

Great Master 371

Chapter 371: Pale Hand!

Arthur looked down at his opponent, pointing from midair, as calm as the light clouds and gentle breeze.

However, the member of the Death Poetry Society standing on the ground instinctively sensed an unprecedented crisis falling from the sky—

"Roar!"

A loud roar, akin to that of a wild beast, erupted from the mouth of this Death Poetry Society member.

Their originally pale, slightly green face turned completely greenish-blue, and four canine teeth protruded from their mouth, while strands of grayish-green hair stood up like a hedgehog's spines.

What was more critical was that a three-meter-tall skeleton phantom appeared behind this Death Poetry Society member.

No sooner had the phantom appeared than the aroma of death, thick and rich, filled the area around.

Wither, decay.

Accompanied by cold.

Great Arcana Level!

Undoubtedly, Great Arcana Level!

Moreover, it was not just an ordinary Great Arcana Level but a particularly special one that had truly reached its peak, just a Chart away from breaking through to Entrant.

Feeling the unique wither and decay of the Aura of Death, Marinda and the Swordsmanship Chief were very certain of this.

At the same time, Marinda's heart was filled with surprise.

As someone who had also chosen some Power of Death, this lady could clearly sense something extraordinary about this Death Poetry Society member before her eyes.

Different from any other Death Poetry Society member she had previously seen.

The aura of death they wielded was more restrained yet more volatile.

Very contradictory!

But it genuinely existed.

'By using their own "Death" to deceive the power of the "contract"...

No!

To be precise, they were resisting the "contract," using the power that defied the "contract" to continually cause their own 'Death,' thus absorbing such Aura of Death to imbue their organs, bones, muscles, and thereby transform into this current form!

Death Poetry Society's Walking Dead...

Tsk!

One should say, the 'Ghoul Ritual!'

A spark of interest lit up in Marinda's eyes.

As for the three major rituals of the Death Poetry Society, naturally, Marinda was aware of them.

Grudge Rite.

Ghoul Ritual.

Dirge Singer Ritual.

Most members of the Death Poetry Society would choose the Dirge Singer Ritual, which was better at manipulating emotions through words, directing others towards death.

Even members of the new faction of the Death Poetry Society who opt for a more direct method of death do the same.

For the Dirge Singer Ritual is easier to complete compared to the Grudge Rite and Ghoul Ritual.

Therefore, most of the Death Poetry Society members Marinda could meet were those who had completed the Dirge Singer Ritual, like those who underwent the Ghoul Ritual to become enormously strong and fearless against swords and cannons?

This was the first time she had seen one.

And the Grudge Rite?

Marinda had not witnessed one yet, but she was filled with anticipation.

For her, who had chosen to wield part of the Power of Death, such 'experiences' were all beneficial, no harm.

However, compared to Marinda's keen interest, the Female Swordmaster's expression turned grim.

She had never imagined a Death Poetry Society member who had reached the Great Arcana Level and wielded special powers would infiltrate the Earl's side.

Perhaps such powers would pose no threat to Lord Count.

But what if?

Destiny is unpredictable.

Life is unpredictable.

No one can be sure whether a single nail could truly destroy a nation.

But everyone would do their best to take care of this nail.

Moreover, there was a hidden crisis—

"The Ghoul Ritual"?

But what about that disguise?

Ha, "Pale Hand"!

You bunch of motherfucking bastards!"

The Female Swordmaster, of course, was also aware of the three major rituals of the Death Poetry Society, but unlike Marinda, this Swordsmanship Chief was more concerned about the disguise of the Death Poetry Society member present.

To deceive the "contract" to obtain death by using the "Ghoul Ritual" posed no problem.

However, covering up various symptoms of death that appeared on one's body was not the forte of the "Ghoul Ritual."

Or rather, the "Ghoul Ritual" simply could not achieve this.

And in the heart of this Swordsmanship Chief, there was only one organization capable of doing so—

"Pale Hand"!

Unlike the Death Poetry Society, which worships death, considers death elegant like poetry, and merely produces death,

The "Pale Hand" pursued the "Sacredness of Death"!

This band of madmen believed that death should be holy, filled with a sense of ceremony, accompanied by flowers and applause.

They paid more attention to what happens after death!

Therefore, compared to the death of ordinary people, the deaths of some significant figures naturally satisfied them more!

The rumored death of the family of the Blood Marquis was shadowed by the "Pale Hand."

Of course, these were just rumors.

The Female Swordmaster could not be sure.

But there was something that this Female Swordmaster could confirm: the deaths of the Viscount Primo family, vassals to the South Los House, were inseparably linked to the "Pale Hand."

Although initially, the South Los House just wanted to diminish the power of the Viscount Primo family.

The Primo Family, whose three scions had all awakened their Bloodline Power, had already affected the South Los House's rule over South Los to some extent.

Thus, the Old Earl made some responses at that time.

But the Old Earl certainly did not want the Primo Family to disappear.

Yet the result was that the entire Primo Family perished in battle, including the women of the family, who died on the front lines of the Seven Years' War.

And this became one of the Old Earl's heartaches.

Clearly, these rat-like fellows had appeared again in South Los.

Moreover, they had set their sights on their own Lord Count!

The mere thought of this made the Female Swordmaster's teeth grind audibly.

However, she wasn't impulsive.

She knew that tracking down those rat-like madmen was not easy.

With the exposure of this Death Poetry Society member, those "Pale Hand" members must have already concealed themselves—these fellows are craftier than sewer rats and would definitely not stay in the same place.

So, the Female Swordmaster's gaze was focused solely on the Death Poetry Society member in front of her from the beginning to the end.

She wanted to learn more from him.

For instance...

Arthur's true strength!

This Swordsmanship Chief had always been vigilant toward the concealed Kledos Family in South Los, especially when rumors about "Cat Faction. Black" started circulating, making her even more cautious, especially since the South Los House had also gotten a share when the "Cat Faction. Black" was initially exterminated.

Now that the current "Black Cat" of the "Cat Faction. Black" had appeared again, being extra cautious was not an overreaction.

At this moment, opportunity was scarce!

"Arthur, let me see your strength...

Hmm?!!"

This Swordsmanship Chief thought in her heart, her gaze firmly fixed on the battlefield.

But the next moment, the Female Swordmaster's eyes widened in shock, her gaze filled with astonishment and disbelief, her mouth involuntarily falling open, with only one thought remaining in her mind—

How is this possible?

Chapter 372 Silent Whisper. Silent Burial!

Thud!

The over three-meters-tall, substantial skeleton head exploded.

There was no earth-shattering noise.

It was just a soft sound.

Like a soap bubble flying under the sunlight.

Once it flew, it was destined to disappear.

And the member of the 'Death Poetry Society' who had completed the 'Ghoul Ritual' was wailing as he fell to the ground, his body that could withstand a direct hit from the Little Emperor Cannon rotting at a speed visible to the naked eye.

What was more important was that the Female Swordmaster even saw a plea in the eyes of this 'Death Poetry Society' member?

A plea?

How could that be possible?!

The 'Death Poetry Society,' a bunch of lunatics pursuing death, how could they possibly beg in the face of it?

The Female Swordmaster stood there beginning to doubt if she had seen wrongly.

Beside her, Marinda was also slightly unable to hold back.

The lady lifted her hand just in time to steady the pipe that almost fell from her mouth.

She stared blankly at Arthur floating in mid-air.

She knew Arthur was powerful.

Born in the 'Cat Faction. Hei.'

The current 'Black Cat.'

In hiding for many years.

Any of these conditions could describe someone powerful.

But Marinda never imagined Arthur could be so strong.

How could that lightweight finger have such formidable power?

Moreover, a more important point was that she had never heard of a similar secret technique!

That left only one possibility—

'Is this a secret technique of the Kledos Family?

Apart from the pure killing intent and swordsmanship of death, they have also created such a powerful and silent secret technique?

The fearsome Kledos Family!

Marinda couldn't help but think.

The Female Swordmaster beside her also had a similar thought in the back of her mind.

Arthur in mid-air caught one glimpse of the expressions of both women.

Without needing the Skill enhancement of "Eagle Eye" or "Insight," Arthur could guess what Marinda and the Female Swordmaster were thinking at the moment.

Without any hesitation, the young 'Spirit Medium's' palm slowly lowered, and he said indifferently—

"Silent Whisper. Silent Burial!"

Arthur was a nice guy who didn't like to disappoint others.

So, since Marinda and the Female Swordmaster were already guessing, Arthur naturally wanted to satisfy their conjectures.

He absolutely wouldn't tell the two that such a situation was merely borne from his Talent "Breath of Death."

Any Death Qi.

Any Power of Death.

It was all useless before him.

"Breath of Death" was a natural counter to all Death Qi and users of the Power of Death.

It didn't matter whether they were at Arcana Level or Great Arcana Level.

Even if 'Entrants' came, it would be the same.

But such a fact was too boring.

And such words, even more so, were boring.

Therefore, aside from its core swordsmanship, the Kledos Family gained an additional Core Mystical Art.

Why don't the other members of the Kledos Family know it?

How do you know they don't?

They just haven't used it, that's all.

Thinking this, Arthur slowly stepped down from mid-air.

He silently thanked his best support, "Hand of Void," again in his heart.

Standing before the 'Death Poetry Society' member, the 'Aura of Death' was still surging incessantly from within the body of the other, being absorbed into his own.

Arthur glanced at the Death Qi Value that was still crazily rising, having already broken past the 2000 mark, and a look of resignation appeared in his eyes.

Even wearing "Daniel's Hope," although the curse was greatly reduced, the effect on isolating the absorption of Death Qi was poor.

Especially when something like this 'Mobile Storage Vessel' appeared, it was even more so the case.

Arthur lowered his head, looking down at this "mobile storage vessel."

At this moment, the other party's body had already decayed to the point where their innards were exposed.

Those exposed organs were decaying rapidly, as if the oxygen in the air was laced with potent poison.

But the other party had not died yet.

Having been in contact with death for an extended period, the other party possessed a slightly stronger resistance than the average person, allowing them to cling to a last breath—

"You, you..."

Death's Child!"

After the other party stammered out these words, both of their eyeballs popped and shattered, and their entire body deflated and decayed like a punctured ball, resembling a piece of deadwood.

This sight was as if the words the other party had just uttered carried a "terrible curse."

Still shocked by the Kledos Family's secret technique "Silent Whisper. Silent Burial," Marinda, the female swordmaster, immediately looked up in surprise, her gaze involuntarily locking on Arthur.

But Arthur appeared quite composed.

"It's just some additional effects of the secret technique 'Silent Whisper.'"

That's what Arthur said.

It indeed was an effect caused by "Breath of Death" absorbing the other party's innate death qi, similar to what the members of the Death Poetry Society had experienced before.

At this, neither Marinda nor the female swordmaster objected.

'Because the previous Black Cat fell in battle, during the period of concealment, they began to borrow the concept of "Communicate with Spirits" from the Cat Faction's core mystical arts. Did they create the more aggressive and secretive secret technique "Silent Whisper"?' thought Marinda and the female swordmaster, a chill settling in their hearts.

The fact that it was more aggressive was worrying enough.

Not to mention becoming even more secretive!

This thought was already enough to rob them of peace of mind.

Remembering the scene that had just unfolded, and being certain that Arthur didn't need any preparation before making a move, when everything happened in complete silence, both ladies felt the hair on their backs stand on end.

They knew that if caught off guard by such an attack, they wouldn't have a chance to dodge; they would have to endure it head-on.

The outcome would naturally be...

Injury or death!

And neither of those outcomes was acceptable to them.

'Thank goodness I'm on good terms with this guy!' Marinda thought, slightly relieved.

The female swordmaster, however, became even more vigilant.

'Before confirming complete safety, I absolutely cannot let Arthur meet Lord Count!

No!

It's best if they never meet in this lifetime!' she resolved silently, while she showed Arthur a bright, hearty smile.

"Such an astounding secret technique!"

"Thanks to my grandfather. The design of these secret techniques all came from him, and I am just a lucky user," Arthur replied modestly.

In the Mystic Side, age isn't absolute, but the elders do tend to be respected easier, as longevity is also a form of capital.

"Mr. Charlie?"

If I have the chance, I will definitely pay a visit to this gentleman!" the female swordmaster responded with utmost politeness.

The battle they had just witnessed had dramatically elevated the status of the Kledos family in her eyes.

She would not overlook Arthur.

And naturally, neither would she overlook the other members of the Kledos family.

Especially that eldest member of the Kledos family needed to be watched carefully.

"There will be a chance!

My grandfather would never refuse a visit from a lady!" Arthur uttered openly while ribbing Old Charlie.

He believed that as the "name of the Kledos family soars," Old Charlie's fame would shine even brighter. Better to be upfront now than to be caught off guard later.

After all...

He was not Old Charlie.

Besides, Arthur believed that the interested parties must have already scrutinized the Kledos family.

In fact, this was true. Upon seeing the female swordmaster show an awkward yet polite smile, Arthur simply shrugged helplessly.

Then the young Spirit Medium's demeanor turned serious as he softly said—

"We have big trouble now!"

Chapter 373: Hidden Killing Intent!

Arthur raised his hand and pointed at the decaying body on the ground, then pointed at himself, Marinda, and the Female Swordmaster.

The young 'Spirit Medium' could clearly feel that when his finger pointed at the two, Marinda's figure flashed with an illusory sense like smoke, and the Female Swordmaster's whole body tensed up.

It was obvious that the Kledos Family's secret technique 'Silent Whisper' had begun to take root in their hearts.

Arthur expressed his own innocence in response.

Immediately, Marinda and the Female Swordmaster returned to normal.

Neither of them felt embarrassed.

Moreover, they didn't linger on this topic and looked directly at the decayed body on the ground—

"With Arthur at No. 2 Cork Street, and Julie and me here, it's not just a Mystic Side Person of Great Arcana Level who would meet such a fate, even an 'Entrant' would end up the same, even if they possessed special powers, the gap in power levels would not change because of it.

Great Arcana Level is Great Arcana Level!"

Marinda said.

"Does this mean someone wants to divert our attention using him?"

The Female Swordmaster immediately grasped the key point.

"No!

Not us!

It's you, Julie!"

Marinda emphasized.

Immediately, the Female Swordmaster's complexion changed.

Then, she took out a communication crystal from her waist pouch and began to contact quickly—from the Mount Gale Region to Spring Water Town, Grass Branch Town, Bass Town, Barny, then to South Town, Bern Manor, Oakwood Manor, followed by Bol Lake, Mandela, Kemir Manor, Harold Manor.

Among them, Bol Lake and Mandela were respectively the territories of Baron Korol and Baron Hausman.

And these places nearly included all the territories of the vassals of the Countess of South Los.

After receiving the replies from the Female Swordmaster, all the nobles responded except for South Town and Kemir Manor.

Kemir Manor, due to Baron Kemir's death and the absence of heirs, the entire family had been confirmed extinct, and the manor was naturally 'sealed' by the Countess. It would only be reopened when Marinda inherited the title, so the lack of response was normal.

But South Town was not normal.

Moreover, South Town was especially important because of its iron and coal mines.

Without any hesitation, the Female Swordmaster immediately took out another Messenger Stone—

"Madam Susan, may I speak?

This is Julie!

There's been a problem in South Town, and I need to dispatch a hundred-man cavalry unit from the Lord Count to investigate."

The Swordsmanship Chief asked with a respectful tone.

"All right.

They will depart immediately!"

An aged female voice came from the communication crystal.

Arthur listened to this aged female voice, showing just the right amount of surprise.

He had not heard of this Madam Susan before.

"To focus entirely on 'Ascend Step', the Lord Count has delegated all miscellaneous tasks to Madam Susan—Madam Susan is the steward of the South Los House, having served since the Old Earl, a very capable and kind old lady.

And I, the Guard Commander, the Head Hunter, and Granny Cullen are responsible for assisting this old lady.

Granny Cullen is in charge of the house's kitchen, with exquisite culinary skills."

The Female Swordmaster explained to Arthur.

As Arthur increasingly showed his value and position, the Female Swordmaster did not mind him knowing more about these matters.

"I see," Arthur said, feigning realization.

Internally, he thought,

'So, the 'Mother Tigress' has begun to 'Ascend Step,' huh?

What pressure indeed!'

Arthur, secretly letting out such a sigh of relief, didn't wait for the Female Swordmaster to ask and took the initiative to say—

"I have a thirty percent share in South Town's iron and coal mine profits!

I need to go and see for myself!"

Arthur stated.

Marinda, on the other hand, narrowed her eyes in thought.

South Town!

Four hours ago, Marinda had welcomed the visit of Lord Lisop from South Town in her capacity as the hostess of No. 2 Cork Street.

She had also risen to see him off.

Then, Arthur left.

Then, South Town had an accident.

'How could it be such a coincidence?

It must be related to this guy!"

Looking at Arthur, who volunteered to step forward, Marinda was certain in her heart, yet her face did not show a tiny bit of her thoughts. She just smiled faintly at Arthur and said—

"As your lover and partner, I'm quite curious about South Town as well."

After that, Marinda waved her hand.

In the thick smoke, a carriage guarded by the Undead appeared outside No. 2 Cork Street.

Faced with the clear stance Arthur and Marinda were taking, the Female Swordmaster couldn't help but smile.

"Thank you both!"

While saying this, the Female Swordmaster stepped forward, heading towards the carriage outside the courtyard.

She knew all about Marinda's 'vehicle'.

Not only was it extremely fast, but it could also fly low to the ground.

With this carriage, they would certainly reach South Town in the shortest possible time.

But the next moment, the Female Swordmaster was stunned.

Because Arthur and Marinda were looking at her with a strange gaze.

Subconsciously, the Female Swordmaster looked down at her clothes.

'I've controlled it very well; I didn't have a wardrobe malfunction, did I?'

Then, she touched her face.

'There is no food on my face either, right?'

Looking at the puzzled expression of the Female Swordmaster, Arthur spoke softly—

"It's too conspicuous!"

Suddenly, the Female Swordmaster understood.

The other party had already dispatched a Mystic Side Person at the limit of 'Great Arcana Level' to divert attention. Naturally, there would be more preparations.

Marinda's 'vehicle' was, of course, part of it.

It would probably receive special attention as soon as it appeared near South Town.

"So, precisely because it's conspicuous, we can use it as a different kind of trap to attract those lurking Peeping Toms.

And then, we can capture them all in one fell swoop!"

Marinda explained from the side, while opening the door of her 'vehicle'.

Because—

Arthur had already begun to move Explosives out of No. 2 Cork Street.

The whole process didn't involve any verbal communication.

Even, there was no exchange of looks.

Watching the two, one moving Explosives and the other loading them, the Female Swordmaster felt somewhat redundant.

Then, the Female Swordmaster suddenly came to her senses.

Just now, what Arthur said was 'three-tenths of the income from the South Town Iron and Coal Mine'!

Wasn't it one-tenth?

How had it become three-tenths?

"It was a deal with Lord Lisop.

He asked me for some help.

Maybe...

the lord had a premonition and that's why he made the deal with me."

Arthur sighed, his expression grew somber.

[Bluff]was shimmering at this moment.

Frequent unexpected events?

It doesn't matter.

He, Arthur, as a 'Spirit Medium', excels at improvisation.

He would make everything seem reasonable.

"So that's what it was!"

The Female Swordmaster said, continuing to feign sudden understanding on her face.

But Arthur saw a hint of unnaturalness in her expression.

Immediately, Arthur's heart tightened—

He guessed a possibility.

Chapter 374: Go Forward!

The Countess of South Los was planning to make her move against Lisop!

No!

Seeing the expression on the Female Swordmaster, it's possible she has already made her move—For the Countess, infiltrating Lisop's Hidden Guard was a piece of cake.

Even more so, the Countess had dispatched more than one person.

And then?

It would naturally be a slow 'corrosion and usurpation', completely hollowing out Lisop.

And at the crucial moment, she could deliver a fatal blow!

For example, when the Old Lion of Inner Bay and Lisop reached a contract that was 'absolutely detrimental' to South Los, that would be the time for the Countess's spies to act.

However, the Countess had definitely not expected this unexpected turn of events to occur.

'If that's the case... it's not too bad!'

Arthur somewhat relaxed at the thought.

The unexpected intervention of the Death Poetry Society had made Arthur worry about Little Lisop—In fact, the moment a member of the Death Poetry Society appeared, Arthur was prepared for Little Lisop's 'death'.

An ordinary person, even an expert in swordsmanship, was sure to die against an organization from the Mystic Side like the Death Poetry Society.

Therefore, Arthur slightly changed his approach when taking over South Town.

However, the situation did not turn out for the worst.

'Facing "death", I'm really quite lucky!'

Arthur lamented in his heart, but outwardly, he maintained a calm demeanor as he looked towards the Female Swordmaster and Marinda.

"Let's split our forces!

I really can't manage silent concealment!

You go ahead, and I'll follow closely with the cavalry!"

The Female Swordmaster immediately said with a sense of helplessness in her tone.

Her constant height of two meters fifty, along with her robust build, gave the Female Swordmaster strength far beyond the average person, but unavoidably sacrificed some dexterity in return.

She had no doubt about her linear explosive speed being strong.

But when it came to moving forward in silence and stealth, the Female Swordmaster just couldn't do it.

No sooner said than done, the decisive Female Swordmaster turned and left.

Arthur and Marinda naturally wouldn't refuse.

Or rather...

This is what the two of them wanted!

As the Female Swordmaster departed, Marinda took a deep puff from her pipe—

The fire in the pipe burned bright.

After consuming a quarter of the tobacco, the light from the pipe finally dimmed.

Whoosh!

Thick smoke was exhaled by Marinda, turning into a light grey fog that enveloped the Ghost Carriage laden with explosives.

Roar!

The Undead around the carriage let out silent roars, and then, the grey fog thickened rapidly.

It continued until it completely covered the Undead and the carriage, at which point the carriage lifted into the air.

From Arthur's perspective, he could still see the outlines of the carriage and the figures of the Undead, but he knew that to ordinary people, this was nothing but a cloud of mist.

"Such a convenient ability!"

Arthur exclaimed with admiration.

"Want to learn? I can teach you!"

Marinda said with a smile, the pipe still in her mouth.

Seeing that smile, reminiscent of a fox, Arthur gave the finger—a clear response that he perfectly sensed that part of Marinda's 'Ghost Carriage' belonged to 'Death'.

But it was only a part!

The rest of the power should be 'Smoke'.

Beyond the smoke, there were also some forces that Arthur could not identify.

In simple terms, even if Marinda taught him, Arthur wouldn't be able to learn.

And that's exactly why Marinda was so generous in her offer.

"Tch!"

Seeing Arthur's finger, the lady made a sound of retaliation.

Arthur did not respond further but instead took a step forward, vanishing into the Shadows.

'So hasty?

Everything must be related to you!'

Marinda thought and immediately quickened her pace to follow.

In the sky, the grey fog was gliding swiftly, while on the ground, two sounds followed in Silence.

Arthur was all 'Innate Skill'.

The "Serpent of Death" Bloodline granted Arthur a special Shadow Concealment effect, which inherently provided him with a +5 level stealth effect. This was enough to render Arthur utterly silent as he moved swiftly.

Not to mention when it was combined with one of the Core Mystical Arts, "Silent Successive Steps."

Arthur seemed like a shadow, shuttling through the darkness of the night.

Marinda, on the other hand, was shrouded in smoke, appearing like a specter, floating straight ahead.

She lacked Arthur's dexterity.

But she had something more bizarre.

Because...

Marinda moved in a straight line.

Whether it was tall trees or low shrubs, Marinda went straight through them as if these obstacles didn't exist at all.

This secret technique was extremely similar to the "Ghost Carriage," yet it had subtle differences.

'A common origin but with new changes...

A case of out with the old, in with the new?' Arthur pondered silently.

As for Marinda's somewhat ostentatious way of moving?

It was naturally because she felt pressured by Arthur's Family Secret Art "Silent Burial," which is why she decided to showcase her abilities to Arthur.

The lady was well aware that any lasting cooperation required a balance of power between both parties.

Arthur was aware of that as well.

Likewise, the young Spirit Medium understood another aspect of long-term cooperation: trust.

Therefore, once they had truly left South Los behind, Arthur's steps started to slow down a bit.

Marinda immediately sensed the change.

The lady quickly approached—

'Lisop is dead!'

Without making a sound, Arthur conveyed the message through lip-reading.

'Did you kill him?'

Marinda frowned.

Arthur immediately rolled his eyes.

He knew the woman before him was doing it on purpose.

It was seven parts probing and three parts jest.

In response, Arthur flashed the lady a smile that carried 'one part aloofness, two parts sarcasm, three parts mockery, and four parts nonchalance.'

In the end, that smile turned completely into derision.

At least that's how Marinda saw it.

But Marinda did not get angry.

Because she got the answer she wanted.

Lisop wasn't killed by Arthur.

There might be some connection, but it definitely wasn't Arthur who took action himself.

With that in mind, it was enough.

Otherwise, she would have to reconsider her cooperation with Arthur—she had already hinted before that if similar mistakes were made again,

she didn't need such a foolish partner.

'High likelihood it's the 'Death Poetry Society'!

Small chance it's the Old Lion of Inner Bay!

And there's...'

Arthur continued gesturing with his mouth, but he didn't vocalize the last possibility.

Almost immediately, the lady guessed the last answer.

Her heart chilled in an instant.

She thought again of the surprise Arthur had revealed earlier.

What could make a faker like Arthur show his true feelings?

A surprise?

Possibly, but not that transparent.

So, it must be an unexpected coincidence that nonetheless made perfect sense!

Which was—

'The Death Poetry Society,' the Old Lion of Inner Bay, and the Countess had all made their move on Lisop independently.

As a result, the Death Poetry Society got there first, and when the Old Lion and the Countess's people realized it, they had to protect Little Lisop to prevent the situation from escalating!

And the people from the 'Death Poetry Society,' to expand their victory...

Wait, hold on!

Momentarily stopped by a sudden realization, Marinda's steps came to a halt.

Chapter 375: Evil Instrument!

"What kind of organization is the 'Death Poetry Society'?"

To most people, the members of this organization are sick.

The kind with mental illness!

After all, normal people stay away from death, whereas the 'Death Poetry Society' worships it.

Therefore, the 'Death Poetry Society' has irreconcilable differences with normal people.

Thus, what normal people pursue is truly insignificant to the 'Death Poetry Society'.

For example, the mineral resources of South Town!

Others, powers that be, may covet them eagerly.

But the 'Death Poetry Society'?

They couldn't care less.

But now that the 'Death Poetry Society' has gotten involved, it must be for a greater death.

Almost instantly, the lady's mind made connections with previous information Lisop had mentioned about the 'three incompletes' —

1. The 'Death Poetry Society' spy hidden by her side.
2. The pirate alliance they had formed.
3. The skilled team they possessed from the Duke of the Inner Bay.

'South Los!

South Town was just a diversion!

The real target of those bastards from the 'Death Poetry Society' is South Los!

With this in mind, Marinda took out a messenger stone and began relaying messages.

You see, most of her industry was in South Los.

If anything were to happen, she would suffer unimaginable losses.

And more importantly, she had to be wary of not just everything those bastards from the 'Death Poetry Society' might do, but also those who would loot a burning house.

Even more so, the latter might be even more terrifying.

Because...

You never know who might get involved.

For example, the Mother Tigress of South Los.

Though the Countess had shown quite good character, behind her there was still the South Los Family—who knew what could happen?

Therefore, she had to be cautious.

While Marinda was sending her messages, Arthur was rather nonchalant.

Earlier on, he had Wuni send a message to Malz and others.

Not to look after his property.

But to hide well.

The only things Arthur could really call his industry in South Los were 'Miss Qiu's Security Company' and 'Mr. Wu's Exchange,' but these two industries had just been established.

Simply put, they were mere shells.

If they were lost, it wouldn't matter.

After all, if the land is gone but the people remain, both can be restored.

For this reason, Arthur had great faith in the South Los House's ability to protect South Los.

Furthermore, he firmly believed that even if the warehouse bearing the signs of 'Miss Qiu's Security Company' and 'Mr. Wu's Exchange' were blown to the skies, the Countess, in an effort to appease the public, would surely compensate him appropriately.

So, Arthur didn't care at all.

Even when Marinda's gaze fell upon him, Arthur quite openly mouthed the words—

'Trust in our Lord Count!'

Immediately, this prompted Marinda to flip him off once more.

Arthur responded with a smile.

But the very next moment, Arthur's smile faded, and his eyes narrowed slightly.

...

Rat Street, second floor of the Relief Grocery Store.

Haywood sat in the corner watching Malz, who was sitting on a stool, while the old sheriff held his cat and squinted as if asleep.

But Haywood knew the old sheriff was merely feigning sleep because the long board case had not left his back.

If there were any disturbance, he would be up in an instant.

Of course, there was another person—

Bob finished polishing the darts, daggers, shortwords, and longwords and sheathed them in his sleeves, boots, and on both sides of his waist respectively.

Then, the old soldier began to adjust his hand crossbow and firearms.

The arrows would need a poison coating.

The firearms, he would need three.

Watching his preparations, Haywood touched the matchlock gun, acid, and oil he carried, feeling himself to be like a defenseless farmer.

Seeking some comfort, Haywood looked over at Scott, who kept his head down as he trimmed adhesive tape.

The young editor had no weapons.

Haywood was certain of that.

This gave Haywood a bit of relief.

At least he wasn't the only farmer.

But the next moment, the former greedy landlord couldn't sit still.

Because Wiggins, who had come up from downstairs, was carrying a box of explosives and placed half of it in front of Scott.

The young editor then picked up the freshly cut tape and started wrapping these explosives.

Alright!

I'm just a farmer!

Watching Scott's adept actions, Haywood began to despair.

But almost immediately, Haywood found a new source of confidence.

Kuke!

In front of this new police chief of Dort District, there were only two Firearms presented.

Even more?

It was just a dagger!

It looked somewhat antique, but that was all there was to it.

'This should be someone on my level!'

'Luckily, I'm not the only useless one under the boss's command!'

Haywood thought with relief.

He planned to cozy up to this new police chief of Dort District in the future.

After all, they were similar...

But before the landlord with a black heart could finish his thoughts, the ancient-looking dagger suddenly trembled, emitting a unique ringing sound that only weapons make.

Hum!

The sound was deep, filled with bloodlust.

It wasn't an illusion!

But a true sense of bloodlust.

Because someone had already had their throat slit by that man Bob.

Haywood hadn't noticed when someone had entered the second floor of the 'Relief Grocery Store', just as he hadn't noticed Bob's swift attack.

"Nice dagger."

Bob glanced at the dagger in Kuke's hand with a hint of surprise.

Although he had noticed the intruder, the dagger in Kuke's hand had sensed it even earlier.

'A sentient weapon picked up on purpose?'

The former Daredevil Team captain thought, turning his head to look at his old friend.

"I'll leave this to you."

After saying that, the Daredevil Team captain leapt out of the window.

Clearly, compared to passive defense, Bob preferred taking the initiative to attack.

Watching his old friend's actions, Malz's face was tinged with helplessness, just like when he learned that the other had arrived in South Los early but had been lurking in the shadows all along.

However, compared to the latter, at this moment, Malz felt more accustomed to it.

Moreover, fighting side by side with Bob again reminded Malz of the old battlefield—

Step, step-step!

Amid the cries of battle, the old sheriff seemed to return to the battlefield in his memories, the sound of uniform steps in his ears, and one hundred and nineteen comrades at his side.

In front of them were...

The enemy!

Enemies hidden on the side of the 'Relief Grocery Store'.

Standing in the second-floor room, Malz clearly saw them.

'Fire!'

The captain's voice echoed in his ears.

Instinctively, Malz pulled the trigger.

Bang!

The bullet shot out.

Piercing through the wall.

Striking the enemy right between the eyes.

The enemy, who was in the midst of casting a secret technique, fell backwards to the ground.

Another fine scratch appeared on the butt of the heavy Matchlock Gun.

At this moment, one hundred and one.

Then, Malz turned his head and blew lightly.

The matchlock lit up again, the trigger was pulled again—

Bang!

Another scratch was added.

One hundred and two.

Malz turned his head to blow on the matchlock once more, preparing to pull the trigger a third time when a breeze appeared behind him, heading straight for his neck.

"Watch out!"

The people in the room shouted, with Wiggins and Kuke rushing towards the intruding attacker.

Seeing the two men charging at him, the attacker let out a cold laugh.

Too slow!

Too slow!

Just watch him die!

The attacker thrust the dagger straight down—

Thump!

A longsword swept across the attacker's neck.

The attacker, looking at the broad-bladed, antiquated sword, was filled with disbelief.

Because—

At the hilt of the sword, an eye was slowly opening.

Chapter 376 My close friend Arthur once said...

...

Those eyes were abnormally lively, just like human eyes.

No!

To be precise, they were human eyes.

When the eye at the handle of the dagger opened, Malz's left eye simultaneously disappeared—sunk deep into its socket, leaving behind nothing but a hollow pit.

But in the next moment, a faded medal appeared over it, as if it were an eyepatch.

Not only did it emit a faint fluorescence, but when this glow shone upon the corpses on the ground, they melted away like burning candles.

Turning into a viscous wax, it was absorbed by the heavy matchlock gun and the broad-bladed saber.

Then, an even more refined power, mediated by the heavy matchlock gun and the broad-bladed saber, surged into Malz's body.

His aging body immediately regained vitality, and it became even stronger.

At the same time, a deep voice echoed in Malz's mind—

"Do you feel it?

This is my power!

Submit to me!

I will give you even more power!"

As he heard this voice, Malz's complexion changed slightly.

Evil Spirit?

Or High-level Malevolent Spirit?

Just as Malz pondered these guesses, the scene before the old sheriff changed.

He found himself in a pitch-black wasteland.

The chilling wind that blew over his body made all his joints feel as if they were freezing, and the breath from his mouth turned into sharp ice crystals, falling like sowing seeds.

Then, the wind grew even stronger!

Malz had to exert all his strength just to stand firm.

But that was all, standing firm.

Moving was virtually impossible now.

Moreover, accompanied by the chilling gale, tiny stones were whipped up and battered Malz's body.

Pop, pop, pop!

Amidst the successive crisp sounds, Malz was directly knocked to the ground.

However, the old sheriff's face remained remarkably composed.

'First comes the affliction.

Then should come redemption?

In reality, it's just deception.'

The old sheriff recalled the tactics of evil spirits and malevolent spirits discussed during idle chats with his good friend Arthur.

Then—

A figure surrounded by a halo suddenly appeared in mid-air.

Instantly, the cold winds ceased.

Warm sunlight emerged on the horizon.

The injuries that the old sheriff had just sustained healed completely under the sunlight.

And that figure slowly descended.

'Ha!

Identical!'

The old sheriff sneered inwardly and reached for the object in his bosom.

Feeling its coldness, the old sheriff slightly raised his head to observe the entity before him.

Shrouded in light, unable to discern its facial features, yet the entire figure exuded holiness, with auspicious clouds floating around, just like the deities described in storybooks.

But he knew it wasn't one of them.

It must be the Evil Spirit or the Malevolent Spirit that used an illusion to blind his eyes.

"Desire power, do you?

I..."

"Purification!"

With a low shout, Malz casually threw a test tube filled with 'Holy Water'.

Without the obstruction of a stopper, all of the 'Holy Water' inside the tube spilt onto that radiant figure.

Sssss!

In the midst of that distinctive sound, the radiant figure collapsed onto the ground.

"Ahhhh!"

The figure surrounded by light screamed uncontrollably.

It couldn't understand why the human before it believed it could cause harm.

Didn't he know that its current form, transformed into a High-level Malevolent Spirit, was impervious to corporeal objects and immune to most supernatural methods?

Why?

Why?

Confusion took root in its heart.

"Ha, mere tricks and illusions!

Didn't you know my friend is the finest 'Spirit Medium' in South Los?

Though I haven't studied systematically, dealing with your little tricks?

...

Enough!

"Feel the 'Holy Water's' purification!"

As Malz spoke, he poured another two test tubes of 'Holy Water' over.

Holy Water?

Why do I feel like it's sulfuric acid?

But sulfuric acid couldn't possibly harm me, could it?

Could it really be the legendary Holy Water?

"Aaargh!"

The being thought to itself, and the pain intensified; what was more, as the thought arose, the part of the body stained by 'Holy Water' began to vaporize at extreme speeds.

This damage immediately made the being's screams grow even more continuous.

Almost instantly, it lost the ability to move.

And, more importantly, the unexpected turn of events started to muddle its thoughts.

Thus, it failed to notice that Malz reached into his chest and took out two more test tubes—

"Through the eternal night's Tower of Haste, flesh and bones reluctantly coil, the fiery radiance reigns supreme upon the earth, fading and halting, the ash incinerates!!"

Imitating his friend, Malz smashed the kerosene-filled test tubes harshly against the Evil Spirit before him.

Then, he took out a match and lit it.

Boom!

Blaze roared.

The being wailed in the flames.

"It's useless, any Evil Spirit or Malevolent Spirit will turn to ashes in the Kledos Family's 'Holy Flame'!"

Malz said with utmost certainty.

Because the old sheriff had never doubted Arthur.

He firmly believed that Arthur's method was the correct one.

Because he had seen Evil Spirits and Malevolent Spirits destroyed with his own eyes.

And such firm belief turned this ordinary flame into a true 'Holy Flame'.

The red fire immediately took on a golden tinge.

"No!"

In a drawn-out scream, the concealed being was utterly eradicated beneath the golden fire's blaze.

Or, to put it more accurately, it became the finest nourishment, moistening Malz.

Allowing Malz's body to become even more suitable for the heavy Matchlock Gun, broad-bladed saber, and the faded medal he wielded.

Almost at that instant, Malz sensed the 'emotions' of his dear old equipment.

It was joy, surprise.

Thirty years!

For thirty years after the end of the Seven Years' War!

Malz almost engaged in nightly conversations with his old comrades.

More than once, he had wished his old comrades could respond to him.

However, he also knew it was wishful thinking.

But ever since his good friend Arthur reminded him to always carry his old comrades with him, he knew there would be changes, everything would be different.

He firmly believed Arthur did it for his sake.

Even...

Arthur could see what he could not.

Did that not imply that his old comrades might truly 'come back to life'?

With this thought, he had been looking forward to it these days.

And now, the old sheriff was certain.

His old comrades had truly come back to life.

And furthermore!

He had become different too!

When Malz returned to his senses, the heavy Matchlock Gun along with the Y-shaped gun rest and the broad-bladed saber's sheath had all merged into his body.

And after the faded medal reappeared in his eyes, it moved to one side of his cheek.

Then...

Hungry!

Extreme hunger!

Almost instinctively, the old sheriff's gaze fastened onto the Explosives Wiggins had just brought in.

Such an enticing aroma!

It seems edible!

Should I try some?

The old sheriff swallowed his saliva.

But his common sense told him, he shouldn't eat these.

But it really smelled so good!

Maybe just taste a little?

And as the old sheriff hesitated, all the explosives, Firearms, Daggers, and Daggers and other weapons in the room began to move, as if streams returning to the ocean, they all rushed towards the old sheriff.

Chapter 377: Aiding Your Power of Thought!

Explosives, firearms, daggers, and other weapons touched Malz's skin and immediately his flesh and blood body rippled like water.

All the weapons merged into Malz's body.

Instantly—

A sense of satiation welled up within him.

But,

Still hungry!

Malz felt he could still devour a Little Emperor Cannon!

The old sheriff promptly turned to look at Wiggins.

"Do you have more?

If you've got cannons or something, that would be even better!"

With Arthur serving as the link, the old sheriff was not at all polite in his request to Wiggins.

"Of course!

In Rat Street, there's as many as you want of these things—"

Wiggins said, smiling, and then turned to go downstairs.

Similarly, because of Arthur, Kledos, the Golden Finger of Rat Street, didn't feel fear.

In fact, aside from Wiggins, although the expressions on the faces of the others varied, none of them felt any fear; what they had was surprise, resignation, and thoughtfulness.

The surprised one was Scott, the newspaper editor, who was purely curious about the old sheriff's transformation.

The resigned one was Haywood, the once unscrupulous landlord, who increasingly felt himself like a farmer.

No, even worse than a farmer.

At least a farmer has to deal with snakes at most.

And him?

He has to deal with monsters!

Real, actual monsters!

Firearms?

Why do they feel like mere fire sticks!

Haywood was screaming in his heart.

The thoughtful one was Kuke, the police chief of Dort District who, having a certain family legacy, was considering whether he should ask his father to give him some special training.

Otherwise, if he's always this passive in the face of these sudden situations—

It's just too uncomfortable.

He remembered his father telling him as a child that he had a bit of "Talent."

Apparently not much, but it should be enough, right?

Standing there, the old sheriff noticed the expressions of everyone and immediately chuckled. As he took the explosives and firearms that Wiggins brought back and let them merge into his body, he said—

"Believe in Arthur!

His teachings are never aimless!"

The old sheriff said so.

At that moment, everyone was taken aback.

They, of course, paid great attention to Arthur's everyday words and deeds, even deeply engraving them in their minds.

But they felt there was a deeper meaning in the old sheriff's words.

The old sheriff maintained his smile, as he straightforwardly raised his right hand.

Under the watchful eyes of everyone, the flesh of this hand began to move rapidly, the five fingers joining together to form a large caliber gun barrel with a trace of metallic luster, while a chain of bullets made from congealed blood wrapped directly around the forearm, with blood-red explosives inserted one after another into the chain.

As this wrapped chain was filled, another chain of bullets hung down from the forearm, as more highly special explosives continued to be inserted.

There was no anomaly, no pain.

All the changes in the old sheriff seemed as easy as eating or drinking.

This instinctive transformation made the old sheriff even more certain that everything happening was orchestrated by Arthur.

Arthur had already discovered these things, which was why he had been guiding him step by step.

"I've just experienced what would be a 'nightmare' for the average person, but with Arthur's teachings, I passed through it with ease!

Then, I felt my body brimming with vitality.

"His condition is unprecedentedly good!"

The old sheriff said truthfully.

Everyone present was no fool and immediately understood what the old sheriff meant.

Especially Haywood, who thought himself less than a farmer, became even more excited.

"Are you saying, Lord Kledos has intentionally selected us?"

The once cruel landlord knew he should remain calmer and contain his emotions, but faced with such changes, he simply couldn't hold back.

The others also stared at the old sheriff without blinking.

The old sheriff nodded with a smile, confidently saying—

"That's right!

I believe that as long as you keep in mind Arthur's teachings, you will one day receive what you deserve—although Arthur won't spell it out for you, I think it's not because he's trying to be obscure, but rather...

it is necessary to do so!"

No one present disagreed with the old sheriff's statement.

Mystery is always fraught with uncertainty and danger.

Once spoken aloud, it naturally increases this uncertainty and danger.

Only by hinting in an enigmatic way, making them vaguely feel that it's not simple and keeping both uncertainty and danger within bounds, is the best approach.

"It's just like Arthur; he foresaw everything!"

Scott spoke on behalf of everyone with sincere words.

Then, the newspaper editor-in-chief gave the old sheriff a thumbs-up.

"You look really cool right now!"

Scott's words were full of envy.

If possible, he too wanted to possess similar abilities.

He wondered how his "Talent" was?

What kind of Ability would he receive?

The young editor-in-chief couldn't help but be filled with anticipation, as his brain reminisced about the scenes after meeting Arthur.

He hoped to discover clues, while also ensuring he would remember all of it.

To increase his chances of greater success.

Scott, who was already deeply impressed by Arthur, was now determined to imprint Arthur even more firmly into his soul.

The others were in similar situations.

Especially Wiggins, who had an added fervor in his expression.

For Wiggins, who shared the 'Lionheart Ceremony' with Arthur, Arthur had long become the sovereign of his life to follow, and since the opening of Relief Grocery Store, it became a lifelong constancy—because Arthur helped him achieve the life goal that he thought hopeless.

And the rest of his life?

He would naturally devote it to Arthur.

Even though it involved thoughts like the Relief Grocery Store could only exist with Arthur, and that Arthur being stronger meant he could survive better in Rat Street, the essence of his passion hadn't changed.

At that moment, Haywood thought of the clock and the gold ingot from before.

Kuke was more straightforward.

This police chief from Dort District thought of his father.

Because Arthur had inquired about his father more than once.

Both of them then had some ideas.

Seeing the rest looking pensive, the old sheriff smiled slightly; he had done what he should do.

The rest, naturally, required their own efforts.

If they didn't strive for themselves, even Arthur couldn't help them.

Of course, he also needed to make an effort!

The old sheriff glanced at the Dagger in Kuke's hand, the weapon he had just swallowed didn't include this dagger, as his instinct told him that if he forced it down now, it would be indigestible.

'Indeed, just as Arthur said, I am only just beginning!' he thought, the old sheriff moved towards the side of the window—he hadn't forgotten the appointment with his old friend.

And while the old sheriff was looking out the window, a person looked at this scene with shock and surprise, exclaiming—

"The Dwayne Green Mechanicarry Firearms Sect?! How is this possible?!"

Chapter 378: The Mechanical Gunpowder Teachings of Deon Green!

...

In the distance, Freeman watched with gleaming eyes as Malz devoured the weapon, his arms transforming the firearm.

For this newly born 'Blood Descendant,' such ability was simply too fascinating.

It was at this moment that Amiel exclaimed in surprise by his side.

"Dawne Greene's Mechanized Gunpowder Sect?"

Freeman, not understanding, asked.

As one new to the Mystic Side, Freeman maintained sufficient humility.

And as for Amiel?

Lady Talin, always willing to teach, would definitely not refuse.

"Dawne Greene's Mechanized Gunpowder Sect emerged towards the end of the 'Silver Age,' spreading briefly only within Count Bert's territory, lasting for about ten months before being exterminated by Count Bert at that time—rumors say that the sect was founded by someone who had acquired part of Master Alchemist Geppetto's legacy from the 'Age of the Holy Empire.'

Master Alchemist Geppetto was the first alchemist to be sent to the burning stake during the 'Age of the Holy Empire.'

Unlike the eleven masters who were later sent to the stake, Geppetto was universally recognized as having committed an unforgivable crime.

He wanted to grant 'life'!

While many masters have researched this topic, only Geppetto chose to extract the lives of ordinary people to bring his puppet to life.

About two hundred people died as a result.

Latterly, as matters deteriorated, Master Geppetto and his puppet Pinocchio were both incinerated.

A puppet capable of using a saber is indeed something you can't help wanting to hold in your arms!"

Amiel said, and couldn't help but wipe away some drool.

Freeman, by now, had learned to turn a blind eye.

After a reflexive utterance once caused the conversation to veer off by tens of thousands of miles and led to a whole night of endless debate with Amiel, the newly born 'Blood Descendant' had come to understand the importance of keeping silent.

And Amiel, uninterrupted, slightly indulged in 'daydreaming' for a moment before continuing—

"Dawne Greene was a 'Mysterious Person' of fallen nobility, whose family could be traced back to the late 'Age of the Holy Empire'—records indicate that the earliest patriarch of the 'Greene Family' was a hunter enlisted by The Holy Court, who rose to nobility through hunting monsters and accruing meritorious service.

But as the Holy Empire crumbled, all was reduced to ashes and oblivion.

However, Dawne Greene, after uncovering Master Geppetto's laboratory from who knows where, once again rendered his family name memorable—

the Silver Age's extermination did not truly erase Dawne Greene's Mechanized Gunpowder Sect.

During the 'Seven Years' War,' in numerous major battles, the sect demonstrated extraordinary strength.

This power aroused curiosity in many.

But...

Amiel said, frowning.

Freeman fought the urge to roll his eyes.

This was what he hated most about her; when discussing important matters, she not only frequently went off on tangents, but also occasionally left people hanging.

Such people were so annoying!

Freeman suppressed the urge to explode at Amiel and continued waiting.

About two or three seconds later, not waiting for Amiel to follow up, she couldn't help pouting.

Then, her voice grew weak and dispirited—

"That power, it includes a 'bizarre' force!

Yes!

It's precisely the 'bizarre' power you're thinking of... so, Malz is doomed!

Lord Kledos will likely be in sorrow, don't you think? If I go comfort him now, might I gain his favor?"

Amiel said, turning her gaze to Freeman.

This time, the newly born 'Blood Descendant' could not hold back; this matter touched on his father's business partner.

Immediately, the 'Blood Descendant' scoffed and spoke.

"Others might be doomed!

But the minions found by Lord Kledos?

Never!"

Freeman declared resoundingly.

"Hah, a greenhorn fresh from the nest!

You will never understand the dangers of the 'Mystic Side'!

According to those experiment records, in less than ten seconds, Malz will be dead!"

Amiel looked at Freeman with the attitude of one who had been there before.

It was an expression filled with arrogance and a sense of superiority, as if she could see through everything.

But as time ticked away second by second, Amiel's eyes began to widen.

The old sheriff did not die!

Far from it, he seemed more vigorous than ever.

In the perception of this woman born in Talin, the old sheriff's vitality was suddenly surging.

"Impossible!

How can this be?"

...

"This isn't mysterious at all!"

Amiel held his head in his hands, ruffling his hair.

"Because—he was chosen by Lord Kledos, my father's collaborator."

Freeman spoke casually, paying no more attention to his 'Supervisor'.

The gaze of the newly born 'Blood Descendant' was firmly fixed on the battlefield that interested him the most—

As the old sheriff fired the first shot, taking down a Mystic Side Person, more enemies emerged from their hiding spots, their cold stares fixed on the figure standing in front of the 'Relief Grocery Store'.

Bob shook his head.

Crack, crack.

After two crisp snaps, the former captain of the Daredevil Team beckoned the group with a wave of his hand.

Without any hesitation, these people raised their firearms and crossbow arrows.

Bang bang bang!

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

Bullets and arrows fell like rain.

Bob stood arms wide open, unafraid of the hail of bullets and arrows.

Bullets and arrows struck him, leaving only shallow marks before bouncing off.

Ting, ting ting!

Amidst the clear sound of bullets and arrows hitting the ground, Bob burst into laughter—

"Haha!

Yes, that's the way!

That's the way!"

The familiar feeling of exhilaration filled the former captain of the Daredevil Team, who looked at the enemies before him as if he were back on the battlefield.

The next moment—

Whirr!

An unusual roaring sound came from within his body, as if it were equipped with a motor, and Bob charged at these people with a speed far beyond anyone's imagination, swinging his hand directly at them.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

A handful of darts flew out in a fan shape.

Seven or eight people were struck by the darts and fell to the ground.

But more people leaped over the bodies, brandishing swords and surrounding Bob, their weapons chopping down heavily on him.

Most of the swords were ineffective.

However, one of the 'sharp weapons' managed to slice through Bob's skin and a little muscle.

Bob was not annoyed; instead, his eyes lit up.

The former captain of the Daredevil Team grabbed the 'sharp weapon' longsword in one motion.

"Hand it over!"

With a low shout from his mouth, the longsword in his right hand had already decapitated his opponent.

And the 'sharp weapon' longsword he had just seized in his left hand drew a perfect arc around his body.

Clang clang clang!

In an instant, the swords in those people's hands were sliced apart.

Before the crowd could react, Bob began to spin.

Wielding twin swords, the former Daredevil Team captain's attacks were anything but hesitant; on the contrary, the 'sharp weapon' longsword only made him more ferocious.

Bob, spinning rapidly, was like a spinning top sweeping through everything in its path.

More like a grinding wheel, ceaselessly grinding flesh and blood.

"Hee hee hoo hoo hahaha!"

Seeing Bob wreaking havoc on the battlefield, Freeman, catching the scent of blood, couldn't help but crack a hysterical laugh.

The new 'Blood Descendant' leaned back, covering his face with one hand and shaking the other uncontrollably.

He couldn't control himself anymore.

He too wanted to join in.

After all, that was what he came for.

But the next moment, the young 'Blood Descendant's' complexion changed, and he leaped to the side.

Amiel had already disappeared from the spot a moment earlier.

Boom!

As if an explosion had struck, the nearby ground trembled slightly, and within the dust raised, a towering figure spoke in a mocking tone—

"Is this the underling of 'Spirit Medium' Arthur Kredos?"

How disappointing!"

The undisguised scorn immediately drew the attention of everyone on and off the battlefield.

At the same time, a crow, perched at the highest point of Rat Street under the night sky, also cast its gaze silently over.

Chapter 379: Prove the Oath!

The night breeze was gentle, and the dust settled.

A burly man, towering over two meters tall, appeared where Freeman and Amiel had just been. Half-crouching, his massive fist sunk entirely into the solid ground, he raised his head, eyes brimming with scorn, and his dark red hair cascaded around him.

However, what caught the attention the most was the scar on the right side of his face.

It was a burn intermingled with sword marks.

With his smile, it twitched spasmodically.

Wu!

Bang!

Freeman swept out with a leg, followed by the dull sound of slicing air, and then an even duller sound of collision.

The unnamed attacker merely lifted an arm to block the heavy and forceful kick, their half-crouching figure not moving an inch.

Freeman narrowed his eyes and immediately launched into a flurry of fierce attacks.

Wu wu wu!

The newly born 'Blood Descendant,' using both fists and feet, each strike accompanied by a chilling whistling noise.

Even a rock would shatter under such a relentless assault, but the unknown attacker effortlessly fended it off.

And throughout, it was done with just one hand.

Even the half-crouched stance did not shift.

"Is this all?"

That's all you've got?

Weak!

Too weak!"

The mockery in the attacker's eyes grew more intense as he seized the Blood Descendant's fist and began to tighten his fingers.

Ga, ga ga!

Amid the sound of cracking knuckles, the Blood Descendant's fist was almost instantaneously reduced to pulp.

But Freeman didn't care; his intact left hand threw another punch down.

"Hahaha!"

The unknown attacker laughed aloud at the sight of the punch.

"A brute with no finesse... give me a break... Eh?"

The unknown attacker was just about to finish Freeman off for good.

However, a test tube flew out from a corner.

Crack!

The vial shattered, and its green potion instantly turned into a mist, enveloping the unknown assailant.

"Child's play!"

The attacker scoffed, and then drew in a deep breath before blowing forcefully.

Whoosh!

The air expelled from his mouth rolled the green fog right back.

But, his grip lightened.

Amiel had grabbed Freeman by the collar and was dragging him away to safety.

The attacker seemed surprised as he looked at his own palm, then his eyes shone brightly as he stared at Amiel, unconsciously licking his lips, with a strange chuckle.

"Heh heh, an unexpected surprise!"

With that, he was about to chase after Amiel, but a figure wielding twin swords blocked his path.

The 'Sharp Weapon' class longsword cleaved the attacker's figure in two, and before Bob's eyes, the attacker was split in half, but Bob's face fell.

The sensation of the longsword touching the attacker's body didn't feel right.

Without thinking, Bob swung his right-hand sword to his back.

Clang!

Just as the former captain of the Daredevil Team completed his defense, a tremendous force appeared behind him, shattering his fine iron longsword under the assailant's fist.

The momentum of the punch did not diminish, continuing to smash towards Bob's back.

Bob did not turn his head, nor did he dodge, instead he pivoted and slashed backward with the sword in his left hand.

Bob understood clearly; he couldn't dodge it.

His bizarre adversary was not only swift but also mastered assassins' secret techniques like 'Mirage.' Against such a foe, the more he dodged, the quicker he would die—his battle instinct told him that he must trade death for death, a skill at which the Daredevil Team excelled.

Even though it was all from thirty years ago, how could Bob possibly forget instincts that were already branded into his soul!

Hum!

A faint glow emanated from the 'Sharp Weapon' grade longsword in his hand.

It swept like a crescent moon towards the person behind him.

"Hmm?"

For the first time, the unknown attacker showed a hint of surprise in his eyes.

But it was quickly replaced by disdain.

The attacker was surprised that the man before him was only one step away from 'Arcana Level,' but that was all. For the assailant, anyone who was not truly of the 'Arcana Level' was not worth his concern.

A vicious smile crept across his face.

This unknown attacker planned to finish off Bob first, then pursue the other two.

Especially Amiel!

Ah, the Eternal Night!

The restless, nameless aggressor was now surrounded by hot winds.

The deep autumn in South Los was already bitterly cold.

Especially during the deep night and early morning, the bone-chilling cold made people shiver uncontrollably.

And now?

This area of Rat Street seemed to have turned into a warm summer evening.

"It's a 'Great Arcana Level'!

This guy is 'Blazing Wind' Greta!"

Amiel, while fleeing, felt this change—especially upon sensing the hot wind, he immediately thought of something and his face turned pale.

'Blazing Wind' Greta, from Seberlin,

had been active along the coast after the 'Seven Years' War,' notorious for robbing ships, kidnapping wealthy businessmen, and being ruthless, especially the tattoo on the right side of his cheek, which was extremely conspicuous. His mere appearance was enough to make one tremble all over, and it was especially terrifying for ladies who often wished for death instead.

Because this man could not act like a normal person,

he always chose some perverted actions.

And then, he vanished without a trace fifteen years ago. It was rumored he had been killed by the guard of a nobleman's ship he attempted to rob.

Everyone believed he was dead but he was still alive.

Previously, Amiel hadn't immediately recognized him due to the scars covering the tattoo.

Now understanding the man's identity, he was scared pale.

She definitely did not want to be pierced by a red-hot poker!

However, this lady from Talin still warned Bob.

And, she threw out more potions.

She hoped to offer some support to Bob, who had intervened on her behalf.

"Haha, I can feel your enthusiasm!

Just wait!

I will cherish you properly in a moment!"

Facing the potions thrown by Amiel, 'Blazing Wind' Greta did not take them seriously, as his hot winds were enough to disperse the poisonous gases.

What he intended to do now was to kill Bob.

Raising her hand, 'Blazing Wind' Greta simply pinched the swinging longsword between her fingers.

"Come on, put some effort into it!"

Greta mocked maliciously.

At the same time, her left hand was raised to finish off Bob.

But at that moment, a sense of intense crisis surged from the depths of her heart.

Without thinking, Greta raised both hands and crossed them in front of her forehead.

It was then—

Bang!

The sound of a gunshot echoed.

A bullet pierced through Greta's hands and lodged itself in the 'Blazing Wind's' forehead.

"That was close!

I almost died!

But, since I didn't die, your death is certain—

I'm going to kill all the men on this street and XX all the women!"

Feeling the pain in her palms and forehead, 'Blazing Wind' roared in rage.

And with such roars, a group of illusionary flames appeared behind the 'Blazing Wind'.

"Great Arcana Level!"

Amiel saw the ghostly flames that seemed as if they could be blown out at any moment and despair crept into her eyes.

The insubstantial flame silhouette, though appearing fragile to the wind, signified...

An insurmountable chasm!

A rift as wide as between two separate worlds!

Without hesitation, the lady from Talin took out the poisons she had prepared for herself.

She would rather die a painless death.

Than suffer torment before her demise.

But—

Crack!

A gust of hot wind swept past, and the vial containing the poison shattered.

The liquid was instantaneously vaporized.

Amiel collapsed right there, and seeing this scene, 'Blazing Wind' Greta's interest grew even more, as she laughed hideously—

"You want to die?

It won't be that easy!

Here, my will is the absolute authority, even death requires my permission!"

Having said that, the 'Blazing Wind' glanced over at Malz in the distance and Bob before her, his eyes filled with mockery.

"Are you the subordinates of Spirit Medium Arthur Kredos?

I wonder what expression he will have when he sees your corpses?

Or perhaps you could try calling out for your master, to see if he will come to your rescue!"

The words filled with malice and humiliation made Malz's expression grow colder as he reloaded his ammunition.

Bob took a deep breath and gripped the longsword in his hand.

Wiggins's lips were pressed tightly together, laying out more explosives underfoot, the Golden Finger held a lit kerosene lamp in his hand.

Scott, knowing he couldn't be of help, sat on a chair, pulling a pen out of his coat pocket and twisting the cap slightly.

Although it was highly unlikely to be of help, he still wanted to try.

'Is this how it ends for me?

It's unexpectedly sloppy.'

The young editor sighed, securing the twisted cap to the back of the pen, its sharp nib still tainted with the odd mix of ink—ink mixed with snake and frog poisons.

This was the young editor's weapon of self-defense.

Kuke clenched the dagger his father had given him, as the Police Chief of Dort District began to take deep breaths, adjusting his state. The skills his father had taught echoed in his mind, hoping to strike as his father did.

And more?

He did not think that far ahead.

Haywood was different, though.

As a farmer, he began picking up explosives from the floor and stuffing them into his jacket pockets.

He lacked exceptional strength, speed, or skills, so he opted for the most direct method.

Of course, deep down, the once greedy landlord couldn't help but silently call for 'Lord, save me.'

But he made no sound.

Since everyone around him remained silent, the once greedy landlord felt it wouldn't do to be so out of place.

'Blazing Wind' Greta clearly saw all this and laughed so hard she cried.

"Won't you guys call out for help even once?"

Perhaps a miracle could happen, right?"

Before killing their prey, Greta always liked to toy with them like this.

She wanted to shame her enemies brazenly, shattering their dignity and illusions before letting them taste the flavor of despair.

However, to Greta's surprise, Amiel, who had been paralyzed, turned over and crawled up, kneeling and actually called out—

"Lord Kredos, save me!"

Greta paused, then laughed even harder.

"Haha, as a reward, I've decided that in a bit, I'll stick two red-hot pokers into your body, one from the front and one from the back!"

The words of 'Blazing Wind' threw Amiel into greater despair.

Because she was certain, the man was not joking.

Instantly, she cried out even more frantically—

"Lord Kredos, save me! There's a psychopathic killer here!"

"Call out, scream! It's so pleasing to the ear!"

'Blazing Wind' felt coming to South Los was the best decision ever.

If she hadn't come to South Los, how would she have met such an amusing woman?

For that, 'Blazing Wind' humored Amiel.

The ill-natured Greta wanted to see even more interesting things.

So, 'Blazing Wind' said earnestly—

"If that guy really answers you at this moment, I will die for you to see!"

Upon finishing her words, the 'Blazing Wind' couldn't contain herself.

Once again, she burst into boisterous laughter.

Arthur Kredos, huh?

How could he possibly be here!

If he were, how would she dare come!

Confident in her heart, the 'Blazing Wind', having had her fill of play, was ready to start enjoying the next part.

But at that moment—

"Is that so?"

Within the indifferent voice, a forty-meter-long pale Sword Qi descended from the sky.

Chapter 380: Somewhat Tainted with Personal Emotions!

...

Hum!

In the unique humming sound, pale Sword Qi descended from the sky and penetrated deep into the ground.

Caught within the Sword Qi, 'Blazing Wind' Greta, dumbfounded, was gazing at the night sky when a smear of crimson stretched from the top of her head to her brow, and from there, all the way down until—

Snap!

She split in two.

Her body, with the sound of blood scattering, heavily fell to the ground.

Amiel stood gaping at the scene.

Thereafter, the lady from Talin instinctively looked up to the night sky.

She wanted to find the figure of the 'Spirit Medium.'

But the dark night sky was completely empty.

'Has Lord Kledos left?'

The lady from Talin wondered in her heart, yet she was shouting out loud.

"Thank you, Lord Kledos, your radiance illuminates my spirit, allowing me to feel a warmth I've never experienced before. I will surely be reborn in this warmth. My admiration for you is like the endless river..."

Approximately five hundred words of praise came from the lady of Talin.

At the side, the newly born 'Blood Descendant' cast a contemptuous glance at the other, moving his now fully recovered right hand while his thoughts raced.

'The recovery rate is faster than I imagined!

Strength, speed, also faster than I thought!

It's just the technique...'

For 'Blazing Wind' Greta, who courted death, the newly born 'Blood Descendant' had no further comments.

In the eyes of the newly born 'Blood Descendant,' the other was just a fool lost in power.

However, he did agree with some of her words.

As a newly born 'Blood Descendant,' he had strength, speed, and recovery far beyond that of ordinary people, but what he lacked was the corresponding technique.

Immediately, the newly born 'Blood Descendant' thought of his 'father.'

He wanted to learn the secret techniques of the Bloodline Clan from his 'father.'

But the whereabouts of his 'father' were unpredictable.

So...

'Does Spirit Medium Arthur Kredos know the secret techniques of the Bloodline Clan?'

He should, right?

Even if he doesn't know the secret techniques, as a collaborator, he should at least know the whereabouts of 'father'!

I must visit him as soon as possible!'

Thinking this, Freeman knelt beside Amiel and yelled out loud—

"Thank you, Lord Kredos, You have granted me a new life like a father, and I will respect you just as I respect my father..."

Freeman's shameless words drew a sidelong glance from Amiel.

The lady of Talin looked disdainfully at the newly born 'Blood Descendant.'

Shameless!

The lady of Talin expressed her emotions with her gaze.

This time, however, Freeman did not retort.

Because Freeman thought of the 'Bloodfire' secret technique she had used before.

Previously, the newly born 'Blood Descendant' had set his sights on acquiring that secret technique.

He was quite confident that he could obtain this technique from Amiel's hands, but he also needed to consider his 'father's' attitude—that's why he hadn't acted yet.

And now?

He still hesitated.

'Can I ask about it through Lord Kledos and get my 'father's' opinion?'

Freeman thought to himself, and his spoken words grew even louder.

At his side, Amiel immediately raised her voice, unwilling to be outdone.

Bob was carefully examining the traces left by the Sword Qi.

"Hiss!"

When he extended his hand, forearm, and upper arm all the way in and yet still couldn't touch the bottom, the former captain of the Daredevil Team immediately drew a breath of cold air.

It wasn't just the depth, but also the smooth touch.

This sword scar, left right in the middle of Rat Street, possessed a sense of evenness and silkiness.

...

It was as if sand and gravel had polished it to a sheen.

Bob, with his extremely strong combat instincts, could instantly imagine just how sharp that colossal Sword Qi was—

'I'm afraid even my body couldn't withstand it.'

Bob thought to himself, feeling a bit annoyed.

For the former leader of the Daredevil Team, strength was naturally a proud part of him, especially the 'invulnerability' his body gained after drinking the Death Soldier Potion twice, which gave him absolute confidence. But now, faced with this Sword Qi, Bob's confidence was shaken.

Just then, Malz appeared beside his old friend. Seeing his buddy's expression, the old sheriff immediately raised his hand and slapped Bob forcefully on the shoulder.

"Hmm?"

"Arthur is our leader, the stronger he is, the better for us, right?"

The old sheriff said with a smile.

Bob was momentarily stunned, then a smile emerged on his face.

The former leader of the Daredevil Team took in his old friend's reminder.

Yes!

He was now a subordinate of Lord Arthur Kredos, and naturally, it was better for him to be stronger.

Quickly, the former leader of the Daredevil Team began to formally shift his mindset.

Watching his old friend's expression closely, the old sheriff breathed a sigh of relief—he knew full well his old friend wasn't the treacherous type; once he got it, he would not backslide.

This was also why he had recommended his old buddy to Arthur.

Otherwise, no matter how capable Bob was, he would not have mentioned him at all.

Because...

In comparison to Bob's abilities, Arthur was the strongest in his heart.

If the former was like a firefly's glow, the latter was the sun.

The sun at high noon!

Dazzling, bursting with endless vitality!

A crow that he raised could kill an enemy that had rendered a whole group of them helpless by dropping just one feather. How strong might Arthur himself be?

He might be on par with that individual, right?

Due to the anomaly, only the old sheriff among those present had seen Arthur's crow.

And because he had seen it, his confidence in Arthur grew even more.

He even thought of the thunderstorm that day, and the figure within it.

Almost immediately, the old sheriff became even more expectant.

He felt he might truly witness a 'miracle.'

He didn't know what kind of 'miracle' Arthur could ultimately create.

But,

He wanted to watch it unfold.

Haywood, Kuke, and Wiggins didn't have so many thoughts.

They were simply amazed by Arthur's strength, and increasingly believed what Malz had said before—Arthur had already arranged everything for them, they just needed to follow the plan.

Wiggins, one of the earliest followers of Arthur, now stood on the edge of the sword mark, his eyes filled with devotion and fervor.

'With such power, the whole Rat Street will become 'safe'!'

Golden Finger thought to himself, then he walked straight over to the body of 'Blazing Wind' Greta, pointed at the bodies around him, and roared loudly to the whole Rat Street—

"This is the Kledos Family!"

Scott watched this scene with a smile.

Golden Finger had mentioned more than once that many of these guys were Rat Street forces, and now that they had the chance, they naturally wanted to completely root out those forces to truly unify Rat Street.

This was naturally a good thing.

And him?

If he could, of course, he wanted to offer some help.

Scott, having switched to a new fountain pen, began writing an article while recording everything that had just happened—he hoped to write a chronicle for Arthur.

Through Wuni's vision, Arthur took in everything.

Clearly, 'Blazing Wind' Greta's appearance was arranged by the member of the Death Poetry Society.

Some personal rivalry was mixed up in it.

Therefore, the young Spirit Medium decided to repay the other party in kind.

Immediately, he turned his head to look at Marinda beside him and whispered—

"Would you check who's missing now at 6 White Bird Street?"