

The Duke 791

Chapter 791 Angry

"Will they be alright?" Law turned his head to Tilly, standing on top of the highest church where they could see the royal palace. "Mother and Father are the only ones who are there and they're against a lot of bad people."

"To the people of Spade, it was them against two bad people." Tilly kept her eyes in the same direction. "They will be fine. Lilou and Samael."

Law let out a deep exhale, not really sure whether he should be reassured by what Tilly had said. Tilly didn't even show the slightest reassurance or any emotion at all. It was as though she simply read a script and that was all. "It's bad," murmured Law, looking around the capital, and catching people coming out of their homes in the middle of the night. They looked like a colony of ants from his vantage point, but he was certain that going down there wasn't what he wished for right now. "Quentin was prepared," he continued under his breath, snapping his eyes in a different direction. "Considering he had been watching everything and had planned this for a long time, it'll be silly if he didn't prepare just as much," Tilly replied, casting the vast darkness reigning over the land a quick look. "He isn't someone to be underestimated. Especially with his affiliations with the man on the mainland."

"Did it really fall, Tilly?"

"Mhm. It did." Tilly rocked her head, looking heavenward. "Even the moon knew what would happen tonight, and is hiding in shame, for it couldn't do anything about it again."

Law stared at Tilly with pursed lips, reaching for the latter's hand. "Are you sad, Tilly?"

"No."

"Then why do you look... different?" he asked, having a hard time guessing which word to use to describe the slight difference in Tilly's aura. It was faint and barely noticeable; if one wasn't paying attention or didn't know Tilly, they wouldn't even notice it. "I'm angry." There was not that huge difference in her tone or the look in her eyes, but Law knew she was telling the truth. "They make me very... angry."

"What will you do?"

"Nothing... just yet." Tilly gazed down on the capital and the people in the street grew in number. "These people aren't Tilly's enemy. The man on the mainland was."

She then set her eyes on the palace again. "That man in the palace as well and everyone involved in the fall of the mainland."

"What about the person turning back the time?"

"Fabian is gone," she whispered. "I don't think it's right to turn things back to normal."

"Tilly. What are you suddenly talking about?"

Tilly slowly cast Law a look and planted a hand on his head. She ruffled it mildly, not smiling or frowning. "Gut feeling," was all she told him, staring into each other's eyes. "You haven't said that

to them, have you?" he inquired, only for Tilly to look back at the palace. "I did. I told Samael and Lilou that Fabian was acting strange back in Karo."

"No, he wasn't. He was being his usual self."

"He was," she stressed soothingly. "When he accepted the idea to part ways, he already confirmed something had gone terribly wrong before the regression."

Law furrowed his brows, staring at Tilly's side profile curiously. He knew about most of their plans and the role he must take. However, never once he had ever noticed something was wrong with Fabian. Fabian raised Law when Lilou was in a coma, so it was safe to say Law knew their family butler. But then again, Tilly and Fabian had this strange, strong connection with each other. They didn't need to tell each other what the other feels or think because they could easily guess. They share the same brainwave, which was almost strange at one point. Therefore, Law couldn't rule out Tilly's guess, even though it originated from a gut feeling.

Thud.

Law's train of thought came to a halt when he heard something land on another high roof. He turned his head to where the faint sound came from, catching Rufus in his casual clothing with a sword clinging to his waist. Law's eyes lingered on the sword that was glinting brightly due to its polished silver scabbard. Rufus had always protected his sword and polished it, warranting jokes from Samael, Fabian, and even from Klaus. It never crossed Law until now that he was hyperaware of his surroundings and the people. Rufus's sword didn't look anything special, but somehow, it looked brighter than any sword Law had laid his eyes on. "Claude will stay behind in the colosseum," Rufus's voice pierced the still air, snapping Law from his trance. "He said he will try to catch up. He got a ton of friends back there."

Tilly just nodded while Law pressed his lips into a thin line. "Big brother, will you go to the palace?" Law inquired, only to see Rufus shake his head. "Then you will go to the border?"

"I have to." Rufus's expression was firm, but his eyes softened at Law. "I have to make way for Heliot and Stefan. We are in a hurry to reunite with Sunny."

Law let out another deep breath. "Alright. Take care on your way." His eyes then fell on the plaza again, but this time, the sight of people sent a chill down his spine.

"Quentin succeeded in enhancing his people's strength," Law added, sensing the sickening aura building up from the distance. "We already know that," replied Rufus sternly, as his expression turned solemn once more. "It's awful and makes my stomach turn."

Rufus's hand trembled as he held the handle of his sword. "Tilly, I'll leave Law's care in your hands."

"Mhm. Take care." Tilly waved and with that, she and Law watched Rufus jump from the roof he was standing on, only to hear loud growls and grunts from the ground. A loud explosion rattled the night, and from the two's vantage point, they watched how a fight broke out with Rufus coming like a storm against countless vampires Zero experimented on.

Chapter 792 One against countless

"Sam!"

Lilou yelled after slaying another pureblooded vampire to the ground. She looked up, catching Samael and Zero clash midair. "Tch!" She clicked her tongue, annoyed at the smug grin plastered across her husband's face. He was enjoying it.

"I told him not to get carried away," she mumbled, hearing a loud yell from her side. Lilou raised her scythe to block the attack on instinct. The piercing metal clashing rang in her ear. "Why... can't he stick to the plan?" came out through her gritted teeth, kicking the person who attacked her before leaving a slash across the man's body. "Samael La Crox!" When Samael heard his wife's voice echo like thunder, he snapped back to his senses and sent Zero flying. As Zero crashed against the wall, he landed safely on the second floor of the greenhouse. "What, my love?" he asked out of plain curiosity, tilting his head to the side. He had his hand on his hip, gazing at her, who was in the middle of the fight. "Do you, perhaps, need my help?"

"The plan — ugh!" Lilou grunted as she pushed another enemy back while kicking another one away. "Stick to the plan, Sam!"

Samael frowned. "There's a plan!"

"My —" Her frustration spiked, baring her fangs as she struck another person. "Why are these people keep coming at me?!"

"Because you are their enemy, my love!"

"I know!!" Lilou barely stopped herself from rolling her eyes, grabbing an enemy's back collar to use him as a shield, and then clashing with the sword that was coming at her. The longer she fought countless of pureblooded vampires to back up Samael, the more frustrated she was. Who wouldn't? They had a plan, but her husband was showing signs of forgetting them. "Now, of all time!" Lilou yelled as she wiped out the people surrounding her, finally having the brief time to look back to where Samael stood. "Love, are you always this forgetful?"

"I thought our plan was to improvise."

"That is the opposite of the plan, Sam!"

"Oh..." Samael rocked his head, glancing at the thinning smoke caused by Zero's crash. "Well, I guess you can say this is a sign of aging?"

"Ugh! Forget it!" Lilou rolled her eyes, noticing more and more knights surrounding the greenhouse. Not good, she thought, considering both of them only needed to buy the rest some time and keep Zero busy. Perhaps, lower the number of their enemies because of the modifications the vampires in this place had gone through. "Just an hour, Sam!" she yelled, shifting her focus to the countless knights surrounding her. "I'll meet you at the rendezvous point. If not, I'm leaving you!"

"Oh, my god..." Samael's eyes glinted, but before the horror of being abandoned could take place, sharpness took charge. CLASH!

"One hour it is!" Samael yelled, grinning from ear to ear as his heavy sword clashed with another. "Well, hello there, demon. I didn't know you liked the Grimsbanne blood so much you will find ways to be like us."

Both swords rattled at the forces from their wielder, staying in between Zero and Samael. Both their eyes shone in bright crimson; their eyes mirroring two different monsters. "Hoo! This will be fun," remarked Samael, staring at the changing color of Zero's sclera that has slowly turned dark. His

hand trembled both in excitement and a bit of fear, watching the dark blood trickling down from the side of Zero's head down to his eyes.

"Samael La Crox!" Zero's voice was strong and rasped, sounding like a monster caged in a cave at the natural echo from his throat. "May you not disappoint me."

"Wish I would." Samael's lips stretched even broader. "Because if I don't, this will be your last night. No more second chances."

"Hah." Zero only let out a dry laugh before their fierce duel raged on once again. Meanwhile, Lilou stood motionless on the same spot while her eyes scanned the knights surrounding her. She counted in her head and realized it was a bad idea to count. They were just too many of them. "Surrender now, Lilou Bloodfang!" yelled a knight as he took a step forth. "We do not want to hurt you."

The corner of Lilou's lips curled up into a smirk. "It seemed Zero was truly prepared. But alas... how dare you call me a Bloodfang when I carry the name of my husband?"

"We are ordered to restrain His Majesty's bride. We do not want to hurt you, but if you resist, we cannot guarantee your safety."

"Of course." Lilou laughed, twirling her gigantic scythe until it was held diagonally on her back. "Zero doesn't need my hands and feet, nor did he need my eyes, ears, or tongue. For as long as he can have my womb and bear his child, he will not care about other things."

Her eyelids drooped until they were partially closed, smirking. "What a disgusting idea to ever cross a man, but then again, men are a bunch of simpletons who only think of fathering an heir."

Fortunately, Samael was too busy to comment. Although he heard her and Zero mocked him whilst clashing with him, his focus was on the battle. They only got another hour before they retreat. They had to finish the job. "Don't worry. The only time Zero will have me is when I am dead." A glint flickered across her eyes as one eye turned red; the other maintained the original viridescent color. "Or when my family is dead. I don't think they would even allow someone like your king to touch my dead body."

Her lips curled up as her remarks were the clear answer the knights sought. Lilou would not surrender over her dead body. And thus, the knights' who were ordered to restrain her held their weapons, observing the growing aura emanating from her. One against countless. Lilou stood proud, carrying the pride of the Bloodfang, who had fallen to the schemes of the Moriarty, and her heart as a mother and Samael's wife.

In a snap of a finger, a loud roar came out of her lips and she disappeared from her vantage point, fighting anyone who crossed the invisible line she had created.

Chapter 793 The cruel fates of the warriors

[COLOSSEUM]

Two months since the time Claude set foot in the Spade Kingdom and became a warrior to entertain. His cruel methods almost gained him instant popularity. Claude could've done something better than fight all day, create a bloodbath, and listen to the vicious cheers of the people. Warriors. In some land, that word brought honor and valor attached to it. But in this land, warriors were

considered beasts who had to tear their enemies apart without mercy for entertainment. Entertainment. One should know that entertainment had its unspoken limit. Life was not something to consider as part of it, even though life itself was full of mockery.

Claude was sitting in the corner of the chambers where the warriors were held. Chamber, as in this tiny cell as if they were prisoners. They were, though. Men who did a minor or huge crime that disobeyed the rules of the kingdom were being held in this place; their sentence was to fight to death. This wasn't a secret to everyone, though. Even the audience who would attend these fights were aware the warriors they were rooting for or booing were a criminal. What others didn't know was that not all warriors were actual criminals. Some of them were simply farmers who voiced their thoughts to the unfair king. What they got in return was that they were thrown into these very cells to fight for their life. To keep them busy was what the king, Zero, told them. Claude gazed at the injured men rotting in this cell from the corner. His knee was bent while his arm was resting on it. The men in here were the ones who got injured during their last battle. Some of them barely survived the fight, and they were all good men. 'Looking at them right now, I somehow think that His Majesty and I were wrong in choosing those scums who deserved to die,' he thought, thinking that Rufus and Claude had always chosen their opponents. Not that they initially had the privilege to choose, but Claude had his way with his words. Rufus, on the other hand, knew how to play with the facilitators. And thus, they get to choose who to execute in every battle. Those opponents never played fair and square, but in the end, since only the good was left, they still have to fight. At least, these men had to fight, but Claude and Rufus had already finished their last battle. There were no more bad guys since they would end the current regime. "You good?" asked the man sitting in the other corner of the cell. Claude slowly turned his eyes to the man. The man had a dark complexion and a great physique... if not for the severed leg and bandages across his body, he would be a great warrior.

A real one. A warrior he used to be.

"Of course," Claude smirked, staring at the fire in the man's eyes. "Are you?"

The man let out a scoff, gazing down at his severed hand. "That last battle was quick, a hard one."

"Well, Perry was a good man. The battles these days are just... what will I say? Harder battles to even think about," said another prisoner. Unlike the first guy, he was already old yet injured, with a broken ankle and a sling for his broken arm. Everyone in this cell was injured and incapable of fighting. Some would recover, while others would just die in here. That was the fate of the warriors of this colosseum. It was plain tragic.

"They were our friends, after all. We've been stuck in here for a long time; we meet people and then they're gone the next day," another injured fellow added with a tired voice, shrugging. "It's been a cycle. I'm tired of it."

Everyone let out a deep exhale as soon as they heard the word tired. Everyone in here was beyond exhausted. Although they were grateful that they were alive, the frustration of knowing another one of them didn't return to this cell hindered that gratefulness. To be honest, all of them didn't know why they were still trying. They knew the only way to stop the cruel fate they didn't deserve was death. They fight to die, and yet, they come back to this cell with a lost finger or a limb. That was just how fierce each and every battle was for them. The only exception was the newcomers, who gained instant popularity. Rufus and Claude. "Why are you even here, boy?" asked the old man, who was lucky enough to last this long in a fight. "You don't seem injured like the rest of us."

"Well." Claude cleared his throat and shrugged. "Just checking on you guys."

"Hah..." Another one laughed in mockery. "We're all alive, unfortunately. Don't tell me you came here to mock us, since you never get a scratch in your battles."

The man's remarks put a frown on the faces of some of them. All the people they met, like Claude, were arrogant men. Hence, since they only watched Claude from afar or they would bump into him, they already had built an image of Claude in their heads. Claude had portrayed himself as a maniac since all his battles were more like an exhibition. It was always a one-sided fight.

Claude pressed his lips and shrugged once more. "As much as I want to laugh at people's misfortunes, I don't have the time."

Claude slowly rose to his spot, stretching his arms and spine. When he felt a satisfying crack on his back, he let out a hiss of satisfaction.

"That's good." He grinned, planting his hands on his hips. He cocked his head, seeing that they were simply looking back at him with poker faces, only to realize his action was a little insensitive of him. "Right... you're all injured and some of you can't stretch like that, huh?"

"This boy —"

"Well, anyway." Claude clapped, cutting off the man, who was immediately irritated at his remarks. "If you want to leave this place just as much as I do, then come with me."

Claude march towards the bars, ignoring the eyes that were following him. Claude still had his hands on his hips, cocking his head back, eyes on them. Without a second hesitation, he kicked the metal bars, and nothing happened.

"What are you doing, boy?" asked the man with a severed leg, frowning. "Getting out of here." Claude's lips stretched even brighter, and what they heard next was a cracking sound, before the piercing noise of the metal bar falling on the ground. "Let's go?"

Chapter 794 May the best warrior wins

The echoing yell, metals banging and clashing, and the scent of blood pervaded the inside of the huge colosseum. These piercing noises and scent wasn't new to those who had lived in the colosseum, but tonight, it wasn't out of entertainment. The cries, sweat, blood, and tears were coming from their fiery desires for freedom. The thick walls that had kept their cries and screams a secret from the outside world wouldn't be enough anymore. Claude led the group, opening the other cells, and giving everyone the option to come with him out of this hellhole. Those who were able and sick of these sick games either assisted Claude from fighting; some of them helped those injured and unable to escape. There wasn't any planning that happened. Claude didn't waste his time briefing everyone. The goal was simple, after all. They had to get out of here. This opportunity wouldn't come again, and that was definitely true.

They would either die fighting for freedom. They would die anyway if they stayed in this place. Some lasted longer than the rest, others had to sacrifice their lives. However, their deaths... were probably the proudest moment of their lives more than the countless battles they had conquered. People who were turned undead and knights soon surrounded the Colosseum. Since the warriors were overpowering the knights in charge of the place, reinforcement soon came. It didn't take long before another wave of roars and growls filled the air. Claude screamed his lungs out, haggard from

all the fighting, drenched in sweat and blood. He raised his sword, raising these warriors mocked and forced to entertain with their talent. Another wave of roar echoed, making the colosseum tremble.

Simultaneously, outside the capital of the Spade Kingdom, screams were also heard. But this time, it wasn't a large group of warriors against another group of undead and royal knights. It was just countless undead against one: Rufus. Rufus bolted through the undead thronging the street. Some of them were akin to brainless flesh. They were so easily cut. Others were quick and intelligent enough to fight, but Rufus never held back. "Unless he sends someone worthy to stop, I will not stop," he breathed out, creating a whirlwind with his sword as he sent multiple enemies away. Rufus stood mightily in the middle of the street. He looked around, and as if he didn't send people flying, the numbers of enemies just seemed wouldn't decrease.

"How unforgivable," whispered Rufus, his eyes falling on the little boy growling at him while dragging his feet in his direction. The boy was obviously unconscious. Those empty eyes were the same as the others. However, if Rufus hold back, he would be their prey. Hence, he mostly incapacitated those who blocked his path. Using the back of his sword until now, Rufus let out a deep exhale. He closed his eyes, and when he reopened them, another whisper slipped past his lips. "I'm sorry."

The moment those words rolled out of his tongue, Rufus disappeared from his vantage point, only to reappear on top of the house. He raised his sword up, and as its blade was sucking the moonlight, a small light beam slowly appeared on the tip of his sword. "It's been a while," he muttered to himself. "How I wished I didn't need to use this again."

Rufus kept his sword up for a moment, and after a while, he swung it down. Those flocking the street watched the small light descend on them. It was small, like a bead. But because of the night, its light was very clear.

They stared at it, but they didn't show any reaction when the small light hovered in the air and didn't land on the floor. The only time they showed a reaction was when the light suddenly exploded, blinding everyone. Some raised an arm to cover their eyes, but that wasn't enough to not get affected by it. When the light exploded, bringing daylight for a moment, everyone around the area felt their barely beating heart thud. Others felt suffocated by the light and the aura it brought they passed out. Some coughed out blood, only to slowly disintegrate to dust. A power of the first divine weapon. That was the sword Rufus used from then until now. Although it wasn't on the list of the Divine Order, his weapon was still considered divine. It was said that only the righteous could wield this weapon and use it to its full potential. If its wielder's heart was rotten and selfish, there was no way this weapon would listen. It was as though this sword was meant for Rufus, the man who was known as the strongest human. "The power of light." Rufus snapped his eyes ever so tenderly, turning his head on his side. There, on the other roof, three houses away from his vantage point was a man. The man clapped slowly, watching how the light disappeared, and darkness took over. The undead on the street were unconscious. Some turned into dust. "I heard about it before, but since I never witnessed it myself, I never truly believed it," said the man, facing Rufus's direction squarely. "Who would believe that a man can be this righteous? That a weapon exists and could cleanse a person's soul or give them a swift release to the heavens above?"

"Acheron," Rufus called, upon recognizing the man. Acheron Roseberg was one of Zero's loyal followers. Just like Rufus, this man was capable. Even Lilou had a hard time killing this man in the

previous timeline, so Rufus was already aware he wouldn't reach the pier that soon. "Rufus Barrett." Acheron's expression was stern, pulling an aura on Rufus. "I finally had the chance to have a duel with you. It was a pleasure, Sir Knight."

"The feeling is mutual, Your Grace." Rufus twisted his sword since he had been using the back of his sword since parting with Law and Tilly. "You have all my respect, my lord, and it is such a shame you followed the wrong man."

Acheron smiled subtly. "My sentiments are the same. You have all my respect and it is such a shame you are on the wrong side."

Both men who lived their lives fighting fair and square, proving their worth through the countless battles they won, stared at each other. They were both undefeated, and tonight, they were aware they could lose a battle for the first time. "May the best warrior win," they remarked through their gritted teeth, and at that very moment, an explosion of aura that was just as intense as those coming from the royal palace was felt.

Chapter 795 Naval warfare

"Your Majesty."

Stefan glanced over his shoulder after hearing Dominique's voice behind him. Standing by the deck, he didn't say anything, hand behind him. "We sighted ships that raised the Spade Kingdom flags. It seemed he had anticipated this," reported Dominique the moment he stood beside his brother. "We are expecting to encounter naval warfare."

"Quentin Moriarty is a wise and genius ruler," Stefan muttered, eyes on the vast ocean surrounding their ships. "It's also the reason we prepared this much."

Dominique breathed out deeply, rocking his head. "I still don't understand how Hell got a problem with him when he was in slumber all this time. He just brings problems the moment he wakes up. Hell and his people."

Stefan cast Dominique a side-eye. Although they were expecting to go into a war against the Spade Kingdom, Stefan kept the details simple to avoid more confusion. Still, Stefan wasn't surprised that his decision to side with Samael bothered Dominique. The two had a complicated relationship.

It was so unlike Stefan... or rather; it was so unlike Samael to drag Stefan with his affairs. "Hell wasn't in slumber all this time," remarked Stefan, keeping his eyes on the sea ahead, and sensing his brother's gaze on his side. "I had said it before and I will repeat it, Quentin is up to something huge. One way or another, even if it was initially a personal affair Hell has to deal with, Quentin's plans won't stop in just killing Hell."

"Quentin wants total dominance, not just an empire. He and the man on the mainland want to rule the world. And for them to succeed, they had to take out people who could be a threat to them. The people who were capable of standing up instead of bowing before them," he continued solemnly, just repeating his explanation to everyone before departing the Heart's Kingdom. "They succeeded in turning back the time. If no action was done, their plan would continue and it wouldn't be a surprise if it succeeded."

Dominique had his brows furrowed as he listened silently. All of those Stefan mentioned were already mentioned before, except one.

"What do you mean they succeeded in turning back time?" he asked out of plain curiosity. A small part of him told him he probably misheard Stefan.

Stefan slowly shifted his eyes to his brother, looking him in the eye. "We... are back in time, Dom. I shouldn't be alive."

"What?"

"Ten years or more." Stefan peeled his eyes away from Dominique, setting them ahead. "It's the same for Quentin and some of us in here. People already perished, only to return ten years in the past to do it all over again."

"Many things had happened in the past ten years. The reason Hell and Quentin were in such a tricky situation was that they pushed him back to the time he was in slumber. If not for Hell's aunt, he would've stayed in slumber," he added solemnly. "Even so... even if Mathilda isn't there to force him out of his slumber, we'd still be in this same situation with the Spade Kingdom."

"Probably, it would be them attacking us while we are on defense." Stefan shrugged, considering all possible scenarios that could've happened without Samael. Stefan would still be forced to wage war against the Spade Kingdom, knowing full well about their plan. Zero Moriarty and that man on the mainland. Those two planned things for many years, waiting for the perfect chance to execute their plan. And the time was ripe three years or so after Stefan's death. Just the thought of it turned his stomach, sending this unknown emotion crawling under his skin. "I know you have many questions, Dom, and you probably want to know why and how I died." Stefan broke the building silence between him and Dominique, listening to the sound of waves and inhaling the salt in the air.

"However, this is not the right time for that. But what I can tell you is my death... was one of my proudest moments."

"I fought for what I believe was right and what I want to fight for. It might be wrong for others, but all that matters was my own heart." Stefan lifted his chin, showing zero traces of regret for what had happened in the past. As the former main antagonist, Stefan was aware his previous actions and scheme were awful and hurt others. Many had died in his hands, doing the orders that came straight from his mouth. However, he wouldn't deny he did it back then because he was too blinded. Stefan already embraced his methods might be cruel and heartless, but he did it believing in what he was fighting for. He had a reason, and he would never forget that. But not that he wasn't repenting; it was also the main reason he was trying to do things right. "For now, let us focus on stopping this before everything escalates even further. As long as we stop Zero, that man on the mainland had to take a step back to plan his next move." He breathed out calmly, batting his sharp eyes ever so tenderly. "I will dwell in the past when this is all over. I still have a duty to do as the king of the Heart's Kingdom, and as Hell's brother. The only person who can kill me is him."

Dominique pursed his lips into a thin line, getting a grasp of what could've happened before the reversal of time. He wasn't stupid to put two and two together. It was obvious who sent Stefan to hell, but knowing his king, Stefan was probably proud to die in Samael's hands. It had always been that way, wasn't it?

"So, the Spade for now, huh?" Dominique gazed ahead, narrowing his eyes while a glint flashed across his eyes. "Well... it's not like we have another choice. They would attack us if we didn't, anyway."

Far away from their fleet were ships coming out of the thick fog, raising the Spade Kingdom's flags. When Stefan blinked, he caught a cannon flying right at them but didn't reach their ship because the distance between them was this huge. "Fucking bastards..." Dominique hissed at that pathetic first attempt, miffed that they were using cannons to measure how far their fleets were. "Gather everyone before the battle," ordered Stefan, keeping his eyes on the multiple ships behind the main one. "I don't think we'll be able to land without turning this sea red."

Chapter 796 Happening in the east border

Marching to the land of Spade Kingdom was a large troop raising the flags of the Karo Kingdom. Those who had a glimpse of this large troop spread awareness to the neighboring kingdom. Since the establishment of the said land, there was never a time they had seen the Karo Kingdom wage war with any kingdom. There were disputes and political tensions, but the people of Karo, especially the rulers in the said land were rational. They weren't fond of settling any disputes through bloodshed but always find a peaceful resolution and compromise. For the Karo Kingdom to resort to war, the Spade Kingdom had surely crossed the line no one should. Therefore, those lands close to the Spade Kingdom had either closed their borders or deployed soldiers in case the war would reach their lands. "Your Highness," A knight called Heliot, slowing down beside the prince's steed. "We received word from the scouting unit that there were armed knights sighted on the east border of the Spade Kingdom. It seemed they were expecting."

"That's expected." Heliot's eyes glinted sharply, keeping his eyes ahead. "The Spade Kingdom will not flourish with a tyrant as king if he wasn't clever enough."

"They had advanced weapons, Your Highness. The Spade Kingdom had used another kingdom to procure those advanced weapons from the Haimirich Empire. We had them as well. We're expecting a bloody war."

Blood war. Of course, they were expecting such an event. Heliot remained silent after listening to his knight telling him what he had already expected. Heliot was a person, who would rather compromise than take part in a war. Although war at this time wasn't new, he disliked the idea of sending his men to die. That wasn't the valor and honor he had in mind. For him, his knights were supposed to protect the people of Karo and make sure everything in Karo was in order. Although going to war was also a means of protecting the people of Karo, it was different. "Keep the formation." His tone was stern, keeping his eyes ahead as he sighted the huge borders of the Spade Kingdom. "And order to launch the cannons to break the walls and all those on the way."

"Yes, Your Highness."

"Once we step into the vicinity of the Spade Kingdom, expect that they will start launching fire," he continued firmly as if he was an experienced warmonger; this was Heliot's first leading his people to war, though. "I'll stay in the front line."

"As you wished, Your Highness." The knight beckoned a neck bow, maneuvering his steed to turn around to send the word to those on the back. "Prepare the cannons and the formation!" yelled the

knight at the top of his lungs, stopping on the side of the procession while shouting. "The Spade had advanced weapons — prepare for battle!" "Prepare for battle!" another knight yelled so the people in the back could hear, and then another knight yelled the same message until the word reached those in the back lines. The moment it reached the last knights on the back, the disciplined procession started spreading around the area. Huge cannons mounted on the carts were surrounded by a few knights, and then a person was riding along with them. The cart behind it was ammunition to support the person who would utilize it. Those were only meant to support the front line as they were expecting more people to do close combat. This was their first war, but it didn't mean they were discouraged by Heliot leading them to the front line. Before the front line crossed the threshold of the Spade Kingdom, the knights on the back and were ordered to cover for the front line stopped. The knights efficiently unloaded the cannon from the cart, setting it up as the distance was enough. Everyone expected the vast empty lot before the border would be the battlefield. That was Heliot's expectation and with the troop defending the borders of the Spade Kingdom, Heliot's prediction was correct. Thus, while others set up the cannons, others prepared tents a little further away as their base. No one expected a war that would only end in a day. They were against the Spade Kingdom and the king of the aforementioned land wouldn't fall so easily. Even though Heliot was certain Lilou and Samael's party was already having a blast inside the kingdom, it would still be hard for the outside forces to get in. PHEW...

Everyone on the front line caught the spark coming from the borders of the Spade Kingdom. The spark was followed by a thin and almost silent blast, making Heliot glance up. Despite the darkness of the night, Heliot saw the huge spherical projectile in the air, coming into them, directly to the people in the front line. His eyes glinted as his eyes shone in red. Still riding his steed, Heliot shouted his lungs out. "Advance!!!" Shouts and roars from those in the area assaulted the air, picking up their pace as they galloped ahead. While more knights galloped past Heliot's steed, the latter kept his eyes on the cannonball in the air. He slowly released the reins, and in one breath, Heliot jumped so high that he was in front of the cannonball. He spread his fingers midair, sand and wind created under his palm. Instead of using a sword to split the cannonball in half, Heliot calmly touched the side of the cannonball and tossed it away from them. The sand underneath his palm slowed down the speed of that dangerous explosive, lowering the chances of it exploding upon his touch. BOOM!

A huge blast assaulted the echoing screams of men charging to the borders while Heliot landed on his horse. He gripped the reins tightly, galloping with his men as multiple sparks were seeing before them. "Forward!" the knights yelled, showing no fear in the face of explosives, knowing at the same time, sparks on the back lines were also twinkling like stars in the night. This was war. A bloody war they all must conquer.

Chapter 797 Happening in the east border II

BOOM!

"Keep moving forward!" Heliot yelled, slowly standing on the back of the moving steed, eyes on the fires over the borders. Fires was glowing at the tip of the arrows which soon flew into the sky, dominating the dark sky like stars, about to fall to burn everyone on the ground. Heliot's eyes were sharp, watching countless flaming arrows come at them. He spread his hand, creating a powerful gust of wind with sand forming around it like a whirlwind. In one swift move of his hand, and

distinguished the fire and slowed down the velocity of the arrows, making them land without hurting a single knight advancing to the border.

"Ahhhh!" the knights cried to raise their morale, knowing Heliot was fighting with them. Heliot's presence greatly influenced everyone, charging at the undead on the front line. They all expected to battle with that undead that wouldn't stop fighting, even if they lost a limb or two. Therefore, everyone focused on beheading them or assaulting them, which was instant death. No mercy. That was Heliot's orders; it was good that they trained the knights in the land of Karo to show no mercy and to treat their enemies as equals. Whether they were men or women, elderly or even children. Everyone was equal if they stepped foot on the battlefield. Harsh? Frankly, yes. But Heliot knew that if his men were to show the slightest bit of empathy, they would lose. The man they were against would use anyone and everything at his disposal and not lose a wink of sleep. Zero killed his own kin with his own hands to secure his position; there was nothing the man could do to achieve his goal. "Forward!" Another rapturous roar broke out before the front lines engaged in a real battle.

Sparks flew, and blood splashed on the ground, painting it red. The cries and growls synced with the clash of metals and explosions on the ground. Dust ascended in the air, creating a fog, but the battle raged on. As the knights of the land of Karo growled their battle cry, they just kept on advancing, slaying anyone on the way. Some of them would slay one enemy, only to get pounced on from behind and get preyed on by the undead. It was chaos. Disaster.

Merciless.

It didn't take long before piles of body and flesh from both parties littered the ground. Those who were still engaged in battle would either step on them or used their lifeless body as shields. But no one stopped or thought of any tact, only thinking about how to survive this bloody night filled with deaths, blood, and uncertainty. Watching his men fall one after another while the rest continued to advance to the border, Heliot stood still on the battlefield. More knights behind him rushed past him, screaming, but his eyes remained on the towering border that seemed to be so out of reach. "Quentin," Heliot whispered, balling his hand into a tight fist. Despite the mixed scent of blood and gunpowder in the air, Heliot could detect all his men's blood and how many men he had lost in just ten minutes since engaging in the fight. One would think he was idling, but Heliot was observing. His eyes shifted to their enemies, the undead, seeing an old lady fearlessly charge into one of his knights. The old lady fought clumsily against a trained knight, her head rolled on the ground. However, the knight didn't stop or even pause, marching ahead, slaying another undead only to get slayed after killing about five enemies. It was a cycle that started the moment they crossed the threshold of the Spade territory. And watching how this battlefield unfold right before Heliot, the fury in his heart significantly snowballed. Tact and morality might not matter in a war for as long as one had the capacity to kill, but this? Their enemies weren't willing participants, and that only made Heliot's men murderers.

"Moriarty... they had always warned me about you people." Heliot calmly blinked, lifting his gaze back to the border. "How repulsive."

The moment the last syllable rolled out of his tongue, Heliot disappeared from his vantage point. The fire in his magical midnight blue made it appear red, revealing rage that he never showed or felt before. Heliot then appeared midair, thin sand underneath his boots. No one noticed his appearance in the sky as everyone on the ground was busy surviving or killing. But those who had spare time

looked at his figure with blank eyes. "That Rufus Barrett..." he breathed out, recalling his agreement with Samael's party and Rufus's plan. "... I don't think I can wait for him or that young Earl to open the borders."

The ground where the battle was raging on trembled, putting a stop to the battle. Knowing Heliot's capability, all the knights under his orders gazed up on instinct. The moment they caught him floating midair, they disengaged quickly, hopping back or bolting forth just to get away from what they thought would happen.

No one fighting on Karo's side was on the ground as they either jumped as high as they could or used the lifeless bodies as stepping stones when a huge area of the ground suddenly opened up. Those who didn't know about Heliot's abilities fell into the sinkhole that appeared out of nowhere. But there were those undeads who were keen enough to copy the knights' actions. When the ground closed, the number of undead was cut in half, but everyone knew that those undeads who survived that sinkhole were undead with a considerable amount of intelligence. "Don't fall behind!" A knight yelled, piercing the still air, and picking up their momentum. "Forward!" "Ahhh!!!"

As if nothing happened, the battle continued after a momentary pause. This time, they all noticed that the first wave was just undead to exhaust them. The second wave was much stronger and knew how to fight. And as this continued, both parties fired their cannons, with Heliot covering for his people from the enemy's explosives while adding more speed and precision for their cannons to reach the borders.

Chapter 798 A worthy opponent

[COLOSSEUM]

Claude clenched his teeth, pulling out his sword from his enemy's chest. Blood splashed on him and the already red ground, making no difference in the amount of blood that flooded the floor. Their enemies just keep on coming, exhausting all the warriors of the Colosseum. If not for Claude, the warriors would just fall after putting up a fight. "These motherfuckers..." his voice shook, catching another undead from the corner of his eyes. "Shit!" Claude breathed out as his eyes shone, turning his head to the undead that was about to smash another warrior that was carrying an injured comrade. Before the undead could reach the two, the hand of the pocket watch, Auron, hid under his clothes, moved back a few ticks.

The distance between the undead widened a little, and when the pocket watch started moving normally, Claude appeared right behind the undead. With one swift movement, he swung his sword, severing the undead's head. Thud!

The warrior and the injured fellow on his back froze, gazing down at the headless undead near their feet. Their eyes were blank, moving them up to the bloody Claude. The latter was panting for air, not saying a word or showing the slightest remorse at beheading someone on the spot. "Tha — thanks." The warrior stuttered, flinching the second he met Claude's eyes. "You better move quickly," said Claude along with his deep breaths. "What the hell are you even doing? Go! I'll cover for you!" "Ye — yes."

Claude turned on his heel, not wasting a breath on the two of them. After clearing the path for them, Claude switched sides because a large wave of undead was coming on the back. Those capable led the warriors on the front line since knights were attacking from the front.

Claude was only a single person. Therefore, he had to choose. It was only rational that he would deal with the undead since they were even more persistent than a normal knight. Moreover, the warriors of the colosseum shouldn't be underestimated as well. The warriors in this place would fight every single day for survival. They were all champions here. Claude had to put total trust in those on the front to protect the injured warriors who were in the middle. All he could do was give support to everyone. Aside from fighting the undead, Claude would support them by manipulating time with discretion. There were times he would move time back for a few seconds or simply pause it to maintain a low casualty count. "I told myself I will never use Auron after what happened to Penny," his voice rumbled down his chest, facing another wave of undead coming to catch up to them. 'But... this time, I won't let them manipulate this fucking curse and screw everyone I care about.' His eyes shone in bright red, his fangs growing even longer. Claude bent his knees slightly and then catapulted through the wave of undead like a bolt of lightning. This time, his movements were swift and efficient, beheading everyone in his vicinity. The only thing that this undead had as an advantage was that they were persistent and couldn't feel pain. But if someone knew how to kill them instantly, they wouldn't become a problem. One would just need to be familiar with this time of the battle, though. As Claude wiped out the undead following his group from the back, half of his attention was on the front line. Thus, he would pause time for the enemy knights to give the Warriors an advantage. After sparring before coming in here and spending time in Karo, Claude learned from Tilly he could manipulate time on people as well. If used correctly, Auron was a deadly weapon.

A dangerous one. The reason it was as powerful and useful as Lakresha. And also the very reason Stefan had shown an inkling before the regression. It was just that Claude, at that time, was too young to understand his divine weapon and bring its maximum potential.

Standing on the flood of blood and piles of already rotting bodies of the undead, Claude gasped for air. The downside of constantly using Auron was it was exhausting its holder. Each time he would pause time or reverse it for a few seconds, it would take a ton of Claude's energy. "We have to get out. Not yet." Claude was about to turn around to follow the group and rest for a little while since he wiped out the enemies from this side. However, just as he did, he heard this distinct footstep coming from the hallway behind him. His eyes glinted sharply, raising his eyes, setting them in the dark hallway behind. Claude didn't move a muscle, eyes fixed in the same direction. The footsteps grew louder with every passing second, and the dark aura coming from that direction grew even more powerful. "A worthy opponent has arrived," Claude remarked, watching a figure that was in the shadow. His eyes narrowed as that figure slowly slinked out of the shadows, revealing a tall man with a petite figure and a youthful face. "Tristan Willow," greeted Claude as the corner of his lips stretched from ear to ear. "Or should I call you Tristan Moriarty?"

Tristan didn't budge at Claude's correction, sizing up the young man from head to toe. "You've grown into a fine young man, Your Highness."

"And you didn't look different," Claude humored playfully, assessing his enemy that would hold him down for a little while. "So you're the one in charge of me, huh? I guess your father had foreseen this coming and sent you here."

"You people... had been causing disharmony in our peaceful land," said Tristan calmly, but his aura consistently grew. "That is why he sent me here to put a stop to this problem you are causing in our precious Colosseum."

Claude laughed in ridicule, twisting his body to face Tristan squarely. "No, little prince." He shook his head mildly, eyes glinting dangerously. In one single breath, Claude disappeared from his vantage point, only to reappear mid-air, his sword glinting on his side before he would launch an attack. "He sent you here because he doesn't see you as his son," Claude remarked, time slowing down as she moved his sword toward Tristan. "No sane father would send his son to his death."

Tristan slowly gazed up and despite the time manipulation, his lips curled up into a smirk.

"Na ah," he murmured as contempt filled his eyes.

It was too late for Claude to realize time didn't affect Tristan as a force assaulted his abdomen, sending Claude flying, crashing into the thick walls of the Colosseum.

Chapter 799 will god ever forgive me?

[ROYAL PALACE]

"Ah!" Lilou let out a short cry, repelling multiple weapons coming at her. It had been past an hour since everything blew out of proportion, and she never had a second break to take a breath at the countless enemies coming at her. Standing in the middle of the vast expanse to lure the enemies away from Samael and Zero's battle, her eyes glowed with resolve. Her grip around her scythe tightened as her chest heaved in and out heavily. "Just how much more..." Her voice rumbled down her chest in anger. "... Zero, just how far will you take this to achieve your goal?"

Lilou's breath hitched, observing the undead that were surrounding her slowly. After fighting for over an hour without a second break, Lilou realized not all of her enemies were her enemies. Some of them were simply maids, still dressed in their uniforms. However, instead of cleaning or doing their chores in the royal palace, here they were, shedding blood. It wasn't like Lilou didn't expect such a thing from occurring. Matter of fact, she, Samael, and everyone in her party had expected this. But thinking and planning about it were different in reality. Her anger consistently grew in her chest. These weren't her people, and they were subjects of another. They could've agreed to become experimental subjects or soldiers when their land needed extra manpower. But it was simply inhumane. "No sane king would send all his people to their death..." she breathed out deeply, grinding her teeth until her fangs were showing. Her eyes, which were olive and red, glowed as a glint flashed across them.

"Quentin Zero Moriarty," called Lilou under her breath. "If Sam didn't kill you, I will tear you limb by limb and I will make sure that it will hurt you."

The increasing growls in the air caressed her ears, sending a chill down her spine. It was only been a few seconds when she landed on this landscape, but these people had already caught up to her. Yet, she showed no sign of urgency to wipe them all out and paint the grass red. Lilou closed her eyes calmly, drawing a deep breath. "The Colosseum..." she whispered, keeping her eyes closed. "... so you're being held down there, huh?"

Before coming in here and parting with everyone, Lilou and Samael drank everyone's blood. They came prepared, and after being in many battles, they already knew what lacked in the past. Communication. To assure that everyone would be safe despite knowing there was only uncertainty in battle, Lilou and Samael drank a portion of everyone's blood. Therefore, Lilou had this slight glimpse of where everyone was and what they were doing.

"Rufus," she called under her breath, eyes still shut. "Can you kill him?"

Lilou heard Rufus' grunt before his voice came through her head. "Do you need me anywhere?"

"No." Lilou slowly opened her eyes, only to see the first wave of undead sprinting in her direction. "I trust you can take him down. However... these undead right before me... will god ever forgive me?"

Rufus, who was in a middle of a fierce battle, could not help but grin. He blocked an incoming attack, causing a powerful gust of wind and an impact. The ground shook as his sword rattled against another sword, eyes at the dangerous monster whose eyes were screaming to tear him apart. "Since when..." he spoke through his gritted teeth. "... were you concerned about what god thinks?"

"Since I became a mother."

"He might not, my empress." Rufus's eyes shone, pausing as he repelled Acheron, forcing the latter to hop several meters away in the street they clashed. "We might have secured a spot in hell tonight. However, by securing out a spot in hell, those who didn't have to stain their hands might have a chance to stand before the pearly gates."

A subtle smile appeared on Lilou's face, cutting her link to Rufus. "As always. He's the person to talk to at times of crisis," she whispered, casually spinning her scythe with her fingers. "That's right, Lilou. We might've secured a spot in hell tonight... or many years ago. But at least, I'm certain those in the future will have a chance for salvation."

"Ahhh!!!" Lilou let out a loud cry, bending her knees, and catapulted to the countless innocent enemies forced to die in her hands. As the saying goes, someone had to stain their hands so others wouldn't be forced to take matters into their hands. And that would be them. Lilou.

Samael.

Rufus.

Claude.

Stefan.

Heliot.

And all those who marched in this damn hell to take down Zero and stop his madness. Knowing the reward was simply the heaviness and guilt that would be left in their hearts if they ever win, they were damned well prepared for it. No regrets.

They did it once, and they would do it again. Even if somehow, things turned back again, they would do it again and again. Going to hell and back until everyone would just get sick of their persistence.

"Ahh...!!!" Lilou let out a loud scream, and the aura it carried sent all those undeads flying. While midair, Lilou jumped like a bolt of lightning. Slash!

"This isn't the first or the second," she huffed, skipping from space to space, slashing all the undead in half in just a split-second frame. When her feet landed on the ground, she was panting for air, not blinking for a few seconds now.

Thud!

Continuous thuds resonated behind her, but she stood still. The blood that drenched her and the adrenaline pumping through the ends of her nerves slightly took her breath away. When silence followed the last thud, Lilou slowly turned around to see countless headless bodies drowned in their rotting pool of blood. "Zero...!" Lilou's voice shook as her anger reached its peak. She might've been the person who slew everyone on the ground, but the man who forced this situation was none other than the mad king, Zero. Boogsh!

Lilou turned her head to the distinct explosion she heard on instinct, only to see Samael crashing out of the roof while dark and thick strings launching blows at him. "I'm fine!" was what Lilou heard from her husband, yet Samael kept his focus on the dark strings. He dodged and blocked the dark thread midair. His pair of crimson shone so brightly in the night. As he did so, his pupils suddenly dilated. "Lilou! Watch out!"

Chapter 800 Hell's Gate

"Lilou! Watch out!" Lilou froze momentarily, sensing this hot breath down her nape. Before she could think of anything, Lilou's body turned to save her. PANG!

Her eyes fell on the dark thread that fell on the ground, wide-eyed. When she raised her gaze, her breathing slowed down. "You..." she trailed off, gulping. "... who are you?"

Several steps away from her was a person so familiar to her. Platinum hair and those bright, malicious golden eyes. Zero. However, as this man stood before Lilou, she was certain Samael was also fighting this same guy. How come there were two of them? "It's me, dear, your fiancee." Zero spread his bloodstained arms with a sick grin plastered on his face. "Can't you remember me?"

"I know your name, but how come there are two of you?" her grip on Lakresha tightened, growing wary of him as she could feel his growing aura. "Is that really important, my fiancee?" he cocked his head to the side, sighing. "Just think of it as, uh... my preparation so I won't leave you behind again?"

"What?" Another sigh slipped past Zero's lips, retrieving his hand, since she wouldn't run to his embrace, anyway. "That man, Stefan, blame him," explained Zero in a somber tone. "Back then, he betrayed me and let himself die in that insufferable Samael's hands. If he desired death so much, he shouldn't have implicated me and ruined my plans. Good thing I prepared a backup plan since I couldn't completely trust that soft-hearted boy."

Lilou gulped another mouthful of air, sensing this chill down her spine. She didn't know where this was going, but her gut feeling told her Zero still had cards up his sleeve. "My dearest Lilou, I will save you, do not worry."

"Save me?" Lilou let out a short, ridiculing laugh. "And who do you think you are to save me?"

"I am your fiancee! Of course, I will come to your rescue."

"Don't make me laugh."

Zero frowned slightly, glancing in the air, and the attacks of another Zero on Samael grew fiercer. He kept Samael busy just so he could have private time with Lilou, and he planned to use this time to set her straight.

"My fiancée, my poor fiancée." He let out another deep sigh. "He brainwashed you so much that you are blind to what's right before you."

"I might be blind, but that same goes for you."

"I cannot deny that." Zero rocked his head in agreement. "If I'm not blind, I would've slit your throat a long time ago. But, perhaps, I am just as soft as Stefan. I already know my fiancée wouldn't behave, and yet, I still try so hard not to lay a scratch on you. Surely, love is a terrifying and appalling thing."

Love... Lilou could not help but laugh at the level of ridiculousness she was forced to listen to. "I died once and I cannot forget that moment in my life." Zero continued, spreading his fingers as he gazed at his palm. "Back then, I couldn't think of anything. I lost my people, my goal grew dim, my fiancée, and everything I hold slowly slipped away from my grip like grains."

"I told myself I wouldn't let that happen again, my fiancée." He slowly clasped his hand, lifting his glinting eyes back to her. "If I'm going to do it again, I will only rely on myself."

"That is why the moment I opened my eyes when my backup plan succeeded, I recreated myself," he added as his lips stretched until his teeth were showing. "You can kill me multiple times, but Lilou, are you certain the man standing before you or that person keeping that insufferable Samael busy is the real me?"

Listening to his calm and threatening remarks churned her stomach, tying the knot in it. Her heart thudded as realization struck her. Was that the reason Zero was so confident in letting them in the Spade Kingdom?

Lilou knew Zero well, and she had an idea of how sick and twisted he could be. Was he lamenting about losing his people? Deep in her heart, she knew he didn't mean it in an honorable way. Zero wasn't the type who would stop just because a close comrade died. Zero was the epitome of selfishness. Nothing could stop him from getting what he wanted. Back then, she thought death would, but now, she couldn't be sure anymore. "It seems you resolved the problem with death," Lilou breathed out with a short and dry laugh. "Oh, Zero. You are really persistent, and I commend you for that."

He smiled. "Your praise is truly one of a kind and gives me this inexplicable feeling."

"Don't worry." Her eyes sharpened, shunning her surrounding as she set her undivided attention on him. "I'll make you regret wanting my undivided attention. I will turn this kingdom upside down to find your real body. And I'm telling you, once I find your body, I will mince while you're alive enough for you to never wish you didn't exist in the first place."

"Haha..." Zero returned her threats with amused laughter. "Sure, my fiancée. I deeply wish you good luck with that."

His eyelids drooped until they were partially closed. "Didn't I tell you? Love is such an appalling thing, my bride. I should've felt offended, but all I felt upon your remarks were good wishes. Although I couldn't deny that it breaks my heart that you speak so cruelly to me."

"I don't blame you, though, Lilou, my bride." Zero raised a hand, spreading his fingers. Lilou caught this faint dark shroud on his fingertips. As he moved and flexed his fingers, it look as though he was controlling something. "I can only push the blame on Samael La Crox. It's all his fault for seducing and taking what is originally mine. Not only he brainwashed you with his flowery words, but also claimed that body to produce his damn seed." His smile slowly faded while Lilou's breath hitched. "I will correct everything and put things back in their proper place. The Bloodfang... were mine, to begin with, after all."

Lilou took a step back for the first time as she had only been advancing without looking back. She gazed heavenward on instinct, and despite knowing it was already nighttime, the sky grew darker as this powerful shroud that almost felt like a dark field surrounded the entire Spade Kingdom.

"Hell's Gate," was all she heard from Zero, and before she knew it, Lilou felt stuck in a large gate.
