

Great Master 751

Chapter 751 The Touch of Folly III

Lori's voice was high-pitched, and he spread his arms wide as if he were already standing on the stage of the largest theater within the Ainhars Territory, receiving the worship of all the audience.

As for the people around him?

They were naturally also part of the audience.

He was merely aiding them now, acting as a supporting role.

His brother, the lady he pursued, Lady Windsor, were just like that.

The only difference was the proportion of their parts.

Just like this brother of his.

As someone whose Talent far surpassed his, who was extremely favored by his father, Burton had played the role of an enemy for quite a significant part of his life.

Until...

Kalal appeared!

That detestable distant relative not only possessed a Talent better than Burton's but also, in a sense, truly had a share in the Ainhars Territory.

Therefore, he had felt like facing a formidable enemy at that time.

However, what he hadn't expected was that Burton would actually make a friendly gesture towards him first.

At that moment, he understood the true meaning of the phrase "there are no permanent enemies in life," and he also realized that taking real control of Ainhars wasn't as difficult as he had imagined.

Just like at this moment—

The Marquis' Eldest Son was observing the expressions of the young nobles around him.

It was a stir of thoughts after pondering.

Not even Lady Windsor, the only daughter of Viscount Windsor, was an exception.

This lady had no competitors, as she could inherit everything from Viscount Windsor after his demise, but... who would not want to gain more renown by themselves?

As for the others?

Some were like Lady Windsor.

The rest were like him before, having too much desire for the Succession Right yet unable to attain it.

Simply put, those present today had been selectively invited by the Marquis' Eldest Son.

Therefore, the Marquis' Eldest Son was not worried about failing.

In fact, it was just so—

"After they mutually destroy each other, we will clean up the mess... If it's that kind of stage, I am very willing,"

said a young noble.

"Right, I think this stage belongs to us, it couldn't be more appropriate,"

another young noble echoed.

And such agreement quickly spread.

Only, Lady Windsor was different.

This lady slightly furrowed her brows and did not speak immediately.

Therefore, everyone turned their gaze towards her.

This scene made Lori feel dissatisfied.

The Marquis' Eldest Son knew very well that the woman in front of him was doing this on purpose.

This lady really enjoyed the feeling of being the center of attention.

If it could also bring benefits, then all the better.

Ever since Kalal was expelled and Windsor immediately distanced herself from him, the Marquis' Eldest Son had known her true nature.

"Specific!

I need a specific plan!

If there is no specific plan, I'm out!"

Lady Windsor said this.

And such a statement made Lori even more dissatisfied.

The Marquis' Eldest Son felt that the woman before him, in her pursuit of more power, was undermining his platform—these special spectators around him, alone might not have any power, not worth his concern, but when these people gathered together, they naturally became something not to be ignored.

And gathering such capable individuals also made a difference.

"Damn woman, she actually wants to seize power!

You delusion!

Just wait!

After today, I will definitely make you understand what it means to be worse than death!"

Inwardly cursing, Lori had already decided to play with Windsor enough and then confine her in the high tower within the castle.

And now?

The Marquis' Eldest Son nevertheless wore a slight smile.

"Of course!"

'The Red Knights' had hidden a batch of cannons on the bank of the Inland River, which were enough to cause considerable damage to the Southern Lost Spirit Medium.

After all, the 'Oriental' on the Inland River was nothing more than a target for these River Pirates.

Afterward, the numerous and swarming River Pirates would overwhelm the Southern Lost Spirit Medium.

Especially since the 'Red Knights' were not to be underestimated.

And then?

It was time for my men to take the stage—when the River Pirates had an absolute advantage, Kalal would take action, informing the 'Red Knights' that we were the protagonists of this territory."

In order to reclaim everyone's leadership, the Marquis' Eldest Son reluctantly disclosed some information.

Of course, the most secretive parts, the Marquis' Eldest Son would never reveal.

Such as: His dealings with Gleisa Hamlet.

However, even so, it was enough.

"Hiss!

Kalal?

'The Slaughterer' Kalal?"

A young Noble exclaimed.

The faces of the surrounding young Nobles also changed.

Perhaps among the River Pirates, the 'Red Knights' had a very high reputation, but in terms of fear, 'The Slaughterer' Kalal was what people feared the most.

Especially the young Nobles who knew some of 'The Slaughterer' Kalal's war records.

At times, they also played the role of robbers.

But most of the time, they had their humanity.

And 'The Slaughterer' Kalal?

He was completely a guy devoid of humanity.

Seeing everyone's expressions, Lori was extremely satisfied.

The Marquis' Eldest Son immediately said—

"Of course, apart from that Kalal, I don't think there's any other Kalal who would appear alongside the 'Red Knights'.

Moreover, Kalal also has another identity..."

Lori drew out his tone.

Only when he had refocused everyone's attention on himself did the Marquis' Eldest Son continue with a smile.

"He is a confidant of the 'Red Knights'!

Not just him, but 'Skull Splitter' Sadi and 'Blood Axe' Danny too are confidants of this 'Red Knight'.

Simply put, they usually act as if they don't interfere with each other.

In reality, they are a group.

And for us, this is very advantageous.

'The Red Knights' will definitely not guard against 'The Slaughterer' Kalal."

Upon hearing this news, the young Nobles in the room looked at each other.

They genuinely did not know this fact.

And if this was true...

Impressive!

Watching the expressions of those around him change, the Marquis' Eldest Son knew it was sufficient.

"What do you think?

Would you like to join me on the stage that belongs to us?"

The Marquis' Eldest Son asked.

"Willing!"

Burton was the first to nod.

And unexpectedly, Lady Windsor was the second to agree.

"Willing!"

The Marquis' Eldest Son glanced at Windsor, his esteem for the woman in front of him falling even further.

'She really is profit-driven!

Kalal, that fool, will be crying, right?

But soon, he won't be able to cry anymore!'

Thinking this, the Marquis' Eldest Son nonetheless showed goodwill to Lady Windsor, not just nodding but also displaying a standard smile.

With these two leading, the rest of the group also expressed their willingness to join.

Immediately, Lori was elated with a sense of accomplishment.

But what the Marquis' Eldest Son did not see was that in the sleeve of Lady Windsor, a Messenger Stone was continuously flickering.

Chapter 752: Touch of Folly IV

Inner Bay, Storm Inn.

This inn, located in the Docklands, has a long history. It was rumored that the first owner bought the land here during the late Holy Era and built this inn, which initially had only seven guest rooms.

After more than two hundred years of good development, the Storm Inn had not only expanded to include forty individual guest rooms, five large communal ones, three small courtyards, and twelve stables, but it also boasted its own signature dish: the Feast of the Storm.

Rumor had it that the first owner invented the dish while rescuing others during a storm.

Others said that those who were rescued invented the dish to thank the owner.

Of course, many speculated that the name of the Storm Inn was also due to this event.

However, Kalal knew all this was false.

Any rescue, any gratitude, it was all a fabrication.

The so-called Feast of the Storm was initially called the Eye of the Storm.

Kalal thought that naming it the Eye of the Storm was quite appropriate, considering the appearance of fish in a pie, their heads held high, dead but with eyes open.

As for the Feast of the Storm?

Please!

It wasn't a radish conference, a dozen dead fish staring at you was creepy enough, but hundreds? Kalal figured he might just draw his sword and chop the chef.

"There's news!"

Outside the suite, Jimte walked in.

Kalal, stroking his Twin Swords, looked up.

Hayes, who had been lying in Manta's arms eating grapes, paused as well.

"The Storm Hotel is called the Storm Hotel because the first owner's fishing rod was named Storm—a rod rumored to bring stormy weather every time it was used, resulting in no catch," Jimte relayed the information he had gathered.

Click!

Kalal's sword slightly unsheathed.

Hayes unceremoniously spat a grape seed at Jimte.

"Seberlin! I want to hear the specifics about Seberlin!"

As Kalal spoke, his Twin Swords unsheathed even further, as if warning Jimte that another nonsensical word would lead to him being chopped.

"No sense of humor!

I did betray my fiancée after all!

Shouldn't you allow me to comfort myself in my own way?"

Jimte argued indignantly.

However, as he saw Kalal's swords nearly fully unsheathed, he quickly said—

"Sir, a complete victory!

Not just shares in Doldot Port, but a great reputation as well!

The locals are immensely grateful to you!"

Jimte spoke earnestly, sharing everything he knew.

The information came from his fiancée, the second daughter of the Marquess of Seberlin.

As for his so-called betrayal?

Impossible!

Unlike her two sisters, the marquess's rebellious second daughter, upon discovering that her father treated her merely as a tool, began to resist quietly. With Jimte's appearance, they quickly hit it off—engagement was just a necessary step in their plan.

After leaving Seberlin, those secretly developed scouts were truly effective.

At least, they allowed Jimte to partially uncover the truth.

"That's wonderful!"

Kalal smiled.

Hayes, on the other hand, rubbed his temples—

"A complete victory in Seberlin, huh?

That's going to make things difficult for the Ainhars Territory and Bert Territory next!

Why would you do this, sir?"

The nephew of Count Bert voiced his confusion.

In Hayes's understanding, a small victory or none at all was preferable.

Because only then would the Ainhars and Bert territories and their backers be less likely to notice him, making it easier to achieve his goals afterward.

At that time, whether to make a quiet exit or a joyous entrance would all be effortless.

"You're speculating about the lord using your own ideas again!

How could you possibly guess the lord's intentions?"

Kalal snorted disdainfully at Hayes's contemplative expression.

For Kalal, he had never met anyone as strategically minded as Arthur. He firmly believed Arthur had his own considerations.

And Jimte, who had personally experienced it, believed so too.

Watching the expressions of the two men who were just like himself, Hayes grew ever more curious about the Southern Lost Spirit Medium, whom he had never met.

Count Bert's nephew was so eager to see what kind of person Arthur really was that he directly made these two proud men willingly perform the "Lionheart Ceremony."

It couldn't be a deception, could it?

This thought surfaced in Hayes's mind, and immediately, Count Bert's nephew shook his head.

Impossible!

Others might be deceived!

But Jimte and Kalal would never be!

If the two of them were deceived!

Then wouldn't he be deceived as well?

So, impossible!

The equally proud Hayes would never admit to these things.

"I certainly can't guess!

But now, I am very curious about what the lord will do in Ainhars!

According to the timetable, the lord's ship should be arriving at Ainhars soon!"

After swallowing a grape Manta handed to him, Hayes said with a smile.

"I am very much looking forward to it as well."

Jimte and Kalal nodded simultaneously.

And just at that moment, the Messenger Stone in Kalal's embrace suddenly lit up.

"It's Windsor."

Kalal explained briefly.

Jimte and Hayes had heard of this lady.

She was considered Kalal's good friend.

Why 'considered'?

Because, when Kalal was still in Ainhars Territory, this lady had expressed more than once her desire to invest in Kalal — demanding the kind of long-term high returns after her needs were met.

After Kalal explicitly refused, she did not give up.

One thing led to another, and their relationship grew close.

Even after Kalal was expelled, they maintained contact — Kalal needed to purchase news of Ainhars Territory from this lady.

And her initiating contact naturally meant she had important news.

So, Kalal directly connected —

'Do you know why I chose to go hunting today?'

An unexpected male voice appeared.

It was Lori!

Kalal confirmed in an instant.

Then, the interest of this nephew of the Marquess of Ainhars surged immediately.

Not just Kalal, Jimte and Hayes felt the same.

Even Hayes got up from Manta's embrace and sat upright.

As time ticked by second by second.

The expression of the three men shifted from focused to realize, and from realizing to surprised.

Especially Hayes, who was extremely shocked.

"So that's it!

The lord actually wanted to use this opportunity to capture all the young nobles of Ainhars Territory in one fell swoop—There's nothing more precious than the gratitude owed during the chaos of war!

Worthy of the lord, even considering Lori in this plan!

It's really...

Impressive!"

Hayes's sincere admiration made Kalal's mouth curve into a smile.

"Believe it or not, what you just guessed is only what the lord wanted you to guess, the lord's true intention is still hidden where you can't see!"

The once experienced Kalal spoke with extreme confidence.

The lord's plan couldn't possibly be seen through at a glance, there must be other motives.

Similarly, Jimte also nodded in agreement.

"Exactly, it must be so!"

But the trio's discussion didn't continue.

Because, from the Messenger Stone came the sound —

"Look quick, it's the 'Oriental'!

He, has arrived!"

Chapter 753: Touch of Folly V

A low shout immediately drew the attention of Lori and his group toward the surface of the Inland River.

There, a white passenger ship was slowly approaching.

Though not actively boarding the ship, with their far-superior vision and daily cultivation of "Noble Knowledge," these young nobles couldn't help but exclaim in awe—

"Is that the observation deck?"

"Standing on that top cabin's balcony looking down, the view must be beautiful!"

"Hiss, that ship's prow ornamentation is from the Holy Era!"

A series of comments ended with a gasp of astonishment.

The group of noble youths then looked toward the one who had gasped.

"I can confirm, whether it's the 'Holy Song' style of the prow ornamentation or the choice of iron mixed with wood for the material, they are all styles from the Holy Era, and furthermore—

It is very likely a relic from a ship of the Holy Era!

After all, even the best craftsmen couldn't reproduce this sense of the passage of time!"

The young noble sighed.

Then, he let out another sigh—

"Regrettably, such a complete 'Holy Song'!

I wonder if it can be preserved later on.

If it can, I wish to collect it!"

Saying this, the young noble looked towards Lori.

As for spending on behalf of others, this son of a marquis was never stingy.

"Of course!

If it is preserved, it's yours, Little Tami!

I assure you!"

Hearing such a promise, Little Tami, the only son of Baron Tami, immediately bowed slightly toward Lori.

In response, Lori calmly accepted the gesture.

And, as the marquis' eldest son, he rightfully believed that he had won Tami's favor—being the only son of one of the three barons within the Ainhars Territory, Little Tami was naturally someone he aimed to woo. Although a 'Holy Song' was valuable, if he could gain more, why not?

With such a good start, everything following naturally became easier.

But, that was a matter for later!

Now?

"We need to conceal ourselves!

You know, uninvited guests are not only us!"

With these words, Lori pointed to one side.

Groups of people appeared on the side of the Inland River.

Their attires varied, identifiable as farmers, merchants, hunters from their clothes, and they carried an assortment of weapons, from hoes to bows to firearms, but the one constant was the determination on their faces and the fervor in their eyes.

"Who are they?"

After finding a good hiding spot, Little Tami asked in a low voice.

"Members of the Inland River Cult.

They have come for a holy war."

Lori explained.

Of course, this son of a marquis concealed the most critical part.

For example: Gleisa Hamlet had lost control over the Inland River Cult.

Lori had heard a bit about the deeds of this eldest son of Old Lion before, but things like his control over a sect, Lori did not believe.

This marquis' eldest son did not believe Gleisa Hamlet could achieve this.

After all, he couldn't manage it himself.

But with Gleisa Hamlet's self-declaration, he had to believe that this eldest son of Old Lion had indeed achieved something significant out of everyone's sight.

And because of this, this marquis' eldest son believed Gleisa Hamlet's words of revenge and his willingness to support him in it.

You see, this was a truly thriving sect!

If he had such a sect and it was taken from him, he would absolutely go mad.

And to get back at that person, he really could give his all.

All along, he believed that Gleisa Hamlet's 'special troops' were among these people—'Southern Lost Spirit Medium has taken my sect, but he cannot fully control the people within it yet; there are those who remain loyal to me and are ready to follow my command at any time!'

To such words, this marquis' eldest son also believed.

Because, in his view, this made sense.

If it were him, he would do the same.

Except...

'Gleisa Hamlet is really a fool to choose me as your partner and still fantasize about taking back his own sect!

Utterly delusional!

The leadership position among the young nobles of Ainhars Territory, I want it!

"I want the leadership position in the Inland River Cult too!"

"It's all mine!"

A cold sneer rose in the heart of the Marquis' eldest son, and his eyes blazed.

"So that's how it is!

After suffering a setback in Seberlin, the Inland River Cult dares to participate?

Such a terrifying faith!"

Little Tami muttered to himself.

People nearby also voiced their agreement in succession.

Amid this chorus, Little Tami surreptitiously exchanged glances with Burton.

No eye contact, no lingering stares.

Just a fleeting glance.

Most people wouldn't pay attention to such a moment.

But Windsor, who had an overarching view of the situation, noticed it.

Viscount's only daughter was secretly using a Messenger Stone to broadcast live to Kalal while calculating how to maximize her benefits.

Calculative young Nobles concealed themselves on the side.

Fervent believers of the Inland Church marched straight ahead.

Everyone cooperated tacitly, not making any noise.

Until—

Woo!

The continuous sound of horns began to echo along the banks of the Inland River.

In a uniquely desolate air, as squad after squad of river pirates appeared, the atmosphere filled with a sense of grim determination, and when the camouflage was removed from twenty 12-pounders hidden on the hillside, the feeling of imminent danger reached its peak.

"Ah! What is that?"

"Firearms! Those are firearms!"

"River Pirates! The river pirates are here!"

Onboard the 'Oriental', panic instantly ensued.

In such moments, even attempts by Captain Old Barry and First Mate Albert to calm everyone were futile; even their own sailors were somewhat at a loss.

Almost instinctively, the two looked towards Chief Sailor Old John.

As the leader of the 'Oriental's combat members, Chief Sailor Old John was calm.

Old John had faced too many things in his lifetime.

To him, a situation like this was nothing serious.

Just some firearms.

He could completely ignore them.

What truly worried him was the Inland River.

Or more precisely...

There was a tremendously terrifying presence peeping at this place from under the water.

But that was just a concern.

After all, if he couldn't beat it, he could always run.

For pirates, running away isn't something shameful.

On the contrary, having attempted to run but failing—that's what's truly shameful.

However, this only applied to one person.

As for leading the whole 'Oriental' in an escape?

Old John didn't think he could do it.

So, the old pirate was curious about what Arthur would do.

"Everyone, please calm down.

Don't forget whose ship this is," Old John thought to himself as he addressed the crowd.

Immediately, the panicked crowd calmed down.

Yes!

This was the Southern Lost Spirit Medium's ship!

Moreover, more importantly, the revered Spirit Medium himself was on board!

Subconsciously, everyone's gaze turned to the top deck.

Many wanted to ascend to the top deck, but fearful of offending the Spirit Medium, they could only pace anxiously at the stairway.

Meanwhile, Arthur leisurely put down his orange tea, stood up to stretch, and then picked up a black coat beside him.

He dressed meticulously, double-checked to ensure there were no undesirable creases, and then stepped out the door.

Chapter 754: Touch of Folly VI

Countless eyes along the riverside were fixed on the white passenger ship.

As a black figure appeared on the upper deck, Lori's breathing grew rapid—

'Come on! Come on!

I'm about to take the stage!

And the color of fresh blood far surpasses that of flowers!

And you, the corpse of Arthur Kredos, will be my best stepping stone!'

Fierce and ferocious.

This son of a marquis, like a hungry wolf.

Little Tami slightly lowered his head to conceal the chill and excitement in his eyes.

The chill was murderous intent.

The excitement was a hunter's instinct.

He chose to work with Burton, the Marquis' second son, not only because the latter had approached him, but also because he wanted to test the blood of someone of higher status.

That taste...

Should be different from that of commoners, right?

Burton crouched down, hands gripping his twin swords.

The hard feel of the sword handles gave him immense assurance and...

Confidence!

If possible, he didn't want to do it.

But, who made his brother relentlessly close in?

He had no choice.

He...

Did not want to become the next Kalal!

Thinking of that relative whose talent far surpassed his own but who was mercilessly expelled, the Marquis' second son became even more determined—Lori must die!

If Lori did not die, he would have no peace.

And this was his chance.

With this thought, the Marquis' second son began to regulate his breathing.

Concealed among the crowd, Lady Windsor quietly watched everything.

Her brown eyes sparkled even more in the shadows.

She had found the way to maximize her benefits.

The next moment—

The lady looked towards the 'Oriental.',

Staring at that black figure.

Now, she just needed to verify this person's worth to make her final decision.

...

"Hurry up!"

"Faster!"

"We absolutely cannot allow those river pirates to harm Lord Kredos!"

With a low shout, Toran picked up his pace even more.

Alongside him, the believers of the Inland River Cult were silent, hurrying on.

After witnessing the true God of the Inland River, their gratitude towards Arthur peaked.

Because, it was Arthur who helped them find their true faith.

Without Arthur, they would have been deceived.

That would disgrace their faith.

That would make their souls fall.

Thinking of such outcomes, all believers of the Inland River Cult shuddered.

Fortunately, none of that had happened.

They were saved by Arthur Kredos.

They were rescued by the Southern Lost Spirit Medium.

And now...

It was their turn to come to the rescue of this gentleman.

"Look there!

Gunpowder cannons!"

One sharp-eyed believer pointed.

Suddenly, everyone saw the twenty 12-pound cannons, their disguises removed.

The muzzles were being aimed at the 'Oriental.'

The 'Oriental' was about to be bombarded!

This was something no one could accept.

'What is Danny doing?

Hasn't he said he would delay as much as possible?'

Annoyed, Toran immediately pulled out a scale.

This newly appointed High Priest was ready to use some secret techniques left by 'the god'—without these techniques, he didn't know how else to stop the bombardment.

But just then—

"Wait!"

Mr. Gwen suddenly spoke up to stop him.

As everyone turned to him in confusion, Mr. Gwen quickly said—

"Look at the muzzles!"

Suddenly, everyone noticed the difference.

The muzzles were adjusting.

From aiming at the 'Oriental' to...

The sky?!

The crowd was baffled, completely unaware of what was happening.

But the real shocking event had only just begun—

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Twenty cannon shots rang out.

But there were no cannonballs.

It was just the roar of gunpowder.

Like a salute!

A figure clad in red armor emerged through the thick smoke of the cannon.

"'Red Knight'!"

"It's the 'Red Knight'!"

"And 'Skull Splitter' Sadi!"

"That one is 'Blood Axe' Danny!"

Many people exclaimed in such a manner.

Then, such cries of surprise suddenly stopped!

Because—

All the river pirates on the hill, even the well-known 'Red Knight' Hazlitt, 'Skull Splitter' Sadi, 'Blood Axe' Danny, and others, all knelt on one knee.

They bowed their heads.

They were silent.

They seemed like soldiers being inspected.

Everything around was silent.

Only the sound of the Inland River's waves remained.

"Salute!"

The sound of the cannon, it really was a salute!"

A young noble couldn't help exclaiming.

It wasn't that the young noble was overreacting, but the scene before them was indeed beyond their expectations.

Following that, all the young nobles turned their gaze toward Lori.

Toward this Marquis' son.

They were waiting for an explanation from the Marquis' son.

What about the fisherman benefiting from the mutual destruction that was mentioned before? This didn't seem like what they had been told!

Forget about the 'stage' now!

Here, they were completely like clowns!

Moreover, a group of clowns!

And Lori himself was stunned.

'Impossible!

This can't be possible!

How could these river pirates show such respect to that Southern Lost Spirit Medium?'

Completely unaware of what had happened, Lori was in a state where he couldn't accept reality, having lost all ability to think and only managed to say subconsciously—

"Wait and see! Don't rush!"

Such words, anyone could see, were just an excuse.

Or more precisely, a delay.

This Marquis' eldest son no longer had any solutions.

However, no one exposed him.

Nobles, after all, have some rules to adhere to.

But many views toward this Marquis' eldest son carried a hint of mock.

"Everyone makes mistakes; don't judge winners and losers by one instance!"

Burton spoke up.

This Baron's younger son, always appearing youthful, stood by his older brother in his way.

Yet, these words deeply hurt the Marquis' eldest son.

"Yes!

Why not wait a bit more?

Lori has said to wait, so let's continue to see."

Little Tami also spoke up.

Immediately, Lori gave a grateful look toward the Baron's only son.

Lady Windsor, hidden among the crowd, looked at Lori as if watching a fool.

'How idiotic does one have to be to believe such words?

And, can't you see the coordination between Little Tami and your brother?

By the time nothing happens...

It won't just be a loss of dignity for you!

You will also 'commit suicide' because you can't bear such an outcome!

How foolish!

Lady Windsor evaluated in her mind.

Even, many also noticed something was amiss.

But before they could ponder further, a roaring sound appeared from beneath the Inland River—

Whirr!

In the unique whirring, a huge whirlpool appeared on the surface of the Inland River.

Appearing along with it was...

An aura!

Reeking of blood and brutality!

Everyone who sensed this aura instantly changed their expression, their bodies shaking, some even collapsing outright.

Only one person stood calmly, as if caressed by a spring breeze.

Yes, Arthur.

The young Southern Lost Spirit Medium's eyes were filled with compassion as he softly said—

"I gave you a chance already."

Chapter 755 White Bird I

The Inland River runs through the entirety of South County, and the residents along its banks are incredibly familiar with it, regardless of whether it is calm or turbulent.

However, none of the people of South County had ever seen the Inland River as it was at this moment—

Waves surged upon each other in layers, one after another, and amidst the deafening roar that seemed to drag one onto a battlefield with thunderous war drums, these waves were like ferocious soldiers, their eyes red and filled with killing intent, charging toward them.

Wishing to kill them!

Wishing to crush them to pieces!

Everyone collapsed on the ground thought so.

Especially when an endless sucking force emerged from the vortex and even generated a fierce wind, Lady Windsor's swaying body suddenly paled.

This well-read lady immediately thought of a legend—

'Devourer' Imola!

A 'Evil God' once worshipped by the Barbarians and vanquished by The Holy Court during the Holy Era.

Legend has it that the complete Imola possessed an exaggerated body length of over a thousand meters, capable of swallowing ten elephants in one bite, and once rampaged within Ainhars Territory during the 'Shadows' attack, causing at least six towns to disappear and countless others to be affected as a result of the 'Devourer' Imola.

The vanished towns were eaten by Imola.

The affected towns had simply witnessed Imola devour those other towns.

Sucking in!

With a wide-open Big Mouth and an invisible force of suction, everything was completely drawn into its own body, turning into the best nourishment.

In the worship of the Barbarians, Imola was deemed the embodiment of 'strength' and 'wind'.

But Imola never truly protected the Barbarians; instead, it treated those within Ainhars Territory as snacks, occasionally swallowing a few whole.

The brutality of this Evil God far exceeded imagination.

Even many scholars believed that Imola lacked intelligence.

However, when The Holy Court set out to subdue it, it was proven that Imola did possess intelligence, albeit not a particularly high level of it.

Perhaps it was due to its massive body and innate power that made it accustomed to dealing with opponents directly, thereby losing the habit of thinking.

Or perhaps it was due to some other reasons.

The specifics were unknown to Lady Windsor.

This lady only knew that Imola had been slain by The Holy Court's 'Holy Sword Knight'—she did not believe the description of 'God-slaying with One Sword.' To uncover the truth of that event, this lady had spent a high price, yet, sadly, the records were scarce.

In the Holy Era, The Holy Court's rule was beyond imagination.

Any text that contradicted the records of The Holy Court was not permitted to exist.

What if it did appear?

Burn it!

And burn the author or recorder along with it.

'Damn The Holy Court!

I knew there was a truth that was not known to the world!'

Despite the records of its death, the reappearance of such anomalies was no longer strange to Lady Windsor, who was a beneficiary of the Silver Era.

But now!

This time, she would rather the records of The Holy Court were true!

Otherwise...

She would die!

Bear in mind, this is the 'Devourer' Imola!

The infamous Evil God of legend!

At this moment of life and death, Windsor could no longer afford to hide anything.

Steadying herself as best as she could, the lady said—

"Be careful, everyone, this is 'Devourer' Imola!

Show your hand! Bring out all you've got!

Otherwise, we're all going to die!"

As her words fell, a Force Field Shield enveloped everyone present.

To gain something, one must be willing to let go.

Windsor understood this statement at the age of seven.

In such a critical moment, one must show sincerity.

But some people simply did not understand.

Several young Nobles turned pale and trembled upon hearing the name 'Devourer' Imola. When they were enveloped by the Force Field Shield, these young Nobles immediately took out their life-saving props.

Some were scrolls.

Others were props.

But their purpose was the same.

To flee from here.

Escape from this perilous, deadly place.

As for those around them?

They could not be bothered with them any longer.

In such a time, how could anyone pay attention to those people?

Those with Spirituality could clearly see the light radiating from the scrolls and props.

As the light faded, those few young nobles disappeared on the spot, entering into...

the belly of the "Devourer".

"Ahhh!"

The anguished howls quickly dissipated, and Lady Windsor wore a look of disdain.

"Do you really think that the 'Devourer,' honored as a Divine Spirit, is that easy to escape from?"

The words of this lady caused several who had hesitated, those who had seen someone run and were preparing to follow suit, to stop in their tracks. They exchanged looks and, ultimately, all eyes turned to the lady.

"Lady Windsor, what should we do?"

"Yes, Lady Windsor."

"Do you have any ideas, Lady Windsor?"

Their panicked looks truly made Lady Windsor want to slap these fellows.

"Your trump cards!

Take out all your trump cards!

Don't tell me you don't have any!"

Having no choice, Lady Windsor reiterated her demand.

Then, the lady was dumbfounded.

Aside from the three fellows who had been devoured, the remaining seven all had trump cards meant for escaping, including Lori, Burton, and Tami.

"Don't you have even a tiny bit of guts?

Why only think of running away?

Even if you don't have offensive trump cards, you must have some for defense, right?

Bring them all out!"

Lady Windsor shouted frantically.

And her heart sank continuously.

Because—

her own trump card was also meant for escape, a scroll that could swiftly transport her from her location to a safe place 30 kilometers away, given to her by her father.

In that, Lady Windsor found nothing inappropriate.

After all, she was a girl and needed no valor.

But the fellows around her were truly disappointing.

Especially those who always boasted about their courage to her, even though she knew it was false. But shouldn't there be at least something to back up such pretenses?

Who could have known, they were all fakes!

Fortunately, there were quite a few Defensive Props.

One Force Field Shield after another stacked up.

"Lady Windsor, what do we do next?"

Burton asked.

Even at such a time, the younger son of the Marquis continued his charade.

On a normal day, Lady Windsor would have certainly enjoyed watching.

But now?

She was in no mood for that.

She took a deep breath and said—

"Pray."

Such a word made everyone around her stunned.

Lady Windsor, however, pointed toward the prow of the large white ship, locking her gaze on the slowly emerging black figure, and stated word by word.

"Pray!

Pray that the Southern Lost Spirit Medium is as powerful as the rumors say!

Pray that the Southern Lost Spirit Medium can defeat the 'Devourer' Imola!

Otherwise...

we will all end up as dung!"

By this point, Lady Windsor had no desire to maintain her previous lady-like demeanor.

This lady had no confidence in whether Arthur could defeat 'Devourer' Imola, so her fingertips once again made contact with the Messenger Stone.

At the very least!

At the very last moment of life, she wanted to tell that bastard Kalal...

Just as the lady was about to act recklessly, Arthur's voice came through.

It was a very gentle voice, but everyone present heard it—

"I gave you a chance already."

Such words, with their laden tone, made everyone present startle.

And the next moment, everyone's eyes widened in disbelief.

They saw—

The White Bird!

A giant White Bird!

Chapter 756

Arthur, standing at the bow of the "Oriental," stared into the massive vortex with ever-deepening pity in his eyes.

"Disregard the dark world, overlook the earth, and heed the eternal cry—"

Swift Bird Swordsmanship. Modified. Open Sea!"

In a soft chant, the bird cry resonated high.

With one call, the sword move took shape.

A White Bird materialized behind Arthur.

The White Bird was enormous, its wingspan almost covered the banks of the Inland River when extended.

The White Bird was sharp, and when it raised its head, endless Sword Qi filled the universe.

Hum!

Hum hum

Hum hum hum!

The sound of sword cries, not from Arthur's sword.

In fact, Arthur held no sword in his hands at all.

His sword had long been in his heart.

He stood there, the very king among swords.

And the rest of the swords naturally bowed in submission.

Those sword cries came from the swords of those around him.

Sheathed swords trembled incessantly.

Drawn swords hung down involuntarily.

It was a show of respect and submission to the king.

Of course, there were those who did not submit, or rather, those who harbored dissent.

For instance——

Lori!

This Marquis' Eldest Son, shielded by a Force Field Shield, had managed to stand up again after shaking off the fierce aura of the Devourer Imola, glaring ferociously and venomously at Arthur.

This Marquis' Eldest Son knew he had completely lost face.

His performance was even poorer than Windsor, the woman he had always treated as a plaything.

Could he be blamed for that?

No!

The fault wasn't his!

He had tried hard enough!

The fault lay with Arthur!

Yes!

The fault lay with that Southern Lost Spirit Medium!

If it weren't for him, he wouldn't have stood there like a clown, enduring the mockery and contempt of others—even though at that moment, no one was actually paying attention to this Marquis' Eldest Son, he still believed he was being mocked.

So, when his Longsword began to tremble, signaling surrender, this Marquis' Eldest Son grabbed its handle tightly.

He wouldn't allow his sword to submit!

Hum! Hum hum!

The trembling intensified, but this Marquis' Eldest Son held on even tighter.

Then——

Crack!

A crisp sound.

This Marquis' Eldest Son's Longsword shattered.

And this crisp sound finally drew the attention of the people around.

Instantly, this Marquis' Eldest Son's face twitched.

Because——

The mockery he hadn't seen before was now very real.

Looking at the smiles on the faces of the people around him, this Marquis' Eldest Son felt his eyes sting.

Subconsciously, this Marquis' Eldest Son lowered his head.

This wasn't avoidance!

This was temporary!

I must reclaim everything that belongs to me!

With this thought, this Marquis' Eldest Son pulled out a scroll.

This scroll blazed violently!

With the scroll as the center, everything within a radius of 30 meters was burning, even steel would melt, truly a rare High Order Scroll.

For such a scroll, Windsor recognized it at once.

"Lori, what are you doing?"

Windsor spoke up.

"What am I doing?"

Of course, I'm doing you—you wretched whore!

And you, this bunch of lowly bastards!

Now, turn off the Force Field Shield!

Otherwise, let's burn to ashes together!"

Lori was completely engulfed in madness, bellowing furiously.

"Are you insane?

Do you know what you are doing?"

Windsor was stunned.

She knew Lori was incompetent—after several tests, this lady had confirmed that this Marquis' Eldest Son was not only vain but also genuinely mindless, utterly incapable of inheriting the Ainhars Territory.

Even, this lady suspected that Kalal was brought back precisely because of this.

Because—

Lori could never pose any threat to Burton.

Or rather, that Marquis had not yet given up on his eldest son.

He hoped that by bringing Kalal back, he could pressure his eldest son into true growth.

But the effect was not apparent.

Instead, it pushed the Marquis' Eldest Son deeper into the mire.

Nobles are not incapable of employing schemes and tricks.

In fact, nobles are fond of schemes and tricks.

Because they save time, effort, and yield great returns.

However, the prerequisite is that you must have the ability to bear the consequences if these schemes fail.

You have to swallow that bitter fruit!

What Lori was doing at the moment was placing himself against all the nobles in Ainhars Territory, something a sane person would never do.

"Brother..."

Bang!

Burton barely started to speak to dissuade him when Lori kicked him down.

"Shut up!"

You, the bastard who stole everything from me!

If it weren't for you, everything in Ainhars Territory would be mine!"

Lori roared.

The face of the Marquis' Eldest Son became unbelievably distorted at that moment.

He thought about how, with the birth of Burton, his parents' attention utterly shifted away from him, and every time he tried to catch up to his brother, his parents would always say, 'Burton did it long ago, how come you're just achieving it now.'

Time and time again.

Each time, those words pierced him.

And when he once again worked hard to catch up to Burton in swordsmanship, he believed that this time he had done well enough.

That time, just as he had anticipated, he won.

For the first time in his life, he had beaten his younger brother.

But what did he get in return?

'Relying on your age advantage to bully your younger brother, how skillful are you supposed to be?'

'Burton, you should add ten more minutes to your daily sword practice!'

The words of his parents plunged Lori into complete despair.

His relentless training night and day had been deemed bullying.

And his brother only needed to train ten more minutes each day to match his ceaseless efforts?

Why was it so unfair?

From that moment, Lori gave up.

He chose another path.

If he couldn't surpass him, then he would eliminate him.

"You! Kalal!

All cursed bastards..."

Lori shouted.

But his voice was abruptly cut off.

Because a dagger was thrust into the back of the Marquis' Eldest Son.

It was Little Tami!

The Baron's only son snatched the scroll from Lori's hand and immediately stepped back two paces to prevent Lori's retaliation.

"Gentlemen, you didn't think that by removing the force field shield, Lori would let us go, did you?

Having gone this far, he would definitely kill to silence us!"

Little Tami's words won everyone's agreement.

Burton was sobbing softly.

The Marquis' second son bowed his head, raising his right forearm to shield his eyes as if to block the tears, but his lips were uncontrollably turning up.

Almost no one witnessed this scene.

Except for Lori, who lay on the ground.

'Indeed! It's just as I thought!'

When Lori saw this smile, an uproar erupted in his heart again.

In that instant, the Marquis' Eldest Son understood a lot.

But it didn't matter anymore—

"Haha, go to hell, all of you!"

Laughing maniacally, the Marquis' Eldest Son took out another fiercely blazing scroll and tore it up.

The crimson glow was painfully glaring in the eyes of those with "spirituality."

Without hesitation, everyone used their escape tricks.

To enter the belly of the 'Devourer' meant death.

To stay in place meant death too.

But the former would delay death a little longer than the latter.

The instinct to survive made them choose the former.

Blazes scorched, light flashed continuously, as Lori and the guards were consumed by the fire.

While the remaining noble offspring entered the belly of the 'Devourer' Imola.

Darkness.

The pressing sensation from the movements of the intestines.

The corrosion brought by swirling stomach acid.

Most importantly, the feeling of life slipping away.

It almost instantly shattered the nobles' spirits.

Facing true despair, they were hardly stronger than Lori.

But they were lucky.

Because—

Arthur struck with his sword.

Splitting the Inland River.

He also sliced open the body of 'Devourer' Imola, driving away the darkness and bringing them light.

They were all immensely grateful.

But someone suddenly cried out—

"Burton, Tami are dead!"

Chapter 757 White Bird III

Silence's hiss.

Brutal heart.

Greedy soul.

The myriad different tissues, in an extremely distorted manner, formed what at that moment resembled the serpent-like appearance of the Devourer, Imola—no, to be exact, it only roughly resembled a snake, but snakes do not have tumors, nor tentacles, nor do they hang corpses from their skin, as if each was a gallows pulled straight from the earth.

Whenever Imola traveled underground, those corpses on the gallows would emit a hiss that only those in possession of "Spirituality" could hear.

Wave after wave of hissing lured those who possessed "Spirituality" closer.

Making the hearts of these possessors of "Spirituality" become utterly Distorted.

In the end?

They became the Devourer Imola's Food.

Of course, what Imola liked most were the foods delivered by the strong ants.

Each one was so Delicious, not only juicy but also full of considerable power.

However, with the arrival of that ant who claimed to be a knight, wielding a Longsword, everything changed!

That ridiculous ant actually thought to persuade Him!

Back then, it was still Him!

Sacred and inviolable!

A member of the supreme ones!

Thus, at that time, it swallowed the other whole, and then...

The other cut open its belly, chopped up its Body, and extinguished the Divine Fire...

He became it.

But it did not spend a day without wishing to return to the clouds.

So, it lurked, waiting for an opportunity.

And it finally found one.

Mikhail!

This latecomer!

Although merely a latecomer, it still had a slight basis of trust in him—because, this latecomer wanted to return to the clouds even more than it did, and had even become crazed.

At this, Imola wanted to laugh out loud.

It had been a long time since it had laughed, unless it really couldn't help it.

Even though It had become it, it knew to stay away from the 'Shadows'.

Not to mention the 'Temple within the Shadows'.

Yet this latecomer recklessly went towards the 'Shadows'.

Such a fool!

Haha!

Imola laughed twice underground, while the two thousand four hundred twenty-seven corpses hanging from its Body emitted a harsh, discordant laughter in unison.

Immediately, the earth below started to churn.

Then...

It became arid.

The earth, like flesh, was devoured by these corpses.

And this made Imola twist its Body dissatisfiedly.

It did not eat these.

While it could, they were not good to eat.

It desired to eat real Delicious.

Only real Delicious could allow it to return to the clouds.

Thus, it quickened its pace, traveling from the hills outside Xilongde Shoal Port to the Inland River—of course, it avoided the necessary towns.

That Holy Sword Can still frightened it to this day.

Because it did not understand why its devouring had been ineffective.

Thus, it became exceedingly cautious, not only because it had been severely wounded, but also because of that Holy Sword Can.

While everyone thought the other party had died, died within the 'Shadows', it did not believe so. If that Holy Sword Can could ignore its devouring, how could it possibly have fallen within the 'Shadows'?

Impossible!

The slightly chilly Inner River Water washed over its Body.

It shook the mud and sand on its Body, revealing a reddish-brown epidermis.

And those corpses preyed on the fish that dared to come close.

All in the most primal way—

Opening their mouths to tear and bite!

Crimson scattered with the river water.

The faint Scent of Blood stirred up even more memories for Imola.

For some reason, countless memories that should have been forgotten appeared in Imola's soul.

At this, Imola became extremely irritable.

Too many of these memories were ones it did not wish to recall, many more had already been devoured by it, but still, they emerged, causing Imola to twist its Body impatiently.

The massive body immediately turned the waters of the Inland River murky.

Fortunately, this oddity lasted only a moment.

Afterward, everything returned to normal.

And Imola no longer had any chance to escape.

When whole, Imola was aware of "omens," but those omens had become fragmented with the Holy Sword Knight's cleaving longsword.

The body of Imola was fragmented along with them.

At this moment, Imola considered it a bad memory.

More?

None left!

The abundant flesh was compressing the brain of this "Devourer."

It plunged the opponent into a state of indigestion that was hard to describe.

In this state, no matter how much it ate, the "Devourer" could not be satisfied. It knew only to keep eating, for constant eating was the only way to satisfy its instincts.

An all-night wait!

The prey appeared!

Upon seeing the white big boat, Imola got excited.

Its instinct told it that eating the person on board might genuinely offer a chance to return to the clouds.

So, without any hesitation, Imola acted.

The unique aura of the "Devourer" enveloped the scene.

Instantly, those ants lost their ability to resist.

But...

Why was that prey unharmed?

From across the Inner River Water, Imola stared intently at the black prey on the bow, and from the other's eyes and expression, it could detect no clues.

This made it uneasy, and even more so, angry.

The uneasiness stemmed from those bad memories—in those memories, it was facing a Holy Sword Knight.

Similarly, the anger also originated from there.

"Who do you think you are?!"

Imola, the "Devourer," roared inwardly as it opened its Big Mouth.

An endless suction emerged from the bottom of the Inland River.

Immediately, a gigantic vortex appeared.

The river water of the Inland River was turning rapidly.

More importantly, the massive suction formed a hurricane.

A hurricane that led directly to the stomach of the "Devourer" Imola.

"Become my nourishment!"

Imola bellowed.

This violated its predatory habits of over two hundred years; since the Silver Age, Imola's predation had been mostly silent and cunning.

Such an abnormal method of predation was naturally because of...

Uneasiness!

The increasing uneasiness, fiercer than the waters of the Inland River, was assaulting Imola's soul.

It did not want to admit it.

But it had to admit it.

As the black figure on the bow raised its hand, it seemed to indeed see the shadow of the Holy Sword Iron Can from the past.

When the other was wielding the sword, there was also such composure.

And...

Irresistible!

Indestructible!

Hum!

The sword blade trembled; birds chirped repeatedly.

The moment the giant White Bird emerged behind the black figure, Imola thought not and turned to flee.

This swordsmanship!

It was that Iron Can's!

He, returned!

He, came back from the "Shadows"!

Fear caused the massive body to become awkward and then tremble, while the Fragmentary Soul emitted an unbearable quiver.

"Icarus!"

The fierce scream echoed around the Inland River, but the next moment—

A swath of sword light swept through.

Everything,

became silence.

Chapter 758 White Bird IV

The unceasing Inland River that had never been cut off was split asunder.

The monstrous creature, so vast its length was incalculable, was cleaved apart.

The people standing along the banks of the Inland River stared in shock, every eye filled with astonishment, every mind a blank.

One thought echoed in all their minds—

Is this something a human can achieve?

'Red Knight' Hazlitt couldn't stop swallowing, trying to moisten his dry throat, but no matter how much 'Red Knight' swallowed, there was not a tiny bit of relief from the dryness, only a parched tightness interspersed with painful twinges.

'Is this the opponent I have to face?

Damn Gleisa!

Do you want me to die?

Bastard!'

While cursing under his breath, the 'Red Knight' felt a rise of gratitude in his heart.

It was for his current father, the 'Blood Descendant.'

It was for Sean and Bonte from the Black Cat Faction.

If not for them, he might now be just like that monster, right?

With this thought, the 'Red Knight' no longer hesitated—

"Sadi, send out the message, say that Lord Kledos always has free passage on the Inland River, and anyone who dares to stop Lord Kledos's ship will be our enemy."

"Yes!"

'Skull Splitter' Sadi nodded and turned to leave.

'Red Knight' was scared, 'Skull Splitter' Sadi was also scared.

Even, in some ways, more so.

After all, since last night, the shock hadn't ceased for 'Skull Splitter' Sadi.

The visit from the Black Cat Faction.

Danny's betrayal.

Kmar's death.

The appearance of the 'Blood Descendant.'

One after another, so rapidly that one could scarcely keep up.

Fortunately—

It was all over!

A sudden exclamation made 'Skull Splitter' feel utterly exhausted.

'Should I consider retirement?'

The thought appeared in Sadi's mind.

Almost unconsciously, Sadi stole a glance at his leader behind him, whose youthful visage concealed beneath the red armor was truly enviable.

He wanted to be young too.

And this...

Was not an impossibility.

Thinking of the 'Blood Descendant' and considering his relationship with the Southern Lost Spirit Medium, Sadi was clear on what he should do.

Immediately, he became more diligent in his efforts.

As for 'Blood Axe' Danny, he paid no attention whatsoever.

This devout believer of the God of the Inland River simply knelt on one knee, praying in a low voice.

As a believer of the God of the Inland River, Danny stubbornly believed it was with the help of the God of the Inland River that the Southern Lost Spirit Medium had achieved such a heroic feat.

And there were not a few within the Inland River Cult who shared this sentiment.

Not all believers were as 'rational' as Toran and Mr. and Mrs. Gwen, after all.

Or perhaps...

The impression left by Grindelwald, leader of the Black Cat Faction, was too profound.

'A sword that splits the sea...

Is this the Southern Lost Spirit Medium?'

Toran murmured to himself.

The Inland River, also known as the Inner Sea.

To say a sword had split the great sea was no exaggeration.

Of course, what mattered more was that someone had genuinely performed the act of splitting the sea with a sword.

Perhaps the heroes of legend were just like this, weren't they?

Such wonder made Toran slightly lose focus, but compared to Mr. Gwen, who was truly lost in shock, it was nothing.

"Icarus? Icarus? It was Icarus?

How is this possible?

How can this be possible?"

Mr. Gwen muttered distractedly, causing Mrs. Gwen to wear a face full of concern as she considered whether she should give her husband a dose of manure to wake him up.

Seemingly sensing his wife's thoughts, Mr. Gwen quickly came to his senses.

"Does Icarus know?

The great figure from the Holy Era who was revered as the 'Knight of the Sword'!

He was not only recognized as the Sword Saint of that era, but also...

one of the Twenty-Seven Heroes!"

Mr. Gwen quietly shared his findings with his wife.

Mrs. Gwen, however, didn't care.

She just nodded in agreement.

After all, as long as her husband wasn't truly in trouble, it was fine by her.

Mrs. Gwen didn't care.

But Arthur cared.

'Icarus?

Hey, it's actually Icarus!

If that's the case...

There seems to be much more room for manipulation!'

As Mr. Gwen heard the shout of 'Devourer' Imola, Arthur heard it even more clearly. Like Mr. Gwen, at the first moment, Arthur's thoughts also went to that 'Knight of the Sword'.

However, unlike Mr. Gwen's shock and disbelief,

Arthur was brimming with more practical ideas!

You see, 'Knight of the Sword' Icarus, being a third batch member of the 'Twenty-Seven Braves', was the most mysterious.

Because of the 'disappearance for a century'.

Even now, many doubt his existence.

But for Arthur...

This is too good!

But, that would be later!

Now?

Arthur looked down at the living person inside 'Devourer' Imola's body.

Based on what the Crow had just overheard, Arthur already had a very detailed understanding of these people's identities.

The youngest child of the Marquess of Ainhars.

The only daughter of Viscount Windsor.

The only son of Baron Tami.

These young nobles are an undeniably significant force within Ainhars Territory, always were, and thus, anyone would want to befriend them.

But,

Arthur was different.

The first person Arthur knew was Kalal.

The one who had sworn allegiance to him and signed 'Lionheart King' oath, Kalal.

The eldest son of the Marquess of Ainhars was already dead.

This much, Arthur had his Crows to confirm.

In a condition with no remains to be found.

And the Marquess of Ainhars' second son, who indirectly caused all this...

Seemed to no longer have a reason to be alive.

That smile, Arthur didn't like it.

And his collaborator, that only son of Baron Tami.

For the sake of giving Kalal a better inheritance environment, let these all disappear.

The Swift Bird Swordsmanship, which had reached its peak and possessed a trace of 'Divine Might', was showing its rightful power at that moment—after slicing open 'Devourer' Imola, the invisible Sword Qi and the visible sword light, mixed with that hint of 'Divine Might', were fundamentally destroying everything about the 'Devourer' Imola.

Incidentally, the invisible Sword Qi also swept past the necks of Burton and Tami.

Subsequently, the remaining flesh of the 'Devourer' Imola pressed against the bodies of the two men.

The intense stench and corrosive blood of the 'Devourer' dissipated the two bodies almost completely in an instant.

And in the two seconds that followed, the young nobles realized something was wrong—

"Burton and Tami are dead!"

The panicked young nobles shouted.

Hearing such shouts, pity emerged in the eyes of the Southern Lost Spirit Medium, who couldn't help but sigh.

Apparently,

he felt guilty.

But Windsor, with her eyes cast down and radiant gaze,

knew that her awaited opportunity had arrived.

Chapter 759: White Bird V

Windsor, as a girl, you shouldn't focus so much on firearms and swords.

Windsor, even if a girl is good at horsemanship, she still has to get married.

Windsor, your investment was not bad, but it's a pity you're a girl.

Windsor, you've actually awakened your bloodline! If only you weren't a girl, that would be great!

...

From her childhood, every time Windsor achieved something, this is what her father and mother would say.

Those words of praise laced with regret...

They might as well not have said anything!

What she wanted was to be praised in the true sense!

And so, she became fiercely competitive.

She wanted to be stronger than men.

In strength, intellect, and influence—she wished to surpass them in every aspect.

The results were naturally remarkable.

She earned unanimous recognition.

Except from her parents.

Her parents still used those words of praise laced with regret to "appreciate" her—their so-called appreciation made her suffer tremendously.

Especially her mother, who utterly loathed herself.

Loathed herself for not bearing a son.

But upon seeing Windsor, she harbored no substantial resentment, just looked at her with caring eyes, asked after her health with warmth, and then let out a sigh.

This made Windsor feel even more tormented.

She even felt she was going mad.

And it was at that time—

Her mother died.

It was proclaimed to be an accident.

But in reality, it was...

Suicide!

Due to the enormous pressure of not bringing a male heir to the Windsor family, she chose to end her life.

At that time, Windsor couldn't understand why her mother wouldn't just continue to conceive and give birth to a brother for her, until she accidentally discovered her father crying at her mother's gravestone with his lover—the son of the Windsor family's old butler.

That discovery made her father and his lover completely let go of everything.

The two of them retired to live in the Windsor family's graveyard.

This act won the admiration of everyone in the Ainhars Territory.

As for Windsor, she remained silent.

She didn't know what to say or what to do.

She began to live in a stupor.

Until the old butler brought news that Kalal, the Marquess of Ainhars's nephew, had arrived, and due to etiquette, she had to deal with him.

Then, in the back garden of the marquess's mansion, she discovered something extremely interesting—as she hid from that idiotic Lori, she saw Kalal.

Rumors had it that Kalal, who was arrogant and disdainful due to his exceptional talent, was here having a secret meeting with a male servant of the Marquess of Ainhars's family.

A brief conversation was enough to let her realize that Kalal was in disguise.

He had disguised not only his personality but also his talent.

This guy's talent was stronger than she had imagined.

Like a cunning wolf waiting for opportunities.

In response, Windsor uncontrollably wanted to get involved.

She thought she needed to find something to do for herself.

For instance: Overthrow the Ainhars family and have the Windsor family take their place.

Or...

Be discovered by the Ainhars family, and have the entire Windsor family walk into the grave.

Whichever the outcome, she was ready to accept it.

So, she began to take action.

Everything was going very smoothly.

Five years!

She had been preparing for five years!

But just when she was about to make her move, Kalal suddenly 'ran away', because the Southern Lost Spirit Medium, the very Kalal she had high hopes for, had left the Ainhars Territory.

Five years of planning went down the drain.

Yet Windsor felt no anger at all.

The lady's inner indifference allowed her to continue waiting.

Because she knew very well that some things could not be truly resolved by simply running away.

As heirs of the Ainhars family, they would definitely strike at Kalal again, and Kalal would not remain passive in his defense.

That would be her opportunity.

Fully aware of this, Lady Windsor waited patiently.

And then, she started to wonder about the Southern Lost Spirit Medium, who had changed Kalal's original mind.

She consciously began gathering information about the spirit medium.

Incredible!

That was her most direct feeling after seeing some of the news!

It also made her suspicious.

She always felt as if the spirit medium was the most qualified actor, appearing at the most appropriate place, as if everything had been arranged.

She even thought it was a scheme of the Ainhars family.

But now!

Lady Windsor no longer thought so!

Facing Arthur who had slain the 'Devourer' Imola with a single sword stroke, the lady had no more doubts.

Because, given the strength Arthur had displayed, he did not need to make those arrangements.

Those arrangements were just a bluff.

And Arthur?

He was genuinely talented.

He was absolutely powerful.

Of course, most importantly, Lady Windsor felt she could continue with her plan—

When a "Hand of Void" lifted her up and floated her toward the deck of the 'Oriental', the lady did not resist at all, and even thanked him outright as soon as her feet touched the deck.

"Thank you for rescuing me, Lord Kledos.

If not for you, we would have died at the mouth of the 'Devourer' like Lori, Burton, and Little Tami."

Her words carried a hidden agenda, but still maintained the face of Ainhars Territory.

The young nobles present would definitely not speak of those unsightly matters.

Not only would it be a loss of their dignity, but since Lori had died, such a statement could easily be taken by the Marquess of Ainhars as slander.

All the surviving young nobles exchanged glances and then agreed on their story.

"May they rest in peace!

And also Kama, Harlan, and Darnel!

Lord Kledos, we thank you again for your rescue, and we will remember it for a lifetime!"

The young man named Yakaz stood out on behalf of Larya and Leonides.

In Ainhars Territory, aside from the Marquess of Ainhars, there was also an earl, a viscount, three barons, and four lords.

The family of Count Bernaken had withered away due to generations without an Awakening.

Viscount Windsor's family was represented by Windsor.

And of the remaining three barons and four lords, Tami had died, while the sons of Baron Kama and Baron Harlan, as well as Darnel, perished in the earlier 'retreat'.

Only Lady Windsor, Yakaz, Larya, and Leonides survived.

These three young people had indescribable sorrow in their eyes.

Ten companions had set out together, and now only they remained.

Even though there had been conflicts among them on normal days.

But at this moment, the reality was indeed a case of 'when one weeps, the other feels the sorrow'.

The three young people subconsciously stood behind Lady Windsor—not only because of the family titles but also because of Windsor's recent actions, which led them to make this choice.

Arthur, after accepting this thanks, said softly.

"You may rest on the 'Oriental'.

Believe me, it's all over."

The young Southern Lost Spirit Medium said this and then walked towards the bow again, to solemnly gaze at the ceaseless surges of the Inland River Water, as if mourning for those who had just perished—an aura of 'Divine Might' mixed with Swift Bird Sword Intent had thoroughly ravaged the 'Devourer', and was now fading.

The sliced-open Inner River Water surged back once more.

The water concealed everything.

Of course, that was not the point.

The point was the gold in the 'Devourer's' belly and the body of the 'Devourer' itself.

Arthur had seen the glint of gold himself.

And from afar, the pet giant snake Nidhogg conveyed its desire from the bottom of his heart.

In response, Arthur was not stingy—

'Go, consume it!'

Chapter 760 Roaring I

The Giant Snake Nidhogg was the strongest among Arthur's many pets.

It was a bona fide Entrant-level 'Ferocious Beast'.

But with Nidhogg's massive size and its command over other serpents, it could occasionally kill an ordinary 'Entrant' in an instant.

Add to that his treatment of it as if it were a brother.

So, if Nidhogg could become just a little stronger, Arthur would be delighted.

'Remember to leave the gold!

The rest, you can eat!' Arthur reminded Nidhogg in his heart.

'Hiss, hiss~'

Nidhogg immediately gave an enthusiastic, excited, and resolute answer.

As a test subject of the Mad Master Geppetto, Nidhogg was the product of multiple bloodline fusions.

Therefore, what kind of bloodline could strengthen itself had long become instinct.

Nidhogg knew that as long as it devoured the 'Devourer,' it would be able to reach the so-called 'Ascend Step'... No, 'Ascend Step' is a term for humans.

It should be—

Legendary Arcane Creature. Giant Snake. Nidhogg!

Labeled with its rank, anchored by the name given by Arthur.

The Giant Snake quickly swallowed the 'Devourer,' and its forty-meter-long body grew thicker, appearing almost like a gasoline barrel.

A drowsy feeling overcame it.

But still, Nidhogg remembered Arthur's command.

It began to swiftly move backward, towards the Inland River region within the West Berlin Territory.

It was safer there.

Feeling his pet Giant Snake recede into the distance, Arthur breathed a slight sigh of relief.

Arthur's intuition told him that this was one of his biggest gains for the night.

As for the other gains?

Arthur's fingers tucked inside his sleeve gently touched a dark red metal ring.

It was one of the 'props' 'borrowed' by 'Red Knight' Hazlitt.

[Name: Blood Rebellion]

[Type: Ring]

[Quality: Hero]

[Attributes: Blood Armor]

[Requirement: Not from the 'Bloodline Clan']

[Remarks: In any power, organization, or family, there are always one or two outcasts, and the 'Bloodline Clan' is no exception. 'Blood Drinker' Haibo was an existence that made the members of the 'Bloodline Clan' feel ashamed, annoyed, disgraced, and despised. Haibo, once considered the finest youth of the 'Bloodline Clan' and even acclaimed more than once by the Blood Marquis for his talent and abilities, did not let this recognition stop him from cunningly slaughtering his Bloodkin...

Haibo crafted this ring from the flesh and bones of his Bloodkin.

This 'Blood Drinker' engraved a line of text within the band—

'Did you think I would submit?']

...

[Blood Armor: Create a set of full-body armor with a Defense Level of Great Arcana using the enemy's fresh blood.]

(Note 1: At least 144 pounds of ordinary fresh blood is needed to form Blood Armor, but when the blood owner possesses 'Spirituality,' the amount of blood needed is greatly reduced. Furthermore, when the blood owner is an Entrant, the amount needed is reduced again, activating the Blood Armor's stability and thorns trait; stability will continuously absorb the enemy's fresh blood to repair and increase the Blood Armor's Defense Level, and once thorns are activated, any attack you face will backlash into the enemy's blood.)

(Note 2: When the blood owner reaches 'Ascend Step,' there's a considerable chance that 'Blood Armor' will solidify as one of your Talents.)

(Note 3: When the blood owner is a 'Demigod,' 'Blood Armor' will undergo a qualitative evolution. Similarly, this is also effective for the 'Blood Armor' Talent you possess.)

(Note 4: Once 'Blood Armor' has been solidified as a Talent, 'Blood Rebellion' will enter a cooldown of 720 days, requiring moonlight baths or gold recharges. When it is bathed in fresh blood again, it can shorten the cooldown period.)

(Note 5: If the 'Blood Armor' Talent bearer lacks 'Spirituality,' upon acquiring 'Blood Armor,' they will awaken 'Spirituality' instantly.)

...

A quite intriguing and magical prop.

That was Arthur's first thought after obtaining this item.

After all, as his strength increased, his understanding of the world around him deepened.

Even so, Arthur still did not understand how 'Spirituality' was generated.

Let alone bestow it upon someone.

But 'Blood Rebellion' can do it.

That's quite interesting!

You should know that the son of the Blood Marquis faced such a tragedy precisely because he lacked Talent, and the emergence of the "Blood Rebellion" seems like it might be able to resolve this issue. However, the requirement for this "Blood Rebellion" is that one is "not from the Bloodline Clan." Considering the son of the Blood Marquis had not Awakened, could he meet that condition?

If he does...

Then the so-called scheme of patricide by the "Blood Drinker" Haibo comes into question.

Particularly, the inscriptions within the ring spurred Arthur's imagination even further.

"The Bloodline Clan, huh?

What exactly happened back then?"

A light chuckle escaped from within Arthur.

The intuition of the young Southern Lost Spirit Medium told him he was getting closer to the truth of those past events.

However, the flashes of his Death Intuition warned him not to get too close.

It would spell big trouble.

Arthur was someone who greatly trusted his instincts.

Immediately, he cleared his mind once again, only recalling the other item returned by Hazlitt—

Secret Technique: Blood Burst.

A secret technique that uses one's own blood as a catalyst to detonate someone else's blood.

Very bizarre.

It belonged to the type that was silent and stealthy.

But utterly useless against those with Spirituality over 10.

Therefore, after merely perusing it, Arthur placed it inside his Atos's Box.

With the emergence of a better and more convenient prop, the Bracelet of Carmen, Arthur had already packed some less important items into Atos's Box.

For example: some body bags that were effective in preventing blood seepage and spices that masked the smell.

As a just and kind-hearted Spirit Medium, Arthur always believed in being prepared for unforeseen dangers.

Just like at this moment—

Arthur witnessed the dispersal of the River Pirates and members of the Inland River Cult on the riverbank.

As for the former, with Sean and Bonte's guidance, Arthur believed this band of River Pirates could become his Escort Fleet.

And the latter?

Under the leadership of Grindelwald, they had already done enough.

What remained?

Was to let nature take its course.

With his pet Giant Snake around, Arthur never doubted that the Inland River Cult would become one of his subordinates, and the restructured Inland River Cult would bring a qualitative change to his riverside trade.

All of these were good.

The bad?

Arthur looked indifferently at Windsor and the other three, still unsettled.

Arthur could tell that those three young gentlemen were genuinely terrified.

And that lady?

An act.

Quite a masterful performance.

With perhaps another hundred or two years of effort, she might achieve one percent of his power.

'Is the scene before me related to her?'

Arthur wondered to himself.

When Windsor and the other ten or so young Nobles appeared, Arthur had the Crow keep an eye on them.

At first, Arthur merely thought they were there to join the crowd.

But then, the subsequent events surprised him.

Not surprised by the conflicts among brothers.

This type of drama was not uncommon among the Nobles.

What truly surprised Arthur was the absence of the Protectors—knowing what he did about the Great Nobles, even for a simple outing, they would covertly have Protectors following them for the sake of their offspring's safety.

But this time there were none.

Even when people died, they did not show up.

This was against all reason!

Unless...

Boom!