

Read Novel The Prince Who Was Raised In Hell Chapter 461

The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 461-“Anyone unwilling to accept this?” Caspian pulled out his Ghoul-Locker Spear, carried it on his shoulders, and looked at the grieving Troy family.

At that moment, the members of the Gibson family dared not say a word.

Everyone flocked behind Zenith, staring at Caspian with a startled and frightened look.

Although Zenith was equally stunned, he was an experienced leader of a clan after all.

Zenith looked at Caspian’s back, and he felt as if Caspian turned into a ferocious tiger overnight, and the Troy family were the little rabbits.

And these rabbits were still unaware, and they all glared at the tiger with their red eyes, trying to kill it by relying on their large numbers.

‘This... Is uncomfortable...’ After a while, Zenith uttered through gritted teeth.

The only thing he could be grateful for was that the Gibson family did not stand directly on the opposite side of Caspian.

“Humph! I’m unconvinced!”

Among the Troy family, a fourteen-year-old teenage boy suddenly came out. The handsome boy had piercing eyes, strode toward Caspian angrily and stubbornly.

When he was about five meters away from Caspian, the boy glared at him and shouted, “What’s so great about you? It’s just because you’re not in a higher realm and stronger than us now! Don’t forget that every dog has its day! When that time comes, the winning side might be ours!”

After pausing for a moment, the young man clenched his fists and continued to shout at Caspian, “Finally, I also want to remind you of a phrase! Don’t bully the young!”

The young man spoke with great momentum and was full of passion.

Soon, the Troy family members gritted their teeth, and their faces were filled with the belief that the Troy family would rise again.

“Not bad!” Caspian nodded and looked at the teenager, asking, “What’s your name?”

“Remember my name! I’m Chandler Troy!” The young man raised his chest, and his face was filled with pride.

“Hmm!” Caspian looked at Chandler, “Since you’ve said so much and sounded quite reasonable, then I’ll tell you a joke too.

This joke has only one sentence, Don’t bully the young! Hah!”

Caspian snorted disdainfully and swept his spear across.

Swoosh!

The True Martial Realm Chandler was immediately slashed in half from his waist, and everyone around them felt their eyes twitched.

The faces of the Troy family members, who were still full of fighting spirit, instantly turned pale.

Chandler, who fell to the ground, was still alive.

However, his face was filled with agony as he crawled with pain, desperately raising his head and looking at Caspian.

Then, Caspian stabbed Chandler’s chest with his spear, nailing him onto the floor.

Later, Caspian looked at the resentful Chandler from above with an aloof face.

“Since you’re aware that you’re young, you should’ve just stayed back.

Why were you in a hurry to jump out? Do you like taking life for granted?”

After saying that, Caspian did not give Chandler any chance to reply.

The next second, another corpse torn into pieces appeared on the ground.

When Zenith saw that, he felt as if his heart was squeezed hard by a big invisible hand.

At that time, he faintly remembered that in the Evergreen Town competition a year ago, Caspian was close to the end.

Still, due to the provocation from the opponents behind him, he abruptly stopped and single-handedly defeated everyone.

It was initially a speed competition, but in the end, it became a group battle for Caspian to challenge all the younger generations of the families.

What was more impressive was that Caspian was the last man standing.

'This kid looks warm and friendly, but he's crazy to his bones!' Zenith concluded that his heart beat fast.

"Chandler!"

After a while, the Troy family reacted and cried out in grief and indignation.

With Chandler's death, the sanity of the Troy family was completely lost.

"I won't let you go!"

"The Troy family won't bleed for no reason!"

"Kill him!"

"After we kill him, let's destroy the Gibson family!"

"The Troy family's one of the best in Veystone Town, so we can't let this go!"

The anger immediately spread among the Troy family members present, and they roared and glared at Caspian.

Zenith's heart suddenly became tangled again.

Was he supposed to lead the Gibson family to rush and help Caspian, or continue to watch the show from here?

Then, just as he was in a dilemma, Caspian suddenly sneered as he faced the Troy family members.

"Unfortunately, you're not in South Earlington, so you don't know my name."

After saying that, Caspian raised his hand and pointed his finger at the Troy family members who rushed forward.

"The Godly Finger of Cruor!"

Swoosh!

In an instant, a ray of blood-colored light spread out like the setting sun, covering the earth.

Soon, the pungent smell of iron surged into the Gibson family members' nostrils, and they all stared wide-eyed with their minds blank at the scene before them.

Right in front of them, the bloody Troy family members were like wet towels twisted hard as blood oozed out of them uncontrollably.

Moreover, they did not even manage to scream much, and the dozens of the Troy family's True Martial Realm warriors were all dead.

In the blink of an eye, the thick blood flowed in all directions, staining the floor black.

The members of the Gibson family were so scared that their legs became weak, and almost half of them were unable to stand, collapsing and shivering on the ground.

"Spell! It's a spell!"

It was as if dozens of thunders exploded in Zenith's brain, and he almost lost consciousness.

After all, none of them in the Gibson family knew any magic skill.

Yet, Zenith saw a first-stage Pulse Control Realm cultivator casting a spell and killing dozens of True Martial Realm warriors in a flash with his own eyes.

That scene completely stunned Zenith, and he stood in place dumbfoundedly like a tree stump, not making any move.

On the other hand, Caspian did not spare another glance at the Gibson family members but walked toward Solana instead.

"Pack up and go back to the Heavenly Stars Sect," Caspian patted Solana's head, "When I come back, I want to check if you have made any progress."

Solana bit her lip.

She did not cry, but her eyes were red, and she nodded hardly at Caspian.

"You don't have to worry about the Gibson family.

Without those three second-stage Pulse Control Realm cultivators, coupled with the death of a group of people, the Troy family will no longer pose any threat to the Gibson family.

As for the Silver Marrow Ore Vein, it'll depend on your father's ability.

If you stay, he might sell it to you again."

After thinking about it, Caspian took out his jade identification badge and handed it to Solana.

“It’s not convenient to carry this, so bring this along when you return.”

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The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 462-When Solana saw Caspian passing her the jade identification badge, she was stunned.

Then, she looked at him.

Caspian only smiled, saying, “Even though I’m supposedly your teacher, I’ve never truly taught you anything useful.

The only thing I have an abundance of right now is perhaps the sect contributions points in this jade identification badge.

If you need to, you can find Master Delmont and ask if you can use them first.

The Star-Refiner Valley has quite a lot of resources, and they’re useful for your ascension.”

Although Caspian sounded casual, Solana felt that her heart was stabbed.

She was a girl of few words, but it did not mean she could not feel what others felt.

At that time, Caspian’s words carried a reminder as if he would never come back.

If it were not for the determination to die for something, the sect disciples would not simply give their jade identification badge to another person.

Just like how Wesley handed his jade identification badge to Caspian, and he was ready to rush into the tide of monsters, never coming back.

After taking a deep breath, Solana accepted Caspian’s jade identification badge.

As she used too much force on her knuckles, they trembled and were.

“Alright,” Caspian patted Solana’s head for the last time, “When I’m back, I want to see that you’ve improved significantly.” Then, Caspian turned around, not looking back once.

Behind him, Solana tears rolled down her cheeks as she tightly held Caspian’s jade identification badge and hummed heavily.

The last trace of summer heat was gradually replaced by the coolness of early autumn as August passed.

After autumn ended, another year was almost coming to an end.

In the blink of an eye, the year ended.

It was now the fifth of January, only the first few days of the new year, and a heavy snowfall fell one after another.

The mountains and rivers were all covered with a layer of pure silver tone, and the icy sensations between the breaths went straight into the heart and lungs of people.

A relay station near the border of Salleria was extremely conspicuous at that moment amidst the white scenery.

Rather than saying it was an inn, it was more like a shed covering an area of half an acre, surrounded by walls made of bamboo sticks and mud, which could at best stop the howling north wind.

For a country, the border would usually be an uncivilized territory and few people would pass by.

Hence, even if the place was near the official route, the relay station appeared simple and crude.

On that snowy winter day, the station was for passing pedestrians to come in and rest.

At most, they could drink hot water and eat a simple hot meal.

At that moment, about eight tables were randomly placed in the area, and around seven travel-worn customers sat in half of those tables.

The shopkeeper and waiter in the station leaned on the sofa cushion beside the fire, squinting and dozing off.

In that kind of winter, there were few pedestrians.

Hence, they had no guests to entertain.

Suddenly, the sound of the rushing clip-clop of hooves came from afar.

As the sound was rather loud, it was obvious that it was not ordinary caravans.

The shopkeeper and waiter ran the station here all year round, and they immediately opened their eyes and looked into the distance when they heard the noises.

Shortly, amidst the white scenery, more than ten soldiers appeared.

There was a hint of doubt in the shopkeeper's eyes, and he narrowed his eyes as he looked into the distance.

Then, his eyes flashed, and the shopkeeper hurriedly pushed the waiter next to him.

"Hurry up and greet the border guards!"

When the initially sleepy guests heard the shopkeeper's shout, they suddenly felt energetic, and all looked out of the station.

The place was already within Salleria's territory, and since the shopkeeper said they were the border guards, they would naturally be Salleria's soldiers.

The sound of more than a dozen cavalry horses trampling the ground got louder, and even the fragile bamboo strips walls of the station trembled, causing large swaths of snow to fall.

Soon, with the warm greetings of the shopkeeper and waiter, the curtain of the station's gate was suddenly opened.

When the cold wind and snow blew in, more than a dozen tall and strong men with a sword around their waist walked into the station.

After they walked in, they looked around the place.

The original guests in the station did not dare to look at them, and they all lowered their heads.

Upon seeing that, the leader of the defenders sneered and ordered others to sit down.

Then, he sat alone at a table and pompously threw his longsword and armor on the table, causing a loud clang.

Next, he stepped on the bench with one foot and shouted, "Who's the shopkeeper? Serve us alcohol and meat now! We still have to hurry after eating! Faster!"

"Okay!" That was not the first time the shopkeeper came in contact with the border guards.

Hence, as he urged the waiter to hurry, he warmed the wine for the guards and said respectfully, "My lords, are you all rushing back to the capital after being invited to participate in the 30th-anniversary celebration of His Majesty's ascension to the throne?"

“What else can it be?” The leading defender grinned, and he appeared proud.

The shopkeeper hurriedly gave a thumbs up.

“The 30th-anniversary celebration of His Majesty’s ascension to the throne might be a nationwide celebration, but not everyone can be invited to participate.

My Lord, since you can have this honor, you inevitably hold important positions in the military.

You’ll surely achieve meteoric success in your career!”

It was perfect flattery, but the soldier’s face instantly sank when he heard it.

Before long, he slapped the shopkeeper’s face.

The loud slap made the guests in the station feel a tingling pain in their cheeks as if they were being hit too.

The shopkeeper spun around and fell to the ground, and the flagon he held also shattered.

His cheek and eye were swollen, and blood dripped from the corner of his mouth.

After a while, the shopkeeper coughed a few times and spat out a few broken teeth stained with blood.

The leading soldier glanced at him coldly.

“What nonsense! Just pour the wine! If it weren’t for the celebration of His Majesty’s ascension to the throne and we can’t spill blood these days, you’ll already be dead!”

The words made the shopkeeper shudder, and he hurriedly got up, not saying another word.

Then, he swiftly poured the wine again.

Once the waiter brought a few pots of dishes over, the shopkeeper immediately hid away.

Inside the originally quiet station, the sound of feasting filled the place.

After a few glasses of wine, the soldier just now seemed to remember what the shopkeeper just said and slapped the table heavily.

To become a border guard, they must be True Martial Realm warriors.

Hence, his strength was far from an ordinary man.

With just a slap, a big hole appeared on the table, causing it to sway a few times, almost falling apart.

“What kind of nonsense was that? Important positions? Meteoric success? It’s been three years! For three years, I’ve been thrown in the middle of nowhere! How can I get a meteoric rise!” The soldier roared, and he was full of anger.

“The promise they made three years ago was pleasing to the ear! Yet, look what’s happening! Once they used me, they treated me like sh*t and tossed me as far away as possible! This time, if it wasn’t for the celebration of His Majesty’s ascension to the throne, I’m afraid I can’t return to the capital for the rest of my life!”

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The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 463-The other guests in the station did not know what the soldier talked about, but his companions were his confidants, and they were naturally aware of what he implied.

In that instant, everyone’s face changed.

One of the soldiers whispered and warned, “Hey, mind your words!” After saying that, the man hurriedly looked around as if watching out for eavesdroppers.

However, the leading soldier flushed, and he slapped the table in front of him to pieces, spilling his unfinished wine and dishes on the floor.

“Since they had the guts to do it, why can’t I say it!” the leading soldier’s eyes were burning with anger, “Am I wrong! Weren’t you there three years ago! I was so magnificent at that time, and all of you enjoyed the glory with me too! Then what! What did those guys say? As long as I cooperate with them, I’ll at least become a general by then! Yet, look at what’s happening now! Look at where we are!”

Dwayne Jarrod yelled with great emotions, spitting his saliva everywhere.

His voice was as loud as a bell, trembling everyone’s eardrums.

The child in the woman’s arms was frightened to tears, but just as she whimpered, the woman hurriedly covered the little girl’s mouth.

Then, Dwayne glanced at the woman coldly, then looked at his confidants again.

"Tell me, aren't those guys going back on their words! It's fine that they break their promise to me! What about you! I feel guilty about this! According to your military merits at the time, even if you can't be a commanding general in a certain region and lead 5000 people, you can be a lieutenant general! Yet, as a result, you're all with me guarding the borders! Bah! This group of good-for-nothings in the capital! I'll ask them face to face what happened to the promises made for cooperating with them and getting rid of Caspian!"

"Dwayne! Stop!"

The surrounding soldiers' faces dropped when they heard those words.

Three years ago, they were not only witnesses but also participants in the turmoil concerning the future position of the prince of Salleria.

Hence, they all knew the severity of the matter.

After that incident, everyone chose to shut their mouths and never reveal a word, and the reason was straightforward, the truth of the incident was simply shameful.

Whoever spoke out about it would undoubtedly die.

At that time, Dwayne was fumed with rage, and coupled with the influence of alcohol, he revealed a hint of the past.

If someone here were ill-intentioned and spread the news, these few soldiers would not survive if the higher-ups decided to trace the rumor to the source.

The soldiers understood that the border was a remote place and far from the upheaval in the capital city.

Thus, no one knew about it or even paid attention to the incident.

However, these soldiers were ridden with guilt, and the same thought arose in everyone's heart.

It was always wise to play safe, and only the dead could keep a secret forever.

After being reminded by his friends, Dwayne immediately recovered his senses, and he knew that it was a mistake to say all that.

Consequently, he gritted his teeth hard, and his face was gloomy.

All the people present were soldiers who fought on the battlefields together, and they had an exceptional understanding of each other for many years.

At that moment, everyone looked at one another, and they all understood what each other thought

Although within the celebration of His Majesty's ascension to the throne, no blood should be spilled in the country, they were now located at the border, and few people pass by on usual days.

Moreover, they were in a snowstorm, and even if someone came here later, it would be a few days after.

Therefore, as long as they were careful and cleared all the traces, no one would think that everything that happened here would have something to do with them. Furthermore, their purpose was to ensure that what Dwayne said just now would not be spread out.

Therefore, even if the other guests here, including the shopkeeper and waiter, did not hear Dwayne's rants, everyone here must be killed to prevent any possibility.

Dwayne obviously understood that point, and he squinted his eyes, hinting at the people around him.

Then, the group of soldiers suddenly looked casual, and some of them walked out of the station with the knives on the table as they wanted to prevent anyone from fleeing amidst the chaos.

Most of the remaining people gradually circled the other guests in the station, and the air in the place suddenly turned unsettling.

Although everyone else in the station did not know what would happen, they felt the change in the atmosphere.

Soon, everyone appeared uneasy.

Then, a short and chubby man who seemed like a businessman suddenly got up, seemingly indifferent, and mumbled, "It's so boring.

I'm going out to get some air." As he spoke, the man headed toward the outside.

However, just as he took two steps, the soldiers beside him suddenly strangled him.

Next, the merchant was heavily slammed onto a table, blasting the square table into pieces.

The merchant was a mortal, and he laid on the floor, groaning in pain.

When the other guests saw that, they were horrified.

Some just stood and were already scolded, forcing them to squat immediately.

Seeing the group of ruthless soldiers, the guests present, including the shopkeeper and waiter who rushed over, were puzzled and horrified.

They did not understand why these border guards that were supposed to protect their safety suddenly became murderous and wanted to kill them.

Finally, the little girl who just whimpered burst into tears as she was frightened by the tense atmosphere.

Her mother wanted to cover her mouth, but it was too late.

Then, the horrified woman saw a soldier walking toward them with a sword, and his eyes were cold.

When the longsword was drawn out of its sheath, the flickering cold light made everyone's heart stop beating.

At that time, one of the guests stood up.

The person wore a long cloak and a conical hat, so no one could see his appearance.

Nonetheless, judging from his figure and exposed hands, the person was a young man.

Dwayne and the other soldiers quickly looked at the person with a conical hat.

When they first came in, they already noticed that pretentious guy.

Nevertheless, they saw the world and saw many types of people, so they were not wary of the person.

Seeing the other party suddenly getting up, they were all on alert.

However, they immediately relaxed when they realized that the other party did not carry any weapon.

It seemed that the guy with a conical hat was no more than a businessman passing through the border between the two countries, and it was estimated that he wanted to buy his own life with money.

"You..." Dwayne glanced at the person coldly, just about to refuse when he saw the person with the conical hat suddenly raise his head, revealing his chin.

For some reason, Dwayne suddenly felt his heart pounding fiercely when he saw the person's chin.

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The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 464-Dwayne thought the chin looked familiar, and the man's gaze even made him tremble a little uncontrollably.

Soon, a feeling of uneasiness suddenly surged from the bottom of his heart.

However, Dwayne could not recall where he saw the person.

Then, Dwayne frowned, drew his longsword, and strode toward the conical hat man.

Since the other party made him feel uneasy, he should just kill him!

The space in the post was never big, to begin with, so Dwayne only needed a few steps to reach the man in the conical hat.

Next, he raised his longsword.

The other guests were horrified by what happened, and they all curled up, shut their eyes, and did not dare to look anymore.

Suddenly, the conical hat person chuckled, slowly raising his head.

The next moment, Dwayne saw the familiar face under the conical hat, and also the recognizable grin.

"Dwayne, there's no limit to your despicableness.

You truly haven't changed the slightest bit."

The man's voice was so faint that only both of them could hear, yet Dwayne felt it was thunderous, and his body froze.

Words could not describe Dwayne's emotions, and he only felt an extreme fear like lightning crackling and running along his spine, numbing his scalp.

It was as if his blood stopped flowing, and his hands and feet were cold.

At that moment, Dwayne felt as if he faced the endless abyss, and all his vitality was engulfed.

Behind Dwayne, some of his henchmen felt something was wrong and asked aloud, "Dwayne, what's happening?"

Soon, several other people also became tense, holding longswords and approaching Caspian from several directions.

“Dwayne?”

“What’s going on?!”

“Who’s this guy?”

Dwayne’s back faced them, and they realized he did not move.

Then, the soldiers glanced at one another and approached Dwayne step by step vigilantly.

They could not see that Dwayne’s face was beading with sweat, his facial features were distorted at an incredible angle due to the panic, and he was as pale as a piece of paper.

‘How’s this possible?! What in the world?! Isn’t he dead! Wasn’t he killed?! Is this a ghost! Is he here for my life?’ Dwayne’s mind rumbled right now, and he could not hear what his confidants said.

The extreme fear completely made him lose the ability to think, and only his instinct told him that the person in front of him was not a ghost.

He returned!

He was back with the same harshness as before for everyone to see!

Shortly, Dwayne’s few subordinates were already close by.

If it were not for worrying that the conical hat guy did something terrible to Dwayne, they would have all rushed forward at the moment, slashing him.

Then, Dwayne’s men heard a chuckle from the man with the conical hat.

“Wilson Trump, Travis Harlow, Mason Cooper, Elroy Hemmingway, Daniel Finch, Ben Rowe, Andrew May, Zayn Glendall...”

Each time the conical hat person uttered a name, one of Dwayne’s men present would standstill on the spot as if they were electrocuted, and the muscles on their faces started to twitch.

When the eight people were named, their legs felt heavy, and they could not move.

Not only their legs but even their body felt stuck.

There was a look of horror and disbelief in everyone's eyes.

Some of them were shivering so badly that they could not hold their longsword anymore, causing it to fall with a loud clunk.

However, the man in the conical hat did not seem to notice their changes at all and continued, "There are also a few who have just walked out.

I didn't expect that you were all involved in that incident."

The man's tone was calm, but Dwayne and his subordinates felt as if it was a reminder from hell.

Everyone's complexion changed from flushed to pale, from pale to livid.

They kept telling themselves that it could not be that person, and even if that person really survived a fluke and returned, his strength would be significantly reduced, and it was impossible for him to be their match.

However, the memory of that year made them unable to resist at all, and there was only endless fear in their hearts.

The person with the conical hat retreated, and he slowly removed his hat. Then, Caspian's face appeared in front of everyone.

They did not see Caspian for three years, and his appearance and figure did not change much.

However, his aura was fundamentally different than before.

The Caspian of the past was like a daunting sharp sword light, but he was now like a dragon breaking out of the waves in the deep sea, and the soldiers did not even dare to peep at him.

When Dwayne noticed that Caspian glanced at him, he lost control of his body, and his knees were weak.

Then, he knelt to the ground with a thump.

"Your Highness..." With trembling lips, Dwayne could not even speak a complete sentence.

The other people could not help but fall on their knees.

It was a cold winter with heavy snow, but all of them were sweating profusely.

Their clothes were wet, and their hair seemed to have been soaked in water as sweat streamed down their cheeks.

Everyone gritted their teeth as they trembled.

Those who went outside noticed that something was strange, and they immediately rushed in.

"You..."

When they saw everyone kneeling on the ground, they looked up and saw Caspian standing in front.

These soldiers immediately turned pale, and they stood still like a statue.

The other guests in the station did not know Caspian's identity.

They only saw these ferocious soldiers who wanted to kill them before suddenly showing a look of panic like a mouse seeing a cat.

The crowd was stunned, and they looked at Caspian in confusion.

As the shopkeeper met more people than others, he naturally knew more information than ordinary people.

Hearing Dwayne's address to Caspian, the shopkeeper recalled the rumors he heard in the past few years, and he thought of a possibility.

The shopkeeper was so shocked that his eyes almost popped out

At that moment, Caspian glanced over everyone present and nodded, saying in a calm tone, "Amazing! This is just brilliant! When I was away, you all learned to kill the citizens.

It seems that it was a mistake not killing you back then."

When Dwayne and the other soldiers heard that, they shuddered, clenching their jaws hard.

"Who else was involved in the incident back then? Tell me one by one, and I'll give you an easy way out."

Caspian stood in front of everyone, his gaze was sharp, and his tone was firm.

"I..." Dwayne gritted his teeth, stepped back, and looked up at Caspian, "Your Highness, are you going to kill us?!"

“Otherwise... What do you think?” Caspian smiled, “When you framed me, did you think of leaving a trace of empathy?”

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The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 465-There was no room for turning back when Caspian said that.

Dwayne and others perspired and clenched their teeth as fear, anger, unwillingness, all kinds of emotions stirred up in their chests.

Three years ago, they bet on their future, thinking that they would achieve meteoric success.

In the end, they spent three years as border guards, and they could not return to the country.

That time, they finally had the opportunity to go back, yet they met someone they believed died long ago.

Moreover, they never wanted to meet the person anymore.

“I won’t accept that!” Dwayne fumed with rage, roaring and glaring at Caspian like an angered bull.

“I had the same thought when you imprisoned me in the hellhole prison.” Caspian chuckled.

“If that’s the case, then I’ll just kill you! It just so happens that we can get another credit!” Dwayne suddenly drew his sword and waved, “Everyone, go! The opportunity for our meteoric success is here!”

At that moment, everyone present knew that there were only two paths before them.

One was to be killed by Caspian, who came back for revenge, and the other was to jointly kill the opponent and make an enormous contribution.

No one would turn a blind eye to the great contribution!

Since there was no way out, everyone gritted their teeth and rushed toward Caspian.

Although Caspian was powerful three years ago, they remembered well that his body was already destroyed by poison when he was imprisoned in the hellhole prison.

Hence, his actual strength was less than 1% of the past.

Now that he returned, how big a storm could he set off?

Even though these people guarded the border these years, their strength could only improve, not decline.

Then, everyone rushed toward Caspian, and Dwayne, who shouted the loudest, actually backed away.

In fact, he did not know why he retreated, but his instinct told him that Caspian was dangerous; a hundred times, a thousand times more dangerous than in the past, so he could only escape!

As for Dwayne's confidants, he gave them a lot of benefits over the years, and it was the time for them to prove themselves!

Dwayne stepped on the wall as hard as he could, and just like a cannonball, he blasted the wall into pieces.

When the cold air outside came oncoming and filled Dwayne's lungs, he felt energized.

However, before he had time to set foot on the snow outside the station, a louder explosion sounded behind him.

Next, Dwayne turned around in horror and immediately saw a blood light mixed with billowing air rushing toward him like a massive ball.

To his shock, the blood light wrapped the incomplete corpses of more than a dozen of his men!

Swoosh!

The turbulent wave of blood splattered on Dwayne, turning him into a bloody figure in a flash.

The rest of the steaming blood and residual limbs were sprinkled on the white snow outside, melting the snow and causing the scene to appear tragic.

Dwayne's body and face were covered with blood.

As he opened his mouth and panted, blood and his saliva flowed down.

However, he could not control his body as he could not move at all.

Dwayne was utterly stupefied.

In an instant, Caspian killed more than a dozen of his men with the most violent attitude.

Furthermore, Dwayne knew his subordinates very well.

Although they were not extremely powerful masters, they were at least second-stage True Martial Realm warriors.

With more than a dozen people working together, they could easily kill the best of the fourth-stage True Martial Realm warriors.

However, Caspian instantly effortlessly killed these bunch of men as if he were squishing an ant.

'What... What's his realm? He can't be in the fourth-stage True Martial Realm.

Didn't they say he lost all his skills? Didn't they say he's only as strong as a first-stage True Martial Realm warrior? Is he... Is he...' Dwayne stared wide-eyed as Caspian walked toward him step by step, and his cheeks twitched violently.

At that moment, Dwayne felt suffocated, and an unbelievable thought surged in his heart.

'Is he a cultivator?!

At the thought of that, Dwayne's vision immediately turned black, and unprecedented despair instantly swept through his body and soul.

If the other party was a cultivator, even if Dwayne was ten times or twenty times stronger than now, he was as insignificant as an ant against his opponent.

After all, an ant would still be an ant.

Caspian walked up to Dwayne, but he did not rush to kill him.

Instead, he said lightly, "They're all dead.

They all died because of you.

They would have a bright future, but it was because of a wrong decision you made at the time."

As he spoke, Caspian raised his hand and swept across.

Dwayne did not even see the Caspian move.

When he realized it, the part below his knees were cut off.

The cut was smooth and neat, just like a mirror.

After cutting off Dwayne's calves, Caspian placed Dwayne into the snow as if he were a wooden stake.

For a while, Dwayne did not feel the slightest pain.

Then, Caspian took out a money bag from Dwayne's chest, squeezed it in his hand, and accurately threw it into the shopkeeper not far away.

"This is to compensate for your loss! Go as far as you can!"

Dwayne guarded the border for many years.

Although the border was barren, Caspian believed that he surely had a way to accumulate money.

The money bag seemed small, but the money in it was enough to keep the shopkeeper and waiter from worrying about food and clothing for the rest of their lives.

The shopkeeper and waiter, as well as the other guests, were already dumbfounded, and they did not respond.

However, Caspian stopped paying attention to them.

Instead, he grabbed Dwayne by his collar and dragged him across the snow.

After a while, both of them disappeared in the blizzard.

In the middle of the night, in the snow-covered mountains, the north wind whistled like the cry of a wild ghost, and it was incredibly eerie.

However, if someone listened carefully, they would find that the blowing of the north wind was mixed with the sound of a human wailing.

A small fire burned on the leeward side of the mountain, and flickering flames cast shadows on Caspian's face from time to time.

On the cliff directly opposite him, Caspian nailed Dwayne on it with his limbs spread out.

Dwayne's complexion was like a dead person.

Still, he knew that if he did not finish the information Caspian needed, Caspian had a hundred ways to make him suffer from all kinds of torture without letting him die.

Therefore, the only thing he could do now was to follow Caspian's orders and tell him all the people he knew who participated in the incident.

Every time Dwayne said a name, Caspian remembered it.

All of the mentioned were now Salleria's influential figures, and three years ago, except for a few people, most of them were yet to obtain their current positions of power.

In other words, everything they enjoyed now was obtained by stepping on Caspian without conscience.

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The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 466-Dawn approached, and only the faint dark red sparks of the fire under the mountain remained as if a strong gust of wind could blow it off.

Caspian faced the stone, watching Dwayne who was nailed in front of him, was on his last breath.

The severe injuries, blood loss, and fright would be the end of him.

The utter misery and the pain accompanied by fear made Dwayne secretly curse at himself.

Would it not be great if he were a weak mortal instead of a warrior?

That way, he would be dead and free long ago, rather than ending up in that situation.

"I've... named them all... Your Highness..." Dwayne uttered with incredible difficulty.

With every word he said, it felt as if a blunt knife scratched his throat.

However, Dwayne had to find strength and say he wanted to die.

"Kill... Kill me... Just please..." Dwayne pleaded weakly.

Nonetheless, Caspian only glanced coldly at Dwayne and asked indifferently, "Dwayne, have you been to the hellhole prison?"

"I..." Just as Dwayne spoke one word, he suddenly realized something, and his pupils constricted.

However, Caspian did not spare another glance at him anymore, and he turned around to leave.

“Enjoy that kind of despair.”

“Please... Kill me...” Dwayne watched as Caspian’s back went further and further into the snowstorm until he completely disappeared.

Soon, he let out a hoarse cry.

Unfortunately, his blood ran dry, so he did not have any tears left either.

Just as the day broke, Caspian crossed the border of Salleria and officially returned to his homeland.

It was the 7th of January, and there were 21 days before Edgar’s 30th-anniversary celebration of his ascension to the throne.

Two weeks passed in the blink of an eye, and it was now the 22nd of January.

At that time, the entire capital of Salleria appeared very lively, and few people mentioned the chaos in the imperial court a few years ago due to the passage of time.

Coupled with the fact that Carson showed great talent in cultivation and was accepted as a Great Oceans Sect’s disciple, the entire Salleria became relatively peaceful in the past few years.

Not only that, rumors went around that once Carson ascended to the throne, Salleria would no longer be just a county but a country!

Naturally, that kind of change was more exciting than opening up new frontiers.

However, no one mentioned the name that once attracted people’s attention as if the person never appeared before.

As for the reason why, it would be whether someone deliberately suppressed it, or there were other reasons why only a few people knew about it.

Salleria became a pivotal presence in several surrounding counties and countries as the Great Oceans Sect attached great importance to it.

Consequently, its status was significantly improved compared to a few years ago.

Otherwise, Edgar's 30th-anniversary celebration of his ascension to the throne would not be organized with such great fanfare that several neighboring counties sent envoys to come and congratulate him.

Those unaware might even think Salleria capitulated the counties.

As early as a month ago, the capital of Salleria was already in the celebratory mood, and the atmosphere would be completely pushed to the climax at the end of the month on the 28th of January.

What Salleria had to do now was to make sure that the celebration was foolproof.

On the one hand, they wanted to ensure the perfect atmosphere.

While on the other hand, they must also remove all unstable factors as soon as possible.

At that time, one of the most important places in the whole celebration, the imperial city of Salleria, made the final preparations before the festivity.

The entire imperial city must be recoated, the murals must be repainted, and the glazed bricks and tiles must be replaced with new ones.

Not only that, even all the chairs, teacups, and bricks on the ground in the imperial city must be brand new to show the prosperous future of Salleria!

The person in charge of that was none other than Morris, the eunuch, who now handled the imperial court's etiquettes.

Being in control of the Salleria's imperial court's etiquettes meant Morris had absolute power to appoint and remove the palace ladies and eunuchs in the imperial city.

At the same time, he must handle the food and clothing of the king as well as decide on the decoration of the palace in the imperial city.

The only person who could sit in that position and hold that kind of power could only be the most trusted confidant of Edgar, the current king.

Three years ago, Morris was just a little-known eunuch in the inner court.

Nonetheless, the reason was simple as to why he could reach such a high position now, he made an outstanding contribution three years ago.

Morris was the first to discover that the former prince overstepped his boundaries with his sister and even intended to commit treason.

It was precisely because of his keen findings and timely report that a catastrophe for Salleria was prevented.

At that moment, Morris jumped up and down, directing a few muscular craftsmen to place a one-story-high vase.

“Watch out! Be careful! Slow down! Don’t rush! Hey! I told you to move slower!” Morris shrieked at the top of his lungs.

Under his watchful eyes, those craftsmen finally placed the vase, and everyone’s clothes were soaked in sweat.

However, before they had time to catch a breath, they were abusively scolded by Morris.

It was just that Morris’s cheeks were a bit crooked, and he had a lot of missing teeth compared to before for unknown reasons.

Hence, it was difficult for him to speak, and his voice sounded unclear too.

After scolding the careless craftsmen, Morris panted and took a seat.

Other eunuchs waited beside him, and one quickly offered him tea that they prepared earlier with both hands.

“Eunuch Morris, you must pay attention to your health! These days, the entire imperial city needs you as a pillar.

It’s not worth it for you to get ill by these lowly craftsmen.” Seeing Morris drinking the tea, the young eunuch hurriedly flattered him.

At the same time, he kneaded Morris’s shoulders at the right spots.

Morris truly enjoyed being flattered, and he thought that was the ultimate pleasure in the world.

Every time he had such thoughts, Morris could not help but feel proud of how vital his desperate decision back then was.

Life was like chess.

If the player took the correct step, every other move would be right.

Was that not him?

Morris was so happy that one could not see his eyes as he smiled so bright, and he even groaned comfortably from the flattery.

However, he still pretended to be reserved and said, "What pillar? Don't be ridiculous! Remember, our Salleria's pillar is only His Majesty, when He abdicates in the future, then it'll be the current Royal Highness..."

When Morris mentioned Royal Highness, he suddenly thought of something and shuddered, abruptly stopping in mid-sentence.

The young eunuch who served him noticed that Morris was suddenly stupefied with a look of horror in his eyes, and he did not dare to ask more.

Then, the young eunuch quickly lowered his head, pretending that he did not know anything.

After a while, he felt Morris' trembling stop, and he heard Morris's high-pitched voice.

"Do you remember which lords I mentioned before who were yet to arrive in Salleria?"

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The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 467-Soon, Morris began to frown, and the uncomfortable feeling in his heart got more intense.

"Tell me which lords..?" Morris asked.

The young eunuch was very clever.

He listened carefully to every word that Morris said on usual days, and he remembered them by heart.

That time, he could finally do Morris a favor.

After pondering for a moment, the young eunuch named the few lords.

Morris's frown got deeper, and his piercing voice was somewhat trembling as he commented, "That's strange.

These lords should've arrived in the capital five days ago.

Why's there no news about them? Moreover, they... They..."

The young eunuch pricked up his ears, wanting to listen carefully.

However, he found that Morris suddenly turned quiet.

When the eunuch looked over, he was surprised to find Morris's face as white as a sheet, and his complexion was horrible.

Moreover, Morris's mouth, which was sunken because of his missing teeth, now appeared more obvious and hideous.

"Eunuch Morris... Eunuch Morris?" The young eunuch shouted in panic.

He was terrified when he saw Morris was wide-eyed, looking in a direction without moving.

Not only that, his chest was not undulating either.

After shouting more than a dozen times, Morris suddenly shuddered and returned to his senses.

Then, he laughed awkwardly.

"I'm fine..."

Despite saying that, Morris's expression read, "I'm about to be scared to death!"

The young eunuch also did not know why the few lords were yet to arrive in the capital on time and what made Morris afraid.

Furthermore, it was not an exaggeration to say that Morris appeared as if he were on his deathbed.

Nonetheless, the young eunuch was naturally unaware of the secrets behind that, and Morris could not tell him either.

At that moment, Morris's heart was beating wildly.

'These soldiers all participated in the incident three years ago, but due to the power struggle, they were not left in the capital to enjoy the glory.

Instead, they were sent to work in various places, and some were even deployed to the borders.

Did they plan not to come back in time together, or did... Something happen to them?'

Morris was an intelligent person.

If he were not brilliant, he would not be able to climb from an obscure little eunuch to his current position in just a few years.

Hence, he quickly discerned that if the lords schemed together, the fact that Carson was now a Great Oceans Sect's disciple was enough to dispel the thought.

Mortals fighting against cultivators?

Only if they were dropped on their head as an infant.

Therefore, the only possibility was they had an accident!

'But these lords were assigned to different places.

If there was an accident at the same time, it could only be done deliberately... Who would do this, and what was the reason...'

Morris naturally figured out the reasons.

Otherwise, he would not be so afraid just now.

However, he was still desperately telling himself that it was simply impossible.

'That person's dead! He died two years ago without leaving a corpse! He's surely dead! Even if he is alive, it's impossible to kill those soldiers at the same time! It must be a coincidence, and their journey was delayed for some reason!'

Morris kept repeating these words to himself, and he did not even know how horrifying his demeanor was now.

His originally slanted face became more and more distorted as if he was a ghost struggling out from hell.

Not only that, but the shadow in his heart still traumatized him from time to time, especially in hellhole prison when the figure that melted into the darkness slapped his head almost to pieces.

"B*stard!" Finally, Morris roared into the sky, and he rolled his eyes.

That time, he did not manage to catch his breath.

Instead, he fainted, scaring the young eunuch who served him.

Shortly, the scene was briefly chaotic as Morris suddenly passed out.

At that time, Caspian already made some arrangements in the capital as planned and returned to his place of residence.

In the past few days, the gates of Salleria's capital city were open all day due to the arrival of guests from all over the world.

Nevertheless, the sudden increase in the number of people in the city also provided Caspian with many conveniences.

In the capital, there would be people gathering together and talking about the celebration in a few days.

Hence, with almost no effort needed, Caspian knew when Edgar left the imperial city, the route, steps, and process of the celebration.

Caspian stood in front of the entrance of the capital at that time, looking at the majestic gate, and sighed silently in his heart.

'It seems that no one thought I would come back...'

Caspian remembered what he said to Penny when they left here two years ago.

'I'll come back and trample this place.'

After two years of preparation, it was finally the time to fulfill his promise! At the thought of that, Caspian was emotional.

Suddenly, the sound of people shouting came from behind him.

Caspian turned around and found more than a dozen gorgeously decorated festooned vehicles slowly driving toward the gate of the capital from a distance under the clearing of dozens of cavalry from Salleria.

These festooned vehicles, from the model to the decoration on the rides and the driver's clothes, were colorful and exotic.

'Astren!' Caspian was shocked.

As the commander-in-chief who led the army into their imperial capital, Caspian was naturally familiar with the county's uniforms.

At that time, he heard the discussions of the passers-by.

"Astren is sending a congratulatory gift again!"

“That’s right! I remember that a few days ago, more than a dozen carriages sending gifts came.”

“It seems that the relationship between our Salleria and Astren has improved a lot.”

“Of course! I heard it too, Astren not only sent an envoy, but the princess is here to congratulate the king in person!”

The person who said that appeared proud.

The matter where the princess of Astren was here to congratulate the king made him a very proud citizen of Salleria.

When Caspian heard that, his heart skipped a beat.

‘Princess of Astren... Daisy? Is she here?’

Nonetheless, Caspian knew that Daisy would not be in these carriages.

Instead, she should have come to the capital of Salleria long ago to prepare.

However, Caspian still could not help but look at the vehicles slowly passing in front of him.

‘I wonder how she’s doing.’ Although he did not see Daisy, Caspian expected that, so he was not disappointed.

He was slightly concerned for her.

After all, Daisy saved him at Darnley Valley, and she even told him about Edgar’s enthronement celebration.

Just as Caspian pondered in his heart, a soft snort sounded.

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The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 468-When Caspian heard the voice, his heart immediately trembled as he was too familiar with the sound!

He then turned around hastily, looking in the direction of the sound.

Soon, Caspian found that not far from him, a guy with a big beard and bronze skin grinned at him.

Although it was a burly middle-aged man, those shrewd eyes betrayed his true identity!

When the middle-aged man noticed that Caspian found him, he turned his face away and looked at the passing festooned vehicles.

On the other hand, Caspian pondered for a moment and did not step forward.

Instead, he turned around and got out of the crowd.

After waiting for a while, the middle-aged man could not help but turn his head to look again when he realized Caspian did not approach him.

As a result, he saw Caspian leave the crowd and walk toward the distance.

'This guy!' The middle-aged man granted, gritted his teeth, stomped his foot, and hurriedly chased after Caspian.

Keeping a distance of about 50 meters from Caspian, the middle-aged man walked around Salleria for two hours.

Then, he saw Caspian saying something to a hawker and suddenly accelerated his pace.

In a flash, he stepped into a nearby alley.

The middle-aged man hurriedly chased after him and stepped into the alley.

Soon, he was stunned.

Caspian was nowhere to be found!

"He must be doing this on purpose!" The middle-aged man clenched his fists, and there was a look of embarrassment and anger in his eyes.

At that moment, a voice suddenly came from behind him.

"Princess of Astren, why aren't you waiting for the king of Salleria's summon but disguise yourself and walk around the capital?"

Hearing that voice, the middle-aged man's eyes suddenly flashed with surprise, and he hurriedly turned around.

Immediately, he saw Caspian folding his arms, leaning against the wall, and looking at him with a faint smile.

Although they met in Darnley Valley before, seeing Caspian returning filled Daisy's heart with joy and surprise.

Nevertheless, Daisy naturally would not show these emotions.

Shortly, the bearded middle-aged man raised his head, revealing the arrogant look of a young girl.

"Who are you to mind my business?"

After saying that, Daisy felt a little embarrassed, and she hurriedly pressed several spots on her face and body before waving her hand on her face.

The fluffy beard on the middle-aged man's face disappeared in a flash, and the bronze-colored skin also turned into a snow-white complexion.

Next, the tall and burly body quickly shrunk down like a punctured ball, showing the exquisite curves wrapped by the oversized clothes.

Then, the man stretched out his hand, grabbed the shirt, and lifted it.

Soon, Daisy, the exotic princess with a chiseled face, snow-white skin, and a slender figure, appeared before Caspian.

Caspian looked at Daisy up and down, nodding.

"This skill is amazing.

Why don't you teach me if you have the time?"

"Stop dreaming!" Daisy swung her fists, revealing the two wriggling snakes on her wrist, one green, and one red.

"Those two snakes again." Caspian waved his hands in annoyance.

When he was in the snow cave, the snakes bit Caspian many times, and the memory of it was still fresh in his mind.

Although these two little snakes were not big and only as thick as an adult's finger, one should not underestimate the power of their venoms.

"Hmph! It's good that you're aware." Seeing that Caspian was frightened, Daisy felt great satisfaction even if he might be pretending.

Then, she squinted at Caspian.

"I didn't expect you to come back.

Actually, I didn't hold out much hope when I told you the news."

"Since there's such an opportunity, I naturally won't miss it! Caspian smiled, "But it's quite a surprise to meet you here today."

"Watch out, or I'll spread the news of your return." Daisy rolled her eyes at Caspian.

Even though Daisy showed that expression, she was happy with Caspian's last sentence.

"In that case, I can only run away temporarily.

After all, if they're prepared, I can't make a big scene." Caspian laughed, and he was not worried about telling Daisy the truth.

Moreover, Caspian understood Daisy well.

If the woman said anything, it meant the matter was unimportant for her.

Instead, the ones she buried deep in her heart were the most terrifying.

"Make a big scene?" Daisy instantly frowned.

Soon, her face changed.

"What are you trying to do?"

"You'll know when that time comes," Caspian did not reveal anything, "After all, you know my temperament, and I won't let this matter end so easily."

Daisy stared at Caspian for a moment and nodded.

"I know that you'll always leave room for maneuver, and you'll take action only when you're sure of everything.

I just want to know one thing, how confident are you?"

To Daisy's surprise, Caspian did not give her a clear answer that time.

"I don't know either." Then, looking at Daisy's surprised eyes, Caspian shook his head and added, "I've prepared everything I can, and the rest will depend on the situation at that time."

Hearing what Caspian said, Daisy also had a rough idea in her heart.

Just as she was about to speak, a very gentle whistle sounded outside the alley.

Besides cultivators, mortals or even warriors could not hear the noise.

As soon as she heard the whistle, Daisy's expression changed.

"Sh*t! They found out that I'm missing."

"Who?" Caspian's eyes flashed with brilliance.

"The people from the Great Oceans Sect," Daisy answered quickly, "You must've noticed some Great Oceans Sect's disciples among the citizens and patrolling guards these few days, and they're all here to help Salleria maintain order, preventing any accidents."

Daisy quickly pressed her face a few times and waved her arm again as she spoke.

Shortly, she regained her previous appearance of the burly bearded man.

Then, she stepped out of the alley, and when she passed Caspian, she quickly said, "The Great Oceans Sect's disciples are following me.

If I don't go out, they might rush in and discover your existence.

We'll talk about it next time.

Anyway, you have to be careful at that time.

The Great Oceans Sect sent their elders over.

Also, Carson and Camille didn't come back..."

When she said the last sentence, Daisy already arrived at the alley entrance, turned around, crossed the corner, and disappeared from Caspian's sight.

Caspian froze in place.

After a while, he realized what Daisy said, and his eyes appeared profound as he murmured, "Carson and Camille didn't come back? Where did they go?"

Read Novel The Prince Who Was Raised In Hell Chapter 469

The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 469-Standing on the roof, Caspian saw Daisy walking out of the alley and was immediately stopped by two young men in blue clothes.

As they spoke, Caspian could sense Daisy's impatience.

However, the two young men did not seem to care about her attitude at all.

After questioning her, they finally let her leave.

Caspian's eyes fell on the two young men.

'So, they're the Great Oceans Sect's disciples... Both of them are entry-level first-stage Pulse Control Realm cultivators.'

Caspian carefully recalled some cultivators he noticed while walking in the capital these days, and some of them were indeed wearing the blue gown.

It now appeared that it was the Great Oceans Sect's attire.

'There are quite a lot of people around... Thankfully, I'm prepared.' Caspian pondered for a moment and jumped off the roof.

'Everything will be clear in six days...'

On the 28th of January, the much-anticipated day finally came.

From the moment the sun appeared over the horizon, the entire Salleria's capital city was filled with the joyous atmosphere of celebration.

The ceremony was even grander than Edgar's official enthronement ceremony.

Taking advantage of the auspicious time, the royal chariot that Edgar rode was escorted by his guards of honor and thousands of soldiers.

They started from the imperial city and went around the capital's inner city.

Everywhere they went, firecrackers would be fired in unison, and hundreds of flowers were scattered, revealing the atmosphere of prosperity and harmony.

By the time they returned to the imperial city, it was already noon.

The next ceremony was where Edgar sat on the imperial throne in the imperial city square as he accepted the worship of Salleria's officials and envoys of other countries.

Under Morris's leadership, the entire imperial city was long decorated, showing the ambiance that a royal family should have.

At that time, what Edgar had to do was to climb up the nine steps and sit on the imperial throne under the attention of tens of thousands of people at the scene, once again feeling the taste of being at the top of the world.

Looking at the nine layers of jade steps in front of him, Edgar was excited.

For the ruler of a county, the feeling was unprecedented.

'I've only dared to dream about this day for a second in the past!' After taking a deep breath in, Edgar secretly lamented.

Even though he might not become a cultivator, the Great Oceans Sect gave him precious medicines due to their relationship with Carson.

The precious medicines could extend his lifespan and help him undergo a thoroughgoing change.

Even though Edgar was now in his fifties, he knew that his current state was stronger than in his twenties after taking the pills from the Great Oceans Sect.

Moreover, Edgar recently felt that the bottleneck of his realm showed signs of loosening.

In that way, reaching the fifth-stage True Martial Realm was no longer a dream.

Of course, all of it was the benefit of getting rid of Caspian and replacing him with Carson!

At the thought of Caspian, Edgar could not help but feel resentful.

That year, Caspian was only fifteen years old, but he already made unprecedented achievements.

Hence, there were calls for Edgar to abdicate and let Caspian ascend to the throne.

How could Edgar agree to such a request!

Just as he held a wolf by the ears, the Great Oceans Sect's appearance and Carson's Demon Python Form gave him another possibility.

Then, under his careful planning, that possibility became a reality.

'Fortunately, I've been careful with the b*stard since he was born.

All the maids and guards around him were personally selected by me so that he could only see a glimpse of the world.

Otherwise, it would not be so easy to get rid of him.

Hmph.

Thankfully, I started early.

Otherwise, if he ascended to the throne and found that this world was completely different from what I let him know in the past, he would surely kill me in a heartbeat, knowing his temperament.

However, the final winner's me!

Edgar raised his head and looked at the imperial throne on the ninth-floor jade steps with a fiery look in his eyes.

'I can sit on this imperial throne for another 30 years! 60 years! 90 years!'

Edgar stepped onto the first flight of stairs.

The surrounding guards, officials, envoys, and commoners were long waiting for that moment, and all of them fell to their knees, shouting, "Long live the king!"

The sound was deafening.

When he heard the roar, the feeling of being worshiped by thousands of people made his cheeks warm, and his body boil.

He only experienced it when he ascended to the throne 30 years ago.

As Edgar stepped another level, the firecrackers blared in unison, and the entire imperial city was in an uproar.

The third step...

The fourth step...

The fifth step...

With each step he took, Edgar could feel the vibration of the sound waves around him and the trembling jade steps under his feet.

That feeling was so wonderful, and it was addicting.

It was such a shame that the woman back then could not witness that, and neither could the d*mn b*stard!

Stepping on the ninth step, Edgar felt the uproar of the entire capital city, but he suddenly felt melancholic.

He thought, 'If I didn't agree to Astren's request at that time, it would be nice to imprison that b*stard in the corner of the imperial city today and let him see this scene.'

Edgar smiled at the thought of that, thinking that it was a wishful dream.

Two years ago, that b*stard was killed at the border, and even his bones were smashed to pieces.

Nonetheless, it was still such a pity!

As Edgar thought that, he turned around and faced countless subjects kneeling before him.

Then, he waved his hands, smiled, and slowly sat down on the imperial throne.

However, he suddenly stopped less than half a centimeter from his seat.

The smile on Edgar's face froze, and he appeared confused.

At that time, he saw a figure slowly walking in from the gate of the imperial city in the distance.

Logically speaking, no one would dare to move at will, let alone walking.

Moreover, it was not an exaggeration to say the subjects would be too afraid to move their fingers.

On that day, only Edgar could pass through the main gate of the imperial city.

Hence, who was that person so brazen to sabotage his 30th- anniversary celebration!

The confusion in Edgar's eyes was replaced by anger in an instant.

The initially seated Edgar slowly stood, and the crowd saw his actions.

With confusion in their eyes, everyone turned in the direction Edgar looked.

Soon, the tens of thousands of people were stunned as they saw that a person wearing a conical hat had passed through the gate of the imperial city.

Under everyone's watchful gaze, the man calmly walked along the avenue toward the center of the square.

Every step the person took seemed to be stepping on everyone's heart, causing their heartbeats to become the same frequency as his pace involuntarily.

Read Novel The Prince Who Was Raised In Hell Chapter 470

The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 470-No one knew when that person appeared, nor how he got here through the layers of encirclement, let alone the purpose of the person's provocative behavior.

Among the tens of thousands of people at the scene, perhaps only Daisy realized something.

Daisy smiled faintly and thought, 'It's clearly within your character to do this.'

Even though she thought so, there was a hint of worry in Daisy's eyes.

After all, Caspian appearing in front of everyone was equivalent to telling them, 'I'm here! Come and kill me!'

Nonetheless, Daisy understood Caspian's emotions.

That kind of injustice and grievance, as well as the feeling of wanting an answer which was suppressed for so long, needed such a release!

Just when Daisy was being emotional, the figure walked several dozen meters forward.

His pace was not fast but steady as if it were talking, and everyone's breathing and heartbeat were involuntarily affected.

Seeing the man getting closer, Edgar's cheeks twitched under the crown.

Morris, who stood not far away, turned pale, and his lips kept trembling, but he could not say a word.

Everyone understood what it meant to have such an incident at the celebration.

Finally, before the guards even moved, Edgar roared, 'Someone! Take him!'

'Edgar, your temper seems to have gotten worse.' At that moment, the man with the conical hat chuckled.

Although his voice was not loud, the soles of the guards rushing up with murderous aura seemed to be tangled in something, and they could no longer move.

That voice was all too familiar to those in Salleria's imperial city.

Everyone thought that the owner of the voice was dead, yet they heard it once again.

"No... That's impossible..." Morris uttered with great difficulty, and he kept shuddering.

The worry he had a few days ago came true, and he felt that he was out of breath.

Soon, his body swayed from side to side.

The surrounding officials also had expressions of surprise, fear, and disbelief on their faces.

However, Edgar's face twitched even harder, and he clenched his teeth so hard that it made noises.

"It can't be him!" Edgar said aloud in his heart.

Then, he took a deep breath and roared at the man in the conical hat.

"How dare you destroy my Salleria celebration! Show yourself!"

That time, Edgar did not even notice that he did not ask the guards to step forward to take down the opponent, but he cared about who the opponent was.

"You already have the answer in your heart, so why bother?" The person's voice in the conical still had a tone of mockery.

He did not shout but spoke as usual, yet everyone could hear him.

"If that's the case, I'll fulfill your wishes on your death day."

Next, the man in the conical hat slowly touched the edge of his hat.

Edgar did not blink and continued staring at the figure.

Not only that, but everyone at the scene did the same as him.

In that instant, the place was so quiet that they could hear a pin drop.

Swoosh!

The guy lifted his conical hat.

Soon, the young man's high-spirited eyes, well-defined face, and the slightly upturned corners of his mouth appeared before everyone.

'It's him!' Morris felt as if his heart were smashed, and he staggered back, falling directly to the ground.

Edgar's breathing became difficult, and his head buzzed.

'How's this possible! How can this be! Carson clearly said that he's dead! Why... Why's he here?'

Then, Edgar looked beside him in confusion.

Usually, Carson would be standing there on occasions like that.

It was a pity that Carson was away and Edgar could not get any answer.

Shortly, the scene fell into a dead silence, but everyone quickly recovered from the shock.

Next, the sounds of gasping filled the place.

"Cas... Caspian! Why's he here!"

"Isn't he imprisoned in the hellhole prison!"

"Your news is outdated! He should have died at the border!"

"He... He still dares to appear?"

"Sabotaging the celebration? Kill him and show no mercy!"

"What a shameless offender! We must kill him!"

"The embarrassment of Salleria humiliates us in front of the envoys of other countries this time.

We must not let him go!"

"Kill him!"

"Don't let him go!"

At first, it was just a few people shouting.

Then, however, as if a huge wave swept through, the whole place uniformly called for the immediate execution of Caspian.

For a criminal like Caspian, who dared to ruin the celebration, the torture that these people came up with was crueller than before.

Some said they should use a bamboo stick to stab him alive, the others said to put him in boiling oil.

Even people were suggesting that he should be cut to pieces and be fed to the animals.

A few even said to cut a part of his flesh and let maggots to chew on him to his painful death.

The shouting was like a huge wave, causing the flags on the scene to soar in mid-air.

Daisy looked at the resentful faces around her and glanced at Caspian's indifferent expression, and she suddenly became teary.

Although she was not a subject of Salleria, Daisy wanted to question these people loudly, "Did you forget who protected you back then! Have you forgotten who drove the invading Tiger and Wolf Riders out of the county with the determination that he might never return! Did you witness the so-called crimes that Caspian did with your own eyes?!"

Even though she was not Caspian, Daisy felt more and more aggrieved the more she thought about it.

Suddenly, she saw Caspian turn his head, cast a knowing gaze at her, and shook his head slightly.

At the thought of that, Daisy covered her mouth and sobbed silently.

Tears welled up from her eyes and fell down her cheeks.

Then, Caspian turned his sight back to Edgar and took a deep breath.

Then, just like the roars of hundreds of tigers, like ten thousand bells ringing in unison, and like the collapse of mountains, Caspian's voice immediately drowned the crowd's shouting.

"I, Caspian Montgomery, have returned! Because I want to seek justice for myself! Edgar, you and those who framed me will die today!"

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Crackle and rattle!

A torrent of sound waves rolled out, and the ground around Caspian shattered and exploded.

Even the nearby flagpoles cracked, blown into sawdust, and the flying flags were torn into strips of cloth.

At that moment, everyone became quiet, their faces turned pale, and their bodies trembled.