

Great Master 641

Chapter 641: Incitement. Go!

Thump, thump-thump!

Within Toran's rhythmic knocking lay the unique code of the "Inland River Cult."

And the contact person in the room immediately responded—

"Who is it?

If you're looking for 'Mrs. Gwen,' please come back in the evening.

She needs to work for 'Mr. Hacks' during the day."

That was the second part of the code.

Mrs. Gwen did indeed exist, and she was the owner of this house, a conservatively respected 'merciful woman.' Not only could she read and calculate, but she could also concoct some herbal remedies. On usual days, she acted as the family advisor for 'Mr. Hacks,' helping manage his wife and three children, similar to the role of a nanny combined with a home tutor.

So, this phrase was not problematic.

What was truly important was the answer.

"Alright, I understand that Mrs. Gwen needs to work for Mr. Hacks.

But I still hope to meet with you."

Toran replied.

The door opened.

It was Mr. Gwen, Mrs. Gwen's husband, who opened the door.

A man who claimed to the outside world to be a historian, but in reality, a spy for the 'Inland River Cult.'

"Greetings, Lord Toran."

Mr. Gwen greeted warmly.

Dressed in pants, a shirt, and wearing glasses, Mr. Gwen had a head of red curly hair, a clean face, but rough hands, and fingertips stained with ink.

It made shaking hands with him somewhat uncomfortable for Toran.

It felt a bit dirty.

Dirtier than his own clothes.

Before coming here for tidiness, the priest of the 'Inland River Cult' could tolerate it, but after getting to safety, the priest could no longer stand it.

"May I use the washroom?"

Toran asked impatiently.

"Of course."

Mr. Gwen smiled, nodded, and pointed to the side of the room.

Toran immediately rushed in.

Meanwhile, Mr. Gwen's gaze was once again drawn to a document that had just been translated—

Annals of the Inland River God.

The god has a form, like a serpent, very long, and thick.

The Breath of God, highly toxic.

The Command of God...

"What comes after that?"

Mr. Gwen puzzled, rubbing his hair.

The Annals of the Inland River God in front of him was acquired from an old bookseller six years ago, and at the time of purchase, the book was already incomplete.

But the early common imperial script still captivated him.

For it, he had spent two months' worth of his family's living expenses to buy it.

Then, after serving his wife footbaths for half a year, he was able to settle down and translate it.

In fact, the reason Mr. Gwen joined the 'Inland River Cult' was not only to supplement the family income, but also because the cult had more books to help him translate the Annals of the Inland River God.

"The part that follows is: 'The multitude of snakes obeys.'"

A calm and persuasive voice came from behind.

"The multitude of snakes obeys?! It's like this! Is this the missing part?"

Almost instinctively, Gwen followed the voice, murmuring to himself.

By the time the words left his mouth, he abruptly realized.

The man who claimed to be a historian, Mr. Gwen, immediately turned around to look behind him.

A man with an ordinary face but silver-white hair stood there, smiling slightly at him.

"Who are you?!"

Mr. Gwen demanded, his voice filled with suspicion.

Then, he picked up the cane that rested beside the table.

Gripping it tightly in his hand as if it were a longsword, he posed himself in a combat-ready stance of defense.

Clearly, this historian was not as defenseless as one might assume.

"Good day, Mr. Gwen, I mean you no harm.

I have come to clear up a misunderstanding.

Lord Toran, please lower your firearm."

As Grindelwald spoke, he glanced toward the direction of the washroom—where the sounds of washing had ceased immediately upon Mr. Gwen's shouting.

With the vision of a dog, Arthur could clearly see the priest of the Inland River Cult, who seemed a bit obsessive with cleanliness, drawing out a small, palm-sized firearm with a peculiar design and a copper hue. Opening a slight crack in the washroom door, he was about to raise his weapon.

While the Human Puppet was unique, Arthur wished to maintain the persona his "vest" implied and certainly did not want to be shot.

Therefore, as he spoke, he issued a command to Kuliqi: if Toran made a move to shoot, Kuliqi was to bite off Toran's hand.

Brutal?

No, no, no.

The brutal one was Grindelwald.

It had nothing to do with Arthur Kredos.

Peering through the crack in the door, seeing Grindelwald smiling at him, Toran hesitated.

The polite demeanor and sincere tone of Grindelwald gave Toran the false impression that he might be persuaded, and in fact, Toran always felt a sense of familiarity when he looked at the man before him.

Was it because of his pale skin?

Or his white hair?

Or perhaps the cynicism and defiance in his eyes?

Toran did not know.

But he offered a considerable amount of trust.

Although he didn't lower his gun, the priest of the Inland River Cult stepped out of the washroom nonetheless.

"I am very sorry for the intrusion.

I would not have done so unannounced if it weren't an urgent matter."

Grindelwald said with a look of sincerity, even giving a slight bow.

This caused Toran's impression of him to improve significantly.

Mr. Gwen, on the other hand, was curiously observing Grindelwald.

Or rather...

The man who claimed to be a historian, Mr. Gwen, wanted to ask Grindelwald more about the early imperial scripts.

However, it was clearly not the appropriate time.

So, Mr. Gwen left the conversation to Toran.

"May I ask who you are?"

Toran inquired tentatively.

"I am Grindelwald, the hidden Child of Misfortune favored by the Grim Reaper, the current 'Black Cat,' 'Leader of the Cat Sect,' Champion of the South Los Swordsmanship Competition, master of Caesar Manor, Winter Blessing Giver, Winter Guardian, slayer of the Winter Monster, and leader of the 'Black Cat Faction' under the great 'Spirit Medium' Arthur Kredos."

Grindelwald introduced himself, and even though Toran had raised his gun during the declaration, the leader of the Black Cat Faction's voice did not waver. He completed his introduction without any tremble, and after stating his name, he fixated his gaze on Toran, deliberately saying—

"We've all fallen into someone else's trap!"

"Hm?"

Toran did not lower his specially crafted firearm, meeting Grindelwald's gaze unflinchingly.

"To put it simply, everything at the docks had nothing to do with my master.

Someone is plotting against him and trying to frame my master."

Grindelwald continued.

"You say that, but where's the evidence?"

Toran kept his gun raised, yet his expression softened somewhat.

He too found it strange that despite everything being planned out, there were repeated mishaps as if someone had anticipated their scheme.

Grindelwald, who had been closely watching Toran's expressions, smiled and then lowered his voice to say—

"The Pain Church!"

Chapter 642: Stirring Up Trouble. Success!

"The Pain Church!"

Upon hearing this term, Toran's eyes narrowed, and most of his inner doubts were instantly resolved.

No wonder those ships encountered such strange incidents!

No wonder our people were so easily discovered!

No wonder those guys acted so ruthlessly!

So it was all the doings of "The Pain Church"!

They had sent out spies!

They not only sabotaged the High Priest's plan but also aimed to provoke a real war!

You must understand that according to the High Priest's plan, it was merely to hinder the voyage of the "Oriental," but now with the emergence of "The Pain Church," it had turned into a fight to the death.

"Damn it!"

When I saw how ruthless their methods were, I should have thought it was those bastards!"

That was what Toran thought to himself in the depths of his heart.

He was all too familiar with this secretive church from the Seberlin region that revered the "Lady of Suffering" as a god. Three years ago, he too had gone to the Seberlin region to proselytize.

However, he had encountered obstruction by "The Pain Church" in less than a week.

At that time, all the churchgoers and congregation other than him were flayed by that evil church.

To this day, he still remembers that bloody scene.

And he?

He merely escaped by chance because he had gone out to buy food.

And afterward, by cautiously discovering a stronghold of "The Pain Church," he was then promoted to the position of Priest by the High Priest.

But after that?

He did not know anymore.

It was rumored that the High Priest had dispatched "Missionary Knights" who had managed to establish a "church" in Port Doldot of the Seberlin region.

As he recalled various memories, Toran had already put down the special firearm in his hand, yet he still said—

"Evidence!"

Toran hoped that the man named Grindelwald in front of him would produce more evidence.

Not only could these pieces of evidence absolve him from punishment, but they might even allow him to climb another step up the ladder.

After all, it was a spy.

"There's certainly evidence.

Even about who the spy that has infiltrated your church is, I am aware.

But we can discuss that matter later.

Right now, we can talk about compensation!"

Grindelwald said with a smile.

Compensation?!

Toran was startled.

This Priest of the "Inland River Cult" was a bit slow to react, while Grindelwald spoke as if it all made perfect sense.

"Of course, compensation!

Surely, Lord Toran doesn't naively believe that after your church acted against the "Oriental," which Lord Kledos was aboard, there would be no compensation and the matter would simply be dropped?

Or do you think you are prepared to endure the wrath of both Lord Kledos and "The Pain Church" at the same time?"

Grindelwald's smile remained unchanged, but his words now carried an edge of severity.

"Of course not!

Please give me a moment!

I need to report the current situation to the High Priest!"

Toran shook his head repeatedly.

Then, he walked back to the washroom once more.

On this Priest of the "Inland River Cult," there was a Messenger Stone.

Watching the washroom door close, Arthur knew that he had regained the initiative once again.

When he discovered that Yula wanted to provoke a dispute between him and the "Inland River Cult," Arthur knew he could incite a war between the "Inland River Cult" and "The Pain Church."

With just a little manipulation, the "Inland River Cult," having lost so many congregants and believers, would certainly not let go of "The Pain Church," with which it already had friction.

And faced with the invader's aggressive approach, how could "The Pain Church" possibly keep silent and swallow its anger?

A full-scale war between the two was on the verge of breaking out.

All it would take was...

For Toran to add fuel to the flames!

And Toran would surely do so!

Because Toran didn't want to confront his own failure.

In fact, not just Toran — no one wants to face their own defeat.

When faced with failure, one will always try to find an excuse.

Even when none can be found, fate's unfairness is often to blame.

And if one is found?

That would be great!

One will definitely, surely, and with certainty push the responsibility onto that excuse.

Especially for someone like Toran, who already harbors a grudge against the 'Church of Suffering', he certainly wouldn't miss such an opportunity for 'double happiness'.

In Yula's notebook, Arthur could see a clear evaluation of Toran—

Obsessive cleanliness, somewhat cautious but easily trusts others, talkative once familiar, mediocre abilities, respectable faith, worth attempting to win over.

Grindelwald quietly waited for the known outcome.

Arthur's attention, meanwhile, had already returned to the cabin of the 'Oriental'.

At this moment, the captain and the first mate of the 'Oriental' appeared outside Arthur's cabin—

"Sir, for the main course of this evening's banquet, would you prefer roast beef leg? Stewed deer? Or perhaps roast lamb chops? Or maybe the Inland River specialty 'mixed river delicacies'?"

Barry asked, bowing.

"Let's try the specialty."

Facing this captain, borrowed from Marinda's command and nearing retirement, Arthur showed the appropriate courtesy, speaking very gently.

He often ate beef legs, lamb chops, or deer meat.

However, he had never tried the Inland River specialty.

As for food, Arthur believed it was important to have a spirit of exploration.

"No problem, please leave it to me.

Also, there will be a performance at the theater after the banquet to celebrate the 'Oriental's' maiden voyage—the Winter Monster.

If you're not busy, you're welcome to watch at any time."

The Winter Monster was a play arranged around Arthur as the model.

It had already been performed in several theaters in the Shire District of South Los.

Of this, Arthur had long been aware.

However, what surprised Arthur was that the 'Oriental's' small theater would also stage it.

Originally, he had planned to give a personal indication.

Now it seemed unnecessary.

As for whether this was shameless?

As a 'Spirit Medium', what mattered was publicity.

What is shame?

Can you eat it?

The 'Oriental's' maiden voyage and the play 'Winter Monster' were sure to enhance each other's success.

"I am truly looking forward to it!"

Arthur's opinion of the old captain before him improved again.

Who wouldn't want such an understanding subordinate?

"This is something our first mate Albert has specially prepared!"

Barry, firmly remembering his mission, immediately pushed his first mate forward.

Clearly, the young first mate was still a bit out of his element.

Not only was his face red, but he also stuttered when he spoke.

"G-good afternoon, sir."

After giving Barry an appreciative look, Arthur then encouragingly patted the young first mate's shoulder.

"Work hard; the future is yours."

"Y-yes, sir."

The young first mate's speech was still halting.

But this time, it was different from the earlier tension.

This time, it was pure excitement.

Even after walking out of the cabin with Captain Barry, his cheeks remained flushed.

As for the captain himself, he wore a smile while watching his first mate.

Barry understood his first mate very well.

After all, he had been the same in his own younger days.

"Albert, I'm not Big Mouth, but let me tell you..."

The conversation outside the cabin grew fainter and fainter.

But Arthur didn't pay it any more mind.

Because the person he was waiting for was about to arrive.

Chapter 643 Stirring Up Trouble. Next!

Half an hour before the dinner on the "Oriental" was to begin, Lucius finally found a gap—Joe was taking Yula to attend the inaugural dinner of the "Oriental."

He had lost so much face in the afternoon that even his future seemed to be gone.

But with the "nourishment of love" and the "support of his lover," Joe suddenly found unprecedented motivation, not only starting to salvage his situation but also promising Yula to bring her happiness.

In this, Lucius pitied Joe.

He knew Yula's tactics.

And he had witnessed them firsthand.

Those who had previously made such vows to Yula were now feeding the fish in the sea.

And next up was Joe!

Perhaps...

It could even be him!

He, absolutely!

Absolutely did not want such an ending!

At least, not before revenge was had!

With this thought, the young Avenger touched the notebook in his chest and his steps quickened.

He crossed the promenade deck.

He ascended that staircase.

The top-floor cabin appeared before the young Avenger.

Without any hesitation and suppressing the excitement, the young Avenger raised his hand to knock on the door.

Thud, thud!

He knocked then paused, never showing any sign of impatience even though he was anxious inside.

Squeak!

The cabin door opened.

The young Avenger unexpectedly saw Arthur still casually dressed as he had been at noon.

"Lord Kledos, are you not attending the dinner?"

The young Avenger asked.

"That is Barry and Albert's stage.

And me?

I'm just looking forward to my river delicacy medley!"

Arthur replied with a smile, stepping aside to invite the young Avenger into the cabin.

The moment he stepped into the cabin, the young Avenger couldn't wait to take out his notes.

"This is my bargaining chip!

It contains some secrets of the Inland River Cult!

It should be enough to exchange for a secret ritual from you, right?"

No sooner had the young Avenger finished speaking than he noticed the odd expression on the face of South Los "Spirit Medium."

It was a mix of surprise, astonishment, and sighs.

"It's the irony of Destiny!"

Arthur sighed.

Then, the young Spirit Medium's gaze shifted from the notebook to Lucius, and the young Spirit Medium sighed, "If you had given this notebook to me three hours ago, I could not only have taught you a secret ritual but also provided all the basic materials needed for it.

But, that was three hours ago!

Because—

Three hours ago, Toran pledged his loyalty to me."

"What?! Impossible?! How could this be?!"

The young Avenger stood up from the chair, his eyes wide with shock, uttering exclamations repeatedly.

As a member of the Inland River Cult, even if one had sneaked in with ulterior motives, one would know who Toran was.

He was a Priest of the Inland River Cult and the person in charge of pioneering South Los.

His faith in the God of the Inland River was beyond question.

His loyalty to the High Priest of the Inland River Cult was unmatched.

How could such a person betray them?

Unless...

The God of the Inland River himself had come.

Suddenly, the young Avenger incredulously turned to Arthur.

The young Avenger had thought of some words Arthur had said before—"You don't really think the Inland River Cult was founded by my Old Friend, the God of the Inland River, do you? He doesn't even know of the Inland River Cult's existence."

Before, the young Avenger had doubted Arthur's words.

But at this moment, there was no doubt.

Because only this could explain Toran's loyalty.

Otherwise, how could Toran pledge loyalty to the gentleman before him when the Inland River Cult had lost so many Believers and followers?

Was the gentleman before me deceiving him?

Impossible!

There's no reason for it!

Of course, the young Avenger couldn't imagine that Arthur was not there to deceive him but to deceive Yula behind him.

So, at this moment, Lucius's face was filled with bitterness.

His plans for revenge had fallen through once again.

Pain!

A pain more intense than any he had previously felt swept through the young Avenger's heart.

One can endure pain when there is no hope.

But the pain that comes with the ignition of hope, only to be dashed again, is truly unbearable.

Yula, socializing in the dining room with Joe, sensed that her 'Seed' had unexpectedly accelerated in maturity and her complexion subtly changed.

"What's wrong, my dear?"

Joe, who was constantly attentive to Yula, immediately noticed something was amiss.

"Dear, I might have caught a chill this afternoon, and I'm feeling a bit unwell now,"

Yula said, her eyes widening pitifully.

"It's all my fault! All my fault!"

Dear, you go and rest first!

I will bring the food back!"

Joe, thinking back to the dream induced by the drugs, blushed with embarrassment.

He had never thought he could be so wild.

But...

It was truly exhilarating.

He wanted to experience it once more.

However, there was no chance now, he had to wait until the evening.

Thinking of this, the wealthy young master became somewhat impatient.

Then, recalling the vow he made to Yula, he immediately suppressed that lascivious thought—he intended to save himself, he promised Yula a certain kind of life.

With this in mind, Joe's expression grew even more concerned.

"I'll accompany you back first!"

The wealthy young master said.

"No need!

This place is our starting point, and it's already my dereliction of duty not to be able to accompany you.

You can't give up this opportunity!

Go for it!"

After speaking, Yula lifted her skirt and walked out.

She wanted to know what had happened, why her 'Seed' was about to germinate so quickly.

And Joe, watching Yula's retreating figure, clenched his fists in resolve.

'Yula, I will definitely make you happy!'

With this thought in mind, the young master picked up a wine glass from nearby and approached the few wealthy individuals in the room, having some ideas to discuss with the tycoons.

Meanwhile, in the top deck's cabin, Lucius stood up despondently and walked straight out.

At that moment, Lucius looked like a walking corpse as he moved to the upper deck, gazing at the turbulent river waters at night. The thought of Death involuntarily arose within the depths of the young Avenger's heart.

Living was too painful.

Perhaps Death was a release.

Dying, maybe he could see his father, his mother again.

As this idea emerged, it began spreading wildly.

And then...

It was dispersed.

It was just a moment, but the young Avenger came back to his senses.

Of course, the young Avenger had not fully recovered.

It was hatred that made the young Avenger choose to persevere.

But it was indeed too painful.

The young Avenger took a deep breath,

Hoping the pain would lessen a bit.

But it was futile.

The pain filling his heart did not subside; instead, it caused a slight confusion in his mind.

If this continued, the young Avenger would surely become a madman.

But at this time, Arthur spoke up—

"Wait!"

Chapter 644: Divination. Up!

Lucius was plagued by chaotic thoughts, and even when he heard Arthur's voice, it took him a full second to react, turning around with a look of bewilderment in his eyes.

"Don't forget your things!"

Arthur pointed at the notebook on the table.

From beginning to end, Arthur had never flipped through the notebook.

Or to be precise, he hadn't even touched it.

A bitter smile unconsciously appeared on Lucius's face.

That smile was even uglier than crying.

The young avenger stood there, unmoving.

"Consider it a gift to you then.

After all, that's what I intended to trade with you.

Now?"

A self-mocking smile emerged on the face of the young avenger.

He shrugged his shoulders, and the young avenger turned around woodenly.

"Wait!"

Arthur called out again.

Moreover, this time Arthur did not wait for the young avenger to turn around, but directly said—

"I believe in fair trade.

Although I know everything that's in this notebook, it still has its value, so...

I'll give you another chance to trade.

Unlike before, not only can you find me on the 'Oriental' to trade, but even if I return to South Los, our trade continues."

A gleam began to appear in the eyes of the young avenger.

"Does this mean that our trade deadline has been extended?"

He asked tentatively.

"Of course!

Not only has the trade deadline been extended, but also I'm very much looking forward to something that would excite me," Arthur said with an encouraging smile.

Seeing Arthur's smile, Lucius instantly thought of Yula!

Mysterious Yula!

Yula, shrouded in mist!

If he could uncover Yula's secrets and trade them with Lord Kledos...

This thought uncontrollably sprang into the young avenger's mind and took root at an unimaginable speed.

"I won't disappoint you!

I will definitely bring something truly valuable to trade!"

With these words, the young avenger left the top deck cabin.

Arthur did not rise to see him off but watched him leave.

Because—

He believed that they would meet again soon.

After all...

In that first-class cabin, Ms. Yula was already waiting there.

And she seemed to be gritting her teeth.

'Lucius just thought of using Yula as a bargaining chip; such betrayal holds a high priority in that secret technique, so did Ms. Yula find out immediately?'

Arthur wondered to himself.

Then, he casually picked up a slice of watermelon from the fruit plate nearby.

Crunch!

After using the "Cat Claw" to make an incision, the young 'Spirit Medium' exerted a little force, and the watermelon split in half, one "Hand of Void" passed him a spoon while the other "Hand of Void" held the other half of the watermelon, and Arthur used the spoon to dig out the core of his half, savoring it in his mouth.

Sweet and grainy!

It was a sensation of the grains dancing on his taste buds.

The taste was even more delicious than Arthur had imagined.

Arthur swore it wasn't the excitement of watching the drama that made the watermelon taste better.

It was just that the watermelon was delicious!

Lucius did not go to the 'Oriental's' restaurant.

He returned to his own cabin.

The young avenger, who had already decided to thoroughly investigate Yula, planned to start with his luggage—he knew that both suitcases had hidden compartments in them.

Maybe there would be something of value.

However, as soon as he entered his cabin, the young avenger was startled.

The cabin was not lit.

But by the pale moonlight, Lucius could still see Yula sitting on the sofa at a glance.

Moonlight illuminated the lady's silhouette from behind, casting her contours in sharp, graceful relief, while her face lay completely shrouded in darkness, indecipherable.

Lucius's heart tightened.

An inexplicable emotion made him instinctively back away.

But after retreating just one step, the young avenger was slapped to the ground by Yula.

Moreover, this time, the lady didn't hesitate at all, immediately going for Lucius's neck.

Previously, the lady had felt distressed over the ripening of the 'fruit'.

But now?

The lady was no longer showing any mercy.

After all, what difference was there between betrayal and finding worms in the 'fruit'?

Rotten through!

No longer needed!

Deep down, the lady had already decided how to deal with Lucius.

Mere death?

No!

That would be letting Lucius off too easy!

She wanted to inform Lucius of the truth first!

Then, the main event would begin!

Joe had just been excited, thinking that perhaps Lucius could help Joe resolve his minor emotions—if covered by her secret techniques, Joe wouldn't notice.

And Lucius?

He must be lucid!

She even intended to use potions to stimulate Lucius's senses!

Next?

Of course, to chop off all five of Lucius's limbs and turn him into a vessel, to make him understand the price of betrayal.

Death?

In the Pain Church, death was always a mercy.

"What just happened?"

While thinking, Yula asked.

"Just now..."

Without any resistance, Lucius narrated everything that just happened in every detail.

"What? Toran betrayed the Inland River Cult?"

Impossible!

Unless the God of the Inland River himself appeared, but...

Wait!

The words spoken by that Spirit Medium, could they actually be true?!"

Without doubt, Yula and Lucius were on the same page.

The lady began pacing around the room.

Her instincts refused to believe such words, but the facts before her eyes were undeniable, no matter how incredible they seemed.

Nevertheless, when faced with this reality, most people would hesitate and seek further evidence to prove their answer.

However, as a Mystic Side Person, Yula didn't need to do that.

Yula had a much simpler method.

There, the lady kneeled on one knee and drew a small knife from her boot.

This knife, with a blade roughly the length of an adult's little finger and a handle that could be held only with two fingers, had a very special design and was not meant for combat.

It was the unique tool of the Pain Church: the Divination Knife.

"Oh merciful Lady of Suffering,

You are the mother of us all!

You bear our suffering!

And your blessings shall guide our way forward!"

Softly praying, Yula lifted her clothing and plunged the Divination Knife into her lower abdomen.

The pain of the blade piercing her flesh caused the lady to grunt.

Then, she began to gently pull the blade sideways with a little force.

Suddenly, the pain erupted tenfold.

And when the agony reached its zenith, the lady quickly posed the question in her heart—

"Does Arthur Kredos know the contents of the notebook?"

Chapter 645 Divination. Part 2!

If you asked all the "Mystic Side Persons" on the East Coast what secret technique they most yearned for, it would undoubtedly be any technique that could make them stronger.

But if you asked them to choose a technique that was essential, it would definitely be Divination Art.

However, everyone who practiced and studied Divination Art knew a truth—life was full of uncertainties, just as you could never know what the next piece of chocolate would taste like.

And, Divination would give you a slight chance to peek at what was to come.

Perhaps you picked up the box, using the sunlight to see through it.

Perhaps you tilted the box, looking through the gaps to check inside.

But you must never rely on Divination.

Because, when using the sunlight, the sun could hurt your eyes and make you see incorrectly.

Because, when looking through the gaps, you see not just one piece of chocolate.

Therefore, Divination is not one hundred percent accurate.

And if it is not one hundred percent accurate, then it can be considered one hundred percent incorrect.

"Divination is really something to both love and hate."

Imperial Court Mage "Xarlico" uttered such a sentiment when he was officiating the wedding of his friends, court jester "Harrington" and Court Lady "Lith."

Because, in his divination, his friend "Harrington" should have remained lifelong bachelors just like him.

But who would have thought, his friend actually got married and even enjoyed a happy marriage, having a son the next year, a daughter the third year, and another son the fourth year.

And him?

Truly remained single for life.

In certain rumors, it's suggested that this Imperial Court Mage, after his friend's wedding, as if prompted by it, also started seeking his other half.

Then, he was hammered by the Imperial Grand Knight.

Then, he was smashed by witches using crucibles.

Then, he was mocked by the succubus from the magicians of the West Coast.

In the end...

This Imperial Court Mage truly remained single for his entire life.

Of course, these are all rumors, which many believe to be false.

Even if the source of the rumors was this court mage's disciple...

Same goes for Hercules.

After all, it's well known that Master Hercules liked to joke with people.

But Yula's Divination Art was different.

Yula was confident that her Divination Art could achieve one hundred percent accuracy.

Because—

She was backed by the "Lady of Suffering."

She employed Divine Divination.

Under the stimulation of pain, the lady's Spirituality pulsed several times before quickly stabilizing, and by the time Yula fully recovered, she had already obtained the answer.

Arthur really knew the content of that book.

The initial evidence didn't stop this lady in her tracks.

She drew her Divination Knife, preparing for a second divination.

"Is there someone from Arthur Kredos around Toran?"

The lady was not new to Divination, she knew well that the power of Divine Divination came from its 'uniqueness.'

To put it simply, in this round of Divination, no other deities should emerge.

Once other deities appeared, not only would the Divination no longer be accurate, but the diviner would also suffer from 'Divine Punishment.'

Yula certainly did not want to burst open, but she wanted to know more.

So, clever Yula chose a middle-ground approach.

Since the 'God of the Inland River' might appear, she completely omitted him and instead used minor details to deduce backwards.

If Toran had rebelled, he must have joined under Arthur Kredos.

At this moment, there must also be people from Arthur Kredos around him.

It surely wouldn't be the 'God of the Inland River' personally hosting him, right?

That would be blasphemous!

That would be worthy of burning!

Pfft!

The Divination Knife plunged into her abdomen once again.

This time it was even more painful than before.

Yula knew this was the backlash of Divine Divination.

If Divine Divination was used repeatedly in a short period, not only would it greatly drain physical and mental energy, but it would also lead to some irreversible damages.

Arcana Level, 1 time.

Great Arcana Level, 2 times.

Entrant, 3 times.

This was the warning she found in that ancient manuscript regarding consecutive divination attempts — a manuscript she had always carefully preserved.

As for turning it in?

She would, of course, turn it in.

But certainly not now.

She would do so when she stood at a higher position.

And that time would surely not be far off.

This time...

She would definitely succeed!

The obsession deep in her heart made Yula perceive the pain within her body more clearly.

"Spirituality" boiled up once again.

In a daze, she even heard Grindelwald introducing himself.

Confirmed!

Confirmed!

The "God of the Inland River" really stood behind Arthur Kredos!

If that was the case, the previous plan was incomplete!

A new plan needed to be formulated —

Collaboration!

Cooperate with Arthur Kredos!

Together, eliminate everyone from the "Inland River Cult" at the Port Doldot, and at the same time, peep into the true strength of Arthur Kredos.

If possible, continue the collaboration and attack the origin of the "Inland River Cult."

If not, let him become cannon fodder...

Even, we could annex the territory he belonged to in South Los!

A plan with a very clear objective emerged in Yula's mind.

But, immediately, the lady was taken aback.

Because —

The stakes!

The lady did not have the appropriate stakes.

The "Spirit Medium" from the South Los believed in fair trade, and to cooperate with him, one inevitably needed to bring forth some stakes.

As for mere verbal promises of cooperation?

The Spirit Medium from South Los would not approve of it.

In fact, she could not approve either.

What should she do?

The anxiety deep in Yula's heart caused the lady's hands, which were bandaging her wounds, to pause.

The feeling of being unable to seize the opportunity right before her eyes because of these trivial details was truly agonizing.

The lady couldn't help but curse her own previous rash decisions.

In order to successfully infiltrate the "Inland River Cult," she not only used her "Entry" level strength as a stake against the contract, but she also had all her props securely hidden at the Port Doldot in Seberlin.

Go and retrieve them now?

It was simply impossible.

No one could accomplish this task.

To carry out this undercover mission, Yula's original identity had already died.

And the new identity?

It was even cleaner.

This doomed her anonymity in the "Pain Church."

However, even if she could assign those worshippers, Yula would not disclose the location of her equipment and props to them.

As for Joe?

That bit of inheritance was what she eyed.

The Spirit Medium from South Los indeed had a lover rich as a nation.

"Damn it, damn it!

Do I really have to give up?"

Amidst anxiety, Yula began to curse softly.

And after Yula cursed a few times, the lady's body suddenly shook, and as her eyes rolled back, that tentacle crawled out of her ear once again.

And it continued to spin a web.

But unlike before, when it covered Yula's face,

This time...

It spat into Yula's hand.

Chapter 646 Achisto!

Just like before.

Quickly, Yula snapped out of her daze.

When the lady saw clearly the ball of silk in the palm of her hand, she once again fell to her knees—

Divine Grace!

Yet another Divine Grace!

Indeed...

I am the chosen one!

The lady had not a shred of doubt, only believing she was being watched over by the "Lady of Suffering."

At this, the lady was extremely excited.

Being watched over by the "Lady of Suffering," what did it mean?

It meant that she would definitely attain the high position she had always dreamt of.

Huff! Huff!

After several deep breaths, Yula emptied a jewelry box of its contents and placed the 'Sacred Silk' inside.

Then, she walked back to Lucius, who was still in tears.

"You ran full into Yula as she was leaving, and she gave you a slap."

"And you successfully obtained what you wanted in the deserted cabin."

"You remember there were two secret compartments in the suitcase."

"One compartment was empty."

"The other compartment contained the 'Pain Church's' Sacred Relic, 'Sacred Silk'."

"And it wasn't until that moment that you confirmed Yula's identity as a member of the 'Pain Church,' which surprised you, yet also gave you a sense of relief."

"You finally understood why Yula targeted you from the very beginning."

"Because you are also a member of the 'Pain Church.'"

"In order to take revenge, you first joined the 'Pain Church,' and then infiltrated the 'Inland River Cult'!"

"This time, having obtained the Sacred Relic, you can now exchange it for power with the South Los 'Spirit Medium.'"

"But this Sacred Relic is precious!"

"You can negotiate for more!"

"So, you plan to extract some interest from the 'Inland River Cult': you hope to cooperate more deeply with the South Los 'Spirit Medium,' and together obliterate all the followers of the 'Inland River Cult' at the Port Dordot of West Berlin."

Yula hypnotized Lucius once more with a secret technique.

The young Avenger nodded dimly.

This time, Yula took out a handkerchief and wiped the tears from Lucius's face, and the imprint of the slap on his face excited the lady.

She was eager to see the Port Dordot of West Berlin engulfed in Blaze.

Those cultists deserved to be reduced to ashes in the Blaze.

However, she knew she mustn't be impatient.

She, too, needed to endure.

With this endurance, Yula left the cabin.

About two minutes later, Lucius fully regained consciousness.

The young Avenger sat up from the couch.

Noticing nothing amiss, and perceiving not the slightest clue, he just murmured to himself—

"So that's how it is!"

As he spoke, the young Avenger took out the jewelry box containing the 'Sacred Silk,' his eyes once again brimming with hatred.

He knew, with the Sacred Silk, he would definitely have the chance to take revenge.

'Father, Mother!

You must be protecting me, right?

It has to be!

Wait for me, I'm going to contact the South Los 'Spirit Medium' right away!"

Thinking this, Lucius stood up.

But the pain on his cheek made the young Avenger decide to stop by the washroom to tend to his injury before leaving.

At the very least...

He needed a mask.

...

Pu pu pu!

In the top cabin, Arthur spewed out all the watermelon seeds into an empty plate, planning to clean up later—At this moment, the young 'Spirit Medium' missed Ms. Anna terribly.

If Ms. Anna were here, he wouldn't need to worry about these things at all.

Ms. Anna would clean it all up silently.

And then?

They would also prepare fresh fruit and snacks for him.

But this journey was destined to continue without Ms. Anna.

Although South Los had many allies, partners, and subordinates, No. 2 Cork Street still needed someone to take care of it.

Ms. Anna was the best choice for that.

As for the Death Serpent Banyan?

There would be no problem in battle, but receiving guests was an issue.

Although Merlin and Gawain were intelligent, their status as servants meant they could not fulfill the role of 'rejecting' guests.

But Ms. Anna was different.

If Ms. Anna refused, most likely no guest would object.

After throwing the melon rind he had carved out into the other hand of the Hand of Void, Arthur picked up the remaining half of the watermelon.

The show, however, was far from over.

In fact, it was just getting to the main event—

A little earlier in time, Toran had taken out the Messenger Stone in Mr. Gwen's washroom and began to contact the High Priest within the cult.

Almost instantly, the deep voice of the High Priest came from the stone.

"Toran, how did it go?"

"Your Excellency, the High Priest, we have failed.

It was the Pain Church that interfered.

They wanted to provoke a war between us and the 'Spirit Medium' of South Los, but the 'Spirit Medium' of South Los astutely discovered this and informed us.

At the same time, he also holds a list of spies from our 'Pain Church' within the cult."

After giving a brief account, Toran began to describe in detail what had happened on the docks.

It took a full twenty minutes before the priest of the Inland River Cult finally stopped.

"I understand!

Toran, it's not your fault!

On the contrary, you have brought us a new opportunity—

Now!

I shall seek guidance from Your Crown!

Your Crown will show me the way!"

After the deep voice had spoken, the Messenger Stone dimmed.

But Toran did not dare to leave.

He knew very well that after the High Priest had sought guidance from the Divine Lord, he would be informed of the results.

So Toran waited patiently.

While Toran was waiting patiently, Achisto was sweating profusely.

As the High Priest of the Inland River Cult, Achisto had no extraordinary Talent, and even though he had mastered some secret techniques, the Arcana Level was his limit.

Initially, Achisto had planned to find a secluded place to become a minor lord and live out his days.

Things started off smoothly.

After swearing loyalty to the Golden Lion Family with his strength, Achisto received a small town and two villages on the edge of Inner Bay's inland.

While he didn't have a proper manor, Achisto was extremely content.

A manor could be built later.

The land and the Noble status were what mattered most.

Just as Achisto was preparing to make his mark on his territory, an influential person from the Golden Lion Family appeared before him and handed him a secret mission.

Therefore, he became the High Priest of the Inland River Cult.

Refuse?

Achisto didn't dare.

Although he had acquired land and Noble status, there were more than one or two Nobles who had disappeared in South County, not to mention those who died at the hands of bandits and robbers.

Achisto did not wish to become the next one.

So he worked diligently.

As a result, the Inland River Cult grew stronger.

Not long ago, a secret message from the Golden Lion Family stirred the High Priest's heart.

A member of the Golden Lion Family, lost to the world and renowned for brilliance.

For the Golden Lion Family, this was good news.

But for his superior, it wasn't.

So he planned to eliminate the individual and gain favor with his boss.

Unexpectedly, a mistake occurred.

Although Achisto did not know where the oversight happened, a mistake was a mistake, and knowing this well, he immediately wiped his sweat, took out the Messenger Stone, and contacted that influential person, speaking in the most respectful voice—

"Mr. Gleisa Hamlet!"

Chapter 647: Gleisa's New Idea!

Gleisa Hamlet sat in the chair, rubbing his brow.

The Grand Duke's eldest son, who boasted a square face, thick brows, large eyes, a firm nose, and an imposing appearance, had not been having an easy time lately.

Alvis wasn't dead!

The fool who should have been easily dealt with by his men was surprisingly still alive!

Not only had he survived, but he had also joined forces with Jimte, Kalal, and Hayes.

For the Grand Duke's eldest son, who was quite concerned about Jimte—a man of Norvia Family origins engaged to the Marquess of Seberlin's second daughter—he had secretly investigated Jimte more than once.

The results were somewhat unexpected.

It wasn't just Jimte's hidden strength, but also his hidden scheming.

Gleisa was certain that Jimte's engagement with the Marquess of Seberlin's second daughter, aside from being a transaction, also showed a significant amount of sincerity.

Otherwise, with the old fox that the Marquess of Seberlin was, there was no way he would throw his daughter into the mix as a bargaining chip.

Even, it might have involved the hands of that old woman from the Norvia Family.

In simple terms, beyond the foundation of a noble alliance, Jimte's engagement involved the Marquess of Seberlin's preliminary investment and deep cooperation with the Norvia Family.

And all these were facilitated by Jimte alone!

An ambitious and masterful deceiver!

At that time, Gleisa had given Jimte a rating.

And now, such a man had saved Alvis. Even a fool could see that he had ulterior motives.

Therefore, Gleisa had directly invited Jimte to his "Winter Banquet" before the "Cold Winter Festival," intending to clearly inform Jimte of his stance and then give Jimte an opportunity to choose—In the eyes of the Grand Duke's eldest son, this was quite normal, regardless of whether you are the son of Baron Norvia and the heir to the Norvia Family, or the fiancé of the Marquess of Seberlin's second daughter, he only needed to overwhelmingly crush you.

Because, he is the heir of the \\Golden Lion Family.

Because, his father is Severus Hamlet, the strongest in South County.

Because, this is Inner Bay.

However, contrary to expectations, Jimte turned down his "Winter Banquet."

Not in person.

Instead, the person he sent did not even get to see Jimte—Jimte declared the day he arrived at Inner Bay that he was closing himself off for the "Inner Bay Swordsmanship Competition."

Along with him in seclusion was Kalal, the nephew of the Marquess of Ainhars.

For this arrogant guy, Gleisa clearly understood that the opponent was merely competing with Jimte and also aimed to achieve a good position in the \\Inner Bay Swordsmanship Competition\\ to wash away the shame inflicted by the "Spirit Medium."

Regarding this, the son of the Grand Duke could understand.

Even, he was already prepared for how to woo the other party.

But Jimte's cleverness forced him to once again elevate the danger level of the other party.

Of course, all these were trivial matters.

The most important was Hayes!

Every time he thought of Count Bert's nephew, Gleisa Hamlet's fists clenched tight.

Unlike Jimte and Kalal.

Hayes had attended his "Winter Banquet," and was welcoming of his gifts—women, money, truly the more the better.

During the entire ten-day "Cold Winter Festival," Hayes had taken about 6000 gold coins from him, and had slept with seventeen of his maidservants.

These maidservants were all meticulously trained by the Grand Duke's eldest son—not just to attract people, but spending seventeen on one person really made the Grand Duke's eldest son feel heartache.

Especially one named "Lemo," who caused the Grand Duke's eldest son even more annoyance.

That was his trump card, after all.

And what happened?

Hayes had swept her right off her feet.

Just now, when the Grand Duke's eldest son sent someone to invite Hayes, he only found out that at noon, Hayes had spent 6000 gold coins to rent a vacation manor on the outskirts of Inner Bay and had invited the seventeen maids including Lemo for a holiday there.

“Damn bastard!

It's spring!

Not the dead of summer!

What vacation?!”

The breathing of the Grand Duke's eldest son became hurried; he felt like he had been swindled by Hayes.

The bastard not only slept with the women he had groomed but also used his money to do so.

If not for the promise from that scoundrel to help him contain Jimte, he would have had him killed long ago.

However, even so, the Grand Duke's eldest son still felt troubled.

After all, he had ideas about Lemo as well.

'Uncle Baro, I have already paid such a high price.

Will you still not act?

Your son Alvis has also returned safely, what are you still enduring?

You aren't perhaps waiting for your chess piece South Los 'Spirit Medium' to reach Inner Bay, are you?

Ha, do you really think that by pulling the former 'Cat Faction.Black' onto your chariot, you will have secured victory?

That's too naive!

The current Cat Faction is not what it used to be, let alone the so-called Cat Hole!

The Cat Faction with a broken 'Stairway of Ascension' is worse than mice!

Thinking about the chess piece his uncle "put forth," the Grand Duke's eldest son couldn't help but laugh.

This son of the Grand Duke admitted that he had underestimated Arthur, this chess piece, previously.

After a detailed investigation, this son of the Grand Duke immediately adjusted his strategy.

However, this son of the Grand Duke did not think Arthur would cause him much trouble, but his uncle's 'activity' was something he couldn't ignore.

Because...

He still had two brothers.

According to this son of the Grand Duke's deduction, his uncle could not possibly just sit and wait.

The next step would inevitably be to contact his two brothers.

Dieudonne Hamlet!

Pistri Hamlet!

Among them, Pistri probably won't pay attention to his uncle because, after all, this brother of his prefers to be close to commoners and likes to stay with them. He is a naive fellow.

As for Dieudonne...

'My dear brother, will you give me a surprise?'

The Grand Duke's eldest son's lips curled up.

He never worried about his uncle and his brothers teaming up.

In fact, he even hoped they would.

Because that would disgust his father.

And as long as his father became disgusted, everything would be easy to handle.

But he knew, and his brother knew that too.

So, what he needed to do now was to ensure his uncle and his brother 'successfully' connected.

'Let me think, what should I do.'

The Grand Duke's eldest son hummed lightly, clearly having an idea in mind.

But just then, one of the Messenger Stones he carried with him began to vibrate—it was one of the three Messenger Stones he carried.

Each one was a force he secretly supported.

And this one belonged to Achisto.

"Lord Gleisa Hamlet!"

Achisto's respectful voice made the Grand Duke's eldest son feel pleased.

But in the next moment, as Achisto, the High Priest of the 'Inland River Cult', truthfully reported that 'almost all members headed to South Los were annihilated', the Grand Duke's eldest son almost cursed aloud.

To think that the 'Inland River Cult' was a critical part of his plans.

Now, having inexplicably lost some of their numbers, the Grand Duke's eldest son naturally could not accept this.

'Damn it!

Damn!

Who allowed you to be clever!'

The Grand Duke's eldest son narrowed his eyes, a cold glint in his gaze.

He had already decided to hang this bastard.

However, when Achisto mentioned that the 'Black Cat Faction' had visited, the Grand Duke's eldest son's heart stirred.

He had a new idea!

Chapter 648: Gift. Part 1!

Church of Suffering, or the Church of Suffering!

This church had always been a thorn in the side of Gleisa Hamlet.

The Grand Duke's Eldest Son, whenever he thought about his own 'Inland Church' facing its biggest rival in Seberlin, felt so irked that his teeth itched. If not for the stumbling block that was the 'Church of Suffering,' Port Doldot in Seberlin would have been his long ago!

There was no need to waste time looping around establishing taverns on Ateil Trail, creating The Secret Assembly, or spending a fortune to build the 'Rapids Squad'.

Of course, the most important point was, even so, the 'Inland Church' still did not have an advantage when facing the 'Church of Suffering'.

Apart from the fact that he needed to remain concealed and could not use his full strength.

It was that the 'Church of Suffering' truly had a deep foundation.

Although until now, he had been unable to figure out the details of the 'Lady of Suffering,' one thing he could confirm was that the 'Lady of Suffering' must have received part of the 'Tower of Mist' legacy, some of the techniques very much resembled the taboo arts of the 'Black Robe'.

To counter the opponent, he even had to cajole the 'Death Poetry Society'—under his father's name, within the scope his father tacitly agreed to.

He had no choice but to do this.

At that time, he had invested far too much in Port Doldot in Seberlin.

Should he suffer losses, he would lose his credentials as the heir to the 'Golden Lion Family'.

At the same time, he would become a laughingstock.

So, even though he knew his father would be displeased,

he took the risk nonetheless.

Fortunately, he ultimately succeeded.

With the aid of the 'Death Poetry Society's' familiarity with death, he continuously blocked the 'Church of Suffering' counterattacks and gradually gained a firm foothold.

Regrettably, the 'Death Poetry Society's' appetite was too great.

They even dared to demand land from him!

Although he had previously promised,

he had not specified a timeline!

Was that his fault?

No, it was not!

So, after a brief honeymoon period, he now wished he could completely eliminate the 'Death Poetry Society,' hence, habitually using the 'Death Poetry Society' as cannon fodder in some missions.

But it was all done without leaving a trace.

Otherwise, he would also have to endure the backlash from the 'Death Poetry Society.'

This was something he did not want to see, nor did he wish to endure.

Especially the Left Cantor and the Right Pastor within the Death Poetry Society, who were a constant source of fear for him.

Fortunately, these guys had no roots in Inner Bay and needed him to survive, which gave him the upper hand.

Otherwise, even if it meant revealing his trump cards, he would have had to eliminate the 'Death Poetry Society.'

But now?

It seemed he could truly get rid of the opponent!

No!

Not just getting rid of the 'Death Poetry Society,' but also dealing with the 'Church of Suffering'!

It was truly a win-win!

No, wait!

And there was Arthur, the pawn he had been slightly serious about!

So how could it only be a win-win?

It should be a triple win!

All he needed to do was to let the Black Cat Faction, who had mastered the secrets of the 'Church of Suffering,' act as cannon fodder—no, as the vanguard!

His 'Inland Church' would cooperatively partner with the 'Cat Faction.Hei' to campaign against the Pain Cult, and then, use the 'Death Poetry Society' for cleanup—when the 'Cat Faction.Hei' suffered heavy losses battling the 'Church of Suffering,' the 'Death Poetry Society' could step in due to their previous grudge against Arthur, making it completely justifiable.

And him?

For the honor of the 'Golden Lion Family,' mobilizing his father's direct forces to eradicate the 'Death Poetry Society' that dared to attack 'Inner Bay Swordsmanship Competition' contestants was also completely justifiable.

'This is just perfect!'

The Grand Duke's Eldest Son cheered inwardly.

The frustration he felt after being mentally disturbed by Hayes instantly dissipated.

Now there was only anticipation and...

Preparation!

Yes, preparation!

Getting the Black Cat Faction involved was no simple matter.

One must show true sincerity!

Ordinary amounts of Gold Coins, secret techniques, or props would absolutely not impress the South Los "Spirit Medium."

It had to be a vast quantity of Gold Coins and precious secret techniques and props.

But...

Gleisa Hamlet couldn't produce a vast amount of Gold Coins.

Although in most cases, Inner Bay intelligence was handled by Gleisa, the finances were entrusted to Dieudonne.

Even though he was only responsible for some verification, the real financial power was still in his father's hands, especially matters concerning the gold mines, where no one else was allowed to meddle.

But Gleisa knew full well that he absolutely couldn't coax a single Zeroes from his own younger brother.

As for precious secret techniques and props?

Gleisa had them.

But this heir of the Grand Duke was too reluctant to part with them.

Simply put, this Grand Duke's eldest son wanted others to contribute while unwilling to give up anything substantial. In the end, he also planned to double-cross them.

This kind of tactic would make even a robber cry tears, lamenting how noble their own morals were.

But as a noble, such behavior was just right.

Sitting in the chair, Gleisa Hamlet merely pondered briefly before knowing exactly what to offer—

With a light tap of his finger, ripples appeared in the air.

At that moment, the air was like water in a lake that had stones thrown into it, creating rippling waves.

The next moment, a scale emerged from the ripples.

This scale was entirely black, displaying a metallic luster, and floated in the air as if it were an old-fashioned Kite Shield.

Merely looking at this massive scale, everyone could imagine how enormous its owner must be.

Particularly Gleisa, who had studied this scale more than once.

But even the most erudite scholars could not explain the origin of this scale, other than records claiming it was unearthed accidentally from the ruins beneath the current Kilg Harbor while the Golden Lion Family was constructing "Kilg Harbor," knowing nothing else.

Alchemists, Potion Masters faced this scale only to return empty-handed as well.

They tried to break down this scale with Alchemy and Potion-making but failed.

Because—

The foundation of both Alchemy and Potion-making was "Spirituality!"

But anyone who used "Spirituality" to examine this scale ended up influenced by the scale, becoming bloodthirsty and mad.

Some who came into long-term contact with the scale using "Spirituality" even turned into beings akin to the 'Snake People.'

'Holy Serpent Shield'!

From now on, you are the 'Holy Serpent Shield'!

And you shall serve as the testimony of friendship between the Inland River Cult and the Black Cat Faction—of course, you are special; only when Destiny's chosen one arrives, will you truly shine.'

Thinking this, the Grand Duke's heir couldn't help but smile.

He seemed to see Arthur, unable to resist contacting the scale with "Spirituality," and then turning into a mentally impaired Snake Person who could only act on instinct.

That situation, it must be hilarious.

When that time comes...

He absolutely had to organize a salon to display this newly born 'Snake Person'!

And he would invite his uncle and the people from the South Los House to observe!

Gleisa thought wickedly, while lifting the massive scale with one hand...

No!

It was the 'Holy Serpent Shield'!

With a malicious smile, the Grand Duke's heir, disappeared directly from the study.

Chapter 649: Gift. Continued!

When Gleisa Hamlet appeared again, he was already by Achisto's side.

"My Lord!"

Achisto, who had been waiting, immediately bowed in salute upon seeing the Grand Duke's Eldest Son suddenly appear.

Achisto was mentally prepared for the presence of this great figure.

Although Achisto knew he'd been licking the wrong side of the boot, he had performed arduous tasks without credit for merit, and what's more, he had created an opportunity—

An opportunity to completely eradicate the 'Pain Church'!

As for how much this great figure loathed the 'Pain Church,' Achisto was well aware.

Thus, Achisto awaited expectantly.

Gleisa cast a glance at Achisto, taking in his subordinate's expression, and his dissatisfaction grew.

For this Grand Duke's Eldest Son, making mistakes was not frightening.

What was frightening was the refusal to acknowledge mistakes while still fantasizing about reward.

This was something he absolutely could not tolerate.

Of course, that was for others.

And for him?

He was the son of Severus Hamlet!

Of course, he deserved privileges!

Having internally sentenced Achisto to death and justified it with the reasoning of 'martyrdom for faith,' the Grand Duke's Eldest Son revealed a genial smile and, at the same time, waved his hand.

"Achisto, you've done very well this time.

I promised you, as long as you accomplished meritorious service, I would grant you a true title of nobility.

After this matter, you will have your wish fulfilled."

The Grand Duke's Eldest Son spoke thus.

Immediately, Achisto became excited.

A title!

Not a mere entry ticket to the noble class: Knight.

Nor the so-called one-generation nobility: Lord.

But a hereditary title that could be passed on to descendants: Baron!

That's wonderful!

Without any hesitation, Achisto knelt on one knee and spoke to the Grand Duke's Eldest Son before him—

"I am willing to be the sword in your hand, blazing a trail for you.

I am willing to be the shield in your hand, warding off blades for you."

Achisto said earnestly.

'Fool!

And such outdated oaths!

Luckily it's not a Lionheart Ceremony, or I would have to put in some effort!

The Grand Duke's Eldest Son thought to himself, his expression turning grave as he reached out his right hand and firmly patted Achisto's shoulder.

"I look forward to it."

Having said this, the Grand Duke's Eldest Son then instructed—

"Tell your subordinate that you have already sought the will of the 'God of the Inland River,' and His Crown is willing to cooperate with Arthur Kredos, on the condition of jointly combating the 'Pain Cult'!

For this, we are also willing to offer a gift!"

With that, the Grand Duke's Eldest Son looked towards Achisto.

In an instant, Achisto understood the malice of his superior.

But Achisto didn't care.

It was directed at the 'Cat Faction. Hei.'

And at that Spirit Medium from South Los, Arthur Kredos.

With him?

It had nothing to do at all.

...

In the washroom, Toran wiped the sink, the toilet, and the floor while waiting.

It wasn't that Mr. Gwen's washroom was particularly dirty; Toran just thought it too boring to only wait, so he had to do something.

It was absolutely not some sort of obsession with cleanliness!

Just like this hair on the outside of the sink!

No!

That was absolutely unacceptable!

How can there be hair on the outside of the washbasin?

The washbasin must be as clean as new, able to reflect a person's shadow.

After wiping the washbasin again and seeing the reflection, Toran adjusted the heads of the two toothbrushes to point in the same direction and at the same angle, then he nodded in satisfaction.

Then, he picked up the Messenger Stone that had flashed twice.

"High Priest!"

After wiping the toilet seat with his finger to ensure it was spotless, Toran sat down, his voice respectful.

"Priest Toran, I have already consulted with Your Crown.

The 'Pain Cult' is unforgivable!

Your Crown is willing to work with the 'Spirit Medium' of South Los to eradicate the 'Pain Cult', and is prepared to use the 'Holy Serpent Shield' as a testament to our alliance!"

As the deep voice sounded from the Messenger Stone, ripples appeared in the air in front of Toran.

The next moment, a Kite Shield with a metallic sheen, entirely black, appeared before Toran.

Not seeing such a 'Miracle' for the first time, Toran immediately took the 'Holy Serpent Shield' into his hands.

"Understood!"

I will negotiate with Lord Grindelwald.

I will keep you posted on any developments."

Toran said respectfully, his palm already wiping the 'Holy Serpent Shield'—he felt there was dust on it, and, whether it was the shield-maker's craft or not, he always thought that the 'Holy Serpent Shield' was not symmetric enough.

'Sadly, it cannot be recut.'

With such regret, Toran left the washroom.

Outside, Grindelwald was discussing early Empire history with Mr. Gwen.

The two were getting along swimmingly.

As Toran stepped out, the conversation had turned to 'the impact of the establishment of the Empire on the Golden Age'—

"The Empire really did us a great service by ending the 'Golden Age.'

Otherwise, dragons or elves would have become the masters of this continent, and if that were the case...

It would have been truly dreadful!" Mr. Gwen exclaimed.

In the limited historical records, both dragons and elves weren't very friendly towards humans.

In fact, although the 'Golden Age' was an era of many species, it wasn't truly a 'Golden Era' for humans.

On the contrary, at that time, most humans were slaves.

Not only were they vassals to other races, but they were also...

Food.

If it weren't for the 'Firebearer' setting the 'Golden Tree' ablaze, completely altering the original rules and breaking the chains of humanity, giving them their own 'ladder,' humans would never have been able to change their destiny.

"The greatness of that 'Firebearer' Your Crown cannot be described by us.

But if possible, I would gladly charge into battle under Your Crown, offering my life for that Crown."

Mr. Gwen stood up, impassioned.

Then, Mrs. Gwen smacked him on the back of the head with her hand.

"Wake up, you're just a Historian.

Forget about charging on horseback, wielding a Longsword for a few extra swings would leave you gasping."

Dressed in a cloth skirt, Mrs. Gwen looked at her husband with a face full of resignation.

Although nearly fifty years old, at times her husband still acted like a child.

"But I have my knowledge!

I would devotedly offer up everything!

If I lived in that era, I would use my life to help 'Your Crown, the Firebearer' ignite the 'Golden Tree' and break the shackles of humanity!

As a human, I am proud to be such!"

Mr. Gwen said, his head held high.

He seemed even more childlike now.

Mrs. Gwen shook her head helplessly and began bringing out the food from the kitchen.

Meanwhile, Grindelwald's gaze turned to Toran, who had emerged with the 'Holy Serpent Shield.'

"We are hoping to learn more about the 'Pain Church' and are eager to form an alliance with Lord Arthur Kredos. This is our testimony!"

Toran informed Grindelwald with language full of artifice.

Then, he passed over the 'Holy Serpent Shield.'

Grindelwald examined the 'Holy Serpent Shield' meticulously, confirming there were no traps before lifting his hand to receive it.

And just as Grindelwald's fingers touched the 'Holy Serpent Shield,' Arthur, using the perspective of the 'Exquisite Human Puppet,' suddenly experienced a sharp reaction in his heart—

Thud!

Chapter 650: Sacred Relic vs. Sacred Relic!

Thirst!

Extreme thirst!

It was like a traveler lost in the desert who had spotted a cup of ice water!

Even though he was only seeing through the eyes of the "Exquisite Human Puppet", Arthur couldn't help but start swallowing saliva.

Thump! Thump, thump!

Arthur's heart pounded even more violently.

At this moment, every cell in his body began to roar.

This scale in front of him...

Was his!

He was determined to have it!

Nobody could prevent that!

Arthur sat up straight, put the small tea snack he had been holding aside, and devoted himself entirely to playing Grindelwald—

"'Holy Serpent Shield'?"

Forgive my ignorance, but what is the origin of this shield?"

Curiosity emerged on Grindelwald's face.

Mr. Gwen next to him did as well.

In fact, Mr. Gwen was even more curious.

His study of history had allowed the gentleman to uncover the 'Mystic Side Person' hiding in the shadows, but his knowledge of the 'Mystic Side's' power was different.

Having the chance to see it in person was exceedingly rare.

Therefore, the gentleman would not miss any opportunity.

"Grindelwald, have you heard of the Serpent Sect?

The long-standing power that prevailed on the West Coast.

When it split, some young people took this 'Holy Serpent Shield' with them, becoming one of their sacred relics."

Toran recounted as the High Priest had instructed him.

Toran trusted his High Priest implicitly, so he couldn't imagine the High Priest would bluff him.

Similarly, Achisto also trusted Gleisa Hamlet, believing that the Grand Duke's eldest son would not deceive him.

Gleisa cleverly chose a segment of history that was just right.

The division of the Serpent Sect wasn't just that one time after leaving the West Coast.

The first split occurred after they left the West Coast.

And after they arrived on the East Coast, the Serpent Sect splintered numerous times in the following days, their ambition and fighting spirit as strong as ever.

Nowadays, not even the legitimate Serpent Sect heir could clearly claim they once possessed a sacred relic called the 'Holy Serpent Shield.'

As for the old Serpent Sect of the West Coast?

They had long vanished into the annals of history.

So, Gleisa wasn't afraid of any investigation.

The historic traces on the 'Holy Serpent Shield' made the Grand Duke's eldest son unworried, confident that even the most superficial, unknown scholar could tell the Shield's history spanned over a thousand years.

This was proof enough that the 'Holy Serpent Shield' was indeed a Serpent Sect sacred relic.

In fact, it was so—

"Hiss!

Such a long history!

At least over a thousand years...

These traces of time are truly stunning!"

Mr. Gwen caressed the 'Holy Serpent Shield', murmuring incessantly.

Grindelwald also nodded, but a strange look appeared in his eyes.

"It is indeed historic, but it doesn't seem to have anything magical about it?"

"The 'Holy Serpent Shield' conceals the entire Serpent Sect's secrets, requiring not just special techniques, but also the favor of destiny—if it wasn't for this, it would definitely not have appeared in this transaction.

Please believe me, its value far exceeds your imagination."

Toran spoke like a salesman, displaying the value of the 'Holy Serpent Shield.'

Even though he had no idea what the 'Holy Serpent Shield' could do, it didn't matter.

Grindelwald appeared contemplative, showing the hesitation expected of him.

"Can you state your demands?"

Eventually, Grindelwald asked.

"Of course!

We need a list of spies who have infiltrated our ranks."

"At the same time, we'd like to work with you and the esteemed person behind you to sweep those bastards' stronghold at Port Doldot."

Toran nodded.

"The spy list is fine, I came here precisely for this.

But as for the rest...

Please wait a moment!"

With that, Grindelwald temporarily left the room.

Having Kuliqi as his informant, Arthur was of course well aware of the content of the conversation between Toran and the High Priest, and this was indeed what he desired.

Still, the act had to be played out.

So, Grindelwald raised his right hand, pressing his middle and index fingers to his forehead.

It looked as if he was contacting Arthur.

About three minutes later, Grindelwald returned to the room—

"My lord is willing to cooperate with the 'Inland River Cult'.

However, the precondition is that we direct the operation!"

"Impossible!

That's out of the question!"

Toran immediately refused.

Command over the operation was extremely important—it was no exaggeration to say it was a matter of life and death. After all, it was their first time cooperating with no foundation of trust. How could either side ensure they wouldn't end up being cannon fodder for the other?

Therefore, the Priest of the 'Inland River Cult' rejected the offer outright.

In the time that followed, both sides engaged in a tug-of-war and periodically consulted their backers.

In the end—

The joint operation was agreed upon, with 'Cat Faction. Black', represented by Arthur, taking the lead. However, if a command was clearly unsuitable, the 'Inland River Cult' could refuse it.

"Pleasure doing business!"

From nightfall to dawn, negotiating exhaustively, Toran's face couldn't hide his fatigue, yet his weary look was filled with excitement.

He would finally get to take down that evil church.

And Grindelwald too breathed a sigh of relief.

"Indeed, I'm not really cut out for negotiations."

The leader of the 'Black Cat Faction' remarked and, after picking up the 'Holy Serpent Shield,' he didn't forget to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Gwen as he spoke a parting word to Toran.

At the street corner, a carriage was already waiting.

The coachman was Sapir.

The carriage had been secured by Didian.

"Morning, boss," said the sturdy Sapir, greeting Grindelwald.

"Hmm, take me to No. 6 White Bird Street!"

Grindelwald instructed.

"Right away, hold tight now,"

Sapir urged on the horses, and the carriage smoothly set off.

No. 6 White Bird Street, Marinda's residence.

Arthur sent one of his 'vests' to see this lady, naturally for a visit to inform her of the specific situation in the Docklands the day before, certainly not planning to use the lady's secret technique for an instant delivery.

Meanwhile, taking advantage of breakfast time, Lucius once again slipped to the upper deck cabin.

"Morning, Lord Kledos!"

"Morning, Lucius!"

Arthur replied to the young Avenger, gesturing for him to sit down and join him for breakfast.

Though it was on a ship, thanks to Arthur's status, this breakfast was even more abundant than when at No. 2 Cork Street—fried sausages, potted beef, fresh toast, mashed potato eggs Shara, vegetable emperor Shara, fruit medley salad, honey dip, milkshake, black pepper dip, and Arthur's specially requested clear tea.

Orange tea was good, but after a while, Arthur always thought clear tea was better.

"Thank you, Lord Kledos.

But right now, my heart is aflame.

Until you provide me with a clear answer, I can hardly swallow."

With that, the young Avenger pulled out the 'Sacred Silk' and set it on the dining table, then pushed it directly in front of Arthur.

Arthur did not touch it directly, nor would he probe it with 'Spirituality'.

The young 'Spirit Medium' had better ways to confirm whether it was dangerous.

For instance...

Dogs!