

## Menu 83

Chapter 83: Sometimes, it's impossible to turn a blind eye

Under the pitch-black night sky.

Under the smoky night sky.

The brilliant glow flickered once more.

The old knight once again streaked across the heavens.

As always,

He,

was unstoppable!

Standing in front of the office window, Tercon had long since taken off his restricting coat and donned a cloak instead, watching as the old knight, transformed into radiance, approached him, the former mayor's eyes filled with surprise.

“A strike of glory?”

Tercon murmured to himself.

Then, an expression of extreme contempt appeared on his face.

“Glory?”

“Ha, glory?”

“Glory that exists in the hearts of men, relying on the hearts of men... laughable.”

“Strength is everything that decides right from wrong!”

In his soft murmur, a dense black deathly aura gathered in Tercon’s hands.

Then,

it plunged into the ground.

Just like a starting pistol.

A thick black chain, as thick as an arm, shot out from the ground, twining towards the old knight.

“I knew you were here.”

“How could I not be prepared?”

Tercon said, his gaze fixed on the old knight about to be ‘intercepted’.

Was the strike of glory powerful?

Very powerful!

It possessed the ability to turn the tide.

But,

it was only one strike!

And after that strike, all would turn to ashes.

Therefore, he had specifically prepared a similar strike.

However, the next moment, Tercon's face, so sure of victory, stiffened.

A faint light, obscured by the brilliance of the old knight, struck the dark chains ahead of time.

Amidst the glow stood the servant... no, the 'Attendant' Eric, with a smile on his face.

"Born for glory, Sir Knight."

Eric said, smiling.

"Die for glory, young Attendant."

The old knight replied, accelerating his charge.

Behind him,

the light faded.

Ahead,

the spear shot out like a dragon.

Thud!

Tercon's body was pierced through, the immense force carrying him, crashing through the wall and hurling out of the building.

"Impossible!"

"How could a first-level 'Attendant' possibly learn the 'strike of glory'!"

"This is impossible!"

Tercon roared in disbelief.

Not just because a first-level 'Attendant' had learned the 'strike of glory'.

But also because the other party should have already been dead.

And because such news should've already been known to him and marked as a priority.

Without a doubt, someone had calculated against him.

But at this moment, Tercon could hardly care about that.

He gathered the deathly aura again.

He had many secret techniques.

And enough rituals.

Given time, he might not lose!

Unfortunately, the old knight would not give him that chance.

“The ‘Knight’s Attendant’ is also a ‘Knight’!”

As the words fell,

the long spear exploded suddenly.

Boom!

Tercon disintegrated, the Knight’s Strength drove out all the deathly aura, and the ascendant attack brought by the strike of glory severed any possibility of his resurrection.

As Tercon died, those resurrected ‘corpses’ once again fell.

The dense deathly aura, like mist, began to dissipate.

The old knight floating in the sky, his body becoming as real as if material, started to disperse.

But he paid it no heed.

Lorde was not destroyed.

The city he protected.

Still stood.

That,

was enough.

Enough.

Bowing his head, the old knight with a smile looked down at Lorde one last time, his body completely dissolved, turning into sparkling dots of light that fell with the wind, scattering over the whole land of Lorde.

‘Beta, why did you choose to be a ‘Knight’?

‘Is it because you embody humility, honor, sacrifice, bravery, compassion, honesty, and justice, and that’s what made you a knight?



'No, teacher, precisely because I am proud, unknown, selfish, cowardly, cold-blooded, dull, hypocritical, and extreme, just like all humans, that's why I choose to become a Knight!'

'Do you know how difficult this will be?'

'I know.'

'But, someone has to do it.'

'And do you know what such people are called?'

"Is it... a fool?"

"No!"

"It is..."

"A hero!"

The sound of the wind.

Gradually subsiding.

The voice fades away, traceless.

People lifted their heads, gazing into the pitch-black night sky.

There was nothing there.

Yet it felt as though something was present.

And just as everyone looked up at the night sky, a figure leisurely walked into Pea Street, entering Number 10 Pea Street.

All of them turned a blind eye to this person.

Allowing the figure to head towards the underground hall.

Walking on the stairs, the wide cloak trailed on the ground, slipping off with the figure's descent.

The light-hearted whistling carried the figure's good mood.

"Shush!"

"Night, night, has arrived."

"The black lamb has started to dance."

"He's come, he's come."

"Hurry, go sleep."

"Hurry, go sleep."

Instantly, the brightly lit underground hall darkened.

A sense of decay and desolation filled the space.

Though it returned to normal in a flash, Jason, with his senses twice as acute as an ordinary person's, noticed the change.

He stepped out of the tent.

At a glance, he saw the person standing at the entrance of the hall wearing a wide cloak that completely obscured their face.

The other also saw Jason.

"Very acute perception."

"Worthy of the 'Night Watcher'."

"But sometimes, if the perception is too sensitive, it's not a good thing, Jason."

The other person called out Jason's name directly.

Jason was unfazed.

He simply raised the 'Winchester Brothers' slightly, pointing the muzzle at the other.

"As crude as your mentor."

The other glanced at the muzzle, offered this comment, and then took a step closer.

Bang!

The shotgun's shell missed.

Or to be precise, the other dodged it.

Jason's pupils constricted.

Although the threat of firearms for folk from the Mystical Side had decreased, most would just endure the hit, but this was Jason's first time seeing someone from the Mystical Side who dodged bullets directly.

"Kultz is truly pitiable."

“If he hadn’t been so bent on revenge, how could he have died by your hand?”

“Jason, I want to ask you a question.”

“Do you think Kultz was right or wrong?”

The other spoke while walking slowly.

Kultz!

This person was Kultz’s teacher!

Jason’s eyes narrowed slightly, not hiding his murderous intent.

“Kultz was neither right nor wrong.”

“But,”

“You, who arranged all this, deserve to die!”

He said in a low snarl.

“Huh.”

“Just like your mentor.”

“Equally stubborn.”

“And such stubbornness in you surely means that you won’t let me take the ‘spoils of war’ easily, will you?”

The other chuckled lightly.

Spoils of war?

The body of the old Knight?

Jason immediately tightened his grip on the gun handle.

He shifted his feet slightly, positioning his body fully in the way of the path leading into the tent.

Although,

He knew nothing of the people here.

The geography here.

The local customs here.

The Strength here.

All he was doing was trying to survive.

Yet, the body of the old Knight, he would not allow the person before him to defile it.

It was very dangerous.

It could even threaten his life.



But, Jason still chose to do so.

Because, some things, if you see them and pretend you don't...

Well,

There's no point in being alive.

You might as well be a walking corpse.

Whoosh!

Jason took a deep breath, put away the obviously useless 'Winchester Brothers'.

He slowly put on the hockey mask given to him by the old Knight, grasped the broad-bladed short-handle machete in his right hand, raised his left hand, extended his index finger, and hooked it at the other person.

"Come!"