

Great Master 801

Chapter 801 Rise of the Insect I

The blood-colored crystal felt cool to the touch, and words surged before Arthur's eyes—

[Name: Division of Mikhail (Perfect)]

[Type: Other items]

[Quality: Legend]

[Attributes: 1, Strengthening; 2, Parasitism; 3, Resurrection]

[Remarks: The unexpected awakening of Miha and Yiluo forced it to a desperate situation. It never thought it would encounter such things; it believed it would always be them, even if a bit delayed.

Yet, the unexpected often comes first.

It was directly divided by Miha and Yiluo.

Miha and Yiluo fell into a prolonged weakened state, but this only made the crystal more perfect, containing a trace of divinity.

And it?

Of course, it wouldn't give up.]

...

[Strengthening: When actively contacting an item with 'Mikhail's Cut,' it will bring permanent strengthening effects to the item]

[Parasitism: The strengthened item will be parasitized by 'it']

[Resurrection: Consuming enough flesh and energy, it will resurrect on the item and possess the complete characteristics of that item]

(Note 1: During strengthening, the item doesn't need to have 'Spirituality.' Moreover, the perfect 'Mikhail's Cut' will greatly increase the item's level and grant additional attributes)

(Note 2: The perfect 'Mikhail's Cut' can genuinely enhance 'Legendary' level items and has a great chance to elevate the item's level to 'Myth I' level)

(Note 3: The perfect 'Mikhail's Cut' can strengthen living creatures but will speed up the parasitism)

(Note 4: During parasitism, there will be no anomalies)

(Note 5: Resurrection is divided into three stages. In the first stage, consumption greatly increases, and control of power not belonging to oneself is grasped. In the second stage, consciousness wears away, and flesh begins to reshape. In the third stage, the body will be completely transformed by 'it' into a suitable vessel, still appearing in the guise of Miha and Yiluo)

(Note 6: Once parasitism is complete, the entire process becomes irreversible)

...

Arthur looked at the 'Mikhail's Cut (Perfect)' in his hand. Even though his palm was cool, his heart burned with boundless heat.

This crystal is enough to make the Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm within the Blood of Doting whole.

And once complete...

Then the one-time 'Grace' will appear.

At that time, will XP still be a problem?

Once more, Arthur saw the scene of millions chanting his name.

However, before feeding Abel, Arthur inquired again—

'No problem, right?'

'Master, have you ever seen fish on the chopping board resist?'

'I have seen it. That person was slapped several times by the fish's tail.'

Abel: ...

Faced with Arthur's answer, the Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm really wanted to shout loudly, "I'm just a metaphor, do you understand a metaphor? It's not something real that happened, just a very credible assumption."

Moreover, being a Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm, how could it possibly be slapped by a fish?

Impossible!

'Master, your humor always catches me off guard.'

Abel covered its awkwardness with laughter.

Arthur, on the other hand, was quite serious.

'Being cautious prevents big mistakes.'

Faced with such caution, Abel paused for a moment and then became serious.

'Understood.'

Then, 'Mikhail's Cut' was placed on the Blood of Doting, and a fragmentary Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm crawled out from the ring, like a fine red worm.

When the red worm touched the equally red crystal, the crystal began to tremble.

Soon after—

A phantom of a fish directly appeared.

Appearing in the sight of the Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm.

And Arthur, assisted by the contract's power, saw this scene.

The fish was huge, over two meters long, resembling grass carp but possessing extremely sharp and dense teeth, which at the moment opened its big mouth toward the Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm to bite.

Abel paused.

It truly did not expect to encounter such a thing.

But thanks to Arthur's warning, this Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm reacted quickly, with a flicker avoiding the big fish's attack, and its entire body leapt onto the fish's body, drilling into the gaps between the fish scales.

And next?

It was devouring.

Devouring at a speed beyond imagination.

When the big fish exhausted its strength and fell from the air, more than half of its body had been eaten by Abel, leaving only its bones.

And Abel's body had grown thick.

If previously it was like a red worm, now it was somewhat like an earthworm.

Of course, the most important thing is...

Complete!

Abel felt the completeness of its body, nearly tearful.

How many years has it been!

It finally had a complete body again!

Moreover, its memory might also become complete!

Looking at the remaining half of the fish, Abel immediately shook its body like a whip, striking the side of the fish.

Bang!

The fish instantly shattered into pieces.

Flesh and bone fragments scattered everywhere.

'Trying to escape?'

Imitating Arthur's emphasis, Abel sneered coldly and suddenly widened its mouth.

Whoosh!

A fierce wind arose.

The enormous suction power directly inhaled the flesh and bone fragments into its mouth, falling into its stomach and rapidly digesting.

Regarding this, Arthur was not surprised.

From the initial 'Mikhail's Touch,' Arthur could see the Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm was 'its' natural enemy.

No matter how many times stronger, the natural enemy relationship did not change.

Because Abel was also getting stronger.

Especially now, Arthur could clearly see, through the contract's power, Abel's complete body being more precisely repaired, the lively Spirituality also indicating that memories were becoming complete.

Except—

Zzzt! Zzzt! Zzzt!

Amid the familiar electric sounds, Arthur's anticipated Abel's memory became distorted.

No!

To be more accurate...

Snowflakes!

Just like what happens when the TV signal is completely cut off.

Moreover, unlike before with the 'Blood Drinker' Haibo.

Haibo quickly recovered that time.

But Abel here was long-lasting.

As if the memory had been...

Erased!

Arthur furrowed his brow.

Abel's body twisted too; Abel also noticed the abnormality, its memory was too strange, blank, with nothing.

Yet its existing memory told it there should be something.

Evidently, someone meddled.

This made Abel extremely furious.

The earthworm-like body began twisting faster.

'Damn! Scoundrel! I will kill you!

Don't let me know who you are!

Otherwise, I will make you understand, death is also grace!'

Abel roared angrily in its heart.

Then, this Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm became self-loathing.

'What could be in my blank memory?

Could I have a wife?'

'Is my family harmonious?'

'Maybe I'm already a father?'

Thinking further, this Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm nearly cried.

Arthur, observing Abel's psychological activity through the contract, cleared his throat kindly and said—

'Rest assured, you definitely won't have a wife or children.'

Chapter 802: Ascension of the Insect II

Abel was stunned for a moment, then shouted repeatedly—

'Master, are you insulting worms?

Why can't I have a wife and children?

Or is it that you don't understand that even Bloodsucking Ancestor Worms have family concepts?

Moreover, with how hard I work, why can't I have a wife and children?'

Arthur learned a bit about the family concept of Bloodsucking Ancestor Worms through Abel's fragmented memories—it's roughly monogamous.

Why say it's roughly?

Because some Bloodsucking Ancestor Worms have both husbands and wives.

And some Bloodsucking Ancestor Worms, because they can't truly showcase their charm, choose to grow old alone.

After all, for Bloodsucking Ancestor Worms, the cost of raising offspring is extremely high, not just the decline of power, but the invisible force constraints due to the existence of children.

The combination of both makes powerful Bloodsucking Ancestor Worms wholly passive.

Precisely because of this, the number of Bloodsucking Ancestor Worms became extremely scarce.

Even the father of the Blood Duke, the Blood Prince, tried hard to cultivate them but with no effect.

Of course, Arthur didn't judge Abel belongs to the grow-old-alone type based on this.

He only linked it to reality—

'Abel, what role do you think you are playing?'

'Playing a role?'

Abel was stunned, then this Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm started to think.

And not being foolish, Abel guessed the answer within just a few seconds.

'I'm bait?!'

'Hmm.'

Arthur nodded in recognition, without saying more.

Abel fell silent.

Arthur didn't speak it out loud, but Abel understood.

If someone uses the Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm in their scheme, then this Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm definitely can't have a family; otherwise, with the simple family concept of the Bloodsucking

Ancestor Worm, big trouble would certainly arise—a female worm bringing her young to find her husband isn't unprecedented.

The schemer absolutely won't let such things happen.

So, it's better if Abel doesn't have a family.

If he did, he would likely be silenced.

Facing such a scenario, Abel would rather be a single worm.

Just...

Anxiety and unease permeated the heart of this Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm.

Soon after, it transformed into anger.

'Blood Marquis, I XXXX!'

In a stream of curses, Abel stood upright, his originally blood-colored body becoming even more crimson with rage.

In Abel's view, this must be the means of the Blood Marquis.

Just like 'Blood Drinker' Haibo.

However, Arthur held a different opinion.

'Similar means.

No!

Even if the means are the same, it doesn't necessarily mean it's the Blood Marquis!

After all...

The Bloodline Clan has been exterminated!'

Saying this, Arthur leaned back on the deck chair.

Abel immediately responded.

'Master, you mean if the Blood Marquis laid the scheme, no matter how tortuous the process, the result would surely be great prosperity for the Bloodline Clan.

And the extermination of the Bloodline Clan indicates the Blood Marquis failed.

The Blood Marquis, as a failed figure, might be the one being schemed against!'

Abel began analyzing.

While recalling the memories of 'Blood Drinker' Haibo he saw, Arthur said.

'Don't forget the meaning of your existence.'

'The meaning of my existence?

To gift to the Blood Marquis's son?

To have him masquerade as a true member of the Bloodline Clan?

Sss!'

Abel immediately thought of something.

Suddenly, this Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm went silent; although it didn't have [Death Intuition], its strong [Spirituality] was informing it not to dwell further.

It's dangerous!

Instinctively, Abel looked at Arthur.

As Arthur nodded, Abel directly dove back into the [Blood of Doting].

At the same time, an entirely new Blood of Doting appeared—

[Name: Blood of Doting]

[Type: Ring]

[Quality: Legend]

[Attributes: 1, Child of Blood; 2, Contract]

[Requirements: Arthur Kredos's possession]

[Remarks: A ring forged by the Blood Marquis couple for their son, but the hidden Abel inside makes you realize that the Blood Marquis's hunt of the betrothed family members wasn't as simple as rumored; this definitely wasn't a 'wash of shame,' but had deeper purposes. As Abel's body becomes completed and after discovering Abel's memory was erased, you have more speculations, but the dangers follow you closely, making you ever more cautious]

...

[Child of Blood: When you wear this ring, the complete Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm will disguise itself as a member of the Bloodline Clan with the power of Ascend Step (I), not only able to fly, sharpen palms, turn into mist, bats, harness Frost power, walk vertically on walls defying gravity, but also can control bats to become your surveillance, and on moonlit nights, abilities will amplify; during a full moon, this amplification can reach extreme levels, stepping into Ascend Step (II) in a real sense; the wearer will have physique beyond Ascend Step (I), and can create a complete Blood Bride with their own fresh blood, as well as complete Blood Slaves, Blood Gladiators, Bloody Warriors]

[Contract: The presence of twenty-seven contracts makes Abel obey you as your loyal servant, especially when willingly calling you Master, everything has already changed]

(Note 1: Blood Bride can be completely created using own fresh blood and a lively body, while the creation of Blood Slaves, Blood Gladiators, Bloody Warriors becomes simpler, requiring just a tiny bit of wearer's fresh blood; simultaneously, with fragmented Abel becoming complete, the abilities of the Blood Slaves, Blood Gladiators, Bloody Warriors you create are further amplified)

(Note 2: Created Blood Bride becomes very stable, not only retaining strong abilities but also maintaining its wisdom and extremely stable emotions)

(Note 3: You can now have three Blood Brides: 0/3; your created Blood Slaves increase greatly to two hundred: 0/200; Blood Gladiators to sixty: 0/60; Bloody Warriors to ten: 2/10; at the same time, you can select 13 from them to become your next-generation Bloodkin; currently owning: 1/13; when they become your Bloodkin, they gain certain ability amplification)

(Note 4: Due to your suggestion, the complete Abel specially developed a one-time Blood Slave ability, allowing you to have 500 one-time Blood Slaves: 0/500)

(Note 5: One-time Blood Slaves can only master ordinary secret techniques, unable to reach Arcana level; without 'Spirituality,' they're willing to replace 'Spirituality' with their own life, and each use will leave them exhausted, requiring long-term recuperation before receiving your 'gift' again)

(Note 6: Complete Abel, due to excessive contract restraints, cannot suck blood without your permission)

(Note 7: When the wearer dies, the complete Abel will devour the wearer's corpse, and when you die, the complete Abel will self-destruct)

...

This moment, [Blood of Doting] has transformed from crystal texture to full metal texture.

The red metal, under moonlight, blooms faint and unique brilliance.

And looking at [Note 5], the fiery emotion in Arthur's eyes materialized.

He knows, from this moment on, he's finally set on a smooth path.

Next moment, Arthur's figure flickered, disappearing from the original spot.

Chapter 803 Ascension of the Insect III

Late night, outside Port Pult.

The sound of the Inland River's waters was clear, and the members of the 'Inland River Cult' were patrolling their posts under the arrangement of their leaders. Some elderly believers, despite having 'privileges' to rest early, refused to do so. On the contrary, they were the most active and steadfast.

It's not just about faith, but also because...

They feared being called old.

The older they got, the more they were like this.

However, one person was an exception.

Mr. Gwen.

This so-called 'historian', at this moment, was half-reclining on a soft couch, letting his feet out of his boots stretch fully by the brazier. Having traveled and hidden away before, even if Mr. Gwen's boots were made of leather, they were already soaked through.

The cold river water gave the old gentleman a taste of what 'bone-chilling cold' meant.

"Liza, do we have any hot cocoa?"

I still feel a bit cold."

Mr. Gwen asked his wife, with a tone that somehow carried a tiny bit of a childish plea.

Mrs. Gwen rolled her eyes at her husband.

"I told you, there's no need to come, yet you insisted."

Though she complained, Mrs. Gwen quickly brought the hot cocoa — as early as when the fire was lit, she had brewed the cocoa outside.

As for why not on the brazier in the tent?

Mrs. Gwen remarked that the cocoa with a smell of foot odor was indeed inedible.

Even if some people pursued coffee that tasted like dung, it's still the same.

Mrs. Gwen claimed she was just an ordinary person with very common tastes, and the most adventurous thing she did in her life was join the 'Inland River Cult' with her husband.

Anything more?

There really was nothing else.

"Thank you, Liza.

I don't know what I'd do without you.

In the next life, let me meet you again, okay?"

After taking a sip of the cocoa, Mr. Gwen joked playfully.

Mrs. Gwen poked Mr. Gwen a few times before adding more firewood to the brazier — brought just now by the young members of the congregation.

Along with the delivery, there were also jerky, corn, and fresh vegetables including hot cocoa.

Seeing the fresh vegetables, Mrs. Gwen was quite surprised.

In her view, the 'Inland River Cult' initially was just a group gathered to keep warm, to resist river pirates and rivals, and to have more room to maneuver under the nobility's taxation. But now, it had changed, and grown stronger and stronger.

What about the future...

Unknowingly, this lady felt worried.

The next moment, her hand was held by her husband.

Mr. Gwen still smiled, but his voice lowered —

"Don't worry, nothing will happen.

That gentleman and that master are far greater than we imagine.

The 'Devourer' Imola in the river was slain by that master with one sword, I can't think of anything that could hinder him.

Moreover, that master's mercy is enough to let everyone know what to do.

What's more..."

Speaking of this, the old gentleman did not continue, just pointed to the fresh vegetables in the corner.

Those seemingly ordinary vegetables represented too much by appearing here.

They signified the complete alliance with the 'local brothers'.

It was also the reality of 'unity'.

As long as the next step succeeds, the 'Inland Church' will take a big step forward again.

'Marquess of Ainhars!'

Mr. Gwen silently recited in his heart.

The old gentleman could see that the Southern Lost Spirit Medium stood up and moved to the front stage, which surely had full preparation and ideas.

The former, he did not know.

The latter?

He could speculate.

It must be allying with Marquess of Ainhars.

Or taking down the Marquess of Ainhars.

Only in this way can the 'Inland Church' become more open and aboveboard, and more 'handy' — the old gentleman didn't like to use the word 'ambition', so to fit with the Southern Lost Spirit Medium's 'mercy', he chose the term 'handy'.

Very tactful.

Just like the words he told his wife.

That tactfulness was both about concern and a strategy.

He didn't know if his words could be heard by someone now.

But being cautious was never wrong.

Unconsciously, Mr. Gwen moved his boots closer to the brazier.

Dry boots can walk further.

Of course, a firearm, medicine, and provisions are also indispensable.

Walking along the Inland River had too big a target.

And South Los wasn't easy to return to.

So, just in case, taking the land route to the Inner Bay was better.

As for more?

The old gentleman also thought of it, like borrowing a bit of the most basic coins from the surrounding fellow believers.

However, that was the worst-case scenario.

What if such things didn't happen?

What if it pointed in the best direction?

The old gentleman thought in his heart, sipping the hot cocoa and waiting for the news, while signaling his wife to eat more food.

"Those fresh vegetables aren't bad.

Let's make vegetable porridge."

The old gentleman said.

Mrs. Gwen hadn't thought of much more, but had no objection to showing off her culinary skills to her husband pleading.

Watching his wife's silhouette, Mr. Gwen next moment lowered his eyes.

'Need to find a cart, a donkey cart would be best.

Otherwise, Liza might not reach the Inner Bay.

But, too big a target.

The road won't be too safe.

Need to draw in allies?'

Mr. Gwen pondered.

And just then, footsteps appeared outside the tent, followed by a youthful voice —

"Mr. Gwen, the High Priest asks me to inform you, Mr. Grindelwald has arrived."

Suddenly, Mr. Gwen opened his eyes.

Light appeared in his eyes.

The worst didn't happen.

The best did.

If it were the worst, Mr. Grindelwald definitely wouldn't have shown up; it would be the cavalry of Marquess of Ainhars appearing instead.

Involuntarily, the old gentleman let out a breath.

Then, he gulped down the hot cocoa, put on his boots, and walked out.

"Liza, I'll be back in a while."

The old gentleman walked to the tent flap, detoured back, embraced his wife and planted a kiss heavily, received a light slap from his wife, then continued out.

The tent flap fell back down.

Mrs. Gwen, chopping vegetables and rinsing rice, started selecting jerky,

some went into this meal.

The rest was hidden in the luggage.

Her insight wasn't as sharp as her husband's, but she knew her husband's habits.

She understood his reassurance.

The earlier joy, she understood that too.

She knew things will develop for the better.

But, if there are twists and turns?

So she needed to prepare more for her husband.

At any time, being over-prepared can never be wrong.

Thinking this, Mrs. Gwen also hid more salt in the luggage.

Chapter 804: Rise of the Insects IV

Toran sat cross-legged on the wool felt.

On his left was a longsword with its scabbard.

On his right was a firearm.

The mind of this newly appointed High Priest was still recalling the scene where 'Devourer' Imola was cut in two by the Southern Lost Spirit Medium.

Previously, this High Priest had always been skeptical about the Southern Lost Spirit Medium being a 'friend' of Your Crown.

But from that moment on, the High Priest no longer doubted.

After all, having a Spirit Medium capable of 'divine slayer' as a 'friend' of Your Crown is quite normal.

Therefore, he firmly believed in Mr. Grindelwald's news to wait here.

The entire 'Inland Church' didn't disperse and retreat like those river pirates of the 'Red Knights'.

Instead, they waited here altogether.

First, they couldn't scatter like the 'Red Knights'.

Second, this time, the clergy brothers within Port Pult were truly exposed, and going back just like that, even for the sake of devotion to Your Crown, would surely be a death sentence.

Third...

Also the most important point!

Your Crown is in the nearby river!

So, after receiving the news from Grindelwald to wait, Toran didn't hesitate at all and waited here.

A devoted heart, leaving this High Priest with no doubts.

As for the longsword and firearm placed beside him?

They were in case of emergency.

At any time, bloodshed could happen.

Especially facing the notoriously rigid Marquess of Ainhars.

But—

'For Your Crown, I'm willing to give everything!'

Thinking in his heart, a sudden noise came from behind Toran.

Instinctively, the High Priest grabbed the firearm, aiming behind him.

Arthur, appearing under the guise of Grindelwald, looked helpless, picked up the cane he had just stuck in the ground, and gently asked, "Can't I put the cane here?"

"Of course you can.

I overreacted.

Sorry, Mr. Grindelwald."

Facing Grindelwald's teasing, Toran responded formally.

Arthur wasn't offended by this.

After all, he chose the other as the High Priest of the 'Inland Church' because of their seriousness.

Unlike his other subordinates.

The 'Inland Church's special nature determined that the leader couldn't be too 'smart, active', or excessively talented.

Obedience...

No!

Devotion is the most important.

"I should apologize instead.

According to the rules, I should have informed you.

However, this matter is too confidential and must be kept secret."

Arthur said in a lowered voice.

Upon hearing these words, Toran's eyes narrowed, and his gaze showed fervor and killing intent.

"When do we take action?

How much manpower do we need?

We have brought cannons, but if it's not enough to deal with the Marquess of Ainhars, please bound explosives to me, and I will bring Your Crown's glory and perish with the opponent!"

With that, the High Priest started to undress.

He then pulled a box of explosives from under the bed and began strapping them to himself.

Arthur, witnessing this, blinked rapidly.

He had ultimately underestimated the power of faith.

But, as a Spirit Medium himself, he greatly enjoyed having such faithful people support him, so—

Clap, clap!

Grindelwald softly applauded.

"Toran, you haven't failed the expectations of the High Priest and Your Crown, but the Marquess of Ainhars is temporarily our ally, so we don't need to point our blades at our allies."

"What?"

Toran was taken aback.

"Brothers and sisters of Port Pult can safely return home and can openly confess being followers of the 'Inland River Cult' in the future.

The Marquess of Ainhars allows us to have our own small chapel in Port Pult.

Although it is just a tiny chapel."

This was one of the provisions of the previous agreement between the two parties.

The Marquess of Ainhars was quite surprised about this.

The noble Marquess did not understand why Arthur would get involved with a 'Inland Church' type of organization, but unlike traditional nobles, although the Marquess of Ainhars was disgusted by these church-like organizations, he didn't disdainfully oppose them.

Thus, when it came to repaying Arthur's 'favor', the noble Marquess nodded solemnly.

Debts of gratitude are hard to repay.

The noble Marquess deeply understands this.

And Arthur's demeanor deepened this understanding even further.

After all, facing 'Blood Drinker' Haibo, Arthur really 'risked his life'.

Toran was unaware of these matters.

When the noble factions of the Ainhars Territory and 'Blood Drinker' Haibo clashed, they were already beginning to retreat.

However, this did not mean Toran didn't grasp the significance.

A stronghold that can be openly displayed is extremely vital for any church organization.

Indeed, it's fundamental!

"Wonderful!

Truly wonderful!"

Toran rejoiced, dancing with excitement.

But the next moment, the High Priest froze in place.

Because—

"For the merits this time.

Your Crown has granted divine grace to you all.

Around a hundred people can choose to learn some divine arts."

The limit for Blood Ancestor Worm Abel is five hundred people, but for the first operation, Arthur wouldn't maximize the number; he needs to be cautious to deal with unforeseen circumstances.

After all, the congregation of the 'Inland Church' are indeed precious materials.

Losing any individual would make Arthur feel distressed.

"This, this... it's truly wonderful!"

Toran stammered, speaking.

Eventually, the High Priest's eyes started to redden.

For this High Priest, he naturally had heard of divine arts.

Divine arts, the foundation of The Holy Court.

Also the foundation of the Holy Era.

Even if it weren't for the decline of divine arts, no matter how terrifying the Shadows were, the Holy Court wouldn't have deteriorated.

And with the end of the Holy Era, divine arts had long become a legendary thing.

But now!

They could actually bathe in divine grace, mastering divine arts!

Overwhelmed with excitement, the High Priest directly kneeled on one knee, loudly praying towards the inland river—

"God is tangible, like a snake, extremely long and thick.

The Breath of God is deadly venom.

The Command of God, all snakes obey!

You are the King of Ten Thousand Snakes.

You are the Lord of the Inland River.

Your hiss is the surging tide.

Your gaze is where the inland river flows..."

At the end of the prayer, Toran's face became more resolute, and his eyes brightened as he looked at Grindelwald.

"Sir, please inform me of the candidates."

Toran inquired aloud.

Seeing Toran appear transformed in an instant, Arthur was extremely satisfied.

Meanwhile, Arthur pondered the power of faith's terrifying nature.

Immediately, Arthur began to internally caution himself to be careful.

Then, the South Los Spirit Medium softly spoke—

"As for the candidates... let's do this!"

Chapter 805: Rise of the Insect V

When Mr. Gwen walked to the outside of the tent, he didn't go in immediately.

"High Priest Toran, Mr. Grindelwald."

He called out with reverence.

At the same time, he bent over, lowered his head, showing a respectful manner.

No one noticed that his eyes were swirling, and his ears were perked up.

He already had a hypothesis.

But it needed confirmation.

Unfortunately, he was already old.

His hearing wasn't lost, but it wasn't as sharp as when he was young.

He couldn't hear more of what was happening inside the tent.

'For now, it's fine. In a few years...'

'Not wetting the bed might be the best outcome.'

'Time flies so fast.'

The old gentleman sighed.

"Please, come in."

Toran's voice sounded from inside the tent.

'The voice is steady, without any trembling, not anxious or sharp...'

Mr. Gwen speculated in his heart, and the thought became more certain.

When he entered the tent and saw Toran, whose joy was barely concealed, that thought was directly confirmed.

They won!

The situation in Ainhars Territory was completely opened up!

Thinking about this, the old gentleman let out a breath.

Although he was confident he could take his wife safely to Inner Bay, the twists and turns along the way were unpleasant, and it would be best to avoid them.

"Mr. Gwen, we need you to do something."

As Toran spoke, he pulled out the explosives from under the bed.

Upon seeing the explosives, Mr. Gwen almost laughed out loud.

Of course, he knew what was going on.

However...

Toran's acting was a bit unconvincing.

Or rather, Toran couldn't act at all.

The young high priest was just too straightforward.

This is why Arthur suggested Mr. Gwen as the 'interviewer' for a while — this old gentleman was not only knowledgeable but also very experienced in life.

And...

Smart!

Arthur valued this point considerably.

The man was surely someone who had lived through the 'Seven Years' War'.

To have survived until now, how could he not be a little smart?

Moreover, Arthur didn't mind him being even smarter.

Toran was simply too straightforward.

With such a clever assistant, the 'Inland Church' would be even better.

As for loyalty?

Arthur was not worried at all.

He believed that after the planning to be done later, these people would become the most loyal ones.

"Alright, Toran.

Mr. Gwen can be trusted.

Your Crown once told me this elder is the church's 'destiny opportunity.'"

Looking at Mr. Gwen's uncomfortable expression while trying to cooperate with Toran, Arthur, who understood this was an act for him to see, was not surprised at all and slowly spoke in Grindelwald's tone.

Though he wasn't speaking in the voice of a Southern Lost Spirit Medium, with the endorsement of the 'God of the Inland River' and Grindelwald's excellent appearance and charisma as added advantages, this speech immediately drew the attention of Toran and Mr. Gwen.

Toran looked at Mr. Gwen in surprise.

There was no jealousy.

On the contrary, the high priest started silently vowing to protect this elder's safety.

The church's 'destiny opportunity'...

He must hold on to it!

Mr. Gwen, on the other hand, became uncertain and puzzled.

He was the 'destiny opportunity'?

But he was just a 'war orphan' who had struggled to survive until now!

How could he be a destiny opportunity?

His inner doubts remained unexpressed, and the old gentleman humbly bowed.

"I am willing to sacrifice my life for Your Crown."

Toran acknowledged such words.

As the first person to come forward and support Your Crown, Toran had a great trust in this elder gentleman, and just now the test was only conducted because Mr. Grindelwald raised dissatisfaction about him not being suited as the interviewer. But this dissatisfaction did not lead to any resentment, and once the young high priest confirmed his unsuitability, he immediately informed Mr. Gwen of everything.

"What?

Divine Arts?!"

Mr. Gwen's pupils dilated, and he couldn't suppress the words from his mouth, but as soon as they escaped, he covered his mouth with his hand.

Nevertheless, the old gentleman's heart was pounding vigorously.

What Divine Arts were, no one understood better than this self-proclaimed 'historian' Mr. Gwen.

It was a symbol of an era.

Also a cornerstone of an empire.

If the 'Inland Church' possessed Divine Arts, could they not strive for the splendor of the Holy Court in its prime?

No!

There was no need for the past brilliance!

Even one-tenth would be enough!

Thump, thump!

The old gentleman's heart beat even more intensely.

Arthur heard such a heartbeat.

He quietly chuckled to himself.

This was the scenario he wanted.

'Destiny opportunity'?

Isn't it right here?

If it wasn't counted, he would have to say more!

The charm of language was always fully utilized by Arthur at such times.

But as a young spirit medium, what bad intentions could Arthur have?

He simply wished to expand his influence and earn more XP.

Although [Omnivorous] provided more ways to gain XP, as a spirit medium, Arthur clearly understood his strengths.

He wouldn't endure hardship for nothing.

He preferred winning effortlessly rather than creating difficulties in his life and then falling into endless self-pity.

To Arthur, those who did so were indeed unwell.

Buying fruits and not eating the good ones, insisting on eating the spoiled ones first, ending up not eating a single good fruit. Complaining about backaches while scrubbing clothing by hand when a washing machine was unused and rusting. Not turning on the air conditioning in thirty-something degrees, suffering heatstroke, having the whole family revolve around caring for them.

Choosing not to enjoy good fortune, bearing unnecessary hardship, playing a game of life and death. Arthur believed that whoever wished to continue could do so, but he wouldn't.

As for encountering those who advise others to bear hardship...

Do treat them courteously and kindly.

After all, if they weren't stuffed with suffering, would they come advising others?

'People are always eager to teach others and meddle in others' destinies.

Then, after bringing disaster upon themselves, they unconsciously lament life's bitterness.

Finally?

Lamenting with a sigh, perhaps this is life!

Arthur couldn't help but think of himself.

Despite already being retired and living quite well, occasionally grilling skewers, drinking, sometimes getting a foot massage, and sipping tea, his days couldn't be more comfortable.

Yet he couldn't help offering advice, not being able to hold his tongue, guiding others.

And the result?

Taught a lesson by a muck cart.

Full of self-mockery, Arthur exited the tent.

With Toran and Mr. Gwen here, there undoubtedly wouldn't be any issues.

He certainly didn't need to stay here.

After all, there were plenty of intelligent people.

If he stayed, it would just be a breach.

And selecting a hundred people wasn't something that could be completed in a few minutes.

For Arthur, who disliked wasting time, he certainly wouldn't sit idly. He walked towards the Inland River, and even before approaching it in a true sense, the giant snake Nidhogg perceived him.

This snake, which regarded Arthur as a father or brother, immediately conveyed happiness through its bloodline.

Feeling this happiness, Arthur was stunned –

This was possible too?!

Chapter 806: Transformation of the Snake I

Intense joy, intertwined with a dense array of information, started to unfold before Arthur—

[Nidhogg (mutated Titanic Divine Python): A special giant serpent modified by the mad master Geppetto. Upon encountering you, various ancient serpentine bloodlines within it sensed the greatness and eternal nature of the 'Serpent of Death'. This led it to regard you as akin to family, like a father or brother. Furthermore, feeding it the 'Devourer' Imola intensified its respect and worship of you. At this moment, it has digested most of the 'Devourer' Imola using its unique bloodline, promoting itself to become a legendary arcane creature. It is eager to show itself to you]

[Effect: 1, Mutated Body; 2, Dragon Armor; 3, Serpent's Breath; 4, Command; 5, Strong Stomach; 6, Divinity]

[Mutated Body: Nidhogg possesses a body far beyond ordinary imagination and is continuously growing. Its enormous size grants it immeasurable strength, and it is unafraid of fire, frost, poison, and illusion. Even when faced with thunder, it hesitates but does not falter. When in river and sea waters, Nidhogg's power, resistance, defense, and breath will gain +1 in trait; current stage: 80 meters long, 6 meters thick]

[Dragon Armor: The blood of dragons grants Nidhogg special scales that ignore all physical attacks below 'Ascend Step'. When facing attacks of fire, frost, or poison, it remains unfazed. Even facing direct attacks from Ascend Steppers, it remains unharmed and can activate a force field shield that covers its entire body, capable of withstanding three 'Ascend Step III' level attacks]

[Serpent's Breath: Can spray a 30-degree angle, 600-meter-long conical poisonous mist, or expel fireballs and ice balls matching its body thickness but unable to emit lightning. The attack power does not exceed 'Ascend Step I' level]

[Command: Can command snake groups within a 200-kilometer radius]

[Strong Stomach: The stomach of 'Devourer' Imola has merged into Nidhogg's, making its digestive powers even more formidable and capable of storing items, though unable to store living creatures]

[Divinity: A trace of divinity from 'Devourer' Imola has merged into Nidhogg's flesh, allowing it to ignore the traditional notion of 'Demigod' powers]

(Note 1: Nidhogg's appetite is astonishing, but with Ascend Step, it can efficiently absorb moonlight to enhance satiety, though real food brings joy to Nidhogg, and gold offers unprecedented deliciousness, accelerating its body's growth; when Nidhogg consumes abundantly, its body grows swiftly)

(Note 2: Dragon Armor and Serpent's Breath strengthen as Nidhogg's body grows)

(Note 3: The sprayed conical poisonous mist can become standardized poisonous miasma, enveloping certain areas or drifting with the wind)

(Note 4: Snake species commanded by Nidhogg cannot resist if their level does not exceed Nidhogg's)

(Note 5: In Nidhogg's stomach pouch currently: 217,111 gold coins, 200 various jewels, 20 fragmentary arcane artifacts)

(Note 6: This trace of divinity offers Nidhogg a chance it will pursue with time.)

...

Gigantic!

80 meters long, 6 meters thick!

Undoubtedly a gigantic being!

This is not like a fisherman catching a fish over a meter long, then wandering for five hours in the bustling city, circling three times, answering every question with 'How did you know I caught a big fish?'

If you ask again, they'll reply 'Gigantic, unprecedentedly gigantic!'

'If a fisherman were to catch Nidhogg, wouldn't they ascend directly in joy?'

Arthur raised his hand, gently stroking the head of his pet serpent.

According to Arthur's command, Nidhogg appeared silently.

Exposing just its head.

Then, the serpent tongue spat out an object.

A crystal.

And this crystal was the truly astonishing thing for Arthur.

As for Nidhogg's growth and digestibility?

Arthur felt surprised, but somewhat anticipated.

Only the thumb-sized, clear crystal, still radiant before dawn, was an unexpected item—

[Barbarian King's Crown: 'Devourer' Imola was regarded as the guardian deity for quite some time by the South County Barbarian Tribe, who offered sacrifices in their highest rites to Imola—the heart of tribal warriors!

For this, Imola expressed liking.

The heart of powerful barbarians is the source of barbarian power and the best tonic for Imola's recovery.

Over accumulated years, an exclusive power of barbarians began coalescing.

Imola realized this but did not choose to digest it truly because it saw this as an alternate path.

If the 'Serpent' path may not continue, then 'God of Barbarians' could be feasible.

No!

Perhaps 'God of the Wilderness', 'God of the Snowstorm'!

No!

Maybe it could become the 'God of War'!

It was so eager!

Until...

Sliced by a sword you wielded!]

(Note: This is a one-time item!)

...

Reading the text before him, Arthur's breath began to quicken!

God of Barbarians!

God of the Wilderness!

God of the Snowstorm!

God of War!

Each name made the Southern Lost Spirit Medium feel excited, especially 'God of War'. A deity bearing the name 'War' would not be a demigod or subordinate god; surely a high god.

Even more, based on Arthur's understanding, it would be a powerful presence among high gods.

More importantly—

[Special artifact 'Barbarian King's Crown' being assessed...]

[Assessment passed!]

[Yes/No, consume Barbarian King's Crown to complete the Secret Technique 'Barbarian King's Ritual (Fragmentary)'?]

['Barbarian King's Crown' being assessed...]

[Assessment passed!]

['Barbarian King's Crown' power is plentiful, can directly elevate the complete version of 'Barbarian King's Ritual' to the utmost!]

['Barbarian King's Crown' being assessed...]

[Assessment failed!]

[After elevating the complete version of 'Barbarian King's Ritual' to the utmost, the power within 'Barbarian King's Crown' cannot surpass the phase constraint of the 'Barbarian King's Ritual'!]

...

'Grandma Selina's secret technique and 'Barbarian King's Crown' are complementary!'

Arthur looked rather unexpectedly at the series of assessments.

Clearly, if he wished.

In an instant, he could elevate ['Barbarian King's Ritual'] to the utmost.

Moreover, it would be the complete version.

But Arthur did not proceed.

He is not lacking in power now.

Moreover, this is not a dire situation.

Therefore...

He wishes to keep a way for himself.

The strength of 'Seventeen Order' is unquestionable, so what about 'War'?

The latter as a backup, that is quite qualified.

Thus, Arthur must use XP to push ['Barbarian King's Ritual'] to the utmost, then use XP to repair it completely.

Then use ['Barbarian King's Crown']!

Only then will it achieve the utmost!

Perhaps one application might result in the level of a demi-god!

Thinking of that scene, Arthur's lips couldn't help but curl upward.

But at once, reality drew Arthur back.

Learning ['Barbarian King's Ritual'] to Lv 1 requires 3000 XP, and this is a fragmentary version. If achieving Lv 5 is realistic, for Arthur severely lacking XP now, it is a daunting number, and in case of special circumstances, a qualitative change would be astronomical.

To make ['Barbarian King's Ritual'] complete...

It seems this astronomical number is something Arthur must pay.

'The future is indeed beautiful, but reality is harsh!'

One must strive harder!

For a moment, Arthur's pride from 'establishing a reusable church and boosting XP harvesting' vanished.

Instead, it was an increasing sense of urgency.

His XP is indeed insufficient!

This made Arthur uneasy.

However, soon enough, Arthur thought of another way—

Heh heh!

Chapter 807: Change of the Snake II

Arthur thought of another church.

The 'Church of Suffering' of the 'Lady of Sorrow'.

Of course!

He thought of far more than just the 'Church of Suffering'.

Does 'Blood Drinker' Haibo have followers?

Does 'Devourer' Imola have followers?

They do!

As the demigods of the past, even though they have become what they are, they still have followers.

So, these followers...

Are his now!

He, Arthur Kredos, as the 'God of Reincarnation' once followed by these demigods, accepting the followers who originally followed them, is reasonable, isn't it?

Of course, not just them.

There are more 'demigods'!

Arthur's mind raced.

Although he had a rough idea, Arthur knew very well that truly achieving this would not be easy.

The most direct point is —

Who the 'God of Reincarnation' is.

This requires not only a reasonable explanation.

It also needs to be...

Convincing.

Not just strength, but attributes, or you could say 'authority'.

And for him, the easiest is 'Death'.

It's just that Arthur still maintained a sense of caution towards this 'Death'.

At the very least, he needs to know more to lay out his plans.

Otherwise, it would truly be disastrous.

'War' is the same.

The information is too sparse.

So sparse that he is practically in the dark.

However, this situation will soon change.

Because —

Miha and Yiluo!

This pair of twins, the former 'Lady of Sorrow', will surely tell him everything he wants to know, through skillful communication.

Thinking of this, Arthur took out a book.

"South Los Lullaby".

This is a widely circulated collection of lullabies in South Los, which not only collects stories from remote places but, more importantly, compiles them into lullabies that circulate widely in South Los.

As for the author?

Hercules.

The master known as the God of Potions and the God of Alchemy.

Arthur wasn't surprised at all when he first learned this information.

Others might not do so.

But, with this master's personality of creating the [Stone Bullet Technique] for marbles and the [Gliding Technique] for ice skating, it's really possible that he would collect lullabies.

And why?

Of course, it's because of interest.

Every time he thought of this, Arthur was filled with envy.

He envied this kind of spontaneity.

This way of acting entirely based on interest.

Instead of with a purpose.

And not to lay plans.

'When will I be able to reach this level!'

Arthur thought as he took out another notebook and a charcoal pencil, beginning to write and draw.

He was creating his own cipher book.

Since he was putting on a show, he had to do the full set.

Otherwise, Miha and Yiluo might discover something amiss.

Even with a contract, Arthur still habitually defined the relationship between both parties as 'balance', rather than 'subjugation'.

This is not hypocrisy.

But rather for...

Gaining more!

'What a bad guy!'

Arthur thought of Marinda's evaluation of him and immediately laughed, his hand moving ever faster with the charcoal pencil.

When the sky was about to dawn, Toran and Mr. Gwen, accompanied by hundreds of people, arrived by the river.

On Toran's sleeve, there were traces of dried blood.

Not much, but enough to show what this High Priest had just done.

Killed someone.

Or, purged the disloyal — with Mr. Gwen as the 'Interviewer' and Toran as the 'Executioner' of the test.

Those who passed the test were here.

Those who failed?

The Inner River Water is enough to cover everything.

No one cared about those who failed.

This hundred people had long been surrounded by fervent belief.

Their eyes burned, their expressions crazed, each one whispering prayers to the 'God of the Inland River', and seeing this scene, Arthur nodded slightly.

He adjusted his attire.

In the language of Grindelwald, he softly said —

"Welcome, testers who have passed.

I'm sorry I had to do this.

Some things that happened in the past left us with painful lessons."

After speaking, Grindelwald took off his hat, revealing pale hair and a pallid face, his expression showing a hint of pity.

"The existence of tests is necessary."

Mr. Gwen said, quoting a proverb from South Los.

"Those unable to pass the test do not deserve Your Crown's grace.

They...

Deserve to die!"

Toran was more direct.

Moreover, as he spoke these words, the fanaticism and killing intent in Toran's eyes boiled together, it was...anger — clearly, there were some among the previous failures who were unexpected to Toran.

Indeed, it was so.

Toran really wished he could go back and hack those people again.

Those people whom he once thought were devout were actually disguised.

Their devotion to Your Crown was actually just for...

Getting rich!

Thinking of how those people even tried to bribe him with gold coins before they died, Toran felt utterly disgusted.

'Thankfully, Grindelwald suggested holding this test!

Otherwise, it would have been a disaster!'

Toran felt ashamed when he thought of how he was initially reluctant in his heart.

The young High Priest had once again recognized his inadequacies.

However,

He would change!

He would strive towards becoming a qualified High Priest of the church!

All for the sake of...

Your Crown!

Toran's eyes gleamed with determination.

Such devotion made Grindelwald nod slightly.

This is what he wanted.

And what Toran must possess.

Afterward, the leader of the Black Cat Faction looked at the people around, trying to remember every face, and then, his staff lightly tapped the stone block he had just been sitting on.

Pa!

The unique sound of the wooden staff and stone block rang out.

Then, there was Grindelwald's long chant —

"Eternal Monster, inheritor of the Rebellious Bloodline, creator of the Twilight of the Gods, revered by the Northern Gods, master of the Blade of Chaos, owner of Leviathan's Axe, Kredos calls upon former followers..."

The chant continued, as if a gentle breeze, and more like the inner river water, endlessly flowing.

Most of those present were hearing this chant for the first time.

Each of them was shocked by the prefixes of 'Kredos'.

This included Toran and Mr. Gwen.

Especially Mr. Gwen.

This self-proclaimed 'historian' knew far more than others; he knew of the 'Twilight of the Gods', and even more about the 'Northern Gods'!

And the term 'Eternal Monster' had appeared in one of those large volumes.

Just once!

This old man was sure that many people didn't even know the term.

After all, he prided himself on being erudite.

Only by being erudite could he know.

As for the rest?

They wouldn't possibly know.

But the old man never thought that Arthur had a grandfather who could be called a genius.

The preconceived Mr. Gwen's eyes flickered.

This old man noticed the 'followers' once.

Could it be...

A thought too incredible for the old man to believe emerged.

Unable to restrain himself, the old man drew a sharp breath —

Sss!

Chapter 808 Snake Transformation III

God!

No!

It's a God-born!

In an instant, Mr. Gwen linked the 'Kledos Family' with the legendary God-born in his mind, but immediately, the old gentleman shook his head.

Because—

Even a true God-born cannot make a divine spirit a follower.

Unless the other party itself is...

A divine spirit!

Upon reaching this conclusion, Mr. Gwen gasped in shock.

Arthur Kredos is a divine spirit?

No!

Definitely not!

But if not, then why...

Wait!

The current Arthur Kredos is not a divine spirit.

But in the past?

What about the former Arthur Kredos?

Might he have been a divine spirit?

The sword that slayed the 'Devourer' Imola, the 'Icarus' exclaimed by Imola!

It is rumored that 'Icarus' is one of the Twenty-Seven Heroes.

And during the Holy Era, every hero was believed to be the reincarnation of the divine spirit.

Recalling the knowledge from past readings, Mr. Gwen's gaze began to change, turning uncertain, fearful, and becoming...

Awe!

Yes, awe!

The rumored divine spirit is indeed worthy of respect.

And those who can make the rumored divine spirit follow must be an entity that cannot truly be described in human history, a symbol during the Golden Age, one that is...

Supreme!

'I actually encountered such an entity!'

Mr. Gwen shuddered with excitement.

The old gentleman felt like he was witnessing history.

No!

Not just witnessing history!

But participating, becoming a part of history!

The next moment, the old gentleman's eyes became heated.

Nothing makes a 'historian' more excited than participating in history and contributing to historical records.

If there is?

It would be participating in more history, contributing to more historical records.

Reflecting on this, the old gentleman knelt on the ground without hesitation.

Not with one knee.

With both knees.

The old gentleman prostrated there, chanting softly—

"Eternal Monster, inheritor of the Rebellious Bloodline, creator of the Twilight of the Gods, reverent of the Northern Gods, master of the Blade of Chaos, owner of Leviathan's Axe, Kledos..."

The old gentleman chanted the name of Kledos.

As a believer of the God of the Inland River, the old gentleman concealed the follower.

But the numerous prefixes with the name Kledos were sufficient.

This leading action was enough.

That hundred people kneeled, imitating the old gentleman and chanting.

These people are not as knowledgeable as Gwen, but they understand the significance of 'follower'.

Moreover, there had long been rumors that the master of the 'God of the Inland River' was Arthur Kredos.

Now, it is just a confirmation.

The God of the Inland River makes them believe.

The master of the God of the Inland River makes them revere.

Including Toran, who joined the ranks of praying.

Using Grindelwald's eyes to observe the scene in front of him, Arthur felt no waves in his heart.

Everything before him was normal to Arthur.

Not to say that Arthur had calculated everything.

Being a Spirit Medium, there are no calculations.

He simply integrated some resources slightly.

Rustle!

At the first light of dawn, the giant snake Nidhogg emerged from the inland river.

Unlike the previous caution.

This time, with permission from his father Arthur, the giant snake Nidhogg stretched his body freely.

An 80-meter-long, 6-meter-thick behemoth appears in front of anyone, bringing an indescribable shock. Imagine a moving skyscraper standing before you, any person would be terrified, the massive size difference enough to make anyone's scalp tingle.

At this moment, there's no exception.

Looking at that giant body shining in the dawn, feeling the cold gleam on the black scales, hearing the gale as the tongue slips out.

All present lost themselves.

They stared blankly at the giant snake Nidhogg.

It took a full three seconds before Toran and Mr. Gwen reacted.

"Your Crown!"

Toran and Mr. Gwen called out together.

"Your Crown!"

The remaining people shouted in unison.

Then, they prostrated again.

It's a grave sin to look directly at a divine spirit.

Of course, as believers of the Inland Church, they knew it.

And Arthur waited for this opportunity.

At the moment when no one realized, Arthur had already appeared atop the giant snake Nidhogg's head.

Feeling the presence of his father, the giant snake Nidhogg couldn't help but sway with joy, stirring the Inner River Water into more waves.

Arthur smiled and petted his pet.

Then, raised his hand.

The [Blood of Doting] worn on his hand began to emit a faint red color.

These reds seemed like vapor under the dawn.

Then, it merged into the sunlight, shining on the believers in front.

All the believers noticed a slight anomaly.

But they would never resist.

Their expressions became increasingly fervent.

Divine Arts!

They were granted Divine Arts!

And to better wield the Divine Arts in the future, no matter how many anomalies, they would endure!

That feeling of being bitten by mosquitoes?

It's nothing!

Abel carefully controlled, cautiously feeding on the blood of these believers while granting them some secret technique abilities.

According to the original mode, it should absorb Arthur's fresh blood, then draw the blood of the bestowed, and transform them into Blood Slaves, Blood Gladiators, etc.

But, does it dare to suck Arthur's blood?

It doesn't dare.

That's not sucking blood.

That's courting death.

Fortunately, its master is a benevolent one, and when it applied to sip some believers' blood to replenish itself, its master agreed.

Finally!

After a long time!

It tasted truly fresh blood!

The fragrance, sweetness made it wish to open up and consume!

But it could clearly feel its master's gaze!

So it behaved well.

It was cowardly.

But, being a worm, being cowardly doesn't matter!

Therefore, Abel carefully controlled the blood-sucking amount, making the blood-sucked believers only slightly uncomfortable, yet not truly unpleasant.

This process required Abel to resist the instinct of bloodsucking worms.

A bit tiring.

But compared to granting these people secret technique powers, it was nothing.

Ordinary granting of secret technique powers is not cumbersome, but its master demanded to fit as closely as possible to the grantee's 'Talent', which troubled Abel.

If these people really had 'Talent', would they need to do this?

But it could not defy its master's orders.

Thus, it could only try to approximate what these fellows already had, to barely approach 'Talent'.

This task was taxing yet not difficult for Abel.

After all, it had already gathered all information about these believers from the blood.

'Muscular, suited for Giant Strength Spell!'

'This one's brain is fine, suited for Lesser Memory Spell!'

'This one's a cook? Then Flame Arrows!'

...

Abel began classifying.

Arthur looked at the scene calmly.

Behind him, the sun fully emerged from the horizon.

At this moment—

The sun rose in the east.

Chapter 809: Transformation of the Snake IV

Morning, Port Pult.

Today is a sunny day, and the lingering chill has completely dissipated under the sunlight, leaving only a very gentle spring breeze.

Neither cold nor intense.

Like a mother's hand caressing everyone.

The Marquess of Ainhars, who hadn't slept all night, sat straight-backed on horseback, gazing out towards the port.

Behind this marquis was Lady Windsor.

Further back were young Yakaz, young Larya, and young Leonides.

These nobles, whose fathers had died in battle, smoothly inherited their father's titles.

As for those whose offspring also died after the fathers' demise, the line of succession continued further back—of course, this was a long and drawn-out process, requiring careful consideration and investigation, and during this time period, these families' debts would inevitably surface, and when the real heirs emerged, they would likely receive the ancestral home and some shops.

The ancestral home was naturally empty, the kind that even rats would cry upon seeing.

Shops?

Also the least valuable kind.

However, no heir would refuse.

For these heirs, who originally had no chance of inheriting, obtaining these was like a pie from the sky.

Just selling one of the shops could maintain a respectable life, and if they had a bit of a head for business, they might even revive the glory of their ancestors.

The return of ancestral glory as touted by the nobles mostly comes about like this.

Naturally, there were also those who were dissatisfied and resentful.

Well then...

Just pick another heir.

At this moment, Lady Windsor was doing exactly that—

'No issues with the Yakaz Family, the Lalia Family, or the Leondsey Family.

As for the Darnel Family...

A complete cleansing is needed.'

Lady Windsor contemplated.

As for the name 'Ainhars Territory's Four Heroes'?

That's all in the past.

Since it's in the past, let it completely fade into the dust of history.

'As for the Tami Family, the Kama Family, and the Harlan Family, there are still quite a few prior heirs in line; let them fight it out first, and then I'll make my move.'

Lady Windsor thought to herself.

This behavior was somewhat reckless.

Yet Lady Windsor was not worried in the slightest.

It wasn't just because she had that spirit medium standing behind her.

It was also because of the Marquess of Ainhars' tacit approval.

With the alliance between the spirit medium and the marquis, they were even going to open an area to serve as a church district for the 'Inland River Church,' which informed Lady Windsor that the Ainhars Territory had completely embraced the spirit medium behind her. This wasn't to mention that Kalal had already become the primary heir of Ainhars Territory.

Kalal had sworn allegiance to Arthur.

And it was a 'Lionheart Ceremony' allegiance.

With the 'Lionheart Ceremony' in place, although Ainhars Territory was still known as Ainhars Territory, in truth?

It should be called Kledos.

Lady Windsor, being well aware of this, naturally knew what to do.

After all, she had sworn allegiance too.

And with the 'Lionheart Ceremony' as well.

So, at this time, while the lady's mind was sorting through everything within Ainhars Territory, she was contemplating how to ensure her lord's smooth departure from Inner Bay.

No!

To ensure a smooth departure from Inner Bay!

As for the transportation of Kledos Family guards?

Fifty-some people weren't a problem.

But her lord wishing to safely and smoothly depart from Inner Bay was extremely difficult.

The old lion wouldn't easily let go of the fat meat at his doorstep.

'Should I persuade my lord to return to South Los?'

This thought had just emerged when the lady shook her head and dismissed it.

The lady wasn't sure how long her lord had been planning, but she knew well enough that if this journey was abandoned halfway, it would be extremely detrimental to the Kledos Family's reputation.

Furthermore, it would leave everyone with an impression of 'cowardice' and 'bluster.'

That would be a huge blow to the Kledos Family.

Moreover, was her lord cowardly? Was he just all talk?

No!

Her lord was a true strongman.

He would absolutely not worry, nor would he posture.

Woo! Woo woo woo!

The horn sounded— —

It's here!

Lady Windsor, who was deep in thought, immediately raised her head.

On the docks of Port Pult, everyone was anxiously waiting.

When the white 'Oriental' appeared, cheers immediately erupted.

These people were all members of the 'Inland River Church.'

Following the High Priest's orders, they had been waiting here early.

Next came the common folk.

Once they confirmed their lord's friendliness towards the Southern Lost spirit medium, they naturally expressed friendliness,

Of course, among the crowd, there was no shortage of Peeping Toms.

They closely observed everything at the scene, documented it, and passed it on to their higher-ups.

The Marquess of Ainhars clearly locked onto these guys.

The marquis silently gestured with a wave.

The hidden guards behind him quietly took action.

'These guys are even more numerous than locusts; you can never kill them all.'

Count Bernaken sighed in the heart of the Marquess of Ainhars.

'But still, they must be killed.

Otherwise, the territory will turn into a mess.

Especially that old lion.'

When the Marquess of Ainhars mentioned the old lion, he subtly furrowed his brows.

'That guy...

really is a troublemaker!

I wonder if our young collaborator can handle him—I myself am quite eager to see a showdown between the Southern Lost spirit medium and the Old Lion of Inner Bay!'

The old earl's words still carried a teasing tone.

But the Marquess of Ainhars was different.

'That guy really took that step?'

Inquired the marquis.

Even in mental communication, the old earl could feel the other's gravity.

The old earl wanted to say no, that it's just overthinking.

But lies cannot face reality.

'Yes!'

During the chaos after the Seven Years' War, he chose to solve it in a softer way, not because of weakness, but restraint.

That bastard must have had some revelation in that fight.

Otherwise, he wouldn't be acting like this.

And after more than thirty years, with that bastard's talent, he must have taken that step.

Perhaps even... taken it further!'

When the old earl reached this point, his voice was full of bitterness.

In that battle, nearly all the Demon Hunters of South County were slaughtered.

Not only did his teacher Zeppelin die, but numerous Master Demon Hunters perished as well.

But...

What was the final outcome?

A complete and total rout.

They all fell for it.

Tricked by that bastard.

That bastard was not the old lion.

Compared to that bastard, the old lion was a saint.

'What exactly happened that year?

Who exactly was that bastard?'

Inquired the Marquess of Ainhars.

The marquis was also deeply concerned about what happened that year.

Because his father was gravely injured and never recovered due to that battle.

'Do you know why your father never told you until his death?

Not that he didn't want to.

He couldn't.

And...

didn't dare!'

When the old earl reached this point, he couldn't help but think of the old lion again.

Why was the old lion feared by others?

Because the old lion broke through the 'dilemma' left by that bastard, not only able to speak but dared to speak, and nothing happened after he spoke.

And precisely because of this, the old lion became a symbol of the 'Pioneer Era' in the truest sense.

The conversation between the two fell silent.

And in the distance, the 'Oriental' docked.

As the gangway lowered, Arthur stepped down.

The old earl, seeing this scene through the eyes of the Marquess of Ainhars, was taken aback—

Huh?!

Chapter 810 Snake Transformation V

Count Bernaken's abnormality naturally could not escape the attention of the Marquess of Ainhars.

'What's wrong?'

inquired the Marquess of Ainhars.

'It's different!

Arthur is completely different from a few hours ago!

Previously, he was calm but had an indescribable sense of concealment, and now this sense of concealment carries confidence!

Just like...

the Old Lion.'

Initially, the Marquess of Ainhars could remain calm.

But as the words of the Old Earl continued, the marquess's brow furrowed once more.

'Like the Old Lion?'

'Yes, like the Old Lion.

But not in terms of strength.

It's the power of the mind.

This change...

In just a few hours, what did he experience?'

The Old Earl couldn't help but mutter to himself.

But the Marquess of Ainhars squinted his eyes, and the marquess firmly stated——

'Slayed the 'Blood Drinker' Haibo!

From leaving port at South Los to Xilongde Shoal Port, then to Port Doldot, and finally to Port Pult, this young man emerged victorious every step of the way, and by the moment he slayed the 'Blood Drinker' Haibo, he completed a genuine transformation of the mind.

With the sword in hand, slayed a 'Demigod'!

Thus, he can naturally become a 'Demigod'!

His path to becoming a 'Demigod' is now unhindered!

Speaking of this, the Marquess of Ainhars's eyes filled with envy.

Even with the help of the Old Earl, he questioned whether becoming a 'Demigod' would be a straightforward journey, but Arthur accomplished it.

At a younger age than him and in a more independent manner.

Immediately, what was once a vague idea became increasingly clear in the marquess's mind.

The proud Sword Intent quickly emerged in the marquess's heart.

'Ainhars?'

The Old Earl was the first to notice.

'I want to try it my way.'

said the Marquess of Ainhars.

'Must try?'

The Old Earl asked again.

'Must try!'

The Marquess of Ainhars was very sure.

'Can you not try?'

The Old Earl asked unwillingly.

'If I don't try, I'd rather die.'

The Marquess of Ainhars answered decisively.

This answer made the Old Earl completely give up on persuasion, and he couldn't help but mutter to himself again.

'Why is everyone so stubborn?'

Subsequently, the mental conversation between the two ended.

Meanwhile, full of joy, Arthur was walking down the gangplank and keenly noticed the difference in the Marquess of Ainhars. Though sitting still on horseback, the marquess's aura had grown sharper. If seeing the Marquess of Ainhars before was like seeing a longsword, now the marquess seemed like a sharp blade.

'What happened?'

Arthur wondered inwardly, but his gaze didn't leave the freshly emerged text—

[Ainhars Territory's daily newspaper reported your amicable interaction with the lord, surprising the entire Ainhars Territory residents. They had heard your name before, but this time, they began to take your name seriously; XP+1000]

[Many river pirates witnessed the 'Red Knights' submitting to you and saw the moment you drew your sword. They fear and revere you; XP+1000]

['Inland Church' has become fanatical about you, believing everything you say; XP+5000]

[Everything that happened within Seberlin continues to ferment, and Seberlin's residents' gratitude towards you increases daily; XP+8000]

[With the groundwork laid by West Berlin Territory and Ainhars Territory, Bert Territory is feeling fear and uncertainty about your imminent arrival, and with the push of those with intent, your name is gradually aligning with 'Calamity'; XP+1000]

[More people have heard your name: XP+1700]

...

The substantial XP values were credited at this moment.

Moreover, Arthur knew this wasn't just a one-time gain; it was sustainable.

The same was true for both the Ainhars Territory and West Berlin Territory.

Of course, the most important was the 'Inland Church.'

Obviously, 'Grace' had made the 'Inland Church' entirely his private property, not just providing XP for the moment but also on a larger scale.

Perhaps a hundred-strong team might not be as effective as a Musketeer Squad in some situations, but the symbolism was different.

Simply put, the strategic significance outweighs the practical battle use.

And the direct acquisition of 5000 XP made Arthur all the more confident.

This was just one 'Inland Church.'

If the existing plan were followed, and the 'Church of Suffering' and other 'Demigods' churches were all consolidated, then what appeared to be a long and drawn-out completion of 'Limit. Seventeenth Order' would become very simple.

Arthur was extremely confident in this.

After all, apart from the above, Arthur had an unexpected surprise—

[Slayed the severely injured and weakened 'Devourer' Imola, XP+8000]

[Slayed the severely injured and weakened 'Blood Drinker' Haibo, XP+10000]

...

As his power grew, the XP gained from slaying Mystic Side persons was almost negligible, but the two severely injured and weakened 'Demigods' indicated to Arthur that he could look up.

This was simply a win-win for Arthur.

He couldn't be sure every 'Demigod' would be as naive as Miha and Yiluo.

So, slaying was inevitable.

And in slaying, XP could be gained, and after slaying, the opponent's believers could continue to provide XP, giving such a dual benefit that captivated the young Southern Lost Spirit Medium.

Especially upon discovering that his accumulated XP had already reached 54,000 points, he was thrilled.

Unknowingly, more than half of the XP required for 'Limit. Seventeenth Order' had already been reached.

Winter is here; can spring be far behind?

Arthur's steps became lighter at this moment.

He flipped onto the warhorse provided by the Marquess of Ainhars, simultaneously placing Pendragon on the front of the saddle.

"A fine cat."

The Marquess of Ainhars praised, clearly recognizing Pendragon's extraordinary nature.

"Hmm, Pan is my family."

Arthur nodded, directly stating Pendragon's identity.

This took the Marquess of Ainhars by surprise.

He originally thought Arthur would say it was a pet or something.

Unexpectedly, it was called 'family.'

He could see that Arthur wasn't joking—he was serious.

"Arthur, you really are surprising."

The Marquess of Ainhars marveled.

"A Spirit Medium is always accompanied by surprises."

Arthur replied half-jokingly.

This joke made the Marquess of Ainhars laugh as well. With the stretch of his facial wrinkles, they walked side by side, a sight that made the citizens of Port Pult cheer even more.

Everyone could see their lord's good mood.

This made them even more curious about the young man with the orange cat.

And when their lord provided wine and roast meat as a welcome to this young man's arrival, the joy of the surrounding people rose even further.

Seeing this scene, Arthur also wore a smile.

He knew tomorrow's XP would rise even more.

However, everything in the world is balanced.

While Arthur felt joy, Gresah Hamlet was staring gloomily at the intel in his hands.

The next moment, the Little Lion clenched his fist, and his forehead veins popped.

"Damn Spirit Medium!

Showboating clown!"

Continuous roars and even the cup on the table were smashed hard onto the ground.

Pa!

In the crisp sound, the surrounding male and female servants were dumbfounded.

Standing outside the cabin door, the three sons of Count Bert, who had specifically come to visit, immediately smiled upon understanding the situation's entirety—

Their opportunity had arrived!