

D. of Pride 91

Chapter 91: Seven Swords Guild

Simon looked deeply into Irene's eyes which wanted to protect the Forest Spring Spirit Clan. The benefits that the clan can provide was just an excuse to make him shelter the pitiful clan. However, even without her telling him the benefits he already made his mind to protect the little girl and her clan. He stared at Cecilia and asked, "Where in the forest your clan is located at?"

From Cecilia, he became aware of the settlement of the Forest Spirit Spring clan which was located deep inside the western region near the territory of the Ancient Treants. Their village was protected by an arcane mist that was erected by one of their ancestors and no one other than them would be able to find their village. Even the Forest Spring Spirits needed to use special means to enter their village through the mist.

She also told him about the geography of the area where her village was located and from her, he also became aware of the existence known as the Seven kings that divided the western region into seven parts and ruled their territories just like kings.

"Seven Kings huh! They must be the insanely strong presences that I felt deep inside the western region of the forest" Simon mused as he heard the details from Cecilia.

Unlike the three overlords of the northern region of the Ghastly Winding forest, the seven kings of the western region were on a completely different realm and were the true rulers of the entire forest. Their presence was what made the forest so dreadful that no adventurers dared to delve deeper.

In the future, if Simon wanted to conquer the forest, he had to compete with these seven kings for dominance. Since his dungeon was located in the forest, he couldn't just sit still inside knowing that there are seven incredibly strong beings lurking outside that could destroy his dungeon.

However, that was all in the future, there was no point worrying about it now.

Cecilia told him about the circumstances of the Forest Spring Spirit Clan and the incident that unfolded before he found her unconscious beneath the tree. When she recalled the scenes from a few days ago, tears threatened to overflow from her eyes once again but she forcefully held them back.

Her body trembled and her eyes flashed with sorrow but more than that, there was a fire burning within them. Fire to take revenge for her mother, father and her clan.

Learning about the situation, Simon sighed out loud. He thought ‘No wonder she looked so dead inside. A little girl less than five years of age lost everyone she held dear in front of her very eyes, how could she keep on living all alone. Death must have felt much easier an option. The heavens have been really unfair to her’.

Even though Cecilia was suffering internally as she recalled the scenes from back then, she still continued.

It seems that the Ancient Titan Treant, one of the seven kings of the Ghastly Winding Forest protected them, but even then the Ancient Titan Treant was rooted in its territory and couldn’t move as it wished.

Spotting the opportunity, the human that their clan found heavily injured outside, and who was led inside their settlement for treatment betrayed them and disclosed their location back to the adventurers who were currently subjugating their village.

Simon grimaced “So that was how their location was found”. Simon believed that as long as that mist was around, their village was impossible to locate. But if one outsider was led inside, he would naturally know how to get in and out through the mist.

Cecilia recalled what her father once told her long back “My father once told me that during the ancient times, our ancestors were once the subordinates of the Primordial Demon of Pride. And it was only after his demise that our Forest Spring Spirit Clan lost the protection and was forced into hiding as we were hunted down for our spirit orbs”.

“It was only after the Second Apex War that our situation became a little better. The Dragon Lords led the coalition of the demi-humans and the Sea Tribe along with few other species to force the humans and demons into a peace treaty. And also made them sign a non-aggression agreement against the almost extinct species that were hunted all over the world for their materials. Our Forest Spring Spirit clan being one”. Cecilia recalled the history that her father the patriarch of the clan had instilled into her.

From her words, Simon finally became a little aware of the history of this world. As Simon was reincarnated as the lowest ranking demon noble, the information that he inherited was very limited and thus he didn’t know much about the world he now lived in and its history.

'Hmm?' there were a few things in her sentence that he found quite intriguing. First of all, she said that her clan was once the subordinates of the Primordial Demon of Pride during the ancient time. Was it fate or just a coincidence that he too found himself in a position where he wanted to protect them take them as his subordinates while having the Fragment of Pride with him?!

Secondly, she said that most of the inhabitants of the world signed a non-aggression agreement against the almost extinct races after the Second Apex War.

What was the Apex war in the first place? and if the humans had also signed the agreement then the adventurers currently hunting Cecilia's clan were doing it illegally and in secrecy. Because if they were doing it openly, they would be seen with contempt and even get retaliated and suffer serious consequences for disregarding the agreement signed by the rest of the world.

He felt contempt and disdain for the adventurers that had disregarded the agreement and chose to invade the Forest Spring Spirit clan. They had fallen so low as to hunt down a peaceful clan that had secluded itself from the rest of the world inside the forest just to get their hands on the spirit orbs.

Deep inside the territory of the Ancient Treants was a settlement that shined with multicoloured lights. The trees surrounding the settlement were quite robust and healthy and mysterious plants and herbs that shone with a peculiar light grew all around the surrounding. The man here was quite thick and birthed many magical objects.

Thick white fog lingered around the edges of the settlement and isolated the place from the outside. The place would have looked truly marvellous and beautiful if not for the blood and corpses that littered the surrounding.

What would previously look scenic was currently a tragic sight to see.

In the center of the place, was a large bamboo house and a small pond behind.

Inside, a man with a rough face and an average build wearing light warriors clothing sat on the couch. He had black hair which reached till his neck and both of his ears had two earrings made of gold pierced into them.

Two short swords were placed near the couch. An insignia displaying seven swords crisscrossing each other in a circle was patched on the leather armour that he wore. However, he wore a long black coat so as to hide the mark from the outsiders. He walked towards the far end of the room with a cruel and mocking smile plastered on his face.

The name of the man was Laris and he was one of the members of the Seven Swords Guild and also the one put in charge of the operation.

Chapter 92: Seven Swords Guild (2)

The name of the man was Laris and he was the guild member of the Seven Swords Guild and also the one put in charge of the operation. He walked towards the far end of the room with a cruel and mocking smile plastered on his face.

On the far end of the room was a door leading towards the cellar. Children wearing light green clothes and had a pair of fairy-like wings protruding from their back, could be seen inside.

Some had light green hair while the others had dark green, but the one thing in common was that they all had a collar with strange runes and a gem inscribed on it. The gem shined with a dim light and seemed to be strengthening the collar.

Although the collar looked ordinary from a glance, if one forcefully tried to remove it, the gem would either explode or strangle the person to death. The children that were collared, belonged to the Forest Spring Spirit Clan and currently, they all had a hollow and vacant look in their eyes as they quietly sat hugging their knees.

The man named Laris looked at them from the window which was only a few centimetres big and only allowed the air to pass through with a big smile. 'A big haul' the man smirked to himself and was quite delighted. The way he seemed to look at the Forest Spring Spirits was as if he was looking at a commodity and not a person.

In these past few days, they had captured quite a lot of Forest Spring Spirits and plundered a good amount of Spirit orbs from the adults. Whenever he looked at the spatial ring on his hand, he couldn't help but feel exhilarated.

Of course, it wasn't easy for them to plunder the spirit orbs from the forest spring spirits as those incorrigible fellows kept self-destructing their spirit orbs. They had to kill some to make an example and also to unnerve their rebellious spirit.

After they set up a few examples the rest of the group quickly lost their will to fight. The Forest Spring Spirit race being unsuitable for combat also played a huge part for them to quickly subjugate them, cutting their losses short.

Once their rebellious spirits were broken, they plundered the spirit orbs from the adults and enslaved the children with the Collar of Enslavement. How could the children have any thoughts about resisting after being cruelly enslaved by the collar?!

However, it wasn't smooth sailing from the get-go. He recalled that there were quite a lot of Forest Spring Spirits that rebelled very hard so as to allow some of their member to run away. Even to the point of casting some peculiar magic he had never seen before which threw them off.

Obviously, Laris would allow the treasures he just got hold of, running away from him. He selected teams of adventurers to give chase. But it was rather hard for his group to chase them all around the forest while they continuously ran towards the territory of the Ancient Treants.

He couldn't help clicking his tongue whenever he remembered how some of the Forest Spring Spirits immediately self-destructed their spirit orb and couldn't help but curse out hatefully. "You damn foolish Forest Spring Spirits do you even know the worth of the spirit orbs. Self-destructing your spirit orbs is truly outrageous, I have gone through a lot of trouble to get my hands on them".

Laris felt like he would vomit blood whenever he recalled the scenes. Those spirit orbs were supposed to be his or rather his guild. He could only imagine the anger and the consequences he would have to face if he returned with just these many Forest Spring Spirits and Spirit orbs.

Therefore he continued hunting the ones that fled towards the depth of the forest. Although his men created a huge ruckus and died at the hands of the monsters in the process, their deaths were irrelevant to him. Although Laris was told not to create any commotion, he couldn't help it since they were in a foreign territory where every monster they met wanted to kill them.

His guild had given him strict orders. He had to capture some of them alive and if it seemed impossible then he had to forcefully plunder their spirit orbs.

Laris had passed this message onto his team to prevent any Forest Spring Spirit that is about to self-destruct their spirit orbs. Although diving into the territory of the Ancient Treants was quite risky, but the allure of the spirit orbs was just too strong for them to let it go plus he was informed of a piece of news that he just couldn't simply ignore.

It was at this moment, a man entered the bamboo house and bowed in front in front of Laris. The man who had just entered, had a sly face and looked like he was in his thirties. He was wearing a worn-out magic robe and held a sturdy wand with a gem as small as a peanut inscribed on it.

The class of the man was a [Wizard]. If Cecilia was present here at this moment, she would instantly recognize this man as he was the very same man who was brought into their settlement for treatment a few months ago and also the one that disclosed their location to the adventurers.

Laris looked at the newcomer with cold unperturbed eyes. Laris knew the man, he was called Miser and he was a level 215 [Wizard].

The man named Miser was an adventurer from the city controlled by his guild, the city of Morgress. He had accumulated quite a bit of debt and was on the verge of becoming a slave himself.

However, a few months ago he came up with news that shook the entirety of the Seven Swords Guild. It was specifically because of the news that Miser provided to their guild, that the guild master decided to send his team to check its authenticity and pardon his debts.

Although Laris was doubtful at that time, but sure enough to save his skin Miser did not lie to them. When Laris and his team arrived at the location guided by Miser, they found the hidden settlement of the Forest Spring Spirits.

Laris glanced at Miser who was giving him a flattering smile while rubbing his palm together. He asked “Is the information that there is a Royal spirit among them is true? If you are making this up to save your hide then don’t blame me later for being merciless”.

Laris snorted and sat back on his couch once again.

Miser panicked and his face became grave when he heard Laris, he hurriedly replied: “Sir Laris, I am speaking the truth. How can I lie to you, if I did It would be akin to digging my own grave”.

Laris squinted his eyes when he heard those words and said with a smile “Don’t think I don’t know what kind of a person you are. I know every single damn thing that you did back in the city. Hehe, your soul stinks like those filthy gutters of the slum areas of the city.

“I know all about the dirt you have on your hand and It is exactly why I had been made in charge of this operation by the guild master. Don’t forget that your life is in my hand, I get to decide whether you live or die”.

Chapter 93: Seven Swords Guild (2)

Even after being said all that, Miser still held onto his flattering face but internally he was quite shaken; after all, his life and death depends on whether he is useful or not.

As long as he displayed his worth, he won’t be killed that easily. Miser wasn’t lying when he said that there was a Royal Spirit amidst the Forest Spring Spirits.

Miser was an adventurer by profession. A month back when he and his group were trying to hunt the monsters on the Ghastly Winding Forest, they were chased around and accidentally stumbled upon the territory of the Ancient Treants. Completely outclassed, they were completely wiped out.

Miser was the only one who survived, at that time he thought that he would die from those severe injuries, but who would have expected that he would meet someone on the brink of his death as he desperately pleaded the person to save his life.

After he became conscious, he found himself bandaged and lying on top of a bed. Looking around, Miser saw that he was currently inside a simple bamboo house and sighed in relief after he knew that he had survived.

He got up and looked out of the window and was mesmerized by the beautiful and mysterious view outside.

Plants and trees shining with an unusual light were dancing along with the wind. Speckles of light rose from the ground and circled the flower garden as they bloomed mysteriously. Miser was dazed by the marvelling scene and it was only when he heard a knock and the footsteps of a person entering that he came to his senses.

Turning around, he saw the person who had entered and became absent-minded once again. The man had dark green hair, a chiselled face, and looked quite handsome. However, what stole his attention was the man’s features.

A pair of fairy-like wings, dark green hair, and bringing along a fragrance of plants and trees with him. It couldn’t be said that Miser was a knowledgeable man but even he could identify the species of the man from the rumours and records he heard from his fellow adventurers.

His eyes trembled fiercely as he tried to restrain the excitement and his wildly beating heart. His mouth twitched and at this moment he wanted to laugh out loud 'I FOUND A TREASURE'. The man who entered looked at Miser smiled gently and said "So you are fine. You were in quite a serious condition when you were found, but it seems that you have mostly recovered from your injuries. Ah, pardon my rudeness I am Cedar the patriarch of this clan".

Coming from his trance, Miser quickly realized that he was injured badly and had yet to recover his full strength. Understanding that trying to take any action right now would be foolish as he now, he calmed his mind and tried to gather as much information as he could.

"I am Miser, thank you for saving me" he gave his best smile and tried to appear as innocent as he could. He looked behind cedar for an instant before asking "Forgive me asking this even though you have saved my life, but would you happen to see any wand near me when you brought my unconscious body here?".

Miser was trying to find his wand because without a weapon, there was no way he a Wizard would be able to snatch the person's spirit orb from him.

"Hmmm, a wand you say?" Cedar Creased his brows and pondered for some time.

Thinking that Cedar was alerted due to his abrupt question, he hurriedly tried to explain and lower his guard "Umm you see that is very precious to me. It was given to me by a very precious person and if I could I wouldn't want to lose it at any cost as it holds a lot of memories and sentiments".

Of course, whatever he spouted was bullshit and a lie whatsoever which he came up with just now.

The wand was just a tool that he bought from the market at a cheap price and didn't hold any such sentiments to him. However, Cedar did not know that and fell for his trap "I see, it must be a very precious wand to you I assume. I think I heard them mention a small wand that they found near, I'll get somebody to deliver it to you. You must not lose it again".

Giving a smile, Miser thanked Cedar once again. In his mind, he was laughing at the naivety and foolishness of Cedar for believing him so willy-nilly.

What Miser did not know was that the Forest Spring Spirit clan secluded themselves from the outside world since the ancient times due to their indiscriminate hunting. And due to living in

seclusion for so long, their interaction with people outside of their clan was very limited and hence they fell more easily to deception and trickery.

Seeing that Miser was glancing outside a few times, Cedar thought that Miser wanted to go out and check on his team members. He said with a painful expression “I am truly sorry to tell you that we couldn’t save the other members as they were already dead even before we could save them”.

Miser became absent-minded for a while before he realized that Cedar had misunderstood that he wanted to check on his teammates when in truth he wanted to check and gather more information on their clan. He could only imagine the wealth he could amass from their spirit orbs.

Miser made a painful expression as he said “I am a failure of a human, I couldn’t even protect the lives of my teammates. Do you know where the bodies of my teammates are? At the very least I want to give them a proper burial”.

Cedar couldn’t see his face as he bowed deeply towards him but if he could, he would see a mocking grin flash on Miser’s face. Cedar thought for a while before nodding his head. To him, Miser looked like a pitiful human who had lost all his companions on his journey and giving them a proper burial portrayed him as a justified and rightful person.

“Alright, we did bring the bodies of your teammates. Follow me they are on the north end of the village” Cedar said as he led Miser outside. Seeing that his plan had succeeded, a wide smile appeared on Miser’s sly face.

He followed behind Cedar as he took him out of the Bamboo house. Outside the house, he was amazed to see hundreds of Forest Spring Spirits. The adults did their daily jobs while the children played around running and laughing.

“So the rumours were true, there are still some ancient races remaining that are hiding themselves” Miser mused as he observed the village with greed filled eyes.

He couldn’t help but look at the far end of the village which was protected by a thick white mist that surrounded the village like a dome. He didn’t know where this place was but he was quite sure that the thick mist prevented the outsiders from finding the location of the village.

Chapter 94: Seven Swords Guild (3)

Miser was led around all the way to the north end of the village where a few bodies covered in simple clothes were kept inside a simple bamboo hut.

On his way here, Miser counted more than two hundred Forest Spring Spirits living inside the village. That was not all, rare and precious plants, herbs grew everywhere in this place.

There were even some that matched the description from the talks of the elite adventurers and some which he heard in rumours and legends. The place was practically brimming with all sorts of treasures that could only be seen in some ancient treasury or in the lockers of a top tier guild.

He couldn't imagine how much wealth was hidden inside the village. Even if he randomly took a stalk of grass from here and sold it in the shops or auction back in the city, he would earn quite a sum.

And that was not all, as all of this was just the tip of the iceberg, the main treasure was the Forest Spring Spirits themselves which was soon going to be his.

Cedar stopped in front of the bamboo house patted Miser on the shoulder and said consolingly "The remains of your comrades are inside. We collected the belongings of your comrade and placed them on the side. If you need help I can..".

However, before Cedar could continue, Miser immediately declined his offer saying "It's alright, you guys already did me a great favour by bringing their bodies along. It's my job now to give them a proper burial". His voice sounded sorrowful. Of course, all of this was just a show to make his lie seem more convincing to Cedar.

He honestly did not care much whether these guys had a proper burial or not; after all, even while they were alive Miser did not care whether they lived or died as he always prioritized his own life during their journey together.

But he thought that since they were useful even after their death and ultimately helped him reach this village that was going to make him rich soon, he could at least give them a burial for their great service. At least this way he would be seen as a kind person in the eyes of these Forest Spring Spirits.

There was a cemetery nearby where the Forest Spring Spirits buried their own. Miser dug few holes and placed the bodies of his former teammates.

After the burial, Miser came back with Cedar to the bamboo house that was located at the centre of the village.

When they reached the house, he was stunned to see a beautiful woman with Dark emerald hair, astonishing curves, and a gentle smile that had a mysterious power to heal one's soul greeting Cedar. With those features of her, the woman was a top tier beauty no matter how Cedar looked.

“Father!... Father, you are back!” suddenly Miser heard a clear jubilant voice and a small girl that had similar features like the woman came running from behind and hugged Cedar.

When Miser looked at the little girl, he couldn't help but frown, that was because the girl was quite different from the other children of her age that he had seen around the village.

The girl had two pairs of wings, her emerald eyes shone as bright as a crystal and mysterious speckles of light followed her wherever she went. The moment she appeared, a clear fragrance of freshly bloomed flowers spread all around the surroundings. The girl was none other than Cecilia.

He couldn't help but find the girl quite unusual; nonetheless, he still believed she was one of the Forest Spring Spirits. It appeared that the little girl was Cedar's child and that woman was his wife.

Miser waited patiently on the sidelines as he formulated his plans. Now that he knows that there are more than two hundred Forest spring spirits living here in the Ghastly Winding Forest, he had to bring a large group of adventurers to subjugate them or else given their number they would be able to put up a resistance or even worse escape from here which would foil his plans completely.

He had to prepare thoroughly and for any contingencies in case things go south. Although hiring adventurers for such a huge expedition would be quite capital intensive and more so when he needed those who would keep this expedition a secret. Having so many treasures in front of him, Miser was not going to give up on it so easily.

Seeing that the conversation between Cedar and his family was over, Miser decided to speak up “Umm patriarch Cedar, I think that it is high time that I leave. I have already accomplished my goals by giving my comrades a proper burial and am mostly healed. It would be asking too much to stay anymore after all the things you guys have done for me. And that is why I ask patriarch Cedar if he could arrange someone who could lead me out of here”.

It was also at this moment that Cecilia noticed Miser. The moment her emerald green eyes landed on him, he felt as if his very thoughts were being seen through. Cecilia furrowed her delicate brows

and her eyes were distressed as she stared at him. Pointing at Miser, she said “You are a bad person”.

The moment he heard that, Miser started panicking as cold sweat drenched his back wet. Fortunately, his acting earlier had paid off since he was able to win the trust of Cedar. “Cecilia don’t be rude to the guest. He is already grieving over his deceased teammates, don’t add onto his troubles with your pranks”.

Cecilia looked unconvinced and wanted to say something when her mother pulled her back into her embrace.

Saying that, Cedar looked at Miser’s body and said with concern “Your body is not fully healed yet. I can arrange for you to stay here a few more days, it wouldn’t be a problem”.

Miser hurriedly declined “No no no, I don’t want to give patriarch Cedar any more trouble. You have already done enough, my body has already healed to the point where I can walk back home all the while avoiding the monsters”.

He wanted to know how to get in and out of this place and his plans also required him to start preparing immediately therefore he couldn’t just heal idly in this village.

Cedar looked at Miser’s determined expression and said “Very well if you insist then I shall prepare someone to send you back”. “Thank you very much” Miser replied. Soon a person dressed in green clothes came as per Cedar’s orders and led him out of the village.

Before leaving, Miser glanced at the unusual little girl once last time. At that time, even Cedar couldn’t have imagined what kind of a disaster would befall the Forest Spring Spirit clan by bringing Miser in.

Inside the bamboo house at the centre of the Forest Spring Spirit village, Miser snapped out of his daze and asserted with a bootlicking smile towards Laris.

“Sir Laris I’m ninety percent sure that the little girl I saw back then was a Forest Spring Royal Spirit” Miser recalled as he looked towards Laris and said.

After getting out of the Ghastly Winding Forest, he hurried back to the city of Morgress. He looked up the books pertaining to the records from ancient times and the long-forgotten races. After going through numerous books, he finally found a species having similar features to the little girl he saw back then at the village of the Forest Spring Spirits.

The moment he read the description written in the book and the name of the race, He felt as if he was thunderstruck.

Recalling the features of the little girl from back then, Miser was quite sure that the girl he saw was one of the extremely rare species the Forest Spring Royal Spirit. It said that even among the rare Forest Spring Spirit clan there is a one in a million chance for a Royal Spirit to be born.

A Forest Spring Royal Spirit was on a completely different realm than an ordinary Forest Spring Spirit. Not only that, even in the annals of history, it was mentioned that there appeared only one Forest Spring Royal spirit throughout the ancient time. One could imagine how rare the species was.

Chapter 95: Chaos

Miser was quite sure that the girl he saw was one of the extremely rare species the Forest Spring Royal Spirit.

Although he had no definitive proof, but even if she is not one of them, there are hundreds of spirit orbs to be harvested. Therefore he needed to act fast and gather allies to subjugate the Forest Spring Spirit village.

However, before he could put his plans into action, he was caught and beaten up by the members of the Seven Swords guild. They had broken through his house and demanded that he pay back his debts.

Miser had accumulated a lot of debt and was on the verge of being enslaved if he didn't pay it back soon. Left with no choice, he disclosed the information regarding the forest spring spirit village to the Seven Swords guild in return for a share and all of his debt being settled.

One could only imagine the kind of uproar the guild had gone through once they got hold of this news. Their first reaction was to laugh at him as if looking at a clown. But the allure of hundreds of spirit orbs was something that would even make a top tier empire covet it, much less their small Seven Swords Guild.

The guild immediately decided to send forth a subjugation team of more than forty people led by Laris towards the Ghastly Winding Forest where the settlement of the Forest Spring Spirits was.

The guild could only afford to send a small team of elite warriors as sending anymore would be attracting the attention of the surrounding guilds.

Laris looked at the fawning and sly face of Miser and couldn't help but feel disgusted. He hated people like him who could backstab you at any moment. Hence he decided to silence Miser after the completion of their plan.

However, he couldn't deny the usefulness of Miser up until this point. The man had planned out a safe route till the Forest Spring Spirits village and even knew the hidden entrance that led towards the inside of their village.

Without knowing that there was a hidden entrance inside the trunk of a dead Ancient Treant, they wouldn't have been able to capture the Forest Spring spirits so easily. The plan that Miser laid out, worked in the favour of their guild.

“Well since you are so sure that there is a Royal Spirit amidst them, then it's truly a piece of great news. If we are able to capture that royal spirit then our guild will be the strongest in the whole central continent... no the strongest in the entire world hahaha” Laris laughed out loud as if he could already imagine the glorious days their guild would bathe in after the success of their plan.

The forest spring spirit orb is able to purify one's bloodline, allowing them to break the restraints placed on them and reach a whole new realm. The price of each of these spirit orbs could be said as astronomical and would create an uproar no matter where they appeared.

“Hehehe, it's as sir Laris said the Seven Swords would become the strongest guild in the whole world so please don't forget my share out of the loot” Miser gave few flattering words and reminded Laris of their agreement as he was afraid that they would forget it.

“Yeah I know, you don't have to remind me. The guild master promised you thirty percent share out of the loot we harvest. It will be handed to you after we return to the city. Don't worry the guild would naturally abide by its words” Laris smiled at Miser and said.

What Miser didn't know was that there would be no share for him. The guild master of the Seven Swords Guild, Morgress had instructed Laris to silence Miser here after the completion of their plan. The fewer people that knew about the operation, the better it would be for the guild, or else if the word of them having a large number of spirit orbs got out, there would be no short-comings of trouble that would befall their guild in the future.

After all, hunting an ancient race like the Forest spring spirits for their spirit orbs is looked down upon by the whole world, a taboo. It is an act that is prohibited all around the world and if word gets out that their guild is secretly disregarding this, their whole guild might be wiped out in a single day and that is why he had to be extremely careful not to leave any loose ends.

While Laris was delving into his thoughts, suddenly a person in an assassin's garb materialized seemingly out of thin air in the corner of the room. The man that appeared did not bother with the stunned look of the onlookers and swiftly took out a scroll and reported "Sir Laris, I bring words from the guild master".

Laris looked at the man shocked by his appearance. Why will he be not? The man was the direct subordinate of Boris, one of the Seven Swords a top-ranking officer in the guild and his appearance here meant that something had happened back in the guild.

His mind churned and the worst-case scenario appeared in his head. He thought that their plan had been found out. Laris took the Scroll and just when he was about to open it, he realized that Miser was still in the room. He ordered "Get out of here. I have some other work to do right now" as he looked at Miser.

When he saw that Miser was gone, he finally opened the parchment and read its content for a while. Towards the end, he finally couldn't take it anymore, crunched the paper, and threw it at the corner of the room.

Laris looked at the man with anger flashing in his eyes as he demanded " what does guild leader mean by sending Dale's team as a backup. Does he think that I am unable to finish this job by myself?".

The man was indifferent and simply gave a curt reply "what does guild think? The likes of you aren't qualified to question him. Just know that the situation has changed and that you are to stay here for one more month as per the orders of the guild master. As for sending Dale's team, he is here to safeguard the goods. You are to not make any big moves until further orders are given. Is that understood?".

Laris had an indignant face but he still replied with “Understood”.

Seeing that he made himself clear, the man was just about to disappear when Laris asked “what does my big brother think about this?” Laris looked at the man who was the direct subordinate of his brother. Sending him here didn’t it mean that even his big brother thought the same?

The man observed at Laris deeply from behind his mask and said “Sir Boris is busy with another task that guild master had given him. You have to grow up, your brother cannot always look after you all the time. Besides sir Boris also consented with the decision of sending Dale here. It is in your best interest and also for the guild that you work together with him”.

Boris was not only one of the Seven Swords but also his big brother. Laris had always looked up to his brother and that is also why he had joined this guild. But now he was told that even his big brother thought of him as incapable of handling this task.

Laris couldn’t understand why the guild had suddenly decided to send another team as a backup. He could vaguely feel that the guild was acting a little different and so he asked “What is the situation is back in the city?”.

The man seemed to be deliberating for a while before shaking his head and said “I have told you everything that I needed to tell you. As for other things, it is best that you do not question it. Focus on your task at hand”.

Although Laris did not get an answer from the man, he was still unresigned to give credit for all his hard work to someone else from the guild. He thought internally as he made his resolve ‘I’ll show you guys that I’m not an incapable man. Soon I’ll get my hands on the Royal Spirit orb and prove you all wrong.’