

Menu 169

Chapter 169: Your Most Loyal Servant Has Arrived

Since being used by Jason as eyes, a shield, and a large projectile weapon, Raymond, the 'sniper' of the New Federation, had completely passed out.

When he woke up again, he found himself in the jail at 111 Duron Street.

Raymond was not surprised by this.

In fact, in his mind, he had already imagined the miserable encounters he would face in the coming days.

Severe torture was inevitable.

Intimidation and enticement were common.

However, he was the New Federation's 'number one sniper'.

He would absolutely not submit!

He would definitely defend his 'honor'!

Only...

No one paid any attention to him!

Forget severe torture and intimidation, within this jail cell, other than the guard who brought meals once a day, he hadn't seen anyone else!

Was he being ignored?

No! No, no!

This must be a conspiracy!

These people must be trying to lull me into complacency!

They want me to let my guard down!

And then, to reveal my weaknesses!

Humph, humph, humph, I, the Federation's number one sniper, would not make such a mistake!

Raymond thought to himself, firmly believing this was another new form of 'interrogation'.

Several days went by.

Still, everything remained the same.

One meal a day.

In the meantime, a doctor came to examine his injuries in detail.

And asked him if he felt unwell.

That kind and friendly attitude was not how one faced a prisoner, but rather as if facing one of their own.

This made Raymond even more certain that he was undergoing a new form of 'interrogation'.

However, as the Federation's number one sniper, how could he fall for such a trick?

He would not only avoid the trap, but he would also give the people of Hans Port a big surprise.

He was adept at uncovering!

Even if he only had a spoon in his hand!

And the guard's once-a-day meal delivery routine gave him plenty of time.

At night, after finishing the only meal of the day, Raymond quickly picked up the spoon from the dinner plate and began to dig, having almost an entire day and night; the guards would bring new food the next evening.

But!

By then, Raymond would have left this place!

The spoon in his hands slid back and forth along the crevices between bricks, making a hissing sound with its rapid movement.

The moon set and the sun rose.

He had dug halfway, judging by feel.

The sun reached its zenith.

He felt he was about to reach the ground.

The sun slanted west.

Finally reaching the ground, he saw a girl.

Dressed in a cloth dress, with braided hair, her face brimming with vitality.

The girl's eyes widened as she looked at him.

It seemed...

She was about to scream?!

No!

He was about to succeed!

How could he fail at this moment?!

Raymond, snapping back to reality, burst out of the hole he had dug, about to knock the girl unconscious.

That's right, knock her unconscious.

He would not kill innocently.

As the Federation's number one sniper, aside from military assignments, he would not strike any innocent person, let alone a harmless-looking girl like this one.

His palm was about to touch the girl's neck.

Seeing her wide-eyed look, Raymond unconsciously held back a little.

Then...

Two cold, broken blades were poised at his neck.

Twelve chilling, bone-penetrating spears pointed their tips at all the remaining vital parts of his body.

Three hundred arrows filled with negative energy locked onto him.

Even more terrifying was that an oppressive figure was slowly enveloping him, preventing his hand from moving forward another inch.

Undead!

Countless undead!

As Raymond, specially trained by the Federation, of course, knew about the undead.

He had even seen them with his own eyes and dealt with them.

As long as one let go of the fear in their heart.

If handled correctly, the undead weren't so scary.

Therefore, the undead could not frighten this sniper.

But...

Weren't there just too many undead in front of him?

And!

"Why aren't they afraid of sunlight?"

Doubt arose in Raymond's heart, but what puzzled him more was the shadow that was about to engulf him.

This shadow was different from the sudden ones around him.

It was more solid.

And more terrifying.

Just getting slightly closer to it made him feel as though he was about to be frozen stiff.

This must be their leader!

At this level, it was almost a Fierce Spirit, right?

Could it be that Fierce Spirits were lurking on Duron Street?

Why hadn't Gerard noticed?

More doubts began to surface.

Next?

Raymond saw something he would never forget in his life.

The shadow, close to the level of a Fierce Spirit, knelt before the harmless girl.

“Your Majesty, the Queen,”

the shadow addressed with respect.

Queen?

Your Majesty?

Raymond felt as if struck by lightning, his wide eyes seemingly witnessing such a scene—

No sun in the sky.

No moon at night.

Endless darkness.

The earth, parched and cracked.

Countless shadows flitting ethereally.

Countless shadows fleeting and uncertain.

Flames flickered in their eyes.

Their weapons in hand were real.

A condensing chill wind swept over the land of the living.

Like a natural disaster heralding the end of the world.

The end of the world?

The end of the world!

Raymond trembled all over.

He thought he had seen a hidden conspiracy.

A conspiracy to end the world!

As he looked at Dennise, who appeared utterly confused, he found the girl in front of him terrifyingly deceptive.

She had disguised herself to the extent he hadn't noticed at all!

A formidable enemy!

Not I... No!

She was the great enemy of the Federation, of Hans Port!

The great enemy of all the living!

I must inform the lord, let Gerard know, so that they can prepare for an enemy that would require their combined strength to defeat!

I must get this message out!

Even if...

I have to compromise!

With this thought, the Alliance's top sniper showed Dennise, who still looked utterly confused, an ugly smile.

"Your Majesty, the Queen, I am willing to pledge my loyalty,"

he said.

To seek an opportunity to join the enemy's ranks was inevitable.

He might have to endure hardships.

But,

For the sake of all humankind!

I am willing to sacrifice!

A resolute determination rose in Raymond's heart.

Then...

The near-Fierce Spirit entity slowly rose and placed its hand on Raymond's head.

Suddenly, Raymond's body shook and convulsed, his eyes rolling back.

Then, a special power flowed out of Dennise, firmly imprinting itself onto Raymond's soul.

The entire process lasted about five seconds.

When everything stopped, Raymond stood there, dazed.

Who am I?

Where am I?

What am I doing?

The questions of life paused for about a second before quickly being answered.

I am Raymond.

I am the most loyal guard of Her Majesty, the Queen.

To learn more secret knowledge, I infiltrated the New Federation.

After completing my learning, I had to feign a conflict with Hans Port in order to leave the New Federation.

Now I have finally returned to the side of Her Majesty, the Queen.

The next moment, Raymond looked up at Dennise, who still appeared utterly confused, and kneeled on one knee—

“Your Majesty, your loyal servant Raymond reports to you.”