

Great Master 691

Chapter 691 Chaos Night I

Chette was the shooter.

The gun was a homemade double-barreled firearm.

The first shot missed, but the second shot was enough.

Watching the bastard fall into a pool of blood, quickly silenced, Chette's face remained calm, even as he was pinned to the ground by two of Beileitz's guards.

On the contrary, Beileitz's two guards were buzzing in their heads.

What happened?

How did Beileitz get assassinated?

What do we do now?

As the nominal guards and actual bodyguards of Beileitz, their identities were known to most people.

And after today's incident, they would definitely never be hired again!

Simply put...

They were done for!

Anger, regret, and mixed with fear for the future, distorted the faces of the two Beileitz guards.

Without any hesitation, they both threw punches.

But before their fists could land, they turned and ran for their lives.

Because—

Explosives!

In Chette's arms lay explosives.

And the fuse was already lit.

"Madman!"

"Where did this madman come from!"

The two guards shouted frantically.

Chette heard them, but his eyes didn't show any ripple of emotion.

Had he gone mad?

He must be mad.

It was you bastards who drove him mad!

Since Chette had made today's plan, he had no intention of leaving alive, so he not only made the double-barreled gun but also the explosives.

Now that bastard had fallen to his weapon.

Next, it was his own turn.

Thinking this, Chette closed his eyes without any regret.

Then—

"Ah!"

A scream suddenly came from nearby, and before Chette could react, the explosives hidden in his embrace were knocked away.

They flew toward Beileitz's office.

The bomb had just flown into the office of that tax officer when it exploded, and amidst the flashing fire, a more intense explosion ensued—

Boom!

The rising flames engulfed the entire building.

Fireballs scattered into the crowd, causing people to scatter and run.

Everyone was panicking.

Nobody knew what had happened.

Especially those foremen and deacons from the Docklands, who ran the fastest.

Because, they were the closest.

Quite a few unfortunate souls were caught in the blast.

Screams echoed through the air.

These fellows ran even faster.

And Delpock, flicking fresh blood off his longsword, couldn't suppress a smile creeping onto his face.

It was he who had just dealt with Beileitz's two guards, and it was he who had knocked Chette's explosives into Beileitz's office, triggering the hidden explosives.

Why had he done this?

Naturally, to create chaos!

To attract the attention of the Marquess of Seberlin with the chaos!

Massacring the followers, although this went against the teachings of the 'Inland Church,' but...

So what!

The 'Inland Church' was founded by that person, that person was the true 'God of the Inland River,' even if that person knew of his actions, he would surely praise him.

Because he, he was doing the right thing.

As for the so-called God of the Inland River?

If He had the power, let Him appear before him!

Since He cannot appear, then He is a Pseudo Divine Spirit!

The sense of resolve within Delpock grew as he watched the West Berlin police emerge outside the Docklands. A contemptuous smile flashed across his eyes, and then he dashed toward the crowd nearby.

In almost an instant, Delpock had blended into the crowd.

The crowd became his shield.

The police officers, already aiming their guns, couldn't possibly pull the triggers.

"Stop right there!"

"You stop, I need to..."

Boom!

The leading Police Chief roared, but his shouts were drowned out by the sudden explosion.

And it wasn't just a single explosion.

There were explosions near the Docklands and in the Inner City District.

The leading Police Chief stared at the rising smoke from the Inner City District, his face turning pale.

He had a premonition that things were slipping out of his control.

...

The moment the explosion erupted in the Docklands, Laude, the owner of the Tailoring shop, stood up and moved to the window, a gun already in hand.

Three years ago, after the Docklands church's stronghold was attacked and the Shipyard was flooded, all members of the Pain Church had become more vigilant.

Laude, one of the Priests of the Pain Church, was no exception.

Everyone knew that the Inland River Cult wouldn't stop.

Just the same, everyone was even more aware that they wouldn't back down either.

Indeed, it had been that way.

From three years ago up to this moment.

They had been continuously at war with the Inland River Cult.

However, when everyone thought that it would be an overwhelming victory as usual, they didn't understand why it had turned into a stalemate against the Inland River Cult.

Some rumors suggested that the High Priest and Her Holiness the Saintess had other thoughts.

Others insinuated that the High Priest and Her Holiness the Saintess simply didn't care about the church.

But how could that be possible?

They were the High Priest and Saintess personally chosen by the Divine Lord!

Laude had unwavering faith in the High Priest and Her Holiness the Saintess.

Just as Laude would never doubt his own faith.

"I hope..."

As Laude gazed at the thick smoke rising from the Docklands, the prayer on his lips was cut short when a dagger pierced through the Priest's throat from behind.

Fresh blood dripped onto the tip of his tongue and down his chin.

As the dagger was withdrawn, Laude could even taste the lingering hint of rust.

Thud!

The Priest of the Pain Church fell to the ground, motionless.

The member of the Rapids Squad, holding the dagger, did not pause; his mission was to eliminate not only this Priest of the Pain Church but also his family members.

After all, these people were also members of the Pain Church.

About three minutes later, Laude's Tailoring shop was engulfed in flames.

The raging fire spread with the wind.

The Tailoring shop's signboard, which had been there for twenty years, swung back and forth in the airflow, along with the heads of Laude, his wife, and their sons and daughters.

The dripping blood quickly dried up and evaporated in the heat of the flames.

Beneath the glow of the fire, looking at the heads strung up in a row and dangling beneath the signboard of his own shop, the member of the Rapids Squad smiled contentedly.

He was pleased with his handiwork.

Now, it was time to move on to the next target.

More explosions began to occur.

More buildings were set ablaze.

Flames, smoke, and screams.

It was as if Death was omnipresent, and in one harrowing moment, the peaceful and serene West Berlin seemed to be cursed by misfortune, plunging into hell.

As members of the church were successively attacked, the news spread swiftly, causing the gathered Priests of the Pain Church to become restless and uneasy.

They looked at each other with suspicion and shock.

But not a single person spoke.

They were waiting for the arrival of the High Priest and Her Holiness the Saintess who had summoned them.

The next moment—

Tap tap tap!

Two clear sets of footsteps approached.

All the Priests of the Pain Church brightened up and immediately straightened their bodies.

The High Priest and Her Holiness the Saintess had arrived!

Chapter 692 Chaos Night II

Under the watchful eye of the Marquess of West Berlin, Catherine reluctantly took her seat to the left of Arthur, holding a carving knife and slicing the roast pork for him—the pork of West Berlin was famous throughout South County, especially wild boar. For a considerable period, it was even regarded as a symbol of valor so much that during the coming-of-age ceremonies held by the nobility in the Silver Age of West Berlin, young nobles were required to hunt a wild boar on their own.

Squeak, squeak.

The skin-on pork chop made a crisp sound under Catherine's knife.

The thick layer of fat, masterfully crisped by the chef's skill, gave off a rich aroma the moment the tender meat underneath was sliced.

There was the scent of pine resin, along with the rich aroma of garlic and pepper.

Arthur savored it quietly.

Meanwhile, Jacqueline silently poured juice for Arthur on the other side.

Arthur had refused alcoholic beverages before the meal.

Therefore, the chefs in the Marquis's castle offered Arthur a vast array of juices, ranging from the more common apple and peach juices to the rare sea buckthorn juice.

Arthur favored coconut juice, however.

Watching Arthur alternate between bites of pork and sips of coconut juice, the Marquess of West Berlin showed a satisfied smile.

The Marquis was well aware that all this was just a facade.

It was a compromise chosen by his two daughters who dared not face him directly.

As for Arthur?

He was merely going along with it.

But what of that?

If the facade continued indefinitely, who could say that it wouldn't become reality?

Moreover, the Marquis had considerable confidence.

As long as he was there, all of this would continue.

He picked up the honey-butter ale in front of him.

Savoring the sweetness inside and the richness that the fat brought afterward.

The Marquis squinted his eyes and glanced down at the messages that kept coming with the food.

True to Arthur's words, the Inland Church had taken action.

It wasn't just the congregation at Port Doldot; even the hands on Ateil Trail were mobilized.

And the "Rapids Squad" had also appeared.

Clearly, the Inland Church had declared full-scale war on the Pain Church.

This battle would surely be a fight to the death for both sides.

However, the Inland Church held the upper hand for now.

That's because the head of the Pain Church was still here and had not taken action.

The Marquis unconsciously glanced at his two daughters, and the hint of coldness that appeared in his eyes made Jacqueline and Catherine's bodies tremble.

The twins felt their father's murderous intent once again.

However, the Marquis quickly averted his gaze.

"Lord Kledos, as we agreed before,

this time...

I am counting on you!"

Having said that, the Marquis stood up.

The time was almost right!

He needed to make his move!

Otherwise, if he missed this opportunity, that person might go into hiding again!

This was something the Marquess of West Berlin could not accept under any circumstances.

As for mobilizing his retainers and staff?

In the eyes of the Marquis, those retainers and staff were not more reliable than Arthur, and in some ways, the outsider Arthur was even more dependable.

After all, that person's roots were in West Berlin.

Who could guarantee that his retainers and staff had not been corrupted?

Therefore, this matter required his personal involvement.

With that thought, the Marquis quickened his pace.

Even as he passed by his daughters, he did not stop.

His gaze scanned over them, but he was not looking at Jacqueline and Catherine.

Instead, his eyes met with Arthur's.

Both nodded at the same time, then one bowed his head to eat, and the other strode away.

The doors to the banquet hall closed once more.

The musicians also left, following Jacqueline's signal.

Soon, only Arthur, Jacqueline, and Catherine remained in the great hall.

The reluctant Catherine had now shrunk her neck like a quail—she had just appeared rather defiant.

But in reality?

She was scared to death.

Finding out her father was willing to communicate with Arthur on an equal footing, Catherine, who already feared her father, didn't dare to underestimate Arthur.

Even the fear was shifting.

Jacqueline was doing much better, however.

After pouring Arthur another coconut juice, the High Priest of the Pain Church asked softly—

"Do you see, do we still have a chance?"

With the previous contact, Jacqueline had become even more cautious.

Because the High Priest of the Pain Church knew all too well that she didn't have many chips to play with.

Even if she included herself and Catherine, it was only enough for one desperate gamble.

Therefore, no amount of caution was too excessive.

Not to mention her choice of words.

If possible, the High Priest of the Pain Church would have loved to invent a language just to communicate with Arthur.

"Yes, but it's slim."

Arthur spoke plainly.

How could the Marquess of West Berlin, who had been scheming for so many years, be easily overthrown?

He was already snatching chestnuts out of the fire.

Not to mention Jacqueline and Catherine.

They were just sitting ducks.

Upon hearing Arthur's words, Catherine collapsed onto the seat, her entire being filled with weariness and disappointment.

However, Jacqueline's eyes lit up.

"So there's hope?"

The voice of the High Priest of the Pain Church had an undulation.

Arthur did not respond directly, but asked softly—

"When will a hunter appear?"

"When there is prey."

Catherine quickly interjected from the side.

As soon as her sister Jacqueline mentioned 'hope,' the Saintess of the Pain Church quickly recovered, not only wiping away her weariness and disappointment, but also appearing eager to try.

Arthur shook his head.

"It's when the prey lets down its guard."

Jacqueline added.

"Right, but not entirely correct."

Arthur replied.

"What is it, then?"

Catherine asked, full of curiosity.

Arthur didn't answer right away; the young Spirit Medium tossed aside his cutlery and grabbed a roast pork chop, opening his mouth wide to tear at it voraciously, his voice coming out muffled and unclear from his throat—

"When the prey thinks it is the hunter."

Catherine blinked her beautiful emerald eyes.

Clearly, Her Holiness the Saintess of the Pain Church did not grasp the meaning of Arthur's words immediately.

Jacqueline, on the other hand, shuddered all over.

The High Priest of the Pain Church widened her emerald eyes in disbelief, staring at Arthur.

Arthur just shrugged.

"Why are you looking at me?"

None of this is my handiwork."

After wolfing down the roast pork chop in his hands, Arthur casually reached for the one in front of Jacqueline and began to devour it, while the High Priestess of the Pain Church did not give the slightest care to this, but instead pressed on with an urgent tone.

"Evidence! What evidence do you have?"

Arthur rolled his eyes at her before grumbling.

"All of West Berlin is so vast, and everything is personally overseen by the Marquess of West Berlin. Our Marquis really does take a personal hand! He even refuses to recruit some talents to serve as his vassals."

"Father has a Guard Commander, a Swordsmanship Chief, a Head Hunter, and..."

The still-confused Catherine's voice grew quieter and quieter.

Just like her sister, Her Holiness the Saintess of the Pain Church widened her eyes in realization.

She had finally understood.

Chapter 693 Chaotic Night III

Outside Port Doldot, upon the Inland River.

Under the veil of night, the river roared on.

Brand new Kirk Sailboats, distinct and clear, sailed upon its surface.

Twenty sailboats hailed from three trading companies.

Doyegge Chamber of Commerce, Rota Chamber of Commerce, Fissel Chamber of Commerce.

All three chambers were modestly famous within the territories of Ainhars and Bert.

Each mast's lookout held high a torch, making their company's flag clearly visible.

At the same time, they kept a wary eye on one another.

In fact, at this moment, sailors from the three companies watched each other as if facing a great enemy.

They did not believe the others were delayed in setting sail over a trifle matter.

Though they occasionally played the role of river pirates, the others had an even more notorious reputation.

One could never be too careful!

Many sailors had already loaded their firearms and stood on deck, their muzzles subtly pointing at their adversaries!

To make a living on the Inland River, any carelessness could cost one's life!

In the captains' quarters of their respective flagships, the chairmen of the three companies were tense; some paced back and forth, others furrowed their brows in deep thought, and still others puffed on their pipes.

Different from their subordinates.

They all knew each other well.

They knew they were allies.

Or to be more precise...

They were colleagues.

All loyal to one significant figure: Greysa Hamlet!

The eldest son of the Golden Lion Family.

The primary heir to the Golden Lion Family's future.

Their arrival at Port Doldot today was also by the command of that significant figure—

Takeover of Port Doldot!

Regarding the orders of this significant figure, the three had their reservations but dared not defy him.

Moreover, that significant figure had assured them that tonight's takeover would be smooth.

And if they arrived on time, they would witness the 'signal.'

However...

Until now, there was no sign of that 'signal.'

The president of the Doyegge Chamber of Commerce grew increasingly restless in his steps.

Rota's brow was deeply furrowed.

Fissel, after finishing one pipeful, swiftly filled another.

Once the packed tobacco was lit, dense smoke once again filled the captain's quarters, yet even so, the captain saw the light from the fires of Port Doldot; then came the sound of explosions.

The signal!

This was the signal!

"Raise the sails, full speed ahead!

Destination, Port Doldot!

Gunners, take your positions; sailors, on deck!

Fight! Fight!"

Fissel clutched his pipe as he burst from the captain's quarters, shouting loudly.

At the same time, the leaders of Doyegge and Rota also emerged from their captain's quarters.

The shouts of the three were almost indistinguishable from one another.

The command then passed from one boat to another, and within half a minute, the sailors on all twenty boats knew the order.

They were briefly stunned, but then all broke into sinister grins.

Unexpectedly, it wasn't an enemy but friendly forces.

This left all the members of the three companies somewhat bewildered, but the flaring fires of Port Doldot were telling them—it was time to get rich.

Even though they knew not what had befallen Port Doldot, the keen intuition of the river pirates told them that it was time to plunder amidst the chaos.

Greed churned within them at that moment.

Gold coins, jewels, women!

All of it would be theirs!

Roar!

No one knew who let out the first roar, but soon everyone was roaring together.

At that moment, men were no longer men, they had transformed into beasts.

However, it was at this very instant.

The next moment—

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Artillery barrage!

A dense and continuous barrage!

Twelve-pound cannonballs, one after another, rained down from the thick woods at one side of Port Doldot, causing the sailors from the three Chambers of Commerce, who had just been roaring furiously, to cry out for their fathers and mothers.

The artillery fire was too intense.

So intense that in the brief moment of contact, half of the twenty ships were hit.

The heavy cannonballs penetrated the thick hulls, scattered wood splinters flew in all directions, and as the fierce wind drilled in, it swept up severed limbs and broken bodies before flying out from the other side.

Immediately, the ships that were hit began to tilt.

And that was the best-case scenario; those less fortunate were directly engulfed in massive explosions.

The cannonballs struck the powder magazine.

The scorching cannonballs smashed onto the powder kegs.

The powder kegs burst apart.

The black powder instantly ignited by the scattered sparks.

Boom!

The entire ship was split open.

The sailors were consumed by flames.

And this was far from over, as the gunners hidden in the dense forest began to clean their cannon and the accompanying musketeers lined up in rows under the command of the Marquess of West Berlin's Guard Commander, executing volley fire.

Pop! Pop! Pop!

Even more dense bullets rained down on the sailors from the three Chambers of Commerce.

Blooms of blood rapidly flourished one after another.

Only the sailors with the quickest reflexes managed to dodge this calamity at that moment.

But it only delayed their deaths by a mere trifle.

Moments later, when the gunfire had briefly paused, the cannons were pushed forward again.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Another barrage ensued.

The Marquess of West Berlin's Guard Commander watched indifferently as the three Chambers of Commerce were enveloped in flames, his eyes betraying not even a tiny bit of disturbance from start to end.

For Gergis, the scene before him didn't even qualify as an appetizer.

He was more interested in seeing that big fish.

Unfortunately, as the Guard Commander of the Marquis, he must obey his lord's commands.

His duty was to obliterate that guy's vanguard.

The rest?

Would naturally be Sweat's and Miller's responsibility.

He trusted that the two of them would definitely do their best.

...

Gleisa Hamlet sat in the captain's quarters.

The eldest son of the Golden Lion Family had quietly left Inner Bay.

At this moment, he was traveling covertly on an inland river aboard a retrofitted Kirk Sailboat, so hidden that even the moonlight shining on the river's surface could not reveal it.

Most importantly, the ship was moving quickly and silently across the water without sails or oars.

Of course, the common folk couldn't see it.

But anyone who did would find it unbelievable.

Because—

This was an Arcane Sailboat!

An Arcane Sailboat that required innumerable gold coins to construct!

Golden Lion!

This was the name Gleisa Hamlet had given to his arcane ship.

Naming it after his own family, he naturally had absolute confidence.

"After today—

your name will echo through South County!

Isn't that how the 'Four Legendary Ships' came to be known?

You shall rise as the fifth Legendary Ship!"

The Old Lion's eldest son mused softly to himself.

His words were laced with disdain for the 'Four Legendary Ships'.

In the eyes of the Old Lion's eldest son, those so-called legendary ships weren't much different from arcane ships. Although they might be of a higher grade, what mattered more was that the owners of those ships were famous.

So...

The Golden Lion deserved to become the fifth Legendary Ship.

Because the owner of the Golden Lion was none other than him, Gleisa Hamlet!

Chapter 694: Chaotic Night IV

When Gleisa Hamlet anticipated that Port Doldot would fall into chaos due to the "Inland Church" and the "Pain Church," he had the idea of raiding Port Doldot.

The Marquess of West Berlin was indeed fearsome.

But, he had Delpock!

And the 'Rapids Squad' created by Delpock himself!

He could even completely sacrifice the "Inland Church"!

With such a foundation, it was enough to resist the Marquess of West Berlin!

And...

There was a chance to injure the adversary!

For this opportunity, he was willing to sacrifice the entire 'Inland Church.'

Why did he establish the 'Inland Church'?

Wasn't it for Port Doldot?

As long as the Marquess of West Berlin was injured, Port Doldot would belong to the Golden Lion Family!

His father would certainly be very pleased to see such a situation!

Then, as his father intervened...

Not only Port Doldot, but the entire West Berlin would be divided by their family!

And him?

By virtue of this meritorious service, he would naturally become the sole heir of the Golden Lion Family!

Thinking of the joy of that moment, the corner of this eldest son of the old lion's mouth curved upwards.

"Pour me a glass of wine,"

Gleisa Hamlet instructed his personal guard.

The eldest son of the old lion, facing everything about to fall into his hands, believed it was time for a celebration.

However, Gleisa did not like champagne.

He preferred red wine.

The acidity and the rich aroma enchanted him immensely.

Especially when the crimson liquid swirled in the glass, Gleisa always felt as if he were tasting the fruit of victory firsthand.

The unique feeling of satisfaction immersed the eldest son of the old lion.

Silence departed.

Silence returned.

The personal guard, engulfed in a black robe, returned to the captain's cabin with the decanted wine and, with practiced motion, poured the wine into the glass.

The unique fragrance quickly filled the captain's cabin.

Gleisa raised his hand to pick up the glass and swirled it to fully display the wine's beauty.

Then, he even lifted the glass up to the light above his head.

Immediately, the color grew more magnificent.

"To celebrate the victory that is about to come, I prepared a victory wine in advance.

Unfortunately...

The fruit of victory always comes through twists and turns,"

Gleisa said this as he threw the wine directly at the personal guard standing before him.

Whoosh! Whoosh whoosh!

The wine cut through the air like arrows shot from a strong crossbow.

The personal guard cloaked in the black robe immediately twisted his figure, popping like a soap bubble, disappearing on the spot.

When he reappeared, it was two meters away.

But, as soon as he reappeared, the personal guard had to dodge again.

Because the wine glass was on its way.

If the wine was like arrows, then the wine glass was more like a cannonball.

Boom!

In the deafening roar, the personal guard had to pull off the black robe and shake it vigorously; it spread out, forming a black wall.

This wall waited for the wine glass.

However, the wine glass once again returned to Gleisa's hand, along with the wine that had just been in it.

Even, not a drop of the crimson liquid was spilled.

Sweat, disguised as the other's personal guard, had a serious expression.

He had not seen any trace of the wine or the wine glass's return.

Simply put, the wine and wine glass had vanished into thin air, then reappeared in Gleisa's hand.

"Talent? Bloodline?"

Sweat asked solemnly.

As the Swordsmanship Chief of the Marquess of West Berlin, Sweat was not an ignorant man.

On the contrary, with the help of the West Berlin Family, Sweat had read and encountered too many secret techniques.

In his knowledge, there was no such secret technique.

Thus, only Talent and Bloodline remained!

But shouldn't the talent of the Golden Lion Family be 'Lion Group'?

Why would he possess abilities similar to spatial shuttle?

And that kind of attacking method?

A Talent mutation?

A Bloodline mutation?

The Chief of Swordsmanship of the Marquess of West Berlin pondered deeply.

Gleisa Hamlet, however, burst into laughter.

The eldest son of the Old Lion, with his square face, thick eyebrows, big eyes, prominent nose bridge, and a dignified appearance dressed in a golden uniform, first cracked a smile, then laughed heartily.

Toward the end, he laughed so hard he doubled over.

But in the next moment, the laughter disappeared.

The smile also completely vanished from the face of the Old Lion's eldest son.

What remained was a trace of coldness.

It was anger.

It was also a murderous intent.

The eldest son of the Old Lion knew very well that since the fellow before him appeared, there was only one possibility: his plan had failed.

He didn't understand why his perfect plan had failed.

But he knew he was very angry now.

He needed to vent his anger.

And the person before him just happened to be perfect for that.

The identity of the Chief of Swordsmanship of the Marquess of West Berlin was sufficient.

Just right to compensate for his losses.

After all, the Doyegge Chamber of Commerce, Rota Chamber of Commerce, and Fissel Chamber of Commerce were not easy to foster.

They hadn't even served their real purpose before being nearly wiped out...

Damn it!

The anger in his heart grew fiercer, as did his murderous intent.

His voice naturally sounded icy cold—

"Oh, retainer of the West Berlin Family who can guess my actions, why not guess my abilities as well?"

Gleisa said, and then vanished from the spot.

The next moment, Sweat felt a strong wind from behind his head.

The Chief of Swordsmanship of the Marquess of West Berlin immediately swung his robe toward the back of his head, but unsurprisingly, he missed, and the sound moved from behind his head to in front of it.

It was a fist.

Instinctively, Sweat raised his hand to block.

But in the moment the Chief of Swordsmanship of the Marquess of West Berlin raised his arm, his "Spirituality" frantically alarmed him.

Without any hesitation, the Chief of Swordsmanship of West Berlin immediately fell backward.

Suddenly, the upper body of the Chief of Swordsmanship of West Berlin was parallel to the deck, while Gleisa's fist disappeared once again.

When it reappeared, it was aiming straight for Sweat's throat.

Sweat maintained the backward-leaning posture, continuously kicking backwards with his legs.

His body began retreating frantically.

But it was still too slow.

The punch still smashed into Sweat's chest.

Then...

Sweat's chest shattered.

Just like a mirror struck by a hammer.

Crrack!

The crisp sound followed, and a network of cracks began to spread.

However, Gleisa Hamlet grew even angrier.

Because he hadn't truly hit Sweat.

"Defensive Props, huh?

I'd like to see how many Defensive Props you still have!"

The eldest son of the Old Lion snorted coldly.

Then he threw another punch.

Just as unpredictable and dangerously terrifying as before.

But Sweat keenly noticed a difference.

The Chief of Swordsmanship of the Marquess of West Berlin could clearly sense that the Old Lion's fist was slower.

However, he wasn't sure if it was a trap.

So, he squinted his eyes, dodging while carefully observing.

After several moments, he saw that Gleisa's breathing was slightly labored and noticed sweat on the tip of Gleisa's nose.

The eldest son of the Old Lion was undoubtedly overexerting himself.

Then, perhaps he could...

Suddenly, a bold idea emerged in the mind of the Chief of Swordsmanship of the Marquess of West Berlin.

Chapter 695: Chaotic Night V

The instant they heard the sound of footsteps, the priests of the 'Pain Church' all wore looks of anticipation.

However, when the double wooden doors swung open, everyone was taken aback for a moment.

Because the person who came was not the High Priest and Her Holiness the Saintess that they had imagined.

Instead, it was Yula, whom they had only met a handful of times, and a young man they did not recognize.

"Yula?"

Many uttered in surprise.

And those with quick wits narrowed their eyes.

Then, those few who reacted the quickest began shifting their positions, trying to hide behind others as much as possible.

As for running away?

Not long ago, they had been praising how secure and reliable the location of this meeting was.

Now, they found themselves trapped by this 'security and reliability,' unable to fly away even if they had wings.

"It's me."

In the face of the astonished 'Pain Church' priests, Yula, donned in a long black robe, boldly admitted her presence and immediately corrected them on how to address her—

"Please refer to me as High Priestess Yula!"

This anxious demeanor caused those who had reacted quickly to scrunch up even tighter, wishing they could burrow somewhere to hide themselves.

They sensed a crisis far beyond what they had faced before.

In fact, that was indeed the case.

"Yula, do you know what you're talking about?"

"Yula, who do you think you are?"

"Scumbag, you are desecrating the High Priest!"

The priests in the crowd spoke up.

Some were polite, others were not.

All this was within Yula's expectations.

After all, these were the people she had personally selected for this very moment.

Yula raised her hand and waved it.

Crack!

The unique sound of a whip snaked through the air.

And with that crisp noise, those who had just spoken out all collapsed to the ground, wails of agony erupting from their mouths.

Agony Whip!

One of the secret techniques unique to the 'Pain Church.'

It could attack targets within a certain range and make them more sensitive, amplifying the pain tenfold, a hundredfold.

Of course, Yula wasn't capable of a hundredfold.

But tenfold was within her reach.

Caught off guard by this sudden lash, all the priests were struck down.

Especially the one who had cursed aloud, he was now hanging in the air.

Seeing this scene, the priests of the 'Pain Church' couldn't help but dilate their pupils, even those who were just screaming in pain covered their mouths.

Because this was another one of the 'Pain Church's unique secret techniques: The Agony of Hanging!

Unlike the 'Agony Whip,' which could be obtained through Meritorious Service, 'The Agony of Hanging' was a technique that could never be exchanged.

Similarly, it was an extremely profound secret technique.

Previously, it was only mastered by the High Priest and the Saintess.

"Ah... uh-uh-uh!"

The hanging priest's screams had just begun to rise when they abruptly ceased.

From piercing cries to barely audible hisses.

The hanging priest, naturally loyal to the High Priest and the Saintess, was one specifically chosen by Yula.

But at this moment, he was utterly terrified.

He didn't know why Yula could master the secret technique that only the High Priest and Saintess had been able to handle, but his not-so-foolish brain finally caught on to what Yula was here for.

Almost subconsciously, the priest looked toward a few individuals in the crowd, those whom he remembered as quick-witted and fast-reacting.

When he saw these individuals with their heads bowed, wishing they could bury their faces between their legs, the priest fully understood, and wanted to chastise them loudly.

But undergoing The Agony of Hanging, he could not make a sound.

And the more terrifying punishments continued—

"Flay!"

Yula said, smiling.

Immediately, with a ripping sound,

The skin of the priest hanging from 'The Agony of Hanging' was torn off his body.

Fresh Blood scattered like flowers, tiny pieces of flesh mixed within, splashing over the bodies of the surrounding priests.

Instantly, these priests' faces turned pale.

Seeing the fear in their eyes, Yula was extremely satisfied.

She, of course, did it on purpose.

With her current strength, she could easily only peel off the skin without harming the flesh beneath, while still amplifying the pain tenfold.

But it wasn't necessary.

What she needed was reverence.

And nothing inspired more reverence than flesh and blood scattered in the midst of Fresh Blood.

If there was anything more?

Then skin those who show disrespect.

If she could, Yula would even like to skin several more people.

Unfortunately, she needed hands.

Hands to deal with the people from the 'Inland Church,' to take over the assets left by the 'Inland Church,' to consolidate her own church's assets.

Yula was very aware that she couldn't accomplish so much on her own.

Even with Lucius by her side, it wouldn't work.

Lucius was not adept at management.

In fact, aside from providing her with some 'emotional value,' Lucius had always been dispensable and could be discarded at any time.

A glance from the corner of her eye at Lucius, who wore a look of intolerance, filled Yula with even more disdain.

An Avenger who thought himself ruthless but always hesitated would never escape the fate of being a pawn from start to finish.

'Once this incident is over, I'll let him have his 'final resting place'!

I want to tell him the whole truth!

I hope he can withstand it!

Yula imagined Lucius in agony to the point of despair and couldn't help but laugh to herself.

That scene was something she was truly looking forward to.

What she was even more excited about was how much Power of Suffering Lucius would bring her at that time?

No idea!

But if it was substantial enough, Yula hoped she could 'repair' Lucius a bit more once he had almost recovered.

And then?

Of course, do it all over again.

Death had always been a synonym for mercy within the 'Pain Church.'

Torture was the main principle of the 'Pain Church.'

Just like the priest who was skinned, his body so mangled that he couldn't even scream in agony.

And the greater torture was just beginning.

A flicker of flame appeared on his body.

The fire ignited from within his navel and greedily consumed the priest's fat.

The flame, initially the size of a bean, quickly grew to the size of a fist.

Without the ability to scream, the priest's body only trembled more violently.

And Yula's smile became even more radiant.

The lady just stood there, smiling, and asked—

"Now, I declare myself the High Priestess.

Who agrees? Who opposes?"

Her words carried an air of inquiry, but in reality, from start to finish, they bore an unquestionable tone.

How could these priests, already carefully selected by Yula and with the troublemaker hung up as a warning, hanging in mid-air, possibly object?

"I agree!"

"I agree as well!"

The clever ones who had just shrunk back rushed to the forefront the moment they had the chance and began to shout enthusiastically.

Afterward, everyone chose obedience.

Someone had to start, didn't they?

Yula nodded, a look of satisfaction in her eyes.

And Lucius, standing by Yula's side, watched the scene unfold before him, his eyes full of struggle.

No!

Something's not right!

It shouldn't be like this!

Chapter 696: Chaotic Night VI

Lucius remembered Yula differently.

Yula was naive, pure-hearted.

Even after undergoing numerous changes, she still preserved her kindness rather than being as cruel, bloody, and cold-blooded as now.

Yula, who could still manage a calm smile in the face of tortured souls...

She was not the Yula in his memory.

Yet, the Yula before him was indeed Yula.

What was going on?

Lucius questioned himself.

The young Avenger felt a headache coming on.

This pain made him involuntarily raise his hand to cover his forehead.

Many people in the room saw this scene, but no one cared about it; their eyes were all fixed on Yula.

And Yula also noticed that something was wrong with Lucius.

If it were a normal time, Yula would have offered comfort.

But now?

Yula, who had a whole new plan for Lucius, didn't have the time.

What she cared about more was the upcoming battle.

So, this lady said crisply—

"The 'Inland Church' has launched an attack on us!

We cannot just stand by like those two previous nobles did, indifferent to the danger. They have their noble status, they have their plans, they even want to trade us like chips.

But we have our faith!

Your Crown has granted Divine Grace!

Under Divine Grace, I only know one thing—

Fight back!

Taught those 'Inland Church' scoundrels a harsh lesson!

Flay their skins, pull out their sinews!"

Yula's cry echoed in this temporary conference room.

Many priests' faces showed sudden realization.

Realization of Yula's strength and of her actions.

Yula, blessed by Your Crown, to become the High Priest...

It's not unacceptable!

Better than those two noble ladies, right?

About the identities of Jacqueline and Catherine, there had always been whispers within the 'Pain Church.'

However, at that time, most were secret talks between friends; most priests did not and could not know about them.

But after the 'Inland Church' invasion of Port Doldot, the 'weakness' displayed by the two women bred discontent among some priests, and rumors began to spread.

And that supposed conjecture?

It became increasingly clear.

Yula watched this scene with satisfaction.

This was what she wanted.

The lady did not pause, but added—

"I swear by my soul, loyal to Your Crown, loyal to the Church, I am willing to fight for Your Crown and the Church until death!"

These words, like a vow, completely swayed the emotions of the priests present.

"Fight until death!"

"Fight until death!"

The priests roared.

Then, the doors of the temporary conference room swung open again.

Yula was the first to walk out.

They were about to strike back.

They were going to gather their followers.

They were going to show those 'Inland River Cult' bastards what fear meant.

They...

died.

Bombs from the sky obliterated the priests.

The raining down of cannon fire was like a torrential downpour in June.

The priests were reduced to shreds, turned into heaps of flesh.

Except for Yula and Lucius.

Yula, at the forefront of the group, had her body overtaken a moment before the bombs fell; in the rain of cannon fire, the lady moved like a snake...

No!

To be precise, like a tentacle.

A tentacle burrowing into the ground.

And Lucius, at the end of the line, was pulled back by a dog.

That was a Siberian Husky.

Its intelligent eyes revealed the purity of its bloodline.

And Lucius knew this Husky, it belonged to that Spirit Medium from South Los.

'Was it... this dog that saved me?

No!

It was the Spirit Medium from South Los who saved me!'

Lucius thought subconsciously.

Then, as if materializing from nowhere, a tangible killing intent descended from the heavens.

In an instant, the young Avenger passed out.

Kiri gripped the man's collar with its teeth and swiftly fled the scene—even though it was tasked to do so because it was 'Undying', that did not mean Kiri actually wanted to die.

Despite appearing silly on usual days, in reality, it was incredibly astute.

The Marquess of Seberlin, floating mid-air, spotted Lucius being dragged away but the Marquis did not have the time to concern himself with a seemingly unintelligent dog or an insignificant person.

The Marquis's attention was focused on that entity.

When the entity tunneled into the ground like a tendril, the Marquis confirmed that the Spirit Medium from South Los had not lied.

The woman before him was indeed the existence he was searching for.

Or more precisely...

The vessel of that existence.

But regardless of the terminology, he had found her.

Even if it were just a vessel, within it was the prize he sought.

Hence, without any hesitation, the Marquis enveloped the entire place with an aura of 'Iron Blood Mutual Killing', locked onto Yula's position as she dove underground, and tore a scroll apart in his hand.

Instantly, the soft soil turned into rigid rock.

Transmuting Mud to Stone!

An arcane technique passed down from the Empire era.

Unlike the so-called 'Transmuting Mud to Stone' of the present day, the one refined by that Court Mage of the Empire was incomparable in both the area it could affect and the durability of the altered stone.

Unfortunately, this advanced secret technique vanished with the Shadow War.

The scroll in the Marquess of Seberlin's hands was one of the few survivors.

During the 'hunt' for this entity, the Marquess of Seberlin had already perused far too many documents.

Therefore, he was well aware of this entity's capabilities.

Thus, the Marquis tore open another scroll.

Lava boiled!

Another arcane scroll from the Empire era.

Capable of turning stone into molten lava.

Though it would only last for a few minutes, that was ample time for the current situation.

In fact, in the next moment—

Roar!

With a deep, otherworldly roar, Yula leaped from the magma.

At this moment, the lady's body was covered with scorch marks, and there wasn't a patch of unburned flesh left.

Yet her hair, which should have been completely incinerated, was still intact.

To be more accurate, her hair had come alive.

With each gust of wind, they grew!

With every breath, each strand of her hair elongated to 2-3 meters, and at the tips, sharp teeth emerged.

The hair strands flickered open and closed, each end a gaping mouth filled with sharp fangs.

And those nearly hundred thousand fang-filled mouths lunged at the Marquess of Seberlin like a hundred thousand snakes.

Dense and overlapping, especially the ceaselessly snapping mouths, were enough to make one's scalp tingle and chill run down their spine.

But the Marquis was smiling.

A competition in numbers?

He never shied away from it.

'Kill!'

In the thick killing aura, warriors in tattered armor appeared, charging fearlessly towards the bizarre hair.

Even as their bodies were gnawed upon, their Longswords swung strikingly.

Severing the bizarre hair one after another.

The severed hair fell from the sky.

And then, they swiftly reconvened.

Suddenly, a 20-meter long hair as thick as a water barrel appeared.

The Marquess of Seberlin smirked at this scene.

It was within his expectations.

But then, the Marquis's smile froze.

Something unexpected happened—

His Swordsmanship Chief had died!

Chapter 697: Fangs I

The Marquess of West Berlin had high hopes for his Swordsmanship Chief.

Not only was Sweat young and exceptionally talented, with strength that had already reached the Ascend Step, but what was more important was loyalty!

Sweat had an incomparable loyalty to him, to the West Berlin Family.

Therefore, Sweat was one of the most important tools he had left for his daughter.

He believed that it would take only about 10 years for Sweat to touch the threshold of 'Ascend Step,' and by that time, his daughter would also be starting to take over the West Berlin Family.

And when Sweat truly became an 'Ascend Steper,' his daughter would also be able to truly control the West Berlin Family.

Then, Sweat would be his daughter's right-hand man, as well as a 'known card' laid out on the table for the West Berlin Family—well-known to everyone, yet feared.

Any attack against the West Berlin Family would first target this card, and then his daughter!

But now!

Sweat was actually dead!

Feeling the dissolution of one side of the 'Lionheart Ceremony,' the Marquis could not help but falter.

And it was at this instant—

A brilliance lit up on the side of West Berlin.

It was not bright.

Although it was light, it felt deeper than the black of night, and even more...

Evil!

Yes, evil!

It was a kind of evil that made one want to scream madly with every breath, dragging all living creatures around it into hell, and the light was bright as if it emanated from hell itself!

Any person of firm will would instinctively back away upon seeing that light.

But many others would be drawn to such light.

In fact, between the shifting shadows, several hundred people had already walked towards it.

The moment these people touched the light, their bodies began to melt away.

Skin ulcerated.

Flesh roiled.

Organs spilled out.

Even the hardest bones became the foundation for this 'ritual.'

Those bones burned.

Within the green flames, specter after specter appeared.

All of them were those people who had been lured there.

In this moment, they tore at each other.

They devoured each other, and almost instantly, a skeleton far beyond imagination appeared.

The skull was twenty meters in size.

Flying in midair, its jaw opening and closing, it spewed green flames towards the Marquess of West Berlin.

"You should die!"

The gaze of the Marquess of West Berlin skipped the giant skull, looking towards the twelve figures that no longer hid because of the ritual's execution.

'Rapids Squad'!

The 'Rapids Squad' established by Delpock of the 'Inland River Cult' and compiled on the 'Ateil Trail'!

The Marquess of West Berlin was aware of this squad.

But he had never taken it seriously.

Because, to him, the squad was very weak.

Even their strongest member hadn't reached the Ascend Step.

The majority were at the Arcana Level, with only one person at the Great Arcana Level.

Such power was considered incredibly remarkable in the eyes of ordinary Mystic Side Persons.

But in the eyes of the Great Nobles, it really wasn't anything special.

Only those who truly reached the 'Ascend Step' deserved the full attention of the Great Nobles.

But such negligence had caused the Marquess of West Berlin extremely unnecessary losses—he had just witnessed, in mere moments, at least four hundred people dying in this kind of ritualistic mystical arts.

Of course, that was not important!

What was important was whether there were any more rituals like this within the territory of West Berlin?

If there were...

Where?

More importantly, why had he not discovered such a ritual beforehand!

To arrange such a ritual could not have been done silently, it must have been planned over a long time, so... traitor!

At this thought, the Marquess of West Berlin grew even angrier.

Watching the gigantic skeleton head charging towards him, the noble Lord Count raised his hand—

Kill!

Kill, kill, kill!

Without reservation, the secret technique of the West Berlin Family, "Iron Blood Mutual Killing," was unleashed to its extreme.

In an instant, space itself seemed to thicken around the Marquess of West Berlin, as if filled with an invisible liquid.

This liquid turned into waves, ceaselessly crashing all around.

Transforming into something like tendrils, Yula, whose attack method was her hair, screamed shrilly at the earliest hit.

Then, it was the turn of the enormous skeleton head.

Despite its ferocious momentum and green flames spewing from its mouth, the seemingly stalwart and difficult-to-deal-with skeleton head shattered on impact.

Crack!

Just like glass being smashed.

Watching this scene, the Marquess of West Berlin didn't show a trace of joy from his victory.

On the contrary, his complexion drastically changed.

Not good!

...

Sweat watched Gleisa, breathing heavily with sweat beading at the tip of his nose. The initial thought of retreat unconsciously faded away.

Seize him!

Capture Gleisa!

Even the Old Lion would not ignore the safety of his eldest son!

By capturing the eldest son of the Old Lion, the West Berlin Family would gain a significant advantage in facing Inner Bay!

One thought after another burgeoned from the depths of his mind.

Suddenly, the heart of the Marquess of West Berlin's Swordsmanship Chief ignited with fervor.

His loyalty to the Marquess of West Berlin made the Swordsmanship Chief ready to give it a try.

However, the Swordsmanship Chief of West Berlin did not rashly advance.

He circled Gleisa in a swift, fight-ready dance.

He wanted to wear down more of Gleisa's physical strength.

As seconds and minutes passed,

When sweat inundated Gleisa's forehead, and his punches slowed by more than a moment, the Swordsmanship Chief of West Berlin stopped evading and began his attack—he lunged straight at Gleisa's body.

He had discovered just then that the Old Lion's eldest son, though his attacks were bizarre, never moved his body during each strike.

It seemed...

He couldn't move!

This was the Swordsmanship Chief of West Berlin's speculation.

And when the Swordsmanship Chief noticed the look of panic on the face of the Old Lion's eldest son as he charged at Gleisa, he knew his guess was spot on.

Without further hesitation, the Swordsmanship Chief of West Berlin struck with his sword when he was less than a meter away from Gleisa—

Clang!

The blade was frosty, the sword light like the moon.

A perfect crescent-shaped slash.

This strike could sever steel.

Even a knight clad in full armor would be cut in half.

But Gleisa was not.

The eldest son of the Old Lion stood there, unharmed.

On the contrary, Sweat was cut in half at the waist.

The Swordsmanship Chief of West Berlin's eyes widened in disbelief as he stared at the eldest son of the Old Lion before him.

"You, you..."

"Foolish!"

Without giving his opponent more time, Gleisa decapitated the Swordsmanship Chief of West Berlin.

Ignoring the bloodstains on his golden coat, Gleisa picked up the head of the Swordsmanship Chief of West Berlin who died with his eyes open. Looking at the head in his hands, a bolder plan began to take shape in his mind.

"Defeat?"

No, that can't be!

I refuse to accept this kind of failure!"

With a longsword in one hand and the head in the other, Gleisa's voice grew increasingly loud and triumphant—

"I will turn defeat into victory!"

Chapter 698: Fangs II

Gleisa never believed in so-called prophets.

So, his being discovered had only one possibility—

He had stepped into the trap set by the Marquess of Seberlin.

However, the trap wasn't set for him.

If it had been for him, it wouldn't have been just the Swordsmanship Chief who showed up. Given their personality, they would have come out in full force, trapping him here.

Even more, to be on the safe side, they would have taken personal action.

But now, that hadn't happened.

That indicated they merely wanted him to know the difficulty and retreat.

This was naturally because of his father.

Of that, Gleisa was well aware.

But what Gleisa understood even more was that the Marquess of Seberlin certainly had other targets.

What they were, Gleisa didn't know yet.

But Gleisa knew this would be the key to turning his defeat into victory.

Thus, the eldest son of the Old Lion immediately began making arrangements.

...

"Excellent! Excellent!"

Listening to the "Rapids Squad" report, Delpock was all smiles.

The sudden attack on the Pain Church was a bit easier than imagined.

Apart from occasional resistance, it was mostly smooth sailing.

Delpock was pleased with this situation.

As a priest of the Inland Church, he of course knew this was a temporary situation. Once the Pain Church regained their senses, the real battle would begin.

However, this didn't stop the Inland Church's priest from expanding his victories in the limited time.

Only by killing more enemies could the pressure be lessened when the enemies retaliated.

And after the battle?

It would be possible to deprive the enemy of their fighting force.

In fact, if there had been enough time, Delpock would have wanted his men to properly handle those female devotees of the Pain Church.

That kind of disgrace was a real sharp weapon to strike at the Pain Church.

Especially if they had husbands and children; that would be even better.

He would make those female devotees survive, for only in this way could those alive truly experience pain.

This suited the Pain Church perfectly!

"Alas, there isn't enough time."

Delpock sighed as he thought about even more cruel ways to treat the enemy.

And just then, the Messenger Stone Delpock carried began to flicker.

"My Lord, good evening, the plan is going smoothly."

Delpock moved to a concealed spot and whispered his report.

"Hmm, good.

Now, we need to alter the plan.

I need you to take action against that bald eagle right now."

Gleisa's voice came from the Messenger Stone.

"Yes, my Lord."

Delpock had no qualms about Gleisa altering the plan, even if it meant directly moving against the Marquess of Seberlin; Delpock had no objections.

In the original plan, this was already included.

It was just happening sooner now.

Of course, Delpock believed that Gleisa, having changed the plan, would certainly offer him acceptable terms.

In fact, it was so.

"Find an open space!"

Gleisa's voice rang out again.

Delpock immediately sprang into action.

He chose a small square in a middle-class residential area.

The next moment, ripples appeared in the space.

A ritual ten meters in diameter appeared out of thin air on the small square—the entire ritual's tracks and base material completely embedded on a gold plate, and as the iron plate hit the ground, emitting a muffled sound, Delpock scanned it and already knew what ritual it was.

The Abyss of Death!

A secret ritual originating from the Death Poetry Society!

A secret technique completely built on human lives for terrifying attacks!

Delpock knew this technique too.

Before reaching Doldot Port, this technique was his reward.

It was because of this technique that he had opened up the situation at Doldot Port.

However, the ritual he had set up at that time was nothing compared to what was before his eyes now.

Not to mention anything else, he had only spent 2000 grams of gold, converted into small gold coins, that's just 1000 pieces, while the gold plate now before him weighed at least a hundred pounds.

Moreover, the skeletons embedded in it came from sixteen "Entry" level powerhouses.

With such a foundation...

Perhaps it could really kill the Marquess of Seberlin.

And yet, it was far from over.

As the Golden Ritual Board touched the ground, a crimson gemstone appeared in Delpock's hand.

Upon seeing the gemstone, Delpock's expression changed, and excitement soon followed.

Blood of the Night!

A special prop powered by blood of the night, originating from the Bloodline Clan!

It had disappeared without a trace after the Death of the Blood Marquis.

Delpock was not surprised that Gleisa possessed this Treasure Bead.

Indeed, it only made sense that it was in Gleisa's hands.

"Feel its power well.

This is a rare opportunity for you."

Gleisa had said.

"Yes, Marquis!

I will not disappoint you!"

Delpock replied, kneeling on one knee.

By that time, Gleisa had already ended the communication.

Feeling the Messenger Stone had calmed, Delpock picked up his own Messenger Stone and began to contact his trusted subordinates.

But when the entire Rapids Squad arrived, they were shocked upon seeing the Golden Ritual Board on the ground.

Then, each man turned their excited gaze towards Delpock.

"Our Marquis has eliminated enough enemies for us, but unfortunately, he is one of our greatest enemies!

So—

We must hunt him down!

His death will make us the true masters of Port Doldot!"

Delpock, gazing at the distant sky where a figure loomed like a Divine Spirit, spoke with scorn and derision.

And this scorn and derision inspired the members of the Rapids Squad.

There was no opposition.

Nor was there any negligence.

Following Delpock's orders, they activated the Golden Ritual Board.

Immediately, it was as if the 'Glow of the Abyss' began attracting those with weaker wills around them.

When they saw the huge Skeleton burst into flames and take flight, the members of the Rapids Squad could not help but cheer excitedly.

But at the next moment, all the members of the Rapids Squad were stunned on the spot.

The skeleton's head shattered.

It was too fragile.

Fragile to the point it did not justify the sacrifice of hundreds.

Instinctively, the members of the Rapids Squad looked confusedly towards Delpock who was still concealed in the dark.

Facing his subordinates' gazes, Delpock wore a look of regret.

"Gentlemen, I am sorry.

Thank you for your loyalty.

Now, please offer up your lives for me."

Delpock gave a feigned bow.

The members of the Rapids Squad immediately tried to retreat, but it was too late; the thick Fresh Blood sprayed from the Golden Ritual Board enveloped them.

In an instant, they merged into the Fresh Blood just like the others lured previously.

Gurgling, gurgling!

The blood water bubbled on the Golden Ritual Board, boiling as if it were seething.

Delpock raised the Treasure Bead, the Blood of the Night, in his hand.

Fresh Blood gathered in the bead.

Death gathered in the body.

Entry!

Contact!

Ascend!

Delpock's momentum began to climb at Extreme Speed as these two powerful energies fused, boosting his power once more.

First Order!

Second Order!

Third Order!

Crimson light illuminated the night sky.

The scent of death pervaded everything.

Under the night sky, crimson cries echoed.

Death sang.

Bloodshed danced.

Lost Souls wept.

Priests cackled madly.

Buzz—

A crimson Light Sword, hundreds of meters long, then tore through the night sky, aiming directly at the Marquis.

Chapter 699: Fang III

The night was profound, the Light Sword crimson.

Fresh Blood seemed to play the prelude to Death.

The moment the Light Sword appeared in the night sky over Port Doldot, the residents there felt as if the apocalypse had arrived.

Everyone couldn't help but tremble.

At that moment, husbands held their wives, and wives held their children.

Being ordinary individuals, they were powerless.

All they could do was pray silently.

Pray that all this would pass.

Pray that their families would remain unharmed.

As for Mystic Side Individuals at that moment, their situation wasn't any better.

In fact, it was even more tragic.

The existence of "Spirituality" distinguished them from others.

It granted them superior status on normal days.

But now?

That very "Spirituality" they once took pride in now made them feel the terror of the Ascend Stepper even more keenly.

Drawn by Fresh Blood, the resulting Death felt like falling into an abyss.

Those with strong willpower could still barely stand.

Those with slightly weaker willpower fell to their knees utterly subdued.

Low cries emerged from these people.

They, after being affected by the Core Mystical Arts of the Death Poetry Society called "Abyss of Death", were completely trapped under the illusion cast by the Secret Treasure of the Bloodline Clan, "Blood of the Night."

However, these individuals definitely did not include the Marquess of West Berlin.

The master of West Berlin hovered midair, his face sullen yet not panicked, only a gleam of iciness in his eyes.

"Delpock!"

The voice of Marquis squeezed tightly out between his teeth.

As the master of West Berlin, the Marquis naturally recognized Delpock.

Even, for a long time to counterbalance the Pain Church, the Marquis had even indulged the other party.

Otherwise, even if Delpock was cunning, it would not have been possible for him to grow the Inland Church that much.

But now, the Marquis regretted it as he watched the Crimson Sword under the night sky.

It wasn't that the Crimson Sword posed any harm to him.

But...

He needed to reveal a trump card.

A trump card he did not want to use lightly.

Because, the cost was too great.

And conventional means?

Feeling the bloodiness, the eeriness, and the Death Qi, the Marquis certainly did not want to touch it a bit—he sensed the power of a curse within it.

The type of power that witches are best at.

If contaminated with this power, the likelihood was that life would be worse than death.

A small chance was that he might drop dead instantly.

Thus, facing this terrifying power, the Marquis not only retreated swiftly but also deployed one of the Core Mystical Arts of the West Berlin Family, "Array of Cannons."

When is a trump card used?

Right at this moment!

Above the head of the Marquis, in the void, cannons materialized.

The mouth of the cannon arranged in five rows, ten rows in a column, totaling ten columns.

Overall, five hundred cannons were aimed at the Crimson Sword.

But the real attacker was—

An arrow!

A Golden Arrow appeared out of nowhere, and as the Marquess of West Berlin exhaled, the bowstring was slowly drawn.

Whoosh!

The wind surged suddenly.

The clouds dispersed.

In a unique rhythm, a Golden Arrow appeared on the bowstring.

And with the appearance of the Golden Arrow, the hair on the forehead of the Marquess of West Berlin began to turn white, and very obvious wrinkles appeared at the corners of his eyes.

Life span!

The cost of using this trump card was his lifespan.

A Golden Arrow requires at least three years of life.

Moreover, using it in a short span doubles the life it consumes.

Furthermore, this consumption is irreversible.

The life consumed cannot be restored by any Secret Medicine.

Similarly, such an attack is extremely terrifying.

When the golden arrow appeared, the incoming Crimson Sword stopped mid-air.

As the golden arrow began to gather strength, the incoming Crimson Sword started to slowly retreat.

And when the golden arrow was shot, the incoming Crimson Sword shattered.

The arrowhead touched the sword tip.

The latter, utterly collapsed upon contact.

The former, its momentum unabated.

Delpock was pierced through.

Or more precisely, the moment the Golden Arrow touched him, a large part of Delpock's body vaporized.

Yet even so, Delpock did not scream in agony; instead, he burst into loud laughter.

"Finally, fell for it!

Hahaha!"

The priest of the 'Inland Church' danced with joy, clutching the "Blood of the Night" which was visibly repairing his body.

This feeling was wonderful.

Delpock savored it as he raised his head to look at the increasingly distressed face of the Marquess of West Berlin.

"Marquis, do you know?

When I first stepped on the soil of West Berlin, I fantasized more than once about what our first formal meeting would be like.

Would I be groveling on the ground, begging for mercy?

Or would I be roaring in anger, fighting desperately?

I even thought that I might not be able to speak at all, and you might kill me just as you would carelessly step on an ant.

But, I really didn't expect that our first formal meeting would be like this.

You truly are...

Too foolish!

The same trap, and you fell for it twice!"

Delpock laughed until he was nearly in tears.

As a priest of the 'Inland River Cult,' Delpock tightly held the "Blood of the Night," feeling the continuous power flowing through it, a feeling of annoyance mixed with extreme excitement emerged.

This feeling made Delpock have an intense desire to confide.

Conveniently, there was a suitable person in front of him.

"You really disappoint me.

Why would I use such a useful trick only once?

Did you not think I would use it twice?

So, guess, is this move real or fake?"

Delpock knew his urge to confess stemmed from his insufficient strength, influenced by the "Blood of the Night" on his "Spirituality," but that did not prevent the priest of the 'Inland River Cult' from taking advantage of it.

It was just like when the priest of the 'Inland River Cult' just received the "Blood of the Night" and suddenly decided to deceive the Marquess of West Berlin once more.

For himself, Delpock was fairly self-aware.

Even with the aid of that influential person, having a Golden Ritual Board, sacrificing the 'Rapids Squad,' and hundreds of residents from Port Doldot, and even holding "Blood of the Night" in his hand, he was likely no match for the Marquess of West Berlin—who was a true Ascend Steper.

And him?

He was only temporary.

And, it was his first time.

Both in terms of experience and stamina, he was lacking.

Especially the latter, which was fatal.

Thus, Delpock chose to 'cheat.'

And he was qualified to 'cheat.'

Because, through that influential person, he knew that the Marquess of West Berlin possessed a terrifying weapon like the 'Golden Bow,' and using the 'Aura of Death' to propel a curse was not a difficult task, especially when the Crimson Sword made its entrance, striking preemptively, it was even easier.

Initially, Delpock was somewhat nervous.

But as soon as the Marquess of West Berlin brought out the 'Golden Bow,' he knew he had won.

Looking at the gloomy face of the Marquess of West Berlin, the priest of the 'Inland River Cult' laughed even louder—

"This time I have won, Marquis!

No one can change this outcome now!

I, declare, it!"

Chapter 700: Fangs *IV*

The moment the Crimson Sword appeared out of thin air, atop the terrace of West Berlin Castle, Jacqueline and Catherine furrowed their brows in unison—

"Is this the 'Inland Church's' trump card?"

"No."

"The 'Inland Church' does not have such depth of resources."

"Then this is..."

"Aimed at our father."

The twin sisters alternated sentences, seemingly asking and answering, yet their expressions became involuntarily grave.

In the hearts of the twin sisters, the 'Inland Church' had always been dispensable.

Indeed, if it were not for accommodating their father, they could easily eradicate the 'Inland Church'.

However, the trump card that the 'Inland Church' had suddenly revealed caught them both off guard.

It was truly too unexpected.

The power of an 'Ascend Stepper' like this, the entire West Berlin, aside from their father, probably didn't have a single person who could handle it, right?

The twin sisters harbored fear towards their own father, but it was precisely because of this fear that they had considerable trust in their father's strength.

Even knowing that this was specifically aimed at their father, the twins had no worries whatsoever.

They believed their father could handle everything.

Unless...

His Crown intervened!

Otherwise, their father was invincible.

Moreover, in the minds of the twin sisters, even if His Crown were to intervene, the outcome was uncertain.

The chances were probably fifty-fifty.

Therefore, they were prepared to wait and see.

The twin sisters did not conceal their conversation from Arthur, and their expressions were very candid.

Because, in Jacqueline's view, having cooperated once, even if the cooperation had not resulted in success, there was no need for secrecy when both parties already knew each other's secrets.

On the contrary, this was an opportunity to bring them closer together.

Who knew if they would need the power of the 'Spirit Medium' in the future?

Thinking this, Jacqueline turned her gaze towards Arthur.

As she did, this lady's brow furrowed.

Because Arthur seemed entirely engrossed in his tasting of roast pork.

The diced roast pork was served with four different condiments for the Southern Lost 'Spirit Medium' to choose from: barbecue sauce, cumin chili, sour kumquat juice, and coarse salt.

Starting with coarse salt, ending with the barbecue sauce.

After each bite, he would rinse his mouth with clear water on the side.

Such was the conduct of a gourmet connoisseur.

But...

No gastronome had such an extraordinary appetite.

Jacqueline glanced at the pile of plates that had now reached half her height.

Not long ago, each plate held about 2 kilograms of roast pork.

Now, they were empty.

What startled Jacqueline even more was that Arthur showed no sign of stopping.

'Such a fearsome appetite, with an appetite like this... what kind of strength might he possess?'

Jacqueline silently pondered.

An extraordinary appetite was always a cause for excitement on the Mystic Side.

Because it not only indicated that you had a robust Physique, but it also possibly meant you possessed some exceptional Talent.

The latter, especially, was something one could only hope for but not find.

Catherine graciously brought more roast pork to Arthur.

Compared to Jacqueline's strategic consideration of the situation, Catherine acted more naturally.

Or rather...

More obsequiously.

The younger daughter of the Marquess of West Berlin began to play the role of cutting meat again.

"Lord Kledos, what are your plans for after this?" she asked while slicing the meat.

Not asking directly, she took a roundabout approach.

"After I'm full, of course I'll take a nap," Arthur replied nonchalantly.

Arthur certainly knew what Catherine wanted to inquire about.

Asking about his future plans was a pretense.

Gleaning the intentions of the Marquess was the truth.

Even more so, Arthur had guessed a thing or two about what the twins were planning.

It was not that Arthur could see through people's hearts, but rather the twins' fear of the Marquess of West Berlin was too deeply ingrained.

Basing his assumptions on that fear, it was not too difficult to deduce their intent.

However, this time, luck was on the side of the twins.

Arthur glanced subtly up into the night sky.

The Crimson Sword had now taken complete form.

Fresh blood and death intertwined.

Sinister whispers filled the air.

It looked utterly terrifying.

But that was through the eyes of others; with the Talent "Breath of Death," Arthur could clearly see that the Crimson Sword's formidability was merely superficial.

It had presence but no substance.

No!

To be precise, it had a tiny bit of substance.

Enough to bluff.

Arthur almost applauded the Priest of the Inland River Cult at the scene.

The fact that the other could devise such a stratagem in a short time was indeed a testament to the quickness of their mind.

With the enormous skeleton as a backdrop, the Marquess of West Berlin would surely think that what followed was counterfeit; who would then suspect that the subsequent acts were fake as well?

Illusory yet real.

True yet false.

Arthur fairly liked this method of response.

However, the real reason Arthur almost applauded was that the Priest of the Inland River Cult had managed to draw out the Marquess of West Berlin's trump card.

Watching the Marquess unfold the "Array of Cannons," releasing the Golden Bow from its high place, Arthur exclaimed,

"What a powerful prop!"

"Of course!

That is the West Berlin Family's prized 'Golden Bow'!

One can only wield it after becoming the family head!"

Catherine said innocently.

She truly seemed like a carefree young girl.

Yet, Arthur keenly noticed that Jacqueline had been surreptitiously observing him while Catherine spoke.

It was apparent that the twins, having not received an answer just then, had changed their tactic for inquiry.

To this, Arthur was very accommodating.

The young 'Spirit Medium' first furrowed his brow, then immediately sighed.

This gesture caused Jacqueline, who was watching, to start.

Naturally, the answering Catherine couldn't help but press him.

"Lord Kledos, what's wrong?

Is something going to happen?"

It wasn't that the twins lacked guile.

It was simply that Arthur's level of bluff was too high.

Especially that expression, which tended to lead one's thoughts astray when misunderstood.

And to fuel more speculation in the twins, Arthur did not speak but simply pointed a finger up at the night sky.

The twins instinctively followed Arthur's gesture to look up at the sky.

At that moment, the Marquis happened to fire a golden arrow.

Watching the golden arrow effortlessly pierce through its target, the twins' complexions changed drastically.

They finally realized something was amiss.

Then, they turned their heads in horror.

They stared blankly at Arthur, who was seated there.

When had Arthur noticed?

Had he known from the very start?

Under the assumption that he had known from the beginning and still said words like "Having eaten my fill, of course I'll take a nap," what did that imply?

It implied that everything before them was within the grasp of this 'Spirit Medium.'

No!

It should be that none of these mattered in the eyes of this 'Spirit Medium.'

Hisss!

Was the Southern Lost Spirit Medium really this strong?

The twins were paralyzed in place by the sheer magnitude of power they imagined Arthur possessed, and in their ears faintly echoed the conceited cries of Delpock—

"I won this time, Marquis!

No one can change this outcome now!

I, said, so!"

The twins heard it, and so naturally did Arthur.

The twins saw a look of impatience appear on Arthur's face.

It was just impatience, without a trace of urgency.

This impatience was like the displeasure of being interrupted during a meal.

Under the unsettled gaze of the twins fraught with doubt, Arthur waved his hand.

The next moment—

A white giant bird spread its wings and soared.