

Turning

Chapter 2

Could all that had happened until now have been just a dream? All the numerous events that occurred after joining the Cavalry, and even the sensation of the cold blade that ultimately slashed his throat?

If it were a dream, it would be a truly cruel nightmare. After all, it showed him the end of his future, starting from the very first day he arrived in the capital.

'But the dream was too detailed and realistic...'

If it wasn't a dream, then how should he interpret this situation? A fierce storm raged in Yuder's mind.

Had someone cast a spell to send him back in time eleven years? Or was it the divine intervention of a god who took pity on his death?

back time was something that not even the most powerful Awakener being could do. Gods often showed their power through their subjects, but there had never been a case of someone being saved from death and sent back in time.

However, if he had indeed gone back in time to eleven years ago, there would be plenty of opportunities for Yuder to correct his past regrets.

Yes, the future!

The very thing he thought he had lost forever. The moment he realized that, his hands trembled with elation and astonishment.

Now, he could do anything. Leaving this country and going elsewhere, rapidly increasing his power, and even not joining that annoying Cavalry – He could simply choose not to do any of it.

'...And maybe now, I can find out the true cause of the world's changes and stop them.'

Yes, it was not just about the cavalry. Yuder recalled the events that had haunted him until his death.

A few years later, fissures slowly began to appear in this world. Starting with the climate changing and disasters akin to calamities, divine power gradually became hidden.

Strange madness and distrust, which had never existed before, began to circulate among the people. There were countless other things that would happen.

Although Yuder alone couldn't solve these problems, many people were still alive and existed in this world. If he spoke to them and asked for their help in advance...

'No... Wait.'

His thoughts, which had been racing, came to a sudden halt. Yuder bowed his head, realizing the flaw in his thinking.

The previous Yuder had held a great deal of power and influence as the Cavalry commander of the Empire, but now he was nothing more than a young newcomer from the countryside. Who would actually listen to someone like that?

'No one would ever listen.'

The Cavalry was the first system established by the Orr Empire. It was possible because the previous emperor, no, the current emperor, had shown a rather favorable attitude toward the Awakeners.

No matter how powerful he was now, it would be difficult to receive better treatment in any other country.

After the establishment of the Cavalry, it took a few years for other countries to begrudgingly realize that giving some power and status to the Awakeners was far better than oppressing them unconditionally.

And there were places where, although similar organizations were belatedly established, it was too late, and an irreversible rift had formed between the ruling class of the country and the Awakeners.

Such countries, unable to properly manage even their late-founded organizations, had plunged into the path of civil war.

As a result, the Orr Empire's Cavalry boasted a more powerful status and fame than any similar organization.

Yuder, the leader of the organization, was always the subject of admiration and envy wherever he went...

Yuder, recalling the past, briefly lowered his gaze to the ground. He didn't want to dwell on those times.

'Anyway, there's no better place than this now... And the most suitable people to help with the events that will happen in the future are here.'

Yuder knew that the magnitude of the power circulating in his body was not much different from when he had just awakened 13 years ago.

With this level of power, he could perform miracles that ordinary people couldn't even dream of, but he was still no match for the archmages of the Pearl Tower, who had been digging a single path for a long time.

It was an unchanging truth that those with great power were less likely to listen to others. Yuder, who had experienced this firsthand, knew this better than anyone.

To persuade such people to find and prevent the cause of a disaster in the future that had not yet occurred, it required power and position.

'Yes. Let's join the Cavalry first. I can start the rest after meeting certain conditions.'

Yuder quickly accepted his reality and decided to dream of a better future than before. The reduction in the size of his power and re as a commoner with nothing was not a hindrance to him.

He had regained an invaluable asset called time. The most important thing was that he had returned from his terrible future and was standing here now. That was all that mattered.

Yuder organized the information he remembered and thought about what he had to do in the future, spending days and nights locked up in the inn room.

It was the morning of the third day since he had realized that he had returned 11 years into the past that he finally stepped outside his room.

"Hey, the new guest who just checked in. The innkeeper said you also have 'power,' right?"

As he was going downstairs to wash his face, someone called out to Yuder from behind.

"Are you here to take the test at the Imperial Palace? Me too. It's convenient to have a colleague to share information with, right? Shall we introduce ourselves?"

his head, Yuder involuntarily widened his eyes. It was someone he knew. More precisely, it was someone from his past.

Red hair and striking green eyes typical of someone from the South. The flamboyant appearance that reminded one of a rose stood out.

Thanks to being a member of a once-prominent family, even though they had fallen, he had quickly become a well-known figure among those who had passed the Cavalry test with Yuder.

He remembered the man as having considerable talent, but after joining the Cavalry for just a year, he was dispatched to suppress a monster and ended up dying in an accident. Many had said it was a waste of talent...

"My name is Gakane Bolunwald. And you?"

Yes, that was his name. Yuder quietly opened his mouth while looking at the face of the man, as vividly shining as it was in his resurrected memories.

"Yuder."

"Good, Yuder. I'm going to have breakfast now. What about you?"

Had he met Gakane here before? Yuder tried to recall. It had been 11 years, so his memory was hazy, but he was certain that they had crossed paths back then...

'Ah, that's right. We did.'

While preparing for the Cavalry test and staying in his room, Gakane had visited him once and greeted him with similar words.

At that time, Yuder had almost no experience interacting with strangers and had rejected Gakane outright. Gakane left, looking embarrassed, and they barely saw each other until Gakane died.

Back then, Yuder had disliked dealing with strangers, especially when he didn't know when he would be re home and what kind of ulterior motives they might have.

The first encounter with the huge capital had brought Yuder, who had lived alone in the quiet mountains, more discomfort and wariness than positive feelings.

However, looking back now, Yuder thought that Gakane might have been a pretty decent person. Despite knowing that Yuder was a commoner without a surname, Gakane didn't show any disdain, and it wasn't common for someone from a noble family to willingly stay in such a rundown inn.

This was something Yuder had failed to notice 11 years ago.

'What was his ability again? I only remember that it was quite impressive, but I can't recall the details.'

"Alright."

Yuder decided to learn more about Gakane while having a meal with him. After all, Gakane was the first person he had met since re to the past, and that held significance.

As they talked, the hazy memories of the past would become clearer.

"I'm thinking of ordering chicken stew and bread. What about you?"

Despite not knowing Yuder's age, Gakane spoke casually. Yuder, who was used to people cowering before him and unable to make eye contact, was quite impressed by Gakane's attitude.

"I'll have the same."

"Great. You won't regret it. Hey, we'd like to order!"

The dish Gakane ordered lived up to his promise and was quite delicious. It was impressive that the meal had such great taste, considering it was made from unknown ingredients in a rundown inn.

"How is it? Tasty, right?"

Gakane asked with a cheerful smile. Yuder nodded while scooping some stew into his mouth.

"It's been a long time since I've had something worth eating. I tried all the dishes here, and this combination is the best. They put a lot of meat in it, and the bread is freshly baked every morning, making it chewy. I'm glad to have found a companion."

It had been a very long time since he thought something was worth eating. It was an unfamiliar feeling.

"I'm from the southern region of Ulan. I came here a week ago. I was worried about making acquaintances before taking the test, but I'm glad I met you."

Gakane was quite sociable. After mentioning his hometown, he looked at Yuder with his green eyes, expecting an answer. Yuder felt uncomfortable keeping his mouth shut.

"I'm... from the central region."

"Central? Where? Quan? Bellec? Or maybe...?"

"Airc."

It had been a long time since Yuder had spoken the name of his hometown. If he were to pass the Cavalry test as he had in the past, the surname he would receive, 'Aile,' was derived from the name of his hometown.

Out of over 300 successful candidates, those without surnames were all granted one. However, most of the names were chosen without much thought. The depth of dedication differed between those names and 'Yudrain,' the name he had carefully chosen and received when he became the Cavalry Commander, which was similar to his original name.

'There will be no need to receive that name again since I won't become the Cavalry Commander this time.'

"Airc? Do you mean the place near the Rik Mountains?"

