

Herald 741

Chapter 741 Meeting Lady Felicia (Part-End)

At Lady Felicia's retelling of her events, Alexander gave a sympathetic nod.

To him it seemed that her life had gone through quite a bit of ups and downs.

And the things he learned from her, especially about Lapitus, seemed particularly eye-opening.

When he first met the guy he did not seem like that type of person.

Alexander in fact would have described him as honest and a straight arrow.

But of course, he had met the man for only two to three hours.

Hardly enough time to form a concrete impression.

Thus he was inclined to put far more emphasis on Lady Felicia's recount, who had spent far more time with the man, assuming her to be a far more reliable source.

And the thought that the woman would be out to screw her husband over never even crossed Alexander's mind.

Because he could not see the point.

"Did your father have any other children like you?" As the meeting was drawing near its end, Alexander posed this one last question.

And hearing this caused a chilly flash to ignite for the briefest second deep in Lady Felicia's eyes.

'So you are looking for one of his sons to put as a puppet,' Lady Felicia instantly grasped the reason behind this seemingly innocuous query.

She would never let that happen.

Lord Ponticus did have three other illegitimate children, but given the proud man he was he never brought them into the sunlight.

Only Lady Felicia was ever favored due to her unique circumstances, while all the others were quietly forgotten.

In fact, the one in Lord Ponticus's family who had a complete list of all of them was actually Lady Felicia, as being their eldest sister, she had sought them out and at times even gave them more monetary assistance.

Lady Felicia would be a fool to reveal their whereabouts so with a firm shake of the head, she dashed all of Alexander's hopes,

"I'm afraid I do not know. I was so sheltered that even if there were, I never met them. In fact, I rarely met my legitimate brothers and sister."

Then putting one of her long, fair fingers on her chin, her eyes seemed to glow as if she remembered something as she revealed, "However once did hear rumors about a blacksmith and tanner being related to my father."

"But those kinds of talks are everywhere."

"After all, for anyone out in the streets, just claiming to be related to the city lord is enough to bring mountains of favors from all around."

Lady Felicia did not outright say there was none as that would seem too conspicuous.

After all, if Lord Ponticus could bear Lady Felicia in a drunken stupor, why could he not have others?

So she only alluded to the fact without any real directions, thinking that if Alexander found there was one blacksmith or tanner among an ocean of others, he was unlikely to try and search for it.

And as she had so masterfully guessed, this worked just as she expected, as Alexander's mood significantly dampened upon hearing it.

"I see," Alexander thus only curtly nodded with a bit of reluctance.

And decided to end the meeting with these words, "Does your mother still keep in touch?"

And though this innocuous question sounded innocent enough, it was said not only out of concern.

But because he wondered if she could shed some light on Lord Ponticus's other children.

It was a long, long shot, but Alexander was willing to try anything.

But Lady Felicia would not have been able to help him even if she had wanted to. *"*Sigh*, that after so many years,*shake*."* The melancholic lady shook her head very regretfully, putting on a light smile that was laden heavy with hidden meaning.

She seemed to indicate that after so many years, the original bond between the pair had long been eroded by the cruel currents of time and they had drifted apart. So Lady Felicia finished by saying, "Lapitus doesn't like it. And my mother seems happy with her new family!"

While deep inside, she made a chilly note of this regarding her two brothers and one sister, 'I will have to get rid of them!' But such assassination attempts were still in the future, as for the current times, that was how the first meeting between Alexander and Lady Felicia concluded, the talks lasting long into the night, with both sides more concerned about what they were being told rather than enjoying the fancy food they were served.

And in this exchange, it was certainly Lady Felicia who had come out on top.

Not only had she fed Alexander a bunch of garbage, but he had bought most of it.

While in return she had gotten some very concrete promises.

No matter how her next steps went, unless she screwed up loyally, at worst Lady Felicia and her daughter would be able to at least live a decent life in Zanzan from Alexander's stipend.

If Alexander knew how was played tonight, he would have certainly echoed the immortal words of Kazuha Miller, 'They played us like a damn fiddle!'

Once the night's meeting was all concluded, Lady Felicia very modestly covered herself with her cloak, feeling the chilly winds of the night, before bowing and excusing herself.

And as she left, Alexander's eyes could not help but linger on her luscious hind.

Though hidden by the baggy clothes she wore, he could certainly make the outline of what promised to be surely soft and voluminous pairs of pillowy flesh, gloriously moving up and down.

And remembering the charming scenery he was shown a while back, the embers that still lingered in his heart felt close to igniting.

Through his experience as Pasha up until now, Alexander had found that most of the children of mistresses and of other illegitimate lineage were usually prettier than legitimate children.

And if one thought about it, it made perfect sense.

After all, the main wife was usually chosen out of political considerations first and foremost, not due to her beauty.

While mistresses and concubines and even working girls were almost the opposite, chosen solely due to their looks and little else.

So it was only natural whose children would be better looking.

And this was even true for Alexander, as just based on looks, it should be Ophenia who deserved to be the main wife.

Her looks were enough to blow all three others combined out of the water.

Hence thinking about the pleasure that lay ahead and feeling pent up, a tiny part of Alexander wanted to request the lady to stay, saying something corny like, 'My lady the outside is so cold. You might catch a cold. Why not stay the night here?'

And what made this all the more tempting was that Lady Felicia's husband had even given her permission to lay with him.

So the setting, the atmosphere, the circumstances, and even the lust were all there.

What more was Alexander waiting for?

And if Lady Felicia had known these thoughts, she would have been very glad to comply.

She did not outright request this herself as this was just her first day and spreading her legs so soon would make her appear too loose and slutty.

She did not want to appear too needy.

She wanted Alexander to come to her. But of course, Alexander decided to disappoint her.

Like Lady Felicia's consideration that they had just met, Alexander had the exact same thoughts and he was not the type of person to stick his prick anywhere at the slightest opportunity.

So at Lady Felicia's bow, he returned a small one out of courtesy, and the two separated, each spending the night alone, though it was a lot harder for Alexander, who felt an urge to rub one out like he had not had in years.

Alexander had not done it himself since he hooked up with Cambyses.

There was never a need to.

But ultimately Alexander decided to suppress these thoughts and hand himself over to slumber.

And over the next few days, the man and woman got to know themselves a bit better.

Most of the time it was Lady Felicia initiating these encounters, as she would find various excuses to come visit Alexander's tents.

Sometimes it would be coming to visit with her daughter to get to know her 'son-in-law' better.

Sometimes it would be coming to tell him about her father and his family.

And other times it would be to let Alexander know about Tibias, its people, its nobles, and its customs.

Because remember, Lady Felicia had been taught a lot of these by heart.

And it was especially these that Alexander was most interested in.

So from Lady Felicia Alexander learned about the various large noble houses, their fiefs, the specialty of those lands, their strengths, their alliances, their banners, and so many other things.

Lady Felicia was a treasure trove for Alexander, and here, to build her credibility, Lady Felicia did not lie about a single thing.

She was as precise as she could be and if there was something she did not know, she clearly said so and did not try to patch over things.

And that was how the next six days went, until suddenly, Thesalies's gates opened from the inside!

Chapter 742 Lapitus Moves (Part-1)

"Captain! What now! Should we start?"

While his wife was scheming to commit adultery with another man, Lapitus was inside the city trying his best to make it out alive and give her a good future.

And as he was thinking how best to achieve that, he was suddenly broken out of his deep thoughts by this eager, quite restless voice.

"Hmmm?" And as he turned to face him with a low grunt and slight furrow between his eyes, his lips were pressed together indicating he was clearly not impressed at this interruption.

But even as his much superior officers, Lapitus did not chide the man.

One because Lapitus was normally pretty easygoing.

But more so because the eager teenager was surrounded by almost an even more eager crowd of similar faces- their countenances flushed with excitement, their hands clenched in anticipation, their armor hidden under their civilian clothes, their hearts filled with anxiety, and their spirits soaring for a fight!

They were not asking him for his permission to start the rebellion right now.

They were telling him to!

And as Lapitus faced this oppressive look of implicit pressure, for the first time he felt he understood what his former master, Lord Ponticus must have experienced.

Because it was almost a one to one recreation of the scenery from earlier when they forced him to go out and fight.

This was only on a smaller scale.

'*Tsk*, we lost so many men. Couldn't we have lost a few of these too!' And as Lapitus looked at the around ten men surrounding him, in a sarcastic way he wished some of these hot heads had died too.

But here Lapitus was just lampooning.

So putting such wishful musings aside, Lapitus then thought back on why the soldiers wanted to start right now.

lightsNovel ?om 'Hmmpf that idiot! He is actually organizing a feast right now! And he even wants us to attend? What more? Is he going to go there with his neck washed clean so it's easier to chop?'

Even though Lapitus hated Petrino, the ease with which the latter presented to him seemed to leave a bad taste in Lapitus's mouth.

But if one knew the entire story behind that was Petrino doing so, it was actually not so ridiculous.

What had actually happened was that Petrino was organizing his father's funeral and according to Tibian customs, it was tradition to carry out the burial in the morning, feed some poor and needy for lunch, so that they would be satisfied and pray for the departed, and as night came, the family and close relatives of the deceased would all get together and eat good food and drink.

This was done in remembrance of the dead, wishing for the health of his soul and to be among one's kin to lessen the sorrow of the loss.

Up until this, it was alright in Lapitus's eyes.

Petrino could go ahead with it no problem.

But the issue came in the following event.

For you see, the thing that most occurred during this time was drinking copious amounts of intoxicants, sometimes even to the point of being wasted.

As a matter of fact, the amount one could drink without letting oneself out was seen directly as a measure of one's true love towards the recently departed.

The Tibian people seemed to be a lively bunch when it came to death.

But of course, anyone could see the consequence of this practice.

It would frequently lead to instances where the feast would quickly turn itself into a drunken feat of festivities where the men got hammered and completely wasted.

Their only saving grace was that the women in the feast were forbidden from drinking, and so could take care of them.

Though ironically, with this safety net in place, the men would let themselves go even more, and over time, it even became an unwritten rule that all the men who were considered to be relatively close to the deceased should drink to the point they either passed out or threw up at least three times.

And if you are so drunk that you have to empty your stomach three different times, one's mental acuity by that point could be imagined.

And it was precisely because of that practice that the soldiers were so eager to take advantage of the situation.

Every major noble and officer would be wasted beyond words by the end of that night.

Could they have asked for a better chance even if the gods descended and promised to grant them a boon of their choosing?

And as if this was not enough, which it certainly was, to add to the icing on the cake, Petrino even decided to make the entire thing a mass funeral for the entire city, meant to pray for the resting of the almost fifteen thousand (15,000) dead and around twenty thousand (20,000) captured or missing.

So it could be said that on that day, or night, the entire city would be wasted- the nobles, the guards, the ordinary citizenry, even the tramps and vagabonds.

After all, almost everyone had lost someone- a friend, family, or even an acquaintance.

So killing the nobles and opening the gates would be a cakewalk then.

Hence it was little wonder the soldiers and officers under Lapitus were not willing to take no for an answer.

Now, being the devil's advocate, and not to bash too hard on Petrino, he, and the people around him did have a reason for doing this.

They were not total idiots.

It was just that they looked at it with a much different lens than Petrino's military view, who saw the entire thing as a huge security risk.

But these men looked at this move from a political point.

And from that angle, this was certainly a very good move.

For the situation inside Thesalie was very tense.

The people had suffered huge losses, the enemy was imminently about to break through, and the deadly fate Alexander promised if they resisted hung like a deadly guillotine hanging over their necks.

All this made the people very reluctant to stand and fight.

Not when there was an alternative.

Thus it was only through sheer fear and brute muscle that Petrino was able to keep them from rioting and rebelling.

But of course, fear can only be effective for so long.

And Petrino did not nearly have enough manpower to suppress all dissent.

And as Alexander drew closer and closer, there was no telling when the people's limits were going to simply burst and break.

So one of Petrino's advisors suggested this funeral ceremony as a way for the common people to vent their emotions and calm down.

The higher-ups hoped that this way they could be placated for the time being.

And surprisingly Petrino immediately agreed.

Though for all the wrong reasons.

For him, the man simply wanted to eat and party.

The stress of the siege was starting to get to him and he wanted to make merry and drown himself in alcohol to forget it.

And to that effect, for he wanted to share the joy, he invited everybody who was anybody to attend his father's funeral and the subsequent feast and drink.

'Darm fool! Just think about the state of our pantry!'

But the huge food expenses that this would inevitably cause was simply one more addition to Lapitus's already long list of complaints.

It had to be remembered that being under siege, the city's rations were already running low.

And the promised supplies from the capital were supposed to only arrive with the remaining 10,000.

So to waste their limited stocks on such a frivolous matter was another mark Lapitus put against Petrino.

Though to be fair to Petrino here, Alexander was far more likely to break through the walls and slaughter them all before they had the chance to starve and die.

So it was actually better to use their food to boost whatever morale they had left.

While Lapitus considered all these, a small part of him still wanted to wait for any word from the capital.

Perhaps the king himself would write to them regarding their predicament and instruct them on what action they were to take, Lapitus naively hoped.

And in that same vein, he had asked the maester of the mansion about this, or if any messages had been sent to the courts informing them.

But the old man there never liked Lapitus because he had once caught the young boy years ago sleeping with his daughter in a stable.

So he briskly brushed him off with an annoyed face.

And in that same way, he carelessly did not bother to send any birds, thinking the 10,000 were surely on their way.

And no one else reminded him otherwise either.

Hence facing all these circumstances, Lapitus knew he had to make his decision.

Or in reality, the decision was actually already made for him.

For the men surrounding him were not the type to be patient and think things through.

They would likely do it even if he barred so.

So flashing a frosty light in his eyes, Lapitus nodded his head like it was carrying the weight of an entire mountain, "The reinforcements cannot make it on time. We will do it three days from now!"

Chapter 743 Lapitus Moves (Part-2)

Lapitus was ultimately unable to wait for the seven to ten days he had promised himself.

Circumstances such as pressure from his subordinates had forced him otherwise.

Also, he himself found to be much more eager to carry this out than originally anticipated.

It seemed that be it the atmosphere, be it the realization that even those additional 10,000 men might not be enough to defend the city, be it the desire to again see those smiling faces of his wife and child, or even be it that alluring prospect of ruling this city, all seemed to have pushed Lapitus into making the decision he did.

He would initiate the coup at the most opportune time, either opening the gates to Alexander waiting outside or die trying.

And thus, as Lapitus firmly declared his intention, the soldiers let out a hushed bout of euphoric cheers and then began to quietly but quickly prepare themselves for the fated day.

That fateful day soon came- the 10th of August.

On that day, starting at almost dawn, a grand funeral was held at the city's square, commemorating Lord Ponticus and all the other deceased.

Here all the complex rites of the dead Tibians followed were conducted by a host of priests, something that lasted for hours, while an ocean of people from all walks of life, gathered for the event.

They came here wearing their best dresses, paying their best respects to the known and unknown men sacrificed in this war.

Most of the attendee's faces were pale from fatigue and weariness, and they walked with shuffled steps like they lacked the energy to lift their feet. To an outsider, this might have been looked at if the dead were being accompanied by the half dead, zombies with one foot already in the ground.

Prolonged stress, sleep deprivation from Alexander's fiery balls, natural exhaustion, and lastly starvation had all driven these people to near their limit. A few more months of this and Alexander might be able to just take the city with any effort.

But it was not the cadaverous faces of these people that drew Lapitus's attention.

'Damn, if I had known the crowd would be so large, I would have started a riot here and now. Opening the gates then would have been easy!' As Lapitus laid witness to the sheer volume of people present, he somewhat regretted that he missed this obvious chance.

It was just that he had never thought the crowd would be so huge.

But even if Lapitus had thought about it, it was unlikely he would have attempted it here.

Creating a riot was too dangerous as people were unpredictable.

Who knew if they would suddenly turn on him in the chaos?

And besides, even if Lapitus did manage to open the city gates, there was still the job of killing the nobles and PP. as requested by Alexander.

And unfortunately, though almost the entire city came here for the prayers, as well as the free meal, PP and the nobles were not among them.

They only showed themselves at the very beginning, protected on all sides by trusted men, not giving Lapitus even the slightest chance to off them, where on a raised stage, a gaudily dressed PP gave a speech where he explained to the people the worth of the losses they suffered, the reason why they were fighting, and how they were ultimately going to inevitably win.

This kind of public address was a surprisingly brilliant move for the usually pig headed PP, which was also why it was not really him who did it. The entire thing was heavily scripted, written by a competent noble among his ranks, a very rare variety in that group indeed, and it was filled with everything a crowd wanted to hear.

There was mention of the gross enmity between the two sides, the battle of their faiths and the struggle of the gods, the prestige and history of Thesalie- 'the fortress of the fortress', and lastly hope for salvation in the form of an illusory reinforcement.

The speech of course did not reveal their promised 10,000 as that was a military secret.

But the crowd was simply told that the king was on his way with 'an army the likes of which the world has never seen,' as per the exact words of the speech. Of course, all this was fluff with no real matter.

But it did do its intended job.

Many in the crowd who had come here with aggrieved hearts felt their restlessness to be smothered upon listening to PP's sincere promises And any thoughts of rioting temporarily subsided.

So from the noble's view, the event could already be called a success. After the funeral was conducted, the event soon moved to its next and most anticipated part- the food!

Here the entire city was given a thin gruel of sliced vegetables like carrots and onions and a tiny, inch-sized meat, to be eaten with some high-quality black bread. It was nothing fancy, but it was not bad either, since there was at least meat.

Hence, although not everyone eating it might be praising PP and his father to the heavens, given the meal was filling, they were not cursing them either.

And during this entire time all these things were going on, Lapitus was mostly occupied keeping watch at a part of the city, organizing his men, and making sure to keep order in that huge gathering.

It was a hot and humid day to be performing these tedious tasks.

But it was ultimately a very important job.

It was not until around late afternoon, with the sky already giving off a gentle orange hue that the crowd fully dispersed and he could breathe a sigh of relief.

And as most of the guards returned to their quarters at the end of the festivities, Lapitus by a very strange 'coincidence' met Kallidus in the officer's room, where these higher ups would gather to deposit their weapons and armor at the end of the day, talk and chat and sometimes even have a couple of drinks before retiring home.

Now, of course this meeting was no coincidence as Lapitus was determined to eliminate this dangerous man before starting anything.

He was too dangerous to be left alive.

The reason being myriad.

Kallidus was Lord Ponticus's former right-hand man, who only left the post because his age was unable to keep up with the physically demanding tasks the job entitled.

And for his lifetime services, back then, Lord Ponticus had even offered the man a very cushy job as a logistician in the rear lines, which not only paid well but also would have provided him with ample opportunities to swindle some stuff from the huge inventory.

Everyone who worked there did that.

It was an open secret.

And so it was also every soldier's career wet dream.

But Kallidus had rejected all of it, instead choosing to stay in the military as an ordinary captain.

'These walls guarded me during my birth. I shall guard it till my death' The old man used to say about his oath to defend Thesalie.

He was that dedicated to the military and to the city.

And for his efforts, after Lord Ponticus's death, PP made Kallidus the head of his forces, sidelining Lapitus who should have been next in line, for the new lord did not like or trust him, which was actually a good move.

And to add to PP's boon, Kallidus was one of the staunchest supporters of the 'fighting to the group' faction, being almost their spiritual leader.

In fact, it was Kallidus who had killed those nobles who dared to ask PP to consider surrender.

And seeing this, Lapitus was convinced there was no possibility of turning the man.

So if Lapitus wanted to kill PP, he would have to go through Kallidus first.

But of course that was easier said than done.

For as it could be imagined, Kallidus being around the former city lord for so long had managed to become extremely influential among the general soldiers and commanded great respect.

So killing him openly was very dangerous.

Not to mention the horrible mistake it would be if they tried to kill him but failed.

That would give the man time to rally his forces and if that happened, it was unknown which side the regular, neutral soldiers would choose Lapitus or him.

Because of course, not every soldier was part of either Lapitus or Kallidus group.

In fact, only a small group were, with most being only hapless sheep obeying whatever their superior told them. So if Lapitus wanted to do a coup, he needed to eliminate these superiors and replace them with his own men.

And Kallidus was the biggest superior.

So with his fangs bared towards the nape of his first prey, Lapitus approached the old man, a poisonous smile hanging on his face, "Uncle Kallidus! It's been truly a hot day! Here," And upon reaching his destination, he very gently presented the man with a cup of ice-cold wine.

"*Sip*" And as if to tempt, he took a sip from his own cup that he was holding.

"Haha, thanks kid," And not suspecting the barest of malice, the old man was very glad to have this cold refreshing drinking.

It had been truly a scorching day, and his body was no longer what it once was.

Thud!

But only a few moments later, his body was on the ground, ice cold and dead.

Chapter 744 Lapitus Moves (Part-3)

When Lapitus was trying to plan out how to actually go about carrying out his coup, he found that his first and perhaps biggest roadblock was Kalidus, for he led all of Petrino's men.

But the problem here was that although he managed to accurately find the target, trying to think of a feasible way to take the man out without arousing a huge commotion in the process proved surprisingly difficult. The man was a great commander with an almost fanatical zeal when it came to defending the city. A fact that was shown by how he had reacted upon learning of Lord Ponticus's death.

Like many others, the old man had broken down and bawled his eyes out.

But not out of the sadness of the loss of his former master.

He only lamented how he could not have died beside him.

In that battle, Kalidus was not actually with Lord Ponticus's group.

Instead, he was left with Lord Theony to help him better coordinate between the local Thesalie garrison and the reinforcements that had come.

Hence spurred on by that death, this time, the old man was filled with almost a martyr-like zeal, meaning he would fight to his last breath.

And to add to his formidable reputation, he was also a fierce fighter.

So unless Lapitus could surround him and attack from all sides, he was not sure even four or five of them could win in a head-to-head duel with him.

Never mind, Kalidus was almost accompanied by a bunch of his lieutenants

So if Lapitus were to attack them in the open, even if Lapitus managed to kill all of them, there was no way the others were not going to be alerted to such a large-scale brawl.

The move was deemed too dangerous and unpredictable.

And so Lapitus for a few days was stumped on how to actually lure Kalidus and all his top officers in a single place, one that was hidden from the public eyes and secluded enough, and then take them out without any commotion.

It seemed too hard.

Initially, Lapitus had thought of inviting them to his home for some kind of feast or event.

But such celebrations in the middle of a siege did not seem appropriate.

And even if the busy Kalidus accepted, it would likely be him and only a few of the lieutenants, whereas Lapitus needed to kill all of the high-ranking officers at once to avoid alerting Petrino.

And lastly, inviting them to his house would reveal the fact that it was empty, with his wife and daughter nowhere to be found.

All that would bring only needless questioning.

Many such similar problems were encountered with his other plans too, and it was to the point that Lapitus even began to wonder if trapping Kalidus was even possible.

The ideal circumstances where Petrino and all his trusted men simultaneously disappeared but did not raise any suspicion appeared to be too incongruent with reality.

So for a while Lapitus was stumped, at one point, even thinking of giving up on the entire coup thing.

But then, as if the gods were smiling upon him, it happened.

The arranged funeral event gave Lapitus exactly that chance he was looking for Kalidus and all his lieutenants would almost certainly be at the officer's quarters after the day ended to target together and refresh themselves.

And so in the days prior to the program, Lapitus arranged for his men to go and occupy the premises, specifically instructing them to take control of the catering.

Something that was fairly easy to do given Lapitus was still of very high military rank and could transfer almost anyone he liked to any other unit.

So with the excuse that this funeral event would require extra security, many of the neutral and those loyal to Kalidus were sent on street patrols or even to the walls to bolster its defenses. While the vacancies were taken up by Lapitus's trusted men.

And once everything was done, the soldiers quietly made sure to mix the wine that was to be served that day with a dose of slow but lethal poison.

The substance was tasteless and nearly odorless.

But it took around five to fifteen minutes to kick in.

So it was not instant like cyanide.

And Lapitus chose this intentionally, as it would take some time to serve the drink to everyone and he did not want people falling like flies in front of everybody the moment they took a sip.

That would be too revealing.

So he chose this one, which also had many other desirable traits as well.

For instance, once the required time had passed, death would be instantaneous, with no troublesome symptoms surfacing prior to the collapse.

So nothing like headache, dizziness, nausea, etc. topping up suddenly that might give the subterfuge away.

Hence, as Kalidus and all his men entered the quarters as usual and refreshed themselves, they were served cold, iced wine by Lapitus's men.

"*Gulg*, *glug*, *glug! Ahhhh! A cold drink in this fucking heatahhh, so fucking nice!" And the men were ecstatic to get them, chugging the refreshing drinks down with nary a thought, their parched throats rejoicing as if the summer rains had come. "Hahaha, Lapitus, what's the occasion? Did something good happen?" As they drank, some men also posed this, for serving such copious amounts of drink was certainly not a regular practice.

Not to forget it was even chilled which surely added much more to the cost,

Thesalie would have never been able to afford to be so generous, even just to her officers.

"Haha, well I was thinking of celebrating a bit when we can. Soon the noble lords will start drinking and we will have to just stand and watch,... hehe. *Chug*, *Chug*,"

Lapitus very convincingly gave his reason for this unusual display of generosity, producing a small chuckle before downing the contents of his own cup, which was of course served separately and safe to drink from.

It was little surprise that it would be only the nobles tonight that would drink themselves silly, while all the soldiers would be made to stand guard.

That was the norm in almost all other parties too.

Something that was not always easy to follow given the opulent display of food, drinks, and even women that would be in front of these, frankly poor men.

"Hoooohhhhooooo, Captain Lapitus, that's why we follow you!" And so hearing that Lapitus was treating them to this fine wine as a form of compensation, the men let out loud cheers of praise, very pleased by this gesture.

Even Kalidus joined in this praise, taking a few sips of the liquid and commenting with a slightly exaggerated shock, "This wineis it that new wine ...Sweet Uvula?"

Sweet Uvula was the name of the wine recipe that Alexander gave to Camius went by in Tibias, distributed by his partner's son who lived here.

And it was an extremely sought-after wine due to its limited availability, and almost exclusively consumed by only the nobility.

Hence Kalidus's surprise at how Lapitus was able to get his hands on such an expensive product and so much at that.

Even he got to taste it occasionally, only when Lord Ponticus would invite his old subordinate to chat about the good old times.

At the inquiry, Lapitus nodded lightly to confirm Kalidus's suspicion, before producing a forlorn face and then recounting in a mournful tone, "Just a few days ago, father-in-law had sent us a few large jars. We did not have the time to drink then."

"So I thought today would be the perfect day to have it."

Lapitus said this by alluding to the funeral and the drinking culture, and when taking a sip, he mournfully hummed, "**Sigh**, I still cannot believe he is gone. There are even times I think can hear his steps coming from the stairs here, pacing up and down like he used to **gulg**."

Lapitus said so as a way to induce nostalgia in Kalidus and distract his attention from the wine in case he found anything weird.

And Kalidus bought everything Lapitus said without batting an eye.

He, like everyone else of course, knew that Lapitus was married to Lord Ponticus's daughter, and thus receiving such gifts was natural.

So understanding it, he patted Lapitus on the shoulders and even praised him for his generosity.

To which Lapitus responded in a low, mirthless chortle, "Haha, well if the enemy breaks though, at least he won't get to have this."

He had very intentionally kept his voice low, only letting Kalidus hear so.

And at this, the old man's face did not go dark with anger or call Lapitus names like a defeatist.

Instead, aware of their predicament, his wizened face seemed to lose a bit of luster at their helpless situation.

"Do not lose hope. Believe in the gods. They will not let us down, " before he claimed so in a low, but very strong voice.

This was Lapitus's last chance to see if Kalidus would be bought over.

And Kalidus's answer undoubtedly revealed he would not. They talked like this for a while, until, **Thud**, **Thud**, **Thud**

Finally, at all around the ten minute mark, the bodies started to fall,

Chapter 745 Lapitus Moves (Part-4)

As the officers continued to drink, if one bothered to pay good attention, they would have found that it was only Kalidus's men who were actually drinking, taking in enormous amounts of the poison.

While in the case of Lapitus's men, they seemed to be only pretending to take large gulps, while in reality, they were only taking small sips from their limited volume of safe drinks.

They talked far more than they drank.

Thud, *Thud*, *Thud*

When the very first man fell, it drew more laughs than concerns from the nearby men.

"Haha, hey what's wrong, can't hold your liquor, hahaha," They chuckled at their colleagues for his inability, no one even bothering to go up to help him.

Thud, *Thud*,

But then suddenly two more went down.

And that made the laughter subside quite a bit.

This did not seem natural, with especially how those eyes looked, a glassy gleam of realization floating in them, like the truth had been revealed to them just as they were crossing the gate, but it was already too late.

Thud *Thud* *Thud*

And then a few more almost simultaneously went down.

At that point, there was no more laughter.

The room had suddenly become as soundless as the grave

It was almost uncanny how quickly the cheerful din of the place was replaced by an uncomfortable, stifling quagmire to anxiety.

"You, Lapi... you do ...g!"

And even with advanced age, it was Kalidus's keen eyes were the first to catch on to what was likely on, though, by this point, he was already too late, as evidenced by how he was slurring.

Kalidus had noticed that it was only his men that were going down, and so it left him no doubt of the plot he was already ensnared in.

But unfortunately, it was too little, too late for him.

Though he willed it, his hands lacked the strength to grab his sword, while his legs were unable to respond to his command to charge at Lapitus, only staying rooted at its place and shaking like a leaf.

The poison was already too far into the system.

"The wine! It's the wine. Lapitus lied about the wi...!"

With Kalidus's loud shout, the others too woke up to the deadly betrayalbut so what?

Like Kalidus, they too had trouble just standing up, never mind fighting.

And even those who could summon their sword, those who were at the peak of their fitness, they were easily subdued by Lapitus's men who far outnumbered them and that full control of their body facilities

"Poison! Co... ward! Whe...re is yo ...honor! Trait...! I spit... spit o.. you! The god w..."

Kalidus's eyes went teary as he saw his men who were trying to resist being cut and hacked and slashed by brutal strikes to their guts, hearts, and even necks.

These once fierce warriors deserved better.

But now rendered defenseless due to the poison, they were unable to defend against even the simplest of blows, while he himself found losing strength and slumping over to the ground.

They did not deserve to die like this, cut down like dogs.

It broke Kalidus's heart.

And as he felt death's icy grasp wrap around him, Kalidus did not beg for his life.

The man was not even afraid of death, having seen it an uncountable number of times, having dealt it almost as many times to others, and already had one foot with him.

He also did not ask why Lapitus was doing this.

It was so obvious that it would be a waste of his limited breath.

Instead, he only cursed Lapitus for choosing such a way to kill him.

As a warrior, he has at least wished to die by the sword.

And he knew Lapitus knew that it was always his dream to go like like that.

So for Lapitus to deny him that honor at the very twilight of his years, that was what incensed Kalidus the most.

So even when he found his speech fumbling, he did not stop cursing the man.

While the recipient of these attacks, Lapitus had no emotions on his face.

His face was not flushed with ecstasy at the fact that the plan had gone so smoothly, nor was he shedding tears of regret over his betrayal.

He only projected a stoic face from which nothing came out

And that was because after what he had done, there really was nothing for him to say.

Lapitus did not bother to present any excuse or portray himself as the righteous one here.

And the same thing went for many of the older officers in his group, who simply let their counterparts peacefully drift into slumber, not letting out any cries of revelry.

Perhaps their silence also signified that a small part of all of them felt shame at having done such a cowardly act to these men who just minutes ago were their colleagues and even brothers in arms.

And so the entire place was eerily quiet, absent of any euphoric cheers or of any mournful groans, as the poison once it was activated, worked rapidly.

It was under the bright, orange hue of the setting sun that finally the chaos in the officers' quarters came to an end, the carpeted floor now scattered with close to ten bodies.

"Old man, rest well. You led a good life. Now let us lead us ours. We will come to apologize to you when our time is up,"

Stepping up to Kalidus's body, Lapitus gave these words as his last respects, saying why he did what he did- it was to survive.

And though Lapitus said these words looking at Kalidus, perhaps they were more directed towards his men, who undoubtedly were feeling guilty over their heinous act.

'Yes, we did it because we had no choice. We want to live.' And hearing, many consoled them as such.

"That's right. Calopy and my daughter are friends. I will surely take care of her,"

One of Lapitus's men even stepped up to promise this to Kalidus's rapidly cooling body, Calopy being Kalidus's youngest granddaughter who lost her parents to an illness.

Though it was unknown if Kalidus would have actually wanted his dear granddaughter to be near one of his murderers, or turned in his grave at the very thought.

But whatever Kalidus's thought on the matter would be, for now, it did not matter.

For as soon as it was considered everyone was dead, Lapitus ordered,

"Clean this up. Quick!"

"Move them to those unused rooms. Quick! We need to report to the mansion for our duty soon!"

The way Lapitus used the word 'quick' twice went to show the urgency.

Hence the men quickly got to work, dragging the bodies along the corridor to the very back of the keep, a place where rarely anyone even went.

Lapitus was confident that this place would be hidden enough for the bodies to be not discovered for at least the few hours he needed to do what he needed to.

And while his men carried out their clandestine orders, Lapitus went over to the window covering the city, his heart heavy with uncertainty, as he then looked down on the wine in his cup.

'It's all because of you, my love. I could do all this only because of you.'

He then mysteriously whispered towards the liquid, love filling his eyes.

And what he meant by this was that the way he got this rare wine was that Lady Felicia had one day bought the stuff, claiming it to be from her father.

And now it was using this same drink that Lapitus had managed to basically decapitate Petrino's forces.

However there was quite a bit of a hidden secret behind Lady Felicia's claim.

The real way she got it was much different, though those events did not matter here.

Once the bodies were disposed of, Lapitus and his men soon got ready for their next shift, and a while later, they found themselves in Petrino's audience.

"My lord, Lord Kalidus said he was feeling a bit under the weather after standing in the sun all day. So he asked us to take this shift for him. He promised to be here by supper."

Lapitus kept his address regarding his unplanned visit short and concise.

lightsnovel.com The less he said, the less chance of him messing up.

"Oh! Okay, you go do your thing."

And seeing this distasteful man, Petrino dismissed him almost instinctively, waving his hand like buzzing off an annoying fly even before Lapitus could finish.

He really did not care about who was in charge of security here.

He only cared to look at all the courtesans that were already starting to flutter around the great hall room.

He could not wait to taste them.

Now of course inviting people of such professions to a funeral event was egregious, to say the least.

Petrino might have pissed in his dead father's face and the amount of disrespect would have been almost the same.

But hey, he was the ruler here, so who was going to argue with him?

So while Petrino planned with glee for his night of debauchery, Lapitus, having gotten the lord's open permission was easily able to take over control of the mansion guards.

Everything was set.

Chapter 746 Lapitus Moves (Part-5)

With Petrino's permission, Lapitus managed to quickly take over the mansion guards.

The numerous small squads scattered all around the huge building that were once led by captains loyal to Kalidus were quickly dismissed and told to go home for the day, as Lapitus's men took effective control of the men under them.

While the guards that were originally assigned to protect the main hall room, the place where all the events would take place, were all dismissed or relocated to other parts of the mansion, their places filled by Lapitus's own, trustworthy men.

These men were trained veterans who were going to be the ones who were going to do the butchering.

As for the higher level posts that had become empty, particularly those held by those ten officers, such as the gate controls, well Lapitus's co-conspirators were able to take control of them too, usually saying something along the lines of this,

"Your captain is attending a drinking feast with Senior Kalidus, commemorating Lord Ponticus."

"He will be late. In the meantime, by the order of the Lord of the city, His Lordship Petrino, I will be in command of you. Understood!"

The last word was a loud bark, not a question.

And as the order was directly from Petrino, as well as the fact that Lord Ponticus's funeral was just this morning, it all sounded very plausible.

So these soldiers who were trained to be obedient, not inquisitive, or question their superior showed no resistance to yielding to this new figure of authority.

These men were unlikely to pose any problem for at least the next few hours, only possibly becoming suspicious of why their captains were not returning after the night had long drawn deep into its recesses.

That was ample time for Lapitus to do what he needed to do.

As for the other nobles becoming alert at this sudden change in security, well, luckily, Lapitus had chosen this day to launch his rebellion.

Many of them were distracted by the upcoming feast, while many of their leftover personal guards who survived the battle against Alexander were deployed either to the streets to keep order or the walls to keep watch.

After all, with the gates in the first wall open, if they were careless, Alexander might launch a surprise wall rush trying to try and take advantage of the temporary lull in defenses.

Losing the city that way could truly be a tragedy upon tragedy.

Hence when the nobles learned that Kalidus was feeling a bit unwell and drinking with his men in remembrance of his beloved master they thought nothing of it.

There were numerous examples of Lord Ponticus relieving Kalidus ahead of this shift or entirely excusing the man for half a day when he noticed Kalidus was unable to keep up with his years.

Thus, as dusk fell, the feast began in its full revelry, undampened even by an iota of the recent circumstances.

In fact, looking at the scale of the arrangement, Lapitus found it actually to be comparable to only a few grand parties ever held in the past.

One was when Perseus, the king of Tibias was first coronated.

The second time was when His Majesty came to visit Thesalie.

And a third time was when The Crown Prince was here to see his granduncle, Lord Ponticus.

So for this party to be comparable to those occasions where it was attended by such members, the grandeur in display could be imagined.

The centerpiece of the party, the huge banquet table that was placed smack in the middle of the room, was several tens of meters in length and covered in its entirety with food.

For the meat lovers, there were roasted hares, doves, snails marinated in honey, and pheasants glazed in fish sauce to name only a few, along with some other more dubious-looking items even Petrino was unsure of.

Though curiously there was no sign of meat of the common variety, like chicken, beef, or mutton.

But this was of course to be expected for serving such 'peasant' food to the honorable tongues of the nobility would be too disgraceful.

Only rare and exotic meats were fit for them, and the chefs prepared them in various ways.

This was almost the modern equivalent of how billionaires would eat things like alligator meat and even exotic insects.

Not because they necessarily taste good, but because the amount of money they spend to eat these foods suddenly makes them taste good.

Money too can be a very potent seasoning.

Along with meat, there were various fruits too, such as pears, pomegranates, dates, oranges, and lemons.

They were either baked like baked apples, or cut open and displayed decoratively, or just shown off in fine glass bowls.

And yes, those glass bowls were made by Alexander.

As for the most luxurious item there, well it was undoubtedly door mice, with goose eggs coming at a close second.

As Lapitus silently observed this... this enormous amount of wasteful expenditure during a siege, he naturally was disgusted.

In fact, the feeling was so strong that even the overwhelming aroma of such alluring food and drinks was unable to stimulate his appetite.

And if not for the fact that he knew the siege was going to be lifted tonight, he would have dreaded to think what the state of their stocks would be following after this.

'Heh, enjoy it well. This will be your last meal.'

So while looking at the nobles gorge themselves on these expensive delicacies, Lapitus ominously said this in his heart, thinking as far as last meals went, this was really as good as one could get.

Lapitus passed the following few hours occupied by such thoughts, patrolling the grounds as well as occasionally mingling with some of the more familiar nobles.

And once the nobles had filled with stomachs to a degree with solid food and finished with their pleasantries, then came the main event- the drinking.

And it was here the courtesans, dressed in scantily clad clothes made their debut.

Dressed in low cut Vs that showed not only deep into their cleavage but half their milky flesh as well, they flitted around the room like sinful fairies, carrying pitchers filled with fine wine to sate thirsty throats.

But once they would reach their destination, they would find the men there to be much more than only perched, for like their throats, their souls too hungered for sweet dew and soft touches.

Hence, once they were loosened up after a couple of drinks, soon strong, manly hands could be seen roaming over these ladies, some going over their breasts, some inside their clothes, some copping a feel of their butts, while Petrino, the most brazen one, was actually seen pouring wine over

one of the heavily endowed girls's chest and licking and sucking it off them, eliciting unrestrained moan from the working girl.

Something which made Lapitus's heart burn with fury.

This was no funeral commemorating the dead.

This was a simple feast and party.

'Fine food, wine, and women. These scoundrels' deaths will be a lot better than they deserve.'

If Lapitus had even the slightest scruples before, then seeing the current debauchery completely removed even the tiniest shed of doubt in him.

If this was how the dead who sacrificed themselves for their country were being remembered, including the father of the one who was the current lord of the city, then Lapitus did not want to call the man his lord.

And this was a sentiment that was unsurprisingly shared by many of his men who were present there as well.

Hence, each man having their resolve strengthened patiently waited for the wine and merriments to do their job.

And thankfully they did not need to wait long, for the men seemed to turn inebriated and sluggish faster than any other time.

Perhaps it was the siege or the looming threat of Alexander's promise, but the nobles were seen gulping down the red liquid like there was no tomorrow.

Some were in fact so inundated with alcohol that they lost their sense senses and started to take the girls serving them then and there, in front of everybody, forgetting all shame.

And it was seeing this that Lapitus finally felt his patience break.

He greatly respected Lord Ponticus and seeing this memory be tarnished like this was too much.

Also, given some of the men were actually doing such things and no one was even coming to stop them, it was clear they had lost all ability to resist.

So these defenseless sheep were in prime condition to slaughter.

"Start!" Hence Lapitus's command at last rang out.

It was not particularly a loud or hushed order, and all the people around him could clearly hear it.

But most did not care.

'Start? Start what?'

They were not really interested in what this commoner was saying, not when there was this fair lady to enjoy.

But the soldiers who were in the know of what this meant reacted instantly.

They rushed to the nearest group of nobles, hands grasping the hilt of their sword, before,

Clang, the steel blade was suddenly unsheathed and *plunge*, it was driven using both hands deep with the clueless noble's defenseless back, the entire thing going all the way through.

The slaughter had begun.

Chapter 747 Lapitus Moves (Part-6)

As the first of the men drove their weapons into the backs of the unsuspecting nobles, initially the working girls witnessing these were more stunned shocked into silence than terrified.

The suddenness of the move left the girls blank for a while, with some even thinking that there might be a legitimate reason why their patron was killed, such as him being a crook or criminal, with the entire thing being carried out under the city lord's instructions.

But soon such optimistic projections were put to rest as subsequent acts clearly proved that was not the case.

The girls quickly spotted the soldiers killing everyone in sight indiscriminately, both men and women.

Yes, even the innocent courtesans were not spared.

Because in the eyes of these soldiers, these women were just as much as guilty for desecrating the memories of the dead as the men were.

Hence once the surviving prostitutes had the time to process the entire thing, they quickly woke up to what was really happening.

"Kyaahhh!"

No one was sure who was the first to produce this ear piercing scream, but with one of them raising the alarm, all the other girls too were broken from their stupor.

Then understanding the danger they were in, all of them started to let out terrified shrieks as they bolted away from their men and attempted to run to the nearest exit.

But ironically, their shouts actually worked against them, for these loud wails alerted all of Lapitus's men nearby that the plan had begun.

Thus following the first groups, all of the others bared their weapons too, and a bloodbath promptly ensured.

The drunk men and the working girls had no weapons to defend themselves with or nowhere to escape to, for all the exits were long, long ago closed by Lapitus.

And though some of the nobles did bring their personal bodyguards, their numbers were too few and they were too scattered.

Since the very start of the party, Lapitus had been busy secretly and meticulously surrounding these small pockets of armed men with his own men.

So the moment Lapitus gave the signal, these were among the very first groups to be attacked from all sides.

Most of the people who could have put up a fight were never even given the chance.

Lapitus did not himself take part in the massacre.

Instead, to be able to better coordinate his men, he stayed back near the banquet, surrounded by a small entourage, simply watching the fifty or so guards here lay waste to the nearly two hundred men and women present.

The soldiers used swords, spears, and daggers to attack the men from all directions, catching their prey in all sorts of different postures- standing, sitting and even lying.

And as they plunged cold steel in their flesh, it caused the room to echo with the anguished cries of the wounded and dying, as well as curses calling them all kinds of names- traitors, rebels, scums, etc.

But all these accomplished nothing, as the floor was soon splattered a macabre red and the once jolly room was only filled with naked and semi naked corpses, with many hideous wounds surfacing on them.

Observing this sanguinary act from a distance, after a while Lapitus found there was nothing more to see here.

Almost all of Petrino's forces were already decimated and now it was the man's turn to join.

"Let's go. I want to see Petrino."

So turning to address the small group around him, he expressed this.

Petrino had actually left the party a bit prior to the start of this massacre, with two of the most beautiful courtesans snuggled around his arms, his destination,-the bedroom, his intention- very clear.

And Lapitus was actually glad to see the man leave.

Because before he claimed his prize he wanted to make him suffer for what he did to his wife all those years ago.

And he wanted to do that in a private room.

So leaving one of his captains in charge of the place, Lapitus and three others made their way through the twisty corridors, until they were finally standing in front of Petrino's room.

And there, Lapitus encountered his last obstacle, Petrino's last two bodyguards who were standing guard at the door

These men, upon seeing Lapitus approach did not react with any hostility, but simply greeted him with a military salute, before one of them posed in a lightly worried voice,

"Captain Lapitus! We heard screams coming from below. Is everything all right?"

Though the hall room was quite a ways from here, and reasonably well insulated, the shouts and screams of a few hundred men were indeed quite loud.

Loud enough for its echoes to reach up to here.

"Haha, rest assured men. It is just the lords enjoying themselves a bit. Like that..."

But Lapitus was easily able to brush these concerns with this breezy chuckle, as he then pointed his finger towards the door to emphasize his point, one from which loud amorous moans were constantly drifting out.

"Agggghhh, Yes.... hehehe, oh my lord... ahhhh, mmmm"

Clearly, Petrino was in the midst of enjoying himself to the fullest.

"Ri... right! *Ahem*" And as Lapitus pointed out how Petrino was doing such deeds during a night of such significance, it left the guards feeling a bit ashamed of their lord as they coughed awkwardly. I think you should take a look at lightsnovel.com

But that feeling could not last long.

For as soon as the men were distracted, two of the men behind Lapitus who were hiding their daggers behind their back instantly lunged towards the unsuspecting guards, and

Agggghhh!

"Urgggggg"

The steel blades were driven accurately deep in the two men's throats, the thick tip going straight through their thorax and sticking a good few inches out the back.

And as the attackers then mercilessly yanked the deadly blade back, both the men almost simultaneously slumped upon the floor, losing all strength in their bodies as they tried to use their hands to try and close that huge wound, a futile act if there was one.

Shock and disbelief were vividly etched onto their faces even as they died, for they still could not believe what had happened or why.

Lapitus was also disinclined to give them any explanation and completely ignoring the fate of these two nobodies, he simply pushed open the heavy mahogany door and hurriedly stepped into the room.

"Ahhhggg, oohhhh, yesssss ..."

There, as he entered he naturally got to see what he had already expected.

A very voluptuous woman was straddling a man, her fair back and rippling snowy buttocks being presented to Lapitus.

She was seen moving her hips fast and hard, her enormous breasts swaying in the air visible to Lapitus even from his obtuse angle, as she let out unrestrained lewd moans

While in the front another very cute looking, petite girl was tending to Petrino's mouth, kissing and caressing him.

The three were so engrossed in their act that they had not even noticed the intruder.

"Out!" That was until Lapitus barked this at the top of his lungs.

Seeing Petrino disrespect his master's memory like this incensed Lapitus.

And this huge enraged shout naturally caused the intimate act to immediately come to a halt, as all three heads simultaneously turned to locate the origin of this howl.

"La... You! What are you doing here! How dare you barge in like this!"

And with Petrino immediately recognizing the intruder, his face instantly changed from being shocked at the sudden shout to pure, unadulterated fury.

Any man caught like he was would have likely acted the same.

"You two *clang*! Out!" But Lapitus did not even put Petrino in his eyes.

Instead, turning his head to glare at the two courtesans, his eyes fumed with anger at both of them, as he pointed his unsheathed sword at the two naked ladies.

Lapitus did not want to kill them unless necessary.

"Ye... yes!" And facing four fully armored men with one even pointing a sword at them, these girls did not need any more encouragement.

Getting off from Petrino like he was the manifestation of the plague, these girls did not even bother to pick up their clothes, as they bolted straight for the door.

The two very well understood that when armed stormed a lord's room like this, it usually meant total elimination for everyone there.

So they could not wait to disappear from their sight, even if it meant they would have to run around the mansion totally nude.

They would have been even willing to run through the streets bare if it meant they could escape this situation.

"Yo ...you! What are you ... Guards! Guards!"

While Petrino, being abandoned like this, did not spare even a second glance at the two, instead fixing his eyes on the glinting steel.

Before sensing that something was truly wrong and started to shout at the top of his voice for help.

But of course, no one came.

They were either dead or moved to other parts of the mansion, under the direction of their new captain.

While Lapitus did not immediately start addressing Petrino.

Instead, turning to the three men behind him, he asked, "Could you go wait outside the room? Enjoy those two whores if you want. I want some time with him alone."

Chapter 748 Lapitus And Petrino (Part-1)

The bad blood between Lapitus and Petrino was an open secret to most of the high-level officers.

They did not exactly know all the details, for instance, Petrino forcefully taking Ladet Felicia was kept strictly under wraps by both sides, but Petrino did make his dislike for Lapitus no secret.

He very publicly hated Lapitus for snatching the post that should have belonged to him.

He hated him for the trust his father had in him, jealous that he was not given even a hundredth of it.

And he hated Lapitus because he could see his father always looked at Lapitus, like the son he always wished he had.

It was also one of the big reasons why Lord Ponticus had even married his daughter to Lapitus in the first place.

And all this subsequently worked to make Petrino go green with envy, feeling that if Lapitus had not existed, all the glory, honor and adoration would belong to him.

So to that effect, Petrino tried to find all kinds of subtle ways to butt heads with Lapitus and attempted to make his life as miserable as possible without earning the ire of his father.

An endeavor that was clear to anyone with even decent insight.

Hence, now that the two men had come to the end culmination point of their journey, Lapitus's request to have a bit of alone time with this hateful man came as a surprise to nobody.

They would easily imagine what Lapitus likely planned to do with him.

"Sure. We will be just outside. Call any time if you need anything." Thus the men were more than happy to let their leader have his privacy, even subtly alluding to the fact that they would be happy to assist in any grizzly acts.

So leaving this offer on the table, the men soon left, even politely closing the door behind them as they vacated, both to shield themselves from Lapitus's acts, as well as to shield Lapitus from their planned acts.

Because they also were very expectant about the reward Lapitus promised them.

Those two beauties that were with Petrino appeared to be quite the catch and the men could not wait to get in a bit of tussle with them.

Hence, the trio quickly caught up to the two terrified ladies and soon put them to serving the three, the men showing no reluctance at doing such acts so openly in front of others.

While back in the room, only two men remained- the fully armored Lapitus and the bare Petrino.

"Yo... Lapitus you dog! Do you know what are you doing! Stop this immediately! Colluding with the enemy... how can you call yourself a Tibian!"

No matter how slow Petrino might have been, he was still not that slow.

The sudden barging in, the unanswered calls for his help, and the tense atmosphere all painted a very clear picture of what Lapitus was doing.

And realizing the predicament he was in, at first, Petrino tried to play himself as his lord, ordering Lapitus to cease.

But Petrino might as well as farted instead of talking and it would have moved Lapitus just as much.

In response to Petrino's blattering babbles, Lapitus simply slowly approached the bed, sword in hand, and pointed directly towards the still nude man.

He did not bother to say anything regarding this.

There was nothing to say.

As for Petrino, seeing his words have no effect, his desperation then starts to increase.

"Wait! Remember your oath! You are sworn to defend Thesalie. You are sworn to defend me!"

He loudly exclaimed, waving his arms desperately around as he pleaded.

"..."

But Lapitus still said nothing.

If this had been before today, perhaps those words would have knocked a bit on his conscience.

But after seeing how Petrino and the nobles under him treat the memory of the dead, including the former city lord, Lapitus had no qualms about betraying his oath.

Those that were worthy of his oath were no longer here and those still alive were the leftover dregs who did not deserve his blade.

So seeing Lapitus move toward him without missing a single beat even after this, Petrino understood he was not going to leave his room alive.

After which in a hysterical bout of tirade, he let out roaring,

"You bastard... I always knew you were a traitor. Traitor to all of us. To our family. My father...
smack!"

Petrino did not get to finish that entire curse as at the instant mention of his father, he was immediately hit squarely on the jaw by Lapitus's strong jab.

"I don't mind you badmouthing me, you stupid idiot. But never bring up master, you waste of meat and skin!"

These were Lapitus's first words to Petrino and the way he said them was perhaps filled with all the disdain and disgust in the world.

To an onlooker, it might have even seemed like Lapitus felt dirty simply talking to him.

While Petrino, being hit on the face, possibly for the first time in his life, suddenly went mute, simply rubbing his swollen cheekbone and looking at Lapitus with a terrified face.

It was only with this strike that he began to truly appreciate the situation he was in.

"What... what do you want? I..."

Then picking up the courage, he stammered such. I think you should take a look at lightsnovel.com

Now he was starting to ask the right questions.

"What do I want! After what you did to me for all these years, you ask me what I want?"

But this simple question suddenly got a huge reaction for Lapitus.

Apparently, this was a trigger point for him who slightly lost control of his emotions at this point.

All those years of bottled up frustration came rushing right out.

And seeing this menacing, twisted face, with enraged eyes, Petrino cleverly went quiet so as to not provoke the guy.

"Felicia! Why did you do such a thing to Felicia? She is your own sister! Why did you hurt her like that?"

And then, finally, after literally more than a decade, Lapitus was at last able to confront the man who hurt his wife with this question.

A question he had dreamed of almost every day of his life since that day asking, but never thought would have had the chance to.

Hence, when the chance suddenly presented itself, Lapitus was unable to keep a steady voice and shouted these words out in almost a maddening tone.

lightsNovel.com "Hurt Felicia? When did I hurt her?"

But in much contrast to Lapitus's loud shout and his tone pointing to an obvious incident, Petrino seemed completely oblivious to what the man before him was alluding to.

Something that incensed Lapitus to the point his blood boiled,

Smack! and he could not resist giving another punch to that oblivious face with all his might, making the man tumble over the sheets and causing him to groan in pain.

Petrino did not understand what was so wrong about what he said.

While Lapitus actually did not think Petrino was lying.

The stupid man was pretty easy to read and looking at his face, it seemed that he had simply forgotten about the incident.

After all, to Lapitus that day might have been one of the most important days in his life.

But to Petrino, it was only Tuesday.

Forcefully taking women was probably as significant as having an afternoon snack to the man.

Why would he remember something so insignificant in his eyes that happened literally eleven years ago?

And as Lapitus came to understand this, it worked to make him even madder.

He was glad he had asked the men to leave and give him some time alone with Petrino.

Because this way he could beat the crap of this guy over things that Lapitus would rather not share with others.

"R@pe her! Eleven years ago! Why did you r@pe her at that party? How could you forget *smack*!"

He then screeched at the top of his voice, his spit peppering out of his mouth as he then landed another punch, this time right on the guts.

" Aghhh... Rape her? Eleven years ago? I r@ped Felicia?"

And it was only with this reminder that those memories came flooding back to Petrino, as a look of enlightenment surfaced on his bruised face.

"Hahaha...." But instead of showing emotions like regret, fear, or even lust, Petrino simply let out an almost maddening cackle.

"Ra... r@pe her? Haha, I r@ped Felicia? Hahahahaha...." The man simply laughed out loud, like he had heard the funniest joke in the world.

"Hahhaaha," And he continued to laugh like his head was about to roll off.

While Lapitus, along with being very angry, was also confused.

'What is so funny about that?' He wondered.

The fact that Petrino violated Felicia was open knowledge between the truly higher ups.

So Petrino's outburst seemed very weird.

It was not like he was accusing him of this out of the blue.

"Ah yes! I remember now! I was too drunk so I forgot. That was the charade she wanted me to play. Right, right....hehe."

It took a while for Petrino to regain his composure, and once he did, he began by saying this, his head nodding like a chicken.

But the ominous way he said those words inexplicably made Lapitus's heart skip a beat.

'She? Who is she?' He wondered.

And though he did not why, one very particularly familiar face suddenly surfaced in his mind at soon as he heard Petrino speak.

A face that should have no business being there- his wife's!

Chapter 749 Lapitus and Petrino (Part-2)

"Ah yes! I remember now! I was too drunk so I forgot. That was the charade she wanted me to play. Right, right....hehe."

Lapitus was very alarmed that upon hearing Petrino say this, it was his wife's face that suddenly manifested in his mind.

From the context of how Petrino said this, it made perfect sense.

But it was the implication of what this meant that made Lapitus freeze with fear.

'What does he mean? She? Who's she?' His eyes by now had shrunk to a needle size as he looked at Petrino in disbelief.

The fury now replaced with fear and apprehension.

It was as if his honed instincts were warning him not to go in that direction.

As for Petrino, seeing his brave, fearless attacker suddenly turn ashen with fear filled him with glee, as lifting his torso up, Petrino produced a mocking smile and a taunting look, saying,

"Heh! Since you are so stupid to figure it out on your own, then let me spell it out for you,"

"Felicia and I have been screwing for ages! Long, long before she got together with you. I even took her first time when she was twelve! Didn't you wonder why she was broken when you first laid with her? Idiot!"

Petrino threw that particular insult right back at Lapitus, twisting his lips into a cruel smile as he pointed out that Lady Felicia's hymen must have been already broken by the time Lapitus lay with his wife.

And as he revealed this great secret, Lapitus, standing opposite of him was stunned.

There was no way Petrino should have been aware of this intimate secret.

It should have only stayed between the two of them.

Of course, he knew about his wife's condition.

She had even revealed this to him in their nuptial chamber.

Of course, Lady Felicia did not explicitly she that she had no curtain underneath.

But as the two had kissed and made out on the bed, she let it out through a made up story.

Looking at Lapitus with misty, floating eyes, she had said, "Lapitus! Dear! I'm scared. I'm scared to do it."

"You see once when I was young, one day I had suddenly felt an immense pain down there during one of my equestrian lessons. And there was even blood."

"I never told anyone about this."

"But I still very clearly remember the pain from then."

"Will it hurt?"

Lady Felicia had back then looked like the most defenseless girl in the world, and her questions appeared to be that of an innocent flower who knew nothing of the impure acts that occurred between men and women in close bedrooms.

While Lapitus, being the much more experienced man of course knew what she meant.

The man by then had already slept with numerous girls courtesy of him being in the military and had even plucked quite a number of fresh roses, some willing, some even unwilling, so it was easy for him to determine what the issue here was.

And back then, he had simply laughed it off, more amused about Lady Felicia's innocence rather than worried about the implication.

And why would he be worried about the implications?

Well because Tibias, unlike Adhania, was a very conservation nation, where if a woman was to lose her virginity to anyone other than her husband, she would basically become unmarriageable to anyone other than that man.

There were many instances of entire marriage agreements breaking down once it was found that the girl had laid with another man.

And if the girl slept with more than one man, then there were even cases of noblemen dueling to decide who she belonged to, the attempt many times resulting in death for the loser or even both participants.

Hence, if it was found that Lady Felicia did not have her proof of purity, it could raise various troublesome questions, even if the loss was completely by accidental external factors.

As Lapitus thought about this, his mind drifted toward other details too, like how their initial room was really dark, specifically made so at Lady Felicia's request.

"No! I'm too shy. Don't look!" And whenever Lapitus had attempted to light it up a bit to gaze and appreciate her body that night, the lady had used this excuse to hide herself.

Like she was intentionally trying to hide something.

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Back then Lapitus had not cared one hoot about all those as his head was filled with the anticipation of sleeping with his childhood sweetheart and only that.

But now when Lapitus thought about it, he found himself unable to recall if Lady Felicia had truly bled when he had inserted himself into her,

It had been too dark to confirm.

After all, that story she said could have just as well been her menses blood and the pain from cramps and not necessarily a rupture.

Plus, many girls have really thin hymen that was difficult to confirm even in the best of times.

Lapitus himself had encounters with two such women who he knew to be clearly virgins but were immensely difficult to verify through the tearing of the skin.

All these concerns, that had ever even crossed Lapitus's mind now suddenly came rushing to his head, just at Petrino's words.

Up until this point, in much contrast to the typical Tibian man, Lapitus had not really cared whether Lady Felicia was a virgin or not.

It was a moot point to him.

He only cared that he got her.

But if what Petrino said was true, if Lady Felicia had not really lost her hymen like she said, but instead was doing with Petrino what he claimed to be doing.

Lapitus found it impossible to simply stand still.

Even if Petrino was lying about everything else, just the fact that he knew that intimate fact about Lady Felicia was enough to start ringing alarm bells in Lapitus.

"What... what do you mean? Explain!" Lapitus hence slowly barked at Petrino's taunt, his eyes a thousand times darker than before.

If before it had blazed with fury, now it was filled with a cold pool of iciness.

He really wanted to know more.

"Heh! What do I mean! What do you think what I mean?" And facing this question, Petrino suddenly managed to throw those exact words back at Lapitus.

And then not wanting to keep the man waiting, he frankly revealed with a cruel, twisted smile,

"Felicia and I have been sleeping together before you got married. And we have been fucking the entire time. Get it? The entire time! Hahaha!"

Clearly Petrino was alluding to Lady Felicia having an affair with him despite being married for over eleven years!

And then seeing Lapitus grimace at this, Petrino let out another small euphoric chuckle.

The man had already given up getting out of this room alive, and so seemed to be on the path of inflicting as much psychological damage to Lapitus as possible.

Hence with a cackle, he continued,

"As for that rape you mentioned...in that party... nothing like that happened. She and I simply slept together. That's why I was so confused when you said that I r@ped her."

"R@pe her! Bah! Why would I have to r@pe Felicia? The slut opens her legs faster than those whores. All I have to do is look at her!"

Petrino actually sounded a bit disgusted at the accusation, like Lady Felicia was beneath him to violate, as if she was too easy to get.

And if Lapitus did not know that Petrino was actually too arrogant and stupid to be able to come up with this nonsense on the spot, he would have gutted the man then and there.

Listening to him any longer would have simply made Lapitus's ears hurt.

But Lapitus knew Petrino.

And though his heart screamed it was all a lie, that his beloved wife could never do a thing like that, his brain was telling him the opposite, it was telling him that Petrino's testimony was indeed possible.

"What! What are saying? Why would Felicia do such a thing?" Lapitus's voice right now sounded vastly different from before.

Whereas prior it was strong and robust and full of authority, now it was weak and meek.

Lapitus even sounded like he was on the verge of breaking into tears and collapsing.

If what Petrino said was true, then what was the point of all of this?

Who was he doing all this for?

These were the kinds of thoughts he was currently having.

And seeing this, Petrino gave no mercy, answering with a taunted bark,

"Hah! Isn't it obvious? Felicia has already loved the best things in life. Food, clothes, jewelry, homes."

"She wants the very best."

"But how could a pathetic beggar like you ever be able to get her any of that?"

"Just one bottle of that perfume I bought her costs more than your entire year's salary."

Petrino openly smirked with a taunt before finishing by saying,

"Haven't you ever bothered to wonder how she was able to afford all of those expensive things?"

"Because I bought them for her."

"And that's why she did it!"

Chapter 750 Lapitus and Petrino (Part-3)

The things Petrino seemed to claim about Lady Felicia seemed to make no sense to Lapitus.

"What do you mean you bought those things for her? Everything she got was from father-in-law!"

Lapitus seemed to loudly correct Petrino.

"Heh!" But this only produced a mocking scoff from the other side.

"Father! Father never ever bothered to look at that stray bitch. And why would he? Every time he looked at her, it only reminded him of his shame!"

Petrino clearly understood Lord Ponticus much more than Lapitus, as he then continued with that twisted smile.

"After Felicia's planned marriage with that noble was annulled, father wanted to simply kick her out of the mansion."

"And realizing this, she came to me."

"Spread her legs like a whore, begging me to let her stay."

"And I found her pussy to be nice and tight, So I let her. Got her to be my wife's handmaid. That way I could fill her whenever I wanted, haha." Petrino appeared to take a twisted joy in retelling his story, making sure to use especially vulgar words to describe Lady Felicia in order to anger Lapitus.

While hearing this Lapitus's eyes became frostier and frostier.

He did not know what to believe.

On one hand, his heart told him that the Felicia he knew would never do such a thing.

On the other, Petrino was able to provide details he should have no business knowing.

While Lapitus was struggling in this typhoon of confusion, Petrino continued,

"And that rape you were accusing me of, do you want to know what really happened?" His tone by now was more baiting than taunting, eyes swimming with mischief and malice, as then without waiting for Lapitus he revealed,

"It was all planned! I did it to humiliate you!"

"I ordered that maid to spike your drink and let you rape her."

"And I intentionally let everyone discover me and Felicia."

"So that everyone would know I fucked your wife. So that you will never be able to raise your head in front of me! Hahahaha," At this point Petrino let out another mad cackle,

"And do you want to know the best part? I actually got her pregnant! Hahaha, yes that daughter of yours is actually mine, hahahaha. Cuck! What a cuck! hehehe!"

By now Petrino's hoarse laughs sounded like that of a half deranged lunatic.

But as Petrino revealed this, supremely happy about himself, he failed to notice that Lapitus's eyes had gone through a subtle change.

No longer was it like the icy cold depths of the abyss.

But there appeared to be a tiny spark in them.

Like he had found salvation in the midst of pitch black darkness.

So instead of swinging his sword with fury and prejudice, Lapitus only asked in a low, spooky tone, "You said that everything she got was given by you? That master never gave her anything."

"Then tell me, what was the last thing that you gave her?"

Lapitus seemed to have found a small flaw in Petrino's rhetoric.

But oblivious to the subtle changes in his opponent's tone, Petrino very confidently revealed,

"Of course, it was that perfume. I forgot its name, but it smelled of lilac."

Lapitus knew the fragrance he was talking out.

He had smelled it on Lady Felicia the day she had left, and she claimed to have gotten it from her father.

But that was not the very last thing Lady Felicia had shown him claiming to have been gifted by her father.

"Wrong! It was a type of food. Say it! If you can?!"

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So Lapitus again urged Petrino, even giving him a hint.

"Wha... that.... Argghhh!"

But Petrino was unable to remember.

Lady Felicia was not his only mistress, the number being close to a dozen.

So Petrino was not able to accurately remember what present he had given to whom and exactly when.

A task especially made difficult given he was heavily drunk and every time he tried to think, he was battered by an unbearable stinking pain in his head.

And to make matters further worse for him, he did embellish the truth here about gifting everything to Lady Felicia by himself.

Whereas the real thing was, Lord Ponticus did also occasionally gift Lady Felicia some things.

Not necessarily because his heart was awash with love for his daughter.

But more so because he was a man who very much prided himself in his image and maintained it.

So if Lady Felicia were to appear too shabby in public, it would directly put mud on him and his family.

Hence he made sure to gift her the bare necessities required to maintain her image as part of his prestigious family.

Also if one thought about it, if Lady Felicia were to claim all the gifts she received were from her father when it was all from Petrino, that would be a very foolish move.

Because Lapitus met with the city lord every day.

And it would have been very natural to bring up the topic of the gift during the many small talks he would inevitably have like Lapitus thanking Lord Ponticus for his generosity.

But if the latter were to then act like he had no idea what he was talking about, it would easily expose Lady Felicia.

So in reality, Lady Felicia did take things from Petrino.

But she also received some things from her father.

And she would always cleverly bundle the two things together so that unless Lapitus went really in depth about the gifts with Lord Ponticus, she would remain safe.

And as a happy happenstance, Lapitus tended to be a bit shy about discussing the gifts Lady Felicia received from Lord Ponticus.

Though he tried to hide it, he understood that he could afford his wife's expensive tastes, and knew this was his master's way of helping them.

So he usually stayed silent regarding these, instead showing his appreciation through hard work and dedication to Lord Ponticus.

Something that very much impressed Lord Ponticus, especially because he did not know why Lapitus was working so hard.

After all, in his mind, the gifts he gave them did not merit such toiling.

As Lapitus started to connect some of the dots together, in order to form a complete picture, he found that he needed Petrino to answer this one last question.

"What was it? It was a type of wine! Say it!"

The answer to what was the last thing Lady Felicia had shown him was of course the sweet wine, that sweet wine that he used to kill Kalidus.

And seeing Petrino struggle to give an answer, Lapitus further helped the man with a clue.

If the man could truly answer it, Lapitus would be almost certain he was telling the truth.

'Ughhh... mmmm,"

But Petrino was ultimately unable to answer.

"I knew it! Everything you said was a lie!"

And this simple failure suddenly caused Lapitus to completely flip back on his thoughts, as he clenched his teeth and declared in a malice filled voice.

"I will admit I was almost hoodwinked by you. Good, Petrino, good. I never thought you were such a talented storyteller. I must applaud you. Almost everything you said almost made sense."

By now Lapitus's eyes seemed to have regained their previous luster, now burning with flames of anger,

"But only almost! You should have quit while you were ahead." He solemnly declared.

While Petrino, seeing this sudden change in his opponent was completely caught off guard.

He did not know where he messed up.

Because to him, he had spoken mostly the truth.

So Lapitus helped him in, "You should have never claimed that Fabiyana was yours. Because more than a month before you violated her, Felicia had already informed me she was pregnant!"

"I also clearly remember Fabiyana was born eight months after that incident. Not nine!"

What more evidence would one need than this?

"Wha..t? But she... she promised me... she..." And this truly was news to Petrino.

Up until this point, he had firmly believed Fabiyana to be his.

That was also one of the reasons why he favored Lady Felicia so much.

"Heh!" And seeing his enemy revert back to his cowardly self, Lapitus produced a similar taunt as Petrino had done so many times before, before bringing himself closer to Petrino and in a voice resembling that of a vengeful ghost's saying,

"And let me tell you one more thing! When Felicia was seven months pregnant, we got a doctor to see her."

"And after examining her, he said something truly frightening."

"He said that that she showed signs of being poisoned! And there was a high possibility that she could have a miscarriage."

"And guess where that poison was from? It was from that incense gifted to her when you and your wife came to visit us!"

"That poisonous bitch! She must have thought you made Felicia pregnant after what you did."

"And just because of that, she tried to kill my child!"

"You two really make a good couple!"

As Lapitus finished saying this, without giving Petrino to say anything and ignoring all his hysterical screams, he raised his blade high into the air and,

Slash Petrino was cleanly decapitated with a single swing.