

Great Master 921

Chapter 921 Pirate King's Treasure I

When you can control a swarm of rats, then investigating ruins, treasures, and mines becomes a three-step process: gather the rats, command them to search, and find the ruins, treasures, or mines.

That's exactly what Arthur did.

With the Crown of the Rat King, one of the twenty-seven props of Hercules, Arthur quickly gained an understanding of the situation beneath the Lion Palace.

The gold mine is even larger than imagined.

A completely rich vein!

No!

It's gold beyond imagination!

Exactly!

It's gold!

Gold that doesn't need refinement from ores!

From the current excavation site, if you go down about a hundred meters, there's a large area of such a 'gold mine.'

This is certainly not naturally formed.

It is man-made.

Arthur took a step downward and soon reached a secret chamber—

A secret chamber resembling an office.

A desk, a chair.

On the desk lies a book and a ship helm.

Sitting in the chair is a corpse.

Time has devoured the body's flesh, leaving only bones and some rags.

The Rat Swarm has already checked.

There's no danger here.

Only some Secret Technique Arrays that repel rats, snakes, and insects—if not for Arthur commanding with the Crown of the Rat King, the Rat Swarm would not have entered here.

Raise a hand to put down the Vigilance Oil Lamp.

Arthur used the tip of his cane to move the skeletal hand that lay atop the book, then continued to use the cane to assist in flipping through the pages.

Arthur is definitely not a clean freak.

But he doesn't like to fiddle with skeletons either.

The special ink and paper make the handwriting incredibly clear—

'Death' deceived me!

It's a despicable bastard using tricks!

...

The first page, bold and enlarged letters write this.

And that 'it' is not a typo.

It's the notebook owner's hatred towards 'Death.'

Instantly, Arthur became interested.

According to the hypothesis, the skeleton before him is naturally the 'Pirate King,' but Arthur didn't expect that this 'Pirate King' was also related to 'Death.'

Right away, the cane flipped the pages continuously.

Page after page of the notebook passed.

The light in Arthur's eyes flickered slightly.

Then, his mouth unconsciously curled upward—

This skeleton used to be the 'Pirate King' Edward.

And this notebook is the 'Pirate King' Edward's journal.

It records many things.

Such as the young Edward signing a contract with someone who hadn't yet become 'Death,' the 'White Robe,' agreeing to do some unspeakable things.

And as his power and influence grew, he developed a rebellious heart.

There's also...

God War!

The God War hidden beneath the Seven Years' War!

In the gunfire of mortals, the actions of the Divine Spirits!

And the role the 'White Robe' played in it.

Double agent!

In the face of divine spirits, a humble believer.

In the face of mortals, a dedicated guardian.

"Tsk tsk, truly frightening!"

Arthur said this, yet his interest grew because he also saw hidden information in this notebook—encoded in Secret Text created by pirate habits, hidden within the main text.

Of course, this was learned from Old John.

Or more precisely, Old John disclosed it to Arthur voluntarily to show his sincerity.

According to the rule of selecting one line from the first, two from the second, skipping the seventh, then recounting, Arthur quickly deciphered the true content of the notebook—

'It seeks the position of Deception!

It failed.

It became 'Death'!

But the ritual for the position of Deception hasn't stopped!

'Fresh Blood' certainly knows this!

The young 'Lion' most likely knows this too!

I don't know what use writing these has, but my ship is useful, I am bound by contract and cannot escape, but my 'ship' is not contract-bound.

Take my 'ship' and help me finish off the bastard that deceived me.

Not only did it deceive my life, but it also shattered my hope.

I want to ensure its plans fail!

Make good use of my 'ship'!

It will be of great help to you!

And this gold!

I have hidden it all under this gold mine—hahaha, since the young 'Lion' wants to rebel against 'Death,' then he is naturally my ally. I don't mind helping him a bit.

Of course, I won't tell him.

This guy is indecipherable.

I don't like the way he looks at people.

Even if he is my ally.

On the other hand, the Earl of South Los is a very good person, possessing extraordinary wisdom and considerable strength. Most importantly, he is a knight who keeps his promises.

He should be able to be my ally, right?'

Arthur rubbed his chin.

He really didn't expect that the so-called 'waste' Old Earl of South Los could receive such an evaluation from the 'Pirate King.'

Huh.

Arthur couldn't help but sigh long.

'Hide oneself?

Is it because he learned of 'Death'?

Or because of...

'Fresh Blood'?

Arthur speculated.

But in any case, it can be certain that the Old Earl of South Los is not simple.

Then, Arthur looked at the notebook again.

Every word on the notebook is piercing through the paper. From each word, the young spirit medium can feel the discontent, hatred, and indescribable regret of 'Pirate King' Edward.

The former, Arthur knows.

The latter, Arthur also knows.

Offspring!

The old Pirate King once searched for his offspring, although considered a secret, it was only secret to most. To a small number, it's open knowledge.

Arthur is naturally among the few.

After all, his other vest, the General Puppet, is currently the 'Near Sea King.'

Under this title, nearby pirates are flocking in.

Some have ill intentions, looking to gain the title of 'Near Sea King' by stepping on the carcass of his vest, others are seeking salvation.

The former, sliced into a thousand cuts by his vest.

The latter, enlisted into the ranks by his vest.

In just a short time, thousands of pirates have gathered near Coconut Island.

And among these pirates, quite a few are perceptive.

Each has secrets.

When these secrets could earn favor with the 'Near Sea King,' they naturally divulged them.

So, Arthur knows a great deal.

As for the slaughter?

That's done by the 'Near Sea King,' what does it have to do with Arthur Kredos?

Of course, the information gained from the 'Near Sea King' naturally belongs to Arthur Kredos—I heard them with my own abilities, how could it not count as mine.

'Fresh Blood'?

The young 'Lion'?

It's getting more interesting!

Arthur reined in his thoughts.

Unlike the relations with 'Death' which are close to him.

The 'Fresh Blood' is indeed very guarded against him.

Regarding such guarded behavior towards spirit mediums, Arthur shrugged to show his innocence.

Then, Arthur's gaze landed on the ship helm.

He knew—

This helm would be his greatest reward.

Chapter 922 Pirate King's Treasure II

Without hesitation, Arthur manipulated the [Hand of Void] to take hold of the ship's helm—even with rats serving as mine clearers, Arthur maintained the necessary caution.

After the [Hand of Void] probed several times.

Arthur then personally touched the helm with his hand.

The next moment, text appeared—

[Name: White Crow]

[Type: Ship]

[Quality: Legendary]

[Requirements: 1. Know the secret text from the 'Pirate King' Edward's notes, 2. Be an enemy of 'Death']

[Attributes: 1. Autonomy Level 4; 2. Extreme Speed V; 3. Concealment V; 4. Solid V; 5. Space II; 6. Magic Cannon III; 7. Diving; 8. Earth Tunneling; 9. Flying; 10: Oath's Spear]

[Remarks: One of the four legendary warships, the 'White Crow', possesses unimaginable speed, and due to arrangements by its previous owner, the 'Pirate King,' it is highly specialized against 'Death']

...

[Autonomy Level 4: The 'White Crow' is layered with 177 rituals, and when you become its master, you can control it with your mind, and when you wish to use it, you simply need to install the helm on any ship, where it will appear according to the ritual]

[Extreme Speed V: The 'White Crow' is the fastest among the four legendary warships, even demigods cannot keep up with it]

[Concealment V: In concealment, the 'White Crow' requires even true demigods to search carefully to be discovered]

[Solid V: The hull of the 'White Crow' is immune to all attacks below demigod level, and its built-in defense field is ineffective only against 'Ascend Steper (I)' and below]

[Space II: The warehouse of the 'White Crow' has undergone two 'space expansions,' with two rooms of 2400 square meters, one of which can accommodate living creatures]

[Magic Cannon III: The 'White Crow' possesses a super main cannon, three main cannons, and thirty-six secondary cannons; the super main cannon can reach tier III bombardment after being recharged, the main chairs can reach tier I bombardment after being recharged, and the thirty-six secondary cannons possess entry-level bombardment]

[Diving: The 'White Crow' can travel underwater, maintaining super speed at depths not exceeding 2000 meters underwater]

[Earth Tunneling: The 'White Crow' can travel underground, maintaining super speed in soil; however, when passing through rock layers, it can only travel at normal speed]

[Flying: The 'White Crow' can fly in the air, maintaining super speed at altitudes not exceeding 2000 meters]

[Oath's Spear: When you choose 'White Crow,' its cannon fire faces 'Death' with targeted 'Divine Might']

...

(Note 1: The 'White Crow' can be sailed in normal ways such as by wind or manpower, but activating extreme speed requires gold)

(Note 2: The vessel attached to the 'White Crow' can affect each attribute of the 'White Crow')

(Note 3: When the 'White Crow' stops sailing, the concealment state increases by 1)

(Note 4: The super main cannon takes 180 seconds to recharge, the main chair takes 30 seconds to recharge, and the secondary cannon takes 5 seconds to recharge; each attack requires gold)

(Note 5: Oxygen can be sufficiently supplied through gold when traveling underwater, underground, or in the air)

(Note 6: A large amount of gold is stored in the space cabin)

(Note 7: When the 'White Crow' encounters fatal trauma, it will first transfer the damage to any attached vessel)

...

Arthur had long heard of the four legendary warships.

But when Arthur truly saw it, he understood why the 'White Crow' could be called a legend.

'Omnipotent over the sky and earth!

Its speed leaves others far behind!

And...

[Oath's Spear]!'

Gazing at the final attribute, Arthur couldn't help but let the corner of his mouth curl upward.

He had a premonition that he would face 'Death' sooner or later in battle.

So having a trump card that targets 'Death'... is there anything wrong with that?

In fact, according to Arthur's character, at the very least when a card was played openly, he would hide a trump card, then prepare a higher trump card, and then must conceive an even higher trump card.

The reason? Caution.

After all, his ancestral Bloodline showed itself in Arthur lavishly.

Therefore, having only one trump card made Arthur genuinely anxious.

So, he became more cautious.

He destroyed this secret room.

The bones of the 'Pirate King' were then secured by Arthur in [Atos's Box]—while destroying them would be more convenient, Arthur had already taken the other's relics, and following hometown customs, Arthur prepared for a proper burial.

Arthur thought some small island outside South Los would be quite nice.

The waves of the sea.

The alternation of the sun and the moon.

As a 'Pirate King,' Edward would probably like it.

Even if this 'Pirate King' was a puppet controlled by someone.

But, Arthur did his utmost.

He just found what he thought was most suitable.

Not suitable?

Arthur hoped 'Pirate King' Edward would tell him.

Then?

He would still choose there.

Not stubborn, just that 'the words of the Undead are not to be trusted'—as a Spirit Medium, Arthur remembered this well.

After dealing with this chamber, Arthur waited quietly.

Soon, he discovered a fish that slipped the net.

'Mechanism Master' Kid had never been so embarrassed.

Even when he had initially fought with a 'Mortal Body' to snatch the Don Green Mechanical Gunpowder Sect's laboratory from a group of Mystic Side People, he wasn't this embarrassed.

At that time, he had merely lost an eye and limbs.

But now?

Though he wasn't blind and still had his four limbs.

His strength, however, had plummeted.

Now, he was no more than an Arcana Level Mystic Side Person.

What's more important, the backlash from the destruction of his main body lingered.

The nurturing body at this moment was enduring severe headaches.

To the point where he couldn't think.

Mostly, anger.

"Damn assassins!

I remember you!

I'll kill you!"

The 'Mechanism Master' growled—but as soon as the sound came out, it turned into a low whimpering. Without vocal cords, he could only make sounds by vibrating his chest cavity.

Even his chest was leaking air.

Because—

He had become one of the miners.

The kind of zombie-like miners he had created.

At the moment, he was blending in among them.

The 'Mechanism Master' planned to wait here for the 'Old Lion' to return, or to regain his strength.

The latter, a long shot.

That would take a long time.

But the former?

The 'Mechanism Master' believed it would take no more than a week.

Everything would settle.

"When Your Crown returns, everything will get back on track!"

The 'Mechanism Master' was very certain.

As for himself?

He still held high value, and that Your Crown wouldn't abandon him.

In his heart, the 'Mechanism Master' was preparing to act just like the surrounding zombie miners. Otherwise, he'd be too conspicuous.

However, no sooner had this 'Mechanism Master' taken a step than he noticed several rats staring at him.

Their greenish eyes filled the 'Mechanism Master' with disgust.

And a trace of inexplicable fear.

Then that trace of fear turned into a feeling of humiliation.

'I actually fear rats?

How is that possible?

Impossible!

Thinking this, the 'Mechanism Master' charged towards the rats.

At once, the rats fled in fear.

Instantly, the 'Mechanism Master' felt at ease.

But the next moment, the 'Mechanism Master's hair stood on end—

"Shall we talk?"

Chapter 923 Ascend Step I

The hoarse and low voice made the 'Mechanism Master' shudder.

Instinctively, one of the 'Lion Group' replied.

"Alright!

We... uh!"

Before the words were finished, the longsword piercing through his chest ended the conversation.

The 'Mechanism Master's' small eyes widened.

It wasn't a sudden attack, but rather—

Not only did this person stab him in the left chest, but also followed up with a stab in the right chest, and then two more stabs in the soles of his feet.

"How did you know my heart was in the soles of my feet?"

Collapsed on the ground, the 'Mechanism Master' was utterly perplexed.

Arthur, wearing the [Mask of Concealment], smiled.

Then, with one slash, he severed the 'Mechanism Master's' head.

There was no gushing fresh blood, but the remaining force caused the 'Mechanism Master's' head to roll to the side, finally allowing him to see Arthur's 'true face.'

"It's you!

Bert..."

Before he could utter the title of Earl, the 'Mechanism Master' was interrupted by a bottle of kerosene.

The grease dripped onto his face.

The 'Mechanism Master's' mouth was immediately filled with an unnaturally sour and spicy sensation, and he screamed in horror.

"Wait!

I can trade information with you!

I know something important about His Highness!"

The 'Mechanism Master' shouted.

But Arthur paid no attention to him and directly lit a match, granting him a decent cremation—Arthur already knew what the 'Mechanism Master' knew.

In fact, he knew much more, in greater detail.

As for why he had to use Count Bert's visage?

It was naturally to convey false information to the Old Lion.

Or rather...

Arthur was testing.

Watching as the 'Mechanism Master' turned to ashes.

After allowing the Rat Swarm to explore the gold mine again, Arthur stood in the shadows waiting.

He was waiting for the Old Lion's reaction.

Whether the other party would stay in South Los or return to the Inner Bay.

As for others, Arthur wasn't sure.

But as the 'Blood Shadow's Thorn', the second of the 'Lion Group', if the 'Mechanism Master' was dead, the Old Lion would surely know immediately—so he let Count Bert show his face.

He wanted to make the Old Lion mistakenly think this was Count Bert's opportunistic strike for the gold mine.

Of course, he also had the Countess of South Los challenge the Old Lion, further adding to the stakes.

It's not about being single-minded or distracted.

He just needed to ensure the Old Lion wasn't in the Inner Bay.

Only then could he maximize the benefits—

'So, will he come back?'

Arthur waited, then hid himself further.

At that moment, Arthur completely merged with the shadows.

In the mine, only the sound of the residual zombie miners digging and their footsteps against the ground remained.

Time ticked by, second by second.

Soon, the night completely passed.

Arthur squinted in the shadows.

'How arrogant!'

Arthur silently said to himself.

Clearly, compared to unifying South County, the matters in the Inner Bay seemed trivial to the Old Lion.

Or rather, in the other's eyes, if they could just make the Countess of South Los yield.

Then, everything would be worthwhile.

'So, does South Los have any trump cards making him wary?'

Arthur rubbed his chin.

Arthur was never surprised by the South Los Family having a trump card.

If they didn't have one, that would be surprising.

'If that's the case, I won't hold back.'

Thinking to himself, Arthur quietly left the Lion Palace. After distancing himself from Kilg Harbor, the [Spirit Medium] appeared by the Inland River. Then Arthur took out the helm of the [White Crow] and placed it directly.

In a breath, amidst a series of metallic sounds of 'Kaka', the [Spirit Medium] transformed into the [White Crow].

From the outside, the [White Crow] was a standard caravel sailboat—ever since the 'Pirate King' Edward appeared, caravel sailboats became the favorite of near-sea pirates, not only out of blind admiration but also due to their light body, fast speed, and easy operation, requiring very few hands to easily navigate.

And the [White Crow] was simplicity to the extreme.

It only required a thought from Arthur.

Without entering the captain's cabin.

Arthur stood at the bow.

Subsequently, the [White Crow] began to dive.

Then it started to navigate in a straight line.

Neither the water's surface nor the sudden obstacles could block the [White Crow]'s progress.

Once again, Arthur returned to the underground of the Lion Palace.

With the help of the [White Crow]'s space, Arthur began collecting the pure gold left by the 'Pirate King' Edward, placing all the pure gold into the hold of the [White Crow].

Then, Arthur started letting the [White Crow] continue to dive.

Two thousand meters underground wasn't the limit for the [White Crow].

Its speed just slowed down.

When it reached five thousand meters underground, the speed of the [White Crow] had slowed to an extreme.

'This will do!'

Arthur thought, as he took out the 'Cat's Nest', 'Dragon's Horn', 'Fierce Tiger's Claw', 'Raging Bear's Gallbladder', and 'Terrifying Wolf's Ear', arranging them according to the ritual in his memory.

He intended to Ascend here.

The final connection of the ritual was completed, and as Arthur took out the 'Stairway of Ascension', the ritual emitted a faint orange light—

[Stairway of Ascension, Seventeen Order, determining...]

[Possesses the Ritual 'Great Orange', determination passed!]

[Does not possess the 'Cat's Nest', determination passed!]

[Does not possess the 'Dragon's Horn', determination passed!]

[Does not possess the 'Fierce Tiger's Claw', determination passed!]

[Does not possess the 'Raging Bear's Gallbladder', determination passed!]

Chapter 923 Ascend Step I_2

[Not possessing 'Terrifying Wolf's Ear', determination passed!]

['Great Orange' Ritual not reaching High Tier, is it insufficient to use 29000 XP points?]

...

['Great Orange' Ritual, determining...]

[Physique, determination passed!]

[Spirituality, determination passed!]

[Determining 'Great Orange' Ritual, capable of reaching Extreme, is it using 99000 XP points to push it to the extreme?]

...

Looking at the words in front of him, Arthur didn't hesitate to give a certain answer—

"Yes!"

Then, a gentle orange light suddenly burst open.

That color became exceedingly intense, like a lump of gold.

Afterward, echoing in Arthur's ear—

Meow!

This is...

Mimi's cat call.

Arthur's vision became hazy.

He seemed to see that little cat again.

Saw it bouncing around excitedly beside the burly man, its tail tip trembling continuously.

Saw that little cat turn its head, squinting at him, showing a smile then immediately chasing after the departing back of the burly man.

Hmm, the fur on its bum was not only trimmed but also not sticking with poop.

The owner is quite responsible!

As a cat owner, Arthur's focus was quite different, he almost instinctively glanced and gave an evaluation.

Immediately, the originally forward-moving burly man's steps paused.

He couldn't help but laugh.

Aeolia originally did not want to care.

As the creator of the 'Seventeen Order'.

Right now, he is not complete.

Or, when he punched out a new stairway in the Cat Hole, he could no longer be complete.

No matter how much his old friend Hercules tried.

He and Mimi are only temporarily in their current form.

What's left?

Needs time.

As for more ties?

What rebirth, what destiny.

None of it is important.

Or rather, it's all false.

He is he, Arthur is Arthur.

Mimi is Mimi, Marinda is Marinda.

Aeolia bent down to pick up Mimi, turned around to look at Arthur.

After pondering for a moment, this 'Golden Lion Cat' felt he should say something, so he directly said—

"Have you eaten?"

"Yes.

A dinner that was neither delicious nor abundant."

Arthur nodded and replied.

He is he, Aeolia is Aeolia.

Marinda is Marinda, Mimi is Mimi.

Arthur certainly understood this principle.

If he couldn't understand this principle, he wouldn't be standing here now.

Looking at Arthur's eyes that were calm without any awkwardness, uneasy or doubt, seeing the clarity in those black eyes, Aeolia laughed.

"That's really unfortunate."

After saying this, Aeolia continued forward holding Mimi.

Mimi, held in the burly man's arms, poked her head out, raised her paw and waved.

Is this considered a farewell?

It is.

Arthur waved with a smile.

He wished them a smooth journey.

As for wishing them a smooth wind?

Arthur wouldn't say that.

After all, keeping your feet on the ground is better.

And the wind?

It's unpredictable where it might blow.

If by chance it lifts you, only to find jagged mountains ahead, then you might crash to smithereens.

Seeming to sense Arthur's sincere blessing.

Aeolia suddenly slowed his pace.

However, this 'Golden Lion Cat' did not turn back, but his voice echoed in Arthur's ears—

"Do you know how to fish?"

"Yes, but not much."

Arthur replied honestly.

He once dreamed, after retirement, to find a place to cast a couple of rods.

But before he could buy a fishing rod, he was brought here by a muck cart.

The rest of the story?

Everyone already knows.

The young spirit medium tirelessly seeking that tiny bit of pitiful security for the sake of livelihood.

It's truly tear-inducing.

"Is that so.

If there's an opportunity, let's fish together."

After speaking, Aeolia didn't linger, he strode forward.

Almost two breaths later, that tall figure with his cat vanished.

Leaving only Arthur.

Then, Arthur took a deep breath—

Whew!

With murky breath exhaled, a leg lifted to step forward.

One step taken, a world of difference.

The starry sky descended, transcendent and extraordinary.

The stairway of ascension that fell from the heavens came with the starry sky.

Unlike others' Tenth Order.

Arthur's is Seventeen Order.

This destined Arthur to stand higher, see farther.

And at this moment, Arthur already stands on the First Order.

No imagined pressure, pain.

Everything is so effortless and free.

Arthur was stunned for a moment, then suddenly realized.

Unlike others relying on self-cultivation, performing rituals, ingesting magic potions with drawbacks, even leaving hidden injuries, causing unstable foundations, making ascension exceptionally difficult.

But he is different, improving step by step with XP points, his foundation solid.

Ultimately?

It was achieved in one fell swoop.

This, is talent!

Thinking of this, the corners of Arthur's mouth curled up.

He stepped forward.

Starting from the First Order, to the Second Order, to the Third Order, then onto the Fourth Order.

The journey was seamless and unimpeded.

And with each ascension, his [Physique], [Spirituality] seemed to undergo another baptism, starting a new round of enhancement.

Not just [Physique], [Spirituality], but also [Talent], [Bloodline]!

[Breath of Death] and [Death Intuition] began a new round of promotion.

The bloodline of [Serpent of Death] began a genuine metamorphosis.

Arthur's intuition told him that once he stepped onto the Fifth Order, everything would be different.

He would become truly safe.

However, his intuition told him that if he really stepped onto it, he would lose something quite important.

Arthur frowned.

He did not rely on faith.

Nor did he take shortcuts to become High Tier.

So why did he still have such intuition?

Clearly, he overlooked something.

Standing on the Fourth Order, Arthur began to search.

Almost immediately, Arthur discovered the difference.

Three threads!

Three transparent threads, which even he would not notice without careful examination, were connected to him.

'When did they appear?'

A hint of surprise flashed in Arthur's eyes.

He could be certain that before, there were absolutely no such threads on his body.

It's when...

His intuition felt something was wrong, he resisted stepping onto the Fifth Order before they appeared.

'So, as soon as I step onto the Fifth Order, these three threads will break?'

Arthur speculated.

Then, the young Spirit Medium examined the three threads with even more scrutiny.

Though the three threads appeared transparent, their thickness varied slightly.

The thickest one resembled a fishing line.

The thinnest one, like spider silk.

Moreover, when Arthur focused on the three threads, a noise could be heard at his ear, coming from the threads, but extremely distant, utterly indistinct.

Immediately, Arthur concentrated, holding his breath, leaned closer to the thinnest thread, and listened closely.

In an instant, the scene before him changed.

Pale, lifeless.

Yet, bustling with activity.

Lights flickered.

Explosions echoed incessantly.

And with just a slight movement of the heart, Arthur saw four battling figures—

An old gentleman in a black suit, hair neatly styled, face clean-shaven, was fighting with three people of varying appearances.

An elder.

A middle-aged man.

A youth.

The elder's face was kind, like that of a senior, dressed appropriately.

The middle-aged man's face was honest, strong and robust, wielding a war hammer.

The first two were not important.

Upon seeing them, Arthur felt nothing.

What concerned Arthur most was the youth.

Without needing a close look, upon seeing the youth, Arthur gave the appraisal of an oily, powdered face.

And strangely, upon seeing the other, Arthur felt an unexpected sense of familiarity.

A bit...

Like Old Charlie?!

Not just three parts alike in appearance.

More critically, the temperament.

That temperament engraved in the bone, almost eighty percent similar to Old Charlie.

'Another scoundrel?' Arthur thought, eyes turning to the old gentleman in the black suit.

Despite being besieged by the three, the old gentleman did not fall behind.

No!

To be precise, he had the upper hand.

The crown-tipped cane he wielded brought forth an invisible wind with every swing.

Wherever the wind swept, even shadows had to wither.

Of course, none of this was important.

What mattered was that Arthur could clearly feel his talent [Breath of Death] shared an origin with the gentleman's.

Moreover, the rough-faced middle-aged man in the siege roared—

"Death, you must atone for your betrayal!"

Hmm?!

Chapter 924 Ascend Step II

Land of Death.

Arthur observed everything from an overlooking perspective—

'Death'?!

The roaring words reached his ears, carrying information Arthur couldn't ignore.

The young spirit medium once again looked at the old gentleman in the black suit, his eyes reflecting that deep color, appearing even darker.

Silence.

Decay.

In the end, it returns to death.

It's the end point of all things, yet it's also a brand new starting point.

After a singularity and extremity, a new beginning unconsciously attracted Arthur's gaze.

The young spirit medium's talent [Breath of Death] flashed several times quickly, the indistinct inseparability made Arthur suddenly understand what his sudden talent during baptism was all about.

Originating from 'Death'.

But...

Would 'Death' be so kind-hearted?

Impossible!

Absolutely not!

Arthur's [Spirituality] conveyed this point.

And in the next moment, it was also confirmed—

The old gentleman in the black suit immediately detected something as Arthur's talent [Breath of Death] flickered. The old gentleman raised his head to scan the surroundings.

He was searching for that trace of death.

His face turned extremely ugly.

Because...

He was deceived again.

"Old Charlie!"

'Death' roared lowly.

Yet immediately, it was submerged in a rich white radiance.

Not the pallor of white.

But the white of thunder.

A warhammer appeared in the hands of the middle-aged man.

As streaks of electricity flashed and burst forth, the middle-aged man leapt high—

"'Death' you traitor!"

The middle-aged man wielded the warhammer and slammed it down viciously, his roar transforming into thunder.

Boom!

In this silent land, a thunderbolt descended from the sky, as if to slice the whole world.

But, it abruptly stopped.

The old gentleman raised his right hand.

The pure silver ring embedded with white bones flashed with light.

A million specters surged out.

As black as ink, like tidal waves, inducing shivers.

The middle-aged man descending from the sky, together with the lightning, was blown away.

"Heh, South Los, you're still the same."

The old gentleman chuckled, looking at the middle-aged man covered by specters, continuing: "Whose alias did you use?"

Let me guess.

Your mentor, Elder?

Your servant, Tot?

Or your comrade-in-arms...

Kate?"

In the mocking words, the old gentleman laughed even more heartily.

Because, these people were all indirectly or directly killed by him.

Especially that Kate.

He was South Los's friend, and took the arrow meant for South Los.

Both body and soul withered together.

He still remembers South Los wanting to embrace his friend's corpse, only for it to turn to sand, South Los's scream, he still remembers.

Just like at this moment—

Roar!

Lightning surged towards the sky.

The middle-aged man with a naive appearance...

No!

Under the electricity, the disguise completely vanished.

An attractive face appeared in everyone's sight, with arcs of electricity flickering at the hair ends.

At this moment, the million specters were completely annihilated.

Boom!

In thunder booming far beyond before, the Old Earl of South Los descended like a Thunder Dragon.

At the same time, the face of a kind old man was full of greenery.

One after another, rendered vines grasped the old gentleman directly.

"Dare to touch me directly.

Old Hunter, you really are not afraid of death."

The old man laughed.

"Afraid.

How could I not be afraid?

However, compared to my death, your 'Death's' demise makes me more jubilant—Aaron, do it!"

Sharpness!

Unmatched sharpness erupted from the young man.

The laziness on the youth disappeared at this moment.

What remained was the sharpness belonging to the sword.

The land of death suddenly stirred with airflow.

That was a call.

More, a yearning.

Again, an obsession.

Buzz!

In the boundless land of death, a longsword cast into the abyss radiated endless brilliance.

It heard its master's call.

It—

Came!

No sound of breaking, the longsword cleaved through space and appeared in Aaron's hand.

And it was at this moment, Aaron began to be complete.

Sword and man, became one.

Like substantial sharpness tearing through the void.

But even more was...

Holiness and compassion.

""Sword Saint' Icarus!

Even now, you still can't let go?"

The old gentleman looked at the young man, calling out Aaron's real name, then sighed.

And this sigh earned a strike from 'Sword Saint' Icarus.

With this strike, heaven and earth changed color.

This strike... severed Arthur's peeping gaze.

Standing on the steps, Arthur squinted his eyes.

The Old Earl of South Los.

That middle-aged man who appeared naive and honest turned out to be the Old Earl of South Los.

The Old Earl of South Los, who had supposedly died, was actually alive.

Not only alive but had long become a demigod.

Indeed, a demigod!

Standing above the fourth order, Arthur was very certain, the Old Earl of South Los was already a demigod.

'Not only multilayered disguise, but faked death.

To avenge, he almost abandoned everything?

Hatred, it makes people so persistent.'

Arthur sighed, yet in his mind unconsciously floated the image of another youth.

Or rather, to be precise, 'Sword Saint' Icarus.

The aura on the other, similar to Old Charlie's scoundrel vibe, always caught the young spirit medium's attention.

Of course, there's also 'Death'!

Immediately, a deeper chill settled in Arthur's eyes.

At this moment, Arthur suddenly thought of a saying from his hometown—

How can one allow others to snore near one's pillow?

He possesses 'Death'.

The counterpart is also 'Death'.

It must be Old Charlie's trick.

Chapter 924 Ascend Step II_2

The other party's sudden change of color had already indicated that they had suffered a major loss at the hands of Old Charlie.

As for this, Arthur naturally clapped.

After clapping?

He then pondered on how to...

take down the opponent.

After all, there's enough 'Death'.

'Just wanting to take down 'Death'...'

Arthur pondered.

The scene just now seemed like 'Death' was at a disadvantage, but Arthur didn't believe that 'Death' would truly die — his [Spirituality] told him it wasn't that simple.

So, he needed to intervene.

In his own way.

However, before that—

Arthur's gaze fell on the thread that was medium in thickness.

Holding his breath once more, he leaned close to the medium-thick thread, listening closely.

The next thing, a fragrance wafted over.

It was a rich coconut scent.

He stood by the sea.

He saw the 'God of Potions', the 'God of Alchemy', Hercules, once more.

Unlike before when it was 'blurred'.

This time, Arthur saw very clearly.

He saw the revered 'God of Potions', 'God of Alchemy' swiftly climb a coconut tree, picking coconuts.

The hard coconut shell was bitten open by the other.

And they inserted a straw made of grass roots into it.

Then—

"Want to try?"

Hercules raised his hand, handing a coconut to Arthur.

Arthur was stunned.

Then, he laughed.

He roughly guessed what Hercules wanted to do.

Previously, he had experienced it once.

So, after taking the coconut, Arthur raised his hand and snatched another one from Hercules.

"The one you gave me is definitely a clue.

But I want to eat a coconut."

Saying so, Arthur took a step back and returned to the fourth order.

And the two coconuts in his hand turned into two notes.

To be precise, one note split into two.

After piecing the note together, a detailed map of Coconut Island appeared, with an × marked on it — beside this × was labeled 'My Laboratory'.

Of course, this was the front side.

There was also...

a doodle on the back.

A child waving their hands furiously, and an elder holding a coconut laughing heartily.

A small line of characters appeared beside it: Want to eat coconut? Not giving it to you!

Looking at the doodle, and then at the wobbly little character, Arthur rolled his eyes.

'Are you a child?

Is this fun?

The coconut isn't sweet, it's sour!'

Arthur grumbled in his heart.

But with no hesitation, he directly informed his other vest of the laboratory's location.

The faraway [General Puppet] on Coconut Island near South Los immediately sprang into action.

While Arthur turned his gaze to the thickest thread.

Different from before where he needed to wait.

This time, before Arthur could react, the scene before him changed.

Then—

He found himself being embraced.

"You're finally back!

Arthur, my grandson!

I brought you back!"

The voice ringing in his ears caused Arthur's tense muscles to relax, and the surging death qi quietly subdued, he clearly felt the dampness on his head, hair, and forehead.

Adjusting his effort to lean back, he saw Old Charlie crying bitterly.

Exactly the same as the Old Charlie in his memory, with silver hair, tall stature, narrow eyes, looking like a fox.

No!

A bit different!

Even more...

handsome!

Standing at a height of 1.9 meters, without the stoop of an old man, not a single wrinkle on his face.

Of course, some things never change.

For example: the tears and snot.

Tears are one thing.

Seeing the snot getting closer and closer, the young Spirit Medium tried his best to lean back, his upper half nearly parallel to the floor of the carriage.

Old Charlie certainly noticed.

But Old Charlie cried more fervently.

His grandson actually despised him.

Subconsciously, Old Charlie began to flick his snot.

Arthur dodged again and again.

At first, it was just an instinct.

But quickly, it turned into a man's pure desire for victory.

"Arthur, you want to escape, but you're a hundred years too early!

Stick to me!"

As he spoke, Old Charlie flicked his head, and his snot drew a perfect semicircle, sweeping towards Arthur.

"Disgusting old geezer!

Get away!"

Arthur tried his best to duck low, letting the snot fly over his head, then he rolled over and picked up a cushion nearby.

Smack!

The recoiling snot directly landed on the cushion.

Arthur, like being electrocuted, tossed the snot-covered cushion into the corner of the carriage—he wanted to open the window and throw it out, but his [Spirituality] advised him it would be best not to do that.

Otherwise, he might encounter bad luck.

This scene comforted Old Charlie.

A faint smile involuntarily appeared at the corner of Old Charlie's mouth.

"Arthur, you've grown up.

I'm sorry for not protecting you before, letting you die in a 'premeditated' accident.

I'm sorry."

Old Charlie spoke, his face showing guilt.

Arthur frowned slightly.

After thinking for two seconds, the young spirit medium asked.

"Am I really Arthur?"

"Of course.

Your soul is Arthur, just when you went to that world, you drank three bowls of soup according to that world's rules—forgive me, grandpa had to use this method to resurrect you, that bastard planned everything the first time, and his ability completely annihilated your physical body."

Old Charlie nodded affirmatively.

Arthur quickly grasped the information.

"The first time?"

"Yes, the first time!

It was a very terrible experience, not only you died, but Drake, Cassandra also died, and my dear ones all perished.

So I looked for a way to change things.

I cut off all timelines extended from me, burned an ancient god, and used its anchor point to return to the present."

Old Charlie explained.

"Returned to the present?"

Arthur frowned.

His future self returned to the present?

Then what about his current self?

Could it be...

"Correct, just as you think—my current self also died, on the night you died.

However, unlike before, I used the future and the remaining 'Ancient God's Blood' in my hand as stakes to make a bet with 'Death'.

It believed it was the only one, that everything designed would not change.

Especially death.

Then, it lost.

Lost...

Three times!"

Old Charlie said while raising three fingers.

Arthur sat opposite him, began to inspect the surroundings, then looked at his grandfather.

'Death' was too obvious.

"So, you gained part of its power?"

"Yes, but no.

It's the remaining rules on the 'Ancient God's Blood', touching this part of rules, it will be unable to attain the primal sin 'Deception' it always covets.

So, it must relinquish this part of power.

But it doesn't want to waste this power for nothing.

Thus..."

"A scapegoat!"

Arthur blurted out.

Old Charlie nodded with a smile.

"But, you who were prepared early on managed to smoothly receive this part of power at this time — isn't this the trick of the 'Spirit Medium'?"

Arthur questioned.

Arthur was very familiar with the tricks of the 'Spirit Medium'.

This inviting-into-the-trap method, Arthur was very adept.

"Yeah!

I'm a 'Spirit Medium', so what's wrong if I employ 'Spirit Medium' tricks?"

Old Charlie had an unquestionably justified look.

But Arthur shook his head.

"No! No!

Too easy!

Everything is too easy!

Old Charlie, you are still hiding the key point!"

Arthur looked at Old Charlie.

Old Charlie's eyes showed even more comfort.

He raised his hand, rubbed his nose tip, and spoke in a lower voice—

"I could so smoothly receive this part of 'Death's' power because I was once...

A pawn!

'Fresh Blood's' pawn!"

Chapter 925 Ascend Step III

The sound of conversation was still echoing inside the carriage, Arthur blinked, and the young spirit medium sitting opposite Old Charlie didn't speak; instead, he looked relieved.

This puzzled Old Charlie greatly.

According to his initial guess, Arthur should have been quite surprised at this moment.

"Aren't you curious?"

Old Charlie asked.

"Why should I be curious?"

Arthur retorted.

The young spirit medium leaned back, settled into a comfortable position, and then slowly said—

"A kid likely from a civilian family, not only knowledgeable in medicine, potions, able to refine concentrated sulfuric acid, but also able to mix gunpowder, make firearms, lead bullets, machinery, and

knowledgeable in gardening, painting, astrology, tailoring, and proficient in combat, swordsmanship, horsemanship, and archery, is enough to be surprising.

Then, he got involved with the Mystic Side.

No!

Not just involved, but stood in high positions; it's unbelievable for such a person not to have someone backing him.

And the chess pieces are quite good."

When Arthur said the last sentence, the light expression on his face made Old Charlie raise an eyebrow.

"What was your original guess?"

Old Charlie asked while gripping his cane.

"I just said—

I worry there's someone behind you!"

Arthur shrugged and immediately dodged sideways.

Swoosh!

The cane brushed past Arthur's nose.

"I like women!"

Old Charlie emphasized as he swung the cane again.

Arthur dodged easily.

Of course, Old Charlie didn't really strike.

This old 'spirit medium' kept stressing—

"I'm serious about Camille, Selina, Little Nova, the Yaojin Sisters, Susan, Emma, Selene, Aifu, Charlotte, Wanda, Jenny, Jesse, Pandora.

They are all my loves.

I would never betray them.

So, I absolutely wouldn't let a man stand behind me!"

Arthur was left feeling unnerved by the string of ladies' names.

"My dear Grandpa, you really have a good memory, aside from Camille and Aunt Selina, let me count, you actually have eleven... no, twelve lovers."

Arthur said this while rolling his eyes.

"You don't understand."

Old Charlie said in a tone suggesting that Arthur was a child who would understand when he grew up.

This made Arthur scoff.

"Aunt Camille, Aunt Selina, Grandma Susan I've already met.

That Selene must be the lady living at number 13 Crimson Lane, right?

No wonder Grandma Susan especially warned me; she must have a love-hate relationship with you?"

Arthur looked at Old Charlie with deep disdain in his eyes.

Pah, such a scumbag.

"Selene is a very cute girl.

But due to some misunderstandings, I had to leave her.

She said she wanted to chop off my treasure and carry it with her..."

Speaking of this, Old Charlie's face turned awkward.

Arthur was shocked, feeling a chill in his nether region.

"Did you chop it off?"

Arthur asked cautiously.

"Chopped it off."

Old Charlie nodded.

Arthur felt even colder below and his gaze involuntarily turned to Old Charlie's crotch.

"Pandora snatched my treasure back and reattached it."

Old Charlie explained.

Then, as if he recalled something, his cheeks blushed and his eyes filled with nostalgia.

Arthur would rather his eyes were blind at this moment.

No need to ask, the young spirit medium guessed that when it was reattached, Old Charlie definitely played some game with Lady Pandora.

No!

Not just when it was reattached.

Perhaps the game started even before.

Imagining Old Charlie lying there, watching that lady...

Arthur shivered.

Then, he gave Old Charlie a thumbs up.

"You're truly my grandpa!"

Arthur was genuinely impressed.

Old Charlie then knocked on Arthur's forehead.

Pop!

With a crisp sound, Old Charlie had an air of rightful belonging.

"Of course, I'm your grandpa.

Also, don't be so vulgar.

Our love is pure."

Old Charlie said earnestly.

Arthur:...

"Hey, hey, what are you talking about?

You're insulting 'pure love'!

You damn old man, you're completely the epitome of a scumbag!"

Arthur shouted.

Old Charlie didn't mind—he'd been called out countless times, facing his grandson's criticism was nothing, so he smiled and said.

"I don't know what your pure love is.

But my love is pure.

That's how it is for Yevna.

It's the same for them."

Arthur looked at Old Charlie with suspicion.

Yevna, he certainly knew that name.

That was his grandmother's name.

Then, Arthur froze.

"You've gone through so much effort, deceived 'Death', yet didn't participate in the demigods' and 'Death's war, could it be you're planning to sneak into 'The Eternal Resting Land' amid the chaos to bring Grandma back?"

Arthur's voice raised several octaves.

Old Charlie, however, continued to smile.

"Why not?

I swore to your grandmother that not even death could separate us.

So, I'm going to find her."

Arthur was silent.

The young spirit medium looked at the old scumbag across from him... no, he should say he was looking at his grandpa, and for a moment didn't know what to say.

Was he a scumbag?

Truly a scumbag.

Did he love?

Truly loved.

Whenever needed, whatever was needed, he would give it.

And, even 'Death' couldn't stop him.

Is this his 'pure love'?

Arthur didn't quite understand, but he was deeply shocked.

Chapter 925 Ascend Step III_2

Just when Arthur felt a strange touch of emotion, Old Charlie's words continued—

"Just like Maria, Joe, Vinica, Boli, Morgan, Wallace, Qiong, Eli, Clara, Bo'er, Vina, Meili.

I vowed.

I must bring them back."

The determination on Old Charlie's face was enough to make even the most devout zealot take notice.

However, the words themselves were enough to be rejected by anyone.

"Well, well, well, your pure love is truly great.

But as a competent spirit medium, I think you are disturbing their rest by doing so.

Disturbing the dead is not a good idea."

Arthur had no idea what to say.

At this moment, Arthur was completely at a loss.

Old Charlie, however, continued to smile.

Still with that look of "you don't understand now, but when you grow up, you'll understand."

That look made Arthur wish to punch the man.

Twenty-six!

Truly a scoundrel!

Excluding his grandmother, Old Charlie had twenty-six mistresses.

And if you include his grandmother, it would be one more than the alphabet letters, and without a doubt, the lady that Grandma Susan mentioned who was given the mine was among them.

As to which one?

Arthur didn't want to ask.

He was tired.

He only wanted to know more about 'Fresh Blood'.

Old Charlie saw Arthur's thoughts.

This old spirit medium did not hesitate, directly saying—

"That bastard's war with 'Death' never ended.

After the 'Seven Years' War', this war moved from public to hidden. Facing 'Death', who declared 'a great victory', 'Fresh Blood' was disdainful.

The bastard started cultivating spies, planning to show 'Death' a thing or two.

And I was one of them.

Ninety-six other talented young people and I were chosen.

I was the one who survived to the end.

Some luck, some planning."

"Planning?"

Arthur couldn't help but interrupt.

Even knowing it was rude, the young spirit medium couldn't hide his surprise that another force would intervene in a war between two divine spirits.

Instantly, a face appeared in Arthur's mind.

A face he had just seen.

That young man.

The one claimed to be the 'Sword Saint' Icarus.

For a moment, the vibes of a scoundrel from the other party somehow overlapped with Old Charlie.

"Was it Icarus?"

Arthur asked probingly.

"As expected of my grandson, perfectly inheriting my spirit medium bloodline—yes, it was Icarus.

He was my adoptive father.

And my first teacher.

He adopted me to deal with 'Death'.

'Fresh Blood' discovered it too, but since their objectives aligned, both sides turned a blind eye— and back then, as a pawn, what could I do?

Only play along."

Old Charlie spread his hands with a shrug, with a face full of helplessness.

Arthur could see Old Charlie had complex feelings towards his adoptive father.

'Maybe,

that's also why Old Charlie didn't want to participate in that war?'

Arthur thought to himself.

Old Charlie did not hide anything.

"For their war, I lost too much. I did not want to be involved any longer, which is why I successfully obtained half the power of 'Death'.

The bastard's contract was quite perfect.

I didn't want to risk my life for those bastards anymore.

So...

I built them a stage.

Let them fight amongst themselves."

"Your stage is indeed large.

And what about the 'Ancient God' you mentioned?"

Arthur continued to inquire.

Old Charlie was still being forthright with information.

"It should be the 'God of War'.

Claiming to be the founder of the 'Golden Age', the victor of the 'Age of God', but in reality, just an imposter jester.

The real 'God of War' had long fallen.

He merely acquired the War God's armor, longsword, and chariot.

Thus, he desires to become the true 'God of War'.

And this is the origin of the 'Shadow War'.

At this point, a disdainful look flashed in Old Charlie's eyes.

He considered himself not a good person, but compared to this bastard, he was a saint, the other side was a complete beast.

Not only did he commit patricide and matricide, but he also killed his own wife and two children.

And with this as a pretext, he started a war.

"Could that guy be?"

Arthur guessed.

Old Charlie nodded.

"Of course, it's the Emperor of the Empire – besides that bastard, who else could keep the entire empire running?"

As Old Charlie spoke, he couldn't help but open the car window and spit outside, expressing his dissatisfaction and indignation.

"Terrifying ambition.

And endless desire.

Forged this terrible monster.

In fact, this madman almost succeeded by a tiny bit."

Old Charlie's words once again intrigued Arthur.

"Who stopped him?"

"His closest companions—the 'Court Mage' Xarlico, the 'Court Jester' Harrington, and the 'Court Lady' Lith.

Under Harrington's cover, Lith stole his longsword and carriage.

Then, Xarlico polluted that armor with his own blood.

The Emperor, having lost the 'War God's Treasure', was beheaded by the 'Library Librarian' Hercules."

With a few short words, Arthur seemed to witness a thrilling battle.

'Court Mage' Xarlico!

'Court Jester' Harrington!

'Court Lady' Lith!

And the 'God of Potions', 'God of Alchemy' Hercules.

Any one of these four could not be ignored by humanity, but when facing that Emperor, all four had to work together and take action.

Moreover, it was on the premise of losing the 'War God's Three-piece Set'.

From small clues, Arthur could guess the power of the 'War God's Three-piece Set'.

"No wonder it stirred such desire.

The power of the 'War God's Three-piece Set' is truly terrifying."

Arthur lamented.

"'War God's Three-piece Set'?

A fitting name, much better than the so-called 'Treasure'."

Old Charlie quite liked this term.

"Where did the 'War God's Three-piece Set' go?"

Arthur instinctively pursued the question.

Old Charlie rolled his eyes directly.

"If I knew, I'd have been looking for it already. I wouldn't need to keep up the charade for so long—rumor has it that 'Court Lady' Lith hid it, and there's also talk that 'Master' Hercules threw the 'War God's Three-piece Set' into the chaos of space-time. Another version says 'Court Mage' Xarlico completely polluted the 'War God's Three-piece Set' with his own fresh blood.

Xarlico has significant 'Fairy Bloodline'.

Therefore, during the 'Holy Era', when those Popes waged war in the name of 'Shadow War', aside from eliminating dissidents, most of it was searching for the 'War God's Three-piece Set' and hunting the 'Fairy Bloodline'.

They believed that those with the 'Fairy Bloodline' might know the whereabouts of the 'War God's Three-piece Set'.

Unfortunately, they found nothing.

But it did leave their finances in dire straits.

Ultimately, on their ruins, the 'Silver Age' was born."

Old Charlie paused intentionally here.

With a 'sly' glance assessing his grandson.

This 'slyness' was too obvious.

Arthur naturally saw it.

In almost an instant, Arthur guessed something.

But the young Spirit Medium said nothing.

The elderly Spirit Medium was fully aware.

The two exchanged a knowing smile.

Then, Arthur asked another question on his mind—

"Winters and my mother?

What happened at Beck farm?

'Fresh Blood'?

Or 'Death'?"

With the existing clues, Arthur could easily guess the scene at that time, nothing more than 'Fresh Blood' or 'Death' using his parents to coerce Old Charlie.

The outcome?

It was, naturally, evident.

Old Charlie sighed.

"You want revenge?"

"Although I drank three bowls of soup, I don't have a lot of feelings for Winters and them, but I feel I should do something."

Arthur confessed frankly.

This kind of frankness made Old Charlie a bit nervous.

"Don't look at me like that.

Although you're an old rascal, you really have been good to me. I'll try to treat you like a grandfather—of course, I think that requires some time."

Arthur said sincerely.

"Enough, enough."

Old Charlie chuckled.

He was confident in having Arthur acknowledge his identity, just as he was confident in pulling Arthur's soul back.

Therefore, he didn't pause again.

Old Charlie spoke the answer—

"Both!"

Chapter 926 Ascend Step IV

Hearing Old Charlie's answer, Arthur sighed helplessly—

"Having an outstanding grandfather really is quite the pressure!"

Without a doubt, the Winters couple, Arthur's parents, died in the struggle between 'Fresh Blood' and 'Death' for Old Charlie.

As Old Charlie grew stronger, he demonstrated various excellent qualities.

'Fresh Blood' and 'Death' could not help but want to completely grasp Old Charlie in their hands.

And as long as one is human, they have weaknesses.

Old Charlie was no exception.

Old Charlie's weakness was his family.

So, 'Fresh Blood' and 'Death' targeted the Winters couple.

The result?

Arthur, who already knew the answer, looked at Old Charlie who maintained a smile, as if the death of his son and daughter-in-law was long forgotten by Old Charlie.

But the rhythmically tapping index, middle, and ring fingers on the cane spoke otherwise.

This was the Kledos Family's secret language.

Or rather, it was one of the exclusive secret languages designed by Old Charlie for the Kledos Family.

To handle different situations, Old Charlie designed five specially encrypted languages, with finger tapping being just one method.

And the current message roughly translated to him continuing to attract the attention of those two bastards, and then letting Arthur take them down.

"Arthur, you are exceptional as well."

Old Charlie said while tapping the secret code.

"Of course."

Arthur raised his head, and with that movement, crossed his legs.

His toe bobbed up and down.

Naturally, this was also a form of secret language.

And then, the two engaged in a surface-level conversation, but beneath the facade, secret codes flowed continuously—

Arthur: It's a bit difficult.

Old Charlie: Where there's a will, there's a way.

Arthur: As my dear grandfather, don't you plan to give me more help?

Old Charlie: My journey to 'The Eternal Resting Land' is the best help I can provide you.

Arthur: Well, thank you for your help, but I think you could give me more; I am your only grandson after all!

Old Charlie: Such unwavering persistence reminds me of myself.

Arthur: Thank you, are you trying to say shameless?

Old Charlie: As a spirit medium, it's better to speak more delicately; it's good for both you and the person involved.

Arthur: Thanks again, let's get to something practical, we'll talk about the spirit medium experience later.

Old Charlie: The ritual, the ritual 'Death' has set up to become the original sin 'Deception' still exists and will be the key point.

Arthur was shocked to his core.

The well-laid 'Deception' ritual of original sin hadn't been destroyed?

It's natural that it wasn't used; if it were, 'Death' wouldn't be 'Death' anymore.

What truly surprised Arthur was that such a high-level ritual hadn't been destroyed.

By logic, 'Fresh Blood' should have destroyed this ritual.

Hold on!

'Death' chases after the original sin.

Why can't 'Fresh Blood' do the same?

Arthur instantly speculated a lot in his heart.

His bobbing toe did not pause—

Arthur: Where is it?

Old Charlie: Being closely watched by those two bastards and spied upon by a bunch of vile people, do you think I have the chance to search for it?

Arthur: That's true. My dear grandfather, aside from this? I think I still need help.

Old Charlie nearly rolled his eyes.

At this moment, he's utterly convinced, though experienced through reincarnation, that this is indeed his own grandson.

Otherwise, it could never be so similar to him.

"How are Drake and Cassandra doing?"

Old Charlie spoke, no longer using the secret language, but directly asking.

This is the model of an old father.

Also, it's Old Charlie as a grandfather giving Arthur a reminder.

Family!

Arthur can rely on his family!

"Perfect, no doubt about it, I'm the only muggle in the entire family!"

Old Charlie's reminder brought back unpleasant memories for Arthur.

The young spirit medium did not hide his feelings and continued his rant without stopping.

"Could you tell me in advance?"

How could I possibly drag the Kledos Family toward..."

"To doom."

Old Charlie interrupted Arthur's words.

In Arthur's bewildered expression, Old Charlie said earnestly—

"I've seen countless possibilities.

Only the current way can let you survive.

Can allow my family to reunite.

The rest...

Are not ideal."

"For example?"

Arthur raised an eyebrow, curiosity flashing in his eyes.

"For example: The moment you awoke, you completely abandoned your principles, muttering 'Skull offering for the skull seat' and massacred the entire South Los in a terrifying manner, and then, you encountered a masked man and were torn apart.

For example: Facing the threat from that police chief, you directly drew a 9 and decided to collude, stirring up another war, engulfing South County, North County, the near sea, the far sea, and the West Coast in war, eventually, when you were about to become the new god, a girl with a cat nailed you to the stars, and your fresh blood became synonymous with filth, your name, even became a curse word.

For example: Realizing the benefits, you persistently fawned over Marinda, after draining her dry, you moved onto the Countess, draining her dry too before targeting Duke Yan Castle. Continuing this, ten years later, you stood at the peak of the mortal world, even the Old Lion was killed by the women you've flattered uniting against him.

You are on the brink of becoming the new emperor.

However, on the night before becoming the emperor, you were chopped into pieces by the women you've flattered, each taking a piece of you back to their hometown.

Chapter 926 Ascend Step IV_2

For example: Accustomed to thinking strategically, no longer appearing in the foreground, you used twenty years as a layout, ultimately intimidating the entire world under the name of 'Shadows', driving those strong ones into a desperate situation. However, in desperation, the Old Lion and Mother Tigress unleashed unimaginable power, tearing away your disguise, and then killing you by the seaside of South Los. Finally, Marinda carried your corpse to Coconut Island, buried you at sunrise, and silently guarded your final rest.

For instance...

"Alright, that's enough, hold on, stop!"

Arthur hastily interrupted Old Charlie with a string of words.

It's not that he doesn't believe.

It's just too tragic.

He, Arthur, couldn't he possibly have a good ending?

Why does it all have to be so miserable?

But Arthur doesn't doubt its authenticity, he knows himself too well.

These things, he could indeed do them.

Of course, there are some things that need to be clarified.

"So what about these possible versions of me?"

"Gone.

When I pulled you back from the 'Ultimate Far Land', they disappeared. They were merely your possibilities. When you appeared here, these possibilities vanished along with you.

Or you could say...

You became the only one in destiny and reincarnation.

Your various possibilities have become your nourishment."

"In other words, if I were to die, I would really die, right?"

Arthur focused on this key point.

Old Charlie nodded.

And emphasized—

"This time, it's like that."

Arthur raised his left hand, placed it by his mouth, with his index finger pressing on the bridge of his nose, then raised his right hand, placing the index finger on the right side of his nose.

This scene left Old Charlie dumbfounded.

"Destiny, choices!

Should I go left or right?"

Arthur mused aloud.

Old Charlie flicked Arthur's forehead.

"Whether left or right, time will tell you that's the best choice—don't be confused by the present, don't be bound by the past.

You must look forward.

Don't look back."

Old Charlie said, as the car door silently opened.

Clearly, this conversation was about to end.

And it ended far quicker than Arthur had imagined.

As Arthur tried to say something, Old Charlie grabbed him by the back of the neck and placed him outside the car door, then kicked him in the rear—

"Off you go!"

Arthur lunged forward.

The next moment, once again, he stood on the Fourth Step under the starry sky.

Three faint strands of thread snapped at that moment.

Just one more step, and Arthur could step onto the Fifth Order, becoming a Divine Spirit in the eyes of all.

Moreover, not a pseudo-demigod relying on the power of faith.

But a true demigod in the real sense.

However, Arthur stopped.

An unprecedented active [Spirituality] kept reminding Arthur that stepping forward would mean losing something extraordinarily important.

The sudden feeling was like a hungry stomach at midnight, protesting and wanting to eat barbecue, hot pot, and crawfish.

It was that intense and fierce.

Arthur was a man who listened to advice.

He put down his raised leg.

He stood there, took a deep breath, and looked at the flashing text in front of him—

[Ritual 'Seventeen Order' completed!]

[Physique +10]

[Spirituality +10]

[Seventeen Order: A new path pioneered by Aeolia, this 'Golden Lion Cat' burned everything of itself to construct an unprecedented path with unwavering belief, and 'Mimi', for the sake of making it smoother for later passers-by also burned itself, clearing paths I-IV, thus allowing subsequent passers-by to attain powerful strength more quickly, making the path more smooth, and possess an adaptability, resilience, and amplification that other oath-taking, indulgence, and vow ritualists lack]

[Effect: 1, Oath-taking. Fake; 2, Feast. Big Party; 3, Super Healing. Extreme; 4, Adaptive State. Extreme; 5, True Golden Silk; 6, Body Size. Giant; 7, Meat Thickness. Armor; 8, Staircase. IV]

[Oath-taking. Fake: When facing food, one can be picky, but if you start eating, it's not necessary to finish, but next time when facing favored food, you can only eat half; there's at least a two-hour

drowsiness period daily, allowing for long periods without sleep. When accumulated for 240 hours, a 24-hour long sleep is required. During the accumulation period, you won't feel sleepy, and it won't affect any strength. Meanwhile, a 24-hour sleep can be taken in advance for accumulation, making oneself more adaptable; also, in normal conditions, when encountering sleep or psychic secret techniques, you will be instantly alert, and in a sleep state, when malicious individuals approach, you will wake up quickly]

[Feast. Big Party: After ascending the step, you undergo a qualitative enhancement again as one possessing the stomach of a Phantom Whale, not only digesting all consumed food fully, converting it to body muscle and fat, slowly increasing physique, but you can also store ample food through eating as reserve grain, burning stomach-stored food for quick amplification when greater strength is needed; also, your food category has long since exceeded the previously defined proteins, carbohydrates, fibers, etc., even a stone can now taste salty, of course, if it's a secret technique item, you will achieve greater satisfaction, current food: 900/30000]

[Super Healing. Extreme: Facing injuries, negative states, you already possess quite excellent recovery, but you can still accelerate recovery through sleep, food, even mortal wounds now mean just eating a little more or taking a nap; current sleep: 0/240; current food: 900/30000]

Chapter 926 Ascend Step IV_3

[Adaptation. Extreme: When facing unfamiliar and extremely harsh environments, you can adapt more quickly. In the presence of special requirement props, you can significantly reduce demands. When immersed in Blaze, Frost, Poison Breath, Thunder, Mind Control Field, or Illusion Magic Field, you can use the food accumulated in the Phantom Stomach to enhance resistance; Current Food: 900/30000]

[True Golden Silk: After ascending, the Golden Thread becomes truly meaningful. With the passage of time, the Harmony Value you can achieve will steadily increase, making your 'Spirituality' increasingly safe, and your 'Physique' will also elevate at twice the speed beyond the Harmony Value over accumulated years]

[Body Size. Giant: After ascending, as your physique becomes increasingly gigantic, your 'Spirituality', 'Physique', and trait limits undergo a qualitative change]

[Thick Flesh. Armor: Formed entirely from a strong 'Physique', gathering daily accumulated 'food energy' to create a special defense—a blend of pure 'Physique' and 'Force Field'. Any attack methods targeting solely 'Physique' or 'Force Field' will be deemed ineffective, then consumed by you as new 'food energy'. Only mixed attacks can truly reach you; Current 'Food Energy': (999)]

[Staircase. IV: Once you step on the fourth staircase, you will gain a 40% comprehensive enhancement. Simultaneously, your shadow projection will have substantial attack power, and when the shadow is shattered, you will need Gold, sunlight, or moonlight to repair them, though you will not be harmed, but your amplification will disappear]

(Note 1: If the 'Oath-taking. Fake' is not completed, 'Spirituality' will not become chaotic. Only when exceeding 9 consecutive incomplete 'Oath-taking. Fake' attempts will 'Spirituality' briefly become chaotic, and when failing to complete 'Oath-taking' 27 consecutive times, the states of 'True Golden Silk', 'Body Size. Giant', and 'Thick Flesh. Armor' will be damaged, but they can be repaired through food from the stomach, and if added 'food energy', the repair will accelerate)

(Note 2: When faced with favorite food, 'food energy' will be accumulated along with consumption. When confronted with food containing toxins and filled with malice, the 'Oath-taking. Fake' Initiate can ignore it, significantly accumulating 'food energy')

(Note 3: Under the blessing of 'Feast. Big Party', Ascend Stepper will break through existing physique limitations faster with the increase in Physique)

(Note 4: The Seventeen Order can perfectly integrate other Cat Faction rituals inside other Cat Holes, optimally accommodating rituals from other factions to a limited extent. When faced with 'Spirituality' from Arcane Artifacts, it has extremely perfect accommodativeness, and can quickly detect malicious spirituality concealed, hidden on the props)

(Note 5: When Ascend Stepper learns rituals and secret techniques from other factions, the all-new Seventeen Order not only possesses strong adaptability but can greatly reduce the requirements for secret techniques and rituals; moreover, the longer the time, the stronger the adaptability and the more reduced the requirement)

(Note 6: When the harmony and adaptation exceed one's limit with the Arcane Artifacts' spirituality, 'Adaptation. Extreme' will make the Initiate unaffected in a short time)

(Note 7: 'Feast. Big Party', 'Super Healing. Extreme', 'Adaptation. Extreme' will slowly grow with time, while the existence of 'Body Size. Giant' further increases the limits of many ritual traits, bloodline traits, and talent traits)

(Note 8: Your shadow projection, affected by swordsmanship, rituals, etc., is divided into two layers—outer as snake and bird, inner as cat; snake and bird can fuse into bird-snake, while the cat can grant you 9 times immunity to fatal damage. After 9 uses, the cat will fall into slumber, and you will require lengthy years and immense food to recover it—this is similar to the rumored Cat Cave Secret Technique 'Nine Lives', but not the same, this is a unique trait of the Seventeen Order)

...

Words gush forth like a fountain, appearing before Arthur.

Arthur's smile widened.

He was exceedingly happy.

Because—

This is not the end!

Chapter 927 Ascend Step V

Arthur's eyes were greeted with the following words—

[Serpent of Death I : When you step onto the 'God Ascension Steps', the remaining trace of power beneath the Golden Tree Juice in the Scales of Xitidar is completely absorbed by your Talent 'Breath of Death'. This power, in a unique manner, begins to purify your bloodline. In this moment, the fragmentary bloodline is not only completed but also endowed with a higher potential for growth. Over time, with more predation, the bloodline will elevate itself—death and serpent entwined, death chases the serpent's tail, and the serpent's kiss pursues the initiation of death. In the repetition of the cycle, the most unique method of ascension emerges. This trace of uniqueness within your bloodline is enough to attract the attention of most God-born and Demon Offspring, and make those 'Ascend Stepers' envious, while also instilling fear in creatures of darkness, shadow, and death. Because they, and even some demigods, understand that the terrifying combination of your worldly talents and your current bloodline is something even they would prefer to not confront...]

[Effect: 1, Awakening; 2, Shadow Concealment; 3, Serpentine Body; 4, Serpent's Gaze; 5, Serpent Speak; 6, Devour; 7, Serpent's Breath; 8, Serpent Shadow; 9, Authority, Fragmentary]

[Awakening: You have awakened a special bloodline, making you extraordinary; Physique+20 (3+2+5+10), Spirituality+20 (3+2+5+10)]

[Shadow Concealment: When you are in shadows or darkness, you receive a +9 stealth correction, and to some extent, can control shadows and darkness to form forces of attack, defense, and assistance]

[Serpentine Body: Your joints and muscles can be as flexible and versatile as a serpent's, allowing your entire body to coil and weave like a serpent. Additionally, facing swords, firearms, explosions, and blaze, you gain +6 in defense level; facing acid and toxins, a +8 in defense level; and against thunder, a +27 in defense level. When food is abundant, your body will grow rapidly, overcoming extremes, and equipping you with matching physique, defense, and longevity. Furthermore, you can control the size of your body freely, even in winter, you can effortlessly suppress the instinctive urge to hibernate. However, should you choose to enter a state of hibernation, your body will grow faster, but if you refuse hibernation, growth will slow and your appetite will improve, making 'food' a crucial resource for further promoting your bloodline; 0/3000]

[Serpent's Gaze: By locking eyes with another using your Serpent's Gaze, any sub-ascending level creature will be instantly deterred. If upon deterrence the opponent falls into panic, they will likewise fall into an illusion, and those ensnared by this illusion will be drawn into the realm of death! Creatures at or above the ascended level need to undergo a will test, and if they fail, they too will be deterred, panic-stricken, and fall into illusion, being drawn into the realm of death!]

[Serpent Speak: You can use serpent hiss to communicate with serpents, commanding ordinary, Secret Technique, and Entry-level serpents. Even legendary serpents will be deterred by you, and even without using serpent hiss, serpentine creatures revere you, eager to follow you]

[Devour: You can open your mouth to an extent beyond your limits, swallowing anything smaller than your mouth. Regardless of the toxins, acid, dark energy, etc., contained within any consumed Entry-level or below items, your stomach will digest and absorb them all, turning even stones and metal into purest nutrients for your body]

[Serpent's Breath: The gas you exhale can instantly turn into ascending level poison mists, your saliva corrodes the earth. Should you desire during hibernation, you could transform much of the South County into a poisonous swamp nation, but if not, you remain an ordinary human, free to kiss your beloved girl anytime]

[Serpent Shadow: The resonance of Breath of Death with your bloodline undergoes a qualitative change upon ascension, elevating your already transformed shadow. It can transform into 333 serpent shadows, attacking anyone in your line of sight silently. Upon the target's death, it converts into the purest 'Aura of Death' and returns]

[Authority.Secondary: Unlike the 'Snake Wing' ignited by swordsmanship, Xitidar possesses the 'Authority of the God of the Inner Sea'. Ascension completes this authority, allowing you to control water within a vast range effortlessly. When standing upon the Inner Sea, you can cause it to surge and swell endlessly]

(Note 1: The physique and spirituality brought by the awakening is absolutely safe, increasing gradually with more food consumption and hibernation)

(Note 2: Sprinting while hidden does not affect stealth level, and when under light exposure and fully visible, you still receive +3 stealth correction level)

(Note 3: The current length of the serpentine body can reach 12 meters, with a standard lifespan of 999 years in a regular human state. Defense level naturally receives an additional +3, and upon fully releasing yourself to reach 12 meters, defense level naturally receives an additional +9, and thunder defense level gains an additional +49. Moreover, to complete the bloodline's ascension, you require more gold, Mystic Side items, and Misfortune Items as 'food'.)

(Note 4: Every 1 defense level is approximately equivalent to the 'Great Arcana' explosion level)

(Note 5: After completing a period of deep sleep, you will be refreshed and your recovery will accelerate)

(Note 6: Each initial attack level of serpent shadows is equivalent to the power of a bullet fired from a heavy firearm. The serpent shadows can turn and track targets. For each attack a serpent shadow completes, as long as enough 'Aura of Death' is absorbed, it can continue attacking and raise its attack level, up to 'Arcana Level'. When 'Aura of Death' is insufficient, they must return to your shadow to replenish the 'Aura of Death'. However, on the next attack, they will strike with the power of a bullet fired from a heavy firearm. Additionally, after completing an effective attack, the serpent shadows may choose not to attack again, bringing back the 'Aura of Death' for you. When all serpent shadows are launched, your shadow will fade but not disappear)

Chapter 927 Ascend Step V_2

(Note 7: Ritual 'Orange Cat''Great Orange''Seventeen Order', under your talent harmony, there is no conflict with your bloodline, but rather complement each other)

(Note 8: The power of your water control cannot exceed Ascend Step, when standing 'above the Inner Sea', water control power is Ascend Step V)

...

Not the [Breath of Death].

But the bloodline becomes complete.

Arthur is well aware that the former requires the cooperation of 'Death' if it wants to be promoted—and the cooperation of the other party is inevitably involuntary.

But,

That doesn't matter.

The current harvest is enough to make Arthur feel delighted—

Crunch, crunch.

Arthur swings his neck from side to side.

Immediately, a crisp sound resonates.

Not only at the neck but every bone joint and muscle fascia throughout the body emits a pleasing voice at this moment.

This is a transformation.

Also what Arthur had long been expecting.

Strength and thick armor have always been favored by Arthur.

Arthur is very clear on what a strong body can bring.

And what an impregnable defense represents.

Undefeated!

Truly standing in a place of invincibility.

Of course, he's still one sumptuous midnight snack away from that level.

The stars converged.

The steps disappeared.

The young Spirit Medium picked up a nugget of pure gold as large as a basketball and directly stuffed it into his mouth.

In an instant, the gold nugget melted.

The taste was like sugar-added hot cocoa, with a texture resembling marshmallow.

Of course, the data is even more delightful.

The bloodline promotion, originally (0/3000), increased by 30 points, becoming (30/3000).

This made the corner of Arthur's mouth lift.

The environment he's in right now lacks everything.

Except for gold.

And this is why he came here.

He suppressed the desire to grow larger, maintaining his current body, and started eating the pure gold nugget piece by piece.

Meanwhile, as Arthur was having his midnight snack, Baro Hamlet was in his study with a sullen face.

Before the honorable, a shimmering communication crystal, uncontrollably anxious words were erupting from Baro's mouth—

"Why?

Why can't I control my emotions?

I can't even think straight now!

Anger makes me want to tear everything I see to shreds!"

Baro said this while slamming the table.

Bam!

The table shattered instantly.

Seeing the fragmented table, a thrill arose in Baro's heart, and driven by this thrill, he began to smash things frantically.

Of course, the remaining rationality prevented Baro from smashing the communication crystal.

Huff! Huff!

In less than three minutes, there wasn't a single intact item in the study anymore.

Baro was panting heavily.

Not from exhaustion.

But because more reason returned after a brief outburst, allowing him to barely control his emotions—this struggle left Baro mentally exhausted.

Yet the voice from the communication crystal was calm and detached.

"It's a normal phenomenon.

At the beginning of the transaction, I told you the 'Helk Subordinate Gold Potion' isn't perfect, it has defects, which is why that Crown manufactured the 'Golden Potion.'

And you, my friend.

You've performed many rituals to mitigate most of this potion's downsides.

The rest?

You need to adapt.

Baro, you are now an 'Ascend Steper.'

You need to change your past behavior pattern.

You no longer need to remain in the shadows, you need to step into the light."

The other paused here.

Then, a hint of amusement appeared in the other's voice.

"Besides, haven't you found a solution?

Just some furniture won't stabilize your emotions; what you truly need is a real fight, a battle with your enemies.

After the battle, once you emerge victorious, you'll find you have returned to your original self."

Baro's breathing became rapid again.

He needs to return to his original self.

He's fed up with this rage.

"Understood."

Baro said this.

Baro did not question the other's words.

With the contract in place, the other couldn't possibly deceive him.

Of course, the necessary inquiry was posed.

"Are you confident?"

When asking this, even in his inner rage, Baro carried a hint of trepidation.

After all, that's his lifelong obsession.

"Yes!

If it's one-to-one, facing your brother, the chances are only thirty percent, but if that Mother Tigress fights your brother and I seize the opportunity from the sidelines, the odds are ninety percent."

The words inside the communication crystal were full of confidence.

This made Baro breathe a sigh of relief.

Why did he dare to make such a big move in Inner Bay?

Aside from having enough accumulated power, it was also because of the cooperation with the other side.

A [Helk Subordinate Gold Potion] allowed him to ignore various shortcomings and step onto the 'God Ascension Steps'.

A promise assured that his brother would never be able to return to Inner Bay.

"Alright.

I look forward to your good news.

Now?

I need to make some adjustments.

After daybreak, I will have a talk with my nephew."

Baro said and took the initiative to end the call.

Currently, Baro's mind was filled with Pistri Hamlet from the 'St. Joan of Arc Girls' College'.

This guy was just as capable of enduring as he was.

If he hadn't launched this coup, it might have been Pistri Hamlet who launched it in the future, and with even more cruel methods.

Dieudonne's head was the best explanation.

Even though he was swayed by anger, Baro remembered that he definitely hadn't made a move against Dieudonne Hamlet.

After all, the other party was his brother's second son, someone he had to keep.

This would be his backup plan, just like with Pistri.

According to Baro's thoughts, Pistri had to be held in his hand, but when this idea appeared, another thought followed.

'Why do I have to let Pistri live?

Am I still afraid of my brother?

I fear him, which is why I let his son become my bargaining chip!

No!

I am not afraid of him!

I am not afraid!

Death!

Pistri must die!'

Baro's heart was filled with furious roars.

Without a doubt, the emotion of fear brought the dissatisfaction from the past, allowing the manipulated anger to completely gain the upper hand.

Rationality was quickly disappearing.

However, at the moment he was about to rush out of the dilapidated study, Baro forcefully stopped his steps.

"I can't do this!

I need to wait!

The Mother Tigress has already challenged that bastard.

Two days!

Just two more days!

All I need is to wait!"

The words from his heart were uncontrollably spoken out loud, starting Baro's self-talk.

He wandered around his own study, reduced to ruins, like a madman.

Durt, who was standing in the corner, began to move further away.

Throughout the process, Durt, who had recently been promoted as Baro's chief Scout, held his breath, striving not to make even a tiny bit of noise, like a drifting shadow.

Baro's soliloquy continued— —

"I should go now!

No!

It's not safe yet!

Right!

Playing it safe is the best option, safety will give me victory!

Damn!

Am I still afraid of that bastard?

No!"

Sounding like a self-interrogation and answer,

Baro's expression began to twist.

Durt could be sure, Baro was crazy.

A madman is not scary.

What is scary is a powerful madman.

"Heh heh!"

Suddenly, Baro let out a strange laugh.

Durt immediately stopped his footsteps, blending himself with the shadows.

Durt was lucky.

Baro did not discover him.

But those discovered would be unfortunate.

A Scout who had come to report was dragged in by Baro, who then twisted his limbs, listening to the wailing screams with hearty laughter.

"Yes!

Just like that!

Excellent!"

With that, Baro pounced on and began tearing at the Scout.

Three or four seconds later, the Scout was reduced to a bloody mess.

And Baro became increasingly excited.

The kind of twisted excitement made Baro begin to convulse.

Durt, observing Baro in that moment, felt his scalp tingle and a chill run down his whole body.

Without hesitation, Durt fled from Baro's mansion, running towards a secret place—prior to this, to leave himself a retreat, he had already made preliminary friendly negotiations with Mr. Hayes.

This time, it would be even more pleasant.

Because he had an even bigger bargaining chip—

He knew who the person speaking inside the communication crystal was.

Chapter 928 Ominous Words

Kilg Harbor, Lower District No. 6-66.

Hayes sat on a solid wooden stool, starting to doubt life.

'When did my luck become so good?

Why did I work so hard to set things up for a long time and then end up not needing it at all!

Yet things still worked out?

Why?'

Hayes asked himself.

Pfft!

Manta, who was disguised nearby, couldn't help but laugh.

She had never seen Hayes like this before.

It was really...

Cute!

Apologies, Manta also knew it was inappropriate to describe a man as cute, but at this moment, Hayes's confusion and disbelief, mixed with a little bit of the joy of success, was truly adorable.

If Miss West Berlin hadn't been there, she would've hugged Hayes and given him a kiss.

Annie Otto von West Berlin sighed helplessly.

Being Jimte's fiancée, Annie voluntarily participated in this mission — without Jimte knowing, she left her hideout and proactively sought out Hayes.

Why?

Of course, to prove her value.

Jimte loved her.

She knew that.

But precisely because of this, she wanted even more to make herself worthy of Jimte's love.

Even though in the books she read, love was selfless.

But,

Love is not just about taking.

Selflessness comes from mutual contribution; if it's only about taking, such love has already been distorted into... a slave contract.

At that moment, Annie remembered a scene she had seen long ago —

A man married for so-called love, bringing out the savings of three generations of his family to 'build a nest' for love, to 'show off' for love, to 'feast' for love.

Then, after accepting everything, the woman left the man to 'pursue true love' upon finding it unsuitable.

In the end, the man was crying and shouting there.

Shouting what?

It had been too long, Annie couldn't remember.

Maybe it was 'swallow'?

She really couldn't remember.

But Annie remembered her disdain at the time.

In Annie's eyes, that wasn't love.

Just the barking after a failed transaction.

Such a transaction was doomed to fail.

Because, from the beginning, it wasn't a fair trade.

Instead, it was mixed with cunning.

Manta heard the sigh of Miss West Berlin, a strong feeling of envy rose in her heart — as the former head of intelligence, she was aware of some of the West Berlin Family's secrets, and she was also more aware that Miss West Berlin surely had the trump card to turn the situation around.

Unlike her, whose talent was too lacking.

"Annie, where are you and Jimte planning to hold the wedding?"

Manta asked, with no expression on her face.

As the head of intelligence, Manta had long learned how to control her emotions.

And, to show a hint at the right time.

Just like now, at the moment her words fell, a look of longing appeared on Manta's face, which made Annie naturally start talking.

"Probably in South Los, right?"

What about you?"

Annie responded, and what Manta needed was the latter part — the head of intelligence looked at Hayes.

The freshly awakened Hayes immediately fell back into self-doubt.

It's not that he didn't want to make a commitment.

But...

It's too early to promise.

He's not sure if he can truly succeed in the end.

Facing Manta, his closest partner, he didn't want to bind her with marriage because — he knew, it couldn't hold.

Manta's intelligence was sufficient for her to quickly regain clarity after a brief loss.

So, he needed to stand high enough to earn Manta's love.

Why not choose someone else?

Naturally, because no other woman was as clever.

Hayes knew what he wanted.

And seeing Hayes's state, Manta couldn't help but kick this young noble.

Then, just as she was about to say something, an undisguised sound of footsteps rang out —

Thud, thud, thud!

The feet pressed just slightly on the ground.

It was a door-knocking sound that couldn't be more obvious.

Hayes stepped forward and opened the door.

He already knew who it was.

Seeing Durt, the spy under Baro, standing outside, Hayes's face lit up with a big smile, warm and gentle.

"Good evening, my friend."

He said as he moved forward to give the person a big hug.

For this spy who made him 'self-doubt,' Hayes was genuinely enthusiastic.

After all, Hayes knew how much convenience the person could bring him.

And what huge benefits came with such conveniences.

So, Hayes would not refuse the person.

Unlike some people who, for no reason, enjoy pushing themselves too hard.

He didn't have such a hobby.

Even though it was a little uncomfortable, he still preferred now.

"Good evening."

Durt responded, glancing around at Manta and Annie in the room, then slightly tilting his head, gesturing with his mouth.

Talk outside?

Sure.

Hayes nodded in agreement.

Then, after greeting Manta and Annie, the young noble followed Durt towards a nearby alley.

Watching Durt's tensed back due to nervousness, Hayes's lips curled up again.

He knew the person once again brought good news.

In fact, from the last time the person actively contacted him, Hayes knew that this would happen eventually.

He just didn't expect it to be so soon —

"Do you have a way to leave Inner Bay?"

In the depths of the alley, after turning around, Durt asked directly.

Chapter 928: Ominous Words_2

"Yes."

Hayes gave an affirmative response.

With the daylight 'St. Joan of Arc Girls' College,' the entire Kilg Harbor was plunged into 'lockdown,' especially at this moment with Baro's condition, adding more uncertainties to the 'lockdown,' turning Baro's original channels exceedingly dangerous.

People became unreliable in pursuit of self-preservation or greater profits.

Most of the channels Durt controlled were like this.

And the channel he opened up on his own?

One was incomplete and unusable.

The other was complete, but those responsible for the channel were killed.

Not just one person.

Everyone was killed.

Died within their stronghold.

Every time Durt recalled the previous scene, he became increasingly tense.

As Baro's spy, Durt knew more about the chaotic situation in Kilg Harbor now, but he didn't realize it had reached this extent.

It's known that this channel he opened was considered intermediate within Kilg Harbor's underground forces.

Under normal circumstances, no one would provoke them.

But now, they were completely wiped out.

Clearly, Kilg Harbor had completely lost control.

More terrifying people had arrived here.

This made Durt even more eager to leave this place.

Almost immediately, this spy lowered his transaction demands - initially, he planned to let his family leave, then use the information he knew to exchange for more wealth and secret medicine.

Wealth was prepared for his family; everywhere money is needed to make things happen.

As for the secret medicine?

It was prepared for his child.

He hoped his child would be stronger than him.

Definitely don't become a spy.

Really, die without knowing how!

The emotion in his heart didn't slow down Durt's speaking pace -

"Five people!

Two elders, two children, and one adult.

If possible, let them leave Kilg Harbor now.

If it can be done, I'll tell you some invaluable information."

Durt said this.

Hayes squinted his eyes.

This combination of five immediately made him think of 'family.'

A complete three-generation family.

'Is it this guy's family?'

Hayes speculated, growing more curious inside.

Anxious feeling inside Durt didn't make him notice Hayes' discreet scrutiny, at this moment the spy only wanted his parents, children, and wife to leave.

Him?

As one person, he had confidence he could leave.

Although lacking talent.

But, it surpassed ordinary people.

"Okay.

Where to?"

Hayes didn't haggle.

The young noble knew that when a man worries about his family's safety, the stakes he presents are definitely substantial.

"Sidon Fortress!"

Durt reported a place that surprised Hayes.

Everyone knows from Inner Bay, most habitually head to South Los.

Not only because South Los is more climate-friendly, with abundant produce, but also because South Los is conveniently connected with the restricted 'Inner Sea.'

There it's just a coastal area, enough to give pursuers a headache.

'South Los's danger far exceeds imagination!'

Hayes instantly made a judgment inside.

With that Countess's declaration of war against the Old Lion, everyone knew the Old Lion had secretly entered South Los at some point.

However, everyone didn't consider it dangerous.

The Countess's declaration of war gave most people a considerable illusion.

Everyone thought the Countess held the winning hand and everything was just formulaic performance.

Afterward?

Naturally, everything would be as usual.

But Durt's performance made Hayes extra vigilant.

Hayes's face still held a smile.

"No problem."

Faced with such a promise, Durt added.

"Sign the contract!"

"Of course!"

Hayes immediately took out a contract and began writing, while Durt watched attentively - and in the shadows above them, a crow tilted its head watching.

"Is it okay?"

According to Durt's suggestion, after modifying twice, Hayes handed the final contract to him.

After checking again, Durt signed his name.

When Hayes also signed his name, the entire contract glowed with a faint light.

Contract established.

Hayes, Durt, both breathed a sigh of relief.

They exchanged a glance.

Hayes extended his right hand.

Durt immediately grasped this right hand.

The two shook hands firmly, then drew closer.

Durt whispered in Hayes' ear—

"Baro has colluded with the Duke of Northern County to assassinate the Old Lion!"

Boom!

This sentence struck Hayes' ear like a muffled thunder.

Even with Hayes' Chen Mansion, his face changed dramatically at this moment.

With the contract in place, he did not doubt the authenticity of this news.

He began to ponder the key points of this matter.

It's not just about interests, but the survival and death.

After all, that Grand Duke from Northern County is not known for 'kindness'.

His biggest reputation is 'belligerence'.

"Alright, I got it.

Bring your family here.

I'll arrange for them to go to Sidon Fortress."

Hayes thought to himself, but didn't hold his tongue.

"See you later."

Durt turned and left.

Likewise, Hayes did not stay long.

He needed to contact his two friends.

Things were too unexpected.

Perhaps one wrong move, and it's not just Inner Bay's riot, but a war sweeping across all of South County.

Hayes does not resist war.

But the premise is that the war develops in their favor.

And currently?

It is not.

Of course, this young noble hopes more to contact Arthur, the man he has decided to follow, but to get closer to Baro, he voluntarily abandoned the means to contact Arthur, otherwise, if Baro discovered it, it would be equivalent to seeking death.

But who could have thought that before he truly got close, Durt already approached him.

And lastly gave him such a huge surprise.

'Destiny! Destiny!

You truly love to toy with people!'

With emotions full of sighs, Hayes walked faster and faster.

And after the two left, the crow silently flew into the night sky, perfectly merging black with black, indistinguishable from each other.

Just like Acker and Eivor at this moment.

These two top assassins moved under the cover of night like they were shuttling through the Inner Bay's Seven Major Families' territories.

Having experienced the daytime's riot, the Seven Major Families had already opened their protections, with more guards starting patrols.

This kind of force is enough to deter most ill-intentioned people.

But definitely doesn't include Acker and Eivor.

With Arthur's orders, the two top assassins began harvesting the lives of the patriarchs of the Seven Major Families—for assassins moving in shadows, this isn't difficult.

Or rather, this is their expertise.

Assassins in shadows can triumph over the strong with the weak.

Moreover, they themselves are the strong side.

Without being discovered by anyone, Acker and Eivor excellently completed Arthur's tasked mission.

The two hid in the backyard of a house in Kilg Harbor, conversing in secret language—

Eivor: The Seven Major Families are weaker than imagined.

Acker: Hmm.

Eivor: They've been bled dry by the Golden Lion Family so much that they've not only lost their foundation but also lack talent, so, it's natural to be weak.

Acker: Hmm.

Eivor: The Golden Lion Family is the true giant.

Acker: Hmm.

Eivor:...

Eivor: Besides 'Hmm', can't you give some other reaction? You're not in my bed!

Acker: Hmm.

...

With Acker's repeated replies, Eivor wisely ended the conversation.

He knows, assassins should maintain silence.

But he couldn't help it.

Ever since becoming a traveling stall owner, Eivor always liked chatting about more things with people, such silence now is already him restraining.

After all, the mission is over.

They excellently completed the task.

What's wrong with a little chat?

If it weren't for restraint, he'd definitely go fix himself a supper with a more stimulating taste to reflect his current mood.

Of course, if his wife made it, that would be most perfect.

Thinking of his wife, Eivor couldn't help but daze off.

Acker glanced at the friend opposite, eyes flashed with helplessness.

'Indeed, like me.

Neither of us is a qualified assassin.

Wondering what Alvin and Alma are up to.'

Acker thought, but his eyes immediately sharpened.

Eivor also instantly tensed up.

The next moment, a black crow appeared on the rooftop.

It brought a unique ill omen—

"Do you take your dog for a walk?"

Chapter 929: Invitation

Hayes secretly and quickly returned to Lower District No. 6-66.

The serious expression on his face caught the attention of Manta and Annie.

"What happened?"

Manta directly asked.

"There was a little accident."

Hayes didn't pretend to be relaxed; he recounted the news he had just received in detail — in the eyes of this young Noble, bearing burdens alone is virtuous, but working together is the way to solve problems.

He didn't think he could withstand everything.

War!

It could very possibly be a world war!

Hayes's account made the expressions of the two ladies serious as well.

They watched as Hayes took out the Communication Crystal from a hidden compartment.

This Communication Crystal could contact Jimte and Kalal.

After the Communication Crystal flickered several times —

"Jimte, Kalal, there's something I need to tell you."

Hayes spoke seriously and solemnly.

But just as Hayes was about to continue, Jimte and Kalal burst into laughter.

"You lost."

This was Kalal's voice.

"Alright, I lost.

I didn't expect him to be so impatient."

Jimte's helpless voice sounded.

This kind of conversation left Hayes stunned.

The young Noble blinked, his mind beginning to race.

Not being foolish, Hayes instantly guessed a possibility.

Suddenly, the young Noble's breathing became rapid.

Because this possibility was truly unbelievable.

"Hahaha, this time I won."

Facing the silent Hayes, Jimte laughed.

"Aren't you going to ask?

You're clearly so surprised."

This time it was Kalal's turn to be helpless.

"It's a draw."

Jimte announced.

Kalal shrugged and accepted the result.

While Hayes began to inquire.

"You know about that thing?

Did the adults tell you?"

"Of course!

Besides the adults, no one can foresee — just now, they've informed us about that matter and have made proper arrangements.

Rest assured.

The war will be limited to a very small area."

Jimte replied.

"I knew it would be like this."

Hayes said this with his mouth, but his heart was somewhat lost.

He felt powerless.

Just like before, even though he had already figured out what to do, why is there still no strength when the time comes?

But soon, Hayes adjusted his emotions.

He was grateful that he could follow such an adult.

A strong, gentle, and foresightful adult must be the goal he pursued all his life.

Without any hesitation, Hayes straightforwardly said —

"It's my honor to follow the adults!"

"Us too."

Jimte and Kalal responded simultaneously.

Soon, the brief dialogue ended.

Whew!

Hayes didn't hide himself, directly taking a deep breath in front of Manta, then, holding Manta's hand, smiled cheerfully and said: "I have two incredibly fortunate things in my life, meeting you and deciding to follow the adults."

Manta did not ask 'Which one is more fortunate?'.

The lady from the intelligence department simply leaned into Hayes's arms — she had just thought they were going to be unlucky.

In war, anything can happen.

And misfortune, at that time, is the norm.

Disasters piled up from innumerable misfortunes, nurturing the roars of Ambitious Persons among blood and bones.

Manta doesn't like war.

Normal people don't like war.

Hayes is the same.

The two embraced as if no one else was present, whispering in low voices.

Annie watched their appearance and wisely moved aside.

She now misses Jimte immensely.

She had also thought something unfortunate was going to happen.

At that moment, her heart was filled with panic.

Moreover, at that moment, she felt her previous plan was reckless.

What she thought was a very ordinary farewell could have almost turned into a final farewell.

Such a result, just thinking about it made this Lady West Berlin feel suffocated.

Fortunately, the worst results did not happen.

She, still has a chance.

She, misses Jimte.

"Achoo!"

Jimte sneezed loudly; Kalal on the opposite side quickly dodged, especially protecting the bread and sausage in his embrace.

Kalal didn't want to miss dinner.

Having been busy all day and half the night, this was Kalal's first meal.

Kalal cherishes it greatly.

These foods are donated by teachers and parents at the 'St. Joan of Arc Girls' College' — especially the latter, who were generous at this time.

These middle-class people are not fools.

Upon discovering the abnormality at Kilg Harbor, it's very clear where safety is.

So, dinner at 'St. Joan of Arc Girls' College' is extremely sumptuous.

Not only are there bread, sausages, but also beer, sweet lettuce soup, and condiments like fine salt, black pepper, butter, and honey.

However, Jimte and Kalal refused the beer that enthusiastic parents provided, very aware that alcohol would dull their senses.

After all, the adults had given them a new mission: to contact the leader of the 'Shapeless'.

Regarding any mission, Jimte and Kalal are full of confidence.

But when involved with the families of the adults, the two become more cautious —

"Maybe it's a cold.

Kalal, I'm counting on you for the next task.

I think I need some rest."

Jimte said as he lay down on the blanket.

This is the storeroom at 'St. Joan of Arc Girls' College'; there is no real bed.

As for the better conditions of the student and teacher dormitories?

Chapter 929 Invitation_2

This is where the injured reside.

Even the classrooms are filled with people who are unable to move.

The chaos that erupted during the day, despite Arthur's side intentionally controlling the direction of attacks, still resulted in many students and their parents getting injured.

Of course, aside from the dean, there hadn't been any true deaths.

But this also meant that Jimte and Kalal couldn't fight the injured for beds.

Pa!

A sheathed longsword was slapped against the blanket.

At the moment the longsword struck, Jimte swiftly dodged.

His movements were agile and quick.

Kalal looked at Jimte and slowly said.

"It seems you're fully recovered.

Let's go!

Stop lightening the mood, you know it—we need to face it together.

Besides...

It's just delivering a message."

Jimte immediately rolled his eyes.

"Do you believe such words?

Can't you hear the hesitation in his voice?"

"I can't hear it."

Kalal said seriously.

But the next moment, the young swordsman added a line—

"All I heard was that the master was having a midnight snack.

And enjoying it.

That kind of joy, it's my first time hearing it."

Jimte didn't refute this.

The swallowing sounds when Arthur passed on the message were crystal clear to him, beyond dispute, and moreover, that joy made Jimte involuntarily speculate.

"What exactly was he eating?"

"I don't know.

But it must be extremely delicious."

Kalal shook his head while stuffing a sausage into his mouth.

The young swordsman devoured it voraciously.

The young swordsman wanted to capture the feeling of his master having a midnight snack.

But something always seemed a little off.

However, even if something was off, the sausage in his mouth still became delicious.

This was a kind of—

Contagion!

Influence from the master.

Jimte couldn't help but marvel at Kalal's 'pure' demeanor.

Kalal, he, and Hayes were different.

Kalal was purely pure.

What about him and Hayes?

Too many thoughts.

Especially after deciding to follow Arthur, Kalal became even more pure, as if he had thrown away his mind, leaving only the sword in his hand and the master's orders.

What about him and Hayes?

They naturally obeyed the master's orders.

Then, they would always gather information on the situation, making plan after plan.

Most of these plans were rarely used.

But they needed to ensure that if something happened, they could have a corresponding plan ready.

This was the resolve he and Hayes had as followers.

Of course, the two of them had an understanding to manage their respective areas, and occasionally complement each other.

"Let's go!

Let's meet Ms. Anna."

Jimte said as he stood up.

Kalal followed after.

The two of them met Anna near the corridor of the college's entrance hall, and beside this woman stood the Old Lion's younger son, Pistri Hamlet.

Besides the Old Lion's younger son, there were a few student representatives—Ms. Anna, who herself was part of the college security, naturally had an advantage when dealing with the students.

Especially during the day, this woman had saved fifteen students.

The fifteen students who faced certain death from stray arrows, the worst injury was merely a graze.

This greatly elevated Anna's reputation among the students.

Thus, the armed strength belonging to the students within the college was now under this woman's control.

No one questioned it.

"Good evening, Jimte, Kalal."

While Anna was assigning the Night Watchmen and Patrol to the student representatives, the Old Lion's younger son approached Jimte and Kalal, greeting them—although the Old Lion's younger son didn't appear as active on the Inner Bay stage as his elder brother, he would participate in some necessary gatherings, slaughters, and priest rituals.

So, the three naturally knew each other.

"Good evening, Pistri."

Jimte, Kalal politely responded.

This politeness was mixed with a strong sense of detachment, an air of estrangement.

The Old Lion's younger son immediately smiled wryly.

He understood why it was like this.

His identity.

The identity of the Old Lion's younger son.

After his two elder brothers died, he became the first in line to inherit the Inner Bay.

And such an identity caused the two before him, who should have been allies, to remain wary.

Pistri understood this.

Moreover, he didn't bother explaining.

He knew any explanation would be feeble.

He would use his actions to show everyone that more than being the first heir to the Inner Bay, he hoped to do something more valuable and meaningful.

For instance: improving the lives of commoners.

As for specifics?

Building a semi-charitable school in the Docklands.

Charging a small amount of money to give commoners the chance to learn literacy.

He came to Anna for this.

It was known that, apart from private tutors for Nobles, 'St. Joan of Arc Girls' College' boasted one of the best faculties in the Inner Bay.

He hoped to borrow several teachers.

Of course, he would pay them the highest salary.

The Docklands, populated mostly by commoners, were rarely visited by dignified people, much less teach them.

But Pistri believed money would move them.

And this was the first step.

Once enough people on the docks achieved literacy, he would initiate the second step—

Teaching skills!

It could be carpentry, blacksmithing, or even cooking.

If commoners wanted to learn these livelihood skills, they would have to pay a significant price.

If possible, he hoped to reduce this cost.

Yet, publicly teaching such skills held by a few would be extremely difficult.

First, he would have to face the angry carpenters, blacksmiths, cooks, etc.

And not to mention finding teachers among them.

So, before completing the first step, he absolutely wouldn't reveal the second step to the public.

'Only when knowledge becomes fair will society become fair!'

Pistri quietly clenched his fist.

This was his dream, and it was also the goal he aimed to achieve throughout his life.

After indicating his intentions to Jimte and Kalal, the Old Lion's younger son headed to his room—to achieve his dream, he needed to overcome the current ordeal.

Although he trusted Arthur, Pistri would not be unprepared.

Just in case, after all.

"This guy seems changed somehow."

Kalal, with his swordsman's intuition, sensed a certain brilliance around Pistri.

"Seems so."

Jimte glanced at the back of the Old Lion's younger son, remaining indifferent.

To Jimte, he preferred seeing a dead Pistri.

Even with the contract in place, it was still the same.

With Pistri alive, he represented a hindrance to the master's plan to unify the Inner Bay.

'Should I create an accident?

No, it's too obvious at this moment.

I need to endure for a bit longer.'

Jimte pondered internally.

Meanwhile, Anna finally finished her task assignments—for these 'novices,' Anna didn't show even a tinge of impatience.

She was not only patient but also serious.

Because of the sense of satisfaction.

She couldn't remember the last time anyone listened to her explanations so patiently.

Especially with those respectful eyes, which gave Anna an unparalleled sense of accomplishment.

Far better than being with those four pesky women.

Those four pesky women only ever sneered at her.

Even though she was the boss.

Of course, compared to Marinda...

Just as she was about to affirm Marinda's importance.

But thinking of those young girls' respectful and admiring eyes, Anna hesitated slightly.

'Why am I hesitating?

Could it be...

No! No!'

The lady quickly shook her head, shaking off that unreliable thought.

Jimte and Kalal exchanged a subtle glance.

This woman seemed a bit off!

Internally assessing her, Jimte stepped forward, representing his master, to extend an invitation—

"Ms. Anna, I come on behalf of my master.

We would like to invite Lady Cassandra for a family gathering.

The time will be—

Tomorrow at noon."

Chapter 930: Arrangement!

Anna heard Arthur's name once again.

Even though it was only referred to as 'sir,' it still made Anna uncomfortable, but she quickly collected herself.

It wasn't because Anna was magnanimous.

It was because—

Jimte, and Kalal's scrutiny.

Silent yet bone-deep.

Just a brief contact left one with goosebumps.

Anna immediately wore a smile.

"Alright.

I will relay the message immediately."

Although up to now, Anna still hadn't organized her boss's contact information, but from her observations during this period, Anna believed her boss would know what was happening here and would contact her soon.

As for whether to meet or not?

She wasn't in charge.

'Is this the 'Spirit Medium' bloodline?'

Anna sighed.

And then she felt increasingly uncomfortable.

Thinking about the rumored foresight of the 'Spirit Medium' bloodline, this lady felt very aggrieved.

The kind of grievance where one has been bullied and doesn't even dare to retaliate.

It was really too unbearable.

Involuntarily, the lady pursed her lips.

Although she reined in her expression the next moment, Jimte and Kalal still noticed.

The former smiled cunningly, like a fox.

The latter was cold as ice, like a lone wolf.

Anna felt extremely uncomfortable.

She began to miss her four not-so-normal friends.

Nostalgia flooded over her like a tide.

Raging and unending.

So, Anna proposed a farewell—

"Take care.

If there's any news, please let us know immediately.

You know where to find us."

Jimte said with a smile.

Anna nodded and left more quickly.

In the seemingly ordinary words of the young noble, she detected a hint of threat.

As to why?

The answer was self-evident.

Jimte and Kalal watched as the lady disappeared around the corridor corner, Jimte's smile faded, and a trace of coldness appeared in his eyes.

He had seen Anna's dissatisfaction with her own master just now.

Concerning her own master...

No!

To be precise, the relationship between her own mistress and this lady, as a follower, Jimte certainly knew.

He was originally just paying attention.

But the lady's dissatisfaction made Jimte subconsciously want to manufacture an accident to truly eliminate this lady.

For Jimte, any instability by his side needed to be eradicated.

However, when it involved his own master and mistress, he had to proceed with caution.

Especially since it seemed the mistress was already pregnant.

At this time, there could be no carelessness.

At least...

He had to get his master's tacit approval.

"There will still be battles after dawn, right?"

Kalal was more straightforward.

The uprising happens.

Chaos everywhere around.

At that time, it would be too easy to eliminate someone.

"I will consult with the master."

Jimte said, looking at Kalal, which was a question.

Faced with this question, Kalal nodded.

Subsequently, the two returned to the storeroom and truthfully reported to Arthur what had happened, and proposed the subtle elimination of Anna.

In response, Arthur praised them but did not give a definite answer—

"Trust Marinda.

She will make the necessary arrangements."

While saying this, Arthur placed a watermelon-sized pure gold nugget in his mouth.

The rich flavor instantly filled his mouth, like melting chocolate, making Arthur close his eyes in comfort.

It was a pure kind of enjoyment.

One that Arthur was immensely fond of.

However, Arthur did not forget the business at hand—

The [Seventeenth Order] food storage was full.

[30000/30000].

Watching this value, Arthur's sense of security greatly increased.

Of course, this wasn't the end.

The [Seventeenth Order] food was purely for immediate combat, while his [Bloodline] was for increasing his combat capacity.

In fact, his [Bloodline] hunger for food hadn't stopped.

From just now, every time he swallowed gold, his [Bloodline] would boil.

That feeling of hunger made Arthur almost unable to resist.

Looking at that [0/3000] value, Arthur smirked.

Looking again at the pure gold that had only consumed a fraction, Arthur's smirk grew larger—if not for the abundance of gold, he wouldn't have done this; he would certainly choose to enhance his own combat capacity first.

But with enough gold...

He could afford a little luxury.

Just like when having a boxed lunch, always saving the favorite braised pork for the end, devouring it with the rice for a satisfying feeling.

'Starved for so long.

Finally able to eat freely.

Come on, my stomach—

Let's see where your limits lie!'

The voice in his heart, as if uttering an oath.

The next moment, a far more exaggerated feast than before began.

Gold nuggets, one after another, entered Arthur's mouth.

The promotion value within the [Death Snake. Serpentine Body] began to quickly increase.

While keeping an eye on the increasing value, Arthur used a communication crystal to contact Marinda—

"How's it going?"

Marinda's voice was filled with concern and tension.

"Better than you imagined.

If it weren't a taboo, I'd want to pop some champagne right now."

Arthur joked.

Marinda immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

Even with absolute confidence in Arthur, Marinda was still a little nervous until this moment, when Arthur's reply finally put her at ease.

And then, Marinda noticed something amiss.

With her understanding of Arthur, it was impossible for him to contact her at this time if nothing unexpected had happened.

Chapter 930: Arrangement!_2

That's why she was so nervous just now.

Her brain was spinning quickly, thinking about everything happening in Kilg Harbor.

Very soon, Marinda guessed something.

"I'll have a good talk with Anna."

Marinda said.

Why does Arthur like Marinda?

Besides Marinda's wealth and generosity, it's her intelligence.

"Do you need me to go with you?"

Facing such a clever Marinda, Arthur certainly wouldn't hide his true thoughts.

"Hmm, it's good to go together."

Marinda gave a definite answer.

"Then when we meet, is there anything I need to pay attention to?

You know, I'm not particular about clothes, nor do I understand them.

And my attitude, I'm always wary of strangers."

Arthur's voice had a hint of playfulness.

Relationships need to be nurtured.

Making Marinda feel his attachment to her was, after Arthur's observation, the best method—Marinda liked and even enjoyed this feeling of being depended upon by acquaintances.

A cold front and warm heart?

Not quite.

It must be something taught by her mother in some way.

Even if Marinda herself hasn't noticed.

Arthur has realized this, but he definitely won't make it explicit.

He's not particularly smart, he has to rely on this to make his future life a bit better—anyway, he definitely doesn't want to be like his friend, that fat guy, who travels with pockets cleaner than his face, and has to wait for friends to treat him if he wants a skewer, right?

That would be too embarrassing.

"Just dress normally.

Nothing else matters.

Leave everything to me."

Marinda's voice began to rise.

It was clear, this lady felt joyful.

And the most direct sign was that she talked more.

Arthur actively cooperated, frequently interjecting words like 'Hmm, right, yes, exactly'.

Not just perfunctory.

After all, he's multitasking now.

While chatting with Marinda.

While eating 'late night snack'.

While watching his assassins 'walking the dog'—Acker and Eivor were making Lord Baro, who was already irritable and angry, even more furious.

This Lord Baro, who relied on the Magic Potion to 'Ascend Step', is probably the weakest of all who 'Ascend Step'.

Seems successful in 'Ascend Step', but with significant hidden dangers.

No!

It can already be said there's a flaw.

[Physique] has reached 'Ascend Step', no doubt.

But [Spirituality] hasn't.

The strong [Physique] affects the [Spirituality], making it difficult for the other to truly calm down, coupled with certain ingredients in the Magic Potion causing [Spirituality] to become chaotic.

So much so that with Acker and Eivor standing one north and one south, when Lord Baro charges at Acker, Eivor only needs to taunt him with 'Come on over', and Lord Baro would charge at Eivor.

When Eivor is almost caught, Acker would throw a stone, precisely hitting Lord Baro.

Walking the dog.

Perfectly walking the dog.

This made Arthur who was observing from the shadows breathe a sigh of relief.

He began to devote more energy to his heart.

Contacting his 'Corpse Witch Wraith' underling through the contract.

According to Arthur's original plan, William in North County would remain in a state of hiding for a long time, but now since the Duke of Northern County dared to come to South Los.

He wouldn't be polite anymore.

He wanted to shake them a little with something small from the 'Corpse Witch Wraith'—

South County has already passed through winter, even though there's still a chill in the spring breeze, it's not extremely cold anymore.

But in North County, during daytime, large snowflakes were still falling.

By night, the snow fell even harder. The full series lives on My Virtual Library Empire (M|V|LOEMPYR).

North County was still hitting the pause button.

At least, on the surface, it was like this.

In Silent Territory, the head of the 'Pioneer Nobles' along with his Guard Commander, Swordsmanship Chief, Head Hunter, and his butler's heads were hung on the drawbridge.

In the wind and snow, these five heads had long become icy lumps.

And in the hall owned by this Noble, William, under the alias Sebastian Moran, the 'Corpse Witch Wraith' was praying devoutly—

"May my lord remain free from illness and disaster, safe and well.

If any calamity occurs, please come upon me.

I am willing to bear it all for my lord."

The praying voice echoed in the hall, and those ignorant, who also looked down upon the law—the bandits and robber leaders, didn't dare to breathe loudly.

Three times daily prayers, morning, noon, and night, required absolute silence.

Although they didn't know who their lord's lord was, anyone who dared to speak at this time had their necks twisted by their lord and were turned into zombies.

They didn't want that.

Of course, some scheming ones wanted to join in the prayers.

Then...

Were directly crushed into meat paste by their lord.

'You actually took faith in the lord as your path to Promotion?

Such vile creatures like you don't deserve to live.'

In the flesh and bone paste, they watched their lord use his own eyes to drag out the soul of the freshly crushed individual from the void and place it into the lamp for roasting.

'After wailing for a hundred days, only then can you completely dissipate.

This is the punishment for desecrating the lord.'

'Even more, your redemption!'

With these words, their master began to add oil to the lamp.

Every time they heard such wails, they trembled in fear.

Especially when the soul of the Silent Territory lord who feigned peace while preparing assassination was put in.

The mournful cries terrified them, causing constant nightmares.

Even those who were once indifferent killers were the same.

The prayers ended.

The 'Corpse Witch Wraith' prayers concluded.

In the hall, thirty-two mountain bandits and the robber leader immediately stood straight.

But the one who stood the straightest was the noble servant newly under the 'Corpse Witch Wraith' — he was originally just the noble lord's gardener.

Even been locked in the dungeon.

Because the noble lord wanted to exercise the 'Right of the First Night' on his wife.

A right that was long abolished but silently exercised in certain places.

Fairness is always on the surface.

In secret?

Festering stench everywhere.

The little gardener pleaded, hoping his lord wouldn't do this.

But as a result, his lord grew even more excited.

His crying became a celebratory tune.

Yet he did not resist, he didn't dare resist.

He comforted himself, just bear it for a while, his wife would still return.

But the result?

The lord exercised his power.

Then the Guard Commander, Swordsmanship Chief, and Head Hunter took their turn.

Lastly, even the steward exercised power.

His newlywed wife died.

Hanged herself.

Her body was thrown in front of him by the steward.

'Not bad, very moist.

Too bad she's dead.'

The steward showed no shame, instead seemed unsatisfied, causing the little gardener to explode.

He rushed towards the steward.

Then he was knocked down by the accompanying guards and thrown into the dungeon.

He knew he was doomed.

From the moment he resisted, he knew he was doomed.

But he did not regret.

At least, after death, he could see his wife in the 'Eternal Resting Land'.

His wife would surely blame his inaction.

Even hit him hard.

Or perhaps kill him.

It doesn't matter.

As long as he can see his wife again.

And at that moment, the master appeared before him.

'Do you want revenge?'

'Yes!'

No hesitation at all.

Not even a tiny bit of pause.

His seemingly calm heart began to burn.

Didn't he want revenge?

How could that be possible.

He merely lacked the ability for revenge, hence chose cowardly compromise.

Now having the ability for revenge, why not take it?

He followed the master, opened the city gate, lowered the drawbridge.

And beheaded all five of those bastards.

Then the master gave him his wife's soul.

Saying it was a reward.

Despite only wanting revenge.

Facing such a reward, he felt deeply ashamed.

But he accepted it.

Because she was his wife.

Simultaneously, he secretly vowed to repay the master.

And also the master's master.

Someone who could have such great subordinates like the master, the master's master must be an even greater person...no, can't be a person, must be a god.

The little gardener silently thought in his heart.

William saw the look of the little gardener and nodded secretly—

'The little gardener can be trusted.

I now have almost 5000 subordinates.

The entire Silent Territory has become the master's base.

Next step...

Hmm?!'

While pondering plans, the 'Corpse Witch Wraith' suddenly felt a tremor in his heart.

It was Arthur.

His master.

The master gave him new orders.

Without hesitation, the 'Corpse Witch Wraith' kneeled on one knee, loudly proclaiming—

"Master, your servant is always ready to serve you."