

“Two paths being separated at birth and will soon be reunited again in God’s time.. Sometimes, I find it hard to believe that we have to do something like this just for the sake of the world’s flow.” A white-hooded woman commented as she faces a floating, gigantic and transparent crystal orb; there is a large, golden tripod below the orb as a support and there are other white-hooded people like her surrounding it. On the surface of the orb lies moving images of a woman with copper gold color of torso-length hair with a matching pair of spring green irises, the woman seems to be talking to another person with a smile on her face.

“Where’s the other one?” Asked a male.

“We have yet to determine who she really is, Shards.”

“So, it is a she but you can’t tell her name. How come you were able to speak about its gender?”

“Have you forgotten? Only females get to be the Edifiers.”

“Forgive me but he was just appointed here yesterday so he isn’t familiar of these facts.” Another white-hooded male said.

“Understood, Xemorph. Now, what shall we do about them, Medwell?” Another female asked.

The first woman smirked, “We’ll just let it flow but we have to deliver a message that the two of them must not meet or they will face consequences.”

“Grave consequences.” Xemorph clarified.

“And they must not meet until the right time comes. They have yet to discover who they really are. Simply allowing them to do it together will only create additional conflicts around them.” Medwell added.

“What about the Outcasts?” The second woman spoke.

“Hmm..” Medwell hummed and took a deep breath, “As long as they are not making bold moves, do not apprehend them.”

“That’s outrageous. We have to find them or they will harm the Edifiers!” Shards exclaimed.

“If we made a move first, it will just reflect itself against us, Shards, do not provoke me into doing something I am forbidden to.” The second woman said.

“I’m challenging you, Senaiah.” Shards taunted.

“Shards, you are provoking the wrong Entity.” Xemorph said.

“Silence, Xemorph!” Shards replied and glared at Senaiah, “I was appointed here due to my exalted abilities and I am confident that I can defeat you within 3 minutes.”

Senaiah just stared at him nonchalantly, “Medwell.”

Medwell sighed, “You have 1 minute.” She waved a hand and the scene drastically changed into an arena, where the other Entities were sitting on the benches while Senaiah and Shards were in the ring.

Senaiah then raised her arm to look at her watch and tapped its screen a few times before a timer of 1-minute interval appeared on it, "I will allow you to go first."

Shards shrugged, "Ladies first."

"That will lessen the time limit to exactly 30 seconds then."

"You talk too much. Come at me!"

"Granted." And after that said, Senaiah has already appeared in front of Shards, who became startled, and grabbed his neck, slamming him on the ground aggressively that it created a lot of great fissures around the large crater below them.

"Should we tell Senaiah to minimize her strength?" Xemorph asked Medwell, who shook her head,

"Senaiah is already at her minimum power."

Shards laughed as he grinned at Senaiah, he seems to be unaffected of the hit, "I told you."

"I figured so." Senaiah lifted him up and threw him towards the wall but then Shards immediately positioned his body and the moment he landed his feet on the wall, which created another crater, he pushed himself off to charge at Senaiah at Mach 10 speed.

However, Senaiah had the time to look at her watch, which read 25 seconds and she turned back at Shards before she immediately withdrew her right arm and torso back, form a fist and dragged it forward with such dominating force.

Shards' eyes widened, "Wha-" But before he could even say anything, the female's fist collided with his nose, breaking it and the hit rattled his entire skeletal system. His spine was bent down along with his rib cages and limb bones before he dropped dead on the ground. His hood was taken off and it revealed a man with red hair in an undercut.

Senaiah then tapped on her watch and it read **30 seconds**.

Medwell sighed, "Seems like we will have to revive him later."

"I agree." Xemorph sooner stood up and turned to his right to leave.

"Senaiah, we will have Xemorph resuscitate him. Please sort out the needed documents."

"Understood." Senaiah sooner grabbed the rim of her hood above her head and pulled it down, revealing her messy, shoulder-length, porcelain-colored hair, matching it is a pair of orbs that has the soft mixture of orange and gold. She gazed at Medwell, who stood up and left the arena by walking away, leaving her and the dead Shard alone.

Few days later, in an inn of a small village, a female at average height with copper golden hair focused her spring green eyes onto the book she has been reading for a few hours now. She sat by the chair in front of the wooden table with an unlit lamp beside the book. Few minutes have passed and a smile was brought upon her face, closing the book in the process,

“Done.” The female said to herself before she threw the book overhead and a small portal appeared mid-air, catching the book before it minimized itself and vanished in sight. The female sooner stretched her arms up happily before standing up, “Finally, finishing a novel surely gives a refresh!”

A faint tapping on the window interrupted her little joy and she turned around to see who it is; it is simply a silver-colored eagle with an envelope attached in its beak. The copperhead tilted her head as she gently approached the creature, opening the window and grabbing the envelope, “A letter?”

“It came from the Entities, Damsel Flares.” The eagle spoke.

Damsel softened her eyes, “I see. Thank you.”

The eagle turned around and flapped its wings, jumping up and flying away. Damsel sooner closed the window, sat at the edge of her bed and opened up the envelope, taking out the folded paper from it.

*‘But I wonder why.’* She thought as she unfolded the paper, reading its content.

*To Damsel Flares, we, the Entities applaud you for accomplishing another round of souls freed from their despairs. We encourage you to continue in fulfilling your duties as you embark deeper in your journeys. We wrote this letter to ask for your assistance in defeating a notorious group called the Outcasts. Instructions will follow as soon as the group create a dire circumstance that will put you to harm. Be wary of your surroundings. Do not trust anyone.* Is what the letter says.

Damsel had to tilt her head a bit upon reading the letter. She finds it a little strange as to why the Entities decided to write her just to request for her aid in battle. *‘The Outcasts must be that strong to have the gods call out to everyone they direly need in battle. Will there be an all-out war?’* Her mind commented as she folded the paper once again before she laid down on her bed and stared up at the ceiling.

Truth be told, she is not a fan of wars or any other violent collisions between both parties. She prefers a quieter approach through the means of negotiations. However, not everyone has the same mindset as her and she has to accept the fact that there will be people who prefer to use violence as their way of sealing the deal and solving the problem. Now that she was being called out like this, what can she do?

It is a fact that she has such unique abilities other than freeing the dead from their secrets and having to be used this way gives her the feeling of annoyance towards the Entities. But then again, she does not have a choice but to accept it, her abilities are nowhere near their levels.

After letting a few thoughts run around in her head, she lifted herself up and packed up her medium-sized pouch bag, which contained small vials of potions in various colors, ranging from plain primary colors up to softly mixed ones. She rushed towards the door and opened it, leaving the room before closing the door behind her. Her once sweet and innocent-looking expression drastically changed into a soft nonchalant one but it is already enough to send chills down anyone’s spine.

Few moments later, she finally left the village while carrying a backpack, which contains food and small bottle pouches of water. Judging from the size of the backpack, which is large, she will definitely travel far away from here.

*‘Now that I think about it, the next location is that of a small kingdom, I will be able to buy more potions.’* She thought as she stopped by the side of the country road and placed her backpack down on

the ground before she motioned her hand in a circle in front of the bag, allowing a light green portal from earlier to appear. Light green aura surrounded the bag and it floated up towards the portal, entering inside before the portal closed.

*'There, that should do it.'* She smiled at the thought and continued walking.

As a traveler, she knows that being wary of people is essential since there are a lot of bandits who will take everything. It is a good thing that she learned how to make portals to be used as her storage for her necessities. However, in addition to that, people find her strange since she is travelling yet she only carries her pouch bag of potions. Allowing people to call her the **Travel Queen**.

Though, Damsel is oblivious of that nickname, she has heard of that a few times but she thought that it is for someone else.

As she continued, she saw an injured man nearby and she squinted her eyes to sharpen her vision. Upon confirming, she rushed towards the man's side and knelt beside him, "Old man!" She called out as she gently lifted the man's head up.

The man is indeed old and wrinkled, yet he still has the broad and strong body, he is panting and the wound on his side and stomach continued to bleed tremendously. Damsel looked up front and saw a long trail of blood, it seems that the man came from a long way, she looked back at him, "I will take you back to the nearby village immediately."

The man coughed up blood as he weakly stared up at the copperhead, "N.. No. It's.. too late for me."

"Old man.." Damsel softened her eyes as she focused her gaze at him. She could sense it; his life is slowly fading away. Her eyes could see that the light engulfing his heart is too dim and on the verge of extinguishing.

"Forgive me.. but can you do me a fa-favor?" His voice quivered as he could feel his body running cold. But he has to say this, it might not give Damsel the entire story but it might be enough to at least give her a clue.

"What is it, old man?"

"Pl..Please save my daughter.. H-Her name is Euclesia.."

"Where can I find her?" Damsel asked immediately.

The old man just looked at her and his eyes slowly closed halfway, he could see his life flashing in front of him as his vision gradually goes dark, "All things.. are slowly coming.. into the Land of the Damned.." Right after that, he finally closed his eyes completely and Damsel could see that his heart has completely blackened out.

That's one of her abilities, she could tell if the person is dying and having such power is both a blessing and a curse. A blessing, because she can still see a chance in saving that person's life. A curse, because she will have to bear the pain in watching a person die in front of her. Damsel closed her eyes to briefly grieve on the old man before she gently caressed his forehead, "Euclesia.. huh.." She muttered under her breath as she looked at the trail once again. If she follows this trail.. will it lead her to that place? But

then again, if a female is being held captive then one of the possible places they could go is towards slave markets.

*'Land of the Damned.. I wonder what place is being called that way..'* Damsel thought for a moment as she stood up and motioned her index finger in a circle, allowing a light green aura engulf the old man and slowly levitated him before she looked around to find somewhere safe. Soon enough, she found a bedside river and went towards there. Placing the dead man down beside the body of water, she sat next to him as she gently placed her palm on his forehead. Damsel then took out her golden small birdcage from its container from her hip and a golden wind chime bell.

She closed her eyes and slowly enough, silence began to crawl their way towards her hearing, it went from clear sounds to muffled ones until there is nothing left. She then placed the birdcage next to the man's head and she gently shook the bell, allowing its soft clanking fill the space around her.

"By the power of the heavens who rule the land of time, I desire to enter this person's heart in order to recap its life events until to its end. Show me when things started." She said aloud and light green energy strings came from the man's chest, crawling their way up and forming a large ball that surrounds them, followed by a blinding light that filled the entire ball.

Damsel sooner opened her eyes and she could see the village that she had been earlier. Only difference is that, the village she is currently in is much livelier; vast amount of stalls of food, weaponries, magic books and scrolls are lined up on each side of the road with gaps in between each stalls. Along with that, there are tons of villagers as well as warriors and mages surrounding these stalls, marking the busy day for all of them. There is one more thing that is considered distinguishable:

This world.. it is colored in monotone.

The copperhead blinked and in her field of vision, she could see a green outline of a human not too far from where she is. She began heading towards the human. *'Now that I think about it, the village from the present seemed to have lost its life compared here. I wonder what happened..'* She thought as she fasten her footsteps until she could see the aura clearly. Her feet led her to another wide land where there is a large field of rice and corn below; its leaves and plants are standing at its full height, revealing its good health and great harvest. There is also a large gap that separates the rice and corn fields from each other in the middle, serving it as a road from the house at the other side up to where she stood.

Damsel could see the old man gathering the harvest from the first patch of the corn field and just watched him for a moment, "So he is a farmer.." She muttered under her breath until she saw the old man heading towards the horse stable and led out a white stallion. She softened her eyes and a long sigh escaped her lips.

This is her main duty, to find out what secret is this man hiding as well as recording his life from the moment he began living as a human up until its end. The birdcage will record its entirety while she will be transferred to the time when the man started keeping his secret. Although, she can just wait until the recording is completed but to minimize the time, she prefers finding out the secret first-hand instead.

As moments pass by, nothing much is happening until she decided to go to a small forest nearby and sat beside a tree trunk while she kept her eyes on him. She has no choice but to wait since she couldn't do

anything in this timeline. That is the major flaw of her ability: She does not have the power to change anything whenever she enters the past life of a dead person. She is only here to find out the truth.

Few more minutes later and a small group of bandits came by the place where she was and marched their way towards the fields. She narrowed her eyes when a red outline covered another male within that group, he is an inch taller than her and has that athletic physique, which is visible even with the thick fabric of brown jacket and dark brown pants with dark brown soldier boots, covering his body. Along with that, he is not wearing a shirt underneath the jacket, revealing his bare chest and abdominal muscles.

The man's face looks fierce judging from his narrowed eyes with a serious expression. He wears a cowboy hat and a red scarf snaked around his neck. His forehead can be clearly seen and his slightly squared chin with a strong jawline matched his fierce face. Overall, he is handsome and women would swoon all over him once they get to see him.

Despite the charming side of his face, Damsel could feel that this man...

... is gay.

*'My gay radar is tingling..'* Damsel nonchalantly stared at the man before she puts on her serious expression when the man's group reached the old man and one of them suddenly went ahead and punched him right in the face. He yelped in pain as he stumbled back and fell on his behind then two other male from the young man's group went up behind the other and grabbed both of his arms, pulling him up.

"Ahh, Estreso, I guess you already know what we came here for, right?" The young man asked with a smirk on his face.

"Arthur, you don't understand, I had to make ends meet here as well!" The old one grunted in pain as blood trailed down from his lips down to his chin.

"The deal was that you will pay for our services **TODAY!!!**" Arthur shouted so loud to the point it echoed in the air. The tone of his clear and manly voice marked his anger.

"I-I know! It's why I am working thrice as hard for the past few days!"

"How do you think were you able to keep breathing for the past three months, huh!? You came to me because you were begging for our help! Did you know just how much of a pain in the ass in keeping those knights at bay?!"

"Look, Arthur, I-I understand how difficult it was for you but you must under—"

"That what? That you were doing all these because it can keep both your family and us safe? Bullshit, no one is ever safe from those redheads! They were just staying by the bay with their fishing rods up because they were waiting for the large fish to take the bait!"

"Arthur, I had to do this for my daughter's safety!"

"And what of your debts, huh? Listen here, old man, if it weren't for that time when you didn't surrender to those motherfuckers, this wouldn't happen! All because of your own foolishness and selfishness!" Arthur's eyes are piercing down the other's soul.

“Please! Just give me a month and I will pay you!”

Arthur just glared at him and took a deep breath, it seems he has cooled down a bit after venting out, “Fine, I’ll let you off just this once. However, if you failed, we will take your daughter to the Land of the Damned!”

Estreso’s eyes widened, he could feel the fear already in his spine just by hearing the name of that place, “N-No, anywhere but that place! That place is one of the world’s largest black markets! They’ll sell everything about her!”

“Sorry about that, Estreso. However, deal’s a deal and this is your last chance, pay us your debts within a week.”

“B-But that’s impossible. The crops won’t be harvested in full until the next two weeks!”

“One week, Estreso!! Do we have a deal?!” Arthur shouted once again.

Estreso just looked at him with his mouth opened, unable to string enough words. He gritted his teeth and nodded, “Deal.”

“Good.” Arthur looked at his two men and nodded before they dropped him off to the ground before they left the place.

Damsel could hear them loud and clear as she stayed from where she is; her senses are tingling that somehow in some way, this has something to do with the kingdom she is currently heading. There is only one way to find out:

Go to the kingdom and continue her investigation there.

While she can record someone’s life events, she cannot record the person’s feelings and thoughts. If she can then she does not need to go deeper into the case like this.

Damsel closed her eyes once again and tranquility engulfed her entire hearing until she reopened her eyes after a few more moments, seeing the river and the dead Estreso in front of her. She is now back at the present. She blinked a few times before she averted her gaze towards her birdcage, where there is an orb inside, glowing brightly like a soft, blinding light.

She has to do something right away. She cannot just go ahead and watch as the orb shows her the events. She can always find out the truth in the long run and the first thing she has to do is rescue Euclesia.

*‘Judging from Arthur’s clothing, he looks like a bandit of some sort. If that is the case then it will be easier to find him in the Land of the Damned.’* She thought as she looked down at Estreso, softening her eyes in the process.

*‘I’m sorry that you had to go through all those until your last breath but I assure you that I will free you from all these. You must have been wanting to tell your daughter about this and yet you couldn’t.’*

She sighed and stood up before the dead body turned into ashes, flying skyward. The body has finally reached the heavens and all that is left is his soul and memories.

She now has to find out about the secret. And so, she turned her heels and began walking towards the road, finding the trail of blood once again that has dried up.

*'I wonder where will this path lead me?'* Her mind asked and just like earlier at the inn, her expression has changed from sweet and innocent to cool and nonchalant, her calm and narrowed eyes are visible that it could send chills down anyone's spines. It's wondrous how she can shift moods so fast.

Meanwhile, somewhere in the large forest below the dark and starry skies, there is Arthur and his group surrounding the campfire while Euclesia sat inside a human-sized cage. The female was embracing her knees as she watched the bandits eat and chatter; she is shivering in both fear and hunger. However, she does not have any bruises at all and her clothes are only dirtied, it seems the bandits never dared to do anything to her, is that a good thing or a bad thing? No matter what it may be, Euclesia knows that she will be taken somewhere where her life will be over. It's only a matter of time before they leave this place and she has to escape before then but how?

The female's excessive and messy brown locks dangled on her shoulders as she looked around to find anything useful, her piercing amethyst eyes are scanning every single thing near her that will help her escape from this cage. The fire helped in illuminating the objects and it also kept her smooth and fair tone of skin warm.

"I can't believe that we have to bring her to the king by tomorrow." Said a male bandit as he scoffed.

"The king? I thought we will bring her to the Land of the Damned?" Asked another.

"Idiot, we will bring her to the king in the Land of the Damned. Basically, the king is the client." Arthur answered.

"Huh, guess the king isn't that goody-two-shoes after all." Another bandit laughed.

Arthur smirked, "In this world of ours, there are a lot of tyrant rulers and it shouldn't even surprise you."

Euclesia narrowed her eyes as she clenched her fists, as she continues to be with these hoodlums, she gets to learn about the things she thought she would never know. All of her life, she has seen the king to be wise and kind. He has helped his people bring prosperity to their crops and animals and he does not allow any evil beings to enter into the kingdom and their village. Finding out about this one information, she begins to wonder if there are still things they did not know about the king.

Is it to gain their trust so then by the time comes, he can use his good ruling as a blackmail? It is a perfect plan for himself actually.

The female sooner closed her eyes to clear her mind, she has to escape first before she could think about those things.

Few moments later, two other bandits came back and Arthur stood up to greet them,

"Well? What about the old man?" The young leader asked.

"He's dead. I hit him with a bullet." One of them answered.

"Did you confirm it?" Arthur raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah.”

Hearing that made Euclesia’s eyes jot open in surprise, “Father..” She muttered.

Arthur smirked, laughed and turned to the girl, “Did you hear that, little one? Your father left you!”

Euclesia glared at Arthur with a low growl, “How could you kill him?!”

“Oh, I didn’t kill him.” Arthur said while he shrugged, “He did.” He then pointed at the male who reported with his thumb.

“You’re a monster.”

“Monster?” Arthur then headed towards her cage, knelt down before grabbing the bars with his two hands and glared deep down into her amethyst orbs, “Me? A monster? If I was then you wouldn’t be locked up in here well-fed, no injuries and still got your clothes intact and you dare to call me a monster? Such an ungrateful bitch, did you know just how bad these men of mine crave for a woman’s touch, hm? Consider yourself lucky.”

Euclesia just kept her strong stare at him, she isn’t planning to lose on this one.

Arthur scoffed as he quirked the right side of his lip up, “You are so lion-hearted. Even if you are surrounded by us, you still have the guts to look at me dead in the eye? You think someone will save you?”

The young man did not receive an answer from the girl so he just shook his head and stood up, “Now that I think about it, you don’t look anywhere like your old man, are you really his daughter?”

“Whatever your questions regarding the connections between me and my family does not concern you.” Euclesia said.

“Huh, not that I am interested anyway. Unless, you said something that will.”

Euclesia just shook her head as she kept her soft glare towards the male.

“Huh. I see.” Arthur then turned to his allies, “Get some rest, we have a busy day tomorrow!”

“Roger!” His men said in response.

The next day sooner came and Arthur and his men finally reached the Land of the Damned; it is simply a vast land where there are a lot of stalls placed in rows and columns in each sides of the large and small roads with gaps in each of these stalls. The entire ground is being surrounded with thick, bricked walls to serve as its protection from the outside; it is to conceal the true nature since outsiders tend to look at it as some sort of an old barracks of the kingdom. The stores’ contents ranged from slaved children in chains, monsters in cages, black magic books and scrolls, dead humans with their organs exposed and cut limbs, and weapons imbued with dark magic. Euclesia looked around with no sight of fear in her amethyst orbs, she is not going to allow fear to overwhelm her, she has to escape.

Euclesia could not escape last night due to Arthur’s men, guarding her all night. It seems they are trained that way. But, now that she is here, she has to make a quick move before she gets sold.

Or perhaps, she could use that opportunity?

She has a lot of routes in mind but she needs to narrow down the choices. Should she make a break for it as soon as they are about to hand her in? Or should she escape after that? She has to aim for the time when they are most vulnerable.

“Oh! Here they are!” Arthur pointed at a tall male with a well-built body even if he is wearing a regal attire, consisting of an orange-trimmed, crimson-plated armor with a clear red cloak. His chest part has a golden outline of a tiger head and the details are designed in tribal. The glorious radiance of his armor is purely visible because of the sun’s rays shining above him, making him look like a noble angel in the midst of the underworld. His short, slightly spiked blonde hair along with his beard matched his pair of crimson eyes. Behind him are two other men, donning almost the same armory, with the difference of the trims being silver and gold in color and with their Spartan helmets worn.

Euclesia’s eyes widened slowly at how the king and his two bodyguards look brilliantly. Her eyes glimmered slightly and she could feel the light on her body. But after a few seconds, she had to blink a few times and felt like she finally came back into their world. What just happened? She just realized that she was not herself at that point, which made her eyes narrow at the king.

The blonde man hummed, *‘She wasn’t affected?’* He thought.

As Arthur and his men approached their client, they bowed, “Greetings, your highness. We got your package.”

“Raise your heads and let’s make haste. I must not prolong my stay in the wretched side of my kingdom.” The king said.

“Very well.” Arthur looked at his men and jerked his head towards the king’s direction, “Give her to him and take the gold.”

One of them nodded and dragged Euclesia towards him. As soon as he was about to hand her over, the girl suddenly struggled with all her might to shake off the male, who yelped and stumble back before she ran off.

Arthur’s eyes widened as he watched briefly before he struck an immediate order, “Don’t let her get away!!”

Euclesia panted as she kept running in great speed but she bumped onto someone’s hip and fell back down on the ground. Groaning in pain, she looked up at the person.

It is a tall figure with a green-trimmed, black hood and cloak combined in a form of a long coat. It has a white polo shirt beneath and dark brown slacks with black soldier boots. It has its hands tucked into the coat’s pockets. Only the lower half of its face could be clearly seen and judging from its sharp jawline, tanned skin tone and with a scar on the bottom right side of its lip, broad shoulders and chest, it is a male.

Euclesia gritted her teeth, she does not trust this man and that proved to be true when he grabbed the back of the girl’s shirt and lifted her up easily with one hand.

“You are fierce for a young child.” The male commented in his deep yet soft and clear voice.

The girl tried to struggle free but his grip just would not loosen up.

“Hey!!” Arthur yelled from behind her and as he and some of his men finally caught up, they stopped to catch their breaths, “You bitch, that was so rude of you!”

“Hooh, it seems they were trying to sell you and you managed to escape. You’re smarter.” The male grinned slightly with a scoff.

“Thanks for catching her. She is too stubborn to think she could even get out this place.” Arthur said.

“Hm.” The male looked at the king and began walking towards him while carrying the child on his shoulder.

“O-Oi, what are you doing?!” Arthur shouted and was about to charge towards him, “That’s my product!”

The hooded figure suddenly turned around and released a blow of the back of his fist towards Arthur, letting him fly to the side in bullet speed, crashing onto multiple stalls up towards a wall and creating a wall behind him. The attack just now startled all of the people and hybrids in the vicinity and turned to him but they sooner went back to their business while the affected stalls could not help but scratch their heads, thinking what to do. It seems they are used to fights happening around.

“I’ve only used little power to push you back, it will never be enough to kill you unless you are that weak.” The hooded male said.

Arthur’s men just stood there in shock, they wanted to fight back but then witnessing that their leader, who they have considered to be the strongest among all of them, being defeated in front of them in an instant, their motivation to fight back has been down the drain.

“Hooh, you are strong!” The king said in delight with a big smile once the hooded male finally got near him.

The male then brought Euclesia down and pushed her towards him, “I am now your trader, where is the gold?”

“Oh, you are not with him?”

“I don’t even have knowledge about him or his position.”

“Very well. Knights!” The king ordered and the knight clad in golden-trimmed armor stepped a few times forward while carrying a large sack, fully filled with soft clinking sounds. Based on how the knight struggled, it seems to be full of gold. The man looked down at the sack and grabbed it with his one hand.

“That’s the full payment. It should give you a luxurious life.” The king said.

“Appreciated.” The man said as he lifted the sack over his shoulder before he turned his heels and walked away.

Euclesia kept struggling but the silver-trimmed knight’s hold was firm enough.

“Tell you what, why not join as my personal protector? I am sure you will have the highest position in my army!” The king invited.

The man stopped, “I do not have the slightest interest in joining someone else’s forces.”

“Oh, so you are working for someone? That’s sad. Why not inform your leader so we can discuss about this? We can combine our forces and rule this forsaken world together!”

“Unfortunately, the one who gives us orders does not combine forces with others, especially if the other force is frail and weak.” The man looked over his shoulder, “I thank you for the invitation anyway. I shall take my leave.” He then looked away and left.

“Hmm, a man with a code. Let’s go.” The king said as he turned his heels and walked off along with his knights while dragging Euclesia away.

But few more moments later, Damsel has reached the place by running and panted as she looked around.

*‘I’m now in the Land of the Damned. No wonder it is called that way and no one could ever dare looking into it from the outside since it looked like an old barracks.’* She thought but then she narrowed her eyes when she sensed a great magic energy nearby.

*‘What kind of power is that? It’s not just an ordinary mage who uses black magic.’* She slowed her steps and hastily walked in search of Arthur. It took her a good while before she could find the man, lying face down on the ground just below the crater from earlier. Damsel narrowed her eyes and rushed towards him, kneeling next to him, “Arthur?” She called out.

“He’s unconscious.” One of his men said once he has approached them along with his peers. Damsel looked up at him with a glare and stood up,

“Where’s Euclesia? Who did this?” Even at this point of time, she still got the time to be slightly worried for other people.

“A tall guy with a black hood blacked him out and sold the girl to the king.” He replied.

“A tall man with a black hood?” Damsel blinked, but of what surprised her is that the king was the client.

“There’s nothing you can do, the king’s Red Knights can wipe this place out if they wanted. They’re not your ordinary soldiers of a kingdom.” Another one said.

“Aren’t you that Travel Queen everyone was talking about?” Another one asked.

“Me? The infamous Travel Queen?” Damsel scoffed, “Well, didn’t know that.”

“If I were you, I will just step out. It’s too late for you!” The first man warned.

“Moreover, why aren’t you attacking me?” Damsel asked.

“Not only our leader was defeated by some mysterious man, the gold we were supposed to get from the king was stolen by him! We would stop you if you would try and take the kid from us but now that she’s now in the hands of the king, we got nothing to do with it now.” He answered.

“The king huh.. Guess I have no choice.” Damsel tched as she ran off.

“Hey! Are you crazy!? You’re basically charging towards one of the biggest powerhouse!” He shouted.

“I’ll be fine! Thanks!” Damsel replied.

As the hooded man was looking through the weapons in a shop, he sensed great power, which made him grin, "So, you finally showed yourself, Edifier." He muttered under his breath.

Damsel sooner exited the place and rushed towards the kingdom, which is just a couple of minutes away. Even with this distance, she could see just how large the king's palace is. The large, orange-colored bricked walls covered the entire vast land and the only building protruding up to the clouds is the spiked tip of the enormously tall palace made with fine and thick white walls with pillars supporting the other parts of the castle.

She sooner reaches the kingdom and as she made her way in, she went straight towards the castle. Even for someone like her, who is entirely new in the place, she knows how to get to the castle since the building is large. To save time, she jumped towards a wall and ricocheted towards the other before jumping to another wall again until she reached the rooftop of a house then jumped her way towards the palace.

As she finally landed in front of the large gates where it was moderately guarded, laser-like, crimson aura engulfed her while her hair flowed up slightly. She launched herself towards the guards while she withdrew her left torso and arm back, forming a tight fist,

"**Ignite!!!**" She exclaimed before she slammed her fist onto the ground, creating an explosion in the process with a wide radius. It immediately alarmed the knights who began making their way towards the site and the civilians who made their way out of it.

The explosion also alarmed the king and Euclesia, who were inside the palace and turned their heads towards the thick smoke.

"Guards!! Seize whoever dares to trespass and create great property damages!" The king ordered as he pointed at the smoke and a large number of knights rushed out of the castle.

Now that Damsel has made her way in, she could see the castle up close now:

Its pillars have large structures of snakes wrapping themselves all the way from the bottom to the top. The front side of the palace showed a large triangular roof with the walls and pillars supporting it while there are rows of arched pillars coming from the entrance up to the large gates. The sides are made of the walls and there are pillars in the middle as well.

The knights finally reached her and the frontliners aimed their swords and spears at her while the backliners aimed their arrows.

The thick smoke completely subsided, and the king's eyes widened, "A woman?" He muttered and Euclesia just watched with her mouth opened.

"Name yourself and your objectives!!" One of the knights demanded.

Damsel wore her usual serious expression as she glared at the king. Even if it is just a presence, some of the knights gulped and cold sweats spread across their faces while they hold their positions. She then opened her mouth and spoke in a loud and clear voice that it echoed in the air:

"I'm Damsel Flares and I am here for the king. **GIVE EUCLESIA BACK!!!**"