

I became a legion lich

Chapter 17: Capitulo 1

"Err, her tendons are already cut captain, why cut more?" the 2nd guard asked in displeasure.

"Is this really going to work, captain? People will be confused if she is 'asleep' in the middle of her own execution don't you think?" The 1st guard said, reluctant about the plan.

"You're paid to do your job, not to give your opinion. Now shut up and do what I'm told." the captain ordered them, releasing some of his mana to scare them and make them obey.

'The baron decided to execute her with the guillotine. Her body will be trapped and will not be visible to the public. I just have to make sure that no one gets close to

hers, until I trap her there.' He thought, sure of his plan.

"Hey Captain, how are we going to get her up to the stage? Wouldn't it be weird to drag her there?" The 2nd guard asked doubtfully. That plan looked like shit, even to someone as simple-minded as he was.

"I'll call in other trusted guards and we'll surround her up to the stage so the audience can't see her. Then, just strap her to the guillotine and our job is done." The captain tried to sound confident, but his plan had more holes than a sieve.

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"And how do you intend to inform the Baron about this, Captain? He probably wants to give a big speech to win the support of the people, but now he won't be able to. Who's going to break the news to him?" The 3rd guard and the smartest of the trio asked, after returning with his coat.

"You're going to do that. Go to the baron and report everything that happened here. Tell him to cancel the speech and execute she as soon as we arrive. Understand?"

"Yes sir." The guard waved, before running out of the prison.

"You two, dress her on while I call others to help." The captain turned and left after speaking.

Left alone, they began to discuss what kind of trouble they got themselves into.

“Do you think this will work?” the 1st guard asked.

“Whether it works or not, it doesn’t matter. The important thing is that we don’t have any leftover for us.” The 2nd said with a shrug.

Unbeknownst to them, a pair of eyes watched them in a corner of the prison, crying rivers of tears, while burning the vision of them destroying the corpse.

A few minutes ago.

Athos managed to arrive in front of the prison, without being recognized by anyone. It was fortunate for him that many people had gathered in the square and there were few people in the streets.

‘How do I get in?’ He agonized for a while, trying to find a way to get past the guards, but to no avail. Security wasn’t that strong, but Athos still didn’t have the ability to exploit security breaches.

He was starting to get impatient, when he had an idea. Athos lurked in an alley near the prison, until he found what he was looking for. There was an iron trapdoor in the floor, used to access the city’s sewage.

He opened the rusty trapdoor and entered. After descending, Athos tried to look around, but all he saw was darkness. He expected the place to stink, but strangely, the only smell he could smell was musty.

“This is weird. This place should stink almost as much as Dad’s lab, but why don’t I feel anything?” Athos was confused.

He tried to improve his eyesight with mana, but he still didn’t see anything. He continued forward, tapping his short sword scabbard lightly against the ground for guidance.

Athos continued like this for a few seconds, until the sword hit something soft.

blob

“Blob?” Athos repeated, trying and failing to recognize the sound. Suddenly, he felt something catch in the scabbard and heard a hissing sound.

He quickly drew his sword, before tossing the scabbard away. He heard the sound of something dragging across the floor and was on guard.

"I wanted to avoid using this as it consumes a lot of mana, but it won't do.' Athos thought as he slammed his sword against the stone wall, the friction generated sparks which Athos fed with mana, turning into fire.

Fire latched onto the blade of the sword and lit up the hallway, allowing Athos to see his surroundings.

They were slimes. there were slimes everywhere. Shapeless green slime crawled across the floor. Athos watched as his scabbard dissolved in a matter of seconds.

"This is bad, very bad." Athos muttered in panic as he looked around for a way out, but he was surrounded.

As far as Athos knew, slimes were the greatest enemies of novice adventurers. They had extremely strong acid, as well as being nearly immune to physical attacks. Even if they manage to destroy one by some miracle their weapons would corrode and become useless.

And to make matters worse, it is forbidden to use fire on a slime, because it would turn the acid into a gas, further increasing the risks.

Athos found himself with no choice but to keep the sword as high as possible, lest he risk burning one of them by accident.

He looked around anxiously, as he watched them squirm. Whenever he took a step, they crept towards him. Realizing this, he had an idea. He picked up two stones from the ground and threw them in opposite directions, the vibration attracting the slimes and clearing a path for him.

Athos ran as fast as he could down the hall, jumping on the few slimes that hadn't been attracted to the stones. He came to an area where the stone was strangely smooth, so as not to allow any slime to climb.

He looked up and all he saw was a fist-sized hole. It was at about 5 meters high, too high for Athos to reach, even boosted with mana.

Athos concentrated his mana in his knees and ankles, just as his mother had done while training him. He bent his body like a spring and jumped, leaning slightly forward and reached 4 meters in a single leap.

He already knew the maximum height he could jump, so he leaned forward. He kicked the wall, gaining the momentum he needed to reach the hole.

Athos hung from the ceiling, using only his left hand to hold the hole. He realized that unlike the sewer made of stone, the hole was made of wood. Athos used his right hand

with the sword heated enough, as if it were a saw and cut the wood just enough to get through.

He was lucky there was no one in the prison other than the guards outside and the captain himself and his men. He had ordered no one to enter the prison since the day before, so he could torture Agatha without interruption.

Athos jumped out of the hole and found himself inside the guards bathroom.

“How disgusting! How do these guys manage to get the edge dirty with a hole that big?” He muttered in disgust, seeing some stinky stains on the armor. “I don’t have time to complain, I have to save the mother.”

He came out of the bathroom and crouched, down before searching the prison. He kept himself as sneaky as possible as he searched her cell.

Athos heard the sound of a door opening and hid behind a table. A guard hurriedly left the place, followed by a man Athos would never forget. He was the man who took his mother away and involved him in all this trouble, the captain of the guard.

He waited for the man to leave the room, before peering through the door. Then, Athos saw his mother’s corpse being mutilated, and the guards talking.

He felt sadness, regret and despair, but the hatred was the most intense. Hate clouded his thoughts and even when he cried rivers of tears, he didn’t blink or look away, recording that scene in his mind and vowing to make everyone involved suffer a hundred times what she suffered.

It was the moment when Athos abandoned all his dreams, all his future, all his life, in search of one thing:

Revenge.