

Menu 82

Chapter 82: The Charge

Boom!

Another earth-shaking explosion occurred.

Lorde shuddered repeatedly once again.

This time, the fire directly lit up the entire night sky of Lorde.

The rolling smoke obscured the stars and the moon.

People looked on in panic and unease.

Then—

“Aaahhh!”

A sharp scream suddenly rang out from the edge of the city.

Then, more screams emerged.

“Aaahhh!”

“Don’t come any closer!”

“Monsters! Monsters!”

The intermittent screams quickly spread from the city’s edge toward the city center.

At the entrance of Pea Street,

Jason saw the explosion, and after hearing Bondi explain it was the barracks, his face changed; at this moment, it turned extremely grim.

He heard those screams.

With a twitch of his nostrils, he also smelled a faint stench.

It was the distinct odor that emanated from rotting corpses.

Without a doubt, these bodies must be those that had disappeared.

When Sir Lorde was assassinated and the barracks destroyed, the two greatest forces defending Lorde were gone. It was time for these vanished bodies to reappear.

To destroy all of Lorde!

Or perhaps there was some other purpose.

Jason did not yet know.

But he understood that the 'Organization's' schemes were interlocked like a spider web!

Although he had slightly damaged a few points of it,

But,

The entire web was still there.

And now...

The opponent was ready to close the net!

Looking at Taniel, who had just finished temporary treatment, Jason did not hesitate to say:

“Go to No. 10 Pea Street!”

“Bring the explosives.”

If it were at all possible, Jason definitely wouldn’t want to enter Pea Street again.

Even with the cleanup by Sir Lorde, it would be the same.

Because...

It was here that he encountered a power that he couldn’t resist.

But now, he had no choice.

It was a choice between being exposed outside, without any support to face the horde of corpses,

Or to opt for a house with a solid main structure for defense.

After a brief consideration, Jason had his answer.

Bondi and the other twenty people had no objections.

After helping Taniel get Sir Lorde onto the flatbed cart stacked with explosives, the group approached Pea Street.

Jason was the first to enter, quickly confirming that there was no immediate danger using his perception which was more than twice that of an ordinary person, and then gestured to those behind him.

Everyone immediately entered Pea Street.

Standing in front of the gate of No. 10 Pea Street, Jason looked at the closely-fitting gate and main building door. He did not barge in, but like what he remembered Taniel doing, rang the old-fashioned doorbell with a slow pull followed by two quick ones, twice in a row.

Unfortunately...

Neither the gate nor the main building door opened.

“Damaged, perhaps?”

Jason sighed inwardly.

He was very clear what such damage signified.

No. 10 Pea Street, should probably...

Have no survivors.

In fact, that was the case.

When the group entered the main building, they saw Eric, a middle-aged servant to Sir Lorde, sitting on the floor against the wall, with eyes wide open, jaw dropped to an exaggerated degree, tongue gone, and bloodstained hands hanging powerless at his sides.

Looking at Eric’s body, everyone fell silent.

They had guessed the outcome, but seeing it was still hard to accept.

“Bondi, have two people watch over the surroundings from the rooftop,”

“The rest search for bodies.”

“Any bodies we find...”

“Burn them all.”

After slightly lowering his head for a moment, Jason spoke.

“Burn them?”

“Understood!”

Bondi pressed down on his hat and immediately led a team into action.

Suddenly, everyone sprang into motion.

Only Jason and Taniel, who was tending to Sir Lorde, remained in the hall.

Another potion was poured over Sir Lorde's wound by Taniel. After closely inspecting it, this young teacher from Deer Academy couldn't help but sigh deeply within.

The wound showed no signs of improvement.

On the contrary, it was getting worse.

At the current rate, Sir Lorde probably wouldn't last until dawn.

"Sir Beta, such a good person,"

"Shouldn't have met this end."

Leaning helplessly against the cartwheel, Taniel murmured to himself.

Jason didn't respond.

Or rather...

He didn't know how to respond.

Even, he didn't understand this place.

The culture of these people.

The geography here.

The customs of this place.

The powers at play here.

He didn't understand any of it.

“

All he did was to survive.

That was true when he became a “Night Watcher”.

That was true when he became a “Tomb Guardian”.

He was like a blind man crossing a river, constantly feeling for stones ahead, always trying to grasp the largest and most stable one, but the further he went, the more turbulent the waters became.

With the slightest carelessness, he would be overwhelmed by the river.

And now?

The river was not just turbulent.

There were countless monsters lurking beneath the surface.

“What are you confused about?”

The sudden voice came from behind.

It wasn't Taniel.

It was the old knight.

The gravely injured old knight awoke, propped himself up using the ammunition box, pushed Taniel's support away, and with struggle, sat up, then looked at Jason with a smile as he turned around in silence.

After observing Jason for a few seconds, the old knight's smile grew even brighter.

"You're just like your teacher."

"That Dan."

"He was also uneasy and confused when he first came into contact with 'that kind of power'."

"Just like you..."

"He didn't think about how to admit defeat."

“Yes.”

“How could a ‘Night Watcher’ admit defeat?”

The old knight said, his expression full of reminiscence.

Under his disheveled white hair, the corners of his mouth curled up involuntarily.

The old knight stepped down from the cart like this.

He stood up straight in front of Jason.

“I have something to give you.”

“Come with me.”

With that, the old knight turned and walked toward the underground.

But as he passed by his servant Eric, the old knight paused.

He raised his hand and closed the wide-open eyes of his servant.

He also wanted to close the servant's jaw.

But after a few tries, he didn't succeed.

"Sir, let me help you."

Taniel fixed Eric's jaw with a bandage.

"Thank you, Taniel."

"If this house can still stand,"

"It's yours."

Continuing on towards the underground, the old knight said.

Jason hesitated for a moment, then followed.

Underground hall, inside the tent.

The stars had long dimmed.

The tables and chairs were even more disarrayed.

The old knight raised his hand and plucked the brightest 'star' down.

"It's called 'Starshine', it's for you."

"And this..."

"You need it."

The old knight walked to an empty spot, suddenly stretched out his hand, and a thick book just appeared in his hand.

Together with 'Starshine', he handed them both to Jason.

Jason didn't take them but just silently looked at the old knight in front of him.

"Don't worry."

"I'm not asking you to take it for nothing."

"What do you say we make a trade?"

The old knight asked with a smile.

"What trade?"

Jason finally spoke.

His voice was slightly hoarse.

"Help me don my armor."

The old Knight pointed to another empty side, and a full suit of armor and a knight's lance appeared out of nowhere.

"Alright."

Jason nodded.

Though he said he would help don the armor, in reality, the old knight pulled out the dagger stuck in his stomach, threw it on the ground, and began to don the armor himself while Jason just stood there holding the knight's lance.

After fully donning the armor, the old knight slowly put on the helmet.

He took the lance.

A clear voice rang out from behind the faceplate—

"Humility!"

"Compassion!"

“Justice!”

“Valor!”

“Honesty!”

“Honor!”

“Sacrifice!”

As the first word echoed, a white radiance appeared on the old knight.

With each word spoken, that radiance grew brighter.

After the word ‘sacrifice’ was uttered, that radiance turned substantial.

The next moment, a louder voice, like thunder, echoed through the radiance and into the sky.

“Knight, born from death—”

“Charge!”

In an instant, a figure composed entirely of light shot through the sky.

Leaving behind,

The old knight in armor, holding the lance high.

Jason quietly watched the old knight before him.

After a moment, he took off his hunting cap.

Placed it over his heart and bowed slightly.