

I became a legion lich

Chapter 13: Chapter 1

The guards entered soon after and forcibly moved Agatha out of the ruins of the house.

“Let me go! It’s my husband over there. Robert, Robert!” She kept screaming his name, trying to free herself from the guard.

“Ma’am, please get away from here, it’s dangerous! The house could collapse at any moment.” The guard tried his best to get her out of the place, but she didn’t listen to him. With no other choice, he forcibly carried her off the premises. He also guided Athos away.

He placed she gently on the ground, away from the ash. Athos approached and hugged her crying.

“Mom...the Dad, he...” They hugged each other for a while, feeling the loss. They were so desolate, they didn’t notice the looks they were getting.

Some time later, a group of guards approached them. One of the guards, a little better dressed, came forward and asked them:

“I am the captain of the city guard. Are you Mrs. Agatha Savage? Robert Savage’s wife?” The captain asked, clear hostility in his voice.

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Sniff...It’s me, why?” Agatha replied in a husky voice.

“We have orders to take you into custody. Please come with us peacefully.” He didn’t wait for her answer, before signaling for his men to surround her.

Wait, what do you mean with, in custody? Who ordered this?” She stood up, looking cautiously at the guards around her, trying to cover her son.

“If you resist we will use force to stop you. Last chance.” He said, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword.

The guards around her were releasing a bloodlust, as if they wanted her to resist.

“Wait, why are you taking my mom? She didn’t do anything!” Athos put himself between Agatha and the captain of the guard as if trying to protect her.

"Don't get involved, brat." He looked at Athos as if he were an annoyance.

"Damn it." Athos was about to draw his sword, but his mother stopped him. She slapped the back of his head with a movement trained to make him pass out, before placing him gently on the floor.

"I'm the who you want, isn't it? So leave him out of it." Agatha said looking at the captain of the guard.

"... Whatever. Tie her up." He snorted, before ordering his subordinates. They tied her arms behind her back and took her away.

The people around, whether they were victims of the fire, relatives of the victims or even people who had nothing to do with it and were just watching, they all looked at her with hatred, as if she was to blame for the accident.

Meanwhile, Agatha looked at her son, growing more and more distant, until the moment she lost sight of him in the crowd.

She turned around, dropping one last silent tear. "Farewell, Athos."

"Don't worry about the brat. The church will take good care of him. The orphanage is always looking for new kids to take care of." The guard captain said with a sneer.

Agatha glared at him, but said nothing. She knew of the fate of orphaned children taken to the orphanage. Favela bandits regularly kidnapped them and sold them as illegal slaves.

The church had already appealed to the city lord to do something about the bandits, but no response came.

'Athos will be fine, he is a smart boy. He just needs to stay safe until he's 15 and join the guild. After that, he can leave this damn town!' Agatha thought, as she was taken to the city prison.

"Do you know how many died in the accident your husband caused? 47 dead and 62 injured. 47 good people, who were just living their lives and are now dead because of your husband." The guard captain said after they entered the prison.

They stripped her of all her gear and left her half-naked before handcuffing her to the wall.

"My daughter was among them. My little daughter, killed by that bastard alchemist!" The captain of the guard began to cry, while screaming in rage.

"I'm sorry-" Agatha felt his pain and tried to apologize, but a slap shut her up.

“Shut up! You’re not sorry, not yet. I’m going to make you feel, what those people felt.” He said, before giving another slap. And another. And another.

The town quickly got wind of the accident that happened at the alchemy shop. The news spread quickly and before the day was out, 90% of the town was pointing to the alchemist’s incompetence, as the main cause of the accident.

Rumors spread; accusing him of selling fake potions, demanding absurd prices and extorting customers. The accusations were all false, but as the person himself was already dead and there was no one willing to stand up and defend him, the absurd rumors became absolute truths.

The reputation Robert has built through decades of hard work, effort and dedication; was thrown into the mud and he went from being a good and just man to a corrupt incompetent.

People who heard these fabricated stories felt outraged and flocked to the town lord’s house, demanding that justice be done and the culprit captured and killed.

The lord of the city, a baron with no experience in dealing with crowds, felt cornered by the large numbers of commoners gathering and mistook the protest for a revolt, sending in his personal guard and turning it into a fight.

Some people confused his attitude, believing that he was protecting the alchemist, others already believed that he was involved in the accident and was evading responsibility.

The baron’s silence gave space to the wild imagination of the angry people, spreading distrust among the commoners and transforming mourning for the victims into hatred for those responsible.

The commoners attacked the baron’s personal guard, accusing him of the incident and of protecting his accomplice, the alchemist.

The baron, hearing the angry screams of the population, felt confused by the false accusations, but even when he tried to explain himself, people turned a deaf ear to him, saying that it was an obvious lie and that he was just trying to escape. People were not thinking rationally and only believed what was convenient for them.

The argument continued for a long time, neither side getting anywhere, making the situation a stalemate. An impasse that lasted until unexpected news reached the lord’s ears.

The captain of the guard had captured the alchemist's wife and held her in custody in the city prison. Witnesses at the scene stated that the captain took her under "superior orders," that is, the baron himself.

It was for this and other reasons, that the people gathered in front of the manor did not believe the lord's claims. The situation had reached such a point that it was difficult to distinguish what was true and what was false. So people chose to believe what was easier: an incompetent alchemist and a corrupt noble protecting him.

The baron did not remember giving such an order to the captain of the guard, but that could be left for later. The important thing was to resolve the situation in front of you. He quickly formulated a plan to solve the problem.

He walked up to the second-floor balcony and announced to the crowd:

"Faltra citizens! It has come to my attention, the terrible accident that happened this morning! It is a truly sad situation that good citizens, my citizens, have died because of the incompetence of an alchemist.

But don't worry! Although he died of his own stupidity, his wife and accomplice, Agatha Savage, was captured alive by my brave guards and will be brought to justice tomorrow!

All of you, who want to see justice done, join me tomorrow in the town square and I promise I will make her pay for the crimes she has committed!!!"

"OOOOOOOHHHHH!!!!!!!"

The crowd cheered with a sense of accomplishment, as if they had done the right thing for the accident victims.

And so, Agatha Savage was sentenced to death, as the baron's scapegoat.