

The God of Jesters

Chapter 26: 2.04.3 A mistake.

At the moment when the talks were going on between Maxim and Maisel.

Remira was busy exploring the city, following the tune of her blood from one street to another.

Experiencing different forms of life living their life ignorantly.

This is what she liked to do often.

The blood of Radiance is not something simple. It has various functions from burning off curses to enhancing the physique of an individual.

But among all the abilities it possessed, its most powerful one was to sense things.

Through it, Remira was able to find the inscribed piece of wood under Farhad's bed and even decided to leave the gates of Lucien for the same reason. Her blood gave her the warning that something bad might happen if she stayed there for longer.

And if she walks the streets of this city, who knows what else she can find.

Curses are being born every day and everywhere.

Even a dying cry of an individual can turn into a curse, following its victim, tormenting them.

And these are the kind of curses that Remira likes the most.

As it gives her a window to the kind of individual a person is.

Just like the lady that sells roasted corn on the side. She looked like the epitome of kindness as she sold some corn to a couple of kids.

But on her back, there was a tumor growing.

Illusory and jumping between real and unreal, the tumor pulsed slowly with a red hue. As if it was draining all the vitality of the old woman.

Remira wondered what this old woman would have done in life to be a carrier of such a parasitic curse.

But she was not the one to get nosy. Each curse has a story and this one might have one as well. It's better to let it be.

And so, she went on. Ignoring the small-time curses that she usually saw in the public through the help of her blood.

There was nothing important. Just curses and the stories that Remira made in her mind depending on the curse.

Like the curse of a phantom that took the shape of a child and followed a man. A child that kept crying but no sounds came out of its mouth.

Then there was a curse that took the form of a floating head of a woman, that attached itself to a man who seemed to be sleep deprived and barely able to function at his job.

But there was nothing that Remira could do, not at the moment at least.

Nor did I wish for Remira to do anything.

Things were going great for these people. For I have followed them before and after they got the curse for a while now.

She might have made the stories in her own head. But I don't wish for her to ruin those stories.

To me, it was all comeuppance for their crimes and mistakes.

A woman that killed her drunk husband as he leached off her for money like a parasite. His dying curse is what caused the tumor.

The man with the baby on the other hand was even more disgusting. He was one of the very few that kidnapped children.

And for a while now, he had been selling babies that he stole to a particular noble. As for what that noble does, this man doesn't care.

It's why his curse is the worst one, even worse than the tumor from before.

As for the third curse, it's the funniest.

It's just a woman that out of anger over rejection tried a hexing ritual where she was successful in putting a hex on her target of affection.

And the only way this hex can be broken is if this man starts to love her.

Which was impossible considering that this man swung the other way. And hence his curse turned out to be the most tragic one and in some sense funny.

The girl that likes him placed a hex on him but he doesn't like girls. Nothing can be more poetic than this.

It's why I don't plan on letting Remira ruin any of those.

I am just glad that her mind is still focused on the death of Farhad, completely forgetting about Gregory street.

But I shouldn't be happy, for my plan has also backfired.

The man that was meant to spice things up has now started to work along with the core participants. Making things easier on their end. Something which would be detrimental to a hero's journey.

The heroes need to go through struggle and hardships, only then would their win mean anything.

If things become easy to accomplish, there would be no spice left in life and everything would be boring and bland. And I hate bland things more than bad ones.

So I can't let that happen, no matter what happens.

But all was not lost for now. There were many more participants in this plan than just Radiance.

And one of the participants just walked past Remira, attracting her attention.

"What is that?"

It was rare for Remira to be so dumbfounded by something. And it was the first time she ever saw a curse as bad as this on an individual.

"Just a child?"

The child was just plain looking, there were no flashy mutations or phantoms following him. But his whole body glimmered with a dark hue, giving goosebumps to Remira.

This kind of curse has the power to manifest in reality. And one would only see so many curses in individuals that deal with dark magic and the occult.

But how can a child be related to any of those things?

'I need to find more.' There wasn't a delay from her front, but sadly, she was a bit slow. As she turned around, there was one. No child to mention.

But Remira knew it was not an illusion. Her blood was still reeling from the stimulus received from the utter corruption covering that child.

"Different than before. There are others."

The City of Durum didn't look as simple to Remira anymore.

The child that disappeared, he was here for her. She was sure of it.

Otherwise, if it was an accidental meeting, there would be no need for that child to disappear out of nowhere.

She was being followed by multiple parties at that. At least that's what she understood from this situation.

The reason for it is simple as well. The ability to hide between the two parties was like heaven and earth. Her previous stalker was harder to detect and follow up on when compared to this boy that just ran away after she detected him.

'So which one is more involved with the death of Farhad.'

She wondered, completely being thrown off by the third party whose goal was something she cannot even expect.

Such a wonderful coincidence that she would meet that boy here. He was not even on his job or pursuing his goal. He was just here to do some groceries shopping and look what happened due to it.

The boy probably didn't expect to meet one of the dangerous enemies in the market.

Of course, who would in his situation? To his knowledge, there was a meeting going on between the Radiance and his target. So why would one of the Radiance members be so carefree?

There must be something wrong going on here.

Or so the boy thought as he left to inform his handler of this matter.

I wonder what this third party in the play will be able to achieve, but I am looking forward to the time they turn center-stage.

For now, I can't expect this group to achieve much. Not the kind where it would pose any problem to Farhad's father and Radiance dogs.

Which means I would need to do something personally.

It was time to visit that old man again.

Kariut, the descendant of Lucien and an Archmage of insect denomination. He was the current Headmaster of Lucien Adobe and the longest living headmaster of this academy in all of history.

Being someone on such a pedestal for so long, he had turned a little arrogant with time due to his experience. And rarely would one find anyone in the mage community that had anything good to say about this old man.

But even if that was the case, no one would think the old man was pretty active in the occult community as well.

His incest lineage of magic was already considered dark arts, so being in occults was not so far-fetched if one were to think about it.

It was one of the reasons why the old man was so against Radiance from arriving in the City.

That and one another thing.

"This fog?"

With his weak body, he was barely able to hold himself up with the staff. The old man stood straight, straying away from the fog that surrounded him as much as he could.

"No.. Stay away." He cried waving his staff at the fog that was slowly approaching him from all sides.

On his face, there was the expression of pure horror, lacking any spine like he had when facing Remira before.

Just a weak old man with an inhuman amount of fear.

Kariut can see it, the hands of the dead wishing to drag him into the fog. Just like the legends mentioned.

"Stay away... not now..." He cried out loudly, fearing the eventuality of all life.

Death is a part of life and everyone has to face it one day.

But to the old man that has lived for more than a century, even that was not enough.

He wished to live more.

He wished to experience more in life.

He wished to experience things that he had never before.

It was why I came to him.

And for the same reason, I was here today.

With a simple swipe, I held the flailing staff of the old man with my slender arms, while the fog divided into two parts making way for the great me.

The Maestro of plays, who wore a bright red and yellow suit of a Joker. My face was painted white with a cheap cap with horns made out of cloth barely holding on to the cap.

It was I, the Jester.

Chapter 27: 2.05.1 Unimportant.

When Remira eventually came back to the library, she was dumbfounded by the good news.

The man that Maxim claimed to be a pain in the ass for him, has chosen to support them and even wishes to catch the killers of his son himself.

This was surprising, to say the least, but when she thought about how approachable Maisel was when she first met him, this was to be expected.

No one reaches such a high post in the military with strength alone, a good mind over the head is also needed and Maisel was just that kind of person. He was not the kind to become the tool of his son's killers and incriminate Radiance for it.

Well for now at least. As long as Radiance is fulfilling their job properly, Maisel will support them. And the moment they are done, he will take revenge on them whether they deserve it or not.

This was how he was and Maxim was a bit aware of this. But he didn't speak out about this, he was just happy that he can continue his work in the city without any restrictions.

And as things were, there would be a warrant to enter the vicinity of Farhad's college soon enough. He just wishes that the clue they have at hand doesn't go to waste. Not now when things have come too far.

"Well, I also have something to inform you as well." After the happy news that Remira was exposed to now, it was time to ruin it by telling the details of her earlier meet-up with the child.

"A third party?" Maxim asked with wonderment but then nodded. "That is to be expected, there is always someone in cases as high profile as this." Maxim nodded, before continuing. "Don't focus on that though. Ignore it and focus on the academy, we will be getting a warrant soon enough."

Maxim was an experienced individual and he understood the importance of priority more than anyone else in the library.

"Old man, don't ignore it. These guys are following us and not for good reason, I imagine." But even if he was an experienced individual, Remira still chose to profess the importance of the danger these people might possess.

She still hasn't forgotten about the child with an insane amount of curses on him.

'That can't be a child, she thought, for how can a child remain alive in that situation?

"Remira, this is not a request but an order." Although a bit mild, the tone of maxim held weight when he said this. "You should just focus on investigating the academy and nothing else. Don't be distracted by anything."

A pragmatic decision that few would make in this situation.

General, most humans would run around finding a way to save their life and focus on defense.

Even while doing their job, they would struggle to function properly under the worry of an enemy attack. Making their work slow and coming out flimsy at the end.

But Maxim was an experienced one, he has experienced similar scenarios multiple times in his life. And in most of those situations, when they were distracted from the case, worse things happened.

Something that he doesn't wish to repeat in this case. He already has a lot of things to regret and he doesn't wish to add one more on top of all that.

"But don't worry about the safety, I will request the blue eyes to tighten the security around the library."

This was the most he could do at the moment.

As for requesting support from the mayor or Maisel?

Maxim didn't do that for personal reasons, nor did he bother to explain this to Remira or Pierta, who were busy sending out new orders to the blue eyes.

To him, this was the perfect scenario. He doesn't wish for any more parties to get involved with their work.

It was already a miracle enough that Maisel was able to keep his calm and even support lightly from his side.

And what Maxim thought was pretty right on point. At the moment the father that lost his child was sitting at the dinner table with the mayor talking lightly about his military feats and such.

But the true reason he was there was something else.

Maisel wished to find the killer on his own. Only this way he can regain the honor that was besmirched by the death of his son.

No one manipulates him and leaves unharmed.

And the individual with whom he started his investigation was the Mayor himself.

"I heard the Mayor also fought on the Yethel frontlines in your youth?" Maisel was doing small talk to have the guard of the mayor down.

And the best weapon for that is some alcohol and compliments. And as Maisel expected, the mayor started to lower his guard down.

"Yes I did, it was one of the worst wars of that year. Our principality was facing drought and we were told that Yethel had barred the river."

"Turns out, it was just a ploy to decrease population, decreasing the mouths to feed. If not for my father, I would have joined those extra mouths."

Yethel was an oddity within itself, rarely do magi and sorcerers show interest in mortal affairs. So them creating their own country was weird when it originally happened.

"They truly were hard times, and who would expect that Yethel would become so strong with time."

Their talks went on and on for so long that I felt bored.

So I left the scene.

It was not like these two would be able to achieve anything with their limited knowledge. Among the many parties that were somewhat aware of my existence and tried to pursue it, these two were at the very last.

Even worse than a commoner who had started to worship me as a god of sorts.

Truly pathetic.

How about instead of those two, I tell you something interesting.

There was I, a small rat running in the forest using the shade of trees to hide from the sun. But at one point, I understood that this was not efficient.

To my knowledge, ghosts are the creatures of the night. So going out at night might have been a better option.

Hiding from any predators that might kill me, I hid between the roots of an elder tree. But even then I didn't feel any great.

There was something that was pushing me out of the body the longer I remained in it.

But that was not all, I can feel this body dying.

Such a bizarre feeling, but it was somewhat interesting.

I never even thought possessing a creature was possible, I just did it out of instinct.

Though at that time I was unaware of how odd it was for a wraith to possess living creatures, even if I was only ever limited to a small rat.

For Wraiths were spiritual entities born out of strong emotions and corrupted souls. They are a mad bunch that only wish to devour.

A desire that was absent in me, as I was capable of maintaining my sense of self even in the body of a rat.

But when I felt it at a deeper level, it was my murky spirit that was killing the rat.

I was unconsciously feasting on every aspect of this little critter. From its soul to its vitality.

I was leaving nothing.

And if I didn't stop, I would lose this body and be defenseless against the sun.

So the moment the night arrived, I ran and tried to find a new body. A new rat that would become my vessel. And to my surprise, I succeeded.

I lived that way for years. I don't remember how long or how many bodies I changed, But I eventually arrived in a small township ravaged by war. It looked decrepit and defeated.

It even made my own mood a bit bad.

But that is something for later. For now, I wish to learn more about this new world. And what better place to learn all of this than a library.

And in a town this small, I eventually found the only library and met its owner.

A young man with a great future ahead of him. Though at that time, he was a fallen noble that was handed the library with important documents hidden in it by the Djistrum Empire, the owner of Wortham Principality.

The documents turned out to be a pretty handful and useful for me and that young man.

The same young man that taught me about this world

And the first person I ever contracted with.

My first owner.

But I am getting nostalgic. So don't mind me.

He was a great man and helped me learn about what I was in return for some knowledge from my world.

He was pretty interested in the mundane world and science. And I was all the happier to tell him everything that I knew while hiding the fact that I also held some knowledge about his own world.

The knowledge that I stole from Lakyus. But calling it stealing would be too much.

What I did was just pick up things that he left on the spot.

"Is this all of it?"

My bad, it seems I was a bit distracted. Now, where were we?

Oh yes, we were in Lucian Adobe or Lucian Academy, whatever name fits it.

And there was my little piggie Kairut, overseeing a small operation.

"Yes, this is everything we could find about Farhad Maisel before his departure." The security chief of the Academy informed the headmaster before leaving the room.

Why did the headmaster ask for all these things?

He didn't know, nor did he dare to question any of this.

He still wished to live for longer.

Chapter 28: 2.05.2 A big mistake.

The life of an individual might be boring and uneventful, but the same was not true for the world as a whole.

Stories were playing out in many places all at once. And some of these stories were interesting, while others boring with no appeal to them at all.

In this backward world where magic has impeded the growth of most technology, the dissemination of knowledge was harder. The ignorant masses were everywhere, making stupid mistakes that starts complete wars among parties.

But what am I even saying, the world I came from was pretty much similar. There was even a great war that started with such a small mistake.

And then there was Remira, who was going to make a similar mistake, birthing a new story.

Dissatisfied with Maxim's order and his work motif, Remira left the library in an annoying mood.

She was arrogant, as one can see from her drunken act before she informed Pierta of the wooden slab she found.

An act, but it tells us too much about her personality.

And that single act after being berated over her obsession with the child with a heavy curse. Remira was in no mood to do her job properly.

Currently, she was waiting for the warrant to enter the academy premises and conduct her investigation.

But it didn't mean she was free, Maxim, in order to divert her mind, had given her a job.

"Go find me another person capable of reading the forbidden text."

Same request that had previously attracted Farhad towards them. Though the same method won't be useful anymore since the death of Farhad.

The Kelps magazine that originally advertised their recruitment won't accept any request from them anymore, because there was someone dead already and they can't afford to have their name muddied any further.

And those that were in the know about this recruitment won't dare to, for they feared death more than anything.

Which was adorable, considering that with proper means, there was no death in this world.

But I presume, the fear of death is universal. Even gods might fear death.

Oh, I am not talking about you guys, you are way greater than the fake gods of this world. You have been with me for so long that I can't imagine living without you.

But I am getting sentimental.

Let's get back to the mistake that Remira would make.

There she was, walking the streets and using her nose to smell things. Which was odd considering that there was no smell of a soul.

Beside mine of course. But I am no ordinary soul, I am a wraith. Unlike the living souls, the wraith manifests in the purest form of a soul and that is what I am.

As for what form is that? I don't even know. That memory has long been forgotten by me with time. So I take the form that suits me the most. Just like the Jester in Kairut's dream from before.

"Where is it?" Remira's actions were odd. She kept using her nose, trying to find something.

But I wondered what she wished to find by smelling it out?

Then I noticed something.

She was getting closer and closer to a particular shop that I have been giving a lot of attention to.

And if she was going to visit that place, then this situation would be intriguing, to say the least.

It was the mistake I was talking about before.

"Is this the shop?" She asked, looking around at the board.

"Vaisal's Enchanted Potions."

A simple board with a simple name.

This shop was not even big and even the bench outside of the shop had dust on it. As if no one has bothered to clean this place in a long while.

But this is how it generally is for potion masters. They are too busy with their work to care about these little details.

"Such audacity to open a shop in a busy street." She complained but still moved forward and entered the place.

Making me curious.

I recall that her mind was truly searching for someone that can read forbidden text. So why would she be here?

Truly an enigmatic choice.

As for the reason why this shop was on a busy street?

There wasn't any. The shop was already enchanted in a way that would push the mundane people away from it and only those in the world of sorcery would be able to enter it.

Still weird considering that a potion master requires absolute peace while working.

"Is anyone here?' Remira asked, finding the derelict Potion shop pretty generic.

A dirty shop with a lost shopkeeper.

If she was someone new in the world of sorcery, she might have tried to steal the thing on racks. But she was all too familiar with this setting and the trap hidden behind this facade.

"Yes, Please wait a bit. I am eating."

A young voice filled with vitality. Probably an assistant that supports the potion master.

Or so what Remira thought.

"I don't have much time, please hurry." She announced, that her mood hasn't changed since leaving the library. And how would it, the condescending tone of Maxim still irk her ears?

"I apologize for the delay." From the back of the shop, a young man in green garments and goggles walked out while still chewing his food.

There was not a hint of annoyance on his face even after he was disturbed during his lunchtime. More than that, he was glad that a customer finally came to him.

And as the owner of this shop has set, the more he sells, the more he can earn.

"Are you a potions apprentice?"

"Of course I am, but if you wish to talk to my master, he is at his lab away from here." With his years of experience, it was easier to identify if someone is an actual shopper or came here for a reason.

And from her surprised look, she was happy with this situation?

'Heh, wait?'

Before the young man can think anything. Remira used. "I wonder if you are an enchanter? As well?"

"Etto, well... This is an enchanted potions shop and my master is an enchanter as well." Although confused, the young man answered, confused about what was happening at the moment.

Just why would this woman ask such a question from him? Such an obvious one at that.

He even wondered if something was wrong going on here.

The opponent was not a customer, this was something he was sure of. But the odd thing was, that even after learning that his master was not here, she still chose to remain here.

"Then that's great." A smile surfaced on Remira's face before she asked.
"Now listen boy, I am from the Radiance society and in need of some help."

"If you do help us, we can give you around 100k Dirium as a starting price along with fulfilling any feasible request you might have for us. Nothing illegal though."

"So how about it? Will you accept?"

"Waah?"

And so she made the mistake.

The young man she just gave this offer to was called Soros Bloodheart, an up-and-coming great potion, and enchanting master.

Though due to his ignorant upbringing in the slums and literacy of society, he was inexperienced in dealing with such offers even though he knew of the dangers.

Not to mention, for someone of his background, the sum of money on offer was too much and hard to ignore for him. And then there was an additional request as well.

So like a chick, the boy nodded his head and accepted the offer.

With no support from his master, once the contract has been signed, the boy will be stuck with Radiance society for the next month. And after hearing about the money, the boy was already planning on hiding this fact from his master that dragged him out of the filth of slums.

Because he knew that with the personality of that old man. He would probably prevent him from joining the good folks.

And this is the reason why I love these good folks, they do some of the most shameless and heinous things to support what is just for them.

It's why Remira didn't feel much remorse to give hope to this ignorant young man and let him join her group.

It's so evil. Such pure evil would be accepted by many.

As for why Remira chose this young man, it was simple.

As the young man claimed, he was a potion and enchanting student. And while Potions can be learned by anyone, only a few special people can learn enchanting.

Because to enchant, one needs to have a strong soul. Making enchanters perfect for the job that Maxim currently possesses.

"Now that's done." Informing the young man of where to go and what he needs to do, Remira happily left the potions shop, a bit happy with the result.

But while she was leaving, her eyes failed to notice a small figure silently watching her from the roof, his body blurry like a reflection.

Though a bit hectic and unpredictable, things were moving as I had expected them to. But it still worried me to have multiple people whose soul was harder to understand sometimes.

But no worries. Not like they can act out of the predesignated part they are meant to play anyways.

And the last piece of the puzzle was also obtained by the party of heroes.

I can't wait for them to enter my domain any longer.

Chapter 29: 2.06.1 A little family.

It wasn't hard for Farhad's father to obtain a warrant after he pushed the mayor somewhat in his meeting. As even if Kairut Lucian might hold heavy prestige in the City of Durum. At the end of the day, he still remained a headmaster of an academy. And nothing more than that.

The prestige of an archemage was long forgotten by many in the sorcerer circle, now all they waited for was his death. And why should they give respect to the wishes of a dying old man when there was a hero requesting something.

So even if it was a bit problematic for the old man, he still accepted the request of Marshall Maisel and reinstated the freedom of Radiant society by handing them a warrant.

Freedom that Maxim was waiting for.

"Remira, I am glad you are back. I have some good news." Forgotten about the sour words he had told her before. Maxim handed her the warrant and then said. "We got what we wished for, now we can proceed without any delay."

With this warrant, it would not be hard for Remira to enter the campus of the academy and even if the old archemage tried something like before, she would have full right to retaliate, unlike before.

One must not think of Remira as weak just because of her age. She was teamed up with someone as experienced as Maxim which told one enough about her capabilities.

The only reason she was befuddled before was due to the sudden awakening of her bloodline, something that might have caused some accidents in the public. It was why she backed off. But now, there was no need for her to act like a kitten anymore.

"At last." She said, snatching the note from the hands of an old man and then with a giant smile on her face. She handed the old man something special.

"Well, I also have something for you," Remira said before handing Maxim the details about the potions boy she met before.

"He is an apprentice enchanter, whoever the enemy is, they might have not predicted this at least."

She was right, I never predicted this. But still doesn't change the fact that it won't have much impact on me.

Or so I think, but I am looking forward to any other unpredictable moments like the one with Farhad's father.

"Good idea, but there is a chance his master might turn into a problem for us," Maxim said, before calling for Pierta.

"Pierta, would you check the background of this boy? He might turn out to be our new temporary companion, so be thorough."

After Pierta left for her job. Remira answered. "Don't be such a worry wart. Unlike before, we are attentive and know that someone is targeting us. Those things won't happen again."

"Before coming here, I even went to the boy's room and checked each piece of his furniture to see if he is also not tagged."

Hearing these words, his confidence in Remira increased a bit from before, and then he nodded his head in appreciation. "We just need to see to it that no more people die due to us. One death is just too many for us."

It was a rookie mistake from before. But who would have expected a trap like this?

At least, I wouldn't have thought the same if I was in their place.

But such a perfect trap was ruined in such a pathetic way, leaving sourness in my mouth.

I underestimated the intelligence of the boy's father. Though it was not my fault, this is how the boy saw his father and made me make a misjudgment of that man's personality.

There is no way to salvage spilled milk and there was no way to salvage this situation as well.

"Ah, my milk!" A child cried as he used his hands to drag the milk back into the glass. But it was already too late. The milk was ruined.

And when all else failed, the boy tried to lick it from the table.

"Stop it, it's dirty." Said the boy's mother who pinched her son's ears and dragged him from the table. "Do you wish to get ill?" She asked, then cursed her son a bit, before forcefully washing his mouth.

"Don't be so harsh, Little Ilwis is on the cusp of crying."

"Just stop, it's due to your pampering that he has turned this way."

A kind bickering family of three, a wonderful sight that was played out in many parts of the world all the time.

To these creatures, it doesn't matter if the world comes to an end for them. They live their lives ignorant of all the horror the world has to offer them. Hiding within the city walls, while only caring about eating, drinking, and procreating.

Such a simple and sad life.

So boring.

It's why I find them so disgusting.

These are the kind of people that are impeding the growth of this world. They never wish to grow, achieve something greater and reach higher heights in their life.

They are satisfied with this sad existence of theirs.

It is why I was here.

"Hmm, it's that night huh?" After Remira left on her usual freedom walk. Maxim walked out of the balcony of the library and enjoyed the silvery moonlight on his face.

Even without his eyes, he can feel the shower of silver light hitting his body.

"Magistar, doesn't it hurt? You should get back in." From his back, the voice of Pierta came, causing Maxim to turn toward her, Exposing the hollow eyes that had started to bleed a while ago.

"Don't worry, this much bleeding won't be that problematic, I have gone through worse." The old man said, intent on basking in the glory of this moonlight. Much to Pierta's dismay.

But after he had denied her suggestion one time, she didn't speak again. Though she didn't leave the place as well. For she feared for Maxim's health.

And there were some other things in her mind as well.

"The silence is killing me, Just talk if you wish." Maxim was already aware that she was facing some trouble speaking her mind for a while now.

"Why are you ignoring the warnings of Remira? If it's the price of help that concerns you, the HQ will pay that for us."

"It's not because of that, if we get distracted due to them, something worse might happen."

"You are young, you might not have faced any failures. And if we focus on that, then I believe our failure would be a solid fact."

I was surprised that Maxim knew this. Even though somewhat unexpectedly, they fail 10/10 times if they had gone on that tangent and divided their focus.

At least with Maxim's way, his chances to succeed are 1/10, not much. But a chance was still a chance.

And I would say that was already too much.

This group of people was able to rival my 20 years of preparation in just a few months.

"Then don't focus on that, give that job to the Marshall. Let him deal with it. For we can't afford any more deaths."

Hearing these words, Maxim turned toward her and said. "You believe that bastard is our friend?"

Maxim asked, much to the confusion of Pierta.

"Don't be fooled by him. Nor should you depend on him. Lifting off our restrictions and the Warrant was already enough. Asking for more would just mess us up." Maxim warned, much to Pierta's surprise.

Wasn't he just a soldier?

A soldier that only moved under the General's order?

So why would he act like this?

There was no answer to these questions, not the kind that Maxi can divulge easily.

But his understanding of Farhad's father seemed somewhat similar to the one Farhad had for him.

So I guess I complain for nothing.

It's just that his father was a bit smarter than expected and he caught on to the bait.

But if it's like this. Then it might turn a bit problematic.

"I am here again." The boy said, feeling a lightness in his body that he had never before. His memories of the past that he had long forgotten also start to flood his mind, making him recall his family and his past.

Then in front of him, there was a small village with familiar faces lining up, beckoning him to join them. And the boy who seemed to have gotten younger wished to do so. He truly wished to just run toward his family and sister and live the peaceful life that he had so desired.

But that life was too far from him. For this was not the real world, but just a dream.

And when he made up his mind to cut the love in his heart for his family. The illusion in front of his eyes disappeared, along with his heart. Leaving a fist size hole in his chest.

But the boy didn't die, he just remained standing, the memories from his past slowly leaving his body from that hole, and then the boy reverted to his stoic mood.

With only a single drop of tear flowing down his eyes.

"Wonderful." A voice echoed in his ear, dragging him out of his dream and back into the underground dwelling.

He found that currently, he was the only one standing, the rest of his group had collapsed on the floor, falling into a deep sleep.

"I knew that it would be you." A woman in a crow mask complimented the boy, before throwing a dagger at him.

"Put the rest out of misery, it's the least you can do for your batch mates." The woman left the hall after saying these words.

Chapter 30: 2.06.2 Unexpected Kairut.

Put the rest out of misery.

Such simple words, but the moment the boy heard this, his hands shook a bit.

It was not like he hadn't been killed before, it was why he was trained to begin with. But these were the people he had gone through those nightmares with. It was the long-lost sense of connection that he felt at the moment.

A feeling of belonging that he had forgotten about.

But to the boy's anguished heart, he knows that what his handler said was correct.

These companions of his were lost.

Lost in a beautiful dream that would never come to reality. So his handler said.

It would be like showing his batch mates some mercy. At least they get to die a peaceful death. Unlike him, whose life will probably be worse than death.

"Sorry." The boy muttered in his low voice, while slowly slitting the throat of each individual, one by one. Letting the blood flow out of their body and giving them a peaceful death.

But it was not the end yet.

For there were multiple drainage pipes secretly collecting all this blood.

"A wonderful find, its success on both fronts." A young man in a hood said while eying a glass cylinder that was rapidly filling with blood.

"But what about that boy? He lived through it, his blood would be even more precious than this batch." The woman that previously gave the order to the boy asked.

Her voice was deep and respectful unlike before.

"He already has a job to do. It's not every day an enemy leaves his protection and comes to civilian areas." The man said with a small smile on his face.

Smile that almost felt childish in nature.

It was day two since getting the warrant and it was only now that Remira was getting ready to leave for investigating the academy.

As for the reason for her delay?

It was out of selfish reasons. Unlike what she told Maxim about how she was going to make some preparations. In truth, Remira was standing close to the library all this time, looking for any suspicious individuals.

Even the blue eyes that kept watch over the Library's perimeter were unaware of this small mission that Remira had partaken in. It was not something to boast about anyways. And no one was getting hurt, instead, she was just making sure that nothing dangerous was going on.

If I were to say, then Remira can be said to be a paranoid person. A big one at that, but it's people like this that make things pretty interesting.

"I can't delay it any longer." As for the reason why Remira lacked the desire to visit the academy any longer. It was simple as well.

The day she felt hostility from the old Headmaster of the academy, she was aware that the old man would probably mess with all the clues and even use memory wipes on the children.

Kairut was infamous for doing those kinds of things in his youth anyways. Now with all that authority and power of an archmage, it would be weird if he didn't try to hide any clues that would involve the academy's name in this case.

Living that long in the world of sorcerers just speaks about the wisdom and experience of an individual. Those that survive in this world for so long won't be incompetent enough to make such major mistakes.

So Remira was planning to go there just as a formality, her main focus still remained on the cursed child that met her that day.

Lucien's adobe or Lucien academy was placed in an unknown location. All people know that it was situated underground and comprised many caves, big and small. Making the atmosphere in the academy a bit dark and damp.

But it also meant that it was easier to defend against enemies. With the only entrance being multiple stone steles that have been spread around Durum

City. Among which, most were hidden and only some remained in the public knowledge.

And today, Remira was in front of one of these stone steles.

"I would like to request a meeting with the headmaster," Remira said while forwarding the stamped warrant to the guards of the teleporting hub.

To her surprise, the guards were not that surprised. Neither did they try to give out excuses for her to leave. They just drifted apart, giving way to her toward the teleporting stele.

'Weird.' She wondered while going closer to it and then without any struggle, entering the stele as if melding into the stone and disappearing, leaving only ripples on the stone stele.

The moment she entered the teleportation gateway, she felt her body turn into a stream of light and jump from different jump pads or what one might call nodes. At the end of which, she gained her physical form and was gently pushed out of the other side of the stone stele.

The room was not lit up completely. But she can see various protective runes on the walls and guards that remained attentive to any attack standing close to the gate proudly.

And among one of those guards, there stood a man with a similar uniform, though he was obviously in a higher position than the rest.

"We have been waiting for you, Miss Remira." The man said, almost expecting her arrival.

"If you don't mind, I wonder why you are here?" Though he still acted ignorantly. Confusing Remira even further.

Such bizarre actions or acceptance and ignorance.

It's like they were aware that she would come, but they still acted like they didn't know.

And considering that Marshall Maisel has chosen to support the Radiance society, it would be weird for Kairut to not be aware that she would be here.

'What are you playing, old man.' She wondered in her head, before giving the warrant to the Chief Security of Lucien academy.

"I wish to talk to the headmaster concerning the late student of this academy, Farhad Maisel." The warrant was official and there was no way for the academy to deny her request.

Not when she was already on the premises.

Nor did the security chief intend to do it, he just accepted the order and under the might of the contract, he led Remira toward the chambers of the Headmaster and not the office.

Which was odd, concerning this was an official matter. But Remira didn't act worried or suspicious, she just riled up her blood and got ready for any attack that might be thrown her way.

For this was all too weird and unnatural. With the way things were going, it was as if someone was playing with her expectations at each corner.

Or so I thought of what she might be thinking from her expression and heartbeats.

The reason why I can't sense her thoughts anymore is similar to the past. The moment she riled up the blood of radiance, her thoughts were once again masked from my peering.

Which was a bit annoying.

But I guess this would make things a tad bit interesting. I wonder what she might be thinking now.

Though, it would seem I don't have to wait for long as I got my answer after Remira was led through the hallways towards the room with a particularly large door.

Which was a bit fancy. It would seem as if this was meant to be an entrance for a huge amount of people.

But as far as Remira knew, this was the break room of the Headmaster.

"Please, Headmaster is waiting for you." The chief of security said while showing the way to Remira in a polite manner. His message was clear.

He won't be joining her for this discussion.

No, it would be better to say that no one besides the mayor or Remira might be present in this room.

It was going to be a private meeting and nothing more.

So, without further delay, Remira opened the door. Ready for any attack that might be sent her way.

Since coming here, she has readied herself for any problem she might face. Learning the skill set of her enemies and the kind of defenses he can use against her.

So when Remira found an old man just sitting on a sofa with tea in his hand. She was left a bit speechless once again.

"Please join me," Kairut said these words in a calm voice. There were no signs of fear, anger, or frustration on the face of the old man, unlike what she saw before. Instead, it was a state of serenity and satisfaction.

"Good morning headmaster Kairut, I wonder if you were aware I would be coming here." Remira was not flabbergasted by the sudden change in mood between the two. Instead, she followed the suggestion of Kairut and sat in front of him.

An understanding look appeared on her face. With her thought process till now and her expectations. She was probably thinking that Kairut had already dealt with the evidence and there would be no meaning to her coming here.

It's what she had been expecting since the beginning. A belief that has been strengthened by the serene face of Kairut.

"Young girl, it's common courtesy to have some small talk before going on to the main topic."

"But as for your question, you are right. I was aware of your arrival, though you took your time. Probably in a bid to surprise me."

"I didn't mean for this to happen, just something came up." She exclaimed.

"Something more important than finding the bastard that killed my student?" Kairut asked as the illumination in the room started to weaken with his heightened emotion.

Emotions that were filled with wrath.

Which further confused Remira.