

BLACK PLAIN 317

Chapter 317: The Knife and the Cheese in the Hand

It made no difference to Christian whether or not this old man in this store had set up the situation that led to his brother's death.

And in a way, if that were indeed the case here, then this young man would even feel a little grateful to the owner of this store!

But don't get it wrong, it's not that this young man hated his little brother or had big problems. He hadn't. The two of them had always gotten along very well until Tristram had met Misty.

At that time, Christian had already fallen in love with Misty, even before that young man killed by Minos married this girl, and Christian wanted to have her at any cost...

This young man had always had a stubborn personality, and when something entered his mind, he could not stop thinking or acting to make it happen.

Misty messed with Christian's mind in such a way that the formerly womanizing and wanton young man had quickly lost interest in other women.

For him, only Misty could make him feel like a complete man!

Consequently, Christian was prepared to try everything to steal his brother's then-wife.

However, he knew that Misty truly loved Tristram, and because of that, it wouldn't be easy for him to steal her in the past. After all, that woman would not simply accept to sleep with someone who somehow related to the possible death of her lover.

As for the possibility of adultery, it also didn't seem to be easy for Christian to get it from her. Despite always having a rakish behavior, Misty never went further than she should, staying at the limit of what would be 'allowed'...

She was someone who accepted flirting and would even let other men watch her, even in more intimate situations.

It didn't bother her. Instead, she treated such situations as compliments... But, she had always been faithful to Tristram.

For all this, Christian had been grateful when he received the news that his beloved younger brother had died...

In part, he felt terrible, but it was undeniable that this had created a unique opportunity for him. Now, not only did he not have to kill his own brother, creating hostility in the family and perhaps losing his only chance with Misty, but he could also avenge him now!

That was amazing to Christian. It was like he had the knife and cheese in his hand!

He would naturally investigate and kill his 'dear' brother's killers and then gain Misty's favor. With this, this widow could finally comfort herself in the arms of Christian, whom she could trust and learn to love...

For all that, Christian was more than happy to negotiate with this individual, not even thinking about killing him for what happened to Tristram.

Anyway, while he saw the expression of satisfaction on the young man's face, the old owner of this store was satisfied too, as he thought about the amount he should charge. 'This young man seems very happy about it... Well, I can charge a price a little above normal... But I can't exaggerate either!'

"Well, we have the paintings of 15 people as well as their physical characteristics and cultivation levels at that time. With all this, given the work involved in this type of business, I believe that the price of 4,000 crystals per person is fair."

He then made a poker face and then completed it. "60,000 low-grade crystals work for me."

Hearing this, the two subordinates of the Reid family, who weren't aware of Christian's happiness with the whole outcome, were getting increasingly irritated.

This old man in front of them seemed to be the primary cause of their young master's death, someone who had a great future ahead and that could help the family in the future. However, this old man was not apologetic, but he was trying to cash in on the situation!

'What a bastard, you son of a bitch!' One of them thought as it started to turn red, his forehead veins more and more visible.

'Come on, young master Christian, just give the order, and I'll rip this old man's head off!' So, the other thought, as he stood beside Christian, already with one hand on the sword at his waist.

However, when the two subordinates of the Reid family were getting ready to fight, their young master suddenly said something unexpected. "Okay, the price is right."

Upon hearing this, the three people around Christian had completely different thoughts, but they were all perplexed.

'What? Did I hear you wrong?' One of them thought as he glanced at the other subordinate who was standing next to Christian.

However, this young man's bodyguard was quite scared too. After all, Christian would never express his thoughts about Misty to others.

Tristram was the foremost genius of the Reid family for the past 300 years, so it would not have been wise for Christian to offend him in such form.

If this young man's ideas reached their father's ears, most likely, things would not be good for this young man...

Because of this, not even the bodyguard who had always accompanied him knew about this side of this young master.

At the same time, the old owner of this store was utterly disappointed at this point. 'Damn it! I should have said a higher price! He didn't even try to negotiate...'

Anyway, after Christian pulled out a bag with the proper amount of crystals from his spatial ring, the transaction was finally made. This young man received 15 paintings from that old man, along with some transcripts about the details of each of these people.

There was information such as their levels, height, physical appearance, prominent facial features, and distinguishing marks. Allied to this, the paintings, which were not identical to each of those people, were something close to the real thing, making anyone identify one of those people if he saw it in front of him.

There was also information about who accompanied whom, distinguishing the different groups.

Seeing those images, Christian frowned for a moment. 'By the looks of these men, they are the bodyguards for these youths, but what about this girl and this boy? She had the level to be his protector, but she looks too young...'

'Hmm, and this boy, I don't remember where, but I think I saw that person's painting already somewhere...' He then looked at the old man and said. "Old man, you truly don't have any information on from where these people are? I'm willing to pay more if you can help me with this."

Hearing this, the old man sighed unhappily and said. "I would like to have such information, but I honestly don't have. The most I can tell you is that none of them are from the Cromwell Kingdom."

"Oh? And why do you say that?" Christian's bodyguard asked.

"I have lived here for over 500 years, and I know every noble family and emerging powers of this realm. So, given the fact that most of those people carried strange symbols on their clothing, as well as the fact that they bought maps of the region, I can say they're not from the Cromwell Kingdom."

And that made sense. After all, youths of specific states always learned at the time of the spiritual academy about the geography of their kingdoms.

Thus, it would be strange if the geniuses who participated in the biggest competition in the north of the Central Continent did not know their respective states!

"Hmm, I see..." Christian muttered before finally tossing another bag of crystals to the old owner of this store. "Well, that was a big help. If you remember anything else, send a crow to the Reid family, and we'll pay you even more."

After that, Christian's group quickly left that place, heading towards the hotel they stayed. 'The symbols that old man described are not from the Kingdom of the Waves either. So, this means that Stone Island, Brown Kingdom, Kingdom of the End, and the Snow Kingdom are the ones that remain...'

"You two, send the message to the family to start investigating the symbols described by that old man. And finally, we will go to the capital of the Brown Kingdom. That is the closest state to where we are, and we may be able to discover some of these powers there."

"Yes, young master!"

After that, the group finally disappeared into the crowd of that city.

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