

## Menu 339

Chapter 339: In the Shadows of History... (2)

Then, he saw the tall captain leading a group of Knights charge out of the small city.

Outside the city, tens of thousands of musketeers were assembled in formation, with cannons aimed at this place.

But the tall captain showed no sign of fear.

He watched ahead, slowly donned his helmet, and then, he raised the battle flag in his hand.

"Chen Xi!"

He shouted out loud.

"Forever unyielding!"

A chorus of Knights responded in unison.

Then, the raised battle flag began to move.

All the Knights followed the golden flag as it advanced.

The flag soared high, and the warhorses galloped.

Charge!

Charge!

Charge!

Even in the face of death, they never shrank back.

This was their oath upon becoming Knights.

And they kept their oaths from beginning to end.

For they were... Knights.

Bang bang bang!

Boom boom boom!

The muskets fired in unison.

The cannons discharged together.

The bullets effortlessly penetrated the thick plate armor.

Cannonballs came down, crushing both man and horse alike.

Five hundred men faced tens of thousands.

It was a road to certain death from the start.

Not to mention the gunpowder weapons equipped by the latter.

After three volleys, the five hundred men were nearly decimated.

Only the captain, still holding high the battle flag, continued the charge, a faint white light emanating from him, resisting the musket and cannonball shots.

But such resistance grew weaker and weaker.

Eventually, after a cannonball landed beside him, the white light shattered, disappearing without a trace.

Neighing sorrowfully.

The warhorse uttered a mournful cry, falling to the ground with its master and the high-held battle flag, blood spreading all around.

The unscathed army of ten thousand began to step forward.

But in the next moment, they all halted in unison.

The fallen flag once again stood erect.

The bloodstained golden battle flag, now with a touch of crimson, appeared all the more brilliant.

The captain, holding the battle flag, drew his sword and charged again.

This time, he reached the ranks of the ten thousand.

The long sword swung.

The battle flag like a spear.

A fight to the death!

There were no tactics or parries, just the simplest of thrusts and stabs.

The blood flowed more freely.

The actions of the captain grew slower and slower.

The enemies surrounding him grew in number.

The gleaming bayonets, all thrust forward at once.

Thrust, thrust!

The captain, pierced by numerous blades, lost the last of his strength to fight.

Straining, he planted the battle flag, turned his head toward the small city.

Nearly half the people had not withdrawn yet!

He... had failed in his duty.

With regrets, the captain stood propping the battle flag, motionless and breathless.

This was not unique.

It was what hundreds upon hundreds of Chen Xi Knights were doing.

They were fulfilling their oaths as Knights.

Loyalty.

Justice.

And... Sacrifice.

But was their sacrifice worth it?

Gong Lan-Sun, having recovered from his injuries, looked at the camp now devoid of many friends and companions, looked at the carts of gold, silver, and jewels being transported back, and he was confused.

They could have brought back more people.

Why did they bring back these useless things instead?

"This is 'Chen Xi's' chance to rise again."

The Pope informed him.

Informing only him, the last of the Chen Xi Knights.

"With no one left, how can 'Chen Xi' rise again?"

He asked.

"We still have... Prussia!"

The Pope replied.

He did not know what Prussia was at the time.

And for quite a long time afterward, he did not know either.

For, the Pope and several Bishops disappeared.

They vanished with all the riches bought with blood.

In an instant, Chen Xi Church crumbled and scattered.

And he, the last Chen Xi Knight, could do nothing.



How could he have any reason, any position to persuade those who wanted to leave?

He could not even persuade himself.

He watched an era collapse.

He watched an era rise.

He was merely an unnoticed insect.

He was like a lost soul, wandering over the entire land.

Then, when he returned to the place he once called home, he was already grey-haired. Looking at the familiar places, staring at the brand new 'St. Paul School' sign, he applied to join.

Not just because there was someone he knew here.

But also because this was where he chose to lay his bones to rest.

Born here, die here.

Day by day.

Gong Lan-Sun waited for death here.

Until one day, he had an unexpected visitor.

Jason heard the footsteps, opened his eyes wide, hoping to see who it was.

He could feel that this person was of utmost importance.

But then, he woke up.

The scent in his nostrils brought him back to consciousness.

The clear dream in his mind, the visitor with no answer, made Jason somewhat annoyed.

But soon, the hunger pang from his stomach prompted him to stand up and head downstairs.

This was his residence in Newdeth City.

Of course, he knew it well.

In the downstairs hall, Edward, little Bansey, and Griffin were all there.

The three slumped on the sofa, waiting for dinner.

And the female pastry chef, Hannibal, was busy in the kitchen.

"You've been asleep for a whole day."

"If you hadn't woken up, we would have had to call a doctor."

"How did you sleep?"

Edward asked with a smile.

"Not too bad."

"Just had a dream where I couldn't tell what was real."

Jason answered as he looked in the direction of the kitchen.

"Jason, you'll have to wait a bit longer."

The female pastry chef, who had been paying attention to Jason since he came downstairs, immediately said so.

And that made Hannibal frown.

He had wanted to say that.

But the female pastry chef beat him to it.

"Giselle, please be aware that you're in the kitchen; if you are distracted, please leave. I will cook dinner for Jason."