

Great Master 911

Chapter 911 Fishing III

Wearing a wig, having hidden the pipe, draped in a long skirt, and slightly altering her face, Marinda seemed like a girl from another town, lively and energetic, greeting Mr. and Mrs. Smith with the unique excitement of a young person.

Arthur, on the other hand, had his head slightly bowed. It was only after hearing Marinda greet them that he looked up, nodding repeatedly at Mr. and Mrs. Smith with an obvious sense of awkwardness.

"Good morning!"

Mr. and Mrs. Smith responded.

Especially Mrs. Smith, Rachel, who whispered to Marinda —

"You'd better prepare some small change later.

That guy, he's very greedy.

If you don't have small change ready, he'll give you a hard time."

Mrs. Smith discreetly pointed at the servant behind the bar.

It was a tall, burly man with a beard covering his face.

"Thank you."

Marinda whispered her thanks.

The two parties brushed past each other soon after.

This was a friendly exchange between strangers.

After Marinda paid 5 zeroes, she obtained the room key and a week's room use rights quite smoothly.

"20 Suo a day!

It's just the smallest room!

It's really too expensive!

Oh god!"

The little town girl Marinda was portraying clutched Arthur's hand as she headed toward the upstairs room, muttering constantly, while Arthur carried the wicker box, gently comforting —

"Lin, it's okay, we are on our honeymoon.

It's all worth it."

Such clumsy comfort might cause others to ridicule.

Yet it made the little town girl Lin smile joyfully.

The beauty of youth, along with the longing for the future, was vividly showcased on the two young people.

Standing at the corridor corner, Mr. and Mrs. Smith laughed together —

"It's all just you being overly suspicious.

Those two young people just happened to stand behind us by coincidence."

Mrs. Smith said softly.

"Alright.

It's my fault for being overly suspicious.

I was just worried about those bastards — in Inner Bay, we're unfamiliar, and were targeted by a bunch of guys as soon as we got off the ship. Who knows if these bastards have other accomplices?"

Mr. Smith sighed.

Mrs. Smith nodded, not refuting.

Of course, her reason for not refuting wasn't due to those guys who were eyeing her.

But rather —

The aftershock from recent battles!

The battle aftershock of 'Ascend Stepper' was distinctly felt by her.

She wasn't sure if it was a 'Death' trick.

But she increasingly regretted coming to Inner Bay.

'We should have gone to South Los instead.'

Mrs. Smith thought.

Similarly, Mr. Smith thought the same.

At that moment —

Ding ling! Ding ling!

The sound of bells rang out in the hall of the Storm Inn.

Urgent, loud.

And, accompanied by the noise of people's chatter.

Apparently, something serious had happened.

"You go to the room first, I'll go have a look."

Mr. Smith said.

"Be careful."

Mrs. Smith reminded him.

Mr. Smith nodded, making a reassuring gesture, and as he reached the stairs, noticed the previously shy young man was also heading downstairs.

'Though timid and introverted, he is nice, knowing to step up at such a moment.'

Mr. Smith commented, feeling a bit more favorable toward him.

"Hello, meeting again.

Let's introduce ourselves, I am Reich Smith."

Mr. Smith extended his hand.

"Hello, Mr. Smith.

I am Don Quixote Frankenstein."

Arthur gave a fabricated name.

No special meaning behind it.

Just thought the name rolled off the tongue.

"Shall we go together?"

After Mr. Smith muttered the mouthful name, he invited Arthur — a polite young man willing to stand in front of his wife to face danger easily won the favor of this former demigod.

This Mr. Smith thought if it wouldn't affect him, he could lend a helping hand.

Of course, that would require the other not to decline.

And an introverted, timid person would not know how to refuse such enthusiastic invitations.

"Okay."

Arthur showed the appropriate attitude.

Soon, the two walked shoulder to shoulder to the first floor —

The hotel's servants had already gathered in the hall.

Some were holding sticks and firearms, blocking the hall's entrance, while others were assisting the guests inside to move out promptly.

And the innkeeper stood at the center of the hall, shouting loudly.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm truly sorry.

A riot has occurred at Kilg Harbor.

The Storm Inn is temporarily closed — For those who have checked in, please do not worry, the inn will ensure your safety within the premises.

For those outside the inn, I apologize for my inability.

I cannot discern everyone's true identity.

Please leave."

This innkeeper, of average build, with a plump physique, spoke with an extraordinarily loud voice.

Everyone heard the speech.

The guests inside the inn heaved a sigh of relief immediately.

People outside the inn were anxiously pleading.

However, faced with sticks and firearms, they dared not move forward — they are here because they know the reliability of the 'Storm Inn.'

Yet this reliability, at this moment, became a thorn impeding them.

"Go fetch more weapons.

Everyone should split into four teams, with one team resting, while the other three consist of two fixed guarding teams and one patrolling team, plus..."

The innkeeper arranged things methodically.

Arthur fittingly displayed surprise.

After all, the other party didn't seem like just an innkeeper.

Mr. Smith beside him quietly explained.

"This innkeeper's father is a deputy police chief, and he also holds the rank of deputy, that's why he has so many firearms.

Additionally, those holding firearms are registered temporary officers."

"I see."

Arthur nodded with realization.

Then, he became worried.

"Don't worry, everything will pass."

Mr. Smith comforted Arthur, but the next moment, Mr. Smith's gaze sharpened — he saw that 'Death Hound.'

The intelligent eyes and unique appearance were unmistakable.

"Mr. Smith, what's wrong?"

Mr. Smith's abnormality prompted the character Arthur was playing to appropriately show astonishment.

"It's nothing.

Frankenstein, you go back first.

I want to gather more information."

Mr. Smith said.

"I'll go with you."

Arthur continued to play his part.

Seeing Arthur's sincere eyes, Mr. Smith sighed, feeling more inclined to communicate with this young man. A shy, timid yet enthusiastic young man, the likes of Smith enjoyed such people greatly.

He waved his hand.

"Go protect your wife.

Although the Storm Inn is relatively safe, she will truly be safe with you around."

After saying so, not giving Arthur a chance, Smith quickly left.

Arthur, seemingly helpless, turned to head back upstairs.

At the corner of the hall, Kiri saw Mr. Smith approaching, and immediately wrote —

Eliminate the 'Mechanism Master'!

Chapter 912 Fishing IV

Mr. Smith frowned.

He knew the 'Mechanism Master' Kid.

In fact, he was quite familiar.

During that war, he had dealt with the opponent more than once—a unique state of both cooperation and opposition, and the opponent's talent was very unique.

But it wasn't difficult to deal with.

Of course, that was for both him and 'Him'.

As for him now?

He really wanted to kill the opponent, but the chance was less than thirty percent.

Because of the opponent's unique talent.

Unless it's overwhelming strength.

Otherwise, if pulled into a positional battle by the opponent, the continuous flow of 'constructed bodies' is enough to make anyone's scalp tingle.

Mr. Smith was no exception.

Thus, Mr. Smith immediately lowered his voice and said—

"I'm not sure I can kill him.

Furthermore, I can't find him."

Facing 'Death', Mr. Smith did not look for more excuses.

Because he knew very well, such excuses were completely useless to Death.

Finding such excuses would only bring humiliation.

It was better to be straightforward.

Kiri immediately drew imaginary patterns on the floor.

My people will lure him out.

Then, you deliver the fatal blow.

See you at the Lion Palace in the evening.

"If that's the case, I can give it a try!"

Mr. Smith said so.

And that was enough.

With the contract's existence, the other party would not lie.

Instantly, Arthur ordered Kiri to temporarily leave and conceal himself, awaiting orders.

And at this time, Arthur just returned to his and Marinda's room—

About 20 square meters.

With a basic bed, cabinet, chairs, and table, as well as a separate washroom.

And in the opened Wicker Box, there were some clothes meant for decoration that suited the season and their identity.

In these small details, whether Arthur or Marinda, they were extremely careful.

"How's it going, my dear?"

Marinda opened the door and upon seeing Arthur, immediately let out a sigh of relief and asked with lingering trepidation.

"It's nothing.

Just some minor incident.

The inn we're staying in is very safe."

Arthur answered.

Then he entered the room, closed the door, and locked it, before whispering in an extremely low voice:
"There's been a riot at Kilg Harbor."

"Ah!"

Marinda gasped sharply, but immediately covered her mouth with her hand.

"It's alright, it's alright, I'm here!"

Arthur immediately embraced Marinda softly, comforting her.

Marinda didn't shy away but embraced Arthur back warmly, writing on Arthur's back with her fingers—

'Settled?'

Arthur was not surprised at all.

He wasn't surprised that Marinda could guess his intentions.

Marinda's wisdom was acknowledged by Arthur.

And the appearance of the 'Storm Inn' was too obvious.

He was not someone who pursued enjoyment.

Thus his visit to the 'Storm Inn' naturally had other purposes.

Instantly, Arthur also wrote with his fingers.

'Half settled.'

The fingertips traced across the back, the sensation of heat quickly spread, followed by a tingly sensation, Marinda biting her lip controlling her body not to tense, nor tremble, she promptly wrote.

'Half?'

'Yes, half.

Because some things were delayed.

But it can be made up soon.'

Arthur sensed Marinda's anomaly.

Marinda controlled the tension and trembling, but her breathing was erratic.

This was immediately discovered by Arthur.

And then...

Arthur wrote a little more.

When he noticed Marinda's breathing getting faster, Arthur finally wrote out the answer.

'In the evening.

I need a little help from you.'

"Alright."

Marinda didn't refuse.

Firstly, she trusts Arthur not to let her suffer.

Secondly, at the moment, she just wants to quickly end this conversation.

Otherwise, she would embarrass herself.

Arthur was smart enough.

Having already gained an advantage, naturally, he wanted to show his innocence—in this situation, overstepping would be reckless.

Arthur understood Marinda's intelligence.

Perhaps she wouldn't realize at the moment.

But once calm, she would certainly understand it was intentional.

At that moment, he would be in trouble.

Thus, he had to stop while ahead.

Breathing steadily.

Just as Arthur predicted, Marinda quickly regained her composure and realized Arthur had done it on purpose.

She immediately glared fiercely at Arthur.

It was completely subconscious, this lady thinking about how to retaliate.

However, when Arthur took her hand, this thought froze.

Arthur wrote in her palm—

'Do you have any long-range secret techniques?'

'I'm not the main offensive?'

Marinda collected her thoughts and quickly retorted.

'Of course not.

It's just in case.

Because my partner might hold back.

Or...

He might be unable to exert himself.

At that time, I hope you can act from a distance to restrain the target.'

Arthur explained.

He had considerable confidence in Mr. Smith.

Perhaps, the opponent was no longer 'Him'.

But the one who used to be 'Him' must have considerable ability.

Especially in terms of trump cards!

Most people cannot have as many trump cards as a Demigod!

Having the experience of multiple encounters with Demigods, particularly Miha and Yiluo's performance, Arthur understood deeply.

Mr. Smith certainly wouldn't be that extreme.

But with Mrs. Smith, Mr. Smith's extremes will far surpass Miha and Yiluo—the existence of love is synonymous with miracles.

Moreover, it is the interpretation of disaster.

Arthur even believed that if Mrs. Smith encountered an accident, Mr. Smith would fall to the extent of 'My wife is dead, right or wrong I care not.'

Similarly, if Mr. Smith faced an accident, Mrs. Smith would certainly be willing to drag everyone down to death.

Believing in this sentiment, Arthur silently applauded.

He, Arthur, wasn't a bad person.

Nor was he a schemer.

He was just a Spirit Medium.

A Little Medium coordinating and borrowing various forces to fulfill his small wish.

As a Little Medium, what bad intentions could he have?

"Linda, you should rest for a while.

You didn't sleep all night."

Arthur comforted Marinda.

Just like a true married couple.

And in the room, Mrs. Smith, who heard all this, finally felt relieved.

'Everything is just a coincidence.'

Thinking this, Mrs. Smith thought even further.

Using a spring altar, she almost witnessed the battle at 'St. Joan of Arc Girls' College', everything else was immaterial.

But that 'Blood Descendant'!

How should she contact the opponent?

It is known, reasonably avoiding her husband is not easy.

Just then, Mr. Smith returned.

With a serious expression.

Mrs. Smith immediately asked—

"What's wrong?"

Chapter 913 The Great Secret I

Close the door, Mr. Smith maintained his previous seriousness—

"It's even more chaotic outside than imagined.

There's a riot at St. Joan of Arc Girls' College, heavy losses for police and secret detectives at Kilg Harbor; the entire Inner Bay is starting to mobilize now.

But this will take time.

At least within two days, Kilg Harbor will be very unsafe."

In his heart, Mr. Smith apologized while explaining to his wife.

Of course, it's not all lies.

Mr. Smith really saw some malicious people lurking around the hotel earlier.

However, upon seeing the hotel servant's firearm, they temporarily chose to retreat.

But only temporarily.

Those hyena-like people won't give up.

Those bastards are waiting for time.

Waiting...

For nightfall.

This was Mr. Smith's deduction.

And Mrs. Smith quickly understood.

"Someone wants to take advantage of the chaos?"

"It's not just anyone wanting.

It's anyone with the capability, they're all thinking about it.

So, I need to leave temporarily before dark."

Mr. Smith looked apologetically at his wife.

Mrs. Smith hugged her husband tightly.

She certainly knew why her husband was leaving before dark—so that she would be safe, preventing those who wanted to take advantage after dark from appearing again.

Mrs. Smith felt a surge of emotion.

She wanted to reveal her true identity.

But, she quickly suppressed the impulse.

'Death'!

'Damn bastards!'

Mrs. Smith cursed.

By now, Mrs. Smith was sure, that bastard 'Death' had once again calculated everything, otherwise, how could they confirm the appearance of the 'Blood Descendants'?

Everything was their setup.

And she?

Was just one link.

But sadly, she didn't know which position she occupied in this chain.

Was it important? Or secondary?

Or perhaps a sacrificial pawn to draw out some key figure?

Mrs. Smith's heart was in chaos.

But now, she could only play it by ear.

In her heart, she apologized to her husband—actually, the instant she saw the 'Blood Descendants' emerge from the spring altar, Mrs. Smith was pondering how to meet this 'Blood Descendants', she was eager to inform them of 'that matter'.

And then?

What if a miracle occurred?

Thus, during the time before dark, the Smiths did not leave the room.

Arthur and Marinda were the same.

The two lay side by side on the bed, eyes closed, not speaking.

They were conserving energy.

Both knew there would be a fierce battle at night.

Listening to each other's breathing.

Marinda's eyelids grew heavy.

Then, soft snores began to rise.

Arthur lifted himself slightly to tuck Marinda in, then lay back down obediently.

Then, he turned on his side.

When Arthur turned, Marinda's light snoring remained unchanged, but her eyes opened just a crack.

Her barely visible eyes were full of smiles.

Next, this lady's breathing became long and she truly fell asleep.

And Arthur?

After Marinda fell truly asleep, he opened his right eye that was pressed against the pillow—he certainly couldn't sleep, there were many things that needed planning.

Tonight's action was extremely important to Arthur.

No amount of planning was too much.

Time passed by minute by minute.

As the sun slanted west, Mr. Smith began to tidy his attire—a large black trench coat, once the collar was upturned, could fully obscure his face, pockets held a pair of custom finger tigers, a line of darts inserted into the belt buckle, and a dagger hidden in the boot.

Of course, these were secondary.

The most important thing was—

Mr. Smith hugged and kissed Mrs. Smith directly.

Then, under Mrs. Smith's gaze, he climbed out the window.

Leaning half on the window, Mrs. Smith watched as her husband landed smoothly, turned into the alley, and went straight into the washroom.

This lady turned on the faucet—

Snapp!

Water flowed like a stream.

Droplets of water flew towards the room's doors, corridors, windows, and other exits.

These were all alerts.

Perhaps due to her losing demigod power, these droplets could not cause substantial harm, but served well as alarms.

After confirming these, Mrs. Smith began to focus on the water flow.

Her Spirituality accompanied the flow, surged into Inner Bay's groundwater, headed towards the already locked spring altar.

The location was a dock area, after this morning's appearance, this 'Blood Descendants' had quietly returned here to wait.

Abnormalities in one of the fountains clearly alerted this 'Blood Descendants'—

"Who?"

Cold words full of warning sounded.

Ripples appeared on the pool under the fountain.

"I mean no harm, Lord Auburn."

Mrs. Smith immediately stated her intent.

Though unaware of her particular link, she was clear about her identity—the words she spoke were full of humility.

"God-born?"

Defective God?"

The 'Blood Descendants' looked at Mrs. Smith in the water pit, her nose slightly twitching, and directly asked.

God-born, descendants of the Divine Spirits.

Born transcendents, born with talent unattainable to ordinary people.

The most special group, born as entrants, and would naturally progress towards ascend steppers as they aged.

Defective God, was the collective name for former Divine Spirits now mortal.

A term left from the Imperial Age.

Rumored, the Imperial Age had a glorious history of capturing Divine Spirits.

Mrs. Smith was unsurprised by the 'Blood Descendants' knowing this.

However, she was genuinely disgusted by the 'Blood Descendants' nose twitch—because it reminded her of another bastard.

'Two puppeteer bastards!

Let them dog-eat-dog!'

With this thought, Mrs. Smith smiled and spoke.

"Just a fallen Nameless God.

Briefly held spring water during the Silver Age, quickly lost the name thereafter.

But also allowed me to find my true self."

Nothing was hidden.

This confirmed Arthur's suspicions.

'After the 'Seven Years' War', a highly active Spring Water Goddess who was backstabbed by believers?'

Arthur knew little of this goddess.

Only aware of her once glorious times.

At her peak, the entire Inner Bay, including Bert, Ainhars, West Berlin Territory, belonged to her domain.

But within merely three to four years, she vanished.

'What god was her husband?'

Arthur pondered, manipulating the 'Blood Descendants' to say—

"State your purpose."

The voice remained cold.

But Mrs. Smith was indifferent.

She had encountered such roles many times.

Thus, Mrs. Smith directly responded—

"The 'Seven Years' War' was a conspiracy!"

Chapter 914: Big Secret II

Do not engage in small talk with the 'Bloodline Clan'.

Because, although they have a human appearance, their hearts are cold.

Therefore, Mrs. Smith directly stated—

"This conspiracy emerged as early as the Holy Era.

It might have even begun to take root during the Imperial Age.

It is a millennia-old conspiracy.

And its orchestrator is Hoxueger.

Of course, this bastard has many other names; he was a scholar, an adventurer, a bard, and even a student of Master Hercules.

He created what is called the miracle of the 'Ode to Life'.

And based on this, he created the 'Healing Art'.

Likewise, he used these two creations to become the Pope.

The Pope who launched the 'Expedition Shadow'.

But none of that is important!

What's important is that he is the true traitor, betraying the 'Tower of Mist', betraying the 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association', and even betraying the 'Dusk Monastery'.

His betrayal shattered the 'Tower of Mist'.

His betrayal left the 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association' in decline.

His betrayal transformed the 'Dusk Monastery' into the 'Bell Tower'.

Shadow War!

Holy War!

Seven Years' War!

The three wars he instigated, resulting in over a billion mortal deaths and more than a hundred Divine Spirits falling, including the great 'Harvest', 'War', 'Life', and 'Death'.

He collected a vast and uncountable amount of Death Qi.

Just when everyone believed he was seeking the position of 'Death', it suddenly became clear that he had used this as a performance, leaping towards the highest sin of 'Deception', but unfortunately, your ancestors stopped him—the Blood Marquis!

The Blood Marquis, who coveted the Death Qi, chose to take a desperate risk.

This Blood Marquis both succeeded and failed.

He did not obtain the 'Deception' he should have gotten.

He was forced to settle for 'Death' all at once.

And the Blood Marquis, who had constantly sought 'Death', could only retreat to choose 'Fresh Blood'.

Unwilling!

They became Them.

But They are all unwilling.

'Death' seeks a comeback, while I am just an innocent coerced.

And you are regarded by Them as a part of 'Fresh Blood'.

What do you plan to do?"

Having finished speaking, Mrs. Smith vanished before the 'Blood Descendants' could inquire.

She had completed the contract.

As for more?

She did not plan to inform the other party.

The 'Blood Descendants' are descendants of the 'Bloodline Clan', and she knew these guys' noses too well—they have a more frightening sense of smell than a dog's—although she wasn't sure if they could find her in such a short time, but she didn't dare take the risk.

After all, she was no longer alone.

The 'Blood Descendants' gazed at the ripples still swaying in the pool, murmuring—

"As expected, you were deceived too?"

This kind of murmuring was entirely Arthur digging a pit.

He was setting a trap for those capable of watching this scene through 'time'.

At the Storm Inn, noticing the sky had completely darkened and sensing Mrs. Smith retracting those tiny water droplets, Arthur turned over on the bed.

He stretched lazily—

"Ah, it's been a long time since I slept so comfortably."

Arthur exhaled a long breath as he looked at Marinda.

Marinda woke up earlier.

But this lady sat there thinking.

The whole process made her fidgety.

After all, for this lady, thinking without smoking a pipe was too excruciating.

"You've been overworked these days.

Do you need to eat some food?"

Marinda inquired.

As she spoke, Marinda pushed the food tray towards Arthur—it was a wooden tray with two one-pound pieces of bread with bran, along with a small plate of lettuce leaves, seasoned only with salt, and nothing else.

This was the two-person's allotment of food that the inn delivered when night fell.

According to the servant's original words, they had plunged into unprecedented chaos and had to conserve food; this was all they would get in a day.

If only the person smelled less of roast meat when saying those words, it would have been more convincing.

At that time, Marinda asked about the soup?

The servant pointed to the faucet in the washroom.

The answer was self-evident.

To this, Marinda silently cursed in her heart.

She vowed that once this event ended, she would teach the other a good lesson—because that servant had ill intentions.

The servant not only spoke while trying to tease her.

The malice in his eyes was even more evident.

Obviously, the servant didn't just want to take advantage of the chaos; he wanted more.

For instance: murder and robbery.

On regular days, nobody would dare attempt such acts.

But during such chaos, who cared.

As long as it's done carefully, everything would turn out perfectly.

In fact, Marinda already guessed, those guys might intentionally lure in outsiders, create chaos, and then profit greatly.

"Of course."

Arthur spoke while keeping the bread in his ring.

Not because he wasn't hungry.

Nor because he didn't want to eat.

But because he couldn't eat.

The bread was drugged.

Eating it would lead to falling asleep.

Thus, what Marinda guessed, Arthur naturally also guessed.

Moreover, Arthur could also guess that these guys were already impatient—they weren't just targeting the inn's guests but also those outside.

To this, Arthur shrugged.

He, just a young, honest, simple, and kind Spirit Medium.

How could he have any ill intentions?

Therefore—

"Kuliqi, Kiri, take care of them."

Arthur softly instructed.

Two Death Hounds in the shadows immediately started their action.

They liked such actions.

Though it wasn't even a warm-up.

But this sense of hunting filled them with joy.

Of course, the Death Hounds' joy usually comes with the wails of life—

Ah!

Screams emerged from the inn.

Arthur donned his black coat.

Ah!

With louder screams, Marinda smiled as she put a bowler hat on Arthur.

Ah!

With another shiver-inducing scream, Marinda handed Arthur his cane.

"Send those nearby scoundrels to their rightful place too.

And also...

Mind your table manners."

Arthur softly instructed.

Then waved at Marinda.

Afterward, he flipped out the window and leaped down.

Soon, Arthur's figure blended into the night.

Yet the screams did not cease.

Not Kuliqi, Kiri.

The two Death Hounds, who remembered their master's words, abided by table manners, attacking in a more concealed manner, not making a single sound, like silent Grim Reapers, harvesting the lives of those with hidden intentions.

Those screams were from the conflicts of those looters.

Of course, quite a few were also caught in the trouble stirred elsewhere.

At least, Acker did it three times.

Listening to those screams, Alk commented that they deserved it.

Then—

The footsteps of this 'Master of Bloodflow' paused.

"Come out!"

Chapter 915 Battle of the Assassins I

After Acker's low shout, a figure slowly rose from the shadows on one side—a place where wall and moonlight intersected.

The shadows filled this place.

But with Acker's low shout, these shadows flowed like water.

When that figure appeared, the shadows truly flowed off the person's body like water, and part of it shrouded the person like mist, making it impossible to see their face.

"Are you the last student of the mentor?"

Immature fellow.

Who do you think you are?

Do you think you can save them?"

The raspy and harsh voice was filled with disdain and ridicule, and an indescribable grudge and anger, yet a smile appeared on Acker's dry, wrinkled face.

"How would I know without trying?"

As the words fell, Acker moved his steps.

Whoosh!

A thin silk behind him accelerated abruptly, bringing about a sound.

This thin silk grazed Acker's body and collided with the silk that grazed the 'Blood Shadow's Thorn'—

Clink!

A clear sound like swords clashing.

Then came the entanglement in the trembling.

The two stood face to face, but the two thin silks moved on their own, like two extremely fine snakes.

The whooshing sound continued, but no further collision.

It's not that they didn't want to, they couldn't.

The 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' knew after just one collision that its imitation 'Spider Silk' was a whole level below the original 'Spider Silk'.

If they collided again, the 'Spider Silk' in his hand would break.

This was an outcome he absolutely did not want to see.

He could not accept this result.

He would never lose to this fellow in front of him.

And Acker realized this immediately.

As he slightly stepped back, the 'Spider Silk' retracted instantly.

A dagger appeared in his hand.

As Acker retracted the Spider Silk, the 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' also retrieved its 'Spider Silk', and a dagger appeared in his hand.

The two charged at each other.

The whole process took only an instant, but in that instant, the two daggers shook continuously, vaguely aiming at each other's throats, hearts, and lower bodies.

Those are all fatal places.

But ultimately—

Clink!

The daggers collided.

Almost instinctively, another dagger appeared in their left hands, simultaneously stabbing at each other's throats, while both raised and lowered their feet.

Clink!

Bang!

The successive dagger clashes and the dull sound of feet kicking together, the two withdrew, disappearing into the shadows once more.

Inside the alley, instant silence fell, murderous and grim.

Time passed second by second.

Suddenly, the night breeze stirred.

The wind blew softly.

A sense of hidden slaughter.

The 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' hid the slight sound of its movements within the wind sound.

Acker did the same.

As the 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' lunged at him, he lunged at the 'Blood Shadow's Thorn'.

Clink clink clink!

In mid-air, the daggers in their hands collided continuously.

A series of crisp sounds, then silence once more at the moment of landing.

The alley returned to its original stillness.

Quickly, a patch of dark clouds appeared, blocking the moonlight.

Just as the moonlight disappeared.

Two crossbow arrows.

Twelve throwing knives.

Shot out simultaneously.

Like fearless soldiers launching a charge, colliding and falling to the ground.

Clink clink clink!

In a series of collisions, two figures tangled together, producing even more dense metallic collision sounds than before, until—

Crack!

Acker's dagger showed a crack.

Then shattered straight away.

Both daggers shattered simultaneously.

Although these two daggers were crafted by a locally famous blacksmith, almost sharp enough to be secret technique equipment, they ultimately were not secret technique equipment.

While the 'Blood Shadow's Thorn's' dual daggers were a gift from the Old Lion, genuine secret technique equipment.

Initially, it may not have been apparent.

After hundreds of collisions, the former finally showed disadvantages.

Seeing Acker's dagger shatter, the 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' did not hesitate, rushing forward like the wind.

Puff!

Acker dodged with all his might.

He dodged the dagger aimed at his throat with his right hand.

He didn't dodge the dagger aimed at his lower abdomen.

The dagger embedded into his lower abdomen.

"Ha, didn't you forget the mentor's teachings?

Assassins are ruthless.

They must resolve their opponent with the smallest cost and the fastest speed! ...Ugh!"

The 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' immediately sneered, but the sneer abruptly stopped—the 'Spider Silk' suddenly sprang from a shadow beside, and Acker fiercely grabbed the 'Blood Shadow's Thorn's' wrist, who was about to dodge.

Squish!

Followed by, the 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' dodged a throat blow, but his entire left arm was cleanly cut off.

"Of course I didn't forget that sentence!

I dare not forget!

I always remember!"

Acker answered, clutching his lower abdomen.

The 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' remained silent.

This King of Assassins from South County felt the pain in his severed arm, his face twitching.

Compared to the pain in his arm, he felt more pain on his face.

He lifted his hand and squeezed it hard.

Blood from the severed arm splashed directly at Acker.

This 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' wanted to gamble with 'Blood Flow Secret Technique'.

But unfortunately, Acker knew it too.

His bloodstained palm waved just as well.

Their blood turned into blood-colored shadows in mid-air.

In a blink, each had three blood shadows began to fight.

Just like before, the same techniques, the same secret techniques.

Even...

At times, the behavior patterns were the same.

After all, they were taught by the same mentor.

The 'Blood Shadow's Thorn's' breathing became heavier.

His every breath seemed like pulling bellows when stoking a fire.

He didn't want to admit it.

But he had to.

His mentor's last student was just as outstanding as he was.

No!

Even more outstanding than him!

He could see that the other had quite a long period of 'indulgence', with no sign of training, only recently resharpening their skills again.

Although they quickly became familiar with it, it was just familiar.

There was no further advancement.

But what about him?

He honed his skills every day for decades.

Yet he was almost the same as someone who picked it up again.

Suddenly, the 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' became unacceptable.

When his mentor handed over the title of 'Master of Bloodflow' to this bastard before him, he did say, the bastard before him was more talented.

He absolutely didn't recognize it.

He—

Was the true 'Master of Bloodflow' of this era!

Whisper!

Again, a deep breath.

This 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' sneered once more—

"Since you remember the mentor's teachings.

Then...

Let me show you the true meaning of this sentence."

As these words left his mouth, three figures appeared on either side of the alley.

No longer 'Blood Flow Secret Technique'.

But true, genuine people.

With the unique aura of assassins.

Chapter 917: Assassin's Battle III

When the dagger made of shadows pierced into the lower back of 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' Renock, the Assassin Master was exhilarated.

Because the opportunity he had been waiting for had finally arrived.

His two opponents had finally taken the bait.

He could hardly restrain himself from laughing out loud.

Ever since Eivor appeared, he had been waiting for this moment.

Waiting for Eivor to use his shadow to assassinate him.

He would go with the flow.

And then?

Of course, he would counterattack directly.

But almost immediately, the Assassin Master sensed something amiss.

Because——

Pain!

His body, modified by shadows, was supposed to be immune to pain.

Or rather...

When facing an invasion from his own shadow, he was immune.

Not only immune, but he could also counter the opponent.

After attacking the secret base of 'Shadowflow' and obtaining a large number of 'Shadowflow' secret techniques, this Assassin Master had been pondering how to counter 'Shadowflow' backlash.

Then, he invented this secret technique.

It was called 'Shadow Stream. Devour'.

But...

The Assassin Master looked down at his shadow, which was not under control, and then at the shadow of the building beside him.

The shadow, which should have been uniform and short, became a slender dagger. This change lengthened the shadow, perfectly piercing him.

"Why?"

'Blood Shadow's Thorn' questioned Eivor.

"I'm not an idiot.

You obtained so many secret techniques from your base, how could you not study them? And with your talent, it's only a matter of time before you research shadow modification and shadow backlash.

Fortunately, you have plenty of time.

So, I am sure you've reached this level, then of course I'd use a little trickery.

You're asking about changing the shadow's shape?

Isn't that easy to do?

You weren't really affected by the so-called 'shadow range', right?

Shouldn't the shadow's range be controlled by the 'Master of Shadowflow'?

Sorry!

I forgot, you're not the 'Master of Shadowflow'.

Oh right, you're not yet the 'Master of Bloodflow' either."

Eivor chuckled, explaining to 'Blood Shadow's Thorn'.

The words were filled with Eivor's unique chatty nature.

'Blood Shadow's Thorn' was so provoked that his breath became rapid.

"Deep breaths! Dizziness is normal!

Truly terrifying physique.

To be able to endure so long after being stabbed by 'Shadow Power'... Should I say you truly deserve the title of 'King of Assassins'?

This physique is even more powerful than a warrior's.

But why did you forget the assassin's best skill 'overcome the strong with the weak'?

I guess you don't want to?

After all, you are the 'King of Assassins', how could you forget the essence of an assassin?"

Eivor's little mouth rambled on.

'Blood Shadow's Thorn's' breathing became more rapid, and then——

Round! A mouthful of fresh blood was spat out.

But before the fresh blood hit the ground, it dissipated.

Absorbed by 'Spider Silk'.

Acker, holding the 'Spider Silk', looked calm.

But Eivor's mouth didn't stop.

"You're thinking of using 'Blood Flow. Burst'?"

You're truly ruthless to use such a mutual destruction move.

But don't forget, we're two people, and Acker is the real 'Master of Bloodflow', don't think you have a chance, right?

No, you don't!"

Eivor restrained his teasing demeanor, looked seriously at the Assassin Master in front of him, and said word by word——

"The moment you met us, not choosing to do your utmost to eliminate Acker, your failure was already sealed.

You forgot your teacher's first lesson——

In any confrontation, one must do their utmost.

Even a lion when facing a rabbit does so.

Not to mention, the lion's attendant?"

With that, Eivor raised his left hand and snapped his fingers lightly.

Snap!

A crisp sound.

Shadows intertwined.

The shadows within the entire alley came alive at this moment, dodging 'Blood Shadow's Thorn's' leverage, they sealed off 'Blood Shadow's Thorn's' escape route.

They even, with exceedingly unique power, isolated 'Blood Shadow's Thorn's' 'Ascending Stairs'.

When this power was isolated, 'Blood Shadow's Thorn's' heart truly fell into despair.

"You?!"

'Blood Shadow's Thorn' glared angrily at Eivor.

This small mobile food stall vendor of South Los curled his lips.

"What about the rumor that 'War Elephant' can catch a 12-pound cannonball with bare hands and easily lift a four-wheeled carriage, donned in three layers of heavy armor, rampaging on the battlefield of the Seven Years' War? You didn't really believe it, did you?

You, 'War Elephant', 'Mechanism Master', in our assassin's eyes, are regarded only by 'Ascending' standards.

Or are you curious about this technique?

The secret of 'Shadowflow'.

'Shadow Great Seal'!

What? Want to learn?

I'm not teaching you!"

Eivor, like a llama, spat wildly at 'Blood Shadow's Thorn'.

'Blood Shadow's Thorn' wanted to counterattack, but it was in vain.

The 'Spider Silk' he dreamed of was now inserted into his body, rapidly melting his organs, bones, and muscles, then transmitting them, along with his blood, back into Acker's body.

Visible to the naked eye, the wrinkles on Acker's face began to diminish, his body more vital, and the gleam in his eyes grew brighter.

Most importantly, his aura was on the rise.

But quickly, it became hidden.

No!

Instead, this power was being concentrated.

The biggest difference between a thief and an assassin lies here.

Both need to hide themselves at all times.

But at critical moments, the assassin is not stingy about revealing his edge.

As for the thief?

He runs away.

"You just said, the teacher asked you to give me the title of 'Master of Bloodflow' in three years, is it true or false?"

'Blood Shadow's Thorn' felt death.

Unlike before, this time the death stemmed from himself.

He glimpsed his own demise.

And before dying, he didn't want regrets.

"False!

Of course, it's false!

It was just to unsettle your mind!"

Eivor quickly said.

But 'Blood Shadow's Thorn' looked at Acker.

Acker nodded.

"It's true.

I diverted the trackers for you, that's real too.

But...

I also don't know if I would willingly give you the title of 'Master of Bloodflow', even if the teacher ordered me to."

Acker said quite honestly.

'Blood Shadow's Thorn' was stunned.

Then burst out laughing.

"Hahaha..."

The laughter was loud but soon weakened, then muted.

Finally, only a human skin was left.

Eivor watched Acker put away the human skin, all the while grumbling—

"You 'Bloodflow' masters, are you always this devoid of feeling?

But still, you're not as perverted as those old jerks from 'Shadowflow'.

Those bastards used the excuse of training my 'Assassin's Heart' to make me get close to a ten-year-old girl, and then I had to break all her limbs and then [censor] her.

And that girl was an innocent I saved in a previous mission, who trusted me greatly, like an older brother.

Damn it."

Eivor said, starting to curse.

"What happened then?"

Acker knew Eivor was comforting him in his own way, but he was a bit curious about Eivor's method of revenge.

"I knocked them out, stripped them naked, and locked them up with a big dog that had been drugged with a potent aphrodisiac.

Then, I sealed the base.

After all, they were seen as dog fuckers."

Eivor stated quite seriously.

Acker thought for two seconds, nodded, and agreed that Eivor was right.

"Well done."

Then, the two exchanged a smile and quickly walked towards the Lion Palace.

Their task was not over.

They'd only completed half of it.

What remained was the other half—

'Mechanism Master'!

Chapter 918: Pride and Prejudice I

The situation is more serious than imagined!

When Mr. Smith headed to Lion Palace, he saw a completely different group of people — they were filled with the aura of the battlefield... No, it should be the unique aura of the 'Death Warriors'.

But, they were stronger than the 'Death Warriors' he remembered.

Moreover...

[Spirituality] is extremely active!

You must know that even if 'Death Warriors' possess [Spirituality], they are still lifeless.

It's impossible for them to be this active.

Even those labeled as 'geniuses' by ordinary people couldn't achieve this.

But this team of Death Warriors did it.

And it wasn't just one person who achieved it.

Every one of them did.

Especially the leader, who was so active it was unbelievable, entirely using the activity of [Spirituality] to stimulate the [Physique] into frantic growth.

As if there was no end to it.

If this had happened before, Mr. Smith would surely have figured out what was going on.

But now?

He just wanted to finish this mission quickly.

Then, take his wife and run away as far as possible.

He didn't even plan on staying in South Los.

Or rather, he wouldn't stay in South County at all.

He intended to take his wife directly to North County.

He wanted to stay away from 'Death'.

As for the promise to 'Death'?

Of course, he wouldn't forget; he didn't deny it, just that 'Death' hadn't stated the next mission?

He wasn't deliberately avoiding it.

It was just 'Death' hadn't found him to state the next mission.

He, Mr. Smith, was not someone to go back on his word.

Thinking of this, Mr. Smith quickened his pace.

And as the team of 'Death Warriors', who once brushed past this demigod, the leader suddenly halted.

"Mr. Cancer?"

The few 'Death Warriors' behind him simultaneously stopped.

"It's alright.

There was a strong guy that made me uncomfortable who just passed by here."

The Death Warrior, named 'Cancer' by Arthur, said so.

Then, they moved forward again.

He had his own mission, as instructed by Your Crown, he and other brothers had to subdue the entire gang power of the Inner Bay tonight.

If not...

He really wanted to test how strong that guy was just now.

The few 'Death Warriors' looked at each other.

They didn't see anyone just now.

It was always them moving forward here.

As for the distance?

Impossible.

Mr. Cancer said that guy passed through here.

'Did we not see him?

Or...'

These few 'Death Warriors' guessed, puzzled.

But there was no hesitation.

They followed 'Cancer', charged into the first target, watching the gang members using residences as strongholds, preparing firearms, swords, intending to take advantage of this chaos.

Watching their eager attempts.

'Cancer' squinted his eyes.

"Who are you?"

The leader yelled loudly.

'Cancer' did not answer; instead, he pointed to the ground beside him.

Snap!

The dungeon door hidden beneath a table shattered along with the table itself.

Revealing the bound women below.

They were naked, reeking of stench, some already deceased, and those alive were numb, with no light in their eyes.

"Bastards who take pleasure in slaughtering the weak &...

deserve to die."

'Cancer' glanced over and then raised a finger, directing it towards this gang's members.

The death qi condensed in the cellar instantly turned into a sharp edge, sweeping towards the present gang members.

Puff puff puff!

Amidst continuous cutting sounds, everyone was cut in half at the waist.

They did not die immediately but began to crawl on the ground, wailing.

'Cancer' didn't spare them a glance, just snapped his fingers.

Snap snap snap!

All the ropes of the surviving women were untied.

Then, 'Cancer' along with the few 'Death Warriors' left.

Your Crown had said to subdue these gang members, but not all of them. Some scum were unnecessary.

Your Crown had given a very generous death quota.

And the moment 'Cancer' left, the entire building began to burn.

No one came out.

Those gang members died.

The women who could have lived also chose death.

This was their choice.

'Cancer' respected this kind of death.

The remaining eleven also named by Arthur, 'Goat', 'Sagittarius', 'Taurus', etc., encountered similar situations.

Like 'Cancer', they annihilated these gangs more viciously.

Just like Your Crown often said —

My heart is ruthless when facing bad people; I can crush them to dust.

My conscience is not bad; I am always kind-hearted towards good people.

I should never be a bastard who reads sacred books yet can't manage affairs outside the window.

Since empathy comes from me, then turning a blind eye shouldn't be me.

Empathy is me; powerlessness shouldn't be me.

Never let emotions consume you; when someone causes you inner turmoil, then...

Please remember that it must be the other party who is wrong

Although some words they didn't understand, they firmly believed that Your Crown was certainly right.

Thus, they struck even more ruthlessly.

And this brought bad luck to the gang members who prepared to fish in troubled waters.

One by one, without knowing what happened, they were knocked to the ground and then lost their lives.

They couldn't understand why these people were so ferocious.

Just like those innocents didn't understand why these gang members would target them.

But it was certain that blood was flowing, death was spreading, and wails were endless.

Tonight's Inner Bay was a sleepless night.

This made Mr. Smith even more convinced to leave quickly.

Even Inner Bay was in such chaos.

The next step would inevitably be the entire South County!

With 'Death's' style, it definitely would be like this!

So, Mr. Smith did not hesitate.

As soon as he approached the Lion Palace, he used one of his old tricks.

Although he was no longer Him, having lost the true divine power.

But if it was just some tricks, he still used them with ease.

"Go."

Mr. Smith shouted lowly.

Then suddenly raised his hand and slammed it heavily on the ground —

Snap!

The crisp sound stopped at once.

Then, returned to silence.

As if nothing ever happened.

But somewhere under the Lion Palace, the 'Mechanism Master' Kid was stunned.

He remembered he seemed to have just walked through here.

The 'Mechanism Master', who resembled a bamboo worm, shook his head.

He confirmed.

He had just walked through here.

Then why did he end up here again?

Lost?

Impossible!

Who could get lost on a direct line walked more than a hundred times?

"Hehe.

Some cuties have arrived.

Is facing Renock not enough for you?

Then let me satisfy you!

Just so...

I need more fresh flesh and blood!"

Mumbling, the 'Mechanism Master' closed his eyes and shook his head.

In the next moment, zombie miners, like mechanical puppets, appeared from all directions.

Then, using their arms as support, like a conveyor belt, they sent the 'Mechanism Master' from the underground of the Lion Palace directly to the surface.

And only then did the 'Mechanism Master' open his eyes.

Seeing Mr. Smith not far away, the 'Mechanism Master' smiled —

"Nice flesh and blood!"

Saying this, the 'Mechanism Master' raised his hand, but Mr. Smith was faster.

Punching directly towards the 'Mechanism Master's' face.

"Power is enough, but speed is lacking, you..."

A shield, entirely made of metal, appeared, feeling the thickness of the shield, the 'Mechanism Master' felt particularly satisfied in his heart, but before he could finish his words, that fist smashed into his face.

Thump!

The 'Mechanism Master's' head shattered completely.

Chapter 919 Pride and Prejudice II

Under the night sky, a burst of blood light exploded.

The immense force instantly shattered the 'Mechanism Master's' head.

However, inside this shattered head of the 'Mechanism Master' there was no brain matter.

It wasn't even entirely flesh and blood; instead, it was mixed with a large amount of wood, metal wires, screws, nuts, and things like transistors.

Yet, even after losing its head, the 'Mechanism Master' did not fall.

It even managed to speak—

"A similar twisted force field?"

Not bad! Not bad!

But unfortunately...

You have no idea who you're facing!"

Deep sounds emitted from the chest and abdomen, replacing the voice and vocal cords.

At the same time, its slender limbs all moved at once, like arrows shooting out, enveloping Mr. Smith within them.

Kaka!

With a string of crisp sounds, the 'Mechanism Master's' limbs wrapped around Mr. Smith like shackles from head to toe.

Tightly binding him in place.

The 'Mechanism Master's' backpack dropped directly to the ground, its four small wheels spinning fast as it swiftly transported the backpack to a distance of a hundred meters away —

Boom!

Firelight flashed.

The sound roared.

The ground trembled, and soon, the scarlet flames turned completely blue, with a striking green filling in.

And another 'Mechanism Master' emerged from the backpack.

He looked at this scene, giggling and laughing.

"Did you feel my passion?"

You thought..."

Puff!

A sharp, unique sound interrupted the 'Mechanism Master's' chatter.

Unnoticed, Mr. Smith had freed himself from the binds and appeared behind the 'Mechanism Master,' punching through it once again.

Unlike the first time, targeting the head.

This time it was the body.

The 'Mechanism Master' was stunned for a moment.

Then, its head made a 180-degree turn, looking at Mr. Smith behind.

Its small eyes lit up like lamps, with countless Glyphic Language formations flashing within those eyes.

"Spatial shuttling?"

No, not exactly!

It's not all shuttling, there's a sense of overlapping...

Interesting! So interesting!"

Upon hearing its analysis, Mr. Smith remained calm and composed, withdrawing his fist, landing another punch on the 'Mechanism Master's' head.

Smack!

The 'Mechanism Master's' head was shattered.

But Mr. Smith glanced at the alley beside him.

In his 'Traveler's Path,' he could clearly sense the presence of the real 'Mechanism Master' there.

As for the previous two 'Mechanism Masters'?

They were real too.

It could be said, each 'Mechanism Master' was real, yet also fake.

They were all controlled by a single 'Mechanism Master.'

This scene made Mr. Smith frown slightly.

He recalled the 'Human Puppet Queen' Robin.

They had met once before.

Back then, he was still 'He.'

The meeting was naturally unpleasant.

'He' was beaten for a week, and then only escaped using his 'Traveler's Path' domain, also because the 'Human Puppet Queen' had no real intent to kill 'Him,' otherwise 'He' would have long been dead.

And precisely because of this, the rock-solid 'He' developed cracks.

It also gave him the opportunity to regain consciousness.

For that queen, Mr. Smith felt gratitude.

But towards the 'Mechanism Master' in front of him, Mr. Smith felt disgust.

Because—

He smelled the scent of rat meat.

Even with some unique medicine mixed in, the base material remained unchanged, which was human meat mixed with rat meat.

As a tavern keeper, he detested rats the most.

They not only scared away guests but also stole his food.

The food that his wife prepared for him.

So—

Smack!

The 'Mechanism Master' that had just emerged was shattered again by Mr. Smith.

But immediately, another 'Mechanism Master' appeared, the Glyphic Language in its slender eyes stopped glowing, and a smile appeared at the corner of its mouth.

"Confirmed!

It's not a secret technique.

Nor is it a talent.

But rather...

A domain!

A domain that only Divine Spirits can possess — obviously, you are not a Divine Spirit, yet you can wield such power, were you... a former god?

Then, infused the domain into the talent!"

As he spoke, the newly emerged 'Mechanism Master' trembled all over.

He laughed out loud.

"Wonderful! Marvelous!

The flesh and blood of a Divine Spirit, even if it's only the former Divine Spirit's flesh and blood, it's enough for me to take a further step!"

The 'Mechanism Master' fixed its gaze on Mr. Smith, then stepped forward.

Under the night sky, the starry sky reappeared.

The 'Mechanism Master' ascended one step, beginning to truly showcase his power —

A full hundred 'Mechanism Masters' surged down from that step.

They all looked at Mr. Smith, smiling.

"Give me your flesh and blood!"

Mr. Smith squinted.

But he couldn't hide his shock.

The scene before him truly caught Mr. Smith by surprise.

With experiences as a god, few things could take Mr. Smith by surprise, but what unfolded in front of him truly exceeded his comprehension.

The post-Spirituality sublimated shadows were gone.

No!

To be accurate, the sublimated Spirituality was distributed among the hundred 'Mechanism Masters,' causing a qualitative change among them — even though these 'Mechanism Masters' were not Ascend Steppers, the accumulated years of modification and the bizarre blessings of the 'Ascend Step' allowed most of them to begin touching the 'Entry,' with a few even advancing to the 'Entry' level.

A single 'Mechanism Master,' Mr. Smith paid no attention to.

But a hundred 'Mechanism Masters'?

Even if they weren't fully fledged 'Mechanism Masters.'

The changes brought by numbers were no joke.

Hoo!

Mr. Smith took a deep breath.

He knew he had to give his all.

His 'Traveler's Path' must burn to the extreme to stand any chance of winning.

Afterwards?

He would truly lose his 'Traveler's Path.'

But does that matter?

It doesn't matter.

He wants to live.

To live with his wife, then leave this damned place dominated by 'Death.'

"Farewell, it's always so unexpected."

Mr. Smith murmured.

He raised his hand to unbutton his collar.

He needed more oxygen to support this burning.

But just when Mr. Smith was about to start—

Fog emerged.

The gray mist thickened immensely.

In an instant, it covered the entire block.

Tens of thousands of undead surged like a tide towards those hundred 'Mechanism Masters.'

Under the moonlight, six undead warhorses pulled a carriage across the sky, Marinda did not even glance downward, she only focused on Arthur in front of her, with a faint smile at the corner of her mouth.

Chapter 920 Arrogance and Prejudice III

Marinda waited for Arthur's reaction.

This display, of course, was not everything.

But it didn't stop her from hoping to receive praise.

Arthur knew what to do the moment he saw Marinda's smile.

He responded with a smile, and then, praised—

"Amazing!"

This was a sincere compliment, not perfunctory.

In fact, when Marinda invited him to ride in the carriage, Arthur had guessed he might witness the magnificent scene before him—only seeing it with his own eyes was even more shocking than imagined.

Arthur's eyes looked through the mist at the undead clad in Holy Era style armor and the twelve-meter-tall undead giant capable of suppressing an 'entrant' with mere power, and couldn't help but exclaim—

"You must have spent a lot of effort collecting them."

"Not really.

They are more of an inheritance.

My mother and father left me plenty of wealth—their own, and from their family and forces behind them, especially my mother's family.

You would never guess that an unassuming ring on the finger of a dying person is the coveted medium for ordinary witches.

And them?

Just treated as decoration."

Speaking of her mother's family, Marinda showed considerable disdain.

Understanding this, Arthur immediately reached out to hold Marinda's hand.

"You know, you are not alone now.

I'm not asking you to be cautious.

Rather, when you want to do something, I can help.

After all...

Now, I have some power to protect myself as well."

Arthur said with a smile.

Marinda was initially very moved.

This was exactly the kind of support she wanted from Arthur.

But upon hearing Arthur's so-called 'power to protect himself', this lady couldn't help but roll her eyes.

Only when about to 'ascend step', does it count as having the power to protect oneself?

What about others?

Are they ants?

Also, is time too tight, otherwise, are you planning to become a god before going out?

Marinda didn't voice her thoughts but just secretly grumbled.

But Arthur saw Marinda's expression and could guess.

"Of course.

If possible, I certainly would do that.

You must know—

This world is indeed very dangerous!"

As he spoke, Arthur pointed to the mist-covered district below, his voice involuntarily became ethereal—

"Because you never know how many people have you in mind."

Who is it?

Who is laying a trap for me?

All the 'Mechanism Masters' had their eyes shine to the extreme, at this moment, their specially modified brains began to calculate together.

But, there was no result.

Even with a hundred modified brains, it couldn't calculate who it was.

But he knew clearly that this couldn't go on.

He needed to gain an advantage.

His clone was entangled by a massive number of undead.

Should he use his main body?

As soon as this thought arose, the 'Mechanism Master' swiftly cast it out of his mind.

Now, he's just enduring a defeat.

If he uses his main body, it would be a matter of life and death.

Even if this defeat would regress his strength back to Arcana Level, it is better than dying.

Moreover, it's not impossible to restore his strength.

It just takes longer.

And time is nothing to him, after all.

His body has been modified, time is the least valuable.

Thinking this, the 'Mechanism Master' completely relaxed.

Yet, for the treasure about to be lost, this 'Mechanism Master' was still full of regret, so, as he watched Mr. Smith, with the help of the undead's entanglement, smash his clones one after another, he gritted his teeth in hate.

Mr. Smith, at this moment, was feeling intensely satisfied.

Just a moment ago, he was fighting for his life.

Now, he began mowing down enemies.

Is there anything more joyful than this?

Of course, it's any time spent with Rachel.

'Support came so quickly?

This doesn't quite align with 'Death's style.

He isn't usually so charitable.

Do I have a more important role?'

Mr. Smith speculated internally, gaining more confidence to leave Inner Bay with his wife.

What Mr. Smith feared was being disposable.

But now?

Mr. Smith finally let go of his hanging heart.

He started swinging his fists even more ruthlessly.

Every punch destroyed a 'Mechanism Master' entangled by the undead—compared to before, Mr. Smith now seemed to be merely target shooting.

It was like targeting fixed marks that barely moved and offered minimal resistance.

This involuntarily reminded Mr. Smith of the games he played with groundhogs in the forest hundreds of years ago.

It's a pity there's no hammer.

Mr. Smith regretted this.

While the 'Mechanism Master' grew increasingly full of hate.

If only this 'Mechanism Master' had eyes right now, the intense gaze would surely kill Mr. Smith.

'You just wait!

I will return!

I will slice you into a hundred pieces!'

The 'Mechanism Master' screamed crazily within.

Then—

"Found it."

A calm voice suddenly whispered in his ear.

The 'Mechanism Master' was stunned.

In his perception, he had completely failed to notice anyone approaching.

Had the other person not spoken, he would not have discovered them even now.

What surprised this 'Mechanism Master' more was that there were not one, but two such people.

A voice full of mockery followed.

"How can a person turn into a piece of wood?"

Chop!

As the words fell, an axe hacked onto the door frame of this piece of a house.

The sensation of pain came, and the 'Mechanism Master' could no longer maintain his current transformation, quickly reverting to a figure resembling a stick insect.

At the same time, now possessing vision, he saw the arrivals.

An ordinary-looking middle-aged man, and an even more ordinary-looking middle-aged chubby.

"You?!"

The 'Mechanism Master' was bewildered.

But Acker and Eivor wouldn't give him such a chance.

Like phantoms, they passed through his body, appearing behind him.

In the next moment—

The already hollow 'Mechanism Master' shriveled even more.

A thread of 'Spider Silk' darted into the shadows, the surrounding shadows churned away like a giant mouth, directly swallowing the 'Mechanism Master'.

After completing this, Acker and Eivor bowed in salute toward the carriage in the night sky before retreating into the darkness.

They still had tasks.

In the carriage, Arthur nodded with a smile at Marinda and then pushed open the door, leaping down.

He stepped onto the land of Lion Palace.

He used the mist to conceal his movements.

He slightly raised his hand.

Squeak, squeak!

The mice under Lion Palace squeaked out, following the commands of their natural enemy, surging in all directions searching.

Seventeen seconds later, Arthur's lips curled up.

"Found it!"