

The Tower 75

Chapter 75

Two days had passed, and it was late at night. Lee Shin came to the meeting place with Maria to meet the Saint.

"There he comes," Maria said.

A handsome blond man could be seen in the distance. He no longer looked like the delicate boy Lee Shin had seen in Lakers' past.

"Saint," Maria greeted the Saint with her head bowed.

"Nice to meet you. My name is Phon Adrian," said the Saint to Lee Shin.

"I'm Lee Shin," Lee Shin responded.

The Saint promptly greeted Lee Shin with a smile. Lee Shin noticed his calm demeanor and recognized the strength within it.

"Lakers had some business to attend to, so Lee Shin came as his representative," Maria explained to the Saint.

"Oh, what kind of business did he have?" the Saint asked Maria.

It was a pointed question, like an arrow aiming for the heart. Maria trembled slightly at the Saint's question but tried not to make it obvious.

Maria tried to come up with a good answer. "It's just that—"

"I said I wanted to meet you." Lee Shin interrupted Maria, stepping in. Then, he revealed the reason for his visit.

"You wanted to see me?" the Saint asked Lee Shin.

"Yes, I want to see the great Saint. Your reputation precedes you," Lee Shin said.

"Hmm... My reputation? But, if we're talking about reputation, isn't yours more impressive, Lee Shin?" the Saint asked Lee Shin.

Had the gods contacted the Saint? Black Night was against the Church, so how did they hear rumors regarding Lee Shin, an outsider?

"He Who Knows Death... You must be someone extraordinary if your title can reach the ears of people living in such a remote city. And on top of that, Lakers even sent you as his representative," said the Saint.

The Saint's gentle eyes started to scan Lee Shin as if trying to examine him.

"How do you know about that?" Lee Shin asked the Saint.

"Most people in this city shut their eyes and ears, but I don't. I also keep up with the news from the outside."

"Isn't it better not to listen to outside rumors if you want to govern the believers?" Lee Shin asked.

"Well, I don't think the current approach is right. I think people should think and live. If they are afraid of thinking, I don't believe they can be true representatives of the gods. I believe that the more people think, the more they will realize the greatness of the gods," said the Saint.

The Saint seemed more enlightened than the Pope at first glance. However, if one listened to the Saint attentively, one would realize he had more blind faith in the gods than the Pope. The Saint was, in essence, saying only humans who had realized the greatness of gods had brains. After hearing the Saint's argument, Lee Shin had to hold back his laughter.

"Anyway, I guess I don't have to prove my identity," Lee Shin said.

"Yes, welcome aboard, Mr. Lee Shin. We are in the same boat now," the Saint greeted Lee Shin again.

"Thank you."

"The Pope's abuse of power is severe, and if nothing's done about it, the Church's foundation will be shaken. If you cooperate with Lakers in this mission, we will succeed," explained the Saint.

"Well, to be honest, Mr. Lakers will not be able to join us," said Lee Shin.

"What are you talking about?" asked the Saint, his eyes widening.

"Lakers suffered a major internal injury while training. And that is one of the reasons why I came here to meet you," Lee Shin told the Saint.

The Saint furrowed his brows in deep thought as he listened to Lee Shin speak with a serious expression.

"Well, that's something we have to think about because Lakers' absence will be a huge problem," said the Saint.

The Saint gnawed at his lips; soon, he seemed to have made a decision and nodded.

"Oh well, I guess I have no choice but to step in as well. The mission has you now, but I still have to join you to make up for Lakers' absence," the Saint said to Lee Shin.

"Are you saying that you will attack the Pope yourself?" Lee Shin asked the Saint.

"Yes. I didn't step forward earlier because I wanted to absorb all the existing forces of the Pope. After all, he used to control most of the Church," the Saint explained.

"Oh... I see," Lee Shin muttered.

Lee Shin thought about what the Saint had said for a while before nodding.

"Please draw the attention of the Church paladins away from Black Night. Then, Lee Shin, you and I will attack the Pope ourselves," the Saint suggested.

"All right, but I have a favor to ask you," said Lee Shin.

"What is it?" the Saint asked Lee Shin.

"My colleague is locked up in the Church, so please release him before the big day," said Lee Shin.

"Well, sure. That can be easily done," said the Saint.

* * *

The day of the assassination was here. Black Night members had gathered and prepared to attack the Church. And Lee Shin was planning to assist them by attacking the front of the Church.

"Without Lakers, Black Night members can't draw the Church's attention for that long," Maria explained with a worried look.

"It's all right. We will have reinforcements." Lee Shin reassured Maria.

"We will have reinforcements?" Maria looked surprised.

"Yes, and they will properly draw the attention of the Church," said Lee Shin.

At midnight, the Black Night members would attack the Church's front gate. Next, Lee Shin would use the distraction to enter the Church. And the Saint would go find the Pope in the meanwhile. Once they dealt with the Pope, the mission would be over.

"We will begin." Lee Shin announced the start of the attack.

And thus, Black Night's attack began. The gunpowder in their bombs pounded the sturdy iron gate, and acrid smoke scattered in all directions. Startled, the paladins of the Church and priests rushed out of the Church to stop the Black Night members.

"Get rid of these heathens right away!" a paladin shouted.

Thanks to the Black Night members' hard work, the paladins could not push them away immediately. However, the Black Night people were only a temporary measure to slow down the Church, and the situation was already turning in the Church's favor.

"Mr. Lee Shin!" Maria looked at Lee Shin anxiously.

"Mr... Lee... Shin...?" Maria called out Lee Shin's name as she panicked.

Until a moment ago, Lee Shin was standing next to Maria; now, he was nowhere to be found. Maria looked around frantically but failed to find him.

"Where did you go!" Maria shouted.

As Maria nervously looked toward the Church gate, the situation began to change rapidly due to the large-scale divine spell of the priests. Not only did the injured paladins recover, but their combat power also increased.

"No way, is now the time to retreat?" Maria muttered.

As Maria wondered whether to send a retreat signal, shadows swelled across the battlefield.

"W-w-what's going on?" Maria was startled.

White Skeletons popped out of the ground as if the once-dead beings were revolting against the ground to rise up.

"What are these?"

"Are those skeletons? No, wait! These are undead!"

"Arghhh!"

The Black Night members screamed in surprise, frightened. However, they quickly calmed down.

"Quiet down, everyone! Concentrate on the battle! These are allies!" shouted a familiar voice.

When the Black Night members heard the familiar husky sound, they turned toward its origin. And there, they saw a one-armed skeleton.

The skeleton also had a familiar eye patch; all Black Night members had seen the sword in its left hand before.

"Is that you... Mr. Lakers?" a Black Night member asked.

"I have finally found the real world, free from the frustrating shackles. Only after I died could I see you guys," Lakers said.

As people heard Lakers' voice, the battlefield was soon filled with weeping and sobbing.

"How did you end up like that...?" another Black Night member asked.

"It was my choice. Firstly, deal with those bastards from that damn Church. Don't back down!" Lakers ordered the Black Night members.

Then, Lakers kicked the ground and jumped up.

[Phantom Thrust]

Lakers' admirable performance swirled at the tip of his sword. Multiple swords materialized in the air and shot in all directions, aiming for the paladins.

"Mr. Lakers is here with us!"

"Don't give up! Attack them!"

The morale of the Black Night members soared rapidly. That, coupled with the arrival of the undead, helped them shift the flow of the battle in their favor.

"These heathens have finally revealed themselves!"

"They are remnants of evil! Eliminate the wicked undead!"

The undead, which could be considered enemies of the Church, ensured the Church members couldn't focus on anything but them.

"Grr! I hate divine power."

"Hang in there!"

"Krrrararakkk!"

Divine power was poison for the undead. Lee Shin's black mana helped them resist it, but an antidote didn't make getting poisoned pleasant. The undead, who had to face large groups of paladins and priests, grumbled in dissatisfaction.

"Damn it! Why did they summon us here to fight these damn things?"

"Krrrararak! It hurts!"

"This is crazy! I can't believe even [The Hand of Death] is not working here!"

Decan, who had stabbed and killed one paladin with his thorns, was hit by divine magic and collapsed. Bark and Kalen also got pushed back by divine magic. The undead expressed their dissatisfaction with increased vigor.

"Hey, you don't get to decide who you want to fight," the monk said.

"Excuse me, Monk! Stay out of our business," said one of the undead.

"Geez,?blame your weakness," Warrie muttered.

"Yeah, right, this idiot said something right for once," said May.

"What did you just say? Do you really want to fight?" Warrie glared at May.

"Stop it! Focus on the fight!" Beltiar shouted at May and Warrie.

Beltiar's chiding made May and Warrie quiet down. Although Lee Shin's undead army was strong, the paladins and priests, who were like cockroaches, were difficult to defeat.

"Let's just buy some time," said one of the undead.

* * *

Clang!

The sound of his cell door opening awakened Vuela, who was in shackles.

"Uh... hmm?" Vuela looked surprised.

"You are sleeping like a log. Get up," the jailer said to Vuela.

"What... Are you finally letting me out?" Vuela asked the jailer.

"Shut up and get up already! I don't have time to listen to your nonsense!" the jailer shouted at Vuela.

With a tired look, the jailer grabbed Vuela's clothes and lifted him as if he were a sack of potatoes.

"Where are we going?" Vuela asked the jailer.

After coming to his senses, Vuela looked around, realizing none of the regular guards were around anymore.

"I've been ordered to execute you, so just take care of your neck," said the jailer, looking at Vuela's neck.

"W-what did you just say? Execute me? Who said that?" Vuela shouted as he started to panic.

Seeing Vuela suddenly throwing a tantrum, the jailers shook their heads.

‘Are all Elves weird like him?’

The jailers took Vuela to a room with many soldiers waiting at the front.

"Change his clothes. He is about to be executed," said the jailer.

The jailer threw Vuela, like a sack of potatoes again, toward the other soldiers and sat down with a sigh. Outside, the heretics were causing a riot, so he couldn't understand why the superiors would waste manpower to execute an elf at a time like this.

"Tsk."

Sizzle!

As the jailer tried to light the tobacco roll in his mouth, he heard a sudden loud noise from the inside.

Booom!

The sudden loud noise made him drop the tobacco roll and rush inside to see what was happening.

Crack— Crack!

The Elf, who the jailer had treated like a sack of potatoes, was loosening his neck and finger joints.

"I finally got rid of this annoying outfit," said Vuela.

"What the hell...? How?" The jailer was surprised to see Vuela.

The jailer looked at the floor with widened eyes as there lay a set of broken shackles.

"Did you really think you could restrain me with something like this?" Vuela asked the jailer.

Woong—

The jailer tried to attack Vuela with his divine power, relying on the shock factor, but Vuela's hands stopped the attack.

Bam!

"Hey, what's going on? What happened to your arrogance?" Vuela asked the jailer.

Without anyone knowing, Vuela had picked up a soldier's sword and swung it around. Then, as he swung the sword, the divine power exploded and scattered in all directions.

"Oh, damn i—" the jailer muttered.

Bam!

The jailer, who got hit on the head by the sword, fainted and fell.

"I could have just as easily finished you here, but I'll leave you because you brought me here," Vuela muttered.

Vuela was about to leave the room, but he stopped walking.

"Tsk," Then Vuela turned around and picked up the fallen cowl.

"Ha..." Vuela sighed.

He wanted to leave the ragged clothes here, but Vuela could not because of Lee Shin. He just kept sighing instead.

"Damn it! How can he predict all this?" Vuela muttered as he thought about Lee Shin.

Vuela held up the note from Lee Shin close to the fire the fallen jailer had been holding. Then he clicked his tongue as he read the note from Lee Shin.

"Tsk, why do we have to release these useless prisoners?" Vuela grumbled.

* * *

Knock, knock, knock.

"May I come in?" the Saint asked politely.

"Yes, come in," the Pope replied.

The room had a high ceiling and was filled with golden light. The Pope was gazing out the window, observing the situation outside.

"Pope—" said the Saint.

Clang!

A knight in thick full-body armor held out his sword and blocked the Saint.

"Please, do not get any closer," said the knight to the Saint.

"How dare you stop me?" the Saint said to the knight.

"I ordered it," the Pope replied.

The Saint's gaze turned to the Pope when he heard the Pope's cold voice.

"Pope," said the Saint.

"Just call me father. It's just the two of us here. My guardian knight is no different from me. So it's okay," said the Pope.

"Father..." said the Saint looking at the Pope.

"Yes, my son," the Pope replied.

There was a moment of silence. The quiet atmosphere in the room stimulated their senses.

"Father, I..." the Saint continued with his speech.

"Did you finally make up your mind?" the Pope asked the Saint.

The Pope asked, looking genuinely curious.

"What do you mean?" the Saint asked.

The Saint's hardened face did not loosen up a bit. The Pope smiled, as if to ask the Saint if he was really unaware of what he meant.

"Have you decided to kill me, your father, and usurp the papacy?"