

Great Master 126

Chapter 126: The Fearless Born of the Storm!

The wild wind blowing from the sea swept across the entire South Los, causing ships in the port to bob up and down, while the seabirds had already vanished.

The sky darkened.

Cloud after cloud enveloped the area.

In the flickering lightning, thunder roared.

In a shelter avoiding the rain, several elderly laborers knelt, silently praying.

He hoped the storm would pass quickly.

Otherwise, with winter approaching, their homes might not withstand it.

In a warehouse far away, the warehouse manager lit a charcoal stove, warming up the chilly place thoroughly before he pulled out wine hidden under the bed—he knew today was another good day.

Because he could rest.

A carriage carrying the son of the warehouse owner, one of the heirs of the trading company, was rushing towards the seaside, urging the coachman,

"Faster!"

"Even faster!"

"I want to feel the breath of the storm!"

The young man standing on the roof of the carriage spread his arms wide, cheering loudly.

He seemed to have already foreseen how he would boast of his courageous act at the salon in a few days.

However, just as the young man was about to let out a laugh to display his 'courage,' he froze.

Because—

He saw someone.

Amidst the rolling dark clouds and the thunderous sky, there was a person.

The young man stood stiffly there.

Boom!

Another burst of thunder, and the young man blinked; he lost sight of the person.

"Perhaps I saw it wrong?"

The young man rubbed his eyes.

After that, he disregarded these trivial matters; he was here to gather stories for the upcoming salon.

The carriage moved forward, filled with a train of laughter.

Listening to such laughter, the warehouse manager drinking wine and the laborers hiding under the shelter all showed envy in their eyes.

Some were attracted by the carriage moving forward.

Some were drawn by the sudden storm.

Others quietly murmured—

"The Fearless born from the storm, the Guardian of the Inner Sea, the owner and ruler of the southern islands, the chief justice, the advocate for new laws...

The storm...

It's terrifying!"

In remote villages, rural estates, luxurious villas, and the shadows of the streets—some marveled, some feared, some scorned, and some mocked.

They all saw the person in the clouds and lightning.

And they all had their own thoughts.

Only Arthur was different.

Standing by the window, the young 'Spirit Medium' finally breathed a sigh of relief.

That formidable 'Mother Tigress' had finally made her move!

With the opposing main general's downfall, it meant that the silent struggle with the Old Lion of Inner Bay should be nearing its conclusion!

South Los should enjoy a period of peace!

As for confirming the identity of the person?

When he saw that figure in the sky, his spirituality and intuition were telling him it was the master of South Los, the Fearless born from the storm, the Countess: Ash Bonaparte of South Los.

"The Fearless born from the storm?"

"Is this what being born from a storm looks like?"

Arthur murmured quietly, his lips curving upward involuntarily.

Facing the Countess of South Los, who controlled the storm, Arthur felt neither panic nor fear.

He was only delighted to witness a 'new upper limit of the Mystic Side.'

Because that was a position he could definitely attain.

Arthur had unmatched confidence in his Talent "Omnivorous."

Given enough time, he too could reach such a level.

Of course, most importantly, he now considered himself a part of the Countess's camp.

'If the Mother Tigress did that, what about the Old Lion?

What would he be like?

The guardian of the Holy Sword, the lord whom knights follow, the victor of the Seven Years' War, the owner and ruler of Inner Bay, the pioneer of a new era...'

Arthur recalled the titles of the Old Lion in his heart and pondered the other's capabilities.

Meanwhile, Malz was still in shock.

The police chief was truly frightened by the scene he had just witnessed.

"Ar, Arthur, just now..."

"Yes, it's exactly what you're thinking."

Arthur knew what his partner wanted to ask.

It was nothing more than whether what he saw was real.

And whether the person in the sky was the Countess.

Hearing Arthur's affirmative answer, Malz opened his mouth, then, his gaze once again settled on the stormy scene outside the villa—The Countess could control the storm, something the police chief had not anticipated; he had experienced bizarre incidents before, so he understood that nobles must possess some unknown powers, but he didn't believe that the 'fearless one born from the storm' was real; he considered it to be an exaggeration, just like when he was born during an earthquake, and his mother straightforwardly claimed him as 'the son of the earth'.

But he knew what the reality was.

Perhaps the South Los family had some connection to the storm, but it was definitely not to the extent of controlling it.

If one could control the storm, would they still be human?

That would be divine!

Malz was pale, with cold sweat dripping down.

The police chief thought about some of his actions.

He wouldn't be struck by lightning, right?

However, the next moment, the police chief returned to normal.

Because he saw his partner standing calmly by the window, staring at the terrifying celestial events without any fear.

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Instead, he was...

Smiling?!

The police chief could swear that he really saw his partner smiling at that moment, and the expression was full of happiness.

Laughing in the face of such terrifying events, being happy, one either has to be mad or a fool, but he was certain that his partner was neither mad nor a fool.

That left only one possibility—

His partner could also achieve this level!

Only in that way could there be no fear and only laughter!

That's a joy filled with happiness.

That's an excitement constituted by being no longer alone.

Arthur... no, could it be that the Kledos family settled in South Los so that Arthur could wait for his rival to grow?

Unconsciously, Malz had this thought crossing his mind.

Immediately, the police chief's breathing became rapid.

After a moment, he adjusted his breathing, licked his dry lips, and once again, his gaze towards Arthur shifted subtly.

Arthur keenly noticed such changes.

He was just about to console his partner when Malz turned pale, but before he spoke, Malz had quickly returned to normal.

Arthur sighed, acknowledging an old soldier tried by war was truly extraordinary.

But the subsequent change was unexpected to Arthur.

Malz's gaze had gained a hint of reverence!

And even a bit of...

Fervor??

'What happened?'

'Could Malz have misunderstood something?'

Arthur thought within himself, but outwardly continued to watch the window, maintaining a faint smile.

This composed demeanor made Malz even more certain of his conjecture.

The police chief marveled at his luck.

Being able to encounter a collaborator like Arthur.

No!

A collaborator worthy of his allegiance.

For Arthur's usual demeanor but also for...

Strength!

Quickly, the police chief began to think deeper, then his gaze shifted towards Scott, wanting to be more prepared.

Meanwhile, the young reporter was diligently holding the cat cage containing Pendragon.

Suddenly, he noticed something and immediately shouted—

"Arthur, Pendragon seems to have lost a whisker!"