

Evil 160

Chapter 160 - 160: Brother-in-arms.

"Why..." a knight shed tears as he hugged the body of a lifeless woman. "Why!" He yelled and glared through his helmet at the sky.

The other knights walked by dragging their feet because they were all as in disbelief as the knight. They saw their small, peaceful town had been turned into ashes. The bodies of their friends, neighbors, and families were scattered on the ground, unrecognizable.

"Aren't we the ones who have devoted our time and lives for this nation?" The knight captain muttered under his breath, feeling guilty and responsible for the death of the innocents.

"The ones you devoted your time and life to isn't the nation, but those who are in power. You're being used for their greed and interests. Now, do you see it? How they treat the live of their people like nothing?" A man wearing a red robe stood in front of the devastated knights.

Some of the knights turned their heads toward the man in the red robe, listening to his words and taking it in.

"They deceived you that this was all for the sake of the safety of the nation. But from what? Demons? Have we even seen one? And even if there are demons, why have they killed these innocent people? Are they really trying to fight the demons? But seeing how they heartlessly killed lives, who are the real demons here?" The man asked.

"Fuck them!" The knight yelled as he carefully put down the woman that he was hugging. "They killed the woman of my life..." he muttered as he slowly got up. "They killed the people we love!" He said as he walked toward the man in a red robe.

The man pulled a dagger and cut his left palm, and blood began to drip to the ground. Everyone looked at him with a shocked expression, but then he pressed his palm on the knight's armor.

"Join us..." The man pulled his hand away and left a bloody hand mark on the knight's armor. "You will no longer serve for any man or woman, we serve ourselves and for the people who are in need."

The knight looked at his armor, and he felt like his uncontrollable rage had become controllable after he heard the speech. He looked at the bloody hand mark and the fact that the man in the red robe had cut his own hand just for him. It gave him a new purpose other than revenge.

"We need people like you to prevent those heartless people from doing whatever they want. We need to stop them before they can run away and get away with it," the man said as he raised his left hand. The blood was still dripping down from the wound.

"Count me in..." A knight said and walked toward the man.

The man did the same, pressing his palm on the Knight's armor. The knight looked at his armor and then at the knight beside him. They both shared an unusual bond that they couldn't explain.

"People who have nothing to lose are dangerous, but those who have a reason to live are stronger, whether it's for revenge, to protect, or to make a better world," The man looked at the two knights in front of him. "The pain that you share will make you stronger, and that strength is what the people need, brothers..."

After everyone listened to the man's words, they decided to join in and asked the man to mark their armor. One by one, they were marked and shared a strong bond with each other.

They all marched toward the capital city. Although the journey was long with no food to satiate their hunger, they found more brothers. There were more of them who had suffered, and more innocent lives that were taken.

As they arrived at the capital city, they realized the king had turned the whole place into his fortress. The knights looked at the other knights that had protected the king, and they tried to convince them to join their side but failed.

"We are not your enemies! We fight for those you swore to protect! Let us in, and we will kill those who are responsible for the deaths of the innocent!"

The rebel knights rode their horses, looking up at the knights who saw them as nothing but rebels and the enemy of the people.

"We swore an oath to the king and to this land! You have abandoned that oath and turned against your own people! Don't believe what you see! The king wouldn't dare to kill his own people, and you all should know that!"

The loyal knights responded and looked at those rebel knights with no sense of sympathy or empathy because they believed in their king.

"Why don't you let us in and we hear it from his own mouth?!" The rebel knights demanded.

"And why should we believe you that you won't harm our king?! We will not take any risk that might endanger the king and the people! Leave or die!" The loyal knights denied the request.

They knew they couldn't find the middle ground, and they had no choice but to fight their own brothers.

The rebel knights forced their way into the city and fought those knights who stayed loyal to the king. The rebel knights knew that those knights were loyal to the king and believed the rebel knights were enemies that needed to be eliminated.

As the city was painted red with blood, the families of the loyal knights watched as their brothers, husbands, sons, and fathers were killed by those rebel knights. The loyal knights weren't only protecting the king but also their families.

The general who watched his knights kill each other was saddened by the situation. Who was in the wrong? Were they the enemies of the people, or was it they who were the bad guys? There was no right answer in war, and they all had their own reasons to fight.

The rebel knights watched the girls and women, shielding the loyal knights who were on the brink of death. They couldn't undo what they did, and they couldn't ask for forgiveness from those people. They had become the monster they despised, but their hatred made their feelings numb.

The general managed to eliminate the rebel knights, all of them. He took a few of them as prisoners, sparing them their lives. He lost almost all his knights, and he tried to persuade one of the wounded rebel knights to tell him what had happened.

"A man wearing a red robe? Where is he now?" The general asked since he didn't find anyone wearing a red robe.

The knight formed a weak smile as he looked at the general with his eyes barely open.

"We are just a decoy, General..." The knight answered.

The general looked confused, but then he realized the royal palace had barely any knights to protect the royal family. He turned around to look at the palace, but then a loud explosion was heard from inside the palace.

He realized they all fell for someone's scheme and turned against each other. He hurriedly ran toward the palace with a few of his knights to check on the royal family.

When they entered the throne room, they were too late. The king and all his family had turned into crisps. Their heads were gone as if they were taken on purpose.

"How could someone take over a nation and kill the king and the royal family in less than a day..." The General fell to his knees, devastated and completely defeated.

"What now, General?" A knight asked.

"We failed our job as knights, and we are a disgrace to our people and the world. We killed our own brothers, and we failed to protect the people we served. We fell to the scheme of a mysterious man," The General said as he looked at his bloody hands. "Go and report what happened to the South Neva Union. Although we failed to protect our king and the people, the others shouldn't have experienced what we experienced."

"What about you, Sir?" The knight asked.

"I'll stay here and take on all the responsibilities. The people shall decide my fate, even if it means death."

The knights looked at the General and slowly bowed their heads before they left the room.

"God, please help us..." The General muttered, on his knees as he stared at the dead bodies of the royal family.