

Great Master 901

Chapter 901 Parade VII

Not yet eight o'clock, and St. Joan of Arc Girls' College was already bustling with people.

Not only were there students and parents, but some middle-class individuals who had heard the news also joined in—through donations.

A bit less: 5, 10 Suo.

A bit more: 30, 50 Suo.

Usually timid and faint-hearted, in such critical moments, they too expressed their 'courage'.

Courage cannot be measured by money.

But the medical expenses to bear courage do require money.

Anna was very aware of this.

Thus, she had Miss Dingle, the dean of St. Joan of Arc Girls' College not only cooperate — after exchanging with her 'Boss' Cassandra, this lady became very accommodating.

Not only did she step forward to solicit donations, but her attitude was sincere.

'So professional!'

Anna standing behind this lady silently sighed.

As the security guard of the college, she was responsible for protecting the dean of her own college at this time, so standing there didn't seem at all out of place.

She watched every donor arrive.

She watched Miss Dingle's every sincere thank-you.

In her heart, she couldn't help but sigh once again at this lady's bluffing skills.

Wearing a simple black long robe, her face full of kindness, her eyes showing the affection of an elder.

Anyone who met her gaze would never think about what she had done in the past.

At least Ellie who was recording and Reine, Donna, Joli Li, and Judith, who were helping not far away, could never know that the dean they respected had once worked as a procuress.

Had even caused at least two female students to die from accidents.

"Thank you for your generosity."

After receiving another donation, Miss Dingle entrusted the donation box to Ellie who was recording, and looked at Anna.

The sixty-year-old Miss Dingle's gaze carried a hint of cloudiness.

But more so, a vigilance and probing that young people do not possess.

She looked at Anna.

"Let's talk."

The dean of the college said.

"Okay."

Anna agreed immediately, but felt uneasy inside—before, their 'Boss' Cassandra should have already talked things over with her.

Why discuss again?

And with her?

What does this old woman want?

Anna muttered inwardly.

As for respect?

For Anna, what the other has done does not deserve her respect.

The two walked to a corner not far from the donation box—

"Am I the scapegoat?"

Dean Dingle asked.

"Of course not, our operation this time doesn't have any scapegoat, there is only a proclamation of justice."

Anna said righteously.

Dean Dingle rubbed the corner of her eyes and sighed slightly.

"Certain things, as long as you live long enough, you can learn them without a teacher—I have been the dean of 'St. Joan of Arc Girls' College' for thirty years.

I compromised and stepped back.

Then, the college became a playground for the children of nobles.

Even...

Not even as good as those clubs with thigh dances.

Do you know how they call me?

Procuress.

Ha, procuress."

Dean Dingle said with a cold smile.

Aren't you?

Anna was almost rolling her eyes.

Before coming to St. Joan of Arc Girls' College, she did investigate, and the current state of affairs was closely tied to this dean.

Some disgusting activities were also organized by this dean.

Miss Dingle looked at Anna, seemingly guessing what Anna wanted to say.

"I was forced.

I didn't want to.

I had to ensure the existence of St. Joan of Arc Girls' College, so I had to give up something.

I also know the meaning of 'Saint'."

Oh really!

Anna was too lazy to even snark.

She had seen too many people like this.

Before doing something, one must find enough excuses for oneself, then find a more appropriate reason.

Clearly being threatened to do it, yet still behaving open and aboveboard.

Just like now—

"Your son and grandson were kidnapped, right?"

Anna asked softly.

Miss Dingle trembled all over.

Silence, is the best answer.

Looking at Miss Dingle's expression, Anna sighed and patted her shoulder hard—

"Don't worry!

We will ensure their safety.

Just like we ensure yours.

Just do as our 'Boss' said."

When Anna mentioned Cassandra, it was a bit awkward at first, but now she was accustomed to calling her 'Boss'.

Thus, habit is indeed a terrifying power.

Also due to habit, Anna would never believe the current Miss Dingle would suddenly awaken.

That's impossible.

As for kidnapping her son and grandson?

To ensure the plan goes smoothly.

If it were her, she would do it too.

For this, she silently gave her boss a thumbs up.

And looking at Miss Dingle, who despite getting the guarantee, remained hesitant in her expression, Anna immediately whispered—

"After this, you can retire.

Then we will give you a retirement fund.

For instance...

One tenth of the donation funds."

Anna didn't mention all the donation funds.

Not even half.

Because, that would be too fake.

No one would offer that much.

One tenth, was already a very good amount.

That's quite a considerable sum.

After calculating silently, Miss Dingle's slightly cloudy eyes were already glittering.

"Please leave it to me!"

She said, as she walked back to the donation box.

There, with a more enthusiastic attitude than before, she faced every donor—before, this money had nothing A Tiny Bit to do with her.

Now?

It's closely related.

This was her money.

The fundraising continued.

Banners rushed out overnight were also handed over to the students.

When the massive banner was hoisted, it was exactly 9:50.

Fairness and justice!

Seeing the words written on the banner, Miss Dingle secretly curled her lips.

'You have no idea what this world is like.

In this world, there is no fairness and justice.

There's only the momentum and self-interest.'

Thinking this in her heart, Miss Dingle wouldn't say it.

She stepped in front of the students, smiling sympathetically as usual—

"Miss Joan taught us to resist.

Also taught us not to give up.

I see the successors of Your Crown walking on the path of Your Crown.

For this, I feel honored.

I am willing to walk with you."

Miss Dingle's words naturally were very persuasive to young students, and as the last sentence fell, Amy among the crowd shook her fist and shouted—

"Let's go!"

"For fairness and justice!"

"For fairness and justice!"

Students and parents surged out of the school gate.

Outside, police, guards, and secret detectives who had been waiting for a long time immediately encircled these students and parents.

The two sides confronted each other.

The atmosphere instantly became tense.

Then—

Swish!

Chapter 902: Parade VIII

The arrow, it's a crossbow arrow.

Shot out from a crossbow.

The arrow soared swiftly and loudly through the air, hitting the target accurately.

Thud!

Miss Dingle of the St. Joan of Arc Girls' College fell to the ground.

"Dean Dingle!"

Anna gasped, holding Miss Dingle.

Miss Dingle raised her hand to grip Anna's arm tightly, as if questioning Anna, wasn't it agreed that she wouldn't be the scapegoat?

Why was she the first to be killed?

Anna's eyes remained calm, but her mouth kept shouting urgently.

"Dean, hold on.

The doctor is coming soon.

Doctor! Doctor!"

The loud cries reached everyone.

Everyone also saw the arrow piercing through Miss Dingle's chest.

The crimson stirred everyone deeply.

Feeling her body grow cold, Miss Dingle realized her fate. She stared at Anna, lips slightly parted, unable to speak, but Anna understood the lip movement, asking about her son and grandson—a person who forced others to their death. At the end of life, such concern was naturally undeserving.

Yet, she was willing to give the other a final bit of pity.

Without a trace of emotion, Anna nodded slightly.

Seeing Anna's expression, Miss Dingle breathed a slight relief.

Then, she lost all breath.

"You murderers!

You killed the dean!"

After laying Miss Dingle flat on the ground, Anna stood up and shouted angrily.

Then, pulling out a longsword, she charged at the surrounding police, guards, and secret police.

The police, guards, and secret police exchanged glances.

They were trying to confirm who shot the arrow.

But this confirmation was futile.

Because they came from completely different factions—

The shield-wielding police were the basic law enforcement of the Inner Bay.

While the guards came from the remaining Seven Major Families, excluding the Golden Lion Family.

As for the secret police?

They were directly under Gleisa's responsibility.

But with Gleisa's death, these secret police were quickly taken over by Baro Hamlet with the permission of the Golden Lion Family.

The guards from the Seven Major Families were in a similar situation.

Under Baro Hamlet's orders, they were deployed.

However, the three sides hadn't truly coordinated.

Instead, they fought independently.

But none of this mattered anymore.

As Anna charged forward, the shield-wielding police subconsciously retreated, but the noble guards, proud and arrogant, took action directly.

Bang bang bang!

A dozen firearms began firing.

Smoke wafted upward.

In the midst, Anna had already vanished.

Individuals cloaked in white appeared behind the shooters, their short blades slicing through their throats.

Then, throwing axes were hurled at the highest-ranking beside them.

Thud thud thud!

The blades cutting through flesh.

The parade plunged into blood and chaos right from the start.

Slap slap slap!

Sitting in a second-floor house, Dieudonne Hamlet watched Anna's charge, and the sudden appearance of those dozens.

He couldn't help but applaud as the Old Lion's second son.

He had to applaud.

Otherwise, he would be letting down these death warriors of his younger brother.

Exactly!

Death warriors!

Even with hoods concealing them, the unique aura of death warriors was too familiar to this Young Lion—he had witnessed such transformation more than once.

But unfortunately, the success rate was extremely low.

Each time, only a few survived.

Even after years of accumulation, it was only about ten.

These individuals served as guards for him.

He was like this, and he believed his brother was no exception.

Clearly, his brother had put everything on the line.

Of course, this Young Lion still had his doubts.

'Only these death warriors?'

Dieudonne pondered.

Beside him, Pistri smiled and said,

"I hope our uncle can handle this!"

Just as those words fell, another dozen cloaked death warriors charged into the fray, unleashing a killing spree on the police, guards, and secret police—The overwhelming difference in Physique, coupled with the surprise attack, instantly threw Baro Hamlet's side into a disadvantage.

'There're even more!

More than I imagined!

Just how much did that guy hide?'

Dieudonne frowned in secret, but said aloud,

"Since our uncle dared such actions, he surely is fully prepared—Look there, those people are our uncle's true reliance."

The Old Lion's second son looked towards Baro Hamlet's rear.

A deliberately dressed group appeared there.

Not many, about ten, but they were all Mystic Side persons.

However, before these Mystic Side persons could truly display their strength, they were completely wiped out by the long-prepared Sean and Bonte—

As Acid Liquid flared with its unique glow, Sean's claw blade swept forth.

Before the chill of Frost arose, Sean's figure had already appeared behind his foes.

As the binding Defense Field was gathering, Sean's throwing knives had already been launched.

Crushing!

Complete and utter crushing!

The young Sean showcased the unique combat skills of the Cat Faction here.

The appearing Bonte remained on alert.

A squad of Baro's Mystic Side persons was wiped out.

But more Mystic Side persons appeared nearby.

They stared fiercely at Sean, Glyphic Language uttering incessantly, hand gestures following one after another.

But, with Bonte present.

All these attacks were blocked, leaving Sean unscathed.

Unlike Sean's quick claw blade.

Bonte's longsword was one of steadiness.

It skillfully 'deflected' the Flame Arrows, Frost Arrows, and Acid Liquid just right.

"Is this the reliance?"

Absolutely feeble.

Brother, shouldn't your people act as well?"

Pistri's words carried inquiry and a hint of probing.

Dieudonne knew clearly; his brother wanted to gauge his strength.

This is a necessary foundation for cooperation.

Equivalent strength makes for cooperation.

If not matched, it leads to dominance.

However, this Old Lion's second son wished for neither.

With a smile that made the Inner Bay maidens scream, this Old Lion's second son took out a communication crystal and ordered his men to act—those hidden in the houses and alleys began their move.

The ten death warriors moved together as well.

Only, these ten death warriors didn't rush into the battlefield.

Instead, they firmly surrounded the small building.

Their task was to...

Prevent Pistri from escaping.

As for Pistri himself?

Dieudonne looked at his brother, observed his brother's pride, and further saw his brother's disdain. He couldn't help but chuckle softly and said—

"Pistri, you remain as naive as ever."

Chapter 903: Throwing Mud I

What is the most complex thing in the world?

An entrant puppet?

An ascend step treasure?

Or the process of some special ritual?

None of these.

Arthur believes it is the human heart.

This scope of the human heart is not referring to him, nor specifically to one person, but to everyone—even those who seem honest and simple-minded, or even foolish, that is just one side of them. What about their other side?

No one knows.

Because that side changes in an instant.

It's something that takes one by surprise.

Sometimes, 'try to feel your conscience' truly means 'try to feel your conscience'.

That can really be deadly.

However, Arthur did not warn Pistri.

He believes Pistri will have precautions.

Or rather...

By this time, Pistri's usefulness to him had greatly diminished—in his script, it would be nice if Pistri appeared alive.

If he died, it wouldn't be bad either.

Therefore, Arthur doesn't care.

However, necessary help must still be provided.

After all—

That is the contract.

As someone who upholds the contract, Arthur declares himself to be of the 'Order Camp'.

Marinda looked at the smile on Arthur's lips and couldn't help but softly ask—

"What mischievous smile is that?"

Who have you tricked again?"

This lady said as her gaze shifted to Arthur's lips.

She wanted to bite them.

Arthur immediately shrugged.

"I didn't trick anyone.

Didn't I say earlier, watch a good show?"

Arthur said this.

Marinda nodded.

She had seen the parade at Saint Joan Academy.

Starting with the death of Dean Dingle, it counted as a good beginning, but later it felt a bit plain—not that those Death Warriors weren't fighting desperately, nor that Sean and Bonte's skills weren't exquisite, but for the overall 'drama', it was too bland.

Of course, Marinda wouldn't say that.

Because she believed that the good show Arthur was referring to hadn't really started.

However, even the current situation was considered good enough for Marinda.

This wasn't compromise.

It was because Marinda believed that Arthur really did well enough,

In simple terms...

Favoritism.

Arthur clearly sensed the emotion in Marinda's sapphire eyes and immediately, the corners of his mouth curled up again.

He was grateful for this favoritism.

But how could he let Marinda down?

He walked to the side and opened the window—

Outside the window, the sounds of battle continued.

Those were Arthur's Death Warriors charging at the Inner Bay Police, guards, and secret police.

And the direction of Arthur's finger was towards the building where the two sons of the Old Lion were.

"Look there."

Arthur said softly.

Marinda immediately stood by Arthur's side and looked in that direction—

Dieudonne's voice had just dropped, and he suddenly waved his hand.

This was a signal.

Upon seeing this signal, his ten Death Warriors would swarm in.

And then?

They just needed to delay Pistri's footsteps a bit.

He had ten ways to ensure that Pistri would be left without a grave.

Of course!

He absolutely did not want his brother to die.

It's not about brotherly love.

It's about talent!

"Naive people should just die.

Pistri, do you know?

When I first felt your terrifying talent, how unwilling I was, I wished I could eat your flesh and drink your bone marrow—I already had a terrifying older brother, I didn't want another terrifying younger brother!

So, I chose an ancient seal.

It originated from Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association.

It could transfer the talent of the sealed person.

The moment I felt your talent, I cried.

I was moved to tears.

I understood for the first time the meaning of effort being unable to compete with talent—for what others can't achieve in a lifetime, I reached the 'Arcana Level' in a week.

'Great Arcana Level', just a year.

And six years later, I became an 'Entrant'.

This all happened under the blessing of your talent."

Having said this, the Old Lion's second son took a deep breath.

He flicked his golden hair, the smile on his lips growing wider.

He raised his voice, saying loudly—

"I have seen sights I've never seen before.

I am so happy.

But the moment you broke the seal, I felt fear, your talent being fulfilled the instant the seal was broken.

And me?

Once again, I became a mortal.

This is not what I wanted.

What I wanted was still that outstanding talent.

So, I set up a small spell circle here—it can continue to seal your spell circle, simultaneously I will keep you alive in some dungeon.

You certainly won't die.

Before I 'Ascend Step', you absolutely won't die."

At this, the Old Lion's second son had already stood up.

And Pistri just nodded slightly.

"I know."

The Young Lion said.

"Hmm?"

The Old Lion's second son was taken aback.

"I said I know what you're trying to do."

The Young Lion emphasized again.

The Old Lion's second son squinted his eyes, he was surprised, but upon seeing his ten Death Warriors gradually appear in the room, the Old Lion's second son immediately smiled.

"Bluffing?"

You're too naive.

Those just now were all your people, right?

Or do you think you can break through the encirclement?

You know me.

I know you better.

Even if the 'talent' sealed was fulfilled at this moment, the strength is just about the same as mine.

You think..."

Poof!

Before the Old Lion's second son's words could fall, a piece of iron wire went through his ear, piercing his brain.

It was silent.

Even more unbelievable.

Because the Old Lion's second son only realized something was wrong after his brain was pierced.

But it was too late.

The iron wire vibrated.

The Old Lion's second son's brain turned to mush.

"Urgh! Urgh urgh!"

The Old Lion's second son wanted to say something, but couldn't utter a word.

Then, he fell to the ground twitching.

It was only after the Old Lion's second son truly fell that those ten Death Warriors saw that slightly hunched figure.

The person's face was coarse, dark, and along with that hunched figure, he looked exactly like the hardest worker on the docks.

Yet it was such a person who unbeknownst had assassinated the Old Lion's second son.

All the Death Warriors had disbelief in their eyes.

But the most unbelievable thing was that they too felt pain at that moment.

Mild, hard to detect.

Then, those ten Death Warriors also fell to the ground twitching.

One by one, strands of 'spider silk', thinner than hair, emerged from the navels of those ten Death Warriors and gradually returned to Acker's hands.

When Acker took back the 'spider silk', ten complete human skins appeared in the room.

Pistri gasped deeply in his heart.

The Young Lion was frightened by this killing method.

Or rather...

It was the assassination method.

Before, he had worried there would be an accident.

His older brother had experienced the benefits of sealing him.

It's hard to give up on that.

Just like a man-eating tiger won't let go of the meat delivered to its mouth.

Yet, Sean and Bonte assured him it would be fine.

Their master had arranged everything.

Pistri naturally believed them.

In fact, he had a little anticipation.

He prepared to taunt his brother's 'ignorance'.

But now, Pistri had not a tiny bit of taunting left, only fear.

Because—

He asked himself, he couldn't avoid such an assassination.

So, when Acker handed over his brother's head, the body of the Young Lion shivered.

Acker saw it.

But the current 'Master of Bloodflow' had no further words.

He just said—

"Don't forget the master's instructions!"

Chapter 904: Throwing Dirty Water II

Pistri's hand sank, holding the head of his own brother.

And with it came a sinking feeling in his heart.

He looked at his brother who died with his eyes wide open, disbelief reflected in his pale golden eyes, as if seeing his own death.

That sense of unease made the Young Lion swallow hard.

But it did not make him feel comfortable.

On the contrary, his dry throat made the Young Lion increasingly uncomfortable.

Subconsciously, the Young Lion glanced at Acker.

Then—

No one.

Except for the headless corpse on the ground and ten human skins, it was just him.

Not a single living person.

Ooh!

The warm breeze of dawn blew in, yet it made the Young Lion shiver.

Fear could no longer be contained.

It began to truly permeate.

The moment he remembered the middle-aged man who seemed like a laborer, some thoughts that should not have existed vanished completely.

Pistri did not want to die.

Especially not in such an unclear manner.

He had his own dreams.

He definitely couldn't just die like this.

Pistri carefully avoided the headless corpse of his brother and then avoided those ten human skins—which could have been destroyed, but the assassin left them.

Pistri knew there was definitely something fishy about this.

His partner surely had other motives.

But...

This has nothing to do with him.

He just needed to follow the established plan.

Thinking of this, the Young Lion's steps grew more determined.

The next moment, he charged out holding his brother's head.

...

Baro Hamlet got up early.

Today there was a good show to watch.

The people from St. Joan of Arc Girls' College were actually going to march.

When he heard this news, Baro almost laughed out loud.

Fools, stupid, these words were bestowed upon these students and their parents by Lord Baro—not only because this gave him a better excuse to reap their riches, but also because those monitoring the situation were students and parents from St. Joan of Arc Girls' College.

"Interesting!

Very interesting!

Do they think that by tipping me off, I will let them go?"

Baro looked at Durt the spy by his side.

As one of Baro's capable spies, Durt was invited to have breakfast with Baro.

But if possible, Durt would rather not have such an opportunity.

He found after the 'coup'—please excuse his shameless choice of the word 'coup', because he really didn't know how to describe the situation before him.

Before the 'coup' happened, the Baro he served was a person extremely adept at disguising himself.

But after the 'coup' happened?

Baro not only became arrogant but also capricious.

You could say, completely like two different people.

'Is it because of too long repression and sudden relaxation that caused his personality to change?'

More than once, Durt thought like this.

But, last night, after Lord Baro tortured and killed the mistress shared by him and Gleisa, Durt did not think so anymore.

That spy mistress died too tragically, and too worthlessly.

Clearly providing much valuable information to Baro, but was skinned and then thrown into the oil pot.

In just a moment, it became a small puddle of flesh amid the foul stench.

Even now, the screams of the mistress spy echoed in Durt's ears.

Those screams constantly reminded him not to defy Baro.

Thus, even though he knew the informants should be rewarded, Durt very definitely nodded and said—

"My lord, you are right."

"Hahaha!

Indeed, I am wise and brave!

The lions of the Lion Palace are well-fed, this time let those informant students and parents feel kinship in the race—lock them up with those lions.

Of course, whoever can first kill their daughter or parents can be exempted from this competition."

Baro laughed loudly.

Durt was further convinced of Baro's abnormality.

But the more Baro acted abnormally, the more Durt behaved normally.

However, some news Durt chose to ignore.

For example, Hayes.

Because Jimte and Kalal made quite an uproar.

The other party was also being monitored by Baro.

At this moment, the other party was at Baro's residence, and came with enough chips—but Durt could see, this guy definitely had ulterior motives.

However, this time Durt definitely wouldn't inform Baro now.

Durt felt he needed to save himself.

He did not want to die with a madman.

Durt had a new idea.

But, other spies were beyond Durt's monitoring protection—

"What?

The parade dispersed the blockade?"

Baro repeated the scout's words in disbelief.

He then flew into a rage.

"Trash! Trash!

What are these police, guards, and secret agents doing?

They can't even stop a group of students!

Where are my advisors?

What are they doing?"

After a series of curses, Baro immediately pursued the inquiry.

"They were also dispersed by two unknown individuals.

My lord, it's not everyone's fault, it's just those individuals are too strong.

They..."

Bam!

Before the spy could finish speaking, Baro interrupted with a raise of his hand.

The chicken claw-like hand slapped the spy's head directly.

With a muffled sound.

Most of the spy's body turned into a blood mist.

The two legs fell to the ground, but soon became mush—as an enraged Baro stomped repeatedly, turning the legs into mush.

"Trash! Trash!"

Baro's curses did not cease.

Looking at the mess on the ground, Durt's new idea was even firmer.

"Durt!"

Baro shouted.

"Yes, my lord."

Durt respectfully saluted.

"Prepare the horses for me, have all the guards join me—I want to crush those daring to rebel against me into mush!"

Baro roared.

"Yes, my lord."

Durt continued saluting, meticulously carrying out Baro's orders.

Just five minutes later, two hundred cavalry escorted Baro heading for St. Joan of Arc Girls' College.

Rampaging all the way.

Anyone blocking the path was knocked away by Baro, then trampled by the cavalry.

This Lord Baro clearly meant what he said.

Upon seeing the parade in front of St. Joan of Arc Girls' College, Lord Baro's eyes glowed blood red—

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

Baro roared.

The cavalry beside him knocked on their shields, ready to launch the next bloodthirsty charge.

Da-da-da!

The rhythmic knocks caused the parade to halt.

All the students, student parents were frightened.

While Arthur's Death Warriors tightly gripped their weapons, expressionless.

But at this moment, a loud voice came.

It was Pistri.

It was the Young Lion.

He shouted loudly—

"Uncle Baro, why did you kill your brother?!"

Chapter 905: Slandering III

A sudden shout was like a stone thrown into a calm, ripple-free lake.

Ripples formed, layer upon layer.

Then—

It turned into a towering tidal wave!

"It's Lord Pistri Hamlet!"

"In his arms, in his arms is...

Lord Dieudonne Hamlet's head!"

Everyone's gaze turned to the Young Lion who appeared near the battlefield, looking at the Young Lion whose face was filled with grief and eyes were full of terror.

At this moment, the Young Lion looked like a frightened fawn that had been wounded.

Every breath seemed to carry a hint of fear-induced evasion.

No one would think this was fake.

Because everyone knew Pistri Hamlet was a kind person, willing to listen to the voice of the commoners, a noble with knightly spirit.

Moreover, at this moment, Pistri was holding Dieudonne's head in his arms.

Compared to his brother Pistri, Dieudonne was even more famous in Inner Bay.

His handsome face had always been the focus of discussion among the women in the noble circles of Inner Bay.

But now?

Only a head remained.

A head filled with incredulity.

But even so, it was still difficult to conceal the beauty within.

Many of the ladies hidden nearby from the Seven Major Families showed a yearning as they looked at the head — some secret techniques could perfectly preserve a corpse, and even if they couldn't get a whole person, obtaining this head wouldn't be bad.

The desire in their hearts made them somewhat impatient.

However, they did not act immediately.

Instead, they continued to conceal their figures, looking nonchalantly at Baro Hamlet.

This was the man they, their husbands, and their fathers followed.

And when Baro Hamlet saw Pistri and Dieudonne in Pistri's arms, there was obvious surprise on his face—he had not killed Dieudonne.

Or rather, whether it was Pistri or Dieudonne, he had no intention to truly kill them.

He wanted both of them alive.

Preferably alive under his control.

Because only then could the benefits be maximized.

Because only then could he be truly at ease.

But Dieudonne was dead!

Who killed him?

Not him.

So who in Inner Bay would dare kill Dieudonne?

No one!

In Inner Bay, only he dared kill Dieudonne!

Pistri was deceiving others!

No, that's not right!

Pistri didn't have such guts.

It was...

'Those Mystic Side forces in Inner Bay!'

Baro Hamlet suddenly thought of the message conveyed by the spy late last night—'Pale Hand', 'Raven Feather', 'Green Rock Forest', 'Serpent Sect', 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association' appeared in Docklands, and in the end, a great fire destroyed everything.

His people lost track of Pistri's whereabouts.

And now Pistri appeared here, holding Dieudonne's head.

It was obvious these bastards were behind it.

They confused Pistri with a secret technique.

Making Pistri think he killed Dieudonne.

But in reality?

It was naturally these bastards who did it.

No doubt, with his brother gone, these bastards thought they had a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

That's why they acted now,

wanting to throw Inner Bay into chaos.

They wanted to seize greater benefits, grab more resources.

Upon realizing all this, Baro clenched his teeth in anger.

In his heart, it felt like a fire burning.

While his brother was here, these bastards were so obedient they didn't dare show a tiny bit, but once his brother left, they appeared eager and impatient.

This was looking down on him!

This was assuming he was lesser than his brother!

Boom!

The flame within him exploded.

It made Baro's whole body tremble.

It made Baro lose his rationality.

"Damn it! Damn it!"

Baro roared under his breath.

Anger made this lord ignore everything, his aura released completely—

Boom!

An aura like substance soared into the sky.

A phantom that looked like a lion but was as scrawny as a rat appeared behind Lord Baro.

In the blink of an eye, the phantom became solid.

Not only that, when the phantom turned solid, an endless starry sky appeared behind it.

A sky-reaching stair descended from above.

Divided into ten steps.

This creature clearly looked like a lion, but it looked more like a rat, directly jumping onto the first step.

Boom!

The difference of this one step caused heaven and earth to shake.

The entire Kilg Harbor changed dramatically.

Countless hearts tightened, becoming anxious and unsettled.

And Baro laughed heartily.

"Haha!"

The loud and sharp laughter was followed by a unique roar from the rat-like monster—

Squeak!

The sound was akin to a rat's squeak.

Plus its golden fur, making the creature look quite ridiculous.

But none of the people present could laugh.

The overwhelming presence put enormous pressure on everyone.

Those closest to Baro straightforwardly fainted on the ground, those closer knelt on one knee, and those a bit further were teetering.

Pistri, holding his brother's head, seemed to be subjected to a heavy blow, retreating continuously, his face a ghastly pale, while his cries did not cease—

"Uncle Baro, do you want to kill me too?"

With the questioning words spoken, Pistri could no longer hold on and fell to the ground.

This completely aligned with external perceptions.

As known to all, Pistri did not have outstanding Talent.

Maybe a bit stronger than average.

But just slightly better than average.

Compared to true powerhouses?

A world apart.

After falling, Pistri tried to stand up again, but his arms on the ground were of no use, repeatedly falling heavily.

The hidden members of the Seven Major Families and the late-arriving Golden Lion Family members, upon seeing this scene, increasingly believed what Pistri said.

It was Baro who killed Dieudonne.

For what reason?

Isn't it obvious enough?

For Inner Bay!

That it was just a harmless gamble, as long as he gained enough wealth, his brother would forgive him!

Killing Dieudonne, how could the Old Lion ever forgive him!

This bastard deceived them from the start.

Clearly ascended, yet falsely claimed to be an Entrant.

This bastard intended them to oppose the Old Lion from the beginning.

With his own son killed, how could the Old Lion sit calmly and talk with them?

Kill!

Only Fresh Blood could soothe this pain!

And besides, this bastard wasn't satisfied with killing just one.

He wanted to kill a second!

With Dieudonne dead, they already had to face the wrath of the Old Lion, but it wasn't hopeless yet. Pulling out half of the family members, offering long-held family treasures, was enough to calm the Old Lion's anger.

But if Pistri died too, they'd have no chance.

The Old Lion would definitely lose his sanity and destroy them without pity.

Thinking of this, the Seven Major Families and the Golden Lion Family immediately grew tense.

They watched Baro about to make his move.

Four Entrants among them were ready to rush out heedlessly.

But, it was too late.

The rat-like monster already looked at Pistri, its small eyes revealing ferocity.

Finished!

Everyone wailed.

But at that moment—

Swoosh!

A strong wind arrived.

Chapter 906: Throwing Dirt IV

The wind descended from the sky.

It blew the trees to sway and the houses to tilt.

It blew so that people couldn't open their eyes.

The people of Inner Bay, unlike the South Los people, enjoy more favorable weather conditions, with distinct seasons but without scorching heat, harsh winters, or the strong winds that make it hard for people to stand.

So, for most of the Inner Bay people, this was their first time experiencing a windstorm.

Unprepared, those already teetering simply fell to the ground.

And after falling, lying on their backs, they finally saw the source of the wind—

"Bat, bat!"

In stuttering cries, everyone lifted their heads.

Then...

Hiss!

Members of the Seven Major Families and the Golden Lion Family inhaled sharply.

Bat!

A gigantic bat with a wingspan of 10 meters!

They had never seen such a large bat!

However,

They had heard of it!

The 'Blood Bat' of the 'Bloodline Clan'!

With the dispersal of the 'Bloodline Clan', the 'Blood Bat' vanished from the annals of history, but with the emergence of the 'Blood Descendants', the 'Blood Bat' reappeared.

And now, the 'Blood Bat' was here.

So where was that 'Blood Descendant'?

They wondered in their hearts.

The 'Blood Bat' slightly lowered its altitude, allowing everyone to clearly see a man standing on its back—even though he was cloaked entirely in a black hooded cape, the blood-red eyes beneath the hood sent shivers down spines, leaving no doubt about who he was.

'Blood Descendant' Auburn.

Many screamed in terror at the sight of those blood-red eyes.

More people held their breath, focused.

They were all speculating why the 'Blood Descendant' had come to Inner Bay.

What was he here for?

The four Entrants of the Seven Major Families and the Golden Lion Family who had just stepped forward unobtrusively melted back into the shadows.

Because they saw the gaze of the 'Blood Descendant' fall upon Baro Hamlet.

'He's here for Baro?

Baro provoked this 'Blood Descendant'?

This is excellent!

The rumored 'Blood Descendant' is powerful!

I wonder if he can withstand Baro!'

These four Entrants thought, and a schadenfreude smile crept up their lips.

Even Baro, whose head was clouded with anger, felt a surge of doubt when he saw the gaze of the 'Blood Descendant'. Had he offended him?

Or had one of his subordinates offended him?

Probably not?

Baro pondered.

The 'Blood Descendant' spoke.

"Hand over Potterman!"

The voice was cold, yet indisputable.

But the people present were unfamiliar with this name.

Most of them had no idea who this so-called 'Potterman' was.

Except for the two Entrants of the Golden Lion Family and...

Baro Hamlet.

This Lord Baro originally didn't know who 'Potterman' was, but because of his brother and Gleisa, he became aware of the 'Death Poetry Society'. Out of curiosity, he also learned about the 'Death Poetry Society', not just its name but also some of its activities, and furthermore, he knew Potterman held the position of 'Left Cantor'.

But what did this have to do with him?

The 'Death Poetry Society' was not his vassal.

"He has nothing to do with me!"

Baro shook his head.

This was honestly spoken, and Baro believed he was giving the other party appropriate respect.

However, the 'Blood Descendant' let out a cold laugh.

"Heh."

Just a slight laugh, yet it spoke more than a thousand words.

The implication that you are a fool trying to treat me as a fool became evident.

Instantly, anger clouded Baro's judgment once more.

He growled—

"Are you insulting me?"

"Do you want to die?"

As he spoke, a creature resembling a golden-haired rat, which had been standing behind Baro, let out a sharp, screeching sound into the starry sky. The sound was piercing and carried waves of concentric ripples directly towards the 'Blood Descendant'.

Everyone began to look at Baro with skeptical eyes.

Because, at this moment, Baro seemed just like someone outraged after being exposed.

'Damn it, Baro is also dealing with the 'Death Poetry Society'!

The two Entrants of the Golden Lion Family roared in their hearts.

As Baro revealed his Ascend Step strength, the two realized the original plan had now deviated because, after Dieudonne's death, such deviation became irretrievable. With the appearance of the 'Blood Descendant' and the mention of 'Potterman', they felt cold sweat breaking out on their backs.

Only now did they realize that they had truly underestimated Baro... No, not underestimated.

It was that Baro had disguised himself too well!

They were all deceived!

What Baro wanted was probably not just the Inner Bay's simplicity!

This scoundrel had been weaving an invisible net for who knows how long.

They, people from other families, and those participating in this parade were all caught in this net.

Perhaps, even their family head, that Old Lion, was entangled in this net.

The more they thought, the more alarmed and angry they became.

The more they thought, the more fearful they grew.

The two members of the Golden Lion Family exchanged a glance and saw panic in each other's eyes; they believed they must do something.

But before they could decide what to do, the 'Blood Bat' opened its mouth and roared—

The roar was silent.

Ripples suddenly surged.

More concentrated sound waves than from the golden-haired rat monster descended from above.

The moment the two sets of ripples collided, there was a silent explosion.

It wasn't that the explosion was silent.

Rather, the explosion exceeded the maximum decibels the human ear could endure.

Silence.

The vision blurred.

Then—

Buzz!

Amidst a long buzzing sound, the vision gradually cleared, and then...

Crimson!

The crimson that filled the sight came from the 'Blood Descendant's scarlet hue.

Under the blood-colored sky, becoming deeper in the starry sky, stood a scarlet figure on the first step of the stairway from top to bottom.

Even if it was just one step, it was a world of difference.

The overwhelming presence unique to the 'Bloodline Clan' hunters made everyone present tremble.

Ascend Step!

The 'Blood Descendant' was also an Ascend Steper!

Everyone present felt their scalps tingle.

They never thought they would witness two Ascend Steppers in one day.

Baro Hamlet being an Ascend Steper was unexpected.

The 'Blood Descendant' also being an Ascend Steper was even more unexpected.

This unexpected twist left everyone speechless and added chaos to their hearts.

They did not know what to do.

Even Baro Hamlet was surprised as he looked at the 'Blood Descendant'.

However, Lord Baro, in his rage, was ready to fight the 'Blood Descendant'.

He intended to quell his anger with the other's fresh blood.

But at that moment, the 'Blood Descendant' on the bat's back shifted his gaze to a spot on the street.

A cold voice followed—

"Found you!"

Chapter 907: Throwing Dirty Water V

Baro Hamlet was taken aback.

Anger rendered him irrational.

It even affected his perception of "Spirituality," but Baro Hamlet's eyes were not blind—he saw that with the words of the "Blood Descendant," a figure leaped out from the house by the roadside, then darted into another house nearby without stopping, continuing to flee.

It was obvious that the other party planned to use this house-leaping and rooftop crossing method to hinder the "Blood Descendant."

Really?!

Baro Hamlet blinked.

Instinctively, this Baro wanted to catch the Potterman.

But the "Blood Descendant" made the first move—

A chill spread.

Almost instantly, it pulled the temperature of the nearby street down to minus thirty degrees.

Squeak! Squeak!

The sound of ice crystals forming filled everyone's ears.

Ice crystals began to spread rapidly behind Potterman, like a blue-white giant python, not only hideous and terrifying but also extremely fast.

However, most people were no longer able to watch this scene.

Everyone was shivering, rubbing their hands, and stomping their feet.

But these people did not include the four "Entrants" of the Seven Major Families and the Golden Lion Family.

Because the first house Potterman rushed into was the one where the two "Entrants" of the Golden Lion Family were.

Facing the sudden arrival of Potterman, the two were startled.

Immediately, they were about to make a move.

But Potterman was faster.

A melodious hum appeared in the ears of the two.

Involuntarily, the two were dazed.

At this moment, the two seemed to see a boundless wilderness, with a mighty lion running wildly across it—that was—they themselves.

It should have been the Old Lion's place.

At this moment, it became them.

A momentary joy filled their hearts.

Even knowing it was false, the two still wished to stay a while longer.

Even if it's just for one second, it's worth it.

With such thoughts, the two unwittingly began to sink.

However, the tension brought by their "Spirituality" quickly sobered them up.

Death Chant!

The two were left in lingering fear.

Just a little bit more!

It was just a little bit more!

Fortunately...

It was gone.

Their relief was frozen at that moment.

When the Frost of the "Ascend Step" swept through, the bodies, minds, and even souls of the two "Entrants" were frozen at that moment.

The difference between the First Order is the difference between heaven and earth.

Following right after were the two "Entrants" of the Seven Major Families.

These two were in the house across the street.

To Potterman, that distance was just an instant.

And the Death Chant from his mouth did not stop.

Like with the two "Entrants" of the Golden Lion Family, in an instant, these two were pulled into the "Death Illusion." Even though they were prepared, the result did not change.

Being both "Entrants," the ancient Legacy of the "Death Poetry Society" was apparent at this moment. Although the two were "Nobles," they were new nobility from the Pioneer era, with no true Legacy in their families. Even with the Old Lion's favor, having sought the Mystery tirelessly for thirty years, their foundation was too poor.

The initial Ritual already had flaws.

The advancement Ritual was also fragmentary.

Being able to "Enter Order" was like throwing resources without care, with their own Talent being quite good as a premise.

But these Mystic Side Persons with hollow rituals were nothing but Great Arcana Level experts in Potterman's eyes.

Besides, Potterman knew very well what these two desired.

Just like how the two Entrants of the Golden Lion Family wanted to replace the Old Lion.

These two were the same.

Moreover, these two hoped to be free.

To this, Pottermán snickered.

"The contract signed has long marked the price.

Want to go back on your word?

Pay with your life."

The Left Cantor of the "Death Poetry Society" sang the chant of death as it passed by the two.

Compared to the two "Entrants" of the Golden Lion Family, these two, who were prepared, were easier and simpler for him—this was also why he chose to surprise the two "Entrants" of the Golden Lion Family first.

Squeak! Squeak!

The Ice Crystal Giant Python chased from behind.

The two "Entrants" of the Seven Major Families instantly turned into ice sculptures.

And Pottermán's escape continued.

Of course, the route was planned long ago—

Aside from the four "Entrants" of the Seven Major Families and the Golden Lion Family, the rest were the leaders, influential people, and those with promising potential from the Seven Major Families and the Golden Lion Family.

Previously, Pottermann had marked these guys to "establish Meritorious Service".

Now?

It's naturally time to reap.

Squeak! Squeak!

The Ice Crystal Giant Python kept shuttling back and forth.

Like the scythe wielded by the Grim Reaper.

The members of the Seven Major Families and the Golden Lion Family fell one after another.

If possible, Pottermann didn't mind bringing more death to these guys, but Baro Hamlet still shouted loudly—

"Stop!"

Baro Hamlet saw the deaths of those from the Seven Major Families and the Golden Lion Family.

Although he wished these bastards who exploited the situation would all die, if they all really died at this moment, he would be left alone.

Facing his elder brother, he would have no maneuvering.

He wanted to fight against his elder brother, but he didn't want to seek death.

Baro Hamlet thought this.

But soon, anger reappeared.

"Why am I thinking this way?

Do I really think that I'm inferior to my brother?

Impossible! Impossible!"

This Lord Baro called out loudly, and was stunned there.

At this moment, Potterman, with a Blessed Focus, looked at Lord Baro and shouted with all his might—

"Lord Baro, save me!"

After a loud shout, it stopped abruptly.

A hand pierced from the back and protruded from the chest.

A beating heart was grasped by that hand.

Then, the hand squeezed forcefully.

Splat!

The heart was turned into pulp.

Potterman's eyes bulged, and his legs lost strength, about to kneel to the ground, but was lifted up by the "Blood Descendant," who inserted a question word by word:

"When you set the trap against that Lord in South Los, did you think of today?

I will take your body to see that Lord.

You will allow me to repay that Lord another favor."

After speaking, the "Blood Descendant," carrying Potterman's body, leaped onto the bat's back.

Then, the "Blood Descendant" intended to leave.

For the independent "Blood Descendant," once the matter was done, it was naturally time to leave.

As for the destruction caused to the Inner Bay?

What did that have to do with him?

He was only there to pursue Potterman.

The wrong one was Potterman, not him, the "Blood Descendant."

However, it was clear that Baro Hamlet couldn't accept all this. Seeing the "Blood Descendant" leap onto the "Blood Bat," he roared—

"Get down here!"

Chapter 908 Splashing Dirty Water VI

A low growl, accompanied by the chirping of the golden-haired monster rat.

Ripples like waves advanced towards the low-flying 'Blood Bat'.

Scarlet eyes flickering, the 'Blood Bat' opened its mouth for an ultrasonic attack.

Just like before, after the collision between the two, silence.

Immediately after—

Boom!

Amidst the explosion, force field fragments scattered and splattered.

Suddenly, large patches of houses and ice crystals collapsed.

Amidst the swirling dust, the scattering ice crystals were quickly submerged.

But in the next moment, the ice crystals began to float upwards.

No!

To be precise, they moved towards a certain point in the sky.

The dust dispersed.

The giant bat spread its wings.

A solitary shadow stood tall in mid-air, lifting a hand where a spear entirely composed of frost was rapidly forming, bringing the already low temperature down further.

Then...

Snow!

The entire Kilg Harbor in Inner Bay started snowing!

From fine snowflakes to heavy snow like goose feathers.

It all happened within a breath.

The extreme cold cooled down Baro Hamlet's overheated mind.

He was momentarily stunned, then immediately realized something was amiss.

Undoubtedly, he was being set up.

Who could it be?

People from the Seven Major Families?

Or someone from his own family?

Lord Baro pondered, preparing to shout once more—he wanted to stop this pointless fight, to inform the 'Blood Descendants' that they were all being manipulated.

Lord Baro was quite confident in this.

After all, there was too much evidence.

Simply confronting the 'Death Poetry Society' would likely bring the truth to light.

Meanwhile, he might even gain the friendship of the 'Blood Descendants'.

A 'Ascend Steper' in the truest sense of the word was always worth allying with, no matter what.

As for the current losses?

They were simply not an issue.

While organizing his thoughts, before Lord Baro could truly speak, the Frost Spear in the 'Blood Descendant's' hand was hurled straight down.

Lord Baro wasn't surprised.

On the contrary, he saw it as an opportunity.

As long as he could withstand this blow, the 'Blood Descendant' would be able to converse with him calmly.

So—

Chirp!

Amidst the golden-haired monster rat's cries.

The creature that appeared mouse-like pulled down the 'starry sky', bringing Baro onto the 'step', then curled up its body, its golden hair standing on end.

The next moment, the Frost Spear arrived.

Boom!

Amidst the earth-shaking rumble.

The enormous impact forced the golden-haired monster rat to retreat repeatedly with Baro.

Yet, the golden-haired monster rat soon stopped.

It wasn't because the power diminished.

But because the frost exploded.

The layers of frosty force were not wasted in the slightest, all piled onto the golden-haired monster rat, which then froze.

The step was frozen.

The starry sky was frozen.

As for the golden-haired monster rat?

It was like a massive chunk of ice.

The 'Blood Descendant' stood atop the 'Blood Bat's' back, expressionlessly spoke with scarlet eyes—

"This is the first time.

And also the last time."

Having said this, the 'Blood Bat' quickly ascended.

Within a breath, it vanished without a trace.

Everyone witnessing this scene instinctively believed that the 'Blood Descendant' had shown mercy.

As for why show mercy?

Of course, because of the Old Lion.

Even the aloof 'Blood Descendant' did not wish to face the Old Lion, who became increasingly uninhibited as he aged, approaching death, before he had truly grown stronger.

This was what people thought.

And Baro Hamlet?

Even though he displayed the power of an 'Ascend Steper', in the eyes of people, he was still deemed an 'ingrate' under the protection of his brother's wings.

Indeed!

An ingrate!

Many recalled the recent scene.

Colluding with the 'Death Poetry Society', murdering Dieudonne, and intending to harm Pistri!

One incident after another, what else could it be called but an ingrate?

Crack, crackle!

Bang!

A crack appeared on the ice block.

And it quickly began to spread.

With a muffled sound, it exploded.

The golden-haired monster rat stretched its body, revealing Baro who stood proud and unyielding.

Lord Baro intended to have a good talk with the 'Blood Descendant'.

However, the sky was already empty.

Moreover, why were the gazes of the surrounding people so strange?

Almost instantly, Lord Baro realized.

'Damn it! Damn it!

These people actually think I did it!

They've all been deceived!

And...

Those accusatory glances!

Why are they exactly the same as before?

I'm no longer who I was before!

Dammit!

Do they still think I'm lesser than my brother?'

The anger in Baro's heart surged once again, he instinctively wanted to eliminate all those looking at him with strange eyes, but the lingering coldness prevented him from losing his mind entirely.

He knew something was wrong with him.

Seriously wrong.

'No!

I can't let this continue!

I must find out the reason!'

Relying on his remaining rationality, Lord Baro Hamlet quickly turned and left.

Baro knew he needed to calm down.

However, in everyone's eyes, this appeared to be a guilty conscience.

The resentment in the hearts of the surviving members of the Seven Major Families and the Golden Lion Family reached a peak at this moment.

'Damn it!

Actually colluding with the 'Death Poetry Society'!

Using us as pawns too!'

These people shouted internally, quickly rising to contact their respective families.

The content was roughly the same, all calling for people to return to the ancestral home, activate defenses, and guard against Baro Hamlet and the 'Death Poetry Society'.

Meanwhile, sending someone to find the Old Lion.

At this time, only the Old Lion could resolve everything.

As for that parade?

It was unimportant!

Nothing was important anymore.

Right now, the most important thing was themselves.

Amidst the frost, a few figures staggered away.

And the parade team exchanged glances.

In just a dozen minutes, they experienced the greatest challenge of their lives.

A challenge that shattered their worldviews.

Some of them had indeed heard of the Mystic Side, and some had genuinely interacted with it, otherwise, they would not have spent a fortune sending their daughters to Saint Joan Academy.

They harbored unrealistic fantasies.

Hoping their families could also be like the Nobles.

But...

They never thought the Mystic Side could be so terrifying.

Looking at the densely packed corpses and ruins in the distance.

Looking at the ice crystals glittering in the sunlight.

Every parent's heart trembled.

They exchanged glances, completely at a loss.

As for their children?

The parents' panic had already spread to their hearts.

While everyone was at a loss, a figure stood out.

It was Pistri Hamlet.

The Young Lion, looking at the crowd, seriously asked—

"Ladies and gentlemen, are you willing to trust me?"

Under the sunlight, his pale golden eyes were filled with sincerity.

Chapter 909 Fishing I

Anyone who stands out at any time is always in the spotlight.

Pistri Hamlet knew this.

However, when everyone's eyes focused on him, the Young Lion still felt a bit nervous, and for a moment, he even forgot what to say.

But the people around didn't care.

The crowd, lost and helpless, just looked at this Young Lion at this moment.

And the Young Lion's moment of silence, the crowd took it as waiting—

"Willing!"

Jimte shouted loudly from within the crowd.

Then came Kalal on the other side of the crowd.

"Willing!"

A response.

An echo.

Made the people who didn't know what to do feel like they found their backbone, beginning to echo in waves.

"Willing!"

"Willing!"

"Willing!"

It started out scattered, but became uniform towards the end.

Hearing these cheers, Jimte and Kalal smirked.

The two of them knew that the plan had succeeded.

No!

It was beyond imagination successful!

Originally, they just hoped to gain a bit of support in Inner Bay—which was already difficult, even with a parade as a foundation, they still needed to show enough value.

And the Seven Major Families, the Golden Lion Family, are not easy to provoke.

Not to mention Baro Hamlet.

In fact, the two were already ready to fight desperately.

But who would have thought that the unexpected entrance of the Young Lion, the 'Blood Descendant', would make everything easier.

And the harvest?

Even more unimaginable.

If it were about gaining a little support in Inner Bay before.

Now?

Control Inner Bay!

Regarding this, the two are full of confidence.

Even though Baro Hamlet is still alive, and the Old Lion has only left and will eventually return, they believe in the lord they follow.

They firmly believe that Arthur can create miracles again.

Just like this time.

In the crowd loudly cheering, the Young Lion quickly regained his composure.

The discomfort immediately faded, his gaze swept over those cheering for him, and he leapt directly onto a mostly collapsed wall, speaking loudly—

"Everyone, I swear by the surname Hamlet, I will never let down any supporter.

Likewise, I hope we can overcome difficulties together.

Here, St. Joan of Arc Girls' College will become our command sentry post, and this collapsed street will be our temporary garrison.

We will protect ourselves here, protect our children, protect our property."

The speech of the Young Lion was powerful and assertive.

Perhaps not enough to incite people.

But it struck a deep chord.

The guarantee of life safety, property safety, and the safety of descendants, almost instantly received applause in response once the words of the Young Lion dropped.

The applause was so loud.

At this moment, applause was the theme song of this street.

Arthur and Marinda stood on a distant street, also clapping softly—the room they were in had just been destroyed as well.

The impact of the 'Ascend Steper' was terrifying and deadly.

But for the two, it was nothing.

Arthur stood in front, blocking all the aftershocks.

The young South Los Spirit Medium felt the aftershocks of the 'Ascend Steper'.

Then...

A smirk appeared.

Saying it tickled might be an exaggeration.

Let's call it a gentle breeze on the face.

Beside him, Marinda gently patted the dust off Arthur's shoulder—

"This play was really brilliant."

There was admiration in the words.

Smart as Marinda was, she naturally saw something.

But precisely because of this intelligence, Marinda didn't ask much.

She was well aware that Arthur's plans went far beyond this.

There was more important matters to come.

After all, just now, Marinda had seen floating human skin and a headless corpse dressed in fine clothes, although they suffered the aftershocks of two Ascend Steper attacks.

But no matter human skin or headless corpse, there will always be remnants.

Unable to hide from those with intention.

'Who exactly are you trying to lure?' Marinda wondered to herself.

Beside her, Arthur laughed.

"I don't know how Auburn found the whereabouts of that 'Death Poetry Society' Left Cantor, he just said he wanted to repay me a favor.

Who would have thought it would be such a grand scene."

Saying this, Arthur shrugged with a look of surprise.

Indeed, it was him who orchestrated the events before him.

But Arthur would never admit it.

Not only would he not admit it, he would even act out a scene when no one was watching.

Space can be shuttled.

What about time?

Even if you can't shuttle through time.

Can you peep into it?

Careful as Arthur was, he naturally wouldn't be unguarded.

And Marinda?

She cooperated with tacit understanding.

"It seems that the 'South County Swordsmanship Competition' in Inner Bay will be full of twists and turns.

Are we going back to South Los?"

Marinda couldn't help but sigh as she looked at the bodies and wreckage around her.

"Let's wait and see for now.

I believe the Grand Duke will handle this matter properly.

Besides..."

At this point, Arthur frowned.

"What's wrong?"

Marinda turned to ask.

Confronted with the question from his beloved, Arthur naturally didn't hide anything.

"Besides, I always felt it was too coincidental.

So coincidental, I thought someone was plotting."

He said this.

"Baro Hamlet?

Unlikely!

This guy's obviously acting strange, probably influenced by something—either way, Inner Bay feels much more dangerous than South Los."

Marinda nodded in agreement.

"Let's go.

I don't want to stay in the 'Battle Zone'.

Let's go to Storm Inn!

It's renowned."

Saying this, Arthur mimicked looking at the bodies, bending slightly and said—

"Rest in peace."

Beside him, Marinda also imitated Arthur, bending slightly to speak.

"Rest in peace."

After speaking, the two left the area side by side, just like those capable people who don't wish to get involved in certain matters.

And just three minutes after the two left, there was a squirming movement under the rubble.

A figure, like a shadow, emerged from there.

The sunlight shining down at that moment distorted.

It seemed like the light was being absorbed.

Moreover, more importantly, this absorption seemed to render vision ineffective, as if though the figure stood there yet couldn't be seen.

This silhouette stared in the direction Arthur and Marinda left for several seconds.

Then, strolled through the ruins.

With every step, remnants of human skin floated in front of the figure.

Until—

The corpse of the Old Lion's second son.

Looking at the Old Lion's second son's corpse before its eyes, the shadow-like silhouette twisted, and a sound akin to sandpaper scraping drifted into a laugh.

"Ha, you finally showed up!

Is this your challenge to me?

I accept!"

After speaking, the tattered human skin and corpse became invisible, collected into the shadow's sleeve.

The next moment, the silhouette transformed into a writhing shadow again.

Heading straight for...

Lion Palace!

Chapter 910 Fishing II

Lion Palace, deep inside.

An area unknown to people.

Thud, thud, thud!

Amid incredibly heavy footsteps, shadows shuttle within.

Every one of them is dressed in rags, their faces are withered, and their bodies are emaciated.

Yet, each one carries hundreds of pounds of ore walking in this tunnel, their eyes being lifeless and dull, even if rats crawl over their bodies, they do not care.

Even when rats gnaw at them, they remain indifferent.

Only—

Squeak, squeak!

Several rats gnawed through one of the miner's abdomen, broke his spine, and after the miner fell to the ground, a shadow came forward.

A deep blue radiance enveloped the miner and several rats.

Inhaling, the rats' blood, flesh, and bones melted, filled into the miner's blood, flesh, and bones, enabling him to continue working.

The figure picked up the miner's lamp, humming a tune from earlier years, continued checking.

He was extremely tall, his physique was frail, limbs were exceedingly long, face was extremely narrow, and as he walked, he swayed his head like a magnified version of a stick insect.

While walking, he scattered bread from his basket all around.

These breadcrumbs would attract more rats to appear.

And as long as there were endless rats to replenish flesh and blood, his workers were the best laborers.

Unknowingly tired, fearless of life and death.

With just an order from him, they would work desperately.

Precisely because of this, he was appointed by His Highness to full responsibility for the gold mine.

And because of this, he became one of His Highness's 'Lion Group'.

Moreover, he was the one most feared by people.

"Mechanism Master?"

"Quite a decent title."

Kid muttered to himself.

Then, the tune Kid hummed from his mouth became louder.

And increasingly unpleasant.

Causing the returning shadow to voice dissatisfaction—

"Kid, shut up."

The other said, while tossing Old Lion's second son's corpse in front of the 'Mechanism Master', directly asking: "Can you still revive him?"

Looking at Dieudonne's body on the ground, the 'Mechanism Master' was clicking his tongue in admiration upon hearing his colleague's words, he couldn't help but roll his eyes.

"I'm the 'Mechanism Master'!"

Not the 'Miracle Master'!"

Saying this, the 'Mechanism Master' started to dig out metal ores and herbal plants from his basket, filling them into Dieudonne's corpse.

Next?

Naturally, more rats, the 'Mechanism Master' hummed lightly, reaching under the basket.

There, a square cage held a robust rat.

Ignoring the rat's gnawing, the 'Mechanism Master' implanted it into Dieudonne's chest cavity, a deep blue glow emanating from his hand.

Moments later, Dieudonne's corpse began to move freely.

"Not bad! Not bad!

With two more refinements, it could become a fine guardian.

The corpse of an Entrant, truly delightful.

If it were an Ascend Steper's, I dare not imagine what it'd be like."

Without a doubt, the 'Mechanism Master' felt satisfied.

To His Highness's second son, this 'Lion Group' member held no respect.

Or rather, those aware in the 'Lion Group' understood His Highness's true attitude towards his sons.

Optional.

No genuine sense of kinship.

Merely a nominal father-son relationship.

Precisely why the 'Mechanism Master' dared to do this.

From the basket, he pulled out a cannon and shoved it into Dieudonne's neck, barrel in, muzzle out.

Glyphic Language-formed Secret Technique runes appeared around the neck, flickering alongside the deep blue glow, the 'Mechanism Master' nodded with a grin.

"For now, this is sufficient."

Finishing his statement, the 'Mechanism Master' looked at his colleague.

His colleague, naturally, knew he wasn't a 'Miracle Master'.

Yet, his colleague still brought Dieudonne's corpse back, knowing his interest in strong corpses.

To put it simply, this was a transaction—

"Speak, what do you need help with.

However, overly demanding conditions, I won't agree."

'Mechanism Master' said this.

"The person I've been waiting for has appeared.

He issued me a challenge.

And I?

Plan to accept the battle."

The silhouette spoke like this.

"The person you're waiting for?

'Master of Bloodflow'!"

The 'Mechanism Master' instantly guessed who that person was, decades of colleagues had long familiarized them with each other.

But immediately, the 'Mechanism Master' stepped back.

Ding!

At the instant of the 'Mechanism Master' stepping back, a metallic spike rose from the ground.

To this, the 'Mechanism Master' rolled his eyes, yet didn't get angry.

Because, he knew if his colleague truly wanted an attack, it wouldn't be so conspicuous.

But immediately, the 'Mechanism Master' roared angrily.

As the metallic spike continued rising, five or six rat corpses were impaled.

"Damn it! Bastard!

My little darlings!

Do you even realize how much effort I put into raising them!"

'Mechanism Master' screamed, but the silhouette was unmoved.

Like all assassins.

'Blood Shadow's Thorn' wasn't a talkative person.

In fact, many believed 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' was mute.

Thus, 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' stood out as the era's greatest assassin—most people believed so, hence, when the last generation's 'Master of Bloodflow' passed the title to an obscure young man, everyone was astonished.

After all, compared to the 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' who assassinated the 'West Coast Alliance's Commander', that young person was much too unfamiliar.

So unfamiliar that nobody recognized him.

Moreover, soon after, that young man vanished.

Many said 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' killed him.

But only 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' knew he hadn't found him at all.

Even after exhausting great effort, the person vanished into thin air as if never existed.

This time, though, upon the person's appearance, he naturally wouldn't let it slip.

Hence, 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' calmly looked at the 'Mechanism Master'.

"Go!

Go find the person you're waiting for!

As for here?

I'm here!"

'Mechanism Master' waved his hand.

'Blood Shadow's Thorn' immediately disappeared.

'Mechanism Master' listened for a moment.

After confirming 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' had vanished, he spoke again—

"Tsk!

What a fool!

If you hadn't left, I'd have to devise a way to get you out—otherwise, I dare not approach that place.

If discovered by you, I wouldn't get a share."

Saying such words, the 'Mechanism Master' swayed his head while inspecting his miners to the utmost.

As for Inner Bay's current chaos?

The 'Mechanism Master' did not care.

All was within His Highness's expectations.

And he?

While guarding the gold mine, he incidentally sought a benefit for himself—

The treasure of the Pirate King from the Legend of the Silver Age.

Thinking of this, the 'Mechanism Master' chuckled.

Meanwhile, Arthur and Marinda, just arriving at 'Storm Inn', encountered Mr. and Mrs. Smith registering in the hall.

Both sides looked at each other, exchanged greetings with impeccable decorum—

"Good morning."