

I became a legion lich

Chapter 15: Chapter 1

Athos wanted to run straight to the priest's room, but was stopped by the sheer number of people in the church. There were only 3 people who could use holy magic including the priest himself and dozens of wounded, apart from the normal patients that the church tended to. Most of the nuns in the church were just normal people, unable to feel their own core or who had never trained it.

Athos needed a distraction. Something that caught people's attention, especially the burn victims in the church corridors. And he quickly had an idea.

He went out through the halls, but instead of heading towards the priest's room, he went the other way, towards the kitchen. Luckily, no one was there when he arrived. All the nuns were busy with their respective tasks.

After looking around, he went to a door beside the fireplace and opened it. It was where they kept items such as firewood, charcoal and oils. All the materials he could use to start a fire.

"The church is made almost entirely of wood, so if I start a fire here, they'll be forced to evacuate everyone, which will give me time to get my gear." Athos muttered to himself, oblivious to the damage his plan could do.

He spread the oil, before using a flintlock to ignite everything. The fire spread throughout the kitchen in an instant and at the speed it was spreading, it would take less than 30 minutes to spread throughout the church.

'But I don't have that much time.' Athos thought, trying to figure out a way to quicken the fire. 'Mana can strengthen everything, can't it? Be it meat or metal, I can inject mana into anything and fire shouldn't be any different.'

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Athos decided to test his theory. He crouched by the fire and let his energy flow into him. Mana flowed into the flames, which instantly increased in intensity. The heat increased, the flames rose and the fire spread even faster.

Athos was speechless seeing that scene. Watching the flames consume everything was a beautiful thing for him. Despite having lost a family member in a similar situation, he was not afraid of the flames, on the contrary, he was attracted to her.

He didn't know why, but he felt a connection to the fire. He raised his right hand and the flames began to rise. When he moved to the left, they moved accordingly, burning the walls.

"That's too cool." Athos said, his eyes shining with excitement. "I think this should serve as a distraction."

He opened his arms and stretched as far as possible, causing the flames to momentarily spread throughout the room. Then he clasped both his hands in front of his chest and the flames scattered across the room gathered in front of him. He then pushed as hard as he could towards the hallway door.

BOOMMMM!!

The flames blew the door and continued until they reached the end of the hall. Luckily, the kitchen was a somewhat isolated area of the church, so there was no one there to get hurt.

"Ackk! What was that?"

"What was that noise? It sounds like something exploded..."

"Hey, is that smoke smell?"

As chaos spread through the church, the culprit for it all was looking with an idiot look at the damage he had caused.

"I,,, didn't think it was going to be that powerful." Athos said, a little embarrassed. In his mind, the flames should just destroy the door and the noise and smell of smoke would do the rest. Athos rejoiced in the new power he discovered, until he realized how much energy was spent.

"Half my mana gone? This skill is really expensive!" He whimpered as he fled. Even so, he did not lose sight of his objective. He jumped through a kitchen window and circled the outside of the church, all the while circling mana to blend in with his surroundings.

He reached the priest's room and hid under the window, listening to one conversation.

"What do you mean a fire?? What caused it?" He heard an angry old man's voice coming from inside the room.

'It's the priest's voice.' Athos thought, recognizing his voice.

"We're sorry your lordship, but the explosion was too sudden for us to notice. One minute everything was fine and the next, the entire kitchen and adjacent rooms were on fire." A female voice spoke, clearly scared.

“Shit! Have the nuns evacuate the wounded and get the neighbor’s help to control the fire. Anyone who can carry a bucket should go to the nearest pit and get some water! In the meantime, the four of you should evacuate the children from the orphanage.” The priest shouted orders quickly.

‘I only heard a female voice, are there other people in the room?’ Athos thought.

‘And where is, your lordship going?’ A different nun asked.

“I’m going to make sure our ‘guarantee’ doesn’t burn to death like the father;” The priest said in a cold voice. The nuns around them shuddered, before quickly leaving the room.

“Damn, what a useless bunch. When I find the woman who did this I’ll get rid of her myself.” The priest said with rancor as he left the room.

And Athos heard it all, while gnashing his teeth in rage. “How dare he talk about my father like that? Has this guy already forgotten everything my mother did for the church? All the potions she donated?’

After hearing the sound of the door slamming, Athos opened the window and broke in. The room was incredibly simple. There was a sofa, a closet, a wooden table and three chairs, one behind the table with its back to the wall and the other two in front.

Athos did not need to look around to find what he wanted. His leather armor was inside the closet, while his sword and shield were under the table.

He quickly put everything on, before jumping out of the window and fleeing the scene, using alleyways to avoid being seen. ‘I have to get to the prison soon, before they take her to the town square. It’s my only chance to save her.’

Athos had no concrete plan on how to save her. He didn’t have time to think. Time was ticking and if he didn’t do something soon, he would lose the only person left.

At the same time in the city prison.

A half-naked woman lay on the cold prison floor. There were bloodstains all over the floor, indicating that the person standing there had undergone intense torture. His body was completely ragged, with more whip marks than could be counted. Her wrists were bound in iron shackles, but even if they weren’t, she would be unable to escape.

Both tendons of the feet had been severed. The wounds were horrible, as if they had used a dull blade to cut her. The wounds were still open, with dried blood smeared across her legs.

His hands were purple, with the fingers twisted in all directions, while the nails were strewn across the floor after being brutally ripped out. But worst of all was his face.

His beautiful face was completely disfigured, smeared with dried blood, snot, and tears. His front teeth were chipped and his tongue cut out, as if the person who did this had grown tired of hearing his screams. His eyes were so swollen it was impossible to see them, while his nose was flattened against his face, as if it had been assaulted, even after it was broken. The skin on his face was completely burnt, as if boiling oil had been spilled.