

The First Vampire Chapter 5 - 005 Knight_1

Chapter 5: 005 Knight_1

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The atmosphere in the Bigbeard Tavern remains noisy and boisterous.

However, the aura in the corner where Saru and his group gather instantly stagnates.

"Kni...Knight?" The old mercenary opens his mouth wide in surprise, looking at Colin.

He knew that Colin was no ordinary character, but he didn't expect him to be a Knight.

You see, in this world, the difference between a Knight and a common Warrior is substantial.

Any commoner who can afford to eat meat and who grows up strong can pay a few silver coins to learn how to stimulate fighting spirit at the Warrior's Guild and become an apprentice Warrior.

But it's different for Knights.

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To become a Knight's apprentice, one must first demonstrate a certain talent and critically, must undergo the baptism ceremony presided over by the priest of the Glorious Church.

Unlike the symbolic baptisms on Earth where water is simply sprinkled over the head, the baptism ceremony in this world involves the priest of the Glorious Church invoking the Lord of Glory to inscribe a sacred brand upon the one being baptized.

This process is extremely draining for the priest, and therefore, each priest can only preside over a limited number of baptisms in their lifetime.

For this reason, the privilege of being baptized has become exceedingly precious and is effectively monopolized by nobles, nearly impossible for commoners to access.

Hence, Knights are exceedingly rare.

For example, under Baron Angler, there are only three loyal Knights, plus the Baron himself and his son Colin, making up a total of five Knights in the entire Baron's domain.

Among them, Colin has not even been formally initiated into the knighthood, and is currently only a Knight's Apprentice.

In this world, all professions are divided into nine ranks according to their strength, with the first rank being the weakest and the ninth the strongest.

Of course, there is an apprentice level below the first rank, which is set for those who have not yet officially advanced to a rank.

There isn't much difference between a Warrior and a Knight of the same rank, Knights do have slight advantages, but in a face-to-face duel, Knights aren't necessarily able to defeat Warriors outright, as there are other factors to consider such as martial skills, willpower, weapons, and equipment.

What truly entices the nobles towards the occupation of a Knight is its potential.

The pinnacle of a Warrior's profession is the sixth rank.

Yes, throughout the entire continent, there has never been a seventh-rank Warrior, whether they be human, troll, beast tribe, or elf, none have ever reached it.

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According to the first Pope of the Glorious Church, Peter Miser, "To enter the Holy Field, one needs the grace of the Deity."

Anything above the seventh rank is considered the Holy Field, and thus a seventh-rank Knight is also referred to as a Holy Knight.

Hence, according to this doctrine, a Warrior who hasn't undergone baptism certainly can't receive the grace of the Divine Being, thereby excluding them from the seventh rank.

At present, there are only five professions in this world that can break through the sixth rank.

And without exception, they all serve a specific Divine Being.

They are: Human Knights who serve the Lord of Glory, Troll Samurai who serve the God of War, Elven Rangers who serve the Goddess of Fate, Naga Royal Guards who serve the Storm God and Beast Tribe Skull-shatterer who serve the God of Destruction.

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Even those who claim not to believe in Deity and only in Arcane Truth cannot break through the sixth rank.

However, they can cast Forbidden Spells that have a power of the seventh rank or above.

But to cast such a Forbidden Spell, the caster must pay a terrifying price, therefore it cannot be considered a regular attack method.

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Of course, for a Knight, entering the Holy Field is not that straight forward.

If a Family produces a Holy Knight, the whole family will gain great prestige.

All families that have produced a Holy Knight are bestowed the honor of having "Holy" prefixed to the family name.

For instance, the owner of the northern territory of the Glorious Empire - the Hilde Family, are descendants of the founding Holy Knight of the Empire, so they are known as the St. Hilde Family.

In the entire history of the Glorious Empire, there have only been seven Holy Knight families.

This illustrates the difficulty of entering the Holy Field.

The eighth rank is called the legendary domain.

The founding emperor of the Glorious Empire, Gana Lorenzo, was a legendary saint knight, and the only one on recorded history.

In the more than a thousand years after him, no other saint knight had ever reached the legendary domain.

Let alone the ninth rank.

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The ninth rank is also known as the half-god domain, supposedly only the dragons who once ruled this world could achieve it. After their extinction, no race has ever birthed a half-god again.

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Above the ninth rank, is the domain of the gods...

In any case, the profession of a knight, which is noble and rare, and even can be said to belong only to the nobles, should obviously appear in a castle, not in a place like the Big Beard Tavern.

Typically, no knight will choose to follow a mercenary group to another city. After all, they have their own attendants, servants, and even armies.

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Therefore, the appearance of Colin was particularly suspicious.

Just as the atmosphere in the corner was becoming increasingly tense, a fluffy little head suddenly poked out from Colin's coat.

"Meow——" It seemed very unhappy that its sleep was disturbed, the kitten roared at the big beard.

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Colin gave a slight smile, stuffed the grumpy little creature back into his clothes, and then asked the big beard: "How did you know I was a knight?"

In fact, Colin felt that he had been very careful.

He didn't wear any armor, the sword he carried was just a standard one-handed sword he grabbed randomly, and the clothes he wore were "borrowed" from a guard who was about his size.

And according to the memory of his previous life, although there are indeed different combat performances between warriors and knights, there should be no difference without action.

Besides, for Colin, who is still a knight apprentice and has not been promoted, because he cannot summon the Holy Light to assist him in battle, there would be no difference between him and a warrior apprentice even if they really fought.

Was there really a way to distinguish these two professions at a glance?

Colin felt that this might be a blind spot in the knowledge of his previous life.

But who knows, Saru gave a sly smile: "I guessed."

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Got played!

Colin immediately realized that he had been fooled by this seemingly rugged and simple big beard.

Saru was just suspicious, but Colin's subconscious reaction confirmed the other party's suspicion about his identity as a knight.

The main reason was that Saru's appearance was too misleading.

It made Colin not alert enough, and as a result, he was tricked into revealing his true profession.

Firefox Mercenary Group.

Heh, no wonder they're called that.

They look like wild bears, but they are as cunning as foxes.

"I've been in the mercenary world for over forty years, and these eyes have seen a lot of people. Hehe, you kid, even though you're dressed like a commoner, you don't look like one. As expected, you gave yourself away when I tried to trick you!"

Colin took a deep breath, reminding himself over and over in his heart to be extra careful when dealing with a wily old hand like Saru.

But on the surface, Colin remained calm and composed, showing no signs of nervousness about his identity being exposed.

He first pulled out ten copper coins in front of Saru, threw them to the old mercenary, and motioned for him to leave first.

Then he pulled the chair beside Saru naturally and sat down, "I admit, the trick I used earlier wasn't quite fair. I apologize. But, you wouldn't reject a knight's company, would you?"

"What's your name?" Saru put away his smile and stared into Colin's eyes.

Looking straight into Saru's eyes, Colin responded in the most sincere tone:

"Cain, Cain Sudor."