

Great Master 221

Chapter 221: The Main Performer on Stage is Me...

Crack! Crack!

The sound of air freezing over, frost began to cover the surface of Harris's body.

The ice frost power of the Bloodline Clan members!

But isn't this just a High Order "Blood Descendant"?

Why would an actual member of the Bloodline Clan appear?

Shouldn't he be in my secret base?

How could he have returned so soon?

Could it be that this was the layout by that "Blood Descendant" before?

The new head of Rat Tail Alley, utterly clueless about what was happening, roared as he unleashed his trump card—

"No!"

More black power was drawn from the Shadows, clashing fiercely with the white frost power covering the surface of his body.

Crack!

With a crisp sound, the frost power covering Harris's body was shattered.

And in that instant, the new head of Rat Tail Alley sank straight into his own shadow.

The member of the Bloodline Clan, with red light flickering in his eyes, immediately identified a direction and pursued.

A hundred meters away, Harris stumbled out of the shadows.

At this moment, the new head of Rat Tail Alley had reached his limit.

Gasping, gasping!

Heavily panting, he looked behind at the Bloodline Clan member closing in, his eyes filled with unwillingness as he yelled.

"I can tell you a secret..."

Thud!

Before he could finish speaking, a dagger of ice frost penetrated the new head of Rat Tail Alley's chest, and rapidly froze his body.

Turning him into a corpse.

Then, as the Bloodline Clan member raised his hand to recall the ice frost dagger, Harris's body immediately crumbled into pieces, becoming a pile of icy fragments.

Without even glancing at the body on the ground, the Bloodline Clan member prepared to chase after the Mysterious Person, or rather, the abducted Arthur Kredos.

"Hercules's laboratory," he had heard it loud and clear.

If he could obtain this laboratory, perhaps the Bloodline Clan could be reborn!

The thought that rose in his heart made the Bloodline Clan member's heart beat faster, but the ensuing pain forced him to clutch his chest.

The unhealed injury reminded him to stay calm.

After all, he was the only one left of the entire Bloodline Clan.

In the heart of this member of the Bloodline Clan, resentment and desolation intertwined. Just as he felt his injury gradually settling and he prepared to get up and pursue, a voice came from behind—

"My foolish brother."

The voice was cold, devoid of any emotion.

But that indifferent tone seemed to evoke the deepest memories of the Bloodline Clan, and without thinking, the member of the Bloodline Clan turned around abruptly.

The next moment, the Bloodline Clan member stood stunned in place.

Because!

He saw a pair of eyes flashing red.

Exactly like his own!

And that aura of the Bloodline Clan, also exactly the same!

"Are there other members of the Bloodline Clan?!"

An unusual flush of red emerged on the pale face of the Bloodline Clan member, showing excitement, disbelief, and long-missing exhilaration.

Immediately, the Bloodline Clan member wanted to say something.

But he was interrupted by the Blood Descendant opposite him.

"After all these years, have you merely been hiding in a corner?

Even your hunting skills have declined greatly!

Can't you even tell whether the prey is truly dead or just playing dead?"

Arthur, controlling the Blood Descendant Auburn, grew increasingly colder in tone. He raised his hand and threw a severed head at the feet of the Bloodline Clan member.

That head was unmistakably Harris's.

...

About two minutes ago, Harris, whose body had been shattered, crawled out from the shadows once more.

Compared to his earlier disheveled state, Harris now seemed to be on the brink of death—not only had his internal organs been backlashed and begun to break apart, but his skin had also cracked open, resembling a porcelain doll laced with web-like fissures.

Yet, even so, the newly appointed leader of Rat Tail Alley continued to mutter curses under his breath.

"Arthur Kredos!

Marinda Julius Caesar!

And that member of the Bloodline Clan!

Just wait!

Once I've recovered, your time of death will come!

I will...argh!"

Such curses did not last long before they were abruptly cut short once again.

Because...

A member of the Bloodline Clan had appeared before him, simply staring at him coldly.

It wasn't the same one from before.

Rather, it was the one who seemed to have triggered the alarm.

How this person had appeared here and found him, the newly appointed leader of Rat Tail Alley didn't know, nor did he want to know anymore—he just wanted to survive.

"Spare me, I..."

Thump!

Arthur, controlling a Blood Descendant, did not give the other a chance.

The Blood Descendant swiftly raised his dagger and beheaded Harris—controlling a Blood Descendant wouldn't bring in the corresponding XP, so Arthur opted for a more primal method to confirm Harris's death.

In the air, Fujin and Wuni were surveying the surroundings like two reconnaissance drones.

After confirming that Harris was indeed dead, they stuffed his body into Atos's Box, took the head, and moved towards the member of the Bloodline Clan—he had to stop this Bloodline Clan member.

Otherwise, his plan would be disrupted.

As for how to do that?

As Arthur, it was difficult.

But as a Blood Descendant, it was all too easy.

In fact, that was the case—

Through the eyes of the Blood Descendant, Arthur saw the joy, excitement, and disbelief on the Bloodline Clan member's face when he saw him, and he knew then that the deal was sealed.

The original strategy of 'friendly exchange' immediately changed to a 'brotherly Whip Thrash' type.

Because that was what the other lacked.

A member of the Bloodline Clan who had been running away in distress since the extermination of their clan lacked a sense of security!

Moreover, considering how gravely injured the other was, Arthur could entirely imagine how panicked and terrified the other must have felt over the past thirty-something years.

Even encountering the Sank family, which might have had issues with the Bloodline Clan, or even been part of the extermination of his kin, needed to be done through the hands of ordinary people.

Furthermore, after so many years, for the sake of security, the other had been so cautious that he hadn't established even a Tiny Bit of a secretive power in South Los—if he had, he wouldn't have been so surprised and delighted upon seeing him.

Clearly, for the sake of security, the other had been living in a mode completely detached from the Mystic Side.

And this, for Arthur, was...

Perfect!

'With such a target, if I don't swindle even his underpants off of him, I'm not living up to my profession as a Spirit Medium!'

Arthur, controlling a Blood Descendant, threw Harris's severed head in front of the Bloodline Clan member and, while the other was still in shock and embarrassment, went straight to the point—

"You have defied the decision of our ancestors!

You have brought shame upon the honor of our ancestors!

You...ah!"

The Bloodline Clan member's bowed head lifted at the pained cry of the Blood Descendant, and in his field of vision, he saw his own brother suddenly clutch his head, furrow his brows, and mumble incessantly.

"Who am I?

Why am I here?

And who are you?"

Seeing the state of the Blood Descendant, the Bloodline Clan member realized everything immediately—

So that's how it is!

Chapter 222 That Night's Moon...

Regarding the information about the "Bloodline Clan," Arthur knew very little.

Besides knowing that the "Blood Marquis" had allowed his son to inherit the "Talent" and awaken the "Bloodline," causing the entire "Bloodline Clan" to disappear completely during the "Seven Years' War," he also confirmed that there was something fishy about the disappearance of the "Bloodline Clan."

More?

That was all.

Therefore, to perfectly play the role of the elder brother of the "Bloodline Clan" member in front of him, he had to make up for this gap.

Schizophrenia!

Amnesia!

That was the solution Arthur thought of.

However, compared to schizophrenia, amnesia was more suited to the current situation.

As for schizophrenia?

If there were any secret techniques or potions within the "Bloodline Clan" members that could treat "amnesia," and he were to be treated or take them himself, it wouldn't be too late for him to then experience schizophrenia.

People always think about leaving themselves a way out!

But Spirit Mediums don't need to!

Because, for Spirit Mediums, everywhere is a way out!

The "Bloodline Clan" member standing aside, watching Arthur holding his head in pain, felt deeply sympathetic, but in an instant, he was pulled back to that night.

It was originally the night of Bradley's awakening, but countless enemies appeared.

But that wasn't the most terrifying part!

The most terrifying thing was...

The moon!

Recalling that scene, the youngest member of the "Bloodline Clan," Bern, shuddered all over.

He knew no one could escape the catastrophe that targeted the "Bloodline Clan."

The Marquis couldn't, he couldn't, and the elder brother in front of him couldn't either.

The Marquis died in battle.

He was seriously injured and has not yet healed.

And the elder brother in front of him, in a way, was in an even worse condition—this brother must have been one of the secret trusted aides dispatched by the Marquis back then; otherwise, he wouldn't have never met him.

"Calamity, like a shadow that follows,

Blood red, never fading.

When we meet again, it will be the birth of the King of Eternal Night!"

Bern mumbled the Marchioness's prophecy unconsciously and looked at the "Blood Descendant" with even gentler and more reverent eyes.

He, wounded by a Witch Hunter, has not healed.

And he might never fully recover in this life.

Therefore, he absolutely couldn't be the King of Eternal Night.

But the elder brother in front of him was different; his ability to face the horror and leave unscathed was sufficient proof of his strength, and moreover...

He might just be the Marquis's alternative.

At the time, due to Bradley's situation, the clan had held more than one "Blood Council" and several elders had proposed changing the heir.

Although the Marquis had not agreed, he must have been prepared.

The elder brother in front of him must be the alternative!

'This is truly great!'

The constantly anxious Bern cheered inwardly, and at this moment, he not only found his clan members but also a reliance, and he even put down the heavy burden in his heart.

What he now needed to do was to assist his elder brother in becoming the new "Blood Marquis."

This was not difficult, as he believed the Marquis had arranged everything.

What was difficult was...

Healing!

The family had similar healing secret techniques, but he had not mastered them.

And to relearn them, he must return to the clan's lands, but the terror still lingered there!

Bern's complexion changed repeatedly.

Arthur, controlling the "Blood Descendant," observed everything.

'I now have an appropriate identity in his eyes.

Then, it's time to... hm?'

Just as Arthur was preparing to proceed with his next act, Wuni transmitted an image to him, immediately causing the young Spirit Medium to frown secretly.

Subsequently, Arthur straightened his chest, controlling the "Blood Descendant," and looked towards the members of the "Bloodline Clan" with a puzzled expression.

"Who are you?"

asked the "Blood Descendant."

"Bern, elder brother sir, you can call me Bern—you must have seen my information among the Marquis's secret trusted aides."

The "Bloodline Clan" member spoke while expectantly looking at Arthur.

He hoped that the elder brother in front of him could recall something through some key words.

'The Blood Marquis's secret trusted aides, huh?'

Arthur rapidly absorbed the information, then his eyes, glowing red, showed confusion, followed by pain, and he murmured,

"I don't know! I don't know anything!"

With that murmur, Arthur, controlling the "Blood Descendant," rushed into the nearby shadows.

The youngest "Bloodline Clan" member immediately followed him, a deep concern etched on his face—he knew he had been too hasty.

Moreover, the brother's amnesia was not merely due to facing that horror...

No!

It was precisely because he had faced that horror that he chose to forget!

Otherwise, death would come!

'Damn it!'

'How did I not notice just now!'

'Just like elder brother said, has the comfort of Concealment not only stripped me of my hunter's instincts but also dulled my mind?

Or...

was I also affected by that "horror," and I just didn't realize it before?'

Bern was shocked with deep regret.

The youngest "Bloodline Clan" member's face turned even paler, his body uncontrollably trembling, but the next moment, when he heard the sound of something cutting through the air, his eyes showed surprise.

...

"Are you sure you sensed a 'Blood Descendant'?"

And not your 'father'?"

Amiel followed behind Freeman, incessantly asking.

This was already the third time the lady from Talin had asked.

It wasn't that she was chattering.

It was really because Freeman had woken her up in the middle of the night, and the lady's mind had been foggy ever since—the continuous search during the day had already exhausted her, and naturally, a potion for calming nerves was unavoidable, but its effects wouldn't be nullified just because she was woken up mid-sleep.

"Yes, 'Blood Descendant'!"

One just like me!"

Freeman answered once more, the manic smile on this new "Blood Descendant" not subsiding—an explosion, he had heard it, the Lady of the Long Night's activity, he had noticed it.

And now, a "Blood Descendant" had appeared!

Especially since this "Blood Descendant"'s aura was completely different from his.

In South Los, besides the 'father,' there were other members of the "Bloodline Clan."

This discovery delighted Freeman.

Of course, it was not out of any so-called 'sense of closeness.'

For Freeman, it was merely an opportunity found to please his own 'father.'

"Hmm?!"

While rapidly running, Freeman abruptly halted, relying on the "Blood Descendant"'s vision, he saw people ahead on the shady path.

And not just one.

The "Blood Descendant"'s instinct also warned him of danger.

Amiel saw it too, but before this lady from Talin could speak, Freeman had already let out a sinister laugh.

"Those who block my path, die!"

Freeman raised an arm in a wild gesture, assuming a combat stance.

And just as the still-groggy Amiel was preparing to wait for Freeman to handle the people ahead, this "Blood Descendant" suddenly turned and ran.

The night breeze gently blew, sweeping up two fallen leaves, passing in front of Amiel.

The lady from Talin was stunned for a full second, then finally snapped out of it—

"Shit!"

Chapter 223 Shout!

Amiel always considered Freeman to be a 'temporary subordinate'.

With such a position, there was naturally no question of trust between Amiel and Freeman.

However, what took this lady of Talin origin by surprise was that Freeman, this 'Blood Descendant', could actually be this shameless.

"Bastard, 'Blood Descendant'!"

The lady cursed angrily, but she couldn't afford to look back.

Because the people blocking the way had already appeared before her.

She could clearly see these people—

Not only was each of them cloaked, but the exposed skin was also wrapped in bandages, and even so, their rotting hands and feet could not be concealed.

"Leprosy!"

Amiel's eyes were filled with horror, and as soon as she cried out, she instinctively covered her mouth and nose.

The next moment, she even took out a potion and poured it into her mouth.

When the cool relief spread through her chest, the lady of Talin origin breathed a sigh of relief, but a tide of endless questions began to rise in her heart.

Where did all these lepers come from?

Unlike the 'Darkness' that had already vanished, leprosy had always been present in South County.

Outbreaks were heard every few years.

For 'uniform treatment', these leprosy patients were concentrated in special villages, cut off from the outside world—twenty years ago, the lands of Baron Norvia had been overwhelmed by leprosy because the disease was not handled properly, so much so that the region has yet to recover its vitality.

However, in South Los, due to the governance of the South Los Family, there may be occasional lepers, but never in such large numbers!

This meant...

'Death Poetry Society'!

Almost instantly, Amiel thought of that detestable organization.

And as the name of the organization emerged, the lady of Talin origin became completely lucid; she paid no attention to the swarm of lepers before her, knowing that they were merely a decoy. The real orchestrators were surely hidden nearby.

The most likely place was the dense forest on either side of the shaded path.

But just by herself...

Regarding her combat skills, the lady of Talin origin had no confidence.

And just then—

"I've come to back you up, Amiel!"

Freeman rushed back, spouting nonsense with an earnest face.

And behind him, a group of lepers were also charging over.

"If there weren't more than 20 lepers chasing you, I might have believed you,"

the lady of Talin origin scoffed, but still threw a potion to Freeman.

Without any embarrassment, Freeman tilted his head back and drank the potion.

Even though they hadn't been together for two days, Freeman was very clear about this woman's abilities; she might be mediocre in combat but was unparalleled in potion-making.

Therefore, as soon as Freeman realized he would be fighting lepers, he immediately rushed back.

'Blood Descendants' are not members of the Bloodline Clan.

They are still prone to fear in face of leprosy.

"Into the woods!" Amiel shouted lowly.

The way forward and aft was blocked, and there were surely ambushes in the woods.

But they could buy time, allowing her the opportunity to deploy her secret weapon!

The thought of using her secret weapon made the lady's expression fluctuate.

But soon, she became resolute!

After all, using her secret weapon would bring her major trouble, but without it, she would die right now!

As a human, she knew which option to choose.

Freeman, as if he hadn't heard, let out a thunderous battle cry—

"Fight to the death, retreat not!"

The voice was like thunder, his expression utterly serious.

The lepers caught between the front and rear were taken aback.

Then...

This 'Blood Descendant' grabbed Amiel in one swift move, tucked her under his arm, and turned to rush into the woods beside the shaded path.

Amiel covered her face.

The lady felt humiliated.

Even though she knew it was Freeman's tactic, it still felt humiliating.

She harbored the thought that it was better to die than to suffer such indignity.

Of course, Amiel definitely wouldn't want to truly die.

One potion after another was taken out by her and thrown at the lepers following them.

Pop! Pop!

Amid the sound of shattering glass, one leper after another fell.

But more lepers surged out from the woods.

Within just a few breaths, Amiel and Freeman found themselves trailed by a dense crowd of over a hundred people.

The only saving grace was that the leprosy patients were slow and the forest provided cover; otherwise, the two men would have been completely surrounded long ago.

But to continue this way meant being surrounded was just a matter of time.

For the number of leprosy patients was growing.

"We need to find a way out, fast!"

Even as Freeman shouted this, his mind was pondering the possibility of using Amiel as a bargaining chip to persuade the puppeteer behind this to spare his life.

"Are you thinking about how to use me as a bargaining chip for your escape?"

Amiel seemed to have guessed Freeman's thoughts and asked with a sneer.

"Impossible, we are comrades in arms!"

Freeman shook his head.

"Ha, Freeman, please use that rigid brain of yours to think why we're running into these guys!"

Amiel followed up with another sneer.

'Are they hired by the Old Lion of Inner Bay?

Is this retaliation for identifying that deeply hidden spy?'

With Amiel's guidance, Freeman almost instinctively thought so.

While Freeman was deep in thought, Amiel suddenly did a somersault.

In an instant, their positions were swapped.

It was originally Freeman carrying Amiel away, but now it turned into Amiel carrying Freeman along, and more importantly, Amiel now had a Dagger in his hand which he plunged into Freeman's buttocks—

Pff!

"What are you doing?"

"Borrowing your Blood for a moment!"

As Amiel said this, he pulled out the Dagger.

The next moment, Fresh Blood sprayed out forcefully.

The instant the Blood came into contact with the air, a Blaze rose fiercely.

With the fire mixed with the hue of blood, it fell upon the leprosy patients like a tracker, some leprosy patients attempted to dodge behind trees, causing the fire to land on tree trunks, but these flames flowed over the trunks like water and once again landed on the troublemaking patients.

'Potions!'

The carried Freeman understood as he saw this scene, recalling the Potions Amiel had thrown earlier.

The 'Blood Descendant' was just wondering why the Potions that Amiel had thrown earlier had such little effect.

Turns out it was for this moment!

But still...

"Why use my Blood?!"

Freeman shouted aloud.

"Because 'Bloodfire' works best with the Blood of 'Blood Descendants' or the 'Bloodline Clan' — after all, this secret technique originally belonged to the 'Bloodline Clan,' why would you, born of Talin, be able to use it?"

A voice answered Freeman.

But Freeman would have preferred no answer at all.

Because this voice, so deathly still and cold, was all too familiar to him — he had heard such a voice on Moon Street before.

The 'Blood Descendant' struggled to lift his head, looking toward the source of the voice.

Not far away, a pallid clearing took the place of the dark woods.

A figure stood there, gazing expressionlessly at Amiel.

When he saw the 'Blood Descendant' look up, the member of the Death Poetry Society gave a slight nod.

"Good, killing you too and framing it on the one who created you, the 'Blood Descendant' — that scene should be quite interesting, right?"

"Ha, do you think you can cause trouble for my 'father'?"

Freeman sneered, twisting his waist insistently, signaling Amiel to aim his backside at the bastard; he was about to give the opponent a big surprise.

But the lady from Talin didn't move.

Because setting up Bloodfire took time!

Clearly, the 'Death Poetry Society' member was aware of this and immediately scoffed—

"'Father'?"

"Such a touching call!"

"Now, I'm going to break your limbs, torture you brutally. Where is your 'father'?"

"Then, I will gouge out your heart, chop off your head. Where is your 'father' again?"

"He can't save you!"

Facing the Death Poetry Society member's assertion, Freeman's expression was stiff.

Of course, the 'Blood Descendant' knew the other was speaking the truth.

But...

After finally gaining power, to die so helplessly, he truly couldn't reconcile with it!

As he thought of this, the memory of the 'Blood Descendant' on Moon Street making him wholeheartedly respectful surfaced uncontrollably in Freeman's mind, and without being able to hold back, the 'Blood Descendant' screamed—

"'Father,' save me!"

The next moment, a fierce wind suddenly arose!

Chapter 224: Strike of the Ice Spear, Snow Drifts Among the World!

Beneath the raging wind, trees bent at the waist.

Amidst the dancing of withered grass, a massive body blocked the clear moonlight.

A shadow appeared overhead, shielding the members of the Death Poetry Society, Freeman, and Amiel.

Instinctively, the three of them looked up.

Then, in the next moment—

Their pupils shrank rapidly.

A bat!

A bat so huge it was unimaginable!

The usually composed member of the Death Poetry Society, upon seeing those giant bat wings, scanning over its sharp hooked claws and sturdy skeletal armor, could no longer remain calm. His eyes involuntarily widened, and he could not help but exclaim—

"Blood Bat!"

Amid the cries of alarm, the expression of the Death Poetry Society's member darkened.

For he saw the 'Blood Descendant' on the back of the 'Blood Bat.'

Having met him once before, but without pleasant exchanges, the 'Blood Descendant' stood on the 'Blood Bat,' observing him indifferently.

At that moment, the cries of 'Father, save me!' were still echoing in his ears.

The wind that blew across his face felt like a slap.

It made the cheeks of the Death Poetry Society's member burn.

However, what concerned this member of the Death Poetry Society even more was what this 'Blood Bat' was all about—back then, they had clearly assembled a large number of people, not caring about losses, they had killed all four 'Blood Bats,' so why did one appear here again?

The member of the Death Poetry Society furrowed his brows.

And on the opposite side—

Thump!

Amiel, holding Freeman, just kneeled down.

This lady of Talin origin, without hesitation, opened her mouth and said.

"The secret technique Bloodfire was one of the rewards 'Talin' received for helping Baron Norvia treat leprosy patients in his domain, beyond 'Talin's' own research, it has not been disclosed to any outsiders.

I also felt a deep admiration for you the first time I saw you, hoping you would grant me an opportunity to follow you.

I have grown a large amount of Blood Extraction Grass and still kept some seeds, which can be used to cultivate Blood Extraction Grass for you.

I am proficient in potion brewing, be it healing potions or bath potions, all to your satisfaction.

I am also skilled in massage, which can help you quickly recover from fatigue."

Amiel spoke, her forehead hitting the ground, sticking her buttocks up high.

Seeing Amiel's shameless demeanor, Freeman couldn't help but spit in his mind, and he knelt down beside her.

"'Father,' how have you been these past two days?

Though it's only been two days since I last saw you, it feels like years have gone by in my heart!

Especially at this critical moment, the fact that you have come to save me again is overwhelming, sob sob sob!"

Freeman, standing two meters tall with arms 60 centimeters in circumference, wildly dressed and with a defiant face, wailed aloud.

It was fake at first.

But then, as he thought about how he had nearly really died, this Blood Descendant started to cry for real.

The emotional power made Amiel slightly twist to the side, glancing over with the corner of her eye, and she couldn't help but spit in her mind, loudly crying out.

"Shameless fellow, it's shameful to be associated with you!"

Then, without raising her head, she shouted loudly—

"Master, the Death Poetry Society also took part in the attack on the 'Blood Marquis' back then!"

The moment these words came out, the member of the Death Poetry Society turned and ran without a second thought.

If it was just a 'Blood Descendant,' he would have been unafraid.

But with the addition of a 'Blood Bat,' that was something he couldn't handle.

Moreover, with this 'Blood Bat' present, the 'Blood Descendant' had already become an unignorable force in South Los—the formidable reputation of the Bloodline Clan included, just like the thirty-seven Blood Brides, the 'Blood Bat' played a crucial role.

Even, to some extent, the position of the 'Blood Bat' was higher.

Because its terrifying flying ability was enough to leave most armies helpless.

And then there was...

That bone-chilling attack method!

Arthur, who had been staring down the fleeing member of the Death Poetry Society since appearing, did not hesitate to give the 'Blood Bat' an order.

Immediately, this 'Blood Bat' violently opened its mouth.

Hum!

Suddenly, a burst of ultrasonic waves erupted.

Instantly, the escaping member of the Death Poetry Society and his surroundings froze in that moment, as though a mirror had formed.

But the next moment!

Crack!

The Invisible Hand violently struck the center of the Mirror!

The Mirror shattered!

Starting from that point, cracks spread out in all directions. When the layers of cracks intersected, the Mirror completely broke apart...

Boom!

Flowers, trees, mud, bricks, and stones, at this moment, all flew up into the sky, seized, squeezed, and crushed by the Invisible Hand, then all thrown into the distance.

Everything within a ninety-degree radius and a hundred meters in front of 'Blood Bat' turned into dust at that moment.

Everything was shattered!

Including the 'White Silence' and the member of the 'Death Poetry Society' himself.

However, the opponent didn't die!

Like a cicada shedding its skin, he used a secret technique to escape the range of the 'Blood Bat's' ultrasonic waves before they could shatter everything.

But that didn't mean he was safe.

He felt the chill!

Whoo!

A cold wind from the far north was gathering behind him, a frigid Cold Aura rampaged through the dense forest of the lane. A thin layer of frost began to cover the flowers, trees, mud, and bricks that had just been crushed. The 'Blood Bat' that still breathed a little screamed wildly under these familiar low temperatures.

And the temperature kept dropping, seemingly without end.

Even, snowflakes began to flutter in the sky.

Snowflakes landed on Amiel's body. The lady kneeling on the ground shuddered violently and quietly raised her head to look at the 'Blood Descendant,' her eyes almost palpably filled with terror.

This lady swore to throw all those who gathered this intelligence into a pigsty.

'Is this what you call 'controllable'?'

'The opponent is already at the 'Arcana' level that can affect celestial phenomena, still 'controllable'?

Damn it! Damn it!

You bunch of incompetent fools, you've killed people!

No!

Not the opponent, it is the master!

Master, your loyal servant, Amiel, is praying for your victory, that you are invincible in battle, unstoppable in offense!

Amiel's entire figure bent lower, her buttocks sticking out higher.

As a mere Mystic Side Person faced with a being of the 'Arcana' level, why not be a bit more humble? If not for the circumstances, she would crawl over to lick her master's toes, an act others couldn't even fathom. All she needed was for her master to protect her for a long life.

At this moment, the kneeling Freeman totally ignored Amiel.

'Blood Descendant' watched this scene with fervor.

Yes!

This was it!

This is the 'father's' power!

Destroying everything effortlessly!

Symphonies of wailing!

Chaotic and terrifying sonatas!

"Haha, too enthralling!"

Freeman laughed uncontrollably, his body sprawling on the ground, but nothing prevented the loud laughter from escaping, his mouth, wide open from laughing, his tongue wildly flapping.

He savored the snowflakes falling from the sky.

He physically felt the power of the cold.

His laughter grew even more wild.

Members of the 'Death Poetry Society' looked on in disbelief.

"Impossible! Impossible!

How could you possibly achieve the 'Arcana' level?"

The opponent's shouting, 'Blood Descendant' heard.

Freeman's wild laughter, 'Blood Descendant' also heard.

The 'Blood Descendant' paid no attention, simply raising his hand.

Suddenly, a crystal clear ice spear, two meters in length, appeared in his hand. 'Blood Descendant' gently touched the ice spear. Memories flooded his eyes, glowing crimson. A faint sadness then appeared on 'Blood Descendant's' face.

Although it vanished in an instant, those who were observant saw it.

And while these people were lost in thoughts—

The Ice Spear shot out!

In that moment, ice and snow covered the earth!

Chapter 225: This Spear, 2000 Gold Coins, Can You Block It?

Snowflakes the size of fingertips danced in the wind from the north, one after another, one following the other, twirling rapidly into clusters, then...

They exploded!

Boom!

A pure white brilliance illuminated much of South Los in that moment.

In the blink of an eye, everything was clad in silvery white.

The large trees on both sides of the shaded path were covered in snow, looking like mist, almost ethereal.

The path of the shaded lane was completely engulfed in snow, and at that moment, it did not resemble the pathway in South Los at all, but rather the far north of North County.

The fleeing member of the Death Poetry Society frantically escaped, the arcane artifacts in his hands flashing one after another, the Glyphic Language from his mouth never stopping!

His face had long lost its usual composure, filled only with panic and confusion.

Arcana Level!

He could never have imagined that the 'Blood Descendant' he had once met briefly was of the Arcana Level!

That within the Bloodline Clan there still existed someone of the Arcana Level!

With the existence of an Arcana Level being, the so-called annihilation of the Bloodline Clan was completely laughable. With this 'Blood Descendant' and a remote domain out of the public eye, just twenty or thirty years of recuperation could see the Bloodline Clan revived.

But why was there still someone of the Arcana Level within the Bloodline Clan?

To him, this seemed utterly fantastical, completely beyond comprehension.

'Could this be the Blood Marquis's contingency plan?'

Suddenly, a thought emerged at the bottom of his heart.

Immediately, that thought became a firm conviction.

Apart from the Blood Marquis, he could think of no other explanation.

And with the appearance of this thought, the escape speed of the Death Poetry Society member became even faster.

But,

useless!

The power of frost swept in.

The artifacts in the hands of the Death Poetry Society member were instantly frozen solid.

Even he himself, maintaining the posture of his escape, was frozen into a statue of ice.

It's not that he did not want to use a secret technique to escape again.

But when the power of frost covered him, even his ability to think was frozen, he had no time to react, and the whole person plunged into endless darkness.

And as more snow and ice shot towards him, the ice sculpture shattered.

Along with all the clothes, ornaments, and so on, everything was destroyed.

Standing on the back of the 'Blood Bat', Arthur, who controlled the 'Blood Descendant', watched this scene and let out a cold laugh from the depths of his heart.

This spear, 2000 gold coins, can you block it?

The frost power just now was not like the ordinary arrows built by consuming half of the "Exquisite Human Puppet's" 'Fresh Blood'.

To completely take down this member of the Death Poetry Society, Arthur controlled the 'Blood Descendant' to continuously draw from the gold coins in the Atos's Box that he held in his left hand, stopping only when the 'Exquisite Human Puppet' reached its limit—this time it was not only the exhaustion of the original gold coins in the Atos's Box, but also all the gold coins brought from Oakwood Manor were used up, even 51 coins were supplemented from the gold obtained from Harris's secret room.

However, the scene in front of him made Arthur feel satisfied.

Just one strike caused the heavens and earth to change color.

This scene made Arthur think of the Countess.

But unlike her, he had only one strike.

And he had reached his limit.

Also...

It was expensive!

Looking at the fragments of arcane artifacts on the distant ground, Arthur felt pained—he really wanted to finely control the power, to let it only take down the member of the Death Poetry Society and leave the artifacts he carried behind.

Unfortunately, with his first contact with power of this level, Arthur simply couldn't do it.

'Influencing the sky, is this what they call Arcana Level?'

Arthur recalled the panic-stricken shouts of the Death Poetry Society member just before his death and silently noted this strange term in his heart.

The young Spirit Medium knew he had touched upon higher-level knowledge of the Mystic Side.

However, now was not the time for research—

Huff, huff!

The 'Blood Bat' fluttered its wings in the snow, issuing fine, cheerful sounds, appearing incredibly delighted.

The gaze of the "Blood Descendants" then drifted downwards.

In the midst of the ice and snow, the Peeping Toms immediately hunched their necks, not daring to move an inch.

When the gaze of the "Blood Descendants" swept over them, they felt as though they were being sliced by knives, enduring unbearable pain and overwhelming fright.

Facing a being of Arcana Level, they couldn't muster the slightest inclination to resist.

At that moment, they envied those who had the foresight to escape quickly before the burst of ice and snow.

They admired the smartness of those fellows.

And despised their own stupidity.

However, the next moment, these Peeping Toms began to feel fortunate again.

Because—

"Big brother!"

A shout rang out, and a figure appeared on the tree-lined path.

Seeing the member of the "Bloodline Clan" with eyes glowing red, surprise filled the eyes of these Peeping Toms, followed by wild joy.

They rejoiced at the secret they had uncovered.

And then, that joy was frozen solid on their faces.

The lingering power of the frost made it easy for the "Blood Descendants" to finish these fellows off.

The lack of further expense made Arthur breathe a sigh of relief.

Concerning these Peeping Toms, using the state of "Child of Blood" granted by the "Exquisite Human Puppet," Arthur had long since become aware of them, and even knew about those who had fled in advance.

But, Arthur did not stop them.

He needed these people to establish a new reputation for the "Blood Descendants."

However, it was sufficient for just a portion of the people to pass the message along.

As for the rest?

They were naturally to be 'educated.'

Bern, a member of the "Bloodline Clan" brimming with happiness, immediately felt as if cold water had been poured over his head by the look of disappointment on his elder brother's face on top of the "Blood Bat."

The moment he saw his big brother summon a "Blood Bat," this member of the "Bloodline Clan" was already filled with delight.

As a member of the "Bloodline Clan," he understood all too well what owning a "Blood Bat" meant for them.

It meant that they had the power to strike back!

To make those enemies wary!

And afterwards, when the big brother displayed power at the Arcana Level, this member of the "Bloodline Clan" was almost ecstatic.

If the appearance of the "Blood Bat" would make many wary, then a big brother who had Arcana Level power would teach those fellows to show respect.

Even, they could seek a territory in a remote location.

Even though it was far from the original status of the "Bloodline Clan," it was enough to excite Bern.

And for this reason, the uncontrollably excited young member of the "Bloodline Clan," Bern, rushed out.

But when he encountered the gaze of the "Blood Descendants," Bern sobered up.

He regretted his impulsiveness and lack of etiquette.

"I apologize, big brother!"

Bern knelt on one knee.

In the strict rules of the "Bloodline Clan," one must always keep calm, be graceful, especially in the presence of outsiders, where etiquette was a must.

Arthur glanced at Bern, then turned his gaze again towards Freeman and Amiel.

Or more precisely, towards Freeman...

Arthur had noticed something off about him!

That posture was not one a Blood Gladiator should possess.

'Is it because of the fragmented Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm used for the creation?

Or is it because it's mixed with the 'Fresh Blood' from an "Exquisite Human Puppet"?'

Arthur guessed inwardly.

Then, a smile suddenly emerged from the depths of his heart.

Because—

They had taken the bait!

Chapter 226

Time advanced by ten minutes.

The Mysterious Person, gripping Arthur, dashed out of South Los and headed straight for the "Inland River" without slowing down.

South County and North County were isolated by the Elron Mountains, with towering peaks reaching into the clouds on the North County side, steep and imposing, while on the South County side, the landscape was much gentler. Pope Boer VII had once carved out a canal there, initially called the "Boer Canal."

When the Empire collapsed, several battles erupted along the Boer Canal, making the channel wider, resembling the connection of river and lake.

After the establishment of the Holy Empire, the Boer Canal, which ran through almost the entire South County, was renamed the "Sacred Canal."

By the early Silver Age, different local lords began to repair the sections of the canal that bordered their lands, and from this time, the so-called "Sacred Canal" was collectively referred to as the "Inland River," usually prefixed with the name of their territory.

For example, the section of the Inland River at South Los was called the "South Los Inland River."

Clearly, the Mysterious Person had hidden a boat at the city's outskirts on the Inland River.

Realizing this, Arthur began to struggle.

As a young "Spirit Medium," he knew that once he boarded, and the boat left the vicinity of South Los, he would become a complete sacrificial lamb.

"Don't move!"

The Mysterious Person gave the young "Spirit Medium" a heavy punch.

The punch landed on the soft belly, unprotected by ribs.

Thump!

The sound was dull, causing the young "Spirit Medium" to bend at the waist and stop moving.

Watching this scene, the Mysterious Person sneered twice and immediately quickened his steps.

Soon, the thunderous sound of water from the Inland River could be heard.

On the riverbank, a small boat appeared faintly visible.

The Mysterious Person's steps quickened even more.

But just as he was about to reach the boat, the Mysterious Person's body suddenly stiffened and he fell to the ground motionless.

Meanwhile, the young "Spirit Medium" brushed the dust off himself and stood up.

"Poison?"

"When did you administer the poison?"

The Mysterious Person asked, lying there.

"When you just punched me!"

The young "Spirit Medium" said this while walking towards him, flicking his sleeve to reveal a dagger in his hand.

"Now, I want to ask you... huh?"

The young "Spirit Medium" hadn't finished speaking when he noticed something wrong, and his advancing steps turned into a sprint.

He leaped over the Mysterious Person and headed toward the small boat.

But before he could get close, he was blocked by a mist.

The greenish mist, carrying a strong stench, enveloped the small boat.

Arthur covered his mouth and nose and retreated, his gaze warily shifting to the man who had appeared behind him.

Just at the first glance, whispers and moans echoed in Arthur's ears.

And in his eyes, countless people lying on hospital beds suffering immensely, their faces etched with despair—like phantoms, yet seemingly real.

Even those tormented seemed eager to drag Arthur into their midst.

Arthur instinctively took a small step back, his gaze becoming even more vigilant.

The man in the white robe facing Arthur's wary eyes simply took off his hood, revealing a calm middle-aged face—a warm smile hovered at his lips, a clean countenance with not a trace of stubble, and hair combed to the middle, covering the bald scalp.

On the surface, this was just an ordinary middle-aged man.

Walking on the streets of South Los, six or seven out of ten middle-aged men looked just like him.

Yet, among those ten middle-aged men, not one could cause Arthur to feel danger.

Unconsciously, Arthur again stepped back.

At this moment, the distance between him and the poisonous mist behind him was less than ten meters.

The young "Spirit Medium" obviously would not choose to board the boat anymore, instead planning to jump into the Inland River to escape.

Suddenly, the middle-aged man who had appeared realized Arthur's intentions and smiled, saying—

"Death is not pure white, but variegated."

"Good evening, Mr. Kledos, I am Grover, a member of the 'New Death Poetry Society,' and I'm honored to meet you!

I mean you no harm, just want to ask you two questions!"

He said this.

But Arthur just gave a bitter smile.

"Is it also about 'Hercules Laboratory'?"

The young "Spirit Medium" inquired.

The new Death Poetry Society member immediately nodded, adding.

"Besides that, one more thing—

Can you tell me why the aroma of death is so strong on you?

It's as if anyone who touches you could die suddenly, as if by accident!"

The words of the other party were like describing a harbinger of death, making the young "Spirit Medium" frown, his voice also turning stiff.

"I don't understand what you're saying!"

"Ha, please don't reject 'Favor of Death', do you know?"

Your presence in the 'Death Poetry Society' is uniquely blessed and envied by everyone!

The rituals and levels that ordinary people need to painstakingly achieve are as simple as drinking water and eating meals for you—just tell me this secret, and I can teach you everything I know about one of the three rituals and two of the seven secret techniques of the 'Death Poetry Society'!

Believe me, with the talent you have displayed, it's only a matter of time before you reach the level of 'Arcana'!"

The new member of the 'Death Poetry Society' said this, bowing earnestly.

Arthur remained unmoved.

Or to be more precise, he could not be moved.

He was also curious why he always encountered so many 'coincidences'—it couldn't possibly be because his resurrection had imbued him with the Aroma of Death, causing the less fortunate around him to die one after another, could it?

Even if the current world possessed a 'Mystic Side,' wasn't this a bit too exaggerated?

Unfortunately...

Now was not the time.

After sighing inwardly, Arthur maintained his silence.

This silence, however, displeased the new member of the 'Death Poetry Society' opposite him.

Nevertheless, the smile on his face grew even warmer.

But Arthur was not to be fooled.

The flashing of his 'Death Intuition' had already told him everything.

"Perhaps you have some misunderstandings about me—I'm not here to discuss with you, I'm merely informing you, and I will definitely get an answer from you.

I don't like the pretense of traditional Death Factions.

My methods will be more direct.

Please believe that poisons and plagues can accomplish this.

As for your death?

Don't forget, I come from the 'Death Poetry Society.'

Although I'm not skilled at interrogating souls.

I can still do a few things.

So, I'm willing to give you another chance—

Tell me the location of the 'Hercules Laboratory.'

Also, reveal the secret of the dense Aroma of Death on your body.

If you do, my promises just now will still stand."

Grover bowed again, appearing immensely polite.

But the flashing of Arthur's 'Death Intuition' grew even faster.

Clearly, this new member of the 'Death Poetry Society' had no intention of keeping his promise.

Seeing that Arthur still maintained his silence, the new member of the 'Death Poetry Society' walked straight towards him.

As the person approached, Arthur also started moving towards the riverbank.

This scene made Grover laugh out loud.

"Give up struggling, Mr. Kledos, no one here can save you!

Unless...

You can perform a miracle!"

Having said this, Grover, finally sure there was nothing amiss around, no longer hesitated and prepared to seize Arthur for interrogation.

As for the poison possessed by the young 'Spirit Medium'?

Grover didn't care at all.

How could a new member of the 'Death Poetry Society' possibly fear poison?

But just as the new member of the 'Death Poetry Society' approached Arthur, a dagger suddenly pierced through the assailant's body from behind.

The new member of the 'Death Poetry Society' looked down at his pierced chest and then turned his head to look behind him.

When he saw the sword-bearer was the mysterious person who had been poisoned and fallen to the ground, his eyes were filled with disbelief.

In Grover's perception, this mysterious person was truly poisoned.

And it was an extremely fierce toxin.

He should have lost the ability to move.

"We are not enemies..."

Although he did not understand why this mysterious person could face such a fierce toxin unscathed, Grover knew he had to clarify their 'misunderstanding.'

He certainly didn't want to die unclearly.

But before he could finish his words, the voice of the new member of the 'Death Poetry Society' stopped abruptly.

Because the mysterious person had taken off the hood, revealing their true face.

It was—

Marinda.

Chapter 227: The Stairs in the Wind!

Grover looked at the golden short-haired, deep blue-eyed Marinda before him. Even this new member of the 'Death Poetry Society,' as foolish as she could be, knew she had fallen into a trap.

Nevertheless, Grover felt a bit unwilling to accept it.

"The information about 'Hercules Laboratory' was fake?"

The new 'Death Poetry Society' member no longer paid attention to Marinda but turned to Arthur, asking with a pleading tone.

Arthur refused to answer such a question.

Marinda, on the other hand, seemed quite interested as she spoke.

"Hmm.

If it were true, it would never have been exposed so easily!

Of course, you should also feel lucky that the information is fake, otherwise, it wouldn't just be you being targeted."

Upon hearing this, the young 'Spirit Medium' nodded in agreement.

If they really used the true 'Hercules Laboratory' as bait, how could they only catch these small fry? Even the Old Lion of Inner Bay would get skinned before leaving.

"Was the 'Bloodline Clan' member also fake?"

Grover continued to inquire.

"That's not the case."

"The 'Bloodline Clan' member is real, and so is luring you all out."

Marinda answered seriously.

At that moment, Arthur realized what the lady before him intended to do—kill the body and crush the spirit.

What Marinda needed was not just to capture or take out the opponent.

But to utterly defeat her adversaries on a psychological level.

'What a despicable woman!

But...

Well done!

Arthur's gaze towards Marinda carried an added measure of appreciation—he wasn't some base and miserly person, after all, and certainly knew how to properly express his emotions.

"So you mean, right from the start, I fell into your trap?"

Grover bowed his head, making his facial expression unclear.

"Of course."

Marinda nodded.

"Ha, the audacious and arrogant Lady of the Eternal Night and Southern Lost Spirit Medium, did you never consider that I might have a trump card?"

As Grover raised his head, he first looked disdainfully at Arthur standing opposite him, then forced out a mocking glance at Marinda behind him, before yelling loudly—

"Come forth, my Plague Legion!"

Amidst his call, the solemn-faced new 'Death Poetry Society' member clapped his hands forcefully.

Clap!

The crisp sound of clapping echoed in the night.

However,

nothing happened.

One second, two seconds, three seconds...

The only thing present, the sound of Inner River Water flowing, caused Grover to break into a sweat on his forehead.

"Come forth, my Plague Legion!"

Still no response.

Grover grew somewhat frantic, and immediately clapped his hands again harder, shouting at a higher volume.

"Please show yourself and grant me assistance! Pure White Grim Reaper!"

But still, nothing happened.

However, the most embarrassing thing for the new 'Death Poetry Society' member was Arthur's gaze across from him.

That look, as if watching a fool, made the new 'Death Poetry Society' member start yelling in a frantic and exasperated manner—

"Don't forget our contract, we agreed..."

Slap!

Marinda's swift slap landed on Grover's face, interrupting the new 'Death Poetry Society' member's speech, and without waiting for a response, she landed another slap.

"Dressing up a group of lepers as the Plague Legion, right?"

Slap!

"An old-fashioned 'Death Poetry Society' member becomes the Pure White Grim Reaper?"

Slap!

"And about that agreed contract, right?"

Slap!

With each slap on Grover's face, the sound echoed crisply.

Even Arthur felt the pain, but the young 'Spirit Medium' didn't interfere with his partner's action.

After several slaps across the face, the Lady of the Eternal Night drew her dagger and stabbed Grover twice to ensure he truly lost the power to act and resist, then she brought her pipe to her lips.

Puff!

Dense smoke billowed over Grover's body.

The next moment, the figure of the new 'Death Poetry Society' member dissipated along with the dispersing smoke.

"So there was space equipment capable of holding living things!"

"Such enviable wealth!"

Arthur looked on at the scene, clicking his tongue.

"Doesn't 'Cat Faction.Black' have the same?"

Marinda retorted, her tone casual but with a probing edge, just like Arthur who had just made a clicking sound.

"'Cat Faction.Black' certainly possesses similar props, but that's the accumulation of over a hundred years, yet Marinda, you've only been in South Los for a few short years and already possess such wealth—I'm really curious, of course, just curious, with no ill intentions."

The young 'Spirit Medium' laughed, his eyes narrowing to slits.

"So, after you discovered 'Death Poetry Society's' traces in South Los, you deliberately made a scene to attract my attention?

To use me to deal with the enemies of 'Cat Faction.Black,' and also to probe my background.

What a detestable fellow!"

Marinda, holding a pipe in her mouth, exhaled another puff of smoke.

"The feeling is mutual."

Arthur smiled as he looked at Marinda.

After snorting softly, the lady said—

"Rest assured, he is our captive together, and the information we interrogate from him will be shared with you!

If there is anything secret about the 'Cat Faction' or the 'Cat Hole,' I swear by 'Caesar's name,' it will not be disclosed by the slightest bit."

With that said, Marinda extended her hand towards Arthur.

"Isn't this object my reward?"

Arthur took out a pearl the size of a thumb, a look of surprise on his face.

[Name: Phantom Realm Sphere]

[Type: Other Type]

[Quality: Epic]

[Attributes: Phantom Realm]

[Remarks: In the 25th year of his switch to researching Alchemy, the Gentleman Thief Carmen accidentally created this treasure bead. Afterwards, he tried more than once to replicate it but failed every time, much to his frustration. However, he soon put it out of his mind, for he had set his sights on a new target—Baron Norvia's treasure vault!]

...

[Phantom Realm: Erects a barrier with a radius of 100 meters, isolating sounds and images from outside the barrier, and can create illusions within the barrier, subtly influencing the emotions of all living beings inside. However, sustaining the barrier and illusions consumes the holder's physical strength.]

(Annotation 1: The illusions in the Phantom Realm have actual tactile sensation and taste for those besides the holder but cannot cause harm.)

(Annotation 2: Food and drink within the Phantom Realm cannot sate hunger or thirst.)

(Annotation 3: The illusions in the Phantom Realm can only be created from things the holder has seen before.)

(Annotation 4: The illusions in the Phantom Realm cannot create living objects.)

...

Arthur, reluctantly, tossed the [Phantom Realm Sphere] to Marinda.

Then, the sailboat by the riverside disappeared.

"If you want it as compensation, it's not impossible,

As long as you are willing..."

"To help you find that most deeply hidden 'Death Poetry Society' member?"

Arthur asked.

"Right, compared to these two who came forward on their own—that one hiding in South Los in the most dangerous way is what really concerns me!

I even suspect that it was that bastard's instigation that led them to come out.

But that was before!

Now..."

As she spoke, the lady's eyes filled with seriousness, and her voice grew deeper.

"Now, what concerns me more is that 'Blood Descendant'!

You understand what 'Arcana Level' signifies, don't you?

And you surely know what it means for a 'Blood Descendant' of 'Arcana Level,' right?"

I don't know a damn thing!

Arthur thought to himself, while his words were smooth—

"South Los, the wind is picking up!"

The young 'Spirit Medium' said, while patting the dust off his clothes and quietly watching the nighttime South Los by the riverbank.

It was far from peaceful, a cacophony of noise.

But it was wealthy enough!

And thus, it was alluring under the cover of night.

And it became beautiful because of it.

Marinda moved closer to Arthur, sighing softly, she said.

"Yes, the wind has risen.

Arthur, what do you plan to do?"

The Lady of the Long Night turned her head to look at Arthur beside her.

Then, she saw the young 'Spirit Medium' smile.

Then she heard the young 'Spirit Medium's' indifferent words, without a hint of hesitation—

"Ride the wind!"

Chapter 228 'Intimate Closeness'!

The night wind gently blew, and the bright moonlight shone upon the flowing Inland River, its waters rumbling. Arthur openly revealed some of his ambitions to Marinda.

It wasn't out of trust for this lady.

Nor was it because he had any particular thoughts about her.

It was simply because...

This lady knew too much!

Not to mention that she had almost single-handedly managed 'Miss Qiu's Security Company,' and would surely participate in 'Mr. Wu's Exchange' in the future.

Merely with the identity 'Cat Faction. Hei,' Arthur needed to have ambition.

To have lain hidden for so long, and then to suddenly appear, it would be suspicious to claim he lacked ambition.

It was better to be partially frank, to dispel the other's suspicions—

Marinda watched as Arthur, amidst the night, smiled at her once again, and she waved her hand dismissively with a look of disdain.

Then, the lady took a puff from her pipe and expelled the smoke into the night sky.

The smoke rose a half meter before it slowly began to dissipate.

Staring at the dispersing smoke, the lady asked directly.

"How do you plan to deal with that Countess?"

There was no polite inquiry, but a forthright stance—facing a partner, the lady displayed her usual manner, but Arthur keenly caught a fleeting scrutiny in her eyes.

Clearly, it was another test.

For Arthur, this was not a surprise.

After all, in South Los, as long as one had ambitions, that Countess was a figure he could never circumvent.

This was true for Arthur.

And even more so for Marinda.

In fact, in some respects, this lady's ambitions far surpassed Arthur's.

Therefore, she was always so cautious.

This was a matter concerning the future cooperation between the two, and the lady stared intently, waiting for Arthur's reply.

Then, she saw Arthur sigh slightly and flash a smile, his narrow eyes narrowing further.

"Stop smiling, you look like a fox when you do,"

Facing the now squinting Arthur, the lady offered a fair assessment.

Then came the urging.

"Speak, what are your plans?"

"I like women."

Unexpectedly, this was how Arthur responded.

Previously, when the lady had given him shares, the young 'Spirit Medium' signed a contract which stipulated he must not act against the interests of Marinda Julius Caesar, or else he would not be allowed to like women for the rest of his life.

At this moment, he used this contract to inform the lady that he would cooperate with her.

"Tsk!"

Marinda uttered a sound from her mouth very discourteously, her gaze towards Arthur filled with scorn.

"Would someone like you really care about these things?

You are such a cunning 'Spirit Medium'!"

Though she spoke this way, Arthur could feel a sense of relief in Marinda's tone.

At least, that was his perception.

Of course, there was a good chance that it was just a performance for him.

So, he played along—

"Shouldn't I care?

I am the sole heir of the Kledos Family for this generation!

I have to think about the Kledos Family!"

Arthur spoke righteously, but Marinda did not pay any heed; she threw a palm-sized iron box behind her and walked straight toward South Los.

[Name: Magic Poker Box]

[Type: Other Items]

[Quality: Secret Technique]

[Attributes: 1, Flying Cards; 2, Change Cards; 3, Transfiguration; 4, Explosion]

[Remarks: For the busy Imperial Court Jester 'Harrington', the Court Wizard 'Xarlico' was an annoyingly persistent presence; not only did Xarlico laze around every day with the Empire's substantial fund, but he also often interrupted Harrington's work, especially recently with his insistence on playing cards, which greatly disrupted his daily processes—For this reason, the jester created this poker box.]

...

[Flying Cards: All 54 cards can fly out on their own or be thrown, but they cannot exceed a radius of 25 meters from the initial fly out or throw relative to the holder of the box's position. Depending on the throwing technique and strength, the flying cards can cause damage.]

[Change Cards: The holder of the box can transform any of the 54 cards into any card they desire.]

[Transfiguration: The minor ghost card can turn into a single fresh flower, the major ghost card can turn into a bouquet of flowers, and the remaining cards can turn into doves.]

[Explosion: Each card can produce an explosion similar to a firecracker; ghost cards during explosion can create a thick smoke.]

(Note 1: Any 'Transfiguration' or 'Explosion' means the permanent loss of that poker card.)

(Note 2: Paper types chosen must be standard size and weight not exceeding one gram; they can be inserted into the box to generate new cards.)

(Note 3: Ghost cards take three days to produce; all other cards take one day.)

(Note 4: When new cards are produced, the box needs to be bathed in ample moonlight or consume gold.)

(Note 5: When other cards turn into ghost cards, they do not retain the unique 'Transfiguration' or 'Explosion' of a ghost card; a ghost card transformed into another card retains its unique 'Transfiguration' and 'Explosion'.)

...

Arthur looked at the [Magic Poker Box] with a hint of strangeness on his face.

He always felt that Marinda giving him this had a hidden implication.

In fact, that's exactly what it was—

"It's your reward for finding that 'Bloodline Clan' member and drawing these guys out!

Of course, I chose it, not because your 'Spirit Medium' profession fits performing these street poker magic tricks—Oh, and if you run into the Earl's guards back in South Los, just give them your real name!"

As Marinda walked away, she spoke these words while hastening her steps.

"Street magic?"

Who cares about that!"

Arthur muttered as he tossed the [Magic Poker Box].

Suddenly, 54 cards burst out like celestial flowers spreading in a two-meter radius, then with another lift of his hand, the cards flew back, forming a spire-like tower of cards on the ground. Arthur's hand reached for the top two cards, immediately revealing the playful ghost cards.

Clatter.

With the removal of the two ghost cards, the card spire seemed to lose its support and collapsed.

But mid-air, as if birds returning to their nest, all returned to the [Magic Poker Box].

"Really nothing exciting!"

Arthur commented, yet he rubbed the two ghost cards in his hand and watched them turn into two Ace cards; the young 'Spirit Medium' corner of his mouth quirked upwards.

After several more shuffles, the young 'Spirit Medium' finally, reluctantly, placed the two ghost cards back into the [Magic Poker Box] and walked towards South Los.

His steps were light, humming a local tune from South Los.

It was only after the young 'Spirit Medium's figure completely vanished that Marinda emerged from nearby mist and whispered softly—

"Naïve!"

After saying that, her figure also disappeared.

As Arthur continued his brisk walk, he seemed utterly oblivious to this, only murmuring internally.

'Ah, what a suspicious woman!

But next time she wants to watch my performance, there will be a charge!'

Arthur had no faith in Marinda's claims that the [Magic Poker Box] perfectly matched the 'Spirit Medium' profession. It was just another tool to test his 'ambition'.

He?

Of course, he'd play along.

Not just him.

His alter ego needed to play along too.

Thinking this, the next moment—

The young 'Spirit Medium' began manipulating the [Exquisite Human Puppet].

Chapter 229: Palpitations Under Concealment!

In the icy, snowy field a Blood Bat flapped its wings, lifting a blanket of snowflakes into the air.

A dark figure stood tall on the back of the Blood Bat, indifferently watching everything it caused. As countless snowflakes whirled and spun by, the figure raised a hand, catching one of them and feeling its chilling cold as it quickly melted into water in the palm; ripples appeared in the crimson eyes of the 'Blood Descendant'.

The three people in the snow watched this scene quietly, not daring to make a sound.

However, their expressions were all different.

Freeman's face was filled with fanaticism, and he continuously muttered indistinctly.

Amiel stuck his buttocks up high, letting his downturned head rely on the piled snow to conceal his eyes full of terror, stirring more thoughts in the heart of Lady Talin, who had seen but never personally experienced 'Arcana' level power.

Some things were not shameful for the sake of survival.

If one could also eat well, dress warm, and not have to work, that would be even better.

Bern, who was kneeling on one knee ahead, was different.

In the eyes of this youngest member of the Bloodline Clan was heartfelt pain.

He was pained for his older brother.

He knew very well that the scene in front of him must have awakened some memories from a period in his brother's life.

The next scene confirmed the young member of the Bloodline Clan's guess—

The 'Blood Descendant' leapt down from the 'Blood Bat' and lightly stepped on the snow.

With crunching sounds, the 'Blood Descendant' walked toward the distance.

Bern immediately got up and chased after him.

As a member of the Bloodline Clan, Bern had the privilege to do so.

Freeman and Amiel, however, dared not.

A 'Blood Descendant' and an outsider silently watched the retreating figure of the 'Blood Descendant'.

Many more thoughts surfaced in the minds of the two.

The 'Blood Descendant' was quite naive, merely hoping to get closer to his 'father.'

'Arthur Kredos, huh?

What exactly does this 'Spirit Medium' like?

Surely I can't just give money, right?'

Freeman was full of worries.

Amiel's eyes, however, twinkled.

'There must be something going on here!

Should I check it out?'

This lady from Talin was quite tempted, but then she shook her head vigorously—some things should not be meddled with, once involved.

At best, one loses one's freedom.

At worst, one could be completely destroyed.

She did not want to encounter such misfortune.

'The Bruto Family's dolls,' she hadn't collected them all yet.

The two people with different thoughts stood up from the snow; they looked at each other, and then simultaneously, turned their heads and spit to the side.

"he tui!"

Both were stunned, then simultaneously pointed at each other.

"Shameless person!"

The two said in unison.

The next moment, both were stunned again, and then before Amiel could speak, Freeman had already spoken first.

"Bad luck!"

After saying this, Freeman turned and walked towards the Swan District behind him.

Seeing this, Amiel, filled with disdain, said,

"Ha, a petty man prevails!"

After saying this, Amiel also walked toward the Swan District.

The two no longer mentioned their original mission.

Because, both knew very well that with the scene that had just occurred, their mission had already changed, especially for Freeman. Although he did not know what 'Arcana' level power was like, he knew that with his 'father's strength growing, his position at the Countess of South Los's would not only become more secure, but also rise sharply.

Right, and those rascals from Inner Bay!

Thinking of the recent scene, Freeman's eyelids drooped, and a heavy killing intent rose in his reddened eyes.

Originally, he had wanted to invest on both sides.

But now it seems...

It's not necessary anymore!

Immediately, Freeman made up his mind.

At the same time, Bern, who had always been following the 'Blood Descendant', also made up his mind.

This youngest member of the 'Bloodline Clan' was prepared to disclose everything he knew to his elder brother, but before he could speak, he noticed his brother had stopped walking, those indifferent eyes staring intently at him.

Suddenly, Bern felt a pang of panic.

"Elder brother..."

"Are you trying to escape?"

The 'Blood Descendant' asked coldly.

Bern's expression was too obvious just now, clearly wanting to reveal some secrets of the 'Bloodline Clan', but Arthur, who controlled the 'Blood Descendant', saw the flicker of 'Death Intuition'.

This flicker was strange!

Because there was no one around.

With the cooperation of Fujin and Wuni, as well as the 'Blood Bat' nearby.

This, Arthur was absolutely certain.

No one was around, yet 'Death Intuition' was flickering.

In just an instant, Arthur thought of his first encounter while learning the 'Glyphic Language', the danger and murderous intent hidden in the void, which made his heart shudder.

Even that strange sensation, recalling it now, made Arthur feel suffocated, as if an invisible hand was clutching at his heart, tightening incessantly.

'Is it 'secret techniques', 'rituals' prepared by 'Bloodline Clan' to deal with coveters?

Or is it an accident unknown to me?'

Thinking this, however, did not prevent Arthur from hesitating to interrupt Bern—the heritage of the 'Bloodline Clan' is very precious, inevitably a treasure coveted by anyone.

But without the ability to resist such dangers, Arthur chose to refuse.

"I, I am not... I, I didn't..."

Bern stuttered, unable to speak a complete sentence.

Because, Bern did indeed have the thought that revealing everything would set him free.

Looking at the 'Blood Descendant' who was calmly observing him, the youngest member of the 'Bloodline Clan' shamefully lowered his head.

"I apologize, elder brother!"

"I do not need your apologies, I just hope that you understand your duty, don't forget it, and don't resist it—if you need help, go publish a search for 'Cain' on the 'Horn Report' under the identity of Dracula, and remember to conceal XYZ within the lines.

I will come to find you when I see it!"

Facing Bern's apology, Arthur, controlling the 'Blood Descendant', felt the CPU was almost ready, directly informing him of the previously thought-of communication method.

Although due to the 'Blood Bat', Arthur had already decided to leave the 'Blood Descendant' at Harris's secret stronghold in the outskirts forest.

But just to be safe, this place will not be revealed for now.

"Understood, elder brother!"

If you need to find me, please come directly to 'Black Beard Tavern' in New Town—that's my hangout."

Compared to Arthur's 'stinginess', this youngest member of the 'Bloodline Clan' was much more generous.

The 'Blood Descendant' nodded slightly.

"Take care!"

Having said that, the 'Blood Descendant' leapt onto the back of the 'Blood Bat'.

As the 'Blood Bat' flapped its wings, it quickly disappeared into the night sky.

Bern kept watching until the 'Blood Descendant' had disappeared, then he lowered his head and murmured softly.

"Elder brother, may you be safe."

In saying so, this young member of the 'Bloodline Clan' respectfully bowed towards the direction in which the 'Blood Descendant' had departed, then, he left.

Fujin relayed this scene to Arthur.

Although Bern showed enough respect, Arthur continued to have Fujin keep an eye on this member of the 'Bloodline Clan'.

Meanwhile, Arthur raised his hand to receive 'Atos's Box' from Wuni's claws, which he had taken back from the 'Blood Descendant'.

Feeling the weight of 'Atos's Box' in his palm, Arthur finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Although it was only half a night, to Arthur, it felt as long as half a century.

Feeling that long-missed sense of security, his lips curled up, heading towards Garden Street—

There was one last thing to do before dawn!

Chapter 230: The 6th One!

...

The huge explosion woke Haite, who was already a light sleeper.

Since the evening, the owner of 'Haite Furniture Store' had felt uneasy, as if something big was about to happen.

And at this moment, upon hearing the enormous explosion, Haite's complexion changed drastically as he rolled over and sat up.

Because—

The direction from which the explosion came was Elta Square!

'The Bell Tower is in trouble!'

Without bothering to take a closer look, as soon as this thought crossed his mind, the 'Haite Furniture Store' owner crawled towards the secret passage under his bed.

Relying on his exquisite carpentry skills, this furniture store owner had crafted for himself an emergency escape chute-like passage.

This passage led to a secret room ten meters underground.

Once he entered the secret room, the furniture store owner began to count silently.

"180, 179, 178..."

That was what the great person had told him.

If he didn't want to lose part of his memory, he absolutely had to stay in this secret room ten meters underground and silently count to 180.

Then, take action afterwards.

Counting silently and evenly to 180, the furniture store owner still didn't let his guard down and counted another 20 before climbing up from a small door on the side of the secret room.

This led to his neighbor 'Henry's' house.

He was not familiar with Henry, they merely nodded to each other in passing.

However, he was very acquainted with both 'Mrs. Henry's' of the past, having had in-depth and shallow exchanges with them.

Compared to the first Mrs. Henry, who discovered his secret and was forced by him to be buried in the secret room, the second Mrs. Henry was younger, prettier, and more obedient.

At the very least, she wouldn't extort him.

'Pity, no chance in the future.'

Haite, having crawled out of the secret passageway and looking at his neighbor's one-and-a-half-story building, was filled with regrets.

He then completely sealed the passageway.

Only after doing all this, did the furniture store owner carefully observe his surroundings.

Garden Street was eerily quiet.

Not a sound to be heard.

'Such power... it's so covetable!'

The furniture store owner thought to himself silently, his eyes filled with a fervor—he had decided to go to Inner Bay!

If he couldn't gain such power in South Los, perhaps the greater Inner Bay would have it?

But before that, he needed to get the startup capital!

Twenty-three Golden Canes!

If turned into Gold Coins, that would be 17,250 coins!

If exchanged for gold notes, it would be even more!

That would be enough for him to change his appearance in Inner Bay and continue his pursuit of this mysterious power.

Just thinking about a more comfortable life in Inner Bay, without the need to do carpentry work from dawn to dusk, especially getting completely rid of Rum and that 'Bloodline Clan' member's control, Haite's steps became fleet.

For Rum and that 'Bloodline Clan' member, the furniture store owner didn't have much gratitude.

The two sides were only in a cooperative relationship motivated by interests.

Even, to a certain extent, he had given more.

Moreover, Haite harbored resentment towards those 'Bloodline Clan' members—knowing they had such power, why did they not teach him?

He had already given so much!

'Humph!

Just wait!

Even if you don't teach me, I will learn more powerful forces in Inner Bay, and by then... hehe.'

The furniture store owner let out series of cold laughs.

The man had already left Garden Street, bypassed Cork Street, and entered Dar Alley—although he had set up two safe houses within Garden Street, his real Safe House was in Dar Alley, purchased under another identity.

On normal days, he would even entrust the highly reputable Grandma Andor to look after it.

Upon returning, he would give her the appropriate reward.

...

He walked towards his safe house, checked the door lock, and, confirming that no one had tampered with it, the furniture store owner unlocked the door and went inside.

Twenty-two of the twenty-three Golden Canes were here, all packed inside a large canvas bag.

As for the twenty-third?

It was most likely exposed!

"Damn Tate!"

The furniture store owner muttered to himself, eyes flashing with menace.

'Should I take him out when I leave tonight?'

As this thought arose, the furniture store owner could no longer hold back, even if picking up the 66-pound canvas bag aggravated his wounds, causing him to grimace in pain. He didn't care; what he needed now was the scalding release of fresh blood to calm his mood.

Impatient, the furniture store owner began to prepare by changing clothes—this safe house contained not only the Golden Canes but also clothes, wigs, false beards, and so on.

Of course, there was also some change and medication.

Just as the furniture store owner was selecting a wig and false beard from the box by the moonlight, an invisible hand suddenly covered his mouth and nose, followed by another invisible hand holding an invisible longsword, silently slicing open his throat. Then a third invisible hand wielding a dagger stabbed continuously into his chest.

Thud, thud, thud!

Amidst the sound of metal cutting through flesh.

Haite's eyes bulged as he lost all sound.

Afterwards, the body disappeared inside "Atos's Box."

Atos's Box, which had just been emptied of a body in the secret hiding place created by Harris, once again took on a burden it should not have borne.

Who would use a precious space item to store bodies!

Arthur, the one who remembered this very sentiment, didn't care less.

After all, it was a line meant for others, not as if anyone would really believe the words of a 'Spirit Medium,' right?

You see, a prop is just a type of tool.

And the purpose of a tool is to be convenient for the user.

'Luckily, no fresh blood got on it!'

Arthur carefully examined his Golden Cane, feeling its weight, his lips curving into a slight smile.

At the same time, he did not forget to command the "Hand of Void" to clean up the blood on the ground.

Then, the young 'Spirit Medium' checked once more, making sure everything in the room was restored to its original state before leaving—just like the safe house chosen by Harris, hidden within the woods, Arthur believed he might also need this safe house someday.

Although it was only a possibility, what if?

No one knows what the future holds, and it's never wrong to leave oneself an extra way out.

Maintaining caution, Arthur walked towards the Shire District Police Station, sticking to the shadows.

His cat, Pendragon, was still at the police station.

...

Pendragon, brought back by the patrolling officer turned coachman, was shoving the 'Police Chief' away from the cat bowl, burying his head in the kibble and crunching away.

With every bite, the 'Police Chief' let out a tiny, anxious whimper.

When Pendragon had finished eating, the 'Police Chief' approached the bowl, looked at the empty dish, and gave a pitiful meow towards Malz.

"It's proper to let the guest have their way, and moreover, isn't Pan your good friend?"

The old sheriff Malz picked up his cow-patterned cat and soothed it with his gentle voice.

Seeing the 'Police Chief's' tearful eyes, he immediately poured out new kibble, yet the apparently dozing Pendragon suddenly perked up his ears and stood up, once again monopolizing the bowl.

Even Malz was taken aback by this scene.

Keep in mind, this wasn't the first bowl, this was the third.

His 'Police Chief' usually had only one bowl per day, and now Pendragon was having three bowls in one sitting?

"This, this Orange Cat can really eat, huh?"

The old sheriff murmured to himself.

Then, the old sheriff heard a familiar voice—

"That's why I, as an old father, need to work harder to make money!

Otherwise, I can't even afford to keep Pan!"

The old sheriff turned around to see his partner, and as Pendragon flaunted his kibble and glanced at his owner, he continued to eat, ignoring Arthur who once again let him take the blame.

As Pendragon chewed heartily, suddenly—

A whisker fell off.