

Great Master 671

Chapter 671: Turning a Blind Eye!

"Blood Descendant" Auburn's words suddenly halted.

Everyone could see the surprise on the face of this "Blood Descendant".

Then, everyone heard what this "Blood Descendant" had to say—

"So it's like this...

Interesting! Interesting!"

While uttering these words, the "Blood Descendant" turned his gaze towards Freeman.

"Well done."

The "Blood Descendant" praised Freeman.

Then, the "Blood Descendant" looked seriously at Freeman, with a trace of solemnity in his crimson eyes, and his voice carried a weight.

"Would you like to be my son?"

Facing the "Blood Descendant's" inquiry, Freeman, who had just regrown an arm, started to tremble.

Wasn't this what he had dreamt of?

Not just any casual deal, but true blood kinship.

Without any hesitation, Freeman prostrated on the ground in an extremely awkward posture, as if he were worshipping.

"Yes, Father!"

And right after these words fell, a wax pellet appeared in the newly regrown hand of Freeman.

Even with the wax barrier, Freeman could smell the fragrance.

It was different from the scent of hunting any food.

What was before him was...

a Gift!

The instincts of a Blood Gladiator made his whole body shiver; there was no question of pinching open the wax pellet. He swallowed it down whole, wax and all.

The next moment, the abundant energy of the "Bloodline Clan" surged like a flood breaking through a dam, roaring and surging within Freeman's body.

Just in an instant, Freeman's fragmented body became complete.

After that, his complete body started to grow taller and change attire.

As a Blood Gladiator, Freeman was nearly two meters tall, with an arm circumference of a full 60 centimeters.

But now, with each breath, Freeman's height grew by one centimeter, his arms and thighs thickened.

After exactly 30 breaths, Freeman's height had reached two meters and thirty centimeters, his arms were a full 65 centimeters, and his taut thighs resembled two marble pillars.

But these were not important.

What was important was that Freeman had not only gained greater strength, faster speed, and higher recovery, but he had also mastered some of the "Bloodline Clan's" secret techniques.

In fact, within the "Bloodline Clan's" definition, Blood Gladiators fight with their bare hands for others' entertainment, whereas Bloody Warriors are different.

Bloody Warriors appearing on the battlefield are not only more versatile but also more ferocious!

The skin of any Bloody Warrior is like a well-tanned, high-quality leather armor, and when they enter a bloodthirsty state, their strength and speed increase dramatically, and they also forget the pain.

This is also why other forces are so wary of the "Bloodline Clan".

After briefly sensing his own changes, Freeman knelt on one knee before the "Blood Descendant".

"Father!"

Freeman became even more respectful.

The "Blood Descendant" nodded.

"This mission is over, and you now need to fully comprehend this newfound power—I look forward to your performance."

The "Blood Descendant" said this.

"Yes, Father!"

Freeman immediately nodded, then stepped aside.

That abyss-like murderous aura was still there, but now Freeman could withstand it with his body.

Of course, what was most important was that the target of that murderous intent was not him.

But his father.

Freeman stood in front of Miss Amur, using his towering figure to share the brunt of this murderous intent for the Miss Staff.

Miss Amur, however, disdainfully took a step back.

The excrement was wiped clean.

But the smell still lingered.

According to her unique formula, it would remain for at least three days.

But these were not important.

What was important was that this method of enhancing strength was just too enviable, right?

In an instant, it surpassed what ordinary Mystic Side Persons pursue for a lifetime, becoming Arcana Level.

Even Miss Amur, with her strong disposition, felt somewhat disoriented at this moment.

And at that time—

"Miss Amur."

A call made the Miss Staff turn to look at the "Blood Descendant".

Soon after, a ring embellished with an emerald set in black iron was tossed toward her.

The Miss Staff instinctively raised her hand to catch it.

Then, she was utterly astonished.

Mystic Tools!

Not the disposable kind, but a true Mystic Tool!

"My son has benefited from your care. This is the long-standing reward, as well as a token of thanks for your presence this time—it originates from the Silver Age's dazzling Gentleman Thief Carmen, and it is an excellent protective Sharp Weapon."

The 'Blood Descendant' made a noble bow.

Seeing this, Miss Staff quickly recovered her composure.

She immediately returned the gesture.

"Thank you for your generosity. You have once again shown me the true demeanor of a noble gentleman," she said.

Miss Staff clutched the ring tightly, complimenting without sparing any praise.

In response, Arthur, who was controlling the 'Blood Descendant,' smiled inwardly.

What he gave to Amiel was the "Paralysis Ring"!

This ring, which had never displayed its abilities in Arthur's hands and had become secondary as Arthur's combat techniques grew increasingly diverse, was now gathering dust in storage, as the enemies Arthur faced became stronger, each akin to a monster. Hence, he decided to use it as a reward.

Rather than collect dust,

Why not...

Gain even more!

The Spirit Medium would never engage in a losing deal.

Now, as the 'Blood Descendant' had stepped onto the true stage, Arthur needed to show another aspect besides strength for the 'Blood Descendant'.

For instance, wealth, accumulation.

Only by doing so could he gain recognition.

Or rather...

Attract truly valuable people.

Thirteen bloodkin, and he had used just one.

With five more remaining, Arthur would certainly not let them go to waste.

Arthur intended to use these remaining twelve slots to create a 'new Bloodline Clan.'

And Amiel, skilled in Potion-making and adept at concocting Potions, was naturally a prime target.

Put simply, Arthur planned to use the "Paralysis Ring" to make Amiel entirely his, persuading her to willingly accept the identity of a bloodkin—this followed the recent reminder from the crippled Abel, stating the more wholeheartedly one embraced their identity, the greater the increase in power and potential upon becoming a 'Blood Gladiator' or 'Bloody Warrior.'

With the restraint of twenty-one contracts, Arthur certainly trusted the crippled Abel.

Just as he now believed the 'Blood Descendant's' performance had yielded significant results.

In fact, the moment Arthur, controlling his "vest" 'Blood Descendant,' threw the "Paralysis Ring" to Amiel, he could distinctly sense the surprise and wariness flickering in Catherine's green eyes before him.

The 'Blood Descendant' was too generous.

There was too much implied in this action.

At the very least, the 'Blood Descendant' was not poor.

Perhaps, he had already obtained the wealth rumored to belong to the 'Blood Marquis.'

As for whether it was fake?

Or whether it was all an act?

Impossible!

Underneath her father's 'Iron Blood Mutual Killing,' no one could play their part so calmly!

At this thought, Catherine began to reassess the 'Blood Descendant' before her.

Meanwhile, the killing intent that poured down from the sky like a waterfall became increasingly solid.

The owner of this killing intent seemed discontent with being ignored.

This owner of the killing intent wanted to showcase his own strength.

He wanted to personally test the 'Blood Descendant's' prowess.

And the 'Blood Descendant,' with his arms crossed over his chest and his head held high, wore a thick smirk of disdain on his face.

"I let you off this time!

Next time, it won't be so easy!" he said.

After speaking, the 'Blood Descendant' turned into a mist and vanished.

The murderous intent from the heavens paused.

Then, it became furious.

The evening sky that blocked the setting sun was blown away.

But the blood-red sunlight did not pour down.

On the contrary, the entire sky darkened.

Because—

He had arrived.

Chapter 672: Like the Grim Reaper Descending upon the Mortal World!

Murderous intent surged, brutal as a tide.

Even though the Marquess of West Berlin had already gotten control, the people of Xilongde still felt their hearts palpitate.

Many with keen senses even looked up.

But...

There was nothing there!

Only dark clouds!

Looking at the heavy clouds and feeling the oppressive burden of the impending storm, those with keen senses wiped off the fine beads of sweat that had appeared on their foreheads without their knowledge.

"Such terrifying clouds!"

"There's bound to be heavy rain soon!"

Many people said this.

More sped up their return home.

Passengers who had just boarded the 'Oriental' at Xilongde's port had no choice but to return disappointed.

One couldn't roam about leisurely in a downpour.

And Old Barry, who was dragging Albert to go to the club, was also helplessly resigned.

"Perhaps this is destiny!

Your god of love wants you to wait for your true love!"

Old Barry sighed.

Albert, the First Mate, however, breathed a sigh of relief.

He really didn't want to go to that kind of place; if it wasn't for Old Barry pulling rank as captain, he certainly would not have left the 'Oriental'.

Now he had finally dodged a bullet!

The relieved young First Mate lifted his head to look at the 'Oriental,' where he served.

Then, to his surprise, he found that the Chief Sailor, for some reason, was already standing at the bow, gazing up at the sky.

"Sailor Chief John?"

The young First Mate jumped onto the deck and approached the bow to ask.

Albert's tone was respectful, his body even leaning slightly forward.

Despite Captain Barry not explicitly stating it, Albert, who came from a common background and was chosen at his age to be the First Mate of the 'Oriental,' was definitely no fool. The subtle details were enough to let him sense that the identity of this Sailor Chief was extremely special.

Therefore, the young First Mate maintained the proper respect.

Old John glanced at Albert beside him and said in an understated tone—

"It's raining. Time to bring in the clothes!"

Saying this, he headed to the cabin.

Albert scratched his head, somewhat puzzled.

Old Barry, on the other hand, put an arm around the shoulder of his successor.

"He is different from us.

Let's go, I'll buy you a drink.

I've got a bottle of good liquor hidden under my bed."

Old Barry said and walked with Albert toward his own cabin.

As someone called in by Marinda, Old Barry had naturally come into contact with the Mystic Side and knew a thing or two about Old John's identity, and these were all things he must teach Albert.

And now?

It was the perfect time.

Mulling over the words he'd speak shortly, Old Barry couldn't help but glance back.

There, Old John was walking unhurriedly.

'Such an important person!

Truly different!'

Old Barry mused.

However, what Old Barry couldn't see was that Old John's forehead and face were covered with sweat, and the hand hidden in his sleeve was shaking involuntarily.

By the time he stepped into his cabin, the veteran pirate collapsed to the ground, muttering to himself—

"Is this, is this the true power of the South Los 'Spirit Medium'?

It's terrifying!

I thought I encountered 'Death'!"

Old John breathed heavily.

Recalling the moment the murderous aura had plummeted from the sky, the old pirate's heart kept thumping non-stop.

Even though the murderous intent wasn't directed at the 'Oriental,' the veteran pirate was still fully on guard, his Spirituality telling him that if he didn't want to die, he'd best not provoke the one in the sky.

If it were a normal day, the old pirate would have run away by now.

But at this moment, with the contract upon him, the old pirate couldn't run!

The old pirate could only gaze eagerly towards the top deck of the 'Oriental'.

There, Arthur, who had been lounging in a chair, yawned, pushed the Pendragon cuddling in his arms aside, and sat up.

Then—

He took a step out!

His figure soared!

Death Qi burst forth!

Dark clouds churned!

In the old pirate's view, it was as if he saw a legend descend, a god or devil shedding its human disguise to return to the Divine Kingdom in its true form.

The oppressive might of that Aura of Death made the old pirate think, for a moment, that he saw the Grim Reaper descending to Earth, returning to The Eternal Resting Land.

It wasn't that the old pirate lacked experience.

In fact, people as well-versed as the old pirate numbered less than 30 in South County.

The Aura of Death was simply too astonishing!

The old pirate had experienced the Aura of Death more than once.

Or rather, as a pirate, the Aura of Death was a frequent sensation for him, as common as a meal at home.

But,

Whose meal was not served in a bowl, but described as a 'sea'?

In that moment, the old pirate almost knelt down.

He subconsciously thought his end was nigh, and Death had come to claim him.

Even though he knew that the figure had ascended to the sky, it was all the same.

The old pirate was frightened.

Arthur himself was also somewhat startled.

Arthur had a rough guess about what would happen after he released half of the 90,000+ units of Death Qi he had absorbed recently, thanks to previous experiences.

But he hadn't expected it to be so dramatic.

The intangible Death Qi actually turned from grey to black.

'Gusts of cold wind, roiling dark clouds—it feels like some evil great demon has set out on a journey!' Arthur thought to himself.

On the surface, however, Arthur remained composed as he walked through the air.

Using the "Silent Successive Steps" as his technique, he stepped on the "Hands of Void" that constantly exchanged places moving forward—six "Hands of Void" interchanging, forming a seemingly endless staircase for Arthur to advance.

Before Arthur stood Deljo Otto von Seberlin, whose face took on a look of solemnity.

This middle-aged man dressed in black trousers and a lace-trimmed shirt had neatly trimmed brown hair and a beard that connected across his lips and chin. His emerald eyes showed surprise and scrutiny.

This master of West Berlin was facing someone with such a towering Aura of Death for the first time.

'The one who just stopped the "Blood Descendant", is that South Los's "Spirit Medium"?

Previous information indicated that the two had a cooperative relationship.

According to analysis by some strategists, their collaboration wasn't just a one-time thing.

The generosity of that "Blood Descendant" towards the "Mystic Side Items" just now...

Did they join forces to unearth the "Blood Marquis's" legacy?

Was it a part?

Or all of it?'

Just as Arthur had anticipated, the Marquess of Seberlin couldn't help but speculate.

And Arthur approached casually, as if taking a walk.

When he was less than 10 meters away, Arthur finally spoke with a smile.

"Good evening, Marquess of Seberlin."

This informal manner of address, without any honorifics, immediately filled the master of Seberlin with displeasure.

The murderous intent gathered to counter the Death Qi burst forth once again.

Boom!

Like thunder.

The murderous intent surged.

But to Arthur, it was like a gentle breeze. He sensed the vast murderous intent, his lips curled into a slight smile, and he softly said—

"If you don't understand a greeting, then I should mention that I also possess some skill in swordsmanship."

As his words fell, sharpness emerged.

Chapter 676: 673

High above, Arthur halted, smiling.

The young 'Spirit Medium' of South Los regarded the surging killing intent as if it were nothing.

Yet, the killing intent was advancing rapidly!

Whoosh!

Killing intent, like the wind, swept across the land, one gust after another.

Boom!

The wind of killing intent blew over the land, and the earth began to tremble.

One sound followed another.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

When the successive booms merged into one.

Finally, a pair of eyes lit up within the killing intent.

After a slight pause, countless pairs of eyes lit up behind those eyes, and a swarm of cavalry appeared, each one donned in battered armor, yet fierce in demeanor. They were as fierce and fearless as when

they were alive; they were not living, nor were they undead—they were the lingering images of killing intent.

They were also the source of the killing intent!

Iron Blood Mutual Killing!

The ancestral secret technique of the West Berlin Family, a terrifying secret technique that captured the residual killing intent of creatures on the battlefield to manifest in their own ranks.

Because—

As long as the person who learned "Iron Blood Mutual Killing" had enough time, that person could become an army unto themselves.

Moreover, this army, founded on killing intent, feared not death, knew no fear, and only charged and slaughtered.

The most important point was that in the relentless slaughter, the lingering images of killing intent would grow stronger and stronger until the limit the master of the secret technique could bear.

Even when that person's Talent was high enough, the soldiers of killing intent summoned were no longer merely humans.

Wind! Wind!

The wind of killing intent fluttered the tattered banners!

Amidst the snapping sounds, a full three thousand cavalry charged at Arthur.

The Marquess of West Berlin stood behind the formation, gazing at Arthur.

Regarding this recently renowned 'Spirit Medium,' the master of West Berlin had always maintained a cautious and defensive attitude. It was not just because of the 'Kledos' surname but also due to Arthur's recent deeds, which made the master of West Berlin feel that compared to his grandfather's 'Hermit Style,' Arthur was far too conspicuous.

Just like...

Arthur's sword!

The sword had not been drawn, yet it already emitted a chilling brilliance.

The intent had not yet arrived, but already the birds were chirping.

"Has it reached the pinnacle of 'Swift Bird Swordsmanship'?"

The Marquess of West Berlin seemed to recall the origin of the initial 'Swift Bird Swordsmanship,' immediately causing his eyebrows to furrow.

However, his voice soon followed.

"Swordsmanship?"

"I'm looking forward to it!"

With that, the master of West Berlin issued his command.

Boom, boom, boom!

Instantly, the three thousand cavalry of killing intent charged forward.

Arthur did not draw his sword.

Or rather...

The three thousand cavalry of killing intent were not enough for him to draw his sword.

His sword was meant for that tentacle lurking in the shadows.

But what of the tireless, terrifying three thousand cavalry who knew not life or death, only slaughter?

To others, they might seem troublesome.

But in Arthur's eyes, they were very simple.

Because of the Death Qi.

Before these three thousand cavalry of killing intent appeared, Arthur had already felt the dense Death Qi, mingled within even denser killing intent.

With the latter obscuring it, the richness of the former seemed 'dull.'

Yet, in Arthur's eyes, it was as bright as a lighthouse at night.

Not only bright but also familiar.

He could even be sure that if he called, this Death Qi would flock to him as if attracted.

Becoming his most intimate...

Servant!

Once again, Arthur gained a new understanding of his Talent, "Breath of Death."

His initial, otherworldly Talent!

Arthur once again gained a deeper understanding of this saying.

And this understanding forged the calmness of Arthur at this moment.

Standing midair, he softly said—

"The Eternal Night Tower stands tall and vast, flesh and bones roll in reverse, scorching radiance reigns over the land, the Star of White Night crosses the earth, soothing restless souls... Disperse."

Following the Spirit Medium's gentle chant.

The Talent of "Breath of Death" suddenly activated.

The Death Qi contained within the three thousand Iron Blood Cavalry was directly extracted.

Just like picking up a bean sprout from a bowl with chopsticks.

There was no grandeur.

There were no twists and turns.

Simply, the Death Qi of the three thousand Iron Blood Cavalry was gone, leaving only their murderous aura.

The abundant murderous aura, without the support of Death Qi, caused the constructed secret technique formations to completely collapse at that moment.

Crack!

Crack crack crack!

First it was one Iron Blood Cavalry, then the second, followed by a series of Iron Blood Cavalry.

In a breath's time, three thousand Iron Blood Cavalry vanished without a trace.

At that moment, the word 'Disperse' from Arthur's mouth was still echoing in midair, as if it was truly his words that made the three thousand Iron Blood Cavalry disappear.

Even the Marquess of the West Berlin Family, being one of the parties involved, thought so.

This master of West Berlin didn't think twice, retreating hundreds of meters immediately, and with every step back, his arm swung, conjuring a shield of murderous aura.

When this master of West Berlin stood a hundred meters away, in front of him was densely packed with twenty-nine shields of varying sizes, providing 360-degree protection of murderous aura.

However, Arthur stood in place and did not pursue.

First, it was unnecessary.

Second, Arthur had made a new discovery.

When the Death Qi hidden within those Iron Blood Cavalry was extracted by him, the young Spirit Medium subconsciously thought of transforming Death Qi into murderous aura.

This was difficult!

Anyone would think it impossible!

Even those with deep study enough to be called a master would consider it utterly unachievable!

But,

Arthur felt it was possible!

Because, "Distortion"!

The secret technique "Distortion"!

Arthur's intuition told him it was worth a try.

Then, if Death Qi could be distorted into murderous aura, could he also draw inspiration from the "Iron Blood Mutual Killing" of the West Berlin Family?

Arthur thought to himself, his eyes slightly lighting up.

The Marquess of the West Berlin Family, filled with doubts, saw the light in Arthur's eyes.

Instantly, he became even more uneasy.

'What was that secret technique just now?

Why does it seem specifically designed to counter my "Iron Blood Mutual Killing"?

And!

The expression of Arthur Kredos at this moment...

This guy couldn't possibly be using this technique for the first time, could he?

If that's the case...

The Kledos Family is targeting me intentionally!

What are you trying to do, Kledos Family!'

The brows of this master of West Berlin knitted together tightly.

Almost subconsciously, this master of West Berlin overturned his previous judgment of Old Charlie's 'Hermit Style' and instead labeled him 'Ambitious Person'—Originally, in the eyes of this master of West Berlin, Old Charlie was a lover who did not provoke envy.

But now?

He turned out to be a deeply hidden 'Ambitious Person.'

If he wasn't an 'Ambitious Person,' why would he target him?

And, moreover, to have raised Arthur, such a monster!

The master of West Berlin thought about this, as his murderous intent subtly stirred.

The next moment, the void subtly trembled—

One after another, cannons emerged from the void, extending their barrels.

Chapter 674: A Person to Talk to!

Five cannons in a row, ten rows in a column, a total of ten columns.

A total of five hundred cannon muzzles were aimed at Arthur.

Under the oppressive, pitch-black muzzles, Arthur's gaze swept higher, nonchalantly—there, something else was hidden.

Compared to these five hundred cannons, what was hidden there caused even greater trepidation for Arthur.

Even...

[Death Intuition] started to flicker.

Clearly, that was where the real core of the West Berlin Family's [Array of Cannons] lay.

And these cannons?

They were nothing more than a bluff to distract onlookers.

Precisely because the cannons displayed were merely a bluff, Arthur could confirm even more things.

For instance, the owner of West Berlin had just harbored a murderous intent.

But it was only for a moment!

Immediately after that moment, the West Berlin host regained his composure, but the deployment of the [Array of Cannons] was still a necessity, albeit with the key elements concealed.

Beyond these, there was also the previous stare from the West Berlin host.

His subtle expressions were seen clearly under Arthur's [Insight] and [Eagle Eye].

Thus, piece by piece, clues began to come together.

Several of Arthur's puzzling questions also started to find answers.

The foremost resolved issue was the West Berlin host's attitude toward the Pain Church.

Or rather, whether the West Berlin host stood behind the Pain Church.

From the current situation, that did not appear to be the case.

The one standing behind the Pain Church had always been the daughter of the Marquess of West Berlin.

And the Marquess of West Berlin himself?

Though aware of the Pain Church's existence, he chose to stand at an even higher, darker position—the master of West Berlin could not directly face the Inland Church originating from the Inner Bay, for that would draw the ire of the Old Lion from Inner Bay, and thus, the Marquess of West Berlin could only rely on his daughter.

To a certain extent, His Excellency the Marquess was using his daughter.

Of course, in the eyes of the Marquess himself, that surely wasn't the case.

Because—

The Marquess undoubtedly believed he was doing it for the family, the territory, and the honor!

If the Old Lion from Inner Bay were to get angry, the losses for the West Berlin Family would be much greater!

This also explained why the tentacle named 'Mikhail' chose Yula instead of the two daughters of the Marquess of West Berlin.

Because behind the two daughters of the West Berlin Marquis House stood the Marquess of West Berlin with ill intentions.

Even, it is very likely that the Marquess of West Berlin was preparing a win-win situation—

Not just using his daughter's Pain Church to withstand the pressure from Inner Bay.

But also to use the Pain Church to flush out the tentacle named 'Mikhail'.

After all, the fact that the third and fourth daughters were twins, and 'Mikhail' was also a twin, seemed far too coincidental.

It must have been carefully planned!

Speedy analysis led Arthur to understand that there were loopholes to be exploited here.

'The eldest daughter, the widow, must be the Marquess of West Berlin's chosen heir, right?' Arthur surmised internally.

The second daughter was betrothed to Jimte, and although Jimte had betrayed Norvia, with the caution and carefulness of nobles, it was impossible for the territory of West Berlin to be entrusted to his second daughter.

As for the third and fourth daughters, they had been contaminated by the Pain Church and could not become suitable heirs.

Even as a bystander, Arthur could confirm that something was off with Catherine.

Clearly, she had been influenced by the so-called Lady of Sorrow.

If this was the case with the youngest daughter

How could the third daughter be any better?

Unconsciously, Arthur thought of the strange voice that the Lady of Sorrow used Yula's body to emit through the Messenger Stone, as well as Catherine's and her sister's subsequent excited responses.

Without a doubt, that was a gift from the 'Lady of Sorrow'.

It was also an indescribable corruption.

And after casting aside his three daughters, there was only the eldest left.

It's quite possible that the Marquess of West Berlin himself orchestrated his eldest daughter's widowhood.

Of course, there's also the possibility that the Marquess of West Berlin has an illegitimate child.

Arthur doesn't care about that.

What concerns Arthur is that such a Marquess of West Berlin would be very easy to negotiate with... ah, no... that's to say, a very easy person to converse with.

In the blink of an eye, an idea formed in Arthur's mind.

The young South Los 'Spirit Medium' adjusted the cuffs and collar of his attire, then cast an affectionate and apologetic glance toward South Los, after sweeping his Eagle Eye over the 'Oriental'.

His skill in 'Bluff' reached its peak and shone wildly at that time.

The Marquess of West Berlin immediately sensed something off about Arthur, especially when Arthur turned around, with nothing but resolve in his eyes and a face filled with determination—the master of West Berlin cursed inwardly, realizing his mistake.

And Arthur sang out—

"Eternal Monster, inheritor of the Rebellious Bloodline, creator of Twilight of the Gods, admirer of the Northern Gods, dominator of the Blade of Chaos, possessor of Leviathan's Axe, descendant of the Kledos Family, I invoke the name of war!

Never compromise!

Fight to the death!"

Unlike before, when he required Fujin and Wuni to cooperate.

This time, Arthur simply released the remaining Death Qi and activated the 'Bloodline Seal.Lionheart King'.

Boom!

The surging Death Qi erupted like a volcanic explosion in midair, the volcanic ash obscuring the sky after an eruption, and at this moment, it was the heavy Death Qi that shielded the heavens.

The heavy death Qi shrouded the entire sky yet did not conceal the figure of the 'Spirit Medium'.

The young 'Spirit Medium' stood amidst the darkness, surrounded and protected by layers of Death Qi, his figure still clearly visible.

Because!

Death Qi could not, nor dared to, block the sight of its king.

The vision of the King is the faith of Death Qi.

The King!

The King of Death!

Thud! Thud! Thud!

With Arthur's heartbeat, under the 'Bloodline Seal.Lionheart King', he demonstrated effects far surpassing the 'Emperor's Drum.Pseudo'.

The 'Emperor's Drum.Pseudo' brought only pure fear.

It did not resemble a king so much as a tyrant.

However, under the 'Bloodline Seal.Lionheart King', Arthur brought not only fear and oppression but also the king's benevolence, mercy, and...

Untouchability!

A king's humiliation means blood will flow!

Witnessing this scene, the eyelids of the Marquess of West Berlin began to twitch wildly.

The Marquess of West Berlin was affected.

Not just by the groundwork laid by Death Qi.

But because the 'Bloodline Seal.Lionheart King' gained strength as 'Spirituality' increased.

Of course, even more importantly, the Marquess of West Berlin thought of the Kledos Family.

The Kledos Family was not just Arthur alone.

Arthur had an uncle, an aunt, and a grandfather.

Especially since Arthur's grandfather had a bevy of close female friends.

Should Arthur truly perish...

Suddenly, the master of West Berlin envisioned the entire West Berlin Territory plunged into war, the West Berlin Family teetering on the brink of collapse.

Without any hesitation, the master of West Berlin shouted out loud—

"Wait!"

Chapter 675: Dirty Honor!

After a moment of pause, the Marquess of West Berlin's rather stern face broke into a sincere smile, and even his well-trimmed brown beard curled upward slightly.

Arthur cooperated fully, showing a puzzled expression.

Seeing such confusion, the Marquess of West Berlin immediately said seriously,

"I'm sorry, Kledos!

Some things have happened in the past that no one wanted to see, so I must be extremely cautious."

As he spoke, the host of West Berlin gave a slight bow.

Listening to the Marquess of West Berlin's utter nonsense, Arthur's eyes flashed with astonishment.

Completely instinctively, the young 'Spirit Medium' inquired subconsciously.

"May I know what happened?"

"It was the 'Pain Church'!

That bastard always uses methods like 'hostage-taking' and 'disguising' to drive me to distraction.

Not just the citizens within my domain, but even my daughter has suffered from such 'hostage-taking,' which is why she has become so unbearable.

The original Catherine was a nice girl."

After completely distancing himself with his words, a trace of pain appeared on the Marquess's face.

If you can't kill the opponent, then don't fight.

And conflicts that have already happened should be treated as accidents.

If they can't be considered accidents, then blame someone else.

The host of West Berlin evidently did just that.

And Arthur?

He naturally went with the flow.

The young 'Spirit Medium' suddenly understood and nodded.

"So that's how it is.

No wonder that lady seemed a bit off.

Sorry, My Lord Marquis, it was Auburn who was impulsive."

As he spoke, the young 'Spirit Medium' also bowed slightly.

"Please don't be like this, the fault is on me, it was my negligence that gave the 'Pain Church' an opportunity to exploit, especially with the emergence of the 'Inland Church' which has left me overwhelmed."

The Marquess of West Berlin looked embarrassed.

However, the information in his words was clearer than ever.

The host of West Berlin of course knew about Arthur's entanglement with the 'Inland Church.'

As for the 'Pain Church'?

That was even more obvious.

"So you also have been troubled by those deceitful folks.

In fact, if it weren't for my friend's help before, my ship would have almost suffered a disaster.

It really was terrifying."

Arthur spoke with a genuinely empathetic fright.

A ship?

The 'Oriental'?

That he would care so much about that ship?

The Marquess of West Berlin rose a suspicion, to him, an ambitious man should not be too attached to material things.

Unless...

There was something different about that ship!

But the 'Array of Cannons' perception, told the host of West Berlin, that it was just a ship.

A very ordinary ship.

There were no secret technique facilities.

Nor was it the legendary warship rumored.

It was the ship's 'Entry-level' guard that merited attention.

However, most likely, he was just a servant of the 'Spirit Medium' in front of him.

'Could I have guessed wrong?

Is the 'Spirit Medium' in front of me just like Old Charlie, both considered some sort of 'Hermit'?

If that's the case...

That would be perfect!'

With that thought, the Marquess of West Berlin's mind began to race with more ideas.

As for Arthur's restraint from 'Iron Blood Mutual Killing'?

Do not forget, the Kledos family not only has a family legacy, but also the 'Cat Faction.Hei' legacy, and the Marquis remembers well the notorious 'Cat Faction.Hei.'

If it is said that 'Cat Faction.Hei' had a secret technique aimed at 'Iron Blood Mutual Killing' or any other noble family, he would not be surprised.

After all, their mutual enmity justified such measures.

But this enmity absolutely could not extend to the Kledos family.

Because, the Marquis had seen the remnants of "Cat Faction. Hei".

Those fellows had fled to South Los.

It must have been there that they encountered Kledos and, in exchange for the secret techniques of "Cat Faction. Hei", obtained the protection of the Kledos Family.

With his noble mindset, the master of Seberlin swiftly clarified the sequence of events, and sincerity surfaced in his emerald eyes.

"Please forgive my presumption!

You and I have both suffered such reluctant experiences, so...

Could we perhaps ally ourselves?"

The Marquess of Seberlin extended an invitation to Arthur.

Arthur immediately showed a moved expression, but his face still struggled.

The Marquess of Seberlin quickly added.

"Fear not, Kledos!

I have also heard of the fairness advocated by the 'Spirit Medium'.

Thus, I will offer you a fair price—I will open the trade privileges of Port Doldot to you, how about that?"

Upon hearing such words, Arthur immediately shook his head.

"It's not about the price.

It's about the 'Inland Church' itself.

Or rather, the person behind the 'Inland Church'."

Arthur displayed his 'candor'.

Of course, it wasn't about the price, because the price itself was the issue.

Arthur didn't want just a trade privilege.

What Arthur wanted was the profits from Port Doldot.

But certainly, such a thought could not be openly expressed.

Because the person he was conversing with wasn't genuinely a merchant, but a noble.

And all nobles care about 'honor'.

Cloaked in hypocrisy, meanness, cruelty, bloodshed, then layered with prestige to cover plundering, exploitation, and massacre, they then blend these to form so-called 'honor'.

Of course, it doesn't end there.

Once possessing such 'honor', nobles would brainwash others.

Making everyone believe in this 'honor'.

That's why South County has the famous saying, 'nobles can't be trusted'.

Because when nobles get what they want, they always remove their masks of hypocrisy and reveal their greedy, bloodthirsty true faces.

However, this does not prevent others from believing in the nobility's 'honor'.

It's not that those people are deceived.

It's just a combination of luck and greed.

Arthur was very greedy.

But Arthur was not lucky.

He chose the way suitable for nobles to converse, merely to gain greater benefits.

Just like at this moment—

"I was not thoughtful enough.

If you were to help, the entire industry of the 'Inland Church' at Port Doldot would be yours."

The Marquess of Seberlin slapped his forehead, appearing as if he just remembered.

Arthur shook his head again.

"You've misunderstood again, what I want is not these.

The person behind the 'Inland Church', is more troublesome than you might imagine.

Importantly, there is the existence behind the 'Pain Church'."

Arthur emphasized 'that existence'.

The eyes of the Marquess of Seberlin narrowed.

'Do you know where She is?'

This time, the Marquess of Seberlin didn't speak but mimed with his lips.

This caution further confirmed Arthur's speculation: The Marquess of Seberlin had long noticed that 'Lady of Sorrow'. While guarding against this lady, he also coveted her power, even using his two daughters as bait.

Arthur instantly understood.

Then, Arthur, smiling, nodded.

"Of course, I am a 'Spirit Medium'."

Watching Arthur's confident face, the brow of the Marquis furrowed slightly.

It was not that he didn't believe Arthur, but it was about choosing.

Simply put, the Marquis did not want to give too much, yet wanted to gain more.

After a brief thought, the Marquis's eyes suddenly brightened—

He had an idea!

Chapter 676: Shamelessness Leads to Mutual Victory!

The Marquess of Seberlin adjusted his emotions, and the smile on his face became even more genuine.

"Kledos, what do you think of Catherine?"

The host of Seberlin pointed downward as he spoke.

In the dense woods on the shore of Xilongde, Catherine, covered in mud and vomiting blood, forcefully endured.

At once, the host of Seberlin felt a bit embarrassed.

"After Catherine is cleaned up, she is still quite beautiful, and as for the pollution on her body, as long as you, Kledos, eliminate the remnants of the Curse, some Secret Medicine can completely eradicate it.

Moreover, Catherine has been receiving noble etiquette and education since she was young.

She can not only quickly produce offspring but also knows how to manage things.

Of course, her dowry is sufficiently generous," explained the host of Seberlin.

And the embarrassment on his face turned into expectancy—a very smooth transition, but Arthur could tell that whether it was the previous embarrassment or the current expectancy, the other party was intentionally showing it.

Simply put, the other party was acting.

All for the sake of freeloading!

Upon this, Arthur secretly curled the corner of his mouth.

'You really are blind at heart!' the young 'Spirit Medium' assessed.

It is rare to have it all in this world.

Because...

Most people still value their dignity.

Those who value their faces always have to sacrifice something necessary to maintain their dignity. Thus, those who value their faces not only have a hard life themselves but also make it difficult for their families.

But those without shame, after giving up their dignity, can gain something necessary.

The former merely exist.

And the latter?

They live better.

The former curses the latter, wishing them a miserable death.

However, in reality, it is mostly the former who end up dead in the wilderness.

While the latter get grand funerals.

As for the judgement of the Divine Spirits?

The former beg desperately, yet destiny remains elusive.

The latter, enshrined in golden temples, suddenly have deep connections with the law.

Is it ridiculous?

Somewhat ridiculous.

But this is life on earth; this is the life that is glossed over on earth, where the latter, bound by various clauses, look down on the struggling former from above.

Then, they raise a glass together.

The taste is sweet.

The posture is elegant.

After all, it is brewed from the flesh and blood of the former.

After all, it is cast from the skin of the former.

Arthur was once such a latter—a transformation from a struggling former to an upper-class latter, so during that period, Arthur was shameless.

And he lost friends.

Arthur did not care.

Because friends themselves are also a trap set by the latter for the former.

Until one night, the hunger in his belly inexplicably led him to a barbecue stall.

The stall was set up on the side of the road, with only three tables, one occupied by people eating edamame and peanuts, smoking, and clamoring, '0:1? They scored? Impossible!'

The owner, drinking beer and grilling skewers, occasionally said, 'Told you to buy less, buy less, see you got conned.'

But what caught Arthur's attention was a chubby man under the downwind part of the skewer rack.

This guy was taking deep breaths in the smoky fire.

Every now and then, he choked and coughed, but with each deep breath, his face showed satisfaction.

Arthur thought the chubby guy was a modestly dressed beggar.

And that day, Arthur was in a good mood.

So, he gave the chubby man a meal of barbecue.

The chubby man teared up with gratitude and began to 'pay' with words.

Essentially saying: I'm not eating your food for free, I'll give you some advice in exchange.

This kind of person was indeed annoying.

Had it been any other time, Arthur would have already taught this fat man a lesson not to spout nonsense anymore.

But that day, a good mood had softened Arthur's heart.

Then, Arthur seemed to see the deep disappointment in the eyes of the fat man.

Afterward, Arthur confirmed this.

The fat man frankly admitted that last summer, his friend's friend had slapped someone hard, and he had to pay the other party 50,000.

The fat man was a bit envious, always wanting someone to slap him too.

He really deserved it, so cheap.

For some reason, Arthur suddenly went with the flow and asked, "What would you do if you had money?"

Have a meal.

The fat man answered without hesitation.

Then what?

Arthur asked again.

Have a better meal.

The fat man's response confirmed to Arthur that this was a gluttonous and greedy person, yet not very smart. If he were smart, he wouldn't be without any private funds, kicked out by his wife for a nighttime run due to high blood sugar, yet he found himself deeply inhaling next to a barbecue stall.

Such a person, naturally, had no prospects.

But such a person, nevertheless, had friends.

A bunch of similarly miserable friends.

Arthur judged it to be the poor banding together for warmth.

Three people going out, couldn't scrape together 100 yuan, and at the last moment, they still had to ask their wives for 200 yuan to settle the bill. They were indeed losers.

The joy of the losers was cheap.

But, Arthur enjoyed watching.

Especially after Arthur expressed his willingness to pay, the fat man became Arthur's close friend.

Arthur thought he was paying for happiness, at least the fat man really could talk a good talk.

About this, Arthur did not hide. After about four or five seconds of silence, the fat man spoke softly and delicately, "Welcome Lord to play~"

The intentionally effeminate tone convinced Arthur that this fat man was an epitome of shamelessness.

But this fat man seldom had a win-win situation.

Even, he couldn't manage to win even once.

Clearly without shame, the fat man often failed time and again.

Each time, the fat man would assertively say, "I just wasn't serious. If I were, I would have succeeded long ago."

But once, the fat man drank too much and, holding Arthur, sobbed loudly, "I'm poor, ugly, and old, I also really want to succeed, I want to eat delicacies, drink spicy, live in a big house, have cats and dogs, and be the center of attention, but why do I fail every time, and fail so silently!"

After sobering up, the fat man denied these words.

He denied ever crying as well.

Arthur didn't care about these.

But now looking at the Marquess of West Berlin, he suddenly realized why the fat man had not succeeded; he was simply too proud.

Like selling one's daughter, the fat man would probably starve to death before doing such a thing.

Yet the Marquess of West Berlin seemed natural about it.

'Indeed the fate of a loser.'

Arthur evaluated the fat man, his gaze then turned towards the Marquess of West Berlin in front of him.

The host of West Berlin, seeing Arthur not answering for a long time, seemed to have misunderstood something and immediately began speaking—

"Um, Catherine is a bit capricious, lacking a big-picture view.

But Jacqueline is different.

Jacqueline not only has an outstanding big-picture view but is also intelligent, sensible, and more gentle and considerate than Catherine.

If she joins the Kledos Family with Catherine, I think it would be appropriate.

Also, I am willing to open the West Berlin Family's library.

Even secret techniques like 'Iron Blood Mutual Killing' or 'Array of Cannons,' you, Kledos, can browse at will."

The Marquess of West Berlin began to raise the stakes.

Not to mention throwing out his twin daughters.

He even threw out secret and core mystical arts.

Arthur was certainly tempted by the West Berlin Family's mystical arts, but what Arthur sought was even more.

So, Arthur turned cold, and he said word by word,

"I have someone I love.

My child will also be born soon."

Having said that, Arthur subconsciously looked towards the direction of South Los.

This scene slightly startled the Marquess of West Berlin.

But soon, the Marquess of West Berlin smiled and said—

"Then Kledos, would you like to have two more lovers?"

Chapter 677: The Two Guys Who Defiled the Meaning of Pure Love

When the Marquess of West Berlin spoke, Arthur felt as though he heard that distant rapid exchange echoing in his ears—

Arthur, do you want a wife or not?

Ah, you already have a wife?

Then would you mind having two more?

Mind?

What if I give you some extra dowry?

You still mind?

Then I don't even want the family status!

In short, there's no limit to shamelessness, only levels that surpass it.

This master of West Berlin truly refreshed Arthur's understanding; he thought only his past self could be so shameless, but it turned out there was someone who could come close to his past self.

But that was in the past.

Now, Arthur had some standards, at least...

He could think to seek a shield in advance.

"Marquis, please stop speaking words that would affect our cooperation.

Marinda is the love of my life.

She is my only one."

As Arthur mentioned Marinda, his face, which had just cooled, immediately softened, and the corners of his mouth couldn't help but turn up involuntarily, his eyes brimming with tenderness.

That tenderness made Arthur's deep eyes shine even more brightly.

Watching the Arthur before him, the Marquess of West Berlin could not help but become curious.

This master of West Berlin was very curious what kind of woman Marinda Julius Caesar, the rumored 'Lady of the Long Night', could be that made Arthur so devoted.

At the same time, this master of West Berlin also abandoned the plan that had just sprung up from the bottom of his heart.

The master of West Berlin originally planned on finding an opportunity to get rid of Marinda and then have his two daughters take advantage of the situation.

But now?

The master of West Berlin gave up.

First, this master of West Berlin could not manage to dispose of Marinda silently, which would mean suffering Arthur's revenge.

The brief skirmish just now made the master of West Berlin realize that Arthur was even stronger than the rumors suggested.

And the Kledos Family deserved attention.

Second, and this was the most important point, even if Marinda were to die, this master of West Berlin did not believe that the Arthur before him would fall in love with someone else.

Because that look was all too familiar to this master of West Berlin.

He once had it.

When he looked at his first wife, his eyes held that same look.

So, he wanted to leave everything to his firstborn daughter, the one he had with his first wife.

As for the daughters from his second and third wives?

Tools.

Pawns.

It didn't matter how they were referred to.

Their existence was merely to pave the way for his real daughter.

He wanted his daughter to securely take over West Berlin, and also to live a long and healthy life.

As for more?

He hadn't thought about it.

If possible, it would mean for his daughter to live a little longer and to be happy.

That's why he had made the arrangements he had now.

Because, his daughter's Talent wasn't very good.

The Marquess of West Berlin looked at Arthur again, and this time, the master of West Berlin's gaze was subtly different.

But Arthur caught onto this subtlety.

'That look...

Does the Marquis also have a loved one?

Could it be his first wife?'

Before Arthur set out from South Los, he had thoroughly learned about the various lords of the territories 'Oriental' would pass through.

For instance, the Marquess of West Berlin before him had a wife of no particular renown.

She was a personal maid to the Marquess of West Berlin.

The woman was not in good health and had passed away after giving birth to the Marquess of West Berlin's eldest daughter.

'No way? Really?

A person as shameless as you, but still devoted to pure love?'

Arthur derided internally.

And the Marquess of West Berlin spoke again—

"Kledos, have you anticipated our cooperation?"

The master of West Berlin keenly noticed another key point in Arthur's recent words.

"Of course!

At this moment, we both have the same person to guard against!

Plus, you have what I need, and I have what you need!"

Arthur nodded firmly in agreement.

The Marquess of West Berlin did not speak right away.

This noble Marquis, of course, knew the common threat they faced was from Inner Bay.

And what he wanted was the whereabouts of the 'Lady of Sorrow'.

However, he was not sure if he could afford what Arthur was asking for.

This time, Arthur didn't beat around the bush but spoke directly.

"As a 'Spirit Medium', I've always believed that trade and cooperation need to be fair.

Therefore, I want the properties of the Pain Church at Doldot Port. I also want the properties of the Inland Church at Doldot Port.

Because they once attacked and killed sixteen of Marinda's trusted aides, I think it's only fitting that they compensate for Marinda's losses with all they have.

What do you think?"

Arthur looked toward the Marquess of West Berlin.

The noble Marquis was surprised by Arthur's proposal, but then a look of understanding appeared in his eyes.

'He's just like me!

Always wanting to give the best to the ones he loves!

However...

This man is braver than I am!'

The Port Doldot had always been the forbidden prize of the West Berlin Family. The emergence of the Pain Church was the Marquis' attempt to fish for a way to enhance his daughter's Talent, and the subsequent encroachment of the Inland Church was part of the Marquis' plan to draw attention from Inner Bay.

Beyond that, there were no other forces in Port Doldot.

And now, Arthur dared to ask for it.

Even though what Arthur wanted was the bait he was willing to part with, the Marquis was still shocked by his boldness.

Land and taxes are matters to the death for nobles.

One misstep, and both sides would be fully at war.

And to do this for a woman...

What courage indeed!

Instantly, the Marquis felt a pang of regret.

Regret that Arthur already had a loved one and that his loved one was not his eldest daughter.

If Arthur's beloved had been his eldest daughter, he could have let go completely, even if it meant going to The Eternal Resting Land to find his wife right away.

'What a pity, a pity.'

The Marquis sighed in his heart, but continued to ask aloud.

"Do you know the consequences of what you're doing?"

"I know.

Once we eliminate the Inland Church and the Pain Church, our relationship will become strained, and due to my actions, I will attract more attention from Inner Bay, potentially facing enemies on all sides.

Even, if that person from the Pain Church escapes, I'll be besieged on three fronts."

As Arthur said this, he started to smile.

It wasn't an idle boast, but the truth.

Even something that was about to happen.

But Arthur felt no worry or fear.

He was confident that he could settle everything.

After all, he had another identity—as the son preparing to seek justice from the entire Golden Lion Family for his mother, who was abandoned by them.

As for the power behind the Pain Church?

Arthur certainly wouldn't let them escape.

And the Marquess of West Berlin?

At worst, he would give up half of the profits, bring Grandma Susan to the table, get the Mother Tigress involved, and kill them together.

So, there's no such thing as being besieged on three sides.

The only thing that exists is...

Bluff!

And all this, the Marquis of West Berlin did not know.

Therefore, the Marquis looked at Arthur with an added measure of admiration.

Afterward, the noble Marquis asked—

"Can you tell me exactly how you plan to do it?"

Chapter 678: Xilongde's Banquet!

Arthur smiled and raised his hand to produce a blank contract.

The Marquess of West Berlin cooperated fully.

"I need the whereabouts of that person, and also, I need your goodwill," he said.

"I require control over the territory of Doldot Port originally belonging to the 'Inland River Cult' and the 'Pain Church,' the same way, I need your goodwill."

Arthur stated his terms.

"You control the process, but you can't interfere with my attack on that person," the Marquess of West Berlin added.

"Then you cannot launch any kind of attack on the industries that belong to me in Port Doldot for the next three years, and I will ensure that I will not appear in your attack," Arthur added in turn.

"Just once?" the Marquess of West Berlin queried.

"Once is already lucky.

After missing this opportunity, you will probably never see that person in your lifetime again.

Of course, you can entrust me with Divination to find His whereabouts again, as long as you can pay the corresponding price. But trust me, the price will most certainly not be one you are willing to bear," Arthur said with a smile, his tone unconsciously becoming strikingly similar to Old Charlie's from his memory.

Put simply...

It was the tone of a Shaman.

However, with preconceptions guiding him, the Marquess of West Berlin entertained no doubts.

Afterward, the two deceitful fellows began to discuss the details of the contract.

Word by word, that kind.

Moreover, the noble lord also scrutinized the paper, checking for any hidden layers, any writing in invisible ink.

Arthur did not stop him.

And the result?

It naturally satisfied both parties.

"When the 'Oriental' arrives at Port Doldot tomorrow, I will invite you to a dinner in the name of the West Berlin Family. At the same time, I will let the entire West Berlin know that the 'Oriental' has free rein along my coast," declared the Marquess of West Berlin, showing his generosity.

Though it was content mentioned in the contract, Arthur still expressed his gratitude.

"Then I suppose Jacqueline and Lady Catherine are bound to attend," Arthur emphasized.

This was an important part of the plan.

"Of course, I will work with you.

At tomorrow's dinner, Jacqueline and Catherine will definitely be in the banquet hall,

and always within your line of sight," the Marquess of West Berlin assured, with confidence following their discussion.

"Then, I'll see you tomorrow night!"

Arthur said, smiling and bowing slightly.

"See you tomorrow night!

By the way, the wild boar meat from Xilongde is delicious.

I think Sir Outer from Xilongde would be delighted to entertain the guests on the 'Oriental,' and also, to provide a perfect explanation for everything that has just happened," the Marquess of West Berlin remarked, as if suddenly recalling something, and then stopped to add one more thing as he turned to leave.

"I look forward to it," Arthur maintained his smile.

Afterward, one flew into the distance.

That was a unique Bloodline ability of the West Berlin Family.

The other returned to the 'Oriental.'

This was a skill of Spirit Medium himself.

Amidst the blowing river breeze, two soaked shapes appeared on the 'Oriental's' deck.

It was Cat Pendragon and Hound Kiri.

When Arthur went to 'face' the Marquess of West Berlin, he had instructed his cat and hound to hide behind—perhaps it was needless worry, but who could say whether an accident might occur?

In any case, being cautious was never wrong.

After all, a noble's integrity is even less reliable than the atmosphere in a nightclub. At least the latter can be like breadcrumbs scattered in a square, belonging to whichever bird arrives first.

And the former?

It existed only in imagination.

It was as grand and pristine as the Emperor's new clothes, yet impossible to stare at directly.

Because you would see a bunch of dangling fur.

Pendragon shook his entire body, the kind that involved shaking from head to toe, then, using controlled airflow, he blew his fur to make himself look fluffy and clean.

Meanwhile, Kiri was a bit less intelligent.

After a quick shake, he just stood there, poofy, staring at Arthur.

His outward appearance of a simpleton became even wiser at this moment.

"Kiri?"

Arthur's tone rose slightly, signaling not to act.

Sure enough, simpletons can be wise.

But a Death Hound looking simpleton definitely wasn't such a brainless creature.

In fact, it was true.

As Arthur's tone rose, Kiri immediately found a blanket nearby, ready to wipe himself down.

However, Pendragon just lifted his Cat Claw.

Airflow swept over.

Kiri was spotlessly clean and looked as good as new.

And Pendragon, having done all this, arrogantly raised his neck and jumped onto Kiri's back, starting to play his favorite doggy bus game.

Unlike Kuliqi's embarrassment,

Kiri had no bottom line, carrying Pendragon from one side of the terrace to the other.

And on Kiri's tenth round trip, a group of people appeared on the docks of Xilongde.

Leading them was an immaculately dressed old Noble.

Black suit, golden pocket watch, red necktie, and a silver-capped walking stick in hand, with four servants following behind, the epitome of Old Nobility style.

However, unlike the arrogant Old Nobility people remembered, Sir Outer was very polite at this moment.

He maintained an approachable smile when facing Old Barry and Albert, both of commoner origin—

"Captain Barry, First Mate Albert, welcome both of you and the guests aboard the 'Oriental' to Xilongde.

As the lord of Xilongde, I believe a banquet is a fitting testament to our initial meeting.

And just so happens, a wild boar has stepped into a Hunter's trap in the dense forest.

The roasted wild boar of Xilongde is quite delicious, I must say.

Of course, everyone present can have a portion of the roasted wild boar."

Sir Outer's voice boomed, clear not only to Old Barry and Albert in front of him, but also to the guests on the 'Oriental' and the people on the shore.

Immediately, the locals of Xilongde cheered.

Life was good next to the docks of Xilongde.

But who could refuse free food?

And the guests aboard the 'Oriental' felt honored.

They knew well that this was an invitation from a Noble.

Even the wealthiest among them was but a merchant, not a Noble.

As for Old Barry and Albert?

The two were quite aware of why the venerable Noble before them was so courteous.

It was naturally because of their big boss.

Instinctively, the two men turned to look towards the top deck of the 'Oriental', not far behind them.

There, Arthur nodded slightly with a smile.

"Of course, it would be an honor!"

Old Barry immediately turned and responded.

The gentleman, Sir Outer, first bowed respectfully to Arthur and then turned to Old Barry with an even warmer smile.

"Come, gentlemen.

Let's set off by boat to greet our guests," said the Noble.

Arthur watched as the passengers disembarked one by one.

The guests rushed toward the unexpected banquet with joy.

Full of anticipation!

And Arthur was equally expectant.

Five minutes later, when nearly all the passengers had left, the guest Arthur was awaiting arrived.

Carrying the item Arthur was anticipating.

Chapter 679: Different!

After carefully dressing herself up, Yula changed into a black backless long dress, specifically adjusted her cincher to fully showcase her figure, and then looked towards the washroom.

There, Lucius stood straight, with worry floating in his eyes, and hidden within was...

Yearning!

He knew what she was about to do.

He wanted to stop her from going.

But he had no right.

Not only did he have no right, but he also lacked the ability.

He couldn't help Yula, only the "Spirit Medium" from South Los could.

Reluctance!

A strong sense of reluctance surged in his heart!

Then, it turned into pain!

Yula, feeling this pain, couldn't help but cheer inwardly.

Fun! So much fun!

Interesting! Too interesting!

In her previous arrangements, with the unexpected "Divine Favor," Lucius had already become less important, but she hadn't expected Lucius to give her such a surprise.

That even a casually modified memory could generate such power truly surprised her.

She felt her own power increase just a tiny bit.

Yula immediately walked up to Lucius and lifted her hand to hold his.

Yula's hand was cold.

Lucius trembled deep inside, feeling even more heartache.

Hate surged on the young Avenger's face.

"I'll be back soon, don't worry!"

Yula said softly, and even embraced Lucius.

Afterward, she headed straight for the door.

A door apart.

Lucius's hatred became even more apparent.

Yula's triumph felt almost palpable.

And Arthur, who was watching all this, muttered to himself in his heart—

'Pawns! Pawns.

After being blinded by hatred...

You really are plunging deeper into the Abyss.'

The young "Spirit Medium" thought to himself while looking at Pendragon, who was grooming his fur beside him, and asked bluntly, "Pan, what do you think is the essence of hatred?"

Pan: Meow?

The little kitty looked puzzled.

Arthur continued speaking.

"If we put aside the fact that one becomes strong and is defined as evil by others, what else is there to hatred?

Void, nothing but void!

And if one wants not to be devoured by such void...

Tsk, forget it.

I don't even believe such talk myself, let alone someone burdened with the vengeance for their parents, right?"

Arthur talked to himself, while Pendragon tilted his head, looking perplexed.

Afterward, the little kitty went off to look for fish jerky and egg yolk in his bowl.

Ever since acquiring a more complete Griffin Physique, Pendragon's appetite had increased significantly.

Arthur watched Pendragon eat and chuckled self-deprecatingly.

"Eat when hungry, seek revenge when wronged.

Do you really need the interference of a good-for-nothing like you?

Pah, are you even worthy?"

Arthur spat at himself.

Then, the young "Spirit Medium" adjusted his mood, waiting for Yula's visit.

When the sound of high heels echoed up the stairs on the terrace side, Arthur had already opened the door he crafted with a smile on his face, and at the same time, the Hand of Void was holding two cups of orange tea.

Yula's cup was normal.

Arthur's cup had double the sugar and double the honey.

"Good evening, Lord Kledos."

"Good evening, Ms. Yula."

They greeted each other politely.

But unlike before, Yula, dressed to the nines, had become much bolder.

Just a moment ago, as the lady stepped on the last stair, it seemed that the long train of her dress made it inconvenient to walk, so she simply picked up the hem.

And this black dress, besides being backless, also had a high slit.

Suddenly, smoothness and fairness were revealed.

Under the night sky, it was even more dazzling.

Even under the illumination of the terrace lights, the white had a somewhat reflective quality.

Arthur didn't ignore this detail, and after a quick glance, a polite smile appeared on his face.

Then, he smoothly handed over the iced orange tea.

"I just made this orange tea, with ice.

Give it a try."

As Arthur said this, he picked up his own glass of orange tea.

Yula, too, took a sip without hesitation.

"It tastes good.

Indeed, choosing not to go ashore was the right decision.

I saw the lights on over here and took the liberty of disturbing you—this isn't impolite, is it?"

Yula held the teacup, her face looking carefully at Arthur with caution.

The carefully applied eye makeup made Yula's eyes not only appear larger but also endow them with an upward flick at the corners, captivating like a cat's.

But those eyes were also exceedingly clear.

And they were complemented by Yula's youthful visage.

A pure, naïve yet constantly charming complex temperament arose spontaneously.

No one could overlook it.

Arthur was no exception.

However, unlike others who were genuinely enchanted, Arthur was putting on an act.

For someone who had seen tentacles emerging from the other person's ears and eyes—eyes bulging out, along with sockets that looked like bloody cavities—no amount of attractive dressing could interest him.

Moreover...

She wasn't as pretty as Marinda.

"Certainly not.

Compared to that 'Noble' just now, Yula, you are already outstanding in etiquette.

Strangely, both hailing from the same church, it's hard to imagine how Her Holiness the 'Saintess' lacks even a tiny bit of upbringing."

Arthur said, following the flow.

The contempt and sarcasm in his tone pleased Yula.

She had been pondering how to broach the main topic.

Unexpectedly, it was this easy.

And there was not the slightest doubt in Ms. Yula's mind about the arrogance of the 'Saintess' mentioned by Arthur—from the few meetings they had, whether it was the High Priest or Her Holiness the Saintess, the impression they conveyed was always one of untouchable superiority, even when communicating via Messenger Stone, it was with overwhelming arrogance.

Moreover, that wasn't just her impression.

Some of her fellow believers had said the same.

There were even rumors that both the High Priest and the Saintess came from Noble backgrounds.

Regarding this, Yula could not be certain of its veracity.

But now, Yula was sure of one thing: an opportunity had come.

'You nobles born with a silver spoon just don't understand the purpose of the church!

So...

Leave it all to me!

I am the one to lead the church to glory!"

Thinking thus, Yula, filled with greed and aspirations, took a deep breath.

"You didn't have a pleasant talk with Lady Saintess?

I would like to apologize first, Lady Saintess didn't mean to offend.

The Lady Saintess is just from a different background, that's all."

Yula probed.

"The beginning and the process were not pleasant.

The result?

It was acceptable!"

Arthur began to control the pace of the conversation, the young 'Spirit Medium' spoke while swirling his tea cup, and when he noticed a hint of impatience flicker in Yula's eyes, Arthur continued.

"But this collaboration is the last one!

After this time?

Heh."

Arthur chuckled coldly.

Upon hearing that laugh, Yula's heart blossomed with joy.

It was not the worst scenario!

Thinking this, Yula suddenly spoke in a lower voice—

"I have a trade offer of my own, does Lord Kledos have any interest?"

As she spoke, the lady took out a carefully rolled "Mikhail's Touch."

Immediately, Arthur frowned.

Because this "Mikhail's Touch" was different from the previous ones.

Chapter 680: Countermove!

The "Mikhail's Touch" before Arthur's eyes was different from what he remembered.

Not in appearance.

But an intuition.

Shortly after, Arthur's intuition was confirmed—

[Name: Mikhail's Strong Touch (Fragmentary)]

[Type: Other Items]

[Quality: Epic]

[Attributes: 1. Enhancement; 2. Parasitism; 3. Resurrection]

[Remarks: When the twin sisters Miha and Yiluo became one, they chose the fluff of the parasitic trees as the thread to sew themselves together. They loved each other yet despised each other, so they chose to stand back to back—this parasitic fluff eventually turned into 'Mikhail's Touch.' However, this particular 'Mikhail's Touch' is different; it is made from the fluff near both hearts.

Therefore, it not only possesses greater power than 'Mikhail's Touch,' but also contains unknown dangers.

It is precisely because of the existence of 'Mikhail's Strong Touch' that the two were highly active during the Empire's 'Shadow War' period, to the point that some people regarded them as symbols of 'Pain' and 'Suffering,' because they could keep resurrecting through 'Mikhail's Strong Touch.' However, resurrection required vast amounts of flesh and energy, which is why they were also considered 'Calamity'!

And these were once the forbidden magic of the 'Northern Witchcraft School of the Empire'!]

...

[Enhancement: When a fragmentary 'Mikhail's Strong Touch' is wrapped around an item, it will bring an everlasting enhancement effect to it.]

[Parasitism: The enhanced item will be parasitized.]

[Resurrection: If it feeds on enough flesh and energy, Mikhail will resurrect upon that item, and it will possess traits from that item.]

(Note 1: For enhancement, the item does not need to possess 'Spirituality,' and the fragmentary 'Mikhail's Strong Touch' will significantly increase the item's level, whether or not it fully wraps the item.)

(Note 2: The fragmentary 'Mikhail's Strong Touch' can slightly advance 'Legendary' level items, and there's a great chance of raising the item to the 'Legendary' level.)

(Note 3: The fragmentary 'Mikhail's Spear Touch' can enhance living beings.)

(Note 4: During the parasitism phase, there will be no abnormalities.)

(Note 5: Resurrection is divided into three stages, the first stage where the appetite greatly increases and unowned powers are wielded, the second stage where consciousness fades and flesh begins to reform, the third stage where the body will be completely transformed into a suitable vessel by Mikhail.)

(Note 6: Once the second stage is reached, the entire process becomes irreversible.)

...

Arthur nearly threw away the "Mikhail's Strong Touch (Fragmentary)."

But "Bluff" made Arthur's expression transform into surprise and delight.

Even the tremble in his fingers could be taken as excitement.

And Yula saw all this.

Upon seeing Arthur's reaction, the lady let out a sigh of relief.

The reason she came so calmly.

Was naturally because she'd once again received 'Divine Favor.'

After the last conversation with Arthur, Yula's ambition tormented her.

Yula knew it wasn't the right time yet, but that didn't stop her from dreaming about the future again and again.

Even in the dead of night, the lady couldn't sleep soundly.

Therefore, Yula prayed to the 'Lady of Sorrow.'

Initially, Yula just did this for solace.

Yula didn't think she would get any response.

Divine grace, just receiving it once would be considered the favor of destiny.

Repeatedly?

That could only be contemplated by madmen.

But a miracle, really happened!

After Yula finished praying, she not only received the affirmation of the 'Lady of Sorrow,' but also a brand-new 'Mikhail's Touch.'

According to the oracle of the 'Lady of Sorrow,' this would be the bargaining chip to persuade South Los' 'Spirit Medium.'

Yula had no doubts about this.

So, upon seeing Arthur's excitement, the lady immediately said—

"The 'Pain Church' is not as it appears now; it's the High Priest and Saintess who have misconstrued the doctrine, dragging the faithful into suffering.

I want to spread the true 'Doctrine of Pain' to every believer's heart.

Therefore, I want to make a trade with you."

While speaking, Yula turned to look at Arthur.

Under the lady's gaze, Arthur's expression had regained its calm, though his eyes occasionally drifted towards the "Mikhail's Touch."

Instantly, Yula's confidence in her persuasion swelled, and she continued without delay.

"Lord Kledos, you need not get directly involved, just temporarily disconnect the High Priest and Her Holiness the Saintess from their followers.

This should not be a difficult task for you.

At the same time, I assure you, I will not harm either of them or any more innocents," Yula said earnestly and sincerely.

Arthur nodded slightly, seeming to believe her words, but internally he scoffed at the notion.

Even without witnessing Yula's treatment of Lucius as if toying with a dog, just seeing the moment of "Mikhail's Strong Touch (Fragmentary)" was enough for Arthur never to trust her.

Clearly, the 'Lady of Sorrow' was also preparing for the future.

Facing the long-premeditated schemes of the Marquess of Seberlin, the 'Lady of Sorrow' would certainly not put all her chips on the table but would need to spread the risk.

In simple terms, she had more than one hiding place.

And she had set her sights on him.

In the 'Lady of Sorrow's' eyes, he was naturally a rather suitable vessel.

For this, Arthur felt quite honored.

He had been pondering how to have the Marquess of Seberlin take the lead, and after battling the 'Lady of Sorrow,' to then reap the greatest benefits.

In the original plan, he had wanted to bring in Marinda.

When the Marquess of Seberlin and the 'Lady of Sorrow' were both weakened, Marinda would strike a decisive blow.

Otherwise, Marinda would surely not be comfortable with the profits from Port Doldot.

But that was before.

Now?

Naturally, there was no need!

Currently, Arthur was considering how many "Mikhail's Strong Touch (Fragmentary)" there were.

And whether the 'Lady of Sorrow' had any other means.

While his thoughts were thus engaged, Arthur's lips did not cease moving—

"The High Priest and Her Holiness the Saintess are not easy to deal with.

Moreover, we have already signed a contract.

This obliges me to seek others' power.

And this will certainly come at a steep price."

Arthur began to look for excuses.

To sum it up, it wasn't enough; he demanded more money!

Yula did not become annoyed at Arthur's greed.

For one, it was indeed the truth.

Secondly, she now had the support of the 'Lady of Sorrow.'

Thus, the lady smiled.

"Mm, I understand your concerns and thoughts.

Please give me some time to consider. By dawn, I will give you a satisfactory answer," Yula said as she began to approach Arthur.

Immediately, a scent wafted straight into Arthur's nose.

The musk orchid fragrance was heady.

However, the hint of mint within the smoke was invigorating.

Yula immediately turned her head in annoyance.

She saw—

Thick rings of smoke appearing inside the cabin.

A figure emerged from the smoke, and a cool voice slowly rose.

"Have I come at a bad time?"