

Great Master 701

Chapter 701: Fangs V

As Delpock's arrogant words still echoed under the night sky, a chilling aura descended from the heavens. Watching the white giant bird soar with outstretched wings and feeling the oppressive aura it emitted, the face of the 'Inland River Cult's Priest changed slightly.

Swift Bird Swordsmanship!

Delpock naturally recognized such swordsmanship!

For his brother, Joel Colman, possessed and specialized in this very sword technique!

However, the Swift Bird Swordsmanship before him was different from his brother Joel Colman's.

His brother had perfected Swift Bird Swordsmanship to the extreme, becoming an 'Entrant' three years ago, each strike bringing forth the illusion of a giant bird, sword blows fierce and swift.

Often it was with a single strike, and as the sword was sheathed, the person struck would only then realize they had been hit.

It was because of this that his brother Joel Colman was recognized as the strongest among the younger generation in Inner Bay, celebrated as a talent that appeared once in a century.

But the Swift Bird Swordsmanship before him was even stronger!

Not only was the sword momentum fierce, there was also...

Awe-inspiring pressure!

That was the unique pressure of an 'Ascend Stepper'!

But how could Swift Bird Swordsmanship possibly make someone an 'Ascend Stepper'?

Unless...

Breakthrough!

To break the shackles of Swift Bird Swordsmanship!

To take Swift Bird Swordsmanship to a whole new level!

But was that possible?

Delpock shook his head subconsciously.

For three years, his brother had attempted countless times to break the shackles of Swift Bird Swordsmanship, some attempts nearly leading to death.

Even the most common attempts made him shudder.

And yet, his brother still couldn't break through.

So, Delpock instinctively refused to believe it.

However, gazing at the lifelike illusion of the white giant bird and feeling its pressure, Delpock was forced to face reality.

'Ascend Stepper'!

Using the breakthrough of the Swift Bird Swordsmanship's shackles as the trigger to become an 'Ascend Stepper'!

After all, the phantom of an 'Entrant' was nowhere near as real as the white giant bird before him, and certainly did not carry this kind of oppressive aura.

Who?

Who could it be?

Could it be...

Delpock's mind raced, and in the next moment, Arthur's name surfaced in the heart of this 'Inland River Cult's Priest.

But quickly, this Priest of the 'Inland River Cult' shook his head.

Impossible!

Utterly impossible!

According to the information they had received, this Southern Lost Spirit Medium, although exceptionally talented and a true 'Entrant', was still a long way from becoming an 'Ascend Stepper', not to mention breaking the shackles of Swift Bird Swordsmanship.

That was something even his brother couldn't achieve!

His brother couldn't do it.

How could the Southern Lost Spirit Medium possibly do it?

In the heart of this 'Inland River Cult's Priest, his brother was the strongest existence among the younger generation.

Not just within Inner Bay, but the entire South County.

The strongest of the entire South County's younger generation.

As for this newly emerged Southern Lost Spirit Medium?

Perhaps not bad, but definitely not on par with his brother!

As these thoughts spun in his heart, this Priest of the 'Inland River Cult' continued to move his hands, clutching the Blood of the Night tightly, the Crimson Sword reappearing once more.

Unlike before when it was merely for show.

This time, the Crimson Sword was genuinely authentic.

Scarlet light flickered incessantly on the longsword.

A series of unearthly whispers spread with the flicker.

Those who heard such whispers couldn't help but lift their heads, looking up at the Crimson Sword above.

Yearning!

A deep yearning from the bottom of their hearts, compelling them to offer everything for this sword.

Even their own lives!

And the moment this thought emerged, these people's blood began to flow from their eyes, ears, noses, and mouths.

It wasn't fast.

It could even be called slow.

Thus, those who were still somewhat clearheaded witnessed a horrifying scene—

Under the night sky, near Port Doldot, thousands of people looked up as thin streams of blood ascended towards the sky, drawn to the Crimson Sword above.

It was somewhat reminiscent of snakes slithering upwards, the night sky serving as an invisible wall supporting the flow of blood.

But it was more like blood vessels forming out of thin air, instinctively seeking out their source.

The heart!

Every blood vessel originates from a heart.

And these newly formed vessels were no exception.

Their source was the Crimson Sword.

The gleaming Crimson Sword grew even brighter.

With every flash, it truly resembled a beating heart.

This sudden turn of events terrified even more people at Port Doldot.

Fear destroyed what little resolve these people had left.

The next moment, they too started to appear dazed.

Blood surged from their orifices.

And this only made those around them even more terrified.

Soon after, these people also became dazed.

The spreading panic was far more terrifying than any plague.

Witnessing this scene, Delpock confirmed what he had heard before, but as the instigator of it all, Delpock was far from terrified.

The Priest of the Inland River Cult was filled with nothing but joy.

Even though he knew of the power of the Abyss of Death, sourced from the Death Poetry Society, from a previous attempt,

he had no idea that, with the aid of the Blood of the Night, the Abyss of Death could be so terrifying!

Yes!

It was terrifying!

Even Delpock, as the instigator, felt the horror.

Given enough time, he could completely annihilate Port Doldot.

One man to destroy an entire city!

This was a feat Delpock dared not even dream of!

Perhaps the Grand Duke himself couldn't do it, right?

Only the 'Twenty-Seven Heroes' recorded in history might have been capable, right?

As more and more thoughts cluttered his mind, Delpock's breathing grew heavier and more rapid.

The Priest of the Inland River Cult, watching the approaching white giant bird, showed a ferocious expression—

"I didn't expect that in Seberlin, aside from you, Marquis, there would be an 'Ascend Steper'!

Is this your trump card?

It's somewhat unexpected, but do you think he can stop me?"

In a deep voice, the Marquess of Seberlin remained silent.

In his view, Arthur really couldn't stop Delpock.

But he could certainly buy some time.

And this time could give him the opportunity he needed.

He wanted to...

Capture that one!

As for the civilians of Port Doldot?

The expendables have run out.

Just need to look for more.

At the worst, spend a bit more time to let them arise naturally.

Of course, there will be some twists and turns.

But there's no need to truly worry, because with Arthur stalling for time, he would surely make his appearance as the 'Hero who saved Port Doldot.'

'Thank you, Arthur.

Within the bounds of the contract, I am immensely grateful to you!'

Expressing his thanks internally, the Marquis pursued Yula with the secret technique of Iron Blood Mutual Killing, who had taken the chaos as a chance to flee a good distance away.

He was waiting for the right moment.

And under the Marquis's gaze, the white giant bird and the Crimson Sword finally collided.

'The moment is now... What?!!!'

The Marquess of Seberlin, who was about to make his move, enlarged his eyes and involuntarily exclaimed upon seeing the scene in the night sky—

"How is this possible?!"

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Crack!

The moment the white giant bird collided with the Crimson Sword.

The Crimson Sword shattered, just like porcelain dropped to the ground.

More quickly and completely than the previously ostentatious but hollow Crimson Sword.

As if, the previous fake Crimson Sword, built with the aura of the "Abyss of Death" and the "Blood of the Night", was the real one, while this one, which fully unleashed the power of the "Abyss of Death" and the "Blood of the Night", was the fake.

But, real or fake.

Both were destroyed.

The sword broke.

The man also broke.

Delpock's entire being shattered as the white giant bird swooped past.

Unlike previously, when he could recover using the "Blood of the Night".

This time, the "Blood of the Night" did not restore Delpock.

It's not that Delpock didn't want it to.

He couldn't!

The Aura of Death, condensed by the "Abyss of Death", suddenly went out of control.

The originally obedient Aura of Death turned against the person who had unleashed the white giant bird, against the "Abyss of Death" Ritual. When Delpock tried to madly propel the "Abyss of Death" Ritual with his "Spirituality", those Auras of Death that defied the "Abyss of Death" Ritual began to rampage.

They charged and smashed, disrupting the ceremonial patterns of the "Abyss of Death" Ritual.

They zigzagged and intruded, corroding the malign vitality born of fresh blood in the "Blood of the Night".

They destroyed all that bound them.

And then...

Having lost their shackles, they rushed towards their kin: the Southern Lost Spirit Medium, who was sitting inside the West Berlin Castle, lifting a cup of coconut juice, pondering whether to eat another plate of roasted pork.

Using the remnants of the "Abyss of Death" Ritual, Delpock saw this scene.

This priest of the Inland River Cult confirmed that it was the Southern Lost Spirit Medium who had executed the sword strike surpassing the pinnacle of Swift Bird Swordsmanship.

And the person who caused the Aura of Death to go berserk was also the Southern Lost Spirit Medium.

But...

How could this be possible?!

How could a secret technique, fully completed to one hundred percent, go out of control?

Impossible!

Especially this kind of loss of control, where the cornerstone of the ritual itself—the Aura of Death—goes berserk.

That's even more improbable!

It defies all common sense!

Unless...

The Southern Lost Spirit Medium is 'Death' itself!

Having arrived at this conclusion, Delpock had an expression of horrified dismay at the moment of his death!

'Death'!

The Southern Lost Spirit Medium is 'Death'!

Suddenly, this priest of the Inland River Cult recalled the news Toran had brought two days ago: the owner of the God of the Inland River was the Southern Lost Spirit Medium.

At that time, he had scorned the idea.

Now, all that remained was terror.

At the same time, he instantly understood some of the rumors.

"The Eternal Monster, the inheritor of the Rebellious Bloodline, the creator of the Twilight of the Gods, one revered by the Northern Gods, the master of the Blade of Chaos, the possessor of Leviathan's Axe, Kledos...

So that's how it is!

It really is so!"

The remnants of Delpock shouted this to the skies.

Afterward, as if having realized something, the remnants of Delpock beseechingly supplicated to Arthur—

"The covertly born Child of Misfortune, the favored one of the Grim Reaper, today's 'Black Cat', the leader of the Cat Sect, the champion of the South Los Swordsmanship Competition, the lord of Caesar Manor, the Winter Blessing Giver, the Winter Guardian, the slayer of the Winter Monster, the master of the Oriental, Lord Arthur Kredos, please forgive my impudence, please excuse my offense, I am..."

If 'Death' truly exists, then death is not the end.

Death would be a new beginning!

In such a beginning, Delpock absolutely did not want to offend 'Death'!

For Delpock, who had risen from commoner origins to his current position, beyond talent and effort, it was largely about discerning the times and seizing opportunities.

In the face of a whole new world, the big shots of the past didn't matter anymore.

What mattered was the big shot in front of him.

'Death', was enough to make him bow and scrape.

But perhaps Arthur's titles were too long, for the remnants of Delpock couldn't even finish his sentence before he completely shattered.

Yet even in shattering, the priest of the Inland River Cult still maintained the posture of one kneeling on one knee.

This scene left the Marquis of West Berlin dumbfounded.

What happened?

What's going on?

Even though he was a direct participant, at this moment, the Marquis of West Berlin felt as if he were an outsider with his eyes covered.

'What did the Southern Lost Spirit Medium do?

Why is that fellow so terrified?

What exactly is it?'

Thought after thought emerged in the heart of this Lord Marquis.

However, the rescued residents of Doldot Port didn't have so many thoughts.

The moment the Crimson Sword shattered, the secret technique of the "Abyss of Death" ritual was sabotaged, and the "Blood of the Night" was thwarted, the drawn blood reversed its course and flowed back.

As the befuddled civilians of Doldot Port regained their senses, what they heard were Delpock's pleas for mercy and abject groveling.

And those civilians, with the scene etched deeply in their hearts, naturally understood who had saved them.

Without hesitation, the simple civilians began to kneel and chant the name of the Southern Lost Spirit Medium.

In an instant, the name of Arthur Kredos echoed throughout the entire Port of Doldot.

Even those with cunning minds did not dare to do anything but join in chanting the name of the Southern Lost Spirit Medium at this time, not wishing to stand out.

Fishing in troubled waters was what they wanted.

The Marquis of West Berlin witnessed this scene.

This Lord Marquis did not hesitate to try to stop it.

He wanted to explain things.

In West Berlin, only the West Berlin Family was needed, not Arthur Kredos.

Of course, there was also that Treasure Bead!

The Marquis had his own ideas about the "Blood of the Night."

But just as the Lord Marquis was about to speak out and reach for that Treasure Bead, a figure appeared—

The shadow, crimson as blood, swept through like smoke and fog.

When it gathered again, the 'Blood Descendant' revealed his true form.

Looking at the "Blood of the Night" in his hands, a hint of a smile surfaced on his pale face.

Then, the 'Blood Descendant,' without even glancing at the Marquis of West Berlin frozen mid-air, turned and made a slight bow towards Arthur's location.

"Your divination was correct.

Consider that I owe you a favor.

And...

Thank you."

The 'Blood Descendant' fell silent for a moment before speaking awkwardly.

Anyone witnessing this scene would sense the cold person's gratitude.

Of course, many would also instinctively guess that the person before them didn't seem like a bad person.

And that was exactly what Arthur wanted.

He needed his cover to be more complete.

Only this way, he could unlock more potential and create better situations.

Just like at this moment—

The Marquis of West Berlin discreetly withdrew the hand that had been about to take the "Blood of the Night," and turned effortlessly towards his castle.

"Lord Arthur Kredos, I'm grateful for all that you have done for West Berlin."

The Lord Marquis wore a grateful expression, looking entirely natural.

It was as if the previous moment's thoughts had never existed.

For the Lord Marquis, the appearance of the 'Blood Descendant' had disrupted the expected course of events.

Arthur Kredos had a contract with him, and both were within the rules.

But the 'Blood Descendant' did not.

Especially considering the 'Blood Descendant' now had the "Blood of the Night," even the Lord Marquis needed to be cautious, after all, he knew that the Treasure Bead could only unleash its true power in the hands of the Bloodline Clan.

At such a crucial moment, if he spoke carelessly or disparagingly of Arthur Kredos and caused a misunderstanding with the 'Blood Descendant,' that would be problematic.

Therefore, the Lord Marquis immediately changed his decision.

If he could not prevent what was happening, then he might as well go with the flow.

After making this decision, the Lord Marquis vanished into thin air.

He didn't want to become someone else's supporting character.

Moreover, he had more important matters to attend to.

His aim was always the same.

The 'eyes' of Arthur naturally followed— the young Southern Lost Spirit Medium hoped to learn the ways and methods to truly deal with those existences from the ancient Noble.

But Arthur's eyes narrowed at once—

Chapter 703: Fangs VII

The entity controlling Yula's body shuttled through the underground and swiftly entered the sewers of Port Doldot.

The formation of Port Doldot began during the Silver Age as the Inland River rose to prominence.

And it had seen numerous masters.

Each master, in order to attract more people, would renovate and expand the existing sewer systems of Port Doldot upon the original foundation.

Despite this, it still failed to prevent some areas within Port Doldot from being covered in filth, but most areas were quite clean.

However, this brought plenty of trouble for the sewer workers.

The sewer workers, who used to operate alone, had long since formed groups.

Because the repeatedly expanded sewers were not only intricate and densely packed, rumors suggested that there were monsters inside.

One careless step, and you could become a monster's meal.

This year, two sewer workers had already disappeared.

No one wanted to be the third.

Therefore, Old York took his two nephews with him to clean the sewers.

Calling it cleaning was actually just removing trash that might block the pipes from inside.

It wasn't a pleasant job.

Old York's two nephews were very reluctant to come but couldn't resist the high reward.

Naturally, the reward wasn't given by Old York.

Old York couldn't afford a 30 Gold Coin reward.

It was given by a gang leader from the streets.

That gang leader had tasked them to bring something out from within the sewers.

"This is a passage refurbished in the mid-Silver Age—it has become a bit dangerous compared to before, watch your step..." Old York said with considerable joy.

As a sewer worker, Old York wasn't married.

No woman would tolerate a man who reeked daily.

Thus, Old York had no heir.

Old York had thought about taking on an apprentice, but he felt his job should remain with someone of his own bloodline—though the job wasn't respectable, it kept him from starving.

Therefore, Old York's eyes turned to his two nephews.

Old York had doted on his two nephews from their childhood, and even after his brother passed away prematurely, he did his best to provide them with a better life.

Only the nephews didn't want to inherit his job on other days.

Yet today they had volunteered, which made Old York overjoyed.

"Our usual work stops here, remember..."

Bang!

Before Old York could finish his reminder, a muffled blow struck the back of the sewer worker's head.

The collapsed skull clearly indicated he wouldn't survive.

The two nephews didn't pay him any heed.

After all, two had already died this year; one more, their uncle, didn't make any difference.

Plus, as his only living relatives, they could claim a substantial compensation from the port's administration.

After all, everyone knew that the sewers of Port Doldot harbored monsters.

"According to Big Boss Xiaoke, the item should be around here," said one nephew.

"Hurry up and look, that's 30 Gold Coins."

"What do you think it is?"

"I don't know, but with a reward of 30 Gold Coins, whatever's inside must be no ordinary thing; it could be something beyond our imagination."

"Then shall we..."

"Are you insane? You think Big Boss Xiaoke is like uncle?"

The elder scolded the younger for his greed.

The younger immediately scratched his cheek sheepishly.

"I was just thinking of earning a bit more," he said.

"Earning a bit more also requires the right methods! You... who?"

The elder was explaining to the younger when suddenly, as if he had spotted something, he called out sharply.

Holding the torch, the younger turned reflexively.

Immediately after, he felt a pain in his side.

"You?!"

The second brother looked incredulously at the sneering face of the eldest.

"I said, one must pay attention to the method— with such a high bounty, it's obviously better for one person to claim it. Moreover, going to the governmental office at the port, I might even receive extra compensation. Even without more compensation, I could use the bounty to secure a decent, even respectable job."

While explaining, the elder brother was rotating the dagger he had plunged into the second brother's lower back.

Soon, the second brother was lifeless.

The elder brother threw the second brother's body next to their uncle's corpse.

He planned to first find the item that Brother Xiaoke wanted.

Then, he would deal with the two bodies.

Soon, the elder brother found what Brother Xiaoke wanted.

A square box hidden under the rubble and moss.

Seeing its exquisite exterior, the elder brother couldn't help but grin.

However, just as he was about to bend down and pick up the box, the two men who were clearly dead appeared silently behind him.

Then, the two together pounced on the elder brother, who was facing away from them.

"Ah!"

The elder brother screamed miserably, totally unable to resist, as his uncle bit through his throat, and his own younger brother gouged out his heart.

Following this, the three of them tumbled into...

The mouth of Yula.

Yula, resembling a tentacle or a snake, didn't chew but digested the three persons completely.

The pain contained in their flesh allowed Yula's injuries to heal, and her heart felt satisfied.

The lost hair grew out once again.

"Tsk!

The 'Lady of Sorrow' from the rumors?

You truly are ugly!" said the Count of West Berlin, who had followed the trail here.

The Marquis of West Berlin, watching the slowly healing Yula, felt an increasing disdain.

After being locked by his "Iron Blood Mutual Killing", planning to run away?

Impossible, unless she instantaneously moved over a hundred kilometers away. Furthermore, the closer the distance, the clearer his perception of the other party became.

Indeed, at a certain proximity, he could visualize what the other person had undergone as if he had seen it with his own eyes.

Just like the current 'Lady of Sorrow'.

Since slipping into the sewer, while escaping, she was also devouring rats.

Clearly, the injuries caused by "Iron Blood Mutual Killing" earlier demanded her urgent recovery.

Hence, after the 'Lady of Sorrow' ate three people, the Marquis of West Berlin no longer hid himself.

No need to hide anymore!

He confirmed she was now completely cornered!

And, absolutely could not allow her to continue regaining her strength, or indeed, that would be real trouble!

Of course, more importantly, the smell here was too offensive!

'Once I return, I must handle this place properly!' he thought to himself. The Marquis then took out a lead box from his bosom and stepped toward the 'Lady of Sorrow'.

"Come on!

Become a supplement for my daughter!

You shall become immortal along with the honor of the West Berlin Family!"

As he spoke, the Marquis opened the lead box and the "Iron Blood Mutual Killing" secret technique was once again fully deployed.

In an instant, a tangible aura of slaughter descended once more.

Countless remnants of cavalry reappeared, charging towards the 'Lady of Sorrow'.

The Marquis smiled, anticipating his harvest.

Then, that smile froze.

Because a longsword had pierced through the Marquis's back.

This longsword came from—

A square box hidden under the rubble and moss.

Chapter 704: Fangs VIII

Pain!

Pain that pierces the heart!

True pain that pierces the heart!

The Marquis of West Berlin felt his heart being sliced open by a blade, his face drastically changed.

It was not just the heart that was injured, but at this moment, the Marquis finally understood that he had stepped into someone else's trap.

Without a doubt, the 'Lady of Sorrow' did not choose this place without reason.

The sewer was deliberately chosen by the opponent.

Those three people were purposely arranged to paralyze him.

Of course, those three people knew nothing of the actual situation.

As for that square box?

It was the killing move!

Because of the presence of those three people, it was a killing move he had overlooked!

Who?

Who set this up?

The shift from hunter to prey accelerated the breathing of the Marquis of West Berlin, but even more frantic were the hands of the Marquis.

Three scrolls appeared out of thin air in his hand.

Then, he crushed them all at once.

Immediately, three streams of blue-green light filled with vitality surged into his body.

At the same time, the Marquis rapidly dashed forward.

Hiss!

Amid the sound of the sword blade leaving his body, the wound did not heal immediately.

On the contrary, it began to turn black.

"Poison!"

The Marquis's face changed again.

Staring at the arm extending from the square box, his eyes were as fierce as if they were tangible.

Even though the arm was clad in arm armor and iron gauntlet, holding only a regular sharp sword, the familiar aura still made the Marquis instantly certain of the other's identity.

"It's you!"

After crying out, the Marquis did not hesitate and quickly retreated.

Scrolls continuously appeared in his hand.

Antidote, healing, protection, and...

Teleportation!

Upon confirming who had set him up, the Marquis no longer had any desire to fight.

If he had been unharmed, the Marquis certainly would have fought to the death.

But now, not only was he severely injured, he had also been poisoned.

In such a state, facing that bastard was simply seeking death.

Moreover, the most crucial point was that the bastard would definitely see him dead.

So, without hesitation, the Marquis immediately returned to West Berlin Castle.

And to the Core of West Berlin Castle.

The safest place there.

Then, he activated the highest level of protection.

And having done all this, the Marquis then clenched his teeth and roared furiously—

"Damn Severus Hamlet!"

The roar echoed in the room.

In his fury, the Marquis even fiercely pounded on the floor.

But then, the Marquis's face changed again immediately.

Because the wound wasn't just poisoned, there was also the power of a curse.

"Damn!

You cunning old bastard!

I will kill you!"

While he kept shouting, the Marquis rapidly took more scrolls and potions.

The injury could be healed later.

The toxin could be slowly removed.

But the curse?

There was no room for the slightest negligence.

A slight mistake would mean death.

And he absolutely could not just die like this.

...

In the sewer, inside a square box, the longsword was slowly retracted.

"Pleasure doing business!"

A loud and deep voice came from within the box.

"This isn't what we agreed upon!"

You didn't truly kill Seberlin!"

The 'Lady of Sorrow' resumed her form as Yula, her eyes darkly fixed on the box. The depths of the box were completely obscured, but the lady knew her collaborator was there, watching her, scheming against her, and always ready to bite back.

"That bald chicken isn't so easy to kill!"

To land this thrust, I couldn't use any secret techniques or swordsmanship; even this sword is just a sharp weapon.

Even if it were coated with poison or a curse, it would be the same.

You know I'm not adept with poisons and curses."

The voice inside the box was full of helplessness, not at all angered by the 'Lady of Sorrow's' accusations, but patiently explaining instead.

Such an explanation made the 'Lady of Sorrow' feel uneasy.

She knew what kind of person the other was.

So instinctually, the lady stepped back.

"Mikhail, such actions will make me sad.

I didn't blame you for changing the plan halfway, nor did I reproach you for ineffectiveness, nor have I accused you of ill intentions. And you? You're always on guard against me."

The resonant voice inside the box said pitifully,

even breaking into a sob halfway through.

The 'Lady of Sorrow' showed disdain.

"According to the contract, I've already told you everything I gathered.

The rest is for you to judge; it has nothing to do with me.

And this so-called change of plan?

Isn't that what you wanted to see?"

The 'Lady of Sorrow' questioned again.

Her tone was sharp and aggressive.

Yet the voice inside the box remained unangered.

"But the information you provided was too biased.

It was completely disorganized; even if I were bald, I couldn't see anything valuable in it.

Likes drinking orange tea? Has a fat cat? Owns a not-so-smart dog?

Please, Mikhail, do you think the intelligence you collected is valuable?"

The voice inside the box seemed aggrieved, causing the 'Lady of Sorrow' to frown slightly.

Obviously, the lady felt somewhat embarrassed.

"Then let's change the contract.

I will personally test him..."

"Heh."

The words of the 'Lady of Sorrow' were interrupted by a cold laugh.

With that cold laugh, a heart-stirring lion's roar emanated from the square box, and streams of golden light burst from the depths.

In that lion's roar, everything could not help but submit.

In the face of that golden light, even the sun seemed to pale.

Feeling the terror within, the 'Lady of Sorrow's' eyes widened in shock as she took a step back.

The loud voice became even louder, thunderous—

"Mikhail, are you provoking me?"

Crack!

As the words were uttered, the square box could not withstand the pressure and shattered directly.

This caused the voice's owner to temporarily vanish from the 'Lady of Sorrow's' sight.

Looking at the shattered box, the 'Lady of Sorrow's' face underwent rapid changes.

There was shock, and even more horror, but mostly disbelief.

But quickly, the lady let out a light laugh.

"Since you care so much about Arthur Kredos, I will have to try him out..."

Smack!

Before the 'Lady of Sorrow' could finish her sentence, a slender, white palm emerged from the sudden smoke, swung a big mouth, and slapped the lady's cheek.

Following that, there came a low shout belonging exclusively to Marinda—

"Try nmlgb!"

Chapter 705

The slap was loud.

Lady of Sorrow Miha was directly slapped silly.

This lady stood there dumbfounded, looking at Marinda emerging from the Smoke, and subconsciously retorted—

"You dare to slap me?"

Marinda, with a pipe in her mouth, didn't bother to answer but instead backhanded her again.

Although Lady of Sorrow was stunned by the sudden slap, when faced with the second slap, she reacted in time.

Lady of Sorrow stepped back, leaned her upper body back, trying to dodge.

But she didn't dodge it.

Marinda's backhand slap, although not as sudden as before, was multiple times faster, and, with a slight tremor of her fingertips, it came with a hissing sound of tearing through the air.

It was clear that it contained extremely advanced swordsmanship skills.

Smack!

Crunch!

Louder than before, Miha was directly sent into convulsions, her body spinning sideways in mid-air, flying out.

As everyone knows—

A forward-handed slap is satisfying.

But a backhand slap?

It's not only satisfying but also humiliating for the other party.

If you manage to deliver both a forward and a backhand slap in a row, you can achieve the goal of a critical humiliation.

Lady of Sorrow now felt endless humiliation.

Since she became a He and was revered as 'Lady of Sorrow,' she had never suffered such humiliation.

Not to speak of being slapped.

Even making eye contact with Her would be considered blasphemy.

Even slightly excessive words would be deemed heresy and punished with flaying.

Fury mixed with humiliation, causing Lady of Sorrow to roar.

"Ah!"

With a roar, the lady exploded.

It wasn't a metaphor; she literally exploded—

Her body, like a watermelon that had been sliced open, sent eyes, innards, and various bones, nerves, and blood vessels scattering in all directions with the roar.

Then, they were grabbed back by an invisible force.

Marinda saw where that invisible force came from: it was a small tentacle, right at the position of this body's frontal lobe.

Continuously writhing, like maggots.

And when the organs of this body were pulled back together, it looked nothing like a person.

Legs swapped left and right, arms grew out of the chest, palms were embedded in the ears, one eye was on top of the head, and the other was set in the wrist socket.

The most peculiar were the bones, which stuck out from the body like placed in a flower arrangement.

And the organs were hanging on these bones.

The heart was still beating.

Neither language nor painting could express the strangeness of Miha at that moment.

Because words are not enough to describe it.

And painting?

Anyone who saw this sight would stand there dumbfounded.

And if someone really tried to paint it...

Mad!

That painter could only become a madman!

Not just because of the visual shock but also because of the whispers filling the ears.

Low whispers that caused anxiety and torment.

Eventually, it would turn into pure pain.

Pain so bad it was better to be dead!

Only by becoming a madman could one escape this pain!

Marinda, with her pipe, possessing far superior Spirituality, could hear the whispers even more clearly, but this lady didn't care.

Why should she feel anxious or tormented?

If Miha, who was a hundred times uglier, deserved to live, what had she, beautiful as a flower, to be anxious or tormented about?

No way!

On the contrary, this lady was criticizing and commenting on Miha's appearance.

"Tsk, truly ugly!

You should be thankful that Arthur didn't see you like this.

Otherwise, Arthur would definitely lose his appetite."

Marinda said, and the sparks in her pipe lit up.

The faint scent of herbs, mingled with strands of mint flavor.

But even so, they couldn't cover up that rotten smell.

The smell originated from Marinda's right hand.

The very hand that had just slapped Mikhail across the face twice.

Turning green, swelling, oozing.

Rapidly, Marinda's right hand began to rot away.

"Blasphemer!

Did you think you would get off unscathed?

Accept your punishment!

Your body will suffer pain, and your soul, I will torment it well!"

Mikhail's voice emanated from his chest cavity.

Indistinct of gender and uncomfortable to the ear.

Handicapped by her right hand, Marinda switched to her left to remove the pipe, exhaling a puff of smoke between her lips and nostrils.

The smoke was straight, like a knife or a sword.

Then—

Slash!

Spurt!

Like the sound of a metal blade cutting through flesh, Marinda's right hand along with her forearm fell to the ground, turning into a pool of thick liquid, corroding the surface of the sewer.

Sssss!

In the continuous hissing noises, the surface of the sewer rapidly became pockmarked.

Mikhail was clearly taken aback.

This 'Lady of Sorrow' clearly hadn't anticipated Marinda's resoluteness.

Afterward, the 'Lady of Sorrow' sneered.

"Do you think it's over just like that?

Our battle has only just begun!

And with your right arm lost, how much of your fighting power is left?"

Faced with the 'Lady of Sorrow's' inquiry, Marinda's brow furrowed slightly.

Seeing Marinda's expression, the 'Lady of Sorrow' immediately burst into loud laughter.

Within that grating laughter, Marinda slowly shook her head—

"Really, a maggot-brained fool. Haven't you noticed anything different up until now?"

The calm words from Marinda made the 'Lady of Sorrow's' laughter stop abruptly.

Then, the 'Lady of Sorrow' realized that her own right hand and forearm had fallen to the ground, and rapidly turned into a highly corrosive pool of liquid.

Just like Marinda's right hand and forearm had.

"Voodoo!

You're a witch!"

The 'Lady of Sorrow' exclaimed, and then she screamed out loud.

"Impossible!

Even the Voodoo Power of a witch cannot harm me!

I was once a witch too, I know!"

With a shrill and fierce shout, Marinda held her pipe in her left hand and flipped off the 'Lady of Sorrow' with her middle finger.

"You know jack shit!

Having slumbered for so many years, you who have turned your body into that of maggots, still call yourself a witch?

Are you worthy?"

"I will teach you what is called the respect due to an elder witch!

Then, I will dig out your secrets from your brain!"

The 'Lady of Sorrow' stifled her sharp laughter, and her gaze took on an interested expression, but Marinda just sighed helplessly.

"Arthur is right.

Speaking with an intelligent person is a pleasure.

Talking to a fool, on the other hand...

It's torture!

No!

It's a stupid, arrogant, outdated Divine Spirit!"

Marinda mocked the other party.

Next, the lady put her pipe back in her mouth, raised her intact left arm, and chanted in a low hum—

"Holy Light!"

Chapter 706

Dazzling brilliance descended from the sky.

For the first time, the sewers of Port Doldot were illuminated by such radiance.

The malignant spirits in dark corners.

The bizarre creatures beneath the foul rivers.

With such illumination, they dissipated instantly.

Under this light, Marinda's severed right hand and forearm regenerated at a visible speed.

Even the surging vitality made Marinda glow, rejuvenating her entirely.

Miha was stunned.

Even being known as the 'Lady of Sorrow,' she had never witnessed such a scene.

"Impossible!"

This is impossible!

How can Voodoo Power and Force of Holy Light coexist?

This is absolutely impossible!"

Facing a spectacle that could overturn her worldview, the 'Lady of Sorrow' roared in outrage.

However, even while roaring, the 'Lady of Sorrow' knew what she should do now.

Run!

The 'Lady of Sorrow' turned to flee!

But it was too late.

Marinda exhaled a cloud of smoke.

The smoke turned into a sword, piercing through her own chest.

Thup!

The escaping 'Lady of Sorrow's heart was consequently sliced apart.

As the sword of smoke shattered into hundreds of tiny smoke needles, shuttling inside Marinda's body, the 'Lady of Sorrow's exposed viscera, the bones holding her organs, her twisted and bizarre limbs, eyes—all were severed.

And then...

They were ground to pieces!

The 'Lady of Sorrow' finally stopped in her tracks, her figure a mere pool of flesh, as if she had just been flattened by a road roller.

Marinda was puffing on her pipe.

The smoke was thick, shielding the lady's face.

It hurt a bit!

Although she had transferred the damage using 'Voodoo Power,' the sensation of pain remained, and even relying on the healing of Holy Light, the pain persisted.

But what of it?

Compared to the suffering she endured in her youth, this was nothing.

It did hurt a little, but...

The howls of the 'Lady of Sorrow' gave Marinda pleasure.

"Scream! Scream all you want!

I've longed to hear how you, known as the 'Lady of Sorrow,' would wail!

Oh reputed Mikhail, I have such high expectations of you!"

Marinda hummed a vague melody, one smoky sword after another turned into even finer smoke needles, tormenting the 'Lady of Sorrow' bit by bit.

"Monster!

You monster!

I curse you!"

The 'Lady of Sorrow' wailed.

Marinda's lips curled up.

"Curse me?

Have you got it wrong?

While I disdain the use of curses, I'm quite skilled with such power—if you're going to use it, hurry up, I really want to see the spectacle of your curse manifesting upon you."

As Marinda spoke, those swords of smoke transformed.

Beyond the smoke needles, there was now...

Flame!

The smell of burning flesh rapidly spread.

And the 'Lady of Sorrow,' now just a quivering mass of flesh, could endure no more.

The lump of flesh writhed, and a small tendril shot out, fleeing toward the distance.

But the next moment, it was trapped within a lead box.

Wrapped in smoke, Marinda smiled, sensing the small tendril's desperate thrashing inside the lead box.

"Can't even tolerate a bit of flame?

You really don't live up to the name 'Lady of Sorrow,' do you?

I had prepared eighteen welcoming rituals for you.

What a pity...

You won't get to enjoy them."

With those words, Marinda blew a thick ring of smoke.

She stepped into the smoke ring and vanished.

About five seconds later, Marinda emerged from a shadow nearby, contemplative as she gazed at the shattered pieces of the box.

She suspected that one would have a contingency plan.

After all, it took a long scheme to entrap the Marquess of West Berlin.

Thus, some insurance measures were inevitable.

But could it be that the other party believed their mission accomplished and really left?

Marinda was somewhat unconvinced.

With a raise of her hand, flickers of fire shone through the smoke.

Square fragments of a box were burned to ashes.

Not just here, but likely places all around had been through the embrace of the fire in the smoke.

Then, in a corner, the lady found some clues—

A pebble the size of a fingertip.

It was made of the same material as the stone used for laying downpipes.

Placed here, it was hardly noticeable.

But this pebble was somewhat 'new'.

The moss on it did not blend with the surroundings; it was obviously placed here by someone.

"Oh my, to think it was discovered!

Indeed, a lady's meticulousness is something men lack.

Miss Caesar, is it?

I apologize for meeting you in such a manner, but I believe we can have a talk about Arthur..."

The deep, resonant voice echoed once again in the sewers, but Marinda didn't wait for the voice to finish before using smoke to shatter the stone.

Marinda would not converse with the Old Lion.

Because she was well aware of the Old Lion's cunning and boldness.

Marinda couldn't guarantee she wouldn't be swayed by the price the Old Lion was offering.

Therefore, the lady simply wouldn't listen.

The best way to resist temptation is to stay far from it.

At the age of three, the lady knew this truth.

"Arthur, you will never know what I have rejected for you."

With those words, Marinda left once again.

This time, it was a leave-taking in the true sense of the word.

About three minutes later, a dog's head emerged from the shadows further down the sewer.

Kiri, looking like a silly hound, walked with a lopsided gait to the shattered stones and then lifted its hind leg.

Water tinkled.

The dog's urine was slightly yellow.

Shattered stones everywhere.

The lion was speechless.

Arthur claimed that this was all Kiri's behavior and had nothing to do with him.

A young, upright, and kind 'Spirit Medium' like himself could never let his "Death Hound" do such childish things.

Absolutely not.

And more importantly, Marinda was of greater concern to Arthur than these trivial matters.

After all, she was his close and seamless partner.

'That kind of power?

Distortion?

No!

It wasn't that distorted feeling, but rather peaceful, as if it were inborn, and yet with a touch of harmony, like an elder...

Hiss!

No way! No way!

Marinda, you can't be this filial, can you?'

Something suddenly occurred to Arthur, and he couldn't help but inhale sharply.

What was Marinda proficient in?

Smoke?

No!

That was a cover!

Marinda was proficient in the Undead!

Perhaps that was also a cover, but it did not prevent Arthur from combining the two in his speculation.

'A girl burdened with her parents' battles, ultimately invincible in the world?'

Arthur inwardly ridiculed the thought.

However, on the surface, he was utterly impassive.

In the young Spirit Medium's ears, rapid footsteps had begun to sound—

The events of this evening were far from over.

Or to put it precisely...

Certain things were just beginning!

Arthur was filled with anticipation for that.

Because—

That would be his greatest gain!

As Arthur turned, he looked at the still-flustered twin sisters of the West Berlin Family and involuntarily broke into a smile; his white teeth gleamed faintly in the candlelight, resembling...

Fangs!

Chapter 707 Snake's Words I

Gergis had surpassed the height of an adult by the time he was eight.

As Gergis reached adulthood, not only was his stature far exceeding that of ordinary people, looking much like a small Giant, his strength was also comparable to that of a small Giant.

However, Gergis did not possess the Giant Bloodline.

But Gergis was an "Awakener".

He had his Awakening at the age of eight.

Because of this, he was discovered by the Marquess of West Berlin, who promptly took him under his wing as an Attendant.

Then, as time went by, Gergis's strengths further manifested, and after accruing numerous feats of Meritorious Service, his status evolved from that of an Attendant to Guard, to Knight, and finally to his current position as Guard Commander.

As one of the most trusted individuals by the Marquis of West Berlin, Gergis was now looking incredibly anxious, his pace swift.

Thud, thud thud!

While the boots scraped against the floor of the Castle, the West Berlin Marquis's Guard Commander advanced as if charging into battle.

The plan for tonight had started smoothly, just as the Marquis had anticipated, even with "outsiders" eyeing Port Doldot covetously.

However, what followed had caught the Guard Commander by surprise.

Though the foreign enemies had been repelled, the Marquis himself had been injured.

What's more, the Marquis had gone straight back to the Core of West Berlin Castle.

Clearly, the Marquis's injuries were far worse than imagined.

This filled the Guard Commander with immense concern.

Gergis was no longer the unworldly son of a blacksmith.

The Guard Commander was keenly aware of how the opportunists around them would react once news of the Marquis's grave injuries was leaked.

The Ainhars Territory, the Bert Territory, and...

Inner Bay!

Just the thought of the Old Lion in Inner Bay made the Guard Commander's heart contract.

As the Guard Commander for the Marquis of West Berlin, Gergis knew all too well the Old Lion's strength and wisdom.

The so-called members of the entire Golden Lion Family put together in the Inner Bay were not as formidable as that Old Lion alone.

Simply put, without the Old Lion, the Golden Lion Family might not even continue to exist.

The same was true for the West Berlin Family.

The West Berlin Family was also being supported by the Marquis himself!

But unlike the Old Lion who had three sons, the Marquis had four daughters.

Daughters who could be wedded off!

Any interested parties could swiftly fragment the West Berlin Family if they played their cards right.

And the Ainhars Family, Bert Family, Golden Lion Family, and even South Los, would certainly not mind doing so.

But Gergis knew that the Marquis wanted to leave everything to the eldest lady.

However...

Now, when the timing was not yet ripe, such an incident had occurred!

It amounted to nothing less than a disaster!

Gergis was beside himself with urgency.

The Guard Commander quickly passed through the corridor outside the Castle hall, the closed door blocking Arthur's view from inside the hall, as well as concealing Jacqueline and Catherine's gazes.

Gergis, of course, knew that such disregard for guests was impolite, and a breach of etiquette.

But, with the door as a barrier, there was an excuse.

He could claim he had seen nothing.

With an excuse in hand, everything else would be easier to manage.

After becoming the West Berlin Marquis's Swordsmanship Chief, under the Marquis's example and guidance, Gergis had long mastered the conduct befitting of a Noble.

Moreover, the Guard Commander genuinely didn't have the heart to engage in pleasantries with Arthur.

The Guard Commander needed to ascertain the Marquis of West Berlin's condition.

The sound of footsteps receded.

Jacqueline and Catherine felt somewhat embarrassed.

This pair of twins deemed it very rude.

"I apologize, Lord Kledos.

Something must have happened.

Otherwise, Gergis would not be in such a hurry."

Jacqueline, the elder sister, immediately stepped forward, taking the blame upon herself.

And in her heart, Jacqueline was rapidly turning over the possibilities.

Something substantial must have happened to make Gergis act so rashly and indecorously.

'It's Father!'

Jacqueline tensed up all over.

In all of West Berlin, only her father could cause Gergis such distress.

The twin sister's heart surged with panic and surprise at this moment.

Then, all of it turned into confusion.

Her intelligence system was very limited.

Not for lack of people, as the High Priest of the Pain Church, Jacqueline had plenty of hands at her disposal, but these were all under the surveillance of the Marquess of West Berlin.

Especially tonight, the Marquess had laid out his plans meticulously.

As a result, Jacqueline had no idea what had happened.

She could only guess based on the battle in the sky earlier.

But such a guess had no basis.

More importantly, that being hadn't contacted her.

'Could it be...

Both sides suffered losses?!

The thought of this outcome made Jacqueline's heart pound fiercely.

But instantly, bitterness appeared on the lady's face.

Even if it were a case of both sides suffering losses, what could she possibly do?

Unless her father died immediately, any overstepping action on her part would become a shortcut to her own death.

As for whether her father would be lenient and gentle with his overstepping daughter?

Impossible.

Jacqueline was all too aware of her father's ruthlessness.

And Catherine, who shared a bond with Jacqueline's intentions, instantly knew what her sister was thinking.

Immediately, the lady pursed her lips and sat beside Arthur, picked up the roast pork on the table, and tore at it fiercely.

Clearly, Catherine was venting in this manner.

Venting her dissatisfaction with her father.

Venting her dissatisfaction with herself.

Especially the latter, which made the lady hate her own impotence.

Despite knowing her father's favoritism, she still didn't make every effort to do something for herself, but just waited like this.

'Why am I doing this?

In my heart, there are still illusions!

Such a naive person, I deserve to be used by father as a bargaining chip and thrown out!'

Catherine resigned herself to her fate.

The lady had already imagined herself being married off by her father to gain more benefits and pave the way for her older sister.

Of course, it's very likely that she would be married off together with Jacqueline.

After all, twins come with a bonus, capable of exchanging for more.

'I hope it's not some old man!

And not a member of the Golden Lion Family!

Everyone in that family is a pervert!

If it's Kledos...

Well, compared to those bastards, that really would be a stroke of luck!'

Subconsciously, Catherine glanced at Arthur.

Sensing her sister's thoughts, Jacqueline helplessly looked at her sister.

Getting married?

That would not be so easy!

Before getting married, they would certainly be bound by contracts not to reveal family secrets, and conversely, to sign contracts not to disobey their husbands.

And this was already the best-case scenario.

Much better than the outcome if the Pain Church won because if that happened, with their methods, they would no longer be themselves.

Between two unavoidable harms, the natural choice is the lesser of the two.

'Perhaps this is why we still hold naive illusions about our father?'

Jacqueline sighed in her heart.

Suddenly—

Knock, knock, knock!

The clear sound of knocking came.

It was Arthur.

After enjoying the twin sisters' facial art performance, the young Spirit Medium asked softly—

"My ship, 'Oriental,' is under surveillance; do either of you ladies know who it might be?"

Chapter 708 Words of the Snake II

Facing Arthur's sudden inquiry, Jacqueline subconsciously began to think.

Jacqueline did not believe that Arthur was shooting in the dark.

However, what does the current situation have to do with the "Oriental"?

The twin sister was somewhat puzzled.

As for Catherine, the younger sister, she didn't care at all.

She picked up another piece of roast pork and munched on it as she spoke.

"It must be Miller!

As the Head Hunter of our father, he generally does some things for father that can't be made public!

Like surveilling business partners and such, it must be him, no doubt!"

Faced with her sister's frank words, Jacqueline appeared helpless.

The mental connection between the twins made Jacqueline understand that her sister had completely given up.

And her?

Almost the same.

But Jacqueline still instinctively explained as she had always done.

"Lord Kledos, please don't overthink it.

Father is just ensuring the cooperation between us.

He doesn't have any other ulterior motives."

With that, the elder twin sister slightly bowed as an apology.

Arthur, however, just smiled and waved his hand.

It seemed he really did not mind.

Then, the young 'Spirit Medium' began to pick out a drink in front of her.

After tasting coconut juice, pear juice, and orange juice, the young 'Spirit Medium' picked up an apple juice that she had never chosen before.

Just by picking it up, the liquid inside the glass slightly shook, and the unique aroma of the apple began to emerge.

The young 'Spirit Medium' inhaled deeply and said,

"When it hung on the tree, it must have been the reddest and biggest one."

And after the young 'Spirit Medium' took a sip, it was as if she confirmed this point.

"It's really delicious."

"Yeah, it's not bad."

Catherine also picked up a glass of apple juice and started chugging it noisily.

The twin sister, having completely let go of herself, was no longer concerned about her image at this point.

Compared to dying bound by constraints.

She preferred to die with a bit more freedom.

Even though this freedom was just a tiny bit better than before, Catherine felt happy.

But Jacqueline was different.

The elder twin sister always felt there was more than meets the eye in Arthur's words, but no matter how hard she thought, she couldn't understand the underlying meaning.

When her sister handed her the apple juice to try, the lady instinctively took a sip. The sweet taste of the juice burst on her taste buds, clarifying the lady's muddled brain at that moment. Just in an instant, the lady suddenly grasped the key point—

'Arthur knows someone is surveilling the "Oriental," yet he remains so indifferent; it shows that he already knows who is surveilling the "Oriental."

And when Catherine mentioned Miller's name, Arthur showed no surprise, further proving this point.

Knowing it was Miller, Arthur still feigned ignorance; is he reminding me that the key to breaking the situation lies with Miller?

But father is the most important...

Wait a minute!

What if they both end up losing?

Father will be too preoccupied to care for Seberlin.

That entity will also lack the power to control everything.

Seberlin will become defenseless, such a tantalizing piece of fat meat!

But because of the contract, Arthur can't touch any of it, how disappointing that must be!

Therefore, he is not content and must be looking for other ways!

For example: starting with Catherine and me!'

Jacqueline's thoughts seamlessly connected with Catherine's.

Catherine, in the midst of indulging in her food, suddenly looked up in astonishment at Arthur.

"You're not planning to marry my sister and me, are you?

Even if you marry my sister and me, Seberlin won't be yours.

On the contrary, you will have to pay a great price.

Even more so, you might end up as a long-term laborer for our father, the kind without a salary!"

After letting go of herself, Catherine once again showed her straightforward nature.

Smack!

Jacqueline covered her face directly.

Arthur, however, was all smiles.

"The person I love is Marinda."

No extra words.

But these crisp and direct words caused Catherine's mouth to turn downward.

"Arthur, you're not going to tell me that before you met Marinda, you always felt that you would end up alone, and only after meeting Marinda did you learn to love?

And then, the whole world was filled with light, right?

That's just too cliché!"

The twin sister clearly did not believe it.

Arthur continued to smile, his voice still crisp and direct.

"I'm allergic to women.

Except for Marinda."

Catherine blinked her emerald green eyes, filled with disbelief.

Jacqueline by her side was also a bit stunned.

Clearly, this reason was too unexpected.

But precisely because it was unexpected, the reason had to be believed.

There was a convincing feeling that, although it was very strange, it must be true.

"Can it be?"

Catherine muttered to herself.

"It's true. Any contact with a woman makes me nauseous, even wanting to vomit.

Even now, Catherine, if you sit a little closer to me, it would make me uncomfortable."

Like the twin sister, Arthur also omitted the surname.

Catherine, on the other hand, was eager to test this out.

The twin sister wanted to see if Arthur would throw up if she touched him.

Of course, just as the twin sister was gearing up, Jacqueline, who shared a telepathic connection with her sister, spoke up to stop her.

"Stop, Catherine."

Jacqueline's stern tone made Catherine halt.

The twin sister did not fear her older sister; she truly respected her.

Because she was well aware that without her sister, she would have died long ago.

So after being stopped by her sister, even though she was reluctant at heart, upon seeing her sister bow formally to Arthur, the twin sister immediately stood by her side and bowed formally as well.

Although she did not know why she was doing this.

Following her sister was enough.

Catherine thought simply.

"Catherine, I'll leave this place in your hands for now.

I need to leave for a while.

To confirm some things."

Jacqueline said seriously.

Catherine did not ask why, but nodded immediately.

Whoosh!

Jacqueline took a deep breath, glanced again at her sister, and turned to leave.

She needed to find a partner now.

A partner of her own.

Arthur Kredos was not the partner she was looking forward to, because with the constraints of the contract with her father, Lord Kredos could not provide her any help, not even a word or phrase without careful and cautious insinuation.

However, Lord Kredos had already pointed out a path to her.

Marinda Julius Caesar!

This lady would be her partner!

As for where to find this lady?

Lord Kredos had quietly informed her.

'Oriental'!

This lady is currently on the 'Oriental'!

And her?

She's now going to discuss the future of Seberlin with this lady.

Of course, it was also about signing a contract.

Just like her father had with Lord Kledos.

However, unlike her father—

She was willing to offer even more benefits!

Chapter 709 Words of the Snake III

Jacqueline left the ancient castle of the West Berlin Family.

Catherine immediately sprawled ungracefully onto a nearby cushion—filled with sponge and goose feathers and placed on a large armchair; the natural curve of the chair instantly provided a comfortable support.

Never doubt a noble's luxuries.

With power and money in their grasp, a noble's pleasures are always beyond a commoner's imagination.

Just like this cushion, even if Arthur had the money, he wouldn't buy it.

Instead of leaning on it, he'd rather turn it into gold and taste that instead.

Of course, not being willing to buy it didn't mean he couldn't enjoy it now and then.

So Catherine was surprised to find that Arthur was lying directly on the armchair.

Even...

He had taken off his shoes.

Immediately, the twin sister was stunned.

Catherine had prepared herself to be lectured by Arthur—she really hated those useless etiquettes, but when others saw her recklessness, they always couldn't help saying things like, "As a daughter of the Marquess of West Berlin, you should be this or that."

She listened.

But it agitated her even more.

So, after completely letting go, the twin sister decided not to listen to that nonsense anymore.

And she prepared her retorts.

But seeing Arthur like this, the twin sister's words reached her lips and couldn't come out; after quietly mumbling to herself, it eventually turned into—

"Arthur, I like this relaxed, unrestrained feeling, but aren't we a bit too relaxed?"

Lying there, Arthur bent his right leg, placing his left leg over his right knee, and started rhythmically shaking it, responding,

"No problem, I'm not streaking."

Catherine: ...

But just ten seconds later, Catherine took off her shoes and started shaking her leg, mimicking Arthur's actions.

A sense of strange comfort along with the rebellious feeling against the usual teachings made the twin sister's cheeks flush with excitement.

Unconsciously, the twin sister looked towards Arthur.

She was curious.

What kind of person was Arthur Kredos?

Catherine unintentionally recalled various things about Arthur.

First, her father.

In dealing with Arthur, her proud and fierce father chose to cooperate cautiously.

Next, Delpock.

The usual Delpock, she didn't take seriously, but in that state, Delpock made her feel utterly terrified, yet even such a frightening Delpock became as lowly as a maggot in front of Arthur, not daring to straighten his back.

And then, that person!

Although she didn't know what happened, under those implications, it was very likely that person was done for.

'Really powerful!

To have such strength at such a young age, truly makes me ashamed.

And that casual demeanor...

I'm so envious!'

An unusual gleam appeared in Catherine's green eyes.

However, when Arthur looked up, the twin sister immediately averted her gaze.

Then, nonchalantly asked,

"What's up?

Is the roasted pork running out?"

"Yeah, bring me five more portions of roasted pork, remember to include the cumin chili sauce and some plum sauce, oh, and find me some lead."

Arthur nodded.

"Lead?

Alright, coming right up."

Catherine was puzzled by Arthur's request, but the twin sister didn't think too much of it or get up, instead, she just rang the bell on the dining table.

When the butler of the West Berlin Family walked in, he felt as though the sky had fallen.

What did he see?

The marquess's younger daughter lying there shaking her leg without any decorum.

How was this any different from the children of country villages?

Moreover, why was the Marquess's esteemed guest behaving in the same manner?

What had happened?

The butler wanted to say something, but in the end, he said nothing, as if he had suffered a major defeat in life. After he heard Catherine's instructions, he left the hall directly.

Bang!

The door closed.

And the moment the door shut, Catherine sat up, slapped her thigh, and burst out laughing heartily.

"Arthur, Arthur, did you see his expression?

It was just like he was constipated!

You don't know, this guy has been scolding me ever since he found out that father's favorite heir was my older sister. He's been lecturing me on how not to lose the dignity of the West Berlin family and constantly reminding me how I should behave after I get married.

Although what he said was true, it still annoyed me!"

After speaking, Catherine once again leaned back in her chair.

However, this time she did not lean into the middle of the chair but tilted toward the side where Arthur was sitting.

This was a subconscious gesture, one that Catherine herself did not notice.

Arthur did notice.

But Arthur did not mind, instead, he took the opportunity to ask,

"Believe me, he will get used to that expression eventually.

By the way, could you talk to me about your older sister?

I am quite curious."

"Of course."

Catherine did not refuse and began to talk endlessly about her older sister.

Meanwhile, as her twin sister began to speak, the twin who had already sprung into action sensed her sister's happiness through telepathy and couldn't help but sigh.

'Don't get sucked in!'

While advising her own sister internally, Jacqueline couldn't help but recall Arthur's display of strength.

Such strength was truly enticing.

It was like a candlelight in the darkness, attracting countless moths to hurl themselves towards it.

The twin sister quickened her pace.

She hoped the night breeze would cool her down.

But, to no avail.

When you need your reason to clearly tell you to avoid something, your reason has already checked out.

However, Jacqueline was not aware of this.

As the older twin sister, Jacqueline thought she was handling everything quite well.

Not only had she quickly returned to normal, but she could also still command—

"I'm sorry I'm late.

I was deceived by a traitor in the cult and was sent away from Doldot Port.

Now, I'm back!

It's time for us to seek revenge!"

Veiled, Jacqueline walked towards the 'Oriental' while rallying the followers of the Pain Church.

Although the Inland River Cult had launched a surprise attack and her father had killed many of the mid and high-level officials, the Pain Church, having operated in West Berlin for many years, still had supporters.

And there were not a few remaining.

They were just leaderless before, completely at a loss.

But as Jacqueline appeared in her role as a High Priest,

immediately, the situation reversed.

"Yes, my lord!"

"We shall make them endure pain!"

One by one, the followers of the Pain Church, as if inspired by a great force, furiously attacked the followers of the Inland River Cult.

And the church's remaining high officials silently followed this High Priest to the dock.

This was the beginning of the incident.

Naturally, it needed to end here as well.

The remaining high officials of the Pain Church thought as much.

While Jacqueline's gaze was fixed on the white passenger ship on the river.

Chapter 710 Words of the Snake IV

Oriental, upper deck, terrace.

Marinda sat in Arthur's chair, holding a cup of orange tea with double honey.

She took a small sip, and as the sweet and sour taste began to spread at the tip of her tongue, the lady's gaze shifted to the lead box on the table.

It was the one prepared by the Marquess of West Berlin.

With the embarrassing departure of the Marquess of West Berlin, it had become an ownerless item and was taken by her for use.

The fact that the lead box could contain the 'Lady of Sorrow' surprised her a bit.

However, what surprised her even more were Arthur's arrangements.

'You rascal, how did you know that the Marquess of West Berlin would surely fail?'

Or was it...

'all your arrangement?'

Marinda thought to herself, slightly lifting her head to look at the moon in the night sky.

The clear moonlight poured over the lady's face, making her fair skin reflectively glow, with her beautiful, delicate features filled with a sanctity not seen on ordinary days, and her golden hair shimmered faintly, not from reflection.

But a natural glow.

A hint of resignation appeared in the lady's deep blue eyes.

Though she balanced the conflicting forces of Bloodline and the Power of the Undead, the power of 'Holy Light' still took her by surprise.

Domineering, yet full of vitality.

A bit like...

Arthur.

'Yes, really like that rascal, as if he has illuminated my life like light.'

No!

Given his character, he'd more likely have set a trap and waited for me to jump into it.

Just like this time!'

Marinda had clearly come to believe that this was all Arthur's plan.

She continued her thoughts downward.

'Since this is your plan, what is its purpose?

To threaten the Old Lion?

Though there was cooperation between them, given the cold-blooded nature of the Old Lion, how would he care about the life and death of a failure?

Or was it that you also wanted to peep into the secrets of the 'Lady of Sorrow'?

But as an 'Ascend Steper', wouldn't you need to bother in such a way?

You continue down the path, and becoming a Demigod is only a matter of time.

Afterward, to ignite Divine Fire, gather Divinity, and sit amidst the clouds to shape a Divine Kingdom... These things, 'Lady of Sorrow' can't help you there, after all, It hadn't reached such heights!

The lady looked at the lead box again, her deep blue eyes filled with confusion—the 'Lady of Sorrow' inside was not here as her reward, but it was the sacrifice she made in exchange for her reward.

And precisely because of this, the lady was even more baffled.

To know, Arthur had started cooperation with her with part of the revenue from Port Doldot.

Although 'Lady of Sorrow' had a big reputation, in reality...

Not being a complete entity, to be honest, it was hardly impressive.

The feeling that without even making an effort, the opponent had already fallen, made the lady uncontrollably think—

'Arthur wouldn't be using this method to curry favor with me, would he?

Impossible!

Even if this guy had a soft spot for me, he wouldn't let himself suffer a loss!

Then he...

Hmm?!'

As the lady pondered deeply, a gaze from the dock made her turn her head to look.

The lady saw Jacqueline, wearing a long robe and a veil.

For Marinda, who still retained some of the 'Holy Light', neither the night nor the veil could block her sight, so she immediately recognized Jacqueline's identity—in the countess's study, there was a portrait of Jacqueline, which Marinda had seen.

Of course, it was more from Arthur's stories.

It was at that moment, Marinda slightly narrowed her deep blue eyes, as if she had found a leading thread amidst a tangled mess.

And with Jacqueline slightly bowing as a gesture of courtesy, everything became clear.

'So that's it!

You rascal, your schemes are grand!

But...

I like it!'

The joy in her heart caused a flutter of Marinda's lips, and then she gestured with her hand—

The 'Lady of the Eternal Night' from South Los invited the 'Pain Church's High Priest aboard.

Achisto, who was being chased and running in panic by the 'Pain Church' followers, saw this scene and immediately collapsed to the ground kneeling.

As the High Priest of the Inland River Cult, just two hours earlier, Achisto had fantasized about reaching the pinnacle of life, receiving countless accolades, and substantial wealth that would secure him a real territory in Inner Bay, establishing his own family, celebrated by descendants day and night.

In the beginning, it was indeed like that.

When Delpock was beating the 'Pain Church' so they dared not show their faces, and as he hovered like a Divine Spirit under the night sky, taunting the Marquess of West Berlin over and over, Achisto felt his success was imminent.

Although there was a bit of jealousy towards Delpock, what did it matter?

The other was a confidant of that important person.

And him?

He was just a subordinate.

If the other ate meat, he could drink the soup.

Moreover, he had not yet become one of those cast-offs from the "Rapids Squad."

What more could he be dissatisfied with?

Achisto comforted himself while looking at Delpock, who was suspended under the night sky.

But it was only for a moment.

Everything changed.

After the giant white bird flew across the sky, the fierce, cunning, and unrivalled Delpock began to beg like a little girl about to cry.

Afterwards, he shattered.

And with such shattering, everything changed.

Lacking Delpock and the "Rapids Squad," the congregation of the "Inland Church" plunged into panic.

Conversely, the appearance of the High Priest of the "Pain Church" freed the "Pain Church" from panic and greatly boosted their morale.

A moment ago, the "Inland Church" was advancing triumphantly.

This moment, they were already in full retreat.

Especially those who were lurking in the high ranks at Port Doldot, countless had died in battle.

Even around Achisto, only the priest Toran remained.

"Sir, we've reached the dock.

We need to find a ship to leave Port Doldot!

Once we leave Port Doldot, we can still make a comeback!"

The priest Toran consoled Achisto.

In Toran's view, Achisto just couldn't accept the outcome for now, but with a little adjustment, he could rally again.

Who hasn't faced failure, right?

However, contrary to Toran's expectations, upon hearing his comforting words, the High Priest of the "Inland Church" immediately became hysterical—

"It's all gone!

Everything is gone!

My position, my wealth, everything I had is gone!

I was so close to getting it!"

The roar scared Toran, startling him.

Afterward, the priest went to support Achisto.

"Sir, you?"

"Don't call me sir, I am not your sir, you, a commoner born, how could you ever have the opportunity to call me sir?"

That's right!

You have no right!

And this time, the loss of the organization, it started because of you!

I just heeded slander!

I am blameless!

Sir can definitely forgive me!"

Achisto pushed Toran away, and seeing Toran's confused face, a malicious smile emerged on Achisto's face—

"Do you think the 'Inland Church' came into existence just by chance?

Of course, it was established by an important figure!

Do you really think it was so-called Divine Grace?

Don't be ridiculous!"

With each word, Toran staggered back as if struck by lightning.

"Impossible!

You said we would all rely on the Inland River for a better life, to escape that unfairness..."

"Haha!

Of course, I lied to you!

I am the representative of the important figure here, and your perceived Divine Spirits are just playthings!

If you can, let the 'God of the Inland River' appear, huh?

You fool!"

Watching Toran's incredulous, trembling form, Achisto's despondent heart suddenly obtained immense satisfaction, and his words became increasingly venomous.

At that moment, Achisto's entire face twisted.

And just as Achisto was ready to gratify himself further, ripples appeared in the void behind him, and a longsword thrust straight out—

Puh!