

Menu 185

Chapter 185: The 'Pied Piper' Who Never Fails

Wiping his flintlock, Raymond smiled at his new companion who had 'repented' and 'turned to good' under 'persuasion.'

Although they no longer had bodies and could only exist as ghosts, for these knights of the queen, this was nothing of significance.

The living are governed by the Queen.

And so are the dead.

What pleased Raymond the most was that he had obtained several important pieces of information from these new comrades.

Among them, the most delightful for Raymond was that outside Hans Port, there lay hidden a small arsenal capable of arming a hundred people.

It was full of new weapons developed by the New Federation.

Even heavy weapons were not in short supply.

“Captain Raymond, I need to leave now,”

“The Commander has already sent orders.”

“And...”

“I’m really sorry about before.”

Gulate, now an undead who had directly become a mid-level Evil Spirit, bowed slightly to Raymond with a heavy expression of apology.

“No need for apologies.”

“It’s all in the past.”

“Now, we are colleagues!”

“Everything for Her Majesty the Queen!”

Raymond solemnly said.

“Everything for Her Majesty the Queen!”

Gulate and his twenty subordinates echoed in unison.

Then Gulate, with his subordinates who were once secret agents of the New Federation and who now ‘voluntarily joined’ Denise’s Undead Legion, prepared to leave.

And just at this moment—

‘I dislike such wars!’

‘Let it end quickly!’

‘I want Jason back by my side!’

‘I still wish to eat the meaty bones made by Aunt Fatty!’

The voice of Denise echoed deep in their hearts and theirs.

Without hesitation, all the living and undead knelt on one knee.

“We will heed your will, my Queen!”

The call rose in the abandoned warehouse.

...

Outside Hans Port, in the deep sea.

On an ancient battlefield.

One by one, the dead began to rise again, crawling out of the mud, flickering with Soul Fire, joining the ranks in the distance.

Their bodies, like the swords in their hands, were decaying.

Their steps were wobbly and feeble in the sea.

But their will was as strong as steel and as burning as flame.

Lederma, watching these transformed and resurrected Skeleton Warriors, couldn't help but shake his head.

"Not enough!"

"Not enough!"

"Too few!"

"A million! At least a million!"

Although transformed into an evil spirit close to Fierce Spirits, its memory had not been lost, and it knew very well that the one hundred thousand Skeleton Warriors were still too few.

There must be at least a million Skeleton Warriors!

Because only a million Skeleton Warriors could completely overrun the so-called New Federation.

And only then can the carefree life of Her Majesty the Queen be ensured.

And the ghosts!

Thinking of this, Lederma turned his head towards two battlefield ghosts.

They were constantly transforming.

Three thousand ghosts had already gathered.

Unlike their original special three hundred ghosts, these ghosts had only the most basic instincts.

However, it was precisely because of this that they chose to obey.

“We need a hundred thousand ghosts!”

Lederma commanded thusly.

The two battlefield ghosts did not argue.

Because that was precisely what they wanted to do.

Then, Lederma's gaze shifted toward the even deeper and more shadowy parts of the sea.

Darkness enveloped the area.

Even the eyesight of the undead could not clearly see there.

Only a vague outline could be discerned.

That was...

A city!

A city that gave him a feeling of trepidation.

"This place also poses a threat to the Queen!"

"We need to clear all the dangers above ground first, then deal with this place!"

Lederma thought to himself in silence.

As the undead far beyond the ordinary Evil Spirits contemplated —

“I don’t like this kind of war!”

“Let it end quickly!”

“I want Jason back by my side!”

“I also want to eat the meaty bones made by plump Auntie!”

That was Her Majesty the Queen’s voice.

Her Majesty the Queen had issued the latest command.

All souls and departed knelt to the ground.

With their souls, they cried out:

“We heed your will, my Queen!”

At that moment, the deep sea waters boiled.

Lederma stopped paying attention to his own plans.

So did the Undead on both battlefields.

To them, Her Majesty the Queen’s will was above all else.

“Move out!”

“Target: Fort Swallow!”

At a single command,

a hundred-thousand-strong Undead Army sprang into action.

They did not surge towards the surface.

Needing no breath, feeling no fatigue, knowing no pain, they marched directly from the seabed.

And after the Undead Army had left,

the deep sea returned to calm.

Only that city, shrouded in darkness remained,

standing silently there,

timeless.

...

In Mobius Palace, “Aymodun the Third” held his wineglass.

The throbbing pain in his head forced the Federation’s ruler to numb himself with alcohol.

This pain had been present for a long time.

Since his defeat under artillery fire when he chose “fusion”, it had persisted.

However, “Aymodun the Third” was not concerned.

For it was that very defeat that led him to the true path forward.

But that didn’t mean “Aymodun the Third” would let go of the man who had caused his failure.

Gerard!

Jason!

Murmuring the names of the two brothers,

especially the latter, made the Federation’s ruler gnash his teeth in anger.

Suddenly attacked by some bizarre strike,

and tricked by slogans like “handing out candy”.

Damn it!

But, it wouldn't be long.

“You too, are my sacrifice!”

“Aymodun the Third” was certain of this thought.

Gerard would certainly go to support and welcome the widowed Duchess of Fort Swallow and her remnants. Without Gerard, Hans Port would be a toothless tiger; internal strife was inevitable.

And furthermore...

“Do you really think the widowed Duchess of Fort Swallow and her remnants will be that easy to welcome?”

“I have prepared a grand gift for you!”

“Aymodun the Third” smirked.

But, the next moment, his smirk froze—

“Report!”

“All of Hans Port’s undercover agents and secret agents have lost contact.”

“What did you say?”

“Aymodun the Third” looked at the messenger before him.

Under the ruler’s gaze, the messenger’s heart trembled, and he stuttered in response.

“Ha... Hans Port’s undercover agents and secret agents have all lost con...”

Bang!

“Aymodun the Third” didn’t wait for the messenger to finish; he simply shot him with a raise of his hand.

The messenger collapsed in a pool of blood.

His personal valet waved a hand, and immediately several servants expressionlessly carried the corpse away.

“Useless!”

“A bunch of useless fools!”

“Is all that yearly funding being eaten by dogs?”

“Aymodun the Third” roared.

The wineglass in his hand was once again violently thrown to the ground.

Crash!

As the wineglass shattered,

in that crisp sound, “Aymodun the Third” suddenly thought of something more important.

“Was the trap for Gerard successful?”