



The Legend of Sun Knight Volume 8: **Ending the Demon King, Part Two**

Original novel in Chinese by: [御我 \(Yu Wo\)](#)

Translated by [Prince Revolution](#)

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## The Legend of Sun Knight Volume 7: **Ending the Demon King, Part 2**

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## Prologue: Crusading Against the Demon King

"I'm so sorry. It's all because of me that Sun, he... he became the Demon King."

After speaking, Roland looked at the other person. Right across from him was Lesus Judgment, whose tightly-knitted eyebrows made Roland even more apprehensive. For him, this was quite an uncommon emotion. Ever since he had "died," it had been a long time since he had had any strong fluctuations in his emotions.

When Roland finished speaking, other than scrunching his eyebrows together, Lesus did not make any other kind of move. This made Roland a little unclear about what he was thinking. Although he had his eyebrows knitted together, Knight-Captain Judgment usually had his eyebrows knitted together all day long anyway, so this matter could not be used as a basis for interpretation.

Roland could only sneak a glance at the other people. All of the Twelve Holy Knights were present... Except for the Sun Knight.

However, all of them were also looking at Lesus, and most had on an expression of expectation or complete loss. They were waiting for Lesus's response and decision, just like Roland.

*The pressure of being stared at by everyone in this kind of desperate situation must be incomparably immense, right?*

Roland could not help but be impressed by Lesus, but immediately after, he remembered that the person who was always stared at like

this by everyone was the leader of the Twelve Holy Knights – the Sun Knight, none other than Grisia.

Grisia would always silently ponder for awhile. Then, he would lift his head and, with a smile, say things like, “These are but occasional dark clouds that have drifted across the clear skies. When the time passes, the dark clouds can naturally be parted for light to emerge” that made it hard for people to understand.

If the situation were very severe, he might also give a serious order to everyone, making them fall over themselves in their haste while he himself seemed like he was not doing a single thing. Even though everyone complained out loud incessantly, they would be resigned as they did whatever was ordered of them.

As long as Grisia gave a serious order, no matter how absurd the order was, they would still complete it. And, whenever he seriously gave an order, he would always unconsciously...

“I understand what happened now.”

Roland returned from his musings. He turned to look at Lesus who had spoken. The other person was also staring straight at him—In fact, everyone was staring at him. This made Roland start to feel nervous. The feeling of having everyone stare at him was making him short of breath!

“Were you off in another world?” Lesus was unexpectedly intrigued as he asked, “What were you thinking of?”

“Nothing much...”

Yet Lesus was uncharacteristically persistent. “Tell me. This is an order!”

Roland was taken aback, but when he saw Lesus’s insistent expression, he felt a bit awkward as he replied, “I was just thinking of Grisia’s small habit when he seriously gives an order.”

“Oh, that habit!” Hearing this, everyone smiled.

“Actually, it’s quite easy to figure out.” Ceo smiled as he said, “But I didn’t think you would discover it so quickly.”

“Don’t tell Sun!” Laica warned, “Even if he whips you, you’re not allowed to tell!”

“Oh please, the only person Sun would whip is you!”

“Well...”

After they joked around a bit, they slowly quieted down. Without opening their mouths to speak, they all knew what the others were inwardly thinking—the Sun they were speaking of might never ever return.

At that moment, Lesus finally gave a command. “Knight-Captain Hell, please write down in utmost detail everything that happened after you left the Holy Temple, and pass it to me, so that I can refer to it at any moment. Perhaps while you are writing it, you will remember more

details. No matter how small the detail, you must write it down. No matter how unrelated it seems, you must record it!"

Roland was taken aback again. *That's it? No punishment at all?* There was no blame like he had thought, no anger or lack of understanding as to why he had let Sun become the Demon King while he returned to the Holy Temple...

"But aren't we going to think of some way to get Sun to return?" Roland hurriedly said, "We can go interrogate Awaitsun. He is in the Shadow Cathedral. Once I learn of where the Shadow Cathedral is and find him, we can probably find a method to let me take Sun's place as the Demon King—"

"Knight-Captain Hell!" Lesus suddenly bellowed.

Roland jumped, shut his mouth, and looked helplessly at Lesus. He didn't understand what he had said wrong.

"What you should do isn't becoming the Demon King, but rather returning to your station!"

*Returning to my station...* Once he heard this, Roland felt a rare surge of emotions and even his eyes became warm, but he repressed it. After all, the sight of a death knight shedding tears is not a pretty one because their tear glands have long since "died" along with their bodies. The only "tears" that would flow would be thick dark element.

Although Roland still wanted to say that he should take Sun's place as the Demon King, Lesus's expression did not look like there was any



room for debate, so he could only look at the others.

When they had not received any commands about what they should do, they were all a bit at a loss, but in regard to Lesus telling Roland to return to his station, no one showed any strange expressions.

Seeing this, the words that he had been about to say, that he would replace Sun as the Demon King, were ones he could no longer say. Perhaps he was not truly a part of the group at the moment, but in the future, could he genuinely become a true part of the Twelve Holy Knights?

If it were one of the Twelve Holy Knights who had received the command to return to his station, what kind of response would he have?

"Understood!" Roland replied without the slightest hesitation.



"Hell still seems very remorseful."

Ceo followed alongside the Judgment Knight. The fact that it was something dark and murky walking beside him instead of a sparkling entity bright enough to blind him truly made him feel a little strange.

Aivis also spoke up. "Yeah, his expression looked like he wasn't relieved at all."

"Talk it out with him." Lesus could only reply in such a way to the two people.

Ceo helplessly said, "That might be difficult. Hell's personality is truly obstinate. On our entire way back, I tried to convince him more than a hundred times that Sun personally decided to become the Demon King to solve the matter of his blindness, so it had nothing to do with him. However, throughout the entire journey, he had this guilty face, and it never changed at all."

Lesus nodded, but he didn't actually give any further command. It was because he didn't know at all how to talk someone around. That was not his duty.

Compared to talking someone around, he was more skilled at handling the matter of forcing someone to admit their guilt.

Moreover, he already had enough of a headache dealing with the current matter which he was not good at. He really didn't have any extra leisure to handle other matters he was not good at—right now, Lesus intended to demand money from the king.

This was something he had never done before, so he brought along Storm and Stone who were the most experienced at diplomacy. He only hoped to successfully persuade the king; otherwise, if they did not have the funds, what he needed to do after this would just be a moot point.

However, Lesus was not very sure how to deal with the current king. He hadn't had a lot of contact with him before. He was actually more familiar with the previous king.

In the past, whenever the previous king did anything that overstepped

his boundaries too much, Lesus would follow Grisla to the palace, but he didn't have to do anything. He didn't even have to open his mouth to speak. All he had to do was stand silently by Sun's side, letting Sun use him to openly yet secretly warn the previous king, as if the Judgment Knight really could capture a king and drag him off to the Judge's Complex for interrogation.

Even though the previous king made people want to strangle him to get rid of him once and for all, he was not hard to deal with. He could be casually deceived. On the other hand, the current king, not to mention deceiving him, you couldn't even be unclear in your delivery! Grisla often lamented so.

Once they walked up to the entrance of the great hall, the guards on both sides crossed their weapons to block them like usual. Lesus coldly looked at the guards on either side, waiting for them to finish their routine examination and let them pass.

Facing the Judgment Knight, the two guards showed reverence yet did not show any hint of cowardice.

Lesus still remembered that when the previous king had been in power, these guards didn't even dare to meet his eyes. They would always evade his gaze, and could barely lift their heads. After all, every time he came, it was always when the previous king committed yet another mistake. When knights loyal to the royal family see the object of their loyalty act in such a way, of course they would not be able to lift their heads.

*I didn't expect that so soon after the current king came into power,*

*they would already be proud enough to lift their heads to face me?*

“Judgment Knight, Storm Knight, Stone Knight, please enter.”

The guards let them pass. Although it was currently an extraordinary time, the Twelve Holy Knights were still the Twelve Holy Knights. They would not dare to touch them, let alone search them. They only took measure of them with their eyes and let them pass.

Once they walked into the great hall, Lesus immediately saw an additional large table in front of the king. Files of all kinds and sorts were piled on top of it. The two sides of the great hall were also filled with chancellors. Some were engrossed with the files, some were yelling and shouting at their subordinates. From what Lesus knew, the great hall of the palace had never been so busy and noisy before.

Behind him came Ceo’s intake of breath and murmurings, “First he had to evacuate the entire capital, now he has to call all the citizens back... Thankfully I’m not responsible for any of this!”

The king’s complexion was terrible, but the complexion of Elijah who was next to him was even worse. The eye bags below his two eyes were even darker than Ceo’s. Even though the Judgment Knight had walked in, Elijah merely raised his head to take a glance, and then returned to being buried under the files.

But the king reacted differently. Once he saw the Judgment Knight, he immediately stopped what he was doing. He asked, “Grisi... Where is the Sun Knight?”

Lesus bowed and then bluntly said, "Your Majesty, the Sun Knight has been abducted by the Demon King."

The king was stunned. Of course he would react this way. The royalty of each kingdom knew who the Demon King was. They just didn't plan on falling out with the Church of the God of Light, so no one cut through this paper-thin lie... Moreover, if they revealed the truth, who knew how the "Demon King" would react?

The Demon King had only just surfaced. He was currently at his strongest. No one would dare to provoke him.

What the king had just asked was merely a routine inquiry. After all, the entire city knew that the Sun Knight had disappeared "again."

Logically and emotionally, he should ask after him. He originally thought he would receive a bunch of half-hearted excuses. He never thought... *This excuse is way too absurd!*

The king furrowed his brows deeply. He stared at the Judgment Knight but discovered that the other didn't seem to have any intention of withdrawing his remarks. At this time, he finally thought this to be strange. If Grisia were to use such an absurd excuse, he might not feel it to be very strange, but the person involved was the Judgment Knight. According to the king's understanding of him, this person was not someone who would act that way.

The king glanced to the side. His elderly knight-confidant immediately understood his intentions. He jumped out and declared, "His Majesty is exhausted. Official matters will end here for today. Everyone must

leave immediately!”

This was of course an excuse. The Judgment Knight and his people were still standing there, so how could the king go off and rest? However, everyone who could stand in the great hall of the palace was all very discreet. No matter what they had been doing, they all got up to leave without exception.

Even the two knight-confidants left, yet Lesus was somewhat startled to find that Elijah was still seated in his original position. *So the king already trusts and relies on him that much?*

With a tired tone, the king said, “Speak. Everyone here is in the know.” After saying this, his tone grew serious. “What I mean is, ‘speak the truth.’ Don’t speak more nonsense with me. I don’t have time to waste on lies!”

This suited Lesus very well. Having to speak just one sentence of nonsense, “The Sun Knight has been abducted by the Demon King,” was already enough to make him feel incomparably awkward. Having to speak even more lies would also be very difficult. Being able to speak the truth was exactly to his liking.

Lesus held his hands together in supplication and said, “Your Majesty, the Sun Knight has already become the Demon King. I wish to acquire military funds from you to crusade against the Demon King!”

The king was stunned. Unable to believe his ears, he asked, “Who do you want to crusade against?”



"The Demon King," Lesus firmly said again.

When he heard this, the king was so angry that he instead smiled and stressed, "You and I both know that the Sun Knight has already become the Demon King. This point is already absurd to the extreme, yet you still want to demand military funds from me to crusade against him?"

"Then does Your Majesty think it is right to let a death monarch become the demon king?"

Lesus didn't know why he was suddenly angry. He even shouted at the king, "The deceased should never be involved with the living. Letting one of the deceased become the Demon King would end up as the world's largest crisis. Because of this, the Sun Knight had no choice but to become the Demon King himself. This is nothing absurd!"

"Judgment Knight!" Elijah stood up and stood in front of the king, taking on the stance of a guard to confront the Judgment Knight. He even reprimanded, "You are being too rude!"

Lesus looked at Elijah, his heart indescribably agitated. He knew that he was being too rude, and an apology was already at the tip of his tongue, but when he saw Elijah stand up, he didn't feel like giving the apology at all.

Sun had spent so much effort to let Elijah escape his identity of a spy. This way he could be at ease and become a true royal knight, and he could even marry a princess. Yet now that Sun was in trouble, the other was standing in opposition of him and not helping. How could

Jesus stand this?

The king indifferently said, "Elijah, stand down."

Elijah froze. He was very unwilling, but since the king had given an order, he could not go against it. He could only return to his seat, but he did not sit down. Instead, he stood ramrod straight and had his eyes trained on Jesus.

Then, the king actually waved Jesus over. The latter froze for a moment, and it wasn't until he heard Storm's quiet reminder, "hurry and go over there," that he was able to react. He walked over to the king until he was only two steps away from him, but even this was not close enough. The king impatiently waved him closer.

Jesus hesitated for a moment before he recalled what Grisia would do in situations like these. So he copied him and walked another step closer. Then he bent down to listen.

The king really did open his mouth. "I won't give you any money to do something harmful to that child, to Grisia. Not a single ducat. Do you hear me?"

Hearing this, Jesus was stunned. He had never thought the king would say something like this. These words sounded like he was very much trying to protect Grisia, yet Jesus had clearly heard Grisia complain many times that he "had to have another battle of wits with the king" and such. He had never mentioned being on friendly terms with the king.

"And don't you dare think you can replace the Sun Knight as the leader of the Holy Temple." The king personally uttered a rare but clear warning, "I would never allow something like that to happen!"

These words rendered Lesus completely helpless. Just as he wanted to explain, the doors to the great hall were suddenly pushed open. The people in the hall froze, but Lesus immediately turned and took guard. Even though he had not drawn his weapon, his hand was already on his sword.

"Archer!"

The person who had arrived was full of vigor. His golden hair was a little longer than before and was directly pulled into a ponytail. He appeared even sharper and freer than before, still clad in predominately white even if that was the color most unsuitable for adventuring—but in any case, the person responsible for washing clothes wasn't him anyway!

The king blurted, "Nee-nee!"

"...I didn't know you were so eager to die before your prime. What do you call it when the king kicks the bucket? Ah right! Death to the king."

Neo's tone was like he would not relent until he shocked someone to death. Upon hearing it, even Elijah didn't know if he should give a shout of, "How dare you be so rude!"

If he shouted that, he would likely be thrashed by the strongest Sun Knight in history. But if he didn't shout that, could he truly let hearing

“Death to the king” go without making any sort of response?

“I’m so busy that it might even be more relaxing and pleasant to die a king’s death,” Archer said unhappily. Then, he asked curiously, “I haven’t seen you in such a long time, Neo. Won’t you introduce the person behind you?”

A person wearing a cloak had followed behind Neo. Even so, the guards by the doors to the great hall had not stopped either of them. The royal knights responsible for guarding the great hall of the palace were all people with experience and ability—they all clearly knew that Neo was not someone they could obstruct.

Neo shrugged. “He’s Aldrizzt, my companion. Aldrizzt, take off your cloak.”

The latter hesitated for a moment but still removed the cloak. Even though he felt he shouldn’t do this, if he didn’t remove it himself, Neo would probably impatiently reach a hand out to tug off his cloak. Then he couldn’t guarantee that his cloak would remain intact.

Unexpectedly, other than Elijah freezing for a moment, no one had any sort of reaction to his black skin. Even Aldrizzt was starting to get used to this. It seemed that no one by Grisia’s side would make a huge fuss over this.

Archer only curiously glanced at him before returning his gaze to Neo. He said, “Grisia went to be the Demon King.”

“I know.”

"And the Judgment Knight wants to take over!" Archer angrily glared at the Judgment Knight.

"*This* I didn't know." Neo calmly rubbed his chin. He turned to look at Lesus and said, "The king says you want to take over. What do you say?"

Lesus calmly answered, "I want the king to provide funds for us to crusade against the Demon King."

"Why?" Neo laughed and asked, "Do you want to go and spank Grisia?"

Ceo and Aivis both laughed out loud. Lesus helplessly answered, "It's for bringing back the Sun Knight."

Neo raised an eyebrow. He said disapprovingly, "Do you know what you're saying? Grisia became the Demon King for the sake of not letting the world be destroyed and so that the deceased will not interfere with the living. He has truly carried out the duty of the Sun Knight, yet you want to attack him, rendering his effort meaningless?"

Lesus angrily bellowed, "Sun's original plan was to become the Demon King and then return to be the Sun Knight. He did not plan on staying there as the Demon King! I am only trying to complete his plan!"

Even though he had been shouted at, Neo was still smiling. He turned to the king and asked, "Did you hear that, Archie?"

He heard the Judgment Knight's reply and saw that Neo was obviously

standing on the side of the Judgment Knight. Besides, that guy Neo would definitely never do something harmful to Grisia!

Finally, Archer relaxed and no longer opposed the Judgment Knight measure for measure. Instead, he grew curious.

"I thought the Judgment Knight was above all people except for one and would want to get rid of that one person."

"Why get rid of him? He would end up with a bunch of things to handle for no reason." Neo shrugged and said, "In any case, it goes without saying that Grisia is scared to death of Lesus, so being 'below him' is basically only in theory. Why care about titles?"

The snickers coming from behind grew louder. Lesus became even more helpless.

Seeing that even the Storm Knight was secretly laughing, Archer believed in Neo's words even more. The Storm Knight had always been Grisia's loyal subordinate. He asked the Judgment Knight seriously, "You really plan on bringing the Sun Knight back?"

"Yes! We will definitely bring him back!" Lesus answered without any hesitation.

"Then you can start convincing me." Archer showed a faint smile. "Why should I provide military funds to aid you? How would that benefit me?"





The three of them walked along a corridor of the Holy Temple. Lesus walked in front while Ceo and Aivis looked at his back. Even though they could not see his expression, they clearly knew that Lesus's mood was a lot better than before they had set out.

The king had agreed to provide military funds, and the previous Knight-Captain Sun Neo had also agreed to stay in the Holy Temple and nominally take charge during the period in which they crusaded against the Demon King. Both made it so that they could crusade against the Demon King without any worries.

Aivis said apprehensively, "Judgment, you promised the king such an absurd thing. When Sun returns, he would probably..."

Lesus coldly said, "It'll have to wait until he returns!"

Hearing this, Aivis immediately clammed up.

Right then the Pope, while lifting his robes, ran toward them in a hurry. He yelled, "Judgment, Storm, Stone, hurry and come over to try on these clothes. You're the only ones left."

"Clothes?" The three of them blinked.

The Pope walked up to them and said matter-of-factly, "You are about to go up against the Demon King, so of course you need to wear decent armor, right?"

"But we already have armor," Ceo replied in confusion.

The Pope shook his head and said, "That kind of armor is only appropriate for the usual small missions. It doesn't matter what you wear on those small missions. Even if they break, it wouldn't matter much. But don't tell me I can let you wear that kind of flimsy, paper-like armor onto the battlefield in this huge battle against the Demon King?"

After he said this, he murmured, "If Grisias were to find out that I let you wear paper-like armor to battle, when he returns, it would be a miracle if he didn't torture me to death!"

"There is no need to make new armor. We don't have enough funds." Lesus calmly said, "The king did not provide us with a lot of military funds."

"Don't worry about the money!" The Pope waved his hand. "I have been saving money for so many years. Don't tell me I don't have enough for one war? Then I would be way too useless! Don't forget, the previous king's 'case' has raised the prestige of the Church quite a lot, so during those years, the citizens were very generous and made a lot of donations."

Aivis asked in incomprehension, "But I remember that before, when the previous Twelve Holy Knights went to command troops in the crusade against undead creatures, you said that if they continued fighting, there would be no money left for army provisions and that the crusading army would have to hunt for themselves?"

The Pope widened his eyes, tilted his head, and made an innocent expression... But then he immediately remembered that none of the

people before him were Grisia, and he also had a veil in front of his face. None of these three people could see his expression, so who was he pretending for?

He put away his innocent expression and embarrassedly said, "Even if we have money, I have to say we don't have any. Otherwise, no one would be seriously economical!"

Seeing the shock of the three people before him, he suddenly felt a sense of guilt like he had tricked society at large. He could not help but mutter, "If it were Grisia, he would never believe my words. In such a huge battle, if I were to want to save on army funds and let you wear shoddy armor onto the battlefield, no matter who among you gets injured, or how you get injured, he would definitely blame it all on me!"

The Pope resolutely said, "In any case, hurry and try on the armor. Don't worry about anything else. Just make sure you bring Sun back!" When he heard this, Lesus displayed his first smile in days. This stiff smile that was even uglier than his solemn face shocked Ceo, Aivis, and the Pope so much that their minds turned blank.

"Yes."

## Chapter #1: “The Enemy of the Demon King—A Hero”

*How disappointing. How dare they call themselves heroes?*

This was what I thought as I observed these people. These people turned into cowards when they caught sight of an undead army. When they realized that the undead army consisted of mostly low-leveled skeletons, they reverted back to their “heroic” selves, gleefully charging forward and slaughtering those skeletons. After vanquishing a few skeletons, their egos inflated so much it was as if they had already killed the demon king.

Whenever they discovered an abandoned house, they would rush into it to check if there were any valuable possessions left. Each one of them strived to be the first to go in, fearing they would miss out on grabbing valuable loot. *If only they’re this motivated when they are fighting undead creatures!*

*Awaitsun and Illu are much better people than they are... No! Even Illu’s undead creature subordinates are ten times better than they are!*

They even claimed to be an expeditionary force crusading against the demon king, and a few of them who liked to show off even called themselves “heroes.” I had thought that they were real heroes, so I had excitedly hurried over to check. Yet in the end, I saw this huge pile of trash!

*Awaitsun and Illu are also more... Wait! I came here to see the faces of the heroes who planned to vanquish me, not to think of Awaitsun and Illu!*

*Hmm, nowadays even heroes aren't heroic anymore!*

I stretched out my hand and started to gather a large amount of dark element. Even though summoning an undead army to annihilate them would be more spectacular, it was a waste to use an undead army to eliminate these small fries. It would be like using the Divine Sun Sword to kill a chicken. *Whatever, I should just get rid of them straight.*

"Daring to disappoint me, you should all learn the outcome of doing so..." I said lazily.

A dark blade floated in the sky. From a distance, it looked like a black, waning moon. The only difference was that the moon would never fall, but this dark blade would imminently descend upon everyone present. However, as it was night, and the dark blade was even darker than the darkness of the night, one would have to look carefully before noticing it. That was why those people down there were completely oblivious to it.

*If the Twelve Holy Knights were here, they would definitely have already detected such a strong saturation of dark element! It's a pity you guys are not the Twelve Holy Knights. You aren't even on par with a hero's underlings. Every one of you, go to hell—*

"Stop!"

I temporarily paused the flow of dark element above my hands.

*Someone still dares to stop me?*

I did not need to turn around to “see” that person. Even though he had not yet drawn the sword by his waist, he had a good stance and emitted an aura of formidability. He seemed to be a tough opponent.

I narrowed my eyes slightly. *Could this person be a real hero?* It might be true. He had actually discovered that I was about to attack, so he should have some skills. *Finally, I have encountered a person who is a proper hero!*

Turning around, I quietly told him, “Come!”

The true hero seemed angry as he walked straight toward me. I was a bit curious about how he looked, so I deftly used “farsight.” This was the name that Scarlet had told me. In simple words, farsight was letting one separate one’s consciousness from one’s physical body. With this ability, I could escape from my physical limitations, including my loss of vision, and directly see my surroundings using psychic forces.

Scarlet had told me tons of theoretical knowledge, but I could not understand what the hell she was saying. As long as I could use it, there was no problem! In the end, Scarlet had even scorned my comprehension!

I had used wind element to throw the Eternal Tranquility to some unknown corner. Afterwards, only when I had some things to ask Scarlet did I order Awaitsun to retrieve the gem. Awaitsun even spent a whole week searching before he managed to locate it.



Still, not understanding the theory made a slight difference. Even though I now had the strong psychic ability that the demon king possessed, I still had to spend a long time practicing before I could use farsight masterfully. Nonetheless, it was much better than when I had been the Sun Knight. During that period, I could only see during the times when I was dreaming or in a few ultra-rare occasions. Even then, all the occasional things that I saw were stuff that I did not care about at all.

When the true hero was a short distance in front of me, I used farsight. The feeling was like before, when I had been in the dream, my entire person had left the bed and my own body. In an instant, I could fly to a place far away and see whatever I desired. Except that now, I was very much awake, and I was only ten centimeters apart from my body.

Then, in one glance, I saw that my opponent had golden-brown short hair, a pair of blue eyes, and sharp and distinct facial features—A f\*\*king hottie! If I had known he was handsome, I wouldn't have spared a glance!

"Tell me your name." He was the first hero that I was going to kill. It was a memorable occasion, worthy of remembering his name.

However, he only gave me an odd glance, and then his attention was drawn elsewhere.

The crowd of fake heroes was currently carrying numerous pieces of furniture out from a big house. Without giving much thought to how they were going to carry such bulky objects while they moved around

in the land of darkness, they were simply taking anything that could be taken.

"Stop this right now! What you are doing is committing theft!" The true hero completely ignored me and walked right past me, toward the crowd who was "moving house."

*... When this guy shouted "Stop!" earlier, could it be that he wasn't referring to me?*

The true hero spoke to the fake heroes with a serious expression, "Please stop, you cannot take things as you please from the common folks."

Those people probably were not truly accustomed to being thieves. After being accused of theft, their faces instantly turned red. As for the few people who were their leaders, their embarrassment turned to rage. They threw down the furniture that they had been carrying, and cursed, "The residents have all fled! They have no use for these things. If we don't move them away, are we just going to let the undead creatures benefit?"

Undead creatures have absolutely no interest in furniture. Even if these pieces of furniture stay here for another hundred years, they would only rot. They would never be carried away by undead creatures. Evidently, the true hero understood this point. He shook his head and explained, "Undead creatures won't be interested in these things. After the demon king has been vanquished, common folks can return to their homes and start their lives anew. Therefore, don't touch their belongings."

*Vanquish the demon king... hmph! Royalty in every kingdom would be the first to stop you. That is, unless you have a way to completely exhaust the dark element.*

"You think the demon king is such an easy target? He has unparalleled power, and also has obedient servants and an impregnable castle. In the past, the fastest record of vanquishing the demon king was twelve years!"

The fake heroes retorted. From the way they spoke, it was ambiguous which side they were on. A clueless bystander could potentially confuse them for the demon king's subordinates!

"Even if it takes twelve years, common folks would eventually return to their homes. We can't let them discover that their homes have completely changed!" The true hero persisted.

Upon hearing this, the fake heroes fell silent. They looked as if they might change their minds. However, from my point of view, it was probably because those pieces of furniture were too difficult to carry. Moreover, it was also hard to say whether that furniture was truly worth anything. If it were a small pouch of gems, I do not believe that they could be persuaded otherwise!

*If they returned the furniture just like this, this scenario would be too boring!* The situation called for a tiny bit of intervention on my part.

"Why bother to speak these useless words?" I took a step forward and put my hand on the true hero's shoulder, saying, "These people just

need to be taught a lesson.”

The true hero was stunned. He turned his head and looked at “me.” To be precise, it was at my body. I had yet to dispel farsight. That was also why I was able to see every bit of his confused expression. This was much clearer than using my sensing ability.

The group of false heroes was much quicker to react. After they heard my words, they instantly exploded with rage. They even unsheathed their weapons, looking as if they wanted to murder me.

When he saw this, the true hero’s expression changed. Before he even had the chance to shout “wait,” I already released lightning bolts in all directions. However, the power of this web of lightning was not potent. The most it could do was slightly paralyze its targets.

To kill my opponents straight away was very easy, but it was also extremely boring. That was not my intention.

As expected, they gave a few cries of pain but were unharmed. Although they were only fake heroes, they were still people who dared to run around in a land of darkness. It was not possible that they were truly incapable of displaying a bit of strength. At the very least, they definitely had no problems with swinging various weapons to hack someone.

I dispelled farsight and calmly watched the crowd of people dashing toward me. It was a lot more exciting this way. Otherwise, using farsight to stand at the side made me feel like I was watching a stage play.

*Hmm, the person at the forefront of the group moves pretty fast!* He chose a light, single-handed sword as his weapon, as expected of a speed type fighter. The edge of the blade slashed down above my head instantly, and then with a “clang,” it was blocked by another weapon.

As I thought, the true hero was the real deal. He could not watch someone get chopped into mincemeat in front of him, so he drew his sword to help me block the attack.

“Please calm down! Stop this!” He shouted and blocked advance after advance. However, it was utterly useless. The attack consisted of five people and six weapons, since one of them wielded dual blades, but he blocked them all. As I thought, he could fight pretty well.

While he was busy blocking all the attacks, he was still able to find a moment to turn his head and tell me, “Quick, run away!”

After I spent the effort to make them mad enough to fight, of course I would not turn and leave. “Let me help you.”

“Help me?” He was confused for a second.

I released another web of lightning. This time, the area of effect was increased. Even the people who weren’t initially involved in the fight were shocked by the lightning at the same time. The intensity of the spell was also increased, but it was still far from being fatal. The most it could do was give them some small injuries -- exactly the type of injuries that could irritate people.

The number of attackers increased from five to fifteen in a single moment. Even the true hero could not stop so many fighters. He grabbed my arm and dragged me along as he turned around to run away. Because I didn't expect this turn of events, I stumbled a couple of steps, almost falling down. In the end, he simply carried me with both of his arms and started to run with all his might.

I thought he would choose to fight until the bitter end. I didn't think he would turn and run away... *Heh, you really are an interesting fellow!*

"There is an archer among them," I calmly warned him.

"What?" The true hero sounded surprised, "Wait, you are a mage, right?"

*Asking me whether I am a mage at this point in time?* I furrowed my brows. Although I was a bit reluctant to admit it, I still nodded my head for the fun that was to come.

"Why do you wear a mask?" The true hero lowered his head and looked at me suspiciously. "You've even covered your eyes with your mask. Can you really see?"

*Is right now a good time to worry about a mask?*

"Jump to your left," I instructed.

The true hero promptly jumped to his left. Fortunately, he was very obedient; an arrow flew straight through the spot where he had been a



second ago.

"Wow!" The true hero was astonished and said, "Looks like you can indeed see."

*Of course I can't see. But with my sensing ability and farsight, I am able to see better than anyone. However, I have to wear a mask because right now almost everyone knows that the demon king has a pair of completely-black eyes.*

I touched my face and ran my fingers along the edge of my mask, my fingertips cold. This mask was actually quite comfortable. If I didn't touch it with my fingers, I felt as if the mask didn't exist. Even if I touched it, I could only detect a thin film, even though this mask was clearly made of metal. It was amazing workmanship to be able to hammer the metal into such a thin layer. The price was probably also quite amazing.

For the purpose of fulfilling the demon king's demands, the Cathedral of the Shadow God really spent a lot of resources.

"Why do you wear a mask?"

*Curiosity can kill a cat!* I shouted angrily, "A fire! Is right now really a good time to inquire about my mask?"

The true hero smiled. "Right. Now is a good time to counter-attack."  
"Counter-attack?" I questioned with a bemused tone, "Can you win against so many people?"

"If it is an all-or-nothing struggle, it is hard to say." The true hero replied honestly, "And, if it is only a scuffle, I probably can't win."

"Then why do you want to counter-attack—"

"Taylen, why are you embracing that girl!" I was interrupted by a girl's high-pitched shriek.

"Girl?" The true hero was stunned for a second. He really did get stunned easily. He probably was the type of person whose reaction time was very slow. Nevertheless, his reaction time during combat was pretty quick. He was quite similar to Roland in this aspect; he was quite slow-witted in everything aside from combat.

"Jump to the left," I instructed lazily.

The true hero — I think he should be called Taylen — obediently jumped to the left as I instructed, evading yet another arrow.

His teammates were few in number, only two to be exact. One of them was a cleric, the girl who had just shouted at us in a high-pitched voice. The other one seemed to be an archer, but he was also equipped with two daggers at his waist, so he was probably also adept in the art of blades.

Generally, people who can wield weapons in both hands are competent. If one rashly decides to use two weapons without having undergone any prior training, one has a higher chance of cutting off one's own hand than injuring the opponents. This was what Lesus had told me before.

Taylen put me down and immediately drew his weapon as he turned around to block several attacks from the people chasing us. If he was slower by one second, an axe would have beheaded him.

“Eh?” The cleric stared at me. She completely ignored her two comrades who were already loudly fighting with the enemy, and scrutinized me for several seconds. After which, she released a breath of air, and murmured, “Oh, you are a man!”

*Do you need to spend fifteen seconds to distinguish my gender?!*

The current me was not a white-haired, slim cleric. Not only did I have black hair, after eating and sleeping well, my weight was also definitely within the normal range for a guy. I was also wearing male clothing. Although I was pretending to be a mage, I had left the castle with the sole intention of secretly observing the situation, and so had not changed my clothes.

“Which part of me looks like a woman?” I questioned coldly. If she did not reply with a satisfactory answer, I would not mind ending this game right here. Even though it was a bit unfortunate, nowadays there were many teams crusading against the demon king; I could still find other heroes for my amusement after exterminating this team. With the constant sounds of weapons clashing together in the background, and the low growls from her teammates in battle, the cleric replied with a relaxed air as if we were chatting at home. “There are a lot of characteristics! For example, your hair is black and silky, your skin is as white as milk, and your legs are very long. Even your body proportion is great!”

I was silent for a moment. *These seem to be words of praise?*

"But why are you wearing a mask?" The cleric tilted her head, "If you don't wear a mask, I would immediately have identified you as a guy!"

"A fire," I answered simply. Normally, if I said this, everyone would understand and no further questions would follow.

"A fire? What does that have to do with the mask on your face?"

Obviously, there was something wrong with this girl's comprehension. *How can there be such a stupid woman in this world!* I explained in an annoyed tone, "The fire burned my face!"

"Oh... What?" The cleric exclaimed, "Did it disfigure you? How unfortunate, I feel like you would have been quite handsome!"

*Well said!*

She held both hands out to the sides. "But it's all hopeless now that you've been disfigured."

"..." I bellowed angrily, "A man's value is not in his face!"

The cleric nodded as she said, "You're not wrong! But the face is the most important component! If you're disfigured, no matter how good the other parts are, they can't make up for it. Moreover, your body only has a good proportion, but it doesn't seem like you have many muscles. You also don't look very strong. A man without a good face

nor power has no value! In comparison, Taylen is handsome as well as strong. He is the best!"

*This... Stinking... Woman...!*

"I have power!" I roared madly. "Men without muscles can also have power!"

However, her expression was one of complete disbelief. I was so livid that I raised my hand, thinking of releasing a bolt of lightning for her to see. On second thought, she was just a woman, so I stopped my spell right before its release.

Pah!

"High five!" The cleric shouted in an energetic voice. After jumping up to smack the hand I had raised, she asked confusedly, "Why are we exchanging high fives?"

*"..." Who said I wanted to high five you? I wanted to strike you!*

*Whatever!* With this kind of stupid woman around, even the "hero," Taylen was probably not worth putting my hopes on. That said, their strength was not bad. With just one warrior and one archer, they were able to fight more than twenty enemies, and yet not be at a disadvantage. Given time, they might even triumph. *Not bad!*  
*But whatever potential they have is wasted by their stupid teammate!*  
I turned around and prepared to leave.

"Where are you going?" The cleric shouted behind me.

*Not your f\*\*king problem.* I slowed down my steps, as I detected a bandit stealthily creeping towards the cleric. It seemed like he wanted to take her hostage in order to threaten her teammates. Even with the advantage in numbers, they still had to resort to this kind of tactic. This was rather pathetic.

This might turn into a good show. It would not be too late to leave after this show was over. I relaxed and prepared to watch the excitement. The cleric was watching me with a confused expression. At that moment, the bandit dashed forward and locked the cleric's arms behind her back. She cried out in pain.

*If his teammate is captured, how will the hero respond? Throw down his sword to surrender or disregard his comrade's life?*

The bandit's dagger pressed against the cleric's neck. He shouted, "Taylen, Michel, stop what you are doing!"

The two fighters turned their heads simultaneously, shouting in surprise, "Charlotte!"

I blanked out, and then I moved without thinking. In the blink of an eye, I instantly teleported to her side and used a dark blade to send the bandit flying.

The cleric gasped and looked at me with a surprised expression. She exclaimed, "Oh I see, you are a mage. No wonder you said a man can be strong without muscles."

"You are called Charlotte?" I opened my mouth to ask, suddenly realizing that my voice had turned hoarse.

She was nothing like Charlotte. Even when I used farsight to examine her, I could not find a single similarity. *She only has the same name, but...*

"Yeah!" Charlotte pouted and said, "Why did you save me?"

"Saving you... is not good?" I was astonished.

"Aw, it's not that it is not good..." Charlotte continued pouting as she grumbled, "But Charlotte wants Taylen to do it!"

... I was wrong. Not only did they have the same name, they even had the same baffling quirks! Could it be that all women named Charlotte had this kind of behavior?

"Charlotte, are you okay?"

Taylen and that archer... *I think he's called Michel?* The two of them ran over in a rush. Both of them had a worried look on their faces.

"No pro—" Charlotte stopped abruptly as she was about to finish the sentence. Then, she spoke in a distressed tone, "Taylen, Charlotte's arm is really sore. Even my neck is aching!"

*Your acting is way too fake!*

Bored with her affectionate act, I redirected my attention toward the

battlefield where the huge fight had just taken place. Since Taylen and Michel could disengage from battle, that should mean the fight was over right? But from what I saw previously, there should have been more of a fight.

In fact, only around half of the people could not get back up anymore. But the remaining half did not seem interested in continuing. Well, after so many people ganged up on two and yet still lost the fight, it was normal that no one would want to continue fighting and taste the humiliation.

“Thank you very much for saving Charlotte.”

My attention was still directed toward the battlefield. Using farsight, I could gather many interesting expressions of anger and frustration from the loser group. At the same time, I also observed Taylen’s expression of anticipation. However, the target of his anticipation was not Charlotte, but me. *To receive a look of anticipation from a man... so disgusting!*

“We are currently lacking a mage. I wonder, are you in a team? If you don’t have a team already, would you care to join ours? We don’t have many members, only three. Including you, we would still only have four people, so you can earn a big share. Furthermore...”

Unexpectedly, Taylen was pretty talkative. So-called heroes should keep their cool. Silence is golden, after all! Speaking so much utterly ruined his image as a hero!

Beside us, Michel rolled his eyes, which seemed to say, “Not this



again.”

I thought about it for a second. Even though I couldn’t point out the exact reason, I really did want to find a hero to amuse myself. Up until now, Taylen was the guy who fit the image of a hero the most. That, and I really did not want to continue laboring through his long-winded speech.

“Sure, I’ll join.”

“...”

Taylen immediately closed his mouth. Even Michel and Charlotte stared at me with their eyes opened wide. I was confused for a moment. *What did I say wrong? Didn’t they want me to join? What is up with their reactions?*

“If you don’t want me to, then forget it.” I spoke coldly and turned to leave.

“Yes! Of course we want you to!” Taylen grabbed me to stop me. He nervously asked Michel, “Right?”

“Of course, but aren’t you going to ask for more information?” Michel asked bewilderedly. “For example, our abilities, past missions, how we divide the rewards and such. You are going to join without asking anything?”

Indeed, this was a bit impulsive. There was just one thing I had to clarify at least.

"How are we going to divide the spoils?"

"The most important thing is the spoils huh..." Michel murmured beneath his breath. It was very soft, but I still heard it. He asked carefully, "What level of mage are you?"

"Master level," I already had Awaitsun carefully prepare everything for my disguise. Naturally, that included an official certificate for a mage. I took out the certificate and handed it over to Michel. He looked at it very carefully, scanning through it three times in total. Then, he sighed, "You are really a master mage. It is very rare to see one. Usually, only big adventurer teams can afford to hire one. So, I think you should tell us your expectations."

*Very rare? Then would fifty percent be too much?*

Michel fidgeted, as if he felt things were not quite right, and quickly added, "Anything over thirty percent is not acceptable!"

Unable to accept, I said, "Thirty-five percent!"

"Deal!" He agreed at once.

*... Did I just lose out on a deal?*

Maybe because he saw my expression, Michel quickly added, "Master mages never go back on their words. Right?" He directed his last word toward Taylen and Charlotte. The two of them immediately nodded their heads enthusiastically.

Seeing Michel's nervous expression, I suddenly felt a bit suspicious. Just before, he was clearly bored with Taylen's attempt to talk me into their party, yet why is he now even more eager than Taylen... *Wait, did he put on an act just for me to see?*

"Hahahaha—"

I couldn't help but laugh. The puzzled looks on their faces only added to my merriment. *A verbose hero, an archer with great acting skills, and a stupid girl. This team is really interesting!*

"You guys are so interesting!"

"Interesting?" Charlotte pointed at her nose, not knowing what was going on. "Which part of us is interesting? Aren't you the interesting one? You are wearing a strange mask. You didn't even ask a single question before joining the team. You really are a bizarre master mage!"

*Of course you guys are the interesting ones. Compared to Awaitsun and those dark knights, you guys are way more interesting.*

## Chapter #2: “The Sword of the Demon King—The Silent Eagle”

Moving through a magic portal, I crossed over several hundred miles and returned to the hall of the Demon King’s Castle. This traveling method was really convenient. Even if I was in the wilderness during the day, I could still return to the Demon King’s Castle by night to bathe and sleep on a soft bed.

*My phobia of adventures has been cured without a cure!*

“At your service, Your Majesty, the Demon King!”

Awaitsun and an entire row of dark knights knelt down on one knee, saluting me. From their attitudes to their expressions, not a single hair on them was lacking in respect. Even though I returned unexpectedly, their salutations were still made so orderly and uniformly, as if they had been constantly waiting for my return.

The only person standing was Illu. He was currently in full human form and didn’t look much different from the dark knights at the side. That was because he was now wearing a ring of disguise, which I had given to him, on his finger. It certainly was not a heart-shaped ring; it was in the shape of a bow.

I sat down on the throne. This throne was as grand as the Demon King’s Castle. Not only were there numerous decorative designs engraved on it, there were also several hundred precious stones embedded in it. The first time I saw it, I nearly wanted to knock out all the gemstones embedded in it!

However, the moment these words left my mouth, Awaitsun promptly offered me a pile of gemstones to choose from. As a result, I managed to spare the throne with much difficulty. After all, this chair was mine. If there wasn't any need to, I should not create several holes in it. Even so, this throne still had its flaws. It was too hard! After sitting on it for a long time, my backside would ache. However, after just a word of complaint, Awaitsun immediately sent someone to stack blankets on it. The next day, it even changed to an especially soft cushion. There really wasn't anything I could criticize.

No matter if was money, jewels, garments, or even women, as long as I wanted it, Awaitsun was able to attain it. This often made me feel that the Demon King's Castle was situated in a capital city, instead of on a mountain top that rarely saw signs of humans.

"May I ask if Your Majesty has any requests?"

Sure enough, it was this sentence again. Over the past few days, I was nearly falling under the impression that this was the only sentence Awaitsun knew how to say.

With one knee on the ground, Awaitsun raised his head to look at me. There was not a trace of emotion on his face. At the start, he had given a professional smile. According to him, that was a smile that could best give others a favorable impression of him. He had been trained in the past to use this expression in front of the Demon King. However, the one time I used farsight to look at that smile, other than wanting to kill him and then flay his corpse, I had no other impression.

*No matter what kind of expression that damn handsome face makes, it*

*will only make guys want to terminate him sooner!*

However, excluding that damn face, Awaitsun was still very useful. Hence, I only prohibited him from showing any emotions; I did not actually kill him.

Despite that, I still felt very unsatisfied with his complete obedience and emotionless face. The more I looked at him, the more discontented I became. Regardless of the orders he received, Awaitsun would only say “understood,” “understood,” and “understood.”

*Understood, my ass!*

*Even if the dark knights were dispatched to carry out missions with a ten percent survival rate, his only response would still be “understood.” Didn’t he even say previously that I am a demon king that “would not rashly send his underlings on suicide missions” and that’s why he chose me? But now it looks like there’s a complete lack of regard for the lives of his underlings!*

*I think the only people able to stir up his emotions are probably his wife and children, right? But now is not the time to use Alice — it hasn’t come to such a boring stage yet. In any case at the moment, there are still many other things apart from Awaitsun that I can play with. I’ll leave it until after I am left with nothing to play with... Ahem.*

After thinking for a while, I raised my voice, “Illu, come here.”

Illu scowled and said coldly, “I only obey the monarch!”

*Here it comes again.* I raised an eyebrow and asked, "You too know that your monarch is at the Holy Temple and is living very happily there. Do you want me to go over and disturb him?"

It was as if Illu had received a heavy blow. Even though it looked like he was having an internal struggle, I already knew what he would choose.

He walked up to the area beneath the throne, and then somewhat challengingly pulled off the ring of disguise, revealing his distinct appearance of an undead creature. He was extremely similar to Roland in many ways, except that Roland possessed three pairs of dragon wings, while Illu had a pair of membrane wings that were akin to bat wings. Also, Roland had a pair of black flaming eyes, while Illu did not. He only had a pair of blood-red eyes.

At present, all undead creatures followed my orders. Even Roland's undead army from that previous time was the same. Only this Illu was always rebelling!

To be fair though, it was precisely because he was so defiant that forcing him to submit was particularly interesting. So long as I mentioned that I would do something unfavorable toward Roland, Illu would comply with my commands with a humiliated face. Compared to the rest that dutifully obeyed me, he was a lot more fun.

"I want you to take ten high-leveled undead creatures and send a warning to this adventurer party." I gave him the exact location of the adventurer party, and then passed him a piece of paper. "This is the contents of the warning. Just read it out loud."

"In the name of the Demon King, I declare that this world belongs to His Majesty, the Demon King. Any action that goes against His Majesty will be seen as treason, and will not be permitted to see the light of day..." Illu stopped after reading aloud this part. He asked bluntly, "After I finish reading it, do I kill them? Can't I just kill them at once?"

"Kill what?" I said sourly, "If I wanted to kill them, I would kill them directly. Why would I still send a warning!"

Illu nodded his head in agreement, "Then I will kill them straight away."  
*Like hell you will!*

*If I wanted them dead, you think I can't kill them myself? There would be no need to involve you!* In a fit of rage, I waved my hand and shot out a dark blade. However, Illu actually moved away and easily dodged this strike.

I clenched my fists tightly, and the dark element gradually thickened. I didn't need to painstakingly gather it at all; merely feeling angry was enough. *But killing Illu over such a small matter seems a bit... so what if I kill him? He was originally Roland's subordinate. There is only Roland in his eyes. It would not be a shame to kill this fellow!*

Illu was also on the alert. His two wings fanned lightly and his feet left the ground. Although he knew that he couldn't beat me, he clearly did not intend to quietly resign himself to his death. His courage was truly commendable, but unfortunately something like courage cannot save him...



“Gahhhh—”

A cry of pain burst out from Illu. His left wing had been chopped off, and his entire person immediately plummeted to the ground. Turning back his head, he saw Awaitsun with his sword raised as he stood beside his legs. His face was grim and his sword was stained with blood.

*Silent Eagle is quite strong indeed. Illu is probably unable to beat him in a fight — damn all these expert swordsmen*

Illu’s face was full of resentment. Even though half of his body was covered in blood, he was still able to push himself into an upright position, seemingly thinking of a counterattack. However, the rest of the dark knights rushed up and around ten of them pressed their blades against his neck, preventing him from moving.

*Illu is a commander of creatures of darkness. His ability in leading troops into battle is a lot stronger than fighting solo. Unfortunately at the present, the person he is rebelling against is me!*

*I am the highest figure of authority for all creatures of darkness. Not a single soldier will listen to his commands to oppose me!*

“Your Majesty,” Awaitsun sheathed his sword as he spoke in a deferential manner. “Please allow me to issue the warning. Sir, I am your true subordinate. Illu, this fellow, is unable to do anything properly. It is most likely that he would spoil everything!”

When he heard that, Illu glared at Awaitsun fiercely. *What an*

*ungrateful fool. Awaitsun slashed you in order to save you.*

*This guy, Awaitsun, do you think that I'm blind? Hmph!* "You? Look for you to fight over women with me? Illu is an undead creature; only he is able to frighten people. With that face of yours, what can you do besides seducing women!"

Awaitsun hurriedly said, "If you want women——"

"I have no interest in those subservient women!" I fiercely interrupted him.

Even though those women were indeed carefully selected by the Shadow Cathedral, and were even divided into different categories, glamorous, pure, cute, and so on, there was only one similarity. They were all ultra-beauties.

Awaitsun had even told me that these are all inexperienced virgins, but if I liked ones with experience, he could also get some— *But do I need to use such methods to get my hands on a woman?*

My rage turned to laughter and I said deliberately, "Ah, maybe there's one that's not bad. Your wife Alice is living in a side hall that is so far away from the main castle hall. Isn't that a bit hard on her? How about letting her come and stay in the main hall?"

Awaitsun was silent just like his title, Silent Eagle. Despite that, I believed that if I really asked Alice to come over and warm my bed, Silent Eagle would definitely not remain silent. However, such an important game must, of course, be played at a later stage. Right now,

there were still other games to play. It was not urgent to play such a big one.

*Even though it's obviously not urgent to play this climax of the games, I always can't resist using Alice to threaten Awaitsun. Why is that so? I stared at Awaitsun. It has to be because this face is so handsome that it is upsetting my stomach!*

"The Cathedral of the Shadow God really should not have chosen you as the Silent Eagle. I get mad just by looking at your face!"

Awaitsun remained quiet, but his heart skipped a beat. I narrowed my eyes slightly and asked suspiciously, "What are you hiding from me?"

"I would not dare—"

A massive dark claw materialized out of nowhere and seized Awaitsun, suspending his entire person in midair. This was not exactly a comfortable position, especially since my magic was powerful but lacking in control, particularly in the area of strength.

I stood up and took two steps closer to him. At the same time, I used farsight and saw his pained expression very clearly. This made me feel a lot better. Compared to that smile that could best give others a favorable impression of him, or an emotionless face, this was a lot better!

"Are you really not going to say it?"

Still, Awaitsun gave the same reply, "Your Majesty, I-I am not hiding

anything from you—”

The dark claw tightened, and its crushing force rendered him barely able to breathe. After struggling for a while, his entire face even turned red. It was at this point that I said indifferently, “I remember warning you in the past to never ever lie to me, right?”

“Yes...”

Awaitsun practically squeezed this word out from between his teeth. He looked like he was nearly unable to breathe, let alone open his mouth to speak. I relaxed the dark claw a bit. He took in a deep breath and then continued to gasp for air. If I had loosened it a little later, perhaps he might have really suffocated.

“So, let me ask one more time.” I gave him a kind reminder, “Don’t give the wrong answer. I certainly have more than just the boring method of squeezing you.”

This time, I did not mention his wife and kids. In any case, he himself should know what these other methods were. As expected, Awaitsun yielded.

“When their calculations show that the Demon King is about to be born, the Cathedral of the Shadow God will choose the Silent Eagle based on looks.”

“Based on looks?” I chuckled. “With your looks, unless the Demon King is female, it will only have a negative outcome right?”

Awaitsun fell silent again. *This trait of his is really annoying. Damn Silent Eagle!*

The dark claw tightened again. However, this time it was not on purpose; it was only because of my unstable emotions. Nevertheless, it made Awaitsun speak up. With some difficulty, he explained, "If the Demon King were male, he would vent all his anger on the Silent Eagle."

*...The Cathedral of the Shadow God is too good! Did they believe that they had already seen through all of the Demon King's actions?*

However, I could not defend myself, because I was still dangling Silent Eagle in midair. *Damn it!*

*Damn it! Damn it! I'm so mad that I want to squeeze this guy in front of me to death. But if I really did that, wouldn't it be verifying that what the Cathedral of the Shadow God said was true? Damn it!*

I forced myself to crack open a smile, and pretended to relax as I said, "Their reckoning is quite accurate! It's a pity that they missed something. If the Silent Eagle was so handsome that he was killed by the Demon King right at the start, then wouldn't all those years of training be wasted?"

Unexpectedly, Awaitsun smiled. "My assistants are all capable substitutes for position of the Silent Eagle."

I was stunned, and looked at the "assistants" at the side. There were at least twenty of them. Previously, I had never taken any notice of

them. However, upon using farsight now, I realized that they were all actually pretty good-looking. *So that's how it is... So that's how it is!*

"So all of you 'Silent Eagles' are taking on the sufferings in place of this world. When necessary, you would even be killed one after another by the demon king. This is truly a mighty sacrifice! But is this really worth it?"

Awaitsun merely watched me. He did not give an answer, and those Silent Eagle substitutes also did not reply. They were just like their title — Silent Eagle.

I clenched my fists with all my strength. Only then was I able to prevent myself from slaughtering all these fellows at one go, even though it was originally within their job scope to be abused to death by the demon king!

"Answer me, is this worth it? I don't like the silence from all of you. Don't reply to me with silence. If you do it again, I will send you all to hell!"

"Your Majesty, we are already dead. We died the moment we were selected as the Silent Eagle."

Awaitsun's face was full of agony— No, agony was not enough to describe his current expression. He was in pain, but trying hard not to let it show. I had never seen him with such an expression before, not even that time when there was only a month left until the lands of darkness would swallow the entire world. A beautiful expression.

"So sir, you can do anything to us, but please do not use other things to threaten us. We are already willing to do anything for you, sir. You do not have to use methods like threats on us! I really should not have gotten married."

The final sentence was said very softly, practically only mouthed out. Nonetheless, I still heard it.

The dark claw released him, and Awaitsun was caught unprepared. As he fell to the ground, his knees weakened, but in the end, an expert swordsman was still an expert, and he promptly stood firm. Except, his head hung low, and he did not raise it for a long while.

If it wasn't that my sensing ability allowed me to see his expression clearly, just by looking at his hanging head and his faintly trembling shoulders, I would have probably thought that Awaitsun was crying! However, he was indeed not; he was merely frightened, but so frightened that he was unable to continue playing the role of the forever unperturbed Silent Eagle.

That normally cool-headed attitude was absolutely faked. He was terrified; terrified that something bad would happen to his wife and children, maybe even terrified of death? After all, once dead, he would never be able to see or protect his wife and children again.

*It is a lot simpler if he can be afraid.* I tossed out the bait, "Awaitsun, you don't have to sacrifice yourself. I can let you and your beloved wife and children live blessed and happy lives. You will be below one man, but above thousands and thousands of men; even I will also honor you. So long as you are my most loyal subject."

Awaitsun immediately lifted up his head. Dropping one knee to the ground, he exclaimed, "Your Majesty, I am already your loyal subject!" Upon hearing this obviously nonsensical answer, my fury overflowed and I couldn't help but threaten him, "It looks like, you would rather live through days like the present, not knowing when I would summon Alice to warm my bed or throw your children into the garbage can!"

"Your Majesty, I am your loyal subject!" He still refused to change his words.

*Like hell you are!*

At the peak of my fury, I became calm instead. Even if I continued threatening him, I would not attain his devotion. Right from the start, I had used the wrong method. I needed to calm down a little. I sat down onto the throne, and while doing so, stroked the tip of the orb on the armrest. The design of this orb was truly wonderful. As long as I stroked it, even my thoughts would become unusually clear.

"Who are the people in the royal family of Kissinger?"

Awaitsun paused, obviously thinking that I had changed the topic too much. However, he still answered dutifully, "The king, queen, a prince, and three princesses."

*There is only one prince. Is he the only son?* I made my decision and ordered, "Lead the dark knights and the undead army to attack the Kingdom of Kissinger. Fight your way straight to the palace. I want you to kill that prince!"



Awaitsun's eyes widened. This time, he finally did not utter "understood" immediately. It looked like I had chosen the correct action.

"What's wrong? Can't do it?" I purposely asked in this manner.

"Understood!" As expected, Awaitsun added on this sentence. He hesitated for a moment, and then opened his mouth to ask, "Your Majesty, could you enlighten me on why you wish to kill Prince Tayder?"

"Of course you can." I was in an extremely good mood. Not only did I manage to make Awaitsun show a never-before-seen expression, I had even made him so shocked that he forgot to say "understood." Afterwards, there would still be several very interesting games waiting for me. The current situation really couldn't be any more perfect.

"However, before telling you, there is something I need to do first. Scarlet, teach me!"

*No problem.*

Nowadays, Scarlet was very well-behaved. She granted me whatever I asked for, and as long as they were things she could do and would not jeopardize me, she was very willing to do them all. Even if I did not make any requests, she would still try hard to grab any opportunity to teach me magic. It was just short of her getting down on her knees and begging me to learn.

In accordance with Scarlet's instructions, I stood up and stretched out my right hand to gather a large amount of element. Then, I chanted a string of long and awkward-sounding incantations. However, this little bit was not difficult for me. In the past, I had to praise the God of Light at all times and in all sorts of conversations. Compared to those lengthy and ugly words of praise, curses were nothing!

As I recited the spell, a large magic circle appeared overhead in the hall. Awaitsun merely glanced up, and then looked back at me, waiting for instructions as usual. He did not pay any heed to this magic circle. However, in the next second, strange multicolored rays of light shot out from the magic circle, forcing him to turn his attention to it.

In the kaleidoscopic light, Awaitsun asked apprehensively, "Your Majesty, may I ask—"

I was too lazy to explain and immediately interrupted him, "Quiet. In a moment you will know what it is for."

Awaitsun could only close his mouth and wait. I continued to manipulate the element to complete the magic circle. While this magic circle needed a lot of element, it was the skill required that was much more difficult.

Even though my skills at casting magic were not very good, ever since becoming the Demon King, this was still the first time I had to use some effort to cast a spell. This really made me incredulous. *Is there really anyone else who can cast this spell?*

*The issue is in the number of people.*

*Oh I see.* After putting the finishing stroke on the outline of the magic circle, and then pouring in large amounts of element to activate that magic circle, the strange multicolored rays of light intensified. In a split second, the light covered the entire hall. But then in the next instance, it vanished without a trace. There wasn't even any hint of the magic circle. The hall looked no different from how it was a few minutes ago.

From the corner of his eyes, Awaitsun rapidly scanned the place from left to right. When he did not notice anything amiss, his pulse distinctly slowed down.

*It's a bit too early to relax now.* Feeling that I was going to see something interesting, I laughed and said, "Now you can ask."

Awaitsun opened his mouth, but he could only make sounds like "ah" and "uh." He could not form any words at all. He raised his head to look at me, doing his utmost to prevent fear from showing on his face.

"Don't panic, you are not the only one who can't speak. Those Silent Eagle substitutes are also the same." Upon hearing my words, the substitutes immediately paled. One after another, they tried opening their mouths to say something, but they could not utter even a single word. Their mouths were only full of sounds like "ah ah."

I explained nonchalantly, "You and your dark knights can communicate with each other using psychic magic. You can also directly give commands to the undead army. Therefore, none of you need to speak at all. Doesn't this fit the title of 'Silent Eagle' even better?"

Awaitsun raised his head to look at me. *Why?*

*Not bad! In such a short time, he has managed to grasp the trick of using psychic magic as means of communication.* I did not answer him directly; instead I smiled and told him, "Look down at your hand." Awaitsun immediately looked down. On the back of both hands, a magic circle had appeared. It could not be wiped off nor scrubbed off.

"All the words that you write down will be seen by Scarlet, so don't try to use writing to communicate with others, like an explanation to the King of Kissinger on 'why you want to kill his son'."

Awaitsun's eyes widened as he looked at me.

*You carry out all sorts of atrocities, yet do not even utter a single word of explanation. When even those people who know the truth begin to question your defection, and then loathe you for the pain you have inflicted on them, let's see whether you can still be so devoted and self-sacrificing!*

"My dear Silent Eagle," I deliberately brought up the words that Awaitsun had spoken in the past. "As you desired, I am not a Demon King who would destroy half the world. Compared with such a senseless action of obliterating half the world, I'd much rather prefer to play games. I hope you will like my games."

After saying that, I wiped the smile off my face and sternly commanded, "Listen well! Within the next three months, you will lead the army and storm the capital city of Kissinger. After that, in front of

the king and queen, kill the prince with your own hands. You must slash him no less than one hundred times. Not a single cut less! If you don't accomplish it, I will personally wipe out 'every single person' in the royal household of Kissinger. Do you understand?"

Awaitsun raised his head to look at me, his face full of panic. However, he had already shown too many expressions today, I was a little tired of looking at them.

"What are you staring at me for?" I said coldly, "Go and prepare the troops for battle!"

*... Understood!*

After accepting the order, Awaitsun led the entire row of dark knights away. He did not even leave anyone behind to protect me. Previously, regardless of whether or not I was in the Demon King's Castle, he would at least leave two people behind to watch over the place. Evidently, Awaitsun was rather furious today.

With those dark knights gone, only Illu who was sitting on the floor and I were left in the entire hall, making the place appear extremely spacious. As there was no one else to look at, naturally, I could only look at Illu. His wing had already been joined back, but it was still drooping down motionlessly. Clearly, it had only been restored to the level of an ornament. He could not fly at all.

Illu also noticed that I was looking at him. It was probably because he was an undead creature, that so far, he still has not shown any fear. No matter how much I threatened or tortured him, he was still

unafraid of me. What a troublesome fellow.

Feeling mystified, Illu asked, "Why did you give him three months? That way, that guy will hold off killing him until the very last moment."

"It's precisely for him to delay." I stretched as I said, "If I ordered him to immediately kill that prince, then this game will be over in a short while. So I gave him three months to struggle in pain. This way, I can play for a little while longer!"

Illu shook his head as he said, "I can't understand you."

I snorted. "There's nothing strange about that. You are merely an undead creature. You can't understand anybody!"

Unexpectedly, Illu said, "The monarch is very easy to understand." "Oh? Then tell me, why did he kill you at the start?" I was nearly dying from curiosity. *Why did Roland want to kill a dark knight?* I had questioned all the dark knights, but no one knew what had happened then. I was afraid that other than Roland and Illu, no one else would know.

"The monarch didn't kill me." Illu replied reflexively. But then, probably because he felt the apparent change in dark element, he added on, "As for the corpse used to create me, the monarch did not tell me why he had killed him."

*So I can only ask Roland? But he's at the Holy Temple...*

I frowned. "Forget it, forget it! Follow my original plan and go warn

that adventurer party. Remember, read off the paper I gave you. After reciting it, scram. But leave behind two expendable creatures that aren't too strong or too weak to attack that adventurer team. In the following days, continue to send over more of them. And remember, those creatures must become stronger and stronger, but not so strong that they slaughter the entire adventurer party."

Puzzled, Illu asked, "What are you trying to accomplish?"

*Heh heh!* "I want to raise up a 'hero'."

Illu froze. "Raise up a hero? Heroes should be your enemies. Why would you want to train your enemies?"

"Because!" I said lazily, "If there's a Demon King, of course there has to be a hero. Otherwise, if I'm the only person, doing a one-man show is rather boring!"

"It is foolish to train your enemies." Illu did not agree in the slightest.

"Shut up!" After cursing, I couldn't help but yawn loudly, "I'm going to sleep."

One bad thing about becoming the Demon King was that my body had weakened.

After I became the Demon King, the power of my magic has been exceptionally strong. On the other hand, my body was far from how well it had been when I was a holy knight. At first, I thought it was because I lacked holy light. That's why from a strong and sturdy holy

knight, I changed back to the form of an ordinary person. However, I was also sleeping longer and longer hours, such that instead of a normal person, I was practically turning into a pig. This was simply too abnormal!

After thinking for a while, I suspected that this was the doing of the Cathedral of the Shadow God. Just as I was about to press Awaitsun for an explanation, Scarlet told me that in order for the Demon King to use large amounts of dark element, he had to possess a strong psychic ability. However, it was due to the overuse of his powerful psychic magic that his body could not bear the burden. That was why all the demon kings in history have always had poor health.

*So that means, I will slowly weaken until I die?*

*Before the dark element has been reduced to a point where the world regains its balance, you will not die.*

"If you're going to sleep, go and sleep on your bed!"

I was abruptly startled awake. I glanced at Illu. He still had the appearance of an undead creature. Even though I had ordered him to maintain his human form, he never liked the appearance of a human, and seized any opportunity to revert back to his original form.

"I didn't know that undead creatures are concerned over where I slept."

"Your room has magic circles that prevent you from randomly casting spells in your dreams!" Illu bellowed, "You're very dangerous when you're asleep!"



It was only then that I realized, his other wing had also broken.

### Chapter #3: “The Game of the Demon King—Role Play”

From the Demon King’s Castle, I teleported into the tent. Actually, there was nothing inside the tent, for I had actually slept in the Demon King’s Castle last night. From today onward, I still intended to continue doing so. Even though I was playing a game, I still had to care for my standard of living! Anyway, since I could use teleportation magic smoothly now, and my magic was ridiculously strong, going back and forth every day wasn’t a problem at all.

“Grisia!”

The calls came from outside the tent. It was Taylen and the others, and the three of them seemed to be quite anxious. I didn’t blame them though, for it was already late in the morning. Moreover, I had not gone back to the tent to sleep that late last night either. Even pigs would not sleep like this.

“Coming!” After I lazily shouted, I threw open the tent flaps.

“Y-You...”

Even after he angrily went “you” for a long time, Taylen still didn’t manage to come up with words to reprimand me. After I told him, “Sorry, I overslept,” his rage disappeared without a trace. He was really from top to bottom, a good person. I had not picked the wrong person to be the hero.

“You actually placed a magic circle outside the tent.” Michel sighed as

he said, "You should have told us beforehand. Taylen nearly touched it by accident."

"Even if you accidentally touched it, you would only be zapped by lightning magic. You won't die from it." *Tch! I nearly had a good show to watch.*

"You woke up too late!" Charlotte shouted loudly in disbelief, "Michel has always scolded me for sleeping too much! In the end, you slept even more than me. Are you still a man?"

*What does sleeping a lot have to do with being a man or woman? This stinking woman!* I roared back, "I always sleep this late. If you want to form a team with me, then you better be aware of this point!"

"Is this true?" Taylen seemed to be in deep shock as he said, "You slept for an entire twelve hours. If you were to do this every day, then we wouldn't be able to travel much at all in a day!"

Michel's face also darkened.

I quickly explained, "Usually, eight hours is enough. Yesterday, I was reading a bit in the tent, so I went to sleep a little later."

Actually, I usually sleep over ten hours, but for the sake of playing this game, I could only force myself to wake up a bit earlier. Otherwise, if I were to sleep that long, even if I cut my salary by sixty percent, there probably wouldn't be any teams willing to accept me.

"Eight hours?" Once Michel heard that, his expression looked troubled

as he said, "That's still too long. It would already be pretty good to be able to sleep seven hours in an ordinary adventurer's lifestyle. Also, five to six hours of rest time is considered normal. Eight hours is really a bit too long..."

Impatient, I said, "I'll lower my prices and only take thirty percent of the share, okay? If you're going to keep nagging, I'm going to go find another team!"

Michel immediately answered, "Deal!"

*This fellow... Never mind. Regardless of whether it is the hero himself, the hero's companions, or the hero's money, don't they all belong to me?*

"Grisia, don't be angry!" Taylen hurriedly said. "This is only Michel's habit. If you really don't want to lower your prices, we can always negotiate!"

"Why would I be angry?" With a slight smile, I said, "Anyway, what is most important is having good companions. Money is not as important!"

***Why do these words of yours not sound convincing at all?***

"Michel, what did you say?" I tilted my head to one side and said, "I actually didn't hear you clearly."

"Nothing!" Taylen gave Michel a glare and quickly covered it up, "He says that you're right, having good companions is the most important

thing!”

I nodded my head and then surveyed the surroundings. There weren't many people from the entire adventurers' party left, and moreover, there wasn't a single tent left. The tents had long been stored away. Actually, there weren't a lot of people who had set up tents in the first place. Most of them who had done so were female. The others merely slept in a sleeping bag, and there were even some pompous warriors who slept directly on the ground without even covering it with a blanket.

Charlotte too had only slept in a sleeping bag and then used cloth and tree branches to set up a simple coverage. When I had set up a complete tent, almost everyone had looked at me with a strange look in their eyes, and some even showed contempt—

At that moment, Michel had gone, “Ooooh,” and then said with a touched tone, “To actually be able to take out a tent from an enchanted space! Spatial magic is really hard! Taylen, we have really struck it rich!”

Taylen had also been very ecstatic and looked at me with a beaming smile. His face that was originally that of a hero's could actually smile until he resembled a fox. I couldn't help but laugh again. *Really, you have all saved those fellows who dared to look down on me.* I was originally going to scrutinize and remember who those people were, so that when Illu came, he could conveniently kill them off.

“Everyone, come and eat breakfast!”

I returned to my senses and saw Charlotte at the campfire not too far off. She shouted, "It's almost going to become lunch. Thankfully, what I cooked was porridge. It'll be done once I heat it up a bit more and add a few more ingredients. Quickly come over and eat!"

She squatted on the floor, heating up the porridge while even adding in various ingredients proficiently. *This woman can cook?* I felt a little surprised. She completely looked like the type who would chop off her own hand once she picked up a kitchen knife!

"Charlotte's cooking is really not bad!" Taylen patted my shoulder and smilingly said, "Even if your salary has been lowered by five percent, as long as you eat Charlotte's cooking, you would still feel that it's worth it!"

"I don't care whether her cooking is tasty or not. It's always the higher the salary, the better."

"This is indeed true..."

Charlotte dished out another two bowls of porridge and said, "If you want to chat, wait until we are on the road before doing so. Eat up first! If we don't hasten our journey, we really will be unable to catch up with the party!"

"Sigh!" Michel gave a sigh and said, "We invited a powerful mage into our group, but we have to hasten our pace every day because he likes to sleep. I really don't know whether this is good or bad."

"Would it hurt you to say less?" Taylen unhappily commented. "In the

future, everyone will be comrades. You don't have to speak so sarcastically of one of our own, right?"

"It's because he is one of us, that's why I can do so..."

*The cooking is really not bad.* I ate a mouthful of porridge. It was cooked until moderate softness and mushiness. The taste of the other ingredients such as the mushrooms and vegetables was also just right. It was much tastier than the stuff cooked by the Holy Temple's kitchen, though it still couldn't be compared to the food served in the Demon King's Castle.

*It only seems to be missing a certain taste...* It suddenly came to me what it was. "Do you have cilantro?"

The three of them who were in the middle of eating their porridge bit into their spoons and then lifted their heads to look at me blankly. Charlotte even threw down her spoon and directly complained with dissatisfaction, "Where would you find cilantro in the wilderness? You're demanding for far too much!"

"You have to add spices into your food?" Michel chimed in. "Grisia, could it be that you are a noble from somewhere? That's right, your mask looks very expensive!"

*As expected, this mask is too showy!* I was a bit angry as I replied, "The current me is an adventurer and your teammate. No matter who I was before, it shouldn't matter!"

"What Grisia says is right!" Taylen nodded his head and said, "Since

we are all teammates now, it doesn't matter who we were in the past. Michel, Charlotte, you two are not that fond of prying, right? Even in my case, the two of you didn't question that much!"

*Even in my case...?* This phrase seemed to be a bit odd.

Michel raised both his hands up in surrender and said, "All right, all right. I was wrong, okay?"

"It is because Grisia is too strange!" Charlotte completely did not want to admit that she was in the wrong and argued, "Who asked him to wear a mask around for no reason. Not even his eyes are showing!"

Taylen was flustered and exasperated as he said, "Charlotte! Grisia has already said that it was because of a fire. Stop bringing it up!" "Disfigured is disfigured!" Charlotte said indifferently. "Who knows, he might have become cooler after getting disfigured!"

*Go to hell! What do you mean become cooler after getting disfigured, just what kind of ugly monster do you think I am?*

"Hehe, hahaha—"

The three of them looked at me with an expression of being unable to make heads or tails of what I was doing. Michel asked, "Grisia, what are you laughing at?"

"N-Nothing..." I was laughing so hard that I couldn't stop. "I had only remembered an old friend. Charlotte is really very similar to her."



"Me?" Charlotte pointed at her nose with her forefinger. Both of her eyes were even staring at that finger until she was cross-eyed. She really looked so foolish until I couldn't take it. In this world, to think that there could be a woman this foolish. Even if I pointed around randomly in the Church of the God of Light, I would be able to point at a woman who is twice as good as her in terms of aura, appearance, and personality!

"Michel!"

Suddenly, someone shouted at us and then ran over in small steps. Just as I was thinking that his face was somewhat familiar, I then remembered who he was. *It is actually Woodrow!* Previously, when I had lost my memories, I had stayed in their group for a while, and he was one of the members. I didn't think that I would meet him again so coincidentally... *Currently, I have a head of black hair and am even wearing a mask. I shouldn't be recognized, right?*

I hoped that Woodrow wouldn't recognize me, or else the game would end – No matter whether it was my hero-raising game or these people's lives, they would all end. I would not let those who know that I am the Sun Knight stay alive.

When Michel stood up and walked to his side, Woodrow even asked in a small voice, "Who is this person wearing a mask?"

"A new teammate." Michel merely gave a simple introduction and then changed the topic. "Has something come up?"

Woodrow nodded his head and following that, started exchanging

information with Michel.

As I ate my porridge, I felt a little puzzled. I turned around to ask Taylen, "Are the team's matters all handled by Michel? Why aren't you, the leader, doing the negotiations?"

Even if the one actually managing the team was Michel, he should at least ask Taylen for his opinion and not handle the discussion himself. "I am not the leader." Out of my expectations, Taylen shook his head and said, "Michel is the one who is the leader. Why did you think that I am the leader?"

*That's because you look like the hot-blooded, foolish leader who often brings his teammates to rescue villagers! Moreover, you are also the hero that I have chosen, so of course you should be the leader! In the end, he actually isn't... Fine, I don't think I have heard that a hero must be the leader, so I consider that you pass!*

"I misunderstood," I casually said half-heartedly, bringing an end to the questioning. Taylen didn't pursue the matter further either. We both busied ourselves eating porridge together and then listened in on the conversation between Michel and the other party.

"I heard that the Church of the God of Light is dispatching troops to attack the Demon King."

Once I heard that, I frowned. In this short moment, I didn't know what I was feeling toward this piece of news, so I merely continued listening.

"The Church of the God of Light is sending troops?" Taylen muttered in

astonishment.

I gave him a glance and asked in incomprehension, "What's wrong? It shouldn't be strange for a church to send troops to attack the Demon King, right? Why are you so surprised?"

Taylen gave a wry smile and said, "I just didn't think that the Church of the God of Light would be the first one to dispatch troops. No matter how you think about it, it should be the Kingdom of Kissinger who would send troops first. After all, the Demon King is living in our kingdom and not in the Church of the God of Light's."

*That makes sense. What a pity you don't know that though the Demon King lives in the Kingdom of Kissinger, he is someone from the Church of the God of Light.* I asked in curiosity, "You are from the Kingdom of Kissinger?"

"Yes. Charlotte, Michel, and I are all people from the Kingdom of Kissinger." Taylen too asked curiously, "You?"

"Kingdom of Forgotten Sound."

Charlotte butted in, "You don't look like someone from the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound!"

*You mean you can recognize whether or not someone is from the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound?* I couldn't help but open my mouth to clear my confusion.

Charlotte lowered her head to look at my clothing and answered,

"That's because you're all dressed in black! People from the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound would always wear very bright colors. Even adventurers would not wear black clothes. Everyone says that they are the people of shininess and shimmering."

*You mean people of the God of Light, what shininess and shimmering!*  
I looked down at my own black garb. As expected, I was too careless. Because I couldn't see color, I had merely instructed Awaitsun to bring some normal clothing and had not paid any attention to what color the clothes were.

*Looks like I will have to use farsight more in the future. If I were to become used to it, perhaps I might be able to use it as smoothly as my sensing. Then I would be able to use it anytime, anywhere, and would never make another mistake due to being unable to see color.*

I took action immediately upon thinking of it. Once I used my farsight, I instantly noticed that Taylen's expression seemed off. His face looked blank, and his head was tilted at least thirty degrees toward Woodrow and Michel's direction. Though he was scooping porridge to eat, he didn't chew at all and swallowed it directly!

It was very obvious that he was eavesdropping. Therefore, I too followed and eavesdropped earnestly.

Woodrow had started to painstakingly urge Michel, "So what do you think? You guys should also stop trying to attack the Demon King. Come with us to take on missions from the Adventurer's Guild!"

*Eh?*

"Now that most adventurers have joined the crusade against the Demon King, there are many missions that no one is claiming. The rewards have increased by quite a bit. Anyway, once the Church of the God of Light dispatches their troops, there probably won't be anything to do here anymore. So we might as well take the chance now to quickly go first and take on the missions before anyone else. If we wait until the others have also returned, then it would be too late."

Hearing that, Michel furrowed his brows, deep in thought.

I froze for a moment and was about to speak, but Taylen had already jumped up, shouting, "Everyone is going? We're not going to crusade against the Demon King anymore?"

"Of course," Woodrow replied as though it was a matter of fact. "The Church of the God of Light personally dispatched those troops, an actual army. As for adventurers like us, we simply can't compare."

"Then how about the hero?" I quickly asked, "Isn't the Demon King supposed to be defeated by a hero?"

Everyone at the scene looked taken aback, and Woodrow frowned as he tactfully said, "This... The Twelve Holy Knights should be more suitable for it?"

Without showing any restraint, Charlotte burst into laughter. "You're already this old, so why would you still believe in this kind of fairytale like heroes battling the great demon king?"

*This foolish woman is laughing at me as if I am more foolish than her.*

I angrily retorted, "Aren't there a lot of people in the adventurer party who claim themselves to be heroes?"

"That is only to increase their own value," Michel shook his head and said. "All right, all of you. Don't interrupt anymore. Let me have a good talk with Woodrow."

They started exchanging information again, and at the end of the discussion, it seemed like Michel was ready to give up on the crusade against the Demon King, making me angrier and angrier the more I listened. With much difficulty, I had finally managed to find a hero who passes my standards, yet now the hero was instead going to run away and not fight the Demon King anymore!

I loudly said, "I'm going to say this – If you all are not going to attack the Demon King, I'm going to leave the team."

Michel turned his head and looked at me in surprise.

"Leave the team?" Taylen was shocked. "Did you want to attack the Demon King that much? Ah... Could it be that you wanted to be a hero?"

*I want you to be the hero! If I were to become the hero, then wouldn't it become a case of me fighting against myself?*

Charlotte stared at me, shook her head, and sighed. "Grisia, not that I want to say this, but you don't look like a hero at all. Brother Taylen is

much more suitable.”

*That’s why I want to make him the hero!*

“Grisia?” Woodrow softly called out. “You are called Grisia?”

I lifted my head to look at him and purposely asked in a cold tone,  
“What are you calling me for?”

Woodrow stared at me, full of bewilderment. Though I was wearing a mask, the lower half of my face and my figure were unchanged. Moreover, I also had the same name. It was hard to guarantee that he wouldn’t recognize me.

“You know Grisia?” Michel inquired. I guess he was probably still rather curious about me.

Woodrow looked at me with confusion, but he still said, “No, it’s just that they share the same name. He couldn’t possibly be here—”

He abruptly stopped speaking, for both Taylen and Charlotte had suddenly jumped up. The two of them stared at the sky, so shocked that even their eyes were nearly popping out.

Woodrow and Michel turned around and looked. In the sky, a giant black vortex appeared. The dark element was so strong that even those without sensing could detect it.

*He is finally here.*

From within the black vortex, another hole abruptly opened. That was teleportation magic. Actually, using this magic wouldn't cause such a large disturbance, or else I would have been discovered long ago due to teleporting around every day.

The black vortex was something that I instructed Illu to make. Otherwise, if the general working under the Demon King were to appear without a single sound, perhaps no one would discover him. If he even had to tap on someone's shoulder to greet them, then he would not look imposing at all!

Illu flew out from the large hole. With a set of bat wings and blood red eyes that looked down at the crowd from high above, as expected, his majestic aura was simply outstanding. He was completely a different person from the figure last night that Awaitsun and I had bullied! The people below started to panic. Everyone started to run, only wanting to be as far from Illu as possible. They didn't know anything about their opponent, such as what kind of undead creature he was or how strong he might be, but once they saw his appearance, they were so terrified that they only thought of escaping.

*That is why I've said people need to have an imposing aura! Even undead creatures too.*

As for Illu's appearance, I was already accustomed to seeing it, so he wasn't frightening to me. Even Awaitsun wasn't afraid of him, but to an ordinary person, Illu's looks should still be rather intimidating. With a stretch of his hand, a tall bone wall rapidly shot up and surrounded us, so as to make sure that not everyone would escape. This was something that I had not instructed him to do. *Not bad, not*



*bad. He still has some brains.*

Probably because they had been scared silly by Illu, or the wall constructed with dead people's bones looked too frightening, but once everyone saw that all four directions had been blocked, no one actually moved to attack the bone wall to see if it could be broken. They merely slowly drew closer into a large lump of people, looking at Illu with vigilance and fear.

Within these people, there should actually be a few people with the ability to break down Illu's bone wall. After all, Illu was still more of the warrior type. Even though he can use necromancy, his necromancy was not strong enough. Moreover, casting bone walls was only low-level necromancy magic. They were not very sturdy.

"Taylen, don't go over!" Michel shouted.

Taylen had actually headed in Illu's direction until Michel held onto him, not letting go. Taylen then stopped in his tracks and shouted loudly to Illu who was mid-air, "Undead creature, what are you trying to do?" He was indeed worthy of being my chosen hero. As expected, I hadn't chosen the wrong person. Out of all the people here, he was the only one who dared to confront Illu. I once again praised my own foresight.

Illu didn't really pay heed to Taylen and merely started to execute his mission. He announced, "I am Illu, the leader of the undead army belonging to the Demon King. In the name of the Demon King, I declare that this world belongs to His Majesty, the Demon King."

Once he said that much, he suddenly stopped and turned around, not

paying attention to anyone at all. This made the audience who had only gotten half of the announcement feel at a loss as to what to do.

“W-What is he trying to do?” Charlotte had a rare expression of fright. “Could it be that he is preparing some kind of curse, so that he can kill us all in one shot?”

Michel looked grim as he said, “He doesn’t look like a mage. Perhaps he is summoning an undead army.”

Taylen frowned and looked around. He said, “Oh no, we don’t seem to have anyone who specializes in holy magic among us. If only we had a holy knight. Hopefully, he won’t summon too many undead creatures, or we wouldn’t be able to deal with them...”

*That fellow is peeking at his cheat sheet!*

*Bastard, didn’t I tell you to memorize your lines! At night when I return, if I don’t break your wings again, I’ll read my name Grisia backwards!*

Finally, Illu turned back around and continued his announcement, “Any action that goes against His Majesty will be seen as treason, and will not be permitted to see the light of day. In particular, the action of going on a crusade against His Majesty is the most shameful and absolutely cannot be forgiven.”

He was reciting in a monotonous tone, without any inflections in his voice. He kept sneaking glances at me too. His acting skills were really so bad that they wouldn’t do! However, probably because he was an

undead creature, his rather stiff actions did not actually draw attention.

Taylen roared in rage at Illu, "The most shameful person is the Demon King! He absolutely does not have the qualifications to be called His Majesty at all! The main duty of a kingdom's king is to take care of his citizens. Other than undead creatures, what other citizens does he have?"

Illu lowered his head to look at him, but his attention was not on Taylen. Instead, he asked me with psychic magic, **"Should I kill him?"**

I pondered over it for a moment and answered, **"Test his true strength. It's fine even if you injure him, but don't give him heavy injuries or kill him."**

**"Oh? It's fine even if he condemns you? I didn't know that you were that magnanimous."**

**"The one he condemned was only the Demon King of the legends and not targeted at me at all. Why should I go and condemn myself?"**

Illu flew a bit lower, and then he immediately tucked his wings and landed onto the ground. Seeing that, Taylen immediately pulled his weapon out. Even Michel too retrieved his bow from his back, putting an arrow into position and drawing the string, so that he could start battling at any moment.

Taylen turned around to look at him and hesitatingly said, "Michel, he's alone..."

However, Michel said, "Come on. He is an undead creature. If you can crawl back up after dying, then I'll let you battle by yourself with him." Hearing that, Taylen laughed and didn't insist on battling him one-on-one.

"Hey!" Charlotte pushed me and said, "Why don't you quickly go over and help them?"

After I rolled my eyes at her, I then remembered that I was wearing a mask and hence she wasn't able to see that at all. I could only reply unhappily, "I am a mage. For me, of course the farther the enemy is from me, the better. Am I supposed to go over and let the enemy conveniently kill me with one slice of his sword?"

"Oh!" Charlotte had an expression of sudden realization, and she rubbed her head, embarrassed. "Haha, what you just said makes a lot of sense!"

*You don't say!* I looked at the adventurers in the surroundings. As expected, when one's numbers and strength wasn't enough, you can't suppress too many people. Probably because of Taylen and Michel boosting their morale, there were actually quite a few people who had also drawn their weapons, eager to fight. I completely couldn't see a trace of the terror they had just now when they were fleeing in disarray because of Illu.

There were more or less twenty adventurers, and within them, the strongest should be Taylen and Michel. Illu should be able to defeat them, just that it would be way too unsightly to do so. He was of the

general class from my undead army; how would it look if he were dog fighting with a bunch of small fry!

***"Summon the undead army, block off all the others. You can just fight with Taylen and Michel."***

Once he heard that he could summon the undead army, Illu showed a rare smile. However, seeing a smile appear on an undead creature's dead face would usually only make people even more afraid.

He raised his right hand towards the sky, and a black summoning door appeared in the air. Five undead creatures heard his summons and came, falling directly from the sky. With a "bam," they landed on the ground, and the five of them immediately knelt on one knee within Illu's proximity.

The five undead creatures all had on guilty expressions, some not even daring to lift their heads. This was probably related to an earlier time when I'd ordered them to beat up their own general. Though they had obediently listened to my orders and beat him up, their expressions were simply a classic expression of "hurting you physically hurts me emotionally."

However, Illu did not mind and also did not have the intention of appeasing his subordinates. He merely commanded, "Get up. Except for these two, kill all the rest..." He paused for a moment. He had probably remembered my instructions as he changed his words to say, "Teach a lesson to all of the others!"

The five of them looked a little confused, as though they were unsure

of how to obey this order.

The undead creatures that Illu had summoned were all not cannon fodder, but high-level undead creatures that were the closest to him. Just a single one of them could probably already destroy all the adventurers in the area. Of course, that was not including Taylen and Michel. To send these five to teach the adventurers in the area a lesson was undoubtedly a bit like using the Divine Sun Sword to cut blueberry pie.

Moreover, an undead creature's method of dealing with enemies has always been killing them. They would not have the notion of teaching a lesson.

"Beat them up." Illu explained further, "Don't kill them. The Demon King still wishes to play with the two of them."

*.... Idiot! You might as well just say that I'm here as well!* Thankfully Illu had not said this loudly, and probably only Taylen and Michel would barely be able to hear him. I just hoped that they wouldn't think too much about it.

"The Demon King wants to play with us? What does this mean?"

As expected, it was impossible for Michel not to think too much. He instantly asked this question.

***"Start the battle now! Directly use psychic magic for commands! You're not allowed to talk any further!"***

*If I were to allow Illu to continue speaking, I think he would even leak out the news that there basically isn't anyone in the Demon King's Castle at the moment!*

When he heard me, Illu gestured in the adventurers' direction. From among the five undead creatures, two of them — the witch and the werewolf — immediately dashed out.

Seeing the situation, Taylen, who had originally intended to head back to provide assistance, got stopped by Michel. "Don't leave. There are still four of them here!"

Taylen nodded his head, and turned back on high alert. He also gave me a glance, probably wanting me to assist them when I had the chance to!

I looked at the three remaining subordinates of Illu's. One of them looked like a mage, but the other two were harder to identify. So, I decided to simply ask Illu directly.

***"What profession is your subordinate, the skeleton wearing leather armor?"***

***"Platinum skeleton. He can also wield swords."***

***"Let him go and deal with Michel, the guy holding the bow and arrows. How about the other fellow wearing armor?"***

***"He is a dark warrior. He uses a sword and dark elemental magic, quite similar to Awaitsun."***

***"Then let him deal with Taylen."***

***"Then what about me?"*** Illu asked, a little puzzled.

***"Stand there and don't move. Make sure your posture is more arrogant. If you can go and flirt a bit with the female mage subordinate, that's even better!"***

Though the female mage was actually a female mage corpse with a face and body that weren't bad, her eyes were merely bone and eye sockets. You could even see the entire eyeball. Flirting with her simply required quite a bit of courage. *That said, Illu himself is also a corpse, so he shouldn't be that picky, right?*

***"She is a dark witch, and not a female. Undead creatures like us don't have any sexes to speak of."***

Although he said that, once the dark warrior and the platinum skeleton archer rushed out to deal with Taylen and Michel, Illu still pulled the dark witch into an embrace and started smooching her!

The dark witch froze for a moment. I'm not sure whether she was really drunk with the kiss, or if Illu had commanded her using psychic magic. In any case, she also returned the kiss.

Originally, I had only wanted him to embrace her a bit. I didn't think that I could even witness a kissing scene. *This is really the first time in my life that I've seen undead creatures embrace and kiss each other!*



I watched with great interest, almost losing complete interest in Taylen and Michel's fight against the undead creatures. As expected, breaking both of Illu's wings yesterday was a pretty good warning.

Charlotte anxiously asked, "Grisia, why aren't you going to help already? Why are you in a daze?"

Hearing this, I reluctantly returned to my senses from the kissing scene between the undead creatures. I lowered my voice. "Quiet. Don't attract their attention to us. Otherwise we can't launch a sneak attack."

Hearing the last line, Charlotte instantly shut her mouth. Her eyes widened, and she nodded her head desperately. It was both funny and kind of cute...

Clang!

Hearing the continuous sounds of battle and even a few groans of pain, I quickly turned my attention to Taylen and Michel. The former had two additional sword injuries on his body, and the latter had a long trickle of blood on his face. However, he had not drawn close to the platinum skeleton archer for a short-range battle. Instead, he was running around, dodging the other's arrows while firing his own arrows. One of the arrows had probably brushed against his face.

Michel was currently in a disadvantageous position, but this had nothing to do with his strength. It was more of the fact that his arrows had no effect at all on skeletons, which have no blood and flesh. Even if his arrows hit the position of the heart of a skeleton, it would only hit

the leather armor and the ribs, and couldn't hurt it at all.

*Why isn't he closing in with a knife? Michel shouldn't be that stupid, right?* Just as I was feeling bewildered, I saw Michel wink at me. This was not an easy task for someone avoiding arrows.

*Does he want me to seize the chance to do a sneak attack? Fine, looking at this situation, if I don't make a move, Taylen and Michel really might not be able to defeat Illu... 's subordinates. This difference in strength seems to be a bit huge!*

*Sigh, I guess I shouldn't be too picky about my first hero.*

Zeroing in on my target, I casually recited aloud an incantation, making it really fast and unclear so that Charlotte would not be able to hear that it was actually just "A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked... Freeze!"

The platinum skeleton archer fell as soon as I finished. That's because I had frozen his kneecaps while he was in the middle of running. With his joints frozen so suddenly, he fell to the ground, the sound of his fall as shocking as a boulder landing on the ground. This made me really curious. *Is his skeleton truly made of metal?*

Seeing a golden opportunity not to be missed, Michel immediately followed up by rushing forward with his knife and going into a frenzy of wild slicing. However, once he hit the skeleton, there was actually a clanking sound of metal clashing. After the platinum skeleton had been struck a few times, he raised his blade to trade blows with Michel. But he could not stand up, so he could only deal with the attacks while

kneeling, sitting down, or even rolling.

**"Don't kill my subordinates!"** Illu roared at me angrily with psychic magic. This physic magic was so strong that it was practically an attack instead of a message.

**"If I wanted to kill him, he would already be a pile of bone dust by now!"** I snarled back. Only after seeing Illu give a groan, and how he couldn't fly properly in the air without the dark witch's swift support, did I feel that I had gotten even.

**"It's just for appearance's sake, don't be nervous!"** I added on, so as to prevent Illu from disrupting my game in a fit of anger. If that happened, then I might be so angry, I'd destroy him. If I did so, wouldn't I only be left with Awaitsun as my subordinate? As a powerful demon king, if I ended up without any subordinates, that would be way too unimpressive.

However, even now, the only underlings I have are Awaitsun and Illu... No, Illu is basically Roland's subordinate, and Awaitsun isn't loyal either, damn!

In a burst of fury, I offhandedly made a dozen or so ice bolts and threw them towards Illu, who was in the air.

Illu dodged past five, six ice bolts, and then stopped for a moment. Following that, he actually let one of the ice bolts brush across his calf. Though there was not much damage caused, he should have been able to dodge it too... *Was it on purpose?*

***"Am I supposed to pretend to be defeated by you?"***

*As expected, it was on purpose!* I considered it for a while, and replied,  
***"No, rush down and strike Taylen in the chest. Then, let him stab you with his sword. Once that happens, pretend to be injured and escape."***

Hearing that, Illu did not waste a single moment and immediately came rushing down.

Taylen was currently battling the dark warrior. However, swordplay was something that I didn't understand at all. I simply could not tell who was stronger between the two. I could only use Taylen's expression as reference. Seeing how he was sweating profusely, he seemed to have a hard time dealing with his opponent. On the other hand, the dark warrior's face... was emotionless. Since the start of the battle until now, it had not changed even once, and hence had no reference value.

In other words, Taylen didn't have any time to notice Illu's actions. Even after Illu rushed in front of him and gave him a strike, causing his entire person to fly out and land flat on the ground, he was still unaware of the situation.

*This might be a little too pathetic...*

Illu too seemed to be a little at a loss as to what to do. Though he had finished his mission of giving him a strike, the mission of letting himself get stabbed was a lot harder.

When Taylen crawled back up, Illu's taut expression relaxed quite a lot. Like me, it seemed that he had been a bit nervous that Taylen would not be able to crawl back up to his feet anymore.

This time, it was evident that both of us had looked down on him too much. Taylen had not only gotten back on his feet, apparently without serious injuries, he even immediately went to pick his sword back up – his sword had been sent flying as well — and charged toward Illu. The dark warrior diligently stood in front of his superior, blocking him.

"Stand down!" Illu ordered away the dark warrior, and looked at Taylen as he said, "Let me deal with him!"

Taylen froze, his expression looking a bit bewildered. Though I was not a mind reader, it was not hard to guess the reason for his bewilderment. I remember when I had first seen the undead creatures beside Illu, I too had been astonished at how human-like they actually were, completely different from the descriptions given in the *Basic Knowledge of Undead Creatures* textbook. The book actually claimed that undead creatures were unfeeling and didn't have much intelligence!

In this kind of era where the demon king has appeared and undead creatures run rampant, if I were to still believe that book, I would really die without even knowing how I died!

Facing the powerful Illu, Taylen actually raised his sword and initiated an attack! This fellow is really the standard "hero who doesn't even know how he died." *As expected, I hadn't picked the wrong person!* Taylen and Illu started fighting with a massive clash of swords. Just as

I have said before, I couldn't understand a thing of it. However, seeing how Taylen was just barely dealing with the dark warrior before, he couldn't possibly clash swords with Illu so much. *Illu is probably going easy on him?*

*I should confirm it! "Illu, you are stronger than the dark warrior, right?"*

***"Of course. Otherwise, how would I make him my subordinate?"***

*There are many ways!* In the past, although I was the head of the Holy Temple, there probably wasn't anyone among the Twelve Holy Knights who couldn't defeat me.

***"I'm getting bored of your fighting. Quickly settle this and leave!"***

Hearing that, Illu simply decided not to dodge Taylen's next slice, allowing the blade to inflict a large gash on his chest. Normally, if not injured by a normal sword to the point that his legs and arms were chopped off, it should not affect Illu much. However, he actually gave off a cry of pain.

Seeing his success, Taylen seemed inspired to try again and wanted to give another slice. Illu even retreated a few steps, spread his wings, and flew into the air.

*With how realistic Illu's expression is, it shouldn't be an act, right? I looked at Taylen's sword. I hadn't noticed anything special about the sword. Yet it can actually hurt Illu?*

Taylen felt around on his belt and opened a water container that was about the size of his palm. Then, he actually poured the water that was inside onto the blade of his sword. His entire sequence of actions was rather discreet, and he was even staring at Illu who was flying in mid-air while doing so. If it weren't for the fact that I was using sensing, my vision would probably also be blocked by his coat, and I would not be able to see the small bottle of water by his waist.

*So that's how he hurt Illu.* The water inside the bottle contained a high amount of the holy element. Making use of the blade to stab Illu, the holy elemental water on the blade would be sent straight into the wound. No wonder Illu had been in enough pain to shout out.

Taylen shouted loudly at Illu, "As the general under the Demon King, do you actually plan to desert in the eve of the battle? Or perhaps you only know how to bully the weak, and do not dare to face an opponent who is wielding a sword just like you!"

Illu only gave a "hmpf" and said in disapproval, "You are but a greedy and insatiable adventurer, why reproach me for bullying the weak. It's not like you are crusading against the Demon King for protecting the weak anyways. You're only doing so for the reward."

Taylen's face froze, and he growled, "I-I... You are also but a lackey! Previously, you were even serving under the Death Monarch. Yet you immediately switched sides to work under the Demon King. How simply shameless!"

I gave a frown. *This Taylen seems to know quite a lot.*

After being stabbed in his sore spot, Illu gave an inhuman roar, "I, Illu, will always be loyal towards the monarch!" And following that, he once again flew towards Taylen.

*Damn!*

With a teleport, I stood in front of Taylen and blocked him. Illu wasn't able to stop his assault in time, or perhaps he didn't want to stop at all. He hit me directly in the chest with one blow. Though I had used dark element to protect my vitals in time, I was still sent flying by the punch with so much force that I knocked down Taylen and even tumbled further after that. I could only lie on the ground, in so much pain that I nearly couldn't catch my breath.

**"My apologies, I wasn't able to stop in time."** Illu flew back into the air. He too seemed to understand that he had made a mistake, and gave a simple apology.

*Your tone couldn't be lacking any further in sincerity! **"I'm going to give Roland a punch later! Finish reciting your announcement, and then scram back to the Demon King's Castle!"***

Illu obstinately insisted, **"It is my mistake, don't go and make things hard for the monarch!"**

**"Once you finish, scram!"**

*Awaitsun, Illu... They're all disloyal bastards!*



Illu stalled for a while, and surveyed all of the adventurers around. He loudly shouted, "Count yourselves lucky. The Demon King has beckoned me to return immediately, so I have no time to defeat all of you. However, listen well, for I have already memorized all of your faces. Not a single one of you will be able to escape. In the future, I will send my subordinates over to defeat all of you!"

After shouting that, Illu and his subordinates immediately teleported away in a hurry.

"Grisia, are you okay? Hold on, I'll immediately heal you!"

It was only when her anxious voice rang out that I noticed that Charlotte was currently squatting by my side. She even placed her hands on my chest, and then started to recite aloud the incantation for healing. By this time, Michel and Taylen had also run over swiftly. On the latter's face, other than worry, I could see deep guilt as well. Faced with three deeply worried people, I plastered on a faint smile and said, "Don't worry, this can't kill me."

"That would be great if it's true." The three of them evidently became much more relaxed.

Charlotte's healing was actually not bad. She consecutively executed a Moderate Heal and an Advanced Heal. If it was the previous me, I would even be able to stand up and dance after this. However, as for the current me, I could only just barely sit up. My constitution was really terrible. *I'm really not used to this.*

Just as I sat up, I discovered that Woodrow was still present. Moreover,

his bearing was strange. His entire body was completely rigid, and once I used my farsight, I even saw that his face was pale. It seemed like he was about to turn around and leave, his body already halfway turned. However, he suddenly stopped, and forced himself to turn back and say, "If we're done here, then I'll be leaving first."

"Wait, we're not going to discuss anything?" Michel said in astonishment, "Like what the undead creature said just now?"

Woodrow forcefully managed to put up a trace of a smile, and said, "You should all deal with your injured companion first. You can come talk to me afterward."

"That's true." Michel agreed and nodded his head.

Woodrow shot a glance at me, and seeing no reaction, immediately turned to leave.

*Has he recognized me? Should I kill him, or perhaps...*

***"If you dare say a single word, I will make sure you die a horrible death!"***

Woodrow stumbled for a step and nodded his head. Then, he left at lightning speed.

"Grisia." Taylen suddenly called. When I turned my head to look at him, he was incomparably earnest as he said, "I owe you my life."

I smiled.

*The hero owes the demon king his life. Taylen, just obediently use your life to accompany me in playing this game.*



The Kingdom of Kissinger increased the bounty for the Demon King and the undead creatures again. On top of that, Taylen and I both wanted to continue the crusade against the Demon King. Michel didn't know what to do with us, and could only continue with us on our journey to fight against the Demon King.

Due to Illu occasionally sending a few undead creatures of relatively high levels for us to fight, our party collected much more reward money than others. Attracted by our fame, many people even came from other places, wanting to join the adventurers' party. Thus, our party expanded more and more, really starting to resemble an army fighting against the Demon King.

Because Taylen had "fought off" Illu and saved all of the people at the scene, Taylen, Michel, Charlotte, and I also "logically and naturally" became the key figures within the group.

Following the consecutive waves of undead creatures, Taylen's swordsmanship too became better and better. His improvement could simply be said to have advanced at a tremendous pace. Not bad, not bad. If he were to not even have the strength to trade blows with Illu, then how would he be qualified to be my first hero?

The game was progressing very smoothly. Now, the only thing that concerned me a little was that the Church of the God of Light was dispatching troops to crusade against the Demon King. However, no

matter how I thought about it, I didn't think that Lesus could possibly succeed in doing so. Now, when the Demon King had just come into existence, the amount of dark element had not been used up much. If I were to run into trouble and even die, the world would probably be swallowed up by the lands of darkness again.

Therefore, for Lesus to dispatch troops to fight against me, he would have to go through all the various royal families. Just the matter of whether the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound would let him send troops was already a big problem. The Pope could not possibly allow him to mess around, and moreover the holy knights under the "good, warm-hearted" faction were regardless still people who were under my command. If he wanted to use them to attack me, it couldn't possibly go that smoothly... No matter how I thought about it, Lesus would not be able to dispatch troops easily.

Even if I were the one sending troops, I would also have to settle a large number of problems first. Though in theory, all of the holy knights have to obey me, in order to dispatch troops, one does not only require soldiers. I would also have to make arrangements for food, water, and equipment. Without the Pope or even the king's support, we would have to return home in merely a week after the dispatch. A starving army can't fight!

Without sufficient reason, it really is impossible to dispatch troops. Moreover, Lesus is merely the Judgment Knight. He is not the head of the Holy Temple, and hence it would be even more difficult for him to do so.

Because I didn't believe that Lesus had really sent troops, I had set

aside the matter and hadn't bothered to deal with it for an entire month. It was only until the recent two days, while I was bored because Taylen was busy fighting undead creatures to raise his level, and there was nothing going on in the adventurers' party, that I decided to use my farsight to sneak a peek at the situation within the Church of the God of Light.

Because it was far away and I was unfamiliar with the direction, I spent some time letting my senses go all the way to the Church of the God of Light. However, once I reached the Church, I nearly thought that I had entered the wrong place. That was because all around the Church, the holy knights were wearing foreign uniforms. If it weren't for the unchanged symbol of the God of Light on top, I really wouldn't have recognized them.

The uniform that everyone was wearing looked very new. It seemed that they had gotten new uniforms. This wasn't much, for in the past, they had indeed taken our measurements, saying that they would be making new uniforms. However, I just didn't think that even the style would change this much. Moreover, the quality of the material seemed to be better than the old uniform's, and the thickness of the cloth had increased by quite a bit. Crucial points like the solar plexus and such even had leather sewn in-between the cloth, to increase defense...

*Since when has the Pope become this generous?*

Didn't he say that since holy knights are not afraid to take a beating, the uniforms only have to look good in appearance? They just have to look grand, with the added benefit of deceiving followers. As for the material, the thinner, the better. If it weren't for the rain, he would have even wanted to use paper mache!

I continued spying with curiosity. Some holy knights were wearing armor, which also looked new. The armor seemed to be extremely sturdy, unlike the conventional ones from before. The old armor looked luxurious and beautiful, and one would immediately look twice as handsome wearing it. Moreover, it was fitting to the body and comfortable, and the weight was also pretty light!

Basically, the old armor can be said to have a thousand advantages combined in one, save for one disadvantage – the lack of defense. Who knows, it might even break if a cleric used her staff to poke it a little.

In any case, rather than depending on armor for defense, holy knights depended on holy light protecting their bodies, was what the Pope used to say in the past.

The holy knights too seemed to be interested in their own new armor. Occasionally, they would knock and hit the armor, and then show astonishment that the armor had not caved in.

“This armor is really good,” One of the holy knights said, touched.

“I know, right? It’s much better than the armor from before that could only be admired but not used.”

“I finally don’t have to be cautious with it anymore, fearing that I’ll damage the armor and have to spend my own money to fix it again.”

“Fix what? If you make a dent, just use your finger to push it back

from the inside to its original shape!”

“But I accidentally tore it completely last time...”

“Then that really is unsalvageable...”

Just listening to them made me feel sad. *But the Pope only gave me this much money for making the uniforms, so what else could I do?*

The holy knight sighed as he said, “If it weren’t that we’re going to attack the Demon King, we would probably never get to wear this kind of armor in our entire lifetime!”

*Attack the Demon King?* I gritted my teeth. *They really are going to come and attack me? Moreover, they even made armor of this quality. Pope, what the heck are you doing? Last time, you stubbornly didn’t give me any more money for the uniforms. Now that they are coming to attack me, you’re then willing to distribute money. Do you have some kind of deep grudge against me?*

*Hmph! I don’t need to answer my own questions. I’m going to go find the Pope right now. If he can’t speak of a reason, then it’s my turn to bear a deep grudge against him!*

But before I found the Pope, I spied someone else in the corridors first. His face really looked very familiar, but I couldn’t remember who he was on the spot – *Leaf?*

After taking another look, I couldn’t be more certain. *It really is Elmairy!*

I stared at him, frozen. A year ago, he had still had an egg-shaped baby face. There simply weren't many men over twenty that could still be described as "cute," but Elmairy was one of them!

However, now, his chin had become quite a lot sharper, and he no longer had an egg-shaped face. At most, it could be considered an oval face. I wasn't sure what he was pondering about, to be able to have such a sharp gaze. Together with that brand new light armor for archers, he simply looked very imposing!

As expected, sensing could never completely substitute vision. Previously, I had not discovered at all that Elmairy's looks had changed this much!

"Captain." The holy knight at his side, if I'm not wrong, should be his vice-captain. He said, "The excess money after replenishing our arrows and buying armor, should we use it to purchase a batch of arrows with strong penetrating power?"

The holy knights that the Leaf Knight led were all skilled in archery. They were top horsemen who could shoot arrows at their foes while on horseback, and swing a sword to chop their foes once off their horse. They were also the most important ranged attackers of the Holy Temple.

Elmairy received a shock, and the imposing aura he had momentarily decreased by half. He muttered with some disbelief, "After buying equipment, there are actually funds left over? The Pope is really spending a lot this time!"



"It is indeed very incredible." His vice-captain gazed into the horizon as he said, "I remember one time I had requested for a batch of arrows, and the Pope's reply was for me to just buy the arrowheads. As for the shafts, lead the platoon to the forest to cut wood, and then pare it thin..."

Hearing that, Elmairy too revealed a forced smile. However, he stopped in his tracks all of a sudden and looked left and right, but he didn't see anything.

"Captain, what's wrong?"

Elmairy seemed a bit confused as he answered, "No, it's nothing. It was just that I suddenly felt like someone was watching me. It's probably my imagination."

As expected of an archer trained in sensing, Elmairy had probably sensed my presence. Although he concluded that it was just his imagination, that was already pretty remarkable...

"Over there." His vice-captain pointed toward a corner.

Both Elmairy and I looked over. Two female clerics-in-training, aged about ten or so, were looking at him secretly while hiding behind the pillar. Once they saw Elmairy looking at them, they immediately ran away bashfully.

...

"Huh?" Elmairy's expression was yet another confused one, and his imposing aura had disappeared without a trace. He looked more like the Elmairy in my memories. "I thought that the matter of Ann and I was already known by the entire Church."

His vice-captain shrugged his shoulders as he said, "That's right, the entire Church knows it. However, the things that you can't acquire are more precious! Captain, your value has instead become higher than before!"

"I-Is that so..."

*This world has changed! The golden singles are unwanted; the fellows who are tied down are instead fought over by everyone. What the heck?*

"Captain, does the Church still intend to attack the Demon King?" His vice-captain asked softly, "The plan to dispatch troops seems to have met with many obstacles?"

Elmairy shook his head and said, "It doesn't matter how many obstacles there are. Just dispatch the troops according to Judgment Knight's plan. As for the arrows you mentioned, go order them. If the arrows aren't good enough, dealing with undead creatures would be difficult."

"Understood!" His vice-captain muttered, "We'll have to hasten our progress if we want to be able to dispatch troops in time. I will immediately go and request the craftsmen to hasten their pace. I will take my leave now."

“Hurry and go!”

*What the, you guys really intend to obey Lesus and attack the Demon King — attack me?*

*Elmairy, have you forgotten that I am the one who is your direct superior, and I am the one who is the head of the Holy Temple...*

***Grisia!***

I froze. *Who is calling me?* I looked at Elmairy who was in front of me. Ever since his vice-captain had left in a hurry, he had been walking at a leisurely speed that was neither too quick nor slow. Looking at the direction he was heading, it seemed that he was planning to return to his room. He didn’t look like he had opened his mouth to speak.

“Grisia, what kind of daze are you in?”

*This is... Charlotte’s voice!*

## Chapter #4: “The Betrayer of the God of Light—The Black General”

After I pulled my farsight back from the distance, I immediately saw Charlotte leaning forward, looking at me. Her eyes were wide open. *Why in the world does she have them open so wide? No matter how large your eyes are, it doesn't mean you would see more, right?*

“You sure are difficult to find!” Charlotte pouted and said, “If you want to stare off into space, can't you do it while sitting in your own tent?”

Everyone in the party knew that I loved sitting under a tree some distance away from the camp to “meditate.” However, this was, of course, not the truth. I was actually using my farsight to “observe.”

“Why were you looking for me?” I lazily asked.

“There's a stranger who has come to the party to look for you!”

I didn't know what Charlotte was so excited about. Ever since the few times I forgot to recite incantations while casting magic, there were mages coming day and night to seek me out as a teacher. *What is there to be excited about?*

I lazily said, “So? Don't tell me someone has come to beg me to take him as a student again. I have no interest in instructing students.”

“No, no!” Charlotte said, even more excitedly, “He says he used to be your butler! As expected, you must be a noble, right?”

*My butler? Where did such a thing come from...*

"Taylen has brought him over." Charlotte waved behind her. Naturally, I spread my sensing out. Indeed, I spotted Taylen not too far away and behind him indeed followed a person... *It's actually him!*

I was so shocked I jumped up. This person shouldn't be appearing in this place at all, and he even claimed to be my former butler. I truly did not have any room to retort because he had even prepared my breakfasts in the past—

Adair.

"Grisia?" Charlotte was curious to the point of death. "So you really do know him?"

I didn't pay attention to her. I only gazed at Adair. He followed Taylen and walked all the way up to me. He was not wearing the uniform of a holy knight but rather just a simple and light outfit. Even so, he still gave off an impressive aura, which was probably the reason why Taylen and Charlotte directly brought him over and did not confirm with me beforehand.

I had warned them before not to bring any boring people over to bother me. With Adair's imposing aura, it was evident that he would not be considered a boring person.

*Sword experts are so annoying!*

In a very disgruntled tone, I said, "What did you come here for?"

"Of course, I came to find you, sir." Adair smiled faintly. "Could we perhaps speak in private?"

I coldly said, "There's nothing to be said between us. You better be careful with your words too!" *If he reveals my true identity, even though he is Adair, I would still send him to see the God of Light!*

Adair lowered his head slightly, and with a tone that was laden with grief, whispered, "Captain, I have been loyal and devoted to you in the past. As long as you give me an order, no matter how difficult or how absurd the order, Adair would complete the mission even if it means dying! Yet now, do I not even have the right to exchange a few words with you? Captain, oh Captain..."

*Stop 'Captaining' me!* Adair's acting skills were truly more than a hundred times superior to Illu's. He was undoubtedly a sincere fellow, which, logically, meant that he should be very honest, yet he had always held full marks for his acting skills. In addition, with his superb swordsmanship and his ability to handle matters that was even more superb, I often wondered if Adair would have been even more suited to be the Sun Knight than I was.

"He actually calls Grisia 'Captain'?" Taylen murmured.

Charlotte and Taylen were both deathly curious. At this rate, I wouldn't know how to explain things to them. I could only grab Adair's arm, pretend to recite an incantation, and teleport back to the Demon King's Castle.



After returning the Demon King's Castle, I let go of Adair's arm. Without speaking, I walked over to the throne and sat down, looking down at the other from above.

Curious, Adair looked around at the hall of the Demon King's Castle, but only for a moment. His attention returned to me, and he smiled as he called out, "Captain," like usual.

I refuted him flatly, "I'm no longer your captain!"

Yet, Adair did not mind much at all. He was still smiling as he asked, "Then how should I address you now, sir?"

*What is this guy planning?* I was not really sure of his intentions. Without any further thought, I used farsight so that I could see his expression clearly. *Not even an iota of change can escape my detection!*

It had really been a long time since I last saw Adair's face. *Probably more than a year?* He looked like he had changed a lot, and he even had some strands of hair that had turned white. *Adair's not even that old! He actually already has white hair...*

"Captain?" Adair looked at me in incomprehension.

As I looked at the strands of white hair, I fell silent for awhile. Then, I coldly said, "Of course it should be Your Majesty, the Demon King." "Yes, Your Majesty, the Demon King." He actually said it without hesitation.

I was stunned as I stared at him. *Don't tell me he's...*

"You can't be here to defect, can you?"

Adair was taken aback for a bit, but he matter-of-factly said,  
"Captain... I mean, Your Majesty, of course I am here to defect.  
Otherwise, why would I be here?"

*What do you mean, of course? As the vice-captain of the Sun Knight Platoon, when the Sun Knight runs off to be the Demon King, you can rightfully and properly take over the position of the Sun Knight. Yet you actually came here to defect to the Demon King. How is any of this natural?*

Incredulous, I said, "I thought you came to persuade me to return to the Holy Temple."

"Since Your Majesty has already made a decision, your underling would of course listen to your command." Adair smiled and said,  
"Hasn't that always been the case?"

*Is this guy serious, or is this yet another act?* I mulled over it for a bit. Adair actually couldn't help but ask, "Your Majesty, what were you doing with the adventurer party?"

"I'm playing a game of hero versus demon king." I couldn't come to a conclusion. I would need to observe more of his reactions before I could make my conclusion. I went ahead and briefly explained the contents of the game to see what Adair would say.



"...After I tire of playing around, I'll kill them all!" In the end, I purposely said this to see what kind of reaction Adair would have.

Adair did not approve as he said, "Why kill them? That would be too wasteful. You should capture them first and then use them one by one. Then it wouldn't be wasteful. Wasn't this the way you taught me in the past?"

"Use? Tell me what you mean by that?" *Hmph, you've already given it away! You aren't here to defect at all. You're just here to prevent me from killing people!*

Adair nodded and explained in detail, "First, find out if there are any strong enough people among them. Like that Taylen. He seems passable. You can make guards like Illu out of them, ones only responsible for protecting you. When it all comes down to it, Illu is Roland's subordinate. It is too dangerous. Since Awaitsun is not reliable, I suggest that you definitely make a few exclusive guards that would be unquestionably loyal to you."

"I have you, don't I?" I purposely asked.

"I am only one person." Adair shook his head and said, "From now onwards, you must continuously gather guards who will never betray you. This way, when the time comes that you lose the power of the Demon King, you will not be defenseless against the people who will crusade against you."

Hearing this, I looked at Adair. He still had on a sincere face. Even

though he was my vice-captain, there were times when I really didn't know what he was thinking. At first, I had thought that Adair might have come as a mole or to prevent me from killing people, yet he was telling me to "make a few exclusive guards." The materials for making exclusive guards weren't live humans but rather humans that were dead beyond dead.

"Adair."

"Yes?"

"I am no longer the captain you know, and I won't return with you to the Holy Temple. If you wish to be the vice-captain of the Sun Knight, I urge you to dispel such a notion. Before I end up wanting to kill you, you better return to the Holy Temple to fill the vacant position of the Sun Knight."

"Captain! No, Your Majesty!" Adair suddenly knelt down on one knee and shouted resolutely, "No matter if you are the captain or the Demon King, you are still you, just that your position has changed. The person I swore my loyalty to is you, not the title of the 'Sun Knight.' Since you have become the Demon King, then I am merely the Demon King's subordinate. I would never become the Sun Knight!" Adair used an unwavering expression to gaze at me, and the matter that he would never waver about was actually being my subordinate, being loyal to me, no matter if I were the Sun Knight or the Demon King.

*Haha!* I couldn't help but laugh. "Adair, has anyone ever told you that you are very obstinate?"

"Everyone who knows me and also knows that you are my captain has told me this." Adair replied, somewhat embarrassed.

"Ha ha ha!" I laughed loudly. "Rise, Adair, and remember the words I'm about to say. 'Only you will never have to kneel before me.'"

Adair stood up and could not stop a smile from coming over his face. He loudly cried out with high spirits, "Yes, Your Majesty."

Seeing Adair's windblown and ragged state, without any sort of protective armor, and how the sword in his hand wasn't the fairly good sword of a vice-captain's, but rather a normal steel sword, I felt that he looked terribly wretched. I wanted to tell Awaitsun to find him some clothes and armor, but then I suddenly remembered that Awaitsun had gone out to kill the prince and had yet to return. I could only summon Illu instead.

"Who is he?"

The moment Illu appeared, he could not hide his expression of hatred. This was not unexpected. Adair was a holy knight, full of holy light, so of course he would be hated by undead creatures. *Ah, come to think of it, I should place something on Adair's body as a mark to prevent Adair and the undead creatures in the Demon King's Castle from clashing for no reason.*

"He is my trusted confidant, Adair. From now on, both you and Awaitsun must listen to his orders."

Illu snarled, "I only listen to the orders of the monarch!"

Hearing this, I purposely turned and asked Adair, "How is Roland right now?"

Illu froze and then turned to look at Adair too, with a look of expectation on his face.

Even though undead creatures didn't have a need for distinguishing between sexes, Illu's appearance was that of a man. Seeing him reveal such a look of longing to hear news of Roland made goose bumps rise all over my arms!

"I'm unsure." Adair smiled apologetically. "I came out to search for you very early on. I had not heard about Hell Knight, only that he did return to the Holy Temple. Before I left, he had been staying there the entire time."

When I saw Illu's disappointed expression, I suddenly felt a spark of wickedness. I continued and asked, "Then, has he mentioned anything about Illu?"

Adair shook his head. "I have never heard the name Illu mentioned."

*Pft! Illu's expression is truly devastated! Almost like a girl who has been forgotten by her sweetheart. Seeing a grown man show this kind of expression is too fun!*

*Next time, I might as well give Illu the mission of 'rushing over to the Holy Temple to forcefully kiss Roland and then run away'... He might*

*actually gladly take on such a mission?*

I commanded, "Illu, go to the treasury to find the best suits of armor and swords. They must be ones Adair can use."

Sending a general-ranked undead creature to retrieve items was definitely belittling him, but it didn't matter because Illu didn't care at all about what kind of orders I gave him. As long as they were not orders from Roland, he didn't want to do any of them, but he still had to carry them out.

Dragging himself off at a reluctant pace, Illu left the hall. During this time, although my eyes were trained on Illu, I was actually using farsight to observe Adair.

Adair was also looking at Illu, his face fairly displeased. If he were giving Illu a score, he might actually give him a negative one hundred.

"Come to think of it, Adair, how did you find me?" If Adair could find me all by himself, then Lesus and the others might not be in the dark about my presence in the adventurer party.

"At first, I thought of going to the Demon King's Castle to look for you, but halfway here, I met a teammate of yours from the time when you lost your memories. I was merely exchanging pleasantries with them when one of them, the one called Woodrow, started acting and looking strange."

Adair smiled as he said, "So, I interrogated him a bit, and he confessed in full detail that he had seen you among this adventurer

party.”

*Adair, so you already resembled a demon king’s subordinate even before you defected?*

Come to think of it, in the past, I always sent him off to do tasks like “ganging up on someone,” “secretly investigating,” and “sneakily adding laxatives as revenge,” so instead of being a subordinate of the Sun Knight, all along, Adair might actually be more suited to be a subordinate of the Demon King...

Adair looked around, hesitated, and asked, “Your Majesty, this place seems a bit empty. Where have the guards gone?”

“I sent Awaitsun out on a mission. He has taken all of the dark knights.”

He suddenly became agitated and said, “That is too dangerous. How can the entire Demon King’s Castle be empty?”

I said indifferently, “I’m no longer the Sun Knight with poor swordsmanship but rather the formidable Demon King, and it’s not like I stay here much. It doesn’t matter.”

Adair shook his head and said, “What if people seize the chance to ambush you or to set traps? Your Majesty, even though you are very strong, you cannot guarantee that people won’t use underhanded methods against you. For example, can you be sure that the Pope won’t have some sort of strange magic that can suppress you?”

*The Pope?* I thought for a moment and really couldn't deny it. The damn old Pope was always secretive and rarely revealed his hand. Who knew what kind of things he had in his repertoire. Thinking of it this way, Adair's concerns weren't baseless. *On top of that...*

I asked, "I heard that the Church of the God of Light wants to send troops against me?"

"It's because of Knight-Captain Judgment's insistence. Ever since you became the Demon King, he has been endlessly angry at you!" Adair's face twisted in anger. "Knight-Captain Judgment has really gone too far. You sacrificed yourself to become the Demon King in order to save the world. What right has he to be angry at you?"

*Jesus is angry...* A sudden chill seized me from behind, but it was immediately squashed by fury. *I'm the Demon King now, the Demon King! What need do I have to be afraid of that guy Jesus? Last time, I even hit him and made him crash against the table. There's no need to fear!*

*It must be because I've feared him too long that I'm not able to adapt right away!*

After I thought for a moment, I gathered a large amount of the dark element. I compressed it into an entity that could be held, and then I started to mold and shape it. Finally, I made it into a black crystal around the size of a palm. The shape was a small doll with angel wings—but it looked more like a black doll used to pray for sunny days.

From under my clothes, I fished out the Eternal Tranquility. I pulled

out one of the souls from within and stuffed it into the black crystal.

"Your Majesty, what are you doing?" Adair asked curiously.

Before I could explain, the black crystal doll began to move. First, it moved its ankles around, then it turned its neck, and finally it fluttered its wings and started to fly. It said, "You're finally willing to let me out? Ah! But this body is really too small! And it doesn't even have fingers. This is very inconvenient. Can't you at least give me two fingers?"

"With my handicraft, I can only make round hands. Fingers are beyond me!" I swung the Eternal Tranquility around. "Or do you want to go back inside the Eternal Tranquility and keep Stephen company?"

"No way!" The black doll immediately shook its head vehemently, and then it complained, "But does it have to be this small? This will be very inconvenient for a lot of matters!"

"A lich?" Adair said quietly.

"She's called Scarlet." I grabbed the black doll and tossed it to Adair, who caught it head on. "It's exactly because you're small that you will be easier to carry. Scarlet, you're responsible for summoning undead creatures. Let Adair train them to become a passable army. I want to create a strong undead army of the Demon King!"

Scarlet unhappily said, "I don't trust him. He's a holy knight! Grisia, have you forgotten how those holy knights tricked you? Especially that Sun Knight. He's the most despicable!"



"You're not allowed to berate my teacher!"

In anger, I threw a dark blade in Scarlet's direction. Right after I did so, I regretted it, but Adair dodged, and with his dodging the dark blade, it did not land on him nor did it land on Scarlet.

I resentfully said, "Adair, you actually dodged!"

With a smile, Adair shrugged. He evidently had sensed that I was not really angry at him. Meanwhile, Scarlet had hid completely behind Adair's hand, using a grieyed expression to look at me from between his fingers... *Okay, the black doll I made doesn't have any features, so a 'grieyed' expression is completely my own imagination.*

"Behave and help Adair create an undead army for me. You don't want the holy knights from the Church of the God of Light to storm the Demon King's Castle, right?"

"Of course I won't allow that!" Scarlet jumped up in agitation onto Adair's fingertips. She even stomped on his forefinger and ring finger. If Adair wasn't strong in body and didn't possess a strong battle aura as a holy knight, his forefinger would have been broken by her stomps.

"Then behave and cooperate with Adair, unless you know how to train an army."

Scarlet stilled. As expected, she didn't claim that she knew how. Even though a lich's life was long, it wasn't like she could have learned everything. Pink and Scarlet didn't seem to be the type who would know how to train an army. Stephen might know how, but I didn't

trust him and would never let him out to build an army for me. I'd be afraid that after the army was trained, it would directly be used to take revenge for Charlotte.

Since I had not been able to force Awaitsun to be completely loyal to me yet, there really weren't many people I could trust on hand. Adair had truly come at an apt time.

Adair smiled at the little doll on top of his hand and said, "Pleased to work with you!"

With a loud "hmph!" the black crystal doll threatened without the least bit of intimidation, "You better watch out. If you dare to do anything unfavorable towards Grisia, I will blast you into smithereens right away!"

Adair smiled. "Of course."

At this time, Illu had returned. As expected, a high-ranking undead creature still needed to maintain his authority. He did not carry the things himself but had commanded the witch, and even though the witch was not as high-level as him, she was still unwilling to carry heavy things herself, so she had summoned another two underlings to carry them. These two underlings were actually skeletons.

Skeletons were the lowest level of undead creature; however, these two were probably not so. In general, skeletons only had a ghastly white framework and the best method to deal with them was to kick them at their joints, and they were likely to fall apart. However, the joints of these two skeletons actually had white ligaments and some

flesh. They looked much more disgusting but were likely to be much stronger too. At least, they would probably not fall apart from a single kick.

The textbook of undead creatures really needed an update. After being the Demon King for only around a month, I had already seen at least twenty something types of undead creatures that would not be found in the book. Even if they were undead creatures that were mentioned in the book, they would generally not be completely like they were described. Just like these skeletons with ligaments and flesh, the textbooks had never mentioned them!

The witch commanded the two skeletons to lower the trunks and then retrieve a set of armor from within.

I took a look. The armor was actually a full body heavy suit. It looked fairly ridiculous. After wearing such heavy armor, you wouldn't even be able to tell if there was someone inside!

Adair smiled wryly. "It is very suitable for a demon king's subordinate, but this kind of armor doesn't seem very convenient to move about in."

*Suitable for a demon king's subordinate?* I used farsight to examine it and discovered that the armor's base color was black, except it had golden lines that etched out complicated designs. On a whole, it looked gorgeous, but one look would also tell you that this was definitely not a good person.

*If one wears this black armor, even if you said he was the Demon King, people would probably believe it!*

"Try wearing it!" I was suddenly very curious to see the effect Adair would have wearing it.

Adair nodded, but the heavy armor wasn't something that he could put on by himself. It was only under the help of the witch that he was able to put on the heavy dark armor. Immediately, his entire presence changed. He was even more imposing than Illu who bore the appearance of an undead creature!

"Is it too heavy?" I asked curiously.

"No." Adair was a little surprised as he scrutinized the armor and said, "It is probably only a little heavier than the holy knight armor I wore before."

*As expected of the generous Cathedral of the Shadow God. This set of armor looks at least three times heavier than armor of the holy knights, yet Adair said it's only a little heavier. Unless this set of armor is strong in appearance only, then it must be because of its price that has caused a discrepancy in its weight. Besides, nothing Awaitsun has brought out so far is of inferior quality. I bet this set of armor can't possibly be strong in appearance only.*

After thinking it over, in order to avoid inconvenience, I had Illu bring out a black mask. I made Adair wear it to prevent people from recognizing him if we were to fight with the Church of the God of Light in the future. Otherwise, the identity of the Demon King would probably be displayed for all to see!

After all, the entire Holy Temple knows that Adair is wholeheartedly devoted to me. With him ending up as the Demon King's subordinate for no reason, plus the Sun Knight's disappearance, anyone with a brain would be able to tell that the Demon King is the Sun Knight.

The witch took out one last piece of equipment from the trunk. It was a long sword. From its style, it looked like it was not from the same set as the armor, but its main theme was similarly black. The hilt had several sharp spikes, and the blade was designed with several grooves for drawing blood. It definitely looked like a blade not to be trifled with.

With the sword in hand, even Illu's and the witch's expression towards Adair improved. After wearing the full suit of armor and holding the black sword, with only the sword's blade gleaming silver, Adair looked just like...

"Your Majesty." The black warrior smiled and said, "I suggest first collecting a 'fee for managing undead creatures' from the three large kingdoms. Although you might not be short on money, you can take this chance to declare to the three large kingdoms your authority in order to prevent them from thinking you can be cowed. Take Judgment Knight for example, he even dared to deploy troops against you."

*Just like a demon king's subordinate.*

I lazily said, "None of the royal families would dare to go against me. The most they would do is order the arrest of the undead creatures I have released. After all, they can't let undead creatures run all over the place. If they don't do anything, the citizens would become angry,

so they have to order their arrest!”

Adair fell silent for a moment and quietly said, “That is not the only reason they ordered their arrest. They also wished to prevent you from becoming too bored without any opponents, in case you decided to do things like take over the world. That would be disastrous.

“But the royal family is unwilling to use their own people to clear away the undead creatures, afraid that you would turn your anger on the entire kingdom. So, they decided to go ahead and order the arrest of the undead creatures, letting the adventurers become your toys to amuse you.”

*So that’s how it is. When you put it that way, it was suspicious indeed. The royal family has so many knights and soldiers they weren’t using, yet they went out of their way to pay extra money to order the arrest of the undead creatures, letting adventurers clear them off. This is truly a wasteful endeavor, completely ineffective too.*

After all, adventurer teams were not armies. They didn’t have a commander to unite them, so they could only run around aimlessly to capture undead creatures. Their rate of ridding the undead creatures could not even match the speed at which Illu was summoning them! Suspicious, I asked, “Adair, how do you know all this in so much detail?”

“Undead creatures fall under the jurisdiction of the Church of the God of Light. The king of the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound had originally planned on having the Church of the God of Light pay all expenses for capturing the undead creatures, and wanted to deduct the funds from

what is given to the Church each year. However, after several debates with the Pope, the king finally dispelled this notion. This is something that the Twelve Holy Knights and all their vice-captains know.”

“I see.” I nodded and in some admiration, said, “The Pope is truly not to be underestimated. He can even prevent the king from deducting money. It looks like elders are still more experienced!”

A strange smile came over Adair’s face as he said, “Actually, this is thanks to you too. The Pope told the king that, if the king persists in deducting money, then he would rather lose face and lose his life. He would rush off to the Demon King’s Castle and tattle to the Demon King, causing everyone mutual destruction. So, the king could only dispel his intention of deducting money.”

*This, this method is truly too fierce...*

“Ha ha ha!” I couldn’t stop laughing. “A-As expected of the Pope! In order not to cough up money, he even dares to exploit the Demon King.”

Scarlet unhappily jumped around on Adair’s shoulders. “Grisia, you were taken advantage of by him. You should be angry, not happy!”

I nonchalantly said, “If I were mad over such a trifling matter, then wouldn’t I have to be angry all the time?”

Scarlet froze for a moment and then murmured, “You seem a bit different from the demon kings of the past...”

"Oh?" I became a little curious. *What kind of people were the previous demon kings?* "What, are demon kings required to have a bad temper?" Come to think of it, nothing good has ever been said about the demon kings of legends. I had never heard anyone say the Demon King is a good person.

Scarlet shook her head. "No matter if they had a good temper or not, after absorbing that much dark element, they would definitely be affected. Most of the time, they became very unrestrained and willful. Once their tempers flared, they wouldn't care who or what was next to them. Whatever they wanted, they would take it for themselves. Sometimes, they would take a fancy to troublesome things, like a king's crown or a princess or something else. Or, they would take a stroll around the royal palace and accidentally get into an argument with the people there, and because they couldn't win the argument, they would blow up the palace or half a city. Things like that."

*Things like that? It just sounds like you indulged your children too much! No wonder the Demon King's reputation is so terrible. Unrestrained and willful yet with no one to hold them back. They even have a mommy lich as an accomplice. If I were not the Demon King himself, I would probably want to kill him too!*

"You over pampered your children in the past! You raised a bunch of damn kids as the Demon King. No wonder the Demon King's reputation is so terrible!"

Scarlet pouted and said, "It's not a thing of the past! I pamper you right now too! You're just as bad."



"I..." *Have I turned bad?* I hesitated for a moment, but on a whole, I hadn't really done anything! *How can you say I turned bad... Okay, I did hit Judgment!*

"I only turned bad 'a little' okay? I mean, at least I haven't blown up a palace!"

"You have long done so!" Scarlet retorted.

"Liar!" I immediately denied it. "I've never blown up a palace. You lich, did your memory get destroyed along with your body?"

Scarlet was so angry she stomped her feet.

Adair revealed a pained smile. "Your Majesty, Scarlet did not say anything wrong. The other demon king candidate Charlotte caused great havoc in the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound and blew up the palace. That matter seems to have been counted on your head too."

*That has nothing to do with me! I was the one who was blasted, not the one who caused the explosion, okay?*

"Since you obtained her power, you of course need to take responsibility for the bad deeds she's done too." Scarlet nodded, and with a tone as if she were imparting knowledge, said, "Understood? Child."

*...Whatever, whatever. The dead holds the greatest power, and besides, I was the one who killed her. There is no need for me to hold a grudge against Charlotte over this.*

I thought it over and said, "At least I haven't abducted any princesses!"

"Ah..." An expression that was hard to describe came over Adair's face.  
"Your Majesty, you stole away the Kingdom of Moon Orchid's most beautiful princess, Princess Alice. After you tired of toying around with her, you gifted her to your underling, the leader of the dark knights, Awaitsun. This affair is known by the entire world."

*I never toyed with her, so how could I tire of her! And the queen of the Kingdom of Moon Orchid obviously knows that her daughter eloped with the guy, yet she's actually blaming it on me!*

*F\*\*\*! I must be the most misunderstood Demon King in the whole entire world!*

"Dammit! Adair! You and Scarlet will immediately go to the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound and the Kingdom of Moon Orchid. On top of collecting a 'fee for managing undead creatures,' also collect another 'fee for hushing up scandals.' If they are not willing to pay, bring a squadron of high leveled undead creatures over to the royal palace to have an 'extravagant ten day tour'!"

"Understood!"

## Chapter #5: “The Battle Declaration from the Light—The Alarm that the Demon King Set Forth”

When I returned to the party, Taylen and Charlotte were surprisingly still at the same spot waiting for me, and there was even an additional Michel. *What is he doing, shouldn't the leader be very busy? It's fine if Charlotte and Taylen often skip out on their duties, but why is Michel slacking off here as well?*

“Grisia, you’ve finally returned!”

“Who in the world was that person?” Charlotte was dying from curiosity. “Is he really your butler?”

“I don’t think so.” Without waiting for my reply, Taylen came up with his own analysis. “His pace as he was walking was firm, and he actually had quite an intimidating aura. I’m afraid he’s stronger than me.”

Charlotte made an expression of disbelief... *What is there to disbelieve? Not only is Adair's strength above Taylen's, it's even in the high heavens way above his head!*

Adair’s swordsmanship was ranked among the top ten in the Holy Temple. If Taylen had seventy percent of Adair’s strength, I would not need to wait for him to slowly improve. I could have him advance to the perimeter of the Demon King’s Castle immediately, and confront opponents on the level of dark warriors!

*It is a pity that we are only able to do battle with minions at this stage.*

This made me so bored that I had no choice but to use farsight to peek at various places.

Michel shook his head, saying, "Stop bothering Grisia, you two. If he doesn't want to talk about it, then leave it. In any case, there are so many things that he keeps quiet about. This one wouldn't be missed."  
*Your first two sentences sound like advice, while your last two sentences sound like sarcasm!*

"Let's discuss some proper business first. The Church of the God of Light has officially announced that they are going to dispatch troops. It is estimated that the troops will be sent out in two weeks time. Also, they allow adventurer parties to form the auxiliary unit of the army, and follow them into battle. As long as they pass the assessment, they will be accepted. But places are limited, so we have to hurry up and register!"

Taylen frowned and asked, "How many troops did the Church of the God of Light dispatch?"

Michel said, "I only have information that the Adventurers' Guild sent out. According to their visual assessment and other rumors, the number of holy knights and clerics add up to around seven to eight thousand people. But they have also imposed a limit of three thousand men on the auxiliary unit, and the teams with high level professions have priority during the recruitment. So altogether, it might be around ten thousand people."

*Ten thousand people... Lesus, are you actually coming at me for real?*  
Michel continued the discussion, "We have three high level professions,

and one of them is even a mage. The chances of us getting recruited are very high, and the pay given by the Church of the God of Light is also pretty good. How about it? Shall we go for the recruitment? Grisia, you aren't going to say again that if we do this or that, you will leave the team, are you?"

*Do you have to hold a grudge to this degree? I only said it once, okay!*  
I gritted my teeth and said, "Go, of course we're going!"

After getting my approval, Michel turned toward Taylen with a questioning look.

Taylen nodded his head. "I too agree that we should go."

"Great!" Michel breathed out a huge sigh of relief. "I was truly worried that the two of you were planning to become heroes, and wouldn't be willing to join the Church of the God of Light's army!"

"Who's planning to become a hero!" Taylen and I shouted in unison, and then we looked at each other simultaneously. I didn't see any expression worth noting on Taylen's face, so I couldn't guess what he was thinking about. However, I was certain that my expression was extremely ugly!

Even though I wanted to join the Church of the God of Light's army to find out what Lesus was up to, what would happen to my game of heroes then?

How could Taylen be on par with the Twelve Holy Knights, his strength wasn't even at the level of a vice-captain's. The moment he joined, he

definitely wouldn't become a hero. It was more likely that he would clean shoes for heroes instead!

*Curses! Lesus is to blame for all this. He's actually going to crusade against me, and he has even dispatched troops. It is clearly such a difficult thing to do, yet astonishingly, he was able to overcome the numerous obstacles — all for the sake of crusading against me! Lesus, do you hate me that much?*

"Grisia..."

I came back to my senses upon hearing someone call my name. Charlotte was observing me timidly at that moment and said, "Grisia, what are you thinking about? Your expression is really frightening!"

"Nothing much." Feeling too lazy to come up with a reason, I simply changed the topic. "Oh right, that person who came to find me was my childhood sweetheart... no, I mean my childhood friend!"

*What childhood sweetheart? I definitely don't want to be the sweetheart, and even more so, I don't wish for Adair to be my sweetheart. I'm not so pathetic that I have to find a man to be my sweetheart!*

"What is that?" Charlotte giggled.

"Just a guy I've known since young."

Charlotte asked curiously, "Oh? How young were you when you met him?"

"Around eighteen... I mean eight years old!" I hurriedly corrected myself. Meeting someone at eighteen really couldn't be considered a childhood sweet... childhood friend!

"But didn't he call you Captain?" The curiosity on Taylen's face was even more obvious than Charlotte's. "What were you the captain of previously?"

"Nothing!" I impatiently composed a lie, "When I was young, I was the king of the children. He always called me Captain, and couldn't get rid of his habit after we grew up. That's all!"

"You were the king of the children?" Charlotte didn't look convinced. "You look like the type to get bullied by others!"

Her words were truly accurate. I got beaten up frequently, but I would ruthlessly take revenge after that.

It was probably because of my ugly expression that Charlotte and Taylen didn't dare to continue pursuing this topic even though they looked extremely doubtful.

Michel asked hopefully, "Is it possible for your childhood friend to join our party? Taylen said he looks very strong."

"He's not free!" *He's busy building up the Demon King's undead army!*

Michel rubbed his nose as he said, "Looks like Grisia isn't in a good mood today either. I'll make myself scarce first to avoid getting struck

by lightning.”

The last time, I really couldn’t stand any more of Taylen’s nagging. With a wave of my hand, I struck him with lightning magic and sent him flying for least ten meters.

Michel turned around and left. The other two were a little hesitant. From time to time, they secretly raised their eyes to glance at me, as if to observe whether my mood was extremely bad or not.

I coldly said, “If you have something to say, hurry up and say it. If there’s nothing, hurry up and scram. I want to meditate.”

*“It looks like his mood is extremely bad.”*

“What are you whispering about?” Seeing Taylen and Charlotte move close together and whisper to each other somehow made my mood even worse!

“Nothing!” Taylen panicked and waved his hand, saying, “I-I’m going to practice my sword! Michel, Michel, wait for me!”

Taylen hastily spun around and sprinted off.

When she saw the two of them run off, Charlotte also hurried to catch up to them. “I’ll go and see if anyone got injured during sword practice and is in need of treatment!”

“You don’t want to stay in the same place with me that much?” I said frigidly.



*Hmph! You used to love me so much that even if the whole world became your enemy, you still wanted to snatch me away. Yet now you're always running after Taylen!*

"Huh?" Charlotte halted her footsteps. Pouting, she said, "You're so fierce right now, who would dare to be with you! Even Michel and Taylen were scared off. It's too unfair that you're scolding me but not them!"

I fell silent. *What did I just think? The previous Charlotte died a long time ago. The "Charlotte" in front of me only shares the same name. They don't even look alike... maybe their personalities are a bit similar?*

"Grisia?" Charlotte tilted her head, and whispered, "You, you wouldn't happen to have fallen in love with me right?"

A wave of heat suddenly rushed to my cheeks. I growled, "Rubbish! Who would fall in love with you, a boorish woman lacking in temperament. It wouldn't be a problem if you were a bit prettier, but you are not a beauty. What nonsense!"

Charlotte's face changed at my last words. Upon using farsight, I further saw that her entire face was red, but her eyes were even redder. She sniffed, then lifted up her skirt, turned, and ran off.

However, her turning away could not prevent me from seeing... the tears she shed.

I had not intended to make her cry at all. Those words were not my

genuine feelings. I was just, just too mad at Lesus! Blame that guy for crusading against me for nothing!

That guy, Lesus, is currently at...

“Instant Teleportation!”

I appeared above a corridor in the Holy Temple. My position was just right. That person was below me to the front, while I floated in midair and leisurely looked down at him, looking at — Lesus Judgment.

“Lesus, it’s been a while since we last met.”

Lesus paused, and slowly raised his head. There actually wasn’t a single trace of surprise on his face. Even if I appeared suddenly, it still wasn’t enough to sway his cool face.

On the contrary, it was Vidar behind him whose eyes widened and who was obviously shocked. His skill at acting cool was far inferior to Lesus’s.

I used farsight, and then regretted it. Elmairy had matured; I never imagined that Lesus would too. Previously, everyone was already in their twenties. Theoretically, they should have already reached their full growth. *Why do they all continue to grow?*

*Is Lesus twenty-five or twenty-six years old? At this age, how is he able to acquire such an imposing manner?*

Even if someone didn’t know Lesus, and merely ran into him on the

streets, everyone would probably feel that this man was “extremely important,” “by no means a pushover,” and “they would surely come to no good end if they provoked him.” Then, they would treat him with fear and respect, even if they didn’t know his profession.

Black hair, black eyes, a pair of sharp eyebrows that were customarily locked in a furrow, his eyes as keen as a sword and, at all times, focused and alert. *Lesus, don’t you find it tiresome living this way?*

Compared to a year ago, Lesus looked a lot more mature now. His face was a little longer, and the wrinkle between his eyebrows was even more defined. Unsure if it was truly because I hadn’t seen him for so long, I even felt that his eyebrows had become more angled. If he wore brand-new black armor with silver patterns and an identically colored cape, dark warriors, Illu, and the Death Monarch would all be sidelined!

*It’s been this way since a long time ago. Lesus doesn’t need to do anything; just by standing there, he gives off a daunting presence and so long as he opens his mouth to speak, everyone will listen to him!*

“What are you thinking about?” He looked at me calmly. I didn’t expect this to be the first question he would ask. Normally, shouldn’t one ask, “What did you come here to do?”

I replied maliciously, “I’m thinking that you are really annoying!”

Lesus’s frown deepened, but he didn’t utter a word. On the other hand, it was his vice-captain, Vidar, beside him, who reacted strongly. He roared back angrily, “How can you say that? Knight-Captain Judgment

has done so much for you, yet you say he's annoying?"

Vidar, on the other hand, didn't appear like he had grown much older. Even though he and Adair were around the same age, he had always looked younger than Adair. When the two of them stood together, they looked like brothers, the sort that were at least three years apart. However, I also wouldn't rule out Adair as having grown too old... cough, I mean mature!

In any case, he was a loyal subordinate who had just defected. It would be better to say fewer ill things about him.

I smiled faintly and said, "Vidar says that you've done many things for me. What do you say about that? Lesus."

"You are not the Sun that I know." Lesus said indifferently. "I do not want to have any private conversations with the Demon King."

"You!" A wave of rage rushed over my heart. "How dare you say such things to me!"

"So what? You plan to attack me again?" The corner of Lesus's mouth actually lifted into a smile. "I guarantee that this time, it definitely won't go as smoothly as the last."

*The last... Oh right! Last time, I'd already hit Lesus, so there is no need to fear him at all!* I raged, "Lesus, you had best not come over and get in my way! If you really attack me, I will definitely show no mercy!"

"It was you who allowed us to attack you. You said you would wait in

the Demon King's Castle for us, yet now we're not allowed to fight anymore?" Lesus maintained a cold attitude throughout. Even though his words were already beginning to be a bit provocative, his tone was still very calm. Without a trace of anger, he said, "So after becoming the Demon King, even your words hold no worth anymore?"

"Who says I would go back on my word?!"

*How could I not have felt that Lesus's words were begging for a beating in the past? Just hearing them makes me furious!* I roared, "Of course you can fight! If you dispatch troops, then I'll send out an undead army. When the two armies battle it out, how many holy knights do you think will perish? Do you want to cause the deaths of so many people just to spite me?"

Lesus's expression finally changed. Although he tried his best to hide it and keep up his calm attitude, he still couldn't help but explain, "It's not out of spite toward you at all! The reason for my actions, you should be the person who understands the most!"

*The reason...* I shook my head, pushing aside all unnecessary thoughts. "No matter what I've said in the past, that was all in the past. Lesus, I am now the Demon King, not the Sun Knight! You had best not treat me like that weak and useless guy again!"

"The current you is definitely not Sun." Lesus actually nodded his head in agreement. However, he changed the subject and said sternly, "But Sun is definitely not a weak and useless person! He chooses to take responsibility, and sometimes he even takes on too much. He uses everything in his power to prevent the people he cares about from

getting hurt. But you, the Demon King, are a person who chooses to run away.”

After saying that much, Lesus’s calm attitude completely disappeared. He said angrily, “The weak and useless person is the current Demon King Grisia, not the past Sun!”

*I am weak and useless? Me?*

My rage turned into laughter, and a large amount of dark element burst out from my body. Lesus’s black hair and the black robes he wore were blown about madly, while Vidar was even pushed back several steps and obviously felt very uncomfortable.

“Lesus, you’re being rather irrational right now. Maybe I should kill you first, before your impulsively made wrong decisions cause the deaths of too many holy knights!”

To my surprise, Lesus drew out the Divine Judgment Sword, and said unyieldingly, “Then come!”

As I confronted Lesus, Vidar stood to the side, looking a little overly frightened and at a complete loss as to what to do. *Now this is the expression you should have when facing the Demon King!*

I looked down at Lesus. As expected, this angle of looking down at him was really awesome. Lesus was raising his sword with a serious and livid expression, his entire bearing like one who would slay a god if a god were to hinder him, who would strike down a demon if a demon were to block him, but because he had to raise his head to look at me,

half of his grandeur was immediately lost.

*At this point, I was suddenly a bit curious. Lesus's presence is extremely overwhelming, but I am not that formerly blond haired, blue eyed, smiling Sun Knight anymore. The current me should look a little more imposing, right?*

*There aren't any mirrors nearby... Oh right, I can just use farsight to look at myself!*

The moment I used farsight, I was face to face with myself. It felt rather strange.

We both had black hair, black eyes, and black robes, but Lesus and I were not similar in the least. My waist-length black hair fluttered in the air; my entire body of black contrasted with my skin that was as white as snow, particularly my face that was framed by black hair. My skin was so white that it was comparable to an undead creature's!

There wasn't a single speck of white in my eyes, just a shade of black that was darker than the deepest night. Even though there was a hint of a smile on my face, it wouldn't make anyone feel like smiling in the least. Together with the thick dark element that surrounded my entire body, oppression and fear was all that I could induce... *Is this me?*

"The enemy is here to attack!" Vidar suddenly shouted, "Hurry and provide support, someone is trying to assassinate Knight-Captain Judgment!"

I gave a "hmpf" and withdrew the dark element by a bit. However, I

didn't fully suppress it, but compressed it to form something similar to Light Shield. This was in case Lesus suddenly realized that rather than going through the trouble of dispatching troops, it would be better to take me down right here.

"What are you being nervous about? I won't get into a fight with Lesus right here. It won't be that simple to duel me! If you want to battle, you'll have to pass my undead army first. I'll wait for you to fight your way into the Demon King's Castle! As for any holy knights who perish in battle, I will count those all on your head, Lesus."

I didn't imagine that Lesus would say, "I made the decision, so of course it will be my responsibility. Since I'm going to send out troops, I've already consciously prepared myself to carry a lifetime of guilt!"

*A lifetime of guilt... Why does it have to come to this point?* I didn't know what to say, and merely left my final ruthless words, "Very well, then I will wait for you in the Demon King's Castle!"

Having said my piece, I flew a little higher and then turned around. Just before I cast Instant Teleportation, I hesitated and turned my head back slightly.

"Lesus, the first time I cast Resurrection, I lost my eyes, the Sun Knight's blue eyes. The second time was the Sun Knight's golden hair. The third time even my affinity for the holy element disappeared. What do you think the God of Light means?"

Without waiting for Lesus to reply, I cast Instant Teleportation and left.  
*Taking away my blue eyes, golden hair, and holy light, the God of*



*Light had already expressed it so clearly — He doesn't want me to be His Sun Knight! Why would I be so shameless as to continue to stay in that position?*

*In any case, being the Demon King is a hundred times more enjoyable and relaxing than being the Sun Knight! Only the previous me would be stupid enough to stubbornly remain in the position of the Sun Knight even if he had to go against the gods to do so. Dead stupid!*

I did not leave the Holy Temple, merely teleporting to my room, the Sun Knight's room. It was working hours at the moment, so there shouldn't be anyone there.

*A rare trip to the Church of the God of Light, and Lesus insists on attacking me. For wrecking my game of heroes to a point where I don't know how to play on, I can't just let him off like this, I must at least destroy a few things!*

*Mm... How about I burn the army provisions that they've prepared? If they don't have food, it will certainly delay the expedition, and then perhaps I can still play my game of heroes for a while more.*

I briefly observed the place first. The room hadn't changed a single bit, and it was even being kept quite clean. It seemed that someone had been cleaning the room, but in the past, I had never allowed anyone to enter and clean my room. That was because the secret door to the cellar was not "secret" enough, merely covered with a mat. If someone came in to clean, they would instantly discover it.

Even without mentioning the wine cellar, as long as one opened the

cupboards, inside would be ingredients for facial masks, essence oil bottles, yeast for brewing wine, blueberry chocolates from Ice, sweet seasonings that I got from Leaf, love letters that I rarely received... in short, none of them looked like things the Sun Knight would have.

If people were allowed to enter and clean the room, then the following day the Sun Knight's reputation could be swept away as well.

*Who is cleaning my room for me? Probably not the Twelve Holy Knights. Everyone should be busy all the time now. It would be utterly impossible for them to have time to do something as minute as cleaning... but there is no guarantee that that Mama Leaf wouldn't still come to clean.*

A gasp came from the doorway, and only then did I realize that the door had been opened. A person stood in the doorway, looking at me with wide eyes.

I was truly a little too careless. The Demon King was in the Holy Temple. Indeed, I should be a little more alert and at least expand the range of my sensing ability.

Luckily, the person who had come in was a kid. He was wearing the uniform of a holy knight-in-training and holding a bucket along with rags in his hands for cleaning. It looked like he was here to clean the place, but why did they send him to do the cleaning?

*What will they do if my secrets are discovered... Hang on, why does this child's face look a little familiar?*

I turned around to face the child, and at the same time, I carefully scrutinized his face. I shouldn't have taken note of any of the holy knights-in-training before. They usually did not appear in the important areas of the Holy Temple; they were always at the training grounds at the back of the Holy Temple... *Elaro?*

I finally remembered! I had met a brother and sister pair, and he was the brother with the golden hair and blue eyes, the greenish "blue eyes." I had seen him once during the time when I sporadically used farsight.

This time, on closer inspection, I felt that this child's looks were pretty good, especially that pair of sharp eyebrows and large eyes. His facial features were truly a bit like, like Teacher Neo's... *Teacher, this kid wouldn't happen to be your illegitimate child, right?*

Elaro's eyes widened, his face full of terror. After pondering for a moment, I finally recalled that terrifying image I had just seen of the Demon King. Elaro was considerably courageous for not screaming or fainting on the spot.

*But what is Elaro doing here?*

At that moment, he threw aside the bucket and rags, then spun around and dashed out.

I quickly flew after him, reached out, and grabbed his collar. I dragged his entire body into the air.

At long last, Elaro screamed, "Help! Monster, help!"

"Elaro." I called him.

Hearing his own name, he was stunned. He turned around to glance at me, fear written all over his face, and then he started screaming again, "Help me--"

*So noisy!* I covered his mouth and said, "Have you forgotten who I am? Take a good look at my face. Don't only pay attention to the eyes." Only then did Elaro carefully observe me. After a close look, his eyes widened and I released my hand so he could speak. He immediately exclaimed, "Big sister?"

"..." I smiled and said, "What did you call me; repeat it once more, I didn't catch it!"

"... Big brother!"

I nodded and then questioned him, "What are you doing here?"

Elaro stuttered, "I, I listened to you and came to the Church of the God of Light to look for you!"

"You arrived way too early!" I said grumpily. At that time, what I meant was for him to come and take part in the selections for the Twelve Holy Knights. There were still about six more years to go from now until the selections!

But then again, looking at Elaro's age, perhaps he was a bit too old to become one of the Twelve Holy Knights. Maybe it was right for him to

come and be a holy knight-in-training straightaway. He might be able to become a platoon member or even a vice-captain of the Twelve Holy Knights in the future.

"How old are you this year?"

"Almost nine."

*Then he really is eight years old? My estimate is truly accurate. But in fact, Elaro is too tall; he actually looks older than eight. It wouldn't even be a problem to say that he's ten.*

*If he is eight, then maybe it is still possible... Hold on! What am I thinking about this for? The Holy Temple won't let me choose the next Sun Knight now. I don't need to worry over the problem of candidates at all.*

*But then, Adair has also run off. Who will be the Sun Knight now?*

Halfway through my thoughts, I raised my head. Several holy knights were currently rushing over. It looked like Elaro's cries had actually caught people's attention. After all, this place was where the Twelve Holy Knights' rooms were located. They could not let a child scream here yet not provide help.

"Elaro, do you want to stay here or leave with me?" Taking Elaro's age into consideration, he was still a little too old. If I wasn't the one choosing, he might be eliminated in the first round.

Since he couldn't be the Sun Knight, he might as well follow me to the

Demon King's Castle. I could at least bestow a random title on him like the Demon King's Imperial Knight or something similar.

Elaro froze. "Go where?"

With a smile, I said, "The Demon King's Castle. How about it, do you have the courage to come?"

Elaro looked at me with wide eyes. His two originally large eyes were now as large as a horse's eyes. He looked a lot like Teacher whenever he's glaring madly at someone. But he was not Teacher, so I was not afraid of him. I only had the urge to poke his eyes!

"Ouch!" Elaro grabbed his right eye and said, feeling aggrieved, "Why did you flick my eyelids?"

At that moment, I heard the sounds of hurried footsteps. Even Elaro noticed it. He looked toward the direction where the sounds of footsteps were coming from and then turned back to look at me. He anxiously said, "Big brother, y-you should leave quickly! If not, they will capture you!"

This kid was actually quite clever. Even though he did not understand what was happening, he knew that I would get arrested just by looking at my current appearance.

"I should indeed be leaving. I'll give you three seconds to consider whether or not you want to leave with me. I'll start counting now. Three, two..." I counted slowly, but in my heart I wasn't expecting Elaro to go with me. I only wanted to see him feel troubled for a while.

"One." I released my hand and allowed Elaro to drop straight down.  
*Hmph hmph, who told him not to follow me. I even saved him before.*  
*What a heartless brat...*

Elaro suddenly turned around and hugged me tightly. He shouted, "I want to go with you!"

I was dumbstruck. I didn't expect him to say that.

Elaro started to slide downwards. He was a child after all, not strong enough to support his entire weight. Despite that, he desperately grabbed at my clothes, not allowing himself to fall down...

After sliding downwards almost completely, he finally grabbed onto the ties at my waist. However, those ties were only for decorative purposes and were tied very loosely. This grab was essentially useless and his entire body plummeted downwards...

"Ah- Eh?"

Elaro raised his head to look at me. I was holding onto his arms. I snapped at him, "Congratulation, you've ripped off the Demon King's waistband. You have successfully become the first 'hero'."

He laughed.

"Are you sure you want to follow me?" I asked calmly. "Let me make it clear, I'm not anyone else. I am the real Demon King. If you come with me, you will become the Demon King's subordinate!"

I looked at Elaro seriously — he was more like the Demon King's little servant, and momentarily did not know what to say.

At that moment, the holy knights finally arrived. They looked at me and Elaro, and all of them were stunned, as if they could not understand the current situation.

"I want to go with you." For an eight year old child, Elaro's serious expression was truly a bit impressive. With incomparable seriousness, he said, "It doesn't matter what I will become, I just want to follow big brother!"

*This kid is really quite interesting...*

"Let that child go!" The holy knights below us seemed to have regained their senses. They kept shouting, "Don't make things difficult for the child!"

Other holy knights even yelled "Don't be scared, we will rescue you" and other similar phrases to comfort Elaro.

I carried Elaro with my left hand and, like a demon king, declared arrogantly with a loud laugh, "This child is already mine! Hahahahaha—"

I flew up in a single motion, letting the dark element open the way for me. I smashed straight through the rooftop of the Holy Temple, but this was not enough. As I crashed through the rooftop, two huge dark blades flew out and destroyed a large part of the roof over the entire Holy Temple.



Shouts arose from below. But of course holy knights wouldn't shriek; most of them were exclamations. I even seemed to hear Blaze, that loud guy, roaring angrily.

Looking down, only the group of holy knights that had seen me take Elaro away were silent. It was truly a bit unusual. *Could they have been knocked unconscious by loose rocks from the roof? Holy knights shouldn't be so useless, right?*

Just when I was thinking about extending my sensing ability to investigate further, a shout erupted from below.

"The Demon King has kidnapped a little boy!"

*... Why does kidnapping a little boy sound like something every pervert has done? Besides, what I've done is considered abduction, not kidnapping alright? Elaro left with me obediently!*

"Our little knight-in-training had been taken away! Hurry and save him!"

*Still shouting?* I stretched out my hand and gathered dark element, intending to obliterate the area. *This is the Twelve Holy Knights' rooms. I wonder, what sort of expressions they will each show when they see their own rooms in ruins?*

*Just thinking about it excites me!*

"Don't!" Elaro grabbed hold of my hand and shouted nervously. I raised an eyebrow and gestured below. Below us, the more they

shouted, the more exaggerated the shouts became. Words like “The Demon King is a pervert, he actually likes little boys” and such were all being said.

“...” Elaro was speechless for a while. Then he begged, “Please! Can we just go to the Demon King’s Castle right away?”

Elaro looked to be in such a frantic state that he was on the verge of tears, and I also did not feel like comforting a child. Fine, fine, at least this evil deed of kidnapping was really done by me, and I was not being blamed for something someone else had done.

I withdrew the dark element, tucked the little boy under my right arm... I mean, tucked Elaro! And then cast Instant Teleportation. “Demon. King!” At that moment, Lesus’s furious shout came from below. “You dared to...”

*You dared to? I didn’t destroy his room, why is he so angry... Oh, maybe because I destroyed the roof over the rooms?*

“I wonder what Lesus said,” I mumbled to myself.

Elaro whispered, “He said you dared to destroy Sun’s room.”

I blinked. The previous scenery of the Holy Temple changed to that of the Demon King’s Castle.

## Chapter 6: Crusading Against the Demon King

Unlike Awaitsun, who is always awaiting orders and would immediately respectfully salute me upon my return, Adair wasn't even in the hall. However, I had no need to unleash my sensing ability to find him since there were two rows of guards ready at all times, waiting for my orders.

There were a total of ten guards. They wore black armor and stood near the entrance without moving at all. They looked very similar to Illu's dark warrior, so they were possibly the same type of undead creature.

I commanded them to find Adair, and then I began conversing with Elaro.

"How are you liking the place?"

Elaro had been sneakily glancing around at his surroundings, especially at those undead guards. At first, he had been greatly shocked, but then he stared at them in curiosity. He was quite brave.

When he heard my question, he thought about it for a moment before saying, "I don't know yet. It feels so dark, but it's not as scary as I imagined. Everyone says the Demon King's Castle is super scary, and that there are a lot of undead creatures that eat humans there, with the floor littered with bones that undead creatures spat out after eating the human!"

I vehemently said, "If any undead creature dares to eat a human and

spit the bones everywhere in my castle, I will definitely make him die again!”

Elaro smiled again. *When he's not smiling, he resembles Teacher, but when he smiles, the feeling completely disappears.*

“You quite like smiling.” I sat down. As I touched the orb on the edge of the throne’s armrest, I asked, “I remember when I had previously seen you, you were always frowning.”

It seemed that he recalled the circumstances from back then. Elaro’s expression fell. “At the time, the people in the village were all very scared. Usually, people would give food to my sister and me, but in those times, almost everyone stopped doing so. I almost ran out of food to give my sister. That’s why I was frowning.”

*I see.* I nodded but suddenly realized that Elaro was by himself at the moment. *What about his sister?* “Your sister...”

The sound of crisp footsteps drifted over, fast but not hurried. These footsteps couldn’t be any more familiar to me. Adair was always busy, so of course he could not slow down his footsteps, but he would never ever give people a hurried feeling. No matter how fast he walked, he would still always be unruffled!

“Your Majesty.” Adair walked into the main hall. He did not actually salute me. After he finished calling out “Your Majesty,” he looked doubtfully at Elaro. Puzzled, he asked, “This is a young knight-in-training?”

"His name is Elaro." I lazily slouched on the throne and asked, "Have you seen him before?"

Adair stared at his face for awhile. Then, he exclaimed, "Ah! He seems to be the child who had come to look for you earlier. Knight-Captain Storm recognized him, so he let him join the Holy Temple and even assigned him to clean your room."

*So it was Storm's arrangements. That makes a lot more sense why they would arrange for Elaro to clean my room. It was probably because no one had time and they conveniently had a kid who had once seen part of my true personality. Of course they would hurry to have this young knight become a cleaner for free.*

"I recall that your ability to remember people is rather good. Why didn't you recognize Elaro immediately?"

I was a bit curious. Although Adair hadn't reached the point of never forgetting people he had seen before, regarding people who concerned me, he usually always thoroughly remembered in case I suddenly wanted him to find or beat someone up and he couldn't remember who I was talking about.

Adair smiled wryly for a moment and said, "At the time, Knight-Captain Storm and the others had all returned, yet you had not. Because of that, I felt somewhat... lost, so I did not particularly notice him."

"Was it just somewhat lost?" I pouted. I thought that when Adair heard that I had become the Demon King, he would completely

collapse as if the heavens had fallen! Yet he was only a little lost?  
Hmph!

"He was so lost he was always drifting along the corridors everyday!"  
Elaro cut in to say, "Everyone always said 'Someone, quick, bring back Knight-Captain Sun or else Adair will soon change from a spirit into a wraith!'"

"Spirit?" I looked at Adair curiously.

"This, uh, I was a little thinner at the time, so people said I looked a lot like a spirit and could compete with Knight-Captain Cloud."

*So it was really like the heavens had fallen?* I looked at Adair. He was indeed a lot thinner than before, but it wasn't to the point of looking like a spirit, so I went ahead and sought confirmation from Elaro. "Was Adair really thin before this?"

Elaro nodded feverishly and said, "Before this, he was super, super thin. He really resembled a spirit a whole lot!"

Hearing this, and seeing Adair's very embarrassed smile and that he hadn't denied it, I was finally satisfied. It was only then that I noticed a missing black crystal doll. "Where's Scarlet?"

"Currently summoning undead creatures." Adair's gaze moved toward the undead guards. "The dark warriors seem to be the most useful undead creatures at the moment. They have sufficient intelligence and loyalty, very suitable to be the captain or another high position in an army. However, they are not easy to summon. Even with Scarlet and

Illu around, summoning a sufficient number in a short amount of time is still a bit difficult.”

“I thought that the five creatures of darkness under Illu’s command are all rare types. So, more of them can actually be summoned?”

*If that is the case, with the army completely consisting of dark warriors, they would probably be invincible!*

Adair nodded and said, “They are rare, but what makes them rare is their level, not their type. The dark warrior under Illu’s command is an advanced one who has already reached the top level and has become a hell warrior.”

*Undead creatures have such things as levels? Even after death, they can still grow up?*

“I have discovered that undead creatures have a lot of different advancements and variations. None of that is recorded in the Church of the God of Light’s undead creatures log, so I plan on recording it to better keep track later.”

*So they are advancements and variations. No wonder! I was just thinking how there were so many strange undead creatures. The Church of the God of Light’s mortal enemy is undead creatures, yet they can’t even keep track of their mortal enemy’s different types. How incompetent would that be!*

“Call Illu over. I have orders for him.”

Adair immediately turned and commanded the dark warriors. Then, he asked me, "Your Majesty, are you hungry? Would you like to eat something?"

I was indeed a bit hungry. I nodded right away. Then, I turned and asked Elaro, "Want to eat?"

Elaro hesitated, as if he didn't know what to say.

"If you're hungry, say you're hungry. If you're not, say you're not." I impatiently said, "Don't try to be modest with me!"

"Actually, I'm not hungry, but whenever I hear there's food to eat, I would want to eat," Elaro replied honestly.

I laughed and told Adair, "Go prepare a meal. Give this little fellow some dessert."

"Yes."

Not long after, Illu and food arrived at the same time. As I listened to Adair ask Illu if he had finished preparations, I ate the food. Elaro was even eating to the point of not lifting his head.

Now, I finally had the feeling that I was the Demon King. Earlier on, no matter what I wanted to do, I had to do it myself. I didn't have any subordinates I could use!

Awaitsun's loyalty was an issue, Illu's entire being was an issue, so anything that was slightly more major could not be given to them to



carry out. Yet they were both beings on the level of general, so they didn't even know how to carry out unimportant matters either!

Without a single person I could use under my command, what kind of Demon King was I?!

With a cold face, Illu replied to Adair, "The summoning goal for the day has been reached, despicable, shameless, filthy, vile human."

*D-Despicable and shameless?* I looked doubtfully toward Adair. I really was not used to the words "despicable and shameless" being used to curse someone other than me, and it was actually used on Adair. I had never heard anyone regard him in this way!

Generally, Adair's popularity was through the roof. Even the targets of the Sun Knight Platoon's ganged up beatings often never knew he was the mastermind... No, the mastermind was actually me. I should say that he is the "main accomplice"!

I had once seen him wear a worried expression to speak with a heavily injured victim, promising that he would help him find the culprit, making the injured victim feel incomparably grateful. However, the person's injuries had obviously been inflicted by him when he had led the platoon to beat the guy up just a day earlier!

Adair had on a sincere expression as he explained, "Because Illu was not very obedient, I adopted some necessary tactics."

*Necessary tactics?* I was a little surprised. Although Adair was not weak, as he was even the Sun Knight's vice-captain, and his holy

spells were nothing to scoff at either, Illu was an undead creature on the level of a general. If the two clashed, it was hard to say who would come out the loser.

But, as things stood, Illu seemed to have lost miserably... *Just how many more hidden facets of my vice-captain do I not know about?*  
I could not help asking him, "Adair, you defeated Illu?"

"Nonsense!" Illu yelled.

I looked at Illu and then at Adair. I didn't quite understand what had happened. I impatiently said, "Explain clearly. Stop beating around the bush!"

"Yes." Adair used a serious expression to answer, but then he smiled.

"I was only telling Illu some things about Knight-Captain Roland."

*As expected of my vice-captain. He immediately caught onto Illu's only weakness that could threaten him.*

"Knight-Captain Roland is truly a very serious person. For the sake of pretending to be human, as an undead creature, he would still periodically go to the bathroom and stay there for a bit. However, there was one time when he stayed there for an entire afternoon. Tyler was so worried he led the entire platoon and rushed into the bathroom only to find Knight-Captain Roland squatting blankly in the bathroom."

*A death monarch squatting blankly in the bathroom...* I completely

avoided thinking about such an image, especially when the death monarch involved is Roland. This image is most definitely even more shocking than when I had seen Teacher in the bathroom that one time!

“Shut up! Shut up! You better shut up!”

Illu yelled furiously and even wanted to rush over to attack Adair. I coldly snorted and used the dark element to suppress him. He couldn't move at all.

Adair continued speaking. “After being asked, Knight-Captain Roland said he had forgotten how long the bathroom was supposed to take, so he off-handedly asked a holy knight who answered that if it was not going successfully, squatting for an entire afternoon was possible! So, he squatted for an entire afternoon.”

*Pft! Roland, just how lucky are you to have off-handedly asked a guy who answered “not going successfully.”*

Illu's face was completely twisted. “The monarch would definitely not do that kind of, that kind of... thing!”

Although he claimed that Roland would never do anything like that, he skipped over the adjective. It was clear that he wasn't very sure, so he didn't dare describe it as “embarrassing” or the like.

I coolly added oil to the fire. “It's not that I want to burst your bubble, but the Roland that I know is very likely to do something like that.”

"No!" Illu was rather stubborn.

I was too lazy to argue with him and said, "I have something I need you to do. The curtains are about to be drawn for my game. Bring your underlings to put on a good show."

Illu's face was quite ugly. "Again with such boring matters!"

"Illu! Is that the attitude you should take with His Majesty?" Adair scolded sternly and said, "How about I tell you another interesting matter regarding Knight-Captain Roland? This time, you should listen with your entire troop. I believe they will find it interesting too."

Illu yelled furiously, "Shut up! Don't you dare besmirch the monarch!"  
*Yelling is fine, but Illu actually pulled his sword out and removed his ring of disguise, revealing his original appearance. He looks entirely like he's ready for battle. If Adair were to say one more word besmirching Roland, he might battle to the death with him!*

My sleeve got pulled. I turned to look. Elaro had finished his dessert and was tugging on my sleeve. With large eyes, he stared at Illu's true appearance. The expression on his face was merely shock and was far from the level of fright. He was quite courageous.

At this time, Adair had also drawn his sword and had walked two steps forward to stand in front of me.

*This is what a subordinate should be like! Even when facing off with someone else, he should first consider that it should not involve his boss. This kind of excellent subordinate, I won't let failing subordinates*

*provoke him!*

“Stop it, both of you!”

After I yelled, Adair immediately lowered his blade but did not put it away because Illu did not seem to have heard my words. He still looked rebellious, as if he wanted to rush up and chop Adair down at any moment.

Actually, I didn’t hate Illu’s unyielding character, but whenever he became defiant, it really made me want to cut him into ninety-nine pieces!

“Put away your sword!” I stood up and yelled, “Illu, listen well. Adair is my chief subordinate. No one may raise a hand against him!”

Yelling at Illu was useless, so I gathered a huge amount of dark element as a means to threaten him. If I blasted this dark element at Illu, it would destroy at least half his body.

Illu’s resolve finally wavered. Although his expression was still cold, he finally put away his sword.

“Allow me to complete your game, Your Majesty.” Adair also put away his sword. He turned and said, “This fellow probably does not have the ability to complete the task. If he were to mess up your entertainment, dying a hundred times wouldn’t even be enough!”

I thought it over. At the moment, Adair was still not well known. As the Demon King’s chief subordinate, that wouldn’t do at all. I might as

well let him carry out the task this time to establish his reputation.

“Fine, then I’ll leave it up to you. These are the contents of the mission...”

Adair listened in full concentration. After I had only spoken a few words, he revealed an understanding smile. I didn’t need to explain much at all before he knew what to do, just like always when he would surround and beat someone up.

With Adair around, I really could relax a lot more. I was even starting to anticipate the game that I had been forced to end early because of Judgment’s pressure. I really wanted to see what kind of expressions Charlotte, Taylen, and Michel would wear upon finding out that I’m the Demon King.



“Grisia! Just where did you go?”

I had only just teleported back to the party when everyone started calling out in alarm. Someone even hurriedly left to find Taylen and the others.

I had only left for three days. *Aren’t they overreacting?*

In the past few days, I watched Adair establish the undead army. A bunch of undead creatures stood in rows, forming troops. Most of them were uncommon advancements or variations not usually seen. I learned that the skeletons from earlier that had flesh on their joints were actually called blood skeletons.

In addition, Elaro followed me everywhere. No matter what I introduced to him, he would gasp in surprise and his eyes would widen, making me feel particularly accomplished, so I felt that time passed much quicker than I was used to. Before I knew it, three days had passed. If not for Adair's reminder, it might have taken even more days before I returned.

Soon after, Taylen and Michel hurriedly rushed over.

"If we couldn't find you, we really might have left you behind and gone off to join the army of the Church of the God of Light on our own."

Although Michel said this, I didn't believe him. My disguise was that of an advanced mage. With me around, they had a much better chance of getting selected by the Church of the God of Light.

"Grisia." Taylen opened his mouth but closed it. Finally, he still decided to speak. "Has something happened between you and Charlotte?"

During the days you were away, she looked upset."

I calmly said, "We had a small fight. It was nothing. Where is she?"

"In the main tent." Michel said, "She heard that you had returned yet still refused to come over. Are you going to head over? Oh, it's not that I want to nag, but you should try coaxing her! Girls will be fine as long as you coax them."

I had originally wanted to say "no," why should I go and coax a girl?

But then I abruptly remembered that this game was going to end soon.  
*If Charlotte already hates me now, then when she learns of the Demon King's real identity, she probably wouldn't feel much of an impact?*  
*Damn, how can I let that happen?*

"Okay fine, I'll go and apologize." Hearing this, Michel was taken aback. It was clear he hadn't thought I would agree to apologize, but he quickly nodded and said, "That's what you should do. I don't know what you argued about or who's in the right or wrong, but yielding a bit to the girl is never wrong."

When I walked past Taylen, he suddenly lowered his voice and said, "Grisia, if you like Charlotte, I won't fight over her with you. Don't worry."

I stopped in my tracks, seized by sudden fury. "Have you always intended to play around and run off?"

Taylen blinked. Then he smiled wryly. "I never had the intention to 'play around'."

Michel cut in to say, "How can Taylen be such a womanizer? Grisia, aren't you thinking too highly of him?"

Both Taylen and I rolled our eyes exaggeratedly at Michel. It made sense when I thought about it. Although we hadn't spent more than a month together, I knew that Taylen was indeed not the type to play around with women. I had to admit it rather reluctantly.



As if afraid I wouldn't believe him, Taylen quickly explained, "I really have hinted many times already, and I've even said it directly before too! But Charlotte said there's nothing to lose in chasing after me. Maybe one day she would succeed, so she is unwilling to give up."

*That damn woman would indeed say something like that!*

I turned. Originally, I had planned to apologize, but now I wanted to collect my debts!

Michel yelled from behind, "Grisia, your tent has already been put away. After you apologize, we're leaving immediately. After stalling for three days, there are people in the party who aren't very happy."

"I'm not going to apologize to that damn woman!"

Michel and Taylen were both stunned.

I walked briskly to the main tent. People were already in the process of taking down the main tent, so of course Charlotte wasn't inside. I asked around but didn't get an answer, so I went ahead and extended my sensing ability to the entire encampment of the party. Only then did I find Charlotte's whereabouts. She sat below a tree, lost in thought... If I remembered correctly, that was exactly the place where we had our argument.

When I teleported over, I stood directly in front of Charlotte, only a few steps away. She stared stupidly at me with wide eyes. Although someone had suddenly appeared, she was merely stunned but was not too shocked because I often suddenly appeared like this. In the past

month, everyone had long since gotten used to it.

Because she was sitting on the ground, I lowered my head to look down at her. I coldly said, "Although I was wrong to call you ugly, don't you dare think I'll apologize. You hear me?"

Charlotte froze. Then, she stood up to confront me and yelled, "Who wants your apology! I get that I'm an ugly girl! Brother Taylen doesn't like me. What's so strange that you don't like me either! I'm not sad at all!"

*I never said you're sad, so why are you clarifying?! And you're even showing such a melancholic yet obstinate expression... Whatever. Why should I fuss over this with a girl?*

"You're not that bad to look at!" I breathed in deeply and quickly said,

"I was just speaking nonsense. Taylen is the one who has a rigid brain; the only thing he'd fall in love with is his sword! Actually, the shape of your face is pretty cute. Although your skin isn't fair, it looks very healthy..."

The more I spoke, the softer my voice became. In the end, it was actually a bit hard to continue. *It's all this damn woman's fault...*

"Anyway!" I roared, "I'm consoling you, so why in the world are you crying?"

Charlotte's face was streaked with tears. When she heard my words of comfort, not only did she not stop crying, she even began sobbing. Her

face was covered in tears and couldn't be any uglier! She cried as she said, "W-What, so I'm not even allowed to cry?!"

I grit my teeth and suggested an exchange. "As long as you stop crying, I'll let you see my face."

The sobs immediately stopped.

"Really?" Charlotte was surprised. Although her tears had stopped, she still stubbornly said, "Why should I want to look at your face? In any case, you must be ugly!"

"I'm going to show you that I'm not ugly!" I removed my mask. Of course, I had closed my eyes already. Otherwise, Charlotte, who had just stopped crying, would immediately cry out in alarm.

"You..."

Charlotte had only said the word "you" before immediately blanking out, her gaze stuck to my face.

"Am I ugly?" I purposely asked, but I had already gotten my answer from Charlotte's expression. Being able to make a girl blank out just by having her see my face truly made one feel accomplished. She didn't look at Taylen with such concentration!

"Grisia, you, didn't you say you're disfigured?" Charlotte stuttered as she said, "How are you disfigured? Your, your skin is so fair and tender without any blemishes... Are you really a guy?"

"Of course I'm a guy!" I was close to spitting blood. *Can't this woman let me feel accomplished for more than three seconds?*

"Who told you to be so fair?! I've never seen a guy with such pretty skin!" After grumbling, Charlotte furrowed her brows and asked in confusion, "Then why did you say you're disfigured?"

"I wanted to." I was too lazy to find an excuse. Since the game was about to end soon, there was no need to carefully conceal things.

"Strange person!" Although Charlotte said this, she didn't continue pursuing the matter and only regarded me curiously. "Then why do you have your eyes shut? Open them and let me see. I want to know what color your eyes are!"

Of course I didn't open my eyes. I only asked, "What color do you think they are? If you guess right, I'll let you see."

*But you'll never guess right. Other than the Demon King, who would have pure black eyes without any white? No one would ever guess such a strange color. Based on the fact that my hair is black, at most the guesses would be black or brown...*

"Hm? Then I'll guess—one gold and one silver?"

"...Are you an idiot?!"



"You've made up? Then we can finally depart."

Michel heaved a large sigh of relief when he saw Charlotte and me walk over. Even Taylen's expression was a lot better than before. It seemed that he really didn't have much interest in Charlotte.

"I'm sorry. With this delay, I wonder how long it will take to catch up?" I asked calmly, thinking about how far we were from the Church of the God of Light's troops.

Taylen shrugged and said, "We might encounter them if we hurry for a day's worth."

"That quickly?" I was a little shocked.

Taylen nodded. For some reason, he had a worried expression. "We might be on the correct path to the Demon King's Castle. The troops from the Church of the God of Light have always been heading our way, and their march is fast. I heard that their vanguard was even sent over using a teleportation circle, so they're no longer very far from us.

*Teleportation circle?* I furrowed my brows. *Don't tell me that's another skill the Pope knows? But I recall that previously, when Lesus and the others were looking for the amnesic me, Pink was the one who set up the teleportation circle... Don't tell me, the Pope secretly learned the technique right on the spot?*

"Then, let's depart." I nodded. Although it was still too early for the game to end, and there was still so much to anticipate, I actually looked forward to the conclusion.



Taylen's prediction was too optimistic. No matter how quick the Church of the God of Light's troops were, it was indeed impossible for us to meet up with them after a single day's journey. We made haste for two and a half days before we caught sight of their trail at the foot of a mountain.

It was indeed just their vanguard, which only had around five hundred people. Still, sending over even this number of people through a teleportation circle was definitely an impossible task!

*But if they were teleported in batches... That would still be difficult, although not to the point of earning the description "impossible." Just how much power does the Pope still have hidden?*

"Grisia."

I turned my head to look toward Taylen. He had on a hesitant expression. "If they want to observe your abilities, you should let them see. Don't, don't..." He stuttered, as if not knowing how to put it into words.

"Don't let your face twist and your magic burst out just because someone said a few words about you." Michel continued, "They're the Church of the God of Light! You can't fool around!"

Indifferent, I said, "Got it."

"Don't use dark elemental magic." Charlotte also advised me along with them, her face just as concerned.

*My goodness! Do I cause people to worry that much? In any case, I'm the high-ranking Sun Knight. If I were to claim that my ability at disguise was second, no one would dare claim to be number one. Would I be so stupid as to use the dark element in front of holy knights?*

"Sigh, you're making that face again." Michel sighed as he shook his head.

"I'm wearing a mask. How would you know I'm making a face?" I asked unhappily.

"The lower half of your face!" Michel answered matter-of-factly, "Your mouth is already turned toward the ground. How is that not making a face?"

I rolled my eyes at him, even though he couldn't see it. "Let's head down already! There are a lot of adventurer teams around. Maybe they're already full. Don't even mention wanting to join them."

Once I pointed that out, everyone grew nervous. After a shout, the entire party began heading at full speed toward where the army of the Church of the God of Light was stationed. Halfway there, a platoon of around ten holy knights came forward to investigate us.

The leader was even someone very familiar, Lesus's vice-captain—Vidar.

*I didn't think it would be Vidar leading this squadron. I thought it*

*would be one of the Twelve Holy Knights.*

As usual, Michel was the one who stepped forward to negotiate with Vidar. In the meantime, Vidar's gaze would drift toward me from time-to-time, but that wasn't anything strange. The mask on my face was indeed too suspicious.

But contrary to expectations, Vidar didn't ask much before he let us pass. I had originally planned for the worst, that he would insist I take off my mask, forcing the game to head to the conclusion at this very moment.

We were stationed at a location close to the holy knight army. Because of this, Michel was clearly extremely excited. He thought this meant the holy knights valued our performance, but I thought it was most likely because I was too suspicious, so they simply placed us closer for more convenient monitoring.

The time grew late. Everyone was busy making the fire and cooking food. After I set up the tents, I waited for Charlotte to finish cooking dinner. I didn't know what in the world she was cooking. Everyone else had already started eating, yet she was still cooking, and she was even humming as she cooked.

I sat lazily in front of the tent, watching several familiar faces walking this way and that. They were all holy knights or clerics I had seen in the Holy Temple. This group was all elites among the holy knights. I only had to take a quick glance to see at least fifty or so direct subordinates of the Twelve Holy Knights from their platoons.



These fifty holy knights alone, along with Vidar, were probably enough to blast Illu to death quite straightforwardly. However, I wasn't so stupid as to let Illu, an important general skilled at leading troops, come here alone to meet his death.

"Grisia, food's ready!" Charlotte called out happily.

"I almost thought you were making a late night snack!" I retorted as I walked over, but I immediately froze when I saw the food that covered the ground. "Is today some kind of holiday? Is it your birthday, Taylen?"

Taylen shook his head. Confusion was all over his face too.

There was bread with butter, mushroom skewers, simmered-fried pork, roasted fish, several kinds of pickled dishes, and even a pot of thick tomato stew with bread. I picked up a spoon. *There's even crab in the stew!*

Charlotte pouted as she said, "It's my birthday!"

I came to a sudden understanding. Although not a lot of adventurers actually celebrated their birthdays, girls usually cared about such things more. She even made the food herself!

Michel even generously provided his stash of alcohol while Taylen gifted a silver comb earned from a previous adventure. I rummaged around, finally coming across a magic scroll. I didn't have any leeway to consider what kind of magic was on it and gifted it to her like that.

"Happy birthday." The three of us toasted her together.

Charlotte's capacity for drinking wasn't good. She only took a few sips before her entire face turned red., but she smiled extremely happily. We all smiled happily, and even the serious holy knights surrounding us were influenced by us, their expressions loosening quite a lot.

*What a perfect...*

*Final night.*

## Chapter #7: “The Demon King VS The Church of the God of Light—Battle Between Subordinates”

I really might miss it... a bit.

I drank with everyone deep into the night. I gleefully watched Michel’s heart break over his wine. When I drank the last bottle, he nearly fainted.

Finally, it was after the holy knights’ helpful reminder to not disturb others that everyone went back to their tents to sleep.

Truthfully speaking, passing the days like this was quite fun. I thought it would even be no problem to play like this for a year! However, I didn’t have a year to play around with. It was all because of Lesus’s persistence that the Church of the God of Light sent troops, so this hero game must come to an early end.

*Hmph!*

I clenched my fist, crushing the glass skull in my grasp. Dark element gushed out.

“There’s nothing to linger over. This kind of game, I can play however many times I want.” I muttered, “Come! Adair, let’s end this game.”

Outside the tent, a large amount of dark element gathered. *One second. Two seconds. Three seconds...*

“Enemy attack!” came a loud shout from outside.

I nodded. The alertness of the holy knights had not deteriorated. If three seconds passed and no one reacted, I really would make sure that Adair gave them a good beating later!

I lifted the flap of the tent and walked out. Actually, most of the uproar came from the adventurers. The holy knight camp made nearly no sound. If there was any noise from them, that would be the sound of armor clinking against armor. Compared to the alarmed shouts of the adventurers, the holy knights were truly much more disciplined.

Tonight, there was not a cloud in sight, and the moonlight was especially bright. Even though the army encampment only had torches to light the way, the surrounding terrain could be approximated. A thread of black smoke rose from the horizon, rushing towards the encampment.

At first, it did not draw much attention, but as the dark smoke rolled closer, people took notice. By the time they did, everyone else also realized it very quickly.

At first, they were suspicious. When the black cloud was close enough that they could faintly see troops and horses, they became shocked. Finally, when they could even clearly see that the troops on the horses were most definitely not living humans, a riot broke out.

*Hmph hmph! The Pope knows how to use a teleportation circle. Did you think I wouldn't... Okay, I really don't know how. The magic circle was drawn by Scarlet. I only provided a source of unending elements to power it.*

"Grisia!"

I turned to look. Taylen and Michel were both fully armed and standing by my side. Their expressions were serious, but not at all like how panicked the other people were. Although they were probably not as strong as the vice-captains of the Twelve Holy Knights, they were just as composed.

"What does this undead army hope to accomplish?" Even though Taylen was calm, he was a little shocked. "This place is so far from the Demon King's Castle. What are they doing here?"

"Their target is probably the army of the Church of the God of Light." I lazily said, "The Church of the God of Light crusaded against the Demon King with such great fanfare. If I were the Demon King, I would definitely send troops to flatten them completely!"

Michel nodded in agreement.

"But..." Taylen frowned, but after saying a single word, he spoke no further.

At this time, the holy knights started getting into formation to face the enemy. The holy knights in the middle held large shields, forming a defensive line. Between shields extended one long pike after another.

These battalions were led by Georgo's and Aivis's platoons. Behind them came holy knights who wielded pikes and two-handed great swords. Then came archers, who were of course led by Elmairy's

platoon. By the two flanks were holy knights who rode war horses. Some wielded cavalry swords, and some were mounted archers. *Truly an impressive sight...*

Even though I was the Sun Knight, even I had never seen the holy knights form such a formation. After all, the world had been at peace for a long time. During Teacher's generation, they had sent some armed forces out to suppress banditry. However, once I had become the Sun Knight, there had yet to be any outlaws tough enough to require the Holy Temple to send troops against them. Most of the time, the local churches could deal with it themselves.

It's not that I want to say this. Suppressing banditry is a job that everyone loves because no matter how much plunder is earned, only twenty percent of the spoils have to be given to the headquarters of the Church of the God of Light. The rest would all end up in the local church's pocket. Since the Church of the God of Light is poor from top to bottom, suppressing banditry is something wonderful even though it can't be wished for!

The local churches were so stingy with their money that they would send holy knights to fight in one-against-three odds. Even if the odds were one-against-four, they would only hesitate a little bit. Only in the case of one-against-five odds would they give up and request aid from headquarters, but this was solely because the knights would mutiny. In short, the local churches would never hand over the job of sending troops to the main division of the Church of the God of Light so simply.

Three holy knights walked over and shouted at the adventurer party, "Everyone, retreat immediately. If any adventurers above mid-level

wish to step forward to support us, come with us. The reward money would be equal to a C rank mission given by the Adventurers' Guild. High-level adventurers would receive reward money equal to a B rank mission."

"As expected, the Church of the God of Light indeed does not tarnish the reputation of the Church of the God of Light." Michel praised, "To think that they're not going to treat us as cannon fodder."

When I saw Charlotte approach too, I told the three of them, "Go and support them. The reward money sounds pretty good, and you will even have the holy knights as your bodyguards. Why not cash in on this kind of money?"

"This is the first time the Demon King has sent troops. He is probably determined to win. This battle will not be easy," Taylen said worriedly. After he spoke, Michel's expression also fell.

I said indifferently, "If the holy knights all perished, do you think we would be able to escape from the undead creatures? Of course, I can teleport, but when I teleport, I can at most only bring one person along. If it was just to save ourselves, I can probably do it if I stretched myself thin, but we will have to leave everyone else to their fates."

After I spoke, Taylen's and Michel's faces paled. Charlotte's face turned even paler than theirs. She immediately shouted, "No!" Even Michel who calmly took care of matters was unable to abandon the adventurers they had traveled with, never mind Taylen and Charlotte. They came to a consensus on the spot and quickly caught up with the

holy knights.

Seeing this, some of the others were about to make chase too, but at this time, the undead army was already in the vicinity. They were only a hundred meters away from the army of holy knights. It was easy to see the whole army at a glance.

"How can this be?!" exclaimed Taylen... *That was more like a yell than an exclamation.*

*The undead army had actually gotten into formation!*

In the forefront were blood skeletons holding shields, even though their equipment was like toys in comparison to the divine weapons the holy knights were using. But they won in terms of sheer number, and they didn't require food. Even if only one was sent against ten, there wouldn't be any danger of them quitting on the job! Of course, whether they could win or not was a whole different matter...

Dark warriors lined up behind the skeletons and at the sides of the formation. Each and every one of them was clad in dark armor that gave off an imposing feel.

At the very back of the army, there was even a death knight squad! Even though they were mass-produced death knights and the disparity between them and the initial Roland was like comparing toys to gods, there is only one Roland in this world, so it's not like there could be an army made out of him.

Finally, there was "him," who rode on a tall black horse. The horse's



face was half skeletal, its body more or less covered by black armor etched in gold. In front of this horse, even a high-level fighter would not dare claim that he could win against a horse!

Above that, the horse's master was even more imposing. He wore heavy black armor etched in gold and wielded a great sword of the same color. His appearance was hidden below a sinister face plate, only revealing a pair of eyes. But because the distance was too great, it was hard to tell what color those eyes were.

The skeletal horse was not very calm, flaring its nostrils and stamping its feet from time to time like it wanted to rush forward to start a slaughter. However, its master merely lightly patted the side of its neck, and that was enough to calm it down completely.

*As expected of Adair. It only took a few days' effort, yet he actually managed to form an undead army that really does look like it could fight a war, complete with infantry and cavalry!*

Even though the army was missing a squad of archers, it was not like low-level undead creatures could make precise motions. Making high-level undead creatures be archers was also too wasteful, and they most likely wouldn't even be very good archers either!

"T-This, where did this army come from?" Taylen shouted in alarm.

"Of course they came from the Demon King's Castle," I retorted.

"Otherwise, where would they have come from?"

I looked around. The expressions of the adventurers who had originally

planned on following along changed greatly, and several people even backed up, as if they thought the holy knights would forcefully drag them off to battle!

"Sorry, we have to head over now. If you still wish to help, follow us." After speaking, three harried holy knights left without looking back.

"Looks like they don't need us." Michel rubbed his nose.

I coldly said, "Of course they need help. They just don't want to force us, and they're even afraid that we don't want to support them but don't know how to say it, so they might as well just leave without looking back."

"So it's like that." Michel glanced at me several times. "You seem to understand them well."

"...Who doesn't understand them? They're holy knights, open and just holy knights!" I stressed somewhat angrily.

Charlotte suddenly interrupted and said, "Have you both forgotten? Grisia is from the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound! Of course he understands the holy knights well!"

A look of sudden realization came across Taylen's and Michel's faces.

"Grisia?"

The holy knights hadn't gone far yet before halting in their steps. They hesitantly turned to look at me. *This girl Charlotte's voice is truly way*

*too loud. Even though we're this far apart, they still heard her.*

The knight in the middle of the three looked to be a direct subordinate of Ceo's. It was true that he might know my name. Even though the name Grisia isn't so uncommon that it would be impossible to find someone else with the same name, it was not that common either. In addition to that, it was possible that he had seen me many times before and might feel that I was very similar to the Sun Knight in his memories.

Under the leadership of the person in the center, the three holy knights walked back. Even though the other two people were out of the loop, they obviously followed the leadership of the person in the middle.

"Your name is Grisia?" His brows were furrowed deeply. I didn't know if this fellow knew the truth—the truth that the Sun Knight is the Demon King.

Michel walked to the front. Generally speaking, he handled negotiations and the like. "Is there something wrong? Grisia is one of our teammates."

When he heard my name again, the holy knight studied me carefully. "Please take off your mask!" Even though he had said "please," his attitude was rather unyielding.

Ceo's platoon members aren't very afraid of me. Every time they see me, their attitude is fairly lacking in respect but quite full of resentment. This was because not only did they have to complete their

own duties, but they also had to accomplish the matters I threw at their captain, such as paperwork or making inquiries about all kinds of information, from gossip to secrets, you name it. I heard that in order to acquire intelligence, they had all learned the skill of disguise and concealment!

My lips quirked up. I flatly refused, "No!"

The holy knight's brows were still furrowed. Michel glared at me and hurriedly apologized to them. "Sorry, sorry, this fellow just doesn't have a pleasant personality. Please don't take it to heart. Grisia wears a mask because he was burned in a fire in the past, so he is a bit more sensitive to this aspect."

Hearing this, the holy knight's brows scrunched up even more. I was a little curious about what he would do. *Will he insist that I take off my mask, or will he back off and leave it be?*

*If he insists that I take off the mask, should I take it off or not? If I take it off, should I keep my eyes closed or not...*

"Grisia, why don't you let him see?" Taylen opened his mouth to urge me. "We won't care about your appearance. Otherwise, just let him see it alone. We will all close our eyes and not look, okay?"

*...Hah! This game is just too amusing. Every day, there are unexpected happenings. It's much more entertaining than facing that bunch in the Demon King's Castle who only know how to say, "Yes, yes, yes"!*

"No." I smiled and once again refused.

The two holy knights drew their swords. Even though the person in the middle frowned, he did not draw his sword.

It looked like I would have to fight. I might as well give them a thrashing. *It's all Ceo's fault for unexpectedly retaliating so many times.*

"Grisia—" Taylen warned, but right after he shouted my name, his voice died.

A black figure appeared between the lot of us. Wearing a full suit of heavy armor meant he was already imposing. He didn't have to do anything. His appearance alone was enough to shock people into gasping.

I'd almost forgotten that I told Adair that after he led the army into battle position, he was to come over to give the "hero" an.... overwhelming defeat.

"Enemy attack!"

Michel yelled. *The three holy knights actually responded more slowly than the two of them! It seems that they lack real combat experience!* I shook my head.

Even if the hero unexpectedly gained three holy knight helpers, the situation had not become more favorable for them. Their attacks were nearly completely ineffective against Adair. That heavy armor was truly incomparably tough. Michel's arrows couldn't even pierce it, let

alone a dagger. Both his weapons were ineffective, making it so that he didn't know how he should attack. He could only stand to the side and wait for an opportunity to help.

If there were an army where every single person was outfitted in this armor, then they would triumph in every battle, but before they managed to outfit this entire army, the kingdom would surely go bankrupt first.

The holy knights had holy light to aid them, so their condition was a little better than Michel's. They could even force Adair to dodge if they gave it their all in their strikes.

Unexpectedly, Taylen was the person with the best ability to deal with the situation out of them all. He took water filled with the holy element and poured it all on his sword, which immediately glowed with holy light, giving rise to a counter effect against armor of the dark element. I even thought that Adair's actions seemed to have become more sluggish. I didn't know if the armor was dragging him down or not.

The holy element was so powerful that it was shocking. It might even be on par with the blood of the Sun Knight. *Where did Taylen get something like that?*

"Wind Blade." I swung my hand, tossing out two streaks of wind blades.

Adair was hit head-on by me. The place I aimed at was the back of his knees. Hitting someone in such a spot would easily make them fall to their knees.

“Good job!” Taylen cheered but his hand did not stay idle. Along with the others, he immediately struck while the iron was hot and hit the downed Adair.

Even though Adair had fallen to one knee, he still brandished the great sword in his hand with the ferocity of a tiger. Against the five fighters who had him surrounded and me who was sticking my hand in off to the side, he still had the upper hand.

After the fight dragged on for a while, reinforcements finally came. Vidar led a platoon of holy knights in a hurry. At the same time as he rushed over, he had already drawn his sword out of its sheath. He placed his hand on the edge of his blade. Immediately, a thin layer of holy light enveloped the surface. Then, he launched his attack. At this time, Adair had already stood up. He saw Vidar coming from the distance and immediately strengthened his offense. He flattened the three holy knights with a flick and kicked Taylen out of the way in time to meet Vidar’s raised sword. Adair was forced to receive this blow, but then he retaliated, taking the offensive.

*So it’s the vice-captain of the Sun Knight Platoon against the vice-captain of the Judgment Knight Platoon?*

Adair was obviously very strong, but I was unsure of Vidar’s strength. Still, if I hadn’t remembered incorrectly, Adair’s relationship with Vidar seemed to be very good—

Adair’s attacks were quite aggressive. He wore heavy armor yet was agile. Vidar was forced back, caught off guard. It seemed that he kept

being pushed back. *Seems like his strength is truly inferior to Adair's.* It wasn't unexpected. Ever since long ago, Georgo would keep on telling me that with Adair's super strong swordsmanship that put him in the top ten of the Holy Temple, it was a wonder that he would obey me so wholeheartedly, so much that it could be counted as one of the ten wonders of the Church of the God of Light!

Adair chopped down forcefully. Vidar was barely able to withstand the attack. He immediately became shorter, as the person who had been forced to kneel this time was him. His expression was very ragged.

However, Adair didn't let up on him because of it. Rather, he raised his sword once more. Towering above, he had even more of the upper hand. One swing. Two swings. Vidar was barely able to block each swing. If he did not have the support of the other holy knights, he might have already been cut in half.

*...Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe they are enemies that hate each other to the bone?*

"Grisia." Taylen tossed me a wink; of course it wasn't *that* kind of wink, just a hidden suggestion.

With Adair's heavy armor, it was true that magic possibly had a better chance of harming him. I nodded, indicating my understanding. Taylen then moved forward without any hesitation to aid Vidar.

On the other hand, Michel didn't join the battle. Since he was incapable of harming Adair, he decided not to butt in. Instead, he stood guard by Charlotte and me, in case Adair suddenly rushed over



to finish off the mages.

As the battle grew more and more unfavorable, Michel couldn't help but say in a low voice, "Grisia, what are you doing? Hurry and help!"

I smiled slightly and lightly said, "It's true that I should help now." After hearing this, Michel rolled his eyes at me, but immediately afterwards, he stared at the Dark Blade that was gradually taking shape in my hands.

"Don't use the dark element!" Charlotte hurriedly reminded me.

"You're using the dark element to fight against undead creatures?" Michel looked like he was about to throw up blood.

"Who said I'm going to fight undead creatures?" After speaking lightly, I flicked my finger. A dark blade the size of a human in height flew out, hitting Michel squarely in the stomach, knocking him flying. Because it was completely unexpected, he had received the full force of it. He lay on the floor without a single twitch. It seemed that he had already fallen unconscious.

Charlotte was slow to regain her senses, but when she did, she shrieked, "Grisia, why did you hit Michel?" After she shouted, she rushed over to check on Michel's condition.

She didn't seem to be thinking much and still had her back exposed to me without the slightest intention to guard against me. I had already struck a comrade, yet she was still this careless.

Taylen had also noticed, but a mere glance had already nearly cost him his head from Adair. If not for Vidar who had pulled him away, he would not have escaped that fate, so he really didn't have any time to pay attention to matters over here.

"Thank goodness he's fine." Charlotte heaved a sigh of relief and also threw a Minor Heal at Michel.

*Not only is she careless, she's also very stupid!* I rolled my eyes. *This woman isn't conserving her magic so that she can use it on Taylen and the others later. She's actually wasting it on Michel who isn't even that hurt!*

Charlotte turned around and angrily stomped over to me. I turned around to face her, conveniently turning my back to everyone else. Then, I took off my mask. This time, I had my eyes opened.

Charlotte stared at me with wide eyes. She dazedly said, "Grisia, why are your eyes completely black?"

*Just how stupid is this woman!* I thought she would directly shriek, "You're actually the Demon King" or something to that effect, but she actually asked such a stupid question. *How am I supposed to respond?*

*"Because I'm the Demon King, so of course I possess eyes that are completely black! So hurry and shriek so that you can let other people know that I'm the Demon King!"*

I even have to explain it myself. How pathetic is that. Just thinking about it made me feel pathetic... *A hero with idiots for companions*

*needs to be docked fifty points from the start!*

I was in a dilemma with no way out. Charlotte was also stuck in a daze. Just at that moment, Adair took matters into his own hand.

His battle aura exploded, flattening all the enemies around him. Then, he turned to me and knelt on one knee. He clearly yelled, "At your service, Your Majesty!"

*Adair, I want to award you with a certificate for being number one at understanding my intentions!*

With my black hair floating, I let my smile take over. I stopped suppressing the dark element, naturally absorbing it. I laughed without a care.

At that moment, Charlotte finally revealed a panicked expression. She stared at me. Even her attempts at calling my name had become disjointed sounds.

Even though I did not turn my head, my sensing told me everything. After they got sent flying by Adair, they had crawled back up quickly, but Adair's "Your Majesty" had made everyone freeze on the spot. Every single one of them had frozen after getting up halfway. It was truly hilarious.

"Demon King?" Vidar gasped.

"Rise..." After I spoke halfway, I realized that I couldn't directly call Adair's name. I could only randomly make something up on the spot.

"Black General."<sup>1</sup>

Adair did not bat an eyelid. He called out, "As you bid," and then walked to my side. He turned to face the enemies, appearing like they would have to step over his dead body before they could face me.

"Grisia?" Charlotte regained her senses. She stepped forward.

"You...You're really the Demon King...Ah!"

I rose into the air and also grabbed Charlotte, lifting her along with me. After her gasp of surprise, she was so shocked that she hugged me. Even though I used my pure black eyes to glare at her, and she was so scared that her face was deathly pale, compared to the Demon King, she seemed to be more afraid of "heights," so she continued hugging me to death.

After several useless calls of "let go," I thought it over. Since one of my goals today was to abduct a beauty, my impulsion to seize her made it look like I was abducting her, rather than that she was forcefully hugging me.

Following that, I turned to look down at everyone. This angle really made me feel exhilarated.

All of them stared at my two eyes, unable to speak for a long time. Even Vidar didn't know what to do, as the mission Lesus had given him probably didn't include directly engaging the Demon King in battle. He had probably even instructed him not to confront me.

"Grisia!" Taylen's face was full of disbelief. He asked, conflicted, "You,

you... What is up with you?"

*Still unwilling to believe?* I smiled as I said, "Taylen, you still don't understand? From the start, there was never a mage called Grisia. There was only ever a Demon King who was so bored that he needed to find entertainment."

I looked at him, and with some malice, said, "You are precisely my entertainment."

When he heard this, I don't know what Taylen was thinking of, but his expression kept changing. Sadness, anger, loss, worry, and the like all flashed across his face in a short time span. It was truly amusing.

"I originally wanted to play longer, but the Church of the God of Light is so annoying! They actually deployed troops against me!"

I glared at Vidar fiercely. As Lesus's vice-captain, I believed that he knew who I was, and I also believed that he knew that the reason why the Church had deployed troops was because of his captain's insistence!

Although Vidar's expression remained unperturbed, I discovered that he kept sneaking glances at Adair. Obviously, he had begun to suspect. According to Lesus's theory, strong swordsmanship was easy to recognize. And since I was here, Vidar should probably have an inkling of the true identity of the Black General.

Vidar remained silent for a long time. It was actually that platoon member of Ceo's that started shouting. "The Demon King has

summoned undead creatures and formed a large army, endangering the citizens. The Church of the God of Light would naturally not pardon that!”

*I’ve once again been unjustly blamed! My undead army was only formed after I heard of the Church of the God of Light’s deployment of troops. The corps before that belonged to Roland, okay! If you can’t pardon that, then you should off Roland who is in the Church of the God of Light before coming to me!*

“And you, who dares to besmirch the name of the Sun Knight, using his name as an alias, that crime is even more unforgivable!”

*Alias? I froze. Don’t tell me this fellow doesn’t recognize me? You’re one of Ceo’s direct subordinates. You must have seen me several times before. You actually can’t recognize me... I will count this as a strike against your captain!*

“The Sun Knight’s name is Grisia?” Taylen suddenly said in a soft voice. Then, he smiled bitterly.

I snorted and said, “Black General, except for Taylen, slaughter everyone else!”

When he heard this, Adair actually replied, “Your Majesty, the Demon King’s Castle is in need of extra hands. Why not capture a few of them? There are suitable candidates for guards among them, and the others can be made into servants.”

I was not very happy. I had thought that I had no need to doubt

Adair's loyalty anymore, but it seemed that his goal was still to stop me from killing people! I unhappily said, "I still don't know how to make guards."

"Then lock them away in the dungeons. It won't be too late to wait until Your Majesty learns before we take care of it."

*Take care of it? You do know that they would have to be killed and turned into undead creatures, right? Adair, would you really be capable of "taking care of it"? Or is this a delaying tactic?* I coldly smiled. "Oh? Then who do you feel is the most suitable candidate for making into a guard?"

I didn't need Adair's answer to know. I could guess it too. The strongest among them was most definitely Vidar. Even though his strength was not astonishing among the vice-captains of the Holy Temple, he was still a vice-captain, and he was even Lesus's vice-captain. Anyone who was Lesus's practice partner would probably turn into an expert!

"Him." Adair didn't hesitate at all before he gestured at a person, and that person was exactly Vidar.

"He is the strongest among them, the most suitable for turning into a guard. If the others are unwilling to swear loyalty to you, to become your servants at the Demon King's Temple, then there is no need to capture them. The prisons' capacity is limited. There is no need to imprison useless people. If Your Majesty is not pleased with them, would Your Majesty permit your subordinate to kill them?"

*Adair, oh Adair. You are truly ruthless! The other person is Vidar, yet you are able to kill him personally? I have truly underestimated you!*

I laughed loudly. After discovering this unknown side to Adair, the entertainment factor was nearly equal to seeing Awaitsun show an expression outside of compliance!

"No, no, Black General. There is no need for a general to kill small fry like them."

After I laughingly spoke up to here, I dispersed the holy element that Vidar had gathered, and then I threw ten Dark Blades at him.

*He actually dared to perform the laughable ploy of a sneak attack on the Demon King, and he even chose to gather holy element to do it? Lesus, how did such a serious fellow like you end up bringing up such a naïve vice-captain?*

At this time, my hand was suddenly slapped by someone. I lost my aim. The large amount of dark blades missed their target. Only a third of them brushed by the opponent's body. Even though he spit out quite a lot of blood, the injuries were mostly shallow ones, and Vidar merely grunted. It looked like his injuries were not heavy after all.

I seized the hand of the woman by my side. Charlotte had her head lowered and didn't even dare to make half a sound. I mockingly said, "The person I want to hit is not Taylen. You don't have to worry."

Charlotte raised her head. Water element eventually leaked from the rims of her eyes. Two trickles ran down her face, but she didn't seem



to notice. She merely explained persistently, "I, I just don't want you to kill anyone. If you kill someone, you will really become the Demon King..."

I lost control for a moment and yelled at her, "I am the Demon King! Even the Church of the God of Light acknowledges this. It doesn't matter if I kill anyone or not!"

After yelling, I immediately regretted it. Charlotte didn't know anything at all. She wouldn't understand, and she would probably even ask me why I mentioned the God of Light...

"If the God of Light believes that killing or not killing is the same, then he would no longer be the God of Light!" Charlotte refuted emotionally, "Grisia, you need to wake up. Wake up!"

*What 'wake up'?* I didn't quite understand. These words really didn't sound like words a normal person would say when facing the Demon King, no matter how strange this woman is!

I stared at Charlotte. What was strange was that she also showed a baffled expression. We began looking at each other in dismay...

"Grisia! Let go of Charlotte!" Taylen shouted, "She has nothing to do with this!"

*Hmph! If you really want to talk about it, as long as you are alive in this world, then who doesn't have anything to do with the Demon King? If there is no Demon King, what would get destroyed is the entire world. Who can extricate themselves from that?*

*Though, the Demon King's emergence is for the sake of relieving the majority... Relieving the majority? If that is so, then what about the minority...*

I closed my eyes. When I opened them once more, I finally commanded, "Black General, I want you to lead the undead army and attack the troops of the Church of the God of Light. Completely and utterly annihilate them! Remember to set this place on fire afterwards to show the holy knights who come later what a grave mistake it is to crusade against me!"

*Lesus, I want you to see what kind of result your decision has! I hope that the lives of these five hundred people will make you wake up and stop the foolish action of crusading against me.*

After I tied Vidar and Taylen into two large black balls with the dark element I had just gathered, in addition to Charlotte who was still in my hands, my spoils from this time's game numbered three. It was not a lot, but considering that one of them was Lesus's vice-captain, it should be counted as substantial.

I used dark element to tie the spoils into immense bundles. I flew into the air and looked as Adair... No, as the Black General once again returned to the undead army. He commanded the troops to move into an offensive formation, and then he raised his head to look at me. Like always, he left the last command to me.

*As long as I gave the command to attack, these five hundred holy knights would probably be goners, right? The undead army was*

overwhelming, and they had even lost their commander, Vidar. They didn't have any chance of victory.

"You are too foolish, Vidar." I calmly told my spoil from battle, "As the highest commander of the front line, no matter what happened, you shouldn't personally come over to investigate."

Yet Vidar glared at me. "I will return these words directly to you, Knight-Captain Sun! As the leader of the Holy Temple, why are you here? Why have you abandoned the Church and thrown it to the side?"

"..."

"Grisia!" Taylen cried out in alarm, "He is speaking nonsense. Don't listen to him... Don't kill him!"

*What do you think you know? Do you think I don't want to return? Do you think I want to stay in that Demon King's Castle that doesn't have a single thing? That is no different from being exiled... I... I...*

**"Your Majesty, should I attack now?"** Adair used psychic magic to ask.

I stayed silent for a moment. Then, I nodded.

**"Understood!"**

Black and white, the two armies converged and drew closer until finally, they were intertwined. They brandished their weapons at each other fiercely. The first to fall were the undead creatures. There was

truly a discrepancy in their basic strength.

However, as time passed, the holy knights started to weaken. It became harder and harder for them to deal with the army, even though they were holy knights with the best battle endurance. Even they couldn't fight against an unending source of undead creatures. After all, they were humans who would become tired, who would hurt, who would bleed, and who would even die.

Eventually, a holy knight fell. Even though the others wanted to drag him away, they were not strong enough to carry out their desires. They could only let him be buried by the rotting undead creatures... I closed my eyes and retracted my sensing ability. I had completely lost my interest in this battle.

*Lesus, now that things have come to this, could you still bring me back to be the Sun Knight? You can't, right? You can't ever anymore.  
Hahaha....*

"Hahahahaha—"

## Notes On The Chapter

<sup>1</sup> **"Black General"**: Grisia actually calls him "Black Helmet General" here, which sounds really cool in Chinese but not at all cool in English, so we have decided to go with Black General for his title.

## Chapter #8: “The Call of Light; the Darkness that Cannot be Seen—Oracle”

Upon my return to the Demon King’s Castle, I summoned a certain long-term resident for the first time.

“Princess Alice, it’s been a while.”

I sat down on the throne languidly. Charlotte was standing to one side, while Taylen and Vidar were being held captive by two of my three sable warriors. Even though I could use my endless flow of dark element to wrap them up like black snowmen, Adair said that the Demon King should not have to attend to everything personally.

Instead, he should let his underlings take care of the trivial matters. Princess Alice stood in the middle of the castle hall, carrying a child in one arm as she peered curiously at the three strangers.

I used my farsight to observe her. As expected, Princess Alice’s beauty was not reputed for nothing. No wonder she was so proud of it. She was as graceful as a rose—it seemed she had managed to turn her skin fair again—and even though she was a mother of three, she still gave off the air of a young lady. It didn’t surprise me that Awaitsun, that ultra-handsome guy, had been so infatuated that he lost all reasoning and even eloped with her.

“Grisia, you really captured a princess?” Charlotte whispered and sighed in amazement, “She’s very pretty.”

Alice's eyes widened. With a clear disinterest in the two guys, she paid attention only to Charlotte. "Grisia, this is the first time you've brought a girl back! From her clothes, I'm guessing she's not a princess? No matter. I will definitely dress her up until she's as beautiful as one!"

*... Charlotte isn't the only stupid woman in the world. There's already one in the Demon King's Castle!*

"Grisia!" Taylen struggled as he yelled, "Let Charlotte go! Didn't you say that I was your 'amusement?' This has nothing to do with her, right?"

"Throw these two into the dungeons."

I waved my hand at the sable warriors, and they started to half-push, half-drag Taylen and Vidar away. Taylen was not compliant and struggled violently, but he could not overpower the sable warriors. Vidar, on the other hand, did not make a single sound during the entire process. However, I did not believe that he had truly surrendered. No matter what, he was still Lesus's vice-captain. *How could he possibly give up? He is probably trying to find an opportunity to escape right at this moment!*

*Nevertheless, when he sees the dungeons made especially for heroes, he will know that trying to run away is an idiotic idea.*

I beckoned Alice over. She walked up to me and casually pushed her child into my arms.

"Which one is this?" It seemed that in the time since I had last seen

them, the child had grown a lot, and I couldn't recognize him anymore.

"This is the one you said was the most handsome!"

I nodded my head. My foresight was truly accurate. Only a few months old and this child was already a handsome young chap. A prominent brow, large eyes, and well-defined features—he was extremely beautiful!

As I played with the child, I asked, "Has Awaitsun returned at all?"

"He hasn't." Upon hearing of Awaitsun, Alice immediately pouted unhappily and protested, "Just where have you dispatched him to? He hasn't returned for such a long time. Soon, the children won't be able to recognize their father!"

Seeing Alice's attitude rather puzzled me. "Do you know that I've sealed Awaitsun's voice? Aren't you furious?"

"I know that. Anyway, he can use psychic magic to talk to me, so there isn't any difference."

*Ah...* When I was linking up their minds, I seemed to have allowed Awaitsun and the others to be able to use psychic magic to talk to anyone in the entire Demon King's Castle. At that time, I was thinking that within the Demon King's Castle, there should only be the dark knights that also had their mouths sealed, undead creatures, and such. However, I had forgotten that Alice was here, too.

Alice seemed to be in deep thought as she said, "Moreover, this way, I



don't have to worry about whether he will flirt with other ladies when he goes out. Actually, it's not too bad!"

*Awaitsun, are you certain you don't want to divorce this woman?*

"I'll leave Charlotte in your hands. She can help you take care of the children."

I stood up and threw the child in my arms to Charlotte. She seemed like she did not have any experience taking care of children, because she held the child with trembling hands. It seemed a little dangerous. *However, since the mother of the child beside me does not mind, then why should I be nervous?*

"I am going to see what exactly Awaitsun is up to. Who knows, the children might be able to see their father soon." I coldly laughed. It was just that their father might not be able to hug them later.

Awaitsun probably hadn't even started the assault on the capital city of the Kingdom of Kissinger.

Alice frowned a little and said, "Don't kill Awaitsun!"

"I won't kill him. I already have so few subordinates. If I kill him, Adair will die from overwork."

She nodded her head. "Just as long as you don't kill him."

Seeing her uncaring attitude, I became curious. I asked, "As long as I don't kill him, I can do whatever I want with him?"

Alice said generously, "As long as you don't kill Awaitsun, whatever you want to do to him is up to you."

*This is as generous as agreeing to share a cookie with the only condition being that the other party isn't allowed to eat the last crumb... But he's your husband! Aren't you worried that I'll cripple him or beat him senseless?*

She waved it off, saying, "If you cripple him, wouldn't he be even less able to stray? And you still need him. How would you use him if he's been beaten senseless?"

*This utterly fearless attitude is truly even more imposing than a man's...*

Looking at Alice, I had a thought. *It seems no one has set a rule that the Demon King's subordinates can only be men, right?*

"There are two prisoners in the dungeons. Help me look after them. Don't let them starve to death. Let Charlotte cook their meals, and send skeletons to deliver the food... Are you scared of skeletons?"

Halfway through, I realized that there was terror on Charlotte's face. *It's true that women are more frightened of horrifying things. Should I summon some less unsightly-looking creatures of darkness to help?*

"All the maids ran away a long time ago, and I don't have six hands. How could I take care of three children by myself? Therefore, I have already ordered a blood skeleton and sable warrior to help me clean

the place and look after the children.” When she finished, she quickly added on, “Don’t tell Awaitsun. He doesn’t like to let undead creatures near the children.”

*Let me reiterate, this princess’s utterly fearless attitude is even greater than that of the Demon King’s general!*

“Only the two undead creatures that Awaitsun sent over will listen to me. The rest aren’t obedient at all.” Alice grumbled, “I don’t have enough servants. My living quarters are getting messier and messier. Soon, I won’t be able to stand it...”

*This woman is too interesting!* I chuckled as I said, “Yes, yes, yes, I’ll bestow upon you the title of ‘Midnight Princess.’ Go and collect some undead creatures from Scarlet. Remember to clean the entire Demon King’s Castle. Don’t only focus on cleaning the place where you’re staying.”

“No problem!” Alice’s eyes shone, and she hurriedly asked, “Can I enter the treasury? I’ve heard from Awaitsun that there are many treasures inside. I would like to use some of them to decorate the Demon King’s Castle, and to take some jewels for my personal use as well. I’ve heard there is an amazing pearl inside...”

“Suit yourself.” I shrugged and lifted up the glass of wine that a sable warrior had served. In any case, Alice can’t take the treasures out of the Demon King’s Castle. As long as they’re still in the Demon King’s Castle, no matter the location, they are still mine.

“Long live the Demon King!” Alice exclaimed.

*Cough!* A mouthful of wine sprayed out.

"What? Why so wasteful?" Alice even took out a handkerchief and tidied me up. Then with a smile, she said, "Your Majesty, the Demon King, the 'Midnight Princess' requests for permission to leave and collect undead creatures from Her Excellency, Scarlet."

Alice was exceedingly joyous. She waved a hand at Charlotte, signaling her to follow.

Seeing her fit in so well, I was at a loss for words. Suddenly, I remembered something and hurriedly called out to the two of them, "Along the way, tell Scarlet to come and see me."

"Yes, Your Majesty, the Demon King!" Alice turned around and curtsied. When she proclaimed "Your Majesty, the Demon King" so naturally, she truly seemed like a subordinate of the Demon King.

"Who is Scarlet... Your Majesty, the Demon King?" After Charlotte asked, she paused for a second before abruptly adding on the formal title of respect.

I had a premonition. *Upon my return, the number of utterly fearless women in the Demon King's Castle may have doubled. Of course, that corpse Scarlet doesn't count as one.*



The atmosphere in the city streets of the Kingdom of Kissinger was rather solemn, unlike the liveliness of the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound.

However, considering the presence of troops harboring malicious intent stationed outside the city, this could possibly be considered good enough.

"Awaitsun has already passed the terms of agreement to the royal family of the Kingdom of Kissinger. Within three months, they must hand over the prince you requested or face an assault on the capital city. I looked over the contents of the agreement. It only says to hand the prince over. I assumed you wanted only him dead, so I didn't stop him from delivering the agreement."

Scarlet sat in my chest pocket. She looked just like an accessory, and her words just now were communicated to me through psychic magic as well. This was to prevent a talking glass doll from scaring the people walking around us to death.

Upon hearing her words, I nearly vomited blood. Scarlet really had no understanding of my intentions. She had actually not bothered to inform me of this at her first chance...

*The instant he hands over the terms, whatever is actually written is unimportant! Unless the king is an idiot, he would have already calmed down within three months. Even if he uses the crown on his head to think for him, he will know that this is the work of the Demon King. He definitely won't take his anger out on Awaitsun.*

*The reason I wanted Awaitsun to fight his entire way in is so that the royal family of the Kingdom of Kissinger wouldn't have sufficient time to compose themselves. From getting caught unprepared in battle, to feeling the insurmountable pain of their son's death, they wouldn't be*

*able to calm down ever again. This is the only way it'd be effective!*

"Grisia. Grisia? Have you heard what I said?"

However, it was too late to fix the damage at this stage. I cradled my head, feeling an incessant headache coming on. *Finding good subordinates is truly crucial.*

"I wasn't listening. Say it again."

"I was saying, Awaitsun's wife is quite courageous. That girl who arrived recently is also pretty good. I plan to teach them a bit of necromancy. That way, she would suit the title of 'Midnight Princess' even better, right?"

Hearing that title, I couldn't help but laugh out loud. "Isn't it too late to teach them now?"

"Being able to command and strengthen undead creatures will be enough, even if they will need the support of a magic scroll. As for the actual summoning, just leave it to me! Oh right, child, do you not intend to make them your wives?"

My mind nearly blanked from this sudden sentence from Scarlet. Only after thinking for three full seconds did I finally understand its meaning.

"Alice is Awaitsun's wife!"

Scarlet said matter-of-factly, "But you are the Demon King!"

"The person Charlotte loves isn't me, but that guy Taylen!"

Scarlet spread her hands out, and repeated, "But you are the Demon King! All the demon kings in the past have just snatched whichever women caught their eye. They've seized princesses, queens, and even a queen's mother!"

*That scope is really a bit too wide...*

"But I'm not a pervert!" I angrily roared. However, this roar startled the people around me, and they gave me suspicious stares. Some people even backed away quickly, not wanting to be near me.

"Why aren't you?" With disappointment, Scarlet said, "I want you to bear tons of children!"

"..."

If I had been drinking wine at the moment, I would have definitely spit it out again. With much difficulty, I found my voice. "Why?"

"You still need to ask?" Scarlet spoke as though it was common sense, "Bear tons of children, train them to become expert fighters, and they will be able to protect you in the future! I don't wish to see you slowly lose your strength, and then..."

At that point, she stopped speaking.

*Oh, I see.* I said in an apathetic tone, "Calm down. Before my strength begins to wane, I will make full preparations."

Scarlet did not look as if she had relaxed in the least bit, but she did not continue that topic. "Didn't you come here to look for Awaitsun? Why are you still wandering around in the city?"

"I have to understand the situation first. Then, when I find Awaitsun later, I can better detect whether or not he is lying."

I roved the city for a while and bought two cans of chocolate balls, a type of candy that was transparent and sweet, and some black cookies. Yet, surprisingly, I could not find any blueberry-flavored desserts. *Don't tell me the Kingdom of Kissinger does not produce blueberries?!*

However, the kitchen in the Demon King's Castle could indeed bake blueberry desserts! Then again, there was practically nothing the Demon King's Castle could not produce. Most likely, it was because they feared that if they could not present the requested items, the demon king would go out and seize them, causing even more trouble. Therefore, they might as well gather everything in the world.

*Forget it.* I'll just buy a strawberry lollipop to eat instead.

"You definitely came to shop!" Scarlet said irritably. "Hurry up and do your business!"

*Half of my business has already been disrupted by you. What business is there left to do...?* I looked at the position of the sun. It was nearly time. I shrugged and said, "Teleport me to the hall of the royal palace. Remember to find a good spot for eavesdropping."



Scarlet said huffily, "I've never seen a demon king as lazy as you!"

Despite scolding me, she obediently performed Instant Teleportation. She scouted the palace first, and then teleported me over.

"Have there been any movements from the undead army outside the city?" A hoarse voice rang out.

"Reporting to His Majesty..."

It was as I had expected: now was the time the king received his chancellor. I guessed that all kings would have similar work and rest periods. Since the king of the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound liked to receive his chancellor around this time, I guessed that perhaps the king of Kissinger was the same.

I glanced downwards and saw the top of the heads of the king, queen, and chancellor. The design of the beams in the palace of the Kingdom of Kissinger struck me as strange. *Logically speaking, shouldn't beams be built directly against the roof?*

But since they chose to construct a beam that stretched through the middle of a high hall, providing a hiding location, a person such as me, who was hiding in such a location, had nothing to complain about. I reclined back, placed Scarlet on top of a can of chocolates, and then went back to licking my lollipop and eavesdropping on the conversation.

The chancellor said agitatedly, "Your Majesty, even though there has been no activity within the undead army, it has already had a

significant impact. As it is now, the situation of the capital city is equivalent to being under siege. People outside the city do not dare to approach, and people inside it cannot leave. The place is almost dead. Even though the army can transport provisions, so food has not become a problem yet, if this continues over a long period of time, the capital city will eventually become a dead city..."

"It will last three months at most." The king quietly interrupted his chancellor's speech, "We do not need to panic yet."

"..." The chancellor closed his mouth.

I used farsight to look at the situation below clearly. The king of Kissinger looked a bit older than Archer, maybe close to fifty years. If so, the prince, who was the only son, should be around thirty years old... No one in the hall seemed to match that age; the least likely was the elderly chancellor. The only possible candidate was dressed in light armor and from his appearance, should be a knight, not the prince.

"Your Majesty!" That knight went down on one knee and requested in a loud voice, "Please allow me to meet with the Demon King in place of Prince Tayder!"

*Thinking of using a body double to deceive me?*

The king sighed and said, "If the Demon King found out the truth, he would be enraged and a catastrophe would befall the Kingdom of Kissinger. We cannot risk it."

"But..." The knight wanted to continue speaking, but was stopped by a

firm wave of the king's hand.

The king looked at another knight who appeared to have a rather high rank. He looked like he should be a knight-captain with some prestige or the like.

"Have you found the prince yet?"

The knight-captain showed a troubled expression and replied, "Since his adolescence, the prince has frequently disguised himself as an average citizen and gone out on adventures. He is extremely adept at disguising himself as an adventurer. In addition, as he always chooses his destination in accordance with his mission objectives, it has not been easy to surmise his whereabouts. Therefore, we have yet to locate him."

*A prince who is adept at disguising himself as an adventurer?*

"Seriously?" The king was not convinced at all. His face darkened as he said, "You better not allow the Demon King to storm the capital city for the sake of shielding him!"

Once the knight-captain heard that, he immediately fell to his knees with a thud and his fist hammered heavily against his chest. He swore, "Your Majesty, I have not been hiding the whereabouts of the prince. I have been doing my utmost to look for His Highness. If Your Majesty does not believe me, I can swear an oath..."

"Alright, alright!" The king hurriedly stopped the knight-captain, "I was speaking irresponsibly. You have been doing your best."

*The prince is not in the royal palace?* At this moment, I heard Scarlet's voice in my head, "Awaitsun told me the same. Since the prince is the only son, he has been disguising himself as a commoner from a very young age. This was for his protection, in case the demon king suddenly decided to go to the royal palace for a 'stroll,' and 'in passing' killed the kingdom's only prince."

I replied crossly, "What are they so nervous for? It's not like the demon king would definitely kill the prince!"

The black crystal doll tilted its head, making me very worried that her glass neck would break and said, "But demon kings often kill princes! Killing princes and seizing princesses are deeds that practically every demon king has done before."

"Seizing princesses aside, why would they kill princes for no reason?"  
*Could it be that those who become the demon king contract an illness whereby they have to kill princes?*

"That's because a prince is usually very prideful, or the demon king himself feels that he is very loathsome. Even if the prince only frowns by accident or does nothing at all, the demon king might still feel that the prince is looking down on him and would kill him."

"I'm not that kind of person!"

Scarlet stared at me and slowly opened her mouth, "Alice is in the Demon King's Castle, and you ordered Awaitsun to kill the prince and even give him a hundred slashes. So, as for seizing princesses and

killing princes, you have already done both!”

...

From below came the king’s solemn command. “Everyone is to put aside all other work. Hurry up and locate the prince’s whereabouts!” The chancellor followed his command and left, but the knights were not willing to leave. The knight-captain even pleaded, “Your Majesty, please at least allow me to stay by your side to protect you. That Demon King is skilled in magic. If he uses Instant Teleportation to infiltrate the palace—”

“If the Demon King wants to kill me, what can you do?” The king asked impassively. “Stand down.”

“... Understood.”

Having seen everyone leave, the king finally revealed an exhausted expression. Originally, he looked only close to fifty years old, but once he showed a tired and aged expression, it would not be too much to say that he was close to sixty.

“Your Majesty, do you really intend to hand over His Highness?”

After waiting for everyone else to leave, the queen finally could not restrain herself. “Your Majesty, Awaitsun’s circumstances are too challenging. The envoy said that he could not even speak, even though he is the Demon King’s own subordinate! If Tayder falls into the Demon King’s hands, th-then his end would be unimaginable!”

“Awaitsun will help him.” The king comforted his wife, “He and Tayder

are as close as brothers. He will do his best to help Tayder."

This was truly a pleasant surprise. *Awaitsun and the prince are actually close friends.*

After thinking for a while, this was not unexpected. The king of the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound, Archer, had also been close friends with my teacher during his earlier years. Moreover, this Prince Tayder is the only son, and the only person who had a similar position and was around his age was the leader of the Cathedral of the Shadow God. Thus, it was not strange that their relationship was one similar to that of brothers.

"It is already difficult enough for Awaitsun to look after himself. He would not be able to spare any strength to assist Tayder." The queen bowed her head, her expression full of unending grief. "That child Awaitsun is also truly pitiful..."

The king sighed and spoke, "Just as Awaitsun said at the beginning, 'he' is the best choice for the demon king. If you compare him with the written accounts of 'demon kings' in the history books, everything he has done up until now does indeed verify Awaitsun's words. I just don't know why he would suddenly want to kill Tayder. They should not have met each other before."

"From what I can understand, the Demon King probably wants to make things difficult for that child Awaitsun." The queen's guess hit the nail on the head.

The king muttered to himself, "Even though Awaitsun is close friends

with Tayder, he knew that he would have to become the demon king's subordinate, and so he has never been too amiable with others. Although he and Tayder are friends, it has always been kept in secrecy. The Demon King should not know."

"Sigh, speaking of which, I wonder how Princess Alice is doing. She was born with such beauty. I fear..." The queen halted, unwilling to continue.

I rolled my eyes—not that one could tell with my eyes being entirely black. *What sort of lecher does everyone think I am? It's as if I had to touch Alice!*

Some of the king's words bothered me. I hesitated for a moment, but I still turned my head to ask Scarlet, "Have the conduct and deeds of the previous demon kings all been more terrifying than mine?"

"They weren't terrifying! Merely more willful than yours." Scarlet pouted as she said, "The dark element inside them would make them act a bit more unruly! Paired with the great power a demon king has, one random burst of ill temper would accidentally break something or kill a couple of people."

*The most willful fellow is actually you, the overindulging mother!*

"Oddly enough, you really haven't changed much! Until now you have not been using a lot of your strength." After she said this, her eyes shone and she exclaimed, "If you can keep your powers in check, maybe you won't use up the dark element before you die of old age. That way, no one would dare to crusade against you!"

After she finished speaking, she faltered. "But under the influence of the dark element, it seems very hard not to undergo any change. All of my previous children became more and more deranged as time passed, and you probably will too... but the God of Light should help, right? You are His Sun Knight, and He even took the time to wake you from your crazed state!"

I froze and blurted out, "Who did you say woke me up?"

"The God of Light!" Scarlet replied as if it was common sense. "Didn't you hear His voice? When you were delirious, He said—"

***Child, you can't continue to sleep. There are still things you must do.***

***Stop your deep sleep. Wake up.***

***Wake up!***



I watched the back of Awaitsun's figure. He was currently sitting in front of a desk and reading some files. I curiously took a look. They were actually the financial accounts of the Demon King's Castle. I had no idea that doing the demon king's finances was part of Awaitsun's job description. His lack of urgency implied he was not hard-pressed to pay for the expenses. I truly was a thrifty demon king!

Evidently he was not as alert as when he was in the Demon King's Castle. It was several seconds before he realized I was there, and then he turned around and knelt down.



***At your service, Your Majesty.***

"You did not attack," I said quietly.

Awaitsun's heart skipped a beat. ***Your Majesty! Please listen to my explanation! The prince had already left the royal palace much earlier. Even if I had attacked—***

I interrupted impatiently, "Stop talking nonsense! Return to the Demon King's Castle immediately and report to Adair. Follow all of his commands. I don't need you to look for the prince anymore."

Awaitsun was stunned. ***Your Majesty, I was just about to force the prince out of hiding. You only have to wait a little while longer. The royal household will definitely hand over Prince Tayder! To give up right now would mean wasting all that has been achieved so far!***

"There is no need to wait." I said expressionlessly, "I know where Prince Tayder is, so there is no need to search any further. Heh! Awaitsun, your heart is beating faster. Are you worried about the prince?"

***No...***

Awaitsun instantly responded. However, after a pause, he calmly admitted. ***Yes, Prince Tayder is the only prince of my country.***  
I only looked at him.

***... And one of my few friends.***

I laughed and praised him, "You've become smarter, Awaitsun. As a reward, I will bring you along with me!"

***To?***

Awaitsun had a blank expression, but I was also too lazy to explain. First, I blasted the minds of all the dark knights. ***Everyone is to immediately return to the Demon King's Castle!***

Then, I dragged Awaitsun up and used Instant Teleportation.

If there was a poll on "The Top Ten Benefits of Being the Demon King," "Unrestricted Instant Teleportation" would definitely be on the list! I could go wherever I wanted to go, and I didn't have to worry about travel time ever again. *In just one day, I could travel all over the world! It's so convenient!*

***These are the dungeons?***

Awaitsun was only calm for this brief moment before becoming so agitated that he could not control himself. He gripped the prison bars tightly as he stared straight at the people in the cell.

As expected, my guess was right.

At present, in the ultra-luxurious dungeons that were guaranteed to imprison them until their deaths, there were only two tenants—Vidar and Taylen.

I believed that Awaitsun would not know or care about a vice-captain from Church of the God of Light. The person he was focusing on was the other one.

I stepped closer and placed my hand against the bars. I spoke lightly to the people inside, "It must be very boring inside the dungeons, right? I brought a friend over for you, Taylen... No! I should be calling you Tayder, shouldn't I?"

Taylen stood up and walked closer to the bars. Vidar, who was in the neighboring cell, appeared disinterested and even turned his head to face the wall, not willing to look at us. However, his heart rate did speed up a little. *Heh.*

"You told him?" Tayder's voice pulled my attention back from Vidar. He was looking at Awaitsun, his expression rather dejected. I wondered what he misunderstood.

Awaitsun opened his mouth, but could not speak a word. He could only frantically shake his head.

"Eagle, what happened to you?" Tayder jumped in shock and anxiously asked, "You can't speak? H-Have you become mute?"

I lazily said, "I have sealed his voice. It's a pity he can't chit chat to keep you company. And one more thing, he's called Awaitsun now, not Silent Eagle."

"Grisia!" Tayder glared at me furiously and roared, "How could you do

this? What has he done to you? How could you take his voice away?"

"The moment we met for the first time, he killed the Leaf Knight Elmairy," I said coldly.

Tayder seemed to have already been aware of this. He sucked in his breath, unable to say anything.

Awaitsun also looked at me with a strange expression.

Tayder stammered, "B-But you shouldn't be taking revenge for an incident from so long ago, right?"

"Why not?" I said calmly, "For a gentleman to take revenge, ten years is not too late. However, I am a scoundrel. I can only restrain myself for one and a half years. The name Awaitsun, is it not telling him to wait for my vengeance?"

***But haven't you already taken revenge for it?***

I turned my head to look at Awaitsun and gave a mirthless smile. "You killed one of the Twelve Holy Knights. Did you think I would let you off with just a beating? It's not that simple!"

***You really are... a person who won't let someone get away with even a hostile look!*** Awaitsun smiled painfully. ***But Tayder has not offended you, has he? Please do not take your anger out on him—***

I interrupted him with a furious shout, "Who says he has not offended

me? The Kingdoms of Forgotten Sound, Kissinger, and Moon Orchid have all committed offenses! They actually dared to take the opportunity to blackmail the Church of the God of Light while I was in a deep sleep. They should have known that there would come a day when they would have to pay the price! Now, I want them to settle those debts one by one! This country's debt will be paid by the prince. This is very fair!"

***But haven't you already given up on the Church of the God of Light? Now you even want to go to war with them. Why should you take revenge for them?***

I glared at him fiercely and roared, "I did abandon the Church of the God of Light, but I also won't tolerate anyone who bullies them!"

Awaitsun was stunned. This sentence was so contradictory, that even Scarlet laughed out loud. Even though Tayder could not hear Awaitsun's words, he could hear mine, and could probably guess some of what he had said. When he saw Awaitsun smile, he actually followed suit and the corners of his mouth lifted up. *Does he not comprehend his predicament?*

*I'll overlook Scarlet, but Awaitsun is my subordinate, and Tayder is a prisoner. These two actually dare to laugh at me?*

*Boom—*

After I released all of my dark element, I felt an emptiness within my body. But in the next moment, a large amount of dark element surged in. From nothing to jammed full, this process would always make me

feel elated. However, I never imagined that I would be able to experience such a feeling again.

After becoming the demon king, I had constantly been in the state of being saturated with the dark element. I had never had a chance to experience the carefree feeling of replenishing my strength. It turns out that there was still this method to experience such a feeling.

*This would make one want to keep using up their power...*

After I absorbed my fill of dark element, I looked at my surroundings. This dungeon truly deserved to be called a masterpiece of the Cathedral of the Shadow God. I had thought that with an explosion of my strength like just now, this place would be in ruins. However, it could only be considered at most half-ruined. Several stone blocks had fallen from the walls, but because the walls were thick enough, the blast had not penetrated through. The metal bars were bent in many places but not broken. *Simply too amazing!*

I looked down at everyone. They all appeared to be quite battered. Even Vidar, who was slightly further away from the explosion, had crashed into the wall and ended up collapsing to his knees. With great difficulty, he resisted showing a pained expression.

Scarlet had broken a leg. Even though she looked like she was made of glass, she was certainly not some easily broken item. Instead, her body was a crystal formed from compressed dark element. Even if one used a blade to cut her, she would not suffer a single scratch. However, as she had been in front of my chest at the time, she was the one who suffered the most direct damage. It was only because of that that she

had her leg broken.

Besides Scarlet, Awaitsun had received the most injuries. His entire body had slammed into the bars and, after making a huge dent in them, had crumpled to the ground. There was blood all over his mouth and his breathing was sluggish. Tayder was so terrified that he pressed against the bars and frantically tried to gently pat his back. Even though Tayder had also hurt his leg in the impact just now, Awaitsun had shielded him, so his injuries were not very serious.

*Haha... That's right! I am the demon king. Who cares how the people of the world view me?! If anyone dares to underestimate me, they're better off dead!*

"Awaitsun, you better listen to me! If you dare to lose in combat to that fellow Lesus, I'll take it out on Tayder. Lose a small fight and I'll cut off one of Tayder's fingers. Lose a big battle and I'll chop off one of his limbs!"

Hearing Awaitsun's heart beat so fast as if he were having a heart attack made me feel especially joyful. I added on the final blow, "However, don't worry. I guarantee that even if all four of his limbs have been chopped off, he himself will still be alive and healthy!"

The moment the last blow landed, not only did Awaitsun's heart rate speed up, even Tayder's face turned white.

***There is no necessity for absolute victory in a war!***

***I will do my best to attain victory, and I definitely will not allow***

***the army of the Church of the God of Light to get closer to the Demon King's Castle. But if I can't even lose one small campaign, how am I supposed to win the war?!***

*Awaitsun actually still dares to attempt to protest.*

"Who cares about you?!" I spoke coldly, "I am the Demon King. Are you trying to discuss logic with the demon king?"

"Pfft!" Scarlet flew back into my pocket and said, "Not bad, not bad, you're becoming more like the demon king, Child! However, don't abuse your power like the previous demon kings. Remember to slowly use it... Ouch!"

I used my finger to press Scarlet's head into my pocket.

"You better not be thinking of foolish ideas like suicide." I shot Tayder a glance. He jumped in fright, his eyes shifting constantly but never daring to look at me. *Hmph! The thoughts and weaknesses of these people are really too easy to guess!*

"Don't forget, I still have Charlotte in my hands. Do you want to guess how long a girl can last in the hands of the demon king?"

Just as expected, Tayder's face immediately paled.

"Just in case, I should still dispatch some men to capture Michel as well." I muttered. "It doesn't seem like you have any particular feelings toward Charlotte, but you are on pretty good terms with Michel. You probably would not want to watch me carve off his flesh



slice by slice, right?"

Tayder stuttered, "Grisia, y-you wouldn't do that kind of thing, right? I don't believe you are that sort of person!"

*He's truly an idiot!* I gave a cold laugh and asked, "Are you trying to provoke me into cutting off one of your fingers as proof?"

Awaitsun paid no heed to his wounded condition and turned around to cover Tayder's mouth. After doing so, he coughed up two mouthfuls of blood. Although Tayder looked like he still had more to say, he dared not forcefully throw Awaitsun's hand off.

Awaitsun turned his head back and looked at me with a resolute expression.

***Regardless of whether it is a big or small campaign... I will win them all!***

"Very good."

## Chapter 9# “The Extinguished Light; the Spreading Darkness— Despair”

*The voice of the God of Light...*

It was a voice that I could not recall, no matter how hard I tried right now. I didn't even know whether it was a male or female voice. At the time, I had thought that it was Scarlet's voice, so I had not paid attention to it.

What a pity. It was the first time—and probably the last time—the God of Light had spoken to me personally. And I had overlooked it just like that.

*Whatever, it doesn't matter whether I heard or not!*

“Waking me up... Was it to tell me to become the Demon King and save the world?”

*Then I'll do as He wishes!*

“Teacher, what do you mean by your words just now?”

I turned and saw Elaro grasping the edge of the chair, looking up at me with interest.

He was dressed in a black outfit threaded with gold; Alice and Charlotte had modified it from Awaitsun's clothes. With his golden hair, thick eyebrows, and huge blue eyes filled with righteousness, he looked... very mismatched.

*He's not cut out to be a bad guy at all! When Elaro isn't smiling, he looks really righteous. When he smiles, he looks really warm and kind. Even clad in all black, he still doesn't look like a villain. Tch! If this guy really was a villain, then he'd definitely be the ultimate two-faced kind. Even if he were to stab someone over and over again, that person probably wouldn't believe that Elaro was the culprit!*

Sadly, Elaro's personality was just like his appearance. He would probably be more willing to stab himself than someone else.

Elaro anxiously asked, "Is there really going to be a war? Can it be avoided? You are the Sun Knight. As long as you go back to the Church of the God of Light and give an order, everyone will listen to you, won't they?"

"I can no longer return to the Church of the God of Light," I said calmly. "Lesus and the others would never forgive me for ordering Adair to kill those five hundred holy knights, much less heed my orders."

"Did five hundred people really die just like that?"

Elaro looked really upset and did not dare to look at me. Ever since a few days ago, when he had found out about this matter, he was constantly looking utterly miserable. Only when I yelled at him to "crawl back to the Church if he wasn't happy with it," did he set that dismal expression aside.

*Hmph! If a war really were to happen, five hundred people would be*

*nothing, right? If the Church of the God of Light had every intention of storming the Demon King's Castle, the number of dead holy knights would have to be calculated in the tens of thousands!*

*Hm?* I smiled. "How rare."

"Rare?" Elaro was confused.

I gave no further explanation, because the very next second, all my generals entered the hall.

Adair walked in front, fully clad in black armor, looking both imposing and awe-inspiring. Awaitsun was right on his heels. His also had an excellent aura, but his face was far too eye-catching; the first impression would always only be his face. Illu, on the other hand, walked in as he always did, sluggishly and unwillingly. Any slower, and he'd be crawling.

Finally, Alice led Charlotte in. Both of them were wearing black clothes. Alice's black and red ensemble made her even more ethereal, whereas Charlotte's puffed-out black skirt made her look cute rather than beautiful.

Awaitsun was wide-eyed as he watched his wife walk to his side. When Alice smiled and greeted me with a cheerful "Your Majesty," he looked ready to cough out blood.

***What exactly are you doing?***

"I'm working, of course!" Alice said proudly. "I'm the Great Demon

King's Midnight Princess! Who do you think has been arranging your teleports recently? Mistress Scarlet has been busy summoning undead armies day and night! I'm the one who has been arranging the use of magic circles to send you off!"

Awaitsun was speechless—although he couldn't utter a single word in the first place. He turned to look at me with a worried expression.

***Your Majesty, this is...***

"Hehe—hahaha!" I laughed until I was almost out of breath. "Awaitsun, you had better watch your back. Your usefulness is being eclipsed by your wife's. If it turns into Alice protecting you in the future, then you'll be losing a lot of face!"

Awaitsun smiled sheepishly. He must have never been able to handle Alice; he didn't even admonish her.

*One, two, three... Even if I count Scarlet and Charlotte, there are still only six people. The number of subordinates looks a little dismal, but that's alright, I can collect them slowly. Gathering twelve of them seems like a good idea, hehe—*

As I was imagining having twelve subordinates kneeling in neat rows before me, Adair suddenly bowed. "Your Majesty, I have something to report!"

"Speak." I casually waved my hand. *If I find an elf to be my subordinate, that should be very brazen, right?*

"The Church of the God of Light has officially declared war against you."

"... What?!"

I leaped up and unintentionally let out an explosion of dark element. Everyone was forced to kneel on the floor from the sheer magnitude of the element.

I had thought that the death of five hundred holy knights would have been enough to stop Lesus from sending out an army, but that guy actually chose to declare war against me! Those five hundred people had died for nothing. *How many more holy knights need to be killed before it's enough?*

*Bastard! For what reason did I choose to become the Demon King?!*

Awaitsun revealed a pained expression. ***Your, Your Majesty, we will make the necessary preparations for war. Please do not head over there personally—***

*Instant Teleportation!*



A huge army is an easy target. I barely wasted any energy in finding the Holy Temple's army, and having the sensing ability was an even more rule-defying ability. Although the army's camp was huge, no matter where the tents of the generals were hidden, there was no way to hide them from me.

*That's why, only Lesus would choose to do something as foolish as*

*crusading against the Demon King!*

*As long as I intentionally target the army's generals every time I see the expedition troops—come one general I kill one, come two I kill both—killing off all of them, let's see who else would dare to lead the army?! An army with no leader; how could they even begin a crusade?*

The Twelve Holy Knights were even easier to spot. To me, the holy element surrounding them was even brighter than the sun in the sky!

In a short amount of time, I found them in a huge tent. They were sitting at a long table, and after a headcount, I realized that all Twelve Holy Knights had gathered together. *Are they holding a meeting... Wait a minute, twelve?*

I counted them a second time in disbelief. There really were twelve of them. *How could that be?*

*I'm standing right here! Who's in there? Who dares—dares to replace me?*

"What the hell are you all doing?"

I appeared above the long table, floating in the sky, looking down at all of them. The twelve of them were seated at the table, and at the head sat Lesus alone.

Normally, Lesus and I would both sit at the head of the long table. On my side would be the good, warm-hearted faction of the Twelve Holy Knights, and on Lesus's was of course the cruel, cold-hearted faction.

But now, Lesus was sitting there alone. He was not sitting in the middle; his seat was still to the side, making the other side a little empty. There was no one at my seat...

The Twelve Holy Knights were all looking up at me, startled and unable to react. On the other hand, I was just trying to figure out who the extra one was—Hah! One guy was actually wearing my Sun Knight uniform... *Elijah?*

*I had not thought that it would be him. What is going on? Even if both Adair and I left, there is no way they could choose Elijah to take the place of the Sun Knight. Does the Holy Temple really have no one capable left? They had to go and pull someone from the king's court?*

I eyed Elijah and asked, "Why are you wearing my clothes?"

Elijah smiled sheepishly. "Someone has to pretend to be the Sun Knight, so that when the Sun Knight returns, no one will question why he had not joined the crusade against the Demon King." At this point, he surveyed everyone else. "They worked very hard to ensure that after you returned, you could go about as the Sun Knight like usual."

"It's a pity that I will never return to be the Sun Knight again!" I whirled around to look at Lesus. "Are you unable to understand that?"

"Where's Vidar?" Lesus ignored my question completely.

"Truthfully, I have no idea!" I smiled and said, "After I had him half-beaten to death, I had him thrown into the dungeons. I really don't



know whether he's dead or not."

I had made that up. Actually, I had not seen Vidar at all in the past few days. All I knew was that after half the dungeon had been destroyed, Awaitsun had him and Tayder moved to another dungeon. The Shadow Cathedral may have just been too well-prepared, or it could be that previous demon kings captured a lot of people, but it turned out that the Demon King's Castle had a lot of dungeons.

"How about I bring Vidar over, and he can be the opening blood sacrifice? What do you think?"

I did not believe that this would stop Lesus from starting the campaign. He was already bringing all the holy knights of the Holy Temple to meet their deaths. *What difference does it make if Vidar dies as well?*

"Do what you like."

... *What?* I was stumped. Although I knew that there was no way I could use Vidar to stop Lesus from starting the war, I had no idea that Lesus would be so emotionless, not even asking for his life to be spared.

"I had no hope that Vidar was still alive," Lesus fixed his eyes on me and said slowly, "after I found out that you really had those five hundred holy knights killed."

"Sun, I can't believe you did that!"

I looked at Elmairy, expecting him to cry. His eyes were red, but they

weren't about to spill over with tears. He was glaring at me with rage, glaring so hard that his eyes were turning red.

"You killed them!" Chikus howled; he was instead the one in tears.

"You said that you would never harm holy knights! You said that! Why did you kill them? Why—"

"You were the ones who forced my hand!" I yelled back at them. "I had already warned you, don't come and fight me, but in the end you still chose to send an army out!"

"Because you promised me!" Ceo shrieked. "Sun, don't you remember anything at all? You promised me that even if you became the Demon King, you wouldn't lose yourself. You'd still come back and be the Sun Knight!"

Even Roland spoke out. "Sun, I truly shouldn't have agreed with you. I knew that being the Demon King would make you lose yourself, yet I still held onto hopeful thoughts. I..." Having reached that point, he could no longer continue, too consumed with guilt.

I looked at all of them, and spelled it out clearly. "I did not lose myself. It's just that I finally saw everything clearly, and stopped meaninglessly fighting against it."

"Your 'saw everything clearly'..." Aivis stood up and said sternly, "is why you could just kill the holy knights that you had always cared for the most on a whim?"

*On a whim? If you hadn't insisted on sending out troops, then why*

*would I have had to choose to sacrifice the minority to save the majority!* Anger welled up in me, and I roared at everyone below me. "I don't need to be lectured by any of you!"

"Sun! This is your last chance. Take this!"

Lesus cut me off and drew out a long box from beneath the table. Wrapped around it were layers of bindings. If I remember correctly, those seals were made by the Pope himself, to prevent the holy element from leaking out...

As I suspected, the moment the box was opened, the light became blinding. It was the Divine Sun Sword.

I squinted. I was obviously blind, but every time this thing appeared, it would still be blinding. Although it was not as potent to me as it was against undead creatures, it still gave me a terrible headache.

"Put it away!" I threatened, "If not, I will throw it to the far corners of the world!"

However, Lesus walked closer and raised the Divine Sun Sword up high. "Take the sword! Sun, as long as you take the Divine Sun Sword, then we won't need to go to the point of war!"

"..."

I landed on top of the table and looked down at Lesus. Between us was the Divine Sun Sword. Unlike the others, who had faces full of fury, Lesus looked superbly calm and assured.

“Even now, you’re still unwilling to give up? Lesus, even if I wake up after I take the sword, what about the lives of those five hundred people? Give up!”

“Even if the situation could only be described as hopeless,” Lesus looked straight at me and said slowly, “would you give up on any one of us?”

Although it sounded like a question, both his tone and expression were sure. *Because I would not give up on any of them, they are not willing to give up on me too?*

I surveyed them. They all looked righteously indignant, full of fury, but not a single one of them had actually drawn their weapons. *What sort of fury is this...?*

“Lesus... Everyone, you all agree with Lesus’s actions? You want me to take the Divine Sun Sword, and then follow you all back to the Holy Temple?”

All of them hesitated, but then started nodding. Even Chikus, the angriest, nodded.

I averted my eyes and looked down at the Divine Sun Sword again, seeing Lesus’s unflinching gaze at the same time. Finally, I reached out and took hold of the Divine Sun Sword, feeling a huge amount of holy element surging from within. It was probably because the Demon King and a death monarch were here. The Divine Sun Sword must have sensed the danger, and therefore, had been absorbing holy

element desperately. It must be glowing really brightly right now. The tiny space was filled with light and darkness. I could feel the incompatibility between light and dark even more strongly while gripping the Divine Sun Sword. The limitless holy element coursed up from the sword, and started battling with the dark element within my body...

At the same time, I noticed the hope lighting up on everyone's faces. Even now, they were still full of hope, as if the death of those five hundred people was just a minor problem... *But that is not minor in any way!*

I gripped the sword tightly, and dark element started corroding the Divine Sun Sword. I smiled and said lightly, "Lesus, I'm not giving up on a single one of you. I'm giving up on all of you."

Lesus's expression changed and he roared, "Everyone! Start gathering holy light!"

At his order, eleven of them started gathering holy light. Only Roland stood off to the side, his face full of regret because he could not help. Lesus had always had an imposing aura that could make everyone follow his orders blindly. Even if he was giving out orders to go against me, not a single one of them had hesitated!

"Hahaha—"

I almost died laughing. The Twelve Holy Knights were still merely holy knights. Even with all their holy light gathered, they were not as powerful as the Divine Sun Sword. *Even the Divine Sun Sword was*

*useless. What can any of you do by gathering holy light?*

*It's like pouring a cup of water on a burning cart... My expression changed. Why is there so much holy light? It's even resonating with the Divine Sun Sword.*

*Oh no!* I lifted my head. I couldn't believe that I had forgotten all about it—there was an army of holy knights here.

The holy light poured in like a flood and actually started expelling the dark element within me. Quite quickly, for that matter. It felt horrible. I hurriedly moved to fling the sword away, but at that moment, a pair of hands came to tightly clasp my hand holding the sword.

"Lesus! Let go of me!"

I had just finished yelling when another pair of hands pressed down unyieldingly on mine.

I looked at Roland in amazement. As a death monarch, with this huge amount of holy light swarming around us, he should be in ten times as much pain as I was. The lethality of holy light to him was very real! Before I could break free from Lesus and Roland, the rest of them had noticed this situation. And they, one by one, jumped onto me as well, squashing me beneath them, with the Divine Sun Sword pressed under me... *Bastards! You're not even worried that the Divine Sun Sword could have stabbed me to death?*

Being crushed by over ten people had me desperately gasping for air, not to mention the holy element that was really gradually forcing the

dark element out from within me. The whole process felt like someone was using a knife to carve my flesh off piece by piece. It was absolute torture...

"Let go! You bastards, I don't want to return. Why are you so dead-set on forcing me to go back?"

"Are you all really so against me becoming strong?"

"Shut up!" Elijah was the only one who had not jumped on top of me. He glared at me furiously and yelled, "You have no idea how much effort they put into bringing you back. Yet you dare to say such things about them. You... You... Did you really think that they would never despair, would never give up on you?"

Hearing this, I looked up at everyone. Although all of them had angry expressions, they were all still holding me down desperately, with absolutely no intention of giving up.

*Why won't you give up?*

"Please, save me..."

Everyone's furious expressions froze. Elmairy, Ecilan, and some others hurriedly asked, "Sun, are you back to normal?"

"I... I'm about to be crushed to death by all of you! Get off of me!"

My roar was accompanied by a huge blast of dark element. All eleven burdens were blasted away, and then I flew up into the sky, where none of them could reach me.

"Hahaha, all of you were tricked, right? Fools! What did you think? That I had really 'gone back to normal?' There is no such thing as going back to normal! I am the real Grisia!"

Everyone yelled angrily, "Lies! Grisia is not like that!"

"Hmph!" I pointed at Ceo. "Then, are you really Ceo? Or are you that free-spirited Storm Knight? Why aren't you going about flirting with people? The Storm Knight is someone who wouldn't care even if the sky came falling down! 'Go back to normal,' like you said!"

Ceo was flustered, completely at a loss about what to do.

"Enough!" Lesus roared.

*... Damn it, I actually jumped in shock.*

Lesus lifted the Divine Sun Sword and lovingly patted away the dust on it. He looked at me sternly. "Since even the Divine Sun Sword could not return you back to the Sun you were, then we really have no options left. Sun... no, Grisia, since you do not want to be the Sun Knight anymore, I think we too should not persist in calling you 'Sun!'

"So, Grisia..." Lesus took a deep breath, and then said, "We no longer wish for your return."

My heart hammered loudly, and my chest seemed to contract, making it difficult to breathe. I could only yell to get rid of this strange and unfamiliar feeling. "Excellent! Then crawl back to the Church of the



God of Light. I don't want to see any of you ever again!"

"We won't retreat!"

Jesus raised the Divine Sun Sword, brandishing the point at me. He looked furious, his eyes red. He roared, "This war will not be waged to bring back the Sun Knight. It will be to avenge those five hundred holy knights and my vice-captain!"

I flinched, finally realizing what Jesus was saying.

"You... Why don't I just kill you now?! That way, a senile fool like you won't bring an entire army of people to their deaths!"

Roland rushed forward, getting in between the two of us. The death monarch unfurled his three pairs of wings and glared at me with rage.

Everyone else had also drawn their weapons, standing beside Jesus. All twelve of them were of one mind... to fight against me!

*Even though Jesus made such an absurd decision, they have all still decided to follow him?*

I had no idea what they saw on my face, but it put them on guard even more. Jesus walked out from the back and stood before the rest of them. He had never been someone who needed other people's protection.

"If this is your decision, and every single one of them is willing to do as you say... Then come! Like I said before, I will wait for you at the

Demon King's Castle! Pave a bloody path to me, and we'll duel to the death!"

## Chapter #10: “God’s; the Demon King’s; the People’s—Plan”

Upon returning to the Demon King’s Castle, I arrived at a place I almost never visited: the hall for summoning the undead army.

It was dark and chaotic inside. There were more than ten summoning circles drawn on the floor, and piles of dark elemental gems—which I had made—were scattered all over the place. Furthermore, there were many undead creatures that had just been summoned, and clearly had not come to their senses yet. Even though they were under orders, there were still many wandering about in a daze.

With the exception of the undead creatures surging ceaselessly from the magic circles, Scarlet was the only one present. I had initially thought that Illu might be there too, but he was not. *Excellent.*

The moment Scarlet saw me, she set aside the summoning magic at her hands and floated over to my side.

“Child, why are you crying?”

I looked toward her, but I couldn’t offer even a single word in reply, because I did not know what the matter was, either.

“It looks like you’ve reached your limit.” Scarlet carefully took measure of me, then sighed as she said, “It’s okay! Child, stop enduring it.”

*Endure... what?* I was very confused.

“The God of Light’s plan was too good to be true! Even using the ‘Sun

Knight,' the 'Demon King' cannot be suppressed."

"What did you say?" I was unable to stay silent. Feeling shocked, I ignored my hoarse voice and demanded again, "What did you say the God of Light wanted to do?"

"He wanted to use the fact that the Sun Knight is the vessel of holy element to balance out the dark element of the Demon King, so that you could remain clearheaded—unlike the previous demon kings who were corroded by the dark element, turned willful and rash, and then crazy in the end."

*Crazy in the end.* This was the first time I was hearing about it, but strangely, I didn't feel surprised at all. I could even ask calmly, "The Demon King will go insane in the end?"

Scarlet nodded, saying, "That's right! Because he will have absorbed too much dark element. Even though he is the vessel, he still won't be able to handle it!"

*Sure enough, there is no such thing as a free lunch in this world. Since when would there be something as good as receiving power without any conditions or payment? But the person now vainly attempting such a thing is Him, the God of Light!*

*He wants the Demon King to be born to absorb the dark element and save the world. Yet He also wants the Demon King to remain clearheaded instead of causing harm in his insanity. Was His final idea to let the Sun Knight become the Demon King?*

*No! Perhaps right from the start, I became the Sun Knight precisely for this plan? If that weren't the case, then once Scarlet found me, how else could I still have become the Sun Knight?*

"Because it could prevent you from going crazy, I also thought it was a good idea. Except now it looks like even the light of the Sun Knight cannot triumph over the darkness of the Demon King."

*Just, just what am I...*

"Sigh! Actually, it would have always turned out this way. It is the entire world's darkness that the Demon King absorbs, but I thought that giving it a try wouldn't matter. If it could really let you keep your sanity—"

I grabbed the black crystal doll, the rage in my heart overflowing. I clutched her tighter and tighter, and cracks started splitting the surface. Although Scarlet's shrieks filled the air, I felt much better. I wasn't the only one in so much, so much pain...

"What did you all take me for?"

After a shattering sound, there was no longer a doll in my palm. Only a struggling wisp of soul remained.

*What did You treat me as—? Tell me! God of Light!*

***As a tool of course!***

***What else could you be? Vessel, vessel, do you still not***

***understand what that means?***

"... Pink?" I drew out Eternal Tranquility from beneath my clothes and roared, "You still dare to open your mouth?! Do you think I won't dare kill Roland?!"

***Ha! Why do you think liches will go to any lengths to make their child the Demon King?***

***It's because any child who does not become the Demon King is certain to die! It has always been this way. No matter what sort of pact the Demon King makes, how good his relationship with the others is, or how peaceful he may be, anyone competing with the Demon King, or even just remaining in his memory, will perish when he goes crazy!***

*Remaining in his memory...* I clenched my fists tightly.

***Grisia, my child is a death monarch, and he is also under the protection of the Church of the God of Light. Go ahead and try killing him! Heehee—***

***I have already done everything I could do. Even though Roland didn't become the demon king, it is no problem, no problem at all!***

Even though Pink said this, I could still easily hear the fear in her voice. She didn't believe that all of that was enough to stop me from killing Roland, if I really wanted to.

Looking down, I saw Scarlet's soul trembling in my fist. I could feel her pain and opened my hand. Despite the lack of confinement, the soul lingered in my palm, not fleeing...

***Child? Are you alright?*** A concerned voice came from it.

I muttered, "Are you the same? Did you do everything you could?"

***Not this time. That's because I failed at the start and allowed you to get snatched away by others.*** Scarlet's voice sounded very reluctant.

I fell silent for a while. I released the dark element in my body and compressed it again and again, doing my utmost to make an incomparably hard black crystal doll. Then, I put Scarlet inside. Compared to the original model, this doll's appearance was much more detailed. It had the full appearance of a little girl, without even one finger missing.

Watching the crystal doll move her hands and roll her feet, carefully scrutinizing her new body, I was suddenly at a loss for words. After a long time, I finally spoke up. "I didn't do it on purpose. Don't tick me off. Lately, I get angry very easily."

Scarlet didn't seem to mind, saying, "It doesn't matter! In any case, I can't be killed. If you find me annoying, just throw me into the Eternal Tranquility, and when you're lonely, just call me out again!"

*Can't be killed...*

I didn't say anything for a while, merely looking at the Eternal Tranquility on my chest.

Seeing me focus on the gemstone, Scarlet commented, "Speaking of which, that has helped a lot. It allows a person to stay calm—a rarely seen pure water-element gemstone!"

Hearing her words, I frowned down at the Eternal Tranquility. *How on earth did Teacher know about this gemstone? Could it have been "His" plan again?*

Scarlet cautiously observed me as she said, "Does that bother you? Actually, there are numerous magical articles with calming effects all over the Cathedral of the Shadow God. That orb you love to stroke on the throne's armrest is one of them. But since they were probably afraid you would notice, they didn't dare use any high-grade elemental gemstones."

*Sun Knight, Eternal Tranquility... From the orb on the throne to the entire Cathedral of the Shadow God, they spent so much thought on it, yet I still slowly, slowly...* I shook my head. I didn't want to think any further.

I pulled the two remaining souls from the Eternal Tranquility, molded two black dolls, and stuffed a soul into each. Pink's appearance was that of a mage wearing a pointed hat and carrying a staff; Stephen resembled a knight carrying a large shield and pike.

"You actually let me out." Pink tilted her head, saying, "I'm warning you, I may not be very obedient!"



Even though he had become a glass doll, Stephen still didn't change his air of arrogance. "I won't listen to your commands, so you had better shut me back in again!"

With a flick of my finger I sent him flying, laughing as I said, "It doesn't matter. Anyways, you're nothing more than my toy. However, don't think of running off just like that; I've already set restrictions. You can only be ten meters away from me at the most. So just be obedient and stay by my side."

Stephen snorted. Even though he did fly back, he turned away from me, taking a stance that said he didn't want to look at me at all. Just as in the past, Scarlet jumped into my chest pocket, while Pink, without the tiniest bit of courtesy, sat on my right shoulder.

"Scarlet, where are the latest dark warriors? I urgently need—"

Adair's voice cut off, and then in bewilderment, he asked, "Your Majesty, why are you here?"

"Kneel down and salute before speaking again." I turned around and said lightly, "Do you not understand etiquette, Adair?"

Even though it was Adair, even he couldn't help looking a little astonished. But it was only a split second before he put on a proper expression. Following which, he knelt down and humbly bowed his head, apologizing, "I am deeply sorry, Your Majesty."

I looked at him indifferently.

*Only those who can't be killed can stand at the Demon King's side.  
Everyone else—must kneel in front of the Demon King and pay  
allegiance to me!*

*No one is allowed to disobey me!*



"Grab a few more! Grab some more!"

I brought two women baring fangs and brandishing claws back to the Demon King's Castle. I felt that snatching beauties was even more tiring than going to war. However, Scarlet was ecstatic, and seemed to wish that I would steal all the women in the world back to the Demon King's Castle.

Throwing the two women aside, I sat back on the throne and shot a glance at her, saying lazily, "I don't intend to have children with them."

"Then, what did you seize them for?" This question was asked by Pink. I gestured toward the lady with the axes, who was apparently trying to kill me with a glare. "This one is Princess Ann from the Kingdom of Moon Orchid. She is also Leaf Knight Elmairy's beloved."

"And that one is..." I paused, and then continued, "The princess of the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound, who is Elijah's fiancée."

The princess in question rolled her eyes and said with dissatisfaction, "You know that the princess from the Kingdom of Moon Orchid is called 'Ann,' yet you don't know the name of the princess from your own

country? To think that you even accompanied Brother Sun to come and drink tea so often in the past!”

I went silent for a while, and then said indifferently, “I can only remember my teacher calling you ‘Little Flower.’ If you don’t want to introduce yourself, then I can call you that, too.”

“... I’m called Jasmine.”

At that moment, Alice and Charlotte walked in. Behind them was a sable warrior pushing a serving cart. Before I had departed, I had specially informed them to prepare some sumptuous food to welcome our “honored guests.” There was also a long table with a pure white tablecloth spread across it that had been placed in the originally vacant center of the hall.

“Ann?”

Ann turned her head to look and exclaimed, “Sister!”

She immediately rushed to Alice, threw aside her axes, and started taking measure of her sister. If Alice had lost a single strand of hair, I believe Ann would have dared to attack even the Demon King.

Alice’s heart first contracted, then pounded like a warrior’s who had just finished fighting an intense battle. By taking time to observe a person’s heartbeat and then comparing it to the expression on their face, I had become difficult to deceive.

Alice did not want Ann to appear here at all. She really, really did not

want it.

"Sister, are you okay?" Ann asked concernedly.

"Of course I'm okay. Why wouldn't I be? I'm just a bit tired from looking after three children. Really, I shouldn't have given birth to three at once!"

Unquestionably, Alice was a princess. In the blink of an eye, her heartbeat had slowed and she answered her sister like a person who was perfectly fine.

All of a sudden, she turned to me with an expression of sudden realization, saying, "So, Your Majesty, you have a fondness for collecting princesses from various countries? Ah! It should be princesses from various countries and a 'prince.' I'd nearly forgotten that the one from Kissinger is a prince."

"... I didn't collect you!" *And what would I collect princes and princesses for? Don't tell me that if I accumulate a full ten, I can exchange them for a king?*

Alice nodded her head, saying, "You're right. My husband truly had foresight and was one step ahead in collecting me."

"..."

*Bang!*

Charlotte threw a plate down heavily on the long table and said

furiously, "Your Majesty, please eat!"

I was startled and scolded, "What are you doing?"

Charlotte glared at me. Then, with an expression befitting a victim of injustice, she hid behind Alice without sparing me a second glance.  
*What sort of mysterious action is that? It's you who threw down my plate. What injustice have you suffered?*

Hot anger overflowed in my mind. I wanted nothing more than to blast this woman and send her flying. Let her pay the price for her own rudeness!

*No, I can't. Charlotte isn't like Awaitsun, with his tough battle aura, or like the undead creature, Illu. She is only an ordinary woman. She may die if I blast her...*

Pink clicked her tongue as she said, "Grisia, you've really failed as a man. All your subordinates have picked up a princess, yet you, Your Majesty, the leader of the Holy Temple, the magnificent Demon King, can't even pick up the female servants under your rule!"

"Ridiculous!"

I raised my hand, paused briefly, and then hurled the dark element on my hand toward the long table, chairs, food, and even the sable warrior who was laying the plates. All of them were transformed into a pile of fragments in an instant. I bellowed, "There are plenty of guys among the Twelve Holy Knights who have failed to pick up women! I've never seen Lesus picking up any woman before either!"

Pink said frankly, "That's because he's so busy he can't even spare a glance for a lady!"

*If he's too busy to look at women, does that imply I'm not? Is Lesus the hard-working Captain Judgment, and I the Sun Knight who goofs off every day?*

I grabbed Pink. Her and Stephen's bodies were not as sturdy as Scarlet's. Just casually toying with her made her explode into a pile of fragments, and she even let out only half a shriek! Yet it wasn't good enough to shatter her so easily. It hadn't been enough time to completely vent the burning rage that filled me!

I looked around. *The four women...*

Ann and Jasmine were both very nervous, although they were doing their best to repress it. Sure enough, they were worthy of being princesses. On the outside, they could still maintain a considerable coolness; only their breathing was not quite even and their bodies were slightly tensed. Compared to Alice's smile and Charlotte's obstinacy, their reaction was lot more normal.

Ann seemed to want to reach out and pick up her axes, but she was stopped by Alice. *I'll grant that she's clever. Raising a weapon at me right now is not a wise move at all!*

*Scarlet, no... Oh right, there's still Stephen.*

I smiled as I looked at Stephen, but he merely cast me a glance. There

was a strong overtone of contempt, and an even greater implication of “kill me if you want; I couldn’t care less.”

Regarding Stephen, I really did not know what could be used to control him. Liches only cared about their own demon king candidate, but Charlotte had already died, so there was nothing that could be used to control him.

*Damn it!* I roared, “Scarlet, take these princesses and lock them in the dungeons!”

“All right,” Scarlet nodded, but then she asked hesitantly, “Not including Alice and Charlotte, right?”

“Of course excluding them.” I waved my hand, feeling immensely impatient. Without another word, I teleported away.



I wandered around in the Demon King’s Castle as I pleased, trying hard to observe my surroundings. I wanted to suppress the agitation that filled my heart.

The area that the Demon King’s Castle occupied was extensive. Even up until now, I hadn’t managed to visit every place. There were indeed many new and odd things to look at inside, such as a series of relief sculptures telling stories. Walking through one corridor, I just so happened to read an entire story. The stories in every corridor were different, and they were not the historical tales that could be seen elsewhere. Each one was a never-before-seen and wonderful legend. For example, knights fighting an evil dragon...

*Boom!*

Even after ruining an entire stretch of relief sculptures, my feelings were still a complete mess. Any other story would have been fine, but I had the misfortune to walk into a corridor with knights fighting an evil dragon. It made me recall that time I had amnesia and everyone came over through a teleportation circle, and then together, we battled against the dragon...

*"Why did I want to have power? Something like power... I had long since possessed that already," was it?*

*What kind of power was that?! Only now do I truly have power– Let's see who still dares to disobey me!*

"Your Majesty?"

Adair jogged over and went down on one knee. "Salutations, Your Majesty." Only then did he ask anxiously, "Your Majesty, has someone infuriated you?"

Looking at Adair's deferential attitude, my feelings immediately improved a lot, so much so that I was even a little cheerful. These kinds of wide fluctuations in my mood were really hard to regulate. Especially recently, it was even harder to control my temper than before.

*Is the effect of the dark element really that fast?* The moment I started thinking about it, I couldn't stop.



*How much longer do I have before I go completely insane?*

*The day I go crazy, will I really attack everyone I know?*

*If that's the case, then there was no need for me to come and be the Demon King! So what if I rescue the entire world? If everyone I care about dies, what difference would there be between this world and an obliterated one?! I might as well just destroy it and let it be—*

Adair shouted, "Your Majesty, please don't be alone in your distress. Let your subordinate share your burden and dispel your worries!"

My mood shifted from anxiousness to delight, and finally to agitation. I even felt that I was panting. I fixed my gaze on Adair, hoping that I could retrieve the cheerfulness from just now. However, looking at Adair kneeling on the ground, I suddenly had doubts.

*Adair is extremely obedient indeed, but has he ever... bowed and scraped like this?*

Although he took orders from me, every single one of the platoon members in the Sun Knight Platoon listened to him. Ceo had also said before that, no matter whether Adair was in the palace, Holy Temple, or among the commoners, he was always popular. Even Elijah, who was on the verge of becoming the princess's husband, called him his brother. Adding on his highly proficient swordsmanship, no matter how much I pondered, Adair was definitely not a guy who would kneel on the ground!

*In that case, how did the "Adair" kneeling on the ground before, me*

*repeating "Your Majesty" over and over again, happen?*

"Adair, rise. Tell me, how is the current progress with the war?"

Adair got up and smiled as he said, "There isn't much that requires Your Majesty's concern. Illu has been doing great. Although we've had several recent infantry battles with the army of the Holy Temple, we've continuously gained the upper hand. They have not made much progress toward the Demon King's Castle."

I nodded my head, saying, "I've brought Elmairy's and Elijah's princesses here. They should be useful, right? Using the princesses to threaten them ought to be pretty good."

Adair blinked, and then forced a smile as he said, "My apologies, Your Majesty. I fear they would not be of much use. Even if we stopped Knight-Captain Leaf and Elijah, there would be a limit to the effect on the entire army."

"It seems that your words are also true." I laughed as I said, "Since they are useless, then we'll use them as blood sacrifices!"

Adair's heart thumped heavily, but it wasn't outwardly displayed at all. If it wasn't that the way I "looked" at people now was so ridiculously thorough that I could even see his blood circulation clearly, I probably wouldn't perceive any difference either.

"I really do need a bit of mental preparation to kill princesses!" Adair smiled helplessly. This seemed to be able to explain his earlier reaction. He advised me, "However, Your Majesty, blood sacrifices may instead

arouse the fighting strength of our opponents and result in unnecessary losses.”

I said coldly, “In any case, this war was originally a pointless conflict. So what if I add another unnecessary sacrifice?”

“Understood. I’ll do as you wish.”

Up until this point, nothing had seemed unusual. However, I felt that there was something wrong with the “Adair” before my eyes. From saying “Your Majesty” over and over again, to kneeling and saluting, to even promptly accepting the order to kill two princesses, none of them were things that the vice-captain I knew would do.

“What is the likelihood that the army of the Holy Temple will be able to fight their way to the Demon King’s Castle?”

Adair answered without hesitation, “Zero.”

“I thought so,” I muttered. “But what kind of person is Lesus? He’s faced all sorts of wicked criminals since he was young, and is that exceedingly cool-headed and self-controlled Knight-Captain Judgment! Why would he not be able to understand this? Has his temper exploded? No, nothing like that is enough to make Lesus send a large group of holy knights to their deaths... Your heart is beating rather heavily, Adair.”

Adair immediately replied, “Your Majesty, now that you’ve pointed it out, it seems very suspicious to me, too!”

"Oh, then, what do you think could be some possible explanations?"

Adair frowned for a long while, and then shook his head as he said,

"Your Majesty, I am unable to make a deduction."

"You can't even make a single guess?" I chuckled as I said, "I didn't know that you were so useless. Or... are there other reasons? For example, no matter what, you can't tell me the 'explanation!'"

Adair's expression changed and he said resolutely, "There isn't anything of the sort, Your Majesty. Please believe that I am devoted to you forever!"

I fell silent for a while. Adair's expression was truly flawless.

"The army of the Holy Temple should also include the Sun Knight Platoon. Don't you care at all about their fate?"

"Your Majesty, could it be, you truly do not believe me?" Adair seemed crestfallen. "From as early as when I defected to your side, I've been keeping a firm resolution to renounce everyone else!"

*Renounce everyone else? The Holy Temple, the other eleven Holy Knights, the vice-captains, even the members of the Sun Knight Platoon who have been through everything with you?*

I thought for a moment, then teleported away. But the next moment I appeared in front of Adair again, except there was a person in my hands—Vidar.

I threw Vidar onto the ground, and he stifled a groan. The previous

wounds he had received when I had blasted him into a wall had not been given proper treatment. He was still not fully healed. Some of his injuries also seemed to be inflamed.

When he raised his head and saw Adair, Vidar was first shocked, and then he glared at Adair, as if he had some sort of deep hatred for him. "You two haven't seen each other in a long while, right?" I used dark element to restrain Vidar, making him kneel before Adair. Other than lifting his head, he couldn't move at all. Then, I asked lightly, "Have you been to the dungeons to see Vidar?"

Adair shook his head, saying, "No."

"That's good then. We can avoid a situation in which you recall your past friendship and are unable to deal the blow. Adair, kill Vidar. I've already learned how to make a bodyguard. Kill him and let me turn him into one."

Adair's heart suddenly tightened.

"What's wrong?" I purposely asked even though I knew the answer. "Is there a problem?"

Adair put on a smile and said, "No, there isn't. I will kill him now, immediately!"

He drew the sword at his waist and bent his head to look at Vidar. The angle at which the latter knelt was absolutely perfect. With a downward slash of his sword, there would definitely be a human head rolling on the ground.

*Hurry up, Adair. You better not stab your sword into his chest. His position clearly indicates that chopping off his head is the most straightforward way. If you choose to stab his chest, you're fishing in troubled waters.*

But for a long time, his sword didn't swing downwards.

Vidar raised his head and shouted at Adair, "You traitor! If you want to kill me, then kill me! If you want to slice off my flesh, then go ahead. Don't hold back, come on!"

From beginning to end, Vidar's heartbeat and expression didn't match up at all. When he looked at me, his heartbeat thumped like a drum. However, when he looked at Adair, it was almost gentle. This wasn't a reaction that one would have when facing a "traitor." He wasn't the least bit angry at Adair. On the contrary, looking at him calmed his emotions.

*His acting skills are truly a failure.*

Although Adair's acting skills were excellent, he couldn't transfer them to others. Since I couldn't force him to fumble, then letting someone else make the mistake worked just as well.

At that moment, Adair slashed downward at Vidar. The latter lowered his head and closed his eyes, waiting for the moment of death. However, he couldn't help trembling. Even if he was somewhat prepared to meet his death, it was too much to expect a young man of twenty to welcome it with open arms.

"Your Majesty?"

Adair asked, confused, as there was a giant hand gripping his sword. It was a hand I had constructed out of the dark element.

"Adair, you made a very big mistake." As I spoke, the giant hand twisted and broke Adair's sword, then tossed it aside.

"Mistake?" Adair took an involuntary step back.

"If I'd really wanted to stop the Church of the God of Light from crusading against me, I could have done it by simply completely killing off the Twelve Holy Knights. However, I didn't do anything like that. Having said this, do you know where you've erred?"

Adair froze, and then his face turned a bit pale.

*You finally understand now?* I gave a cold laugh.

*It is impossible for someone to abandon former comrades at the drop of a hat, without keeping a single trace of affection. Not even I, the Demon King, am able to raise a sword to slaughter them, yet Adair, you can do it so ruthlessly. As long as I gave you the command, you would even raise your sword against your fellow vice-captain, Vidar, whom you are close friends with. I certainly didn't know that my own vice-captain was so heartless!*

The clues were all there, but once again I had turned a blind eye to it. Just like that time I didn't realize that Roland was the last demon king

candidate, and so I ended up dead by his hand!

It was only because I didn't want to expose the truth.

The giant hand closed on Adair, but though this action was rather rough, Adair only groaned softly. Conversely, it was Vidar who yelled, "Adair!"

"What are you planning to do?" I walked closer to Adair and roared,

"No, the proper question should be, 'What is Lesus planning to do,' right?!"

Adair looked at me, his eyes full of acceptance, as if he was already intending to meet death. This made my fury burn even stronger!

The giant hand gripped him tighter and tighter. Even he couldn't help showing an expression of agony. This method of holding the person would render one unable to breathe. If I were to squeeze him a little tighter, I think even his ribs would break.

"Stop it!" Vidar yelled anxiously. "He can't breathe anymore! You'll kill him!"

Compared to the experienced Adair, Vidar seemed more like a young man. He was impulsive, hot-blooded, and lacking an awareness of sacrifice. Indeed, that's why a superior can't be too serious, or his subordinates wouldn't have any opportunities to train.

"In order to accomplish his mission, Adair nearly killed you just now.



Now, he must pay the consequences for his wrongdoing. What are you upset about?"

Vidar glared at me, his heart beating heavily yet not too quickly. Now his furious expression and his heartbeat matched up correctly.

"The person who nearly killed me was you!"

I smiled as I looked at him, and removed his restraints. The moment Vidar felt his body lighten, he ran to Adair's side and frantically attacked the giant hand. It wasn't that his attack was weak, just that once the giant hand was damaged, dark element would immediately repair it. No matter how much he attacked it, it was futile.

Time passed second by second, and Adair fell into a semi-unconscious state. Vidar finally yielded. He groveled and begged me, "Please don't kill him. Adair has always been loyal and devoted to you—"

"What is Lesus planning to do?" I interrupted his superfluous words. Hearing this question, the color of Vidar's face changed. He hesitated and turned to look at Adair, but Adair was no longer in any state to give him hints.

I said indifferently, "You have thirty more seconds to think it over. He can still bear it, probably."

However, when he heard this, Vidar clenched his teeth and said, "The army was only used to divert your attention. The Twelve Holy Knight-Captains are actually going to teleport straight into the Demon King's Castle to look for you!"

"That's impossible!" I frowned as I rejected it. "They can't teleport in here. Don't joke around with me!"

The Demon King's Castle had very powerful wards against magic. I was the only one who could teleport directly in. Everyone else had to carry around a magic article that was connected to a magic circle in the castle, and only by using it could they teleport in. It was utterly impossible for someone to accomplish it unaided.

Vidar said quietly, "That's why the Knight-Captains had Adair head here to the Demon King's Castle to set up a teleportation circle in advance."

The giant hand slackened and Adair fell onto the ground. Vidar immediately rushed forward to examine him, but almost immediately exclaimed, "He's not breathing! Adair!"

"... Pound on his chest forcefully."

Hearing that, Vidar struck down hastily... but he used a bit too much strength, and Adair's ribs broke. However, this move was clearly very effective. Adair curled up in pain, but at least he moved.

I waited for Adair to catch his breath before walking over to him. With a wave of my hand, I sent Vidar flying into a wall, incapacitating him. Thereafter, I looked down and asked, "Adair, why have you betrayed me?"

Adair was shocked, and protested hurriedly, "Captain, I haven't

betrayed you!”

“Like hell you haven’t! And you can actually say it so naturally!” *There aren’t even any abnormalities in your heart rate!* I shouted at him,

“You followed Lesus’s orders to come here as an undercover agent, yet you still dare say you haven’t betrayed me?!”

However, Adair shouted back in a voice even louder than mine, “I’m not obeying Knight-Captain Judgment’s orders, but yours!”

*Mine?*

“Captain, ‘Even when I am the Demon King, I will still want to be the Sun Knight!’—Don’t tell me these weren’t the words you told Knight-Captain Storm? I am only carrying out your will. I came to bring you back to continue being the Sun Knight! I haven’t betrayed you, sir!”

Adair’s sincerity wasn’t an act at all. Rather, it was because he firmly believed it from the bottom of his heart that there weren’t any abnormalities in his heartbeat. Should I call him amazing, or stupidly devoted? Why couldn’t he be willing to just obediently take up the position of the Sun Knight?

“But you’re wrong—I don’t want to be the Sun Knight!” I was unable to hold back my rage and yelled, “Not even killing five hundred holy knights is enough to make this clear?!”

No, not just that number: from the beginning of the war till now, far more than just five hundred holy knights must have died. *So many*

*people have already died...*

"Why is it that even now, none of you are able to understand it? I can no longer return!"

*Since the moment that I became the Demon King, I knew that I would not be able to go back again!*

*Every minute, every second, I have to constantly battle with the dark element. Every person living by my side must live in fear. If I were to lose for a single instant, they could very well be killed!*

*How could I possibly return to Leaf Bud City, return to the Church of the God of Light?*

"You can return, Captain." Adair smiled unexpectedly and said,

"Because no one has died at all, not a single person. That battle was only fought for your viewing pleasure, nothing more."

"...What?"

*I was stunned. How is this possible? I clearly saw holy knights falling down and not getting up again... And then I left. I didn't stay to watch the end of the battle. So it turns out that those five hundred people didn't actually die?*

*No, whether they died or not, it doesn't matter!*

"Even if those five hundred people did not die, it has nothing to do

with me! I don't want to go back at all. I have everything in the Demon King's Castle. Compared to the shabbiness of the Church of the God of Light, it's an infinite number of times better!"

*Other than jewels, stone sculptures, and corpses... What else is there here?*

"Wherever I wish to go, I can use teleportation and go there immediately. I'm absolutely free!"

*I'm at a complete loss as to where to go.*

"No one can restrict me!"

*There's no one by my side at all...*

"I'm very happy!" I shouted with all my might, simply hoping to convince them... and myself.

However, Adair still said obstinately, "Captain, the Demon King's Castle doesn't have the holy knights that you always protect, and it doesn't have the Sun Knight Platoon. Moreover, it doesn't have the Twelve Holy Knights whom you regard as brothers! There is nothing here. It's basically a ghost town! This is a specialized prison to lock the Demon King in!"

*Damn it—*

After saying all of this, Adair abruptly closed his mouth and only stared at my face. I didn't know what he was looking at, and in my current

state, I didn't have the slightest inclination to use farsight to see.

"Since you know..." I tried to smile, but couldn't manage to do it and simply gave up. "Why did you all come to tear my new world apart?!"

Only after I finished screaming did I realize that my voice was cracking.

"Captain..."

Adair looked distressed, and even Vidar, who had been crushed against the wall, was failing to glare at me. *What are the two of them doing? I'm about to kill them! Bastards!*

"Do you know how much determination I've had to muster to close myself into this prison? In order to sever all alternative routes, I even unhesitatingly gave you a command to kill five hundred holy knights! Is all of that still not enough for you?"

I looked at Adair and Vidar, and chuckled as I said, "If I throw the corpses of you two in front of Lesus, and throw the corpses of Ann and Jasmine at Elmairy's and Elijah's feet, will that be enough?"

Following the utterance of the words "be enough," Adair also flew into the wall and was unable to move, joining Vidar in his predicament. The walls of the corridor previously held the relief sculptures that I had just destroyed. They were uneven and sharp. Hurtling both into them was definitely not a comfortable matter.

This time, I could not let them off again.

Adair said with difficulty, "Cap-Captain, please don't do anything that you will regret."

I looked at him and suddenly burst out laughing. The more I laughed, the louder my laughter became—

"Haha, how do you know that I will actually regret killing you?"

As long as I killed him, he would not say any more things that would put me in a bad mood. *Such an easy way to resolve the problem—why have I hesitated?*

"Your plan is to use a teleportation circle to let the Twelve Holy Knights come over?" I laughed as I said, "I, on the other hand, want to know, in these circumstances where you can't move and can't even speak, what method do you have to cry for help? Don't claim I have no care for our camaraderie. I'll give you ten seconds to come up with a way to call for help. After ten seconds, I will kill you both!"

However, Adair didn't do anything. He merely watched me. I was somewhat hoping that he would show an expression of despair. It had been way too long since I had seen him make an expression like that.

I remember the first time we met, Adair was as excited as if he had found the lover of his dreams. But when he discovered that my real personality differed from my outer appearance, and my swordsmanship was particularly astonishing—astonishingly terrible—he first appeared as if he had been struck by lightning under a clear sky, and then as if I had cheated his feelings.

I had to spend a lot of effort to make him recognize me as his captain from the bottom of his heart. In the “teaching” process, he had showed expressions that were close to despair, but only *close* to... *This time, I should be able to see his true expression of despair, right?*

A large dark blade floated by my side. If this blade were launched, both of them would definitely be split in two at the center.

“Goodbye, Adair.” I released the restraint on his mouth. At the very least, I should give him a chance to say his last words.

At that moment, Adair smiled sadly and unexpectedly said, “I’m sorry, Captain. I’ve failed.”

“...” I waved my hand. The dark blade also followed and rose up, then slashed downward—

“Big brother! Don’t kill anyone!”

Elaro stood by the doorway, his face full of alarm. I had actually already discovered him a while ago; I just didn’t care. *What could an eight-year old child do...? Hold on a minute!* I turned my head to look at Adair, and said suspiciously, “Your heart rate has slowed down—why?”

*Nothing has happened at all, only Elaro appeared... Elaro?* He was looking at me with a remorseful expression. This hardly made me feel reassured, and I asked him at once, “Elaro! What have you done—? Eh!”



The place where Elaro was standing suddenly exploded. In a moment, an immense amount of burning light attacked me, making me feel as if I were about to die. Under the pressure of such huge amounts of light, which made me blind to everything but a stretch of white before my eyes, I couldn't even tell if I was alive or not, let alone use my sensing ability or farsight.

"Captain? Are you okay?"

I heard Adair's voice as he apologized in a tone that didn't carry a single trace of remorse.

"Captain, I'm sorry. In order to prepare for any eventualities, I even lied to Vidar. Only the Twelve Holy Knight-Captains and I know the real plan. This teleportation circle isn't actually for the Twelve Holy Knight-Captains to teleport over, but to teleport you out.

"Also, when I learned that Vidar had been captured, I was afraid that our scheme would be exposed. So I had already passed the magical artifact for teleportation to Elaro. I am truly grateful to you for bringing him to the Demon King's Castle."

*Go to hell!*

## Chapter #11: “The Twelve Holy Knights—Gathered”

*I can't see anything...*

*Damn it! Why is the holy element so thick? To gather this much holy element, enough that I would be unable to do it even if I had the Divine Sun Sword and stood in the Church of the God of Light, who could be capable of such a thing?*

It was seriously unbearable. Despite not being a direct threat to me, holy element still clashes with dark element. As for me, a vessel filled to the brim with dark element, I was standing here getting burned as if I was a fish on a frying pan!

Not to mention that I still could not see anything. Other than holy element, there was only more holy element. *It's much too bright!*

“Adair!” I growled. “Just what are you pulling?”

I felt a wave of intense pain in my shoulder. *Adair, you dare to attack me?*

“Adair, get over here!” I blasted out a large amount of dark blades and roared. “How dare you attack me!”

These dark blades did not seem to be able to stop Adair's attack. Right now, with my sensing ability, I could just barely make out a bunch of shadows flitting back and forth. They were very fast; the dark blades could not graze them at all. It did not seem like the work of only one person. *Has Adair prepared an ambush?*

It made sense. To go through such trouble to make me leave the Demon King's Castle, it couldn't have been just for a leisurely stroll to get fresh air!

However, the amount of people made no difference. *So what if you have blinded me?*

"Adair, you're truly underestimating the 'Demon King!'"

Tens, hundreds, thousands of dark blades filled the entire space. Even though the surrounding holy element made it very difficult to gather dark element, it was still not enough to stop the Demon King's ability to attract dark element. All it did was make the process ten times more taxing than usual.

"Be careful now, Adair."

*Dark Blades, fire.*

Due to the hindering of my sensing ability, once the blades had been fired and traveled farther than three meters, I could no longer see them. However, I could clearly hear the sound of the blades cutting into human flesh. The strange thing was that there were no cries of pain. Perhaps they hadn't cut too deeply.

I was slightly peeved, so I decided to gather more dark element to dispel this blanket of light. I needed to regain my sensing ability. Being a blind man with open eyes was much too unbearable!

While gathering dark element to fight against the holy element, I also had to keep on firing the dark blades to attack those shadowy figures. Since becoming the Demon King, this was the first time that I'd felt tired by using magic.

*Just what kind of person could match the Demon King in gathering elements like this? The Pope?*

*Hmph!* No matter what, I had definitely injured, perhaps even killed, some of them. Even though I couldn't see clearly, the ground was littered with black shadows in the shape of humans. The stench of blood permeated the air as well.

Bit by bit, the holy element was chased away and replaced by dark element. My sensing ability was also coming back gradually... I could see him!

I crafted a giant hand to grab him, but it was nimbly evaded. Angered, I made three more giant hands. This time, he had no room to dodge and resorted to slicing at them with his sword. That sword was truly a sharp one. One swing sliced the thumb off of a giant hand.

However, two other hands rushed in immediately. Even if he cut off more fingers, they could be quickly replaced with more dark element. It was an utterly futile struggle.

Finally, the giant hands closed in to the point that he couldn't even swing his weapon. One swing of the sword got it stuck within a giant hand. He tried to pull it out to no avail, and instead got caught by another giant hand himself. The sword remained stuck, and he could

no longer move.

*Hmph! No matter how good your swordsmanship is, if you cannot move, then what good would it do!*

I walked up to him and said coldly, "Adair, how dare you attack me. You've prepared yourself to die, haven't you?" Although I was going to kill him anyways.

"Ngh!" I made the giant hand squeeze tighter. Adair's spine must be broken by now, yet he only let out a muffled grunt. *The pain tolerance of sword experts is so annoying!*

I pulled out the sword that was embedded in the giant hand and swung it a few times. It was surprisingly agreeable to use. The four giant hands took hold of Adair's arms and legs, suspending him in mid-air. I walked before him. "I'm very sorry. I shouldn't have picked you as my vice-captain back then. You've slaved for me all these years, only to be killed by me in the end. I truly cannot think of anyone else more unfortunate than you... But you deserve it! Remember in your next life, my orders are to be obeyed unconditionally! Even if it's a crazy order such as letting me become the Demon King!"

He opened his mouth as if to speak, but with his spine broken, it was impossible for him to squeeze out a single word. I did not want to listen anyways.

*This time, I must completely finish him off!*

With a thrust, the sword went through his chest effortlessly. *This should be enough right? I even killed Adair. This should make you guys despair completely and leave me alone, right?*

By now, the holy element had finally dimmed somewhat, and the surroundings became clearer. I did not want to see Adair's corpse, but I couldn't leave him there by himself to wait for his death either.

That's right, he wasn't dead yet. My swordsmanship really wasn't all that great, and with the additional hindrance of holy element, I had completely missed his vitals and hadn't been able give him a clean and painless death. *I should at least give him another stab to put him out of his misery.*

"Sun..."

*He can still talk? But this- this isn't Adair's voice. Adair wouldn't call me "Sun" either. He only calls me "Captain" and "Knight-Captain Sun." The only ones who would call me "Sun" are the Twelve Holy Knights.*

His figure gradually became clearer...

Jesus.

He suddenly coughed, his mouth stained with blood.

*How could it be Jesus?* I was somewhat confused. Suddenly, I realized that the sword in my hands was none other than the ever so familiar Divine Sun Sword—and two thirds of it was buried within Jesus's chest.

"Everyone is..."

I widened my eyes unconsciously. But Lesus did not finish his sentence. Instead, he turned to survey our surroundings with a sorrowful expression.

*The surroundings...*

There were corpses everywhere.

Chikus was sprawled on the ground. His left shoulder had been cut open and his shoulder blade broken. Blood pooled around him. Elmairy was on his side, with a cut through his neck. His head hung crooked to one side. I did not know if his spine was broken or not. Ecilan was lying spread eagle. An "X" shaped cut laid prominently upon his chest, deep enough to see the bones underneath.

The others...

Lesus murmured weakly, "Sun."

I turned my attention to him in a hurry, no longer daring to observe the others' disastrous states.

*They're dead. They're all dead...*

Lesus was still suspended in the air. I hurriedly dispelled the giant hands, but he could not stand at all without the support of them. I was caught completely off guard as he crumpled and fell. The Divine Sun Sword was pulled straight out of his chest, accompanied by a huge

amount of blood...

"Judgment!"

Before Judgment hit the ground, I managed to catch him. I immediately laid him onto the ground to check the injury on his chest. Upon closer inspection I found that the wound wasn't just a chest wound. The sword had pierced a hole right through his back, resulting in severe blood loss.

*This, this kind of injury requires an Ultimate Heal. I have to first gather holy element—*

"..." I gazed down at my hands, which didn't have even a shred of holy element. I could only gather endless amounts of dark element, only useful for killing people, not saving them!

*Judgment is about to die, yet here I am, unable to do anything. Am I really going to have to sit here and watch him die?*

"Sun."

Judgment reached a hand out to my face. For some reason, his fingers only rested lightly upon my eyelid.

"Everyone dreamed of the same thing one night. All of us, including Roland. Sun, do you understand? Even Roland who does not need sleep dreamed that the God of Light did not abandon you."

*The God of Light?* Despite worrying over the urgency of Judgment's



injuries, I was still startled. *What does this have to do with the God of Light not abandoning me?*

"Shut up! Hurry up and heal yourself! Don't just talk!" I pressed down on his chest wound. But the cut was too deep, and the blood continued to ceaselessly flow.

Yet, he paid it no heed, focused only on his own mutterings. "In the dream, you were gazing at us with blue eyes, and your tears were falling nonstop.

"It scared Roland so much that he rushed to us the next day to report that he dreamed of you crying. He thought something had happened to you and was panicking. That's how everyone found out about this occurrence."

Then, he actually smiled. But his voice was no more than a bare whisper. "Do you know, regarding this dream, what everyone's identical consensus was?"

His smile was so weak... I tried my best to reply with a smile as well. "To give me a good scolding?"

Judgment smiled, but his hand slid down.

"It's..."

His eyes closed, his head drooped, and his voice could barely be heard. "How much we missed your blue eyes."

.....

.....

.....

"Judgment?" I shook him, "Judgment? Judgment? Judgment?  
Judgment? Judgment..."

"Sun."

I raised my head, blankly staring at Roland who was limping this way.  
His wounds were no better than the others, but he was an undead  
creature. He had already died.

Roland said disbelievingly, "Y-You killed them? You actually killed your  
brothers... the Twelve Holy Knights!"

"I..."

*I didn't know it was them. I, I... I killed the Twelve Holy Knights.  
No, no—*

"Sun?" Roland walked a step closer.

"Nooooooooooooooooo—"

*What have I done?*

*Just what have I done— No, I can't! Control it, everyone is still here, I*

*can't lose control, everyone, everybody's corpses are still here...*  
*Corpses...*

*AAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH  
HHHHHHHHH!*

“Sun!”

Unbearable pain. Only wishing to perish with everything. Somebody was shaking me by the shoulders while yelling into my ear, "Sun, Sun, hurry up and use Resurrection!"

*Resurrection...? That's right! There's still Resurrection! Everyone can still be saved!*

*No, the me right now has no means of casting Resurrection. I-I am no longer the Sun Knight, I am Grisia the Demon King. All I can gather is the dark element, not the holy element that can resurrect people!*

"Sun, calm down. Right now, only you can save everyone!"

As he spoke, Roland astonishingly went to pick up the Divine Sun Sword that was lying on the ground. He held the sword out to me. Roland was an undead creature—his entire arm was charred and smoking because of the Divine Sun Sword, yet he did not let it go.

I turned to look at everyone, at all the heavily injured corpses strewn around the ground. And suddenly, realization hit me. *What is there to hesitate about? Could the situation possibly get any worse than it already is? Absolutely not!*

No longer hesitant, I reached out and took the Divine Sun Sword. Then, I immediately summoned Scarlet, Pink, and Stephen, and to the three liches I commanded, "Draw the magic runes for Resurrection, hurry!" Upon seeing the scene, all three of them looked stunned. Then, remembering my command, they immediately realized what I was planning to do.

"Don't be a fool. There's no way you can resurrect ten people!" Pink scolded.

"I can!" I yelled, angry.

"Do you really plan to resurrect ten people?" Stephen said incredulously. "The you right now can't even manage one! You're already a vessel for the dark element. You're not the Sun Knight anymore, but the Demon King! You're the spokesperson of the Shadow God. The God of Light won't answer you at all!"

He voiced my biggest concern. The Divine Sun Sword felt hot and scorching in my hands, as if telling me that I, as I was right now, was no longer its owner. I tightened my grip around the sword.

"Judgment said the God of Light didn't abandon me. I trust him!"

Raising the Divine Sun Sword, I turned my gaze upwards reverently. Even though I could not see the sun—with my blindness, I had not been able to see even a shred of light for a long time now—I still called out, "I believe the God of Light will not abandon His Twelve Holy Knights!"

"God of Light, I am not the Shadow God's Demon King! I am your Sun Knight. I have been and I always will be! Please answer my plea, and re-awaken Your Twelve Holy Knights!"

*I beg of you, please don't abandon me again, please don't abandon the Twelve Holy Knights. I truly will descend into Hell...*

"Oomph!"

There was suddenly a grunting sound as Roland was sent flying, but no one had attacked him. Thankfully, he was able to get up again immediately, with an expression of utter confusion. *Good thing he isn't hurt.*

He looked at me, and then yelled, "Sun, above you!"

I had also noticed it. Above my head had appeared a huge orb of holy element, practically like a sun!

Despite not being able to see, I still raised my head. I fought away the urge to cry. There were still too many things left to do. This wasn't the time for tears. It was just that... The God of Light was much too good to me.

*I'm sorry. I can't believe I had suspected that You only chose me as Sun Knight so that I could become the Demon King.*

*Truly, You have always loved us deeply.*

The holy orb transformed into a beam of light and crashed straight down.

“Ahhhhhhhh!”

Large amounts of holy element surged into my body, painful beyond words. Dimly, I seemed to hear the sound of Scarlet screaming. I gritted my teeth to hold back any more screams of pain, lest Scarlet did anything rash and unexpected. I then yelled to the three liches, “Don’t come here, Scarlet! Go draw the magic runes for Resurrection!” The searing, hot pain lasted for a long time, but the pain was welcome to me, for it meant power to heal everybody!

The light beam gradually became weaker, the pain not as intense anymore. I still had strength left to take care of other matters. Taking out the Eternal Tranquility, I poured in holy element to activate the magic seal the Pope had put in before, stopping dark element from flowing back into my body.

When the beam had shrunk to the size of a fist, I called out, “Roland, help me move everyone here! Scarlet, is the magic circle ready—”

As the last shred of light faded, my words were stuck in my throat. Judgment was standing right in front of me. He raised his hands, palms pressing on my chest, solidly securing the Eternal Tranquility above my heart.

“...Judgment?” I stared at him blankly. “You didn’t die?”

He actually had the nerve to grin, casually replying, “Do I look dead to

you?”

*But just now...*

Another pair of hands draped onto my shoulder. Earth taunted, “How could that level of injury ever kill off the Twelve Holy Knights! Aren’t you being way too gullible?”

“That’s right!” Metal put his hand on my other shoulder, screeching, “I was worried if the injuries were too shallow, and if I should add another stab to my waist. Good thing I didn’t!”

“Wouldn’t you be happier if you did?” Moon jutted out his chin. Even though his expression was one of suspicion, with the angle his head was tilted at, it would look like he was looking down on you regardless of his expression.

Stone took hold of my hand, shaking his head as he spoke, “You’ve always underestimated us too much.”

*Say what you like, but why the heck are you holding my hand?*

“Sigh!” Leaf touched my face with one hand, while the other rubbed his own neck. He smiled wryly. “Last time, I died for real from a slash to the neck. This time, I had to slash my own neck to fake death. In future battles, I definitely will need a metal neck brace.”

*What does your neck brace have to do with my face?*

Storm stretched sleepily, taking hold of my left arm as he sighed, “I

haven't slept this comfortably in such a long time."

Blaze suddenly hugged me from the behind, tightly enough that I thought my spine was going to break. *Are you trying to punish me for breaking Judgment's spine earlier?*

Ice quietly held my other hand, his demeanor just like that of a newlywed wife!

Cloud appeared last. He looked around, and upon finding no more space for him to squeeze through, resigned himself to holding onto my hair.

Roland was the only one who didn't approach. In the past, he would always more or less wear a lonely expression when he could not join in on something. But this time, even though he couldn't take part, he gazed at us with his eyes, as if he was standing by our side.

*What are you guys doing?* But what I managed to ask was, "You guys are truly not dead?"

*It doesn't matter what they're doing. Never mind touching, I wouldn't mind if they each gave me a stab, as long as they're alive!*

Leaf replied exasperatedly, "Can't you feel that my hand on your face is warm?"

"It's actually pretty icy..."

"Eh, I lost a bit too much blood." Leaf actually took out a rose bead to



crush, and his hand immediately became a lot warmer.

After confirming that the people before my eyes weren't illusions, I finally had the mind to ask, "What are you all touching me for?"

Judgment looked to the side, and I followed his gaze. There stood a huge pillar. I wasn't sure if it was from my attacks or if it was originally crooked, but it looked like it was about to fall over any second.

"You guys are finally done! Now it's my turn to work."

A person jumped out from behind the pillar, and even though he was wearing light mage robes instead of the usual fancy ones, if that wasn't the Pope, then I'm not the Demon King!

He dragged out a box as he spoke, pulling from it a bunch of magic tools. Then he flopped down and proceeded to draw on the ground, looking like a mischievously doodling brat.

That damned geezer could actually hide from my sensing abilities. *Just who are you? The Pope is actually the ultimate Demon King right?*

"What are you all grabbing me for?" *If it's to beat me up, then start already!* This was taking a toll on my heart. I wasn't sure if I should be touched that everyone was still alive, or be wary of a beating.

"There is only one solution." Judgment began to explain. "Using the entire Church of the God of Light as the base, and the entire Leaf Bud City as support, we can turn the city into one huge seal, keeping you

in the 'Sun Knight' state. However, that needs to wait until you're back at the Church of the God of Light to proceed. So for now, we're making a temporary seal with the Divine Sun Sword as the base, and the Twelve Holy Knights as support."

I was speechless for a moment, then protested, "I can't be the 'Sun Knight!' The Demon King must keep on absorbing the dark element, or the world will be destroyed!"

"That's why, every six months you must take the temporary seal—which is the Divine Sun Sword and the Twelve Holy Knights—to a barren place with no people, and spar with Roland. We will aid him with non-holy light related skills. Both of you will use dark element, which will expend a considerably large amount of dark element."

I remained silent for a long time, before speaking faintly, "This is much too risky. If you guys have any common sense, you'd know that the best plan is to leave me alone! Have you considered, that should you bring me back, Leaf Bud City will always live under the fear of the Demon King, and that if I lose control someday, it might then become a ghost city?"

Metal said sharply, "Did you think we came to find you with common sense?"

Even the easy-going Stone was angry. "Faking death was anything but easy. One wrong move and we'd truly be dead!"

Storm shrugged, saying, "Even your vice-captain had no such thing as common sense. If he had any, he'd have replaced you as the Sun Knight, and not gone and become a spy! Did you know, he went with

the resolve of killing a holy knight on the spot if that's what it took to prove his loyalty to you!"

*I know. He had even almost killed Vidar.*

"Anyhow, none of us have any common sense, you idiot!"

"Your teacher has no common sense either! The king who agreed to let Leaf Bud City become a seal also had no such thing! Even the Pope came along with us without any common sense!"

"Eh, that... I do have common sense!" The Pope raised his head and said awkwardly, "I'm only supporting you all because I heard about the dream all eleven of you had, confirming the God of Light does want to bring Sun back!"

Everyone ignored him.

Judgment spoke calmly, "If we bring you back, Leaf Bud City will live under the threat of a subdued Demon King. If we don't bring you back, the entire world will live under the threat of a completely out of control Demon King. Even His Majesty the King understood this, which is why he agreed to our plan."

Storm grinned, saying, "The king even used the 'a huge risk for our country' excuse to rip off a huge sum of money from the Kingdom of Kissinger and the Kingdom of Moon Orchid as 'Demon King Management fees.' By welcoming the Demon King, the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound will be financially set for the next ten years!"

"...Yet not a single penny is shared with the Church of the God of Light," the Pope muttered.

Earth cursed, "You bastard, don't you know that if a leader sets a bad example, his subordinates will follow suit? The person who lacks the most common sense is you!"

"How do I lack common sense?" I sputtered. *I have already resigned myself to being the Demon King!*

Roland was to first to reply from his spot a ways away. "Grisia, if you had any common sense, I should have been burned at the stake by now, right?"

Leaf scolded, "Did you use any common sense while resurrecting me? If you had, you wouldn't be blind right now!"

I moved my gaze over each person, finally stopping at Judgment, with everyone staring at him.

"What are you staring at me for?"

He spoke calmly, "Even though I'm the Judgment Knight, I still have to obey the leader of the Holy Temple, the Sun Knight. And my Sun Knight had only said that the Twelve Holy Knights will never abandon each other. He never mentioned what common sense is."

Then, out of the blue he switched the topic, bringing up something utterly unrelated. However, his words weren't unfamiliar. It was a question he had asked me a long time ago.

"Sometimes, I really don't understand the purpose of the Twelve Holy Knights' pretense. It's understandable that the Judgment Knight must remain cold-hearted, but what's the point of needing specific appearances like black hair and black eyes?"

Before I could figure out why he was repeating words from the past, everyone else answered in unison.

**The Twelve Holy Knights remain unchanged through the generations.**

**And the law and justice they represent will forever remain unchanged as well.**

**Even when everything else changes with time,  
Some things will never change.**

**The Sun Knight will never change.**

**The eleven brothers standing by his side will never change either,**

**A little pretense in exchange for eleven brothers, what a good deal!**

"...Judgment, you told them?"

Judgment shook his head and replied, "No, I didn't say anything. The dream I told you about actually went on longer for the others. I only

dreamed of you weeping, but they had also dreamed of the scene where I asked you that question.”

At that, he suddenly smiled. “Grisia, you once told me, that if even the God of Light wants you to become the Demon King, what else could you do? Now, the God of Light wants you to obediently return to the Holy Temple. What else can you do?”

“... But I’m so afraid.”

I finally said it. It was because I was afraid, so no matter how much I wanted to go back, I had to hold myself back at all costs, telling myself that I could not return to the Church of the God of Light.

“What are you afraid of?” Judgment asked with a frown.

I looked at everyone. I knew there were tears falling from my eyes, but I didn’t have the time to mind them.

“If a day were to come, when I become someone who really deserves a beating—and I mean the kind that really deserves one! Would you guys still not give up on me no matter what? Just like today, without any common sense?”

*I’m afraid that I’ll become more and more twisted under the influence of the dark element. I’m so afraid of seeing disappointment in your eyes, so afraid to hear you guys say, “We can’t take it anymore. We’re giving up on you.”*

Storm patted my shoulder, saying, “Don’t be afraid. If you deserve

even a bit of a beating, we'll immediately beat you up without any mercy!"

*...Heh!*

Earth swore, "What the heck are you crying for?! Guys look really ugly when they cry! Especially when you're laughing and crying at the same time, that's super hideous!"

"Shut up, the tears won't stop! Sob..."

"Uhm..." The Pope cut in, "I finished drawing the magic circle. Can we start the sealing ritual now?"

Everyone chorused, "Obviously, hurry up already! Do you think it's comfortable for ten people to crowd around touching a man?"

The Pope got up, saying, "Take off your shirts."

*...What?*

Everyone stripped off their tops without missing a beat. On their chests were the exact same magic circles, and they looked like they were probably tattoos.

I tried to hold back the prickling feeling in my eyes, not wanting to be called a crybaby by Earth. I turned my attention to the Pope in a hurry and asked, "What should I do?"

"All you have to do is release the holy element that you have just

taken in.”

“... It’s that simple?” I gaped. I had thought it’d be beyond difficult. This was a magic ritual to seal the Demon King, after all!

“The hardest part has already passed. It’s now up to fate whether it succeeds or fails.” The Pope replied with a shrug.

“This magic ritual is the world’s most powerful sealing ritual. However, only the theory exists, for nobody has ever used it. That’s because its success rate is very low. Not only does it require a large amount of holy element, the one being bound cannot struggle at all through the sealing process either. But what kind of person wouldn’t struggle when they’re being bound by powerful magic? Never mind the Demon King!”

He looked at me, and asked seriously, “Sun, are you completely willing to be sealed? Because if this ritual were to fail, you’d revert back to Demon King form after expending all the holy element, and we might all be killed.”

I looked at everyone, feeling glad for my sensing ability. It allowed me to look at everyone all at once even when there were too many people around. I didn’t have to worry about only having two eyes and being unsure of who to look at.

*These kinds of fetters, truly...*

“I could not be more willing.”



## Chapter #12: “Ending the Demon King”

I finally understood the words Earth had said.

A man who is crying and laughing at the same time is ugly to the extreme!

Even if that man is Adair, I still had an urge to send him flying! Especially when he was using a sobbing voice to shout, “Captain~” while dashing toward me, and even though I knew he had made great sacrifices, that I should be grateful from the bottom of my heart, that I should probably even join in and dash toward him shouting “Vice-captain~”... I still pressed my foot on his face and shouted, “You better clean up your tears and snot before you get back up!”

Adair lay flat on the ground. After a minute, he stood back up with an incomparably refreshing look, and had completely returned to his professional image of a vice-captain. He also used a sincere voice to say, “Captain, I am elated that you have finally returned.”

Hearing this, I regarded him solemnly and said, “I have truly troubled you greatly this time.”

It was probably because, throughout my entire life, I seldom thanked people so directly that Adair was somewhat disconcerted when he answered, “N-No, not at all.”

“Adair, among the most fortunate things that have happened to me in my lifetime, one of them is having you as a vice-captain.” I could not be more sincere as I said, “Even if I were to repeat my life a hundred

times, I will always choose you as my vice-captain. I can swear to the God of Light that all of the words I have spoken just now cannot be any truer!”

“You, you praise me too much, Captain...” My praise caused Adair to blush a bit. He hurriedly used a serious tone to cover it up as he said, “This is the expected duty of someone in the position of vice-captain!”

I had praised him enough, so I said, “Since that’s the case, you can start carrying out your duty now!”

“Huh?” Even Adair could not help asking, “So quickly?”

I nodded. Other than Roland who was still roaming about, the Twelve Holy Knights were all sleeping like they were dead. Before they slept, they only told me a single sentence.

“Taking care of the aftermath is all yours!”

After that, everyone went to sleep. I was very certain that even Storm, Leaf, and on top of that, Cloud, would not help me divide up the work this time. Luckily I still had Adair. Even if I said this one thousand more times, I would not tire of it. *I really had such a good eye for people back then!*

Since he was my vice-captain, Adair’s psychological qualities were nothing to scoff at. He immediately entered work mode and asked, “Captain, are we to call back the troops now?”

“Of course not!” I retorted, “With as big an event as the Church of the

God of Light deploying troops, if we were to return in failure, the Church's reputation would definitely plummet so much that the Pope would spit blood!"

Even though I didn't care whether or not he spit blood, recruiting worshipers was the Sun Knight's duty. If our reputation fell to desperate levels, several of our believers would no doubt run off. *I would never allow that to happen!*

Confused, he asked, "Then, what is to be done at the moment?"

"You still have to ask? Of course it's crusading against the Demon King!"

Adair froze. He lowered his voice and said, "But you are the Demon King."

I tilted my head to look at Adair. Even though he put a lot of effort into maintaining his professionalism, he could not stop his body from stiffening.

"What are you nervous about? You've already gone head-to-head with the Demon King. You're still afraid of the Sun Knight?"

"Compared to the Sun Knight, the Demon King really isn't much."  
Adair seriously said, "Captain, when you are the Sun Knight, you are much scarier, truly! When you were the Demon King, the most you would do is get angry, and sometimes you would hit people, and occasionally you would kill someone, but as the Sun Knight, you would always scheme someone to death, an eye for an eye!"

*This isn't praise. Don't complete it with a worshiping expression!*

"So, Captain, how are we to crusade against the Demon King under the situation where you are the Demon King?"

"Who says I'm the Demon King?"

Adair blinked. I looked at him, smiling as I said, "You're the Demon King."

"Huh?"



After rushing about for three days, I thoroughly comprehended the infrastructure of the army and the terrain of the vicinity. I was then busy with organizing all sorts of matters, and I also had to pass information back to the Holy Temple and other places. Most importantly, I also had to let the Twelve Holy Knights catch up on their sleep. It was only then, finally, that I could have the army of the Church of the God of Light gather with the intention to continue to head toward the Demon King's Castle on our crusade.

On horseback, I arrived before the army that had finished assembling. As usual, I began speaking my radiance-filled nonsense.

"Under the God of Light's illumination, the army will now step foot upon the path of defeating darkness. Even if there shall be masses of thistles and thorns en route, as holy knights, we must disregard anguish and pains done unto us, for only when we see the suffering of

the common folk must we wield the weapons in our hands, to eliminate the darkness shrouding the people and honor the beauty of the light!”

*Phew~. I haven't spoken this way in a long time. I'm really a little rusty. When I return to the Holy Temple, I should practice for a good while to prevent returning all my elegance back to my teacher.*

The holy knights stared at me in absolute silence, but it definitely wasn't because they couldn't stay focused and were sleepy. In the past, whenever they listened to me speak, they would always look as absentminded as “having their spirit be with the God of Light,” but now they were so seriously staring at me that their eyes had become cross-eyed!

The Sun Knight Platoon especially, because they could see their captain with their eyes, all of them had their emotions blatantly displayed, tears and snot flowing, giving me the urge to stomp on each and every one of their faces.

“Excellent speech,” came a cheer from behind.

I smiled faintly. Even though I had already seen them, I turned around to face the people who had come over. Then, I used a quiet voice that only we could hear to ask, “Did you get enough sleep?”

“Nope.” Storm weakly said, “Can I sleep three more days?”

I nodded and said, “With your abilities, you could sleep on your horse.”

"That's true, but I can sleep better on a bed."

"The Holy Temple has beds, yet you can't sleep there," someone murmured quite loudly.

"Don't say it!"

Everyone had probably slept well. Their moods were good, and their laughter made the atmosphere rather lighthearted. I was just about to remind them to be more serious, we were crusading against the Demon King after all, so this kind of fieldtrip-like atmosphere wasn't acceptable! However, Judgment suddenly frowned and bellowed, "Depart." Then, everyone immediately transformed from schoolchildren on a field trip into holy knights on a crusade, departing by horse at once.

From his horse, Judgment explained to me everything that they had been doing during this time.

"Because the Pope needed time to complete the magic circle for the seal in the Church of the God of Light, we had to put an end to the possibility of your coming to the Church, so as to prevent you from discovering it. That was why we deployed troops against you as a pretense. With everyone gone from the Holy Temple, you would think the Church was empty, and so you would have no need to go there."

*So it was like this. I knew it! Judgment wouldn't come and crusade against me for no reason.*

"In order to prevent you from doing something irreversible during this

period, we decided to send someone to your side.” Judgment calmly said, “At first, I wanted to send Storm, but Adair volunteered himself. It was also more convincing for him to switch sides than Storm. You have a very good vice-captain.”

“I know.”

“First, we sent Adair over, not only to prevent you from doing something irreversible, but also to reach an agreement with Scarlet. Because Adair had to ensure the safety of all of the holy knights, to prevent you from doing something you could never take back, he needed Scarlet’s cooperation. Otherwise, it couldn’t be done, because all of the undead creatures were summoned by her.”

*Scarlet?* I shouted in alarm, “But she would never betray me!”

“Indeed, she didn’t betray you.” Judgment nodded. “We promised her, if you returned to the Church of the God of Light as the Sun Knight, then even when you lost your powers in the future, the Church of the God of Light would protect you and would not let you be crusaded against.”

*If this was the condition, then Scarlet was likely to agree. After all, she has always worried that I would end up getting killed.*

“That is not the only reason why she agreed.” Judgment’s lips lifted. “She said that you really wanted to return to the Holy Temple, that you were enduring it with a lot of pain. She didn’t want to see you continue to be in such pain.”

"...She once killed you."

"Really? I've forgotten." *He is obviously lying with his eyes open. He told such a blatant lie, yet Judgment's heart rate didn't even change. His lying ability is truly too frightening!*

I used a very suspicious gaze to look at Judgment, but his expression didn't change at all. He continued to explain, "Adair's last job was to send you over to our side."

When I heard this, I very disapprovingly said, "You guys really shouldn't have come at me head on. What if I really killed you all?"

"That's impossible." Judgment said indifferently, "Because we never fought against you. From start to finish, there was only person who was actually fighting with you, and that was Roland. The others, once they realized you had been sent over, had immediately taken the Pope's special medicine for feigning death and lay down on the ground to pretend to be dead."

*...So it was like that! So from start to finish, that shadow that was super quick was always Roland? No wonder he had so many injuries on him!*

"Even though we can pretend to be dead, the injuries were real, otherwise you would definitely see through us. In order to make you believe it, we even used the dream you had before. Because of that, Leaf's neck injury and Blaze's shoulder injury were the hardest to create. If we took a misstep, they could have slept on forever!"



"Then why did you guys do that! What if they really got into trouble? Then what?" I growled angrily.

Judgment didn't answer, but I understood it myself. They had to make sure it was absolutely flawless. If I were to discover any abnormalities, they might have all died together!

"In the end, we finally managed to force you to grab the Divine Sun Sword out of your own volition for the sake of wanting to cast Resurrection. With the holy element, the dark element in your body was all driven out.

"Speaking of this, Grisia, there is something I must tell you." Judgment hesitated. "When you return to Leaf Bud City and formally complete the seal, without the Divine Sun Sword and the temporary seal of all of the Twelve Holy Knights, you will probably not be able to leave Leaf Bud City."

Having the Twelve Holy Knights all leave the Church of the God of Light at the same time, letting the Church become an empty hull, was too outrageous. Just having to leave every half a year to go to the wilderness to exhaust the dark element was already too much. These words pretty much pronounced that I could practically never leave Leaf Bud City again.

"Isn't telling me now a little too late?"

Judgment looked at me worriedly.

But I smiled and said easily, "My everything is in Leaf Bud City. I don't

need to take a single step outside of town. Have you forgotten that I was originally someone who doesn't even like leaving the Holy Temple during a break? I don't even like leaving the Holy Temple, but now the range of my actions is permissible in the entirety of Leaf Bud City."

Judgment's expression relaxed a whole lot. He offhandedly said, "When we learned that you would not be able to leave Leaf Bud City, everyone swore that when they retired, they would all live in Leaf Bud City."

"...You don't need to do that at all! Some people's homes aren't in Leaf Bud City, right?"

"Then, you'll need to convince them yourself." Judgment had a smile on as he said, "I don't want to do something as tough as that. It would most likely be to no avail."

***...God of Light, these fetters that you have arranged for me are really a bit too strong.***

"Hmm?" Judgment's expression turned puzzled. "The Pope discovered the magic circle from an old scroll. It has nothing to do with the God of Light."

"By fetters, Sun doesn't mean the magic circle."

Judgment blinked, his hand already on his sword, about to draw it. He shouted, "Who is it?"

Expressionless, I shouted, "Cloud, where are you?"

"Here." Cloud silently floated upwards from behind, to the right.

*Aren't you overdoing it? Now your floating is even making your horse invisible too? You even frightened Judgment!*

Judgment and the "cold, cruel-hearted" faction he led all stared with wide eyes. On the other hand, the "good, warm-hearted" faction didn't have much of a reaction. At most, they showed expressions of admiration.

Judgment put away his sword and asked in curiosity, "If the fetters don't refer to the magic circle, then what do they refer to?"

Cloud didn't answer. He only looked at him and then at the rest of the Twelve Holy Knights.

Judgment lightly said, "Oh," and his lips lifted upward.

"Judgment, your smile is scaring Vidar and the other holy knights..."

"Sorry." Judgment awkwardly let his smile drop.

"He's here!" Stone urged his horse forward and warned us.

From the faraway horizon, a thread of smoke rose. Everyone immediately took an extremely alert stance... *Hey, Earth, stop yawning!* I glared at him.

*Hmph! Storm is even sleeping!* Earth mouthed back to me.

"..."

When the smoke was close enough for us to see the undead army, the sky suddenly twisted, and a figure as dark as the night appeared, wearing a black crown and robes of the same color. The eyes were completely black as well, without any white.

He lazily looked down at us. First, he laughed for a good long while. Then, his face changed and he yelled, "I am the master of the world, the king of the darkness—the Demon King! You maggots actually dare to crusade against me? Prepare to pay the price!"

From the side came Earth's whispered praise, "His acting is truly too great! He is a hundred times more like a demon king than a certain someone!"

*...Being like the demon king isn't something to praise. I'll just pretend that Earth wasn't making a dig at me.*

"Adair is truly omnipotent!"

Storm praised, "From being the vice-captain, to becoming the insider, to acting as the Demon King, he can do it all. Sun, for you to be able to find such a vice-captain was truly a great fortune."

*What "fortune!" That's called "having a good eye for discovering talent" and "nurturing training!"*

It was because as a captain, I had amazing foresight and threw all of

my work at my vice-captain, thus training him into a two-faced person. In front of people, he smiles; behind their backs, he beats them up. That was why he had such great acting skills. Even if his captain accidentally becomes the demon king, his captain still has a stand-in to use! Hahahahaha—

*Cough cough!* I almost forgot that I wasn't the demon king at the moment. I was too used to lengthy laughter. Thankfully, I had been laughing to myself and had not laughed out loud. That would be a mess.

Judgment impatiently shouted, "Knight-Captain Sun, the Demon King has delivered his challenge. What is your response?"

I shouted, full of vigor, "Twelve Holy Knights, heed my command!"

"Yes!"

"Twelve Holy Knights of the Church of the God of Light, I declare here and now, that we will end. The. Demon. King!"

*And so unveils the greatest fraud in history—*

**From then on, the demon king still had to be born after a certain time, but the demon king never again caused great harm to the world. The reason was because each kingdom's royalty and their church had a secret that couldn't be revealed, passed down through the generations...**

## Shared Rule #8: “The Demon King is Actually the Sun Knight, shh!”

Today is a big day. For the others, that is.

I had long since made my decision. Today was simply a matter of making the announcement, so I could carry on like usual and sleep until the sun had risen high in the sky before getting out of bed. I hadn’t even planned on making any preparations beforehand.

In the corridors of the Holy Temple, I coincidentally came across Storm, Earth, and Leaf. The three of them were just about to head over to the plaza as well, so we went together.

“My dear brothers, under the guidance of the God of Light, you must have already found a child among the selection list to receive the God of Light’s benevolence.”

Storm glanced at me and said, “You’re choosing Elaro, right? He seems a little too old. He is a full seven years older than my Shuis!”

“It’s yours that is too small, not that mine is too big!”

Earth suddenly turned his head. “Yours is too big?” His lowered his gaze and mocked, “How can that be? Stop making things up!”

“...I meant, ‘Elaro’s age is not too big!’” I growled testily.

“Sun, elegance, elegance!” Leaf secretly pointed out the holy knights who were walking by not too far away from us. I hurriedly plastered on

the Sun Knight's trademark brilliant smile, sparkling so much that those people adopted expressions of adoration and reluctantly watched us pass by.

"Fifteen is not too old?" Storm shook his head. "Sun, your bias is so obvious!"

I immediately lowered my voice and retorted, "Just who is more biased? Shuis is only seven, right? That's way off from the optimal age of ten to twelve."

"Nonsense! He's only three years off! Your Elaro is already fifteen. Isn't that way too old?"

"My Elaro is only three years off too!"

Earth watched us snidely. "One of you is calculating from age ten. The other is calculating from age twelve. You are both just as biased! But what are you fighting for? Elaro and Shuis get along just fine, don't they?"

*See?*

Storm fell silent for a bit, and glumly said, "It's exactly that! They get along too well. Shuis is always saying 'Big Bro Elaro, Big Bro Elaro.' In the future, he will definitely be taken advantage of!"

Earth did not hold back at all as he concluded, "No matter what kind of teacher you are, you will produce the same kind of student. Who you choose will make no difference."

"That's true... Wait! What did you mean by that?"

"Sun." Leaf gestured ahead. "Luchi seems to be looking for you!"

*Luchi? Usually, Cloud's vice-captain only comes to me for one thing...*

"Knight-Captain Sun! I haven't been able to find Knight-Captain Cloud for five whole days again!" Luchi was so worried, he was nearly going crazy. The stack of documents in his hands seemed to be the files for the selection candidates.

As the years passed by, Cloud had grown less and less picky with his hiding spots. At first, he only hid away in bookcases and cabinets. But now, as long as he can squeeze inside, he will hide there!

One time, we even found him inside my secret wine cellar. That time, Luchi almost cried, as he could not find his captain. If I hadn't used my sensing ability to search for him, the Holy Temple might have misplaced its Cloud Knight.

After reeling in my sensing ability, I smiled and told Luchi, "Just now, Sun seems to have accidentally glimpsed a shadow in the third drawer of the second cupboard on the left-hand side of the kitchens."

When he heard my answer, he immediately said, "Thank you, Knight-Captain Sun." Then, he broke into a wild run, afraid that his captain would switch to a different cupboard before he arrived.

"It's nearly time." Leaf looked somewhat nervous, his hands tightly



gripping his selection list. "Sun, I'll head over first. I want to secretly observe the candidates."

*That's not a bad idea.* After I nodded, Leaf left in a hurry. Earth glanced at me and Storm. "The two of you should at least head over and put up a pretense. Don't make people say that the decision was pre-determined by the Holy Temple."

"Of course, I will head over. Elaro is still waiting for me among the candidates."

Hearing this, Earth made a noncommittal sound. Although he hadn't chosen anyone yet, and wasn't just putting up a front like Storm and me, with his personality, he was never one to fret much over something like this. And so, he ambled along with us.

Children were everywhere at the plaza. Although most of them were waiting nervously, some were very young and their curiosity took the better of them as they ran this way and that. Some were even pestering the holy knights to let them see their swords.

In one glance, I could spot my own candidates because Elaro stood among them. He was quite conspicuous, as he was fairly tall. Even though he was only fifteen, claiming that he was eighteen would not be particularly difficult. He truly stood out a lot, standing among this crowd of ten-year-old children.

Although Elaro felt some embarrassment, he still smiled at each and every child. They seemed to think he was a holy knight and not a candidate. Several were pestering him with questions, and he

answered them quite warmly.

Halfway through speaking, he raised his head and coincidentally saw me, completely forgetting my instructions to pretend like he didn't know me.

He smiled as brilliantly as the sun.



After the selections, the Twelve Holy Knights brought along the young knights they had chosen. They had all agreed to do so. Since we had chosen our young knights already, we should take a look at who we had all chosen. We shouldn't do what the previous generation had done while teaching us, not allowing us to truly get to know our companions until three, four years later.

My young Sun Knight was, of course, Elaro.

The Twelve Young Holy Knights stood in a row, looking fairly nervous. Yet, they could not help secretly glancing at each other. They were curious about what their future companions would be like.

"You all did it on purpose!" I was speechless.

Elaro stood among a group of seven and eight year old kids. He was tall. The tops of the other children's heads reached, at most, his shoulders. He was like an older brother chaperoning a bunch of preschool kids on a field trip, looking even more awkward than when he had been standing at the plaza. Most of the children there hadn't been this young!

I looked toward Judgment and said in disbelief, "You chose such a young child. Are you really able to determine if he's suitable or not?" Judgment coldly said, "Do you think I had much of a choice?"

I fell silent for a moment, recalling the group of children who had entered the Judgment Knight selections... Each and every one of them made me want to drag them off to the Judge's Complex to beat them up first.

The one before me was indeed slightly more pleasing, but it was just... Not that I wanted to be picky, but it was just that...

"Is he really a boy? He looks like a little girl." *Metal, thank you for saying what I wanted to say.*

"Of course I'm a boy!" The little girl immediately grew angry and yelled, "Are you all blind?"

The little girl's temper was fairly bad. That didn't match with his appearance.

Judgment's expression darkened, and he scolded, "Hungri, you cannot be so rude to the Twelve Holy Knight-Captains!"

*...Why does this name sound so familiar?*

We were all stunned, but then people started snickering.

"Hungry? Are you that hungry? I have bread. Do you want it?" A child

kindly asked.

Hearing this, Hungri glared at him fiercely, and then he turned his glare onto me. Judgment had on a ruthless expression, so the child would not dare say anything. But I feared that if Judgment were to turn his head, the child might pounce on me and bite me—*looks like he knows who gave him his name.*

So, the lesson here is, one really should not handle matters when hungry. One wrong name can become an everlasting grudge. Even though it's someone else's everlasting grudge, it really doesn't feel all that great to be glared at so ferociously.

*Alright, I'm in the wrong. I'll stop picking on you.*

I looked toward the other children.

"I made my decision seven years ago, and I even reported it to you!" Storm immediately said.

"Don't you feel Judge is super honest, even with the words he speaks?" Earth gestured at his child. It was the boy who had offered Hungri his bread just now.

With thick eyebrows, large eyes, a face full of confusion, and how he had said the wrong thing earlier, instead of calling him honest, "slow" might be a bit more fitting. He was truly suitable to be the Earth Knight! There was nothing I could say against... *Wait! What did Earth call him just now?*

"Judge is a good child!" Earth smiled an incomparably sincere smile.  
*You, you... totally did it on purpose, right? Is using such a method to choose your young knight really okay? Can't you be a bit more serious?*

Earth glanced in another direction. "Ice's 'Absenplum' isn't bad either!"

"..."

I gazed at Ice in disbelief, but he shook his head and said, "I didn't learn of his name until after I chose him."

*That means you didn't even look at the details on the selection list and just chose someone who you liked the look of when you reached the plaza, right?*

The child beside him was frowning. Even though he probably didn't understand what we were talking about, he had a face full of suspicion, an expression unlike one any eight year old child should have. He seemed especially mature.

It was not unexpected that Ice would choose him. Although Absenplum's expression looked especially mature, his face was not at all mature. His cheeks were chubby, even rosy, akin to the strawberry milk bread Ice had made last time.

*Is it really okay to choose him to become one of the Twelve Holy Knights, just because he looks like strawberry milk bread? And he will even be the next Ice Knight? Should I expect him to transform from strawberry milk bread to a strawberry milk popsicle in ten years?*

"This isn't strange at all!" Storm tried to console me. "You gave names to a bunch of children in the city. It's not unexpected that some would get chosen!"

*But I didn't give random names that often!*

I looked at everyone's expressions. They didn't seem to regret choosing these children... *Sigh, okay, it's not like I can stop them from choosing the children they want, right? Even I myself am biased toward Elaro. Over these past few years, I've already been treating him like my young knight. I didn't even need to wait until the selections.*

"Teacher." Elaro said considerately, "Their ages are all around the same. The problem lies with me. You do not have to choose me." I froze and then scolded, "Of course I'm choosing you! There's no possibility of changing to anyone else!"

Elaro was stunned. He hesitated for a moment but still could not help asking, "Teacher, why are you so persistent about choosing me?"

*Why?* Even though I was resolved to do so, I really couldn't speak of a reason—because there were truly too many.

Elaro's personality was undoubtedly gentle, yet he had been courageous enough to leave with the Demon King that year. And the reason he had left was because he could not stop worrying about the person who had saved him.

After spending time with him these past years, I gained an even deeper understanding of Elaro's personality. He was easy to get along with, but he still held firmly onto his basic principles, and he was full of radiant justice. And just like me, he was very protective. In addition, I had accidentally used farsight all those years ago and coincidentally saw this child with blue eyes and a head of blond hair...

*In any case, I just know! Elaro is my young Sun Knight!*

He would become the 39th generation Sun Knight, the spokesperson of the God of Light, the leader of the Holy Temple. He would lead the Twelve Holy Knights and continue the tradition of light.

I offhandedly replied, "Well, perhaps it was because of your brilliant smile!"

## Epilogue: Character Introductions and Special Project

### Character Introductions

**Michel:** One of the unfortunate adventurers who accepted the Demon King. Also the leader of the adventurer team.

**Taylen:** The second of the unfortunate adventurers who accepted the Demon King. Furthermore, a super unfortunate guy whom the Demon King selected as the first hero. Other than that, he also seems to hold some secrets.

**Charlotte:** The third of the unfortunate adventurers who accepted the Demon King. In addition, since she has the same name as the demon king candidate from before, she has somewhat caused the Demon King to shift his feelings to her. In the end, she seems to be a little interested in the Demon King, too.

**Jasmine:** The princess of the Kingdom of Forgotten Sound. Elijah's betrothed.



### Epilogue

I remember seeing a movie in the past. Basically, the movie was about the male lead saving his younger sister, who got caught on a snowy mountain. He formed a team to foray into the mountains, but on the way, accidents kept happening, and the team members died one after another...



At the time, I was quite young. As I watched, I felt that the male protagonist was really stupid. For the sake of saving one person, a bunch of people ended up dying. It was not worth it at all!

But as I grew older, I started to understand that you can't assign a worth to this kind of thing, because there's absolutely no way you can watch a loved one turn into a cold corpse right before your eyes.

Saving her might end in regret, but if you don't save her, you would regret it from the start.

The feelings the Twelve Holy Knights hold for each other are much the same. They are unable to watch any one of them walk toward destruction right before their eyes. Even if dragging him back would result in perishing together, they would still not be able to let him fall into the abyss.

In short, this series is a story about being unable to place righteousness before family. It is full of bonds and fetters between companions, but these bonds don't stop at the Twelve Holy Knights. They extend endlessly onwards, from the previous Twelve Holy Knights, to the current Twelve Holy Knights, the current vice-captains, and finally, to the next generation of Twelve Holy Knights...

Between people, even with endless words, they still cannot say clearly whether it was coincidence, fate or destiny. In the end, Grisia merely smiled and said, "You have a brilliant smile," completely following in the footsteps of his teacher, who answered "because of your brilliant blond hair."

The final ending details the selection of the next generation of young knights, but this is actually a beginning. Every generation of the Twelve Holy Knights has a story, a legend.

The ending of the previous generation is the beginning of the next generation. This never-ending legend is exactly the God of Light's biggest miracle.

In fact, reality is much the same. From the parent to the child, and then the child has another child. Every person endlessly continues onward. Each and every one of us has our own paths in life, and the tracks we leave are all stories, all legends.

We are the Twelve Holy Knights.

Some people are like the workaholic Storm. Some people are like Earth, pretending to be prey, when they're really predators. Some people might want to hide like Cloud...

And then you might meet someone cold on the outside but warm on the inside like Judgment, or someone who says one thing but means another, like Metal, or someone kind but who secretly hammers straw dolls like Leaf...

You might not meet twelve of them, or there might even be hundreds and thousands, or strangers might come together by chance, or join hands and experience life together, or keep company until old age, until finally, you see each other off.

Everyone has their own path to follow. *The Legend of Sun Knight*

detailed one such path, one that crossed with each and every reader. Although all good things must come to an end over the course of one's life, they will leave everlasting memories.

As an author, my biggest wish is for my works to accompany everyone in a part of their lives, leaving a memory never to be forgotten. I hope this child, *The Legend of Sun Knight*, has been able to accomplish that.

The paths in one's life will intersect. This is the most beautiful painting the world has to offer—the best legend.

**There have always been miracles. We are the miracle.**

By Yu Wo



### **Special Project: The Legend of Sun Knight Question Dump**

Because this is the final volume, I let everyone ask questions in my blog, and now I will include the questions and answers in volume 8's epilogue.

However, I obviously can't include all of them, so I picked some to answer. If I did not answer yours, please don't be sad. If you enjoy this kind of question and answer corner, you'll have another chance with *No Hero*! Try, try again!

**Q1:** When will *The Legend of Sun Knight* volume 8 be released?

**A:** Right now.

**Q2:** Will *The Legend of Sun Knight* have spin-offs?

**A:** Yes. There will be spin-offs (stories that you won't understand unless you have read *The Legend of Sun Knight*) and related stories (stories that can stand alone), those being *Searching for Roland* and *Female Warrior*.

**Q3:** Who is the author's favorite character?

**A:** The triple-awesome guy with awesome strength, an awesome personality, and an awesome figure: Knight-Captain Judgment. (The guy with terrible strength, a terrible personality, and a figure that's not worth looking at, Knight-Captain Sun, can stop glaring at me please.)

**Q4:** *The Legend of Sun Knight* has ended. What is the side benefit that the author will miss the most?

**A:** The days where I get to savor readers' thoughts from discussion posts that I open for readers to leave their opinions after reading.

**Q5:** If Sun didn't become the Sun Knight, what would he have become?

**A:** Of course he would be a necromancer-in-training -> necromancer -> demon king candidate -> demon king OR corpse, in that order!

**Q6:** What kind of flour does Sun use in his facial masks?

**A:** Gluten-free flour from the plains of Skartalax. PS: Our world does not produce this kind of flour.

**Q7:** I want to know Roland's past and future!

**A:** Please refer to *Searching for Roland*. This is merely a question and answer... But I can tell you his three sizes are 109, 78, 96 (unit: cm). How's that for an answer?

**Q8:** Where did the name *The Legend of Sun Knight* come from?

**A:** The brain of the author filled with unidentified substances from another dimension.

**Q9:** Is Aldrizzt a virgin?

**A:** If he is, what do you plan on doing?

**Q10:** How does Judgment regard Sun?

**A:** Admiration. He really admires both his ability to solve matters and his ability to cause trouble.

**Q11:** May I ask if Grisia's facial mask really works?

**A:** It only works for holy knights.

**Q12:** What type of girls do the Twelve Holy Knights like?

**A:**

Sun—Before becoming blind, beauties. After becoming blind, anyone

with a good figure.

Storm—Someone who takes the initiative to chase after him, but her figure cannot be too good. He would be embarrassed.

Earth—Beauties who are busty.

Leaf—Ann.

Blaze—What are girls? Can they be eaten?

Cloud—It depends on what kind of female protagonist is in the book he is currently reading.

Judgment—Someone filled with a sense of justice and who will take the initiative, or else there will probably be no result for his entire lifetime.

Moon—Always on the lookout for a girlfriend over 180cm tall.

Ice—Someone who likes to eat sweets. It's even better if that someone gives off a nice scent.

Metal—Someone with a whip. Moon doesn't count.

Stone—As long as the person likes me. (Pauses for a moment.) Really likes me!

**Q13:** May I please ask if the other Twelve Holy Knights actually all know that Sun and Judgment are good friends?

**A:** “No, no, of course we don’t know that they are such good friends that they often chat in the bathroom!” By the Twelve Holy Knight-Captains

**Q14:** Does the Storm Knight ever have a day where he doesn’t have to correct documents?

**A:** Yes, in order to express gratitude toward him, he is always given a day of vacation on his birthday.

**Q15:** What is Neo and Chasel’s relationship like?

**A:** One is responsible for causing trouble. One is responsible for cleaning up after him.

**Q16:** When can the Twelve Holy Knights marry? Don’t tell me it’s after forty?

**A:** It depends on when they save up enough money for the marriage. Holy knights are very poor.

**Q17:** Just how much money did Sun sneak away with by the time he retired?

**A:** Actually, after the demon king incident, Sun is left with only debts.

**Q18:** Adair, Vidar, and Tyler, please describe your captains in one sentence.

**A:**

Adair—"Captain, would you like some blueberry pie?"

Vidar—"Yes, Captain Judgment!"

Tyler—"Captain, please do not worry. You are doing an amazing job, so don't fret."

**Q19:** Please give me Adair's past, future, and ambitions!

**A:** ...His height is 185cm, his three sizes are 113, 82, 98 (unit: cm).  
How's that?

**Q20:** What is Sun's small habit when he gives a serious command?

**A:** He will unconsciously... "You're not allowed to say it!" By the  
"Eleven" Holy Knights

**[The Legend of Sun Knight END]**



## PR! Staff Interview

To commemorate the release of the final chapter of The Legend of Sun Knight, we at PR! decided to do a staff interview to gather the thoughts of the staff regarding the project, together with the Question and Answer section in which readers sent in their questions and we answered them.

You can view the [Staff Interview](#) and the [Q&A](#) on the website.