

Great Master 411

Chapter 411: Seize the Initiative!

Adi held his breath and cautiously approached the "Spirit Medium." As the deputy leader and archaeologist of the "Storm Sword" Deljo team, this bald middle-aged man was certainly no ordinary person. Moreover, he was not like most from the Mystic Side who got involved halfway through their lives. Adi had a legacy. Part of it came from his mother. The other part came from his teacher. His mother was a Mystic Side Person who had fortunately not gone insane or chaotic, and had opened the door to a new world for Adi. His teacher, from "Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association," was an organization with considerable fame in Yan Fort. With his teacher's Great Arcana Level power, he was qualified and able to take over the "Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association," but his teacher preferred archaeology and unearthing history. Conveniently, his mother was an archaeologist. Therefore, he became his teacher's apprentice. However, he was not the most outstanding one, just exceptionally good in a certain area. Or to be precise... He was lopsided! Among the many secret techniques of the "Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association," he had only mastered stealth and invisibility but had honed these to a very high standard. But the rest? Not that he didn't know them. They were just a mess. Still, even with his lopsided abilities, Adi had gained some fame and had become the right hand of "Storm Sword" Deljo. Therefore, Adi was very confident about this approach to Arthur. Of course, he had no ill intentions. He was here to "recruit Arthur into the group"! The tight security near the beach today was enough to tell them that without a big shot like Arthur joining them, their mission was utterly doomed. Adi was still pondering his approach in his mind. Then, suddenly, he realized something was amiss. A chill suddenly emerged in his heart, a foreboding feeling that made Adi shudder involuntarily. Next, he raised his hands high and bowed his body low, indicating his harmlessness. As the deputy leader of the exploration team, Adi understood all too well what this situation meant— Warning! A warning mixed with a murderous intent! If he ignored the warning, the next would be an attack filled with murderous intent! Adi was absolutely certain of this. He was exceedingly grateful for this realization. The deputy leader of the exploration team was grateful that he had not encountered a madman who would attack indiscriminately and was grateful for his vast experience. Adi, always meticulous and cautious, had experienced similar situations more than once. Every experience told Adi that if you want to live, then choose to acknowledge defeat at the first opportunity. As for showing off one's strength? Absolutely impossible! Adi had seen too many rookies who, because of pride and such minor affairs, had shown off their strength, only to lose their lives in the end. Therefore, at this moment, Adi, while indicating his harmlessness, kept his head low and did not look around or probe his surroundings. But then, a dog's head came close. Adi had not realized when this dog's head had appeared. 'A Labrador? Cream-colored, not very pure though. But that smile is quite charming.' Upon seeing Kuliqi, as someone who was very fond of dogs but could not keep one due to his work, Adi almost subconsciously made a judgment. Immediately, Adi's expression stiffened. Because he confirmed that the warning murderous intent came from this good-looking smiling dog. This, how was this possible? Then, the quite knowledgeable Adi trembled as he thought of a possibility— "Death Hound"! 'Everyone stay back, it's a "Death Hound"!' Adi immediately used the "Messaging Technique" to inform his teammates, who upon sensing something amiss wanted to come over. Facing the "Death Hound" in front of them, except for their captain who was currently in the arena, they would be no match, one and all. Moreover, making a rash attack would only enrage the opponent. It was far better for him alone to handle this. Adi, thinking inwardly, was about to lower his body into a crawl. But he was stopped by Kuliqi lifting a paw. With a look of disdain,

Kuliqui tucked himself into the shadows at Arthur's feet, and from Adi's perspective, it was as if he had disappeared. His pride in stealth and invisibility was nothing in front of the "Death Hound." Adi stared blankly at the spot where Kuliqui had vanished, and his gaze naturally followed the shadows to Arthur. Almost immediately, a realization dawned on him— 'Lord Kledos is saying that I am even inferior to his dog!' There was no doubt. And no hesitation. Adi was absolutely certain. Compared to other members of the team, Adi's extensive experiences allowed him to discern the nuances when Arthur showed goodwill— It was a mastered, in-command goodwill with a hint of sharpness. Deeply hidden, yet genuinely present. Now? Adi had confirmed it. No! More accurately, Adi had overturned his previous perception of Arthur. Anyone who could keep a "Death Hound" could only be so benevolent. And this was not just benevolence with a hint of sharpness. It was clearly the last trace of moral sympathy surviving in death. 'Terrifying person!' Adi thought inwardly, growing even more cautious. The deputy leader of the adventure team immediately adjusted his emotions and, without any hesitation, made his intentions clear— "Lord Kledos, on behalf of our team, I would like to discuss a matter with you; there is something near the beach in the Docklands..." "Ha, I spared you before dawn, but you dared to come back!" A light laugh interrupted the deputy leader of the adventure team. Suddenly, Adi felt as if he had been struck by lightning. What? The people excavating those ruins belong to the Kledos Family? 'Could he be bluffing me?' Adi thought inwardly but immediately shook his head. To this deputy leader of the adventure team, Arthur had absolutely no need to bluff him. What would bluffing them achieve? They neither possessed extraordinary wealth nor held any special secrets. The most notable aspect, their captain Deljo's strength, meant nothing to the opposition. It couldn't be that he was interested in them, right? Others, maybe! But not the South Los 'Spirit Medium,' definitely not. After all, the members of the rumored 'Cat Faction.Black Cat Faction' were all elite and not few in number; targeting them made no sense! Of course, the most crucial aspect was timing! Arthur's grasp on timing was very precise; they really had gone before dawn! This meant Arthur had mercifully spared them once already. Yet they had come back! And wanted to collaborate with Arthur, the controller of those ruins! 'This... It's over! We've walked right into a trap!' Adi inwardly lamented continuously. This deputy leader of the adventure team seemed to see his group's demise. Instinctively, this deputy leader started thinking about how to change what seemed to be a deadly conclusion. But it was difficult, even impossible to say! 'We're really doomed!' This deputy leader started to feel desperate inside. But just then, he heard Arthur ask softly— "How do you plan to compensate me?"

Chapter 412: The Initiative of the 'Spirit Medium'!

Compensation?! Adi, who was already prepared to close his eyes and await death, immediately widened his eyes when he heard this. There was still a chance! No need to die! The joy in his heart made the vice-captain of the exploration team's breathing become hurried. He began to think about what his team could offer as compensation. Money? They had some, but the "Spirit Medium" in front of them would certainly not be interested. Secret techniques, for the same reason. Even the secret technique of their leader, "Storm Sword" Deljo, was inferior compared to the "Spirit Medium" who had already reached the Entry level. What about props? From years of exploring, they had indeed accumulated a good number of props. But they were all of the common Arcana Level. The real quality items were few. And even such quality items would hardly impress the "Spirit Medium" before them. Being an archaeologist and a part-time mysticist, Adi's judgment was quite discerning. Therefore, with just a glance at the "Spirit Medium," Arthur, he quickly deduced that the value of the props he possessed far exceeded their own. What was left for them to offer then? People! Themselves! Upon this thought, a bitter smile

emerged on Adi's face. "To express our apologies, we are willing to serve you..." The vice-captain of the exploration team said this while stealthily observing Arthur's expression. Adi wanted to mention the "number of services" based on Arthur's demeanor. In his heart, twice was most appropriate, and even thrice was acceptable. But... When the vice-captain saw a distinct look of disdain on Arthur's face, he just couldn't bring himself to mention the number. The vice-captain's words came to an abrupt stop. What was supposed to be "a few times of service" became just "service." Missing two words, the meaning had changed dramatically. The former was temporary employment, the latter was akin to an indenture contract. The vice-captain wanted to explain, but he just couldn't find the words. Because after showing disdain, the "Spirit Medium" also furrowed his brow. His demeanor clearly conveyed utter contempt for them. "Let Deljo demonstrate his full strength before me tomorrow. If he passes, I will accept your service. If not, I will give you a suggestion." Arthur said indifferently and then brushed past Adi to enter the tent. This patronizing tone left the vice-captain of the exploration team with a wry smile. He glanced towards the direction of the tent and then went to his teammates. He knew they were in big trouble. If their leader could not pass the test tomorrow, it was highly likely that they would all be killed, right? No! They would definitely be killed! Although the "Spirit Medium" had only mentioned a suggestion! But this suggestion was surely filled with death! And all along, the vice-captain of the exploration team never once thought that Arthur was after their lives— Firstly, because of the reputation of the "Black Cat Faction." Secondly, because of Arthur's attitude of disdain, looking down on them as if they were beneath him. If it were only for the first reason, the vice-captain might still have had some doubts. But with the second reason, the vice-captain was completely out of ideas. And this was exactly what Arthur wanted! Arthur needed a team of explorers like Deljo's to find various relics and to replenish XP. A sincere invitation is naturally the best. But to impress someone of the "Great Arcana Level" is not an easy task. At this stage, Arthur had many things that could do the trick, but those were things that Arthur himself needed and simply could not be offered as bargaining chips. Therefore, Arthur chose another method to "invite" the other party. He wouldn't go and invite the person. Rather, he would make the person beg him. The reversal of their relationship directly changed the troubling situation at hand. 'I don't want to pay for the goods, but I still want them, what can you do? Little Arthur, remember, we are not robbers, we are "Spirit Mediums," we can't just take other people's things at will! So— We have to make the person and their belongings all ours! Taking one's own things isn't robbery!' Old Charlie's words were etched in Arthur's heart. And now? He was simply applying what he learned. According to the original plan, Arthur was prepared to use Marinda a bit to help her get into the game smoothly, but who knew that their people would take the initiative to come to him. Arthur naturally would not hold back. And the results were good. Of course, there were always unexpected events. Once Adi returned, this exploration team might leave South Los overnight—although under the Deterrence of the "Death Hound" and the "Alert Line" he had set up in advance, this possibility was extremely slim. But just in case, Arthur still had Wuni follow them. After finishing all this, Arthur picked up Pendragon and lay back on the soft couch. Scott was still making the final adjustments next to him. Arthur, who pretended to rest with his eyes closed, focused his attention on Deljo's exploration team— The match between "Storm Sword" Deljo and Lord Ernest's nephew had ended. Deljo won with ease. The "Storm Sword" didn't take it seriously at all and got his ticket to the semifinals with just a casual strike. However, when the "Storm Sword" made his way to where his teammates were, he found his teammates looking a bit off. "What's wrong? Was the invitation unsuccessful?" the "Storm Sword" asked. "Not unsuccessful, but unexpected," Adi replied without any concealment, recounting what had just happened. As soon as Adi finished speaking, the youngest, Little Winna, immediately raised her

hand to speak. "Why don't we abandon this relic? I have a feeling things are too dangerous this time! If we leave South Los right now, with South County being so big, even that 'Spirit Medium' couldn't possibly find us!" Pruitt, the chef, nodded in agreement with Little Winna's words. But Winna's sister, Edwina, shook her head. "That 'Spirit Medium' keeps a 'Death Hound.' If we run away and he lets the 'Death Hound' loose, we simply can't hide our tracks. Once the 'Death Hound' finds us, it means the 'Spirit Medium' has found us, and we're no match for an 'Entrant'." The tall redhead Riddle Solver, a Mysticist, shook her head. "I'm sorry, it's my..." Adi immediately stood up to apologize, but before he could finish, Deljo interrupted him. "The decision to have you negotiate was agreed upon by everyone. Besides, who would have thought that the beach would belong to His Excellency?" Deljo said with a bitter smile. Everyone around him appeared helpless. Each person felt the play of Destiny. Then, all eyes turned to Deljo, waiting for him to make the final decision. After looking at his teammates, Deljo's expression became serious. The expedition team captain suddenly asked a surprising question— "What do you think, does His Excellency hope we agree, or does he hope we don't?"

Chapter 413 I Really Do Eat Beef!

Hearing their team leader's words, the entire exploration team was stunned. Those who were slower to respond, such as the cook, Assistant Attacker Pruitt, Little Winna, and others, were still scratching their heads. While those who were quicker on the uptake had already guessed what their team leader meant. For example: Adi and Edwina. "Captain, are you saying that this gentleman does not wish for us to agree?" Edwina lowered her voice. Deljo nodded. Little Winna showed a look of confusion. "Why? Shouldn't he want us to agree?" "Yeah, why?" Pruitt also looked puzzled. "He wants a legitimate excuse to make a move! I finally understand why he didn't give any warnings when he found us peeping at the ruins under that stretch of beach! Because, he knew we would go to him! Because, he was waiting for us to come to him! And then... he could start his game— a hunting game that belonged solely to him. And us? We are the prey!" As Adi spoke, his face revealed his after-fear. And next to him, 'Storm Sword' Deljo nodded. "Exactly, that is the problem I suddenly thought of just now. This gentleman adheres to his own rules, but he definitely does not mind killing a few who break those rules. If no one breaks his rules? Then he creates some, just like... the idle Noble we encountered before." As 'Storm Sword' said this, his words paused for a moment. Because, he saw his team members' lingering fears. Compared to the Noble they thought they could handle but still barely survived, the present 'Spirit Medium' was the truly frightening entity. If they ever fell into his 'hunting', even he would not be likely to survive. However... he must make sure his team members lived! With this thought, 'Storm Sword' hesitated no longer and declared outright— "Tomorrow I will give it my all, I will definitely qualify!" "Captain..." The members all looked towards their team leader, who was solemn-faced. Little Winna's eyes were already brimming with tears. Even the youngest among them could sense that their captain was prepared to risk his life so that they could survive. If Little Winna had noticed, how could the others not have? Instantly, all of them were filled with sorrow and anger. "Do not act rashly! On the platform, that gentleman will show some restraint! But if you act on your own, that gentleman will not hold back at all—even, that is what that gentleman wants. He would love for you to do so, to start his 'hunt' early!" 'Storm Sword' reminded his team members. Every surrounding member, filled with unwillingness, nodded helplessly. They might not care about their own lives. But they could not ignore the lives of their companions. For a time, the atmosphere in this corner became tragic, in stark contrast to the cheerfulness around it. Arthur: ... 'Are you being polite? "You guys are going to make me start thinking I'm some kind of freak who doesn't eat beef!" With the help of Wuni's vision, Arthur looked at everything before him and

began to rant wildly in his heart. He really wasn't a bad person. At worst, he could be considered slightly unkind. But he truly had no ill intentions. He simply wanted Deljo and the others to work for him, that's all. And it wasn't for free. He was willing to 'pay wages.' It's just that he didn't have any right now, so he would owe them in the meantime. He swore that as soon as Deljo and the others found something valuable and handed it over to him for appraisal, he would then give it to Marinda to sell, to get enough gold coins, and he would definitely pay them for their work. How could such a man suddenly be taken for a pervert? Sigh! Arthur let out a sigh from the bottom of his heart. At this moment, as Scott finished his final adjustments and saw that Arthur was closing his eyes, breathing deeply, he chose not to disturb him and quietly left. The report in his hand was today's special issue! It was an exclusive story from the Horn Report! Moreover, he could guarantee that today's report would set South Los ablaze! The newly appointed editor-in-chief couldn't wait to see the shocked expressions of the public. At the same time, the newly appointed editor-in-chief was also looking forward to taking the Horn Report to greater heights thanks to this report. Arthur opened one eye and glanced at Scott's retreating figure. Then he hugged Pendragon and began to prepare to catch up on sleep. But clearly, this was a pipedream— The outbursts of astonishment occasionally heard from Elta Square made Arthur think he had entered a concert, with the noise nearing 100 decibels. After attempting several times, Arthur sat up, rubbing his face. The young Spirit Medium gave up on the idea of catching up on sleep there. He walked straight out of the tent and looked towards the ring. On the ring, Lord Dibwa and Lord Bass's nephews were truly fighting as if their lives depended on it. Even if they couldn't win the championship, securing a third-place spot would still be an impressive credential, especially if they became Wanderer Knights later on. At least, they could get two more sets of armor from their uncles. So as each of them aimed their longswords at their opponent's vital spots, they used their footwork to make the attacks non-fatal and crippling before launching even more lethal strikes. Their manner of fighting had long surpassed the 'fencing games' normally seen among nobles, adopting instead the combat tactics of the battlefield. Similarly, this fighting style where every sword strike drew blood elicited gasps from the surrounding audience. This was the case even with the Bern Family's three brothers' performances from the previous day as a prelude. Because today, Lord Dibwa and Lord Bass's nephews had more sophisticated swordsmanship and greater physical strength. And they were also... More ruthless! Lord Dibwa's nephew, facing his cousin's longsword thrust toward his abdomen, suddenly stopped dodging and let the sword pierce through his belly. His own longsword, in turn, penetrated the other's chest. Thud! Thud! Amidst two sounds of metal cutting, Lord Dibwa and Lord Bass's nephews, each impaled with the other's longsword, fell to the ground, not getting up. In the midst of the surrounding outcry, fresh blood spilled from where the blades had entered. Those with some knowledge could tell these were fatal wounds. The two young men had gambled their lives for their ambitions. Doctors at the ring's side immediately rushed onto the field, carefully examining both men, but the prognosis they reached was very bleak. The doctor's experience told him that as soon as the longswords were removed from their bodies, both would immediately bleed out and die. With slight regret, the doctor shook his head. The people around witnessed this scene. Suddenly, everyone's eyes filled with pity. They mourned the passing of life. And just at that moment, a faint voice came— "How about, let me give it a try?"

Chapter 414: Admission Ticket!

The calm voice sounded so loud amidst the silent surroundings. As everyone's gaze shifted toward the direction of the voice, the remnants of the sunset just happened to circle around the Bell Tower on Elta Square, casting a dazzling light on the figure in a black coat, holding an Orange Cat, and wearing a gentle

smile. "Master!" "Lord Kledos!" Different titles were called out one after another. Arthur set Pendragon down on the ground. "Wait here for me, don't wander off!" With these words, under the watchful eyes of the crowd, Arthur quickly mounted the stage. He had damaged his organs! Arthur had just glanced and seen the severity of the injuries of both Lord Dibwa's nephew and Lord Bass's nephew. In the current world's conventional medical standards, with injuries like theirs, apart from waiting for death, there were basically no other options. But this world had the "Mystic Side." "Could you help me with something?" Arthur looked at the doctor on the stage—a middle-aged man wearing a cotton mask, head cover, and gloves, his age evident from the crow's feet around his exposed eyes. However, he had very pronounced dark circles. Being able to serve as the stage's doctor meant that he had a considerable reputation in South Los. As for the dark circles? He must have been busy with his own affairs aside from the "Swordsmanship Competition." Just like him! Arthur was certain if the "Swordsmanship Competition" extended over a week, he too would have dark circles. Fortunately, the final championship was tomorrow. After that? He planned to rest well for two days, definitely not going out, just sleeping. "Of course, what do I need to do?" The doctor asked very politely. "Hold the hilt. When I slowly pour the potion, you need to pull out the longsword steadily and slowly, definitely not too fast, and don't tremble." Arthur instructed. The "Hand of Void" could have done this step as well, but Arthur did not want to reveal the fact that his "Hand of Void" was different from the others. Fortunately, there was a readily available doctor in front of him. As a doctor, having steady hands was paramount! After all, after the Holy Court-controlled Holy Era and the Nobles-controlled Silver Age, doctors in the Pioneer Era had gradually gotten on the right track. Gone were the days when barbers and doctors were the same people, staunchly believing in bleeding and purgatives as cures for most diseases, and using hot irons to treat fistulas—of course, some places still held these beliefs staunchly, especially those troubled by hair loss, convinced that bird droppings could induce hair growth. For the most part, people understood this. After all... That was their only hope. Who would blame someone superstitious because of baldness? Their every single hair strand had a name! "Understood." The doctor grasped the hilt of the longsword impaled in Lord Bass's nephew. This young man's longsword was stuck in his chest, and he was more severely injured. Arthur pulled out a healing potion produced by Amiel from the potion bag in his coat, uncorked it slowly, and poured it around the wound. Under the astonished gaze of the doctor, the wound visibly began to heal. "Focus!" Arthur gently reminded him. Anyone encountering the 'Mystic Side' for the first time would react similarly, Arthur understood this well and was not annoyed, and he continued to control the flow of the potion. "Good!" The arena doctor immediately nodded and began to slowly pull out the longsword. Steady, without a tiny bit of trembling. Not causing any extra wounds. The potion slowly seeped in as well. When the spilling Fresh Blood came into contact with the potion, it immediately began to scab, blocking further bleeding—clearly, although Amiel was unreliable most of the time, the Potions she made were quite good. 'In the future, I can commission her to make more, just in case.' Arthur thought to himself, and as soon as the arena doctor had completely pulled out the sword, he immediately poured out half of the potion from the test tube, and then poured the remaining half into the mouth of the Lord's nephew. Observing the wound scab and the nephew of Lord Bass breathing steadily, Arthur nodded silently. His goal was half achieved. One more to go. Arthur's sudden speech naturally had its own purpose. Apart from the necessary XP. It was also because Arthur needed an 'entry ticket' to the 'South Los Nobility Circle'—Knighthoods are recognized by the public as Nobles, but are not very useful in the South Los Nobility Circle. Arthur was very aware of this. More clear to him was that entering this closed, ancient, rigid, and dirty circle would require more time, energy, and... swallowing disgust! Naturally, Arthur was somewhat resistant to this. But to gain access to the Legacy

and Mystical Knowledge that these Nobles possessed, he had to 'not fear getting dirty'. Push harder? As long as the South Los family were not extinct, Arthur would remain calm. However, Arthur's luck recently was quite good— When both the nephew of Lord Bowa and the nephew of Lord Bass fell to the ground at the same time, Arthur knew that his chance had arrived. Even though these two young men could not inherit their uncles' titles, as descendants of Nobles, even becoming Wanderer Knights, they were incomparable to common folks. And by virtue of saving their lives, when the two families hosted salons and banquets again, Arthur would definitely be among those invited. Similarly, when Arthur hosted salons and banquets, he could invite them as well. Do not underestimate such salons and banquets. This is what is called 'the circle'. A kind of 'protective film' that isolates most people from channels of promotion, allowing a small part to enjoy more resources. When order is in chaos, this film is useless, and if you are tough enough, it just takes a poke to break it, at most causing a little bleeding. But when order is intact, this film becomes elevated, concealed in brilliance, blinding those who look up. Time passed by the second, and once the nephew of Lord Dibwa was also breathing steady and out of danger, the people of Elta Square once again gave a round of applause to the young 'Spirit Medium'. Arthur nodded to the crowd around him. Then, with a gentle gaze to the two young men still lying on the arena, he spoke slowly— "Rest up, it's okay, it's all over now." "Thank you, Lord Kledos." Both expressed their thanks in unison, and Arthur smiled a little, then signaled for the stretcher to come up on the arena. No persuasions. No advice either. Compared to commoners, these Noble descendants' pride would not readily accept others' kindness. Of course, because of this pride, Arthur also did not worry about his own return. Whether or not the two learned a lesson from this nearly Death experience, such returns would not change. Watching as the two Noble descendants were carried off the arena, Arthur also jumped down from the arena and embraced Pendragon, who was waiting nearby. At this time, the arena doctor quickly approached, first bowing in greeting and then, in a very low voice, asked— "Lord Kledos, do you think Death can lead to Resurrection?" Hearing such a question, Arthur's face still maintained a smile, but his eyes slightly narrowed.

Chapter 415: The Difference Between Cats and Dogs!

At that moment, Arthur somehow thought that the arena doctor came as a probe from the Countess of South Los. He had performed the act of "guiding Lost Souls to the Eternal Rest and releasing an Evil Spirit," and to the Countess, it translated to his desire to resurrect his parents. Even earlier, the Female Swordmaster had prodded him in roundabout ways. So, when the arena doctor spoke up, Arthur subconsciously assumed it was the same. After all, the doctor was indeed the physician for the "Swordsmanship Competition," a veritable person belonging to the Countess. And the reason for doing so was naturally the Countess's own 'chastisement'. It could have been because of the South Town matter. Or possibly due to other affairs within South Los. However, Arthur quickly realized that wasn't the case. The doctor's conduct should be of his own accord, irrelevant to the Countess. Firstly, given the Countess's status and their relationship, she wouldn't 'tolerate' such repetitive admonitions towards him—although this reclusive, Eagle Eye Count was not one to be overly critical, by the same token, he wasn't a merciful person, either. Therefore, compared to repeated advice, Lord Count was more adept at expressing his stance through actions. For example: a bolt of lightning. Secondly, and most importantly, The arena doctor had taken off his mask, revealing sandy blond hair, deep dark circles, and... sorrow—sorrow hidden deep in his eyes and face, unmistakable under Arthur's Insight and piercing gaze. 'Did he lose a loved one? At his age, if it were his parents who had died, although sad, he should have come to terms with it. So... It must be his wife or child.' Arthur thought to himself and

continued in a gentle voice— "The deceased can be resurrected. But I do not recommend doing so." "Why?" The arena doctor immediately became somewhat agitated, but quickly, the doctor realized his impropriety. "I apologize, Lord Kledos. I have lost my composure. My name is Lindster; I used to be the doctor at 'Lindster Clinic.' Now I am..." The doctor took a step back and apologized, thereafter introducing himself. But when it came to the end, he did not know how to describe his current self. Arthur had heard of Lindster Clinic. It was a reputable clinic in the Dort District. Not only because the clinic had a highly skilled Doctor Lindster, but also because the doctor was kind and generous, providing a good deal of free medication to the local workers. And what made Arthur remember this clinic was a recent newspaper report about Doctor Lindster's wife suffering an accident and tragically perishing. "I sympathize deeply with what you have gone through. Nonetheless, I still advise against it, because— You do not know whom you are truly bringing back." Arthur said, his face appropriately showing helplessness and sorrow. Although the Lindster doctor in front of him wasn't a Scout sent by Mother Tigress, Arthur didn't mind reinforcing Mother Tigress's impression of the matter. As for Mother Tigress being indifferent? Impossible. In the short duration of his conversation with Lindster, at least two hidden gazes had scanned the area. Arthur was certain that after he finished talking to Lindster, the doctor would definitely be interrogated by Mother Tigress's subordinates. Of course, most likely, they would ensure the doctor's 'memory' suffered a slight discrepancy after the questioning. To make everything appear more logical and reasonable. "Uncertain of who I would bring back?" Doctor Lindster murmured to himself. "Offer condolences." Arthur said softly, a look of apology in his eyes. He nodded slightly and then passed by the other side of the doctor. Outside Elta Square, the carriage driven by Edwin had already been waiting there. The quarterfinals of the Swordsmanship Competition had ended, but the performances weren't over, as they would continue until late at night. Had he gotten enough sleep, Arthur wouldn't have minded enjoying the subsequent singing and dancing shows or strolling through the rare market that had formed because of the Swordsmanship Competition. But on the premise of lacking sleep, Arthur just wanted to go back and catch up on his rest. He opened the carriage door to find it empty inside. "My lord, there are some matters to handle. However, she asked me to inquire what you would like for breakfast tomorrow?" Marinda's coachman inquired. "Mainly egg tarts, as for the rest? Leave it to Mary to freely match them. Also, please thank Mary for me—she has allowed me to once again experience the goodness of this world." Arthur replied with a smile. He had tasted Mary the cook's culinary skills more than once, and they were extremely delicious, especially the egg tarts, which Arthur particularly liked. And faced with such a cook, Arthur certainly wanted to express his gratitude. It was precisely because of a cook like Mary that the profession was not sullied by those so-called chefs who label themselves after white and red roses. After making such disgusting food, those two still dared to sell it! What's most important is, those two never ate the food they made themselves! They really should be thankful for the public order in South Los. In other places, such people would undoubtedly be beaten to death. "I will convey the message exactly; Mary will surely be very happy someone praised her culinary skills." Edwin said as he closed the carriage door for Arthur. The carriage smoothly made its way to No. 2 Cork Street. Meanwhile, outside No. 2 Cork Street, Merlin had not left; he was standing at the gate with his companion Gawain, waiting. The energetic Gawain was somewhat nervous, and upon seeing Arthur step down from the carriage, he became even more anxious. "Th-thank you, sir! I will definitely work hard!" Though nervous, Gawain still loudly expressed his thanks. "I look forward to your performance—and now, you need to go home. I wouldn't want your families to misunderstand something because of your late return." Arthur said with a smile. "Yes, sir!" Gawain immediately nodded. The kind Arthur completely eased the child's nerves, and he looked forward even more to his

work. Merlin was meanwhile giving his final report of the day. "As per your instructions, dinner is still provided by 'Grandma Andor's Kitchen'—tonight's main dish is fried meat, potato cakes, seared fish, with peanut butter tomato bisque for the soup, as well as white bread and roasted potatoes." "Hmm, see you in the morning, Merlin." "See you in the morning, sir." Arthur watched as Merlin and Gawain walked away. Usually, Merlin would finish work much earlier than this. Besides his specially instructed dinners, a note would generally be left. Arthur waved goodbye to Edwin and entered No. 2 Cork Street, yawning as he pushed open the door, with Pendragon immediately jumping out of his arms and walking in. Kuliqi signaled to Arthur that it preferred to stay in the yard. As a dignified dog, it didn't want to be ridden by a cat. Arthur understood and then dragged Kuliqi into the room, placing Pendragon on Kuliqi's head. Kuliqi, the dog, was shocked. Pendragon, the cat, was bewildered. Arthur, hahaha, laughed out loud. With high spirits, Arthur's appetite was hearty, and he nearly devoured everything on the dinner table in a ferocious manner before finally taking Pendragon to bed. Until, just before dawn. When that figure appeared, Arthur's tightly closed eyes suddenly opened one.

Chapter 416: The Night Death's Child Descended to the Human World!

Just before dawn, when everyone was half asleep, Left Cantor Potterman from the Death Poetry Society arrived as promised. This man, dressed in a hooded cloak, passed through Dar Alley like a ghost and came before the gate of No. 2 Cork Street, lifting his head to gaze at the imposing Death Serpent Banyan with a look of awe in his eyes. In the once-holy land of the Death Poetry Society at Atobur, there also had been a similar plant. Its existence had always been a symbol of the holy land of the Death Poetry Society, and it was once one of their essential insignias. Many old-school members of the Death Poetry Society still reverently refer to it as The Sacred Tree. As for those new faction bastards? How could the holy land have been destroyed if not for those bastards? How could the president have been gravely injured and concealed, and how could the entire Death Poetry Society have lost its foundation? And The Sacred Tree... It had been burned down and completely uprooted afterward. It was never again teeming with life. Potterman's eyes, filled with nostalgia for the past and brimming with hatred, soon became invigorated. 'It's different now! Everything is different now! The emergence of the Death's Child, as foretold in the prophecy, will change everything. The Death Poetry Society will not only rebuild the holy land, but it will also make the glory of 'Death' shine brightly once again!' Looking at the Death Serpent Banyan before him, even as the Left Cantor of the Death Poetry Society, Potterman became emotionally stirred at this moment. Because of the prophecy of an old friend! Potterman initially had not believed much in such prophecies. However, as time passed, one event after another unfolded, all telling him that the prophecy was true. There were just a few deviations earlier on. That didn't matter much. Aren't prophecies always like this? The important thing was, it was now back on track. As for the losses and consumption during this process? Those were normal. 'Death' itself underwent processes. How much more so for those who followed Death? All these were permissible. The only important thing was to find the true Death's Child! Thinking this, Potterman took a deep breath, straightened his attire, and then knocked lightly on the gate. An Invisible Hand opened the gate, as well as the door to No. 2 Cork Street. The Left Cantor of the Death Poetry Society, without hesitation, stepped inside the room, and with the door closing behind him, Potterman took off his hood, revealing a face handsome enough that even the brown beard on his chin did not make him appear unkempt. On the contrary, it gave him a mature charm. Moreover, he was elegant in his manner, walking with an air of grace. However, his forward march halted abruptly. Because— Kuliqi. Ordered by Arthur to temporarily reveal himself, Kuliqi, who was lying at the corner of the hallway, was spotted by Potterman. Almost instantly, Potterman saw

beyond the cream-colored Labrador's exterior to recognize the true being inside: the Death Hound. Potterman was stunned. Then, he smiled. 'Isn't it only natural for the Holy Son of Death to keep a Death Hound as a pet? No need to be surprised! All these are normal practices!' The Left Cantor of the Death Poetry Society reassured himself. At the same time, he became even firmer in his belief in his friend's prophecy. Walking up to the Spirit Medium Parlor, the Left Cantor of the Death Poetry Society bowed slightly and softly greeted— "Good evening, Arthur. I am truly pleased that you agreed to meet with me. You may not know what we have endured just to make this meeting happen." "Oh, what have you endured?" Seated inside the Spirit Medium Parlor, Arthur stood up in response to his words and went to the kitchen to boil water. Potterman stood at the entrance of the Spirit Medium Parlor, looking at Arthur's back in the kitchen, and started to smile bitterly. "You're asking even though you already know." All of this is within your and your grandfather's control, isn't it? We never thought that you are the true 'Death's Child' we have been desperately seeking! Nor did we imagine that your grandfather could conceal Destiny, leading us to focus on Horton, that counterfeit." As he spoke, the bitterness in the smile of the 'Death Poetry Society' Left Cantor grew even more intense. Because, he remembered the words of his own friend— 'Once Destiny was concealed by Lord Charlie, that moment generated fifty-seven thousand six hundred and twenty-two possibilities, of which fifty-seven thousand six hundred twenty lead to dead ends. Only two paths are paths to life. One of them is extremely difficult. The other, however, is easy. The easy one, is unreachable for our Peeping. And our Saint Heir chose the difficult one, which we could peer into, all because of a lady. Perhaps, this is what love is!' The 'Death Poetry Society' Left Cantor could hear the helplessness in his friend's voice when he relayed these words. And he understood his friend's helplessness very well. Because he felt the same. Although Arthur's choice led them to discover his true identity, they couldn't feel happy about it at all. There was always this feeling as if 'love' was brutally mocking 'death.' And it was 'death' that approached willingly. The only consolation, perhaps, was that the lady did not reject 'death.' If it weren't for his friend's intervention, he would probably have contacted that lady by now, inviting her to join the 'Death Poetry Society.' 'Do not interfere with His Highness, the Holy Son's love. We only need to ensure the safety of His Highness and that of the lady. The rest? It's best just to observe.' Remembering his friend's words, Potterman quickly adjusted his mood, his eyes looking at Arthur's back, shining with fervor and palpable expectation. 'Indeed, the rumored 'Death Poetry Society' Right Pastor who possesses the 'Prophecy' ability, also has a kind of 'Retrospection' ability.' Arthur, who had anticipated this, showed no panic. And no excitement. Everything was under his control. He let the boiling water settle momentarily, controlling the temperature with extreme precision, brewing tea for Potterman. As the tea, filled with the aroma of beans, began to spread throughout the Spirit Medium Parlor, Arthur looked towards the 'Death Poetry Society' Left Cantor opposite him. His eyes were calm, devoid of any fear, hate. Only calmness, and a bit of... Helplessness. Potterman stirred his teacup with his fingers, and upon seeing such a look in Arthur's eyes, he immediately admired his old friend from the bottom of his heart. Before, he used to misunderstand this old friend of his. Always thought his friend was too arrogant. But now, he realized he was wrong. He had overcomplicated a simple matter. And made himself become complicated from a simple person. In reality, none of these were necessary. He just needed to discuss things properly with his friend. And then? Just do as his friend had advised. For example, at this moment! Without any hesitation, the 'Death Poetry Society' Left Cantor took out a scroll from his bosom and said— "'Death Poetry Society' holds three Rituals and The Seven Great Arcanums, and this is one of The Seven Great Arcanums, 'Sound of Death.' Having said that, he placed the Arcane Scroll in front of Arthur. Then,

without waiting for Arthur to speak, the 'Death Poetry Society' Left Cantor directly spread out the scroll, striving to let Arthur take in the words on the scroll... At a single glance.

Chapter 417: I Never Lie!

Arthur was taken aback, looking up at Potterman across from him, his eyes filled with surprise. And Potterman? The Left Cantor of the Death Poetry Society flashed a hint of guilt across his face— 'The Kledos Family's attitude towards us is very clear, which is to respect us but keep their distance. Similarly, this affects His Highness, the Holy Son. But there is still room for turnaround. Considering how His Highness, the Holy Son, treats Miss Caesar, our Holy Son shows the impulsiveness and passion of youth, yet he is also a person who strictly adheres to promises and will not shirk responsibilities. So... We might as well create a *fait accompli*. As long as our Holy Son learns one of the Seven Secret Arts of the Death Poetry Society, even if His Highness is unwilling, it will not change the fact. Moreover, this is a rare opportunity for us to be alone with our Holy Son. Once other members of the Kledos Family return to South Los, we will not have any more opportunities. When the Old Lion and Mother Tigress truly turn their attention to His Highness, we likewise will have no opportunities.' Recalling the words of his old friend, the Right Pastor, Potterman's heart was filled with lament. He did not wish to resort to such despicable means. But... He understood that the reality was just as his good friend had said. As time passed, and either the members of the Kledos Family returned to South Los or the Old Lion and Mother Tigress genuinely focused on His Highness, they would really have no chance to get close to the Holy Son. The former, even his old friend could not predict. According to his friend's explanation, not only their Holy Son but the fate of all members of the Kledos Family was confused and obscured. To any prophet, everything looked chaotic. Moreover, forcefully observing would encounter the backlash of that chaos. The pain, like being sliced by a blade, would instantly pervade the whole body. And this must be what their Holy Son described when talking about the family motto 'Ruler of the Blade of Chaos'; it was just unknown what 'Leviathan's Axe' involved. As for the latter? This point was beyond doubt. As time passed, His Highness would definitely shine a light that would make the whole of South Los and South County take notice. Naturally, this would attract the high-order predators of this continent such as the Old Lion and Mother Tigress. Of course, in addition to these thoughts, his old friend also harbored a testing intent. Although his old friend did not say so, Potterman could guess—if it were truly confirmed, his old friend, true to his character, would not drag his feet but would decisively release the Seven Great Arcanums of the organization to the Holy Son, rather than now, where only the 'Sound of Death' has been released. His old friend, ah! Wanted to use the 'Sound of Death' to make the final confirmation! 'Death's Child' is extremely special. Others learning one of the Seven Great Arcanums of the Death Poetry Society typically takes several years, even decades, and even those with exceptional talent would need a year or two. Why was Horton previously confirmed as 'Death's Child' so quickly? It was because he learned the 'Sound of Death' in just one year and ten months without any rituals. Even though he only learned and did not master it, it was still enough to be astonishing. After all, there was no prior ritual, which greatly increased the difficulty. The same was true for the current Holy Son. And even, it might be a little more difficult. Because— The Holy Son had already completed other rituals. This point was certain. 'I hope His Highness's rituals don't conflict with the secret techniques of the Death Poetry Society!' Potterman prayed inwardly. Then, the Left Cantor of the Death Poetry Society stood up. "I'm sorry, Arthur. Please forgive our necessity." With those words, the Left Cantor of the Death Poetry Society bowed in apology. And watching the scene before him, Arthur sighed— "I really don't want to have any involvement with the 'Death Poetry Society'." Hearing such words, Potterman's heart sank

continuously. Clearly, His Highness the Holy Son's misunderstanding of the "Death Poetry Society" was deeper than imagined. About this, Potterman was about to explain, but before he could speak, he noticed something was amiss, because... His emotions! His emotions had become agitated by the Holy Son's words, giving rise to a sense of doubt and disgust towards his own organization. It was just a moment, but such emotions were dispersed by his steadfast faith. Yet, this was enough to leave the Left Cantor of the 'Death Poetry Society' dumbstruck. Because— This was the manifestation of the "Sound of Death"! The Holy Son had learned it? Learnt it at a glance? This, this, this was inconceivable! Even Potterman, who never doubted Arthur's identity as the "Death's Child" and who completely believed in it, felt a shiver run through his body and his scalp numb at this moment. What a Talent! Only the true son of "Death" was worthy of possessing such a "Death" Talent! In comparison, what was Horton? No! Why would I compare a counterfeit with His Highness, the Holy Son? That is a great disrespect. Pah, counterfeit! After spitting in his heart, the Left Cantor of the 'Death Poetry Society' was already kneeling on one knee— "Your Highness." No need to doubt any longer. Anyone who could learn one of the "Death Poetry Society's" Seven Great Arcanums, the "Sound of Death," at a glance, must definitely be the "Death's Child." Potterman, who was already convinced, even changed his form of address directly. And Arthur? His face showed more helplessness, as if he were being tormented in coercion. In fact, that was the case. He had to restrain himself to keep from laughing. For this, Arthur was very grateful for the Skill "Bluff" he mastered. Similarly, to divert attention, Arthur glanced at the text in front of him— [Sound of Death: This is one of the core mystical arts that existed when the 'Death Poetry Society' was first established. It was first inspired by the initial Saga's witnessing of his teacher 'One' charging towards the 'Shadows' to save others and shouting out. It took ten years to develop this secret technique! This initial 'Saga' named his teacher's impassioned shout as the 'Anthem of Courage' and vowed to resurrect his teacher. However, following an accident that led to the first 'Saga's' death, the second generation 'Saga' who inherited the 'Death Poetry Society' took it down a different path, but undoubtedly, the 'Anthem of Courage,' even when called the 'Sound of Death,' remained powerful. And your Talent and Bloodline further strengthen this mystical art. However, remember—the human anthem is always the Anthem of Courage!] [Effect: 1, Bewitchment; 2, Pardon] [Bewitchment: Your voice is filled with various bewitchments; you can easily persuade some who think they are stubborn, especially when 'Power of Death' is added, any creature that hears your voice will involuntarily rise with a desire for slaughter, they, she, or it will rush into a frenzy of death.] [Pardon: When your voice is joined with the 'Power of Death,' mid and low-level Undead creatures will choose to obey in an instant, and high-level Undead creatures will also be willing to offer help] (Note 1: You can choose to activate or deactivate the 'Sound of Death' at any time, but the 'Sound of Death' must be triggered by your own spoken voice and cannot be replaced by ventriloquism or other mystical arts.) (Note 2: Creatures bewitched by you cannot detect this bewitchment; they will only think it is natural, and when your bewitchment is resisted, the bewitched creature will ignore, be wary of, or despise you depending on the situation) (Note 3: When the creatures you bewitched slaughter, they can bring back the Aura of Death for you.) (Note 4: Targets killed by creatures you bewitched are not considered killed by you, and cannot be 'Soul Bound.') (Note 5: During Pardon, your 'Whipping' can effectively make high-level Undead creatures understand obedience.) ... Arthur's gaze swept over [Sound of Death], and for some reason, he always felt that this [Sound of Death] had a somewhat high compatibility with the Spirit Medium profession. Mistaken impression! It must be a mistaken impression! As a young, kind, honest, and pure 'Spirit Medium,' how could I possibly deceive people! Arthur thought to himself, his gaze once

again turned to Potterman, his voice filled with helplessness as he asked— "You see, do I still have a chance to refuse?"

Chapter 418: Member!

Potterman was overwhelmed by an inexplicable joy. Indeed, just as his old friend had speculated, His Highness the Holy Son, although endowed with exceptional talent, still possessed the innocence and cheerfulness of youth. This was the best angle to approach from! With this thought, Potterman softly chanted— "Death shadows one's every step, death is omnipresent. Welcome home, Your Highness." As he said these words, Potterman once again knelt on one knee as a sign of respect. And this time, the Left Cantor of the Death Poetry Society did not rise immediately; instead, he slightly raised his head and eagerly looked at Arthur. The young Spirit Medium cooperated very well and sighed. Then, he stood up to help him. "Thank you, Your Highness. Your radiance is like death, everlasting and undying." The words of Potterman were spoken almost instinctively. There was no flattery. Only sincerity. For the Left Cantor of the Death Poetry Society firmly believed that Arthur could lead the Death Poetry Society out of their predicament. It was precisely because of such earnestness that his words went far beyond any form of insincere flattery. 'The situation of the Death Poetry Society is worse than I imagined! Otherwise, the higher-ups wouldn't have clung to a so-called "Child of Prophecy" as a lifeline.' Arthur thought quietly to himself. Normally, when an organization is at its peak, the emergence of any "Child of Prophecy" is just icing on the cake, a mascot, so to speak. Only when an organization is facing downfall and on the verge of extinction do they need a "Child of Prophecy" to boost morale; only then is the Child of Prophecy trusted implicitly. Because, apart from trust, they have nothing else left. 'Wait a minute! This so-called prophecy of the "Child of Prophecy"... Couldn't be fake, could it?' Arthur shuddered with this thought, his brow furrowing in concern. However, he did not cease his inquiries— "Could you tell me about the current situation of the Death Poetry Society?" "Of course, Your Highness." Faced with such a question from Arthur, Potterman was overjoyed. The Left Cantor of the Death Poetry Society couldn't wait for Arthur to get involved in the operations of the society. Only by deepening the ties between Arthur and the Death Poetry Society could Arthur truly be the Death's Child. So, Potterman immediately began to explain in detail. "Since the emergence of 'Hei', after the fall of the Holy Empire, those bastards under the lead of that brute from Doycava deserted our organization. Believing to have grasped the true essence of 'death,' they grew in silence for ten years before starting to challenge us, the orthodox. We have been at war with them for two hundred years. Both sides suffered countless casualties, and to survive, we had no choice but to sign a contract. But just before the eve of the Seven Years' War, those scoundrels, in cahoots with the Blood Marquis and led by a traitor, infiltrated our sanctuary of Atobur. They not only burned down The Sacred Tree but also destroyed the water sources and land of the sanctuary, forcing us to leave and disperse throughout South County. Inner Bay has been our main base over the years, with 33 official members. In the West Berlin Territory, there are 11 official members. In the Ainhars Territory, there are 7 official members. In the Bert Territory, there are 13 official members. In Rosha Castle, there are 3 official members. In Sidon Fortress, there are 5 official members. In the Norvia Territory, there are 6 official members. In the Rude Territory, there are 12 official members." In Catermont's territory, there are eight official members. Besides the members from Inner Bay, the remaining territories are overseen by one 'Arcana Level' official member, with the rest of the official members scattered across important towns within these territories, developing their subordinates in the manner of branch leaders and operating the true essence of 'Death'. And South Los... Just a few support staff were left behind to pave the way for that swindler Horton." Whenever Pottermann mentioned

Horton, it was with gritted teeth. 'A total of 98 official members? Apart from Inner Bay, there are eight 'Arcana Level' members of the Mystic Side, and the rest, each serving as a minor leader, dispersed and expanding!' Arthur was somewhat surprised at the number of members in the Death Poetry Society. Not too few, but too many. In Arthur's estimation, for an organization like the Death Poetry Society, which everyone wanted to eradicate, having 20-30 official members would have been the limit. He had not expected there to be as many as 98. You must understand, these 98 people were no ordinary individuals. Apart from the leaders in various places being 'Arcana Level', the rest of the Death Poetry Society's official members also surpassed ordinary 'Mystic Side Persons' in strength. And this didn't even take into account Inner Bay! Inner Bay, being the temporary headquarters of the Death Poetry Society, not only housed nearly a third of its members but also these members were certainly very strong. However, for Arthur, this was an unexpected pleasure—he was well aware that he would soon be going to Inner Bay to participate in the 'South County Swordsmanship Competition'. And with the assistance of the Death Poetry Society, the risk would be greatly reduced. In fact, this was also one of the key reasons Arthur created and acknowledged he was the 'Death's Child'. Everything was for the sake of survival! Arthur inwardly sighed. But Pottermann's words continued— "Among the 33 members in Inner Bay, 30 have been incorporated into the 'Thirty Choir', among which the 'Four Sounds' are all 'Arcana Level', and so are the alternate 'Four Sounds'. The remaining three are special talents sought out by my old friend Aeherlad. They each specialize in forging, alchemy, and magic potions. Each person brings 3-9 apprentices to continuously supply us with the items we need. As for me, I'm at the pinnacle of 'Entry'. My old friend Aeherlad must have touched the threshold of 'Ascend Step' by now." The detailed and almost unreserved conversation led Arthur to nod slightly in response. However, there was one thing that Arthur found very strange. "Why isn't there a 'Great Arcana Level'?" "In the last confrontation with the 'New Death Poetry Society', all the original 'Four Sounds' died in battle. They were all 'Great Arcana Level'. The current 'Four Sounds' are only the former alternates. However, please rest assured, Your Highness, their talents are excellent, and within ten years they can surely reach the true height of the 'Four Sounds'—and moreover, those scoundrels suffered even greater losses than us!" In response to Arthur's inquiry, Pottermann naturally did not conceal anything. Whenever this 'Left Cantor' of the Death Poetry Society mentioned those 'traitors', his handsome face always showed uncontrollable anger. The same held true for his competitive spirit. In this, Arthur expressed his understanding. Two hundred years of warfare was no joking matter. Both sides had long become undying enemies sworn to a fight to the death. But precisely because of this, Arthur found it all the more strange. The young 'Spirit Medium' softly voiced his doubts— "So that's how it is... But why did Horton previously collaborate with those folks from the new faction?"

Chapter 419 Blood Enhancement!

"What?!" Potterman's eyebrows furrowed, his face darkening like never before. Then, the 'Death Poetry Society's Left Cantor' directly said— "Your Highness, I need to personally handle this matter! It may relate to the traitor from the holy land 'Atobur' more than thirty years ago." "Alright." Arthur nodded, showing no sign of objection. Because this was exactly what he wanted. Horton and the connections to the 'New Death Poetry Society' had always been concealed by Marinda, and Arthur was so open with Potterman about it precisely because he feared that the 'Death Poetry Society's Left Cantor' might 'follow' him. Given the fanaticism and anticipation the other party had shown, this was highly likely to happen. While it might not be openly following, hiding in the shadows would still make Arthur extremely uncomfortable. He had far too many secrets. He certainly did not want such a pair of eyes around him.

So, upon knowing that there was a traitor in the 'Death Poetry Society's holy land 'Atobur,' he immediately knew what he should do. "Your Highness, I will keep your identity a secret. Apart from the organization's upper echelons, no one will know who you are. At the same time, I will arrange for a dedicated contact person for you—he will absolutely not disturb your life, but should you need anything, you can contact him anytime." As he was leaving, the 'Death Poetry Society's Left Cantor said so. "Thank you for everything you've done for me." Arthur thanked him sincerely. "No! It is you who brought us hope!" But the 'Death Poetry Society's Left Cantor shook his head, correcting him. After that, the other party disappeared into the shadows of Cork Street. It was not until then that Arthur had the chance to check the text messages that had kept coming while he was sleeping— [The events in South Town are becoming more known to the people of South Los, they are astonished at the audacity of those thugs, and even more so at the ability and decisiveness of Little Lisop, especially after Little Lisop openly declared that it was all your doing, and that you had subtly warned him a long time ago, which he not only failed to notice but also misunderstood you; now full of regret, he has made up his mind to follow you and heed your teachings; the people of South Los are shocked at your own surprise, with some being outspoken in attributing these to the abilities of the Spirit Medium, and your reputation has greatly increased; XP+500] ... [The act of 'giving' the management of South Town to Miss Caesar has caused quite a stir, many believe that you and Marinda represent true love, many more think you have really invested heavily in winning a lady's favor, while a very few are sentimental about the purity of your bloodline; XP+500] ... 'Sentimental about the purity of my bloodline? Does South Los still have acquaintances of Old Charlie? My grandfather always brings surprises silently—Emmm, I hope he isn't planning something big for me now?' Arthur thought to himself. His gaze then returned to his XP value. 1200! Adding the remaining 200XP from before, this number surpassed the total of any other time. Without a doubt, aided by the 'South Los Swordsmanship Competition,' Arthur had reaped a good harvest. And yet, it had not ended. Firstly, such news took time to spread. As time passed, more people would learn of it, and Arthur's XP was bound to enter a period of rapid increase. Secondly, with dawn approaching, when Arthur would claim the 'Champion' title and announce his 'Knighthood' to the public, it would trigger a chain reaction. He would also receive a large amount of XP. And this was only within the bounds of South Los, if he were to go to a bigger stage like Inner Bay... The thought of gaining more XP did excite Arthur a bit. However, correspondingly, the risks would also skyrocket. So, he must possess greater strength. Therefore— 'XP allocation!' With a silent thought, Arthur allocated all 1200 XP he had just acquired to "Swift Bird Swordsmanship". Despite the concept of 'effort', Arthur never overlooked the importance of bloodline and talent. In terms of talent, there was no lead with "Breath of Death". But for bloodline, Arthur could compensate with the swordsmanship passed down among the nobles— "Swift Bird Swordsmanship Lv4: Created with great effort by the nobles of South County for the sake of their bloodline, they miscalculated the resilience and awakening of their descendants. The majority abandoned it after the basics, finding it useless—compared to incessant swordsmanship practice, indulging in pleasure was more suitable for them. However, you, who obtained this swordsmanship unexpectedly, do not fall into this category. With your diligence and hard work, you have elevated it to a very high level, and it has already begun to reveal its true effects.] [Effect: 1. Extreme Speed; 2. Quick Strike; 3. Blood Enhancement] [Extreme Speed: When you use the Swift Bird Sword Posture, your sword speed increases by +4 on top of your inherent 'Physique'] [Quick Strike: When you use the Swift Bird Sword Posture, your next strike's speed increases by +1.0, can be stacked up to 3 times] [Blood Enhancement: The power contained in your bloodline is being gradually stimulated, becoming purer over time. This will be a prolonged process, and during this period, your appetite will significantly

increase] ... [Physique, Spirituality +1.2 (0.3X4)] ... Within the synergy of knowledge and body, Arthur could clearly feel his transformation, not just an increase in [Physique] and [Spirituality]. But deeper. Thump, thump, thump! With each powerful beat, his heart pumped blood throughout his body, nourishing his organs, muscles, bones, and even skin. Arthur could feel this nourishment. Very slowly. But it was genuinely there. And before Arthur had time to feel it more carefully, an unprecedented hunger emanated from his stomach— Hungry! His stomach was completely empty, and his brain kept telling him to eat! Eat! Eat! At this moment, Arthur's eyes turned green. Without any hesitation, he dashed straight to the storage room in the basement. Compared to the remaining bread in the kitchen, the storage room contained the emergency rations personally made by Old Charlie. To prepare for any potential emergencies, Old Charlie not only set up traps in No. 2 Cork Street, prepared a vast number of weapons, excavated secret rooms and passages but also stored a large amount of food. To ensure this food could be preserved for a long time without spoiling and to provide sufficient energy, Old Charlie made these palm-sized 'Large Biscuits', each capable of providing an adult's daily energy requirements. You could say, aside from being a bit hard and not very tasty, they had no other drawbacks. Arthur's [Physique] didn't care about their toughness. And his mouth opened to an unimaginable extent, lifting the emergency ration box overhead like a suitcase, as the Large Biscuits fell into Arthur's mouth like raindrops. But it was not enough! Arthur lifted another box and poured it into his mouth in the same way. Then another box followed. At that moment, Arthur's bloodline [Serpent of Death], talent [Breath of Death], and the ritual [Orange Cat] were completely ignited by the sword technique [Swift Bird Swordsmanship]. They operated independently. They were also inseparable. Because they were all within the soul and body of one person, Arthur. They began to cooperate. Beginning the cooperation where $1+1+1 > 10$. At that moment, Arthur's stomach was like a supercharged and reinforced furnace, turning anything that entered into the purest energy and supplying it throughout his body. The next moment— A peculiar change began to manifest in the blood within Arthur's body. It, brightened.

Chapter 420: Snake Wing!

Threads of brightness appeared in Arthur's blood. It was faint, dim. It even felt like it was on the verge of extinguishing at any moment. But it was truly there. Mingled with threads of light, the fresh blood slowly gathered into Arthur's heart— Thump! Instantaneously, Arthur's heart beat emitted a sound like a battle drum. All the items in the entire secret chamber trembled with that sound. The walls trembled slightly. Immediately afterward— Wind, self-generated. Shadows, self-moving. When the wind and shadows intersected, two golden lights sparked within them. It was a pair of eyes! Golden vertical pupils! Sharp, cold, and blinding, the eyes shimmered with perplexity, as their owner's attention was wholly drawn to the changes within his own body. Arthur 'watched' his own heart. At the location where the threads of light converged. A bright shadow the size of a little finger appeared there. The moment the bright serpent shadow appeared, it began to slither throughout Arthur's body. Arthur keenly felt the parts of his body, which were initially only slowly nourished by his blood, increase in the rate of change. At the same time, the power feeding back into the blood was growing stronger. But... He was hungrier. More emergency rations were poured into Arthur's mouth. Not until all the food in the secret chamber, enough to feed a family of six for half a year, had been swallowed by Arthur did the hunger slightly abate. At the same time, new text appeared beneath "Serpent of Death - Remnant"— [Snake Wing: Supported by a unique Talent and ignited by 'swordsmanship', the most special part within the Bloodline was enabled through the Ritual which provided a powerful stomach, repairing your Bloodline at a rate beyond imagination as if it had gained wings. Although it remains crippled, and although it cannot

directly manifest in other effects, you still need to be grateful because reaching this step would have been absolutely impossible without various coincidences—even with your unique Talent, because—your Bloodline, is also unique.] [Effect: While accelerating Bloodline repair, it can also enhance the Bloodline effects 'Shadow Concealment', 'Serpentine Body', 'Serpent's Gaze', 'Serpent Speak', 'Devour', 'Serpent's Breath', 'Serpent Shadow', elevating the original Bloodline effects to an additional level +1 Trait.] (Remarks 1: Only one Bloodline effect can be enhanced at a time) (Remarks 2: Each enhancement of a Bloodline effect can only last for 15 seconds) (Remarks 3: Once the enhancement is complete, 'Snake Wing' will enter a cooldown period of 3 days, during which your Bloodline repair will revert to its original speed) (Remarks 4: Consuming a large amount of food or taking Secret Medicine for physical strength recovery, consuming gold, and bathing in sunlight or moonlight, can all speed up the cooling period) ... The text before him told Arthur exactly what had happened. Regarding the linkage of the Bloodline "Serpent of Death", Talent "Breath of Death" and the Ritual "Orange Cat", Arthur was not too surprised. Because, the Bloodline "Serpent of Death" and the Ritual "Orange Cat" had previously reached agreement on the aspect of 'eating'. Yet, Arthur had not anticipated that 1+1+1 would surpass 10. The reappearance of a new effect in the "Serpent of Death" Bloodline, "Snake Wing", was unexpected to Arthur as well. Of course, what concerned Arthur most were the words in the remarks. 'A unique Bloodline, if unsupported by Talent and Ritual, even if supplemented by 'swordsmanship', cannot complete the Bloodline, can it? That is truly despairing!' Arthur mused to himself. Almost immediately, Arthur thought of those Great Nobles who had disappeared in the annals of history. Did these Great Nobles possess special Bloodlines? The answer was certainly affirmative. Then, setting aside some progeny who indulged themselves, among these diligent and hard-working descendants of Great Nobles, what would they do when even their family's 'swordsmanship' reached a high order but still could not activate or complete their Bloodline? Facing such a situation, wouldn't those who diligently practiced be even more desperate than their peers who indulged early? It would even crisply spawn more noble youths willing to enjoy. Because everyone would think that even if you painstakingly practiced swordsmanship, you couldn't activate or complete your Bloodline, so you might as well enjoy yourself. And then... Having power but unable to obtain it made many noble youths become distorted, abnormal. This once again accelerated the decline of their families. 'Tsk, how terrifying!' Arthur murmured in his heart, quickly cleaned up the secret chamber, came upstairs, and hugged his little cat into his arms. In such a cruel world, the little cat was his only warmth. 'Hehe, let daddy take a sniff!' As Arthur spoke, he took a deep breath of Pendragon. Pendragon made a face of disdain. However, upon noticing that Kuliqi in the distance seemed somewhat envious, Pendragon immediately became proud, and then, somewhat awkwardly hugged his old father. While hugging Arthur, Pendragon did not notice that as soon as he embraced his old father, the look of envy on Kuliqi's dog face disappeared. All that remained was a kind of indescribable helplessness on the dog face. Especially when Kuliqi saw Arthur secretly giving it a thumbs-up, the helplessness on its dog face intensified. It was, after all, the feared Death Hound! Why had it become like this? Its master wasn't a fool, right? A very normal master indeed! And, he was even rich in the Aroma of Death. But why did he sometimes become sillier than a fool? Always issuing commands like playing house? Could it be because of that cat? Thinking of Pendragon riding on its back, on its head, Kuliqi felt full of complaints, unhappy, and, right after that, the dog stopped caring about its undefinable master, lay down behind the door, and quietly concealed itself in the shadows. And so, Arthur let Pendragon hug him back to the Spirit Medium Parlor. From the concealed cabinet beside, he took out the rolled-up bedding again, spread it out, and once more fell into a deep sleep. The emergence of the Snake Wing strengthened Arthur, but it did not cure his tendency to

sleep excessively. Six hours a day, indispensable. As for the emergency rations in the secret chamber? They were indeed finished. But, they could be replenished. In Arthur's memory, there was a recipe for this emergency food, and when he had time, he would mimic it, adding to his stock. This sleep, undisturbed, didn't even need an 'alarm.' Arthur slept very sweetly. Only when the young 'Spirit Medium' used the Hand of Void to open Marinda's door did he continue his morning routines. Carrying 'breakfast,' Marinda walked into the kitchen and disdainfully glanced at the still-unwashed dishes. Then, she blew out a ring of smoke. Two skeletons emerged from it, beginning to clean and wash up— although Marinda knew this was Grandma Andor's Kitchen's job, she couldn't stand seeing the table like that. Once there was a clean spot cleared on the table, Marinda placed the basket filled with food on it. 'Really convenient!' Arthur did not skimp on his praise. And Marinda enjoyed such praise, her lips curling into a smile. Following that, the lady took a deep puff from her pipe, exhaled a smoke ring towards Arthur's ceiling, and with an indifferent, very casual attitude asked— 'Are you busy tomorrow?'