

Menu 180

Chapter 180: The Formation of the Structure

Duron Street No. 111, prison.

The guard threw the assassin into the cell.

Bound in chains with a gag in his mouth.

After checking everything again, the guard left the cell and headed toward the ground.

There were no more guards along the way.

Because the prison at Duron Street No. 111 was specially designed, not only was it reinforced with secret techniques, but it also had only one exit, located in the jailer's room above.

The exit was extremely narrow, only allowing one person to pass through at a time.

With two people standing guard there, no matter how many were below, they could not escape.

Of course...

This applied to most people.

For Raymond, who was adept at digging, all he needed was a spoon and these obstacles were nonexistent.

He not only dug a passage.

But upon returning on the queen's command, he turned the prison into a network of tunnels.

In each cell, he dug an opening and 'persuaded' the prisoners to join under the queen's banner.

There wasn't much violence.

At most, it was just hitting their weak points with the spoon.

After two or three times, each prisoner would come to understand in twitching pain that it was time to start a new chapter in life.

Among them was Donna.

This spy from the Erosion Society.

Once attacked Dennise and was educated by a coconut to the face, Gerard's former retainer.

In the beginning, he preferred death to submission.

But after being hit continuously ten times, a twitching Donna decided to pretend to comply for the time being.

Unfortunately, once Donna made his pledge, he could no longer change it.

His guilt towards Dennise in his heart magnified endlessly.

Deeply influenced by Gerard, Donna had an epiphany at that moment.

'Although I have given up everything.'

'It doesn't mean my mistakes don't exist.'

'The mistakes are still there!'

'So, I must do my utmost to make it up to Dennise!'

'With a lifetime of effort, only the understanding of Denn... no, Her Majesty the Queen will do!'

With that thought, Donna rose to his feet.

He got down on one knee.

He softly muttered in the direction where Dennise was, "I shall devote my entire life to Her Majesty the Queen, with nothing to regret even unto death!"

Although the oath was spoken softly, it was resounding and powerful.

And it caused a faint resonance.

All the prisoners in the jail knelt on one knee at this moment.

Among them,

Some were assassins once targeted Gerard.

Some were lawless river and sea thieves.

Some were mercenaries and bounty hunters with ulterior motives.

Some were deluded cultists.

But at this time, they had already abandoned their past, left with only one goal in life—

To struggle for Her Majesty the Queen!

They are the sharpest swords in Her Majesty the Queen's hands!

They are the sturdiest shields before Her Majesty the Queen!

Where the sword points, all shall yield.

Where the shield stands, indestructible it remains.

All the prisoners in the dungeon felt each other's heartbeats and faith, experiencing a strange yet irresistible feeling.

At this moment, they saw each other as brothers.

At this moment, they were brothers to each other.

While the heart beats, the faith never dies.

When the heart ceases, the faith is eternal.

As living beings, follow Her Majesty the Queen.

Even as the dead, charge for Her Majesty the Queen.

In this fervent atmosphere, one jail cell was completely silent.

The anomaly in that place made all prisoners glance sideways.

“I’ll go check.”

‘Sniper’ Raymond stood up with a spoon, crawled through the tunnel he had dug, and arrived at that cell.

Several bricks in the corner of the neat cell rose.

Raymond emerged from the tunnel.

As a former elite of the Federation, he immediately noticed the prisoner’s abnormality.

And he guessed the prisoner’s identity.

For the scent emanating from the person was all too familiar to him.

The stench of the New Federation!

The same as the smell from the gutters.

“An undercover agent?”

“Is he being controlled?”

Raymond frowned.

He remembered some rumors he had heard while in the New Federation.

Instantly, his disdain for the New Federation, as a sniper, grew even stronger.

Thank goodness for Her Majesty the Queen!

Otherwise, the whole world would be tainted!

Then, Raymond examined the controlled prisoner carefully.

Controlled... that could be troublesome.

If it were before, he would have been almost out of options.

And now?

“Eilot.”

“Simmons.”

Raymond called out in resonance.

The next moment, a wisp of black smoke drifted out of the hole he had emerged from, and when the smoke touched the ground, a scrawny person in tattered clothes appeared before Raymond.

Soon after, a more robust man also jumped out.

No sooner had he landed on the ground than the man twisted his neck.

Crack, crack.

Amid the crisp sound of joints, the man’s figure swelled to double its size, his head almost touching the ceiling.

“My lord.”

Both men saluted respectfully.

“He has fallen into the abyss.”

“He requires the queen’s redemption.”

Raymond pointed to the agent before him.

“Leave it to me.”

Eilot, who had once been a cult follower, chuckled, lifting his skeletal hand and placing it on the agent’s head.

The Bounty Hunter named Simmons said nothing, quickly forming several Dharma Seals and gazing at the agent before him.

The next moment, the agent began to tremble all over.

Then, he awoke.

“I...”

As soon as he began to speak, Simmons’s Dharma Seal slapped the agent’s face.

Smack!

Amid the crisp sound, the newly awakened agent fell into confusion.

Who am I?

Where am I?

What am I supposed to do?

In his confusion, a familiar voice came.

“My brother.”

“You’ve finally awakened.”

“Thank goodness, you are unharmed.”

The agent looked blankly in the direction the voice had come from.

He saw Raymond.

Then, he felt that the person before him seemed familiar.

“You call me brother?”

The confused agent asked.

“Yes, you’re our agent planted within the New Federation.”

“Unfortunately, you were discovered, subjected to extreme punishment, and now your memory is confused.”

Raymond spoke slowly.

Agent?

Extreme punishment?

That seems right.

But who am I?

The agent looked at Raymond.

“You are the queen’s most loyal knight.”

“Even though you cannot walk in the light.”

“But you swore to block the dark arrows for the queen.”

Raymond continued.

Eilot and Simmons's hand seals became even faster.

The low Dufol Language also started to rise sharply.

"I am the queen's most loyal knight, I cannot walk in the light, but I swear to block the dark arrows for the queen?"

"I am the queen's most loyal knight, I cannot walk in the light, but I swear to block the dark arrows for the queen!"

...

The agent unconsciously repeated the words.

The first time was with uncertainty.

The second time was with certainty.

The third time he was fervent.

He remembered.

He was the queen's knight.

He had sworn to block the dark arrows for the queen!

He remembered it all!

At that moment, the barely perceptible connection at the bottom of his heart suddenly became clear.

A cold voice commanded him to detonate himself!

"Do you think you can still control me?"

"You fiend!"

"I, Leslie, vow to protect the queen with my life!"

The agent roared madly.

This voice spread in the resonance.

Hundreds of prisoners instantaneously shouted together:

“Vow to protect the queen with our lives!”

The cold power of death boiled at that moment.

That inviolable nobility countered fiercely.

Not only did it crush that control, it began to spread.

Hundreds of exceedingly Tenacious souls at that moment saw the face of that man, saw the blood he sprayed, and the scars upon his soul, from which they spied.

Everything was completed in an instant.

When the queen’s attendants woke up, they stood up one after another.

“Brothers, someone is threatening the land of our queen, what should we do?”

Raymond was the first to cry out.

All hammered their chests in unison, replying—

“Kill!”