

Shadow 241

[Chapter 241: Heart that covets \(1\)](#)

Azief keep looking down, his gaze seems to be so powerful and suffocating that those people did not dare to have any dark thoughts.

It was a divine aura that is emanating out of him. His hand is on his chin, propped by his hand as he lazily looks at them

The room was silent. One could even hear a needle falling down with this silence. Azief could even hear their hear beat, loudly and nervously.

Then he ask

‘So, what is it you came to me for?’ He asks to those five people rising up from their kneeling position.

They all looked at each other in anxiety and nervousness and gulped. There was an awkward silence while Azief is sitting lazily on his throne.

He is just looking at them without interest. And then one of them comes out to the front and bows a little.

The man has a mature face, with a reddish face and curly hair. He seems to be nervous but also at the same time there is a determination in his eyes.

‘Your Excellency Death Monarch. My name is Theonius and I come here representing the Seven Warlords of Delphi’ He was about to say more but Azief help up his finger and he halted.

Azief then said, looking at the Keeper of his Palace

‘I need information for the Seven Warlords of Delphi.’ The Keeper of the Palace was shocked.

Suddenly he remembers that the Death Monarch ask them to be prepared for tomorrow last night.

They didn’t compile the information because they forgot. It was like someone just poured cold water onto the Keeper of Palace. His face is pale and he is trembling.

Azief is looking at the Keeper of the Palace standing beside his throne and his eyes furrowed.

The keeper started feeling afraid and his hand could not stop trembling because of the fear and anxiousness.

He was about to kneel and admit his fault but when all hope seems lost, the Keeper of the Palace that is standing outside the Throne Room announces

‘The Shadow Guard requests an audience.’

Before the Keeper of the Palace even has time to finish his word, a Shadow Guard enters the room.

The Shadow guard covers his face and dressed in black with purple clouds patterns on his black attire.

And the Shadow Guards have no shadows. Even as the light illuminated him slightly, there is no shadow.

The Shadow Guard did not say anything. He only kneeled in front of the Throne and presented a scroll.

The Keepers of the palace that is sitting beside the throne immediately broken off from his fear and immediately accept the scroll on behalf of the Death Monarch.

The Shadow Guard then nodded toward the Death Monarch and Death Monarch nodded back. The Shadow Guard then without saying anything disappeared into a puff of dark smoke.

The people in the room all looked at each other.

They finally saw the mysterious Shadow Guards.

They are the most mysterious organization in the structure of power of the Death Monarch faction.

They are led entirely by Sasha the Nightingale and they are rarely seen. All people knew is that the Shadow Guards seems to have many sphere of activities.

They seem to engage in assassination, information gathering, intelligence extraction and many more.

In a way many people regarded the Shadow Guards of the Death Monarch faction is like the CIA, or KGB.

But because of the mysterious nature of this organization, no one really knows what is their primary task.

Even for the people in the Death Monarch faction other than Sasha the Nightingale no one really knows what the Shadow Guards does.

But one thing is clear

They are the eyes and ears of the Death Monarch. In the Massacre on the Island of Peace, the Shadow Guards revealed themselves.

It was them that give the Three Army intelligence that the World government has no Battlestar in their reserve.

Then they also directed the battle into the weak points of the barrier thus causing the barrier could not withstand their bombardment for too long before breaking down.

Azief look at the scroll given to him. Touching it, information streamed into his mind.

It has all the information about the five people in front of him.

The Seven Warlords of Delphi was formed when seven warlords in Greece signs a treaty under the eyes of the Oracle to stop fighting each other and form an alliance with each other.

They then proceeded to unite Greece and with seven of the most powerful warlords uniting, they easily done this.

Even after the Oracle left the World Government and joins the Republic, the Seven Warlords alliance stays strong and then even after getting out of the Fake World and returning back to the real world, they continued their alliance and now this Seven Warlord controls all of Greece.

Now, that Azief got the information, he could now speak. He then looks at Theonius.

He nodded and then asks

'Theonius, what does your leaders want to express by sending you here? They should know I would talk about this a year later. Is your leader wanted to reject my will?' Azief ask, his voice tone was calm yet there is an inviolable majesty in his question right now.

Right now, in the world other than if the whole world heroes united to fight against him, the Death Monarch is invincible.

But to unite all heroes against him would not be feasible. Heroes and even villains alike, have their own aspirations.

Even though they might defeated the Death Monarch that way, who wanted to be the first to die under Death Monarch hand.

Forcing this colossal figure into a death end would surely be catastrophic matter for humanity future.

Theonius mustering his courage then said

'Your Excellency Death Monarch. My leaders only have one request. In the distribution of the world, my leaders have no desire to reject Your Excellency will. They only desire that if Your Excellency really divided the world between the World Government and the Republic, they don't want Greece to be under the World Government. That is all.'

Azief nodded and then he closes his eyes. The other four representatives and ambassadors from other faction heard this and their eyes are all narrowed.

This is juicy news. It seems that Greece is intending to break off from the World Government

Then Azief open his eyes and ask

'What's in it for me?' Theonius smiles. The Death Monarch didn't beat around the bush which makes his job easier.

'We have some scrolls that would surely pique Your Excellency interest' Azief smirk and then laughed a little

'I have seen many treasures in this world. What makes you so sure that I would be interested in your scroll?'

Theonius smile with confidence and then said

'Permission to approach' Theonius ask. Azief nodded. Theonius approach the throne chair and look at the other four representatives. Azief understand so he waved his hand and the sound around him and Theonius is sealed.

And then Theonius said quietly

'Our scroll spoke of a location of a certain temple.' And then Azief heart quickly beats. Theonius then retreated back to his position below the throne.

Azief then shows a trace of a smile as he said

'You have been investigating me.'

Theonius smile slightly. It doesn't seem that the Death Monarch is angry. Both of them understand.

Theonius needs to investigate the Death Monarch to know what the Death Monarch wants. If he couldn't even know what the Death Monarch want, how can they negotiate?

To the Death Monarch it is easy to determine the fate of a nation, but suffering the consequence is the people living in that nation.

There is an internal dispute in the World Government long before Pandikar executed his coup. The Greece leaders felt that their influence is diminished in the World Government with Japan, America and England having the most vocal voice in the Quorum.

The Seven Warlords didn't like this as the policy of the World Government is mainly controlled on the hands of this power.

A few Senators of the Republic reached out to the Seven Warlords before the return of the Death Monarch and the Ice Queen and promise them a voice in the Senate.

At the time, they did not think too much about the offer. But now the situation is different. The Death Monarch has return and the Ice Queen has risen again in Moscow.

They will lost some of their power and authority but they are still rulers since the Chancellor promise them that they will be given the post as Senators.

But they need to break it off with the World Government. And the distribution of the world event is a good chance for Greece to break off from the World Government.

Azief then answer

'Tell your leaders, I accept the proposition. When the meeting started you will bring it to me. If I found out that you are lying, you should know what I would do' Theonius nodded as he retreated back to the other side of the throne room, respectfully standing.

Then Azief look at the other four.

A person walks to the front and then bowed a little.

This person is tall, lanky and is wearing a monocle. He is wearing a white lab coat, but the lab coat has patterns of runic enchantments and some hieroglyphs Azief couldn't understand.

'Your Excellency Death Monarch, my name is Eric Strauss. I am from the Order of Thinkers and I come here to request something of you on behalf of our Order' Azief nodded.

He read about this Order of Thinkers before and even heard their names a few times. They are as mysterious as his Shadow Guards.

Even though Sasha has once sent a few spies to infiltrate this Order none succeed. And no one knows where their headquarters is.

'What is your request?' Azief immediately ask. He knew organization like the Order of Thinkers does not want land or regions of the world.

It is not their specialty in governing or administrating. They only wanted to research things.

'Our Grand Researcher hope that Your Excellency would give permission for our Order to enter Pandemonium to research the life forms, plants and the ecosystems of this continent.' Azief smirk.

He knew that while Sasha could not infiltrate this order, the Order of Thinker also could not enter Pandemonium.

Before this continent is a continent of monsters but now the Death Monarch laid claim upon this cursed land.

In the report Sasha seems to note a few of the Order members tries to enter under the guise of immigration but Sasha intercepted and capture this Order member.

Since the Order member and Pandemonium had no bad blood Sasha releases them under the stern warning that they never come back unless they are given permission.

Sasha fear this Order have no good intention.

Azief also think the same way. He heard all about this Order before. No one knew what they are planning and no one took their public objective seriously.

Azief understand one thing. Knowledge gives one power. The next question that should be asked is what will the power be used for?

Azief could not easily trust this Order that seems to hold more knowledge than he does.

And before Azief even had the chance to ask what he would get out of this Eric has already talked

'We will surely give your Excellency an equal transaction that wills satisfy Your Excellency desire' Azief then nodded but his next words shocked Eric

'After the Meeting. We will talk about this again after the Meeting' Azief could not the order enter his dominion when he is attempting to break through.

This Order of Thinkers fills Azief with unease.

'But Your Excellency-' Before he even finished his word Azief squints his eyes and Eric was thrown back by an invisible pressure.

'Enough. This is not something you could change. Tell Your Grand Researcher if he is really interested in learning about Pandemonium he would wait. Don't send people here before the meeting. If my people caught one....then I will declare war against your people.'

Eric gritted his teeth but he did not talk back. He nodded.

There is three more. Azief look at them and he smiles. All of these three representatives would surely have controversial request.

The one wearing golden necklace and with big belly that is a person from the Syndicate. From the report that was handed to him this man is from the Golden Syndicate. this content of novelfullbook.com, if you reading this content please go to website novelfullbook.com to continue reading, fastest update hourly

The Syndicate is divided into two. The Golden Syndicate and the Dark Syndicate.

The Golden Syndicate is mostly interested in business, constructing hotels and safe houses all a around the world for criminals and the undesirables.

They also supply weapons, buying and selling dangerous new technologies.

The other one is a tall Asian man, with long flowing black hair reaching his shoulders blade and have a clear hazel eyes. He is wearing a white robe with a sewing of lotus in his back

This is a man from The Lotus Order.

From the reports he reads, they seem to be clashing with the Dangun Army of Han Ji Woo. But they are all under the same World Government.

Whatever they are about to request it would be sensitive.

And the other one is a young man, wearing a thick eyeglass and seems to slouch a bit. However Azief felt bitter looking at this young man.

He is wearing a beret and that beret had the sewing of a White Owl.

The Golden Syndicate, the Lotus Order and the White Owl. These three people would surely have some shocking thing to say.

Something nobody should hear publicly

Then he looks at the Keeper of the palace and then he said

‘Other than these three, all people exit the throne room.’

Eric and Theonius were shocked but they quickly understand and went outside the throne room waiting for the other three.

After about almost an hour, the three representatives went out from the room.

Their face expression is unreadable so Theonius and Eric did not know whether their request was granted or not.

They talked a few empty talks as they walked out from the palace

The Throne Room is closed afterwards and sealed.

A day after that the Palace issued an announcement that crushes the hopes of the other ambassadors and representatives.

Until the meeting for the distribution of the world convenes no one is to come to the Palace without summons since the Death Monarch is attempting to form his Disk.

But the news that only five person was granted audience spread through the world. All the factions is calm....but everyone could felt it.

It is the calm before the storm.

[Chapter 242: Heart that covets \(2\)](#)

A few days after that matter in the Palace Azief is back on the cave, on to form his disk. Floating around him is five sabers.

He sighed.

'I already left orders to Xu Chong with my seal. If anything unexpected happen, he would know what to do'

Then he smiles for a bit. He remembers Katarina. He did not forget his promise. When spring comes he would come. He sent a message to her after he finished meeting the representatives.

He said after he is finished with some matter he would come to Moscow and bring her to where the flower tree blossom.

Azief has found out certain thing after he contemplated on the matter of the sabers and the difference in time. He believes that this time would be different.

He is betting on it. And he hoped his bet work out. Otherwise....there would be one girl that would be pretty pissed

He smiles a bit and shakes his head. He did not know why every time he thinks of her face he smiles.

Then come to think of it again, he probably already knew why.

He just didn't want to say it.

What do you call a relationship where both of them won't mind to die for each other? To sacrifice everything for each other?

Whatever between them...it is certainly isn't just friendship. It is more than that. But then he thinks of Sofia....and he knows his heart still beats for her.

This is why his feeling...is so conflicted. And then he remembers Azul. Azul in his life kills the woman he loved and lives a life of regret.

Regret so strong, that he embedded that regret in his saber.

Even though he is certainly one of the greatest figures in the Universe, in the end he still could not sever regret.

And Azief also deduce something else about the purpose of the sabers and that Laws that shrouded and covered him when he first enter the saber.

That illusionary world.....might not be as illusionary as he thought.

And Azief don't think he was the first one that enters the sabers. But Azief could not stop either.

After all he has already started. And it is not his style to left something unfinished. Whether it would be a failure or success...he must see it to the end.

He then sighed

'I hope I am making the right decisions and not wasting my time with this'

Putting it behind his back now, clearing his mind of any disturbing thoughts he look in front of him.

Azief look at the floating sabers and traces his finger on one of the sabers. He reads the inscription and then said

'Changes Are Common, Don't Resist It. Let Things Flow Naturally. Unlocking The Secret Of The Bodies, With One Slash Sever The Covetous Heart.'

Azief ponder these words. He traces those unintelligible character with his finger hoping it would answers

'What is the covetous heart? What did you covet?' He asks the sabers. But the sabers keep floating there, offering no answers.

Azief has begun a little bit understanding of Azul task. The words on the sabers could also be considered a hint.

He then look at his finger and pointed his index finger and a heaven sundering auras come out of his finger slashing time and intangible concept around him.

It causes the energy around him to be in chaos, in imbalance and mess up the order.

'Hmm...this finger attack is very powerful. I could disrupt energy, and even at times cut Time, Destiny and Cause and Effect...and if this is only one saber...when all six sabers abilities merged into my body....what path will I be walking?'

Azief felt a familiar aura when he was talking to the lingering will of Azul. He hoped this time he could deduce what that aura is. this content of novelfullbook.com, if you reading this content please go to website novelfullbook.com to continue reading, fastest update hourly

He then shakes his head, takes a deep breath and then grabs the hilt of the Dragon Giving Life Saber and shouted in his mind

'REFINE!'

THE DEMONIC REALM OF ASURAS AND RAKSHASA

BORDER OF THE THREE THOUSAND WORLDS AND THE DEMONIC REALM

WOMANLY DEMONIC NATION

Sitting on her throne, there is a Queen sitting all above others. She is closing her eyes as her maidservants of female demons is playing musical instrument.

Thousands and thousands of female maidservants plays all kinds of musical instrument and weirdly none of them go out of tune and contradict the tune of others.

These maidservants also come from many races. There is the Imp race, Demonic race, some Asgardians and some Olympians. But there were also many from Beast race.

And ruling over all of them is that person sitting on her throne. Elegant, beautiful, and enchanting.

The fluttering of her eyes could incite any man, her clothes were so beautiful it was like it was crafted from the clouds of the Heavens.

Her eyes are as clear as the Spring of Wisdom in Asgard and her beauty could rival Aphrodite of Olympus.

That is the Demonic Queen of the Womanly Demonic Nation. No one knows her name and even if they knew not many dares speak her name.

And she even had forgotten her name.

As the music grows louder, the desolation in her heart seems to grow wider. She down a few of drinks, some of ambrosia, some of it Soma from the Loka of the Asuras but nothing seems to be able to make her drunk and forgot the pain in her heart.

Instead of forgetting her name, it is more accurate to say she did not want to remember it.

Her real name is Zinar, a normal woman of human-like creatures unlike those being on Earth before she turns into what she was, a full demonic being of immeasurable power.

When her heart was broken by a man in the mortal world, she cultivated to seek revenge.

By now, she did not remember whether she cultivated because of revenge or because of longing.

She didn't even know now, whether she still hated that man or loves him

But in the mortal world, long before she became the Queen of the Womanly Demonic Nation, her talents are bad, her constitution is also trash and she seems to lose all hope.

It wasn't until she encounter a temple in a deep dark forest and made a deal with that temple that her talent burst through the Heavens and shocking the world.

She in a hundred years reaches the apex of her world. But that person has ascended even higher than her.

To seek revenge, she couldn't. To even seek him, she is unqualified. Six paths of reincarnation, not even in one reincarnation she is in his heart

So, she erected this Nation near the border of the Three Thousand Worlds and the Demonic Realm.

She did not know whether it is because she hopes that person will come here, or hope to trap him if he ever came down from the Source Wall.

Because of her wanton slaughter around the stars near her nation, she was once hunted by Erlang heavenly soldiers and the Jade Emperor even come out of his Jade Palace to hunt her.

At the time however, the Demon Emperor come out from his Infernal Realm and fought off the Jade Palace.

She was then appointed as one of the Demonic Generals and holds the banner of the Red Spear in her kingdom

Now, she is a Queen of a nation, ruling a large army, and nobody dares to match eyes with her. She is powerful. She had riches and she could get any man she wants.

But the man she wants is not here, and didn't want her.

So no matter how many men in front of her, she is never happy and she was never satisfied. The emptiness in her heart only seems to be wider and wider.

All the riches in the Universe, all the power she could commands, none of it as important as that feeling in her heart.

She was listening to the songs and music and her eyes seem to fills with tears.

'Azul' she whispered

[Chapter 243: Six lives, six regrets \(1\)](#)

ZOOOM!

Like before, the moment he began refining that saber, his mind seems to be traveling through some unknown planes of reality

But this time it seems to be slower as Azief body is slowly being enveloped by the heaven destroying power of the Heaven Sundering Aura

Azief notices that after he finished that first trial, the heaven sundering aura from the Heaven Sundering saber can now be used by him.

He touched a bit upon the Laws of Karma, Time and Cause and Effect every time he uses his finger to channel that power of heaven sundering

It also bears similar resemblance to Azief own Death Source in that they both contained the understanding of life and death.

It is with that, his understanding of the memories of Azul deepened and impressed him even more of the might of Azul

The Five Saber in the cave floated emitting a calming power different from the very beginning where they glowed ominously. It is like they are welcoming Azief now.

Then like before the other four dimmed and only the Dragon Giving Life saber seems to be gathering all of the strength of the saber. this content of novelfullbook.com, if you reading this content please go to website novelfullbook.com to continue reading, fastest update hourly

Then a powerful suction comes out of that Dragon Giving life saber and brings Azief physical body into the saber.

His physical body like they were being erased by world, slowly dissipating like dust into the saber.

Inside that world, Azief is floating slowly feeling that his illusory body becoming solid. Azief eyebrows creased as he felt something.

He didn't feel it that much before.

But now it is different.

He could clearly feel that his body is being brought here into this dimension. It is not just some illusionary world.

Azief now is certain of his conjecture. This is not normal. This is not the first time Azief entering an illusionary world.

But he never once experienced where he enters the illusionary world with his physical body. It is usually the soul and mind that will enter such illusionary world.

Azief however did not say anything. He looks at the light all around him. There were like strings or threads.

Around him he could hear the throes of passion, and a wave of desire welled up around him but his will quickly block that feeling from overtaking him.

This desire that is present around him and inside him, inciting him is not only lust, it is greed, desire for wealth, fame, honour and many other feelings.

Pride welled inside him for a second before it disappeared like an illusion.

Then that strings and threads bind Azief body and covered him like a cocoon, light gathered and the glow of this light spreads all over this limitless space and boundless space.

Eternity...an instant...passed by.

Then he heard that voice again, this time a bit gentler than before.

'Changes Are Common, Don't Resist It. Let Things Flow Naturally. Unlocking The Secret Of The Bodies, With One Slash Sever The Covetous Heart.'

Then silence descended. Then that voice once again spoken, his voice seems to echoes endlessly in this space.

'You, mortal, have passed my first trial and the easiest trial. My life as Azul the Divinity of Fire was full of struggle. I was jealous and could not accept the fact my race was enslaved by the Celestial. With the Heavens Sundering saber I charged towards the Heavens and topple it down. I have good intentions but I harmed the Universe and countless of lives were reaped as sacrifice for my saber.'

The voice explains and at the same time he felt the desolation in Azul heart.

'Yet, strong as I am there are people stronger than me. I am still in a shackle of Creation and Destruction, my regret pierced the heavens, and my heart is in unease even throughout the long epoch'

Azief listen as his body slowly absorbed the light covering him, the threads and strings is also entering his body.

‘From an inconstruable beginning comes transmigration. Being hindered by ignorance, fettered by craving, everything is temporary and impermanent. I am the first wielder of the Dragon Giving Life Saber and with it I bring a world of prosperity and healing to a troubled world. I was called the Saint of Ten Thousand Worlds. But I begin in a human-like world before being enlightened and retrieve my saber. I left my will and memories to the people destined to find this saber and refine it! Solve my regret and you will gain what you want!’

Then the voice ended

‘The Water of Lifer replenishes everything, let Reincarnation flourish and gain enlightenment, no longer slumbering.’

Then a stream of information enters Azief mind, his body seems to shrink as his soul enter a body.

Bzzt!

The scenery changes and he felt the space beneath his face turning solid, life passing him by, from his childbirth until his present age in this new world.

Azief now lives in a body of a person, humanlike in appearance. His name is also Azul. It is with this memories Azief slowly understands what Azul had done.

Azief is not sure he is correct but he believes Azul uses the Nirvanic Fire of Rebirth to reincarnate himself.

After all he is the Divinity of Fire.

And one that is calling himself that must be able to use the Nirvanic Fire of Rebirth.

One of the abilities mentioned about the Nirvanic Fire of Rebirth is that one could use it to reincarnate oneself either as a ploy for safety from enemies to powerful for them to contend against, or to comprehend the Laws of the Universe.

But not many people would do that, reincarnating oneself because like anything in the world it has a risk.

Since anyone capable of doing reincarnating oneself and going against the orders of heavens and the Laws of the Universe is already testament to that person prowess and strength it is not recommended since one could just enjoy his life without once again trying to reach to the apex.

Not to mention from the rumors Azief heard and learns about the Nirvanic Fire when he is in the Jade Empire, the stronger a person is, the hotter the flames.

For someone as powerful like Azul, to burn oneself in the Nirvanic Fire, how hot the flames must be and how much suffering he must have endured to reincarnate his soul?

With his power and status, he could live in some corner of the Universe with no one daring to cross him.

To break the Source Wall by his lonesome, Azief could only imagine the might he possesses.

Even the Jade Empire and the Asgardians had to borrow the Fate of their Worlds to break through the Source Wall and brought their world into that Dimension.

It was then as Azief was thinking of all this matter in his mind, that he did not realizes that his body turns solid and he realizes where he is at.

He is sitting in a chair, hearing the hymns and song, recitation of some holy songs.

He looks at his left and right. He saw an old man on his right, around thirty years old and his memory told him that this man is his father.

He had thick black beard, a pot belly that seems firm and his arms is huge. He is wearing a robe like clothes, purple in color, denoting his noble identity.

His hand were put together, his eyes closed as he seems to be praying to Thonos.

Azief look upwards and saw the morning glow on the apse of the ceiling. Then he looks at statues of angel like creature that seems to decorate the corners of the Temple.

Then he remembers where he is, the information in his head streaming the information to his mind.

It is the Temple of Thonos. And he is in Shurley. It is situated in the southern province of Aethenspania.

Though it is now called the Aethens by the people of the Empire.

It was one of the countries that were subjugated by the Empire in its Conquest War.

Aethens southern province is a temperate region with forested hills and rich farmlands and Azul is reincarnated as the son of the Marquis.

Thonos on the other hand is the God of All in this world, and the Empire official and only religion.

Even though the people of Aethenspania used to believe other Gods by the time the Empire comes around, the only recognized and allowed religion is Thonos.

Thonos in the Empire and the Temple regarded Thonos as the source of all Order and Phaenos the counterpart of Thonos is the agents of chaos in the world.

Thonos in order to stop Phaenos created the Winged Ones and they deliver revelation, rewarding orders, punishing misdeed and sins and at times fulfill people prayers to Thonos.

His name in this world is Azul Verignon.

As the memory of his days at the church just began to solidified, Azief felt his body turns into smoke and the scenery speeded up.

And in that moment, Azief sees everything.

From his childhood, to his current age. Azief believes Azul is skipping all the unnecessary part.

Azief even secretly believe that Azul is trying to teach him something with all of this trial.

When time speeded up, Azief seems to exist as a dark smoke that seems to be traveling through all this moments in incredible speed yet at the same time retaining all of the memories and feelings of Azul.

When he saw Azul in the memory felt sad, Azief also felt sad and feel that the thing Azul experience is also the thing he experienced.

His feeling, his thoughts, Azief could all understand.

In that journey of memories, his memory slowly getting clear as his understanding of this world Azul lives in increases.

He is born to the Remusian Empire, a large empire using blood magic. And that magic is regulated by the Church of Thonos

There is The Holy Church of Thonos in the Great Capital of the Empire, Ashaya where it is governed by the Learned One, the Avengers of the Chaos, and the Left Hand of Thonos, the secret forces of the Temple.

The Learned One is the priest of Thonos and the Winged Ones. They are responsible for teaching the Canons, judging heretics and leading the community and their flock.

They are also in charge of the Reapings and are always present in those events.

The Avengers of the Chaos is the law enforcer of the Church with power to carry out punishment for violations of the Canons of Thonos.

They are garrisoned around in cities, towns and along major trade routes of the Empire.

The left hand of Thonos is the assassin spies of the Church of Thonos and infiltrates heretics gathering and eliminates sedition against the Faith of Thonos in the Empire.

And what is blood magic?

Blood magic. The name explained all. It uses blood to operate.

So, began the Reaping process. Before the Empire becomes as big as it is now, they used to reap the blood from their own people and the lower caste of their people, the peasants

Azief notices that the peasant in this world is unlike the peasants in his world.

They were basically slaves here, with no freedom whatsoever other than to be sacrificed to Thonos at least in the Empire dominion.

Using that blood magic and the practice of Reaping, they defeated their neighbors, and grew as large as they are now.

And then they instituted the Reapings for all the lower caste of the inhabitants of the Empire.

And so the Reapings happens every year and in times of war happens many times in a year.

The nobles were spared of the Reapings but the lowest caste, the peasant whose duty, if the Canons of the Holy Church of the Empire to be believed, is to self-sacrifice.

Thus the peasants are always sacrificed in this Reapings.

Azief at first as these memories enter his mind could see it and feel it with detachment since this is not his world and he is not their people.

But as the memories and even the feelings of Azul enter his heart and his mind, his mind changed and his heart moved.

He felt the unfairness of this world, the dissatisfaction of the world and the anger of the heavens inside his mind and his heart.

They used the blood of the peasant sacrificing them in the altars of the Temples to fuel the magic that kept the border of the Empire safe.

And that angers him...and pains him

Every year at the Time of the Reaping, old men, young men, criminals who do not conform entirely to the teaching of the Church were brought to the reaping and be sacrificed to power the Four Walls of the Empire.

The Church teaches the peasant that obedience is the core belief. Then as he slowly absorbing Azul memories, the memory stops on one memory in particular.

Azief in his memory saw a scene, as clouds filled his eyes and he was transported into one of the memory of Azul of this world.

Azief seems to be standing in a city square, yet no one could see him and it is almost like he didn't exist.

Like before when he saw the memory of Azul finding the sabers, he is now in that kind of situation once again.

He thought that the Church is his starting point in this world but he is clearly mistaken.

It is a cloudy afternoon and hundreds of peasant is in the town square, standing on the stand, and an altar of stones not far from them.

They are waiting and sweating like it is a hot summer air, some were trembling, and some crying in silence.

For it is the duty of peasant to self-sacrifice.

They were sweating because of the fear and nervousness in their hearts, some are crying tears of silence, and fear in their face is evident.

The Avengers of Chaos have gathered about hundreds of peasants from the fields and Azul was present for the First Reaping looking among the crowd.

As a noble, he should be detached from this Reaping but Azief could see that Azul was worried for something or someone.

'Is this it?' Azief ask himself.

'Is this related to Azul regret?' Azief ask himself. He floated up in the air and just by thinking of it he appeared near Azul.

In this memory, Azief seems to be invisible, phaseless and formless.

The Learned Ones brought out an instrument to the town square guarded by two Magus.

Azul was there among the crowd, away from his father and brother who is hunting in the forests, and treating the Reaping as a normal occurrence.

Azief had these memories because Azul had these memories.

Azul is worried that the peasant he knew would be sacrificed in this round of Reaping. Azief look at Azul and he is sure now, whatever happen in this memory would relates heavily to his trial this time

‘Six trials, six lives. Azul, I don’t think you are some simple Divinity of Fire.

‘Thinking about it, there were so many things that is suspicious about this saber and I am beginning to think that your race is not Asura.’

And then Azief smiles as he ask himself

‘Was I mistaken?’ Then Azief nodded to himself. By now, he seems to understand something. He was really mistaken.

[Chapter 244: Six lives, six regrets \(2\)](#)

Thinking about it again he should notice it.

He presumes that Azul race were Asuras because Celestial exists there.

But thinking about it now, in Azief journey with Will, they heard about Celestials and Celestial soldiers but not True Celestials.

True Celestials died out long time ago, and their legacy floated along the Universe and could be found in some broken stars, secret dimensional rifts or abandoned planets.

And Azief heard Azul said that he lives for eons before he reincarnated himself. Then how long has he exists?

Thinking about it again, what kind of eternal existence that could live for eons?

Everything that lives will one day in one form or the other. Some fades, some forgotten and some die by having their soul depleted.

No matter how immortal one might be, things that exist will one day cease to exist. Since there is a beginning, there will be an end.

Since there is life, there is death.

And since it is created, it would be destroyed. That is the cycle of creation and destruction, of life and death, of blooming and wilting.

Everything has its time of prospering and time of decline and nothing and no one escape this cycle even the heavens.

Living for eons, epochs after epochs passes by.

Azul is not some kind of eternal existence that Azief ever heard before.

Maybe it is not because he is forgettable, but his name has been lost through those long epochs

And if that is true...when did Azul first live? In what epoch and in what era? When True Celestial roams and his race was a slave, in what epoch does that fits in the timelines of the Universes outside the Milky Way?

Azief sighed as he said

“I will find all of this out wouldn't I, Azul?” He said to no one but he knew Azul intent is listening.

‘That is one of the reasons of this trial. I don't know what you want to achieve but I know by the time I reached the six sabers, I would understand all of it.’

He said it for the intent of Azul to listen.

What he did not expect that the intent reply him back, his voice seems to be echoing inside his ear and his ears only.

It was like the only thing that exist in this world is that voice and Azief alone.

‘Everything you see now and you see before and that you will see later is connected. You will not understand it now, but in the future you will understand. You are one of the fated ones to encounter this saber and to refine it...but are you the fated one for me?’

The word said with a feeling of hope and then his voice dissipated.

Azief sighed as he waited for more words to be spoken. But there is only silence so Azief focused back to the teenager Azul he is looking at right now.

Azief notices that in this memory, Azul didn't remember who he was.

‘So, he truly reincarnated himself as the people of this race’

He truly reincarnated himself without any memories. If Azul remembers, with his might and powers as the Divinity of Fire he could do anything he wanted.

But thinking about it Azief heard what Azul told him.

Epoch comes and goes, yet, his regret did not lessen, eve through all of that time.

He could not break the cycle of creation and destruction and maybe by reincarnating himself, he tries to seek the answer to that question.

And another question formed inside Azief mind as he is thinking about the matter of Azul life.

Did...Azul succeeded in the end? Did he unravel the mystery of Creation and Destruction? Did he break the cycle?

Or is he still experiencing never ending lives, trapped in the cycle never breaking free, wandering among countless reincarnations without purpose?

Considering that he had six sabers and each sabers seems to contain his memory of his life, Azief is sure that at least, he survived this world and gain enlightenment in the end.

That enlightenment is clearly not his regret.

But then...what is Azul regret?

In this life, Azief knew that Azul would grow up to be the Saint of Ten Thousand Worlds. This title is a grand one and elicited a feeling of respect and admiration.

Not many people could claim themselves as Saint in the Universe and clearly not such a grand title like the Saint of Ten Thousand Worlds

With this Azief understand that maybe someday, Azul in his mortal form gains enlightenment and remembers who he is and ascended once again to a higher realm.

Each lives...could it be there is a regret for each lives? Six regrets, six sabers.

Six lives, six sabers, six regrets.

The first trial was full of struggle but not the struggle of body but the struggle of the heart.

Even though Azul only speak a little about his life as Asura, Azief could imagine and even visualize Azul life.

This is probably because he was Azul at that time and not Azief, it was like what Azul had experienced, he experienced it too. this content of novelfullbook.com, if you reading this content please go to website novelfullbook.com to continue reading, fastest update hourly

He had all of his memories.

Azul hardship when he was a child, shunned because of his relations with Meihul, and the fact that he knew he was destined for greatness but was hindered because of his compassion for Meihul and his merciful heart.

He hardened his heart and kills the woman he loves only to regret it for eons.

Azief solves that regret by promising that no matter what they would be together, in life or death.

Azief didn't know what happens after that. Did he change anything? Or is that just an illusion...that life and that feeling?

Or could it be something really changed...reconstructing the Laws of the Universe for Meihul to bring her back once again?

Azief shakes his head.

How could one do such a thing for love?

Azief clearly underestimated the power of love. In the future, Sofia sends Loki to the past solely to change the future.

Even now, the endgame is not yet seen. Plans are hatched by Loki every day but the true objectives of the plans are never revealed.

Even though it is safer and probably faster to kill Azief from the get go, Sofia did not mind gambling with the fate of the Universe because of her love.

And how about Azief himself in the future?

He knew exactly that the cause of his Fall is Sofia, seeing in his prophetic dreams that she would be the one that will cause him to fall yet he could not bear to kill her and only distancing himself away from her.

And when Katarina died, regardless of the consequences, he executed two Sovereigns with True Death, scattering their soul and grinded them to nihility with no hope of reforming back.

Six lives, six sabers...the first life full of struggles, while this second life is full of human emotions and temptations.

For some reason Azief was reminded of some inscription written on a Temple he use to hide during his fugitive states in the Jade Empire.

Could it be Azul six sabers is like that? It really acts like that? Azief thinks to himself.

Azief also sense another flaw in Azul words. Azul said he is the first wielder of the Six sabers. But Azul found the sabers in a cave.

It is not like he crafted it. So how could he be called the first wielder?

But it is also serve no reasons to lie to Azief. Why would Azul lie? Since in the end that memory will be seen by Azief anyway.

And this time Azul also stressed the word that he is the first welder of the Dragon Giving Life Saber.

The lingering will of Azul clearly knows that Azief has already seen that memory where Azul found the saber in that mysterious cave but why Azul continue saying he is the first wielder?

Azief have two conjectures on this matter.

But it is still too early to tell. So Azief will wait until he got enough information to formulate a deduction on this matter.

Then he sighed as he looked back at Azul looking stomach sick. Azul seems afraid that the peasant he knew would be offered for the Reaping.

Azief searches his memory and then exclaimed

‘Ah’ he said with a hint of surprise and then he smiles

‘Another girl’ Azief said smiling a bit.

Could it be like his first trial? But Azief don’t think it is that. The trial seems to be trying to teach him something.

He still didn't know what Azul is trying to teach him but Azief don't think the task this time is as simple as his first trial.

One name popped up.

Zinar

Precisely Zinar. Azief also had Azul memories. So, he knew Zinar.

And then Azief closes his eyes as he saw that memory inside his mind.

Azul used to hunt with his brothers and they will ride up Rosehill, when one day Azul met this peasant.

He was taken aback of how attractive she was for a peasant and he was attracted not for some superficial reason and not in the fact that her face is beautiful but her demeanor.

She was lean, and sun parched, but her smile and confident stance were strangely charming.

She was blocking the way of his brother, telling him that the way ahead is dangerous, that the dike on the river path was broken and flood would come and no trek could be seen.

When she was asked to identify herself by Azul brother, she states that she worked under the estate of the Duke of Margon

For a peasant she seems confident and unlike the peasant Azul met before.

At the time, Azul brother was baffled at the impunity of this peasant and wanted to whip the little girl for her impunity.

But Azul then interfered, saying the girl worked under the estate of the Duke of Margon and it would breach noble etiquette to discipline other people servants and peasants.

Since then Azul met with Zinar almost every day in secrets from his maids and servants and his father and brother.

It wasn't until a few months after knowing her, that something struck Azul, opening his eyes to the cruelty of the world he is living in.

One of the peasants close to Zinar was brutally slaughtered by his masters.

The old man named is Bent.

The old man has a few daughters and children. His masters wanted to sell his children to some Old nobles in the capital.

When the slave collector wanted to drag those children Brent pleaded to his masters.

The daughter of his master were upset with Brent attitude unbefitting of a servant and asked her mother to punish the Old man.

The Old man was hauled out back into the stables, beaten with threshing flails, until those whom love him couldn't tell him apart from common meat in the market.

Azul, a sore thumb in gatherings of peasant and poor people, attended the funeral in secret when the peasant buried that old man in some patch of land in the forest, digging it deep enough so that no beast would ever eat his remains not that there is much remains that was left behind.

It was there he also got to know Tyr.

He is also a peasant and the friends of Zinar from the same stock, a peasant class. He made no secrets among the peasant that he hated the Empire and the Church.

Of course he did not say it openly or else his life and the lives of people close to him would be forfeited.

As the three of them started knowing each other, they talked about many things. Tyr at first was intimidated and distrustful of Azul since he comes from the Blue Bloods.

They talk about the Church, the Empire, and the rebellions that are against the Empire occupation and its forced indoctrination of their religions to the people of Aethens.

While he talked about other things with Zinar, with Tyr they were like brothers. Tyr is huge and burly, strong and sturdy.

It is probably why his master bought him from other lords. He is handy for field work and for strength consuming tasks.

But Azul from he was a child while he did not inherit his father's hatred for the peasant who his father described as fouling the air of his estate, he inherited his father's talent in fighting.

Since he was young he trained with a blade master from the Capital and strategies and battle tactics from a teacher his father hired from the Capital.

One day, they fought each other, him and Tyr because of a provocation.

Tyr could not believe that such a well-bred son of nobles who never had to endure hardship since they were a child would be able to contend with people of the land like him, who have to labor away at the field from morning till dusk.

While Tyr is stronger, he is not nimble neither is he utilizing the energy he possessed in an effective way.

Azul was agile, good in utilizing force, his attack aimed at vital parts. No matter how big and strong Tyr was, how could he endure repeated attacks at his weak spot?

When the peasant group saw how Azul, a kid two times smaller and younger than Tyr defeated that giant with only a wooden blade, they were truly impressed and in awe.

Azul then started teaching battle tactics and blademan'ship to the peasants as more and more of them were interested in learning.

In the beginning, Tyr was full of disdain as he describes that battle tactics is for the weak. But slowly he was open to the idea and surprisingly he is a fast learner.

As Azief saw this memory he snickered.

Azul did not realize it but he is unintentionally creating a private squad.

He saw in that memory that the peasant start practicing with clubs and staves in secret for self-defense and slowly even when Azul squared off with them, they are slowly putting a good fight.

Azief also saw how Azul in that memories slowly changing.

In Azul weekly meeting with the peasant around the forest, he slowly understands who he is. He would never truly belong with the peasants since he is a different status no matter how nice or generous he is.

The fear of peasants towards the nobility is ingrained in their soul.

And in one occasion he could understand why. One day, he comes to the meeting place when he notices no one is there

News come a day later from Zinar, that one of the peasant who worked in the estate of Count of Cartagena were caught eating phollum, a plant to induce miscarriage.

If the person eating it was a noble, then at least she would only be sent to the Church to atone for a few months before returning home.

But for peasant...they were not allowed to abort their children for the Reaping needs lives and blood.

How could the servant class keep their numbers if they started aborting children from their belly?

When asked, the servant did not dare say who it was that impregnated her but she pointed her fingers at Tyr.

Tyr was angry and got up in anger. One of the servants is friend with Tyr and defended him saying that the Countess son was the one that impregnate the servants.

And unsurprisingly, the Countess son denies the charges and pointed to Tyr.

Tyr, a strong man, fought off the other servants, cracks the neck of the guards trying to arrest him and fled the estate.

He is now hunted by slave hunters.

The servants that try to defend Tyr were subjected to punishment. The Count estate took the servant tongue for lying and his bones were broken.

At night Tyr once again broke through the Count estate and took that servant away.

When the peasant group that heard of this matter, they do not dare to come out of their estates to meet fearing they would be discovered by the slave hunters.

It was then Zinar ask him how far would he go for the peasants? At which point that they will lose him?

It was at that time Azul understand that he had to make a choice,. He made a choice to stand with the oppressed.

It was also that moment when they affirmed what they were feelings for each other.

But other than an unspoken understanding it did not go more than that.

In the years that followed, Azul saw how cruel life is for the peasant of the Remusian Empire. And how cruel its nobles.

Since then he met with Zinar and they talked about many things, thing that could be considered heresies to the Temple of Thonos.

He never saw anyone that spoke more freely about the world then Zinar.

And as he saw the world, not only through his eyes, but through the eyes of the peasants, the people below him in both status and wealth, he began to secretly despise the Empire.

But what he loathed the most about the Empire, more than the fact that the Empire brutal disregard for the rights of common folks,, it was the fact that peasants are treated as less than humans, like cattle, and above all the harvest of their blood in the Reaping.

The more intense the war in the borders, the more peasants is sacrificed to the church for blood magic.

Azul was a noble...but he was no simple noble. While his father agreed with the doctrine of the temple, the Canon and even revered it, obedience above all, his mother is different.

Azul mother reminded him when he was a child before her passing that a noble duty is to keep everyone under their lands safe and fed, protecting its people from harm and fear is what it means to be a noble.

Even though his status and Zinar status is different, they both share the same feeling about the empire.

They were kids at the time but both of them are not normal kids.

While Azul was born into the aristocracy and descended from a noble old lineage, he himself share not the passion of his father for the Church and its teaching that seems like a perversion of the Holy Canon to excuse all the horrendous things done by the Church.

And while he sympathizes with the peasant, Azul never show his support openly since he himself could be dragged as heretics.

Most nobles view the peasant as pig waiting to be slaughtered for the next reaping.

Azul on the other hand did not share the same opinion. As he was thinking of this he spotted Zinar among the crowd.

He did not shout to her, he only beams at her with his clear blue eyes. Zinar face is turned towards Azul and Azul could see that she seems worried.

She seems to be searching for someone else in the throng of peasant crowds.

In the town square the priest began its recitation of the Holy Book, once again hammering down the fact that nobles have the right of self-preservation and the peasant have the duty of self-sacrifice.

Every time Azul heard it he felt uneasy and repulsed.

Azief saw all of this in Azul face, his expression shows disgust. He is standing beside Azul looking at his every movement, his body ethereal and translucent, unnoticed by everyone.

Azief knows that Azul lingering intent did not show this just for nothing.

It must have something to do with Azul regret somehow. And Azief also knows why the phrase of duty of self-sacrifice seems to disgust Azul very much.

Azief knows that while Azul has reincarnated himself and have no memories of the past, there is still some resonance of his lives.

When he was Azul of that Asura tribe, The Celestials reaped the lives of his race like they were cattle and they were servants and slaves of the Celestials.

It wasn't until he broke through and avenges the Celestial that his race could live and prospers in the Universe.

Now, once again, in this life, that same situation occurs. This Empire sacrifices its people like cattle to power the Wall of their Borders, sacrificing innocent lives.

However this time, the position of Azul is reversed. In his life before, he was the oppressed class, he was the slaves. This time however, he was the oppressor class; he is the master, a noble of great powerful house.

Yet, he still fights the injustice he saw and not be distracted and tempted by his new life. Azief believe this has something to do with that Defiant Heart of Azul.

Azief then looked back at the Reaping that is about to begin. Azul seems relived when he didn't see Tyr among the crowd of the Reapings.

As Azul look towards Zinar, Azul spotted his father in the stand looking at him. His eyes seems to ask 'Why are you among them son?' Azul heart sinks and Azief could feel it too.

From the glare of his father eyes it seems that after the reaping is done his father would inquire about his relationship with peasants.

His father has always suspected that Azul is quite sympathetic towards the peasant class.

Meanwhile, the ceremony of the Reaping is about to be started.

'Exalted Magus, please begins' The magus is a red hair woman, with a scar on both of her cheeks, that seems deep and painful.

She brought out a phial of blood from the box on the altar.

Through the blood of the people, would the world be prosperous. Then she crushes that phial of blood and the blood seems to seeped into the Magus body.

She waved her hand and manacles from below the stand of the Reaping flew snap closed on the wrist of the peasants.

The manacles are silver in color and seem to be imbued by some magical properties.

Then with another swish of her hands, a dozens of blades flew out from below the altar stand surrounding the frightened and crying peasants.

The magus and the Learned Ones, the Avengers of the Chaos look coldly and snorted.

Then the Learned One spoke what they always recite before the Reapings.

‘Those who sacrificed themselves to God and held back the Chaos are blessed by the Angels and Heaven is their rewards’

Azul look at this and heard the words, yet his heart could not truly agree with the doctrine of the Church

‘Those who resides in heaven shall know that the rewards in Heaven is great and beyond anything in earthly realms. But those who are selfish, love life more than their love for God will forfeit both their lives and the promise of heaven.’

Then the Learned One turns to the crowd of peasant that is below the stand

And then he ask

‘Who is hiding from the sacred summons?’

Then as Azul is about to join his father in the podium among the nobles he saw something that takes his breath away.

The crowd gasped and Azul felt that he is getting dizzy and his throat parched. He saw someone he knew being dragged to the Reapings.

He could not believe it and something burns in his heart. Azief notices this too. Not the obvious expression on Azul face but that beating heart.

It seems to be beating with such power that Azief could only imagine the force behind that. Normal mortal would not sense it but Azief is not a normal mortal.

It was like as his heart is beating, the sound echoes through all Universes. The fire in Azul heart if it could be taken out could burns world.

Azief smiles bitterly.

‘He is not enlightened’

‘If Azul is enlightened his heart could burn everything. With only his Will he could burn anything in this Universe. The title of Divinity of Fire is not wasted on him’

As Azief look at the scene that took Azul by surprise, a trace of sadness also appears on Azief face.

He sighed and closes his eyes

[Chapter 245: Six lives, six regrets \(3\)](#)

MEANWHILE ON EARTH

That cave where Azief is now undergoing his trial is undisturbed and as Azief body enters the saber, a small green serpent enters the cave at the same time, like it was sensing that Azief is no longer there.

Strangely enough none of the restrictions, magic formation, and arrays did anything to that serpent.

The green serpent slithers, wandering the cave, moving deeper inside the cave. Until finally that serpent stop slithering.

It hissed, its slitted eyes seems to close and opens like it is capturing an image.

Then that serpent opens its mouth and green gas comes out from it.

That green gas covered the serpent and then that serpent turns into a young man wearing a clean cut suit that resembles closely to an Armani suit.

The young man look slit with his hair combed back, his face look dashing handsome and his body fit and lean. this content of novelfullbook.com, if you reading this content please go to website novelfullbook.com to continue reading, fastest update hourly

He looks at the floating sabers and there is a complicated expression on his face. Then he shakes his head.

‘Azief, you are attempting the Six Trials again this time? That man seems to be asking the silence.

‘Six paths of suffering....is too long. There is a threat that is coming. And I could not wait that long, Azief. By now, you must have started the Second Trials. In the past, you did not ass the Trials...especially the last trial. I didn’t know what the last trial is about...but I hope this time you will pass it. The world has changed, and so you have changed and maybe even the future might also on the path of changing’

He smiles a bit

‘You become more compassionate...and you have begun to understand a bit to speak like humans’ and that man chuckles a bit.

This man is none other than Loki the Trickster.

‘You did not let go of your love. Though your love life is as complicated as before. But because you could not let go you are torn. I understand why you could not let go. Letting go is not as easy as one would think.’

Loki heard all about Sofia and Azief debacle.

But to him, it is a normal argument between couples that are in love and are not as serious as one would think.

And while stories and dramas would like to paint arguments as the reason why people broke up that is not true.

Argument is healthy.

Arguing and a fight are different. Arguing actually makes the romantic bonds unbreakable. It is sign that the relationship is maturing.

Arguing sucks. But conflict avoidance is worse. But like any other thing, there are mature and immature types of fights.

When people started to speak their mind clearly, that is a sign that relationship is maturing. And the fact that Sofia is angry means she cares.

Arguing means they are committed to each other. Absence of arguing is a sign major problem of lovers

But, Loki just afraid that this argument will turns to a fight. When fighting, one begun to mudsling and both will get dirty

Loki could not help but feel exasperated with both Sofia and Azief, this two lovers.

Not only he has to plot and scheme to stop what probably will be the end of the Universes, he has also to play matchmaker for Azief and Sofia.

And then there is the elephant in the room.

Katarina.

Young love Loki once remarked. Right now, Katarina is still sane not like that Goddess of Ice and Snow.

Loki has a theory about Sovereigns. Loki did not become Sovereign using the conventional way, fighting for the Will of the World and sitting on the Divine Throne.

But he notices something about Sovereigns that maybe the Sovereigns themselves didn't realizes.

And now, as he was in the past, and saw the origin story of the people who will one day become Sovereigns, Loki notice a common theme.

Loki in the future only knows Katarina when she was Sovereign. She was obsessed with the God of Death.

Her love for him sometimes bordered on insanity as she would not even allow normal mortal to love thus the curse she inflicted upon daughter of Milos

But the Katarina Loki knows now do seem to love Azief but not as obsessed as she was in the future.

And Azief in the future seems to be morbidly dark and has some obsession with Sofia, never allowing her to be hurt in a way that would allow her to die.

But Loki knows Azief true obsession. It is power. Or to be more accurate the truth of the world and the Universe.

Though Loki never knows what Azief would do with all of that power.

Raymond and his obsession with maintaining the order of the world. Oreki and Hikigaya also have their own obsessions.

Loki theory was that when one becomes a Sovereign their feelings were amplified hundred folds and even change some of them.

That would explain Katarina obsession with Azief. She was already in love with Azief become she becomes Sovereigns and that feeling only amplified when she became one.

Maybe the way to become a true Sovereign is to cut the obsession away.

Then he sighed

'That Azul is not some kind of normal Gods or Devils. That is a supreme ancient existence, an overlord that rules unchallenged in the Vast Universe. Why do you think he would set these six trials without a

Price? But if you really passed this trial....then your control over Life and Death would probably be complete in the future. Then that time....you probably could...' and then Loki shakes his head and then he smiles to himself

He is thinking of a new future. Where the people he knew is alive, people he loves are well and happy.

He looks at the six sabers, only one is glowing with power.

'Blissful State' as he pointed his finger to one of the saber. He smiles as he notices that Azief did not yet enter that trial.

'Struggling Realm' he said as he look at the Heaven Sundering Saber. Azief once said that is the easiest trial and the fastest trial.

'Mortal Trial' he said as he looks at the glowing saber where Azief is in right now. Azief said that this trial is the easiest one to reach enlightenment.

There is enough suffering for one to achieve enlightenment, but not too much that one could be consumed by it

As long as one did not waste their time in this trial one could achieve enlightenment by experiencing all the mortal feelings

Loki also felt the irony. The whole trials seem to be designed for people to learn to let go, both regrets and desires.

Then Loki looks at one of the other sabers and he said

'Lower Forms trial' It is one of the longest trial Azief mentioned to him in the future

And then he looks at another saber and he smiles.

'The Desire trial' and then he look at the last saber and his eyes glint with maliciousness.

'The Hell trial' Then he closes his eyes and sigh, his sigh is long and deep, hard and full of emotions.

He then said

'Azief, if you pass this trial, this detour is nothing. But if you fail, then it will be a waste of time. So, I will help you. After all that is the reason I was sent to the past.'

He chuckles a bit and then he pointed his finger to two sabers.

He then look up at the ceiling of the cave, but his eyes is actually looking at the sky and beyond it, knowing that eternal existence would hear him if he invokes his name

'Azul, you owe karma from me!' His voice boomed in the Dark Universe reaching the Vast Universe.

Loki did not use the voice from his vocal chords but using the power of his soul to let his voice travels through the extremity of space to reach the vast universe.

'Time has gone crazy, heavens and the lower realms were turned upside downs and the Laws of Time were changed. But you live outside of time, and so Karma between us still exists. Pay your Karma to me and let the memory of the past bless my friend!'

There were silence for a while but then the skies of Earth crack and thunder boomed like something is answering the call.

Loki on the other hand coughed a mouthful of blood to the ground. He then look up to the sky, smiling.

'We are even' Loki said towards the sky.

The sky boomed with thunder, acknowledging Loki words and somewhere in the Vast Universe, sitting in his gigantic throne with holy light glowing behind it, a gigantic being close his eyes.

The sky on Earth is calm again.

And then Loki smiles and turns once again into a serpent and slither outside the caves as time pass by.

[Chapter 246: The beginning of the rebellion \(1\)](#)

The wind blows. The dust rises up and the commotion in the town square becomes louder and louder.

The sound of gasp and look of fear is evident in many of the faces of the people in the stand.

Some people who saw what is happening could only down in acceptance. Azief who is formless, looking like a translucent ghost that could not be seen by anyone look at the group of people being dragged toward the stand.

Azul face was pale and his hands were trembling of fear or indignance. Azief understand the feeling

Azul is seeing the Avengers of Chaos dragging unconscious children their feet dragging the soil and mud, looking battered and beaten, bloodied and bruised.

One of the Avengers glower down at the trembling victim who were not unconscious looking intimidating.

Azul recognize him as Avenger Damian who comes to his father estate a few times in the past.

Looking big, decked with the uniform of the Avenger of Chaos uniform, with a face that invites dread he shouted, his voice echoes around the square.

'Foolish peasants! Conspiring against the Empire to run away! Hmph!' His finger jabs toward the haggard young children head, pushing one of the children to stumble.

Azul clenched his fist so hard that his veins bulged.

Most of the people being dragged had nothing to do with Azul but one of the children....Azul knows her.

'How can you be there?' Azul asked himself

They are some of the children he has been teaching and instructing in secrets among the crowd that the Avenger brought to the town square.

There were Erena, a young girl he taught using staff, crouching in pain; her lips are bloodied sign of being punched in her face.

Beside her, is a battered Ymir, a young kid who is always cheerful blindly shielding Erena from being hurt by Avenger Damian.

A sickening fear descended upon Azul. While the Reaping take lives, they rarely take the life of a child.

This is even frowned upon in the Canon.

But that Avenger clearly intending to Reap these children lives. And the more he thought of this, old feelings welled up inside him.

Azief also notices it....and he also feels it. He could no longer remain detached. It was like he was synchronizing with Azul

Azul tries to ignore his hammering pulse but then like he is being pour cold water, his heart become calm. He began calculating risk.

He knows what he wanted to do, and his heart wanted to, so his mind begun thinking of ideas to make his heart intent into a reality

He saw that the peasant outnumbered the Church people in the square and on the stand.

But what would motivate these peasants whose fear of churchmen is as much as they fear the nobles?

Should he give a speech crying out that the Canon never condone such deeds of Reaping young children not of age?

Trying to reason with Avengers and Learned Ones?

Then Azul scoffed at his thoughts. If that work...there would never be Reaping in the first place.

Azul didn't know who started this idea of Reaping but Azul is sure one day people would revile that person.

So, Azul does the only thing he knows best.

He knows that might rules over all and might is the only truth in this world.

That is how the Empire did it. And might and power in the wrong hands has shown how disastrous it can become towards the common people.

Azul hearth beat like a war drum, his hand stopped trembling and his breath become harsher and then he runs.

He runs before he even knows what he is doing and then he lunged towards the Avengers that the closest to him.

Azul smile as he collides with that Avenger. There is one thing that he did not tell the peasant group he met in those secret weekend retreat.

It is also the secret he kept from his family.

He could use Blood Magic. Blood Magic is heavily regulated by the church.

The Church makes people believe that the only people that could use Blood Magic are the people from Church and those blessed by the Winged Ones of Thonos.

And those who can use magic resembling the Blood Magic of Church are called Agents of Chaos and are believed to come from Phaenos Heart.

Phaenos breeds Demons in his Chaos Realm. And those who used magic that is unpurified, which is not from the Church is considered Demon-Touched

But Azul knows that is not true.

After all Azul could use his own blood to do the same effect like the people of the Church and its effect is even longer than what he knows of Blood Magic of the Churchmen.

With enough blood, people who use magic can move and push people and objects, heal illnesses and disease, create fireballs, manipulate the elements of the world and many other marvels. this content of novelfullbook.com, if you reading this content please go to website novelfullbook.com to continue reading, fastest update hourly

But most of blood magic is fleeting, quickly consuming the blood that fuels it. It is the reason why The Empire only uses magic in times of war and to keep the Four Wall intact.

And it is because of that Azul rarely uses his Blood Magic from the first moment he knew he could do it.

For he fears the Church will take him away somewhere or charge him for trying to consort with Phaenos.

And he clearly would not use it in this moment, right in front of Learned Ones and Avengers of Chaos. He is just using his physical prowess

Azul run and head butt the nearest Avengers, a sensation of pain runs through his forehead. But he gritted his teeth and endures the pain as his eyes become determined.

BOOM!

Like the sound of a gong hitting a steel stick, the sound sounded loudly in the town square. The peasant gasped at this. They could not believe someone would interrupt the Reaping.

The Avenger staggers backwards, flailing out with his staff.

'Who is it that dares attack the Avenger of the Church?!' The Avenger shouted as he tries to take a swing.

Azul smirk as he knew that attack would not connect.

Fortunately Azul stay too close to him so the Avenger could not get a good swing at Azul.

Azul take the opportunity that is handed to him. Before that Avenger could recover from his dizziness Azul push that Avenger away and stamp down on his feet.

The Avenger crumples in pain and Azul jump and executed a spinning kick at the Avenger neck, cracking it.

'ARGHH! Run away!' The people in the crowd scream and scramble out of the way, clearly terrified that the Church will enact its terrible vengeance upon them too.

Death by association is not impossible in the Empire. On the crowd, Azul could hear his father barking and denying.

Azul is standing there on the middle of the town square, his eyes clear and for the first time in a long time his heart is free.

'Hah. Hah.' He breathed loudly, a smile on his face.

A few more Avengers charge towards Azul from the distance, armed with their staff

Azul smiles carefreely. For some reason, he smiles. He did not know why. Azief seeing this also smiles.

Others may not understand. But he understands. Being free. Freedom. That is something Azief understand.

He, like Azul yearns to be release from the shackles of the world and hold his own fate in his own hands.

He did not want anyone dictate to him what should be done and what is to be done. He wanted to peer through the heavenly secrets and learn the truth of the Universe

Azief understand. So, he smiles too. Azul look at the people running and the Avenger coming towards him.

Even though that attack was impulsive, Azul is not entirely bereft of reason. He knows he needs to get the crowd on his side.

He alone could not overwhelm the Church people.

On the nobles stand, Azul could see his father crouch and cover his face, howling curses at you and there is disappointment in his eyes.

But now, Azul is free. Azief could feel it. Azief could like something that shackling Azul has been broken.

Azul took the staff that the Avenger had dropped and get ready in a fighting stance position as a few more Avengers is running to get him

'Get the boy!' One of the Magus on the stand shouted in anger and disbelief. By now, hell is loose on the stand and below it.

The kids in bondage try to free themselves while avoiding being captured by the Avenger of the Church.

Ymir comes beside Erena and brought her away the moment he got the rope around his hand loose. Ymir eyes are red as he looks toward the red hair Magus.

Ymir picked up a dagger form the ground belonging to some merchant running away.

Erena grab his hand

'Ymir what are you doing?'

'For my friend, I need to take that Magus head!'

'Ymir!' Erena shouted, her eyes fill with tears as she sobs.

'I could not lose you too' Ymir halted and then sighing he hug Erena but his eyes did not leave the Magus

Meanwhile one of the Avengers comes swinging wildly towards Azul.

Azul smirked.

With the staff Azul deflect the wild swing and drive the staff into that Avenger throat with one fluid motion.

The Avenger folds over, croaking and the other two is surrounding Azul, their eyes full of vigilance clearly recognizing this boy is no normal peasant boy.

Azul remember the blademaster guidance to him during those years he teaches him, to move like water, unobstructed and formless.

And with that Azul seems like he is dancing in the battlefield, elegant and beautiful, the staff on his hand seems to be attacking in an unpredictable way, yet beautiful like a dew drop from the edge of a leaf.

Dancing backward and forward, while at the same time dodging blows and returning a few hits back, Azul is slowly overwhelming the Avenger.

For some reason, Azul find himself to be so talented in fighting that even he did not know how he could be so talented.

In the middle of the battle, he even brings out moves he never learned before.

But this move is not the moves that his teacher taught him. This moves he brings out is lethal and deadly, its sole purpose is to eliminate the threat.

Azul never remembers learning such lethal battle tactics.

But Azief could see it.

The intuition of Azul the Divinity of Fire.

Behind Azul, there are some people that did not run instead they are standing there on the square.

They saw the children being hauled for the Reaping. And some of those children have fathers, relatives and older brothers.

Those that did not run, the peasants that are too brave for their own good, started a cheer while some of them raise whatever they could.

They could not let children to be sacrificed for the reaping.

It is one thing to take their lives but maybe the Reaping of young children is way over whatever line that is drawn

Even self-sacrifice has a limit.

The peasant could sacrifice their lives to the Reaping because the church promised them that their children will be taken care off and for some they believe the promise of heaven.

But even if that bet is off...what would they hope as their lives being Reap by the Sword of the Church?

Azul could see where the wind is blowing. He cried

'Join me!' as he landed a hard fist into one of the Avengers knocking him down unconscious.

'Together we all can drive them away!' By this time the Learned Ones and the Magus on the stand clearly could not stand it anymore.

[Chapter 247: The beginning of the rebellion \(2\)](#)

'Impudent brat!' The Red Hair woman Magus shouted as she crushed a vial and blood seeps into her hands.

She waved her hand and people could feel the air around the square changes. this content of novelfullbook.com, if you reading this content please go to website novelfullbook.com to continue reading, fastest update hourly

From a cool temperate temperature the square turns into a place of biting cold. Azul then find himself floating upwards and upwards.

Like his body being pushed upwards by an invisible force, clutching him from the ground.

And before he knows it he is higher than a two story building, below his feet is nothing but air

If he is dropped from that height he would surely die. And if that is not enough the magic seems to be messing with his mind.

Azul will himself to be awake even when the magic is clearly trying to affect his mind to sleep.

Azul even decided if worst comes to worst he would nick himself and use his own blood to use magic.

What is more important that his life rather than the fear the Church finds out he could use Blood Magic?

Up in the air, Azul could see the despair and the fury of his father in the stand. He could see his older brother gloating at his fate.

His brother never liked the fact that he seems close with the peasantry.

Azul however had something in his heart more important than the acknowledgement of his family.

It was never something he strived for anyway.

He could not allow that feeling of family bring him down. What is right is right and what is wrong is wrong.

This conviction crystallized and Azief who is flying to the air and watch Azul beside him could feel another shackle is being broken.

Enlightenment...does that means letting go? Or....finding something more worthwhile? Is that the only answer?

To let go?

What Azul didn't see is how his act of rebellion against the Church authority, his act today of defying the inviolable image of invincibility of the Church has emboldened the peasant on the square.

The two Magus on the stand also began to notice this. They become pale as they could see the way the peasant look at them changed. They were no longer afraid or meek.

They could see it. Anger. Hatred in those eyes.

But the Magus acted too late, overconfident of the Avenger ability to bring down the kid thus making this situation.

But to be honest it is not really overconfidence.

If this was any other kid, how could they battle with three Avenger of the Church and even knock them out cold like Azul?

Who could have thought his talent in fighting is this powerful? With his skill if he went to Ashaya he could even be given a post in the Imperial Guard.

Seeing that Azul brought down the Avenger of the Church single handedly has given the peasant the courage they were lacking and at the same time the taste for vengeance.

As the tradesmen, nobles , distinguished person at the edges of the town square scatter and flee as they felt the way the situation unfolding slowly turning into a riot, the crowd of peasant, walk forward, their eyes red, and their heart firm and strong, surges forward to the stand with an animal like roar.

They are charging the stand

The Avenger of the Church on the stand panicked to be charged by a mob since they never encounter such situation.

'ARGHH!'

'KILL THEM!' The shouting of the mob drown any scolding the Avenger shouted at them

No matter how powerful the Red hair Magus, it is on the basis of her blood vials that she could uses magic to deter the peasants and the people that want to do her harm.

The Magus plainly don't have enough blood vials to fuel magic more complicated than throwing people and objects around.

There is not enough blood to contain this charging mob

They could not turn the tide of this mob through magic alone. The Magus is seen using her hands to fling people away from the stand

Ymir hides below the stand looking an opportunity. He already sent Erena to an uncle he knows. He needs to avenge his childhood friend or his heart would not be at ease.

'Kill that Magus!' One of the blacksmith shouted as he throws a huge boulder at the red hair Magus.

She crushes another vial of blood and she waves her hand as the boulder exploded and dust covered the area.

As the Magus could not concentrate on Azul who is on the air right now, her grip on her magic towards Azul weakens and Azul plunged down to the ground.

'By Thonos!' Azul shouted

Azul grimaced and bite his finger and blood comes out from his wound.

'This is it. All or nothing.'

The area below is in chaos, shouting and screaming is the only noise that could be heard. No one would realize what he is doing right now.

The blood seeps into his finger and Azul concentrate his mind as he could feel the energy around him, like a force that surrounds everything.

And he wills that force to stop.

To stop him.

To stop the force that pushing him down.

Just before he falls down to his death, he stop in the air for a few seconds, dispersing the force that would crush him if he falls down for that height

For three seconds he floats a few feet from the ground before the magic lost its effectiveness.

Azul then landed on the ground safely

'That was close' he said to himself as he looks around him, confident no one saw what he was doing.

He look at his left and right and smile in satisfaction as no one saw what he had done.

Amidst the screaming and the chaos and the fighting around the stand against the authority of the Church

The Shurley riots.

The crowd of peasant is going to reach the stand. On the podium nearby the stand the nobles are all pale.

The peasant does not understand why the nobles are pale and they would hardly care but Azul understand the nobles fear.

The wrath of the Church must not be underestimated.

Azul need to make the choice. The mob seems to lose all reason in their anger and now that the spark of rebellion has been ignited in their heart it is hard to extinguish it.

Standing there it was like time slowed for Azul.

He could see the fighting, the Avengers being beaten down, the people climbing the stand and the people rushing to lynch the Churchmen.

Then he knows this is the time for him to make the choice. It is now or never.

[Chapter 248: Six wheels of reincarnation \(1\)](#)

The chaos is ongoing. The screams and shouting of anger continue in the square.

The sound of people beating each other, the Avengers shouted threats and the Magus hurling magic all could be seen by Azul.

But Azul also had hardened his heart, the moment he decided to step out. He had hoped that Zinar would step out. Since he saw her among the crowd, he had hoped she would step out

Because this is as much is her dream as it is his.

This is what he talked about with Tyr and Zinar a long time ago. Of their wish to create a new and a better world.

In that world there will be no Reaping, no more unnecessary war that taxes the peasant and the common folks.

It was a dream....but now unintentionally, today, at this day of the Reaping, this is that first step.

A rebellion against the Empire and the Church of Thonos.

Tyr was a peasant but he talks about this idea of supplanting the Empire authority and power with bravery.

And Zinar always dreams of such world. Azul also dreams and yearn for that world.

They talked about the rebellion in other corners of the Empire with gusto and dream to become a Rebel against the Empire.

For Azul while he did not appear to crave power he is a noble. A True blue blooded noble. It is his belief that noble should not treat their servants a treatment akin of animals.

And he himself did not like the practice of Reaping.

He could not understand it even though he has been going to church with his family since he was a child that could read and write. this content of novelfullbook.com, if you reading this content please go to website novelfullbook.com to continue reading, fastest update hourly

Should he let the crowd decide what to do, or make a brutal example or take them alive and try them for their crimes?

But who should try them?

And for what crimes? To the eyes of the Empire, they Church did no crimes. This has always been the way.

The peasant sacrificed to the church, their blood paved the way for the Empire conquest while the sons and daughters of the peasant is given some blood money.

Then they would grow up to be healthy and then married another peasant and give some children.

Then it is their turn to be reaped and their sons and daughter will get the Blood Money from the Church

Round and round it goes.

The cycle of blood continues and suffering upon suffering is heaped upon the peasantry....till when the war will stop and at which point the Empire will stop killing its citizens.

Azul smiles bitterly as he thought of it.

He knows there is only one thing the Empire understands.

Brutality and force.

If he wanted to create that world he dreamed of.....being nice won't cut it.

Azul look at the charging crowd and then he shouted, his eyes red, his hair fluttering as he throws the staff lying on the ground to one of the Avengers trying to kick a peasant.

Like a sharp spear it flew through the air, whistling as that staff pass through the crowd and hit the Avenger on the face.

The force causes that Avenger face to become depressed as blood spurted out from his eyeballs and his nose and as he falls down he died of choking of his own blood.

'Let no Magus, no Learned Ones, and No Avenger alive! Let their blood shed and collect their blood as penance for their crimes against the people of Aethens!'

The crowd listening roar in excitement and approval

'ARGGGH!'

'AYE!'

The Magus has already been stomped on and punched enough by the crowding mob that she looks nothing like the haughty magus before.

It was Ymir that ended that Magus life with a swift strike of a dagger to her throat.

She convulsed on the stand, her hands trying to stop the spurting blood from her neck, her blood drenched the plank below

Her blood drips down through the gaps of the execution platform.

The Avengers some of them are in their last breath, gasping for air as the peasant stomp their faces and their bodies.

Some of them are unrecognizable from a meat patty sold in some marketplace..

The mob took the Sword of the Church that already fall down to the ground and is now using it reaps the lives of the church men and women with it.

Death.....like always seems to pervade the entire town square of Shurley.

But today it is not the blood of the peasant that is sacrificed to Thonos. Today, it is those who professed their love for Thonos that is sacrificed.

Their blood spills the execution stand, dripping down.

Azul look down at his feet as he saw the blood flowing down from the platform dripping down across the gaps of wooden planks and like flowing water, flows towards him as he walks to the Reaping platform.

A Magus managed to get away in the chaos by levitating herself and went away as fast as possible.

Azul still look at the blood and shakes his head. He knows that this blood needs to be purified by the Church before it could be used as Blood Magic.

This is why he wanted the fact that he could use his blood to use magic be a secret.

If people know he could use his own blood to use blood magic without being purified by the Holy Instrument of the Church, Azul shudders to think what would happen to him.

Then a shout sounded on the air, shaking the town square

‘You dare rebel against the Church, heretics!’

As the last of the Avengers being sacrificed to the anger and wrath of the peasant mob, and the kids were released from their bondage, the eyes of everyone in the town square drift upwards to the Magus that has come back.

She seems to have a few more vials of blood thus she has the courage to return.

She seems to be floating on the air and a few of the peasant shrink back. But only a few among the crowd seems afraid.

Many of the peasants are still governed by anger and in anger, they were brave and courageous

The Magus looks toward Azul with hatred in her eyes and a bit of fear.

‘So decisive for a young boy’ she thought to herself as she saw Azul standing there, his feet is deep in a muddy soils of pooling blood.

‘Heretics!’ She snorted as she looks at the crowd looking at her like she is their prey. Then she pointed her finger toward Azul and shouted

‘What is your name little heretic!’

Azul then sighed and said

‘My name is Azul of House Verignon’ he said coolly. He knows trying to hide it is futile. It is better to just come out with it.

Then Azul shouted

'Run back to Ashaya and tell the Empire that Shurley will have no more Reaping.' The Magus hearing this causes her face to turn red because of anger.

She looks at the vials she has on her bracelets and seems to be contemplating whether she could kill this kid and then run away to safety from the mob.

She sighed as she knows that is not possible.

She did not think she would encounter such a situation today, thus she did not bring too many blood vials from the Church.

She then looks at the peasant looking at her with a face of anger and more than that it is the killing intent around them, fearless and unconstrained that causes her to take a second look at the people of Shurley.

She was astonished above all else.

She has been to Shurley for five years to conduct these Reapings and these peasants usually were so afraid of her that they do not even dare to match eyes with her.

But today, they were as fierce as lions and as bloodthirsty as wolves.

With that boy leading them, he turned a pack of sheep into a pack of wolves.

The Magus looks at Azul and snorted

'No more Reaping?' then she laughed.

She put two fingers on her heart and declares a sacred oath

'As Thonos my witness, the Church will wring the blood from every last man, woman and child who participated in this rebellion!' Before Azul can respond, she flies away, fast as lightning.

But the crowd seems to not hear the threat as they are still enveloped by a feeling of rage. One of them whoops and said

'To the house of Count of Cartagena! Let us loot their estate!' one of them shouted.

Another added among the crowds

'The nobles have bled us and abused us no less than the Church and the Empire! It is time for them to pay for their crimes too.'

'AYE!!!'

'HUH!'

'HUH!'

The cheers were deafening

As Azief saw this Azief was reminded of the French Revolution spoken in history.

This is probably how that Riot and massacres that cover France started and how it started to snowball.

'Off with their heads' the peasant shouted. Azul saw some of them are peasants that are acquainted with Tyr and old man Ben.

And then another person shouted

'Let us sack the market and take the merchant gold! They are the same. Sucking us peasant dry like leeches!'

Another cheer of acknowledgement sounded all over the town square.

If there is a profession hated the most by the peasant it is the merchants.

Azul saw it. Zinar saw it. The kids gathered around Azul and Zinar as the adults keep on shouting and screaming, discussing where to burn, loot and pillage.

Erena seems to be crying while Ymir is consoling her.

The peasant seems to be primed for more vengeance against their oppressors.

Azul could already imagine it. In a blink of an eye they would surely begin to ransack nearby trader houses and burns down nobles estate.

Azul had a plan. The noble.....is still needed in that plan. After all the main primary concern are still the Empire and the Church of Thonos.

All orders seem to be thrown away in this crowd of mob. All that could be seen is chaos. And Azul could feel it. Killing intent that's seems to be billowing to the heavens.

Azul look at the crowd, his face is uncertain. He could shout anything and they would probably listen but what should he shout?

Zinar come beside him and hold his hand

'Azul, what should we do? The mob seems to be crazy' Zinar herself seems afraid of this development.

Azul could understand why...but he could also understand why the peasant is acting like this. All it takes is a spark.

Today, Azul provide that spark. And once something exploded it is air to put it the way it was before.

Zinar is looking up to Azul, seemingly unsure as Azul is

Azul sighed

'What would Tyr do?' He ask himself and Zinar heard him

'Azul what are you thinking?' Azul squeeze Zinar hand as he seems to be trying to search for confidence for what he is attempting to do.

Then he look towards Zinar and said

'Zinar....do you remember what we always talked about with Tyr? We always talked about building a new world, a better world. I promise him that when I grow old enough, I would go to the Capital, gain power and influence and bring him to the Capital to help me in building that world. My plan is to become the Emperor Ministers and advise the Emperor to stop the institution of Reaping. Slowly me and Tyr would change the world. And I want you to be beside me when I did that.'

Then he sighed, his smile bitter, his eyes seems to lose some luster as he could saw all the blood spilled today.

'But today...today I understand. The Empire will never want to listen to the cries and pleadings of the peasant. Since they viewed the peasants as nothing more than just a blood supply, they never would have stopped. They could not be reasoned with because they don't want to listen.'

Azul squeeze Zinar hand harder

'This is the first step' Azul said to her but it was mostly to himself.

He knows that Tyr would surely want to loot the entire town. They talked about this too. What should be done when they started a rebellion?

They should gather foods, and valuables. But Azul had a different thought. If he did that...what is the difference between him and the Empire?

Looting the town, yes, it hurts the nobles and the Church....but it also hurts the peasants and the common folk.

So, without hesitation he shouted to the crowd

'Stop this madness, my fellow people of Aethens!' His voice seems to boom.

Azul knows why his sound could travel so far and wide. It is because the effect of the blood is not yet dissipating.

It is also the reason why the staff he throws before to that Avenger was so powerful causing that avenger to die with that throws.

'Don't loot the town. We are not some lawless mob!'

Azul is already 15 years old, considered almost an adult in Aethens old customs.

But among the crowd there are many old bones, stonecutters, and miners, people that have their lives ruined by the Empire, Nobles and the Church.

But young as he is, Azul have stop the Reaping of children and many peasants who undoubtedly felt thankful and gratitude in their hearts is present among the crowd of angered mob.

The crowd of mob like being showered with cold showers stumbles to halt from all that excitement of wanting to loot and burn the village and the city.

They falls silent and looking shamefaced and hesitant.

A few of the older men among the mob step out and look at Azul.

'Well then, Azul of House Verignon what should we do now?'

The peasant in the mob turns to Azul and looks toward him, asking him what to do.

It was at this moment Azul understand what is happening.

Not only the rebellion he dreamed of with Tyr and Zinar is a reality, but he is recognized as the leader of the rebellion.

But Azul knows it is not safe to talk here. The Church will come back and they might even come back with the Empire soldiers.

Azul look at the forest in the distance. He knew that the only chance he had right now is drawing more support and he knew he had to fight back.

The Empire will not be merciful. They would probably come and Reap the entire peasantry of Shurley as retaliation.

A guerilla attack

'We will go to the Forests.' Azul said, pointing his finger to the Vast Forest in the distance. It is one of the largest forests in Aethens and it is located juts near Shurley.

[Chapter 249: Six wheels of reincarnation \(2\)](#)

It is also one of the places they considered to lay low in the eventuality of a rebellion in Shurley

As the peasant started moving towards the forest, taking their baggage, and food, looting the body of the Avengers, Learned Ones and the Magus, Azul sneak the vials of blood he got from the dead magus.

He needs all the advantage he can get.

It is made from peasant blood, a purified blood purified by the Holy Instrument of the Church.

It is said that the Holy Instrument is found is some mysterious Temple in the end corners of the World.

From what Azul heard of the Canon, the Temple could grant wishes and Time and Space around that Temple distorted and lightning clouds hover around the Temple without ever abating.

Azul took the vials and he hesitates. Should he take it? He sighed and then nodded to himself.

Azul knows if he just let the vials be because it comes from the blood of peasants, sooner or later, when the Church found this vials they would use it against the peasants.

It is better if he takes it and uses it to fend off any possible threat from the Church and the Empire.

It would also help that he could use these bloods instead of his own blood to activate blood magic.

While his blood seems to be powerful and the effect last for long time after using it, it also comes with fatigue and risking unconsciousness when he uses it beyond his limits.

But with these vials of blood Azul could train himself without worrying. Finished storing the vials he leads the people to the forest

The crowd follows him to the forest, eager to leave as fast as possible fearing the Church retaliation.

A large crowd with all the peasant around Shurley area follows Azul to the forests fearing the vengeance of the Church and the Empire wrath

Every peasant camp in the Shurley area is emptying itself.

As Azul rides in horseback he took from one of the abandoned noble stables, he could see many children around the age of nine and ten, folding behind their parents to the forest believing in him.

There is a pressure in Azul heart. Azief is still in his formless state. He seems to be floating around Azul.

Azief saw how that young girl Erena come to Azul and give him her thanks and an assortment of flower.

Then Ymir come to explain how they were caught.

Zinar and Tyr and sometimes he usually come to the meeting but instead it was the Magus that came this time and grabbed them all, accusing them of planning a rebellion.

Azief saw how the young boy really hated the Empire and this is proved by his defiance against the Magus, giving an Avenger a black eyes and his question towards Azul

‘Are we fighting back?’ the young child asks, his eyes beaming.

Azul seems to be thinking of something. He closes his eyes and his eyes are full of determination.

Azul then nodded and said with a conviction

‘We’ll fight them as long as we have a breath in our bodies! It is time for Aethens to rise once again’

The young boy nodded, and clenches his fist.

Azul could see that Ymir wanted to avenge his childhood friend death. Azul heard from Erena, that their friend, Ellerod was beaten to death in their journey to the Reaping stand.

And from what Azul heard from the mob, it was Ymir that give the finishing blow to that red hair Magus.

As the crowd is getting deeper and deeper into the forest, suddenly a shadowy form bust out from the large bush ahead.

A motley crew of young peasant rush in front of Azul, brandishing their motley array of weapons they nicked or took from swordsmith and metalsmith of the town before coming to the forest.

These young peasants with dark skin and parched skins because of the constant work they have to endure surround Azul guarding him with extreme vigilance.

Azul smiles a bit.

Without intending to Azul seems to have gained a guard squad.

Coming out from the large bush is a huge man as he raise his hand and shouted

‘Don’t stick me with that thing!’

‘Lord!’ The voice exclaimed

'It is me!' It was a familiar voice.

As Azul moves his horse forward he could see who it is. His face is full of mud, and his hair seems to be messy.

'Tyr!' Azul exclaim gladly

'I fear the worst has happened to you! It is good nothing happens to you!'

But Tyr didn't seem happy. His shoulder slump weakly.

Azul immediately understand.

He must not have heard. From the way he is behaving Azul believes he is hiding from the Reaping process.

Maybe his name is on the summons and he did not want to die such a meaningless death.

Azul was the one beside Tyr all this years. Whoop could he not understand Tyr denial of the Empire ways?

He didn't believe one shit about the duty of self-sacrifice mentioned in The Canon. The peasants that knows about this have a nickname for him

The Big Heretic and Azul the Little Heretic

Tyr sighed and asks

'Is there anyone we know among the Reaping?' he then sighed.

'How long until this must go on? Were the others-'

Azul quickly cut him off

'Everyone alive, Tyr. The Reaping has been stopped, the Avengers and the Learned One has been killed by the peasant. It is all right Tyr. What we have dreamed all this years....it has begun.' Azul said and Tyr eyes bulged and then there is excitement in his eyes.

'The rebellion started? Truly?'

Azul jump down from his horse and clasp Tyr arm.

'Where have you been when all of this happened? You should have been there with me.' Azul ask.

'I was hiding among the hills. I was about to go to the meeting when-' and he stopped talking as he look toward Zinar on the back talking with the children.

Then whispering Tyr said to Azul

'Zinar told me where the meeting is. I was late and it was then I saw the Avenger of the Church and the Learned Ones and even a Magus march inside the meeting place and brought out children and our comrades out from the meeting place. They knew we were there, my friend. They were waiting for us'

Tyr sighed and then shrugs. He could see Azul expression asking him why he did not try to save them

'There were too many to fight, my friend. I didn't want to die and at most they would at least be only beaten and not executed' he said. Azul nodded

He could understand Tyr. He must not have thought that the Church intends to reap the children too.

Harsh treatment like being beaten is normal for a peasant.

If Tyr knew that those Churchmen were intending to kill those children, Tyr would have fought them tooth and nails.

The only reason he did not come out from his hiding and help those children is because he knew that if those children were associated with him, they might suffer more.

Azul think even Tyr would be shock to hear that the kids nearly got executed in the Reaping.

But Tyr seems to be looking at Zinar direction. His eyes seem to be looking at her intently and full of suspicions.

And his face is not entirely pleasant. But Azul did not see it. But Azief sees it. What did Azul intend to do by showing this memory to him?

Tyr tugged Azul sleeve and look at Zinar.

'Don't you think it is suspicious?'

'What is?' And then Azul saw what Tyr is looking at and he understands what Tyr is implying.

Azul face becomes pale.

'You couldn't think that she-' And Tyr only shrugged.

Zinar who finished consoling the crying children arrived at the area and saw Tyr

She then cries

'Tyr! You're alive!' She jumps down from her horse, her giddy exhilaration plain in every springing step.

She throws her arms around Tyr, all muddled and dirty, ignoring or not noticing Try grimace and the complicated expression on Azul face.

She then turns to Azul

'We did it my friends. This is what we always dreamed of' Azul expression is hard and unpleasant.

He grabs Zinar hand and said

'And we need to about something. Come with me'

Azul brought her away from the crowd to prevent others from overhearing what he will say. He didn't want rumors to spread until he is sure.

'What exactly happen today?' Azul ask, his face is serious

Zinar smiles falter

'What do you mean by that?' There is an accusatory tone in that question.

'The church seems to know that our comrade has been talking about treason and know our meeting place.' Then Azul turn his head to stare straight at her for a moment

'How do you think they found out about all of this?'

'Someone must have betrayed us.' A note of incredulity enters Zinar whispers.

And she began to understand why Azul anted to speak to her away from other the crowds of peasant in the distance.

'And you think that person is me?'

Azul sighed

'I am wondering the same things anyone would'

Azul voice is level but his heart is beating fast. There are so many questions to ask.

'Why weren't you at the meeting place?' Zinar answer

'My estate supervisor demanding me to complete the task form the young lady one after another that I didn't have time for anything else. Thus I could not go to the meeting place'

'Why wasn't I invited?' Azul ask back

'I can't invite you to all of them' she said defensively.

'Tyr was a fugitive and we are about to meet to discuss that and hear the full story of what happen in the Count estate. With so little time I had no time to come to your House without raising suspicions.'

'Then how do you think the Church found out about the meeting?'

Zinar then offer her opinion.

'Either there is a traitor amongst out midst or else they managed to follow the peasant somehow. We were careful each time we conduct these meetings but it is possible some of us slipped up.'

Azul knows that if there is a traitor it is hard to pinpoint one.

'Who do you think betray us then? You know them better than I do'

Zinar sighed.

'I know it would be easy to point a finger to Tyr because he also wasn't there this morning but you and I know him. He is honesty and he hated the Empire more than anyone else.'

Azul nodded. For a moment there is a silence between them. Azul then look at Zinar and felt his heart conflicted.

Then he ask what he wanted to ask when he saw that kids being hauled up at the Reaping.

At the time he could not ask her because events happens so fast that he had no time to think of anything else.

But now there is time and now he can ask.

'Why didn't you try to stop the Reaping? This meeting you and Tyr conducted...isn't it to do exactly this? To rebel against the Empire and the Church'

Zinar didn't like that expression on Azul face. It was a trace of disappointment

'I...was afraid. There is an expression of remorse in her face. Azul closes his eyes and then sighed.

Then he said to Zinar

'We were all afraid.....you think I am not afraid?'

Then he continued

I thought you...would be the spark not me. I am a noble. That is a fact I could not change. The rebellion we dreamed of was for the rebellion to be started by a peasant. We know it is a bit hard to gain support of a peasant's rebellion but a new world could only be started that way. We have planned it for years. The rebellion leader would either be you or Tyr and I will be working from the inside of the Empire. I would offer support in terms of influence and supply while you work in the open to undermine the Empire authority and force them to abandon Aethens. We wanted to reclaim back Aethenspania, to end the institution of Reaping and alleviate the hard life of the common folks under the Church and the Empire. I thought you would be the first to jump out from the crowd when they started trying to reap children. But...you never know how you're going to act until the moment comes'

And Azul sighed

It is because Azul was the first one that jump out from the crowd, and incite the people, that he is recognized as the rebellion leader.

'And today you know' Zinar says, almost as hurt by Azul gentle and kind word as she would have been by his wrath

'I'm not the woman you thought I am. You now know what to expect from me when lives is at stakes.'

'That is not what I am trying to say. You are distorting my words'

'You don't have to console me. Azul, just now, when I see Tyr eyes...'Zinar shakes her head, her expression so full of disbelief it approaches wonder.

'There will be people calling me traitor after today. Will you be one of them?' she seems to be waiting for Azul answer.

Azul contemplates and he shakes his head

'This is what the Church does. They breed mistrust among us. They wanted to us to be so suspicious of each other we would never be able to unite against them. You and Tyr were beside me when we spoke of our grand dreams of a better world. We are just at the first step. I trust you, Zinar'

Zinar eyes were pooling with tears and Azul wipes them out with his finger gently. Zinar expression turns somber and uncertain.

'After we make camp tonight, let's talk more. We need to consult with Tyr and take steps to protect our band against another betrayal while we dig up traitors that are hiding in our midst.'

Azul nodded

'Keep your eyes and ears open'

She nodded as she walks away. Azul watch her for a long time as she walks away, trying to not let uncertainty shows on your face.

It was then time stopped and that voice sounded again filling the entire world

'This is Azul Verignon my second incarnation. With him I achieve enlightenment and become the ruler of this world and when I gained enough energy I broke through the World Cage and become the Saint of ten Thousand Worlds. Experience my struggle and resolve my regret!'

Then Azief formless body was absorbed into Azul Verignon as fast as lighting. At that moment Azief become Azul Verignon

He closes his eyes and then opening it back, was Azul. A different Azul.

'I have entered his body' Azief said to himself.

'What is his regret this time?' As he was about to join the crowd, a messenger come to him. It was a peasant that used to work for his estate

'Lord, this is a letter from your steward'

Azief took the letter and read it. He smiles after reading it.

He nodded

And then he said to the servant

'Take him and make sure he is well fed.'

The peasant went away and Azief sighed

'Fine, I will lead this band of people against the rebellion to the Empire. I didn't like them either. Azief didn't like the empire as much as Azul do.

He joins the crowd, his eyes sharper than usual.

SOMEWHERE IN THE VAST UNIVERSE

There is an ancient being sitting on a throne of light. Behind him is a gigantic wheel that seems to contain the power of life and death, of creation and destruction.

Beside him is a translucent figure of a woman. If Azief could see it he would probably be shocked.

It is Meihul, only now she is a bit older and mature and she is looking at that person sitting on that throne of light with a smile.

She seems to be floating near the gigantic wheel. And around that wheels souls could be seen circling it

That person sitting on the throne of lights has suns as his eyes and his body is larger than a galaxy.

In this Vast Universe, he could be considered the number one strongest being. Not to mention how ancient he is compared to the other life forms.

The Wheel behind him seems to be stationary not moving but the Laws emanating from it seems to be able to change anything in this world

Yet, Meihul that seems to be hovering near the Wheel could not be affected by the Laws that is emanating from the Wheel.

That person looks at that translucent figures and sigh

His sigh trembles the stars and distort any planets nearby

'Six lifetimes, six lives, none of them succeed, none of them fated to solve my greatest failure. That person once again tries my trial. Before he failed.....but this time could he succeed?'

This gigantic and ancient being is Azul. In the six lifetimes he lived, he has many titles and each one of his life is in a way eventful.

He looks at Meihul and he closes his eyes. How could after all of this time, his heart still could not let go of her. She is an obsession he never wants to let go.

He will bring her back.

Then like he was talking to Meihul he said

'If he succeeds, than the Sorcerer would be able to use his magic and bring back your soul. In those times before, there were no True Hell and no True Heaven. Thus souls have nowhere to go in the Vast Universe. I thus created my heaven and my Hell yet I could not bring you soul since our race lack a soul unless if one break through the World Shackles like me. I kill you and spent six lifetimes and eons to bring you back.'

There were three other people before Azief that attempted his trial. Each time they passed the first trial.

The first trial is the easiest and each time they did that, Meihul would return to him for a while.

Azul did not tell Azief this but that moment Azief decided to spare Meihul a different future was written.

This is simple for Azul.

He rewrite the Laws of Time making the fact that Meihul dead seems to be an illusion but he could not rewrite everything because there is some limitation especially when it concerns life and death, of creation and destruction.

And in Azul life as the Divinity of Fire, Meihul followed him until he breaks through the Heavens of the Infernal Realm and until he became this Azul.

It was like she has always been beside him this entire time.

And he has two memories. The memories of where he kills Meihul and the memories where he didn't.

But then why does Meihul body is not entirely corporeal

Because she lacks a soul so the moment Azul break through the Heavens of the Infernal Realm, the karma of the past come to collect.

Azul find a way around it by seeking the Sorcerer of All Realms.

The Sorcerer then set a task for Azul. However, Azul must not be the one to change it. It must be others.

So, Azul begins refining his saber and imbued with each saber his life and reincarnation.

Each one all had the same purpose.

To teach the person undertaking the trial of whom Azul is and to hope that in the last trial that person would be able to make the right decision.

Each trial will affect Azul life as each decision that is made in the trial change the reality of Azul life.

Azul look at the wheel and sigh.

On the hub of the wheel is a Red Pig, a Rainbow Rooster and a Grey gigantic snake that seems to be chasing each other, each of them poisonous and could bring down an entire galaxy by themselves if they were to be released by the wheel.

The Red Pig seems to be covered in the dirtiest soils and eats anything in his path. Then that Red Pig would vomit out the Rainbow Rooster and the Grey snake.

The Red Pig wants to eat them back while the snake and the rooster grasp the pig tail. And thus they keep chasing each other inside the wheels.

The second layer of the wheel seems to depicts lives of countless of beings, multitudes of aliens races, their lives and connection to each other and their reincarnation that needs to resolve the connection and sever their obsessions

It is a scene of people forming Karma, sowing it and reaping it. If one life is not enough, then three lifetimes should be enough.

The second layer of the wheel have two half circles. One half of the circle is bright as the sun and shows myriads of beings, races of aliens with content face.

The other half seems to be dark with no suns showing myriads of being in a miserable state being led downwards to down the Wheel

The third layer of the wheel is divided into six sections that represent the six realms of cyclic existence, the process of cycling through one rebirth after another.

It is these six realms that become the trials for people who refine his saber. this content of novelfullbook.com, if you reading this content please go to website novelfullbook.com to continue reading, fastest update hourly

There is a realm where there are many beings lead long and enjoyable lives full of pleasure and abundance

But because of all the pleasures and abundance, they seem to be dazed with it. There is another realm where jealousy and envy seems to fills the heart of every being.

Then there is a realm where its resident is shackled by passion, desire, doubt and pride.

This realm however has just enough suffering but not too much that it would lead them astray from seeking the truth

Then there is a realm where most of them were like beast and animals. They all struggle to become better and live their short lives.

And then there is a realm where the feeling of possessiveness and desire fills the entire realm. And then there is one realm which is different from the other.

It is a realm full of hatred and resentment.

However if one look closely at each of these realms, Azul is always present in every one of these realms, ready to offer guidance and help

On the fourth layer, the outer rim of the wheel is the twelve links twelve image that seemed to

One could gains greater insight into the workings of karma; just by looking at this gigantic wheel that seems to be born with the understanding of the Karma of the Universe.

Azul closes his eyes and the Universe around him turns dark.

The Wheel started rotating again and he is still waiting.

For the fated one to appear.

[Chapter 250: No regret \(1\)](#)

In the years that followed his rebellion, Azief already started to organize his band of peasant into a fighting force.

The letter he receives that day on the first day of his rebellion in the Vast Forest was that his father has followed him to the Vast Forest.

Without any other way than following his rebellious son, he went with Azul as he went to the Vast Forest.

Azief however is not that influenced by familial ties as Azul but he also did not mistreat Azul father.

Azief put him with some of his lieutenant and ask them to look over Azul father, both as a measure of safety for him and safety for the band.

In the first year of his rebellion, Magus, Learned Ones and the Avengers, all of the churchmen try seeking Azief around that forest but are always intercepted by Azief guard

They were killed and their bodies eaten by wolves, and some bodies were left at the outskirts of the forest to serve as a warning.

Protected by tree canopy that is larger than clouds, even the flying Magus patrolling the large Vast Forest could not identify where Azief hide himself unless they put their boots on the ground.

They send expedition of course. But each expedition ended with failure. Azief is no stranger to guerrilla tactics.

In Earth 39 he was the Supreme General of the Evolver race and while he did not busy himself with military strategies since it is redundant for him, that does not mean he did not understand it.

Azief immediately organize his band to make sure everything is running smoothly. And one of the most important things is how to govern themselves.

In the old Aethens governance, the style is close to an elected council of elders that resembles the democracy of Ancient Greeks.

However Azief forego this even though he is an Aethens noble and come from a noble and old lineage of Aethenspania noble.

He knew that power had to be consolidated not divided. Too many different thought would break this new seed of rebellion.

It needs a leader, to dictate where to attack and when to defend, to avoid confusion when right now they needed unity and not opinions.

Azief choose Tyr to become his deputy while Ymir is his guard. The band moves very often in fear of the Magus detection.

Azief also knows that the only reason that the Empire did not yet send the army is because the chaos at the Border

Azief also lays down a few ground rules. As long as there is a tiny chance that the Church might identify the camp location, Azul would order a move.

In the first year of his rebellion Azief establishes this rule and he followed it with persistence.

Even if it is unpopular policy, Azief now inhabiting Azul body knows that a clear rule is the foundation of authority.

Tyr who was beside Azul in advising him in many matters especially regarding the peasantry in his band also agrees on this point.

And in the first year, Azief gain the people respect as he stick to his own rules, discriminating no one even his closest friends or his earliest followers from punishment if they did wrong and promoted and reward those that render meritorious service..

During those times the peasant still call him Lord and it sets him apart from the rest of the group.

And even though Azief forsaken all noble privilege , he did not ask people to change how they address him as it would only draw more attention to his status.

And there is no point in pretending to be a peasant Azief decided.

And there is no harm for the band of peasant to call him lord as long as he did not act like the nobles that oppressed them.

It is not like he is leading by the right of birth. Azief was of course feeling a little bit weird. A noble.

Him?

He still remembers the times before the fall in his country. While they have royalty in Malaysia and no true noble, he in his life heard of course of some people acknowledging nobility by their descent.

Some claim they come from some religious leader descendant and could only marry their kind.

When Azief heard this talk from his friend, he wanted to vomit in disgust.

In any great religion the one thing they always sought to remove is the distinction between race, and the status of one birth.

Yet people no matter what will always tries to put value on one births and not one's ability.

Tyr and him always talk about this in their late night's strategy talks. The problem of the Empire is that they govern by the right of birth and not merit.

Tyr believes that the world would be better if it is ruled by officials who appointed to that position by the merit of their deeds instead of their status of birth.

Azief also shares this belief as he comes from another world.

To field large armies and organize millions of people, a proper bureaucracy is needed. But unlike Azul that is overly idealistic Azief wanted to become an Emperor of this world.

He believes that he would rule better. And as long as he is in this world, he should shape it in his image of a better world.

In his journey inside the Vast Forest, as Azief encounter more bands of people, and he absorbed them into his band.

He absorbed the Orel outlaws who he encounters deep in the wilderness.

And as time passes by Azief exploits began to be retold in the Empire as the longer he lives, the larger his legend grew.

At that time Azief revolt has immediately seized the imagination of many Aethens people as they dream of the Aethenspania old days before Blood Magic was discovered.

The Orel outlaws that Azief find did not even try to fight or resist his group as they are demoralized from the death of their leader.

When they meet the famous Azul Verignon, the rebel leader from Shurley they immediately surrender and join Azief ranks of soldiers

Azief while he did not possess the ability he possess on Earth, the charisma he had quickly won their loyalty.

Azief in Earth was the supreme overlord, lording all forces of the world. Each of his word has a certain weight to it and could decide the life and death of many people.

That overlord attitude and charisma will not diminish just by changing his face and body.

And when those bands of outlaws learn of Azief skills at combat and strategic brilliance Azief place as their leader is assured.

Azief thought he would find it hard to lead such a famous outlaw group but he was mistaken.

The Orel outlaws were not a bloodthirsty and anarchic as the news and the stories lead him to believe.

These women and men in the outlaw group are just desperate peasant former peasant fleeing the Reaping or starvation.

They are also unlike Azief band who is a rebel but only trying to escape the Empire and not bring it down.

The Orel was composed of strong peasants coming from the Kingdom of Illyria which has been razed through the ground during the Empire conquest.

There were four regions conquered in this island continent of Aethenspania by the Empire. The Empire set their Capital in Ashaya, once belonging to the Kingdom of Phrenicia.

The Empire when they arrive at this bountiful island with their blood magic conquered the four kingdoms that live in peace with each other.

They were the Aethenspania which was the strongest in economy and fielded many soldiers and people, the Phrenicia which is the wealthiest because of their gold mines and natural resources, the Illyria which was composed of strong warrior and emphasizes military valor and then the kingdom of Caragond who have vats land but low population because of their long civil war against each other and warlords.

The Empire of Thul'nos came and saw all of this and they conquered one by one starting with Caragond which is the easiest because of their weaken unity and then they proceed to bring down the other three kingdoms.

Each Kingdom was reinstated as regions.

The refugees from these region bolstered Azief force.

Azief chose Tyr as his second in command.

This is one of Azief wise decision since Tyr is perfectly loved by the peasant and could easily mesh well with the other people joining him, men from Illyria, men from Caragond, men from Phrenicia.

Azief also trust him and everyone in the peasant band respect him.

Zinar on the other hand stung to be sidelined especially by a noble in the rebellion she started to build.

She herself began to distance herself with Tyr as they both seems to share no friendship and dreams like in the beginning

Tyr always suspected Zinar and Zinar would not try to defend herself but she has a lot of support from people who were saved by her in many rescue expedition on nearby villages.

Zinar relationship with Azief also cooled down but she shows no sign of insubordination.

What Azief was curious about was that he did not think that the source of Azul regret is this woman.

But if it is not that...then what is it?

This time there is no clue about the kind of regret he had to solve. It all felt like a dream, this time, a long, long dream that seems to stretch out infinitely.

All the time he felt like everything is a struggle but there are also times when he has a time of reprieve.

In those free days, he looks at the sky and contemplate what is the regret of Azul and how did he enlightened himself.

In those years inside the forest, Azief band experiences many things that could have been the end of their rebellions.

Azief even wonder how Azul manage to keep his band together long enough to stage a comeback and bring down the Empire

And then as he just stabilizes himself in the Vast Forest, in the second year of Azief rebellion still in the Great Forest, his band was contracted with sickness and disease.

Azief went down to the sick to look at them personally despite the objection from Tyr and Zinar who fear that he himself would be contracted with the disease.

But Azief wins the support of the peasant. Azief even felt like he was being like Liu Bei, winning the populace goodwill.

In those times as ration decreases, and rains and cold coming down on the forest, it is almost pushing the band into the edge of breaking.

By now, Azief band has risen to amount to a small village.

Azief knows to succeed in the end, to topple down the Empire, the problem in this forest is not about the traitor in his midst, but how to keep everyone warm and not starved.

Azief looted any Empire buildings on the town bordering the forest and then return back to the forest.

If that is not enough harassment to the Empire there is camp of peasant sending food in secret as gesture of support.

With that Azief also send his people that are becoming larger and larger to sabotage Reaping in nearby town.

There were four towns within two days of travels of the forest north region. The Reaping itself is protected only by a few Magus and Avengers of the Church.

The only protection against it was the fear the populace held for the Church and the promise that any offense against the church would be punished by Thonos itself.

In those raids, Azief also participated.

Azief himself does not believe this Thonos. Even if there is Thonos Azief also does not fear.

He knows that the Gods that people of this realm if it does exist is nothing more than just a powerful being.

Azief saw such powerful beings in his journey, and he himself could be considered God if his ability is to be included in.

He could change the weather; bring down rain or burns cities and even kingdoms and nation.

Azief also send Zinar and Tyr to the nobles of Aethens and peasant camp all around the border of the forest to persuade them to join the rebellion.

They would travel by the night to the outskirts of the aristocracy great estates and the smallhold of the city nearby the forest to promote the rebellion to both the nobles and the peasantry.

Zinar was effective in her job as she informs the people that Azief band is not some outlaws mob but the first spark of a rebellion against all the injustice of the Empire.

To the nobles Zinar spoke of the rights of the nobles in the time of Aethenspania rule. To the peasant she promised no more Reaping.

While not all of them join, some are keen to help and some join the bands, making Azief band swell and become larger and larger.

With the help of peasants and some nobles helps Azief use the money he got to smuggle horses, buy provisions and smuggle goods and herbs from the forest to the outside world.

Azief also started teaching the outlaws, and the peasantry letters and numbers.

Azief foresee a day where he needs capable minister. this content of novelfullbook.com, if you reading this content please go to website novelfullbook.com to continue reading, fastest update hourly

Not once in his mind he visualizes that he would fail in his endeavor. If he still fails even after all of he achieved in his world, he should just kill himself.

That is how much confidence he had on himself.

Azief believes that through teaching the band of peasant to read a world of knowledge will open for them.

Azief teaches them not only the letters and mathematic but also history, theology, politics and trade.

Azief because of his modern world knowledge had a deep understanding of supply and demand.

People who visited this part of Aethens, always complain about the tariffs The Empire impose, a swinging tax each time goods cross a border, especially on luxuries items like wool, steel, silk and wheat.

But no smuggling ever happens in this large forest.

When Tyr was briefed he reaches the same conclusion like Azief. That is because this area used to belong to bandits.

They need to make their presence known and tell the merchant to smuggle here and that is what he did in most of the second year of rebellion.

In his third year of rebellion, his men swell in number from before

Now his men are experienced warriors and they have fought many people that try to sniff them out in this large forest.

His men fought Magus that uses Blood magic and they fought Avengers of Chaos.

They have grown strong and even confident enough that his band of small army started raiding the Church and the Empire structure.

But Azief forbid looting and sacking towns.

By raiding the church, the Avengers of the Church base of operation and even Empire granary and grain supply center, Azief band is now armed with weapons of forged steels, not just clubs, knives and sharpened staves, but leather armor of high quality, horses enough to form a cavalry unit that could mow down a small army and vast amount of food to keep his army well fed and motivated.

And the more Azief set up this raid; he realizes his army is changing. There is a new glint in the eyes of his band, a self confidence that wasn't there before.

Slowly, there is a trace of an elite army in the band that Azief is leading.

Azief named his army the Crimson Army and they painted their armour dark red and his elite army is adept at night attack and guerilla tactics.

Even though the nobles around the Vast Forests send their retinue under the orders of the Empire to contain Azul Verignon, none of them returned back.

What those nobles didn't know and expected is that most of those retinue is composed of peasant who instead of fighting Azul army who is equipped with steel armor and steel swords, they actually surrenders willingly and eager to join Azief rebellion while any that does not surrender were executed.

And that is how Azief grew his Crimson Army to thirty thousand people, enough force to threaten a city.

Azul of House Verignon name shakes the Empire upper government of the Empire in their homeland of Thul'nos.