

Great Master 461

Chapter 461 Good People Encounter Such Things!

A series of titles left Doctor Lindster somewhat baffled. After a good two or three seconds, this doctor finally nodded affirmatively. "Yes, it is indeed this lord," he said. Then, the doctor paused for another four or five seconds before asking very hesitantly, "Is he, trustworthy?" "This lord foretold your death?" Eli looked tense. "No! When I was working as a ring doctor, I had the chance to interact with this lord, and when I witnessed his magic, I instinctively asked him if it was possible to resurrect the dead, and then..." At this point, a bitter smile appeared on the doctor's face. Eli saw this bitter smile. This stalker and part-time intelligence trafficker forcefully suppressed his curiosity. Concerning Mrs. Lindster, this stalker and part-time intelligence trafficker of course understood that as an outsider he should not inquire further, but curiosity made him scratch his head and ears. Luckily, the doctor did not play cat and mouse. "This lord openly stated that the dead could be resurrected! But he advised me against trying to resurrect the dead! Because... I don't know, who exactly I would bring back!" At this, the doctor's face was full of conflict and trepidation, while his eyes were firmly fixed on Eli. This stalker and part-time intelligence trafficker immediately understood the previous words of Doctor Lindster. The doctor was not content. Indeed. The deceased was his most beloved, how could he possibly be content? If it were him, he would not be content either. But— "In all of South Los, if anyone could truly resurrect the dead, then 'Spirit Medium' Lord Arthur Kredos is the only answer. He is an expert. Or rather... a true Master." There was no direct dissuasion, but Eli's unstated meaning was already quite clear. Listen to Arthur, Arthur is right. "Is that so?" Doctor Lindster said, his expression full of desolation. "Yes, Doctor Lindster, you've only briefly experienced our circle, so you don't understand the implications of that Master's words, but I can swear, following this Master is not amiss," Eli said. Eli was dying to bring out his boss 'Bandage Swordsman' to testify personally. But upon remembering his boss 'Bandage Swordsman's' longsword, this stalker and part-time intelligence trafficker calmed down. However, he was still patiently advising. This time, Doctor Lindster nodded. No words were exchanged, but Eli could see that the doctor didn't want to give up. Immediately, this stalker and part-time intelligence trafficker scratched his head. And after seeing the doctor out, watching his solitary figure disappear around the street corner, this stalker and part-time intelligence trafficker decided he would consult with his boss right away, Return to the room. The 'Bandage Swordsman' had already left the wardrobe and was sitting where Eli had been sitting, and this stalker and part-time intelligence trafficker didn't mind. After all, they both had already been following the 'Bandage Swordsman' for a while now, otherwise, he wouldn't call him boss. "Boss, just now Doctor Lindster..." Eli tentatively inquired of the 'Bandage Swordsman.' "I can't help him. Apart from that guy, no one in South Los can help him. Also, even if that guy... Hmph!" The 'Bandage Swordsman' said and then snorted coldly. His tone was full of a certain dissatisfaction and derision. Eli of course knew that 'that guy' meant 'Spirit Medium.' As for the dissatisfaction and derision? Although Eli couldn't be sure, he could roughly guess it was because his 'sleep' was disturbed. "Boss, can you really not verify who was brought back from the Land of Eternal Sleep?" This stalker and part-time intelligence trafficker earnestly asked. "I don't know! I was in a dazed state when I was brought out. It wasn't until my feet touched the soil here that I completely woke up. The whole process, I knew nothing," said the 'Bandage Swordsman.' "If that's the case, then it's troublesome," Eli murmured. "Are you worried about that doctor?" the 'Bandage Swordsman' asked. "Yes, Doctor Lindster is a good man, and good people shouldn't have such an ordeal." Eli nodded firmly as he spoke. However, the 'Bandage Swordsman' shook his head. "Only good people encounter such things. Because... they are good people." As the

'Bandage Swordsman' spoke, his gaze turned to Walsh lying in the bed. Although the 'Pale Hand' member's eyes were tightly closed, his eyeballs moved, stirring his eyelids. He was clearly awake but was pretending to be asleep. The physical condition of 'Mystic Side Persons' far exceeds that of ordinary people. Injuries that would require ordinary people to rest in bed for several days, 'Mystic Side Persons' could recover in just one night with effective treatment. "Why are you pretending to be asleep? We are your lifesavers, after all!" Eli expressed his dissatisfaction upon realizing this. Walsh immediately opened his eyes, his face showing some embarrassment, but it quickly turned cold. Especially his eyes, which were full of scrutiny. On seeing the cloaked 'Bandage Swordsman,' the scrutiny in his eyes grew more curious. Clearly, this 'Pale Hand' member sensed something extraordinary about the 'Bandage Swordsman.' Walsh's attitude only increased Eli's dissatisfaction. Just as this stalker and part-time Intelligence Trafficker was about to roll up his sleeves and teach him a lesson, a bone appeared in Walsh's palm. As white as jade. Exceptionally sharp. Seeing this, Eli immediately stopped in his tracks, frowning intensely. "'Pale Hand'?" Eli asked, but his tone was already certain. Instantly, his eyes became wary. Organizations like 'Death Poetry Society' and 'Pale Hand' are extremely unwelcome in the eyes of 'Mystic Side Persons,' because you never know when they might strike at you. As for the debt of saving a life? Sorry. Gratitude is there. But more often, it's ingratitude. Therefore, for safety, keeping a distance is usually the best choice. Eli turned his gaze to his boss. The 'Bandage Swordsman' did not object— "I saved you only because you too had experienced betrayal. I have no other thoughts, nor do I seek anything from you. So... Please leave." After the 'Bandage Swordsman' finished speaking, Eli had already opened the door early. Walsh sat up from the bed, glanced at the 'Bandage Swordsman,' then at Eli, and bit his teeth as he got up and walked out. It sounded good to say. But who knows what it would really be? Thinking this, Walsh's steps became firmer. Bang! Just as he stepped out, the door behind him closed heavily. Whew! Just then, a gust of night wind blew by. The chill and damp wind of winter in South Los made Walsh, who still had injuries on his chest, shiver, causing his wound to pull and immediately stain the white bandage red. The pain made the corners of Walsh's mouth twitch. At that moment, the door that had closed behind him opened again. It was Eli. This stalker and part-time Intelligence Trafficker threw a coat at Walsh— "Don't take it the wrong way! Your dying near here would bring us trouble. So, keep your distance!" With that, Eli closed the door once more. Walsh silently put on the coat. He did not refuse. Because he truly needed it. He needed to survive. He needed to... Seek vengeance! 'Glast!' Walsh gritted his teeth. The more he had once admired Glast as a member of the 'Pale Hand,' the more he now despised him. However, Walsh was not completely consumed by hatred. He knew he needed to heal his wounds first, then seek revenge. With this in mind, Walsh quickened his pace. But just as he was leaving the narrow street, a voice rang in his ear— "Hey, young man, do you want Glast to die a terrible death?"

Chapter 462: The Returning People!

The voice arose from the shadows on the side of the alley. From where Walsh stood, he could only see a vaguely outlined figure; it was impossible to distinguish the person's features, or even their gender. Walsh did not respond but cautiously stepped back. In his current condition, he was utterly incapable of dealing with such an unpredictable person. Moreover... He suspected that the person might be one of Glast's. He knew too well the person he once respected. Their favorite act was this cat-and-mouse game. It was partly due to their naturally malign temperament and partly to deepen the Ritual, enhancing their power—of course, at that time, he only thought their actions were noble. Even sacred! Walsh was sure that he had been influenced by some secret technique. And not just once. Otherwise,

why would he be so utterly devoted? But that was in the past. Now? Walsh was nothing if not cautious and careful. Eyeing the figure in the shadows, Walsh not only stepped back step by step, but a hint of the Bone Sword also appeared in his palm. "Young man, don't harbor such malice. After all, I spared your life once." Unfortunately, the person in the shadows was not Eli. Their words took Walsh by surprise. "It's you!" Then the young member of the 'Pale Hand' guessed who it was—the person he had met before noon, the same one to whom Glast had sent him to deliver the Messenger Stone, and the same one who had stabbed him. Immediately, a fierce light shone in Walsh's eyes. The 'Bloody John' in the shadows waved his hand. "We are not enemies. The stab I gave you earlier was to save you. Otherwise, do you think you could have escaped Glast's control? That man is much more cunning and vicious than you think, like now— He is targeting the doctor who just saved you. Don't you want to go save that doctor?" 'Bloody John' said, pointing in a direction. Then, he disappeared from sight. Walsh stood there, his brows tightly knitted. In the end, he walked directly toward that place. It wasn't to save the doctor; he wasn't that noble, although the doctor had saved him to some extent, but he still knew he was going there just to mess up Glast's plans. And Walsh was certain that it was just another one of Glast's subordinates who would appear there. As for Glast himself? He definitely wouldn't show up here. Because... Even he had never seen this guy. Buttoning up his coat, Walsh walked briskly. From the shadows, 'Bloody John's figure reappeared. In the dimness, the pirate leader revealed a smile of a successful scheme. 'Ha, you bastard think you can use me as your pawn, then prepare for my revenge! Though I still don't know why you care so much about that thing, but... The new guy, you must be interested in him!' Thinking to himself, the pirate leader's gaze turned toward the end of the alley. That was where the 'Bandage Swordsman' and Eli were staying. Eli was, of course, irrelevant. But the 'Bandage Swordsman' was different. For an organization like the 'Pale Hand,' which was involved with Death and had selected the corresponding Ritual, it was impossible to give up on this resurrected swordsman. He hadn't thought of these things before. It was only after the "Bandage Swordsman" had saved Walsh, and someone hinted to him, that he somewhat understood Glast's idea— 'The "Spirit Medium" went to Caesar Manor, and this concealed "Bandage Swordsman" would definitely follow her, and you, you bastard, deliberately sent out Walsh precisely to lure this resurrected swordsman and the "Spirit Medium".' In your plan, the "Spirit Medium" would definitely kill Walsh, who was peeping at Caesar Manor. Such a battle would surely attract the "Bandage Swordsman," who was lingering nearby, particularly interested in and familiar with the "Spirit Medium". This would be the perfect opportunity for your sinister move! You finally found the "Bandage Swordsman" you had been searching for so long! You would snatch away this resurrected swordsman! Unfortunately... Your scheme fell through because of that lady's pregnancy! The "Spirit Medium" spared Walsh because of that lady's pregnancy. So, you planned to use my hand instead. Because you knew very well that I would discover your 'little trick', thus sparing Walsh, and then, you would use the betrayed Walsh to lure the likewise betrayed "Bandage Swordsman". Tsk tsk, such a deep-thinking fellow.' Thinking this, the pirate leader internally gave a positive evaluation of the never-met Glast. However, this positive evaluation did not in the slightest reduce Bloody John's desire to kill the other. No choice! This kind of guy must die; otherwise, he won't be able to sleep or eat in peace. This pirate leader was certain that every step of his own, including intentionally missing his target, leaving a mark on Walsh, and the subsequent appearance, must have been anticipated by Glast. Only then would Glast not appear by the river. Only then would Glast have someone act against the doctor. Only then, once Glast truly made a move, would he be pushed out as the scapegoat. 'You, this guy, planned everything, but you absolutely did not anticipate that someone in the shadows was watching you!' Thinking this, the pirate leader withdrew his gaze and directly looked

towards the nearby shadows. There, a whirlwind emerged from nowhere. The next moment, a figure appeared there. Seeing this figure, the pirate leader immediately nodded in acknowledgment— "Good evening, Mr. Horton. Everything went as you anticipated. Glast truly acted again!" The pirate leader looked at the emerging young man, showing considerable enthusiasm. And the young man's face was indeed 'Horton'. Already dead beyond death, even his ashes scattered. But now, Horton appeared again. Not only lively but also his strength was palpably unsettling. "I disclosed my name because I sought cooperation, not for you to disclose everything, if possible, please call me X." Horton coldly finished speaking, his gaze then intently fixed on the whereabouts of the "Bandage Swordsman" and Eli. The fervent look in his eyes did not surprise the pirate leader. Today, as he moved downstream and was stopped by him, after a brief conversation, he candidly revealed his purpose. He wanted the "Bandage Swordsman". And in return, he could seek revenge on Glast. This was the content of their cooperation. As for how Horton managed to escape from the "Spirit Medium"? The pirate leader, despite his best efforts, was not able to find out, as the information was completely sealed off. But who doesn't have some means of escape? Or who might be impersonating Horton? The pirate leader did not care. Because, concerning the contents of the cooperation, a contract was signed, and during the period of cooperation, it was absolutely not permitted to harm each other. That was enough. "Alright, my bad! So X, what do we do next?" As the pirate leader raised his hands high, an awkward smile appeared, and his three gold teeth gleamed under the moonlight. Horton glanced at the pirate leader's gold teeth and softly said— "Follow me!"

Chapter 463: Bone Sword Strikes!

After Walsh had left, Eli immediately pulled a box out from under the bed and then picked up his coat, saying to the 'Bandage Swordsman'— "We can go now, boss." As he spoke, a hint of regret flashed through the eyes of this stalker who also traded intelligence. He had put a lot of effort into finding this hideout. It was hidden and safe. Calling it a shelter would not be an exaggeration. However, after the unexpected rescue of Walsh, the hideout had been compromised. A compromised hideout was not something to cling to. "Sigh!" Although he knew this, Eli could not help but sigh when he thought of the fish and chips stall at the entrance of the alley during the day. The rough-cut fries seasoned with black pepper were delicious. As for the fish? It was just a side dish. After all, in South Los, it would be strange to sell fries without fish. Just as it would be strange for him, a stalker, not to trade intelligence. "Hmm." The 'Bandage Swordsman' nodded and picked up his longsword, leading the way out the door first. Eli followed closely behind. Whether it was a coincidence or not, the direction they were heading was also the direction Doctor Lindster had taken. Eli would most likely think it was a coincidence. As for the 'Bandage Swordsman'? Only Heaven knew. ... Doctor Lindster walked along the cobblestone road of the alley, carefully avoiding the loose stones. Being a person of South Los, the doctor knew all too well the nasty experience of stepping on one and having foul-smelling liquid splash all over. Just as the doctor avoided another loose stone, a figure suddenly appeared in front, blocking his path. The blocker was tall, with muscular arms exposed and a face covered in filth, a barely recognizable towel hanging around his neck. A worker? Or a gang member? The doctor couldn't tell yet. In the Dort District, these two professions often overlapped. Workers by day. Gang members by night. Of course, sometimes it wasn't so clear-cut, depending on the contents of their pockets. Lindster cautiously stepped back— "Friend, I am a doctor, and I don't wish to cause any trouble," he said, pulling out his wallet. After so many years in the Dort District, Doctor Lindster had learned how to handle strangers at night. The profession of a doctor could win the favor of everyone, including gang members. And a wallet could persuade these

people to let him pass. Even if the wallet wasn't very full. However, today the doctor had miscalculated. "I know you, Doctor Lindster. I have come specifically for you." With that, the person opposite grinned, revealing a set of white teeth. From these teeth, Lindster could immediately tell that the man was disguised. Workers and gang members in the Dort District wouldn't have such good teeth. With growing wariness, Lindster nonetheless asked, "Oh? Do you have a family member or a friend who is ill?" The doctor inquired. "No, no, no! You misunderstand my purpose! I am here to discuss the resurrection of your wife—believe me, I can do things beyond your imagination, just as long as... you sign this contract!" The person opposite spoke as he shook out a contract. A faint spirit light flickered on and off on this contract. Lindster was not truly a "Mystic Side Person." However, his profession allowed him opportunities to interact with some "Mystic Side Persons", especially amiable individuals like Eli, who often shared many stories from the Mystic Side. Among these stories were those about contracts. The certainty of a contract was undeniable. Just as the punishment after signing a contract was also accompanied by death. Therefore, upon seeing the stranger's contract, the doctor immediately shook his head and said, "Sorry, 'Spirit Medium' Lord Kledos once advised me that no one can be sure who will be brought back from 'The Eternal Resting Land.' This doctor very tactfully refused. At the same time, he invoked the name of Arthur, hoping the person opposite would take the hint and back down. Although up until now, this doctor could not confirm how powerful Arthur truly was, the multiple titles 'Child of Misfortune born in secrecy, favored by the Grim Reaper, contemporary 'Black Cat', Champion of the South Los Swordsmanship Competition' led the doctor to believe that Arthur was both powerful and well-known. Enough to deter a considerable number of people. In fact, it was so. The doctor clearly saw that the person opposite hesitated when he mentioned 'Spirit Medium' Lord Kledos. But it was just a hesitation. The next moment— "'Spirit Medium' Lord Kledos is indeed terrifying. But he is not here. So, if you don't want to sign this contract, let me take you to a place where you might change your mind." Saying this, the other person stepped forward to grab Lindster. Lindster did not hesitate, and turned to run. And just as Lindster turned, he distinctly heard a sound. Thud! To ordinary people, such a sound might be unfamiliar. But for a doctor, this sound was all too familiar. It was the sound of a blade slicing through flesh. Instinctively, Lindster turned to look back. Then, the doctor stopped in his tracks. He saw a patient he had previously treated now holding a strange sword, while the person who had tried to forcibly take him away was now decapitated. "Thank you!" Sniffing the scent of blood, Lindster thanked Walsh. For Lindster, who was a doctor, a corpse and the scent of blood were nothing special. What intrigued the doctor more was the sword in Walsh's hand. If he was not mistaken, that was... Bone! But why would bone be so sharp? Lindster mused inwardly, though Walsh paid no heed to him. This new 'Pale Hand' member turned his head toward the shadows on one side. Three people were slowly stepping out from there. The crossbow arrows in their hands caused the new member's pupils to contract slightly. If he were not injured, he would not care about three crossbows, even two more; he could navigate them easily, but now he had been "chest opened." Even though he avoided the heart, he was still severely injured. Thus, close combat was out of the question. That left only— "Do I have to use that move? I wonder if my body can take it now?" Thinking this, Walsh did not hesitate; he lifted his left arm toward the three crossbowmen keeping their distance. His index finger, middle finger, and ring finger were pointed straight at the three. The next moment— Bang, bang, bang!

Chapter 464: One after another, Twin Swords strike!

Walsh's index, middle, and ring fingers, the bones from the first joint of these three fingers shot out directly. The sound was like knocking on a door. But the power far exceeded that of an ordinary firearm.

The heads of the three Crossbowmen burst open like watermelons struck by an iron rod, exploding instantly. And Walsh was gasping heavily— Huff! Huff! After completing the unique Ritual of the 'Pale Hand,' Walsh gained a huge increase in both Physique and Spirituality, as well as the abilities of the Bone Sword and Bone Spur. The Bone Sword involves transforming a bone from somewhere in the body into a Sharp, durable sword, which comes equipped with a high level of Basic Swordsmanship once it is formed. And the drawn Bone Sword can be 'sheathed' back into the body. However, the Bone Spur is different. While the Bone Spur is also made from the bones within the fingers, shooting out these bones is a one-time affair. Simply put, once shot out, they're gone and can't be picked up again; they can only grow back quickly through the unique Ritual of the 'Pale Hand.' And this rapid growth places a considerable burden on the body. Especially when injured, Walsh now felt dizzy and staggered slightly. "Are you alright?" Doctor Lindster immediately reached out to support Walsh. Instinctively, Walsh wanted to push Lindster away, but as he raised his hand, it immediately dropped back down; he simply didn't have the strength. But all this was unimportant; what mattered was— There were still enemies. On the streets a little further away, more people were gathering. At a glance, there were easily more than 20 of them. Walsh took a deep breath and gritted his teeth, intending to forcefully continue the fight. At this moment, the newcomer of the 'Pale Hand' was increasingly certain of the importance of this Doctor to that bastard Glast. The more important the Doctor was, the more he had to ensure the enemy wouldn't get him. "I'll hold them off... I can probably last about a minute. You run for it as far as you can! Head for the hideout of those two guys we encountered earlier!" Walsh had thought about killing Doctor Lindster directly, but the thought of Glast potentially needing Lindster's body made him change his mind right away. Based on what he had seen before, Lindster seemed to be on good terms with the two individuals from the room. Of course, at this point, Walsh could only hope those two would be able to help. 'Two?!' Doctor Lindster was stunned, then instead of running, picked up a crossbow from the ground. It wasn't that he didn't want to run. It was that he couldn't. Because behind the two of them, another dozen or so people had appeared. The assault from both front and back filled Walsh with resentment. He wasn't afraid of Death. What he feared was Glast succeeding. This made the newcomer of the 'Pale Hand' utterly unwilling to accept his fate. "Damn, if only we had Explosives." Walsh murmured. "Yeah, with Explosives, we'd at least stand a slim chance to break through... Hmm, did I say something wrong?" Doctor Lindster, standing shoulder-to-shoulder with Walsh, hadn't finished his sentence when he saw Walsh looking at him with a very peculiar gaze. "The Explosives I'm talking about are to blow you to pieces, to prevent that guy from getting your body," Walsh said directly, without hiding anything. Doctor Lindster paused, then gave a wry smile. "Is my body really that sought after?" "No! It's not that your body is sought after! It's just in case!" Walsh emphasized. "My unknown friend, you know, you didn't have to say that—at least, if you hadn't, I could feel somewhat better," Doctor Lindster said, lifting the crossbow and attempting to aim. The Doctor had handled crossbows and firearms before, but couldn't be considered proficient. So moving targets were quite a challenge for him. Whoosh! As he pulled the trigger, the crossbow's bolt brushed past the onrushing crowd and missed, then he immediately picked up two more crossbows, pulling their triggers. This time, he hit the mark perfectly. Not because the Doctor suddenly mastered the skill of shooting. But because the enemies had gotten much closer. Walsh swung his Bone Sword left and right, his back against Doctor Lindster, keeping the doctor's body as hidden as possible behind his own. Doctor Lindster felt the hardness of the wall behind him and his heart uncontrollably sank. The doctor seemed to have seen Death. He was somewhat unwilling. But, he also felt a sense of relief. His unwillingness stemmed from not being able to resurrect his wife successfully. The relief came from the prospect of being reunited with her soon.

Through Walsh's shoulders, watching those fierce and evil-looking assailants, guilt welled up in the doctor, and he softly said to Walsh, "Sorry, I've dragged you down." The doctor could tell that if it weren't for him, even in a weakened state, Walsh would have been able to escape. "Ha, it's my own doing, what does it have to do with you." Walsh sneered and thrust his sword into the throat of an enemy in front of him. After withdrawing his sword, he slit another person's throat, but the newcomer of the 'Pale Hand' now bore two deep, bone-exposing wounds on his body. Standing in front of Lindster and unable to dodge, such wounds were inevitable. Of course, this was also the fighting style chosen by Walsh. Trade injury for death! He relied on the strong Physique and recovery ability brought by the 'Pale Hand' Ritual, prepared to fight fiercely and take a few more lives. "Don't move!" After piercing another's throat with his sword, Walsh felt a commotion behind him; Doctor Lindster was bending down to pick up a Longsword. "I'll try not to move." Doctor Lindster said this, but the Longsword in his hand plunged into the body of an assailant who was charging at him. A thrust through the heart. Incredibly smooth. It wasn't caught by bone, nor slowed by fat or organs. Simply put, a death by one stroke. "You know how to use a sword?" Walsh was taken aback. "No, I only know how to perform surgeries." Doctor Lindster said this and, after drawing his sword, once again thrust the Longsword into the chest of an enemy rushing at them, using Walsh as a shield. Compared to the previous thrust, this one was even more adept for Lindster. Faster, more accurate, more ruthless. Meanwhile, Walsh deflected a Longsword aimed at Lindster with his Bone Sword. Without further verbal exchanges, the two of them began to cooperate quite tacitly. Walsh as the shield. Lindster as the sword. Back to back, Twin Sword strikes. For a moment, the two unexpectedly gained the upper hand. But it was only for a moment. Because— Among the crowd, figures armed with crossbows appeared. Not just one. There were five. With five crossbows aiming at them, the scar-ridden Walsh pursed his lips tightly, and Doctor Lindster also let out a sigh. "We're going to be skewered together, huh? I apologize once again." The doctor apologized once more. "I've said it before; it has nothing to do with you." Walsh once again coldly denied any connection. Then, the new recruit of the 'Pale Hand' took a deep breath, ready to strike at the cost of his life. He looked at the dozen or so people in front of him, silently calculating. Doctor Lindster certainly noticed what Walsh was thinking and also gripped the Longsword tighter, although he was well aware that without Walsh's protection, he probably wouldn't survive another thrust, but it was better than standing around waiting for death. "Shall I count one, two, three?" Doctor Lindster asked softly. Walsh did not respond but merely nodded his head. And then— "Three!" A shout of "three" from above nearly caused Lindster and Walsh to sprint instinctively and stumble to the ground. When they turned back with fury, they saw Eli standing on the rooftop with two Thunder Guns in his hands. Ignoring the transition of Walsh and Lindster's glares to surprise, Eli cheerfully shouted at the attackers below— "Good evening, gentlemen!" As his voice sounded, the intelligence trafficker and part-time stalker pulled the trigger. Bang, bang! A volley of bullets spread out, covering the targets densely.

Chapter 465: Absolute Safe Zone!

The pitch-black night was illuminated by gunpowder, and crimson blood blossomed forth. Five crossbowmen were hit by the bullets of the Thunder Gun and sent flying. The remaining attackers were routed under the Longsword of the 'Bandage Swordsman'— Clang! In the midst of the pleasant ringing of swords, the Longsword started to flicker with cold radiance. This sword was not fast. This sword was not slow. But with its unique rhythm, it dodged all of the attackers' strikes and then fiercely pierced the throats of the aggressors, each stab precise and prophetic. Walsh watched this swordsmanship, his expression solemn. For swordsmanship, Walsh relied on the abilities bestowed by the Bone Sword. It

wasn't that he didn't want to learn, it was just that he had blindly followed Glast's advice, believing the swordsmanship granted by the Bone Sword would be sufficient. But now? The 'Pale Hand' newcomer, sober now, had already realized the importance of swordsmanship. And the swordsmanship of the 'Bandage Swordsman' was showing him what true swordsmanship really meant. "The boss's swordsmanship is really strong, isn't it? Believe me, in South Los, no, in the whole South County, no one has yet been born who can surpass the boss in pure swordsmanship!" Eli jumped down from the rooftop and started bragging about the 'Bandage Swordsman'. In response to this, Walsh fell silent. This 'Pale Hand' newcomer, though endowed with swordsmanship by the Bone Sword, certainly understood what swordsmanship that ruled all of South County implied. At least an 'Entrant' level, right? Even, perhaps an 'Ascend Steper'. And this 'Bandage Swordsman' in front of them? Clearly not reaching either level. Walsh was silent, and so was Doctor Lindster. Because— The doctor had gotten a clear look at the 'Bandage Swordsman's' face. Or to be more exact, he saw the exposed skin of the 'Bandage Swordsman'. It was the skin of a dead person! The doctor could swear what he saw was the skin of a dead person! Resurrection of the dead! Almost subconsciously, that's where the doctor's mind went. Then, his body began trembling, and his eyes sparkled with excitement, almost tangibly. "Doctor Lindster, the boss's appearance was an accident. After this, I will introduce you in detail. Now? We need to run!" Eli's eyes turned towards the street corner, where a silhouette was slowly walking towards them. An unseen aura, heavy with the reek of Death Qi, was rolling in like a tide. Suddenly, the alley fell silent. Every creature in the face of death chose to yield. Even the rats in the sewers were no exception. Clearly, the big fish among these attackers was still to come. These were merely the appetizers. After stabbing the last attacker in the throat, the 'Bandage Swordsman' with one exposed eye stared intently at the slowly approaching figure. Feeling the surging, powerful Death Qi, there was no panic or fear in his gaze. Only familiarity and resilience! And... courage! Can the dead have courage? Before this, no one could be sure. But after seeing the Bandage Swordsman, anyone would be certain that even the dead can have courage. Because, at this moment, the 'Bandage Swordsman' showed no sign of backing down, with the half of the Longsword in his hand shining a faint light in the night. The gentle light, like sunshine, awakened Eli, Lindster, and Walsh from the overpowering dread of Death Qi. "Run! Run!" Eli hoisted up Walsh, who still wanted to fight, grabbed the Bone Sword with one hand, and with the other pulled the still dazzled Doctor Lindster, and they headed to the side. Clap clap clap! Crisp applause emerged from the hands of the approaching person. The stranger propped his cane under his arm; beneath a tall top hat, a clean-shaven face with neatly trimmed beard smiled. "Well done! The 'Bandage Swordsman' from the rumors. One who has died and come back to life. And able to wield the 'Slash of Vanquishing Evil.' I have been looking for you for a long time." In the night, the stranger's voice was calm, narrating almost as if telling a story, but increasingly more Death Qi was seeping out from his body. The white that represented 'death' began to spread in the dark night. No! It was blooming! Like the white flower of death. `` Walsh was firmly secured on Eli's back, but this young newcomer of the 'Pale Hand', twisted his head to steadfastly keep eye on the middle-aged man behind them. Was it Glast? It should be, right? Walsh wasn't certain, but he could only commit the man's appearance to memory. And he silently swore to himself— Next time, I will have my revenge with my own hands! Doctor Lindster also looked back, his attention completely captured by the 'Bandage Swordsman.' Therefore, neither of them saw another figure appear ahead of them. The dirty face was plainly visible under the moonlight, and the headband he wore was indiscernible in color, with a strangely dressed monkey perched on his shoulder. As Eli and the others rushed toward the figure, he grinned, revealing three large gold teeth. Instead of obstructing them, he stepped aside. Then, he yanked a nearby plank and bellowed— "Yang Fan!" Whoosh Whoosh

Whoosh! With the shout, sea water appeared beneath the figure's feet, and as he stepped onto the plank, the water propelled him toward the opposing figure. "Haha, set sail upon the sea!" The newcomer laughed heartily as he surged forward even faster. The middle-aged gentleman on the other end seemed to have anticipated this, pausing in his tracks and releasing a flare with a raised hand. Pop! The white flare blossomed in the night sky. Transforming into... A crossbones skull. Just like the flag of a pirate ship. Then— "'Bloody John' has come to South Los! 'Bloody John' is slaughtering the innocent in the Var Alley of Dort District! Help! Save me!" The shouts, magnified by a secret technique, were almost heard across the entire Dort District. The excitement of 'Bloody John', who was surfing, nearly turned him green. Because— He had sensed that scorching heat. The Sun Arrow! It was the Countess of South Los's men! Without any hesitation, the recently charging 'Bloody John' turned tail and ran. The middle-aged gentleman watched the scene with a content smile. "Wisdom, too, is a part of strength." He said this. But he didn't see the upturned corner of 'Bloody John's' mouth as he turned around. 'Just as X expected. Just you wait! You're a dead man!' 'Bloody John' thought to himself as he quickened his escape. That burning sensation was singeing his backside. "What the hell? Why are you only chasing after me? I didn't do anything!" 'Bloody John' roared in anger. Such an outburst made the middle-aged gentleman shake his head slightly, showing a face full of disappointment. However, when he turned to look at the 'Bandage Swordsman', who hadn't moved an inch, his eyes held surprise. "Why aren't you running?" "Slash!" After the 'Bandage Swordsman' uttered that word, the bright radiance of his Longsword immediately turned scorching hot and Sharpness. Unstoppable. Indifferent to life and death. This brilliance illuminated the entire alley, and even the fleeing Eli took notice. However, the stalker-cum-Intelligence Trafficker quickened his pace instead of stopping. He knew, the boss was risking it all. He couldn't waste the opportunity the boss had fought for. Walsh also sensed something, the lips of this 'Pale Hand' newcomer firmly pressed together. Doctor Lindster also lowered his head, saying nothing. "Take it easy, the boss climbed back from hell itself! And he's arranged a perfectly safe getaway for us!" In such a moment, Eli still maintained a smile. The stalker-cum-Intelligence Trafficker motivated the morale in his own way. "Where is this perfectly safe place?" Doctor Lindster asked, playing along. Curiosity flickered in Walsh's eyes. Feeling the shift in the two men, Eli immediately grinned and said— "No. 2 Cork Street!" ""

Chapter 466: Take the Blame!

In the gentle and piercing brilliance, the middle-aged gentleman stepped aside with a smile.

With one step, his figure was heavy.

"Slash of Vanquishing Evil, nothing is invincible!

But...

you must be able to reach it!"

The middle-aged gentleman said this.

No!

More precisely, 22 figures spoke in unison.

They surrounded 'Bandage Swordsman', their faces warm and polite, their words gentle and humble, but the overlapping dialogue brought a suffocating, dizzying strangeness.

More importantly, this strangeness was layered one upon another.

'Bandage Swordsman' could even sense his soul's faltering.

But the next moment, 'Bandage Swordsman's soul stabilized once again.

After all, it wasn't really alive.

Its soul...

wasn't real, either!

As for finding which one of them is real?

Of course, it couldn't be found either.

But someone...

No!

A dog could find it!

After slightly borrowing the view of Kuliqi, 'Bandage Swordsman' slashed out with his sword—

Buzz!

The white light of the Slash of Vanquishing Evil dispersed one side of the Shadows, revealing the middle-aged gentleman's surprised and unexpected expression.

"How is this possible?!"

The middle-aged gentleman exclaimed, his cane held in front of him, blocking the Slash of Vanquishing Evil.

Without any impediment, the metal cane was split in two.

The subsequent force field shield that appeared was also directly split open.

But, using this buffer, the middle-aged gentleman managed to find a gap to dodge.

His figure darted, and the middle-aged gentleman dodged the deadly strike.

However, from the forehead down, a thin scar spread directly downward, his nose battered, his lips split, his jaw seemed to have an extra notch, his upper clothing and lower pants hanging on his body, with fresh blood flowing from the wounds on his body.

"Ah ah ah, my face!"

The middle-aged gentleman threw away the broken cane in his hand and covered his face, crying out in pain.

'Bandage Swordsman' slashed down with another sword.

The middle-aged gentleman retreated again, and as he did, his right hand raised—

Bang, bang, bang!

The bone at the first joint of his fingers shot out directly.

The middle-aged gentleman tried to repel 'Bandage Swordsman', but under those bandages, the single eye of 'Bandage Swordsman' flashed with endless ferocity.

This 'Bandage Swordsman' did not dodge or flinch but went straight in with a sword strike.

Three Bone Spurs caused great holes in 'Bandage Swordsman'.

Similarly, the head of the middle-aged gentleman was chopped off.

Pff!

Blood burst forth.

After sheathing his Longsword, 'Bandage Swordsman' picked up the corpse and swiftly chased into a nearby alley.

This body was hardly usable anymore.

He needed to switch to a new one.

Fortunately, the bandages were not damaged.

After all, for 'Bandage Swordsman', the body was just a vessel, and the bandages were the true essence.

...

Eli, carrying Walsh and dragging Doctor Lindster, was running frantically.

Just as they surged onto Cicico Ruins Road, the Shire District in sight, a figure appeared ahead.

Within the formless aura, the Death Qi surged toward them like a tide.

"Not bad! Not bad."

The figure praised as he continued moving.

The next moment, Eli and the two others clearly saw the person in front of them.

They were initially stunned—

A black cane painted with lacquer, a tall top hat, a clean-shaven middle-aged man's face wearing a gentle smile.

They had just seen him in Var Alley.

Wasn't he blocked by 'Bandage Swordsman'?

How could he appear here?

Then...

What happened to 'Bandage Swordsman'?

Eli was full of worry in his heart, while Walsh gnashed his teeth with renewed hatred in his eyes.

Doctor Lindster, however, had a bitter smile at the corners of his mouth.

Because once again, he couldn't move.

In fact, it wasn't just Doctor Lindster.

Eli and Walsh, under the surging Death Qi, were also suppressed, unable to move an inch.

Gnashing his teeth, Eli slowly lifted his arm, preparing to reach into his bosom.

There, he had a scroll that served as his last resort.

Although he didn't know whether it would be useful or not.

But at this time, he had to try.

The middle-aged gentleman clearly saw Eli's struggle and immediately laughed.

"It's useless," he said.

"I have seen through all your arrangements," he continued.

"I know every fallback you have," he added.

"You have no chance of turning the tables," he concluded.

"After all, this time there will be no one showing up to disrupt my plans."

The middle-aged gentleman spoke with full confidence.

Then, the wind began to blow.

It rose from the ground and whirled upward.

In an instant, it enveloped the middle-aged gentleman within it.

Next, the wind turned into blades!

Like sharp blades of wind, they swirled around the middle-aged gentleman's body, causing the surging Death Qi to dissipate completely, leaving only a series of wails.

"Aaaaah!"

The screams were incessant.

The bystanders, Eli, Walsh, and Lindster, all had their pupils shrink.

Death by a thousand cuts!

Literally, death by a thousand cuts!

The three watched as the invisible wind turned pink, then red.

And as flesh and bones joined in, the whirlwind turned a deep crimson.

"Heh, I don't allow such presumptuous folks to exist in South Los," came a light chuckle.

With that, 'Horton' emerged with the wind in front of the crimson whirlwind. His eyes, cold, stared at the middle-aged gentleman being shredded in the whirlwind.

"I'm here to disrupt your plans," he said.

"What are you going to do about it?" Horton challenged.

The middle-aged gentleman, seeing 'Horton' appear, was clearly startled.

First, confusion, then shock filled his eyes.

"'Horton,' you're not dead?!" the middle-aged gentleman exclaimed.

"Of course I'm not dead. If I were dead, wouldn't that mean letting you succeed—you ambushed me at the critical moment of completing the ritual!

But you probably didn't expect that I still had contingencies in place, did you?

Of course, you also didn't expect that guy to pay me to serve as a 'decoy'!

I lived!

I completed the unexpected ritual!

And now?

I think I should start by claiming some interest from you!" Horton said as he raised his right hand and clenched his fist suddenly.

"Wait, I..."

The middle-aged gentleman internally shouted in dismay when he heard Horton's words.

It was clear; he had been set up.

Immediately, the middle-aged gentleman tried to explain, but Horton gave no chance for explanations. With a tightening of his fist,

the whirlwind compressed, like a watermelon in a blender.

In a breath, the middle-aged gentleman was obliterated.

After doing all this, Horton didn't even glance at Eli, Walsh, and Doctor Lindster; he transformed into a gust of wind and disappeared from the spot.

In contrast to the three, Horton had more important things to attend to.

Having finally connected with 'Bloody John,' how could Horton possibly let it go?

Meanwhile, Eli, Walsh, and Lindster looked at each other and once again sighed in relief at their narrow escape.

Continuing, they headed toward No. 2 Cork Street.

This time, their journey was remarkably smooth.

Upon stepping into Cork Street, the three of them took a deep breath of relief, but very quickly, their expressions changed.

Something was off!

Chapter 467: Fertilizer!

Silence!

It was too quiet!

Not a single sound on Cork Street!

Even in winter, when insect sounds were absent, the barking of dogs was certainly not rare, and those rats hiding in the gutters would make rustling noises at night.

But now, there was nothing.

There was only the sound of three people breathing—

Whoosh!

Eli sensed the breath of Walsh on his back, and goosebumps rose on his neck.

That breath lacked any warmth.

Instead, it was filled with a chilling sensation.

Like a leaky window on a winter's night.

Eli made no unusual movements but maintained his pace and continued walking forward.

The hand of the stalker who moonlighted as an intelligence trafficker, however, was slowly moving towards his chest.

But in the next moment, it was caught.

It was Doctor Lindster.

Doctor Lindster stretched out his hand and caught Eli's other hand. That palm was like metal from an ice cellar; not only cold but also firm.

Just by grabbing hold, Eli could no longer struggle free.

"Eli, what are you trying to do?"

The dissection has just begun!"

Doctor Lindster said softly, and as he smiled, his lips parted to reveal sharp teeth.

...

Doctor Lindster was being dragged along.

"Stop! Eli stop!"

The doctor shouted loudly.

But Eli turned a deaf ear.

On the contrary, the stalker who moonlighted as an intelligence trafficker ran even faster, and the arm of the doctor he was pulling kept swinging violently.

Doctor Lindster was like a bouncy ball tied to a string, constantly colliding with obstacles around him.

Some were gates.

Some were trees.

Some were simply hard walls.

At the first collision, Doctor Lindster was already bleeding from the head.

At the second, his bones made a crisp sound.

By the third, Doctor Lindster was on his last breath.

However, it did not end there.

Eli's mouth let out bursts of strange laughter.

"Hehehe haha, look ahead."

Doctor Lindster, on the verge of death, tried hard to lift his head.

He saw a speeding carriage.

And in front of the carriage was...

His wife.

His oblivious wife continued to walk forward.

"No!

Stop!

Stop it now!"

Doctor Lindster screamed in utter despair.

And Eli's laughter became increasingly shrill and piercing.

...

Walsh slowly drew the Bone Sword, looking at Eli who was carrying him, head down, silent, just moving forward, this 'Pale Hand' novice didn't hesitate.

He thrust the sword straight out!

Thud!

Eli, his neck pierced through, looked astonished and collapsed to the ground.

Beside him, Doctor Lindster called out in a questioning shout.

"What are you doing?"

Without hesitation, Walsh thrust his sword again.

It was all fake anyway.

No need for concern.

The 'Pale Hand' novice thought thus.

Doctor Lindster fell to the ground, a sword through him, incomprehension on his face as he died.

Then...

Noises appeared, dog barks appeared.

"Murder! Murder!"

Everyone on Cork Street was shouting, only No. 2 Cork Street lights remained off.

No. 2 Cork Street, of course, was empty.

Because, that 'Spirit Medium' was still at Caesar Manor, I saw him there this morning.

Walsh thought to himself.

But the next moment—

Creak!

The door at No. 2 Cork Street opened.

'Spirit Medium' Arthur Kredos walked out.

His face, identical to what he remembered, was young and gentle, always wearing a faint smile. When his gaze met Arthur's, it carried curiosity and confusion.

As if he couldn't understand why Arthur would kill someone in the middle of the street.

However, when the 'Spirit Medium' clearly saw Doctor Lindster's body, a solemn look flashed in his eyes.

"Why did you kill Doctor Lindster?"

The 'Spirit Medium' asked.

"Ha, just an illusion!"

Walsh swung the [Bone Sword], striking directly at the 'Spirit Medium.'

Then, he was sent flying.

The [Bone Sword] spun and landed, embedding itself near him.

He himself was slumped on the ground, unable to muster any strength in his body.

"An illusion?"

How ignorant!"

The 'Spirit Medium' scolded, then dragged him in front of the two corpses and whispered sternly, "If it were an illusion, could you feel its warmth?

If it were an illusion, would you feel pain?"

The voice was low, but it caused Walsh's eyes to involuntarily widen.

He looked at Doctor Lindster and Eli, who died with their eyes open.

He felt the pain on his own body.

He raised his hand to touch the blood.

He could feel its warmth.

"Is this all real?

No, it's false!

No, it's real!

This is... ah ah ah ah!"

Walsh held his head with both hands, wailing loudly.

Amid his wails, the people around him disappeared one after another, and the streets and trees also dissipated like smoke in the wind.

Only the 'Spirit Medium' remained.

The 'Spirit Medium' watched Walsh, his lips curling into a slight smile, and after binding him with a rope, he twisted it together with two other ropes.

On the other ends of the ropes were Eli and Doctor Lindster.

The three, bound by ropes, stared blankly, drooling from the corners of their mouths.

"Just one more!

The most important one!

You really surprised me!

But...

What will change the outcome?"

The 'Spirit Medium' whispered, his gaze sweeping back and forth across the faces of the three.

"Eli and that 'bandaged swordsman' have already formed a bond, making the best bait!

Lindster was obsessed with his dead wife.

And you?

Walsh, you truly possess talent and are so useful.

So, all three of you won't die, I'll make good use of you."

The 'Spirit Medium' said, picking up one end of the rope and pulling it forcefully toward a spot in the darkness—light began to emerge in the darkness where the 'Spirit Medium' tread.

Thin cracks appeared within the darkness.

When these cracks interlaced, the entire darkness shattered like an eggshell.

Crack!

A light sound and it burst apart.

The darkness receded.

The night sky appeared.

Under the night canopy, Cork Street was peaceful, the occasional barking dog and rustling adding endless vitality to the street.

The 'Spirit Medium' stood in the middle of Cork Street, dragging the bodies, surveying the street intently.

"Still not quite enough!

Not quite perfect!

It lacks vitality...

I hope you can bring me a surprise, resurrectionist. You've been quite hard to find."

The 'Spirit Medium' muttered to himself, his gaze involuntarily shifting towards No. 2 Cork Street, his eyes immediately filling with wariness.

Especially upon seeing the [Death Serpent Banyan], his apprehension deepened.

He was all too aware of some of the Death Poetry Society's past.

The story of that 'The Sacred Tree,' he knew even better.

That Arthur maintained such a habit was quite telling.

"Truly a scary 'Death's Child.' Not only did you create a decoy to attract everyone's attention, but you also developed to this extent without anyone noticing.

If possible, I really don't want to be your enemy!

Unfortunately, there are no ifs!

What you have is too enticing for me, like this immature 'The Sacred Tree.' It's too beautiful! I can't imagine what it will look like when it matures!"

The 'Spirit Medium' exclaimed, but before his exclamation had finished, a reassuring voice resounded beside his ear—

"Hmm, I'm also looking forward to its maturity. So... how about you become the fertilizer?"

Chapter 468 Undead, if you want to kill your own emperor, I am right here

The sudden voice by his ear startled the 'Spirit Medium'.

This 'Spirit Medium' had no idea when the person behind him had appeared.

However, the 'Spirit Medium' knew he needed to distance himself from the other party.

Without thinking, the 'Spirit Medium' sprinted forward, yanking the rope in his hand fiercely, flinging it backwards.

Whoo!

The rope, which bound Eli, Walsh, and Doctor Lindster, swung the three men backward like a meteor hammer.

But the three men were stopped before they reached the person behind.

It wasn't the person behind who made a move.

Instead...

The Death Serpent Banyan!

Swish, swish, swish!

Three Snake Vines shot out from the crown of the Death Serpent Banyan, intercepting Eli, Walsh, and Doctor Lindster midway.

The remaining one hundred and eighteen Snake Vines, like a violent storm, lashed fiercely toward the 'Spirit Medium'.

Not metaphorically,

Literally aiming for the face.

Because—

Arthur's command.

"Sporting such a face yet engaging in such shady activities, I feel like you're mocking me!"

Among the rapid lashes of the Snake Vines, Arthur's voice emerged faintly.

The young 'Spirit Medium' stopped hiding his figure, and walked out slowly.

Though his facial expression remained gentle, anyone could see a hint of chill in the eyes of the young 'Spirit Medium'.

Arthur was angry.

Everyone could reach that conclusion.

And that was what Arthur wanted; he hoped that anyone would mistakenly think that it was only after seeing that face, similar to his own, that he acted out of anger.

Unlike his front, who got dragged into the current situation.

He was somewhat passive.

Because he utilized the rumor of Marinda's 'pregnancy,' his attention should have been entirely on Marinda, which is why he had the Bandage Swordsman inform Eli to seek refuge at No. 2 Cork Street in an awkward yet accepted manner.

Arthur wanted to use this as an entry point into the matter.

But unexpectedly, the other party was too cooperative.

They straightforwardly disguised themselves and attacked Eli and the others.

What else was there to say?

Naturally, it was time to openly take action.

Even the Countess wouldn't stop this.

In fact, that was true—

Standing next to protect Marinda, the face of the Female Swordmaster of the Countess flushed with anger, and she scolded vehemently.

"You despicable creature, how dare you impersonate Arthur!"

In her scolding, the Female Swordmaster already clenched the handle of her Plank Sword.

If Arthur had not just asked her to help look after Marinda, the Swordmaster might have already rushed up to teach the impostor a lesson.

Clearly, the Female Swordmaster, imbued with knightly spirit, could not accept such impersonation.

And Marinda's eyes also flashed with menace.

"The 'Pale Hand,' huh?"

Very well, I will remember that."

The lady said softly.

Her voice was casual, yet the tone was extremely cold.

No one would doubt that this lady harbored a killing intent, not only towards the person before her but also towards the organization that person belonged to. Upon hearing that it was the Pale Hand causing trouble, the nearby Female Swordmaster immediately felt her anger solidify.

"You rats again!"

The Female Swordmaster shouted.

Leaving aside the fact that the entire family of 'Viscount Primo' was killed in battle, and the South Los Family already had a grudge against this organization,

Just the recent incident where the other party impersonated a member of the 'Death Poetry Society' and infiltrated the guards of the Countess of South Los had already crossed the line for the South Los Family.

And now?

They even dared to impersonate Arthur, who the Lord Count greatly admired.

Since when did the people of the 'Pale Hand' become so audacious?

Or is it that...

Someone instructed them?!

The Female Swordmaster couldn't help but think.

As for who the instructor was?

Was there even a need to ask?

It must be the Old Lion!

Marinda quietly observed the expression of the Female Swordmaster.

This lady knew that for a considerable time in the future, life in South Los wouldn't be easy for the 'Pale Hand.'

As for the words just spoken?

They were definitely not meant to divert disaster elsewhere.

She truly intended to strike at the 'Pale Hand.'

In this lady's view, since the other party had impersonated Arthur to cause trouble, it had touched upon the benefits jointly established by her and Arthur.

Today, they impersonated Arthur.

Could they impersonate her tomorrow?

Therefore, this lady believed it necessary to teach the 'Pale Hand' a lesson.

A lesson they would remember for a lifetime.

A lesson so painful that just thinking about it would make them despair.

Also, given her power, achieving this would require a long time, during which some accidents could occur.

Thus, to simplify matters, this lady prepared to borrow the power of the South Los Family.

From what she could see now, the effect was good.

Thinking this, the lady looked towards Arthur in the arena—

The counterfeit was being thrashed by the 'Death Serpent Banyan,' retreating repeatedly.

Especially his face, which already had over a dozen gory gashes.

The original human skin mask was long ago mush, and now the gashes revealed his real face.

However, after being lashed by the 'Snake Vine' more than a dozen times, his original appearance was indiscernible.

"Ah ah ah!"

A piercing scream rose from his mouth.

Row upon row, it caused a ringing in the ears.

Even, after building up, Eli, Walsh, and Doctor Lindster, who had just awoken, fainted once again.

'A sonic attack?

No!

It's...

A secret technique similar to using sound for hypnosis!'

Arthur, who had mastered the essence of the 'Sound of Death,' easily figured out this guy's tricks, of course, there were more tricks up his sleeve.

Death Qi!

Thick Death Qi billowed out from his sleeves.

The Death Qi was so dense that it was almost like smoke.

It billowed ceaselessly, enveloping the entire Cork Street.

Following that—

Soul Fire!

Cluster after cluster of Soul Fire danced in the dense Aura of Death.

It didn't ignite but appeared.

Soul Fire, along with new Skeletons holding rusty weapons, appeared in the eye sockets of these Skeletons, and as soon as they appeared, they formed a formation under the command of the 'Pale Hand' member, blocking the 'Death Serpent Banyan' while the emergence of these Skeletons also steadied the 'Pale Hand' member's heart.

"I never expected to truly meet you, Lord Kledos of South Los' Spirit Medium.

I've thought more than once under what circumstances I would meet you, but never expected it would be like this.

Though it is very impolite, with Lady Julie and Miss Caesar watching, I cannot truly display my strength and must resort to such little tricks—

3000 Skeleton Warriors.

Although their levels are not high, I think they can slightly delay you, right?"

As the other party said this, those Skeleton Warriors had already charged.

Being of the undead, they knew no fear and were unafraid of death.

Moreover, they were numerous.

Even at this moment, they still surged unstoppably from that dense Aura of Death.

White bones formed a white tidal wave, relentlessly charging towards the dark figure.

The Female Swordmaster swung her Plank Sword to join the battle.

Marinda also picked up her pipe again.

Both women were clear that a single Skeleton Warrior was manageable, a single soldier could handle it, but 3000 Skeleton Warriors were not that easy.

Skeleton Warriors, naturally immune to mental intimidation, once in sufficient numbers, could not be taken lightly by anyone.

But, the next moment, both ladies were stunned.

They watched Arthur in shock.

Watching Arthur confidently step forward.

Watching the Skeleton Warriors charging towards Arthur suddenly stop in their tracks.

Watching as Arthur passed in front of the Skeleton Warriors, all of them knelt on one knee.

The Soul Fire in their eye sockets, which had been flickering lightly, now flared up into blazing flames, as if to shout—

Long live the Emperor!

Chapter 469: Rich Dad Arthur!

The bones moved like a tide, silent as a forest.

When the skeleton warriors' charge halted, all kneeling on one knee, Marinda, the Female Swordmaster, was simply dumbfounded; they could never have anticipated such an event.

Especially Marinda.

She was a specialist in the Undead.

She admitted she simply could not achieve this extent.

Perhaps she could directly seize command of a dozen lower-order Undead.

But 3000?

Unthinkable!

Unless...

'Ascend Step'!

So, had Arthur 'Ascended Step'?

Marinda pondered this question again and then shook her head.

'It must not be Ascension but rather the Core Mystical Art 'Communicate with Spirits' from the Cat Faction. Black!'

The rumored 'Communicate with Spirits' apparently really does have the ability to command the Undead...

I thought it was just a rumor, but it turns out to be true!

Arthur, that guy, has truly enviable resources!' she thought to herself, yet her expression remained calm and smiling as if everything was as it should be.

This caused the Female Swordmaster, who had instinctively looked towards Marinda in horror, to grow even more surprised.

But then, the Female Swordmaster seemed to realize something.

'Communicate with Spirits'?

Is this 'Communicate with Spirits'?

the Female Swordmaster asked softly.

"Yes, this is 'Communicate with Spirits',"

Marinda nodded affirmatively.

This exchange was not secretive, hence the member of the Pale Hand heard it clearly as well.

Unlike Marinda and the Female Swordmaster, who were stunned, this member of the Pale Hand could hardly believe it, shocked to the point of having their worldviews turned upside down.

The enemy had never imagined that their controlled 'Sea of Bones' would be 'taken.'

'How is this possible?

'The 'Sea of Bones' is a high-level secret technique of the Pale Hand, how could it be taken so easily?

Is the Cat Faction this powerful?'

thought the member of the Pale Hand, looking at Arthur again with fear.

No!

To be precise, it was terror.

It was the kind of terror felt in the presence of a 'Natural Enemy.'

However, the member of the Pale Hand did not lose the courage that was due.

Or rather...

It was a struggle for survival!

Their eyes gleamed fiercely.

The hands hidden behind began to gesture, and they whispered sharply—

"Explode!"

Death Qi surged, heading straight for the 3000 skeleton warriors.

'Your 'Communicate with Spirits' can control the skeleton warriors!

But can your 'Communicate with Spirits' control Death Qi?

Once I detonate the skeleton warriors with Death Qi...

You're still on a path to death!'

The member of the Pale Hand thought, his eyes growing even more fierce, especially when he sensed that the Death Qi had already attached to the surface of the skeleton warriors and was about to infiltrate deeper, he shouted.

"Die, South Los Spirit Medium!"

Immediately, the member of the Pale Hand's eyes widened, ready to enjoy the 'fireworks' that were about to burst.

But the next moment—

"Belongings of the East End, land of sacrifice, nine sheep fall one, monuments of flesh and blood, white bones like a forest...rest eternally!"

Arthur's low chant echoed in the quiet streets, a bluish flame danced at his fingertips.

Then, with a flick of his hand.

Whoosh!

It was as if a spark had landed in a pool of gasoline.

That Death Qi.

Those Skeleton Warriors.

All of them had ignited.

In just a moment, the entire street had plunged into a sea of blue flames.

Though devoid of flesh and blood, the essential Death Qi in front of him was still brought back by the "Deathly Fire", nourishing Arthur.

And that dispersing Death Qi was being absorbed by the "Death Serpent Banyan".

Recently, Arthur had unconsciously accumulated more than 2000 Death Qi in the past few days, which had started to surge wildly, breaking 10,000 in a single breath.

Then, 20,000, 30,000...

Watching the speed of the Death Qi's increase, Arthur expressed his helplessness.

He didn't want this either.

But Death Qi, upon seeing him, threw itself at him as desperately as a poor son who had been starving for three years upon seeing a wealthy father.

The "Death Serpent Banyan's" "Death Extraction" was originally able to quickly absorb surrounding Death Qi to nourish itself, repair, grow, and even store.

However, just after the "Death Serpent Banyan" had absorbed a little bit of the dispersing Death Qi around it, the Death Qi stored within its own trunk began to surge outward.

This Death Qi too was attracted by Arthur.

Who doesn't want to have a rich father?

Feeling the faint helplessness and grievance coming from the "Death Serpent Banyan", Arthur also felt helpless, and immediately directed the absorbed Death Qi back to the "Death Serpent Banyan".

This wasn't just simple consolation.

There was also a set plan.

In Arthur's plan, there was already the intention to allow the "Death Serpent Banyan" to absorb more Death Qi, to promote it from the status of a "War Tree" to a "War Grand Tree" in a short time.

Even to an "Ancient War Tree"!

One year, three years was too long.

He, Arthur, was racing against time.

Thinking this, Arthur's expression grew even more sorrowful.

He looked at one broken Skeleton Warrior after another, sighing softly—

"Rest in peace.

The Eternal Resting Land will surely relieve you of your pain."

It was impossible for Arthur not to have thoughts about the 3000 Skeleton Warriors.

However, the weaknesses of these Skeleton Warriors were also too obvious.

Even if he counteracted and took control of those Skeleton Warriors, the 'weakness' built into their creation was something he could not mend.

Even if Arthur felt regret, he would not allow himself to be surrounded by 3000 bombs.

Unless he planned to sleep with his eyes open in the future.

Besides that, there was...

The Countess of South Los!

Obviously, if he really accepted these 3000 Skeleton Warriors openly, the Countess would start losing sleep.

And him?

He would have to consider the likelihood of being struck by lightning.

With his current resistance to lightning, he didn't know how many strikes he could withstand.

Thus, Arthur abandoned the 3000 Skeleton Warriors, focusing on developing his own "Death Serpent Banyan".

Of course, Arthur hasn't forgotten the chief culprit who caused all of this.

His gaze turned coldly toward that member of the "Pale Hand" who had caused him to lose 3000 Skeleton Warriors.

The severity in his eyes had not dissipated; the member's expression was frozen in horror, as if a mask were strapped to his face, standing there stunned.

Once again, this member of the "Pale Hand" had his worldview shattered.

And with this shattering, fear arose within this member of the "Pale Hand".

But this fear didn't provoke the "Pale Hand" member to turn and run or beg pitifully; instead, it transformed into rage.

Under this bizarre anger, seeing Arthur's indifferent gaze, the member felt it was full of provocation.

Such provocation was like numerous spikes, irritating the member's nerves.

"Ah! I want you dead!

Die!"

The opposing member yelled, his body uncontrollably swelling.

Arthur, however, watched the swelling figure calmly, raising a hand and flicking his fingers—

"Song of Death, Sword One!"

Chapter 470: Distortion!

A white Sword Qi swept past a member of the 'Pale Hand'.

There was no grand momentum, nor was there an overpowering aura.

Only sharpness and speed.

One sword, a flash, a slay.

Hiss!

The member of the 'Pale Hand', who had just swelled up, deflated like a punctured ball, and his body was dragged into the soil by the 'Death Serpent Banyan'.

"Light blade, fast horse, utter silence."

The Female Swordmaster murmured softly, her gaze towards Arthur becoming increasingly complex.

If she hadn't been certain that Arthur was a 'Spirit Medium', she might have thought he was an assassin.

That Sword Qi technique just now.

And the earlier 'Silent Whisper. Silent Burial', both were silent yet powerfully impactful techniques.

This Arthur...

So dangerous!

Once again, the Female Swordmaster was determined not to let Arthur get close to her Lord Count, and Arthur noticed the Female Swordmaster's odd behavior.

However, he didn't care.

Because, at the moment, the 'Death Serpent Banyan' was more intriguing to him—

[Name: Death Serpent Banyan]

[Type: Other Types]

[Quality: Epic]

[Attributes: 1, Death Extraction II; 2, Death Threat II; 3, Snake Vine II; 4, Snake Sting II; 5, Stealth II;]

[Remarks: A special plant of the Hilt Tower, after getting tainted with your blood, it underwent an unimaginable bizarre promotion, becoming eerie and stronger yet loyal, it guards No. 2 Cork Street on your command, or you can order it to a new courtyard, and after absorbing death Qi from 3000 Skeleton Warriors, it promoted to a War Tree at a breathtaking speed—a promotion that even the successors of the Hilt Tower couldn't understand, your blood is just that miraculous!]

...

[Death Extraction II: Absorbs the surrounding aura of death to nourish itself for repair and growth, and can store death Qi; the stored death Qi can repair undead creatures of the same faction nearby]

[Death Threat II: With a radius of 200 meters, it naturally exudes a death deterrence, causing lower-level undead to unconsciously protect themselves; when creatures harbor malice, they must make a Will -3 check, upon failure, they will fall into a state of confusion and panic]

[Snake Vine II: Vines hidden within the canopy as flexible as snakes, not only able to whip enemies but its toxin can also paralyze them and induce hallucinations in the enemies]

[Snake Sting II: The vast root system hidden underground is the Death Serpent Banyan's ace up the sleeve, any creature pierced by it will rapidly lose life and become nourishment for the Death Serpent Banyan]

[Stealth II: The Death Serpent Banyan can completely burrow underground, moving swiftly, but can also opt to pull its roots up to walk straightforward, albeit slower]

(Note 1: A total of 168 Snake Vines, attack range is a 75-meter radius from the Death Serpent Banyan)

(Note 2: There are a total of 61 Snake Thorn Root Systems, the main root can ignore defenses below a Defense Level of 4, the remaining secondary roots can ignore defenses below a Defense Level of 1, the main Snake Thorn root system range is a 150-meter radius from the Death Serpent Banyan, secondary roots at a 75 meter radius)

(Note 3: When the main root is damaged, the Death Serpent Banyan will be hurt, but it won't be fatal and can quickly select one of the secondary roots as the main root to replace it)

(Note 4: Death Extraction can accelerate the growth of the Death Serpent Banyan, currently at the War Tree stage (30 meters high, mostly hidden underground))

(Note 5: Even if the Death Serpent Banyan suffers fatal damage, as long as the core of the tree is retained at the War Tree level, it will not die but needs to be replanted)

(Note 6: The special bloodline speeds up the growth of the Death Serpent Banyan, and abundant death Qi greatly reduces the growth cycle of the Death Serpent Banyan; in two years, you can obtain an Ancient War Tree that fights for you, when it grows to the Ancient War Tree, it not only possesses certain thinking capabilities but also masters some basic death, snake, and plant secret techniques, yet its loyalty to you remains unchanging; as time passes and with the absorption of 'Aura of Death', the Death Serpent Banyan will continue to grow until it reaches its limit)

...

As the 'Death Serpent Banyan' promoted to a War Tree, its size increased by more than double.

Arthur immediately ordered the 'Death Serpent Banyan' to conceal itself.

In addition to hiding most of its body underground, more 'Snake Vines' were also hidden within the vast canopy, which adjusted its angle to appear dense rather than enlarged.

All of this was done silently.

Marinda and the Female Swordmaster did not notice them.

Or rather...

They were completely distracted by the person concealed at the side.

"Glast?"

Marinda spoke tentatively.

The Female Swordmaster was also searching around.

The 'Pale Hand' member whom Arthur had just killed was obviously not Lady Glast.

The anomalies in the opponent were very much like Walsh.

Yet, there were differences.

It was a higher level of 'soothing' and 'cognition' modification.

Or more accurately speaking...

Distortion!

This was not what the 'Pale Hand' excelled at but rather resembled the secret techniques rumored to belong to 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association,' an organization also inclined towards corpses but more adept at twisting the minds of the living, and one of the continuations of the 'Tower of Mist' school. There were even rumors that he was a direct disciple of the man in the white robe.

Of course, those were just rumors.

After all, the well-known man in the white robe had always aspired towards 'The Light.'

Why would a 'Pale Hand' member use the 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association's secret technique?

It's possible that the opponent was a spy for 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association.'

It's also possible that the opponent had killed a member of the 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association' and acquired some of the secret techniques.

Another possibility was that the opponent was originally a member of the 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association,' but had ended up killing a member of the 'Pale Hand' and obtained some of their techniques.

In any case, all possibilities existed.

But regardless of which one it was, the opponent was a formidable enemy.

Moreover, it was absolutely imperative not to let the opponent continue to lurk in the shadows.

Such a person was far too dangerous.

"Ah!"

A sigh came from the direction of Dar Alley.

Marinda's inquiry had taken effect.

The lady and the Female Swordmaster turned their gaze directly towards the direction of Dar Alley, but Arthur was different.

With his Fujin's vision locking down the entire scene, Arthur could clearly see that the person was coming from West Mok Avenue, but the 'voice' was coming from Dar Alley.

Arthur's hearing also informed him of this.

But Arthur's 'eyes' conveyed to him the true scene.

This sense of incongruity made Arthur's brow furrow slightly.

Yet, he chose to trust his 'eyes.'

So, while Marinda and the Female Swordmaster looked towards Dar Alley, Arthur turned to look in the direction of West Mok Avenue.

The person approaching from West Mok Avenue was taken aback.

Clearly, the person had not expected Arthur to see through their secret technique.

However, they soon smiled.

"Good evening, Lord Kledos.

You are as handsome as the rumors say," said the person as they took off their hood.

Immediately, the charming visage of a lady was revealed under the moonlight, especially those light green eyes staring straight at Arthur, the corners like a fox's, seemingly languid with allure.

The lady watched Arthur while also glancing at Marinda.

Looking at Arthur, her eyes brimmed with tender affection.

Looking at Marinda, her eyes carried a tangible provocation.

Marinda's eyes narrowed slightly, her deep-blue pupils flashing with unprecedented coldness.

Marinda clearly knew what this woman intended to do.

Although she and Arthur were merely 'contracted,' in this moment, she absolutely could not back down.

However, just as Marinda was ready to confront Lady Glast with her pipe in hand, Arthur took the initiative.

The young 'Spirit Medium' looked at the lady before him, tilted his head slightly, a meaningful smile appearing on his face as he whispered softly—

"Hello, Saucy."