

Turning 411

Chapter 411

Yuder stepped on the deserted western wall, leaped high, and by stepping on the wind once more, he successfully slid into the targeted location. Ever, who witnessed Yuder infiltrating the corridor of the second floor through the window in an instant, expressed pure admiration, her eyes filled with excitement.

"Wow. It was too fast to even see what was happening. Did you happen to have experience as a Night Guest before joining the Cavalry?"

He knew it was a joke, but Yuder had indeed honed his infiltration skills through countless assassination missions, virtually indistinguishable from a Night Guest. Hence, Yuder kept silent. Unaware of the meaning behind the silence, Ever smiled brightly and led the way forward.

"I can see that you're using your strength, so now I feel Yuder has really recovered. No problems along the way?"

"None."

"Everyone's waiting, so let's go. Ah, and I don't know if you've heard, but Kanna is here right now..."

"I heard it from Finn."

"I see. Then I guess I don't have to explain why she's here."

Ever continued to speak, answering cleanly.

"It's an unexpected return, but isn't this an opportunity for us? I think it would be good for Kanna to participate in today's mission... But I feel a little bad for assigning work to someone who just returned. ...What do you think, Yuder?"

Yuder faintly lifted the corners of his lips, his careful violet eyes directed at Ever.

"When I heard that Kanna had returned, I actually intended to say that first."

At Yuder's response, Ever's expression brightened in an instant.

"Right? Actually, I already explained the details of today's mission to Kanna. Since Yuder approves, there will be no problem! Lucky!"

Indeed, it was fortunate that they didn't have to waste time re-explaining everything to Kanna. It was also exhilarating to see that Ever's judgment and leadership had greatly improved based on her experiences in the West.

Yuder, without hiding the laughter in his eyes, slightly rolled his pupils towards Ever, who was walking proudly. In his previous life, he had often walked side by side with Ever, discussing matters related to the Cavalry. Back then, they were Commander and Deputy Commander, and they never shared a laugh, but now, even with an important mission ahead, they both could converse in a light mood. It suddenly felt strange.

Even though he had looked at Ever's back for a long time, it felt unfamiliar.

He gathered that odd sensation and let out a long breath. It wasn't an unpleasant feeling, but now wasn't the time to get lost in such sentiments.

"We're here, let's go in."

Ever opened the door to the Cavalry's headquarters located within the security management team. The eyes of the familiar people gathered inside immediately turned to them.

"Yuder's here!"

Among the various welcoming faces, Yuder found Kanna, whom he hadn't seen for a long time. Kanna, wearing ordinary clothes instead of her uniform, opened her arms in surprise and emotion towards him.

"Yuder! Your eyes are really healed! Oh my! It's such a relief. Gakane and Jimmy should have seen this..."

Yuder bent down to embrace her. Warm yet spicy hands patted his back a few times before withdrawing. Hearing that the letter announcing her return had arrived late at the mansion due to a mix-up with the courier, she was furious, as she had already had much to say about that matter, to begin with.

"No matter how late the letter arrived after me, I showed the person guarding the main gate the mark of a Cavalry member, but then that person turned me away, saying it was unbelievable that there was no one to meet me. Then when I asked him to contact the inside on my behalf, he said he was too busy to do so. Reading the information through my power, I realized they just wanted to feed me to the wolves."

Through contact with the Tainu Knight guarding the main gate, Kanna discerned his ill intentions and, according to his wishes, neither cried nor got angry. She left with only the words, "We'll see about this later," turning her carriage coldly towards the security management team. Ever praised her after hearing her story, saying, "Well done."

"People from Baron Willhem's side are all like that. Yuder has even been to prison. Still, I thought it had gotten better since then..."

"When today's work is over, I'll make him pay several times over. Just wait a little. I'll make sure he can thoroughly check the guests who come in, hanging upside down on the door."

At Yuder's icy reply, the members who had been comforting Kanna all fell silent at once.

A moment later, a smile sharing suspicious intentions floated over the faces of all the members.

"Yes, this is exactly the quality that our Cavalry takes pride in."

"Indeed, a fitting response for the spirit of the Cavalry."

The qualities the Cavalry takes pride in? The spirit of the cavalry?...

Yuder frowned at these unfamiliar words, the meaning and origin of which he could not guess, when suddenly the door burst open and Emun Philang rushed in.

"Get ready everyone! Suspicious characters have appeared near the prison back gate, and the smell of the fruit has grown stronger in the prison area. It seems like the Baron is coming out!... Uh, what were you doing?"

Everyone bustled and laughed at his bewildered look as he turned to Yuder and Kanna.

‘The strong smell of the fruit means that the accomplice who was trapped in prison has finally come out. In the case of Baron Willhem, his role will only be to remove them from prison and hand them over to those who will transport them, so there's a high chance that merchants from the southern country are here.’

Yuder declared briefly, looking at the members who had turned their black hoods over their simple uniforms.

"Let's go."

The members moved efficiently, dividing into several groups. Some went to the top of a building where the landscape could be seen in the open, some went inside the security management team, some went to the entrance, and along with Yuder, Emun, Kanna, Ever, and a member named Gilbert with a keen sense of smell, headed towards the most dangerous underground prison. Emun, who showed off his ability to hide in the dark to his colleagues, led them towards the shadow between the buildings.

The entrance to the underground prison was unusually quiet, with no people around, as Baron Willhem had moved most of the security personnel to the bustling inner city for today's party and auction.

He probably thought that both the Cavalry and the Peletta Knights had left the area without suspicion, but in reality, many who were targeting him were lurking around like predators.

"Look there. The carriages parked at the back gate. Can you see? I looked as closely as I could with my ability, and there are guys in all black inside, waiting for something."

"It's a cargo carriage. They plan to transport the people taken from the prison like real cargo. They call people 'horses,' but this is even worse than treating them like horses."

Ever sharply criticized, looking towards the darkness.

"There, the smell of the fruit is almost upon us. They'll be out soon."

Gilbert, who had been gently pressing his face against a wall near the entrance, murmured quietly.

"Understood. When the people come out, tell me which one smells of fruit and then immediately head back to the building. Ever, please also confirm if that person is the one you met."

"Mm."

"Understood."

At Yuder's command, Gilbert and Ever nodded their heads.

Just as he said, shortly after, the door opened, and a figure wearing a reversed black cloak revealed himself. Following him, a servant gripping the end of a rope, and people whose hands and necks were tightly bound like fish, staggered and stumbled out.

Although they had heard that one could miraculously neither eat nor drink while sleeping in the prison, the bodies of those who had emerged were so emaciated that their bones were showing. Their terrified faces were so paralyzed that they looked like corpses. Gags had been forced into their mouths to keep them from screaming, and whether to make escape more difficult or not, they were not even given shoes. It was a chilly day, and they were only dressed in a single layer.

Upon seeing their pitiful state, flames of anger burst forth from the eyes of all the Cavalries.

With a face colder than the winter wind, Yuder watched them and gestured to Gilbert. Understanding his meaning, Gilbert slowly raised his hand to point at someone. Ever followed with a slight nod of her head.

Among those bound, a man with milky-colored hair standing at the very end was the ally of the Cavalry who had swallowed the fruit. He looked around, trembling as if searching for someone.

While Yuder was watching him, people also descended from the black carriage and approached those who were tied. Apparently to verify each other's faces, those standing at the very front took off their hats one by one.

The one standing in front of the bound people was, of course, Baron Willhem, and facing him was the southern merchant they had fought with in the underground warehouse before.

"...That one. The one who fought against me and the Commander before. He fights by emitting a force similar to a sword, so be careful in close combat. He's also skilled in sensing presence, so be cautious."

He whispered so softly it was almost inaudible, but even that worried him in case the southern merchant would notice. The members exhaled softly as if holding their breath and nodded their heads.

"Now, all 37 are here, so check them and load them up. You did properly store all the goods from the warehouse, right?"

"Yes."

"Go together and check, and do not wander about until the appointed time. You never know when those madmen might break in again, so you must guard thoroughly until the auction is over. If something goes wrong, not even sacrificing all your necks will wash away His Grace the Duke's wrath, so don't forget that!"

" ... "

Silently listening to Baron Willhem's tirade, the southern merchant suddenly turned his head slightly. Yuder saw his gaze faintly directed towards the security management team and felt a subtle prickling sensation.

"Why are you just standing there? Don't waste time, move now!"

" ... "

At that moment, conveniently, Baron Willhem's shout turned the southern merchant's gaze back to where it had been.

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‘I thought I noticed something... fortunately not.’

When Baron Willhem was to bring out the victims, the Cavalry members inside the security management team had arranged to signal the accomplices at the opportune moment. It seemed like they were about to start, so it was fortunate that they were not discovered even before they tried.

A moment later, a sharper wind blew in from the direction of the security management unit. The trees shook in unison, and the people tied in their single robes shivered, but only the accomplice with the dark hair in the back subtly raised his head, his shoulders rigid.

‘The signal was transmitted properly.’

He felt satisfaction in using a method similar to the one he'd used when he requested rescue. Yuder saw a sense of tension and resolute will fill the eyes of the accomplice, who had previously been paralyzed with fear.

"I'm freezing to death."

As Baron Willhem cursed and waved his hand, the servant who was holding the end of the leashes of the bound people moved hastily toward the carriage. The people tied together with knots that would strangle them if they did not move in unison followed, stumbling, their suppressed groans escaping.

And then it happened.

The accomplice at the very back suddenly stumbled and fell.

The others, all tied together, tangled and fell in succession, and the surroundings turned into chaos in an instant.

"You fools, can't you do one thing properly? Cut their leashes and stand them up now! They can't die yet!"

If the precious 37 'horses' brought here were damaged in the end, all their previous efforts would go to waste. While the servants and the southern merchant who led them hurried to unfasten the leashes, Baron Willhem was distant, furious as a madman.

Yuder confirmed that the attention of the rest of the people, who were guarding the carriage, was entirely drawn to that scene and stood up.

"Now!"

Just as he was about to raise his hand to signal to attack,

Boom! Flames shot up from the direction of the carriage, and screams were heard.

“Ugh!”

“Huek!”

Several people who had been guarding the carriage suddenly turned on their comrades and ignited a fire. Those who were ambushed from behind fell to the ground without a chance to fight back. Blood sprayed instantly, staining the carriage and the ground, and Baron Willhem's horrified scream was heard.

“Who are you!”

“Those who have long awaited seeing you in person.”

Emerging from the darkness as if unveiling a veil were a man with a face full of burn scars, and his familiar accomplices.

‘Nahan, Hosanna, and Ershi. I'm not sure about one, but... he must be the one who just set off the flames.’

Considering how the flames always existed when the Star of Nagran made noise in Tainu, it seemed likely to be his doing. Though he seemed to gasp for breath, having shot multiple flames in an instant, it was enough power to make others cower.

‘I knew they would appear, but not now. When did they get mixed in with them?’

Swiftly turning his head, Yuder saw the southern merchant he had fought, his expression extremely cold. It looked certain that Nahan had not hidden with mutual consent.

Meanwhile, Ershi, who had taken down all those guarding the carriage in an instant, roughly wiped the blood off her hands, her breath ragged. Madness and hatred overflowed from the eyes of one who had finally faced the true object of revenge.

“Baron Willhem...”

Facing that look as if she had waited for this moment alone, Baron Willhem retreated, swallowing a breathless gasp, feeling as if the fangs of a great beast were sinking into his throat.

"You're the madmen who caused the explosions in Tainu! I heard you had fled...!"

"Fled? We've never run away from here. We've just been waiting for the right moment."

Nahan, who was by Ershi's side, replied with a low chuckle.

"Now is the time to face the punishment for the sins you've committed. In passing, we must also save our brethren."

"What...?"

The Baron, who had heard the additional words, opened his mouth in disbelief, then quickly composed himself. He yelled at the southern merchant who had been quietly observing the situation.

"What are you doing? Hurry up and deal with them!"

"A useless fellow who can do nothing but give orders."

As he spoke, Ershi swung her arm. An invisible energy that surrounded her arm flashed, and simultaneously, the southern merchant who had fought Yuder drew his sword and struck at thin air. Unbelievably, there was a sound as if it had hit something unseen, followed by an explosion and a cloud of dust.

After several exchanges in the blink of an eye, the southern man and Ershi reached a temporary standstill. As the others also drew their weapons, Ershi reluctantly retreated, grinding her teeth.

'Was he holding back his abilities and only fighting Ershi with a sword because of the Baron's presence?'

But conversely, if he was only using a sword to face Ershi, this meant that his skill was considerable.

"Why have you stopped? Kill them right away!"

Baron Willhem, fumed from behind, but the standoff did not easily resolve. Shortly after, the southern merchant, who had been glancing at Ershi, Nahan, and Hosanna, opened his mouth with a furrowed brow.

"You are the Awakeners who have infiltrated various parts of Tainu?"

"Why? Don't you believe us?"

"You all can't be here. Where have you sent the rest? Have those stronger than you already gone to the auction house?"

Yuder realized what the man was looking for as he surveyed their surroundings. He was searching for the traces of Kishiar and Yuder, with whom he had fought in the darkness.

"If you want to know, find out for yourself, you dogs of others."

The fire-wielding ability user who was with Ershi laughed loudly, flames rising from his hand.

"Of course, you won't be able to know!"

Though they were talking past each other, the conversation strangely made sense.

The misunderstanding between the southern merchant who mistakenly considered Kishiar and Yuder as members of the Star of Nagran, and Nahan's side who didn't know that such an event had occurred, matched perfectly.

'As the merchant said, not all of those people are here, so the chances are high that they have hidden the rest of their comrades at the auction house.'

Yuder had anticipated this as well.

In the meantime, the southern merchant, who had already assured that the powerful Awakeners he had met in the warehouse had moved towards the auction house, sheathed his sword and raised his voice to those with him.

"Handle them on your own. I'm moving right now."

"What? You rascal. Where are you going without protecting me!"

"Who said I was going to let you go?"

Both Willhem and the fire ability user yelled at the same time, but the southern merchant turned away without concern. To stop him, Ershi and the fire wielder stepped forward, and in opposition, the merchant's allies brandished their weapons.

At that very moment, when the precarious atmosphere had broken and everything seemed ready to explode into chaos, Yuder finally raised his stopped hand, sending the signal to attack.

"Who's there! How dare you invade the Tainu Security Management Team? Stop at once!"

With a thunderous sound from above the Security Management Team building, a massive spear made of earth plunged down, followed by arrows of light and lumps of fire and water being

relentlessly shot down. These separated the factions of Nahan, Baron Willhem, and the abandoned victims of human trafficking.

“Th-the Cavalry?!”

Dodging breaking wood, Baron Willhem exclaimed with a startled face.

“Why is the Cavalry here...?!”

“Ershi! We can’t go there!”

“Having come this far, you want us to run again? Stop this madness!”

Seizing the moment, Ershi tried to charge at the Baron, shouting, only to be momentarily halted by her fire-breathing comrade.

Amidst the swirling dust and the sounds of explosions, Yuder and his companions, with their faces hidden beneath deeply drawn hoods, sprinted forward in unison.

“Are you all right?”

Without hesitation, Emun, Kanna, and Ever rushed towards the closest fallen victims of human trafficking, wielding their daggers to cut their binds.

“The Cavalry is here. Do not be afraid!”

“Y-you really came to save us...”

A brown-haired accomplice, his face streaked with tears, mumbled upon spotting Ever.

“Thank you... for saving us...”

Ever silently gripped his hand. Nearby, Kanna was busy helping people to their feet and patting their backs to bring them to their senses.

“Can you stand? Good. Don’t be afraid, go straight into that building! The people inside will protect you.”

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Even after being released, Emun gathered those who could not move properly and, cloaked in darkness, moved toward the security management team building. Meanwhile, Cavalry members were incessantly pouring down various elemental attacks from the top of the building.

Amidst the chaos of crumbling walls, overturned carts, and twisted roads, Yuder advanced forward, avoiding obstacles with the minimum movement necessary. Through the thick dust, he spotted the fallen Baron Willhem and Ershi, who was attacking him.

Neither Nahan nor any other comrades were visible beside her. Near the Baron, a servant who had followed him lay flailing, already transformed into a corpse. It was the same method as what happened to his brother and sister-in-law, who had been murdered in the basement of his mansion.

The Baron, forgetting even his dignity, frantically dodged attacks on the ground. His clothes and body were filled with wounds, making him look no different from a hunted beast.

"Wh-where is everyone? The assassin wants to kill me, ah!"

"Die!"

"Aaaaagh!"

Baron Willhem screamed, covering his face with his hands. But the death he expected did not come.

Yuder locked eyes with Ershi, holding a sword that had blocked her attacking hand. The strong shock traveled up his palm, tingling so intensely that it was unbelievable that it came from a clash between a bare hand and a sword.

"Ca, val, ry."

She seemed not to recognize that the hooded man was someone that she knew, though, given her crazed appearance, it was doubtful she would recognize him even if he revealed his face.

'She's completely lost her mind.'

"If you stop me, you, too, will die...!"

She raised her other hand and struck down, as if enraged. Yuder narrowly dodged her charging body and fended off the attack aimed at him and Baron Willhem.

Only then did the Baron open his eyes, realizing that he had not died, and grasp the situation. Whether the one who was defending him was Cavalry or not was no longer important. What mattered was surviving.

"Sa-save me! I'm a noble. She's trying to assassinate a noble!"

Naturally, his cry did not help Yuder at all. It only made the angry Ershi stronger. Yuder frowned as he noticed her attacks getting stronger with every deflection.

'It looks like she might go berserk.'

A powerful Awakener individual, caught up in intense emotions, would often become much stronger in specific situations than usual. Although the attacks might become simpler as excitement grew, it was still not difficult to defend against them.

However, the problem was that the amount of power one could draw was not infinite.

In his previous life, Yuder had seen countless times when Awakeners, drawing power rapidly in the face of death, went berserk and died. If lucky, they survived, and their abilities skyrocketed, but that was truly a matter of luck.

And Ershi seemed to be entering that stage right now.

Facing a berserk Awakener was as difficult as stopping a storm with one's bare body. As he pondered whether to abandon his plan of restraining her with minimal force, reinforcements suddenly appeared from behind.

"You're here!"

From the dust, Ever appeared, followed by Emun and Kanna. Seeing the enemy numbers increase, Ershi seemed to decide that continuing a one-on-one fight was disadvantageous and retreated, but her growl of hatred did not cease. Yuder approached his comrades and whispered softly,

"Her power is extraordinary. She might go berserk, so be careful."

"Runaway magic?"

"When power is exerted excessively, in some cases, it leads to progress, but in others, it does the opposite. ...I have seen it before."

"Even before joining the cavalry, you met another Awakener; you really seem to know everything."

In the midst of Emun's astonishment, Baron Willhem, who had crawled to their side, screamed angrily.

"What are you doing without saving me? Do you know who I am?"

"Who are you?"

As Kanna retorted, Baron Willhem was momentarily lost for words.

"I, I am..."

"Hand him over to me!"

Ershi spoke, her breath rasping.

“All I want is his life. If you hand him over, I promise I will do no more. Isn’t it better than fighting among fellow Awakener brothers and sisters?”

Kanna, who had been eyeing Ershi carefully, shook her head.

“I can tell without using my abilities. You’re lying.”

“...Yes. That person is already consumed by hatred and doesn’t care about anything else.”

Ever also looked at Ershi with the same expression.

Ershi had horrifically killed numerous people, displaying her hatred. The damage inflicted on the Cavalry or other unrelated people didn't matter to her.

Her anger had already surpassed a limit that could be quenched by others' deaths. Even if she killed Baron Willhem, the true culprit, here, her revenge would not end, and she could never escape the hatred that had engulfed her.

Looking at her, seemingly unaffected by the fact that her body and abilities were succumbing to her emotions, Ever suddenly exhaled and spoke.

“Before coming here, I checked, and all the other southern merchants who fought you, except that person, have already left this place. Most of the others have been mostly subdued, but... they managed to escape our attacks.”

It was clear where they had gone: their final destination, the auction house, brazenly located near the Security Management Team.

“Probably, she won't leave here before killing the Baron. Whether it's a rampage or whatever, you don't have time to stick around here. Go ahead with Kanna; I'll handle her.”

“Sister.”

Kanna turned her head in surprise, but Ever calmly adjusted her gloves.

“She seems to have abilities similar to mine, so it won't be difficult to face her, and soon, the remaining colleagues inside the security management team will come out. Emun can hide the Baron, so there's no problem.”

“...”

Many of the members on standby in the Security Management Team would have already moved toward the auction house when Yuder's signal dropped. They needed to go to them as soon as possible.

But could Ever, who had no experience facing a rampaging Awakener, handle it alone?

Although Yuder didn't think that Ever would be pushed by Ershi, variables could emerge from anywhere.

Ever, seeming to recognize the meaning in Yuder's silence, chuckled and patted Yuder's shoulder.

“Why are you looking at me like that? Have you forgotten our dawn training together? You praised me for controlling my power well; was that all a lie?”

“No.”

“I'll follow wherever you put me, so don't worry too much. As the Shin Division Deputy Commander, I have no intention of losing to someone like her.”

Yuder remained silent for a moment and then nodded.

“Understood. Come as soon as you're done.”

"It's been a while since I've used my strength properly."

"Ever, hadn't you used your real strength against the people we've just beaten?"

Emun's trembling voice asked the question, but Ever didn't respond. Instead, she just pointed towards Baron Willhem. The Baron's eyes met Ever's, and he retreated with a terrified expression.

"What, what are you going to do? You scoundrels. Don't you dare lay a hand on me!"

"What are you planning to do with that man!"

As Ershi yelled and rushed in, Ever's fists clenched together and her foot struck the ground like an explosion. The moment the two hands collided, a massive pressure erupted with a sound like steel clashing against steel.

Yuder seized the opportunity and quickly signaled to Kanna.

"Let's go."

Kanna also firmly closed her lips and nodded.

"Get on my back quickly. We have to move fast."

"What? Uh, wow!"

Kanna let out a small scream as Yuder jumped, carrying her on his back.

"Ah. It's too high!"

"I'm sorry."

Yuder was accustomed to the sensation of falling and jumping again at this height, but Kanna was not. After he apologized, she made a few sounds of annoyance before tightly gripping Yuder's shoulder and clinging to him.

"It's, it's fine. It's urgent now, so you can go faster! Let's go!"

"..."

"Oh right. But where's the auction house? All around here looks like mysterious mansions."

"According to the information from those who attended the auction last year, one of those mansions has been remodeled into an auction house... So we just need to go a little further."

Yuder answered while leaping from the roof of a building onto the roof of another.

"Ah, is it over there? I hear some noise..."

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Just as Kanna had said, Yuder's destination was at the place where a noisy sound was coming from.

Located on a secluded hill slightly away from the other mansions, there stood a rare and antiquated mansion. There was a disturbance in front of the main gate at the junction leading to that place.

"What do you mean by I can't enter!"

"I'm sorry, but all the invitations for the guests attending the Tainu Merchant Joint Auction today have already been sent out. If you don't have an invitation, you cannot enter."

"But, I had it when I left home, but I lost it, don't you understand?"

"We can't do anything about it. To prevent any unpleasant incidents, if you don't have an invitation, you can't enter no matter what happens..."

"How can it be that I, who came last year, cannot enter! Can't you see beyond just selling a few items? Do you not know how well-acquainted I am with Baron Willhem? Bring the person in charge at once!"

A nobleman, who had been denied entry to the auction, was quarreling with the guards at the door. He was furious that he couldn't enter because he had lost his invitation, but the guards firmly stopped him.

'Baron Willhem holds an auction here, and it seems he is making a great fuss all over the Empire.'

Everyone must have known who was holding the auction, but officially, not only Duke Tain but also Baron Willhem himself had nothing to do with the auction.

"I'm sorry, but please leave. If you continue to cause a scene..."

"Is the Baron not here? If I see him, the problem will be solved! Then I will not leave you guys alone."

"..."

A troubled and fearful expression spread across the soldiers' faces. They were just doing their job, and they didn't want to get into trouble with the nobleman, so there was nothing they could do.

Finally, the quarreling nobleman forcefully moved his carriage up, and the soldiers ran after him. Thanks to this, the main gate was left completely empty.

"Yuder. Should we not go over there?"

"I've heard that protection magic has been cast all around, except for the paths accessible by carriage. We have to go to another door to join up with the other members."

In the mansion where the auction was being held, there was one secret entrance that neither guests nor workers knew about. Finding that was the biggest gain Pruelle got while digging for information.

"A little reading of the information and then leaving?"

That seemed fine. Yuder silently landed in front of the empty main gate. Kanna, who had alighted from his back, quickly touched the gate's carvings and walls without wasting time.

"Hmm. I read a lot of thoughts and information from the people who passed through this door. There must have been many intense things happening."

While Kanna was closing her eyes and focusing on reading the information, Yuder kept watch around. Seeing the row of carriages parked near the distant buildings, it seemed that many guests had already arrived.

'I'm not sure if it will start as scheduled without Baron Willhem coming.'

Neither the southern merchant who had come before them nor Nahan were to be seen. The southern merchant who was supposed to move the goods clearly had an obvious task. Since things had gone awry, he must have been thinking of taking the goods out right away.

'Since we already know who is involved, it's not urgent even if we miss them.'

Yuder recalled the information found in a note from Finn Eldore, which he had inspected and incinerated after his visit to the security management team. Finn had dismissed the information as trivial, but Yuder realized that it might be useful later on, not just right now.

"While they were outside the inn, I took a quick look around their room using my abilities. Most of their belongings were ordinary, but there was one item with this symbol drawn on it. It's hard to describe, so I'll draw it."

A comet, the horizon, and a sword that cut above it – all formed by a few simple lines.

It was the symbol of the largest tribe in the south, a tribe that had extensive interactions with the countries north of the desert, including the Orr Empire, in his previous life.

"I'll have to find out more about this as soon as this matter is settled."

Unlike the move of the southern merchant, where they were clear about what was behind him, it was difficult to guess in detail how the Nahan would move in the current situation.

'But it probably won't be much different from what I originally expected. Even without Ershi, the standpoint of avenging on behalf of her will not have changed.'

"Nahan, that person. Today was the first time I saw him properly, and I didn't think he would abandon his comrades again like that," Kanna murmured quietly, exuding a mirage-like energy from her hand as she read the information.

"He abandoned the comrades who came to help him like Gayle and Doyle, and now he's left behind the comrade who said he would help with the revenge. Could he really just abandon this task and run away again with the remaining comrades?"

"No."

Yuder answered with conviction.

"He will continue Ershi's revenge even without Ershi."

"I can't understand. What is the meaning of someone else continuing a revenge when the person needing revenge is gone?"

"Just think of him as someone who sees that as the purpose itself."

It was not surprising that Ershi, who had insisted on killing Baron Willhem despite the resistance from the Cavalry, was left behind.

Hadn't he seen several times that Nahan was someone who could easily abandon comrades and minor objectives, prioritizing his own standards and safety? Gayle and Doyle had been discarded like that, and now it was Ershi's turn.

This incident, announced as helping Ershi's revenge, would not be very different for him.

In the end, what mattered to Nahan was not 'Ershi's' revenge, but the 'revenge' of Ershi.

He would gather comrades by mobilizing them for the cause of doing what he wanted to do as someone else's request, and inflame their hatred. Even if Ershi died here, it would not be Nahan's responsibility but the responsibility of the Cavalry, and the remaining comrades would become even more loyal to Nahan. Truly a wicked man.

And yet he believed what he was doing was right. He was truly an unpleasant madman.

"They were not comrades, they were just means to an end."

Kanna also seemed to have the same thought.

"Why does the 'sage' that Gayle and Doyle believed in keep condoning Nahan? Does he know that Nahan completely ruined the village of the Awakener in Great Sarain Forest?"

"The possibility that what we thought was moderation was just a mask. It's common for a leader who plays a good role externally to secretly assign subordinates to do things contrary to his position to keep opposing opinions under control."

Yuder spoke, recalling Emperor Katchian.

At that moment, Kanna, who had been continually using her abilities around them, suddenly looked at Yuder with a strange expression.

"Wow, Yuder. You just sounded a little like Commander."

"....I was?"

At that unexpected remark, all focus was shattered.

"I mean..... No, anyway, it seems I've read everything we need to, so let's go."

Carrying Kanna again and heading towards the secret entrance, Yuder reflected anew on how incredibly powerful Hosanna's teleportation ability was, especially when combined with Nahan.

Even without specializing in teleportation ability, just using Finn Eldore's ability made escaping unnoticed from a mansion as easy as pie. Especially when it came to Hosanna, who could transport multiple people, including himself, over long distances at the same time. The fact that they hadn't yet captured Nahan was half due to his presence.

"The soldiers we saw just now were anxious because Baron Willhem hadn't arrived yet. And... I think I also read a little information related to those associated with Nahan."

Kanna, riding on Yuder's back, briefly mentioned the information she had gathered.

"People related to Nahan?"

"There were changes among the workers who entered here this morning. Some new people joined in place of the ones who were originally supposed to come. A soldier was angry about it, but... he later thought he had seen wrong and let them pass. Isn't that strange?"

"It must be an illusion ability."

"If not that, it would be inexplicable. The perception was unnatural."

"You're amazing, Kanna."

As Yuder sincerely praised her, Kanna smiled in pleasure.

"I wasn't just playing around in the Great Sarain Forest!"

At that moment, the entrance to the secret passage revealed itself. The two approached quietly, opened the door, and entered. It wasn't long before they saw the familiar faces of the Cavalry members who had gathered.

"Yuder, we were worried you were late. And Kanna's with you."

"Was there anything else on your way here?"

"No. We came right here as soon as you signaled."

Among the members were other colleagues who had been there since morning. Specifically, Robel, the Awakener from the Star of Nagran.

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"I was waiting."

Robel, who had successfully infiltrated the auction house through a similar route to Marty, was dressed as a servant working there. He smirked cynically, saying that his experience of having snuck into Baron Willhem's mansion and having worked as a servant had helped him a lot today, and then began to explain the inside information he had seen, one by one.

"Today's auction is divided into three parts, depending on the types of goods exhibited. Most of the guests were looking forward to the last third. I heard that they were expecting valuable magic tools and 'horses' and that a few might be released here... But since you all have come here, it will surely end in vain hopes."

It seemed that Baron Willhem had planned to sell some of the human trafficking victims here first. However, there would be no place for the human trafficking victims, who were insultingly referred to by the code word 'horses', here today. Baron Willhem, the person in charge of the auction, was no different. A cold smile appeared on Yuder's face, and the Cavalry members, who seemed to have the same thought, followed suit with laughter.

"Most of the guests have already arrived, and I have confirmed the faces and locations of the top officials who were writing the names of the visitors. There doesn't seem to be any other entrance besides what we were informed of in advance."

"What about the warehouse where the exhibition items are stored?"

"It is connected to the back of the main building and is easy to find. However, the entrance was guarded by the people of the southern countries, and temporary servants like me couldn't approach. Oh, and... I found some familiar faces among the servants working in different areas."

"People belonging to the Star of Nagran, right?"

When Kanna, who had already grasped the situation using her ability, asked, Robel nodded slightly.

"Yes, that's right. But you seem to be someone I'm meeting for the first time, who are you...?"

"I'm Kanna Wand. The Deputy Commander of Jung Division. I only arrived in Tainu a few hours ago, but I've heard a lot about you. You were originally from there, right?"

A leisurely and confident look flowed from Kanna's face as she briefly introduced herself. Overwhelmed by her aura, Robel opened his mouth again.

"Ah, yes. Anyway, as you said, those hiding here are all Awakeners from the same village as me, those who most actively sympathized with Nahan's will. They have excellent attack abilities, so they alone would be more than enough to break down this place."

Fortunately, Robel had spotted them first and avoided them, so his identity had not been revealed.

"How many did you find?"

Robel, responding to Yuder's question, counted on his fingers and said, "I clearly identified about seven." Since that was not all of Nahan's followers, the rest seemed to have been sent to the party hall.

‘Nahan must know that Kishiar and I are at the party hall, so he probably won’t move there first... But considering the silence, maybe not.’

Even so, most of the knights and soldiers were gathered there, and the Cavalry members who were eager to use their strength were guarding with fire in their eyes. Furthermore, Natan Zuckerman and Kishiar were holding out, so there was no concern at all.

Yuder thought of Kishiar's figure, who had been standing by the window, wearing the formal suit Yuder had taken off. He would still be waiting for Yuder alone there.

After a moment of silence, he told Robel that he had done well, and then opened his mouth to the members.

"As you all know, I cannot stay here till the end. Ever, who was originally supposed to lead, will be a little late, but we cannot delay. As planned, we must block the warehouse and entrance, secure the visitor list, and capture everyone here."

Dealing with those identified as the awakened southern merchant and the hidden Star of Nagran here would not be easy. Yuder looked at his comrades in front of him, feeling the same way as when he had left Ever first.

"The southern merchant should be in the warehouse now, and although I can't locate Nahan yet, he might be hiding inside here using his abilities or he might have headed to the party hall. Avoid engaging them one-on-one as much as possible, and in case something unexpected happens... Kanna, I'll leave it to you."

"Sure. I just have to take over for Ever until she arrives, right? No problem. Don't worry, Yuder, just go back to the Commander after you do what you have to do."

Kanna, who seemed to have read what Yuder wanted to say, drew a circle with her thumb and forefinger. Her appearance was utterly reliable.

Yuder nodded to her.

"...Okay."

Soon, the team members who had gathered in the underground passage began to move nimbly, leaving Yuder behind. Before finally departing, Yuder hesitated and felt a certain question in Robel's eyes that he might have wanted to ask from the beginning.

"Um, Sir Yuder, perhaps... before you arrived at the party hall..."

"Marty is performing her role well. I don't think there's anything to worry about."

"Ah, yes. Of course."

As he preemptively answered, Robel's face spread with a mixture of embarrassment, relief, and faint feelings towards Marty.

"Thank you for letting me know. Then I'll take my leave..."

"Robel."

Yuder called out his name as he turned to leave. Robel stopped and turned his head.

"I know that you have collaborated with us to regain Marty and seek revenge on Nahan, but today, rather than fighting the Star of Nagran, I would prefer you to help with securing the list."

"Excuse me? I will certainly guide you there... Oh. You must be worried because my wind ability isn't that powerful."

Robel frowned as if he didn't understand the meaning. Yuder shook his head and spoke softly.

"That's not what I meant. I see your ability as more specialized in controlling the weight of objects rather than wind. You've only trapped yourself in a limitation by defining that you can only move small objects with wind."

"...The weight of objects?"

He seemed to half understand. It would be faster for him to experience and feel it himself, so Yuder decided not to explain further.

"Securing the guest list of those attending today might be more important than capturing them. Without it, it's difficult to properly punish those we capture. So if something unexpected happens, remember this and use your ability correctly."

Of course, it would be much better if nothing unexpected happened, but it wouldn't hurt to be prepared.

"Remember, there's no such thing as a worthless ability."

"..."

Robel couldn't easily respond. It seemed he didn't know how to take the words he had heard. Yuder left him and started to move. With the scheduled time approaching, he needed to move quickly.

Arriving at a secluded corner of the closest garden to the main building after following a different path from his comrades, Yuder saw dozens of magnificent carriages quietly displaying their elegance, waiting for their owners.

Yuder took a deep breath and was balancing the energy within his body when he spotted a carriage that seemed to have just arrived late. He hid behind a tree. It was a common occurrence for someone to be tardy.

"You're late! The first part has already started. You lazy oaf! If you had properly maintained the carriage wheel earlier, this wouldn't have happened!"

"I'm sorry."

"If someone like you had driven my carriage when I was in the capital, I would have cut off your head by now! Or are you ignoring me because I lost my honor and came all the way down here?"

"No, no sir! How could you say that?"

As those who had come down from the carriage were yelling at the unfortunate coachman, Yuder momentarily paused when he saw their faces.

'Those people are...?'

He felt he recognized them from somewhere, and soon he remembered.

They were the ones who had stood as representatives for the Apeto family during the trial, pouring all sorts of accusations against Kishiar!

'What luck, to run into them here of all places.'

During the time of the trial concerning the Apeto family's crimes, most of the guilty had received just punishment. However, some who were ambiguously involved had escaped the capital secretly to preserve their safety.

And from the way they were speaking, the likelihood seemed very high that these people had also left the capital via a similar path.

After all, it was quite predictable, considering they were chosen by the Apeto family.

'So they came to a place like this.'

Yuder's eyes gleamed ominously. Unaware of the hunter-like gaze watching them from afar, they lamented their circumstances as they entered the auction house.

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Yuder had clearly memorized the carriage they had ridden in and dismounted from. After the coachman disappeared with a strained expression, Yuder stepped forward and slowly exhaled.

According to information from Pruelle, the place where the noble carriage that carried the dignitaries had arrived was one of the few areas not equipped with an intrusion attack magic circle. Thanks to the carriages that were treated more precious than humans, Yuder was given the opportunity to avoid others' eyes and exert his power with ease.

Slowly raising his right hand, energy began to boil up from within his body.

The energy, stronger than usual due to its master's emotions, gradually condensed and raised a light wind beneath his feet. His left eye, covered by a hood, turned into a bright golden color.

Yuder began to execute his biggest goal for coming here, after gathering enough strength.

'The first is the signal.'

Rumble.

The power that burst out from under his feet shook the earth slightly, and the ground around the main building quivered like a minor earthquake. Those who weren't sensitive might not think it strange, but for the scattered Cavalry members around, it was a significant signal.

Yuder coldly stared at the yet silent main building, waiting for the subtle vibrations to completely subside. Then he leaped onto a tall tree and summoned a much more powerful force.

'The second is the blockade.'

As the earth's energy sent out to aid in the blockade spread wider and larger than before, trees in the garden crumbled noiselessly at Yuder's command, and soil sprang up.

Yuder's expression remained icy as walls collapsed, closing all escape routes for those inside. His face was unchanged, as if he wasn't wielding nature at his will.

Then he spotted a few Cavalry members, fumbling in the distance. At Yuder's touch, the rising earth changed direction, avoiding the members who had nearly been hit. Surprised by the sudden event, the members looked around and waved their arms in thanks, apparently intended for Yuder.

Most of them were indeed excited to witness something akin to the 'Miracle of Great Sarain Forest' that they had only heard in rumors, but Yuder, far away, couldn't see their excitement.

Inside the main building, where all windows were covered, blocking outside light, and guests were oblivious, a wondrous and immense trap was completed in no time by one man's doing.

Yuder quietly looked down at the spectacle he had created. Sweat beaded on his forehead from exerting such great power, but it wasn't painful; rather, it was refreshing.

Even with all exits blocked, it wouldn't stop someone like Hosanna, who possessed teleportation. Still, ordinary people couldn't escape without sprouting wings.

Yuder simply assessed the result he had created and immediately began to exert the third power.

'The third is destruction.'

In fact, this was the primary reason he had come here.

The most immense power yet began to stretch out from inside Yuder's body through his fingertips, making his hair flutter. Nature began to respond to his silent call. Its range precisely matched the size of the wall that tightly surrounded the auction house.

At that moment, everything in nature within sight was in Yuder's hands. Sensing each one vividly, Yuder once again realized the overwhelming power of his ability.

When he had been unable to use his power, he had thought that it was really fine even without it. Being without power did not make Yuder any less Yuder after all.

But now.

As Kishiar La Orr had commanded, the one who could shake that splendid and corrupt auction house, outwitted those Star of Nagran who had snuck in to ruin the auction house, and let them know that there was no escape for those who should have faced judgment, was none other than himself.

At this fact, Yuder felt a fiercer satisfaction than ever before.

Regaining his power was truly fortunate.

Yuder extended his hand slowly towards the auction house and aimed. His left eye, shining with golden light, looked down chillingly at the places soon to lose their former appearance, before it was soon hidden behind his lowering eyelid.

The conversation he had last shared with Pruelle before he went back to the capital came to Yuder's mind.

"During the final operation, is it okay to break some buildings or terrain as long as it does not harm the citizens of Tainu?"

"Eh? Why are you asking me that?"

"First of all, since Prince Pruelle is the representative of the family that owns this land and is with us, I am inquiring."

"What did the Duke of Peletta say?"

"Do as you wish."

Pruelle seemed momentarily taken aback, but soon burst into loud laughter.

"Alright. Then my answer is the same. It's such a shame I won't be able to see that refreshing sight firsthand!"

Kishiar and Pruelle both approved, and they had informed those participating in today's mission in advance about what they were going to do, so there was no more hesitation.

Yuder opened his eyes again. The powers that had escaped from within him rushed out without restraint at his will. He felt dizzy as all the trapped energy was suddenly pulled out, and his body trembled, but there was no trembling in the fingertips aimed at the auction house.

A smile like a wild beast preparing for a feast appeared over his expressionless face.

And then, all the windows in the auction house exploded at once.

"What, what's happening?"

Everyone inside the warehouse, from the foreigners hastily moving bags of white powder, the distinguished guests whispering the names of items they could not legally acquire, the senior officials anxiously waiting for an absent owner, to the shady characters hidden among them waiting for their time to act, all stopped as one.

But they were not given the chance to comprehend what had caused this situation.

Almost immediately, the ground surrounding the auction house began to shake mercilessly, and the sensation of something collapsing began.

The auction house was plunged into chaos. Screams of instinctive terror filled the air, shattering any semblance of calm.

"Ah!"

"Kyaaa!"

The panicked crowd surged towards the exit, pushing and trampling each other. People were knocked down and stepped on, but no one stopped to help them. Expensive wine glasses shattered, and the top-grade carpets were stained. Beautiful sculptures hanging from the ceiling fell and broke into pieces.

But the view that greeted the distinguished guests who had pushed others aside to escape was not the outside world they had expected.

Individuals dressed in black uniforms, faces hidden by ominous cloaks, surrounded them and shouted in thunderous voices.

"We are the Cavalry. From now on, we will seize everyone here in the name of the Emperor and Duke Peletta!"

The chaos that unfolded was abhorrent: some were raging, realizing who they were, others were assessing the situation and fleeing, while others swung their weapons about. But no excuses or attacks could penetrate the defense of those dressed in black. They demonstrated an unprecedented power, quickly capturing the dignitaries and piling them up like sacks of grain.

Those who had nothing to show except their noble titles or wealth were captured without being able to resist properly. In that hellish landscape, only an endless earthquake continued, shaking everything like divine punishment.

...

"Will Ershi be alright, my lord?"

Hosanna murmured with a heavy face, concealing his face with his hand.

“Even though she stubbornly refused to come... should we have brought her? If she were to die there...”

“She might be caught by the Cavalry members, but she won't die. You know as well, Hosanna, what they did with Gayle and Doyle.”

Hosanna was silent for a moment. He knew that Nahan's words were correct, but his heart, filled with guilt, did not easily subside. He felt this way even knowing it was contradictory.

“Ershi simply couldn't endure any longer. Slitting the Baron's throat became more important to her than anything else. If we cannot understand her feelings, then who will?”

“...”

“Rather than that, we should focus on what we need to do now. Ershi must be enjoying her sweet revenge by now, so we must do what we must.”

“...Yes.”

Hosanna replied curtly and sighed. They were moving slowly in the deserted garden located between Baron Willhem's main and auxiliary residences, heading towards the back gate they had noted when they had infiltrated before.

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“Nahan!”

Those who had entered by the power of Hosanna, hiding themselves around the mansion, flocked together all at once.

“I heard from Marson. There were Cavalry members in the security management team. Did Duke Tain set a double trap to catch us?”

“Cowardly bastards. It was a good thing that Nahan took only the minimum number of people.”

Marson was one of their comrades, with the ability to spit flames and cause explosions. He had been one of the most proactive in this affair along with Ershi. After the unexpected appearance of the Cavalry, he tried to persuade Ershi to flee with him until the very end but failed. His eyes were now filled with an even more intense hatred.

“Whether it's a double trap, or a solo act by the Cavalry, we can't be sure yet. What's clear is that as long as we're here, Ershi's will won't be broken.”

Everyone nodded their heads in agreement with Nahan's words.

“That's right... Indeed.”

“Although we couldn't bring our brothers and sisters who were there, we're not thinking of giving up here. What about you, brothers?”

The Awakeners looked at each other's faces and swallowed hard. Then, they all nodded with faces filled with determination.

“Nahan. We believe in the true paradise you have spoken of. So your will is our will, brother.”

There was no one here who would falter just because Ershi had not returned. They were the Awakeners, who had lost their homes and suffered terribly, only to be carried into the perilous Great Sarain Forest at the edge of the west.

Nahan was the only one who had told them that they could express the anger, hatred, and sorrow that had been suppressed and built up throughout their lives.

Nahan had led those who hadn't been able to properly use their abilities, and triumphantly shattered various parts of Tainu, punctured the aristocrats' arrogance, and extracted information from their bellies. Despite his injured arm from the encounter with the Cavalry, not fully healed, he had helped Ershi wholeheartedly without shrinking or retreating.

A man possessing great and overwhelming power, moving solely for the Awakeners.

While with him, the Awakeners felt a strong sense of belonging and liberation for the first time since birth. Although there were colleagues who didn't understand them, they knew that others would eventually come to realize that they were right.

The truth that the Awakeners were not weak.

That they must make those who treated them like slaves, like monsters, pay the price, only then could they build a true paradise.

“By now, our brothers at the auction house will be doing their best to crush the laughter of those who have been sucking our blood. We'll be able to join them soon.”

“Let's go!”

With hatred bordering on madness, they erased the last trace of fear and concern in their hearts, looked at each other's faces, and dispersed according to plan.

A moment later, there were loud noises, flames, and explosions all around the garden.

Listening to the chaos at the main gate where most of the guards were concentrated, Nahan chuckled quietly.

“Isn't it funny, Hosanna?”

“What do you mean?”

“Even though we've come here once and killed one of them, most of the guards are still facing outward.”

Looking around the empty garden and laughing, Nahan's face turned grim.

“Sadly, it's all as expected. To them, that event must have become a non-issue.”

A non-issue. The particularly emphatic words made Hosanna's eyes drop with sorrow. He opened his mouth to say something several times, but instead changed the subject.

"But... didn't you say most of the Cavalry would be here? The Cavalry Commander and that black-haired Cavalry member we saw before will also be here. I'm afraid, my lord, that you may run into them and get hurt again. This place... it's too dangerous."

Hosanna worriedly looked over Nahan's arm. Though it was covered by clothing, his shoulder had not yet fully healed. Commander Kishiar of the Cavalry, who had been known in the world as nothing but a foolish and licentious man, had been marked as one of the most dreaded figures to Hosanna since that incident.

"Didn't I tell you to stop with these insolent thoughts, Hosanna?"

"...I'm sorry."

Hosanna immediately averted his gaze from Nahan's arm. Nahan began to speak as he closed his overcoat.

"The Cavalry, because of the last incident, has conflicted with the Duke of Tain, with the information that a member of the Cavalry is imprisoned. Most of their brethren will probably be focused on their internal watch duty. It's a pitiful thing, as that's all they can do in a position akin to the Emperor and nobles' dogs."

The man's eyes, as he spat out the words "the nobles' dogs," were at a glance utterly calm, yet they gave off an endless darkness.

"That's why I'm here, after all."

"..."

Silence fell, and another explosion sounded in the distance. The sounds of running feet were heard, and it seemed the slow knights had finally rushed in.

Nahan placed his hand on Hosanna's shoulder and exerted his power. Knights who had come close to them passed by the two without suspicion. Despite having seen this astonishing spectacle several times, Hosanna still caught her breath each time.

"Let's go in. We must make the most of the opportunity our brothers have created."

Avoiding others' eyes, Nahan slowly surveyed the area as they reached the main building. Some had already fought here, and several beautiful garden trees were broken and tumbling.

"Why haven't you prepared the carriage yet! Didn't I say we're leaving?"

"It's dangerous now. Brave knights and Cavalry members are outside, so after the situation calms down a little...!"

Nahan, walking slowly behind them, looked coldly at a nobleman who was raising his voice at the servants inside the main gate.

"Eh? Just now, something... Ah!"

The nobleman, unable to control his anger, was beating a servant when he suddenly felt the presence of a stranger and turned his head. But Nahan was quicker, grabbing his head.

"Let go! Who dares to touch me..... Wha, what. What's this? Aargh!"

The young nobleman in splendid attire screamed as a terrible illusion penetrated his brain before he could finish his words. Even after Nahan released him, he clutched his head and screamed like a beast, eventually thrashing his forehead against the walls and floor like a madman.

Moments later, something cracked in his overstrained head. Only after hearing the body fall limp did Hosanna, who had shut his eyes and turned away, open them again.

But the problem was that a servant who had come to his senses after seeing the dead nobleman was still there.

"Mo, monster. It's a monster! Please, save me. Please.....!"

As Nahan exerted his power once more, the servant's eyes rolled back.

"Where is the younger brother of Baron Willhem, who was in charge of the Red Deer Consortium now?"

"...Agh. Lord Gra, Graham, is... on the 3rd... 3rd floor... "

After obtaining the information he sought, Nahan waved his hand, altering the illusion he had shown the servant. A moment later, the servant let out a strange noise and crawled out on all fours like a beast.

Having finished the task, Nahan reached out to Hosanna with a face as impassive as if nothing had happened. Hosanna bit his lip and once again followed behind him.

A few unlucky ones encountered Nahan after that and became new victims. As they approached their destination, they heard chaotic explosions and the sounds of battle from various places, but wherever they passed was eerily quiet.

Suddenly, Nahan stopped walking. His gaze was directed towards a man who stood alone at the entrance of the corridor where the third floor began.

The man had dark red skin and thick hair, showing his southern descent, but was wearing the light armor typical of the Orr Empire's knights. The man stood quietly and solemnly, holding his drawn sword. The moment he lifted his head and faced Nahan and Hosanna, a heavy premonition swept through the corridor—a power that only one who had reached the extreme of swordsmanship could emit.

Even Hosanna, who knew nothing of what it meant to be a Swordsmaster, felt instinctively that their opponent was no ordinary knight and began to tremble.

"...Lord Nahan."

Hosanna tried to grab Nahan with trembling hands, but Nahan coldly shook his head at him.

No matter how strong the knight might be, if he was not an Awakener, he could not be a match for him—that was Nahan's firm conviction.

"So, you must be Nahan."

The taciturn knight slowly opened his mouth and spoke.

"By my lord's command, no one may proceed beyond this point."

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"It sounds as if you knew we were coming here, Knight of Peletta."

"Do you know who I am?"

"It's impossible not to know the dogs that were running around looking for us everywhere in Tainu."

It was a nearly provocative statement, but the knight didn't respond. His attitude seemed to indicate that he was satisfied with the answer he got. Nahan asked again.

"So, what's the answer? I asked first, after all."

"His Lordship said you would certainly come here."

The knight finally opened his tightly closed lips and spoke. With a look that was more desert-tribe-like than anyone, the aura he wore was as cold as a winter lake.

"To achieve what you desire, killing the Baron's younger brother inside, along with Baron Willhem, and exposing it to the world, will be the most efficient method, and therefore, I will not give it up."

"..."

"The turmoil you've created outside is just a distraction, isn't it true that you've come this far because what you really want is that person?"

"You seem to think you know very well what we want."

"Seeing that you're not denying it, I guess so."

Nahan responded without showing the slightest perturbation, but the expression on Hosanna's face behind him turned unconcealably pale.

The Commander of the Cavalry, Duke Peletta, had not been wrong in his conjecture at all.

'How did he know...?'

"So, why did the Commander of the Cavalry know we would come here, yet sent an ordinary knight instead of a member?"

"He said to practice."

"...Practice?"

Nahan, who slowly retorted, shortly after burst into a small laugh, as if finding it ridiculous.

"Did you treat me as a mere practice dummy for someone who is not even my brother? That's interesting. Did you really think it would be possible and come all the way here?"

"You'll know if you try."

The one who responded slowly and calmly then grabbed the sword that had been hanging loosely with both hands. A sharp premonition flowed over the raised silvery blade.

'What is this feeling? I'm scared, even though he's just holding a sword. I don't understand why.'

Hosanna was having such thoughts while looking at the impeccably clean sword that didn't show the slightest bit of energy, when Nahan opened his mouth with a similar thought.

"I thought a knight who knows how to use Aura would be confident, but why not use it? I must ask, are you an Awakener?"

'Ah, yes. That's right. I've heard that the Cavalry has those with abilities resembling Aura.'

If the man were an Awakener, this strange feeling could somehow be explained. However, contrary to their speculation, the knight shook his head.

"No."

"Good. Then we don't have to hesitate anymore."

Nahan's eyes sharpened.

"Hosanna, just do as we practiced for close combat. Get ready."

As he finished speaking, Nahan grabbed Hosanna. Before the knight could swing his sword, Hosanna successfully used his ability to transport himself and Nahan behind the knight's back.

Instantly, Nahan reached out and manipulated his fingers as if grabbing the back of the knight's head, exerting his ability.

'Done...! Ah?'

But this knight was unlike anyone they had faced before. Looking at the staggering man who had bent forward, and about to unwittingly relax, Hosanna screamed as he blinked to find the sword thrusting at them.

"Ah...!"

The tip of the sword grazed Hosanna's face and almost pierced Nahan just as the teleportation ability activated again. They landed on the second floor, one level below their original position. Seeing Nahan bleed from his mouth, Hosanna was taken aback.

“My Lord!”

“...He's definitely not an ordinary one. In that short time, he broke through the illusion ability I had set.”

“What? How...”

No matter how frantic the events that had occurred in the midst of chaos, how could such a thing be possible with just a sword?

Until now, he had heard that there was only one person who had ever broken the range that he had set when he had used his illusion ability. It was Yuder Aile, a member of the Cavalry with black hair, who he had encountered several times.

However, without a chance to ask in detail, the ceiling cracked and fragments struck his head. Hosanna dodged back using his ability once more.

For the next few minutes, an exchange of blows at an invisible speed occurred. The knight barely moved from the third floor, thoroughly facing them. While Hosanna moved from the third floor to the second, then back to the third, buying little time, Nahan continued to exert his ability on the knight, but their attacks missed by a hair and the knight counterattacked as if he had been waiting, making it difficult to find an opportunity to use his ability.

A terrifying sharpness that came from someone who had nearly been caught once by his illusion ability, which instilled fear and could drive a person mad in an instant.

“Such an ordinary-looking sword... Why is it so terrifying? What is it, really?”

When the knight's sword approached, his body trembled for no apparent reason. He felt physical fear and wanted to flee for a reason different from when he used his ability.

Even Hosanna's eyes began to show the strain of overuse as they continued to use their short-range teleportation abilities.

They had trained many times together to dodge attacks through short-range movement, but using it so many times in a single breath was unprecedented. He was even surprised at himself that he could use his ability to such an extent. The pain in his head and eyes was excruciating, and he wanted to stop, but he couldn't. If he stopped, not only would he die, but Nahan would die as well.

“...Hosanna. Do you feel it?”

As they once again leapt across the floor, Nahan muttered softly.

“That man is really practicing against me right now.”

“...”

Nahan's power was most effective when close to the target and when the target's body and mind were weak. Using it while moving was much harder and more fragile than when stationary.

As they couldn't be certain what power the knight was hiding, and after a failed attempt, Nahan began to be much more cautious. In contrast, the knight's attack speed and movement barely changed from the beginning.

It meant he had no doubt or fear of his opponents.

“...He has faced the Cavalry several times, so he may have learned something. Or maybe Gayle and Doyle have.....”

“No. That's not the reason. He is...”

At that moment, the knight again revealed himself and launched an attack. Dodging back, Nahan spat out his words as though grinding them between his teeth near Hosanna.

“I suspect he might not even have what we consider fear, besides his hidden power.”

“...What?”

Hosanna turned his head. A sour taste began to creep in beyond his gradually labored breathing, but he couldn't help it. A fearless person? Could such a person exist?

With a thoughtful expression, Nahan slowly opened his mouth.

“It seems I have no choice but to give something away, as I did when I faced his master before. Stop using the teleportation ability now, Hosanna.”

"No!"

"If things continue like this, you'll exhaust your energy before achieving our goal, and we won't be able to escape."

"...But!"

"Hosanna."

Hosanna couldn't say a word in response. Nahan, his face streaked with blood, wiped it away gently and spoke quietly.

"He will be my opponent, so you go to the third floor and find our target. The moment you find them, kill them, and then escape with me. Can you do it?"

"But, but... I have never... not even once..."

"Just because you've never killed someone doesn't mean you can't do it now. You're my only option at this point."

In the words of the man whose face was half-covered with burns, there was a heavy and terrifying resonance. Hosanna couldn't meet his pale eyes and bowed his head. His clenched hands turned cold and trembled uncontrollably.

"...Hosanna."

"...I understand."

But faced with that unyielding expression, the only response he could muster was that simple agreement.

Hosanna nodded his head, his throat tensing as he used his teleportation ability once more.

As soon as he headed towards the corridor on the third floor, the knight, who seemed to have been waiting for them, raised his sword, looking no different than before. His appearance was more akin to a defensive wall than a human being.

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The knight approached in the blink of an eye and swung his sword, but this time, Hosanna did not move along with Nahan. The lanky young man from the south quickly leaped over the knight's back and then ran with a limp. At the same time, without hesitation, Nahan threw himself towards the sword. The knight attempted to withdraw his sword, but it was too late to fend off the relentless opponent.

A sound of flesh being pierced mingled with a stifled breath.

Holding the sword that had pierced his abdomen, Nahan gathered all his strength and used his ability.

The method he had used against Commander Kishiar of the Cavalry in Great Sarain Forest before, by sacrificing his shoulder, worked flawlessly this time as well.

At the moment of attack, a solid barrier in the enemy's mind momentarily wavered, allowing an opening to infiltrate.

Through that gap, the ability spread widely, engulfing the knight, and created an opaque wall of illusion that was only perceptible to Nahan.

A space where Yuder Aile had once been trapped was recreated, and the knight's body stiffened.

"..."

Nahan stared at the stationary knight with a sword thrust into his abdomen, breathing heavily with a furrowed face.

Creating this space was no easy task for him.

He dealt with two main types of illusions.

One was the illusion he created himself, and the other was an illusion created by the target of the ability.

Creating his own illusion was easy. He could manipulate simple landscape illusions to the point where he hardly felt any limitations. However, such illusions quickly lost their effectiveness against strong opponents.

On the other hand, making a subject create their illusion consumed much energy but had a far more potent effect. Those without any abilities could have their minds shattered in mere seconds facing that illusion.

The problem was when he had to face someone with enough strength to easily break through such illusions. To trap such individuals, Nahan had to put in extra effort.

So far, only three had required such effort.

Yuder Aile, Commander Kishiar, and the knight before his eyes.

Unlike the previous two, the fact that the knight was not even an Awakener irritated Nahan.

"Certainly, you got a kick out of it."

He had thought that sending a non-Awakener against him was a trick to buy time, but now he had to admit that it was a miscalculation.

"...Kkuk."

As he slowly pulled out the sword that had stabbed his abdomen, blood gushed out. Nahan quickly plugged the hole in his stomach and slumped against a wall. With eyes filled with silent fury, he looked at the result of the ability he had created with all his soul.

Even humans who seem almost fearless are bound to fear something.

He might have been able to break through a weak range of power that had not even properly formed, but what about the ultimate illusionary wall that even Yuder Aile and the Commander had fallen into?

Nahan lifted the blood-soaked edge of his lips.

"From now on, I'll uncover what you fear. Then I will discover your identity and secrets."

At the moment he slowly stood up and was about to touch the wall,

A faint scream filled with shock and fear was heard.

"Aaah!....."

Though it was a soft sound, Nahan instantly recognized whose voice it was.

"...Hosanna?"

He turned his head, and from behind him, as if on cue, a completely different explosion sounded than any before. Beyond the broken windows in the aftermath of the battle, the bright red fire bombs that clearly lit up the night sky and soared countless times were danger signals fired by the Awakeners from the Star of Nagran.

A desperate and despairing signal that the plan to upend Baron Willhem's mansion and kill the knights of Tainu as they were found had not gone as intended.

What on earth was happening?

Lost in thought without an answer, Nahan didn't notice the gradually trembling movement of the knight's fingertips trapped inside the illusory wall near him.

When he finally turned his head and realized what was happening, the last thing he saw was the blue aura of light that burst through the entire third-floor corridor.

...

"Your Highness. Your Highness. Are you awake?"

Kishiar was lying flat on the lounge bed, unresponsive to the sound of someone knocking at the door. The playful touch of his hand, fiddling with the sleeve of the neatly folded black formal coat beside him, was both mischievous and aimless.

The knocking on the door ceased for a moment, only to start again as a little time passed.

"I, Your Highness. Can you not hear? Duke Peletta!"

Thump, thump, thump. Thump, thump, thump, thump. The skill with which the door was knocked was truly exceptional. Not a hint of courtesy was felt.

Yet Kishiar ignored the call again. Next came a voice filled with irritation and anger.

"Your Highness Duke Peletta. Do you know how many hours it has been since you went inside? If you have heard even a little about the outside situation, it would be natural for you to lead us in person. Yet, what is the reason for your staying there? I cannot believe that you, the new owner of the Divine Sword and leader of the Cavalry, would ignore your responsibility like this. Please tell us why!"

This speech was quite striking. Kishiar, lying on one arm, chuckled softly.

"So they say, but what do you think of the clothes my assistant left behind?"

The formal coat in Kishiar's hand, belonging to Yuder, naturally gave no response.

"It's quite amusing that those who had a hundred reasons to scoff at me as the real owner of the Divine Sword are suddenly talking about the responsibilities of the Divine Sword's owner."

They weren't knocking on the door for the Duke of Peletta in this dangerous situation. He might appear higher in rank, but no one truly regarded him so; they just wanted to summon the man and

push him in front of them. The rude tone, lacking even a semblance of courtesy, was quite impressive.

Long fingers played once more with Yuder's coat sleeve in jest. Kishiar, who had been swaying the sleeve slowly as if dancing, attempted to ignore the loud voices from outside once more but stopped and listened when the content went beyond his expectations.

"Lord Moet. Have you forgotten who is inside? The one who should be responsible for this situation in the first place is Baron Willhem, who abandoned us. Who are you repeatedly telling to take responsibility? The one carrying the imperial blood is naturally supposed to be in the safest place, and those who received the title must protect him according to their oath, don't you know?"

"Are you saying something that might be spoken in the old founding era? The Baron is gone, and the Baroness is unconscious, so who exactly is supposed to step forward? No one is brave enough, so I did! I want to leave this place right now!"

"If that's the case, then like the brave others who went outside earlier, you should go as well. Were you not the one who locked all the doors here, claiming it was too dangerous? You lack the courage to go out and fight for yourself, but you have the audacity to pound on the door and yell at the one who went to rest? Such 'courage' is truly laughable."

"What?"

In the volatile atmosphere, the voices of the surrounding people scolding them could be heard. Even after the commotion had somewhat subsided, Lord Moet continued to rage on like a madman. It was typical for those who were pricked at their own faults to get even angrier.

"Lord Koelt. Are you proud to have been invited here, being nothing now but a relic of your past glory...?"

Koelt. Repeating that name to himself, Kishiar recognized him as the nobleman who had only admired artworks alone, never approaching Kishiar except for today's greeting.

In his red eyes, an interesting light sparkled for the first time, and at that moment, the sound of fireworks bursting loudly outside the open window was heard.

Without a hint of surprise, Kishiar turned his head and soon afterward shifted his gaze downward. A quick and brief blue light flashed, coloring the night sky before vanishing. Then, the floor below vibrated for a while.

"Nathan, the boy. Making quite the racket."

As if in response to the soft mutter, a small note fell onto the bed where Kishiar had been lying, glowing faintly.

To our esteemed Commander. We've captured them all! From Finn Eldore.

The slightly slanted but crisp writing conveyed the writer's temperament. Kishiar casually flipped the note over, and a hastily written postscript caught his eye.

One has escaped.

His red eyes narrowed. He stared at the short postscript for a long time before lightly crushing it. Once again, only a handful of ashes remained in his relaxed hand.

A pity. The words that had been whispered within his mouth disappeared, and Kishiar, now risen, moved from the small, cramped bed that was shorter than himself.

He cracked the door open, and those who had been crowded outside all looked up at him.

Finally revealing himself, Duke Peletta did not seem to have any intention of hiding what he had been doing inside.

Brushing his disheveled golden hair aside and yawning ostentatiously, his face, still exuding residual heat, gave off an excessively sensual allure. The shirt carelessly thrown over his bare chest, unbuttoned, exposed his entire chest, and his crumpled, hastily redressed pants were just as bad. The reek of spilled alcohol was so strong that it masked the rank smell of sex, and the crowd might have thought that was rather fortunate.

It was unbelievable. Hours had passed since the party hall had been ruined, yet Duke Peletta had truly continued that act with his subordinate.

Stunned by a behavior more licentious than rumors suggested, people were still drawn to stare at Kishiar, who sighed deeply in feigned ignorance and finally spoke.

"Why on earth are you guys making such a racket? I simply cannot sleep."

"Your Highness, why are you coming out only now? Do you know what's going on outside?"

The young nobleman, Moet, who had been urgently knocking on the door, quickly stepped forward and exclaimed. His tone was incredibly rude to address someone of a higher rank, but Kishiar only raised an eyebrow and did not blame him, calmly replying.

"Situation? Judging by the crowd gathered here... Have all the other lounges been filled? Haha. If that's the case, I apologize, but I still need to use this place for a while."

"No! No one has come here to go in there."

Moet's face turned crimson as he shook his head.

"Hmm? Then what?"

"There was a loud noise outside all the time; do you really not know what's happening? We are virtually trapped here due to the intrusion of the bandits!"

"Trapped?"

"Yes. We heard that the knights are struggling outside, but we know nothing else. Now, only Your Highness, the master of the divine sword and the leader of the Cavalry, can resolve this situation for us. Please take a closer look."

At Moet's words, the nobles bowed their heads unanimously in agreement. Only Koelt, the nobleman who had fought with him, looked straight at Kishiar, fists clenched.

An image of a gentle-looking man of an age to possibly have young children, staring straight ahead with sunset-like eyes beyond his glasses, was rather impressive. Perhaps it reminded Kishiar of his own elder brother, who might be associated with a scholar or teacher.

Kishiar casually asked Koelt, "You seem to have something else to say. What is it?"

As if he had been waiting, the nobleman immediately spoke.

"While it's true that we are trapped here, it's not because of an external factor but because we locked all the doors and windows from the inside. Rather than hoping for Your Highness to take the lead, shouldn't we first unlock the door ourselves and call in the servants and knights?"

"Lord Koelt is not correct, Your Highness!" shouted Moet, raising his head and glaring at Koelt.

"Opening the doors that were closed for safety before the situation is resolved is nonsensical!"

Then, others began to add their opinions, and the area quickly became noisy. Most of them were in agreement with Moet.

The people remaining here were mostly those socially left behind enough not to know even about the auction, and among them, especially those who were very fearful.

Except for a very small number, like Lord Koelt.

Kishiar smiled briefly before speaking up to prevent the atmosphere from turning hostile again.

"Well, it's all fine. But what do you mean by asking me to take responsibility and act on your behalf while also wanting not to open the locked doors?"

"Your Grace, Duke Peletta, has been recognized as the new master of the divine sword and is also the one who leads the Cavalry outside, are you not?"

"And so?"

"We, without strength, may find it impossible, but surely the heroic Yude Al, who serves you, can easily solve this situation from here..."

Moet's voice trailed off as he looked past Kishiar to the bed shrouded in darkness. He then shouted, as if to a commoner with black hair who he presumed was lying there, as though expecting him to listen.

"Certainly, I came to beg you to give the order!"

"..."

Kishiar's expression hadn't changed a bit, either before or after hearing the words. He still wore the languid face of a debauched man whose lust was not completely extinguished, and the habitual smile at the corner of his mouth remained intact.

However, in spite of that, everyone present in that place felt a momentary and inexplicable chill.

With a sensation as if the sky was crashing down to crush him, Moet involuntarily swallowed his breath and clenched his buttocks, only to shudder at the sensation that disappeared as if it were a lie, moments later.

"The, just now, what...?"

"Oh. Are you alright? At this rate, you might collapse even before I find out what's happening outside."

Kishiar tenderly expressed his concern, addressing Moet.

"Your worries are all valid. The master of the house has left his post in a dangerous situation; how could you not be anxious?"

"That... That's true."

"But here's the thing. I don't know this person named Yude Al, so I can't give the order."

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"...Yes?"

The face of Lord Moet, who had just regained his composure at Kishiar's agreement, was filled with doubt.

"What is that... you speak of?"

"Sorry, but the person with me is merely my assistant, and also has the honorable title of Yuder Aile, bestowed by His Majesty the Emperor. I do not know anyone called 'Yude Al,' so it seems I'll be unable to comply with your request. I think I need to rest again."

Kishiar softly repeated his response and then closed the door once more. In the ensuing silence, Lord Moet stood dumbfounded, only regaining his senses a moment later, deep in thought.

It's not as if remembering the name and title of a commoner is that important, but if it's something bestowed by the Emperor, the situation changes slightly.

Even though no one doubts that the occupant of the throne will change within a few years, as of now, Emperor Keilusa still sat on the throne, and the one inside that room was the Emperor's only blood brother and a Duke.

If such a person were to take a minor mistake as an intentional insult to the Emperor, it would be greatly troublesome.

"Your Highness, Your Highness! I misspoke because I was unaware of the situation. What I meant to say was that I wish for your assistant Yu...der Aile to step forward and handle this matter. If there has been a misunderstanding...!"

"Hmm. You mean my assistant Yuder Aile, right?"

The door cracked open again, revealing red eyes. Lord Moet quickly nodded.

"Yes."

"But it's still confusing. Even if you were unaware of the situation, how could you forget the name of the person you wished to ask a favor of?"

Wasn't it ridiculous for Duke Peletta, who was neither wise nor well-behaved and whose tutors changed monthly during his princehood, to say such a thing? Deeply aggrieved and angry, Lord Moet bowed his head to hide his expression.

"That is not... a memory issue, but rather because I have not been feeling well lately, and sometimes my hearing becomes muffled..."

"Is that so? I thought you were not old enough to experience deafness and senility, but it seems you've aged quite a bit. There's no stopping the passage of time, I understand. Why didn't you say so earlier?"

Kishiar opened his eyes wide and shamelessly responded. His choice of words was truly delicate. Lord Moet's bearded chin quivered with indignation several times before he could stop it.

"Yes... It was merely a hearing mistake. Please know that I did not dare distort His Majesty's will or intend to insult. Now... will you accept our request?"

"I wonder..."

Duke Peletta, smiling, opened the door even wider and stepped out completely.

"Is it really necessary for my assistant to go out just to check the situation outside?"

"Yes?..."

"That's something I can do myself. I'll be right back."

Kishiar closed the door and moved forward, his reply even lighter and more carefree than if he were going out for a night drink. Watching the duke pass by them, barefoot and dressed in disheveled formal wear, the nobles all wore expressions as if they were about to faint.

"Yo, Your Grace! You can't go like that!"

"Our request did not mean that... Your Highness!"

Kishiar turned his head towards those chasing after him. Fearing that he might ask them to come along, they all recoiled in surprise. Kishiar smiled brightly at their comical reactions.

"Ah, I see. Just checking would be no fun, shall we place a bet? Thanks to my brave soldiers and knights, I'll wager 5,000 that the situation outside is not as dangerous or serious as you folks think. What say you?"

"I, I..."

Lord Moet stammered without finishing his sentence, lowering his head. Kishiar clicked his tongue in disappointment.

"Really now? Are there none here who know the pleasure of a bet? Oh well, then I'll open the door."

"Your Highness! You mustn't!"

The nobles rushed over to stop Kishiar, who was hastily trying to clear the chairs and tables blocking the hall's entrance.

"The villains outside are already lurking! We will all be killed! Your Highness!"

"Stop the Duke, everyone!"

But the flamboyantly dressed young duke easily brushed aside the restraining hands as if they were merely annoying, laughing and pushing aside all the furniture in an instant.

"What's all this fuss? Everyone worries about me too much. Even I feel slightly embarrassed to be so loved by everyone. There's no need for this, you know?"

Although he didn't move with much force, the nobles were thrown about, making sounds of pain. From afar, it looked like a farce.

Lord Moet grabbed Kishiar's arm but let go instantly, watching with his mouth agape.

A madman. Duke Peletta was indeed insane.

He had heard whispered rumors of the Duke's eccentric behavior in the capital's social circles, but what he was witnessing now went far beyond those tales. This wasn't merely eccentricity; it was the act of a fearless and deranged person.

Though some may have doubted Kishiar's appearance, the nobles of the west who had regarded him lightly were gasping for breath. Eventually, all obstacles were cleared, and the door opened.

“No!”

Lord Moet, along with most of the nobles, covered their heads with their hands, crouched or turned their backs, looking for places to hide.

Soon, the barbaric invaders would reveal themselves. The pungent smell of blood would pierce their noses, and screams, previously silenced by the closed door, would assail their ears!

But after a long moment, nothing happened. The silent situation bewildered the nobles, who slowly peeked out from their hiding places.

Then, without exception, their eyes widened in shock.

In front of the open door, Duke Peletta saw no corpses or blood as they had anticipated.

The barefoot Duke was standing in front of the door, smiling as he looked down at the respectfully kneeling on one knee and saluting black-clothed Cavalry members and knights, along with a few bound individuals lying on the ground, all with a smile on his face.

“...”

“I report that the unexpected emergency situation has been dealt with, and the intruders have been captured, Commander!”

A blue-haired boy at the forefront of the Cavalry spoke with a clear and dignified voice, bowing his head. The other members also bowed simultaneously, unfazed by Duke Peletta's appearance.

"Hmm, I've won the bet. But since there's nothing to take, what now?"

Kishiar turned around with a bright smile in his eyes. Seeing the blood splatter on the young boy's pale cheek behind the Duke, the nobles were paralyzed with terror, unable to utter a word.

...

"Yuder! We've found most of the distinguished guests who attended the auction. Let's check Kanna's side and head back."

"Understood."

Yuder stopped the power of the earth and leaped down from the tree he had continued to climb, preparing for any contingency. He moved along with Ever. She had just completed her mission of understanding the situation in the auction house and commanding the members, having defeated Ershi as she had confidently assured, and coming here right after.

Yuder silently examined Ever's face, which, though filled with cuts that seemed to have been made by a thin blade on every exposed piece of skin, did not lose its smile.

"Hmm? Don't worry about this. It's nothing. Ershi is in worse shape than me."

Ever, seeming to notice where Yuder's gaze had fallen, casually lifted her hand and wiped away the bloodstains.

Some of the guests, who had thought the situation that seemed like a sudden earthquake was actually caused by the Cavalry, were still screaming and resisting, but the Cavalry members didn't pay them any more attention than they would to barking dogs, as they took them away and loaded them into carriages.

"Did you hear that Kanna handled her part well?"

"I heard so. They've captured all of Star of Nagran members there, but it's a bit of a shame that they didn't catch all the southern merchants who were in the warehouse."

While Yuder was continuously raising the power of the earth by himself, blocking the exit, the members had captured those designated according to their roles. The strategy of exploiting the confusion of those who thought a natural disaster had occurred went as planned, but the problem was that the southern merchants who had been in the warehouse had escaped using a secret third exit that was inside.

With information from Pruelle and Robel, they thought there were no other escape routes there, but the inside of the warehouse, which was said to have been inaccessible to anyone other than the southerners, acted as an unexpected variable.

The southerner who had fought with Yuder, as well as several other southerners who had been seen with him in the inn, had hidden themselves through the secret passage. All they took with them was a sack filled with substituted Calanesa powder.

"You fools! Do you know who I am? Let go!"

At that moment, Yuder heard the sound of another noble struggling near him. Turning his head, he recognized the man and stopped in his tracks.

"Yuder?"