

Great Master 831

Chapter 831 Mandate of Heaven III

Creak!

Amidst a peculiar crackling sound, there was a heavy breathing.

It was the sound of someone gritting their teeth in anger, breathing heavily.

Arthur was certain that if he stood in front of the Countess of South Los now, she would definitely jump up and hit his knee.

Of course, if he were really in front of her right now.

Arthur would never respond like that.

It's not that he doesn't dare.

It's a gentleman's awareness.

It's definitely not fear of being struck by lightning.

"Rest assured.

You will receive news soon.

Meanwhile, please keep this communication crystal with you.

Of course, I hope you maintain the current layout."

Arthur finished speaking and ended the communication.

Concerning such a crucial moment in his life, Arthur wouldn't be careless. Even if he needed the Countess of South Los, he wouldn't let her know a tiny bit.

The Countess of South Los could be trusted.

But what about the people beneath her?

Arthur didn't trust them.

Even the slightest disturbance might make the Old Lion change the original plan, and that wouldn't be good.

So, it's best to keep the Countess of South Los appropriately vigilant, even a bit paranoid.

As for why he still needed to notify the Countess of South Los in advance?

Aside from actually needing her cooperation.

It's also to prevent her from being desperate or...

running away.

The latter is unlikely, but needs caution.

And the former?

That's what truly needs attention.

Arthur wouldn't doubt the Countess's resolve.

Each bolt of thunder he experienced took a human life, some insignificant, but initially, they were all members of the South Los Family.

"The rascal!"

Marinda rolled her eyes immediately after seeing Arthur ending the communication.

It was an action she learned from Arthur.

It looked quite disrespectful.

However, Marinda didn't care in front of Arthur.

"I am indeed a gentleman.

Everyone knows I'm compassionate and humble.

And I'm still quite young."

Arthur winked at Marinda as he spoke.

Marinda promptly gave him the finger in response.

But the next moment, she hurriedly retracted it, looking a bit embarrassed.

Because—

"Ms. Anna, I need some hot orange juice and chilled apple juice."

Arthur called out to the cabin.

Immediately, 'Ms. Anna' came out with Miha and Yiluo.

Miha carried the hot orange juice.

Yiluo carried the chilled apple juice.

Their footsteps weren't slow, but their movements were cautious—this was their first task as maids, and neither wanted to mess it up.

This revelation showed Marinda the difference.

But soon, she couldn't help but frown.

Because, in her eyes, the twins seemed way too strange!

In her perception, as Miha and Yiluo performed earnestly, wisps of aura emanated powerfully, impacting her [Spirituality].

Very strong!

There's no doubt about it.

But this strength didn't physically manifest in the twins.

It felt like a powerful knight charging while riding a dog.

The perplexity within made Marinda look at Arthur.

She believed Arthur would provide an explanation.

And indeed, that's what he did.

Arthur wasn't stingy with his answers in this regard.

Why did he invite Marinda here?

Aside from connecting with the Countess of South Los.

It was to further emphasize his 'strength'.

Before truly becoming powerful, he needed this 'strength'.

This 'strength' would not only give him more initiative, but also make him and his family more mysterious.

At the same time, it's a 'soothing agent' and a 'safety net'.

So, Arthur spoke with a playful smile—

"Miha and Yiluo."

Arthur introduced his maids.

Marinda was momentarily stunned upon hearing these names.

Then, as a Witch's Descendant, she quickly thought of the legendary 'Lady of Sorrow' and 'Lady of Suffering', both names referring to 'Miha and Yiluo'. Two titles had emerged because, at the end of the Holy Era, some believed 'Miha is Pain', and 'Yiluo is Suffering'.

But most believed they were one and the same.

As the Holy Era receded, Miha appeared more in public, and gradually 'Lady of Sorrow' became the mainstream name.

However, a small portion of people still distinguished between the titles.

As a Witch's Descendant, Marinda was among that small group.

For she knew the difference.

Yet precisely because she knew the difference, Marinda instinctively believed Arthur was joking.

Almost instinctively, Marinda wanted to refute Arthur.

But seeing Arthur's playful smile, Marinda hesitated.

"Really?"

The lady confirmed.

"Nope."

Arthur answered, then took the hot orange juice and sipped it slowly.

Marinda took the chilled apple juice—throughout the process, she cautiously watched Yiluo, while Yiluo was even more cautious than Marinda, her little face tense and nervous, eyes turning red, seemingly on the verge of tears.

She couldn't possibly be the 'Lady of Suffering'.

Yet the more it seemed that way, the more Marinda was convinced Yiluo was the 'Lady of Suffering'.

In the witch's legacy, it's recorded that Yiluo, the 'Lady of Suffering', didn't match people's perceptions; much of the 'Suffering' was because Yiluo was so easy to bully, causing the troubles.

Most likely, it's like seeing a beautiful flower, wanting to pluck and crush it, only to realize upon touching it that it was a man-eating plant, a giant one.

Miha and Yiluo followed 'Ms. Anna' back to the cabin.

Marinda remained silent for a long time.

Finally, she asked—

"What do you mean?"

When she asked this question, Marinda's voice seemed a bit hoarse.

Taking 'demigods' as maids, what was Arthur up to?

Or rather...

What did the Kledos Family intend?

In an instant, Marinda's mind overflowed with speculation.

And Arthur replied earnestly.

"Consider this secret as your reward."

"Reward?"

Marinda was taken aback.

Arthur didn't answer, merely raised his glass towards South Los in a toast—this gesture couldn't be clearer, and Marinda immediately understood.

Arthur wanted her to reveal the existence of Miha and Yiluo to the Countess to gain a substantial reward.

With a reward, Marinda wouldn't refuse.

But...

Would it affect Arthur's plan to eliminate the Old Lion?

Indeed!

The plan to eliminate the Old Lion!

After a series of mental processes, Marinda already believed the Old Lion's presence in South Los was part of Arthur's plan.

As for the threat of the Old Lion?

With Miha and Yiluo's backing, Marinda had long ceased to care.

Instead, she was eager to try.

And this is exactly what Arthur needed.

With Marinda's influence, the Countess would definitely not commit to something as drastic as burning South Los to the ground.

And that's just the first step.

As for the second step?

Arthur stood up and extended his hand to Marinda—

"Come on, join me for the 'Orient Express' deep night salon; there's a lottery event there!"

Chapter 832: Mandate of Heaven IV

Late at night, the banquet hall of the 'Oriental' was still brightly lit.

The main courses were roast chicken and venison, accompanied by various fresh fruits, and seasonings like cream, honey, butter, and black pepper, were being brought in continuously like a flowing stream.

Of course, wine was indispensable.

Even before the salon began, barrels of ale were stacked like a human pyramid, forming a pyramid shape.

On top of the highest barrel was a pipe connected.

Just by lowering the pipe, the golden liquid would flow continuously.

Under the lights, it shimmered brilliantly.

However, there was no music in the banquet hall.

It wasn't the musicians derelicting their duties, but rather the instructions from the young First Mate relayed from Arthur—

'Tonight's banquet is a real one.

It's only for celebration, nothing else.

Everyone can participate.

Including our musicians and servants.'

With such instructions, the musicians left the stage after warming up the atmosphere at the beginning.

Initially, these musicians were somewhat unaccustomed.

But soon, following the Captain's toast, the atmosphere became lively all at once.

Especially when last night's jackpot winner, a reporter from the South Los Daily, stood up.

"The 'Oriental' was destined for greatness from the start of its journey, and we were fortunate to witness the birth of a legend!"

The words of the reporter resonated with everyone.

Indeed.

From the interception as the 'Oriental' departed port, the cult disputes in Seberlin, to the river pirates and water monsters in the Ainhars Territory.

Every incident was incredibly astonishing.

In fact, even just one of these events would be enough to be written about extensively.

And when all these events are combined together?

A legend!

Undoubtedly a legend!

The enthusiasm of the 'Oriental's visitors and staff, who witnessed this 'legend' and could be considered participants, reached its peak at this moment.

Who doesn't want to be sung about?

Who doesn't want to be looked upon with reverence?

With such an opportunity, some things became different.

Everyone clinked glasses.

Everyone engaged in lively conversations.

Even those wealthy magnates, at this time, didn't keep their airs.

In fact, they were even more enthusiastic.

Because they understood Arthur's influence better and knew what stance to take to curry favor with Arthur.

"What about tonight's prize draw?"

A trumpeter from the band inquired.

"It should be soon right?"

Yesterday the draw started before the end of the salon too.

Wonder who will be the luckiest one tonight."

A sailor nearby responded.

Almost subconsciously, the sailor's gaze turned to last night's lucky winner, the reporter from the South Los Daily.

Similarly, others in the banquet hall also cast their gazes over.

Under such focused attention, the reporter from the South Los Daily was filled with an unprecedented sense of satisfaction. He felt like his whole body was about to float, which made his fondness for the 'Oriental' and Arthur climb sharply.

'Future articles must praise the 'Oriental' and Lord Kledos more!'

The reporter thought to himself, but didn't hesitate with his hands.

He immediately raised his glass—

"I believe everyone will have good luck."

Such modest words immediately won everyone's favor.

One after another, they began toasting again.

Especially this reporter, many people came to clink glasses and utter words of blessing.

Drink after drink went down.

The reporter's steps started to become unsteady.

But his spirit was soaring.

The reporter vowed that this was the happiest moment he had, something he had never experienced before in his life.

Already having a great liking for the 'Oriental' and Arthur, the reporter, at this moment, became a full-fledged supporter of the 'Oriental' and Arthur.

As yet another barrel of wine was emptied, Old Barry, dressed in a captain's uniform, stepped onto the stage.

"Good evening, everyone.

Are you having fun?"

Old Barry asked with a smile.

"Fun!"

Everyone replied in unison.

"Then the moment for more fun has arrived—do you see the chairs around you?"

Now, you need to pick a chair you fancy and sit on it.

After that?

Of course, check the note under your chair.

Just like yesterday, red is the lucky one."

Having said that, Old Barry gestured with a hand.

The people in the banquet hall were initially startled.

Then they laughed and walked toward the chairs they had their eyes on.

Although it was different from the lottery method used last night to choose the lucky one, this brand-new approach was more intriguing and fairer.

Even if it was not explicitly stated, when the person drawing the red paper wasn't oneself, someone would still feel resentment inside.

Lottery, everyone knows.

You can really cheat with that.

But this method before their eyes?

This truly depends on luck and...

Speed!

Many people had their eyes on the same chair.

Isn't this about competing in speed?

Rushing forward, the banquet hall had a short-lived commotion, but with Old Barry and Albert supervising, no chaos occurred.

"Now, let's see who the lucky one is.

Please, everyone, turn over your chair."

Old Barry said.

Just as he finished speaking, people couldn't wait to take action.

Then—

"Me!

It's me!"

The trumpeter from before shouted loudly, with an expression of ecstatic joy.

Jealousy and envy filled the eyes of those around.

But soon, as Old Barry took the lead in clapping, applause was all that remained in the banquet hall.

Just as the applause subsided, a voice echoed—

"What a truly enviable lucky one.

I wonder if my partner and I might share in this good fortune?"

A clear and loud voice rang from the doorway.

People's attention was immediately drawn.

Everyone's gaze shifted there.

Because they recognized that voice.

It was Arthur.

And when they saw Arthur, they gasped in surprise.

They also saw Marinda.

Especially those few tycoons who stood up respectfully upon seeing Marinda.

Compared to Arthur's reputation as a 'Spirit Medium,' the title of 'Lady of the Long Night' was even more prominent among the merchants—whether positively or negatively, it was all the same.

The former commanded respect.

But the latter?

Naturally invoked fear.

Facing the array of gazes, Arthur approached the trumpeter, with Marinda quietly following while holding his arm.

When they halted, the trumpeter stammered as he spoke.

"Wi-willing!"

Of course, willing!"

After all, Arthur was his big boss, and though the prize was valuable, it was well-known that with the big boss's generosity, he would definitely be compensated.

In fact, it was so.

The next moment—

"Thank you for your generosity!"

This generosity has already made me feel lucky!

Therefore—

I intend to give everyone another chance to win."

As Arthur's voice faded, cheers erupted all around.

As the cheers slightly subsided, Arthur immediately added.

"Of course, those who won tonight can't participate again!"

With a wink, Arthur said.

This playful show of kindness immediately elicited laughter from everyone.

While Old Barry and Albert were preparing for the second draw, Marinda quietly asked Arthur in a low voice.

"What are you doing?"

As Arthur had verbally taken control of the situation upon entering the banquet hall, which didn't surprise Marinda.

What truly puzzled Marinda was why Arthur did this.

She couldn't figure it out.

But she was sure Arthur wouldn't do anything pointless.

Faced with Marinda's curiosity, Arthur simply smiled—

"Late."

Chapter 833: Late I

Arthur's presence and the second drawing directly pushed the salon atmosphere on the 'Oriental' to a whole new level.

Everyone was smiling.

And amid the laughter and joy, time always flies.

The moon unknowingly set.

The sun had already risen high.

Arthur stood on the deck of the top cabin, stretching lazily—he had just returned, and when he did, more than half of the guests in the banquet hall were already asleep.

Those who were awake were also struggling to stay awake.

And this was exactly what Arthur wanted.

He needed everything to seem reasonable.

The young spirit medium raised his hand and beckoned.

Immediately, Old John emerged from the shadows of the observation deck.

The chief sailor of the 'Oriental' respectfully bowed and saluted Arthur—

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, Old John.

I need you to tell Old Barry that I hope my guests can have a sound sleep.

Instead of setting off in the morning, we'll depart at noon.

Therefore, we need to conduct an over-supply at Port Pult."

Arthur ordered slowly.

Old John nodded repeatedly.

As for Arthur's orders, this former pirate leader would naturally execute them unconditionally.

It's not just about contracts.

Or rather, it used to be about contracts.

But now?

It's the strength that Arthur has shown all along.

Such strength made this former pirate leader submit.

Pirates are such people.

As long as you're strong enough, you can earn their loyalty.

Arthur, who understood this, naturally didn't mind showing his strength in front of Old John.

Contractual constraints?

They're always the foundation.

Arthur firmly believed that the friendship built upon contracts was the most 'valuable'.

For example: Marinda.

In the latter half of the night, Marinda left the 'Oriental'—the situation in South Los prevented the lady from staying on the 'Oriental' for long; no matter how curious or longing she might be, she had to return to South Los to manage the situation.

However, upon leaving, the lady used a secret phrase that only the two of them understood to convey to Arthur.

"I look forward to it!"

As she said this, Marinda's blue eyes were filled with a leap.

It was a genuine anticipation.

Mixed with an indescribable emotion.

Facing such Marinda, Arthur's reply was equally straightforward.

"I won't disappoint you!"

Arthur's reply was confident.

Because, regarding Bert Territory and Rondohart Port, Arthur already had arrangements—

"Old John, you also need to inform Old Barry that we won't stop at Rondohart Port; we need to head directly to Kilg Harbor in the Inner Bay."

No matter your myriad arrangements.

As long as I don't engage.

Then it's useless.

Moreover...

I can directly hit the target.

Arthur certainly wouldn't let down the arrangements of Jimte, Kalal, Hayes.

"Yes, sir."

Old John bowed and left.

Arthur then gave a big yawn facing the morning sun.

Immediately, he lay on the lounge chair, his breathing became even.

Only, his eyes remained slightly narrowed.

...

In the Inner Bay, Peach Kernel Street was already bustling in the morning.

This is a street near the dock, originally known for stockpiling peach kernels, but as transport through the Inland River rose, the warehouses originally for storing peach kernels have become storage for various goods, thus making the family of 'Baron Singer' increasingly affluent.

Only, this baron's reputation wasn't good.

Because the baron was thought to be incompetent, only flattering to gain his high position.

Of course, more importantly, the baron flattered not the Old Lion but Baro Hamlet, the Old Lion's brother.

With Lord Baro's reputation, it's surprising for Baron Singer to have a good name.

Moreover, Baron Singer, like the lord he served, was arrogant and brainless.

The most famous incident is when a farmer came to the Inner Bay for dental care due to a toothache, but the pies in Inner Bay smelled so tempting that the farmer stopped to watch and drooled, seen by Baron Singer who immediately dragged the farmer into a bet.

The bet was for the farmer to eat ten pies, if capable, he'd get ten gold coins, but if he couldn't, the farmer had to give a part of his body to the baron—make no mistake, the pies in Inner Bay are hefty enough that one pie can fill a person, eating ten would likely cause someone to burst.

The farmer agreed.

After eating two pies, he couldn't eat any more.

Then, the farmer 'gave' his bad tooth to Baron Singer.

It wasn't self-extracted.

Upon hearing 'tooth', to show his generosity, Baron Singer summoned a dentist, and as the farmer admitted defeat, attendants swarmed, restraining the farmer while the dentist extracted the tooth.

Throughout the process, the farmer cried out.

The more the farmer cried out, the happier Baron Singer became.

Once the tooth was extracted, the farmer ran off crying.

Things could be deemed complete at this point.

If not for the dentist, who drank too much, saying the tooth was bad—because of this, Baron Singer became the butt of jokes.

Many called him 'Bad Tooth Baron', others 'Pie Baron'.

To this, Baron Singer pretends not to hear.

He staunchly believes it is slander by stupid peasants.

But now this baron cannot ignore it.

Because—

Two of his teeth had already been extracted.

Moreover, the person in front is preparing to extract the third.

The first two teeth extracted were pain-induced experiences.

Baron Singer certainly didn't want a third experience.

Thus, he pleaded with the man in front clad in a hooded cloak.

"Please spare me!

I have done as you instructed!

However, the will of Lord Baro is beyond my control, if he wishes to see you, he surely will come, but if he does not wish to see you, he certainly won't come!"

The chubby, 1.5-meter tall Baron Singer resembling a ball cried miserably.

As for Jimte, who just extracted two of his teeth, of course, understood.

However, this did not mean the wanderer knight from the Norvia Family would spare this guy.

"Ah!"

With a shrill cry, Baron Singer's third tooth was extracted.

Clutching his mouth, the baron rolled around on the ground.

Jimte gazed upon him, playfully saying—

"Alright, alright.

It's not that painful.

Now, let's proceed to the next segment...

Eating pies!"

The pies made by Baron Singer's cook were quite good, golden brown and crispy on the outside, full of meat inside.

But for Baron Singer, who just had three teeth extracted, it was torture.

Hot, painful.

Moreover, there were ten pies.

He'd be stuffed to death.

Why hasn't the lord arrived yet.

Eating, Baron Singer lamented.

And Jimte, smiling as he watched the scene, secretly shivered inside—

It turned out just like this!

Chapter 834: Late II

Time passed by second by second.

Jimte, however, had a smirk on his face.

From early on, this Wanderer Knight had suspected Baro Hamlet.

Not only because Jimte was never one to trust easily, but also because he saw reflections of their own kind in Baro Hamlet.

That subtle sense of hiding, akin to a snake lurking in the bushes peeping.

He greeted with a smile.

And the other party?

Responded with foolishness and arrogance.

That demeanor really resembled Kalal to a great extent.

And if it was Kalal...

Then his purpose was achieved.

Last night, he led a group of stalkers to Baron Singer's mansion, using Baron Singer's confidant as a messenger to spread the word that 'Lord Baro and Little Lion share a lover'—Jimte believed that this confidant was not one to keep secrets, nor someone with a spine of steel.

Therefore, the news had already been spread.

By tonight.

No!

Perhaps by the afternoon, this news would have spread throughout Inner Bay.

Jimte took a deep breath.

His goal was achieved.

Now...

He had to run!

If he didn't run now, he wouldn't be able to leave.

"Baron Singer, I feel like we could have an in-depth conversation, and for that conversation, I think we should change rooms.

Your study has a rather strong odor."

Jimte glanced at Baron Singer's crotch.

It was wet there.

The smell was extremely pungent.

Clearly, it wasn't just a small problem.

"O-okay."

Baron Singer nodded repeatedly.

Without any hesitation, the baron walked out.

Though somewhat arrogant, making him appear foolish, Xing was not an idiot; he could sense there was a chance for survival.

Without a second thought, the baron walked out.

As for Lord Baro?

Survive the present first; if he couldn't survive now, there would be no future.

'At worst, I'll give him half the Walnut Street businesses.'

Baron Singer thought to himself, his pace quickening, even if his thigh was slippery, it didn't delay his speed in the slightest.

"Sir, we can go to my parlor."

Commented the baron.

Compared to his study, this parlor was much more private.

Of course, there were no traps inside.

The baron simply didn't want anyone to see his embarrassing state.

However, after speaking, there was no response.

Immediately, the baron quietly turned back.

Upon discovering no one behind him, the baron opened his mouth to shout—

"Come..."

But after uttering one word, the baron's voice stopped abruptly.

He remembered his predicament.

Then, the baron quickly rushed to his bedroom.

About five minutes later—

"Someone! Someone! There's an assassin!"

The elongated tone, sharp voice echoed within Baron Singer's mansion.

And by this time, Jimte had long run far away.

Yet although he had run far, he hadn't truly escaped.

A man appeared before him.

The figure was slender, expressionless, eyes slightly squinting with a gleam.

Most noteworthy was the longsword at the man's waist—it was more than half again the length of other longswords, still sheathed but emanating an icy chill.

The moment Jimte saw the man, he halted.

The man, however, walked slowly, as if on a leisurely stroll.

Each step was unhurried.

Yet each step made Jimte's face grimmer.

Because each step blocked Jimte's escape route, changing according to the subtle shifts in Jimte's body's muscles.

'He saw right through me!'

Jimte sighed inwardly.

At the same time, seeing the man's youthful face, Jimte guessed the man's identity.

Joel Colman!

The man's age and sword were just too conspicuous.

As for Joel Colman sticking up for Baro Hamlet?

Great!

Absolutely great!

Jimte cheered inwardly.

Before confirming Baro Hamlet was more than he seemed, Jimte now confirmed he was making moves, big moves, otherwise, Joel Colman would never reveal his connection—Everyone knew Joel Colman was cultivated by the Golden Lion Family, and a few knew Joel Colman was intended as a stepping stone for the younger generation of the Golden Lion Family.

With such a premise, Joel Colman was destined to only obey Old Lion's orders.

Yet now, he appeared because of Baro Hamlet.

This was simply unbelievable.

Under normal circumstances, it was impossible.

Unless...

A diversion.

'What is this guy up to?'

Jimte wondered, but his smile became more genuine.

"Good morning, Lord Joel Colman."

Jimte greeted.

But Joel Colman completely ignored him, just looking down at the sword at his waist.

In the next moment—

Clang!

The sword was unsheathed straightaway.

Then, it swung at...

Joel Colman!

The 'Talent' of the Norvia Family, or rather, the Bloodline: metal control.

With Jimte's power, even the anchor of a Caravel Sailboat could be controlled as if it was an extension of his limb.

Controlling one sword was a piece of cake.

Yet the sword hung in midair.

The longsword's tip pointed directly at Joel Colman's neck, unable to advance an inch.

"You moved my sword."

Joel Colman spoke.

His voice hoarse and with a hint of coldness.

Jimte's hair stood on end.

Without thinking, Jimte lunged to the side.

Puff!

The spot where Jimte once stood was sliced neatly, revealing signs of melting.

As if a heated knife cut through butter.

Jimte turned to look, his pupils contracted upon seeing this.

Entry level?

No!

Entry-level Cutting Stone Slab, easy enough.

But the subsequent melting was definitely not.

'A step away from Ascend Step?'

Jimte thought, without hesitation, he used his trump card.

Click!

Amidst the sound of shattering glass, Jimte disappeared from where he stood.

Joel Colman was taken aback.

Then, the young swordsman walked straight in a specific direction.

Meanwhile, back at Bert's Rondo Hart Port, many people were expectantly, eagerly, or anxiously waiting, watching their prey like hyenas on the plains.

And then—

The prey drew nearer.

Everyone saw the white 'Oriental.'

Closer.

Closer still.

Almost docked at Rondo Hart Port.

And then...

The 'Oriental' sailed farther away.

Everyone was stunned.

They watched 'Oriental' moving further away, internally crying out—

What happened?

Chapter 835 Chain Reaction I

Bert Territory, Rondohart Port.

In a certain secret room, three large candles on a silver candlestick illuminated the entire space, and the ceramic round table and chairs were filled with early Empire Era style.

The white-dominated handmade carpet beneath the table and chairs, with golden edges, indicates that this carpet is from the Holy Era.

As everyone knows, whether it's Empire Era furniture or a Holy Era carpet, they perfectly interpret a word—

Expensive!

Chased by Nobles.

Admired by commoners.

This is the legacy left by those two eras.

Of course, this is only a small part of the secret room. The oil paintings on the walls, the jewelry in the hidden cabinets, are all masterpieces.

Even Gresah Hamlet thought Depro was too extravagant.

It's not that the Golden Lion Family couldn't afford the same things, but the Little Lion needs to invest more of his wealth into more needed places.

The guard around him.

The spies and Death Warriors he's sent out.

And the recruitment of unique talents.

All of these need Gold Coins.

And the subsequent maintenance is even more staggering in cost.

However, besides surprise, the Little Lion didn't envy or feel jealous.

After all, these things will soon be his.

Depro is dead.

The inheritance from the other party will naturally be his.

While pondering Depro's worth in his heart, the Little Lion smiled warmly at Depro, who seemed to be thinking with eyes closed, but his breathing was already chaotic, and said softly—

"What are you worried about?

Don't worry.

The plan won't have any issues."

The Little Lion said confidently.

For the Little Lion, he would not allow himself to fail again.

The first two times he was careless.

And this time?

He had already laid a heaven-and-earth net in Rondohart Port, as long as Arthur came, he wouldn't escape.

He not only wanted to wash away the humiliation of the previous two times but also return that humiliation tenfold, hundredfold to that Southern Lost Spirit Medium—he heard that the medium had a lover in South Los, he planned to let the two meet, and he would castrate the medium in front of his lover, then?

Naturally do things the opponent couldn't do after being castrated.

As for the end?

He would mercifully lock them separately into an iron maiden and sink them to the seabed.

Thinking of the process made the Little Lion shiver with excitement.

And thinking of the result made the corners of the Little Lion's mouth involuntarily lift.

However, the Eldest Son of Count Bert sitting opposite him was different.

"Diliven and Peigi are harder to deal with than imagined.

These two bastards not only secretly recruited a lot of people, but they also...

Raise Death Warriors!"

At this, Depro slammed the table hard.

Clearly, the act of raising Death Warriors by his two brothers had touched Depro's bottom line.

Seeing this, the Little Lion laughed even more happily in his heart.

Why did Diliven and Peigi expose so many trump cards?

Of course, it was because of him.

Because of his promise.

Even more because of his inducement.

He wanted to make the three sons of Count Bert slaughter each other.

So he pushed with all his might.

From the current perspective, the effect is quite good.

However, the Little Lion still chose to pour oil on the fire—

"Hiss, raising Death Warriors?"

A look of surprise appeared on the Little Lion's face, and his eyes were filled with seriousness.

This scene further enraged Depro.

"What do they want? What do they want?"

I am the eldest son!

I am the first heir!"

Depro shouted loudly.

Immediately, the Little Lion stood up, patted the other's shoulder, and said.

"Calm down, Depro.

We all know you are Count Bert's eldest son, the first heir to Bert Territory; everyone knows and acknowledges this.

So we just need to wait for the arrival of that Spirit Medium.

After that?

Everything will be as it should."

The Little Lion comforted Depro.

Without a doubt, the Little Lion's comfort was extremely effective.

Depro took a deep breath, sat down again, and started to wait patiently.

The Little Lion smiled watching it all.

He found it amusing.

Just like when he trained dogs as a child.

No!

It was much more fun than training dogs.

Time passed second by second.

The sun rose from the east, quickly reached the sky's center, then began to sink westward.

"Why haven't they come yet?"

Depro once again became anxious.

"There was an all-night carnival on the 'Oriental' last night; being late is very normal. Don't you allow some comfort before death?"

The informed Little Lion smiled and said.

But soon, this Little Lion couldn't laugh—

Buzz!

The communication crystal flashed.

"Master, the 'Oriental' didn't stop at Rondohart Port; it went straight to Inner Bay."

As soon as the communication crystal was connected, a hurried voice rang inside.

The Little Lion frowned.

And Depro jumped straight up.

"What?"

The Eldest Son of Count Bert exclaimed, his face changing color continuously.

The unexpected action of the 'Oriental' disrupted his deployment.

No!

He might end up achieving nothing.

Especially with Diliven and Peigi secretly raising Death Warriors.

This made him feel a choke in his throat.

He didn't want to sleep with his eyes open.

'No!

I can't wait any longer!

I might be able to wait, but Diliven and Peigi definitely won't wait.

They will understand that exposed Death Warriors will lose their greatest effectiveness, so they will take desperate measures...

I can't sit and wait for death!'

Thinking this, Depro stepped forward to walk out.

As for whether the mutual slaughter among brothers would invoke Count Bert's anger?

No, it wouldn't!

Because he had a more suitable excuse.

Arthur Kredos left.

But Gresah Hamlet is still around.

A suitable excuse was enough to deal with their father, who doesn't leave the ancestral home in the suburbs.

As for the consequences?

As long as Diliven and Peigi died.

Even if it meant declaring war on Inner Bay, he wasn't afraid.

At worst, using 'Noble Privilege,' he could cede some benefits.

Thinking of this, Depro quickened his pace.

At the same time, the words of this Eldest Son of the Count rang out—

"Gleisa, our cooperation is terminated.

When you leave, make sure not to let anyone notice."

Finishing his words, the Eldest Son of Count Bert walked away without turning back.

And the Little Lion narrowed his eyes.

He sensed a different meaning from the other's words.

'Bastard, Fool!

Damn it!

Then go die!'

The Little Lion rose quietly and left too.

However, after leaving the secret room, this heir to Inner Bay took out two communication crystals, ready to contact Diliven and Peigi.

The Southern Lost Spirit Medium's unexpected direct heading to Inner Bay caught the Little Lion off guard.

But this didn't mean the Little Lion would abandon Bert Territory.

Bert Territory, he was determined to have it!

However, before the Little Lion could connect with Diliven and Peigi, another communication crystal he carried flashed.

Without hesitation, the Little Lion connected directly.

This communication crystal was unique to his spies stationed in Inner Bay.

Contacting him at this time must mean something important had happened in Inner Bay.

With the necessary preparation in mind, yet upon hearing the news once connected, the Little Lion's brows still furrowed, and he couldn't help but exclaim—

"What?"

Chapter 836 Chain Reaction II

Gresah Hamlet is definitely a deeply scheming person.

And something that could make such a person involuntarily cry out in surprise is, of course, extremely unexpected — he never thought that the spy he had planted beside Baro Hamlet had long been discovered.

That's right!

Discovered!

Although the news just indicated that that bastard Jimte had coerced that fool Xing to pass on the message to Baro Hamlet that 'they shared a mistress.'

But, with Joel Colman's move.

Everything became clear.

That uncle, whom he deemed a waste, had always been in disguise.

Moreover...

The other party is still plotting something at this moment.

'Damn it! Damn it! Really damn it!'

Gleisa Hamlet cursed insanely in his heart.

He now wished nothing more than to return to the Inner Bay immediately and eliminate that waste who deceived him.

But...

What about Bert Territory here?

The arrow is already on the string here.

If he returns to the Inner Bay at this moment, everything here will be irrelevant to him.

Thinking about the benefits brought by Bert Territory, the Little Lion weighed his options.

And about the next second, the Little Lion made a decision.

Bert Territory!

He chose Bert Territory!

It's not that he discarded his foundational stronghold in the Inner Bay, but that he planned to return to the Inner Bay with a major victory in Bert Territory, and then make a decisive move!

After making the decision, the Little Lion didn't hesitate anymore.

But instead began to 'accelerate.'

He intended to accelerate for Depro.

...

With the 'Oriental' departing, Diliven was left bewildered.

This second son of Count Bert had eyes as small as mung beans filled with a kind of confusion.

The plan wasn't like this, right?

Standing at Rondohart Port, he looked at the Inland River.

At this moment, the 'Oriental' had long disappeared from sight.

His reinforced fist landed on an empty spot, making Diliven extremely uncomfortable.

He paced directly on the deck bridge.

Arthur and such things obviously weren't important.

What's important was Depro!

And Peigi!

Both these guys have to die!

But without Arthur as the excuse to 'cover,' does it mean direct confrontation?

Thinking about this, Diliven's gaze unconsciously swept over the people hidden in the shadows — twenty Death Warriors, that's one of his trump cards.

Without Arthur to disguise as a 'cover,' appearing in the open like this, with his brother's keen senses, it would definitely be discovered.

'Can't wait any longer!

If I wait any longer...

I'm the one who's going to die!'

Thinking of this, Diliven subtly waved at the Death Warriors.

Immediately, these Death Warriors sprang into action.

He was ready to take the initiative.

Almost simultaneously, Peigi also made a decision—

'Can't sit back and do nothing anymore!'

This youngest son of Count Bert, with eyes like mung beans, had a ferocious look on his face.

Looking at the fifteen Death Warriors beside him, a grim smile appeared on Peigi's face.

"Gentlemen, I need your power now!

Bring me Depro's head!

I shall grant you supreme glory!"

After speaking, Peigi mounted his horse, charging out directly.

Behind him were fifteen Death Warriors and two hundred private soldiers.

Everyone rode on horseback.

As the warhorses galloped, the raised Thunder Guns resounded like thunder, their large muzzles glinting with cold gleams.

Almost immediately, the residents inside Rondohart Port noticed something different, starting from one point and then spreading in all directions.

In just a few minutes, the entire Rondohart Port became silent.

In springtime, the ducks in the water know first.

The locals know first whether there's chaos or not.

"Crude! Brute!

Absolutely no noble demeanor!

They are no different from those barbarians!

Do they not understand that war is also an art?"

Alvis Hamlet listened to reports from his subordinates and almost burst out laughing upon learning that Diliven and Peigi chose to launch an assault.

You see, just moments ago, he didn't know what to do.

The 'Oriental' not docking at Rondohart Port for resupply thoroughly disrupted his plans.

But just at that time, Diliven and Peigi made a choice for him.

This made Alvis feel a sense of destiny's favor.

"Sir!

Depro has also launched!"

A stalker who was gathering information reported to Alvis.

Overjoyed!

Hahaha!

In spite of himself, this young member of the Golden Lion Family laughed out loud.

"Will they collide?"

Alvis asked.

"Yes!

They will meet on Suke Street!"

Beside him, a Death Warrior spread out a detailed map of Rondohart Port, raising a hand to point at one spot.

Looking at that location, Alvis pondered.

The next moment—

"Can we locate that bastard Gleisa?"

This member of the Golden Lion Family inquired.

This time, both the stalkers and the Death Warriors shook their heads.

Compared to the brightly visible Depro, Diliven, and Peigi, Gleisa was like a viper at night.

Absolutely untraceable.

"In that case..."

Alvis wasn't angry.

Being a member of the Golden Lion Family, he was fully aware of how powerful Gleisa's talent was. Although his stalkers and Death Warriors were his father's trump card, if they could truly lock down on Gleisa, then the trump card wouldn't be a trump card, but rather a true ace.

Thinking of this, the young member of the Golden Lion Family looked at the Death Warriors nearby—

"Two of you come.

I need you to go to Suke Street.

Wait until Depro, Diliven, and Peigi are in an all-out fight, then rush out and shout 'Stop, this is Gleisa's conspiracy,' got it?"

No doubt, this was a death mission.

But for the Death Warriors, isn't this what they're here for?

"Yes, sir."

Two individuals stepped out from the Death Warriors, saluted, and then left quickly.

After seeing the two leave, Alvis's arrangements didn't cease.

He clearly understood what his mission was for this time.

To take out Gleisa!

That was the ultimate objective!

But Depro, Diliven, and Peigi, the three wastes, most likely couldn't eliminate Gleisa.

Therefore, Count Bert's intervention was necessary.

Only...

'Count Bert! '

Alvis savored this name.

The young man of the Golden Lion Family's eyes showed gravity.

Within noble circles, there were many rumors concerning Count Bert.

Not those tabloid stories, but rather...

A Monster!

In the rumors, Count Bert is a monster.

And he didn't think he should get close to this monster.

Therefore, he quickly decided to send the Death Warriors.

Moreover, to ensure the mission was foolproof, Alvis dispatched half of the Death Warriors.

After doing all that, Alvis let out a long breath.

"Now, we just have to wait!"

Alvis said with a smile.

It's just that, this young member of the Golden Lion Family completely missed the sight of a pitch-black crow perched on a branch outside the window, quietly watching it all.

Chapter 837: Battle of Suke Street I

Waiting is like storing water, when accumulating more and more, only heaviness remains.

But a charge is like a flood discharge, a single command results in thousands of horses galloping.

The teams of Depro, Diliven, and Peigi met at the junction on Suke Street, amidst the continuous clatter of hooves and the fluttering banners, the three brothers saw each other, looking at those similar yet grotesque faces, and none hesitated as they loudly shouted—

"Charge!"

Woo!

A horn sounded within the team.

Right on the streets of the most prosperous city in the Bert Territory, the three cavalries started mutual charges.

Among the three, Depro undoubtedly held an absolute advantage.

Five hundred private soldiers, all fully armed, helmets gleaming bright, weapons sharp.

While Diliven and Peigi together had only about four hundred private soldiers.

But more importantly, facing such disadvantage, Diliven and Peigi still did not choose to cooperate, and continued to attack each other.

Boom boom boom!

The cavalry under Peigi aimed their raised Thunder Guns at Depro and Diliven's men.

Dense bullets enveloped both sides.

Depro's and Diliven's cavalry, still wielding lances in charge, were directly thrown off their horses.

The seemingly solid armor, confronted with the assault of gunpowder bullets, was virtually powerless, even piercing through the bodies inside together.

Fresh blood brought red.

The wailing announced death.

And the cries of the horses were full of lament.

They couldn't even find their fallen riders before being swept along with the rear cavalries to continue charging, but what awaited them were still one firepower bullet after another.

Boom boom boom!

Peigi's cavalry well-trained, after formations switched, fired another volley.

Then came the next round.

Under such ceaseless shooting, almost within a glance, a third of Depro's and Diliven's private soldiers were lost.

"Where did he get so many Thunder Guns from?"

Depro roared.

As one of the gunpowder weapons, Thunder Gun has always been considered a revolutionary creation in changing cavalry attack methods.

Everyone desperately wanted to equip their household cavalry with Thunder Guns.

But,

Not possible.

Thunder Guns are expensive to produce and take a long time to manufacture.

A brand new Thunder Gun could be exchanged for twenty firearms.

And that's at South Los prices.

If you go further inland, this exchange rate is 1:30, even 1:50.

Thus, even as the heir to Bert Territory, Depro couldn't fully equip his private soldiers with Thunder Guns, five hundred private soldiers, he equipped only fifty as elites.

Diliven was in a similar situation.

The second son of Count Bert loudly cursed.

"Bastard!

Where did he get so much money?

He must have colluded with River Pirates!"

Diliven viciously glared at the smug Peigi.

'Thanks to Gleisa's help.

Though the cost paid was not small, but...

Worth it!'

Watching his two elder brothers suffer heavy losses, Peigi immediately felt it was worth every penny.

Then—

"Continue, kill them all for me!"

Peigi shouted.

This roar was indescribably exhilarating.

This roar represented Peigi's 'humiliation'.

As the third son of Count Bert, the youngest member of the Bert Family, Peigi could only obtain things the two older brothers didn't want from childhood.

And when he got those things, he would be mocked and ridiculed by the two older brothers.

So, he had to fight!

He had to take back those things originally meant for him!

Boom boom boom!

The Thunder Guns once again let out shrieks on Suke Street.

Even though Suke Street was wide enough for regular people, it was overly narrow for a battlefield.

The attacked cavalry had no way to dodge, only falling like cut wheat.

At this moment Diliven deeply regretted.

He should have brought cannon.

But he hadn't to speed up the march.

Then—

Send in Death Warriors!

Diliven looked behind and waved his hand.

Immediately, more than twenty Death Warriors leapt onto the rooftops, rushing towards Peigi as if walking on flat ground, their speed like arrows released from a bowstring.

"Huh."

Peigi sneered.

Though his Death Warrior count was lacking, firearms were enough to compensate.

"Fire!"

Peigi pointed at the approaching Death Warriors, issuing orders.

The nearby Thunder Gun Knights triggered their guns again.

The rushing Death Warriors immediately hung from roof edges or flipped off the roof to dodge bullets but still four unlucky ones fell on the charge path.

But the remaining Death Warriors were closer to Peigi.

"Go!"

Peigi waved his hand.

Instantly, Peigi's Death Warriors also climbed onto the rooftops.

In almost the next moment, both sides collided.

Death Warriors' fights had no embellishments, just life-for-life.

Therefore, in an instant, victory and defeat were decided.

A lose-lose

Death Warriors from both sides, except one severely injured, were all dead.

Seeing this scene, Depro laughed, just at the moment, Depro had already raised his hand, but seeing this, he put it down.

He believed there was no need for him to act.

These two idiots would lead themselves to ruin.

He wanted to be the spectator, he wanted to obtain the final benefits.

In fact, it was indeed so.

Watching those dead Death Warriors from his two brothers, Depro was immensely pleased.

Now that you are all dead, it's my turn.

Depro thought that way and acted likewise.

That arm raised again, then lowered again.

Thirty Death Warriors began their beheading operation.

Moreover, three individuals with unusual presence emerged from the crowd.

Just—

On the rooftop, those Death Warriors who had already died stood up again.

This scene caused Depro's face to change drastically.

"Death Poetry Society!

You colluded with them!"

The first heir of Bert Territory roared.

But Diliven and Peigi were indifferent.

They aimed to draw out all of Depro's hidden trump cards.

The two exchanged glances, seeing the desired answer in each other's eyes—

This bastard has a deal with Gleisa!

Gleisa is really a bastard!

The corpse manipulation secret technique they used naturally came from 'Death Poetry Society', and their ability to contact 'Death Poetry Society' was led by Gleisa.

The two knew they were schemed by Gleisa.

Yet at this moment, they couldn't care less.

First to solve Depro!

At this moment, the two reached a tacit understanding.

The true battle began right then.

Death Warrior against death's Death Warriors.

Mystic Side Person against Mystic Side Person.

And the cavalry originally on the battlefield?

Silently became supporting roles.

Two Death Warriors belonging to Alvis knew the moment had come.

The two were about to rush out, shouting according to Alvis' command, 'This is Gleisa's conspiracy'.

But just as they stepped forward, ripples appeared in the void.

Two daggers shot out from hiding.

Poof! Poof!

The two Death Warriors belonging to Alvis silently died in a corner of the battlefield.

No one noticed this scene.

Only a black crow flew across the sky, like Calamity sweeping over the land.

Chapter 838: Battle of Suke Street II

Alvis was dressed in luxurious attire, resembling a Noble from the 'Silver Era' attending a ball. Not only did he wear a white wig, but he also applied powder. The white stockings accentuated the muscles of his calves. As he raised his hand, he gracefully picked up the teacup with a slow and lightness-filled gesture.

The whole process appeared very elegant.

The teacup contained Alvis's favorite tea.

At this moment, the young man from the Golden Lion Family stirred with a silver spoon.

This was his favorite tea set, brought from his home in Inner Bay.

Using his favorite tea and favorite tea set together, Alvis originally thought he would feel a sense of joy.

But...

For some reason, even after adding two spoons of sugar, Alvis still couldn't taste the expected sweetness.

Instead, it tasted bitter and astringent.

Moreover, he didn't know why he felt a tightness in his heart.

'What's going on?

Did my plan go wrong?

No way!

I am a person favored by destiny!'

Alvis thought uneasily in his heart but quickly shook his head forcefully in denial.

He used 'the favor of destiny' to comfort himself.

However, he forgot that destiny also comes at a price.

It's like the girls in the club, once you sit down, there's a clear price list. Of course, you can also choose to change the batch.

But eventually, you need to pay.

No money?

Then you'll have to endure a beating or pay with your body.

And 'destiny' is far more terrifying than the girls in the club.

Unaware of this truth, Alvis was destined to be toyed with by destiny—

Time passed second by second.

The dissatisfaction in Alvis's heart became increasingly intense.

Not only intense but also cold.

At this moment, it was completely like the frost and dew of autumn and winter.

Unconsciously, Alvis shivered.

The young man's Spirituality in the Golden Lion Family was warning him.

'It's okay! It's okay! It'll be fine for sure!'

Alvis kept comforting himself as he stood up involuntarily.

He looked at the death warrior beside him.

To ensure his plan went more smoothly, he didn't have many death warriors by his side, only this one.

The rest had all been sent out.

Especially to Count Bert's place to ensure nothing went wrong, he practically bet all his possessions.

Otherwise, he worried his people wouldn't get to see that Earl.

But now he regretted it.

One death warrior left him feeling insecure.

Even at this moment, having one more would be better.

"You stay here and wait for the news."

Alvis instructed the death warrior.

Then, the young man from the Golden Lion Family was about to leave this hidden Safe House temporarily and enter another Safe House to wait for news.

However, just as he opened the secret Door, the young man from the Golden Lion Family froze in place.

Because—

Gleisa Hamlet.

Standing outside the Door, the Little Lion in a hooded cloak, upon seeing his fellow family member, immediately took off his hood, revealing a brilliant smile.

"Nice expression, Alvis."

The Little Lion looked at Alvis, who was stiff in place, full of mockery.

Then, without waiting for Alvis to respond, he pushed him aside and walked into the secret room.

As for the death warrior?

He was already decapitated.

The death warrior's eyes were wide open, truly dying with a grievance, as he had no idea how he died. The remaining wisp of consciousness could only feel his Fresh Blood gushing out, rapidly staining the entire room.

The Little Lion glanced down at the death warrior, his eyes full of disdain.

However, when he looked back at Alvis, who had returned to the secret room, that disdain quickly turned into ridicule.

"I thought you would run away."

The Little Lion said.

"Run?"

"Can I run away?"

Alvis retorted.

"How do you know if you don't try?"

The Little Lion sat in a chair, arms crossed over his chest, looking completely composed.

And this appearance utterly infuriated Alvis.

Bang!

Alvis slammed his fist onto the table, angrily yelling—

"Is this your trap?"

"Shh!"

Not so loud!

Otherwise, I won't be able to hear the trumpet of victory!"

The Little Lion raised his right index finger to his lips, signaling Alvis to quiet down, but how could Alvis possibly remain calm?

Alvis didn't even go around the table; he leaned over directly, reaching for the Little Lion's collar.

Then—

A flash of cold light.

Alvis's hand, along with his forearm, fell off.

Alvis was stunned, followed by a painful scream.

"Aaaaah!

How dare you?"

The voice was filled with incredulity, and his expression twisted in that pain and disbelief.

The Little Lion flicked his fingers and tossed the silver dinner knife he just picked up onto the table, casually saying—

"Alvis, oh Alvis.

You're not expecting me to let you off now, are you?

You are so naive!

No!

Not just naive, but stupid!"

Saying this, the Little Lion sighed regretfully.

"What a pity, after today, I'll no longer have the pleasure of toying with you. Maybe you don't know? When you appeared at Hayes's place, I was always watching you.

To put it simply, everything you did was under my surveillance.

You blame Hayes?

No, no, no.

Hayes is quite a good young man. Although in a few days, I'll send him to 'The Eternal Resting Land' to accompany you, but he is indeed good.

At least, he allowed me to obtain the entire Bert Territory."

The Little Lion walked up to Alvis and once again lowered his head slightly to look at him, full of resentment and dissatisfaction, teasing him like a dog.

"How could you be dissatisfied?

Even now you think you can win against me by bypassing Hayes?

Truly beyond salvation in stupidity!

You think that apart from playing games with you, Dieudonne, and Pistri all these years, I did nothing else?

I cultivated one spy after another, spreading them throughout South County.

As soon as the opportunity arises, I'll give the order, and they'll help me control the entire territory.

Just as—

Bert Territory!"

Having said that, the Little Lion turned and headed towards the chair.

This first heir of Inner Bay was about to sit back and tease Alvis, this fool, a little longer.

He certainly wouldn't kill him.

Besides, today would be a long day, and not having someone to amuse him would be quite boring; there's also a crucial reason: his uncle.

His Uncle, Baro Hamlet, made him uneasy.

He planned to use Alvis as a pawn to test him further.

However, in the next moment, the Little Lion's plan was shattered.

Alvis died.

His heart was gouged out, and the entire person was melting at a visible speed.

And that heart was held by a middle-aged man, dressed neatly and with a handsome face, who looked at Alvis's heart, first sniffed it, then licked it, and finally, as if retching, threw it onto the floor beside him. Immediately, those long, beautiful eyes fixed on the Little Lion.

Instantly, the Little Lion's hairs stood on end.

His voice blurted out, shocking beyond measure—

"Count Bert?"

Chapter 839: Monster, Monster and Monster I

Gleisa Hamlet looked at Count Bert before him, a chill rising uncontrollably from deep within his heart, as if it were about to freeze him solid—

'Father, why don't we annex the Bert Territory?

As long as the benefits are allocated properly, those guys will certainly agree.

Moreover, by stirring up the old 'controversy' of the Demon Hunters tied to the Ainhars Territory, it will become the next battlefield.

A battlefield of enticing allure, inviting those guys to enter.

We only need to watch and we can reap a great harvest.'

This was the question Gleisa privately asked his father after his coming-of-age ceremony.

The Old Lion laughed at that moment.

'This world is far more complex than you see.

And in the South County, there's another fellow I need to be cautious of.'

'Count Bert?'

The Little Lion guessed immediately.

'Yes, it's him.'

For the eldest son's wisdom, the Old Lion gave affirmation.

And to praise him, the Old Lion revealed some secrets—

'That monster Count Bert is undying!'

Undying monster!

In that moment, Gleisa, Hamlet remembered his father's words.

Hence, even though they could have very 'smoothly' annexed the Bert Territory, they had waited all these years for a 'perfectly fitting' reason.

However, just at the moment Count Bert appeared, the Little Lion understood that he had still underestimated him.

The intuition inherent in Spirituality made him see death.

The body's muscles, bones, blood, organs, were experiencing an unprecedented pain.

As if iced over!

That chill was not a metaphor!

It was a real attack!

Without any hesitation, the Little Lion played a trump card.

An ancient scroll with golden patterns was directly torn open.

Instantly, warm white light filled the chamber.

At that moment, amidst the white light, an image of a lady seemed to appear, looking at the suffering Little Lion, lovingly and caring reaching out to stroke the Little Lion's head.

In an instant, the chill dissipated.

The muscles, bones, blood, organs frozen and necrotic from the chill not only recovered but became even stronger than usual.

"Ilена's compassion?"

Indeed, the Golden Lion Family obtained the treasure of the last Holy Court."

The handsome middle-aged count chuckled with interest.

Ilена, the only Female Pope of the Holy Era.

A Female Pope in the shadow invasion period, a respectful Lord, who not only spearheaded the fight against the 'shadows' but also effectively curbed their spread—at the cost of her life.

This Female Pope burned her flesh, soul, and destiny, keeping the shadows from the land.

'Ilена's Radiance'!

Everyone called it that.

And 'Ilena's Compassion'?

Was the legacy the Female Pope left for the Holy Court.

A total of twelve scrolls.

Claimed to completely revive anyone as long as they aren't instantly killed, and increase defense and recovery with special secret techniques.

Some say it has the Pope's 'path' imprinted on it, others say the Pope, upon discovering the special nature of 'shadows,' had prepared for sacrifice by preemptively splitting her soul, and there are malicious speculations that the Pope was preparing for resurrection.

Whatever the case.

'Ilena's Compassion' turned the tide for the Holy Court numerous times.

Originally twelve scrolls, only three remained.

But, as the Holy Court was overthrown by the nobles, they became lost.

Now, appearing again, they were in the hands of the Little Lion.

"Indeed, the original pact was exploited by your ancestor.

The Golden Lion Family, truly a detestable family."

Count Bert said leisurely.

But the Little Lion didn't pay attention to this.

After fully recovering and becoming three degrees stronger, the Little Lion didn't attack, but instead...

Ran away!

A ripple of space appeared behind the Little Lion.

He leapt backward into it.

No doubt, he didn't know why Count Bert appeared here; it could have been a slip-up from his intercepting subordinates, or Count Bert noticed something amiss.

No matter which, he needed to leave.

If he didn't leave, it really would be a death wish.

The most optimal solution is waiting for the undying monster to age.

As for battling?

The Little Lion hopes the Spirit Medium from South Los would confront the monster before him, test its reality, but he definitely didn't want to face the monster himself.

The Little Lion accurately concealed himself in the ripple behind him.

Count Bert looked at this scene, shook his head, then raised his right hand and snapped his fingers—

Snap!

The ripple, which had disappeared with the Little Lion, reappeared.

In its original location.

After taking a step forward, the Little Lion was full of astonishment.

If previously upon seeing Count Bert, his face was only shocked, now it was full of incredulity.

His 'Talent' was constrained.

No!

Not constrained!

It was...

Controlled!

At this moment, the Little Lion's scalp tingled, his gaze filled with fear as he looked at Count Bert.

Almost unconsciously, the Little Lion stepped back.

Count Bert did not chase, but like the Little Lion, also stepped back.

In the next instant Count Bert left the spot, a small, crimson dot appeared beneath this handsome middle-aged count's feet.

But immediately, the crimson dot began to spin.

Like a whirlpool on a river, rapidly expanding and full of 'fatal danger'—

One after another, withered arms extended from the whirlpool.

Fresh blood dripped, turning into more crimson dots.

The dot immediately became whirlpools, with more arms emerging.

In a seemingly endless cycle, it threatened to engulf the entire chamber, even Rondohart Port.

For this was the Blood Duke's strongest secret technique: River of Death!

Even the Blood Marquis didn't inherit it due to an accident.

But now, it appeared again in the hands of the Little Lion.

Even as a scroll.

But it was enough for Count Bert to express admiration.

"Deception, cunning, greed...

Truly worthy of the Golden Lion Family's heir.

Truly a noble's paragon."

Noble's paragon was the Golden Lion Family's reverence during the 'Silver Era,' though it became 'less known' with the advent of the 'Pioneer Era,' yet amongst nobles it's still traditionally revered.

Of course, this tradition was maintained because of disdain and ridicule towards the Old Lion for ushering in the 'Pioneer Era.'

All nobles long for the 'Silver Era.'

In that era, they were true nobles.

In the 'Pioneer Era' they were just nobles.

Count Bert was different.

This count showed genuine appreciation without any disdain or ridicule.

After all, the Little Lion was worthy.

From the moment he met him, the Little Lion had orchestrated everything.

Fear was real.

Pressure was real.

But even under fear and pressure, to still orchestrate such a plan, doesn't it deserve admiration?

If not for his 'insight into the situation,' he would have been at a disadvantage.

And now?

Count Bert appeared behind the Little Lion, his hand pierced through the Little Lion's back, grasping that heart full of vitality.

Then—

The middle-aged count's brow suddenly furrowed.

Chapter 840: Monsters, Monsters, and Monsters II

Count Bert had come into contact with too many hearts.

The sensation of touching a heart, he was extremely familiar with.

Just like the heart of the Little Lion, strong and powerful.

But...

On the heart of the Little Lion was an unexpected secret technique—

Puppet Dance!

Master Alchemist Geppetto spent years researching to create this unique secret technique in hopes of making his puppet Pinocchio come to life.

Logically speaking, after this mad alchemist was put on the burning stake, this secret technique should have been completely lost.

"It seems the Golden Lion Family acquired more of the Holy Court's legacy than imagined!"

Count Bert did not crush the heart so close at hand.

Because, that heart had turned into wood.

Not only the heart, but the entire Little Lion had turned into wood.

Or to be precise...

A puppet!

Crack!

Its waist rotated, ignoring the original human structure, the puppetized Little Lion hugged Count Bert from behind, wooden arms extending one thorn after another, piercing into Count Bert's body.

Puff, puff, puff!

Among the sounds of flesh being pierced, Count Bert's face long since returned to calm.

Even though these wooden thorns each contained a poison capable of killing an Ascend Steper.

This poison originated from the Witch, it was Dove's Death Poison.

To create it, the mother of the Witch must witness her beloved child being tortured, her soul completely twisted, then four daggers made from the Witch's mother's arm and thigh were inserted into the Witch's limbs to drain her blood, finally smashing the Witch's own skull with her mother's skull, using this as the basis to make this soul-polluting poison.

And thus, even Ascend Stepers faced deadly threats.

Yet Count Bert was completely unscathed.

"How could such poison ever affect a Demigod?"

Count Bert retorted, without lifting a hand, the invisible airflow blew apart the puppetized Little Lion.

Not only scattered it to pieces, but also blew one hole after another into the puppetized Little Lion's body, as if it would corrode it completely at any moment.

But, in the next moment, the puppetized Little Lion restored itself.

Not only pieced itself back together, but also repairing the small holes on its body.

At the same time, the table in the secret room vanished.

The puppetized Little Lion moved its body.

Groan, groan.

Amid the unique sound of wood, the Little Lion's mouth split into hoarse laughter.

Just laughter, without a tiny bit of words.

And its body moved more vigorously.

Like a dance.

Yet definitely the ugliest kind.

Almost like a person's convulsions in their dying moments.

The aura of death suddenly intensified.

The intangible at this moment became tangible.

Gray aura enveloped Count Bert, urging him to dance.

This was a Dance of Death.

Also, the Death Poetry Society's Core Mystical Arts, if performed with Banshee's Wail, would instantly generate a Death Field enveloping a kilometer.

Within this field, even a Demigod would fall.

This is not a description, but indeed a Demigod died within it.

The first Master of Bloodflow, who brought the entire style to its peak with immense glory, met his end here, not by the Death Poetry Society.

But by...

The Golden Lion Family!

Therefore, Bloodflow held hostility towards the Golden Lion Family.

Of course, that was a long time ago.

Now?

The one recognized as Bloodflow's heir, Blood Shadow's Thorn, stood beside the Old Lion.

However, even without Banshee's Wail, its power was astonishing. In the gray mist, Count Bert furrowed his brows again.

It was a sense of choice.

Ultimately, this Earl raised a hand.

The gray mist dispersed.

A streak of white appeared on Count Bert's hair tips.

But soon, that streak of white disappeared.

Along with the disappearance of Alvis's heart.

"Is this the secret to your undying nature?"

The Little Lion spoke.

The words came out raspy and unpleasant from a puppet's mouth.

"Flesh replenishment?"

Is this immortality?

How dull—I thought I'd witness some earth-shattering secret technique, but it turned out to be just this?

Come on!

Let me show you what true immortality really is!"

As the puppetized Little Lion spoke, it raised an arm.

This time, no wooden thorns popped out.

Instead, it transformed into a barrel!

In the next moment—

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang!

A barrage of bullets shot out amid flames.

Don Green's Mechanical Gunpowder Sect Core Mystical Arts: Mechanical Gunpowder Transformation.

But unlike normal Mechanical Gunpowder Transformation, the puppetized Little Lion lacked flesh bound only by a pile of wood.

Yet it unleashed power far beyond imagination.

A secret technique meant to use flesh as bullets at that moment turned into using wood as bullets, although it seemed the puppetized Little Lion was still using 'its own flesh'.

But under normal circumstances, such a thing would never happen.

So...

Distortion!

Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association's Core Mystical Arts 'Distortion'!

Glancing at the rapidly vanishing wooden furniture and floor nearby, Count Bert searched for the 'distortion point'.

Quickly, he discovered the clue under the puppetized Little Lion's scalp.

Beneath hair seemingly crafted from some sort of thread lay Glyphic Language, ultimately forming the Mystical Arts 'Distortion'.

Without hesitation, Count Bert acted.

The middle-aged Earl moved through the puppetized Little Lion's rain of bullets, ignoring his own injuries, and reached for the Little Lion's head.

The Little Lion did not dodge.

It even took the initiative to draw closer.

Don Green's Mechanical Gunpowder Sect's Mystical Arts 'Mechanical Gunpowder Transformation' not only involved bullets, but cannons, and... Explosives.

Boom!

The puppetized Little Lion self-destructed.

Using itself and all the wooden furniture in the secret room as the medium, it produced an explosion no weaker than Fourth Order Ascend Steper level.

The puppetized Little Lion vanished into ashes.

Similarly, Count Bert lost half of his body.

Yet, the Little Lion wasn't dead.

The puppetized Little Lion ceased to exist.

But the body the Little Lion had prepared beforehand still remained.

Almost at the instant the puppetized Little Lion perished, its soul was drawn into the ring it carried, the stored Fresh Blood rapidly surged, enveloping the Little Lion's ring.

In an instant, the Little Lion was reborn.

"Parasitic Revival!

Pain Church's Core Mystical Arts!"

Instantly restored, Count Bert sighed softly.

Clearly, even this Earl marveled at the Little Lion's endless secret techniques.

Yet, this marvel still carried an air of superiority.

The Little Lion sensed it.

But the Little Lion did not care, he merely grabbed clothing from the ring while surveying the surroundings of the secret room that had resumed 'normalcy'.

Gazing at the secret room void of battle marks, the Little Lion took a deep breath—

"An undead monster?

So that's it!

You weren't devouring flesh but using the flesh's time...

You actually stole time!"

With those words, the Little Lion's eyes burned with fervor.