

## Turning 86

### Chapter 86

"The ability to make friends."

Yuder couldn't immediately understand what that power entailed. Despite having traveled back in time, it was the first time he'd heard of such a power. Upon making eye contact with Yuder, the boy quickly hid behind Nahan, as if frightened.

"Yes, since you've found your companion, your objective must be achieved."

Yuder thought that Nahan would just take his young ally and disappear. If it had been him, he would have done the same. After all, if they missed this moment, they might not have another chance to escape unnoticed.

"True. However, this time, I think I'll follow you to the end."

Yet, Nahan said something unexpected.

"I don't need a spectator."

"I'm an accomplice who has come this far with you. It hurts a bit to be called a spectator."

What was he thinking? Yuder grew suspicious of Nahan, more than ever before. However, there was no need to unnecessarily increase the number of enemies at this point. Thus, he decided to retreat, keeping a wary eye on Nahan.

"If it becomes a hindrance..."

"It definitely won't. Just as it hasn't until now."

Nahan was eloquent, if nothing else. Ignoring him, Yuder headed towards the last remaining prison cell. As he unlocked the door, the man tied up inside with ordinary ropes glared at him, his eyes filled with rage.

"Ugh... uuuhh..."

Of course, it was Kiolle da Diarca, the one left behind until the very end.

He tried to yell something, but because of the gag, his words were incomprehensible. Yuder stared at him for a moment before finally speaking.

"Kiolle da Diarca."

It was a name he'd tried to forget since their first encounter, yet it had eventually etched itself into his memory, which was impressive in its own way.

"I'll remove your gag, but if you scream or make any unnecessary noise that might attract attention, I'll knock you unconscious immediately. Nod if you understand."

"Uuuuhhh!!"

Kiolle thrashed about as if telling Yuder to stop spouting nonsense, twisting his head with all his might. It didn't seem like he understood Yuder's words at all.

"Do we really need to save that guy?"

Nahan, who had been watching the whole scene, asked in an indifferent tone.

"He's not a brother or sister who possesses the same power. He doesn't seem extraordinary enough to merit rescue."

"Uuuhh!! Uuh!"

Kiolle directed a furious glare at Nahan and yelled at him. Clearly, he didn't appreciate Nahan's words.

'Honestly... I can't argue with that.'

Would Kiolle even thank him for being rescued? It would be fortunate if he didn't rush at him with fists clenched right away. However, Yuder still thought it was better to prevent his death.

Whatever it was, he'd decided to prevent a repeat of the past.

'And if he dies here, they might pin Kiolle's death on the Apeto household, drawing the Cavalry's attention.'

He had to avoid any situation that could cause harm to the Cavalry at all costs. That's why he had left Kiolle until last.

"If you continue to be uncooperative, there's not much I can do. We don't have much time."

"Uh, uhhh! Uuh!!"

"Don't like it? Should I just leave you here?"

"Urrgh!"

Kiolle glared at Yuder as if he wanted to tear him apart.

"Then I suggest you keep quiet."

Yuder did not bother to get Kiolle upright; he simply slid the gag down to his chin, leaving him sprawled on the floor. The instant he did, a voice, brimming with rage, echoed out.

"You, you're that guy from the Cavalry."

Luckily, he didn't yell, but the words themselves didn't feel any less menacing. Kiolle coughed a few times, grinding his teeth and lifting his head, as Yuder watched him silently, offering no response.

“You have no idea how much I’ve been looking forward to seeing you again. You wouldn’t know how humiliating it has been for me, banished to this countryside because of you, being watched over by idiots.”

“Are you saying this is all because of me?”

“Yes! You’ve made a laughingstock out of me with your underhanded tactics, ruining my honor. Even my own father asked me to keep a low profile and train, casting me out. That was a first. No one would listen to me!”

‘The Duke of Diarca seems to care more for this lad than I thought.’

Kiolle vented his frustration about his father, but Yuder interpreted a completely different meaning from his words.

Recalling the conversation the underlings had with the Warden of Apeto, Kiolle was likely the youngest child of the Duke of Diarca. In his previous life, Yuder had served an Emperor who was a foster son of the Diarca family, so he knew the Diarca family atmosphere a bit better than other dukedoms.

The Diarca family was the epitome of ‘nobility’. They were tied together only by the family name. There was little affection between family members and relatives.

In his previous life, Yuder had encountered the current Duke of Diarca a few times, but his impression was stronger of a cranky old raccoon rather than a human being.

The current Duke died of an illness not long after Yuder took his position, but the eldest son who succeeded him as the heir was not much different.

The Emperor kept the Diarca family slightly closer due to the bond he had with them when growing up, but he never fully trusted them. The family often described this distance as being noble and very Diarca-like.

Under the old Duke of such a Diarca family, the fact that such a free-spirited son came out, and despite causing multiple accidents, he was never properly disciplined but just sent off to train, was frankly quite surprising.

‘So he's the youngest son, maybe they just doted on him and let him be.’

However, Kiolle disappeared early even in the previous life. If he continued to live like this, even if Yuder saved him this time, his future didn't seem like it would change easily.

“Are you listening to me? Undo these bonds immediately!”

Yuder exhaled deeply, facing the shouting Kiolle.

“You... you impudent brat, dare to sigh?”

“And what will you do once I free you?”

Kiolle shut his mouth for a moment at the calm question showing no fear of his yelling, then opened it again with a venomous glare.

“The obvious. I’m going to bring you to your knees.”

“And how, exactly? You're unarmed at the moment.”

Yuder pointed out Kiolle's empty waistband. Only then did Kiolle seem to remember his weapon being taken away, opening his mouth and looking down at his waistband.

“...That, that is. I need to knock down Apeto’s dogs and retrieve it.....”

"So, what will you do without any weapons?"

"You guys will do something, right? Didn't I hear clearly that you were going to help the rest of the prisoners escape?"

"We don't necessarily have to, you know?"

Yuder purposely lied.

"To be honest, I could just leave you here and escape myself."

"What, what did you just say? How could you...!"

"So, what will you do next? Are you planning to defeat all of Apeto Duchy's people unarmed by yourself?"

"Yes!"

Kiolle shouted as if in defiance.

"All I need is to beat someone and take their sword! So, let me go!"

"Is that all you have planned?"

At this point, Yuder stopped using honorifics.

"What?"

"I asked if that was the extent of your situational judgment, Kiolle Diarca."

"You... How dare you, a commoner, question me, a high-ranking Imperial Knight...!"

"Who's the one who passed out twice because they were weaker than a commoner, and behaved disgracefully due to inability to accept the difference in skill? Look at your state. Is your judgment that poor?"

Kiolle had probably never been spoken to in such a cold manner in his life. He was frozen, lips slightly parted, his face a mix of rage and surprise at the abusive words spouted by a commoner.

"Even with your foolish decisions, you haven't shown any remorse even after losing a comrade's life."

"Comrade? Comrade, you say. Who!"

It was then that Kiolle finally started to move, thrashing about as he let out a scream. He managed to sit up, albeit with difficulty. His noble-like demeanor had long since faded from his dirty, earth-covered face as he looked up at Yuder.

"Are you talking about the dead Paviel right now?"

"Yes."

"Did you overhear that from Apeto's dogs on your way here? Ha. That traitor being my comrade is a ridiculous joke. He betrayed me and surrendered to the enemy so he could live. It's natural that he died. How is that my fault?"

"If it's not your fault, then whose is it?"

Yuder's reply was calm, his gaze frosty.

"He was your comrade. He must have trusted you enough to get to that point. You had countless ways to make better decisions to save your own life and your comrade's. But you didn't. Blinded by anger, you risked everyone's safety, pushing yourself into a life-threatening situation. And still, you say it's not your fault that he died because of you?"

"Shut up! What do you know! Should I have cared for the one who betrayed me out of fear of death and insulted me? Why should I!"

Kiulle Diarca seemed just like a stubborn child, too full of himself to see what was happening around him. He was not the sort of person who could stand above others and take responsibility. Yuder leaned slightly towards Kiulle, who was gnashing his teeth in anger.

"That's why you have three flowers on your armor. Do you need any other reason?"

Kiollle's expression mixed with anger and confusion as their gazes met.