

Great Master 881

Chapter 881 Fishing VI

Arthur Kredos!

Upon hearing that name, Pistri Hamlet was stunned and surprised, but immediately it turned into a kind of knowing relief.

"Yes!

Of course, it had to be you!

Who else but you could so accurately grasp everything at such a young age?"

The Young Lion admired and lamented.

He admired Arthur's strength.

He lamented that Arthur, who seemed even younger than himself, had such resolution.

And compared to the former, the latter caught this heir of the Duke of the Inner Bay's attention even more.

Especially when comparing himself to Arthur, even more so.

The Young Lion asked himself, even after experiencing the 'Del family', he couldn't make decisions like Arthur.

When you see a tiger, turning and running isn't disgraceful; it just costs your life.

But when you see the tiger and charge directly at it, although it might cost your life, you could die with dignity.

If given a choice, even if the latter dies with dignity, most people would choose the former.

Talking is always easier than doing.

Anyone can boast before seeing the tiger.

But once they truly see the tiger, most of those boastful people can't even stand firmly.

The Young Lion deeply understood this truth.

He had always considered himself brave.

However, just now, facing the sudden incident, if not for the noble etiquette that ensured he was clean leaving the house, he really would have to change his pants by now.

But Arthur was different.

Even knowing such an incident occurred in the Inner Bay, with the former 'rules' becoming just a piece of paper, he dared to come.

Even if it was greed, even if it was ambition.

The Young Lion admired him greatly.

Of course, admiration is just admiration.

What needs to be done still needs to be done.

He wouldn't play games with a reckless man, which could end up burning himself.

So—

"I haven't heard your name just once; your name is like thunder in my ears.

Your deeds have earned my utmost admiration.

But I need something more practical."

The Young Lion spoke sincerely.

These words weren't difficult for the Young Lion.

After all, it wasn't an act.

It was heartfelt.

Even far in the Inner Bay, the recent events in South Los were clear to this Young Lion—because of the antagonism between the Inner Bay and South Los, even if he wasn't interested in politics, he still kept considerable attention on South Los.

Another reason was curiosity.

He was very curious about Arthur, who suddenly appeared in people's sights.

This curiosity stemmed from the curiosity between peers.

And there was also a kind of...

Envy.

He envied Arthur's freedom and willfulness.

These were things he didn't have.

However, the Young Lion wouldn't confess these to Arthur.

These were all secrets.

Arthur sat there, facing the sincere inquiry from the Young Lion, directly called out—

"Sean, Bonte."

Two figures emerged from the shadows.

Two Great Arcana Level experts from the Cat Hole respectfully greeted Arthur.

After acting as messengers in the Ainhars Territory, these two Cat Hole members were sent forth to the Inner Bay by Arthur as an advance team.

However, their understanding of scouting was different, expecting tasks like gathering information, enemy arrangements, and such, before planning the corresponding strategies.

Sean and Bonte's advance tasks were simple.

Just come to the Inner Bay and probe the situation at Kilg Harbor.

Moreover, this probing was just a superficial one.

For these two Cat Hole members, it was incredibly easy.

So much so, they even doubted if they were inadequate, excluded by Arthur from any action plans.

Under normal circumstances, such thoughts wouldn't arise, but witnessing Arthur's displayed 'strength', they couldn't help but feel inferior.

Originally confident in their abilities, they suddenly realized they were far behind.

Some ideas naturally emerged...

The self-assured two began to waver.

Thus, when Arthur called them, they responded not just quickly, but also more respectfully.

Arthur was very satisfied with their demeanor.

Of course, Arthur did it on purpose.

Compared to his other subordinates, Sean and Bonte were 'outsiders'—even though he always acted under the 'Cat Hole' name.

But, one knows himself.

He was only the new Cat Hole.

The old Cat Hole was still there.

To better integrate the old and new Cat Holes, he, Arthur, had to make some arrangements.

Otherwise, if the new Cat Hole and old Cat Hole fought, it would become a laughing stock for outsiders.

And now, this was the first step—

"They are loyal subordinates of mine; for some time to come, they will be with you."

Arthur introduced Sean and Bonte.

The two Cat Hole members, filled with anxiety, immediately straightened their backs.

Then, the two scrutinized the Young Lion.

They already knew the Young Lion's identity.

Now, they pondered Arthur's purpose in dispatching them.

To monitor, or to monitor?

Similarly, this was what the Young Lion thought, too.

The young man furrowed his brows; displeasure flashed across his face.

"Them?"

Though they are skilled, they are insufficient."

The Young Lion stated solemnly.

The education he received led him to subtly remind Arthur, not to bluntly point it out.

But Arthur bluntly faced it.

"I'm having them monitor you so we can collaborate better."

Facing Arthur's cheeky words, the Young Lion was stunned.

He swore, even the most shameless person he knew was a gentleman compared to Arthur in front of him.

No!

Make that, three times a gentleman.

The Young Lion emphasized.

While Arthur looked at the shocked Young Lion, his smile remained.

He loved such 'bashful' partners.

If coupled with honesty...

It would be just perfect.

Unconsciously, Arthur took a deep breath.

"The way you look at me always makes me feel like some filthy politician.

Relax; we're friends.

We're having a friendly discussion, aren't we?"

Arthur said with a shrug.

"For you to say that proves you're far filthier than any politician I know—believe me, your shamelessness is unparalleled in my life."

The Young Lion lifted a hand to cover his face.

It wasn't embarrassment.

It was awkwardness.

Awkward for being tricked.

When he spoke those words moments ago, the Young Lion abruptly realized he had fallen into Arthur's rhythm once more.

Discussions that should be calm became uneasy, mingled with some indescribable irritation.

The Young Lion swore.

He resolved never to cooperate with Arthur again.

"Maybe it's just the Spirit Medium?"

Arthur said with a smile.

Then, the young Spirit Medium of South Los softly said—

"I will have you meet someone."

As he spoke, a figure gradually stepped out.

Seeing the emerging figure, the Young Lion jumped up in surprise, exclaiming—

"It's you!"

Chapter 882 Fishing VII

A man radiating mature charm emerged from the shadows.

The slightly unkempt brown beard did not bring the slightest bit of sloppiness to him; on the contrary, it only made him look even more mature.

Of course, what truly captured attention was his aura.

Even without wearing the white cloak.

Even with the gray Death Qi in his eyes subdued.

That sense of deathly stillness still lingered around him.

Upon seeing him, Sean and Bonte felt as if they were looking at a living corpse.

Almost instantly, every hair on their bodies stood on end.

Like a cat arching its fur.

The two in the Cat Hole instinctively took on a vigilant stance.

The reaction of the Young Lion was even more exaggerated.

He not only jumped up entirely, his eyes widened, causing the color-concealing lens in his eyes to fall, and he kept exclaiming.

A "It's you" later was followed by—

"Impossible! Impossible! Absolutely impossible!

Potterman?

How could it be?

How could you, standing as the Left Cantor of the Death Poetry Society, be associated with Arthur Kledos?!

An illusion?

It must be an illusion!"

The person before him, the Young Lion recognized.

Though not familiar, the name Potterman was known to the Young Lion.

He also knew that this Left Cantor of the Death Poetry Society received special treatment from both his father and elder brother.

No!

It was high-level treatment!

But the more this was so, the more shocked and incredulous the Young Lion became.

The man should have belonged to his father or brother, so why was he appearing at Arthur's side?

Even if he had directly defected to his brother, the Young Lion wouldn't find it so strange.

After all, there was a foundation for it.

His father acted as the "medium."

But Arthur...

A completely unrelated person!

How could he achieve this?

Was the man a mid-journey defector?

Or was he Arthur's from the very start?

If it was the latter, how many people has the Kledos Family planted within Inner Bay?

No way!

The Kledos Family isn't that formidable!

Arthur Kledos isn't that formidable either!

Everything is a coincidence!

Stay calm!

There must be room to turn things around!

In his heart, the Young Lion was overwhelmed by a storm of emotions.

However, even if he was to be engulfed by the huge wave, his words didn't falter; he still spoke incredulously.

At the same time, he began pinching himself.

"Hiss!"

With a pinch, the natural pain made the Young Lion gasp, and upon seeing that the figure before him hadn't disappeared, he immediately pinched himself harder.

Moreover, not only did he increase his own intensity, he began to use various Secret Techniques to dispel illusions.

All of this, to a ordinary person, seemed like an unbelievable display continuing on.

But Arthur watched the Young Lion with an amused gaze.

Undoubtedly, he had begun his "performance" once again.

When seeing an unexpected person appear, the Young Lion was genuinely surprised, there's no doubt about it.

But afterward?

He used such exaggerated actions to buy time—to buy himself time to react, time to consider how to maximize his own benefits.

All in all, he was growing quickly.

He had mastered the essential trick of transforming from a fledgling rookie to an old hand.

And that is—

Shamelessness!

Those who care about their image live more difficult lives.

Especially those who starve themselves to death for the sake of meaningless fame; that is the hardest trial of all.

Perhaps different pursuits.

Those people are admired, revered.

Even remembered throughout history.

But Arthur wasn't that kind of person.

As an ordinary Spirit Medium, all Arthur wanted was to live a peaceful life.

Yet, there were always those who wouldn't let him be.

And so, he had no choice but to fight back.

Similarly, the Young Lion wasn't that kind of person either.

Perhaps he was once such a respectable, noble person.

But after the events with the Del family, he had changed, especially under Arthur's mentorship; the studious Young Lion absorbed the unseen knowledge like a sponge.

He not only became shameless.

He also learned to use his identity to make others believe he cared about his image.

Unfortunately...

He was still immature.

He couldn't fool the four people present.

Though Sean and Bonte weren't spectating like Arthur, their calm eyes indicated stable emotions, unaffected.

Arthur, of course, was another story.

If he had any Zeroes on him, he would definitely throw one or two.

As for the newly appearing Pottermen?

At that moment, he had already kneeled before Arthur on one knee.

"Your Highness!"

The sincere voice made the Young Lion's heart quiver.

Obviously, things were more complicated than he'd imagined.

The two weren't in a simple partnership.

But a genuine subordinate relationship.

Without a doubt, things were moving in the direction he least wanted.

Nothing was a coincidence.

Pottermen's demeanor clearly indicated allegiance to Arthur.

Then...

The Kledos Family!

And Arthur Kledos!

Looking at Arthur seated there, the Young Lion's pale golden pupils kept contracting—in previous moments, he had felt Arthur somehow resembled his father at certain times.

And now?

He was strikingly like his father.

Both so composed.

Both so strategic...

Profound!

Arthur sensed the Young Lion's gaze, but he didn't care.

The situation before him was exactly what he desired.

Just moments ago, with the appearances of the Pale Hand, Raven Feather, Green Rock Forest, Serpent Sect, and Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association one after another.

Arthur finally grasped what the Old Lion intended to do.

Unification!

Or more accurately, the unification of South County!

Indeed, the Old Lion intended to unify South County!

Because of this, the Old Lion ventured to South Los alone, in a real sense departing from Inner Bay—because the Old Lion knew clearly that only in this way could all the unstable factors of Inner Bay fully reveal themselves.

Not just the people around him.

But those hidden as well.

Only by doing this could Inner Bay become "clean."

Of course, doing so was incredibly risky.

One wrong step could mean his own death, an utter chaos of Inner Bay.

However, clearly, the Old Lion had absolute confidence.

The Old Lion was not only confident in his full retreat from South Los but also had the confidence to overpower the Earl of South Los, and furthermore, to snuff out the so-called 'chaos' in Inner Bay, which to the Old Lion was perhaps as minor as a skin rash, not worth mentioning, easily eliminated with a wave of the hand.

So, the Old Lion left Inner Bay.

So, the Old Lion went to South Los.

And to Arthur...

That's fantastic!

"Thank you for leaving!

Then I...

Won't hold back!"

Arthur thought to himself, maintaining a smile on his face as he looked at the Young Lion, softly asking—

"Is this sincerity enough?"

Chapter 883 Fishing VIII

Is it enough?

Enough!

How could it not be enough?

It even greatly exceeded expectations.

Pistri Hamlet couldn't suppress a bitter smile on his face.

In the mind of this Young Lion, Arthur might lay out some plans in Inner Bay, but those plans would be limited to a single shop located in a secondary bustling area in Kilg Harbor, where the shopkeeper would be responsible to Arthur, and the remaining people would just be uninformed employees.

In fact, most people did exactly that.

Why are there so many secret police in Inner Bay?

Apart from Gleisa trying to gain credit with his father, it's because there are too many scouts in Inner Bay. The friend you drink and chat with might have a different identity.

Even married couples sharing the same bed might have extraordinary identities.

If you go further, you might control a group of gang members lurking in the Docklands and form your own gang influence.

At this stage, it's already quite remarkable.

It requires spending a lot of time, effort, and money to accomplish.

However, these are still under the surveillance of those secret police.

Or rather...

It's Gleisa's indulgence.

'Visible enemies are not enemies.'

Gleisa has said this more than once.

The Young Lion didn't like this proud brother.

However, the Young Lion had to admit that Gleisa made a valid point.

It's just that...

Even Gleisa probably didn't expect that the members of the 'Death Poetry Society' he relied on would turn out to be part of Arthur's scheme.

'It's a pity Gleisa is already dead!

Otherwise, Gleisa's expression would surely be worth seeing!

Thinking about his deceased brother, the Young Lion sighed inwardly.

But immediately, the Young Lion's attention was drawn to another brother.

'Dieudonne! Dieudonne!'

The Young Lion gritted his teeth in his heart.

However, this Young Lion understood the importance of priorities.

Some things must be done.

But there is a sequence—

"You really surprised me.

I even suspect the chaos in Inner Bay is because of you."

The Young Lion exclaimed, his bitter smile growing more intense.

Arthur glanced over.

Performance.

Another performance.

Using a bitter smile to hide his true thoughts, then using words to probe.

'Progressing very quickly!'

Arthur observed him silently.

Then subtly influenced him.

As soon as the young man's words fell, Arthur started to laugh.

He said—

"Trust me, that wasn't my doing.

If it were me, once the matter became widely known, it would have been settled—I would have seized victory at that point.

And I would not have given my opponent any chance to recover."

Arthur spoke earnestly.

The confidence and calmness startled the Young Lion.

Like!

Too much like his father!

Unconsciously, panic emerged in the Young Lion's heart.

The influence of the Old Lion on his sons was far beyond what ordinary people could imagine.

Arthur saw it.

Arthur's smile grew even broader.

He continued—

"I'm not someone who likes to disguise, nor am I good at acting.

So, I hope you, Pistri, are equally candid.

I have shown my sincerity!

What about you?"

Arthur said, his eyes growing sharp.

The already panicked Young Lion felt the tension spread.

The lies he originally intended to tell unconsciously turned into the truth once they reached his lips—

"I don't have many followers, but I have 'authority.'

As the third son of the Duke of the Inner Bay, I have an absolutely legitimate 'authority.'

This authority is enough to entice the remaining Seven Major Families of Inner Bay, and I'm confident I can sway other members inside the Golden Lion Family.

Moreover, I have an absolute trump card!"

In Inner Bay, besides the Golden Lion Family, there are seven major families.

Of course, the so-called seven major families are merely proclaimed externally.

Internally, these seven families are attached to the Golden Lion Family, after all, they only rose thirty years ago—Inner Bay has no ancient nobles, and after the Old Lion brought South County into the 'Pioneer Era,' the surviving ancient nobles had long become local powers.

Or, their talents dwindled.

Most of those nobles in the territories are newly rising nobility.

This was the handiwork of the Old Lion.

Also the acquiescence of the Great Nobles of each place.

Even participation.

For—

Resources!

The saga of big fish eating small fish, small fish eating shrimp plays out in every era.

Even this time is no exception.

Baro Hamlet exploited this, treating Inner Bay's wealthy merchants and middle class as a cake on the table, ready to be divided.

The Young Lion also planned to exploit this.

Moreover, he intended to be more excessive than his uncle.

He planned to overthrow Tiansha.

To take down his uncle first.

Because, the Young Lion knew he was far behind and, to gain even a tiny advantage at this time, even with Arthur's help, some decisions against the ancestors had to be made to genuinely get a seat at the table.

Arthur was intrigued.

"An absolute trump card?"

Arthur asked.

"Dieudonne Hamlet!"

When the Young Lion uttered this name, it was through gritted teeth, his hatred almost tangible, but this didn't stop him from seeking a 'alliance' with Dieudonne—in fact, when facing his uncle, Dieudonne became his natural ally.

If Gleisa were still alive, he would never do such a thing.

But now, Gleisa is dead.

Dieudonne would definitely not let the Grand Duke's position be taken by his uncle.

As long as his timing was right, it would definitely achieve an effect beyond imagination.

Of course, this was also because of Arthur's presence.

It was because the Young Lion had Arthur's support that he dared to do so.

Unconsciously, the Young Lion glanced at Sean and Bonte.

He planned to flaunt the tiger's skin.

He wanted Dieudonne to misunderstand.

Misunderstand that he had been feigning all along.

Then—

Kill that bastard!

Arthur noticed the murderous intent in the Young Lion's eyes and guessed what he intended to do.

Alliance?

Yes, an alliance.

Even Dieudonne would think so.

But what the Young Lion really wanted was to kill.

To kill Dieudonne in the quickest, most unexpected way.

As for his uncle?

Naturally, he leaves it to Arthur.

No, it's not like that.

Arthur, who had been closely observing the Young Lion, didn't rush to a conclusion. After a moment of contemplation, he overturned his hypothesis.

Recalling the various things as the Young Lion appeared.

Arthur suddenly had an epiphany.

He understood what the Young Lion wanted to do!

Chapter 884 Chaos at Dawn I

When caught in the cracks, how should one survive?

One cannot be too rigid, nor too soft.

Being too rigid will only make one a potential threat, and then, directly eliminated.

Being too soft will only make one devoid of threat, and then, devoured in one gulp.

Therefore, in the cracks, one must be moderately flexible.

And then...

Gain favor from all sides!

Obviously, the Young Lion intends to do exactly this.

Simply put—

Dieudonne, that brother, the Young Lion plans to kill.

Baro, that shackle, the Young Lion also wants to kill.

It truly is...

Excellent!

Arthur laughed, no longer with the kind of social smile, but a genuine smile from the inside out—he seemed to hear the wails in his ears, felt the scent of blood in the wind, and saw what appeared like mountains of corpses and seas of blood, yet these excited him.

Even made him feel at ease.

As if he was meant to be like this.

The aura of death began to churn.

Shifting from the intangible to the tangible.

Amidst the gray, within the absolute domain of death, the young man sat cross-legged, chuckling, his eyes flashing with brilliance.

Thump!

Potterman, who had just stood up, immediately knelt again upon seeing this scene.

The eyes of the Left Cantor of the 'Death Poetry Society' were full of fervor.

He saw 'death'.

Moreover, he saw the future of the 'Death Poetry Society'.

Everything would hinge on the whim of the young man before him.

Meanwhile, waves of shock surged within Sean and Bonte.

The two from the Cat Hole were not unaware of Arthur's power.

They just didn't know Arthur wielded such pure 'death'.

In an instant, the two thought of the 'Black Cat' rumors!

The real 'Black Cat'!

But isn't Arthur a counterfeit?

Why is it so authentic?

Is there some misunderstanding?

Has the Cat Hole been playing a long game?

Their thoughts began to expand rapidly.

While the sight of Arthur made the Young Lion's heart tremble again, he was also slightly reassured—he wasn't surprised Arthur could guess his intentions.

From the moment they met, Arthur had demonstrated intelligence far surpassing his own.

What he could think of, Arthur naturally could too.

Yet the aura of death was unexpected.

The Young Lion never imagined someone could so resemble 'death'.

However, at this moment, there was a tinge of excitement within him.

Because he finally understood Arthur's purpose.

Slaughter! Chaos!

And then...

Death!

The other pursues 'death', built upon mountains of corpses and seas of blood.

No wonder the other is called 'Calamity'.

So it's for 'death'.

'Is this your 'road'?

A truly terrifying 'road!'

The Young Lion marveled.

Arthur, meanwhile, controlled the 'death qi', preventing the outside world from detecting any abnormalities here.

For others, even those from the 'Death Poetry Society', accomplishing this would be impossible.

But for Arthur?

It was too easy.

As simple as a father disciplining a son.

Afterwards, boldly shouting 'Suck it up! Cry again, and I'll smack you!'

As for why he did this?

Of course, because this show was for the Young Lion.

The people outside?

They weren't suited to knowing too much.

He needed a more 'secure' environment.

The next moment, a glowing contract appeared in front of the Young Lion.

After carefully reading it and confirming there were no untouchable lines, the Young Lion signed his name—

"Happy cooperation!"

Arthur said.

"Happy cooperation!"

The Young Lion bowed slightly.

Internally, he breathed a sigh of relief.

He was quite worried Arthur would extend his hand for a handshake.

He didn't want to get close to 'death'.

Even with a contract signed, he didn't.

It was a physiological aversion.

Due to this aversion, the Young Lion swiftly took his leave.

Taking Sean and Bonte with him.

Once everyone left, Arthur very decisively withdrew the death qi, which left the kneeling Pottermen feeling a bit regretful—as the Left Cantor of the 'Death Poetry Society', he loved that thick death qi immensely, and living within it was like a dream.

However, in front of Arthur.

Potterman had not the slightest compulsion.

He knelt there, waiting respectfully for Arthur's orders.

In fact, at this moment, Potterman was far more excited than when he first received Arthur's message.

It wasn't the loyalty that changed.

But the change in strength.

Potterman's stubbornness had long determined that the Left Cantor of the 'Death Poetry Society' would always be loyal to Arthur, but before Arthur truly grew, he could only disguise this loyalty, even if he deemed it absolutely correct.

Because, far too many people couldn't comprehend this loyalty.

And now?

No more need!

His loyalty could become open and aboveboard.

This excited Potterman immensely.

Like ten years of repressed heartfelt words, finally finding a tree hole, desperate to shout them out.

Arthur, without revealing any emotions, observed this Left Cantor of the 'Death Poetry Society'.

'Someone driven by their own 'righteous will', huh?

Arthur sighed inwardly.

Those who manipulate others are detestable.

Those who manipulate themselves are terrifying.

The former simply harbors ill intent, best to avoid, if unavoidable, might as well take them down.

But the latter?

They cannot be avoided or evaded.

Especially since, in most cases, such individuals would harm others under the guise of 'it's for your own good'.

The most terrifying part is that they never realize their mistake, even in death.

Such individuals only see themselves as lonely 'martyrs' misunderstood by others.

Arthur would always steer clear of such people.

Unless...

The 'righteous will' driving them originated from him.

Therefore, towards Potterman, Arthur's attitude was extremely amiable.

Grilled fish appeared once again.

With the [Lannister Family Seasoning Jar] present.

The standard of grilled fish was absolutely recognized by Potterman.

Moreover, the Left Cantor of the 'Death Poetry Society' did not find it surprising at all—in his view, it was entirely normal for Arthur, as a 'Child of Death' to master this.

'Death' is not asceticism.

'Death' is the end point.

And reaching the end, the journey must be brilliant.

This journey inevitably is surrounded by delicious food, beautiful women, and stunning views.

A joyous process.

Only then can the result be wonderful.

This was what the 'Death Poetry Society' recognized.

Tasting the delicious food, Potterman did not forget Arthur's earlier inquiry.

He lowered his voice and said—

"Your Highness, the location of the gold mine is confirmed!"

Chapter 885: Chaos of Dawn II

"Where is it?"

Arthur's eyes flashed with joy as he lowered his voice to ask.

Arthur had never forgotten his purpose for coming to the Inner Bay.

Aside from 'seeking justice for his mother,' it was the gold mine!

He needed enough gold to make his bloodline complete and pure.

And the Golden Lion Family's gold mine...

No!

It was the gold mine his mother left him, and he was determined to get it.

"The Lion Palace!"

Under Arthur's gaze, Pottermann mentioned a place that surprised Arthur.

It wasn't a secret that the Golden Lion Family owned a gold mine with abundant yields.

But where exactly was the gold mine?

It was hidden.

Or, to be precise, it's uncertain which one it was.

DuPont Hills, Neuer Town, Simao De Mine.

These three places were known to the outside world as possible locations for the Golden Lion Family's gold mine, but whether it was the remote DuPont Hills, the densely populated Neuer Town, or the dilapidated Simao De Mine, none were places ordinary people could approach.

Not only were they heavily guarded, but it was rumored that the 'Lion Group' under the Old Lion once stationed there.

'Mechanism Master!'

'War Elephant!'

'Blood Shadow's Thorn!'

It was because these three were seen in those places, and someone saw carriages full of gold, that they were suspected.

However, no matter how many people were sent to investigate, there was no definite information.

The people sent out either vanished without a trace.

Or they were directly turned, causing considerable losses to those in the shadows.

Especially for what seemed like the most likely answer at Simao De Mine, where a hundred elite troops were sent deep within.

And the result?

Vanished.

And who was that person?

Naturally, it was the Old Earl of South Los.

This Old Earl had an extraordinary talent for eroding his family's foundation while often giving others leverage, putting all of South Los into a passive position.

Some even said that if it weren't for the mess left by the Old Earl of South Los, the growth of the Countess would have been faster.

Perhaps she would have already reached the legendary Demigod Realm.

And it was precisely because of the Old Earl of South Los's probing that the Golden Lion Family's gold mine was further shrouded in mystery.

Like a veiled woman in the wild at midnight.

While attracting a group of ignorant men, it always scared away the truly clever ones.

The former were blinded by beauty.

The latter saw the trap.

It was highly likely that alongside that woman were heavily armed bandits.

Of course, this wasn't frightening.

What was truly frightening was if there were no heavily armed bandits around, only that woman alone, smiling sweetly at you, her eyes full of affectionate warmth.

Except her body was ice cold.

Perhaps, she had removed her own skin.

In any case, after that event, everyone began to restrain themselves—they believed it was the Old Lion's deliberate ploy, intentionally luring them into a trap.

Just like that veiled woman in the wild at midnight.

That woman eats people, and the Old Lion eats people too.

Among ordinary people, rumors began to circulate that the gold mine was cursed, claiming that 'anyone without the Golden Lion Family bloodline who enters it will face misfortune.'

To many, this was met with disdain.

But many began to doubt the authenticity of the Golden Lion Family's gold mine.

The gold mine didn't exist at all!

It was all the Old Lion's trick!

In the years leading up to the Old Earl of South Los's death, this matter was publicized worldwide.

As for who was behind it?

The answer was obvious.

However, with the appearance of six hundred carts of raw gold ore outside Kilg Harbor, rumors were shattered.

And the Old Earl of South Los?

He collapsed, coughing blood.

He didn't die.

But it left him with a lingering illness.

And the subsequent death was also related to this illness.

Because of this, the relationship between the Inner Bay and South Los became increasingly tense.

All these were information Arthur collected while plotting for the gold mine.

And in Arthur's mind, since the Old Lion laid out three locations, the gold mine was likely not in these three places—once a secret is known, it's no longer a secret.

Dead people not only keep secrets.

They could also deter others.

So Arthur asked himself, if he had such a gold mine, he would definitely create a smokescreen.

The gold mines known to the outside world were certainly fake.

The real gold mine, no one knew.

That's why he had the people of the 'Death Poetry Society' investigate.

Arthur didn't expect the gold mine to be in the 'Lion Palace.'

"No wonder the Old Lion expanded and renovated the 'Lion Palace' six times in the thirty years after the 'Seven Years' War' ended. It was all to cover up the gold mine."

Arthur sighed.

Then, the young Southern Lost Spirit Medium marveled at the Old Lion's luck.

The construction of the Lion Palace was before the 'Seven Years' War.'

At the time, it was just an ordinary estate.

In fact, the Old Lion's initial intention was merely to create a Noble's club.

However, as the Old Lion's fame rose during the 'Seven Years' War,' the scale expanded repeatedly, until they discovered the gold mine at the end of the 'Seven Years' War.'

This kind of luck nearly made Arthur think he saw the 'Child of Destiny.'

"Who's guarding it there?"

Arthur continued to ask.

The Old Lion had left the Inner Bay.

But the accompanying personnel shouldn't be too many.

Possibly, only the War Elephant was with him.

The remaining 'Mechanism Master' and 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' must surely have one staying there.

Because of this, Inner Bay unraveled to such an extent, yet the three of the 'Lion Group' never revealed themselves.

"'Mechanism Master' and 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' are there!

The 'Death Poetry Society' has been responsible for the outer guard, and both of them fully entered the gold mine a week ago and haven't left."

Potterman's confident answer made Arthur nod in satisfaction.

Then, the young Southern Lost Spirit Medium stroked his chin.

"Was Dieudonne Hamlet responsible for the construction of the 'Lion Palace'?"

Arthur asked.

"Yes, the Old Lion's second son has always been in charge of these."

Potterman nodded.

"And this young son of the Old Lion, is he also responsible for Inner Bay's finances?"

Arthur asked again.

"He's just providing some assistance, not truly responsible in a significant way. The financial minister of Inner Bay is still one of the 'Golden Bearded Advisors'."

Potterman corrected him.

However, this was no longer important.

Arthur had already grasped the key point.

The young Southern Lost Spirit Medium raised his head, inquiring to the 'Death Poetry Society's Left Cantor before him—

"Do you think the other members of the Golden Lion Family know the truth about the gold mine?"

The truth?!

The 'Death Poetry Society's Left Cantor narrowed his eyes.

Soon, the not-so-dull middle-aged man realized it.

He widened his eyes, slightly open his mouth.

"Are you saying?

That the members of the Golden Lion Family are not aware of this gold mine...

No, there should be a gold mine!

But the gold mine isn't really rich, it's quite barren, even exhausted quickly!

And it is located at DuPont Hills, Neuer Town, one of the Simao De Mines!

This is well known among the Golden Lion Family.

However, they don't realize that besides this gold mine, the Old Lion has a truly rich mine under the 'Lion Palace'."

The 'Death Poetry Society's Left Cantor finished in one breath, his eyes glinting with incredulity.

Looking at the expression on the other's face, Arthur then spoke—

"The people you have contacted, are they only the Old Lion and Gleisa?"

"Yes!

Although we've signed a contract, there are only a few people we contacted in Inner Bay.

Gleisa said it was to maintain secrecy.

I thought it was to keep our existence secret."

Speaking up to this point, the 'Death Poetry Society's Left Cantor showed a wry smile on his face.

Obviously, he guessed another possibility.

It's well known that the best way to hide a leaf is to conceal it in a forest.

The best way to hide a secret is, naturally, to create another secret.

The organization he belonged to, was perfectly suited for this.

The 'Death Poetry Society' has a notorious reputation.

Dealing with an organization like this, it was natural for the Old Lion to be cautious.

Thus, some atypical behavior became understandable.

"You are indeed luckier than those guards."

Arthur remarked softly.

The 'Death Poetry Society's Left Cantor immediately shuddered.

In Inner Bay, everyone knows that becoming a guard for the Old Lion comes with danger and opportunity alike.

If one survives three years, it's a direct path to success.

Unfortunately, the bones have already piled up within those three years.

"Were they killed to silence them?!"

The 'Death Poetry Society's Left Cantor finally reacted.

Arthur spread his hands.

"What else?

You wouldn't think the Old Lion is really just cruel and loves killing, would you?"

Facing Arthur's counterquestion, the 'Death Poetry Society's Left Cantor felt embarrassed.

Why do people spread the rumor that the Old Lion has grown old?

It started with the Old Lion's spree of killing guards.

People say the Old Lion, seeing the young and strong guards, couldn't bear his own decline, thus bred jealousy.

And hence became unreasonable.

Of course, Pottermán didn't completely think so.

Because the corpses of the guards killed by the Old Lion were all handed over to the 'Death Poetry Society'.

Therefore, the 'Death Poetry Society's Left Cantor originally thought the Old Lion was trying to win them over, thus choosing this convenient method.

But now it seems...

"Were all those corpses handed over to you?"

Arthur continued to ask.

Potterman grew increasingly awkward.

The 'Death Poetry Society's Left Cantor couldn't help but touch the tip of his nose and nodded.

"Yes!

All the corpses were given to us!"

After speaking, the 'Death Poetry Society's Left Cantor felt a slight chill creeping up his back.

The night wind before dawn, at this moment, was particularly cold.

Making one's heart grow cold unconsciously.

Even making one shiver.

The 'Death Poetry Society's Left Cantor unconsciously felt a hint of fear towards the Old Lion rising from the bottom of his heart.

But soon, such fear dissipated.

Because—

He saw Arthur.

Saw Arthur standing calmly in the darkness.

The composure infected him.

'Yes!

The Old Lion is indeed terrifying!

But His Highness is smarter than the Old Lion!

With sufficient time, surely he will surpass the Old Lion!

If that's the case, why should I fear?'

Thinking this, the disquiet in the heart of the 'Death Poetry Society's Left Cantor returned to calmness, and his breathing became steady.

At this moment—

A sliver of light pierced through the darkness.

Dawn, arrived.

Arthur, basked in the first light of morning, his lips curled into a smile.

The moment he awaited.

Finally, had come.

Chapter 886: Chaos at Dawn III

The sun dispelled the night and awakened those who had slept through the hours of darkness.

Most people in the area continued their usual routines, waking up to wash and prepare for the day.

The wife of a middle-class family had received the bread delivered from the bakery, with meat from the deli being an essential part, and the spices bought from the grocery store made breakfast abundant.

Butter, honey, and cream were only seen during festivals in the 'Silver Age'.

Even during festivals, these were not used lavishly.

But after entering the 'Pioneer Era', everything changed.

Concession from the nobles.

The rise of shipping.

The progress of productivity.

All made things different.

At least, Mr. Duer, who lived on Cork Street, was very satisfied with his life now. He still remembers that when he wanted to eat a portion of roasted meat weighing about 50g during his childhood, he had to wait until the Cold Winter Festival — it was possible, not certain, usually once every two or three years.

And now?

Mr. Duer looked at the 500g pan-fried meat steak on the table, a satisfied smile on his face.

Of course, the black pepper and salt handed over by his wife added a touch of happiness that only a middle-aged man can understand.

Watching his wife care for their son and daughter during breakfast, Mr. Duer, the head of the family, unconsciously straightened his spine.

He wanted to say something before the meal.

As the manager of a trading company, Mr. Duer felt he should do so.

But before he could speak, his wife interrupted him—

"Come home early tonight.

I bought new pajamas from the department store.

Black silk."

Her voice wasn't loud.

If it weren't for sitting next to her, Mr. Duer might not have heard these words.

Mr. Duer had always prided himself on his hearing.

But at this moment, he rather wished he hadn't heard.

That's marriage for you.

Always carries some hidden signals.

Especially between an older husband and a younger wife, there's an exceptional rapport.

Not much is needed, just a glance is enough.

In the past...

No!

To be precise, just three years ago, Mr. Duer would have been excited beyond measure at this time.

But that was three years ago.

Now?

Mr. Duer felt a chill at his lower back, his legs trembling, and the words he had been preparing turned into—

"I'll get the newspaper!"

Speaking, Mr. Duer eagerly got up and headed towards the door.

He already heard the sound of the extras.

Of course, these aren't important.

What's important is what he should do tonight.

Overtime?

That won't work!

He used that excuse last time.

Friends gathering?

Even worse.

After using that excuse last time, his wife hosted a small salon at home, and not only his friends came, but also their wives.

Then?

The ladies started talking among themselves.

The sight was enough to make him and his friends tremble in fear.

Among his friends, two temporarily lost contact with him.

Those two enjoy clubbing too much.

Another one had bruises all over.

That one's wife hails from the countryside, specialized in horseshoeing alone, with arms thicker than his friend's thigh.

The last one, appeared fine on the surface.

But he had been seen in the park for three consecutive days at dusk, and his clothes seemed a bit stale.

In summary, a friends gathering is not a good idea.

'Maybe I should fake a fall?'

Mr. Duer began leaning towards extremes.

There's no choice, middle age brings countless tiredness.

Thinking so, Mr. Duer handed over the Zeroes, took today's "South Los Daily" from the newsboy, and waited for the next paper—as a manager of a trading company, of course, Mr. Duer wouldn't just read one newspaper, the daily was merely the foundation.

While waiting, Mr. Duer opened the newspaper.

Then—

"How is this possible?!"

Mr. Duer exclaimed.

The "South Los Daily" published news of the Countess of South Los declaring war on Inner Bay, because the Heir of Inner Bay repeatedly provoked South Los noble Arthur Kredos.

This was on the front page.

The second page reported that the ruler of South Los had granted Arthur Kredos the title of Baron.

Mr. Duer flipped through the pages.

His expression kept changing.

This head of the family thought this was fake news.

But this was news published in the "South Los Daily", how could it be fake?

Then, more newspapers featured similar reports.

"True!

It's all true!"

Mr. Duer murmured to himself, almost subconsciously, this head of the family looked next door.

Under the giant banyan tree, No. 2 Cork Street was almost completely shaded.

When the wind blew, the shade swayed with the tree crown.

Making everything seem unreal.

In his memory, the kid next door—Arthur, in his eyes was still a child, even Drake and Cassandra were just slightly older kids.

Only Old Charlie's age warranted respectful conversation.

But unknown to him, that child turned into someone he looked up to.

When did it start?

It should've been after Police Chief Lauke died, right?

From that point on, that child in his mind seemed to change every day.

In just a short period, he became someone influential across the entire South County.

"Truly awe-inspiring!"

Mr. Duer sighed, but he didn't linger and returned home. Facing his wife's puzzled look, he quickly spoke—

"Remember Dotton?

The one who got beaten up by his wife, all black and blue!

You take the kids and go to the countryside with her.

Don't worry.

Dotton is probably packing his wife's luggage right about now."

Mr. Duer said this, then quickly dashed into the washroom.

From the ceiling in the washroom, he fetched some private money wrapped in parchment.

"Take it.

It could be a lifesaver in critical moments!"

After speaking, Mr. Duer rushed into the bedroom.

From a hidden compartment in the bedroom, he took out two firearms.

"Take them.

They could save your life in critical moments!"

After saying that, this head of the household went out to call a carriage.

Mrs. Duer, whose thoughts were disrupted by the sudden change, still hadn't reacted.

However, she trusts her husband.

She is well aware that her husband's vision and knowledge far surpass hers.

Since he asked her to take the kids and leave, there must be a reason.

Yet her concerns continued to deepen.

"Duer, you?"

"I have to stay.

I must stay—even though things aren't at the worst yet. On the contrary, staying at this time might bring unexpected surprises.

The greater the danger, the greater the reward!

Don't worry!

It might just be a false alarm.

By the time you return, I might be the general manager!"

Mr. Duer smiled, comforting his wife.

He sent his wife onto the carriage, kissed his son and daughter, then quickly pulled back his smile.

After that, Mr. Duer rushed toward the dock.

Tickets!

He had to prepare for the worst!

He had to get four tickets out of South Los!

If he couldn't get four.

Then three!

At least three!

With this thought, Mr. Duer quickened his pace.

Soon, he saw his friend who had been sleeping rough in the park, along with two friends he had temporarily lost contact with, all heading to the dock.

Moreover, not just the four of them.

More well-dressed people were heading to the dock.

The four exchanged a glance, feeling their hearts sink.

Unease began to spread.

But no one gave up.

After all, they were heads of their households.

Following the declaration of war, South Los experienced a chain reaction.

It was the same in Seberlin.

And also in Ainhars.

Even more so in Bert Territory.

The astute middle-class sensed something amiss; wealthy merchants and nobles began seeking alternatives, while commoners were confused. But regardless of their class, everyone remembered one name—

Arthur Kredos!

Like a whirlwind, it stirred from the depths of everyone's hearts, spreading throughout their bodies.

A tingling sensation spread from the scalp.

Everyone widened their eyes, looking at that name.

In this moment, they gained an indelible memory of this name.

And this brought Arthur a rich harvest—

[The South Los Territory, West Berlin Territory, Ainhars Territory, Bert Territory experienced some level of upheaval due to your declaration of war on Inner Bay, shaking the entire South County; XP +10000]

[Possessing a small parish, the 'Inland Church' reached a fever pitch in their fervor for you, seeing you as a miracle; XP +10000]

[From South Los to Inner Bay, along the journey, with your intentional promotion and close cooperation with other forces, your name gradually became synonymous with 'Calamity'. With the declarations of war across four regions, you were solidified as the bearer of 'Calamity'; XP +10000]

[From this moment, more people in South County heard your name: XP +3000]

33000XP!

A satisfying XP amount for Arthur.

Bear in mind, this is just the beginning, not the end.

With the spread and confirmation of the news, Arthur could easily imagine the appearance of his harvest then.

Especially when Bert Territory deployed troops and other territories followed suit, the XP would truly be astronomical—of course, to make this astronomical number even more exaggerated, he had also thought of some subsequent plans.

However, that was for later.

For now—

Arthur looked at his total XP count.

109000XP!

He saved enough!

The XP needed for an extreme breakthrough to the Ascend Step was saved!

Not only saved enough, but he had plenty to spare.

Among the remaining base materials, both [Dragon's Horn] and [Raging Bear's Gallbladder] were in place.

As for the 'Fierce Tiger's Claw' and 'Terrible Wolf's Ear'?

Arthur believes the Countess had them prepared.

However, Arthur didn't immediately contact the Countess.

The young South Los Spirit Medium looked at Potterman—

"Potterman, can I trust you?"

"Of course, Your Highness!

Your will is the doctrine of my life!"

The Left Cantor of the 'Death Poetry Society' said.

Arthur smiled and nodded.

Then he spoke—

"So, can you die for a bit?"

Chapter 887: Chaos at Dawn IV

"Of course!"

Potterman replied without hesitation.

The Left Cantor of the 'Death Poetry Society' stared at Arthur with piercing eyes and said word by word—

"Death is not the end!

On the contrary, death is just the beginning!

It is the rebirth of everything!

And the death led by you will surely be my most perfect destiny!"

Unlike others who fear death.

The old members of the 'Death Poetry Society' are shockingly calm in the face of death, and because of this, lords everywhere remain vigilant.

Death has always been a major tool they use to govern the common folk within their territories.

And because of this, many small tricks have been born.

But if the commoners no longer fear death...

That's imbalance!

That's collapse!

The imbalance of their power!

The collapse of their affluent lives!

Arthur was acutely aware of this.

As an absolute aid to his Inner Bay journey, Arthur was quite attentive to the 'Death Poetry Society'—of course, Arthur would never ask Pottermán whether he had seen 'everything after death.'

Words not conducive to unity should not be spoken.

Arthur already knew these things.

Even if it's the truth.

Or rather...

It's because it's the truth that it cannot be spoken.

Arthur sat there, looking at Pottermán kneeling before him, and softly said—

"Your destiny is to fight under my banner until death."

"Of course!"

The entire body of the Left Cantor of the 'Death Poetry Society' trembled with excitement.

Isn't this exactly what he wanted?

Fight to the death!

Eternal life after death!

Everything, he had longed for.

"Your Highness, when do we start?"

Potterman eagerly asked.

Arthur, however, smiled and shook his head.

"That's something far distant.

Now?

It's just an act.

We need to give the bigwigs of Inner Bay a tiny bit of shock."

Upon hearing Arthur's explanation, Pottermán was filled with disappointment but continued to listen intently.

"Leave it to me!

When you give the signal, I will execute it faithfully!"

Pottermán promised.

Afterwards, the Left Cantor of the 'Death Poetry Society' respectfully bowed to Arthur.

This was a farewell.

And also an anticipation of meeting again.

After seeing the other party off, Arthur looked at the sun, now fully emerging from the eastern horizon, feeling the warmth of the morning light on his body, and stretched lazily.

'Too bad I didn't hear that long-missed crackling sound.'

Arthur greatly enjoyed the crisp sound his body made when stretching.

It was a signal after weariness.

And also the fireworks after labor.

Whenever it rang, it was time for Arthur to harvest.

But unfortunately, after coming to this present world, as his Physique grew stronger, he hadn't heard such sounds for a long, long time.

However, compared to this regret.

Arthur looked forward to his further growth.

'Ascend Step'!

What kind of scenery will it be?

Arthur pondered as he took out the communication crystal to contact the Countess.

In an instant, the Messenger Stone connected, and a serious voice from the Countess came through—

"The item you requested is already on its way.

You should receive it before lunch."

"Thank you for your generosity."

Arthur said, but the young Southern Lost Spirit Medium hadn't forgotten the Countess's declaration of war, without pausing, he straightforwardly asked.

"Are you trying to use the declaration of war to force back the Old Lion?"

The Countess on the other end paused slightly.

Then she openly admitted.

"Yes!

The territory is the foundation of the noble!

No noble can possibly give up their land!"

This, of course, was not wrong.

For a noble, land is the foundation of everything.

Without land, there's no population.

Without population, there's no taxation.

The consumables of a complete system are highly cherished by every noble.

Arthur would not deny these established facts.

But the Old Lion is different.

He had already seen the Old Lion's ambition—a mouth wide open, wanting to swallow the entire South County.

Compared to the Inner Bay, what is that?

"Did he retreat?

I think not, right?"

Arthur retorted.

This time, the Countess was silent.

When she joined the declaration of war, she always believed that even if the Old Lion did not retreat, he would at least hesitate.

But in fact?

The Old Lion didn't stir a tiny bit.

Under the watchful eyes of her stalkers, the other party was living normally in the inn.

Even ordered two extra portions of South Los Seafood Stew in the morning—which is the normal quantity for a family of five.

With the Old Lion's capability, eating that much was natural.

There's no need for concern.

What truly concerned the Countess of South Los was the report from the stalkers: the Old Lion was smiling the whole time.

Obviously, in a good mood.

This made the Countess of South Los uneasy.

The situation in the Inner Bay is far from optimistic.

Yet the Old Lion is so gleeful.

A sense of unease spread.

Just at this moment, Arthur's Messenger Stone flashed and vibrated.

Almost immediately, the Countess paid the reward originally due later on—she hated being in the dark now and wanted to know more.

Arthur clearly understood her thoughts.

But Arthur wouldn't provide answers to the Countess.

Because—

The key to this arrangement is time.

He needed more time to complete his plans.

Thus, at this moment too.

In face of the Countess of South Los's silence, Arthur also remained silent.

About four to five seconds later, the Countess spoke again.

"No!

He's business as usual!"

As the Countess of South Los spoke, her breathing turned heavy.

Even without seeing her, Arthur could guess she was now frowning, looking upset, possibly with fists clenched.

"Be patient.

Patience is the most excellent Quality.

And also the key to success."

Arthur said with a smile.

The breathing of the Countess of South Los became even more rapid.

Clearly, the Countess had reached the verge of an outburst.

Of course, Arthur couldn't let her explode meaningfully.

He said—

"Declare war!

Declare war on the Old Lion!

Three days later, decide victory outside South Los!"

"What?!"

The Countess of South Los was astonished.

"You already declared war on Inner Bay in South Los's name, so wouldn't it be normal to declare war on the Old Lion in your personal name?"

You don't want the world to think you're bluffing, do you?"

Arthur's tone was more astonished than that of the Countess of South Los.

"How is that normal?"

And!

I am not bluffing!"

Emphasized the Countess of South Los, but at this time, the more she emphasized, the more guilty she felt.

But for the sake of her dignity, the Countess of South Los had to stress this.

Of course, also for the answer Arthur provided.

And Arthur?

Glanced at the communication crystal and hung up directly.

Chapter 888: Dawn Chaos V

Ash Bonaparte Nanluo, who claims to be 145 cm tall, was not happy.

Her feet that were off the ground stopped swinging.

Her entire small face became even tenser.

And her fists?

Naturally, they were clenched.

Just now, not only did Arthur not tell her about the subsequent arrangements, but he also hung up her Communication Stone. Particularly the latter, making this Countess breathe heavily.

"Ash, calm down."

Madam Susan walked over.

In her hand, was the soup that Granny Cullen had simmered all night.

"Hmm.

Wait a moment!"

With these words, the Countess of South Los walked to the room next to the study—a small training arena, empty except for the necessary equipment.

And in it, a two-meter-high sandbag was particularly conspicuous.

The Countess of South Los took out pen, paper, and ink and lay on the ground writing.

Dipping the pen in ink, she wrote Arthur Kredos's name, then jumped up and stuck the paper above the sandbag.

Then, she jumped up again and punched the sandbag—

Bam!

The sandbag flew through the air.

Before it had a chance to hit the ground, the Countess of South Los flashed above it, raising her right leg high and chopping downward fiercely.

Bam!

Another muffled sound.

The sandbag was smashed into the ground.

Even though the floor and walls of the indoor training arena were specially made to withstand bombardment.

But at this moment, they were useless.

The sandbag was not only embedded into the ground, but cracks also spread in all directions.

Moreover, as time passed, they continued to expand.

Because—

The Countess of South Los stood next to the sandbag sewn from the skin of a legendary Ferocious Beast, lifting her foot to step on it repeatedly.

As she stomped, she cursed aloud.

"Damn Spirit Medium!

Annoying riddler!

Don't let me catch a chance!

Or I'll beat you until even your mom can't recognize you!"

When the Countess of South Los uttered these words, she suddenly thought that Arthur's mother was reportedly missing.

And might even be dead.

Instantly, she felt a twinge of guilt in her heart.

Almost immediately, the Countess changed her words.

"I'll beat you until even your grandfather can't recognize you!"

Perhaps it was because of the doubled seniority, but as soon as she uttered this, the Countess of South Los felt a wave of relief.

And the next moment, she stomped even harder.

At last, the sandbag sewn from legendary Ferocious Beast skin couldn't withstand the abuse any longer and burst open with a "bam" sound.

Whoo!

Looking at the sand at her feet, the Countess of South Los finally exhaled.

She felt much better.

Immediately, the Countess turned and returned to the study.

Upon seeing Marinda smiling at her, the Countess's anger, which had only just dissipated, flared up again.

Her lips moved slightly.

In the end, the insults did not come out.

She and Marinda were relatives.

Her mother and Marinda's mother were sisters.

To curse Marinda's mother would also curse her own.

Moreover, the education she had received for so long didn't allow her to utter such words.

However, writing Marinda's name on paper and placing it on a sandbag for a good beating was certain and necessary.

She would definitely use the most brutal method to beat the sandbag.

Marinda couldn't help but grin at her cousin's expression.

It had been a long time since she had seen her extraordinarily talented and powerfully potent cousin feeling so frustrated and aggrieved—

The last time was probably when her aunt had passed away?

Back then, her cousin was about the same height as now.

Crying miserably.

Then, she secretly ran out of the Count's Mansion and slaughtered four Pirate Groups.

And was recklessly planning to go to Inner Bay.

Claiming she wanted to challenge the Old Lion of Inner Bay.

The result?

Of course, Madam Susan stopped her.

How much time has passed since that day?

There's a sense of nostalgia for her cousin during that time.

Although reckless and brash, it was better than the pretense now... Well, not pretense, just a little beast bound by various shackles, occasionally baring fangs, but known to all that she was harmless because—the chains called 'South Los' were too heavy.

Heavy enough to weigh down her development long ago.

Thinking this, Marinda curtailed her smile.

She spoke earnestly—

"Please trust Arthur.

Since I've known him, he's never failed once.

Never made a single mistake.

This time will be no exception!"

Marinda spoke with determination.

The Countess of South Los listened with her mouth twitching.

The Countess felt as if her cousin was showing off her love—What does it mean that since you knew him, he hasn't failed once or made a single mistake?

How long have you two known each other?

We've known each other since childhood.

Why are you standing on his side?

Oh, you're engaged.

Your surname has already taken on 'Kledos'.

You're family after all.

The outsider turns out to be me.

Thinking of this, the Countess of South Los was even more unhappy.

Watching from the sidelines, Madam Susan couldn't help but laugh.

The Madam realized that the opportunity had come.

With discreet grace, the Madam glanced at Marinda, who tactfully walked out of the study.

When only Madam Susan and the Countess of South Los were left in the study, the Madam spoke—

"Give Arthur a chance.

Also, give yourself a chance.

You are too tired."

Upon saying this, the Madam sighed softly.

Ash Bonaparte Nanluo was the most hardworking girl she had ever seen, without exception.

Compared to her unreliable father, she was the epitome of reliability.

She knew what to do from a young age without needing guidance.

Her extraordinary talent always astonished the world.

But who knew the effort she put in for her strength?

She was diligent.

She even sacrificed sleep for it.

Practicing secret techniques again and again.

Familiarizing herself with those rituals repeatedly.

Virtually trading her height for her current strength—Madam Susan had confirmed that lack of sleep indeed affects height.

Of course, that's not the point.

The point is, she thought Ash could take a break now.

With Arthur around, Ash could truly rest.

Not because of that bastard Old Charlie, but because Arthur was truly exceptional.

She believed that with Arthur's abilities, he could indeed govern South Los well.

Even elevate it to new heights.

Ash looked at Madam Susan.

Looked at her teacher, advisor, and... the woman who played a motherly role at times.

"But..."

The words had barely left her lips, and Ash found herself unsure of how to continue.

"I certainly understand your concerns.

But it's only three days.

Can't you even wait for three days?"

Faced with Madam Susan's words, Ash's brows furrowed.

Then, she nodded.

"Alright!

I'll wait for him for three days!"

Seeing Ash agree.

Madam Susan smiled.

She firmly believed Arthur wouldn't disappoint her.

After all, Old Charlie had never let her down.

Achoo!

Just entering the Docklands of Kilg Harbor, Arthur sneezed.

His gaze swept over the figures hidden among the dock workers, rubbing his nose and muttering softly—

"The wind's picking up."

Chapter 889 Chaos at Dawn VI

In South County, the places with the most people in any large city are always the Docklands.

From the moment before dawn, to late at night, there are always busy figures.

Even, it's around the clock.

Of course, the Kilg Harbor in the Inner Bay is no exception.

It can be said that as the core of South County, Kilg Harbor is as prosperous as South Losxis Port—which is precisely why the confrontation between the two has intensified.

The Golden Lion Family believes they are the core of South County and should be the number one.

And the South Los Family?

The old Earl believes he is favored by destiny, so becoming number one is only natural.

Then, from the end of the 'Seven Years' War', a confrontation lasting thirty years began.

Although after the death of the Old Earl of South Los, the Inner Bay once held the advantage.

But when the Countess of South Los matured, it turned back into a standoff.

As for eliminating the Countess of South Los before she matures?

Arthur assures that the Old Lion considered it.

And certainly not just once.

But the Old Lion was wary of the South Los Family's trump card.

And now, the act?

It must mean there is a problem with the South Los Family's trump card.

This is also what Arthur wants to know.

However, he is not in a hurry.

He believes that as the cooperation between the two sides 'deepens', he will surely know what he needs to know.

In contrast, what Arthur is now most concerned about is the Golden Lion Family's trump card.

It can be said that Arthur is now facing a formidable enemy.

So—

He needs Pistri Hamlet to probe the way.

No matter how solid a fortress, it can be breached from within.

Of course, relying solely on Pistri, the Young Lion, is not enough.

He also needs to be more secure.

Or rather, he needs the Inner Bay to get completely chaotic.

Therefore, Potterman needs to take the stage.

It's well known in South Los Angeles that the 'Death Poetry Society' has made attempts to target this young, honest, simple, and kind Spirit Medium more than once.

So if he has the opportunity, how could he not retaliate?

However, for safety's sake, he would naturally not personally act.

But rather...

The 'Blood Descendants'.

At this moment, Arthur is very grateful to have this vest.

All the dirty and tiring work can be done by others.

And, they can even take the blame.

Wearing the [Mask of Concealment], Arthur transformed into a middle-aged man, walked while thinking about the loopholes in his plan—'The Blood Descendants' would kill the 'Death Poetry Society's Left Cantor and create chaos by involving some big figure—it would be the most suitable to stir up chaos.

And at this moment in the Inner Bay, there are two people who if eliminated, would cause chaos and bring considerable benefits to him.

One is Baro Hamlet.

The other is Dieudonne Hamlet.

This is also why he picked the Young Lion as the exploratory stone.

Or rather, when he saw the Young Lion, Arthur had this idea.

'Whose hands hold the trump card?

Baro?

Dieudonne?

Or is it...

The Old Lion?!'

Undoubtedly, Arthur naturally hopes the trump card is in the Old Lion's hands, which would drastically reduce his pressure, but no one can guarantee the result.

The Old Lion is very likely to have taken the largest, easiest-to-carry trump card.

But he would also leave a 'safety net' in the Inner Bay.

Never underestimate families with over a century of heritage; each has unimaginable depths.

Let alone, the Golden Lion Family has been around since the mid-Holy Empire.

That's several hundred years.

'If I could take down both Baro and Dieudonne, it would truly benefit me!'

Arthur thought.

With the Young Lion present,

This is not an impossible task.

It just needs a suitable opportunity.

And as he was thinking, Arthur suddenly noticed some 'different' individuals among the dock workers—

Pirates!

Having encountered real pirates, Arthur recognized their identity at a glance.

Why not river pirates?

Compared to river pirates, who are 'timid'.

Pirates have a bolder aura, an unrestrained gaze that river pirates who habitually avoid eye contact never possess.

Simply put, they're the difference between a hare and a wolf.

At first glance, they might look the same.

But upon closer inspection, one of them always seems wise and clear-eyed.

Arthur was captivated by that unabashed gaze.

Fortunately, his current disguise as a middle-aged man looked rather poor, so the pirates' gaze quickly passed over him and settled back on their original target.

The pair of man and woman targeted by these pirates.

Both were under thirty.

Judging by their intimate demeanor, they were obviously a married couple.

The man was tall and fat, dressed in an ever-stylish four-piece suit, and his hat appeared brand new, with a silver-plated head on his cane. Each step he took, the cane would tip forward, and the new clothes made a tensioning friction sound that was teeth-grating.

His thick arms and broad shoulders were awe-inspiring.

The woman wasn't short, her hair neatly tied back into a ponytail, revealing a broad forehead. Her attire was this year's latest fashion, and a golden bracelet adorned her wrist—clearly, the bracelet caught the attention of those ill-intentioned individuals, but her husband's robust physique made them follow at a distance, unwilling to act immediately, obviously looking for an opportunity.

They were completely unaware, their faces filled with excited smiles, eyes constantly scanning around.

'A vacationing couple?'

Arthur speculated internally.

As for those pirates?

They're undoubtedly from the Western Sea outside Sidon Fortress.

Why is Arthur so certain?

Because the Pirate King close to South Los is another of his masks—under the slaughterous restraint of the new Pirate King, nobody dares to casually land.

'Western Sea?

That mysterious Western Sea Pirate General has also come to the Inner Bay?

For whom have they come?

Is it Dieudonne?

Or is it Baro?'

In Arthur's view, this mysterious Western Sea Pirate General wouldn't leave the familiar sea territories and venture to the Inner Bay without cause.

Pirates don't fear death, but that doesn't mean they can ignore it.

Unless there's wealth that blinds them with excitement.

And in the Inner Bay, aside from Dieudonne and Baro, no one else could offer such wealth to the Pirate General.

'This is getting troublesome.'

Arthur frowned.

His plans were disrupted by the sudden appearance of the Pirate General, something Arthur could not allow.

Thus, he must determine who the Pirate General came for and who their ally is.

Only then can he make his plans foolproof.

Fortunately, for Arthur, this isn't difficult.

The next moment—

'Kiri, these guys are up to you.'

Arthur ordered one of his Hounds.

In the concealed shadows, a Death Hound resembling a husky quietly followed the pirates.

Then, Arthur, dressed as a middle-aged man, paid them no further mind.

He just needed to wait.

He believed the death of these pirates would surely cause waves.

As for the couple?

Arthur did not care.

Nor would he seek thanks.

He did not intentionally save them.

'I am truly an honest Spirit Medium!'

Praising himself inwardly, Arthur pushed open the door of the 'Dock Bar' and stepped inside—this was Appok's base.

Meanwhile, the foreign couple in the distance narrowed their eyes simultaneously.

Chapter 890: Dawn Chaos VII

Mr. Reich Smith walked with his wife along the busy Docklands of Kilg Harbor—they had just arrived at Inner Bay this morning.

After the unsafe events that happened in Bert, when his wife suggested watching the Swordsmanship Competition in Inner Bay, Mr. Smith naturally didn't object.

They packed their luggage that very day.

Also, they bought a first-class ticket and set off the same day—a first-class ticket provides a private room and allows bringing a guest aboard.

The 'Oriental' followed the same rule.

However, the ship the couple took was not a precedent-setting luxury liner like the 'Oriental.'

It was an ordinary passenger ship.

Although it was a passenger ship, it also carried cargo.

Every day it stopped at ports large and small to load and unload cargo.

Thus, after many days, the couple finally arrived at Inner Bay.

Inner Bay, a place both had been before.

During those war-torn days.

They came here more than once.

Always alone, at different times.

Thus, in their memories, Inner Bay appeared shabby and rundown.

However, upon arriving at Inner Bay this time, both were clearly shocked by the new changes—

'So many people!

If they're all believers, then I...

Damn it!

What am I thinking?

I'm Reich Smith now.

No longer that 'He.'

Mr. Smith thought to himself, instinctively tightening his arm around his wife's waist, as he quietly said, "Rachel, we're being watched by some people."

Mrs. Smith nodded calmly.

"Hmm.

It must be my golden bracelet attracting them.

We shouldn't have been so conspicuous."

Mrs. Smith hid her shock at the transformation of Inner Bay with her words.

When she last came, this port was still a wasteland.

Many people sought fish to eat here.

Unfortunately, few succeeded.

The edible fish were long gone.

Even more unfortunate were those who found fish.

The inedible fish, once eaten, were deadly.

Initially just a stomachache, then vomiting and diarrhea, eventually vomiting chunks of innards and expelling bloody water.

In less than two days, a person would die.

At that time, she... no, He, had a soft heart and saved many.

He was revered.

Yet eventually, even He was dethroned by those He saved.

The process left Him perplexed.

He couldn't understand why, after giving them food and water, they still demanded gold from Him.

When He said He had none, the once devout raised their blades, wanting to cut open her belly to see if she hid gold inside.

He did indeed eat gold.

But it was something He needed.

He explained, but no one listened.

He pushed them away and fled.

At that moment, He became she.

Over the days that followed, she slowly understood a bit.

However, it didn't mean she forgave them.

She still remembered the gratitude after saving those people, and the twisted faces and fierce eyes when they demanded gold.

If possible, she would never return to Inner Bay for the rest of her life.

However, the message from the 'Lady of Sorrow' forced her to leave.

She was married.

She had a husband who loved her dearly.

In the future, she would have one, no, three lovely children.

She didn't want to get involved in any trouble again.

Yet, having just arrived at Inner Bay, they were already being targeted.

'Indeed, human greed never changes.'

Mrs. Smith sighed.

She also genuinely blamed herself for being too conspicuous—living in Bert Territory had made her completely lower her guard, especially with her husband by her side, she paid no mind to such matters.

But this didn't mean Mrs. Smith liked inviting trouble.

She didn't want these troubles disrupting her current life.

"Let's report them to the police!"

Mrs. Smith suggested softly.

Mr. Smith, who was just about to let these bastards taste his fist, hesitated, then scratched his head, chuckling, "As you wish."

Just some trash.

He didn't want to affect his wife's mood.

So, the couple threaded through the crowd, ready to head to the Docklands' police station.

But quickly, they both narrowed their eyes.

They sensed 'Death.'

No!

Not real 'Death.'

It's...

Death Hound!

Yet the two dared not be careless; even if it wasn't 'Death' itself, anything related to the Death Hound was enough to heighten their vigilance to the maximum.

They hadn't forgotten the 'Seven Years' War.'

Much less the 'divine conflict' that followed the 'Seven Years' War.'

Or rather...

The latter left an indelible impression on them.

However—

'Running into Reich (Rachel) was truly fortunate!'

They thought in unison.

Then, they started contemplating how to resolve the present dilemma.

Soon, they devised a standard solution—

"Rachel, I think going to the police isn't a good idea.

We can't confirm whether this bunch would report ahead of us.

If they do report...

it'll be us who suffer."

Mr. Smith stated.

Mrs. Smith nodded immediately.

"What do you suggest then?"

"Find a concealed place, and I'll deal with those bastards first."

Mr. Smith turned to show his wife a smile.

It was no longer an honest smile.

But one full of anticipation.

Mrs. Smith was naturally aware of her husband's 'Fist Power,' though there were five of them, for her husband, it was merely a matter of one punch each.

"Hmm.

Should I wait for you at the inn?"

Mrs. Smith asked.

"Head to the famous 'Storm Inn'!

The inns in the Docklands became unsafe after these guys came.

It might cost a tiny bit more, but your safety comes first."

The police might collude with these bastards.

The inn employees might more likely be their spies.

Mr. Smith didn't want his wife to encounter any danger.

As for the extra money spent?

He'd get every penny back from these bastards.

Of course, the most important thing was that Death Hound.

He had to ascertain the origin of that Death Hound.

Otherwise, it was too dangerous.

By the dock gates, Mr. Smith hailed a carriage.

After kissing his wife goodbye and watching her leave.

Mr. Smith walked toward a nearby alley.

Listening to the footsteps behind him, a sinister smile appeared on his lips.

Especially—

"That woman was quite decent."

"That golden bracelet was even better."

"Kill this guy."

"The woman and the golden bracelet are ours!"

Five arrogant pirates looked at Mr. Smith walking into a dead end and became wanton.

And Mr. Smith?

Bang bang bang bang!

A punch each.

The heads of the five previously arrogant pirates were instantly flattened.

Five headless corpses fell heavily to the ground.

Yet, Mr. Smith didn't relax a tiny bit.

He squinted, gazing toward the shadows, probing—

"Shall we talk?"