



The Legend of Sun Knight Volume 2: **The Daily Duties of A Knight**
Original novel in Chinese by: [御我 \(Yu Wo\)](#)
Translated by [Prince Revolution](#)

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Prince Revolution!(or PR! for short)was started in late April in 2009 by Erialis for the purpose of translating and sharing the ½ Prince and The Legend of Sun Knight novels (and now Female Warrior) with other fans (who unfortunately couldn't read Chinese). PR!'s crew has since exploded to include sixteen translators who double as Chinese to English editors and 18 Proofreaders. They also have sister sites translating the novels into Dutch, Spanish, Indonesian, Portuguese and Vietnamese.

Translators

Raylight (Prologue)
Evangeline (Chapter 1)
Rena, Raylight (Chapter 2)
Aminge (Chapter 3)
Raylight (Chapter 4)
dahlys (Chapter 5)
Akakuroi (Chapter 6)
dahlys (Chapter 7)
Erihppas (Chapter 8)
dahlys (Chapter 9)
dahlys (Chapter 10)
Raylight (Epilogue)
eilinel (Extra)

Art

亚砂 (Ya Sha)
(first edition)
J.U,. (Second
Edition)

Chinese/English Editors

Aminge (Prologue & Chapters 1-2)
Anglestagium (Prologue)
Dahlys (Chapter 3)
Eilinel (Chapters 3- 4, 6-7 & 9)
Larka (Chapters 9-10)
zoNa (Chapters 1 & 8)

Proofreaders

Arcedemius (Chapter 9, Extra &
Epilogue)
Bridget (Chapter 2)
CJFrost (Prologue, Chapters 1- 3 & 8)
EvlNabiki (Prologue, Chapters 3-4, 6, &
9-10)
Mustsleep (Chapter 7)
Null (Chapter 7 & Extra)
Shadow Rebirth (Chapters 1- 10, Extra
& Epilogue)
Xan (Chapters 8 & 10)

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Prologue: The Sun Knight

Now, let us introduce you to the duties that the noble Sun Knight has to carry out every day.

His first duty is to attend various kinds of dull public events, such as the ceremony to celebrate the new king's ascension to the throne.

His second duty is to act as an automatic waving machine. At public events such as the one mentioned above, knowing how to wave one's hand for long periods of time and not disabling one's wrist in the process is a deeply profound art.

The third duty that needs to be followed is the careful management of the undead creatures.

The fourth duty... Within a day, there are actually more than three of such tasks on the agenda, so everyone should understand how tough it is to be a Sun Knight by now, right?



My name is Adair. Just yesterday, I was still an ordinary holy knight. However, from today onwards, that won't be so anymore. From today onwards, I am a member of the Sun Knight Platoon that takes orders directly from the Sun Knight!

Well, my direct superior isn't the official Sun Knight yet, since he is the same age as me. Right now, he's only eighteen, and historically, only when appointed future Sun Knights turn twenty will they officially take over the duties of a Sun Knight.

“Adair, Adair! He’s here!”

A holy knight who had similarly been chosen to be part of the Sun Knight Platoon rushed in from the outside. His face was filled with excitement and he seemed flustered. Although we had been taught from a young age that a holy knight should remain calm and cool-headed, but the person that we were about to meet was, after all, the future Sun Knight!

How were we supposed to stay calm when the person we were going to meet held the position of the leader of the Church of the God of Light, who commanded all Twelve Holy Knights and was also the captain from whom we would be receiving direct orders?

Although we couldn’t seem to calm down our inner hearts at all, we didn’t dare act impolitely in front of the Sun Knight. Within a few seconds, twenty-five holy knights from the Sun Knight Platoon assembled into neat, uniform ranks. Everyone anxiously and excitedly awaited the arrival of the Sun Knight.

The one who walked in first was the current Sun Knight. I had seen him a few times at several of the church’s various ceremonies and worship sessions, and every time I saw this Sun Knight, I couldn’t help but to praise and admire his elegant demeanor once again. The reasons for my wanting to become a member of the Sun Knight Platoon had largely to do with my admiration of this person. It was just too bad that I was born too late, and was hence unable to join this Sun Knight’s Sun Knight Platoon.

This time, the Sun Knight didn't speak much. He carried a casual smile as he walked in, and then immediately stepped to the side. At this moment, I finally saw that there was someone behind him.

Was it him?

I held my eyes wide open, not daring to even blink. There he was, standing in the sunlight. Although the position of the sun behind him made his appearance not clearly visible, the sunlight shining on his golden hair made that head of hair shine even more than pure gold.

This golden hair! It's so beautiful, as if it belonged to the God of Light himself, as was told in the legends. In my heart, I couldn't help but become very excited. Perhaps, the Sun Knight that I am to serve in the future will be even more perfect than the one that I currently admire?

At this moment, he walked a few steps forward, and revealed his face and figure. He had hair that shone like pure gold, eyes that are deep blue like the ocean, skin as white as snow, a smile as radiant as the sun itself, and a demeanor that was as elegant as a prince's... *My god! Why do I seem to be a common citizen describing the Sun Knight of the legends?*

It might be a bit strange for me to say it like this, for this was the future Sun Knight after all. It's just... it's just that he seemed to be too similar to the 'Sun Knight of Legend'. Even the current Sun Knight differed from the legends a little, but this person before my eyes was exactly the same as the knight in the original legend.

The future Sun Knight carried a smile and looked at each of us one by one with his deep, blue eyes. Finally, he let out a sigh of gratitude, and with a smile, said to us, "Ah, it must be the benevolence of the God of Light that brought my fellow brothers to Grisias. May our bonds of brotherhood be knit evermore tightly as we come to support each other more and more. Let us join hands and unite in bringing forth an even brighter future for the people of the God of Light."

Hearing that, I was so excited that I couldn't contain myself. I couldn't help but look to the left and right; all of the Sun Knight Platoon members were just as excited as me. We couldn't help but raise our chins up high and stick out our chests, as we proudly shouted in our hearts:

"This is the Sun Knight that we are going to serve."

Daily Duty #1: "Eat Breakfast!"

"Knight-Captain Sun, Knight-Captain Sun..."

"Hmm..." I flopped over onto the other side of my bed, burying my head under the pillow in the process. *Now I won't have to hear any more of that 'knight' business...*

"Knight-Captain Sun!"

Wait, I can still hear it. I slowly pulled my head from under the pillow and sat up. Even though my eyes were open, I could only see blurry images and I couldn't focus on anything. Thus, I could tell right away that this was not the normal time for me to wake up!

Who is the bastard that dares to disturb my sleep?!

I called out in a voice that was an octave lower than my normal one, "May I ask if the fellow knight outside was inspired by the God of Light to come forth and knock on Sun's door to share a discourse on the benevolence of the God of Light?"

Someone gave a sigh of relief from outside, but that sigh then turned into a hasty and urging call, "Knight-Captain Sun! I'm Adair! Have you forgotten? Today's Sunday."

"Sunday...is a holiday!" I flopped back into bed, pulled up the bedspread, and curled into a ball.

"No! Knight-Captain Sun, today is your turn to conduct the church

worship service. Did you forget? Knight-Captain, Knight-Captain..."

The volume of the yelling gradually decreased. This was very satisfying to me. Even though I can sleep through an intense uproar, I sleep even better without noise. *If it's Sunday, then I will just sleep until noon and get up to eat...lunch...*

BANG!

I shot up from the bed. *What, what? What exactly happened?*

"Knight-Captain Judgment, please don't be so rude..."

I turned just in time to see Judgment slamming my door closed, and this time he almost slammed it into Adair's nose. If I were to be the judge, then I would say that Adair was the one being rude. I couldn't believe that he would dare speak to Judgment in such a manner. Even I wouldn't dare to!

"Your vice-captain is as obstinate as ever. He couldn't wake you up outside, yet refused to come inside to try."

Once he closed the door, Judgment's aloof face managed to soften a little bit. He shook his head and said, "Having a vice-captain with that kind of personality, it's no wonder that your Sun Knight Platoon has been causing trouble nonstop. Three days ago they ganged up on the third son of Baron Gerland in a fight, which made the baron so furious that he even complained to the crown prince."

"Urgh... That incident gave me a headache too." I sighed. "But what

could be done? As you know, Adair just has that kind of stubborn personality!”

Judgment’s deep black eyes stared at me in a skeptical way, and he said, “This business baffles me a bit, though. Baron Gerland’s third son is a very orthodox knight; he doesn’t seem to be the type to deliberately infuriate the Sun Knight Platoon. Although he was the one responsible for throwing away the corpse in the death knight incident earlier, that was simply him following the king’s orders.”

“I really don’t know. Maybe he stepped on Adair or something? As you know, I rarely take part in the affairs of the Sun Knight Platoon; I let Adair handle everything!” I shrugged, wearing an oblivious-looking face.

Hearing that, Judgment creased his brow a little but didn’t say anything. “What’s done is done,” he added mildly. “Just tell them to stop bothering the third son of Baron Gerland, or else His Highness the Prince will be very troubled as well.”

I replied innocuously, “Fine, I will pass your warning on.”

Judgment looked at me again and reminded me, “You should get ready. The worship service will be starting soon, and you only have thirty minutes to get prepared.”

I froze. *Conduct the worship service...ah! Don’t tell me that it’s my turn to conduct the worship service for this Sunday?!*

The Church of the God of Light holds weekly “worship services” for the

God of Light. The program is as follows: The priest recites a long string of declarations, praising the love of the God of Light and talking about the deeds of the previous generations of the Twelve Holy Knights. Then everyone sings some hymns and lastly—and most importantly—there is a request for donations... Ahem!

So, in conclusion, the Twelve Holy Knights take turns conducting the worship service, and it's probably me this time around.

Judgment saw my alarmed expression and knew that I was finally awake. He continued, "Now that you remember, get prepared quickly. There is still thirty minutes left, which should be more than enough..."

"What?! Only thirty minutes?" I shrieked. "How is thirty minutes enough time for me to comb my hair, apply my facial mask, boil water to iron my shirt, shine my shoes—"

Judgment winced and said, "If that's the case, then I will take my leave." And then he promptly left. I guessed the reason he ran away so quickly was probably because last time he saw me slathering on my green facial mask, I just happened to be standing in the dark. He got so freaked out that he drew out his sword and almost cleaved me in half.

Sheesh, what's to be scared of?

Nowadays, I only use pink facial masks.

Speaking of masks, it was fortunate that I had prepared a fresh tub of it last night, or else there would be no way for me to finish getting

ready in thirty minutes. First I had to boil the water, and then wash my face. Next came putting on the facial mask, and after that, I used my left hand to comb my hair and my right hand to shine my shoes. When the water boiled, it would be time to iron the shirt...

With only five minutes left, I was finally prepared, and I opened the door slowly and gracefully. Once the door was open, I saw Adair standing outside waiting for me.

"Adair." I greeted him with a smile.

"Yes, Knight-Captain Sun." Adair promptly saluted me respectfully.

I gestured to him that we could go.

"Sun has heard that you guys were using physical force against the third son of Baron Gerland..." As we walked I showed a grieved expression and sighed. "Showing violence is not behavior that the benevolent God of Light would approve of."

"But, in the hut at the execution ground, he stabbed you, and wounded you terribly. That's an unforgivable crime..." Adair said agitatedly.

"Adair!" I interrupted him with a denouncing tone. "The God of Light has taught us that, no matter how serious the sins may be, as long as the sinner is repentant, we must forgive and accept him with a merciful heart. This is the way of the benevolent God of Light. Do you understand, Adair?"

"Understood." Adair nodded, and muttered in a low voice, "I will beat him up until he repents."

I sighed elegantly and said, "Adair, you still don't understand. The Sun Knight Platoon must act in accordance with the benevolence of the God of Light. You can't bring violence upon others as you wish."

"Understood." Adair nodded and muttered again, "We will put a sack over his head first, so that he won't know it's the Sun Knight Platoon."

Oh Adair, Adair, why are you so smart? No wonder I picked you as my vice-captain. I nodded, feeling very satisfied.

When we were about to arrive at the huge Hall of Praise, I stopped, turned, and said to Adair with a smile, "Under the watchful eye of the God of Light, with His benevolence illuminating the land, I believe that blueberries will surely grow more abundant, and that wheat will also flourish. Even the milk would taste as sweet as honey! I give thanks to the God of Light for giving His people food to eat and warm clothes to wear."

Adair answered politely, "Yes, I will go and prepare breakfast: a blueberry jam sandwich and milk, and perhaps you'd also like some honey biscuits?"

I nodded with utmost satisfaction, and watched Adair fetch my breakfast. On his way, he met another knight from the Sun Knight Platoon and stopped to give an order, "Go and put a sack over that accursed knight from last time, and beat him up until he can't utter a word of repentance even if he wanted to!"

Ah! Even I can't completely express my intentions in such simple words, Adair! With a vice-captain like you, what more could a captain like me wish for? ...Except maybe just a blueberry sandwich and milk. After keeping busy for the past half an hour, I've gotten hungry!

Hmm... Should I finish breakfast first, and then go conduct the assembly? Well, I am the conductor in name only; I am really just an accessory. The real conductors are the priests.

"Yo! Isn't this our most esteemed and most radiant Sun Knight? Why hasn't he gone inside already, and is instead standing out here, like an obstructing pillar? Tsk, tsk! And it's a shining pillar to boot, so sparkly and pretty!"

That kind of language... I hesitated, and then turned to see who it was. Of course, it was Knight-Captain Metal from the "cruel, cold-hearted" faction.

Everyone on the continent knows that Knight-Captain Metal has an infamous poisonous barbed tongue. He could probably kill someone with his words. I heard that if you were to speak with him for ten minutes, your lifespan will shorten by a year.

Despite what they say, I really don't know how you can consider his words poisonous. Sometimes I even think that he is praising me. For example, take what he said just now, "So sparkly and pretty!" Does that really count as poisonous?

He should have said, "Your hair is as yellow as frog feces. Are you sure

you didn't mistake frog feces for hair gel? No wonder I always thought you smelled weird—if you smell closely, it's coming from your hair!"

Now that is what I'd call a barbed tongue!

So, I suspect that Metal's true personality is not really poisonous at all. The truth is, because I don't know him very well, I'm not very sure about what he's really like. Every time I broach the subject with Judgment, he seems unwilling to say anything more, and if Judgment is not willing to say something, then probably the only one who could make him speak out is the God of Light.

Behind Metal was another knight from the "cruel cold-hearted" faction with whom I was more familiar. Knight-Captain Moon is known across the continent as the famous loner... Ahem! I meant that he is the famous narcissist. With his haughty personality, he won't be on familiar terms with just anyone and loves turning up his nose very high, as if nobody were good enough to be in his sight.

That move made me detest him at first sight. After all, nobody likes to be looked down upon.

That lasted until one day, when I spied him squatting on the floor searching the ground with his hands, but with his head still raised up very high.



Without even looking at the ground, how could he hope to find anything? Although his eyesight was perfectly fine, it seemed as if he were blind. The item he was looking for was right beside his foot, but

he couldn't find it at all. The scene was as hilarious as it could be.

After watching him for half an hour, I had secretly gotten a good laugh out of him and was getting tired of it. I stifled a huge yawn, walked over, picked up the beautifully made silver bookmark and gave it back to him.

"Thank you." He took the bookmark, gave a sigh of relief and smiled sweetly, contrary to his usual arrogant look.

I bit into the blueberry pie that Ice had just made for me and asked, "Token of love from your sweetheart?"

"How did you know?" Startled, Moon turned to look at me, and then froze up when he saw me. I could guarantee that he was shocked to find out that it was me, the Sun Knight, who had picked it up for him.

With his true self revealed, he was at a complete loss and stammered uneasily, "Knight-Captain Sun..."

I took out another piece of pie and asked him, "Want some? It's Ice's blueberry pie. Don't hesitate; I gave Judgment some too."

"...Thank you."

While he was eating the pie, he complained to me that because he had to keep his chin up all the time it had caused the muscles in his neck to stiffen up until he couldn't even look down at all...

How miserable it must be not be able to lower your head! Moon looked

at the ceiling and sighed. He started to describe the tragedy of not being able to lower his head, "If something fell on the floor, I probably wouldn't find it even after half an hour."

I nodded, since I just saw that myself.

Also, you wouldn't be able to use your height advantage to peep down at a female priest's cleavage... Ahem!

And lastly, and probably the most tragic of all, when he wanted to kiss his girlfriend, he couldn't lower his head to do so. How could he kiss a girlfriend that is shorter than him with his chin up?

"So what do you do? Have your lover stand on stairs?" After hearing his description, I asked with empathy.

"I can't find stairs every time, and anyways, stairs are usually found in places where people pass by, so it's not private enough," Moon said honestly, "So, I must find a lover who is taller than me."

"Hey! You are at least a hundred and eighty centimeters tall, aren't you?"

"My lover is a hundred and eighty-two centimeters tall, and every time she goes out with me, she wears ten centimeter high platform shoes, making her just tall enough to kiss me."

Such...such a tragedy!

I sighed at Moon's misfortune of not being able to lower his head and

started to tell my own tragic tale of being the Sun Knight, "The Sun Knight can only love the God of Light, not women..."

I had only said that one sentence when Moon gasped in horror. "Tragic! Too tragic! What a tragedy!"

Damn it!



Well, from that day on, I had another friend who is not a friend in the "cruel, cold-hearted" faction.

Back to the present, I smiled at Metal, and said, "This must be the blessing of the God of Light, to let Sun meet his two brothers on such a lovely morning. This is a perfect start, but Sun must go conduct the worship service, so Sun cannot linger and socialize for too long with his brothers. It's a shame. After Sun has praised the miracles of the holy God of Light, Sun will definitely find his brothers to exchange words on the benevolence of the God of Light."

Of course, if I can't find you, then it's none of my business.

Hearing that, Metal Knight and Moon Knight both froze, and Metal was so surprised that he even forgot his usual barbed words. He blurted out, "Sun Knight, don't you know that today is the day of worship before the coronation of the new king?"

Moon Knight looked at me in that arrogant way with his chin raised up high, but, he couldn't be blamed. For a person who can't lower his head, that's the only way he can look at people!

He added, "All Twelve Holy Knights have to be here, so even I have to come."

The worship service before the coronation of the new king? How come I don't know about this?

"Good morning, Knight-Captain Sun."

While I was standing there, stunned, the Storm Knight leisurely strode over and patted me on the shoulder. "Well, today's solo performance is up to you! Good luck!"

I slowly turned to face him, and repeated one syllable at a time, "Solo performance?"

"..."

Storm very slowly removed his hand on my shoulder, and very slowly took a step away and finally asked, very puzzled, "That's right! Customarily, on the coronation of the new king, the Twelve Holy Knights must sing a hymn together, and then you and Judgment each have to perform a solo. Didn't you pick the most difficult 'Hymn of the God of Light' to perform? Everyone is looking forward to it, because this song hasn't been sung for twenty years."

Hymn of the God of Light? Isn't that the song with a pitch high enough to reach the residence of the God of Light, lasting for an entire thirty minutes, with lyrics as long as an entire book, and is otherwise considered to be the Church of the God of Light's hymn with the most

bombastic words?

Someone must have set me up!

After seeing my stiff smile and the twitching corners of my mouth, Storm finally understood that the picking Hymn of the God of Light was not my decision. He stepped towards me slowly, and whispered beside my ear, "I heard rumors from the palace maids that Baron Gerland has been secretly looking for a chance to get back at you ever since your Sun Knight Platoon mobbed his son. The crown prince didn't seem to forbid him either, as he probably wants you to make a fool of yourself so that your popularity doesn't become too high in everyone's books."

So that's how it is! I knew something was up!

There is no way that Baron Gerland would wail about his story to the crown prince and just leave it at that. Of course, the crown prince should have also known more or less about the death knight incident and the part I played in it. My scheme did lead him to the throne, so he probably wouldn't take revenge on me for that alone. But the fact that I dared to ensnare the king as part of my scheme probably alarmed him a bit, since he is, after all, the future king.

Storm suggested, "You probably should just change the song. They probably just want to make a bit of a fool out of you by forcing you change the song at the last minute, rather than actually having you sing it. If the song were sung badly and messed up the entire worship service, the crown prince wouldn't be happy."

Even though I still wore a warm smile on my face, I sneered underneath. *Make a fool out of me?*

You have got to be kidding. I am the Sun Knight. The Sun Knight even has to fall gracefully; how can he be made a fool? If my teacher knew that I was made a fool in front of the entire country... Well, the consequences are severe enough to make me shake with fear!

Moreover, nobody knows where the hell that teacher of mine (who goes around stealing others' jobs) is right now. He may even be right there in the audience watching me sing the hymn!

"Brother Storm, with the blessings of the God of Light, Sun believes that he can successfully perform the Hymn of the God of Light, to spread the benevolence and unconditional love of the God of Light."

"Sun! Don't fool around!"

Storm's expression changed, and he hastily added, "The Hymn of the God of Light is not something you can carry out without practice, and hymns need to be sung with the power of Holy Light added to them. Even most of the priests can't handle an entire thirty minutes of continuous outpouring of Holy Light... No! You also have to sing a chorus hymn with the Twelve Holy Knights, and the chorus will take around ten minutes to finish."

Of course I knew that. A so-called hymn is just injecting the power of Holy Light into the song to achieve various goals. Inspiring songs can stir up the crowd, battle odes can multiply the strength of soldiers, lullabies can make people relax, and lively tunes can make people

happy. Rumors goes that a true master of hymns can even make criminals look back and repent on their sins just by singing.

Of course, real masters of hymns have already become legends. There is no way to confirm that it's possible to make criminals feel remorse for their sins. So, if you want to make a criminal regret what they have done, the best way is to cart him off to Judgment. I guarantee that within three hours, he will be remorseful even for stealing guavas from his neighbors when he was young.

What? You say sending the criminal to my Sun Knight Platoon would work too?

You are dead wrong, pal. If you sent the criminal to my Sun Knight Platoon, it wouldn't be to make him repent, but to make him unable to repent!

After my explanation of how hymns work, everyone should know by now that the hymn is not merely a song, but a competition of one's ability to use Holy Light.

A chorus for ten minutes and then a thirty minute solo makes it a total of forty minutes worth of Holy Light expenditure. I thought it over. Even though this is indeed a very significant amount, which a normal holy knight could never produce, for a holy knight who could have become the most powerful pope in history, it's not a problem at all!

Storm was still trying to convince me to change the song when, after a series of urgent footsteps, the Leaf Knight burst out from the Hall of Praise. Upon seeing that we were right outside, so he paused a little

but then quickly warned us, "Sun, why are you guys still outside? Come in, everyone is waiting."

"Brother Leaf, thank you for the reminder. Sun believes that it must be the God of Light borrowing your lips to tell Sun that arriving late would be the wrong course of action."

After saying that, I led the way into the hall.

The Hall of Praise is the Church of the God of Light's biggest building. It is built in the shape of a fan with the sharpest point of the fan as the stage. The wall behind the stage is made of stained glass, and is arranged in a huge symbol of the God of Light. Sunshine permeates through the glass from outside, making the stage the brightest area of the hall.

Beyond that, there are obviously rows and rows of seats by the tens of dozens. Usually, these seats are enough for the crowd that attends the worship service. However, for such a large event like today's, the seats were mostly filled by the royalty. Second priority is given to the rich people and lastly, the crowd of normal citizens. The citizens basically were all standing in the open area at the back.

I scanned the audience with my eyes and easily spotted the prince, who was soon to be crowned king. He was sitting in the center of the first row of seats, and to his sides were his chancellor and important nobilities. Baron Gerland was seated in the first row as well, and two royal knights were standing by at each end of the first row.

The old Pope was sitting in his usual spot at the side of the stage, and

was even wearing a mysterious veil.

Judgment Knight was already standing on the left side of the stage, and the knights of the “cruel, cold-hearted” faction stood side by side to the left of him.

My place was of course on the right side of the stage. Judgment and I must stand in such a way that we do not obstruct the symbol of the God of Light behind us. I walked to my spot, Storm took his place to the right of me, and Leaf to the right of Storm.

Finally we Twelve Holy Knights were all standing in our proper places, as were the priests behind us who were responsible for singing the accompaniments. At the front was the Cardinal of Light, who was taking charge. However, the Cardinal of Light is not one person, but two. One is the Priest of Radiance and another, the Priest of Brilliance¹. They serve as the left and right hands of the Pope. Within the Sanctuary of Light, their positions are second only to the Pope.

According to tradition, the Priest of Radiance is female and specializes in healing and support magic. In contrast, the Priest of Brilliance is male and specializes in things like exorcising demons and guiding souls to the God of Light.

It seemed that we really were a fair bit late, as the Cardinal of Light didn’t say anything and just announced the start of the chorus. A holy knight then came up to hand us our hymnbooks. When he stepped off the stage, one of the priests behind us began with a long note, and then all the priests started singing. They would sing “la la la” for about three minutes before we had to start.

This hymn is not difficult for me because every year to celebrate the coming of the God of Light there is always a big worship session and the Twelve Holy Knights sing this particular song together. I've sung it three times since I took my place as Sun Knight, so it's about as familiar to me as the back of my own hand.

It's even easier since it's a twelve person chorus, so even if someone's Holy Light is weak, the others can just make up for it.

Furthermore, the members of the "cruel, cold-hearted" faction do not specialize in Holy Light. Thus, their Holy Light is usually not that strong, so it's up to the "good, warm-hearted" faction to fill in the gaps.

Because all of us Twelve Holy Knights knew this hymn inside out, we completed the entire hymn without a single mistake not too long afterwards. Next, it was time for Judgment's solo. He stepped forward and started to sing in that super deep bass voice of his. The pitch of this song is so low that it even made everyone's hearts sink down with it.

Luckily, Judgment had picked a short and simple hymn to sing. The song was basically talking about how criminals will be judged by the harsh God of Light. The whole song, even with the priests' chorus in the middle, was at most five minutes long. Judgment's solo was probably around two minutes.

But, this was not because he is lazy. As mentioned before, the members of the "cruel, cold-hearted" faction are not famous for their Holy Light skills. Because their Holy Light is so weak, they are

permitted to pick the easiest hymns to sing.

On the contrary, since I am the leader of the “good, warm-hearted” faction, I am not allowed to choose an easy hymn. This is especially true today, as this is the worship ceremony before the king’s coronation. If I picked an easy hymn to sing, it might even be seen as being disrespectful to the king.

That’s also one of the reasons why I chose not to change the song. If I really do sing the Hymn of the God of Light, the crown prince will be very pleased, and he won’t give me any more trouble for what I had done. After all, I definitely was not singing this hymn just because I was afraid that if I were made to be a fool, my teacher would send me to see the God of Light. Absolutely not... Well, at least not entirely.

Judgment finished his hymn and returned back to his original position. Then it was my turn. I had only stepped forward a few steps when the crowd started cheering, and the cheering was even louder than it would have been at the annual grand worship ceremonies. It looks like they already knew that I would be singing the Hymn of the God of Light this time. So, the news had spread that the Sun Knight is singing the Hymn of the God of Light, which nobody has sung for twenty years, and only the Sun Knight himself didn’t know.

There was no accompaniment at the beginning of the Hymn of the God of Light, so I had to start all by myself.

I took a deep breath and confirmed that I had enough Holy Light for two rounds of the Hymn of the God of Light. Since that was the case, I decided that I might as well use a little extra Holy Light, so that even if

I went off-pitch, no one would notice.

I released a large amount of Holy Light, so much so that even my body glowed faintly. I closed my eyes and could still hear the awed gasps of the crowd. I opened my eyes and sang the opening lines:

Light was born, bursting through darkness, shooting out a ray of brilliance, bringing forth infinite hope...

My voice pierced the heavens, and the Hall of Praise reverberated with the sound of its echoes and with Holy Light. It was as if the God of Light really was present. In an instant, everyone was quiet, just staring up at me.

I'm done for...

As soon as I sang the first line I knew that I was done for. It just won't do without practice. I started out too high, and this hymn has a really high pitch to it, with a lot of sliding up from a high note to an even higher note in the middle. Now that I have started this high, how am I going to get up there?

At that time, I heard awed gasps from the Twelve Holy Knights behind me. They had all practiced the Hymn of the God of Light before, and of course they know how high this song goes. I don't know who, but someone said quietly, "The first line was absolutely wonderful. You are admirable, starting on such a high note."

Admirable? I didn't start this high on purpose. I am already on the verge of tears!

The notes in the Hymn of the God of Light had to be sustained in a single breath for so long that some sentences almost suffocated me until I reached a part where I could take another breath.

To the other holy knights, the hardest part of this song is the vast release of Holy Light that is beyond the normal abilities of a holy knight. But for me, the release of the Holy Light is not a problem; the problem is that this song is super hard to sing!

Shit, this next verse has an incredibly drawn-out ending!

I put my hands gracefully on my diaphragm and pressed down forcefully, pushing the air out with all my strength. Press, press, press...

Famine, disease, natural disasters, evil disappear without a trace under the gracious li—(I press)—(I keep pressing)—(I press super hard)—ight!

At that moment, I closed my mouth with tears in my eyes. Thank the God of Light that I finally safely completed...the first section. Even though at the end when I couldn't squeeze out any more air, and my voice shook quite a bit, but that's the least of my worries now. Next, there was one minute of accompaniment, so I better loosen up and relax as much as possible.

As I relaxed, my hands also released their hold on my diaphragm, only to find out that... I was extremely hungry!

I was already pretty hungry before, but just then I was singing so hard and pressing down on my diaphragm with such force that I was hungrier than ever. My empty stomach felt as though it hadn't had any food for days.

The astonished crowd had finally caught up to the present, and the hall was filled with the sounds of applause. It even overwhelmed the chorus of the priests, and everyone cheered.

"It's a miracle! Such a wonderful voice, I had never realized that the Sun Knight was such a wonderful male soprano."

"Look! There are even tears in the Sun Knight's eyes; he must have felt the presence of the God of Light during the song!"

"The vibrato in the last note was splendid; he expressed the passion in the lyrics so perfectly!"

At this time, Leaf who was behind me whispered, "Sun, that was great just now, but can you continue? Do you want me to take over?"

Hearing that, I thought blissfully, *Leaf you are such a great guy, I love you to death!*

I was about to say yes to Leaf when Storm cut in, "That won't work."

He explained quietly, "The middle section of the Hymn of the God of Light is the longest, clocking in at nearly twenty minutes. To continuously release twenty minutes worth of Holy Light, you are the only one amongst the twelve of us who could do that, Sun. Just finish

the middle part, and then Leaf and I will help you sing the last section.”

Hearing Storm’s explanation, even the kindhearted Leaf backed off. Just then, my eyes drifted to the Earth Knight. Other than me, Earth had the best Holy Light abilities. Well, his specialty shield is made with battle aura and some Holy Light added on, which is why it affords such strong protective qualities. For him, twenty minutes wouldn’t be a problem at all.

“Hehehe, s-so sorry Sun, my voice is too low, so there’s no way I can sing the Hymn of the God of Light.” Sympathy was written on Earth’s face as he apologized, yet his eyes shone with malice at my misfortune, without any hint of sympathy.

Even though Earth was telling the truth about his voice, which is just a little higher than Judgment’s, so he really did have no hope of singing the Hymn of the God of Light, and it was really my own fault that I started on such a high note... But, when I saw that smug look on his face, I was filled with scorn.

Moreover, I spied the crown prince and Baron Gerland in the front row. The former was wearing his usual gentle smile while the latter had a very shitty expression on his face. He was glaring at me as though he couldn’t believe that I was able to sing this hymn.

It’s those two scoundrels!

Forcing me to sing a song as incredibly difficult as the Hymn of the God of Light without knowing about it beforehand is bad enough, but to make me sing it on an empty stomach is just infuriating!

Did they not know that when I get hungry, my glucose levels become abnormally low? For a sweet-tooth like me to have low blood sugar levels, my mood will turn profoundly sour. Even I couldn't tell you what things I am capable of doing when I get in a bad mood!

"I am finishing this song by myself."

"What?"

Hearing my words, Storm and Leaf were both stunned for a second, and all the other holy knights couldn't help but glance at me, each with a different look in his eyes. Some shone with awe, some had looks of disapproval, but most of them were simply worried.

Just at that moment, the minute of accompaniment was up. I ignored Storm and Leaf's hushed yet urgent calls, breathed deeply and started to sing the next section.

Ye sinners, lower your heads and repent. Even in the dark cover of shadows, your transgressions will not escape judgment. Righteous ones raise your heads and observe. While the sun still shines over the land, light shall never be vanquished.

Although the first section almost suffocated me, the second section was much easier, despite being called the "Holy Knight Killer." Because it needed a full twenty minutes worth of outpouring of Holy Light, almost no holy knight can finish it. However, the song itself was pretty easy to sing, thus this section was a piece of cake for me, who was practically overflowing with Holy Light. I had another problem though...

It was too dull!

Because the first section was so hard, I had only concentrated on singing and didn't have any time to reflect on how hungry I was. But now, with the dull second section putting no stress on me, I constantly felt the emptiness in my stomach. I was so hungry that I think my voice was so loud and clear due to an empty stomach having an echoing effect.

I slowly and leisurely dragged myself through the second section, and there was applause at the end, but it was nowhere close to the reception after the first section. That's not their fault though; it's no simple feat to remember to clap at all in this kind of sleepy situation. Next was another minute of accompaniment, giving me a bit of time to rest.

"Sun, you really don't need us to take over?" Leaf asked again, this time in a much more urgent tone.

"Don't force yourself to continue! You already released a huge amount of Holy Light, and you would have to overpower the Holy Light of the priests in the last section, so it would be even more difficult than before," Storm implored me.

The release of Holy Light is not the problem... The problem is that I am super hungry!

The third section has an unbelievably high pitch and lyrics that are extremely long, and can be considered the most difficult part of the entire song. Once I start singing, it will put so much stress on me that

I will momentarily forget the pain of hunger!

“Brother Storm, Brother Leaf, please have faith that Sun, with the blessings of the God of Light, can definitely complete the Hymn of the God of Light.”

After I said that, there were no more protests from behind me.

The one minute of accompaniment was almost over, and then the final section of the Hymn of the God of Light officially started. The first line was very resounding and sonorous, symbolizing light cutting through darkness... which also acts as a way to wake up the dozing crowd after the second section.

I seemed to have done that job quite well, as a lot of the slouching crowd instantly straightened up, and by the expressions on their faces, I could see that they had gotten quite a scare and had completely sobered up now.

While I was really getting myself into the song, I wanted to look haughtily down at Baron Gerland. Instead, I caught him turning around and winking at something in a corner. There was only a little ordinary looking knight standing there, so Baron Gerland probably wasn't flirting with him.

After the knight received Baron Gerland's glance, he nodded and then took out a scroll, even glaring at the stage sinisterly while doing so.

If he's not trying to do something shady to me, then my name isn't Grisla!

The tome that the knight took out looked like a magic scroll. A magic scroll is created when a magician transcribes his powers onto a special parchment, producing a scroll that can be sold to others. This kind of magic scroll can release a spell only once, and the type of magic released depends on what the magician inscribed on it. After the spell is discharged, it becomes nothing more than a useless sheet of paper.

There are very few magicians who can transcribe their spells onto scrolls; plus the scroll requires the use of a special type of parchment and ink. Consequently, its exorbitant price is not only a result of the costs of the actual product itself, but also upon various other expenses incurred during its manufacture. As such, magic scrolls are considered to be one of the most expensive consumables available.

Something as valuable as this definitely has to be an item that Baron Gerland gave to the knight for the express purpose of shaming me. This is the very definition of being wasteful!

Had you instead given me the money you used for the scroll then maybe I would have made a fool of myself for you even under the risk of being seen by my teacher!

I'll just conveniently take that scroll as I stop that guy from doing his shady business as my compensation for the mental stress!

While I was singing the hymn, I observed the knight through the corners of my eyes. When I was almost finished with the song, that guy finally made a move. He raised his arm, yet he didn't cast the spell. It was as though he was still waiting for something.

I pondered about it...oh right! *He must be waiting for the finale when I should have exhausted nearly all of my Holy Light. Thus, I would have expended all that energy and yet would still fail to complete the Hymn of the God of Light. How despicable! No wonder Baron Gerland sent him to do his dirty work.*

But, as despicable as you may be, could you be as despicable as me... Ahem! I mean, as clever as me? Thinking about the magic scroll that was about to become mine, I couldn't help but sing even higher and louder than before!

There's only the final verse left, so wait for me, my magic scroll!

Praise be to the light. When I sang that verse, I released a large amount of Holy Light. The light swept around the hall like a storm, even gushing out through the doors and windows, blinding everyone. However, it's not possible for the light to block my own line of sight, and I clearly saw that Baron Gerland's knight was also stunned by the sudden influx of Holy Light.

Now! While nobody could see clearly, I wanted to use a Spell of Paralysis to bind that knight, but when I was only halfway through the spell, I felt a sudden wave of dizziness. Forget chanting the spell, I couldn't even prevent my legs from going soft.

Suddenly, someone held and supported me up. I looked, but only saw a black shadow charging down the stage, right where that knight was standing.

That must be Judgment, who in this bright light couldn't possibly see a thing. The only one who might be able to see anything was the old Pope, yet Judgment could still prop me up and then rush to the exact location of that knight. *Sheesh, what ridiculous capability!*

The light persisted for ten seconds before gradually fading, and everyone was staring at me, dumbfounded. I kept a solemn face, and looked out the corners of my eyes at the knight who wanted to land a sneak attack on me. The knight was already lying miserably on the ground with the scroll sticking out of his mouth, and the culprit who stuck it there was already standing behind me like he had never left at all.

Judgment, oh Judgment, why didn't you take the scroll back with you? Such a waste to leave it sticking inside that guy's mouth!

After mourning for the scroll, I looked at Baron Gerland while smirking at his failure. When he saw that the hymn had ended perfectly, he turned towards his knight with a scowl, but when he saw the miserable fate that had befallen his knight, his face turned pale in fear.

Seeing that, I sneered on the inside. *You are just a dirty little knight and you wanted to plot against me? Baron Gerland, you have gravely underestimated how despicable... er, clever the leader of the Twelve Holy Knights can be!*

"This song is dedicated to His Highness the crown prince who is about to ascend to the throne. I am certain that the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound shall receive the blessings of the God of Light under your rule, ushering in the dawn of a golden era." After I finished, I gracefully

saluted the crown prince and then stepped back with composure to my place among the holy knights.

Upon hearing that, the Prince smiled happily and even applauded while proclaiming, "What a song! As expected from such a perfect Sun Knight!"

Now, everyone in the hall was finally awake. Everyone, from the ordinary citizens to the royal knights and even the other members of the Church of the God of Light, all started cheering and screaming nonstop, "Long live the Sun Knight! Long live the King! Long live the God of Light!"

That's right! Cheer more for the king, and make the crown prince even happier, I urged in my mind. I looked at the Prince secretly. *Heh! His smile is almost as bright as the Sun Knight's now.*

Sure enough, everyone loves it when people praise them. Given enough praises, the prince would still say that I am perfect despite the fact that I disgraced his father. Because of all the cheering, it took the priests quite a while to calm down the crowd. Finally, they announced the next item on the agenda, "The New King's Round of Inspections." To put it simply, the purpose of this event was to go parading around the streets and inform everyone that this is the new king, so imprint him in your mind and don't ever offend him the next time he goes for a round of inspections.

The crown prince stood up first, and two rows of royal knights hurried to clear a path for him. Then they majestically left the Hall of Praise.

Next to leave was the Pope, but knowing that old geezer who loves to act all mysterious, so much so that he had shrouded himself in a veil, who knows whether or not it's actually him. For all I know, this one could be just a lookalike and the real Pope was already off to eat his breakfast!

Next, it was time for the Twelve Holy Knights to leave the hall. As the leader, I was, of course, leading the way. When I walked past Judgment, I quickly whispered to him, "Thanks for back there!"

When I stepped off the stage, and made sure that my teacher could not see me, I immediately stumbled, and I almost met the floor gracefully with full body contact. Luckily, Leaf and Storm who were behind me sensed that something was wrong and supported me on both sides.

"Sun, Sun! Are you alright?" Leaf asked, worried.

I said bleakly, "I... I..."

I'm starving!

"After releasing such a huge amount of Holy Light, you couldn't possibly still be doing alright." Storm said urgently, "Leaf, stop asking questions, and just make sure to help Sun stay up."

"Yes, yes," Leaf nodded vigorously.

"Adair!"

I suddenly spied my vice-captain standing by the side door, holding a tray with my blueberry sandwich and milk. However, he had hesitation written all over his face, as if he wasn't sure whether he should come. Seeing that, I started struggling, trying to break free of Leaf and Storm so that I could put my dear breakfast where it belonged—in my poor rumbling stomach.

"No need to call for your vice-captain now, we will support you. Don't worry, Storm and I will be your crutches for today."

Blaze grabbed me tightly and waved Adair away, telling him that there's no need for him to come closer. Adair glanced at me with wide eyes, caught between coming and leaving.

"The parade is starting, so let's go." Storm said quickly, and dragged me away with Blaze.

No no no! Let go of me!

I'm so hungry! My blueberry sandwich, my milk, my honey biscuits!

Blaze, Storm! Let go of me!

Adair! My breakfast!

Notes On The Chapter

¹ **“One is the Priest of Radiance and another, the Priest of Brilliance”** The original Chinese characters for Priest of Light is 光明祭师 (guāng míng jì shī), where 光(guāng) literally means Radiance and 明(míng) means Brilliance.

Daily Duty #2: "Smile, Wave, and Be the Church's Human Billboard"

At the end of the worship service, the future king was to parade around the entire city as usual, and the Twelve Holy Knights were to follow behind him like sheep.

So, after Storm and Blaze helped me onto my horse, they both got onto their own horses and rode behind me. Of course, Leaf and the others in the "good, warm-hearted" faction were also following behind me.

The only one who was riding by my side was Judgment Knight, and behind him were the knights in the "cruel, cold-hearted" faction.

In front of us was the crown prince, our future king. On his left and right were his most trusted royal knights, and behind them were Judgment and myself.

The effect of the Hymn of the God of Light I had sung was quite noticeable. All of the people standing along the roadside were so passionate that it seemed as if the God of Light had really descended. Both sides of the road were crammed with people whose loud cheers nearly caused my ears to explode.

Haha! From what I remember, the only other time that the people behaved in such a wild manner was when that world-famous theatrical troupe came here to perform. But when His Majesty the King goes around conducting his inspections... Well, let's just say the best one can hope for is that the situation doesn't become like that of a farmers'

market.

I remember the last time when that fat pig conducted an inspection. It happened to be during tomato season, so there was an abundance of tomatoes... As a result, the royal knights who were accompanying him completely stopped eating tomatoes from that day onwards. This is also one of the reasons the king could never gain the favor of the knights. If they had to accompany the king for a few more inspections, they would probably never eat any fruits or vegetables again.

Shortly after we began our parade, Judgment looked at me from the corner of his eyes quite a few times. To onlookers, it would seem like he was glaring at me, but I understood that it was a worried expression. My face was so pale that it was comparable to the color of flour, mostly because I was so hungry.

Judgment's riding posture was straight as an arrow and his eyes were focused dead ahead. He gave off an ominous aura, and the look on his face was as if he did not want to be approached by neither the living nor the dead. However, he asked me in a low and concerned voice, "Are you feeling alright?"

"No I'm not! I'm so hungry that I'm going to starve to death. I want to eat blueberry sandwiches, I want to eat honey biscuits, and I want to drink milk."

I mumbled my response while simultaneously smiling and waving at the surrounding people. Since it was so loud over here, they wouldn't be able to hear what I was saying anyway, and most likely they would just think that I was once again speaking of the God of Light's

benevolence.

"..."

The corner of Judgment's mouth twitched, and it seemed almost as if he was about to smile. Fortunately, his skill in acting cool for more than ten years was on par with my own skill in faking smiles for more than ten years, and he forced the corner of his mouth back down, making it look like he was in an extremely bad mood instead. However, he was actually consoling me, and said, "Just bear with it for a while, we will be able to eat soon."

Bear with it for a while? I think that, given our current speed, which is slightly faster than walking, finishing our walk around the entire city would take about...an entire day!

Who are you kidding? I'm definitely going to be so hungry that I'll fall headfirst off my horse halfway through!

Would a Sun Knight who falls off his horse while riding still be considered a knight? Although, my riding skills are quite bad... I mean "not that great."

But at the very least, I can't fall off my horse. Thinking back, my teacher had already warned me of this.

"Child, as a holy knight, even if your swordsmanship is poor... it doesn't matter! At least your self-recovery ability is very good, so you won't die even if you get chopped up by enemies a few times."

That year I was thirteen years old and had been learning swordsmanship from my teacher for three years. The other Twelve Holy Knight successors had all cleared the intermediate level evaluations already. Judgment had even cleared the advanced level evaluations a year before that, and it was only me who was still unable to clear the beginner level despite attempting it three times.

"Child, as a holy knight, if you cannot master your battle aura... it doesn't matter! At least you have mastered the clerics' specialty Light Shield, and if we were to look at the effects of each, a Light Shield and a battle aura aren't all that different."

I was sixteen years old back then, and had been learning from my teacher for six years. All the other Twelve Holy Knight successors had mastered battle auras, and it was only me who still had not mastered it. By the way, Judgment had mastered his battle aura when he was thirteen.

"However, child, as a holy knight, you must know how to ride a horse! If you can't ride a horse, how can you still be called a knight? You might as well create the Twelve Holy Foot Soldiers instead!"

At that time, Earth just happened to have jumped across the highest hurdle on his horse from behind me. His posture was so graceful that even I wanted to cheer.

Now that I look back, maybe my bond with Earth was dissolved at the age of sixteen.

Finally, my teacher got so furious that he got on a horse, rode up

beside me while carrying the Divine Sun Sword and said, "Get on the horse now. If you dare to fall off your horse again, I'm going to send you to meet the God of Light. You can recommend creating the Twelve Holy Foot Soldiers to Him!"

Fortunately, I was so afraid that my body was frozen and couldn't move. The horse had also been scared by my teacher's fury and didn't dare to move either. In that situation where neither horse nor rider dared move an inch, thankfully I wasn't sent by my teacher to meet the God of Light.

However, from that time onwards, I have never dared fall off my horse again... At least not unless I was 100% certain that my teacher couldn't see me. And now, at such a grand event, it's entirely possible my teacher could be watching the festivities from some corner. So, if I were to dare fall off my horse, next year on this date could very well be the anniversary of my death.

But if I have to starve for an entire day, perhaps I really would faint from hunger and fall off my horse. I anxiously begged Judgment for help, "Judgment, do you have any blueberry biscuits on you?"

"No."

Judgment glanced at me. It was most likely because I looked so terrible that he quickly added, "Don't worry, the crown prince is very busy, and he only arranged to parade around the main roads. It should only take us about half a day to finish the parade."

After hearing that I still had to wait for half a day, my heart sank...Oh

no! My face must always maintain a brilliant smile.

I had been greeting the crowd by waving my left hand in a slow and elegant manner, but once I heard that we had to continue travelling for half a day, I immediately adjusted the speed of my arm, slowing down the pace with each passing wave...



"Child, now I will teach you how to wave at a crowd."

"Teacher, do I really need to learn something like waving?"

"Child, using your normal speed of waving, if you wave continuously for one minute, how many times will you wave in total?"

One minute later...

"Teacher, I waved eighty-eight times."

"Then, the last time I went on a parade with the king, how much time did it take?"

"About three hours."

"Now, child, let's do some math! If you waved eighty-eight times in one minute, after waving for three hours, how many times will you wave in total?"

"Fifteen thousand eight hundred and forty times."

"Child, now let me ask you a health education question: if you wave continuously for fifteen thousand eight hundred and forty times, what will your hand look like?"

"...I don't know."

"That is why, child, you are now learning how to use one thousand waves to handle one parade. Or do you want to wave a full fifteen thousand eight hundred and forty times during all of your parades in the future?"

"Teacher! Please, you must teach me how to wave!"



The longer the parade lasts, the slower one's waving speed should be. The movements of one's hands should become wider, and at the same time one's upper arms should relax and hang naturally since one would only use one's elbow joint to move the forearm, minimizing the energy used and the number of waves. So far, it has been guaranteed that even if I waved for an entire marching session, that evening I could still play eighteen rounds of mahjong and hug hot babes as usual... No, no! I mean I could still practice swordsmanship and correct documents as usual!

This is the waving technique that my teacher taught me!

Even though my teacher had already passed on his entire waving technique to me, I was still facing difficulties this time. Judgment just said that we had to march for half a day, and his half a day lasts about five hours. If I limit my number of waves to one thousand, then I can

only wave two hundred times in an hour and 3.33 times each minute, which means that I have to take twenty seconds for each wave!

This...this kind of waving speed is just too slow—with such a slow speed, will people think that I'm having arm cramps?

While I was contemplating what to do, Storm's voice came from behind me. "Sun, could you come and chat with me for a while?"

"Brother Storm, would you like to talk about the God of Light's benevolence or the God of Light's devotion?"

Of course I would! I was actually trying to find someone, anyone, to talk to so that I could pass some time not waving, so that my subsequent waving speed could be increased slightly. However, I never thought that Storm would actually initiate a conversation with me.

But Storm initiating a conversation with me is a strange thing; he always says that talking to me for one minute is about as exhausting as winking one hundred times. We only need to talk for ten minutes for him to have an especially good night's sleep that night, because he would be way too tired.

"We don't need to look for a topic, its fine to just talk about anything; I just want to pretend to be talking." After Storm's hurried explanation, he saw my doubtful expression and added, "You know, there are hundreds of women on this street right now, and this march will pass by more than ten streets. If I have to wink at every single woman, then at the end of this march, even if I don't go blind, I will still suffer

a horrible fate. So, my teacher taught me the technique of handling this march with only one thousand winks!”

“...” Why does this sentence sound so familiar?

Just then, Storm turned to the women on both sides and gave them an elegant smile, causing them all to start squealing. Then, he immediately rode over beside me and began “chatting” with me.

“My teacher said that for some reason, women always like to see two beautiful men standing very close to each other. Even if the appointed Sun Knight isn’t an extremely beautiful man, at least he would still be an ordinarily beautiful man, so one can’t go wrong by finding and talking to the Sun Knight. I don’t even have to wink one thousand times; even if I don’t wink for the entire march, I just have to pat your shoulder once in a while or tidy up your messy hair for all the women to squeal until they faint.”

After hearing this, my entire body became rigid and I unconsciously kicked the horse’s stomach, causing it to immediately jump to the side beautifully. During that instant, I could feel myself and the horse entering a state of being one in spirit. I communicated sufficiently to my horse my disgust at being touched by a man, allowing it to perform such an appropriate action!

My horse! You must be a stallion, my good brother! When we get back, I will definitely let you eat the best grass.

“...Don’t worry, I don’t have any interest in touching men. I will just behave and wink one thousand times; you just have to speak a few

sentences to me to pass the excess time.”

I heaved a sigh of relief. Thank goodness I don’t have to be touched by Storm. If I had to be touched, I would rather wave twenty five thousand eight hundred and forty times. Anyway, at night I don’t have eighteen rounds of mahjong to play or hot babes to hug, so even if my hand becomes paralyzed it doesn’t matter.

I smiled gently and said, “Then, would brother want to talk about the God of Light’s benevolence or the God of Light’s devotion?”

“That...” Storm’s expression looked like he was having a hard time deciding.

Then, to prevent me from talking about the God of Light’s benevolence or the God of Light’s devotion, Storm enthusiastically began talking non-stop. It really was great; I didn’t have to wave or speak, and besides being hungry, I had nothing to complain about in my current situation.

So hungry, I want to eat something...

I looked up and down at Storm Knight. *If humans could be eaten, I wonder which part would be the tastiest. The chest, the thigh, the calf...*

Storm slowly stopped talking, and asked in an unusual tone, “Did I say something wrong? Sun, why are you giving me such a strange look?”

Hearing that, I shook my head, and then simply lowered my head. I

didn't look at Storm again, so as to prevent him from saying that I'm looking at him in a strange way again. However, by lowering my head, I saw two horse ears sticking upright. *Since stewed pig ears are very delicious, horse ears shouldn't be too bad either, right?*

"S-Sun..." Storm called again, a little hesitant. However, I was too busy salivating over the horse ears, and didn't even have any time to respond to him. But, he raised his voice to shout, "Sun! Hurry and look, there's an uproar!"

I raised my head upwards, and just happened to see a big red tomato being tossed up into the sky. With the blue skies and white clouds to set it off, it seemed even more plump and rosy... A very delicious tomato!

The tomato drew a perfect arc in the air...

Splat!

In the end, it landed on Judgment Knight's body. The crowd suddenly stood in a sea of dead silence.

Good, good! With the relations between me and Judgment, getting a tomato from him would be easy! I swallowed my saliva, and shouted, "Judgment..." *Give me the tomato to eat!*

Before I could finish, Judgment had already calmly plucked the tomato off his clothes. Then, he used his extraordinarily good horse riding skills to trample the tomato into a pulp.

Afterwards, he coldly looked at the person who threw the tomato, saying, "Next time, this will be your fate!"

Seeing the tomato that had been trampled into a pulp on the ground, the courage of that person who had thrown the tomato at Judgment immediately disappeared without a trace. He dejectedly slipped into the crowd, and soon even his shadow couldn't be seen.

Tomato... I looked at Judgment's clothes that were stained with traces of tomato, and then looked at the tomato on the floor that was trampled into a pulp. My tomato! Bastard! Why do you have to throw it at Judgment? Why not throw it at me? I'm so hungry that I already want to bite the horse's ears, so why don't you throw the tomato for me to eat?

That tomato is sure fragrant! Because it had been trampled into a pulp, its fragrance was even stronger. Ah, ah! I really want to eat tomatoes. I actually forgot to tell Adair that he still had to prepare fruits after the meal. First I'll eat a blueberry sandwich while drinking milk, and occasionally I'll grab a few pieces of honey biscuits to eat. Finally, I'll ruthlessly gnaw on a tomato. Just thinking about it makes me think that it must be the most blissful thing in the world.

"Sun Knight, please could you... Sun Knight? What do you think?"

What do I think? I smiled a little absentmindedly while I said, "So hungry...."

"Ah?"

"Sun Knight, how long do you need to think of a name? Please don't

waste my time, okay?”

Hearing Judgment’s low and cool voice, I was brought back to my senses abruptly, only to see that there were around a few thousand eyes staring at me from all four sides.

This is bad! I actually went into a trance because of starvation.

Because I was a little unclear about the situation, I could only observe the situation around me. Before me stood a man and a woman. Watching their movements, I concluded that they seemed to be husband and wife. Moreover, in the mother’s hands there was a new-born child. Thinking back to what Judgment mentioned about “thinking of a name”, I immediately knew what to do!

I immediately displayed an extremely radiant smile, saying, “Her name will be Hungri¹ then. I hope that this girl will become as sweet as honey and as graceful as Grisla.”

It can’t be wrong! They’re definitely trying to get me to name this child. This kind of thing has happened to me quite a few times, so often that as soon as I see an infant that is less than a week old, I have an urge to help name them.

“Oh!”

The crowd came to a sudden realization, and one by one, they started cheering, “What a good name, Hungri, Hungri!”

Phew! As expected, I wasn’t wrong. It’s a good thing that my reaction

was quick, and at least averted a humiliating crisis. I really admire myself, that I could even make such a comeback... However, come to think of it, that couple doesn't seem to be very satisfied with this name. Both of their facial expressions seem to be a little odd.

This is a little strange. Usually, asking me to give a name is nothing more than a gesture of good luck. Thus, as long as it's not a strange name, usually people would happily accept it. Moreover, although the name Hungri is a little less common, it's not to the point where it sounds bad, right?

At this moment, Storm leaned toward me while on horseback. With a face of awkwardness, he whispered into my ear, "Their child is not a girl, but a boy."

"..."

Notes On The Chapter

¹ **"Hungri"** The original name is 珍萼 (lit. zhēn è), which consists of two Chinese characters commonly used in girls' names. When Sun named the baby, he specifically mentioned 珍宝 (lit. jewel or precious items) 的珍, 花萼 (lit. sepals of a flower) 的萼, hence the name meant a wish for the baby to be as beautiful as a precious flower. However, "珍萼" is pronounced in exactly the same way as "真饿," which means "So hungry." Yu Wo decided on the English name "Hungri," so the meaning of the name was also

altered for consistency in the translated text.

Daily Duty #3: "Manage the City's Undead"

With one foot, I kicked the wooden door to Pink's house open, but instead of finding her, I saw another person...no, another corpse inside.

Roland had the distinctive blazing eyes of a death knight, but he was no ordinary death knight. A tattoo of black fire burned on his pale-colored corpse. A set of dragon wings with razor-sharp claws sprouted from his back and a thick aura of darkness permeated the air around him.

He is a creature specifically mentioned by the Textbook of Undead Creatures that must in no circumstances be created. He can summon

an entire legion of undead and is considered to be the strongest amongst undead creatures—a Death Lord. He... He was at this moment wearing a pink apron, squatting on the ground, and scrubbing the floor with a cleaning rag.

“Roland, what are you doing?” I asked expressionlessly.

Roland lifted his head in absolute calm and answered me with complete seriousness, “I’m cleaning the floor.”

After a moment of silence, my stomach suddenly growled. I abruptly exploded in a fit of rage, flipping over a table with one swift motion and bellowing, “Why the hell are you cleaning the floor?! You are the bloody Death Lord that commands legions of undead! You should be outside massacring everyone from East Street to West Street, and then back again from west to east. You ought to run around killing non-stop until blood flows like a river and corpses are scattered all over the fields. Don’t forget, you are a Death Lord!”

As if startled by my spiel, Roland looked at the overturned table, and then looked at me. He finally creased his brows and said, “Grisia, you are the Sun Knight.”

Holding a lollipop, Pink shook her head and sighed as she walked out. “What strange times we live in! The Death Lord obediently cleans the floor while the Sun Knight wants to kill until blood will flow like a river.”

Roland said with a straight face, “Don’t say such things, Pink. Grisia is actually a very good Sun Knight...”

As soon as I saw Pink, I charged in her direction. I snatched her lollipop away in a smooth motion and licked the strawberry candy as if my life depended on it. I said poignantly, "So sweet, so sweet. It's so delicious!"

"Waah!" Pink stared blankly for a second before bursting into a fit of tears, bashing me with her fists while jumping up and down in an attempt to snatch the lollipop back. Of course, for someone of her stature, even jumping was futile as she still wouldn't be able to reach the lollipop in my hands. In the end she sobbed, "Sun, you big bad bully, give it back to me! I want my lollipop back, waa!"

Roland paused for a bit before earnestly reprimanding me, "Grisia, as a Sun Knight, you shouldn't be snatching away little girls' lollipops. That's not proper conduct."

I retorted while licking the lollipop, "I don't see any little girls around, only the corpse of one. What kind of corpse still eats lollipops?! As the Sun Knight, I definitely will not permit a travesty such as the wasting of food to happen!"

Upon hearing this, Roland frowned, unable to refute me.

Realizing that crying was ineffective, Pink immediately stopped wailing. She puffed up her cheeks and accused, "You would permit a necromancer and a Death Lord to remain unharmed before your very eyes, yet you wouldn't allow the wasting of a single lollipop? Roland, did you just say that this fellow who would even steal lollipops from little girls is actually a good Sun Knight?"

Roland didn't seem to hear Pink's voice. It looked like he was still considering whether or not snatching away a lollipop from a corpse was right or wrong.

"Hmph!" Pink slowly hovered in the air, her body releasing a dense aura of darkness. Even her hair fluttered about chaotically. In a cold and ominous tone, she said, "Sun, I'm warning you, if you still won't return my lollipop, I will leave you not only unable to plead for your life but incapable of begging for death as well!"

Despite seeing the city's strongest (and only) necromancer losing her cool, I remained as calm as ever. I took another lick of the lollipop before replying lazily, "Ice said that he'll be making strawberry flavored shaved ice next time. Should I bring some for you to eat?"

"Yeeees!" Pink immediately settled back down to the ground and wrapped herself around my waist, her huge, shining eyes even showing a pleading expression. The only thing missing from the picture was a wagging tail.

I snorted twice and asked very haughtily, "And what about the lollipop?"

Pink answered with incomparable sincerity, "It's a present for you, of course! We've known each other for so long; the extent of our friendship is greater than the extent that a mound of hastily buried corpses has rotted. In comparison, what is the value of a lollipop? Even if you ask for a freshly deceased corpse, I would let you have it!"

Who would want a corpse from you...? I am still eating the lollipop!

Don't talk about such nauseating things, alright? The discussion elicited my memories of "repaying my debts", when I had to excavate dozens of tombs in the graveyard and encountering corpses in various degrees of decay in the process... *Ugh!*

"You guys..." Roland suddenly spoke out.

I explained to him good-naturedly, "Don't worry, Roland. Even during the worst quarrel I had with Pink, all she did was blast me out of the room with her magic, blowing me several dozen meters away and knocking down a whole row of houses in the process. That's hardly close to leaving me unable to plead for my life nor incapable of begging for death as well!"

Pink immediately grumbled back, "How dare you mention that incident – after you were sent flying, didn't you immediately run back and use Holy Light to blow my cottage into smithereens, destroying the cleaning corpse along with it? It took me quite a lot of effort just to restore my cottage back to its former state."

Roland creased his brows and asked, "Then are both of you not going to duel now?"

"Why do we have to duel?" Pink's and my eyes widened as we turned to look at Roland.

Roland actually replied with a face brimming with seriousness, "You two are fighting over a lollipop. Since it's impossible to determine who the rightful owner is, the two of you should have a duel over the ownership of the lollipop."

What a joke! The Sun Knight and the necromancer having a duel over a strawberry lollipop? What would happen if news of this were to leak out?

Pink and I promptly shook our heads, yelling out, "We were just kidding around!"

Upon hearing that, Roland shook his head, showing an expression indicating that he saw us as nothing more than two troublemaking kids. He stopped paying attention to the two of us and instead reached out to set the table that I had overturned upright. Then he picked up the cleaning rag and went back to scrubbing the floor.

I really had no idea what he was thinking. For a bona fide Death Lord to actually be cleaning the floor! Moreover, he was doing it with such a serious expression on his face, as if cleaning floors was a task comparable to slaying a dragon. Furthermore, he expected Pink and I to have a duel over a lollipop... How could Roland have become even more serious than he was as a child?

Having considered this, I thought that the next time I entered this cottage, I should probably expect to see the great Death Lord putting on a serious expression while scrubbing the floors, cleaning the tables, doing the laundry, and maybe even patching up clothes with a sewing needle!

Dear God of Light! Instead of seeing such an unbelievably mismatched scenario, I would rather see him use the sewing needle to sew someone's lips together or something gruesome like that.

As I thought about this, I immediately protested to Pink, "What were you thinking, ordering Roland to clean the floors? He is the Death Lord, not some random cleaning corpse that you've summoned."

"I did no such thing! I only mentioned in passing how dirty the floors were, and he decided to clean them on his own!" Pink responded self-righteously.

Under my suspicious gaze, she then added a bit guiltily, "Okay, maybe I did repeat myself several times."

I kept staring at her with increasing suspicion.

"Okay, maybe it was one or two hundred times... fine! I must have said it at least five-hundred times, alright? Just stop staring at me already!"

I knew it! Although Roland was definitely not a lazy guy, he was the type of person who will do nothing besides practicing his swordsmanship. So, getting him to lay down his sword and do something else would probably only be slightly less difficult than making me let go of the lollipop in my hand right now.

With a look of dissatisfaction, Pink jumped onto her strawberry-patterned chair and then took out another lollipop from underneath it, licking it twice. Satiated, her thoughts returned to business. She asked complacently, "Sun, when I helped you create the illusion of Roland ascending to the sky last time, I did a fantastic job, didn't I?! Nobody should have found out that Roland wasn't actually sent to the heavens,

right?"

"No... Though Judgment might be aware of it." I added the last bit with a hint of hesitation.

Pink immediately absolved herself of all responsibility, "That's not my fault. It's only because he understands you far too well."

"Judgment Knight?" Roland stopped wiping the floor and said with a solemn face, "His swordsmanship is really spectacular. If I have the chance, I'd really like to compete against him one more time."

"Don't go around provoking Judgment!" Pink and I immediately said in unison.

Pink warned Roland somberly, saying, "Judgment is completely different from Sun. He is a true Judgment Knight-Captain. If he were to see you running around the city as you pleased, he definitely wouldn't let you get away with it."

Hey! Then do you mean to say that I am a fraud? I rolled my eyes.

Roland looked down and stared at his pale-colored hand for a while. He said with a light sigh, "Understood. I won't go outside."

Roland... I sighed. Under my protection, though Roland would not be seized by the Church to be barbequed, he was constantly cooped up inside this little cottage. Even worse, he was stuck living with a necromancer who, in order to force him to clean the floors, would even go as far as to nag about it five-hundred times. For Roland, perhaps

even getting himself barbequed into a crisp would be a better fate than this.

"Pink, let Roland wear that Ring of Life from last time. Then I'll use Holy Light to cover up his aura of darkness. This way he shouldn't be discovered when I take him out for a walk."

Upon hearing that, even Roland couldn't help but reveal a hopeful expression. *Looks like he really has been cooped up inside for far too long.*

Pink's eyes lit up even more. She exclaimed loudly, "Great! But I'm coming along to play!"

What are you thinking, getting yourself mixed up in this? I rolled my eyes, but Pink pouted with a look that said, "If you don't let me tag along, then don't think about leaving at all."

Alas! Why do I feel like I just started my own tour group? Plus, it's a "tour group for undead creatures" at that... May the God of Light bless me. Please don't let me run into Judgment Knight or else I might be the first Sun Knight ever to be subjected to Judgment's various interrogation techniques.

"Sun, you really are quite stupid, aren't you?!" Pink probably saw that I was quite reluctant, so she rudely reminded me, "Can't you just disguise yourself as 'Supreme Dragon'? As long as you show us around under the guise of Supreme Dragon, even if we were to be discovered, it wouldn't have anything to do with the "Sun Knight"!"

Oh, right! The idea suddenly dawned on me and I shouted in alarm, "So the Dragon's Saint Brigandine could also be used for something like this!"

"You don't say! Why else do you think I would give you the Dragon's Saint Brigandine?!"

"Didn't you initially give it to me so that I could catch Baron Gerland's third son?" Suddenly, I felt that things were going to take a turn for the worse.

"Of course not! Catching a single person wouldn't require anything as fancy as a treasure that recognizes its master."

"Then the real reason you gave this to me back then was..."

"Of course I gave it to you so that we can do wicked things together!" Pink said matter-of-factly.

"..."



In order to disguise himself as an ordinary person, Roland donned a battle suit and light armor that Pink gave him in addition to wearing the Ring of Life. The battle suit had a simple design, allowing great freedom of movement, and even had a pair of wings sewn onto the chest area. A magic circle was drawn onto the lower hem of the suit, and I could faintly feel the magic circle gently gathering the wind element, probably for the purpose of making its wearer more agile. That light armor was even more extraordinary. Its design was simple

and effective, and the pure white plating was sleeker than a mirror and brighter than silver. It even had a complicated magic circle engraved onto its surface.

I frowned, and asked with suspicion, "I feel like I have seen this wing symbol on the battle suit somewhere before."

Pink nodded heartily, "Wow, wow! Sun, your eyes are really sharp! During the Second War of Demon Extermination, the members of the Tornado Knight Squadron on the humans' side wore this very battle suit."

I clapped my hands together, shouting out, "No wonder! I've seen this suit painted on the Church's mural before and...and, this armor set looks pretty familiar too!"

"Of course. This is actually the armor worn by the captain of that very same Tornado Knight Squadron."

"It must have been a very decent set of armor!"

Pink proudly boasted, "As if I need you to tell me that! How could I, Pink, own any ordinary item... Ahhhh!"

In one smooth movement I pinched Pink's cheeks, pulling forcefully while saying through gritted teeth, "How long have you been dead, corpse? Has your body become rotten, but that brain of yours has decayed away into nothing too? What are you thinking, giving Roland this kind of top-tier gear to wear? We're just going to go out for a walk, not to exterminate demons you know!"

"Boohooohoo! But this is the only kind of equipment I have!" Pink wept, holding her cheeks in her hands.

"I'll just wear my own clothes then." Roland started taking off the armor without a second thought.

I sighed, "That won't do. Your own clothes are all tattered and raggedy. If you were to wear them outside, you will surely attract lots of attention."

Roland explained seriously, "That won't happen. I already patched them up with a sewing needle."

"..."

I turned to Pink, saying, "Pink, the next time I visit your home, I'll be sure to knock. In the event that Roland is patching up clothes or doing something even more outrageous, then be sure not to open the door."



After putting on his own clothes, Roland looked a lot more normal. Although the clothes were a tad bit shabby, there were plenty of ragtag and slovenly soldiers on the streets so it was not really that unusual. Comparably, my Dragon's Saint Brigandine was more conspicuous.

As for Pink, she used some unknown method to turn her bright pink skin color back into a normal person's skin tone, and then donned a pitch black magician's gown. She actually looked like an ordinary little

girl dressed like this.

Damn it! I'm clearly the most normal one out of the three of us, yet my current appearance is the most abnormal.

"How can a Sun Knight such as you still be considered normal?" Pink mumbled.

I gave Pink an incredibly supercilious look and then went back to discuss the issue at hand. "Although we're just strolling, there's no way to know what will happen, so let's make up an alibi first. We will pretend to be three siblings who left our family to go on adventures."

Roland would be the eldest brother who is a warrior. Although we could say that he is a knight, there is the chance that someone might ask, if he's a knight, then where is his horse? And he clearly cannot summon his undead horse to show others, right? So pretending to be a warrior would just be easier.

I would be the younger brother. Just from the look of my skintight leotard and facemask, it goes without saying that people would know that I am an assassin.

Pink is naturally the youngest little sister, her occupation being a mage in training.

Of course, this couldn't be any further from the truth. Just from seeing the gears from the Second War of Demon Extermination, one could tell that Pink is so ancient that nobody knows which era she was a product of. Although Roland and I are the same age, I am older than him by

more than a month. Furthermore, he hasn't aged a bit ever since he died.

For this very reason, I had already protested, "I am older than Roland, so why do I have to be the younger brother?"

"Because you're shorter than him."

"Only by a few centimeters. Besides, older brothers aren't necessarily taller than their younger siblings. This is pure discrimination!"

"Because you're not as strong as him."

"Says who? I have the Dragon's Saint Brigandine, super strong self recovery ability, and the ability to use magical and necromancer spells. Taking everything into account, I'd have to be at least as strong as him! Err... I should be, right?!"

"Because you don't look as reliable as him."

"What part of me looks unreliable? My smile once won the annual award for the Most Reassuring Facial Expression... What? What does a person who has black hair with silver streaks, wears a mask, and dons a black, skintight leotard look like? Why bother asking that, that's obvious! Of course, that person would look like a shady character!"

In the end my protest failed and I could only obediently accept my role as the younger brother.

After coming up with an alibi, the three of us casually strolled outside

on the streets. As soon as we left the cottage, Roland's expression immediately tensed up. When we were about to enter into a slightly busier street he hesitated for a moment before he appeared to gather up his courage and set foot amidst the crowd. Every step along the way he would nervously glance left and right, looking very worried.

"Somebody noticed me. I can feel their eyes staring at me." Roland furrowed his brows tightly and said anxiously, "Perhaps we've already been discovered. Let's just hurry back to the cottage."

Did someone really notice Roland? I frowned, searching around on all four sides, and immediately sensed the presence of the onlookers. They included a young housewife peeking from behind a window, a group of young ladies chattering at a street corner, and a female dancer who openly walked past us and even coquettishly batted her eyelashes at us several times.

"Don't worry. It's only a bunch of women ogling at a hot guy." After I explained it to Roland, I added sourly, "Though if I weren't wearing my mask, I'd be able to attract even more of them!"

"Don't feel sad, Sun— ...Supreme Dragon! There are quite a lot of people who have noticed you as well." Pink patted me on the shoulder. "See? On the left there's quite a few holy knights pointing towards you and on the right there's some knights with their eyes fixated on you, and, and around the corner there's a handful of priests who keep glancing at you."

I was originally hopefully gazing to the north of Pink's position, but only did I not see any young ladies chattering, instead there was a

group of men sizing me up with wary glances... I resentfully roared at Pink in a low voice, "That's because my getup looks too suspicious!" Pink said with sudden realization, "So that's how it is. And here I was, wondering why the ones who noticed you are all men. And I was under the impression that Roland is alluring to women while you attract guys exclusively."

How revolting! Who attracts guys exclusively?

I replied in a threatening tone, "Would you believe me if I told you that I know where you hide all your strawberry lollipops?"

Trying not to sound vulnerable, Pink retorted, "Would you believe me if I told you that I can permanently dye your hair black with silver streaks?"

I immediately covered up my hair with my hands while countering, "Go ahead and try it. Careful now, or else you might never taste the strawberry *dessert* that Ice makes."

"How shameless! You despicable little man!" Pink stamped her feet, angrily pulling out a tiny magical wand and pointing it at me.

How abominable! One can lose a battle but not his dignity. If he backs down like a coward, he will never be able to look anyone in the eyes again! At once, I gave up 200 cc of blood in exchange for a dagger, which I also pointed back at Pink... Not that I wanted to say this, but this situation with Pink's tiny wand and my tiny dagger was not in the least bit imposing. I even heard some stifled laughter in the background.

Moreover, the public order in Leaf Bud City is really strict. Forget fighting in the streets—the knights will stop anyone as soon as they unsheathed a weapon. But right now the holy knights and knights around us looked like they had absolutely no intention of restraining us... *They're underestimating us way too much! Just because it's a little bit short, is it no longer considered a weapon?*

At this moment, Roland, who was standing to the side, suddenly started to back away a few steps. Pink and I simultaneously turned around to look at him, asking in unison, "Roland, why are you backing away?"

Roland replied matter-of-factly, "This way, I won't be obstructing your duel."

"What? Who is entering a duel?" I asked, puzzled.

"You and Pink," Roland replied in a serious manner. "You two were already going into your dueling stances. This is great; just let the swords in your hands determine who's right and who's wrong, and not by arguing and debating. This is the true way of the knight."

I stared at the dagger in my hands, and then at the wand that Pink held. *Between the two of us, where did he come up with the "swords in your hands"?*

Pink stared at her own mage's gown, and then stared at my assassin's garb, and said with embarrassment, "Aren't Supreme Dragon and I a far cry from walking the way of the knight?"

At this time, the quiet snickers from the passerby turned into loud roars of laughter. The holy knights who were originally pointing their fingers towards me were now guffawing while holding their stomachs. Seeing the current situation, I suddenly felt incredibly lucky. *It's a good thing they don't realize that I am the Sun Knight.*

Several knights came walking over laughing. "Sorry to disturb your duel in the way of the knight," they said, still laughing, "but making a ruckus and fighting on the streets is not permitted."

"This is not a fight, but a duel." Roland replied earnestly. The knights let out another burst of chuckles, which transformed into a full-blown round of unrestrained laughter, prompting the nearby bystanders to laugh even harder.

"Never have I felt more humiliated in the twenty-three years of my life." I said in a low voice, almost holding back tears.

Pink also held her head down, saying, "Yeah, never have I felt more humiliated in the two-thousand three— Ahem! In the 'many' years of my life."

At this time, a low snarl interrupted everyone's roars of laughter. "What's the commotion over here?"

I turned my head to see an entire squadron of holy knights. Furthermore, blazoned on the chests of their holy knight outfits were the emblems of the Sun Knight... It's my own Sun Knight Platoon! What's more, all twenty-five members were present, including my

vice-captain Adair.

Seeing them all fully equipped and lined up in such an orderly fashion, it doesn't seem like they're here to roam the streets or to gang up on someone..... *Could it be that this month is the Sun Knight Platoon's turn to patrol the streets?*

This is very bad! My Sun Knight Platoon specializes in eliminating the undead. They are already experts at sensing auras of darkness. Moreover, they had already met Roland at the royal palace. Although Roland looks like a living human being right now, completely different from his appearance as the Death Knight, but there's no guarantee that they would not recognize him.

I couldn't help but check up on the Holy Light around Roland, confirming that it was still enveloping him tightly and that not an ounce of the aura of darkness had leaked out.

At this time, the holy knight who was previously standing in a corner holding his stomach in laughter quickly scampered over here, respectfully and courteously reporting the situation to the Sun Knight Platoon. Hearing the report, the members of the Sun Knight Platoon relaxed their expressions. I also breathed a sigh of relief as we seemed to have successfully pulled the wool over their eyes. But then my vice-captain Adair walked out from the center of the squadron, all the way up to directly face Roland.

He sized Roland up before asking in a seemingly casual manner, "Are you a holy knight?"

"No, I am a knight," Roland answered very bluntly.

Hey, hey! Roland, didn't we just come up with our alibis? You're supposed to be a warrior!

"Is that so?" Adair snickered coldly, and then spoke sharply, "Then why is your body swirling with Holy Light?" As soon as Adair's words left his mouth the remaining twenty-four members of the Sun Knight Platoon immediately formed a circle, firmly enclosing the three of us.

How annoying! If I knew this would happen, I would never have asked Adair to lead the squadron around, ganging up on people. Looking at their astonishing efficiency at surrounding us, even I myself couldn't react at all before getting completely hemmed in by the squadron.

Is today the day that I reap the evils that I have sowed, for me to get ganged up on by my very own Sun Knight Platoon?

Adair slowly unsheathed his weapon, explaining to the others, "If you are not emitting the Holy Light yourself, then that could only mean one thing. The Holy Light swirling around your body is for the purpose of covering up something else, for example, an aura of darkness."

Only now do I realize that having a vice-captain that is too clever wasn't necessarily a good thing. It's unlikely that this would end well.

"So what if it's for covering up an aura of darkness?" Pink suddenly blurted out. "Is covering up an aura of darkness against the law?"

Adair, being the nice guy he was, actually answered back. "Covering

up an aura of darkness isn't illegal," he said, "but those who possess an aura of darkness are, more often than not, malicious individuals, such as undead creatures."

"Then what about believers of the Shadow God?" Pink raised her chin, retorting provokingly. "Do you mean to say that the Dark Knights of the Shadow God are malicious individuals too?"

Dark Knights?

Hah! What a clever move! I had actually forgotten that the only types of knights that carry an aura of darkness on their bodies are the Dark Knights who serve the Shadow God.

Upon hearing this, even Adair froze. You can't blame him either, since the Cathedral of the Shadow God was quite far from here. Although I knew of the existence of Dark Knights, I had never actually seen one before.

Adair frowned before asking doubtfully, "You're a Dark Knight? Then why are you covering up the aura of darkness on your body?"

Roland furrowed his brows, unable to reply. I reckon that he, who only knows how to practice swordsmanship, doesn't even have a clue what a Dark Knight is.

At this time, Pink replied mockingly, "Because there are lots of idiots who are under the impression that an aura of darkness could only belong to undead creatures."

As soon as the words left her mouth, all the holy knights around us had angry expressions on their faces. Only Adair, despite being the one whom the insult was directed towards, didn't mind it at all. He creased his brows while deep in thought and then requested of Roland, "Please remove the Holy Light around your body."

Having heard that, I thought for a second. *Since we cannot refuse to remove it, we can only take a gamble and hope that Pink's Ring of Life will be enough as cover-up and let us get away with it.*

After I removed the Holy Light without a second thought, it seemed to the bystanders that Roland hadn't changed at all. But in the eyes of the Sun Knight Platoon, he was emitting a light aura of darkness, and their faces became grim.

Adair frowned and looked like he was deep in thought for quite a while, before suddenly giving us a very penetrating stare. I panicked in my mind, following his line of sight to see that... Hanging on Roland's waist was the very sword that Roland had used to slice me with!

Adair then slowly lifted his head, staring straight into Roland's face. If after this he still could not recognize that the person in front of him was the Death Lord from before, then I probably should have misgivings about my ability to pick my vice-captain.

But I am convinced that I have very good taste in people, so I was already pondering over how to make our escape. *Perhaps holding my own vice-captain hostage would be a pretty good option? However, Adair's swordsmanship won't be defeated so easily. If the kidnapping attempt fails and we get routed by him instead, would I still have any*

dignity to stay as the captain?

"You guys can leave."

Okay! I'll just have Roland seize Adair...eh? I was dumbfounded. What did Adair just say?

At this moment, the other members of the Sun Knight Platoon asked worriedly, "Adair, is that alright? Should we go have the captain come and confirm it?"

Adair shook his head, saying, "There's no need. Let's go. The sooner we wrap up our patrols, the sooner we can complete the task assigned by our captain." *What task?* I blinked. *Did I really make such a request?*

Adair was no doubt showing his weight as the vice-captain who always managed my Sun Knight Platoon. After he said there was no need, not a single objection came from the members of the Sun Knight Platoon. They promptly went from their encircling formation back to the patrolling formation and then departed orderly, following Adair.

If I didn't see it with my own eyes, I would not believe that my Sun Knight Platoon was capable of forming such a neat and orderly formation. Adair must really be quite incredible. *Looks like I really do have good taste in people! But exactly what business did they leave to take care of? I don't remember assigning any task to Adair. Furthermore, he definitely must have recognized Roland. As the vice-captain of the Sun Knight Platoon which specializes in dealing with undead creatures, how could he just let a Death Lord run about inside*

the city as it wished? Could it be that I really don't understand my own vice-captain at all?

"Sun, should we follow them?" Pink asked in a low voice, looking highly interested. I thought for a moment. To bring along Roland while secretly tailing the Sun Knight Platoon seems to be an impossible task. It doesn't matter if it's a faint aura of darkness, or if it's covered up by Holy Light; either way it's not possible to conceal our presence from them.

"No. We're here today to accompany Roland on a walk outside, so let's see where he would like to go instead."

Hearing that, Pink let out a disappointed groan, but not too long afterwards she was holding Roland's hand, looking around all over the place. It seemed to me that Roland was being led on by Pink all over the place, and he almost never actively asked to go to a specific place. So I asked, "Roland, is there anywhere you would like to go?"

"Dessert shop! Stuffed toy store! Execution ground!"

I completely ignored the noisy little girl and said very seriously to Roland, "Wherever you'd like to go, I'll take you there... Except for the Church of the God of Light."

Even if it's the royal palace, I have my ways of giving Roland an entire day tour around the place. The only place I cannot take him to is the Church of the God of Light. After all, it was the headquarters of forces that crack down on undead creatures. Even if a Death Lord were to charge inside, he would only be met with a death by drowning in Holy

Light.

Hearing that, Roland actually revealed a look of slight disappointment. *Is it possible that he really was hoping to tour in the Church of the God of Light? Oh my God of Light! Disregarding the fact that Leaf Bud City has a necromancer who isn't aware that she is a necromancer, there's now even a Death Lord who doesn't seem to realize he is a Death Lord! Don't tell me that all the undead creatures nowadays have forgotten the fact that they have already departed from this world, and thus should stay far away from anything containing the words "Holy" and "Light"?*

Roland pondered for a bit, and then shook his head. I sighed and said, "Then I'll take you to get some new clothes made. We should also buy you another sword, since you can't even unsheathe the one you have right now." As soon as it was unsheathed, the aura of darkness would certainly shoot towards the heavens and then we would have to play a game of cat-and-mouse with a bunch of holy knights.

Roland nodded, but Pink started jumping up and down between us, protesting loudly, "Dessert shop!"

"You still want to go to the dessert shop?" I ridiculed her, "In your house there are more lollipops than there are corpses in the execution ground. Are you even sure that you are a necromancer?"

Pink rolled her eyes and said sullenly, "It's laughable how your magical ability is greater than your swordsmanship by at least ten-fold, your Holy Light is stronger than your battle aura by several hundred-fold, and your necromancer skills are better than your horsemanship by at

least ten thousand-fold. In the end, you're the one who doesn't realize that he is a holy knight!"

I was at a loss for words. In my thirteen years as a holy knight, I had doubted at least thirteen times whether or not I was really suited to be a holy knight. (Every year, after testing my swordsmanship and seeing my scores, I couldn't help but have a moment of doubt.)

In the early days my teacher would console me by saying, "Your worst future job prospect would be as a knight. Your second worst job prospect would be as a holy knight. So stop feeling bad for yourself. At least you didn't choose the former option."

After he finished consoling me, my teacher would then, with some rare satisfaction, console himself, saying, "It is a good thing I am your teacher as a holy knight, and not your teacher as a knight. If I had to raise you into a knight, it will be more practical to just kill you with one slash, letting you reincarnate and choose a different career path."

"One more thing: as the Sun Knight, the highest ranked holy knight, you actually got scolded by an undead creature until you were left speechless. Hmph! I wonder if you are even aware that you are the Sun Knight!" Pink berated me with an extremely sarcastic tone.

"If you don't shut your mouth right now, then I won't take you to the dessert store," I threatened in an ominous tone. Pink sealed her lips, beaming with joy.

"It's time to go, time to go. With so many places to go, we had better hurry up." After rushing them, I walked to the front to lead the way for

those two. But at that moment, a notion flashed in my mind.

Perhaps strolling around the streets with a necromancer and a Death Lord in tow is the most incongruous action I have ever taken as a Sun Knight?

Daily Duty #4: "Take Care of the Members of the Sun Knight Platoon"

Roland had no interest at all regarding clothing designs and material. If it wasn't for the seamstress aunty who saw how handsome he was and had obstinately roped him into measurements while she discussed the design to herself, I think he would have just left with the words "Three sets of warrior clothes. Here is the deposit." and then vanished without a trace.

However, what I didn't expect was that even the weapon shop didn't trigger Roland's interest at all. He only picked up a metal sword disinterestedly. But thinking about it, apart from emitting an aura of darkness, Roland's magical sword was also at a level of sharpness that was rarely seen. With that, how could he ever show interest in a sword that could be bought in a normal weapon shop?

In the end, the dessert shop took up the majority of our time. Just the lollipops bought by Pink took up two big bags and out of that the strawberry lollipops filled up half of one of them. In the end, waiting for the strawberry shortcake that was nearly baked and hot from the oven did not leave us with enough time to go to the doll shop.

Before we returned to the little cottage, Pink began to whine like a spoiled child. "Doll shop, let's go to the doll shop! Just a little while will do."

Unhappily, I said, "Let's go there next time! My transformation's time limit is almost up and if this continues on, I'm going to be sucked dry by the Dragon's Saint Brigandine."

"Who says you will? You survived last time after bleeding so much. You're more difficult to kill than an undead creature..."

After giving Pink a roll of my eyes, I didn't pay her any more attention. I switched to talking to Roland. "Today's time wasn't enough, next time I'll take you to more interesting places."

Roland nodded. "Being able to go out is already pretty good."

I don't know whether we are accompanying Roland out or Pink out today... Looks like next time I will have to think properly about where to bring Roland to, lest he feels bored.

After bidding farewell to the two of them, I maintained my Sun Knight smile as I walked. As expected, I was the center of attention no matter where I went, even if this was a street that was considered extremely deserted in the city. However, the looks that everyone was giving me seemed to be a bit strange. Could it be that my clothes were unkempt somehow? I looked down hurriedly and saw a black leotard and silver armor... I had forgotten to terminate the transformation!

No wonder everyone was staring at me. With this kind of get-up, no matter where you go you'll be seen as a suspicious character. What was the person thinking when he first designed this outfit? If an assassin dressed like this, could he even conduct an assassination? This outfit is even more eye-catching than my glistening Sun Knight armor!

My lord, your servant is an outfit meant for night movement. Although

it is very conspicuous in the daytime, it has an excellent cloaking effect in the night.

I was stunned for a moment, but I soon after remembered that it was the Dragon's Saint Brigandine talking. I comforted myself by murmuring, "It isn't that my memory is bad; nobody would get used to their own clothes speaking, right? Dragon's Saint Brigandine, if there isn't anything extremely important, please don't speak. You caused me to be startled."

Yes, my lord. Your servant shall not dare to do so from now on.

Why does it feel like I'm bullying Dragon's Saint Brigandine...? Leaving that matter aside for a minute, first I needed to find a place to terminate the transformation. If I didn't, I was going to suffer a massive loss of blood.

I glanced all around, looking for a place to transform back. Instead, I saw in the far distance the Sun Knight Platoon walking in my direction. I hurriedly ducked into a dimly lit alley. I waited until they had grandly walked past and entered a tavern, then walked out from the dimly lit area and tilted my head to look towards the building.

"A good Captain shouldn't investigate his subordinates' private matters... But then again, when have I been a good Captain?"

After rationalizing in my head that I was definitely not a good Captain, I found a place where there was no one around, quickly scaled the wall to the tavern's roof, and then started searching for my platoon members. Without spending a lot of energy I found them in the tavern's private room. Thankfully, the tavern was constructed of wood,

and the noise created by the customers outside was muffled. This allowed me to use my dagger to cut a small, rectangular hole in the roof without much effort and use it to spy on my platoon members.

I put my eye to the opening and, as expected, I saw my twenty-five platoon members sitting at a long table. My vice-captain, Adair, was even sitting at the spot of the host and on the table there was quite a bit of a spread.

Damn it, it smells really good!

"What should we do Adair? We can't find the chance to carry out our plan and attack!"

Attack? Who are they going to attack? I furrowed my brows.

"Should we report this to the Captain? The Captain may not know about this matter..."

Adair shook his head, replying, "No way. Since the Captain has already handed it over to us, then no matter what happens, we still have to do it ourselves. Don't tell me you guys have already forgotten what was the first teaching that the Captain gave us?"

One by one the members looked at each other with a bitter smile and then replied in union, "If I tell you to jump down a cliff, you have to jump down. Otherwise, I'll push you down and then push a giant rock down to accompany you!"

After they finished, the platoon members laughed themselves into

hysterics. One of them nudged the comrade beside him, laughing as he said, "Ed, how's the feeling of being pushed down a cliff and then having a giant rock following you down?"

The platoon member called Ed gave a bitter smile. With a sigh he said, "To think that at first, no matter who it is, Captain will give them such a radiant smile. He looks as though his temper is so good that even if you step on his head twice, he won't be angry. But the truth is that if you're not humble enough to let him step on your head twice, then you're dead meat!"

"Well said!" the other platoon members cheered loudly.

What a bunch of nonsense; I don't have any interest in stepping on other people's heads! The person who spoke is called Ed, right? You better watch out, I'll remember you!

At that moment, Adair hastily said, "Don't say it like that. The Captain is still quite nice; it's just that he is stricter with us, the Sun Knight Platoon..."

All of the platoon members simultaneously turned their heads to look at him.

Adair revealed an expression of helplessness, and he added on, "And also stricter with those who have provoked him..."

Everyone raised their eyebrows in unison, as though asking Adair how he could lie through his teeth without even changing his expression. Adair couldn't help but admit, "Fine, he is also stricter to others who

may potentially provoke him in the future... But no matter what you say, you can't refute the point that the Captain is loyal!"

"That is indeed true." The members all nodded their heads.

Hehe, luckily you guys nodded your heads, if not... Hmph! Actually daring to talk bad about me behind my back? All of you better watch out, I shall remember this!

One platoon member sneezed, and then looked left and right suspiciously. "Why is it suddenly a bit cold?"

"I think so too. Let's shut the windows."

Ed slammed his fist down onto the table and he said disdainfully, "That fellow Jacques didn't even dare to accept Adair's challenge to duel with him one on one. To think that he's a high-ranking knight!"

Jacques? I frowned. Who is that? Could it be that he is Adair's enemy, so he wanted to let the Sun Knight Platoon help him seek revenge under the guise of my name?

"However, Adair, are you certain that the Captain knows that Jacques found members from the Monastery of the God of War to be his guards?"

The Monastery of the God of War? I was momentarily stunned. It can't be. My Sun Knight Platoon members actually provoked the Monastery of the God of War whose capital is in the neighboring country? This is a little too exaggerated.

Adair answered a little helplessly, "I'm not sure if the Captain is aware of that. But, in the event that he had actually already known this and still set the order, and we fail to carry out his orders, and even go and bother him with this matter..."

Wait, wait, what does that have to do with me? I don't know any fellow named Jacques and definitely haven't set any orders that would strain the relationship between us and the Monastery of the God of War.

Ed suddenly wrapped his arms around his head and shouted, "Ah! Then I'd rather fight to the death with those guys from the Monastery of the God of War, so as to prevent being pushed down a cliff by the Captain and then have a giant rock accompany me."

Hearing this, everyone started to laugh. They even began to riot and spout stuff like 'duking it out with them', 'sending them home in body bags', and 'busting their balls', and— Wait, wait! If I repeat any more even the God of Light will send thunder down on me and strike me dead, so as to prevent me from saying any words that might taint little children's innocent souls.

One of the platoon members was a little worried. "But, if the Captain doesn't know that this matter is related to the Monastery of the God of War, then doing things rashly isn't really good, right?" he said. "Although we have stood up to quite a lot of enemies, that was all done under the Captain's direction. If the Captain doesn't have any intention of provoking the Monastery of the God of War, then..."

"Then we'll all be killed off by the Captain," Ed replied, sounding as he wanted to cry.

Hearing that, all of them became crest-fallen one by one and in the end they all looked towards their leader... Of course that wasn't me, who was hiding on the roof top, but Adair. Adair only let his breath out in a sigh, and said helplessly, "I better go ask the Captain. Everyone, don't do anything yet."

"Thanks for your troubles, Adair!"

"Only you can correctly understand what the heck the Captain is talking about without any misconceptions."

"If the Captain wants to push you down a cliff because of this, we will secretly catch you at the bottom," Ed comforted him.

Adair said sternly, "No, no! If the Captain were to find out about you doing that, I will die an even worse death. Please, just let me fall down. If the Captain wants to push a giant rock down, remember to help him push it quickly, and choose the biggest and heaviest rock."

The other platoon members said in realization, "Oh! Adair, you sure are crafty! If we push a giant rock down, the Captain will definitely be scared that you'll directly go and meet the God of Light, so he will quickly heal your wounds. The captain can heal any kind of injury instantly."

Adair started smiling, a bit embarrassed.

Oh! So I haven't yet told my platoon members that I have learnt the technique of reviving the dead. Even if they had really gone to meet the God of Light, as long as their heads are still here, I will still be able to let them return to the world of the living.

Adair, you better be able to give me a good explanation, hmph!



Returning back to the Holy Temple, I was filled with a whole stomach's worth of doubts. However, I didn't know when Adair would report to me and I couldn't possibly go over and ask him. If I did that, wouldn't the fact that I had been eavesdropping be found out?

Luckily, I saw Storm Knight who was holding a whole stack of documents.

"Brother Storm," I called to him.

Storm stopped in his tracks, and asked as if he was extremely used to it. "Is there anything that you want to ask, Knight-Captain Sun?"

"Have you ever heard of Jacques?"

"Jacques?" Storm asked back. "Do you mean the third son of Baron Gerland?"

The third son of Baron Gerland, so he was Jacques! I had once told Adair to beat that fellow until he was unable to open his mouth to repent.

Adair, oh Adair, I have wronged you. You are indeed, my most loyal vice-captain!

"Sun?" Storm looked at me doubtfully.

I turned my head, and said with extreme sincerity, "Brother Storm, Sun is extremely grateful that you would help me dispel my doubts. Your explanation has given Sun a moment of realization, as if the rainclouds in my mind have been dispelled to reveal the light of the sun. It is as though the God of Light has descended inside my heart, and melted an entire winter's worth of snow."

"If you really want to thank me, then please, don't ever speak words of gratitude to me again. Just hearing it makes me get a headache..."

"Let me consult you regarding another question. Recently, has there been any news about people from the Monastery of the God of War coming to our country?"

"So you already knew about it." Storm's face darkened as he said, "The Monastery of the God of War's people arrived yesterday. It is said that they came to attend the coronation ceremony that is going to be held later and are living in the palace's quarters reserved specially for guests."

I frowned. *What does the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound's coronation ceremony have to do with the Monastery of the God of War? After all, the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound is the Church of the God of Light's capital and has never been the Monastery of the God of War's territory.*

"Such benevolent etiquette from the Monastery of the God of War is worthy for us to follow the example of." These words of mine were secretly asking Storm, and were not just words of courtesy to congratulate.

Storm laughed coldly once. "Even the Son of the God of War is here. This etiquette may be a bit too considerate."

The Son of the God of War is the person with the highest position within the Monastery of the God of War. It's about the same as the Sun Knight of the Church of the God of Light, but it may be an even higher position than mine. Although I'm the head of the Holy Temple, the Pope from the Sanctuary of Light can control me. Also, to speak truthfully, if Judgment Knight were to have a power struggle with me, he wouldn't be at a total disadvantage.

However, in the Monastery of the God of War, a priest's place is always below a warrior. Among the warriors, the Son of the God of War is the sole authority, so that's why there is no one who can keep him in check.

Thus, the Son of the God of War coming to the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound is as strange as the Pope and me going to the Monastery of the God of War's capital, the Kingdom of Moon Orchids.

Storm suddenly took two steps toward me, leaned to my ear, and whispered, "The princess's lady-in-waiting's younger brother secretly revealed to me that the moment the Son of the God of War reached the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound, he first visited the His Majesty the king and the crown prince and then went to visit the princess. Also,

the Monastery of the God of War has brought along a lot of luggage this time, and among it there are many extremely heavy and firmly locked pieces of 'luggage'."

Luggage? I think betrothal gifts are more like it. So the Son of the God of War wants to propose to our country's princess!

"And Baron Gerland might not be uninvolved in this matter, for there seem to be quite a few members from the Monastery of the God of War going in and out of his house..."

"Knight-Captain Sun."

Storm abruptly stopped and retreated a step, looking alertly at the one who had interrupted his words.

I turned towards the person with a smile and greeted them. "Knight-Captain Judgment, what a lovely evening."

Judge was straight to the point as he said, "His Holiness the Pope is looking for you."

Oh, it's about time. I nodded and replied simply, "My gratitude to Brother Judgment's notification."



I knocked lightly on the door of the Pope's exclusive study. A moment later I got a reply.

“Please come in.”

Upon entering, I saw someone standing in front of the floor to ceiling window, admiring the scenery outside. I bowed respectfully. “Your Holiness the Pope.”

“Why should you address me as ‘Your Holiness’? Knight-Captain Sun, as the head of the Holy Temple, your position is equal to mine.”

“Sun does not dare to, as ‘respecting the elderly’ and ‘venerating the worthy’ are the fundamental principles of conducting oneself.” I heavily emphasized the respecting the elderly part.

Hearing that, that person turned around. His delicate and pretty face made him look like he was only fifteen or so years old and when he smiles, he looks like a youth, full of innocence.

However, this person is at least sixty years away from the four words “youth, full of innocence”. That is because this youth is the Sanctuary of Light’s Pope, the fellow whom I call the ‘damn old man’.

But don’t think that the reason why I call him a damn old man is because I’m envious of his youth. According to my teacher, when he was ten and came to attend the Sun Knight Selection, the Pope was already like this. When he was forty and about to retire, the Pope was still like this.

That also means that this damn old man’s lowest age estimation is at least sixty years old, but he insists on using magic to let himself preserve his youth.

This would be fine by itself, since even my teacher secretly uses this magic to maintain his youthful appearance. However, he had at least let his looks maintain at the age of thirty or so. Not like this damn old man, who actually makes himself look like a youth of fifteen years; he's shameless to the extreme.

"Knight-Captain Sun, you are still as eloquent as ever." The Pope chuckled.

"Your Holiness the Pope, you are also still as young as ever," I said with a radiant smile.

Both of us smiled for a moment. Then the Pope's face suddenly sunk and he used his youthful voice to shout, "Enough! There are no other people here, so let's not talk nonsense anymore. The Monastery of the God of War is already stepping on our heads, so why are we still having internal strife?"

My smiling face disappeared in a flash as I said to him unhappily, "You still dare to say that? The crown prince purposely gave me a hard time by making me sing the Hymn of the God of Light without knowing about it beforehand. You better not blather and tell me you know nothing of this matter."

The Pope laughed hollowly. "This is also for your own good," he hastily explained. "Last time you gave the king a hard time and made the crown prince extremely dissatisfied towards you. If we don't let him punish you, and satisfy the hatred in his heart, he'll never lose his grudge against you."

I snorted coldly. *He could have first told me about it! I can play the part of an ignorant lamb very well.*

"Still, did you have to really sing the whole of the Hymn of the God of Light?" The Pope furrowed his brows, but only after he walked to the teapot in the study and sat down did he helplessly say, "Originally the intention was to make you lose some face so that your reputation would be dampened. But in the end you really sang the whole of the Hymn of the God of Light, so it had the opposite effect."

I laughed bitterly for the second time, for I couldn't possibly explain the situation by saying that I had sung the whole Hymn of the God of Light because I hadn't had breakfast, and had lost all rationality due to hunger.

"And now the crown prince is even more afraid of you."

"When you were conversing with him, did you act as though you were at odd ends with me, and really wanted to triumph over me?" I asked worriedly.

"Of course." The Pope shrugged his shoulders. "The image as per usual. The relationship between the Sanctuary of Light and the Holy Temple is turbulent, especially under the surface, and the Pope and the Sun Knight are both in open strife and veiled struggle... Do you want a cup of black tea?"

"Yes." I nodded and asked, "Even like this, the crown prince's doubts

still haven't been dispelled?"

As he brewed the tea, the Pope complained, "Isn't that because you went overboard before? Even daring to force the king to step down the throne... Don't you think that the crown prince will be afraid that you would dare to force him off the throne too?"

"How can this be the same?" I objected. "Is he not aware of what kind of personality his father has? To force his father down the throne is one matter, but to force the crown prince with his good reputation down from the throne? I wouldn't dare to say that I could do it."

"That is indeed true, but humans' hearts are always very wary!" The Pope handed me my black tea and helplessly said, "Thus, he decided to suppress the Church of the God of Light."

"And so he sought help from the Monastery of the God of War?" I received the cup of black tea, and as I sipped it, I pondered.

The Pope also poured himself some tea, and as he drank it, he explained, "Yes, the only ones whose influence can compete with ours is the Monastery of the God of War and the Cathedral of the Shadow God. However, the Cathedral of the Shadow God is far away, and their image swings towards the darkness. To our citizens who are used to the light, they are definitely unable to accept it. Thus, the crown prince chose the Monastery of the God of War."

"Even intending to marry his only sister to the Son of the God of War?" I frowned. *This could become hard to manage.*

"You're pretty well-informed. Yes, it's exactly like that. If the princess were to marry the Son of the God of War then they would be able to expand the number of their believers in the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound legitimately," the Pope also said worriedly.

I gasped in admiration. "The crown prince plans to shake the Church of the God of Light's position through the believers of the God of War. He would definitely receive a lot of benefits from the Monastery of the God of War. Even so, that's fine in itself. However, although it was plainly his doing, he pushed the responsibility onto Baron Gerland. Even Storm thought that it was the good deed of Baron Gerland. What a despicable and shameless method! Indeed, worthy of His Highness the crown prince who had been wielding power all the year round."

The Pope rolled his eyes and said unhappily, "Stop admiring him already and hurry and think about what to do! Right now the younger generations are all young and vigorous and have already lost interest in the benevolence of the God of Light. If the faith of God of War that worships the strong came here as well, they will be converted to the worshipers of the God of War right away!

"You better not forget that consolidating believers is your main duty as the Church of the God of Light's signboard," he emphasized once again. "And you were the one who caused the crown prince to fear us in the first place, which is what made him cooperate with the Monastery of the God of War to try to suppress us."

"Nonsense!" I coldly snorted. "Regardless of whether I did something or not, it was only a matter of time before the crown prince tried suppressing us. Because of that fat pig king, the palace's reputation

has plummeted to the bottom in the recent few years. This has let the Church of the God of Light's reputation rise to an unprecedented level due to how we had always watched over the king and stopped him from messing with the national politics. Now that the crown prince has managed to ascend to the throne with much difficulty, how would he permit there to be an influence within the Kingdom that is even stronger than his?"

He immediately started mumbling, "That's why I said, that you should have pretended to be weaker earlier. In the end, you still forced the king to resign from his position, which made the crown prince even more fearful."

I was a bit embarrassed as I said, "Anyway, no matter whether I pretend to be weak or not, he will not give up trying to suppress us."

The Pope said persistently, "No matter what, maintaining the Church of the God of Light's operation is my duty, ensuring that the believers adhere to the God of Light's rules is Judgment Knight's duty, and consolidating believers is the Sun Knight's most important duty! That's why you're responsible for resolving this incident."

"I know."

As it concerned the most important duty of the Sun Knight, I couldn't help but nod my head solemnly. "However, I want your assurance that this time, no matter what I do, you won't interfere or try to stop me," I warned the old man.

This time, the Pope actually said straightforwardly, "It's a deal."

Looks like this time the incident is really grave, otherwise this damn old man wouldn't be so straightforward. Every time something happened, he would always interfere sneakily. Even if things looked like there were only disadvantages and no advantages, he would still have a way to make a side profit out of it. Worthy indeed of the damn old man who has been maintaining the Church of the God of Light's operation all year round.

"Right! There is another matter," the Pope said with a grin that made me feel very uneasy. He asked with an innocent face, "Do you still remember the Hell Knight?"

"The Hell Knight is one of the Twelve Holy Knights. He is the only one who is in the 'cruel, cold-hearted' faction but does not obey the Judgment Knight's orders. Instead, he is a Knight that receives orders from the Sun Knight, and is specialized in doing some secret mission that are not known to anyone. There are also some who say that he is the specialized assassin of the Twelve Holy Knights. It has been even more rumored that in the first generation of the Twelve Holy Knights, the Hell Knight was not a real person at all, but an insider identity that the Sun Knight used for secret missions."

"Why did you explain it so clearly? I know the origin of the Hell Knight."
"Weren't you the one who asked me about it?" I replied, not too happily.

"I wanted to tell you that on the Hell Knight's side, some problems have arisen."

I raised an eyebrow and said, "The problems with the Hell Knight should have nothing to do with me, right? Though technically he is receiving orders from me, I have never seen him before. In the early days, when he was chosen to be the Hell Knight, he was already sent to be a spy in the palace by you."

The Pope said with unmatched sincerity, "Don't say that. He is still one of the Twelve Holy Knights that takes orders from you. From a young age he has been forced to be a spy. Now that something has gone wrong, could you bear to abandon him and just leave him to his fate?"

This damn old man... He says it as though I was the one who sent Hell Knight to be a spy. *Obviously you were the one who had pushed him into the fire pit!* I glared at the Pope. *This damn old man, don't even try to push the responsibility onto me. Just the matter of consolidating believers has already made me troubled enough.*

Both of us stared at each other, one with wide-open eyes and the other with narrowed eyes. In the end he sighed as he said, "Well then! If you don't care about Hell, I can only sacrifice him. He has never appeared before anyways, and letting him disappear without a trace is actually the easiest way to solve the problem..."

Enraged, I roared, "Damn old man! As I have said before, whatever you want to do is none of my concern. Even if your Sanctuary of Light's priests have all died, it is also none of my concern. However, you are definitely not allowed to touch my holy knights!"

The Pope beamed. "Then Hell's problem?"

I fiercely growled, "Give me the way to contact Hell! And since you have pushed the problem to me, then from today on he will be mine. Don't even think about trying to get him back!"

"This is the way it ought to be, he was originally yours after all! I guarantee that I will definitely not interfere with his matters anymore." The Pope replied with extreme sincerity.

Ac-Actually being this clear-cut... Hell Knight's problem must really be more than a trifle.

Speaking of which, I was really getting a headache. With the crown prince trying to suppress the Church, the Son of the God of War proposing to the princess, and Hell Knight's problem... Why did it seem like all the troublesome matters were all squished together?

"Haha!" The Pope lifted his tea to drink leisurely and then sighed. "It's rare to be able to see the omnipotent Sun Knight's troubled look!"

"Things are this grave, and you still have the time and mood to be sarcastic to me," I replied unhappily.

"Be sarcastic? This isn't being sarcastic. No matter what happens, so long as it's handed over into your hands, it can always be solved..." At that moment there came an earth-shaking roar from the outside.

"Sun, Sun!"

The Pope and I were both stunned, and then heard a series of loud and urgent footsteps that were drawing nearer and nearer. The Pope

hurriedly brushed the tea set into the drawer of the teapot, picked up his robe, and quickly returned behind his big study desk. After using the veil on the table to cover his entire body, he sat motionlessly.

I also quickly stood in front of the big study desk and made a reverent and respectful expression, though the corner of the smile was a bit stiff.

Just then someone actually kicked the door behind me open with their foot. The door even bounced off the wall, which emitted a second loud bang. I was shocked, and even the Pope in front of me trembled.

Who is so bold as to actually kick the Pope's door?

Turning around to look, I found it was actually Blaze Knight who has the most hot-headed personality. I lightly reprimanded him, "Blaze Knight, the Pope His Holiness is here, how could you be so rude—"

Blaze quickly interrupted me, roaring, "Your vice-captain is in danger! Hurry and go to him! He's about to stop breathing!"

I was stunned. *Adair... is about to stop breathing?!*



I chased after Blaze to the front of a room's door. As per normal, Blaze didn't bother using his hand to open the door. After he kicked the door open with his leg, I saw one large group of knights from the Sun Knight Platoon. All of their eyes were red, and when they turned around and saw me, they started shouting, "Captain, Captain!"

"Stop 'Captain'ing me! All of you, get out of the way!"

I shoved away two platoon members and glanced at the bed. Adair was laid out on the bed and the knight uniform on his body was stained with fresh blood. He looked pale from losing too much blood and both his eyes were shut tight. Obviously he had already lost consciousness, and his breathing was so weak that his chest was barely moving.

There's no more time!

After a rough examination, I discovered that his main injuries were the chest, where there were three injuries caused by the sword, and his thigh, where there was one. I immediately put my hands on the injuries at his chest and thigh area separately.

"Moderate Heal!"

I chanted a short incantation and preformed a moderate heal. This level could at most heal wounds like more severe cuts and broken bones. Of course, it wasn't enough to heal Adair's fatal wounds, but it would at least slightly lessen his injuries and give me a little more time. High-level heals require the user to first gather enough holy light, and then one still has to recite the incantation to convert the holy light into healing light that can heal wounds. If I were to directly start chanting high-level heals, I'm really afraid that before I could finish my incantation Adair would have already toured around God of Light's residence.

Lowering my head, I saw that Adair's face was still that of one who might stop breathing anytime. Immediately I executed another

moderate heal, which let his breathing become slightly more obvious. It was at this point of time that I could finally concentrate on gathering holy light and started the incantation to gradually convert the pure white holy light into honey-colored healing light.

“Ultimate Heal!”

After seeing Adair open his eyes and reveal a look that seemed a little oblivious to his surroundings, I was relieved. Admittedly, even if Adair really died, there was still Resurrection to revive him—but for matters like reviving someone, it is impossible to not pay a price. Moreover, the chances of Resurrection failing are also quite high.

“Captain!”

When two platoon members supported me and Adair jumped up from the bed frantically, I realized that I had actually fallen backwards. Thankfully, the reaction speed of my Sun Knight Platoon was the real deal; if not the one lying on the bed now might change to be me.

I sighed. First is singing worships, then it's using holy light to help Roland hide his dark aura, and now using such a high-level heal. Even if it's me, I can't take it.

As the two platoon members pulled me up to a standing state, I glared at Adair fiercely and roared, “You better lie down! Don't think that just because there are no external injuries you are already fine. The fact that you have been injured has not changed. Rather than let you topple over from exhaustion by over-working yourself, I might as well hit you until you topple over now!”

Adair obediently laid down on the bed, not daring to move a muscle. After my roar, I panted for a few moments. Then I turned my head, and called, "Blaze."

"Ah?" Blaze looked at me, stunned and obviously frightened by my lack of elegance and smile.

I forcefully put on a smile and said, "Sun wants to handle a few 'platoon matters', so sorry to trouble you, but please go out for a while, and remember to help Sun close the door."

Although Blaze was a bit hesitant, he still nodded his head. "Okay then, take care of yourself," he said as he walked out.

Once Blaze had shut the door behind him, I immediately pulled away from the two platoon members. I walked to the chair, sat down, and then coldly said, "Now, who wants to tell me what had happened?"

"Captain..." Adair struggled to climb up from his bed.

I turned and bellowed, "Quiet! You're not allowed to talk. If you can fall asleep, even better! Ed, come over and report."

Hearing the command, Ed was shocked beyond belief. However, I forgave him; after all; it was the first time I had ever used his name.

Under the repeated reminders of elbows poking him, Ed finally regained his senses. "We met Jacques on the street," he started narrating with a bit of nervousness, "and because of the order that you,

Captain, set—”

“Jacques is the third son of Baron Gerland. Also, Captain didn’t set an order...” Adair hurriedly added. Midway he realized that he had been ordered to keep silent, so he quickly used both his hands to cover his mouth.

Besides Judgment, Adair also knows me quite well... If I had not laid on the rooftop listening to their conversation and then went to ask Storm who Jacques was, I wouldn’t have had any idea that Jacques was the third son of Baron Gerland.

“Ed, continue.” I tried my best to maintain an image of a cold and cruel captain.

“Because of Captain’s orders— No, no! It wasn’t Captain’s orders, it’s that, that...” Ed blurted out, unable to form a complete sentence and sweating from nervousness.

After hearing him repeat “that” for a long period of time, still unable to form a complete sentence with “that”, I could only look at Adair helplessly.

Once Adair received my eye signal, he immediately put down the hands that were covering his mouth and pleaded with much sincerity,

“Captain, please allow me to say it! I really want to say it; if I don’t say it, I won’t be able to rest properly.”

I sighed once and replied while shaking my head, “It can’t be helped

then. Since you want to say it so much, then I'll let you say it."

"Yes." Adair nodded and started narrating with righteous indignation, "We met the third son of Baron Gerland on the streets. The moment I saw him, it immediately made me recall how he had actually used his sword to hurt our Captain and that he had even done so from behind the Captain's back. It's simply despicable and shameless!"

Definitely worthy of Adair who had been a vice-captain for five years; his ability to lie through his teeth can't even be compared to other people. Although I got hurt by the sword flying from the back while escaping, Adair can turn it into it being a situation where Jacques was sneak-attacking me... Adair, you are no doubt worthy of being my vice-captain. When I chose you, I really had good judgment!

Even the other members of the Sun Knight Platoon looked at Adair with eyes of admiration, especially Ed who had been stumbling over his words and couldn't even say half a sentence.

"Thus, I couldn't help but request a duel with him. However, that despicable knight wouldn't accept the duel and instead found a helper to challenge me..."

At this point, I couldn't help but interrupt Adair's lengthy nonsense, and demanded, "Who hurt you?"

Adair drew in a deep breath and said, "It was the Son of the God of War in person."

I was stunned for a moment. *The Son of the God of War? The fellow*

whose level is even higher than mine?

I found it hard to believe as I yelled, "So you agreed to it? With his higher status, requesting to duel with you is of course unreasonable. Adair, as my Vice-captain, are you really that foolish?"

Instantly, Ed indignantly protest, "It's definitely not because Adair is foolish! Captain, it's because—"

"Ed, don't say it!" Adair interrupted urgently.

"Shut up! Since when was it your turn to make decisions?" I shouted angrily at Adair. I turned to roar at Ed, "Continue your words!"

"Yes," Ed said. "It's because the Son of the God of War said that if Adair refused to duel with him, he would challenge you, the Captain. But, but then..."

But then, anyone who has seen me holding a sword would know that swordsmanship is my biggest weakness. Although the matter of my poor swordsmanship is not widely circulated around, it is hardly a secret. As long as one inquires a little, they would be able to find out about it.

So the Son of the God of War has already heard that my swordsmanship is poor and used that to force Adair into fighting a duel in my place. But why would he want to do this? Adair is only my vice-captain, not part of the Twelve Holy knights. Even if the Son of the God of War were to defeat him, it wouldn't be glorious at all. It's even orientating towards depreciating one's position.

Angrily Ed said, "The Son of the God of War went too far! He stabbed Adair quite a few times, and even after the victor was already decided, he refused to stop."

One by one, the other platoon members also started saying indignantly, "Right! Even when we wanted to go forward to help, we were blocked by the warriors of the Monastery of the God of War!"

"Are you saying that the Son of the God of War wanted to kill Adair?" I was shocked. *Why would they want to do this? They haven't even started to take root in the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound, and yet they are already trying to provoke the Church of the God of Light, who is the local influence? And it's something as serious as killing my vice-Captain. This isn't something that can be settled just by having everyone smile at each other, shake hands and exchange words.*

Ed nodded his head again and again, and with much anger he said, "If it wasn't for the royal knights who came to help us the Son of the God of War definitely would have killed Adair."

"The royal knights stopped it?"

I felt highly suspicious. The royal knights are the subordinates of the crown prince, and the Monastery of the God of War was sent here by the crown prince. Why would they stop the actions of the Monastery of the God of War?

"Yup! It's the royal knights who are led by Elijah."

"Wait— wait a moment, who is Elijah?" I asked, greatly confused.

"Captain, Elijah is the chief leader of the young group within the royal knights," Adair hastily explained. "However, because his allegiance is to the princess, he is unable to gain the crown prince's favor."

Another platoon member added, "But even though he is unable to gain the prince's favor, he is very strong and his reputation is good among the young knights. Even the crown prince can't help but regularly give him missions to accomplish."

Ed smiled and gave a small laugh. "Also, there have been rumors that he is having an affair with the princess and has pretty good relations with the queen. Even the crown prince's wife speaks up for Elijah, which gives the crown prince a headache."

Hey, hey, hey! Are you guys the Sun Knight Platoon or the Storm Knight Platoon? Why are you guys so familiar with gossip? It's a living likeness of twenty plus Storms gossiping in front of my eyes!

Rubbing my head, I said, "This Elijah really sounds a lot like Storm..."

"Yup! Captain, Elijah is Knight-Captain Storm's main competitor in the circle of women! Knight-Captain Storm loathes him the most." Ed gave a wily smile.

"You guys sure know a lot about this." I didn't know whether to admire them or not. *Since when did my Sun Knight Platoon become a Gossip Platoon?*

Ed spoke with a smile of exultation, "Of course, Captain. Even Knight-

Captain Storm frequently comes to exchange gossip with us, or to confirm the accuracy of the gossip. Not that I want to say this, but Captain, regarding gossip news, if our Sun Knight Platoon claims to be second, then even Knight-Captain Storm wouldn't dare to say he's the first."

"So my Sun Knight Platoon has been usually gossiping... Adair!"

"Yes, Captain!" Adair was so shocked that he jumped up from the bed again.

"From now on, the Sun Knight Platoon will have to run one round within the walls of the city every morning!" I said fiercely.

Upon receiving the order, Adair was stunned and his expression seemed to be a bit troubled.

"What? You can't do it? Are you still fit to be called knights?" On the surface, I was roaring with much energy, but in my heart I was a bit unsettled. *How far is a round within the city walls? Maybe it's too far?* All of the Sun Knight Platoon members went silent.

Looking at this situation, maybe one round within the city really is very far. Should I cut it to half a round? But I have already set the command, so how am I to take it back...

At this moment, Ed seemed to have gathered up his courage as he said, "Captain, when you first met us five years ago you had set a command for us to run five rounds. Then three years ago you became angry when our physical performance lost to the Judgment Knight

Platoon so you commanded us to run three rounds. At that time, Adair thought that you meant to add three rounds, so we have been running eight rounds for the past three years. Now..."

"...Now what I meant is add one more round, is there a problem?"

The Sun Knight Platoon shouted in unison, "No, Captain!"

"Good! Now everyone except Adair, leave."

After waiting for all of the platoon members to go out, I stood up and walked slowly to Adair's side. Although I was a bit regretful that just now I wasn't clear of the situation and scolded him as being foolish, I'm the Captain, so how can I apologize?

After hesitating for a long time, I decided not to apologize. *Who knows, maybe my apology will end up scaring Adair instead. I better just give instructions and that'll be enough.*

"I am giving you a week's sick leave, but you should try not to leave the Holy Temple. Also, tell the Sun Knight Platoon to stay in the Holy Temple as much as possible. If you want to go out then wear casual clothes. Don't wear the uniform of the Sun Knight Platoon. Also, you should sleep more in this time period, eat more eggs and meat, drink more milk, and do less vigorous exercise."

Adair was stunned for a moment. Then at last he revealed a smile, shouting loudly, "Yes, Captain!"

Suddenly his eyes widened. "Captain, then what should we do about

the training of running nine rounds around the city every day?" he quickly asked.

I thought for a bit, then instructed, "You just rest obediently in bed and the others will clean up the Holy Temple to replace running."

After saying that, I was still not reassured. This fellow Adair does matters responsibly and carefully, which lets people feel relieved. However, on the other side, it also makes people worry that he would become like Storm and die of overworking sooner or later.

"All of the stuff that I said just now are all orders and must be obeyed, you hear me?"

Adair replied with a smile, "Yes, Captain."

Daily Duty #5: "Take Care of the Members of the Sun Knight Platoon"

As the saying goes, 'Know who the owner is before you beat a dog!' No matter what, Adair is still the Sun Knight's dog... No, no! I meant that he is my subordinate. Moreover, he is the leader of all my d-...subordinates! How dare a fool like you make a move on him! I don't care whether you are the Son of the God of War or not, I'm going to kick your ass!

Plotting revenge not only requires long-term scheming, but must also be done in complete secrecy. He must die very horribly without realizing who the culprit was. Thus, I decided...to solve the problem of Knight-Captain Hell first.

After following the Pope's instructions to contact and make an appointment with Knight-Captain Hell, I went to the meeting place. As I waited for him, I practiced the sincere expression I would use later. I must appear so sincere that the other party cannot bear to bring me trouble.

Not long after, a person walked towards me. I smiled dazzlingly as I watched him walk towards me, conveniently sizing him up at the same time. He was wearing the standard royal knight uniform, but the sword that hung at his waist was not the sword that was given out to all royal knights. The quality of his sword was much better.

His looks and charisma were not bad, but it was an all-purpose type of handsome... What? You ask what I mean by all-purpose type of handsome?

The so-called all-purpose type of handsome refers to a man that can be considered handsome, but is not so good-looking that all other men want to throttle him on sight. This makes for one less possible future love rival.

Also, when you observe the all-purpose handsome types of men very closely, you can still find many flaws. For example, eyebrows that are not thick enough and facial features that are not regular or well-defined enough. After that you will feel that he is not so handsome after all, and will feel guilty for your initial hostility. Lastly, you will call each other brothers and get along very well.

Although men would feel that this man is not too handsome, his handsomeness allowed just enough room for a woman's imagination. Women who like the cute type of handsome men would be attracted to those large, adorable eyes. Women who like the mature kind of handsome men would automatically lean on those broad shoulders. Women who refuse to love anyone but bad boys would be smitten with his frivolous smile.

What? What happened to the flaws that included eyebrows that are not thick enough and facial features that are slightly irregular?

Dear brother, you do not understand women at all! Haven't you heard that men pick on a woman's flaws while women look for a man's strengths? As long as a woman finds a good point she is fascinated with, all the other imperfections will become merits. For example, thin eyebrows are shapely and a slightly asymmetrical face is simply too unique!

In conclusion, the all-purpose type of handsome is also called the all-kill type. Its strongest ability is to be loved by everybody. Even a dog will run forward wagging its tail.

Such people are suitable for doing any job; especially sales, fraud, and other similar professions. Of course, they are also very suitable as spies.

I could not help but praise the foresight of the previous Hell Knight. He could actually choose a future all-purpose type handsome man from a bunch of ten year old kids.

At this moment, the all-purpose handsome man had already walked in front of me. I immediately started smiling and greeted, "Blessings from the God of Light. Sun finally has the pleasure of meeting you, Brother Hell."

"Sun Knight, why is it you?" He seemed to be in shock.

I smiled brilliantly and explained, "His Holiness the Pope informed Sun that you, Knight-Captain Hell, seemed to have some difficulties. As we are both holy knights, perhaps Sun can better understand your problems. Therefore, Sun has come instead."

"Please...Can you not call me Hell?"

Hell Knight took a deep breath and said determinedly, "I am not Knight-Captain Hell, I am just a royal knight."

Damn old man! I just know that something you throw away is

definitely a hot potato... Puzzled, I displayed a touch of sadness and asked, "Why do you say that, Hell Knight? Could it be that you are dissatisfied because of some failure of the Church of the God of Light, which has led you to decline the role of Knight-Captain Hell?"

If I find out that the Pope is mistreating you, leaving you no choice but to resign, he is dead!

"No, please don't misunderstand. I said that because..." At this point, Hell Knight sighed deeply before opening his mouth and narrating, "When I was chosen to be the Hell Knight, I only received one year of special training at the Holy Temple. After that, I served the royal family as a royal knight for twelve years. I have two teachers; one is a holy knight teacher who spent one year training me, after which we rarely met. The other is a royal knight teacher who guided me seriously for ten years, and who only retired recently to travel.

"Although the crown prince does not like me, he has never done me any injustice. He has even entrusted some important tasks for me to do. Also, the queen has always taken good care of me. The little princess and I have been playmates since we were young and the princess has stuck up for me many times.

"Not to mention my fellow knights, whom I have known since childhood. They are comrades who have gone to hell and back with me... In contrast, I don't know any of the Holy Temple's Twelve Holy Knights."

He smiled bitterly, looked at me and said, "D-Do you understand what I mean? Sun Knight, I-I am unfamiliar with the God of Light,

unfamiliar with the Holy Temple, and unacquainted with the Twelve Holy Knights. On the contrary, the royal family is where I really belong and the royal knights are my real comrades.”

After listening to him, I could not help but frown. No wonder the old Pope wanted to kill him. A spy who decided to join the enemy camp was more dangerous than anything else. If he confessed everything to the crown prince, then there would be quite the show to watch.

After I remained silent for quite some time, Hell Knight suddenly slowly retreated a few steps. He said in a low voice, “I did not tell the crown prince anything, but the princess knows about everything. She will not reveal the truth unless I get into trouble. No matter what kind of trouble it is, she will blame everything on the Church of the God of Light.”

Bloody hell! I immediately raised my head and smiled sincerely as I explained, “Please do not worry. You should know that I am not skilled in swordsmanship. I could not defeat you even if I attacked, and you can clearly see that I did not bring anyone else with me.”

“O-Oh! I’m really sorry.”

On hearing this, Hell Knight stopped walking backwards. In a flash, his face turned red. Extremely embarrassed, he apologized, “I did not suspect you on purpose, b-but the princess said that the Holy Temple might kill me to shut me up... Haha! Now that I think about it, how could the Sun Knight possibly kill people to shut their mouths? The moment I saw that it was you who came to meet me, I should have understood that the Holy Temple bore me no ill will. I am really sorry.”

What a smart princess! It seemed that Her Highness was not to be underestimated. She also emphasized the fact that she would blame the Church regardless of what happened to Hell. Looks like even she knows that many of the “accidents” in the world could be attributed to “man-made disasters”.

“Please give me some time to think how this problem could be solved.” With one hundred percent utmost sincerity I continued, “And please do not disclose this matter again. If it reached the ears of the crown prince, there would be a confrontation between the Church and the royal family. I believe you who have served both the Church and the royal family would not wish to see something like this happen either.”

Hell Knight nodded and said, “Yes. The time we spent together may have been short, but my holy knight teacher treated me very well too. Although I have decided to pledge my loyalty to the royal family, I will never do anything that will jeopardize the Church.”

I nodded. I believed what he said not because he gave his word of assurance, but because if this matter was made public it would do him much more harm than good, as it is very difficult for someone who has been a spy to regain others’ trust.

However, if I simply just “set the Hell Knight free” among the royal family, it was like burying a magic scroll that could explode anytime under the Church. The risk was great, as the Church would never know when the crown prince would find out about this.

But if I don’t set him free, what else could I do? He had already

revealed his hand by declaring that he no longer wished to be the Hell Knight.

Even if I wanted to finish him off once and for all, there just had to be a clever princess acting as his shield such that no one would dare to take action.

Damn old man! You actually made me clean up after your mess! You just wait and see; sooner or later I'm going to make you pay for this!



After walking back to the Church and to my room and then preparing my skin mask and applying it, I still could not figure out a way to solve this problem. I lay down on my bed to apply my mask while continuing to think up a solution...

Knock knock knock!

"...I nearly forgot about the curse every time I apply the mask."

I propped myself up and raised my voice as I said, "May I be so bold as to ask which brother holy knight, who, under the gentle whisper of the God of Light, has come to discuss with Sun about the God of Light's benevolence?"

Judgment's deep voice came from outside the door. He said, "It's me."

"Oh, then just come in directly." I lay back on my bed lazily. It was alright if it was Judgment, because he had already been shocked a few times by my facial mask.

The moment he walked in and saw me, he froze.

I threw a glance at him and asked, "Pink is much better than green, right?"

Judgment's brows creased as he scrutinized my face. Finally, he gave his opinion, "Green may be shocking to look at in the beginning, but after seeing it for a long time, pink seems to be more disgusting."

"I get it now. Next time I will apply the mask so that half my face is green and the other half is pink, so that you get a shock and then feel disgusted."

Judgment laughed and shook his head. "How can you still have the time to apply a facial mask? You should have more than a few problems to resolve," he said.

I clasped my hands behind my head and asked lazily, "What do you mean?"

Logically speaking, the only problem I had that Judgment should know about was the issue of Adair, unless the old Pope had already told him about Hell Knight. But based on my understanding of the old Pope, he was not such a hardworking person. He would not say something twice, especially to Judgment who was not accustomed to dealing with such issues, because there was no point in doing so.

"People from the Monastery of the God of War are here. No matter what their main objective is, it is definitely related to expanding their

area of influence and increasing the numbers of their worshippers.”

Judgment looked at me but then immediately shifted his gaze. I reckon that was because the pink facial mask was really quite disgusting.

He reminded me, “And recruiting worshippers is your responsibility.”

“I know that. I was going to consider the problem of recruiting worshippers while applying the mask.”

“I think you were just going to fall asleep,” Judgment concluded simply.

'Tis Judgment who knows me best...

“Alright, then in order to prevent me from falling asleep, you will accompany me in thinking of a solution!”

Judgment shook his head and took out a small white cloth bag with a gold Sun Knight logo embroidered on it. “I can’t do that!” he said. “I still have some criminals to interrogate and I only came here to pass Ice’s blueberry chocolates to you. He said that if you carried this with you, you wouldn’t have to go hungry again.”

Dear Ice! You make such a good wife and mother. If you were female, I would definitely marry you!

I sat up, took the small bag, opened it and smelled the contents. *How fragrant!*

After smelling the chocolates, I raised my head only to find that Judgment was really leaving. I hurriedly unleashed a flood of questions, "The Monastery of the God of War wants to kill Adair. Not only did the Son of the God of War personally request a duel, he even used me to threaten Adair. If Adair refused to duel with him, he would challenge me." I paused for a moment before continuing, "Even when the outcome of the duel was clear, the Son of the God of War still wanted to kill Adair. He went as far as to prevent the Sun Knight Platoon from assisting Adair. In the end, Adair was instead saved by a royal knight, Elijah. What can you conclude from this information?"

Sure enough, upon hearing this, Judgment came to a halt and thought about it in silence. *This is probably an occupational disease from long years of interrogating criminals, right? Once he hears something suspicious, he reflexively starts contemplating the truth behind the scenes.*

Upon seeing this I threw a few pieces of chocolate into my mouth and lay back on the bed. *I have Ice's blueberry chocolates to eat, a bed to lie down on, and a person to help me think up a solution to my problems. Could life get any better than this?*

Judgment opened his mouth slowly and said, "I think there might be a possibility... Sun, wake up!"

"Keep it down..."

I rolled over, but vaguely heard a low voice growl "Grisia Sun" syllable by syllable. *This sounds like the tremendously low voice Judgment only uses when he is angry...* I hastily opened my eyes and the moment I

opened them I saw that Judgment's face was as black as the bottom of a pot. Shocked, I immediately jumped up and shouted, "I'm awake! I'm really awake!"

Judgment stared at me suspiciously. I quickly sat up straight on the bed like a good student, seriously paying attention.

Only then was he willing to continue speaking. He said, "I think the reason they want to kill Adair has something to do with you learning Resurrection."

"Resurrection?" I was stunned for a moment. I blurted out, "How did they find out about that?"

"Although the fact that you learned Resurrection was not publicized, the Church of the God of Light and the Monastery of the God of War are situated closely together. The relationships between the two religions are not very good, so it is not strange that both have planted a few spies in each other's camp to fish for information."

On hearing this, I nodded to show that I understood. Didn't we also plant a spy, Hell, in the royal family? Even the royal family had a spy, so there was no reason to spare our greatest rival, the Monastery of the God of War. Since the Church of the God of Light which advocates benevolence has spies everywhere, the Monastery of the God of War has probably planted even more spies.

"I think they probably wanted to kill Adair to confirm whether you really have learned Resurrection." Judgment fixed his eyes on me and said, "Although you said that you have learnt it, nobody has seen you

perform it yet.”

He paused some time before saying with a touch of regret, “If you had learned it earlier you could have used it on your old friend Roland.”

Hearing this, I froze for a moment and then replied reflexively, “That’s impossible! Resurrection has many limitations. One of these limitations is that it must be performed within eight hours of death. If used on a body that has been dead over eight hours, there will be terrible consequences.”

“What kind of terrible consequences?”

I went silent for some time before replying, “After reviving... No! That kind of result cannot even be called revival. Anyway, the person’s body w-will continue rotting away like a corpse, but will remain ‘alive’. Only when the whole body has decomposed or when the head is cut off will that person die.”

On hearing this, Judgment blurted out in alarm, “Then wouldn’t that be like an undead creature?”

I remained silent until I saw Judgment gradually calm down. I then explained slowly, “Yup. Resurrection and the creation of undead creatures are similar in so many aspects that they can be considered to be the same type of magic. The difference is that one is performed within eight hours of death and the other is used eight hours after death. Also, a necromancer will preserve the corpse to prevent further decomposition, and will control the corpse’s brain so that they will be obedient...”

"Does that mean that every necromancer knows how to use Resurrection?" Judgment frowned.

"No." I shook my head and explained, "It is easy to turn a corpse into an obedient puppet, but difficult to truly revive it. Performing the spell eight hours after death is the simplest condition. Besides that, an extremely strong ability to use holy light is required. This point alone makes it impossible for a necromancer to do it.

"There is also the probability of failure and the price of revival. In conclusion, I can only tell you that you better not give me the opportunity to use Resurrection on yourself. That is because I cannot guarantee whether you will have any body parts missing after you have revived, or worse..."

Judgment's expression changed, and he growled, "Worse? Will I become an undead creature?"

I answered honestly, "That won't happen, as you will not become an undead creature if revived within eight hours of death. However, instead of losing something you could gain something. For example, you could grow a pair of horns on your head, a tail on your backside, or large breasts even though you are male. A woman may gain an extra..."

"Enough!" Judgment took a deep breath and shook his head. He said, "This Resurrection seems to be very unpredictable."

I nodded and said, "Of course. If revival was easy, who wouldn't be

willing to die? Also, everybody says that the Pope doesn't know how to use Resurrection, but it's not that he cannot do it, just that the probability of a complete revival is very low. It is so low that he doesn't dare to perform the spell at all, because there may be some side effects..."

"Complete revival?" Judgment asked.

"Is a revival without any side effects." I sighed and said, "The probability of me achieving a complete revival is approximately one out of four. This is enough to make the old Pope extremely jealous. He said that this is the highest probability for complete revival anyone has achieved in the last five hundred years."

Judgment nodded to show his understanding, then continued deducing, "The Monastery of the God of War is afraid that once you have mastered Resurrection, the leaders of every country will change their country's religion and worship the God of Light. That is because with your Resurrection spell, they would no longer have to fear death."

I shook my head and said, "Then they have misunderstood. Resurrection has absolutely no effect on those who have died of old age or sickness. People who died from old age will die immediately upon revival as they have already reached their time of death. Same goes for those who died of sickness. Even if they are revived, their sickness will not be cured and they will die again. Those who fear being killed or fear dying of sickness should hire a few more skilled knights, clerics, and healers, as protecting themselves offers more hope than revival."

"You're right." Judgment nodded, but then reminded me, "But if even I am unclear about the many limitations of Resurrection, what about the Monastery of the God of War?"

On hearing this, I went silent. At least one of the mysteries was solved now. The reason the Monastery of the God of War wanted to kill Adair was to confirm if I had really mastered Resurrection. I feel that by understanding the truth of the matter, instead of solving my problems, I now had an extra problem to solve.

How can I let everybody know that Resurrection isn't as useful as it seems to be? If not, someday when some influential people die and they all flock to me for revival, what will happen to my peaceful days?

Judgment continued, "As for the issue of Elijah saving Adair, Elijah's reputation is not bad, so he probably acted with justice in mind."

"You know Elijah?" I asked curiously. *Why do so many people know this person! Is he really that famous?*

Judgment nodded. "Elijah not only has a very good reputation among the royal knights," he said. "He has friends everywhere, including many holy knights. I don't know him in person, but some members of my Judgment Knight Platoon are familiar with him. However..." He suddenly stopped talking to stare at me for a moment before continuing, "Speaking of this, your Sun Knight Platoon seems to be very close to Elijah. That he would take action to rescue Adair is no strange feat for him."

"Why is my Sun Knight Platoon so close to a royal knight?!" I shouted,

a little unsatisfied. Even though the crown prince, the true leader of the royal family, and I, their leader, were very much in disagreement, they ran off to become good friends with his underling.

Judgment slowly opened his mouth and answered my question with a question, "Shouldn't I be asking you that, captain of the Sun Knight Platoon?"

I was dumbstuck, and could only quickly say, "Let me go ask Adair—"

Judgment immediately cut me off and chided me, saying, "Adair is very obedient to you and has been resting all this time. Since that is so, then you, the captain, should at least bear the responsibilities that were originally yours while he is recuperating!"

Tsk! I was actually scolded by Judgment. This is all the fault of...the Monastery of the God of War.

A little angry, I said, "Okay, okay! I'm going to ask someone else now."

Immediately after I said that, I leapt off the bed, tidied my clothes and was about to push the door open to leave...

"Sun!"

Annoyed, I turned and asked, "What? I already said that I wouldn't ask Adair."

"You haven't washed your face..."



Once, I had an omnipotent vice-captain, but didn't know how to treasure him. Only after I had lost him did I discover how precious he was... Without Adair, I couldn't even find my own Sun Knight Platoon!

With much difficulty, I heard from Storm that they might be at the Leaf Bud Tavern. I immediately rushed there in a huff.

Those fellas! Didn't I warn them to avoid leaving the Holy Temple as much as possible? Every single one of them turned a deaf ear to my advice. Looks like it's been too long since I last threw someone down a cliff!

Not long later, I successfully gathered all of the members of the Sun Knight Platoon on the street. Every one of them was wearing plain clothes and strolling on the streets lazily. The moment they saw me, they even smiled and waved happily to me!

I grinned, gently lifted my index finger and pointed at the alley to the side, then walked into the alley. Naturally, the Sun Knight Platoon followed me in.

"Captain! Are we going to gang up on somebody?" Ed asked excitedly.

I ignored Ed and smiled as I said to the whole platoon, "Sun remembers warning my brothers here not to leave the Holy Temple for the time being, right?"

Since you dared to turn a deaf ear to my advice, I think all of you have forgotten the reason why you first jumped off a cliff!

The Sun Knight Platoon indeed deserved to be my platoon, as they immediately sensed danger from my unnaturally broad smile. The color drained from all of their faces and in an instant, the lazy hooligans turned into reliable knights standing at attention.

I ceased to smile and glared coldly at Ed, who was standing nearest to me. Ed stammered as he explained, "C-Captain, w-we wore plain clothes, n-not the Sun Knight Platoon's uniform..."

"And then more than twenty people went out together as a group?" I asked with another smile. "Now I understand. I indeed do not have to worry, as all the warriors of the Monastery of the God of War only know how to fight and probably don't have eyes, so they can't recognize you at all!"

Ed explained hurriedly, "Captain, w-we did listen to you. This is the first time in a few days that we have left the Holy Temple. We invited Elijah to the tavern with the intention of buying him a drink to t-thank him for saving Adair."

"So it was like that!" I said with a nod. When I saw all the members of the Sun Knight Platoon visibly express a sigh of relief, I seized Ed by the collar and growled, "This reminds me of another matter. I heard that you guys were already very close to Elijah, right? Previously, the mess made by that fat pig of a king gave me twice the headache and now the crown prince is making it five times worse! And yet you guys are having a good time! You actually dared to secretly liaise with the enemy's subordinate behind my back!"

"We did not secretly liaise with him, Captain!" Nearly in tears, Ed said, "We know Elijah because we ganged up on him once."

"Why did you go gang up on somebody for no reason?"

I definitely did not order them to do this. I had never even heard the name of Elijah before, so it was impossible for me to order the Sun Knight Platoon to gang up on him.

"T-that's because we beat up the wrong person... And we only realized we got the wrong person after we had beaten him up, s-so we quickly helped heal his wounds and then apologized by treating him to a drink."

Is this the so-called 'conflict results in friendship'? But that usually refers to two people fighting each other, not a group ganging up on one person, right?

I was speechless for some time. I then scolded, "You even ganged up on the wrong person! I really don't understand how you guys were chosen to join the Sun Knight Platoon!"

Ed softly protested, "Captain, that was the first time we ganged up on somebody! There is always a chance of failure, right?"

"If the person you beat up by mistake was me, then you could relax because that would be the one and only time you ever made a mistake!" I admonished him coldly.

Ed immediately smiled and said, "Captain, how could we possibly beat you up by mistake? You are an outstanding person that even gods

envy and a thousand streams of auspicious golden light surrounds you—”

“You have rosy lips and pure white teeth—” added another platoon member.

“Your skin is as white as milk—”

“—If you but turn your head and smile, you could charm a hundred people!” a fourth exclaimed.

“Shut up!” I rolled my eyes. *When I get back I have to ask Adair to improve on language education for the platoon members. Just listen to them, what kind of adjectives are they using? The bastards!*

“Captain...” Ed examined my expression very carefully. He asked with a voice as soft as an insect, “Can we go find Elijah now? The agreed meeting time has already passed...”

I thought about it for a bit. Until now, all the information I obtained seemed to indicate that Elijah probably saved Adair out of sincerity, and that he was not involved in any conspiracy. Since that was so, then I, as the captain, should also express my gratitude to him.

After all, if Adair had really been killed then, forcing me to use Resurrection on him, who knows whether the revived Adair will be missing any parts, or worse, have an extra something.

Never mind if he had an extra horn or tail—that might make him even more stylish! However, if his breasts were enlarged, then I would no

longer have a vice-captain... No matter how capable Adair was, if he ran towards me with bouncing breasts, I would throw him down a cliff anyway!

After imagining Adair with large breasts, I felt like I should kneel down to worship Elijah. I hurriedly said to the platoon members, "If the agreed meeting time is already past, why aren't you leaving? Don't make people wait."

I followed the Sun Knight Platoon to Leaf Bud Tavern. To me, taverns are unfamiliar places. After all, I am the Sun Knight who is known to collapse after three glasses so I cannot go to a tavern for a drink. Only when I was looking for people (in order to get information, I had no choice but to run around the whole city searching for Storm; in the end I found him dead drunk in a tavern. He only woke up after I slapped his face more than ten times. That was also the seventh time I made him angry) and passing by (while fighting with undead creatures on the streets, I was sent flying and crashed through a tavern) have I been in a tavern.

Being the captain, I walked in first. Initially, the people in the tavern took no notice of this. Being curious, one by one they soon turned around to take a look. The moment they turned their heads, their eyes were fixed on me.

I looked around the tavern and noticed that there were more than a few customers inside. The environment was not too dirty and messy, but it could not be considered clean and neat. However, the place was rather large; besides the main dining area, which was surrounded by many rooms, there was a second floor.

When my gaze swept across the bar counter, the rear view of a man sitting next to the bar counter felt very familiar. I am certain I have seen this person from behind somewhere before!

Also, I can't remember what this person looks like from the front, so I probably only saw him from behind. The strangest thing is, why do I remember the view of this person's back so well?

At this moment, somebody suddenly shouted, "I am a good person, don't arrest me!"

After that, everybody started screaming and roaring like they had never said anything in their whole lives before.

"I didn't steal my neighbor Mr. Flower's underwear, it was blown away by the wind!"

"I always pay my bill after a drink, I have never eat-and-run before!"

"I have never vandalized the wall of the Church of the God of Light before!"

Ed and the other members of the Sun Knight Platoon hurriedly jumped forward and explained, "Everybody please calm down. We are not here to arrest people, but to drink."

"Who are you kidding! Everybody knows that the Sun Knight cannot take alcohol!"

"That's right! I heard that his face turns red on the first cup, he gets a headache on the second, and he collapses on the third."

"This alcohol capacity doesn't befit a man at all... No! I didn't say anything!"

Seeing this, Ed panicked and shouted, "The captain is only here to join in the fun!"

"Ed." I called him.

Ed's expression immediately changed, and he hurriedly explained to me, "Captain, I didn't mean what I said just now, really..."

If you didn't add that last statement, I would have believed that you didn't mean what you said... I suppressed the impulse to roll my eyes, as I was currently the forever smiling Sun Knight. I pointed to the person who looked familiar from behind next to the bar counter and said, "Invite that charming knight to join us for a drink!"

Ed glanced at the direction I was pointing, nodded and said, "Oh, Captain, so you know Elijah too."

What? That was Elijah?

Before I could react, Ed jogged to that person's side, tapped his shoulder, and said shamelessly, "Hey! We're here, Elijah! You haven't been waiting for a long time, right?"

That person snapped, "Yes! I only waited for half an hour. This is much

better than the last time when I had to wait for one hour... This really makes me wonder who the one expressing his gratitude is."

"Hahaha! Don't be so particular!" Ed slapped him on the back and greeted him enthusiastically, "Come, let me introduce someone to you." "Who?" He asked a little curiously.

At this point, I walked behind him. He seemed to also realize there was someone behind him, and the moment he turned around...the smiles on both of our faces froze.

"This is our captain, the Sun Knight." Ed introduced me to him while grinning happily, then proceeded to introduce him to me, "Captain, this is Elijah."

I took several deep breaths before revealing a perfect dazzling smile. I greeted, "This is the first time we've met. Greetings, Knight Elijah."

Only after my reminder did that person recover from his shock. He quickly replied, "H-Hello. This is the first time we've met, Sun Knight, so I was overawed by your elegance for a moment. I'm truly sorry."

One smile was dazzling and the other relaxed, but probably only the two of us were clearly aware that the other was in fact smiling bitterly... This was indeed my first time meeting Elijah, but it was my second time seeing "Hell Knight".

Elijah was in fact the one who went on strike—Hell Knight.

But when I thought harder about it, something was still not right! I

already saw Hell Knight's 'front', so how could I be so familiar with his back that I couldn't even recall what he looked like from the front?

What? Did you say that maybe I remembered wrongly? That's not possible! Not that I want to brag, but my memory is so good that I can even remember what the winning chances for gambling were thirteen years ago. How could I remember something wrongly?! At most, I only forget random things like Storm reminding me that there is a meeting tomorrow. I don't know why, but I tend to forget stuff like that. How weird!

While I was filled with doubt about myself, the waitress greeted us and led us into a private room. The moment we went in, Ed turned and said, "Captain, what happens in this private room is a secret. Even if we speak loudly, we don't have to worry about being heard by people outside."

"Secret?" My whole brain was now filled with 'back view', 'back view'. The moment I heard the word 'secret', a bell rang in my head.

"That's right!" Ed laughed cheekily and whispered into my ear, "There's even a secret passage where we can leave quietly."

Secret passage... I remember now, I really remember now!

I saw that person's back in a secret passage.

I previously sneaked into the palace via a secret passage because of the issue with Roland, and coincidentally saw the princess kissing a man. At that time, the man's back was facing me, so I only saw the

view of his back!

And the person whose back I saw was Elijah... So the man who had a secret affair with the princess was Elijah, and Elijah is the Hell Knight! No wonder the princess was so protective of Hell Knight. She was in fact shielding the man she loved!

Hell Knight actually had a relationship with the princess? I frowned and pondered whether this was good news or bad news...

Ahahaha, of course it is good news! I must be blessed by the God of Light, for I now have a means by which I can prevent the Son of the God of War from marrying the princess! Hahaha!

"C-Captain?" Ed asked cautiously.

I was in an extremely good mood, and I smiled widely as I said, "Hmm? What's up?"

Ed slowly took two steps backwards. He gulped, avoided my question and instead asked, "About that, the waitress is taking our order, so is there anything you want to eat, Captain?"

I grinned and said, "I want two plates of beef and ten bottles of hard liquor!"

The waitress nodded and left to prepare the dishes.

Ed scratched his head and asked, "Captain, since we have so many people here, isn't two plates of beef not enough to go around?"

"Heehee, who said I was going to share it with you? I am going to have a good chat with Knight Elijah here, so the rest of you go next door and eat!"

On hearing this, Ed and the other members of the Sun Knight Platoon were stunned. Elijah made a wary expression.

I smiled and said, "Don't worry, I just want to thank Knight Elijah properly." To the Sun Knight Platoon, I added in a low voice, "Hurry up and scram! Or are your bones so itchy you want to jump off a cliff to break them and ease the itch?"

Ed immediately turned and slapped Elijah on the back. He smiled and said, "Elijah, have a good chat with our Captain! We'll come back later..."

Since we were friends, we will return to bury your corpse! The expression on all the members of the Sun Knight Platoon was one of grief.

I watched the Sun Knight Platoon wave Elijah goodbye with 'farewell forever', 'we let you down' and other similar expressions on their faces. As they left the private room, the waitress entered and placed ten bottles of hard liquor and two plates of beef on the table. She stared at me and Elijah for some time before she was willing to go out.

"Sun Knight..." Elijah observed me cautiously.

"Hmm?" I smiled as I opened all ten bottles of liquor on the table.

"You seem to be in a very good mood?" he asked, a little wary and confused.

I laughed out loud and said, "That's right!"

He frowned and asked again, "Does that have something to do with me?"

"Of course it does. I suddenly thought of a way to solve the problem of your other identity." Like a devil, I whispered enticingly, "If you are willing to do something for me so that I can answer to the Pope, from now onwards you will no longer be the Hell Knight."

At first, Elijah appeared delighted. Then, his expression darkened and he looked at me suspiciously. He said solemnly, "I will not betray the royal family."

I grinned and said, "Relax! I would never ask you to betray the princess. In fact, this greatly benefits you and the princess." *However, you might betray the crown prince a little bit.*

Elijah looked at me doubtfully and asked, "What do you want me to do?"

I grabbed a bottle of liquor and hailed, "Aiya! Let us leave business for later. Come, we shall drink a few bottles of liquor first. Cheers!"

After finishing the entire bottle of liquor in one swig and wiping the foam off the corners of my lips, I noticed Elijah staring at me,

dumbstruck. I smiled, shook the empty liquor bottle and said, "Your turn."

Elijah looked at the remaining nine bottles of liquor on the table, and his face immediately went pale.



Approximately two hours later I felt that it was about time and sent the waitress to call Ed and the others back.

The moment they entered, they saw Elijah collapsed on the table, unconscious. Shocked, Ed quickly asked, "What happened to Elijah? Captain, you didn't really kill him to shut him up, right?"

I smiled and explained, "No such thing happened, he's just drunk. Knight Elijah has such a good alcohol capacity! He emptied ten bottles of liquor all by himself."

"Ten bottles?"

Everybody's jaws dropped. Ed stuttered, "H-how is that possible? This is the 'drunk-in-one' liquor. It is said that nobody can remain sober after drinking one bottle of this. Even if it's Elijah, the most he can drink is one and a half bottles..."

I frowned. Was this liquor really that potent? No wonder Elijah fell onto the table with a *splat* and never woke up again.

With things as they were, I could only put on an act and sigh. "Because we were chatting away so happily, he unknowingly drank ten

bottles. Had I known this earlier, I would have stopped him.”

Everybody seemed unconvinced by my explanation. At this point, I reminded them, “I still have some things to do, so I shall take my leave first. You guys remember to send Elijah home. Don’t let him sleep in a place like this, he will catch a cold.”

Ed and the other members of the platoon nodded with blank expressions on their faces.

I left with my back facing them, as I could not resist licking my lips. That ‘drunk-in-one’ was unexpectedly good. If I had known this earlier, I wouldn’t have given Elijah one and half bottles. Tsk tsk! Since I was going to request Roland to do some things for me, I might as well just bring him here and continue drinking as Supreme Dragon.

Daily Duty #6: "Attend Various Ceremonies"

After drinking till midnight with Roland, I learned something new...

Even a Death Knight can get drunk.

Well, it's fortunate he can; if not I would not have been able to let the bar waitresses and owner to harass him and use this handsome man to— No! I mean use this handsome *corpse* to cover the cost of the alcohol.

I didn't know that a bottle of alcohol could be that expensive! When I saw the receipt, I nearly fainted, but at the same time I felt lucky for myself—I had left without paying for the wine when drinking with Elijah earlier today.

Because we had been drinking till midnight and the owner and waitresses touched Roland multiple times, when we finally left I had to carry a drunken corpse to Pink's house. By the time all that was done and I had returned to the Church, it was early next morning.

The moment I stepped into the Church, before I even had the time to clean up and take a nap, Storm suspiciously pulled me into a corner and said in an ambiguous tone, "There's a guest looking for you."

A guest? And what was with Storm's tone? Why does he sound as if I'd gone out on a clandestine love affair and have been caught red handed...? I'm innocent! All I did was covertly go out for a drink with a

corpse; I'm not having an affair!

Even though I was full of questions, I still smiled and said, "May I ask, brother Storm, in which reception room is the guest?"

Shaking his head, Storm replied, "How can she be in a reception room?"

"Not in the reception room?" A look of suspicion could not help but appear on my face.

Seeming satisfied with me giving an expression besides a smile, Storm beckoned with his hand and said, "Follow me."

After a short while, we arrived outside a rather private Prayers Room. Supposedly, this was a place for Holy Knights to pray quietly. However, as far as I understand, it's actually used for noisy activities such as "Let's all have packed lunches here" instead of quiet prayers.

The moment I entered the room, I understood why we couldn't go to the reception room—after all the reception room was a public place. This was not someone who could appear when she wanted in a public area.

It was the kingdom's one and only princess!

I couldn't help but begin to praise the princess's clean cut way of doing things. Elijah just went back drunk yesterday and today she was coming knocking on my door. Turning to face Storm, I said, "Brother Storm, is it okay if you excuse us for a while?"

With that, Storm walked out reluctantly with a keenly curious look on his face.

"Elijah has already told me about your plan, but I'm not going to support you." Without beating around the bush, the princess got straight to the point. Eyeing me scornfully, she said, "You must've thought that brother went against my will and forced me to marry the Son of the God of War, right? Let me tell you, you are wrong! Brother has already discussed it with me and I've agreed. As a princess, to sacrifice myself for my kingdom is my duty.

"I think there's some misunderstanding between us, Your Imperial Highness," I said, still smiling. "Your Highness must understand that, no matter what the situation is, I will never harm Hell Knight. It is the promise I once made to the God of Light, to protect every Holy Knight." Upon hearing that, the princess was a little stunned. She looked at me suspiciously, doubting what I had just said.

"However, even though I wouldn't do anything, it doesn't mean that the Pope treats the Holy Knights as his brothers. He would not show any mercy to anyone who possibly poses a threat to the Church's existence. You should know by now that the Pope and I are not on good terms and that he definitely won't show any mercy because of me. As for me, it is impossible for me to stay beside Elijah 24/7. And if even you, Your Imperial Highness, are going to be married into another country, then who, may I ask, will be able to protect Elijah?"

Upon hearing that, the princess's expression changed, her initially determined look starting to sway. I knew that things were starting to

work out. Even if the Princess was willing to sacrifice herself, I doubt that she'd be willing to sacrifice her beloved one.

After looking rather indecisive for a while, the princess suddenly said angrily, "How dare you threaten me with Elijah! Messenger of the God of Light? No, you're the messenger of the ignoble! Brother Sun was right about this!"

Brother Sun? After wondering for a moment, I understood. By Brother Sun, the Imperial Highness was referring to my teacher. He had a rather good relationship with the Imperial family, which was why the princess would address him as brother. Though if one went by age he ought to be called uncle, my teacher never accepted any address that was older than brother...

After hesitating, I asked, "And what did my teacher say?"

Giving me a cold glance, the princess started recounting the conversation.

"What is my student like? Hmm, overall he's a nice person...that is if you don't go against him."

"And what happens if one does go against him?"

"Hmm, you will still think that he's a nice person. But at the same time, you will have questions along the lines of 'Why am I so unlucky lately?' Work on one task and you will manage to fail two, drink cold soup and you will manage to get scalded, eat porridge and you will manage to get choked by bones, walk alone in the corridors in the

palace and you will manage to step on bull shit..."

"But how is it possible to be scalded by cold soup? Why would there be bones in porridge in the first place? And how is it possible for bull shit to appear along the corridors in the palace?"

"Hence, my student is a fairly good person overall. That is, if you didn't do anything against him."

"You're not some perfect Sun Knight! You're a filthy, selfish, treacherous person! Even your teacher thinks the same," the princess said angrily.

My teacher! His examples were absolutely awful; if it was me, I would definitely not do something that was as obvious as scalding someone with cold soup!

"Your Imperial Highness, even if I'm selfish, do you really believe that I don't have the will, on my own, to allow Hell to be together with the woman he loves?" I asked with a frown.

Giving me a cold glance, the Princess said sarcastically, "Don't think I'll believe that what you're doing's really for Elijah's good."

Sneering, I said, "Although Elijah is one of the Twelve Holy Knights, his identity can't be exposed. Hence, he's just an average royal knight. And you should know how hard it is for an average royal knight to get the hand of a princess." I then added sarcastically, "But to tell you the truth, rather than trying to come up with a way to let you marry a royal knight, I might as well fight the Son of the God of War and claim

you for myself. Not to mention that that is by far easier! After all, I'm the head of the Holy Temple, the messenger of the God of Light."

After hearing what I said, the princess began to frown, her lips forming a tight line.

"And if by chance I win, not only will I become one of the royals, but since the new king doesn't have any sons, my child might even have the chance of becoming the next king. What could get any better than that? As an overall good person, am I actually stupid enough to give this chance to Elijah, even having to crack my head open just to come up with a plan for this to work?"

Half pretending to be angry, I turned my head and looked away, watching from the corner of my eye for the princess's reaction.

She looked suspicious and remained silent for a while. Unable to find a good answer, she then asked in a softer tone, "Then why are you helping us? Aren't we doing things against you?"

I immediately retorted, "You weren't doing anything against me! Although Elijah doesn't want to be the Hell Knight anymore, he's not threatening the Church at all. And although Your Imperial Highness wants to marry the Son of the God of War, that is the prince's idea. Moreover even, if it was prince's idea, with the decreasing fame and prestige of the kingdom and the rise in the Church's power, as a king, trying to raise the kingdom's prestige is normal and can't be considered opposing me."

With that, the princess looked even more perplexed, no longer like a

high and almighty princess, but more like a confused little girl.

Amused, I said, "Although you've heard my teacher hinting to never do anything against me, you've forgotten to ask what is considered going against me."

"Then what kind of action is 'going against you'?" Getting no reply, the princess actually said in a flirtatious way, "Come on, say it! Only when you say it will I know and avoid myself from doing anything that would anger you!"

Being flirted with by a princess who was much older than me, I couldn't help but shiver. Just then, I remembered an example of someone doing things against me. Giving a cold smirk, I said, "Then I'll give an example: just recently, a certain jerk actually wanted to murder my vice captain and snatch away my brother's woman. That's totally not taking me, the Sun Knight, seriously. If I don't make him pay for everything he did, then I'll write my name backwards in my own blood!"



The eldest prince was indeed worth praising; it was finally the day of his coronation, but there was no sign of him lavishing in luxury at all. Although today was the day of the king's coronation, no decorations had added to the palace at all. Only those who were more observant would realize that the carpet had been replaced by a new one...or had it just been washed?

Rumor had it that the Chief of Protocol was unhappy with how frugal the crown prince was and went to nag at him. But all the crown prince

had said was "Father has already decorated and adorned the palace for many years; it is flamboyant enough as is." That silenced the Chief of Protocol once and for all.

No wonder the princess was willing to marry a guy she doesn't love. Her brother is already so selfless, she couldn't just say that she already had someone she loved and hence didn't want to get married, right?

Furthermore, during the ceremony, I grudgingly discovered that the Son of the God of War, who happened to be standing opposite me, was actually rather handsome. As leader of the warriors, I had envisioned him to be a big, tall, muscular man with a head of messy hair and unkempt dressing... I was absolutely wrong.

Indeed, he was big, tall, and muscular, but not overly. And seeing from how fast his pace was one could not say that he was someone who only had strength. He was very agile and flexible too. Not to mention that head of black curly hair, which made him resemble a jaguar, graceful, fast, and extremely dangerous. No wonder Adair lost to him, and very nearly lost his life in the process.

Looking at how the ladies were constantly peeking at the Son of the God of War, one could tell that this guy was rather good with women... Maybe the crown prince honestly thought that he would be a good person to marry, hence approving his younger sister to marry him. Of course, he wouldn't know that his younger sister already had someone in mind.

Returning to the coronation, it needs to be said that although the

ceremony didn't look very luxurious, but it was still very solemn. What was more important was that everyone was looking forward to the crown prince's coronation wholeheartedly, for his coronation also meant that a particular someone was finally going to descend from his throne.

When the king passed the crown to the Pope and the Pope then placed the crown on the prince's head while announcing that he was the new king, a lot of people looked quite relieved.

I guess I was the only one who didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. After all, although what that 'fat pig king' did would make anyone want to stab him to death... To tell the truth, handling a king that was as stupid as a pig was easy compared to handling this king who would probably be a tiger in pig's clothing.

I sighed. It looked like the days that I only had to handle a 'genuine pig' had ended. Today marks the beginning of a long battle with a 'fake pig'. I just hoped that I wouldn't be the tiger that gets eaten...

While I was still sighing away, mourning the end of my 'good days', all the messengers from different countries were presenting their gifts. A full length mirror embedded with precious stones, a whole set of accessories made of precious stone, a sword decorated with precious stones...

But seriously, although these presents that were embedded with precious stones were really expensive, none could be considered a real precious gift. Actually the presents for the fat pig king's birthday were much better than this. But then again, this was not because the other

countries were stingy. For events that related to a country's reputation, it was impossible for them to be stingy.

The real reason was probably because the time period from the announcement of the ceremony to the ceremony itself was very short, less than three months long, in fact. A few countries which were further away probably rushed here the moment they got the announcement, just to be in time for the ceremony. Within this time period, it is doubtful that there would be much time to prepare any decent presents.

Although the presents weren't that impressive, it seems that the king didn't mind at all. In fact, he looked rather happy.

Don't tell me... Suddenly, everything seemed so clear to me. Don't tell me that this fake pig king did it on purpose! After all, with his father spending money like water while being on the throne for so long, the country's coffers are probably more than half empty.

If each country comes with real precious treasures, those priceless treasures absolutely couldn't be sold in the market. If anyone found out that the present that was presented to the king actually appears in the market, there would only be two possibilities. First would be that the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound's exchequer had been robbed. Or second, and worst, would be that the king of the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound had actually gone ahead and sold those treasures.

Whatever the case, the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound's reputation would be ruined.

However, due to the fact that the time span between the announcements of the ceremony to the actual date had been too short, it would mean that none of the countries had enough time to prepare any decent gifts. Hence, the ones presented would all just be some things that's been embedded with precious stones or made out of gold. In that case the king would only have to pluck out those precious stones, melt the gold crafted items into gold blocks, and sell them without anyone finding out.

Crown prince— No! Now as the fake pig king, you're absolutely amazing. If we weren't rivals, I would definitely bow to you to show you my admiration for you tactics and strategies for earning money. If I told this to the Pope who equally loves money, maybe even the Pope would want to call you his brother!

Then the Son of the God of War waved to the warriors behind him and two of them immediately brought forward their gift to the king.

It was a shield, but it was plain to see that if you used it to fend off enemies no one would dare attack you, since people usually are not willing to attack a shield that is totally covered in diamonds. I would definitely be the first one to kill such a wasteful person. Even one tiniest diamond on it that might be chipped off is equivalent to burning away all the salary I would save for the next twenty years!

Nodding his thanks, the newly crowned king's eyes reflected the lights from the diamonds. Even his smile got wider. Seeing that, the Son of the God of War announced proudly, "This is a shield put together by magicians, jewel workers, and blacksmiths. The national crest of Kingdom of Forgotten Sound is formed with diamonds in the middle,

and surrounding it are magical precious stones which have been embedded to form a charm that can ward off magic spells. Additionally, its physical defense is top notch. Even a huge axe wouldn't be able to do any harm to it!"

After that explanation, everyone in the hall was amazed. This could be considered one of the best presents given today.

But all I did was smirk to myself, predicting that the fake pig king would rather push his most trusted knight forward to shield himself from an attack rather than give the shield a chance to have any of its corners chipped.

"Store it well." The King addressed the guards beside him. This is the first time today that after receiving a gift he actually spoke instead of simply smiling and nodding.

Satisfied at how the carefully the guards carried the shield out, the Son of the God of War then turned around and said provocatively, "We, the Monastery of the God of War, have shown our respect to his Majesty. We wonder what the Church of God of Light has to offer to congratulate His Majesty."

Walking towards the red carpet in the middle of the hall, standing just two steps away from Son of the God of War, I took out a bracelet. The bracelet was golden and translucent, a little like glass. It was formed by eighteen small marbles and one larger marble, all engraved with rose patterns. Indeed, it looked very delicate, but had nothing to do with the words "precious" or "treasure".

After bowing to the king, I said humbly, "Sun doesn't have anything precious in possession; all we can give is this rose marble bracelet that has received the God of Light's blessings."

The king just retained his smile and nodded politely, as for Son of the God of War, he just laughed out loudly without holding back. The rest of the crowd on the other hand, started frowning. Indeed, this present seemed too cheap.

Then I added on with a smile, "Under the protection of the God of Light, Your Majesty will remain healthy throughout your life. However, if Your Majesty ever gets injured, just break one of these rose marbles and Your Majesty will receive the God of Light's blessings, with an effect equivalent to the performance of a high level healing spell. As for the blessings of the biggest rose patterned pearl in the middle, it will be equivalent to having a highest level final healing spell performed on you."

Hearing my explanation, the king almost could not hide his surprise and desire. He whispered a few words to his sworn knights and a knight immediately came forward to receive the rose marble bracelet from my hands and passed it to the king. After fingering the marbles for a while, he immediately put it on, not even caring about how unhappy Son of the God of War looked the moment he did so.

Smiling to myself, I thought, *Even if it's a gift given by me, the king still loves it!*

After all, to a person with a lot of power in hand, the most terrifying thing they could ever encounter would be assassination.

With this marble bracelet, it was equivalent to having a cleric who could perform eighteen high level healing spells and one final level healing spell constantly by their side. Not to mention that it couldn't be bribed by enemies or be the first to be targeted and killed, like a cleric. With all this, why wouldn't he want to wear the life-saving marbles immediately?

Furthermore, those life-saving marbles were not something that could be made by an average cleric! A total of thirty high level healing magic spells need to be performed in order to make just one small rose patterned marble, and as for the big one...

It's not that I'm stingy and am only willing to give the king one, but that's the only successful bracelet that I've made.

Even for someone like me who has so much Holy Aura that it's almost overflowing, I can only cast around ten high level healing spells per day. So this pearl bracelet actually took me more than a month to complete... To secretly add the fund for the king's present into my pension isn't that easy!

"Knight-Captain Sun!" A holy knight came running at me and reported in a low voice, "There are a few necromancers and undead creatures causing a ruckus in town."

Remaining smiling after listening to the report, I could see the Son of the God of War smiling at me and naturally, I returned the smile politely... Damn you idiot, how dare you sabotage me!

I can't believe that any other necromancer beside Pink, who was within the contract, would dare to come and mess around in Leaf Bud City, the headquarters of the Church of the God of Light. It was not like they would think they had too many undead creatures at hand and wanted to give some to the Church of God of Light to help train Holy Knights and clerics.

It must be the Monastery of the God of War's doing!

Everyone on land knew that what I hated the most were undead creatures. If any undead creatures were to appear now, I would definitely apologize to the King, and then rush out to fight the undead creatures. And then the Monastery of the God of War would then be able to propose to the princess and pull strings with the Royals, and so on and so forth.

"Necromancers actually brought undead creatures into Leaf Bud City, a city that has received the blessing of the God of Light?" I sternly replied. "That's absolutely detestable! Listen, order my Sun Knight Platoon to fight those dead creatures that don't have the blessing of the God of Light. I think my platoon has been slacking off too much recently; it is indeed time to train them, to make sure that they will be strong enough to defend and protect Leaf Bud City."

"Understood." Immediately the Holy Knight nodded and rushed back to pass on the message.

The Son of the God of War opened his mouth and slowly said, "Sun Knight, it's such an important day today. With undead creatures appearing in the city, wouldn't it be more appropriate for you to

handle them personally?"

I confidently replied, "Please do not worry, sir. Today is the king's coronation, as well as the day the God of Light gives his blessings. As for those undead creatures, they definitely won't get chance to receive those blessings. Hence, my Sun Knight Platoon will most certainly wipe them out successfully."

Hehe, what is there to be worried about?

The Monastery of the God of War was not used to dealing with undead creatures. I doubted they would dare to find the really powerful necromancers who are actually able to cause a ruckus; those really powerful necromancers would never be bothered enough to do these things... Unless they're like Pink, then there's a chance that they might do it out of boredom. But for there to be a necromancer like Pink... I'm afraid she's unique in this world.

For that reason, I am sure that undead creatures running loose in the city is all the Monastery of the God of War's idea and has nothing to do with His Majesty at all. After all, due to the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound constantly worshipping the God of Light, the people in this kingdom are vehemently against the idea of undead creatures and dark auras. The king probably wouldn't be very happy with the Monastery of the God of War for doing this. Just seeing how the king had made no effort to call me to get rid of those undead creatures personally, I could tell that he was probably getting a little pissed off with Monastery of the God of War's actions.

Seeing that he was unable to chase me away, the Son of the God of

War just went straight to the point and said, "Your Majesty, this time not only does the Monastery of the God of War wish to congratulate you on your enthronement, we have a request to ask of you as well." Cooperatively, with a curious expression, the king asked, "Really? And what would that be?"

With his gaze moving toward the princess, the Son of the God of War said, "I've heard that the princess is a clever yet beautiful lady and this has caused my admiration for her. Today, when I first saw her, it merely confirmed what I had heard, but she is even more beautiful than the rumors say, which doubly confirms my will to have her as my bride."

Compared to etiquettes needed to propose to a kingdom's princess, the Son of the God of War was too abrupt, both in action and speech. However, the warriors of the Monastery of the God of War were always very frank, without any subterfuge in their action and speech, so no one could really blame them for it.

Just then a group of warriors carried in one treasure chest after another from outside. When the Son of the God of War opened one of them, the room was immediately lit up by a chest full of gold and precious stones. "And this will be the betrothal gift," he said.

Every member of the royals studied the king's expression and upon seeing no sign of discontentment, everyone immediately realized that he already had the intention of marrying the princess to the Son of the God of War. Hence, everyone started congratulating and giving their blessings. Some even started complimenting the marriage and saying things such as what a perfect match it would make.

"Please hold on!" I shouted. While everyone was still stunned, I kneeled down and proposed sincerely, "I, Sun, have feelings for Her Highness too. In view for my wholehearted and sincere feelings for Her Highness, I wish and hope that His Majesty will give me a fair chance to win over the hand of Her Highness."

The moment I said those words it immediately caused a small commotion amongst the royals around me, and even the king was stunned. The Twelve Holy Knights stared at me with disbelief, as if they'd seen a monster instead of their Sun Knight.

"Unbelievable! And here I thought that the first person Sun would ever propose to would be the statue of the God of Light!" Storm said incredulously. The rest of the Twelve Holy Knights immediately nodded in agreement, except for Judgment. That's what I call a real friend; he knew me well indeed!

Feeling my gaze, Judgment patted Ice on his shoulder and raised his eyebrow as though to say, *I thought the first person you would propose to would be Ice.*

Before the King could react and reply the Son of the God of War turned around and furiously bellowed at me, "You asshole!"

A count that was at the sidelines immediately ran out to stop the Son of the God of War before he could say anything insulting in front of everyone. After comforting the Son of the God of War, he turned around, smiled, and said, "Sun Knight, since you're proposing you must have prepared your betrothal gift already, right?"

Hearing that, the Son of the God of War was delighted. He added, "Without any betrothal gift, all you are doing is just trying to cause a mess!"

"Sun does not have anything special. All I can do is pass along the blessing of the God of Light again, to show Her Highness my love for her."

With that I took out another rose marble bracelet. But this bracelet was not made by me. After all, I really don't have enough time to come up with two within such a short period of time. So instead I taught the Pope how to make these pearls under the condition that he had to give a total of hundred and eight pearls as a 'teaching fee'.

The king's eyes lit up at the sight of the bracelet. He gave a low grunt and then looked rather troubled. From what I could see, I guessed he was probably thinking of a way to prevent me from getting the hand of his sister while also getting the bracelet.

Sighing deeply—probably because he couldn't think of a way to keep the pearls—he turned to face his sister and asked, "They are both good young men! Princess, it seems that they're both serious about you, what do you think?"

According to the king's script, the princess should be shy for a while before looking at the Son of the God of War from the corner of her eye. But of course, a human's predictions can't win against the God of Light's predictions. The princess remained silent, but she did not look at anyone. Instead, a royal knight behind her jumped out—Elijah.

Kneeling before the king he shouted, "Your Majesty, I'm the real one who's serious about Her Imperial Highness! The princess and I are the ones who really love each other!"

Upon hearing that, everyone turned to look at the princess. However, the princess showed no sign of denial at all. And as for someone with such high stature, silence was an equivalent to agreeing.

There was a sudden uproar in the crowd. The situation now is absolutely unbelievable. Why was it that there was not even one person coming to propose in the past, but now they were all coming together at once? Just what kind of situation was this?

It was obvious that the king had not expected this turn of events. He was startled for a while, but then turned and glared at me.

Your Majesty, you're just so clever. Although it really was me who caused all this, you don't have to stare at me so directly. After giving a shocked expression, I quickly switched to a confused look and met the king's gaze, as though I didn't understand why he was glaring at me. Seeing that, he instead turned to look at Elijah and frowned lightly.

Two sworn knights who were standing beside the king immediately jumped out. A younger knight, who looked around his thirties, scolded, "Elijah, don't mess around! You can't marry Her Highness!

Ignoring his words, Elijah turned to meet the eyes of the older sworn knight, looking ashamed and apologetic. However, all the elder sworn knight did was sigh, and did not reprimand him.

Storm softly whispered near my ear, "Although that elder knight is not Elijah's real master, he's really fond of Elijah and has taught him many things. He can be considered half a teacher."

I nodded and had to use all my strength to prevent myself from smiling. *Hahaha! I didn't know that there was actually this level of relationship with his teachers, but now Elijah's chance is a lot higher.*

"I can't believe that Elijah's actually this courageous... But it's even more unbelievable that Sun actually has an affair with the princess," Storm whispered to Leaf and Blaze, who stood beside him. As the distance between us was a little farther, I had to strain my ears to catch what he was saying.

Wait, wait, wait! Just who is having an affair with the Princess?

"I heard from the Sun Knight Platoon about how Sun wasted Elijah for no reason, so much that he nearly died from all the alcohol. Now I see—it must be due to jealousy as rivals. And the very next day the princess had a secret meeting with Sun. I guess it was because she cheated on him and was trying to explain after he found out," Storm concluded. His face had an expression that said 'I've got the ultimate gossip, and I can now die with no regrets.' As for the other Twelve Holy Knights, they were currently all straining their ears to pick up the gossip.

So my Sun Knight Platoon members are not the only ones who love to gossip... The entire Holy Temple is filled with gossipmongers! *Why are you still called the Holy Knights? You all might as well change your*

name to the Gossip Knights!

While still internally shouting and protesting about how the Holy Temple should be renamed to Gossip Temple, the king questioned seriously, "Sister, is it true that you have feelings for Elijah?"

Without speaking, the princess quietly nodded her head. Seeing that, the king remained silent as well. His face slowly turned darker and darker. Everyone dared not to say a word and the whole hall descended into an awkward silence. Even the Son of the God of War remained quiet, unable to comprehend what was happening. Frowning, he could only stare at Elijah and me with a very hostile gaze.

As the awkward silence persisted, I slowly opened my mouth and said, "If that's the case, then let the swords within our hands judge the matter and stop this meaningless chatter. That is the true way of a knight."

What? You say that this phrase sounds familiar? *Cough, cough...* Dead corpses don't have any right to *intellectual* property!

The moment the Son of the God of War heard that, a smile immediately spread across his face and loudly agreed, "That's great! A warrior only uses the sword in his hand to determine the victor!"

Of course he would have agreed to it. He already knows that I'm not good with swords and that Elijah is just a knight. Not to mention that he thought that Elijah didn't have God's blessings; even his class itself put him at a lower hand. Warriors are better at one to one, whilst knights are better at war. This is the nature of the classes that is

known to everyone.

"Then let it be so!" With that said, the king left swiftly. From his expression, it was clear that he wasn't too happy.

I smirked, my first step to success completed.

Suddenly, Leaf came running at me. He patted on my shoulder and said, "Sun, don't be sad, there's always bigger fish out there! Even if you can't get the princess, it's not that big a deal."

"I'm rather close with Elijah, so I will tell him not to bully you too much," Storm said while patting my back with a 'we're good brothers, I will cover you, don't worry' look.

"If that Son of the God of War dares to punch you too much, I definitely won't let him rest," Blaze promised while punching the air.

"S...Sun, don't worry. Even if it's against the rules, I would still...still help you to block the life threatening blows... Although I might have to block them for you many times, I will never give up on saving you!"

"...Can't you guys have a little more confidence in me?"

Hearing that, the "cruel, cold-hearted" faction from the Twelve Holy Knights only gave me a cold glance. As for the "good, warm-hearted" faction, they actually said, "Of course! We have absolute confidence in your recovering ability. The two of them definitely wouldn't be able to kill you. And that is why we are confident enough to let you go up there to get beaten up."

Why is it that, the “cruel, cold-hearted” faction’s cold glances didn’t manage to make me feel cold but what the “good, warm-hearted” faction had said made me feel as if I had been hit by a blizzard...

Daily Duty #7: "Admonish the Misconduct of a Fellow Holy Knight"

A day after the ceremony I received a letter from the palace. It confirmed that the date of the death match would be in two weeks. It was decided that it would be a free-for-all, so that the three of us could compete fairly. The last person standing would be the winner.

This was not unexpected, for I had strongly encouraged the princess to make it a three person melee. I also encouraged her to postpone the date of the death match as far back as possible, to give me at least two weeks to prepare. It looked like the king still loved his only sister. Even though she nearly angered him to death, he still listened to her requests.

But the king was probably still furious thanks to me. The letter actually included an affidavit, wanting me to swear that I would be responsible for my death! *He can't possibly want the Son of the God of War to use this opportunity to kill me, right...?*

I was flabbergasted. I signed the affidavit because I knew that with my extraordinary self-recovery ability and with the Pope watching the match it would be more likely for me to be assassinated than to die on stage.

After confirming the time of the death match I decided to look for Knight-Captain Judgment. I interrupted a random holy knight to inquire about his whereabouts, only to find that the Twelve Holy

Knights were in a meeting. *Now that I think about it, when was the last time I attended a meeting?*

The moment I opened the door to the conference hall, everybody's gaze shifted to me. After flashing a dazzling smile and nodding my head in acknowledgement, I apologized, "My apologies, dear brothers, Sun was unable to attend this meeting for he has been busy..."

"Don't worry about it, Sun! You've been so b-busy lately... Besides, whether you're here or not makes absolutely no difference!" Earth Knight replied 'sincerely.'

Earth, you... I gritted my teeth, ignored Earth, and looked directly at Judgment Knight and said, "Knight-Captain Judgment, if you do not mind, could I borrow a little of your time? I want to practice my swordsmanship with you."

Judgment answered coolly, "As long as you don't mind getting injured, Knight-Captain Sun, it is not a problem."

As we left the conference hall together and I conveniently shut the door behind me, I happened to hear Leaf exclaim, "OH NO! Since Sun cannot marry the princess, could he be contemplating suicide?"

Metal then replied, "Nonsense! Our Knight-Captain Judgment has no interest in beating to death someone who doesn't even have the strength to tie up a chicken¹."

At long last, all of the members of the 'good, warm-hearted' faction were forced to admit, "Yup! Judgment is not a person who bullies the

weak.”

I could not help but sigh and turn around to inquire and complain to Judgment, “Am I really that lousy? I have survived till today and have even defeated countless undead. No matter how you look at it, I can’t be that weak, right?”

The corners of Judgment’s lips raised a little, and then he directly asked me, “Where are we going?”

“Prayer room.”

Judgment nodded and did not ask any more questions. He followed me all the way to the prayer room, which had a sign with the words “Under Renovation” hanging on the door. I ignored it, opened the door, and entered. As expected, Elijah was standing inside, looking at the painting on the wall.

I nodded in approval. *This fellow Ed is pretty efficient and rather smart. Not only did he secretly sneak Elijah in under my orders, he also stuck an “Under Renovation” sign so that other people would not enter. More importantly, he understood not to stay behind after finishing the task, sparing me the effort of wasting my breath asking him to get lost. Looks like I can assign some tasks to Ed, to prevent Adair from dying of overwork before I retire. If Adair died, I would also die of grief.*

Elijah was not very surprised to see me, but the moment he saw Judgment Knight he was totally stunned. “Judgment Knight!”

Judgment regarded me, then Elijah, and then frowned. “What are you

up to now?" he asked.

I explained in simple terms, "I want him to marry the princess, so I hope you can teach him some sword skills before the death match."

Judgment responded unconcerned, "I have no problem teaching you, but I don't believe I have any obligation to help him."

"No! You do have an obligation to help him..."

Judgment gave me an expressionless glance. He turned and started to leave.

I immediately pulled him back and added, "He is still a member of the 'cruel, cold-hearted' faction. You're the boss of the 'cruel, cold-hearted' faction. Can you be so heartless as to abandon him?"

"What?" Judgment spun around, scowled at Elijah's royal knight armor, and then glared at me suspiciously.

I quickly explained, "He is Knight-Captain Hell, one of the Twelve Holy Knights. The Pope forced him to spy on the palace from a young age, but because of that he no longer wants to return to the Holy Temple..."

Noting the dawning realization in Judgment's eyes, I described the situation in greater detail, "Plus, he and the princess are deeply in love. I promised him that as long as he can prevent the Son of the God of War from marrying the princess, thereby giving the Pope reasonable justification for letting him go, he will be free of the Church."

At this point, I whispered in Judgment's ear, "Otherwise, the Pope will kill this useless spy."

Judgment's frown deepened. After a long period of silence, he finally said, "The Son of the God of War is very strong. Even I am not confident that I could beat him. In addition, unlike warriors, knights are not suited to dueling. Knights ride horses to battle and are most adept at using defensive shield formations. As holy knights, we use some holy magic to make up for our limitations. But to prevent his identity from being exposed, Knight-Captain Hell cannot use any kind of holy magic... To conclude, there is no possibility of him winning."

I nodded and replied, "I know that, but he does not have to win. All I need is for you to train him so that he can stall for as long as possible."

Judgment glowered and said in a disagreeing tone, "Knight-Captain Sun, you should know that your most important job now is—"

"Obtaining more followers!" I completed his sentence and then added seriously, "Believe me, I am pouring all the energy I have now into carrying out this job... But I can conveniently finish some other unrelated tasks at the same time."

Judgment shot me a blank stare. *Hey!* After receiving this look, I realized that he had gone from the "business is business" Judgment Knight to my good friend Lesus, who will agree to do anything. He helplessly said, "I guess I can't refuse, otherwise you will annoy me to death!"

Hee hee! I don't mean to boast, but I am at my most patient when I

need someone to do something for me. I remember that a long time ago I gave Lesus hourly reminders just to make him climb over the wall to buy blueberry pies for me. Please note that this meant saying, "Lesus, buy blueberry pies for me!" every hour, twenty-four hours a day, including at night.

But, thinking back now, I feel tremendously relieved. Luckily for me, Lesus finally surrendered and chose to climb over the wall to buy blueberry pies. He *could* have chosen to conduct a shocking midnight homicide. After murdering me with one slash of his sword, he could have climbed over the wall to get rid of the corpse, and that would have been the end of all annoyances...

"Since there are only two weeks left, the training should begin today." Judgment shook his head when he heard the words 'two weeks' and said, "One day I will lose control and chop you to death instead of complying with you."

I immediately praised loudly, "No way, no way! Judgment, you are the nicest person in the world, even nicer than Leaf! You will definitely never chop your bestest best friend to death."

"...Are you being sarcastic?" Judgment shot a look at me.

"That was a compliment!" I denied frantically. After coughing a few times, I pushed Elijah forward and reminded him, "Hey! Have you finished daydreaming? Judgment has already agreed to teach you sword skills, so why haven't you thanked him?"

Elijah finally came to his senses and stammered, "D-Don't you two

hate each other...?"

I nodded and exclaimed, "That's right! Let me introduce you to my good friend whom I hate the most, Lesus Judgment."

"Good friend...whom you hate the most?!" Unsurprisingly, Elijah stared into empty space once more. It was obvious his brain had stopped functioning.

"Quit bullying him." Judgment shook his head at my bad behavior and reminded, "Since we are aiming to stall for time, having Cloud Knight's help would be killing two birds with one stone."

"Cloud?"

I thought about it for a while, and then came to a sudden revelation. Immediately, I said, "No problem! I shall go look for him right away. Cloud is not only a member of the 'good, warm-hearted' faction, but he is also very obedient. All I have to do is order him to help out."

Judgment nodded and began to size up Elijah, as if contemplating what training method to utilize... I briefly prayed for Elijah. Even though the way Judgment does things is totally fair (and he would not make things too difficult for Elijah on purpose), I have seen the training plan Judgment drew up for himself... I can only say that after that kind of training, anybody could become a master swordsman!

Who was it? Who secretly said "except for me"? I heard you!



"Cloud! Knight-Captain Cloud! Where are you?!" I shouted for Cloud as

I walked. Although walking and yelling affects my graceful Sun Knight image, I didn't have a choice!

This was the fastest way to find Cloud. Also, once everybody hears that I am looking for Cloud, they will forgive my inelegant hollering. This is because "everyone knows" that Knight-Captain Cloud is a wanderer and is as graceful as a cloud. It is said that he can be found drinking alone or reading books on windowsills, rooftops, under banyan trees, etc.

I cannot begin to guess how the old Cloud Knight drifted around gracefully. I only know that our Cloud is commonly found drifting here and there. Plus, his drifting ability is exceptional; he often drifts past my ear and I do not necessarily notice him... He is most commonly found in dark corners, behind dusty curtains in an attic, and in cabinets nobody has opened in years. In conclusion, I should just search for dark and damp places!

He usually hides in these dim places with a small holy light for illumination, reading books with titles like "How to Conduct Accurate Foretelling", "The Ten Best Good Luck Spells", and "Bringing Good Fortune and Staying Away from Bad Luck." He would have a pot of unknown blackish, greenish, or reddish liquid beside him, but I never dared to ask him what they were.

As the Holy Temple is enormous, there are plenty of dark and damp places. It is nearly impossible to correctly guess which cabinet Cloud is hiding in.

Hence, the method everybody uses to find him—walking and shouting.

I searched for a long time and just happened to see Storm pass by. Surprisingly, he was only carrying about ten work documents, which was much less than usual. I knew that Storm could not possibly know which cabinet Cloud was hiding in, but being as exhausted as I was, I could not resist asking, "Brother Storm, may I inquire as to whether you are aware which direction Brother Cloud went after the meeting?"

Storm raised an eyebrow and answered my question with another, "Unless Cloud was standing in front of you, have you ever seen him?"

"No..."

I sighed. This fellow Cloud is just like a ghost. Not only does he love hiding in dark corners, he even walks using the special 'Cloud Steps,' which have been passed down through countless generations of Cloud Knights. The Cloud Steps, which were originally used to dodge enemy attacks, were now being used to avoid being seen... If he did not want to be found, you would have to grow a third eye in order to see him!

Storm nodded in agreement. Before I left, he commented, "Where do you usually see Cloud?"

Where do I usually see Cloud? I thought about it for a bit. In the meeting room? Nah, I did not really "see" him back there. In the hallways? Nope, I have never "seen" him in the hallways. Cabinets? No, No! Even if I found the right cabinet, I often cannot see through Cloud's camouflage.

Wait! Actually, the place I usually find him is... A shiver ran down my spine. I shuddered and said, "Behind me..."

Storm nodded, and then pointed behind my back with his index finger. He left after that, minding his own business.

I waited some time before saying, "Cloud?"

"Here."

He really is there... I turned around abruptly and, sure enough, I found Knight-Captain Cloud whose skin was even paler than mine due to long years without exposure to the sun. I did not know whether to laugh or cry. "When did you start following me?" I asked.

Cloud mumbled politely, "I happened to be in the bookcase next to the prayer room under renovation, and heard you as soon as you left and started shouting for me."

"So you followed me all the way? Why didn't you call out to me?"

Cloud murmured listlessly, "I called you many times, but you probably couldn't hear me because your voice was too loud."

"Next time just tap my shoulder!" I said impatiently.

"Okay." Cloud nodded.

"Were you hiding in the cabinet again?" I complained. "Didn't I tell you, cabinets are not meant for people to inhabit. You can read books in the reading room, or if you want to be alone, you can find an empty prayer room. As one of the Twelve Holy Knights, no one will object if

you request for a private prayer room.”

Cloud shook his head vigorously and said, “I wasn’t hiding in the cabinet because you forbade me from hiding there.”

“Didn’t you just say you were hiding in the cabinet?”

Cloud shook his head again and said, “I was hiding in the *bookcase*.”

“...Is there a difference?”

Cloud tilted his head to one side, and then answered, “Cabinets have the musty smell of mold; bookcases smell like moths. Moths smell better.”

Normal people should dislike both smells, right? And since moths smell better, why hide in cabinets in the first place? I really cannot follow Cloud’s train of thought... Forget it! It’s fine as long as he is happy.

“Cloud, immediately report to Judgment Knight in the prayer room under construction and then follow his orders.”

“Okay.” Cloud nodded once more and then vanished like a ghost.

I nodded in approval. Although Cloud is a bit difficult to find, has a barely audible voice, a rather strange personality, and an odd way of thinking, he is very obedient. This obedience is his greatest virtue. He obeys all my commands without ever asking why.

“Sun!”

Without waiting for the person who shouted to reach me, I frowned and said, "Trouble?"

"How did you know?" Blaze screeched to a halt and gaped, eyes filled with suspicion as to whether I recently gained the ability of clairvoyance.

"Whenever you run toward me in a hurry, nothing good happens," I explained gloomily. *Didn't Adair nearly die the last time this happened?*

"So that's how you knew..." Blaze seemed to suddenly realize what he was supposed to do and then began panicking once more. He hollered, "That's not right! Why are we discussing this?! Your Sun Knight Platoon had a fight with the guys from the Monastery of the God of War. A bunch of them are injured, but thankfully no one's life is in danger and they are all tending their wounds in the main hall now. However, the guys from the Monastery of the God of War are demanding that the Sun Knight Platoon be punished. It doesn't make any sense! Where is the justice in beating each other up?! Their wounds are much lighter than the Sun Knight Platoon's, so we should be the ones demanding compensation!"

I was outraged the moment I heard. My Sun Knight Platoon actually *ignored my repeated warnings* and went to pick a fight with such a strong enemy!

Were they going to anger me to death before they were satisfied?



When Blaze and I dashed into the main hall, we instantly saw the blood drenched members of the Sun Knight Platoon. I was so livid that I nearly scolded them in public. Luckily, Blaze pulled my sleeve and pointed at the Son of the God of War and his approximately fifty warriors in the middle of the hall. Only then did I restrain myself.

I smiled broadly as I walked past the injured Sun Knight Platoon and continued all the way to where the Son of the God of War was. Courteously, I said, "If Sun knew that the Son of the God of War was arriving, Sun would have personally welcomed your presence here in order to express the gracious hospitality of the God of Light. Since you are here, would you care for Sun to show you around the Church of the God of Light?"

The Son of the God of War's lips twitched as he listened to me. He growled, "Stop talking bullshit. Sun Knight, your people beat up my people, and you, you...! Anyway, you need to account for this."

My people beat up your people? I sneered in my heart. Not only were the Sun Knight Platoon's injuries far more serious than his warriors, I am absolutely sure that under my teachings the Sun Knight Platoon would never pick a fight they could not win. Therefore, it isn't hard to discern who started the fight!

I am 80% sure this was because Elijah and I were trying to snatch his princess. This made him furious. Since he could not take his anger out on Elijah or me (and would not dare touch the royal knights, because the royal knights belong to the King and not Elijah), he started a fight with my Sun Knight Platoon... *Those bastards! Didn't I recently tell*

them not to leave the Holy Temple? My words fell on deaf ears!

The moment I heard what the Son of the God of War said, I stopped smiling and said gravely, "Of course, as the God of Light teaches us, we should definitely not treat our guests with violence. Instead we should treat all things with the benevolence of the God of Light, as kindness will be repaid with kindness. Violence incites more violence and hate begets hate. No one likes to be treated with violence. Hence, we must first show our thoughtfulness and kind consideration. Only then will the other party repay kindness with kindness—"

The more the Son of the God of War listened, the deeper he frowned. At last, he grabbed his head as if he had a splitting headache and bellowed, "SHUT UP!"

I closed my mouth as he wished and smiled warmly at him.

Blaze mumbled from behind me, "Wow! I just had a big fight with this guy and not a single hair on his head was messed up. All Sun had to do was talk and he has a splitting headache."

"Just tell me how you are going to punish them!" The Son of the God of War snarled. *It looks like talking to me is more tiring than fighting with Blaze.*

I spun about to face my Sun Knight Platoon and rebuked, "You actually treated our guests with violence? Have you forgotten that you are holy knights of the God of Light? Are you so selfish? Since you are so unwilling to be polite holy knights, I shall forbid the clerics from healing you. Go to the medical room and bandage up your wounds.

After that, all of you report to the detention room. You have been grounded for a month!”

The members of the Sun Knight Platoon hung their heads in shame and slowly got to their feet. Some of the more seriously injured members needed support from others to get up.

Finally grasping the current situation, Blaze said anxiously, “Sun, there’s nothing wrong with putting them in detention, but at least let them seek healing from the clerics! Their injuries are too severe!”

“That is their punishment.” I said plainly, with no intention of retracting my orders.

The surrounding holy knights looked at the Sun Knight Platoon with sympathy and proceeded to glare at those from the Monastery of the God of War.

I turned to address the Son of the God of War just in time to see a satisfied grin spread across his face. The warriors behind him laughed out loud as the embarrassed members of the Sun Knight Platoon left the hall.

“I really look forward to the death match in two weeks. For the sake of the God of Light’s benevolence, I will be merciful.” The Son of the God of War’s teeth flashed as he beamed widely.

I smiled dazzlingly and replied, “Many thanks for your kindness.”

“Hahaha...” Everyone from the Monastery of the God of War laughed

boisterously as they swaggered out of the Church without even saying a single 'goodbye.'

Once the warriors of the Monastery of the God of War had left Blaze cautiously sized me up and whispered, "S-Sun? Now that they are gone, should I go look for some clerics to heal the Sun Knight Platoon?" At one look from me, he instantly went quiet.

I strode quickly after the Sun Knight Platoon. Blaze hesitated for a bit then followed me. Although there were many medical rooms and I did not instruct the Sun Knight Platoon on which room to use, it was easy to find them. All I had to do was follow the trail of blood.

All the clerics, holy knights, and even the Twelve Holy Knights went pale the moment they saw me pass by. They even took steps to avoid me.

When I reached the medical room, I gently shut the door behind me. I then growled angrily at the Sun Knight Platoon, "You bastards, what have I taught you?"

All the members of the Sun Knight Platoon hung their heads, not daring to say anything.

I lost my temper and roared, "Didn't I tell you before?! If you want to hit somebody, make sure he is at least two times weaker than you. If the opponent is almost as equally strong, never act unless the chance of winning is at least 200%. Didn't I tell you to just tolerate it and report to me before starting a fight?"

"Captain, it's not our fault! They wouldn't let us walk away!" Ed answered in a subdued voice, as he held his bleeding left hand.

"Nonsense!" I rebutted. "If you really wanted to leave, how could they stop you in broad daylight? All the patrolling royal knights would have helped you deal with troublemakers like that."

Ed howled, "B-but, we couldn't just ignore them! They insulted you! If we just turned tail and ran, wouldn't it confirm that they were right?" There was an immediate uproar among those present and they all complained, "That's right! They actually called you a spineless coward who relies only on his good looks!"

That means that I am very handsome! What's there to be angry about?

"They said that holy knights were good-for-nothings, who could only take beatings. That's too much!"

Err... Actually, they were not too far from the truth. Holy knights are best at defense and recovery. These two abilities combined make holy knights highly resilient, which means they are experts at getting beaten up!

"They even said that you don't care about us. Even if they killed us, you would never dare touch them..."

Rubbish! If they dared to kill you, I would make sure they were all paralyzed for life!

It was this third statement that ultimately pissed me off. I made a solemn face as I listened to them complain and bandage their injuries at the same time. When they were about done, I ordered, "Report to the detention room."

Hearing that they would still going to be detained, the Sun Knight Platoon looked at the ground miserably. Just as they were about to leave, there came a knock on the door.

"Who is it?" I scowled. *Who would dare interrupt me while I was teaching my platoon members a lesson?*

"Captain, it's me, Adair."

"You have guts to disobey me and get out of bed. Have you fully recovered?"

"I'm perfectly fine now, Captain."

"Then come in."

Adair fell to his knees the moment he entered and said guiltily, "Captain, if you insist on putting the Sun Knight Platoon in detention, then please lock me up too. This all happened because I, the Vice-captain, failed to train them well."

I glanced at Adair. Since his movements seemed very smooth, his injuries were probably fully healed. Coldly, I said, "Very good! All of you, report to the detention room."

Adair looked down, hiding his expression, and replied like usual, "At once."

Notes On The Chapter

¹“**doesn’t even have the strength to tie up a chicken**”: A Chinese idiom that describes a person that is physically extremely weak.

Daily Duty #8: "Build Good Relationships with Neighbors"

I waited until night had fallen, and then knocked on each of the twelve knights' doors. My first sentence to every one of them was "Do me a favor."

I knocked all the way to Judgment Knight's room, and said the same thing after he had pulled open the door. "Do me a favor."

"What favor?" Judgment Knight asked, feigning ignorance. "Buy blueberry pie? Ask Ice to make strawberry shaved ice?"

I requested straightforwardly, "Lend me ten Judgment Knight Platoon members."

Judgment sighed. "For a mission or for revenge?"

"For a mission..." Seeing the dubious look on Judgment's face, I quickly confessed, "But I admit that there's a teensy weensy thought of personal revenge."

Judgment was dumbfounded, and asked, "Would that be enough for you?"

I shrugged. "Of course. I just want to obtain more followers, not start a war with the Monastery of the God of War."

Even though I said that, Judgment still took some time to contemplate before he reluctantly replied, "I can only lend you five, in case your

temper gets you into any mischief. You have always spoiled your Sun Knight Platoon. Since they were badly beaten up and humiliated in public, I really find it hard to believe that you will restrain yourself and not severely punish the warriors from the Monastery of the God of War."

"Very well, five it is," I readily agreed.

Seeing how I had agreed so easily, Judgment frowned again. In order to avoid giving him a chance to regret his words, I quickly switched topics. "How is Elijah's training coming along?"

"Very well, he's a quick learner. Cloud has modified his cloud-steps to improve his dodging skills. He should be able to achieve the ability of Stalling after two weeks."

I nodded. "Very well. There should be no problems then."

"Could you tell me what your plans are for increasing the number of believers?"

"No!" If Judgment knew of my entire plan, there was no guarantee that he wouldn't immediately cut me down with his sword in order to punish me for hurting my people in the past, prevent me from risking war with the Monastery of the God of War in the present, and keep me from endangering the world in the future.

"You really are up to mischief... Tsk! Then it is better not to tell me."

Judgment shook his head and decisively abandoned the notion of knowing my plans, saving him the dilemma of having to decide

whether to cut me down or not. He slowly closed his door, muttering, "I had better go to bed early tonight so that I won't feel remorse over lending people to you after knowing what my five platoon members will be forced to do. Speaking of which, every time I agree to do you a favor, I always regret it later!" He sighed heavily.

I advised, "Sighing will shorten your lifespan by three seconds."

Behind the door came a faint voice, "Agreeing to one of your requests will shorten my lifespan by three years..."

I retorted, "If it really did shorten your lifespan by three years then you would have been dead by the time you knew me for a month."

"...So you're aware then?"



After visiting Judgment, I peeked at the position of the moon through the window. It was now approximately ten o'clock, almost time. I swiftly walked towards the Holy Temple's kitchen. At this time, there was not a soul there, but a few baskets of bread and milk had already been placed on the table.

I carried these baskets, and quietly approached the outside of the detention room where the Sun Knight Platoon were locked up. I didn't go to the detention room's only door, but instead approached a wall. I squatted against the wall and was just about to open a secret door when I heard noises coming from within.

"The captain's too much, forbidding us to heal; several of us are severely injured!"

"No food has been sent either... Has the Captain really forsaken us?"

An emotional growl interrupted everyone's complaints. "As a member of the Sun Knight Platoon, how could you, like those outsiders, think that the captain would forsake us? If that were the case, who do you think sent food to us whenever we were in detention? Who would have sent those warm blankets to us? Lastly, who would have opened that secret door to the detention room?"

This voice belonged to Adair, as expected from the vice-captain who understood me best!

A voice quickly explained, "Adair, don't be too emotional! I, of course, understand that our captain wouldn't forsake us. It's just that the captain always asks us to carry out nearly impossible missions..."

That voice sounded like Ed. Tch! I actually thought I could appoint him with some tasks, but it seemed that it just wouldn't do if it was not Adair!

"But Captain has always given us some help!" Adair hardened his attitude.

"Yes, but captain can sometimes be quite...quite...off his rocker. Last time he wanted us to conceal our identity to beat up Knight-Captain Earth. But he only gave us twenty five sets of assassins' garb, forgot to give us weapons, and let us get beaten up by Knight-Captain Earth instead..."

Adair's voice no longer passed through the wall; it seemed that he could not refute this.

This is complete rubbish! How could I have forgotten the attempt to punish Earth? It was just that after I had purchased night clothes with public funds, I was found out by the Pope. As a result he took back the rest of the money. There was no money to buy weapons, but there were twenty something people beating up a person so I thought they could at least get a punch or two in...

I would never have thought that not only they could not break through Earth's protective shield, but all of them came back with injuries for me to heal. I was so mad!

I furiously threw open the secret door and tossed the basket through the opening with so much force that I could hear the sound of the basket hitting the far wall.

There was silence beyond the wall, until Adair explained, "Captain, everyone was just complaining, they didn't really mean it."

I rolled in a dozen rose beads, ignoring Adair's explanation, and said resentfully, "Those with severe injuries may only use one and should not be fully healed. Every one of you must have an injury of some kind. This is an order!"

Ed sounded as if he was about to cry, "Captain... The people from the Monastery of the God of War were too much and we were just too mad at them, that's why we spoke nonsense. Please don't be angry!"

"Captain!"

"We're sorry, captain!"

"We were wrong, captain!"

My heart softened at the calls of 'captain'. Those damn fools must have known my weakness. Every time they made a mistake, each of them would desperately cry, "Captain, captain!"

I growled, "That's enough! Just shut up. Those with heavy injuries, hurry up and treat your wounds. Those with minor injuries, hurry up and eat. There's a task to do later." The cries of 'captain' behind the wall immediately ceased, and I called out, "Adair."

"Yes, sir."

"Gather everyone at the usual place later. I will send people to assist all of you. You will also need some tools."

"Yes."

"Captain, will you be accompanying us?" Ed suddenly asked.

"I, Sun, will not be with you."

"Understood..."



At approximately midnight or so, Adair directed all the members

through the secret door. I hid behind a tree and quietly peeked as they came out, then stealthily followed them from behind. Although Adair was very competent, I wasn't sure if he really understood my plan. Better to follow them just to be safe.

"Adair, could that flitting shadow behind of us be Captain?" Ed was constantly looking back.

"No, the captain said he would not follow us," Adair replied, not even looking back.

Hearing this answer, Ed then said, "No wonder the captain favors you, Adair."

Suddenly, Adair stopped. Ed could not react fast enough and his nose had a severe, intimate contact with the back of Adair's head.

Ed held his nose with a pained expression, swiftly cast a Minor Heal on himself, and then loudly complained, "Adair, why did you suddenly stop?"

Adair blankly gestured towards the front, and all of the members of the Sun Knight Platoon gazed towards the front in unison... a black-clad member of the Judgment Knight Platoon came over and reported to Adair:

"Ten members of the Storm Knight Platoon, ten members of the Blaze Knight Platoon, ten members of the Leaf Knight Platoon, ten members of the Earth Knight platoon, ten members of the Ice Knight Platoon, ten members of the Moon Knight Platoon, ten members of the Cloud

Knight Platoon, five members of the Judgment Knight Platoon—all members present and accounted for. Under the orders of Knight-Captain Sun, we obey the orders of Sun Knight Platoon's vice-captain Adair."

Ed dumbly tugged at the corner of Adair's shirt and whispered, "Adair... Do you think the captain is asking us to beat up those people from Monastery of the God of War, or obliterate them?"

"Uh... I'm not too sure," Adair replied, slightly perplexed. Just then he saw two crates that were placed in the middle of the gathering place. He loudly muttered, "These must be the tools that the captain spoke of."

I nodded in the darkness even though I knew that Adair would not be able to see me.

He walked over, opened the two boxes and furrowed his eyebrows in thought.

Ed came over and curiously picked up the items from the box. There were dozens of pieces of clothing of the same style. He said in surprise, "Aren't these royal knights' uniforms? There are also their designated weapons... And aren't those uniforms of warriors of Monastery of the God of War? What are these for?"

Out of habit, all members of the Sun Knight Platoon looked toward Adair, who had just finished thinking. He loudly muttered, "Oh! It seems that we have to split into two groups for the mission—no wonder we need so many people."

Listening to Adair's announcement, I gave a satisfied nod. It seemed that he knew what to do, and I shall say again, as expected from the vice-captain I had chosen. I had such great taste when I chose!



Judgment Knight was busy training Elijah, and Elijah was busy being trained by Judgment Knight.

Adair and the Sun Knight platoon were busy doing what I had asked of them during the night. By day, they had returned to the detention room and lay in a pile, sleeping like a mass grave of corpses. They were so corpse-like that even if one were to walk on those 'corpses', not a cry of pain could be heard—only the sound of rhythmic snoring.

Even Pink and Roland were busy preparing what I had requested of them. The process of requesting favors from Pink went smoothly. Her eyes immediately shone when I explained my request and she did not mention wanting any payment, so of course I did not mention paying. Conversely, Roland was so shocked that his face turned pale... But his face has always been grayish white, so there really wasn't much of a difference.

I yawned loudly, grabbed a blueberry biscuit from my plate and stuffed it into my mouth, then continued flipping through the book that Cloud had lent to me: *How to Pick the Right Lucky Accessories to Wear for a Duel*.

I sat back and relished the feeling of everyone being busy but me. It felt indescribably good.

There was a scratching sound and then the door was opened. Sunlight spilled in from the outside, filling the space I was in with light, but I was not perturbed. I had lit up a small sphere of holy light to do my reading.

"If Cloud had not told me, I really would not have dared believe that you were hiding here... Isn't it Cloud's habit to hide inside a book cabinet? Also, do you really intend to rely on this book for the upcoming battle?"

I raised my head and watched as Judgment Knight stuck his head into the book cabinet, looking at the book in my hands with a ghost of a smile. I raised my eyebrows and exclaimed, "Don't underestimate this book, it's really useful! Also, I finally understand why Cloud loves hiding inside bookcases; it's a perfect little haven after lighting up a sphere of holy light."

This was also a little haven where no one would disturb me from lazing about. In the past even when I was in the prayer room there would always be someone looking for the Sun Knight, but no one would think to find the Sun Knight in a book cabinet!

Judgment nonchalantly said, "If you have finished your reading and have gotten tired of the book cabinet, please at least check on Knight-Captain Hell."

"What's up with him? Could he not learn Cloud's modified cloud-steps skill?" I furrowed my eyebrows; that would be bad as, according to my plan, Elijah needed stall the fight with the Son of the God of War for at

least ten minutes.

Judgment shook his head and said, "He's learned well, but seems to be depressed. After slight probing, it seems that peer pressure, having an affair with the princess, and disrupting the king's plans have caused the royal knights to look down on him."

I nodded and emphatically replied, "Oh, that! Don't worry, it should be settled within the next few days."

Judgment thought for a moment, but still shook his head and said, "I have already informed you of Knight-Captain Hell's status, but if you think that it is not a problem, then I shall not think about it further."

That perked my curiosity. Usually Judgment could easily deduce that Hell's plight would be resolved in a matter of days, so why would he purposely approach and inform me of Hell's poor status?

Could it be that... I suddenly moved, blurting out, "Could it be that the five members of Judgment Knight Platoon did not tell you what I had asked of them?"

"I told them not to report to me," Judgment closed the cabinet, a mutter passed through the door. "I do not want to know any of it."

Judgment seemed to know that my 'mischief' would not be something small, so he made up his mind not to know anything about the entire situation. It was better this way though; otherwise, I might be cut down by Judgment someday. I would not be able to blame him for it—and may even have to apologize for being such a nuisance.

I gazed at the book in my hands, contemplating whether I should check out Elijah's status or not. I took the last blueberry biscuit from the plate and stuffed it into my mouth, lackadaisically turning a page of the book.

Place the handkerchief of your beloved into your left breast pocket and her love shall protect your heart from harm.

Mm! This would be useless to me, but Elijah could use it. I had better tell him to remember to ask the princess for her handkerchief and place it in his left pocket!

I finished the blueberry biscuits quickly.

I wiped my mouth, arranged my clothes, and stepped out of the book cabinet.

"Greetings, Knight-Captain Clou— ...K-Knight-Captain Sun?"

I turned back to look, and I saw a few holy knights, all of whom were wearing a dumbstruck expression akin to someone who just had their head hit by something heavy. After seeing me turn to look at them, some were so shocked that they turned to immovable statues upon confirming my identity as the Sun Knight.

"The light of His Holiness shines upon the land, filling it with compassion. Even the book cabinet is filled with such a pleasant atmosphere that Sun could not help but to enter and commune with the God of Light's compassion..."

After spewing my nonsensical explanation, I swiftly ran away. It seemed that I wasn't suited to hiding inside book cabinets. If I were to hide there a few more times, the number of statues would increase in the corridor to the point of obstructing human traffic.

In order to avoid trouble, I donned a cape, pulled up the hood, and then left the Holy Temple to look for Elijah.

Thinking that Elijah, having just finished Judgment's strict training, must be tired to the point of being half dead, I guessed that his route would probably be directly from the Holy Temple to the castle. Hmm... Or perhaps he might have stopped halfway for a meal. I guessed based on Judgment's relationship with him that Judgment most probably would not have prepared blueberry biscuits for him to eat.

I quickly found him in a restaurant between the Holy Temple and the castle. He looked exhausted, and seemed quite depressed. He looked completely different from that macho royal knight I saw only days before; his entire being resembled that of an elderly person, and that all-purpose handsome face had also lost its color. Even the waitress threw his food at him without even sparing him a flirtatious glance.

Poor guy... No wonder Judgment asked me to check on him.

I walked towards the empty chair beside him and sat down, snatching away the piece of beef he had just selected and stuffed it into my mouth.

He stared at his empty chopsticks for a moment before slowly turning

his head towards me and asked uncertainly, "May I know who you are?"

I slightly lifted my hood and grinned at him.

"Ah! Su— It's you!" he exclaimed, and then fell silent. It seemed that he was troubled by something, he held his utensils, unmoving. It wasn't until I had eaten half of the beef on his plate that he opened his mouth and asked in despair, "Should I not involve myself in this duel?" *Uh oh! He is thinking of withdrawing!* I quickly swallowed the beef and coaxed, "Why would you say that? Could it be that you don't love Her Highness?"

"It's not that!" Elijah leapt up indignantly "It would be impossible for me not to love her, definitely impossible!"

I nodded, "If that's the case, then why don't you want to duel? Do you really want to hand over the princess to the Son of the God of War?"

Elijah sat down sullenly and said in a low voice, "I- I don't want to... But our social standings are vastly different."

"Is that what your comrades said?"

In a grievous, somewhat complaining manner, he said, "His Majesty and my teacher have also said so. They are extremely furious."

I picked up a piece of beef from his plate, slowly chewing and swallowing before saying unhurriedly, "How about this! Why don't you

continue receiving Judgment's training and think it over for the next two days? It wouldn't be too late for you to give up then, if you still intended to."

Elijah nodded quickly this time and happily said, "I wouldn't mind receiving more training from Knight-Captain Judgment. Knight-Captain Judgment's swordsmanship is really strong! I have only just received a week of training, and can already feel that I have improved immensely. It is unbelievable!"

"But of course, Judgment was already invincible at the age of thirteen. I think aside from Roland, no one can match him in terms of swordplay..."

"Which holy knight is Roland?" Elijah's eyes shone, not even hesitating to interrupt me.

"Er... He's not a holy knight," I said hesitantly.

"Oh, then is he a normal knight, or a royal knight?" Elijah asked relentlessly. It was obvious that he wanted to meet this Roland, whose strength could match the Judgment Knight's.

I became curious in return. Had Elijah not known Roland even though both of them were royal knights?

"He was a royal knight, but he died. Haven't you heard of Roland before?"

"Ah... Is it Captain Roland?" Elijah seemed startled. "I saw him a few

times, but we only brushed shoulders and never really knew each other well. He was not exactly a sociable person; he was also somewhat withdrawn and he rarely sparred with others. Even though I knew he wasn't weak, I didn't know he was that strong either!" With hints of upset and regret, he added, "If only I had befriended him! That way perhaps I could have persuaded him not to confront the king directly, and then he would not have been killed."

"You knew that Roland was killed by the king?" I asked, surprised. Hadn't the whole incident been covered up by crown prince?

Elijah nodded and said in a low voice, "Most of the royal knights knew about it, but because of the crown prince they did not say anything."
So that's it.

I nodded. When Roland sought vengeance on the king, there had been close to fifty royal knights present. Covering up the news completely would not have been easy. Besides, the crown prince probably didn't put too much effort into covering it up; his father's reputation was so horrible that adding the rumor of killing a royal knight would not change anything.

Seeing Elijah's disappointed look, I was about to tell him that I know a strong 'person' and ask whether or not he was interested, but I saw a bunch of people coming from behind him. I quickly picked up the beef from the table and moved to the next table, pretending not to know Elijah.

Elijah was puzzled, "Knight-Captain Sun, you—"

"There you are, Elijah!"

Elijah jolted, turned his head, and saw a bunch of royal knights stampeding towards him like a herd of bulls. His face immediately paled as he murmured, "They're not here to beat me up, are they?" while peeking at me with a distressed gaze.

The first royal knight that reached him patted him on the shoulders, growling lowly, "Elijah, you have to win!"

"Aye! Marry the princess!"

"You must not lose to that Son of the God of War!"

The royal knights all spoke over each other, but in general it was all about the many wrongs of the Monastery of the God of War, and then something along the lines of Elijah winning the battle and justice being served. Elijah took everything in dizzily. He lifted his head and saw the elderly knight, who he treated as half his teacher, walking by and quickly cried for help, "Teacher...what's going on?!"

The older knight ran in like a hot-tempered teenager, grabbed at Elijah's collar, and snarled, "Lad! If you don't marry the princess, you may never face me again!"

"Teacher?" Elijah stared aghast at the knight. He stuttered, "W-What's going on?"

The royal knights beside him indignantly said, "Those damned warriors from the Monastery of the God of War ambushed us at night!"

“They were even shouting something about us ganging up on people and saying that riding horses wasn’t fair. They kept forcing us to dismount to engage them in one-on-one combat!”

The voices of all the royal knights were rising with anger, “We’re knights, knights! We specialize in riding horses and battling in groups! Who would want to fight a single battle with them, who are specialized in one-on-one combat!? We’re not mad!”

“Not good.”

Elijah’s half-a-teacher frowned as he frankly spoke, “Your skills are still lacking; it is impossible for you to defeat the Son of the God of War. It is even more impossible for that Sun Knight who doesn’t even know how to wield a sword... Go, go, go! I’m giving you some special training!”

Hmph! You can lecture your student, but why drag me into it? I glared.

“Wait, I just—”

Elijah probably wanted to say that he had just come back from training with Judgment, but realized he could not reveal this matter, so he could only shut his mouth.

Without any reason to object, Elijah was helplessly dragged up. He could only shoot glance after glance filled with confusion to me from the corner of his eyes.

"It's the warriors from the Monastery of the God of War!" a royal knight suddenly snarled angrily.

The Son of the God of War was leading a group of fuming warriors, stalking forward through the street. His eyes were levelly fixed not only on Elijah's face, but on all the royal knights. It was obvious that he was aiming for them.

The Son of the God of War walked in front of the royal knights and immediately berated them. "What's the meaning of you royal knights challenging us to a group battle on horsebacks? We're warriors! Who would want to battle you on horseback? We're not mad!"

Hearing this, the unhappy royal knights started to clamour. "Your single combat is unreasonable, we're knights! Who would want to challenge you in one-on-one combat?"

Getting that response, the Son of the God of War's anger became mirth. "Fine, fine, fine! I shall challenge you all to a single combat. It's up to you whether you want to ride horses or donkeys, or if a few of you want to attack together. It doesn't even matter if all of you come at once!"

The royal knights were furious, but this time the elderly knight held them back. Walking toward the front and standing before Son of the God of War, he coldly said, "Interesting! Perhaps you want to compete against me. I shall ride a horse, but I will attack alone."

The Son of the God of War finally noticed the older knight. Recognizing his opponent, he began to frown.

I muttered to myself, "That's one of the king's favored knights; even you may not want to anger him at this point of time. After all, His Majesty has only two favored knights, and he's also the elder one. It's most probable that the king would listen to his advice."

The Son of the God of War looked as though he was either about to explode in anger or suffocating, but he did not want to annoy the person in front of him. Finally, he growled, "Let us depart."

The elder 'knight confidant' did not seem as though he wanted to confront the Son of the God of War either. He only sullenly turned his head and thumped Elijah's shoulder as he warned, "Lad, fight well. Lose and you'll be in deep trouble!"

"Aye! Lose and you'll be in deep trouble!" the rest of the royal knights bellowed.

Elijah's face became paler than Roland's in a blink of an eye, and he started forcefully tossing a look that was a cry for help from the corner of his eyes.

I honestly pitied him. Basically, the chances of him defeating the Son of the God of War were similar to the chances of me defeating Judgment Knight. But even though I pitied him, I still lowered my head and pretended I hadn't seen anything. I nonchalantly swallowed the last piece of beef and took out a handkerchief and wiped my mouth.

The Monastery of the God of War and the royal knights had started to feud, and Elijah would not be able to withdraw from this battle even if he wanted to... Mm, it seemed that I could ask Adair to stop his

midnight missions.

Lighthearted, I stood and decided to return to the Holy Temple. I intended to get another plate of blueberry biscuits from Ice, and maybe ask Cloud to find me a book cabinet where no one would pass by, then lend me a book for bedtime reading...

Daily Duty #9: "Spread the True Teachings of the God of Light"

On the day of the three person deathmatch, the Holy Temple was virtually empty. Everyone had already left to grab themselves a good spot at the stadium where it would be held.

I sighed in irritation. "Even the patrolling knights have disappeared. This is just too sloppy! Although it is peaceful now, there is an opposing religious faction, the Monastery of the God of War, in our territory. Having no guards in the entire Holy Temple is a bit too much. "Therefore, you guys will guard this place!"

I let my Sun Knight Platoon out of the detention room, and gave them these instructions.

Their expressions indicated a 200% reluctance to follow orders.

"Why did this have to happen... We originally wanted to sneak out of the secret door and watch the match. Captain..."

Twenty-four armored holy knights looked at me with pleading, sparkly eyes and kept crying, "Captain..." They even dragged out the last syllable. *This makes me feel really...*

"Disgusting! Get lost!" I shouted angrily.

I turned around only to see Vice-Captain Adair standing in front of me looking depressed.

He smiled bitterly, and solemnly said, "Captain, the Sun Knight Platoon and I will guard the Holy Temple well. Even though Adair will forever regret being unable to watch your battle heroics, Adair will follow your every command. Still, I cannot help but regret it!" He sighed tragically.

"Since you will regret it so much, then after arranging their positions, come and watch the match."

"Yes, sir!" Adair's vitality returned in an instant.

After saying that, I noticed that the sun had already risen. I still needed to fetch somebody, and if I did not set off soon, I would be late. Although I am often late, when the people waiting include a king, a princess, the Pope of my religion, a big shot of another religion and so on, it's not a good idea to be tardy.

When I was some distance away, I heard people yelling from behind, "Adair! You're despicable!", "Shameless!", "Traitor!" and other such comments.

When I reached the main doors of the Holy Temple, I looked around and immediately found the person I was searching for. He was standing in a corner. I nodded at him, and then continued making my way to the deathmatch stadium. I knew that he would follow me.



As I entered the deathmatch stadium, the royal knights greeted me with friendly nods. But the moment they glanced behind me, they tensed up and ran forward to restrain the person following me.

“Stop right there!”

The royal knights’ tension was infectious and soon spread to the entire audience. Many people stared openly at the uniquely dressed person at the entrance.

He wore a skin-tight black leotard with scaly silver armor covering his chest, vitals, calves, and the bottom half of his face. Although this was an assassin’s outfit, there was a longsword strapped to his waist. This was unusual, since the preferred weapons of assassins were daggers and short swords.

I shouted at the guards, “He belongs to the Holy Temple and is not a suspicious person! Let him in.”

Everybody was shocked, but the Twelve Holy Knights were the most alarmed. Some even stared, alternating between me and him, with open suspicion.

I smiled brilliantly and explained to everyone, “This is Knight-Captain Hell. He has recently completed a secret mission and has since returned to the Temple.”

Blaze was the first to exclaim, “What! He’s not Sun— No! Supreme Dragon?”

I nodded and said, “Oh! You’re right; Knight-Captain Hell’s full name is Supreme Dragon Hell. There’s nothing wrong with you calling him Supreme Dragon, but in front of others, Knight-Captain Blaze, you should call him Knight-Captain Hell. This is to prevent others from

mistaking his identity.”

Blaze was stunned. He gaped as if he wanted to say something but did not know what to say. He was not the only person who was astounded. Simply put, all the other holy knights were either shocked, suspicious, or had looks of utter disbelief.

This statement gave rise to much discussion. As everyone was talking, I took note of the situation in the stadium. The stands were clearly partitioned into royal knights, warriors of the Monastery of the God of War, and holy knights.

The royal knights sat closest to the king’s platform. The people from the Monastery of the God of War sat directly opposite the royal knights. The holy knights were divided into two and filled the seats in between the other two factions to serve as a neutral zone. After all, the angry glares the royal knights and warriors of the Monastery of the God of War were throwing at each other were enough to make anyone suspect that instead of a three person deathmatch, the battle would devolve into a group brawl.

The Son of the God of War sat next to the stage. The stands behind him were filled with warriors of the Monastery of the God of War.

The representative for the royal knights, Elijah, sat opposite the Son of the God of War, with only the stage separating them. He was staring at the supposed ‘Supreme Dragon Hell’ with a rigid face.

The princess was not on the king’s platform, but behind Elijah in a cheering zone she had prepared specially for him. She seemed to be

cheering for her sweetheart with all her might. She did not bother to even pretend to show any encouragement for the Son of the God of War or me. Observing this, the Son of the God of War was rather upset. Of course, I continued to smile dazzlingly.

The princess regarded Supreme Dragon Hell doubtfully, and then shot me a warning look. Her look implied that she wanted me to avoid causing any mischief.

I had not revealed much of my plan to the princess. All I said was that I would, naturally, help her sweetheart win the three person deathmatch. I did not mention anything else, and could not mention anything else unless I wanted to be burned at the stake.

At that moment, the king slowly announced, "From what I hear, the Twelve Holy Knights do not seem to recognize their own comrade."

I bowed gracefully to the king, then clarified, "That is correct, Your Majesty. Besides Sun, the others indeed do not recognize this companion."

"Oh? I'm all ears." The king honestly appeared interested.

I nodded and explained, "Knight-Captain Hell is a unique existence among the Twelve Holy Knights. As the ages pass the role of the Hell Knight changes, but the Hell Knight is mostly involved in undercover work. For example, during an age of war the Hell Knight would focus on obtaining vital military information."

"So what you mean is that the Hell Knight exists to be a spy or assassin?"

The king's younger knight confidante smiled a little oddly and said, "So there exists a member of the Twelve Holy Knights who does this kind of dirty work?"

Elijah, who was standing to the side, lowered his head slightly in shame.

"It is not like that at all," I denied fervently. I paused for a while before resuming my explanation, "Under the guidance of the God of Light, holy knights uphold the true spirit of justice, not an ignorant form of justice. In a war, obtaining accurate information is of absolute importance. Accurate information ensures that as few of our holy knight brethren are sacrificed as possible. It can also shorten the duration of the war, preventing the citizens of the God of Light from suffering from the ravages of war. However, information does not come easily. Simply asking will not give us any useful data. In order to obtain vital information, someone needs to sacrifice their right to stand under the light, thus entering the darkness. This is for the sake of reducing the pain of the citizens of the God of Light, protecting our own holy knight brothers, and, last but not least, carrying out the justice of the God of Light."

I glanced at Elijah. He seemed more cheerful now. I spoke gently, "Please believe me. Holy knights are not afraid of walking into the darkness with their backs to the light. Even if they are shrouded in darkness, they remain under the radiance of the God of Light."

When I had finished talking, everybody sank into deep thought. The princess even smiled at me, probably because these words of mine

could encourage her loved one.

Actually, these words did not apply only to Hell Knight. They were valid for all the holy knights in the 'cruel, cold-hearted' faction, especially their leader Judgment Knight.

The king nodded gently and said, "Sun Knight, you have deepened my understanding of holy knights."

"It is Sun's honor, and the will of the God of Light, that Your Majesty has understood my words."

"Knight-Captain Sun, have you finished talking?" The Son of the God of War was doing his best to maintain a calm demeanor, but could not hide his impatience. "If you've finished talking then let us begin the deathmatch!"

"My most sincere apologies for the long wait. Let us now participate in a friendly spar witnessed by the radiant God of Light," I announced for all to hear.

After my announcement, I immediately strode toward the stage...but a black and silver figure was in the way.

I hesitantly stopped walking and asked, "Brother Hell, is something the matter?"

Hell said simply and clearly, "Fighting is not something the Sun Knight should do. Please allow this substitute to take your place in the match." On hearing this, I murmured, "Ah." The king was quick to react. He

asked, "Substitute?"

I looked at the king with an awkward expression and stuttered, "T-This..."

The king shot a look at his younger knight confidante. The latter shouted, "Could the always honest and transparent Sun Knight be hiding something unspeakable?"

I deliberately turned around to prompt Judgment. He was the only one who could cooperate with me even without being informed.

Although Judgment had no idea what was going on, he said irritably, "If you insist on saying it, then it's your responsibility."

I hesitated, sighed, and then clarified, "It's like this, Your Majesty: Hell Knight was once thought to be the alter ego of the Sun Knight, and not a real person. It is unclear whether that was true in the past. Regardless, the current Hell Knight does indeed exist as a real person. But at the same time, they have been assigned the task of being the Sun Knight's substitute." After giving my explanation, I did my best to plead with Hell Knight, "Knight-Captain Hell, please step aside. This is my fight."

"No!" Hell growled somewhat angrily, "If you fight personally instead of letting this substitute take your place, then you are defeating the purpose of my existence. You will have to kill me and step over my corpse before I let you go up onstage."

I was left speechless, and the whole stadium was in an uproar. It was

rare for the audience to hear a highly self-disciplined holy knight lose control and say something like this.

"Knight-Captain Hell, I cannot allow you to replace me in the match." I sighed softly and said helplessly, "If you win, how could it count as my victory?"

Hell Knight said coldly, "Then step onto the stage over my dead body!"

"That's impossible... Please step aside, Knight-Captain Hell." I was beginning to get angry.

"No!" Hell Knight only spat out the one word, but this one word had more than enough impact.

We had reached a stalemate. Hell stared at me with determined eyes...or I should say, he was doing his best to appear resolute. I believe this was not difficult for him, as he was originally an extremely determined person anyway.

"Just let Knight-Captain Hell take your place."

The one who broke the stalemate was Her Highness, the princess. She said gently, "Since he is willing to sacrifice himself for Knight-Captain Sun, then it makes no difference whether it is him or the Sun Knight fighting."

I shook my head and exclaimed, "But Your Highness, the other two participants may not be willing to accept such an arrangement."

Elijah thought hard about it for a while, and then said, "Since the princess does not object, I shall also accept this arrangement."

The Son of the God of War frowned. For a long time, he did not show any sign of agreeing. This I can understand. Although he was unsure how strong Hell Knight was, no matter what, he could not be weaker than I am in the rumors.

I hurriedly added fuel to the flames by saying, "It is understandable if His Highness the Son of the God of War does not accept, since it would be unfair to him if Hell Knight wins."

The Son of the God of War appeared insulted by my comment. He coldly sneered, and howled, "Who says I don't agree! It doesn't matter who my opponent is, the winner will be me."

With regard to this statement, the king nodded in agreement. Since all the important people had given their approval, the matter was settled. The three men who were vying for the princess's hand in marriage went on stage for the deathmatch.

As I was no longer one of the men competing in the fight for the princess, I returned to the ranks of the Twelve Holy Knights and took my place beside Judgment Knight.

The edges of Judgment Knight's lips curved up a little, and he whispered, "So you never had any intention of going up on stage."

"Of course. I have no interest in being beaten to a pulp in front of an audience." I replied naturally.

I gave him a disapproving look and added cynically, "With your reasoning ability, you should have deduced this when you saw me with the book that Cloud gave me, describing how to choose good luck charms. Do you think I am a person who relies on good luck charms to guarantee the success of my schemes? If I can't be 200% confident, then I should at least be 100% sure of success before I "dare" to do anything."

"Ah... You are right! How stupid of me." Judgment shook his head in chagrin and said, "Never mind the book, I should have known you definitely weren't going to participate in the fight when you agreed to it."

I gave Judgment a look of disdain. *What is that supposed to mean? At any rate, I have defeated many undead creatures—and occasionally the undead creatures Pink sends are strong!*

A servant suddenly walked over to me and said respectfully, "Sun Knight, the king wishes to speak with you."

I nodded and followed him, then boldly gave the king a brilliant smile. Even if the king knew that all this was my fault, there was no way he could accuse me in front of such a large audience, right?

The king waved at his two knight confidantes, and they immediately understood to stand further away.

He then waved at me. I climbed up the platform, stood next to the king, and lowered my head to hear what he had to say. He gritted his

teeth and hissed, "If my sister did not truly love Elijah, I would never have allowed you to cause such mischief."

"Even though Sun has no idea what Your Majesty means by 'mischief,' I do admire your heartfelt concern for your beloved sister," I said sincerely.

After all, if the king insisted on marrying his sister to the Son of the God of War, he would have at least ten methods of sabotaging my plan. But not only did he not use any of these methods, he even chose to simply sit by and watch the outcome.

"Hmph! If you stir up so much trouble and still fail to let my sister marry her sweetheart, resulting in serious consequences, I will make sure nothing good happens to you."

Just like an anxious big brother, the king glared viciously at me. After that, he scowled and turned to the scene on stage.

The king had good reason to frown. Although Elijah had been trained by Judgment, the probability of him beating the Son of the God of War was as high as that of me beating Judgment.

I knew that, Judgment knew that, the warriors of the God of War knew that, and the royal knights knew that. So naturally, the king also knew that.

What they *didn't* know, was that there are many definitions of 'winning,' especially when fighting over a woman.



As I left the king's side and walked back to the ranks of the Twelve Holy Knights, the fight had already begun, as if the participants couldn't wait to start. The first to strike was the Son of the God of War. Warriors were always the first to attack, while knights who valued defense over attack rarely struck first.

"Nice swordsmanship!" Judgment Knight gasped in admiration, as if itching for a match.

This statement was, of course, not directed at Elijah. Elijah's swordsmanship was not bad, but not good enough for Judgment to marvel at. His comment was targeted at Rol— at Knight-Captain Hell and the Son of the God of War.

Judgment Knight struck up a commentary on the vicious fight, saying, "Soon after the start of the deathmatch, the Son of the God of War quickly realized who his real opponent was. Although on the surface, it is a three person melee, in truth most of the fighting is done between the Son of the God of War and Hell Knight.

"The Son of the God of War had at first thought to get rid of Elijah before dealing with Hell Knight, but the former's swordsmanship is pretty good and his footwork is so unique. It would require more than a moment to defeat Elijah, which makes it difficult, considering that Hell Knight would also be waiting nearby for an opportunity to attack, like a tiger waiting to pounce on its prey."

"Even the Son of the God of War would lose if he did not fight seriously against Hell Knight," Judgment Knight said, continuing his exclusive

commentary.

Truth is, all I saw were the glint of swords and the silhouettes of three people darting here and there. I watched till I was giddy, and when I heard the clash of weapons... "Good thing I am not up on stage, or I would have died of a seizure just from hearing the sounds of clashing swords," I said.

"If you really went up on stage, you would have lost before you even heard the clash of weapons," Judgment said after he heard my exclamation of relief. "But don't worry. You specialize in defeating the undead. If it was about vanquishing undead creatures, you would be stronger than all three people on stage." After comforting me, Judgment proceeded to insult me further. He said, "On the other hand, if it was about fighting living things, you would be more than ten times weaker than Elijah."

Not willing to accept defeat, I provoked him, "Then between you and Hell Knight, who would be stronger?"

Judgment darted a look at me, then said slowly, "Hard to say... And you should know very well what I mean."

I shut my mouth obediently and recalled that Supreme Dragon Hell did not only have mere sword-fighting abilities. In truth, his sword-fighting abilities were probably the most harmless of his skills. Then again, if the enemy was 'Supreme Dragon Hell,' as a holy knight, "chopping at him with a sword" was not the only means available to Judgment Knight. In conclusion, it would be really hard to determine who would win. The only thing I could be sure of was that Judgment had already

discovered the true identity of "Supreme Dragon Hell."

Although I had had no intention of hiding this fact from Judgment, I was, as always, in awe of his powers of observation. If I ever needed to, I was afraid it would be extremely challenging to hide something from him.

I could not resist asking, "How did you find out who he is?"

"He is easy to identify because of his superb swordsmanship."

So that was it. I hate master swordsmen!

"Your expression indicates that you are thinking all expert swordsmen should die." Judgment shot me a disapproving look.

"Keep guessing correctly and I will be convinced that you are not Judgment Knight, but some tapeworm living in my stomach!¹"

Judgment's disapproving look vanished, replaced with a widening smile. Unsatisfied, I asked, "How is the fight progressing?"

"The Son of the God of War indeed lives up to his name as leader of the warriors. He cannot be underestimated. Unless Supreme Dragon Hell uses a technique other than his sword, he will definitely lose in the end."

I asked to clarify, "Even if Elijah and Supreme Dragon Hell gang up on him, the Son of the God of War will still win?"

"Yes."

I could not help but praise, "He isn't the Son of the God of War for nothing, so strong!"

"Your expression suggests that you are very relieved that you never had any intention of taking part in the fight."

"Shut up, tapeworm!"

Judgment's eyes brimmed with delight. Fortunately for him, everyone's eyes were on the battle and no one noticed his expression, or else many people would have died of shock seeing the cruel and heartless Judgment Knight grinning.

I noticed that time was almost up, and whispered to Judgment, "In a moment, no matter what happens, do not interfere."

Judgment nodded and said decisively, "Then I shall leave, in case somebody wonders why I did not do anything."

I nodded back in agreement. It was just like Judgment to be so thorough.

"This way, I can also avoid knowing what you did."

...Might as well let him leave, just in case I accidentally exceed Judgment's mischief tolerance level. If I do, after receiving a painful beating, I would still have to apologize for causing trouble.

After Judgment left the deathmatch stadium, I looked at the stage. Weapons clashed continuously, and the battle auras were so powerful that the wind drafts caused were enough to mess up my hair. The ground was even riddled with cracks. Small pieces of rock were flung about in the strong whirlwinds of the opposing battle auras.

No matter whether they were knights or warriors, the watching audience didn't dare to take their eyes off of the intense battle in case they missed an important part. Occasionally there were cries of amazement or loud cheering.

I thought, That's about enough. If the fight goes on, Elijah might be unable to handle it and lose. In that case, never mind that all my earlier efforts would be wasted—I would have no idea how to wrap things up.

If Elijah lost, and I cannot allow the Son of the God of War to marry the princess, then that would mean that I would really have to marry her myself, eh? I reckon that I would have to wear a full body armor to bed for our first night, to prevent my wife from committing the crime of murdering her husband.

I reached into my pocket and crushed a glass heart.

Notes On The Chapter

¹ **"...tapeworm living in my stomach!"**: This is based off a Chinese idiom that says tapeworms, because live off their host inside the body, know everything about that person, including what they're thinking.

Daily Duty #10: "Recruit Worshipers"

All of a sudden, Hell Knight launched a powerful kick at Elijah. The blow landed solidly, as evidently the latter did not expect to be attacked by his ally. He flew quite a distance, finally landing near the edge of the arena and nearly falling over.

That nearly gave me a heart attack! I really thought he would fall over the edge!

Since he had taken the full brunt of the kick, Elijah could not get up for some time. Nevertheless, he did his best to stand.

The Son of the God of War moved in to deal a finishing blow, but Hell Knight defended Elijah.

"Why are you protecting him?"

The Son of the God of War started to get suspicious, and he bellowed, "Are both of you conspiring against me?"

Oh no!

"Conspiring against you?"

Supreme Dragon Hell smiled thinly and calmly said, "Is it even possible to work together in such a situation? There is only one princess, and she can't marry two people. It's just that if I let you finish Elijah off, I won't last much longer either."

Upon hearing this, the Son of the God of War smiled arrogantly and said, "Even with his aid, you cannot defeat me."

"That is true." Supreme Dragon Hell nodded sincerely and added, "Your swordsmanship is very good, perhaps even better than mine. Also, physically, you are much stronger than I am."

The Son of the God of War laughed loudly as he said, "You're not bad either. You are extremely fast!"

Do both of you have to hit it off so well? I was unsure whether to laugh or cry. It would be a good thing if Supreme Dragon Hell got along well with the Son of the God of War though.

"Let us fight fairly!" Supreme Dragon Hell assumed a battle-ready stance.

The Son of the God of War replied in a voice like thunder, "Certainly!" He too assumed a battle-ready stance. Both Supreme Dragon Hell and the Son of the God of War seemed to be in high spirits.

At this juncture, Elijah finally managed to struggle to his feet. He looked rather disheartened, to the point that he was unable to join the battle. I was not surprised to see Elijah depressed. One of his opponents was the Son of the God of War, and the other was... Well anyway, the point was that these two were inhumanly strong! Losing to them was nothing to be ashamed of.

I believed that once Elijah's compatriots understood how strong these two people were, they would not find Elijah's loss ignominious.

Basically, anyone who could fight on the same stage as these two for such a long time could already be considered one of the strongest warriors.

Moreover, Elijah was a knight. Knights are not known as being good duelers.

In other words, if Elijah, the Son of the God of War, and Supreme Dragon Hell each led a platoon in war, Elijah would be the victor. There was no way the Son of the God of War and Supreme Dragon Hell could triumph over him in such a situation.

This was the image I was trying to create. In a duel, Elijah could only last a bit more than ten minutes. But when it came to leading an army, Elijah was undoubtedly better than the other two.

None of those present here, especially the royal knights, would consider Elijah's loss a real defeat.

Just as Elijah had taken a deep breath and had gathered up the courage to rejoin the battle, I suddenly hollered, "Elijah! The princess is in danger, protect her immediately!"

Elijah did a double take and then reflexively dashed toward the princess. Placing his body in front of the princess, he turned around and—

A black shadow punctured his chest. Elijah fell to the ground instantly, hands grasping his chest, face scrunched up in pain. Putrid black smoke oozed out from his whole body.

I ran to Elijah's side and bent down to examine him. Shocked, I exclaimed, "This is...a Curse of Darkness!"

Unafraid of the cursed black smoke billowing out of Elijah's body, the princess leapt on top of him and screamed, "Elijah!"

My face was grave as I scanned the audience stands for the culprit. Everybody's gaze followed mine.

A cloaked person in the audience suddenly stood and ripped off her concealment... It was a rarely seen witch!

Wow!

I resisted praising Pink's impulsiveness with all my might.

The witch was a gothic beauty with outstanding facial features, a hot and sexy body, and pale white skin that had a tinge of forest green to it. Her clothes were ripped perfectly, exposing her slender legs, deep cleavage, and navel. Still, they were not ripped to the point where the view of her could be rated R. It was a beautiful, yet garish and frightening sight.

Although she did not look alive, she could not be considered dead. Strictly speaking, witches were cursed creatures. We say they "were cursed," but more often than not they were women who cursed themselves. They wanted to become witches so that they would have the strength to do things like take revenge.

I had specially instructed Pink not to send an undead creature. Undead creatures were too easily discovered in a place full of holy knights.

Even so, I never expected Pink to find a witch. Witches are not common at all.

The witch leapt onto the stage and sauntered slowly as she headed toward the king.

Firstly, witches are still considered to be women. Secondly, they are women who have tragic pasts and have suffered a great injustice. Thirdly, this witch was a beauty. Therefore, no knight in the stadium was willing to block her path.

The witch giggled, "I want revenge, revenge, revenge!"

The king's younger knight confidant yelled angrily, "Nonsense! How could there be any enmity between Her Highness the princess and an evil thing like you!"

"Hahaha! I am not referring to the princess, but His Majesty the king. He seduced me and then abandoned me. He even killed my unborn child. My dear child! Mama has let you down!" One moment the witch was laughing, the next she was crying. She seemed totally insane.

As he heard this, the king's eyes widened. The queen, who had been maintaining an elegant smile all this time, suddenly looked unsettled. Everyone turned to look at the king in utter disbelief. Could the crown prince's true face really be revealed so soon after his coronation?

The king had never looked more enraged than he did then. The corners of his lips twitched endlessly, and his words were squeezed through clenched teeth. "Rubbish! I've never met you before."

"Not you, I meant your father!" the witch screeched.

Everybody heaved a sigh of relief. The virtuous and elegant smile returned to the queen's face. The queen also conveniently lifted her high-heel from where it had been grinding into the king's foot and hid it under her long skirt once more.

Many grumbles could be heard from the audience. "Why didn't she say so earlier? I nearly died of shock."

"For a moment there I thought that once the crown prince had become king, he went from henpecked to lecherous."

I noticed that the king was putting all his effort into suppressing the pain in his foot. He wriggled his injured foot gently to make sure it was fine. Only then did he fly off the handle and roar at the witch, "Even so, mud-slinging and injuring innocents (my foot is very innocent) is wrong! Royal knights, take her down immediately."

Upon receiving the king's orders, the royal knights drew their weapons in concert. Without further delay, the practiced knights surrounded the witch.

The holy knights all looked at their Knight-Captains, then turned to look at me. I frowned, saying, "She must be an accomplice of the undead creature from last time. What a vile witch! We cannot allow

her to do as she pleases and hurt people. My brother holy knights, assist the royal knights at once.”

The holy knights shouted as one, “Yes, sir!”

They immediately joined the royal knights’ formation. As a result of being acquainted for so many years, the holy knights and royal knights had excellent coordination. The final siege formation was so perfect that never mind a witch, even a Death Lord could only look forward to a second death.

Surrounded, the witch attacked for all she was worth. Unfortunately for her, normal attacks were easily blocked by the knights’ shields. Their shields could not defend against her curses, but the holy knights’ holy light could nullify them. As such, the witch was rendered totally powerless.

The royal knights thrust their lances out from the gaps between the shields, moving steadily closer to the witch with every step. The desperate witch made a last-ditch attempt at escape, screaming like a wild beast.

She had previously done a good job ambushing Elijah, managing to curse him before the other knights could even react. However, she was unable to hold her own in actual battle. She could only watch helplessly as the lances slowly drew nearer and pierced her body. No matter how much she attacked, she could not lay a single scratch on the knights.

I turned away, unwilling to watch this scene. Although she was just a

witch, possibly even a fake witch created by Pink, I was loathe to see an innocent thing die because of my scheme.

"Sun Knight!" the princess shrieked. "Elijah's d-dying!"

How could he be dying already? I had asked Pink to choose a curse that looked gruesome but was relatively harmless.

But in case Pink deliberately played a bad joke, I ran to their side. I fished out the rose bracelet which was originally meant to be a betrothal gift and said, "Princess, please break the rose marbles to keep Elijah alive until His Holiness the Pope has finished chanting the Ultimate Heal spell."

That damn old man sure took his own sweet time. Only after he heard my words did the Pope begin chanting the incantation.

Before I had even finished speaking, the Princess snatched the rose bracelet away as though it were made of worthless rocks picked up on the street. She crushed one rose marble after another rapidly. Just watching her destroy all my hard work was pure agony!

"Sister, sister, break them slower! Slow down! The healing won't be more effective the faster you break the roses!" the king exclaimed.

I never would have guessed that His Majesty the king would be in greater agony than I when watching his sister break the roses. Now that I think about it, he probably already considered the rose bracelet his.

I had originally planned on offering this bracelet to the king as a formal apology. This was to prevent him from giving me trouble later...

Eh? If so, why am I upset over this? The bracelet isn't mine anyway.

The deathmatch had stopped long ago. The Son of the God of War, who had been ignoring the events so far, said coldly, "The Sun Knight knows how to use Resurrection, so what does it matter if he dies?"

Everyone gathered around me. Even the princess raised her head and asked hopefully, "Really? Is that true?"

I nodded cautiously and admitted, "Sun does indeed know how to use Resurrection."

Everybody burst into an uproar.

"But unless there is no other choice, and those concerned approve, Sun will never use this kind of holy magic!" I suddenly said sternly.

"W-why?" the princess cried out in alarm. After all, the one at death's door was her sweetheart.

"Because there are too many restrictions. Resurrection can only be used within eight hours of death. If used on a body that has been dead for over eight hours, the corpse will become an undead creature! Also, Resurrection has no effect on those who have died of old age, illness, or even poison." I paused for a moment, then added, "It is dangerous to use Resurrection on a cursed person like Elijah. Even if revived, the curse on him will not be dispelled. He could die again almost

immediately from the effects of the curse. In addition, Resurrection has many possible side effects. The known side effects include sprouting horns, becoming covered in fur, growing an extra arm, going insane, and becoming disabled for life.”

I mentioned all of Resurrection’s weaknesses in one breath. Now that the whole world knows about its faults, albeit with a little exaggeration, I would be spared from the trouble of people coming to me to revive somebody.

The hearts of all those watching sank upon hearing my words. The princess was particularly badly affected. Her voice was choked with sobs.

Only the Son of the God of War was ecstatic. This was because he had finally grasped the fact that Resurrection was an almost useless spell. The Church of the God of Light could not expand by borrowing the power of such a spell.

“The price of revival is always greater than that of death,” I finished with great emphasis.

At this point, the unhurried Pope finally finished chanting the incantation. He softly recited, “Ultimate Heal.”

The gentle yellow light of healing descended on Elijah. In just a short while, before the light had even dissipated, Elijah groaned. He opened his eyes, beamed, and said, “Your Highness...”

“Elijah! Oh, Elijah!” The princess hugged her lover tightly.

At this sight, the Son of the God of War made a nasty face like a cuckolded husband. He drew himself up to his full height and walked toward the two lovebirds. The warriors behind him followed suit. The holy knights all looked at me for instructions. Without prompting, they would not move a muscle. The royal knights quickly and neatly stepped forward to protect Elijah and the princess. In a flash, they formed an invincible wall of shields.

The Son of the God of War sneered. The warriors of the Monastery of the God of War drew their weapons simultaneously. The royal knights also thrust out their lances from behind their shields. The tension in the air was unnerving.

At first, the holy knights were delighted to sit back and observe from a distance. All of a sudden, a random holy knight exclaimed, "Ah! Isn't our Sun Knight hoping to marry the princess too?"

The holy knights awoke with a start. They looked at their respective captains, waiting for orders. The Twelve Holy Knights all looked at me... I nearly forgot that I was one of the people fighting for the princess' hand in marriage.

Deeply touched, I praised, "Ah! A knight sacrificing himself to save a princess, and the princess shedding her lovely tears in gratitude. What a moving story! Not even the benevolence of the God of Light will forgive Sun if I break up this loving couple!"

The Twelve Holy Knights turned away from me and continued watching the show.

Noticing this, the holy knights also continued sitting back to observe the fight. Since the holy knights and royal knights were colleagues who lived in the same city, and because Elijah was rather popular, most of the holy knights chose to root for Elijah and the royal knights. Seeing how enthusiastic the holy knights were in their cheering, coupled with the fact that young people tended to be hot-blooded, I believed that if a fight truly were to break out between the royal knights and the Monastery of the God of War, the holy knights would be unable to avoid joining the fight.

The royal knights and the warriors of the Monastery of the God of War held their ground. They glared daggers at each other, ready for the final confrontation of their two armies. A deathly calm settled over the stadium, heralding the start of a war... If not for a bunch of holy knights cheering and waving flags around, lending the arena an ambiance of competition, the atmosphere would be quite tense.

Judging by their sheer enthusiasm, it feels more like my own holy knights are itching to fight rather than just encouraging their friends.

"Those guys from the Monastery of the God of War actually beat up our folks from the Church of the God of Light!"

"They even dared to attack the Sun Knight Platoon. They must be sick of living!"

"Royal knights, charge! Kill those bastards from the Monastery of the God of War, they nearly murdered Adair!"

I shot a questioning look at Storm Knight. Storm shrugged and explained, "Your Vice-Captain Adair is as popular amongst the holy knights as Elijah is amongst the royal knights. The reputation of your Sun Knight Platoon is also on par with the bunch of elite young knights led by Elijah. In conclusion, your Sun Knight Platoon is well liked by everyone, regardless of whether they are commoners, members of the Church of the God of Light, knights of the Holy Temple, or even royal knights. Even I often go to them for help."

"Oh!" I chuckled. *So that was it. Looks like I seriously underestimated Adair and my Sun Knight Platoon. Next time I can give them more assignments.*

"Sun, don't laugh like that! It makes me feel like I harmed them..." It seemed that Storm was both talking to me and mumbling to himself at the same time.

"How could you say that, Brother Storm? I swear to the God of Light, the help Brother Storm has given Sun shines as radiantly as the Church of the God of Light!"

"Then I've really harmed them." Storm sighed and murmured, "Looks like I have to treat them to a drink later."

"Truthfully speaking, are you planning to let the holy knights fight or not?" Storm asked, puzzled. He added, "Won't you tell us first, so that we can be mentally prepared?"

"I believe that the benevolent God of Light only wishes for a budding romance to flower, and does not desire to see pointless violence and

bloodshed.”

“Oh.”

The Twelve Holy Knights took their hands away from their weapons. Blaze even looked disappointed. He grumbled, “And here I was thinking I could go all out for once...”

When the situation was on the verge of spiraling out of control, the king slowly stood up. He snarled, “Stop this at once!”

“Your Majesty,” the Son of the God of War roared furiously, “have you forgotten our agreement?!”

The king fell silent. Although the Son of the God of War knew that he had made a slip of the tongue, he scowled. He did not seem to have any intention of eating his words.

I said sincerely, “Son of the God of War, it is said that love will always find a way. Is there any harm in letting two lovers be together?”

“Even Sun has agreed to back out. Does the Son of the God of War wish to continue making things difficult for this couple?”

“Hmph!” The Son of the God of War sneered.

I returned his sneer with a dazzling smile. I knew his interest was not in the princess. “Why don’t we let the king compensate for the princess’ failure to return your love by building a branch of the Monastery of the God of War in the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound? How

does that sound to you?"

Both the king and the Son of the God of War stared at me in utter astonishment. Even my own Twelve Holy Knights frowned. I continued smiling brilliantly.

"I could accept such a sincere apology..." The Son of the God of War spoke slowly while throwing glances at the king. Seeing that the king had no intention of disagreeing, the Son of the God of War gave him a curt nod and exclaimed, "It's decided!" He sighed, and said "Actually, I also don't want to separate a pair of lovebirds."

I nodded profusely as I praised, "I knew it! I heard that the God of War is a romantic. He will definitely not do anything to break a heart."

"You are correct! Our God of War is truly a romantic. I am surprised that you, the Sun Knight, understand our God of War so well." The Son of the God of War nodded in agreement. The hostility in his eyes suddenly faded.

I said civilly, "I'm flattered. This is only natural because we are, after all, neighbors!"

"Do both of you have to be of the same mind?" Storm muttered to himself.

With things as they were, there was no longer a need for a deathmatch.

After greeting Supreme Dragon Hell and arranging their next sparring

date, the Son of the God of War and his warriors departed without so much as a glance at the princess.

The royal knights, who could not make head or tail of the situation, looked at Elijah and me with suspicious eyes.

I ignored them, gathered all the holy knights, and walked toward the stadium exit.

As I was about to leave the stadium, I abruptly turned around to face Elijah. Smiling, I said, "Oh! I nearly forgot. Knight Elijah, thank you for having saved my Vice-Captain, Adair."

Taken aback, Elijah paused for a moment. He beamed as he said, "You're welcome. In any case, we can call it even now, Knight-Captain Sun."



A few days later, Elijah came looking for me in secret with a message. "The king wishes me to inform you to replace the eight rose beads the princess used on me as soon as possible."

I heaved a sigh of relief. This statement meant that the king was willing to accept my apology gift. I could not be certain whether he would bear a grudge, but at least I was confident he would not give me trouble in broad daylight.

"Also, Her Highness the princess said that you have been promoted from the embodiment of despicability to a despicable good guy..."

My only answer to that was to smile bitterly. Though Elijah had finished passing on the messages, he still made as if to speak. Seeing this, I decided not to leave yet.

After a long while, Elijah finally said with a little embarrassment, "Walking into the darkness despite having my back in the light... Y-you definitely would not understand how much these words mean to me."

I smiled dazzlingly at him. *Of course I understood how important those words were. Ever since I said these words to Judgment Knight when he was depressed, he has never refused any of my nonsensical requests.*

Elijah said with all sincerity, "Please don't worry. Even though the Monastery of the God of War has been allowed to build a branch temple in the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound, I, the royal knights, and the princess are loyal to the Church of the God of Light."

I smiled brilliantly as I said, "As the representative of the God of Light, I express my utmost gratitude to you, Knight Elijah."

"As the royal knight Elijah, I also thank you deeply, Knight-Captain Sun. But..." Elijah visibly hesitated, then asked, "What's up with that fake Hell Knight?"

"Hmm? Why do you say Knight-Captain Hell is fake?" I made a confused expression to fit the occasion perfectly and replied, "Sun does not comprehend your meaning."

Elijah was dumbfounded. He thought about it for a while, then smiled

wryly and said, "No, you must have heard me wrong. What I meant was that Knight-Captain Hell has excellent swordsmanship. If possible, I would like to spar with him."

"Thank you for your compliment. I will convey this message to Knight-Captain Hell."

Elijah was overjoyed. He said, "I really hope I can get to know him better."

"Of course you can," I said with a smile.

Elijah nodded and said, "Then I shall take my leave. Sun Knight, if there is ever anything you need help with, feel free to ask me. I hope you understand that I will not refuse any of your requests, so long as they do not involve betraying the palace."

I took a long, hard look at him. Finally, I said, "All right. If Sun has some difficulties, he will ask for your help as a 'friend.'"

Elijah nodded cautiously and said, "I understand. From today onwards, the Hell Knight stays in the Holy Temple, and Elijah stays in the palace. I have no connection to the Hell Knight besides being friends with him." I nodded in satisfaction. After saying his goodbyes, Elijah strode out. At this point, another person, Judgment Knight, stepped out from the shadows. He looked in the direction Elijah had gone, and then turned to look at me.

As usual, I automatically began explaining, "Even without the Son of the God of War marrying the princess of our country, many youths

have already entered the embrace of the Monastery of the God of War. A religion is not like a country, as it is impossible to define geographical borders. We cannot say that the people of one country must believe in the God of Light, and that the people of another country must believe in the God of War.”

Judgment nodded. “You had no intention of entirely barring the God of War from the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound.”

“Because it is impossible to do so,” I said bluntly. “Just as the Kingdom of Moon Orchid has followers of the Light, the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound has followers of the God of War, and even followers of the God of Chaos.”

“No matter what, I cannot allow the Son of the God of War to marry the princess. That is indeed dangerous, as many young men yearn for the princess. Even worse, the king has no male heir. The child of the Son of the God of War and the princess could very likely become successor to the throne. If the son of the Son of the God of War became the king of the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound, it would result in an unprecedented crisis for the Church of the God of Light.

Judgment nodded again to express his understanding.

I carried on, saying, “Even if we don’t talk about such a distant affair as the next king, we still could not allow the Son of the War God to become a member of the royal family. This would have affected the beliefs of the royal knights. And because many youths in this country aim to become royal knights, their beliefs would follow those of the royal knights as well. On the other hand, if the royal knights and the

Monastery of the God of War have a falling-out, it will also greatly affect the beliefs of the young.”

Judgment nodded again and took up my explanation. “Elijah is the leader of the younger individuals among the royal knights. Youths are the most crucial to religions, as older folks are unlikely to change their faiths. Winning Elijah over is equal to winning all the royal knights over. Now that Elijah is engaged to the princess and the king still does not have an heir, their child may possibly become the next king. Thus, even if the Monastery of the God of War has a branch in the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound, it will not shake the foundations of the Church of the God of Light.”

Judgment paused for a moment, and then added gravely, “Although you knew that as long as the king and the Son of the God of War came to a private agreement to replace the princess’ hand in marriage with building a branch temple in the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound, everything would be solved, you still started a deathmatch. You took advantage of the deathmatch to provoke the royal knights and the warriors of the Monastery of the God of War, sowing hate between these two previously friendly factions. But this was not enough for you.”

“At the end of the deathmatch, you purposely thanked Elijah for rescuing Adair. This made them think the only reason you agreed to the building of a branch of the Monastery of the God of War in exchange for the princess, was because Elijah saved Adair. As a result, the royal knights’ opinion of you has risen even further.” Judgment let out a sigh. “You really are—”

I interrupted him with a growl. "Judgment, you know me well indeed. But don't overreach yourself. I am truly grateful to Elijah for rescuing Adair. Do you really doubt my determination to protect my brother holy knights? But you were right on one point; I did thank Elijah in front of everybody for a reason—but that reason was not to make the royal knights like me. It was to dispel any notion of collaboration between Elijah and the Holy Temple!"

"I'm sorry." Having heard my explanation, Judgment immediately apologized. He gave his reasons for his theory, "I am really sorry for misunderstanding you. I judged you negatively only because the methods you have employed recently made me feel a little disappointed."

"I only used these methods to accomplish what the Sun Knight should rightfully do. Not only that, I have never let any innocents get hurt! On the last two occasions, except for that fat pig of a king who deserved what he got, has anybody been hurt by my schemes?" I was so mad my voice trembled as I said, "I did my best to ensure nobody got hurt as I completed my tasks. Even better, I made sure that there was always a happy ending. And you, Lesus Judgment, the person who knows me best, says that he is disappointed in me?"

Judgment bowed his head in contemplation for a while. He then looked me straight in the eye and said, "Knight-Captain Sun, you have indeed done your duty. Not only that, you have not hurt anyone you should not have hurt. Believe me, I am really very sorry!"

"Lesus, it's not that I don't want to forgive you. But I think you went a bit too far." I refused to accept his apology and said stubbornly,

"Gathering followers is my main duty, and I have never forgotten what a Sun Knight should and should not do. I admit that my methods are sinister, but if I want to stick to my approach of refusing to let anyone be harmed, I have no other choice!"

"I am sorry. In the name of Lesus Judgment, I swear to the God of Light that I will never repeat this kind of mistake again."

I thought carefully before nodding and accepting his apology. I took the opportunity to ask, "How about this, I will forgive you if you promise to agree to ten of my demands unconditionally."

"...Do you need me to make a promise with you? Since when have I refused your demands?"

"You could not refuse me because those demands were official business. But sometimes I want your help with private matters!"

Judgment asked dubiously, "Is climbing over the wall to buy blueberry pies also considered official business?"

"That was just a request, not a demand," I denied instantly.

"Now I get it. You have private matters that are even more absurd. Just 'requesting' is not enough, so you need to 'demand.' Am I right?"

"Heh heh," I laughed. "I don't have anything for you now, but I can't be sure I won't have something in the future. For insurance, I should seize this chance when you made a mistake to make you agree to my demands."

"...Three demands."

"It's a deal!" I agreed immediately. Since I was fishing in troubled waters, I would take what I could get.

Judgment sighed at my act of exploitation. He asked, "What are you going to do about Supreme Dragon Hell?"

"Oh!" I smiled dazzlingly, "Aren't you glad that Knight-Captain Hell has returned?"

Judgment darted a look at me and asked strangely, "What do you mean?"

I smiled as I explained, "Since you were thirteen, no one in the Holy Temple has dared to spar with you. Ten years down the road, you finally have someone in the Holy Temple with whom you can practice swordplay. Shouldn't you be happy? Do you think that you have enough spare time off work to run to the Monastery of the God of War in a neighboring country to challenge the Son of the God of War?"

Judgment Knight mulled over it and struggled with himself as he whispered, "But he is a Death Lord. He is extremely dangerous!"

"A Death Lord in the Church of the God of Light, in this stronghold against undead creatures? Are we the ones in danger, or is he the one in peril?"

Judgment pondered this for a while. He finally nodded and said helplessly, "Do whatever you want. Besides, I finally realized... He's nowhere near as dangerous as you are."

Second Shared Rule of the Twelve Holy Knights: "Respect the Privacy of the Twelve Holy Knights"

"This is the main hall of the Holy Temple. It's only used for show."

"Grisia..."

"The main hall has two walkways. One of them leads to the inner part of the Holy Temple, while the other leads to the main hall of the Sanctuary of Light."

"Grisia..."

"We've reached the most important location. This is your room, which is two doors down from mine. The room between ours belongs to Knight-Captain Judgment..."

"Grisia."

"Also, the meeting room for the conference of the Twelve Holy Knights is the third door down the walkway which is on the right after you go down two walkways that way– It can be confusing if I just tell you like this. Come on, I will show you the way to that room."

"Grisia!" I growled softly in annoyance.

Grisia stopped walking and gently rebuked me, "You should call me Sun, and reserve Grisia for personal conversation! But, if you insist on calling me Grisia, I guess it doesn't really matter..."

I grimly interrupted him, "I think it's time for me to leave."

"What are you talking about? Where are you going to go?"

"I'm not going anywhere, but I want to leave the Holy Temple," I answered simply, and my heart was a little worried. The longer I stayed in the Holy Temple, the higher the chance was that I would be found out as the death knight. It would be a small problem if I was destroyed because of this, but if Grisia was found to be in contact with a death knight... For him, there would be very serious consequences.

Grisia looked at me in surprise, and he said, "You are the Hell Knight. If you don't stay in the Holy Temple, where are you going to?"

I was rendered speechless for a moment, before I managed to open my mouth to remind him, "I'm not the real Hell Knight, or have you forgotten about that?"

He thought for a moment, and then looked at me concernedly and said, "Hell, are you feeling faint from the heat due to the sunny weather? How can you forget the fact that you are the Hell Knight?"

I was rendered speechless again. *Grisia... What are you trying to do?*
At that moment, a holy knight came running toward us while shouting, "Captain! The royal knights and the warriors from the Monastery of the God of War met on the street, and they are now in a fierce battle!"

Grisia's face turned stern and angrily he said, "What are the holy knights doing? Didn't they restrain both sides?"

"No, but they did form a protective circle to protect the citizens who are looking on from the side! And then..."

"Then what?"

"Then they started cheering for the royal knights from the sidelines..."

Hearing this, Grisia's face became even more irritated. He spoke rapidly to me, "Just go and look around by yourself. I will be right back after I check on them. I just have two things to mention. Firstly, you cannot leave the Holy Temple, and don't try to go look for Pink as she has already moved house. Secondly, don't invade the privacy of the other Twelve Holy Knights, especially in their own rooms."

"Wait..." I was stunned as I watched him sprint away quickly with the other holy knight.

Pink has moved? Where should I go then?

I have no idea how long I stood rooted to that spot. Many of the holy knights walked past me, and they even saluted me and called me Knight-Captain Hell, while I had no idea what the correct response was. Not long after, I saw someone I knew walking toward me.

"Judgment Knight..."

I watched him with some wariness. *From Grisia's general description of him, he should know that I'm the death knight.*

But, the Judgment Knight didn't seem to be wary of me at all. He just said, "That's 'Knight-Captain' Judgment to you. 'Judgment Knight' is the title used by outsiders to refer to us. Please don't make this mistake again, Knight-Captain Hell."

I was speechless once more. *Don't tell me that he has no intention of exposing me? He plans to let a death knight run free inside the Holy Temple?*

Judgment Knight looked at me again and asked, "Do you have any further questions?"

I answered reflexively, "I don't know where I should go."

Judgment thought silently for a moment before saying, "You could go to the library, as there are many books there that can refresh your memory about the duties of the Hell Knight. Alternatively, you can go and look for Knight-Captain Storm. He's so busy that he lives in the hope that someone will go and help him. He is in his room now, amending documents."

I had nothing to say to that, so I told him, "Thanks."

"Oh, right, Knight-Captain Hell, will you be available tonight to practice sword-fighting with me?"

"Sure," I answered immediately. The sword skills of Judgment Knight were very good, and I had always hoped to fight him again.

After some thought, since I couldn't keep standing in the walkway doing nothing, I decided to follow the suggestions of Knight-Captain

Judgment and go to the library to get a book to read while waiting for the practice match that night. After I spoke to a holy knight and found out the location of the library, I walked straight there. There were quite a few holy knights in the library, but I decided to ignore everyone who greeted or saluted me. I opened a book cabinet and started to look for a few books which mentioned the Hell Knight–

“What books are you looking for?”

In a heartbeat, I leaped back and roared, “Who are you?!”

“I’m the Cloud Knight.”

A head actually leaned out from the book cabinet, and his face was as pale as a sheet of paper. For an instant, I couldn’t determine whether he was a ghost or a human... *And he’s even saying that he is one of the Twelve Holy Knights? How can this be?!*

“Knight-Captain Cloud, can you please pass me the song book related to the Twelve Holy Knights? I’m going to tell stories to the children.” A holy knight said to the head, smilingly.

“Of course.” The head withdrew into the book cabinet, and after a moment it leaned out again, this time with the addition of a hand that was as pale as his face. The hand was holding a book.

“Thank you, Knight-Captain Cloud.” After taking the book, the holy knight even said to me in a good-natured way, “Knight-Captain Hell, if you are looking for a book, it’s better to ask Knight-Captain Cloud to get the book for you. Knight-Captain Cloud is familiar with the location

of every single book in the library.”

He really is the Cloud Knight? I was stunned.

That head– No, Knight-Captain Cloud looked at me for some time, and then spoke in an ethereal way, “What a weird person. He’s standing in front of the book cabinet but he isn’t looking for a book.” He then withdrew his head back into the cabinet and closed the door.

At once, I decided to give up on the library and go to look for Knight-Captain Storm. *Though I don’t think that I will be able to offer any help...*

“I’m so touched! Here, read through all these documents, and then underline any problematic sentences in red, and lastly summarize the whole document in three lines. After that, just give it to me for a final read through, and then it should be ready to be stamped...”

Without another word, Knight-Captain Storm threw a large pile of official documents to me.

I held the pile of documents in my arms and said somewhat anxiously, “But I have never amended an official document before. I don’t know how to do it.”

“Don’t look so worried, it’s normal for a first-timer,” Knight-Captain Storm consoled me. “I will look over it again, if I have the time...”

I read through the documents and only finished amending them in the evening, and then I brought all the documents back to Knight-Captain

Storm.

"You've done a great job!" Knight-Captain Storm said to me while holding a stamp in his hand. He then stamped all the documents without even glancing down at them. "Do you have matters to attend to tomorrow morning? No? Then can you come over to help me again? Yes? It's agreed then, Knight-Captain Hell!"

Actually, I didn't agree at all... But an agreement is an agreement. Looks like I have to stay until tomorrow morning now.

"That's right; please help me to return this to Knight-Captain Ice on your way back. Thanks." Knight-Captain Storm handed me something that, no matter how I looked at it, looked just like a small plate and fork for eating cakes.

Having no other choice, I went and knocked on Knight-Captain Ice's door.

"Wait." After Knight-Captain Ice took the plate from my hand, he only uttered that single word before closing the door again.

I stood there and waited.

The door opened again, and he gave me two bags that were filled with sweets from the smell of it, and said simply, "This one's for you, and that one's for Sun."

"...Thank you." I said. *I guess...I will give both bags to Grisia.*

"Eat a piece," Knight-Captain Ice suddenly said, and then stared at me intently. Again not given another choice, I followed his words and ate a piece. This was a very wasteful gesture, as a death knight doesn't require food.

"Not sweet? Sweet? Too sweet?" Ice Knight asked.

I was silent. As a death knight, my tongue was mostly only used for speaking. I replied, "My ability to taste isn't too good; I can't really taste the food."

Knight-Captain Ice took out a notepad, and wrote something on it while muttering, "Hell, very heavy tastes."

"...?"

After Knight-Captain Ice finished writing the note, he looked up and asked, "Where are you headed?"

I was at a complete loss as to where I should go, so I could only reply,
"

I'm just wandering around."

Ice nodded, and asked, "Help me out?"

"Sure." I said.



I held many bags filled with sweets and looked all around for the Twelve Holy Knights. My first stop was going back to the book cabinet from before to look for Knight-Captain Cloud.

"Thank you. These books are for you to read." Cloud leaned his head out from the book cabinet, and took a bag from my arms, passing me a few books in the process.

I looked at the titles, which read 'The Histories of the Hell Knights' and 'The Manual of Duties of a Hell Knight' respectively.

"Thank you." I said.



Knight-Captain Blaze stared at me for a long moment, and mumbled to himself, "Obviously Sun is Supreme Dragon, so how come there is now another Supreme Dragon? Is Sun the real one, or is Supreme Dragon the fake one..."

In the end, he took the bag cheerily and said to himself, "Ah it doesn't really matter if I don't understand! Both of their names start with 'Su' anyway, I will just take it as Sun having a clone!"

I totally didn't understand what he was talking about.



When Knight-Captain Earth came to open the door, he tried to block the view with his body, as though there was something that shouldn't be seen by me behind the door.

"My...my room is very messy." Knight-Captain Earth smiled shyly.
I nodded to show that I understood, and then handed over the bag.

"Eearth, are you done yeeeet?"

Earth looked at me, and laughed in an innocent way, "Hohoho, Hell you must have been mistaken! There's no female voice coming from my room at all."

"..." *I didn't say anything...*



Knight-Captain Leaf opened the door with a smile that stretched from ear to ear, and he didn't block the doorway with his body. I could clearly see that his room was very neat and organized, in line with the characteristic cleanliness of a knight.

"Thank you very much, Knight-Captain Hell," he said while taking the bag from my hand.

I only noticed at that moment that he was holding a small straw doll in his hand. *Generally speaking, shouldn't that be crafted to be as big as a real person, and then placed in the middle of a field to make birds believe that there were people in the field, thus stopping them from pecking the crops?*

Knight-Captain Leaf saw that I was looking intently at the straw doll, and he immediately explained while smiling, "This is really useful! You only need to secure it to the wall and then use a hammer to pound nails into it to improve your mood!"

I had heard of this way of using those things before. In the legends of the local villages, this was the method practiced by witches to curse people.

In a friendly tone Knight-Captain Leaf added, "Oh right, and if you add a piece of the other person's hair to the straw doll, the effects will be doubled! It's even better if you add fingernails to it!"

I said goodbye to Knight-Captain Leaf after making sure that I didn't leave behind even so much as half a bit of hair or fingernail.



That night, before I started the practice match with the Judgment Knight, I couldn't help but shake my head and sigh. "Are all of the Twelve Holy Knights really this weird?"

Judgment Knight looked at me, his eyes unreadable.

I couldn't understand why he was looking at me that way.

He opened his mouth and spoke slowly, saying, "Yes, everyone more or less has their own quirks, but we respect the privacy of the other Twelve Holy Knights very much. As long as each of them fulfills their duties as one of the Twelve Holy Knights...even if he is a corpse who is running around freely, we respect him as much as the others."

"..."

So, the weirdest member of the Twelve Holy Knights is me?

Epilogue: Character Introductions

Moon Knight:

One of the Twelve Holy Knights in the 'cruel, cold-hearted' faction. Has a narcissistic personality and is very arrogant. Won't be on familiar terms with just anyone and acts as though nobody is good enough to be in his sight.

Metal Knight:

Has a poisonous barbed tongue. Won't be held responsible if you die of anger over his words. It is rumoured that talking with him for ten minutes would make you so angry that it will reduce your life span by a year.

Hell Knight:

One of the Twelve Holy Knights in the 'cruel, cold-hearted' faction. The only one who is in the 'cruel, cold-hearted' faction but does not obey the Judgment Knight's orders. A holy knight that receives orders from the Sun Knight, and is specialized in doing some secret missions that are not known to anyone. Some say that he is the specialized assassin of the Twelve Holy Knights. It has even been rumoured that in the first generation of the Twelve Holy Knights, the Hell Knight was not a real person at all, but an alternate identity that the Sun Knight used for secret missions.

Cloud Knight:

One of the holy knights in the 'good, warm-hearted' faction. A wanderer that is as graceful as a cloud. It is said that he can be found drinking alone or reading books on windowsills, rooftops, under banyan trees, etc.

Adair:

The vice-captain of the Sun Knight Platoon.

Ed:

One of the members of the Sun Knight Platoon.

Son of the God of War:

The spokesperson of the God of War. Has the highest position within the Monastery of the God of War.

Elijah:

Within the Royal Knights, he is the leader of the younger generation.

Princess:

Her Royal Highness of the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound.



Epilogue

An epilogue is really a wonderful thing.

Especially when one has to be written in every book.

What can I write? There are many things.

Actually my thoughts are all hidden inside the story.

I don't know if the epilogue requires me to write this, that, or just things?

I can only give a few random sentences here.

To everyone, hitting me is enough, don't throw things!

Cough! If I were to really just put those few sentences there, I think

everyone would really throw things, right?

Please stop it. Recently, the oil prices have rocketed, there's inflation, and the vegetable prices have inflated ridiculously. Not only is everything expensive, but even salty rice pudding¹ has become really expensive. Thus, please don't throw your things, just hitting me is enough!

Right now, let's get to the real main point!

Actually, the first volume is considered a beginning. The first and second volumes are the fundamental introductory chapters. On one hand, the reason why the Death Knight Roland joined the Twelve Holy Knights was brought up, and on the other hand the Monastery of the God of War was also mentioned. Also, a little of the Cathedral of the Shadow God was mentioned. Afterwards, all of the Twelve Holy Knights were introduced once briefly. In conclusion, I finally managed to account for the whole framework.

Following that are the most important missions in the career of a Sun Knight. Likewise, each mission is a whole story. I believe that after reading the prologue of the first volume, everyone will roughly know which few missions they are.

However, please trust me that matters are not as they seem, just like the Sun Knights' image and his real appearance!

I hope that after everyone has finished reading, they will have a better understanding of fantasy themes such as rescuing princesses, slaying dragons, and defeating a demon king!

Also, other than a blog and a club I, Yu Wo, have also set up a forum. The main purpose of it is to let my fellow readers communicate with each other. You are welcome to come over to tread on it as you wish. If you feel that the URL is too long to type, there are links in the club and blog that can go to the forum.

Yu Wo's blog: <http://www.wretch.cc/blog/kim1984429>

Yu Wo's Forum: <http://phpbb.guestbook.com.tw/b8/index.php?mforum=pinkcorpsei>

- By Yu Wo (御 我)