

Great Master 891

Chapter 891: Dawn Chaos VIII

Arthur never considered himself an unlucky person.

Even after being hit by the muck cart in his hometown, Arthur still thought so.

Being hit by the muck cart was due to his lack of caution, unrelated to luck.

If he were truly unlucky, how could he have lived another life as Arthur?

So, Arthur firmly believed he was very lucky.

No!

Very lucky!

Just like now, his simple desire to fish and create chaos.

Who would've guessed there would be unexpected gains?

Confronted with Mr. Smith's request to 'talk', Arthur quickly adjusted his mindset after a brief surprise—being a qualified spirit medium, Arthur knew exactly how to handle the situation before him.

No need to rush.

Patience is key.

Let the bullet fly for a while, it can't be wrong.

Indeed, that's how it turned out.

In the next moment, Mr. Smith straightforwardly said—

"After 'that matter', we adhered to the agreement!

'Death' shouldn't disturb my life anymore!

Now, I am just myself!

And not you all!

I'm not interested in you all!"

Tall and burly Mr. Smith appeared calm while saying these words, but with Kiri's vision, Arthur could see Mr. Smith's new clothes were stretched, especially around the shoulders and arms, the clothes were taut as if about to tear.

Clearly, the gentleman was far from as calm as he appeared.

Especially paired with the blood and brain matter on his fists, it served more as deterrence.

And Arthur?

Faced with such circumstances, he simply had Kiri step out from the shadows.

The once invincible 'Death Hound' was discovered for the first time, which made Arthur cautious but not nervous, because—Mr. Smith did not find his Crow.

In Inner Bay, for safety, Arthur's Crow and Hound moved together.

Quite clearly, Mr. Smith must have an unusual perception towards 'Death'.

Most likely had suffered losses and thus remembered 'Death'.

Of course, what intrigued Arthur the most was 'that matter'!

Someone else brought up 'that matter' again!

Arthur's curiosity was at an all-time peak!

However, he knew haste makes waste.

Thus, he let Kiri step out of the shadow.

First, since it was discovered, hiding was pointless.

Second, as representative of 'Death', his willingness to discuss—if curious, then find out.

Arthur was always such a genuine person.

As for impersonating 'Death'?

As a young, upright, simple, and kind spirit medium, he would never impersonate anyone; it's just that the other party has mistaken him.

And the speechless Kiri, responsible for conveying messages, wanted to explain but couldn't, thus letting the misunderstanding continue.

Of course, when the opportunity is appropriate, Arthur would definitely inform the other party of the truth.

Possibly days later, or perhaps years later, just not now.

Seeing Kiri come out, Mr. Smith breathed a sigh of relief—the tense muscles relaxed a lot.

This was exactly what Arthur wanted.

He hoped the other would relax and not hold hostility.

Only then could the other speak more.

Under Arthur's command, Kiri glanced at the headless bodies.

This was naturally to mislead Mr. Smith.

And departed, Mr. Smith fell for it.

"Are they your people?"

Mr. Smith frowned.

He began to reflect on himself.

Had life become too comfortable with his wife, causing him to forget basic knowledge—arriving in a strange place and acting without investigation.

Especially under the premise of perceiving the 'Death Hound'.

Why didn't he consider these people might serve 'Death'?

Perhaps 'Death' didn't value such servants.

But given 'Death's personality, he certainly wouldn't mind more such servants.

Anyway, none of these mattered.

The incident had occurred.

He now needed to make amends.

As for apologizing?

'Death' requires no apology.

'Death' requires genuine benefits.

After collaborating with 'Death' for a time, Mr. Smith's brain worked rapidly.

This gentleman had a lot to consider.

The foremost being his wife.

Mustn't let his wife get involved.

Next is his future life.

Strive not to disrupt his current life.

Finally, himself.

Endeavor to stay alive.

After hesitating momentarily, Mr. Smith said—

"I swear by my 'divine name' to assist death... uh, I mean assist the master of the 'Death Hound' before me once."

During the contract, 'Death' almost slipped out.

This could've violated the contract of 'that matter'.

Following contract precedence, it would cause him unnecessary loss.

Fortunately, he reacted quickly, directly replacing it with the master of the 'Death Hound' before him.

Besides 'Death', who else could be the master of the 'Death Hound'?

No one!

"Death' cannot appear in the contract!"

Arthur keenly gathered information.

Then, he had Kiri raise his paw.

Then, Kiri's paw was retracted with effort, indicating three times.

To this, Mr. Smith laughed.

With a scornful laugh.

"Sure enough, you remain as greedy as before—you've received immense benefits after completing 'that matter', yet you couldn't resist sending lackeys back to South County.

What's happening in Inner Bay now is also your doing, right?

Do you plan to recreate 'Seven Years' War'?"

Mr. Smith's words were etched in Arthur's memory.

The young spirit medium learned for the first time that 'Seven Years' Battle' was orchestrated by 'Death'.

Shouldn't it be Glast?

Wait!

Glast was always a pawn!

Also tied to the [Twist of Fate]!

And [Twist of Fate] originated from 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association'.

And 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association'?

'Tower of Mist', White Robe!

The White Robe entwined with rebels and The Holy Court during the Holy Era!

Arthur's mind raced.

He felt he was onto something crucial.

Still, Arthur was more mindful of [Death Intuition].

It didn't flicker.

Not even a tiny movement.

'Unbelievable!

If my speculation is correct, White Robe is the biggest winner, then surely, this moment would make the [Death Intuition] flicker like a light bulb.

Unless, he lack the power to threaten me!

Or, he cannot threaten me now!'

Arthur pondered inwardly.

Then, Arthur contemplated another possibility, his talent—

"Wait!

'Death'?

[Breath of Death]!"

Chapter 892: Dawn Chaos IX

Arthur thought about his Talent.

Instinctively, some guesses emerged in his mind—

'Could I be related to "Death"?

Because of this relation, "Death" cannot directly attack me?

Impossible, right?

I haven't even seen Death!'

Arthur's thoughts swirled, while he commanded Kiri to be more resolute.

Kiri, with a husky's appearance, immediately bared his teeth at Mr. Smith.

Seeing this appearance of Kiri, Mr. Smith didn't mind.

He knew very well that the "Death Hound" in front of him was purely defending his master, as expected, and it was a trait of "Death."

Compared to the "Death Hound."

Mr. Smith was more concerned about conveying the message—

"Three times?

That's too much!

Twice!

Under the premise of not violating my bottom line, twice!"

Mr. Smith emphasized.

This Mr. Smith understood "Death's" style too well.

To say ruthless and heartless, devoid of humanity, would be a compliment to the opposite.

Those willing to do anything to achieve their goals would seem kind in comparison to "Death.

"Death" was purely a bastard.

Plus, this "bastard" was very strong.

During the "Seven Years' War", they were almost the same, but after the "Seven Years' War"?

He was no match at all.

In fact, if not for an unexpected spoiler, the opponent would have long achieved their original goal—being completely deceived by the opponent... No, back then, it should be Them.

They had long become clown-like slaves.

And now?

They were clowns too.

Only, they were not slaves.

Mr. Smith did not wish to become a slave.

Thus, necessary emphasis naturally existed.

At the same time, he was secretly observing the "Death Hound" in front of him—dogs also have expressions, especially for the former Mr. Smith; understanding a dog's expressions wasn't difficult.

Even now, he was him.

It wasn't difficult at all.

Therefore, seeing Kiri's resolute face still gesturing three fingers, Mr. Smith sighed softly in his heart.

He knew the negotiation had failed.

Given the opponent's current identity, such failure was inevitable.

On the contrary, if the opponent agreed, he would become suspicious.

As for why bargain?

Isn't that human nature?

They, ah, have long been him.

"Alright, three times!

But it cannot violate my bottom line!

I will be residing at "Storm Inn" recently—if you want to find me, you can send your people there, but don't disturb my wife.

I am now known as Reich Smith."

With these words, Mr. Smith turned and left.

Arthur wasn't surprised that Mr. Smith agreed to such conditions.

From the opponent's words, Arthur had already judged that "Death" was the ultimate beneficiary of "that event," essentially achieving an overall victory.

Under such premise, negotiations naturally needed confidence.

Or rather...

The initiative lies with me; it is impossible to lower the demands.

Clearly having the initiative yet forfeiting the deserved authority.

Such negotiations, as long as one isn't a fool, one would notice something strange.

Arthur pondered how to wisely utilize Mr. Smith while instructing Kiri to return to the "Dock Bar"—under Marinda's chastisement, this Appok exhibited unprecedented humility and enthusiasm, earning

Arthur the only single room at the "Dock Bar," along with a sumptuous meal, and of course, he could take a hot bath anytime.

And just as Arthur was about to start his breakfast with a glass of orange juice, Kiri passed by a fountain and suddenly lifted a leg.

Splash!

The "Death Hound" wouldn't eat canine food, but would drink water.

And drinking water naturally necessitates excretion.

Unlike Kuliqi's fixed point.

Kiri, with clear eyes and stubborn temperament, habitually urinates everywhere to mark his territory— as Arthur sees it, Kiri is more dog-like.

And Kuliqi?

Emotionally stable, even more so than some people.

Arthur didn't correct.

After all, having a dog's appearance means having a dog's habits isn't a bad thing.

At such a time, it's just like that.

However, accidents always happen unnoticed—

"'Death,' are you humiliating me?"

The inquiry was infused with anger.

If it had been Kuliqi at this moment, he would certainly stop urinating and remain vigilant.

But frightened Kiri, not only didn't stop urinating, but did it more gleefully.

Splash!

The sound of water increased.

Arthur's lips curled up as he reminded.

'Maintain it.'

No need for his master's reminder, Kiri maintained it.

Furthermore, after finishing urinating, he shook himself.

After shaking, he finally lifted his upper body, placing his front paws on the nearby fountain ledge—this was a small-scale fountain with an overall white exterior and no exquisite sculptures, mainly for fire emergencies and washing hands.

Simply put, it was a combination of a faucet and a fire hydrant.

It was an early post-war construction in Inner Bay, providing reliable water supplies to disaster refugees.

Rumor has it that the "God of Spring Water" once blessed these fountains.

Of course, it's just a rumor.

Today, no one would believe such things.

However, through Kiri's perspective, seeing a woman's image emerge on the small fountain surface, Arthur began to speculate.

This woman, Arthur wasn't unfamiliar with.

In fact, he had just seen her.

Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Smith, who had already left by carriage, appeared in the fountain.

Moreover, with a secret technique unfamiliar to Arthur's understanding.

This was quite interesting.

With increased strength and reading mystical texts.

Arthur's understanding of secret techniques expanded at an astonishing pace, perhaps not as proficient as specialized scholars, but well-informed.

Nowadays, there were few secrets Arthur didn't know.

Unless they are undisclosed secrets.

Or perhaps Talent.

There could also be...

Divine Arts!

"'Death,' we have already lost and observed the contract from that event, never mentioning it.

Yet you deceived everyone once again!

You sent out your minions once more!

Are you trying to stir up chaos in the Inner Bay?

But don't forget, without truly manifesting, facing the Old Lion, what are your chances?

He's different from me!

He truly stepped up one step at a time!"

Mrs. Smith was far more furious than Mr. Smith.

In nearly reproaching words, Arthur could easily deduce that Mrs. Smith back then was in the faction opposing "Death."

Ultimately, "Death" won, and this opposing faction obviously met a grim fate.

Only...

Did Mr. Smith and Mrs. Smith know each other's identities?

Most likely, they didn't know.

'This is quite interesting!'

Arthur thought inwardly, his lips curled.

Subsequently, at Arthur's command, Kiri also grinned, displaying a provocative expression on his dog face.

Seeing this expression, Mrs. Smith caused ripples on the fountain with her anger.

But soon, Mrs. Smith truly calmed down.

Because Kiri wrote in the air with his paw—

Madam, wouldn't you want your husband to be safe?

Chapter 893 That Matter I

Buzz!

Below the fountain, the water in the pool began to shake violently.

Mrs. Smith's image turned into layer upon layer of ripples, making the whole figure crinkle and blur.

Undoubtedly, Mrs. Smith was angry.

One could even say, incredibly angry.

But the angrier she was, the more comforted Arthur felt.

Because—

he had found the key point.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith loved each other, but in such love, neither knew the other's past experiences.

In response, Arthur had no desire to get involved.

This was a matter between the couple.

And he?

Just an ordinary person using the name of a spirit medium to display the charm of language.

Like how a real brother and a real brother.

Seem alike.

But have completely different meanings.

After all, one is a noun, the other a verb.

Of course, Arthur's words had yet to reach that level of masterful skill.

Not that Arthur couldn't say it.

It's that Kiri couldn't express it.

Remember, Kiri is just a dog.

He can't speak.

But Kiri had his own temper, and faced with the angry Mrs. Smith, Kiri jumped onto the fountain and lifted a leg.

Before the stream could disperse, he heard—

"Wait!"

Mrs. Smith exclaimed loudly.

Arthur smoothly stopped Kiri.

Kiri, of course, obeyed Arthur's command, but in his gaze at Mrs. Smith in the pool, there was a unique disdain.

It was both contempt and scorn.

The dog food bags of the husky revealed a meaning of 'you aren't even worthy to handle my dog pee, what are you.'

Mrs. Smith was about to go mad.

She could guarantee if she were still her former self, she would have skinned this Death Hound.

She had witnessed Death Hounds more than once.

She was well aware of the difficulty of dealing with these creatures.

During the 'Seven Years' War,' these hounds were the best scouts, and even better sentinels.

However, none of that mattered.

What mattered was, the Death Hound before her, clearly very low level, had an arrogance even High Order Death Hounds lacked.

Especially in the attitude displayed toward her, once the 'Stream, God of Spring Water'...

'Indeed, 'Death' never left.

That bastard must be hiding in the shadows, quietly observing everything.

Then, mastering everything!

Just like during... the 'Seven Years' War!'

Mrs. Smith thought of her experiences during the 'Seven Years' War' and the different atmosphere in Inner Bay, instantly regretting.

Why come to Inner Bay?

Should have gone to South Los.

If that's not feasible, Sidon Fortress was a good choice too.

'Dammit, why did I choose Inner Bay...?

Wait!

Suddenly, Mrs. Smith thought of something.

Immediately, this lady fixed her sharp gaze on the 'Kiri' in front of her.

Under such a piercing gaze, Kiri showed no discomfort.

He raised his hind paw and scratched his ear, then tilted his head and stuck out his tongue.

But at that moment, Mrs. Smith didn't care about any of that.

She took a deep breath—

"Everyone knows you are the victor of that war, but many know that because of that spoiler, you didn't achieve your goal.

So, you started your planning again from that moment.

Even me hearing about the 'Inner Bay Swordsmanship Competition' must have been arranged by you, the guest who first mentioned it... no!

The other party couldn't possibly be yours.

You aren't that foolish.

You would arrange it so that I hear it as you planned, making the party also unintentionally hear about it, which fits your silent arrangement style."

Hearing her words, Arthur narrowed his eyes.

Spoiler?

Yet another unexpected gain!

'Death didn't fully succeed.

That's really great!'

To this, the young spirit medium showed delight.

For only a non-successful 'Death' will return.

It fits everything he's currently showing.

Instructing Kiri, he lifted the dog's paw again—

I need you to do something.

Mrs. Smith snorted coldly, displaying her dissatisfaction, but no words of objection.

When she chose to actively contact him, she knew she would be used by this bastard again.

But,

What else could she do?

Just like the bastard said, she was no longer alone, she had a husband.

Her husband was her weakness.

If not for Smith, upon seeing this bastard, she would risk downfall, enduring the consequences of doom, to take him down.

Even if she couldn't defeat him, she'd make sure he wouldn't have a good time.

But with Smith, she just hoped the bastard wouldn't notice her and her husband.

Observing the lady's expression through Kiri's vision, Arthur nodded in satisfaction.

The other party loved her husband far more than he imagined.

Of course, Mr. Smith was the same.

Love is mutual striving.

If one stays still and the other charges forward, that's not love, that's doing.

While love can be about doing, humans aren't made of iron; everyone has times they're tired, and when you're tired, the feeling between hearing 'three seconds is impressive' and 'are you okay, maybe you should take medicine' is entirely different, especially when you've taken medicine and still hear it.

Sorrow will always flow upstream, won't it?

About these things, Arthur knew nothing.

While he and the fatso were barbequing skewers, he inadvertently overheard an elderly brother with white hair complaining to another bald brother.

That elder brother was indignantly yelling.

'I even added extra time, what else does she want?'

Arthur clearly remembered the aggrieved, dissatisfied look on the elder brother's face.

Just like Mrs. Smith in front of him.

Similarly aggrieved and dissatisfied.

However, Arthur would never be like the fatso whose gossiping heart overflowed, openly straining his ears listening.

He?

Would offer a skewer of grilled kidney, giving it to the elder brother.

Then, pour a drink for the brother, listening carefully.

He focused more on details.

Just like this time, before instructing Kiri to raise a paw, he let Kiri display a fitting disdain—

Still three tasks!

As a couple, you do three, and I do three.

Fair and reasonable.

No!

Should be called equal opponents, true couples.

Mrs. Smith reacted swiftly.

As Kiri raised his paw, three paw tips appeared, she guessed what it meant.

"Three tasks?

Fine!

But it can't breach my bottom line!"

Compared to Mr. Smith, Mrs. Smith did not haggle.

However, regarding the bottom line, they were alike.

Truly worthy of being a couple.

Arthur instructed Kiri to nod his doghead, then started arranging the first task—

Fully inform the 'Blood Descendants' of 'that matter.'

Chapter 894: That Matter II

Regarding 'that matter', Arthur was no longer simply curious.

With deeper understanding, Arthur could ascertain that 'that matter' was related to a monumental secret, and even the current state of the world was formed because of 'that matter'.

And he had an intuition that 'that matter' was extremely important to him as well.

So if possible, Arthur had to know about 'that matter'.

After all—

It revolved around his life!

He was someone who loved peace and was amiable.

His most desired life was one with both cats and dogs, farming and drinking tea.

However, some people would always disturb him.

Even unexpected troubles would find him.

To prevent such things, the only foundation was powerful strength.

Then?

Bury those who caused him trouble into the ground.

The earth always embraces everything.

Whether right or wrong.

Once buried, one can rest in peace.

As for choosing to be a 'Blood Descendant'?

The vest is meant for times like this, isn't it?

When it was not suitable for him to appear personally, the vest was the best choice.

And what could be more suitable than the 'Blood Descendant'?

The family legacy was long-standing.

Then, it was exterminated.

Also shrouded in mystery.

It was even very likely entangled with 'that matter'.

Arthur placed particular emphasis on this.

If it wasn't entangled, it wouldn't prevent him from knowing 'that matter'.

If it was entangled, that would be even better.

It could make this matter even more straightforward.

As for the good relationship between the 'Bloodline Clan' and 'Death', the rumor that words couldn't stand?

Impossible.

Don't forget that the 'Bloodline Clan' was exterminated.

The 'Blood Descendants' had a profound hatred.

Hatred could distort a person.

And if there was enmity between the 'Bloodline Clan' and 'Death'?

That would be even better.

This rumor would become more suitable.

'Death' would certainly need such a pawn.

Of course, Arthur couldn't be sure of the exact situation, but soon Mrs. Smith's expression told Arthur that 'the Bloodline Clan' was indeed related to 'that matter'—as Kiri's paw just dropped, Mrs. Smith's face changed.

Then, the other party spoke directly.

"Ha, as expected, it's you as I remember.

How could you possibly let a former 'spoiler' off the hook so easily?

Even if the other party's family had been destroyed, leaving only one person, you would want to eradicate them completely... No, according to your habit, you would incite this 'Blood Descendant' to raise a butcher's knife against their own elders."

Mrs. Smith sneered.

However, this lady didn't refuse.

She had no reason to refuse.

From her perspective, whether it was 'Death' or the 'Blood Marquis', they were both bastards.

If a war broke out between the two, that would be excellent.

Arthur's heart skipped a beat.

The spoiler was the 'Blood Marquis'?!

This was something Arthur truly had not anticipated.

Then...

In the extermination case of the 'Bloodline Clan', what role did 'Death' play?

Arthur speculated in his heart.

As to how Mrs. Smith would inform the 'Bloodline Clan'?

Arthur wasn't worried.

Since Mrs. Smith didn't refuse, then this lady surely had a way to inform the 'Blood Descendant', as long as the 'Blood Descendant' appeared, it would be fine.

And wasn't that something he should arrange?

Thinking of this, Arthur instructed Kiri to jump down from the fountain.

"And the next two things?"

Mrs. Smith inquired.

Kiri didn't answer and chose to leave directly according to Arthur's instructions.

Of course, he didn't return to the 'Dock Bar'.

Instead, he wandered around near the Lion Palace.

Since he was discovered, it was impossible for Arthur to summon him back to his side.

In fact, if it wasn't for wanting to avoid unnecessary consumption, Arthur would have let Kiri die once.

Calling twice in a row didn't stop that Death Hound, and Mrs. Smith ended the call.

At this time, the carriage was still moving forward.

Sitting in the carriage, Mrs. Smith frowned tightly—

'Without believers, the consumption is greater than imagined.'

But soon, Mrs. Smith shook her head.

She didn't want to become Him again.

Now she was fine.

As for the rudeness of 'Death'?

She simply didn't care.

Because, she saw her husband.

Mr. Smith appeared at the street corner, running all the way over.

Looking through the car window, the two of them exchanged smiles.

Similarly, Arthur also smiled.

The unexpected good news made the abundant food in front of him even more delicious.

Although he had Miha and Yiluo as a backup plan, Arthur wouldn't mind knowing 'that matter' faster and safer if possible.

Moreover, in Arthur's speculation, Miha and Yiluo didn't have a complete understanding of 'that matter'.

He never forgot the state of the two when he met them.

In that state, who could guarantee the authenticity of the memories?

Lies aren't terrifying.

Real lies are terrifying.

Because, those who tell lies believe they are telling the truth.

This is undeniable.

It was also something Arthur absolutely didn't want to endure.

And now?

It counted as resolving a hidden danger.

With this thought, Arthur's smile became even brighter.

Appok, who had been quietly observing Arthur's expression, finally breathed a sigh of relief at this time.

Facing the subordinates sent by that lord, Appok dared not slacken at all.

He, his family's lives were in the hands of the other party.

No one would joke with their own life at stake.

"Give me another double portion of the same breakfast."

Arthur instructed in this way.

Appearing fond of the previous breakfast.

This wasn't entirely an act.

Arthur always had a preference for food.

"Leave it to me."

Appok replied and quickly walked out.

Arthur listened carefully.

He confirmed that Appok had indeed left for real; moreover, he quickly checked the private room he was in again—although Appok was introduced by Marinda, Arthur wasn't remiss in precautions.

Within a certain range, he was willing to trust Marinda.

But the people under Marinda?

Arthur maintained a degree of scrutiny.

Temptations were far too numerous.

Who could guarantee loyalty?

Once stakes reached a certain level, anything that seemed impossible would happen.

Arthur resumed his seat in the chair, pulling out the communication crystal from his bosom.

This was to contact Jimte and Kalal.

As soon as the communication crystal connected, the greetings of the two came through—

"Lord, good morning."

"Morning, judging from your tone, it seems you had a good night."

Arthur resumed his original tone and said with a smile.

"Yes, Lord.

We had an unexpected discovery.

No!

It should be an unexpected ally."

Jimte spoke gently, in a slow tone.

Kalal next to him was more straightforward.

This young Noble said directly—

"St. Joan of Arc Girls' College is planning a parade!"

Chapter 895 Parade I

St. Joan of Arc Girls' College, Arthur was no stranger to it.

His aunt was 'studying' there—at least nominally, Marinda's 'friend' Anna had once written to inform Marinda that there was no lady named Cassandra there at all.

As Marinda spoke of this, she kept scrutinizing Arthur suspiciously.

Clearly, the lady had misunderstood him somewhat.

Believing he was testing her fidelity.

In response, Arthur felt quite wronged and unjustly accused.

How was he supposed to know his aunt wasn't at St. Joan of Arc Girls' College!

Just like...

How was he supposed to know he was the only Muggle in the family?

They all promised to be ordinary people, but every single one of them kept him in the dark.

He wasn't some villain.

Nor was he someone unable to handle setbacks.

Even if, at the time, he knew he was a Muggle, so what?

At worst, his heart might feel some jealousy, and then, quietly strive.

Ultimately, would it lead to disaster?

The whole family wiped out?

As Arthur thought about it, he chuckled guiltily.

How could that be?

He was someone content with ordinariness.

Arthur comforted himself with words he didn't truly believe—he was well aware of himself, he truly was content with ordinariness, but if his entire family were the same, and he was the only exception, he wouldn't be able to bear it, even if he could accept it at the time, it would eventually turn him into a person he extremely detested,

That's just human nature—

Grumbling not about scarcity but about inequality.

'Fortunately, such a thing will never happen!'

Arthur thought silently in his heart, his mouth continued speaking—

"Well done, everyone."

Arthur praised them.

He needed Inner Bay to be thrown into chaos.

Including St. Joan of Arc Girls' College.

After all, it was a gathering place for the daughters of the middle class and merchants.

It was destined to be a sacrifice in the upcoming 'turmoil.'

If he could stir them to rebellion, naturally, it would cause a complete reversal of the established outcome, and the waters would become even muddier.

Originally, he had planned for that Young Lion to step forward.

With their status, it would be easy to gain recognition.

And the 'prior arrangements' of Jimte and Kalal would naturally be even better.

Once the Young Lion stepped forward again, they could be even more poised.

Faced with Arthur's praise, Jimte and Kalal immediately began explaining.

"Sir, this isn't our handiwork.

It's all thanks to your aunt, Cassandra Cremos."

Jimte said immediately.

Kalal beside him added.

"Not only did she gain control of the entire Academy long ago, she also established an organization called 'Shapeless,' whose members are far from simple.

Everything is permitted, everything is possible—it's truly incredible."

Arthur: ...

Arthur was genuinely stunned.

He could hear that Jimte and Kalal were sincerely praising her.

But it was precisely because of this that Arthur was stunned.

He never imagined his aunt would actually be at St. Joan of Arc Girls' College and even form her own power base.

Facing family news for the first time, Arthur remained restrained.

"To think it turned out like this.

Did you meet my Aunt Cassandra?"

"No,

The lady maintains her due mystery.

However, she left me a Communication Crystal."

Jimte replied.

Arthur, without any hesitation, spoke with a tone of delight.

"I'll have someone retrieve this crystal.

Now, let's talk about the parade.

Does Aunt Cassandra have any arrangements?"

"There aren't any specific arrangements, but she uses the college students as a link to connect with their families, then uses 'Shapeless' as an aid to prepare for a city-wide parade to expose Lord Baro Hamlet's misdeeds."

Listening to Jimte's words, Arthur's lips curled into a smile.

The plan was really too good, full of loopholes.

Every aspect could potentially have a slip.

The simplest, the college students connecting with their families.

Would the adults at home truly support their children?

Or in other words, would middle-class families with more than one child bet everything on one of their children?

Certainly, there are those who would.

But there are also certainly those who wouldn't.

What would these unwilling parents do?

Naturally, they would inform Lord Baro Hamlet!

By then, when the parade begins, they would encounter Lord Baro's army—an army composed of guards, soldiers, and secret police, completely able to block St. Joan of Arc Girls' College students at the Academy gate, even if some parents support them.

Even if the merchants have bodyguards,

The bodyguards' tasks aren't to oppose the army.

And at this time, the supporting 'Shapeless' members would swarm forwards and carve a bloody path.

A bloody path.

Bloodshed.

Any struggle will have blood sacrifice.

And once the amount of blood sacrifice increases, Inner Bay's chaos would be inevitable.

'My dear aunt, do you also want Inner Bay to be chaotic?

Then... as your nephew, naturally, I must lend a hand.'

Arthur took a deep breath and continued asking.

"What time?"

"Meet at nine fifty, start at ten."

Jimte reported accurately.

"Very well.

I will help when the time comes.

If you can contact my aunt, please tell her—when she needs me, I will be by her side."

With that, Arthur ended the call proactively.

Regarding what his aunt wanted to do, Arthur already had a faint guess.

'Shapeless!'

Everything is permitted, everything is possible!

Isn't this clear enough?

His aunt was very likely planning to assassinate Lord Baro Hamlet.

His aunt hoped to use the death of Lord Baro Hamlet to deter the people of Inner Bay.

This could be considered a non-solution solution.

He also believed that if his aunt was doing this, she must have a grasp on assassination.

However,

There are always ambitious people.

Lord Baro Hamlet stirred up the chaos in Inner Bay.

Yet when Lord Baro Hamlet dies, that's when chaos truly begins.

Those ambitious people would certainly jump out and make waves.

And that's exactly what Arthur was most pleased to see.

But Arthur didn't understand—

'As a member of the Kledos Family, this principle, Aunt Cassandra should understand.

Then she...

Wait!

A dead Lord Baro Hamlet is worth nothing.

A living Lord Baro Hamlet is invaluable.

If he could capture him...'

Arthur's eyes narrowed, and his smile grew wider.

Then he took out another communication crystal.

He issued a command—

My fighters, proceed to St. Joan of Arc Girls' College, when the parade begins at ten, take down those obstructing the parade.

Chapter 896 Parade II

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The bells of Kilg Harbor Docklands rang.

Called a bell, but it was actually a hanging iron plate—a wooden frame for support, with the iron plate suspended by hemp rope, struck with a metal rod when needed.

Upon hearing the clanging, the laborers who had paid their dues could come over to move goods.

The sheriff of Docklands put down the metal rod and stood there waiting.

Behind him stood four soldiers with long swords at their waists and long firearms on their backs.

Soon, a First Mate approached.

The pouch of money in his hand brought a smile to the sheriff's face.

Then, once the pouch was in his pocket, the sheriff turned and left with his soldiers.

Inspection?

What inspection.

These ships from the Ainhars Territory were all commoners with no relation to the Ainhars nobles, no need for an inspection.

Smuggling?

What smuggling.

The commoners were merely carrying some personal belongings; this was a benefit granted by a benevolent captain. As the sheriff of the Docklands, his education did not allow him to strip these items away; that would be an insult to others' dignity.

"Sorted out?"

The captain of the 'Mermaid' asked his First Mate.

"Sorted out!

That bastard doesn't care about any of it once he sees the money."

The First Mate scoffed and spat on the ground by his feet.

"Good.

Unload!"

The captain shouted towards the direction of the ship.

The Chief Sailor sprang into action, opening the ship's hold—crates upon crates of cargo were carried out.

These were their goods for this time.

Heavy, extremely valuable.

Yet these heavy crates felt weightless as the sailors on board lifted them, making one think they were carrying empty crates.

But fully aware of what was inside, the Chief Sailor clicked his tongue.

He fancied himself brave, but even he needed two sailors to help move these crates.

Alone?

He tried and couldn't move them at all.

'Who are they?'

The Chief Sailor couldn't help but ponder as he looked at 'his sailors'.

The First Mate was wondering too.

Unlike the Chief Sailor, the First Mate directly asked the captain.

However, this earned him a stern glare and helplessness from the captain.

"I don't know either.

Don't ask what you shouldn't.

Don't forget our identity."

The captain reminded his First Mate.

"Understood, Captain."

The First Mate nodded immediately.

Besides their identity as smugglers, they also had the title of Windsor Family guards.

However, every procedure indicated they had no relationship with Lady Windsor.

But that was just fooling the ghosts.

With investigation, one would find all sorts of irregularities.

But who would truly investigate?

No one.

"Captain, the unloading's done."

The Chief Sailor called out loudly.

"Alright.

Now, you lads are free to move around.

Just remember to return before tomorrow morning—if you delay, then hope the tavern servant won't throw you into the pigsty!"

The captain of the Mermaid laughed to the sailors.

The sailors laughed heartily.

Then, they scattered in a rush.

Nothing special about that, other fleets were the same.

A tedious and lonely voyage brought them to the bustling Inner Bay—how could they not relax?

Even the procuress on the docks had come to greet them.

Yet, even the most experienced procuress couldn't distinguish hidden figures amidst the numerous crowd.

Blending into the crowd, they quietly slipped into various alleyways.

Then, they proceeded towards St. Joan of Arc Girls' College—

They had already received orders from their superiors.

They waited patiently for ten o'clock to arrive.

Meanwhile, in a hidden chamber within Lion Palace, Dieudonne Hamlet watched his younger brother with interest—bearing a five-point resemblance to their elder brother Gleisa, Dieudonne also had a square face, thick eyebrows, and big eyes, with a high nose. However, unlike Gleisa, Dieudonne's lips were thinner, adding a hint of beauty to his majesty, especially when this second son of the Old Lion narrowed his eyes, retaining his majesty. With his light golden hair cascading down, anyone would praise him as a handsome man.

Previously, Pistri Hamlet had praised his brother countless times.

After all, in comparison to his two elder brothers, his youthful self had neither majesty nor beauty, only youthfulness.

This once filled Pistri with a sense of inferiority.

But now?

The Young Lion only felt anger.

Restrained anger.

Faced with his brother's scrutiny, the Young Lion took a deep breath—

"Let's ally.

Neither of us alone stands a chance against Uncle Baro.

If we ally, I can forgive and forget."

The Young Lion proposed.

Hearing this, Dieudonne laughed.

"Grown up overnight, Pistri.

I thought you'd come up here questioning me with why."

The Young Lion shrugged and asked in mock cooperation.

"Why?"

"Hahaha."

The second son of the Old Lion burst into laughter, tears even forming at the corner of his eyes as he raised a hand to wipe them and motioned for Pistri to sit.

But the Young Lion remained standing.

His gaze swept around them—this was the secret chamber of Lion Palace.

Or more accurately, an unfinished construction site.

An expansion under construction, a secret chamber within Lion Palace.

"When did you become so cautious, Pistri?

Gained power.

Shouldn't that make you bolder?"

The second son of the Old Lion smiled at his brother, full of expectation, mostly encouragement.

But the Young Lion shook his head clearly.

"I'm here to form an alliance,

not to show bravery.

Of course, if brother you do not wish to ally with me, I will have to demonstrate some bravery."

Hearing his brother's words, the second son of the Old Lion grew interested.

He turned his head in the chair to look directly at his brother for the first time.

"Oh?

How will you demonstrate?"

The second son of the Old Lion asked.

"Of course, by defecting to Uncle Baro—unlike you who helped father build Lion Palace and manage finances, I'm just an insignificant person.

Facing my defection, Uncle Baro likely wouldn't care.

Given my status, he would be very pleased to accept.

Of course, brother you could too, as long as you renounce your power and give everything you have to Uncle Baro."

The Young Lion replied.

The second son of the Old Lion gave a long stare, his voice becoming gentle.

"Uncle Baro, once stripped of disguise, is not a merciful person.

A truly insignificant person, only relying on status, could die a horrible death."

The Young Lion didn't retort.

He just called softly—

"Sean, Bonte."

Two figures appeared noiselessly behind the Young Lion.

Instantly, the second son of the Old Lion sat up straight, his face becoming solemn.

Chapter 897 Parade III

The lingering winter chill, mixed with spring breeze, passed through the vents and entered the secret chamber.

The candle flame began to sway.

The charcoal in the firepit let out a crisp crackle.

Dieudonne Hamlet picked up a piece of charcoal with tongs and tossed it into the firepit. With a loud pop, the sparks erupted and rolled up.

A screen of sparks and ashes.

At this moment, in Pistri Hamlet's eyes, his brother's face became blurred.

But he didn't have the usual fear and retreat.

Instead, he mimicked Arthur in his mind, displaying a smile that was neither entirely amused nor offended—he wanted to imitate his father, but the Old Lion's majesty filled this Young Lion with terror; the mere thought made him tremble, rendering any imitation impossible.

It was different with Arthur.

The Young Lion's fear of Arthur had long transformed into a sense of security through the signing of numerous contracts.

A security with support above and behind him.

With this security, the Young Lion's confidence reached a certain extreme.

As if the force was mutual—

The flames, sparks, and ashes rising in the firepit formed a curtain, blurring Pistri's view of his brother's visage.

Similarly, when Dieudonne looked at his brother, he also felt a blurriness.

Especially that confident smile, which gave the Old Lion's second son a sense of bewilderment—

'When?

At what time did Pistri gain his own forces?'

The Old Lion's second son's gaze swept across Sean and Bonte again.

Two adept individuals at the Great Arcana level—being the Old Lion's second son, Dieudonne naturally dismissed them.

However, this Old Lion's second son cared about the implications behind this.

In his eyes, Pistri had always been an idle and extremely naive fellow.

Yet such a fellow surprisingly had a group of subordinates even he didn't know about.

So...

Was it all an act before?

Realizing this, the Old Lion's second son started to feel nervous.

Because he wasn't sure how many subordinates his brother truly had.

At the very least, it was not just the two standing before him.

'These two should be quite skilled among that group!

The truly powerful must be hidden in the shadows, and more ordinary ones sheltered within the shadows.

Is there at least one Entrant, with six to seven Arcana-level individuals with supernatural power serving Pistri?'

Following his habit, the Old Lion's second son began to make guesses.

This was precisely what Pistri wanted.

When Arthur lent Sean and Bonte to him, this Young Lion immediately thought of how to bluff.

When the dust and sparks settled, and he saw his brother's contemplative face clearly, this Young Lion stepped to one side, moved a chair to face his brother, sat down directly, and stared at his brother without blinking, yet his voice became gentle and calm—

"Originally, I planned to gather more power.

But...

Our Uncle Baluo really caught me off guard."

When Pistri said this, he squinted his eyes, and his voice paused.

Dieudonne detected the anger in his brother's words.

Immediately, this Old Lion's second son smiled.

"I should thank our Uncle Baluo, otherwise I probably wouldn't have seen this hidden side of yours!

An alliance?

I'm in."

Throughout the conversation, this Old Lion's second son's gaze never once left a fraction of his brother.

Watching his brother's confidence and calmness on his face, he sighed internally.

'No wonder he's my brother.

Completely tricked both me and our elder brother.

Really should thank our Uncle Baluo.'

If his earlier words of thanks were sarcastic, now Dieudonne truly felt gratitude towards his Uncle Baluo.

He couldn't imagine what the situation might be if his brother hadn't been disrupted by the sudden attack from the opponent.

What sort of scenario would there be when his brother completely laid out his plan?

Moreover...

There's also his father.

It was under his father's indulgence that he managed the sealing and enjoyed 'genius' qualities.

Thus, he only borrowed Pistri's talent and didn't truly acquire it.

This was a promise he made to his father.

And because of this, he completed the sealing.

At the time, he felt it was his father's love.

Back then, he believed he could become the true heir of Inner Bay.

At that time, he thought his elder brother was merely paving the way for him.

But now?

He felt he was merely the sharpening stone for his brother.

His father perhaps always valued this brother, who appeared idle to others.

And he and his elder brother?

Smoke screen!

His father's smoke screen.

Thinking of this made Dieudonne's chest swell and his breathing became slightly labored.

Then, this Old Lion's second son lowered his head.

He was concealing the murderous intent in his eyes.

Having come to this point, he certainly couldn't give up.

Hand over everything?

Impossible!

Unless his father explicitly spoke such words, he would never give up.

'Wait!

Father's sudden departure from Inner Bay this time wasn't a test for us three, was it?'

When this thought suddenly emerged, Dieudonne's eyes brightened.

The more he thought, the more possible it seemed.

Moreover, his chances were increasing.

Because Gleisa was already dead.

'Father's attitude towards us seems fair, or more importantly, our excellence made it difficult for him to easily choose the rightful heir.

That's why he suddenly left Inner Bay.

Letting us compete on our own.'

Dieudonne kept thinking and solidified his previous guess.

The Old Lion's blind admiration made this Old Lion's second son believe it was a test from the father.

Otherwise, just Baro Hamlet?

He was merely a pitiful pawn firmly held by father.

"How should we proceed in the current situation?"

Having his own guess made Dieudonne quickly calm down.

This Old Lion's second son again looked at his brother.

Pistri easily discerned the probing tone in his elder brother's words.

Regarding this, this Young Lion was not worried.

Before coming, he'd already prepared.

No!

To be precise, Arthur had prepared everything for him.

A faint smile appeared at his lips, Pistri softly said—

"A demonstration from St. Joan of Arc Girls' College against Uncle Baluo is about to begin."

Dieudonne's eyes flickered a bit.

This Old Lion's second son quickly grasped the essential point.

Then, calmly asked.

"When?"

"Gather at nine fifty, depart at ten.

Less than an hour left."

Pistri answered.

Chapter 898 Parade IV

When the news from Sean arrived, Arthur was preparing tea snacks—

The tea cut from a tea brick was roasting in the pot. As the unique fragrance began to spread, fresh milk was poured directly in.

The snacks were baked cookies, red velvet cake, and some cashews.

Following the order of cashews, cookies, and cake, the three types of snacks were placed on the adjacent silver three-tier stand.

After adjusting the angle of the silver three-tier stand, Arthur nodded in satisfaction.

If it were up to him, he certainly wouldn't bother with such tediousness.

However, to entertain Marinda, who brought him the 'Seventeen Order' base material.

He naturally needed to put in the effort.

This is a matter of courtesy.

Of course, it's also for the next step of his plan.

Dieudonne Hamlet is already on board.

Arthur believed Pistri Hamlet would handle everything well.

But having only Pistri is not enough.

That parade still needs some arrangement.

To put it simply...

Arthur was short of people.

The 'War Elephant' followed the Old Lion to South Los.

But the 'Mechanism Master' and the 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' were still around — the two people hidden in the dark made Arthur feel like on pins and needles.

Moreover, if the two didn't appear, what about the gold mine?

So he had to make them appear.

No need to worry about 'Blood Shadow's Thorn', Arthur already had a specific plan.

But for 'Mechanism Master', he did not.

Therefore, Arthur needed to arrange an evenly matched opponent for the 'Mechanism Master'.

Marinda was naturally the most suitable choice.

Smart, strong.

Most importantly: the deep friendship between the two.

Having experienced cooperation time and again.

Their relationship had long been extraordinary.

Of course, Arthur did not forget the fundamental connection — interests.

In this regard, Arthur was even more confident.

The Inner Bay lacks everything.

Just not lacking in interest.

Exciting...

No!

To be precise, it's an interest that makes the heart race.

Whew!

When the large smoke ring appeared in the room, Arthur immediately stood up from his chair, his right index finger sliding down from above like an orchestra conductor, his body slightly inclined.

"Good morning, Marinda."

Arthur had already reverted to his original appearance, and his voice was naturally his own.

Marinda stepped out from the smoke ring, her complexion a little pale. Clearly, this kind of distance teleportation was tremendously taxing for the lady.

However, when she saw Arthur holding the long-handled curved pipe in his left hand, the lady's lips curled into a smile.

"Good morning, Arthur."

The lady responded, naturally sitting in the place Arthur had prepared for her in advance.

Arthur, with a beaming smile, poured the freshly brewed milk tea while introducing it —

"I brewed the tea.

Almost had to ask Appok to buy it.

Rest assured, the food has been checked, no problem.

And a middle-class merchant bought it."

As he spoke, Arthur cut a piece of red velvet cake and handed it to Marinda.

Having expended a lot and in need of food and rest, Marinda didn't refuse.

"There is extra salted butter inside.

The taste has a more unique flavor than the original fresh cream.

Of course, the cookies have double the sweetness."

Arthur picked up tongs to place both cookies and cashews in front of Marinda.

Seeing Arthur's attentive behavior, Marinda hummed softly.

This made Arthur confused.

Given his understanding of Marinda, the lady before him was certainly not someone to push her luck but rather someone who knows her limits well.

At this time, she should be handing over what the Earl of South Los promised to him.

'Did something happen?'

Arthur speculated in his heart, the smile on his face becoming even more sincere.

"Was there an accident?

Are you hurt?

Don't worry, I'm here for everything."

Arthur inquired.

Marinda shook her head.

"No injuries.

But there was an unexpected thing — Madam Susan hopes that my cousin will give you a chance.

And my cousin didn't oppose it."

Marinda said earnestly.

At the same time, her eyes stared intently at Arthur.

This was, of course, a lie. Her cousin did not oppose, but also did not agree, and furthermore, would not give a reply for another three days.

However, she wouldn't tell Arthur these things.

She wanted to see Arthur's attitude.

Likewise, this was Madam Susan's attitude —

'Arthur?

That kid won't let you down.

So, you need to give that kid a much brighter future.'

This statement was very apt.

Even high-sounding.

However, Marinda still felt uncomfortable.

She didn't want anyone sharing Arthur with her.

Even if that person was her cousin.

But her position made it impossible to truly refuse.

Others didn't know her true relationship with Arthur.

But she herself knew.

She and Arthur were merely partners; everything spoken on the outside, be it lovers or children, was all a smokescreen.

Once her cousin intervened.

This smoke would really dissipate with the wind.

Recognizing this, Marinda felt restless and anxious — it was only at this moment she realized Arthur unwittingly became a part of her life.

Their cooperation had already entangled many aspects.

It's not just about interests.

She just felt at ease seeing Arthur.

Sometimes seeing Arthur's childish acts, she found them quite amusing.

She didn't want her cousin to join in.

Thus, she prepared to face her own feelings directly.

In South Los, hailed as the 'Lady of the Long Night', Marinda was not someone to hesitate. She could be ruthless enough to kill a hundred people in one night.

Naturally, she could also confront her own heart.

Before, it was this way Marinda encouraged herself.

But before her words could come out, she began to feel restless.

And when they did, her restlessness reached its peak.

To the extent that her body became stiff.

Marinda herself didn't even notice this.

Arthur noticed —

"Pfft."

Arthur laughed out loud.

Then, patting his thigh while laughing heartily.

This scene caught Marinda off guard.

The lady had imagined too many scenarios.

With acceptance, she would exchange a smile with Arthur.

Or with rejection, she would fiercely kick Arthur.

But she never thought Arthur would laugh.

She realized her current state, contrasted with her usual self, made Arthur find it amusing.

But she didn't think she should accept such ridicule.

So —

Marinda lifted her leg to kick at Arthur's calf.

Arthur didn't dodge.

He even maintained his seated position.

He just bent over and caught Marinda's lower leg in his hands.

Then placed it on his knee.

Softly chuckled —

"Don't fuss, wife."

Chapter 899: Parade V

A gentle word, comparable to a thousand troops.

At this moment, Marinda's face turned red.

"What did you say?"

The 'Lady of the Long Night' tried to retract her calf while confirming with words again.

"I said I want, on a leisurely afternoon, to wake up on the recliner in the garden with you by my side.

I said I want to wake up in the middle of the night with you by my side.

I said I want to taste something delicious with you sitting next to me.

We can discuss current trends, we can talk about food recipes, and we can envision a beautiful future together—my dear."

Arthur spoke at a steady pace, enunciating clearly.

In Marinda's blue eyes, there was joy.

The calf, which had been struggling to pull out, completely gave up the struggle, and after lifting the other calf, she placed it directly on Arthur's knee.

"Hmm."

Marinda nodded.

The two looked at each other.

There was no epic tumult.

Nor was there any promise of eternal love.

Just at this moment, both felt that the person in front of them was the right one.

For Marinda, the involvement of her cousin made her understand what she wanted in her heart.

As for Arthur?

The young spirit medium would never admit that he had schemed all along.

From the first meeting, Marinda's appearance, dressing, and behavior amazed him.

Then, her graciousness during cooperation further made Arthur express admiration, admitting that his own petty self couldn't match her.

And then?

It must be habit.

Just now, when he thought about Marinda coming, that slight sense of joy, that feeling of satisfaction when preparing snacks—it was all unfamiliar.

But it was enough to make him understand.

Of course, Arthur still wouldn't admit these things.

The young spirit medium would only admit he was looking forward to the next cooperation.

As a spirit medium, Arthur was stubbornly tight-lipped, wasn't he?

In the quiet room, the atmosphere began to heat up.

Or more accurately, it became scorching.

Marinda's blue gaze was like a volcanic eruption beneath a glacier.

Not just scorching, but also mighty.

After confirming her feelings and getting an accurate response from Arthur, Marinda had already become unrestrained—if the place wasn't inappropriate, she would have pounced on him already.

She always wanted to take the initiative.

This time?

Was no exception.

Though previously she had been a lady.

But it wasn't her fault.

Who made her allergic to any man other than Arthur?

Marinda brought their distance closer, inhaling more clearly Arthur's scent, her blue eyes already fixed on Arthur's lips.

Then—

Ahem, ahem.

Arthur gave a gentle cough, reminding Marinda.

The young spirit medium pointed to the room they were in.

Though it was clean, it wasn't exactly simple.

But the young spirit medium felt something was missing.

Missing...

Sunshine!

Creating an unforgettable scene for each other openly in the light.

The young spirit medium thought so.

He thought it should be more formal.

So, the young spirit medium temporarily chose to hold back.

He definitely wasn't worried that if he extended his tongue, Marinda hadn't truly adapted yet, leading to an outcome of imported food.

Reluctantly Marinda moved her gaze away and handed Arthur a palm-sized purse, which was crafted from leather, exuding the 'Silver Age' style.

[Name: Lady Abel's Coin Purse]

[Type: Other Items]

[Quality: Secret Technique]

[Attributes: Space]

[Remarks: After completing her best work at the current stage, Lady Abel, feeling her inspiration exhausted, was ready to set sail.

She believed waves and storms could inspire her creativity.

However, to express gratitude for the South Los Family's support, this master crafted five coin purses before setting off.

This isn't a refined work, but it represents my gratitude—Abel.]

...

[Space: This is a space of 2mx2mx2m]

(Note 1: No further space items can be stored inside)

(Note 2: No living creatures can be stored inside)

(Note 3: Lady Abel's Coin Purse maintains a constant weight of 30g, currently holding Fierce Tiger's Claw X1, Terrifying Wolf's Ear X1, Don Quixote's Faith X1)

...

[Name: Fierce Tiger's Claw]

[Type: Other Items]

[Attribute: Sharpness]

[Remarks: This is the right front claw of an adult fierce tiger, once bought as a decorative piece by the Old Earl of the South Los at an auction, but it possesses extraordinary sharpness, capable of slicing through fine gold armor with ease, though crafting it into a weapon requires highly skilled techniques.]

...

[Name: Terrifying Wolf's Ear]

[Type: Other Items]

[Attribute: Keen Hearing]

[Remarks: This is the left ear of an adult terrifying wolf, once bought as a decorative piece by the Old Earl of the South Los at an auction, but owned by a 'Spiritualist,' even carrying it personally can increase one's hearing by 1-5 times.]

...

Obtaining the final two 'Seventeen Order' base materials allowed Arthur to breathe a sigh of relief.

Before acquiring these two materials, Arthur was always uneasy.

He constantly worried about potential mistakes at critical moments.

Fortunately, there were none!

Then, Arthur's gaze turned to Master Hercules' work—

[Name: Don Quixote's Faith]

[Type: Pendant]

[Quality: Legend (V)]

[Attributes: 1. Charge; 2. Paranoia; 3. Forbidden Absurdity (V)]

[Requirements: ???]

[Remarks: One of Hercules' twenty-seven props, this was discovered by the Old Earl of South Los as a unique item in a windmill in his countryside estate, leading the Old Earl to believe he was favored by destiny, making him eager to try it out, and then, the Old Earl charged at the windmill...

Afterward, the severely injured Old Earl lay in the family's manor for half a year.

This item was thus shelved.

Yet, it truly is a masterpiece by Master Hercules.

The box containing this pendant had the clearly marked symbol of 13 on it.

However, Lady Abel believed this item held secrets.

Rank 13 is not its true ranking.]

...

[Charge: After locking onto a target in sight, charge towards the opponent with an unstoppable stance. The charge process will not be hindered by methods of V Order or below, and the charging speed reaches V Order, while upon reaching the opponent, they will suffer an impact damage of V Order, and the wearer will endure reactive force of Great Arcana Level.]

[Paranoia: Inner thoughts will not be swayed by any external force.]

[Forbidden Absurdity: ???]

(Note 1: Charge and Paranoia can be used by wearing, Forbidden Absurdity requires ???)

(Note 2: Once Charge is initiated, it cannot be changed. Upon completion, requires a large amount of gold for recharge, or experiencing three full moons to fully recover.)

(Note 3: Hercules left a hint—Rainbow Island!)

...

Upon seeing that hint, Arthur narrowed his eyes.

Chapter 900: Parade VI

Arthur's narrowed eyes were immediately noticed by Marinda.

"What's wrong?"

Is there a problem with the items being traded?"

The lady frowned.

Not only because the trading partner was her Arthur, but also because she greatly disliked playing petty tricks during the transaction phase.

Of course, she rather enjoyed the confrontations before a trade began.

But once a real transaction occurred,

both parties should be honest when fulfilling their promises.

This was what the lady believed, and what she practiced.

Because of this, the name 'Lady of the Long Night,' though bloodstained, still brought peace of mind to the merchants of South Los.

"There's no problem with the trade items.

However, our Lord Count has clearly given me a challenge."

As he spoke, Arthur handed the 'Don Quixote's Faith' to Marinda.

It was a piece threaded with black leather through a silver outer ring, with a crystal inside the size of a little finger.

The inner crystal wasn't heavily carved but it resembled a horse-riding knight, although the knight's horse was emaciated, and the knight was old and weary, unable to lift his lance high, dragging it on the ground.

"It's actually this item.

My cousin is quite generous.

Hahaha."

Marinda naturally knew about the trade between the Earl of South Los and Arthur.

But she never expected her cousin would take out one of the 'Hercules' 27 Treasures'—'Don Quixote's Faith.'

In her mind, it should have been an ordinary piece—there were many works with the title of Master Hercules, including some masterpieces.

"She truly is an honest person."

Arthur sighed.

"So, whatever you do, don't choose the windmill as your target."

With that, Marinda laughed again.

Marinda was well aware of the Old Earl's exploits.

Because of this, she had genuinely paid attention to this prop.

Aside from being able to charge extremely fast, it seemed to offer little else.

Each recharge was very expensive, or it required a three-month wait.

Her cousin was unwilling to bear the former.

And her cousin was unwilling to wait for the latter.

Of course, most crucially, her cousin wasn't slower than this charge and was more agile.

So this prop remained in the South Los House's warehouse.

As for giving it to Arthur?

It was truly a costless benefit.

Marinda commented as such.

Arthur, however, saw that Marinda didn't know more, so he temporarily apologized, linking 'Forbidden Absurdity' with Rainbow Island.

No!

It was Coconut Island.

Without hesitation, Arthur immediately contacted his other alias—the General Puppet 'Horton.'

Removing the Mask of Concealment and returning it to Arthur, Horton, using a hood as cover, was commanding the pirates to search the entirety of Coconut Island for a hidden place.

Receiving Arthur's order, he urged the pirates to work overtime.

The pirates didn't dare utter a single complaint.

On the contrary, they were very active.

This was not because the pirates had changed their ways.

It was because any pirate who dared to complain was cut to pieces by Horton with a 'Thousand Cuts.'

The pirates who were made an example became the ultimate remedy.

It not only taught the pirates compliance.

But also instilled diligence in them.

Arthur kept abreast of the progress here, so naturally, there were no surprises.

Regarding Hercules' laboratory, ever since confirming that Coconut Island was indeed Rainbow Island, Arthur became interested.

Of course, Arthur hadn't forgotten his conversation with Marinda.

The young Spirit Medium looked at the 'Lady of the Long Night' from South Los—

"I want to show you a good play!"

He said this.

"A good play?"

Involving the Old Lion?"

Marinda was immediately intrigued.

"More or less!

There's a parade scheduled at ten o'clock, starting from 'Saint Joan of Arc Girls' College,' and Baro Hamlet has gathered people to try to stop this parade.

Meanwhile, the Old Lion's remaining two sons are waiting for their chance to act."

Arthur roughly laid out the situation.

"And you?"

Which side are you on?"

Marinda lifted her azure blue eyes to look at Arthur.

Arthur rubbed the tip of his nose, displaying an embarrassed and guilty expression.

"Is it that obvious?"

"Isn't it obvious enough?"

You're saying so much, clearly you lack manpower and hope I'll join your camp to help you smoothly get through this challenge."

Marinda replied with a hint of irritation.

However, in the next moment, the lady softly said—

"I'm willing to help you because I'm in a good mood now.

And because I'm in a good mood, this time it's free."

As Marinda spoke, she noticed Arthur's odd expression.

"What?"

Isn't it good when it's free?"

Marinda asked with a snort.

"Free is certainly good.

Though some say free things are the most expensive, for people who need to maintain appearances, for someone like me who is a Spirit Medium, shamelessness is a talent.

So, I like free things.

It's just..."

Arthur deliberately dragged out his words.

"Just what?"

Marinda furrowed her brows.

The lady sensed something amiss.

"Gold mine."

Arthur answered.

Immediately, the lady shuddered.

Gold mine!

In the Inner Bay, when mentioning a gold mine, it could only refer to that highly talked-about gold mine.

Marinda had sent people to investigate this gold mine.

But when two batches of capable individuals returned without any news, Marinda decisively chose to give up—she didn't have enough manpower.

She needed to allocate more manpower to more pressing matters.

As for that gold mine?

Marinda once suspected it was a ruse by the Old Lion.

However, from Arthur's words, Marinda confirmed that the gold mine was real.

But what did it matter if it was real?

She had already given her word.

She wouldn't go back on it.

Especially not in front of Arthur, she couldn't retract her words.

"You got a bargain."

Marinda gently said.

"Alright then.

You got a bargain.

Let's go fifty-fifty!

Don't be too touched!

The only reason I'm saying this is because I don't have miners, and need you to find people to work this gold mine—of course, assuming it's still worth mining then."

Arthur reminded Marinda.

But Marinda ignored all of this.

Arthur lacking miners?

The Lord of South Town, Little Lisop, regarded Arthur as a Kind Father.

Should Arthur need it, the ten thousand miners in South Town would all obey Arthur.

In an instant, Marinda was moved.

Her azure eyes softened further.

As for Arthur's reminder at the end?

Marinda heard it.

But at this point, did it still matter?

It didn't matter anymore.

What was more important now?

Naturally, it was Arthur.

Feeling Marinda's gaze change once more, slowly sweeping over him, Arthur scratched his head.

The young Spirit Medium had to force himself to stand up and push open the window to let the cool breeze in, his voice carried a degree of frustration, ninety percent difficulty, and ninety percent patience—

"We're going to battle soon!"