

## Great Master 821

Chapter 821: Victory of Malice V

Late at night, the Storm Inn suddenly became lively.

One carriage after another arrived here.

One by one, flamboyantly dressed ladies got off the carriages, and with surprised and excited eyes, hurried upstairs—they knew.

Today there's a big patron!

Not only generous but also young.

The most important thing is...

A noble!

It's said he's a young noble here to participate in the 'South County Swordsmanship Competition'.

In just a moment, these ladies engaged in special professions were utterly moved.

Marriage or such is naturally impossible.

But becoming a young noble's lover, that would be their ultimate goal.

Of course, not all the ladies think this way.

Among these seventeen ladies, at least three had glinting eyes.

They were also heavily made up.

Among these ladies, they blended in perfectly.

However, these three ladies came with a purpose—they were agents, targeting Kalal and Jimte.

Especially the one belonging to the Little Lion, who was extremely excited inside.

Her master was about to make a big move, and there was a response here with Kalal and Jimte, particularly since these two had a significant relationship with Hayes, who was also targeted by her master.

Could there be some connection here?

If so...

It would be a big achievement for her!

In just a moment, this agent belonging to the Little Lion began to imagine.

But soon, this agent was filled with amazement.

It wasn't just her; the other two agents among the ladies were the same.

Because the atmosphere in the suite was quite bizarre—

A young man had his twin swords placed horizontally across his knees, with a gloomy expression.

Another young man, slightly chubby in the face, was smiling, greeting each lady entering the room warmly.

However, none of the ladies held any illusions.

Because, standing beside this young man was already a pretty-faced, remarkably graceful lady.

Seeing this lady, all the other ladies felt a sense of self-inferiority involuntarily.

"Thank you all for coming, ladies.

Destiny is so wonderful—I am able to meet all of you because of a bet with a friend.

Now, he has lost.

So, you are here."

Jimte said with a smile, then turned his gaze to Kalal—

"My dear friend, Lord Kledos has not only successfully arrived at Port Pult but also gained the friendship of the Marquess of Ainhars.

You lost."

The more Jimte spoke, the gentler his tone became, and the more his lips involuntarily curved upward.

Everyone could feel the happiness of this young noble.

And those three agents became alert.

Kledos!

Arthur Kredos!

According to the information they had, the Kledos related to these two could only be the Southern Lost Spirit Medium.

And this Southern Lost Spirit Medium was a key figure they were monitoring.

Especially the agent belonging to the Little Lion, who completely perked up her ears.

"I know!

He just got lucky!"

Kalal had a stubborn look.

"Kalal, you need to face your defeat.

Once is luck.

Twice can still be called luck.

But three times? Four times?"

Jimte countered.

Faced with this rebuttal, Kalal frowned, looking like he didn't want to admit it, but in the end, Kalal let out a long sigh, obviously giving up on the argument.

Because the facts were indisputable.

Arguing further would just be a loss of grace.

Everyone present thought so.

At the same time, they eyed each other cautiously, aware that the main event was coming, and from now on they were competitors.

As for being bet on?

These ladies didn't mind.

After all, Jimte paid.

And handsomely.

In fact, just as these ladies guessed—

"I was just unlucky!"

Kalal muttered to himself.

But Jimte no longer paid attention to his friend, who still hoped to show his toughness with stubbornness. The young noble stood up from his chair.

With a gentle expression, he looked around at the ladies and smiled as he spoke.

"Ladies, thank you again for coming.

You must know that I made a bet with my friend.

I thought he was an impatient yet hard-to-please guy. Fittingly, he also expressed disdain at my other friend's success in gaining the pursuit of seventeen ladies, and from that moment, I thought my friend needed some correct life perspectives.

So, you are here.

That other friend of mine is quite generous.

After learning about our bet, he even offered an additional bonus—

Rest assured, ladies, the bonus is more than one.

No matter which of you can satisfy Kalal, you can receive 100 gold coins."

Having said this, Jimte took his fiancée's hand.

"Wish you all a wonderful night.

Of course, I'm just next door, so please don't be too noisy."

After speaking, Jimte and the second daughter of the Marquess of West Berlin walked straight out.

Seeing Jimte leave the suite, the three agents were anxious.

Their professional instincts told them the current situation was suspicious.

Especially the departing Jimte.

There was a high chance of some conspiracy.

They had to keep a close watch on him.

But they were trapped.

At this moment, they could only rely on their external support.

'But...

Can they do it?'

The three proud agents thought simultaneously.

And just at that moment, Kalal, with a gloomy face, suddenly spoke—

"Change out of your long dresses, they'll hinder your movement.

I've reserved this entire floor except for Jimte's room next door, and I've prepared clothes for you inside. You can also use the washroom at will."

The three agents were instantly surprised.

This generous?

No.

This coincidental?

The three agents were somewhat puzzled.

However, when alone in a room, not under others' gaze, these three couldn't help but use the 'Messenger Stone' to contact their people,

At that moment, the extraordinary spirituality brought by the 'Messenger Stone' covered the entire Storm Inn.

As for the remaining fourteen ladies?

These ladies looked at the hunting clothes hanging on the rack without feeling anything strange.

They understood, after all, it was for fun.

Thus, not only did they not feel uncomfortable, they actually felt a greater sense of familiarity.

However, when they returned to the suite, they were surprised.

No!

To be precise, they were shocked!

Because, this is what Kalal, sitting on the couch, said—

"I am a very demanding person. It's not easy to satisfy me. I want you to be so weak in the legs by dawn that you can't walk.

Now...



Start with 100 squats for me!"

Chapter 822: Victory of Malice VI

"Hahaha!"

In the adjacent suite, Annie Otto von West Berlin burst into laughter, disregarding her image.

If it weren't for Jimte's support, the second daughter of the Marquess of West Berlin would have been pounding the floor with laughter.

It was just too funny.

This lady never expected Kalal to be this wicked.

100 squats!

Is this something a normal person could come up with?

And that was just the beginning.

What comes next?

Will there be another 100 added?

Supporting his fiancée, Jimte looked at Annie, who was laughing so heartily, and couldn't help but slightly curl his lips—wasn't it the last time Annie laughed this happily when they left Seberlin?

And after that?

Annie was always worried about him.

So, Jimte did not tell his fiancée that clever Kalal, who seemed to be making trouble, was actually screening.

Screening stalkers!

The majority of stalkers have not only a keen perception but also physical strength and willpower far beyond ordinary people.

Even in disguise, they can be spotted in such face-to-face situations.

At least, Kalal can definitely do it.

And this was the second thing Kalal needed to do tonight, to screen the stalkers and then take a little advantage.

As for the first thing?

While the ladies were changing clothes, Kalal had already used the cover of the stalkers using the 'Messenger Stone' to notify Arthur.

You could say Kalal's task was more than half complete.

Next?

Naturally, it was his turn to act.

The stalkers outside had been waiting a long time.

How could he let those guys down?

Lady Annie instantly noticed something different about Jimte—after being together for a long time, she could sense something was wrong just from intuition, without looking at expressions.

"Are you going?"

"Yes.

Don't worry.

It's not dangerous."

Jimte reassured his fiancée.

"Go and come back soon."

Lady Annie gave Jimte a hug.

As for stopping him?

She wouldn't.

As someone from a noble background, Lady Annie knew that the attitude she should give Jimte at this time was not to cry or beg without knowing what to do.

That would only make Jimte's task increasingly difficult.

She only needed to give encouragement.

Then?

Just wait for Jimte to return.

She's confident Jimte will certainly be safe.

He definitely will be!

"Of course!"

Jimte displayed his habitual smile and then climbed out the window—quickly and skillfully.

Under normal circumstances, the heavy curtains would not move at all.

But Jimte intentionally brushed his heel against the curtain.

Immediately, the curtain trembled slightly.

Of course, it was just a slight tremble.

For ordinary people, it's impossible to notice such a movement.

But for excellent stalkers, it's more than enough.

Especially for the three forces that had been alerted.

Similarly, at the moment when the stalkers from these three forces followed, the nearby stalkers who reacted a beat slower also followed suit.

Jimte keenly detected these stalkers.

However, the son-in-law of the Marquess of West Berlin didn't care.

On the contrary, he hoped more people would follow.

Because only in this way—

Could he achieve his goal.

He was going to find Baro Hamlet for a moment.

He wanted to inform him about sharing a mistress with the Little Lion.

He wanted to provoke him.

He intended to make him cause a big scene.

The opponent couldn't refuse.

Because it involved the dignity of the nobility—

'This piece of news, if this Lord Baro is really as bad as rumors say, he will certainly lose his mind and make a huge scene in Inner Bay.

If he is disguised, it would be essential to create a big scene to continue his 'personality'.

In either case, it's an opportunity for the Lord!'

Thinking of this, the smile at Jimte's lips deepened.

This was his 'test'.

He not only wanted the opponent to follow his script no matter what, but he also wanted to know the opponent's true nature—for the much-maligned Baro Hamlet, Jimte always felt he needed to probe a bit more, otherwise, he couldn't be at ease.

At any time, seeing is believing.

Moreover, what you see is not necessarily real.

Just like this 'making a scene'!

If this Lord Baro really gets angry, he would shout immediately.

And if Baro is a disguise, there would be a moment of hesitation before he shouted.

Jimte was fully confident he could capture that moment.

As for the opponent's prior rehearsal?

That was also very likely.

Even if deeply scheming, one could rehearse to make it look natural.

And if that happened, the difficulty would undoubtedly spike, so before going to find Baro Hamlet, Jimte would first find that mistress.

There was nothing important.

He just had to expose her.

Then, he believed among the stalkers behind, there must be someone from the Little Lion.

What would that Little Lion do after the spy was exposed?

Against the spy, kill to silence.

Against Lord Baro, strike early to gain the upper hand.

Both scenarios are likely to happen simultaneously.

He wanted to use the stalkers behind to inform the Little Lion of the opponent's exposure.

'Gleisa, please don't disappoint me!

Otherwise...

My little life won't be safe!' Jimte thought quietly in his heart, yet the smile never left his lips.

In fact, on the contrary, this young nobleman's smile grew even brighter.

The more dangerous, the happier.

It's not some perverse hobby.

It is—

To seek opportunities from peril!

At this moment, Jimte's actions were extremely dangerous.

Baro was likely to fly into a rage and kill.

Whether or not the opponent was disguised, he could lose his reason due to a green hat and get rid of Jimte.

As for Gleisa?

The Little Lion was even more ruthless.

With the slightest misstep, there would be nothing left.

But Jimte still did it.

In an extremely risky and immediate way.

Because he needed to consider the future.

His talent was far less than Kalal's, his wealth and manpower far inferior to Hayes's, he was just a 'Wanderer Knight', carrying some gold coins, and had a fiancée to support—which was a beautified version, in fact, he was just someone exiled from his own territory.

He needed to gain the Lord's favor.

Not having Kalal's talent was no problem.



Not having Hayes's wealth or manpower was also no problem.

He was loyal.

And dared to take risks.

He aimed to enter the game in person, for his Lord, to thoroughly open the situation in Inner Bay.

'Here it comes! Here it comes!

'Calamity' is about to arrive at Inner Bay!

He treads on shadows, adorned with the Name of Death, specters calling his name, the dead crawling at his feet!

And I—

Will be the vanguard!'

Chapter 823 Waiting

Achoo! Achoo! Achoo!

Arthur, holding the Messenger Stone in his right hand, couldn't help but rub his nose with his left hand.

Clearly, someone was thinking about him.

'Hope the result this time won't be too bad.'

Arthur silently wished in his heart.

Everyone hopes for an extremely good outcome, but if you're obsessed with an extremely good outcome, extremely bad things will happen.

Far better to be content with 'almost'.

Almost things, almost people, almost days, and almost money.

Seemingly muddle-headed, but actually joyful.

"Ignorance is bliss" is not a realm.

But an attitude towards life.

Arthur wished he had it, but...

Impossible!

Kalal had just informed Arthur about the matter—

Hayes entrusted the whole plan to be conveyed at midnight.

And then there's what Jimte wants to do.

As for Kalal himself?

He also roughly explained some things.

Compared to the arrangements of Hayes and Jimte.

Kalal is a bit more straightforward.

The nephew of the Marquess of Ainhars plans to stir up a rebellion, encouraging those sudden pirates to cause a ruckus at Inner Bay's docks.

Of course, causing a ruckus is not the goal.

The burning and plundering by the pirates are not the goal.

Kalal's goal is to let Arthur appear as a 'Hero'.

And to ensure that Little Lion dies with less peace, Kalal has targeted Little Lion's properties for plundering.

Including, but not limited to, companies, warehouses, etc.

How should I say?

Arthur knows that Jimte, Kalal, and Hayes are all bold and cunning guys, and knows the three getting together might spark some wonderful chemical reactions.

But...

Their guts are too big.

It's entirely tightrope walking!

'Each of them is so reckless, not caring about others' lives, nor their own—these guys are really a bit crazy.'

Arthur commented, but his eyes were glistening.

Arrangements by Little Lion, Alvis Hamlet, Baro Hamlet, Count Bert's three sons, and those by Hayes, Jimte, and Kalal.

One layer upon another.

One link hooks onto another.

They are separate for now.

But soon, they will collide.

At that time it will be...

Smash!

Arthur sat there, seeming to see a giant chessboard, where these arrangers appeared on the board, one by one vivid and distinct.

He raised his hand, pointing into the void.

Placing each possible pawn in its most likely position.

Then—

He looked into the depths of the chessboard.

There, lay a golden Lion.

The Lion lay there lazily, unaffected.

But each blink would bring an unsettling aura.

'What will your reaction be?

Maintain your current appearance?

Or...

Rise with the situation, once again showing your fangs?'

Without more information, Arthur squinted his eyes.

Arthur wasn't contemplating countermeasures.

He was waiting—

Waiting for news!

Before, the Crow left in South Los had flown over early, yet it didn't bring Ms. Anna.

It wasn't that it couldn't bring her.

But Ms. Anna refused.

Because Marinda hoped Ms. Anna would wait a bit.

This was written on the note brought by the Crow.

Clearly, it could be told directly or via the communication crystal, yet the most primitive method was chosen, making Arthur understand the seriousness.

Something must have changed in South Los.

Such changes have put the whole of South Los on high alert.

Even Marinda, a semi-official figure, has to step in.

Precisely because of this, Arthur had a guess.

So, he directly dispatched Fujin and Wuni.

First, to alternate the burden between two Crows, to bring Ms. Anna back as quickly as possible.

Second, to give a 'Messenger Stone' to Merlin, during Ms. Anna's absence from No. 2 Cork Street, the footman Merlin must undertake more responsibilities.

To prevent unforeseen circumstances, a brand new 'Messenger Stone' is necessary.

As for the third?

Naturally, it's safety.

Fujin and Wuni won't appear simultaneously.

One shows up, and the other surely conceals.

The unusual note had long made Arthur on alert, raising it to the extreme.

Pendragon seemed to sense his father's anxiety.

Immediately jumped from Kuliqi's back onto Arthur's knees again—

"Meow?"

Arthur smiled, petting the cat's head, feeling the furry texture with his palm, his mouth unconsciously curling.

"Pan, is Kuliqi's back comfortable?"

Or is Kiri's back more comfortable?"

Immediately, the two dogs in the shadows became alert.

Could their reunion with their brother start with encountering disaster this time?

This is too unfortunate!

Indeed...

Cats are troublesome creatures!

The two dogs exchanged glances, conveying their thoughts.

And this exchange didn't escape Pendragon's eyes, who originally was pondering whose back felt more comfortable, directly howled and charged towards the two dogs.

Arthur watched his three pets battling with a grin.

Isn't this enough to alleviate stress?

Enough.

Thanks to Pan and the two dogs.

The young Spirit Medium thought in his heart, his mouth started shouting loudly.

"Pan, get Kuliqi's crotch!"

"Yes, just like that!"

"Eye poke! Eye poke! Hurry, poke the eye!"

On the top deck of the 'Oriental', Arthur shouted, no one was annoyed by these calls because except for essential duty personnel, everyone was attending the lottery salon in the 'Oriental's' banquet hall— this was intentionally arranged by Arthur.

It wasn't for the moment.

It was for tomorrow's arrangements.

And now?

Just incidental.



The battle of one cat and two dogs became heated, while Arthur raised his head—

A Puppet descended from the sky.

Ms. Anna had arrived.

Bringing hand-baked snacks with her.

These snacks were baked by Ms. Anna while waiting for Marinda's news.

And they were also Arthur's favorite.

"Good evening, Ms. Anna.

Though several days apart felt like years to me.

I imagined countless times how torturous it would be away from you—In fact, I thought too much, the days away from you were a thousand times more torturous than I'd imagined."

Arthur spread his arms for a hug with Ms. Anna.

The hug was very awkward.

But neither party felt that way.

Arthur considered Ms. Anna as family.

And Ms. Anna?

Likewise.

Furthermore, she saw Arthur as a brother-like figure.

Hence, when Arthur opened the basket in front of her and took out the snacks, she smiled but didn't forget to hand Marinda's note to Arthur.

Arthur opened the note directly.

Surprise and enlightenment filled his eyes.

Then—

His mouth curled.

Chapter 824: Boomerang!

On Marinda's note, it was written—

Lion's Advent.

Only two words, and the handwriting was extremely sloppy.

Clearly, Marinda was very hurried when writing these two words.

Indeed!

How could it not be hurried?

After all...

The Old Lion has arrived in South Los!

Previously, Arthur did not guess that the Old Lion would go to South Los, but only made the speculation based on a series of reactions from Marinda.

Yet, even so, Arthur was still deeply shocked when he confirmed it.

What is the Old Lion coming for?

Peace?

War?

Or perhaps seeking peace through war?

But regardless of which it is, that Countess needs to stand at the forefront.

'I wonder if this Mother Tigress can withstand it?'

Arthur thought inwardly, but the answer was clear.

Since the Old Lion dared to come, he must be fully confident.

The young Mother Tigress certainly cannot withstand it.

But with the Mother Tigress' character, she will definitely resist to the end.

At the very least, a battle must be fought.

Starting with the Old Lion and Mother Tigress' duel, escalating to battles among the nobility and knights within the territory, and when civilians are thrown into the battlefield, it marks the true commencement of war.

Yet Arthur did not wish for the outbreak of war.

Because he was not ready yet.

After countless casualties, the Mother Tigress would likely negotiate peace and compensation.

Then, they would recuperate.

Just as they have done in the past.

And the Old Lion?

He would naturally enjoy even higher prestige once more.

Inner Bay would become superior once again.

But Arthur did not want such negotiations between both sides.

Because his foundation lies in South Los, and such negotiations are unfavorable to his development.

So—

The two sides must be brought back to the same starting line!

'Count Bert!'

Arthur thought of an excellent outside support.

Followed by a second one.

'Baro Hamlet!'

Then comes the third and the fourth.

'Marquess of West Berlin!'

'Marquess of Ainhars!'

Arthur's mind raced.

And his palm slightly raised—

Thrust!

The note quickly turned to ashes under the high temperature in his palm.

Then, as the night wind blew, the ashes scattered and disappeared.

Arthur's eyes followed these ashes, looking toward the distant Bert Territory and even further...

Inner Bay!

Plans took full shape at this moment.

However, as Arthur turned around, a smile appeared on his young spirit medium's face once again.

"Ms. Anna, you've had a hard journey.

Although I want you to rest, I still must arrange two apprentices for you—

Miha and Yiluo."

At Arthur's words, Miha and Yiluo, who had been waiting a long time, stepped out of the room. The two 'Lady of Sorrow' with the appearance of seven or eight-year-olds were dressed in maid costumes, adorned with pure white flower scarves, their black hair hidden beneath, their emerald eyes full of curiosity as they looked at 'Ms. Anna'.

Even former demigods felt astonished facing someone like 'Ms. Anna'.

Miha and Yiluo had already begun to wonder when Arthur said they would find a housekeeper teacher, and with the appearance of 'Ms. Anna', that curiosity reached its peak.

'Ms. Anna' was not human.

This was obvious at a glance.

Yet, 'Ms. Anna' had the feeling of being human.

This is what spirituality provided as feedback.

Moreover...

An inexplicable familiarity!

Miha and Yiluo found an inexplicable sense of familiarity upon seeing 'Ms. Anna', like encountering an old friend.

But Miha and Yiluo could confirm that they had never spoken of 'Ms. Anna' before.

After all, with 'Ms. Anna's appearance.

Once seen, there's absolutely no way to forget.

Their hearts were full of curiosity, surprise, and confusion.

But this did not prevent Miha and Yiluo from bowing respectfully towards 'Ms. Anna'—they could discern the unusual relationship between this lady and their master.

They had signed seven contracts.

The term extended to 300 years.

They certainly did not wish to encounter anything unpleasant during this 300-year period.

They definitely did not want to fall into such a desperate situation again.

Just one Father Maplu is enough.

If their current master also turned into such a character, it would be too terrifying.

'Ms. Anna' looked at Miha and Yiluo, a discerning gaze flickering in her lively eyes.

Much like Miha and Yiluo's sense of familiarity.

'Ms. Anna' felt the same familiarity looking at the two.

However, this was not the familiarity between friends but...

Vigilance!

Caution!

The feeling was so clear that 'Ms. Anna' was tempted to test whether Miha and Yiluo's bones were as hard as she sensed.

Nonetheless, 'Ms. Anna' refrained from doing so.

'Ms. Anna' valued Arthur.

So, 'Ms. Anna' asked Arthur.

"Arthur?"

Given their relationship, 'Ms. Anna' spoke directly.

"Don't worry.

Miha and Yiluo have signed seven contracts with me.

They can be trusted at this stage."



Arthur waved his hand and said.

Seven contracts?

Temporarily safe.

'Ms. Anna' nodded slightly.

But she did not truly relax, because she caught the implication in Arthur's words—'at this stage', which spoke volumes.

Similarly, Miha and Yiluo understood.

Immediately, the two knelt, pledging—

"We will never betray you.

And we will never defy you.

We are willing to do anything for you."

Miha and Yiluo said in unison.

And as the elder sister, Miha added a sentence afterward.

'Anything!'

Her firm expression caused Arthur to roll his eyes.

He wasn't a terrifying priest, nor did he have any sinister intentions toward children.

He was just a kind spirit medium, certainly not some great villain.

So—

Arthur handed Miha and Yiluo the newly compiled 'South Los Lullaby'.

"This is my newly compiled cipher book.

You need to learn the codes inside in the shortest time possible.

Then, write down everything you know or can write."

Arthur said.

Though they found it strange that Arthur wanted them to write rather than directly recite, Miha and Yiluo didn't hesitate at all and nodded immediately.

"How's the first task I assigned you coming along?"

Arthur continued to ask.

This task, naturally, was about attracting more qualified 'demigods' to feed the longsword and insects, to gain more XP, and possibly for Arthur to solidify a 'Blood Armor' talent using Blood Rebellion.

Of course, in an unclear situation,

definitely not him.

But as a form of reward.

"We've already sent out the message, and believe those guys will reply soon."

Miha, as the elder sister, immediately replied.

Arthur nodded seemingly satisfied, then this young Southern Lost Spirit Medium asked—

"Miha, Yiluo, how do you view that matter?"

Chapter 825 Boomerang II

That matter!

Arthur also began an inquiry in the way he despised the most.

People, in the end, become what they hate.

But, this is also part of life.

Just like Arthur at this moment—

Although he had already set a goal for the Marquess of Ainhars and the Old Earl, bringing the Blood Marquis... no, it should be 'Bern' associated with the Blood Marquis to the forefront.

But this kind of 'promotion' was purely based on Arthur's speculation.

There was no substantial evidence to prove it all.

So, Arthur needed more information.

And who else would be more suitable than Miha and Yiluo?

As former 'Demigods,' the two knew far more than ordinary people could imagine.

If 'that matter' indeed had a special reference,

then surely, the two of them would know.

Of course, most importantly, the two were extremely safe.

Seven contracts, though not fully foolproof, far exceeded others.

So, after ending the conversation with the Marquess of Ainhars and the Old Earl, Arthur had already planned in his mind to inquire the two of them.

Moreover, to gain even more.

Arthur chose the inquiry method like that of the Marquess of Ainhars.

It was definitely not to maintain his 'Spirit Medium' persona.

After all, he was just an ordinary spirit medium, not one of those mystical guys.

As his voice sounded, Arthur stared at Miha and Yiluo.

The young spirit medium could clearly see a look of astonishment, surprise on Miha and Yiluo's faces—this astonishment and surprise was filled with unexpectedness.

But,

there was no misunderstanding.

Clearly, the two of them knew about that matter.

And 'that matter' was really some kind of reference.

Immediately, Arthur felt a sense of pleasure in his heart from getting away with something sneaky.

A smile lifted the corners of his mouth.

Making Arthur look like a fox.

He smiled amiably at Miha and Yiluo.

He quietly waited for these two former 'Demigods' to give him a satisfactory answer.

Under Arthur's gaze, the two former 'Demigods' spoke simultaneously—

"It's a conspiracy!"

Whoosh!

A sound of wind came to his ears.

It was the sound of a boomerang taking off.

And this boomerang, after a brief flight, directly struck Arthur's face.

'Is the boomerang that fast?'

Arthur almost rolled his eyes.

The young spirit medium began to grumble inwardly, yet still kept a smiling appearance. But this smiling appearance looked like a chill down Miha and Yiluo's spine.

If previously Arthur seemed like a smiling fox to people.

Then now?

Like a smiling snake.

Do snakes smile?

Miha and Yiluo didn't know.

But they were convinced, if snakes smiled, it would definitely be like Arthur at this moment.

Panic and fear spread in their hearts.

"Master, it's not that we don't want to speak.

But 'that matter' has a huge constraint.

Anyone who actively speaks of it will suffer backlash."

Miha explained.

The whole person pulling her sister down to kneel once again.

She was full of fear and trepidation.

And Yiluo?

Even being pulled by her sister, began to tremble at this moment.

Yiluo was naturally timid.

And was Miha's soft spot.

Or one could say the fatal weakness.

In fact, if not for Yiluo's existence,

certain events from back then might not have happened, the distorted being wouldn't be born, and neither would its appearance.

But Miha didn't regret those choices.

Because she was the elder sister.

She promised their parents to take good care of her sister.

So naturally, she must do it.

It was like this before.

And now?

No exception.

Therefore, this former 'Demigod' had a decisive look in her eyes—a decision to trade her life for her sister's life.

Backlash?

She would bear it alone.

Immediately, this former 'Demigod' was about to speak.

But as soon as she opened her mouth, without a word coming out, Arthur interrupted her—

"A contract is just a contract, what constraint?

Miha, you need to learn how modern people talk.

As for the backlash?

It's truly terrible."

Arthur said this, then waved his hand.

"This matter ends here."

Arthur said and then looked at 'Ms. Anna.'



"Ms. Anna, I need you to teach Miha and Yiluo some basic etiquette, and then there's cooking skills, and handling miscellaneous tasks—at least, when my clothes need ironing, no holes should appear.

Of course, I very much anticipate their talent in cooking."

Arthur instructed.

"Leave it to me, Arthur."

'Ms. Anna' flashed a smile that could scare children.

But seeing this smile, Miha and Yiluo let out a long sigh of relief.

Though 'Ms. Anna's' smile was scary, it carried no malice.

Compared to priests with a warm smile but dark, violent hearts, it really seemed angelic. In addition to their familiarity with 'Ms. Anna,' it provided a sense of peace.

Of course, the true sense of peace came from Arthur.

Arthur's generosity was beyond Miha and Yiluo's expectations.

'Master, truly a kind person~'

The two sisters exchanged a tacit glance.

A sense of immense gratitude rose in their hearts.

Then, the sisters followed 'Ms. Anna' towards the cabin, ready for their first private lesson—just like a private tutor in a noble family meeting their students.

Once the real employer was away, the first lesson began.

This lesson wouldn't teach any knowledge.

But familiarize themselves with each other.

And generally understand the student's character.

Then?

Tailoring education to the individual.

The cabin door was pushed open by an invisible force.

'Ms. Anna' had already stepped inside.

As Miha and Yiluo were about to enter, Arthur spoke again—

"Blood Marquis."

No names were called, just a title.

But, that title was enough.

Miha and Yiluo's bodies both trembled.

The two looked incredulously at Arthur.

And Arthur?

Responded with a smile.

Contracts cannot be violated.

If in the Holy Era, it would often add 'Contracts are sacred,' but no matter how sacred a contract, there are always loopholes.

One cannot actively speak.

But, I can have you tell me passively.

The young spirit medium, under the gaze of the former 'Demigods,' pointed to the waiting 'Ms. Anna,' signaling the sisters to hurry up and follow.

Miha and Yiluo immediately turned around.

Miha's eyes filled with helplessness.

While Yiluo's mouth pouted.

At this moment, Arthur held a more specific image in the sisters' eyes:

The master is a good person.

But, good within limits.

Miha and Yiluo followed 'Ms. Anna' for the first lesson.

Arthur, on the other hand, returned to the lounge chair, took out a communication crystal, and in the most affectionate tone, said—

"I miss you, Marinda."

Chapter 826 Boomerang III

Agitated.

The restless Marinda paced in her study, with a pipe perched on her lips unlit—the taste of tobacco was her attempt to calm her anxious heart.

But it was useless.

No tobacco could soothe Marinda's agitated heart at this moment.

After all...

The Old Lion had arrived!

The Old Lion had entered South Los openly and aboveboard by dusk yesterday.

There was no warning.

So sudden.

With the Old Lion's arrival, the atmosphere of the entire South Los turned eerie.

Everyone who knew about the Old Lion's arrival in South Los was clueless about his intentions but well aware that if he appeared, he was fully confident in controlling the situation—something even the Countess of South Los could not deny.

Because—

The Countess felt the Old Lion's fierce fighting spirit and...

His elusive power.

The intense fighting spirit was striking.

And that elusive power?

Even more astonishing.

In that moment, the Countess confirmed that the Old Lion came for battle, more so to reclaim his honor.

With the Old Lion aging and the Countess growing, the whole South County believed that in the near future, the Countess would replace him.

In fact, many thought that the current Countess had already surpassed the Old Lion.

There was a moment when the Countess thought so herself.

But clearly, the Old Lion did not think so.

As the Pioneer Era's initiator, he did not wish to exit the stage like this.

This brought ample trouble to the Countess.

'I will prepare for the war with all my might.'

This was what the Countess told her subordinates.

No further words were spoken.

But the intelligent could sense from this simple phrase that the Countess was not fully confident.

And if the Countess lost?

South Los would return to the early days of the Pioneer Era: becoming the blood bag of the Inner Bay.

Forget about controlling the docks, the majority of South Los's fleet would become the Golden Lion Family's, naturally including Marinda's.

Or rather...

As a relative of the Countess.

Seen as a staunch ally of the South Los House, Marinda could only retain a tiny bit of dignity at best.

For instance: an estate in the suburbs, one or two respectable shops in South Los.

Anything more?

None.

Moreover, in the decades to come, Marinda would likely have no opportunity to host salons.

Because, she would need to stay behind closed doors.

That estate would be her place of activity, and after her death, it probably would become her resting place.

And this, was the Noble Agreement.

Marinda absolutely did not want to face such a situation.

This lady more than once thought about simply setting sail.

However, if she set sail at a time like this, she wouldn't just become a pirate, but she'd entirely betray the South Los House.

By then, given the Mother Tigress's temperament, she would certainly pursue her desperately.

As for leaving some people behind?

Impossible.

Because, if caught, she'd lose her last bit of dignity.

'Do I leave it to fate?'

Marinda thought silently, filled with a sense of powerlessness.

This feeling of powerlessness heightened this lady's anxiety.

Then, this lady picked up a communication crystal.

This communication crystal was her link to overseas forces—once South Los was controlled by the Golden Lion Family, this power would become her trump card.

Therefore, she had to make this trump card even more hidden.

She couldn't stay near the sea.

Then go to the open sea.

Upon touching the communication crystal, Marinda instinctively thought of Arthur.

'With such an obvious hint, that guy should be able to guess what's happening, right?

With his smarts, he'd definitely figure it out.

Maybe, he'd already started escaping by now.

Just, he might be more annoyed?'

Thinking of Arthur's long-laid plans, seemingly going smoothly at first but failing now, filled Marinda with deep regret for Arthur.

What pained her more was the high likelihood they wouldn't meet again in this life.

This thought made Marinda catch her breath, her chest aching faintly.



Unlike her relations with the South Los House, Arthur was just an ordinary Minor Noble, let alone the friction with Little Lion post-departure; even during his time in South Los, he had repeatedly thwarted the Golden Lion Family's plans—Arthur would certainly not survive.

Even with the Noble Agreement.

But, a scapegoat was necessary.

And who better suited than Arthur?

No one.

Marinda was clear about her cousin's character.

Thinking of Arthur being pushed out as the scapegoat, Marinda couldn't help but bite her lip.

She didn't want to see this outcome.

But she couldn't change anything.

In fact, in some respect, she herself was not in a safe position.

'How about running away with Arthur?

South County can't stay.

Then head to North County.

Avoid the cities in North County and head to the Extreme North, even with the Old Lion's power, he couldn't find us there!'

A sudden impulse surged in her heart.

Instinctively, Marinda picked up the communication crystal between her and Arthur.

However, this lady did not immediately connect.

Because she was unsure of Arthur's thoughts.

If...

If Arthur was unwilling to retreat?

If Arthur had other plans?

In hesitation, this lady who should have been decisive started to fear gains and losses—not only considering Arthur might have other plans but also her status.

She realized she was just his partner.

Those seemingly intimate behaviors were merely a show for others.

How had she taken it seriously?

How could one take such a thing seriously?

Ridiculous.

What kind of fool is that!

Marinda struck a match.

But still, did not light the pipe—Arthur disliked her smoking, she had quit unless absolutely necessary.

'Why am I thinking of that jerk again?'

Marinda frowned.

Then, gave a self-mocking smile.

'Indeed, the Old Lion's sudden arrival has disrupted my plans!'

Marinda thought to herself, beginning deep breathing exercises.

She needed a quick adjustment.

She needed to stay calm.

If not, in the ensuing great battle, the already tilted scales of victory would completely tip in the Old Lion's favor, leaving them with not a tiny bit of a chance.

'If leveraging my father's and mother's power...

Only a ten percent chance!

And I would undoubtedly perish!

Making it easy for that dwarf, I am not resigned!

How about getting that dwarf to sign a contract with me?

But if I'm dead, what use is such a contract?

Is the inheritance for Arthur?

Damn it!

Why am I thinking about that guy again!'

Marinda slapped her cheek hard.

This lady was about to correct her thoughts once more.

At that moment, the communication crystal flickered.

Instinctively, Marinda connected it.

Immediately, Arthur's voice echoed from within—

"I miss you, Marinda."

Chapter 827 Boomerang IV

The moment Arthur's voice echoed in her ears, Marinda's study was filled with his affectionate words.

The corners of Marinda's mouth began to curve upwards.

Soon, a smile bloomed.

Her anxious heart calmed instantly.

The unease vanished completely.

Marinda felt an unprecedented peace.

Arthur knew that the Old Lion had come to South Los.

Marinda wasn't surprised by this.

What surprised Marinda was that even after knowing the Old Lion came to South Los, Arthur still willingly contacted him—this initiative gave Marinda an unprecedented impulse.

She took a deep breath and began to speak directly.

"I..."

"I..."

At this moment, Marinda was more impulsive than ever.

But just as the words left her mouth, Arthur interrupted her.

The two 'I' words were indistinguishable.

However, Marinda's subsequent words were uttered first—

"You go first."

To disguise it, the lady made her words as calm as possible.

"Are you sure you want me to say it here?"

Shouldn't we talk face to face?

By the way, bring me some night snack.

I haven't tasted Aunt Mary's cooking for a day."

After finishing, Arthur ended the call.

Finally, Marinda broke free from that complex emotion that belonged solely to her; her rationality and intelligence returned to her once more.

At that moment, she reacted.

'Something's wrong!

Arthur's tone is off!

There's no urgency!

Nor any tension!

Could it be...

Arthur found a solution?'

Although reason told Marinda it was impossible, her inner instinct made her choose to believe that Arthur had truly found a way out of the current predicament.

In an instant, Marinda's breathing became rapid.

The lady rose and headed to the kitchen.

Because, due to prolonged staying up late, Aunt Mary would always prepare plenty of food in the kitchen.

At this moment?

Certainly no exception.

Leaning against one side of the stove, Aunt Mary had her eyes tightly shut; yet even in her sleep, the woman's brows were furrowed tight.

Seeing this scene, everyone could feel the woman's worry and tension.

Marinda, of course, understood that her emotions influenced those closest to her.

Therefore, Marinda did not disturb the woman but instead, chose some of the food Arthur liked and placed it in a basket before quietly leaving the kitchen.

"Urs."

Marinda called softly.

"My lady."

From the shadows, the Head Hunter emerged, kneeling on one knee.

"Plan A is postponed.

Wait for my return for everything."

Marinda said this.

Though surprised, the Head Hunter did not defy her.

"Yes, my lady."

After responding, the Head Hunter immediately started contacting the spies in the Inner Bay to halt the suicide mission plan.

Suicide mission!

This was Marinda's struggle in desperation!

It was both her attitude and her choice!

This would anger the Old Lion.

She knew, of course.

But,

In utter desperation, she readied herself for death.



She absolutely would not become a prisoner again.

If imprisoned, she'd rather die!

Marinda, holding the basket, walked into the smoke ring; beside her, Edwin clearly noticed the difference in their master—a kind of lightness.

'Hope it turns out well!'

Marinda's coachman thought silently.

This coachman undoubtedly wished Marinda well the most.

For this, when Marinda proposed Plan A, he was the first to object, but when Marinda made it clear it had to be that way, he was the first to act.

Death?

Of course, the coachman feared it.

But he feared more being unable to repay Marinda's kindness.

'Everything will be alright!'

After all...

That's Arthur Kredos, the miracle creator!'

Of course, the coachman knew where his master had gone.

Precisely because he knew, the coachman was full of anticipation.

For Arthur, the coachman had considerable confidence.

This confidence made Arthur his hope.

However,

Not everyone felt this way—

Ash Bonaparte Nanluo sat in a chair, eyes closed; legs that habitually swung now stepping on the crossbar.

The crossbar between the chair legs was specifically added by the Countess.

The sensation of suspended feet wasn't pleasant.

Female Swordmaster Julie scratched her head, wanting to say something.

But was stopped by a look from Cathy.

Clad in swordsman attire, the Female Guard Captain didn't carry a longsword; her slender figure, pale fingers, face devoid of expression.

Faced with Cathy's disapproval, Julie opted to obey.

Cathy's power compelled Julie's obedience.

The same went for Hunter Chief Valerie.

The three of them quietly watched their master.

Under the gaze of her subordinates, the Countess patiently waited.

Why did she close her eyes?

Wasn't it just because she didn't want to see such an agonizing scene?

'Damn Old Lion!

Damn it!

Bastard!'

In the Countess's heart, curses flowed ceaselessly.

The Old Lion's appearance was too sudden.

She was utterly unprepared.

Everyone told her, the Old Lion was old, his strength waned greatly—At first, she was skeptical, but as everyone kept saying it,

gradually, the Countess believed it.

Because this Countess tested the Old Lion several times.

Each time, the Old Lion retreated.

This convinced her that the Old Lion's strength truly waned!

She thought she had caught up with the Old Lion.

Moreover, as time passed, the years would increase this gap.

But what happened?

Though they viewed each other from afar, the Countess instantly sobered up.

The Old Lion was formidable!

Far stronger than she expected!

Her so-called pursuit was a complete sham!

The growing distance, a trap!

A trap set by the Old Lion.

Worse, she had truly stepped into it.

'I'm such a fool!'

The Countess cursed herself again.

But she knew, no amount of self-berating helped now.

What really mattered was turning the tide.

She was no match for the Old Lion.

That much she was sure of.

But she wouldn't give up without a fight.

She'd stall the Old Lion on the main field, then have her subordinates open a second front—the flames of battle couldn't burn just in South Los.

They must also blaze in the Inner Bay!

If she could delay long enough, she could end in a draw!

As for after the battle?

The Countess hadn't thought that far.

If she couldn't get past the present, there'd be no 'after'.

Of course, the Countess held onto a shred of luck.

Not directed at the Old Lion.

But regarding 'reinforcements'.

It certainly wouldn't be Arthur.

Though Arthur seemed capable, the Countess's assessment of Arthur was merely favorable.

Changing the battle's outcome?

Impossible.

So, the Countess awaited other reinforcements.

At the next moment—

The Countess glanced toward the door.

Chapter 828 Boomerang V

Earl of South Los' Mansion, underground.

The dense Glyphic Language fluttered like fireflies in the entire enclosed space—if a Mystic Side person saw this scene, they would surely be astonished.

Because, to create such an effect requires stacking at least a hundred Defensive Mysteries in one place to form it.

Moreover, these Defensive Mysteries must complement each other.

It not only costs a lot but also risks failure at the slightest mistake.

According to legend, the last Pope of the Holy Empire's secret chamber had such protection.

But it's just a legend; no one has ever seen it.

Yet at this moment, such 'Ultimate Secrets' appeared in South Los.

More importantly, Madam Susan was walking amidst it.

This lady passed through this layer of 'Hundred Meters Ultimate' defense and stood before a downward passage, using secret words to speak the password to open the door—

"Lightning and thunder!"

After this unique password, the downward passage silently opened.

Inside was...

Three communication crystals lined up.

Compared to regular communication crystals, these three were much larger.

Not only were they as tall as a person, but they also required three people to encircle.

Activating such communication crystals was even more expensive.

Madam Susan took out a three-pound gold brick and placed it in front of the central communication crystal, attempting to activate it.

The communication crystal was activated.

But no one answered.

Despite this, Madam Susan was not surprised.

Because Madam Susan knew very well whom she was contacting.

Bell Tower!

Specifically, a member of the 'Bell Tower.'

And this was the only admirable 'backup' left by the Old Earl of South Los — Madam Susan did not know why the foolish Old Earl explained the members of the 'Bell Tower.'

However, Madam Susan knew clearly that as long as she could contact a member of the 'Bell Tower,' and pay a high enough price, she could resolve this South Los crisis.

Indeed, it's the cost.

Not free help.

Though the Old Earl of South Los explained the members of the 'Bell Tower,' he did not have such prestige.

But it was enough.

Madam Susan thought.

She firmly believed that the wealth collection of South Los was enough to satisfy the demands of the 'Bell Tower' members, even if the 'Bell Tower' members were not greedy.

'Bell Tower' members have their hobbies.

But they are merely hobbies.



Because that will make them live like...

Humans!

Therefore, to impress the three, it requires truly good things.

Fortunately, South Los indeed had them.

In fact, many rumors surround the 'Bell Tower,' but they spread only among a small group of people — and each of these individuals was someone standing at the peak of South County.

And this serves as the threshold to know the 'Bell Tower.'

Only by crossing this threshold can one know the name 'Bell Tower.'

Only then can one know the single acknowledged 'secret' of the 'Bell Tower.'

That is—

'Bell Tower' members are entities like gods.

Not an adjective.

But a statement.

Every 'Bell Tower' member is a demigod!

A true demigod!

With such an organization, having one person help against the Old Lion, Madam Susan believed the battle could be drawn into a day favorable to South Los.

If two people took action, it would greatly reduce the time.

Even, directly reversing the battle.

As for all three taking action?

Even with enough confidence in South Los' wealth collection, Madam Susan did not believe South Los could afford such a cost.

Thinking this, Madam Susan moved to the left communication crystal, starting with a new gold brick.

But the result was the same, no response.

Madam Susan's heart sank, a bad premonition arose.

And when she tried the last communication crystal, also in vain, her heart completely sank.

'What happened?

Why did none of the three from the 'Bell Tower' respond?

Did something happen?

Or...

The Old Lion's doing?!'

Madam Susan instinctively thought of the Old Lion.

After all, the Old Lion's sudden appearance was indeed too sudden.

So sudden that everyone was caught unprepared.

Everyone speculated on the reason, but nobody could confirm it.

But at this moment, Madam Susan vaguely felt that the Old Lion's bold appearance was certainly related to the 'Bell Tower' — even if not directly, it was indirectly.

Yet Madam Susan did not dwell on it.

She must inform the Countess of this news.

Things were headed in the worst direction.

In fact, without Madam Susan saying much, the Countess, who had waited for a long time, understood the result upon seeing Madam Susan's face when she entered.

She couldn't confirm when contacting would be impossible.

But it was certain that the 'Bell Tower' members wouldn't appear.

"Next, follow my instructions."

The Countess said.

"Yes!"

Cathy, Julie, and Valerie responded in unison.

Meanwhile, Madam Susan furrowed her brows slightly at that moment.

She thought of her dear grandson, Arthur.

She felt regret, but also relief.

Regret that she couldn't continue helping Arthur.

Relief that Arthur was not in South Los.

That was truly fortunate.

'I will die with South Los.

But Arthur will live.

That is truly fortunate!'

Thinking this, the lady looked at the Countess, awaiting her task—

"I need an opportunity.

An opportunity to hold off the Old Lion for 10 seconds."

The Countess said.

"I'll do it!"

The Female Swordmaster said directly, but the Countess ignored her and looked at Madam Susan.

Because the Countess knew, her Female Swordmaster couldn't hold off the Old Lion for 10 seconds, even if she fought with her life.

In this study, besides herself, only one person could.

The Countess looked at Madam Susan.

Madam Susan smiled calmly.

"I'll do it."

The Old Lady stood out, her gaze sweeping over those present, finally looking at the Countess.

"I have a request."

"Speak."

The Countess was somewhat surprised by the Old Lady's words.

Not doubting her sincerity and loyalty, but surprised she had people or things she couldn't let go of—despite her small stature, the Countess was not a fool and naturally could guess.

But what the Countess couldn't guess was—

"Take care of Arthur for me!

I hope he can marry and have children in South Los, and live a peaceful old age!

I hope he can enjoy a rich, carefree life happily!"

The Old Lady looked at the Countess.

The firmness in her eyes startled the Countess.

Arthur?

It was Arthur?

No matter what, the Countess couldn't guess that the person Madam Susan was worried about was Arthur.

She could feel Madam Susan's care for Arthur.

But this present moment...

Far exceeded expectations!

The Countess even felt a bit jealous.

But—

"I promise you."

The Countess said.

After that, the study room fully entered the wartime rhythm.

Outside the room, the wind blew stronger.

This wind blew along the Inland River.

Blowing onto the 'Oriental.'

On the top deck terrace, the candle flickered left and right, but with a lift of Ms. Anna's hand, an invisible force field started to protect the candlelight from disturbance.

"Thank you, Ms. Anna.

Without you, I truly don't know what I would do."

Arthur said with a hint of playfulness.

Ms. Anna immediately smiled.

Then, the lady abruptly looked up—

A carriage crossed the night sky, under the bright moonlight, Marinda leapt down.

Chapter 829: Mandate of Heaven I

"Good evening, Marinda.

The journey must have been tiring."

Arthur smiled as he pulled out a chair for Marinda.

Marinda's smoke passage has a distance limitation. Even with markers set on the 'Oriental', the furthest it could reach is only the West Berlin Territory.

Once this distance is exceeded, cooperation between the smoke passage and the ghost carriage becomes necessary.

However, this speed still surpasses the imagination of ordinary people.

The pride of the Mystic Side often stems from this.

Fortunately, Marinda's pride is reserved.

Otherwise, upon their first meeting, there would have been a falling out with Arthur.

Not like this moment—

"A midnight snack for you."

Marinda handed the basket to Arthur.

Arthur immediately took out the fried pork chops, grilled fish cakes, spicy stir-fried lobster, and the crockpot beef from the basket.

Meanwhile, Marinda's gaze swept to the side.

'Ms. Anna', Marinda knew her.



But it was the first time Marinda saw the twin girls next to her.

Instinctively, this lady furrowed her brow.

This lady thought of the twin daughters of the Marquess of West Berlin.

'That rogue likes this sort of thing?

No!'

'That rogue may be bad, but not perverse!

But consecutive twins...'

Marinda thought to herself, but her face remained expressionless as she watched Arthur set the food, while 'Ms. Anna' with Miha and Yiluo walked into the cabin, leaving the space to the two of them—'Ms. Anna' understood the importance of solitude.

Between people, some interactions are gentle like water, some fierce like thunder, and others are intertwined like thorns.

'Ms. Anna' could not distinguish which kind Arthur and Marinda were.

But 'Ms. Anna' knew that, no matter which kind, a private space was needed.

Bang!

The soft sound of the cabin door closing hit like the bell on a ring—

"Your leisure exceeds my expectations."

Marinda spoke first.

This lady had many things in her mind, but they became awkward when they reached her lips.

"No!

It's because of your arrival that I appear at ease."

Arthur shook his head with a smile as he sat back in his chair.

"Does that mean I'm very important to you?"

Marinda felt a joy in her heart and inquired calmly.

"Of course.

At any moment, you're very important.

In the past, now, and the future.

It's all the same."

Arthur replied affirmatively.

"Such words from a spirit medium always seem like a deceit."

Marinda could hardly contain her joy, but her words remained unchanged.

"You see, whenever I speak sincerely, people always doubt me because of the spirit medium identity—I really want to take you to see the world beyond the mountains.

You've been stuck in place for long enough.

It's appropriate to relax a bit now."

Arthur's smile remained.

Marinda's heart trembled.

Emotions surged, forcing her to take a deep breath to calm down.

"Beyond mountains are more mountains...

But the world is like a cage.

Beyond the mountains is merely a larger cage."

Marinda murmured.

"Then we shall keep looking at the farther world—and don't you think that's a kind of luck?

Whenever we think we've reached the pinnacle, there is a new world waiting for us.

This...

isn't it happiness?"

Arthur smiled, pushing the crockpot beef soup in front of Marinda.

"But what if it's a curse?"

Marinda asked.

"With you here, it isn't."

Arthur's eyes were firm.

Marinda's hand slightly trembled.

Immediately, she picked up the spoon to cover it.

Then, she changed the topic—

"Only you would like dishes with such strong flavors."

"What's wrong with that?"

I don't feed on extreme emotions, nor do I season with wailing, or bury infants under trees, waiting for the fruits to mature.

I just love food.

Purely food.

No attachments."

Arthur retorted.

Marinda was a little surprised.

It was the first time she saw Arthur speak so formally.

Instinctively, she wanted to ask.

Compared to her with food?

But Marinda was a smart woman and wouldn't ask such a question at this time, she only inquired.

"The ones you mentioned, they aren't human, right?"

"Hmm, not human.

And not just not human.

They consider themselves superior.

A lot like the traditional nobles we know."

Arthur nodded.

Regarding this, Marinda did not refute.

Because she thought of the once-popular 'Human Tea'.

"Those bastards deserve to die."

Marinda said.

"Yes, but unfortunately, most of the time, they live very well, even better off than most, even making people envious.

To the extent that many join them."

Arthur sighed, full of helplessness.

"Are you planning to take action?"

Marinda asked.

Arthur immediately shook his head.

"No.

I'm not capable enough to do that.

To accomplish such a thing, one needs—

the Mandate of Heaven!"

Arthur uttered a term Marinda had never heard before.

Immediately, she pursued.

"Mandate of Heaven?

What is that?"

"Who knows?"

Maybe just a strand of hair."

Arthur shrugged, then gazed at the bright moon in the sky, softly saying, "Even a strand of hair is as heavy as Mount Tai because it surely inherits his will."

"Mystifying guy."

Looking at Arthur's image, Marinda immediately pouted.

This lady disliked conversations beyond her control.

However, Arthur loved seeing Marinda's genuine emotions spill out due to unexpected factors.

So—

"I need South Los to give me and my businesses a complete tax exemption, along with 'Fierce Tiger's Claw', 'Terrifying Wolf's Ear', and at least three artifacts unique to Master Hercules.

If I can be satisfied with these conditions.

This time with the Old Lion's trouble, I will help our countess solve it."

Arthur set the terms.

And as Arthur expected, Marinda's face was filled with astonishment.

Even though Marinda had some anticipation before coming, hearing Arthur say it himself, the shock within this lady was indescribable.

After all, it was about the Old Lion!

Though aged, the Old Lion was even more terrifying than the rumors!

Can Arthur handle it?

Or could it be...

A thought suddenly occurred to Marinda.

The lady, immediately suspiciously looked at Arthur—

"You're not planning to make a buck and then run, are you?"

Then, her expression turned very serious.

She said—

"I want half!"

Chapter 830 Mandate of Heaven II

In times of snow, few offer help, yet many throw stones when one falls into a well.

Marinda had witnessed too many people appear in times of others' crises under the guise of 'helping,' only to come with the intention of making a fortune.



Especialy among nobles, this occurs repeatedly.

And now, Marinda instinctively believed Arthur was planning to do just that.

Regarding this, Marinda had no objections.

On the contrary, Marinda intended to get involved.

No!

It meant cooperating with Arthur to give that Countess of South Los a hard hit.

As for the family relation with the Countess of South Los?

Distant.

Not close.

Doesn't matter!

As long as that person could be tricked into the scheme, her fleet could empty the South Los House in a very short time.

And afterward?

Naturally, it would mean heading overseas with Arthur.

With the wealth of the South Los Family, they could completely establish their own power overseas.

Thinking of the delightful parts had Marinda's lips curling upward.

Arthur rolled his eyes.

Arthur could completely guess what Marinda was thinking.

If it really came to that desperate step, he, of course, would do it, but now was not that time.

On the contrary, the situation was exceptionally promising.

He, Arthur, naturally wouldn't kill the hen that lays the golden eggs.

The Countess of South Los, now there's quite the lively little hen!

Not only could she 'lay eggs,' but she could also stand up front until he truly matured!

How could he lift the butcher's knife against her?

Thus, Arthur declared righteously—

"Help me contact the Countess.

Convey my demands.

I believe she will have a wise answer."

When Arthur rolled his eyes, Marinda realized.

She had guessed wrong.

Yet when Arthur spoke so righteously, Marinda felt she hadn't guessed wrong.

Having deep understanding in certain aspects about Arthur, Marinda assumed Arthur surely had ill intentions.

However, Marinda did not refuse Arthur's request.

She was very curious about how Arthur planned to deal with the Old Lion.

The communication crystal flickered.

Two seconds later, the Countess's voice came through.

"Marinda?"

The Countess sounded a bit puzzled.

Clearly, the Countess did not understand why Marinda would contact her at a time like this, especially since she had delegated tasks to Marinda.

The Countess's full mobilization of forces was not just for show.

"It's me, Lord Count."

Arthur immediately identified himself.

Speaking, the young Southern Lost Spirit Medium didn't give the Countess any room to react before immediately saying—

"I need an absolutely safe space to talk!"

Arthur was not just saying it for the sake of it.

Before connecting the conversation with the Countess, Fujin and Wuni were already flying, while Kuliqi and Kiri were patrolling the 'Oriental.'

As for beneath the river?

There was the Giant Snake Nidhogg.

It was a full multidimensional protection by sea, land, and air.

And this was not over.

The [Vigilance Oil Lamp] had been lit.

[Demon-Repelling Holy Salt], [Evil-Repelling Brick Powder], [Barrier Oil] were also set up immediately.

Arthur's alertness had reached its peak at this moment.

Because Arthur knew clearly, this was his pivotal game.

Winning meant everything ahead would be smooth sailing.

Losing meant all efforts would be in vain.

Faced with this kind of situation, how could Arthur not be on guard?

Similarly, the Countess of South Los also gave due respect—

"Please hold on."

The Countess believed Arthur wouldn't reach out to her for idle chit-chat at a time like this.

And what would make Arthur reach out would certainly be that Old Lion.

Concerning the Old Lion, the Countess would naturally not act carelessly.

Swiftly, accompanied by her trusted aides, the Countess headed to the secret chamber in the Count's Mansion, where it would be absolutely secure without any listening in.

And for added security, the Countess deployed her 'Thunder Electric Field.'

Any unfamiliar aura would face a Lightning Strike if approaching.

"Alright, Arthur."

The Countess of South Los informed Arthur.

The voice was remarkably steady, much like the one in Arthur's memory, yet he could still detect a sense of anticipation in her words.

Faced with such expectation, how could Arthur let the other party down?

"About the Old Lion, I have a suggestion.

It not only can resolve the current South Los crisis, but it may even possibly get rid of the Old Lion.

However, I need a small bit of assistance from you."

Saying this, Arthur glanced at Marinda.

As a young, virtuous, upright, and innocent Spirit Medium, demanding a price at such a moment was sure to prick his conscience.

However, if Marinda were to state it, there'd be no such scruple.

"Arthur requires South Los to completely exempt him and his properties from taxes, along with the 'Fierce Tiger's Claw,' 'Terrifying Wolf's Ear,' and at least three items unique to Master Hercules."

Marinda began to disclose Arthur's terms.

"Three items unique to Master Hercules?"

"Impossible!"

"Even though the South Los Family is wealthy, they cannot produce such items!"

Arthur could clearly hear the gasp on the other end.

Clearly, Arthur's demand had startled the other party.

The three items unique to Master Hercules were always named in excessive demands.

But it was exactly such an overt demand that made the previous terms trivial.

What Arthur truly wanted was always the 'Fierce Tiger's Claw,' 'Terrifying Wolf's Ear.'

These were the key to him breaking through the 'Seventeen Order.'

And at this moment, the lack of 'objection' on the other side instantly relieved Arthur a bit.

Clearly, the South Los Family's treasure vault had these two items.

As long as they had them!

That would be good then!

"Lord Count, what do you say?"

Arthur asked.

"The tools unique to Master Hercules, their value far exceeds their intrinsic worth—even the South Los Family has only two.

One of them is linked to the overall defense of South Los.

So, I can only give you one.

The remaining two can be replaced with other things."

The Countess's answer almost made Arthur cheer out loud.

Having seen a fair amount of poor negotiators, this was Arthur's first time encountering such a negotiator.

Not haggling, but rather equivalent trading.

Such a way of doing business would squander even a mountain of gold and silver.

Should it be said she truly is the daughter of the Old Earl?

Arthur mused inwardly.

But Arthur understood more clearly, the reason the Countess acted this way was because the pressure from the Old Lion was too great.

'The Countess probably is just a step away from being a 'demigod,' isn't she?

Then...

Is the Old Lion a 'demigod?'

Or even stronger?'

Arthur pondered internally while quickly saying—

"Alright.

I hope to copy the books from the South Los family library."

The stronger one is, the more one understands the importance of knowledge.



Arthur was not short of tools.

Secret techniques were also sufficient.

What Arthur lacked was that 'ladder' to continue climbing.

"No problem!

All the books of the South Los family will be open to you!

Now can you speak?"

The Countess of South Los agreed succinctly.

Arthur immediately smiled and said softly—

"No way!"