

Great Master 621

Chapter 621: Finally a Place to Apply What I've Learned!

Before dawn, Ms. Anna was busy at No. 2 Cork Street.

Egg sandwiches and ham sandwiches on fresh toast, milk, and the peanut butter that Arthur liked.

Since he had tried the soft, uniquely textured fresh toast, Arthur had become quite fond of this toast in the past two days, not only for breakfast but also for late-night snacks.

Of course, his habit of reading the newspaper while eating breakfast had not changed.

However, today there was a surprise—

"The 'Spirit Medium' Arthur Kredos of South Los, through divination, had locked on the nefarious 'Devil of Dokiman Island'—Sakiri!"

The bold font and unusually long headline were particularly eye-catching.

The content emphasized how Arthur had accepted the commission of the Countess of South Los and used divination to pinpoint Sakiri's whereabouts.

Then, Sakiri was killed in a single blow by the Countess's guards.

The article included much artistic embellishment.

In terms of writing style and pacing, it was far superior to anything Garcia had written.

Obviously, it was written by a true master.

Even Arthur, who had experienced it personally, felt that the incidents must have occurred just like that after reading it.

As for why the Countess did this?

Arthur knew it well.

It was simply to completely imprint the mark of the South Los House on him.

To leave the Old Lion of Inner Bay without any opportunity.

For this, Arthur didn't mind.

He went to Inner Bay to seek justice for his mother.

If he gained more in the process, it was surely his mother's spirit blessing him from heaven.

Beyond that?

Nothing else mattered.

Now, Arthur was somewhat looking forward to what the Countess of South Los would give him besides the Griffin Spirit Potion.

There must be something else.

Arthur believed the Countess of South Los was not naïve at all.

After all, only those who are cunning grow up to achieve great things.

Moreover, Madam Susan was there.

His Grandma Susan would not let him suffer any loss.

Indeed, that was the case—

Around 9 in the morning, just before Arthur's 'normal sleep', Madam Susan appeared again.

"Good morning, Arthur."

"Good morning, Grandma Susan."

With that, Arthur cleared the way, ready to invite the lady into No. 2 Cork Street.

"I'd really like to sit down and talk more with you, Arthur."

But, my job requires me to return to my post—

these are the Lord Count's gifts for you."

The lady said as she handed a box to Arthur.

At the same time, the coachman brought over a chest.

The distinct sound of metal friction from the chest allowed Arthur to recognize immediately that it was Gold Coins.

"Thank you, Grandma Susan."

Although I will be entering seclusion before leaving South Los, please feel free to visit anytime you want."

Arthur took the box.

Meanwhile, Merlin and Gawain took the chest from the coachman's hands and moved it to the hallway.

"Of course!

If the Lord Count gives me a holiday, I will definitely come.

Arthur, have a smooth journey!"

In her final sentence, the lady spoke softly.

Clearly, she was subtly informing Arthur that she'd recently been given no time off.

To this, Arthur expressed his regret straightforwardly.

"I hope you come often, bringing Granny Cullen's pastries."

Arthur said thus.

Hearing such words, Madam Susan laughed.

"Don't worry, even if I don't come by, Granny Cullen's pastries will still be delivered to you every day."

Madam Susan did not mind Arthur's playful tone in his words.

On the contrary, she enjoyed the feeling.

The lady glanced again at Arthur's smiling face and felt as if she was looking at her own grandson.

"Be safe,

by all means, do not try to act tough."

She admonished him once more.

"Yes, understood!"

Arthur nodded seriously.

"When you return from Inner Bay to South Los, I might surprise you — so, Arthur, you must return safely!"

The lady promised.

"Then I'm really looking forward to it!"

Arthur's face lit up with joy.

He knew that this lady would not deceive him.

Though the sentence mentioned 'might,' there would indeed be a surprise when the time came.

Like an elder, the lady raised her hand and gently touched the top of Arthur's head.

Then, she boarded the carriage.

After watching her leave, Arthur then returned to No. 2 Cork Street.

Upon entering his room, Arthur immediately picked up the money box at the doorway.

Judging by its weight, Arthur deduced that it contained a thousand gold coins, and they had to be large gold coins.

In fact, it was just as Arthur had expected.

The gold box contained exactly one thousand large gold coins.

Totaling 3000 grams.

That night during the fireworks, the Lord Count flicked out a large gold coin, which was enough for Arthur to understand the Lord Count's "conservativeness".

And in that box were two items —

[Griffin Spirit Potion: Unlike the "Griffin Physique Potion," the "Griffin Spirit Potion" was developed solely by Court Wizard Xarlico, out of guilt. Initially, this "Court Wizard" hoped to restore the population of griffins, but the eventual outcome turned into a supplement potion for "Griffin Physique Potion" — creatures that had consumed "Griffin Physique Potion" and then took "Griffin Spirit Potion" would experience extremely perfect compatibility, and there would also be an effect of $1 + 1$ greater than 2. Knowing this effect to be beyond his original purpose, Court Wizard Xarlico, as a wizard, could not resist perfecting this potion.

In your hands is one of the perfected potions — its serial number is 007]

...

[Griffin Spirit Potion] Arthur did not find this unexpected.

After verifying it, the young Spirit Medium then looked at the other item.

A small pearl, the size of a pinky finger, emitting a shimmering blue glow.

When Arthur picked it up, thunder rumbled in his ears,

and it seemed as if sparks of electricity appeared before his eyes —

[Name: Mark of Thunder (Perfected)]

[Type: Other Type Items]

[Quality: Hero]

[Attributes: 1, Lightning Strike; 2, Turn into Lightning; 3, Bloodline Mark]

[Remarks: This is a unique prop of the South Los Family, each "Ascend Step" member of the South Los Family at death would condense all their power into a "Mark of Thunder" using a unique secret technique, every "Mark of Thunder" is precious, and this one is particularly special, having been baptized by an "Ascend Steper" member of the South Los, it is more powerful and has gained a unique benefit]

...

[Lightning Strike: You can summon nine "Ascend Steper 1st Step" thunders to strike any target within your field of vision; 9/9]

[Turn into Lightning: You can transform into a bolt of lightning and fly in a straight line for 100 kilometers in an instant, any obstructor will suffer an "Ascend Steper 3rd Step" attack]

[Bloodline Mark: The Countess of South Los's Bloodline Mark, not only increases the power of the "Mark of Thunder" but also allows it to be recharged once more, you can recharge it after using "Lightning Strike" or "Turn into Lightning", or even recharge it without using it to grant it greater power]

(Note 1: Gold coins, Sunlight, Moonlight cannot recharge the "Mark of Thunder"!)

(Note 2: The presence of "Bloodline Seal" allows this "Mark of Thunder" to accept electrical charging!)

...

Arthur gazed at the attributes of the [Mark of Thunder], his eyes gleaming.

Ascend Step power!

This was what he wanted!

And when Arthur saw[Note 1], he let out a bizarre laugh —

"Electricity? Hehehe!"

Chapter 622 Eat Up!

Electricity, Arthur had studied it before.

Even though not extensively, but if it was just simply for recharging, that would be enough.

At the very least, he knew about generating static electricity through friction.

He also knew how to use a flask to melt sulfur, then insert a wooden handle to facilitate a better frictional generation of electricity.

He could also create a simple energy storage device using a glass bottle, a metal chain, and tin foil on the inside and outside.

Of course, if all these methods were still not sufficient, one could always utilize nature... no, become nature's laborer.

A kite, was enough to 'contact' lightning.

Of course, Arthur wouldn't be the one tugging at the kite.

He had...

[Invisible Hand]!

Anyway, if he wanted to recharge the [Mark of Thunder], there were plenty of ways to do so.

And doing so would thwart the little schemes of that Countess.

The Countess had given him a perfect-grade [Mark of Thunder] not only to brand him with the 'Mark' of South Los House, but also to make him dependent on her.

After all...

This was a power to Ascend Step!

Even 'Entrants' would be tempted by such power.

Imagine, becoming an omnipotent Superman, and then one day, this power vanishes; what would you do?

Would you accept it calmly?

Or would you search with all your might to regain the power?

Most people would choose the latter.

And that was precisely what the Countess wished to see.

Once he had grown accustomed to the power of Ascend Step brought by the [Mark of Thunder], and the energy within the [Mark of Thunder] was eventually exhausted, that would be the Countess's moment to step in.

She would offer to recharge the [Mark of Thunder].

Then, after the recharge, he would once again possess the power of the [Mark of Thunder].

But soon, the [Mark of Thunder] would once again be depleted of energy.

This time, there would be no need for the Countess to step forward; he would probably take the initiative to find her.

Power, can not only destroy the physique.

Power, can also bewitch the mind.

Arthur didn't think he had the willpower to resist such power.

Luckily, Arthur knew a little bit more.

He knew how to recharge the [Mark of Thunder].

Otherwise, Arthur would never dare to try the power of the [Mark of Thunder] lightly, he would be cautious even in times of great difficulty.

Unless, he was about to die the next moment.

Otherwise, the [Mark of Thunder] would just be a nice-looking prop.

'Indeed, short people are all cunning,'

Arthur reflected silently.

Afterward, the young 'Spirit Medium' stroked his chin.

He felt that he should not disappoint that Countess.

Since she wanted him to become dependent on her,

Then he would become dependent on her.

He would go along with her intentions, letting her believe that she controlled everything about him, causing her to let down her guard against him unconsciously.

Then...

The Shadow Earl's plan would undoubtedly proceed more smoothly.

'Alas!

I'm not a bad person!

At this point, it's all about self-preservation.'

Arthur lamented inwardly as he looked toward Pendragon.

Ever since Arthur had taken out the [Griffin Spirit Potion], Pendragon had been circling around it, clearly feeling the importance of this potion for itself.

And Arthur, of course, wasn't stingy.

The young 'Spirit Medium' was just holding the "Griffin Spirit Potion," swinging it back and forth as he said to Pendragon—

"Say daddy!"

Mew?

Pendragon was startled for a moment and blinked.

"Come on, say daddy!"

Just say daddy!

This will be yours!"

Arthur's mouth curved upward, wearing a mischievous grin.

He was about to head to Inner Bay, and the pressure was really too much.

At times like this, it was natural to relieve some stress.

And what could be better for relieving stress than petting a cat?

Naturally, it was teasing his own little kitty.

Pendragon, under Arthur's gaze, pawed at the ground. It wanted to give Arthur a swipe with its paw, but after some thought, it finally began to speak—

"Meow~er~ah~ah~"

The pronunciation was awkward, and if one didn't listen closely, the latter part was hardly audible.

But it was enough.

Arthur heard it loud and clear.

So, Arthur reined in his laughter.

The young 'Spirit Medium' became serious, looking at Pendragon. Pendragon raised its head, its eyes clear as it looked back at him. Then, the young 'Spirit Medium' dipped his finger into the grease on a plate and drew an arc atop Pendragon's head. Before Pendragon could react, he jumped onto a chair, with one foot on the seat and the other on the back, and lifted Pendragon high above, all the while shouting—

"Ah~~~ spray it! Ah~~~ Bawadi! Chihuahua!"

Arthur shouted excitedly.

Six "Invisible Hands" performed a stampede of beasts around the stool.

The "Noise Technique" even mimicked the neighing of horses and the chirping of birds.

Then, Pendragon, held aloft by Arthur, had a confused look on its cat face.

It felt as though it should be on a precipice at the moment, with a legion of beasts bowing down below, and that it was attending the ascension of the New King.

The feeling was correct.

But this in no way stopped Pendragon, as a cat, from thinking Arthur was crazy.

Later, Arthur lowered his arms and held Pendragon in his embrace, gazing affectionately at his kitty—

"I have to remind you once more, after drinking this magic potion, you will no longer be an ordinary cat, and you mustn't partake in the slightest in the desires of the world..."

As he spoke, Arthur, ignoring the increasingly befuddled Pendragon, picked up the "Griffin Spirit Potion," popped off the cork, and thrust it into Pendragon's mouth.

"Eat, eat, how much fatter can you get after a midnight snack, huh? If you don't eat, you'll be hungry."

Glug! Glug!

Following Arthur's gentle insistence, Pendragon downed the entire potion in one go.

Unlike the cautious approach when taking the "Griffin Physique Potion."

After two baptisms plus the transformation by the "Griffin Physique Potion," Pendragon might look like a cat, but it was, in fact, a creature above the realm of secret techniques.

At this time, swallowing the "Griffin Spirit Potion" in one gulp was just right.

After Pendragon had swallowed the entire "Griffin Spirit Potion" without leaving a drop, Arthur also washed the test tube with some water and made Pendragon drink that water too.

The main point was not to waste anything.

However, when Arthur did this for the seventh time, Pendragon protested.

Meow!

"Objection overruled!"

Arthur declared, and proceeded to force down the seventh test tube wash into Pendragon's throat.

At this time, Pendragon really couldn't take it anymore and scrambled onto the beam, with its stomach making a clanging sound as if it had drunk too much water, like a livestock.

But Pendragon was luckier, as it didn't have to pull carts.

Curled up on the beam, it fell into a deep sleep.

And Arthur leapt up beside Pendragon, sitting cross-legged.

He was waiting.

Chapter 623: Pendragon Promotion!

When the sky had completely darkened, a strong feeling of hunger woke Pendragon from his sleep, followed by an aroma, an incomparable aroma.

Almost instinctively, Pendragon leapt toward the source of the scent.

And then...

He landed in Arthur's arms.

A large gold coin was spinning between Arthur's fingers, and Pendragon's gaze followed the coin's motion, but his body was rubbing against Arthur subconsciously, and he was meowing softly.

In Arthur's eyes, the following text appeared:

[Name: Pendragon]

[Type: Pet]

[Quality: Entry (-)]

[Attributes: 1, Orange Cat Physique III; 2, Baptism II; 3, Griffin Complete Form. Cripple; 4, Griffin Secret Art. Cripple]

[Remarks: After being showered in the light of your baptism twice, Pendragon ingested the 'Griffin Spirit Potion'. This potion, perfectly combined with the previously ingested 'Griffin Physique Potion' during this baptism, has begun the advancement from an arcane creature to an entry-level creature (-). And this process has not yet finished—it will approximately take another 2048 days till Pendragon can become a true entry-level creature. With the genuine 'awakening' of 'spirituality', Pendragon can clearly perceive its own changes and understand the depths of your kindness. Its affection for you has surpassed all imagination—Meow Meow Meow~]

...

[Orange Cat Physique III: The orange cat possesses a natural talent; as long as there is plenty of food, it will quickly become stronger. With the remnant glow of the 'Great Orange' ritual and combined with the 'Griffin Spirit Potion', the orange cat's natural talent not only allows Pendragon to easily break through physical limits, bringing a more robust physique but also causes a qualitative change in Pendragon's strength, speed, and defense, and its initial 'spirituality' will be higher than that of average creatures]

[Baptism II: 'The Orange Cat' and the remnant glow of the 'Great Orange' ritual have integrated with the effects of 'Griffin Spirit Potion', causing Pendragon to undergo earth-shattering changes. Not only has its intelligence reached the level of an adult, but it has also awakened talents such as 'Thick Flesh', 'Body Control', and 'Airflow', and at the same time, its appetite has begun to exaggerate]

[Griffin Complete Form. Cripple: 'Orange Cat Physique III' and 'Baptism II' have wholly fused the full 'Griffin Physique Potion' and 'Griffin Spirit Potion', not only transforming Pendragon but also endowing it with the legendary 'Griffin Transformation'! In its normal state, Pendragon's strength, speed, endurance, and agility have already surpassed ordinary griffins, and when Pendragon chooses to 'Griffin Transform', it can temporarily become a 'Royal Griffin', aiding you in combat as a griffin or to ride upon!

The existence of the talent 'Thick Flesh' allows its fur to effortlessly resist swords, arrows, bullets, and even when facing flames, acid, poison, and thunder, it remains unruffled. When transformed into a griffin, the 'Thick Flesh' talent is somewhat enhanced, and when the 'Body Control' is unleashed, the griffin form Pendragon takes on will far exceed the size of an ordinary griffin.

The 'Airflow' talent allows Pendragon to create winds to fly faster, attack enemies with wind blades, or hover.

Its movement is increasingly silent, and its leaping ability has undergone a qualitative change, enabling it to glide short distances at will. Especially its eyes, which not only see through the darkness but also have a strong ability to penetrate supernatural darkness. Stealthy and invisible creatures can hardly escape its gaze, especially lost souls. The most important are its claws—able to easily tear through steel]

[Griffin Secret Art. Cripple: It has a certain degree of 'Telekinesis', and can also somewhat control storms and thunder.]

(Note 1: Lacking the 'Griffin Gale Potion', Pendragon's condition is not complete, and its knowledge of the Griffin Secret Art is merely superficial.)

(Note 2: After evolving into the "Griffin Complete Form.Cripple," Pendragon not only developed a much bigger appetite, but also became capable of devouring special items like gold and gems as its food. Of course, its previous dietary habits remained the same. In a single meal, it could consume an entire cow. Additionally, eating a large amount of food in a short period allowed Pendragon to acquire a hibernating stomach. Similarly, Pendragon could also go without food for long periods, but it would then crave meaty foods to compensate—after that, Pendragon developed a strong preference for gold, gems, and meats filled with "spirituality," and it couldn't choose vegetarian options. Faced with vegetarian dishes, Pendragon would become gloomy and then the little cat's irritability would set in.)

(Note 3: After taking the Griffin Potion and still experiencing the afterglow of the "Orange Cat" and "Great Orange" rituals, you're not only able to communicate with Pendragon without any barriers, but at times, you even have a shared understanding—of course, a shared understanding doesn't mean it will always listen to you.)

(Note 4: Pendragon's second promotion, having bathed in the rituals of "Orange Cat" and then "Great Orange," gave you feedback, enhancing the special effects and overall efficiency of your "Great Orange" ritual once again.)

(Note 5: After being baptized twice and acquiring the Griffin Physique and Spirituality, Pendragon's lifespan significantly extended; even in harsh environments, it could easily live for several centuries.)

...

Feeling the feedback from Pendragon's promotion, Arthur's lips curled into a smile.

If before, one day could reduce the ritual "Great Orange" by one point less than the limit of XP, now it could reduce it by two points. Adding his own 'effort' into the mix, at least three points of XP could be reduced every day.

That means, for the ultimate limit of 99,999 XP points, it would only take 33,333 days.

That's just over 91 years...

So long!

It's almost beyond imagination!

After doing some quick math, Arthur's smile almost faltered.

Where would he get 91 years to slowly chip away at this?

'Indeed!

This gradual approach is not for me!

I must fully showcase my talent to its limits!'

Arthur glanced at the XP bar—

["The whereabouts of Sakiri, the Devil of Dokiman Island, were discovered by you using divination, surprising many. Had it not been for the report of the South Los Daily, everyone would have thought it was the work of a scammer. But with the backing of the South Los Daily and the Earl of South Los, your deed is being admired, and news of it is spreading even faster across South Los and has caught the attention of those beyond; XP+1000]

[More people have heard your name: XP+600]

...

With the unexpected backing of the Earl of South Los, today's XP gain came as a pleasant surprise.

Especially the second daily XP point, which was originally starting to decline, but now it not only rebounded to its original increase but also rose again.

"I hope it can hold on for a few more days!"

That's what Arthur thought.

Then, the young "Spirit Medium" sighed softly.

"I'm still not famous enough.

In South Los, perhaps I have enough renown.

But outside of South Los?

I'm afraid not many people have heard of me.

This won't do, I need to bring a little bit of shock to the people outside of South Los!"

And what could be more shocking than the 'Spirit Medium' from South Los being a member of the 'Golden Lion Family'?

Naturally, it is that the South Los 'Spirit Medium' is the sole heir of the 'Golden Lion Family'!

At this moment, Arthur had already begun to contemplate how to naturally reveal the fact that he was the heir of the 'Golden Lion Family'.

This piece of news, once it breaks, will definitely shake South County.

By then, a large amount of XP value is sure to be credited.

Similarly, a crisis will also descend.

So, caution is necessary.

However, that's a matter for later, there's still more time to think about it.

And now?

Watching Pendragon continuously swallow saliva, Arthur just tossed out a gold coin—

"It's you, Pan!"

The gold coin traced an arc, but before it could truly fly away, Pendragon opened his mouth, and an airflow emerged from nowhere, sweeping the gold coin back and dropping it into Pendragon's mouth.

Once faced with the gold coin, Pendragon licked it up eagerly, as if he were licking a cat treat.

Only, the cat treat at this moment was round.

And...

Expensive too!

Watching the large gold coin melt away, Arthur couldn't help but sigh.

"What kind of family is this, feeding gold coins to a cat."

A sigh escaped him, his face full of helplessness.

For Arthur, he himself couldn't bear to directly swallow gold coins.

Though they did taste really good, they were truly expensive.

Army rations or the like were good enough to fill the stomach.

As for Pendragon?

Maybe eating them occasionally shouldn't be a problem, right?

Somehow, Arthur had the absurd notion that he could eat cheaper army rations, but his dragon had to eat gold coins.

Shaking off such an illusion quickly, Arthur shook his head.

"Daddy can't bear to eat gold coins, and you want to eat them?"

Dream on!"

As Arthur faced Pendragon's pleading gaze, he grabbed a handful of gold coins while muttering to himself.

Watching Pendragon lick the gold coins eagerly, Arthur suddenly thought of something.

Instantly, the young 'Spirit Medium's' face became serious.

Chapter 624: Boarding the Ship!

Arthur's gaze fell on [Annotation 2].

He focused intently on 'preference for gold, gemstones, and meat filled with 'spirituality'!

"Pan, unless I give the order, you absolutely must not eat humans!"

Arthur said sternly.

Meow?

The little kitty licking the gold coin looked puzzled.

It seemed to be asking why it should eat human.

But Arthur, who was in tune with the kitten's thoughts, could clearly sense Pendragon's eagerness to try — basically, "Hey, this looks edible, maybe I should take a bite, if it's not tasty I'll spit it out."

Regarding this thought...

"Kitty toss!"

With a low shout, Pendragon became a cat ball flying towards the wall.

And Pendragon adjusted his posture even faster than before.

The way he glided around the bend before landing smoothly looked incomparably slick.

However, unlike before, in the next moment, Pendragon was picked up by the scruff of the neck by Arthur's fate.

"Pan, experience a game Dad just developed—

Kitty Invincible Wind Fire Wheel!"

As he said these words, Arthur began to rapidly spin his arm holding Pendragon.

Immediately, the whole cat began to blur with the rotation.

Ms. Anna, who was preparing lunch, watched this scene with a smile.

Ms. Anna did not intervene.

Because she knew that this was for Pendragon's own good.

Some things simply couldn't be started.

Once they were started, one would truly fall into the abyss.

Of course, if Arthur gave his word, then that would be a different matter altogether.

The double-standard Ms. Anna continued to return to the kitchen to prepare lunch.

Arthur was 'educating' Pendragon under the guise of playing with him.

When Arthur grew tired of playing, it was time for Pendragon to ride the doggy bus.

Kuliqi and Kiri declared their innocence.

Fujin and Wuni watched silently.

Stolas and Mapa occasionally let out a caw, as if laughing out loud, which gave Kuliqi and Kiri an outlet after being bullied by Pendragon.

In the days that followed, Stolas and Mapa would frequently be seen with feathers flying.

Arthur would scold them when he saw this.

Afterward, Kuliqi and Kiri controlled their strength very well.

Stolas and Mapa, in turn, got plenty of exercise.

At least they gained ample experience in dealing with creatures emerging from the Shadows.

Time passed day by day.

Soon, the calendar reached January 9th—

This morning, the laborers at the docks noticed something different.

In the Docklands today, there were many more respectable people.

Not only were they dressed brightly and beautifully, some were even riding in horse-drawn carriages, not the public kind, but private carriages, and in addition, there were many blue-uniformed patrol officers at the docks.

Many laborers did not know what was happening.

But the well-informed already turned their gaze towards the white passenger ship moored in the harbor.

Experienced sailors could tell that this was a passenger ship refitted from a Carrack sailing ship, different from the deep draft of typical ocean-going carracks, this Carrack sailing ship had a cleverly designed draft that allowed it to easily navigate Inland Rivers, even fully loaded with passengers without worry.

Free of heavy cargo, even if every room aboard this Carrack sailing ship was occupied, there would be no issues.

Because, even with all the rooms filled, there would only be 35 people.

At first, the shipbuilders could not believe Arthur's plans to refurbish the rooms of this ship named 'Oriental'.

According to their understanding, the more passengers a cruise ship had, the better.

Only then could it quickly recover the cost.

A cruise ship with only 35 rooms, each quite large, accommodating 1-3 people each, seemed impossible to be profitable.

Even if the ship was run down, it was unlikely.

But Marinda was very supportive of this.

Because this lady had guessed what Arthur was up to.

The "Oriental" wouldn't be open to ordinary people or the poor, let alone an average middle-class citizen; only the rich merchants and the wealthy were eligible to board.

Of course, nobles were also welcome to attend.

In this regard, Marinda was quite confident.

For on this passenger ship, not only were there dining rooms, fencing rooms, card rooms, and salons, but also a theater, a library, and a tobacco room.

Simply put, when you stepped aboard the "Oriental," you were sure to feel the sensation of being at 'home'.

For this reason, Marinda had more than once admired Arthur for his adaptability.

In fact, Arthur had done nothing more than replicate a cruise liner.

If it hadn't been for the technical limitations and the violation of the public order and good customs of South County, Arthur would have also liked to add a swimming pool.

"Where is Arthur?"

Seated in the carriage, Marinda asked her coachman.

"Lord Kledos has already set off," the coachman immediately responded.

"Uh-huh, that's good."

Marinda nodded and took a deep breath in secret.

This was not like the previous minor scuffles.

This time, it qualified as being under the scrutiny of all eyes.

Even though she had practiced alone more than a dozen times the night before, Marinda still felt somewhat nervous at this moment.

The lady's gaze unconsciously drifted towards the window.

The dense crowd made the lady inwardly complain about Arthur's naivety.

'Making it a newspaper headline!

Launching a passenger ship, yet making it a newspaper headline!

Moreover, across all of South Los's papers!

How naive!

But admittedly, the effect was rather good. All the wealthy and idle individuals from South Los had come.

Perhaps I could give it a try too.'

While the lady criticized, she also pondered.

Though she knew Arthur enjoyed the feeling of being the center of attention, the current scenario was more than just that, there was a deeper implication.

The lady knew that, thanks to Arthur's maneuvering,

For a significant period of time, the "Orient" would not lack for patrons.

And moreover...

Marinda's gaze was drawn towards the bow of the "Orient."

There, "Chief Sailor" Old John was standing with Level 1 Sailor Xavier.

"So many people, Chief Sailor!"

A week's acquaintance had accustomed Xavier to addressing Old John as 'Chief Sailor' rather than Captain John.

To this, Old John was indifferent.

Moreover, at this moment, Old John didn't have the time to pay attention to Xavier.

The old pirate's gaze surveyed the entire Docklands like that of a hawk.

'So many fellows focused on the "Oriental"?'

There are several troublesome ones!'

The old pirate's vigilance had soared to its highest in his heart.

He certainly didn't wish for the "Oriental" to sink before even leaving the harbor.

That involved his freedom, after all!

Therefore, he inspected every single detail of the upcoming ceremonial cannon fire, the red carpet, the flowers, the band.

Although he had already checked them once before.

The red carpet rolled down directly from the "Oriental's" gangway, extending onto the dock and about ten meters forward.

Here, the servants directly ignited the ceremonial cannons.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The continuous sound of cannon fire rose in the Docklands.

Then, two sweet-faced ladies stood at the very front of the red carpet and said with beaming smiles —

"We invite guests with tickets to board the ship."

Chapter 625 Passengers, Get On!

The crisp voices of the two ticket inspectors rang out, as those who held tickets, already eager, one by one stepped onto the red carpet.

Most of them were middle class, with only a few reaching the level of a tycoon.

It wasn't that the wealthy of South Los were unwilling to try the recently promoted 'Oriental'.

They simply couldn't get tickets for the 'Oriental'.

Because—

The tickets for the 'Oriental' were distributed by 'lottery'.

You needed to have registered as a member at Mr. Wu's Exchange and have paid a 'deposit' to be eligible for the 'lottery'.

Only those selected in the 'lottery' were qualified to buy.

And the numbers drawn in the lottery could not be sold.

If discovered, the person would be banned from the 'lottery' for life.

This method of 'selling tickets' was innovative.

To South Los, it was entirely unheard-of.

Therefore, their curiosity grew even more.

And thus, those who were actually selected in the 'lottery' were called lucky guys.

"We are really too lucky!"

With everyone's attention on him, Lucius exclaimed.

Lucius, who came from an old middle-class family, with both parents as home teachers, his father skilled in literature and his mother proficient in music and violin, had always received no small amount of attention since childhood, but compared to today, it was nothing.

Those who paid attention to him in the past were just ordinary people, and poor people at most, and some new middle class.

But who was paying attention to him today?

They were all big shots.

If not the heads of firms, then the well-known tycoons of South Los.

This feeling made Lucius quite elated.

"We need to thank Joe for his wisdom and the tickets!"

Yula said and thanked the gentleman in front of her.

Unlike Lucius, who came from an old middle-class family, Yula, who made it into the new middle class only through three generations of struggle, was a bit more nervous.

Even the words of thanks she uttered were somewhat tremulous, involuntarily.

However, combined with her young face and big eyes, she appeared even more pitiable.

Lucius subconsciously wanted to comfort her, but Joe, walking in front, took the initiative to speak first.

"No need to thank me, Yula.

We are all friends.

And besides, certain people wouldn't think this is just luck, right?"

Joe said and looked at Lucius with a half-smiling gaze.

Clearly, this gentleman was targeting Lucius's 'too good luck'.

Lucius frowned.

"Is it not so?"

Even though Joe's family was out of the ordinary and rumored to have close interactions with Brule Chamber of Commerce, Lucius still believed he should stand by something.

"Heh, naïve!

If it wasn't for Uncle Brule's manipulation behind the scenes, I couldn't possibly have gotten this ticket!"

After saying this, Joe extended his hand to Yula.

The gentleman was full of confidence.

Because this gentleman knew very well what Yula in front of him needed.

Because he could see her vanity.

And that was also the reason why he kept bringing up 'Uncle Brule'.

Who didn't know that since the Bernice family fell, Coste Commerce and Emmond Commerce disappeared, Brule Chamber of Commerce was the most powerful in South Los?

And indeed, it was true.

The next moment, Yula extended her hand to Joe.

Joe faced Lucius, whose complexion was very slightly changing, and gave a triumphant smile.

'Why do you think I invited you aboard the 'Orient'?

Of course, it was to see your embarrassed face!'

"The best part is yet to come, my Lucius!"

Joe thought to himself, taking Yula's hand and walking forward.

At that moment, Yula turned back, giving Lucius an apologetic look full of regret.

Seeing this, Lucius immediately smiled and shook his head to indicate that he was all right.

Seeing his gesture, the apology on Yula's face deepened, and her eyes filled with more regret.

Then, letting Joe lead her, she walked forward with her head down.

Meanwhile, Lucius followed quietly behind, eyeing Joe's back with resentment in his eyes.

Joe, oblivious, strutted forward, filled with self-satisfaction.

The lady named Yula, however, noticed it.

It wasn't that her perceptions were particularly sharp, but rather that she was constantly watching the expressions of both Lucius and Joe.

After sensing Lucius's resentment, the lady's bowed head drooped even lower.

No one saw a smile flicker at the corners of her mouth.

Or perhaps, the three young people hadn't attracted much attention.

The focus of the people around was all on the "Oriental," with the remaining glances going to the few rich tycoons.

Everyone was discussing the "Oriental."

The discussion made Joe elated.

He always felt that these discussions were praises for him.

After all, he was among the first to board the "Oriental."

Moreover, he had purchased a first-class cabin ticket—the tickets aboard the Oriental were divided into three classes, with the first-class cabins on the first deck, allowing two additional guests; the second-class cabins were on the second deck, allowing one additional guest; and the third-class cabins were on the third deck, with no guests allowed.

Additionally, the size and service of the cabins changed with the class: the first-class cabins were the largest, offered butler service, and came with personal male and female servants, along with a private parlor for meetings, as well as access to a high-deck promenade with a grand view of the sea.

"Excuse me, are you Mr. Qiao?"

A neatly dressed servant appeared in front of Joe.

"I am."

Joe raised his head proudly, while casting a sidelong glance at Yula.

The young man felt even more proud when he saw a spark of light flash in her eyes.

He knew that he had taken another step closer to success.

"Mr. Qiao, I am your personal servant for this journey. If you need anything, please command me—at the moment, do you need me to take you to your room?"

The servant asked.

"Wait a bit!"

How could Joe give up his current enjoyment?

After all, he had paid a hefty price.

A 200 gold note ticket—he was going to savor the looks of envy and jealousy from those around him.

Certainly, Lucius was of utmost importance!

With a glance at Lucius, Joe then lifted Yula's hand into the air, poised for a kiss.

Instantly panicked like a startled deer, Yula did not draw her hand away.

Lucius's face turned ashen.

Joe smirked to himself in satisfaction.

"Yula, please come with me, the 'Oriental' has a promenade deck where you can overlook the entire surroundings."

Saying this, Joe led Yula by the hand toward the promenade deck.

No guide was necessary.

For this day, the young man had done his homework well.

He had thoroughly researched not only the layout of the "Oriental" but also the identities of the first-class cabin guests, knowing that besides a few wealthy magnates, the rest were not worth noting.

So, as the young man arrived at the promenade deck with Yula, intending to initiate a romantic kiss, his brow furrowed.

An individual holding an Orange Cat stood on the deck, scanning the surroundings like a bumpkin.

This person definitely wasn't a first-class passenger.

After investigating the identities of the first-class passengers, Joe was certain of this.

However, his frown soon relaxed.

The young man glanced at Yula beside him, knowing that it was his time to showcase his masculine charm.

Chapter 626 Passengers, Get Off!

Although the "Oriental" was his ship, Arthur still boarded the "Oriental" for the first time.

His daily hustle and bustle had him entrust the entire retrofit of the "Oriental" to Marinda. Besides the initial blueprint, Arthur never really had the chance to appreciate his ship, especially the viewing deck he "designed" himself. Arthur was always looking forward to seeing what it would look like once completed.

And the reality did not disappoint him.

"Pan, what do you think?"

Isn't your dad a genius?

Not only can we overlook the entire ship from here, but the surrounding seascape is also in full view!"

Arthur boasted to Pendragon.

Unfortunately, the cat was indifferent to the scenery around it, instead, the kitchen on the ship caught Pendragon's frequent sideways glances.

It smelled the aroma of grilled fish.

The next moment, Pan was lifted in front of Arthur and shaken vigorously.

"You little rascal, do you want to play a game with daddy?"

Come on!

Daddy just thought of a fat cat diving game, do you want to play it?

You must want to, right?"

Arthur glared fiercely at his little kitty.

Just as Pan was showing a pitiful, begging-for-mercy expression in great cooperation, someone suddenly spoke up—

"Bastard, put that cute... no... fat... no, that's not right... chubby... also not right, put that large kitty down right now."

Arthur and Pendragon both turned their heads at the same time.

Arthur and Pendragon had noticed the three extra people on the stroll deck, but neither the man nor the cat had paid any mind to these ordinary individuals.

However, as one of them uttered that sentence, Arthur was indifferent, but Pendragon had no choice but to take notice.

The cat never imagined a single human sentence could insult it three times.

What does it mean not cute?

What does it mean by fat?

What's this about being large?

Did I eat your cat food?

Pendragon showed its claws to the three people approaching.

If it hadn't been held in Arthur's arms at that moment, Pendragon would have let that slick-faced guy know just how sharp its claws were.

Meanwhile, the young man named Joe was unaware that he had just skirted the edge of death and was still righteously staring at Arthur—

"Who are you?

Why are you here?

Please leave, or else I'll call the security!"

Joe said this while his gaze discretely sized up Yula.

When he noticed Yula staring at him unblinkingly with a gleam in her eyes, the young man knew that not only had he successfully stolen a kiss today, but he should also have company in bed at night.

Originally he thought it would take sailing on the "Orient" for two or three days, maybe even reaching Inner Bay, to get a chance.

But he hadn't expected today would be the day.

With this thought, the young man felt even more grateful for Arthur's presence.

Of course, he also couldn't let Arthur off the hook.

Without hesitation, the young man called out—

"Hey, where's the security? Where's the security at?"

This shout didn't immediately bring the ship's security, but instead drew the attention of the other first-class passengers.

Everyone was curious about this stroll deck.

So, many of the first-class passengers had also come here directly.

The passengers, who didn't understand what was going on, curiously watched Joe who was shouting loudly.

And a few of the wealthy guests among the crowd changed their expressions when they saw Arthur.

Clearly, these few had recognized Arthur.

They were about to step forward to rebuke Joe's disrespectful behavior.

But Arthur took a step towards the outside of the stroll deck before they could.

The few wealthy guests were taken aback, then showed faces full of admiration.

They admired Arthur for his magnanimity and benevolence.

Indeed, just as the rumors suggested, he was a compassionate person.

But in fact—

Picking a fight with the 'Spirit Medium' and expecting to walk away? Not so easy!

With just a glance, Arthur had guessed the relationship between Joe, Lucius, and Yula before him.

Probably a scumbag, a green-tea bitch, and a bootlicker.

Normally, Arthur would quietly enjoy the show.

But when the scumbag tried to use him as a stepping stone to curry favor with the green-tea bitch, that's when he couldn't be blamed for being impolite.

After briefly assessing the scumbag's strategy, Arthur quickened his pace.

Suddenly, to Joe's eyes, Arthur seemed to be fleeing in panic.

Once more people gathered around, Joe's courage shot up.

"Stop right there!

Stop, I said!"

Joe shouted loudly, even going so far as to chase after him.

Arthur did not stop but slowed down, heading towards the upper deck where his private cabin on the 'Oriental' was located.

"Is there something you need?

I need to return to my cabin,"

Arthur spoke plainly.

"Cabin?

There is no cabin up here!"

Joe stated bluntly, then his eyes filled with contempt as he looked at Arthur.

"You rogue, you thief, get off this ship before I completely expose your face. Otherwise, I'll make you understand how formidable I am."

"Oh?"

Arthur came to a complete stop, looking at the scumbag before him with interest.

Faced with Arthur's calm gaze, Joe began to doubt.

Because the scene before him was quite different from what he had imagined.

In his mind, Arthur should have turned pale with fear and started trembling.

This calmness, could it be...

While Joe was still uncertain and trying to salvage some dignity with words, the several wealthy onlookers couldn't hold back—

"If someone else claimed there was a cabin up there, I wouldn't believe it, but if this gentleman here says so, I would certainly believe him."

"Yes, after all, he is the owner of the 'Oriental': the secretly born Child of Misfortune, favored by the Grim Reaper, the contemporary 'Black Cat', Leader of the Cat Sect, Champion of the South Los Swordsmanship Competition, master of Caesar Manor, Winter Blessing Giver, Winter Guardian, the slayer of the Winter Monster, none other than Lord 'Spirit Medium' Arthur Kredos."

The wealthy men said this while bowing slightly to Arthur.

Arthur nodded in response.

Joe, who had been stunned by the string of titles, finally realized that the man holding the Orange Cat was the renowned 'Spirit Medium' Arthur Kredos, and his face turned pale as he began trembling with fear.

Yula and Lucius, who had followed Joe, also changed expressions.

But this change was not just pure surprise, it was mixed with a tinge of other dark emotions.

With a slight glimmer of 'Eagle Eye' and 'Insight', Arthur captured the emotions of the pair.

No way, no way?

Just because I named it 'Oriental', a similar murder case is really going to happen?

Arthur mocked in his thoughts.

At this moment, Joe, suppressing the fear in his heart, stuttered—

"Lord Kledos, greetings. My distant uncle is Brule from the Brule Chamber of Commerce."

Brule?

That Meat Pig doing quite well for himself?

Arthur quickly recalled who the person mentioned by Joe was.

However, he remained indifferent to the other's current attempt to pull strings.

Because—

Brule had already arrived.

Brule approached with six servants carrying three big boxes and didn't spare a glance towards Joe as he walked straight up to Arthur and bowed deeply, saying—

"My lord, as you embark on your journey, I have prepared some gifts for you, please be sure to accept them!"

Chapter 627: The Reliable Words of a Reliable Person!

Brule had become shameless, and lately, he had been living exceptionally comfortably.

He no longer needed to scheme much, just trailing behind Arthur and Marinda was enough.

Moreover, in less than two days, Brule had transformed from a 'Meat Pig' to a 'Loyal Dog'.

At first, Brule wanted to call himself a 'Hound'.

But a life where he didn't have to do anything, could relax all day, and get a substantial dividend at the end of the month, was just too comfortable.

Therefore, Brule willingly downgraded, from a 'Hound' to a 'Loyal Dog'.

It was a downgrade in behavior.

But an upgrade in his heart.

Since he had put himself in the right place, Brule had been living...

Even more comfortably!

His already plump body became even plumper.

It couldn't be helped, since he didn't have to worry anymore, Brule not only slept better, but his appetite improved significantly, especially the days spent puffing cigars and sipping on fine honey wine in the cigar room in the afternoon, which made him increasingly happy and joyful.

So, knowing that the 'Oriental,' the big boss's ship, had been launched and set out to sea, Brule got into action.

He not only bought for himself but also encouraged those around him to buy.

But unfortunately, Brule and his acquaintances were 'not so lucky' and didn't snag a single ticket.

But could this stump Brule?

He immediately had Gold Coins, Food, and daily necessities packed into three chests and carried aboard the 'Oriental.'

With the 'Loyal Dog' title and under Marinda's signal, Brule rushed onto the 'Oriental' and started to fawn over Arthur.

As for the people he met along the way?

He didn't recognize them.

Seemed to have seen them once.

Forget it, not important.

What's important is the big boss's favor.

Arthur, seeing Brule appear before him, couldn't help but want to give this 'Meat Pig' a thumbs up.

'He's cooperating so nicely!'

Glancing at Joe's once again pale face, Arthur inwardly praised, while saying with a smile—

"Take it to my room!"

After seeing Arthur's smile, Brule was overjoyed and commanded his servants to carry the three large chests to the room, personally supervising the whole process.

As Brule and the servants went up to the upper deck for a walk, everyone's gaze once again turned to Joe.

After all, this young man was just saying his distant uncle was Brule.

But from Brule's expression, he seemed not to recognize this nephew at all.

Joe's face alternated between green and white.

However, the next moment, the young man slightly stepped aside, revealing Yula behind him.

The onlookers who were enjoying the scene were taken aback.

Some didn't understand what this embarrassing young man was planning on doing.

Whereas a few of the tycoons had a look of realization flashing in their eyes.

Clearly, they guessed what Joe was about to do.

And in the next moment, Joe softly said—

"Lord Kledos, let me introduce you, this is Ms. Yula."

While speaking, this young man pushed Yula forward to face Arthur.

By this time, even fools could guess what Joe, this embarrassing fellow, was planning on doing.

The guy wanted to betray his friend for glory!

Or to be more precise, he wanted to 'sell' his companion to Arthur in exchange for his own 'safety.'

People turned their gaze to Yula who was pushed forward.

At this moment, Yula look panicked, with tears swirling in her eyes and complete disarray in her demeanor, she looked around for help but barely lifted her head before cowering down as if frightened.

Yula was naturally the young and sweet Type.

At this time, she looked even more pitiable, enough to move the heart of any man.

Many men really wanted to step out and forgive Joe's rudeness on behalf of the lady.

But they could not.

Because this 'apology' was meant for Arthur.

Immediately, everyone looked to Arthur.

They wanted to see what Arthur would do.

Yes, agree.

Or, refuse.

Arthur, however, did not speak immediately.

Because Arthur was very clear that whether he agreed or refused, it would be a trap.

If he agreed, the label "coveting beauty" was definitely inescapable, and furthermore, it could be exploited by those with ulterior motives, who would say that he had long had his eyes on Ms. Yula and that he had set up Joe intentionally.

No matter how reasonable or unreasonable, as long as someone said it, there would certainly be people who believed it.

The complexity of human nature was something Arthur had long experienced.

As for refusing?

Should Arthur refuse, without waiting for tomorrow, in just a few hours, the entire South Los would be abuzz with rumors that the "Spirit Medium of South Los" truly lacked compassion.

This would conflict with the "gentle, merciful" image Arthur had previously established.

It might even cause his persona to collapse.

Arthur was absolutely unwilling to see this happen.

Thus, Arthur gave no response at all.

But this did not mean that Arthur had no strategy to deal with the situation.

Or rather...

There was simply no need for Arthur himself to take action.

Clip-clop, clip-clop, clip-clop!

Even the thick carpet could not stop the collision between high heels and steps.

With each crisp sound, Marinda appeared in everyone's view, wearing a black long dress, a white shawl, and red high heels.

Sharpness, with those oppressively deep blue eyes, made everyone attracted by the noise unconsciously bow their heads and turn away, not daring to make eye contact with Marinda.

This was the case for both men and women.

"My dear, am I late?"

Marinda walked up to Arthur and asked softly.

"Not at all, just in time."

A smile that Arthur could hardly suppress appeared at the corner of his mouth.

That kind of polite, courteous smile that seemed to keep everyone at a distance completely disappeared at this moment; everyone could see the Spirit Medium of South Los showing a sincere smile from within when facing the lady before him, undergoing a transformation from a lofty figure to the boy-next-door in an instant.

And the moment Arthur transformed, the previously incisive Marinda also softened, and a gentle look appeared in those deep blue eyes, involuntarily captivating others.

This was love!

Everyone sighed with emotion.

At this moment, people had no time to give their attention to Ms. Yula.

Perhaps moments before, the pitiable Yula could still attract everyone's gaze, but with Marinda's entrance, that radiant brilliance had long overshadowed Yula.

At this moment, she seemed almost transparent.

However, the crowd may have overlooked it.

But Marinda did not overlook it.

She had heard the whole scene clearly just now.

That was why she had come.

Just as now, she walked in front of Yula, a smile appearing on her face.

"Hello, Ms. Yula, I am Marinda Julius Caesar."

As her words sounded, that restrained sharpness appeared once again.

It was more incisive and powerful than before.

Thump!

Joe, who was standing nearby, was so frightened that he collapsed on the spot.

His face was filled with terror as he looked at the lady before him.

Marinda did not wait for Yula to respond and approached the young man, not lowering her body or voice; she spoke word by word—

"You should be thankful that I am praying for my unborn child's blessings."

Dominant!

The crowd watched Marinda at this moment.

Now, people finally understood what the "Lady of the Eternal Night" meant.

Without paying attention to the shocked and incredulous looks of the crowd, Marinda walked straight back to Arthur. They exchanged a smile, interlocked arms, and walked towards the upper deck for a stroll, only leaving behind a pair of silhouettes to the onlookers.

Only when they were certain no one was watching did Marinda finally frown and speak in a hushed tone—

"What the hell are you doing?"

Chapter 628: Set Sail!

Arthur could tell that there was something off about Yula and Lucius.

Marinda could certainly tell as well.

Moreover, from a certain perspective, Marinda could see it even more clearly.

Because—

Marinda was a woman.

She was also a woman who possessed the title 'Lady of the Long Night.'

Marinda could see that apart from some minor scheming, Yula was also tinged with a hint of bloodiness.

For such a woman, Marinda was not keen at all.

Therefore, she let the other party know in a very domineering manner to back off on her own.

Not backing off?

Then she could not be blamed for being ruthless.

"Don't you think the 'Oriental' is still lacking some legendary elements?"

Arthur, however, spoke softly.

His entire expression was very natural; his eyes were even gazing into Marinda's eyes, and his body showed no signs of stiffness or discomfort, yet he was truly feeling the warmth on his arm.

Was he used to it?

Had he become desensitized?

That wasn't right, was it?

Just like that, he had adapted to me?

Arthur kept asking himself.

It was not until then that Marinda suddenly realized something was amiss.

Right before she had been arm in arm with Arthur, she had fully psychologically prepared herself.

Also, she had deliberately not eaten.

Not just a meal.

Since yesterday afternoon until now, she had not eaten anything.

Even water, she had not drunk a bit more.

All to bring out her best condition for today's appearance—the moment she stepped down from the carriage, she had counted, a total of 13,114 people had looked this way, and by the time she walked toward the gangway of the 'Oriental,' the number of people watching her had increased to 52,100.

This was a rough count she did.

There would definitely be discrepancies.

But being able to remember this rough number was already hard enough for Marinda.

Even if her counting was just a way to divert attention.

However, it seemed like the diversion had gone a bit too far...

How had her body's instincts become different?

Had she adapted?

Or had she gotten used to it?

Marinda's mind was filled with confusion, and she snorted coldly—

"Legendary elements?

'Hercules' Airship,' 'Golden Dragon,' 'Thorn,' 'White Crow' are four legendary warships, each filled with countless stories.

But the 'Oriental'?

It's just a cruise ship!"

While countering Arthur, Marinda stealthily withdrew her hand, transitioning to a pose with her arms crossed in front of her chest.

Facing the unruffled Marinda, Arthur also sighed with relief inwardly.

The young 'Spirit Medium' would definitely not make a move without confirming whether Marinda was desensitized or not.

He would just lightly chuckle, countering Marinda in the same tone.

"You're speaking of the 'Oriental' as it is now.

How about letting the 'Oriental' start from now on?

A story?

Make it up as it goes, and there will be plenty.

As for the legendary elements?"

Arthur said, looking towards Marinda.

The lady arched an eyebrow, ready at any moment to strike back at the rascal before her—knowing well that this childish fellow would not spare his insults.

And while Marinda was completely engaged, Arthur's gaze suddenly shifted towards the docklands.

Marinda instinctively followed Arthur's gaze towards the docklands.

The area was teeming with heads.

On ordinary days, the spacious Docklands would now be nothing but shoulder to shoulder.

If it weren't for Malz and his people coming over in advance to help, things would have definitely gone awry at this point.

Of course, the members of Rat Street had also done their utmost behind the scenes.

Yesterday morning, Hughes, Wiggins' brother, had notified everyone he could and had personally taught a lesson to those rebellious troublemakers.

Compared to Wiggins' "gentleness," Hughes' bloody ruthlessness was even more terrifying to people.

At least, in today's Docklands, not a single Golden Finger was seen.

All in all, although the Docklands were very crowded now, they were nevertheless orderly.

Everyone was looking at the distinctive 'Oriental.'

Meanwhile, Arthur, accompanied by Marinda, watched the people on the dock below the ship, and the young 'Spirit Medium' whispered—

"The place where you and I stand is a legend."

In his gentle words, there was no passionate exhortation, nor any grand vision.

There was only a subtle description.

It seemed...

That the sight before them was simply a fact.

A slight tremor ran through Marinda's heart, as if she might skip a beat.

But outwardly, the lady scoffed at it.

"You, my dear, aren't just naive, but also narcissistic, aren't you?"

Why don't you declare right here that you're the 'King of the World'?"

As she spoke, the lady provocatively jutted her chin towards Arthur.

And yet, Arthur just blinked.

"Are you sure?"

On a ship, shouting 'King of the World' could bring misfortune!

Of course, if you would cooperate with me...

it wouldn't be too bad!"

Arthur said, grinning mischievously and gesturing for Marinda to step in front of him, striking a pose with her arms wide open.

"You scoundrel, don't even think about it!"

Marinda promptly flipped him the middle finger in response.

"It's you who doesn't want to, not me who won't do it!"

I have already fully prepared myself mentally!

So...

shouldn't you compensate for the regrets in my heart?"

Arthur laughed playfully.

Marinda gave him a look as if she saw through everything.

The lady pulled out her pipe, put it in her mouth, and snorted softly—

"Do you want that information for the three guys just now?

An hour from now, have your Crow come and get it.

I don't want to waste energy running back and forth."

Having said that, the lady sat in Arthur's cabin engulfed in smoke, even opening a box of food that Brule had just brought.

They were all dried, easily preserved foods from South Los.

Marinda directly picked up a dried bat ray and started gnawing at it raw.

Arthur walked to the side, poured a cup of orange tea, and placed it beside Marinda.

At that moment, Arthur reconfirmed that Marinda must not have eaten for a long time today for her to be in this state.

She devoured a dried bat ray, a large squid, and a ham complete with hoof and bone.

After eating these, Marinda clapped her hands, wiped them, and her mouth with a towel that Arthur handed to her, then headed towards the exit of the cabin—the 'Oriental' was about to depart.

She needed to disembark now.

Arthur and Marinda walked shoulder to shoulder.

Amidst the eyes filled with either envy, respect, or jealousy from the crowd, Arthur escorted Marinda down to the gangway.

Everyone saw Arthur and Marinda's 'kiss.'

Although it was just a moment, many young ladies were already moved by the scene and began clapping.

Shortly after, the crowd indulged in Arthur and Marinda's lingering glances of reluctant farewells.

Everyone saw that the 'Oriental' was about to set sail, and the South Los 'Spirit Medium' couldn't help but look back thrice with reluctance as she boarded.

They also saw the lady known as the 'Lady of the Long Night,' Marinda, eyes reddened.

That gently waving arm seemed to say, can't you stay?

The responding waving arm seemed to answer, wait for my return.

For a moment, the atmosphere at the dock and on the 'Oriental' was filled with emotions, the reporters quickly jotted down notes and sketches, knowing well what the headlines for tomorrow, the day after, and the day after that would be.

Meanwhile—

A few ill-intentioned folks quietly followed them.

Chapter 629 Misfortune Journey!

Marinda watched the ships with ill intentions.

It was all too obvious.

It wasn't just coincidence in timing, but some ships were clearly empty, with an intent that couldn't be more transparent—they were targeting the "Oriental".

However, this lady wasn't worried.

She trusted Arthur.

And what about her?

She just needed to do what she was supposed to do.

"Edwin, I want the detailed information on Lucius, Yula, and Joe within an hour,"

Marinda ordered her coachman.

Lucius, Yula, and Joe were part of Arthur's arrangement, and of course, she wouldn't forget them.

At the same time, the lady began to smoke a pipe.

Puff!

She gently exhaled the smoke, and quickly began to write amidst it.

Male, wearing brown burlap clothing, with a dirty face, standing near Brule Trading Company at the docks.

Female, dressed in last year's fashionable light green leg-of-mutton sleeve dress, and a man riding a double horse carriage near alleys 2-21 in the Docklands.

Male...

The lady conveyed her instructions one by one.

These were the people who had just shown their malevolent intentions.

Even though it was not possible to ascertain their identities, this did not prevent Marinda from having someone watch these fellows.

And that was what she had to do.

'Marinda should have her eye on those who've shown their faces, right?'

Arthur leaned back on the chair, his legs propped up on the table in front of him, looking completely at ease.

That the "Oriental" might be targeted was something Arthur had anticipated long ago.

After all, unlike the quietly established Miss Qiu's Security Company and Mr. Wu's Exchange, the "Oriental" was just too open and aboveboard, truly well-publicized.

It would be impossible for others not to know about it.

Naturally, it would attract a bunch of people's attention.

These people included enemies and others with ulterior motives.

And perhaps, some schemer had set their sights on him, Arthur, the young, upright, naive, and kind "Spirit Medium".

Thus, what Arthur practiced was...

Show your face, and you'll be struck down immediately!

Even when considering his other business interests, Arthur wouldn't be soft-hearted at such a time.

People are greedy and without limits.

A single act of leniency only turns sheep into wolves.

And when wolves gather, that's when they swarm.

By that point, it wouldn't matter if you were pretending to be a pig to eat a tiger, or if you were truly a fierce tiger; you'd still end up being torn apart.

That saint had said, strike with one punch to prevent a hundred more!

He, Arthur, loves to follow the teachings of saints!

Besides, wasn't he fully prepared?

Without any intention of getting up, Arthur raised his hand, and a "Hand of Void" brought over a cup of orange tea—the long seafaring trade required a supplement of vitamins, and although the "Oriental" was only sailing along the coast, they still prepared these rare seafaring drinks according to tradition.

Of course, if that wasn't to one's liking, there were various fruits to choose from.

The biggest advantage of coastal navigation is that supplies are never lacking.

Taking a sip of this tart and sweet beverage, Arthur gazed at those ill-intentioned ships behind him, and whispered softly—

"Set sail with misfortune, beware of the storms!"

After speaking, Arthur casually toasted those ships as if wishing them good luck.

Inside the captain's cabin of the "Oriental".

The first mate, Albert, was staring intently at the thirteen ships behind the "Oriental".

This first mate of the "Oriental", who had just turned thirty, was certain these fellows were up to no good; one only needed to look at how deep the ships were in the water to understand everything.

Therefore, Albert, who was serving as First Mate of a ship for the first time, gripped the hilt of his sword tightly.

The First Mate had already decided to fight these bastards to the end.

Even if they were outnumbered.

After all, he had endured years of hardship and, thanks to a stroke of luck, became a First Mate of a ship—an impossible feat for someone from a commoner family.

South Los might be free, but the invisible, unwritten rules still existed.

For example: for a passenger ship like the "Oriental," the First Mate is definitely from a middle-class family, and the position of captain, during the Silver Age, would certainly be a noble, perhaps a minor one or impoverished, but the noble status was definite, and even during the "Pioneer Era," such a rule was relaxed, but still rare.

So, Albert was very clear that if he lost his position as First Mate of the "Oriental," he would definitely not be able to become the First Mate of another ship.

Besides, those envious people would certainly spread rumors that it was his fault that the "Oriental" met with misfortune.

And others would surely believe it.

Rumors like this can't be explained away.

Rather than being so embarrassed that he had no place in South Los, the First Mate was prepared to go all out.

But Captain Barry just laughed and waved his hand.

"Don't be nervous, Albert,

things haven't reached that point yet.

Don't forget whose ship this is."

As a captain borrowed from Marinda, Barry knew a few things.

The captain had the distinctive dark, reddish complexion of a deep-sea sailor, as well as a considerably more robust body than the average person, and even though his beard was white, his palms were still strong.

Snap!

At this moment, that hand slapped onto Albert's shoulder.

"Captain?"

The First Mate was puzzled.

He certainly knew this was South Los's "Spirit Medium's" ship.

But even if it was the South Los "Spirit Medium," what could be done against those vicious river pirates?

Surely they couldn't just kill all the river pirates, could they?

"Relax.

I'm just here temporarily. In another year or two, I'll retire, and by that time, the position of captain of the 'Oriental' will be yours.

So, there's something you need to understand.

Remember our Chief Sailor?"

The captain reminded his First Mate.

As someone who was about to retire, Captain Barry did not mind giving Albert a few more pointers, after all, this was the reason he was appointed to this position.

For this, he was quite envious of Albert, a man of common birth, for being noticed by the boss and the big boss.

He could fully imagine that as long as Albert didn't make mistakes, his ascent would be meteoric.

So, at this point, the usually tight-lipped Barry became "Big Mouth" Barry.

"Old John?

That guy has been missing since the ship set sail!

He couldn't be an accomplice of those river pirates, could he?"

Albert frowned tightly as soon as he mentioned the Chief Sailor, who didn't seem like a regular sailor.

Whether it was his three large gold teeth or his sloppy demeanor, the First Mate felt the man seemed more like a pirate than a sailor.

Even though he seemed diligent and responsible.

But it was precisely this abnormality that made the First Mate even more suspicious.

"How could that be!

On this ship, anyone could be an accomplice to the river pirates, but definitely not Old John.

That guy, he despises river pirates the most!"

Captain "Big Mouth" Barry, who clearly knew more of the inside story, said this while pointing in the direction of the back of the ship.

First Mate Albert immediately turned his head to look.

Suddenly, the First Mate was stunned—

"This can't be!"

Chapter 630 Farewell Ritual!

In First Mate Albert's field of view, vortex after vortex appeared beneath the thirteen ships trailing behind the 'Oriental'.

The immense suction force directly dragged the thirteen ships to the bottom of the 'Inland River'.

In the span of a breath, the entire ship vanished without a trace.

And not a single person on board escaped.

This scene assaulted Albert's understanding of the world.

In all his nautical studies, such vortices should have been impossible.

Never mind why the 'Oriental' had just sailed past without any incident, but the pursuing ships were engulfed by the vortex when they reached the same point.

Just the distinct separation of the vortexes that swallowed those ships was implausible.

Moreover, they disappeared after consuming their prey.

It was as if...

They were being controlled by someone!

Having reached this conclusion, Albert stood stunned.

At that moment, 'Big Mouth' Barry clapped Albert's shoulder again.

"The world is a vast place.

Our big boss is called the 'Spirit Medium' of South Los, you know.

Spirit Mediums, they always have something to do with godly mumbo jumbo.

Maybe the 'God of the Inland River' is our boss's honored guest, perhaps now conducting an extraordinary ritual to send off our boss on his voyage?"

'Big Mouth' Barry said with a chuckle.

The First Mate, Albert, subconsciously wanted to say that's impossible.

But as the words reached his lips and he saw Barry's grin, the young First Mate felt that maybe, just maybe, it could be true.

For a moment, the First Mate began to doubt his entire existence.

Similarly, doubting her life was the pitiable Lady Yula.

When the First Mate Albert screamed "This is impossible!" so too did this lady inwardly cry out in disbelief.

She watched as the ships of her comrades sank one by one, her heart sinking with them.

She knew that the mission had ended in utter failure.

Initially, the plan had been to rob this famed passenger ship that had recently risen to prominence and to ransom the guests on board for a fortune, but no one expected to be met with such a predicament.

'Damn it!

What's with this bizarre vortex?

Could what they say about the 'God of the Inland River' actually be true?

Damn! Damn! Damn!'

Yula grew increasingly agitated as the plan fell apart.

She was on the verge of pacing back and forth in the cabin.

However, just as she turned around, Yula saw the utterly dejected Joe.

Ever since everything that had happened on the deck walk, this self-proclaimed exceptional Joe had plummeted into despair.

Stripped of his right to the inheritance.

Ostracized from the family.

Wandering the streets.

Starving to death in some nameless alleyway.

Scenes like these relentlessly bombarded Joe's mind.

And it seemed they would not leave him be.

Because Joe knew very well that these could easily become reality—his father had over a dozen sons and certainly didn't miss him.

Moreover, he wasn't even one of the primary heirs in the line of succession.

No!

Even the heir first in line, after today's incident, would surely be handed over by his father to quell the fury of the 'Spirit Medium' of South Los.

'Sons?

If I lose one, I can father more!

Just as long as I'm safe!

I can have as many as I want!

But if I'm in trouble, what good are so many sons to me?'

That was his father's famous saying.

With such a philosophy, Joe had no illusions about his fate.

At that moment, Joe's heart was awash with terror.

But then, a pair of warm hands rested on his shoulders.

Instinctively, Joe turned around to find Yula there.

"You..."

"No matter what happens, I'm willing to face it with you."

When Yula uttered those words, Joe instantly felt as if he had been struck.

He experienced a warmth he had never felt before.

He seemed to feel ...

Love!

"But I have no money left, and I no longer have the support of my family. Before, I was just trying to deceive you, just playing around with you," Joe said straightforwardly, being a man without schemes.

The moment the words left his mouth, Joe regretted them, but it was too late.

The young man braced himself for the disappointment he expected to see in Yula's eyes as she looked at him.

But there was no disappointment.

No disappointment at all!

There was not a tiny bit of disappointment in Yula's eyes.

On the contrary, Yula grabbed hold of his hand.

"I know.

But I am not playing games!

I am serious!" Yula's gaze was steadfast, even more determined than her words.

And deep down, she scoffed—

'Since the big feast is gone, might as well enjoy a little dessert! Joe's family has plenty of money; I can use Joe as a breakthrough!'

Joe was oblivious to this.

He was simply moved.

Lucius, who had been hidden outside the door, now looked on with an increasingly fierce gaze.

Meanwhile, on the crowded dock where this scene was unfolding, a chorus of shouts broke out—

"The River God!"

"It's the God of the Inland River!"

Suddenly, someone among the crowded dockworkers, merchants, laborers, and bespectacled scholars fell to their knees and exclaimed in awe.

At this moment, they were all the same, kneeling there shouting loudly, their faces filled with fervor.

Immediately, the crowd became chaotic.

The people of South Los certainly had heard of the God of the Inland River.

It was rumored that during the Imperial Age, people had worshiped the 'God of the Inland River'.

But rumors were just rumors, and no one had ever seen the 'God of the Inland River'.

Even records were extremely scarce.

There was no description of what the 'God of the Inland River' looked like, just that this deity ruled over 'Inner Bay'.

To those living in the Pioneer Era, the people of South Los treated it as nothing more than a story, but the scene before them now made them start to doubt themselves.

After all, aside from Divine Spirits, who else could accomplish such things?

'The Oriental' was unscathed, yet those thirteen ships conveniently sank?

How could this be possible!

Marinda, who had already boarded her carriage upon hearing these cries, furrowed her brow.

The 'Lady of the Long Night' sharply sensed something amiss.

These shouting people were off.

Their identities clearly did not match their current attire, and they had not shown malice toward her before, so she had ignored them earlier, but now upon closer inspection, the zeal in their eyes was all too familiar.

Each shout seemed like those figures from her childhood, those who intended to strip her of her blood and bones.

'Where do these lunatics come from?!' the lady wondered inside.

Then, with a puff of smoke, she was about to start writing with her hand.

Although the lady did not know where these lunatics had come from, now that they had appeared in South Los, they had to be closely monitored.

Moreover, the lady was preparing to mark them as targets to be possibly eliminated.

It was to be a more ruthless action than the earlier covert arrests.

South Los was this lady's stronghold.

It was the lifework of the lady.

Naturally, she did not want any accidents occurring here.

Of course, what was most crucial was that Marinda knew of these madmen's capacity for destruction.

If she wasn't careful, all of South Los could be ruined in an instant.

But just as the lady's palm was about to touch the smoke, Fujin, who had been quiet within the carriage, echoed Arthur's voice—

"Marinda, have your people shout that what just happened is: The God of the Inland River conducting a unique ritual to farewell my departure!"