

The Truth 61

Chapter 61

the atmosphere was getting heavier with every second, the Dolivarian saint who had the illusion he could slap prince Alfred because of the home advantage was scared silly..

he could tell from their eyes that they were serious, if he makes more reckless they would attack!

Not only the three in front of him.. the eyes of every single one from The Black Sun was flashing with anger and killing intent,

'all of this because of a mere slave? what is wrong with these people?!' No one from Dolivar could understand what is going on, but they understood one thing very clearly.. the value of life!

So the Saint who was going for prince Alfred took a few steps back, and the other one who was close to Peon retreated far away with a jump.

Under everyone's eyes, two saints from the kingdom of the Black Sun stepped forward and untied Peon, then Caesar came with Theo quickly as well and supported Peon before he fell due to his injuries and excessive exhaustion.

Prince William stared at the three young men, these heroes who had warned the kingdom of a colossal trap.

But his face soon twisted when he saw the condition of Peon after he got untied, and turned back to look at the Head of the Saints of the Kingdom of Dolivar, "Pray to the heavens that these injuries wouldn't affect his future cultivation or leave any kind of disability, or else... I will consider what to happen to him as a personal grudge against, I, William Marley!"

"You.. don't try to manipulate and change right and evil, these three are criminals! The number of tokens with him is enough as evidence."

This time Caesar looked at him and shouted, "Go ask your prince whether I, Caesar, am strong enough to collect these tokens myself or not! Or tell you what, no need for that..

Give me whatever rank you want, I'll meet you Prince at the arena in the next event and show everyone how strong I am and that all that has been collected I have gathered with my own effort!"

"Hmph, who said you'd qualify for the next round? You stole the tokens and by the law, you and your squad should be thrown in jail!" One of the saints of Delivar pointed at Caesar and yelled,

The saints and followers of the rest of the kingdoms did not say a word, but were silent and remained standing on the side watching this amusing play..

"Enough! Hear me out, whatever your name is, we can condone some trophies being discounted from Caesar's team as long as he's in the final event, but if there's no hard evidence that these tokens were stolen... don't you dare take him out of the competition, understand?!" A terrible oppressive force emerged from Prince William that overwhelmed everyone present, then he turned around, "Let's go!"

William did not wait for anyone's reaction and immediately left with the rest, leaving the square in complete silence... No one expected what had happened.

Especially Saints of Delivar... they just wanted to keep up oppressing the Black Sun Guys like the others, so they picked up a slave of the son of an Earl to make an example of, just a nobody and his master his only a nobody!

Logic says that his master would have come to protest a little and try to clear his name, and they would bully him some more before they frame him with one or two charges, and perhaps tie him next to his slave before throwing the two at jail...

who would have thought they would provoke such a reaction..?

No one thought that for the sake of this slave would move so many saints, and even the prince closest to the throne threatened to Make it a personal grudge!!

"someone tell his highness of what happened here!!" the leading Saint of Delivar shouted, then took a deep breath and fought to bring back a smile on his face, then declared, "Let's continue the sorting and ranking process, gentlemen."

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Meanwhile, inside a closed hall in the royal palace of the Dolev family, a large number of saints and senior politicians of the kingdom are gathered,

and in the center of the hall stands the geniuses participating in the hunting event from the Kingdom of Dolivar

Especially Prince Henry, standing right in the middle, talking incessantly about his experience at the hunting event, after a while, "...that's all."

"What do you mean by *that's all*, Your Highness? You haven't said a reason yet for letting my son die while he was in your care" an angry voice came from someone whose face had a very ugly smile, he was Duke Titus Tinley, the patriarch of the Tinley family.

He personally came to the capital because the burden of launching the next war would heavily fall on his shoulder, as he controlled the border with The Black Sun,

this kind of high-level planning can only be done face to face, but everything is turned upside down... his beloved son is dead.

he died a horrific death, by burning alive and then beheading..

Three whole other squads were just a few steps away from him, and yet no one saw what happened to him!

"I'm really sorry Uncle Tinley, we really didn't see him. We were completely occupied with the powerful white flame field that Caesar produced around himself, while whoever killed Michael and his team did it with dreadful silence and speed." Henry lowered his head, followed by the captains of the other two squads

"Who did this must have been the rest of the so-called geniuses of the Black Sun kingdom, they worked together to kill my beloved son!" Titus shouted violently

"This is impossible, uncle Titus, we saw them all with our own eyes coming from afar right after the incident, and there was no report that other geniuses came out other than the group we saw, except..."

"Except for what...?" Duke Titus frowned

"Caesar had a small squad of three with him and those who came to support were 13 that makes them 17 in total, but the group when they came out eventually was reported to be 19..."

other than the 17 we can confirm that they didn't do it, there are the two followers of Caesar who joined them later, and I think.... they were the ones who killed Brother Tinley and his squad."

"You... you're saying that my son was killed by two slaves?!" Titus Tinley stood up, signs of anger clearly visible on him

"Please sit down, Titus, let's continue the investigation to the end." The person sitting in the middle of the Saints Circle spoke at last,

this was Louis Dolev, the crowned Prince of Dolivar, a sage. "Henry, you may continue."

"Yes, reports say that Caesar took two followers with him. We did not see them when we found Caesar, but now the number increased another two when they came out.. So it is most likely that this is for two who were hiding and they were the ones who did it."

"The subject deserves more research... one of you should go to the Ranking area. If that Caesar had a follower, he would be there with their tokens. Keep him confined until we finish the investigations." Louis pointed to a few low-ranking saints standing on the side,

But at that moment *knock knock*

"Your highness, there is a saint from the Ranking area asking for permission to enter."

"Hmmm? Let him come in." Lewis furrowed his eyebrow, it is impossible that the sorting and ranking process had already ended

Seconds later a middle-aged man entered bowed towards sage Louis, "Your Highness, a follower of the participant called Caesar from the Earl family of the Black Sun Realm, came forward to hand in the tokens they collected, and.." When he reached this point he found that the atmosphere around him had almost frozen, when he looked to the side he could feel the Dense killing intent by Duke Titus Tinley...

"Don't worry, you can continue.." Louis felt the saint's fear and reassured him

"Yes, your highness, he turned in 36 tokens allegedly all for his team, we suspected it was stolen, as to how three little bastards at the ninth level can do something like this? So we decided to hold him, he resisted a little but we beat him and tied him to one of the poles."

"Well done! I will go and make that damn slave talk!" Duke Titus stood up and went to the exit

"PLEASE WAIT! after we did that, all the Saints of the Black Sun Realm came and took him away from us by force on the pretext of our lack of evidence...even William Marley himself threatened to make things personal!"

Titus stopped on his way and turned to look at the saint, "What did you say? William had gathered his saints and was ready to fight on our land to free.... A SLAVE?"