about it."

The hint is extremely obvious, especially with him circling 'that day' with red ink and the 'indecisive little girl' written at the back of the message.

Helpless, Roland can only start putting on makeup once again. Princess Reyne, who should have been angry from being scorned at, actually happily helped with the makeup and the clothing, fueling Roland's anger.

"You are really beautiful. Gentle and cheerful with a hint of maturity and restraint, alluring but not flirtatious. My face could actually become something like that."

"Prince Roland, please stop it with that bitter face. You are actually very beautiful. Even though you look exactly the same as before, but the aura that you had accumulated throughout the years has created a big gap between you and the immature Princess Reyne. Actually, why don't you try becoming a real lady? There should be a lot of Princes who would want to pursue you. Ah, I'm sorry, there is already an Emperor who wants to make you his empress, why don't you give it some thought?"

Alright, looking at how she is giggling under her hands, Kelly is quite heartless as well.

Already enraged from being forced to wear that light and flowy dinner gown, after being provoked like this, Roland immediately draws his sword and walks out of the door.

"That ignorant man, to dare to insult me."

Even after being stopped by everyone else, Roland still sits there with a nasty face.

In order to prevent accidents from really happening, Kelly who realized that she has accidentally gone too far volunteered to tag along and keep an eye on him. Un, she definitely isn't using work as a reason to watch the commotion.

Right now, looking at the cat and man seriously scheming an assassination, Kelly regrets silently. If he were to really do it, the East Mist Communal Country would be in serious trouble.

Although he is trustworthy for most of the time, once the hole in his brain opens and

his bad personality comes rising through, it is really hard to tell what he will do.

However, it is hard to blame Prince Roland for his rage.

The black-colored dinner gown that extends all the way to the ground brought out a noble and elegant disposition within him and maturity could be seen on his immature face. The combination of contradictory yet harmonious dispositions makes him extremely attractive to the opposite sex.

The light makeup brought a tinge of gentleness to his masculine face. Under Kelly's magical hands, the moment the beauty reminiscent of a flower from mountainous regions walks out of the carriage, gasps of amazement come rising from the crowd.

From Kelly's perspective, she could see Prince Roland's eyebrows twitch a few times and a few veins could be vaguely seen on his forehead. Apparently, he is already on the verge of exploding.

"I can't provoke him anymore, or else he would really go on a killing spree."

Thus, after declaring their identity, she quickly pulled Roland into the hall for the cocktail party to prevent him from exploding on the scene.

"Blush on a skeleton, flesh on white bones. All appearances are illusory."

Actually, I am not that angry. Isn't it just a layer of skin? I have already walked around with just bones, so what else could matter.

Un, I am already a grown man, so why would I record down such little things in my little notebook so as to prepare to get my revenge on them one by one in the future.

But, if I don't show a little rage, such things would definitely be forced on me again in the future. I would be making a fool out of myself too often. So, I tried to best to display my wrath.

Of course, the lingering gazes of the other men made me really furious. The dumbfounded look that Darsos revealed made me write another line in my book of resentment without any hesitation.

"Lad, I will introduce Krose and Victoria to you 2 days later. No, that isn't enough, who knows, this lad might even earn a profit from it. I have to think of a way to draw the Spring of Drowned Woman and introduce Beifeng to him."

My mind is full of vicious idea but I still squeezed out a smile on the surface. After all, I am representing the reputation of East Mist Communal Country now and Kelly behind me is already on a verge of tears.

Apparently, the Emperor has already given out word, so there aren't many annoying fellows bothering me. Soon, in the room on the second floor, the secret discussion with two people on opposite sides each began.

"To actually dare lay your hands on the Astrology Platform of the royal family, aren't you afraid that I would lay the blame for this case on you and start a war?"

As expected, trying to suppress me the instant the discussion starts.

"You should thank us for getting rid of this trouble for you. To even dare to use the lunatics of the Celestial Tower, aren't you afraid of getting burnt? Right, we have found a few stuffs there that you might be interested in, like the incident where the envoys of Solo Federation got assaulted."

The Solo Federation is one of the strong countries in the continent and the attack on their envoys shocked the entire world. But, the true reason for the attack is because the Soloians were interfering with the battle for the throne of the Auland Empire. Thus, the man before me sent assassins to destroy their entire group of envoys and even blamed the other party for not bringing sufficient bodyguards.

Seeming to have anticipated my threat, Darsos shrugs with apathy on his face.

"It is all old news. If it was just a year ago, I might still be worried over it but now, hehe, you know also understand how much it only weighs now. But, let's forget the matter of the Astrology Tower and talk about the future."

"Fine, let's treat the incident about the subordinate states as though it has never happened before and return back to where we belong."

"That is impossible, the reputation of the Auland Empire will be damaged. We would rather start a war."

The advantages of a secret discussion are that excessive diplomatic language could be dropped and one can dive right into the main topic at hand. Just like what I have said before, discussion is just a compromise made by exchanging chips after testing out the bottom line of the other party. It is decided by the chips and circumstances of both parties. Thus, it could even be said that the end point could basically be confirmed before the discussions begin.

Originally, judging from the absolute strength of both counties, I, representing the East Mist Communal Country, would be in a disadvantageous position. After all, the other party only have to threaten us with war and put on a fearless front. In that case, we, who would want to avoid war at all causes, have to give way to them. (Remembering the lord foreigners from a certain era...)

TL: Not very well-versed with China's history so while I have a clue what he is referring to, I can't confirm it.

This is also what Darsos is doing. By blackmailing us with war from the very start of the negotiation, it is obvious he is trying to suppress us with force.

However, what is fortunate is that I have found quite a few new chips in the Astrology Tower. As long as I can come up with a chip that is even more powerful than war, I would be able to reverse the situation.

"Cassomes."

After throwing out this phrase, I silently savored the high-end cake and red tea without even looking at the other party.

But, from my peripheral vision, I can see two shocked faces of disbelief.

"You, how did you know?" Under excessive shock, the Hermit's poker-face couldn't be maintained.

Although Darsos remained silent, judging from his action of stroking the demon sword by his waist, he seems to be subconsciously entertaining the thought of silencing me once and for all.

Cassomes, it is the name of a ship. But, it is no original ship. It is the future Auland Empire's super weapon, the flagship of their Air Fleet. At this moment, it should still be in the midst of being built in a secret base in an emptied chamber under the river.

Other than regular armies, every super Empire will have their own trump card. The Solo Federation's Colossus Legion that knows not of the existence of walls, the Beyer Empire who is rumored to be able to summon Giant Dragons to back them up in war, the Xiluo Empire's Cursed Contingent that is full of all kinds of abnormal war monsters, Cazorla Kingdom's Sea God Brigade which is said to be able to cause tsunamis on the continent and the Beastman Tribe's Behemoth War Beast who could spar with Dragons reputedly. One of the reason why the Auland Empire is unable to join the superpower club is because they lack a strategic-level army.

Thus, generations after generations of Emperors have been investing in this sector regardless of the returns. After screwing up a few times, the final goal that they have decided on is an Air Fleet.

The Air Fleet, from the technical details of building one to digging a hole in the river to create a secret base for construction, spent the Auland Empire a total of 200 years and 4 to 5 generations of Emperor as well as the expenses of over half of the national treasury. If the walk through is accurate, it would take another 15 years before it would first appear in the war with the Underground World. In the first time that they appeared, they annihilated over 10 armies of the Underground Alliance, shocking the whole world. However, estimating the time, the construction should be in their final phase.

Perhaps, the reason why they moved to this city by the river a few hundred years ago is because it would be convenient for Kagersi City to build an underwater base.

This kind of country-level powerful weapon would definitely be under the direct control of the Emperor. However, Darsos didn't ascend to the throne normally. He wasn't even the crown prince previously, thus he had no rights to know of this secret.

Only when he ascended the throne was he pleasantly surprised about the secret weapon of his country. However, he descended into a situation that one would find it hard to laugh at, he was unable to enter the treasure vault.

The key to enter the underground base was originally in the possession of the Crown Prince Milause but Milause was already beheaded by Darsos. Without the key, no one can enter or exit the secret base. Gauging by the time, given that rations haven't been sent in for a significant period of time, everyone inside should have long starved to death.

This isn't the civilized society that emphasizes human rights. All of those aware of the secret were sent into the secret base together with their family while rations and everything else were controlled by the external side. The result of being so overly secretive was that when a problem occurs in the chain, all connections would be broken.

Thus, he could only spare that smelly and stubborn old fool, hoping that he would possibly have a spare key. He was even afraid of using necromancy to extract his soul for questioning in fear of failing.

As for the reason why he colluded with the Celestial Tower and even gave them the Astrology Platform was because he hoped to utilize the divination techniques of the other party to find the key. However, in this era, the art of divination has already declined and a series of anti-detection secret arts had been placed on the key, not to mention that the Celestial Tower is much more skilled in assassinating and causing destruction rather than prophesying at this point, so it is natural that he would reap no fruits from this attempt.

Even if they were unable to use it, the fleet is still the top secret of the Auland Empire. If it wasn't for him joining in the rebellion, even Hermit wouldn't have the authority to know of it. Yet, external personnel like me found out about it and even spoke of the name of the flagship. Naturally, the intention to silence me wells up in him.

It is to the extent that Darsos might even consider starting a war just to protect this secret.

"You do know that Angels can fly. Let's first not talk about whether the two Legends in that secret chamber is able to eliminate me in an instant, do you think that I would utter these words without being fully prepared?"

The black cat on my shoulder is the best hunting hound. She has discovered the hidden troops of the other party from the very start.

After realizing that it is impossible to silence me, Darsos killing intent retreated as quickly as it came. But, my chips weren't just limited to this.

"I know where the key is. That bunch of mad dogs have found it but they didn't want to give it to you. If it wasn't for the fact that the bloodline of the royal family is required to open the lock, perhaps they would have already emptied your treasure vault by

now."

"That bunch of lunatics, bastards! Those untrustworthy wild dogs! Hermit!"

"Yes, my majesty. The wanted list will be released very soon. All of the members of the Celestial Tower that we have identified will be arrested, the treacherous fools will be hanged."

Even without looking in the mirror, a cruel smile is probably hanging on my face. Pushing the blame to an enemy really brings such great joy to me.

The Celestial Tower didn't find the key, but someone else did... That is a one-of-a-kind famous Myth-class chain quest that would happen ten years later. Triggering from a fortunate player picking up an old backpack in an ancient well, it would end in the revival of the invincible fleet of the Auland Capital. The details of the process of how it happened isn't very clear in the walk-through but an abandoned ancient well is already a big hint.

To others, this might be a great secret. When Beifeng told me that the new Emperor is coercing the location of the key of the fleet from the old Emperor, what is left is to find the location depicted in the walk through and after 3 nights of searching, I found the key in the 26th dried out ancient well I visited.

"If the doors were to open now, there might be a few surviving engineers and mages. This is much better than starting anew after finding all of them dead. A remote subordinate state should be nothing compared to an invincible Air Fleet. Right, if you intend to gamble and steal the key from me after killing me, go ahead. While I may not be capable of much, but I still have the confidence of making the key disappear forever. For example, feeding it to a fish in the ocean or a bird in the sky."

Smiling, I casually stir the drink in front of me as I admire the anxiety and unease of my opponents.

Considering the unyielding spirit of the Mist Bloodline, giving their life for even the smallest thing as well as the 'good reputation' for remembering grudges, Darsos can confirm that if he were to continue using war as a threat, no matter what he earns, his trump card, the Air Fleet, would definitely be a goner.

I am not worried at all. Since my chips are larger than that of the other party, I am already on the advantageous side. The first to take a step back could only be the other

party.

Kelly and I savor the tea delightfully while on the opposite side, their faces scrunch with anxiety. One side is smiling while the other is bitter. At this point, the situation cannot be clearer.

After a long bizarre silence, finally, grabbing his forehead, the King of Winter Wolves sighs helplessly and gives in.

"I can allow for all of you to secretly sneak away. The East Mist Communal Country will be excluded in the alliance ceremony and the list of subordinate states, but your country must be careful so as to not wound the reputation of the Auland Empire. You must remain silent during the commotion of the international community afterwards and in name, you must remain as our subordinate state."

Remaining as a subordinate state in name is the bottom limit of the Auland Empire, otherwise he would be unable to explain it to the other countries whom they are going to alliance with.

However, I nod my head in agreement. Not talking about any other affairs, I have expected this to be their bottom limit. Going at it forcefully won't benefit me and besides, I already have an idea on how I could bypass it. The main matter at hand now is to profit more from them.

"This isn't enough. Our country is weak, so we require the generous support of your country. For example, the Missilor mythrill alloy of your country, your specially-bred war horses..."

Alright, what is left is a certain someone opening their wide mouth to bite into the flesh of the other and the other so furious that he could kill someone but could only continue negotiating with his weak points were firmly grabbed onto.

Of course, as one of their national secrets, it is impossible for us to lay our hands on the Missilor mythrill alloy but if we were to start out big, it would be easier for us to negotiate later.

After 4 hours of difficult negotiation, Darsos and Hermit gained a deep understanding that bargaining with a woman is almost suicidal. Not mentioning the 'Reyne', there almost no limit to the patience of the female Elf official. By pushing in bit by bit, she seems she would only be satisfied only when she forces the other party to flip the table

in frustration.

When the Devil's Contract is taken out by an Angel and skillfully altered using the Devil's Language, even Darsos find himself unable to keep up with the happenings.

“...The contractor Roland guarantees in the name of the Mist Bloodline that as the true possessor of the royal authority in the Mist Country, after signing the contract, the Mist Country will become the subordinate state of the Auland Empire in name. However, the Auland Empire must pay the following resources to Roland...”

"Roland is your true name? That is a good name, just like the legendary hero from your family. Right, that is also the name of the sword representing your royal authority, right? So, it is a traditional name huh?"

The Devil's Contract will only take effect when signed with one's true name. However, if one doesn't play a few literary games, then how can the contract live up to the vile name of the Devils who take pride in fraud?

The country written in the contract is the Mist Country, not the East Mist Communal Country, even though many people in the communal country still identify themselves as citizens of the Mist Country.

When the Mist Country is destroyed, in the eyes of the monarchs of different countries, the East Mist Communal Country is the revived Mist Country. Of course, for a professional diplomat, this kind of little tricks would be exposed in an instant. However, this is a secret meeting and apparently, these two lads whose patience were at their limits weren't sufficiently professional.

The result of this contract is that the destroyed Mist Country would profess loyalty to the Auland Empire while he would gift me a large bunch of resources and technology in return and if it is not followed... The Devil's Contract is signed using one's soul, so the result of it is obvious.

By the time he realized that he was scammed, I believe that he wouldn't have the time and energy to settle the scores with me and the East Mist Communal Country.

By the time we were satisfied with our returns, the tired Darsos smiles bitterly.

"I should be doing my job well as someone being ripped off. Then, as an outstanding profligate, can I invite you for dinner?"

He holds out his hands in invitation but what he received was...

"AH! This little thing dares to bite me... My apologies, is this your cat? It is very beautiful but it seems to be like its owner, a wild rose full of poisonous thorns."

I smile, but it isn't because of this Emperor who changed his words halfway through.

"Did you obtain sufficient blood sample?"

"Who knows how much blood that key requires, we just have to try it after we get back."

After finishing discussing whatever that needs to be discussed, there isn't really any reason for us to remain for dinner. Ignoring the regretful Darsos, I stood up to leave.

But, just as I was about to exit the venue, I was surprised by the chaos unfolded in front of me.

The cocktail party has been trashed. The tables were flipped while the delicacies and wine were scattered on the floor. Elegant ladies were shrieking as they escaped while their retainers and the gentlemen were surrounding the troublemakers.

"What happened!" Darsos, who seems to have found an outlet to vent his displeasure, roars.

"It's that human Emperor Da... Da something." A goblin said.

"Idiot, since you can't remember his name, then just call him your majesty. Nice to meet you, your majesty, in order to celebrate you ascending to the throne after getting rid of your father, we are here to present our celebratory gifts." That is from yet another goblin.

"Dumbass, stop prodding at their sore spots, getting rid of his father and ascending to the throne, it is obviously a rebellion. Right, that Da... da Vinci?" That is an orange-haired Gray Dwarf.

Yingou, Kabala and Hoyle have come to present their gifts to the new Emperor in hope of massive returns. After going through many exciting and tearful adventures (they were the primary cause of it), they finally found their target but apparently, their target was just about to go frenzy.

"Guards, arrest them!"

The black-colored dinner gown that extends all the way to the ground brought out a noble and elegant disposition within him and maturity could be seen on his immature face. The combination of contradictory yet harmonious dispositions makes him extremely attractive to the opposite sex.

TL: Or the same sex in this case (Just had to copy paste this to say this)

Chapter 94

Congratulatory Gift and Mockery

Without doubt, engineering is a job that burns money. As the investor of the Roland Series Robots, as the honorary director of the Sulfur Mountain City Engineering Association, after investing without limits to develop the series, the Beyar Brothers of the Safe Merchant Group is already on the verge of bankruptcy.

Even so, the Roland series remains as an immature product. Although the towering giant robot may look impressive, if it doesn't even have the combat ability of a Legend-rank, then it is just a slightly higher-tier punching bag in the Underground World which is full of experts. But, if they were to add in a few high-tier parts to increase its combat ability, then the funds required would be astronomical. Thus, they thought of finding an investor who is in need of higher-end military power on the Surface.

The Roland Robot that they brought isn't the newest product of the series. Even more so, it is a second-handed product where the technology and resources used is discounted. But, on the Surface world, it is still something full of the scent of new technology. At the very least, in the eyes of the Engineers, it is a very valuable gift.

By presenting congratulatory gifts of great significance or novelty to the ascending Emperor of a large Empire, not to mention that it is the Auland Empire which is known for their extravagance, astounding returns can be expected.

The Auland Empire's Alchemy and Engineering industry is also rather outstanding, which is also the reason for the appearance of the Air Fleet and Magic Machinery Dragon in the future. At the very least, the goblins have already set their eyes on the secret alchemy art of forging alloys as well as the theory for Magic Engineering which is a mixture of both Magic and Engineering.

The plan that they had in mind was that in the best-case scenario, they would trade the robot for technology and resources. Otherwise, earning some gold to fund their research would also be fine.

The idea isn't bad and if left to an outstanding diplomat, the result should be satisfactory.

But, from the very start, having a diplomatic party comprising Yingou.Beyar as the head along with Kabala and Hoyle is a mistake in itself.

Kabala is a goblin orphan born in Sulfur Mountain City. It is said that going by his family heritage, he comes from a noble bloodline of Goblin Kings. He is said to be a master of civil engineering, although obviously, it is all self-taught. No one has ever seen him build any decent buildings. However, his overwhelming passion for architecture led to him examining and studying the foundations and beams propping the building up. If it was just examining, then it would still be okay. But, this lad likes to work hands on, so he would often pluck a few spare parts out to study them.

Just think about it slightly, what would happen when the central pillar of a wooden house is removed. It isn't just one or two times that he had buried himself among rubble.

After creating big holes and rubble numerous times, people came up with nicknames for him 'The King of Digging Holes Kabala' and 'The Green-skinned Termite Kabala'. He is also one of the major targets for the Town Security and 'tomorrow, Kabala will be visiting your house' has become a vile curse.

But, it is fortunate that he has a good head for business so he is rather wealthy. Personally, he doesn't have the concept of money and often spend money casually. After such incidents, he would pay the victims sufficiently and surprisingly, no one was ever hurt by the buildings he collapsed. That's the main reason why he is always just outside the boundaries of the cell.

There is nothing much left to introduce about Yingou, a moving professional explosion Alchemist. Despite being a Master Blacksmith, the Dwarf Hoyle is addicted to gambling, drinking and prostitution and is also well-known for his ability to cause destruction.

A diplomatic party comprising these 3 living treasures to deliver their congratulatory gift, to think that those short fellows could even think of it.

After reaching their destination, the Auland Empire, the gambling addict Hoyle spent numerous nights in touring the different kinds of casinos and lost a large portion of their funds. Even worse, Kabala collapsed a monastery with a century of history and compensated them with the remains of their funds. Otherwise, they wouldn't be driven to the point of stealing ornaments from the trees by the road.

Indeed, they have visited the palace, but these fellows have no socializing skills whatsoever. They insisted on meeting the Emperor before they are willing to present their congratulatory gift and even forbid those rough guards to touch their own treasure. Seeming suspicious, these foreigners almost got treated as assassins who came with malicious intents. As such, their plan to deliver the gift met with trouble all along the way.

If such situations were to persist for a few more weeks, they might even be forced to sell their gift as scrap iron to earn a little bit of money for the journey back home.

Then, 2 days ago, they became aware of the cocktail party in Hermit's mansion and that the Emperor is going to be present as well. Delighted, they barged in here to deliver their gift personally.

However, the fact that they did not have invitations and that they were of foreign race made it impossible for the sentries to allow them in. The result of it was the three short fellows battling with the entire security troop of Hermit's mansion. With their experience in chaotic battles and their individual strength, the three fellows managed to claim victory.

If they were stalled for a moment just a moment longer, the Royal Guards would have arrived and they would be dealt with as assassins. The situation would be irreparable then.

What is fortunate is that Darsos came out in time. But, at the same time, what is unfortunate is that these fearless fellows offended the person they had to please the moment they opened their mouths.

"Leaving aside the insincere compliments, to strike at the sore spot of the other party murdering his father and siblings the moment they open their mouth, are you all here to deliver your gifts or to draw aggression?"

Shaking my head, I look at the enraged Darsos. I know that if I don't interfere, the result would most probably end in the three people being sentenced to death so as to vent his anger. This isn't the outcome I would like to happen.

"Respected Emperor, since they are here to deliver their gift, allow them to present it first. This way, you are able to show the magnanimity as the monarch of a powerful country."

His unwillingness to lose face in my presence seems to have made my smiling persuasion effective.

Taking 2 deep breaths, he suppresses his emotions which are on the verge of exploding and nods his head.

"Since Ro... Lady Reyne pleaded in your stead, then I will give you all a chance. Guests from a foreign tribe, identify yourselves and present your sincerity."

The 3 fellows immediately gathers together for a discussion and starts spouting introductory lines that they prepared beforehand.

"Since you have sincerely asked!"

"Then we will generously tell you!"

For..."

"Enough! Explain it properly in 10 second or I will throw all of you into the river with a stone anchor tied to you all." I wanted to listen to their newly edited introductory lines but apparently, Darsos doesn't have the patience for it. The roar of the Emperor made everyone lower their head and tremble in fear.

"We came from Sulfur Mountain City of the Underground World. We have heard that your majesty is about to ascend to the throne, so we travelled a thousand miles to present to you our greatest gift."

As expected, threats are still effective.

"Underground World?"

In the eyes of the human nobles, the legendary Underground World is a place ruled with demons and monsters, filled with bloodshed and war, a totally different place from the Surface. Hearing the goblins and Gray Dwarf say that they originate from the Underground World, commotion broke out as faces of disbelief and shock appears on the faces of the nobles present.

"Cough, then show me what treasures you have brought."

Without doubt, looking at his raised eyebrows and the slight smile on the corners of

his mouth, a gift from the citizens of the Underground World from a thousand miles away made Darsos feel exalted.

I heave a sigh of relief. Their innovative idea of sending some gifts from thousand miles away is indeed an excellent one. As long no accidents happen, even if the present is just so-so, Darsos would at least act pleased and reward them significantly so as to leave behind a good legend.

"Look, this miniature No.88 Robot scaled at a 20:1 ratio is our present to your majesty."

Kabala pulls out a broken robot from his patched sack.

That is a robot on the verge of breaking apart. It is only a meter tall and it is covered with green rust throughout its entire body. Apparently, it is made of second-handed waste spare parts leaving it without a shred of majesty that the original one possesses.

The panicking Yingou didn't manage to explain clearly. What he meant to say is that he intends to present the bigger Robot No.88 but due to its hulking size, he can only replace it with a smaller model.

"Puu. This could be given to the kids to play with."

"This is a direct insult to the Engineers of Auland Empire. Our Magic-Engineered Steam Armor is already 3 meters tall, what do you all mean by sending this over? Do you think that our Emperor needs this little toy?"

In the eyes of the nobles here, what they see is a few fearless countryside bumpkins presenting a small toy to the Emperor.

"Look, he has a drill and a main cannon, there is even a jetpack at the back. They are all the latest technology of Sulfur Mountain City, so they should be able to contribute to your country's engineering research..."

I slap my forehead. Without even clearing up the misunderstanding, Yingou continues to explain seriously, as though looking down on the engineering study standards of the other party, provoking their ire.

"Tsssssssss!" "Kacha!" "Boom!"

Alright, there is no need to explain too much about this. Just like other Safe-brand products, under the hands of the goblins, this scaled down robot first short circuited and black smoke came pouring out before it exploded.

"Enough! Is this your congratulatory gift to an Emperor? Perhaps, you all take my kindness for granted!"

Blood-red light emits from his demon sword, the Emperor no longer intends to conceal his killing intent.

The 3 people stare at each other in incomprehension. Although No.88 is the product of the crystallization of the ingenuity of the Underground World engineering study, why does the other party seem to be on the verge of killing them. In the end, Kabala's mind moves and he thought of a really bad idea.

"Since this present is unsatisfactory, then let's just find another present on the spot."

"Lord, this is our real gift!"

"Audacious!" "What audacity!" Looking at the presents Kabala retrieves from his sack, the nobles of Auland immediately lashes out.

That is a bunch of jewels that looked familiar. It is the ornaments used on the trees by the river. These inferior and cheap jewels that no one would pick is actually used as a gift to the greatest Emperor?

"Darn it, this is even worse than stealing flowers from the flower bed that a girl loves and using these fresh flowers to make a garland to propose to their original owner." Such suicidal actions left me speechless as well.

"Heh, arguing with you all is really a waste of my time."

What is fortunate is that Darsos was so enraged that he laughs instead. In the end, he shakes his head, deciding against squabbling with these goblins.

"Take them down. Forget it, you all can leave by yourself. Un? Sulfur Mountain City? Isn't that the land of origin of the God who no one have heard of? Since the citizens there are like that, it shows how much a countryside bumpkin their true God is as well. Tell me, will the great God escape to the mortal world when a calamity there? Perhaps, our Auland will be blessed by a God as a result."

Although the Emperor's sense of humor is really lousy, these kinds of cold jokes that mock a true God makes one really unable to laugh, but...

"I haven't even heard of the God of Law in the past. It was only a while ago did I hear that many merchants are switching to that faith. Indeed, as expected of the Church of lowly people."

"Heh, we can see it from these fellows. Who knew how did that unknown fellow become a true God. He probably just got lucky and somehow Ascended to Godhood."

However, Darsos is the Emperor. No matter how bad a joke is, the nobles under his command have to try their best to follow suit. However, they aren't dumb as well. At the very least, they know that they cannot call out the true name of 'Wumianzhe', otherwise if they were to catch the attention of a true God, a God's Punishment wouldn't be funny.

"Enough, you all can insult us but you all cannot insult Lord Wumianzhe! You foolish humans! You all can't even compare to a finger of his."

The hilarious high-pitched shouting of the goblin echoes around the hall and following it is the entire hall bursting into laughter.

"Don't laugh! Do not laugh! I, Yingou.Beyar, forbid you all from laughing!"

But the more he shouted, the angrier he got, the louder the laughter of the human nobles became.

"Do not laugh, or our almighty countryside God is going to punish you." As though confident in his sense of humor, Darsos pinches his throat and does a vivid imitation of Yingou. This caused the hall to explode in laughter once again. This time, the sound travels beyond the boundaries of the walls to outside the mansion.

"You... what do you all know, you bunch of short-lived ghosts! Wait until you all turn to dust, then the gaze of the true God will start to be directed towards you. In the face of Gods, you all must learn to be humble. How great do you think you are, Emperor of the mortals. In the eyes of that man, you are nothing."

Alright, the furious roar of the goblin is indeed the truth, but it still hurts the pride of some people.

"Hmph, at least we had a rich and fulfilling life. What about Sulfur Mountain City? Hehe, if you all are prosperous, you all wouldn't end up coming here to steal gems and present it as gifts! That kind of place is the land of origin of the God of Law? As expected, only in such a second-tier location will a countryside God be born."

The moment these words come out of his mouth, the entire atmosphere chilled. Even Darsos himself immediately covers his mouth. Although he didn't mention the name of the true God so Wumianzhe wouldn't be able to sense it, if word were to spread out, the Auland Empire would become the mortal enemy of the Church of the God of Law.

Suddenly, the old Dwarf who seems to be on a verge of sleep all along suddenly laughs.

"An Emperor of the mortals actually dares to insult the Gods of Heaven. Just on your guts, I will toast and gamble with you. But, it is a pity that you found the wrong opponent. Yingou that fellow tends to ramble nonsense but he isn't wrong this time. Compared to Lord Wumianzhe, even if it is the Lord Wumianzhe when he is still in the mortal world, you aren't even as valuable as a toenail of his."

"Hmph, I have heard of that man's story. Isn't he just some countryside judge who suddenly receives the approval of the Gods of Order, allowing him to Ascend as a God? It isn't wrong for me to say that he just got lucky."

The war between the authority of a monarch and the authority of a God is endless. Since Darsos has already offended the God of Law, there is no difference in going a little further. Thus, there is not a sliver of respect in his words towards the God of Law.

Even this sight left me speechless. If it was the Town Security or the other Judges protecting my honor, I wouldn't be surprised at all. But, looking at this bunch of bastards, they are the perverts who have been struck down by the Town Security innumerable times. As Wumianzhe, I even took care of them several times. It is enough that they do not hold enmity against me, but for them to actually speak up for me? Maybe I should go check on my hearing and my sight.

"...Perhaps, you bunch of people may not understand. The Underground World is a true hell, it is perfectly natural for the weak to die. In that world, resources are so scarce that one could be killed over a cup of water. I am an orphan without anything and for an unlucky fellow like me, the ending that I would most possibly meet with is dying in some sewer. But, in Sulfur Mountain City, weaklings like me are able to live on. They even provided me a chance to learn architecture, giving me an opportunity

to live using my own strengths."

"We are different from born winners like you who are rich enough to use jewels to decorate trees. We, the unlucky ones who struggle to live, know that allowing the weak to live with pride and allow the strong to live without depending on hunting down on the weak is a difficult task. In this entire world, the only one who is able to accomplish such a deed is that lord."

The solemn Kabala said so.

"'One day, my sons will live in a country where they are not judged by their race, but by their morals'. These words are carved on the Sulfur Mountain City Gates and its square. That year, everyone simply treated it as an arrogant declaration but that man, he spent more than a century and through inching a step forward at a time, he really managed to eradicate racial discrimination. He really succeeded."

"Can you all imagine? Dark Elf Knights who are kind to the point of foolishness, Undead Warriors who are peacefully slacking about every day, goblin lads who are hardworking and are not greedy. In Sulfur Mountain City, races aren't important. What is important is that what you did and what you intend to do."

The old man shakes his wine gourd and gulps down half of it.

"Emperor of the mortals, perhaps, you are able to command your armies to fight for you and your farmers to work for you, but can you make those ordinary citizens walk up to the city walls by their own free will and give up everything to protect their city? To fight a war that cannot be won? That man did it. He made the entire population of that city sacrifice their all to protect their homeland.

Somehow, the sight of the battle against the Demon Count floats to my sight and remembering those adorable citizens who walked up to the city walls by their own accord, I smiled.

"Hmph, isn't it just a political scheme? As long as I have sufficient time, I can accomplish it as well."

Darsos's face hardens but he is still unwilling to give in.

At the same time, the piercing shout of the goblin echoes in the hall once again.

"Emperor of the mortals, you can probably tell that we aren't good people. In fact, we have been locked in the jail cells of Sulfur Mountain City just a period ago because of certain things that we have done. Due to the schemes of some people, the walls of the jail fell but we didn't take advantage of the opportunity to escape. Do you know why?"

"Hmph, that is because you all are cowards."

"Hehe, old Hoyle and I are already Gold-rank. Going by the standards of you humans, we are masters who have transcended mortal standards. But, those who were guarding us were just a few Silver-rank. With our strength, we are able to earn a living wherever we go. But, why do we choose to obediently stay in our jail cell and suffer the ire of our juniors?"

The drunkard smiles. Those who escaped that time all died. After that incident, they reaffirmed that their choice to not escape that night was the right decision.

"Those who sinned must be punished and sinners will eventually be judged. Only through judgement can one be saved. These words were carved onto a rock placed in front of the jail. But, you all would probably just find it ridiculous. But, I can tell you that under the workings of that man, that became the rule of the city. The reason why we chose to stay in the cell is because we believe in the words of that man. After we serving our sentence, as long as we do not touch the bottom limit of the law, we can continue living with dignity in that city."

"As long as one sins, one would be punished. As long as one is innocent, one can live with dignity. For a Gray Dwarf like me who isn't welcomed in any Underground Cities, we are looked upon with suspicion wherever we go. But, in our city, no one will discriminate against us just because of our race. Emperor of the mortals, can you do the same?"

"After saying so much, as an Emperor, can you build a beautiful homeland where everyone can work in peace such that they are willing to give up everything for it? If you can't do it, then you can't even compare to a finger of that man."

"Hah, old drunkard, how could he do it? Have you forgotten what we met with on our way here? If it wasn't for us possessing two hands, we would have long been 'rid of as evil' by someone and all of our fortunes would be confiscated."

"Hey, that's right. Old Brother Beyar, I am starting to miss home. Perhaps, we should

return back."

"Hmph, what greatest Emperor in 300 years. As expected, rumors cannot be trusted. Without a heart that tolerates others, without the willingness to comprehend the wisdom of others, filled with jealousy and biases, this country would be ruined in his hands sooner or later."

"Emperor of the mortals, I know you wish to be immortal, because that is what all of you Emperors with short lifespan wish for. But, even if you were to become immortal, you would only be a zombie that craves for the mortal world. You can never compare to that man who sacrificed everything to turn into the incarnation of the Law to change the world. Such a vulgar human actually dares to mock the God of Heavens, mock the incarnation of justice. Should I say that those who are ignorant are fearless? Or should I say that those who are shameless are invincible?"

At the end of their speech, the 3 of them carried their sack, preparing to leave. But this time, they are stopped.

Under the orders of a certain someone, the two Legends who were initially hidden in the secret chamber appears before them.

"To insult the Emperor in his face, you are guilty of insubordination. Throw him into the underground cellar! I will see if that incarnation of justice of yours will save you."

Looking at Darsos' steeled face which is ready to open blood, I know that nothing I say would help them now.

"Sigh, looks like I have to gather information once again. Where is the royal underground cellar? They really cause me tons of trouble." Even though I say this, somehow, my mood lifted.

...theory for Magic Engineering which is a mixture of both Magic and Engineering.

TL: I know it's obvious but...

As long no accidents happen, even if the present is just so-so, Darsos would at least act pleased and reward them significantly so as to leave behind a good legend.

TL: Legend -> It more of means a good rumor, like when an Emperor spared who and who and it gets passed down in history.

Wait until you all turn to dust, then the gaze of the true God will start to be directed towards you

TL: Probably refers to the fact that after you die, the soul goes to the Heavenly Realm.

Chapter 95

Losing Control

"A smart man turning dumb is a fish that is easiest to bait; This is because he is highly-educated yet is unable to see through his own arrogance. The foolishness of a fool isn't anything unique, what is funny is a smart man doing dumb things; That is because he is using all of his abilities to prove his stupidity."

"In the country of idiots lies a smart king. He feels that he is nobler and greater than the Gods."

"Oh, my brothers, please do not say that. The dignified lord is swinging about his stave of authority as he tries to ascend to the high throne. If you were to talk bad about him, fear that he would raise his stave of maggots to beat you."

"Hmph, the narrow-minded Emperor who can't even accept words of truth. Those arrogant words of yours that described the God of Law as a countryside bumpkin are arousing the laughter of the Gods in the Heavens."

"Oh, who gave this hilarious Emperor the confidence that with his short lifespan and his country, he is able to look down on the immortals?"

"Perhaps, it is because of his loud voice. At least, with his furious roar, he is able to make those crows shiver."

"Or perhaps, it is because he is very rich. At least, he is rich enough to use jewels as ornaments on trees and to lay mats for the road."

"Or perhaps, it is because he is strong. At least, those 40 unlucky fellows intend to present their own flags and serve him obediently as his lapdogs."

The comical trio, despite being blocked by Legend-rank guards, continued to sing their own songs.

"Hahahaha!" "Hehehehe!"

The hall has been plunged into chaos. The maniacal laughter of the three short fellows echo throughout the hall while the nobles (crows) shiver in fear.

"The Emperor's voice is resonant? Hmph, the entire country might hear his furious roar but that man never needed to shout. Even when facing a penniless farmer, even when interrogating the noble SemiGods, he only had to take out his codex and slowly talk the senses of our Sulfur Mountain City to the other party."

"Let us slowly wait for the noble time to determine the weight of their words. 300 years later, when only ashes of the bones of the great Emperor are left behind, will his arrogant words be mocked by future generations? The solemn immortal, will he have realized his dreams and changed the world with his own rules by then?"

"The Emperor's country is very wealthy? Oh, in order to put up a show, he opened his own national vault extravagantly to flaunt his fortunes, using jewels to decorate their greenery and using milk to fill the rivers. The judges of the countryside aren't that wealthy. They are so poor that they often spend beyond what they earn, writing a loan to pay for their bread tomorrow."

"But, in his country, as long as you work, you won't starve. As long you follow the law, you will be respected. Every single civilian can enter his office to complain about what is plaguing them or express their hopes for the future. But, your country is one where human eats human. The greedy nobles are wolves. The cunning merchants are innocent sheep in front of the wolves but they turn into tigers when facing the civilians. As for you, the great Emperor, the almighty one who feeds on wolves and tigers, have you ever walked through the districts of normal civilians to listen to the 'moaning' of those sheep who are in so much pain that they find it hard to live on. Have you listened to how they sell their sons and abandon their daughters just so that they can fill their stomach today?"

"The Emperor's country is strong? I've heard that your Royal Guards are Silver Cross (Mark of a Silver-rank) Elites, that voice can make your neighboring countries tremble. Then, do you know that in the Underground World where the strong reign supreme, even Golden Triangles (Mark of a Gold-rank) are only pawns in battle. Do you know that we have just eliminated a Demon Count that is able to rival a true God, together with his army, exiled the evil Dragon Empress and beheaded the Beastman Sovereign who once commanded an army of over ten thousand Golden Triangles?"

"We don't have nobles that protect their land and civilian because our land does not

belong to anyone. Our city doesn't have any army but if the shadow of war looms over our homeland, we are willing brave warriors who can give up everything to protect it. We have many enemies, but we have even more friends whom we are willing to believe in. But you, the great Emperor, the Emperor who is envious of the Gods, do you think that after losing your royal crown and stave, when your homeland is under threat, how many of your people are willing to give up their lives for you? How many nobles are willing to die for the country? How many allies will come to rescue you and how many won't stab you in your back?"

"The young Emperor who raises his rotten stave, you might think that you are a dignified monarch, but you're just a grandstanding clown."

"An immoral person who killed his father and siblings, you think that you can look down on that man. But, regardless of whether it is your morals or your value of existence, you can't even compare to a strand of hair from that man."

"The foolish Emperor who envies true God, you think that you're powerful and rich. In actuality, you don't even know what it means to be strong. In front of that Lord, in front of the truly powerful, please remain humble."

"You think that you are very incredible."

"But actually, you are hardly it."

"You're a joke."

Alright, the three of them insult him one after another, Darsos's face turns bright red. In the end, the three short fellows got arrested by the Emperor's personal guards. Or perhaps, one should say that they surrendered after realizing they were unable to defeat them. However, those who are more sensitive could feel that this matter has yet to come to an end.

Hoyle and the rest don't care about politics or anything else, they're just bastards with many problems on them. But, they know who is the one who gave a good life to the citizens of Sulfur Mountain City. So, even if you are the almighty Emperor, as long as you insult the benefactor in their heart, they will still put you in your place.

The human Emperor who mocked the true Gods and the short goblins and Gray Dwarf who mocked the Emperor. In the eyes of the onlookers, especially in my eyes, it is something that would be written in the annals of history.

As I expected. Two days later, something happened.

"...The nonsense of the three short fellows has been made into a comical bar tune. Now, the tune is spreading in many of the bars and tea houses in the public district. Given how widespread it is now, I'm afraid it's too late to stop it."

The momentum of history cannot be stopped. But, that so-called momentum is forged by countless individuals and events. In the country-level battles both on the surface and in the shadows, the three fellows are insignificant but often, it is these insignificant figures who do astounding things.

"There must be a mastermind manipulating it behind the scenes. The lyrics are picked off the original words of those goblins and has been worked on, so the artistic level is rather high. Even our playwrights and music experts say that it is the work of a master... They even said that it might become a legendary piece."

"The archbishop of the God of Law Krose has sent an official note, demanding us to release the prisoners as well as to explain for the disrespect to the God of Law. The Nore the 6th from the Church of Holy Light has sent a message through the urgent communication channel to express their dissatisfaction with us and request for us to explain for the disrespect towards a true God. There are also 9 other Churches of true God that are watching the matter and severely warned us, demanding us to give them an explanation."

"The Royal Guards have found a giant robot in the temporary quarters of those three fellows. That should be the present that they intend to present and based on the primary investigation from our royal engineers, it is indeed very advanced and there are quite a few techniques involved in it that could be helpful for the progress of our country's engineering study. But, it is a pity that the goblins refuse to cooperate with us. Not only so, someone let the word out and privately criticized the Emperor for repaying gratitude with enmity, mocking the Emperor for his lack of tolerance."

"The intelligence organization 'Midnight Rose' has sent a warning that there are idle chatter describing how you murdered your predecessor to ascend to the throne. Of course, these are unfounded claims but your prestige is being affected as a result of these rumors. As these vile rumors spread, civilians are starting to call Your Majesty as 'The Foolish Emperor Who Envy the Gods'. There are even people who are spreading rumors that our Auland Empire has the ambition of annexing the other countries. Out of the 40 countries, there are at least 30 who are wavering now and

they are communicating in private. They seem to be scheming against us."

Reports of bad news are stacked one after another on the table. The pen is mightier than the sword. The young Emperor is facing with his greatest challenge ever since he was confirmed for enthronement. This is a formless enemy, yet at the same time it is the doings of countless opposing forces, making one unsure of where to start tackling the problem from.

From a certain sense, Darsos can indeed be considered a wise king. At least, under his rule, his subordinates dare to point out his mistakes as well as the bad circumstances that are occurring without worrying for their head.

"Darsos, you really overdid it this time. Disregarding everything else, just for a little verbal conflict, you got pinned with the crime of looking down on a true God, resulting in hostility from the Churches of Gods. This is really a foolish decision."

As Darsos' good friend and brother, only Hermit dares to point out the Emperor's fault to him. But, at this moment, Darsos is also very vexed. Recalling the matter back then, it is really unlike how he usually settled things.

"Indeed, staying away from women is the right choice. Beauty really harms people."

Darsos finally recalls that the reason why he was so annoyed and why he failed to censor his words. It is most probably because of that 'Reyne' by his side.

Being criticized and mocked in front of the lady that one likes, even the most humble and prudent person would not be able to suppress the rage in their heart, needless to say the Emperor of an empire who holds great authority in his hands.

"The contract probably played a part as well. After all, those are the words of the Devils. More or less, there are some problems with the language of the Lower Realm."

Language itself holds power. The language of the Lower Realm will incite negative emotions. The Chaos Language of the Divine Arts and the Blasphemous Language of the Art of Truth are spells that utilize the Devil Language and Demon Language from the Lower Realm. Comparatively, the Virtuous Language and the Sacred Language are spells that use the God Language and Angel Language from the Heavenly Realm.

Having stare at the contract for too long, negative emotions unknowingly welled up inside Darsos. At the same time, the demon sword itself causes one to side towards

Chaos. When he walked out of the chamber, his feelings were already very pent up, so it was natural that he would explode in rage after being mocked in public.

"It's too late to say all these. What's done is done. What is important now is to fix it."

If he just misspoke, it would still be easy to deal with. But, given that the one he insulted prepared a big gift for him, it made him look ungracious and narrow-minded instead.

As the bizarre song started to spread around the entire city at rocket speed, the 'beautiful title' of 'The Foolish Emperor Who Envy the Gods' got attached to him before he received the title of the King of Winter Wolves.

For an Emperor in the feudal era, authority and honor are much more important than their life. Sometimes, reputation can equal to one's might. When an Emperor loses his honor and reputation, the nobles under his control will refuse to listen to his commands.

All these weren't a result of someone's scheming but sometimes, mistakes that pile up as a result of cause and effect can be even more fatal than the plots of an enemy.

This is especially so when Darsos and the Auland Empire weren't really that stable internally. His father and siblings might have fallen from the stage but the influence that they left behind hasn't been plucked out yet. Furthermore, the noble warlords are looking at the situation closely for an opportunity to push ahead their ambitions. How could they miss an opportunity that allows them to lower the king's authority and honor without losing a single soldier?

Those little countries who are forced to join the alliance are already full of resentment. It is still manageable if there are no flaws in the Auland Empire for them to pick at. But, now that a weakness has appeared, they are gathering in flocks to stab at it so as to seek an opportunity for them to break away to become independent.

If it was 3 to 5 years later when Darsos has a firm control over the country, these wouldn't pose as a problem. However, Darsos has been suppressing the internal and external situation with force in recent times, his situation is as though he is sitting on a volcano in this instant. Now that he finally misspoke and a hole has appeared in his defense, his opponents won't just let it slide.

Thus, under the efforts of different factions, even without them colluding together, the

rumors and the bar tune spread swiftly and all kinds of hidden problems came crashing in simultaneously.

"Since the mistake has been done, then let's just go through with it. Throw the three of them into our most secure prison and prevent them from meeting anyone. If we were to let them out, it would show that we are weak. Return a message to Nore, use slightly more tactful wordings and say that it was just a slip of the tongue and apologize for it. As for the Church of the God of Law, since we have offended them thoroughly, then just ignore them totally. As for the rumor, let our intelligence group create a few more unbelievable rumors so as to divert the discussions..."

Even in a disadvantageous situation, Darsos calmly came up with solutions one after another to tackle the problems one by one. Even if it is a little too late, it's still quite an impressive feat.

"...That, Your Majesty, Lord Hermit, I have just received 2 new pieces of information."

An official suddenly rushes in and his words stops abruptly. It doesn't seem to be good news.

"Speak, what worse news can there be. I can take it."

"I don't know how the bar tune spread into the royal family prison, but the goblins have been humming it the entire day. Due to that, the other prisoners also began singing along. They're all mocking... There are some that say that the Emperor of this generation is useless and that the Auland Empire is going into decline."

"Pah!"

Despite knowing that they are just mocking of failures, words that won't affect him in anyway, Darsos is still unable to suppress his surging emotions. He smacked on the table with great force and the expensive red phoebe office desk split into 2.

TL: Red Phoebe is a type of wood.

The room suddenly turns silent. A moment later, the low voice of the Emperor after pushing down his bursting emotions rumble in the room.

"Alright. What's the next one? What other bad news is there?"

The young official replies shakily.

"The East Mist Communal Country declared the faith of the God of Law as their national religion and Princess Reyne placed her honor on the line to guarantee the innocence of the three men. Furthermore, she guarantees that the present they gave out is a priceless treasure and they weren't disrespectful towards the Emperor in that sense. They demanded us to release them instantly."

"Boom! Kacha!"

This time, there is no salvage for the expensive office desk. After Darsos smacks the table in a rage, not mentioning how the entire desk was destroyed, a hole even appears on the floor.

"As expected, women are not trustworthy!"

At the same time, below the river, a figure is currently diving underwater and beside him is a black cat who is walking slowly in the water.

"Is this it? There's a reaction from the key? Let's hurry up, we don't have much time left."

PS:这段剧情卡了松鼠两天,本来打算真的用诗歌的,但那就估计要卡两个月了..... 那就稍微模仿莎翁的戏剧台词凑合吧.顺,继续求票票吧.这段卡过了应该会快一点.RI

Well, to be fair, Darsos hasn't even become the Emperor yet and it isn't practical to expect him to exact such changes instantly. I mean, Roland had a hundred years behind him. Also, the background and history of both places are different.

Chapter 96

Sneaking In

In a certain world, to deal with civil disputes, a lawyer must first learn how to create traps and avoid fraud in a contract so that they can reap more benefits for their employers.

The Devils of this world are masters of deception and experts in contract frauds. However, if there isn't a single ounce of truth in their words, their reputations will sour sooner or later and no one would be foolish enough then to sign a contract with them.

Thus, using the souls of both parties as a guarantee, as long as one is able to detect all of the possible traps in it, the Devil's Contract is instead, the world's fairest and most effective contract. This is also the reason why it is popular in many different dimensions.

The characters of the Lower Realm that are used to write the contracts possess magic. Even if it is the residents of the Main Dimension who can't understand the Devil's Language of the Lower Realm, they are still able to understand what is written in one look. However, if they think that the contract will be fair just because they are able to comprehend it, they can't be more wrong.

Contract fraud is something that the Devils have researched and studied like a form of art since tens of thousands of years ago. For example, if you were to take a magnifying glass to examine those elegant ornaments on the contract, you will realize that those are actually twisted words that form an additional clause in the contract. If you don't notice it before signing on it, you can only admit your misfortune.

The section that is overwhelmingly long and complicated that it makes you feel averse to might very well be hiding the true terms through the first word of every sentence or such. You might think that the contract should be read horizontally but when carrying out the contract, the Devil will tell you that you should have been reading it vertically or even diagonally, causing the meaning of the contract to change altogether.

As for the inverted words, missing words, wrong terms and other factors that seem out of place, never think of them as an accidental mistakes or typos. Most probably,

they are done intentionally and contains some kind of trap within.

Hence, for a Mage who often come into contact with the Lower Realm, the first thing to take note of when striking a deal with Devils is to never use the original contract they provide and insist on creating a new one on the spot, even if it means that it will result in a marathon-length showdown.

As eras progressed, the hypocritical and deceitful human nobles began to employ the Devil's Contract amongst themselves. Of course, the human's aptitude for deception is in no way inferior to the Devils. For over a thousand years, they managed to play out new tricks in contract fraud that surprised even the Devil Lords. For example, they would raise an orphan and name them with an identical name with some influential individual and make them sign the contract in their stead. Even I myself wouldn't dare to use a contract prepared by somebody else or allow the contract out of my sight.

As expected, Darsos refused to use the contract that I've prepared without a second thought. He even brought out a literary scholar and magic scholar from Hermit's residence and requested for a new contract to be written on the spot.

Thus, we struggled against each other one clause after the other. But very quickly, I managed to slowly seize the initiative for the creation of the contract.

Ignoring the fact that the literary scholar and the magic scholar are not as professional as I am, the Devil's Language from the Lower Realm possesses magic. Its side effect of inciting negative emotions is still a small matter, what would be fatal is if it corrupts your soul, causing you to fall into depravity. The fight over the clauses of the contract isn't just a battle of knowledge. Even more so, it is a showdown of one's physical stamina and will.

I intentionally dragged out the contention over the clauses of the contract and even verbalized the Devil's Language to place greater pressure on them. By the time the contract is finally signed, the moment the tension on the scholars ease, they immediately faint on the floor. It seems that it would a year or so for them to fully recuperate.

I am rather satisfied with the final contract. Also, the other party has seen the hard work the experts have put into the contract so Darsos and the rest are quite satisfied with it as well. Un, at the very least, before those loopholes are discovered, they should be quite satisfied.

One of the victories that I found the most satisfactory is the clause stating that 'No acts of military threats or war is allowed under any cause within ten years'. This would ensure a period of peace for East Mist Communal Country. Without this clause, if Darsos starts to threaten us again a few days after we finished trading our chips, we, on the weaker side, would still have to give in. This would mean that we have signed the contract for nothing.

What about after ten years? I don't think that he would have the leisure then to go after the East Mist Communal Country. Besides, if my plan is successful, it would be hard to tell who would be the one raising trouble with whom.

With this secret contract, the East Mist Communal Country could be said to have truly achieved freedom. This is also why after discussing for a bit after returning back, Reyne and the others did not hesitate to acknowledge the God of Law as the national religion and demanded the Auland Empire to hand over the three short fellows.

Without a doubt, this is a challenge to the prestige of Darsos and the Auland Empire. Even more so, we were stabbing them savagely in the back just after the contract has been established. Yet, Auland was unable to do anything extreme retaliation.

"I stabbed you in the back. So, what are you gonna do? Bite me?"

"Un? The East Mist Communal Country actually remained unscathed even after such provocation. Looks like the rumors that the Auland Empire being only strong in appearance is true. Perhaps, the young Emperor might turn out to be unable to even command the Dukes and Counts under him."

Surrounded by enemies, when the first one to jump out and question their authority isn't smacked down, many more would probably follow suit. If so, their authority would be endangered.

This isn't a conjecture on my part but a fact proven by the recent changes in the situation.

Indeed, I was the one who spread the song, but the melody wasn't my doing. At the very least, I know myself well. Even though my music talent is better than Gria's, an evolution from the Cry of a Banshee into the Cry of a Lich would create the same murdering effects. Perhaps, dying a slower death might turn out to be even more torturous.

Since the melodies aren't something that I could have composed, the few bar melodies, operas and the few other varieties which are spreading around furiously now surfaced too quickly. Without a doubt, someone is making use of this opportunity to move in the shadows to damage Darsos's reputation.

Trying to assume an influential position by suppressing 46 other states during his enthronement, without a doubt, this is a big gamble. While its success would bring about humongous rewards, but it also poses the risk of the situation rebounding back on them, both internally and externally.

Given the speed which the songs are composed and disseminated, as well as the high quality of the finished products, there is a very high chance that it is the doing of the Auland nobles. It would be difficult for other powers to amass so many musicians and playwrights to work on it and utilize a large amount of traveling poets to spread the name of 'The Foolish Emperor Who Envied the Gods' to the masses.

In a country that adopts feudalism, a ruler who manages to gather great influence and power isn't something the nobles would want to see. Auland Empire has 2 Great Dukes, 4 Dukes and 37 Counts. Of them all, more than 70% have their own territory and subjects. All along, they have been living like kings in their own lands.

In the future "history", Darsos would successfully amass power and look for reasons to reclaim back a third of the noble titles, confiscating their territories and wealth along with it. Through that, he created a powerful centralized country.

This is something inevitable. When a monarch gains power, the nobles will be suppressed. From a certain viewpoint, the nobles of Auland Empire didn't do anything wrong. They have seen through the wild ambitions of their new Emperor and had been looking for an opportunity to exploit to overcome this threat.

On the other hand, two hours after the East Mist Communal Country made the demand to release the three, thirteen other nations made identical demands, of which, three of them have hundred years of history as Auland Empire's vassals.

The identity of the three prisoners is no longer relevant at this point. The envoys of the other nations probably don't even know their names, but this did not stop them from protesting. Those 'innocent' unlucky fellows have already become the breach that the smaller countries were looking for to challenge the might of the Auland Empire. As more envoy parties receive the authorization of their kings, many more

would probably join the protesting faction.

The Auland Empire is facing retribution for oppressing the weaker nations to serve as their vassals. No nation would willingly submit to another. After all, they would have to pay tributes to them and serve as their pawns when war breaks out. Since the situation can't get any worse, so they chose to make a gamble before the new Emperor ascends the throne.

Without a doubt, in this period of time, Darsos's authority and pride have been challenged from both internal and external factions. But, his way of handling it is really skillful.

Despite facing so many provocations, he remained peculiarly silent. He didn't even try to blame the East Mist Communal Country for it and instead, silently fulfills the terms of the contract, sending a huge amount of resources and technology to the ambassador party.

"He gave in just like that??"

Reyne and Kelly were shocked, this definitely wasn't the style of that oppressive Emperor. But, in my opinion, the man hasn't changed at all. He has the standard character of a gambler. The reason why he is keeping his silence now is just to raise the stakes further.

If he decides to compromise, he could just release the three fellows. However, he is keeping abnormally silent on that matter. Right now, he is just bearing all of the pressure so as to look for an opportunity to turn the tables around in one shot.

Fulfilling the contract is just a part of his plans. Going by our contract, if the Auland Empire finish giving all of the resources and technologies promised in it, then I would have to pass the keys of the secret underwater base to Darsos.

"An opportunity to turn the tables... The enthronement ceremony? If he were to bring out the Air Fleet at that moment... No, he doesn't even need the entire fleet, he only needs to bring out one. That revolutionary weapon that no one has ever seen before should be sufficient to boost his reputation and influence, allowing him to suppress the voices of dissent."

I could even guess how he would alter the programs of the enthronement ceremony. A military parade is always the best way for one to display their military might. After

several of their armies have shown their prowess and the parade reaches the climax, the entry of the new warship would allow him to suppress those restless nobles and vassal states, granting him greater authority.

The reason why I called the Emperor a gambler is because despite the fact that his plan seems feasible, it is dangerous gamble filled with uncertainty.

"If the despairing Engineers were to destroy the creations they painstakingly built, the interior of the of the secret base will be reduced to ruins; Even if the doors are opened, if none of the ships could be completed within three months to make it in time for the enthronement ceremony, then his efforts and resources would have gone down the drain."

In any case, his actions of fulfilling the contract in advance is beneficial to the East Mist Communal Country. However, to me, it means that I would have to speed up my plans. After all, I am interested in the treasures of the underwater base as well. At the very least, the technology for the Air Fleet can be said to be a priceless treasure that every single country desires.

Logically speaking, there should only be one entrance to the underwater base, which is situated near an old bridge. However, the land there has already been turned into the base for the Auland Royal Guards. The Emperor's most trusted elite troops are often stationed there, not to mention that the area is reinforced by the SemiGod 'Dragon Sniper' Deimos. Even getting close to that place is problematic, needless to say entering the underwater base.

However, in this moment, I am diving in the river to find something else.

"Yes, it's indeed here."

Despite the constant protest, the multi-purpose Meow Alien can also glow underwater, making the search for my objective more convenient.

After two fruitless nights, I've finally found my target. It is a stone cliff with a White Wolf Insignia sculpture latched onto it. Although it is mostly covered by seaweed and the flowing water had eroded much of it, the savageness of the wolf's head still remains lifelike.

I carefully place the Wolf Fang Necklace on the insignia but nothing happened.

"As expected, the blood I've taken from Darsos isn't enough. It's fortunate that I made preparations in advance."

On the pouch on my waist is a bottle of fresh blood that was just retrieved. (Darsos's father: Unfilial son. This dungeon is filled with blood-sucking rats! Piss off, smelly rats! Despite living gloriously for my entire life, will I end up dying to the mouths mere rats!)

The blood mixes with the river water, dyeing the entire necklace red. Finally, the eyes of the wolf head sculpture emit white light a dark hole opens by the wall, causing a slight change in the water level of the entire river.

"As I expected, there is an underwater entrance."

Finally, I felt the burden on my heart lift. This kind of man-made underwater base would most probably have an emergency exit. Although it is a conjecture on my part, the cave that opens up before me after the mechanism is activated has proven my conjecture.

However, this passageway isn't very wide. It probably isn't a passageway for boats as I guessed but rather, one for the flow of water or for the movement of the workers.

I carefully sneak into the cave and head upward along the passageway. In a few minutes, I reach the surface of the water.

The moment my head pops out to scan the surroundings, I didn't even have the time to take a second look when I submerged my water back into the water hurriedly.

"Despite all of the possible scenarios I have thought of, I didn't expect such a conclusion."

Regardless of whether it is me or Darsos, we do not hold any expectations there to be any survivors in the base. After all, the supply of water and rations have been cut for more than a year. Even if they use the river water to quench their thirst, no matter what, they would have all died from the lack of ration for an entire year.

However, after sneaking a peek, I realize that we were all wrong. Not only were there survivors, the survivors were even working hard building the ships. On one side, by the pier, there are already two medium-sized Air Fleet berthing by the port.

"To think that it would be a fellow peer. Looking at the amount of Low-tier Undead here, there should be an Undead Lord here."

Yes, although there are survivors, there were no living beings remaining. Those who are working hard at the pier are mostly of them are Skeletons and Zombies. Judging from how their flesh have yet to fully decompose, they should have been converted to Undead not too long ago.

"Is it King Carlohin? Worse come to worse, there could be a Saint-rank Lich in there. That would be hard to deal with."

Even if I were to ignore those Undead beings, the small-scale and medium-scale magic statues who were busy working on the pier are also not easy to deal with. As an important military base of the Auland Empire, it is hard to imagine it wouldn't be firmly guarded to the smallest detail.

From the intelligence in 'history', the future invincible Air Fleet also has a section of Ghost Fleet. Of which, the Fleet Admiral is a High-tier Lich named Carlohin. It is rumored that he is the younger brother of the previous Emperor and Darsos's uncle.

At that moment, there were many speculations why a noble King of a large country would end up becoming a Lich. What's even more incredulous is that the King of Winter Wolves would actually hand nearly half of the Fleet over to this undying. But now, it seems that it is the King who handed over the Fleet to the Emperor.

Very possibly, the seclusion from the outer world is the impetus for that great Mage to turn into a Lich. After all, when he realized that there weren't sufficient food, he can't possibly just sit idly and wait for his demise. After converting into a Lich, he wouldn't require food. Perhaps, that is the best solution then for his survival.

I quietly remain under the water, looking around the surroundings to etch the situation in my heart before turning around to leave without a second thought.

"Since my fighting power is insufficient, I just have to bring more people with me the next time."

But after returning to the Church, my plan met with an obstacle. The top fighter among my subordinates, the Moon Knight Diana, is fated to be unable to join in this project.

"That... I grew up in an Underground City. Water is a very luxurious resource. It is

already wasteful to use it for bathing. If I were to use it for swimming..."

Alright, nothing more needs to be said, the excuses the residents of the Underground World have for not being able to swim is simply too persuasive.

Also, considering the fact that a heavy armor unit like the Holy Knight depends heavily on their equipment and the impossible challenge of swimming with one's armor, even the intention to get her to give it a try dispels from my mind.

Scanning around, Beifeng and Casio looks up at the sky, trying their best to pretend that they didn't hear our discussion. Clint remains silent, but it is obvious that he is unable to swim just by looking at that heavy armor of his. On the other hand, Momo excitedly raises her hand and sounds off.

"I am the best swimmer among the Town Security. Back then, I have practiced in the fish pond in Morsblight and I am able to hold my breath underwater for a minute! I can also swim 30 meters in one breath!"

Alright, what the heck is the meaning of this record of a ten-year-old? I got happy too early. In the end, I turn my pleading eyes to Krose but got an apologetic reply in return.

"Lord Oracle, Wild Elves never liked water. Due to staying in the Underground World for a long period of time, I didn't even learn how to transmogrify into a seal, so..."

"I don't know how to swim."

"It doesn't rain often in the Underground World."

Looking at the bunch of landlubbers before me, a headache starts to consume me. However, the black cat on my shoulder laughs gleefully.

"Stupid, why don't you look for a Siren. Their Race Talent, Blessing of the Sea God, allows non-swimmers to be able to swim and breath underwater for a short period of time. It is definitely more than enough."

"There is only a river here. Where do I look for a Siren?"

"Here."

It is a tattered poster. In the picture are a comical clown, Twin-headed Ogre acrobat,

air trapeze artist and a Siren Beast Tamer who performs with her seals.

"Fire Dragon Circus? I seem to have heard of it somewhere before."

Chapter 97

Aurora Knights

"Aurora Knights? Aren't those just legends?"

In the past, there used to be an order of Aurora Knights among the Royal Knights of Mist. They are the rarely seen tier-4 (Gold-rank) human troop. 300 years ago, they should have disappeared along with the Mist Country.

But as time passed, that legend of that order of Knights was viewed with suspicion. After all, they number only a few and they rarely left the snowy fields of the Northern Lands.

One of the unique traits of humans is their rapid growth. But, on the other hand, due to their short lifespan and the short period in which they are at the pinnacle of their strength, the average battle power of the human kingdoms remains at a bottleneck.

For example, grooming a mature White Wolf Knight would require at least 7 to 10 years, which means a rookie would be around 17 to 18 years old by the time they become a qualified Knight. But, by 40, many aspects of their body will begin to deteriorate so normally, the period when they are able to serve rarely exceeds 20 years. The age in which Knights tend to be of their pinnacle strength is between 28 to 35.

Ignoring the augmentations due to equipment, a large portion of the ace troops are unable to reach tier-3. That's also where the name Silver Dignity came from. For most of the human kingdoms, a Knight who reaches the Silver-rank is eligible to become the lowest noble.

As for those lucky ones who successfully advances into the Gold-rank, they are given the noble title of Masters, regardless of which race or tribe they come from. This is a level that exceeds where hard work can bring one to and is fated to be the privilege of only a few geniuses.

The God of Fate is fair. The more reliant a Warrior is to their equipment, the harder it is for them to advance on to the next rank.

Comparing it like that, the humans are far too inferior compared to the other races. There is totally no difficulty at all for a mature Elf to reach Silver-rank and through hard work, they can easily achieve the level of a Gold-rank. Although the Beastmen have a slower growth rate, through their outstanding basic stats and Race Talent, as long as their weapons and equipment don't lack too far behind, they can easily match two humans of the same power rank.

But humans were still able to suppress the other races to become the dominant power of the continent. Other than their overwhelming population, credit must also be given to their numerous and complex classification of troops as well as their outstanding ability to craft equipment. Special breeds, elites, and aces, every single mature troop have their own specialized equipment and role to play in battle.

Through the augmentation of equipment, on average, troops that reach tier-2 (Bronze) can become the backbone military power of each country. The White Wolf Guards, being a tier-3 troop, plays an important part for the formidable strength of the Auland Empire.

The Missilor Savage Dragon Spear that they made is indestructible after infusing mana into it while the one-time use Savage Javelin that explodes after being thrown has the equal might to a full-strength attack of a Gold-rank. On the other hand, the Savage Sword which has jagged edges with flames enchanted on it serves as a fearsome body shredder. Under the augmentation of these sturdy weapons along with the unbreakable Missilor Light Plate and the hefty investment in these by the Auland Empire without any regards to the cost, this ace tier-3 light cavalry troop is born (The reason why it is a light cavalry is because the equipment is extremely heavy. Even the specially-bred horse is unable to withstand the additional weight from putting on heavy armor, thus only light armor protecting the vitals can be worn. Despite so, this light cavalry is known to be even slower than heavy cavalry.)

This is already at the level of an ace troop of a powerful Empire, as well as the crystallization of the progress in alloy smelting technology in the past hundred years. Yet, it is said that 300 years ago, in a country in the frigid snowfields, there is a tier-4 heavy cavalry known as the Aurora Knights. No matter what, people would be doubtful of its existence.

"The difference between an average Gold-rank and an average Silver-rank is as great as the heavens and earth. Exactly what kind of mounts and equipment can forcefully pull a Bronze-rank Warrior all the way up to possess the strength of a Gold-rank. Could

they be Dragon Knights? With 100 of such Knights, one could dominate the whole world."

"However, based on the information and a sample of their equipment that the other party sent over, our primary analysis has shown that the full strength of an Aurora Knight is of tier-4 standard."

Darsos opens his mouth in incredulity. It is hard to believe that they would send such a top-tier military secret just like that.

During negotiations, Roland had indeed jokingly mentioned that he would use the Aurora Knights to trade for the three great tier-3 troops of the Auland Empire, including the White Wolf Guards in the mix. However, in reality, the existence of the Aurora Knights has been viewed with suspicion all this while. If they really exist, their value would indeed be above that of the three tier-3 troops, so they only treated it as a joke.

Thus, Darsos agreed to it without any hesitation. He even said that if the other party was willing to exchange such information, they would be willing to provide a thousand sets of sample equipment for the three great tier-3 troops each.

This was just a verbal promise made jokingly. After all, even if the Aurora Knights were to really exist, they should have disappeared in the annals of history. If not, the East Mist Communal Country wouldn't be meeting with defeat after defeat, causing their strength as a country to diminish continuously.

However, they actually really sent the information of the troop along with a sample during their toughest moments. What kind of situation is this? Are they using another method to display their submission to the Auland Empire?

Darsos delightfully questions:

"Where is it? Have you tested it yet?"

Very quickly, when the sample is brought to him, Darsos's delighted face immediately freezes.

That is indeed an elegant and artistic plate mail. The thickness and bulkiness of it didn't cause the artistic value of it to lower. The sharp spikes on the armor apparently aren't just to accentuate the aesthetics of the armor. The frigid air that surrounds the

armor smells of magic.

But... That equipment is melting. A puddle of water is already accumulating in its surroundings.

"Isn't this an ice sculpture? How can it be an equipment!"

"Based on the information that the other party sent over, the armor of the Aurora Knights is made using a special kind of ice. Based on the tests we conducted, before the special mana infused in it subsides, the hardness of this ice armor is actually 3 times of our Missilor alloy despite being just a quarter of its mass."

"Also, the mount of the Aurora Knight is an apparition lifeform that is known as the Frigid Nightmare. It is stated very clearly in the information that the Mist Bloodline had made a contract with them for them to provide a batch of its youths every 2 decades to serve as the mounts of the Aurora Knights. This kind of accumulation can be accrued and they should have accumulated quite a sum of their youths throughout the past 300 years. That is to say, the East Mist Communal Country has at least a Knight Order of that level as its trump card."

At that moment, realization strikes Darsos.

This can be considered as a friendly gesture as well as a display of might. The frost armor of the Aurora Knights and their spiritual mounts are obviously a unique product of the North. It is very probable that they might be unable to leave the Northern lands but if they were to meet with an invasion...

"No wonder the alliance formed by over a dozen of countries would meet with such heavy losses. Is the frost armor and its blueprint helpful to us?"

"It is extremely helpful. Although there are many flaws in it, it is probably the pinnacle of what a human troop could hope to reach. As long as we are able to digest the theory behind this blueprint, our White Wolf Guards would be able to take one step forward. It is even possible that it might give rise to a new tier-3 troop."

Nodding his head, Darsos hesitates for a moment before coming to a conclusion.

"Pass the information of the information of our troops with the exception of the White Wolf Guards to her and promise her that we would pass the information of the White Wolf Guards to her after 3 years. Also, to express our good intentions, open our trade

channels to them. Right, treat the three fellows better as well. Perhaps, the reappearance of the Twin Stars may cause the East Mist Communal Country to rise once again... Right, ask her whether she is willing to have dinner with me tonight as well."

Not long later, while rejecting the embarrassing invitation, I am quite satisfied with the 'presents; that Darsos sent over.

The Aurora Knights indeed exist. In fact, they were the main powerhouse of the previous Royal Knights of the Mist Royalty. But, it is a pity that the Contract Altar with the Frigid Nightmares is in the coldest region of the Northern Lands which is no longer part of the territory of the Mist Country. It won't be an easy feat returning it to this world.

The frost armor is actually an imitation from the collaboration of me and the Queen of Banshees. The true Aurora Heavy Armor requires the power of the Frigid Nightmares and it doesn't melt that easily. In order to prevent the wearer from being frozen into an ice cube, it requires a contract to be established between the wearer and this ice element apparition-like lifeform. The true Aurora Knight is indeed a powerful tier-4 troop but the requirement for such a contract to be established is that the Knight has to be at least tier-3 pinnacle.

To the other races, Silver-rank pinnacle may mean nothing but to the humans, it is already a height which mortals might be unable to reach within their lifespan. This is also the reason why the Aurora Knights are unable to become a standard troop. However, if a war were to really occur, as long as I have a hundred Aurora Knights in my hands, I wouldn't even lift an eyebrow at the sight of a thousand members of the White Wolf Guards.

Of course, given the rate how a hundred youths of the Frigid Nightmare are supplied to us every 2 decades, the Aurora Knights has never been filled to its capacity before. However, just thinking of how no contract was established in the last 300 years, how there should be at least 1500 Frigid Nightmares waiting for the summons of the Knights in the North, I can't help but want to rush there to reclaim our stolen land.

As for the information I supplied to the Auland Empire, I don't believe that he could recreate the Aurora Knights simply through those things. However, the information of the weapons we received in exchange can bring the Alchemy industry of the East Mist, which is lacking behind the current times by 200 years, to greater heights. That is what

that is important.

Besides, since I have slapped him soundly on his face, there is a need to provide him with some benefits. Contracts are not omnipotent. Standing on the direct opposite of the Auland Empire isn't something good. Besides, the type of enemy that are the hardest to deal with is those whose stand isn't clear. On the contrary, those who stand clearly in the enemy faction are easier to deal with.

At this moment, I didn't have the attention to deal with these troublesome matters. The Knight lads in front of me are full of strength but obviously, they had been living a pampered life before. They are already complaining despite it not being long since the training started.

"Bite your teeth and hang on. When this final training is finished, you all will get your lunch."

What is unfolding before me is, without a doubt, a scene of a tragedy of the mortal world. Under the assault by a bunch of wild dogs, the young Knights, whose hands were tied up, were squeezing out the final ooze of their stamina to escape from their sharp fangs.

On the other side, Diana is currently supervising Princess Reyne's swordsmanship training and every single blow of hers has some kind of profoundness to it.

The Frigid Nightmare is indeed a product unique to the Northern Lands. Physically, it is a soul being. When the Knight it is linked with dies in battle, if it doesn't choose to return back to the great snow mountains, it would slowly descend into a long coma in one of that Knight's relics.

If a compatible Knight were to meet with such a relic, there is a possibility that he might be able to awaken that soul being and become a new Aurora Knight. If the new generation of Knight has blood ties with the deceased Knight, the possibility of forming a contract would be increased significantly.

This is also the only other way for the Order of Aurora Knights to expand their numbers other than the regular supply of Frigid Nightmares. I still have quite a number of this kind of relics from previous Aurora Knights in my hands. Initially, I didn't intend to take them out at all but after hearing from Kelly that most of the Royal Knights who escorted Reyne here are descendants of the previous generation of

Aurora Knights, the thought pops into my mind.

"Five Silver-rank pinnacle while the rest of you are just Silver-rank primary stage and Bronze-rank pinnacle. This won't do."

Even if I really lack fighting power right now, but to become a noble Aurora Knight, having just the right bloodline isn't sufficient. If they were to want to inherit the honor and strength of their ancestors, they would have to at least show me their determination or at the very least, prove that they have a resilient life force.

Thus, these few days, these Knights were completely unfortunate.

Right after completing the test on the limits of their stamina, the lunch they anticipated didn't come but instead, a new test appears right before them.

"AH CHOO!!"

"Big Sister, stop splashing water on us! We have all caught a cold, there's no way to treat a cold in summer!"

But, after receiving my approval, Momo threw another bottle of ice water on them without any hesitation at all. Immediately, the two of the young men's face turn white. Right before they are about to roll their eyes and faint, someone heads over and 'pah pah pah', slaps them awake before throwing them into the ice bath.

Perhaps finding it hard to bear such a sight of harshness, Kelly silently walks over and whispers softly in my ear.

"Meditating on the tip of a sword, walking on burning charcoal, escaping from frenzied dogs and bathing in ice water right after they worked out a sweat. Is such a training method effective? I only see these kids on the verge of dying, I don't really see them improving. Back then, Feyde didn't train them like that."

"No matter how they are trained, the end point is still to force them to overcome their limits. When they find themselves treading the boundaries of death a few more times, they will break through their bottleneck. Rest assured, I received the most traditional Royal Knight Training back then.

Kelly nods her head although it is hard to tell by her expression whether she really believes my words. Turning around, she barely walked a few steps when she seems to

recall something and came running back hurriedly.

"I almost got fooled by you. Back then, you went off to become a Holy Knight when you were just 10, so how could you possibly undergo the complete Royal Knight training? At most, you were only taught basic swordsmanship."

"Don't worry about it, I am the legendary teacher who taught out a SemiGod. My way of teaching definitely isn't inferior to the conventional method in any way. So, just rest assured. Look, didn't Reyne break through the Bronze-rank after undergoing my training?"

Reyne's unexpected breakthrough is indeed something to rejoice over and that fact made my argument even more persuasive. Kelly didn't go on about it.

But, what she doesn't know is that I am full of doubt as well.

"Why aren't they breaking through? Didn't that fellow Adam somehow broke through his limits like that back then? Why don't I try making them meditate under the waterfall, beat them into a half-death state for them to experience the cosmos or tie a ton of weights on them to train their will? Un, let's try them 1 by 1 then. As long as they don't die, there would surely be a day that they will break through. Oh right, it is said that bungee-jumping is also a way to stimulate one's potential. Extreme hunger too, let's just deprive them of their dinner for 10 days."

A certain day, Annie asked Adam why Adam didn't teach him but rather, only imparted basic techniques to her before sending her off to adventure the outside world alone to gain some experience. Back then, Adam hesitated for a long time before coming up with an answer that makes me at a loss of whether to laugh or cry.

"I really don't know how I can teach you. If I were to use what we did back then, I think that you would most probably die your zodiac isn't a cockroach. Right, by no means should you ever look for your Uncle Bones to learn martial arts from, definitely don't do it. Also, when he says that phrase, don't hesitate, run as far as you can."

"That phrase?"

"Un, 'new idea'."

At this moment, a sudden ingenious inspiration strikes me.

"Ah choo! Who is talking bad about me? Right, lads, I have a new idea. Why don't we try the racing with the horse game? You tie yourself to the horse and slap the horse on its back, allowing the horse to pull you along on its run. What? You're afraid that you can't catch up? If you can't catch up, you will just get pulled on the ground for a few times. You all should be catch up with it soon enough. Back that, that fool and I used a raptor, you know. Its speed for short distance running is much faster than warhorses. But, raptors are difficult to find here so I can only use warhorses as a replacement."

"We might die..."

"We will definitely die!"

But it is a pity that their Princess has already handed them all over to the hands of the devil. No matter what, they can only follow through to the end.

"I have another good idea. It is said that carving a tattoo on one's chest will awaken one's potential. Why don't we give it a try?"

A few years later, when the first generation of Aurora Knight reminisces the past, tears would start flowing down their face. Whenever the word 'trainer' is mentioned, they would instinctively start to tremble. Some of them would bring tidbits everywhere. Some of them would shake in fear whenever they see ice and Dark Elves. Some of them would start catching a cold when summer comes and be cured of it the moment winter sets...

One of the thing which people found the most incredulous about this group of powerful founding Knights is that each of them has a tattoo on their chest. For some of them, it is a tiger while for the others, it is an elephant. However, for the most of them, they have seven bizarre scars over there.

TL: Fist of North Star, Kenshiro.

"You are already dead! My life is without regrets!"

This is their most despair-inducing war cry to their enemies. The self-confidence and fearlessness of death from the war cry motivated the future generations of Knights to imitate it.

In this generation where entertainment is sorely lacking, especially for normal peasants, a traveling circus arrives at a town and starts to put up their tent, sound their gongs and distribute flyers. This is like a festival for that little town, bringing great joy to little children.

But, for that circus, moving between cities tend to be unsafe, not to mention that their daily jobs are tough. There are rich merchants and nobles who find circuses low-class and vulgar. Yet, if they were to cater mainly to the normal peasants, they would find it hard to make good money. Thus, it is often difficult for them to retain talents.

This is why the history for typical circuses are short. Many of them disband within 3 to 5 years. Even if they were to occasionally become popular for a moment due to the introduction of a certain interesting and novel program, due to the inflexibility of their management system, they would still meet with difficulties sooner or later and disband eventually.

The Fire Dragon Circus is a long-standing circus with hundred years of history behind it. Just like the other new stars who were radiant for a period of time, they are also undergoing a period of downfall.

Initially, this reputable circus was supposed to perform during the enthronement ceremony. This is a hard-to-come-by opportunity for their big circus. If their name were to spread far and wide from it, they might even be able to hold regular performances at some theater or establish a long-term employment contract with some great nobles. This would release them from their fate of wandering about and anchor them to shore. However, just when the group was happily planning for their future, they met with an accident.

First was the original circus master as well as the trapeze artist Isoro getting injured in the midst of training. Then, a series of training-related accidents follows by, causing them to be unable to operate temporarily. Seeing how the inauguration is just around the corner, their competitor, Fetero Circus and Soaring Wing Musical came to poach their people. Two of their three aces left. What's more, the Siren Tamer who remained brought big trouble for the circus.

Seeing how they are unable to conduct even regular performances, the circus that was passed down within the family for 3 generations is on the verge of collapsing, the heavily-injured Isoro almost died from anger. But, just before he went fully into a coma, he passed the role of the circus master to the immature little Milor.

But even though Milor tried his best to sustain this family business, even when the old members were trying their best in the performances and even took the initiative to claim a lower salary, the day of their disbandment still slowly approaches.

But, today is a happy day. A rich investor is actually offering to finance the Fire Dragon Circus. Little Milor is overjoyed.

"Nice to meet you, esteemed lady. May I have the honor of knowing your name? Are you married? Oh, that's great. Can I have the pleasure of enjoying dinner with you today?"

After walking into the tent with a big pool inside, Milor frowns upon hearing that deep and strong voice.

The Siren Tracy might be one of the pillars propping up the circus, but her own natural charms have also brought countless trouble to the circus.

"This customer here, the circus is currently not in its operational hours, so I beseech you not to disturb our circus members... Ah?"

After walking over to the pool, the sight that unfolds before him left him dumbfounded. The beautiful Siren stands dumbfounded at one side while the ones engaged in a conversation is a Dracon and a seal.

At the same time, a golden-haired Holy Knight walks over with a smile on his face.

"Morning, Lord Milor. I am Rolande. There are some things which I would like to discuss with you about. It involves a large sum of money. Are you interested?"

Chapter 98

Trade

A white-colored fox walks out from the shadows. Emaciated, he hasn't been able to catch any prey for the past few days.

The reason? Dressed in luxurious and expensive furs, he and his pack have met with their most dangerous enemy recently.

"Bang! I found the prey!"

Alright, after the sound of a gunshot from a Dwarf's rifle, a certain white wolf abruptly falls to the ground.

A short figure walks out from the trees. Despite being shrouded in weeds, he's in his peak condition, apparently excited over catching such rare prey.

However, what happens immediately afterward is the burst of alarms and sirens all around his surroundings.

"How dare you, to dare poach on the private lands of Count Carlock. Back then, you killed the Aspen dog that the Count doted on and now, you dare to kill the snow fox that the Countess is fond of? You must be courting death!"

Alright, appearing right after the furious roar is over a hundred of raging guards.

"He got caught due to poaching? The legendary sniper?"

Initially, I intended to set forth to the Fire Dragon Circus alone. However, even before I stepped out of the mansion, I met that Dracon who was already prepared and ready to set off.

"Thank you for your care in recent times. I am afraid I will have to leave for a period of time."

To say the truth, hearing Beifeng bidding his farewell, I feel as though I have eaten two pounds of apples in one mouthful and a band starts playing in my mind. I couldn't suppress the ecstasy I'm feeling.

"You are leaving? That's... cough cough, how regretful."

Being stared at by Casio's resentful eyes, I could only change my words helplessly.

"Un, there is a grudge that I have to settle."

After putting on his windbreaker, the Dracon intends to leave but Casio stops him.

"Big Brother, you can tell me if you have enemies, I will help you. Setting forth alone like that, aren't you being too formal with me? Do you not treat me as your brother?"

"Casey, it is because I regard you as my brother that I don't want to involve you in it. This is my personal grudge."

"Say no more, I have already made my decision. I am clear of the grudges between HHA and that organization. Originally, I was sided towards the HHA but after interacting with you these few days, I started to understand how precious life is. So, I've decided to choose that organization."

I couldn't make sense of what they were talking about, but the newspaper on the table seems to be the culprit of his decision.

[HHA's (Happy Hunting Association) ace Hunter Lowens Bronzhammer will be performing his ultimate technique of Hundred Feet Piercing. We welcome all hunter friends to join in the commotion and exchange their hunting experiences.]

"No, this won't do. It's enough to have a weirdo like me in this world. If you were to join the Kindness Association, you will be mocked by all the hunters in the world."

"...Mocked? Hehe, Big Brother, didn't you tell me that as long as you walk on the path that you think is right, mockery and disdain are just the faces of the ignorant. Big Brother, say no more. I will definitely join the Kindness Association. I will be interfering in this conflict of yours!"

"Since you've made up your mind, then I will say no more. Come, let's work together and bring a better tomorrow for cute little animals..."

Looking at the sight in front of me which is turning gay all of the sudden, I quickly understood what was happening. The Kindness Association is the short form of the 'Animal Kindness Druid Association' and in a large number of countries, it's treated the same as the Celestial Tower, an unwelcomed organization filled with lunatics.

Just as mentioned before, Druids are born connected to the word 'terrorist'. The Kindness Association stands out even among its brethren. Their motto is even more extreme than the Wild Bull Alliance's 'Reject clothes and return back to our origins'. What they hope to achieve is that 'All animals should be granted the equal privilege as intelligent lifeforms'.

It sounds great but if you were to think deeper into it, if the chickens and ducks that you consume have equal privileges as you, then in the eyes of the Kindness Association, wouldn't eating meat make you a murderer? Alright, towards 'murderers', the Kindness Association will show you clearly what the wrath of nature is.

No doubt, this is too extreme for others to accept. Can you imagine a certain peasant being dealt a harsh punishment by the Kindness Association for eating meat and drinking beer in public? After some of their members injured civilians in public locations, they got into deep trouble and the Kindness Association became generally rejected by the public.

Of course, such extremists only number a few even within the Kindness Association. A large portion of the members of the Kindness Association is still able to tolerate others ingesting meat for due survival. However, they are unable to accept it when others hunt beyond what they require for subsistence.

Thus, the Kindness Association sees the HHA as their sworn enemy. As an organization formed by a group of people who hunts as an interest, a large portion of their members are outstanding hunters. They view hunting down strong or rare animals as the goal of their life. Due to the clash in their ideals, they became mortal enemies.

At this point, I'm totally shocked.

As a Hunter, it's already surprising for Beifeng to not join the HHA. To think that he would even join the Kindness Association which is mainly comprised of Druids. What does he really intend to do? He even influenced Casio, who is a sniper, to join the Kindness Association along with him. This is really incredulous.

Alright, end of the recollection. Since our goals align with one another, we naturally banded together.

After reaching our destination, Beifeng is surprised to find that his mortal enemy caught and is in the royal family prison. What is even more unexpected is him taking the initiative to try to save him.

"I have a grudge with that guy, Lowens. One of my intimate lovers died under his spear. We have crossed blows for 6 times and the current score is 3 wins and 3 losses. Since our paths happen to cross on the Surface, then perhaps, it is a sign for us to settle the score once and for all. Even if he is destined to be punished and die for the sins that he has committed throughout his lifetime, I should be the one to bring down this divine retribution onto him and end his sinful life."

I shall not point out why your intimate lover would die under the spear of a hunter but Casio, why are you so touched by his story? It makes others at a loss for word.

"Dracon, you should be Beifeng Herault that Lowens had once mentioned. This is my first time meeting a man who overlooks my presence, not bad."

Indeed, Siren Tracy has the right to say such words. Sirens are a symbol of beauty in legends. The stories of Sirens and sailors are classics that survived the trial of time, often by word of mouth in bars. The woman in front of me, Tracy, is tall and elegant. There is a certain charm and attractiveness to her beautifully shaped face. Her green scales and dull-yellow iris don't destroy the balance of her face by any means. If anything, it adds a kind of exotic touch to it.

Her weird and shaky voice somehow carries a seductive tone to it. Sirens are born attractive. Their voices can confuse the ships sailing in the ocean and cajole young sailors to jump into the sea. It is no surprise that she would become one of the pillars propping up the circus.

Judging from Casio's expression as he sneaked peeks towards her occasionally, the cold beauty is indeed full of charms. Besides, this young Centaur has yet to walk too far on the road of life.

"Lowens mentioned me? What did he say?"

"Are you sure you want me to say those words here? It seems that you have a little friend over here too."

Her chuckle under the cover of her hands looks unspeakably seductive. Casio's eyes are firmly affixed on her whereas Beifeng's gaze remains fixated on the body of the female seal.

If we allow Beifeng to carry on with the farce, I would be no longer to achieve my purpose coming here. Thus, I took over the conversation and started talking about the important matter at hand.

"Blessing of the Sea God? I am able to cast it and even strengthened it before. I can make 10 landlubbers into swimming masters capable of breathing underwater. But, using this skill depletes my strength significantly. Why should I help you?"

Alright, it is the time for the bargaining to begin.

Initially, I thought that I only had to spend a bit of money to help the Fire Dragon Circus out of its precarious situation. However, I didn't expect that the Siren would have a different thought process than that of humans. She doesn't care about this circus at all, she is only staying here due to her promise to the previous previous previous circus master, as well as to assume a convenient identity for her to live in the human world.

Different from the Mermaids who have a good reputation, Sirens are known to be fickle-minded and deceitful. The reason why she rejected the poaching of the other circuses without any hesitation is because the benefits those humans offered her doesn't mean anything in her eyes and that she finds moving a chore. Right now, since someone has a favor to request of her, it is basically impossible to get her to work without paying a price.

"Two things. Help me get rid of one person and save one person. If you accept my request, I will help you."

"The person to save is Lowens right? Who is the one you want me to get rid of?"

"Lowens is my old friend. He is the one who invited me here to help and it isn't right for me to land him in jail. As for the one to get rid of, it is a hateful person who doesn't know his place, a foolish weakling. He seems to be a noble among you humans."

"This customer, the circus is currently not in its operational hours, so I beseech you not to disturb our circus members... Ah?"

Perhaps, our negotiation has caught the attention of others. The circus master of the Fire Dragon Circus, Milor, appears.

Initially, since we have come to an agreement privately, the affairs of the circus shouldn't concern me then. However, considering that this circus could possibly be performing during the inauguration ceremony, I might be able to play a trick or two through them. Thus, I turn my attention towards owning this circus.

But, what is surprising is that someone has beaten me to it.

"Lord Knight, Count Carlock has already decided to invest in this circus. He will be coming to take a look today."

Count Carlock? This name sounds a little familiar. At the same time, Tracy whispers into my ear.

"He is the man that I want to get rid of. He keeps harassing me, not to mention how hateful he is. As long as you save Lowens and stop that guy from harassing me, the Blessing of the Sea God would be just a minor issue."

I hesitate slightly. Since we would be breaking into the jail, saving Lowens would be convenient, so it isn't anything much. However, it is obviously not wise to offend a Count in the capital of the Auland Empire. Rather than going one big round, it seems that using strength to force this Siren to submit may be more efficient.

"I..."

"I want to see who is the one who dares to steal my woman!"

Just as I wanted to reject her offer, an arrogant voice echoes from the entrance of the tent. Somehow, that voice sounded very familiar.

After a few seconds, a panting plump man walks over from the entrance.

"Who is the one who dares snatch the woman I have set my eyes... AH!"

I was just thinking why that name sounded so familiar. No wonder, it is an acquaintance.

"It is the Count with broken eggs."

"No, it is obviously Count Egg."

"No matter what, he is still a Count. You must be respectful! The Count with half an egg, have you eaten? To think that you could be flirting around, the Priest that you hired must be pretty good."

Alright, ignoring the Count whose face steels but is afraid to lash out, I turn my sight to the surprised Tracy.

"Un, we accept your conditions. Let us first postpone the issue about saving Lowens, we need your assistance first."

"I want to become a Mage. I want to become an apprentice of a real great Mage. If you can make my wish come true, I will pass the sword that my grandfather left behind to you."

When I found Kane's granddaughter, I have no idea how I should persuade this young lady who resolutely wants to become a Mage despite coming from a family with a line of Knight heritage.

"Knight? My grandfather is one of the Knights who comes under the direct control of the royal family, a respected famous Legend Holy Knight. But, how did he end? My father risked his life fighting for the royal family just to restore the honor of my grandfather. In the end, he died on the battlefield and what did he earn? Just the broken armor and weapon that grandfather left behind."

Kane's son, Slork Solia, for the honor of his father, stepped on the road as a Knight as well. Back then, when the royal family was impressed by the loyalty of the Solia family, they passed Kane's previous weapon and armor to Slork. However, before Slork could accomplish his goal of regaining the honor of his father, a new war broke out. In the end, the only things that returned back to the Solia family were 2 Knight armors and swords.

"So, do you want it or not? If it wasn't for you helping to pay for my school fees previously, I wouldn't have brought up such an offer in the first place. No matter what, they are relics left behind by a legendary character, so they should be able to fetch quite a price."

Recalling the Heroic Spirit of Kane, I couldn't help but shake my head. I can understand the rationale behind Kathleen's thoughts. After all, very few of the seniors who walk on the road of the Knight has ended up well. Even if they were a renowned Knight family in the past, it is understandable that the new generation don't want to carry on the heritage. But, to the older generation, for the armor and weapon of the Knight which represents their honor to be sold like an antique, that is far too much for them to accept.

"Uncle, your equipment isn't bad so you should have connections. Introduce a Mage to me, a Silver-rank Mage would do. If not, a Bronze-rank would suffice as well."

Her demands are really not very high. But, as the inheritor of the family of a Legend Holy Knight, isn't there something wrong with the situation?

Indeed, I can introduce a Mage to her. The Incantationers from the Church that followed Krose are Gold-rank Mages and they would definitely satisfy her request. But, at this instant, comparing her to the Rain Swallow Sword who is also a woman but is adamant to bring honor back to her family, I really don't feel like introducing them to her.

"Give me your hand. Relax."

Kathleen follows my orders and the information that appears makes me click my tongue in surprise.

[Kathleen Solia

Race: DemiElf

Job: LV14 Alchemist

Strength: 9

Agility: 11

Stamina: 8

Intelligence: 14

Will: 12

Charm: 14

Race Talent: None]

Her other stats are still normal but her identity as a DemiElf is a very big problem. Most likely, Slork found an Elf wife eventually and had a DemiElf daughter. Even if he died early in life, he could already be considered a winner in life. Furthermore, Elves are born lacking in strength and it is indeed unsuitable for her to walk on the path of a Knight.

Looking at her hair which intentionally covers her ears and the laws directed towards the nobles of this country, I roughly get her situation.

"DemiElf, if I am able to fix your natural weak strength, are you willing to become a Knight?"

Hearing my words, Kathleen covers her ears and steps backward with a look of astonishment on her face. She was very confident in her disguise and didn't expect for it to be seen through in an instant.

"Cough, don't worry. I know that you would lose your nobility if your identity as a DemiElf gets exposed. I am not trying to blackmail you so, un, consider it for a bit. If you are willing to sign a contract with me to turn into a Magic Girl... Oh, willing to become a Knight, then find me, I will introduce a good Knight trainer to you. At the very least, you won't sully the glorious name of Solia. Of course, if you still insist on walking the path of a Magician, I will introduce a Gold-rank great Mage to you as well. However, that would be truly a deal that way. If so, don't expect me to settle what happens in the future."

In case you all are wondering who Kathleen and Kane is, Kane is the ghost Knight who wields Pale Justice. He is the one who Roland searched for when he wanted to find a sword, the one who chose to save a village from a magic beast instead of protecting a fort (as commanded by his superior) and lost his honor as a result for going against his orders.

Kathleen, as mentioned, is his granddaughter.

"As a Hunter, it is already surprising for Beifeng to not join the HHA."

TL: I know I translate Beifeng's job as Beast Tamer but in reality, it is Beast King

Hunter. Well, truthfully, he is closer to a Beast Tamer than a Beast Hunter and I thought it wouldn't affect the story much.

Chapter 99

The Unexpected Attacker

In the dark veil of the night, a silhouette was running.

Sometimes, he is climbing up walls using ropes. Sometimes, he is leaping from roof to roof. Sometimes, he is darting through dark sewers. Whenever a passer-by turns towards the origin of a sound, most would only see the after shadows of a black cape.

The sentries that appear every 10 steps are meaningless to him. The life-threatening traps and spikes only make him laugh. The patrols who watch to and fro are only decorations in his eyes. As for the hounds who were equipped with steel braces... Un, they attracted his attention. Looking at their figures, he was stunned and almost forgot about his mission.

Un, he is the justice of the night, the bane of sinners, the undying hero -- Batman... Cough, I almost misspoke. Un, that's right, he is the legendary hero of wild animals, Beifeng Herault.

At this moment, after reaching the interiors of the jail, he immediately puts on the Sewage Cloak and turns into a little rat. Then, he struts proudly into the jail.

The Auland royal family jail is well-protected. An Eye of Truth gazes from the top of the solid city walls, rendering the illusions of any trespassers useless. On the top of the hulking Mage Tower, sentries change shifts every 24 hours and keep watch round the clock.

But, it's a pity that the legendary unique Sewage Cloak changes one's physical form, causing the user's very cells and body structure to become that of a rat. This isn't something that the 6-circle Detection Magic could notice. Very possibly, the only way to tell the difference between him and a rat is through checking his soul.

As expected, despite numerous rays of light sweeping past him, there was no reaction at all.

However, the animals guarding the jail noticed this invader.

"AHA, look at my rat karate! You bunch of rookies aren't even equal to my four turtle students! To think you would dare to challenge this old man here, you all are courting death!"

After transmogrifying, the Beast Tamer's natural aura which makes animals feel intimate with him has been rendered ineffective. Facing a powerful enemy, the rat actually stands up on its hind legs and performs a set of elegant martial arts moves.

After a series of fist-throwing and leg-kicking, the cats and dogs who came assaulting him were all knocked faint-headed. One pitiful eagle even lost over half of its feathers, making it resemble a chicken with hair loss problems. But, what was most surprising of all is that none of the animals were injured even in the slightest.

As he advances ahead, he deals promptly with whatever is sent his way. Nothing could stop his steps. Very quickly, he found his objective.

"...That DaVinci, his face was red like an apple after hearing our songs. What, he's not called DaVinci? Oh, I think I recall it, he's called Darwin right? That's not it? Hmph, who cares what he is called. Anyway, he's just a foolish emperor who's jealous of the capable. Right, let us toast to the generosity of that foolish king."

"Toast to the generosity of that foolish emperor! I remember that he seems to be called Uncle Dawen?"

"Cheers! Who cares what he is called. Say, despite scolding him so harshly, he still sent good food and drinks down here to us, don't you all think that he might actually like being insulted?"

"Hah, well-said! To the Darwin who likes being insulted, cheers!"

Darsos kindly ordered for better treatment for these few 'political criminals'. But, it seems that they didn't appreciate his kind will. Despite receiving good meat and good beer, they still insulted him as they pleased.

As their beer mugs clash together, the beer froth carrying the rich scent of the beer splatters on the floor, causing a series of sighs and salivation from the other prisoners. But, no one dares say anything about it.

When they just entered, the other prisoners wanted to make use of that opportunity to threaten these short fellows to hand over their rations. However, after a 'friendly

interaction', they quickly understood that these short fellows aren't to be trifled with.

However, the appearance of a black rat caused the passionate scene to abruptly halt for a split moment. Then, the three of them silently finished their beer before lying down to sleep.

But by Hoyle's ear, a secret communication is currently going on.

"Has the date been confirmed?"

"The date of the inauguration of that foolish emperor? Indeed, a large portion of their manpower should be on standby during the inauguration ceremony. We could make use of that opportunity to cause a big mess."

"Is this the remote control for our Roland No.88? Hah, with this, we can directly demolish the walls to escape."

"Is this the meeting point after the escape? You all sure have it planned out properly. Lowens? Oh, that gray-haired Shield Dwarf. I get it, we'll bring him out along with us."

"The codeword is 'Transformers, roll out!'. I really don't get that codeword. However, as soon as we hear this codeword, we will make sure to cause a great mess."

"Hehe, this time, we have to make that foolish Emperor know that even an old dog has fangs. Dwarves may be short but if you force us into a corner, we can still jump up to smash his knee!"

[Pale Justice]

[Attack Power: 20-25. Tier: Epic (Superior)]

[Two-handed Sword]

Prerequisite: Strength 12+, Holy Knight Job]

[Ultimate Sacred Flames: Deal additional 30 Silver Inferno damage to Chaos lifeforms. To normal lifeforms, deal additional 5 Silver Inferno damage.]

[Perfect Courage: Immunity to all fear-related magic, death-related magic, race talents and abilities. The wielder will always be in a state of high morale. This effect can be shared with 3 party members.]

[High Tier Protection from Evil: The damage dealt from Chaos lifeforms will be reduced by 10 points.]

[The Judgement of Justice: Activate the Soul Gemstone's judgement ability. When this sacred sword strikes on a Chaos being, the target will be forced to undergo Judgement. If the target fails to pass the Judgement, the target will be directly destroyed thoroughly. Duration: 10 minutes. This ability can be used 3 times daily.]

Before me, the silver sacred sword emits a very slight silver light that comprises the Holy Light of Order. After receiving the original body of the sword, the sacred sword finally reverts back to its original form.

Although this Sacred Sword is still unable to reach Legend-tier, as long as it is facing Chaos lifeforms such as Undead and Demons, it would have the might equivalent to a God Equipment. Of course, if the other party is just an ordinary human, then this would just be like any other Elite-tier weapon.

I can already foresee that among the enemies I would face, Undead and Demons will not be lacking, so I am still quite satisfied with it personally. But, it is a pity that the enemies I am facing now do not fall under such category.

"Darn it! Why would there be Fishmen in the river! Sea Beasts as well!"

Diving into the river alone, I had intended to check on the underwater base but I didn't expect to meet enemies on the way.

If it wasn't for the timely reminder from the cat, a hole might have been opened up in my body by the bone spikes created from the bones of a whale.

But right now, whether it's above or below me, weapon-wielding Fishmen surround me. Not to mention, Demon Sharks who are circling in the water around me. Behind the Demon Sharks, there are two medium-sized Water Elementals who are preparing their magic spells. Very possibly, I might have caught the attention of these Seafolk the moment I dived into the river. Unknowingly, I walked into a trap prepared by the other party and fell into a desperate situation.

"Could it be that the Auland Empire has bribed the Seafolk to guard their water territory? No, that's definitely impossible. The Seafolk would never listen to the commands of the humans. Then, it must be Aylos! Yes, that's the only possibility."

The Ancient Water Elemental Goddess Aylos, the wife of the legendary Ancient Sea God Sidunwar. Going by seniority, she is the ancestor of the current generation's Sea Goddess Oswell.

Just like the unfortunate Fire Elemental God Arolaweiss, she was sealed on a certain island but looking at the rate of the Elemental Tide, it is apparent that she has been released.

The only ones who could achieve such a feat are probably the Seafolk.

In the 'Whispers of the Demons', the different countries will suffer the invasion of the tribes and Elementals under the command of the Ancient Elemental Gods. Looking at the present situation, it seems that the enemy that the Auland Empire would face is the Elemental Water Goddess Aylos.

"There should be 2 more years before the Elemental Catastrophe. I don't think there is this part in 'history'. Forget it, let me first settle the situation here and think of a solution later after I return."

The Mermen, whose mouths open widely as they stare at me hungrily, aren't anxious at all. They circle around me slowly, throwing their spears from time to time to taunt me. They were still taking their time to start the final showdown. Their tactics bore striking resemblance to a pack of wild wolves hunting down a cow, patiently waiting for their prey to show weariness and a flaw in their defense to exploit.

The silver sacred sword can't be used underwater. But, from the previous crossing of blows, it seems that my physical ability isn't even a third of what it is on land. Furthermore, if I were to fight with my full strength, I would definitely run out of breath. If I don't quickly think of a way to get to the surface to catch my breath, I might just die a ridiculous death.

But, if I were to try to escape forcefully and expose a gap in my defenses, then in that instant, the whale fish thorns that is attached to steel chains would be thrown towards me, immobilizing me.

Imagining the sight of over a dozen of fish bones and fish spears protruding from my

body, I couldn't help but shiver. No matter how I look at it, fighting with the Seafolk physically underwater is a foolish decision.

"Looks like I can only try using that trump card of mine."

Thus, I keep my longsword and smile towards the Mermen, who narrow the encirclement on the prey whom they thought have given up hope.

"Sinful Devil God Form!"

Bottomless magic power goes berserk. My Chaos Bloodline creates a streak of blue lightning which rampages in my veins. A scorching volcanic layer starts to emerge on top of my white and smooth skin and the fresh blood that flows from it causes the water in the surroundings to boil. The blue lightning gathers in my blue eyes as mystical magic tattoos appear on my hands and chest.

At this moment, the Queen of Banshees has already turned into a pitch-black magic sword, augmenting my magic power. The Power of Ice shrouding the sword causes the water in contact with it to solidify.

"Ring of Ice!"

The moment my hand clasps together, Power of Ice bursts outward from me. Under the augmentation of my Chaos Bloodline, my original limit of a 15 meters radius for Ice Ring increases multiple times over.

Below the water, a flower of ice blooms from me, who is at the core of the flower. The crystallization of ice underwater starts to creep further and any Seafolk who come into contact with the ice would be glued to it and be frozen.

"Frozen Breath!"

The 2-circle Ice Breath has evolved into the even deadlier Frozen Breath. Creeping along the frozen ice, the Frozen Air caused the temperature of the water to plummet furiously and in a few seconds, the eyes of those struggling Mermen roll backward and they died from hypothermia.

Even those Water Elemental who are in close proximity start to freeze and crack. This shocking sight causes the Seafolk by the side to quickly retreat.

As for me, I don't have the leisure to appreciate my own art work. My skills with Elemental Magic are too lacking. Even with the augmentation from my Chaos Bloodline, I still had to chant incantations to sustain my spells. The moment I opened my mouth...

"Cough cough... cough cough..."

The moment I climbed onto shore, I felt like my entire throat was spasming as I coughed relentless, almost forcefully removing all of my stomach fluids.

"Cough cough, I drank too much water... I almost died like that. It would be really embarrassing if I died like that."

"Dang!"

A fish bone comes smashing onto my back with great force. Although I feel a sharp pain on my back, the whale bone spike fractures into two instantly. The ability, Titan Body, is like wearing a formless armor. Also, the spears of the Fishmen aren't as deadly as they are underwater.

The moment I turn and stare furiously at the Fishmen who were on the surface of the river, they immediately dive downwards back into the water, intimidated by the fact of how their weapons were ineffective.

The weakness I feel after transforming makes me feel inexplicably uncomfortable and the river water that I drank makes me feel disgusted and nauseated. It took me quite a moment before I recovered. But, at this moment, I realized that a greater trouble awaits me.

The Sinful Devil God Form made me expand physically several times over, and the burning lava that appeared on my skin wasn't just for show. Not to mention, the destruction that my ice magic bore towards my clothes, so...

"All of my clothes have been destroyed! I'm not Xueti! It can't be that I have to run back nude?"

Yes, at this moment, I can't be any more envious of those mystical superheroes of my previous life. I have no idea how they could walk out of an intense battle with their clothes intact. What's even more enviable are those who are still clothed after transforming to assume a bigger form, especially a certain green giant who can turn

into a two to three-meter tall muscle tank out of the blue with his boxers still remaining intact.

After a period of silence, I finally squeeze out a completely indecent question.

"Harloys, can you transform?"

"Go and die! If you make me transform, I will turn into a sharp pair of scissors and turn you into a eunuch!"

Alright, considering how it was highly possible for Harloys to realize her threat, for the safety of my little brother, I gave up this wonderful idea after much consideration.

In the end, I thought of another alternative idea, a solution that wasn't really a solution. A method that could lower the embarrassment level of the situation to the lowest...

Half an hour later, a black carriage by the river embankment is halted by a cute little child.

The little boy is dripping with water and clothed only by a leaf covering his nether regions. Even so, he is carrying a gigantic silver sword.

"That, uncle, can you give me a ride? The weather was scorching, so I went for a dive. But, the tide suddenly rose and my clothes got washed away. Can you bring me to the Church of the God of Law?"

Carrying a gigantic sword with one hand while the other covers my nether regions, even without looking in the mirror, I can judge from the burning sensation on my face that a bright red glow must be plastered over my entire face. If it wasn't for that, fainting would be more embarrassing, I would really want to collapse and never wake up again.

"Puuu!" At that moment, a certain princess stretches her hand from the carriage, she bursts into laughter.

"Hehe! Roland, seeing you in this state reminds me of how you were when you were small. You were also just as cheeky and loved playing in the water. Do you still remember the days when Big Sister Kelly helped you to bathe when you were younger? Back then, you were also completely nude like that."

That Kelly who is chuckling beneath her hands, that is enough of you. Since you called yourself an elder sister, then you should know what indecent assault is. Stop looking at the lower regions.

"Of course you can! Rolo, come and let Momo hug you!"

Someone, control this salivating lifeform! Stop touching about! Hey, you are not allowed to touch there! You are not allowed to flick and even more so, pull! Even a small little kid has his own pride!

"Lord, so the important thing that you were talking about was to go skinny dipping in the summer. Although I don't want to be always preaching to you, it is best for you to wear something the next time. Also, as expected of the core member of the Gentlemen Alliance."

Alright, Diana, you've won. As long as you stop peeking, I will admit to anything you say. I won't retort to you saying gentlemen or anything else.

Only at this moment did I clearly see the insignia of the Mist on the carriage. After waiting for 2 and a half hours, when my head was already giddy from being basked under the blazing sun, I just had to meet with Reyne and gang who were returning from a trip outdoor. Obviously, it is another crime committed by the Star of Misfortune Aura.

"Misfortune!! To actually cause me to run nude! Darned Seafolk, I will never forgive you all!"

"AHA, look at my rat karate! You bunch of rookies aren't even equal to my 4 turtle students! To think you would dare to challenge this old man here, you all are simply courting death!"

TL: Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles~ (Damn I loved that show)

Clarification of terminology

The general word to describe intelligent beings living underwater is Seafolk

The general word to describe unintelligent beings living underwater is Sea Monsters

Sea Beasts probably refers to tamed monsters by the Seafolk

Fishmen probably refers to fish body and human legs (Can't be sure) and they are different from Mermen (or Mermaid)

Chapter 100

Rising Tide

It is already pitch-black outside, but I still sat under the glow of the lamp, deep in thoughts. A pen has been in my grip for quite a long period of time, but I was unsure of how I should start. In the end, I sigh deeply and eventually start to write.

"Dear Sir Ferdinand, it has been long since we last met. I wonder if things are still going fine in Sulfur Mountain City... It has been 300 years since many of our inheritances and secret arts were lost in the fires of war. At present, the Mist Royal Family Knight Order can't even be considered third-rate. Perhaps, we have failed them as their ancestors. I have already come to an agreement with the current generation of the descendants of the Mist to provide them with some 'mentors' to guide those rookies."

"After pondering over it, I decided to entrust this matter to you. Please bring along Great Sword Saint Fayde, Lucas... The young Knights have already come to a realization. As their ancestors and imposing Heroic Spirits, please do not be overly-conscious about your identities as Undead, just pay careful attention to the journey."

I expended quite a bit of effort to produce this letter. After all, it is meant for an elder to read. The contents are actually quite simple, I am requesting for the Red Hunting Hounds to dispatch some mentors to the East Mist Communal Country. But, if I didn't personally write the letter to invite them, to the old Ferdinand who felt guilty to his homeland, it is very probably he would choose to never return to those icy plains.

But, without a doubt, even when he has turned into a Knight of withered bones, old Ferdinand is still the old general who is the most suited to training new troops. Other than imparting battle techniques, he is able to impart something that is even more important, such as battle experience, fighting strategies, an unyielding will and the soul of the army that is harnessed in the war flags.

"...I am looking forward to the day that the war drums echo again. The young Knights would be able to carry the burden and glory that their ancestors left behind. There is no one else for this job but you. I sincerely hope look forward to the day when you reunite with the land of ice and snow."

The other letter is slightly simpler. I didn't have to consider the wording and went straight to the point.

"The East Mist has already established the faith of the God of Law as their national religion. It won't do for you all to be hiding in your shells at such a point. They need an Archbishop, a complete legislation and judiciary system, a complete Church of true God... This is an opportunity and if we were to succeed, decades and even a century of time would be saved in the spreading of the religion of Law. This is a gamble involved that is worth betting on. Putting up the banner of a true God, I don't believe that there would be anyone who would dare to interfere with your passage to East Mist."

Under the name of the Church of the God of Law, many of the forces in my hands can finally come to the surface. From a certain perspective, there are high stakes involved in this gamble. When I throw all my chips in, I would be sharing a common destiny with the East Mist Communal Country.

The matter of becoming a national religion came earlier than I expected. From a certain sense, it is an opportunity as well as a challenge. If East Mist were to rise up from this point onwards, the Church of Law would also float up along with it like a boat in a river. If the East Mist were to be destroyed... Alright, we can still return back to the underground.

The two letters were firmly sealed with wax. After contemplating for a short moment, I wrote another letter to Adam whose whereabouts were unknown. There is still another letter which I really didn't want to write but I had no choice otherwise, so I got along with it helplessly.

"Darsos, looks like you and your country is in deep trouble. If you don't deal with it appropriately, the Auland Empire may become history. Perhaps, you may think I am just an alarmist, but this all have to do with a bunch of Fishmen..."

Indeed, I never expected that the assault I met with would pull a whole string of schemes and troubles. I must begin the story from the day when I returned nude.

Back then, cloaked in a mantle that I borrowed, I tried my best to ignore the mocking gazes of the women sitting opposite to me. I tried my best to turn my attention to the Seafolk who appeared mysteriously.

The Seafolk aren't just an individual race. It is the common terminology used for Fishmen, Mermen, Shrawns, Sea Giants and intelligent underwater lifeforms. Most of them live along the long coastline of Eich Continent. These underwater lifeforms are unable to leave the water and exist through forming kingdoms and tribes.

The greater the sea pressure, the stronger the Sea Monsters get. The weak are unable to survive in the deep sea and the living space of the Seafolk aren't infinite.

There are quite a few Fishmen tribes sparsely populating the coastlines. However, being unable to leave the water for extended period of time made them of limited threat to the living creatures on the continent. In fact, their attacks don't even measure up to an invasion by a neighboring country. However, due to the extremely offensive nature of many Seafolk, they are hostile with the countries on the continent.

Thus, even though it would still be understandable if I meet a Red Dragon in the river, it is inconceivable for me to meet an obviously well-organized group of Seafolk there.

As the capital of Auland Empire, even if one just looks at the surface of the water, Kagersi City is definitely well-guarded. It is unbelievable for a Fishmen tribe to exist in the river.

Fishmen are living beings who can survive in both freshwater and saltwater. However, a Fishmen tribe which is powerful enough to rear Demon Sharks are definitely unable to live in the river water. After all, Demon Sharks are creatures of the ocean, they would die sooner or later in the river water.

That is to say, these Fishmen moved against the direction of the delta of the sea to visit this riverside city.

This isn't an easy feat. The riverside cities of the Auland Empire all have their own fleets, so how can they not get noticed after passing by so many cities? For these Fishmen to arrive directly at the core of the Empire? What do they hope to gain, spending so much effort and taking such a big risk coming here? It can't be that they only want to visit this city to watch the enthronement ceremony.

My suspicions didn't last long...

"Un? The bone spikes and bone spears made from the bones of a whale and Demon Sharks? If I recall, their fins seem to be white. Un, they should be the Fishmen of the White Whale Tribe. Since you met them underwater and were assaulted by them, it

seems that they intend to purge this city."

Right after reaching home, recalling that Siren Tracy is also one of the Seafolk and that Sirens are of high standing among the Seafolk, I sent someone to call her over in hope that she might know something. In the end, just after barely explaining the situation, the other party threw a bomb at me.

"Purge this city? Purge the capital of Auland Empire? Has their tribe gone mad?"

"They aren't mad. In the entire North Bay of the Black Sea, the White Whale Tribe is considered an extremely powerful tribe ranked in the top 3. Those Fishmen are only their vanguards. Depending on the strength of their targets, Nagas, Sea Giants and the Sea Snakes will come. There might even be Mermaids and Sirens."

"But, this doesn't justify their intention to purge the city. This is equal to offending an entire Empire, aren't they afraid of being surrounded and destroyed by the fleet?"

"Heh, you don't understand the Seafolk at all. The Seafolk never have to worry about who they offend. Even more so, the White Whale Tribe is a well-known hunting tribe, as well as a mercenary tribe which accepts missions. After receiving enough benefits, they can just leave. After all, do you think that the races on the continent would be able to pursue them? Besides, without someone leading them, do you think that they would be able to arrive at this city?"

After pondering over it for a slight moment, I smell the scent of a scheme behind the encounter.

The fleets by the river didn't notice them? Most probably, someone is controlling the fleet so that they would pretend that they didn't see them. Or perhaps, these Seafolk are loaded onto a merchant boat, allowing them an unobstructed passage through the river.

As for the goal of those collaborating with them? That is even more obvious. If the country were to come under attack at the same day of the inauguration of the new Emperor, Darsos's position would be shaken.

Tracy speaks in disdain.

"That damn fatty is also involved in the plan. Since he is so afraid of you, you can totally go ahead and question him."

"The broken eggs noble? He is involved?"

"Un, I am the recon sent by the White Whale Tribe to connect with our allies. But, he kept harassing me, which is really annoying. So, I cast a Confounding Curse on him to cause him to do something silly subconsciously, resulting in him turning into a eunuch. However, it is weird but he seems to have recovered."

Alright, everyone's eyeballs fell to the floor. Right in our faces, Tracy didn't even hesitate to reveal that she is the spy of the Seafolk. To think that dumb mission that I received back then would be related to it as well.

"However, the plan seems to have fallen through. I took advantage of the opportunity to leave the White Whale Tribe."

"Fallen through? Isn't this already considered a success?"

"Another group whom I was communicating with suddenly got wiped off. Their den was set on fire. Without someone to guide their path from the human's side, it is impossible for the White Whale Tribe to come to this city from the waterways. They only look at the results and not the process. If I were to return back to the tribe after failing this mission, I will only end up as the seasoning for the afternoon tea of the tribe head."

Grabbing my forehead, I could roughly guess what was going on.

"Oh right, the ones who I was aliasing with wore a ring with the insignia of stars and an eye."

With all of the evidence laid out before me, I could tell what was going on by tying them all together.

Apparently, just like how Darsos was guarded against the Celestial Tower, the Celestial Tower wasn't truly on Darsos's side either. They colluded with the White Whale Tribe to oppose Darsos and the nobles behind him. They have placed bets on both factions.

If Darsos works with them obediently, the assault from the Seafolk probably would not have happened at all. However, it seems that after all of their members were outlawed, the remnants of the Celestial Tower have decided to throw in their everything to pull Darsos down with them.

"Heh, those people actually dare to bring the White Whale Tribe here to attack the coastline. Apparently, they do not know that the Seafolk have grown at least 3 times more powerful after the awakening of that Lord. When the great waves finally come crashing, there is nothing that can stop its path. By the time the tides of the White Whales retreats, how many people would still remain standing."

"Aylos?"

Hearing this name, Tracy stuns for a moment before nodding her head solemnly.

"The current Seafolk is no longer the same as the Seafolk of the past. Under the will of that Lord and the Queen of Storms, all Seafolk are craving for the fresh blood and soul of the lifeforms on the surface to please their masters. In the near sea, under the guidance of great existences, with each and every tribes cooperating together, I'm afraid that war cannot be avoided."

The Queen of Storms is the Guardian God of the Seafolk, as well as a member of the Malevolent Chaos Gods. It seems that prompted by the Ancient Water Elemental Goddess and the calling of the Sacred War, after countless years of resentments accrued from the conflicts with the surface lifeforms, the Seafolk have rid themselves of their neutrality and started to side towards the Chaos Faction.

If the attacks were to really begin, no, judging from the circumstances, a raid from the White Whale Tribe would surely happen, it would immediately exceed the scale of which the nobles have expected and turn from a skirmish into a country-scale war.

"Different from them, I have quite a few friends in the human world. Those fellow probably never trusted me from the start. Perhaps, even the Count might have other objectives approaching me."

"Then, why didn't you reveal it earlier?"

"I have already committed treason by escaping, so I dare not return back to the sea. My source of information has been long cut. Now, I can't ascertain the occurrence of an invasion, so how do you expect me to speak of it? Also, to whom should I speak these to? The reason why I can tell you all of these directly now is because the vanguards have already been spotted. Afterwards, it is up to you humans to settle it, it has nothing to do with me anymore. I am but an individual, there's not much that I can do. Even more so, I am of a foreign race, neither sides would place their trust in me.

Sitting on the fence would only cause me to offend both sides simultaneously. I am unable to interfere in this matter and I also do not intend to interfere in this matter."

After finishing her piece, the Siren's face relaxes. On the other hand, the listeners feel helpless. She could rest easy now but the ball has been passed on to other people's hands.

At that moment, we discussed it for a long period of time but we weren't able to come to a conclusion, whether it is on the authenticity of the words of the Siren or a contingency plan directed against an invasion occurring.

Yes, she may seem very honest by taking the initiative to reveal a series of secrets, but we still held doubts about the reliability of her words.

Regardless of whether it is in the legends or in reality, Sirens are deceitful beings. By taking the initiative to explain the whole situation, it makes others even more doubtful and aware of the possibility of a trap lying beneath her words. Furthermore, somehow, I feel a slight dissonance in her words, as though she has left out something really important.

Night fell and my spies have just returned.

"Is there any news?"

The black cat jumps onto the window ledge. Her original body has been in a state of pseudo-sleep by the table but in reality, she has sent out four clone spies who could slip through any cracks, sneaking and keeping surveillances on the dwelling of the Siren and the riverside.

"Yes, the Siren is indeed untrustworthy. At the very least, she isn't as uncaring as she described herself to be. She sent her own seals out to keep a watch on the Fishmen Tribe by the river while she herself has headed to a Thief Guild and Mercenary Guild to request a mission. She seems to be looking for something."

"Something?"

"Un, it seems to be a tribute of some kind. I heard that it is related to the Sea God."

"Related to the Sea God? Then, it is natural for her to seek it as a Siren. Isn't there any other news? What about the situation in the river?"

"The Fishmen are starting to construct their base in the river. It seems that they are really the front scouts sent in advance to prepare for the insertion of the army."

I nod my head in response to her words. Even though I have received the intelligence I wanted, I was still unable to make out the situation.

"We still do not possess sufficient intelligence. Our understanding of this country and the Seafolk is too lacking..."

"Cough, Roland, I have some guesses on the matter, do you want to hear them?"

"Unlimited supply of dried fish and milk until you are satisfied... Alright, I am only joking, I know that you aren't a cat. Don't bite me, get straight to the point."

Seeming to appreciate the look of mine when I am plagued with a migraine, the gleeful kitty jumps from the window ledge and struts proudly to and fro, her tail pointing up to the sky.

"My foolish disciple, it is all actually quite simple. Interest and benefits. The Seafolk aren't some charity organization. To risk so much to invade the capital of a country, the only explanation is that there is some incentive for them to get involved. Besides, the Water Elemental Goddess isn't the Guardian God of the Seafolk and yet they are cooperating together. The Water Elementals are almost like one family with the Fishmen already. Without sufficient interests involved to serve as a fusing reagent, how could this be possible?"

"You mean... Darn it! They are really playing it big."

Through the illustrations of the kitten, a Water Elemental falls apart in the middle of the sky, turning into rainfall while in the rain, a bunch of Fishmen represented by wooden figures were advancing.

"With the help of the Water Elemental Goddess Aylos, the Seafolk are coming to shore?"

"It is feasible in theory. That kind of benefits are sufficient to make the Seafolk fall into frenzy. Perhaps, the Auland Empire is really in deep trouble this time."

"It is the common terminology used for Fishmen, Mermen, Shrawns, Sea Giants and intelligent underwater lifeforms."

TL: Shrawns = Shrimp + men, the word is formed by combining Shrimps + Prawn...
Unless you all prepare Shrimpmen



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