

Great Master 141

Chapter 144: 141 Lion Group!

Truda's smile stiffened on her face.

When had someone else been in the interrogation room?!

Why didn't she know?!

The voice continued—

"Are you wondering why you didn't notice me entering the interrogation room? It's because you were too excited being whipped by Simon's belt!"

Your appearance was just as disgusting and nauseating as your previous smile," the voice behind Truda said slowly and methodically.

This pseudo-cabman spy immediately roared.

"Come out!"

"I know it's you!"

"Arthur Kredos!"

Step, step.

The slightly blurred footsteps sounded again from behind, and Truda calculated the distance. Just as she anticipated the target reaching the expected position—

Gag!

A greenish bile was sprayed out by the opponent.

But this sudden attack missed its mark.

Hiss, hiss!

The distinct sound of acid hitting the ground and walls made the somewhat dazed Truda look utterly foolish. The spy then roared again.

"Come out!"

"You come out... Ah! Ahhhhh!"

The agony of having his testicles crushed triggered the spy's roar to turn into a scream.

But moments later, the spy calmed down.

As if he could no longer feel pain, he murmured to himself.

"Treason... We... the highest glory!"

Then, his neck twisted.

The man was no longer breathing.

In the secret room behind, Arthur and Marinda observed the now deceased Truda, their expressions varied.

Arthur's brows furrowed slightly.

Marinda, however, seemed to have expected it.

"Do you understand the fear of the Old Lion's 'Lion Group' now?

Exclusive to the Old Lion Family, their bloodline power not only gives a person extraordinary charisma, making countless people feel a sense of kinship at first sight, but once someone swears allegiance to them, their thinking is altered. They come to believe that person is their everything and willingly sacrifice everything for them.

When the young Old Lion first appeared on the battlefield of the Seven Years' War, he faced alone an elite Musketeer Squad of two thousand men—this squad stopped firing the moment they saw the Old Lion. And when the Old Lion approached them and asked, 'Will you fight for me?' half of them switched sides.

The rest hesitated, and when the Old Lion repeated, 'Will you?' the remaining half also defected."

At this point, Marinda's face showed a hint of lingering fear.

"Is this why the 'Old Lion' is known as the 'Lord Whom Knights Follow'?"

Arthur looked at Marinda, who nodded slightly.

"Truly terrifying!"

Arthur exclaimed earnestly.

He had speculated about what kind of power the Old Lion possessed, but to think it was this—although he had witnessed the determination of the financial expert and Truda beforehand, and although Marinda had hinted as such, the more he learned, the more his skin crawled.

To think it could change a person's thoughts!

What kind of heaven-defying ability is this!

"Don't worry, the Old Lion's 'Lion Group' also has its limitations. For his first stage appearance, the Golden Lion Family paid a significant price to achieve that effect—if it weren't for that, it would be impossible to reach such an effect. According to the South Los Family's research, the 'Lion Group's ability has a limit on the number of people; once exceeded, it recoils on the Old Lion himself.

Also, the 'Lion Group' isn't invincible. Spirituality can effectively resist that extraordinary charisma. As long as one remains sober and doesn't pledge loyalty, there's no problem."

As if to comfort Arthur, Marinda spoke and was about to pat him on the shoulder.

But Arthur dodged it, subtly stepping aside and then asked directly.

"How many is the upper limit on the number of people?"

After giving Arthur a sharp look, Marinda finally answered.

"The maximum number of ordinary people should be two thousand—during that initial battle, besides that Musketeer Squad, the Old Lion did not charm any other enemies. Instead, he led the squad to counterattack, which of course ended in victory. But observant people noticed that afterwards, the Old Lion did not recruit any more people.

According to the Old Lion's style, if he could win greatly, he would surely seek a complete victory. If he sought a complete victory, then he would want his side to be unharmed.

Therefore, two thousand ordinary people are the limit for the Old Lion, even with all sorts of enhancements."

And those who possessed spirituality...

1-12 people!"

Marinda gave an imprecise number, and Arthur didn't speak, but merely inquired with his gaze.

"Depending on the strength of the loyalty of the spiritualist, the number ranges from 1 to 12, but even at their weakest, it is still 12, a figure that cannot be surpassed—once the Blood Marquis utilized 'blood' to obtain this information, making each spiritualist follower precious to the Old Lion.

Once they die in battle, such a slot can't be filled!"

As she spoke, the lady puffing on her pipe revealed a sneer mixed with schadenfreude.

It seemed to be not just towards the Old Lion!

Was it also aimed at the Blood Marquis?

Arthur speculated in his heart, though his expression remained unchanged, and he took the opportunity to ask.

"How many followers does the Old Lion have left now?"

"Originally seven, now there are three left!"

Marinda spoke and glanced through a peephole at Truda's corpse, a look of regret in her eyes.

"He wasn't.

He had no talent.

He simply had his stomach modified by one of the Old Lion's remaining three followers, the 'Mechanism Master'."

Seeing Arthur's curious gaze, the lady went on to mention the other two followers.

"'War Elephant', the Old Lion's personal guard, a man with a terrifying physique, capable of catching a 12-pound cannonball barehanded and effortlessly lifting a four-wheeled carriage. During the Seven Years' War, he charged through battlefields clad in triple-layered heavy armor, and thus was dubbed 'War Elephant'."

"'Blood Shadow's Thorn', one of the inheritors of Assassin Bloodline Secrets, followed the Old Lion like a shadow. Even during the Seven Years' War period, there was only one occasion when he left the Old Lion's side—the time when the commander of the West Coast Allied Forces died."

Arthur stroked his chin.

He could not weigh in on the 'Mechanism Master' or the 'War Elephant', but 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' was one of the inheritors of Assassin Bloodline Secrets.

He had read through the fragments of the 'Assassin Bloodline Secrets'.

According to his understanding, people of this school would not be so docile.

Or does the complete text contain a solution for 'Blood Addiction'?

"Can you tell me more about 'Blood Shadow's Thorn'?"

Arthur asked.

This time, Marinda did not speak immediately.

The lady smiled and raised her right hand, her thumb rubbing back and forth over her index and middle fingers.

"That's a different price!"

"Give me No. 44 White Bird Street or a share of the credit for this case, and I won't just tell you the specifics about 'Blood Shadow's Thorn', I'll also provide detailed information about the 'Mechanism Master' and 'War Elephant'!"

And, would you like to know why the 'War Elephant's' physique is so powerful?

I can tell you that too!"

Marinda, eyes narrowed into slits, though her blue irises were concealed, a unique cunning could still be sensed through the narrow gaps.

Like a fox.

No!

A profiteer!

Obviously, she had disclosed so much information as she was waiting for this moment, to lure him into the trap.

But Arthur was not put off; in some ways, she was earning her living through her skills, and indeed, it must be said, this profiteer was quite capable.

She could be considered highly skilled and well-informed.

Previously, when he emerged from No. 22 White Bird Street, Arthur didn't immediately return to the police station; instead, he went straight to No. 6 White Bird Street to bring Marinda with him before heading back to the station.

And it turned out his actions were absolutely correct.

Just by looking at that corpse, Marinda directly collected the body, voicing a term.

Death Poetry Society!

And a suffix...

Plague!

Collecting the body, of course, was space equipment—a ring.

And the secret room where they were currently located was not originally part of the police station; it was created with a prop by Marinda after she learned of his intention to provoke Truda for more information—the prop he hadn't seen precisely, but his intuition told him it must be another accessory Marinda wore on her hands.

Arthur's gaze swept over the two rings on Marinda's hand and he sighed softly—

"I think we can talk about the Death Poetry Society!"