

Great Master 791

Chapter 791 Rest and Refit at Port Pult IX

I've figured it out!

Lady Windsor finally figured it out!

The back of Kalal as he simply left Ainhars Territory, she finally got it!

If he were to side with...

No, that's not right!

It was after Kalal swore an oath to the lord, and the lord accepted it, that there really was nothing left to hang onto in Ainhars. Or rather, Ainhars would eventually be hers.

In fact, that's exactly what happened!

Now, isn't Kalal the only remaining heir to Ainhars Territory?

Is this outcome a coincidence?

Or...

Had the lord anticipated this all along?

If it's the latter, then that is... unimaginable!

Lady Windsor's mind churned for a moment.

So many thoughts flooded the lady's mind.

Even for a split second, she thought everything that happened in Ainhars Territory was orchestrated by Arthur.

However, she immediately cast that thought from her mind.

Impossible!

Neither 'Devourer' Imola nor 'Blood Drinker' Haibo could be directed by a human, let alone getting involved personally.

For the former, the lady wasn't sure.

But the latter?

The elaborate plans were enough to show that the other party did not want to die.

So, it all had to be coincidental!

Thinking this, the lady subconsciously looked towards Arthur who was sitting there—Arthur's white shirt in the high-backed chair glistened under the candlelight, especially his calm and indifferent face, as if everything was under control, nothing could escape those profound eyes.

And then...

Arthur looked down at Pendragon, who had jumped onto his lap, found a comfortable position, curled up, and let out a yawn.

The Southern Lost Spirit Medium couldn't help but smile and quickly lifted her hand.

The next moment, the Spirit Medium's right index finger had poked into Pendragon's mouth.

This wasn't the first time.

But Pendragon's cat face was still shocked.

The naive little cat thought that when Arthur did this last time, it was already outrageous, already the bottom line.

But this time!

Arthur had actually crossed the line!

"Meow meow meow!"

Pendragon protested strongly.

While protesting, he also stuck out his tongue as if he had tasted something dirty.

"Pendragon, that's very rude.

You know, you lick your own butt.

Is my finger dirtier than your butt?" asked Arthur, looking seriously at his little cat, with a grave expression.

Pendragon, who was sticking his tongue out, paused, and the entire cat froze.

Pendragon had never thought about this question.

After all, it's instinctive, and without someone raising the issue, Pendragon didn't think there was anything wrong with it.

But once someone did bring it up.

Especially since it was Arthur.

Immediately, a strong sense of shame overwhelmed him.

Of course, he was mostly at a loss.

However, how could the cat of the Southern Lost Spirit Medium be just any ordinary cat?

Pendragon jumped off Arthur's legs, landing steadily on the carpet, and strutted out with feline grace, as if nothing had happened.

Arthur watched the scene, his smile growing even brighter.

Thick-skinned, in this era, is not a drawback.

On the contrary, it's a rare advantage.

Especially since he was about to approach Inner Bay, Arthur didn't know what might happen in the end, and he was worried he might not be able to take care of Pendragon.

So, he needed to teach Pendragon the true meaning of survival skills.

But Arthur soon realized that he had been overthinking it.

A shameless little kitty, after all, did not need his guidance.

"Indeed, a cat I raised."

Arthur marveled to himself.

At the same time, he pondered whether to have "Ms. Anna" hurry over as well—plans never change as quickly as they do, and he had not expected so many things to happen before he truly arrived at Inner Bay. Though there were dangers, there were also opportunities.

And him?

He had gained enough benefits and fame from the situation.

Especially the latter, which gave rise to some ideas within Arthur's heart.

For example: the Name of Calamity.

For example: the title of Monster.

He wanted to leverage such reputation to, like a snowball, gain more XP while simultaneously misleading some characters into firmly believing that his exceptional "showing off" was all for clearing his mother's name.

A son, making the whole world aware of his efforts to vindicate his mother, would certainly be seen as justified.

And by doing so, if utilized properly, he could gain even more in Inner Bay, perhaps far beyond imagination.

Staying in Lion Palace was not an impossibility.

Of course, taking this path would greatly increase the danger as well.

But where in the world could one benefit without taking risks?

If such a scenario did happen, it surely would be the greatest danger of all.

Pies don't fall from the sky, only traps do.

Thinking this, Arthur couldn't help but smile.

That smile...

Was full of confidence and assurance of victory.

Lady Windsor, who was secretly observing Arthur, naturally noticed that smile, and in fact, she was somewhat confused at the beginning.

She did not understand why an otherwise composed Arthur would do something so childish.

But, when that smile suddenly appeared, Lady Windsor began to understand a little.

An extraordinary person does extraordinary things.

And it is such individuals who are favoured by destiny...

Favoured!

Yes, the favour of destiny!

Upon confirming that everything was coincidental, Lady Windsor thought of "destiny."

Only these reasons could explain all the coincidences that had happened to Arthur since his arrival in Ainhars Territory.

And following a person favoured by destiny is definitely not a bad thing.

In fact, it could turn out to be a tremendous opportunity.

After all, being close to someone favoured by destiny, she might be looked upon favourably by destiny as well, right?

Thinking this, Lady Windsor quickened her actions.

Ten Gold Coins were divided into two piles, five in each, and then, the Messenger Stone was placed on top—Messenger Stones also needed to be recharged.

And, of course, the best recharge came from Gold Coins.

However, such an expensive method of recharging also meant that Messenger Stones could not be used by the general populace.

The Messenger Stone flashed, consuming the Gold Coins rapidly.

They didn't disappear completely but turned into a black powder that looked like soil and a bit like incense ash.

Seated in the high-backed chair, Arthur quietly waited.

The young Southern Lost Spirit Medium, of course, noticed the change in Lady Windsor's expression just now.

In response, Arthur shrugged his shoulders.

He chose to accept it tacitly.

Facing such a favorable situation, Arthur would definitely not offer any explanations.

When the Messenger Stone finally lit up, Kalal's voice came through directly.

"Windsor?"

There was a full measure of probing and uncertainty in his voice.

"It's me."

Lady Windsor responded, and then she replied in an even more resolute tone of voice—

"I have sworn my oath of allegiance to the lord.

In the manner of the 'Lionheart Ceremony'!"

Chapter 792 Rest and Recuperation in Port Pult X

Inner Bay, Storm Inn.

Kalal, upon hearing the voice from the Messenger Stone, paused briefly before immediately asking—

"Lionheart Ceremony?"

My lord?

Which lord is it?"

His tone was urgent, it was clear that Kalal sought a definitive answer.

However, Lady Windsor's voice coming from the Messenger Stone carried a distinct haughty air.

"Tell me, which other lord could it be?

Who else could I refer to as my lord besides Arthur Kredos?"

At this, Lady Windsor huffed softly.

"Next time we meet, I will tell you the details in full!"

The phrase "tell you the details" allowed Kalal, even without seeing Lady Windsor, to instantly envision her gritting her teeth.

In the suite, Jimte winked at Hayes, who was lying on Manta's lap.

Hayes immediately burst into laughter.

"I thought Kalal didn't like women."

Though he spoke softly, Manta beside him heard him clearly.

The lady promptly gave her partner a gentle smack on the forehead.

Hayes immediately held his forehead, his eyes tearfully looking at Manta.

Manta smiled softly, her eyes intently fixed on Hayes.

Holding up his body, Hayes promptly kissed her.

This scene made Jimte roll his eyes.

It was disdain for Hayes's mushiness and for Hayes's feigned ignorance.

Or perhaps...

This was his instinctual way to mask his true emotions.

Having heard that Windsor also pledged allegiance to the lord by the Lionheart Ceremony, Jimte was sure Hayes's emotions were stirred inside.

Unique at times, some moments are commendable.

But at other times, it could make one incredibly restless.

Just like a husky among wolves, though it might look the same on the outside, what about inside?

Probably extremely anxious.

Especially someone as proud as Hayes, how could he lack thoughts?

Of course, this hiding was instinctive.

It was for self-protection.

And for gaining more.

There was nothing wrong with that.

He used to be like that as well.

But now things were different.

Now, they were all subordinates of the lord.

If such a person appeared again...

It would be better to kill him.

Jimte thought to himself, yet his face revealed nothing, and even when he had finished rolling his eyes, he could still manage to give Hayes the finger.

Still, Hayes noticed a hint of something amiss.

It wasn't that Jimte's disguise was not good enough.

On the contrary, Jimte's disguise was too perfect.

It was so perfect it didn't align with Jimte's character—bound by 'Lionheart Ceremony,' Jimte's protection of Arthur was heartfelt.

At such a moment, it would be impossible to remain silent.

Choosing such silence definitely indicated a murderous intent.

Immediately, Hayes sat up.

Count Bert's nephew looked seriously at Jimte.

Jimte realized this when Hayes sat up.

He had overacted.

But no matter.

It might be better to clarify some matters.

The son-in-law of Lady Marquess of Seberlin took a few steps back laughing, revealing Kalal, who was still talking to Lady Windsor—the heir of Ainhars Territory's hands were already on the hilts of the Twin Swords.

At that moment, Kalal's respect for Arthur reached a new level.

Because—

Lady Windsor had informed him of everything that happened in the Ainhars Territory.

Including his being the first in line to inherit the Ainhars Territory.

This revelation had a profound impact on Kalal.

It was a status he once longed for, even risking danger to achieve, yet never obtained.

Even after swearing allegiance to Arthur, he had not completely forgotten it.

He merely delayed his goals, changing their order.

He believed, by following Arthur and accomplishing the goals fitting for his lord, the title of heir of Ainhars Territory would ultimately still be his.

And reality told him that his intuition was not wrong.

Moreover, it came faster than he had imagined.

A moment of emotion made the young man bow his head slightly.

He was concealing the true expression on his face.

Even though no one around could see it, his concealment had long become instinctive.

Just like his observation of the surroundings.

The brief scene between Jimte and Hayes certainly did not escape Kalal's eyes.

And Kalal?

He naturally stood with Jimte.

Both of them had sworn loyalty to Arthur with the "Lionheart Ceremony," naturally sharing the same camp.

Clack!

The twin swords slightly unsheathed.

The crisp sound of the swords being drawn was followed instantly by Hayes raising his hands high to surrender.

If the distance were increased, he had a thirty percent chance of winning against Kalal.

But in this kind of suite?

He would undoubtedly die.

Hayes was very fond of his own life.

Moreover, he had no intention of rebelling.

If he were to die over such a misunderstanding, he feared he could come back from "The Eternal Resting Land."

"Excuse me, Lady Windsor, may I interrupt your reunion with Kalal?

I want to speak a few words with His Lordship."

Hayes coughed lightly, speaking apologetically.

"Of course!"

Lady Windsor replied with a smile.

And deep down, she was guessing about the situation that had just unfolded.

The sound of the sword being drawn, Lady Windsor had heard it.

And the target of the drawn sword was now Hayes - the relationship among the three was not ordinary; otherwise, they would not have come together to listen to the Messenger Stone, and had addressed Arthur as "His Lordship" beforehand, but there were clear differences, Kalal and Jimte were notably closer.

This meant...

"Hayes joined later and didn't have the 'Lionheart Ceremony.' So, hearing me pledge loyalty to His Lordship and His Lordship accepting my 'Lionheart Ceremony' must have changed his expression, which that guy Jimte spotted, leading to this scene."

In an instant, Lady Windsor was sure of what had just happened.

As if she had seen it with her own eyes.

And this lady was also certain.

Jimte's initial intent to kill was real, but by now, it must have been half genuine, half feigned.

After all, she knew Jimte.

He looked warm and friendly, always smiling, yet he was extremely prideful inside.

If he really wanted to kill Hayes, he would have acted personally, without waiting for Kalal to join the fray.

Thus, this was to...

"Force Hayes to offer loyalty?

No!

Hayes had already addressed the lord as His Lordship; such coercion wasn't necessary, and might even backfire, something Jimte's astuteness wouldn't allow.

Then it was for...

The Bert Territory!"

With a flash of thought, Lady Windsor arrived at the answer.

And Arthur, who had been observing from the side, guessed this answer as well.

Immediately, the young Southern Lost Spirit Medium could not help but comment-

"Are they all refined from briquettes?

Each one of them, with hundreds of scheming thoughts!"

As he commented, Arthur's lips curled upwards.

He was pleased that his subordinates were so capable.

He liked clever people.

Just as he admired those who were simple.

And the foolish ones?

He did not detest them.

After all, those people would bring him benefits.

However, he absolutely did not allow the presence of fools among his subordinates.

That would be troublesome for him.

Fortunately, such a thing did not occur.

Thus, at this moment, Arthur looked forward with a hint of expectancy, hoping Hayes would give him an answer.

"I'm here, Hayes."

Arthur spoke calmly.

Immediately, the voice from the Messenger Stone returned-

"My Lord, please forgive my impudence for not visiting you immediately in person, which fills me with unease; therefore, before I actually meet you, I would like to prepare a gift for you..."

The heads of people from Bert Territory and Gleisa Hamlet!"

Chapter 793 Sword and Bug I

The head of Gleisa Hamlet!

Lady Windsor's heart quivered at these words.

She had anticipated that Hayes would seek the Bert Territory for Arthur, but with the sudden mention of Gleisa Hamlet's head, everything changed.

As the eldest son of the Old Lion.

No matter how the outside world viewed or judged this Little Lion, he was still the foremost among the young nobles of South County—it was recognized by all.

The hierarchy among nobles was far stricter than commoners could imagine.

Half was determined by one's lineage.

The remaining half had to be fought for.

The process was cruel and bloody.

Being the primary heir was no easy task.

The ones who died most were also the primary heirs.

Since Gleisa Hamlet was declared the primary heir, twenty-five years had passed.

In these twenty-five years, she faced too many ordeals.

There were more than twenty assassination attempts, fifteen instances of framing and entrapment, many of which were supposed to be certain death, yet all were overturned by Gleisa Hamlet.

And these were only the ones she knew of.

The ones she didn't know about?

Could only be more!

After all, it's well known that the tip of the iceberg above the water's surface is always just a fraction of its entirety.

Just like how Gleisa took part in managing some of Inner Bay's affairs for her father, the Old Lion of Inner Bay, including the critically important intelligence department—and it was since that moment that Inner Bay's spies began to become bothersome.

Unpredictable, and...

There were many of them!

You simply wouldn't know who might be a spy for Inner Bay.

At the very least, Lady Windsor could guarantee that there were no less than a hundred spies from Inner Bay in Ainhars Territory.

Other territories?

In places like South Los, there would only be more!

The local lords naturally resented this.

But to no avail.

The Old Earl of South Los was particularly resentful and, despite several private conflicts, never managed to completely eliminate these spies. Instead, it led to his own considerable loss of forces.

He even came close to losing control of South Los altogether.

It wasn't until the Countess took charge that things improved slightly.

But everyone knew that Inner Bay's spies in South Los were becoming more numerous.

Even though the Countess had recently carried out a thorough purge of these spies, as time passed, they were sure to reappear!

Because Gleisa not only possessed cunning and deceit but also inherited the 'generosity' of the Old Lion—when it came to winning over those she needed, the Little Lion never stinted on gold coins.

More importantly, Gleisa could afford the price.

No one would doubt that.

After all, Inner Bay had gold mines.

These were all Gleisa's achievements.

No one would underestimate this Little Lion.

And for this reason, everyone considered her the leading figure of South County's young noble generation.

As for the fact that this Little Lion was far older than the other young nobles, is it unfair?

Not one noble would utter such words.

If anyone did, and their parents heard it, they would be stripped of their succession rights.

No family needs such a naïve fool as an heir.

Therefore, Lady Windsor was very clear, unless one could deliver a truly lethal blow, one should never strike against Gleisa.

Otherwise, it would only invite endless reprisal.

And...

The Old Lion's intervention!

Once the Old Lion took action, it would equate to war engulfing all of South County!

And that was the reason behind Lady Windsor's trembling heart.

It's not that she feared war, but she believed that if a war broke out now, it would be disadvantageous for her side—with the exception of Arthur, a high-level combatant, those below were far too inferior and, even if they emerged victorious, they would not be able to gain more tangible benefits.

Such as: land!

All these require manpower to manage!

Yet Hayes said such words...

'This guy has already prepared everything?!'

Lady Windsor could hardly believe it.

But Jimte and Kalal were not overly surprised.

Because they truly had a card in their hand—

Alvis Hamlet!

That member of the Golden Lion Family who once went by the name Dorn in South Los and got his ship blown up on the way back to Inner Bay.

After rescuing this Alvis Hamlet, whether it was Jimte, Kalal, or Hayes, they were all 'training' this member of the Golden Lion Family with their respective means.

At this moment, the four of them had already become friends who could talk about anything.

And, they gave that young man some illusions.

For example: not only did they hit it off at first sight, but Jimte, Kalal, and Hayes were all genuinely convinced by him, willing to submit, especially Jimte, who was an exceptionally kind person, ready to go through fire and water for him.

There's a chance indeed!

But it wasn't absolute!

Nor could it stop the Old Lion's retaliation!

Subconsciously, Jimte and Kalal looked towards the woman by Hayes's side.

Manta!

Hayes's woman!

She was also the Old Lion's spy in Bert Territory!

With Manta's help, the odds would be somewhat better, but it still wasn't enough!

Jimte and Kalal pondered for about a second.

Then, the two young men thought of the seventeen women Hayes had brought back from Gleisa.

'There must be the Little Lion's spies among them!'

The two young men were very certain.

Because only then would Hayes be so definite.

Hayes noticed his two friends' gazes and immediately touched his nose—

"Don't look at me like that!

Lemo is Manta's sister. If I dared let Lemo get involved in this matter, Manta would probably refuse to let me into her bed again."

With frank words, Manta raised her hand again.

It was different from her light pat earlier.

This time it was placed on her lower back, twisting as she went.

Hayes grimaced in pain but didn't dare to let out a sound, pointing at the Messenger Stone while putting his hands together in a pleading gesture towards Manta.

Manta, satisfied, released her hand.

Hayes, meanwhile, rubbed his lower back, appearing in great discomfort.

Then, just as Manta thought she might have been too harsh and started to worry, this nephew of Count Bert spoke to the Messenger Stone—

"My lord, would you mind if your 'Name of Calamity' became even more exaggerated?"

The nephew of Count Bert's words were filled with probing.

Upon hearing such tests, Arthur couldn't help but laugh.

'Proud man!

Are you trying to test whether I'm truly worthy of your loyalty?'

Arthur was certain that if he said he minded, he would be deemed unfit in Hayes's eyes, not suitable to follow.

And if he said he didn't mind?

That would also range between qualified and unqualified.

Everything would depend on his subsequent behavior before the nephew of Count Bert would make a real decision.

In short, both yes and no were incorrect.

And the truly correct answer?

It emerged in Arthur's mind.

It wasn't that Arthur was particularly clever.

It was just that he was all too familiar with the tactics Hayes used.

Therefore, at the next moment, the young Southern Lost Spirit Medium said—

"You want to provoke a war between Gleisa and Bert Territory?"

Chapter 794: Sword and Insect II

Words of Arthur echoed from within the Messenger Stone.

And Hayes?

His eyes lit up.

Just as Arthur had guessed, the previous inquiry had been an extremely covert probe by Hayes—regardless of Arthur's answer being yes or no, Hayes would choose to stand by Arthur's side.

But in a way that concealed his own brilliance, going with the flow.

After all, Hayes didn't think a person who responded 'along with the thoughts of others' was a suitable leader, someone worth following.

As for Jimte and Kalal?

Hayes was confident that after convincing both that he had dealt with the hidden dangers and became content with enjoyment,

everything would become reasonable, should Manta become pregnant.

And Jimte and Kalal's recognition of Arthur?

What did it matter to him?

He had no idea why Jimte and Kalal needed to recognize Arthur.

However, without passing his test, he would not acknowledge Arthur.

Of course, had he passed...

He would follow wholeheartedly.

In the next moment, Hayes kneeled on one knee.

Even if it was just before a Messenger Stone.

The voice of the Earl's nephew became extremely reverent—

"My three cousins have, to varying degrees, been in secret contact with Gleisa. When you arrive in Bert Territory with the reputation you've gained from South Los, Seberlin, and Ainhars, even if you do nothing, they will undoubtedly be filled with panic.

At that moment, Gleisa, having faced two failures, will certainly make a move.

Gleisa is not someone who accepts defeat lightly.

He will give everything he has within Bert Territory.

Maybe even...

Enter the fray himself!

And that will be our opportunity!"

As Hayes spoke, a cold light flickered in his eyes.

He would create a deadly trap, waiting for the eldest son of the Old Lion.

"Hmm.

It's easy to kill Gleisa.

Even killing the Old Lion isn't hard.

What's important is, what can I gain?"

Arthur nodded, not objecting to Hayes's words, and what followed shocked everyone, including Hayes, Jimte, Kalal, Lady Windsor, and Manta.

'Killing the Old Lion isn't hard?

Does the lord have an even more meticulous plan?

Yes!

It must be so!

Otherwise, why would the lord cause such a stir in Seberlin and Ainhars after setting sail from South Los?

The lord is devising a strategy!

A strategy against the Old Lion!'

Hayes thought subconsciously.

Then, the Earl's nephew once again marveled at his lord.

He had only been focusing on Gleisa.

But his lord was already focusing on the person behind Gleisa.

This was utterly disregarding Gleisa!

'Worthy of my lord!'

Hayes thought.

Jimte and Kalal thought the same.

Their thoughts were largely in alignment with Hayes's.

However, Lady Windsor and Manta were different.

'Indeed, swearing loyalty to the lord was the right choice.'

Lady Windsor felt full of relief in her heart.

She couldn't fathom what would happen if she hadn't pledged loyalty.

Even if the lord was merciful and compassionate, in the face of the upcoming turmoil, how could she possibly remain uninvolved, surely she would be swept into it.

And then?

To be utterly destroyed!

'Thank goodness! Thank goodness!'

Lady Windsor exhaled deeply.

Whereas for Windsor, who had put her mind at ease, Manta was filled with worry.

As Hayes's woman, Manta knew all too well Hayes's style of conduct.

To immerse himself in the game!

It had always been so.

This time would be no exception.

Only...

This time's opponent was not like those of the past.

Those guys are just lackeys compared to Gleisa.

Not to mention the Old Lion.

They're not even on the same level.

'What to do? What to do?'

Manta thought to herself.

The lady was pondering how to help Hayes get through the tough times.

As for persuading Hayes?

Unless she really wanted to leave Hayes's side, otherwise, it was simply impossible.

The five of them had different reactions.

Arthur just shrugged to himself.

The words he spoke were not for those five, but for the listener.

The eavesdropping demigod.

Or rather...

'Lady of Sorrow'!

Yes!

The 'Lady of Sorrow' inside the Lead Box Coffin hadn't stayed put but had started to move again.

Arthur had had a premonition of this right after he had slain the 'Devourer' Imola.

And Arthur didn't stop her because, naturally, he wanted the news to spread.

As long as it reached the Old Lion, it would certainly make the Old Lion doubtful—and once it got to this point, Arthur's plan would be successful.

He needed an opponent who harbored apprehension towards him.

Only then could he operate with an advantage.

As for the Bert Territory?

He wouldn't let it go, of course.

And the 'Lady of Sorrow' wanting to pass the message to Gleisa?

Impossible!

Only by passing it to the Old Lion could the benefit be maximized.

The lady knew this point.

Arthur knew it deeply as well.

So, without waiting for Hayes's response, he continued to ask—

"Have you discovered anything in Inner Bay these days,

or have you set up... anything?"

"There have been some unusual movements at St. Joan of Arc Girls' College, and I've sent Lemo under the guise of studying there. I believe we'll have an answer soon.

With the special status of St. Joan of Arc Girls' College in Inner Bay, just a little manipulation from us, like organizing a 'college inventory,' will surely bring all those young nobles from Inner Bay to participate.

They, appearing idle, will definitely not resist such a temptation,

and they will be caught in our net.

And after that?

Everything will follow naturally."

Hayes said immediately.

The plan of the Earl's nephew was bold and a bit mad.

But without a doubt, it had a high return.

However, Arthur did not stop speaking.

He continued to listen—

"Many unfamiliar faces have recently appeared on the docks of Kilg Harbor in Inner Bay, which my scattered men have been watching closely.

They are likely...

Pirates!

Pirates in disguise!

Their number is not large, but it's enough to draw the attention of Inner Bay's secret detectives.

Indeed, they are doing well, as many people's attention has been drawn to them—and this could be a trap.

A trap set by the pirates for Inner Bay.

But for us, it's an opportunity.

If cults can run rampant in Seberlin, why not in Inner Bay,

Your arrival, my lord, brings forth light.

The light that dispels the shadows of the cult."

Kalal said loudly.

Kalal hadn't abandoned those subordinates who had grown up within Ainhars Territory; instead, he had sent them to Inner Bay as a vanguard before he had left Port Pult.

Especially the docks and gang strongholds were the focus.

And his subordinates had not disappointed him.

'Well done.'

Arthur silently commended in his heart.

A capable subordinate would never let one down.

And just as Arthur commended, inside the suite of the Storm Hotel, Kalal and Hayes, having finished speaking, were now looking at Jimte, who smiled shyly.

Facing the gaze of the two, Jimte scratched his cheek and said in a low voice—

"My lord, I have found three of Gleisa's mistresses, one of whom is also a mistress of Baro Hamlet."

Chapter 795 Sword and Bug III

Jimte's words were abrupt.

But the information they contained was massive.

Everyone living in South County knew that nobles were not to be trusted, and apart from that, there was the chaos of their private lives.

After all, born into wealth and power, they often find themselves at what others couldn't reach even with three generations of hard work.

Consider the sense of hopelessness, especially for those without a real right to succession—in noble circles, if you're not within the top five in line, you're not considered to have a genuine succession right. Most are just putting on a show alongside the heir, and once the heir's succession is complete, they would be cast out, becoming characters like Wanderer Knights.

For some, their fate is even worse: they have to become Wanderer Knights upon reaching adulthood.

Of course, even so, these Wanderer Knights are still beyond the reach of common folk.

You see, not everyone can receive an initial fund of about 500 gold coins upon coming of age—during the start of the Silver Age, as victorious nobles plucked the fruits of triumph, they were not stingy with their offspring. However, as time moved on, especially after the Pioneer Era began, this universally accepted 'wanderer fund' started being significantly cut down, from the original 500 gradually to 450, 400, and once new sea routes were discovered and Noble Bloodline Awakening became increasingly difficult, this amount gradually dropped to around 200 gold coins.

This was unacceptable to many young nobles.

As a result, they became the epitome of 'hedonism'.

Before becoming 'Wanderer Knights', they frivolously squandered wealth that wasn't their own, with the thrill undoubtedly doubled.

The most extreme of them had squandered their family's entire fortunes before even becoming 'Wanderer Knights'.

Thus, in recent decades, many noble families began informing members who needed to become 'Wanderer Knights' in advance. When they started receiving the initial funds for becoming 'Wanderer Knights', any expense beyond a set amount would start to deduct from that initial fund.

The initial fund depleted?

It meant starting the wandering early.

However, this did not truly curb the extravagance of those young nobles.

It's easier to slip from frugality into luxury than it is to return to frugality from luxury.

Many nobles who became 'Wanderer Knights' found themselves homeless on the streets in just two or three weeks.

Among these guys' lavish expenditures, aside from hosting salons and buying rare treasures, was keeping lovers—the culture of competition brought from Inner Bay guided all of this.

Some said this was the Old Lion of Inner Bay's conspiracy against every region.

But many reveled in it.

The happiness that comes with wealth and leisure is truly unknown to ordinary people.

Of course, there were those who strove for betterment.

Feeling discontent is human nature.

But their endings were generally not good.

Apart from being arrogant, overestimating oneself, among other reasons; more often, it was because the first in line for succession would not tolerate anyone who threatened their status.

If such a threat emerged?

It would have to be eliminated.

And so, this only fueled the nobles' indulgence even further.

Endless parties night and day.

Salons that lasted three days straight.

Excesses of fine foods, fine wines, and exotic animals.

And it was a must for women at one's side to be beautiful.

At this point, keeping mistresses had become a necessity, yet it was still somewhat surprising for Arthur that Gleisa, the Little Lion, and Baro Hamlet shared the same mistress.

It wasn't surprising that a mistress could be shared.

But what was surprising was the skill of Gleisa Hamlet.

To be able to plant such a Spy right under Baro Hamlet's nose.

A Spy!

Indeed, a Spy!

Arthur was certain that the mistress's role was akin to that of a 'sparrow', he was just unsure whether Baro Hamlet was genuinely fooled or if he had swallowed the sugar-coated pill only to spit the bullet back out—having looked into Baro because he was Alvis Hamlet's father.

Ambitious, but lacking in cunning.

Hot-tempered, not knowing when to advance or retreat.

Yet when push came to shove, he was bluster on the outside and timid on the inside.

This is the evaluation from the outside.

Even, many people think that if it weren't for the Old Lion's consideration for past affections, this brother would have died countless times already.

At the same time, it is also one of the pieces of evidence touted by many of the Old Lion's benevolence.

But is that really the case?

Arthur would not easily come to a conclusion before he had actually seen this Baro Hamlet.

In the suite of the Storm Hotel, Kalal's eyes lit up clearly having thought of something, while Hayes even had a complete plan in mind.

Even Lady Windsor at Arthur's side seemed eager to try.

In the eyes of the three of them, this would be an excellent opportunity.

To instigate Gleisa and his own uncle to have a falling out, or even to fight a big battle, if operated properly, it might even be possible to provoke a civil war within Inner Bay!

If they really could achieve this step...

Gleisa's death would be nothing to speak of.

Even, the Old Lion might also fall.

"Not bad!

All three of you have your own ideas, so...

All three of you go ahead and handle this matter according to your own thoughts!"

Arthur said so.

Jimte, Kalal, and Hayes were taken aback.

Then, their eyes genuinely lit up.

Previously, it seemed to the three of them that they were working together, but Arthur's words seemed to be telling them it was not cooperation they were after, but...

Competition!

'Does my lord expect to see my performance?'

The three thought simultaneously in the depths of their hearts; subconsciously, they looked at each other.

When they saw the light in each other's eyes, all three laughed at once.

They had long wished to test each other.

Previously, it was either not the right venue or there were outsiders present, and more importantly, a real-life contest could easily result in accidents.

But this kind of contest of abilities was just too perfect.

For a moment, the three were filled with fighting spirit.

Although Arthur had not seen everything in the suite at the Storm Hotel, he had anticipated such a scenario.

And this, was what he wanted.

He wished to see the cooperation of his subordinates, and even more so, he wished to see competition.

Especially given the situation in Inner Bay: on someone else's turf, if they were all together, the target would be too big. Only by splitting up and stirring up trouble simultaneously, could they make Inner Bay become chaotic, could they make his enemies distraught, and could they find the real opportunity.

Of course, it had to be healthy competition and safety had to be heeded.

So, the next moment, Arthur said directly—

"Remember your identities.

Also, when faced with unavoidable danger, I allow you to abandon the mission.

Remember: your survival is what I need, do not dwell on temporary failure."

The three knelt down on one knee again.

"Thank you for your mercy."

The three said at the same time, also revising their plans in their minds.

They did not want to accept failure, which meant that they could not face unavoidable danger.

Therefore, the three became even more cautious.

Afterward, Arthur ended the call, and the young South Los Spirit Medium looked towards Lady Windsor beside him, who had been hesitating to speak since the beginning—

"Are you feeling lost?"

Chapter 796: Sword and Bug IV

"Yes!"

Lady Windsor nodded.

In front of Arthur, to whom she had pledged allegiance with the 'Lionheart Ceremony,' this lady had no intention of concealing anything.

Arthur looked at Lady Windsor before him, noticing the eagerness in her brown eyes, and couldn't help but feel a throbbing in his temples—while others worried about subordinates being lazy and useless, his were just too diligent and useful.

Jimte, Kalal, Hayes, and Windsor were all extremely adept at hiding.

Yet, their personalities and styles were slightly different.

Jimte habitually disguised himself as gentle, like a cat hiding its claws, ready to consume without leaving a trace.

Kalal was fierce beneath his arrogance, somewhat like a sword in a scabbard, ensuring relentless pursuit once drawn.

Although Arthur hadn't interacted much with Hayes, based on his style, he felt this nephew of Count Bert resembled a snake.

Simply put, Arthur wouldn't be surprised if the most sinister and poisonous tricks came from him.

And Lady Windsor was completely different from the three.

Because—

After what she experienced due to her gender, she was indifferent to those of the same gender but absolutely defiant towards men.

Just like now.

If not handled properly, it could cause a rift among these four crucial subordinates.

Arthur would not be so careless.

He had planned everything long ago.

"Windsor, do you know why I appointed you as the head of the Ainhars branch of 'Miss Qiu's Security Company'?"

Arthur asked with a smile.

"It's because of my familiarity with Ainhars, the availability of staff, and my noble status."

Lady Windsor calmly analyzed.

"Correct, but not entirely."

Arthur nodded, without refuting.

Then, as the lady looked puzzled, Arthur lowered his voice and said—

"There is a team needing to rest within the Ainhars Territory.

Afterward, they will head to the Inner Bay.

During this process, they must not be discovered.

Among all my subordinates, only you, Windsor, can accomplish this."

Arthur's words invigorated Lady Windsor.

This lady relished the feeling of being trusted.

At the same time, she did not let it go to her head.

She asked very calmly.

"How many people are in this team?"

"Fifty."

Arthur replied succinctly.

These fifty were naturally his Death Warriors... no, his 'Zodiac Constellations,' 'Seven Generals of the Sea,' and '108 Stars of Death.'

Though the numbers hadn't been fully gathered, the day would eventually come.

Their special nature reassured Arthur.

They were indispensable for someone lacking manpower in the Inner Bay.

"Fifty people?"

No problem!"

Lady Windsor thought for a moment, then gave her assurance.

The convoy she managed could seamlessly integrate these fifty individuals into the journey to the Inner Bay.

But...

Isn't fifty people a bit too few for the Inner Bay?

Lady Windsor did not hide this sentiment, and Arthur noticed it.

Immediately, he laughed.

"They are not ordinary."

Arthur spoke these words and walked towards the door.

Most of the matters in the Ainhars Territory had been quite smoothly resolved, but there was still one thing he needed to handle personally.

If done well...

He might just see a tenfold increase in his gains!

Arthur put on his coat, picked up his cane, donned his hat, and headed out, with Pendragon lightly leaping off the couch to follow him.

While Lady Windsor was still savoring Arthur's words, she immediately rose and bowed, seeing Arthur off.

Creak!

The cabin door closed slowly with an almost imperceptible creak.

In the dark, the figure of the orange cat disappeared outside the door.

Lady Windsor stood there for a long time without coming back to herself.

'They aren't ordinary?

Could it be...

All fifty of them are Mystic Side people?

Possibly with significant strength?

Surely, they can't all be Arcana Level, can they?'

The more the lady thought, the more it seemed possible.

After all, the rumored Kledos Family is indeed a Millennial Family!

Instantly, the lady was full of anticipation.

And the moment the door closed behind him, Arthur looked helplessly at Pendragon, who had jumped onto his shoulder—

"Pan, do you know how heavy you are?

Daddy's shoulder can't bear your weight!"

"Meow meow meow~"

Pendragon meowed repeatedly, like a clip.

Moreover, it continued to nuzzle Arthur with its head.

Seeing this, Arthur, who wanted to say something further, sighed helplessly.

Without a doubt, compared to those four problem children, Pendragon was genuinely the one causing Arthur a headache.

He truly had no way to deal with Pendragon.

Raising his hand, he gently rubbed Pendragon's forehead with his fingers, then turned towards the top cabin of the 'Oriental.'

At this moment, music was playing throughout the 'Oriental,' accompanied by the laughter of people.

No one could refuse delicious food and beverages.

Especially when these food and drinks were all free.

Moreover, there were mini-games included.

"The hidden wine of the Marquess of Ainhars should be even more delicious, right?"

Arthur mumbled softly, quickening his pace.

The young Spirit Medium pushed open his cabin door.

At first glance, the lead box coffin appeared in front of him.

And before Arthur could take off his coat again, the voice of the 'Lady of Sorrow' rang out—

"Did you instruct your subordinates to openly discuss future plans in front of me, trying to use me to tip off the Old Lion and Little Lion?

Let me tell you, I've been tricked once.

I won't let it happen again this time!

I am determined not to let you succeed!"

The lady's voice was sharp, full of anger.

It had every right to be angry!

The supposedly assured kill had been dissolved.

No!

It wasn't merely resolved; it had turned into a complete advantage for the other side!

This feeling was more unbearable than death for it.

And it had been insulted again.

Having learned its lesson once, did the damned Spirit Medium in front of it think it would fall for it again?

How could that be possible!

Thus, despite hearing those discussions, it hadn't exposed anything.

It absolutely couldn't allow the damned Spirit Medium in front of it to have its way again.

"Oh?"

Facing the lady's anger, Arthur showed not the slightest reaction, responding as if it were routine, as he began tidying his coat, hat, and cane, then poured himself a cup of orange tea with double honey.

He gently sipped while unfastening the top buttons of his shirt.

This indifference made the 'Lady of Sorrow' feel even more humiliated.

"You..."

The ensuing words were cut off abruptly.

Because Arthur placed a sword and an insect on the table—

Sword: [Spider Blood Claw].

Insect: [Blood of Doting].

The dark and crimson longsword hummed and vibrated.

The crimson crystal ring trembled constantly as well.

Both were raring to go.

They were filled with hunger.

Chapter 797: Sword and Insect V

Hunger is always the most authentic feeling.

When a person even loses the sense of hunger, then they are no longer a person, or rather... that would be a dead person.

Of course, one might also call them the walking dead.

Mikhail, known as the 'Lady of Sorrow', transformed from them to It, and then from It to Her.

But even she felt hunger.

In fact, she immensely enjoyed the process of satisfying that hunger.

It's more than just swallowing and filling the stomach.

It's a psychological enjoyment.

The thrill of hunting and pursuit always captivates her.

Thus, the 'Lady of Sorrow' is very familiar with the feeling of hunger.

And so, when Arthur revealed 'One Sword' and 'One Insect', the previously defiant 'Lady of Sorrow' fell silent.

She became afraid.

However, soon she shouted—

"Do you think you can scare me?"

Listening to these words brimming with bluff, Arthur laughed.

"As a god, you truly are arrogant.

I've heard you became a god from a mortal.

Do you still remember the humility you had as a mortal?"

Arthur seemed quite curious.

But in fact, his curiosity about the 'Lady of Sorrow' had already waned quickly.

Arthur knew quite a bit about the other party.

And some secret information?

Arthur believed he could get hold of it too.

As for their power, experience, and so on?

He clearly knew that their power wasn't suitable for him.

Because in its initial stage, their power was not a true 'ritual', but more like a bloodline.

As for the secret techniques?

Arthur had some thoughts, but given their relationship, even if taught, he dared not learn.

In fact, such flawed secret techniques wouldn't even broaden his knowledge, instead, they'd lead him astray.

Broadening horizons was what he needed to do.

As for experiences?

This might be the only part that interested Arthur.

It's also the most important bargaining chip for the 'Lady of Sorrow'.

Arthur was eager to know how Miha, and Yiluo became her.

Becoming a god?

Arthur had considered that too.

Even under normal circumstances, the Fifth Order is enough to be called a 'demigod', and he, having the Seventeen Order, thought the same.

Because—

Arthur clearly understood the difficulty of the Seventeen Order.

Having witnessed 'Mimi's Ascend Step', Arthur had an unimaginable understanding.

In the early stage of advancement, the first, second, third, and fourth orders, because 'Mimi burned herself to pave the way', he could advance quickly, but the Fifth Order?

Count Bernaken burned himself, and under the premise that Marquess of Ainhars was already a Third Order 'Ascend Steper', it was only then that the Marquess of Ainhars could smoothly become a 'demigod', ensuring the legacy of the 'Demon Hunter'—these matters, the Marquess of Ainhars did not hide from Arthur.

Because, in the Marquis's view, Arthur was clear about this.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have taken his private treasury and treasure ring so calmly.

And discussing with Arthur shows that the Marquis hopes Arthur can provide some guidance.

As for the Old Earl?

The Marquess of Ainhars was clear that the final moment would be the disappearance of the Old Earl.

He hoped the Old Earl could stay.

Of course, he genuinely disliked the Old Earl.

Yet, there was gratitude too.

What could Arthur do about this?

He could only smile.

And then, mysteriously pointed at the sky, and then at the earth.

Most people might not understand, but the Marquess of Ainhars understood at once.

'Contract!

Arthur, you cannot tell me more because of the contract, right?

Indeed, the path to ascension has no shortcuts!'

The Marquess of Ainhars readily accepted Arthur's 'explanation'.

And this Marquis did not have the slightest doubt.

In the eyes of the Marquis, this was the right attitude—knowledge is priceless, and in South County, it's not just empty words.

Moreover, the Old Earl also greatly acknowledged this principle.

Because he did the same.

Regarding the news and information about the Fifth Order on the 'Demon Hunter's Path', everyone who knew about it signed a contract, and any thoughts of divulging it to outsiders would face repulsion, and any genuine attempts to act would result in instant death, with such deaths spreading further.

In simple terms, even those present couldn't escape.

Only death would assault them.

This cautious approach had minimized the exposure risk.

Afterward, the Marquess of Ainhars did not inquire further.

Instead, he continued to delve deeply with Arthur.

Furthermore, due to asking a foolish question, this Marquis, feeling guilty as if to compensate, shared all he knew about ascending to 'demigod', including those who took shortcuts.

'Absorb the Power of Faith, then get devoured by the Poison of Faith, and upon becoming Her, lose oneself...'

Arthur silently recited these words in his heart.

Then, he shook his head discreetly.

He had the Seventeen Order, and he absolutely wouldn't take that path.

However, knowing about it wasn't a bad idea.

Arthur clearly knew direct inquiry would not pay off.

Though the 'Lady of Sorrow' was a bit stupid, she wasn't utterly clueless. If she realized, it would be counterproductive.

Therefore, without waiting for her answer, Arthur picked up the [Spider Blood Claw]—

"If you forget, I can teach you.

A lament from a former demigod is a decent sleep aid for me.

Hope you can endure a few more days."

With this, Arthur's lips curled.

That smile brimmed with excitement, anticipation, and in those deep eyes, the reflection of candlelight seemed to light up instantly.

A sense of perversion surged naturally.

[Bluff] flickered repeatedly at this moment.

If the hunger caused by the previous 'One Sword One Insect' frightened the 'Lady of Sorrow',

then Arthur's current expression made her scalp tingle, eliciting a memory deeply suppressed within she dared not recall.

And that memory was precisely what Arthur targeted.

When that lady was part of a sister pair, they should have been witches.

Whether from her familiarity with 'Glast', or sewing herself with 'parasitism velvet', it was full of witch style.

Then what did a pair of witches who were unknown before becoming demigods encounter?

Thinking about the Northern Territory in the Holy Empire Era, it was indeed self-evident.

Or rather, given their witch legacy, they still chose the 'shortcut', what did they encounter back then?

Arthur didn't know.

But Arthur knew what to do.

This approach would have no effect on a typical 'demigod', even one dying wouldn't work, but for a shortcut 'demigod', even if just heavily injured, it worked effectively.

Under the Poison of Faith, such 'short-cut demigods' not only became twisted into madmen but had deep psychological flaws that never healed.

The Marquess of Ainhars said it.

Arthur believed the Marquis wouldn't deceive him on this matter.

And indeed, he was right.

In the next moment—

"Stop!

Cease!

Father Maplu, please don't hurt my sister!"

A scream rang out.

Not the voice of the 'Lady of Sorrow', but that of a young girl.

Or rather accurately...

Miha.

Chapter 798 Sword and Insect VI

Miha and Yiluo are twin sisters.

Miha is the elder sister.

Yiluo is the younger sister.

When Miha's voice echoed from within the lead box coffin, Arthur's face showed the perfect amount of surprise, and then... he became even more excited.

"Did you suffer backlash?

You endured such severe backlash, and yet you're still here?

This is truly wonderful!"

Arthur said as he licked his lips.

The young Southern Lost Spirit Medium put down the [Spider Blood Claw].

He turned to pick up the [Blood of Doting].

He gently caressed the crimson crystal ring and whispered——

"Go and bite her fiercely.

I want to hear her wails.

This must be extremely interesting."

Buzz!

The Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm within the [Blood of Doting] twisted its body repeatedly, feeling somewhat uncomfortable in the face of the perverse Arthur.

However, immediately, it agreed repeatedly.

Not only did it agree, it greedily eyed the lead box coffin, signifying its impatience.

Undoubtedly, this Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm was a bit scared too.

But what can it do when it's scared?

It's signed twenty-seven contracts, after all.

It's already locked in with Arthur.

It never wanted this.

Sensing the cowardly demeanor of the Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm through the contract, Arthur smirked secretly.

'Indeed, only cowardly worms can live long.'

Thinking to himself, Arthur already approached the lead box coffin with the [Blood of Doting].

Immediately, the entire lead box coffin began to tremble.

It was a kind of subtle shaking, much like a person trembling in fear.

"Don't come over!

Don't hurt Miha!

I won't allow you to harm Miha!"

Another clear female voice rang out.

Although they were both female voices, the previous voice was louder, whereas this one was softer or more delicate.

Hearing this voice, one can't help but conjure the feeling 'this person is easy to bully.'

However, even if easy to bully, it remained firm at this moment.

"Another one?

So fun! So entertaining!

I suddenly discover that you're my biggest gain so far—originally, I just wanted to use you to lure out some worthless demigod in order to feed my sword and worm."

But never imagined you are still here."

Arthur placed his right hand over his face, covering his right eye, laughing continuously.

The laugh, starting low and then rising, while Arthur's body kept leaning back, forming an exaggerated angle, until the laugh turned hoarse and exhausted.

Especially that exposed left eye, tinted with a hint of blood.

Excitement!

Such excitement!

I can't wait to play with my new toy!

This is the most direct feeling for Miha and Yiluo at the moment.

Both having similar painful memories, and now they're not Him, not to mention Him, even it, when such painful memories arise, it was immediately suppressed—He can suppress this pain, but it can't, its hiding made them completely exposed.

Worse still, they've encountered someone as terrifying as 'Father Maplu.'

This made the two panic-stricken.

But soon, elder sister Miha stood out once more as she did back then.

"Come at me for anything!"

While younger sister Yino said just like before.

"Whatever you want, I'll agree to it!"

Yino said.

This almost boundless promise made Arthur pause while approaching the lead box coffin with the [Blood of Doting].

Though he quickly returned to normal, this moment was seized by Miha and Yino.

In the past, they had similar opportunities.

But back then they were too weak, without any bargaining chips, falling into the hands of the madman 'Father Maplu'.

But now it's different!

They have!

Connected in mind, Miha and Yino immediately said——

"Your mother's birth was a conspiracy.

No, it's not just your mother.

Your maternal grandfather was the same.

We can tell you part of the truth from back then, hoping to exchange for our safety."

Hearing these words, Arthur sneered coldly.

"Part of the truth?

You think I don't know?

You think I haven't investigated Glast?

Of course, you don't know.

You don't know that...

Glast is someone I killed!"

Arthur said slowly.

And such words made Miha and Yiluo's remaining soul tremble, terror rapidly permeating, clearly noticed by the hound hidden in the corner.

Even the fragmentary Blood Ancestor Worm sensed it.

However, unlike the goofy Death Hound.

This Blood Ancestor Worm started twisting its body again.

'How can it be so terrifying?

Kill your own great-grandmother without a second thought?

What about me?

Will I be discarded, just like those worn-out toys, thrown into the dingy sewers, to be washed by sewage, then slowly rot, ultimately merging with the sewage, becoming inseparable, quietly awaiting the next me to arrive.'

The whispers in the Blood Ancestor Worm's heart almost made Arthur slap the worm.

A worm, how can it become melancholic like those poets.

Moreover, timid, cowardly, and craven, these words can't possibly relate to a poet.

Arthur scoffed inwardly.

Miha and Yiluo, however, were completely petrified.

To be honest, Arthur seems calmer now, yet he feels scarier than when he was frantic before.

Madmen aren't terrifying.

Terrifying is a madman who's also calm.

A calm madman isn't terrifying.

Terrifying is this calm madman who doesn't reflect upon himself, but tortures others by the most violent means.

Miha and Yino dared not imagine what they would be like when next tortured.

Glast is a woman they are too familiar with.

The opponent, resorting to all means, just like a cockroach, can't be killed.

But now she's dead.

Moreover, before death surely endured unimaginable torture.

They don't want to die.

They also don't want to be tortured.

So, Miha and Yino immediately spoke again— —

"Don't you want to know why she did this?

Don't you want to know why she instigated the 'Seven Years' War'?

Don't you want to know who was behind her?"

This time, Arthur didn't pause.

He continued moving forward with the [Blood of Doting].

He didn't even furrow his brows.

He seemed to not care about Miha and Yino's questions at all.

Yet in his heart, the young Southern Lost Spirit Medium felt overjoyed.

'Wuhu~

Surprise!

Unexpected gains!'

After the trio of joy internally, Arthur's expression grew increasingly calm.

He said——

"No, I don't want to!"

Chapter 799 Miha and Yino I

The straightforward rejection left Miha and Yiluo momentarily stunned.

The twins never expected Arthur would give such an answer.

According to their thoughts, Arthur should have readily agreed by now.

After all, they were very curious at the time, which led to...

'Wait a minute!

It!

This guy made us miss the biggest clue!'

In the midst of thinking, Miha and Yiluo suddenly realized something, and their [Spirituality] observed the [Blood of Doting]. At the moment they 'saw' the [Blood of Doting], the twins understood why Arthur would reject so decisively; Arthur was certainly not lacking in curiosity.

Being human, you'd be curious.

Unless you know the answer.

Arthur naturally already knew the answer.

Not only did he know the answer, but he might have already started acting, looking for the breakthrough—just like they did originally.

Indeed, a person capable of designing traps against them is definitely not as simple as they seem.

Even...

Perhaps what they are able to see is exactly what they were meant to see.

An extremely familiar sense of oppression emerged, causing Yiluo, the twin sister, to shiver in her soul.

That kind of [Spirituality] chaos would make 'it' appear once more.

However, it ultimately chose to refuse.

It was trembling as well.

Or perhaps it was fear.

The buried memories resurfaced again, breaking apart the many seals it had set, plunging its [Spirituality] into complete chaos.

In such a state, being an independent 'it', although becoming more independent, it had no strength to resist.

Especially when facing Arthur, 'it' did not want to confront Arthur.

Moreover, since 'it' had already become independent, why should it help them, why should it become that useless umbrella?

'It' refused!

'It' is independent!

'It' could even promote to 'He'!

Sharing the same origin first made Yiluo feel 'its' malice, and immediately, this twin sister cried for help.

'Sister, what do we do?'

'Don't panic.

Keep an eye on it.

I will strive for a situation most advantageous to us!'

Miha comforted her sister.

Then, the twin sister spoke again—

"Sorry, I was rude.

My and Yiluo's state isn't well, and it's easy for us to overlook some of the facts right before us, please forgive us.

If it's here, it shows you already know the situation at the time.

We certainly can't use these matters to trade with you anymore."

Miha spoke clearly.

Arthur remained expressionless.

As a Spirit Medium, Arthur understood that silence at this moment was the best choice.

Even though he was extremely curious about the person behind Glast, the same principle applied.

Suppressing his curiosity, Arthur picked up the pipe Marinda had given him, rubbing his thumb on the small engraved letters wrapped in wave patterns.

The name was Marinda.

Arthur believed Miha and Yiluo could 'see' it.

Thus, the young Spirit Medium began to adjust his breathing.

From rapid, he became long and steady.

The coldness and madness on his face were thoroughly restrained, becoming peaceful.

Only the deep eyes seemed unchanged, just staring fixedly at the name 'Marinda'.

'Marinda?

Does that lady bring peace to the frenzied Spirit Medium before me?

So that's it, no wonder there's such strong affection.

The Spirit Medium before me must have realized his state was not right, thus needing someone he loves to calm his emotions!'

Upon realizing this, joy surged within Miha's heart.

Crazed individuals cannot be talked to, let alone negotiated or collaborated with.

But calm individuals can be.

Just like right now, it's a rare opportunity.

It's well-known that someone who completely calms down during negotiations becomes a tough nut to crack.

So, the best chance for negotiation is this time when someone is about to calm down but hasn't truly calmed down—

"Lord Kledos, you may have already investigated who stands behind Glast, and know why Glast incited the 'Seven Years' War'.

However, I can assure you, you absolutely don't know why the person behind Glast is doing this!"

Miha spoke with confidence.

Hearing Miha's confident words, Arthur adjusted his expression with a slight frown.

Arthur knew Miha was using some negotiation tactics, but he was more concerned with why Miha was so certain.

'Contract?

Or...

Everyone present knows each other?

Even back then, in a very peculiar space environment, so everyone present knows each other?'

Arthur gradually pieced it together in his mind.

He leaned towards the latter.

Though contracts are convenient, they are not completely secure.

Especially since Miha could say this at that moment, obviously having no contractual constraint.

Thinking of this, Arthur's brow quickly relaxed.

Though just fleeting, it was caught accurately by Miha.

Miha was very certain that Arthur cared about this, yet Arthur didn't know this.

And this was their opportunity.

"Yiluo and I have no intention of being your enemies.

We are just poor souls who were forced into a defensive reaction at that time.

And now?

I hope for my sister and I to live safely."

Miha spoke with utmost sincerity.

Arthur, however, let out a cold laugh.

"Verbal promises are not the best guarantees.

Moreover, in your current state, even contracts are easy to break.

If you want to reach a deal, I hope you show some sincerity."

Miha understood Arthur's words.

Clearly, their peculiar state made the Spirit Medium before them extremely cautious.

After a brief hesitation, this twin sister spoke directly—

"It was created by me and my sister to protect us.

It originates from our flesh, soul.

But now, it's become totally useless, instead turning into poison for my sister and me.

It has come out on its own, peeping at everything about us.

Our special state before was caused by it.

And now, it still continues its peeping."

Miha explained.

'Personality division?

Twins jointly splitting off a personality?

Hmph!

Should I say, worthy of the Mystic Side?'

Arthur sighed inwardly, but spoke aloud.

"I don't need such explanations, I'm well aware of your state, so I need something more tangible to reassure me.

And that is the basis for our cooperation."

After roughly understanding the character of the twins and their current predicament, Arthur started to press closely.

Miha and Yiluo should have suffered from inhuman abuse since childhood.

Thus forming a character of passive endurance.

Even strong Miha was just a bit stronger.

As for Yiluo?

Without Miha, perhaps only tears would remain now.

Indeed, it's how it seemed.

Faced with Arthur's pressing actions, Miha felt no resentment, instead a sense of inevitability.

Immediately, this twin sister stated—

"We need to peel it away, which will leave me increasingly weak.

We hope you can protect us during this time.

We will agree to sign a contract with you!"

Hearing this, Arthur laughed.

But it was still a cold laugh.

Chapter 800: Miha and Yino II

Arthur let out a few cold laughs and then restrained his laughter, his voice turning somber—

"I'm negotiating with you seriously, and you're joking with me?

Severing it is something you urgently need to do.

Yet you're using it to make a deal with me.

You have no sincerity at all."

After the somber words ended, Arthur's fingers that were rubbing the pipe trembled slightly and then quickly stopped. The young Spirit Medium carefully placed the pipe on the table to the side, then picked up the [Spider Blood Claw]. His calm face was filled with impatience, as if he wanted to end the bothersome matter before him with one swift strike.

Miha, seeing this scene, gasped in succession.

"Wait!

You've misunderstood!

Your Bloodsucking Worm needs it, and we will infuse it with some power so that after your Bloodsucking Worm consumes it, it becomes completely whole."

Miha spoke rapidly.

The elder twin sister saw through it.

The Spirit Medium in front of them should be in a state similar to theirs.

It's just that 'it' hasn't split yet.

'Has he contacted the 'Shadows'?

Or perhaps...

Was it forced?'

The elder twin sister couldn't be sure.

But what she could be sure of was that in this state, Arthur absolutely should not be provoked. He might really cut them down without hesitation.

"That's not enough!

Killing you would be the same!

It might even make that guy whole in the process while promoting again."

Arthur shook his head, his face growing more irritable.

This made the elder twin sister increasingly frightened.

Without hesitation, this elder twin sister said—

"Yiluo and I can become your servants!

Serve you for 10 years!"

"Are you joking?

You are so weak, and you want to serve me?

10 years?

In 10 years, you might have just barely recovered, right?"

Arthur raised the [Spider Blood Claw] in his hand.

"After we recover, we will serve you for 10... no, 20 years!"

This time, Arthur seemed too lazy to answer, merely aiming the [Spider Blood Claw] at the gap of the lead box coffin.

Given the sharpness of the [Spider Blood Claw], naturally, the lead box coffin couldn't withstand its blade. With just one stab, the lead box coffin would be pierced like paper.

Of course, Mikhail inside the coffin would be as well.

And Arthur seemed to be considering which angle to stab from to cause Mikhail the most pain, constantly adjusting the sword's tip.

Terrified to the core, Miha began leaking some level of her Spirituality as she shouted—

"50 years!

100 years!

150 years!"

The numbers spilled out in a trembling voice.

When she reached 200 years, Arthur stopped aiming.

The young South Lost Spirit Medium furrowed his brow once more, seemingly pondering whether this deal was worth it.

Ultimately, this South Lost Spirit Medium provided a number—

"300 years."

He doubled the original amount.

This is standard practice for a Spirit Medium.

Even for a demigod like Miha, 300 years was not a short time, but facing Arthur's [Spider Blood Claw], the elder twin sister knew what to do.

"Alright!"

With those words, contracts appeared one after another.

Just like the agreements for the Fragmentary Blood Ancestor Worm in the [Blood of Doting], seven interconnected contracts appeared before Mikhail, benefiting Arthur to the greatest extent.

In these seven contracts, Arthur bore no responsibility yet had almost unlimited rights.

Miha had anticipated this.

But upon seeing the clause stating 'when Arthur Kredos harbors ill intentions towards Miha and Yiluo's bodies, they can retaliate without limits,' the elder twin sister was stunned.

A strange sense of safety washed over her.

She didn't understand why, but it filled her with a sense of security.

At that moment, the elder twin sister felt grateful to Arthur.

Additionally, the elder twin sister concluded that Arthur was, in a genuine sense, a good person.

As for Arthur's ruthless methods?

What is ruthlessness?

In her time, cannibalism was normal.

When Miha relayed this information to Yiluo, the twin sister instantly let out a cry of delight.

"That's great!

That's great!

This is really great!"

However, 'it' was something different.

"Damn it!

How dare you!

I will kill you!

Kill you!"

'It' roared.

Immediately, the 'flesh' inside the lead box coffin began to twist and swell.

In mere moments, the flesh swelled to the limit of the lead box coffin.

It seemed that the next moment it would burst through the coffin—as it shares the same root and origin, 'it' naturally knew what they wanted to do. However, faced with such a twisted outburst, Miha spoke coldly.

"Kill us?"

Didn't you already try that?

But...

You were born from my and Yiluo's flesh and soul. You can't kill us. If you kill us, you lose your foundation, and you will die as a result.

No!

It's waiting helplessly for Death!"

Yiluo, from the side, glared viciously at 'it'.

In the vision only Miha and Yiluo could see, 'it' immediately faltered.

Then—

"If you kill me, you'll also suffer irreparable damage!"

'Its' roar was filled with bluster and bluff.

"You still don't understand."

Miha's right 'hand' took Yiluo's left 'hand', and they both spoke in unison—

"For one person, it's an irreparable injury, but for two, the burden weakens significantly. Given enough time, we can recover once again.

Of course, you won't be around to see it!"

As their words ended, a flash of light passed through their [Spirituality Space].

Like the precise cut of a surgical knife.

When the light faded, a thumb-sized blood-red crystal rolled out of the lead box coffin.

Shortly after, a little girl's head emerged from the lead box coffin.

Long black hair, emerald green eyes, and snow-white skin.

Her jade eyes concealed panic and unease.

"Lord Kledos..."

"Call me master."

Arthur said, tossing two sets of clothes inside—he could hear another breathing within the lead box coffin, even more rapid than the present one.

"Yes, master."

Miha nodded repeatedly and then shrank back into the coffin.

After the rustling of clothes, Miha pulled out a girl even more timid.

With the same appearance, eyes, and hair color as Miha.

But it was clear: she was incredibly timid.

At that moment, she shrank behind Miha, just like a scared hamster.

Arthur glanced at the two, his gaze lingering on their evidently oversized clothes.

Immediately, Miha said.

"Yiluo and I will alter the clothes."

"Mm, very well.

You will sleep here, handle some chores, and at daybreak, a lady will come to teach you more things."

Saying this, Arthur got up, picked up the blood-red crystal, and walked into the bedroom.

Once the bedroom door closed, Arthur immediately looked at the text before him.

The next moment, the Spirit Medium's lips curved into a smile.