

# I became a legion lich

Chapter 19: Chapter 1

'The baron, the captain of the guard, the two guards who carried her and the priest who is not here. These are the people I must kill.' Athos thought, watching the "execution" from the top of a nearby building.

He glared at the figures above the stage. The way they treated his mother's death as a show, was maddening for him. Especially the baron, who pretended to feel sorry for her, just to cover up his death.

'That bastard is to blame for this. It was he who ordered the captain to take my mother away, just as he used her as a scapegoat when people rioted in front of his house.' Athos thought, wrongly deducing the culprit.

As the townspeople had done, Athos believed that the baron was the culprit behind it all.

Athos' anger was such that without realizing it, he had changed the shape of his mana and instead of blending in with the environment, he was releasing a slight aura.

"Um? Who is this?" Ricley sensed her aura, even from a distance. As a mage, he was sensitive to any change in mana and an aura would not go unnoticed by him.

He tried to use mana vision to search his surroundings, but found nothing.

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'Was it my imagination?' He questioned himself for a few seconds, before forgetting about it.

"I got careless. I have to remember to be careful of that guy, when I go after the baron." Athos said, lying on top of the building to avoid being seen, while using mana to erase his presence again.

'I will take revenge on each of them, but first, I need to prepare myself. I gain nothing but an early death by being reckless.' It was Athos' last thought before he left the place.

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The next week was hectic in the city of Faltra. Despite the Baron's attempted cover-up, people suspected the veracity of the execution. The speed at which it all happened,

made the whole thing seem artificial and left a feeling of dissatisfaction in the population.

But all this became irrelevant when news shocked the entire city. The church had been set on fire!

Thanks to the priest's quick orders and the help of the people, they managed to stop the fire from taking over the entire church, but about 40% of the church was rendered useless. This included the nuns' dormitories and the orphanage wing, forcing most of the children who lived in the church to return to the streets.

There were no deaths this time, which made the priest's quick decision-making even more praised, but people were uneasy about the back-to-back fires. The population began to suspect and soon the rumors began. Rumors that both fires were not an accident but a criminal act, rumors that the alchemist was innocent and just another victim, rumors that the alchemist was still alive and setting buildings on fire to avenge his wife.

No one had a conclusive answer as to what was happening around town and everyone created their own theories but never came to a conclusion. This lasted until the next day, when the truth finally came out.

One of the nuns had been found injured, with both her wrists sprained and wounds to her face. She claimed that the alchemist's son assaulted and knocked her out and that he was most likely to blame for the fire.

The priest also did not find his equipment in his room, adding to his accusations. The baron, along with the city guard, found him guilty of burning the church and a reward of 10 pieces of silver was placed on his head.

A high reward for a child, but for the crimes he'd committed, it was justifiable. Novice adventurers in need of money, bandits and the city guards scoured the entire city for Athos, but to no avail.

The city guards also found a strange hole in the prison toilet, big enough for a child to climb through, but even after combing the sewers, they found no trace of the culprit.

Athos had disappeared and no matter how hard the authorities searched, they could never find his whereabouts.

They never found him, because he hid in plain sight. Athos had discarded his equipment, leaving only the short sword, for fear of being identified and if mixed with the homeless of the slums.

Despite all the searches on his behalf, hardly anyone knew his face, allowing Athos to roam freely through the slums after blending in.

He also had no problems supporting himself, as his concealment skill made him a natural thief. He was slowly but surely gathering the items he needed to begin his revenge.

Even though was talented, Athos knew he didn't stand a chance against the captain of the guard. Decades of experience and training could not be surpassed by two months of training and natural talent.

If Athos wanted a chance, he would have to level the playing field. And lucky for him, he knew exactly how to do that. He would have to use his skill as an alchemist, not a warrior, to win.

Athos used the sewer passages to move around, but he encountered some unforeseen circumstances. He wasn't the only one who knew about this place, guards patrolled it regularly and slum thugs used this place to transport contraband.

The place was much busier than Athos imagined, but he found a relatively remote place where he could work without being discovered. He prepared everything he thought he might need and left the sewers, a furious expression plastered on his face.

He easily found out where the captain of the guard lived. He was one of the strongest people in town, so figuring out his identity wasn't difficult. Athos only needed to hide in an alley near the city barracks and reinforce his vision with mana for a moment, every time someone leaves, until he found the right person.

The captain of the guard was a bald man, in his late 40s, but he didn't appear to be over 30. The mana in his body slowed the effects of aging, allowing humans capable of using mana to live longer than normal people.

He had deep bags under his eyes. He had spent the last few days hunting down Athos, mobilizing all the subordinates he had, but to no avail. The only thing they found was his armor.

He felt exhausted and things only got worse for him. A removal order was issued by the baron, but he only sighed in resignation, lacking the will to contest it. Between the hunt for the alchemist's son, the burial of his own daughter and his wife's depression, the dismissal seemed irrelevant to him.

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Late at night, in front of the captain of the guard's house.

"Haah... come on Gavin, you can do it." The guard captain repeated to himself in front of the front door, but didn't have the heart to open it. Since the church fire, he was been completely obsessed with hunting down Athos, refusing to return home until he finds him and neglecting his grieving wife until now.

He knew she was hurting, but because of pain and anger, he thought only of himself and left her alone. However, when he got home and found no lights on and no one waiting awake for him, that was the moment he realized the mistake he'd made.

"Haah, there's no use standing here. Let's get this over with." He said to himself, after spending nearly 10 minutes at a standstill, gathering his courage. He opened the door with shaking hands, nervousness tangible in his expression.

The house was destroyed, furniture broken, fabrics and blankets torn and dishes in pieces on the floor. Gavin's mind went from tired to alert in an instant, and for a brief moment he feared the worst. Then he saw his wife in her daughter's room, leaning on her bed, sleeping after crying so much.

Her hands were slightly injured and her clothes had splinters from the wood of the furniture, indicating that she must have been injured in a fit of rage, while destroying the furniture in the house.

Gavin relaxed, sighing for the umpteenth time tonight, as he let his guard down. His house hadn't been raided and his wife attacked. His wife had destroyed the house.