

Great Master 851

Chapter 851 Cooperation I

The inland river water splashed, and under the moonlight, a black Caravel sailboat about 30 meters long broke through the surface, appearing in front of Arthur.

At the same time, the attributes of this ship were all displayed in Arthur's eyes—

[Name: Spirit Medium]

[Type: Ship]

[Quality: Epic]

[Requirements: Key]

[Attributes: 1, Autonomous; 2, Extreme Speed; 3, Concealment; 4, Solid; 5, Space; 6, Magic Cannon; 7, Secondary Diving; 8: Secondary Flying]

[Remarks: Since learning about the four legendary warships, Little Lion aspired to build his own flagship. So, at the age of 16, this heir of the Inner Bay secretly sought skilled craftsmen to begin a 10-year construction project, during which he invested a large amount of gold coins and various special materials.

However, lacking a true master shipbuilder and incomplete legacy memories, even with the significant investment, 'Lion' did not become a legendary warship.

Nevertheless, Little Lion firmly believed that 'Lion' would one day become the fifth legendary warship with his name.

Until the heir of the Inner Bay met you.

Then, the 'Lion,' which had yet to be unveiled to the world, was renamed by you.

Now—

It is 'Spirit Medium'!]

...

[Autonomous: 'Spirit Medium' is composed of multiple rituals layered together. It only requires 1 person holding the [Key] to easily control it]

[Extreme Speed: 'Spirit Medium' travels at speeds far beyond ordinary imagination. Except for the four legendary warships, no other ship can catch up with it]

[Concealment: 'Spirit Medium' is like an assassin in the shadows. It can not only avoid the common person's vision but also shield against detection by Arcana Level and Great Arcana Level [Spirituality] wielders]

[Solid: 'Spirit Medium' is immune to all attacks below 'Entrant']

[Space: 'Spirit Medium's' warehouse underwent a 'space expansion,' possessing a 2400 square meter room]

[Magic Cannon: 'Spirit Medium' has one main cannon and twelve secondary cannons. The main cannon can reach First Order charges, and the twelve secondary cannons have 'Entry' level cannonades]

[Secondary Diving: 'Spirit Medium' can navigate underwater but cannot dive deeper than 50 meters, and the speed is reduced by seventy percent]

[Secondary Flying: 'Spirit Medium' can fly in the air but cannot exceed a height of 20 meters, and the speed is reduced by eight percent]

...

(Note 1: Spirit Medium can navigate using wind, manpower, and other normal methods. Extreme Speed requires gold consumption)

(Note 2: When 'Spirit Medium' stops navigating, Concealment state +1)

(Note 3: The main cannon requires 60 seconds to recharge, secondary cannons 5 seconds, and each attack requires gold)

(Note 4: During underwater navigation, gold can provide sufficient oxygen)

(Note 5: The space cabin is stocked with large quantities of fresh water, food, and fruits)

...

Arthur looked at his 'Spirit Medium', the corners of his mouth lifting.

Arthur had never seen the four legendary warships.

However, the 'Spirit Medium' had already satisfied Arthur.

Especially its [Autonomous] attribute, which made Arthur nod repeatedly.

He had too many secrets.

So many that the presence of any person around him would make him vigilant.

Even aboard the 'Oriental', seemingly at ease, in reality, Arthur still felt like walking on thin ice.

Only a warship like 'Spirit Medium', with just himself aboard, was what Arthur needed.

Especially since the 'Spirit Medium' also had the [Secret Magic Cannon].

As long as he found a suitable position, the 'Spirit Medium' could transform into a turret.

This was exactly what Arthur needed!

Without any hesitation, Arthur boarded his 'Spirit Medium'.

The matters in Bert Territory had already reached a conclusion.

Now he needed to go to the Inner Bay.

However, before that, he needed to catch up with the 'Oriental'.

Of course, Arthur had not forgotten another matter—

Contacting the Countess of South Los!

The communication crystal flickered.

Almost the next moment, the communication crystal was connected.

However, there was no conversation.

Just the slightly hurried breathing of the Countess hinted at her inner state.

"Count Bert has already declared war on the Inner Bay."

Arthur said this.

This was information that could not be concealed.

Arthur believed that with the intelligence network of the Earl of South Los, they would know what happened here in two hours.

Therefore, it was better to do a favor and tell them in advance.

"What?"

The Earl of South Los was taken aback, then exclaimed in surprise.

Hearing the Mother Tigress's rare surprise, Arthur couldn't help but smile as he squinted his eyes.

He just wanted to see the Mother Tigress in this state.

It wasn't any malicious preference.

Just a simple desire to disrupt the other party's judgment.

He believed that after his last "No comment," the Countess must have taken a series of 'measures' against him—Never underestimate the Heart's Eye of this Countess, as the number of people struck by lightning in South Los was not small, and Arthur absolutely did not want to be struck by lightning.

Of course, more importantly, he needed the 'help' of the Countess.

He hoped the Countess would respond to Count Bert's declaration of war and jointly declare war on the Inner Bay.

However, he absolutely would not take the initiative to say it.

He believed that as long as the Countess of South Los did not act foolishly, she would know what to do.

And him?

Just a messenger.

"Truly wonderful news."

After a brief shock, the Countess of South Los said this.

This pretense of pondering almost made Arthur laugh aloud.

Arthur can assure you that at this moment, the Countess of South Los is 'fishing for words' due to being surprised and unprepared—As a young, kind-hearted, honest, and straightforward Spirit Medium, Arthur certainly wouldn't adopt this Noble bad habit.

So he said directly—

"There's even better news!"

"What news?"

The Countess of South Los immediately asked eagerly.

In fact, by this time, the Countess of South Los was unconsciously swinging her short little legs.

Madam Susan saw that and held her mouth in a smile.

Swordsmanship Master Julie saw that and scratched her head.

Guard Captain Cathy saw that and simply turned her head away.

When Hunter Chief Valerie, from the island, wanted to say something forthright, Granny Cullen had already pulled her to the kitchen to fetch sugar.

Everyone was aware of certain little habits of the lady they served.

But the Countess of South Los did not know.

She even thought she was disguising it well.

Just like at this moment, she thought she was entirely fitting the role of 'Lord', not calm in the face of a powerful enemy but composed in the face of joy.

Thus, she felt that the previous eager questioning seemed a bit too hasty.

"Thank you, Arthur.

Your meritorious service is beyond question.

I think that the upcoming South Los Daily could run consecutive features on you.

In addition, you may have an excellent territory in South Los to commend your meritorious service.

Of course, there's also your title.

"Lord" can no longer represent your identity.

Baron!

Baron is more fitting for you now!"

The Countess of South Los said this.

Chapter 852 Union II

Upon hearing the promise of the Earl of South Los, Arthur couldn't help but laugh.

It wasn't ridicule.

But rather a sense of 'unexpected gain'.

Involuntarily, Arthur glanced at the XP notification that appeared this morning —

[The promotion of you by the local newspapers in South Los Territory, West Berlin Territory, and Ainhars Territory has started a chain effect. More commoners, wealthy merchants, and nobles who have never heard your name now know of you, with quite a few beginning to recognize you; XP+2000]

[With the departure of the 'Red Knights' and others, your influence among the river pirates is being spread by them, causing more river pirates to fear you; XP+2000]

[Having gained a small district, the 'Inland Church' has reached the pinnacle of fanaticism towards you, viewing you as a miracle; XP+10000]

[The fermentation within West Berlin Territory continues, and the residents there still hold gratitude towards you; XP+5000]

[Driven by those with intent, your name is gradually being equated with 'Calamity'; XP+2000]

[More people in South County have heard your name: XP+1000]

...

XP earnings are still considerable.

But he is still some way away from the threshold of the 'Seventeen Order'.

Moreover, in just one day, the gratitude of the West Berlin residents has shifted from 'increasing by the day' to 'still holding gratitude'.

The acquisition of XP has rapidly declined from 8000 points to 5000 points.

This made Arthur lament the 'forgetfulness' of people when it comes to 'favor'.

Instead, it's the XP garnered under 'fear' and 'faith' that Arthur is increasingly conscious of, considering the actions of those river pirates and the 'Inland Church', Arthur intends to delve deeper.

Of course, that will be later.

Now?

He needs to remind the people of South Los.

And the report given by the Earl of South Los arrived just in time.

As for the elevation of rank and territory?

The former, Arthur is not very concerned about.

In Arthur's view, it is merely a hollow reputation.

On the contrary, he is very fond of land.

With a certain bloodline, Arthur has an innate attachment to land—he is eager to try sowing seeds in the soil and then experiencing the joy of harvest in the autumn.

Previously, he did not have such an opportunity.

Now he does, and Arthur has already started imagining that scene in his mind.

Of course, there will inevitably be some clueless individuals who will jump out.

But as a young, honest, simple, and kind spirit medium, who always loves peace, he certainly won't do anything public.

He would just plant those who obstruct him in farming into the ground.

Along with their families, if necessary.

After all, Arthur considers himself quite adept in matters of human relationships.

With these people neatly together as a family, he has no worries, it's simply a win-win situation.

Unconsciously, a smile appeared on Arthur's lips.

Although separated by the communication crystal, the Countess of South Los seemed to sense Arthur's joy.

Immediately, her little short legs began to wiggle even faster.

To the Countess, Arthur's performance brought her great satisfaction.

See, she is a good lord who is clear about rewards and punishments, isn't she?

With this in mind, the Countess couldn't hold back any longer.

"Arthur, what more good news did you just mention?"

"Count Bert personally killed the 'Little Lion' Gleisa Hamlet!"

Arthur did not hide it any longer.

This piece of news is closely related to the previous one.

Knowing the previous news, it naturally follows to know this.

This is more than just a coincidence.

It's completely integrated.

But how could Arthur, a 'bystander', know these things?

He's just a diligent gatherer of information.

Upon discovering Count Bert declared war on the Inner Bay, he immediately began searching for the reason, only to find that Count Bert had eliminated the 'Little Lion' Gleisa Hamlet.

"Really?!"

This time, the Countess of South Los jumped off her chair, wide-eyed.

This Countess couldn't conceal her shock.

Count Bert declaring war on the Inner Bay and then doing so after taking down the 'Little Lion' Gleisa Hamlet are two different concepts.

The former comes with 'noble rules' and room for redemption.

And the latter?

It is an undying enmity.

Especially when the Old Lion appeared in South Los, the emergence of the latter allowed the Countess to breathe a sigh of relief.

Declare war!

Immediately declare war on the Inner Bay!

Then...

Observe the Old Lion!

The Mother Tigress is convinced that the Old Lion, facing the death of his eldest son, the first heir, will reveal flaws, possibly affecting [Spirituality]!

And at that moment, she will have her opportunity.

Of course, it must be true!

Faced with news that seemed almost too good to be true, the Countess of South Los anxiously awaited Arthur's answer.

"Certainly, Lord Count.

I believe the news will spread quickly.

I hope you can make preparations in advance."

Arthur assured the Countess.

"Excellent!"

The Countess of South Los cheered, bouncing around happily, like a joyous Mother Tigress, completely forgetting her subordinates were around.

It wasn't until she was halfway through hopping that she noticed the others in the study.

Immediately, the Countess cleared her throat several times.

Then, with an air of feigned seriousness, she hopped back onto the chair and said—

"Arthur, is this what you mentioned before about solving South Los' crisis, even possibly taking down the Old Lion?

Very well, you have done well!

Our deal..."

"Wait!"

Just as the Countess of South Los was about to say 'deal closed', Arthur interrupted.

"Hmm?"

Confused, the Countess of South Los made a monosyllabic sound.

"Lord Count, might you have misunderstood something?

How could such a small matter resolve South Los' crisis?

As for taking out the Old Lion?

Where did that even come from?"

Faced with Arthur's barrage of questions, the Countess of South Los was a bit stunned, even at a loss, staring blankly at the communication crystal in front of her.

"Then it is?"

"Please wait for the good news."

With that said, Arthur ended the communication.

The young Southern Lost Spirit Medium could already imagine the look of the Mother Tigress gnashing her teeth once she reacted.

But this was exactly what he needed.

Arthur knew too well how to handle a Mother Tigress who hadn't truly matured.

Especially if he wanted to extract enough benefits from her, with a single glance, Arthur could come up with three feasible plans and twelve backup plans.

Putting away the communication crystal, Arthur took out the [Key].

"Yang Fan!"

Arthur first shouted from the ship's bow, then jumped onto the observation tower.

"Yang Fan!"

After another shout, Arthur walked to the steering wheel, waved his hat, and then placed his hand on the wheel, saying in a more steady voice—

"Set sail!"

In the absence of others, a free Arthur played multiple roles.

Without Pendragon by his side, he was de-stressing himself in his own way.

Meanwhile, in the secret chamber of the Count's Mansion far in South Los, the feared Mother Tigress stared at the communication crystal, cheeks puffed.

The round-faced Countess of South Los pouted.

At the ends of her hair, tiny sparks of electricity began to flicker.

Crackle, crackle.

Amidst the unique sound of current, Madam Susan leaned over—

"My lord, what do you think of Arthur?"

Chapter 853 Union III

Ever since severing ties with Old Charlie, Madam Susan has harbored a dream.

She hopes to become Arthur's grandmother.

And the moment she met Arthur.

Her dream came true.

Arthur truly calls her grandmother.

Thus, from that moment, Madam Susan's dream evolved.

She hopes Arthur lives healthily, safely, and prosperously.

Health, she is confident in, as Arthur's strength ensures his body remains extraordinarily healthy.

But safety?

That requires careful consideration.

The dagger in the shadows can even assassinate 'Divine Spirits'.

Even if the Mythic Era is long past, the dagger in the shadows still exists, and assassinations impossible to evade by gods are naturally harder for humans to escape.

The only solution is to forge stronger defenses!

And this requires manpower!

Only with enough people forming forces, using these forces as a foundation to weave a massive defensive net, can Arthur truly be safe.

Hence, Madam Susan believes the existence of the South Los House is perfectly suited to compensate for the shortcomings in Arthur's forces.

And the prosperity of the South Los House is precisely what Arthur needs most now.

Not just the 'Stairway of Ascension'!

But also what comes after ascending!

One must know that every step beyond ascension requires vast resources; if Arthur gathers them himself, it will become a lengthy process.

Even with Arthur's extraordinary talent, he could still stagnate.

Madam Susan does not wish to see this.

She hopes Arthur can embark on a smooth path and forge ahead...

No!

To be precise, she hopes Arthur can soar and sit atop the clouds.

This is her most earnest hope as a grandmother!

Thus, the lady believes marrying Arthur to the Earl of South Los is an excellent choice.

As for draining the South Los House?

The lady believes that once Arthur is seated atop the clouds, the South Los House will certainly be more prosperous than it is now, even grateful for her assistance.

Only, Marinda's appearance has temporarily stalled this idea for the lady.

But now?

The lady thinks she can bring it up again.

The unexpected attack of the Old Lion disrupted everything.

Including the arrangements made by her lord count.

Fortunately, Arthur's appearance has given room for a turnaround.

At such a time to gain favor, this lady naturally wouldn't pass up the opportunity.

And Marinda?

She is confident she can persuade her.

Even confident of making her one of the helpers.

"Arthur?

Quite good."

The Countess, having just been 'rescued' by Arthur, naturally feels quite good, and she responds to Madam Susan's inquiry with a smile.

"Arthur's temperament is quite good, and he is quite decent. He possesses the steadiness not found in other young people, alongside the vitality youths should have.

Especially when faced with such unforeseen events, he displays adaptability that ordinary people lack.

If possible, I hope the lord count can invite Arthur to dinner."

Madam Susan rephrased the words she once said to Arthur to convey them to the Countess.

Unlike Arthur's refusal.

The Countess immediately agreed.

"I will host a celebration party for him when he returns to South Los."

No refusal, yet this agreement reeks of formality.

The 'celebration party' dinner is not a dinner between just the two.

This is definitely not what Madam Susan wants.

Similarly, Madam Susan also understands that this is a polite refusal from the Countess.

To this, Madam Susan is not surprised.

Perhaps the Countess stands only at four feet tall, looking much like a child, but if she were truly a child, she wouldn't have control over South Los.

Understanding these things, Madam Susan never considered hiding them from the Countess.

Moreover, she must be more frank—

"Lord Count, as her elder sister, you don't want to lose to Marinda, right?"

After speaking, Madam Susan notices the Countess furrowing her brows.

With a smile in her heart, the lady promptly adds.

"Lord Count, you don't want the child born of Marinda to surpass the one you bear, right?"

After speaking, Madam Susan sees the Countess's brow already knitted together.

The personality of the Countess of South Los is somewhat elusive, though this elusiveness is seen by others; to Madam Susan, it's simply a refusal to accept defeat.

That's how she is with strangers.

Even more so with those close to her.

Especially Marinda, who shares a trace of bloodline with her yet has a height far superior, causing the Countess to develop a stronger desire to win unconsciously.

This point might not even be noticed by the Countess herself.

But Madam Susan sees it clearly.

And now what she needs to do is stimulate this desire to win.

What does the Countess care about?

Height!

And aside from height, it's the continuation of the bloodline.

As a rather traditional noble, Madam Susan is well aware that her Countess doesn't mind using a marriage alliance to let the man join the family.

But...

Is there anyone more outstanding of the right age than Arthur within the entire South County?

No!

Only if you look at the previous generation.

But given the pride of the Countess of South Los, how could she possibly choose an old man?

Even more so, those old men have ulterior motives.

Thus, Arthur has become a coveted choice.

No!

He's irreplaceable!

However, this irreplaceable person has been preemptively taken by Marinda, leaving the Countess of South Los uncomfortable.

'Aside from height, am I about to lose to Marinda again?'

When this thought arises, the Countess of South Los starts to feel uneasy.

Witnessing this scene, Madam Susan smiles and steps aside.

At this level, it's sufficient.

The rest?

Is to see Marinda's 'performance'.

Madam Susan believes this lady will not disappoint her.

After all, Madam Susan can see clearly Marinda's 'fondness' for Arthur.

Inside the study, the Female Swordmaster scratched her head.

For some reason, Julie, the Female Swordmaster, thought of the giant's special potion once again.

'Should I inform the Countess?'

The Female Swordmaster hesitated a bit.

The Guard Commander Cathy aside maintained a silent demeanor, but upon closer observation, one could find this Female Guard Captain's eyes full of twinkling excitement.

It's the unique thrill of a bystander stirred by the gossip.

However, unlike other gossiping bystanders, this Female Guard Captain is more discreet as she indulges.

Anyone looking at her composed expression wouldn't suspect she could be so absorbed by gossip.

The entire study, amid the Countess's contemplation, sank into a bizarre silence.

Yet the eternal night certainly won't remain quiet like this.

At least, not in the Inner Bay.

Whoosh!

Jimte took a deep breath and immediately felt a burning pain on his back, which made the young noble suck in a cold breath involuntarily.

"Sss!"

Chapter 854: Usurpation I

The wound on Jimte's back was exceptionally long, stretching almost from his right shoulder to his left waist, with the flesh rolled to the sides and the white bone faintly visible.

This was the result of a sword strike from Joel Colman.

Jimte had tried his best to dodge this sword.

But he couldn't completely avoid it.

However, faced with such a strike that severely injured him, Jimte could only feel fortunate—because if he had moved any slower, he would have been sliced into two.

But thinking about how the inner armor handcrafted by his fiancée Annie was ruined, the young nobleman was filled with regret and reluctance.

"Alas!"

Sighed the young nobleman.

Seeing Joel Colman catching up behind him, Jimte sighed once again.

"Can't we just talk?"

You've been chasing me for a whole day, haven't you?

The entire Inner Bay knows about this, don't you have any concerns?"

Jimte looked perplexed and wronged.

Seeing the grievance on Jimte's face, Joel Colman's hand shook with rage as he gripped his sword, and the indescribable pain surged from his acid-corroded left arm, the calf pierced by poison needles, the back bitten by a venomous spider, and the neck grazed by a crossbow arrow.

Faced with such pain, Joel Colman grew even angrier.

He swung his sword again.

This strike exploded with cold light.

This strike, the sword qi was sharp.

This strike cleaved a house in two.

This strike sent Jimte into another hasty escape.

However, in the eyes of the fleeing Jimte, there was a glint of coldness.

Something's wrong!

Jimte had realized something was off when Joel Colman began pursuing him in Inner Bay—acting so recklessly within Inner Bay.

No matter who it is or what the reason, such actions would get them killed by the Golden Lion Family's people.

Yet today, not a single member of the Golden Lion Family appeared.

Not even the guards.

Those omnipresent secret detectives of the past were nowhere to be seen.

This abnormality filled Jimte's heart with unease.

Similarly, to confirm more, he started to lead Joel Colman around Inner Bay.

He went to where the wealthy merchants gathered.

Causing some trouble, nothing happened.

He went to the noble residential area.

Causing some trouble, still nothing happened.

Even some noble guards appeared but were called back.

Jimte could see the resentment on those noble guards' faces.

This made his heart sink even deeper.

At this moment, he vaguely guessed what Lord Baro Hamlet intended to do!

Usurp the throne!

Apart from this, Jimte couldn't explain the 'bizarre quietness' in front of him.

Yet Jimte was puzzled and confused!

This former Wanderer Knight had experienced similar situations—back in Norvia Territory, Jimte had witnessed with his own eyes how his aunt overthrew his father.

How she managed to make everything seem orderly afterward.

No one even considered it a usurpation.

After all, everyone believed what his aunt did was righteous.

His father was indeed detestable.

Even as his son, he had to admit it.

Who would collect taxes eighty years in advance?

Who would try to reinstate the Right of the First Night during the Pioneer Era?

Someone like that deserved to be overthrown!

But the Old Lion was different!

The Old Lion held absolute prestige in Inner Bay, and while not everyone thought of him as a wise lord, at least half considered him a competent leader.

Moreover, this lord was incredibly powerful!

Given such premises, Jimte couldn't understand why Inner Bay's nobility would cooperate with Baro Hamlet.

Weren't they afraid of the Old Lion's retaliation afterward?

It's known that the Old Lion isn't exactly a benevolent person.

Or even if the nobles were merely fence-sitters.

They might be willing to take risks for benefits, and they've found a perfect excuse to absolve themselves afterward.

So, they prepared to cooperate with Baro Hamlet.

But what about the Golden Lion Family?

Would the Golden Lion Family, loyal to the Old Lion, betray him?

Impossible!

If the outside world had only half the people who considered the Old Lion a competent lord, within the Golden Lion Family, everyone acknowledged the Old Lion as a qualified family leader.

Therefore, if Baro Hamlet were to usurp, these people would surely stop him!

Unless they were all dead!

'Hiss!

No way! No way!

Our Lord Baro wouldn't be so ruthless, would he?'

Jimte was startled by his own sudden thought.

Subsequently, Jimte couldn't help but feel excitement rising.

If Baro Hamlet really did something so insane, Jimte would undoubtedly cheer because it would be a great opportunity for him and the lord behind him.

A once-in-a-lifetime opportunity!

But reason told him such events were impossible.

Though the 'Little Lion' Gleisa Hamlet wasn't in Inner Bay, both of his younger brothers, Dieudonne Hamlet and Pistri Hamlet, were.

Moreover, the Old Lion himself was still there...

'Wait!

Wouldn't the Old Lion himself be out of Inner Bay?'

Jimte squinted, considering another possibility.

Compared to the previous speculations, this one undoubtedly fit the current situation better.

The Old Lion left due to some affair.

Baro Hamlet, lying dormant for years, seized the opportunity to usurp.

As long as he could stabilize the situation before the Old Lion returned and bind everyone in alliance using the contract, then even if the Old Lion returned, he would have no recourse.

Unless the Old Lion killed everyone.

Or...

Everyone united to kill the Old Lion.

But no one would do that.

The Old Lion wouldn't, and neither would anyone else.

Everyone would weigh the pros and cons and sign a new contract, reaching conditions as satisfactory to both parties as possible.

And then?

It would naturally mean maintaining the status quo.

Inner Bay would still be the Inner Bay of the Golden Lion Family.

The nobles would continue to earn riches.

And the wealthy merchants?

They were, after all, the instigators of this events. They would bear all the blame, be reviled by the Inner Bay people, and their wealth would replenish the coffers of the Golden Lion Family and the nobles.

Causing the wealth of the Golden Lion Family and the nobles to multiply exponentially.

Meanwhile, injecting vitality into Inner Bay.

A large number of wealthy merchants would collapse.

New wealthy merchants would emerge.

They might come from the commoners or the middle class, but they would be more vibrant than the previous merchants and more sensible.

They would provide more job opportunities for the people.

With the Golden Lion Family's cooperation, using one percent or one thousandth of their gains for philanthropy, Inner Bay would stabilize in no time.

And then?

Another rapid development.

Except for those merchants viewed as cattle and sheep and the incidental victims, everything would become lovely.

However,

it would definitely not include him!

Jimte was well aware of this fact.

He would surely be made the scapegoat and sent to the gallows.

'Tsk, it's truly frightening.

Lord Baro, your reaction is too quick.

But did you forget...

I'm not alone.'

Thinking this, Jimte quickened his pace.

The next moment—

He darted into the alley ahead.

And Joel Colman, who had been in hot pursuit, suddenly stopped.

The swordsman, known as the strongest among the younger generation in Inner Bay, frowned deeply.

Something's wrong!

Chapter 855 Usurpation II

At the corner under the night, with the interweaving of light and shadow, a deeper darkness emerged.

Cold, sharp.

And...

Deadly!

Unexpectedness flickered in Joel Coleman's eyes, and then his brow relaxed as he became excited—

"Your helper is actually a swordsman!"

This swordsman, known as the strongest among the younger generation of Inner Bay, acted extremely strange as he spoke.

Not only did a distortion appear on his face, with unprecedented ferocity in his eyes, but he also started gasping heavily.

The next moment, along with the heavy panting, the swordsman known as the strongest of the younger generation in Inner Bay swayed.

Bones, joints, bending at unimaginable angles.

The ferocity in his eyes became almost tangible.

Ultimately, madness was born!

"Hehe hehheh hahaha.

Great!

It's actually a swordsman!"

Muttering such words, Joel Coleman lightly shook the sword in his hand, far exceeding the length of an ordinary longsword, and without any hesitation, he walked into the alley.

With each step, the injuries caused by Jimte healed a little.

Then, when only one step away from the alley, he suddenly stopped and directly thrust the longsword into the ground.

Crack!

The metal blade effortlessly sliced through the stone pavement.

The sword tip sank three inches, enough to make the longsword stand upright.

An invisible force field spread out.

It was a repulsion against the 'sword'.

Accompanied by a disdain for the 'sword'.

In the repulsion, there was suppression.

In the disdain, there was scorn.

The fusion of various unique emotions turned into a distortion—not the 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association's' distortion, but a howl from the depths of one's own soul.

"The howling of the defeatist."

In the alley, Kalal smirked, full of disdain.

He had such high expectations before coming here.

And the result?

Just this!

A failure!

Jimte beside him did not feel anything different.

This young noble was just looking for Hayes's figure.

When Hayes's figure was not found, the young noble immediately breathed a sigh of relief—

'Did not follow, should have already started taking action.'

Jimte was very clear; he could guess the anomalies happening in Inner Bay, and the Kalal and Hayes he acknowledged could guess too.

Especially after he spent the better part of the day running circles around Inner Bay with that bastard Joel Coleman, it would be abnormal for Kalal and Hayes not to act.

Jimte could almost imagine that Kalal had definitely contacted those 'strangers on the docks'.

And Hayes?

Probably kidnapped his fiancée.

Then, using this as leverage to 'surrender' to His Excellency Baro Hamlet.

Of course, this was not enough.

It was not that his Annie was not valuable enough.

But His Excellency Baro Hamlet, who made such a 'seizure of power' move, would definitely 'have a bigger appetite', so...

'Dieudonne Hamlet!

Pistri Hamlet!'

The second and third sons of the Old Lion are important chips.

Coincidentally, Hayes has the ability to acquire these chips.

Do not forget this guy's lover Manta.

This lady is actually an agent arranged by the Old Lion.

If used well, even if the Old Lion's second and third sons find something wrong and hide, they will be pulled out, becoming chips for His Excellency Baro Hamlet.

Moreover, these are essential chips!

Jimte believes even the ambitious Baro Hamlet at this moment would not give up adding more insurance for his life.

'Hayes has a high chance of success.

If this happens, then...

We seem to be able to gain more!'

Jimte almost instinctively thought of the Golden Lion Family's treasures.

They are said to contain 'treasures of the last era' without exaggeration.

Especially the private vault of the Old Lion, its value must be unimaginable.

If added to the lord's private collection, it would probably advance the lord's strength further, right?

And the forces under his command would surely develop more rapidly!

Normally, one wouldn't have thought of targeting here.

But now?

Faced with a rare opportunity, a crazy plan began to form in Jimte's mind.

However, that is for later.

Right now, Joel Coleman must be dealt with.

"How is it?"

Jimte asked Kalal.

Although reluctant to admit, Jimte knew, among the three of them, Kalal was the strongest, he was second, and Hayes third.

"Heh."

Kalal didn't answer, only sneered coldly.

He had already said before.

The howling of the defeatist!

Those who completely lost confidence, no longer believed in the sword in their hands, began using other means to compensate. What are they if not defeatists?

For these people, if he used his sword, it would become unclean.

Thinking of this, Kalal sheathed his twin swords.

Click!

The sound of the sword being sheathed was all too familiar to Joel Coleman.

Immediately, this swordsman, known as the strongest among the younger generation in Inner Bay, burst into laughter—

"A person who adheres to the honor of the swordsman—it is so rare during the 'Pioneer Era'.

Alright!

As a reward for you, I'll show you my true skills!"

As he finished speaking, Joel Coleman, who had already fully recovered, clapped his hands.

Clap!

Amidst the crisp sound, invisible force fields began converging upon him.

Layer after layer.

With ten layers of this defense field superimposed, Joel Coleman, filled with a sense of security, strode into the alley.

The two sides were only a step apart.

As Joel Coleman advanced once more.

This swordsman, known as the strongest among the younger generation of Inner Bay, immediately saw Kalal.

As for Jimte?

A mere rat wriggling around had long been ignored by him.

"When I gave up the longsword, you also chose to give it up, a truly respectable opponent.

However, even if you didn't give up the longsword, facing the current me, what could you possibly do?

Your sword cannot cut through my defense!"

At this, an unprecedented arrogance appeared on Joel Coleman's face.

But Kalal answered indirectly.

"You failed to advance to 'Ascend Steper', didn't you?

Moreover, you failed more than once trying to ascend.

As a result, your 'Sword Heart' shattered, no longer believing in the sword in your hand. Yet, to cover this up, to keep your 'young number one swordsman' title, you chose means you normally would disdain, even though you still carried a sword.

And, you became more stubborn with your sword.

You've even added some inexplicable rules to yourself to show your attachment to the sword."

The voice was calm but undeniable, as if seeing it with his own eyes.

Jimte beside him squinted his eyes.

Let alone Joel Coleman.

"Shut up!"

Joel Coleman said as he charged at Kalal.

But, Kalal easily dodged him.

Furthermore, Kalal whispered softly in Joel Coleman's ear—

"Your sword doesn't want you anymore!"

Chapter 856 Usurpation III

Kalal's words were light.

But to Joel Colman's ears, they sounded like a thunderclap.

Joel Colman's body trembled.

Even the Spirituality within him shook.

However, it quickly returned to normal.

Joel Colman swiftly surged forward, distancing himself from Kalal, laughing as he spoke —

"Trying to break my mental defense with words?

I have also learned the swordsman's 'Peeping' technique.

And I'm better than you!"

Saying this, Joel Colman prepared to launch a counterattack.

He was just momentarily disturbed by Kalal's words.

This time?

Definitely not!

Just like when he failed the Ascend Step six times.

He attacked the Ascend Step with his sword, failing each time, each time believing he was unprepared, yet each time when he attempted with full confidence, he was just a hair's breadth away.

The feeling is unbearable.

He experienced it six times consecutively!

Enough! Enough!

After the sixth failure, he abandoned the path completely unsuitable for him. A wise person once told him, 'Perhaps by changing paths, you'll find one more suited for you'!

That's what he did.

And then!

He realized he was right!

He was closer to the Ascend Step!

Although he failed once again, he was confident that he would become an Ascend Steper next time.

"I'll make you my last battle before ascending!"

Joel Colman said slowly.

But as soon as he spoke, he realized something was wrong.

Or rather accurately, Jimte stood at some distance, watching him with a look of pity.

Pity?

Joel Colman was puzzled.

Instinctively, he lowered his head.

There was a scar on his chest.

No!

It's not accurate to call it a scar; more like a red mark.

The red mark was narrow, as if scratched by a fingernail.

But Joel Colman's face turned pale.

His heart!

He no longer had a heartbeat!

His heart was gone!

Instinctively, Joel Colman turned to look.

Kalal lifted his right hand, tossing a fresh red heart up and down, his gaze sharp and focused on the Glyphic Language on the wall of the heart.

Then, disdain appeared in his eyes once again, along with...

Disgust!

It was the kind of disgust one felt when seeing something dirty.

"Just because of some praise, you think you have Swordsmanship Talent.

Then, abandoning your longsword because of others' gazes.

Hah.

A guy like you deserves to die."

Saying this, Kalal looked at Joel Colman, his hand suddenly exerting force.

Snap!

The heart shattered.

"My heart!"

Joel Colman exclaimed incredulously.

Joel Colman was certain that just at that moment, his Spirituality briefly flickered into chaos, but it was only for an instant, something ordinary people wouldn't notice.

Could Kalal seize that instant?

Joel Colman couldn't believe it.

Even at the height of his Peeping in swordsmanship, he couldn't achieve it.

He couldn't do it, why could Kalal?

Impossible!

Joel Colman denied it in his heart.

But reality wouldn't change.

"Your heart?

Someone like you doesn't deserve to have a heart!"

Kalal said, stepping to the side, and pulled Joel Colman's longsword from the ground. As soon as Kalal's hand touched the longsword, it immediately hummed.

It was—

A pleasant hum.

The hum had a sense of familiarity.

As if seeing someone awaited for a long time.

This scene made Joel Colman fall to the ground.

"How is this possible? How is this possible?"

Muttering, Joel Colman's eyes widened, dying with no peace.

Kalal, however, carefully sheathed the sword and placed it at his waist—the position of the two longwords didn't change, only placing the sword slightly lower on the left side.

This wouldn't make Kalal uncomfortable.

From a very young age, Kalal hoped he could wield eight swords simultaneously.

He practiced a lot for this.

Although he ultimately failed, he thoroughly mastered the posture of wielding swords.

"You won't Ascend Step anymore, will you?"

Jimte asked, frowning from the side.

"No.

It's just that I have the advantage against someone who has lost their Sword Heart."

Kalal explained.

Jimte remained skeptical.

"Sword Heart?"

I think it's Sword Body!

The Ainhars Family's Sword Body!

Didn't expect you to have awakened the family Bloodline Talent!"

Jimte exclaimed admiringly.

Kalal wouldn't further explain this.

He found it hard to explain to someone who hadn't genuinely practiced swordsmanship how he achieved a unique ability — by honing his Basic Swordsmanship to the extreme, breaking through, honing to the extreme again, and then continuously breaking through, he gained a unique ability. Faced with those wielding swords, or at least those who considered themselves sword wielders, he could effortlessly see their "flaws," especially in the latter; he could even see their "death points."

Even if they weren't sword-wielders, he could faintly see it.

He called this ability "Sword Heart."

An existence completely different from "Sword Body."

He glanced at the "death point" on Jimte's body; compared to earlier clarity, it now became faintly visible again.

By common sense, death had become distant from Kalal.

They were safe now.

Of course, not everything could be explained by common sense.

For example: their mentor.

In Ainhars presence, Kalal saw no "death point."

It wasn't that there was no death.

On the contrary, unparalleled death surrounded Ainhars, like standing there meant "death."

Yet, Ainhars wasn't "death."

Not "death," but commanding "death."

The contradiction created an unprecedented domineering aura that gave Kalal a sense of fate-like belonging; he wished to pursue such dominance, but before he could reach it, he saw it in Arthur, a domineering aura beyond imagination.

Thus, Kalal willingly submitted to Arthur.

Of course, Kalal wouldn't explain these things to Jimte.

He's not some idle socialite finding a confidant to pour her heart out.

He would only ask the most beneficial question to solve the current situation—

"What next?"

"Of course, find a safe place to hide and wait for Hayes to send us the 'signal.'"

"Jimte said, the corner of his mouth curving.

The young noble had already thought of a completely safe place.

Kalal thought of it too.

The two exchanged a glance and vanished into the alley.

However, neither noticed a hawk flying overhead.

Chapter 857 Academy I

At night, St. Joan of Arc Girls' College was completely silent.

Although today Inner Bay was not peaceful, it actually had no effect on St. Joan of Arc Girls' College — in fact, even if Baro Hamlet became Master of Inner Bay, St. Joan of Arc Girls' College would still remain peaceful, with no incidents occurring at all.

There was such an exception not because of the two excursions and celebration events that St. Joan of Arc Girls' College holds every year.

But because—

Saint!

The appearance of this word on the Mystic Side only has one meaning: Divine Spirits!

St. Joan of Arc Girls' College had appearances of Divine Spirits!

Many believe it was Miss Joan herself, but more people think it should be someone else. However, whether it's the former or the latter, because of the unique 'dignity' of 'Divine Spirits', these commoners cannot remember who it is, and can only use the word 'Saint' as a substitute.

And because of this word 'Saint', it was enough to let St. Joan of Arc Girls' College become transcendent, and...

Not exist within Mystery!

Or rather, the original Mystery was infiltrated and then eliminated one by one.

Regarding new Mystery?

It will also end like this.

After all, Old Lion values this place greatly.

However, this doesn't mean the girls in the college don't yearn for Mystery.

On the contrary, these girls have reached a certain Extreme in their yearning for Mystery.

Born with curiosity.

Also because of the environment.

The kind of environment where they know but can't touch, making each girl search for secrets like a cat.

Unfortunately, they ultimately gain nothing.

Never doubt Old Lion's execution ability.

So, despite their arduous effort, this group of girls did not find A Tiny Bit related to 'Mystery', greatly disappointing these wealthy and idle students.

However, it's not without benefits.

At least, this group of girls formed one small group after another.

And tonight, these small groups met to hold a meeting—

A candle was lit in the abandoned Hunter hut behind the college.

Here used to be the Hunter hut of the college.

A long time ago, the college had its own hunter who would bring a lot of meat to the college every month, improving the lives.

However, since Old Lion took over, there was no need for hunters to improve the lives of the students anymore.

Naturally, hunters weren't needed anymore.

The Hunter hut was also abandoned.

Usually before the cold winter coal is stored here.

After the cold winter passes, basically no one comes here.

And it became the 'secret gathering place' for each batch of students.

This batch was no exception.

Ellie, with her short gray hair and slender figure, walked excitedly around the hut, beside her were Reine, Donna, Joli Li, and Judith.

And these five were the Boss among the students of this batch.

Especially Ellie, with a slightly masculine look, handsome face, and proficient swordsmanship and riding, had more than fifty followers — and this is only nominally.

In reality, there would be more!

To know, this batch of students had only around two hundred people.

"Do you know what happened during the day?"

Ellie stopped and asked the four people beside her.

"Yes.

A sword can even split a house!

This is the Mystery we're searching for!"

Reine, with fiery red hair and pretty little tiger teeth, spoke with a crisp and rapid voice, showing she was impulsive.

"Ha, even an idiot would know that."

Donna, casually hugging her chest, half looked down at her feet, her mouth full of disdain.

Clearly, Donna and Reine didn't get along.

"Flat girl, what did you say?"

Reine sneered.

"Who are you calling flat girl?"

Donna asked unfriendly.

"Who is flat I'm saying who!"

Reine was relentless.

This time Donna didn't argue further but drew the Longsword from her waist — St. Joan of Arc Girls' College has swordsmanship courses.

Of course, it's just within the scope of Basic Swordsmanship.

However, even so, it was enough for students to choose to wear a Sword.

And as Donna drew her sword, Reine stepped back and pulled out a Firearm.

Facing the gun barrel, Donna's expression stiffened.

Reine proudly tilted her neck.

"People say big boobs no brains.

You don't have big boobs, but why no brains either?"

Reine's words made Donna clench her teeth, her eyes becoming fierce.

No doubt, the next moment, this lady would act without regard.

However, with a glance from Ellie, Joli Li and Judith stepped forward to block the two — although they very much wished to see the two engage in a brawl, facing Ellie's request, they didn't dare disobey, not wanting to be ostracized.

Even if they had gathered a group of girls around them.

Yet they know, as long as Ellie says the word, these girls would abandon them.

Ellie had unimaginable prestige among this batch of girls.

"The key point!

You have to see the key point!

That sword brought Mystery and likewise informed us of the existence of Mystery — but have you ever thought about why we didn't know before?

I think today's event isn't coincidental."

After the hut quieted down, Ellie reiterated.

With good family backgrounds, educated elitely from a young age, Reine, Donna, Joli Li, and Judith are definitely not fools.

On the contrary, they are smart and knowledgeable.

As Ellie finished speaking, they grasped the key point right away—

"Ellie, do you mean, could someone be erasing memories?"

Joli Li frowned, and even some vertical lines appeared on her high nose bridge.

This snow-skinned girl certainly didn't want to have her memory erased.

But according to her speculation, she had already had her memory erased more than once.

Just as Ellie had said, today's incident absolutely wasn't coincidental.

Because, when they made a fuss, the teachers seemed very calm.

"Damn!

Am I actually having my memory erased?

Have I forgotten my beloved?

With a peerless appearance, standing at 1.85 meters tall, eight-pack abs, wealth enough to rival nations, is he in some unknown corner feeling sorrow?"

Judith, small in stature, wearing a pair of bunny ear hair clips and a pink nightgown, clutched her chest looking like her heart was about to break.

Immediately, Reine, Donna, and Joli Li all simultaneously gave the middle finger to Judith.

Ellie sighed helplessly.

Just when this girl was about to snap Judith out of it—

Pfft!

It was laughter.

Laughter that couldn't be held back.

Laughter that came from outside the Door.

"Who's there?"

Ellie shouted, then drew her sword.

The remaining four girls also looked cautiously towards the entrance, particularly the cutest-looking Judith, who subtly pulled out two round bombs from under her nightgown.

"Sorry, I didn't do it on purpose.

Couldn't help it."

With these words, a figure pushed the Door open.

And upon seeing this figure, the five girls suddenly panicked.

Because—

"Jennifer Teacher!"

Chapter 858 Academy II

When a person is still a student, there's always a natural fear when facing a teacher.

Even someone as surrounded by others as Ariel was no exception.

Subconsciously, Ariel sheathed her longsword.

The four people around her did the same.

Judith even stuck out her tongue, trying to quietly hide the bomb back into her nightdress.

"Judith, what are you holding in your hand?"

Jennifer put her hands on her hips.

Immediately, her already slim dress became even thinner, especially her bust, which reached a level the girls present couldn't even imagine.

Donna saw it and couldn't help but swallow.

Even Reine, who considered herself to have a great figure, looked at Jennifer, then at herself, and silently stepped back a bit.

Joli Li didn't react much, just pressed her arms tightly against her body, striving not to be outdone.

While Judith ran to Jennifer's side, clinging to the teacher's arm and shaking it.

"Miss Jennifer! Miss Jennifer!"

I beg you, forgive me this once, okay?

You're the best!"

Jennifer, the new history teacher.

Unlike those old-fashioned teachers before.

Jennifer was not only beautiful but also very elegant in speech, and most importantly, knowledgeable, which quickly earned her top popularity in the academy.

Greatly loved by the students.

Similarly, Jennifer was also happy to be with the students.

It was exactly because of this kind of friendliness that made Judith brave.

Otherwise, Judith wouldn't dare to do this.

Of course, it was also because Judith didn't want to be expelled.

Although she was very much loved by her parents and came from a wealthy family, if she got the reputation of being 'expelled,' she would be really finished.

Most likely, she could only marry some mediocre guy.

Moreover, he would be ugly for sure.

She, Judith, absolutely refused.

So, at this moment, Judith was not only bold but also putting on a performance.

Her big eyes were filled with tears, and her nose twitched with sobs.

Jennifer looked at her student and couldn't help but cover her forehead.

"All right! All right!

I'll let you off!

All of you, go back quickly—remember, just this once!"

She said, stepping aside.

The five students immediately ran out.

However, running at the end, Ariel couldn't help but turn her head, quietly looking back at Jennifer standing where she was.

Ariel had a feeling something was off.

She couldn't quite put her finger on it.

It was just a feeling.

With doubts simmering in her heart, Ariel kept on walking.

Quickly, the five girls disappeared from sight.

Jennifer walked into the abandoned hunter's cabin and relit the candle.

In the flickering candlelight, Jian emerged from the shadows.

This lady, with long brown hair and delicate features, looked at the place where she had just been hiding, still feeling a lingering fear—that was a secret compartment.

Big enough for a person to squeeze in.

But the experience was definitely unbearable.

More importantly, she had to hold her breath there.

If Jennifer hadn't arrived, she didn't know if she could have completed this 'surveillance' mission.

"How was it?"

Jennifer asked worriedly, looking at her friend.

"It's okay."

Jian shook her head.

Just now, she was very scared and uncomfortable, but Jennifer's arrival made her feel not the slightest discomfort, only peace of mind.

"It's good that you're okay."

I don't know what that bastard is planning.

Both having you monitor here and having me scare away those five little brats—those five brats have talent, but isn't it a bit much to make such a big fuss?"

Jennifer complained.

Ever since joining the so-called 'Shapeless,' Jennifer would occasionally complain about that Cassandra Cremos.

Their boss, truly elusive.

After all this time, still using notes for contact.

To this day, they hadn't truly met this boss.

This made Jennifer very uneasy.

Of course, Jennifer only dared to say such things in front of Jian.

After all, Arthur left too deep an impression on Jennifer.

As Arthur's aunt, this Cassandra Cremos is definitely even scarier and more cunning, Jennifer didn't dare offend her.

So, when her friend Jian took out the 'Shapeless' uniform from the secret compartment, Jennifer put it on without a word.

She was here to scare away the five little brats.

But her mission was to wait.

Wait for the five brats who were scared away.

Simply put, whoever from the aforementioned five brats comes back can become an intern for the 'Shapeless'—to which Jennifer wanted to complain.

Being in the 'Shapeless' herself, she hadn't gained any benefits.

Intern?

Most likely they'd just be washing underwear.

Or become the organization's 'blood bag,' continuously providing money to the 'Shapeless.'

"The lady is not that kind of person.

I can sense the lady's kindness."

Jian said confidently.

Ever since that day, Jian had changed a bit.

The person was still the same.

But her intuition had become extraordinarily keen.

Having had several experiences like this, Jennifer acknowledged it, but acknowledging didn't mean she was convinced.

"Those five little brats are just playing house.

Thinking they're so impressive.

But in reality?

Still brats.

So, the lady's plan has failed."

Lady, their respectful address for Cassandra Cremos, which received confirmation from this lady—she drew a smiley face at the end of the note.

Seeing that smiley face, Jennifer almost tore up the note.

Playing dumb, acting cute like a little white rabbit.

'Shameless!'

Jennifer couldn't help but inwardly complain once more.

Jian, once again sensing her friend's complaint about the lady with her 'intuition,' immediately smiled and took Jennifer's hand, stroking her friend's hand to reassure her.

However, at the next moment, Jian withdrew her hand.

Her expression turned serious.

Then she pulled up her hood.

In the next moment, Jennifer heard sounds of footsteps approaching, landing softly but quickly.

Moreover, from more than one person.

Immediately, the lady pulled up her own hood.

Outside the door—

"Ariel, are you really going in?

Miss Jennifer just let us off."

Judith whispered.

"Coward, you can go home to mommy!"

Donna said coldly.

Having just suffered a blow, she regarded all older than her as her targets.

"Ha, flat-chested ones, doesn't matter even if you find mommy, right?

Oh, by the way, if you become a mom, would your kids not be able to tell front from back?"

Judith chuckled lightly.

As for venomous words, Judith was undoubtedly the top of the five; even though she looked cute, her sharp tongue really stung.

"Ju..."

"Enough!"

The argument was interrupted by Ariel.

The four looked at Ariel.

At this moment, Ariel was more serious than ever, surveying them in a circle, then speaking softly—

"I've said it, this is my personal action.

If you are willing to come along, I am very grateful.

If you are not, there is still a chance to leave now."

Reine, Donna, Joli Li, and Judith immediately became cautious.

Not only due to Ariel's prestige but also because they felt something was off.

Seeing the expressions on the four faces, Ariel took a deep breath, feeling slightly comforted—despite speaking so decisively, in her heart, Ariel hoped someone would accompany her to face the unknown.

She felt this would be the biggest change in her life.

But she couldn't tell if it was an opportunity or a danger.

Or perhaps a combination of both.

Apprehension in her heart made Ariel hesitate for a moment as she turned to look at the familiar wooden door ahead.

She felt it would be the biggest change in her life.

Creak.

The wooden door made an ear-piercing sound.

And then——

"Congratulations, you have passed.

Jennifer welcomed you this once."

Congratulations, you have passed.

Welcome to 'Shapeless.'"

""

Chapter 859 Academy III

The moonlight was bright, the candlelight faintly yellow.

Using the Door as a boundary, the dust floated around.

Standing outside the door, Ariel's gray eyes lit up at this moment.

She knew she had found what she had been searching for.

And Reine, Donna, Joli Li, and Judith all let out a sigh of relief—they instinctively felt they should return when Ariel suggested going back.

Of course, there were dissenters.

For example: Donna.

This girl didn't think it was a good idea to return just after the teacher let them off the hook.

Because if expelled, their situation wouldn't be much better than Judith's.

But, the moment Donna spoke, she felt a sense of loss.

As if she was about to miss something very important.

Not just Donna, Reine, Joli Li, and Judith were also having similar feelings.

The anomaly among them surprised the four girls.

They exchanged glances.

Finally, their eyes all turned to Ariel.

Unlike the others, Ariel had decided she had to go back!

Ariel was a stubborn person; once she chose change, she wouldn't waver!

This moment proved Ariel's correctness—

"Jennifer, teacher?"

Judith asked tentatively.

Although the voice sounded familiar, confronted with the white-caped, hooded History Teacher, Judith still felt uncertain.

"It's me."

Jennifer did not hide her identity.

Nor could she hide her identity.

Her appearance here was to deliberately expose herself, attracting the five girls to join—even though she still didn't understand what use these five girls had.

Even if there's a talent.

It's not much.

If it was an obvious talent, it would have been absorbed by certain organizations or forces long ago, and wouldn't likely appear in St. Joan of Arc Girls' College.

Moreover, the age was a bit old.

The Mystic Side does not disdain age.

On the contrary, the Mystic Side respects the experience brought by years; the older one is, the more it represents power.

But this is based on the Mystic Side Person identified with Awakening from an early age.

For those who come into it halfway?

The opposite is true.

The older one is, the more mediocre one tends to be.

Neither learning Mystic Side knowledge nor mastering secret technique can be achieved without focus.

And the older one is, the harder it is to focus.

Often, a scenario arises where ten minutes of effort requires two hours of relaxation.

Therefore, Jennifer wasn't optimistic about the five.

However, she wasn't the Boss.

She was merely following orders.

"Jennifer, teacher, what did you mean by 'Shapeless' just now?"

Judith asked, her face full of curiosity.

Jennifer then raised her hand.

Including Ariel, the five students immediately gathered around, but the next moment—

Click!

In a barely noticeable sound, a sharp sword blade sprang from Jennifer's Bracer.

The sudden glint of cold steel scared the five girls, who quickly retreated, but soon, they excitedly clustered back together.

Looking at the excited, curious five girls staring at her Sleeve Sword, Jennifer pretended to be profound as she chanted.

"All things are illusion, all actions are permitted!

We dwell in darkness, but we pursue The Light—

We are 'Shapeless'!"

Reciting these words, Jennifer blushed.

She had no idea where her Boss found such embarrassing lines, yet she had to read them aloud.

Thankfully, she wore a hood, or her flush would have given her away.

Jennifer felt incredibly awkward.

But Ariel and the five were completely captivated by these words.

All things illusion, all actions permitted!

They repeated, chanting softly.

Their age destined them to be attracted to such words.

Especially under the premise of the Mystic Side, this attraction was fatal.

Then—

"Jennifer, teacher, does it mean we have joined the 'Shapeless'?"

Asked by Ariel, the five looked at Jennifer together.

Their warm-eyed enthusiasm even surprised Jennifer.

'Is the charm of these words so substantial?'

Jennifer thought, responding unhurriedly—

"Of course!

You have passed the test!

You are now apprentices of 'Shapeless'."

"Passed the test?

Ignoring your prohibition, returning here?"

Donna frowned.

"No!

It's not about ignoring my prohibition!

But having the courage to discern reality!"

Jennifer shook her head, emphasizing.

Of course, these words were taught by that damn Boss.

Just now, unlike before, Jennifer started to take her damn Boss's words seriously.

No!

More precisely, she began to appreciate the boss's 'Unpredictable Foresight'!

Until now, every word granted by the boss was able to perfectly address the situation, almost as if the boss had already foreseen it.

'Is this the Spirit Medium bloodline?

Truly terrifying!'

Jennifer murmured inwardly, feeling even deeper apprehension towards her Boss.

Moreover, this lady silently vowed in her heart never to publicly disparage her Boss again—although they haven't met, the Boss's image in this lady's mind was anything but Open and Aboveboard, with words like petty, insidious, and ruthless frequently appearing in her evaluations.

Jian's Intuition allowed her to clearly perceive her friend's thoughts.

Unconsciously, Jian stepped forward.

She said nothing.

Just walked ahead.

Because the task given to them by this lady was not limited to these, there was follow-up.

As Jian moved, Jennifer immediately followed.

Ariel and the five female students naturally followed suit.

During, Judith couldn't suppress her curiosity and asked again—

"Jennifer, teacher, if we hadn't returned, would there have been a second chance?"

"No!

Every choice requires bearing the corresponding consequences.

Missed, and it's gone."

Jennifer replied.

Judith immediately glanced nervously at the four beside her, then looked at Ariel with more gratitude.

She knew clearly, if it wasn't for Ariel's proposal, she would have already missed the opportunity that changed her life.

The other three shared the same feeling.

They felt grateful to Ariel.

While Ariel faced their gratitude, her reaction was moderate.

She just wanted to ask what would happen if she withdrew?

Luckily, reason suppressed such rashness.

Ultimately, Ariel asked nothing, obediently trailing behind Jennifer, heading towards the school's hall.

Meanwhile—

Jimte and Kalal appeared outside the walls of St. Joan of Arc Girls' College.

Indeed!

The place they chose to temporarily hide was St. Joan of Arc Girls' College.

With the title 'Saint'.

And all being female.

Unless the entire Inner Bay falls into chaos, this place remains safest.

However, as the two approached, though not really into the school yet, they paused.

Chapter 860 Academy IV

Moon Shadow, White Robe.

The moment they saw the two figures standing in front of the 'St. Joan of Arc Girls' College', Jimte and Kalal immediately stopped in their tracks.

Under the moonlight, white was supposed to be pure.

However, Jimte and Kalal could smell the scent of blood.

Faint, yet lingering persistently.

Just like a nightmare at midnight.

Or perhaps...

The evil spirit at your bedside.

It watches you in your sleep, listens to your breathing, and extends its cold sharp claws starting from the top of your head, brushing past your hair, forehead, nose bridge, lips, and chin.

Then, it grips your throat.

In your sleep, you are suddenly attacked.

An instant awakening.

You are terrified.

You are suffocating.

You want to resist, but you are powerless.

And this makes it laugh heartily, opening its mouth to tear at the flesh on your face. When you tremble in pain, the sound of flesh tearing resonates naturally in your ears, intermixed with sounds of sucking. Blood makes it even more excited, no longer satisfied with this flesh, it then targets your eyes, nose, and ears.

As the sound of crunching echoes, death begins to descend.

And you stop resisting.

You no longer have the strength to resist.

But its game continues.

This time, it targets your internal organs.

The pain of being disemboweled and having your heart, liver, spleen, stomach, and kidneys pulled out causes you to emit a final moan before death, a moan that satisfies it.

Jimte and Kalal quickly shook their heads.

The two of them instantly shook off the illusion that almost made them feel like they were there.

'Secret technique?

Talent?'

They speculated, their eyes unwaveringly fixed on the two figures in front of them.

The white robes that were supposed to be white appeared blood-stained in their eyes, as if countless souls were wailing, staining the robe with the despair of their last moments.

Jimte immediately laughed.

A warm and shy smile.

"Gentlemen, we mean no offense.

We will leave right away."

Saying this, Jimte pulled Kalal, who was visibly excited, to start retreating.

The 'St. Joan of Arc Girls' College' is indeed a good hiding place.

But it doesn't mean it has to be the 'St. Joan of Arc Girls' College'.

They had other options.

There's no need to foolishly fight the two 'killing demons' in front of them.

That's right!

Killing demons!

Jimte finally recognized the origins of the strange beings in front of him—killing demons, a type of man-made monster with high talent but twisted, infused with bloodthirsty, violence, and cruelty.

Moreover, these were man-made monsters.

Only by having their personality twisted from an early age and living among people for a long time, separating the twisted personality to create a normal one, and then encountering distortion again, causing killings, can these monsters be born.

Such man-made monsters don't need to learn any secret techniques and can grow stronger over time.

As for the ritual?

Their experiences are the perfect ritual.

Most importantly, this ritual can be repeated.

Each repetition makes these monsters exponentially stronger.

Just like Jack the Ripper at the beginning of the Silver Age!

He only hunted five innocents.

But his power soared from obscurity, then, upon becoming Alaka, Great Akali, and an Entrant, awakened three exceedingly fitting talents.

And upon ascending the step, awakened the terrifying ability of 'Blood Cross', which can influence others' minds.

If he hadn't disappeared on his own at the end, the newly begun 'Silver Age' would have ended abruptly.

Some say a brave person took him down.

But the latter is just a rumor; no one has definitive proof.

Many even believe it's merely a bard's tale after a night of drinking.

But no matter what, Jimte wanted nothing to do with 'killing demons'.

However, Kalal was different.

With his eyes shining, Kalal's hand was already instinctively on his sword hilt—

He felt the two targets in front of him were worth striking down.

If I take down these two guys...

He might quickly ascend step.

Unconsciously, Kalal licked his lips, his eyes filled with excitement, bloodthirstiness, and...

Brutality.

A faint layer of crimson covered Kalal under the moonlit night, as if he was wearing a red raincoat.

While pulling Kalal along, Jimte nearly cursed.

What could be worse than encountering one 'killing demon'?

Naturally, encountering two.

But what could be worse than encountering two killing demons?

It's realizing your supposedly normal companion is also a killing demon.

Jimte never thought Kalal could be a killing demon.

Clearly, he seemed very normal.

Though he disguised himself with arrogance and disdain, inside he was sharp, intelligent, and had outstanding swordsmanship...

Thinking this, sweat dripped from Jimte.

The more he thought, the more Jimte felt Kalal was like a killing demon.

Not just Kalal, but even himself.

'Impossible!

Impossible!

How could I have my personality twisted from a young age?

My aunt loves me!'

Jimte reaffirmed in his heart, gripping Kalal's arm slightly harder.

Kalal was momentarily stunned.

Then, he sobered up.

He looked somewhat regretfully at the two figures in front.

If not for adults, he would have definitely slain these two guys.

The two of them kept retreating.

One smiling warmly and gently, the other with eyes full of regret but gaze firm.

This scene made Amy and Shara think they ran into lunatics.

'Are these the ones the boss wants to find?

They seem odd.

Did they hurt their brains?'

Amy thought inwardly, looking at Kalal with an unfriendly gaze—she unconsciously wanted to give Kalal a low blow.

The soft-natured Shara kept her head slightly down, afraid to look at Kalal, let alone Jimte; she always felt Jimte was more terrifying, like a smiling tiger, similar to Woolter.

Woolter...

Thinking of this name, Shara's breathing became somewhat heavy.

She naturally twisted her neck, leading her body.\\p>

Crack, crack.

In the crunching of joints, her gaze involuntarily fixed on Jimte.

She wanted to cut off Jimte's limbs, pull out his heart, and touch the warmth there.

Jimte noticed Shara's gaze, feeling secretly alarmed, yet still maintaining the smile on his face, while the two daggers hidden in the shadows were already targeting Amy and Shara.

He was always so compelled.

But Amy still maintained clarity.

She soothed her traumatized friend, speaking softly—

"Don't forget what the boss instructed."

Upon hearing that lady, Shara immediately sobered up.

She nodded repeatedly, then timidly shrunk behind Amy, like a frightened quail.

This scene made alarm bells ring in Jimte's heart.

How many times has this woman been distorted?

Jimte wondered to himself, the two daggers targeting Shara.

However, the two daggers didn't shoot out.

Because—

"Cassandra Cremos invites you two."