

## Carefree 671

### [Carefree Path of Dreams](#)

#### Chapter 671: Ceremony

“What do you think, Bishop Daniel?”

Outside the villa, the three notaries from before hid themselves in the dark and quietly observed the lights in the villa.

Baron Shawshank’s envoy, a scholar named Hahn, bowed slightly while asking, “Will the... ceremony succeed? After all, it’s failed so many times.”

“This... is difficult to say. After all, it is a Legend knight’s power...”

Daniel shook his head. “Didn’t the multiple attempts before tell us the outcome? It only accepts the blood of that Legend knight. Moreover, the requirements are high. The failed examples previously were right in front of our eyes!”

While they were discussing, another notary beside them laughed awkwardly, hoping to find a crack in the floor to hide in. He pretended that he did not hear anything.

After all, someone like him did not have the right to hear such secrets.

Bishop Daniel did not notice and had other thoughts as he looked at the villa. *According to Torrege’s letter, there’s something wrong with Luhn, and he hoped that I could investigate this matter. This inheritance ceremony is the best way to check.*

*The Legend’s power is able to distinguish souls. Even if there is accepted blood, he would only be worse off than the other inheritors if there is something wrong with his soul.*

“Hopefully this can be successful. This is not only the wish of the baron, but the other lords are also anticipating the strength of a Legend knight. The previous one assisted the first Grand Duke Stan and built the duchy.”

At this moment, Scholar Hahn muttered, “Is this the necessity of war...”

Towards this, Bishop Daniel knew it in his heart and shook his head.

They knew part of the truth. Knight Jorah did not die from a severe illness, but purely because of a problem in inheriting.

The family of the Knight Jorah was only in-charge of the ceremony. To activate the inheritance suddenly, it was no wonder that he got bitten in return.

And the reason he did so was the pressure from the higher-ups.

Due to this, Daniel came over after the failure in order to put an end to the influence of the whole matter.

*Once the ceremony begins, it can only be stopped when the real inheritor appears. Otherwise, I’m afraid an even more terrifying dead spirit disaster will appear...*

Daniel feelings were very complex.

He hoped to find out how Luhn was different, but also hoped to solve everything here.

At this time, the villa in front of them changed.

Dark gray flames rose. As if it was a screen, it enveloped the whole villa.

Instantly, the villa and its surrounding went dark. Outsiders would not be able to observe anything.

"It's begun..."

Looking at this scene unfold, Daniel and Hahn held their breath at the same time and quietly began to wait.

...

"This is... a domain? Specious! Just a weakened enchantment..."

In the villa, Fang Yuan realized something was wrong immediately.

He was currently in the study. With a book about the noble families' family trees in his hands, he was reading the picture of each and every family's crest and coat of arms. He sighed. "Alright, looks like I might have underestimated Knight Jorah's family. After all, he also had noble blood that could even date back to the Stan Duchy's founder knight."

Then, the first generation Grand Duke Stan completely depended on the hard work of a knight to lay the foundations of the duchy today.

The knight at that time was rumored to be able to walk on air. Just by casually swinging his sword, he could split the ground open. He was a legend within a legend!

"In the records of the genealogical tree, there were seven such knights, called the 'Legend Knight Group'. They were a power that resounded throughout the mainland. And Knight Jorah's family originated from one of these seven people—'Death Hand' Glendon."

There were many professions in this world, but there was no unified differentiation.

For example, if a warrior had just aggregated the seeds of his fighting spirit, he was definitely stronger than a senior soldier.

Thus, the general divide of first level soldier, first level warrior, and whatnot was a joke.

"I now know that there are only fundamental and attributed fighting spirit, these two levels, for warriors... However, in the memory of that sorcerer, someone being able to urge attributed fighting spirit would already be referred to as a high-level warrior. With that, it's easy to mix as the garrison captain of a city..."

"Of course, sorcerers are even more powerful. Even if one is at the most basic level, it's enough for him to live a grand life similar to a noble..."

"However, what's interesting is that, no matter if it's a warrior or a sorcerer, or even other Extraordinary professions, there'll be a strange but complete transformation at a certain stage. One could even obtain

a domain-like power. These people are the peak powers in the mortal world—the Legends! They are said to be the existences closest to the Gods...”

In fact, these Legends could also be called Domainers by Fang Yuan.

The only reason why they could not be called Gods was because their domains were not strong enough. In other words, this was related to how they didn’t have a Godhood.

Only with the authority of a Godhood bestowed by the world could a Domainer be truly extraordinary and become a True God.

This was the route of how to become a True God in this world!

Thinking about this, Fang Yuan glanced at his stats window.

“Name: Luhn (Fang Yuan)

Essence: 3.0 (200)

Spirit: 3.0 (200)

Magic: 5.0 (200)

Profession: Warrior

Cultivation: ???

Technique: ???

Skill: [Medicine (Level 3)], [Botany (Level 6)(Peak)], [Fiery Golden Eyes (Level 3)], [Body Seal (Ultimate form)]”

“I currently still have a long way to go before I can be a God.”

Fang Yuan sat on a chair and drank his slightly-cold red tea, rubbing the space between his brows.

“Death Hand Glendon was a Legend. Moreover, one of his descendants that flourished in the Stan Duchy was Knight Jorah.

“Looks like there may be a direct line of descent in this bloodline that has inherited some secrets.”

He looked at the walls around him.

At this moment, under the influence of certain unknown power, the whole villa was painted with a dark green brilliance. The outside world darkened, and among the flickering shadows, there seemed to be a certain unknown plane overlapping.

“The power of a domain? Specious... At best, it’s a pseudo-domain, but has it opened a certain link and connected with another small plane?”

Thoughts ran wild in Fang Yuan’s mind.

The unimportant Knight Jorah would not have such an ability. The only possibility was Death Hand Glendon.

“Why would the power he left behind activate now?”

He thought about the misfortune of Knight Jorah, as well as the miserable experience of the few inheritors. “Unless there are some organizations and forces that are eyeing the power Glendon left behind. Moreover, they’re preparing to create a ‘human weapon’?”

Obviously, there was a condition to inherit the power. It was most likely limited by the bloodline.

Thus, those spies had allowed him to arrive here to smoothly to receive the inheritance.

“There’s no reason to reject a free meat.”

The corner of Fang Yuan’s mouth twitched upward to reveal a smile. He went over to the edge of the wall and touched it with his palm.

A cold, piercing pain shot up from his palm.

Dark green concentrated and became increasingly darker. Eventually, a jet black hole appeared.

“To be able to set up a magic array to this degree and have it last for such a long time, I’m afraid it was not only Glendon that set this up back then.”

Fang Yuan took a step forward, and his figure disappeared into the hole.

*Kaboom!*

The surroundings instantly changed.

It was a bloody battlefield. Many soldiers were laying flat on the floor, fresh blood flowing.

A large army that was raising a red flag with a lion on it was having their last battle with a bunch of barbarians.

“The red flag with a lion is the symbol of the Stan Duchy... Moreover, is this scene the battle for the founding of the duchy in the past?”

Fang Yuan looked at himself and saw that he had somehow changed into a suit of metal armor and was riding a large horse. He was facing a group of barbarians that had blue camouflage on their faces. They had all sorts of weapons and were filled with a savage, barbaric presence.

“For freedom!”

Suddenly, there was an ear-splitting roar from the opposite camp.

Thousands and thousands of barbarians noisily began their assault.

“Cavalry, attack!”

Under a similar hysterical command, many knights clenched their legs. Their warhorses galloped forward like flying arrows. The knights were armed to the teeth, as if they were tin cans, and all of them raised their several meters-long spears.

Unfortunately, Fang Yuan discovered that he, together with the knights around him, was shockingly at the front lines.

“Charge!”

*Kaboom!*

The next moment, two black lines viciously clashed, and blood as well as bodies splattered in an instant.

The power of the knight charge was able to tear the barbarians’ basic formation easily, but there were also unlucky people that were swept off their horses and crushed into minced meat.

“Metal knights... Die!”

In front of Fang Yuan was a giant barbarian that was almost the height of two people. He swung the hammer in his hands.

*Thump!*

Together with his horse, a knight was smashed. He caught another one and tossed him into the air, causing him to die from the fall.

When the two unlucky people died, it instantly became Fang Yuan’s turn to face the barbarian.

“They’re definitely not an average barbarian clan.”

Fang Yuan was solemn.

From the party, he was able to feel a presence that was similar to True Sage!

“A Legend among the barbarians?”

At this point, he unhesitatingly gave up his spear and held up the long knight sword that was by his waist.

*Dang!*

Almost immediately, the hammer smashed through the air. The powerful vibrations caused him to feel like all his organs had moved. The warhorse below him also neighed and knelt on the ground.

“Glendon!”

A few of the knights from the side charged over.

“Glendon?!”

Fang Yuan was shocked and terrified when he heard this. “I am ‘Death Hands’ Glendon? The Legend knight that helped found the duchy?”

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**Chapter 672: Inheritance**

"Illusion?"

At the moment, Fang Yuan understood the cause and effect.

Even so, their hammer was extremely heavy. The wind whistled, and he could not find any flaws.

Undoubtedly, he would suffer a serious blow mentally if he was heavily injured here.

"But to play with illusions in front of a Dream Master?" Fang Yuan revealed a cold smile and suddenly bellowed, "Take my punch!"

He clenched his right fist and quickly swung it.

Kaboom!

The space shattered and transformed into Earth, Fire, Wind, and Water before returning everything into a primeval state of chaos.

Under a Sage's might and his magic punch, the Legend barbarian's face was slugged. His whole body was reduced into particles.

Suddenly, a black hole appeared with him in the center and expanded outwards non-stop.

The whole world suddenly shattered. For a while, Fang Yuan lost the concept of gravity and floated in a space of nothingness.

However, he smiled slightly, and with a wave of his hand, flowers fell from the sky while a golden lotus suddenly bloomed from the ground. A golden ray spread, occupying the entire empty space in the blink of an eye.

The hidden will was forced to reveal itself instantly, shouting in shock and anger, "Mutated God!!"

Unfortunately, he was still wrapped up by the golden lotus no matter how he struggled and appeared on Fang Yuan's hand.

"You have degenerated. Why should such a small will remain? You seem to have the idea of reincarnating by borrowing a body... but it's a pity that you met me."

In front of a Legend's will, average people would definitely not have any power to resist. However, to a Sage, he was walking right into a trap!

Fang Yuan sat down cross-legged and slowly placed his palms together, as if he was a god that was high above.

Crack!

The golden flower shattered, and the remains of Glendon's will inside vanished among the chaos.

At the same time, a mysterious thing continuously leaked out and was absorbed by Fang Yuan.

This was an expert's martial techniques, a Legend profession's advance knowledge, and some shattered memories of secrets.

Of course, most importantly, the tad essence that the Legend had left behind.

"A domain seed? If a normal person obtained this, they could completely become a powerful professional. Of course, due to the restriction of the original owner, the probability of breaking through to Legend drops drastically."

Fang Yuan thought of something, and a brilliance with four colors appeared. It evolved into Earth, Fire, Wind and Water and refined the seed. It then disappeared into his forehead.

How could the fragmented power of a Domainer shake his path?

Furthermore, this was not his original body. There would naturally not be any restraint.

...

Morning.

Pleasant sunshine beamed in from the window, bringing a feeling of warmth.

Fang Yuan opened his eyes and realized that he was sitting on a chair in the study. It seemed that he had fallen asleep on the table.

"Dream?!"

Everything that happened the night before seemed to be a dream. However, the changes in his stats window clearly showed that the legacy of Glendon really existed.

"Name: Luhn (Fang Yuan)

Essence: 10.0 (200)

Spirit: 10.0 (200)

Magic: 10.0 (200)

Profession: Warrior

Cultivation: ???

Technique: ???

Skill: [Medicine (Level 3)], [Botany (Level 6)(Peak)], [Fiery Golden Eyes (Level 3)], [Body Seal (Ultimate form)]"

"A Legend knight's remains can quickly increase my cultivation."

Fang Yuan stood up and stretched in satisfaction before opening the door of the villa.

Bishop Daniel, Scholar Hahn, and the other notaries, as well as housekeeper Marseille, were all standing in front of the door.

When they saw Fang Yuan, they had a surprised look on their faces. "You... succeeded?"

"Succeeded?"

Fang Yuan laughed, unbothered. "If the condition is to live in the study for a night, then I have indeed achieved it."

"Congratulations, Sir Luhn!"

Daniel and Hahn made eye contact before nodding their heads.

Since he had achieved the 'condition', it was at least unquestionable regarding the party's inheritance of the knight's fief.

However, they still had to observe if he had inherited the Legend knight's power. But this was no longer their responsibility.

After the 'ceremony' ended, more and more forces would naturally pay close attention to this place.

"Master!"

Looking at the scene, housekeeper Marseille and the other servants did not hesitate to express their loyalty toward their new owner.

Next was a string of trivial matters of signing documents and having a banquet. Under the lead of Marseille, Fang Yuan also gathered the people in the village to let them get to know him, the newly-promoted lord.

Daniel and Hahn made a signal with their eyes. After enjoying a sumptuous lunch, they chose to bid goodbye.

"Phew... It's much quieter at last."

Fang Yuan touched the arm of the study's chair while looking at the coat of arms on the wall behind.

Nobles would definitely have a coat of arms. A true scholar could tell the origin of the family just from a coat of arms' pattern and style.

The previous coat of arms of Jorah's family was the shape of a shield. The base color was bright red and had crossed swords and a flower crown at the top. There was also a circle of olive leaves surrounding it as decoration.

"The bright red base color is the tradition of the Stan Duchy, and the crossed swords symbolizes the knight... The crown on top, on the other hand, represents the meritorious deed that was once achieved..." Fang Yuan muttered, and then asked promptly, "Marseille... My keeper, tell me, what have I inherited?"

"Yes, Master!"

Marseille consciously straightened his back.

To a new owner, it was almost only right to change all the old servants. To be willing to let them stay, the newly promoted knight was very gracious.

Especially when Fang Yuan had confirmed his job as a housekeeper, this caused him to be energized and wanting to show his best side. "On the territory that belonged to Sir Jorah previously, there is a thousand acres of farming land. If the mountains and hills are included, there is around 2000 acres of land. According to the rule that Knight Jorah had set before, the tax is half of the output of the territory."

Half of the tax was already terrifying.



Needless to say, this was only the agricultural tax. As the lord, he could also extract business tax, labor, and even anything else he could think of, such as the famous 'right of the first night'.

At this standard, Knight Jorah was actually acknowledged as a 'gracious' lord. This made Fang Yuan feel more pessimistic about the lives of the lower class people.

"There are 987 people on the whole territory, with 105 households, including five households of free residents among them.

"Aside from this, you also have a mill. In this villa, there are a total of 17 servants, including two chefs, six maids, and four grooms...

"Previously, Sir had also left behind a suit of knight armor, two horses, and 257 Stan gold coins."

The life of a noble ought to be extravagant, and it was common to have over ten servants.

What Fang Yuan had taken a liking to was still the suit of armor. This was a family heirloom to many knights, and its value was even equal to half of the territory.

After thinking, Fang Yuan went on to instruct, "Allow all the other servants to come back and clean the villa once."

People had, of course, lived in this villa previously. The sons of the Knight Jorah, as well as their descendants, had lived there.

However, when the inheritance ceremony was activated, it had become a ghost territory at night.

As the source of it was settled by Fang Yuan, there was no longer a problem.

"Alright, this is about it. Is there anything else?" Fang Yuan asked the housekeeper for suggestions.

"There's nothing else." Marseille shook his head. "However, as a newly promoted lord, you need to bring gifts to visit your lord, Baron Shawshank, within a month."

"Okay. I'll leave the gift preparations to you."

Fang Yuan waved his hands to dismiss the housekeeper.

By obtaining what a Legend had left behind, it could greatly increase his knowledge about this world. He could not wait to open up this treasure.

...

At the moment, there was a horse carriage that was moving slowly under many knights' escort outside the estate of the newly promoted Sir Luhn.

"Bishop Daniel." Looking at Daniel, who was writing swiftly over a table on the jolting horse carriage, Scholar Hahn could no longer hold it in and opened his mouth to ask, "Knight Luhn has already inherited the Legend's power..."

"That's right... Legend..."

Daniel laughed lightly once. "But there's no need to give him importance. After all, he has only obtained the inheritance and still needs time to grow and develop."

As a bishop of the Church of Death, Daniel had a much higher vision than Scholar Hahn.

Even he had seen a true 'Son of God' once and knew the secret within.

Even if the god soul had arrived from a young age, the sons and daughters of the God would need a long time to grasp or recover their original power.

Since even they were like this, there was nothing much to say about a Legend.

"Of course, with that little amount of the Legend's essence, Knight Luhn will definitely grow to become a high-level professional in the future, or even a 'Quasi-Legend'. However, it's quite impossible to break through again. By swallowing a Legend, one wouldn't be able to create another Legend. Why would there something so easy in the world? Needless to say, what he obtained was only a tiny amount of a Legend's essence, not everything."

Even so, the speed of his progress will also be unbelievable, and he'll meet many challenges. This is the price of the inheritance ceremony, Daniel thought silently.

As for the request of the pastor from the countryside, he could already reject it.

To be able to inherit the power of Glendon, it meant that Luhn had passed the test of not only his bloodline, but his soul as well. The so-called 'Descender' was, in fact, unfounded rumor.

"However, Scholar Hahn, I think what's most important to you now is to inform the baron about the good news. I believe that he will definitely be on cloud nine," Bishop Daniel said, smiling.

"That's right!"

Scholar Hahn smiled along, but was not very sure in his heart.

To the duchy, when a powerful subject appeared, it might indeed be an additional military asset in the future. However, was it really good for the lord?

This question... was even difficult to answer for Baron Shawshank.

*Chapter 673: Temporarily Away*

*Whoosh!*

Accompanying the jade-green flames in the fireplace, the corvus sculpture on top chirped suddenly, "Chirp chirp! Chirp chirp!"

Its sound was hoarse and husky, with a feeling of inauspiciousness.

"Coming!"

Jemc had a black gown draped over him as he immediately moved forward. He took down the wax cylinder that had been sent through the flames from the bird's claws.

"This is an urgent document from the Stan Duchy."

He took a glance before leaving the room with the documents in the long cylinder.

From what could be seen, it was a giant building that was like an ant nest. Large amounts of people draped in black gowns were going in and out of the cave like they were working ants.

"Sir!"

Jemc increased his walking pace and arrived at a large, black door before knocking on it lightly.

"Come in."

After getting the permission of the owner inside, he opened the door slowly and looked respectfully at the old man sitting on the main seat. "The latest news from the Stan Duchy."

With his qualifications, he could not even touch the magic fire paint on the sealed cylinder. He could only send the long cylinder over.

The old man with a snow-white beard opened the long cylinder, looked at the message inside, and said, "It's news about that youngster... Oh, he should be called Sir Luhn now."

"Even if he is a noble, he still shouldn't treat the people of our secret agency that way." Thinking about the widespread news from before, Jemc clenched his fists uncontrollably. "He actually eliminated our detachment and turned them into robbers... This behavior must be punished!"

"Be mindful of your words, Jemc!"

At this time, the eyes of the old man turned extremely sharp.

"Sorry, Sir. I am only..."

Jemc retreated a step, suddenly understanding the jealousy in his heart.

Even though he was a deacon of the secret agency, he needed to live carefully in concealment.

Why should that youth be able to live freely under the sun, even becoming a noble?

That jealousy and unwillingness transformed into a poisonous snake, making him want to destroy everything the other had.

"I understand. You can leave."

Unfortunately, the old man did not give him the chance and waved his hand.

Jemc moved his mouth, but did not say anything. He bowed before dismissing himself.

“Luhn...”

The old man of the secret agency looked at the latest information and frowned. “He inherited the Death Hands’ legacy?”

The former Legend Knight Group of the Stan Duchy was a renowned existence on the continent. Each of them had set up a large family and produced many descendants. Through large amounts of arranged marriages, they had also gained connections with all the nobles in the Stan Duchy.

Before this matter happened, none of them knew that the small family of Knight Jorah were safekeeping such a shocking secret.

“However, to be able to experience the Legend’s test, his soul should have no problem...”

The old man collected the documents slowly and started to file them. “Anyway, this type of inheritor will definitely meet many obstacles and tests. I just need to continue observing him...”

In fact, he was pessimistic about the other’s future.

His foundation was polluted by a Legend. This meant that, in the future, he could never be supreme and would only be used as a disposable combat force..

The ending of such people were normally unfavorable.

“When that time comes, our scores will be settled. No one can provoke the secret agency!”

A ray of coldness flashed through the old man’s pupils.

Even he could not bear to watch Luhn’s actions.

...

At the same time, within the Stan Duchy.

With the benefit of magic, Grand Duke Stan received the news almost at the same time as Baron Shawshank.

The current Grand Duke Stan was 67 years old. If he was placed in an ordinary world, he was thoroughly at an advanced age. However, due to being an Extraordinary, he only looked like he was at most 50 years old and was full of energy.

“Seems like... we can add another high-level professional military power to our camp. Needless to say, the reputation of the Legend Knight Group also has the power to garner supporters.”

At the moment, Grand Duke Stan smiled in ease as he looked at the information on hand.

“However, should we consider the views of the other few families?” At this time, someone beside him that looked like his advisor said, “Especially Earl Floren’s family. They’d always bragged that they were Glendon’s legitimate heir. I’m afraid it’ll be difficult for them to accept...”

“Yes, even I was shocked when I first received the news. After all, the inheritance of Glendon was not in the hands of the Floren Family, but at a collateral branch.”

Grand Duke Stan had a weird expression. “Looks like many things had once happened among the descendants of Glendon.”

“From what I know,” the advisor continued, “since the matter about Knight Jorah was exposed, the Floren Family has been trying hard to ‘recover’ the inheritance. Because of this, they even sent a few ranked successors to activate the ceremony secretly... Unfortunately...”

Obviously, such attempts would all eventually end with failure. Otherwise, Fang Yuan would not have gotten it so easily.

“From this, there must be something about Luhn that is really extraordinary.” Grand Duke Stan stroked his chin. “How should I involve him? Make him a Baron?”

“I suggest you don’t do this. If it’s only an empty title, there won’t be much gratitude. If it’s a solid title, where would we find land? Unless you want to divide the noble’s governing land? Many won’t agree to this,” the advisor said.

“On the other hand, why not just look at the actions of the Floren Family? We just need to choose the critical moment to take action. By saving him at a critical moment, we can then receive much gratitude. Even if it fails, then we might as well acknowledge the benefits of the Floren Family...”

In front of ice-cold politics, there was no tolerance for any affection.

Grand Duke Stan’s mouth twitched, but he did not refute. “For the time being, let’s just do this. When do you think... is the best time?”

“Of course, it’s when Sir Luhn visits the baron for the first time. As a newly promoted subject, this is a duty that he must do. And there will be many chances along the way. In a month, a Legend’s essence can’t even be understood clearly,” the advisor said without any hesitation.

...

Unfortunately, the prediction of others were erroneous when it came to Fang Yuan.

Although he was indeed the ‘Descender’ that the secret agency predicted, his essence was higher than any essence that they had seen before.

Even if it was a Legend’s power, it could only let itself be grasped by him as he pleased.

At this time, everything that belonged to Glendon was digested and organized by him.

“The power system of Monger World has many varieties. Only the Legend state is unified, and even a Legend is only the broken version of a Domainers. One must obtain a Godhood gifted by the world to enrich their rights and become a True God!

“Under the Legends are the Extraordinaries. The difference between them is huge. A warrior that has just incited his fighting spirit seed could only be counted as a ‘Quasi-Legend’.

“According to my view, Extraordinaries can be split into four stages: fundamental, elite, master, and Quasi-Legend. When one reaches the stage of a master, they’re already a high-level professional. They’d be able to live anywhere, and their life would be pretty good.”

Although there were only four stages, the difficulty of promotion was extremely terrifying.

In other words, it was not definite for ordinary soldiers to find the fundamental way of becoming an Extraordinary in their lifetime.

“I can only be counted as an elite now, but as for how to later train the attribute ‘fighting spirit’, I have no idea...”

Since he was already in this world, of course it would be easier and faster to walk through the power system of this world.

“However, if I consider it, it’s not definite that there’s no way. Instead, there’s a way to cheat...”

Fang Yuan nodded his head and then promptly shifted his attention to another of Glendon’s inheritance.

This Legend knight did not walk a warrior’s path, but instead walked a higher level Legend profession path—Disaster Knight!

In the rumors, such knights could summon wind, rain, and lightning. Every time they walked somewhere, there would be a dreadful natural disasters.

But in actual fact, it was only a magic warrior to Fang Yuan. These knights studied both magic and fighting techniques at the same time, and were specialized in halo techniques.

Such knights, in the late stages, could probably envelop half of the battlefield when they activated their magic field. They would be able to provide extra benefits to their allies and, at the same time, weaken and curse their enemies. They were considered an efficient weapon on battlefields.

However, this did not suit his taste.

“To lead a war? I have always been alone, but to leave this territory without management and taking out a bunch of cannon fodder, it would really be a total waste.

“Also, I don’t wish to give up the power of fighting spirit.”

Although warriors were common among the Extraordinary professions and weren’t comparable to the rare Disaster Knights, it suited Fang Yuan’s taste.

After all, the more ordinary profession represented stronger malleability in the future. A white paper was easier to create drawings with.

On the other hand, Disaster Knights, a Legend profession that could be promoted, had already been mostly solidified. Although their strength was decent, their room for development was also limited.

“The harvest of this time was a lot. I should go back.”

At this moment, he had some thoughts of leaving.

He had already created a Magical Clone in the Water Realm once and was familiar with it now.

He found a chamber and divided out a Magical Clone to take over Luhn. However, his Sage True Spirit suddenly left this universe and returned to the Da Qian World.

...

"Rice must be eaten bite by bite. The Monger World is very powerful. Without any assurance, I shouldn't casually take action."

In the Da Qian World, Fang Yuan casually inspected the results of his subordinates' labor. Immediately, he placed his heart and mind into his Heavenly Abode.

Yin-Yang Continent.

After eliminating werewolves and vampires, the human clans had ruled the whole continent and created a great empire called 'Avalon'.

Now, it was already the 33rd year of the Avalon Empire era.

Humans had completely taken over the Yin-Yang Continent and drawn a complete map of it, and had now shifted their attention to the oceans.

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#### **Chapter 674: Seed Planting**

In the corner of a small fishing village on the Yin-Yang Continent, a few children gathered together. Among them, a young, small, and scrawny boy with brown hair suddenly climbed onto a roof, looked at the blue sea in the distance, and let out a vow, "I must become the Sailing King!"

After the human empire conquered the entire Yin-Yang Continent, the human population continuously increased and the amount of arable land kept decreasing.

There were already more and more sights directed toward the endless open seas.

Especially the lord of this territory, Grand Duke Wellington, who fundamentally enjoyed risks and adventures, was full of explorative spirit.

Under his encouragement, the entire territory's navigation techniques advanced endlessly, and they could already build a huge ship that could sail the high seas and bring about rich fish harvests.

Furthermore, according to rumors, there were huge islands that were piled up completely with gold and silver abroad. This further sparked the explorative warmth of the civilians and nobility.

"Haha... Ge Fei, you don't even know how to swim, and you still want to become a sea explorer?"

A few companions covered their stomach and laughed out loud.

"Scumbags!"

Being constantly provoked, Ge Fei's embarrassment turned into anger. He waved his fist and pulled down his eyelids, making a provocative stance.

"Ge Fei, is your skin itchy?"

Evidently, this provocation did not bring about any effect and even caused greater anger.

With a few bigger children taking the lead, Ge Fei was suppressed and suffered a terrible beating. He lay on the ground and groaned.

He clutched his fists tightly, summoned all the energy of his entire body, and shouted towards their backs, "Even though I don't know how to swim, I won't give up my dreams!"

Unfortunately, those companions had already walked away. Instead, a sound suddenly came from his side. "Yo, lad, you're very energetic, aren't you?"

"Eh? Where did you come from, uncle?"

Ge Fei turned around and looked at this stranger.

He was definitely not from the fishing village, as he was very tall, like a small mountain; his arms were as thick as a horse; and his face was wearing something black.

If it was a modern person, they would have instantly recognized him as a bodybuilder wearing sunglasses.

"Don't be so rude. I'm still very young."

Fang Yuan punched this small kid's head. If not for a quick scan with his spiritual will and discovering that the aptitude of this kid was the highest, he would not have bothered to say anything to him.

"So painful!"

Ge Fei clutched his head and tears were about to fall.

"You want to become a sailing king? In this era, not only do you need to have navigation knowledge, you need strong military might! Those fierce waves and nefarious pirates will have to be dealt with by you."

Fang Yuan started to tempt him. "Lad, do you want to obtain power?"

At this moment, his body seemed to radiate, and endless human figures were attached to it and not one was fighting alone!

"This sounds like a witch swindling a small girl in a fairytale. Are you actually thinking of abducting me and selling to the werewolves or vampires?" Ge Fei rolled his eyes. "Forget it. I want to go home to eat. Uncle, you can slowly play by yourself." As he was speaking, he unhesitantly and swiftly ran away.

Unfortunately, before he was able to run a few steps, he was lifted up by Fang Yuan. "Sigh... boys nowadays. Are they so difficult to tempt? Forcing me to act."

Ge Fei suddenly felt a strong sense of fear and shouted, "What do you want to do? I am a citizen of Grand Duke Wellington. There are guards in the village and they won't let you off!"

In the next instant, his shouts became a shrill howl.

"Ahhhhhh!!!"

"So painful! So painful!"



Ge Fei shouted miserably while his tears and snot erupted.

The feeling of being forcefully injected with fighting spirit was like a person using thousands of steel knives to scrape all his organs simultaneously.

Even a grown man would fundamentally be unable to withstand this.

Therefore, after a moment, he rolled both of his eyes and directly fainted.

"Finished."

Fang Yuan clapped his hands and his figure instantly vanished.

Immediately, his howls attracted grown men who rushed to the scene and brought Ge Fei home.

"Ah! That damn uncle, I'm in so much pain!"

After fainting for an unknown period of time, Ge Fei shouted loudly and jumped up from his bed.

Bang! Bang!

Two thumps came from the surroundings. It was actually the two grown men who were knocked to the ground by his subconscious movements.

"Ah! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

Ge Fei looked at the surroundings with a frightened expression and hurriedly held his head in apology. Suddenly, mysterious knowledge appeared in his mind.

Although he was illiterate, he could actually clearly understand the meaning within. It was actually teaching him how to control the fighting spirit within his heart.

"Heart? Fighting spirit?"

Ge Fei was a little confused and immediately felt that his heartbeat was more powerful than usual, having some sort of power that endlessly coursed through his entire body.

These transformations were frequently occurring on the Yin-Yang Continent.

Fang Yuan transformed into many forms and became elderly grandfathers who taught techniques, giving away many methods of cultivating fighting spirit. Many seeds of hope were planted, and with the Heavenly Abode's flow of time, they would bear rich fruits.

"In reality, this is also similar to the harvest of the Mental Demons."

After finishing everything, he stayed high up in the starry sky and indifferently looked down at everything happening on the continent.

Among those people whom he transferred abilities to, some of them were clueless youngsters, while some were elites in their trade and ambitious people with wild hearts.

After they obtained strength, they instantly began to move, increasingly tossing the entire continent about. In the entire process, the fighting spirit skill inevitably spread.

"First, we gather everybody's power and let them infer the follow-up of fighting spirit as my experimental subjects and supplements...

"Then, when the fighting spirit skill enters the golden age, we harvest it in one shot."

In this case, no matter how hardworking the continent's warriors were at cultivation, they were merely cultivating for him.

"Looking down at everybody from a high position... The many existences of the Mental Demon Realm have this mentality when harvesting other worlds too, right?"

Fang Yuan carefully appreciated the profundity within, and for a moment, he became dazed.

...

Wellington Castle.

"Ha!"

With a loud howl and his body emitting the glow of white fighting spirit, a knight waved his heavy sword and charged forward viciously, leaping to attack!

Whoosh!

The fighting spirit boomed and transformed into a ray of white light.

In front, a piece of granite instantly split into a few parts and rubble splattered everywhere.

"This is... the power of fighting spirit? It's too astonishing! Even for a traditional knight in heavy armor, he would be knocked down in one strike?" Grand Duke Wellington exclaimed in surprise as he looked at this.

Beside the grand duke, an assistant bowed and said, "Grand Duke, according to the intelligence we obtained, these transformations first began three months ago. People all over the entire mainland met strangers and obtained cultivation techniques for fighting spirit.

"As for the frequency of appearances, it's most common in the coastal regions and fewest within the continent."

The coastal regions had an open atmosphere and required strong power during adventures, so it was the fastest in accepting fighting spirit.

With this in consideration, Fang Yuan naturally increased the corresponding frequency of 'technique imparting'.

"This is... a magical manifestation?"

Grand Duke Wellington made a praying hand gesture.

This scenario could only be explained by a magical manifestation.

The beliefs of the Avalon Empire originated from the Blood Race and the werewolves, who believed that there was a 'Creator', which was also the Origin God.

He created the world, the skies, the ocean, and all the living spirits!

Under the Creator, there were also the 'Father God' and the 'Mother God', who were the initial Gods of Reproduction, the ancestors of the human race—similar to the position of Adam and Eve.

A glow flashed in the assistant's eyes, and he suddenly went forward to state, "Yes, Grand Duke. This is your destiny bestowed upon by the gods!"

Grand Duke Wellington became silent for a long time.

Although Avalon, this human created empire, had vast territories and subjects, it had some 'natural deficiencies' from the very beginning.

After all, their history was too short, and their culture and technology were all entirely absorbed from the vampires and werewolves, and even digesting that would take a very long period of time.

And with the inconvenience of travel currently, it further caused communication within the continent to become a tragedy. For an order from the Imperial Capital to spread to the further peripheries of the empire, even using the fastest method would normally require a period of one and a half month to two months.

Evidently, with this speed that could be called a tragedy, it completely could not withstand a highly efficient centralized government.

Therefore, the founding Emperor Avalon had no choice but to carry out a system of enfeoffment, conferring the titles of 'prince' and 'grand duke' to the various major powers and his sons, allowing each to govern a territory.

And at this moment, the empire had already passed two generations into the hands of Avalon III.

This emperor was a classic incapable ruler, indulging daily in drink and dance. Most importantly, he had no sons!

As such, the many major powers within the empire naturally began to stir.

Regarding seniority, Grand Duke Wellington was also the uncle of Avalon III. He was very close to the bloodline of Avalon I and had the status and righteousness of inheritance.

Of course, with only the status and no ability, it was basically a fantasy.

Thus, he did not care about the puzzlement of the other feudal lords and widely expanded his navigation business in the hope of obtaining more wealth and accumulating sufficient power from overseas.

All this was done in the dark, and only a few of his closest assistants knew about it.

"Today, a better opportunity has arrived."

The assistant walked forward one step. "The continent's feudal lords are dumb and conservative, and even label this power as 'heresy,' wanting to burn to death any captured warriors. Even a slightly more liberal ones only hope to tightly control the cultivation techniques of fighting spirit, so it can only be spread down to the nobility, or even only their family.

"However, we can't be like this. If we secretly train a batch of elite soldiers that can control fighting spirit, what kind of scenario would it be if we used it in war? Avalon III's body isn't that healthy. Once something happens, Grand Duke can use this power to quickly make a decision and control the situation in the Imperial Capital!"

### [Carefree Path of Dreams](#)

#### **Chapter 675: Mad Wolf**

Monger World.

The newly promoted Knight Luhn rode his horse, a team of more than ten following behind.

Being under the command of Baron Shawshank, he naturally had the obligation to pay a formal visit to his lord.

However, the gift that he brought along was very light. After all, in this era, the powers and obligations of the lords and vassals were relative. If a large gift was rashly paid as tribute, it could either make the other party feel they were easily bullied or that the giver had ulterior motives.

"Knight Jorah's obligation has already been carried out this year, while the tribute needed for the inheritance is calculated elsewhere, so the gift does not need to be too ceremonious. Just a simple one will do... "

Knight Luhn, who was thinking silently, suddenly shuddered all over.

"Sir Knight?"

A guard beside him immediately walked up and had an intuition that some transformation had happened.

Upon closer inspection, he discovered nothing different.

Suddenly, the knight's voice rang out, "Garce! Find us a place to rest."

Not understanding why, Garce felt that this voice was more majestic than before.

The entire team instantly stopped, found a flat land near the rivulet, and set up a bonfire and an iron pan. Some of the servants, who already had a knowing look in their eyes, rolled out a huge rug piece and respectfully invited the knight to take a seat.

The people who were busy did not know that, at this instant, a groundbreaking transformation was already happening to their knight.

Fang Yuan's True Spirit returned and instantly took over this Magical Clone. So, is this the time to present myself to the baron?

He was now not a normal knight. Ever since he had inherited Glendon's legacy, he had become the target of all public criticism.

In other words, the number of people who had hopes for him was equal to the number of people who hated him to the core.

At this moment, this was the best opportunity!

"Fortunately, I eventually caught up."

Fang Yuan took a deep breath. Within the True Spirit, a concentrated layer of fighting spirit appeared and instantly coursed through his entire body, causing the joints in his body to release a crisp explosive sound.

"With the time advantage of the Heavenly Abode, I'm already beginning to absorb a bit of fighting spirit power..."

The way Fang Yuan did things was naturally not to forgo future gains for instant gratification. Rather, he used a method of commission where fundamentally half of the cultivators on the Yin-Yang Continent were working for him.

With the population of the continent, even a tiny bit was not to be scoffed at when gathered, even after going through purification and damage from traversing worlds.

"The technique of fighting spirit is that it becomes awakened attributes after coagulating the seeds. After that... should be contracting it around the entire body to become a 'Fighting Armor'. At this stage, you would already be a high-level professional.

"However, since the outsiders all think that I have inherited everything from Glendon, then the level of the Disaster Knight can't be too low..."

Although he partially looked down on this mystical profession, Fang Yuan still had to admit that the halo skill was very useful.

In this aspect, as there was a command previously, and his Magical Clone had been trained to search for and gather materials, there was some progress.

Fang Yuan took a look at his stats window and saw that there was already a huge transformation.

"Name: Luhn (Fang Yuan)

Essence: 50.0 (200)

Spirit: 50.0 (200)

Magic: 50.0 (200)

Profession: Warrior (Master), Disaster Knight

Cultivation: Fighting Armor, Disaster Halo (Level 1)

Skill: [Medicine (Level 3)], [Botany (Level 6)(Peak)], [Fiery Golden Eyes (Level 3)], [Body Seal (Ultimate form)]"

"Fighting Armor: An advanced technique of the warrior, forming an armor consisting of fighting spirit on the exterior of the body, greatly increasing defense and magical resistance!"

"Disaster Halo: An Area of Effect skill enhancing targeted objects within a hundred meter range. Currently level one. Can have additional effects: Speed Enhancing, Brute Force, and Implication!"

...

"Level one Disaster Halo enhances friendly allies, and level two will be to weaken and curse enemies. Once it reaches the third and fourth level, the area of effect will have a frightening expansion. In other words, at the late stages, it is literally the inchoate form of a domain. No wonder the Disaster Knight is a mystical profession."

After carefully looking at these numbers, Fang Yuan was generally pleased.

Different from what outsiders thought—that he still required a year, or even a few years, to digest it—he had already completely grasped the power of the Disaster Knight. Furthermore, even within the high-level professions, he was among the superior ones.

"Unless it's a Quasi-Legend or a huge army, nobody is able to resist me. Not sure how many people will send themselves over to die this time?"

Fang Yuan drank up the broth he was carrying, his face revealing a sense of expectation.

"Sir Knight! There is a situation in front!"

At this moment, a scout hurriedly walked over. "It seems that Haier Village was attacked."

"Did you observe carefully?"

Fang Yuan instantly straightened his body.

"I clearly saw that in the direction of the village, thick smoke was billowing over, and there was even the sound of warhorses. It seems it was attacked by bandits!" the scout respectfully reported.

"This place is already under the jurisdiction of Baron Shawshank, right?"

Fang Yuan sighed. "As a vassal, I seem to have the obligation of helping. Garce, help me put on my armor."

The knight armor was similar to the metal cans from the Middle Ages, and it was difficult to put on alone, requiring a squire's assistance.

Even an Extraordinary would not be willing to casually carry tens or hundreds of pounds when moving about.

After a moment, clad in armor, Fang Yuan reached the outskirts of Haier Village.

Strong fires and thick smoke billowed while black smoke columns shot towards the sky, bringing an atmosphere of blood and fire.

He could vaguely make out the sight of many horsemen on a killing rampage in the village and reaping everything in front of them without restraint.

"This is really... rampant!"

Fang Yuan furrowed his brows.

To attract him, the opponent had really set aside some capital.

A village directly under a baron suffered from a massacre just like that. That Baron Shawshank had to be really depressed.

"Charge!" Fang Yuan let out a command and whipped below. The warhorse instantly let out a howl and charged toward the village like an arrow leaving a bow.

"Die!"

He raised his long spear and, just like a ray of black lightning, instantly zapped two people. A large hole appeared in their chest and they perished while in mid-air.

"Charge!"

Ten militia followed behind Fang Yuan, whipped out their weapons, and charged into the battlefield.

...

"Sir..."

At a high spot in the village, a few black silhouettes furtively looked at this scene. "You have already dispatched the 'Mad Wolf Bandits' and even attacked the territory under a baron's jurisdiction. Regarding the consequences..."

"It's just a baron. Even if it was royalty, so what? As for the Mad Wolf, if we hadn't fostered this bandit group, how would they have developed to this extent?"

The leader in the black shirt shook his head uncaringly. "At the moment, we also need them to contribute."

A great noble family had groomed a batch of exiled bandits secretly. Engaging in mortifying acts was commonplace within the nobility.

Of course, this sort of thing could only be done and not said.

Furthermore, this bandit group had already taken on enough blame. They had started to develop a bit of thoughts about self-reliance, so they needed to be dealt with quickly and exchanged for new white gloves.

However, he naturally would not tell this subordinate these secrets.

"The Mad Wolf Bandits can still be regarded as decent in ability. Although they only have tens of people, they are not inferior to an organized army during wartime. Among them are five Extraordinaries, especially their leader, Lone Wolf. The achievements in his Extraordinary path have even been praised by Master Youne. He was praised to have the potential to be a high-level professional."

The leader in the black shirt silently thought, With his ability, he should be able to kill a recently promoted knight. Even if he doesn't kill him, he should be able to severely wound him. After that will be my turn...

At this moment, he looked towards the scene, and his nostrils suddenly flared up, as if he just saw something unbelievable. He blurted out, "How is this possible?"

Under his gaze, a blood-red halo appeared on Fang Yuan's body and instantly expanded, enveloping a hundred meter range.

"Kill!"

Within this zone, the original militia instantly became faster and their strength greatly increased. Some of their reactions were completely not inferior to that of elite soldiers.

Amid the life and death struggle, it was possible that a small change in strength could affect the outcome. Needless to say, this was definitely the case when such a heavy weight was placed on the balance.

Just in that split second of interaction, the Mad Wolf Bandits suffered massive damage due to a lapse in judgment, and the tens of people were cut into shreds.

"Die!"

Fang Yuan led the way, and currently, he had already abandoned his long spear and was waving a long sword in his hand.

Zap! Zap!

An aquamarine wind of fighting spirit flashed past and directly penetrated a wall, causing a stream of blood. The Extraordinary behind instantly collapsed dead.

"There are actually still Extraordinaries lurking within. They're really a tough opponent."

Fang Yuan leaped off his horse and looked at the people surrounding him. "Who asked you all to come?"

"Regarding this question, I'm afraid you'll have to go to the Netherworld and ask the Death God!"

Four extraordinaries walked forward slowly. The leader was a warrior with a thin and tall figure. A scar etched downwards on one eye gave him the look of a one-eyed dragon, and he appeared to be the leader of these people. "I am Lone Wolf!"

"Mad Wolf Bandits?!"

Fang Yuan nodded his head.

Even Luhn had previously heard of the reputation of this infamous bandit group. Not only had he heard of it before, it reverberated like thunder in his ears.

However, Fang Yuan was naturally unafraid and instead casually asked, "You know... that you have involved yourself in an extremely large complication?"

Just by mentioning this, the Lone Wolf's eyes twitched.

After white gloves were dirtied from constant use, they would naturally be discarded without hesitation.

He understood this, which was why he had thoughts of self-reliance.

Unfortunately, he had not done much preparation before being forced to do something so dirty and nefarious.



Lone Wolf was very clear that in the eyes of his superior, he was merely a chess piece.

If he could use his life to measure this knight in front, many people would definitely be very keen for him to do so.

"Kill him!"

But for white gloves, how was there still a route of retreat?

Lone Wolf's voice turned cold as he directed his subordinates to attack, while his entire body was concealed within the darkness.

"Sir!"

Outside, Garce and the squires were frantic. Although they had obtained the upper hand, they were held back by the common bandits swarming over and completely unable to assist.

### Carefree Path of Dreams

#### **Chapter 676: Baron**

Four professionals surrounded him, and fighting spirit erupted from two of them. Clearly, they were also warriors.

As for the female archer, she lowered her bow and prepared her arrow with a slight magical fluctuation.

And Lone Wolf was completely concealed within the shadows and constantly moving about, like a reaper harvesting lives in the deep night.

"Assassin? warrior? And magical archer? This can indeed form a high-level adventurer team..."

If not for him killing one of them previously, this group could be even more perfect.

Fang Yuan slightly smiled and disappeared in an instant...

With the power enhancement of the Disaster Halo, his speed was astonishingly quick, immediately appearing before the two warriors.

"Mad Lion Beheading!"

"Fighting technique: New Moon!"

The two warriors were not flustered and each released a surge of fighting spirit to attack.

Furthermore, at the instant when the three of them interacted, an arrow had already been released by the female archer and appeared in front of Fang Yuan like a graceful swan.

"Hmph!"

Fang Yuan laughed coldly, and aquamarine armor instantly appeared on his body.

This armor seemed real and had a metallic glow. Only with careful examination would one realize that they were formed from wind attribute fighting spirit and had combined together with the original suit of armor.

*Smack!*

The magical arrow hit his shoulder and instantly exploded, disappearing without a trace.

The two surges of fighting spirit offense also landed on Fang Yuan's body, but he was still nonchalant. An aquamarine glow flickered and then vanished.

*Poof!*

Before the two warriors had the opportunity to gasp in shock, a bloody wound appeared on their necks and they slowly collapsed.

"F-Fighting armor? High-level professional?"

The female archer let out a piercing howl and ran away without looking back.

Fang Yuan did not chase after her, instead turning around suddenly with his left hand stretched out and grabbing a black dagger.

On the other end of the dagger, Lone Wolf was staring at the armored figure in astonishment, his mouth full of bitterness.

Despite already putting in lots of effort in collecting intelligence, he was completely unable to imagine that this knight who had just obtained his title was actually a high-level professional.

Furthermore, even the Fighting Armor was condensed.

With the Fighting Armor on top of the original armor for dual defense, no matter how average professionals attacked, they might still be unable to inflict much damage.

That was still a better scenario than now, where his dagger infused with all his power was directly gripped by the opponent. He was essentially tightly restricted by what seemed like ten pincers, completely unable to move.

"Lone Wolf... you have committed unpardonable crimes. Today, representing the baron, I give you my judgment!"

Fang Yuan slightly exerted force with his palm and the black dagger was grabbed. With a casual flick of his hand, a loud, explosive sound rang out from the sky, and a huge hole opened up on the back of the escaping female archer. She still ran a few more steps due to inertia before collapsing.

But Lone Wolf was already not able to see much.

That was because, at the next instant, a powerful surging force viciously landed on his chest, creating a large hole in it. He flew upside down and landed on the ground as blood and saliva foamed from the sides of his mouth.

"I am a lone wolf... From the start... I should not have been enticed into abandoning my freedom..."

As the life in his eyes dissipated, Lone Wolf suddenly felt a strong sense of regret.

Unfortunately, nothing he could do now would help the situation, and after a while, he descended into eternal darkness.

...

"Impossible!" From afar, the leader in the black shirt let out a surprised cry.

"Disaster Halo? He's already advanced to a Disaster Knight? And that Fighting Armor... High-level professional? Are the people collecting intelligence good-for-nothing fools? They actually told me this person was previously just an average hunter! If this type of person is average, then what are we? Useless garbage?"

Probably because his emotions were too intense, he directly exploded in vulgarities.

After firmly taking a few breaths, he still made a decision. "Change of plans. Abandon the defense. We leave immediately!"

Even though he had more ambush possibilities than just Lone Wolf, and even had the 'Lone Wolf Handler', facing a Disaster Knight who had already condensed Fighting Armor, he didn't have a sliver of confidence.

But at this time, he suddenly saw that after the subordinates led by Knight Luhn had defeated the remaining Mad Wolf Bandits, they directly charged toward his hiding place without stopping.

*I was exposed? When?* The pupils of the leader in the black shirt shrunk to the size of a needle tip, already having no time to think.

That was because Fang Yuan suddenly appeared nearby and whipped out his sword. "Get out!"

*Kaboom!*

Aquamarine fighting spirit exploded like lightning and thunder.

Wood remnants flew all over. The original building split into pieces, revealing a group of awkward black-shirted people.

"Since all of you remained hidden, you must know more than Lone Wolf. Capture them!"

Fang Yuan waved his hand.

Nurturing a group of subordinates was not to let them freeload.

Even though they had the enhancement of the Disaster Halo, they also needed to undergo a test of metal and blood to become true soldiers.

"Kill!" Grace shouted, taking the lead in charging forward.

Many squires and guards shouted and surrounded this group of people.

On the other hand, Fang Yuan jumped agilely and came before the leader in the black shirt. "Let me guess, you're... Earl Floren."

Although it was just a guess, he was already very sure of himself.

“Yes or no, what’s the difference? Since you’ve already succeeded the power of Glendon, you should know those that are hostile toward him are definitely not limited to the Stan Duchy,” the man in black spoke ambiguously.

“Nice, it looks like you’re Earl Floren. To think you came knocking on my door before I went looking for you. It looks like it’s time to square accounts!”

Unfortunately, no matter how greatly the opponent wanted to conceal this, Fang Yuan had directly ascertained the truth from his expression and reaction.

“You know the Mind Reading Technique?”

The leader in the black shirt was astonished, an even greater sense of fear enveloping him after his secret was exposed.

“I originally wanted to ask you some things, but now that I think about it, there doesn’t seem to be anything of special importance. You should just go and die.”

Fang Yuan walked forward a few steps and slashed with the heavy sword in his hands.

A huge pressure instantly compressed the surrounding air. The black-shirted person had no choice but to brandish a soft sword resembling a poisonous snake, pressing hard against Fang Yuan’s sword technique.

*Ding!*

After a dull sound, a huge vibrating force transmitted from the edge of the sword directly into this leader’s body.

He trembled and instantly shrivelled up like a deflated rubber ball, as if the all organs and bones in his body had shattered.

“Too weak! You’re too weak!”

Fang Yuan sighed and immediately clapped his hands. “Look after the remaining people. Also, gather the surviving villagers and extinguish the fires. And inform the senior constable.”

“Yes, Master!” Grace replied loudly.

After experiencing this battle, although most of them were injured, and some even died, the remaining ones had grown a lot.

...

With Fang Yuan’s mediation, the aftermath of the village proceeded orderly.

“Sir Knight, we have obtained many spoils of war!”

Afterwards, Fang Yuan, who had taken off his armor, saw Garce with a face full of happiness reporting, “In total, we seized eighteen horses, twenty people, and various supplies, as well as gold and silver accessories, for a total of fifty Stan gold coins.”

This realm's main currency was still the gold and silver coin system. What was known as the Stan gold coin was naturally the gold coin cast by the Stan Duchy, and it fetched a high price.

When Fang Yuan inherited his position this time, he only had to pay a hundred gold coins to the baron as an 'inheritance tax' or the 'tribute'.

In other words, he has offset that by half this time.

"Pass all of the captured people to the constable. As for all the horses, military equipment, and gold and silver, we'll keep them."

Fang Yuan nodded his head. "All who achieved victory in this war will be rewarded. Those who died in battle will be given five gold coins as compensation to their bereaved family, and I'll also promote their family to become a free citizen and obtain fifty mou of land."

"Thank you very much, Sir!"

Garce's gaze suddenly lit up.

Having fought and risked their lives, wasn't it for all this?

With so many rewards, facetiously speaking, it was worthwhile for their dead companions even if they returned to the embrace of Hess.

Fang Yuan looked on at this, extremely calm.

To him, using both kindness and severity to tug at people's heartstrings were just trivial matters that he did casually.

He did not even care about the gold and silver. If he could actually use it to inspire his subordinates to die, why not?

The only issue was that he had to devote particular care to who an outsider was and who his own people were.

Just like this Haier Village. As it was not his own territory, he did not bother to take care of it.

It was obvious that a bandit group that came out to loot and kill could not possibly have such a huge amount of gold and silver on them. Most of those fifty Stan gold coins were definitely the treasures of Haier Village.

However, since they were in the hands of Fang Yuan, they had become seized and seen as war trophies. Even Baron Shawshank was unable to ask him to surrender them.

They had already saved the village, so how could they demand so much?

Instead, those large batches of overly conspicuous grains and textiles were too eye-catching and difficult to carry around. Those could be given to these poor villagers. It was already sufficiently benevolent for the compassion of a noble.

After half a day, public cemetery of Haier Village.

Fang Yuan came alone and saw the surviving villagers burying their loved ones. Quiet sobs endlessly resounded, instantly turning into a scene of distressed crying.

Standing under a tree's shade, he suddenly turned toward an empty side and said, "A very sorrowful scene, isn't it?"

"If it were a war, their ordeals would be more miserable than this by a hundred times," a calm voice replied, and a person walked out from the shadows.

He was thin and tall, and wore a long gray robe with a hood. His face was emaciated, yet his eyes were full of spirit and contained a scholarly aura.

"Sorcerer?" Fang Yuan nodded his head. "What about you? Which side are you on?"

"Office Sorcerer Heim. I have seen Sir." Heim bowed slightly. "I'm really sorry. As the grand duke doesn't much manpower here, I made Sir encounter such an incident."

"Nevermind..." Fang Yuan waved his hand and did not make a fuss.

In reality, without even needing to guess, he already knew the intentions of Grand Duke Stan. The appearance of the sorcerer at this moment was merely to befriend and express goodwill toward the winner.

These were the cold and ruthless game rules of this world!

### Carefree Path of Dreams

#### **Chapter 677: Baron**

Shawshank Territory.

As the feudal lord of this territory, Baron Shawshank had a castle that was handed down from his ancestors.

It was constructed on top of a massif and completely built with granite. There was even a moat on the outside, with a watchtower and crossfire point. It would be a nightmare for anyone trying to attack it.

"With such a castle, as long as there's sufficient food, would hundreds of people be enough to defend against the siege of an army of thousands?"

Fang Yuan lifted his head and looked toward the black outline of the tall building.

Unquestionably, it represented the authority that the past Baron Shawshanks had on this land, and was more a guarantee of status.

"Even each baron may not necessarily be able to build a castle. This is the difference between the old nobility and the nouveau rich..."

From this, Fang Yuan thought of the strength of this Baron Shawshank.

Under his command were five knights. Inside the castle, there was even a squad of more than a hundred guards maintained throughout the year.

"A hundred person guard squad is the direct force under a baron. When faced with war, he could still enlist knights and squires, definitely adding up to more than two hundred. These are

professional soldiers! If we include those slightly trained militia, it can easily reach a thousand.

"Furthermore, this Baron Shawshank is definitely a member of the royalist party with deep connections to Grand Duke Stan."

...

As he was thinking, the castle's suspension bridge lowered slowly, and a middle-aged nobleman came out to welcome him, "Welcome, my knight!"

Fang Yuan carefully looked over and saw that this nobleman coming out was around forty years old. He was wearing a noble robe with light green and golden linings, had on a white-haired wig, and was currently opening up both of his arms toward him. "And thank you for everything you've done for Haier Village."

"This is my required obligation."

Fang Yuan bowed a knight's bow and let the squire present the gift.

"Ah... such beautiful pearls. I quite like them."

The baron was obviously very pleased as the gloominess on his forehead completely dissipated. "Come, my knight. I've already prepared a feast for you inside the castle. Everything is very safe here!" He stressed the words spoken toward the end. Evidently, he had obtained the hints of Sorcerer Heim.

"It'd be disrespectful to reject your offer."

Fang Yuan bowed and followed Baron Shawshank into the castle.

The feast in the castle was naturally very grand. Among the five knights belonging to Baron Shawshank, three of them had also brought their families along.

Fang Yuan wore an impeccably cut long robe without additional accessories and naturally portrayed an elegant aura that greatly attracted a few noble ladies' gaze.

With the corruption in the current life of the nobility, as long as he showed slight interest toward some of the beautiful women swinging their fans at him, he would promptly have a splendid night.

However, he held his wine glass and instead politely rejected the many invitations while watching silently from the side, seemingly very antisocial.

"Knight Luhn, you seem to have saddened many ladies..."

At this moment, a tall man dressed as a knight in half body armor walked over. "I'm afraid that from tonight onward, gossip and rumors of Knight Luhn being unromantic will soon spread across the land."

"I am just... erm... not used to it," Fang Yuan replied smilingly. "Knight Gray, what's the matter?"

This knight was also one of the five knights of Baron Shawshank. However, what was different from Fang Yuan was that he directly served the baron, becoming the baron's commander as a knight and commanding all the guards, and definitely the most trusted subordinate.

In the Monger World, it was not embarrassing for a lower noble to serve a superior noble and collect compensation.

"I'm sorry for disturbing your party. However, Lord Baron wants to meet you in his study," Knight Gray said with his usual flat voice.

"Okay."

Fang Yuan nodded his head and left this uninteresting party, following Gray to the baron's study.

"Is it Luhn? Come in! Gray, you stand guard outside and do not permit anyone to enter, not even my wife," Baron Shawshank said seriously, then instantly grinned at Fang Yuan. "Luhn, you must have many doubts."

"Not a lot, but I have a general speculation that the situation doesn't seem to be good."

Fang Yuan nodded and sat across the baron. The baron even conveniently poured a glass of black tea for him.

"Truthfully speaking, after receiving the message from Sorcerer Heim, I was still very surprised..."

Baron Shawshank seemed to be organizing his excuses. "Sorry. Although I believed that you'd achieve the standard of a high-level professional, I didn't expect it to be this quick. Furthermore, you've already become a Disaster Knight?"

"That's right." Fang Yuan nodded.

In reality, this was merely his superficial achievements. His actual hand would not be showcased that easily to others.

"That's great!" Baron Shawshank clenched his fist tightly, completely not able to conceal his anger. "That Earl Floren actually dispatched bandits to bring chaos to my land. I've already ordered a death sentence for those Mad Wolf Bandits and secret envoys, the crime being banditry!"

"This is your power and authority." Fang Yuan shrugged.

"Although I don't know how much you'll understand, look at this."

Baron Shawshank felt a slight headache. He has seen many talented youths, even many young knights, and had the confidence in controlling their ideas and mentality.

However, this Knight Luhn gave him a very unique feeling and was extremely difficult to control.

At this point, he pushed over a set of documents while he raised the ceramic teacup, sipping the black tea as he waited.

For a time, the sounds within the study instantly vanished. In the silence, only the rustling sounds of Fang Yuan flipping could be heard.



"I see..."

Fang Yuan's reading speed was very fast and quickly grasped the information. "The situation... has already worsened to this extent?"

The Stan Duchy... The first generation Grand Duke Stan had led the Legend Knight Group and opened up the uncivilized regions.

Since then, three hundred years had already passed. That was twenty generations!

Such a long period of time was sufficient to corrupt many rules and families.

The most classic one was the Legend Knight Group. Their descendants were not necessarily aligned with the mindset of Grand Duke Stan.

Not only this. The most important one is still the infiltration of the inland powers, a thought flashed in Fang Yuan's heart. The original Stan Duchy was just an uncivilized land that only a few people had interest in. However, after reclaiming it for three hundred years, it is sufficient to become a hospitable place. Furthermore, the population has greatly increased, bringing great appeal to the inland nations and churches.

In face, the infiltration of the churches already began long ago. That is because, although the first generation Grand Duke Stan proclaimed to believe in the Sun God, he always had the intention of suppressing the power of the churches.

The conflict between theocracy and royalty was the eternal issue of the nations on this continent.

But at this time, looking at the degree of the expansion of the Church of the Death, the other churches wouldn't be any worse... If the current Grand Duke Stan still wants to reclaim his power, it will definitely cause a conflict with the theocracy.

This generation's Grand Duke Stan was neither a mediocre and unambitious sovereign, nor was he a wise hero. At best, he was a qualified noble.

However, even such a person would not be willing to see the diminishing control their office had towards the various nobles, or even the land under their jurisdiction being infiltrated by religion.

After Grand Duke Stan succeeded the throne, he made many changes and preventive measures.

Obviously, this sparked a little resistance from the nobility, with the religions adding fuel to the fire in the dark.

"The first generation Grand Duke Stan was actually also a noble of the Noether Kingdom and reaped benefits from the 'Reclamation Law' back then. Currently, it's also a huge problem for the Noether Kingdom to exercise their suzerainty."

Baron Shawshank rubbed his eyebrows.

In reality, examples of vassals rebelling against their lords were not considered rare in this world. There was also a considerable number of successes; they simply needed to achieve victory.

"If a war really starts, I'm afraid it'll be difficult to fight..."

Fang Yuan deeply pondered and directly made a judgement. "Who are our allies, and who are our enemies?"

"Good question!"

Baron Shawshank almost believed that the person sitting in front of him was not a newly promoted knight, but an experienced old fox. "Within the Noether kingdom, the royal family cannot invoke all of the powers. Some of the dukes even have good relations with Grand Duke Stan, which originated from their ancestors.

"As for the churches, we decided to rope in one batch and suppress another."

There were many Gods in this world, and many conflicts between them.

Between the churches, there were many dirty incidents happening in a bid to contend for 'Gods' Lamb'.

Although it had not escalated to a full-blown battle, there had been countless battles between their agents.

"So, the incumbent grand duke desperately requires power?" Fang Yuan nodded. "Such as... the previous Legend Knight Group."

"That was an accident!" Mentioning this, Baron Shawshank's facial expression slightly dimmed. "Before something happened to Jorah, I didn't even know that he was actually the safekeeper of Death Hands' inheritance."

"Alright!" Fang Yuan shrugged his shoulders and was too lazy to once more mention the inside stories. "With the current state of things, I've probably become a well-qualified royalist in the eyes of others. Should I count myself lucky to have not boarded a broken boat?"

"Of course!" Baron Shawshank unhesitantly nodded. "You will see our power. Furthermore, your growth is also completely beyond our imagination! If the grand duke knows about it, he'll definitely be elated.

"Since you've come, you can stay for a while. Next month, we're going to start a mission," Baron Shawshank said. "The grand duke is preparing to clean up a batch of tumors within the Duchy. I am in charge of this territory."

There was unconsciously already a biting cold tone in his words.

Fang Yuan nodded and directly agreed, "No problem."

During this time, sitting on the fence and being swayed by others was not a popular position at all. One had to stand on a side.

Both parties' attitudes and his beginning encounter had early on caused him to make his decision.

So, even though he knew that this mission was a proof of allegiance, he had to go.

"That's great!" Indeed, Baron Shawshank released a joyful smile. "With the addition of a high-level professional, I'm more confident with this mission."

## Carefree Path of Dreams

### Chapter 678: Frey

Morning.

In the training grounds of the castle.

Fang Yuan waved a giant sword resembling a door plank and did a few standard sword moves, causing the squires and apprentices to look on stunned.

After slightly warming up his body, he raised his long sword forward and, while maintaining this stance, fully entered into a state of meditation.

This sorcerer's technique of recovering spiritual force was also very useful to Fang Yuan, so he absorbed its essence directly.

With the contributions of a world, the progress of fighting spirit can be said to be endless and won't require long before I can advance into a Quasi-Legend or even a Legend. But the cultivation of Disaster Knight will be a little difficult.

It was a Legend profession after all, and advancement was not such an easy task.

The first level of the Disaster Halo is to enhance one's body and their allies. The second level is to curse enemies. In this part, we still need a few special ingredients and environment.

Fang Yuan associated it with Glendon's nickname, Death Hands!

This name was not just for show.

That was because once the Disaster Halo reached the second level, it had the ability to absorb dead spirits and negative emotions to boost the curse.

Furthermore, at an even higher level, it could simulate a horrifying, legendary technique—Finger of Death!

Ignoring any defenses, as long as judgment was passed, it would attack and kill directly. It could be said to hold power over life and death. The most important thing was... it had somewhat violated the authority of Death God Hess!

This is a little troublesome, but it isn't possible for me to ascend as a Disaster Knight since I need to conceal myself, Fang Yuan silently thought in his mind. The only good news is... the attitude of the Duchy toward religion is still at a respectful distance. Even the Church of Death doesn't have much rights to speak!

After a while, a female servant's voice trailed over with a respectful tone, "Sir! The Baron invites you to the dining room to eat breakfast!"

"Okay, I'm going!"

Fang Yuan put down the heavy sword and used a towel to wipe his face before slowly leaving in a sea of reverent gazes.

The breakfast prepared by the baron was very sumptuous. The main course was white bread and fragrant toasted blueberry muffins. For drinks, there were vegetable soup and hot milk. Various salt and pepper shakers were placed on the table to be used freely.

As the closest knights to the baron, Fang Yuan and Gray sat together eating breakfast with the baron and his family members.

The baron's wife was a classic, beautiful noble lady. She had given birth to two sons and one daughter for the baron.

The eldest son, Mattus, was twenty years old this year and was the baron's heir. He was very similar to the baron, including his clothes and expressions. It could be seen that he was putting in effort to learn from his father, and there was a slight haughtiness in between his brows.

The second son, Timo, was only seventeen years old, and his appearance was gentle and more frail-looking, with a bit of a scholarly aura.

As the second son of a noble family, without any rights of succession since he was born, he could only train hard and learn to become a knight's squire, or the squire of other noble families, while forging a path by himself.

Finally, their daughter, Tanya, was an elegant young lady. Not knowing why, she seemed to be extremely diffident and lowered her head upon seeing Fang Yuan.

According to the baron's habits, no conversation was allowed while enjoying breakfast. After eating in silence, Fang Yuan and other knights were invited to the baron's study for a secret discussion.

At this time, in the study, Sorcerer Heim was also there and passed a letter bearing the seal of the Duke's Office to the baron.

Baron Shawshank finished reading silently and instantly nodded, passing the letter to the next Knight. "The target has been decided. It's Knight Frey."

"Knight Frey?"

Fang Yuan twitched his eyebrows.

At the side, Knight Gray instantly added on, "Luhn, you're a newly promoted noble, so you may be unclear. This Frey originally relied on a title obtained via dishonest methods and became famous by doing unconventional things. His territory is one of the top commercial powerhouses in the area. Furthermore, his land is vast and can casually employ hundreds of armed escorts and mercenaries."

"What about his lord?" Fang Yuan asked with some doubt.

"His name is Baron Haital, but that old fool can't even suppress him... Furthermore, there were rumors that even the position that he clinched for Frey in the beginning was also done under coercion," Baron Shawshank replied with a gloomy look.

"In other words, although he's just a knight, this Frey has already obtained half a baron's power."

Fang Yuan nodded, yet his heart had a subtly delicate feeling.

In truth, if he had not inexplicably gotten hold of a set of inheritance documents, he could have perhaps taken a path similar to Frey.

And with such a risky move, he would encounter the animosity of all the nobles and would now be tasting the nasty consequences.

Of course, in reality, the risks behind Fang Yuan succeeding the position of Knight Jorah was not just less than the other, but even greater.

"According to the intelligence, Knight Frey has always been providing conveniences to the hostile forces outside the borders, evening having some connections with many evil religious sects. Furthermore, he may perhaps be secretly confining Baron Haita."

Baron Shawshank said passionately, "As nobles, we definitely won't permit this degenerate to continue breaking rules! Thus... we must declare war!"

"Declare war!"

Knight Ge Guo was the first to move forward and use actions to declare his support toward for the lord.

"That's right! Declare war!"

This matter was already largely decided previously, and the knights like Fang Yuan did not have a trace of objection.

"Great!"

Seeing this, Baron Shawshank released a small smile. "The Frey Territory is very rich, so don't worry about the allocation of your spoils. However, we still need to first discuss a procedure!"

Fang Yuan watched on coldly and realized that these western lords' greatest difference with the eastern ones was that they had never seen the problem of profits as a taboo issue.

Even if their manners were as unpleasant as bandits, they would make the proper allocations before war without beating around the bush.

Among this, Baron Shawshank naturally had the lion's share, while the other knights did not leave empty-handed, each having their own share.

Especially Fang Yuan. Although he was only sending a force on paper, and really just escorting them, he managed to obtain a piece of land!

According to what Baron Shawshank said, this land was seized by Knight Frey. The key was that although this land was a little distant from the Frey Territory, it was actually very close to the territory of Knight Jorah and about a thousand acres.

Any enfeoffment system would have such examples of territorial land dispersion in the later periods.

Especially because Knight Frey did not have much foundation or many connections, he was naturally unable to exchange land with the other nobles and had to concentrate on his strengths.

Hearing this, the other knights' eyes started to turn red.

To them, a thousand acres was practically a small-sized knight territory. Even if just another hundred acres added, that was already something very decent.

The only issue was that they knew Luhn was not only a high-level professional, he was also paid great attention to by the grand duke. Even if they were jealous, they could only suppress it forcefully.

Seeing this, Baron Shawshank laughed inside and hurriedly made many promises. This similarly included the allocation of Knight Frey's territorial lands and treasures and, at long last, barely appeased all the knights.

However, from what Fang Yuan could observe, these knights' eyes were already as red as a rabbit's.

"Lord Baron!" Seeing this, he walked forward one step. "I have just taken over a territory, and manpower is still needed. Just pass me the Howl Manor."

The Howl Manor was a territory that he wanted to obtain in advance.

Equivalent to half a small knight territory, it was a manor built by Knight Frey.

"Okay!"

Regarding this request, Baron Shawshank gladly accepted. After all, this was an expression of the other party proactively building relations.

However, stemming from another motive, he still said, "Let Knight Gray assist you. He will bring another fifty people and that'll be sufficient to crush all resistance! After you have taken down Howl Manor, mop up all the other peripheral forces of Frey and lastly group up with us at the Frey Territory!"

...

"Finally... is he coming?"

Just as Baron Shawshank was scheming against Knight Frey, in the Frey Territory, this knight was similarly sighing.

Knight Frey was over thirty years old, yet he had already become bald. The hair strands on the sides of his head were completely white, and his face already had deep wrinkles. Due to the throat injury in his early years, he had injured his vocal cords and caused his voice to sound as nasty as a night owl.

At the moment, he sat on the seat of honor in his castle with a secret letter passed to him by a raven and couldn't help sneering.

As a knight, being able to construct his own castle was definitely something worth being proud of.

Knight Frey called his own castle 'Hope Castle', containing his wild hopes for the future.

As someone even inferior to an average low class citizen, he was the role model that crawled up from being a serf. The early half of his life was already envied and respected by many lower class people and seen as a lifelong target to strive for.

However, in his goals, becoming a noble was only the beginning!

He still needed more things to fulfill his wild ambitions and desires!

Yet, at this moment, this ambitious eye could see the risk of a collapse.

"The grand duke has finally decided to attack."

For a tiny noble who was not even a baron, the anger of those holding power in the duchy was obviously very frightening.

But Knight Frey was of course not alone.

"Everyone! Are you all prepared?"

He looked at everyone below and let out a wicked laugh like a wild owl. "Every piece of land and every millet has the imprint of our Frey Family. Now that Shawshank is preparing to take away everything that we have, they need to be prepared to pay the price!"

"Of course!" An orderly sound echoed. "Your will is our destiny!"

"Okay, according to our previous plans, go and position yourselves!"

Knight Frey coughed and waved his hands.

Instantly, scattered footsteps rang out within the main hall before it was enveloped by silence.

"Just by using adventurers, mercenaries, and your trained army, it's not sufficient to resist the baron's siege!" a voice abruptly rang out. Human silhouettes wrapped in black robes slowly walked out from the shadows.

"Yes... So I will choose to ally with you! Grand Duke Stan stupidly unleashed his plans all over the nation and his power will be greatly limited. We just need to defeat Baron Shawshank and will be able to obtain sufficient leeway," Knight Frey said gravely.

As his method of growing and thriving overly flouted the rules and he was ostracized by mainstream society, other than winning through unexpected or unconventional methods, he already had no other choice!

### Carefree Path of Dreams

#### **Chapter 679: Trap**

Howl Manor.

Fang Yuan and Knight Gray stood together and looked at the manor not far away.

Although Frey had constructed a huge villa as a governing symbol, he only came over occasionally when collecting taxes or on vacation. Usually, he would pass the responsibilities to a few subordinates like tax collectors and constables to take care of it.

"I've already inquired. The person in charge of this area for Knight Frey is tax collector Jamal," Gray slowly said. "He was an adventurer before but was recruited by Frey afterwards. His profession should be an assassinator."

"Assassinator?"

Fang Yuan was slightly surprised, as this was far higher level profession than an ordinary assassin. Although it was greatly inferior to a Disaster Knight, it was still regarded as highly talented.

Being able to be discovered by Frey indeed showcased his ability.

"However, an assassin's best ability is to rely on the environment to assassinate, but right now, it's an open war."

Knight Gray laughed, not the least bit worried.

Indeed, with the righteousness of the duchy and nearly a hundred soldiers under the leadership of two knights, if they were still unable to take down the manor, that would be a joke.

"Okay, let's begin!"

He waved and fifty soldiers under his command immediately arranged themselves neatly, directly advancing toward the manor.

"Let's go too"

Fang Yuan nodded. Grace promptly brought along the twenty people he had urgently gathered from the territory.

"Who?" This scene instantly attracted the attention of the manor. Not long later, a person ran over and loudly shouted, "These are the territorial lands of Knight Frey. Visitors, please declare your name! If not, this will be seen as a provocation!"

"Name?" Gray laughed menacingly. "Under the leadership of Baron Shawshank, Knight Gray, carrying the grand duke's orders, comes to suppress Frey. Is this clear enough?"

Clearly, this response caused the other side to descend into huge shock.

The messenger tumbled back into the territory, and after a short while, a hurried bell chime rang out.

"Knight Luhn, how should we deal with this mob?"

Gray looked at the militia that was converging in the distance. Most of them were farmers holding onto pitchforks. The corners of their mouths unwittingly carried a playful smile.

In any case, these were people were going to be under Fang Yuan's command later, and he naturally had to give them some dignity.

Of course, using the word mob had already revealed his inclination.

"I heard... this Knight Frey is very proficient at tugging the people's heartstrings, and his reputation among the lower class citizens is very good?" Fang Yuan suddenly asked.

"Yep. Due to his implementation of the 50-50 split policy without additional taxes, he was even praised by bards to be the wisest lord of Stan," Gray replied.

"I understand. Please order the suppression." Fang Yuan nodded. "I once heard of a proverb. If you give someone a gold coin daily, once you stop, you will be hated. But if you give someone a slap daily, once you stop, you will be appreciated."



Regarding trying to win popular opinion from the people, he could not match up to Knight Frey, who had already been deliberately doing it for a long time.

That being the case, only blood and metal could inform these citizens who the actual leader here was.

With the snobbishness of the citizens, how long would they even remember the person who was a benefactor at all?

What was known as a benevolent government could be implemented later. At the moment, if they wanted to conquer this land, only massacre and rendering fear could gain their loyalty.

“A wise decision and an intelligent proverb.”

Gray laughed out loud and whipped his horse. “Charge!”

Reality had proven that a crowd of farmers holding pitchforks, no matter how many, were completely useless in front of trained soldiers.

Needless to say, once Gray casually charged and knocked down a few of the farmers in front, the others were instantly horrified, throwing down their pitchforks and escaping, leaving behind a disorderly battlefield.

“The ancient feudal kings always thought that their destinies belonged to them, and the people under them had to endlessly express their loyalty. In reality, they were all dreaming! Such a naive emperor usually would not have a good outcome.”

Wearing light armor, Fang Yuan similarly charged forward.

Under a strong military force, the small bit of resistance remaining was snapped like dry weeds and smashed like rotten wood.

“How much of the previous kindness and favor will remain in front of the sword?”

Seeing the militia collapse with one strike, Fang Yuan sighed silently and went to the villa with Knight Gray.

This was the sanctuary of Knight Frey. When he was not around, it was used by tax collector Jamal and was the governing core of this land.

At the moment, it was tightly surrounded by tens of people.

“Sir Knights, Jamal is just inside,” a few soldiers said ingratiatingly.

“Pass down the orders. We’ll begin the general attack. Whoever captures him will be rewarded ten gold coins!”

Knight Gray inattentively waved his hand, and the soldiers instantly charged in with reddened eyes.

Looking at the villa, Fang Yuan had a sense of foreboding and waved his hands. “Garce, don’t contend with the guests for honor!”

At the moment, the majesty of a lord and the prestige that he had built in the previous battles instantly unleashed their effect.

Grace and ten guards did not move, and the soldiers gathered from the other territories did not dare to move, as they watched Gray's subordinates charge into the villa.

"Haha... why bother? We need to let the lads train more..."

Knight Gray smiled and said, "However, in the end, the person who achieves victory will definitely be my squire Arnold. He's a small, burly fellow, and previously..."

*Rumble!!!*

Just as he was halfway through his words, a loud earth-shattering sound suddenly appeared.

Large flames erupted from the villa and instantly devoured everything.

Even the surrounding soldiers were affected, their ears in great pain. They collapsed onto the ground while wailing painfully.

"This..."

Knight Gray was thrown off his horse, his beloved mount running away, but he was completely not bothered about it, instead looking at the scene in front of him with a dazed expression. "What in the world is going on?"

"It's a trap!"

Fang Yuan's face turned dark. "They long knew our information and had organized a trigger spell, which should be a simultaneous release of the Fireball spell and the Explosion spell. To cause such massive damage also requires a huge amount of explosive crystals, this forbidden item!"

After absorbing the memories of the sorcerer, he was very familiar with these things.

The retaliation by Knight Frey was actually this forceful and horrifying! This even displayed a dismaying truth: the opponent had long known about the mission and specially arranged a trap.

Furthermore, there were also other forces assisting them secretly.

"With just a business territory, it's definitely impossible to accumulate so many magical scrolls," Fang Yuan said resolutely.

Of course, just with this, the effect was unusually good.

Other than the twenty people under his command with small injuries, Knight Gray's subordinates were mostly exterminated.

Death came like a tsunami and annihilated many souls.

"It was definitely a church! Other than them, nobody can use so many Fireball scrolls and forbidden items!"

Knight Gray's eyes were completely red.

Looking at this, Fang Yuan was slightly in a daze.

Suddenly, a mysterious halo automatically emitted outwards and engulfed the grievances and dead spirits within the billowing flame, and a transformation rapidly happened.

A halo with a dark color slowly materialized in his sea of consciousness, even becoming runes that had the power of magical skills.

So originally, the cursed halo ability of the Disaster Halo was enhanced by large amounts of death and feelings of resentment!

Therefore, Disaster Knights always loved battlefields, and in that year, Glendon even had the prestigious name of 'Death Hands'! Nearly every place they went to was full of wailing and despair.

*Curse?* Fang Yuan's mind was slightly distracted and immersed in a special insight.

*Swoosh!*

At this moment, a silhouette suddenly appeared from the surrounding shadows. The dagger in his hand was like a poisonous snake striking toward Gray's neck.

The assassinator Jamal!

Caught off guard, Knight Gray did everything he could.

*Ping!*

A torrent of fighting spirit rays emitted from his body, and his shoulders bent to one side. His body instantly seemed to become shorter by a head, and even his stance had a transformation.

However, in front of the assassinator's sharp blade, this was all insignificant.

The black dagger seemed to be able to swallow all the rays, and a mere light stab caused the fighting spirit defenses to be in complete disarray.

Furthermore, the opponent's arm seemed to be able to twist like a boneless snake and instantly change its position. The tip of the dagger continued to directly aim at the knight's heart from various directions.

An immense feeling of fear appeared in Gray..

No matter what, he could not imagine that Jamal's assassination technique was actually this horrifying.

Furthermore, he had no doubt that the opponent could destroy him.

*Poof!*

The dagger penetrated his skin, but did not strike his heart. Instead, it opened a wound on Gray's shoulder.

The surprised assassinator came to a stop while maintaining a charging stance.

"Disaster Halo: Weaken! It's able to add additional negative statuses to selected enemies. Seems like the effect is decent."

Fang Yuan nodded and instantly snapped his fingers. "Slow down!"

A faint, yellow halo expanded and immediately enveloped Jamal's body.

"Kill him!"

An assassin who had no speed, was stuck in a weakened state, and most importantly surrounded was simply a huge tragedy.

After opening the enhancement halo, Grace and the rest were comparable to elite soldiers.

After a simple round of fighting, Jamal was immediately penetrated by two giant swords and collapsed dead onto the ground.

"Thank you, Knight Luhn!" Gray hurriedly thanked.

"Wait up!" Fang Yuan stared at his wound. "His dagger was poisoned."

"Hmm?"

Gray looked at his wound and found that it had started to turn black and rot. More importantly, he actually did not feel a thing and became frightened. "Help me!"

"I know little about herbs..." Fang Yuan blinked. "I'll give you a suggestion: pray."

"Pray that the Gods heal me?" Knight Gray was a little dazed.

"No... Pray that this assassinator has the antidote on him," Fang Yuan replied with a straight face.

Chapter 680: Great Failure

About to enter the Netherworld, Knight Gray seemed to actually obtain the blessing of the Gods, letting Fang Yuan find the antidote successfully from Jamal's corpse.

Only, as he was applying treatment, his face had already turned black and his entire body had a slight fever.

"Damn Jamal!"

Gray's spirit was still relatively decent. Perhaps it was due to a warrior's physique, the antidote worked quickly. Within a short while, he was energetically cursing and scolding. "If he was still alive, I'd explode his brain! I swear!"

"Mmmm."

Fang Yuan happily drank his meat soup.

Although Howl Manor had lost the villa and many of interior documents, the warehouses were still intact and the goods they contained were plentiful.

These were all his treasures.

"This isn't good!!!!"

Instead, it was Gray who nearly wanted to jump up after suddenly thinking of something after his bout of dizziness. "The baron's in trouble! We need to immediately assist him!"

Since Knight Frey had already prepared beforehand, and even set traps on one of the lands under his jurisdiction, the baron's main force was naturally even less optimistic.

"I know. However, it's a shame that this incident has already happened."

Fang Yuan made a regretful expression and passed over a letter. "A raven just sent news that the baron met with a massive failure. Even Mattus died!"

...

Time moved slightly backward.

Frey Territory, on a piece of flat land.

Baron Shawshank brought three knights and an army comprising of nearly a thousand, while Sorcerer Heim covered his face and followed behind.

This formation was being used to only suppress a small knight was practically like using a sledgehammer to crack a nut. Nobody believed that anything could go wrong.

Unfortunately, sometimes destiny enjoyed playing jokes on mortals.

Receiving intelligence beforehand, Knight Frey had long gathered all the forces under his command, obtained the assistance of a mysterious force, and set many traps.

Furthermore, on the flat plains, more than seven hundred soldiers had assembled.

This number and formation had already exceeded Baron Shawshank's predictions.

"Damn Haital! Even your family's private soldiers are being completely used by them!" Baron Shawshank held onto a monocular and looked at the army formation not far away, seeming a little hesitant. "Heim, should we retreat for now and wait for the other knights to arrive? Especially Luhn, his ability will be very useful."

After all, he was a baron that grew up in a peaceful era. The usual small battles were still acceptable for him, but at this moment of deciding his destiny, it was inevitable for him to worry about personal gains and losses.

"Definitely not, Lord Baron!"

Although Heim was a sorcerer, he also knew the ludicrousness within. "How would we withdraw a thousand people and ensure that the enemies won't chase us? Even if we leave successfully, next time you'll become very passive."

If a baron was so frightened by a knight that he escaped, it would definitely become a huge joke.

Furthermore, it would even humiliate the nobles.

In a joint conference with the nobles, even Grand Duke Stan would sometimes face difficulty in giving orders.

If the winds changed, confusing right and wrong, or even getting labeled as traitors, was completely possible!

“Right now, we can only try our best to defeat them.”

Heim said gravely, “They only have seven hundred people, while we have nine hundred with reinforcements on the way. This is our advantage! Even if we’re in a stalemate, after waiting for the knights to clean up the other bases, the opponent’s camp will be in shambles.”

“Also... I will unleash my magic to aid the army!”

It went without saying that many of the sorcerer’s suggestions were not random utterances.

It was only that he was overestimating the baron’s abilities and neglecting Frey’s strength.

This combined difference was not something that a mere sorcerer could change.

“Attack!”

As the battle formations on both sides blew their horns, the knights urged their warhorses. While they were preparing to charge, Heim was also preparing the only large scale magic spell that he knew: Wild Wind!

This spell could raise gusts of strong wind that blew sand and stones. Most importantly, its range was sufficient to cover the entire battlefield!

Once enemies met with winds blowing the opposite direction and were blinded by wind and sand while still having to deal with enemy swords, how difficult would it be for them?

Thus, this was a spell that could change the outcome of the small-scale battle. Heim had also relied on this spell to be accepted as a court sorcerer.

Accompanying his chants, the surrounding breeze started flowing, and just as his spell was about to accumulate and materialize...

*Swoosh!*

Suddenly, a ray of pure holy light appeared in Knight Frey’s camp, directly charging into the Wild Wind spell.

“Counterspell? Pastor!”

Heim’s face changed and he howled, falling directly from his horse.

In this realm, only a pastor could use this magical skill of disrupting another’s spell.

Of course, most importantly, in order to disrupt a high-level spell such as Wild Wind, the pastor’s rank could not be too low!

As for Heim suffering from the countercharge, it was not strange at all.

For a spell with such a huge range, how great would the resulting damage be if forced to stop? If it did not cause him to directly plummet, it was because of his willpower being sufficiently strong and firm.

“Pastor?!”

However, once Baron Shawshank saw this, his limbs turned ice cold.

A high-level pastor was not something that could be randomly created by a small Evil God cult.

The only possibility was that there was an actual God standing behind the opponent! Furthermore, it could perhaps be those official churches!

In the next instant, with the enhancement of the pastor's spell glow, the two armies viciously clashed together.

Without a doubt, the baron's large army was utterly defeated.

"The Gods made them braver! Made them fearless! Made them no longer fear death..."

Not far away, Daniel looked at this emotionlessly, without a trace of movement on his face.

His appearance in this battle indicated that the Church of Death was already standing opposite the ruling family.

Furthermore, it wasn't only the Church of Death. From what he knew, there were a few other churches that began interacting with a bunch of nobles opposing the ruling family like Frey.

By the time the Noether Kingdom's large army arrived, all of these relations would be brought to light.

Grand Duke Stan seemed to have perceived it, thus carrying out this mission.

Unfortunately, he overestimated his own power and the loyalty of the nobles under his command.

At this moment, with the miserable defeat of the baron, huge amounts of dead were produced and many souls appeared.

Seeing this, Bishop Daniel closed his eyes and prayed, "Praise you, Lord Hess. You control the Netherworld and is the home of all souls!"

Instantly, a realm void opened up and completely accommodated the dead souls.

This was the Netherworld, a place for the dead to rest in peace and where Hess' God Nation was.

Even though it was a God Nation with a True God, it only occupied a very small portion of the Netherworld. In the depths of the Netherworld, there were still many secrets awaiting adventurers to go forth to explore.

...

After Fang Yuan obtained the news and hurried back to the baron's castle, the situation was already at the stage of an irreparable defeat.

"Lord!"

In the castle, it was entirely full of wailing and despair. There were rumors everywhere that the Frey Army's arrival was imminent, and every sound brought about the suspicion of danger.

What was most worrying was the baron's body.

Ever since he faced this massive defeat and lost his successor, the baron was down with a serious illness and had not left his bed until today.

But Fang Yuan was ultimately not an average person. After reporting, he was granted an audience with Baron Shawshank.

"Luhn, Gray..."

Seeing these two knights, the baron laughed bitterly. "It's really good being able to see you..."

He had suffered massive losses this time. Two of the accompanying knights had died, and his power descended into the depths of a valley.

"I'm sorry, Lord Baron..."

Gray knelt on the ground with one knee. "We were caught in the enemy's trap at the Howl Manor, and I also lost forty of my men!"

"There is already enough bad news... *cough cough* !"

Baron Shawshank seemed to want to crawl up, but this movement instead expended all of his energy, causing him to fall into a vigorous coughing fit. "At the noble conference, those people who bully the weak and fear the strong actually announced that I was 'chaotically commanding', while Frey retaliated through self-defense and was declared not guilty!"

Fang Yuan calmly gave a few words of consolation, and after seeing that Baron Shawshank had some intention of seeing him off, so he instantly stood up and bid goodbye. "Lord Baron, no matter what happens, please take care of your health first."

Inside the bedroom, there were only Knight Gray and the baron.

"Lord, the situation has already reached this stage?"

Knight Gray was a little dazed. Just a bit ago, they were clearly in a favourable position, so how did it suddenly become so terrible?

"In reality... it's worse off... *cough cough* ... this mission was thwarted, and not a single goal of the grand duke's was fulfilled... *cough cough* ..."

Baron Shawshank coughed violently, a huge dark red spot appearing on the handkerchief he used to cover his mouth. "Furthermore, a few churches have already changed sides. Even the grand duke compromising after being unable to withstand this pressure is a possibility!"

"Once such a situation occurs, we will become very passive..."

The look on Knight Gray's face was very unsightly. If this situation occurred, there was an eighty percent chance that they would be banished as scapegoats.

"We need to retaliate. At the very least, we can't succumb to such a bleak and hopeless situation!!" Knight Gray tightly clenched his fist and suddenly looked at the baron. "About Childe Mattus..."

"I have already decided to let Timo be my successor."

Baron Shawshank closed his eyes and half-rested on the bed. "Also, what do you think of Luhn?"

"Very strong... and he is good at governing."



Gray thought about Garce's group and added sincerely, "Furthermore, his abilities seem to have improved further and is undoubtedly the successor of Death Hands."

"I mean...." Baron Shawshank thought for a moment. "Tanya has already matured but still does not have a suitable candidate... They are very suited for each other, aren't they?"

"I understand. I will choose an opportunity to raise this with Luhn."

Knight Gray nodded.

At this moment, they indeed needed to unite all powers, especially to rope in this future Quasi-Legend!